

Stella maris college



Help thy brother row his boat
across and lo thine own hath
reached the port.

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE - 1964



*. . . . help thy brother row his boat across
and lo, thine own has reached the port*

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Editorial

Help thy brother row his boat across,
and lo ! thine own has reached the port...

When you come down to it, all human beings are in the same boat—more truly perhaps on the same life-raft, and so of the numerous human family on board, everyone is really “thy brother” for we have all the same heavenly Father. We are now engaged in trying to keep the life-raft from going completely to pieces on the rocks until such a time as death comes with his “helicopter” to rescue us one by one. Meanwhile the time may seem very long to us, since we are in distress. Here we are reminded of the many stories we have read of shipwrecks, and either the heroic self-sacrifice of those involved, or the fiendish attitude of “everybody for himself and devil take the hindmost”. The choice lies with us, and also the consequences.

Even in the fairly sheltered circle of college life, we have many opportunities to help others: fellow students who need direction; those who struggle against the “rapids” of new knowledge with which they have neither the strength or experience to cope because it is all so new and strange to them; those who are gaily heading for a moral maelstrom, unaware of its danger; those who seem stuck in the sands of despond and need only a cheery smile to pull them out. There are so many little ways of being in difficulty, and such easy ways of giving a helping hand. Only we must be on the look-out for that little telltale sign of hardship, and we can do that and avoid many troubles of our own that way, by keeping our eyes on the welfare of others, like the brave coast-guard or life-savers, ever on the alert for anyone in need, and ever ready to help no matter what the trouble or even danger to themselves. While here in college, we can learn in a small way, and from the example of the great saintly souls who have gone before us and who have found a welcome home in the hearts of men, so that they really possess the earth, and who have also found a home in the heart of their heavenly Father, whose image they have mirrored so clearly in their souls. Then we are able to carry this ideal over, when we are exposed to more responsible positions. In this connection, you might like to share with us a prayer composed by one who has given up a life of ease to help those who labour against heavy odds of physical and moral suffering :

Lord, teach us not to go on loving ourselves any longer,
and not to be satisfied with merely loving our own people
and those who love us.

Lord, teach us to have care only for other folk,
and to love those first of all who have no one to love them.

Lord, make us to suffer with the suffering of others.

Lord, have pity on all those poor folk all over the world

Forgive us, Lord, for having abandoned them
for so long, too long, because of our shameful fear.

Lord, do not allow us to be happy by ourselves,
but make us feel in our souls the world's anguish
and deliver us from ourselves.

- Mary Ponnudurai III B.Sc.
- M. S. Rajayee Chitra I B.A.
- R. Ramaa III B.Sc.
- Mary Fernandez III B.Sc.
- Pushpa Nayak II B.A.
- Colleen Young II B.Sc.
- Sarojini Devi Pillai I B.Sc.

Help thy brother

*We help each other
in the little ups and downs of our sheltered port.*



A MOTHER'S VISIT

Unique in the annals of Stella Maris was the maternal visit of Very Reverend Mother General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, Mother Mary of St. Agnes, on January 17th, 1964.

“**M**other General might be coming to India” “Mother General is coming to India”. . . . “Mother General may be coming to Stella Maris.”

Mother General! We had heard a great deal of her, nevertheless, to meet her did seem rather awesome. A Mother! Well, that is reassuring. We shall expect the visit of a Mother, one whose family is world-wide, yet who will take time out from her many, many pressing duties just to come here and show us that she loves her children in far-away India.

Soon there was a general bustle —“as busy as a bee?”— no — “as busy as Stella Maris” is much more descriptive. “Swish, swish” whispered the brushes as they flitted over the walls; “Slash, slash” answered the steel blades trimming the lawns; “Clip, clip” chimed in the garden-shears as they pruned the fiery red and orange bougainvillas. But when the gardeners had finished their work on the extensive grounds, the busier little plants continued peering up and out at the most unwanted positions, and had to be continually shown their “places”. While the highways and byways were levelled and swept, and the lilliputian “milestones” dressed up in new white uniforms, and the birds in the woodlands were tuning up a welcome chorus, the Stella Maris “nightingales” were practising in broad daylight, and the dancers



fluttered through the corridors, or tripped artistically up the stairs, or swayed and capered over the stage.

Things became more exciting when the loudspeakers were installed, and book-rapt seniors absent-mindedly tripped over the trailing wires, while frisky P.U's tried the hurdles on the chairs — but failed miserably — to our delight. Each new day went by quicker and quicker as “the day” drew near. And there it was! Of course, a few rumours had trickled through to us juniors from the privileged three who had been able to see the arrival of Mother at the Madras airport and to garland her there on the 14th; but now it was the 17th, and Mother was coming here! The resident students were up before the birds, lined up as a guard of honour along Mother's passage, with handfuls of rose-petals to shower on Mother as tokens of love and affection. Some, thinking it would be their only chance to get a close view, or imagining it might be more gallant to offer Mother the flowers, held up the procession to bring her their offerings two by two, and filled the car with the colour and fragrance of the blossoms, instead of letting them be wasted on the hard roads. “And Mother held out her hands and gave us such a lovely smile”, they cooed. What else could she do? (What I have just told you is strictly confidential, of course, just between the resident students and ourselves; and how do I, who was not there, know about it? Well, we've got all these new inventions now — telegraphs, telephones, and there's the telewoman too). As the car drove towards the chapel, many followed spontaneously to begin the “big day” with prayer. The suggestion of an outing for the day was taken as a hint that we give Mother a peaceful visit to the college buildings and campus, and was readily complied with.



In the evening the campus became a living rainbow as the student population returned. When they flowed in upon their allotted seats, and overflowed them — for even the usual absentees showed up — vans and cars were gliding towards “The Cloisters”. Since the Reception of Mother coincided with the private College Day this year, to make it more impressively homey, most of our guests were Sisters, and now and then we could hear a delighted squeal from a “fresher” who recognized her former Sisters from the “old school”. But all of us were on tip-toe, eagerly straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of our great visitor; and while I had my eyes glued to the main entrance, I missed the whole show, for Mother’s car came gently purring from “The Cloisters” behind the stage, and only a few prize-winners near the front and some stragglers saw that. It was after two solid minutes that I caught sight of it and to console myself I waved. When the throb of the march music died away, the unusual silence of the student-population was broken by an explosive applause when they saw Mother taking her seat on the stage, her kind motherly face wreathed in smiles — a Mother indeed, and a General only in the sense that she is a Mother to all, as we could gather from her kind words of inspiration and encouragement — but I am anticipating, and that is only natural, for her presence will remain with us a living memory.

How happy those who won prizes must have been, if they had put in some extra effort and wasted a little more midnight oil, to have the privilege of getting their reward from the hands of Mother General herself . . . Then Mother spoke to us. I could not understand, and tried to open my ears wider, but even then it was “all French to me” — only to learn later that it really was French. How I wished I had taken French! But I did not let it bother me much, for I understood her kind tone and her happy smile, which is the same in every language. Mother’s interpreter told us that it was a real joy for Mother to be with us, to see the spirit of true charity that reigns among us, and to observe the progress the college has made, — which she had followed intently from Rome, but was now happy actually to see for herself. We hope to realize in our lives the wish Mother expressed that the ideals we learn at Stella Maris will be our guide and support throughout our lives, both private and professional. Though some of us understood French, we remembered our manners enough to wait for the translation, and even then we sang out (in a



near-roar) a "Thank you" for the two-day holiday. Even so, Mother did seem a little disconcerted at this brazen show of love of leisure, which ought to be foreign to Stella Marians, not that we are lazy or holiday-famished, it's just that we believe that we can sharpen our wits on quiet's thoughtful hone as well as on the buzzing grindstone.

The "nightnigales" put their souls into their lovely song "Le Pardon Breton", which we are sure appealed to Mother with its memories of Mother Foundress. Then the dancers tried to represent in movement and colour the ideas expressed in our beloved college song: the unity among the students from different parts of India and even from abroad, their happiness, their ideals of truth and charity, the Star of the Sea which is to be their guide in life's stormy sea. Above us there shone, very appropriately against the beautiful

purple sky, a few scattered stars and a new moon like a silver arc. Then we all sang the college song and national anthem for the "end of a perfect day".

Mother received the staff, and office-holders of the college, giving to each a souvenir, and best of all, a simple motherly smile; and all of us received souvenirs too. Mine said, "Silence is the best way to God", so I had better end my long reminiscences. We were all very quiet until Mother had left, then we applauded till our hands ached. Outside there was a charming scene, with the college workmen giving Mother a special greeting. As she went out, Mother told one of the office-holders who escorted her, that she loved that day, and was happy that she had been able to come to our Alma Mater, about which she had heard so much. I wonder who was more happy—was it Mother or ourselves—each one of us?

There was the sound of a car being started, and a flare of lights soon swallowed up in the darkness of the night. Then, when the "all-clear" signal was given, we left too, but we all felt sad that the day had ended so quickly. My heart wailed that all was over, but I consoled myself that Stella Maris was the best gift left behind presented to us by Reverend Mother General. It would shine for ever. Yes, looking at the purple sky, the luminous arc of the moon, I noticed a bright star - the star of the sea, right above the crest of Stella Maris. The great visit was over and the great event had passed, but the star lingered on, shedding its radiance on Stella Maris and the Stella Marians.



M. S. RAJAYEE CHITRA
I B. A.

ETOILE DE LA MER

Though far from my island home in Mauritius,
I was delighted to find another home in the
Stella Maris hostel when I arrived on June 19th,
1963.

Son nom? "Etoile en mer"
Tout droit vers cette brillante étoile
lointaine

En cette belle nuit claire et sereine,
La barque m'a emportée...
Là, une douce et divine clarté
A bercé mon coeur

Magnifique îlot, entouré de mille vagues
de lumière,

A toi ai-je dédié le présent et l'avenir!
Reconnaissante, je te serai toute ma vie
entière...

Il me sera doux de m'en souvenir :

"Stella Maris fut un jour...le nid d'un
certain oiseau de passage...."

SIVA PAKIAM
Pre-University.



OUR ELYSIAN GAMES - FIELDS

With the shift of the playing-fields to the shady south end of the college campus, on June 21st, championships have increased this year.

Though I am now "superannuated" as an active player, I can still do my part cheering on the college sport "champs", and keep you informed of their progress. Like all new seniors, I looked forward to the commencement of games with somewhat mixed feelings. Our being exempt from compulsory games makes us feel "old age" creeping on, and we put our hope in the "younger" generation who, we trust, will not let down our good name in the inter-collegiate "Olympics" while they build up sturdy limbs and robust health. This feeling is not unmixed with that excusable human weakness to see others in the same boat in which we often found ourselves: melting in the sun, with carefully applied layers of powder bidding our faces a sad farewell.

As I looked out in the morning of the re-opening day, however, what was my disappointed surprise not to find a junior in sight in the fields that last year swarmed with them. What was this? Had they abolished games for everyone? Surely that could not be; but where on earth were the beloved juniors to play to the delight of the on-looking seniors? As I passed again in the evening, I espied a lonely, familiar-looking junior there. "Where have the games-fields vanished?" I shouted. Without a word, she started twirling round a tree, stopped, looked about, and answered: "But they're still here. Only the poles and nets have gone." "And what are you doing here, practising for the circus?" was my retort. A sharp whistle at the far end of the campus, mid the trees and green meadows; then a colourful assembly in answer to the shrill summons. So that's where the fields disappeared to.

A new fine road led us to the fresh vistas of our gymnastic arena, with a double marching field for the N.C.C. in the bargain. One couldn't help waxing poetic "far from the madding crowd" in a "sequestered spot". Some of my more lively friends who had found their way there before me had turned young again, playing hide-and-go-seek among the trees; the mathematically-minded were calculating the new co-ordinates of old points by means of some incomprehensible formulas of analytical geometry; art students were studying the models of modern architecture close by; some were quoting "As You Like It" (they themselves seemed to like it all immensely, and soon agreed on a point which Shakespearian critics were hitherto disputing: namely, that

the idyllic Forest of Arden was situated, not in Warwickshire nor in Luxembourg, but here on our campus). Even Sita's peacock voice reciting "Under the greenwood tree..." sounded more musical. No more need of Wordsworth now to exhort us to a love of nature, for by the far-away looks in many eyes, it was evident that they were finding "tongues in trees...sermons in stones, and good in everything".

Now, with all the extra zest they got out of the reduced perspiration under the trees, and the increased inspiration from nature, you will not be surprised at the invasion of cups and trophies to Stella Maris during the year. When our throwballers played their first inter-collegiate match at home, they looked so cool and calm, and blended so charmingly with their enchanting background that our opponents were completely dazzled by the brilliancy of their display. And so it was with each new match:—even if we lost "away", our delightful decor seemed to cast an irresistible spell over our city-bred visitors and brought us victory. We have met with unusual success in nearly every sphere of games this year. We are the proud winners of the table-tennis and tenniquoit tournaments. We have tied with Madras Medical College for the throwball shield, and we are also the first in the inter-collegiate sports. Some of our players were even chosen for national matches: Usha Abraham and Jhansi Aiana in table tennis, G. N. Malathi for the State basket-ball team at Calcutta.



This year of exceptional success in so many university and national contests was due, of course, to the skill of the individual players, but may we not also hope that in years to come, the Elysian playing-grounds of Stella Maris will be remembered with something like the love and veneration accorded to the historic "playing-fields of Eton"?

R. RAMAA
III B.Sc.

NO LONGER "AT SEA"

June 24th — 29th.

New students were helped to feel "at home" in the growing college by the helpful advice of "senior friends", who showed them round during the first days.

Like Shakespeare's "quality of mercy", student orientation is "twice blest ; it blesseth him who gives and him who takes". Introduced into Stella Maris for the first time this year, the orientation week proved a real help to the incoming five hundred and sixty pre-university students and also — a more unforeseen development — a means of making seniors happily conscious of their social responsibilities.

First a few impressions of pre-university students :—

"After hearing five different persons saying 'And then there is Orientation Week', I satisfied my curiosity by consulting my friend, the dictionary, which told me 'Orientation — finding one's bearings at sea or elsewhere'. What a relief, for I was definitely 'at sea or elsewhere': I had not been at college an hour before I got lost. I shall never forget finding myself in a deserted corridor in a remote part of the building, and creeping along, dreading the approach of authority and the question as to what I was doing there. When I was discovered, I was discreetly conveyed to a class-room and deposited in a chair, so subdued that I did not utter a word the whole morning. In the days that followed I suffered many mishaps, such as losing my lunch-box or trying to buy a botany book in the art department."

Another one said :—"The change from school to college is most distressing. Since we have no idea of college life beforehand, we have to rely on what we hear from our elder brothers and sisters who take a delight in frightening us with awful stories of being torn to pieces by seniors. When the gates of college do loom before us, we feel chills of terror running down our spines. I myself was scared stiff, but I dared not show it for fear of being ridiculed, so on my first day I dumbly followed the crowd on to the assembly ground. When I was asked what class I belonged to, my mind went quite blank, so I answered wildly that I belonged to the same group as the girl next to me ; however, I soon realized that she was just as ignorant as myself, and merely to avoid looking stupid, had opted for pre-university group 4. So we were both in the wrong group. I had had no intention of doing physical sciences, but now I seemed to be inextricably trapped, for I had heard that it was next to impossible to change subjects. So I fidgeted miserably in a class of keen scientists, with horrible visions of myself blowing up the whole chemistry laboratory. It was only a senior's kind intervention that saved me (and the chemistry laboratory also), by arranging for a change of group. The following days were somewhat confusing still, but soon a Sister



came to give us an 'orientation class', and told us about our new life, with information about college discipline and courtesy, details of the various clubs we could join; and all the questions which had been racing through our minds were answered.'

And this is what the seniors thought:—

"When we final year students were told on the first day of term that we were to initiate the newcomers into the ways of a Stella Marian, we felt quite bewildered at our sudden position of importance, and clung to each other for support when we had to go and face our 'charges'.

"Each of us was supposed to care for about twenty-five young 'fledglings'. We started by calling out the numbers of our protégées in turn: some girls did not yet know their departmental numbers, some had already changed theirs, and others on being asked, launched forth immediately—and sometimes tearfully—on some incomprehensible administrative problem of wanting to take economics instead of English, zoology instead of mathematics, French instead of Hindi We gladly transferred the problem-children to the office.

"We made a brief tour of the various laboratories and visited the natural science museum, which was as new to most of us seniors as to our disciples: we suddenly found we had no time for long explanations, when some youthful enthusiast started asking awkward questions about the 'Plathelminthes' and 'Echinodermata' displayed in the cases, and hurriedly made off for the library. I must plead in our favour that none of us had any experience of this guiding business: you could hear one poor senior enunciating to her devotees, 'You see, girls, this is the library. They have books here.' Nobody said, 'Not really?' to this dramatic announcement, as they were all too innocent and wide-eyed on the first day—fortunately for us.

"The tiffin-rooms, notice-board, staff-rooms were duly pointed out, and then we gave a few injunctions as to what a Stella Marian is expected to stand up to, and told them not to remain in doubt about anything but to plague us with questions whenever they saw us (and recognized us).

"In the next few days we tried to arrest the least sprouting doubt they might have until each class had had its orientation hour with a member of the staff. Then from our rooms we would see 'processions' around the college and grounds reminding us somewhat of the 'Canterbury Tales'.

"After a week, the gallant band had been sufficiently oriented to be able to manipulate late-chits, and distinguish between rooms 1-1 and S1-1, whereas we, venerable seniors, were able to relax and gaze fondly upon the fledglings we had taught to fly."

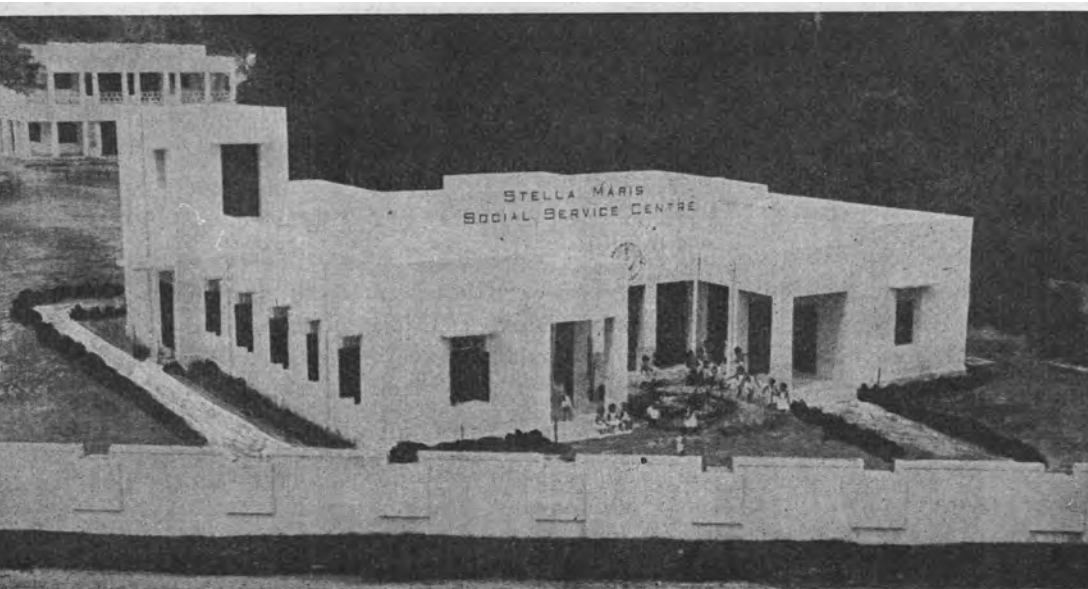
The last word must go to the "fledglings" then:—"A big thank you will not suffice to express how much we enjoyed the Orientation Week."

*Parts of this article have been reprinted
by the courtesy of the "Stella Marian".*

FROM P. G. TO K. G.

A new link has been forged with the poor by the opening, on July 2nd 1963, of a Day Nursery, a Sewing Co-operative, and a Dispensary, to give joy to children, a decent livelihood to girls, and health to the sick.

“You’re not kidding, are you? A kindergarten class among the M.A.’s?” No, just as serious as rows of little lifeboats cradled contentedly along the decks of stately ocean liners. They are — I mean the babies — the “life” of Stella Maris. Just watch the little mites march past some serious, abstracted-looking seniors or professors some day, and you’ll see for yourself. And besides, from the spiritual point of view, these little ones and the poor whom we are helping now, will bring down God’s blessing upon us and thus help to save the lives of our souls.

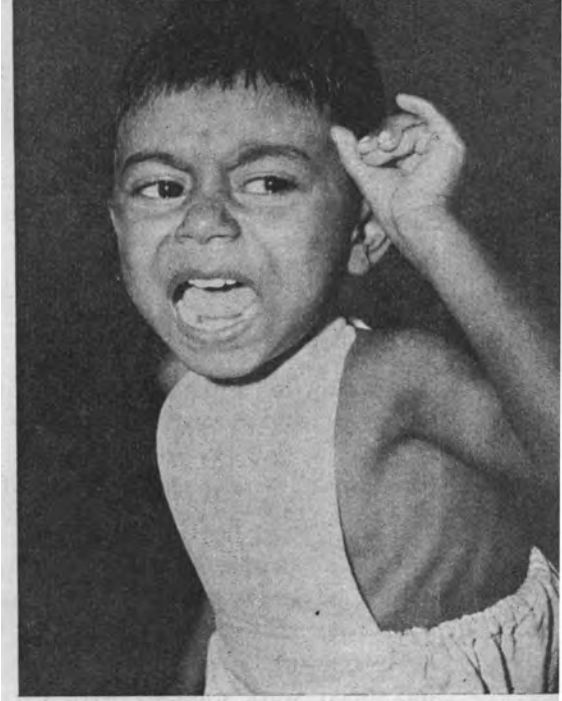


No doubt people wondered about the little cottage growing up slowly in a corner in front of the students’ centre, and still more when, like the other buildings, it got its large seal, with Stella Maris Social Service Centre added. Did some graduates believe their old Alma Mater was turning into a multi-purpose educational establishment, and dream of starting their young daughters there right from the beginning? What was their surprise to be told that there was one all-important qualification for this nursery school, namely “poverty”.

When it was opened in July, naturally we made a bee-line to see what was inside. Not only did we find a land of lilliputians, but a sewing class to enable poor young girls to earn a decent living, a consultation room presided over by a doctor who offers her services freely, and a dispensary, which, as soon as it got to be known, attracted long "Q's" seeking remedies for their human ills.

The babies, of course, remained the chief centres, even of scientific interest. Here is how a "scientist" describes her first visit, as recorded in the "Stella Marian" :—

"The thin, ragged little children were being dragged in by mothers or fathers; and even from a distance, I could judge from the chorus of howls and screams that some were already there. One young chap was waiting on the door-step, rubbing his eyes and squalling. A girl, probably his elder sister, was desperately trying to coax him to go in, and I joined in, telling him that if he stopped crying, I would take him up to the terrace. He paused to glare at me for a minute and then, evidently horrified at my well-meant suggestion, started bawling even louder than before". That experiment didn't work, did it, Miss B.Sc.? Try again when the emotions have stopped effervescing. Sure enough, they soon felt quite happy in their new "home" — and no wonder, who wouldn't — it makes you want to be tiny again yourself. It reminds you of Snow-White in the house of the dwarfs: tiny tables, chairs, and desks, wee blackboards, teeny-weeny baths — all looking so fresh and easy to keep clean. No wonder the sunny weather of happy smiles soon replaced the first storms. Here is a description of a visit a little later. "The room adjoining the class is the play-pen, full of rocking horses and swans, teddy bears, and many other toys. After class the children can romp here to their heart's content. The children were simply enchanted among the toys. Some of them liked to be lifted up on a rocking horse, but others preferred to examine the horses carefully (budding scientists?) and clamber up by themselves. I saw two little fellows trying frantically to get on the same horse. When told that there was no need to fight, for each could have his own horse, they both looked very glum, so we put them both on one horse, and they cheered up immediately." Well, they couldn't help their brother row his boat, so they did the next best thing and helped each other rock the horse — all in the spirit of 1964 Stella Marians. Later on swings and a merry-go-round were added, and you may be assured that there is no difficulty here about games' attendance. One more serious-minded young man preferred the doctor's chair to the toys — was he contemplating a future profession? Another popular class is the one in the afternoon — a nice sleep in a shady room. Then comes the daily excursion to distant parts of the campus — what



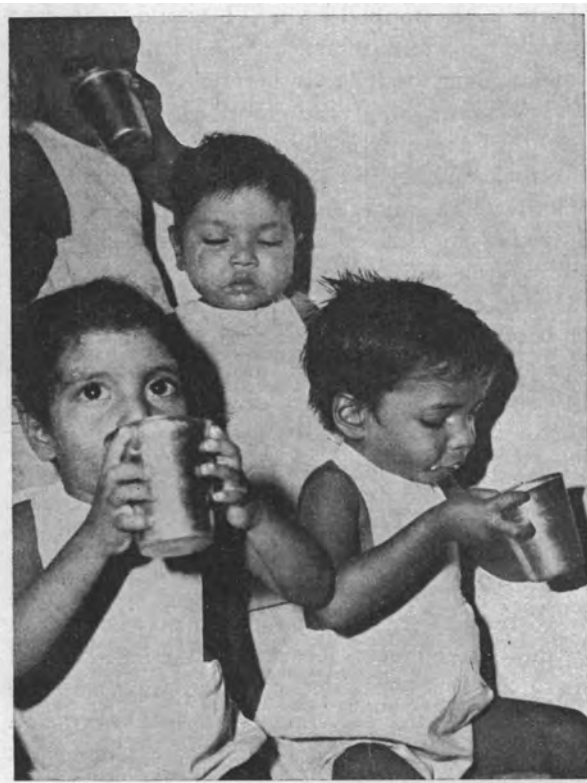
a sight to see them one behind the other in the yellow sun-suits like a clutch of ducklings out for a stroll.

Although the medium of instruction is Tamil, they seem to be taking private tuition in English as a second language, because they chirp out proudly at any hour of the day to any visitor, no matter who it may be, "Good morning, Reverend Mother". Then there is the choral singing (in as many parts as there are babies) "Bah, bah, black sheep, have you any fool?" The last addition, and very popular too, is a gramophone.

Now for some of the more important little personages there. First there is Solomon, who, sensing his ancient royal dignity, would not stand for anyone. Then there is the young man Doss, headed for Maudlin College, who has extra supplies of tears that none can stem. When Master Doss returns home and Mummy asks what teacher told him that day, the regular answer is, "Podum Doss. Cry-baby".

The girls, sensing that they are in the majority on the campus, are generally bolder. There is "Topsy" who squeaks out everybody's name before they get a chance to answer for themselves, and who seems to know all the answers. And here is a direct account of little Arulmary by an M.A. student: "One day, the social work students were earnestly discussing their field-work and statistics in the Centre, when the young lady, disgusted at the temporary lack of attention

to her own small person, burst out indignantly: 'You are not looking at me, you just stand there gossiping'. The tables were turned that time, and the P.G.'s had to listen to the lesson of the little K.G." This is enough to get you interested in all the other VIP's of Stella Maris.



The time-table ends with tea — they are getting chubbier every day and were given a scale to measure their weight. Then the little scholars toddle off home, chiefly to Anthonynagar, where the Social Service Leaguers still go to help where they can. They make many little sacrifices of time, effort, and gifts to help the little ones grow spiritually by joy, and physically by contributions of various sorts.

Parts of this article have been reprinted by the courtesy of the "Stella Marian".

**“LORD,
MAKE HASTE TO
HELP ME”**

August 14th—18th.

With the growth of student population, Catholic students too are beginning to overflow the hostels and the once spacious chapel for these annual days of quiet communion with God.

A retreat is such a personal affair : God helping me to bring my mind and will into harmony with His all-true and loving Mind and Will ; and is so varying between individual and individual according to his spiritual development, that it is impossible here to speak about the most important purpose of a retreat. It means a going aside for little while from our common pursuits, in order to have a better look at them from God's point of view, and to take out the discordant notes that produce cacophony, and above all to bring all into concord with His plan, thus putting harmony back, as far as one can, into His beautiful symphony, in which each must play his role.

A retreat may or may not produce a soul-quake among the retreatants, but its first manifest effect is an earth-quake in the hostels. On the afternoon of the 13th of August, armies of hostel dwellers descended upon “local guardians”, while the stragglers transplanted themselves torch, bag and bucket, from Our Lady's Hostel to St. Joseph's. This year, the invasion assumed such alarming proportions that Our Lady's Hostel alone was not enough, and the local population contracted itself happily into about half the rooms in St. Joseph's, leaving the rest to the invaders.

In they came, armed with holdalls, valises and what-have-you; the veterans marching briskly along, the new recruits trying not to look it, but wearing the anguished look of the fledgling whose tender parent has just pushed it out of the nest to make it learn to fly.

An hour or two of storm and stress while everyone settled down, then came the Benediction bell, and for the retreatants that was the signal that three days of total silence were about to begin. It has always been a mystery to many Stella Marians, how anyone can keep silence for a long period of time — most of us find it difficult to last even for the hour's duration of a single class—yet here were some of us keyed up to it for three days.

The non-retreatants (does that mean they were advancing?) had a dose of it themselves. In their rooms, whenever the retreatants were out of chapel, they bottled

themselves up, using all the time-worn devices, such as hankies in the mouth, if anyone made an inopportune joke. As soon as a bell went, summoning the retreatants to chapel, a loud explosion announced that the lid had blown off their heroic self-restraint.

Joking apart, however, everyone made a great effort to profit from the retreat, preached by Rev. Fr. Breen, C. S. S. R. His thought-provoking sermons dealt with purity and love, membership with Christ, our Blessed Mother, and our purpose in life. While most of these retain their importance, and in fact increase throughout our life, while at college we are particularly concerned to discover our true calling in life, and most of the girls make this the theme of their reflections.



In the intervals of attending the conferences and praying in chapel, the retreatants might be seen meditating on the campus, or reading books and pamphlets in the library or the reception room.

Finally dawned the morning of the 17th, bringing the concluding Holy Mass and general Communion of the retreatants. At breakfast later came a general explosion which nearly took the roof off the dining room, much to the surprise of the others

who had really thought that after three days the retreatants would have forgotten how to talk. But not only had they remembered how, none of them had lost their taste for talking, so they decided that the budding contemplatives they had seen in their "retreating" friends were after all only a mirage.

This surprise notwithstanding, there is no doubt about it that both those who made the retreat and those who did not, found in those three days a new outlook on life, though that of the non-retreatants may have been only geographical, so one and all can truly be said to have made a "very good retreat". As the retreatants set out again into their daily life, however, those who made retreats before may have been a little appalled by frequent failures, forgetfulness of direction, of going back to the ordinary whirl of events that could easily end in disaster. But perhaps they also remembered St. Paul: "I can do all things in Him who gives me strength," and the lovely little poem by an unknown author:

I cannot do it alone :
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill
 around,
And the light goes out in the
 sky.
But I know that we two shall
 win in the end —
The Lord and I.

I could not steer it myself —
My bark on the roaring sea —
What of that? Another sits
 in my barque,
And pulls or steers with me.
And I know that we two shall
 come into port —
His child and He.

FELICIA REDDY
Pre-University



Stella Maris was chosen as a model for filming aspects of Indian college life for universities and schools abroad.

For most of us, Saturdays are more like “Black Mondays”, on account of the customary S. M. C. tests, but Saturday, 24th August was just a little bit different. There we were, trying feverishly to do the last-minute study that would be unnecessary if only we studied a little while before — at least, so the pundits say — when, just before 9 o’clock, word flashed round that a gentleman had come to take photographs of college girls in action, especially the Science Department. At first we thought it was the usual affair of someone taking snaps for the college magazine while we wore our best smiles, so we ambled over to the laboratory, in no great hurry, simmering gently at the thought of wasting a precious hour in posing, just before the test.

But this was no ordinary “snapping”: a real technicolour movie, with soundtrack, was to be taken by a gentleman from abroad. He wanted to take a film back to Europe, showing life in an Indian university. This was something quite unexpected; as no one but ourselves had hitherto thought we were so photogenic, so we began to beam with good humour, and bustled excitedly about trying to adjust our sarees and get into the most artistic poses. Many regretted that their noses were not powdered properly, or that they hadn’t found it worthwhile to wear their most glamorous sarees for the test (mental note to do so in future). The powers-that-be agreed with us, and sent us back to the hostel to adorn our hair with flowers and put on colourful sarees.

Back we dashed, only too pleased, but what was this? Not a jasmine in sight! How could we possibly appear in a film without flowers in our hair? Fortunately, one girl had a vase full of asters — when we had finished, she had only a vase! We do hope that the audiences in Europe will not conclude that asters are the only flowers that grow in India! Anyway, within twenty minutes — a record for us — we were back at the laboratory, ready to dazzle the camera. But what had happened to the film director? For a moment we feared that it had all been in vain, but were told that he had promised to return in half an hour. It seems that the modest lighting equipment of the college fell somewhat below the standard required for a modern film studio, so electricity reinforcements were being called up.

The half-hour went by, and another, and another. Our asters and smiles alike were beginning to droop. A sudden commotion announced the arrival of the gentleman, armed with flashlights, switches, tripods, and all kinds of elaborate paraphernalia for the camera.

First we were haled off to the zoology laboratory, to “dissect” a shark — as the fish was required for the following dissection-class, we must not spoil it. So there we sat, trimming the tail-end of the shark delicately, trying to look efficient without actually doing anything, an art which we find difficult only in the laboratory. We felt acutely self-conscious as we continued intently examining the skin through the microscope and solemnly displaying our “work” to the lecturer. I am sure the audience will think that we are conducting a most intricate dissection !



The next scene required by the film director was that of a science lecture. The only suitable room was one in which a pre-university class was busy writing a physics test. Of course, this was far too important to be interrupted for a mere film, so the professor stood there, delivering a beautiful lecture on the circulation of the blood, demonstrating with a plaster model of the human heart, while the P.U.'s continued to scribble desperately away at their physics test. Answers combining the structure of the heart with Newton's laws of light must have made entertaining reading !

Meanwhile a constellation of “stars” had been asked to report at the reception room for a scene depicting girls knitting. Sad to say, like other film-stars we have heard of, these girls did not know the difference between a “plain” and a “purl”. An embarrassing situation promised to develop, but to their great relief, they were after all only asked to “knit” jerseys which were already complete, sticking the needles in and out — which they did with consummate skill !

While they were “knitting”, a tape-recording was to be made of their discussion of the frontier situation. Left to themselves, the girls would no doubt have readily begun with the border trouble, but might have ended with the latest Paris fashions : however, being required to limit their conversation to the crisis, they found it somewhat difficult to converse freely (and intelligently). However, since the director was satisfied, we must conclude that they bore themselves like veterans of the screen.

With this the film-shooting came to an end. We hope that those of you who missed this opportunity to display your acting abilities are not too disappointed. After all, we should think that by next term someone will have come to take film for the Fiji Islands, or Africa ! Good shooting !

This article has been reprinted by the courtesy of the “Stella Marian”.

LEARNING TO STEER THE SHIP OF STATE

A student reviews the vicissitudes of the participants in college debates, and the purpose of these perennial events, which reach high tide during the second term.

You, who never dare to make a squeak in class, but who titter when those of your class-mates whom you have chosen as your victims to uphold the welfare or at least the good name of your class get up to talk, have you ever imagined what they suffer when they enter a hushed auditorium, equipped with nothing more than a mind that has suddenly gone blank, and a pair of knees that refuse to uphold your personality as you mount the platform that suddenly seems to turn into a scaffold, to face a misty sea of faces, which, to your horror, as soon as your eyes come into focus again, grin at you unsympathetically.

When I entered college, I thought I was well rid of debates, but the second term seemed one whirling round of them. Even at the end of the first term, some of us had become foot-sore playing hide-and-seek with our determined class representative who pursued us relentlessly until she got her prey. With the topic of the debate piercing our hearts, she left us mercilessly to our fate, and all we could do in self-defence was to scowl after her.

Nor did our debate release us from our tribulations. Well, we did not want to make fools of ourselves, so we spent weeks and weeks in rigorous preparations, and the upshot of it all was, that we had the misfortune to win every time up to the finals. We scampered in and out of the library, waylaid unsuspecting lecturers in the corridors, and wasted whole lunch-hours trying not to gossip but to "discuss something about the debate". We even "sacrificed" two whole games periods to remain at home to "think over the topic", and to write it out in eloquent speeches to be rehearsed before the mirror or over a tape.

The day arrived. It was agony to sit through those slow-paced periods while all the paragraphs we had learnt so well ran through our minds like newly-caged wild animals and escaped just when the whole show began.

I could fill pages with the ridiculous things I said and did on that debater's platform, ever since my school days. My first experience is indelibly engraved on my mind. I wanted to make an impression as a first-rate orator. I had carefully prepared the points, and in addition I had read up some rules on debating. "Be confident", the book had said, so I put on a poker face and mounted. "Smile", said the book, "and begin impressively and eloquently". I gave a tight-drawn smile, and clearing my throat (very impressive and proper, I thought), began pompously, "Ladies and Gentlemen". Someone snickered audibly, for there wasn't a gentleman anywhere in the vicinity. Determined not to give in, I made a fresh start with the

conventional address to the chairman and the staff. I began, bowing stiffly at the same time, " Respected chair...?" I stopped short and gaped foolishly, for there was no chairman in sight. She had hurried out, stuffing her hankie in her mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter. That did it! The hall was in hysterics, and I, — I retired crestfallen, far from the ideal orator I had aspired to be.

Thinking in a more serious vein, a debater bears a great responsibility. College "debates" help us to overcome our natural timidity and faults as orators, much as Demosthenes overcame his stuttering by speaking with pebbles in his mouth in competition with the surging sea — or so they say. Much more vital, however, than ability in public speaking, is integrity and firm principles based on truth and justice. Our amateur debates are little more than boosters for a side, leaving, we hope, no more lasting impression on anyone than Demosthenes' amateur exercises on the mercurial waves; but his great oratory rings down the ages. So parliamentary speakers can revolutionize the country or even the world, if they are in the U.N.O. By eloquence they can introduce new laws, novel ideas — either constructive or destructive, for ideas and speech are more powerful than the most explosive weapons, for it is out of these that they originated and were put into use. And as we see in history, the ideas of today become the facts of tomorrow.

I do not want to discourage any budding debater by recounting my own trials or the duties of public speakers — far from it. They also have their merriment and thrills, and provide fun not only for the audience, but also to the sportive debater who



takes it all in his stride, learns by his mistakes, and fills his mind with the highest ideals and his heart with the greatest courage and determination to face the consequences of doing and saying what is right, despite inevitable opposition or even hatred on the part of vested interests. " Though a man escape every other danger, he can never wholly escape those who do not want such a person as he to exist", said Demosthenes, and what he experienced, has been the lot of others in big ways and little, in all ages.

M. GIRIJA,
Pre-University.

A NEW - FASHIONED FASHION PARADE

To prove that smartness, style and modesty match beautifully, a fashion-show was held on the last day of October.

The Catholic Service in the University, in their study circles, had been discussing "Modesty in Dress" — with some reluctance, at first, as many envisaged modesty to mean wearing dear Aunt Deborah's dowdiest dress or going through life in your old school uniform suitably let down or out (and looking thoroughly down-and-out as a consequence). But when we learnt that a woman's dress may quite legitimately enhance her beauty, provided that it does not arouse temptations to vanity or immodesty, we decided to have our own fashion parade to illustrate the compatibility of modesty with fashion.

We had all given enough detailed study to women's fashion magazines to know how a dress show should be run: thick-carpeted exhibition hall tastefully draped, soft lighting, background music, a witty commentator and — above all — ravishing mannequins, displaying the most exotic dresses of some Paris designer. All right: exhibition room — 0-8, tastefully draped with the surplus students who could not find a seat; carpet waived, as it would have reduced the breathing-space by one inch depth; soft lighting — our tube lights are quite modern, and anyhow the sun was shining; background music — our talented young concert pianist Mademoiselle Mary Fernandez from France (from the French class, at least). As for the "exotic dresses", by dint of picking out one's smartest saree, matching it with So-and-so's blouse and another So-and-so's slippers, and somebody else's handbag, one was able to produce quite a spectacular outfit. The "mannequins" were all carefully instructed and drilled for weeks beforehand in the gentle art of...walking (as distinct from the usual student gait either of dashing, as for a bus, or shuffling when intent on eating pea-nuts). As you went past the practice-room you could hear the lion-tamer: "One, two, three, turn slowly, chin up, don't stick your tongue out dear, smile—no, not grin, smile, sweetly, yes, but don't look sick; pick your feet up—no, don't jump — glide, glide along. And remember, girls, no leaning against pillars and definitely no head-scratching or knuckle-cracking. It's most inelegant".

Judicious posters and unexpected postponements of the date gave our parade such publicity that we really got quite nervous to see the crowds literally stampeding outside the parade room. Even the staff — not stampeding, of course, but making a dignified but determined bee-line for their reserved seats — were there to see whether the students' fashions were up to pass standard. In the nearby music room the "models" were receiving the finishing touches to their toilette from fumbling hair-dressers, wondering whether the gladiators felt like this listening to the roar of the mob in the Colosseum. As one of the "mob" said, "There was no talking in the exhibition room — only shouting".

At 4 p.m., what chairs there were had been instantaneously occupied in triplicate, and the rest of the floor space was so densely populated that there was scarcely a narrow passage left for the parade itself. The windows were completely curtained with a thick layer of students who had climbed up from the outside. The poor "concert pianist", almost submerged with her instrument beneath the human mass, and craning her neck to see what was happening, was thinking desperately in terms of underground rather than background-music. What precisely the dresses were or what Mary played I was too dazed to notice — even the usual assembly march would have sounded enchanting that evening — but our fashion parade was certainly a (literally) howling success! It is said to have effected such a moral revolution that a general rise in the surface area of cholies has been reported and, following the doctor's warning in the Stella Marian, that careless exposure of kneecaps leads to inveterate rheumatism, large numbers of short skirts have been burned or donated to the C.Y.S. (Cover Your Shins) League.



Anyway, everyone thoroughly enjoined it (except the poor "mannequins" who found they needed more than glamour to pass the next day's test); and there is no doubt that today at Stella Maris we try to be "so fashionable, yet so modest".

N. USHA,
Pre-University.

“NEVER ENOUGH”

Older Stella Marians dedicate the week around November 15th to the memory of Mother Mary of the Passion, Foundress of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, by portraying her work and ideals to the younger students.

Glowing serenely like a “pearl of great price” amid a glittering round of “weeks”, the commemoration of Very Reverend Mother Foundress, Mary of the Passion, leading up to the anniversary of her death on November 15th, was appropriately set just before the “Career” and after “U.N.O.” weeks. A flowering of posters on the college walls, diligently prepared by the artists in our midst, and a series of talks by senior rhetoricians for the benefit of the new-comers, were offered as a token of love and gratitude to one who let God lead her along the path of suffering to found a family which is a real U.N.O. Counting as it does among its members more than sixty nationalities, all “one heart and one soul”, as children of the one Father in Heaven, it is extended over every corner of the world, from the frozen Faroe Islands to the primitive tribes in Patagonia, from its birthplace in India across the wide world and back again — all in order to let others see, and share if they wish, this peaceful unity that comes from the realization that we are all, no matter what our superficial differences, children of this same good Father.

“What a lot of good there is to be done in the world. Would that I had a thousand lives...alas! I have but one, and that is not worth much,” the beloved Foundress of this religious Family of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary had said towards the end of her life; yet, by firing others with some of the charity that burned in her own ardent soul, she started a great work which did not die with her own death, because — “It is God’s work.”

Even her own family life seemed to predict something of what little Helen, for such was her name in Baptism, was destined. Her father was a bridge and highway engineer; Helen, his youngest child, was called to a career of building spiritual bridges and highways all across and up and down the wide world, to unite all men in the knowledge and love of their good Father in Heaven. Her ancient family home was shared by her own family and that of her mother’s brother; but so closely were all united in ordered harmony and love, that the cousins considered each other as brothers and sisters, and aunts and uncles were referred to as second fathers and mothers, much to the surprise of first acquaintances. From her good mother, little Helen soon learnt to make sacrifices for the poor by overcoming her childish terrors of the dark. The motto she gave to all the educational institutions later to be founded under her inspiration, “Truth and Charity”, was part of her very nature:—She had to test the reality of suffering by making her cousin step on her tiny hand with her rough boots, to see if it would really hurt; she wanted to see whether there really was fire in the centre of the earth by promptly proceeding to dig a hole to find it; she wanted to feel how the poor suffer by organizing her party of gay little friends into a band of little beggars; she

threw away her lovely doll as soon as she realized that it was not "real", for it could not return her love. Instinctively, almost, she had come to see that there is no higher joy than loving and being loved; but prayer and suffering—the need to leave her dear first home when her father was transferred because of his work, the deaths of both sisters, and most heartbreaking of all, the loss of the one she loved most on earth, her beloved mother, — showed her step by step that only God, Whose beauty and goodness have no end in time or extent, was worthy of her love. As suffering had given her a better realization of the value of Truth and Love, she welcomed it more and more as the price of love. Illness, misunderstanding, humiliations, these she transformed into a shining white pearl wherein all the colours of the spectrum are beautifully crystalized in the deep, dark seas. Would she, as she was so fond of doing, see a divine harmony in the fact that her greatest work began in the storms that blew her far away from her beloved pearl fisheries coast of South India, where her memory is still dearly cherished by the descendants of those for whom she had worked? Though more inclined by nature to contemplation and prayer, God called on her sense of duty to others to use the great gifts of intelligence, organization and energy He had given her to carry His Truth and Love over the world by means of her large spiritual Family. Ever resourceful, especially in need — had she not even as a child delighted herself in writing her own book when she was forbidden to read any? — she tried to meet all the human needs that presented themselves to her charity — educational, social, medical works of all kinds developed with the years — yet the needs are so many, so many. But she could not rest as long as any one was in need and she could do something, anything about it. "Never enough", she told her children, and that includes ourselves. So we did our best, no matter how busy we were, beginning with what is at the foundation of all good work: giving information and arousing enthusiasm. The third year students undertook the task of explaining to their juniors something of the life and work of Mother Foundress, without whom, after all, there would have been no Stella Maris at all. Two seniors were appointed to each junior class, one to give a short biography and the other to sketch the work of the Institute all over the world. Nervous seniors might be seen poring over pamphlets and books for about a week beforehand, while girls of an artistic bent lavished time, energy and skill on colourful charts and posters.



Monday, November the 11th, posters and charts blossomed on every classroom bulletin board, which we might have thought miraculous had we not known that many juniors were as keen as the seniors themselves on the success of the week. After the morning assembly on that day, while the little fledglings pattered happily off to their respective roosts, the seniors, most of them shivering in their slippers — and not from the cold — sallied forth to their room of destiny, suddenly aware that they were not past-masters in the art of rhetoric.

But after all, the ordeal proved to be somewhat less severe than trial by fire. The different classes listened to the orators with rapt attention, and when the seniors

finally emerged from their respective rooms, smiles on both sides indicated that all had gone well. The interest roused among the students was evident enough, as they plied their professors with questions relating to the talks they had just heard.

That afternoon, and indeed for the rest of the week, curious eyes scanned the poster displays in every room, and memories tucked away for future reference all sorts of information about the social, medical and educational works undertaken by the daughters of Mother Foundress all over the world. Thus they could gather some idea of her greatness and appreciate her gigantic achievement. They felt a thrill, too, to realize how great is the undertaking of which Stella Maris forms one small part, just as, from time to time, one realizes with a thrill that one is part of a wide world of men and stars.

But while great things impressed, little things touched, and many students were more moved to learn that the Sisters run two hospitals for Hansen patients here in South India, than they were by the enumeration of all the schools, hospitals and dispensaries all over the world. Similarly, all who saw it were deeply touched by the film show on two evenings that week, depicting the work of just one hospital, but that a very special one: the hospital for crippled and mentally retarded children in Boston, the heroic patience of both the children and the Sisters who train them to overcome all physical and nervous obstacles so that they too can become happy and useful members of society — children of all racial origins, but united by suffering and charity and truth — another little U.N.O.

Thursday brought interesting quizzes for every class, organized by the girls themselves. Competition was keen, and the questions asked by the various quiz-mistresses were searching indeed. After that, even the littlest “fresher” who had never seen the Sisters before June 1963, could hardly help but appreciate the great ambitions set before them by Mother Foundress. And all the week, her wise and strong but kindly face had gazed at us from a large photograph set up in the library, inspiring us with undaunted courage and persevering energy, and her lips seemed to say, “My children, never enough”



When the time came for taking down the various charts and posters, and when that photograph once more disappeared, quite a few felt a pang of regret. Appropriately enough, the next week was Careers Week: after inspiration, decision: what is the mission in life that I should undertake, to serve God and my fellows as Mother Foundress did?

P. K. GEETHA,
III B.Sc.

CHOOSE YOUR SERVICE STATION

To give themselves and others a clearer idea of available careers and their requirements, the post-graduate students arranged a Careers Week from November 18th to 23rd.

It was in the M.A. ethics that the seed of the Careers Exhibition was sown. It was agreed on all hands that our juniors needed mature guidance, such as we believed ourselves capable of providing, and besides, it fell in very appropriately with the theme chosen for discussion in the ethics class itself. Most of us intended retiring gracefully from college life at the end of the academic year, and were wondering on what branch of human activity to bestow our well-known talents, so as to rescue society from the morass into which it had got itself without us. So a Careers Exhibition would provide us with valuable information, as well as our younger sisters.

With the generous encouragement of the college authorities, we started work, selecting the most popular and practical careers for young ladies, but making as wide a selection as was practicable, so as to suit all tastes and aptitudes. We may all be receiving the same education, but we all profit by it differently, according to our own individuality, and so different careers had to be displayed.

Groups were formed to take charge of each of the selected careers, with a leader for each group. Major research projects were undertaken, in hunting for suitable books, pamphlets and charts. Some girls ran off to the University Publications Department for specifically Indian career pamphlets. After a lot of searching among numerous folios, the gentleman found the pamphlets we wanted, but would not accept payment in cash — it had to be in stamps! So off the girls trotted to the post office in the sweltering heat and bought the stamps that paid for the pamphlets that told of careers, that illumined the exhibition that Jill made! (With apologies to the old nursery jingle).

Other books and pamphlets were borrowed from the British Council and the U.S.I.S.; the Vocational Guidance Officer was contacted; and more and more informative material was brought in: some bought, some borrowed, and some we thought it better not to ask about. Slowly but surely the cupboards began to fill up. Nor was research of this kind our only means of supplying material: India ink and artistic skill, hitherto unsuspected, produced astonishing results, some heroic souls even sacrificing their precious free Saturday to come in and work on the posters and charts for their stalls. Three stalls had even models on display: the Social Service group had a fine model with an original lighting arrangement, showing social service centres in the area, the medical group had one of a rural health unit, and the art group produced one illustrating stylish interior decoration.

Monday, November 18th was a busy day for the M.A.'s, who were running around in small circles, draping sarees in all the colours of the rainbow around the library, hanging charts, hammering nails, and sometimes their own thumbs, and generally getting excited. In such a hive the "Silence" board was decidedly out of place, and was promptly removed. M.A. foresight was brilliantly displayed: for twelve groups we had two bottles of paste and two pairs of scissors; for future women executives, or whatever we are going to be, that was highly intelligent, wasn't it?

In spite of our lack of foresight, the stalls were all ready by about 11 a.m. and we went round inspecting each other's efforts, and meditating on the possibilities of future careers of which, hitherto, we had not so much as dreamed. They were all very wonderful, but so, alas! were the qualities required: diligence, initiative, patience, and so on. Were there no careers for just ordinary girls?

Finally, at 1-30 p.m., Reverend Mother came to open our exhibition, and went round diligently inspecting each stall, finding words of encouragement for everyone. There they all were, careers for women in the India of today: banking, secretarial work, broadcasting, tourism, politics and government, art, nursing, medicine, scientific research, librarianship, social work, writing and journalism, teaching, and for the glamorous, the work of an air-hostess, besides the careers which, for want of material, we had had to omit from the display.



Afterwards, students and staff came in large numbers to study the exhibition, and reflect on the information it gave. Suggestions were invited, though with some trepidation, but those which came were wholly complimentary: could the exhibition stay open one day more? Could it not be thrown open to the public? This last was a bit too shattering, but the girls were told that they might bring along lady friends from other colleges.

Side-attractions on each of the three days were film shows on careers for women from the U.S.I.S. and the B.I.S., one showing nursing in India and the other teaching, and social work in the U.K. On the third evening we had a careers quiz, or rather two, one oral and the other written, with an attractive prize for each. All these were well attended too.

When finally the exhibition had to come down, though there was regret in our hearts at the conclusion, there was also a sense of having done something really worthwhile, for many girls who have the desire to take up a career, whether temporary or permanent, have only very limited notions of the careers open to them, as we know from our own experience. More and more Indian women are taking up a career these days, many of them just as highly educated as their menfolk, and capable of rendering valuable service to society as well as to themselves.

The object of our exhibition was to give our fellow Stella Marians some idea of the vistas open to them, and to instil in them a desire to fit themselves for useful service, so that even from the beginning of their college career they may have an aim in view to inspire their studies with a purpose. But not until the exhibition opened did we realize how much we ourselves had gained from it. Each of us had learned a great deal more about careers than she could have done in any other way; but the gain was not only personal. We had come together to co-operate in the work of preparing the exhibition, in a way which is normally difficult in M.A. classes, where each group studies separately from every other group. There had been plenty of fun in doing the work, all the more because it was done in a spirit of "togetherness". So we are wondering who got the most out of the exhibition, those who saw it or those who set it up; or rather, we are confident that we know.

P. K. GANGA,
MEENA NAYAK,

II M.A.

ORAL CALCULUS

On February 24th and 25th, Pre-University students happily co-operated in the Research Project on Oral Calculus to promote public health services.

Monday, the 24th of February, I was ten minutes late for college, but even in my hurry I realized that there was something in the air as I passed room 0-8. Michael, the gate watchman, smiling importantly, was presiding over a swarm of "freshers" whispering excitedly in the corridor outside. I couldn't resist asking, "What's up?" The answer which caught my ears after I had passed made me stop dead in my tracks. A mental check-up . . . ? I wanted to go back and investigate but had no time. The few P. U.'s whom I knew personally had seemed perfectly sane to me. But obviously the university did not think so, or why should it organize a "mental check-up"? "Poor dears," I thought, as I hurried along to the office, "I wouldn't look as pleased as that if anyone were to cast doubts on my sanity". But the P. U.'s obviously took it as a compliment.

At the office I asked, "What's happening in 0-8? Something hush-hush?"

"A research team is at work there — obtaining statistics of college girls' . . . teeth!" A *dental* check-up — what an anti-climax!

As I sat down in class, I was still wondering why those P. U.'s had been so excited. A visit to the dentist is not the most enjoyable thing in life — so why the exhilaration? Having grappled with the problem for three days, valour overcame discretion, and when Michael's back was turned, I slipped with a friend into the darkened room to discover the reason for myself.

Before we knew where we were, my friend's mouth was thrust open, and a white-coated figure shoved his head in to take a closer look at her teeth. The chair looked familiar to me. Indeed, yes, I had sat on it many a time and oft during my last four years of piano-playing. It had been converted into a high-and-mighty looking contraption with a head-rest on which reposed my friends' shivering noddle. She cast a reproachful glance at me (it had all been my idea) as she sat perspiring in the rays of a powerful arc lamp. ("You wanted to be a filmstar," I thought maliciously, "now you know how hot the limelight can be".) As she was released from her chair, a sudden premonition of immediate peril dawned on me.

The dentist turned: "Now, Miss . . ." but I was not there to hear any more. However, the problem still remains — will any "fresher" please just tell me why she took such happy pride in her men-dental check-up?

ANGELA REDDY,
I.M.A.

ASSOCIATIONS GET-TOGETHER

At the helm of their clubs for the second year, students showed ever-increasing initiative and responsibility in their many interesting and successful extracurricular activities.

In their second year of life, all the college clubs and associations started off bravely determined to avoid last year's mistakes and make new ones. Merely nominal members were strictly vetoed—not a single outing before payment of the full subscription. The Dramatic Association even tried to assess the talents of prospective members, but unfortunately the judges eventually decided that they were not talented enough themselves to make the assessment. On the other hand the Basha Sangh's had to be conscripted at first, but became so numerous and so mesmerized by the first Tamil entertainment, that their subscriptions were painlessly extracted and a large membership sealed on the spot.

The locale for the meetings was more varied this year. Of course Room 0-8 with its piano and electric plugs is more or less a "must" for socials. Five o'clock bus-passengers in Cathedral Road, not knowing that different groups are involved each week, must think it is a kind of rehabilitation centre with weekly jumping-classes and a "refresher course" attached. The Kalaciubers preferred art projects and projectors on the top-floor, and the ping-pong tables on the ground-floor of the Students' Centre. The Science Club chose various places with the most suitable chemical properties for the occasion: the "Magic Show" in the chemistry lecture hall, the Bird Sanctuary in—the bird sanctuary, and the mathematics discussion, no doubt, in the air as usual. The Current Affairs Club, though "small" and "exclusive", was extremely active and could be found fermenting fervently in several "small" and "exclusive" rooms with all kinds of special, semi-special, general, general body, special general body etc. meetings to deal with their direct or alternating current . . . affairs. The other three associations oscillated between the other large rooms.

Some activities were common to all the clubs, such as get-to-know-us and don't-forget-us socials, occasional filmshows (home-made or imported), quizzes and impromptu entertainments, and nearly all the associations went on excursions more or less connected with their avocations. The Social Service "Clubbers" visited the Mercy Home and the Home for the Aged, and were greatly impressed by the devotedness of of the Sisters engaged in the work. The Basha Sangha went to St. Thomas' Mount: English and Tamil were spoken fluently by the English-speaking and Tamil-speaking girls respectively, the little children of the crèche sang in





Latin and the excursionists said "Merci", so the multilingual aims of the association were fully satisfied. The scientists took the children from our Social Welfare Centre to the Zoo and also to the Children's Park in Guindy—in the latter case the takers outnumbered the taken, and it is said that the babies sat and applauded wearily while the B.A.'s and B. Sc's romped on the see-saws.

The members of the Social Service League were always very busy either working hard to collect money or working hard to spend it again in the most beneficial manner. Whatever they had laboured to gather in through subscriptions or the Grand Charity Film Show, was soon converted into food, clothes and medicines for the poor of the surrounding district at the Christmas Tree. What remained, together with more scrapings by the indefatigable members, went to provide a gramophone and set of nursery rhyme records for the Welfare Centre. However, these angels of self-less charity were also human enough to have their own entertainments and socials occasionally.

The Dramatic Association's most dramatic production of the year was that provided for the Graduates' Reception in August. As the scene of the play "Meet My Ghost" was a haunted house at midnight, which would have to be played in broad daylight to poised and impertubable graduates, the actresses took great pains to create the right atmosphere by off-stage moans, howls and screams, and Deviha developed such a ghostly technique that in the silence of hostel study hour you could distinctly hear her bones rattling. The play was a great success in spite of the fact that for the first time in ten years the college top hat did not appear on the stage, as it was considered unhygienic headwear for a mere bare skull. But be reassured, it (the hat, not the skull) took a prominent part in the Magic Show sponsored by the Science Association, being the distinguishing insignia of the Chief Magician Dr. Geetha Bopo who, as the climax of the evening's entertainment, was to produce out of it a live kitten. In fact, mouser (we hope that we are not depriving any professional wizards of their livelihood by revealing this secret) had, unknown to the audience, been carefully hidden under the counter so that she could be deftly popped into the hat while the doctor was perorizing. But unfortunately mouser got quite bored with the surroundings of the chemistry lecture hall (the fishy odours emanating from the Zoology Department were no doubt more to her taste), and started to emit howls of protest, making her presence so obvious that her item had to be unceremoniously advanced. She glared fiercely around out of her hat, snorted at the trembling Dr. Bopo, and stalked out with her tail in the air. The next item, the Obedient Egg, was instructive and edifying. An ordinary egg, after being passed around for inspection, was placed in a glass vessel filled with water and — as any ordinary egg naturally would — remained peacefully where it had been placed. But lo! at the command of Dr. Vasantha Dupo (repeated rather frenziedly when nothing seemed to be happening) it began to rise slowly and majestically to the surface of the water, amid thunderous

applause. So children, if an ordinary egg can be so obedient, what about us? Scholars even suggest that this praiseworthy behaviour of the egg may be the origin of phrases like, "She's a good egg" etc. The other magical items, fumes, vapours, explosions and vanishing tricks, mystified the magicians even more than the audience, for they were never quite sure whether their potions were going to turn blue or pink or burst into flame. Fortunately, there were no casualties and everybody thoroughly enjoyed the show (except mouser who, as we said, took early leave, to show her disapproval).



The Kala Club paid its homage to art and music throughout the year by alternating feasts of Indian archaeology, and New York art treasures (on the screen); and of Beethoven and Chopin (on the piano). All the members of the Club combined their efforts for St. Cecilia's Concert, the Indian and Western Music students contributing to the programme and the art students illustrating it.

When we report their assistance at a session of the Criminal Court as a characteristic activity of the Current Affairs Club, we do not intend to cast any reflexion on their integrity. On their return to college (yes, they were declared "not guilty") they took a ghoulish delight in recounting the tale of the knife, which threatened the life, which belonged to the wife, who lived in the house that Jack built. Another of their current affairs was the organization of the U.N.O. week. The opening of the week coincided with the great cyclone, and all the beautiful posters supplied by the U.N.O. had such far-reaching effects under the force of the gale that they blew right off the walls and must have landed somewhere on the Marina. The flags competition, when flags of eighty-one different nations were displayed over the main staircase to be identified with the appropriate country, was a great attraction.

The Basha Sangha produced separate Tamil, Hindi and French entertainments which, according to the posters, were all "grand and stupendous" but in the opinion of all those who were invited (or who merely adhered) at the open-air theatre, the International Entertainment in February was the grandest and most stupendous of all, complete with Red Indians, Malayan, Philippine and Spanish dances, Hindi songs and a Tamil comedy. An original sketch was written and acted by French students with the lofty aim of disparaging the beautiful French language. To say "Good morning" in French one sounds like a roaring lion, it seems — "Bon jour!" After years spent as devoted disciples of the late (we presume he must be quite "late" by now) Mr. Bertenshaw of pious memory, who gave the waiting world Longman's French Grammar, we feel slightly hurt by this base ingratitude; however, "honi soit qui mal y pense" (whatever that means — it is not on our syllabus).

All the associations finished the year with prolonged applause, proposing "three cheers" for everyone remotely connected with the direction and even, like Tiny Tim in the "Christmas Carol", giving a rousing "Three cheers for us".

A STELLA MARIAN.

THE "BUSKIN" OF THE BUS

Graduates are prepared for the battle of life by the difficulties they meet in planning a farewell excursion: and this year it was the bus-problem.

January

25th Saturday



Appointed to Seniors' Picnic Committee to arrange trip for 15 February. Seems last year some difficulty about bus. Probably lack of proper organization. This year the Committee unanimously resolved first to be bus-sure

29th Wednesday

Decided ordinary school-buses somewhat outmoded (anyway, none available) so rejected disdainfully. Bumptious-Sumptious Bus Co. advertise vehicle:

"Tastefully upholstered in tiffin-box-grey. Air-conditioned (what condition?), centrally and circumferentially-heated running water (also oil) fitted with umbrella racks, ashtrays, head-rests, foot-rests, arm-rests (no nose-rests?) and resident hair dresser. Also equipped with engine and minimum of four wheels; breaks if required. For hire."

The bus of our dreams at last! But we needed two. Could there be another to match this jewel? Not quite, but an equally attractive model in record-book-brown, also with engine and four wheels, seems good enough. Buses No. 1 and 2 accordingly booked.

30th Thursday

What relief to have the buses guaranteed. So stupid last year not to think of that first. Now we can arrange the menu: "Hello, Arable-lands Cafe (advertisements may be placed only in the advertisements section of the magazine). Please reserve for a party of 110 on February 15th So-and-so-and-so What? Date certain? Oh, absolutely, don't worry. Like to come too?"

February

12th Wednesday

Just putting the finishing touches to Saturday's programme. It's election time. Jolly lucky to have our buses reserved. So, first item "Here we go round the mulberry bus". Second item Trrrring! "Hello. Yes. Stella Maris here. Oh, Ay-yo! Only ONE bus but you said . . . I know, the election, let the best man win and all that, but not in OUR bus. Anyway bus No 1 is not I. G. S., I hope? All right. Goodbye. Nice of you to tell us a whole two days before."

13th Thursday

A very "bussy" day: phoning, visiting, writing, appealing to fathers, grandfathers, uncles, daddy's friends, in and out of college, anyone remotely related to a bus. Polite preliminaries: "I wonder if you could possibly . . ." took too long and we started abruptly: "Hello, hello, service company? I want a bus, of course. How do we intend to use it? Well, how does one generally use a bus? Oh, I see, it has no body, only a chassis. Er, well, not exactly what we wanted; we're cranky enough without sitting on a crank. Thanks so much. Another time."

"Hello-ello-ello. Good afternoon, Miss, can I speak to the Director, Mr. Phillip Buster. At lunch?...He'll be back at 4 p.m.?... But it's only ten to eleven now. (Must be having a picnic too). Yes, Miss, I do want to speak to him personally...Yes, I'm quite well thank you. And you?...Am I better now? Better than what? Oh (horrors) no, this is certainly not Mrs. Phillip Buster speaking. Goodbye."

And so on: schools, colleges, hospitals, army, navy, air force, police, fire-engine—a bit too spectacular; anyway probably needed for the elections. Everyone completely busless.

14th Friday

11 a.m. Still no bus. Bus No. 1 despite its umbrella-rests and foot-racks—sorry, getting confused, foot-rests—could hardly accommodate 220 "senior" feet. Alas, dear seniors, unless we get another bus, the p-p-picnic is c-c-cancelled. Yes, the committee will definitely give you your money back after paying their nerve-specialist.



8-30 p.m. Three cheers for O. and O's brother. He's got a bus, a bus-in-the-hand, a bus-to-end-all-buses—with a permit for use within, on, and without the city boundary. Thank goodness, we didn't cancel Bus No. 1. Wouldn't like to miss those ash-trays. Still, better verify it, just as a formality.

3-40 p.m. Just repeat slowly, while I regain consciousness. You've c-a-n-c-e-l-l-ed Bus No. 1 because you thought we didn't want it. Yes...I quite understand. Better not to beat about the bus, as you say. Elections...please don't bother to send flowers for my funeral It'll be a quiet affair

4 p.m. College bell rings 5 minutes late to allow President and Vice-president (in mourning) to circulate news of definite cancellation of picnic.

4-15 p.m. O's brother triumphantly announces the begging of Bus No. 4. But not a single little toe remains of the 220 senior feet to hear the news

24th Monday

A really glorious "moonlight dinner" in front of the open-air stage. In sympathy with our successors, we're getting to work right away on that chassis to be in time for next year's senior picnic.

(FROM THE DIARY OF A
THIRD YEAR STUDENT.)

HOSTEL MEMOIRS

Our usual gay family life in the hostel is given a fresh note of gaiety now and then by our animal friends.

Looking back on the year, we see in June a "fry of freshers", some frisky and perky, being experienced school-boarders, and some wan and weeping at the disaster of leaving home for the first time. We seniors did our bit of unofficial hostel orientation, "rubbing down" the too perky ones with horrible warnings of hostel discipline, and propping the "weeping willows" with thoughts of outings and visiting days. In addition to the ordinary hostel rules (to be found in the prospectus) we charitably passed on a few helpful little hints (not to be found in the prospectus), invaluable for new settlers and their visitors, the latter generally being more innocent than the former:—



Do all you can to make others happy, following the motto of the hostel president.

Do patronize every organization offering tickets for evening concerts — you will miss study, and maybe even get an extra snack when you return.

Do organize intelligently your appointments with passport officers or airline agents — any time between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. on weekdays, or 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. on Saturdays.

Do just happen to be admiring the creeper outside the front door as your local guardian's car drives up.

Do get constable Michael's approval of your cousin-brother beforehand — forcible evictions are so ignominious.

And now for a few even more important "don'ts":—

Don't rush to the dining-room every time a bell rings — it's probably only the chapel-bell for the Sisters.

Don't lose your toffees when the electricity suddenly fails — your neighbour has been waiting just for this moment.

Don't dash out of your room with a fully-loaded thermos flask just as Sister arrives for study supervision.

Don't overdo your grandmother's funerals — once or twice a month is enough. But, remember, uncles (real or imaginary) offer unlimited possibilities.

Don't instinctively feel you've got high fever on the morning of the big revision test — it will instinctively be felt that you haven't.

The newcomers of June 1963 quickly assimilated these unwritten rules.

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A really enjoyable feature carried over the three terms was the Cinema Club "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", "The Great Impostor" and "I Confess" were especially appreciated; even if you cannot hear the dialogue distinctly, you can always collaborate with your neighbour to find a suitable plot for the film-strip. Generally, little groups are heard earnestly discussing afterwards, "You see, you must be very careful about leaving finger-prints". The favourite film of the whole year (probably because of the happy occasion) was that shown on Reverend Mother's Feast Day, "Count Your Blessings", with supporting films about Queen Elizabeth and the late Mr. Kennedy's inauguration ceremonies. The "fans" insistently demanded a film exactly like it for Hostel Day, but the committee judged more wisely by choosing something exactly unlike it — "Dial M for Murder", which curdled everyone's blood.

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In the second term, we had wanted to show Reverend Mother our affection and gratitude by providing some additional amenities for the hostels: record-players, automatic irons, hot plates; and it was highly satisfactory afterwards to loll back in one of the new delicately tinted armchairs thinking, "I contributed the front right leg of this chair myself". The new indoor games, monopoly and chinese chequers, are a constant attraction now; you might mistake us for a gambling-den, to see faces bent intently over the boards. The term ended happily with the usual carol-singers' procession, illuminated this year with an additional feature by our over-zealous entertainment officer, — the event was even commemorated by an epic in the "Stella Marian".

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Of course, the main event of the third term was Hostel Day. The "freshers" unanimously agreed that it was the happiest day they'd ever spent; but the seniors said it was the most exhausting day they had ever spent, but they were even happier about it than the "freshers" if possible. The evening picnic, surrounded by twinkling coloured lights as we sat in big circles on the grass, was really an unforgettable delight.

In March, three very late admissions came to join us, three sisters from a good branch of a Tritopperi community of Squirrels. They had lost their mother in very painful circumstances — she contributed personally to the menu of a crow, it seems — most unfortunate. Anyway the poor things were all skin and bone when they came to us, their eyes still red with tears, their noses blunt from blowing, but they've picked up a lot since then — practically everything they could nibble.



All three have most endearing manners: the youngest, Bubble, is bubbling with vivacity; the middle one, Bubble-Bubble, is naturally bubble-bubbling with vivacity, but the eldest, Bubble-Gumm is more serious; hers is a sad tail too, though as she grows older it may become bushy like that of her Grandpa, Funambulus Raticus, who lived on a very high branch of the family tree and is said to have supplied fur-collars to the Eskimos. The three are quite simply dressed in sober grey-striped coats, wearing their hair and ears rather long in an off-the-face style. Bubble is absolutely devoted to the hostel vice-president, and would willingly lay down her tail — a squirrel's terminating glory, be it remembered — to make a paint-brush. Let us hope it will not come to that. Being too late for the public examinations, the three squirrels are studying privately, and are already halfway through Cashew's famous "Nuts for Beginners", and have nearly finished Hazel Coco's "Elementary Nuts and Nutshells". They are going up north for the holidays on N.C.C. climbing-manoevres in — or rather, on — various branches. When they come back in June, they will no doubt be fully qualified squirrels.

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And what of us who do not come back in June? We shall certainly miss those friendly, homely surroundings when it is time to leave, and we continue to sing in our hearts the words we sang on Hostel Day with such feeling and fervour:



Star of the Sea, shine on our hostel home,
 Keep us united in the years to come.
 We'll ne'er forget the student days we share,
 Our youthful hearts are gay and free from care.
 Though we be far from home or country dear
 Our one ideal makes us one family here,
 In work and play our constant aim shall be
 Purity, truth, and sincere charity.

*Parts of this article have been reprinted
 by the courtesy of the "Stella Marian".*

THE STUDENT AND HER MILIEU

Surveys of attitudes to various problems are a great help to student guidance, practical psychology, and counselling.



The days are long past when teaching, even in the kindergarten, had only one direct object: the subject taught. It is one of the most firmly established principles of education at all levels, that the person taught is more important than the subject, and that the subject cannot in fact, be well taught unless a good relationship exists between the teacher and the student. Yet, in the large and well-filled lecture-rooms of a modern university college, the lecturer cannot become intimately acquainted with more than a handful of the students: usually the most attentive on the one hand, and the "back-benchers" on the other.

In Stella Maris an attempt is made to overcome this difficulty in several ways: through the voluntary associations of various kinds, in which students have an opportunity to work with the staff-members who guide, without controlling, their functioning; through the student guidance system, in which the students can approach one or other member of the staff for aid in the solution of their various problems and so on. But it was felt desirable that the staff, parents and others interested in the students' education should be made aware, at least in general, of their background and their reaction to it, so that not only these extra-curricular activities but even the routine lectures might be better orientated to the actual needs of these maturing minds.

In view of the success which, it was felt, attended the questionnaire on reading, held last year, a more ambitious sociological survey of the students was attempted this year. The questionnaire, framed by the M.A. students under the leadership of the Social Work Department, was entitled: "The student and her milieu", and divided into three sections—relations with the family, relations with the college staff, and relations with other students. In view of the greater maturity required for accurate answers on these topics, only students of graduate and post-graduate classes were invited to take part, 693 students in all. For lack of time, even among these only a sample survey of the recorded answers could be taken: 10% of the whole student population in these classes. The four major groups participating: M.A., being a small class, remaining as one, the other three being divided as B.A. and B.Sc. Ten papers were drawn at random from each of these sub-groups, giving seventy papers for detailed study, slightly more than 10% of the whole. This is done on the principle, long established among statistical workers, that the result derived from the examination of a genuinely random sample will not differ widely from that which would be obtained by a detailed study of the whole population under review, and may therefore be considered a reliable indication of the prevailing trends.

To ensure frankness on the part of the students filling the questionnaire, and to guarantee privacy to the families, it was stressed that the papers were to remain entirely anonymous, no indication whatever being given of the student's identity. In spite of this, especially in the second section, that on relations with the staff, one cannot help wondering if some of the answers given were rather what the student thought we wanted than her own true feelings. A further difficulty again proved to be lack of comprehension, even though the pre-university students were omitted, and the questionnaire was held much later in the year. Perhaps the time-factor operated against us here, for the questionnaire was very long, and in order to complete it in time, perhaps some students wrote too hastily without reading the questions properly.



In one respect, at least, this year's questionnaire shows a marked advance on last year's. In spite of its length, there was a far smaller number of "no answers" this time, the largest number in any one question being thirteen for the question on obstacles to study, and some of these undoubtedly indicate that the student finds no obstacles whatever. A fairly large number of blanks were also left in the space for the mother's occupation, but it was assumed that these mothers are housewives, like the majority of those whose occupation was stated.

● ● ● The Student in Relation to Her Parents and Her Family

The family is, of course, the strongest and most permanent influence on the human individual. The nature of this influence is the result partly of the family's status, but more of the relationships established among its members. The answers given in this section may therefore be considered under headings such as: status of the family, attitude of the student to the parents and of the parents to the student, attitude of the student to other family members and their attitude to her, and general environmental conditions, especially in their effect on studies.

In regard to family status, as might have been expected, the great majority of the students are daughters of professional men: doctors, lawyers, engineers, journalists, men engaged in banking, and so on. The fathers of 17% are engaged in business, only one of the seventy is a landowner, while a few are engaged in less remunerative occupations: secretaries, supervisors; five are retired, one is unemployed, with the natural consequence of financial anxiety, while 10% of the students examined are already fatherless, this too, in some cases, resulting in economic insecurity. Solid tradition is revealed in the fact the only three mothers out of seventy work outside the home, one of them doing honorary work only; one is a doctor; the third, a widow, supports her family by working as a stenographer.

The attitudes of the students to their parents were revealed directly and indirectly through the answers to several different questions, and it is heartening to be assured that in the vast majority of cases they are entirely wholesome. While 78.6% are living with their parents, 86% prefer to do so while studying, and 90% are fully



satisfied with their home-life. Moreover, where dissatisfaction occurs, it is in most cases conditions, not attitudes, which disturb the students' contentment: financial difficulties, a sense of indebtedness to relatives who actually pay for an education which the parents could not afford to give, overcrowding and noise—these are material conditions only, yet their psychological effect can be disturbing.

As might be expected when the majority prefer to be at home while studying, principally because of the sense of security and freedom from anxiety they find there, only a small minority express the desire for help in their studies. The dominant feelings of most of the students towards their parents are love and respect; awe, in some cases, tempering the love, especially towards the father; gratitude for the parents' self-sacrifice, obedience, a desire to please them, were other positive attitudes expressed. Evidence of the students' confidence, though this was expressed formally by only one, lies in the fact that 80% of them do not hesitate to ask their parents questions on any subject, and almost 80% make their parents' problems their own. Trust is further revealed in that 90% of the students like to take their friends home, and a co-operative spirit shows itself in the large majority who are ready to undertake responsibility or to do housework.

It is no doubt the docility inculcated in Indian girls for traditional reasons which enables over half of the students to declare that they never disagree with their parents; and even where disagreements sometimes occur, they are not a result of opposition to authority as such, for only two out of the seventy, or 3%, express resentment of their parents' authority. 86% assert that they are never dishonest with their parents.

The negative attitudes of the minority are in general simply the "growing pains" of maturing minds. Those few who prefer to study away from home, or are dissatisfied with home conditions other than material ones, are in most cases desirous of greater independence; this we believe to be the cases also with the girl who confesses that she is spoiled at home, as well as with the one who finds parental supervision too close, while one is distressed by discord among the family members. The restless desire for change expressed by one student no doubt has its roots in her own disturbed state of mind, rather than in her environment.

Where negative feelings towards the parents were expressed, they were invariably associated with positive ones. In this generation it would be strange if some students did not express a desire to be treated as individuals of independent judgment, but in fact only a few girls, drawn from the M.A. and II B.A. classes, did so. Again, at the present time it must be a matter of fairly frequent occurrence that the mother is less educated than her daughters, yet only one student expresses a sense of superiority on that account, saying that, while she loves her mother, she pities her ignorance.

Those who admit having occasional disagreements with their parents—only one has them often—reveal interesting causes of conflict. Almost 20% do not see eye to eye with their parents on types of entertainment, while nearly 16% clash with authority on the related question of the use of leisure. Almost nine out of every ten of these are in the First Year—students evidently old enough to want to choose for themselves, but not old enough to choose wisely. Friends, studies, dress and late hours are a source of disagreement in about 10% of the cases reviewed, while individual students are opposed to their parents on the question of a career and future life, and on “personal points of view”. While the numbers involved are very such smaller, only 14%, the subjects of occasional dishonesty are similar to those of disagreement, one mentioning companionship in going to the cinema, one girl-friends, one studies, one money or books, and two personal matters of trivial importance.



But it must be reiterated that the basic attitude even of those girls who occasionally come into conflict with their parents is a positive one, for 63, that is 90% of the whole, declared their attitude to their parents to be based on love, six on love and fear, and only one on fear alone.

The attitudes the students believe their parents to have towards them are no doubt partly coloured by their own feelings, but they are again overwhelmingly positive, and, as several students expressly state, normal: love or affection, desire for their children's good, kindness and consideration, are fairly frequently mentioned, but relatively few speak of understanding or of trust as a feature of the parental attitude, while one girl is pained by the belief that her mother distrusts her. Such distrust is no doubt the result of excessive concern for her good, as is the attitude mentioned by a few especially in the M.A. classes, of the parents who still treat their daughters as children. Yet over 10% say that their opinions and rights are respected at home, and over half of the parents consult their daughters about family problems.

While only five of the seventy, or 7%, find their parents “quite conservative”, 78% are considered “conservative on some points”, these judgments probably being based on considerations relating to topics such as the amount of freedom of choice left to the students in different aspects of their life, and the granting or withholding of the small-scale financial independence represented by pocket-money. It was surprising to find that a majority of the students are completely free in their choice of friends, books, courses of study and college, while having only limited freedom in the choice of entertainment, dress and leisure-time pursuits—a finding which is supported by the fact, noted above, that disagreements in these areas are more



frequent than in any others, yet one would think that the first four topics, being of more permanent influence, would be under closer parental supervision. The two areas of greatest permanent importance, the choice of a career and of a marriage-partner, are of course, under the closest surveillance, seven out of every ten having only limited freedom, and 14% no freedom at all in the latter case.

As regards pocket-money, while 4% of the students receive it regularly, less than 20% of those living at home do so. Amounts vary enormously, from Rs. 150 per month at one extreme, to 50 nP. at the other. Most of the girls receiving pocket-money spend at least part of it on necessities such as notebooks, bus fares, clothes and other personal items, two or three saving all the surplus; on the other hand some spend all or nearly all on pleasures, one who receives only a small sum expressly stating that it is not for necessities. A few use their pocket-money for gifts, alms to the poor, and one for temple-offerings. The important fact established by these answers, however, is that the majority are not given responsibility, a statement which is just as true of those who need only to budget for pleasures as of those who have no need to balance a budget at all. Moreover, two of those who receive pocket-money have to account to their parents for the way they spend it.

The relations between students and their parents may therefore be fairly summed up as being on the whole happy and healthy, though the dependence of these girls is certainly greater than that of their counterparts in some other countries, and probably also greater than that of Indian boys of similar age.

In relationships with other members of the family, numbers and position in the family are the first factors to be considered, as they affect a person's psychological attitudes. In size, the families vary from fifteen members to two, this figure in all measurable quantity are the largest number, inferiority in appearance comes next, and in sociability third. Some at least of the latter group, however, judging by their answers to the third section, are far from deficient in the qualities that make for social success.

If these figures testify to a sense of "even-handed justice" in family affairs, those relating to envy of brothers and sisters are even stronger evidence in the same direction. Only three students are conscious of any such feeling, and only one of these has family fair-play in mind, when she says she sometimes envies another who seems to be getting special attention. Of the other two, one wishes she were as clever as her elder brother, while the other, being away from home for her studies' sake, envies those who remain at home.

Attachments and resentments follow a fairly normal pattern; 40% of the students express a special attachment to one or more of their brothers and sisters. Generally, these attachments are to the next above or the next below in age, except in cases where an eldest or second eldest makes a pet of the baby of the family, or one of the younger members venerates another much older than herself.



Resentments directed at the student or felt by her, where the questions were properly understood, are few and natural. A younger resents an elder, because of his or her severity, the same elder resents the younger because he or she seems rebellious; this fits at least six of the twelve cases in which a reason for resentment was given, and is a perfectly normal situation in a family, where elders do like to assert their authority, and the younger members, especially those not much younger, desire independence. Even the case of the student who does not agree with her elder sister "on any point", is probably an extreme form of the same situation, the end-product of a clash of wills of several years' duration. Another case where the resentment is mutual is that of the student who feels that her younger brother, the only one, and very much younger than she - is too much petted by the mother, and who therefore teases him to the point where his resentment is, in turn, aroused. Only one resents a personal habit: the student who objects to her eldest brother smoking; but as she is specially attached to the second eldest brother, the smoking may be the excuse, rather than the cause, of her annoyance.

All who are in a position to help their brothers and sisters do so: proof enough that these resentments are not deep. Forty-seven give aid in studies and forty-two in personal problems. That the number is less for hobbies, only thirty-two, is perhaps an indication that hobbies are not much cultivated in their homes rather than lack of sisterly interest, for all except two of the students who have brothers or sisters take pride in their achievements. That the interest is generally mutual is also made plain by the answers to the question on the family's interest in the students' studies, views, interests and achievements, to which an average of 65% gave affirmative answers, while two expressly state that the other children are too young to understand.

But in the families, the parents, brothers and sisters are often not the only members, and in fact twenty-four of the seventy students stated that they live in "joint families". It is also evident that in other families relatives stay, sometimes for long periods, for while several of those in joint families do not mind having relatives there, the number of those who do mind still reaches twenty-six. The two principal reasons given are lack of privacy and interference in studies: over 50% of those who object giving these as reasons, while fewer suffer interference in their private affairs, and still fewer have economic reasons for their opposition to the custom.



In spite of the above, only nine declare their environment not conducive to study, and while fifty-four say that they have time enough, only forty-one have fixed hours set aside for study, and some of these must in fact be hostel students, an indication that the value of a regular time-table both for self-discipline and for efficiency remains undiscovered by at least half of our students. Of obstacles to study at home, the most frequent are physical incapacity and housework, but a small number do mention lack of facilities, no doubt being obliged to work in the same room where others are talking or playing, while some refer to economic difficulties and lack of encouragement. One frankly confesses that her only obstacle is laziness and lack of power to concentrate. Though so many find the home atmosphere conducive to study, only 35% actually receive help in their studies at home, so that at least in this respect the majority must attain personal independence in relation to their family.

● ● ● The Student in Relation to the College Staff:

In a large college like Stella Maris, as mentioned in the introduction, close contact between students and staff is not easy to maintain. The atmosphere of orderly friendliness desirable in a good teaching—learning situation is bound to be somewhat general. Contact outside class, too, can seldom be more than the “brief encounter” of the student who steps aside on the verandah to let a lecturer pass. Hence it is not surprising to find that while nearly 80% of the students usually greet the lecturers when they meet them, and at least some of those who only do so sometimes are restrained by shyness, nearly 90% would like to have closer contact with the staff. One effect of the “distant” relations between the two sections of the college community is seen in the fact that half of the students are afraid to approach the staff members, which makes more difficult still the desirable mutual help between them.

Our most recently adopted effort to break down these barriers outside class hours, the student guidance system, was the subject of two questions, and it is fairly satisfactory to learn that nearly half the students already feel helped by it, although over 60% say that they do not make the best use of it. The one student who found the time too short to be of use perhaps did not hear the counsellor inviting her to return.

It was surprising to find that while 95% do not resent advice, less than 60% are ready to accept correction of their faults, even in private, and that such correction is as unpalatable out of class as in it. We should like to think it true that 65 out of every

seventy students or 93% make an earnest effort to correct the faults so pointed out, as the record would indicate.

As regards relations with the staff purely as lecturers, it is difficult to believe that only 29% are influenced by their feelings towards staff-members in the amount of work they do in their subjects. Perhaps they have not really realized how much such feelings govern the liking for a subject itself, and, except for people who stick to a rigid timetable, of whom there are regrettably few in the college, it is rare to find a person who has self-discipline enough to spend as much time on a subject she dislikes as on one she likes.



More self-understanding was shown by those who frankly admitted that they felt some subject or subjects could be more interestingly taught — over 60% of the group. The subjects mentioned varied with the class, and as this question is one in which assessment from a random sample is bound to be inaccurate, since it can easily happen that students of some subjects are over-represented and others not represented at all, it would be invidious to mention any.

The level of attention in class is fairly normal, forty-six being attentive often, as against twenty-four who are so only sometimes, while forty-eight confess to day-dreaming sometimes, and only eighteen are confident that they never do so. Yet forty students take the blame for day-dreaming entirely on themselves, by asserting that the lectures never promote this disease, and the good general level of self-discipline in the college is revealed by the fact that 86% of the students never deliberately distract others, and the remaining 14% only do so sometimes.

The general questions which concluded this section needed more thought than was perhaps given to them. While it may be true that 95% of the students could do better if they tried, the limited educational opportunities at present available, and the prestige-value attaching to a degree, make it inevitable that large numbers of students follow academic courses who in fact could do better in other equally important fields. Similarly, when we learn that 55% believe that no student should fail, given good teaching, it can only mean one of two things: that there is a widespread belief that examinations should be easy enough for all candidates to pass, or that all students have approximately the same ability and zeal, and therefore when they fail it is the lecturers' fault!

The last question revealed that 30% of the students feel that they are not given enough responsibilities in college. While we can discount those who avoid responsi-



bility at home, it is regrettable that, when so few have real responsibility for themselves, they should feel a lacuna also in college life. In regard to this question and to the one mentioned above on closer contact with the staff, it might be of great value to hear the student's suggestions as to how these defects in college life might be overcome.

● ● ● **The Student in Relation to Other Students :**

The questions in this section expose certain social attitudes of different value, such as dependence on others, a sense of inferiority, shyness, timidity and sensitiveness on the negative side; self-control in social situations, sociability, co-operativeness, generosity and responsibility on the positive side, though of course negative answers to any of the related questions imply possession of the opposite quality.

Precisely because they remain in a dependent situation at home, we might expect a large number of students to carry over an attitude of dependence into their relations with others, but in fact the great majority show a sturdy independence, unless the home pressures are too strong to allow of any outside influence at all. Thus only twelve need the help of their friends to make them work, and even smaller numbers are influenced by them in the choice of subjects - where, be it remembered, 70% have full freedom of choice - and of a career. However, less independence is shown by the 45% who at least sometimes do things which they do not like because that is what their friends do.

The students, twenty in all, who feel uneasy in the presence of cleverer students are unconsciously revealing what they afterwards state with full consciousness, a sense of inferiority. The few who experience that discomfort when with richer or more attractive students have other causes for the feeling, but this too can lead to a sense of inferiority, for it does not always originate in a personal inadequacy, and is reflected in the belief held by about 10% of those studied, that friends do not think well of the family's standing, or that they do not think well of the individual concerned.

A far larger number are simply shy, about half the students being uneasy in the presence of strangers, and finding it difficult to make conversation with them, a natural result of the relatively secluded life led by most Indian girls; but it is disturbing to find that 30% are so sensitive as to feel discouraged when other students disagree with them and even more — about 50% — who not only feel badly treated at times but let it upset them, who, in other words, are inclined to brood. The large number, about

67%, who are hurt or annoyed by criticism, is less disturbing, for criticism is a thing no one likes, least of all an adolescent, yet most people indulge in this pastime, as is revealed by the frank admission of over 50% of the students examined.



Almost everyone likes to be popular, and half of the students readily admit that they would be happier if they were more popular, though the other half are satisfied with the popularity they already feel they have. Only a relatively small number, about 16%, feel that they are ignored, and these, naturally enough, are found among those who, whether due to environment or for some cause within themselves, are unusually timid and sensitive. A majority, too, seem to go the right way about obtaining popularity, not giving themselves airs or laying down the law, but showing a spirit of generosity, and co-operation. Thus, more than 75% never think themselves superior to others and over 70% never like to monopolize conversations. If all had understood this question, the proportion would probably be higher, and though only 40% never think their own ideas more important than those of others, 58% only think so sometimes.

Nearly 70% do not avoid responsibility in college, and 60% take an active part in organizing college activities when the opportunity arises. In personal relationships a similar spirit of co-operation prevails on the whole: over 60% helping fellow-students often, and the remaining 40% doing so at least sometimes, while nearly 80% try, at least sometimes to help new students to get adjusted. A similarly well-balanced approach to social relations is revealed by the fact that nearly 90% realize that they should be courteous to disagreeable people, and over sixty percent succeed in being so, concealing feelings of irritation when necessary.

Sociability is an elusive quality to estimate, including many features hinted at in those indicated above, but social success can be inferred from the answers of the 90% who have many friends in their own class, more from those 70% who have many in other classes, and most of all from the 50% who do not think others enjoy college more than they. These are the "good mixers", evidently, who can get on well with most people. It is also satisfactory to learn that popularity is not sought at any cost, for nearly 90% follow their parents' advice in preference to that of their friends when the two differ.

It is less satisfactory to learn that only fourteen, or 20%, feel that they are important members of their college. The ideal would be that every student should have that feeling. It is also regrettable that only 50% feel that they get enough opportunity to take part in games; even fewer, just over 40%, in debates; and



there are over 30% lacking the opportunity to take part in other activities. Again, the ideal would be that all who have the desire should have the opportunity to develop these extra-curricular interests.

Still, notwithstanding the drawbacks, only 14% of the students do not find college life interesting, even though 20% of the interested students realize that they are not making the most of their years of college. May we hope that that realization will lead more of them to do so in the coming years?

The questionnaire has, in fact, given much food for thought both to students and educators: in spite of its imperfections it has been well worth the conducting; and we like to hope that it will lead to fruitful developments in the coming year. In general we may perhaps say that the questionnaire has shown Indian youth at the cross-roads: the old relation of total dependence on the family still prevails in the majority of cases, but a few of the more energetic react against that situation. In college, the student guidance system clearly requires further development, to aid the students in their adjustment to the world outside the home, to which the college is the final introduction. Finally, in their relations with other students, the general impression is that they are almost too good to be human, and that this is the result, partly of an inability to recognize their own attitudes for what they are, partly of the desire to give us the answers they thought we should like, for it is very difficult, in filling such questionnaires, to realise fully, and feel secure in, one's complete anonymity.

A STELLA MARIAN.

Help thy brother

*We are helped by those who have ventured out
into the dangerous seas of life and thought.*



CONCORD AND HARMONY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.

Have you ever listened to a modern symphony orchestra? If you have heard one only on a record or over the radio, you may not have realized that there were more than a hundred members playing together to produce that perfect swell of sound. The different instruments blend together, so that the listener hears each one and yet all at once; now the strings have a solo, now the woodwinds, and now the brasses; sometimes a single instrument, more often several, of the same type. One hundred and twenty-five men and women, all following the same score, all caught up into a tremendous unity as they interpret together the work of a single genius. And if you have been in a concert hall when such an orchestra was performing, you will remember how the audience, too, became one, one gigantic pair of ears, as it were, one throbbing heart, one soul thrilling in response to the symphony, such is music's powers to unite people, both those who produce it and those who listen.

One does not need to play in or listen to a great orchestra in order to experience this unifying power of music. If you have ever sat around a camp-fire, you will know the wonderful sense of togetherness produced by singing campfire songs, in parts or in unison or even for those who have voices like crows, just clapping or beating their feet in time to the rhythm of the song. Martial music, too, serves not only to make men march in time, arms and legs swinging in perfect unison, but also stirs their hearts to feel the same way, patriotically eager to give their life, if needs be, for their motherland. During the Second World War, "Music While You Work" kept up the morale of workers on the home front in more ways than one. It provided relief from their often monotonous work, from worry about dear ones in danger, and it united them in their common effort as, together, they tapped their feet and hummed the tunes relayed over the loudspeakers. Family reunions are rarely complete without a gathering around the piano or some other instrument to sing all the old familiar songs together. It matters little here that the harmony is usually far from perfect; discords may creep into the singing as young and old join their voices, but all discord is banished from the hearts of those who sing or play together.



What distinguishes music strictly so-called, however, from mere noise, is concord—whether in melodic or horizontal succession, or in harmonic or vertical. In order to please the ear, each note must be in correct relationship with the other notes. Just as some colours never agree with certain others, unless properly blended, so sounds need to be properly blended, according to mathematical timing, otherwise they literally “shout at each other” because of a natural incompatibility, that is, because they are not in their proper places. All through nature, and even in technology, we see this law at work.

The ancients spoke of the harmony or music of the spheres when they watched the orderly “dance” of the starry skies; in our bodies the various organs have vital parts to play and their allotted work and positions; in a machine, the elementary parts are not interchangeable, and even a tiny screw out of place can prevent the whole thing from working or even cause great disasters, such as we all too frequently read about in the newspapers. All this shows us how each little part has an important role that it must fill, which it cannot exchange for another it might naturally prefer, without hurt to the whole organization or organism. Discord, the opposite of concord, brings unhappiness to the individual, the family, the state and the world, for they are not in their right relationships to their purpose and function in life, and to each other; and art reflects the spiritual condition of the artists and his admirers.

Only man, of all earthly beings, can understand harmony and recreate it in music, for he alone can see relationships of parts to a whole. By looking at the history or origin of words we often get a much better understanding of our concepts and this is true of both harmony and music, both of which come from the Greek. The latter refers to the Muses, who presided over the various arts and sciences then known, and the unison of all nine of them resulted in music. Harmony meant the right fitting of joints, or the pleasure that results from the unity or agreement of parts with each other, the agreeable concord of different sounds working together. Browning, who was a musician as well as a poet, has brought out something of the idea in his beautiful “Abt Vogler”. The various notes are represented as the servants of a great architect, who wants to build a palace of music rising high to the stars, a palace of peace such as great minds and hearts long for, and which heaven so delights in, that it stoops down to complete the work when human efforts fail. This is how he describes the various notes working together for a beautiful whole, knowing that left to themselves alone, they are comparatively commonplace, even worthless monotones :

Consider it well : each tone of our scale in itself is naught,
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said.

But if they keep together and co-operate with the mind of the master-musician, they are transfigured into something unbelievably great :

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise !

The more courageous and humble plunge deep to build a solid foundation, on which the others can build as high as the skies, all working together, "one crowd, but with many a crest". When earth has done its best to reach up, then heaven reaches down by inspiration to complete the work :

And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky :
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point or peak but found and fixed its wandering star ;...
For earth had attained to heaven ; there was no more near or far.

Most art is the expression of a longing for something better. Above the harsh cacophony of the composer's own personal misery—from the lack of harmony in his own life—he feels and desires a harmony that can only come from above :

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
Not its semblance but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by and by.

Even our failures and the misery of life have a use, as discord helps us to appreciate harmony better, as silence reveals the beauty of sound :

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days ? Have we withered or agonized ?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence ?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized ?

Discords are occasionally introduced into a musical score with full deliberation "that the harmony might be prized"; in real life the discords "rush in" all too often without our desiring them, and most often without those who cause them really wishing to do so. Can we not learn from the delight we find in the concord and harmony of music to live harmonious lives, developing to the best of our abilities the particular gifts God has given to each one of us, so that our individual notes blend with those of our fellow-beings to produce, in all its perfection, the great symphony of life, composed by the Divine Musician ?

MARY FERNANDEZ
III B.Sc.



A HOMELY HERO BORN OF STAR AND SOD

Through a stormy sea I've travelled on a fragile bark,
Full soon I'll reach the harbour where we all must land,
After life's voyage, an account to give
Of all we've ever done, both ill and well

These words are the last poetic outburst of a shabby, ugly little man of ninety who died in poverty four hundred years ago in the great city of Rome.

This old man was a sculptor, painter and poet, the like of whose genius the world had never seen before nor was to see again; and now, four centuries after his death, Michelangelo is acclaimed by modern artists and critics as the greatest artist of all times.

Like the great discoverers of his own and later ages, Michelangelo was not content to hug the shore, but launched boldly out into the deep, ever ready to experiment, to try new techniques and adopt new methods to improve his art. Physically small and spiritually humble, he declared himself "a poor man of little merit who plods along in the art God gave me to lengthen out my life as far as possible". But morally and intellectually he was a giant, and his greatest works are, like their creator, gigantic. One has to look upwards to see the immense fresco of the history of the world from the Creation to the Last Judgment which Michelangelo painted on the vast ceiling and wall of the Sistine Chapel; one must look up to the vast dome of St. Peter's, that tremendous structure with the dimensions of the greatest Roman temple, the Pantheon, lifted on to the top of the huge basilica Michelangelo had designed. Or one can climb up to the top of the dome and overlook the city and countryside of Rome, pondering how the great little man lifted others on his shoulders, as it were, so that they might have a better view of the world, through his art.

Michelangelo considered himself first and foremost a sculptor; he always signed his letters—"Michelangelo, Scultore". His works are outstanding for two particular qualities: their gigantic size, and the impression of restrained energy they convey. His first great statue, carved at the age of 23, was the world-famous Pieta, which this year has left its home in St. Peter's, Rome, to become one of the chief attractions of the New York World Fair. It represents the mother of Jesus gazing at the lifeless body of her Son, supported on her lap just after being taken down from the cross. This is a subject which, in spite of its inherent appeal, is usually rejected by artists because of the difficulty of proportion. Michelangelo overcame this difficulty by imperceptibly altering the proportions and carving the two figures on two slightly different scales, so that the larger figure of the Madonna can easily support the body

of the adult Christ. The youthful appearance of the mother of a thirty-three year old Man was explained by Michelangelo himself: a woman of perfect purity, the virgin most pure, could never show signs of age. It reminds us of the youth of the artist who produced this masterpiece in his early twenties.

Michelangelo's statue of David is popularly known as the "Giant" because of its tremendous size: it was carved from a huge block of marble that had been spoiled by another sculptor and rejected for many years as seemingly unsuitable. "Moses" is another gigantic statue, twice as large as life. It belongs to a later period of the sculptor's development: the style is mature, and the artist seems to enjoy depicting the human body in a difficult posture, full of restrained energy, and so life-like that one feels, as Michelangelo himself did on completing the work, that at any moment the seated figure might rise and speak. His "Madonna and Child", now in Bruges, Belgium, and the two "Slaves" carved like his "Moses" for the monument of Pope Julius II, but now in the Louvre, Paris, also rank among his finest statues. Sculpture was his first and greatest love among the arts, because his main interest was in design; colour meant little to him. As an artist he cared more for men than for women, and never carved or painted animals or inanimate creatures. He thought the human body the most beautiful material creation, and made a very thorough study of anatomy, something quite new in his time. This enabled him to show the body from any angle and in the most difficult postures.

As a boy, Michelangelo had studied painting under Ghirlandaio. In 1508 Pope Julius II imposed on him the stupendous task of painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, an enormous expanse, 43 feet by 118 feet. Michelangelo accepted the commission reluctantly, out of obedience to the Pope, for he felt that he was no painter, and that others could do the work better. Traces of his favourite art are to be seen in the sculptural qualities and subdued colouring of his artificial arches and spandrels, and on it was depicted the whole story of the creation of the world and of man, man's fall and redemption. The nine scenes spaced along the axis of the ceiling are divided symbolically into three groups of three, while on the sides are gigantic figures of Biblical and classical personalities who foretold the coming of Christ, and various other Biblical scenes. In spite of the great number of figures painted on the ceiling, there is no suggestion of crowding. The effect is one of complete harmony, simplicity and fine colouring. The composition is excellent, and looking upwards, one feels as if one is gazing into another world, a world of more than human dimensions. Indeed, the Sistine Chapel ceiling is the most majestic design ever conceived by a painter. Goethe remarked of it: "No one who has not seen the Sistine Chapel can have a clear idea of what a human being can achieve".

What determination, what energy, what perseverance must have urged on the frail little figure as he lay on his back on the scaffolding day after weary day for four years. Using the fresco technique, he had to work on wet plaster, and the paint from his brush dripped constantly on to his upturned face. It was a long and lonely work, for he refused all help and shut himself alone into the Chapel, often painting far into

the night, by candlelight. The physical exertion alone was tremendous, but that is as nothing compared to the intellectual exertion, the power of narrating in pictures, the inexhaustible imagination that produced such a wealth of images.

Twenty-five years after the completion of the Sistine Chapel ceiling, Pope Paul III recalled Michelangelo to Rome to paint an enormous fresco of the Last Judgment on the 3,500 square feet of the wall over the altar in the same Chapel, thus taking the history of the world up to its end. Once again, Michelangelo, now over sixty, worked alone in the great Chapel, this time for seven years. One day he fell from the scaffolding and was seriously hurt; typically, he made his way home alone, and shut himself into his house, refusing all help; a doctor had to force his way in to tend his wounded leg.

Although he had not the same ardent love for painting as he had for sculpture, his idea of the art was a lofty one. He told another artist: "Good painting

approaches unity with God. It is only a copy of His perfection, the shadow of His brush, His harmony. And so it is not enough for the painter to be a great and accomplished master craftsman. I firmly believe that his life should be pure and holy, as far as possible, so that the Holy Spirit may guide his thoughts".

This versatile genius excelled also in architecture. Here his outstanding achievement is undoubtedly the dome of St. Peter's Basilica, Rome. Though many other Roman monuments were also designed by him, the dome literally and metaphorically towers above them all. The technical perfection of this enormous construction, its balance



and harmony seen from within or without, are unsurpassed, and make of it a fitting crown for the basilica and the city.

That Michelangelo was also a poet is less widely known, and yet towards the end of his life he wrote a number of sonnets of very high quality which have assured for him a permanent place in Italian literature though, because of the difficulty of translating poetry, they are little known outside his own country. In his poetry we see revealed at last the tenderness that lay hidden beneath the rough, shy exterior, and this tenderness was brought out by the influence of the one woman he ever called friend, the poetess Vittoria Colonna, whose piety and culture deeply impressed the artist.

Michelangelo was an anomaly in his own times, for he led an austere, moral and deeply religious life in an age of luxury and corruption, and in spite of the wealth his art brought him. The influence of Savonarola, the famous preacher, may be traced in all that we know of his life: the small, sparsely-furnished room in which he lived, the frugality of his meals, the shabbiness of his clothes. As he wrote to his father: "I live in a sordid way, regarding neither life nor honours—that is, the world—and suffer the greatest hardships". He was, however, by no means miserly: he had a great love of his family, and generously supported his father and brothers to the end of his life; he secretly gave dowries to poor girls who would otherwise have been unable to marry well; and when his own servant fell ill, he nursed him tenderly until his death, when he wrote of him: "Living, he served me truly, and in death he has taught me how to die. I have now no other hope than to rejoin him in Paradise".

A lover of beauty and the absolute, Michelangelo was a perfectionist who wanted to do everything himself, even to supervising the quarrying of stone for his sculpture; he gave himself body and soul to his work, often endangering his health, and desired to go on working till the end of his life. As he grew older his religious fervour increased, and the soundness of his religious principles is revealed in his letters and sonnets as in this short extract from a letter to one of his brothers: "Live peacefully and do not become intimate with anyone, except God". He led a poor, lonely, secluded life, but was generous to others with his material goods, and has lavished on posterity the priceless treasures of his art which rank among the most sublime achievements of man, and raise the soul to the Creator who alone can bestow such tremendous power.

K. N. JAYALAKSHMI
II M.A.

LIVING POETRY

The service rendered to mankind by poets can scarcely be overestimated. How many individuals have found in poetry inspiration, encouragement, delight, relief from pressing cares, or a deeper insight into reality! This universal service is too well known and too deeply felt to need elaboration, but it is interesting to probe further into another aspect of the poets' service — that which they have rendered to each other in their private lives or literary careers.

The most romantic of love stories in the history of English literature is also a tale of mutual help rendered by two poets. When the young Robert Browning first met Elizabeth Barrett, she was an invalid of a unique kind, living under almost unbelievable conditions. Her father, Edward Moulton Barrett, was a rigidly upright man with a capacity for profound affections vitiated by a devouring egotism. The whole Barrett household was charged with an atmosphere of oppressiveness, and on none of his children did the father's iron hand fall more heavily than on Elizabeth. As the result of an accident sustained while riding, she was confined to bed and forbidden to make any effort to stir from the invalid couch to which she was carried each day. For years, silent rooms, hushed voices, lowered blinds, long days of loneliness, and the sickliest kind of sympathy were her lot. Then Browning came, having previously read and admired her poetry; he immediately fell in love with her and declared his love. Years of living death had not tamed the ardent spirit of Elizabeth Barrett, and she responded eagerly to the devotion of the young poet. But Browning's visits and his proposal to marry Elizabeth utterly dismayed the household. Accustomed to passive obedience to her domineering father, Elizabeth seems to have despaired of ever achieving the happiness of marriage, and all Browning's love and strength of will were needed to convince her that she was not a hopeless invalid, that a rich and fruitful married life was within her grasp if she could only find the courage to break the twining bonds fastened round her by her over-possessive father. As the latter persisted in his refusal even to consider the possibility of a marriage between Robert and Elizabeth, or to allow his



daughter to seek a cure in a warmer climate, it was a tremendous victory for Browning when he succeeded in persuading his beloved into a secret wedding and their elopement to Italy a few weeks later. Robert Browning had won himself a treasure of a wife, "a woman who was a woman indeed", and who inspired some of his greatest poems, not only during their fifteen years of idyllic married life, but even after her deeply-regretted death. And what did Elizabeth Barrett gain from this runaway marriage? Not only the bliss of knowing herself loved and cherished by the man she almost worshipped, but a renewal of health and strength that a year or so later she was climbing

mountains with him, toiling up to "an inaccessible volcanic ground not far from the stars". No one could summarize more movingly Browning's gifts to his wife than she did herself in words addressed to him: "How strong you make me, you who make me happy!"

Beside this ideal married couple in mutual service can be ranked a brother and sister, Charles and Mary Lamb. The tragic tale of Mary Lamb, the gentle nurse and support of ailing parents, worn out by work and worry, and in a fit of hereditary insanity killing her own mother, is well-known; but far more deserving of our attention is the story of her brother's self-sacrifice, giving up the family for which he longed in order to take care of his afflicted sister. Great was their happiness when they were able to live together, sharing each other's



literary interests; but agonizing was the sorrow when the dread signs of insanity began to show themselves again, as they did so often. Then silently, hand-in-hand, the brother and sister would walk together to the gates of the asylum: Mary would pass in alone, leaving her brother, always so cheerful in the company of others, and in his inimitable writings, broken with grief and loneliness. And yet, Charles honestly believed that he received far more from Mary than he gave. Nine years after the first terrible attack of lunacy, he wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth: "She is older and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell with me; she lives but for me." We have Lamb's own word for it that Mary helped and encouraged him to write those peerless essays that have been the joy of countless readers ever since.

Without any great tragedy to bind them closer together, William and Dorothy Wordsworth were another brother and sister whose mutual love and devotion helped each to blossom and flourish. Dorothy was a poet in all but form, and her prose journals often provided material which her more gifted brother transformed into immortal poetry. It was Dorothy also, who, with the help of Wordsworth's beloved nature, nursed him back to normalcy after the shock of England's going to war with revolutionary France had seriously disturbed his faith in human nature, and thus "preserved him still a poet." The friendship of Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge is another example of mutual service between poets: before 1797 both had shown promise in their verse, but it was only after they had become close friends, living near to each other in Somersetshire, that the two became great poets, each fanning the flame of inspiration in the other. Later, when Coleridge, ill and addicted to opium, had become estranged from the wife he had never really loved, it was



the Wordsworths who took him in, gave him a home, and tried to restore his health and self-respect. Another poet, Southey, who had been a friend of Coleridge in their undergraduate days, and who married Mrs. Coleridge's sister, provided for Coleridge's

wife and children after the separation, showing once again how poets have helped each other.

The friendship of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Robert Bridges has been much discussed, sometimes with considerable acrimony. Bridges has been praised for publishing the poems of the Jesuit priest who died unknown in 1889, but he has also been bitterly blamed for keeping them hidden until 1918, thirty years after Hopkins' death. Their recently published correspondence, however, makes it clear that this friendship was valuable to both poets, and each found great consolation and encouragement in the praise and admiration of the other. Bridges perhaps felt that the reading public was not ready, in the 1880's, for such daring innovations as abound in Hopkins' verse; he prepared the way slowly by introducing an odd poem here and there into an anthology, and when he felt that the time was ripe, he published the complete works of Hopkins (as he thought), with a commentary which he felt necessary to explain their more startling novelties. Late though this publication was, lovers of poetry cannot but thank Bridges for preserving and at last making known these inspiring and soul-searching works.

Supposedly a student of medicine, Francis Thompson spent all his time in libraries reading works of literature, until he ran away from his comfortable home to seek a living as a writer in London. There, reduced to hawking pencils on street corners and sleeping on the Embankment, he became desparately ill, and took to laudanum to kill the pain. In the depths of his degradation he wrote a poem, 'In No Strange Land', and sent it to Francis Meynell, the editor of 'Merry England'. Meynell read the poem, recognized it as the work of a genius, and sought out the author. Thus began another memorable literary friendship. Francis Meynell and his wife Alice took Thompson into their own home and nursed him tenderly, thus enabling him to write more inspiring poetry, as well as a sheaf of highly poetical prose. The Meynells reaped not only the spiritual recompense of having helped a fellow-man, but also loud acclamations as the discoverers of a new luminary in the world of letters.

Throughout the ages poets have helped each other, often quietly, unobtrusively, with no thought of reward. And in helping each other, they have bestowed priceless gifts on humanity, by encouraging and facilitating the composition of great works of art, which will ever serve to uplift the souls of those who read them.

S. V. SEETHA
II M. A.

LITERATURE FOR SOCIAL REFORM

The aim of literature is to delight and to teach, and its teaching is first and foremost how to live well. What is more natural, then, than that writers should have employed their pens as instruments of social reform, to teach all men to live in harmony, sharing equitably the good things of this world. Excluding official reports and outright attacks on social evils which can hardly be called literature, men of letters have used the drama, the novel, prose and poetry as indirect methods of rousing their readers' conscience, making them aware of the existence and of the horror of many social evils, and then leaving them to draw their own conclusions and act upon them. The poet, the novelist, the dramatist, is an intellectual irritant rather than a practical reformer.

Innumerable people have been provoked into thought by writers such as G. B. Shaw, Charles Kingsley and Mrs. Browning, and thus set on the path towards social reform.

Poetry appears at first sight a most unlikely vehicle for social reform, but Thomas Hood and Mrs. Browning have proved it to be a most successful one. Mrs. Browning's protest against child-labour, "The Cry of the Children", stirred many a heart to work for the removal of this blot upon society. She shows the little ones weeping for sheer weariness at the end of a long day's hard work :

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.

She shows them grown old in a few years without any of the compensations of old age :

They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm.

Thomas Hood, a contemporary of Mrs. Browning, was also a singer of the oppressed. In "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" he has distilled into a few stanzas what Dickens scattered through volumes, and he has proved to be as influential as Dickens in bringing about social reforms. "The Song of the Shirt"

rang throughout England as did Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," drawing public sympathy towards the poor exploited women in the needlework trade.

With fingers weary and worn :
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch.

Carlyle expressed his discontent with the state of society in persuasive prose. Literature was but chaff to him unless it conveyed some moral truth. He had a great contempt for legislative forms, and denounced the policy of laissez-faire. The nineteenth century accepted a political economy that caused great suffering. Carlyle stood for the right of every man to work hard with the certainty of a proper reward. His phrases have become slogans—"justice before charity", "permanence of employment", "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work".



John Ruskin, a close follower of Carlyle, had a deep sense of social injustice. In "Fors Clavigera" he explains why he turned to social criticism: "For my part I will put up with this state of affairs not a moment longer. I simply cannot paint or read a book nor do anything I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any, has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly". Carlyle had attacked the mechanical conception of an industrial society. Ruskin, however, approached social economics, not with the sentimentalism usually attributed to him, but with logical power and dialectical skill. He humanized political economy. Before him it was generally believed that the great instrument of social uplift was wealth, however acquired. But Ruskin insisted that work must be wholesome and satisfying, produced under decent conditions, to be worth anything. For him the only true wealth was life. His early discontent with social conditions was exemplified in "The Seven Lamps of Architecture". Later he manifested his views so violently in "Munera Pulveris" that its publication was stopped. The chief value of Ruskin as a critic to his own generation was the example that he, like Tolstoy, set of social compunction and of renunciation of privilege in order to aid the underprivileged.

Beside the fiery indignation of Ruskin and Carlyle against crying social evils, the urbane attempts of Addison and Steele to eradicate by ridicule the petty anti-social faults and foibles of the eighteenth century seem rather slight, and yet these two great essayists are rightly considered as social reformers who wielded far-reaching influence on the society of their day.

Among the novelists, Dickens is the one most often associated with social reform. His exposure of the dreadful conditions of the nineteenth century poor-houses in "Oliver Twist," of certain private schools of Yorkshire in "Nicholas Nickleby", and of various other abuses, certainly opened the eyes and aroused the consciences of the people of England to the urgent need for reform in every direction. While Dickens

believed that the great curse of English society was hypocrisy, his contemporary, Thackeray, believed it to be snobbery and selfishness, and this he showed up in his novels with less energy, but with greater subtlety than Dickens. Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" conceals a distinct appeal for social reform under the appearance of a delightful fairy-tale. In the first half of the book, Kingsley portrays the evils that result from the employment of young boys as chimney sweeps, and wins the reader's sympathy for these young unfortunates with many pathetic scenes. No one who has once read the novel will forget Tom's tears of shame and anger when he realizes that the grimy, bleary-eyed scarecrow he sees grinning at him in Mr. Hawthover's bedroom is his own reflection in a mirror. This book made such an impact on Kingsley's contemporaries, that a law was passed in parliament forbidding the use of young boys as chimney sweeps.

In the field of drama, G. B. Shaw is a striking example of a writer who sought primarily to teach, and added the delight of wit and humour only as a sugar-coating which would encourage the swallowing of his bitter pills. He attacked class barriers and artificial social conventions in all his plays, especially in "Pygmalion", where he points out that the differences between a duchess and a poor cockney flower-girl are no more deep-seated than the sounds they utter in speech. The most ancient and widespread of social evils comes under his searchlight in "Mrs. Warren's Profession", while in "Arms and the Man" the popular romanticizing of war is delightfully "debunked".

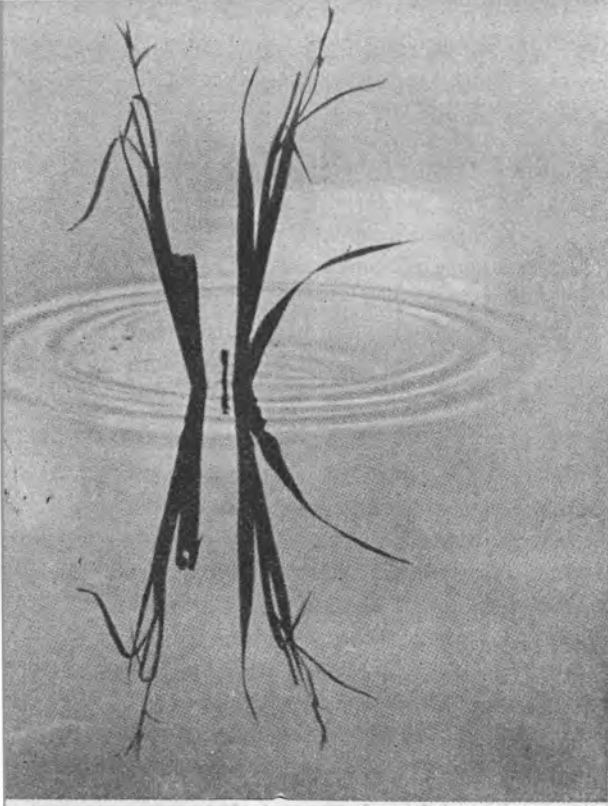
John Galsworthy's sympathy with the "underdog" led him to make a thorough examination of the English prison system in the early twentieth century, and to expose its shortcomings in his startling and disturbing drama, "Justice". The writer spared himself no pains in collecting evidence of the harmful effects of solitary confinement. He visited numerous prisons, interviewing prisoners and prison officials, and had consultations with the Prison Commission and even with Mr. Winston Churchill. The play which was the outcome of all this research made a tremendous impact on his contemporaries, and was a direct cause of reform in prison administration. Galsworthy's other plays and novels deal with various other social abuses, bringing them into the light out of the darkness in which they thrive, so that, being seen in all their ugliness, people might rise up against them in horror.

This is the way of all who attempt to bring about social reform through literature. They rarely suggest remedies, but concentrate all their efforts on showing up the existing evils, making the common reader feel them in his pulses by embodying the dreadful results of these abuses in living characters of novel and drama, or in the heart-rending cries of poetry. Occasionally literature shows us what life could be; more often it reflects life as it is, a mixture of good and evil; but by showing evil in its true colours, as something to be abhorred and shunned, it encourages us to make the right choice and do all in our power to stamp out all customs and practices that are detrimental to the peace and happiness of society.

SUDHA SHARMA

I M. A.

MATHEMATICS AT YOUR SERVICE



Like the proverbial rose with its thorns, mathematics, although a fascinating and mysterious science, is always viewed by laymen with awe and fear. They think it too taxing for their brains and are afraid of exhausting their reserve of intelligence in dealing with the simplest problems. But mathematics does not mean only big tomes full of abstruse problems. In everyday life, in every corner of nature, mathematics has set its indelible marks: in the order, in the mighty rhythm of the universe we hear the regular beat of mathematics. From the weight dropping in a straight line and hitting the ground at right angles, to the structure of the tiny atom, we see the perfect geometrical laws governing the move-

ment of matter. When we throw a stone into the still water, how beautiful, how symmetrical are the circular ripples formed! The sun—that ball of blazing fire and energy—is a huge spherical mass. The planets revolve around this sun in elliptical orbits. The pouring sand forms a perfect circular cone with admirable proportions of radius, height, and semi-vertical angle. Again, the conical volcano, though rugged, is a geometrical monument of nature. Consider also the hexagon-shaped bee-cells, the symmetrical crystals of cubic sodium chloride or common salt, hexagonal zinchite, the eight-faced crystals of gold, the colourful pyrites with twelve pentagon faces, and the iridescent globular soap-bubble. Mathematicians study these wonderful handiworks of the universe and marvel at the order and conformity to law found in the smallest bit of matter. Indeed, Euclid, in giving man almost the perfect language of geometry, gave him the language of the universe. In no other tongue could man read the mysteries of the starry skies.

Living creatures also indicate this mathematical structure of nature. One instance alone will suffice—the garden-spider. Its web is made in about one hour, but what an hour of artistic industry! Just now there was nothing but a blank space with a vagabond creature crawling along the wall. Yet in a short time, there lies hung up in the air a big fortress, a vast estate, a snare for the unsuspecting victims—all fabricated from its own body. The spider first makes an upper and a lower beam, connects its parallel beams twice, and there is set a rough square—the scaffolding for the circular net. It has then to form the radial lines which, all passing through the centre,

are like the spokes of a wheel. The slender gossamer slowly forms the spiral and lo ! the mathematical genius has finally achieved a feat of natural "magic". Just as a poet weaves a symphony of words, the "spinning-maiden" Arachne weaves a symphony of silk.

Talking of symphony, let us turn to the enchanting art of music, the "speech of angels". Yet this great art, which brings joy and consolation to man, is strictly a science having definite laws based on the properties of sound-waves. The melodious notes form harmonies strictly in accord with arithmetical ratios and mathematical rules. Music is not a meaningless jumble of sound, but true harmony is regular, periodic and systematic. Thus, despite the apparent incompatibility between prosaic mathematics and music, the enthralling medium of human expression, the two are closely interwoven.

Algebra, which reduces the amount of work needed in solving a problem, has been called a merry science. When the animal we are hunting cannot be caught, we call it temporarily "X", and continue to hunt until it is "bagged". It is indeed a thrilling experience to follow the clean-cut, precise language, and the consequential logic of mathematics. Incidentally, will it be a deviation to mention the contribution of mathematics to the enrichment of language? How many phrases can etymologists trace to a mathematical origin : unknown quantities, splitting the difference, thinking in circles, spheres of life, works of art without any parallel, going off at a tangent—to mention only a few.

The astonishing revelations and daring theories of mathematics are born from ordinary facts, things that happen day by day. The romance of numbers and figures is there around us, in us. Our heart is for ever beating time, our ears recording sound-waves. Mathematics gives indispensable service in social, commercial and scientific life. We wake in the morning to an alarm clock which measures time, we ride on a bus with a measured speed, our business affairs run smoothly only if the accounts are in order, and even in our amusements the Indian score of "300 for 3" would be enough to exhilarate us. But apart from its practical service, mathematics does the even more notable service of opening our eyes to the supreme wisdom of God. It helps us to recognize the marvellous intelligence behind the prosaic appearance of things. The sublimity of creation is everywhere ; we have only to look for it ; for

The angels keep their ancient places ;
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

R. RAMAA,
III B. Sc.

ALL IN A BEE'S WORK

“Nothing is so like a soul as a bee.
It goes from flower to flower
as a soul from star to star,
and it gathers honey
as the soul gathers light.”

“Busy as a bee” is a familiar expression but, like so many oft-repeated phrases, we use it without realizing what it means. Just how busy is a busy bee? Actually the busiest of all bees is the worker bee. In addition to the workers, which are non-reproductive females, there are two other types of bees in a colony, the queen and the drones. There is usually only one queen and she is the reproductive female, producing all the young ones of the colony. The drones are the male members of the colony. They do no work and are dependent on the workers for their food and shelter. These three types of bees live together in a form of social life or a life in which there is a division of labour among various members of an animal community. However, this so-called division of labour is quite unequal and, if there were such a thing as a worker's union among bees, the worker bees would certainly strike for “higher wages and shorter hours”. Indeed the worker bees bear the brunt of the burden of rearing, feeding, protecting and sheltering their colony, and so when we speak of the busy bee, we certainly mean the worker bee. This business of the bee is worth investigating as it has many lessons to teach us, lessons of industry, service, self-sacrifice and mutual co-operation.

All worker bees begin life as small worm-like larvae which, after a period of pupation, burst forth from the brood cell as soft, downy little bees. When it gnaws its way out of the cell, the young bee commences to rub its own “nose”, straighten out its wings, and then push its way among the busy throng. No one takes any notice of the newcomer, yet by some strange instinct the little one seems to know exactly what to do. Young bees do not leave the hive, but remain at home attending to the “hivehold” duties. It is even more interesting to know that worker bees seem to graduate from chore to chore, the work becoming more complicated as the bee matures.

The first “assignment” of the newly-hatched worker is to clean the brood cells in which the queen will lay the eggs. Each new little worker busies itself from dawn to dusk washing the cells with its tongue. As the worker gets a little older, it takes up the responsibility of feeding the larvae. These “nurse” bees go from cell to cell and pour in a liquid food which has been called “royal jelly”. This is a fluid substance manufactured by the pharyngeal glands of the young workers. It has been the object of much scientific investigation during recent years, since many scientists suspect that it has medicinal properties, which may prove useful in curing human ailments. But the

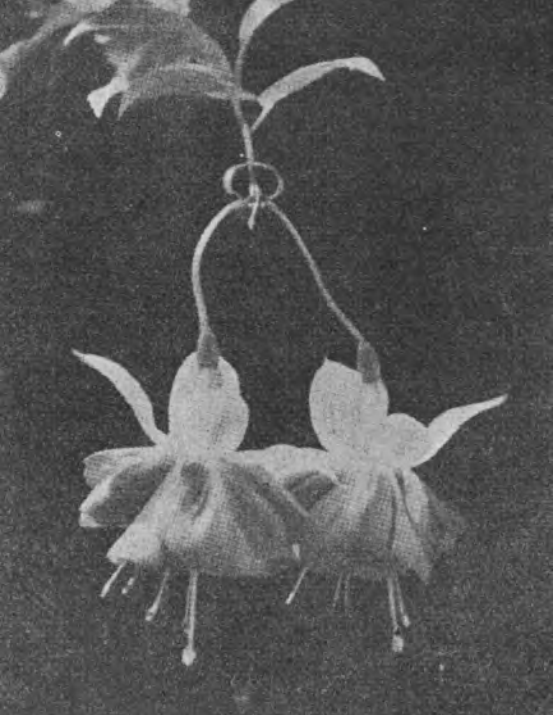
young worker bee knows nothing of all that as it busily buzzes about its little charges. It is believed that the "royal jelly" is given only to young larvae or to those destined to become queens. Older larvae which will become workers or drones soon have a change of diet. No longer do they feast on "royal jelly", but instead receive a mixture of pollen and honey, which is commonly called "bee-bread". This too is prepared by the nurse bee, which seems to know instinctively when it is time to change the menu of the gnawing larvae.

A further duty of young workers in the hive is the care of the queen. Several young workers are usually found encircling the queen and apparently forming her "court". The queen's attendants feed her, care for her, and protect her. It is interesting to note that they never turn their back to the queen, but always face her as they surround her.

As time goes on, the worker is often assigned the duty of guardian of the hive. Such workers may be found just outside the entrance of the hive, and it is their job to investigate all intruders, determining whether they be friend or foe. Frequently "robber bees" may visit the hive in an attempt to steal the hard-earned honey of the worker bees. It is for the sentinel to discover and rout all such enemies. How does the guard recognize a foe? Perhaps that question could be better answered by the worker bee; but it is believed that every colony has its own "colony odour", and a stranger bee is detected by the sense of smell. Again, a robber bee often gives itself away by its peculiar mode of acting. When such a bee approaches the hive, it has a sly, nervous manner and will move cautiously up to the entrance, quickly dodging back if a bee comes towards it. The wise worker, stationed at the entrance, quickly detects such suspicious mannerisms, pounces on the "bandit", and saves the colony from attack.

Finally, the days of remaining at home pass and, when the worker bee is about three weeks old, it takes to the field in search of nectar and pollen to feed the thriving colony. At first the bee flies only short distances from the hive, but later when it is more mature, it may leave home for prolonged flights, returning after a few hours. One of the most interesting aspects of the nectar-gathering of bees is the way in which the workers communicate to the other members of the colony the discovery of a source of food.

It is now confirmed by the work of von Frisch that bees "speak" to each other by means of a dance. Von Frisch has described two kinds of dances, the "round" dance and the "waggle" dance. The round dance indicates the discovery of nectar a short distance from the hive. In this dance, the bee whirls around in narrow circles, turning alternately to right and left. This causes intense excitement among the other workers, which begin to imitate the dancer's movements; and as they dance, they receive a taste of the nectar from the first worker and the odour of the flower from the worker's body. What is the dancer telling its mates? In human words it is probably something like: "There is a source of nectar a short distance from the hive and the



flower smells like this and tastes like this". Within a short time, droves of workers leave the hive in search of the flowers indicated.

The waggle dance, however, gives even more precise information, and it is performed only when the food is a long distance away. In this dance, the bee runs along a narrow semicircle, makes a sharp turn and runs on a straight line back to the starting point, and then the semicircle is made in the opposite direction, thus completing a full circle. Once again the dancer runs along the straight line and then starts again making the semicircle on the other side. The straight line is called the "waggle-run" because the worker "wags" the body from side to side as it moves along it. The direction of the waggle run indicates to the

bees the direction of the source of nectar in relation to the position of the sun, while the frequency of the waggle-run indicates the distance the food is from the hive. Bees coming from shorter distances make short and frequent waggle runs, while those coming from further away make longer and less frequent waggle-runs. Obviously the dancer is saying, "Go out of the hive, hold your body at this angle to the sun, and fly this distance". What more exact instructions could be wanted in order that the workers should discover the nectar? Before long the treasure is discovered, and hordes of workers, loaded with precious nectar, return to the hive.

Here in their bright metropolis of Flowers :
The banker bees are busy with their gold.

A bee returning to home-grounds, after having gathered a load of nectar, assumes an air of importance, and walks about the hive until it meets a young house-bee to which it yields some of the nectar. Usually the worker distributes the nectar to three or more house-bees. These in turn store the nectar in the honey-cells of the hive. The nectar that has been gathered from flowers is of a fluid consistency and must undergo further changes before it becomes the syrupy honey. The excess moisture must be evaporated from the nectar, and the manner in which this is done is a further fascinating detail of the mutual co-operation found among bees. After the bees have spent a day in the field gathering nectar, the entire force goes to work ventilating the

hive. The bees form into two groups on either side of the entrance, and all begin vigorously vibrating their wings. One group forces the fresh air into the hive while the group on the opposite side of the entrance forces the moisture-laden air out of the hive. This air forced in and out of the hive causes the freshly-stored nectar to evaporate to less than 20% of water. The simultaneous vibration of the wings of hundreds of workers fills the hive with that low, contented hum, so pleasant to the ears of an experienced bee-keeper, since it conveys the message of a day well spent, and a sweet store of honey in the hive.

However, like all good things, a worker's activity too comes to an end. During the summer months, when nectar gathering is at its height, the life of the worker-bee is curtailed by the wearing out of its wings. At this time workers rarely live beyond six to eight weeks. At the close of a warm summer day, hundreds of these ragged-winged veterans will be found making their slow and painful way into the hive. If the surroundings of the apiary are examined at nightfall, many of these old workers can be seen hopping about. If they are taken up and placed in the entrance, they usually crawl away again, and as if recognizing their inability to be of further use to the colony, they are determined not to be a hindrance to the thriving colony. For the old worker, the days of being a busy bee are over; but if it could reminisce as humans are wont to do in old age, would it not look back on a life well spent, a life of sacrifice of self in the service of others? No doubt, the old worker knows nothing about "rowing a boat", but who would deny that it "knows" much about "helping its brother"?

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PORTRAIT OF A FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE — ASOKA



“If a man’s fame can be measured by the number of hearts who revere his memory, by the number of lips who have mentioned and still mention him with honour, Asoka is more famous than Caesar or Charlemagne.”

The extraordinary thing about Asoka is that, in spite of his remoteness from us in time, we not only know about him, we can know him. As an individual personality, he is better known to us, and from more authentic records, than any other man of the same period, and than many others up to only two or three hundred years ago. The chief interest, in fact, of Asoka’s reign, is not historical, but psychological.

Where, for other kings, we must be satisfied with a bare record of events, a list of battles won or lost, of laws passed or repealed, we are rich in possessing frank personal records of Asoka, in his rock edicts and pillar edicts, which reveal a man and an activity, unique for those or any times. It is, in fact, a relief to turn to the study of his reign from the grim record of war and intrigue that stains many of the earliest pages of human history.

In the early part of his reign, he seems to have been like any other raja of his time. Inheritor of an already great empire, he extended it by conquest, as his ancestors had done; and his favourite leisure-time pursuit was hunting.

But the war with the Kalingas in the thirteenth year of his reign produced a salutary shock. His success was complete but his remorse even more so. He opened his ears for the first time to

The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

In Rock Edict Number 13 he states in simple terms both his achievement and its effect: “150,000 persons were thence carried away captive; 100,000 were there slain; and many time that number perished. Directly after the annexation of the Kalingas, began His Sacred Majesty’s zealous protection of the Law of Piety Thus arose His Sacred Majesty’s remorse for having conquered the Kalingas That is a matter of profound sorrow and regret to His Sacred Majesty.”

The most remarkable feature of Asoka's remorse is its revelation of the deeply sensitive nature of the man, for he tells us that not only those who are killed, injured or captured in battle, but also those who grieve for the sufferings of friends or relatives "suffer violence" even though not directly involved in the war themselves. Such an awareness of, and tenderness towards, human feeling, would be remarkable in a conqueror even in the twentieth century, and, in Asoka's day, must have set him apart from any but the gentlest of philosophers.

From this time forward, then, Asoka's only conquests were to be those of the Law of Piety. His ideal was to promote Sarvalokahita, or the welfare of the whole world. This involved concern not only for men, but also for animals; and the edicts tell us of the vigorous activity of the king and his officers in pursuit of this ideal.

Hospitals for both men and beasts were to be set up, and as he says in Rock Edict Number 2, "Medicinal herbs also, wherever they were lacking, everywhere have been both imported and planted; roots, too, and fruits, have been both imported and planted". Moreover, "on the roads both wells have been caused to be dug and trees caused to be planted for the enjoyment of man and beasts".

For the protection of animal life, Asoka went step by step, first limiting, and finally abolishing, animal sacrifice. In that connection it is interesting to note that he did not abolish the capital punishment of criminals, no doubt because they were responsible for their actions, but even here Asoka did not fail to impart a human touch to the administration of justice. "To condemned men lying in prison under sentence of death," he decrees, "a respite of three days is granted by me For my desire is that, even in the time of their confinement, the condemned men may gain the next world".

A striking feature of Asoka's character was his paternal devotion to his people. The edicts were set up at important places in the empire for the guidance of governors and governed; the emperor himself was to be approached by his subjects in need "at any hour and at any place", for as he says "work I must for the commonweal". A similar approachableness was expected of provincial governors and other officials.

He was especially anxious to placate the unsubdued border tribes of the Kalingas, and two "Borderers' Edicts" indicate his fatherly concern for them. "All men are my children," he tells the officials responsible for maintaining order in the region, and instructs them to teach the border tribes that "the King is to us even as a father; he loves us even as he loves himself; we are to the King even as his children".

With that fatherly affection went a touching spirit of forgiveness. The border tribes were to learn that "the King will bear patiently with us, so far as it is possible to bear with us", or, in practical terms, they need not fear savage "punitive

expeditions” after every outbreak of disorder. But that forgiving spirit also extended to personal affronts, as the thirteenth Rock Edict declares: “Moreover, should anyone do him wrong, that too must be borne with by His Sacred Majesty, if it can possibly be borne with”.

Asoka’s creed was simple and practical. In the edicts, no mention is made of Karma or Nirvana. The Law of Piety, as he read it, consists in “proper treatment of slaves and servants, hearkening to father and mother, in giving to friends, comrades, relations, ascetics and Brahmins, and abstaining from sacrificial slaughter of living creatures”. He confessed frankly that “a good deed is a difficult thing”, but for this reason commanded: “Let small and great exert themselves”. His practical nature is amusingly revealed in one of the legends told of him from ancient times. Recounting his “tours of piety”, in which he visited the stupas erected where the Buddha, and the Bodhisattvas had lived, the legend speaks of his great generosity at each of these places, except at the stupa of Vakkula where “he gave only one copper coin, inasmuch as Vakkula had met with few obstacles in the path of holiness, and had done little good to his fellow creatures”.

The great missionary activity of Asoka, which so profoundly influenced the history and civilization of the greater part of Asia, and even had its effect on Greek thought of the Hellenistic period, does not concern us in a study of his character, except as the most remarkable example of the way he “exerted himself” in accord with his own injunction. But this missionary activity, in Asoka, went hand in hand with an enlightened spirit of religious toleration truly admirable in those days. In Rock Edict Number 12, he says: “The adherents of all sects must be informed that His Sacred Majesty cares that there should be growth in the essence of the matter and in respect for all sects”. Similarly “the sects of other people all deserve reverence for one reason or another. By thus acting, a man exalts his own sect and at the same time does service to the sects of other people”.

So the many-sided character of this great and noble king is revealed to us: deeply religious, without bigotry or religiosity; kindly, paternal even to the most troublesome, yet firm in the exercise of his authority; imaginative and highly sensitive, yet intensely practical; deeply spiritual yet constantly active — these latter being not contradictory, but complementary traits, for “whatsoever exertions I make, are for the end that I may discharge my debt to living beings, and that while I make some happy here, they may in the next world gain heaven”.

VIJAYANTHIMALA,
III B.A.

BENEFICENT CAPITALISTS

The title of this article is perhaps misleading, for my thesis is that the "captains of industry" under discussion helped themselves in helping others, and were successful capitalists precisely because they saw men as men not as mere "factory-hands", and treated their employees, therefore, with due respect for their human worth. The loyal service they thus obtained made them rich, without making their workers poor.

Their name is legion now: Andrew Carnegie, Leon Harmel, Cadbury, Nuffield, and many others, have proved to a demonstration that good treatment of workers is good business, but the time is not so very long past when a man who thought and acted so was considered a lunatic by his fellow-entrepreneurs.

The fact that the Napoleonic Wars struck Europe just when the Industrial Revolution was getting under way, was partly to blame for the inhuman indifference of manufacturers to their workers, for business was a risky gamble at that time, and industry, as well as politics, called for "Napoleons". But whatever the cause, the miserable tale of injustice in wages, of inhumanity in the treatment, not only of adult workers, but even of small children, by manufacturers out for quick profits, is one of the saddest in human history. Long hours of work, low pay, insufficient protection from dangerous machinery, and when the day's work was at last over, the return to slum tenements crammed with human misery—these were the lot of the people in the newly industrialised areas of 160 years ago.

Into this world, one day, stepped Robert Owen, a man of real organizing ability, proved in the factories of South Lancashire. He possessed the firm conviction that success could be won in industry without dehumanising the workers. About 1800, when he was still under thirty years old, he had his chance to prove his point, for he found himself given full control of the management of the mills at New Lanark, in Scotland, of which he was a part-owner. These were already among the biggest and best equipped in Great Britain, but he valued his position, not as a means to make money at any cost, but as the chance of a lifetime to prove that a business could prosper without inflicting misery on anyone.

He saw to it that the dangerous parts of the mill machinery were adequately fenced; he refused to employ small children, and paid their parents wages high enough to make it unnecessary for the children to work; he built them healthy little cottages in place of the tenements common in industrial areas by this time; he set up schools for their children, and other amenities, in the model village — it is hardly an exaggeration

to call it so — around the factory. All this was just a means to the end of enabling his workpeople to live as human beings, an end which he largely achieved, for the greater security and contentment he gave them made gin and other harmful pleasures less attractive. Moreover, to the astonishment of his shareholders, and of his business rivals, the mills prospered, paying a gratifying dividend every year.

Yet, in spite of the proof, visible to all, that his methods were successful, Owen's own generation remained unconvinced, and disappointedly he turned to other fields of activity, in all having in mind the betterment of his fellows. It has been said that no other man has been the "patron saint" of so many different movements. He, however, saw final success in few or none of the movements he pioneered, and his work for better conditions in factories, in particular, had to wait for many years, years of increasing struggle, before governments finally imposed laws enforcing on the more recalcitrant employers regulations which a common sense of justice had not succeeded in obliging them to adopt.

But before this struggle was over, other industrialists were going further than Owen himself had thought of. He had striven to provide the necessities of life to the millions; Henry Ford sought to provide them with comforts. He has been called "the man who set the world on wheels". Even as a boy he had a great liking for mechanical things. Clocks and watches were his first hobby, and a neighbour joked: "Every clock in the village shudders when it sees Henry coming!" But finding little outlet for his mechanical tastes in a farming community, one day Henry left home and went to Detroit, where, after many struggles, he opened his motor-car factory. Within the factory he speeded up production by a detailed division of labour which was the beginning of modern mass-production methods. This, besides the simplicity of his first designs, enabled him to produce a car cheap enough for ordinary people to buy, so that he really did "set the world on wheels". But like Owen, he was mindful of the human element in the productive process, and doubled the wages of his employees, so that each one had enough to own "a home, a piece of land, and a car." As Owen had proved, and others were at last beginning to believe, contented workers produced more goods, so that, not in spite of, but because of, his high wage-rates, Henry Ford, as everyone knows, became a multi-millionaire.

Another discovery was being made about the same time by George Cadbury and Leon Harmel: the discovery that workpeople take more interest if they have a personal share in the success of the undertaking. These two were among the pioneers of the profit-sharing system, by which employees of some years' standing receive in addition to their regular wage, a proportion of the annual profits, either in the form of bonuses or in the form of shares in the firm itself. This, more than anything else, wins loyal service, as well as being a measure of distributive justice to those whose work helps to make those profits.

Here in India, the Tatas have given a lead in beneficent capitalism, as in other forms of philanthropy. Jamshetji Nasarwanji Tata was a Parsi merchant, who established many cotton mills at Bombay and Nagpur, and also a company to work the iron ores of the Central Provinces, as the region was then called. His son, Sir Dorabji Jamshetji Tata entered the business and pursued his father's great conception until it culminated in striking advances in Indian industrial development. These two were industrial pioneers, who contributed greatly to India's march towards industrial progress and to the betterment of her people. Their greatest benefaction is the endowment of the Indian Institute of Scientific Research at Bangalore, but perhaps the one which has most immediately benefitted their workers is the creation of a well-planned town, now housing over 100,000 persons, in a place which was jungle only a few decades ago. Hardly any branch of Indian industry has failed to reap the benefit of their far-sighted planning, so that many thousands of people have been provided with opportunities of employment. Moreover, like their counterparts in other countries, they too have used the great wealth which their enterprise earned for them for the good of others, bequeathing their entire fortune to charity.

Right in our own time, Don Eugenio Mendoza is acting as a social leaven in the Latin-American countries. His father had trained the family in social responsibility when he told them to "plant seedlings on the mountain; for if you don't, no one else will". Young Mendoza raised himself from office-boy to a multi-million concern by profit-sharing with his workers. Not only does he encourage them to raise themselves by literacy drives, professional training, savings and investment; but he is also well on the way to make his country self-sufficient in food-production by demonstrating the value of scientific farming. Among other charities and community projects, he encourages artists by supporting exhibitions, and writers by inviting them to produce books of educational value. His example is leading others to study and imitate his successful methods.

Each of these "beneficent capitalists" in fact, whatever special features his work may have had, shared with the rest one fundamental discovery, one which the rest of the world, both the world of capital and that of labour, is still waiting to make for itself, else there would be no need of social legislation: the discovery that the interests of masters and men are fundamentally the same, since both need the success of the whole enterprise for their own prosperity, so that if each will help his brother row his boat across, he will find that his own has reached the port.

K. P. JANAKI,
III B.A.

FOR GOD AND NEIGHBOUR

At the height of his fame as a test cricketer, mobbed and idolized wherever he went, C. T. Studd, a rich young English graduate, left fame, honour, and wealth behind to devote himself to the service of God and neighbour in far-off China. He burned with a desire to work for the poor and the down-trodden, to speak to them about God, to raise their hearts high above the fleeting miseries of this world, while teaching them to alleviate those miseries by a decent, well-ordered life.

Three months after he had left England, Studd's own mother would hardly have recognized him. The fashionable graduate had become a Chinaman, with pigtail, skirt and long-sleeved gown, for he believed that the only way of reaching the hearts of the people of China was to become one of them. Immense journeys by mule, on foot and in house-boat, sleeping in dirty Chinese inns and unventilated hovels, a month or two spent in this inland city or that, getting to grips with the language — such were the experiences of Mr. Studd's first eighteen months of pioneering in China. A hard life indeed, yet what joy he knew under conditions so different from those in his father's luxurious mansion in England! Trekking inland, he had to face severe trials. Having to walk twenty to forty miles a day, his feet became very sore. On one such day he wrote: "Each step was like a knife going into my feet, but I never felt the Lord's presence nearer, the whole time". And with that strength that love of God and neighbour gives, he had done thirty-eight miles by the end of that same day, for he knew the great work awaiting him.

Mr. Studd was to inherit twenty-nine thousand pounds at the age of twenty-five; but he and his young wife decided to give it away in charity, retaining only a very paltry sum to provide for the family. They did this cheerfully and willingly, as we can see from one of Studd's letters to a friend: "As regards England and money, we are in that proud position: 'Silver and gold have I none'". They regarded heaven as the safest and most convenient bank: "You have no trouble about cheques or rates of exchange, but just 'Ask and receive that your joy may be full'". The generosity of this young couple drew down God's blessing upon them, and the forty-one years of their married life were ideally happy.

Studd was so absorbed in helping and teaching the poor in China, that for many years he gave no thought to a furlough. When he eventually returned to England

after ten years of arduous work in China, he did not seek to take his ease. Furlough was only a change of battle-fronts. Poor health, due to severe overstrain and under-nourishment, was no deterrent to his zeal. He toured the universities of Britain, and even crossed the Atlantic. His eighteen months stay in America was packed with meetings, sometimes six a day, so that he was exhausted at the end. But students in the U.S.A. had caught the fire of love of God and neighbour; student movements started then have borne rich fruit.

After this "rest", Mr. Studd set off again, this time for Ootacamund, South India, thus fulfilling his father's dying wish to help the poor of the land where he had amassed wealth as an indigo-planter. For six years he gave the example of a radiantly happy life of service to planters, European officials, and to the simple, often poverty-stricken folk of the Nilgiris.

For years he had been plagued by asthma. For a time he had slept scarcely more than two hours a night, often having to fight for his breath. After a furlough, he was contemplating a return to India, when the call came for the greatest service of his life. On the wrong side of fifty, a chronic asthma patient, penniless, turned down by doctors, his own devoted wife opposing the apparently wild scheme, Studd decided to leave for Africa to labour among the cannibals. A committee had thought of supporting him, but had withdrawn their offer on hearing the doctor's verdict. Studd told them: "Gentlemen, God has called me and I will go. I will blaze the trail, though my grave may only become a stepping stone that younger men may follow." The next twenty years were to prove the truth of God's promise: "He that shall lose his life for My sake shall find it". As he left Liverpool, the realization was borne in upon him that this trip was not merely for the Sudan, but for the good of the whole world. To human reason the idea was ridiculous, but looking back after two or three decades, we see that many generous young souls have followed in his footsteps, inspired by the shining example of his life of love and service.

Soon Mrs. Studd became convinced that it was truly the hand of God that had led her husband forward. An invalid, almost completely confined to her bed with heart trouble, she ignored the restrictions placed on her activities by the doctor. From her bed and invalid couch, she issued monthly pamphlets by the hundreds, and wrote twenty to thirty letters a day to obtain help and support for her husband's work.

In Africa great good was accomplished. For the first time the cannibals heard of God's immense love for them and for every human soul, and were taught to live

peaceful and useful lives. The native chiefs responded wonderfully to the message of love, and soon service stations had been opened at Deli, Ibambi, Wamba, Botongwe, Bomili, and in many other centres.

The end came suddenly. In almost two decades of unstinting service in Africa, Studd had taken only one furlough, and now he was nearing his end in the heart of the dark continent. His wife had already gone to her reward. On Sunday, July 12th, 1931, he had conducted unaided a five-hour meeting. On Monday he contracted a burning fever, and soon he was at the last extremity. The last few hours were spent in a state of semi-consciousness, but he was smiling all through, except when terrible spasms of pain gripped him. His last written word in a letter to his followers was the cry of praise, "Alleluia!", and this was to be his last spoken word also. Studd himself had long before answered the frequently-heard question, "What if Studd dies?" saying: "We will all shout 'Alleluia'. There will be no funeral, no wreaths, no crape nor tears, not even the Dead March. Congratulations all round will take place." Studd had understood that for one who loves God, death is a joyful reunion, a going home to a loving Father.

"Is it outstanding personalities that build up a work of God, or is it the spirit of God working through surrendered lives?" was one of the serious questions that faced his followers after his "home-call". Studd and his wife were never in any doubt about it. They knew and declared their own nothingness, and that all that had been done was the work of God; which He will do through anyone who will place his life at His disposal with perfect trust. Here was a man who had devoted his whole life to the service of others for the love of God. His reward was not, perhaps, success as the world understands it, but the wonderful peace and joy that is the lot of one who has always loved work selflessly for the good of others, and the happy death of one who has always loved God as his Father, and knows that he will be welcomed by Him for ever as His beloved son.

PRIMULA PAUL,
II M.A.

A CASE-WORK STUDY IN STELLA MARIS SOCIAL SERVICE CENTRE

Social Service as a science does not stop at the distribution of free food, medicines and clothing, for this is only transitory assistance, and as soon as it is withdrawn the beneficiaries are as helpless and probably as useless as before. On the other hand, the true aim of social service is to bring out the potentialities of each individual; our poor, unskilled, suffering fellow-men should rather be helped to help themselves, and so acquire again their dignity as human beings made in the likeness of God. The famous Abbé Pierre, enlisting the help of tramps and ruffians in his wonderful work for the homeless in France, said: "Respect the unfortunate man. Try to inspire confidence in him. Deserve it yourself." And again: "No patronizing. It is not only essential to give the unfortunate the means to live, but also to give them a reason for living."

The technique best suited to this specialized service of society is known as "Social Case-work" and has only recently been introduced into India. The Stella Maris Social Work Department has been one of the first centres in India to study and apply the case-work method, and note from first-hand experience the constructive and encouraging results obtained in the lives of various poor children, girls and women encountered through the Social Service Centre.



In each case the social worker must proceed scientifically, observing first the nature of the problem, to be inferred either by personal observation or by reports: diagnosis of the root-cause of the trouble is then made; a suitable plan for its treatment is formed, and finally the required treatment is actually applied. While intuition and a naturally sympathetic attitude are great assets for a social worker, she must nevertheless have a fundamental technical training in psychology and therapy.

Among the many problems arising since the opening of the new Social Service Centre in July 1963 a few typical cases studied by the social workers in the various sections of the Centre have produced interesting results.

● ● ● The Nursery School :

“Mani” was five years old, fidgety, troublesome, untidy and wretched-looking enough, even in his uniform playsuit, and like a little savage in his out of school hours. Mani was rather dull, did not listen to his lessons but kicked petulantly at the new paint and scribbled on the tables. His teacher had tried to be patient with him, but after six months with no improvement, she reported him to the social worker for his inattentiveness and his distinctly anti-social habit of removing toys from the playroom and stowing them under his chair in class. Apart from the general principles of preparing worthy citizens for the future, social service aims at the happiness of the individuals and, as little Mani would never be happy with this pugilistic attitude to life, the social worker started her diagnosis of his trouble by getting to know his family background.

She soon found that Mani and his $3\frac{1}{2}$ year old brother, also attending the Centre, lived in the garage of a house where their mother, an unmarried woman of about 25, worked as an ayyah or nursemaid. She earned about ten rupees a month, was quite illiterate, and knew very little about her children as she was at work all day, and in the evening liked to go out and amuse herself with friends. Her treatment of Mani, if he became troublesome, was simply to tie him up to the dog-kennel. By investigating one case, the social worker had found two, for the poor mother was as much in need of help as the unfortunate children. Mani was unhappy, being unable to satisfy his yearning for motherly love and attention, whereas his mother was equally unhappy because she was frustrating her womanly need for ordinary home-life by seeking distractions and enjoyment outside. The two problems could only be solved by an attempt to satisfy these needs.

Arrangements were accordingly made for the mother to take up work connected with the building of the new college block. Wages for this were over two Rupees a day and she was within easy reach of her children at school in the Social Service Centre. With the increased salary, she is now able to provide for the children and could gradually establish a real home for them so that her interest and love for them will keep her away from outside, useless amusements. In the Centre, Mani is being given specially kind attention by the teacher and the social worker, and is already developing a more friendly attitude even to his little companions.



● ● ● Counselling of Women :

The problem of "Mrs. Govindamma" was entirely different from that of Mani's mother. Govindamma has two little boys, one of seven years attending a Corporation school, and a three-year old attending the Social Service Centre. She was deeply attached to her children, but confided to the social worker, who had noticed her dejected and listless attitude, that her husband had deserted her. She had suffered from his infidelity since the early days of their married life, but had borne patiently with him in order to keep their home together. The last time, she had made the mistake of going to her own mother for sympathy and protection, and the husband had been so deeply offended by this so-called disloyalty, that he left her definitely and went off to keep another home, leaving the two children with her. The two very real causes of Govindamma's unhappiness were her practical difficulty in supporting the children alone, and the attachment she still had for her husband; although naturally she resented his contempt, she would still be willing to take him back in order to preserve family life.

The social worker realized that the best solution for the problems of both wife and boys would be the return of the husband to his real home ; so contact was made with the husband; and his co-operation sought for re-establishment of home life with Govindamma. But here an insurmountable obstacle was encountered : the man simply refused to go back to his real wife or support their children ; so the social worker — unable to resort to force, had to find some other means of providing the woman with a happy family life. Govindamma was asked then to come and work at the Social Service Centre itself, looking after the nursery children, preparing their meals, washing and cleaning, taking them to play. Her own little boy is of course well cared for at the Centre, and help is also given for the elder brother. The mother, being continually occupied in domestic work similar to that of a housewife, has no time to fret about her runaway husband, and is no longer worrying about means of supporting the children ; whereas the latter, seeing their mother working contentedly, are becoming healthy and cheerful. It is not, perhaps, an ideal solution, but without the interest and help of the Social Worker, who knows to what depths of misery and degradation the poor abandoned woman might have fallen ?





● ● ● Sewing Class :

“Lakshmi”, a thirteen-year-old girl learning sewing in the Co-operative Society attached to the Social Service Centre, had a problem of loneliness. Pale and fragile-looking, she would sit quietly at her table, taking no interest either in her sewing or her companions, remaining silent and gloomy while the others chatted gaily together. When the Social Worker

questioned her, she briefly furnished the required information, but made no response to the friendly approach. It seemed that since the death of her mother five years previously, she had been living at her uncle's, helping her aunt in the house. Her only sister was married somewhere outside the district; her elder brother was staying with another uncle; while her father, a poorly-paid factory worker, lived on the outskirts of the city. Her uncle, with her father's permission, had sent her to learn sewing at the centre. It was clear from Lakshmi's woe-ful little face and toneless voice, that she was tired of her uncle's house and was craving for the affection of a real home, longing to go back to her father; but meanwhile wasting all her opportunities by her indifference and lassitude.

It was hoped that as soon as Lakshmi was trained and able to earn a little by her sewing, she would be able to go and rejoin her father; but she must first adjust herself to her present situation and become more sociable. The other girls tried to bring her into their games, the Social Worker took her out with her companions, but still she remained aloof and unresponsive. Finally she was invited to write letters to her father and as soon as she received a reply from him, a change took place in her whole attitude; her terrible loneliness was relieved by the thought that her father still cared for her. With that knowledge, Lakshmi relaxed her resistance to the approach of those wishing to help her, and is gradually becoming interested in her work, and friendly with the other girls.

● ● ● The Dispensary :

“Angamma” had been brought to the dispensary by her husband, and for two weeks received daily treatment for the pains which she felt all over her body; but after a month's interval she came back again complaining of the very same trouble. At this point a Social Worker took up the case to see if some lasting and constructive assistance could be given. By gentle enquiries, she found out that Angamma had been ailing ever since her marriage, and now was so weak and sickly that she could not look after her three-year-old daughter properly. Moreover, her mother-in-law, disgusted with Angamma's helplessness, had refused to keep her in the house any more, as being

a burden on the whole family. The husband, a poor peanut-vendor, was very worried about his sick wife and uncared-for child.

The Social Worker realized that the woman, who was still quite young, was certainly not merely shamming weakness but showed signs of chronic anæmia which, in her present living conditions, could only get worse. The plan formed for the treatment of Angamma's case was therefore threefold : to get the professional advice for her of the qualified doctor attached to the dispensary ; to arrange for the little girl to attend the Social Service Centre ; and to try to reconcile the husband's family to take a kinder interest in the young wife.

The plan worked out successfully. The doctor prescribed a course of liver injections which were given at the dispensary ; the baby girl joined in happily with the children at the Centre, having good food and milk regularly, and becoming strong and healthy, and



the "in-laws" quite amiably agreed with the Social Worker to take Angamma back again and help her. In fact, after four or five month's treatment, Angamma's general health has so much improved that she no longer feels pain or weakness, is living a normal healthy life, and is hoping soon to give a baby brother to her little girl.

No Social Worker imagines that she is going to change people's lives to such an extent that they will live happily ever after — life is a "sea of troubles" for even the most fortunate — but if she can relieve some of the suffering or unhappiness caused by cruelty, injustice or often, mere ignorance, she feels that her years of training are not wasted. Even if she does not take any official position as Social Worker, but marries and makes a home of her own, she will still be able to use her specialized training to help others and fulfill that duty proclaimed by Pope Pius XII "to take one's share generously, courageously, according to one's position and capacity, in questions which a tormented and agitated world has to solve in the field of social justice".

“ஊரான் படகை ஓட்டி விட்டால் தன் படகு தானே கரைசேரும்”

இம்மாபெரும் உலகில் வாழும் மானிடராகிய நாம், வாழ்க்கையைப்பற்றிப் பேசுங்கால், வாழ்க்கையை அலைமிகும் ஆழிக்கும், அதனில் அலைக்கழிக்கப்பட்ட கலனுக்கும் ஒப்புக்கூறுவது இயல்பு. மண்ணுலகில் தோன்றிய மக்கள் யாவரும், இப்பிறவிக் கடலைக்கடந்து மேலுலகைச் சேர, வாழ்க்கைக் கலனைச் சீர் தூக்கிச் சிறந்த முறையில் நடத்தினாலொழிய, கரையேறிக் கடவுள் பதம் சேர்வது கடினமே. இவ்வுண்மையை உய்த்துணரும் உண்மைசீலர்கள், தன்னல மட்டும் கருதாது, பிறர் நலத்தை நாடி, பிறரை நேசித்தல் வேண்டும்.

“ஆண்டவன் அருள் மயம்” என்றார், அன்பர் திரு. அருளப்பர். உயர்ந்த இவ்வுண்மையை உணர்ந்து கடவுளின் திருவடிகளை உரிமையாக வணங்கினார்களது உயர்வே மிகச் சிறந்தது. இதையே பகினைன் கீழ்க்கணக்கு, பழமொழி நானூற்றில்,

“அரிதவித்(து) ஆசின்(று) உணர்ந்தவன் பாதம்
விரிகடல் சூழ்ந்த வியன் கண் மாஞாலத்(து)
உரியதறிற் கண்டுணர்ந்தார் ஓக்கமே போலப்
பெரியதன் ஆவிபெரிது” என்றார் ஆசிரியர்.

அன்புஉரு ஆண்டவனை ஆர்வமுடன் நேசிக்கும் அன்பர்கள், தன்னலமட்டும் கருதாமல் பிறர்நலம் பாராட்டி வாழ்க்கைக்கடலில் மூழ்கும் நிலையிலுள்ள படகுகளை மூழ்க விடாமல், தன் படகை மறந்து ஊரான் படகை ஓட்ட உதவுதல் வேண்டும். அங்ஙனம் உதவுவோனது படகு தானே கரைசேரும் என்பதே நம் தலைப்பின் பொருள்.

வாழ்க்கைக்கடலில் வறுமையாகிய புயல்காற்றானது படகினை அடிக்கடி அலைக்கழிக் கின்றது. அவ்வறுமையை நீக்க, செல்வம் படைத்தவர் முன்வந்து, வறியோர்க்கோர் வழிகாட்டியாக நின்று, பொருளுதவி ஈன்று, அக்கரை சேர்க்க அருள்புரிய வேண்டும். அறம் எல்லோருக்கும் அவசியம். அதினும் அருளோடு கூடிய அறம் சிறந்தது. இதையே பழமொழி நானூற்றில், ஆசிரியர்

“அற்றுக நோக்கி அறத்திற் கருளுடைமை
முற்ற அறிந்தார் முதலறிந்தார்—தெற்ற
முதல் விட்டஃதொழிந்தார் ஒம்பா ஒழுக்கம்
முயல்விட்டுக் காக்கைதின்ல்”—என்றார்.

அறம் செய்தலுக்கு நாள் தேடவேண்டியதில்லை. எண்ணிய மாத்திரமே செய்யத் துணிதல் வேண்டும். ஆக,

“ஒன்றே செய்தல் வேண்டும்
ஒன்றும் நன்றே செய்தல் வேண்டும்
நன்றும் இன்றே செய்தல் வேண்டும்
இன்றும் இன்னே செய்தல் வேண்டும்”

உழைத்து ஈட்டிய பொருளெல்லாம் உதவுதற்கே. அவ்வாறு உதவுபவன் செல்வம் நீர் நிறைந்த ஊருணி போலவும், ஊர் நடுவே பழுத்த பொதுமரம் போலவும், மருந்துமரம் போலவும் எக்காலத்தும், யாவருக்கும் பயனளிக்கும். அருள் உருவான ஆண்டவனுக்காக, பிற உயிர்களை நேசித்தால், அத்தகையோருக்கு வறுமையில்லை, துன்பம் இல்லை. வள்ளுவர் வகுத்த வாய்மொழியின் படி,



“வேண்டாத வேண்டாமையிலானடி சேர்ந்தார்க்கியாண்டு மிடும்பையில்”

காந்தி மகான் வாக்கின்படி மகிழ்ச்சி பிறர்க்குக் கொடுப்பதில் தவிர, பிறரிடமிருந்து பெறுவதில் அல்ல.

ஈகை, பொருளுதவி செய்வதுமட்டுமின்றி, கல்விச்செல்வம், ஒழுக்கச் செல்வத்தையும், பிறர்க்கு ஈந்து, தானும் முன்னுக்கு வரலாம். இதற்கு மேலான சான்று, வழிகாட்டி வள்ளுவராவார். சில நீதிகளை அவர்தம் வாழ்க்கை அனுபவத்தினின்றும் பிறப்பித்தார்; வாழ்க்கைக் குறிக்கோளாகக் கொண்டார்; ஒழுகினார்; பிறரும் அங்ஙனமே ஒழுகவேண்டும் எனக் குறள் எனும் இழுமென் மொழியால் வேண்டுகின்றார். அவர் பிறருக்கு அறம் முயலும் பெரியார் மட்டு மல்லர்; ஒழுக்கத்தில் நின்று காட்டும் சீரியருமாவர்.

முடிவாக, மக்களனைவருக்கும் பராபரம், கல்விச்செல்வம், ஒழுக்கச் செல்வம் அல்லது பொருள் செல்வம் தந்துள்ளது. அதைத் தனக்கே எனக்கருதாமல், பிறரை முதலில் நினைத்து உபயோகிப்போமானால், செல்வம் மீண்டும், மீண்டும் வளரும். இதையே

“ஊரான் பிள்ளையை ஊட்டி வளர்த்தால் தன்பிள்ளையானே வளரும்” என்பது பழமொழி.

செல்வந்தர் இங்ஙனம் தம் செல்வத்தைப் பிறர்க்கீந்து மகிழ்வோர், ஆழியாகிய உலகத்து, அலைக்கழிக்கப்படும் கலன்களுக்கு ஒர் கடல்கரை விளக்கமாக விளங்கி, இம்மை, மறுமைப் பேறுகளைப் பெற்று இன்புறுவர் என்பதில் ஐயமுண்டோ?

B. USHA,
II B.A.

समाज में प्रेम और विश्वास की महिमा

प्रेम कितनी अलौकिक, कितनी निर्मल और कितनी पवित्र भावना है जो मनुष्य को मनुष्य बनाती है। वह एक ऐसी प्रबल शक्ति है जो दूसरों को अपने वश में कर लेती है। प्रेम श्रद्धा से भी बढ़कर है। मनुष्य की महानता देखकर हमें उनपर श्रद्धा होती है, लेकिन उसमें दूसरों को अपनी ओर आकर्षित करने की शक्ति नहीं है। यही नहीं, प्रेम में त्याग की भावना निहित रहती है।

समाज के भाई बहनों से प्रेम करना उसके हर एक अंग का कर्तव्य है। प्रेम का अर्थ भावुकता नहीं है। भावुकता में हम प्रेम पात्र की बुराइयों की ओर आँख मूँदकर उसपर अपना सब कुछ न्योछावर करने को तैयार होते हैं। परन्तु प्रेम की सच्ची परीक्षा और विजय तब होती है जब हम एक दूसरे की बुराइयों को देखते हैं, उन दुर्गुणों से घृणा करते हैं, फिर भी उस व्यक्ति से प्रेम करते हैं। इस आदर्श के अनुसार हमें एक लुटेरे या हत्यारे से भी प्रेम करना चाहिये। यहाँ गलत धारणा आ सकती है। हत्यारे से प्रेम करने का अर्थ यह नहीं है कि उसको किसी की हत्या करते देखने पर खुश हो जाय। समाज में सच्चा प्रेम तभी प्रयोग में लाया जा सकता है जब उसका हर एक व्यक्ति दूसरे को बुरे कर्म करने से रोक दे।

समाज में एक दूसरे के बीच होनेवाले प्रेम पूर्ण व्यवहार को जारी रखना चाहते तो प्रतियोगिता को जहाँ तक हो सके दबाना चाहिये। कुछ लोगों का गलत विचार है कि प्रतियोगिता के रहने से ही कोई व्यक्ति अपनी पूरी शक्ति लगाकर काम करेगा। परन्तु हम देखते हैं कि दार्शनिक, कलाकार और वैज्ञानिक किसी प्रतियोगिता का भाव न रखकर अपनी धुन में सबसे श्रेष्ठ काम कर दिखाते हैं। समाज में ऐसे कितने धँधे हैं, जहाँ प्रतियोगिता के लिये कोई स्थान ही नहीं है, जैसे अध्यापक, किसान, नाविक, पुलिस, न्यायाधीश आदि लोगों के। समाज में प्रतियोगिता बढ़ती तो, स्वार्थ भी बढ़ता है और मनुष्य की नाशकारी प्रवृत्ति भी प्रबल हो उठती है।

जहाँ प्रेम है, वहाँ विश्वास का होना भी ज़रूरी है । ये दोनों मनुष्य के जीवन में अनिवार्य हैं । व्यक्तिगत, सामाजिक और राष्ट्रीय जीवन की बुनियाद प्रेम और विश्वास ही है । हम अपने इन विशेष गुणों के कारण ही, मनुष्य बनने के योग्य हो गये । हमारा सामाजिक और राष्ट्रीय जीवन भी, प्रेम की सरस धारा के बिना नीरस हो जाता है, उसमें कुप्रवृत्तियों का उदय हो जाता है । आज प्रत्येक व्यक्ति अपने अपने स्वार्थ में डूबा रहता है । अपने उद्देश्य की पूर्ति के लिये वे सभी से छल किया करते हैं—यहाँ तक कि अपने उपकारदाताओं से भी छल करने में लज्जित नहीं होते । एक बार ऐसा हुआ कि साँपों की अधिकता से कष्ट उठानेवाले एक प्रदेश के अधिकारियों ने यह घोषणा की कि साँप को मारकर लानेवाले को रुपया दिया जायगा । इसका बुरा परिणाम यह हुआ कि सब किसान साँपों को पालने लगे ।

हमारे व्यक्तिगत और सामाजिक जीवन की सारी शक्ति कुछ उपयोगी कार्य के लिये खर्च होने के बदले, इन घूर्त और छली लोगों से अपनी रक्षा करने में ही व्यतीत होती है ।

हमारे आज के सभ्य समाजों का यही हाल है कि वे अपने चारों ओर षडयंत्र का जाल फैला देते हैं, कितनी विचित्र बात है कि हम लोग अपने को कपट और प्रपंच से दूर दिखाते हैं, लेकिन, दूसरों को धोखा देने को हिचकिचाते नहीं । साधारण जनता अपनी 'इन्कम टाक्स' के लिये सरकार से छल करती है और वही जनता देश के लिये अपने प्राणों तक को उत्सर्ग कर देती है । क्या हम उसे देश भक्त कहेंगे या कपटी ? निस्सन्देह देश भक्त ही । तो फिर वह छल क्यों करता है ? क्यों कि पहले पहले मनुष्य की दृष्टि में, सरकार को थोड़े से रुपये न देना बहुत भारी अपराध नहीं है । दूसरा कारण यह है कि वह सोचता है सभी तो छल कर रहे हैं, फिर मैं ही क्यों पूरी संख्या दे दूँ ? जिस देश की जनता छल-कपट में अधिक भाग लेती है, वह देश कभी उन्नत न हो सकेगा और दूसरे देशों से नीची दृष्टि से देखा जायगा ।

एक दूसरे के प्रति विश्वास होना ज़रूरी है । लेकिन किस प्रकार यह विश्वास प्राप्त किया जाय ? हम ऐसा कानून नहीं बना सकते कि प्रत्येक मनुष्य को सभी पर विश्वास करना चाहिये । प्रेम के द्वारा ही हम सबका विश्वास संपादन कर सकेंगे ।

हर एक मनुष्य में कोई न कोई कमी ज़रूर रहती है । लेकिन उन कमियों को दूर करने की कोशिश करनी चाहिये । यदि हम अपनी प्रकृति की सूक्ष्मता से जाँच करें तो

हम जान पायेंगे कि जो बात अपने संबंध में सत्य है, वह दूसरों के संबंध में भी सत्य है। अगर हम अपने ऊपर विश्वास करते हैं तो फिर हम दूसरों पर विश्वास क्यों न कर सकें? ऐसे व्यक्ति को देखने की प्रतीक्षा हम नहीं कर सकते जो इतना निर्मल है कि उसपर हम आँख मूँद कर विश्वास कर सकें। हम कैसे कह सकेंगे कि दूसरा व्यक्ति अपनी प्रतिज्ञा न तोड़ेगा या वह रिश्त न लेगा।

अच्छा होगा अगर ऐसा एक नैतिक स्तर बनाया जाये जिसके अनुसार समाज के सब लोग चल सकें। इसका पालन करना हर एक के लिये अनिवार्य नियम बनाया जाय। समाज के लोग एक दूसरे के आचार और नीति से परिचित हो जायँ। तब एक के प्रति दूसरे के मन में उतनी शंका नहीं होगी। विश्वास की प्रतिष्ठा होगी।

जो व्यक्ति अपने जीवन में प्रेम और विश्वास को स्थान देंगे, वे लोग बड़ी प्रसन्नता से एक दूसरे से मिलकर रहेंगे हृदय की विशालता बड़ेगी और त्याग भावना का विकास होगा। गौतम बुद्ध, महावीर और गाँधीजी ने प्रेम की ज्योति जला दी थी और हम भी उसी ज्योति से प्रकाशित होते जायेंगे। हमारे हृदय में विश्व प्रेम की पवित्र भावना प्रतिक्षण व्यापक बने, जिसकी आभा में विश्व को नव जीवन मिले।

CHANDRIKA AJMERA,
I B. Sc.

॥ सेवा हि परमो धर्मः ॥

सेवातृष्णा सज्जनानां श्लाघ्येषु गुणेषु अन्यतमा भवति । यस्य जन्म परोपकरणाय भवति तस्य जन्म सफलमस्ति । न केवलं मर्त्येषु सा दृश्यते, अपि तु महीरुहवर्गेषु, जलदेषु च ।

संस्कृतकाव्यसागरः सेवायाः माहात्म्यस्य उदाहरणरत्नाकरः भवति ।

तरुः स्वप्रयोजनं परित्यज्य परार्थनिरतः अस्ति, यथा कुसुमपत्रफलादीनि शिरसा वहन्, शीतोष्णनिस्पृहः रविकिरणसहिष्णुः च सन्, निजदेहं परसुखाय अर्पयति सः दानपतिरेव । अपि यः सेवां अनभ्यर्थितः करोति सः उत्कृष्टः, सा सेवा श्लाघ्यतमा च भवति ।

उच्यते सत्पुरुषलक्षणं हि स्वार्थान् परित्यज्य परार्थघटकाः इति । प्रायेण सत्पुरुषाः स्वयं परोपकारे कृतोद्योगाः भवन्ति - यथा



पद्माकरं दिनकरो विकचीकरोति

चन्द्रो विकासयति कैरवचक्रवालम् ।

नाऽभ्यर्थितो जलधरोऽपि जलं ददाति

सन्तः स्वयं परहिते विहिताभियोगाः ॥

यः निःस्वार्थपरसेवनं अनभ्यर्थितः करोति स एव स्तुत्यः, न तु अपरः स्तुतिलिप्सुः परोपकारी भवति ।

सर्वदा सतां विभूतयः परोपकाराय भवन्ति। रत्नाकरः किं स्वरत्नैः गात्रं अलङ्करोति? विन्ध्याचलः किं करिभिः वाहनानि करोति? मलयाचलः किं चन्दनसौरभ्यं आददाति?।

पिबन्ति नद्यः स्वयमेव नाम्भः
 स्वयं न खादन्ति फलानि वृक्षाः।
 अदन्ति सस्यं न च वारिवाहाः
 परोपकाराय सतां विभूतयः ॥

ये मनोवाक्कायैः पुण्यमेव कुर्वन्ति, न कदाचित् पापं, ये परगुणकथने वाचालाः भवन्ति, किन्तु स्वगुणाविष्करणे मूकाः च, ये परेषां अल्पानपि गुणान् ख्यापयन्ति, दोषांस्तु न कथयन्ति, तादृशाः सज्जनाः, करुणाविष्टचेतसः सन्तः, आपत्त्रेषु अर्तिसु च निराश्रयेषु सपत्नेष्वपि दयां कुर्वन्तः, हिताचरणैः अमन्दं तान् रहसि दुःखात् विमोचयन्तः अखिललोकं आनन्दयन्ति। परसुखमेव स्वसुखमिति मन्यमानाः, निजहृदि विकसन्तः सर्वैः स्तुत्याः भवन्ति च।

निसर्गादेवोन्नतचेतसां सतां जीवितं परोपकारव्यसनोन्मुखं भवति, न तु प्रत्युपकार लिप्सया, यथा चन्द्रमाः शीतरश्मिभिः कुमुदोद्बोधनं करोति। अपि उक्तं —

कस्मादिन्दुरसौ धिनोति जगतीं पीयूषगर्भैः करैः
 कस्माद्वा जलधारयैव धरणीं धाराधरः सिञ्चति।
 भ्रामं भ्राममयं च नन्दयति वा कस्मात् त्रिलोकीं रविः
 साधूनां हि परोपकारकरणे नोपाध्यपेक्षं मनः॥

महत्यामपि संपदि सत्यां परोपकारिणः तरवः, घनाश्च, अकृत्त्रिमेण विनयेन अवनताः भवन्ति। यथा —

भवन्ति नम्राः तरवः फलोद्गमैः
 नवाम्बुभिः दूरविलम्बिनो घनाः।
 अनुद्धताः सत्पुरुषाः समृद्धिभिः
 स्वभाव एवैष परोपकारिणाम् ॥

भारतीयकवीन्द्रप्रणीतेषु सुप्रसिद्धकाव्यरत्नेषु, प्रायेण नायकाः प्रजानां, जन्मभूमेः
च हिताय आत्मसुखदुःखं परित्यजन्ति । दुष्यन्तः लोकतन्त्राधिकारेण अविश्रमो
बभूव - यथा

स्वसुखनिरभिलाषः खिद्यसे लोकहेतोः
प्रतिदिनमथवा ते वृत्तिरेवंविधैव ।
अनुभवति हि मूर्खा पादपस्तीत्रमुष्णं
शमयति परितापं छायाया संश्रितानाम् ॥

अपि तु उक्तं महाकविना कालिदासेन —

आपन्नार्तिप्रशमनफलाः संपदो ह्युत्तमानाम् ।

भारविणा तु —

सा लक्ष्मीः उपकुरुते यथा परेषां ।
युक्तानां खलु महतां परोपकारे
कल्याणी भवति रुजत्स्वपि प्रवृत्तिः

शास्त्रादिश्रुतविहीनानां कर्णेषु कुण्डलानीव, दानहीनानां लुब्धानां हस्तेषु कङ्कणानीव,
परोपकारशून्यानां देहेषु मलयजः शोभायै न भवति । करुणाकुलानां कायः अन्येषां
हिताचरणेनैव शोभते । चन्दनेन न । व्यासः वदति —

परोपकारः पुण्याय
पापाय परपीडनम् ।

पुनः, आत्मवर्गहितं इच्छता येन मनुष्यकुलं उपक्रियते, तेन कृपालुना ईश्वरोऽपि सेव्यते ।

S. SIVAKAMASUNDARI,
III B. Sc.



SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURES IN DISCOVERY AND SERVICE

The age of exploration has not passed ; there is adventure all around us—adventures in discovering nature's secrets to help solve human needs. Our Heavenly Father has been very provident, but He wants us to use our minds and energies—youthful spirits to explore and use nature's ample resources. Scientist say that if the available knowledge were applied, even the advanced countries could produce four times more just from the soil. What is needed is to learn, to spread, and to apply what is already known, and to find the far greater secrets not yet discovered. The union of the coal and iron industries three centuries ago has brought vast improvements in human life, but these need a more equal distribution. From coal we get a great variety of by-products that bear no resemblance to it, such as cloth and drugs. From industrial waste comes the best cure for leprosy. New geological methods have found that all deserts, being depressions, are reservoirs of oil. Within a century, the oil industry has given high-power fuels, synthetic rubber, many raw materials for basic industries, and insecticides. Very recently it was found that a certain bacteria turn oil wastes into proteins, which could solve the problem of undernourishment, together with the wider use of chemical agriculture, and the proper processing of nutritious, quick-growing algae and other plants hitherto unused. Radio-active tracers are now trying to unlock the secrets of photosynthesis, on which all animal life depends. With increased power, the otherwise fertile deserts could be irrigated. Winds and tides might be harnessed too to produce electricity, which makes homes much cleaner and more comfortable. Atomic energy has already done much for medicine, and is beginning to unlock many natural secrets. In fact, what Newton said remains as true in our day, that our knowledge is as a few pebbles on the vast shores of the unknown. Every new discovery is a key to many more which can solve our problems, if we really want to help. If only we seek sincerely, unselfishly and prayerfully, we shall also find.

GULNAR GEORWALA,
Pre-University.

Help thy brother

*We help those we meet
and who share our fortunes on the high seas of life.*



**Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning
of the bar,
When I put out to sea.**



● ● ● Yearly many Stella Marians hear the challenging call to leave the sheltered harbour of college for the open sea of adult life, confident in the sturdiness of a vessel built by truth and charity, and in the sure guidance of the Star of the Sea. Many keep in touch with the homeport, and we are happy to transmit, for those who know them, the “radio-messages” received.

First comes one who, without voyaging far, has been to the bounds of the world with Ulysses: Chandra Kiran, who writes from Vellore of the success of her “open-heart” operation:

As you know, I had this heart-trouble from childhood, but it was only when I joined Stella Maris that I went to Vellore for a check-up. They advised me to return after my B.Sc., as at that time they had no proper instruments for this work.

I was admitted to the hospital on September 14th, 1963, and after all kinds of injections and tablets, was ready for operation by the 24th. That morning I was prepared for the ordeal by two injections and the insertion of tubes for oxygen into my nose Finally the injections took effect, and I knew no more till the 25th, so my account of the operation itself is hearsay,

At about 8-30 a. m. I was taken into the theatre, and tubes for blood, glucose, and so forth, were inserted into different arteries. Then the temperature of my body was lowered to freezing point so that there would be no bleeding. That part of the body where the surgeon was to operate was brought to room temperature, cut open, and the heart stopped; while a lung machine attached to various veins began to do the work of the heart. The heart was then removed, repaired, and replaced. This took only six minutes, yet I spent nine hours in the theatre. It would have been over sooner, but the wound began to bleed and had to be re-stitched.

After leaving the theatre, I was kept in an air-conditioned room for three days. That first night, the surgeons spent the whole time by my bedside, constantly checking temperature and blood-pressure, and at one time they had to massage my heart for an hour. Only after this critical time could they pronounce me "out of danger".

On the fourth day I was shifted into another ward, and gradually began to make progress:—from liquid to solid food, sitting up after two weeks, later standing. The first day I put my foot to the floor, I felt as if I was in the air, and would have fallen if the nurse had not caught me. At first I could only walk with the nurse's help, but now at last I can walk alone.

I am very grateful to the surgeons, who worked so devotedly; and had no peace of mind until I was out of danger. But I am still more grateful to God for all He has done for me. It was He who gave me courage and confidence to face my ordeal bravely. I shall never be able to repay Him for all He has done for me. . . .

● ● ● Without ever leaving India, Chandra has travelled through seas of experience which very few ever visit. While no other of our old students has been quites so far, here are two writing from the other side of the world. First, Sister Mary Laetitia, who followed Columbus' route, wrote from Boston, but she reached home again almost as soon as her letter :

It is rather late in the day to be writing to tell you of my wanderings after leaving Stella Maris. After B. T., I taught for some time, then by a singular privilege was chosen as one of two teachers from India to go to the U. S. to continue our studies at the Catholic University of Boston.

We found ourselves in quite a new atmosphere of study here. In the first class we were told that we were expected to do 95% of the work, and count on the class lectures for only 5%. Then a list of books, not less than fifty for each course, was passed out to each one in the class. The next job was to find these precious books. Kind friends were ready to help, but our excitement and alarm made many things seem difficult that proved easy as time went by.

We were allowed to take four courses for the first semester. This meant six hours of lectures per week. The rest of the time was spent in hunting for books. Someone made a remark to us one day: "Do you live in the library?"

We had other adventures, besides hunting for books. We have some distance to go to the univesity, and the usual mode of travelling is by "street-car", a kind of tram, but it goes underground as well as over it. Most of the stations are reached by going down a long flight of stairs. On the first day we had a guide, who warned us

to watch the way, as we would have to go by ourselves the next day. So we watched, rehearsing the landmarks on the way.

Next day, we surely made no mistake, descending the steps we had ascended on the return trip the day before, and got into a car marked with our college name. But, strange! the trip did not seem to resemble the previous one at all. Finally we approached the driver and asked him if this was the right car. He smiled and said, "Yes, but you took the wrong direction"—the car goes in a complete circle, and we had taken the one we should have taken for coming home. So we made the tour of the whole city before we reached college. We were late, of course, but were told we had not missed much, so—back to the library once more. . . .

● ● ● And back to Stella Maris when her studies were completed, for this is one mariner who has returned to port. Sister Mary Arokiam has also gone voyaging in distant seas, this time the blue Mediterranean, along with another old student of Stella Maris, Sister Mary Joan Melanie. Four letters, spaced out over the months since her departure, tell us of her adventures :

We landed at Naples after a peaceful journey, and came on to Rome after a day or two. Now I am at "Monte Mario", learning Italian. There are little orphans here, both boys and girls. Their lively chatter sounds so sweet, but alas! I don't understand a word of it.

Last week I went up to Milan with another Sister, and so I was able to see the Duomo, and the Madonnina. I didn't forget to pray for Stella Maris. From time to time we are also taken out to see one of Rome's great basilicas. St. Peter's is so huge! But I like St. Paul's Outside the Walls best: it is so quiet and prayerful. Please pray for us, as we have to take our examination for admission to the University soon. . . .

● ● ● Some months later, Sister has more news :

After some time in Monte Mario, I was sent to the South and Sicily. The people were delighted when I spoke in Italian—very haltingly, I fear.

Now Sister Joan Melanie and I are enrolled in the university for Italian courses in preparation for the medical: there are about 400 foreigners in the course. Professors have to come from Milan to teach us, as they want people with knowledge of the subject, as well as of the language.

In October we shall write our entrance examinations. . . .

● ● ● Later came the good news that both Sisters had passed their examination, and have begun the medical course. Finally, there is a "stop-press" dated April 5th :

This morning Sister Joan Melanie and I went to St. Peter's, where the Holy Father offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for some five hundred students who had come from the Catholic University of Milan with their professors. The Holy Father, who has a great esteem for this University, ended his speech by telling us to follow the footsteps of its founders. I am so happy that the Catholic University has so many powerful protectors in heaven.

This afternoon we were shown slides of Very Reverend Mother General's visit to India, including a few about Stella Maris.

This year we have only oral examinations. Sister Agnes Romana will be leaving soon for studies in the United States. . . .

● ● ● Sister Joan Melanie's note of thanks for the magazine and her greetings to all she knows ended the letter. Stella Maris wishes you a prosperous journey, Sisters, and a safe return to harbour. Now, from across the Indian Ocean to the west, comes another message from Dolly Noronha, who has gone to harbour in the "port of peace", Dar-es-Salaam :

Since I last wrote, I have managed to secure a temporary post for about four months in the audit section of the government. I am still putting in applications elsewhere.

I give a few tuitions, too, and have shorthand lessons at home. We have bought a typewriter, so that I can practise at home, but so far I have put in very little work at the machine. Sunday is the only free day.

On Wednesday we attended a debate held in aid of the Red Cross Fund. The subject was "Modern girls are a greater nuisance than modern boys". It was fun, but oh! the poor girls! There were African, European, and Asian speakers, six on each side. . . .

● ● ● It is good to hear from you again, Dolly. Bon voyage into the future! Now your radar screen turns to the other side of the Indian Ocean, to where three Stella Marians are riding at anchor in Malaysia. First Pushparanee, at Petaling Jaya :

I met Lily and Gladys. They are happy to be home. Lily has started teaching at Assunta Convent, Petaling Jaya. She has taken Patricia Emmanuel's place. Patricia will be getting married next week, and then she will leave for England. She said she would be coming to see you all at Madras.

When I last wrote to you, I was teaching at Klang Convent. In December I resigned and joined another school in Kuala Lumpur, as travelling to Klang was quite difficult. I taught at the Methodist School for Boys until May. I enjoyed teaching

Form VI Zoology. The boys were very interested in the subject, and I realized how important our class notes were, for I could just read through them and give a lesson the next day without much worry. I also taught General Science to two Form I classes, but I think they were given to me for my sins! There were 43 in each class, and controlling them was a great problem.

As you may have heard, I was accepted both in Singapore University and Malayan University to do my Diploma in Education. I joined Malayan University, which is in Petaling Jaya and quite close to my home. We started classes on June 3rd. The course does not seem very difficult

● ● ● Thank you, Pushparanee, for your "all's well" radio message, and for your news of others in Malaysian ports. Here now is S. Parathi, from Perah :

At present I am staying at home, specializing in domestic science: general cookery, sewing, and baby-sitting with my two naughty little sisters. I read a lot also. It was God's will that I should not get a teaching post in any of the schools to which I applied. I am patiently waiting for a favourable reply.

Gowri, my sister, has already returned to India. My brother is in the U. K. doing agriculture, and the other young sister is doing Senior Cambridge.

Recently one of my friends wrote saying that many of our set—last year's finals—are married. I hope they fulfil their vocation as mothers of India

● ● ● The last message from Malaysian waters is from Elizabeth George anchored in Singapore :

I met many old girls of Stella Maris recently. Jothy and Thillaga are doing their Diploma in Education at Singapore University. They were both eager to hear news of Stella Maris. Supriya is also here on holiday. Emilda will be coming to see me today. She will leave for England on August 12th, going by Bombay. . . .

● ● ● That's the last of the news from foreign ports; the rest are all from home waters, though widely scattered even here—all have news of experience in the offing. Here, first is V. Parvathi, from Delhi :

Delhi is fine. The weather here is pleasant, but cold at night. At present I spend my time giving tuition to two school boys, who are going up for Cambridge examinations in December. My niece and nephew are keeping me busy otherwise, so I am not just "sitting at home".

I shall be back in Madras on the 16th of December, and shall then come immediately to visit Stella Maris. I am looking forward to seeing the "bird sanctuary"

- ● ● In the same region, but in deep waters indeed, is Ganga Bhagirathi, who is working for a Ph. D. at the Indian School of International Studies. She writes very interestingly of the course of studies there :

The academic year started with an "at home" party with the Director, on the 14th of December. I wrote the examination in International Economics on the 15th, and you will be glad to know that I passed.

As this is a school preparing students for Ph. D. in International Affairs, I have to learn international law and international politics, so this year I attend lectures on these subjects by Dr. Korowicz and Dr. A. Appadorai. As a student of the Economics Department, I am also attending lectures on the application of mathematics to economics, and on methodology of research.

Dr. B. S. Minhas is head of the department. He is from Harvard University. Dr. Sumitra Bai is my research assistant. She is an old student of this school, and got her doctorate only last month.

Library facilities are excellent. This year the school admitted 16 students for the Ph. D. course. Eight of us are South Indians, graduates of Madras University and Annamalai University. So I feel quite at home here

- ● ● This should stir the ambition of one or two more Stella Marians And here, from the Bombay argonauts, comes news of another former student of M. A. Economics, M. Seetha, who finished her degree in 1962 :

I have joined the Reserve Bank of India, as an economic assistant, and have been posted in the Division of International Finance of the Economic Department of the bank here in Bombay. The articles and books on economics to which we used to refer when we were doing M. A. are being prepared by assistants like me in our Planning Division. Daily I read hundreds of books and journals on economic and social problems. . . .

- ● ● Do write again, Seetha. Stella Maris is very job-conscious since the Careers Exhibition, and will love to know more about your work. Very special news from Rita (Lovett) Monteiro, whom so many Stella Marians have known either as student or as lecturer :

This will be the first Christmas that Hubert and I will spend together. It will be made especially happy with the coming promise of our child in the New Year. What gives me even greater joy is that Hubert will be here after all when baby comes, as his trip to Switzerland has been arranged for April or May, as he chooses.

Tomorrow Hubert is buying me a sewing-machine, and then I must start stitching napkins and sheets for baby. I intend taking a few sewing lessons to learn how to

make wrappers and a few other things. I am not very fond of sewing, and so I shall need great perseverance and strength of will. . . .

● ● ● Rita's old friends will be glad to hear that her son was born on February 20th, and was baptized Anand. We have no doubt that she also found the perseverance she was looking for. Joy makes difficulties light.

A new member of the Bombay fleet—but only a temporary one—as she has since sailed back to Madras—was Nirmala Krishnamurthy, who is preparing to launch into marital responsibilities :

I came here on the 21st of May, and will be staying till the 10th of July, when I plan to come to Madras. By now you will have heard the news—that I'm engaged to be married. So I won't be doing M. A. literature after all. I'm being told by everyone who knows me that he or she cannot imagine me married. For that matter, neither can I, myself.

He dropped in here to see me on the way down to Trichy. As this is an "arranged" marriage, as is customary in our family, naturally we had to meet to find out if we could "tolerate" each other.

As for my holiday here, it has been splendid so far. I'm fast becoming an expert baby-sitter and nursemaid. My sister has enough to do with cooking, and so on, so I bathe, feed and put the children to sleep. . . .

● ● ● Later, Nirmala, having been to Madras for a while, returned home and wrote from Delhi :

As my fiancé put it, my casual studentship has become a casualty. But there was not much use in my being a casual student when I can't appear at Madras University. A friend sent me a copy of the college magazine, and I felt very "homesick" for Stella Maris when I read it. (Should I say "Stella Maris-sick" ? But that sounds as if I'm sick of Stella Maris, which is not the case at all !)

Delhi is very pleasant now. Winter is just beginning; it is quite chilly at night and in the early mornings. Grandfather is finding it so difficult to put up with even this chill, that he is flying to Madras on Sunday. Daddy is leaving for the United States on the 17th of December, so we think of coming to Madras by car before then

● ● ● Nirmala has, in fact, been back in Madras since early December, and will be married this summer, after her father's return from the United States. The last of the Bombay flotilla is hoping to launch out in another direction. Here is Sucharita's news :

My uncle has taken all my papers to Cambridge, and I really do hope I shall be able to get the admission. As soon as I know something about this, I shall definitely let you know.

Mummy has gone to Delhi, as the Bombay climate has not been suiting her very well. We all told her that we should rather have her healthy and comfortable in Delhi than have her with us, but sick. She will be back here as soon as Delhi gets cold.

Thank you for sending the college magazine. It is really a novel idea to have the one theme of light and darkness running as an undercurrent throughout—and I enjoyed reading it. . . .

● ● ● Thank you, Sucharita. We hope to hear from you again—from Cambridge. Now, from Bangalore, here is Miriam D'Souza again, with news of other members of her year :

I was going through the college magazine of 1962, when I came across an extract of my letter in it. I cannot tell you how happy I was to think that we are still remembered. We too can never forget our dear Alma Mater, and will always be grateful for all that we achieved during our years at Stella Maris.

I am at Ahmedabad, but just now I have come down to Bangalore with baby, as it's frightfully hot over there and she can't stand the heat. She is very sweet, and I'm waiting for her to grow up, when she will be really interesting. I hope some day I'll have the joy of sending her to Stella Maris too.

I hear from Constance, but have lost touch with some of the others. Loretta Britto has two girls. Constance is doing well at her new job. I always look forward to her news. The last time we met was when I went to Madras just before my wedding, and we came to see Stella Maris again. When I next come to Madras, I won't fail to pay a visit to Stella Maris, along with my husband and baby.

It was nice hearing from Marina Saldanha of all the activities at Stella Maris

● ● ● It is nice to hear from you, too, Miriam, and we are looking forward to meeting your little girl, the future Stella Marian. Now a younger marine, Daphne Satur, who has new laurels to her credit since leaving Stella Maris :

Besides my teaching duties, I have had to study for the A.I.S. Examination, which began on the 4th of this month and is still going on. I have finished six papers and have two more left. These are in November. The English papers were quite easy, but the general knowledge paper was fairly difficult, and the British and Indian History

papers, though not really difficult, were not too easy for me as I last did history years ago.

I am interested in languages, and when I read that the Max Mueller Bhavan was organizing language courses, I joined the beginners' course. It is very interesting. We had our first examination on Wednesday. I hope I have not written any howlers.

As I am still too young for a post in the U.N.O., I was wondering what to do if I don't get into the I.A.S., when I read that the University of Hawaii is offering scholarships to Indian students. I have applied for a scholarship in Music, not English, as a first class master's degree is necessary for English. Sometimes I get so confused thinking about the future, though my parents tell me to leave the future in God's hands.

My aunt, the principal of Mount Carmel College, liked our college magazine very much. She said that she went through it in detail. I felt so proud when she said this

● ● ● The magazine appreciates the encouragement. Later, Daphne has more good news to tell :

I have the most wonderful news to give you. I have passed the I.F.S./I.A.S. examination and have to go to Delhi for the interview sometime this month. It seems so unbelievable. Please pray that I may be successful in the interview as well, if it is God's will.

I shall be coming to Madras for the February Convocation, and I will surely visit Stella Maris once again. Actually I wanted to take my degree at the September 1964 Convocation, but fortunately Daddy advised me to take it this month — just in case I was successful in the I.A.S. examination.

At present I am busy preparing the girls for their public examinations. As this is my first year teaching, I am rather worried, and do hope that the results will be good

● ● ● So do we, Daphne. Congratulations on your own success. The last message from Bangalore comes from Ushakanta M. Bhatt. She too is keeping busy :

For a year or more I have been attending shorthand and typewriting classes. I have finished my junior course, in which I secured a first class. I am now doing the senior course

● ● ● Congratulations to you too, Usha In the beginning of May, Usha had some "very important" news :

I am going to be married on the 18th of this month I shall be leaving for Gujarat

● ● ● Congratulations again, and God's choicest blessings on your new venture, so that it will be first class, also. Now from Trichy comes news of Shanti Rajaratnam. She too has wider ambitions:

Recently I saw an advertisement about the New York World Fair next year, where they want Indian women to act as guides in the Indian Pavillion. Most probably I'll never get anywhere near this job, but I want to try for this chance of seeing the fabulous city. Mummy has given me permission to apply for the job, as it's only for a few months

● ● ● We hope you succeed, Shanti. Janaki Ramachandra's news is of a different sort. She writes from Chandrasekharapuram:

I am now with my husband in his native place, and most probably shall be returning to Madras by about the 15th of the month. I hope to see you then.

My husband has been transferred to Bilarpur, where we shall go by the end of the month. I shall write again from there

● ● ● Meantime Nagendra writes from Salem, after launching out into the high seas of books. Happy sailing, Nagendra:

I have joined the Sri Sarada College, Salem, as librarian. I was working for some time in Sarah Tucker College. I was so happy, on coming here, to meet Sudha Nayak. She is working here as a tutor in English

● ● ● Finally, from Madras itself there comes a very bright and happy flash of news from Pushpa Low:

I shall be receiving the religious habit in the Congregation of St. Anne at Royapuram on May 17th I have finished my B. T. . . . My eldest sister, who is in the Congregation of St. Augustine, will be here on that day I request your prayers and assure you of my humble prayers

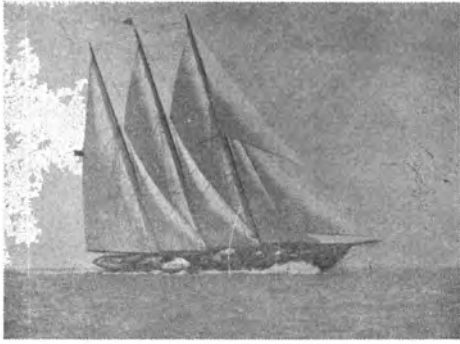
● ● ● Congratulations, Pushpa, and we shall certainly remain prayerfully united.

Two weeks later, Pushpa, now Sister Mary Philip Luis, sends us the news of her clothing ceremony:

All my people were there for the function. My eldest sister, who is with the Canonesses of St. Augustine, was there, but my elder sister, who is at Lourdes preparing for the auxiliary apostolate, could not come I have been given the name of Sister Mary Philip Luis, my father's name

I need not say that I remembered Stella Maris at the altar, especially my teachers. Please pray for me. I will remember you in my humble prayers

● ● ● So the harbour radio has finished relaying the messages from those who are exploring the seas of experience in the wider world, which is waiting for all Stella Marians, and where, we trust, they will all one day venture forth, confident in the seaworthiness of vessels built by truth and charity.



SAILING ON

The academic year 1962-63 saw the launching of the little boat of the Stella Maris College Newman Circle, and the year 1963-64 has seen it sailing on with a bigger crew who gained in strength and confidence as they went navigating the seas of truth and charity, with their saintly model and protector, Cardinal Newman, at the helm. Our "Captain" of last year, Miss Rita Lovett, has really launched into the deep of Newman waters, for since her marriage to Dr. Hubert Monteiro, President of the All-India Newman Federation, she has been working very actively with her husband at Newman headquarters in Bombay, thus helping not only the Stella Maris Circle, but all the Newman Circles scattered throughout India, to steer their boats in the right direction.

At this year's first meeting in July, Miss Rosemarie Stone was elected President, Miss Stella Jesudoss, Secretary, and Miss Alma Philip, treasurer. As we had not completed our discussions of the very interesting questionnaire on adolescent psychology begun last year, we devoted three meetings to the conclusion of this topic, which has helped us towards a clearer understanding and appreciation of our noble calling as educators. In the course of these discussions we came to realize that a thorough grasp of the meaning of marriage, how to prepare for it, and how to make it a happy and successful partnership for life, was important to us, not only for our private lives, but also in our "public" function as teachers and counsellors of young people, and so we decided to make this the next topic for our fortnightly study-circles. Dr. Dhairyam, the well-known psychiatrist, introduced the topic with a stimulating and instructive talk on "The Psychological Problems of Marriage", which was attended by many members of the college staff as well as the Newmanites. Two married members of the Circle then prepared a questionnaire which formed the basis of discussion for the rest of the year. The topic was wound up by a delightful informal talk by Rev. Fr Keogh, S.J., on "The Christian View of Marriage". Father Keogh not only gave us many helpful hints on how to achieve happiness in marriage, but also recommended several interesting books on the subject.

Many of the members having expressed interest in the age-old "Problem of Evil", a talk on this topic was given by one of the members, and it was suggested that we could take this as a subject for discussion next year, as there was not time for it this year.

Our last meeting having been planned for March 6th, eve of the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, we decided to combine our valedictory with our Pax Romana Day Celebration. As on each first Friday throughout the year, Rev. Fr. Keogh, S.J., celebrated Holy Mass for the Circle, and this time for the Pax Romana Federation throughout the world, in the college chapel at 8-45 a.m. It was a dialogue Mass with offertory procession and appropriate hymns, drawing closer once again the bonds of friendship and common ideal uniting all the members of the Circle, as we prayed for and with each other. Breakfast in the college hostel was, as usual, a homely get-together with animated conversation on college and Newman affairs. In the afternoon we met for the last time this year, and after the reading of a brief report of this year's activities, we discussed a questionnaire on the status of women, issued by the "Oeuvres Pontificales Missionnaires" of Belgium, and sent all over the world to gather information on the position of women in different countries, in preparation for their "Journée Missionnaire" in October 1964. The questions were so interesting, and the divergences of opinion so considerable, that the meeting was prolonged well beyond the usual time, and as, even then, we had not finished, we agreed to get together informally during the following week to finish the discussion and put down our conclusions in writing. Reluctantly then, we brought our last meeting to a close with a prayer in which we thanked God for all the blessings bestowed on our little Circle throughout the year, not least of which was the help we had been able to give each other by the frank discussion of common problems, and the prayers we had offered for each other, especially at our monthly Newman Mass.

STELLA JESUDOSS,
Secretary, Newman Circle.

OLD MARINERS MEET

The graduates often drop in for informal visits, to see old friends still at Stella Maris; but space permits us to record only the formal gatherings. The first of these was the traditional graduate's reception on the last day of August. This year each new graduate was welcomed at the door of the college hall with a flower, which was pinned to her sari or dress—an excellent idea, enabling everyone to distinguish them, and thus avoid the embarrassment of showering fulsome congratulations on passing to graduates of ten years' standing.



At the business meeting, the former officers were re-elected, but exchanging places: Miss K. Chellam becoming president, and Miss Rosemarie Stone, secretary; this was an obvious tribute to the organizing ability of this excellent team, and raised hopes for an interesting programme for the year. These were immediately realized by a proposal of a picnic for the graduates—beginning with a place not far from Madras, Chembarambakkam. So it did not give them time to spin their yarns too long, but there was many a pithy bulletin on activities in offices, on the developments in inter-collegiate lecture halls, and experienced talks on “when baby should cut her second upper tooth”. When we arrived, a few mongrels roused themselves from their doze in the warm sunlight, scratched themselves, and trotted at our heels—these were the only larger zoological specimens besides ourselves—but they say it is also frequented by movie people who come here to “shoot” forest scenes. Fortunately for us there were none about then, so we didn't get shot. Otherwise it is chiefly a botanist's paradise, with a wild jungle, a little stream, and a lake; but some of our seasoned mariners on the high seas were evidently afraid of getting sea-sick on a lake, so they thought it more prudent to shout impractical orders which they themselves were not ready to follow to those who were nimbly climbing, with whoops of delight, down treacherous-looking rocks leading to the lake. The discovery of a pair of entomological specimens aroused more excitement than a group of hungry Eskimos discovering a whale, for the noise they made as they caged the little insects in an old matchbox was enough to frighten a lion. Meanwhile, those with a more artistic bent were admiring the beautiful changes of colour on and around the lake, though they felt that the beauty was so exquisite that they would be accused of artificiality and exaggeration if they tried to describe or reproduce it. Those whose duties did not keep them away from the picnic assure us that it helped them to recapture the easy comradeship peculiar to students still studying together.

During the second term we planned a grand dinner-party at Woodlands. A good number accepted the invitation, and all arrangements had been made for Saturday, November 23rd, when the whole world was stunned by the news of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy on the previous day. We did not feel like merrymaking when, not one country only, but the whole family of nations was mourning the violent death of a great and good leader, and so postponed our gathering. Unforeseen circumstances, however, once again prevented us from meeting, and so, having come to the conclusion that the second term is not a favourable time for the Alumnae Association (remember last year?), we reluctantly decided to cancel the dinner altogether.

In the third term, however, we were more successful. College Day this year was incorporated into the visit to Stella Maris of Very Reverend Mother General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, who herself distributed the prizes for the academic year 1963-1964. This was a private occasion reserved to the staff and students of the college, but quite a number of old Stella Marians asked, and were warmly granted, the permission to attend, and, like the present students, all were captivated by the warmth, simplicity and humility of Very Reverend Mother General and her two companions.

For February 15th we once again planned a dinner-party but this time to be held in the Stella Maris Students' Centre, and there were no postponements. More than sixty old students gathered in the Centre between 6-30 and 8-30 p. m., and spent a delightful evening together. Once again, the old days in college, and sadly-missed old friends were the chief topics of conversation—so next time, come along all of you, so that no one's absence may be regretted at the next meeting of the Stella Maris Alumnae.

ROMOLA RAO,
B.A. 1962.

LOOKING ASTERN



“ Like watermen who look astern while they row the boat ahead ”, let us have a look around at our alumnae ; but since we are living in the twentieth century, we shall relay to you the radar echoes we get from the different “ ports ” of past years, beginning with the nearest. Naturally, with increased distance in time, contact is decreased, because added responsibilities put obstacles between us. But for all who are attuned to our transmitter, we ask God’s choicest blessings—what better could we wish them—on their marriage, families, work or higher studies.

. . . . Senior Class of 1963 : Thulasi Menon, after toying with the idea of doing M. A. (Indian Music) was admitted into the ranks of the “ happily married ”, as also were Pushpa Doshi, who is now living in Bombay, Sree (now Mrs. Viswanathan in Bombay too), and K. R. Shyamala (now Mrs. Kumundas, settled in Impal), and Sarada Vijayakumari (Mrs. Asokan).

Others decided to try their hands at careers : Indira Menon, after her brilliant First in M. A. English, taught in Stella Maris, while her classmate V. Saraswathi went to teach in Ethiraj College. B. Meenakshi and S. Vijayalakshmi chose school-teaching ; T. K. Rajalakshmi has taken a position as research assistant in the Institute of Film Technology, and Malathi has started work in a bank.

Many past students wanted to keep their status as present students by joining the post-graduate classes in Stella Maris : N. R. Saraswathi, Vagiswari, Colleen North and Indira have taken up Social Work ; N. Bagyalakshmi, T. R. Saraswathi, K. Malathi are specializing in economics ; Sakuntala, Christelda Solomon and Sudha Sharma abandoned mathematics to study English literature with Angela Reddy and G. Rajeswari ; but the Indian music graduates remained faithful to their Muse in the M. A. classes—S. Padma, N. Radha, S. A. Durga, M. S. Rama Devi, S. Amrithavalli, S. Savithri ; and Kirti Kumari is continuing fine arts in the M. A. Two of our post-graduates are going even higher—Ganga Bhagirathi preparing her Ph. D. in Delhi and Bhanumathi in Madras. Susai Gnanam and Vasanthika Srinivasan are aiming for the Bar ; Premja Bharatan is studying medicine in Calicut ; Babai has chosen a B. E. course ; and three B. Sc’s have remained devoted handmaids of “ the queen of sciences ”

by studying M. Sc. mathematics : V. Jayalakshmi and Nirmala at Pachiappa's College, and S. N. Shantha at Madras Christian College.

Future teachers are still following the Star (Stella Matutina this time) where they are preparing their B. T. : Saroj Gupta, Pattu, Radha, Rajeswari, Josephine D'Silva, Neethirani; Nirmala Kumari preferred part-time studies of shorthand and typing, and Munawar Sultana is acquiring French culture at the Alliance Française.

.... Class of 1962 : In addition to those who were married soon after they left college, there is another long list of newly-weds. Janaki Krishnamurthy from Ceylon looked in one day to make a nostalgic visit of college and hostel and tell us that her new name would be Mrs. Ramachandra. From the mathematics class K. V. Meena (after a year in M. A. English), became Mrs. Sundaresan; A. Sugunavathi, after being awarded an all-India mathematics prize, became Mrs. Viswanathan; and G. Usha is now known as Mrs. Parandhaman. Changes of name among B.A.'s and M.A.'s are V. Vijayalakshmi (Mrs. Rangarajan), Devi Prasad (Mrs. Bhaskaran), R. Vijayalakshmi (Mrs. Rajaram), R. Sudha (Mrs. Raghavan), S. Usha (Mrs. Anand-sagar), Jayasree Dave (Mrs. Dilip), K. Vijayalakshmi (Mrs. Narasimhan), V. Shyamala (Mrs. Vaidyanathan); and when we do not know the new name we shall think of Mrs. Susai, Mrs. Bulbul (formerly Goel) now the happy mother of a little girl, and Mrs. Barbara (Pais) now blessed with twins; Mrs. Mythili; and Mrs. Kumudam, who is now living in Kashmir and also the happy mother of a baby girl.

When we report a list of graduates who are working, we do not imply that the married ladies are not working, but only that the type of work is different. Teachers include M. B. Vedavalli (at Stella Maris), Gladys Jacob, Satyam Nair, Vadana, Pushparanee, Lily, Jothi, Kumudam Panicker, and Usha Bharatan, who has also been able to use her oratorical experience gained as college president to become a radio-announcer in North Borneo. Marlene Bowie is teaching in Chingleput, and Mrs. S. Lalitha (M.A. English) is lecturing at St. Joseph's College, Waltair.

Others have gone into big business (in a small way): Manohari working in a bank in Ceylon, M. Seetha as junior officer in the State Bank of India, Cecilia Elder in another bank, and Marian Alvarez as stenographer in Brada & India Ltd.

A whole group are in their second year of post-graduate studies: Elizabeth Lodsman, Mary Mampilli, Avayam doing work-cum-study in M.A. Social Work at Stella Maris; P. Malathi, M. K. Lakshmi, Shantha, S. S. Sundari mastering economics M.A.; T.N.C. Rama, Lalitha Belliappa, M. K. Bharathi and K. N. Jayalakshmi producing learned theses for their fine arts M.A.; and V. Jayalakshmi, Meena and

Heera Nayak, V. Vijayalakshmi, Flavia and P. K. Ganga striving "ad astra" in English literature.

Post-graduates studying farther afield are Daisy Kamala (passing her final Law examination), Malathi doing M.Sc. mathematics in Bombay; Sucharita soon to fly away with her Maths. M.Sc. from Bombay to "somewhere in England"; and K. V. Leela specializing in politics at Christian College.

.... Class of 1961: Marriage invitations have been received from Chandra (Mrs. Guruswami), R. Kamala (Mrs. Srinivasa Gopalan), Sarojini Francis (Mrs. Jonathan), Leela Jacob (Mrs. Joy), and Sarojini. S. Rajeswari, after becoming quite attached to her work as English tutor at Stella Maris, has now gone to join her husband in Calcutta.

A few from this class are teaching: K. Vijayam, Grace Rajaratnam at Ooty, J. Shantha having acquired a splendid first class in M.Sc. mathematics, took up a lecturer's post in Tiruchi. Deanna, on top of her M.A. English, took an intensive course in Czech and is going abroad for an important post as interpreter. Chandra Gulzarani suddenly emerged one day to help a group of Stella Marians visiting Meenambakkam airport where she had just started work as assistant traffic officer.

Engaged in higher studies are Sarojini doing Ph. D. at Tirupathi, and K. N. Sulochana at Madras. K. Parvathi has come back to S.M.C. for M.A. literature, and V. Kalyani after two years as English tutor, is now making brilliant use of her scholarship for M.Sc. mathematics at Presidency College.

.... Class of 1960: The revised list of married ladies reads: L. Sumithra (Mrs. Swathanarayanan), S. Hema (Mrs. Santhanam), Meera Dharan (Mrs. Vedachalam), M. Nirmala (Mrs. Srikantan), Cecilia Rodrigo (Mrs. Fernandez), Mrs. Yamouna Venkataraman who has a daughter and has come back to college to give French tuition. Padmini Rathnam is the happy mother of a little daughter Uma.

The art students have remained most devoted to teaching their subject: Mrs. Mahema Manoharan at Stella Matutina, Usha Rani at Rosary Matriculation. Ahalya is also teaching there. Mary Maragatham is back at Stella Maris. N. Bhagyalakshmi is teaching in a school; and S. Indra, after doing M.A. history, has become secretary in Bharatiya Vidya. Manoramma is studying English literature M.A.

.... Class of 1959: The news is getting scarcer year by year, but we know that G. Leela, Trishla Goyal, T. Indra, and S. Indra are all married, as well as Sumathi Vaidyanathan who has a son, Ashok; and A.C. Premakumari a daughter Chitra.

V. Rajalakshmi is still working at S.M.C., and C. Kanmani as a lecturer at W.C.C. Bibi Fatima is now an established lawyer at Pondicherry.

. . . . Class of 1958 : Bakula Modi came back last year to do her M.A. fine arts; Mrs. Indubala came down from Bombay to start her B.T. course at Stella Matutina; and Sheila gave up teaching at Rosary Matriculation to specialize in a librarian's course. Rita Devasagayam came in to see us one day with her son David. Jasmine, who was working for some time in the college office, went back to Malaya and is working there. Mrs. Alamelu Gopalan is teaching at Vidya Mandir. Others tell us they are busy "teaching" at home : Jayalakshmi her two boys Shankar and Gopinath, A. K. Janaki, Hemalatha, and N. Devaki their daughters.

. . . . Class of 1955 : A happy burst of laughter one day announced the return of Nalini Mascarenhas to visit her Alma Mater again after all the years spent in America. She is in India now with her husband and fine twin boys. Rita Miranda is still enlightening the students at Rosary Matriculation School, and Betty Xavier is lecturing in English at Queen Mary's College.

. . . . Of the 1954 class, we only know of Visalakshi and G. Kanakan teaching at St. Dominic's; and of the 1953 class Stella Jesudoss is lecturing at S.M.C., while D. Rukmani is teaching in Vidya Mandir. To the family of B. Audilakshmi, who died in Leningrad, we extend our heartfelt condolence. The only three articulate survivors of 1952 are all teaching at Holy Angels School, Mambalam : Mrs. Sita Sampath, Nameswari and Kunjamma.

We should so much like to have more extensive news to give, for we have spoken here of scarcely a passing percentage of all those who have been graduated from Stella Maris since 1947. Sometimes in the excitement of meeting again, we forget to note details precisely enough to transmit them correctly. So please, dear alumnae, do call in to see us when you are in Madras or drop us a line to tell us your address, so that we may inform you of the next reunion. And in any case, remember that, wherever you are and whatever you are doing, your Alma Mater prays that God will give you help in your sorrows and bless you with many joys.

K. CHELLAM,
President, Alumnae Association.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS APRIL 1964 — RESULTS

	No. appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percent of Passes
M.A. English	14	1	13	—	100%
M.A. Economics—Ist Year				—	
IIInd Year	14	—	14	—	100%
M.A. Indian Music	3	1	2		100%
M.A. Social Work—Ist Year	11	—	11		100%
IIInd Year	10	4	6		100%
M.A. Fine Arts—Ist Year	2	—	2		100%
IIInd Year	6	2	4		100%
III B.A.					
English	91	—	14	77	100%
Language	97	22	47	28	100%
History	10	—	6	4	100%
Economics	48	—	9	35	92%
Social Sciences	14	—	—	12	86%
Indian Music	10	2	5	3	100%
Western Music	3	2	1	—	100%
Drawing & Painting	6	2	3	1	100%
Fine Arts	2	—	1	1	100%
III B.Sc.					
English	56	2	7	47	100%
Language	55	25	17	13	100%
Mathematics	23	20	3	—	100%
Zoology	29	5	19	5	100%
II B.A.					
English	93	—	8	84	99%
Language	106	21	39	45	99%
Minors	110			104*	95%
II B.Sc.					
English	53	1	10	42	100%
Language	56	13	25	18	100%
Minors	60			51*	85%
Pre-University	500	162	214	76	90%

INTER-COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE—1963

Gaynor Macedo — Pre-University — Silver Medal

PRIZES AWARDED AT THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION—1963

Angela Reddi, B.A.	Kuppuswami Naidu Memorial Medal
K. R. Parvathi, B.A.	C. N. Krishnaswami Prize
N. Chitra, B.sc.	Bysani Madhava Chetty Medal
S. Vijayalakshmi, B.sc.	S. Sundaramal Tamil Prize
Indira Menon, M.A.	T. Rama Rao Medal
	The Lord Pentland Prize
	The Late Rao Bahadur K. Srinivasachariar Medal
	The Grigg Memorial Medal
	The Dr. T. M. Nair Memorial Medal

PRIZES AWARDED AT THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION—1964

V. Vijayalakshmi	The Grigg Memorial Medal
Premila Paul	The T. Rama Rao Medal
	The Christian College Medal
	The Jubilee Medal
	The Dr. T. M. Nair Memorial Medal
	The Rao Bahadur M. A. Singarachariya Prize
	The Late Rao Bahadur K. Srinivasachariar Medal
	The Lord Pentland Prize
Vaijyanthi Mala	The Todhunter Prize
	The Sir C. V. Kumaraswami Sastri Medal
Saroja Padmanabhan	The G. A. Natesan Prize
	The Rama Panicker Medal
Rama Devi	The Ravi Varma Memorial Medal



*For tho' from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar*

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I, Sr. M. Juliet Irene, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

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Signature of Publisher M. JULIET IRENE, F.M.M.

