

# stella maris college

let me be a bridge-builder  
uniting what is divided  
by understanding and love



STELLA MARIS  
COLLEGE-1965



LET ME BE A BRIDGE-BUILDER  
UNITING WHAT IS DIVIDED  
BY UNDERSTANDING AND LOVE



# CONTENTS

Editorial	...	v
Order Your Lives in Love	...	1
The Five Minute Bell	...	6
Old Yet New	...	7
The First of Their Kind	...	9
Re-inforced Piers	...	13
The Family of Man	...	18
Keeping Close to God	...	20
The Belle	...	23
Week After Week	...	24
As Others See Us	...	28
Days of Unity	...	32
A Tale of Two Kitties not by Charles Dickens	...	35
Beneath the Standard of Mary	...	37
Letters from a Hostelite	...	40
The P. U. Stella Marian	...	43
Building the Future Now	...	45
Nehru Builder of Bridges	...	53
The Bond of Selfless Service	...	55
Integrated Personality	...	57

International Economic Co-operation :		
The Bridge of Plenty	...	60
Bridges Built by Tagore	...	63
One World	...	67
Science Builds a Bridge to the Farmer	...	70
A Glimpse of Mechanics	...	73
Diminishing Distance	...	75
“ To See It Whole ”	...	78
Good Fellowship	...	82
Stable Bridges	...	84
Music As a Universal Language	...	87
The Ideal of Unity in Sanskrit Writings	...	98
Ponts d’Esperance, de Courage et de Joie	...	92
That They All May Be One	...	94
Bridges “ By Post ”	...	99
Spanning the Distance	...	112
United Under Newman	...	114
New Horizons	...	117

## Editorial . . . .

Bridges are such helpful, friendly things. They make our journeys through life much easier and more direct, saving us unnecessary miles to reach our goal. Often too they give a “lift” to our minds and hearts by their wonderful blending of strength and grace.

Bridges are also symbols of liberty. They open new passages and interfere as little as possible with the free movement of whatever lies between. In fact, the word can be applied to anything that helps us overcome a hindrance to our progress while respecting its values. For what may seem an obstacle in one way, usually is of great value in another, as a river is in itself worth much more than a passage across it.

Besides the bridges that the word immediately brings to mind, there are many others: ships and planes that help us unite the continents, rockets that promise to unite the planets, but above all our minds and hearts, which can carry us with ease where even the most advanced and convenient technical inventions could never take us, not only into the past and future and out beyond the utmost bounds of space, but even into the timelessness of eternity and the spacelessness of infinity, - yes, even to the source of all these.

The chief function of bridges is to unite what is divided, by finding the nearest and most convenient point of contact. One of the anomalies of the modern world is the fact that while scientific inventions have made physical distances negligible, there is still much division in the hearts and minds of men. We have many opportunities, therefore,

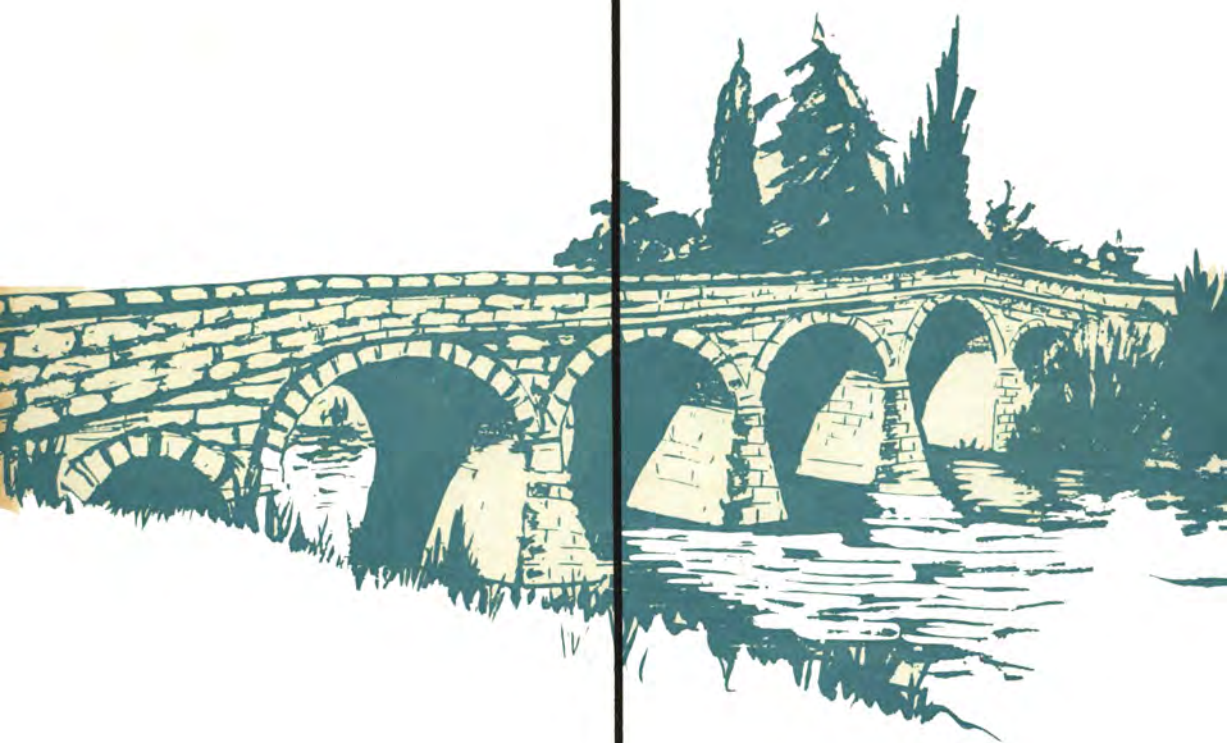
to be social “ technicians and engineers ”, by using our time, intelligence and energy to bring human beings together into one happy family of mankind under the Fatherhood of God. Beginning with the points that bring us closest, namely our desire for perfect joy which comes from the assurance of sincere interest, respect, understanding, and appreciation, we can begin to build bridges which will endure forever, and which will cost us nothing more than the effort to come out of the false security of our protective shells of selfishness. The reward will be a happiness and freedom such as we never suspected could exist as long as we sought it in ourselves and in our narrow circle of interests, for such is the law of life - the happiness we seek can never be found directly, but only by sharing our gifts and interests with others, for by seeking our happiness in the happiness of others, we cannot fail to find it :

They who joy would win must share it :

Happiness was born a twin.

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MAY I BUILD



friendly bridges  
making the journey  
through life  
safer and happier





## Order Your Lives In Love

The visit of H. H. Pope Paul VI to India during the 38th International Eucharistic Congress last December, was the highlight of the academic year 1964-1965.

The announcement that an International Eucharistic Congress would be held in Bombay in 1964 was at first received with stunned incredulity. It seemed hardly possible that a country with such a small minority of Catholics in the population, and where the Catholic community on the whole is far from wealthy, could be the stage of such a vast gathering of pilgrims from all over the world. Once the tremendous news had penetrated, however, incredulity gave way to joy, and an eager determination to honour the divine Saviour of the world in a becoming manner.

More than three years of intensive preparation went into the making of the Congress. His Eminence, Valerian Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay, was the guiding spirit behind this great united effort of Catholic India, concerning himself with every detail of the arrangements. As December 1964 approached, excitement ran high, nearing fever pitch when the Cardinal announced that the Holy Father himself was to come as a pilgrim to pay homage to Jesus present in the Eucharist on the soil of India, thus becoming the first reigning Pontiff ever to visit our country.

An International Eucharistic Congress is a purely religious event, a profession of faith, and an act of worship on a world-wide scale. In preparing for it, the organizers had to foresee a great influx of visitors to Bombay, not only from all over India, but from every corner of the world. These pilgrims would have to be accommodated and a suitable centre found where lakhs of people could congregate to join in the principal acts of worship of the Congress. With the generous cooperation of the Central and state governments, local officials, and the cosmopolitan population of Bombay, all difficulties were overcome; and two of the things that impressed visitors most were the wonderful organization and the warm hospitality they encountered everywhere in the hostess city. Bombay's Oval Maidan became "the world's largest cathedral", where thousands congregated day after day throughout the Congress in perfect order, praying and worshipping together in an impressive unity. In the centre of the Oval rose the clear, modern lines of the specially-designed white altar, flanked by the bishops' gallery, and the choir gallery. The vast surrounding space was divided off in blocks for the different sections of the congregation,

priests, religious and laity. Not a place was empty during the memorable evening Masses, yet the whole gathering gave the responses in perfect unison, or worshipped in a silence that could be felt, in the intervals of dialogue and singing.

Just as the altar was the centre of the Oval, so was the Oval the centre of Bombay during those unforgettable eight days. All roads led there, everyone was ready and eager to help visitors find their way there. The people of Bombay gave a magnificent welcome to the thousands of pilgrims, Hindus, Parsis and Muslims vying with the Catholics of the city to give warm and generous hospitality to their guests. Whatever their religion, all were grateful for the honour done to India by the choice of Bombay as the venue of the Congress; all were eager to share in this great act of homage to the Saviour of all.

The theme of the Congress made an immediate appeal to all hearts, for "The Eucharist and the New Man" spoke of love and renewal. "Order your lives in love" was the first motto of the Congress, and where could one learn this lesson better than from the Eucharist, the loving presence of the Saviour? Renewal or updating is one of the main themes of the Ecumenical Council, and now we found it brought home to us in a special way, being applied in particular to the Church in India. The earnest desire to renew ourselves in love, love of God and love of our fellow-men, was surely felt by every pilgrim to Bombay, and by each one of the millions who associated themselves from afar with this great manifestation of faith and charity.





Those of us who had the great good fortune to be in Bombay for the Congress found ourselves caught up in a whirl of activity which lasted the full eight days, and yet, miraculously, did not disturb our recollection during the liturgical ceremonies. These were so impressive, both in themselves and in the fervour of the congregation, that no matter how much we had rushed during the day in an attempt to visit exhibitions, attend cultural gatherings, take part in seminars, rallies and various other functions, once we had reached our places in the Oval, everything else disappeared from our minds, and we joined wholeheartedly in the common worship. It would be impossible to describe all the events of the Congress, but some were so impressive that they cannot be passed over in silence. The solemn inauguration of the Congress was the first of these. The bishops' gallery was a blaze of purple, the Oval a surging mass of humanity, as the Papal Legate, Cardinal Agagianian, approached. The whole congregation joined with the choir to greet him. There was silence as the Legate read the Papal message, a silence broken at the end of the proclamation by the joyous ringing of bells and thunderous applause. Hope and joy seemed to flow out over the congregation, as together we invoked God's blessing on the Congress.

Each evening, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered at the Oval; and at each, one of the seven sacraments was conferred during or just after the Mass. Many of us had not seen the colourful Syro-Malabar and Syro-Malankara rites before, and we were thrilled with this blending of Indian culture with the age-old ceremonies of the Church. Hymns were sung in Indian languages, including Sanskrit, and many of the

cultural events, such as the Indian ballet depicting in dance the story of God's love for man from the Creation to the Redemption, deepened in us the joyful realisation that India has her own contributions to make to the life and liturgy of the Church.

A highlight of the Congress was, undoubtedly, the visit of the Holy Father. A "pilgrim Pope" at the time of his historic journey to the Holy Land at the beginning of 1964, Pope Paul VI announced himself as "a pilgrim of peace, of joy, of serenity and love" and on his arrival at Santa Cruz airport, His Holiness received an overwhelmingly enthusiastic reception from the people of India. The exquisite courtesy and warm hospitality shown by India's great leaders and its people to a successor of St. Peter, returning to Asia and visiting even the shores of far-away India, fills the hearts of the Catholic community with deep gratitude. In Bombay, thousands of people stood for hours in the street, just to catch a glimpse of him as he rode slowly by, always blessing, always smiling; while all over India people listened in rapt attention to his voice on the radio, and avidly read the newspaper reports of his heavy programme in the Congress city. Pope Paul captured all hearts by his evident delight at being in India, his understanding and appreciation of Indian culture, his concern with Indian problems, his adoption of the Indian "Namaste" and "Jai Hind", and above all, by the universal charity which radiated from him. He is, indeed, a fitting representative of Him Who said: "Love one another as I have loved you", of the God of Love Whom he had come to honour and adore by his participation in the Eucharistic Congress. During the few short days of his visit, the Holy Father carried out a closely-packed programme of ceremonies at the Oval, official visits and receptions, talks to various groups, and works of mercy such as visits to hospitals and orphanages. Among the most moving of his many engagements, were the Holy Mass he offered in a very poor parish, where he gave First Holy Communion to about twenty poor children, kneeling reverently before each little one as he gave the Saviour to him; and the public Way of the Cross over which His Holiness presided at the Oval on the Friday evening. The biggest thrill of the whole Congress for university students was experienced at the Students' Rally, when the Holy Father addressed us, telling us that he loved every human being, but above all, youth. We shall never forget the Pope's words to us, his call for dedication to duty and prayer, his look, his smile, his gestures on that occasion when we felt so very close to him.

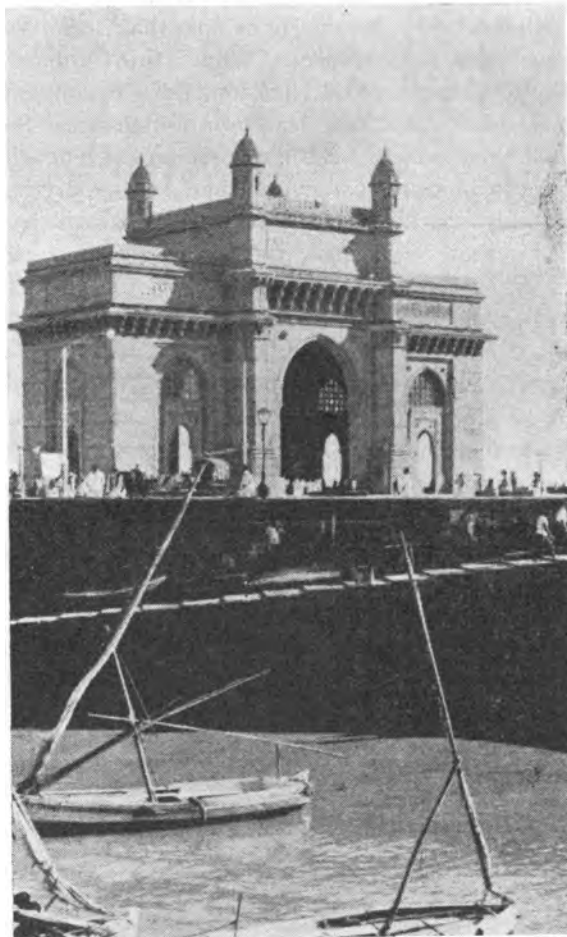
Worship and love of the Eucharistic Saviour and renewal of spiritual life cannot be separated from love of our fellow men. Therefore the pressing material problems of the new man were by no means forgotten. Conferences were given and seminars conducted on many topics of urgent interest to the whole world, some of them having a special immediacy for India. Such was the Food and Health Seminar, which discussed means of supplying food for the millions who subsist almost at starvation level. The Holy Father referred to this agonising problem, so particularly acute in our own huge country, in the message he gave to the world from Bombay, calling for peace and the abolition of nuclear weapons, and for the use of the resources thus liberated for the betterment of the developing nations.

Following the example of Pope Paul, we took part in various acts of charity and mercy organised to show our love and sympathy for our less fortunate brethren. As we visited slums, prisons and hospitals, the words of Our Saviour rang in our ears : “ Whatever you do to these, the least of My brethren, you do it to Me ”, and that love which was to be the keynote of the Congress filled our hearts to overflowing.

The International Eucharistic Congress was brought to a close by a magnificent procession to the Gateway of India on the evening of December 6th. Bishops, wearing the ceremonial copes presented to them by the Holy Father, religious and lay people from all parts of the world, prayed in unison as they walked the long route to the Gateway, begging God’s help that they might “ order their lives in love”. At the famed meeting point of East and West, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and for the last time the strains of the Congress hymn burst forth :

“ Help us to live like Thee,  
That we may walk in love.”

MERLYN D’Sa  
III B. A.



# The Five-Minute Bell

To facilitate the orderly changing of classes, from the beginning of this academic year the bell has been rung at the end of every period, and then again, after a five-minute interval, to signal the beginning of the next class.

“Long, long ago when college girls were sedate, almost boring . . .” this classical, fairy-tale beginning applies to the Stella Marians. The ancient days of stately dignity have disappeared, the 5-minute bell has sounded their death-knell. At one moment the buildings are a monument to silence—at the next, utter pandemonium let loose!

Snugly ensconced in the back row of the M.A. classroom which permits a fine view of the stairs and the corridors, I watch in idle sympathy as the girls (and the lecturers!) rush by. Saris—brightly printed; frocks—from gay Paris; fashionable kameez and salwars—either too tight or too loose: for which I blamed the tailors, but now I hear it is the fashion to wear clothes that don’t fit; hair-styles—plaits, buns or the latest what-you-will; shoes; slippers; all these and a thousand other details swirl before my dazzled eyes, making me feel as ancient as a Victorian great-aunt.

Despondency sweeps over me. The comedy of life is whirling past me and I cannot take part because I am a prisoner in the classroom. How dreadful to be confined to one room for the whole day! Believe it or not, that is the fate of us poor M.A.s. By now my despair is as thick as a blanket. What a fate! to have to sit quietly while the girls go chattering by outside. And then something caught my attention. Something arousing violent emotions has taken place on the staircase. Somebody has tripped or fainted—I can’t make out which. Traffic is jammed. The girls behind push and pummel. As they forge through the congestion their tongues are hanging out and they are panting rather noisily. Gosh, what a race! The girls trying to reach their classrooms before the 5-minute bell rings; the lecturers also trying to make it before curfew.

Relief surges through me as I watch this. Now I am happy to be out of it. Long, long ago in my undergraduate youth, things were vastly different. In those leisurely days we moved like ships sailing through calm seas from class to class taking our own time; and if we were ships, the lecturers were submarines—gliding smoothly, silently and gracefully to their base. Then with enough food for thought to last one hour, we housed ourselves graciously in the back rows and in that mood of perfect benevolence we were quite willing to relax for an hour’s lecture.

But time passes and things have changed, alas! The students’ benevolent acceptance of instruction has given way to an exuberant and unseemly enthusiasm. The undergraduates, I hear, now rush to occupy (horror of horrors!) the front benches. Whatever do they do there?—they listen it seems! The complexion of college life has changed. I realised as much: the five-minute bell warned me of it. But so much change? So quickly?

Oh!—it’s just as well I guess!

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

## Old, Yet New

This year, the familiar College Calendar appeared in an attractive new guise as the Stella Maris Handbook, giving in compact form a great deal of information about the activities and traditions of the college.

“Blue and white, a beautiful sight”—that is what I heard my friend say when I entered the class on the first day of the new academic year. “Who blue? What sight?” I asked, to show that I too could rhyme. Instead of showing me a girl in a blue and white sari, she pointed to the table where I saw small, beautiful, blue and white books. Small books, are, you must all admit, immensely beautiful because they are easy to carry. And though I did not know what these books were, the womanly intuition in me prophesied that I too was getting a book, so I suppressed my curiosity and waited patiently, trying to draw a circle in pencil on my friend’s back, until my old number was called and I went trotting up to the table, and received with my new number a beautiful “b and w” book.

This is what I suppose those “Zoo” girls call metamorphosis for surely, how else could a dull grey, thin college calendar become thick, sturdy, cheerful and young? I hugged the book to my heart not because I loved it, but first of all to test its cover. It was “thick-skinned” like most of us, and therefore better, for the chief merit of a college calendar lies in its durability and utility. “The cover is thick, the colour is blue” I began, but before I could complete my ode, the artists started making an “artistic” noise, cooing over the cover as usual. I suspect that they are interested only in the covers. The cleverer mathematicians had worked out that we had only eleven holidays (half-days and Sundays are not counted as holidays) plus one extra day for “rain” which was highly doubtful because of the “high high-roads” of Stella Maris; the “nightingales” had sung the “College Song”, the “Hostel Song”, and the “Tree-planting Song” all in one breath, and were forced to stop there as the time-table was being read.

No more borrowing of rulers or drawing of polygonal so-called “squares” that would make our Euclids faint! There was a “ready-made” time-table on the last page, which my pen, in utter enthusiasm, “gushing with joy” literally filled with ink! The first page at least was saved in time from the disastrous flood.

Instead of the usual “Calendar” on the first page, the exciting book was termed a “handbook” and rightly so, because it was with this book that friends waved to one another or fanned their faces, for you will note that in both cases the hand is employed. The book was handled with considerable care, the pages on discipline were studied by all, and it was passed down in Morse code in our senior classes that the P.U.’s actually had a test on it. (Truth is our motto, remember.)

The “handbook” is also a symbol of friendship. The blue and white book in any girl’s hand outside the college stamps her unmistakably as “S.M.C.”, and many a time have I made a friend on my weary way from the bus-stop to the college just

through that book. I have some ten junior friends whose names I have forgotten—I should have written their names in the “H.B.”

This hand-book, so my friends say, is very handy. What I feel about it, I cannot say, because I lost it the very next day ; but thanks to the College F.B.I., I got it three months later. My small H.B., which obviously liked me, was found on a bright sunny morning of the second term in the College “F.B.I.” Dept., and “handed” over to me. The authorities had quite a hard time finding its owner, for except for a splash of ink on the last page, there were no visible clues, but with the help of their high-power lens, they could see my department number, which I had printed in “lilliputian” numerals, lest I should spoil the new cover. The joy which I felt when the book was “handed” over was so great, that I made a resolution on the spot : the seventh stair on the second floor, that I would not lose the H.B. anymore ; and as a true Stella Marian, I have kept my resolution, I am proud to say, for I have locked it up safely among my worldly possessions at home, and have not touched it since then. It is the most ingenious way to preserve its beauty and the freshness, and first novelty and thrill of it. And if you find it hard to keep your H.B.’s, all that I say out of “True Charity” is “Hand over your handbooks to me!”

M. S. RAJAYEE CHITRA  
II B. A.





# The First of Their Kind

One of the pioneers of the M.Sc. Maths course, opened last July in Stella Maris, reminisces over the initial fears and growing confidence experienced during this first eventful year.

## First Morning ● ● ●

This year the M. Sc. Mathematics course has started in Stella Maris. And we, twelve girls, are the chosen few to inaugurate it. Though we have mustered up enough courage to be present in college on the re-opening day, we can hardly recognize each other, for fright and excitement have changed our faces so much. Imagine taking up M. Sc. Mathematics! We are awed at ourselves..... Five of us were here in B. Sc. last year, one other is an old Stella Marian, and the remaining six are the elite of various other colleges. You see, Stella Maris is the only exclusively women's college in Madras city offering this course... At Assembly Reverend Mother extends a cordial welcome to us as pioneers of the new course, while we, conscious of all eyes being upon us, bashfully shuffle in our shoes, trying to look braver than we feel.

## First Period ● ● ●

We are housed in Room No. 1-4 of the first floor in the main block. By nature we are too timid to object to this possible outrage to our dignity, although all the Post-graduates of Stella Maris are usually given the high distinction of the top floor - on the top both literally and figuratively (though in foreign hotels the system is reversed). But a rose planted in any other garden would smell as sweet..... Perched apprehensively on the extreme tips of our chairs, we are told what is expected of us as future Einsteins and Fermats. M. Sc. is notoriously "tough" it seems; this encourages us a little, for if it is universally acknowledged to be exacting, people may not require too much from us. However one reassures us that there is nothing terrible in store, only we ourselves are expected to do ninety-nine per cent of the work, while the remaining one per cent will come as a helping touch from the lecturers. We quail under this final blow. We afterwards found that this unequal division of labour was to be a favourite maxim of the Post-Graduate Departments. But more rocking news is still to come. We have to start attending inter-collegiate classes from today itself! Can you beat it? Here we are, hardly at home in our own Alma Mater, and we are to be launched alone and unprotected on uncharted seas.

## First Lesson ● ● ●

This is the second period, and we are to grapple with modern algebra. We are told that it is going to be highly abstract, and we shall have to rely much on our imagination, if we have any! We are initiated into the elements of "set theory".

## First Day ● ● ●

After the first agitation has died down, we valiantly make our way to the destined spot for the inter-collegiate classes. The lesson puts back some life into us, for we meet here our old friend, the simple Harmonic Motion. If the whole course only goes on these lines, coming across all our acquaintances of the B. Sc. course, it will be heartening. Later on this hope was partially undermined because in many subjects there was no connection between what we had so far learnt and what we were trying to learn.

## First Week ● ● ●

The dozen is still surviving. Our fate is hanging, perhaps in a catenary, in suspense. We oscillate, though not in strict accordance with simple harmonic motion, between hope and despair. Complex variables and analysis sound, and hence are, frightening. Algebra is looming fearfully over our heads. But we have met the dear old differential equations again. There is some whisper about one of us trying to desert the class and change over to geography or psychology. But luckily it is soon hushed, and the unity of the class is no further threatened by any secessionistic tendency... We are now relaxed enough to look around us. Our one-week-old gloom has evoked comment. Some of the girls look at us as though to say: "This year the college has started M. Sc. Mathematics. That accounts for these strange denizens with woe-begone, forlorn, lost-in-the-woods expressions."

We have also found that there are two kinds of people who raise their eyebrows at us and say in a hushed tone, "You have taken Maths.", while their eyes, like the poet's in a fine frenzy rolling, do glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. One kind thinks privately that we are decidedly a set of lunatics, for, while there are so many interesting, easy and useful things to do, we have voluntarily chosen to ensnare ourselves in insoluble problems. That is probably why these students, when they have to pass our room, hurry by surreptitiously. Let us, however, prefer the better opinion of the girls of the other kind, who think that the dozen are indeed descended from some unearthly orb, to have dared to take M. Sc. Maths. They will almost believe us if we solemnly tell them that we are the incarnations of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Anyway, why should we not assume "noms de guerre" after the zodiacal symbols? In fact, there is a Meenammal amidst us to correspond to Pisces, a Vanithamani to Virgo, and there is also a Ram for Aries.

But these divided views hardly have any effect on us. Compared to the burden we seem to be under, the load carried by Atlas appears but a feather. We are unmoved even by the youthful gaiety of our neighbours the III B. Sc. students. As Charles Lamb says in a different context, while these are enjoying themselves at their ease in their little Goshen, we, their pale neighbours, are battenning our brains over Gauss and Fermat, with a deep silence. As by Gideon's miracle, while all around is drenched, our fleece is dry.



### First Month ● ● ●

Along with us, our departmental library is also growing. More and more new glossy books find their way on to the shelves. Their shiny covers - they look so romantic - whet our curiosity. We shall continue to watch with benign interest our library grow from infancy to maturity.

Let me tell you how a prying Junior felt when she happened to glance at some of our note-books. Greatly intimidated by such titles as "Algebraic Projective Geometry", "Rigid Bodies", she opened the book on modern algebra to get at least a foggy notion of it: - "Vector spaces and linear manifolds: prove that  $O \times A = O$ , that  $(-1)A = -A$ ." Poor things, you can learn that in the elementary school. Let's read on... "Finite fields... modulo 3... what is this?  $2+2=1$   $2 \times 3=O$ ." Help! This is the end! No wonder the harassed creatures look as if they are condemned to endless misery - and the exploring Junior dashes out of sight and danger.

### First Term ● ● ●

Condemned to endless misery! Conversely, we are just entering into the land of ecstasy and enchantment which is Maths. We study Kepler's Laws and soar to stary heights. The inner elegance and nuances of abstract algebra are just dawning on us.

We are learning to get into raptures over Cauchy's theorem or the applications of Clairaut's equation. The charm of the pure and fascinating logic behind each problem steals on us unawares as we advance. In short, Mathematics has us in thrall.

The terminal examinations come and go, but leave no terrifying impressions. We may not all have done very well in every subject, but we are no longer groping in the dark. Our library has undergone a complete change. All the books we want are there, in order, smiling invitingly. We go home to enjoy the holidays, loaded with reference books.

### **First Year** ● ● ●

We are back again for the second term and then again for the third and final phase of the first eventful year. But this time, no palpitations, no groundless fears, no more sitting like Patience on a monument. Even the Juniors, when they see us smile cheerfully, leave off considering it as a phenomenon. We are further encouraged by the visit of an old Stella Marian, who brings fame and honour in her wake, for she is now a Ph. D. in Maths. We are waking up to the wider range of the subject. There are mathematical magazines to cater to our general interests. We proceed as far as the university to attend a lecture on "Classical and Functional Analysis" by Professor Burkill of Oxford. We can catch only a few familiar phrases like "Metric Spaces", "Functions of a complex variable" here and there, but they are enough to make us elated just like a traveller who, in a new land, rejoices when he glimpses the well-known face of an old friend.

We hear with joy that the theme of next year's magazine is "Unity". That will give some scope to our fancy. We can devote our leisure hours to discuss the origin of the number "one", and the importance of unity in our subject. We are already demonstrating the other aspect of the matter by uniting our zealous efforts with the B. Sc.'s to produce the "Stella Marian".

### **And at last** ● ● ●

As the year is drawing to a close we are able to survey with calm our rich and varied past. The frets and fears of those first days already seem far away. But we have a long way to go before our mettle is shown in the final public examinations. We are bound to meet with difficulties, to be assailed with intriguing problems, mathematical or otherwise. With God's grace and our own efforts, may the first set of M.Sc.'s, the first of their kind in Stella Maris, perform in accordance with the traditions of the college. Meanwhile, to those who will follow us and become "Juniors M.Sc.'s" we say,

Let us not mope or moan, be dull or depressed,  
For even the worst of us will do her best.

R. RAMAA  
I M. Sc.

## Re-Inforced Piers

**Work and studies abroad have helped our Hindi lecturer to strengthen her faith in the unity and essential goodness of mankind.**

I left for Washington D. C. in May 1962 at the invitation of my friends Dr. and Mrs. Yankauer. Dr. Yankauer had been in Madras a Health Consultant to W. H. O., and both he and his wife spent every minute of their stay here trying to understand the real life and problems of India, and went back to the United States leaving a deep impression of friendliness in the minds of those who had close contacts with them.

They had furnished a small room for me in their Maryland home, which contained many souvenirs of India : khadi bedspreads and table-cloth, wall-hangings and curtains ; paintings by Dr. Yankauer of a former home of mine in Madras, and of Madras University, Indian utensils in the kitchen and Indian curios in the living-room.

Their friends and relatives also befriended me, inviting me to dinners, and taking great pains to prepare vegetarian meals. Yet, in spite of all their efforts to make me feel at home, I felt terribly homesick, like a tree transplanted in an alien soil. Once I even asked them to send me back by the next boat. I had no money to buy my passage, so sending me by boat would be less costly for them. But their understanding and kindness made them do something else instead, and I am very grateful for what they did : they arranged for my admission to Georgetown University to work for a Master of Science in Linguistics, and also tried to find a suitable job for me. At the same time they left me on my own. Though I had some difficulty going about all by myself in a new place with an entirely new cultural background, yet, in course of time, I gained more self-confidence, and my self-respect remained intact. After I got an assurance of a job, they sent me to visit the Indian Embassy to meet my compatriots. Through the efforts of the Yankauers I even went to a remote part of Washington to do some social work among underprivileged Negro children. The children were thrilled to see the bright red dot on my forehead, and my "long dress" made them wonder whether I had feet. Every child wanted to hold my hand. Observing these children, I realized that human problems were universal. I still remember a five-year-old girl talking like a grown-up with elaborate gesticulation ; evidently she was mimicking her mother who had become hardened by years of ceaseless suffering. These children seemed to be the counterparts of the children in our slums ; and I silently lauded the well-planned and organized manner in which the Americans try to solve their problems. I was there only for three days. One day, while going to the Settlement House, an old Negro stopped me and said, " Good morning lady ; the red dot looks good and you look good too ; may God bless you." He was limping and I was reminded of his counterpart in India, patient in suffering and bearing no ill-will towards anyone.

As part of their efforts to help me get over my home-sickness, the Yankauers arranged for visits to my cousins at Cornell University in Ithaca N. Y., and at State College, Pennsylvania; and to Reverend Mother Mary Lillian F. M. M., the first Principal of Stella Maris College, then staying at Camp St. Helen near Palenville, in the Catskill Mountains, N. Y. This is a summer camp for poor children, and is directed by the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. When Reverend Mother got my letter telling her of my plans to visit her, she called me on the phone. Hearing her voice after seven years and listening to her words full of love for India moved me to tears. She also wrote a very warm letter of welcome. When I arrived I couldn't believe my eyes - there she was, dear Reverend Mother Lillian, waiting at the bus station to meet me. By some mistake, my suitcase failed to arrive with me. It had gone on another bus to some other place. But seeing Reverend Mother Lillian meant so much to me that the loss of my suitcase didn't appear to be a catastrophe. However, Reverend Mother saw to it that I got back my suitcase safe after three days. While we drove from the bus station to Camp St. Helen Reverend Mother pointed out the sights along the way and explained what they were. She told me that Palenville had been a Dutch settlement, and the main industry was tourism. It was sparsely populated, and the people were generally poor. On reaching the camp I was wonderstruck by the beauty of the place. Reverend Mother first offered thanks at the chapel for my safe arrival, and then she surprised me by telling those in charge of the kitchen: "We may not eat any meat, we may eat vegetables, milk and cheese." She remembered India and our various food habits. Till my suitcase arrived, they provided me with clothes. Soon all began to call me by my nickname, though Reverend Mother Lillian always called me by my full name. I spent more than a week at the camp in August 1962, and enjoyed watching the various activities. The sisters drove me around the Catskills, and took me to see the game farm and the lake. Other workers in the camp treated me as if I were one of them and as though they had known me for a long time. And we did some interesting things together, like driving ten miles to town at 10 o'clock at night, just to buy an ice-cream, cracking jokes and giggling like teen-agers. Reverend Mother Lillian was very indulgent. It was a wrench both to Camp St. Helen and to me when I had to say goodbye. Again in July 1963 on Reverend Mother Lillian's invitation, I went to the camp for a week's stay. This time my suitcase was with me, but I reached earlier than scheduled and I arrived at the camp while Rev. Mother Lillian had gone to the bus station to meet me. I talked to the sisters about India. I also had the pleasure of cooking an Indian meal for them. Reverend Mother came with me to buy the groceries, and she remarked, "You move about with the shopping-cart as if you had been here all your life." I told her it was my second year in the States, and I had done grocery shopping in Washington.

The bond formed between me and the Sisters, as a result of working together, has bridged the differences in our ways of life, and I felt I was really one of them. Seeing Reverend Mother Lillian helped me get rid of my homesickness. The children

at the camp further strengthened my idea that human problems are the same all over the world.

In September 1962, after my return to Washington from a month's vacation distributed over Palenville, Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y., and State College, Penn., I registered for four courses at the Institute of Languages and Linguistics at Georgetown University.



My classes were in the evenings, sometimes till 8-40 p.m. I found this a very interesting and worthwhile experience. We were acquainted with the course requirements the first time the classes met, and we were expected to do a lot of self-study, to write weekly resumes, and present reports of our research work to our classes. Students were of different ages and nationalities, but we all had common problems and a common goal. So we worked and discussed our problems together. Incidentally, we exchanged notes about our different cultures, customs and habits. We helped one another in times of

need. My friends who owned cars gave me a ride whenever there was snow. I explained what happened in class to someone who missed a particular class. We met at coffee or at an occasional dinner or lunch given by one of us. I helped a student nun to analyze my language, Tamil. She noticed that I didn't have over-shoes to wear in winter, and brought me a pair which I wore for two years. A young student whom I asked to listen to Tamil words and help me decide whether "length was phonemic or not" in Tamil, became so interested in Tamil that he worked with me for weeks over an analysis of Tamil and Hindi sounds, and in the end we decided to present the report in class as our combined effort. A young Formosan, who was an undergraduate there and who met me while waiting in the corridor between classes, used to speak with me about India. She is a highly educated young lady, with a good sense of values. She is another friend who still keeps in touch with me.

During my two years at Georgetown, I used to visit a special library called the "Center for Applied Linguistics" and sit there for hours to study and work. I met many students of linguistics and we became friends. The librarian also became a close friend of mine.

From October 1962, I got a part-time job to teach Hindi at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies in Washington. Some of my students were working for their M.A., and some for their Ph.D. in South Asian Regional Studies. The enthusiasm and diligence of the students, coupled with their affability, have left a lasting bond of affection and mutual trust and respect. My students, both those of Johns Hopkins and the others who came home to take private lessons, as well as fellow-students at Georgetown, still correspond with me and we all consider ourselves to be of one family - I mean the family of the human race.

As for the Yankauers, our friendship is extraordinary: there is a strong, invisible bond which surpasses all external decorum and etiquette. We take our friendship for granted. It is there, indestructible for ever. Sometimes I wonder at their magnanimity, not at all demanding but revelling at my success and achievements, and I also admire them for the "risk" they took to invite me to stay with them and study, in spite of the thousands of queries and doubts I raised. As I fail to find an answer to this puzzle, I satisfy myself saying that God has made them so. If there is anything in this world which might make me proud or insolent, it is this friendship of theirs and my faith in their goodness. But I return thanks for this blessing also to the One who has given it to me.

My compatriots often express wonder and admiration at my "not having changed even a bit". Many were utterly disappointed to see that I had not brought anything from the States. They are right and they are wrong. Having reached an age when people are expected to be mature in judgment, I was not fascinated by things of luxury and comfort. I found how diligent and time-conscious the Americans were, in spite of all the gadgets and cars. Behind their seeming frivolousness and gaiety, I saw their seriousness of purpose and their adventurous spirit, which was ever ready to meet



any challenge ; behind their almost shocking informality, I saw their eagerness to understand others and establish one-ness with others.

Knowing me to be an Indian, everyone I met - on the bus, on the road, in shops and in restaurants - was very polite, friendly and responsive. When we got news of Prime Minister Nehru's death, not only did my friends at the University offer their sympathies to me, but even a maid at the hotel where I stayed, and salesmen and saleswomen in shops I frequented, expressed their grief and sympathy.

On May 8th, 1963, President Kennedy gave a reception to the foreign students in the Universities in Washington D.C. It was a memorable day. We waited excitedly on the lawns of the White House, sipping the fruit punch and nibbling at the cookies, all the while watching with wide eyes the quaint bag-pipers marching and piping along. We saw Kennedy arriving with his thick crop of hair falling on his forehead and his crinkled-eyed smile, just as he looks in pictures. I had imagined his hair dark, but it was light. He looked an embodiment of energy, youth and confidence. We listened to his short and witty speech, which sounded simple, sincere, and was not at all studied or artificial. It was punctuated by much laughter from the student-audience of various countries. When he left us, many ran after him and grabbed his hand, and he indulgently shook hands with them all. One sentence that he spoke at that time impressed me very much, and I remember it still. He said that before coming to the States, we would have heard many myths, especially about the wealth of the States, but now we would have found that Americans too had their own short-comings and problems, problems that were often enormous. And "Jack" asked us to judge his countrymen for what they were and be generous in our judgment.

Before I conclude these notes, I wish to make this point : Let not the readers think that I have been one-sided in presenting only the good side. I was fortunate enough to come into contact only with highly educated people. I did not have a single unpleasant experience during my entire stay. As for their own problems, I do not believe that I have a right to discuss them or gloat over them, for I have learnt from observation that bigotry and fanaticism are not the monopoly of any particular individual or any particular people, just as generosity and charity are also universal. I believe that good can conquer evil only by emphasising the good we see everywhere.

I agree with my friends that I have not changed my mode of hair-do or dress or make-up. Not even my accent has changed, they say with disappointment. Yet, I have to admit that my attitude to life in general has undergone a metamorphosis. Now I believe more in life-affirmation and my cynicism has almost disappeared. I believe that establishment of universal brotherhood is feasible, provided we shift the emphasis from uniformity to an effort towards person-to-person contact.

K. RAJESWARI, M. A.



## The Family of Man

Stella Marians took an active part in organising a grand five-day International Seminar, the work of the Madras Region of the AICUF.

The Madras Region has always been among the most active sections of the All India Catholic University Federation, but this year it has surpassed all its previous efforts by presenting "Around the World in Five Days". This International Seminar, organised and conducted entirely by students and for students, was an outstanding event on which the Region may justly look back with pride.

The seminar had three main purposes, which were clearly outlined in the tentative programme. First, it was to help students acquire a world outlook, teach them to overcome narrow nationalism, realise that each country must help every other country in the closely-knit world of today, and see that the social, cultural and economic trends at work in countries of other peoples, are often similar to our own. The second purpose of the seminar was to unite students of different colleges and cultural backgrounds by making them work together on a concrete scheme. Such combined work on a common task is a tried and proven method of uniting men of good will. Finally, it was hoped that the seminar would develop among the student leaders of the AICUF the precious qualities of leadership and a sense of responsibility - qualities which can be developed only if opportunities for their practice be available. Planning and conducting such a large enterprise as the International Seminar gave ample opportunity for initiative, resourcefulness, perseverance, and all the other personality traits a leader must possess.

Organisation was the first consideration, and long before the dates fixed for the seminar, October 14th-18th, 1964, seven committees of students were formed to arrange every detail from finance to public relations. The Exhibition Committee was headed by a Stella Marian, and several other students of the college served on this and other committees, some being responsible for contacting the various agencies and personalities in Madras who were expected to help carry out the programme.

On October 13th, St. Mary's Hall was in chaos as girls rushed round with sheets, flags and saris, some apparently suspended in mid-air, others climbing on chairs, standing on ladders, tables, and sometimes, to their great discomfort, on drawing pins! But next day the exhibition, "Man in his Natural and Cultural Surroundings", was a glorious sight to behold, and the visitors were loud in their praises of the student organisers. Against a back-drop of flags of all the nations, were colourful stalls depicting life in Africa, Britain, the Soviet Union, the U.S.A., Germany, Malaysia and India. Pictures, charts, photographs, stamps and examples of the products of these countries, such as the exquisite Kelantan silverware and hand-made shawls of Malaysia, helped us to visualise the economic, social and cultural life of each. After the inaugural address on "The Family of Man",



by the Principal of a city college, a vote of thanks was given by Merlyn D'Sa, President of the Stella Maris C.S.U. unit, and AICUF Secretary for Madras Region. A film show, "Family of Man", "Children's International Summer Village" and "A Day of Hope", rounded off the evening.



Having introduced us to the family of man, and made us realise that all nations belong to one great family, the Seminar proceeded to present one continent on each of the following four days. On October 15th the spotlight turned on Asia, and after a lively intercollegiate quiz competition, won by the Stella Maris team, a panel discussion was held. A panel of students bombarded the experts with questions on life in their respective countries—Ceylon, Japan, Malaysia and India. A film programme on Asian countries added to the store of information gleaned from the experts. It was Anne Koreth, a post-graduate student of Stella Maris, who welcomed the guests this evening. The programme of the 16th on Africa was conducted by the African Students' Union of Madras, and took the form of a symposium on the different parts of the continent, and the contribution its newly-independent nations are already making to world affairs. We were all fascinated by the film on African culture. Experts from the U.S.S.R., France, Britain and Germany presented Europe on the fourth day, when Angela Reddy of Stella Maris served on the student panel. Films again concluded the evening.

The last day of the Seminar was universally voted the best. The programme began with the Madras AICUF members being "at home" to the foreign students of the city. Many students wore their national costumes at this tea-party, which had been prepared and arranged by the Stella Marians. By this time all knew each other, and ideas were freely exchanged, as the students from many countries mingled in a happy, friendly atmosphere. A brief musical interlude was followed by a panel discussion on Latin America, the U.S.A. and Canada. To conclude, a pageant, "The Many Faces of India", was staged by the students of the Madras Cultural Academy. Girls wearing the dress of the various states of India formed the outline of the Indian map, thus providing a fitting background for the singing of the National Anthem.

To go "Around the World in Five Days" had seemed to some, at the outset, an over-ambitious project, but the Madras AICUF students did it, and took many with them on their whirlwind voyage from October 14th to 18th 1964. It was a magnificent achievement, and no one feels happier about it than those who took the most active part in the preparations, for in this case those who sowed were also fortunate enough to reap. The seminar had fulfilled the three purposes it set itself, and while the committee members could gratefully acknowledge an increase in self-confidence as the result of responsibilities successfully carried out, organisers and visitors alike had been enriched by a deeper understanding of the bonds that link all men together as the children of the one heavenly Father.

MARGARET BROWN  
I M. A.



# Keeping Close to God

The ceremony at which two Franciscan Sisters of Mary bound themselves to God by their perpetual vows was a revelation to our students of the meaning of religious life.

Many Indian girls study in convent schools, so that for them Sisters are familiar figures, rather taken for granted in schools, or in charitable institutions. To the average schoolgirl, Sister is a teacher to be revered and sometimes feared, a person from whom one can expect justice, sympathy, kindness and encouragement, but also a rather mysterious being, whose way of life is far beyond her pupils' comprehension. In my childish ponderings on the subject, I dimly recognised the austerity of their life and saw more clearly its discipline, for this touched us, their pupils; and if we sometimes rebelled against it, we had to admit in our better moments that it was a formative, not a repressive discipline, and that the Sisters asked of us nothing that they did not first practise themselves. But the beauty and happiness of a life of total dedication escapes the schoolgirl, and perhaps many a student; and I must confess that I had been educated by Sisters for many years before I caught a glimpse of this beauty.

One day in December 1964, an unusual notice appeared on the hostel bulletin-board, announcing that two Sisters were to make their perpetual profession in Stella Maris convent chapel on December 15th, and that all who wished to witness the ceremony were welcome. This was news indeed; very few of us had seen such a ceremony before, and we were intensely curious to know what would happen. In the days before the event we plagued the Sisters of the college with questions about the procedure of the ceremony and its significance, and went on to ask more and more about the life of a Sister. We learnt that a girl enters a convent because she believes that that is God's plan for her, because she wants to love and serve Him better and, for His love, she wants to spend her life in helping others, both spiritually and materially, so that many more souls may come to know and love their Creator. A girl who has this vocation or call from God to the religious life becomes a postulant for six months, and then at a symbolic and beautiful ceremony she exchanges the dress of a bride for the habit of her order, and becomes a novice. The novitiate usually lasts about two years, and is a time of training, when the novice learns the obligations of the religious life in general, and the rule of her own congregation in particular, and is prepared for her future work. At the end of her novitiate she pronounces her temporary vows, promising to God obedience, poverty and chastity for a certain number of years. When this further period of probation has been satisfactorily accomplished, she may be allowed by her Superiors to make her perpetual vows.

We asked if it were not very difficult to keep such vows all through one's life, and were assured with a radiant smile that the vows of religion are precious bonds which



bind the professed Sister very closely to God, so that in all she does according to her vow of obedience, she is sure of doing His will ; and this certainty of doing always what is pleasing to God is a source of inner strength which renders easy all the sacrifices demanded by the vows. The vow of poverty releases her from preoccupation with material goods, leading her to rely on Divine Providence for all her needs, and quite simply to do without many things which she might once have thought indispensable. The vow of chastity causes her to put God first in her life and in her affections, but enlarges her heart so that she can unselfishly love all of God's creatures, for the love of Him Who made them. Once a Sister has made her vows, she belongs entirely to God, and is ready to do whatever He may ask of her through her Superiors. These answers to our questions awoke in us a new reverence and admiration for the life of the Sisters, and made us all the more eager to see the ceremony of profession.

On the morning of December 15th, the convent chapel was packed well before 6.30 a.m. The pews occupied by the Sisters were fuller than usual, so we hostelites, kneeling behind, knew that Sisters must have come from the other convents of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary in Madras, to share in this joyful occasion. The candles and white flowers massed on the altar gave the chapel a truly bridal appearance, and a tall decorated candle marked the place of each of the Sisters to be professed. At last Reverend Mother Provincial and Reverend Mother Superior entered the chapel, followed by the two elect, Sister Mary Kathleen Rose F.M.M. and Sister Marie Chantal de la Passion F.M.M. His Excellency Bishop Carvalho arrived, and, after praying at the altar, vested for the ceremony. The choir sang, invoking God's blessing, and then the Bishop spoke, addressing the two Sisters. During the previous week or so, I had begun to see the beauty of the religious life ; the Bishop's words were to impress deeply upon me both the self-sacrifice it entails, and the joy that is the fruit of this total dedication of a human being to God. "Come out from your country and your father's house." These words from the Mass for a Religious Profession, which His Lordship repeated several times, set me thinking that these two Sisters, like thousands of others all over the world, had left their home, their beloved family, and even their country, at the call of God. On this greatest day of their lives, their parents, brothers and sisters were thousands of miles away, in other continents ; there was not one of their family present to share in their rejoicing. Then I remembered what a Sister had told me as she patiently answered my unending questions. "For a religious, her whole Institute, and especially the community of which she is a member, is her family. Of course, that does not mean that we forget, or cease to love, our own family at home ; in fact, we love them far more deeply and truly than we ever did before, and since we left them for God, we can always find them in Him ; that is, when we pray for them, we are closely united in spirit, and we know that God will look after them far better than we could have done. But community life is truly a family life ; the consecration of each member to God, our common aim, our common work, are ties which unite us even more strongly than flesh and blood can do." Remembering this, I felt that the two Sisters had made a great sacrifice, but were already reaping the reward of



that sacrifice in the happiness of their community life. I could imagine the joyful letters they would write home describing the ceremony, telling their dear ones what a wonderful day it was, and how “closely united in spirit” they had been. “For now you are all for the King’s delight,” continued the Bishop, and I thought: “Yes, God, the heavenly King, must be delighted with these pure souls who give themselves so unreservedly to His love.”

The sermon ended; and the two Sisters approached the altar rails and knelt there, while His Lordship asked them several questions. When they had answered that they begged the grace of pronouncing their perpetual vows, and were ready, with God’s help, to keep perpetually the vows of obedience, poverty and chastity, the Bishop blessed them and gave to each one a new veil, a ring, symbol of the mystical marriage between God and the chosen soul, and a crown of thorns, symbol of the Sister’s acceptance of whatever sufferings God might permit her to endure. The choir then burst into a joyful hymn, the Sisters returned to their places and the Mass began. When the time came for Holy Communion, the two Sisters were the first to go up to the altar, and each in turn pronounced her vows in clear, firm tones that we could all hear, adding the offering peculiar to the Franciscan Sisters of Mary: “I offer myself as a victim for the Church and for souls”, that offering so strikingly symbolised by the crown of thorns that each wore. The Sisters had made their perpetual profession, they had given themselves wholly to God, for time and for eternity.

Mass was over, and we left the chapel reluctantly, turning over in our minds all that we had seen and heard. We were longing to see the two newly professed Sisters, and sure enough, a little while later we were called to greet and congratulate them. They came out radiant with smiles, wearing their crowns of thorns, which they would keep on for the whole of that day, and as we offered them bouquets of flowers and bouquets of prayers, Sister Kathleen Rose and Sister Chantal gave to each one of us a simple yet beautiful card with their names and the date printed on it, as a souvenir of what would, in any case, be an unforgettable day. Also printed on the card are some words of Very Reverend Mother Mary of the Passion, the Foundress of the Institute of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary; simple but profound words, which summarize all I have learnt from the profession ceremony and the explanations I had been given in the preceding days:

“I am consecrated to God, my aim is love.”

K. REVATHI  
Pre-University

## The Belle

On November 27th 1964, staff and students of Stella Maris witnessed the blessing of a new bell for the chapel, Mary Agnes.

I come from haunts of Frank and Gaul  
My name is Mary Agnes;  
I'm young and strong, not very tall,  
My head's entirely crackless.

Our family is noble, old,  
Our blood is blue and brassy,  
( My uncle is Big Ben I'm told )  
Our style is high, and classy.

On diplomatic service sent  
- Though sad to leave my papa -  
I bravely packed my box and went  
To India with my clapper.

What days of glory then ensued  
'Twas near the end November,  
The college, all in festive mood,  
Bedecked my path with splendour.

In solemn state, the Baby Class  
Were there, with pious faces,  
The students standing on the grass  
Admired my airs and graces.

In clouds of voile and crepe-de-chine  
My christening dress I sported,  
The centre of a touching scene.  
The faithful were exhorted

To pray that I would ever be  
By dint of tuneful ringing  
A source of peace and harmony  
God's praises ever singing.

Like cherub's trump or David's harp,  
In belfry high and airy  
With chimes not flat or even sharp,  
My charm's extraordinary.

Now, duly blessed and christened too,  
Your servant, Mary Agnes,  
Insistently is calling you  
To praise the Lord, with gladness.

A STELLA MARIAN





## Week After Week

The week-long celebrations of various events and personages, organised by different clubs and classes of the college, were among the most appreciated activities of the second term.

Week after week in the second term of 1964, students could be seen hurrying purposefully towards the library at an early hour every Monday morning. Was it eagerness to change their library books, or to spend a quiet hour reading before the college began to hum with activity that inspired this haste? No, it was eagerness of another kind, more akin to curiosity; everyone was anxious to know which exhibition was taking its turn in the long list of "Weeks" that succeeded each other throughout the term.

The first of these "Weeks", which comprised films, talks, poster campaigns, talks at assembly as well as the exhibitions in the library, was "Study Abroad Week" organised by the Science Club. This was followed by "U.N.O. Week" during which a cyclone seconded the efforts of the Debating Club to diffuse knowledge of the workings of the UNICEF, by carrying far and wide the strategically placed posters. The "Shakespeare Quatercentenary Week" revealed the manifold talents of our "literati"-the students of Branch XII and M.A. English. From the gay, colourful world of the Elizabethans, the library returned to our own day with a display of the work of the Institute of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary in South India, during "Mother Foundress Week". This exhibition, of which the crowning glory was a model of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary's leper hospital at Tuticorin, was the work of the senior students, who also gave very interesting talks on the spirit of Mother Mary of the Passion, and on the works of the Institute she founded in South India. Films on the Institute and on Father Damien, that great friend of the lepers, were also shown. The Catholic Students' Union then got busy to produce first "Film Week", and then the final exhibition on the Eucharistic Congress.

Two of these weeks, "Mother Foundress Week" and "U.N.O. Week" are now hardy annuals of Stella Maris, but all the others were new, and so deserve to be recounted at greater length.

During "Study Abroad Week" the Science Club contrived by various means to bring student life in foreign lands within our comprehension. The exhibition in the library depicted life on college campuses in the U.K., U.S.A., and Germany. One of our lecturers, Miss Rajeswari, gave a delightful informal talk on her own experiences in the United States as both student and teacher, stressing the enthusiasm of students



there, their “work while you work, play while you play” attitude, and their participation in cultural, political and social activities. Besides, a series of films on life in some American colleges proved very enlightening. Further information was provided by a large selection of pamphlets, which were eagerly studied by those who were already planning their own study abroad career.

From study abroad to films sounds like a change from work to play, but, enjoyable as it was, “Film Week” had also a serious purpose. The members of the C. S. U. had spent the whole of the first term preparing for it by earnest discussions in their study-groups of the film as a form of art and of entertainment, as a means of education and as an influence upon the minds and lives of film-goers. Realising that this influence could be very good, but was in actuality often very bad, they tried to draw up principles for choosing which films to see, and for evaluating them when seen. It was these principles of film appreciation and evaluation that they wished to share with the rest of the college during “Film Week”.

Posters began to appear everywhere, their colourful slogans giving pithy advice on how to choose and judge films. The sober library seemed startled that Monday morning to find itself adorned with photographs of film-stars and stills from the latest films, but the crowds that came flocking to see this unusual display must have reassured it that all was well — it was just one more “Week”. There could be no “Film Week” without films, obviously, and so a full-length film, “The Tea-House of the August Moon” was shown one evening, and two short documentaries another day. The latter





were both prize-winning films, chosen especially for their excellent photography, evident to all in "Journey into Spring", as also for the human interest in "Terminus". Bad weather cancelled the proposed Film Evaluation Evening, but the work that should have been done there was carried on by informal discussions in small groups on the general principles of film appreciation, and the application of these principles to the films shown. At the end of the week, the C. S. U. organisers could hope that in future all their fellow-students would think twice before going to a film, and

would be able to evaluate it intelligently after having seen it.

Shakespeare's visit to Stella Maris in 1964 may not have hit the headlines, but it caused a great stir among his admirers in the college. The literature specialists of Branch XII and M.A. English had the pleasure of preparing this week in honour of the fourth centenary of Shakespeare's birth. For weeks before "The Week" they had been busy collecting pictures of the poet and of everything even vaguely connected with him, and in good time posters and invitations, all bearing the well-known head, appeared on all the notice-boards of the college. In the library, an unusually impressive and attractive display was made, thanks to the generosity of the British Council, who lent us beautiful panels covered with large professional photographs of the Shakespeare country, the Shakespeare properties, Shakespeare's plays being acted on stage and screen, and Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries. The pictures collected by the literature students formed a background to these magnificent panels, and a model of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, the work of the M.A.'s, added the final touch. No, not quite final - the students of Branch XII, not wishing to be outdone by their seniors, produced charming models of Elizabethan ladies and gentlemen in the gorgeous, colourful clothing of Shakespeare's day, while artists of the same group had painted all the signs and posters for the exhibition.

Cleverly made as the cardboard "Globe" was, Shakespeare's theatre became still more real to us when we saw it and "entered" it in the film of Shakespeare's "Henry V", shown during the week. Another film evening the same week provided a real feast for eye and mind. At Stratford-on-Avon we saw Shakespeare's birthplace, the Grammar School where he studied, Ann Hathaway's cottage, New Place, with its



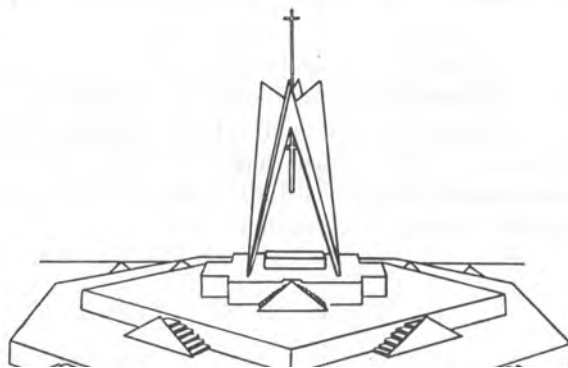


gardens a blaze of colour, and the magnificent Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. "A Poet's Eye", a film on Shakespeare's imagery, called forth gasps of delight and admiration with its beautiful photography, and threw light on many a passage in the plays which had hitherto been obscure to students who had never seen the English countryside. Finally we saw Shakespeare lovers all over England celebrating the Quatercentenary year with great festivities.

During this Week we seemed to grow closer to Shakespeare, to have him really in our midst, so that we grew in our understanding of this universal genius—a genius of language, a genius in the portrayal of the workings of the human mind, a genius of the practical theatre. In our hearts we knew that "we shall not look upon his like again", and it was with real regret that we saw the Shakespeare exhibition taken down, and this grand Week taking its place among the Weeks that had passed.

A fitting conclusion to this succession of Weeks was the Eucharistic Congress Exhibition, which remained open throughout the duration of the International Eucharistic Congress in Bombay. This again was the work of the C.S.U., who had prepared an attractive display of pictures of His Holiness Pope Paul VI, of his legate to the Congress, Cardinal Agagianian, of Cardinal Gracias of Bombay, and of other persons and things connected with the Congress, mingled with illustrated texts from the Gospels relating to the Holy Eucharist. A model of the beautiful white Eucharistic Congress altar was the centrepiece of this exhibition. A bulletin board headed "News from the Congress" attracted many repeat visits, as the pictures and news-cuttings displayed upon it were changed every day, giving the latest news from Bombay. Towards the end of the exhibition, the prayer quoted by the Holy Father from the Upanishads, written in large Sanskrit and Roman characters, took pride of place, delighting each one, no matter what her religion. This brief prayer sums up the end and aim of the Eucharistic Congress, of all the Weeks celebrated in the College during this eventful term, of all the days of our life. All of us can repeat wholeheartedly, week after week and day after day, the aspiration :

Lord, from the unreal, lead me to the real ;  
from darkness, lead me to light ;  
from death, lead me to immortality.



C. KANCHANA  
I B. A.

## As Others See Us

Two Australian social work students, who stayed with us a fortnight to study social problems and their solutions here, share their impressions with us.

During the last twenty years, there has developed in Australia a greater awareness of, and interest in, the way of life and problems of other peoples. This is due to improved methods of travel which have added impetus to the visiting of other lands. Prior to this period, Australia was more or less isolated from the rest of the world by her geographical position.

One country which interests very many Australians is India, as this country is one of our closest neighbours. Many students come from our universities during their long vacation to work in a voluntary capacity, so it is not surprising that the Department of Social Studies at Melbourne University gave some of its students the opportunity of doing their "field work" here.

Our impressions of India are very difficult to express because, unlike our own country, each part we visited is completely different. Each region has its own language, style of dress, and methods of preparing food.

The climate and scenery also vary. One thing alone does not change—the kindness and friendliness of the people. Bombay we found to be a densely-populated, busy city. Madras is different, yet it is difficult to put one's finger on the difference. Although it is a very large and busy city, the tempo is much slower and life more peaceful. The kindness and hospitality of the people of Madras is outstanding.

The amount of social work being done in Madras has impressed us very much; so too has the interest and devotedness of the social workers and superintendents in charge of the various institutions we visited. They compare very favourably with similar institutions in Australia. We realize that the problem here is the great need for a larger number of such homes because of India's tremendous population—hundreds of millions, compared with Australia's ten million.

Naturally, coming from Australia with its vastly smaller population and consequently better living conditions, many problems found in Madras have opened completely new fields to us, and frequently have assumed quite a startling character. A vast challenge it is indeed to those who have entered the profession of Social Work, with the noble incentive to do something for their less fortunate brethren, in many instances just managing to eke out a miserable existence.

Many and varied were the Welfare Institutions visited during our field work observation period. And everywhere we were impressed by the obviously dedicated approach of the Superintendents and staff, whether trained social workers or otherwise. Quite naturally, it was a joy to discover a superintendent who was at the same time qualified, for obviously that institution would surely benefit by his or her training—but the situation seems to be such that comparatively few institutions do have a professional worker at the helm.

Children, particularly, seem better catered for, as far as institutional life is concerned. Many bright, happy little faces gave proof of the kindly attention given them. But the sad note was introduced when one realised what very little hope there was of any one of these tiny children being adopted into normal family life. Children, indeed, have caught the sympathy of many noble minded people in Madras, as evidenced by schools for the blind, deaf and dumb, the home for the mentally retarded, the destitute and sick, and child guidance clinics which show evidence of the recognition now given to the psychological background responsible for many a case of child delinquency, and the honest attempt being made to assist these children in resolving their problems and thereafter facing life with a new guiding vision.

Very favourable indeed was the impression made by the hospitals in Madras, for both the physically and mentally ill. As in other countries, the number of mentally-disturbed people is quite high throughout the state, the main proportion being of the schizophrenic type. Unlike our own country, Australia, the depressive neuroses do not figure highly in India, the variation probably stemming from the different ways of life in the two countries. In this psychiatric field, Social Workers are recognized as valuable members of the therapeutic team, there being no less than twelve professional workers in an institution for 2,000 patients, against one single psychologist for the whole.

The problem of the aged, however, presents a contrasting picture. In this field, there are very few institutions to give shelter and security to those who so greatly need it—and with no proper age benefit to support them, many old people are left in a bereft condition. As far as the problem of accommodation is concerned, similar difficulties are found in Australia, but monetary aid there is available for all. Of course, with the joint family system, more old people here are cared for in their own homes, but the crisis remains particularly acute, and shows evidence of becoming worse in the future—surely a field for research and action by those concerned with social welfare.

One final group must be mentioned in any discussion on social conditions in India—and these are the beggars. This way of life was completely unknown to us, and the realisation that such numbers of people are literally forced to resort to begging in order to obtain some means of living came as a great shock. According to the report of a research project, the proportion of those who turn to such a way of life through mere laziness and loss of self-respect is infinitesimal. By far the majority of adults have resorted to begging when all other means of livelihood have been denied them. Some attempt has been made to remove them from society by opening homes for them, but these are only temporary and lack a system of rehabilitation to provide for the future. Such a system seems essential, and until it is launched and benefits are available for the sick and genuinely unemployed, the problem of beggary will surely remain. Naturally, the difficulty of providing employment for such a vast population is itself a telling factor, and while it lasts, will enhance this problem.

Large areas of slums situated throughout the state provide extensive fields for potential social work, and it is encouraging to find that rural extension projects are flourishing in certain districts. This programme provides daily care and education for the small children, training in hygiene and cooking for the mothers, and home visits to supervise progress and give professional help when required. This is an excellent scheme, which at the moment is unable to operate fully, due to the insufficient numbers of trained workers provided ; however, its very existence gives much hope for the future.

So much then, for the most striking feature of voluntary social welfare in Madras. Turning to the question of professional social workers and their training, we find a very stimulating picture. The number of young men and women entering the field of social work is very encouraging, especially at the post-graduate level. But the difficulty then arises in the matter of employment, as a number of institutions appear to be satisfied with non-professionals on their staff. Gradually, the value of training is apparently being recognized, however, and the percentage of graduate social workers at the helm is slowly increasing. One vital aspect needing the services of many trained workers is that of research into predominant social problems, always with the view, naturally, towards some action being urged upon presentation of results. It seems that much future improvement should be expected if these research projects are followed through by dedicated and enthusiastic professional workers with the interests of the people at heart.

This brings us with great joy to the place where we found so many, both staff and students, with that deep spirit of dedication—Stella Maris College. The level of training in the M.A. Course of Social Work here is recognized as truly excellent, and this is only to be expected when one realises that it was from here that the M.A. Degree Course of Social Work originated in Madras. Perhaps, the most potent factor in the training received here is the Social Welfare Centre at the college itself - for it is here that a true love and sympathy for the poor and needy is engendered and fostered, giving a special impetus to their whole percept of social work in action.

The Social Work students here are receiving a wonderful training and I am sure they do not realize how fortunate they are in having the Social Service Centre in the college campus. Nothing of this kind exists in Australia. Beautifully planned, with every necessary facility, it provides excellent training for field work. More important still is the service it renders to those less fortunate than ourselves and the opportunity it gives for performing many acts of charity. The Centre has made a tremendous difference in the lives of these people. They now have the opportunity of receiving food, medicines and medical attention. Their children are healthier and their education has been commenced. The very fact that so many people come to the Centre proves that they have confidence in those who attend to them. We felt very privileged to be able to spend a few days at the Centre and felt these to be some of the happiest days we have spent in India - for were we not permitted to add our little bit to the alleviation of the want surrounding us on all sides? Our memories of Stella Maris will always hold in the forefront the happiness pervading this Centre - and the picture most clearly imprinted is that of children, placed in a large, happy circle, eating to their satisfaction. What a contrast to the picture of so many hungry, under-nourished children in the surrounding slums.

Happy, indeed, were the days, and many were the inspirations we received at the college. And it was while observing this work at the Centre that the following words come to mind, for here in truth is to be found the embodiment of their content - words which one day, we trust, each member of the Social Work School, students and staff, will surely hear addressed to themselves :

“ Come ye blessed of my father,  
For I was hungry and you gave  
me to eat,  
Thirsty and you gave me to drink,  
Naked and you clothed me.  
Sick and you visited me,  
A stranger and you cared for me.”

We shall always be grateful for the opportunity we have had of visiting India and particularly will remember our stay at Stella Maris where we received so much kindness and care. Our time at Stella Maris was perhaps the most profitable of all, during our three months in India.



SISTER M. JOSITA, R. S. C.  
SISTER M. MADELEINE SOPHIE, R. S. C.  
St. Vincent's Hospital, Fitzroy No. 6,  
Victoria, Australia.

# Days of Unity

Stella Marians are finding new ways of celebrating our national days as days of solidarity and unity.

The simple ceremonies by which, in Stella Maris, we mark our great national days have always meant much to us as reminders of our national heritage, and the sense of unity and solidarity which we felt, wherever we came from, as we stood shoulder-to-shoulder on these occasions gave renewed inspiration and desire to serve and work for the land to which, under God, we owe our being. This year, however, these national feasts have had yet more meaning for us, as the celebration of them has been in the hands of the students themselves, right from the start.

## **Nehru Day, 27th July, 1964**



As the colleges were closed for the vacation at the time of the death of our great leader, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, we took the opportunity afforded by the day chosen for the national pledge in his memory, to pay our tribute and express our deep sense of loss at his departure from the earthly scene. Along with students in other colleges and schools throughout the country, as the clock struck eleven we took the solemn oath to preserve the ideals for which he had stood :

“ In memory of our departed, revered leader, Jawaharlal Nehru, and as a memorial to his memory, we, the undersigned students of Stella Maris College, take this solemn pledge that we shall always follow his noble ideals, love our country with all our mind and heart, serve her to the best of our ability, work towards the amelioration of the conditions of life of our fellow men without difference of caste or creed, promote peace, harmony and goodwill, truthfulness and honesty, in short, do all that was nearest to the heart of our great leader.”

Then followed a few moments of silent prayer, during which each student fervently asked God for the strength to carry out this promise.

In the lunch-hour we went round the Nehru Exhibition set up by the Debating Club in the library, in which every aspect of that many-faceted personality was illustrated, from the light-hearted “ chacha ” romping with children, to the international leader, addressing the United Nations Assembly, or in serious discussion with Presidents or Prime Ministers of other lands.

In the evening, the members of the Debating Club presented a symposium on Nehru: the man, the champion of liberty, the nation-builder, the Asian leader, the worker for peace. The room was far too small to hold 1,400 students, but it was packed to full capacity. Mrs. Chandra had kindly consented to take the chair, and staff and students listened intently to her introductory speech and to those of the girls which





followed, paying tribute to Mr. Nehru in different aspects of his life and work. After the five speeches, we sang the National Anthem, and the crowd dispersed, not in the usual noisy chatter, but in pensive silence. They had been given ample food for thought.

### **Independence Day, 15th August, 1964 ● ● ●**

As usual, since Independence Day itself is a holiday, we held our college celebration of it on the eve, the 14th, a celebration which, in its different features, reflected the activities of three student groups : the Debating Club, the Social Service League, and the N. C. C.

In the morning, a number of Debating Club members, selected for their skill in the art of rhetoric, went from class to class, addressing their fellow-students on different topics of special significance for that day. Each class heard three speeches, one a tribute to "The Founders of the Nation", the next a sketch of "The Road to Independence" over which these great men had brought our motherland, and the third

a forward look at "The Way Ahead", showing some of the things that remain to be done - to be done by us, the rising generation. The rest of the hour was spent in discussion of the duty we owe to our motherland, and other similar themes.

The evening brought to the Social Service League an opportunity to demonstrate in practice the need of service to the poor of our homeland, and one of the means by which this service may be, and is being done at Stella Maris. A touching little presentation ceremony was held on the grounds, at which the families of the poor children who attend nursery class at the Social Welfare Centre were given parcels of food to enable them to celebrate Independence Day in a way that would make it a day worth remembering. This reminded us once more of the great need there is for our service: so many other families cannot be reached by the college organisations, could not we, as individuals, do something to make our national holidays occasions of joy for them?

Finally came the turn of the N.C.C. Looking very smart in stiff, starchy uniforms, they marched into the parade-ground, grouped in their platoons, and took the solemn oath of allegiance to God and their country, then gave the salute. This imposing sight, reminding us that the strength of the country lies in its youth, made a fitting conclusion to this memorable day.

### **Republic Day, 26th January, 1965**     ●     ●     ●

Like Independence Day, and for the same reason, Republic Day was celebrated in college on the eve. This time it was the seniors who gave the speeches, five post-graduate students, five Third B.A's and five Third B.Sc's being selected to represent their classes. The focus was on political and economic principles significant in the life of our republic, the first speech in each class being given on "India as a Republic", the second on "The Aspirations of the Indian Republic", and the third on "The Dedicated Student in the Service of the Republic".

The Social Service League had once again gathered some of the people to whom they try to offer service, this time selecting the very old, since the very young had been the privileged group on the previous occasion. This was, if anything, even more moving than the Independence Day function, for poverty is plainly a burden far too heavy for such old people to carry, yet there is no one to lift it permanently from their shoulders. Again we were reminded of the great need our country has for the service of every sincere and generous soul. The Debating Club organised an exhibition to complete the celebration of the day. This concluded our national celebrations for the year, which meant more to us than ever before.

PUSHPA NAYAK  
III B. A.



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## A Tale of Two Kitties

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not by Charles Dickens

The gloom of a closed college and an almost empty hostel in February was brightened by the unexpected appearance of two kittens, who immediately became the pets of the hostelites.

During the "February Holidays", with the sudden mass movements of hostel population in and out of Madras, or out and in the hostels, the advent of two extra boarders at first passed quite unnoticed. The soft whimpering sound issuing from a closed room excited no attention at first, being attributed to a P. U. student mourning over her cancelled tests. Then came the discovery of mysterious foot-prints near the cupboard containing somebody's clandestine pot of pickles; several cases of sinister bangs-in-the-night and of eyes-gleaming-in-the-darkness were reported, and then quite unexpectedly the whole affair was cleared up through the sudden appearance of Madame Lechat.

The good lady happened to stalk past one day just as two hostelites were discussing the strange happenings. Madame was looking her most chic, dressed in her white fur coat with black hat and accessories. Pushing open the door she indicated what appeared to be a ball of wool lying on the floor in the corner. A look of maternal pride spread over her whiskers - "My sons," she mur-mewed proudly, "twins!"

On closer inspection it was found that the "ball of wool" was in fact two balls of pussy. It was pointed out politely to Madame that this was a hostel and not a hospital, and, in any case, for ladies only, whereas the young Lechats were, according to her own introduction, well, not exactly feminine. But Madame protested so appealingly: no men's college would give admission so late in the academic year, and, que voulez-vous? since the death of the old Tom Cat, her late husband, she had had a hard time trying to make ends meet. Old Tom had expressed a dying wish that his heirs should enter Stella Maris, which was held very highly in feline circles. The innocent charm of the little widow, as she coyly scratched her ear, won the day, and as the hostel was almost empty at the time, it was decided that she should lease a room for the young family.

Meals would be sent up from the kitchen for the babies - on milk diet at first - while Madame would do her own shopping in the Rattan Mice Bazaar. Madame

herself undertook the training of Tiddles and Tomkins. A well-balanced curriculum included hygiene (laundering of spats and mittens, brushing of shoes and waistcoats), music, with special attention to nocturnes, general athletic drill in fly-catching and tail-chasing. Any signs of indiscipline were quickly checked by Madame's quietly knocking the two boys flat on their backs with a mere flick of her paw. The admiration which the young fellows received from hostelites and important visitors might well have turned their heads but for Madame's vigilance, but she (known in her younger days as Snowball, the Queen of the Tiles) simply opened her jaws and yawned with elegant boredom to show her contempt for such adulation.

Fortunately by the time the hostelites returned, the preliminary studies had been completed, and a touching graduation ceremony took place, when Tiddles and Tomkins left their Alma Mater to pursue higher studies. After receiving their bachelor's degrees (to which they were fully entitled), they parted, Tiddles to commence his social service P.G. course, specialising in Infant Welfare, and Tomkins who had opted for home science, became experimental dietician in the kitchen. If successful, Tomkins hopes to do his Ph. D. in the precincts of the kitchen. Tiddles did not state whether he aspired higher than a Master's Degree.

And Madame Lechat, you ask? Well, now that the children are off her paws, she is once more taking her place in society, and has been seen lately in the company of a distinguished-looking gray-haired cat. . .and thereby hangs a tail.

A STELLA MARIAN





## Beneath the Standard of Mary

The courageous, self-sacrificing work of the Legionaries of Mary is known all over the world. This year Stella Maris has started its first praesidium.

A branch of the Legion of Mary was started by a group of resident students on July 10th 1964, following an introductory talk given by Mrs. Dorai Raj, who has been largely responsible for the establishment of the Legion of Mary in hundreds of towns and villages of India. It has often been objected that a college girl would have no time, no inclination, and even worse, no competence for the exacting work of the Legion.

The ideals are, it is true, of the highest, as random quotations from the Legion's Handbook show :

“ The call of the Legion is for a service without limit or reservation. ”

“ Personal sanctification is not only the object of the Legion of Mary, but it is also its primary means of action. ”

“ Sour looks, the sting of insult and rebuff, ridicule and adverse criticism, weariness of body and spirit, pangs from failure and base ingratitude... dirt and vermin and evil smells, dark passages and evil surroundings, the laying aside of pleasures, the taking on of the anxieties which come in plenty with the work, ... sorrow from sorrows wholeheartedly shared - there is little glamour about these things, but if sweetly borne, counted even a joy, and persevered in to the end, they will come, in the weighing-up, very near to that love, greater than which no man has, that he lay down his life for his friend. ” High ideals indeed, which are today leading ordinary people in all parts of the world to extraordinary heroism. Yes... but here... ? now... ? in Stella Maris ...? The following are a few naive impressions of the young recruits of Mary's Legion, here, today, in Stella Maris.

“ The Legion has done a great deal for us ; it has taught us to look beyond ourselves, and to help in our own little way to create a better atmosphere around us. As Legionaries, we do not give food, clothes or material aid, since this is already undertaken by many charitable organisations, but we offer a helping hand to the needy, a word of advice to the troubled, solace and comfort to the disconsolate.

“ The first task we were allotted was hospital visitation. We visited the general wards of hospitals in the city, and saw there the worst forms of human suffering. It was that that made us resolve to do all in our power to help, for we found that, although we were not offering material help, yet by patiently listening to their tales of woe, we were in some way relieving them. Sometimes we could not even understand all that they were

saying, but our expression of sympathy seemed to console them, and they began to look forward to our visits. All, of any religion or none, seemed happy to be visited. Far from resenting it, they seemed to find it quite natural, and were alert with welcome as soon as they spied us at the end of the ward. We were in fact beginning to feel quite noble in our role of ministering angels, when one lady patient quite deflated us by remarking wryly, 'Legionaries, eh? from Stella Maris? High time too! You ought to have started years ago!' Thanks Ma'am. Remember the Handbook says 'without humility there can be no effective Legionary action!'

"Later, we started taking a census of the slums near the college. Here we met with a good deal of hostility. Sometimes we found ourselves stranded in the middle of a slum, with hardly three sentences of Tamil between us. The idle women and children would gather round and laugh at our discomfiture, but often someone who could understand a little English came to our rescue, and we managed finally to become quite friendly with the people. When we go now, they always seem pleased to see us.

"Our most important 'project' in 1964 was arranging for the First Holy Communion of six children who had been unable to make it at the proper time with their schoolmates. Some Legionaries had been teaching them, some 'training' them - i.e. training them not to dash off for a swim in the lake which had formed on the playground, or pull the girls' hair; some visited the children's homes. It was decided to keep the six children at the college on the eve of the 22nd December, so as to give them more intensive preparation, spiritually and physically. The latter consisted in a general cleaning-up of clothes and persons. The little girls were simply delighted at the first 'shampoo' of their lives. We discovered on this occasion the truth of the saying, 'one good turn deserves another', for the little effort of the Legionaries seemed to excite the goodwill of the whole hostel: some practised answering the prayers and singing in Tamil, others decorated the breakfast room and the chapel, some provided slippers and socks, and one girl stayed up late at night ironing the frocks and shirts; all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, contributed to the joy of that day, and themselves shared in the happiness of having brought some little children nearer to God.

"As a complete contrast to our work among the children, we have been visiting an old dying man. His disease prevents him from swallowing any food whatever, and he lies on a miserable frame by the roadside, often in the burning sun. None of his neighbours will even approach him, much less help him. Yet when we go and do some trifling act of kindness, like moving him into the shade or giving a glass of water, he is so grateful and says: "How lucky I am that God sent you to me today." Indeed, as the Handbook says again, our attitude must not be arrogant or patronising, but that rather of an inferior before a superior, for we truly find God in the person of those we visit, and wonderful faith and courage in the most destitute of men."

Another student says: "I was fortunate enough to be one of the eighteen girls who were privileged to start the Legion of Mary. The first meeting presented the appearance of a Round Table Conference, with the statue of Our Lady on a table in the centre, with two vases of flowers and candles at the side, creating a warm

atmosphere, and lighting a glow of confidence in our hearts for the great mission we were going to undertake.

“ We began by saying the Rosary, and as there were no reports at this meeting, we learnt something about the rules and customs of the Legion from Mrs. Dorai Raj. Half-way through the meeting, we rose up, and I heard for the first time in my life the ‘Catena’, which means a ‘Chain of prayer’, binding all Legionaries to their Blessed Mother and to one another. We were then told that we might have to face difficulties in our work, but Our Lady would help us to be ‘wonderful instruments for the salvation of souls.’ Work was then given out for the coming week. My dignity at first refused to accept the idea of visiting the slums and hospitals, places which I dreaded, but I soon realised the greatness of the work which far outweighs the little hardships. Each Praesidium in a district has the name of a different title of Our Lady and we were very glad to choose for ours the name of ‘Stella Maris’. Then we said the last prayers, which filled me with peace and courage and moved my heart a lot.

“ At first I did not attach much importance to the work, but gradually, I started liking it, and now Friday is the favourite day of the week. I just wait for my turn to come to report my work, and no longer feel at all shy. We have taught many ignorant children to know and love God. One day we were walking with our college friends past an elementary school just at the end of class, and we were really surprised and very touched when about a dozen little children ran out to us to take our hands and greet us as “Acka” (big sister). Although they come only once a week, they look upon us, students as we are, as their big teachers !

“ We have started various other activities to keep the interest of the children : a sewing class, intended for the girls, but for which the little boys eagerly volunteered, as they wanted to be tailors ; games and drill, to use up the surplus energy before they sit down to learn, and we are trying to inspire the children to do social work themselves. One little chap goes every morning to take breakfast to a poor old man.

“ I think that from the time I entered the Legion of Mary I have had much more happiness, though I have suffered plenty of toils and disappointments. It has made me more regular and more fervent in my prayers, and I have in all my ordinary occupations much more courage and enthusiasm than in past years, for we are told that ‘ a Legionary must be always on duty.’ ”

So it is with benefit to ourselves as well as to others that we have enrolled under Mary’s standard, grateful for the privilege that makes us Our Lady’s Legionaries.

NOVELLA D’CRUZ  
III B. A.

JUDILIA NUNES  
Pre-University

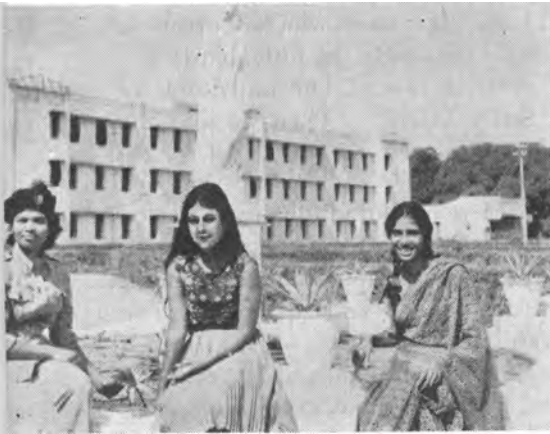
# Letters From A Hostelite

An ultra-modern hostelite finds herself getting to like "old-fashioned" folks and ways.

June 30, 1964

Hi Dad!

Landed at Meenambakkam last night, and Stella Maris an hour later. Don't laugh, Dad, when I marched in the gate with a smart little fellow they had sent to meet me, it was just about 11.45 p.m., and guess where they all were? In bed! Can you beat it? Doesn't seem to be much night-life here. I asked one cute little girl what they did, evenings. "Just, study mostly," she said. Hmm. Maybe I'll try it some time. Oh, there's one of the bells - perhaps it's for the dining-room - here's hoping anyway.



Bye, Dad,

Your loving 'Sadie.

July 7, 1964

Hi Dad!

I got around this week; went seeing Uncle Rajan on Monday and Tuesday, Aunt Lakshmi on Wednesday, Cousin Jordie on Thursday. I was going to meet Cousin Lal on Friday but Sister enquired - a bit grimly, it seemed - if I expected to go out every day, with a kinda queer emphasis on the every. So I guess I'll be staying home a bit more now.

Love, Sadie.

P. S :— I didn't get your cheque yet, and as there's a Freshers' Social on Saturday . . . Thanks Dad.

August 10.

Dear Mom and Dad,

The Social was a hit. There was a competition for the best-dressed Fresher, and my! there was some competition. When I sailed in with my new spike heels and my latest sack, there was a gasp—of what, I'm not quite sure. I *thought* I saw some Seniors laughing, but why should they? Anyway, all the girls looked simply lovely whether in sari, sack or sarong. I've joined the Cinema Club too. Of course,





it's not exactly the Singapore Super, but it's fun all the same.... Exams....at the end of term. But don't worry, it'll be easy for me.

Sadie.

October  
10.

My dearest  
Dad and  
darlingest  
Mom,



If you've got my report, I must explain. I was really not fit physically. I got a terribly bad fever, awfully mysterious and disquieting because it didn't even register on the ordinary thermometer. But you mustn't worry about my health, dear ones; only it would be sad if I died so far away from home. And you'll be proud to think I did my exams in spite of the "agony" I was suffering. And it does explain why the marks are, well, not too extravagant!

Your devoted, homesick, little daughter,  
Sadie.

December 26.

Dear Dad and Mom,

You'll be wondering what happened, well, as a matter of fact I've been studying. I mean, just in case I got that frightful fever again (or maybe, just in case I didn't), I put in a bit of work in chemistry and economics. We had a swell time for Reverend Mother's feast. Y'know, although things are so different here, somehow it's like a big happy family, the big ones help the little 'uns and we all share each other's fun and worries. No chance to be lonesome at Christmas: there was carol singing by candlelight, a Christmas Tree for the poor kids - instead of pelting snow it pelted rain just as they were getting their candies, and they beat it fast into a room to see a Mickey Mouse. The folks around here are old-fashioned, I guess, but I like it.

Sadie.

February 26, 1965

Dear Dad,

We've been travelling a lot lately. No, don't worry, the journey didn't cost anything, it was just moving between the hostels. All the girls were sent back home,

but a few of us “homeless waifs” were left behind. Dad, you never thought your Sadie would get tired of holidays? but your Sadie’s beginning to wonder now if she’ll ever make that grand doctor she wanted to be. We’ve been trying to polish up our chemistry on the grass, and study French in the shade of a tamarind! the crows and caterpillars joined us uninvited, and taught us a bit of natural science too. But now we’re on our third evacuation holiday, “forgetting daily more and more, of all that we have learnt before.”

The news is all pretty negative. On February 6th we didn’t have Hostel Day, though the remaining few had an enjoyable film-programme, and on February 20th we didn’t have Sports and College Day. Believe me, Dad, those dances we didn’t dance, the plays we didn’t play and the songs we didn’t sing would have been the best ever seen or heard in this little old Stella Maris, but there you are, your Sadie’s doomed not to shine any more.

Bye, Dad, I’ll be seeing you,

Sadie.

March 31.

Hi Dad,



# The P. U. Stella Marian

B.A.'s, B.Sc.'s and P.G.'s have been producing their issues of the "Stella Marian" for the past three years. This year the enterprising P.U. students decided to enter the lists and produce the best ever "Stella Marian", but...

"Children should be seen and not heard," our great-grandmothers used to say, and that describes the reaction of the seniors at the pert, presumptuous and positively preposterous proposal of the P.U.'s to produce their own Stella Marian. Quite unperturbed, however, the P.U.'s pleaded their cause so eloquently and showed themselves so earnest that they won from Reverend Mother permission and even support for their venture of producing "the best Stella Marian ever". And how did we set about it?

Volunteer writers and artists from the various pre-university classes were organised into a committee, with two responsible girls as presidents. We had to be quick, because we wanted to release our masterpiece side by side with the B.Sc. "Stella Marian" in the third term. And now it was almost the end of the second term, with the dreadful selection examinations looming ahead.

The next Wednesday, this "august" group met for their very first meeting. After a lot of laughter, we settled down to "brass tacks". All the innumerable difficulties confronting us were explained. To our great surprise - or was it dismay? - we learned that the expense of publishing the magazine was almost always larger than the returns! Didn't some faces fall? I expect we all cherished the secret hope of treating ourselves to an ice-cream apiece after this herculean task was completed. Anyway, we decided to spare no expense in this common cause, in imagination multiplying the pages, lavishing everywhere artistic photographs, illustrations of distinction... We disbanded rather unceremoniously at the ringing of the second bell, and the overpowering invasion of the rightful occupants of the classroom.

The week that followed was pretty hectic, occupied as it was by vigorous campaigns in the P.U. classes - "Come, one, come all! Do not lose this rare opportunity of showing the seniors a thing or two" (no offence meant!) and "Hail, budding authors and artists, this is the time to blossom!"

There was a tremendous response. The next Wednesday, essays, poems and sketches poured in. What was most astonishing was that there were no less than five articles, not to mention an ode, proclaiming the praises of our beloved, brave constable Michael with his "fifty metre girth". Yet there was a problem. To prove to the waiting public that the P. U. Stella Marian was in fact what they were waiting for, we had to get out of the ordinary rut of all previous Stella Marians, with a refreshingly

novel approach - something to make it unusual and memorable! That was a pretty exhausting prospect. Why, not less than six pre-university students complained that they were so unnerved that they got zeros in three consecutive tests. However, all the thinking bore fruit, and we did strike upon something really original - what it was, of course, was all "top-confidential", strictly for us P.U.'s till it was published.

All serious articles were strictly tabooed, so most of the contributions were charmingly amusing, with a few P.U. blunders, like that of a girl who submitted this excuse on her leave form, "I was absent because my grandmother expanded (expired?) next (last?) week," etc.

At the last meeting before the Christmas holidays, a few stop-press articles were added, and at the re-opening of college, we were poised in readiness to burst into glorious print. The articles were finished, the Finance Committee had prepared the tickets, the Publicity Committee prepared the posters for display when. . .

Yes, poor Raj Kamal, Rosemary, Maya and all the gallant company especially of P.U. 7, the Parnassus of P.U.'s, what a disappointment for you and for the rest of the college too. "Owing to unavoidable circumstances" the P.U. Stella Marian No. 1 never took the air or, as its sponsors sadly remarked, their little paper, instead of following the 1965 Year Book theme and crossing the bridge to the world, fell into the water below. But dear, daring P.U.'s, we assure you it was a glorious fall, for the circumstances were beyond your control. But, despite falling into the water, we at least established a landmark on the Bridge to Humanity, and succeeding Stella Maris generations toiling on ahead may get fresh courage and inspiration from our struggle to produce what we must now call the "Pre-First Pre-University Stella Marian".

SUSHEELA JOSEPH  
Pre-University





## Building the Future Now

A new feature of college life this year was the introduction into Moral Philosophy classes of debates on important ethical topics, which gave the students an incentive to work out for themselves practical answers to problems which all have to face.

In Stella Maris it is fully realised that we cannot educate without knowing the students, as well as the subjects to be taught, and everything possible is done to establish contact with them, to share their youthful interests and enthusiasms, and to channel them in desirable directions. It is also realised, however, that their education will have little permanent effect if the students are not encouraged to live up to the motto which in ancient times adorned the temple of the Delphic Apollo: "Know Thyself". It is human nature to accept and agree with the great moral principles which govern a truly human life, but to remain blind to the ways in which we personally fail to live up to them, thus creating the very common divorce between precept and practice.

This year, then, in the continuing effort to find more and more effective means of providing a complete education to our students, another new custom has been established, with this particular end principally in view: that the students may see for themselves the basic principles of a worthy human manner of life, and may also find for themselves the means whereby they can make their own practice conform to these principles. The method adopted has consisted in a series of discussions or debates, conducted simultaneously in all the classes, on important ethical topics. A general survey reveals that a really valuable new feature has thus been introduced into college life, and we look forward to further development along these lines in the coming year.

### **How can the Indian girl adapt herself to modern conditions while retaining the typical characteristics of Indian Womanhood?**

This first discussion brought the girls consciously face-to-face with a major problem of our times. What are the typical characteristics of the Indian woman, first of all, which are to be preserved? Then, what adaptation to modern conditions will enable the Indian girl to play her full part in the building up of a prosperous and happy nation, without causing her to lose those characteristics which distinguish her, as Indian? How can her college education help her in this adaptation?

It was evident from the first that all were more or less agreed on the characteristics of Indian womanhood: the modesty and reserve which give her grace; the devotion to her home and family, her capacity for patience, courage and self-sacrifice which make her a genuine home-builder; the purity and faith which enable her to offer entire fidelity to her marriage partner. However, some of the senior girls felt that the Indian woman may, and sometimes does have the defects of her qualities: her reserve may take the form of excessive shyness and lack of self-confidence, preventing her from using her talents to the full, her devotion to her family may become too narrow-minded, so that she can concern herself with no larger good than that of her immediate circle; while her patience and self-sacrifice may make her too passive, when, in justice, action is required.

It was observed that the modern Indian girl tends to be more independent than her mother was, is more interested in having a career, and has to learn to manage for herself. There is also among the girls of today a greater desire for freedom and a sense of frustration that they are debarred from many useful and honourable occupations by established custom and prejudice. However, there was a minority view, privately expressed, that such rigidity of custom was desirable, a few girls not only accepting it for themselves but having the intention of imposing it on their own children if, in the course of time, they are faced with this choice. The reason for this attitude was stated to be the determination to preserve "family prestige".

In general, the old traditions were treasured as a means of preserving the fundamental values which are considered essential to the Indian way of life. The girls recognise that the chief obstacles to any adaptation are public opinion, and the reserved nature of girls, which makes it difficult for them to hold their own against any strong expression of opposition. Traditions which they have no desire to see changed include the arranged marriage, for they are fully convinced that parents know best and love their children deeply, so that they will do all they can to ensure their happiness. However, most feel that the girl's consent should be asked, and some expressed the desire that when a marriage has been arranged, the young couple should be given opportunities to get to know each other, so that the adjustment to marriage will be less difficult. Others, however, found this quite unnecessary.

In considering the manner in which necessary adaptation may be made, the girls showed that they had not previously thought about the matter in any serious way, and so there was less unanimity, and less practical wisdom in the suggestions made. For example, one suggested that all children should be educated together from babyhood, to remove the difficulty that they now find in taking part in mixed gatherings. Others said that co-education should not be permitted until the post-graduate level of studies, so that students would be of an age to understand their responsibility to themselves and their families. Again, some girls were entirely opposed to any association between boys and girls, while others thought that, with parental approval, some such relationships might be encouraged. Evidently then, there is real need for reflection on the degree of adaptation desirable and the methods to be adopted in attaining it, otherwise a haphazard, and possibly excessive, alteration of social customs may result.

In their observations on the contribution of college education to the adaptation to modern conditions, most of the girls valued the college experience principally for its effect in broadening the mind, by bringing girls of different classes and different states together, and for the opportunity it provides for the exercise of initiative and responsibility through the organisation of the extra-curricular activities. Some found that college life taught them to face problems and to solve them, gave knowledge of life, and encouraged an all-round development, mental, moral and spiritual, while the association with girls from different backgrounds was appreciated as a training in social intercourse, enabling them to overcome shyness and behave with dignity and grace in society.

The tone of the whole discussion clearly indicated a concern to preserve established values, a concern which was expressed by one of the introductory speakers, who was anxious to point out that material progress is of minor importance, while its effect on the character of individuals is the fundamental issue. This attitude, basic to all that was said, may be summed up in the words of one of the speakers : “ It is easier to build a skyscraper than to build a character. ”

### **Students in the Service of the Nation**

The opportunity provided by the patriotic inspiration of the seventeenth anniversary of independence was utilised to lead the students to reflect on their duty to the nation. This was discussed under three broad headings : college life as a preparation for service, the service they might offer while still learning, and their future role as dedicated citizens.

Under the first heading, they were challenged to think about their aim in coming to college at all. Some said that they were seeking an all-round education, but many admitted to having no particular aim : they came because their parents wished it, or



because their friends were coming, or to fill in the time before they were old enough to marry. Some pointed out that a degree was necessary in these days to attain to the same level of real education which in their parents' day was provided by matriculation, so parents who wanted their children properly educated sent them to college. Others wanted to qualify to get a good post and come to the help of their parents. It was frankly admitted that a degree was a necessary qualification for a suitable marriage in many cases, and while the girls themselves might not come with that in mind, this consideration weighed with the parents who sent them.

It was agreed that those who came to college with a wrong aim in view would benefit little from college life, and might even do harm to themselves and others; they would be slack in attendance and study, and would therefore not acquire the self-discipline which is necessary for a worthwhile character; not having studied properly, they might try to obtain their degree by dishonest means; worst of all, they would have a bad influence on other students, and on leaving college would continue to exercise a pernicious influence on the society in which they moved.

In reflecting on the value of college education, the girls declared that they had learnt more tolerance, patience and self-reliance, and had developed a greater sense of responsibility during their years in college; and the seniors expressed the conviction that the atmosphere of college, the practice adopted by the staff of treating them as adults, had contributed greatly to this.

Service while learning was considered in relation to fellow-students, and in relation to servants and the poor of the neighbourhood. Towards other students the broad virtues of kindness, tolerance, courtesy and consideration were found necessary, and, as a practical expression of these virtues, the girls should be ready to lend notes or reference books, should not keep with them for long periods the library books which were in general demand, and should help newcomers to settle down and feel at home, especially in the hostel. The forming of cliques was frowned on, not, it was made plain, that girls should not have particular friends, but cliques were said to give rise to party-spirit, uncharitableness towards members of other cliques, spite and quarrels. As a means of preventing this, it was proposed that the girls should sometimes sit with others, not their special friends, in class, and should be ready to lend things to others too. It is worth mentioning that in the class where this point was raised, at least some of the girls have adopted the practice of changing their place daily, since that time.

Towards the servants it was felt that greater consideration could be shown. People remember in theory that servants, too, possess the dignity of human beings, but in practice they make life hard for the servants by throwing litter, splashing ink and so on. This could be avoided as an act of courtesy. Everyone was fully aware of the great need of service to the poor, but many expressed a sense of frustration because many girls are not allowed to go out to render social service, even when accompanied by a member of the staff. Several girls pointed out, however, that they could help the poor



by living more economically : it was admitted that they waste both food and paper, and are careless with text-books. If instead of throwing food away, they gave it to the poor ; and if they cared for their books, and gave them to the college book-bank at the end of the year, they would be rendering a very practical service to the poor.

The discussion on the future role of the students as dedicated citizens was touched off by a reminder of what Mr. Nehru had said a few years ago : “ Where is the idealism which impelled the youth of this country a generation ago...the spirit of sacrifice for a cause ?” While several girls admitted that there is a decline in idealism, others denied it, instancing the fervour with which everyone rallied round, at the time of the Chinese invasion. This led to the recognition that the spirit of sacrifice tends to lie dormant in peacetime, for just as they were spurred to generosity by the attack on the frontier, so too their parents had been roused by the struggle for freedom. How then could this spirit be kept alive in peacetime ? In one class, the girls reflected on the major objectives of government policy, and came to recognise that all had one fundamental purpose, that of raising the poor and backward, so as to provide every citizen with the means of earning a decent livelihood and of attaining true self-respect. It was felt that awareness of this aim would help them to find a conscious purpose in their own lives which could keep alive the flame of idealism.

It was felt by all that the great evil against which the nation is now at war is corruption, and it must be conquered by the development of a sense of integrity, and of loyalty to the nation, while the colleges and universities could help in this by inculcating sound ideals and a true spirit of sacrifice in their students, giving them greater responsibility, and providing opportunities of active social work through organised social work camps, as well as giving the theoretical knowledge necessary through seminars and symposia on major national problems.

In spite of the fact that the educated ought to give the leadership in purifying the national life, the students held the view that many educated people are too selfish and materialistic in their outlook on life, that they seek employment with a view only to salary ; not to service. On leaving college, the students ought to devote some time to the care of the under-privileged ; they should also learn to give. One student produced the ultimate answer to the materialistic attitude : “ It is by giving that we retain our independence from the things we possess. By hoarding we lose this freedom and stand in slavery to the things we own.”

### **Truth and Honesty**

This, the only discussion held in the second term, proved less beneficial than the earlier ones. It was a serious shock to discover how few realise the treason they commit against their own personality, apart from higher considerations, in departing

from the truth. The questions which were raised in several classes showed immaturity of judgment, but some fundamental principles did emerge from the discussion.

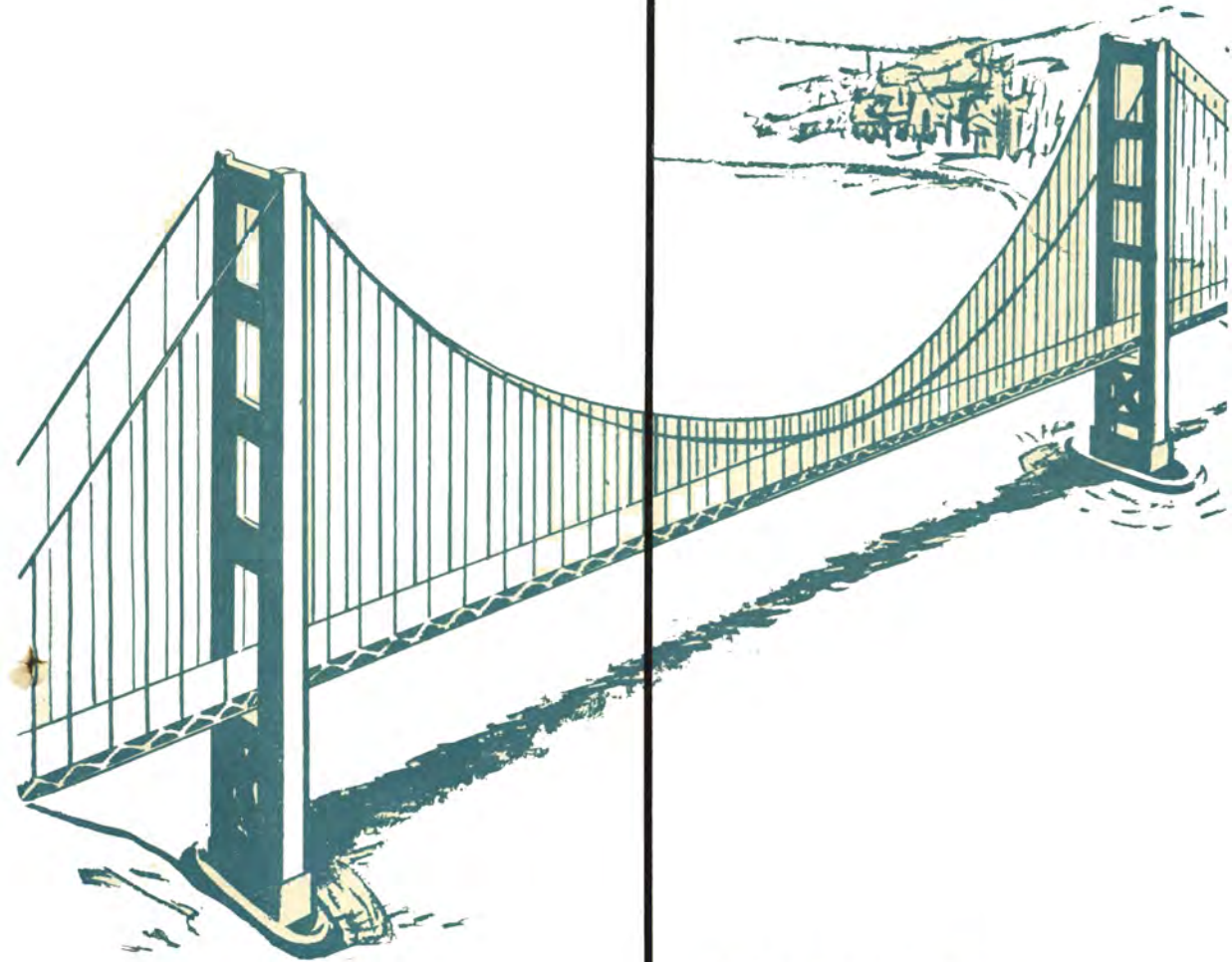
Exaggerations of the truth are seen to be as harmful as downright lies; the harm that is done by exaggerated gossip was pointed out, and this danger was felt most keenly by those whose families give them relative freedom: society tends to refuse what their parents allow. It was made clear that while lies are always wrong, it is permissible to conceal the truth, whenever the questioner has no right to know it: for example, if something wrong has been done, those in authority may have to know, but there is no justification for telling anyone else, and ruining a person's good name. However, when practical examples were invited, it was clear that the girls' ideas were at times distressingly unsound.

While recognising the importance of truth in theory, the students revealed that there is great divergence from it in personal practice, but they also raised two problems which the moralist can answer only by stressing the need, for the sake of one's personal integrity, as well as to honour God, of living according to principle. The first of these was the problem of those who tell the truth and are punished for it, while those who tell lies get off scot-free. The second was the even harder case of the person who tells the truth and is disbelieved. These things do occur in this imperfect world, and the person of real integrity does undoubtedly suffer from them, but he will not make the world more perfect by lowering his standards; on the contrary, the witness to truth provided by one honourable life can do immense good.

These discussions, then, have, we hope, clarified the students' ideas on some matters of great importance in daily life, and with the experience of this year behind us, we hope, in Stella Maris, to go further and deeper into ethical problems in the course of the next year or two, so that when our students go out into the world they will take with them a basic programme of life which has its roots in solid principles thought out by themselves, and therefore fully integrated into their life.

A STELLA MARIAN

MAY I BUILD



daring bridges  
spanning the chasms  
which divide

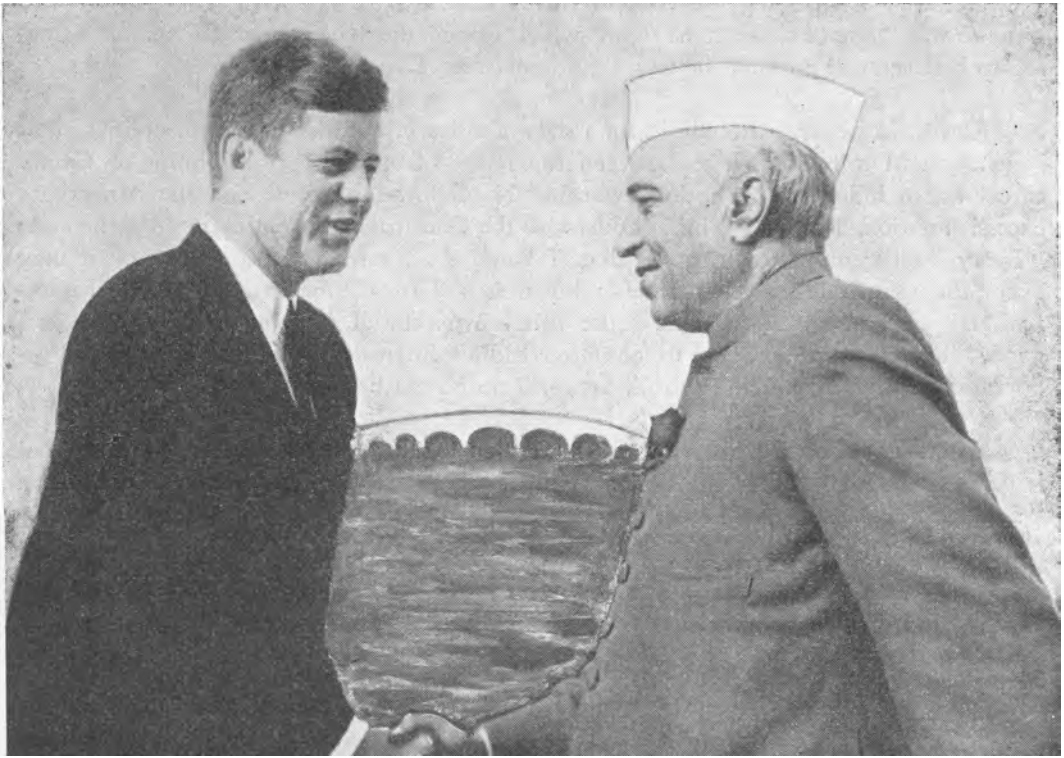
# Nehru, Builder of Bridges

Stella Maris pays tribute to one of the great workers for unity in our divided modern world.

Pandit Nehru, our revered and recently departed leader, has been given many titles in his time: "Nehru the aristocrat", "Nehru the politician", "the statesman", "the patriot", "the internationalist", and so on. While each of these titles is true, each is only a part-truth, and many such part-truths are necessary to complete the picture of the man, while "Nehru, Builder of Bridges" sums up all his life and work.

The first bridge which any man must build is that between the different, even conflicting aspects of his own personality. No disciple of Gandhiji could be indifferent to this bridge, for Gandhian reform began with oneself. Pandit Nehru's own words show us that he had indeed begun by building this bridge, and was ready to show to others that this was the real road to the only kind of success that matters.

"Happiness," he declared, "is an inner state of mind. It is little dependent on outside environment. It is not wealth, but co-ordination of one's thought and action which removes inner conflicts. It is in that way that integration of personality is achieved."



His own personality being thus united or integrated, he was ready to become one with those around him. By birth and upbringing a fastidious aristocrat, he became by love one with the poorest of the poor. He always saw India in terms of the hungry peasants, with roughened hands patiently struggling to extract a livelihood from a soil which was, in general, hostile to their intentions. The way in which the cultured son of the famous and wealthy lawyer identified himself with the concerns of these humble people is a wonder of bridge-building from heart to heart. "Individualist as I was," he confessed, "sometimes the barriers of individuality seemed to melt away, and I felt that it would be better to be accursed with these unhappy people than to be saved alone."

It would not have been enough, in a land so deep-rooted in tradition as ours, to build bridges between living men. A bridge between the past and the present was necessary, and none was better qualified to build it than he, for he was in a position to assess at its true worth the value both of the traditional and of the new. He reminded twentieth century Indians that love of our noble traditions is best shown by deeds, not by empty veneration. "If we dream of India as a great nation, giving her age-old message of peace and freedom to others, then we have to be big ourselves, and be worthy children of Mother India." At the same time, he told them that they must be ready to adapt themselves, not allowing the past to dominate the present: "We have to make our own, all the achievements of the human race," he exclaimed, "and join up with others in the exciting adventure of man."

This capacity to appreciate the value in human efforts and achievements in any part of the world placed Mr. Nehru in a unique position to interpret the East to the West, as well as bringing the West to the East. As Lord Pethick-Lawrence described him, he was "one of those great minds which bridge the barriers which human beings set up between one another, he was a guide between East and West."

It was, however, not only in the realm of culture, but also in that of politics, that Nehru sought to build bridges between the nations from the very beginning of India's career as an independent nation, warning his fellow-countrymen of the dangers of excessive nationalism, when, in an address to the Constituent Assembly in 1947, he said: "Every intelligent person can see that if you have a narrow national policy it may excite the multitude for the moment; but it is bad for the nation and it is bad internationally, because you lose sight of the ultimate good and thereby endanger your own good. Therefore, we propose to look after India's interests in the context of world co-operation and world peace, in so far as world peace can be preserved."

Wherever we turn, then, we find this revered leader building bridges, uniting what is divided, making strong the bonds of unity which are becoming weak, and it is as a "Builder of Bridges" that he will be best remembered.

M. SABITHA RAO  
I M. A.

# The Bond of Selfless Service

Independent India needs trained, professional social workers, men and women dedicated to the ideal of serving their fellow-men.

In human society, there are many social groupings, binding their members together by the ties of mutual affection and esteem. Some of these are small groups, intimate as the family; others wider, developing from the comradeship of fellow-alumni of a loved school or college, or that of fellow-members of a famous regiment, who have seen service together; while other groups are more or less casual, like that which brings businessmen together to arrange a mutually profitable agreement. Of all such ties, the closest is that which binds those who work together for the good of others, more unfortunate than they, for the presence of human misery and distress brings out the best in most of us, and those who dedicate their lives to the service of the wretched find a reward in the mutual affection and understanding which grow up among them.

This is no doubt the result of the love which must be the mainspring of such service. The attitude of patronage, however well-meant, simply will not do: if true love of their fellows does not inspire the workers, their efforts will tire the recipients as well as themselves. They have to be saturated with dedicated zeal to be of use to the backward and downtrodden, and this common impulse will enable them to understand each other better, so that the barrier of self is temporarily lifted.

No more striking evidence of this can be found than the experience of the famous Abbe Pierre with his "Ragpickers", a work which began in the strangest way imaginable. Called one night to the bedside of a man who had just failed in an attempt to commit suicide, the Abbe knew that it would be useless to utter words of comfort to one in such despair; instead, he said in effect: "I need you. Come and help me to help the miserable and homeless." Along with this man and other similar offscourings of the streets, he undertook the tremendous work of providing homes for the homeless families who were dying of cold in the streets while the jangle of politics delayed and frustrated the best-intentioned efforts of government to solve the housing problem. Where the politicians had failed, these hopeless men succeeded, and as housing scheme after housing scheme went up, financed partly by donations from benefactors, partly by the proceeds of rag-picking, the workers found a self respect that they had never known before, together with a comradeship that stopped short of no sacrifice.

Moreover, the circumstances of social work often draw the workers together; facing unfamiliar surroundings, they are naturally drawn together, as a family is drawn closer together when its members leave their familiar surroundings and go to a strange place. The mutual friendship of the workers will be as warm as that of a Tamilian who recognises another Tamilian on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The act of service itself requires the single-minded devotion of each member of the party: for instance,

to reform a slum may involve the solution of a hundred problems, each needing the special attention of a particular worker of the group: while each has his special task, bottlenecks can be avoided only by collaboration with the others on the job.

This, at least, was the experience of Group-Captain Cheshire when he began his work for the incurably disabled, an experience which time, and the expansion of the work through many countries, including our own, have confirmed. He declares that in the work his group "acquired a unity, even a friendship, which previously would have been impossible". Travelling from country to country, finding everywhere the same sufferings, the same need for sympathy and affection, they felt everywhere at home, "members of one single united family". The material help they offered to others brought them a spiritual reward, peace of mind, and unity among themselves.

The nature and circumstances of social work, in fact, oblige those who wish to devote themselves to it to shed all differences arising out of caste, creed, or nationality, as the followers of Acharya Vinoba Bhave in the Bhoodan Movement have discovered. At the annual conferences, such as that at Bodh Gaya in 1954, every type of Indian could be found, along with a sprinkling of ardent foreigners: the solemnly didactic, the ardently prophetic, the pious, the artistic, the eccentric and the ordinary, all were there, rubbing shoulders in the immense crush, in the greatest peace and friendliness.

This spirit of unity succeeded in infecting even the villagers. A striking example was to be found in the village of Mangroth, like many Indian villages miserably poor, miles from anywhere, and thoroughly ordinary. It is inhabited by people of several different castes, and, until Vinoba visited it, these castes led completely separate lives. Only the headman, Diwan Singh, had given up ideas of caste, and become a father of the poor. Following his example, all the villagers gave their land to Bhoodan, to be re-distributed according to ability and need. Caste taboos were forgotten, as a village committee distributed the land, organised a co-operative store, and co-operative farming: everyone united in working for the common good, while a warmth of mutual love arose among these people who had formerly no contacts with each other, using separate wells, living in separate parts of the village, in all things going separate ways. This change has not brought immediate prosperity to Mangroth, for the land is poor and dry; but it will be done, by villagers who have learnt unity through mutual service.

This illustrates the ultimate aim of all social service: for it works towards a goal in which social service as we now understand it will be unnecessary, for the drive to progress will come from the people themselves. Then mutual service in love will be the normal aspiration of human beings, not, as at present, the vision of the ardent few.



T. A. JAYALAKSHMI  
III B.A.

# Integrated Personality

Casework is one of the most interesting and useful aspects of social work today.

Modern civilisation, while making ordinary journeys swifter and safer, has made the journey of life more difficult and hazardous. First of all, by making the short trips to merely material destinations seem more attractive, it has obscured the really worthwhile long-distance goals ; secondly, by its speed and complexity, it has imposed increased strains on the bridges we have to cross and on the travellers who use them.

However, those whose bridge of life is in danger of collapsing have "engineers" trained in a form of inspection unheard of seventy years ago, to help them keep clear of danger and to traverse the difficulties confidently : the social workers.

The end of the road to which we are all travelling is ultimately the home where God dwells. Along the way, we must develop in ourselves the most humanly perfect and the most perfectly human life possible : that of a personality in which spiritual, psychological and physical aspects are each given their proper place, that of the fully balanced and integrated personality.

We do not always realize that life should be enriching and full of promise. It should not be stale, drab, or monotonous. Life is meant to be enjoyed, and although nobody is immune to the frustrations and deprivations of day-to-day living, we should develop the capacity to overcome those that can be overcome, and to accept those which cannot.

The chief troubles in life may be summed up as insecurity, frustrations and tensions. Tensions, indeed, there must be, for there is no spiritual or psychological growth without them ; but when the individual finds it beyond his capacity to resolve the tensions in his life, frustration and insecurity may snap the bonds that hold him to the supporting piers that give his life a balance and goal. These tensions or conflicts do not, moreover, arise in a vacuum. They spring either from weakness within : psychological problems ; or from pressure without : environmental problems.

In spite of modern mass-production methods, any engineer will tell you that every bridge is quite different from any other. Human beings are not mass-produced, and each one is absolutely unique, even though there is that basic resemblance which identifies the species, and even though the fundamental needs which stimulate us to action are the same for all : the physical needs of food, shelter, activity, rest ; the psychological needs of security, understanding, love, power, success, social acceptance ; the spiritual needs of worship, idealism.



When the problems causing our tensions are psychological, we will find the solution ourselves if we are steadied by a healthy philosophy of life, which is realistic in not expecting too much from life, but also idealistic in not being satisfied with too little. If we lack this, we are liable to seek false solutions both to defects in our own character and to difficulties in our environment, escaping into a world of dreams or of romantic novels, living in the past, rationalizing our defeats, withdrawing into ourselves from the society in which we feel unwanted. So, for lack of that essential balance and proper foundations, the bridge is in grave danger of collapsing. Conflicts, however, should not be detrimental in this way, nor cause too much emotional turmoil. The well-balanced personality, if he finds these tensions too severe, will analyse himself critically, try to build up his resources, and mobilise his capacities for withstanding the necessary tensions and removing unnecessary frictions from his life.

There are dangers to the bridge of life arising from environment, whether at home or in the wider society in which we move. Environment, good or bad, has of course its influence on every individual; our behaviour will always be modified by our family, school, neighbourhood, the books we read, the films we see, also by the political climate of our country and the world.

But whatever the dangers, whether arising from himself or from his environment, the mature and balanced personality will be able to adjust himself, while the immature person may become too involved with the problem and waste his energies on trivialities. It is important to note, at this point, that maturity is not merely a matter of age, but of psychological growth, and the girl of fifteen who, at need, undertakes courageously the responsibility of bringing up her younger brothers and sisters is more mature than the woman of fifty who tries to get her own way by crying, or who never makes a decision for herself. Inadequacies in this respect can often be traced back to the family, where there may have been a tendency on the part of the parents to prolong the infancy of the child, and so he may be unable to face reality, but resorts instead to undesirable personality traits.

At the other extreme, a child will feel bewildered if he is rejected at home, or denied the love and approval which are so essential to good personality growth. An adolescent, not granted recognition, will lose the sense of security, and either seek compensation in gang-approval, or be besieged by a feeling of worthlessness, a depressing sense of failure. An adult may be perplexed by economic uncertainty, unemployment, or by marital problems. All of these are likely to need help in solving their problems: the social engineer, the case-worker, will have to be within call.

In dealing with problems, professional social workers make use of different methods, never losing sight of the fact that, while problems may bear a family resemblance to each other, each one is individual, because the person troubled by it is unique. They may use direct service, environmental manipulation, or psychological support.

Casework aims at stabilizing the personality of the individual, and bringing about a better adjustment between the individual and the society. The first task is to help the individual to realise his own capacities and further his own growth and development. Where necessary, he must be helped to recognise his own personal worth, and then to see his problem face to face and find his own solution. Sometimes, however, before the client can be expected to adjust himself, the case-worker may have to modify the environment. To give an extreme case, when a child lives in a vicious home, where either one or both the parents exercise a thoroughly unwholesome influence, then to prevent the child from being subjected to such an influence, the case-worker may remove him either to an institution or to a foster-home. In such a situation, environmental manipulation is practically the only possible solution to the problem, for a child cannot be expected to be impervious to the harmful effects of such a family background.

Counselling is also frequently employed to help a person to understand his problem and himself better. Often a person who was thoroughly bewildered and lost, finding support, acceptance and guidance in the psychological social worker, feels his anxieties lessened, and recovers his sense of balance.

The pace at which, in modern times, we are obliged to travel through life, requires of each of us an untrammelled mind, one not easily harassed by trivial worries, one which can control the anxieties which, for the immature mind, never cease to disturb and distress, until immaturity has developed into neurosis. Hence it is vitally necessary that we know where we are going and why, that we know the strengths and weaknesses of the bridge which we must cross, and that we keep within the rails that protect us on our way.

N. R. SARASWATHI  
II M. A.

# International Economic Co-operation: The Bridge of Plenty



“Our age will be remembered, not for its horrifying crimes, nor for its astonishing inventions, but because it is the first age since the dawn of history when man dares to believe it practical to make the benefits of civilisation available to the whole human race.”

This is the optimistic assessment of the famous historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, and while some may find it over-optimistic, even the gloomiest Cassandras of our time must admit that recent trends in international economic policy point unmistakably to a shift in this direction.

To many, this appears to be a break with the past, but in reality, like other historical phenomena, it is the end-product of forces which have long been at work in the world of human affairs. These appear to be contradictory, but they produce, nonetheless, a like result. The first of these forces is the gradual growth of the realisation that men and nations are and must be interdependent; the second is the steadily increasing ferocity of war, especially in our days when emotional nationalism and ideological devotion breed hate in the opposing armies and the peoples behind them. Few realise how far back these developments reach in historical time, but the ideas on which both the League of Nations and the United Nations have been based were expressed several times in the last five centuries by idealists who saw and felt the horror of war, while both the military and the emotional developments which make modern war so much more horrible than earlier combats are written large on the pages of the most elementary history books.

It was left to our time to try to bring the idea of international co-operation into the realm of practice, for not until our day did the progress of transport and communications bring all mankind so close together, shrinking the world like a shrivelled walnut, so that concepts formerly applied to individuals, then to social groups, can now legitimately be applied to nations. Such a concept is expressed in the old saying: “It is the duty of the rich to help the poor; it is the duty of the poor to help themselves.” Without using this old saw as an ironical justification of burglary, we can observe how the application of it has expanded until it embraces the economic activities of nations and of the international bodies associated with or founded by the United Nations Organisation itself.

Men have at last realised, in fact, that as long as whole areas of the world are under-developed, and whole groups of men live at or below the level of subsistence, the peace and prosperity of the more fortunate are insecure. This is why, in their search for means to ensure peace, the United Nations devote so much energy, skill and money to the promotion of prosperity in under-developed nations. It is useless to talk to a man who is starving of the merits of simple living and high thinking. Man does not, it is emphatically true, live by bread alone, but without it he cannot live. So a foundation of universal prosperity and economic stability must be laid before we can hope to give to all mankind the other, higher benefits of civilisation, or even to preserve them for those who now have them.

This has led to the new concept of international economic co-operation. No one anywhere now looks on this as a form of charitable dole issued by rich nations, as, formerly, rich individuals threw a coin to a beggar; on the contrary, the rich nations are fully aware that in helping others they are helping themselves. As the under-developed countries begin to progress economically, new markets will be created for the products of the more advanced, preventing a glut on the home market and helping to keep down the inflationary process. The exploitation of the resources at present idle in the poorer countries will increase the variety of goods available everywhere, raising the standard of living not only in those countries but also in those which are already advanced. Capital and technical skill, already employed to their full capacity in the developed countries, can find new outlets in the under-developed ones, in the utilisation of hitherto untapped resources.

As these resources, properly used, increase their prosperity, at present under-developed nations will be in a position to compete in the international markets on more equal terms, and geographical specialisation and international division of labour will become a practical possibility. Then the oil of the Middle East, the sugar of the West Indies, the wheat of Canada, the dairy-products of Denmark and Holland, the wool of Australia, the mica and jute of India, will be inter-changed in an open market, a paradise of economic theorists. The very enumeration of these resources and their places of origin indicates that economic interdependence is a part of the natural order, designed by God to keep men together by necessity, if they would not come together by love.

True, the need for interdependence is more keenly felt by the under-developed nations than by their richer neighbours. In a competitive world, the former cannot at present fend for themselves. They have natural resources, but lack the capital, the human resources too, which are necessary to develop them. Their people lack the education and technical know-how which would use these resources most advantageously. As a result, their productivity is low, the national income remains small, and the resulting low standards of living make it impossible for them, unaided, to utilise their resources. Thus the gulf between developed and developing nations would continue to grow wider, if it were not bridged by co-operation and mutual help.

True, the poorer nations cannot attain to prosperity without willing it sufficiently themselves to put forth the necessary effort : “ it is the duty of the poor to help themselves ” ; but that effort needs to be seconded by the technical and financial aid of their neighbours. The vast economic potential of half the world is hidden under a shroud of ignorance, incapacity, and paucity of finance. The advanced nations can assist in tearing off this shroud, so that the daylight of a decent, human way of life may penetrate to the millions of people living under it, and in the warmth of that daylight they may grow healthier, happier, and more useful to themselves and others than their ancestors could ever hope to be.

We have said that the peace and prosperity of all depends on the development of economic prosperity in the poorer nations. This should hardly need proof to us in this twentieth century, when we have seen political instability in one country after another delaying progress and disturbing the peace of surrounding regions. The coups d’etat, petty revolutions and border quarrels of several corners of the globe nearly all have their roots in an economy so backward that the people are deprived of the basic necessities, and will follow any demagogue who promises bread. When bigger and wealthier nations begin to fish in such troubled waters, petty conflicts are in danger of becoming global ones, to the peril, not only of material prosperity and physical life, but of all the cultural and spiritual values that man has learned to cherish in the course of his existence on this planet. It was the plain, sober truth that was expressed by President S. Radhakrishnan when he said :

“ Today, if war has a future, human society has none ; if human society has a future, war has none.”

The key to the solution of our human problems, economic, social and political, is then the magic word “ Co-operation ”. We must play our part in the development of a co-operative commonwealth of nations. “ Like the steady coral, it builds its own structure ; and like the constant drop, it wears away the stone.” Through such a method alone we can hope to secure for all men their human birthright of freedom, peace and security.

The establishment of the United Nations Organisation was a first step in the right direction. Under its auspices, resources are utilised in the combat against the common ills of mankind. The work will be slow. The task of abolishing poverty and hunger from the face of the earth is a patient and anxious Odyssey, not a glittering showboat down the river ; but the bridge of plenty, when built, will make possible continued work at the construction of the road of human progress, and economic co-operation may lead to a sharing, not only of material goods, but also of the goods of the mind and spirit, among all men.

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I M. A.

## தாசுர் அமைத்த பாலங்கள்

தாசுர் தலைசிறந்த கவிஞர் என்றே நாம் அறிவோம். மேலும் அவர் ஒரு நாவலாசிரியர், சிறு கதை எழுத்தாளர், நாடகாசிரியர், ஓவியர் என்று பலர் அறிந்திருந்தாலும் அவர் பாலங்கள் அமைத்தவர் என்றால் ஆச்சரியமாகத்தான் இருக்கும். அவர் ஒரு பொறி இயல் வல்லுநரோ என்ற ஐயமும் எழும். தாசுர் அமைத்த பாலங்களோ அறிவுப் பாலங்கள் - ஒற்றுமைப் பாலங்கள்.

மனிதனிடம் அளவுகடந்த நம்பிக்கை வைத்திருந்தார் தாசுர். மேற்கும் கிழக்கும் கூடுமாறு 'சாந்தி நிகேதன்' என்ற கல்விப் பாலத்தைத் தாசுர் அமைத்தார். ஒற்றுமை இல்லாது போனால் உலகமே இராது என்பதை அறிந்த தாசுர் அனைத்துலக மனிதனை உருவாக்கவே 'விஸ்வ பாரதி' என்ற பல்கலைக் கழகத்தை இங்கு நிறுவினார். இப் பெயர் மிகப் பொருத்தமானது — 'உலகமும் இந்தியாவும்' கல்வி ஞானத்தைப் பெற, கூடும் இடம் என்று இச்சொல்லை மொழிபெயர்க்கலாம். இப் பல்கலைக் கழகத்தின் குறிக்கோள் "உலகம் எல்லாம் சந்திக்கும் இடம்" என்பதே யாகும். "கிழக்கு கிழக்குதான், மேற்கு மேற்குதான், இவ்விரண்டும் சந்திக்கவே முடியாது" என்று கிப் லிங் (Kipling) கூறியதை தாசுர் ஏற்கவில்லை. கிழக்கிலும் மேற்கிலும் உள்ள உயர்ந்தவற்றைக் கலந்து அனைத்துலக நோக் கத்தையுடைய அனைத்துலக மனிதனை உருவாக்கலாம் என்று தாசுர் நம்பினார். "தேசியம் மட்டும் போதுமானதாகாது. பல்வேறு நாடுகளும் அவற்றில் உள்ள மக்களும் சுதந்திரம் பெறுவதைக் காட்டிலும் அவை ஒன்றற்கொன்று உதவிக் கொண்டு வாழ்வதே வாழ்வின் கொள்கையாகவும் வளர்ச்சியாகவும் இன்றும் நாளையும் இருக்க வேண்டு"மென்று தாசுர் பறைசாற்றினார்.

இவ் 'விஸ்வ பாரதியில்' தாசுர் மூன்று பாலங்கள் அமைத்தார். இவை அறிவுப் பாலங்கள் மட்டும் அல்லாமல் நட்புப் பாலங்களும் ஆகும். இந்தியா வில் உள்ள பல மாகாணங்களிடையே நட்பும், இந்தியாவிற்கும் மற்ற கீழை நாடுகளிடையே நட்பும், பின்பு கிழக் கிற்கும் மேற்கிற்கும் இடையே நட்பும் அமைக்க இந்தக் கல்லூரி உதவுகிறது. இந்தியாவின் பல மாகாணங்களிலிருந்து மாணவர்கள் சாந்தி நிகேதனில் ஒன்று கூடுகிறார்கள். கேரளமும், அஸ்ஸாமும். தமிழ் நாடும், வங்காளமும் இங்கு ஒன்று கூடுகின்றது. மாணவர்கள், மற்றவர் கள் பழக்க வழக்கங்களை மதிக்கக் கற்றுக் கொள்கின்றனர். கீழை நாடுகளிடையே ஒற்றுமையை வளர்க்க அங்கிருந்து பல ஆசிரியர்களை இங்கு அழைக்கின்றது இப் பல்கலைக் கழகம். 'சீன பவனம்' என்ற தனி ஸ்தாபனமே இக் கல்லூரியில்

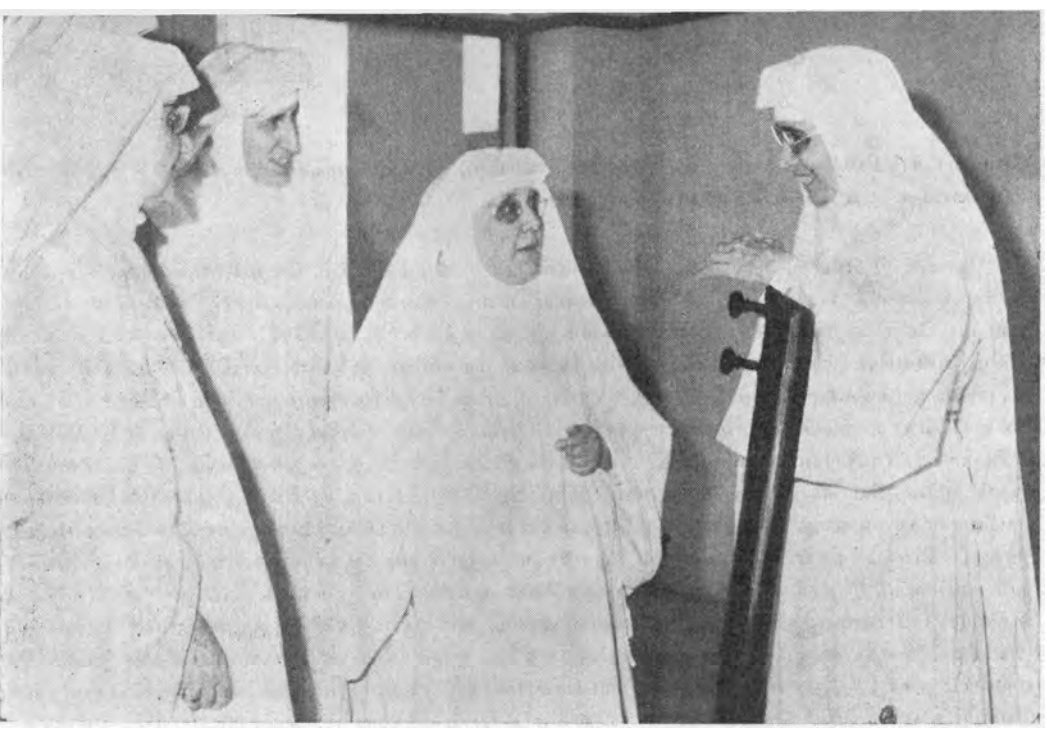


உள்ளது. ஜப்பான், சீனா, மலேயோ, தாய்லாந்து, சுமத்ரா ஆகிய நாடுகளின் கைத்தொழில் களும் கலை வேலைப்பாடுகளும் இங்குள்ள 'கலை' பொருட்காட்சி நிலையத்தில் காணலாம். மேலை நாடுகளிலிருந்து பல ஆசிரியர்கள் இங்கு கல்வி போதிக்க அழைக்கப்படுகின்றனர். " ஏற்றுக்கொள்வதுதான் வாழ்வின் அடிப்படையாக இருக்கவேண்டுமே தவிர, ஒதுக்கல் அடிப்படைக் கொள்கையாக இருக்கக் கூடாது " என்று தாகூர் நம்பினார். ஆதலால் மேலை நாட்டில் உள்ள நற்பண்புகளை நம் நாட்டில் போதிக்க விரும்பினார். சோம்பலும் குருட்டு நம்பிக்கையும் நம் கிழக்கில் உள்ள குற்றங்கள் என உணர்ந்தார். இவையாவும் நீங்கப் பெற்ற புத்துலகத்தை இவ்விரண்டு நாடுகளும் கூடுவதால் தான் காண முடியும் என்று உணர்ந்தார் தாகூர். ஆகையால் இவருடைய 'விஸ்வ பாரதியில்' ஒரு கட்டாய மொழியோ சமயமோ கிடையாது. சாதி வேற்றுமை இல்லை. எல்லா சமயங்களின் முக்கிய திருவிழாக்களும் இங்கு கொண்டாடப்படுகின்றன. உலகமே ஒரு சிறு இடத்தில் திரண்டாற்போன்று இப்பல்கலைக் கழகம் உள்ளது. ' நிலைத்து நிற்கும் உண்மை மிகச் சிறிய காரியங்களிலிருந்து வளரலாம் ' என்று தாகூர் கூறியதற்கு அவருடைய சாந்தி நிகேதனே ஒரு அத்தாட்சியாகும்.

தாகூர் மேற்கிற்கும் கிழக்கிற்கும் இடையேமட்டும் பாலம் அமைக்கவில்லை—அவர் நகரத்திற்கும் கிராமத்திற்கும் பாலம் அமைத்தார்—பல்கலைக் கழகத்திற்கும் கிராமத்திற்கும் பாலம் அமைத்தார். நம்முடைய கல்வி நம்முடைய வாழ்க்கையோடு பொருந்தாதுள்ளதைக் கண்ட தாகூர் மேற்கில் உள்ளவாறு நம் நாட்டில் பல்கலைக் கழகங்கள் இயங்க வேண்டும் என்று விரும்பினார். மேற்கில் அவர்களுடைய பல்கலைக் கழகம், அவர்களுடைய சமுதாயம் ஈடுபடுகின்ற எல்லாச் செயல்களிலுமே ஈடுபடுகின்றது. " ஆசிரியர்களையும் மாணக்கர்களையும் ஒன்றாக இணைக்கின்ற ஒரே ஊடு நிலை அவர்களுடைய உறவு வழிகளை ஒளி பொருந்தியதாகச் செய்கிறது. அவர்களுடைய கல்வி, அவர்களுடைய மனத்தையே நிலையான வாகனமாகவும், அவர்களுடைய பண்பாட்டையே நிலையான ஆதாரமாகவும், அவர்களுடைய சமுதாய வாழ்க்கையை நிலையான நீர் பாய்ச்சும் இடமாகவும் கொண்டு வளருகிறது."

தாகூர் நம் நாட்டில் பொருளாதாரக் கூட்டுறவு முறையில் பல்கலைக் கழகங்கள் அமைக்கப் பாடுபட்டார். பண்பாட்டின் நிலைக்களனாகவும், பொருளாதார வாழ்க்கையின் மையமாகவும் பல்கலைக் கழகங்கள் விளங்க வேண்டும் என்று அவர் எண்ணினார். 1922-ல் ' ஸ்ரீநிகேதன் ' என்ற விவசாயக் கல்லூரி ஒன்றை ஆரம்பித்தார். பரிசோதனைப் பண்ணைகளும், பயிர்களை வளர்ப்பது எப்படி என்பன பற்றியும் மாணவர்கள் பல்கலைக் கழகத்திற்கு அருகே உள்ள கிராமங்களில் எடுத்துக் கூறுகின்றனர். இந்த ' ஸ்ரீநிகேதனில் ' ' சிலப்பவனம் ' என்ற ஸ்தாபனத்தில் விவசாயிகள் தம் வருமானத்தைப் பெருக்கிக் கொள்ள கைத்தொழில்கள் அனைத்தும் கற்றுத்தரப்படுகின்றன. இக் கிராம ஸ்தாபனம் அதன் பெயருக்கேற்ப ' அழகிற்கும் நல்வாழ்விற்கும் ஓர் வீடாக விளங்குகிறது. தாகூர் மேற்கில் உள்ள கூட்டுறவுக் கொள்கையை ஆதரித்து, அக் கூட்டுறவுக் கொள்கையினால் மட்டுமே இந்தியா உயிர் பெறமுடியும் என்று கூறுகிறார். கூட்டுறவு முயற்சியே சிறந்தது, ஒற்றுமை தர வல்லது என நினைக்கின்றார். மற்றவர்களின் உரிமைகளை மதிக்கும்போதுதான் ஒற்றுமை உண்டாகும் என்கிறார் தாகூர். எல்லாவற்றின் அடிப்படையும் ஒற்றுமைதான் என்பதை உணர்ந்த தாகூர் மனிதர்கள் அனைவரும் சமமானவர் என்கிறார். அவர் பாடிய தேசிய கீதம் உலக மக்களுக்காக ஒரு பிரார்த்தனை ஆகும்—உலக ஒற்றுமைக்கும் கூட்டுறவிற்கும் ஒரு பிரார்த்தனையாகும்—தான் விரும்பும் ஒரு புதிய கூட்டுறவு உலகத்தைக் கண்டு மகிழ்ந்து பாடுவதே இப் பாடலாகும்.

நம் நாட்டில் இதுபோல் அறிவுப் பாலங்கள் அமைத்தவர் பலர். திரு. ராஜாராம் மோகன்ராய் தென்னிந்தியாவையும் வட இந்தியாவையும் தாம் காட்டிய கருத்துப் பாலத்தால்



பிணைத்தார். தென் நாட்டில் ரானடே தன் வாழ்நாளை ஒற்றுமைப் பாலம் அமைப்பதற்காகவே அர்ப்பணித்தார். மிக்க பெருந்தன்மை உடைய விவேகானந்தர் கிழக்கும் மேற்கும் தம் கருத்துக்களை பரிமாறிக்கொள்ள மிக்க சேவை செய்தார். வங்காளத்தில் பங்கிம் சந்திரர் தன் 'பங்கதர்ஷனில்' கிழக்கும் மேற்கும் கூடுவதாக அமைத்துக் காட்டுகிறார்.

தா கூரும் இதையே தன் கட்டுரைகளில் கூறுகின்றார். கூட்டுறவாகப் பலருடன் ஒத்துழைக்கத் தெரிந்தவள்தான் உண்மையிலேயே முழு மனிதன் ஆவான் என்கிறார். சேர்ந்து உழைக்கும்போதுதான் கல்வி, நம்பிக்கை, சக்தி, செல்வம் ஆகியவை வருகின்றன. "மணல் நிலம் பழங்கள் எதையும் தருவதில்லை. ஏனென்றால் மணல் துகள்கள் தனித்தனியே உள்ளன. அதனால் அந் நிலத்தில் நீர் நிற்க முடியாது; ஆனால் அதே மணலில் சிறிது களிமண்ணும் எருவும் வைத்தால் மணலில் உள்ள இடைவெளிகள் நிரம்பி, நிலம் செழிப்பாகி, நீரைச் சேகரித்து மிக்க பலன் கொடுக்கும். இதேபோல் மனிதன் வேறுபாடுகளால் பிளவுபடாமல் ஒற்றுமையாக இருந்தால் நம் நாட்டை வருத்தும் ஏழ்மையைப் போக்கலாம்" என்று தாகூர் கூறி இருக்கிறார். எங்கே செல்வம் உள்ளதோ அங்கு கூட்டுறவுக் கொள்கை உள்ளது என்பதைத் தாகூர் கண்டார். மக்களுடைய ஒற்றுமையே அவர்களுடைய செல்வம் என்கிறார் தாகூர். பலருடைய உழைப்பை ஒரு மனிதன் பயன்படுத்துவதால் செல்வமாகிறான். இதனை மக்கள் உணர வேண்டும்—தம் உழைப்பைப் பெருக்கி, இலாபத்தில் பங்கு கோர வேண்டும் என்கிறார் தாகூர். இந்தியாவை சரிப்படுத்துவது ஏழை மக்களின் கையில் உள்ளது என்கிறார். மேற்கு நாடுகளை மேற்கோளாகக் காட்டுகின்றார். டென்மார்க் (Denmark) எவ்வாறு தன் பால் பண்ணைகளை கூட்டுறவால் விருத்தி செய்து தற்போது செல்வத்தில் வாழ்கிறது என்று காட்டிய தாகூர், இந்தியக் குடியானவர்களும் கூட்டுறவால் பயனடைவார்கள் என்று கூறுகிறார். "உண்மை தான் ஒற்றுமையை உண்டாக்கும், செல்வம் கலகத்தை உண்டாக்கும்" என்கிறார் தாகூர். தன்னைத் தானே நினைத்து வாழ்கின்றவன் உண்மையாக வாழ்வதில்லை. தன்னைப் பிறரிடத்துக் காண்பவன்தான் உண்மையாக வாழ்கிறான்—இதுவே அவர் தத்துவம். இன்று நாம் 'உலகக் கூட்டுறவு வருடம்'



கொண்டாடுகின்றோம்—ஆனால் அவரோ கூட்டுறவின் முக்கியத்தையும், ஒற்றுமையின் சிறப்பையும் அன்றே எடுத்துக் கூறிவிட்டார்.

தாசூர் இவ்வாறு செய்த நற்காரியங்கள் பல. கிழக்கிற்கும், மேற்கிற்கும் பாலம் அமைத்தார். பல்கலைக் கழகமும் சமூகமும், இணைய பாலம் அமைத்தவர் அவர். நகரமும் கிராமமும் ஒன்று சேர ஒற்றுமைப் பாலம் அமைத்துத் தந்தவர் அவரே. விவசாயிகளின் மகிழ்ச்சியையே தன் மகிழ்ச்சியாகவும், உலக மக்களின் ஒருமைப்பாட்டையே தன் வாழ்நாளின் குறிக்கோளாகவும் கொண்ட இம் மனிதரின் பெருந்தன்மை தான் என்னே! மனிதன் மேல் நீங்காத நம்பிக்கை கொண்டிருந்தார் அவர். தம் 'அனைத்துலக மனிதன்' நிச்சயம் உருவாக்கப்படுவான் என்ற நம்பிக்கை தாசூரிடம் இருந்தது. தமது கடைசி கட்டுரையில் அவர் இதையே கூறுகிறார்—“என்ன இருப்பினும் இப்பொழுது கிடைத்துள்ள தோல்வியை முடிவானதாகக் கருதி மனிதரிடம் நம்பிக்கையை இழக்கும் பாவத்தை யான் செய்யமாட்டேன். இந்தப் பெரும் நீர்ப் பிரளயம் முடிந்த பிறகு, மறுபடியும் ஆகாயம் உணர்ச்சி மேகத்தினின்றும் விடுபட்டுத் தூய்மையாக விளங்கத் தொடங்கியவுடன் வரலாற்றில் ஒரு திருப்பத்தை எதிர்பார்ப்பேன். ஒருவேளை அந்த விடிவு காலம் அடிவானத்திலிருந்து, கதிர்வன் தோன்றும் இக் கீழ்த் திசையிலிருந்து தோன்றலாம். அந்நேரத்தில் தோல்வி காணாத மனிதன் தடைகளை எல்லாம் தகர்த்து, தான் இழந்த பழைய பரம்பரைச் சொத்தை மீட்டும் வென்று பெறுவதற்கு வெற்றிப் பாதையில் செல்வான்”. வறுமைப் பேய் இல்லாது, சண்டை பூசல் இல்லாது, சமாதானமே உருவாகவும், சத்தியமும், ஒற்றுமையுமே நிலவும் உலகில் அனைத்துலக மனிதனை மனக்கண்ணால் கண்டார் தாசூர். அனைத்துலக மனிதனை உருவாக்க இத்தனைப் பாலங்களை அமைத்த அவர், 'கீதாஞ்சலியில்' மனமுருக இறைவனை வேண்டுகிறார்—சத்தியமும் வளமும் ஞானமும் கலப்பற்ற ஒரு மிகச் சிறந்த நாடாக இந்த நாடு மாற வேண்டும் என்கிறார்—“எங்கே மனம் அச்சமற்றிருக்கிறதோ, தலை நிமிர்ந்திருக்கிறதோ, எங்கே அறிவு உரிமையுடனிருக்கிறதோ, எங்கே உலகம் குறுகிய குடும்ப எல்லைகளால் துண்டு துண்டாகப் பிளவு படாதிருக்கிறதோ, எங்கே உண்மையின் ஆழ்ந்த அடிப்படையிலிருந்து சொற்கள் பிறக்கின்றனவோ, எங்கே சலியாத உழைப்பு விழுமிய நிலையை நோக்கி நீள்கிறதோ, எங்கே பகுத்தறிவு என்னும் தெளிந்த ஓடை மூட பழக்கவழக்கம் என்னும் வறண்ட பாளையில் தவறிப் போகாதிருக்கிறதோ, எங்கே என்றும் விரிந்து நோக்கும் எண்ணத்திலும் செயலிலும் மனத்தை நீ முன்னின்று அழைத்துச் செல்கிறாயோ, அங்கே, அந்த உரிமையுள்ள இன்ப உலகத்தில், என் தந்தையே; என் நாடு விழிப்புறுக!”

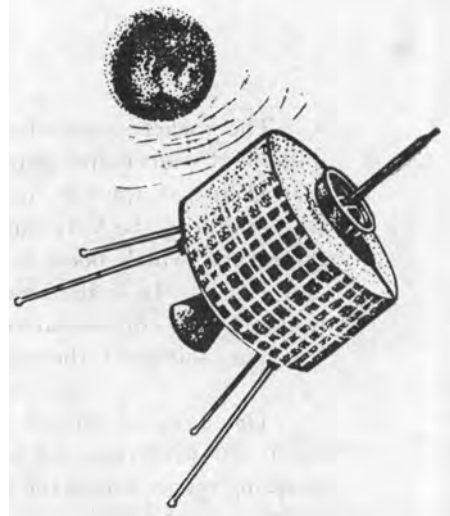
உலகத்தில் அன்புப் பாலம் அமைத்த இத்தகைய பெரியாரின் கனவை நனவாக்குவது நம் கடன் அன்றோ?

C. KANCHANA  
I B. A.

## One World

“We have no choice but to live together as members of a single world community. Our true nationality is the human race and the world.”

*President Radhakrishnan*



This observation of our philosopher-President expresses a truth which more and more people are coming to recognise in these times : the interdependence of all peoples and nations. The idea of completely independent, self-sufficient and homogeneous nation-states is anachronistic : a legal fiction, if you will, which does not encompass the whole social reality.

The interdependence of nations and peoples is clearly observable, even to the blindest eyes, on the economic and technological level. Because of the uneven distribution of mineral resources, differences in climate, diversity of soils, no one country can produce all the commodities which are necessary for its economic life. The advantages of geographical specialisation make it, in fact, more profitable for countries to exchange products, rather than try to be self-sufficient in every respect. In present world conditions, however, all the nations still tend to try to be self-sufficient at least in essential commodities, because the experience of the two world wars, while it has taught them the need for co-operation, has also taught them the danger of dependence on others for the supply of certain goods, for such supplies may be cut off in time of emergency, just when the need is most urgent. So, while the economist recognises the value of co-operation, the statesman is obliged to seek independence of others.

Science and technology, like economics, are international in outlook. It is one of the oldest traditions of science that knowledge has no boundaries, and admits no frontiers. That was why Newton chose to write his famous “Principia” in Latin, the international language of scholarship in his day. In modern times, this international cross-fertilisation of ideas has produced the industrial marvels with which we are daily becoming familiar. For example, let us consider the use of atomic energy. The theory of atomic fission was developed early in the century by J. J. Thomson. The atom was first successfully split, translating theory into practice, by a small team of research workers in the Cavendish laboratory, Cambridge, in 1932. The first practical use made of it, however regrettable in its nature, illustrates the value of co-operation, for the atomic bombs used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the fruit of the combined efforts of allied scientists. Finally, the application of this tremendous energy to peaceful purposes has been made possible by the pooling of knowledge by scientists from almost every country in the world.

The rockets, too, which explore space, are another example of the international outlook of science and technology. It was an American who first developed the science of rocketry, if we may use the term. His ideas were taken up by German scientists, who produced the V-1, and V-2. Out of these were born the jet engine, in Britain, and the rockets which boost Sputniks and Mariners into inter-planetary space from Russia and U.S.A. In both these countries the progress of experimentation was made more rapid by the collaboration of German scientists with those native to the soil. Truly, "to wrap science in the trappings of nationalism is to suffocate it."

The unity of science is further demonstrated by the team-work necessary for its continued progress. No longer is the scientist solitary, locked up in his laboratory, pursuing research into the unknown for his own satisfaction alone. He is a member of a team consisting of experts in several different branches of science, whose united efforts and combined knowledge are required to achieve any results; those results, moreover, do not merely push back the boundaries of knowledge a little further, though that in itself is a great achievement, but they are of importance to the rest of men, and the scientist is fully aware of himself as a member of society, with a responsibility to society for his work and for the use to which that work is put.

Science, then, recognises its own unity, and that of society. Most of all, the advances made by science in the twentieth century have revealed the fundamental unity of the universe itself, a unity which can be found whether we look at atoms or at stars, the smallest and the greatest objects in material creation. The final expression of this unity of nature has yet to be made. Albert Einstein, possibly the greatest scientist who ever lived, was working on a "Unified Field Theory" which should explain it, at the time of his death, but has had to leave it to some other man, perhaps yet unborn, to discover the ultimate unity of matter.

Unity and interdependence are, however, not only evident at the material level. All aspects of human culture transcend national boundaries and reflect cosmopolitan tendencies. The culture of every country is strongly affected by conditions and movements of thought in other parts of the world. Partly because of the fact that, until the discovery of the Indus Valley Culture, we had no reason to doubt that our own culture was a single homogeneous growth from that of the early Aryans, we in India have been too indifferent to this fact; but in reality, the further we go back into the life of those same Aryans, the more we are made to see that they were the true kin of those of Iran and of Europe too. If we fail to recognise the value of other cultures, and to permit them to cross-fertilise our own, we actually miss great opportunities of enrichment, hedging ourselves in from the good in the world around us by the narrowest of all nationalism, cultural nationalism. Our late Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, had far broader vision, when he said: "What is my inheritance? To what am I an heir? To all that humanity has achieved during tens of thousands of years."

This fundamental unity of human culture at its highest and its deepest levels is, moreover, reflected in the growth and spread of the great world religions whose

universality at once reflects and satisfies a deep human need, which merely national movements and ideologies are obliged to respect. The real significance of these world religions lies in the witness they seek to bear to the oneness of truth, that oneness upon which all other unities must be based.

If we look at history with open eyes, one of its most impressive lessons is that men tend instinctively towards unity. Mankind has seen the independent, isolated caveman seek the unity of a family, has seen the single family group itself with other families to form a village or a tribe, the village grow into a city-state, or the tribe into an ethnic group capable of becoming a self-conscious nation, and now in our days sees the nations, still, admittedly, too acutely conscious of themselves and their sovereignty, yet seeking to find a means of unity among themselves. It seems clear that the desire for unity with his fellows is one of the most vital aspirations of the human soul, as is perhaps natural to a being who is himself a union of body and soul.

In order to satisfy this aspiration, we must work to attain unity at all levels: material, through economic and scientific co-operation; social and political, through the various organisations in which humanity is so fertile; cultural and spiritual, through a growth not merely of tolerance, but of appreciation of the beauty, truth and goodness to be found everywhere, not merely in our own little milieu.

Such efforts have been especially noteworthy in recent times: one which made a deep impression on many minds was the appeal for peace launched by Pope Paul VI from Bombay, during his visit to our country last December, a visit whose importance in this context was recognised by our President when he said to the Pope on that occasion: "It is my earnest hope that the desire for world peace will be strengthened, not merely by political arrangements and economic alliances, but by understanding among peoples on the plane of culture and spirit, and your visit to our country and your kind expressions: all these will contribute to the building up of that bridge between nations which is essential for peace."

Our beloved late Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, sharing this vision of hope, proposed to the United Nations the celebration of an "International Co-operation Year", which is taking place in this year of grace, 1965. In common with other lovers of peace, he too played his part, a great one, in striving to fulfil that vision, which is the noblest of man's purely earthly dreams:

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

S. VIJAYALAKSHMI  
I B. A.

# Science Builds A Bridge To The Farmer



One hundred years ago an unknown monk in a monastery garden sowed the seeds of the science of genetics which has revolutionized modern farming.

The scientist and the farmer may appear to be poles apart, and perhaps in the past this appearance has been a reality. But today there has been a revolution in agriculture in many countries. This peaceful revolution had its beginnings in the work of an Austrian monk over a century ago. If you happened to pass by the garden of the Augustinian monastery of Bruenn, Moravia, on a bright summer's day in the 1860's you would probably have seen a stocky, middle-aged monk bent over beds of pea plants, and seeming to have no other aim than to obtain succulent peas for the community meals. But Gregor Johann Mendel had a purpose far-removed from this mundane pursuit. He was attempting to discover the laws which govern heredity. In 1863 he completed his work and in 1865, just a century ago, he reported his findings to the Bruenn Society for the Study of Natural Science. The scientific world was, alas, not ready for this discovery and the scientists of his day failed to comprehend the significance of his work. Mendel was long laid to rest in the little monastery cemetery when, in 1900, his work was "re-discovered" in the Journal of the Bruenn Natural Science Society, by three scientists in three different parts of the world, and the science of genetics was born.

Genetics has grown during the first half of this century by leaps and bounds, until, from a tiny seed in 1900, it has become a veritable giant, its branches reaching out to influence many and varied fields, one of which is agriculture.

In the days of our grandfathers, a farmer's formal education was very limited; most of his knowledge of his trade was not acquired from books. Today however, the successful farmer must be a combination of scientist, geneticist and manual worker. Genetics has "come to stay" in the world of agriculture, and this link has been a boon to the farmer and the world at large.

One of the most fruitful lines of pursuit has proved to be the application of Mendel's laws of genetics to the production of hybrid plants, especially maize. A time-honoured method for raising corn among many farmers was to use the kernels of the best cobs for seed. However this proved unsatisfactory, because the hereditary make-up was not always obvious in the plant, since many characteristics are said to be recessive; and these appear in later generations. Thus, some plants obtained by this method were good, while others showed inherent weaknesses which were not obvious in

the original plant, but appeared in later generations. However, scientists, after years of research, discovered a new method by which a superior type of maize could be obtained. By self-pollinating different maize plants for several generations, there is obtained what are called "inbred lines". The plants of these inbred lines are all similar, and their genotypes or hereditary make-up also do not differ essentially. There is a temporary loss, since inbreeding or self-pollination reduces the vitality of the plants in question. If, however, two different inbred lines are crossed, the hybrid plants thus obtained show a remarkable vigour, are exceptionally large, and yield more fruitful and vigorous plants on breeding. Farmers in many parts of India have found that hybrid maize can triple their yields, and therefore there is also a substantial increase in income. This discovery made in connection with maize, has proved applicable to onions, spinach and sugar beet. Investigations are now being conducted on the use of the method in raising brinjals and tomatoes.

Genetics has proved useful to the farmer in raising not only plants, but also animals. The method of inbreeding and crossing inbred lines has been successful in raising stronger strains of poultry, which produce a greater percentage of eggs than in previous generations. Research in livestock production has led to the development of superior dairy cows, which yield 60% more milk than formerly.

In addition to genetics, the farmer has been assisted by various other sciences. Nutrition experts have taught him how to improve the diet of farm animals, and to eliminate vitamin deficiency diseases. Chemists have come to his aid with insecticides of various types to destroy insect enemies of his crops, while biologists have shown him the value of biological control of insect pests. Radio-isotopes in the hands of the scientists have been of immense value to agriculture in innumerable ways. Perhaps we could examine some of these contributions of scientists to agriculture.

Investigators in livestock nutrition were the first to isolate many of the vitamins that were later shown to be essential to human health. They proved that vitamin D could be formed in the animal body by exposing the animal to ultraviolet light derived from sunlight. This discovery led to the elimination of rickets in farm animals and, of course, the information was utilized for human welfare as well. Similarly, the use of the B vitamin, Niacin, for the treatment of pellagra was first demonstrated by scientists investigating problems of animal nutrition.

Many insects have long been the farmer's arch-enemies and science has not been slow to supply the remedy. Chemical insecticides such as DDT, methoxychlor toxaphene, helthachlor are waging a chemical warfare on insect pests far and wide. These new chemicals have reduced the losses caused by insects by two-thirds in many cases. They have saved millions of tons of cereal grains, such as wheat and maize, and doubled the production of many crops such as potatoes. Biology, too, has been of assistance in routing the enemy. Biological control of pests by releasing their natural enemies has been a time-worn method of attack. Lady-bird beetles prey upon *Icerya purchasi*, the

scale insects, which wrought havoc on orange groves, and have been used more than once to eliminate the scale insects and save the orange crop. Insects, too, are subject to disease, and scientists seek means of spreading disease germs among them, thus saving the farmer's crops by killing off numerous insect pests.

One of the most recent tools employed by science in assisting agriculture is the use of radio-isotopes. By now, in this atomic age, it has become common knowledge that an isotope is an atom of an element having the same atomic number but a different atomic weight from the normal atom of that particular element. By the use of atomic reactors, many of these isotopes can be made radio-active, and since the radiations they emit can be detected by a Geiger counter, they can be used as radio-active "tracers". These have been utilized for the benefit of agriculture in various ways. Tracers are helping research workers in studying how plants absorb elements from the soil. The path of a tiny quantity of a radio-isotope is easily and accurately traced by the Geiger counter. With the information derived from such experiments, it has been possible to determine the effectiveness of fertilizers. By this method, it has been discovered that maize needs a fertilizer rich in phosphorus in its early growth. Again, the proper use and application of fertilizers has been clarified by the use of radio-isotopes. A fertilizer applied to soil is largely wasted because much of it is washed away or is bound to soil particles and never reaches the plant. With tracers, it has been discovered that the foliage of plants can take in some nutrients as well as the roots, and this eliminates the wastage involved in applying fertilizer to the soil. Tracers have also revealed the reason why selective chemical weed killers are effective in destroying weeds while doing no harm to food crops. All plants readily absorb selective weed-killers, but resistant plants show no effect, while sensitive plants undergo numerous changes. Sugar formation is disrupted in these latter forms and the movement of phosphorus is retarded. Much work remains to be done in this regard, but the still scanty knowledge of the process has come mainly from tracer research.

Science has thus joined hands with the farmer. A link has been forged, a bridge raised which has already proved of great value in the field of agriculture. The future has yet to reveal the immense possibilities which this link between science and the farmer may hold for the benefit of the human race.

SHANTI PAI  
III B. Sc.

# A Glimpse of Mechanics

**Mechanics is not only one of the principal subjects on the syllabus of the M.Sc. Maths course, but it is also a factor of everyday life.**

The dictionary defines mechanics as a branch of applied mathematics treating of motion and tendencies of motion. This prosaic definition hardly does credit to the wonderful nature and importance of mechanics, for this science of motion is the common link between the mathematician, the physicist, the engineer, and the astronomer. It is in particular the common field of exploration in the case of physics and mathematics. Indeed, we cannot do better than adapt the aphorism often applied to politics and economics: physics without mathematics has no root: mathematics without physics bears no fruit. While concerned with the study of mechanics, we can never know where we leave behind the realms of mathematics and enter the region of physics.

One of the earliest exponents of mechanics was the famous Galileo. Just as the commonplace incident of the falling of an apple led to the discovery of the law of gravitation, the swinging of a lamp in a cathedral, observed by Galileo, set him on the way to find the laws of the pendulum. From this first discovery, made when he was only twenty, Galileo plunged deep into his scientific studies, and in a remarkable series, came the law of falling bodies, the laws of equilibrium, and the basic principles of motion.

It is interesting to note here how the works of great scientific thinkers are linked up with one another. Thus the idea of inertia, first propounded by Galileo, was later on picked up by Newton and refined and developed into the first law of motion. Before he was twenty-five, Newton had formulated the basic laws of mechanics, their application to celestial bodies, and the fundamental law of gravitation, in addition to the technique of calculus and optical theories.

The most outstanding figure in modern times was Einstein. He discovered the special and general theory of relativity, which shook the world of mechanics to its foundations. Yet, though Einstein's discovery meant the breaking up of the pattern of Newtonian mechanics, it did not rule out the laws on which all physical phenomena had been based up till that time. Einstein's theory helped to overcome the difficulty caused by the fact that there were a few extreme cases involving the inconceivably small and the incredibly large. It was this theory of relativity, combined with the field theory which Einstein put forth later, that ushered in the age of atomic physics.

Thus mechanics has been undergoing a continually changing process. Because of its adaptability, it has been possible to apply to it the latest techniques of mathematics,



such as modern algebra. In fact, mechanics provides an excellent instance of the process of evolution in science. New theories are in the making, and when an old theory has done its work and satisfied certain points, it is rejected in favour of a more satisfying one. This process is not to be deprecated - as O.G. Sutton says, one may as well reject a child because he is growing up. Science has to revitalize itself constantly, and the existing beliefs lead to newer and more accurate conceptions. Einsteinian theory is revolutionary but it is said: "Without Newton, relativity could never have been imagined, let alone made into a workable scheme."

The theoretical procedure of mechanics combines the methods of physics and mathematics. Starting from a real physical system, we can form a mathematical model, approximating to it: for instance, the spheroid is a model approximating to the earth. Then the scientist tries to reason out the behaviour of the model according to mathematical laws, and having succeeded in finding a solution, applies his results to suit the original physical phenomena. Finally, the results are checked with the experimental or observational consequences. Thus mechanics shows how mathematics, starting from a realm of fancy, enters into the world of reality which is made all the better for it. It is the bridge that science has built "to span the gulf between the world of sensory impressions and the ultimate reality". There is, in fact, no poetical extravagance, when R. A. Rosenbaum says: "What can be more satisfying, more exhilarating, than to perceive an elegant mathematical solution of a significant practical problem? Nothing - nothing can surpass this - but one experience can equal it: to find an unsuspected practical application of an elegant mathematical system."

Mechanics, which is the foremost of the subjects known as applied mathematics, uses mathematical theory to clarify and extend the vision of physical phenomena. The most spectacular example of this is to be found in jetcraft and space-travel. Newton, when he enunciated his third law of motion which states that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, could not have even dreamt that it would usher in the modern science of aeronautics. Yet, when the powerful gas mixture escapes through the rear of the rocket with a tremendous force, it is the opposite reaction that makes the rocket soar high in the sky in quest of unknown realms. Terms like friction-couple and effective forces may seem to have an interest only for students of mechanics, and yet no movement on this earth would be possible but for the generation of friction, though its acknowledged office is to oppose motion. "Dragcoefficient" and "transonic region" are not abstract conceptions for mathematical high-brows, but they are two important elements of aerodynamics which enable one to relax comfortably in the cushioned seat of the most modern luxury air-liner.

Let the layman who thinks that mathematics dwells in books alone, with no practical purpose, peep into any one branch of mechanics. He will be astonished to find how unobtrusively his movement and that of the whole universe are governed by the laws of mechanics. He will enjoy life all the better for understanding the working technique of motion and rest. True, he can admire the delicacy and beauty of a flower

without knowing the number of its petals and stamens ; but an additional knowledge of the intricate and marvellous structure of the world around him certainly enhances his appreciation. Far from spoiling the outward loveliness of things, it gives an insight into their intrinsic beauty. Excursions into mechanics will lead the scientist farther and farther on, and who can tell ? – he will perhaps find a flower, “ born to blush unseen ” wasting “ its sweetness on the desert air,” and will help it to bloom into a new mathematical idea. But he can never hope to have gained a full view of the extensive scenery before him. The great Newton himself compared his vast work only to the finding of a pebble, smoother perhaps than the ordinary, while the whole ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him.

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## आधुनिक संचार

आधुनिक संचार द्वारा समय का बचाव होता है, हमारी दुनिया संकुचित बन जाती है और पारस्परिक समझौती एवं ऐक्य की स्थापना की जा सकती है। आजके वैज्ञानिक तथा श्रृंखला-कौशल दरषानेवाले अन्वेषणों ने समय, अंतरिक्ष और कारण-वाद पर विजय प्राप्रकी है। अवसर की कमी, जगहों की दूरी आदि बाधाएँ आधुनिक संचार को रोक नहीं सकतीं। रेडियो, टेलिविशन तथा अन्य विजली से चलनेवाले यंत्रों की मदद से अन्तर-प्रादेशिक, अन्तर-राष्ट्रीय व महाद्वीप के समाचार का सरल एवं तीव्र गति से कहीं भी, चाहे वह ज़मीन पर हो, पानी पर हो, हवा में, या फिर अंतरिक्ष में ही क्यों नहो, प्रसार किया जा सकता है। इसका नतीजा यह होता है कि चारों ओर सारे विश्व में ज्ञान, समझशक्ति और एकता का प्रसार हो जाता है।

प्राचीन काल में संचार के साधन इतने कम और अपर्याप्त थे कि सबसे निकट जगह से भी लोग अपरिचित थे। अज्ञानता चारों ओर छाई हुई थी। उस समय मनुष्य द्वारा ही कोई भी समाचार भेजा जाता था। एक संदेश-वाहक रहता जो पहले पैदल चलता और बाद में बगधी पर जिसे खींचनेवाले घोड़े व्रैल आदि जानवर थे। इससे छोटी सी दूरी पार करने के लिए भी समय बहुत लग जाता और फिर जो समाचार भेजा जाता वह भी कम और असंतोषजनक रहता। इस प्रकार विचार-विनिमय न होने के कारण एक प्रदेश दूसरे प्रदेश से मैली ने कर पाता। लोगों की दुनिया तब भी संकुचित थी। मगर उसमें फर्क था। आज एक दूसरे को लोग पहचानने लगे हैं। वे दिन-ब-दिन निकटतर होते जा रहे हैं। मगर तब तो एक आदमी दूसरे का अस्तित्व भी न जानता था। उसका दिमाग कूपमडक का सा था अपने प्रदेश को ही सारी दुनिया समझ बैठता था। आज वैज्ञानिक तथा अंतरिक्ष श्रृंग के प्रादुर्भाव से हम उस संकुचित दुनिया से बाहर आये हैं। आदमी जो भी करता है वह कार्य विश्व से संबंधित होता है। मनुष्य में विश्व बंधुत्व का भाव उत्पन्न हो रहा है। आज की दुनिया में मनुष्य एक दूसरे पर निर्भर है। संसार में रहनेवाला हर एक जीव अपना तथा अन्य का मूल्य समझ गया है खनिज वनस्पति (खनिज-उद्भिग-वर्ग), जानवर तथा मनुष्य के बीच जो चिर-कालीन रिश्ता है उसे लोग धीरे-धीरे समझ पाये। जब अज्ञान दूर हुआ तो ज्यादा जानने की उत्कंठा आदमी ने महसूस की। फलस्वरूप कई आविष्कार हुए। इस प्रकार विद्या और ज्ञान की वृद्धि हुई। हर एक समस्या विश्व से संबंधित बन गयी। भौतिक-विज्ञान-वेत्ता खोजों की मदद से कोई भी समस्या हल कर सकता है। इससे संसार की सारी सृष्टि को एक साथ मिलने का मार्ग-सा खुल गया। आपस में पहचान तथा दोस्ती बढ़ाने का अवसर प्राप्त हो

गया। न्यूटन, ऐन्स्टेन तथा प्रो रामन जैसे वैज्ञानिकों के आविष्कारों ने पंचमहान-भौतिक तत्व में छिपी हुई शक्ति को समझने में मानवता की मदद की। ये शक्तियाँ हैं धरती, जल, विजली, आकाश तथा हवा। ये शक्तियाँ जब मनुष्य की ज़रूरतों को पूरा करने के लिए इस्तेमाल की जायँ तो अलौकिक फल पैदा करने में ये मददगार हो सकती हैं। हर एक क्षेत्र में ये अपने चमत्कार दिखला सकती हैं। चाहे वह ज्ञान की तरकी हो, पत्र-व्यवहार या अन्य कोई भी संचार हो या, वाहनों के आविष्कार या उद्योग में उन्नति हो, कृषि-विभाग में प्रगति हो या फिर प्रशासन में प्रगति।

(एलेक्ट्रोड)परमाणु तथा (आइसोटोप्स) कटाणु यंत्रों को चलाने के काम में लाये जाते हैं। ये परमाणु तथा कटाणु खुद तो निर्जीव हैं पर इनकी शक्ति अतुलनीय है और उनका एक अलौकिक दिमाग के रूप में प्रयोग किया जाता है। ये दुनिया की आर्थिक स्थिति की प्रगति तथा उद्योग को सारे विश्व में फैलाने में बड़े सहायक होते हैं। जो राष्ट्र भौतिक-क्षेत्र में प्रगति कर चुके हैं। जो पहले सदा अपने राष्ट्र की ही सोचते थे, आज वे ही महान बन गये हैं। वे दुनिया के बारे में आम तौर पर विचार करते हैं और जिन राष्ट्रों का विकास नहो हुआ उन्हें मदद देने की कोशिश में पड़े हैं। उन्हें गरीबी-रूपी दलदल से ऊपर उठाने का जी तोड़कर प्रयत्न कर रहे हैं। इससे हमें यह ज्ञात होता है की सामाजिक, आर्थिक तथा राष्ट्रीय उन्नति को सरल एवं संभाव्य बनाने के लिए ज्ञान का प्रचार तथा अज्ञान का उन्मूलन करने की आज खास ज़रूरत है। इसे संभव, बनाने के लिए ही मानों वैज्ञानिकों ने आधुनिक संचार के वास्ते रेडियो, बेतार के तार, (टेलीविजन) बिजली-चित्र, तार-यंत्र, टेलीफोन-विद्या, टेलीपथी, रेलीप्रिन्टर, समाचार-पटी (टेपेकार्ड), टेलस्टार और सिंकोम इत्यादि के आविष्कार किए हैं और करते रहे हैं।

जब तक संचार के ये विविध प्रकार के साधन रचनात्मक काम में लाये जाँ तब तक सच्ची समझशक्ति का प्रसार हो सकता है और राष्ट्रों के बीच ऐक्य की स्थापना की जा सकती है। मगर इन आविष्कारों का दुर्ब्यवहार हुआ तो विश्व में शांति की स्थापना की जगह अशांति फैल जायेगी। इन खोजों का रचनात्मक प्रयोग विश्व-शांति के लिए अनिवार्य हैं। सामाजिक, राष्ट्रीय और अर्थिक क्षेत्रों में परस्पर विरोधी सिद्धांत रखनेवालों में इन आधुनिक संचारसाधनों के द्वारा शांतिपूर्ण सह-अस्तित्व संभव हो सकता है और मानवता की मौलिक एकता की स्थापना भी की जा सकती है।

K. T. BAKULA  
I B. A.

## “To See It Whole”

Students of Stella Maris join with the literature lovers of the English-speaking world in paying tribute to a great poet who died this year.

The division of literature into periods convenient for study tends to produce the impression that the writers in each so-called “age” exist independently of their predecessors and successors. This view is corrected by a study of the works of T.S. Eliot, the great modern poet, dramatist, and critic who died on January 4th this year. In “The Sacred Wood” Eliot wrote: “It is part of the business of the critic...to see literature steadily and to see it whole, and this is eminently to see it not as consecrated by time but to see it beyond time; to see the best work of our time and the best work of twenty-five hundred years ago with the same eyes.” Eliot practised what he preached, and is thus entitled to be considered as a bridge-maker between the past and the present on the one hand, and between the East and the West on the other.

He is, first of all, a link between America, the land of his birth, and England, his adopted country. Born in 1888 of New England stock in St. Louis, he went abroad to continue his studies after graduating from Harvard. At Oxford and the Sorbonne he studied philosophy and languages, including those of India. In 1915 he settled in England, becoming a British citizen in 1927. His first return to the United States was in 1932-33, to give the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard. After that he made frequent visits to the United States, and received many awards both there and in Britain; he thus acted as an unofficial cultural ambassador between the two countries.

The thought-process and the approaches to fundamental problems adopted by Eliot exhibit some similarities to those found in St. Augustine and Blaise Pascal. These men share the same ideas on death, the tragic sense of life, and the belief that man has a tendency to evil which is one of the effects of original sin. The modern philosophy arising out of these ideas is called Existentialism. St. Augustine has been held to be the first great existentialist philosopher. Dr. Radhakrishnan traces this philosophy to Buddhism and the Indian Upanishads. “Existentialism,” he writes, “is a new name for an ancient method. The Upanishads and Buddhism insist on a knowledge of the self: atmanan viddhi. Struggle, decision and final commitment is the essence of existentialism. These characteristics are essential to the fundamental religious and philosophical quest of man.” Eliot realises this, and hence brings the East and West

together in his poetry, especially in “The Waste Land”. In this poem we see that the Christian insistence on self-knowledge is similar to the atmanan viddhi which is stressed in every branch of Indian philosophical and religious thought.

“The Waste Land”, one of Eliot’s most important poems, is a lament over man’s fallen nature, in which Eliot makes use of symbols drawn from various myths and religions of East and West, past and present. The poem, written in 1922, had contemporary significance certainly, but was never intended to refer to that generation alone. Deeply moved as he was by post-war misery, Eliot was here speculating on human destiny, man’s need for moral regeneration, refreshment and new vision.



Towards the end of the “Fire Sermon”, the third part of the poem, Eliot collates two passages, one from St. Augustine, and the other from Buddha :

To Carthage then I came  
Burning burning burning burning  
O Lord Thou pluckest me out  
O Lord Thou pluckest  
burning

Eliot tells us that the collation of these two representatives of eastern and western ascetism “is not an accident”. The passage gives us the right approach to the poem. It shows Eliot’s attempt to trace evil in the world along lines similar to those adopted by the Buddha and St. Augustine. Buddha placed the passions at the root of all evil and suffering, and saw men on fire “burning” with passion. St. Augustine traces all evil back to the fall of man, original sin. He himself had known the terrible fascination of sin, as he tells us in his “Confessions”: “To Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears.”

Mingled with references to ancient myths and pagan fertility rites, are allusions to Christ, the God-Man Who died, was buried under the earth like the grain of corn, and rose triumphant, “bearing fruit a hundred-fold”. Part V of “The Waste Land” cryptically summarises the passion, death and resurrection of Christ by indirect

references to Gethsemane, Golgotha and Emmaus. The following allusions to water and thunder take us back to the hymns of the Rig-Veda, the wisdom of the ancient Hindu sages : the dessicated world was longing for refreshment when the thunder spoke : “ Datta (give) ; dayadhvam (sympathise) ; damyata (control). ” This was the advice given in the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad by Prajapati to the three orders of created beings, the gods, humans and demons. This gives us the quintessence of Upanishadic ethics, absolute faith in God.

The awful daring of a moment's surrender  
Which an age of prudence can never retract  
By this, and this only, we have existed.

Eliot's study of Indian philosophy and Indian languages stood him in good stead, not only in “ The Waste Land ”, but also in other poems such as “ Gerontion ”, where the apparent gulf between East and West is effectively bridged.

As he brings together East and West, so does Eliot synchronise all time, past, present and future. “ The past exists in the present which contains the future, ” is his existentialist philosophy of time. The movement and meaning of time is explored at some length in “ Four Quartets ”, where Eliot tells us that

Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future,  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable...  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end which is always present.

This parallels the Hindu notion of time to which Eliot refers in “ Dry Salvages ”, and also St. Augustine's ideas on the same subject. Thus in uniting past and present, Eliot continues to unite East and West. In “ Tradition and the Individual Talent ” Eliot reveals his reverence for tradition, and exposes his firm belief that no one can become a great writer unless he is steeped in the past literature of his own country, at least, and realises that all works of art of the past, present and future form one organic whole. The writer must attempt to make his work conform with and fit into this whole, and must realise that all new writing of any value will somehow modify the entire body of

literature written before it. Eliot finds it natural that “the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past”. For the poet, tradition requires “the historical sense (which) involves a perception not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence...This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the temporal and of the timeless together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity.”

Eliot’s own grasp of this principle underlies the method of collage of which he makes such striking use in “The Waste Land”. Quotations and adaptations from the Upanishads, Buddha, St. Augustine, the Elizabethans and Jacobean, Goldsmith and Baudelaire all contribute to the final effect of the oneness of all experience, the sameness of man’s suffering and yearning throughout the centuries, and bear out Eliot’s theory that the artist of today cannot and must not cut himself off from the artists of yesterday.

Eliot is generally considered a “difficult” poet, and certainly there is hardly one of his poems that will yield its full meaning without repeated thoughtful reading. His poetry is intellectual rather than emotional, and makes heavy demands on the reader. But the emotions are by no means eschewed; rather, here again, Eliot is a bridge-maker, uniting elements that are all too often divorced, realising the sensuous apprehension of thought and the fusion of ideas and feelings. Like Wordsworth, and like all truly original poets, he had to create the taste by which he could be enjoyed. That he has succeeded in creating such a taste is proved by the vast number of books that have been written on him and his works. None of these assessments of his writings can be called complete if it does not contain some consideration of Eliot’s insistence on the historical sense and wide knowledge of the literature of past ages, of his power of synthesis and of building bridges between different countries and different ages.

G. RAJESWARI  
II M. A. English



# Good Fellowship

The pleasure of finding oneself in congenial company is frequently celebrated in English literature.

God rest ye merry, gentlemen !  
Let nothing you dismay.

Good fellowship plays an important role in life. It helps us to forget our troubles for a time, and gives us the strength, good will and good humour to face life. We are also able to share and radiate our own joys, and it is in sharing with others, that our gladness is increased. Usually, when we are happy among others, our overflowing joy expresses itself in songs, in which everyone joins. They are spontaneous, light-hearted compositions with not much depth of thought, for this would not suit the prevailing merry spirit of the company, which has met to sing and tell stories to ease the burden of life.

Who would not like to join this merry band of Cavaliers, whose outward frivolousness shows a sincere patriotism and a real " cavalier " attitude even to one's enemies :

Here's a health unto his majesty  
With a fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la  
Confusion to his enemies,  
With a fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la !  
And he that will not pledge his health,  
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,  
Nor yet a rope to hang himself.

Shakespeare's plays are interspersed with many such merry songs on various themes. The best-known of his " good-fellows " is Falstaff, the charming villain of " Henry IV ". Even Prince Hal is unable to resist his charm and is drawn into his company. Then there is the less charming and more villainous Sir Toby ; and the exiled Duke and his followers in the Forest of Arden, among many others.

In " Tom Jones " we enjoy best those scenes where good fellowship is represented, for example, Tom's meeting with a band of soldiers at an inn. Among the rustic characters in " Silas Marner " there are people who like to join the merry-making

though their voices sound like broken bells. Dickens' fat, genial president of the Pickwick Club is the ingenuous hero of many amusing adventures. He and the other members of his club, like Mr. Snodgrass the poet, and Mr. Winkle the sportsman, are examples of men of good will and good fellowship. Then there are Alfred Jingle, the jailbird whom Mr. Pickwick tries to reform, being much imposed upon during the process; Sam Weller, the cockney boots of the White Hart Inn, who becomes Mr. Pickwick's personal servant; and Mr. Stiggins, the minister - all helping to create the enjoyable events in the "Pickwick Papers". Even Hardy, though we should scarcely expect it of him, showed good fellowship in his novels, mainly among his rustics. The worthies who form the Millstock Quire in "Under the Greenwood Tree" are the best-known of Hardy's yokels.

As a contrast to these boisterous meetings, there is the refined conversation, full of humour and wit, in the Johnson circle, and at Lamb's home on Thursday evenings. It was there that the contemporary intellectual leaders met, spending their time in a most instructive yet delightful manner.

In his "Canterbury Tales" Chaucer brings together a number of people from various classes and occupations, who happen to meet at the Tabard Inn, with the aim of going on a pilgrimage. The innkeeper is a jolly old man who suggests that in order to brighten and lighten the journey to and from Canterbury, each pilgrim should relate two tales. So we get a number of stories strung together, each characteristic of the speaker. This is another example of good fellowship, for all have mixed amicably and made the pilgrimage memorable for each one.

All meetings on our earthly pilgrimage, however, must come to an end, and so a note of sadness is added, with the hope of meeting again. Thus many parting songs end with the refrain:

Till we meet again.  
God be with you, till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you:  
God be with you, till we meet again.

ANNE KORETH  
I M. A.

# Stable Bridges

Quite apart from its utility, a bridge may be  
“a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

A bridge may be defined as something that opens a passage above without blocking the passage beneath; and it may be a material or spiritual thing. From the earliest times man has learned from nature to overcome physical barriers: erosion has sometimes produced arched bridges; logs fallen over ravines, or vines trailed from overhanging branches have given man the underlying principles for the three main types of stationary bridges still built today, though the materials of which they are made have changed.

India gave the world the suspension and cantilever bridges. Even today ropes made of twined grasses, and greased with yak butter, are thrown over the swift Himalayan streams for passengers to slide from one side to another. If you ever use one, make sure it is fairly new, for they do not last long. It was not till the development of steel in the 19th century that suspension bridges came into wider use. The thick cables are now made of thousands of steel wires, strung between tall, graceful piers, producing structures of delicate beauty, which are comparatively economical as well, but they begin to sway and may even break in a strong gale or under rhythmic marching. Soldiers must always break step when they come to such bridges.



Just as the strength of the suspension bridge depends on the united co-operation of small fibres or wires, and on counterpoise between the piers, so the cantilever and truss bridges depend on the counterthrust and mutual support of numerous small beams, bars or rods firmly bound or tied together to form a framework, usually at the sides. This type is generally not so beautiful, but it is useful where a stream is too strong or where the foundations are unsuitable for intermediary piers.

Arched bridges carry the crown for strength and graceful dignity and beauty. They were first developed in Mesopotamia around 4000 B.C. There is a caravan bridge

near Smyrna which is supposedly thousands of years old. The strength of the arched bridge depends on careful mathematical calculations. From the central point or keystone, the pressure is relayed to the supporting piers, and the proportions must be carefully worked out for a proper distribution of the pressure. It was the Romans who perfected this type, and many of their beautiful viaducts and aqueducts still remain. In Rome itself six of the eight old Roman bridges are still in use. The three-tiered aqueduct near Nimes in France, the beautiful bridge in Rimini, and others in France, Spain and Italy are reminders of the Roman skill in engineering.



The secrets of bridge-building were preserved in churches and monasteries during the destructive barbarian invasions, and when life became more peaceful, religious brotherhoods were formed to build bridges and make travel safer. The old London Bridge, lined with shops and houses, was in use for 600 years: built under the direction of a monk in the 12th century, it stood till 1831, when it was demolished. Some of the medieval bridges, like the one in Durham, were provided with chapels, and had pointed arches. Later segmental arches were introduced, as in the beautiful Ponte Vecchio in Florence.

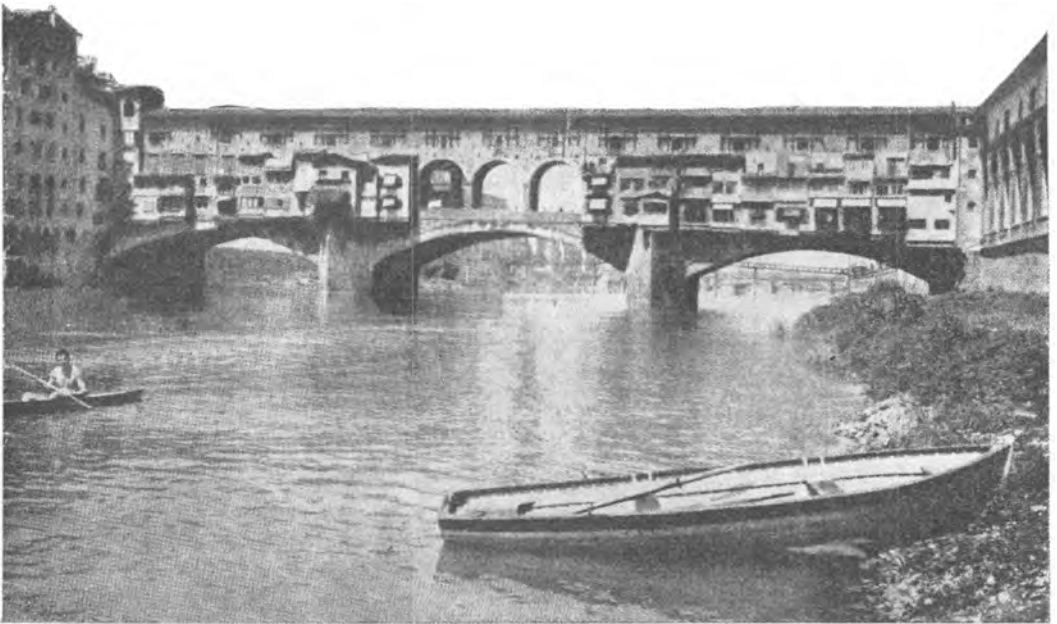
During the Renaissance, bridges were regarded as monuments to municipal art. One of the most famous of these is the Rialto in Venice, familiar to readers of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice". The Santa Trinita Bridge in Florence, of white marble, is noted for the exquisitely beautiful and mysterious curve of its arches.

Masonry arches, with graceful, slender piers, were perfected in 18th century France. The Bridge of Concord in Paris, and the Waterloo Bridge in London are outstanding examples of this type. Covered bridges, to protect the wood, are common in countries like Switzerland where bridges are often made of timber. The first iron bridges in the 19th century were generally ugly, but the wedding of steel and mathematics has given us many modern bridges that are beautiful as well as strong. Steel arch bridges rank among the most graceful. Re-inforced concrete can also be beautifully designed, but careful supervision is needed during construction so that the steel and concrete are well united.



In any type of these stationary bridges, the strength of the supporting piers and the co-ordination or mutual support of the intermediary parts are most essential to the stability of the whole. What applies to these physical laws is more necessary still in the moral, social laws for much more is here at stake. Among the ancient Romans, the priests were responsible for the upkeep of bridges. The Latin name for priest is “pontifex”, or bridge-maker. The word religion is of Latin origin too, and means to bind together again. No matter how firmly we try to tie the intermediary parts together, the structure will collapse if these parts are not first firmly connected with the side piers, and unless due proportions are maintained in between. Similarly, unless men are firmly united to their Maker and His purpose for them, and unless they respect each other’s rights, each taking his due share of the burden of life, social structures will not hold. A whole is no stronger than its weakest parts, and if the weaker or less powerful members of society are forced to bear the heaviest burdens, then even those who oppress them will meet their doom when the whole system collapses. History has many proofs for this principle, which men are so careful to apply in the physical sphere, and so prone to forget in the moral.

T. P. PADMAPRIYA  
I B. A.



# Music as a Universal Language

Music speaks to the heart, and therefore makes its appeal to people of diverse tongues.

Music, the art of combining sounds in such a way that they stimulate the emotions and appeal to the intellect, is also regarded as a language, because by imitation and association, it can describe inner feelings, aspirations and spiritual states as does the language of words. It is usually spoken of as “the universal language” for it is a basic human experience having the same appeal to peoples the world over. In his treatise, “De Institutione Musica”, written in the early sixth century, Boethius remarks: “Music is part of our human nature; it has the power either to improve or debase our character.” Even in the externals of music, such as technical terms and staff notation, this concept of universality is evident, while attempts at a common spoken language have made very little progress.

Apropos of staff notation, there is an interesting anecdote which appears in a small treatise on music, “Epistola de Ignoto Cantu” written by Guido D’Arezzo about the year 1000 A. D. to his friend, the monk, Michael. The opening sentence of the book reads, “In our time the silliest of all people are the singers.” Obviously Guido was experiencing some difficulty in getting his singers to produce a satisfactory rendering of his musical compositions, but it is interesting to note that for the first time in the history of music, dullness led to something useful and intelligent, for Guido goes on to explain to his friend a wonderful device that he has invented to overcome this difficulty, namely the staff notation which we still use to this very day.

Musical notation, however, is not the language of music any more than the letters of Sanskrit, Tamil or English are the spoken language. They are simply the symbols of sound: and they were not always essential to musicians, as can be seen from the traditional folksongs which passed from one generation to another without any notation existing for their preservation. The minstrels and bards wandering from camp to castle carried no scrolls of music with them.

The essentials of the language of music are sound, motion, and design, which in the spoken language are equivalent to words, phrases and sentences. To pass from one sound to another is motion. To follow one tone with another is design. The meaning of music is conveyed by the combination of sounds, the succession of sounds, and the patterns into which these combinations and successions are woven. In other words, the musical language is melody, harmony, time values, rhythms, and musical form or structure, which are simply variations on the theme of sound, motion and design.



A musical composition in its broadest sense is meant to produce a unified experience, in which the initial musical ideas are totally submerged. Listening to a symphony orchestra playing Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 or Haydn's "Surprise Symphony No. 24 in G Major", one is conscious of rare beauty, emphasised by the underlying unity of the whole.

The highest possible degree of beauty in sound is the ultimate aim and purpose of music, and deep in the human heart God has implanted this longing for the beautiful, which is none other but a longing for Himself, for He is Infinite Beauty. Saint Augustine points out, in a book written in the fourth century, that sound and forms remain meaningless unless we use their fermenting quality to turn our souls towards every noble and supernatural ideal. It is our own mind that brings about this change, for music is but a catalytic agent

to this end. Composers and listeners must outgrow the mere registration of musical impressions, and the intellectual or sentimental attachment to sound, and strive to catch glimpses of the eternal values we see reflected in the best music.

Unity in diversity reflected through perfect harmony was God's plan for the cohesion of the entire universe. As the planets revolve in their orbits, and the seasons succeed one another, we catch a glimpse of these eternal values, which are equally portrayed in an inspiring musical composition. But like an ill-tuned instrument in a symphony orchestra, man alone strikes the discordant note with the harsh grating music of his hatred, jealousy and ambition, which shatter the unity and harmony of God's symphony. Only Love can tune up the instrument of humanity, and it is when all nations realise that they are brothers and children of God, whose only purpose in life is to know, love and serve their Creator, in order to share His happiness in heaven, that the music rising from earth will resemble a magnificent orchestral masterpiece whose unity and harmony resound in Heaven.

K. A. DURGA  
II M. A.

# The Ideal of Unity In Sanskrit Writings

The need for all created things to work together in harmony, seeking union with the Creator, is an important theme in ancient Sanskrit literature.

A healthy, living society, like a healthy body, requires unity, peace and harmonious co-operation among its diverse organs or members. The greater the variety of members, the more efficient the organism becomes, but at the same time the need for co-ordination is also increased. Indian society has always been characterized by its great variety, and this has been one of the principal factors in making our country one of the cultural leaders of the world. Necessarily, therefore, it has also required great cohesive powers to hold these beneficial but varied elements together.

Ancient Sanskrit literature reveals how this need of unity was realized and achieved. For instance, the scripture, which laid down the customs and rituals of our ancient society, did so in an attempt to ensure peace and harmony in society. The Vedas and Upanishads are characterized by a continuous effort to harmonize the activities of society; while the epic "Mahabharata" is in the full an illustration of the consequences of a lack of love and unity.

The most exhaustive explanation and illustration of the concept of unity is found in the "Bhagavad Gita". It lays down beyond doubt that unity is the central principle of the universe, to explain which the concept of यज्ञ (Yajna) is introduced. The word यज्ञ means spiritual activity. It is described as the wheel of action or Karma, set in motion by the प्रजापति or Creator. It would be no exaggeration to call it the wheel of creation itself, uniting in the course of its smooth run all the cosmic elements, on the basis of mutual love and co-operation. Having Brahma himself for its final authority, it is an irrevocable law, indispensable for the welfare of society.

Yajna has been interpreted differently at different levels but whatever interpretation may be accepted, it implies three main things; namely that it be performed with a purely selfless motive, for the welfare of society at large and lastly that it be a co-operative endeavour. Having the integrated welfare of humanity as its goal, it calls for unity not only among human beings but also among all the elements of the cosmos.



परस्परं भावयन्तः श्रेयः परमवाप्स्यथ ।

“ Each fostering the other disinterestedly you will attain the highest good.” “ He who enjoys the gifts bestowed without giving in return is undoubtedly a thief. ”\* ब्रह्मयज्ञ is performed in love and gratitude to the rishis who have been the media through which the Brahman revealed itself. पितृयज्ञ is once again a sacrifice to the departed souls of one’s forefathers in a sense of love and gratitude for the good conferred by them during their life-time. One is the अतिथियज्ञ which merely enjoins what is understood and practised as social etiquette, namely hospitality. It lays down hospitality to all human beings as the highest virtue. The other, closely related to the first, embodies that excellent virtue of charity whereby every individual must feed the poor. Charity or love of neighbour is thus once again an essential feature of yajna as a co-operative endeavour. Lastly भूतयज्ञ seeks to establish order or co-operation between man and the lower animals and insects. It imposes on man the duty of feeding and protecting the animals.

It is evident therefore that this universal unity that yajna seeks to establish can come only through universal love, and universal love itself can be attained only through God-realization. It implies a higher type of unity - it is the union of the आत्मन् with the ब्रह्मन्, of Self with God. It is that elevated state of oneness with Brahman. To attain the highest good - God-realization, Arjuna was told :

लोकेऽस्मिन् द्विविधा निष्ठा पुरा प्रोक्ता मयानघ ।

ज्ञानयोगेन सांख्यानं कर्मयोगेन योगिनाम् ॥

The performance of one’s duty in society is prescribed and conditioned with due regard to one’s order in society, state in life, nature and circumstances. Disinterested action - निष्काम - leads to God-realization, and one must therefore do his duty without attachment, in order to acquire समदुःखसुखहृ that is balanced in joy and sorrow. योग means maintaining balance of mind while performing one’s duties. A कर्म योगी has been described as an equipoised and realized devotee. In other words he must possess even-mindedness towards all men in general. In this way, he who looks on all with the same eye sees unity in the whole world through love of God.

\* तैर्दत्तानप्रदायैभ्यो यो सुदूले स्तेन एव सः ।

सर्वभूतस्थमात्मानं  
खर्वभूतानि चात्मनि ।

इक्षते यागयुक्तात्मा  
सर्वत्र समदर्शिनः ॥

Thus having attained liberation themselves, and absorbed in the ecstasy of Divine Love, they embrace the whole world in their love. And uniting what is divided through their love, they spread happiness and rejoicing all round.

“The family of that noble soul is sanctified, his mother is blessed : nay, the whole earth is full of merit in so far as it bears him on its bosom - whose mind has merged in the Supreme Being, who is an ocean of limitless knowledge and bliss.”

S. VIJAYALAKSHMI  
I B. A.



# Ponts d'espérance, de courage et de joie

The homes for the aged and incurably sick founded by Group-Captain Cheshire are among the most moving manifestations of brotherly love in our century.

## **Passe**

Il y a près de dix ans la jeunesse étudiante des collèges de Madras se pressait avec enthousiasme autour d'un célèbre vétéran de guerre, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O. Aux nombreuses questions de ses admirateurs sur ses exploits, il répondait très brièvement avec un bon sourire. Car le capitaine as-pilote de l'escadre volante 617 de la R.A.F., reconnu pour son courage héroïque pendant les raids aériens si dangereux, n'était pas moins reconnu par sa grande réserve. Cependant sa visite à Madras avait un but bien différent de celui du fameux "dam-buster". Alors au comble de la renommée comme aviateur et stratéliste, Captain Cheshire avait été envoyé comme expert observateur lors du lancement de la bombe atomique sur Nagasaki. La vue de cette immense destruction le changea en un moment d'homme de guerre en apôtre de paix. Après avoir passé quelque temps dans un sanatorium (sa bravoure ayant toujours été au dessus de ses forces physiques) il résolut de consacrer sa vie désormais à une cause toute spéciale: celle de prendre soin des malades, surtout de ceux qui souffraient de maladies incurables, n'ayant personne, ni parents, ni amis pour s'occuper d'eux. Il recut chez lui un vétéran presque mourant, le soigna avec bonté, fit sa cuisine, s'occupant de l'entretien de la maison et faisant lui-même la lessive. Plus d'incurables frappaient à sa porte, il les recevait tous, leur prodiguant bontés et soins, et bientôt la grande maison était pleine. Cheshire était aidé dans sa noble tâche par de charitables personnes et les patients eux-mêmes s'aidaient entre eux autant qu'il était en leur pouvoir. Lors de son passage à Madras, plusieurs "homes" avaient été établis en Angleterre et ailleurs.

## **Present**

Covelong, un village au bord de la mer, près de Madras, avait été jadis un autre de ces villages de pêcheurs, habité presque totalement par des familles de pêcheurs. L'archevêque de Madras, Son Excellence Mgr. Louis Mathias, ayant entendu dire que le Capitaine Cheshire cherchait un endroit convenable pour établir un de ses fameux "homes", favorablement impressionné par le zèle et l'oeuvre de charité de ce grand coeur, lui offrit quelques acres de terrain à Covelong. On ne pouvait rien désirer de mieux. Ce n'était pas seulement quelques acres de terre: la propriété plutôt grande, comprenait une très ancienne et vaste maison, qui, bien qu'usée par le temps et les intempéries s'élevait pourtant encore majestueuse et solide, avec ses larges piliers et ses

belles chambres bien aérées. Des mains habiles et actives auraient tôt fait de la transformer et quelle transformation ! La maison est à quelques cent mètres de la belle plage de Covelong. L'on n'a qu'à se tenir debout sur la grande verandah en avant de la maison pour respirer à pleins poumons la brise si fraîche de la mer toute proche. Seuls, le murmure des vagues sur le sable, ou le son des cloches viennent troubler le silence et le calme des lieux. Le Cheshire "home" de Madras ouvert en 1959 par le Capitaine lui-même est entièrement maintenu par la charité et la bonne volonté de bienfaiteurs. Il y a maintenant vingt six patients souffrant de diverses maladies qui vivent dans la paisible atmosphère de la grande maison.

## **Futur**

Ce qui nous frappe en effet dans la maison de Covelong c'est l'atmosphère de bonheur qui y règne. Comme il est vrai de dire que le bonheur extérieur est un reflet de la paix de l'âme. L'esprit de leur fondateur vit toujours en ces coeurs, car bien qu'infirmes – quelques uns ne quittent plus leur lit de souffrance – les plus forts sont toujours prêts à aider les autres. Tous sont plus ou moins handicapés, mais ils vous recoivent tous avec un radieux sourire. Ce sourire, on peut le dire, est la marque distinctive du "Cheshire Home", quel que soit le pays où il se trouve, foyers où la paix, et surtout l'amour, règnent en souveraines ; car le "dam-buster" en temps de guerre est devenu le constructeur de ponts – de ponts qui apportent espérance, courage et joie et conduisent au vrai bonheur.

RUTH D'SOUZA  
II B. A.



# That They All May Be One

A bridge of fraternal charity is now being flung across the gulf which once separated millions of "brothers in Christ".

"That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me," was the great prayer of Christ on the last night of His mortal life. The discourse which preceded the prayer showed that the one-ness which He had in mind was a unity of love, while the prayer itself, "that the world may believe..." shows that this loving union among His disciples was to be the principal evidence of the truth of His message, which they were to carry through the world.

That the unity for which Christ prayed was not preserved is a fact of history, regretted by all His sincere lovers. To go into the causes of the separations which occurred at different times would serve no useful purpose here, for our present concern is to note, with joy, the efforts which have been made in our century, to obtain anew from the Father the answer to Christ's ardent prayer.

The first among the great leaders in the movement towards Christian unity sought it, as Christ did, principally through prayer. Fr. Paul Wattson, who was ordained in the Episcopal Church, founded the Graymoor Society of the Atonement, using the word at-one-ment in its literal significance, for the purpose of working for corporate union between the Anglican and Catholic Churches. In 1907, together with the Rev. Spencer Jones, an English clergyman of like mind, he proposed the Octave of Prayer for Christian Unity. This Octave was first celebrated in 1908 and spread rapidly throughout the Christian world. Ultimately, and regretfully, recognising that corporate union would be for a long time impossible, Father Paul and his Graymoor communities finally joined the Catholic Church, continuing, within its ranks, their prayer and work for Christian unity.

This prayer had, indeed, already begun to bear fruit, in the Catholic Church through the establishment of the "Una Sancta" Movement in Germany, France and the Netherlands, and among the Protestant churches through the convening of the World Missionary Congress of Edinburgh in 1910. A response, in effect, to the thought of Christ in that prayer already quoted: "that the world may believe...", for the disunity among Christian groups hindered their apostolate in the world, this congress was the beginning of their efforts to substitute co-operation for rivalry in the missionary field.

From the Edinburgh Congress grew three complementary movements : the International Missionary Council, whose object was to promote collaboration in the apostolic work of the different missionary societies ; the Life and Work Movement, whose leading spirit was Archbishop Soderblom of Upsala, Sweden, which aimed at bringing Christ back into the daily life of ordinary people ; and the Faith and Order Movement, which had the purpose of trying to resolve the differences in doctrine and church organisation which hindered the full co-operation of the different groups in the other two movements.

These differences are not easily to be resolved, for it is obvious that sincerely held beliefs cannot be lightly tossed aside, merely in order to demonstrate goodwill towards others, but nevertheless the two general movements were able ultimately, in 1954, to amalgamate and form the World Council of Churches, which is representative of 170 different Christian communities, Protestant and Orthodox, drawn from 52 countries. It is described as " a fellowship of churches ", a title which indicates clearly the entire autonomy of the member-bodies. Its aims are : to work for unity of doctrine and organisation among the different churches ; to show Christ's love in action by engaging in humanitarian works, such as the great service done to refugees after the Second World War : and to witness to Christian principles in daily life and in world affairs, adopting, as far as possible, a common platform based on the Gospel in relation to questions like disarmament, minority rights, and social justice.

The ecumenical spirit was thus breathing through the life of all the Christian churches, erasing the bitterness accumulated through centuries of opposition, until the time was at last ripe for the flowering of this spirit, in the invitation extended by Pope John XXIII to the leaders of the different churches to send observers to the Second Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. The World Council of Churches had by then come to realise that final unity could never be achieved without the collaboration of the Catholic Church, which claims the allegiance of over half of the world's Christians, and so the invitation was readily accepted by most of those to whom it was sent.

Renewal within the Church was and is the only direct aim of the Council, but from the beginning this renewal has been seen by the Popes as a first essential step towards reunion with the Separated Brethren, and this attitude, expressed clearly by both Pope John and his successor, our present Holy Father, has brought great joy to both Catholics and Protestants, who look forward eagerly to the day, even though they know it is probably still far off, when all Christians will be truly one, again.

The initiative taken by Pope John in inviting observers from other Christian churches to the Council has found a response also in the invitations which they have, on various occasions, extended to Catholic observers, and at the opening of the Third Session of the Council, Pope Paul VI acknowledged this with warm thanks, assuring the non-Catholic observers present that he would continue to send representatives to such meetings " so as to enable qualified Catholic institutions and persons to come to know you in truth and charity, as a beginning of deeper union in the Lord."

A further step, one of historic significance, was taken when the W.C.C., at its meeting in Uganda in January of this year, invited the Holy See to take part in a mixed commission for the study of ecumenical problems. Cardinal Bea, Secretary of the Vatican Commission for Christian Unity, went in person to the W.C.C. headquarters in Geneva to communicate the acceptance of this invitation. He declared: "The Holy See greets with joy and accepts fully the proposal to erect a mixed commission...for the study in common of the possibilities for dialogue and collaboration between the W.C.C. and the Catholic Church... I have no doubt that this initiative...will give excellent results both in the field of mutual collaboration for the solution of the grave and urgent problems of our times, and in that of dialogue properly so called."

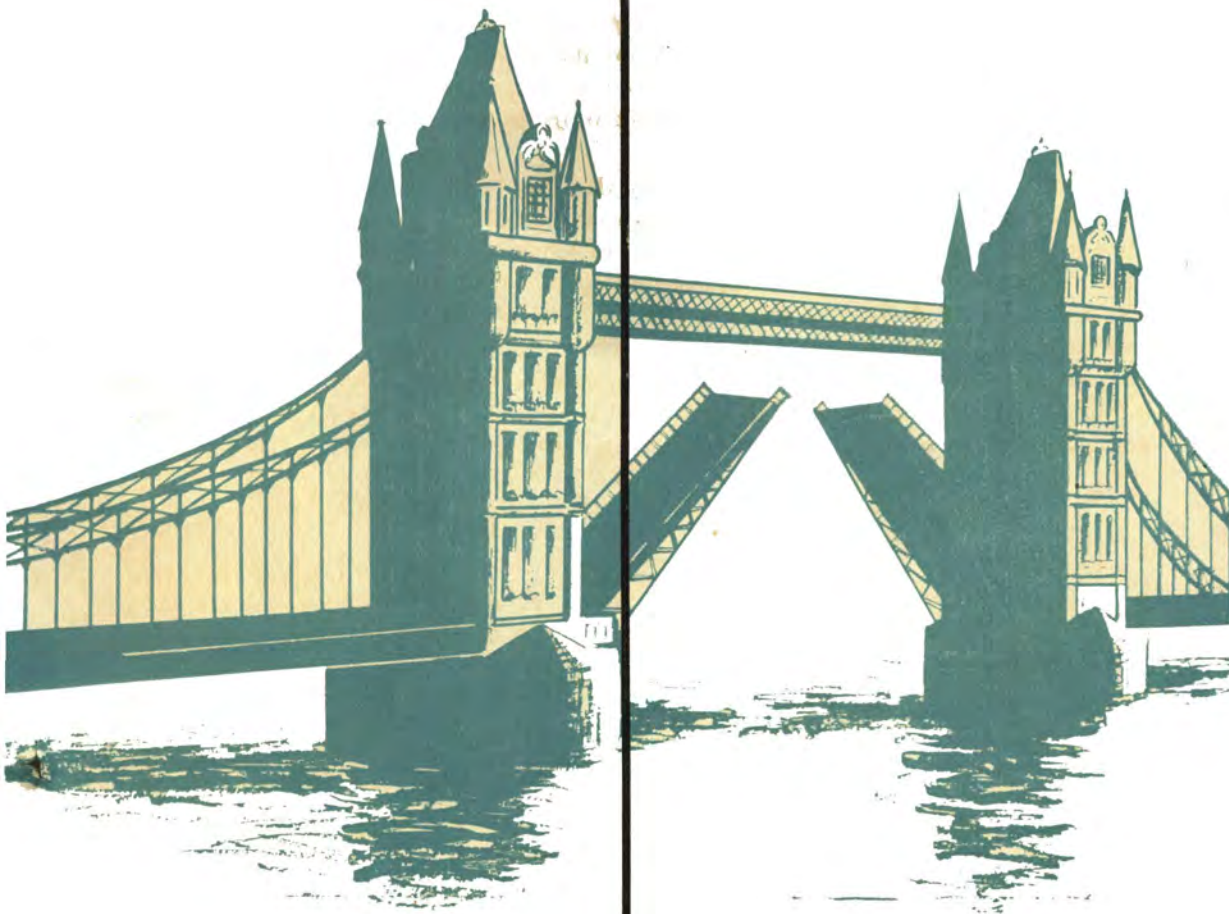
So the two great ecumenical movements, like two broad and powerful streams, are converging into one channel. As at first such streams can be clearly distinguished but ultimately merge to form one great river, so all Christians find themselves hoping that these two streams will become one and indivisible. Christian heart at last speaks to Christian heart in a dialogue of love, not ignoring the differences which exist in faith and liturgy, for these are deep, and sincerely cherished, yet not allowing them to cause the erection of barriers such as those which once, alas, separated us. Even though the formal re-union of Christians is no doubt still far off, it is not false to see in this new union of brotherly love the answer to Christ's prayer :

" That they all may be one."

A STELLA MARIAN



MAY I BUILD



strong, sturdy, bridges  
bearing the burdens  
of life's activities





## Bridges By Post

Would you like a peep into our post? We know all Stella Marians love to have news from home, so we gladly share with you the news we got this year from our former students at home or abroad.

Studious Sucharita Desiraju will start us off on a world tour from India to Cambridge :

“I have been wanting to write for a long time - ever since the idea of going to Cambridge cropped up. But things were in such a state of flux that I was biding my time until I had more definite news to give you. Well, I have that now.....

“I first decided that I would not go unless I got a first class in my M.Sc. and that, God has been kind enough to give me. The results were out on the 19th of June. There were seven firsts out of two hundred entrants, and I do not attribute my first to anything but God's goodness, and maybe He wants me to go abroad !.....

“Looking back, I think my two years in Bombay have had their advantages, and I don't particularly regret not having gone abroad just after my B.Sc.

“I am sure that you have gathered by now that I am going to Newnham College, Cambridge. I have made the decision, and am fervently hoping that God approves... I am setting out prepared for a three-year stay, and I do hope I will be up to their standards.....

You know how Madras fascinates me - so don't be surprised if I walk into college sometime. I will have a chance of seeing all of you before I leave.”

Sucharita did “walk into college”. It was a joy to see her again. And then at Christmas she wrote from Cambridge :

“I am having a glorious time here at Cambridge. Of course, when I start thinking of how far away I am from home, I become a bit sad - but one can't have everything ; and I don't in the least regret coming here! What I am most happy about is that my work is very interesting and refreshing, and though I have to do a lot in mathematics, it is proving to be good fun.

“The change from Indian universities is tremendous. Cambridge in particular is more a town within the University, and the students form the majority of the town population, and everything else caters to our needs. The colleges are most impressive, and in an odd way, very charming, with the River Cam running through the gardens of the colleges. Only I do wish the weather were more pleasant. After coming here from sunny India, I find the weather pretty horrible. But I suppose I will get used to it.

“How is College? When I was there Cambridge seemed such an unattainable dream - and I have to keep telling myself that I really am here - it's all so incredible, and I am grateful to God for having given me this opportunity.”

● We are glad to know that you are enjoying your stay, Sucharita. Strange as it may seem, we heard in January from P. Sathgunarane, telling us of how they met by chance at Cambridge. Ranees writes :

“At present I am at one of the London colleges. I came here three months back, and these three months have been spent adjusting myself to this type of living. We have six hours of practicals and four hours of lectures per week. The rest of our time is spent in the library, finding out things for ourselves. One has to lead a very independent life.

“My Christmas vacation was spent at Cambridge with a Nigerian friend of mine. It was pretty cold, as we had a ‘white Christmas’. I was excited to see snow for the first time on Christmas morning. At Cambridge, I met Sucharita Desiraju by accident. I was thrilled to see a Stella Marian, because I was under the impression that I was the only solitary soul from Madras.”

● How nice to know that Stella Marians are renewing their contacts in distant lands. Perhaps Ranees might meet another Stella Marian in London “by accident”. Stephanie Outschoorn wrote us from London in November :

“I got married early this year, and am now Mrs. M. S. Rajaratnam. My husband and I came over to this country in March.

“I applied for a teaching post here, and you would be glad to know that I have been successful in the interview.

“I do like London in every way, but I must confess that the fast-approaching winter frightens me. It's really an experience, going through the different seasons. Summer was gorgeous; it was as warm as in India or in Ceylon sometimes. It's cold now, and invariably foggy in the mornings. I have never seen snow, and I am looking forward to it, though the cold weather still frightens me a bit.”

Cheer up, Stephie, we hope you survived the winter, and we are sure you even enjoyed it.

And from England we cross over to Montpellier, in France, where another Stella Marian, Giselle Ignasse, has settled down :

“ Much water has flowed under the bridge since I left Stella Maris with the firm intention of returning. But God has arranged otherwise. Nevertheless, you may be sure that never a day passes without my thoughts turning to the remembrance of my Stella Maris days...

“ Just now it is very cold. About ten days ago, it was 27°F below zero. The sky is always gray. We are literally frozen, and the ice does not melt quickly.

“ I am sure that Stella Maris is going on well. The new college building, which I have not seen, must be very beautiful, but I shall always love the old one at Mylapore.”

“ Old is gold, ” they say Giselle, but if you ever come back to India, we are sure you would love “ the Cloisters ” too. Thank you so much for your letter, how nice to hear from old friends.

And now to sunny Italy, a few lines from Sister Mary Arokiam, F.M.M., who is now in her second year of medical study in Rome.

“ This year too, in our university, there is the summer course of Italian language for foreigners. There are about two hundred students, and next year they hope to have even more. I shall be able to give you interesting news about the university in my next letter. Thank you for the college magazine and the Stella Marian.

“ This year again I had the privilege of going to Assisi for the ‘ National Course of Culture ’ in July. Perhaps you may have received the postcard I sent from Assisi. It was very interesting, and there were about a hundred and fifty girls from all over Italy.”

Sister Mary Arokiam F.M.M. never forgets Stella Maris, so we may expect to hear from her again. Now from across the Atlantic, in the U.S.A., there is a letter from Sister Mary Agnes Romana, F.M.M.

“ Thank you ever so much for the college magazine. I was highly delighted to receive it, and to tell you the truth, I went through every page.

“ Not long ago, I went to Fruit Hill (the Sisters’ American Novitiate) and I met Reverend Mother M. Lillian F.M.M. (the first Principal of Stella Maris College). As

usual Mother was keenly interested in Stella Maris. She remembers every sister and every lecturer whom she had known when she was there.

“ I am doing well in my studies and I find the M.A. course in Business Administration very interesting. The Professors and students are very co-operative.”

Thank you, Sister, we are glad to know you are getting on well.

● One of the latest Stella Marians to arrive in the United States is Rosemarie Stone who was married there in December. She is now Mrs. R. Olivero.

We heard from her in February, and we are sure all of Rosemarie's friends would like to share that letter :

“ We fixed the date for our wedding, and with the help of friends and well-wishers, we made arrangements. I must admit I didn't realize how much friends meant until I came to this country. Everyone so sincere, eager to help, and do the unpleasant tasks. This feeling of closeness between human beings was most comforting, and helped me not to miss home or family and friends too much, especially at this wonderful moment in a girl's life. We spent a short honeymoon in Chicago, and really 'lived it up' at the grandest hotels. We returned in the first week of January and then started the routine of everyday household chores. We have a small house of our own (rented, furnished), and I'm in the process of graduating in the course of 'home-maker'. My cooking was put to the test, and I'm glad to say I haven't done too badly. Of course I don't call it cooking - what I do is concoct, and if what turns out is palatable, I'm more than happy !”

Good, Rosemarie, we are so happy that you are getting on well.

● Now, we shall drop in on Dar-es-Salaam to hear Dolly Noronha's glad news :

“ It's such a long time since I wrote, and I have many things to tell you.

“ I was engaged on the 20th of December to Owen Sequeira, from Mangalore. The wedding will be either in April or in June. We may be coming to India by the end of this year, and I am looking forward to seeing my college again.

“ Yesterday I met three Sisters on their way to Madagascar. My mother happened to meet them at school, and as soon as they heard I was from Stella Maris, they wanted to see me, so I took an hour off and met them. It was very nice seeing them.

“ Last week we went to the Game Park at Mikumi. It was all so exciting, we just had to drive, and on either side were vast expanses of foliage. We saw elephants, bucks,

zebras, vultures, wild buffalo, monkeys and giraffes. It was wonderful to see them in their natural surroundings, and the thrill of it was to try and spot something at a distance. We did see some of them very close at hand. On one occasion one of the party mistook a dried bush for a lion, and we all roared with laughter.”

As long as she did not mistake a lion for a dried bush, Dolly. Thanks for the “newsy” letter, and we shall be looking forward to seeing you soon.

● Now let’s cross over towards Singapore. Vasantha Warriar was one of the first to write :

“ I am writing to say that I arrived safely. My parents were at Penang to meet me, and we travelled down three hundred miles by car to our home. Needless to say – I miss Stella Maris.

“ I intend to do a diploma in education here in the Malaysian University. However, it is too late to apply this year. Meanwhile I have a job as a science teacher in one of the government English secondary schools.”

And again – in June :

“ I’m quite settled down with my teaching. At first it really tested my patience, but now I find that I quite enjoy working. At the moment, we teachers are busy preparing for sports day at school.”

We wish you happy teaching, Vasantha, and plenty of patience. It seems as if the teaching profession is quite a favourite with our Singapore and Malaysian graduates.

● In Singapore we find Lally Joseph :

“ I’m working as a teacher in a secondary school. The Education Ministry fixed the interview and before I knew it, I was in front of the science inspector. That was an ordeal! Can you imagine, he asked me how much we had covered in zoology. He wanted me to name the four papers, and in that terrible excitement I forgot about genetics. I realized it and quickly covered it up. Anyway, it was soon over, and now I am teaching. Can you imagine me teaching? I have to teach three classes, all boys, and all rogues. The other day I was nearly in despair when a boy couldn’t even repeat what I had been saying at least ten times.”

An experience understood by all teachers, Lally.

● Doris D’Cruz, too, has changed places, and is now “ behind the desk ” instead of in front of it :

“During the examinations conducted at the end of the year, I was supervising. I was much amused at the fact that more than six months ago, I was undergoing the same torture.....

“We are now on holiday. We have seven weeks holiday for Christmas. All Singapore is getting ready for Christmas. The whole island is decorated, and the air is filled with Christmas carols.”

It was good to hear you like your work, Doris, tell us more next time.

- Now to Malaysia, where again we have many budding teachers. Pushparanee Thambiah wrote in October. She is trying to organize a “Stella Maris alumnae” section there :

“Now for some Malayan news. Lily has not done the disappearing act yet. She is ‘large as life’, and she is happy with her ‘girls’ of the Assunta Convent. I meet her quite often and we discuss teaching problems. We disagree on one point. She thinks it’s nice teaching girls, and I think it’s nice teaching boys.

“Jothy did her diploma in education, and was successful. Recently she started teaching in St. Mary’s School in Kuala Lumpur and she too likes teaching girls. Gladys is teaching in an out-station school at Kuala Lumpur, and so we do not see much of her.

“I finished my diploma in education in the University of Malaya, and I am now teaching in the Methodist Boys’ School. It is interesting teaching boys, as they always keep a class going. They are rather independent workers. All they need is encouragement and guidance. Some of the students whom I taught last year have now entered the university, and are doing quite well. I feel rather ancient to have such old students.

“However, teaching is not always easy. I have corrections to last me for months. Besides teaching, I have joined a Malay language class, and a driving school.”

- Keeping busy, Pushparanee, aren’t you? And from Klang, in October, Estelle Joseph gave us some news :

“I’m still teaching at the Methodist Boys’ School here. I have started to take music lessons again. I’m hoping to do the 8th grade next year, so that takes care of my evenings. I need at least three to four hours’ practice. Besides I’m in charge of the school library (not that I know much about how to run it), so I spend the afternoons in school too. The little free time I have I spend cooking, sewing and pottering around the garden.”

- Thank you Estelle, you are certainly keeping yourself occupied. Then in February Jayam sent some very good news :

“I’m sure you will be happy to hear that the past students are getting together. I met Pushparanee last week, and she said that she was arranging a meeting on Feb. 27th at Assunta Convent. Lily, Gladys, and Jothi will be there, and also Sulochana I think. Pushparanee is sending notice to all the old Stella Marians, and is hoping that it will be possible for quite a few to come. I hope I can make it. I very much wish to be there, since it will be nice to see all the old girls again.”

That is very welcome news, Jayam, and we shall be awaiting reports about the meeting.

● The letters from Ceylon were written mainly in response to our Stella Maris newsletter, which our Ceylon students received with much enthusiasm. Gowri Loganathan says :

“I was very happy when I received the newsletter, and I welcome this new venture wholeheartedly. I am overjoyed to learn that the Stella Maris Alumnae Association has established its branches in Malaya and Ceylon. I shall now be able to renew my contact with the Stella Marians in Ceylon, and exchange with them the sweet memories of our college days. I am sure that the Ceylon section of the alumnae will help us to remain very near in spirit to our alma mater, even though we are many miles away from her.”

● What a lovely thought, Gowri. Malathi too replied to the newsletter :

“It was such a pleasant surprise. I enjoyed reading every line of the newsletter. I shall contact Manohari this very evening to get information about the Ceylon alumnae.”

● And Matilda Soosaipillai voices the same sentiments :

“I was indeed glad to receive the newsletter. Our college progress in the academic and cultural sphere seems to be more advanced than in previous years. The newsletter reveals the good spirit and co-operation of the past students. When I read it, I felt that I was back again in the ‘Cloisters’ surroundings.”

We are glad that you liked the newsletter, Matilda, and hope to send you more in the future.

● Now back home to India again. In July we had many letters from former students, informing us of their various employments. Sukunda Sukumaran has taken a position as zoology lecturer at St. Agnes’ College, Mangalore :

“You will be happy to know I feel quite at home at St. Agnes. I had my first lecture for III B. Sc. and P. U. C. on the 7th of July, and I must confess I was rather

nervous and tense at first. Now I am quite used to facing a class, and I am getting on fine.

“ You must have heard by now that Sheila has accepted the librarianship at Fatima College, Madurai. It seems Saraswathi and about four staff members from the college were at the station to give her a right royal welcome. She says only the band and the garland were missing.”

So that keeps us up to date on Sheila and Sukunda. In November, in response to our newsletter, we heard from Sukunda again :

“ I read the newsletter with great pleasure and wish to say thank you. It is really a novel idea to keep the alumnae in touch with the current news of the college and bring us, who are far away, news of friends and colleagues who are now scattered all over the globe. I am looking forward to future newsletters.”

- We hope to be able to oblige, Sukunda. Iris Manickam writes from Trichy :

“ I am glad to tell you that I’m working as a lecturer in economics in Holy Cross College. I’ve got to handle all the degree classes and the I M. A. class. When I come to Madras next time, I shall come to see you all.”

- Be sure to come, Iris, and congratulations on the appointment. In July too we heard from Valerie Vas, who is now studying at St. John’s Medical College, Bangalore :

“ We started college a fortnight ago, and I must say it is very interesting indeed. Whenever a mistake is made in class or elsewhere, the immediate question asked is ‘ which college do you come from ? ’, and I always think of your last words to me, ‘ Be a Stella Marian.’ I really miss my old college, with the great attention and care that was taken over us.”

- Yes indeed, be a Stella Marian, Valerie, and that we are sure you will always be. Wedding bells are tuning up for another graduate of 1964, as Yasodharabai informed us in July :

“ I’m glad to inform you that I am engaged to Mr. Charles Abraham, M. A. He is working as a staff officer in the State Bank of India. My betrothal ceremony took place on the 6th of July at Madurai. Please do pray for us.”

- Indeed we shall, Yasodharabai, and we shall be happy to hear from you again. In September, after the Graduates’ Reception, we heard from Rita (Lovett) Monteiro, of her safe return to Bombay :



“I arrived here safely last Wednesday, and had a good journey. Anand was not at all troublesome, and I had two very nice ladies travelling with me, who helped me by holding the baby while I prepared his meals.

“Hubert’s plane was delayed, and he arrived at home only at 9.30 a.m., much to my relief, as I was beginning to wonder what could have happened. It is good to be all together at home again - the three of us. You can imagine how gratifying it is to see father and son becoming re-acquainted with each other.

“Looking after Anand is a one-person job, as he is at the crawling stage and is curious about everything. Moreover, he wants to stand up by holding on to furniture, and if we are not close by to support him, he loses his balance.”

And more news of Anand in November :

“At the moment, Anand is busy sucking a lollipop, first the stick and then the sweet stuff. When I tried to show him how to eat it the right way, he was annoyed. So I’ve left him to his own devices. He has two of his bottom teeth, and shows it by nipping my chin affectionately. We were both thrilled when he took a few steps by himself on Sunday. This morning he climbed out of his cot and fortunately landed on my bed. There is nothing which he does not attempt to do, and I let him try even at the cost of several falls and hard bumps.

“Thank you very much for the college magazine, which I enjoyed leafing through. How nostalgic I felt reading of college activities, remembering the yearly routine of Stella Maris so well. How I wished I was a student again, as the girls seem to have so many more extra-curricular interests than what we had. Altogether, Stella Maris seems to be bustling with renewed vigour and energy. I like the way the magazine has been set out.”

Glad you liked it, Rita, and we are delighted with all the antics of Anand.

● Also from Bombay – we heard from Nalini (Mascarenhas) Kottiah, who returned from U. S. A. last year, and is now living in Bombay. She writes :

“Bandra is getting ready for Our Lady’s feast on the 13th. The Bandra feast is well known, and people come from all over Bombay for it.

“My children are all doing well. The eldest, who is almost three and a half, is now going to nursery school, and thinks she is so much smarter than the rest. Sheila is awaiting her turn anxiously. The twin boys are big, sturdy fellows, and full of mischief.”

● You are certainly leading a full life, Nalini. Now from away up in Darjeeling comes news from a well-known Stella Marian, Nirmala Krishnamurthy. She is now Mrs. Nirmala Vaidyanathan. In October she wrote :

“I’ve been here for nearly a month and a half, and like it exceedingly. We are right at the foot of the Himalayas, and we can see the ranges all around. Only the other day we had an absolutely wonderful view of the snow-capped Kanchenjunga. It was the first time in my life that I have seen a snowcovered peak in actual fact, and it was a great thrill. Darjeeling is only 50 miles from here, and I hear that the view of Kanchenjunga one gets from there is the best view possible. However, when we were there last month there was fog and mist and clouds all over the place, and we couldn’t see anything much. We may be going there early next month, and then I hope to be luckier.

“Kalimpong is another lovely place, and is to Darjeeling what Coonoor is to Ooty. The flowers are beautiful and a riot of colours, and the scenery is very good too. The climate is much better than that of Darjeeling, as it is warmer and more pleasant. We’ve been there three or four times and enjoy every trip we make.

“As regards my experience and experiments within the four walls of the kitchen, I’m afraid there isn’t anything to ‘write home about’. Not having done any helpful piece of work in the kitchen at Madras or elsewhere, I was all at sea the first day. Somehow, I managed to make a few dishes which were eatable. I have a couple of books full of recipes, but find myself unable to make several of them. Our home is about six miles away from the town, and one finds only the West Bengal Police Camp here. There is no one whom I can ask to come and help me out. We have several very good friends in town, however, and all of them are very friendly, helpful people.”

In November, Nirmala gave us more news of Darjeeling :

“Thank you so very much for your letter and the college magazine. You can’t imagine the great happiness I felt when I saw them. Looking through the magazine brought back such memories of some of the happiest days of my life – those I spent at Stella Maris.

“I wanted to reply the very day I received your letter, but we were leaving for Darjeeling and I didn’t get any time. Darjeeling is very cold, and even with the sun shining I shivered all the time. There is a place about seven miles from the town known as Tiger Hill, and the sunrise seen from the hilltop is supposed to be marvellous. We decided that we must go there, and accordingly woke up at 3.45 a.m., and 4.30 found us in the jeep driving swiftly along the deserted road. The sunrise was certainly a beautiful one – but it was like the sunrise elsewhere. Only, of course, the surroundings were wonderful. We could see the lights of Darjeeling twinkling like diamonds down below us. Hills rose on all sides, and the rising sun cast a beautiful rose colour on the ranges on the west.”

A beautiful picture, Nirmala. Thank you for the two long and interesting letters.

● From the Indian School of International Studies in Delhi, we have had news from S. Ganga, who is continuing her studies there after having completed her M. A. Economics with us.

“With pardonable pride, I tell you that I succeeded in getting a seat in the Ph. D. course, though it is 1,300 miles away from my alma mater, Stella Maris. Yes, I am now a research student in the Indian School of International Studies, New Delhi.

“One thing that alarmed me was that I was told I would have to study mathematics – algebra, trigonometry, and what not. However, I have managed to do quite well in mathematics. The professors of mathematics adopt an unusual method. After explaining a principle, they do not give problems to the students to solve, on the contrary, the students are asked to give the professors some problems to solve. This makes the students very alert both to pose problems, and then to observe whether or not the professor solves them. In this way we learn with interest and enthusiasm.

“The seminars are also stimulating; for one thing tea is always served, and that keeps us all awake in case we should miss the tea. Furthermore, a copy of the seminar paper is given to each student two weeks in advance, and we are expected to come with questions, comments, and suggestions. This is most instructive and at the same time useful, since it enables the professor to judge the capability of the student.

“We have only about ten hours of lectures a week and the rest of the time is devoted to private research in the library. On the whole, the teaching methods are very efficient and I am endeavouring to profit to the best of my ability by my study at the Indian School of International Studies.”

Again, in November, Ganga writes giving more good news :

“The Indian School of International Studies has lent my services to the Lady Shri Ram College, New Delhi, for four months. I was recommended by the director and I shall be teaching public finance to III Hons., statistics and economic organization to I Hons. and I B. A. respectively. However, I shall be lecturing only in the mornings and shall continue my course at the I S. I. S. in the afternoons.”

Congratulations Ganga, we wish you every success.

● In November also, we had news from Gowri Mojundar in answer to the Stella Maris newsletter :

“I was very pleased to receive the newsletter. It is a wonderful idea and I hope the alumnae will co-operate in keeping it up. You can be sure of the fact that all old

students are very eager to hear of our college activities, and I, for one, have been trying my best to get all the information possible of our college from any of my old friends who are staying in Madras, now I can get it directly from the newsletter. I would also like to know if any of our old students are staying at Ranchi.”

● What an encouraging letter, Gowri, it makes us want to write another newsletter immediately. As to whether any of our students are in Ranchi, we do not know, but maybe some of our readers might know and send us the information.

From Burnpur comes news of V. Vijayalakshmi, another of our students who has become a home-maker :

“ Thank you very much for sending me a copy of our college magazine.

“ I am sorry for not having corresponded at all since I left college. Right now I am busy, but decided to snatch a few minutes just to say ‘ Thank you ’.

“ You may want to know how things are here in this part of India. Burnpur is an industrial town, in fact not a town at all, but just an expanded village.

“ In the mornings I spend my time attending to the various household chores, and when I am free in the afternoons, I study sewing and knitting. I haven’t yet come to the stage of running the machine efficiently, but I am trying, and am learning sewing through the International Correspondence School.”

Keep trying Vijayalakshmi, and let us know of your progress in the art of home-craft.

● However, not all Stella Marians have settled down to home chores. Some, such as Daphne Satur, have ventured into the world of government services. Daphne has successfully passed the I.A.S. competitive exam, and is now nearing the completion of her training course. Here is what Daphne has to say :

“ I have good news for you. I was supposed to have gone North for the Bharat Darshan, but due to unforeseen circumstances, I am going South instead, and Madras is on the itinerary. I will surely visit Stella Maris and bring some other I.A.S. probationers along as well. They have heard so much about Stella Maris from me, that they are looking forward to seeing it almost as much as I am.

“ I am also fortunate in that the tour programme includes Bangalore. With all this excitement in the air, I don’t know how we managed to concentrate on our foundational course exams which are just over.

“Missoorie is miserably cold, and I am just longing to get away. Far from making us want to do work, it makes us want to sit within a foot of the heater the whole day.

“The rest of the news in person.”

As promised, Daphne showed up at the college and gave an enthusiastic report of her training. In answer to our request for a written account for the benefit of all, she sent us the following details :

“The National Academy of Administration is in Missoorie. For the first six months, all the civil service probationers receive the foundational course training. The curriculum comprises Hindi, public administration, economics, Indian history and culture, law and linguistics. In addition guest speakers talk to us on subjects of general interest. Physical training and riding are taken seriously. Extra-curricular activities are many, and include games, a fine arts society (painting, photography, music, dramatics), a films society, and a club.

“In September and October the I.A.S. and I.F.S. probationers are taken to Kashmir on a cultural tour, and for army attachment. The group units are sent to forward areas where for two weeks we are given a thorough military drilling, which includes the use of firearms. The idea behind this course is to understand how the army functions, to facilitate smooth relations with the armed services. It also gives us an insight into the hardships our troops are undergoing.

“The Bharat Darshan programme is meant to acquaint us with the overall progress and culture of the country. The first week is spent in Delhi. The important feature here is the meeting with the President, Prime Minister, and Home Minister. During the Bharat Darshan, each group is sent to an orientation and study centre for training in community development. For some days we are actually made to live in villages, attend panchayat meetings, and participate in village activities. This is followed by another two weeks of training in civil defence. After this, we split up statewise, and go to our respective states for practical training in administration.”

We are certainly grateful for this account of the course, Daphne, and many Stella Marians will probably aspire to join you.

What's this? Not another letter in our mail box! We hope you enjoyed the news, and are happy so many of our students return at least by post, if they cannot do so in person. The bridge is always there, and some who have not come “by post” have actually come themselves. The newsletter, too, is another way in which we hope to renew contacts and strengthen the bonds which bind Stella Marians to their alma mater—so that Stella Maris may truly “shine on their lives forever.”

## Spanning the Distance

The bridge that links our alumnæ and their alma mater has stood the test of time and weathering. It is an old familiar passage, well-worn by eager footsteps on many a "return journey", sometimes of merry groups coming to spend a few happy hours together again in their old college "home". Such a gathering took place on August 29th for the traditional graduates' reception. We were happy to welcome back, on that day, about a hundred and forty of our former students, of whom about eighty were of the class of '64, happy and proud of their new status as graduates. The class of '56 was represented by Mary Celine Chandrababu ; Ruby Joseph Nathan represented the class of '58 ; Rita Lovett Monteiro and Rita Devasagayam Ratnam, who had been in Madras for some time, were also with us on that day. Many others too were there, all of whom were most welcome.

The business meeting resulted in the election of Miss K. Chellam as president, Miss Angela Vas as secretary, and Miss Vijayam as treasurer. Plans for the year were followed by a delicious tea on the campus. The final item on the programme was an entertainment at the open-air theatre by the Basha Nataka Sabha, a combined dramatics and language club. Just as we were settling down for a delightful show introduced by "The Dance of Joy", a dance of rain-drops sent us capering for shelter on the college verandah. From our safe perch we watched our valiant heroine courageously bringing the "Dance of Joy" to a conclusion and gave her a thunderous applause. "Where do we go from here?" was the question on all of our faces, but the answer was not long in coming. Along came the dramatists armed with props and paraphernalia to show the way, and the show went on. "The Knave of Hearts", whose hero stole the tarts, also stole the hearts of the housewives present and future, by giving us some useful baking and cooking hints. The latter part of the entertainment was especially for the new graduates. As the choir sang, "Good-bye, good luck, God bless you", with words adapted to the occasion, a young graduate appeared, looking up to the "Star of the Sea" which seemed to be calling her onward and upward. There followed the "Dance of Remembrance" at the end of which the dancers, dressed in blue and gold, presented little packets of souvenirs to the class officers, who distributed them to the graduates.

On September 6th we rounded off the first term with a picnic to Covelong. According to the fashion of Stella Maris picnics, this too brought us to a "pretty pass", for at the last minute, numerous members found it impossible to attend, and we found

ourselves with an over-sized bus and an under-sized group. Not to be daunted our brave president and treasurer sounded all the bus possibilities in Madras, until they got one to fit our picnickers. A small group of about twenty-five had a most enjoyable day, and we hope more will be able to join the next picnic group.

The publication of the Stella Maris Newsletter during the second term was a new way of renewing contacts with numerous former students. It was sent to some three hundred former students in India, Malaysia and Ceylon, giving them news of recent college activities. It was heartening to witness the enthusiastic response, and we hope to be able to send it about two or three times a year. The second feature of the second term was a dinner in November in the Students' Centre. Once more we had the joy of seeing many familiar faces and hearing their happy chatter. Pushpa Parekh, now Mrs. Sanghani, who had just returned from a long stay in Germany, gave us a very interesting account of the country and its people. Josebell Gomez, Mary Regina and Maheswari, now B. T. students at Stella Matutina, were also with us. M. V. Radha Bai gave us news of her very interesting position in the Working Women's Welfare Department. Ramani and Saroj Gupta told us of their course at the Cultural Academy. The dinner was a great success and we parted with a promise of meeting again for the Children's Day in February. But "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley" – and although we had looked forward to the meeting and had planned it in detail – all our plans fell in the water. Nevertheless we have been able to contact many of our former students, and we hope to organize Malaysian and Ceylon sections of our alumnae. There are all sorts of bridges to keep you united with your alma mater. Come by land, by sea, by air, or post – you are always welcome.

K. CHELLAM, M. A.



## United Under Newman

A profound scholar, a great educationalist, a gifted writer, a fascinating preacher, Cardinal John Henry Newman was all this, but he was first and foremost a man of God, a man who sought God, throughout his life, and brought many other souls to join his search. It was Newman who had composed the hymn, so well loved by Gandhiji :

Lead, kindly Light, amid the  
  encircling gloom ;

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark and I am far from home ;

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

He was a man with a mission, and that mission was to restore religion as a force in the modern world. In his long life, which spanned almost the whole of the nineteenth century, (1801-1890), he saw society becoming more and more sceptical ; turning further away from God, away from religion, and he used all the great powers God had given him to stem the tide, to reverse it, to lead society back to its Maker.

Already as a student at Trinity College, Oxford, Newman showed his calibre, risking social boycott by refusing to conform to the prevailing pattern of dissolute life. There was nothing priggish about him, however ; he did not consider the arts as opposed to a good Christian life, as did some extremists of the day : he enjoyed playing the violin, he wrote, went for long walks, and rowed on the river. In 1822 he was elected fellow of Oriel College, then the home of the intellectual elite of the university. Having decided to take orders, he was ordained deacon in 1824, and immediately began his ministry among the sick and the dying, and the children of a large and poor Oxford parish. The little ones were never afraid of this scholarly young man, soon to be a tutor of his college ; they never tired of his stories of God and the saints, for he knew how to put himself on their level. His gifts as a religious teacher, first made evident then, were to increase with the passage of years, and attract many souls to the love of heavenly things.



Soon Newman, now an Anglican priest, was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, the university church, and began to preach. The power of his sermons drew large, enthusiastic congregations: Father Newman exercised a wonderful influence on the numerous graduates and under-graduates who flocked to hear him, an influence which flowed less from his oratory than from his intense spirituality, his utter unworldliness. He had the gift of making his hearers realise the spiritual realities of life, for these realities were the only things that mattered for him. Even at such an early age, he showed an extraordinary power of insight into the human mind. One of his students wrote, long after he had left the university: "Newman seemed to have an intuitive perception of all that you thought and felt, so that he caught at once all that you meant or were driving at in a sentiment, a philosophical reflection, or a joke - within a certain circle, no doubt, but within a circle which comprehended all your common sympathies. And so there was in talking with him that combination of liveliness and repose which constitutes ease; you seemed to be speaking with a better kind of self, which was drawing you upwards. Newman's general characteristics - his genius, depth of purpose, his hatred of pomp and affectation, his piercing insight into the workings of the human mind - at least that part of it which is best worth knowing - are all matters of history." This insight and a genuine love for souls combined, throughout his life, to enable Newman to put people at their ease at the very first meeting, to help them pour out their worries and difficulties without fear of rebuff, but with the certainty of receiving sympathy and direction.

Newman's personal life was simple and austere; he divided his time between prayer, his ministry and writing. Having become a Catholic priest in 1847, he established the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England, and ministered to the poor working people of the growing industrial city of Birmingham. Children who knew practically nothing of their religion flocked to him for instruction, and he soon built up a strong parish. Then he was appointed Rector of the new Catholic University to be founded in Dublin for all English-speaking Catholics. The project failed, but it was the origin of Newman's famous lectures on "The Idea of a University". Since his Oxford days, Newman had been deeply interested in education; his broad and far-sighted views on the subject brought him into conflict with more conservative authorities more than once in the course of his life, but their value is now universally recognised. He insisted that risks must be taken, that young people should not be over-protected for fear of contamination, that, as a modern biographer of the Cardinal has written, "the young should be given the intellectual weapons and the moral support to fight for themselves." He was one of the first to start evening classes for young working men, a system which has seen a tremendous expansion in the twentieth century.

Newman became widely known through his writings, especially his autobiographical "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" and "The Idea of a University". His was a many-sided nature, and this variety is reflected in his writings. The forty volumes of his collected works contain sermons, theology, romance, satire, humour, poetry, criticism and history. "And all this wealth of matter and thought", says Lionel Johnson, "is conveyed in a style of singular charm, of most strange and haunting beauty."

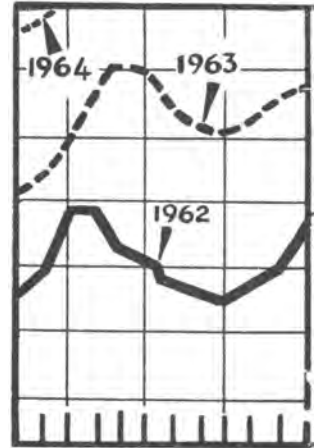
It is this great man, who devoted so much of his life to the advancement of education, and who always put the things of the spirit before those of the flesh, who has been chosen as the patron and model of Catholic intellectuals who, all over the world, group themselves into Newman Circles, units of nation-wide Newman Associations. The members of the Stella Maris Circle strive, through their monthly Masses and meetings, to imbibe his deep spirituality, his breadth of vision, his active concern with all spheres of life open to the intellectual apostolate. This year films have been the main topic for discussion in our study-groups; we have tried to analyse the effects of films on cinema-goers, especially the young; to discover ways of counteracting evil effects, protesting against bad films, choosing and making known films of true moral, aesthetic and educational value. The social apostolate has not been neglected, groups of members have visited the Mercy Home, to cheer the patients there by their presence and their gifts. Our First Friday Masses have, as always, been a source of strength and inspiration, as all the Newmanites pray together for each other and for the members of Pax Romana throughout the world.

Two of our members were privileged to attend the International Eucharistic Congress at Bombay last December. Its theme, "The Eucharist and the New Man", made us think irresistibly of our great leader, Cardinal Newman, who lived up to his name because in many ways he raised new problems or suggested a new approach to old ones. May he continue to inspire and protect our efforts to work for a renewal of spirit in university circles throughout India and the world, and a great extension of the influence for good of Catholic graduates and professionals in every sphere of life.

Miss M. FLAVIA, M. A.  
*Secretary, Newman Circle,  
Stella Maris College*

# New Horizons

“Why meet we on the bridge of time,  
to change one greeting and to part?”



It is always a problem to keep in touch with former students, especially as their numbers grow from year to year, but Stella Maris makes every effort to keep the lines of communication open, so that they may still know the activities of their alma mater, and that the college may still know them.

This year, a questionnaire was sent to all the old students whose addresses we still have, to find out their present occupations and activities, and try to trace any changes which may be taking place as time goes on. 137 alumnae responded to the questionnaire, and while this cannot be considered a true “sample survey” of our graduates, since the percentage of students from each graduation class varies considerably, yet it is a probable indication of the trends of our times.

Naturally, the greatest response came from the class of 1964, which provided 64.9% of the answers returned; 1963 came next, with 18.25%, 1962 and 1961 together provided rather more than 10%, while the remaining years, back to 1955, provided only 6.5% between them. No answers came from classes before that of 1955.

## Occupation

Marriage, with the household duties it brings, occupies a number of our graduates, though of course the majority marry some time after graduation, so, with so high a percentage of returns coming from the 1964 class, the proportion of married alumnae seems low: 14.6% of the whole group. However, of the 1955-60 group, 55.5% are married, 21.8% of the 1961-62 group, 16% of 1963, and 9% of 1964. All the married graduates of 1955-60 have one or more children, the largest number being four, while three out of the later classes have one child each.

An indication of present trends among Indian women is provided by the fact that 30% of the married graduates have time for other occupations, three holding posts as lecturers, one teaching in a school, and two studying, one of whom is doing research.

Of the unmarried graduates among the 1955-60 group, 75% are lecturers, while one has returned to study and is doing M. A. Of the 1961-62 group, 36.4% of the unmarried students are teaching, 18% are lecturers or demonstrators in colleges, while one is a clerk in the State Government service. In the 1963 class, a new trend becomes apparent, for while 14.3% of the unmarried are teaching or lecturing, 19% are employed in banks, while of the 1964 class, 21% are at work in schools or colleges, 3.7% in offices, one in a bank, while one is a professional social worker and another a translator.

### **Further Studies**

The widening of opportunities for educated women becomes even more apparent when we examine the numbers taking up higher studies. Of the 1955-60 group, only 22% went on to do the Master's degree at once, a further 22% returning to study after a lapse of a number of years. In the 1961-62 group there are M. A.'s of Stella Maris appearing for the first time, forming 14.3% of the whole group, 21.4% have done, or are doing M. Sc., one of these having proceeded further to take up research studies, while a further 14.3% have completed the B. T. course. One girl of the 1961 class is pursuing advanced linguistic studies. The 1963 class records a further advance, 20% of the group being Stella Maris M. A.'s, while another 24% are now studying for M. A. 16% have done, or are doing, B. T., one is studying medicine, one law, while one married M. A. is hoping to take up research studies in economics. More progress still is indicated in the record of the 1964 class, 23.5% of which is made up of M. A.'s, among whom one has gone on to do research, while a further 24.7% are now enrolled for post-graduate studies, either in Stella Maris or elsewhere. One is studying for the B. T. and another for M. B. B. S. It is also significant that in the last two classes a number are undertaking part-time or full-time studies in other fields like languages and stenography.

There are, however, in the last two classes, a number of girls who indicate no occupation, the percentage of the 1964 class in this situation being 30.3. There is no doubt that this, which seems to contradict the tendencies observed before, arises from the fact that a large number of the graduates from the previous years who were in this position have since married, while others have lost touch.

### **Travel**

Similar liberalising influences in the life of young women in India are revealed in the record of travel, as we observe the gradually increasing numbers who have travelled abroad, or who expect to do so. Several Stella Marians, of course, are Indians from Ceylon or Malaysia, but, apart from these, two of the 1955-60 group have been to one or the other of these countries, while one of the 1961 class is now in U. S. A. 16% of the 1963 class have been abroad, one adventuring to the Persian Gulf on an oil tanker. Only 4.5% of the 1964 class have yet been abroad, but of these one has visited the United Kingdom, and another East Africa, sufficient indication that our old students are spreading their wings to fly further from the home nest. Two of this class are expecting to go abroad to work, one to England or Nigeria, the other to Borneo.

## **Hobbies**

The “wind of change” is blowing even more vigorously over the leisure-time pursuits of our old students for as the years go on it is observable that a greater variety of hobbies becomes available to them, and the number of activities undertaken by each girl increases from year to year. Thus, while 66.7% of those who replied to the questionnaire in the 1955–60 group undertake some hobby, only one girl has more than one. In the 1964 class, though only 58.4% name any hobby, over 61% of these, or 36% of the whole class, have two or more. Moreover, while the pre-1960 groups are confined to reading, tailoring, painting, gardening or cooking, there are no less than twenty hobbies practised in the 1964 class, including, besides those already mentioned, music and dancing, photography, philately and other collectors’ hobbies, the study of foreign languages, writing, and, as examples of unusual hobbies, “sending applications”, cake decoration, and helping others, a hobby we should very much like to see spreading further.

Very few girls as yet record any social activities, and all of these are drawn from the last two classes : this very fact, however, may well be an indication of yet another new trend beginning in the life of the educated Indian woman.

## **Conclusion**

The results of this questionnaire, while not of any statistical value, yet are of marked significance, we feel, as recording developments in Indian society in the years since Independence. So far as the questions penetrated, these developments in the life of Indian women seem entirely healthy, and Stella Maris considers it a privilege to be permitted to assist in widening the horizons of the young, so that they may lead a life, fuller, more interesting, and of greater service to others than that open to women of earlier generations, while at the same time a reasonable restraint prevents them from losing that which has always been of priceless value in the traditional position and functions of the women of India.

A STELLA MARIAN

## University Examinations 1965 - Results

	No. Appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of Passes
M. A. English	12	1	10		92%
M. A. Economics	19	1	18		100%
M. A. Indian Music	6	1	5		100%
M. A. Fine Arts	2	1	1		100%
M. A. Social Work—Ist year	12		12		100%
IInd year	10	1	9		100%
<b>III B. A.</b>					
History	19	—	2	17	100%
Social Sciences	23	—	—	20	87%
Economics	48	—	4	39	90%
Indian Music	6	1	3	2	100%
Western Music	2	2	—	—	100%
Drawing & Painting	9	1	7	1	100%
<b>III B. Sc.</b>					
Mathematics	30	22	2	2	87%
Zoology	29	12	13	3	97%
<b>II B. A.</b>					
English	161	—	3	128	81%
Language	162	28	54	77	98%
<b>II B. Sc.</b>					
English	65	—	—	50	77%
Language	65	10	31	24	100%
Pre-University	572	113	226	123	80%



BUT

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BUILD THE BRIDGE

THEY LABOUR IN VAIN

THAT BUILD IT.

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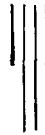
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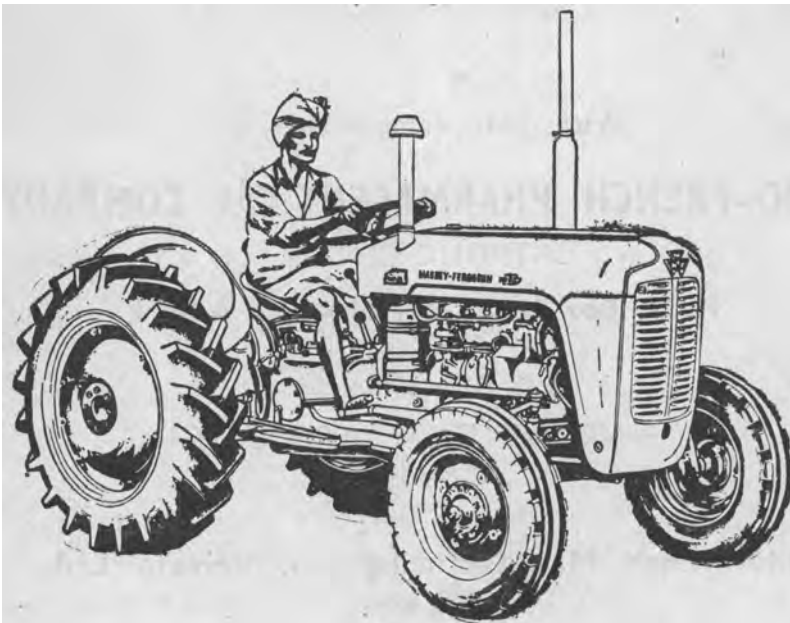
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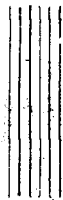
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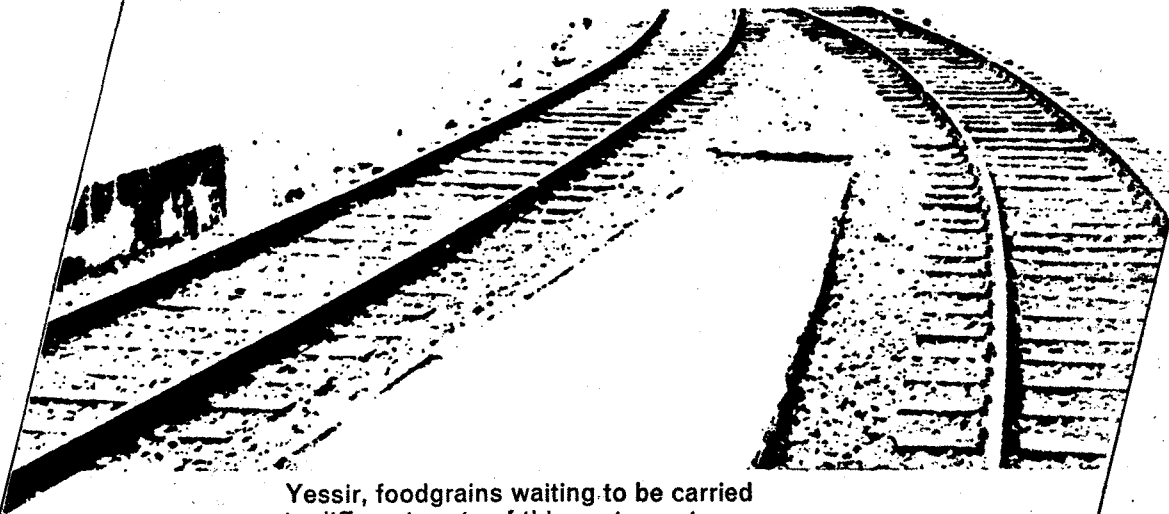
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