

# stella maris

# college





# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1968

A life brimming with joy and goodness  
is like a sparkling spring  
which refreshes, soothes and enlivens  
all around



# CONTENTS

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Editorial	... vii
“Happy the Man who Meditates on Wisdom”	... 1
Silver Jubilee Celebrations	... 3
The Inauguration of the Social Welfare Centre	... 8
Graduation	... 10
Exchange Programme	... 12
New Horizon - Teen-Agers' Camp	... 16
A Unique Story	... 19
Jour des Nations Unies	... 21
A-Camping we will go	... 23
Return to the Source	... 27
‘I was sick and you visited Me’	... 30
Week in, Week out	... 32
Hostel Diary	... 42
College Day 1968	... 48
Constructive Leisure	... 52
The Fortunate Few	... 55
The Quest Eternal	... 62
God's Troubadour - George Herbert	... 65

Whither Youth?	... 70
And Death shall have no Dominion	... 72
The Eternal Problem	... 74
Fountains of Europe	... 76
And so Let Us Continue	... 79
Rejection	... 82
Petroleum - A Spring of Promise	... 83
The Indian International Trade and Industries Fair	... 86
Oh! I love the Mridanga	... 89
'Tis Treasured in My Memory	... 90
The II International Conference of Tamil Studies	... 92
Fount of Charity - Mahatma Gandhi	... 96
Ramayana - Fountainhead of the Saranagathi Dharma	99
A Challenge to Psychiatric Social Workers	... 102
"Let Your Light Shine....."	... 105
O.S.A. Activities	... 107
News from Old Students	... 108
Mathematics, Home and Abroad	... 121
University Examination, 1968 - Results	... 123

## EDITORIAL

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A life brimming with joy and goodness is like a sparkling spring which refreshes, soothes and enlivens all around.

The diamond-bright water, gushing exuberantly from a natural spring, is an apt symbol of joy and refreshment, and creates that refreshing joy in one who comes across it. But the spring must come from the very depths of the earth, or it will not be cool and sparkling; and its flow will depend on the vagaries of the weather. A perennial spring bubbles up from unmeasured depths, to bring life and joy as it feeds the streams, the rivers, and ultimately pours out and loses itself in the mighty, majestic sea.

Whether it leaps among the yearning mountains, or wells up smoothly to create an oasis in an arid plain, the spring gives life, hope, joy. So too, does the life that brims with joy and goodness; a joy that comes

from the very depths of the heart, for like the shallow spring a shallow gaiety comes and goes, depending on mere circumstance, whereas the joy and goodness that come from within are perennial, proof against all adverse circumstance, and like the pure spring bring life, refreshment, peace, to all around, creating a river of joy that flows on until, still fresh and young regardless of the passage of time, it plunges into the Sea of Eternity.

Shobhana Krishnan	I	M.A.
Devika Menon	I	M.A.
C. Kanchana	I	M.A.
A. Lavanya Rajah	III	B.A.
Maria Viegas	III	B.A.
H. T. Durga	I	B.A.
Shantheri Kini	I	B.A.
Juliana Chacko	I	B.A.
R. Amritavalli	I	B.A.
Zilan Munas		P.U.
Mohana Nayar		P.U.

## “Happy the Man who Meditates on Wisdom”

Stella Maris is proud to offer its tribute to a great and wise man-our Vice-Chancellor.



The Silver Jubilee of the Vice-Chancellorship of Dr. A. L. Mudaliar is an event unique in the history of higher education. There is no parallel instance in India of an elected Vice-Chancellor having held office for a quarter of a century, and Madras University is justifiably proud of the honour of having had for twenty-five years the guidance and leadership of Dr. A. L. Mudaliar.

His erudition, foresight and scientific ability have enabled him to attain distinction as a scholar, gynaecologist, administrator and educationist. He has rendered yeoman service in many varied fields, most notably in medicine, education and legislation.

He has acquired eminence and authority in the field of medicine and is renowned for

his specialised work in obstetrics and gynaecology. He has had the proud privilege of serving as the chairman of the W. H. O. and UNESCO and his association with the All-India Medical Council and the Bhore Committee was instrumental in raising the standards of teaching in medical colleges. He has always emphasised the role of preventive medicine in the promotion of national health.

In the field of education, his achievements are truly outstanding. His service to Madras University extends to a long period prior to his Vice-Chancellorship and his hard work and selfless service as a member of the Syndicate paved the way for the rapid development of the university during his term of office. As Vice-Chancellor he



has lovingly fostered the growth of one of the major universities of India. His sympathetic encouragement and his insistence on the maintenance of high standards of efficiency have been responsible for the remarkable success of a large number of educational institutions, professional colleges, colleges for women and post-graduate institutes. The university has introduced many new faculties such as Commerce, Agriculture, Home Science, Fine Arts and now has teaching and Research Departments in Psychology, Anthropology, Business Management, Library Science, Geo-Physics, Geology, etc.

Dr. A. L. Mudaliar evinces keen interest in the education of the youth of the land. His Report on Secondary Education has been widely acclaimed and is still used as a guiding manual for all problems connected with secondary education. Dr. Mudaliar has the welfare of the academic community very much at heart. Before granting any affiliation he insists that there should be adequate provision of amenities to students. It was due to his efforts that the Madras University Hostel Construction Co-operative Society was established. He has given active encouragement to physical training, N. C. C. and sports for men and women. He has strongly recommended that a Health Service Scheme should be introduced in colleges. He has championed the cause of technical education. Dr. Mudaliar has spared no effort to promote the welfare of both teachers and students.

To be Vice-Chancellor of a century-old university for twenty-five years, to see a lectureship instituted in one's name, to be called upon to represent the country in the W. H. O. and UNESCO and to be re-elected continuously to the Upper House in the Madras legislature - such glories rarely come to one individual. Dr. A. L. Mudaliar has received these honours with characteristic dignity. The innumerable and weighty responsibilities that he has shouldered have been carried out with sincerity and determination. His compeers and colleagues look up to him for guidance and leadership.

The Principals and students of the colleges affiliated to the University of Madras, educationists in India and lovers of humanity all over the world have reason to be grateful to Dr. Mudaliar for his tireless service to the causes of health and education. He should be placed in the ranks of great men who belong not to their own country alone but to the world. Perhaps one of the most eloquent tributes comes from a European admirer who remarked, "Dr. Mudaliar is esteemed as an example of those Eastern sages in whom the spiritual qualities of this world are embodied."

MISS LAKSHMI NATARAJAN,  
Lecturer in Economics.

# Silver Jubilee Celebrations

Students of Stella Maris shared enthusiastically in celebrating the completion by Dr. A. L. Mudaliar of 25 years as Vice-Chancellor of Madras University.

On August 19th 1967, Sir A. L. Mudaliar completed twenty-five years as Vice-Chancellor of Madras University. Such an occasion, probably unique in the annals of any University, could not pass unnoticed, and the celebration succeeded each other for months after the anniversary date. The students of Stella Maris shared eagerly in the felicitations offered to our revered Vice-Chancellor, especially on three occasions. The first, organised by the Madras Students' Committee, took place on August 20th. Students of many City colleges participated in a morning prayer meeting to ask God's blessings on Dr. Mudaliar, and in the evening they flocked to the impressive University Centenary Auditorium, where no less a dignitary than Sri V. V. Giri, Vice-President of India, presided over the function, in the presence of His Excellency the Governor of Madras, and, of course, of the Vice-Chancellor himself. When the honoured guests were seated on the dais, with the Principals of the city colleges grouped around them, a prayer song was sung, and garlands offered. Then, one after another, students past and present uttered in Tamil and in English, in prose and poetry, their gratitude to Dr. Mudaliar, their praise of all his achievements and rare qualities, their heartfelt good wishes on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as Vice-Chancellor. Two souvenirs, a brochure and an attractive silver and enamel brooch bearing the well-known features of Dr. Mudaliar, were released by the Governor, Sardar Ujjal Singh, while Sri V. V. Giri, after a delightfully human speech about his old friend, unveiled a fine full-length portrait of the Vice-Chancellor. Sir A. L. Mudaliar spoke briefly, as is his custom, but with evident emotion, as he thanked the students of Madras City for their felicitations, and asked them to continue to uphold the splendid traditions of serious work and good discipline for which Madras University is known. It was most probably his words, few but well-chosen, and so obviously coming from his heart, that remained in the memories of his student audience longer than all the words uttered in praise of this "Father of the University".

Just a few days after this, a Silver Jubilee Commemoration Sports Meet was held, in which nearly all of the colleges affiliated to the Madras University took part. Among the enthusiastic spectators was Shanthi Kini of I B.A. Lit., who writes: "The note was struck, and with a great resounding vibration the band proceeded to play a march. It was 1-30 p.m. on the 24th of August, when to the sound of the band and the tread of marching feet, the march past commenced. As each college group, dressed in spotless white and bearing its college flag, paraded past the V.I.P. base, the Chief Secretary to the Government of Madras, Mr. C. A. Ramakrishnan, took the salute. The oath was taken, and the sports meet declared open.

“The colleges affiliated to Madras University were represented by over four hundred athletes, boys and girls, eager to display their physical prowess. There were sprinters and pole-vaulters, athletes skilled in wielding the javelin and throwing the discus, athletes to whom hurdles were but minor obstructions. They were all there that day, big and small, light and heavy, all filled with eager expectation and determination.

“On the first day the heats were run, and we also witnessed the finals of events like high jump, pole vault, discus and hammer-throw. The second day saw the crowning glory of the sports meet. The Governor of Madras, His Excellency Sardar Ujjal Singh, was present along with Sardarini Ujjal Singh and Dr. Mudaliar himself. The pavilions were well packed with spectators, and a multitude of students seemed to be present. Excitement mounted as cries of “Faster Loyola”, “Come on, Stella Maris”, “He’s made it!”, “She’s first!” burst from the onlookers. Sportsmanship was reaching its zenith. The athletes were engaged in a struggle for supremacy in physical ability, but there was fairness and justice among all.

“As the day drew to a close the final march past took place, and speeches were made by prominent dignitaries in praise of Dr. Mudaliar. He himself spoke, addressing in particular the students, whom he urged to carry on in the same sporting spirit they had shown that day. When Sardarini Ujjal Singh distributed the prizes, Stella Maris was honoured, for Rajamma Jacob had come first in the 80 metres hurdles, and Christine Roy third in the same race, while Regina Idiculla had come second in both discus and shotput. The climax of the evening was the award of two huge silver trophies to Madras Christian College and Women’s Christian



College, as the men's and women's college respectively with the highest aggregate of points." Thus ended the second big celebration of the Silver Jubilee by the students of the Madras University.

The third celebration, recorded for us by Revathy Kailaspathy, of III B.A. Lit., involved only the ten city women's colleges.

"This was the silver jubilee year of a man whose entire life was one of service and we were not going to let it pass unrecorded. Surely we women who owe him so much could show him in a special way how much we value and appreciate the work of Dr. A. L. Mudaliar. The various women's colleges did not fail to rise to the occasion. On the 25th November, the ten women's colleges in Madras congregated at the Ethiraj College auditorium and proceeded to give examples in dance, song and mime of the various functions of women in the field of education.

"The Vice-Chancellor was the honoured Chief Guest and the Chief Minister of Madras, the Hon. C. N. Annadurai presided. The Vice-Chancellor listened with an air of modesty and self-effacement to the public expressions of gratitude and undoubtedly remembered the long way he had to travel and the struggle he must have had to put up to achieve all that he has done.

"Stella Maris' contribution to the programme was to show in dance and song the need for aesthetic and creative beauty for women in the form of Fine Arts and Music, subjects which are taught in our college up to the M.A. level. In Tagore's words,

'All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into  
one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings  
like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.....  
I touch by the edge of the far spreading wing of my song,  
Thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.'

"These creative arts are peculiarly suited to the nature of woman. They are a form of worship she excels at. Ratnapappa, Rekha, Usha Rani and Renu portrayed these ideas in the symbolism of dance.

"That evening was also an appropriate occasion for the Dr. A. L. Mudaliar Fine Arts Rolling Shield to be presented to the Vice-Chancellor who, in turn, presented it to Stella Maris which would be the first college to inaugurate the annual inter-collegiate contest for the shield, with a classical dance competition.

"The memorable evening ended on a note of praise for women in the Vice-Chancellor's words 'When you educate a man, you educate an individual; when a woman is educated, a family is educated'."



“ And finally a last ‘ celebration ’ that took place on our own campus ; Maya of III B.A. Lit. has given this account of the dance competition held in Stella Maris for the first award of the rolling shield mentioned above.

“ No other college, perhaps, was better fitted to inaugurate the Vice-Chancellor’s Silver Jubilee Rolling Shield for Fine Arts than ours. As the only college in the city with a department of fine arts, it was in keeping that we should have

had the honour of organising the first competition, in which classical dance was chosen for the award of the shield. The strategic setting of our stage could dispense with elaborate seating arrangements. A few rows of chairs sufficed to accommodate the staff of our college and the visitors from the other colleges besides seating a few other enterprising girls—the sort perhaps who would let nothing stand in the way of their comfort. The main part of the audience was seated on the grass and purely by their position irresistibly recalled to the mind the gaping groundlings of Shakespeare’s theatre. No offence intended! The only real discomfort of the occasion was the relentless sun that seemed to linger on and on as though it were determined to watch the dances, completely oblivious of the groans it was drawing from the suffering spectators. From paper-hats to ‘ Jewel-Thief ’ caps, from books to bags—everything was used as protection against the heat.

“ Soon the complaints died down as heads turned to watch the stately advance of the three judges, and exclamations of recognition swept through the crowd as the doyen of the Bharata Natyam world, Sri Vazhuvoor Ramiah Pillai took his place at the judge’s desk. He was accompanied by Mrs. Sharada of Kalakshetra and Mrs. Shivapada Sundaram, both well-known in the field of classical dance. With the judges settled in their places, the College President read out the order of the competitors as drawn earlier by lots.

“ The opening strains of Raga Kambodhi floated gently over the mike as Padmini of Stella Maris set the tone of the evening with her competent representation of Raudra or Anger, a typical mood of Lord Shiva. She was followed by Hyma, also of Stella Maris College, who gave a graceful rendering of the popular ‘ padam ’, ‘ Thaye Yasodha ’. Through all this, the mike which had started out so promisingly had an attack of severe bronchitis that made it practically useless for the rest of the evening.

“ A scintillating performance of the mainly-technical ‘ thillana ’ was given with smiling charm by the Queen Mary’s College representative, R. Jyothi. The highlight of the evening was the excellent performance of the Ethiraj pair, K. V. Padma and S. Jayam. The dances chosen, one glorifying the Saivite boy-hero, Lord Muruga and the other a tribute to Lord Ranganatha, were put across with such effortless ease and professional confidence that the audience were completely won over and the result of the competition became a foregone conclusion. The one other dancer who excelled was Chandrakala in a famous Kuchipudi number.

“ The programme concluded with an Andal number. The judges deliberated for well over half-an-hour, as well they might, handicapped as they were by the absence of full teams from one or two of the colleges. The results ran on the main lines of our expectations. The shield went to the Ethiraj team who were warmly applauded by all. The first of the individual prizes was awarded to R. Jyothi of Queen Mary’s College and the second to Chandrakala of S.I.E.T. One thing I can say of the Stella Marian, and that is that she is a real sport! Though many of our girls were rather disappointed to find us without a prize to our name, all of them vigorously and wholeheartedly cheered the winners.”

Now the Silver Jubilee celebrations are over, but our gratitude and reverence remain for the great educationalist, the great man, in whose honour they were held.



## The Inauguration of the Social Welfare Centre

“ Man must meet man, nation meet nation...  
as brothers and sisters, as children of God.  
We must work together to build the common  
future of the human race “.

It was these words of a philanthropist which met the eye of every visitor who entered the upper storey of the Social Welfare Centre on the 16th August 1967. The twentieth birthday of Stella Maris was celebrated by the opening of this new building, in the verdant surroundings of our alma mater while cheerful social workers welcomed the guests with cordial smiles. It was a day of rejoicing for all of us - we had seen the structure take shape day after day and now it stood complete in all its glory. One more storey to the Social Welfare Centre meant an additional branch of Social Work which in turn meant the uplift of more unfortunate families. By 5 p.m. on the 16th August all the chairs in the central hall of the new storey were occupied and more had to be fetched to accommodate the thronging guests. Sr. Eanswida made the welcome speech after which Reverend Father Milton Fernandez blessed the new building. Mrs. Clubwala Jadhav, the chief guest, in her inaugural address spoke of the “magnificent influence” of Stella Maris in the field of social work and of the “all encompassing” philanthropic work that was being carried out by the institution. She expressed the hope that more and more opportunities would arise for collaborating and rendering service to the poor. Then amidst cheers, she praised the dedicated social work of Sr. Eanswida - the spirit which Sr. Eanswida has put into the work and





which sustains it as an everlasting flame. Miss. Laura Tehrmer proposed the vote of thanks with a word of admiration for the enthusiasm that Stella Maris has evinced in the uplift of the poor.

The guests were then taken around the Social Welfare Centre and the little exhibition which had been put up in one of the rooms. The thought-provoking titles of the posters based on the encyclical "Development of Peoples", rendered the exhibition more interesting. A few of them were, "Present conditions which make for conflict", "The Vocation to Self-Fulfilment", "The Development of the human race in the spirit of solidarity", "Universal Charity" and "Development is the new name for Peace". The mosaic flooring of the rooms and the walls of a pleasing shade of pink had a tremendous impact on the minds of the visitors. The spacious kitchen with all its modern gadgets held the attention of every lady in the company. There was also a fascinating little exhibition of baby clothes, sewed in the Centre.

Mrs. Jadhav thanked Sr. Eanswida for her invitation to preside over "the happy inauguration of the fine Centre" and added that she hoped to be present for the first anniversary of the opening of the Centre too. The new storey was to be used for classes in house-craft and child-care for the girls and women of the neighbouring poor areas. She also said that she particularly envied the young girls who were going to work in the beautifully laid-out kitchen of the Centre.



The function came to a close and the guests dispersed bearing in their minds the chosen words of Pope Paul VI- "Freedom from misery, the greater assurance of finding subsistence, health and fixed employment; an increased share of responsibility without oppression of any kind and in security from situations that do violence to their dignity as men; better education - in brief to seek to do more, to know more and have more in order to be more: that is what men aspire to now when a greater number of them are condemned to live in conditions that make this lawful desire illusory....."

KANCHANA CHIDAMBARAM,  
I. M.A.





# Graduation

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A 1967 graduate captures something of the excitement and glamour that surround a Convocation ceremony - and even more, the preparations for the great day.

We had graduated - which I assure you was no mean achievement and hence had to be accorded the celebration due unto it. Though the day had been looked forward to months before, it was the week preceding the convocation that our pulses tensed up and excitement was at its height.

Faces flushed with pride and pleasure, we wandered from shop to shop selecting the cap and gown which were to adorn us at the Graduation ceremony. Perhaps youthful exuberance had never been displayed in such abundance as that day, when with the gown slung over our arms, caps flourishing a "Hi" to every acquaintance on the way, we jubilantly returned to the hostel. Whether there were questioning looks cast at us or whether we imagined them, we however duly informed our fellow-residents about the convocation and chose to enlighten the ignorant P. U.'s on what graduation meant, adding with a patronising air, "Don't worry, you'll soon be graduating too!"

Study hour always seems the time when one is in exceptionally high spirits - or perhaps we had cause to be so! We monopolised the Common Room trying out our academic robes before the full-length mirror. We *were* rather indulgent I must say, in lending our silken gowns to our Juniors who hung around with eager eyes envying our position. A couple of amiable seniors kindly tutored us; the Vice-Chancellor it seemed would summon us individually and present us with our degrees. That was provocation enough to enact a mock-convocation in our rooms. A sheet of newspaper rolled into a scroll served as a "degree" for the moment as we practised walking down the hostel stairs in a most graceful fashion. The dais at the Centenary Hall was said to be quite high!

Pomp and show brightened the days that followed. Our silken gowns hung upon us with the ease and frequency of a house-coat. At nightfall everyday we ironed our robes and aired them over our doors (many a passing P.U., I guess, must have had nightmares!)

One morning Sister Warden invited us to pose for a few snaps in our graduation attire. Weren't we glowing with pride! The entire throng of hostelites crowded at their windows while, against the background of our concrete college buildings we posed with "assumed ease".

Wordsworth perhaps would have attributed his words "I was the Dreamer, they the Dream" to one such convocation if he had been in our position that glorious

day. Sweet music played softly in our ears while, invested with our caps and gowns we entered the Centenary Hall, whose very walls had a solid dignity about them. We certainly had a sense of achievement despite the scholarly bespectacled M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s who sat grimly before us, casting a condescending look at our "cravats" which betrayed our B.A. Degree. I must admit we received a jolt and our starry illusions were rather rudely shaken when a plainly-dressed gentleman came around distributing our degrees in a casual manner, as if they had been advertisement pamphlets or propaganda booklets! The ceremony started off with a solemn speech by the Chancellor of the Madras University followed by recital of the pledge and other customary formalities.

Evening shadows eclipsed the day which had been long-awaited - the function was over all too soon - we left the Hall with confused feelings, wondering if we were any more scholarly for having attended the convocation! Economy denied a cab, dignity demanded it; not perhaps our own dignity, but that of our new position!

That night an enthusiastic group of juniors gathered around us as we clouded the air with romantic tales (monstrous exaggerations of course) of the Convocation. The next day, we returned our robes with heart-wringing woe like that of parting with a long-cherished possession.

The dazzle had been blinding - short-lived too - as the lightning. The glamour of it all was over in a flash and we slipped into a monotonous life of "work, wine and weariness" once again.



KANCHANA CHIDAMBARAM,  
I. M.A.

# Exchange Programme

An American and an Indian student tell us of their experiences as American Field Service Exchange scholars.

## I. Shantheri Kini Says.....

Ten - nine - eight - seven - six - five - four - three - two - one - FIRE - and away we went! I could hardly believe my eyes when I looked out through the tiny window of the airplane and saw the receding lights of Bombay. I was actually on my way to America and every fibre in me vibrated with excitement. I thought for the zillionth time of the ideas I had formed about America. I could not contain my desire to see cowboys and Indians, my own American family and my High School and all the other fine experiences I knew would be in store for me.

Before I knew it I was in New York. As we were being transported from the airport to our hotel I realized for the first time the truth of the statement that Americans are speedy. We were zooming down the highway at 65 miles an hour and on either side of us cars were zipping by as if they had a record to break by doing so! Americans, I found out, sometimes value time more than they do life which very aptly accounts for the number of deaths on their highways!!

In a short time, I was meeting my American family and as I greeted them each in turn I could feel the warmth and friendliness with which they welcomed me and within a matter of hours I was one among them and their home was my home and their joys and sorrows were mine too. I knew for sure that I had indeed found a home away from home.

I had heard people talk of Americans as frank, humorous, with a tendency to be over friendly. On the very first day of school, I tried to appear calm and collected but the fears that assailed me were rather overpowering. I saw boys and girls of all kinds - long-haired boys and twiggy-haired girls, stern-looking teachers and teachers who looked like they would be a lot of fun. I guess to them I was Indian, feathers or no feathers and naturally I was an odd one out! All they knew was, here was an Indian dressed in long robes, two long braids and to top everything a strange red spot on her forehead and looking absolutely lost! There is nothing an American will not try once - for once when I told them they would have to die to be born as Hindus, they thought it quite a good proposition!! - and I guess they kept their fingers crossed before one came up to me and asked, "Don't scalp me for this, paleface, no mean harm, but could you tell me your name?" Suddenly the figurative meaning behind the question struck me and, before I knew it, we were both bending over with laughter. The ice had been broken most humorously and we were friends.

I could feel I was getting acclimatized to my new way of life for speed was nothing strange to me nor was seeing pale faces around me but I did not realize the other changes I was undergoing. One evening while conversing with my brothers I happened to say, "Boy, did we have a crummy lunch this afternoon at school!" My brothers looked at each other and grinned sheepishly. Suddenly I felt the impact of my words and said, "I ain't done nothing wrong", they still smiled and finally I realized I was shocking them with my slang. It was the Americanisation of Shanti and I knew it!

I found American Teenagers were extraordinarily sporty, excellent conversation-  
alists, humorous and lively. Their informality struck me as rather crazy but I realized it was all part of their desire to be friendly. At school the teachers were most informal



and at times used a U. S. History class to discuss the Indian marriage system or a physical education class to discuss the population problem. At the homes I visited I was always told, "Come on in and make yourself at home." Money did not bother them provided they had the necessities of life, namely, an automobile, a house, a TV set or two, a dish-washer, a washing machine and probably a dryer. Later on I stayed with families from all walks of life - I lived with a postman's family, then with a farmer's, a preacher's and so forth and each one gave me a different outlook on Americans but they all had one thing in common - a desire to help and be friendly.

At times when I was home-sick for India they would tell me -

"This land is your land,  
This land is my land,

From California to the New York island,  
From the redwood forests, to the Gulf-Stream waters,  
This land was made for you and me."

We met the Vice-President and then Mrs. Dean Rusk and a few weeks before I left I had the supreme privilege of meeting a fine Texan - the President himself - and he humorously commanded us to "Stick 'em up!"

Of the cities I visited I found New York, Chicago and San Francisco to be quite exciting but I always turned to Washington D. C. as my favourite city. Here the whole union of America was represented and it was like seeing every state in turn. The Virginian countryside was most beautiful and in each season nature revealed a well-guarded secret. Fall was gorgeous with the various-coloured leaves adorning the trees, winter was chilly but the snow fascinated me, spring came close on the heels of departing winter and a sense of joy and goodwill came into the air, and finally summer with its heat and relaxation crept in. The people it seemed worked hand in hand with nature - dark colour in fall, heavy woollens in winter, bright spring colours to welcome the spring flowers and rather brief clothing in the summer. In fact they plan in January for April!

My year in America was nearly over and I realized that I had had a very interesting and exciting year - one that had broadened my outlook, enriched my knowledge and charged me emotionally. I had told them about India, cleared their doubts and fears about my country ranging from snake-charmers to cows and in short I had succeeded to a certain extent in promoting international understanding, even though I had turned a Yankee in the process!

I had been abroad on the American Field service programme and our motto had been,

"Walk together, talk together  
All ye peoples of the world  
Then and only then  
Shall ye have peace."

And now as my year ended I had lived with not just Americans but with people of 58 different countries and I felt that in a small way I had also been a junior ambassador of India.

SHANTHERI KINI,  
I B.A.

## II. And Patti Says.....

Dear Stella Maris,

I have been part of you for six weeks and it is sad that my stay must end. I really feel that you are part of my life.



When I arrived in Madras on July 5th, I realized that I was about to embark on a very wonderful experience. As we drove through the city I couldn't stop watching the oxen, the bull carts and the women with the baskets on their heads. As the days went on I grew accustomed to these sights.

I have visited many places with my Indian family and have learned quite a lot about Indian culture. You people have a fantastic culture with such a long and interesting history attached to it. You have temples and statues still standing that were built thousands of year ago. Your culture is all around you. You indeed have something here to be proud of. I know I'm proud of it.

I have fallen in love with your sarees. I have taken two home for myself and one for my mother. They are among the most beautiful garments I have ever seen. (I can't call them dresses, because they aren't).

College life here is different from school life at home. Most of our schools are co-ed and the classes at my school are quite a bit smaller. The subjects offered are about the same but the manner of presentation varies to some degree.

I have seen many temples here and find them very beautiful and enchanting. I regret not having learned so much about your religion.

After living in India for the past 7 weeks I feel I have got to know her people better. As I leave I shall take part of India with me and leave part of myself here. I hope some day some of you will be able to return my visit. I want to thank you all - especially P. U. 2 - for making my stay in India terrific. Bye and please write.

PATTI.

Miss. Patti Reardon,  
c/o. Dr. J. J. Reardon,  
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## New Horizon - Teen-agers' Camp

Our first important venture in the newly-enlarged Social Welfare Centre was this camp for underprivileged girls, described by one of the organisers.

In the past, slums had a significance in the eyes of society and there was a "social reaction" against slum dwellers. This reaction had important consequences in the social isolation of these people thereby perpetuating what J. Lewis has referred to as the "culture of poverty".

Fortunately the time has come now when slums are no longer regarded by the more respectable members of society as "black spots" and "plague spots". The belief in the natural inferiority of slum dwellers is also fast disappearing. The gap is now being bridged between the more fortunate and the less fortunate and while the inhabitants of slums have ample opportunity to communicate with and be influenced by the outside world, the outside world has also infiltrated into the slum.

Governmental and non-governmental organisations are greatly concerned with planning and initiating programmes in the area of slum improvement.

The older generation of any community is deeply attached to the culture of the group and to effect any change in this section of society is well nigh an impossibility. They see no reason for change: besides, change is often accompanied by a sense of insecurity and why should they be thrown off their already unsteady feet? The young people are the best agents of change and if change is to be effected, if the culture of poverty is to be modified, it must start with youth. Founded on this conviction there is today great emphasis on youth and youth programmes, and the camp for teen-age girls from the slums held at the Stella Maris Social Welfare Centre in September was one such programme.

The camp, organised under the auspices of the Madras Christian Council of Social Service, was the first of its kind in the city of Madras, perhaps even in the whole of India. Innumerable camps are organised for youth of the middle and upper income groups but a camp for slum girls is unheard of. Slum dwellers are generally suspicious of intruders, and to take their young unmarried girls away for a whole week was outrageous. In fact the organisers of the camp did experience considerable difficulty in getting girls to participate. But with a little persuasion they did succeed, and it was a delight to see the parents escorting their girls to the camp site with mixed feelings of anxiety and joy.

This camp was a novel experience for the twenty girls who hailed from different slums of the city of Madras. For the first time in life these girls found themselves adhering strictly to the routine of the camp time-table. For many it was a difficult task. This is understandable since neither clock nor watch is generally known in the mud-hut villages.

Between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. every day the girls attended lectures, or rather, informal talks, on health, nutrition and child care. These talks were given by trained nurses from the Health Visitors' Training Centre, Egmore. It was a little difficult to hold the attention of the girls for a whole hour. There were the usual distractions which these simple girls had not trained themselves to resist. At every such session someone was sure to fall into a deep slumber, while someone else surveyed the room, and another the scenery outside the window. Yet the majority found these talks interesting and often asked questions which showed that they were relating the knowledge acquired to their everyday experiences.

From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. the girls divided into three groups for practical classes in cookery, sewing and handicrafts. All the three practical classes were equally well enjoyed. The camp was fortunate to have a nutrition expert who understood thoroughly the background of the girls. Her cookery demonstrations were simple and interesting, and the girls enthusiastically participated in them. They were taught to prepare wheat and vegetables in many different ways which were cheap and yet palatable, retaining at the same time the nutritive value of the food. Oil-stoves were used for the demonstrations; the girls were told that oil, while costing the same as wood, makes for cleaner and easier cooking.

In the sewing class the girls were taught to draft and cut a paper pattern, then how to cut out a bodice which they stitched themselves. In the handicrafts section the girls tried their skill at painting and handwork, and in this way, before the close of the camp, each camper was given a turn at cooking, sewing and handwork.

Talks on character formation were given by a social worker in the afternoons, and from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. there were discussions on civic responsibility. On some days films on health and hygiene were shown during this time. There was also plenty of time for play and recreation. The girls were responsible for keeping clean and tidy the premises on which they stayed, for serving the food and for washing up the vessels. All this they did with a great deal of zest and enthusiasm. They had never known before that working together could be such fun.

The camp was characterised by a very interesting phenomenon. Gossip and petty quarrels, being an inseparable part of slum culture were also a common feature of the camp. At first any slight quarrel was distressing for the organisers but it was not long before everyone, both campers and organisers, realised that after all, a little bit of gossip or a little fight was an indispensable part of the day's programme. It was a difficult task to help the girls overcome their pettiness but the camp definitely had



great success in making them develop a more liberal attitude towards each other. It was fortunate that the campers had their own "Criminal Investigation Department" which was headed by little Papu, one of the youngest campers. At the slightest indication of a disagreement she would rush off to give news of an impending quarrel and before long all would be well again. It was amusing to see how Papu was feared and at the same time loved and respected by all her companions.

The apathy which characterises slum culture as a whole was not evident among the young people. The teen-age girls from this structure of society were not different from other girls of their age. Living together they desired to look their best and it was a delight to see them well-groomed and neatly dressed all through the day. They were putting into practice what they learned in theory.

One could never imagine the amount of latent talent that exists in the slums and which generally goes unexploited. At each night's recreation the girls danced and sang and imitated with great accuracy their heroes and heroines of the screen. Recreation was the most enjoyable time for them as it is for every normal person. It satisfied their definite and imperative need for creative expression which is usually denied to the youth of the slums. This is perhaps the reason why many youthful slumdwellers resort to deviant behaviour.

Greatly concerned about the unmet needs of youth in the slums the organisers sought during this one week to educate these girls in the basic principles of a normal and well-adjusted life. The camp was an experiment in social living so necessary for the young people of the slums. And lastly the camp was a deliberate attempt to create in the girls an incentive for change, a desire for improvement. The work of the camp was not complete. Many of the girls who attended it are back again at the Stella Maris Welfare Centre for a one-year course in home-craft, which they are apparently enjoying just as much as that wonderful week which introduced them to another world of hope and opportunity.

MISS COLLEEN NORTH,  
Lecturer In Social Work.

## A Unique Story

Many concerts and socials this year have been literally electrified by the pulsating rhythm of "The Uniques". Although efforts in the past to form a College Western Music Orchestra met with no success, the thrill of the "beat" brought together spontaneously four music lovers of the modern style. One of them tells us here how two Pre-University students, a Senior B.A. and a Second Year B.Sc. were united by the joy they share in music.

My cherished desire was to form a musical group and it grew all the more when I had learnt to play a few "pop" tunes on my guitar. When I joined college however, the urge to form a group was just suspended because I was intensely fascinated with my new surroundings and at the fact of being a college girl.

Classes started and studies went on smoothly. One afternoon in class Sister casually asked each of us what our optional subjects were. Zilan Munas, my classmate, told Sister that her optional subject was Western Music, and taken up by the boyish appearance of Zilan I asked her what instrument she played.

"Piano, Harmonica and ..... Drums!"

Drums! wow! I knew I was in luck, but since the two of us were new to each other I hesitated to tell her my plans.



The next day I just mentioned to Zilan the idea of forming a musical group. She was all for it and was also delighted to hear that I play the “lead guitar”.

Soon it looked as if luck was coming our way because the Bhasha Nataka Sanga was having its social. Since Zilan and I were members of the club we were asked to give an item. This was just the chance for us to play together, so everything was arranged; the only snag was that we didn't have a rhythm and bass-guitarist. Zilan however said that one of the hostelites could play. My part of the job was to hire a drum-set for Zilan.

The next day a car-load of all the instruments with the amplifier and loud-speaker landed up at the college creating great excitement and curiosity among the girls. “Hey, what's going to happen this evening?” they chattered, seeing drums, guitars, cymbals being unloaded. Anyway with all the instruments safe in the staff-room, Zilan went to call “the girl who knows how to play the rhythm”. I sat in one of the classrooms wondering what this girl was going to be like. Then my thoughts wandered off to the tunes we were going to play and how everything would sound. Then suddenly two girls came up with Zilan. She introduced one of them as “Brinda Menon—she knows how to play the rhythm”.

I just gave a shy smile, and as if we had known each other all our lives we began our little practice that very morning. The first piece that we ever played together was “In the mood”. Yes! I was really in the mood; so much so, I just couldn't concentrate in class. I was simply intoxicated with joy at the thought that we had formed a small musical group. But we were in need of a bass-guitarist.....

That evening, after a trio performance, the three of us sat chatting in the corridor making superb plans for our future performances, our outfit, the name of the group, when a Sister came along. We told her most pathetically that we needed a bass-guitarist. She pointed at the girl standing next to her and said “Surely, Vepa can do that!”

We were then introduced to Vepa and we immediately welcomed her to our little group. She said she would love to join us.

My happiness knew no bounds that evening. The four of us were wondering what to call ourselves. Each one suggested various preposterous names (I have forgotten what they were). Finally, one fine day, I just walked up to Brinda, Vepa and Zilan and said “How about calling ourselves ‘The Uniques’?”

Everyone agreed that it had a grand ring about it, and that's how we have still stuck to that name.

And the name “Unique” has proved itself true, for we have really had some unique adventure!

LILLIAN AZUMA  
P.U. 7

# Jour des Nations Unies: 24 octobre 1967

"Nationalism isolates people from their true good". U.N.N. Day encourages students to take an active interest in other countries.

Cette année le jour des Nations Unies a été célébré à Madras d'une façon un peu hors de l'ordinaire. Des groupes de jeunes filles de divers collèges et écoles furent choisis pour exécuter des danses et faire entendre des chansons de divers pays, membres des Nations Unies.

Notre collège eut le privilège de représenter la France. Pendant la seule semaine que nous avions pour nous préparer, les efforts unis d'une dévouée institutrice et de chacune d'entre nous contribuèrent au succès de ce jour des Nations Unies au stade Nehru. Les élèves de la classe de littérature anglaise tout spécialement dédièrent tous leurs moments libres à pratiquer et apprendre danses et chansons.

Comme il aurait été presque impossible de représenter les coutumes et les costumes traditionnels des différents états de la France, la Province de l'Auvergne fut choisie. Pendant que huit d'entre nous en costume national exécutaient une danse, un autre groupe nous accompagnait avec l'entraînante chanson "la laine des moutons", avec accompagnement d'accordéon. Grâce à un travail assidu, les tournures qui étaient d'abord quel que peu confuses et incertaines, devinrent bientôt parfaites, sous les regards intéressés des étudiantes du collège qui pouvaient nous surveiller de leurs salles de classe. (Quelle distraction!) Le joli costume que nous portions fut vraiment le point de mire ce jour là. Une jupe toute froncée, couleur pastel avec une blouse blanche et un petit tablier de couleur contrastante, des bas blancs, chaussures noires et une grande rosette en organdi blanc à la mode du temps gentiment fixée à l'arrière de la tête complétait le tout. Je me rappelle qu'au stade, une gamine assez excitée habillée en "peau rouge", courut à son institutrice et lui demanda: "Comment me trouvez-vous mademoiselle?" Pour parler franchement, plusieurs d'entre nous avaient grande envie de poser la même question à nos professeurs, mais la maturité assumée des élèves de dernière année modéra notre enthousiasme.

Les étudiantes qui devaient chanter étaient en saris blancs, tandis que trois autres, l'une portant un sari bleu, une deuxième un blanc et une troisième un rouge, devaient se tenir au fond de la scène improvisée afin de représenter le drapeau français, puisqu'il nous avait été impossible de trouver un drapeau assez grand pour être déployé et vu de loin. Vous pouvez vous imaginer leur embarras quand elles entendirent annoncer au micro: "Maintenant voici la France représentée par les élèves de Stella Maris College. Que les artistes marchent vers la scène en tenant bien haut leur drapeau, s'il vous plaît"!

Après l'arrivée du gouverneur de Madras et de sa dame, le programme avait débuté par une danse folklore de Maharashtra suivie d'une énergique danse de Bangra. Ensuite selon l'ordre alphabétique suivirent les numéros des différentes nations représentées. Lorsque vint notre tour, notre présidente Revathy Kailasapathy introduisit notre groupe. Le joyeux refrain "En passant par la Lorraine" fut suivi de la danse. Comme nous devons quitter tout de suite après notre danse (à cause de nos examens trimestriels) nous avons dû manquer les représentations des autres écoles et collèges, mais nous sommes tout de même vraiment fières d'avoir apporté notre petite part au succès de la célébration organisée du jour des Nations Unies.



## A-Camping We Will Go

There is a thrill about camp life that only campers know - but they are eager to share it with us through their glowing descriptions.

It is not so many years since the idea of sending an Indian girl to camp was as remote and strange as Othello's "anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders".

In recent years, the idea has become less strange, and a few Stella Marians have been able to go to camps: Social Service Camps, N. C. C. Camps, and other similar schemes. Never before, however, have so many different camps drawn our students out of their silken cocoons, to taste of the outside world and its activities.

Besides the annual Social Service Camps just prior to the opening of college, and a special one in the Welfare Centre at which young girls from the slums were our guests, in a camp designed to launch the new activities and services offered by the Centre in its upper storey, our girls were drawn outside their own campus to participate in camps organised for larger groups. The first of these was the seminar on "Leadership in a Democracy", at Lovedale in the Nilgiris, to which every college in the State was invited to send two participants. Maria Viegas, Vice-President for this academic year, records her impressions below.....

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The beginning of the academic year 1967-68 brought with it a novel seminar on "Leadership in a Democracy", sponsored by the United States Information Services. It brought together student representatives from many colleges in Madras State.

The venue of the seminar was the Lawrence School, Lovedale, in the Nilgiris. The seminar commenced with a preliminary introduction of the panel and participants, followed by a presentation of student activities at the individual colleges, by the student delegates. We reported on the activities of our Social Service League and of our various clubs. Some of the other colleges reported interesting activities. One organised a Talent Week during the first term of the academic year, to bring to light latent talent; another had a Student-Faculty Association which organised meetings and get-togethers for students and lecturers, while still another spoke about classes held for those interested in art, batik work, cooking, sewing, etc. The two representatives from each college soon made friends with the resource specialists, lecturers and some Peace Corps Volunteers.

The discussions during the three days of our seminar were many and varied. One or two discussion leaders would present the topic and an informal open-house discussion followed. One of the topics under discussion was "Student Unrest and Frustration", which analysed student problems like those of language, difficulties of communication with faculty members, and insecurity. We also probed into the causes of frustration and found the immaturity of the university students, the rigidity of the curriculum and courses, lack of guidance and counselling and the seeming lack of interest among lecturers to be some of them.

Another discussion was on "Student Self-Government"; at this several delegates revealed that their colleges did have self-governing Student Unions. "Student-Faculty Relations" was also discussed on a feverish pitch. Many students frankly admitted that sometimes students were deliberately antagonistic towards their staff, or expected personal assistance when only academic assistance was required of lecturers. Nevertheless everyone agreed that co-operation on the part of both student and lecturer would go a long way to make college life fruitful and memorable.

The concluding session was an exchange of views on campus life. The most glaring difference was of course the fact that in many other countries university students are older and more mature, more responsive to education in the all-embracing sense of the word; they are capable of enjoying themselves while acquiring knowledge. After all, education is a form of social development. It should reflect, interact and have pertinence to the changing problems, culture and aspirations of society.

While the mornings and afternoons saw us involved in weighty discussions, the evenings were spent in a lighter vein. One evening we went on a hike, tramping down and up a hillside, in search of a lake we never found. Another night, the students were asked to put up an impromptu entertainment, and in a hurry talent was "accumulated" to present a few songs, a dance, a number of rather clever skits, and general fun.

The success of the seminar cannot be estimated without the thought of the results. The discussions were fruitful in so far as student problems and other issues concerning students were brought to light and closely analysed. All the delegates were aware of the fact that education must be formulated with reference to the way of life a nation desires. Its programme must lead youth to understand, believe in, and participate freely in this way of life. In fact, I believe that this was the primary motive of the sponsors of the seminar - to make us conscious of our role as leaders in today's student world and to instil in us those aspects and views of student life which we could transmit to our fellow students on returning to the campus.

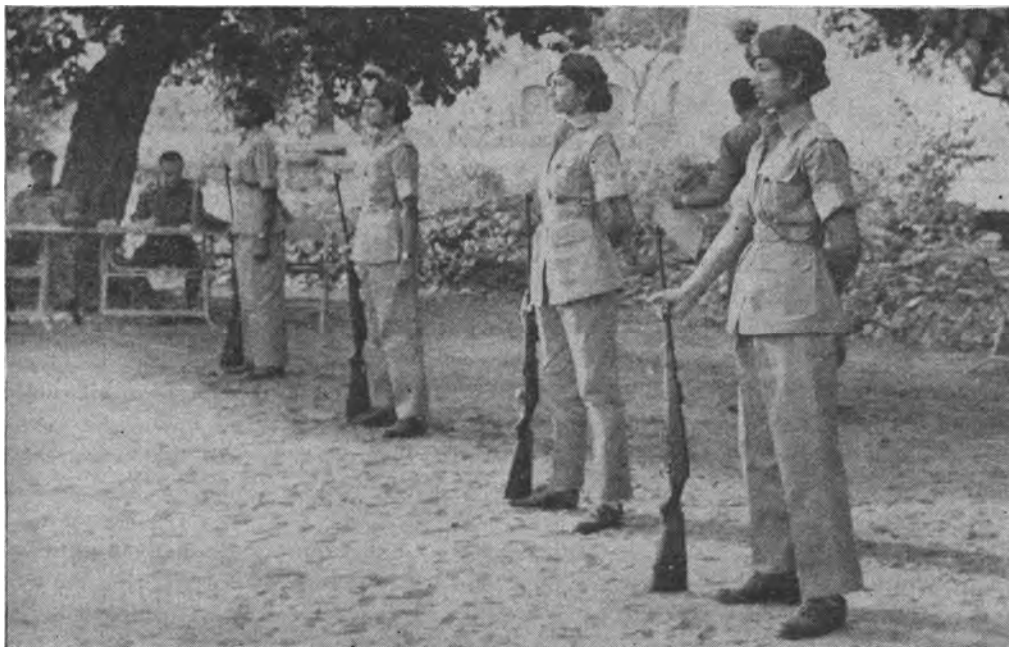
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In the Michaelmas holidays, eight venturesome N.C.C. cadets participated in the N.C.C. camp at Avadi, along with other cadets from colleges and schools in the area. For several of them this was the first taste of camping, and an anonymous cadet tells us all about it.....

The N.C.C. camp at Avadi, which lasted from 28th September to 7th October, brought eight cadets from Stella Maris together with those from other girls' schools and colleges in the State for a strenuous week of training.

The schedule of P.T., marching, and classes in First Aid, civil defence, morse code, wireless and weapon training filled each busy day from 6-30 a.m. to 4-00 p.m., while the early evening was spent in preparing entertainments for the amusement of fellow campers, which filled the time from supper to 9-30 p.m.

So energetic a programme magnified appetites both for food and sleep, to the marked increase of our avoirdupois, which more than reassured our anxious



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Mummies, while the experience equipped us with greater self-command, and physical and mental endurance than ever before, so that however strong our original dislike of physical exercise, every cadet on the last day found herself regretting that it was over, and eagerly looking forward to another camp next year.

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The last "camp", the C.S.U. Leadership Camp, involved neither tents nor travel in the physical sense, yet the word camp is no misnomer, since the organisers designed the programme to cause the participants to travel very far from their usual happy-go-lucky attitude to life, and move forward into an adult world with greater assurance and better mental equipment. Lucy John, of I B.A., gives us an eye-witness account of their doings.....



When the news of a C.S.U. camp was announced the first thought that struck me was the pitching of tents and bugle calls. This picture faded as we were told that the camp was being held not in a far-off place as we expected but just a mile or two away at the new AICUF House. So there was no necessity for any portable tents as we could return to the hostel every night. On our arrival at the AICUF House a warm welcome, given by the Regional President, was followed by a talk on "Culture and Personality Development". We learnt about the various cultures of different countries and that India can become modern while retaining some of her worthy traditions, for example, respect for elders, for which Indians are held in esteem by foreigners.

After the talk, a small scale parliament was organised among ourselves with representatives for various Ministries such as health, food, etc. The second day there was a talk on "Home and Culture", on the family as the fundamental unit of society, the joint family and the nuclear family. At the group discussion which followed, everyone had to give her opinion and substantiate it with good reasons.

At the general session held in the evening the secretaries for the various groups read out their reports after which came the real discussion, arguing, questioning, supporting each other's points. The aim of the camp was to teach us the meaning and technique of leadership. The techniques for making a public speech were explained to us - clear thinking, delivery and courage being a few of the essential requirements of a public speech. Practical demonstration followed theoretical explanation and I soon found myself making a two-minute speech. The audience, I noticed, was struck dumb by my powers of eloquence! Alas! it sounded Greek to them. No one in the group could escape making a dreaded speech and each one of them was such a source of consolation to me.

On the last day of the camp there was an enlightening talk on "Outlines of Indian Culture". The camp helped us to realize more deeply our great heritage of Indian culture. It is up to the educated youth of India to treasure it, and accept the challenge of a "New Leadership" needed for a "New India".

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For each of the students who had the good fortune to take part in these camps, they have clearly meant a great deal! a real opportunity for personal growth, and for growth into their true place in society, a new awareness of their responsibility to society and a readiness to accept that responsibility. This development is undoubtedly helped by being thrust for a while into a totally new environment, among other students who, one soon discovers, are searching as eagerly and as earnestly as we are for an understanding of their role now and hereafter in modern India, and so we hope that many more will have the opportunity to go camping in the years to come.

## Return to the Source



Every year at Stella Maris a day is devoted to spiritual talks and prayer, encouraging the participants to seek and find the well-spring of all good and all joy.

A student's days and weeks, filled as they are with classes, assignments and extra-curricular activities may, leave little time for the recollection of the spirit which is so necessary in establishing a balance in one's life. A time of silence, a chance to enter into the depths of one's being, a return to the source of one's inner strength..... there is rarely a person who does not feel a need for this from time to time. In order to provide such an opportunity for our students, a day of prayer is set aside annually for those who may wish to participate. This day rarely sounds attractive to the average student and many, we regret to say, do not take advantage of it. But among those who do avail themselves of the opportunity, it is rare to find anything but deep satisfaction at the end of the day. Many express astonishment at the fact that the day had been so enjoyable and regret that they had missed similar occasions in the past. This year the 'Day of Light', as it was called, was held in the second term. One of the participants has given her impressions at length!

"The morn rises magnificently in memorable pomp and there is yet another day ahead, to give and to receive, to work and to be weary - in short, to live and let live. It is a day crowded with activity - we are guided by our own motives and as the day draws to a close we are content to rest in utmost complacency with an unquestioned conscience. In the brief span of life that is ours, how often have we felt spiritual darkness closing in upon us - thick black clouds that bear no streak or silver lining and how often have we given up in a state of utter hopelessness.....

.....Lead Kindly Light.....

The way is dark and I am far from home

Lead Thou me on....."

Reflection and contemplation perhaps are considered ancient, outmoded and not in keeping with the modern trend of living. We act as we live - there seems nothing to regret; nothing to fulfil and nothing to achieve. Yet pitfalls and frustrations seem to be plunging us into unfathomed depths and if we could only be more on the alert for spiritual enlightenment, happiness which is so desperately sought after could be acquired by less difficult means.

“ It is to give the students an opportunity to contemplate on “ high objects ” ; on “ enduring things ” ; to be freed from the materialistic fetters of “ the mean and vulgar works of man ” , that the “ Day of Light ” programme was arranged on a grand scale in Stella Maris this year. It was a day of light, awakening and discovery indeed, for our minds would have been in a blissful state of dormancy exulting in mundane pleasures but for those soul-stirring talks which presented truth unshrouded ; which enabled us to make a serious examination of ourselves ; to see what was fundamentally wrong with our mental and spiritual build-up and to devise means for a better living.

“ The seekers after light were divided into two groups, and the lectures were delivered by Rev. Sunder Clark and Rev. Fr. Gnanapragasam. It was with an expectant mind - a mind prepared to receive truths and benefit by them that we entered the library where the lecture was to take place. It was a surprise to see the library almost full, staff and students seated in reverential silence - a proof perhaps that collegians for all their carefree gaiety are capable of contemplation too.....

“ An awe-inspiring stillness seemed to spread over the hall as Rev. Father entered the room. The first lecture was on the obedience and respect due to parents - a very impressive talk enlivened by humorous anecdotes and practical examples from everyday life.

“ After a half-hour break for snacks and drinks the second session began. The general attitude of students towards life, education and matters of religion was discussed. There was a question box wherein the students were requested to slip in any queries they might have.

“ During the afternoon session questions were answered and doubts cleared. The talks ended at 4-45 p.m. After tea, pretty pictorial souvenirs were distributed and the gathering dispersed, grateful for having received ‘ the Light ’ to lead them along the road of life.”

Others have voiced their opinions in shorter but nonetheless impressive lines. Here are a few of them :

“ This day of light is a day of realising great truths. Until today I had felt miserable, but the talks have enlightened me and have brought a serene outlook on life. I feel that henceforth I must leave my sorrows to God and be content with what I have.”

“ I understood the real value of life and it helped me to think about the various virtues. I realised the love that my parents have for me, and I hope in the course of time I will be able to repay at least a fraction of it.”

“The 28th October was really a day of light. I have never had such a pleasant day in all my life. I feel it is a real necessity to have such a day every year, since we profit very much by this day in every way and especially morally.”

“I have looked forward to this day from the time I decided to participate in this meeting and I am really so very glad about it. It has really inspired me to such a great extent. I strongly feel we should spare at least one day a year to think of Truth and I hope I will be fortunate enough to attend many more such days.”

“I really feel sorry for having missed similar opportunities in the past years. I have been enlightened spiritually and I must thank the college authorities for making these arrangements.”

“The talks of today have been very interesting. I’m sure that if we had such talks more often it would influence us a great deal. I also hope that if I leave Stella Maris, we, the past students will be allowed to come for such a day. It is a new experience and I’m sure more talks would help. Thanks for the opportunity. It has been a memorable day and I will remember it in the days to come.”

“I thought of my friends who have missed this opportunity. I enjoyed this occasion very much and I hope this day of prayer will be held every year. I feel that one day is not at all enough.”

There were many more but perhaps these are sufficient to emphasise that such a day is appreciated. Strangely enough one often does not realise the need for such an opportunity until one actually avails oneself of it. Only then does the need become transparently clear and one is amazed at the dullness of mind and lethargy of spirit which caused one to neglect such opportunities in the past. Truly can one say with the Psalmist, “As the hart longs for running streams so longs my soul for you, my God.”

## “I was sick...and you visited Me”

Student hospital visitors draw strength for their voluntary work from the deepest source of charity.

For a period of about three years now some of our students have undertaken the work of hospital visitation in association with the Madras Christian Council of Social Work. Beginning with only a few students, our Stella Marian hospital visitors now number about twenty girls. The student volunteer may choose the hospital she wishes to visit and she is then assigned a definite ward which she undertakes to visit on a regular weekly basis.

The first approach is somewhat timid and diffident but the student soon learns that this activity opens new vistas to her. It is an education in itself, a chance to see life from a different aspect, an opportunity to grow in maturity and in the end it would be difficult to say who profits more, the student or the patients visited. But perhaps we should let the student visitors speak for themselves. Here are the impressions of one hospital visitor!

One day last year, a Sister of the college asked me to attend a meeting of hospital visitors. I rounded up two or three of my friends and went along, not realising that a new world was opening its doors to me. It was a world of sickness and pain, misery and pain, loneliness and more pain, and the silent, weary waiting for death.

We went for our first visit rather nervously but also rather smugly, seeing ourselves as “Lady Bountiful”. It took only one visit to knock all this out of us. We chose the “D. I. L.” ward - that means those on the “Dangerously Ill List” - and our fears of inadequacy melted away, when we saw the worn, hopeless faces turned towards us. There was no need for shyness or nervousness, nor was there any need to make conversation. These women knew that they were there to die. Hardly anyone comes out of the D. I. L. ward alive. A few die quickly, they are the lucky ones. For the rest it is a long, exhausting wait, watching others die and wondering when their turn will come. They are not really alive any more, any death will be welcome, but Death carries.

Some of them are there for as long as six months, and yearn for someone to talk to. That is all they want - we hardly ever get requests for material things - only someone to talk to. Their talk is not deep or emotional; just the troubles and worries of common folk, wondering how the children are managing, how the home is. But there is an undercurrent of fatalism - they know that they will never see their homes again, and that this worry is not just for the moment, but for the bleak future of their motherless children.

There is nothing much besides this listening that we can do, but it is what they want most. Their faces are a trifle less death-like, and their eyes a trifle more alive when they talk their hearts out.

This is the only reward we glean; no one ever tells us that we are wonderful, they do not even ask us to come back. But when we return the next week, their eyes follow us as we move from bed to bed, and lips begin to speak, weaker and weaker at each visit, till one by one they disappear, only to be replaced by others with the same hopeless, lost look in their eyes.

It is not enjoyable work, nor is it rewarding in any worldly sense, yet we go back, week after week. There can be no stopping, for those patient weary eyes haunt us when we do not go. Often we are discouraged and feel drained of pity towards them. But this is only for a moment, then a voice whispers "I was sick and you visited Me", and our hearts stir again with compassion and we rise to take our sweet yoke from His hands.

MARY BASKARAN,  
I M.A.



## Week in, Week out

There have been so many "Weeks" in this academic year that it seems as if the normal calendar ration had been increased.

The spate of "weekly" activity began as soon as college opened for the second term, with a Photography Week, reported here by A. Lavanya Rajah, of III B.A.

"Agfa-Gevaert gave the college a thrill with its demonstration of developing and printing films last term. I was rather reluctant to attend at first, but finally I decided to go and find out for myself just what all the fuss was about. So at twelve noon on Thursday I was in the little room in the Art Block which had been lent to the Agfa-Gevaert agents. There were about seven other girls in the batch. The demonstrator introduced himself and welcomed us. His matter-of-fact tones reassured us and we paid careful attention to the brief theoretical outline he gave us of photography, from the time one holds a camera in one's hands till the time one mounts the snapshot in the family album. He gave us a few tips about holding the camera, taking a picture in the right light, exposing it for the right length of time, winding the spool as soon as we have finished taking the picture and so on.

"Then came the practical part. He was going to show us how to develop and fix negatives from a roll of film. He showed us the trays with acid, a reducing agent, and water; he warned us that he would have to switch off the light, but the red light inside the room would be ample for us to see what was happening. The lights went out.

"And since I was right in the front, he thrust a roll of film into my hand and said, 'Come on, try your hand at developing it.' Rather thrilled, I ventured a faint protest saying I might ruin the film, but his confidence and my eagerness soon overcame my qualms and I dipped the film into the acid for a short time. Next I had to dip it into the reducing agent and then into water to wash off the acid and the other solution. I gave him the wet print and he put it up to dry. In a few moments he showed us the negative that I had developed: oh, the thrill of it! I could have crowed like a cock!

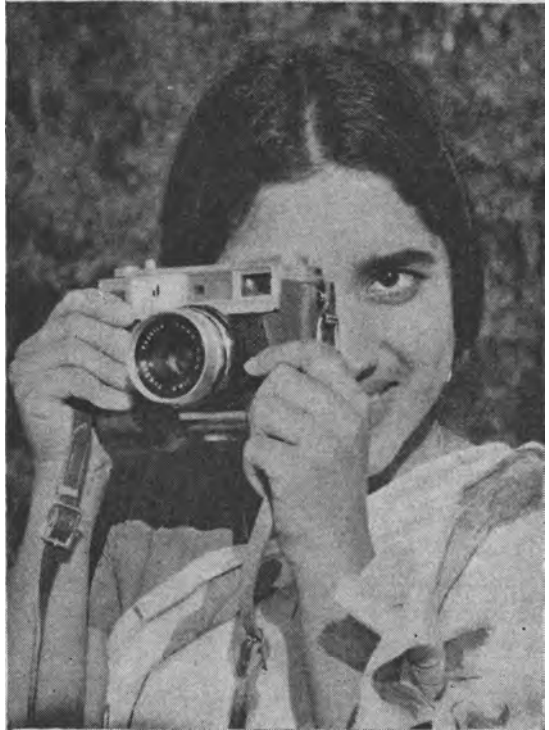
"But of course that was not all. One had to develop a print from the negative and a special apparatus was required to transfer the image from the negative to the special photograph paper. Once this was done, he gave me a blank piece of soft smooth white paper to develop. I went through the whole operation again, of dipping it into the three liquids and this time a real photograph was born! I could not restrain myself this time—I squealed with glee.

"There were two more demonstrations: one was the re-development of a negative from a positive, almost the same process, and the other, a very interesting one, was the development of photostats.

“ ‘ Does anybody have a sheet of written paper ? ’ he asked.

I had ; my notes on Matthew Arnold were whipped out at once and offered to him. He used exactly the same method of getting the ‘ image ’ as it were of the words on to the special paper as he had for getting the image of the negative on the photograph paper. The result as his assistant developed the negative was marvellous : white ink (reversed handwriting of course) on black paper. I was amazed to see what nice handwriting I had in reverse and told him so. Some heckler from the back repeated the remark rather offensively, as if to suggest my handwriting would be nicer seen only from the reverse. But our demonstrator laughed and said that many forgers used photostat signatures to practise with. From the negative he proceeded with making a positive copy. But ah ! it was under-exposed !

With a slight grimace the gentleman made another copy for me, and gave me the three sheets of paper at the end of ten minutes, with thanks. I could not help thanking him in return, because I had now three very valuable copies of a criticism of Matthew Arnold’s *Thyrsis*.



“ Our teacher gave us a rather important tip as we left : ‘ Don’t be discouraged by your first pictures,’ he said. ‘ It’s only with practice that you get good pictures. And don’t tire of taking photographs—it’s a fascinating hobby ’.”

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Waiting at the starting-gate were the Students’ Union Committee members, who drew the whole college into their *Talent Week*, to contribute, or to admire. Their ambitious and well-planned activities are described by Devika Menon, of I M.A.

“ *Talent Week*, as its name suggests, was designed to discover and display whatever hidden talents lurked in the ranks of Stella Marians. Budding authors and journalists were tempted by an essay competition on the subject ‘ *Whither Youth ?* ’ a subject which occupies the minds of many nowadays, but on which young people are seldom consulted. The mellifluous-voiced were enticed to take part in an elocution contest, while for the stage-struck there was a *dramatics competition* and *variety entertainment*.



“One of the most interesting features of the week, the exhibition shown in Room 0-8, that elastic-sided scene of all our celebrations, gave scope for every kind of talent which can be exercised on things material, Organised beautifully, and arranged faultlessly, the variety of things displayed was greatly admired. There were stamp-albums heaped artistically on one side; postcards of all colours and nations hung on the notice-boards; beautiful hand-painting and exquisite embroidery in wool, silk, plastic. I could hear exclamations of surprise and disbelief as girls suddenly uncovered the hitherto hidden talents of their friends. Many were engrossed in poring over a collection of ancient and modern coins; others decided the high-light of the exhibition to be the Rangola design executed most painstakingly on the ground.

“To those of us who did not contribute to the exhibition I am sure it proved to be of the greatest inspiration, making us resolve to distinguish ourselves in the coming year by cultivating our own talents.”

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The Pre-University students, no longer “freshmen” but by now seasoned Stella Marians, were eager to show what they could do, and P.U. 3 next arranged a “Travel Week”, taking us on their own magic carpet to different States of the Indian Union, and then far afield to countries as wide apart as Japan and Spain. Mary Verghese gives us the inside story of their busy Week, and of all the other weeks that went into its preparation.

“To begin with, the idea of a P.U. 3 ‘Week’ was put forward by our Moral Philosophy lecturer. Various topics were suggested, ‘Fashions’ and ‘Brides of India’, then our class representative Padmini gave us the idea of exhibiting different countries or States, such as Japan, Spain, Australia, Malaysia, Ceylon, Rajasthan and Kerala. Of course the Malaysian girls immediately offered to prepare the display on Malaysia, and five other countries were allocated to groups of girls. A few students were put in charge of making maps, posters, models with plasticine and wire, and various other articles.

“During the September holidays we contacted Consulates and High Commissions to arrange for them to send us a few things and the Malaysians sent urgent telegrams home asking for more pictures and products of Malaysia. Then to our dismay we found that we could not display Rajasthan as we had not enough material so we decided to change to Kashmir since most of the girls had with them some souvenirs of that State.

“Ideas were now wanted for the name of our exhibition to be put on the posters and our lecturer gave us the brilliant suggestion of taking the first two letters of each country. Since Kerala and Kashmir were both Indian we took ‘In’ from India, ‘Ja’ from Japan, ‘Sp’ from Spain, ‘Au’ from Australia and ‘Ma’ from Malaysia to form the words ‘Welcome to Injaspauma’ This was put on one big poster and on the other we drew a plan and the outline of the different countries chosen. We came on Sunday, 29th October from 10 till 4 o’clock to put up the exhibition in Assunta Hall; Malaysia, Spain, Australia and Japan took the four corners of the hall, while Kerala and Kashmir were displayed in the middle.

“ For Malaysia we exhibited the batik, pewter-ware, exports, pictures of the King, Queen and Prime Minister, photographs and paintings of scenery, various stamps and coins, the rare species of turtle eggs, the four types of dress worn by the people of Malaysia, for it is a cosmopolitan country, and lastly the map and flag.

“ Spain exhibited her guitars, mantillas, different dances and dresses of Spain, exports and fruits, the flag and map.

“ For Australia we showed exports and imports, various fruits, pictures of wild life, education, typical views of bush scenery, various other small things like shoes, a Koala bearskin, clothes, and of course the map and flag.

“ For Japan the girls made models of skyscrapers, tea-houses, Mount Fujiyama, and showed pictures and views of Japanese life, the flag and map.

“ To represent Kerala an elaborate flower-carpet was made by three girls early on Monday morning and there were tastefully arranged souvenirs of Kerala, her emblem, boats, elephants, traditional sarees, brass lamps, dolls, carpets, paintings and the map and flag.

“ Kashmir was displayed with carpets, sarees, coats, various pieces of jewellery and pictures of the beautiful landscape with of course the map and flag.

“ A system of flickering coloured lights had been set up and made the room look like a really professional exhibition. At 1-30 p.m. Padmini and I, dressed as air-hostesses, escorted Sister Principal who had graciously accepted our invitation to inaugurate the exhibition. After ‘touring’ round she complimented us on our effort and gave us the highest praise. At 4-00 p.m. we had films on Malaya, Japan and Australia and there was a large and appreciative crowd to see the scenery and customs of the three countries.

“ Each day the number of visitors to our exhibition increased until on Friday it was crowded out as all those who had not been already came along, and our Travel Week - the first week to be organised entirely by the P. U.’s, ended on a note of great success”.

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The C. S. U. next took a hand, with a Book Week, which could not fail to attract the interest of students - or so we hope ! A very attractive feature of this week was the parade of literary characters. Our special correspondents for this occasion were Amritavalli, of I B.A., and Mohana Nair, of P. U. 1.

“ ‘ Book Week ’, screamed the bulletin board, drawing students, especially the bespectacled bookworms, like flies to a bright lamp. Choice items like a Book Fair, a lecture by a real, live author, seminars, quiz programmes and competitions were

offered. Notices were issued to all students announcing the Book Fair by the Christian Literature Society, making fair promises of story books, biographies, children's books, and even greeting cards and writing pads.

“Famous quotations like ‘Reading maketh a full man’, ‘Do not read good books, time is too short, read only the best’, stared at us from every pillar. Every class representative went hunting in quotation-books to decorate the boards with yet another famous quotation on good reading.

The Book Fair was visited, during and outside class hours, by large numbers of students and staff. Books sold like hotcakes. The little children's books made us suddenly remember long-forgotten cousins and nephews and the better natures of all the students rose to the surface. Birthdays and festivals came to mind and the attendants found it difficult to push the students out at closing time.

The Book-Ti and quiz were other well-attended and enjoyable parts of the Book Week. Girls dressed as literary characters paraded up and down while the audience were asked to guess who they were. Bottom with a lovely donkey's head, Eliza Doolittle dressed in her dirtiest clothes and carrying an old basket of flowers, Long John Silver singing ‘Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum’, the three witches from ‘Macbeth’ screeching out their dreadful plans, and little black Topsy with her thick curly hair and her quaint language were a few of the many characters. Topsy won the prize though the judges found it very hard to decide. She was so covered with black oily stuff that the girls could not go close enough to congratulate her and offered pencils and rulers instead of their own lily-white hands. The best-group prize went to the three witches who were frightening enough to give anyone a heart attack meeting them in the dark.

“For the quiz the girls were divided into groups according to classes, and questions like, ‘Who was the breakfast author, dinner author, warrior author, cricketer author?’ were shot at them. Back came the answer; ‘Bacon, Lamb, Shakespeare, Fielding’. The second year B.A.'s were the proud winners beating the others by a few points.

“At last the week was over but the memory will long remain. Even the most prejudiced against books had to admit that perhaps there was something in them after all, while those who were regular readers were enchanted at hearing their favourite hobby so much discussed and appreciated.

“Perhaps the most interesting feature of Good Literature Week was the much published talk on ‘Good Reading’ by Dr. Monica Felton. At 4 o'clock on Wednesday 8th November the customary rush down the stairs of Assunta Block was conspicuously absent. Instead, a large number of Stella Marians made their way up the stairs motivated as much by a desire to see Dr. Felton as to hear her views on the subject.

“The hall was overflowing in no time and the excited buzz died down as our Vice-President rose to introduce our distinguished visitor. When we learnt that

Dr. Felton, by her biography, 'I meet Rajaji', had earned the tribute, 'Dr. Felton has done for Rajaji what Boswell did for Johnson', we gazed at the cheerful middle-aged lady with renewed interest.

"We were not to be disappointed - indeed that talk realized our highest expectations. It was remarkable for its informal tone; that 'contact' between audience and speaker, so essential for a successful talk, was established with ease, and never broken for a single moment.

"Dr. Felton got off to a very good start indeed, winning our wholehearted approval by expressing her confidence in us - she was certain we were not the type of students, who, if at all they read anything outside their curriculum, stuck to Perry Mason! Reading Perry Mason, she admitted, was enjoyable - like eating tinned pineapple after you had not had pineapples for a long, long time, but it was not the real thing. She then dealt with the question 'Why should we read?' for in this age of television and radio many of us tend to neglect our reading as of no importance. But she pointed out that, however wide our choice of programme, we listen to what someone else has decided that we should listen to or see. On the other hand, you yourself, and you alone, determine what you should read.

"Dr. Felton then branched off on an anecdote showing how the opening sentence of Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice', 'It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife', written in a small English village nearly two centuries ago, holds good even today half-way across the world. 'Universal is the word!' she exultantly proclaimed. This was the test of a really good book.

"We had to discover our own tastes, by reading widely to find out what appealed to us most. A good idea was to drop an author we disliked, for the present, but go back to him sometime afterwards. Dr. Felton had an answer too to the despairing cry, 'We just can't enjoy poetry!'. She said, 'Go back to the nursery rhymes!'

"We had plenty of opportunity to read, for there were no less than six libraries within a stone's throw of each other in Mount Road. We must learn to browse among books, she said. Good reading, she concluded, would perhaps make us famous - everything was possible: but one thing was certain - we would never be bored!

"Thunderous applause broke out, and she was at once besieged by autograph hunters. She had not quite finished however: 'One last thing to tell you: if you love books, don't write in them!'

"No greater proof of the impact of Dr. Felton's talk is required than the onslaught on the library the next day, either to search for the books she had mentioned, or to re-read prose and poetry which had previously failed to find favour!

"The seminar of staff and students held the next day was no less interesting, although it was in a more serious vein and required some deep thinking on our part.

The discussion was conducted by Mr. Astley, Assistant Representative of the British Council, along the lines of a questionnaire designed to provoke thought and channel our ideas.

“ The first point to be discussed was whether a book ought to have moral as well as aesthetic appeal to be classed as good literature. Silence. We were all a bit shy, a bit awed. Mustering up all her courage, someone instanced Milton as a poet, the enjoyment of whose works depended as much on moral as on aesthetic appeal. Then someone else mentioned the case of Scarlett in ‘ Gone with the Wind ’, not an ideal woman but no less lovable, and the discussion was fully launched and could have gone on for ever, but at length we reluctantly forced ourselves to go on to another topic.

“ We decided that it was journalists rather than authors who were responsible for moulding and influencing society nowadays ; an author was a creative artist, and, writing being his means of self-expression, it was not fair to restrict him on the grounds of the possible effects on society, but when writing was a means not of self-expression, but of livelihood, he could no longer be exempt from responsibility. Some strongly disagreed here, however, holding that just as a scientist nowadays must accept the responsibility for the effects of his discoveries, so an artist must accept the responsibility for the influence exerted by his writings. Otherwise, as Mr. Astley put it, he is living in a ‘ social vacuum ’, which no-one who shares the benefits of life in society has a right to do.

“ We felt that there were no universally valid criteria for judging books. The suggestion that they should not be depressing was ruled out, because this varies with each individual’s response. Nor could we say that only literature which served to uplift society was good, for as Mr. Astley pointed out, Shakespeare never aimed to uplift society ; in fact this was Johnson’s chief criticism of him.

“ At this point the discussion showed a dangerous tendency to slip back to the first point, but we collected ourselves and resolutely pushed on. No one, we thought, likes to be preached to ; Samuel Richardson was almost sanctimonious sometimes.

“ The question of limiting a person’s reading was broached. We thought it had to be tactfully done, at the growing stage ; a curb that did not appear to be a curb. If at this stage a person read plenty of good books, it would help him to develop his taste and powers of discrimination so that in future he would automatically turn to good literature.

“ Time was up and we reluctantly cut short our discussion, concluding what had been a most instructive and interesting seminar ”.

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Thus began a real spate of artistic activity, for Book Week was followed by Film Week, which in turn was succeeded by our annual musical feast. Chhaya, of III B.A., reports on the films.

“ The impenetrable mass which enveloped the notice-board made it completely invisible but what I overheard was this :

“ ‘ Great news, no?’

“ ‘ I know ! - how delicious ! Just imagine all the fun we’ll be having !’

“ Here I prepared myself to hear the news that one more canteen was going to be opened in the Campus. Alas, no such luck !.....

“ ‘ Ah ! full length ! Hope, in lovely colour, too !’ I would have thought that someone was going to display sarees for sale in S. M. C., but for what followed -

“ ‘ Gregory Peck, and then Vyjayanthimala !’

“ Both my favourites ! Now at last I knew that they were talking of some film. Still I had not fully emerged ‘ out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole’.

“ Honestly, I had never seen a film in which G. Peck and Vyjayanthimala had co-starred. Never ! What a wonder-film then it must be ! Now at last, to relieve my confusion, the notice-board became partly visible.

GRAND FILM WEEK FROM 13th NOVEMBER

13th MIRAGE starring Gregory Peck

14th THANE NILAVU starring Vyjayanthimala

15th THE RESURRECTION

and

GOOD FOR NOTHING

16th THE RED RIVERS OF LIFE

“ Sure I was one of the first to rush into O-8, for a very special reason too ! Some of us were given the honourable job of ticket-collecting at the door, and it was amusing to watch the huge procession which sped past us into the room. Indeed the film was good. Peck’s acting was especially remarkable as a man who has lost his memory and who happens to be involved in a murder.

“ But the next day can only be described as a siege with violence. An unceasing influx of girls till old O-8 was as breathless as the girls, who came racing to get seats. ‘ House over-full ’ might have been the notice. It was indeed the first time that a Tamil film had been shown in college. It was a typical film of its kind, and the Kashmiri scenes were wonderful. The comments that were continually shot at the screen and at the ravishing beauty of the heroine were no less interesting than the film itself. Still more wonderful was that the film was repeated because of ‘ public demand ’, the following Friday. Many girls had not been able to get in and we had to issue fresh tickets. But many were the girls who saw it twice, and many who felt that they were in the seventh heaven of delight after three hours of enjoyment.

“‘The Resurrection’ was shown on the 15th, and it was a pity that the audience had dwindled in size. We understood later that many had been under the impression that it was a Russian film based on Leo Tolstoy’s novel, but it turned out to be a remarkable reproduction of Christ’s last moments on the Cross and what followed. The latter part of the film centred on Thomas the sceptic Apostle and his feelings. It was a colour film and most true to life.

“Next day ‘Red Rivers of Life’ instructed and entertained scientists with brilliant photography of the circulation of the blood including a very delicate operation on the heart. The whole week was enjoyable and the films were, of course, of a high standard. The whole of mid-November was one of the most memorable periods in the lives of Stella Marians - let alone that of O-8. So here’s to more film-weeks in future !”

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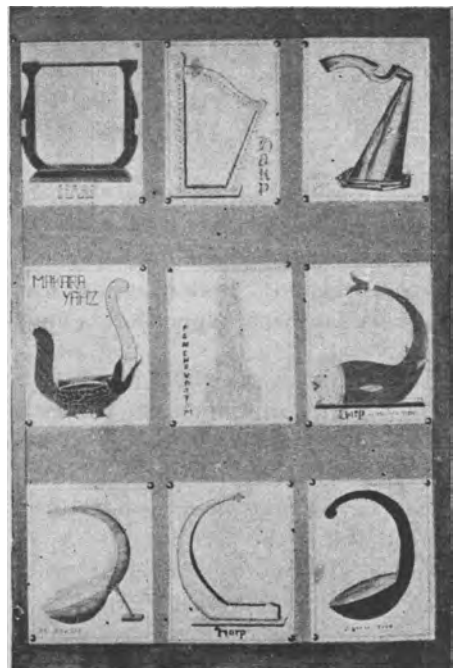
The Music week, which was especially fine this year, with recitals of music classical and modern, Indian and Western, by first-rate artistes, is described by Geetha, of III B.A. Indian Music, who had a large share in the organisation of the Week.

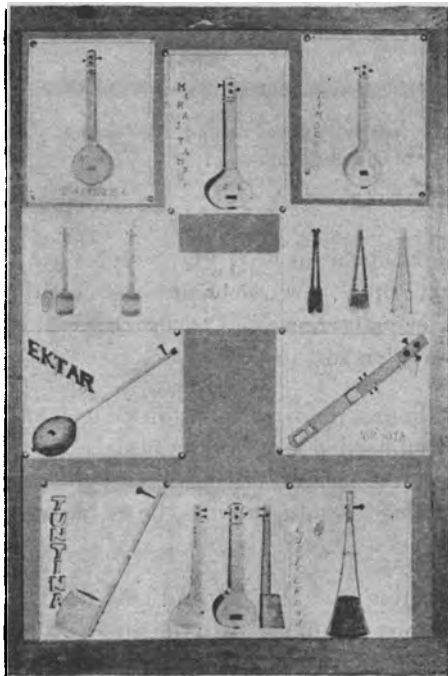
“‘If music be the food of love, play on’, said Shakespeare.

“With the same sentiments as Shakespeare the III B.A., Indian Music students undertook the organisation of the Music Week from 20th to 24th November as a labour of love.

“The exhibition of paintings of musical instruments which panelled the walls of the room was a great feast to the eyes of music-lovers (and of artists, as all the paintings had been executed by the girls themselves). To inaugurate the week Rev. Mother Superior lighted a Kuthu-vilakku lamp which stood on the centre of a flower-carpet, an appropriate symbol of the flame that music kindles in the hearts of its lovers.

“The class worked assiduously the whole week decorating the room differently each day with fresh flowers and designs. Not only were they as industrious as bees but they emulated the latter by incessantly buzzing around the room amid the never-ending stream of visitors, receiving, guiding and explaining.





“On St. Cecilia’s Day, there was a concert of Western and Indian Music in which students, old students and even guests took part. The college choir sang and the ‘Uniques’ played their pop music among the usual piano and instrumental items, and there was a French dance to conclude the evening.

“Next day tradition was cheerfully broken when a group of twelve gay Lotheries invaded the feminine cloister of our exhibition. Tucked away modestly in a corner of the room they entertained us with a fascinating programme of popular cine songs amid enthusiastic applause from a packed hall.

“On Thursday two young men, L. Shankar and S. Venkataraman, entertained us, the former by playing classical Western Music delightfully on the violin, and the

latter by his mimicry of our famous radio cricket commentators.

“The last day was a fitting finale to the week when Shri Sandayavandanam Srinivasa Rao gave a classical Karnatic Music concert accompanied by Sri R. K. Venkatarama Sastry on the violin, Sri Coimbatore Ramaswamy on the mridangam and Sri Vilvadri Iyer on the ghatam. It was but fitting that the instrumentalists of a leading college should round off a week devoted to music and its enchanting instruments”.

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So, week in, week out, there is always something afoot in Stella Maris, and the student who can keep track of it all is a wide-awake person indeed. It is always the hope of the energetic young organisers that their efforts will result in increasing the numbers both of the wide-awake and of the energetic, so that others, too, may be inspired to organise activities illustrating their own special interests and enthusiasms.



# Hostel Diary

Our yearly "peep behind the scenes" by one of the in-group.

20th June

A new term and new adventures ahead of us. The hostels have a spring-cleaned look, and the 'merry men' are on hand to escort the newcomers to their rooms. Old and new hostelites keep rolling in the whole day and by evening the hostel has lost its serene look.

The new girls are rather shy, being their first day in college and in the hostel, and they have to be shepherded around the hostels by the seniors. By 'lights-out' almost everyone has settled down and is ready for bed, hoping that the first day of college would prove to be as pleasant as their first day in the hostel.

21st June

The first day of college, an exciting day for old and new students alike. For the old students it is a happy reunion with class-mates after the long summer vacations, while the new girls are getting their first taste of college life. It was a half holiday today - a memorable first day in college indeed.

1st July

Hostel elections! Excitement galore! Even the stock-market could not be more speculative.....The seven committee members received their portfolios and will henceforth hold the reins of government in the hostel under the able guidance of Sr. Warden. The other hostelites are busy looking up the hostel rules and regulations under the watchful eye of Jaya Narayan, President and Jenny D'Cruz, Vice-President.

4th July

7.55 a.m. Room O.8 is packed with hostelites. 8 a.m. Sr. Warden walks in and takes her place on the platform. She has many small announcements to make, all leading to the biggest and most pleasant announcement of all - the Sunday outing to be started from the following week. Even the American Declaration of Independence could not have brought so much of joy. Everyone is mad with excitement and before order is regained plans have been made for next Sunday.

8th July

The much awaited Talent Contest has come by and once again O.8 is filled with hostelites to watch the new girls display their talents. We have dances, songs, skits and fashion parade galore, while Esther Rani (II M.A.) the committee member in charge of entertainment is being specially alert tonight. Some others who are not endowed with artistic talents prove themselves good coke-fans!

- 15th July            The first social of the year held by the seniors for the new girls. Everyone is excited about the selection of the 'Freshie Queen', to be crowned by Rev. Mother. It is a regular fashion parade in O.8 and the judges find it difficult to make their choice and finally decide on Asha Shetty (P.U.). The seniors give the newcomers a rollicking time and the new girls realize that the seniors are not so "snooty" after all.
- 17th July            We welcome the new post-graduates into our midst. There are many old faces who bring more noise into the hostel and new faces who bring in more variety. This year a Ph.D. student has joined the ranks of the hostelites. The P.U.'s are overawed for a time, but soon everyone settles down into one big happy family.
- 22nd July            The hostel notice board is covered with a colourful poster announcing the date and the time for the film, 'Good Morning Miss Dove'. At this point I'll let you into a secret - it's about our notice-board. Hostelites and the board are inseparable. It never deserts us - whether it is news of an extra outing, or an announcement about rules, be it a call to phone-duty, or an invitation to a film, it tells us all about everything!! It is one of us!
- 12th Aug.            It's the middle of term but bags are packed up. The time has come again for the three-day Annual Retreat and the hostelites who are not taking part either go home or migrate to the top floor. These are the only three days in the year when the hostel is full but still remains silent.



16th Aug. The retreat is over and the day students return home. The hostelites are back again; the silence of the past three days is but a pleasant memory. It's back to the normal routine of blaring record-players and vigorous dancing not forgetting all the noise that girls can make when they are together.

26th Aug. It's time once more for another social, this time hosted by the "Freshers". They are determined to give the seniors a good time and succeed in doing so. These freshers always have something new up their sleeves and this time it is the crowning of the 'Smart Miss' - Miss Rema Chacko (II B.A). Everyone had a happy time and so hats off to the juniors.

1st Sept. No special day today, it just marks the beginning of the month of examinations and vacations. Books are attacked with extra vigour while pleasant thoughts about the holidays off-set the examination tension.

18th Sept. D-day is here! But we hostelites are quite confident. Exams do not un-nerve us - we just wish we didn't have them.

23rd Sept. The last day of a long term. Whew! What a relief! Hostelites are all homeward bound - in a hurry too!

6th Oct. The start of another term and everyone is full of resolutions to begin work right away, especially after receiving report cards! This is a short term and before we realize it the exams will be on us once again.

Some changes have taken place in the hostel during the vacations. Plugs have been installed in some rooms so that now the girls with fans won't have to wage a losing battle against those ingenious creatures called mosquitoes. Corner wardrobes have been fixed in all the rooms and there is a rush to buy curtains. There is an added incentive now to keep the rooms tidy.



15th Oct. 'Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation' was shown in O.8 - the "all-purpose-room". The projector behaved very well and the movie was enjoyed by all.

24th Oct. The hostelites are invited to a talk by a fellow hostelite who has been in the States for a year on the American Field Service Programme.

She proved to be very eloquent and interesting and together with the illustrative slides she showed, many girls were left with a burning desire to cross the ocean and go to America some day.

1st Nov. Divali - festival of lights and feasting! Divali always conjures up to the mind the brilliance of bursting crackers and the joy of new clothes together with sweetmeats to eat. We got our share of all these and there is an air of festivity all around.

17th Nov. The college canteen celebrates the first anniversary after its opening. The hostelites are treated to 'payasam' and quite rightly so! There could never be better patrons for the canteen.

9th Dec. The hostelites wake up to find the hostel floating. Crusoe must have had a similar shock! But it's just that it has been raining all night and the rain water has collected all around. The rain still continues and hurra! it's been declared a holiday! It's too good to be true, but it is.

10th Dec. Rev. Mother's feast day and the Chapel is full of her well-wishers. Diets and diet sheets are ignored for the day.

'Light in the Piazza' is the movie for the day. In the evening everyone gathers to wish Rev. Mother a happy feast and to give her an hour of gala entertainment.

14th Dec. Exams! Those memory testers - who ever invented them? Cram! That's the word and everybody is doing it. You'd never believe girls can be so studious but then these are selection exams so it's do or die!

21st Dec. Everybody is on edge - one more exam! But the Christmas season is here. It is a silent night, a peaceful night, and here it is the 21st of December 1967. For us hostelites it means carol-singing followed by a treat of hot chocolate and Cadburys, with of course the excitement of going home the next day.

The campus is shrouded in darkness save for the almost six-score bobbing candle-lights; and our procession moves forth to the "Silent Night". As we proceed we sing of shepherds watching their flocks by night, of the angels singing glory to the new-born King and many others. We are a chorus to ourselves - altos and sopranos included.



We "carol" our way to the parlour making a full round of the campus. Once again the musical notes of Silent Night issue from a hundred and twenty throats. The Sisters are there and we wish them a Merry Christmas with all the gusto we can muster up. This is not un-natural for we all know what is in store for us. .... Cadbury's chocolates of course! Some more carols and we are almost near the dining hall..... excitement and anticipation fill the hostelites who have taken part in the singing.

Whether it is because they are close to being rewarded, or whether they have got into the Christmas mood, there is a sudden shout and all at once we are singing 'Jingle Bells'. To the strains of this and 'Santa Claus is coming to Town' we troop into the dining room. The mellow light of the candles reveals flushed faces and expectant looks.

Oh, what a night!..... cakes, a bar of chocolate, hot-chocolate and singing all the way! The next day's exams are forgotten, as we sing on, merry and aglow with the Christmas spirit. Long may it live in all of us!

22nd Dec.

The end of another term. "Good-bye" and "see ya soon" are said as hostelites drive out in a steady stream of yellow-topped cabs. The hostel is once again deserted save for the few who prefer to keep "her" company.

8th Jan.

College is scheduled to open today, but the hostel still sports an empty look. An unexpected closure of schools and colleges gives everyone an extended Christmas vacation! The few students who had come back rush to railway stations to book return tickets. Everybody is in a flurry and a fluster!

20th Jan.

The grand opening of the Hostel Library. The few foreign students who have remained behind eagerly scan the rows and rows of neatly catalogued books. The hostel is proud of its library consisting of over 400 good, clean, wholesome books - books to please every type of book-worm.



5th Feb. College re-opens once again New Year resolutions are renewed and everyone sets to work.

8th-9th March Hostel day is here at last. Patriotism is rife among the hostelites as on the evening of the 8th they all troop towards the games field. The event: Inter-hostel throwball match. Amidst boisterous cheering and appeals from the audience to win, the two hostels battle on to decide the winner! St. Joseph's Hostel! There is hope yet for Our Lady's Hostel - the netball match is on the morrow! Meanwhile the hostelites return to their respective hostels and decorate their halls and corridors. Our Lady's takes on an exotic eastern look overnight. It is an earthly paradise! St. Joseph's meanwhile takes to posies and buntings and puts on a festive air. Nobody can sleep that night! Next morning Mass is said in the chapel for the welfare of the hostelites. After a scrumptious breakfast, comes the netball match. There is good advertisement for 'Glucose' as both the hostels try to rejuvenate their respective teams. It is a battle once more - and a victory for Our Lady's! The movie we go to takes us to Rome along with "Gidget" and it is superb. Rivalry between the hostels has not yet subsided. After lunch Mother Superior goes round to inspect the decorated hostels and decide on the best. The highlight of the day is the variety entertainment. Dances, dramas in English and Tamil and finally to top everything a fancy dress parade. Witches and wizards, fashion paraders, a Jack in the Box and the Statue of Liberty - all vie with each other and as all these finish trooping past the stage curtain is drawn, symbolic of drawing to a close yet another successful Hostel Day. But it is not the end. Dinner under the light of a myriad stars and giant petromax lamps, with music and dancing up to 11 p.m. Sweet contentment!



It's the end of the college year but the hostelites have a few more weeks of hostel life before each girl goes her own way after the final examinations. It has been a happy year, a year in which many of our girls have brought honour to the hostel by winning several gold medals, cups and other prizes. Every hostelite however, will carry away happy memories of the year gone by, with the wish that future hostelites will also find Stella Maris Hostel a home.

JENNIFER BRAGANZA,  
II M.A.

SHANTHERI KINI,  
I B.A.

## College Day 1968

The presence of the Vice-Chancellor and the production of a dance-drama, "The Hound of Heaven", were the highlights of this important event in the academic year.

A casual passer-by, walking along Cathedral Road on February 29th 1968, might have thought that Stella Maris College looked unusually quiet and still, with its windows closed and scarcely a student in sight. But behind the impassive facade of the main college buildings, the campus hummed with activity as hundreds of chairs were being arranged in the open-air theatre, technicians darted around the stage fixing lights and mikes, and a bevy of excited student danseuses busied themselves with costumes, make-up and hair-dressing. By 6 p.m. the technicians had discreetly disappeared from view, the danseuses were dressed and waiting nervously in the green-rooms, and almost every seat was filled, except the arm-chairs in the front row. As the chief guests walked towards the stage, the audience rose to greet them, and remained standing until a Sanskrit prayer-song had been rendered by a group of music students. Officers of the College Union then garlanded the president of the evening, Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, Lady Mudaliar, and His Grace, Archbishop Arulappa of Madras-Mylapore.

In her Welcome Address, the Principal declared how happy and honoured Stella Maris was to have Sir A. L. Mudaliar presiding over its College Day in the very year of his Silver Jubilee as Vice-Chancellor of Madras University. Dr. Mudaliar had done great things for the University as a whole, but Stella Maris remembered with particular gratitude and affection the fatherly care he had bestowed on this college since its tiny beginnings 20 years ago, on the day of India's Independence. A brief





review of events and achievements of the year followed, with special mention of the opening of an additional storey of the Social Welfare Centre, which had marked the twentieth anniversary of the College on August 15th 1967. Addressing the large gathering of students, their parents, and friends and well-wishers of the college the Vice-Chancellor declared that his 20-year-long association with Stella Maris had been a source of great satisfaction to him; he had seen its birth and watched over its growth, rejoicing with the authorities of the college at every fresh development. He was particularly happy that the college offered a wide variety of subjects, and subjects especially suited to women. The details he mentioned showed his intimate knowledge of the history of Stella Maris, and the deep interest he has always taken in its progress. The audience listened appreciatively to the words of the Vice-Chancellor, and applauded them roundly.

The big moment had arrived for those students who had earned prizes during the academic year 1967-68. As their names and classes were announced, they came up to the stage to receive their prizes from the hands of the smiling and gracious Lady Mudaliar. The last award to be made was that of the Dr. A. L. Mudaliar Silver Jubilee Rolling Shield for the Fine Arts, won by the Ethiraj College team in a classical dance competition held in Stella Maris earlier in the month. As the last ovations died away, Revathy Kailaspathy, the College President, stepped forward to propose a vote of thanks, thus concluding the first part of the evening's programme.



The entertainment that followed was a dance-drama based on Francis Thompson's famous poem, "The Hound of Heaven". A Tamil translation, set to Indian music, was played by an orchestra and sung by students of the college, the whole score having been pre-recorded. The theme of the poem, God's loving pursuit of the human soul, was portrayed in Indian dance of various styles, Bharatha Natyam, Kathak and Manipuri among them. An English prose commentary explained the theme, and lines from the original poem were read at appropriate intervals between the dances. A talented young dancer portrayed with great sensitivity the leading role of a representative human being, fleeing God whose love he fears, and seeking everywhere among created things for happiness, the desire of every soul. He finds satisfaction in none of these, for always he is conscious of the voice and the pursuing steps of God, the Hound of Heaven, but always he flees Him, afraid that His love is a jealous love which requires the sacrifice of every natural enjoyment.

And past those noised Feet  
A Voice comes yet more fleet  
'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.'

Disappointed in human affections, man turns to nature for solace. This was the theme of one of the most attractive of the group dances; after a dazzling dance portraying its rising and course across the heavens, the golden "Sun" awoke two living "Flowers" to the light of a new day, inviting them to join in its dance, while a peacock strutted and a delightful little deer frolicked about them. The hero finds



happiness for a time here among these innocent and beautiful creatures, but again comes the awareness of the emptiness and transience of all earthly joys. Hearing again the steps of the feet that follow, follow after, he compares himself to a knight stripped of his armour, awaiting the death-blow from the uplifted arm of his pursuer.

Then, and then only, when he finds himself naked and defenceless, stripped of all created things, does he realize that the hand of God is raised over him, not in threat, but in a loving caress, and in a gesture of generosity.

All which I took from thee I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.

All that he had believed lost, all that he had dreaded losing, he finds again once he has learnt to put the love of God above all else, and find in it his greatest, truest happiness. The curtain closed slowly on the hero, kneeling in a posture of joyful surrender, bathed in the radiance of his new-found love and joy, while the Voice of God concluded :

' Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest !  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.

For the last time the curtain lifted, to reveal the whole cast of *The Hound of Heaven* ranged on the stage with the college choir. In a happy chorus they sang the college song and the *Jana Gana Mana*, thus bringing to an end another memorable College Day at Stella Maris.



# Constructive Leisure

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The wise and profitable use of leisure is one of those never-failing fountains of joy that a college education strives to make each student discover.

A system of education which confined itself to the mere acquisition of text-book knowledge would be quite inadequate. It is universally recognised that the goal of education is the development of a well-integrated personality, and the achievement of this aim is closely connected with the impetus given to extra-curricular activities, in which the student stands on his own feet, makes his own choices, and attains some degree of personal growth through the experience of both success and failure, and through his reaction to these "impostors"

During the current year, there has not only been an increase in the internal extra-curricular activities, there has been a greater participation by our students at the inter-collegiate level.

In the wide range of extra-curricular activities, debates and oratorical contests seem to be the most popular items. The first victory of the year was won, once again, at the Elocution Contest conducted by the Southern India Chamber of Commerce when Indu Rani Murthy of II B.A. was declared the winner of the first prize. The second notable victory was that of S. Mitrakumari of I B.A. and Indu Rani Murthy of II B.A. when they won the first and third prizes respectively at the oratorical contest conducted by the Forum of Free Enterprise in memory of the late Mr. A. D. Shroff. At the Oratorical Contests held by the Mylapore Academy, Madras, in memory of Dr. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer and Sri S. Satyamurthy, Lakshmi Sitaram and S. Mitrakumari, both of I B.A., won individual prizes. R. Vasantha of I M.A. (Lit.) was awarded the first prize in an oratorical contest conducted by the local branch of the XIX World Vegetarian Congress. The Youth Service Committee of the Rotary Club, Madras, held an oratorical contest in which Juliana Chacko of I B.A. was placed third. Nithya Srinivasan of II B.A. won a prize at the debate conducted by St. Christopher's Training College in connection with United Nations Day. We closed the third and last term of the academic year "with a bang" since two coveted awards in the field of debating were won by our brilliant speakers. Revathy Kailaspathy of III B.A. was declared the gold medallist in the Viscountess Goschen debate. Shantheri Kini of I B.A. deserves our congratulations for having won the best speaker's prize as well as the special lady's prize at the debate conducted by the Mylapore Round Table No. 3.

Our students have reaped a substantial harvest of prizes in the field of inter-collegiate essay competitions. Special mention must be made of P. M. Vijayalakshmi

of II M.A., whose essay on the "Food Problem" was adjudged the best entry in the essay contest conducted by the Southern India Chamber of Commerce. S. Revathy and S. Gita, both of the III B.A. class, retained the team trophy which was awarded to us last year in connection with the essay contest conducted by the Director of Collegiate Education in commemoration of United Nations Day. S. Revathy of III B.A. also won the second individual prize in the same contest. The local committee of the XIX World Vegetarian Congress conducted essay contests, at both the degree and the P.U. level. Our prize winning essayists at this contest were R. Vasantha of I M.A. and K. Rama of P.U.

There have been a good many successes in other languages too. In connection with the IV All-India Prohibition Contest, elocution and essay contests in Tamil were held at different academic levels. K. Vijayalakshmi of P.U. was awarded the second prize at the elocution contest and P. Thamizhchelvi of P.U. was adjudged the best essayist. In the debate sponsored by Ethiraj College in connection with the Kamban Day celebration, J. Mahalakshmi of I B.A. was awarded the second prize. K. G. Leela Mariamma of I B.Sc. distinguished herself as the first prize winner in the Thirukkural Recitation Contest held by the Sarada Ladies' Union. The Hindi and Sanskrit students, not to be outdone, brought home a team trophy and a University prize. The respective winners were Hasyalatha of II B.A. and S. Vijalakshmi of II B.Sc., winners of a Hindi debate, and S. Parimala of III B.Sc., who obtained second rank in the University Sanskrit debate.

The Music department did very well this year, for two team trophies were annexed. At the Bharathi Songs Competition held at Ethiraj College, Reeta and Vijayalakshmi were the two Stella Marians who sang their way to victory. Nearer home, at the inter-collegiate music competition sponsored by Stella Maris, two of our students won the shield for the best team.

During the academic year under review, two entertainment programmes were organised in order to raise funds for the hunger campaign and other charitable purposes. An assortment of music, dance and dramatic pieces were presented on both occasions. Special mention must be made of the "Uniques of Stella Maris"—an entertaining quartet composed of a lead guitarist, a rhythm guitarist, a drummer-girl and a Morocco thumping fourth musician. On the second occasion, the Kuchipudi dance item gracefully rendered by Ratnapa of II M.A. was very much appreciated.



Sports and games have been given a considerable amount of importance. Apart from the innumerable matches held between groups internally, we participated in a good many inter-collegiate matches and sports meets. We have earned a name - and cups - for ourselves in ball-badminton and kho-kho. Some of our students found a place in the various women's teams of the Madras University. Special mention must be made of the expert volleyball player Yasmin Shroff of I M.A., Mira Devasagayam of P.U. 7 who was included in the basket ball team and Chitra Moses of II M.A., who, along with Prabha Santhana of P.U., was in the Madras University Table Tennis Team. We have in R. Udaya, of P.U. 2, a budding sprinter. She has won for the college and for herself many a laurel in the numerous sports meets held in the city.

The students are encouraged to build up their interest in specific fields of human knowledge. One way of achieving this is through the media of "weeks" and exhibitions which form the basic internal extra-curricular activity during the second and third terms. One such exhibition, which was arranged for a couple of days, was the Natural Science Exhibition. Being broadly divided into two main divisions of Botany and Zoology, the exhibition included sub-divisions such as Genetics, Physiology, Evolution, Ecology, Agriculture, Economic Botany and "Cultivated" Plants. The most popular section was the genetics section especially since the secrets of the newly discovered genetic code, the D.N.A., were explained to the visitors. All in all, it was one of those exhibitions which provide and stimulate interest, and make every visitor leave a little wiser than she entered.

We extend our sincere congratulations to each student who has participated in the year's activities, not only to the prize-winners in the various competitions, but also to the unobtrusive "back-room boys" behind the Science Exhibition and other internal celebrations, and to those who participated in competitions without bringing home any prizes at all. All of these have gained in experience and have offered something to their fellow-students which they cannot get in class alone, and the account of their doings is meant principally as a challenge and an invitation to those who have hitherto stood on the side-lines to come forward and play their full part in the extra-curricular activities, with the certainty that only by doing so can they obtain a college education in the full sense of the word, and also contribute something to the life of the college which only they, each one individually, can give.

MISS SHYAMALA RAMAYYA,  
Lecturer in Economics.



## The Fortunate Few

The wanderlust frequently seizes upon our students; those who were lucky enough to be able to respond to its call tell us of their travels.

The hum-drum round of classes, study, tests, which punctuates college life is broken occasionally by various events, expected or otherwise. Even one long excursion to look forward to however far off in the future, is like an oasis in the desert, a promised spring after a long winter. Although in the past our final year students have benefited by excursions undertaken by the various departments, this year only a limited number could be arranged. The Music Department, the Sociology and Zoology Departments were among the fortunate few. The first term saw the musicians off to Bangalore and Mysore. One of the excursionists describes it in great detail:

Imagine the thrill of ecstasy and joy which greeted the announcement of our excursion to Bangalore and Mysore! Nine students and two lecturers, we reached Bangalore on 21st August. In the evening we visited the Bull Temple and Vinayakar Temple. There were huge statues made out of one single stone. The story goes that the bull statue was originally quite small, but it has grown in size ever since. Now iron bars have been placed over it to prevent it from growing further for it is believed that the world will come to an end if the statue touches the roof! After the temple we visited Lal Bagh, the botanical garden.

Next morning Professor Sambamurthy from the university joined us and we left for Mysore by a non-stop bus. Within three hours we were there, gazing at the huge, beautiful palace, and at the statues of the maharajas on raised platforms.

While at Mysore we were to stay at the University College of Music and Dance which was previously the Akashavani buildings. We engaged three tongas to



reach this place. For many of us the tonga-ride was a new experience and we enjoyed it immensely.

At about seven that evening we set off in two taxis to Chamundi Hills. It was quite chill but it was such a pleasant change from Madras that we did not mind the cold. It was wonderful to be on the hill-top with the stars above winking at us, and the city lights below forming an enchanting sight. Inside the temple we beheld yet another wonder - Sri Chamundeswari dressed in gold.

The other places we visited during the course of our stay at Mysore were Thirumagudala Narasipur, the confluence of rivers Kaveri and Kapila, and the Somanathapuram temple. Some of these temples are a thousand years old and they have beautiful and rare carvings and sculptures. There was one sculpture of a woman playing on a two-stringed instrument with her legs crossed - the only one of its kind in the whole of India.

It was quite dark when we reached the Brindavanam Gardens; all the better, for the lights were shown to advantage. Needless to say the place was enchanting - coloured lights, waters gushing out in full force and the spray forming a mist; but the roar of the waters was not very musical! We had a look at the Krishna Raja Sagar Dam from a distance.....

Before we could reach Shravan Belagola itself we could see the huge statue of Gomatheswara on the hill top. We had to climb six hundred steps to reach it. The Gomatheswara statue was about one hundred and fifty feet high, well proportioned and perfect in every detail.





How glad we are that the Music Club provided us with this splendid chance to explore ruins, hearken to music and revel in dreams in lovely Mysore, seat of the Waadiwar kings, and in the sophisticated yet essentially Indian city of Bangalore.

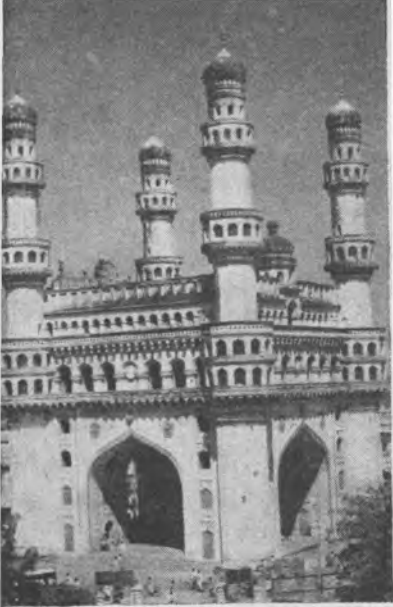
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Towards the end of the second term when most students were already showing symptoms of 'selection fever', the seniors of the Sociology Department surprised us by quietly slipping off for a few days to Hyderabad. They seem to have profited by their trip and showed no signs of the prevalent fever until their return. Although their excursion was not very long, they certainly knew how to make the most of every minute :

The 22nd of November was the long-expected day when we, the IIIrd year sociologists boarded the train for Hyderabad. We waved cheerily to our friends and relatives who had come to see us off and were soon singing our way along to the chug, chug of the train. The time passed quickly and before we could realize it we found ourselves being warmly welcomed at the Rosary Convent, Hyderabad. The kindness with which we were received and the endless efforts to make us feel at home were very much appreciated.

Our first visit was to Banjara where arrangements had been made for us to visit the Tribal Rehabilitation Centre. Needless to say we felt quite important when none other than the Director himself gave us a lecture on the sociology of the tribal peoples





of that area. There were numerous exhibits to delight our sociologists' eyes and, to crown the day, a very interesting film.

The next morning we visited Charminar and dizzily climbed up the winding steps to have a breathtaking view of almost the whole of Hyderabad. Descending was as difficult as ascending since the steps were steep and there was very little light. Mecca Masjid was our next destination, with its marble tombs of the Qutub Shahi kings.



On the Third morning of our stay in Hyderabad we visited a Banjara settlement about twenty miles out of town. Much to our astonishment we found the tribal women unusually attractive. Some of our Hindi pandits tried to speak to them in Hindi and they responded well. They sang and danced for us and we noted that they had a fantastic sense of rhythm. Early marriages being a common feature of their life, they were surprised that, except for one, we were all unmarried.

On our way back we visited the Nehru Zoological Tank and later the famous Osmania University. The architecture in the main hall depicts three cultures. Although we did not see much of it, what we did see fascinated us a great deal. We picnicked at Golconda Fort that afternoon. Although it was very tiring, all of us managed to make our way to the top. One of the most interesting features of this fort



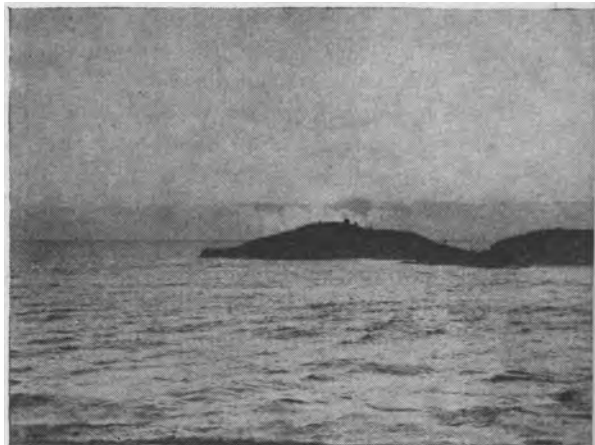
is that a person clapping from a certain position at the entrance can be heard distinctly at the summit. This was a method employed by the inhabitants of the fort to inform the king of the approach of an enemy.

Our last day was reserved for the Salar Jung Museum and, even though our visit was hurried, we managed to see the whole fabulous collection of paintings, curios, valuable ancient scripts and jewellery, and were fascinated by it.

That evening we bade farewell to the twin cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad. We rushed to the station only to discover that we had no reservation. Some of us were secretly hoping that we would be able to stay one more day, but at the last moment we managed to secure a compartment to ourselves. We returned to Madras the following afternoon, our suit-cases bulging with bangles, sweets, slippers and sarees. We had finally come to the end of a thoroughly enjoyable holiday!

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The third term was rather slow in getting under way and before it could succeed in doing so the IIIrd year zoologists were off on a trip to the south which included Tuticorin, Cape Comorin, Kodaikanal, Thekkady and Madurai. One of our budding zoologists describes it vividly :



The train journey to Tuticorin was long but not monotonous, enlivened as it was by our merry laughter. However our dreams of a peaceful and long sleep at Holy Cross Convent that night were rudely shattered, when we were told that 5 taxis would be awaiting our group at 4.00 (yes, 4!) a.m. to take us to the Cape in time for the sunrise. But the early morning was fresh and cool as we started off for the race to the Cape to beat the sunrise. And we did make it! Glorious it was, and well worth the lost sleep. After watching that golden dawn in silence, we turned our thoughts to more mundane affairs and began to look for a spot along the beach ..... delicious! After a steaming cup of coffee we felt refreshed and ready to start off on zoological research.

We walked up and down along the sea-shore, hopping off and onto rocks. We did not leave the place till we touched the water where the three oceans mingle. The afternoon was spent shopping - a souvenir here and a gift there. After watching the sun, like a golden disc, sink into the western sea, we returned to Tuticorin.



The next morning began early too. We went for collection along the harbour shores, and returned quite tired out and laden with specimens to the Holy Cross Convent, where the Sisters made our stay at Tutty very comfortable and enjoyable. A visit to the Government Fisheries Department and the Canning Industries occupied us in the afternoon. A sail-boat ride to Nicolas Island was arranged for the following morning. We set out in two sail boats, in the early morning, and saw contented fishermen bent over their nets. The afternoon saw us on a visit to the interesting V.O.C. College Museum. Our two days' stay at Tuticorin flew past and we were soon en route for Madurai.

On our arrival at Madurai we found a warm welcome awaiting us at Fatima College. Fifteen of the Fatima students joined us on the next part of our trip. A private bus took us early the next morning to the beautiful hill station of Kodaikanal. Up and up we went along the winding roads and brrr .....it was cold and misty there ! Out came our cardigans then ! We stopped at the Silver Cascades to take photographs. In spite of driving through the mist at certain times, we managed to see several places of interest there - like the lake and the wide expanses of the golf course. As Zoologists we especially appreciated the visit to the superb natural science museum of the Sacred Heart College. We left Kodai in the late afternoon in order to reach our next stop, Thekkady, before nightfall. By 10.30 p.m. we had arrived and settled down in the Travellers' Bungalow for a little rest. The following morning we were again up with the birds and hastened down to the Periyar Lake to take our places in a picturesque, covered boat which was to take us into the heart of the wild-life sanctuary. We strained our eyes and watched cautiously for the slightest sign of life along the shore.....and in such a tense atmosphere small wonder that a softly whispered " There ! " uttered by a mischievous Fatima P.U. brought us all clambering to the sides of the boat whispering, " Where ? " ..... only to be greeted with a muffled giggle and a lifeless shore. However, soon our patience was rewarded by the sight of a solitary elephant standing majestically quite close to the shore. We felt sorry for



it when we were told that it had been standing there for the past few days, discarded by its herd. Click! went our cameras! We saw stags running in and out of bushes later on. We even managed to see bison at the water's edge. We were reminded of the "Elephant Walk" tune when a few baby elephants were seen walking so typically beside their mothers.



Our return journey to Madurai was equally interesting for we went via the Vaigai Dam, a place with beautifully set out gardens. Tourists crowded around where they could see the water gushing out in torrents.

At Madurai, we slept till late the next morning. The Fatima College authorities and students did everything possible to make us feel at home with them. A visit to the Meenakshi

Amman Temple and the Thirumalai Nayakar Mahal Palace was the programme arranged for that day. The art and architecture of both these places are quite ancient and it is interesting to know the history behind each structure.

By 3.30 p.m. that afternoon, after saying "so long, farewell", to our new found friends, we steamed out of Madurai station, reminiscing over the events of a very happy week spent together.

MALA MANICKAM, I B.A.  
SARA VERGHESE, III B.A.  
BRINDA MENON, III B.A.  
JAYA NARAYANAN, III B.A.



# The Quest Eternal

Faith is one of man's deepest needs, a perennial source of peace and true happiness.

“What! Have the Beatles turned to transcendental meditation? Astonishing!” - this was the almost universal reaction to the sensational news-item which announced the latest interest of those long-haired, unconventional pop-singers. When I first heard this I was surprised, to put it mildly. But on second thoughts this action seemed to signify man's inevitable need for some sustaining prop above the natural level. In short, it seemed a necessary step in man's quest towards faith.

Man is always in search of happiness. His nature is such that he is not self-sufficient. He seeks happiness and support outside his own being. Since he is both body and soul, the support should also be both physical and spiritual. The spiritual part of man yearns for a satisfaction which cannot be given by mere earthly things. Man needs something above the physical and the material—something transcendental. Faith, which is the belief in an all-perfect supernatural Being who has created man for a supernatural existence, satisfies this yearning.

Faith, then, is an absolute necessity for man. Worldly fame and riches cannot satisfy man. The Beatles had all this and yet they wished to reach superhuman heights. At first they tried to reach this by means of heroin and narcotics, as they themselves candidly acknowledge. But soon finding that the height reached in the opium-torpor was only a temporary illusion, they have now turned to Mahesh Yogi's solution of mysticism. I do not suggest that all of us should throng to the Yogi's “transcendental Meditation Centres”; nor do I imply that spiritual meditation is a substitute for opium. I cite the Beatles merely as a concrete example to show man's need for an uplifting faith.

This need is more desperately felt in the modern world, where conventional values are being shattered and all the things dear to man are betrayed. With the loss of faith, the world becomes a “waste land”, a “blighted star”, where love is perverted into lust and where both life and death are feared and shunned. Matthew Arnold who had experienced this loss and watched “the sea of faith” ebbing out of his life, says in a melancholy strain,

“We are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.”

These lines seem to me an eloquent expression of the tragedy that arises from a loss of faith - the tragedy of the meaninglessness of life to a man without faith.

It is the restoration of faith that can bring back meaning into life. Faith is a child-like trust in the "Kindly Light" to lead us on. It helps one to face life with confidence and without anxiety about the future—

"Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, one step enough for me."

Faith, though it transcends reason, is not against reason. In an adult, this trust is not instinct alone, but also an act of intelligence which guarantees that this confidence is deserved. The faith in a loving God who does everything for our good, enables us to accept both joys and sorrows cheerfully. Faith is not a form of escapism. It does not transfer troubles to God's shoulders in order to escape from them. It rather faces suffering squarely in the strengthening company of Him who calls out, "Rise, clasp My hand and come".

Most people are subject to moods of depression. Even a man with so firm a faith as G. M. Hopkins sometimes touched the bottom as when he says.

"No worst there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,  
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.  
Comforter, where, where is thy comforting?"

But the difference between a man who has faith and one who has it not is that while the former has sufficient spiritual buoyancy to rise up to the surface again, the other seeks to end depression by death - perhaps by an overdose of Barbiturates, as did Marilyn Monroe.

Faith, which is the solution to the problems of life, suggests the real meaning of death also. To a man of true faith, at death, "life is changed, not taken away". Death is not an annihilation, or a cruel act of God or a means of escape from the ills of life. It is rather a passage into a new life, higher than the earthly one. Life on earth is only a preparation for this higher life. Such an acceptance of life and death is the pinnacle of faith. In Tennyson, we see the terrible shock to his faith at Hallam's early death, the despair which followed it, then the dull, passive resignation and finally a real, living faith. Perhaps this is why one of Tennyson's favourite symbols is a quest - the "objective correlative" of his own spiritual quest for faith. Thus it is faith which gives a meaning to life - and death.

The journey towards faith is arduous. The noblest of men cannot reach it by themselves. When one perceives the emptiness felt by those without faith, one feels more and more convinced that faith is a gratuitous gift from God. As John Updike, the famous contemporary American novelist says, a man cannot will himself to acquire faith, just as "a drowning man cannot pull himself out by his own hair". Faith

should be granted by God - dramatically in a lightning-flash as to St. Paul, or working within man in a quiet manner. The journey from melancholy agnosticism to a robust belief in "the positive grief-in-joy and joy-in-grief of Christianity" is spread over a life-time in T. S. Eliot.

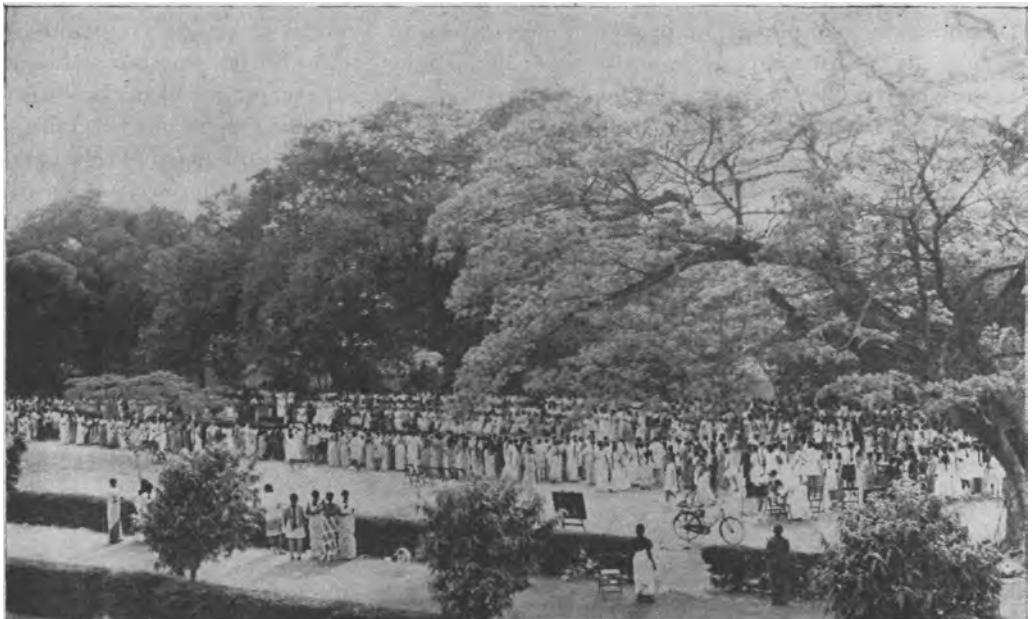
Faith, because of our material-spiritual make-up, demands external signs in which to express itself. Therefore it demands a cult or religion that uses externals also. The acts of faith both express as well as increase faith. The rituals of the various religions are the outward expression of the inner urge of man to depend on and seek happiness in something or somebody outside himself.

We thus see that faith is a real thing, a part of man's being. A man of true faith *lives* his faith. His life is a continual bearing witness to God's goodness and power. He believes that what directs life is not blind fate, but man's free will acting in conformity with God's will. To such a man, God is a loving Father and suffering is a discipline for reaching perfection in Eternity. Life is not a meaningless "tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing", but a working out of God's will. Faith leads man to the spiritual maturity of the dictum "In His will is our peace". The necessity for faith and the restful peace which one finds in an abiding faith in God are conveyed in the words of St. Augustine :

" Our hearts are made for Thee, O Lord !  
And will not rest until they rest in Thee."

In Him, the harbour of rest is found and the quest is ended.

CHRISTINE LOBO,  
II M.A.



## God's Troubadour - George Herbert

A seventeenth century poet who wished to write always and only for the greater glory of God.



In an age when every poet made verses to his mistress's eyebrow, when sonneteering one's lady was the fashion in Jacobean England, one poet alone put his pen to another use, to write solely on God. While Donne, Vaughan, Crashaw and others wrote both secular and religious verses, Herbert alone among the metaphysical poets shines as God's troubadour.

In 1610, when Herbert was seventeen years old and studying in Cambridge, he wrote a letter to his mother, the celebrated Lady Magdalen Herbert, saying that he was sending her his poem as a New Year's gift. He wrote, "My meaning is in these sonnets to declare my resolution to be, that my poor activities in poetry shall be all and

ever consecrated to God's glory." In that poem he asks God

".....Doth poetry  
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?  
Why are not sonnets made of thee?  
..... Cannot thy love  
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise  
As well as any she?"

It was left to Herbert to prove that it could, and he did it in spite of the many temptations that crossed his path. Herbert, like Donne, aspired to worldly advancement which he almost gained. He was appointed as Public Orator in Cambridge. His noble birth, his skill in music and his excellent command of the classical languages impressed King James I so favourably that on a visit to Cambridge, he called Herbert "the jewel of that University." From Public Orator to Secretary of State was but one leap, and Herbert's ambition for this post forced him to exploit his favour with the King. If Herbert's wishes had been fulfilled, religious literature would have been infinitely poorer, but Herbert's dream never materialized because two of his most



influential friends at court passed away and King James himself died in 1625. A blow with a mailed fist would not have laid Herbert so low as this did, and sick at heart, his hopes of worldly advancement torn to tatters, he retired to Kent, where he became a deacon. This was the turning point in his life - he was either to be Sir Herbert of the Court of Charles, or plain Herbert, Troubadour of God. His choice lay between the Church and the material world. Not only his spiritual afflictions, the turmoil in his soul, but also his physical infirmities due to consumption and fevers is recorded in his posthumously printed collection of poems called "The Temple - Sacred and Private Ejaculations". This was a period of "afflictions", and Herbert records his intimate communion with God. In these poems, we listen as it were, to Herbert's private conversations with God, sometimes humble, sometimes wilful, straining at the collar and rising in rebellion, or meekly bending his will.

"The affliction" is an epitome of the poet's life - it shows the conflicting claims of the two attitudes to life - the claims of the flesh and the claims of the spirit. It speaks also of his infirmity and loss of friends. God has filled his past with sweetness —

"At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses ;  
I had my wish and way  
My days were strow'd with flow'rs and happiness ;  
There was no month but May".

The present he finds bitter —

"But with the years sorrow did twist and grow  
And made a party unawares of woe."

He is 'perplexed in the extreme' and he is not sure of what he is to do —

"Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me  
None of my books will show :  
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;  
For sure then I should grow  
To fruit or shade at least some bird would trust  
Her household to me, and I should be just."

God's benevolence and man's ingratitude strikes Herbert's eye, but he rebels all the same against his Master and threatens to seek other employment —

"Well I will change the service, and go seek  
Some other master out."

But he loves God too well to leave Him, and the poem ends with the dramatic, paradoxical close —

"Ah my dear God, though I am clean forgot  
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not."

Like Hopkins, during these three years in Kent, Herbert experienced great spiritual anguish. It is sometimes the anger of God that terrifies him and makes him cry.

“Throw away Thy rod  
Throw away Thy wrath;  
O my God,  
Take the gentle path!”

But he also sees God as the giver of gifts, as creator of the beautiful world —

“How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are Thy returns! ev’n as the flowers in Spring.”

as the miraculous healer of hearts, the Restorer —

“And now in age I bud again  
After so many deaths I live and write;  
I once more smell the dew and rain  
And relish versing,”

and the God of wrath, he finds, is the Lord of Love, and wonders

“O my only light  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell at night.”

Tempests there were indeed in Herbert’s soul, when God seemed to be very far away from him, but Herbert never ceased calling. In “Longing”, he says—

“My throat, my soul is hoarse;  
My heart is wither’d like a ground  
Which Thou dost curse.  
My thoughts turn round  
And make me giddie; Lord I fall,  
Yet call.”

The verse pattern echoes the giddiness, the sense of utter despair, and the whirl of conflicting feelings in the poet’s heart.

Herbert never poses to be a saint. He acknowledges his weaknesses and is frank—

“I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains  
My stuff is flesh, not brass, my senses live.”

“The Collar”, the emblem of servitude, is not easily worn by him. With his characteristic dramatic opening he begins with colloquial violence,

“I struck the board and cried No more  
I will abroad.”

His life is free, he feels, “free as the road,

Loose as the wind, as large as store.”

Why should he serve God? Could he not gain worldly advancement is his question. Using again the simple ‘Master, servant’ imagery, he threatens God with desertion,

“Away take heed  
I will abroad”

But his heart in reality is subject to God alone. His overmastering passion is to praise God, to love Him, to glorify Him, though outwardly he puts up a show of defiance, in vain, for

“.....as I rav’d and grew more fierce and wild  
At every word,  
Methought I heard one calling ‘Child’  
And I replied ‘My lord!’”

“The combination of shock and repose in Herbert’s poetry is something difficult to parallel in English literature” says Daiches.

In his 169 poems, Herbert sings God’s praise in something like 140 stanzaic patterns. Few poems are mystical, and even the allegorical ones like “The Collar”, “Pulley” and “Love Unknown” are not hard to penetrate for he uses “coarse-spun” imagery.

Herbert’s conflict does not lie so much in the choice between the material and the spiritual, but in the struggle to annihilate self, and say to God “Thy will be done”. This he does in the most perfect of his lyrics “Love”, where God, the host, invites him to dine, but Herbert draws back

“Guilty of dust and sin.”

Love says that Herbert should be His guest. Herbert is taken aback -

“I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear  
I cannot look on thee.”

Love replies

“ Who made the eyes but I ?”

“ Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame  
Go where it doth deserve,” pleads Herbert, but the

God of Love triumphs in the end -

“ You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat :  
So I did sit and eat.”

The poignant end is more effective in its monosyllabic simplicity than all rhetoric.

So Herbert gave up his will to the Will of God, and entered holy orders and became the Rector of Bemerton. But the urge to meet Him was so great in Herbert, that three years later he was laid to rest under the altar of his Church to which he had dedicated himself and his songs.

These poems in “ The Temple ” which record his spiritual pilgrimage were not meant to establish his fame as a poet. He asked his friend Ferrar to publish them so that his case might serve as an example to others suffering in the same way, or else to burn them. His poems are at once individual and exemplary. To Herbert, “ The Temple is the picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master, in Whose service I have found perfect freedom.”

All his poems plainly sing the praise of “ My God, My King ”. Lamenting, rejoicing, contemplating, contradicting - Herbert always is God's troubadour. Whether God is “ my dear angrie Lord ” or his “ only light ” he says he will “ lament and love ”. One is struck by the simplicity of his poems, as well as by the deep sincerity, honesty and humility of the man. When we begin reading his poems, we feel we are entering a temple - hushed, chaste, hallowed. We experience a “ spiritual renaissance ”, and as lyric after lyric soars heavenward, we realize that Herbert, God's troubadour has found the essence of the words

“ In la sua volontade é nostra pace ”

“ In His will is our Peace ”.

M. S. RAJAYEE CHITRA,  
II M.A.

## Whither Youth ?

Today's world is youth-centred. How our young people will develop depends on the inspiration and example they are given.



One July evening, a vast tract of land at the foot of the mountains north of Colorado Springs, burst into a bloom of brilliant coloured tents, like prairie flowers after the first rain. Some thousands of Girl Guides from the United States and about one thousand five hundred volunteers from all over the world had moved in to set up camp. In this hive of busy activity under the 102 flags of all the countries of the World Association of Girl Guides, the young women dissolved all racial differences. There were no foreigners in this city of healthy citizens. Youngsters might yet teach older people to exchange hatred for friendship. Youth, in this way, is heading towards a time when Tennyson's dreams about a "Federation of the World", and a "Parliament of Man" might yet be fulfilled.

In the promotion of cultural relations between countries, youth has been an important link in the chain. Students going abroad on various exchange programmes study the manners of different people and come back with a better understanding in their hearts. Even Indian youth, in the field of social service, is becoming an organised unit, doing much in the way of slum clearance and poor relief. Recently, the students of a college in Madras helped to build roads in a village near the city. Women students of a college in Bombay have actually adopted a village near that great city. They continue to make life more pleasant for the slum dwellers. If such activities continue, modern youth is bound to streak straight on to glory.

In other ways too, youth has proved to be worthy of serving the public. Recently a State in America astounded all by accounting for practically no case of juvenile delinquency. And the reason? Some wise man had thought up the idea of filling the juvenile population with a sense of its own importance, organising them in detective bands which helped to track criminals; grouping them to work together in building a fine swimming pool and a baseball field. If age will only deal rightly with youth, the latter can be led to do better and nobler things.

While proper organisation of this tremendous energy called youth can lead to constructive things, if youth is neglected or worse, mishandled, this energy seeks an outlet through destructive channels. The active, unnecessary interference of youth in politics which has led to the looting of government offices and the ruin of public property in India itself, is ample warning of the danger of allowing youth to have too much time hanging on its hands.

But it is when youth is seen in the field of fashions that it draws the wildest conjectures as to where it is heading. The modern boy with his hair growing into his collar gives the impression of backing perceptibly along the corridors of time to the Middle Ages, while the modern girl in pants and shirt seems to be steering straight for 2000 A.D.

It is very interesting to watch the progress of youth through the ages. In the Dark Ages, youth does not seem to have been of much importance. In the Middle Ages, young people were little better than puppets; everything — their careers and even their marriage partners — was chosen for them by their parents. Now, when modern youth has learnt to assert itself parents are becoming more like puppets in their hands. And as things are progressing, with the boy deciding Dad's experience to be inferior to his own, and the girl declaring Mom's ideas quite "gothic", with teenagers showing that they have minds, wills and souls of their own, and the young carrying the idea of liberty to extremes, the mind boggles at the thought of how things will stand in youth-age relationships, say some twenty years hence. That will probably be a time when youth will be organising institutions for the "proper" upbringing of parents.

But in the face of this prospect, we always have the other promises of youth. Besides, young people one day or other will have to grow older, and march steadily on to the time when they will also shake their heads and ask the question "Whither Youth?" As things now stand, it is up to Age to show the way to Youth. It is said that whenever Jawaharlal Nehru saw a sturdy son of the soil with his broad shoulders, open face, and free and easy movements, or a young damsel looking the very picture of health and vitality he used to exclaim softly, "My God, what can we not do with such men and women under better conditions?" To make his unuttered dreams come true, older people have only to ask themselves the same question and set about the right way to tap the tremendous potential energy of youth. Whither Youth? It depends on whither they are led.

S. HARIPRIYA,  
II B.A.

# And Death Shall have no Dominion

A student of literature reminisces over her discoveries in the realm of poetry,

We appreciate poetry best, as children, when with unerring instinct we respond to the best, not seduced as yet by the spurious glitter of words that cover a vacuum.

How well I remember the eager reading and re-reading of Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" with its overwhelming tenderness for "English sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day". It was only much later that I learned that Brooke died of measles in an army hospital. What a waste of that fine patriotism!

Another favourite was "The Patriot" by Browning. It was about the same time that I fell in love with Sidney Carton and somehow my images of the patriot were inextricably mingled with tumbrils and the fearless hauteur of the prisoner going to face the guillotine.

And oh, how I loved Masefield's "Sea Fever". Fortunately we lived very close to the sea and my imagination busily created a world into which I could retreat and companionably share "the wheel's kick and the wind's song" with the poet. Even now a recurrent pipe dream, whenever I face the sea, is of an endless wandering, battling and yet one with the elements.

Throughout my growing-up years, I read poetry, good, bad and indifferent. Of course, now we make a deliberate effort to appreciate poetry; the spontaneity is lost and is to be greatly regretted. I have passed through all the prescribed stages; have gasped at the potent force of Milton, have yearned with Keats over a nameless and elusive beauty, have leapt from star to star with skylarking ease with Shelley, have laughed at the frankly sensual Donne and puzzled over his queer intellectualisms, have warmed myself in the May sunshine with Herrick—oh, a glorious repertory of verse!

And then I turned to poets of my own century—a queer lot they seemed at first. They seemed to suffer agonies of mind and soul that were incomprehensible to a twenty-year-old. They found the most trivial of objects worthy of mention—whoever heard of a poem written to a golf-ball? They found chimneys at dawn a source of inspiration, just as Wordsworth once did "temple and tower" from Westminster Bridge. They seemed to take a dim view of life, of men; they propagated the religion of self with an ardour unequalled in any other age, and yet analysed themselves with a detached cynicism.

This then was my first impression—not a particularly happy one. But I refused to give up - there must be something more to my century than this; they could not have put up so poor a show for posterity! I delved a little deeper and found some surprising treasures.

There was a love song, the oddest one I had ever read, that of J. Alfred Prufrock; I read Lorca the “beat” poet and found him unexpectedly sympathetic. I discovered Dylan Thomas through a recorded reading of his own poetry - perhaps it was his powerful voice reading the words that set my spine tingling. “Do not go gentle into that good night” - a passionate plea for life. Another memorable poem by the same man was “And Death Shall have no Dominion” - a strangely proud affirmation of faith in life.

The discoveries were piling up now - a veritable treasure-house over which I brooded with about the same delight as an archaeologist over the remains of a Pharaoh's tomb. Another real gem was D. H. Lawrence's “Red Geranium and Godly Mignonette”, almost Keatsian in its sensuousness. Then there was Yeats' “Among School-Children” which one needs to puzzle over before one discovers the wealth of meaning in it.

There must be more, and the seeker will be amply compensated for his trouble. This century will not pass entirely unrecorded though what schools the poetry will be classified under is for the 21st century critic to decide. We have merely gathered the richness of harvest.

REVATHY KAILASPATHY,  
III B.A.





## The Eternal Problem

One man's solution to the problem of safeguarding his integrity in the face of strong temptation has aroused the admiration and veneration of all succeeding ages.



Of all names in history one name is very real and near to me and that is Sir Thomas More's. Usually such names, buried as they are in the remote past, do not appeal to the young. But this particular name became very vivid and very human when I read Robert Bolt's play, "A Man for All Seasons", and it has lived in me ever since, forgotten sometimes, but always there to hold on to when things get out of focus.

I would not be talking about him if I respected him merely as a martyr. I like him because he is a comfort to my mind - he is the most normal and perfectly adjusted person I have read about (and of course I have not met any!).

Endowed with extraordinary intelligence, wit and a sound heart, he found more in life than most people do, seized upon it and gladly enjoyed it. He communicated with the best minds in Europe - Erasmus, Colet - but he was not a mere intellectual. He had a large and affectionate family. He indulged his hot-headed but devoted wife Alice, confided in his clever daughter Margaret, and treated his impetuous son-in-law's outbursts of indignation and enthusiasm with affectionate tolerance. His gift for friendship had drawn the nobility of England to him and the King loved him well. He was a success - he had started as a lawyer and ended up as Lord Chancellor of England. He was one of the happiest men of his times. But the mainstay of his superabundantly happy personality was his integrity. Life was good, and what made it good was not only outside him but also inside : it was his respect for his conscience.

Something happened in England, when he was Lord Chancellor, which threatened to shatter the very basis of his happiness. The King wanted to divorce his Queen and marry another. For such an action he needed popular support. The Lord Chancellor was an important man and what was more to the point was noted for his honesty. Such a man's support was vital to the King's peace of mind and his gaining popular support.

But Thomas More could not declare on oath that he believed something was right when he knew it was wrong. An oath to him was quite an exceptional commitment, an identity between the truth of the statement and his own virtue. He could not make an identity between a falsehood and his virtue. But the alternative to perjury was death and More loved his life too much to want to give it up. Neither did he want to proclaim himself a hero. And so, prudently, he resigned his post and entrenched himself behind the best shelter - Silence. He made no statements wrote no views about the King's actions and at the same time pursued all the paths his ready wits could find to avoid taking the oath. In explanation of his apparent cowardice he said to Meg: "God made animals for innocence and plants for their simplicity. But man He made to serve Him wittily in the tangle of his mind. If he suffers us to fall to such a case that there is no escaping, we may stand to our tackle as best we can and then we may clamour like champions..... if we have the spittle for it. But it's God's part not our own, to bring ourselves to that extremity! Our natural business lies in escaping." So he escaped from the tyranny into the thickets of the law. The King convicted him of treason in a mock trial and the punishment was execution. The King was ready to spare him if he relented. But to More the choice was no choice at all: a choice between life and what made it worth living and so he chose to die.

Now was the time to clarify the "stand" that everybody had guessed at but no one had understood perfectly. More made his declaration: "I am the King's true subject and I pray for him and all the realm. I do none harm, I say none harm, I think none harm. And if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I long not to live." As he had said, "It is a case in which a man may lose his head and yet have none harm, but instead of harm, inestimable good at the hand of God." More went to his God sure of his reception.

Thus a man who loved and valued his life gave it up without regret when time for renunciation came. He parted company with the society which he had loved and stepping out bravely from the security of his happy home, he smilingly chose the loneliness of the gallows to ensure what he most prized - the integrity of his conscience.

HEMA BASKER,  
II B.A.

## Fountains of Europe

The refreshing, invigorating and uplifting effect of fountains is a common experience; here we consider them as works of art.

A current opinion, far too common, holds that art is a luxury, something to do with museums, quite unessential and divorced from one's daily activities. How far this is from the truth! One who wishes to experience joy needs to understand art. The very symbol of joy, the sparkling, leaping fountain, is, in its most beautiful manifestations, the fruit of the skill of great artists, who bring about the wedding of architecture, sculpture and nature itself, to give to the most sophisticated urban environment that freshness and spontaneity which is a fountain.

The fountain as a form of decoration for the exterior of palaces, cathedrals, or basilicas, was discovered many centuries ago, but it is most commonly associated with the baroque period of European art, when monumental fountains added to the general sumptuousness of architectural schemes in several countries, more especially in Italy and France. At this time, just as they experimented with the cunning use of natural light to enhance the effect of architectural design or sculptured decoration within a building, the greatest artists gave to naturally-flowing water a central part in the exterior scheme. As fountains became more common, they grew larger, freer in design, and more illusionistic in treatment. The conceit inherent in the idea of a fountain, that of a fictitious figure immersed in a real element and performing the real act of spraying water, was exploited in ever more ingenious ways.

Figures and forms associated with water naturally dominate both the symbolism and the decoration of a fountain: the basins are carved in the form of shells, or in one unusual fountain by Pietro Bernini, in that of a boat. Dolphins, water-nymphs or sea-horses may support the basin, while a Neptune or a Triton may seem to send the water forth. One interesting example has the discovery of Moses in the reeds for its central group.

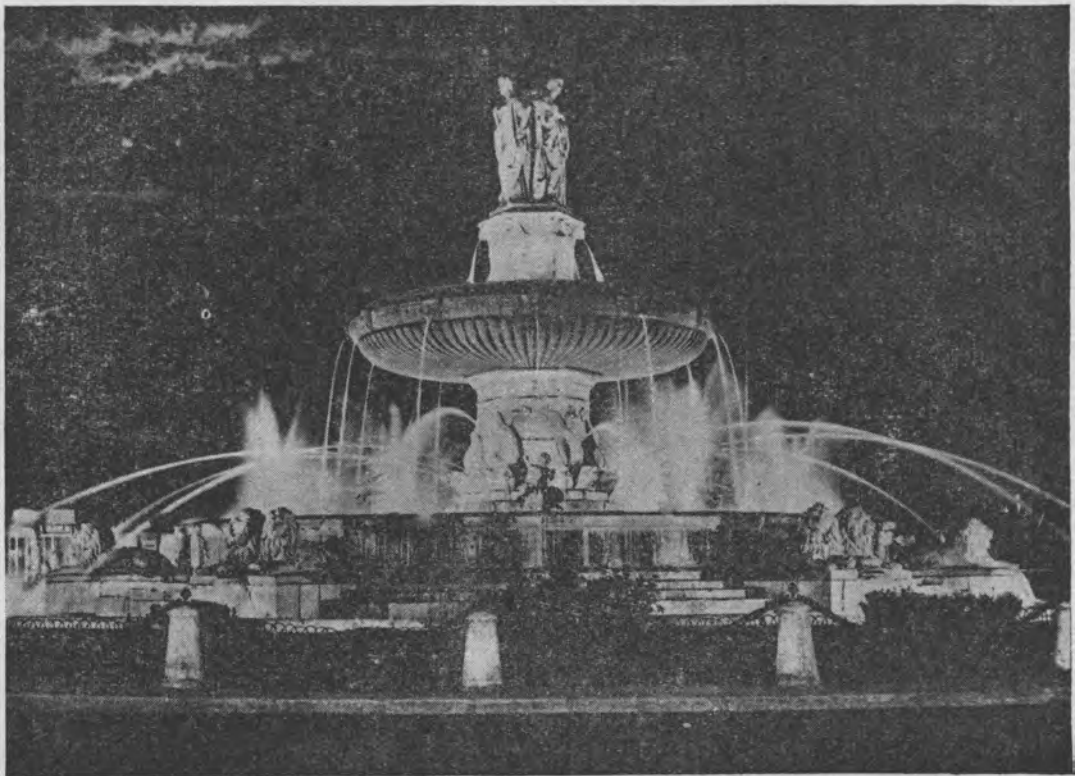
The mention of Roman fountains makes one think immediately of the great Gian Lorenzo Bernini, more famous son of Pietro, whose narrative treatment of his chosen themes makes his fountains so individual. In one case his Neptune stands above the fountain, jabbing at the water with his trident, illustrating a passage from Virgil's Aeneid where the sea-god is described as calming the waves.

His "Fountain of the Four Rivers" in the Piazza Navona, executed between 1647 and 1651, is another striking example of his work. It is one of the most fantastic of Bernini's creations still in existence. The four figures, which represent the Rhine, Ganges, Nile and Plata Rivers, are allegorical symbols of the four parts of the world.

The symbolism is not strikingly prominent, however, since the sculptor's chief aim was to produce a decorative ensemble unified by the flow of water over the irregular mass of rocks from which exotic flora and fauna emerge amid the impetuous rushing of the water.

Mention must be made of the "queen" of Roman fountains, that of Trevi, built by the architect Nicolo Salvi, perhaps to a sketch by Bernini. This is built against the wall of the Poli palace, and again classical formality in the triple arch is contrasted with natural irregularity in the disposition of the rocks in the large basin. In the large central niche a colossal Neptune rides a sea-shell chariot drawn by sea-horses and supported by tritons. As in the Four Rivers Fountain, the water here, instead of shooting upwards in a thin jet, pours out in cascades over the rocks below.

More often than not, however, a fountain was a purely decorative art-form, the symbolism of which was not intended to be interpreted too precisely or taken very seriously. This is true of the Fountain of Turtles, by Giacomo della Porta, in which four bronze youths, by Landini, hold up four turtles to drink from the top basin, from whose centre the jet shoots up, to flow over from the top basin into four shells carved at the feet of the youths and so into the circular lower basin.



Outside Italy, the most famous baroque fountains are those of Versailles, designed to bridge the gap between the informal beauty of nature and the man-made splendour of the palace. The gardens, which formed an integral part of the plan of the chateau, were as formal as the age itself. They owe their beauty to Andrè le Nôtre, an artist employed by Louis XIV. The design called for great basins to catch the reflection of the buildings, and for fountains, cascades and canals. Statues of river gods and playing children, and great ornamental vases of lead, served as accents in the fountains. In contrast to these, another French sculptor, Jean Goujon, in his "Fountain of the Innocents" adopted a naturalistic style with the grace and swing of line of Gothic carving. The nymphs in his famous fountain are elongated to allow for the free sweep of the long sinuous lines, which are accentuated by the rigid verticals of the framing pilasters.

The Swedish artist Carl Milles' many fountains are all of an architectural quality. They are usually made of bronze, boldly modelled in strong simple planes, with emphatic repeated motifs, in order to flood in the out-of-door light.

From South to North of Europe the fountain developed as a part of the architectural design of elegant palaces, gracious cathedrals or, in later times, of cities planned as a whole. It brings into the artificial environment the freshness of nature, for however ornate the design and execution, the fountain must still depend on the free play of pure water for its charm, as for its *raison d'être*, and so, through man's creative genius, body and mind alike are refreshed in the most torrid summers, by the splash and gurgle of the fountain.

GOWRI NAYAK,  
III B.A.



## And So Let us Continue

"A concerted plan has advantages that go beyond the field of economic growth and social progress; for in addition it gives significance and value to the work undertaken."

Let me start with Lewis Carroll's famous fable.....

The Red Queen was asking Alice to run faster and faster. They ran and ran until they seemed to skim thro' the air.....Alice was getting exhausted. She stopped and found herself on the ground breathless and giddy... ..

The Queen said kindly, "You may rest a little now. Alice looked around and exclaimed: "Why,.....I do believe we have been under the tree the whole time."

The Queen: "Of course it is.....what would you have it?"

Alice: "Well, in our country you would generally get to somewhere else if you ran fast as we have been doing."

The Queen: "A slow sort of country. Here it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place."

The fable comes true.....This is what is now happening in our country. Our planners have been dreaming and forecasting a "take-off" in the twinkling of an eye. Yet after 17 years we still seem to be like Alice very much under the same tree!

However, this does not mean that there has been no progress. Figures prove this. As a result of 15 years of planning

... The income per head has gone up from 275 to 325

... Production of food grains has gone up from 54.9 million tons to 89 million tons,

... The irrigated area has increased from 59 million acres to 97 million acres.

... The number of villages and towns electrified increased to 52300.

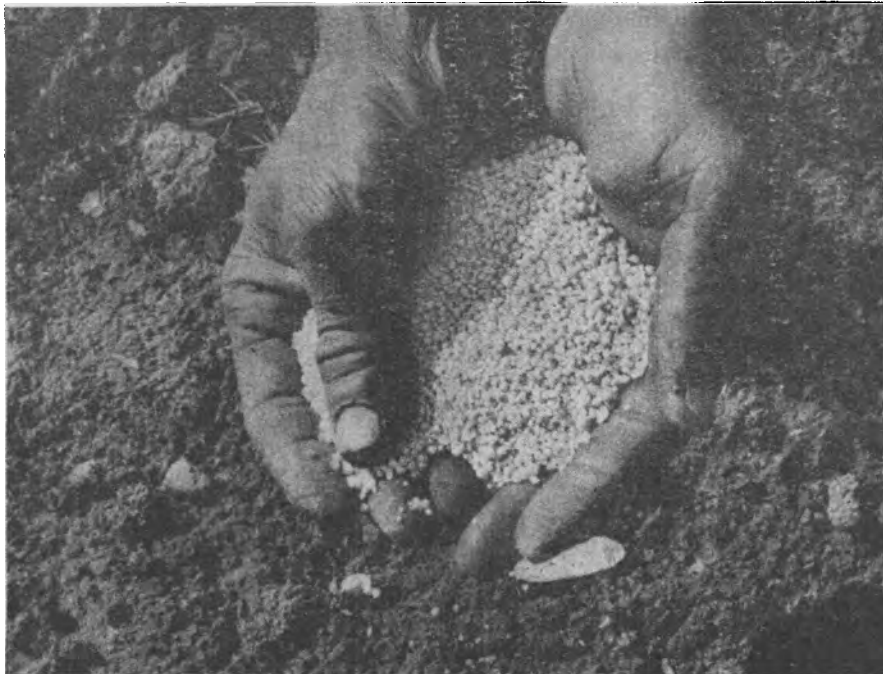
... Shipping has expanded from 3.9 lakh GRT to 15.4 lakh GRT.

... Production of iron ore increased from 3 million tons per year to 22 million tons per year.

... The number of college students increased from 3 lakhs to 15 lakhs. Surely there is no need to be pessimistic. What is needed today is an increased and sustained effort to win the race. Anything that grows, changes in growing; if it does not change, it dies. So we have to change our attitudes, change from lethargy, from indifference.....

Our country is a land of shortages.....a large number of people are tragically short of food and short of work. Our industries suffer from shortages of raw materials and the technical "know-how". The Indian economy today presents a picture of unusual complexity. On the one hand, the inflationary pressure threatens us, while on the other the recession tends to widen and deepen in some sectors of the economy.

The twin objectives of our plans were maximum production and social justice. Though there has been a shift in the emphasis from plan to plan, regarding immediate objectives, the ultimate goal remains the same. The planners have been contemplating a "take-off" ever since they launched on planned development. Take-off is that stage of economic development which would require a rise in the rate of productive investment to 12% when the economy is able to sustain its growth.



In the words of Rosenstein Rodan, "There is a minimum level of resources that must be devoted to a development programme, if it is to have any chance of success. Launching a country into self-sustaining growth is a little like getting an airplane off the ground....."

.....There is a critical ground speed which must be passed before the craft can become air-borne." In brief, this is what the country has been arriving at. We have realised all this. Our planners say; "The size of the task and the many sided challenge should not be underestimated.....Indian economy must not only expand rapidly but must become self-reliant and self-generating. For this we have to develop

our natural resources, achieve agricultural and industrial advancement, bring about changes in the social structure.....” Such is the integrated scheme for national development.

We have been moving in the right direction. But in the meantime our population is growing at a rapid rate. So if our standard of living is to reach a desirable level along with our fast growing population, it is imperative that we must first pragmatically sweep away our defensive and restrictive attitude towards modernisation or mechanisation and then we must run twice as fast as we are doing now - in the right direction.

Our lands are hungry and thirsty, in other words, the agricultural lands lack fertilisers and irrigation facilities to increase production per acre. The power behind the plough in most cases is weak and weary. We find hardly any tractors in the rural area. As Nehru remarked in the past, “if agriculture fails, we fail ....” But our brother farmer’s situation is unique. To him agriculture is a way of life, means of livelihood, his culture and religion. For this reason to improve it and to increase production by the use of modern methods he is either unable or unwilling. Mechanisation must be the goal and our agriculturists should accept this as their goal to save their country. It is a pity all the same to know that even after 20 years of independence and 3 plans we are still depending on imported food. The country is living on a “ship to mouth” basis. The only food available to the Centre is what comes at the ports. For all our developmental projects we still depend on foreign aid as much as 45%. Any amount of foreign aid will not solve our problem unless we take up the challenge !

Gopal Krishna Gokhale, the politician and economist of India, said in 1907 !

“We are at a stage of the country’s progress when our achievements are bound to be small and our disappointments frequent and trying. It will no doubt be given to our countrymen of future generations to serve India by their success.....”

This opportunity which he prophesied is now before us. The country is passing through a trying period. Lessons of 15 years of planning, reinforced by the example and experience of other countries, are before us to give us hope and encouragement.

Arthur Lewis says: “It is possible for a nation to take a new turn, if it is fortunate to have the right leadership at the right time. In the last analysis history is only the record of how individuals respond to the challenge of their times. All nations have opportunities which they may grasp, if only they can summon up the courage and the will.” We have had leaders in the past. The Father of the Nation had this for his motto: “Success attends where Truth reigns.” So, keeping this ideal before us.....

Let us continue.

P. M. VIJAYALAKSHMI,  
II M.A.



# Rejection

A cat came last night  
Right providentially,  
Loneliness can resound.

I laughed to see  
It seemed at home ;  
Cats adapt.

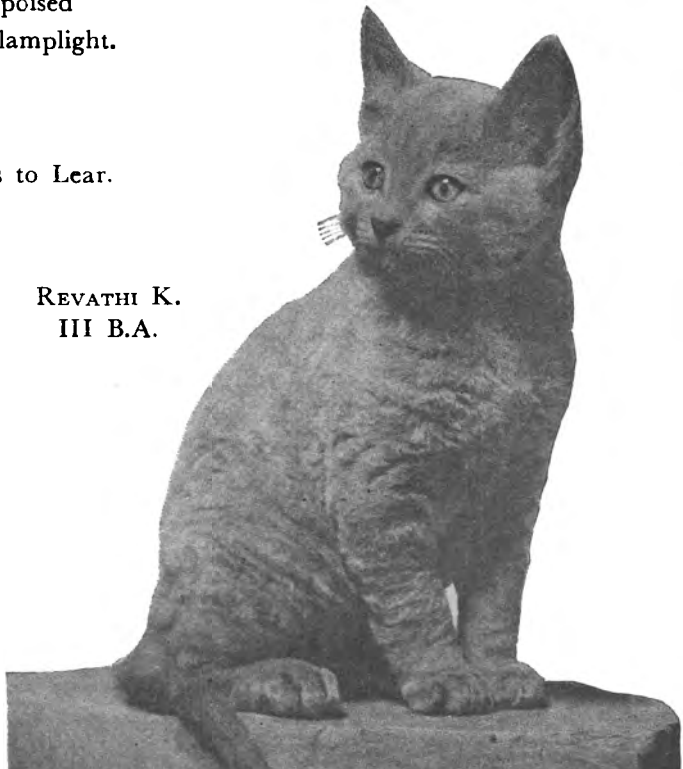
Hilaire Belloc liked cats.....  
Nonchalant, curved in my lap  
Its purr echoed within me,  
A mechanism keyed up  
To express  
content

Lamplight, Shakespeare, a companion cat  
A stillness in time.....  
Then a ripple,  
a stir  
a pebble in a pool.

Must be off, old boy - noblesse oblige ;  
Alley warmth poised  
silhouetted in lamplight.

Then bare sill  
and  
Island Man returns to Lear.

REVATHI K.  
III B.A.



# Petroleum - A Spring of Promise

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Few stories are as fascinating as that of the "black gold" which enriches life in so many ways.

The broad asphalt road stretched out into the distance and the car moved effortlessly over it, eating up the miles, using the energy stored in its high-octane gasoline. The man at the wheel was dressed in a suit of synthetic fibre. Where does the asphalt on the road, the synthetic fibre or the gasoline come from? Petroleum is the answer.

Large-scale exploitation of this 'black gold' started only recently, though the Chinese and Egyptians of the early centuries were familiar with its uses. Half the total energy in the world was at one time produced by this wonder liquid. Until recently man relied heavily on petroleum as a source of energy. Now it is slowly being replaced as a source of power. But the varied other uses of petroleum still give it a very important place as a servant of humanity. The products of petroleum are so varied that few spheres of life are left untouched by it.

In early days, petroleum deposits used to gush out (due to pressure) with great force, once, they found an exit through the crust of the earth. These 'gushers' used to last many days like uncontrollable springs. Petroleum is in fact a lively spring brimming with hope and promise.

The story of any gallon of petroleum or crude oil does not start from the oil well. It goes far beyond that. Several theories have been put forward to explain the origin of petroleum. The most widely accepted theory is that petroleum is formed by the gradual decomposition of plants and other organic matter, under great heat and pressure. Over millions of years, the highly complex petroleum was formed. Another less probable theory, is that of its formation from metal carbides reacting with streams of subterranean water. Since the oil in one place differs from that in another in content, it is highly probable that both theories are correct. Burma oil, for instance, produces no asphalt, whereas U.S. oil produces it in considerable quantities. The difference in content makes each theory probable in certain places.

According to the first theory, ancient trees (and possibly animals) died and were buried. The rocks piled over them subjected them to great heat and pressure. Petroleum was formed. Millions of years after the death of those plants, this wonderful oil was formed, and flows in subterranean streams, far below the surface of the earth.

From here on, man has contributed to the story of petroleum. The first oil well is lost in the annals of history. But today there are so many, they can hardly be counted. The drilling of a well requires the setting up of a derrick, a very tall steel tower having a variety of apparatus. The well is drilled and technicians sample the mud that is thrown up, searching for traces of oil. When oil is struck, it will gush out like a great fountain, if it is not carefully controlled. Now that it is found, the oil has to be led to a refinery and stored. This is the next stage of petroleum production - transportation and storage. Pipelines carry the oil for great distances. These pipes are large, made of steel, often 30 - 36 inches in diameter. External corrosion of these pipes is prevented by a coating of bitumen or other such material.

The process of refining differs, depending on the circumstances. The most common process is fractional distillation. In this method the many oils that constitute crude oil are separated. The refineries have tall fractionating columns. As the unrefined petroleum or crude oil passes through them it is heated to over 500° under 10 - 50 p.s.i. pressure. The temperature of the lower part of the towers will be less than that of the upper parts. Therefore, the more volatile oils separate first, and condense in special receivers. Thus at different heights various "fractions" are separated. The different oils are then stored in huge storage tanks. From here pipelines again aid distribution. Provided flow rates are carefully controlled, various products can be made to run through the same pipe, in batches, with less than 1% contamination. The refined products are conveyed to further destinations by tank trucks, railroad tanks, and large ocean-going tankers. The capacity of oil tankers varies from 138,000 to 1.4 million barrels.

The first condensed product is gasoline, the uses of which need hardly be mentioned. Next is kerosene, and then diesel oil. Other products are lubricating oils, paraffin wax, liquid paraffin, and asphalt.

Besides fractional distillation, several other methods are employed to obtain useful products from petroleum. Catalytic cracking uses catalysts such as aluminium silica mixture. Polymerisation, alkylation and reforming are methods used less frequently. Polymerisation and alkylation yield high-octane gasolines. Aviation gasoline is produced by catalytic cracking.

Petroleum can be found almost anywhere - beneath farms or factories, deserts or forests, oceans or lakes. To tap off-shore deposits, special platforms have been devised, to operate in water more than 100 feet deep. They can drill to a depth of 20,000 feet. The platform carries a derrick, drilling equipment, and living quarters. Sometimes dry wells are drilled. This means that the well is a failure. Much money is spent in search for oil, but it is spent with a purpose - for it pays.

Today, much of the energy needed by the world is beginning to be supplied by atomic energy. The potential of petroleum lies not so much in its gasoline or diesel oil, but in the comparatively new 'Petrochemical Industry' that has sprung from it. Petrochemicals are extensively used in the manufacture of synthetic fibres,

synthetic rubbers, plastics, detergents and paints. As many as 500 new products derived from petroleum and natural gas are introduced into the market every year. Petrochemicals cover everything from basic materials such as ethylene, acetylene, butylene, benzene, propane, butadiene, to intermediates like alcohols, glycols, aldehydes and certain chlorine derivatives. Carbon black, another petrochemical, is used for reinforcing the tyres of automobiles. Petrochemicals are even used in the manufacture of fertilizers, which are in great demand for the development of agriculture. A large number of fertilizer plants based on naphtha have been set up all over India. Certain petrochemicals are used in the manufacture of insecticides and plant sprays. The common household detergents are generally prepared from dodecyl benzene; while beautiful synthetic fibres like Dacron, Nylon, Orlon and Acrilan are produced from paraxylene and cyclohexane. The layman is often unaware of these petroleum derivatives which have become part and parcel of his life. This dynamic new industry is helping to change the world today and provides a challenge to the chemist, to find out new uses of the existing petrochemicals as well as to make new compounds.

Perhaps the greatest breakthrough yet is SCPF - Single Cell Protein Food, a synthetic food product of petroleum. In this age of starvation threats it does indeed contain immense promise, not as a food substitute perhaps, but as an additive to nutrition. Recent researches have led to the discovery that yeast cells are produced in the fermentation of petroleum and they are capable of reproducing and nourishing themselves in petroleum. The day does not seem to be far when this rich new reservoir of protein will be tapped, to benefit starving humanity.

Besides these varied products, the petroleum industry is also helping to solve another of man's many ills - unemployment. The industry employs scores of engineers, oil field workers, scientists, repairmen and mechanics (welders, painters, electricians, etc.) inspectors and marketing personnel, clerical and administrative staff. Literally and figuratively, petroleum is doing its share to set the wheels of progress in motion.

The exploitation of petroleum has brought to us a life pulsing with activity. Silent and slow, this subterranean stream of "black gold" flows on and on, under our very feet, but far, far beneath.

BERNICE PAIVA  
I B. Sc.

# The Indian International Trade and Industries Fair

India's own Expo was held right on our doorstep, to the great delight of students and whole families, as well as of industrialists and tradesmen.

Nineteen sixty-eight seems intent on ushering India into the limelight of international affairs. The brief span of two months saw the nation open her portals to three world meets; first, the World Tamil Seminar-Conference, a linguistic and cultural gathering; then, the second UNCTAD; and finally, as a practical corollary to the latter, the Indian International Trade and Industries Fair. It looks as if India is anxious to focus international attention on to herself in a manner that is at once gracious and purposeful, without endangering her neutrality on the international scene. "Prosperity through partnership" is an acknowledged economic truth; and this is exactly what India has tried to exemplify and demonstrate through the International Fair.

It was obvious that Madras really felt the special honour of having been called upon to play host to the rest of India and the rest of the world, on this momentous occasion. Indeed, the Fair was to Madras what Expo - '67 had been to Montreal. The colourful banners and posters heralding the great event generated many kilowatts of excitement and led to much speculation on the extent and contents of this "Exhibition" - as many people naturalized it. Newspapers and magazines adorned their columns with long introductions to the approaching event.

After its formal inauguration, of course, the fair started featuring even more in conversations at home and abroad; brothers and cousins, having visited it before anybody else and backed by the verbal authority which their position as the (unemployed) engineers of tomorrow conferred on them, pompously declared that there was nothing there for girls, and thus made the visit to the fair a masculine monopoly. But feminine curiosity was hardly to be put off by such feeble opposition.

The fair site being a little removed from the city, the intervening distance afforded a panoramic view of the entire landscape, consisting of colour and canvas, of pavilions and of gay balloons aspiring to the heavens. The numerous special buses were spilling out their contents on to the adjoining grounds; and people by the hundreds were marching to the counters and thence into the arena through the graceful arch at the entrance.



The pavilions that met the eye were all equally inviting, and the visitor's dilemma was which to enter first. The structure set up by the U. S. S. R. looked very imposing; inside was a formidable display of agricultural and industrial equipment. Popular attention, however, was rivetted to the television-sets in the pavilion.

A majestic lion greeted the visitors in the Gujarat pavilion, which was adorned with countless photographs depicting the people, the occupations, the projects and the progress of the state which had given Mahatma Gandhi to the nation. The "perfumed" Mysore pavilion housed a very attractive display of the industrial and artistic output of the state. The ornate ivory-work and the intricately-carved sandalwood caskets were breathtakingly beautiful. The Kerala pavilion aptly mirrored the cultural wealth and the economic progress of this land of swaying palms and Kathakali dances.

Despite the fact that industrial giants like the United States, the United Kingdom and Japan were conspicuous by their absence, the participation of many East European countries, led by the U.S.S.R., endowed the fair with considerable cosmopolitan interest. Poland had an impressive display of industrial and mechanical equipment that attracted and engrossed budding engineers. Italy shared a pavilion with the United Arab Republic and some other countries of West Asia. The rotating slides were models of photographic skill and ingenuity.

The long queues at some of the otherwise attractive structures warned off many would-be visitors. Numerous people had made a picnic of the occasion, spreading themselves out on the many patches of green that were interspersed between the pavilions. The music from the open-air theatres, the gleeful shrieks of the children on the giant wheel, the double-decker and boat-shaped buses plying on the road, lent a gala, festive atmosphere to this otherwise formal gathering concerned primarily with industries and trade.

The pavilion of the Shipping Corporation, erected symbolically in water, contained a number of informative models and charts of existing and forthcoming port and dockyard schemes. Atmosphere was the strong point of the Railways pavilion. Indeed, the ceiling, the stair-case and the whole environment made people feel exactly as if they were in an Indian railway station. The miniature models of railway coaches and of automation systems attracted both children and adults.

Hundreds of people were surging forward at the West German canvas structure to have a glimpse of the much-praised "Dancing Fountains". The clock pointed to six o'clock as the timing for the next show. As the hour approached, the crowd increased; just then a member of the staff came out and moved the hour-hand to the next digit. The people looked as if the pill was a bit difficult to swallow.



The International Tower, which was the nucleus of the fair, was also the nucleus of popular attention. People patiently awaited their turn to climb up this elegant, spiralling structure, to have a bird's eye view of the entire landscape.

Numerous public-sector and private-sector undertakings as well as joint ventures had impressive displays depicting the tremendous progress already made in the modernisation of the country and plans for the future. The economic development of Uttar Pradesh and Maharashtra was displayed by their huge pavilions and wide range of articles. The less fortunate people who had not visited Agra gazed with admiration on the beautiful miniature replica of the Taj in the Uttar Pradesh structure. Maharashtra had a number of departments, constructed with such subtle ingenuity, that not one of them could be overlooked or by-passed.

The blondes and brunettes in the spacious Binny's pavilion looked strikingly true to life. Ambitious housewives sighed out their yearnings before the model of a modern kitchen in the "India Today" department, and looked reproachfully at their husbands, who tried to evade the issue. The Exports pavilion informed its visitors that India exported countless articles, from froglegs to frigidaires and from cashew nuts to elephants, in fact, everything except moon-rockets!

Madras State pavilion, with its traditional temple-entrance, housed a number of sections dealing with agriculture, fishing, dairy-farming, handicrafts and industries. The bell-metal lamps and bronze statues must have evoked gasps of admiration from many a foreigner. The hand-made dolls were models of beauty and grace.

Despite its primarily industrial outlook, the fair had many of the regular ingredients of a local exhibition. The small shops set up to sell jewellery, handloom fabrics and handbags, attracted many who were awed by the mechanical exhibits. Both children and adults were constantly getting lost and blaring loudspeakers were ceaselessly engaged in the task of reunion. The escalator was a novel feature; there was the indispensable artificial lake with a boat plying in it.

Visitors to the Fair had the feeling, "Here's God's plenty!" Having been drawn from various strata in society, their objectives differed. Some, in a frantic effort to save another trip, were interested in only a general survey; the casual ones eager for details, seemed determined to miss nothing; others dreamily drifted about like Alice in Wonderland, and were only occasionally startled into awareness by the sound of an imminent double-decker; while school children marched in pairs under the stern eye of their masters.

As night approached, the multi-coloured lights came on; the Fair looked like a city by itself and the noise seemed to have increased all of a sudden. Soon fatigued visitors began to make their way to the exit; they really made a "moving" contrast to the enthusiastic multitude which had entered so eagerly earlier in the evening, as they now trooped out, drained of all energy and utterly exhausted, like soldiers returning from a taxing, yet successful, military engagement. Their faces were, however, lit up with the joy of having seen something worthwhile, of having augmented their knowledge of their country, its people and its neighbours and of having gained an insight into the elementary principle of reciprocity on which this world of ours subsists from day to day.

RADHA RAJAGOPALAN  
I M.A.

## முழங்கும் முழவு

நெஞ்சில் இன்பம் தருமாம் பெருமிகு  
தங்கம் ஒன்றே அதனெலி எங்கும்  
பொங்கும் களிப்புப் பெருக்கி நிற்கும்  
எய்துமே இன்பம் அங்கம் யாவும்

இறைவன் திருவாய் மொழியே போல  
மறையும் மாலைச் செவ்வேள் போல  
குறையில் நெஞ்சம் குளிர் தல் போல  
குழந்தைக் கனவின் முறுவல் போல

உயிர்வெருட்டும் இடியோ துயில்மருட்டும் காற்றோ ?  
நயம்பெருக்கும் இசையோ பயம்அகற்றும் துணிவோ ?  
கரைஉடைக்கும் அலையோ படபடக்கும் மனமோ ?  
தரைபிளக்கும் மழையோ தக்கார்சொற் புயலோ ?

சுயிற்பாடும் ஞாலோ மயிலாடும் தடமோ  
விரல்மேவும் கணமோ விழைந்தோடும் பாலோ  
மடையோடும் நீரோ நடைபோடும் மாளோ  
பாராளும் மன்னன்தன் புகழ்தருபடை போரோ

ஓடிடும் புகைவண்டி சகடவொலி போலும்  
விரைந்து மண்தாவும் விண்கப்பல் போலும்  
ஓலமிட்டு ஓடிச்செல்லும் ஊர்தியொலி போலும்  
கற்பனை மிதந்துவரும் ஒலியினைத்தும் கேட்பேள்

பழமையில் புதுமையோ புதுமையிற் பழமையோ  
பழகிவரும் நண்பரோ அழகியதோர் அரங்கமோ  
மழலைகள் ஆடலில் கொண்டாடும் களிப்போ  
அமுமுள்ளம் தேற்றும் அமுதமே! மிருதங்கமே?

SASHIKALA DEVI,  
II M.A. E.CON.S.



## நீங்காத நினைவு

ஒருவருக்குமே கிடைக்காத அரியவோர் வாய்ப்பு எதிர்பாராத விதமாய், பெப்ரவரி 17-ம் நாள், எனக்குக் கிடைத்தது. ஆம்! சென்னைத் துறைமுகத்தில், இந்தியாவைக் காணும் ஆர்வத்தோடு, ஜப்பானிய மாணவ மாணவிகளைப் பெருமையுடன் சுமந்துவந்த 'சக்காரு மாரு' என்ற கப்பலைக் காணச்சென்ற, மறக்கமுடியாத மகிழ்ச்சி நிரம்பிய, அந்த நாளைத்தான் குறிப்பிடுகிறேன்.

கையில் அனுமதிச் சீட்டுடனும், உள்ளத்தில் உற்சாகப் பெருக்குடனும் கப்பலில் நுழைந்த எங்களை அக்களிப்பு முகத்தில் தோன்ற வரவேற்றனர் மாணவர்கள், அக்கப்பலைப் பற்றியும், ஜப்பான் நாட்டைப் பற்றியும் சிறப்பித்துக் காட்டும் பற்பல நுட்பமான பொருட்களைக் கொண்ட அழகிய பைகளை எங்கட்குக் கொடுத்து எம்மை வரவேற்றனர்.

ஜப்பான் நாட்டிற்கே சென்றுவிட்டது போன்ற உணர்ச்சியும் திகைப்பும் மேலிட்ட வராய் சுவர்களை அலங்கரித்த அழகிய வர்ணப் படங்களை ஆராய்ந்து இரசித்தவாறு, மெல்ல நகர்ந்து சென்றோம். அப்படங்கள் ஜப்பான் நாட்டின் பொருளாதாரம், கைத்தொழில், விஞ்ஞானம் ஆகிய துறைகளின் சிறப்பைப் பேசாது பேசிக் காட்டின.

அவ்வழகிய கப்பலின் மற்றோர் பகுதியை அடைந்தபோது 'யார் வீட்டு நவராத்திரிக் கொலுவிற்குச் சென்றுள்ளோம்' என்று ஒரு கணம் திகைத்து நின்றோம். அப்போது, எம்முடன் வந்த ஜப்பானிய மாணவி, கண்கவரும் கைவேலைப்பாடமைந்த அப்பொம்மைகள் ஜப்பானிய திருவிழாக் காலங்களின் தனிப்பட்ட அலங்காரம் என்று எடுத்துக் கூறினாள். பிரிய மனமில்லாமல் பொம்மை உலகை விட்டு நீங்கி மற்றோர் பகுதியை அடைந்தோம்.

திடீரென ஒருவரையொருவர் அடித்துக் கொள்ளும் ஒலி கேட்க, ஏதோ மல்யுத்தம் தான் நடக்கிறது போலும் என்று அச்சத்தோடு ஓலிவந்த திக்கை நோக்க, அங்கே நின்ற ஜப்பானிய மாணவன், எங்கள் மலைப்பையும் திகைப்பையும் பார்த்து, புன்னகையுடன், 'இவர்கள் "ஜூடோ" முறைப்படி சண்டையிட்டுப் பழகுகிறார்கள்' என்றான். எங்கள் அச்சமும் கணப்பொழுதில் நீங்கியது.

அடுத்ததாக, இன்னிசை அமுது தவழ்ந்து வரக்கேட்டோம், எம்மை விருந்தினராக அழைத்துத் தக்க உபசாரத்துடன் பழவகைகளும் தேனீரும் அருந்தச் செய்தனர், 'ஜூடோ' சண்டையைக் கண்டு வியர்த்து ஓய்ந்து நின்ற எங்கட்கு அத் தேனீர் பானம் புதிய உற்சாகத்தை அளித்தது. அது முடிய, ஜப்பானிய ஆடல் பாடல்களை இரசிக்கச் சென்றோம், குடைகளைப் பிடித்தவாறு சுழன்று சுழன்று ஆடிக்காட்டினர். எதற்கு அவர்கள் குடைகளைப் பிடித்துக்கொண்டு ஆடவேண்டும் என்ற கேட்காத எங்கள் கேள்வியைப் புரிந்துகொண்ட ஒரு மாணவன் 'மழை வேண்டும், மாநிலம் தழைக்க வேண்டும்' என்பதே இவ்வாடலின் கருத்து என விளக்கிக் கூறினாள்,

கலைத்திறமையில் சற்றும் சளைக்காத நம் நாட்டின் நாட்டியக்கலையை ஜப்பானியருக்குக் காட்டவேண்டும் என்ற ஆர்வத்தோடு, ஒரு இந்தியப்பெண், வெகு நேர்த்தியாக பாவம் தோன்ற, "அற்றை நற்றமிழ் கூற்றின் முறையினால்" ஆடிக்காட்டினாள். நம் நாட்டு நாட்டியக்கலை, இசைக்கருவி, தாளவறுதி, இவைகளைக்குறித்து பற்பல கேள்விகள் கேட்ட ஜப்பானிய மாணவர்களுக்கு வெகு பெருமித்தோடு விளக்கிக் கூறினோம்.

ஐப்பானியர் தனிச்சிறப்பாகிய 'தேனீர் சடங்கு' ஒருபோதும் எங்கள் நினைவினின்று அகலாது. விருந்தினர் யாவரும் மண்டியிட்டு அமர, சில ஐப்பானியப் பெண்கள் சூடான தேனீர் கலவையை அழகான கோப்பைகளில் நிரப்பி, எம் ஒவ்வொருவர் முன்னும் மண்டியிட்டு வணங்கி, எமக்கு அத்தேனீர்க் கோப்பையைக் கொடுத்தனர். அவர்கள் மனங்கவர் பணியையும், நயத்தையும், பொறுமையையும் வியந்து பாராட்டியவாறே தேனீர் பருகினோம்.

மேலும், அக்கப்பலின் அதிகாரியைக் காணச் சென்றபோது, அவர் எங்களுக்கு ஒலிம்பிக் சின்னத்தைக் கொடுத்து, நம் நாட்டை வெகுவாய்ப் பாராட்டிப்பேசி, மகிழ்வித்தார். அதுசமயம், மாணவர்களில் ஒருவன், 'பிற்போக்கான நாடுகளை முன்னுக்குக் கொண்டுவர, முன்னேற்றமடைந்த ஆசியநாடுகள் ஒன்று சேர்ந்து உதவ முயலக்கூடாதா?' என்று எழுப்பிய வினா, என் காதுகளில் இன்னும் ஒலித்துக் கொண்டே இருக்கிறது.

அன்றிரவு, விருந்தினர்களை மகிழ்விக்கும்பேறு, எங்கட்குக் கிடைத்தது. முப்பது ஐப்பானிய மாணவ மாணவியர் விருந்துண்ண எம் இல்லம் வந்திருந்தனர். இந்திய உணவை, நம் முறைப்படி, விரும்பி உண்டனர், ஆனால் சிறிது காரம் கூட அவர்களால் தாங்க இயலவில்லை. நமக்கோ காரமின்றிச் சாப்பிடத் தெரியாது.

மறுநாள், பகல் 12 மணிக்கு அவர்களை வழியனுப்பத் துறைமுகத்திற்குச் சென்றோம். அவர்களை இந்திய உடையிலும், எம்மை ஐப்பானிய உடையிலும் கண்ட பாரதத்தாய் புன்முறுவல் பூத்து மகிழ்ந்திருப்பாள் என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை. அவர்களைப் பிரியும் நேரமும் வந்தது. கப்பலை விட்டிறங்கிக் கரையைச் சார்ந்தபோது, எம் ஐப்பானிய நண்பர்கள் காகிதச்சுருள்களை வீசினர், நாங்கள் ஒரு முனையைப் பிடிக்க, அவர்கள் மற்றொரு முனையைப் பிடித்துக்கொண்டார்கள். "சயோனாரா, சயோனாரா" என்ற வாழ்த்துக்களுடன் கப்பல் எங்களை விட்டு நகரத் தொடங்கியபோது எங்கள் உள்ளம் உணர்ச்சி வசப்பட்டது. கைகளில் பற்றியிருந்த காகிதத் தோரணங்களை அசைத்தவாறே நாங்களும் பிரியாவிடை பெற்றோம். கனவா.....நினைவா, என்ற முடிவுக்கு வரக்கூடாத நிலையில் செயலற்று நின்றோம். இரண்டு நாள் பழக்கத்தில் எங்கள் உள்ளங்களைக் கவர்ந்து சென்ற அந்த ஐப்பானியரைப் பற்றிய இனிய நினைவுகள் எங்கள் சிந்தையினின்று என்றும் நீங்காது! நீங்காது.

V. S. P. MYTHREYI,  
II B.A.

## “ யாதும் ஊரே ; யாவரும் கேளிர் ”

நந்தமிழாம் செந்தமிழ் - பைந்தமிழாம் தீந்தமிழ் வழங்கு தமிழ்நாடுதனைக் காணும் போதும், வழங்கிய தமிழ்நாடு நோக்கும்போதும், பெருகிவரும் மாற்றம் பலவால் உலகம் உருமாறி வந்தபோதும், தமிழின் மாறாத தன்மையை, தனிப்பண்பு நிலைத்துள்ள தன்மையை உணரலாம். அன்று - வேழமுடைத்தான சேரநாட்டு வளமுடைய வஞ்சியரும், சோறுடைத்தான சோனாட்டு வாழ்வுடைய வளவரும், முத்துடைத்தான பாண்டிநாட்டுச் செம்மை திறம்பாச் செழியரும், தம்மை ஆள்வேந்தரும், வேண்டுவன பலவும் கொண்டு, கொடைத் திறனும் படைத்திறனும் கண்டு, ஈவாரும் கொள்வாருமிலாத வானத்து வாழ்வாரே வன்கணவர் என்றுணர்ந்து, தம்முள் உவந்துறவாடியும், உற்ற சமயம் போராடியும், குணநலனாலும் மனநலனாலும், தம்மை விஞ்சுவாரும், மிஞ்சுவாரும் இன்றி இம்மைக் கண்ணுற்ற செம்மை வாழ்வினைச் செவ்வனே நடாத்தினர். இன்று - அதன் பிரதிபலிப்பு, படப் பிடிப்பு என அமைவது பூம்புகார்ப்பட்டினம், அதற்கு அழகு செய்யுமாறு அமைந்தது தமிழ் தவழும் நாவும், தமிழ்மணம் கமழும் மணமும் கொண்ட தமிழர் தம் அடிகள் பட்டுப் பேருவகை எய்தும் கடற்கரையும் - அது தவழும் கடலும் !

அக்கடற்கரையில், ஊனுடல் மாய்ந்து விட்டபோதும், உய்துவிட்ட தமிழ்த்தொண்டர் சிலை வடிவில் நின்றேனும் தமிழைக் காவல் செய்ய நினைந்து நம்மையும் வாழ்த்தி நிற்கக் காண்கின்றோம். கண்கவரும் காட்சிகள்..... மாபெரும் ஊர்வலம்..... விதி மறைந்து போனாலும், மதிவறா மன்னவன், வீதியில் நடந்த ஆவின் கன்று ஆவி துறந்ததைக் கோயில் மணியால் தெளிந்தபோது, கொதித்தெழுந்து, சற்றேனும் தன் மகளின் கதியையும் தான் அவனுக்குச் செய்யும் சதியையும் உன்ஓதானும், மனத்தின் துயர் பேணாது மானத்தைப் பெரிதாக எண்ணியவனும், நீதி உய்ந்து விடுவதென்றால் தன் மகவு மாய்ந்திடக் கண்டு மகிழ்ந்தான், மாந்தர்பால் அன்றி மற்றுள்ள உயிர்கள் பாலும் காதலாகிக் கண்ணீர் மல்கக் கசிந்துருகும் முல்லைக்குத் தேர்ந்த பாரியின் அன்புக்கு எல்லை கண்டார் உண்டோ? நெஞ்சம் இணைந்துவிட்ட தன்மைதான் தூய காதல் என்றால், வையம் காவல் செய்யும் இறைவனையே காதலித்த தன்மை, சூடிக்கொடுத்த சுடர்க்கொடிக்கே உரித்தானது. இளமையும், யாக்கையும், வளவிய வான்பெருஞ் செல்வமும் நில்லா உலகில் புலவரால் பெருநன்மை உண்டு என்று எண்ணித் தமிழைக் காதலித்த தன்மையான் அமிழ்துவினை நெல்லித் தீங்கனியை அவ்வைக்கு ஈந்தான் அதிகமான். தமிழுக்குத் தலை கொடுத்துச் சிறந்தான் குமணன், சொல்லின் கண்பட்ட சோர்வு காரணமாய், மன்னவன் நா பிழைக்கக் கோவலனை இழந்த கற்புக்கடம் பூண்ட கண்ணகி தன் அணிமணிக் காற்சிலம்புடைத்து மன்னவனை வென்று உலகுக்கோர் திருமாமணியாய் ஆயினள், முத்தமிழ்த்துறையின் முறைபோகிய தன்மையான் கற்பனைத் திறன் வாய்ந்த கம்பன், எக்காலத்தும் எவரும் உய்யும் வண்ணம் உள்ளும் பொருள் அனைத்தும் உரைத்த வள்ளுவன், நீதி போற்றிய மன்னவர் இருக்க, தமிழ் கற்ற தெய்வப்புலவரின் பொருட்டு அதையும் மாற்றி வெண்சாமரம் தன் திண்தோளசைய வீசி நின்ற, நீதிக்கு மேம்பட்டது தமிழ் என்று தேர்ந்த பாவலனால் மதிக்கப்பட்ட மோசிகீரனார், தமிழ் தழைக்கச் செய்த மேனாட்டவர், அன்னியன் ஆண்டபோது மூண்டெழுந்து அடிமைத்தனை அகற்றி விடுதலை பெற வீர முரசு கொட்டிய பைந்தமிழ்ப் பனுவல் பாடும் பாரதியார், கப்பல் ஓட்டிய தமிழன் என்று இன்னவரைத் தமிழர் பலவேறு வகையான் ஏற்றி அன்னார் பாதம் போற்றுவதில் உவகை கொள்கின்றனர். இத்தனை காட்சிகளும் ஒன்றுபின் ஒன்றாக ஆரவாரத்தோடு தமிழ் நடம் புரியும் தமிழ்நாடுதனில் சென்றது, இரண்டாவது உலகத்தமிழ் மாநாட்டை ஓட்டியே என்பது யாவரும் அறிந்தது, வடுவஞ்சி

வாய்மொழிந்து, தமவும் பிறவும் ஒப்பநாடிக் கொள்வதும் மிகைகொளாது கொடுப்பதும் குறைகொடாது, வாணிபம் செய்து நாளிலவளமும் மிகுதியாகப் பெற்று, மாடு கட்டிப் போரடித்தால் போதாது என்றெண்ணி யானைகட்டிப் போரடிந்த காட்சியினைக் கண்டு களிக்கின்றோம். பலவகையான இன்னிசையுடன் சிலைத்திறப்பு விழாவும் ஊர்வலமும் இனிது முடிந்தது.

அன்று மாலை கடற்கரையில் கடலைக்காண இயலாத அளவு மக்கள் கூட்டம். மணற்றிடலில் கால் பாவியபோதும் அதன் இன்பம் காணமுடியாது அவர் படும் கட்டம். அன்னாரின் உள்ளத்தில் தமிழின், தான் பிறந்த மரபு தழைத்தால் எழும் இன்ப உணர்வலைகள், இது கண்டு ஆர்ப்பரிக்கும் கடலைகள். தமிழ் மண்ணின் மீது கால் வைத்த தன்மையான் வேறொன்றும் அறியாதவராகி, தமிழின் தமிழின் சிறப்பை வாழ்த்தி வணங்கி உரையாற்றினார். இந்தியக் குடியரசுத்தலைவர் தமிழின் தன்மை பற்றியும் திரைகடலோடித் தமிழர் திரவியம் தேடியதால் தமிழ் பரவிய தன்மையும் ஆற்றா விருப்பின் தமிழைப் போற்றியபோதும் தமிழை வளம்படுத்த அன்னார் பிறமொழி வல்லுநராய் அமைந்த தன்மை பற்றியும், மதம், இலக்கியம், கலை, கலாசாரம் இவற்றின் உயிர்நாடி, 'தமிழெ'ன்றும் உரை நிகழ்த்தினார். அறிஞர் அண்ணாதுரை அவர்கள், தமிழர் அனைத்து நாட்டவரும் வாழவேண்டும் என்ற எண்ணமுடையாரேனும் அன்னாரின் தனிப் பண்பை எந்நாளும் விட்டுத்தரமாட்டார் என்பதனை மயிர்தீப்பின் வாழாக் கவரிமான் அன்ன அவன் தன்மையானே காட்டினார். அன்றியும் இறைவன் தந்த உலகுதனில் தனக்கு மட்டுமே உரித்தானது என உள்ளத்து உயர்நோக்கன்றி எதுவும் கொள்ளாத தன்மையான், கணியன் பூங்குன்றனார் அன்றே "யாதும் ஊரே, யாவரும் கேளிர்" என்று வரைந்து சென்றதை நினைவுகூர்ந்து அதையே குறிக்கொளாகக் கொண்டு விழா நடத்தினார். தமிழனின் இந்தப் பரந்த நோக்கு இன்று பலராலும் பாராட்டப் பெறும் தன்மையை உடனுரைத்தனர் அன்றியும் 'தீதும் நன்றும் பிறந்தர வாரா' என்பதனை, அன்றே கணியன் பூங்குன்றனார் நன்மையும் தீமையும்



நம்மாலே அமைவது என்று கண்டதையும் விளக்கி, நல்லது செய்யவே நாட்டம் வேண்டும் என்றும் தமிழ் முதலமைச்சர் உரையாற்றினார். மேலும் பூம்புகார்த் தீவுத்திடலிலும், பல்கலைக் கழகக் கருத்தரங்கு மண்டபத்திலும் பல கலை நிகழ்ச்சிகளுக்கு ஏற்பாடுகள் அமைந்தன. தொல்பொருள் ஆராய்ச்சியின் பயனும் கிடைத்த பல்வேறு பொருட்களும் தேர்வு மண்டபத்தில் காட்சிக்கு வைக்கப்பட்டன. மாபெரும் ஊர்வலமும், பூம்புகார்ப் பட்டினமும் கண்டுகளித்த எண்ணற்ற மக்கள் இக்கலைக் கண்காட்சி கண்டும் பெரும்பயன் உற்றனர்.

ஆய்ந்து ஆய்ந்து கற்ற ஆராய்ச்சி செய்த பல மேனாட்டு அறிஞர்கள் உடைய பெருமையுடன் வீற்றிருக்க, கருத்தரங்கு இன்னிசையுடன் இறை வணக்கத்துடன் துவங்கியது. தமிழகக்காகத் தம்மை அர்ப்பணித்தோர் பலருள் சிலரையேனும் தெரிந்துகொள்வது நன்று. ஆராய்ச்சியில் ஆர்வமிக்க அமெரிக்க ஐக்கியநாட்டு அறிஞர் டாக்டர் விக்டர் நூவோ, தமிழ்சை, கூத்து இவற்றை விரும்பும் உருசியப் பெண்மணி திருமதி படிசினு, நாதசுர இசைப்பிரியர் உருமேனியாவைச் சேர்ந்த டெமிட்ரியன், ஸ்வீடன் நாட்டு டீகில் தம்பதிகள், மொழி ஆய்வில் ஈடுபட்டுள்ள இத்தாலிய மாது ஜான்புன்ஸோ, அமெரிக்கப் பேரறிஞர் ஹார்ட், பிரெஞ்சுப் பேராசிரியர் ஜான்பியாசோ என்போர் குறிப்பிடத்தக்கவர். அன்னார் தமிழன்பால் கொண்ட ஏற்றமும் எண்ணமும் அவர் ஆற்றிய உரையான் தெள்ளிதின் அறியப்படும். தமிழனின் மணம் விரிந்து பரந்து கிடந்தபோதும், பல்கலைக் கழகக் கருத்தரங்கு மண்டபம், அனைத்துத் தமிழருக்கும் ஆங்கே இடந்தர இயலாமை குறித்து மனம் நொந்தது.

முன்னரே சில திறப்பு விழாவின்போது கி. ஆ. பெ. விசுவநாதம் அவர்கள் திருவள்ளூர் தோன்றியிராவிட்டால் தமிழனை உலகமே அறிந்திராது என உணர்ச்சிவசப் பட்டுக் கூறியதும் அறிவோம். அந்த வள்ளுவப் பெருந்தகை தந்த தமிழை, அதன் சிறப்பை அகிலமெங்கும் பரப்பும் நாட்டம் கொண்டவராய் அமைதியாகக் காரியம் செய்வராய் இருந்து மதிநலம் கொண்டு உண்மை அவாவினால் உயர்தொண்டு ஆற்றுபவர் தவத்திரு தனிநாயகம் அடிகளார். மலேசியாவில் நடந்த முதல் உலகத்தமிழ் மாநாட்டுக்குத் தக்க ஏற்பாட்டினைச் செய்து, அதனை இனிது நடாத்தி, சென்னையில் நடந்த இந்த இரண்டாம் உலகத்தமிழ் மாநாட்டுக்கும் சிறப்புச் செய்தார் அன்னவரே. அவர் மலேசியா மாநாட்டு நிகழ்ச்சியினைச் சுருக்கமாகச் சொல்லி முடித்தார். அந்த மாநாட்டு நிகழ்ச்சிகள் பலவற்றையும் தொகுத்து எழுநூற்று அறுபத்து நான்கு பக்கங்கள் கொண்ட முதல் பாகம் மட்டுமே கொண்ட புத்தகம் ஒன்றினைத் தலைவருக்குத் தந்து மகிழ்ந்தனர். பிரெஞ்சுப் பேராசிரியர் தன்னிடமிருந்து தமிழன் கற்றுக்கொள்ளுமளவு எண்ணற்ற கவையான செய்திகளைச் செப்பினர். பாரில் பல்லாயிரக்கணக்கான மைல்களுக்கு அப்பாலுள்ள எகிப்தியருடைய பிரமிடுகளும் பாரதத்திலுள்ள சிதம்பரம் கோயில்களும் உருவ ஒற்றுமையான் ஒத்து இலங்கு கின்றன என்ற பேருண்மையை அவர் கண்டார். ஜாவாவில் சின்னமாகக் குடியேறிய அகத்தியர்,— இன்றுதான் அவரைத் தமிழனறிவான். கற்றது கைம்மண்ணளவு என்றதொரு எண்ணத்தான் தான் அறியாத பலவற்றை மேன்மேலும் அறிய அவனுள்ளம் துடிக்கின்றது. பண்டு ஆஸ்திரேலியாவிலும் தமிழராம், ஐரோப்பாவிலும் மேற்கு ஆசிய நாடுகளிலும் தமிழ்த் தெய்வங்களின் உருவங்களாம்! இவற்றை அவர் செப்ப நாம் செவி மடுக்கும்போது தமிழுணர்வால் உள்ளம் பூரிப்படைகின்றது.

பூம்புகார்ப் பட்டினத்தைக் கண்டுவிட்டதன் பயன்போன்றது மறைந்துவிட்ட மருங்கூர்ப் பட்டினத்தைப்பற்றி ஆழ்ந்த கருத்துக்களைத் தொகுத்து அளித்தார் திருமயிலை சீனி வேங்கடசாமிகள். வான்கலந்த மாணிக்கவாசகர் தம் திருவாசகத்தைத் தான் கலந்து படித்தபோது தன்னையே மறந்துவிட்ட தன்மைக்கு அடிமையானவர் கருத்தரங்குத் தலைவர் சுந்திராமார் சட்டர்ஜி அவர்கள். பழங்கால வரலாற்றுத் தொல்பொருள் ஆராய்ச்சியாளர்

திரு. வி. டி. மகாலிங்கம் அவர்கள் அந்த நாளை உடையுடன் அந்த நாளை கலாசாரத்தை நினைவூட்டினார். மற்றும் முப்புரிநூலும், முகத்தில் பொட்டும், உடை அணியும் நளினமும், இவை கண்டு அவர் எக்காலத்தவர், எத்தேசத்தவர் என்று எளிதில் கணித்து விடுகின்றார் இவர் மிகத் திறமையுடன். அன்றியும் கோபுரங்களின் கோயில்களின் உயர்வுகளும், இறைவன் திரு அவதாரங்களும் பற்றி அழகியதொரு உரை நிகழ்த்தினார், தமிழின் தொன்மை பற்றி உரை நவீன திருமதி நடராஜா அவர்கள் சங்ககாலப் பெண்களின் அழகு பற்றிப் பேசினார். மூன்றாம் நாளன்று தமிழ் மொழியின் உருவம், கல்வெட்டுகள் பற்றிய ஆராய்ச்சி இவை பற்றி விவாதங்கள் நடந்தன. கமில் சுவிலமில் என்பார் மூன்பு, தமிழ், மலையாளம் என்னும் இரு மொழிகளின் வடிவு ஒத்திருந்தது என்றும் அவை இப்பொழுதுதான் வேறுபட்டன என்றும் வினாவுக்கிடமின்றி தெளிவாக விளக்கினார். மொழி, சிற்பம், வரலாறு என்பன பற்றியும் காரசாரமான விவாதங்கள் இலக்குவனார் மறுத்து உரையாற்றினார். திரு. அகிலன் அவர்கள் தமிழ் இலக்கியப் படைப்பு பற்றி வெகு சிறப்பாகப் பேசினார். வியன்னு கழகப் பேராசிரியர் தலைமை தாங்க மீண்டும் கண்ணகியின் குணரை கல்வெட்டுக்கள் பற்றிச் சொற்போர் நிகழ்ந்தது. வையை ஏட்டிலே தவழ்ந்து கற்றோர் நினைவிலே நடந்த தமிழைத் தோற்றுவித்த பெருமை பாண்டிக்கு உரித்தானால், கல்வெட்டுக்களின் பிறப்பிடம் எனத் திகழ்ந்த பெருமையும் பாண்டி நாட்டுக்கு உடனுண்டு, தமிழில் மொழிபெயர்ப்புப் பற்றிச் சுவையான செய்திகள் செவியுறுகின்றோம். மலேசியாவில் தமிழ்நாட்டுத் தமிழ் என்றும் இலங்கைத் தமிழ் என்றும் இரண்டு தமிழ் உள்ள நிலையைச் சுவைபட எடுத்துரைக்கின்றனர் என்பதும் கண்டோம். வையகத்தார் தம் அக இருள் நீக்கும் வண்ணம் அமைந்த ஒளி விளக்காம் முப்பால். அன்னரின் வாழ்வின் வழிகாட்டி எனவமைந்த வள்ளுவர் தந்த திருக்குறள் ஆராய்ச்சித்துறை அமைத்ததே இம்மாநாட்டின் பெருஞ்சிறப்பாம். வள்ளுவர் வாக்கினை மொழிபெயர்ப்பானும் மற்ற வழிகளானும் பரப்பும்பொருட்டுப் புதிய வழிகள் பலவற்றை அறிவுறுத்தினார் ஆராய்ச்சியாளர். மேலூட்டு அறிஞர்கள் சிலர் இங்கேயே தங்கிச் சரளமாய்த் தமிழ் பேசுவது செவிக்கினிமை. மு. வரதராசனரின் அறிவுக்கு விருந்தான “காலந்தோறும் தமிழ்” என்பதை அனைவரும் சுவைத்து இன்புற்றனர். அகவாழ்வு, புறவாழ்வு பற்றிய சுவையான பேச்சுக்கள் விவாதங்களுக்கிடையே அவை முற்றி மொழிப் பிரச்சினை பற்றிய பேச்சு எழுந்து பார்த்துக்கொண்டனர் பாடு அறிந்து ஒழுகும் பண்பினர். அதற்குள்ளாக திரு. அண்ணா அவர்களின் வாயுரையால், முடிவுபெற நினைந்துவிட்டது கருத்தரங்கு. அன்னரின் உரை வாழ்த்துரையாக அமைந்து, அடுத்து பிரான்சில் நடைபெறவுள்ள மூன்றாம் உலகத்தமிழ் மாநாட்டுக்கும் முதலுரை நாட்டியது. எம்மவர் நாடு ஏழை நாடு என்றபோதும் உள்ளச்செழிப்பான் உயர்ந்த செல்வந்தர் எனச் செப்பி, கூட்டத்தை முடித்துவைத்தார்.

இடையில், பல்வேறு மொழிகளான மாசுபட்டுவிட இருந்தபோது தமிழன்னையின் மீதுள்ள தூசுதனைத் தூயகாதலான் துடைத்துவிட்ட போதினில் பாவினில் தேனினைப் பெய்து பருகுகின்ற இனிமை ஒப்ப, இடைதளிலே சிறந்த மணிமேகலையும், திருவடிகளில் வண்ணச்சிலம்பும், கையினிலே மென்வளையும், கோலமுடைய செவியதனில் குண்டலமும், சிங்கார மார்பதனில் சிந்தாமணியும், அங்கமெங்கும் குறள்மறையும், செங்கோல் ஓச்சும் முடி மன்னர் சங்கம் வளர்த்த தமிழ்நூலும் அவளணிந்த தன்மையால் அவளின் அழகிய கோலம் காணும்போது, அவள் தானும் செவ்விய தன் அதரங்களை அசைத்துத் தன்னை வாழ்த்துவதாக எண்ணித் தன்னை மறந்து நிற்கின்றான் தமிழ்மகன் !

R. SAKUNTALA,  
II B.Sc.

## पुण्य का फौवारा



“ किसी माला में प्रथम मणि, उपवन में प्रथम पुष्प, गगन में प्रथम नक्षत्र का जो महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है, वही वर्तमान भारत के इतिहास में महात्मा गांधीजी का है ” राजनैतिक नेता प्रायः प्रत्येक देश में होते रहते हैं, सामाजिक सुधारकों के भी दर्शन समय समय पर होते रहते हैं, विचारकों एवं दार्शनिक की कृतियाँ भी प्रत्येक युग में जनता को मिलती हैं और साहित्यकारों एवं लेखकों के दर्शन भी प्रायः प्रत्येक देश में होते रहते हैं । परंतु इन सबका समन्वय महात्मा गांधी में था । वे राजनैतिक नेता, आज्ञादी कीलडाई के कुशल सेनापति, समाज सुधारक, विचारक, दार्शनिक, साहित्यकार सब कुछ एक साथ थे ।

सत्य और अहिंसा के सिद्धांतों पर चलते हुए उन्होंने अपने जीवन को बहुत ऊँचा उठाया था । महात्मा गांधीजी का नाम हमेशा ऊँचा रहेगा क्योंकि वे सत्य के अवतार थे जो

स्वयं उसका पालन करके दुनिया को भी उसके पालन करने की शिक्षा देते थे। गांधीजी की अन्तर्भेदिनी दृष्टि का ही परिणाम यह था कि वे राजनैतिक स्वतंत्रता जैसी महत्वपूर्ण परंतु भौतिक वस्तु की प्राप्ति के लिए भी अहिंसा, सत्य, सदाचार और आत्मबल पर जोर देते थे। उनके निकट अहिंसा कभी साधन नहीं रही, वह उनके निकट अंतिम लक्ष्य थी, क्योंकि वह उनके आंतरिक शत्रु पर विजय पाती थी। पशुबल के प्रयोग से पशुबल की वृद्धि होती है, हिंसा से उत्तरोत्तर हिंसा की वृद्धि होती है, यह परिणाम था उनके चिंतन और मनन का। उन्होंने भारत को औ उसके रूप में मानवजाति को दूसरा मार्ग बताया। यह दूसरा मार्ग ग्रहण का नहीं था, अपरिग्रह का था। यह मार्ग शोषण का नहीं था, सेवा और त्याग का था। वह मार्ग बड़े बड़े वैज्ञानिक आविष्कारों का नहीं था, आंतरिक सत्य के आविष्कार का था। यह मार्ग केवल भौतिक प्रकृति पर विजय पाने का नहीं था, मानसिक प्रकृति और उसकी भावनाओं पर विजय पाने का था। यह मार्ग ब्रह्म-बल और आत्मबल का था।

“होनहर विरवान के होत चीकने पात” के अनुसार बाल्यावस्था से ही गांधीजी अपने जीवन में महान गुणों का पालन करने थे। माँ के सम्मुख जो प्रतिज्ञा की थी “विदेश में मैं शराब, मांस और अनाचार से दूर रहूँगा” इस प्रतिज्ञा को अंत तक अत्यंत दृढ़ता और ईमानदारी के साथ पालन किया। वकालत के पेशे में असत्य बोले बिना काम चलना कठिन है इसको समझकर वकालत का पेशा भी छोड़ दिया। दक्षिण आफ्रिका में रहते हुए भारतियों की दुर्दशा को दूर करनेकेलिए सत्याग्रह और असहयोग की नई पद्धतियों से सरकार का विरोध करना शुरू किया। सत्य पर डटे रहना, अन्यायपूर्ण कानूनों का पालन न करना और अन्याय करनेवाली सरकार के साथ सहयोग न करना उनकी नयी सृज्ञ थी। उनकी कथन था कि यदि हम शत्रु के विरुद्ध भी द्वेष भाव न रखे, तो हम उसके हृदय को जीतकर उसे अपना मित्र बना सकते हैं। दक्षिण आफ्रिका में सत्याग्रह द्वारा गांधीजी को आशांतीत सफलता प्राप्त हुई। जिस सत्याग्रह और अहिंसा से उन्हें आफ्रिका में सफलता प्राप्त हुई थी, उसीका प्रयोग भारत को स्वाधीन कराने के लिए उन्होंने शुरू किया और इसकी महनता को तो हम सब जानते हैं ही।

गांधीजी के चरित्र की सबसे बड़ी विशेषता थी कि अन्याय के विरुद्ध विद्रोह। यद्यपि शारीरिक बल की दृष्टि से गांधीजी बिल्कुल मामूली थे, फिरभी उनका मनोबल असाधारण था। न केवल व्यक्तिगत जीवन में, अपितु राजनीति में वे सत्य और अहिंसा का प्रयोग करते थे और वे शायद सबसे पहले राजनीतिज्ञ थे जिन्होंने कहा कि जीवन और राजनीति के सिद्धांत



पृथक नहीं होने चाहिए। यदि व्यक्तिगत जीवन में सत्य का महत्व है तो राजनीति में भी उसका वैसा ही महत्व होना चाहिए। बापूजी राजनैतिक क्षेत्र के अप्रतिम नेता तो थे हीं, उससे भी बढ़कर एक अद्भुत रचनात्मक कार्यक्रम के प्रख्यात प्रणेता भी थे।

गांधीजी ने केवल राजनीति में ही नहीं, अपितु जीवन के सभी क्षेत्रों में लोगों को मार्ग दिखाने की चेष्टा की। संत तो वे बन ही गए थे, दीन-दरिद्रों और रोगियों की सेवा में उनका काफी समय बीतता था। गाँवों की दशा सुधारने, स्त्रियों को शिक्षा देने और अस्पृश्य समझी जानेवाली जातियों को सर्वर्ण हिन्दुओं के समान अधिकार दिलाने के लिए उन्होंने बहुत कार्य किया। उनके स्वदेशी आन्दोलन से ही कुटीर उद्योगों का पुनर्जीवन होने लगा।

गांधीजी के चरित्र का सबसे महत्वपूर्ण गुण था उनका निर्मल हास्य-विनोद और परिहास। उनका परिहास किसी के हृदय को भी कष्ट देनेवाला नहीं था। उनके निर्मल हास्य से ही बालकगण उनकी ओर आकृष्ट हो गए। गांधीजी सिद्धहस्त लेखक भी थे। 'हरिजन' और 'हरिजन सेवक' नामक साप्ताहिक पत्र वे निकालते थे। उनकी भाषा सरल, सुबोध तथा प्रतिपादन शैली अत्यंत प्रभावशाली थी। कई आश्रमों की स्थापना करके उनके द्वारा 'सर्वोदय' का प्रचार करते थे। मानव द्वारा मानव की अवहेलना, उनके निकट आत्मा की अवहेलना थी और घोर पाप था। साम्यवाद और गांधीवाद दोनों वर्गहीन समाज का निर्माण चाहते हैं, किंतु दोनों में एक अंतर है। साम्यवाद समानता का केवल भौतिक रूप लेता है। परंतु गांधीजी राज्य का विकेंद्रीकरण चाहते थे, ताकि पुरुष अधिक से अधिक स्वातंत्र्य का भोग करे। गांधीजी आत्मा को सर्वोच्च मानते थे। साम्यवाद का दृष्टिकोण भौतिक था, पर गांधीजी का दृष्टिकोण आध्यात्मिक था।

हमारी पुण्यमयी भारत-जननी का यह सौभाग्य रहा है कि उसकी कोरव से महात्मा बुद्ध, भगवान महावीर, सम्राट, अशोक, ऋषि दयानंद और महात्मा गांधी जैसे पुण्यात्मा नेता उत्पन्न होते रहे हैं। गांधीजी हमारे बीच में नहीं हैं, परंतु पंडित जवाहरलाल नेहरू के शब्दों में तेज का वह पुञ्ज विश्व को सादियों व हज़ारों वर्षों तक ज्योति व प्रकाश देता रहेगा।

# Ramayana-Fountainhead of the Saranagathi Dharma

“Determining to do what God likes, abandoning what He dislikes, strong faith in His (power of) protection, asking Him for protection and acknowledging one’s inability to obtain what one wishes for - together with the actual act of surrender - these make the six angas.”

Through all ages, man has always accepted that his peace of mind lies in his conception of and belief in God. Through all ages he has been striving to find that God and thus obtain salvation. The religious leaders of India have laid down separate ways of attaining this objective. In the end, there is only one way left to the common man who has neither the means to conduct sacrifice nor the strength to observe rigorous penance. This is the way of the weak - the way of saranagathi or complete surrender of self to the will of God !

यद्येन कामकामेन न साध्यं साधनान्तरैः ।  
मुमुक्षुणा यद्साङ्ग्येन योगेन न च भक्तितः ॥  
तेन तेन आप्यते तत् तत् न्यासेनैव महामुने ।

The doctrine of prapathi or self-surrender demands nothing more than five things

आनुकूल्यस्यसङ्कल्पः प्रादिकूल्यस्य वर्जनम् ।  
रक्षिष्यतीति विश्वासः गोप्तृत्ववरणं तथा ॥  
आत्मनिक्षेपकार्पण्ये षट् विधा शरणागतिः ।

The five kinds of self surrender are through affection, necessity, the need for protection, a gratitude towards the protector and for protecting oneself.

The words of the Vedas,

तं हि देवं आत्मबुद्धिप्रसादं ममुक्षुवैः शरणं अहं प्रपद्ये ।

and again

भक्त्या परमया वापि प्रदत्त्या वा महामते ।  
प्राप्योऽहं नान्यथा प्राप्यः मम कैङ्कर्यं लिप्सुभिः ॥

have been reinforced by Lord Krishna in the Bhagavat Gita thus :

सर्वधर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज ।  
अहं त्वा सर्वपापेभ्यो मोक्षयिष्यामि मा शुचः ॥

As though to prove the statement,

अनायासं सर्वस्य शरणं सुहृत् ।

we have many legends such as Draupati's 'Manasamrakshna', Prahlada, Kakasura, Vibhishana and Gajendra. But nowhere has the greatness of 'saranagathi' been shown as clearly and vividly as in the Ramayana, the most precious of our epics.

In the very first canto, the Bala Kanda, we see the infinite power of 'saranagathi', for when the gods and the sages, unable to endure any longer the cruelties of King Ravana, ran to Lord Vishnu for protection, the Master of Vaikunta took it upon himself to be born as a man upon this earth to kill the dangerous demon. Thus did the world receive a Rama.

In the Ayodya Kanda, honest and courageous Bharata, hurt and angered by his mother's selfish boons, surrenders himself to Sri Rama with protests of his innocence,

शये पुरस्ताच्छालायां यावन्मां प्रतियास्यति ।

and only upon his bidding does he return to Ayodhya to rule as his brother's regent during his absence. Only the 'padukas' of Sri Rama give him the courage to rule in his brother's stead.

If Bharata sought his elders' help for emotional support, the sages, being Brahmanas and hence unused to weapons and warfare, were in dire need of his physical prowess to counter the attacks of the fourteen thousand 'rakshasas' who were under the leadership of Khara and Dushana.

ते वयं भवता रक्षया भवत् विषयवासिनः ।

At this, Rama, ever ready to protect those who had come to him for refuge, made a terrible vow in spite of Sita's frightened remonstrances, to rid the Janasthana forest of its vermin of demons. Like a true Kshatriya, Rama fulfilled his vow in every particular.

That this surrender is open not only to friends, but also to foes, is shown by Rama's mercy towards an enemy, Kakasura. He was a demon crow and had pecked at Sita's flesh for food and had thus incurred Rama's wrath, who had then sent a Brahmastra to kill the offender. Kakasura tried to seek refuge.

सपित्रा च परित्यक्तः सुरैश्चसमहर्षिभिः ।

श्रीलोकान्संपरिक्रम्य तमेव शरणं गतः ॥

Then the very hand that had sent the अस्त्र spinning across in deadly pursuit of its quarry was now lifted up in a compassionate gesture of protection. And Kakasura was saved from an otherwise certain death.

Passing from the Aranya Kanda to the Kishkinda Kanda, we find Sugriva acting upon Hanuman's advice,

कृतापराधस्य हिते नान्यत्पश्याम्यहं क्षमम् ।

अन्तरेणाञ्जलिं बद्ध्वालक्ष्मणस्य प्रसादनात् ॥

and in following the path of prapathi, being protected from the wrath of Lakshmana. The Sundara Kanda indisputably reveals the efficacy of Saranagathi. Here, too, Sita proves herself to be a true सहघर्षचारिणी nay, even a step higher than Rama, for she extends her helping hand to the very 'rakshasi's' who had done her great wrongs in the Asoka forest, without even being requested by them.

Last comes the Vibhishana Saranagathi. This is the consummation and crowning glory of 'prapathi'. Vibhishana was the younger brother of Ravana, the dreaded enemy against whom Rama had been preparing reinforcements for battle. Yet when Vibhishana approached him with these words:

त्यक्त्वा पुत्रांश्च दारांश्च राधवं शरणं गतः ।

निवेदयत मां क्षिप्रं विभीषणं उपस्थितम् ॥

Rama did not hesitate to take him into his ranks even in the face of opposition from his other generals who could only suspect foul play in this incomprehensible surrender. Through this, Vibhishana not only obtained his kingdom but also had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done the right thing.

From that day to this Valmiki's 'Ramayana' remains as the supreme expression of the poet's faith in the doctrine of saranagathi.

R. MAYA,  
III B.A.

# A Challenge to Psychiatric Social Workers

The compassionate understanding of mental illness and the attempts made to help those afflicted by it, are among the most heartening developments of recent years.

Mental disorders have long constituted a vast, mysterious and challenging frontier in the search for health. India has gone through centuries of misguided ignorance, regarding the true nature and causes of mental illness. In recent years, however, there has developed an increasing awareness of the existence of mental illness and some efforts have been made to alleviate the suffering caused by it.

Mental disorders were not uncommon among earlier peoples. At the dawn of civilization, persons of disordered mind were looked upon variously as fools, sinners or madmen. Since demons and evil spirits were believed to be the causative agents, the common practice was to attempt to drive the demons out by incantations, ceremonials, music, games, dance and other diversions. Witchcraft and other less humane methods were also employed. Punishment of the insane as criminals resulted in the unfortunate victim being scourged, bled, tortured, beaten, put in chains, burned at the stake, hanged, drowned, strangled or isolated. These violent, brutal and harsh ways were commonly accepted as the just due of the madmen since they were believed to have incurred the wrath of the gods. Further, since they were considered incapable of human feeling, they became unworthy of human compassion! Even in the early years of the present enlightened century, the rejection of lunatics was manifested in many ways, including often the disposal of society's insane to the "human dumping grounds" found in many State Mental Hospitals.

In more recent years light has been thrown on the mystery of mental sickness through scientific studies in the field of psychology, psychiatry, biology, physiology, and the social sciences. The pioneer work of social reformers like the Tuke family in York, in the eighteenth century, or Dorothea Linde Dix in the United States of America, served to focus public attention on the terrible conditions under which the mentally ill were "destined to live and to die". Today we regard the mentally disturbed person simply as a sick person. Instead of treating lunatics as criminals, we now regard many criminals as being mentally disordered. The attitude of rejection and contemptuous hostility towards these unfortunates is being gradually replaced by one of acceptance based on a deeper understanding of the nature and causes of mental illness. There is also today a greater effort made to cure and rehabilitate the mentally ill.

Towards the physically disordered, society has always adopted an attitude of sympathy, perhaps because of the fact that the features of physical disorders can be seen, felt and observed. On the other hand, mental disorders which involve distortions

of feelings and ideas, are often incomprehensible to others, who therefore react to any form of abnormal behaviour with fear, revulsion or ridicule.

While the greatest concern of mental health today is a consideration of the psychoses and neuroses and their socio-psycho-economical implications for the patient and his family, attention is also given to all the forms of maladjustment that the individual may experience within himself or with the larger groups of which he is a part. If these maladjustments can be recognised and treated in time, before the tensions to which they give rise have become acute, the danger of mental illness can be averted. This preventive aspect of mental health work is also vital in the rehabilitation of those who have not been fortunate enough to obtain treatment in time, for if the causes of strain in the family and the wider environment are not removed, the cure is unlikely to be permanent. This was the unhappy case with J....., a young man of good family, which, however, was characterised by excessive nervous excitement. A nervous shock in his early youth induced in J.....an attack of a depressive ailment, which was cured within a few months, but since the conditions in the family remained unchanged, poor J.....was subject to recurrent attacks of the same disorder, with no real hope of permanent cure, since the nervous instability of the other members of the family was not considered to be in need of treatment.

Any form of mental illness, when not understood and accepted, precipitates distressing social and psychological maladjustments within the affected family. Among the poorer sections of the community, it also leads to an economic crisis, since treatment is costly and prolonged. These problems are further magnified when the afflicted person is the breadwinner. Worse still is the case where the mother has the breakdown; this often leads to disruption of the family. Emotionally too, mental illness gives rise to a great deal of tension and anxiety due to the sense of shame, humiliation and loss of status associated with mental illness. This is evidenced by the anxiety to "hush up" the fact of mental illness in the family, which so often delays treatment until it is too late, and by the reluctance of the patient to face the world again after his cure. He often dreads returning to his former environment, where the fact of his illness is known, and this dread is a real hindrance to his full rehabilitation.

Indeed, the problems attendant on mental illness are many and varied, involving not only the individual patient but all the members of his family, and the larger community of which he is a part. The family is often alone in its continuous struggle to bring some light and hope into the dreary darkness of the patient's life. Society unwittingly puts more obstacles in its path by its attitude of ostracism just when the family most needs its support and goodwill. Slowly but surely the family sinks into the quicksand of hopelessness and helplessness. Sometimes the family itself, through its lack of understanding, is an obstacle to the cure of the patient, whether through its efforts to conceal his illness from those who could help him, or through a bitterness which leads his near ones to heap reproaches upon him. This was the case with D....., who had failed his S.S.L.C., and who besides the bitter disappointment of his own heart, had to endure the reproaches of his father, who repeatedly referred

to him, in public and in private, as a failure. Mental illness resulted, but it did not teach the father a lesson; on the contrary, when the young man returned home after his treatment, the reproaches were even more bitter. To this man, as to so many people even today, mental illness is at best a weakness and at worst a social stigma of the first order.

Into every life some rain must fall. Psychiatric social workers today bring hope and sympathetic understanding into the lives of millions of unfortunate victims of mental illness. With their specialized knowledge and training, and skill in human relations, they work for the satisfactory rehabilitation of the patient. The professional social worker accepts the patient as a person and in trying to understand him, takes into account the forces that lie beneath the threshold of consciousness. When the patient first comes to the hospital, she is there to assist him and his family in the admission formalities and the more important treatment procedure that is to follow. This involves the various social work techniques such as the intake, interview, the taking of personal, family and social histories, and referral if necessary. She is there as a guide, a therapist and a friend to lead them every step of the difficult way. As they go along, she mobilizes their own capacity for self-help and enables them to utilize the community's resources to the fullest extent so that each may learn to adjust and live under the disability which mental illness entails. Without her help, the family might sink; with her, it would surely swim through.

In the effective fulfilment of her role, she not only seeks to re-establish the patient as a useful and productive human being as far as possible, but goes even further in trying to prevent mental disease from taking its toll. This is done by disseminating knowledge of mental hygiene.

Mental health is a vital asset to any people who aspire to build up a highly developed and happy nation. And what is mental health? A mentally healthy individual has been defined as "a person endowed with a good physical and mental constitution, whose personality develops harmoniously, and who becomes so well adjusted both in himself and to the outside world, that his emotional and intellectual balance cannot be disturbed by either internal conflicts or the vicissitudes of life"—Leff.

There is today a renewed interest not only in helping to release individuals from the crippling effects of mental disorder but also in the establishment and maintenance of positive mental health. The ultimate goal is the enrichment of human experience so that individuals may live creatively and be free to develop fully their potentialities, leading to a free and happy life for all. To live is not enough, one must have joy in living. And sound mental health is at the heart of a happy life.

Jennifer Braganza  
U. Usha,  
II M.A.

## “ Let Your Light Shine . . . ”

From year to year, members of the C.S.U. hand on the lamp of service and charity to new members, so that their lives may shine with the same radiance.

As the pale flicker of the deepam grew into a steady, bright flame it bore a symbolic message for the C.S.U. members gathered round it for the inaugural function.....“ Let your light shine before men..... ” And through the year they found guidance, strength and inspiration again and again in the words of the Bible, at many Bible Vigils and services.

The discussion groups explored the “ Role of Woman ” in the Bible, and in the modern world, in their meetings throughout the first term. However, discussions were not the most important part of this year’s activities. Bearing witness to this fact was the sight of a group of happy students accompanied by two Sisters on a visit to the “ Home for the Aged ” on the 19th August, when they brought a ray of cheer and hope to many of the old people as they generously gave them magazines, sweets (they had no fear of toothaches !) and - what is appreciated most - smiles and friendly words.

A truly Christian spirit of love and generous “ giving ” characterised the Youth Day at which discussions, prayer and social work were given equal importance - yet the social work was doubtless regarded as the highlight of the day. Here is an account given by Freeda Fernandez, one of the enthusiastic participants in the day.....

“ The formal inauguration of the day consisted of prayers, speeches, a pageant and hymns, after which Mr. Motha spoke to us about the importance of youthful action in society and in raising the standard of parish life. A fruitful workshop discussion on the role of the laity in the parish followed. One particular work was allotted to each parish, for example, to start a Youth Club or a library ; to make an effort to go to one’s parish church and join the Youth Club there, for those living in hostels.

“ In the afternoon, laden with baskets, picks and other tools, we marched in groups to our respective posts for our social work. Some went to the bus station, some to the fruit Market. I was in the group which cleaned up Loane Square. We picked up the papers, leaves, tins, rotting fruit, took brooms and spades and swept, then scattered disinfectant powder. The cleaning up of Loane Square took only one hour and soon all of us were back at the church, a little dirty and tired, but all the same happy after our contribution to social action.

“ After an impromptu entertainment, Mass was concelebrated by the Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore and five other priests. In his sermon the Archbishop spoke of the role played by youth in the Church and urged us to action. During the Offertory, bread, fruit and grapes were offered by the different groups and after Mass there was an agape at which we shared the food we had offered up. The Youth Day made quite an impact on that particular part of the city, especially the cleaning-up campaign. Many people stopped to watch and comment on the work we did ; they were much



impressed and asked why this type of work was not organised more often. If it were, I am sure the enthusiasm would infect others, and the world would be a better place.”

In preparation for the International Conference on Tamil Studies, a two-day seminar on Tamil Culture at Loyola, and a week of Tamil Culture at Stella Maris were organised in November. The enlightening talks and lively discussions in English and Tamil impressed the students and clarified their ideas on Tamil Culture.

The members of the C.S.U. gathered periodically around the altar for the University Students' Mass and it was here they realised that the liturgy is the source of living waters, which refresh and strengthen them. The ecumenical spirit drew the C.S.U. and S.C.M. members together to do joint social work and Bible study and form the regional cine-forum and literary committees. A Literary Circle was formed in November. To build and maintain among students a good standard of reading, to develop the habit of mature, creative and positive thinking, with the view of providing society with balanced leadership and to train the members in the give and take of ideas in fruitful discussion, these were some of the aims outlined at its inaugural meeting. Among the books reviewed at subsequent meetings were Maxim Gorky's "Mother" and Harriet Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It was not long before the members discovered that the literary circle helped to develop one aspect of their personality.

Greater understanding of films was the natural outcome of the cine-forum, when members discussed films like "Dr. Zhivago", "The Bridge over the River Kwai", "The Agony and the Ecstasy". Film appreciation was made more meaningful by inviting a film critic, a film actor, and a Tamil novelist, to speak on "the Influence of the Cinema", "Escapism and Realism in Films" and "Film Acting as a Career".

The year ended, as it had begun, with the symbolic flame of the deepam, which this time reminded us forcibly that the outgoing students are called to carry the light of Christian love and truth to wider spheres, where it may shine to all, and we hope that those who leave and those who still remain in college will remember that the university is not the only milieu in which we can offer Christian service.

MEERA SILVA,  
II B.A.



## O. S. A. Activities

Several times each year gatherings of alumnae in the college revive happy memories and old friendships.



The years may come and years may go but the O.S.A., like "Old Man River" just keeps rolling along. That's the way it seems, but in spite of the effort to keep it rolling, it is a great satisfaction to know that a link is being kept with our former students who, like never-ending streams, emerge year after year from the portals of their alma mater. May they be truly streams, or rather springs, may their lives indeed be joyful, and may they radiate joy to all whom they meet along the way.

Our activities, as in previous years, involved all three terms. The first term saw the traditional Graduates' Reception and the election of office-bearers for the year. This year the reception took place on Sept. 2nd. Mother Superior, after heartily congratulating the new graduates, extended a warm welcome to one and all. Sister Principal spoke of the high traditions established by the college. It was also a matter of pride and joy to receive a special message from the Vice-Chancellor, sent to the college on the occasion of his silver jubilee celebrations.

A delicious tea was then served on the campus and each graduate found a small graduate's cap decorating her place at tea. These caps were gladly carried off as precious souvenirs. The Bhasha Nataka Sangha really outdid itself at a splendid variety entertainment which came to a close with the traditional distribution of souvenirs for the graduates.

The second term saw us all assembled on Dec. 2, 1967 for a long-awaited dinner at the student's centre. A gay crowd of young ladies had gathered there and the joy of meeting each other again was equalled by their relish in the satisfying dinner that was served.

Finally in the third term the O.S.A. played host to alumnae members and their children as well as to the members of the staff and their little ones. This was our Children's Day and so they were the centre of attraction. Games were arranged for the children and with a little persuasion they soon overcame their shyness and enthusiastically participated. A sumptuous tea was enjoyed by all and the afternoon passed all too quickly, leaving very pleasant memories.

The year has been a successful one for the O.S.A. with a function for our Old Students each term and we are very grateful to those who responded to our invitations. We only hope that, as the years go on, we may succeed in keeping in touch with all of our former students.

MISS S. V. SEETHA,  
*President*

## News From Old Students

Little fountains springing up all over India and further afield flow back into the main-stream of life at Stella Maris.

Stella Marians are scattered far and wide and some not so far and wide, but we are happy to maintain our contacts with them wherever they may be. Those who can, come back to the college often and they are always welcome, while those who cannot come in person keep their links with the college by frequent letters. Among those who have visited us during the year was R. Soundaravalli who was teaching for a short time at Sacred Heart School, Tanjore. She became Mrs. Sunkar Raman in October and visits us whenever she comes to Madras. Usha (Bharathan) Jayaram came to see us in September while she was in India on a short visit from Borneo. Usha is still teaching and also does some radio broadcasting although she is the mother of two lively little boys, Depak and Uday.

Maya Shenai Devi, now Mrs. Hegde, lives in Calcutta but she was in Madras for a short stay during the year and she did not fail to visit us with her little son, Ramdas. Angela (Baretto) Aranha visited us in September and has two lovely children, Marie-Therese and Gerard. Angela still lives in Jamshedpur and is a very busy house-wife.

Wedding bells rang out this year for many Stella Marians. Among them was Diane Grainger whose first stop after the marriage ceremony was Stella Maris so that we could see her as a radiant bride. Meenakshi (Sundaram) Narayan was married shortly before her M.A. exam. and was here for the Graduates' reception. Swarna Kumari, now Mrs. Bhopal Prasad, visited us in March with her husband. She is still living in Vijayawada. Narayani Devi came to Madras after her marriage in Kerala and had a reception at the Ashoka for all her friends. She is now in Singapore with her husband who is in the I.F.S. Hemamalini is now Mrs. Krishnan and is in Trichy. She has a little girl Rukmini. Colleen Young, B.Sc. (Maths) 1965, paid us a visit at the end of the Christmas vacation, on her way back to the school she teaches at in Borneo. Shanthi Raghavan (S. Shanthi, M.A. Lit. 1965) was in Madras on a holiday



Mr. & Mrs. Sankar Ram  
(R. Soundaravalli)

from her home in New Delhi, and brought her lively little son along to see us. Jayalakshmi, M.A. (Lit.) 1967, has dropped in whenever she has been back in Madras from the college in Salem where she is a lecturer in English.

One of our alumnae who has travelled far is K. Janaki Economics M.A., who is now Mrs. Rajan. Janaki has recently joined her husband in Australia where he is employed as a biochemist with the Commonwealth Health Laboratory, Bendigo. It was a pleasant surprise for Sister Peter Damian, on home leave in Australia, to meet Janaki there. But this good fortune is infrequent and, since we do not often meet our students who are far away from us, we do try to keep in touch by letter. Here are some from our mail bag for 1967-68.

An old faithful correspondent is Nir-mala Vaidyanathan née Krishnamurthy; she writes from Trivandrum:



Meenakshi (Sundaram) Narayanan

Dec. '67

You may perhaps have heard that I now have another son born on Dec. 13, '66. We are here to celebrate his first birthday. I had gone to Delhi after he was born but within a couple of months of my joining my husband there, he was transferred to Bombay where we are now living. I had left my first son with my parents but we are now planning to take both children to Bombay. A wonderful piece of news is that my father has also been transferred to Bombay as PMG! So soon we'll all be in the same city.....

Did you know that Saroj is now the mother of a baby boy? He must be about a year old now. It is a very long time since I heard from her. Radha, too, has a son now.....

Mrs. Rita (Lovett) Monteiro never fails to keep in touch with us from Bombay:

April '67

You must be in the throes of examinations - these days bring back memories of the fevered hours of study and then writing at top speed for three hours until the muscles of the hand become almost completely cramped. When I have time to sit and think, as this afternoon (which is not very often), college days seem very far away.

Prema is a big girl now but as she has no teeth she can't talk. That's Anand's way of putting it. He is most amusing and has acquired a wonderful vocabulary using words correctly. He has divided off the girls in his class thus: "Some is sweet and some is rude." He has also discovered a fundamental trait in feminine psychology: "First they say they won't do it, and then they do it." If he doesn't understand a word used in conversation he will not let it pass without asking. "What means female.....completely.....last....." and so on. The questions are endless and deal mostly with the mechanics of the water system, electric system, the refrigerator, radio, etc. He is fascinated by all animals, birds and insects. His mind is like a sponge. It absorbs any information you give him. And he has an astonishing ear for music..... Prema is almost ten months and has a singularly sweet disposition. I do hope it always remains thus. She is a big child but, now that her teething troubles have started, she has lost some of her chubbiness. In comparison to Anand she is a quieter child, a very feminine, dainty little creature. She has loving, affectionate ways of laying her head against one, or touching one's cheek gently with her hand. And, though very fond of Hubert, is very attached to me, much more so than Anand ever has been. If she finds me missing she will come straight to the kitchen crawling on all fours to find me.....I'll close this long letter now. Oh, I forgot to tell you that I shall probably be in Madras around July or August as Hubert has to go to Switzerland again. I shall certainly come to see you with the children.

And Rita did come. It was indeed a joy to see her again with her two lovely children.

Another busy house-wife is V. Vijayalakshmi from Burnpur but she always finds time for a letter to her Alma Mater :

17-6-'67

Last month I had been to a small place quite close by called Mokameh in Bihar. It is just about 60 miles from Patna and, around Patna within a radius of six to seven miles, are several places of historical interest like the ancient Nalanda University whose ruins are still maintained by Buddhist monks. The one thing that struck me most was the poverty and misery. While the newspapers carried stories and pictures, I used to think that most of it was exaggerated. But I have never seen ground so utterly dry that it was cracked from end to end. And then the trees with all their bare branches looked eerie. The very landscape made me feel hungry and thirsty.....

Mr. & Mrs. Bhopal Prasad (Swarna Kumari)



Angela (Baretto) Aranha  
with Marie-Therese

Kumar and Prakash promise to be very affectionate brothers. The elder one often helps his baby brother, feeding him on biscuits, bread and water. And he is pretty serious about it too! He speaks fluent Bengali and I often need an interpreter to know what he is trying to tell me.....

I intend to come to Madras sometime in September. When I do come I shall be sure to visit you.....

Vijayalakshmi kept her promise and, after her return home, wrote again :

Much as I did enjoy staying at Madras, visiting dear Stella Maris and some of my friends, somehow I feel so happy to be back home. Today I recall how I used to listen in disbelief in Moral Philosophy classes, when our lecturers tried to convince us that home-making is the most satisfying career for women. I feel really ashamed of myself for lacking faith in those who had greater experience than I. I can't help thanking God for having blessed us with work. Prakash has just learned to walk on his own. Yesterday he completed his first year. He practises with all his energy and enthusiasm when Kumar is not near him. The moment he appears on the scene he sits down for fear of being pushed down.

Today I had a delightful surprise. Do you remember P. Malathi? She did M.A Economics the same year as I did my M.A. Lit. She stays some 200 miles away. She suddenly dropped in and we had a lovely time recalling old memories of college and our friends. Janaki Krishnamurthy is also quite close to Burnpur, at Bikispur and Malathi told me that she has a three year old son.

From Bombay Mrs. Rama Anantanarayanan (M.Sc. Maths. '67) also has something to say about 'house-hold' art :

5-3-'68

I'm now a housewife snugly ensconced in a flat in Bombay. This honorary job that extends round the clock deprives me of the time to correspond with my near and dear.....Well, how is college going on? Full of excitement as usual I suppose. Oh, I do miss it very much. Please remember me to the Old Students' Association and convey my respects to all the staff members. Our beloved college with its whirlwind of activities is forever dancing before my mind's eye.

Mrs. Angela Fernando née Vas keeps us informed of her little daughter, Anita, from Ceylon :

21-2-'68

I must tell you about baby Anita. She is now nine months old. She walks very well and is a chubby bundle of joy. She started walking at 8½ months. She has four teeth now and bites very hard. I think she is developing her teeth a little too much. At present she is biting my heel. I am sending you a photo of hers which we took on Christmas day. She says 'mum, mum' and utters some funny sounds which we do not know. She loves to bite books and shoes and ignores her toys. She is a real pet and brings added joy to our life.



Usha (Bharathan) Jayaram  
with Depak and Uday

Another one of our ex-Zoologists, from Assam, is Mrs. Walza Mathew née Pillai who was also a member of our zoology staff before her marriage in December '66. Walza is a frequent correspondent and she also visited Madras in February '68 so that we had the joy of seeing her again. Having studied zoology, Walza's letters do not fail to give us news of Assam, zoological and otherwise :

22-6-'67

Two weeks ago, on Sunday morning, I saw a leopard just a few yards from our gate crossing the road into the tea bushes. We were in the car and the leopard crossed just in front of us.....quite a big one. Gurpreet Singh was with us and he's been a shikari - so we went rushing to his bungalow to get a gun but by the time we got back the leopard had gone into the tea plantation. That same evening Gurpreet sat up for a tiger which had been killing cows in the area. Sonny went to keep him company. The cub came at about 9 p.m. but by the time they shone the torch it had bounded away. Soon after the mother came along. Gurpreet had one shot and the tiger jumped forward in the direction it had been facing. The next day they tried to find the tiger. The jungle in that area is very dense and they couldn't search for it. So we don't know if the tiger is dead or just wounded.

17-1-'68

We are taking leave from February 1st and this year we only have a month's leave. We'll be flying to Calcutta and spending 2 or 3 days there and then we hope to go to Delhi for a few days. We are planning to come home via Agra by train and if all goes well according to schedule we'll be in Madras by Feb. 10th.

We got back to Melang on the 2nd March. Our leave just flew by.....Last week-end we had a holiday. One of our friends had come to spend the week-end with us so we had made arrangements to visit the Kaziranga Game Sanctuary on Friday. We drove there very early in the morning - at 2 a.m. - and reached a little after 4 a.m. Kaziranga is about 65 miles from here. When we got there we found that nothing had been booked although we had telephoned previously. No elephant had been booked for us and in fact the whole of March and even after, the elephants had been booked. We were told we could take our car inside the sanctuary and see whatever we could from the road; so we decided to do at least that. Then just as we were driving inside one of the forest officers came and told us that he had managed to arrange a 3-seater elephant for us. So the three of us went on the elephant. They were tracking a herd of wild elephants that day. Usually these wild elephants live in the Mikai Hills and they rarely come to the sanctuary. This herd had come down a few weeks previously. We saw a herd with at least 33 elephants if not more. The mahout told us that sometimes the elephants come very close to our transport elephants and brush them with their trunks. One has to keep very still when you get near the wild ones. When we saw them they didn't come very close and we only got within a few yards of the herd. One baby elephant was just about 5 yards away from us. We also saw plenty of rhinos, a herd of wild buffalo, a wild pig and many wild deer. Kaziranga is supposed to be one of the best sanctuaries in India. We didn't see any tigers - there are only about twenty tigers in the whole sanctuary. The elephant ride was a little uncomfortable but well worth it. It took us about 2 or 3 hours to see everything.

Another old student and former member of our staff, Sakunthala, now Mrs. Ramakrishnan, is far across the seas in quite a different setting ..... Chicago, U.S.A.

10-8-'67

It is now three months since I came to Chicago. Life here is very different from that in India. It is a new experience for both of us and we are making the best use of it. I have not taken up any job here. Instead, I have taken to reading and house-keeping. Books are varied and cheap here and I intend making the best use of this opportunity. But in spite of all the facilities provided here I do

Rukmani daughter of Hemamalini Krishnan



miss India and Stella Maris very much. Everybody here is eager to know more about India and they are fascinated by the Indian saree. They treat us kindly and well, everybody is anxious to help us.

31-10-'67

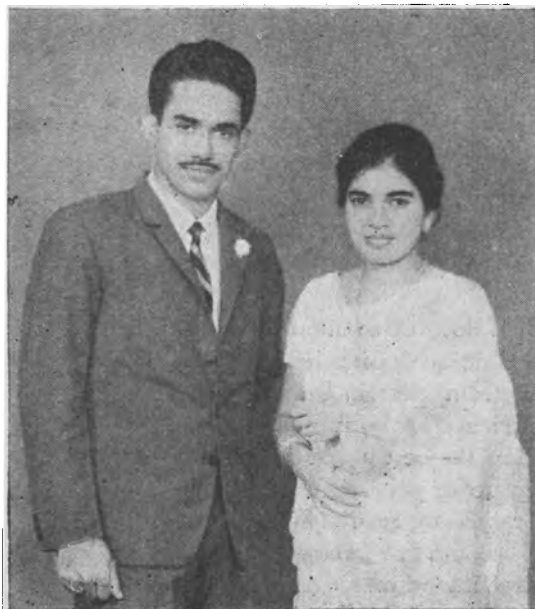
I am enjoying the role of a house-wife and am trying my hand at new dishes. Of course my husband is the victim but he enjoys being one. I intend baking a cake one of these days.

I had been to New Hampton and spent a week there. I also went to Niagara Falls, Kingston, Ontario and Montreal. We visited 'Expo' 67 and to my great surprise and pleasure, I found Miss Emma there. She said that she would be going over to Cleveland soon.

16-12-'67

I met an old student of Stella Maris. She is Pushpa Gandhi. We met at Cincinnati in the home of a mutual friend. It did me good to talk of Stella Maris. We compared notes and she told me of her days at college.

The weather at present is rather cold, the temperature between 25° and 30° F. Both of us have got used to the winter now. My husband is enjoying it whereas I just tolerate it. But I enjoy walking in the snow.



Mr. & Mrs. Mathews (Elizabeth George)

Just across the border in Canada is Judith Clement who did B.Sc. Zoology in '66 and then was a member of our staff for one year. Judy left for Toronto in November 1967. She describes her trip in detail :

26-11-'67

My flight from Madras to London was really great. At Rome I was so excited that anyone would think that I had just seen the Pope. At Zurich I was thrilled with the chocolates. It was very cold in London when I landed there. I met all my aunts and uncles and my grandmother in London. They were all so happy to see me. All of them just loaded me with gifts and, with my 44 lbs, you can imagine how I took all of it to Canada.

20-2-'68

Soon after my 21st birthday I took a post with Bell Telephone Company but in September I will join the teachers' college in Toronto. In the meantime I go to a collegiate institute for night school (typing) from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. The hours where I work are from 8.15 to 4.45. I live about 15 miles from the office so I have to get up at 6.15.



Mr. & Mrs. Rajan (K. Janaki)

I plan to visit Montreal and New York sometime. I have been dying to see the U.S.A. and it doesn't look too far away now. It is still very cold here, the temperature is 9° F. Last weekend I called Viola and told her that I would be seeing her on Saturday but the temperature went down to 15° below zero so I stayed at home.

Still from overseas and this time from the U.S.A. comes a letter from Sukunda Sukumaran, now Mrs. Vasu.

21-12-'67

It is only two years since we left India but it seems too long, especially because of Sanjay. My parents are so anxious to see him. He is a precious little darling and keeps Vasu and me quite busy. He'll be two next June. We are hoping we'll be able to go home on a visit next summer.

As you can see, we are now in Delaware, Ohio, about 20 miles from Columbus the capital. We are renting a 3-bedroom house with a large basement and a fairly large back yard. Vasu has been quite busy this semester as this is his first teaching experience in the U.S. He enjoys his work but it doesn't leave him much time for research. We are very lucky to have friendly and helpful neighbours and Sanjay has quite a few playmates. We've had only two snowfalls so far and according to the papers it looks as though we are not going to have a white Christmas. All the Christmas decorations are out, every house is lit up with coloured lights and every window in our street has a beautifully decorated Christmas tree. We've been invited out to a friend's house for Christmas and are looking forward to a delicious turkey dinner.

From another part of the world, the Netherlands, comes a letter from Celine D'Souza, now Mrs. D'Cruz. Her husband is at the Malayan Embassy in the Hague.

20-5-'67

We were in Malaysia for five days and then returned to India. We stopped at Bombay for two days and then took flight. Our first stop was at Cairo where we went to see the pyramids. After three days there we went to Athens which is a



Anita daughter of  
Angela Fernando (Vas)

beautiful place. The tourist bus took us to the Acropolis, the amphitheatre and to a few other places. The next stop was Rome, and of all the places I visited I like Rome the best. A good friend of my husband took us all around Rome in his car. We visited St. Peter's Square and Basilica where we saw the Sistine Chapel and the museum. From there we went to London where we spent two days with my husband's brother. On the 15th we arrived in the Hague. My husband is looking out for a good furnished house and in the meantime we are staying in a hotel. I have not yet been sight-seeing here and will tell you about it in my next letter.

And then we heard from New Zealand, a surprise letter from Estelle Joseph, B.Sc. Zoology '58.

10-3-'68

I am sure this is going to be a surprise to you but it is positively true. I arrived in New Zealand on the 19th of February. I had been teaching in that boys' school for two years, after taking my diploma in Malaysia, and needed a bit of a change, so I applied for a post here.

The school is the Willingdon Diocesan School for Girls but is widely known as Nga Tawa. They have an enrolment of 190 students and have classes from Form II to VI, lower and upper. The classes are small so that makes teaching easier. I teach General Science from Form II to V.

We're having summer now and I believe it's been the hottest they've had for a very long time so I'll be getting used to the cold gradually. Marten is a lovely little town. If you look it up on the map it's a wee town about twenty miles from Wanganni and Palmerston North. I hope to do a bit of travelling during the vacation.

From Borneo Mercy Matthews writes of her teaching experiences :

22-2-'68

I am working in Borneo. I am working in the same school with Colleen Young and what do you know we are sharing the same room! You can guess how much time we spend in talking about our days in Stella Maris.

Colleen just returned from a holiday in India. She is teaching Maths and English here and I am teaching Biology, Health Science and English. The work is quite interesting as the students show quite a lot of interest in the science subjects, as they are new to them.

The only trouble is that some of the students in Form 4 are older than I am. You see these students had their primary education in Chinese and then they spend one or two years learning English and then they start the secondary school; so by the time they reach the higher forms they are quite old. It is a co-educational school and most of the boys come to school driving their own cars and motorbikes.

By the way Molly and Asha will leave for India by the end of April or the beginning of May and I am sure Molly will come to see you all.

Ambi Suppiah is teaching in Malaysia and wrote on 14-2-'68

The whole of last year I was teaching the Pre-University Zoology. I loved teaching zoology and I was able to carry out the dissection classes quite successfully. Our school prepares students for the University. It is a large boys' school and I find the students quite co-operative. We have made many excursions visiting research institutes, mangrove swamps, sea-sides etc. I love botany too and I hope I will be given that subject to teach in the near future. That's all the news of my teaching experience.

Also in Malaysia but not teaching is Usha Thomas who finished B.Sc. Chemistry in '67.

I'm sure you must have wondered by now if I was dead or alive. I have been enjoying myself with the whole family. It has been five years now since I left home and this is the first time that I've been home. So I have lots to get caught up on.

For some time I worked in a lab (in a sugar factory). It was very interesting. I was helping, with the analysis. There were many interesting and modern instruments like the ultracentrifuge, pH meter, polarimeter, etc. This is the firm my father works in so I was doing voluntary work. After that I did more voluntary work in the University. I was working in the Psychological Medicine Dept. and was helping with factual research in "Birth order as related to Personality". The amount of Maths and statistical work I had to do was infuriating! Fortunately this department is new and they've got very modern machines, so many of the easier calculations were done by magic on electronic adding machines. On Fridays I was allowed to go to the psychiatric ward for case discussions. That was the most interesting and also the most pathetic part.

Back on home grounds we find Stella Maris teachers from North to South. Peggy Brown was still teaching in Darjeeling this year:

Pushpa Nayak & her husband



11-12-'67

The year has been an eventful one and I have enjoyed teaching in Darjeeling. Last year, thank God, the Inter class did well in English, so I was given the class to teach again. In addition I was the class teacher. I took them for craft and even I was surprised at the results. I seem to have been teaching a good deal of Mathematics and also General Science and French. So you can see how varied my time-table has been.

Lalitha, as you might know, is also in Darjeeling. She has enjoyed her year here and will be going back in the new year.

9-1-'68

There is a group called Leaders' Training Service here and we join them for social service work every Sunday evening. They go to one of three places, each group going to a different spot every week. They visit the Eden Hospital and help to clean it up. I cannot tell you how edifying it was to see them work. I felt out of place in the beginning but I soon had a broom in my hand and there I was cleaning the ward! This looked funny to some of the patients so they enjoyed themselves, and even if I could not speak their language, I certainly provided them with some entertainment.

In Kerala, Mary Anne Panikker, M.A. Lit. '67, was teaching at Assumption College this year:

Here I am doing quite well. You won't believe it but I was actually asked to inaugurate the Literary association and also the Hostel Association. Can you imagine me giving a speech? I am having a nice time but I must confess that there is not a single day when I don't think of Stella Maris Hostel. I must confess that I don't have half the fun here that I had there.

Probably it is because I have a greater responsibility on my shoulders now.

Elizabeth 'Saro' George was also teaching in Kerala at All Saints' College, Trivandrum but she resigned the post and was married in January '68, and is now Mrs. Matthews.

18-11-'67

Thank you very much for your letter. I'm sorry I took such a long time to reply but I was rather busy with corrections. Yesterday we visited Shantha Matthews.

She is on a short stay here with her little son. She teaches English in a school in Aden.

29-12-'67

Yesterday we had my engagement ceremony, here at home. I will be getting married in January. My fiancé is a Major in the army and is at present posted in Kashmir. He may be transferred to Bangalore next year.

Mary Kurien, B.Sc. Zoology, '67, also writes frequently from Baroda where she is doing M.Sc.

20-12-'67

Last Sunday our department had a picnic to Nal Sarovar, and we had quite a nice time. This place is famous for migratory birds and we watched quite a number of flamingoes and cranes. This time I won't be going home for Christmas. Actually I was quite disappointed when we were informed that there would be regular classes for us throughout the holidays.

Another of last year's graduates is Shaila Mukundam who writes from West Bengal :

1-8-'67

I am now with my parents but I will be leaving soon for Calcutta. The Birla Institute of Home Science has accepted me for the one year certificate course in art.

There is something of greater importance to tell you. I am engaged to be married. His name is Jayakrishan and he is in the I.A.S. We knew his family very well in Delhi and his sisters were good friends of mine. The wedding will take place only around next April.

Mrs. Lakshmi Ramamurthy, M.A. Social Work, also writes often from Trichy :

5-8-'67

I do miss hostel life very much. My friends, the impatient waiting at the dining hall for you to distribute the post, the hostel functions and other wonderful experiences are still like a dream to me. Indeed two years at Stella Maris just flew. Whenever I tease Ramamurthy that the best part of my life has gone with marriage, he retaliates by telling me that marriage has resulted for him in 'half the fun and twice the expense!'

Pushpa Nayak was also recently married and writes from Calcutta :

28-1-'68

It's wonderful to be alive! Being so gloriously happy, it's all I can do to keep from breaking out in song. Our flat is very comfortable and well situated. The market and shops are just a five minutes' walk from here and yet it is so secluded that I have absolute peace and quiet always.

We have visited many places like Birla Planetarium, the second largest in the world. It is simply fascinating to sit below a huge dome as they project films of the stars and space travel. The Victoria Memorial is also very impressive.

Finally a word from R. Prema, M.A. Economics, who is now married and in Bombay. Prema also visited Stella Maris recently.

My husband is an engineer and doing structural engineering work. I live in a 6th floor flat in the Malabar Hills, having a glorious view of the Arabian Sea. But I do miss the extensive open spaces, green trees and vegetation of Madras and the sylvan surroundings of Stella Maris. That sweet memory of my alma mater remains green in my memory. The 'red carpet' welcome you gave me on my visit has heightened my attachment to Stella Maris.....

Thanks for the encouragement, Prema, and we hope that every Stella Marian, wherever she may be, knows that that 'red carpet' welcome is always there for her whether she comes by land or by sea.....in person or by post !

# Mathematics, Home and Abroad

The story of how one Stella Maris alumna's dream came true.

Cambridge - the name now recalls so many varied and disjoint memories of three happy years! - memories of quiet hours spent browsing in bookshops, of bleak winter afternoons, of the exciting (and yet sometimes frustrating!) Mathematics I was doing, of the wonderful people I met and of my precious second-hand bicycle to which I got so attached. I went there with the intention of learning more mathematics but I feel I have come out a new person. Life at the university was a new, exciting and rewarding experience.

Everyone has dreams at various stages of his life; dreams which often seem ambitious and unattainable. But sometimes one is lucky, and dreams become realities. Mathematics has always fascinated me and I have always wanted to continue with it as a career. I was doing my undergraduate course in mathematics at Stella Maris and I too had my dreams. I graduated in 1962, but then nothing wonderful happened; I found myself starting on an M.Sc. course in Pure Mathematics at Bombay. But I gathered information about how to get to Cambridge - and ended up by taking the Girton and Newnham entrance examination. (Girton and Newnham are the two older women's colleges in Cambridge; New Hall is a more recent addition.) Admission was the first hurdle; then the question of money loomed very large. But I got to hear about the J. N. Tata Endowment here in Bombay which offers loan scholarships every year. So after some thought, I took one of them. It was a crucial step. I was not to know at that time in how many other ways this move would affect me; for it was at one of the Tata parties that I met my fiancé who was also a Tata scholar at Cambridge!

So in September 1964 I found myself at Newnham College, Cambridge. It didn't take very long to settle down, for somehow one seems to know a lot about England and the English even before one leaves India. Also, there were about a hundred Indians at the university out of a student population of about ten thousand. A charming feature about Cambridge is that it is a university town. There are of course bits of Cambridge which are unrelated to the university, but the major portion of it is covered by colleges, faculty buildings and laboratories. There are about twenty colleges for boys and three for girls, and a few more graduate colleges. The men to women ratio is something like 8 : 1, but they are trying to make the figures a bit more even!

The relation between the university and the villages is completely different from the one that exists here. Most of the students live in their college, except for a few who live in 'digs' or lodgings because of the lack of space. The lectures are held at



the faculties and are all arranged by the university: The lecturers are 'dons' or fellows of one of the colleges. So, though boys and girls belong to different colleges, those studying the same subject attend the same lectures. Lectures seldom occupy more than two hours in the morning. They are supplemented by what is termed 'supervisions'. I had two a week, one in Pure Mathematics and the other in Applied Mathematics. The supervisor, who is usually one of the fellows (or sometimes a senior research student) sets and corrects work. I always found these supervisions extremely rewarding. I could raise any topic or problem, and the supervisor would always discuss it with enthusiasm. For the first two years I did pure and applied Mathematics, but in my final year, I had a choice of subjects and I concentrated on Galois Theory, Number Theory, Topology and Random Variables.

What I really enjoyed was the independence given to me. At the beginning of every term a "University Reporter" is brought out giving detailed information about all the topics to be lectured on, and I was free to attend any lecture in any faculty. I was also at liberty not to attend some mathematics lectures if I did not wish to do so. Nevertheless, one worked very hard during term time, and the problems set for supervisions were always challenging. An excellent feature of the Cambridge tripos is that a student can change his subject after a year, or even after two years. The rules only demand that one should complete two parts of some tripos to qualify for a degree. In fact a large number of economists take their first examination in mathematics.

Since lectures are held mostly in the morning one has time to pursue any hobby or interest. The facilities are really wonderful - lovely playing-fields, a magnificent university library, numerous societies, and of course the Cambridge Union. Or one could just go for a lovely walk along wooded paths to the neighbouring villages of Coton and Grantchester. I feel Cambridge will always be the same, with those narrow winding lanes, the beautiful lawns of the colleges and the bells pealing from the innumerable churches. Only there will now be another set of students, working for their tripos, debating at the Union, or punting slowly down the River Cam.

SUCHARITA D.

# University Examination, 1968 - Results

	No. appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of passes	
<b>M.A.</b>						
Economics	... 16	...	15	...	...	93·7
English	... 17	4	12	...	...	94·1
Indian Music	... 3	1	2	...	...	100
History of Fine Arts—Part I	... 4	...	...	Passed	4	100
	Part II	... 2	...	1	...	50
Social Work—Part I	... 12	...	...	Passed	12	100
	Part II	... 14	2	10	...	85·7
<b>M.Sc.</b>						
Mathematics	... 10	2	6	...	...	80
<b>III B.A.</b>						
History	... 24	...	10	13	...	95·8
Social Science	... 25	...	7	17	...	96
Economics	... 73	...	1	53	...	74
Indian Music	... 5	...	3	1	...	80
Western Music	... 2	2	...	...	...	100
Drawing & Painting	... 9	4	5	...	...	100
English	... 31	4	7	20	...	100
<b>II B.A.</b>						
English	... 163	...	41	118	...	97·5
Language	... 163	55	31	72	...	97
<b>III B.Sc.</b>						
Mathematics	... 28	21	3	2	...	92·8
Chemistry	... 26	14	9	1	...	92·2
Zoology	... 30	3	14	9	...	86·6
<b>II B.Sc.</b>						
English	... 81	...	...	80	...	98·7
Language	... 81	21	31	29	...	100
Ancillary : Chemistry	... 58	...	...	Passed	57	98·2
Ancillary : Botany	... 21	...	...	Passed	21	100
<b>Pre-University</b>	... 584	275	200	60	...	91·6

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

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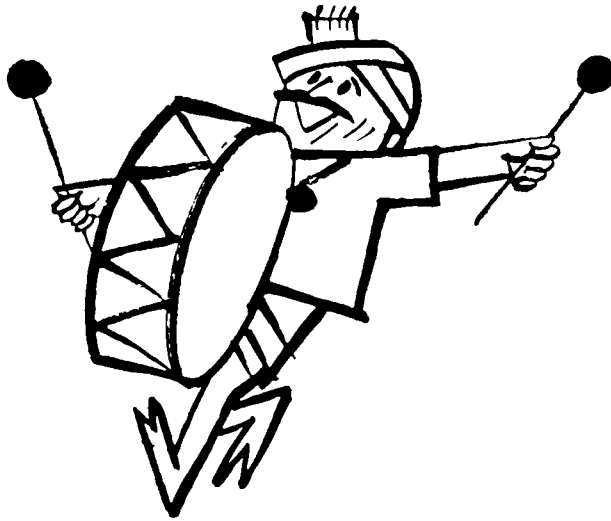
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