

stella maris college 1970



STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1970

work is love made visible

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EDITORIAL

‘Work is love made visible’

Love is ‘a many splendoured thing’. It is a feeling, an emotion, which, though evanescent, has myriad ways of making itself felt. Though we cannot prove it, we cannot at the same time disprove that ‘love makes the world go round’. From time immemorial men have tried, and tried in vain, to perfect their definition of love. It would be safest to conclude that love, like beauty, lies in the eyes of the beholder. It is for us to choose to see it in a mother’s face, a child’s smile, or in plain, down-to-earth acts, like work, for instance.

Love builds, as hate destroys. It is a constructive emotion, incomprehensible in its fullest potentials, unless we are gifted with an almost divine probity of mind. But we can do the next best thing through our actions. Love is essentially the giving of ourselves to others — it calls forth all the noble aspirations engendered in us by our Creator : work, sacrifice, devotion...In short, one of the signal distinctions of humanity is the capacity to love and be loved.

However inaccessible the inner recesses of man’s emotions, we can trace certain definite instincts in him. One is the instinct for security, and another, closely related to it is that of active liberty, of using his faculties in some form of work. Work, then, results from an innate drive to realize one’s potential. But it also espouses the cause of love : it is a constructive means of giving of one’s self to others.

As students we expend our energies on various activities. In our study, our music, our play, and in other innumerable tasks of a day, we activate ourselves — we work. Similarly, there are still others, who also form part of the

college set up, who prepare forthcoming lectures, correct research papers, counsel those in difficulty, and in short, work for the general benefit of the college community. All these are individual persons, with specialized actions motivated by various desires. While the desire of self-love cannot be ruled out, neither can we ignore the element of altruistic love in all these actions. Such acts are living and breathing examples of the element of give-and-take which is so much a part of loving and living.

All love must begin with self-love, but unless the germinal love flowers into love for others, it remains a distortion, immature — as a seed is not its true self until it grows into flower and fruit. Mature love means essentially sharing with others. Only by activity, by work, by bringing out our potential to share with others, can we make love visible to others.



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to aspire to the integration
of our whole being is to
tread the path of love

The Power of Love

A Woman whose life is one of praise of God and service of her fellow men.



Much has been written about love, but as Teilhard de Chardin remarked, most of this writing is concerned 'only with the sentimental face of love, the joy and miseries it causes us'. Relatively little is written about love as a way of life, and still less about the power of love, which is the power of Being itself. We get some inkling of love's power when we recall those rare moments when the brightness of love illumined our lives for a brief span. Through the gloom of depression and anxiety the veil is lifted for a moment through a chance encounter, an unexpected kindness, a loving glance or the pressure of a friend's hand. Love's presence awakened us to life for we encountered Being Itself. The loving person transmitted the exuberant life of God in human terms. How truly this

applies to Mother Maria Klemens Maria Hoffbauer, who celebrated her golden jubilee as a religious on November 4th 1969, offering thanksgiving for fifty years in the service of God, of which forty-five were spent in India in the loving service of others.

Stella Marians had every right to rejoice on that jubilee day for without the initiative and guidance of Mother Klemens, Stella Maris may never have come into existence. In 1946 when the need for another Women's College was under discussion, the Madras University authorities approached Mother Klemens to ask if she would accept to underake such a work. Realizing the difficulties and responsibility this would involve, Mother Klemens never wavered in her endeavour to meet the needs of the University and after completing the preliminary work for the college, placed it in the hands of Mother Lillian, the first Principal.

The opening of Stella Maris and later of Stella Matutina College of Education were only two landmarks in a series of achievements in the field of educational, social and medical service which began in 1925 in the Immaculate Convent, Coimbatore, when Mother Klemens brought all her enthusiasm and love to better the lot of the underprivileged children who were brought to the orphanage. Mylapore saw the development of St. Raphael's High School, the building of the Rosary Matriculation School, the Tamil Secondary School, the Hostel for University students and teachers and the enlarging of the orphanage. Meanwhile, the Anglo-Indian children who were housed in St. Thomas Convent were installed in the new building in Mambalam, the Holy Angels Convent. Four years after the completion of the new building it had to be evacuated on account of World War II and when the children returned in 1948 their beautiful school and boarding had lost its pristine beauty. 1951 found Mother Klemens working in the Deccan, improving the Rosary High School and planning a high school, boarding and training school in the Warangal district at Kazipet for the Telugu children. New primary schools sprang up in Bhiminapalli and Brahmanapalli to cater to the village children who could finish their high school in Kazipet.

When Mother Klemens was nominated Provincial in 1960 she set to work to establish Stella Matutina Training College for the post-graduate students, so that in the field of education the list of works was complete, and then she turned to update the hospital in Trichinopoly adding new blocks to it and a school of nursing.

To staff these various works several Indian sisters were sent abroad for higher studies to London, Paris, Rome, New York, Boston, and the opportunities available in the country, such as St. John's Medical College and Mater Dei Institute were also utilized.

Although several buildings testify to the ingenious foresight and skilful administrative powers of Mother Klemens, those who know her and have worked with her are conscious of her profound qualities of heart and mind. Her alert intelligence and deep humility are overshadowed by her extraordinary capacity to love. Love is a capacity to 'give' rather than to receive. We usually connect giving with this depriving of oneself, but this is not the case with love which consists in a giving of one's joy, interest and understanding in such a way as to enrich others, enkindling in them the capacity to love. Just how far Mother Klemens has enriched the lives of all around her was brought home very forcibly, not only on her jubilee day when telegrams poured in ten at a time every few minutes, but also on that tragic monsoon day when news reached us that Mother had met with a terrible accident on the road to Tanjore. Travelling with two sisters, the car was involved in a head on crash with a speeding truck. The sisters were flung on to the road and Mother Klemens crashed through the roof of the car. Days of agonizing suspense passed while the telephone constantly rang in our Madras houses for news while prayers continued day and night. Finally news came that there was hope of recovery.

What is the secret power behind Mother Klemens' capacity to reach the hearts of so many people, children and adults in every walk of life? Today we speak so much about the personal dimension of man and what it means to know someone as a person. No one has brought this out more clearly than Martin Buber, the existentialist philosopher of the University of Jerusalem. He describes three distinct steps in establishing interpersonal relationships; first, 'transcending the world of seeming', second, 'calling a person to presence', and third 'allowing the other to unfold'. These three steps have characterized the relationship Mother Klemens has always had with those with whom she comes in contact.

First, 'transcending the world of seeming'; a fundamental problem in any interpersonal relationship is the duality between 'seeming' and 'being'. 'Being' means what one really is; 'seeming', what one wishes to appear. There is no room for genuine interhuman life where 'seeming' predominates. Truth in the inter-human means that we communicate ourselves to one another AS WE REALLY ARE, allowing no 'seeming' to come between self and the other. In short, it means being authentic, for real dialogue demands that we get to the real person behind the facade. Those who have known Mother Klemens have always been impressed by her integrity, sincerity and genuine concern for each and everyone, an attitude which never failed to inspire confidence.

Second, 'calling a person to presence'; by this, Martin Buber means transcending a person's external actions and reaching the source from whence they spring, that is, accepting, not the person's convictions, but the person as she is, with all her limitations and seeing the person who could exist. Mother Klemens was the refuge in grief of many hopeless cases in whom she could discern the spark of good which her love fanned to a flame.

Buber's third step in the interpersonal relationship consists in 'allowing the other to unfold'. This means avoiding the imposition of one's view, attitudes, or opinions, for when a person imposes on another she prevents the growth of life in that person. Unfolding means the two must understand each other, that they should avoid 'seeming' and 'imposing'. How often Mother Klemens would point out values that motivated her own actions but never would she impose these values on another.

In conclusion we may add that Mother Klemens' deep interpersonal relations stem from her own personal relationship with God. Living in the presence of the Sacred, drawing her strength from her profound love of God she is able to experience her daily life and her contacts with others in the light of this love. The power of love is the power of Being itself, for God is love.

Sr. MILDRED CLIFFORD,
F.M.M.

A Season of Weeks

As the year ran its course the students tried to make their life in college a meaningful one through weeks of activities.

Music Week :

The Music Week, which heralded the salvo of the weeks in the college began with an exhibition of temple instruments, and an explanatory lecture by Professor Sambamoorthy. The evening witnessed the performance of the Jalatharangam by Mrs. Seetha Doraiswamy. The audience was fascinated by the music produced by the expert manipulation of sticks on a number of porcelain bowls filled with water. The annual St. Cecilia's Concert offered a wide variety of musical selections, ranging from classical to beat. The choir, conducted by Mrs. Wolfe gave a delightful performance; and the concert ended with the "Uniques". The Carnatic Music enthusiasts were treated to a Veena recital by Smt. Karpagam and a ten year old girl. Next day Room 0—8 was packed to capacity owing to the screening of 'The Touch of Mink'. The Music Week came to an end with a most enjoyable show by the Vepery Male Voice Choir.

Literary Week :

Literary week, organised by the English Department, began with three films:— 'John Gilpin', 'Elizabethan England' and 'The More Man Understands'. The week gained momentum with Shaw's 'Passion, Poison, and Putrefaction' staged by the first and second year students of English Literature. It was hilarious, and the audience went away cheered by a hearty laugh. Thursday saw a play-reading session, in which the undergraduate classes and the first year post graduates took part. But the Literary Pageant, on the last day, stole the show. There was Scrooge, Gulliver in the Land of Brobdingnag, the Queen of Hearts, and what-have-you? Dashing Robin Hood walked off with the first prize.

History Week :

The History Department carried the march of weeks from the 19th to the 23rd of January. An exhibition concentrated on the great men who shaped history. The first day saw the showing of 'Sword and the Flute'. Next day there was an interesting quiz programme with at least two participants from each class. An enlightening lecture by Dr. Subramaniam on Wednesday, was followed the day after by a film 'The Twenty Fifth Hour'. The week came to a close with an excursion by the History students to Bangalore and Mysore. Souvenirs bearing this inscription: 'Take from the past its fires, not its ashes' were distributed to keep the memories alight.

Social Science Week :

The Social Science and Social Work Department, not to be out - done, held a 'three-day' week from 27th to 29th January with the interesting theme 'The Cultural Heritage of India'. A colourful exhibition, depicting the various aspects of Indian culture, marked the beginning. An unusual feature was the Kollam Competition held in Assunta Hall. Some strikingly attractive patterns were drawn throwing light on the artistic talent of some of the students. The Cultural Programme, on Wednesday evening, highlighted the week. It began on a lively note, with the colourful Bangara and followed by a Bharata Natyam piece and a traditional Gujarati folk dance, the Gharba. The M.A.'s who took over at this point with their mock Kathakalashabam, had Assunta Hall echoing with laughter. The week ended with the screening of 'Dancing Feet' and 'Song of Punjab', depicting some aspects of Indian Culture.

Science Week :

The second week of February saw the beginning of the Science Week - a combined effort of the whole Science department. The exhibition put up in this



connection was extremely well planned and attractively laid out. Flower arrangements, challenging scientific puzzles, hand-made articles for sale, and other attractions, made a visit to the exhibition really worth while. On Wednesday, films on science and wild life were shown. An exciting feature of this week was the treasure hunt. At least two students from each class took part as well as the staff. The hunt, which began in Room 1—1 had the enthusiasts tracking clues all over the campus. The prize was won by a pair of clever I B.Sc. students.

Anti-Corruption Week :

The P.U. 1 students this year started a new trend of weeks, and the infection soon spread to P.U. 3 and P.U. 5. The Anti-Corruption Week aimed at effecting an awareness of the extent of corruption. Attention was drawn to the various malpractices, whether conscious or unconscious. These pioneers conducted a survey within and outside college, and wrote out reports which they hope to publish periodically in news papers and magazines. They hope to awaken public conscience through this method, and reduce the extent of corruption.

Anti-Poverty Week :

This week, the brain-child of P.U. 5 saw posters all over the college inviting contributions and enlisting sympathy. A collection of money and old clothes was made for the inmates of the Gosha Hospital. The spirit shown by the class must be commended.

Courtesy Week :

Courtesy Week, the last in the line came from the thoughtfulness of the P.U. 3 students. Preparations for this week began with appeals to all classes for their co-operation. Numerous posters were placed at vantage points, all over the college. The volunteers next tried to tackle the well-known impossible task of making the girls follow the queue system. An attempt was made to implement this not only within college on the staircase and at the canteen but also at the bus stops.

These weeks were in most cases organised by the students - proof that they have faith in themselves - a faith that cannot be reduced to a mere conception but one that finds its fulfilment in the active giving of themselves. These efforts may seem insignificant, but when seen in the context of college life, one cannot but conclude they were steps in the right direction.

MADHURI MENON
I B.A. Social Science

A Road To Development

Brought face to face with the problems of national development, students responded with enthusiasm and love.

25th December — the glorious day had just been born—we were returning from the Church. I was wondering how to resume my frantic efforts to persuade my mother about my going to the Social Work Camp. The previous evening she had definitely put her foot down about my spending those few precious days away from her loving side.

“But Mom, I do so want to go!”

“I know! I know! You want to do so many things. All you young people know is that you want to do something—you don’t even stop to think about it!”

“But that’s not true! I’ve been thinking about this camp ever since it was announced. We are going to make a road.....”

“Road? Pough! Why should you build a road? What is the corporation doing?”

“You see, there are some complications. The place does not belong to the corporation. So they won’t do it!”

“Then I don’t see why *you* should do it! It does not belong to you either, does it?”

“Oh Mom!” (These grown-ups never understand) “The place becomes so slushy when it rains. You don’t realise how the poor people suffer. I did not know until I went there!”

“Yes! That’s exactly what I’m driving at! Why should you move with such people? You are too young and are likely to be influenced by them”.

“They won’t, and I’m not too young! I’m 18, and I’m old enough to know what I’m doing. We are going to try and change them. Oh Mom! Don’t you want them to be nice, clean and healthy and.....and.....happy like us?”

“They’ll never be! They are never satisfied with anything. Many people have tried before you and have failed.”

“They have not been utter failures. They have changed something. Perhaps they had not always used the right approach. Oh Mom! You must let me go!”

We want to change things for the better! You have got so used to the evils of our country that you just accept them..." I stopped because her expression had changed. She looked thoughtful and suddenly said :

" You may go."

The next morning, I arrived at Stella Maris with my suitcase and bedding, with a "here-I-am" feeling in the depths of my heart. My spirits were soaring. Only for a short while. The inevitable happened. I realised I was late (as usual) and so had missed the morning session. From the other campers, who returned later for lunch, I gathered that they had gone to our slum to see the what-abouts and all that. Before going into details - most of the campers were P.U.'s. The only seniors (well, I suppose I can say that without hesitation and proudly, too, because we were the senior-most of the whole bunch - for once) were the four first years, including myself.

The first day's lunch was a memorable event. It was a new and thrilling experience for the others, who were not hostelites, to eat, sleep, and be together. I was too used to it to be thrilled. I was the only hostelite among them all. Still, I shall and must say that it was thrilling in a way for me too, for I made new discoveries. For one thing, I had been led to think all my life that I was a noisy, disturbing element. I discovered I wasn't, my voice sounded so soft and lady-like during the camp days. Whether it was by contrast with my noisier companions or not, the fact remains.

After lunch, we had rest time till 3.30, during which nobody rested. We were all busy settling our things in our own little corners of the Social Welfare Centre. Once that was done, we turned to the final and most interesting pastime, chatting ; or if you like to put it more decently, getting to know each other.

After tea, we set out towards our slum armed with balls, tenniquoit rings, etc. The children of the slum enjoyed those camp days. Since it was holiday-time, and they had been playing the whole day, they were eager to study a bit in the evenings, and under such lovely, bright young things. Our girls made many affectionate friends, and won some ardent admirers. Some of us gathered the mothers in small groups, and with the help of colourful charts, told them about good clean food, a cheap balanced diet, some of the commonest yet dangerous diseases, and the importance of hygiene.

Most of the girls knew fluent Tamil, so it was very easy to converse with the mothers both young and old, and find out their opinions. For instance, we asked them why they get their girls married so early. Did they not think it better for the welfare of both the girl and her future family if she were to be married, say, when she was twenty or so? 'No' was the answer, 'because the society they belonged to was such that the people around them spoke badly if they kept grown-up girls too long in the house. Also, the girls were so

ignorant of the facts of life, that if they were kept unmarried for long, they got themselves involved in serious troubles.' I think that we educated young girls should set about trying to think more seriously about convincing the older generation of the errors of their ideas, and helping the younger generation to become more mature and make them realise that there are other things more important than romance. I dare say, it is not enough just to go and tell them to be clean and eat well-cooked food and all that. There are more serious steps to be taken, not by us, but by the more experienced. We youngsters have grand ideas and ideals, but are unable to put them into practice.

To come back to our work—we returned to the college fully satisfied with the day's work. The dinner was a gorgeous affair. As usual, the Sisters came to see that everything was alright. After dinner, many went for walks and felt that the majestic buildings, bathed in moonlight, looked more beautiful at night.

The days slipped by, and enthusiasm increased with them. The road—building went on with vigour, and a considerable amount of work was done. At ten o'clock we had refreshments brought to us from the college by the Sisters. Mother Superior also came to see how we got along and we were pleased to note that many a time her camera went "click".

What we liked most was the eager help by the youngsters of the slum, who did all they could to be of service. Apart from this serious work and studies, the film shows combined both instruction and entertainment. Each show consisted of a new review, and four or five documentary films, mostly about diseases and essential habits. They helped the people understand better what we were teaching them with the help of charts.



During the days we worked ; and till late in the nights we watched cricket matches—yes, cricket matches! We watched McKenzie bowl beautifully and Venkat send the ball flying through a gap between Taylor and Chapal—and the batsmen take several runs meanwhile. The bat was a small plastic one, and as for the ball, well, a paper ball served the purpose beautifully. The girls took the players' names, and you will be thrilled to hear that after four and a half (?) test matches, India won!

This would have gone on even after midnight, but usually the Sister managed to put the energetic players and applauding audience to bed, saying that they will be too tired to work the next morning. Ha! What does she know of the inexhaustible energy we possess. The nightly entertainment did not stop there. The girls who were not much inclined towards cricket, spent their time beautifying the faces of the Sleeping Beauties, thus displaying their artistic skill. Many a morning we were roused from our beauty sleep by shrieks of laughter, and cries of 'Go and see your face in the mirror!' to the girls whose faces had served the purpose of an artist's canvas. It was real fun.

Well, all good things must and do come to an end. Time passed on so quickly, that before we realised it, the last day was near. On the night of the 30th, we had a camp-fire on the N.C.C. grounds. A skit was put up, and some sang. We remained around the dying embers, scattered in small groups, chatting with the eagerness that had a tinge of sadness—a feeling that it was all over too soon.

The next day, the climate shared our feeling. Dark clouds gathered, and it rained—not in a cheerful, freshening way, but in a dull damp way. It kept drizzling on and off, so we could not go to the slum that morning. Yet, in spite of the rain a few of us went to see the place. We came back at noon, feeling rather dejected. But at three-thirty we gathered in Assunta Hall, and Mother praised us warmly, and told us not to be discouraged by difficulties like these. She said that Social Work is not an easy task, and that it had many hindrances. I don't think she only meant inclemency of nature. The talk revived us considerably, and with renewed courage, we made up our minds to continue making the road even after the College reopened. Continue the work? Yes! But not stop when this road was finished, This is only one road of the world, of mud and gravel, that we have been helping to build. But there is the other road. into the building of which we should throw ourselves heart and soul - the road on which the future India is to walk towards progress.

GEORGINA KANDASWAMY
I B.Sc. Zoology.

Social Work Camp at Covelong :

Social work camps have been a regular feature in the history of the college. Every year, student volunteers and a few members of the staff, in close co-operation with the slum people white-washed huts, repaired thatched roofs, and cemented the floors of more than a hundred huts.

As part of the training programme, the social work department held its first study and work camp last year at Covelong, a fishing village on the way to Mahabalipuram. The major aim of the camp was to train the students in making surveys, and thus to discover the needs of the people, and draw up a programme of work to be carried out by a local community development project. The camp was also meant to give the students an opportunity for group living, and to develop a greater sense of responsibility,

The organisation of the camp was done by the students in consultation with the lecturers. They also found time for social and cultural activities, which kept them happy all the time. At a brief meeting on the first day, the work to be undertaken was discussed, and a questionnaire was distributed. The first visit to the village was spent meeting the local leaders and the people to explain the purpose of the camp.

After these preliminaries the students gathered information about the socio-economic conditions. The findings revealed that the great majority live in extreme poverty, and that most of the children and women are under-nourished. They live in an area where labour is cheap, and farming resources inadequate.

A meeting with the management of Rural Development was held on the last day. The project leaders accepted the students' suggestions and recommendations. In the near future, they will extend health services to the women and children, and will develop their extension work through the various co-operative schemes.

A Social Worker.

To the North and to the South

After some years our excursionists ventured once again beyond the frontiers of our country.

'Calling all Sociology students for a field trip to Hyderabad, Aurangabad and Delhi': the announcement was greeted with excited enthusiasm, and plans were made to the minutest detail. The excursion was thrown open to all students, and the group that set out was a thoroughly mixed one. The date fixed for the 'grand tour' was December 28th, the venue Central Station, and the time 11 a.m. The Stella Maris board was hung on the bogie with pomp and ceremony, and we were off.

Train journeys in large groups are thoroughly enjoyable. We reached Hyderabad early next morning, and went straight to the Tourist Hotel for a much-needed wash (only a dry-wash, unfortunately). Then we made a bee-line for the Salarjung Museum, where we spent an illuminating time peering and admiring. It was an unforgettable experience. Later we drove through the Public Gardens, and also circumnavigated Osmania University. In the evening we saw the famous Golconda Fort. The climb was achingly long, but really worth the view.



At the Kutb Minar

Next morning we toured the Nehru Zoological Gardens, and the rest of the day was spent in the intricate business of shopping at Char Minar and Abid Road. That night we left for Aurangabad. New Year's Eve, and we were at Holiday Camp, Aurangabad. Our two-day stay included visits to Ajanta and Ellora, and Bibi-Ka-Muqbara. The Art students took over at this point, and had a chance to lord it over the rest of us with their superior knowledge. To many of us Ajanta and Ellora were indeed an eye-opener about ancient Indian art and sculpture.

After another day and a half by train, we reached Agra on the 3rd of January. Only one day was set aside for Agra, so we wanted to see the Taj at once. But our impatience had to be curbed. The morning was spent at Fatehpur Sikri (which we shall remember mainly because of the ramshackle, rattle tin of a bus that took us there). But the afternoon found us comfortably seated in a luxury coach which carried us to the Agra Fort, with its inspiring vision of the past grandeur and magnificence of the Moghul Court. Then, at last, the Taj Mahal. We reached the place just as the evening mist was slowly creeping in, and we stood there overwhelmed by the breathtaking beauty of the monument.

Delhi was next on the programme. Our sight seeing took us to Jantar Mantar, Teen Murti Marg and Birla Mandir. Of course, shopping was an integral part of the programme, and we did so at every opportunity. We also went to the Red Fort, to see the 'Son et Lumiere' programme, which was quite impressive. That night we had dinner at a restaurant, and the North Indian



Arrival at Colombo

food was relished with great gusto. Rajghat, Shantivana and Kutb Minar were not forgotten, of course. All too soon it was time to return to Madras, and our feelings, as the train sped on, were mingled ones—regret, nostalgia, and excitement.

* * *

‘The Stella Maris Study-cum-Cultural tour to Ceylon’ read the impressive placard hanging from a special Railway coach all set to leave Madras one evening in September. A better place could not have been chosen for our excursion—because we were able to put up our noses with a superior air, and say that we were going abroad, and could talk with great solemnity about passports, visas, health certificates etc.

There was a rumble of anxiety and a great deal of bustle prior to the departure. But the tour was so efficiently organised, and so well chaperoned that there was little likelihood of any misadventure. Moreover, there was also a travel agent to take care of formalities.



To Rameswaram by train, then across the strait by steam boat to Talaimannar, and then into the train again, and before long we were in Colombo. The novelty of the experience made everything exciting — passing through the customs, handling Ceylonese currency, and even filling innumerable forms.

It was a nine-day tour, covering the Southern and South-Eastern part of Ceylon—Most of the roads lay along the coast line, and wherever we went, there was the sea glinting in the sunlight in the most varied shades of green and blue. We travelled in luxury buses, stopping wherever necessary, and resting only at night. Kathirgamam, Nuwara Eliya, Kandy, Anuradhapura and Sigiria were some of the interesting places we visited.

The lush country side, with miles and miles of coconut, tea, and cocoa plantations made window-gazing a pleasure. The quiet beauty of the gigantic Buddhist stupas, and the vast ruins of ancient Buddhist temples was also fascinating in a different way.

The people were friendly, and claimed to revere and admire Indian culture, part of which they have inherited too. All the interesting stories that were narrated at the sites of important monuments had close bearing on our history, especially those relating to the South Indian Chola kings, and the life of the Buddha and his followers.



Sigiria

One of the most interesting places we visited was the University town at Peradeniya, near Kandy. It was beautifully planned, with medical, polytechnic, engineering, arts and science colleges. We spent a very pleasant afternoon in an immense park adjoining the University, wishing that we could stay there.

After our inland tour, we came back to Colombo, where a day was spent shopping and visiting the zoo. The elephant dance, and the exotic collection of birds were the main attractions. The shopping was not completed to our satisfaction. Any way we could not buy very much even if we wanted to, what with the foreign exchange regulations and the threat of the customs inspector hanging over us.

With great reluctance we left Colombo. We went back the way we had come — with memories, souvenirs and a few photographs to remind us of our excursion.

N. KALPAGAM, I B.A.
Social Sciences

J. JAYADEVI, III B.A.
Economics



Dear Diary

"I still believe in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart"; she trusted and she believed despite the darkness that enshrouded her life.

November '69

Dear Diary,

Can you believe it? We, of all people, are actually two of the chosen few!—For what, you ask?—Why, for "The Diary of Anne Frank", of course—the play written by Francis Goodrich and Albert Hackett. It depicts the life of the Frank family and their friends during the two years of forced seclusion in an attic in Holland, when Hitler came to power and began his fierce anti-Semitic campaign. In spite of very real suffering, Anne, their younger daughter, develops that deep wisdom, untouched by bitterness, which is the secret of the inspiration of the Diary. Practices begin in right earnest tomorrow, and we're sure both you and we are looking forward to it—aren't we, Diary?



Hanukka Gifts

December '69

Dear Diary,

Aren't we tired! 8 days a week! After a hard day's night, we feel we must tell you about a typical day in our lives as budding actresses. Our first, last, and only thought during these hectic days is, "get into character"—(to quote Mrs. McAlpin): "Mr Frank, more masculinity", "Mr. Van Daan, where is your caged-lion walk?", "Anne, forget you are a young lady—remember you are a vivacious 13-year-old, bubbling over with high spirits"—these are some of the guide lines Mrs. McAlpin gives us to work along from day to day. Week days, 4.30 to 6.30 p.m.; Sundays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.—these are our working hours, in addition to the extra minutes we put in on our own.

January '70

Dear Diary,

Remember Mouschi, that little kitten of Peter's we told you about? Well, he decided to join the convent (we ask you!) Let us tell you how it came about. Mouschi, who was being kept for us by several hostelites, one day took it into his little head to take a little walk. Well, his little walk sure led us into a little dance! In the midst of our search, a silent form tried to slink into the kitchen. But we (the whole cast) were not to be tricked so easily. With glad cries we pounced upon it—but lo and behold, instead of the tiny little kitten we expected to see, we found ourselves staring dumbfounded into the cold, unfriendly eyes of a huge tabby. We vanished into thin air. A few seconds later, we heard that Mouschi was taking refuge in the chapel, from where he had been directed to the convent. However, unfortunately for Mouschi, and fortunately for us, the nuns thought that the convent would manage to survive without him. A sad, downcast Mouschi arrived—his fervour dampened, his hopes of becoming a recluse nipped in the bud. Mouschi has taken to the acting career once again.

5th January '70

Dear Diary,

Our first day at the Museum Theatre. Rather an eventful and disheartening one, we must say. Cries of "Can't hear, can't hear, louder", came from the four corners of the theatre as we tried to go through the play. "Usually....."—"Louder, Mr. Kraler"; "Usually....."—"Louder, Mr. Kraler"; a deep breath then "USUALLY" there was Mr. Kraler screeching his lungs out. And that was not all. "EDITH, WHERE'S THE COGNAC?", boomed Mr. Frank at his wife, who immediately collapsed into a convulsive fit of uncontrollable giggles. To crown all this, the whole cast was drained of their sweet blood by swarms of the resident mosquitoes. A rather woebegone cast made their way college-wards that afternoon after this bitter, disillusioning experience.



Peter — Anne — and Mouschi !

15th February '70

Diary Darling,

Success, success, success—we just can't believe it! Sorry we could not keep you up to date with the past week's events, but we were really and truly busy. Dress-rehearsal was quite a set back. Poor Mr. Frank's moustache unstuck itself, and kept flapping each time he opened his mouth to speak. The rest of the cast deserve kudos for keeping straight faces in spite of all the flap-flapping.

Opening night, 12th Feb., found everyone with cold feet. Very poor jokes were being cracked to keep our chins up throughout the play. Miss Bhaskaran and her props people did their best to invent new jokes as the nervous cast crowded round them. The green room, run very efficiently by Miss Krishnan, Bharathi, Miss Kurien, Miss David, Miss Raghavachari and others, was an elysium to us tired actresses. Mrs. McAlpin (in a lovely blue raw-silk suit) inspired confidence in each and every one of us—even the make-up man, Mr. Murthy. She was really marvellous. We did not betray her confidence in us—the play was a real success.

Saturday night—the best. Flowers and chocolates showered on us. Little wooden souvenirs of Mouschi were handed around to each one of the delighted cast. Congratulations galore. Mother Superior's smile and her warm wishes added that last little touch to our happiness.

28th February '70

Dear Diary,

The newspaper reviews were good. However, some of us are feeling flat, while others find sitting in class once again a rather strange experience. Today we had our Greenroom Party. It was lovely being together again. The college provided us with a marvellous tea. Mrs. McAlpin boosted our spirits by telling us that a person talking to her about the play, said, "Mrs. McAlpin, the play must have been a real success, because people are saying it was good even behind your back"! In the middle of the general excitement, an invitation to Kodai to perform this play, and another, to broadcast over the A. I. R. were announced. General cries of delight hailed this. Oh, Diary, we do hope this materialises—we have so loved and enjoyed working together, especially under Mrs. McAlpin, that another occasion to do so would be more than welcome.

Yours,
ASWATHY THOMAS
Rachel Chandy
II B.A. Literature.



“The Invasion has Begun...”

They Shared Their Thoughts

Among our guest speakers this year we had personalities of international renown.

Paul Brown

An interesting visitor to the college during the first term was Mr. Paul Brown, a student of international relations at the London School of Economics. He was on a world tour to gain first-hand knowledge of the happenings in the various countries, in order to complete his education. He stopped at Madras on his journey home.

Mr. Brown gave three talks in Stella Maris. One was on life at the School, another dealt with the analysis of national income and the third analysed world affairs and prospects of peace.

A typical youth in revolt against adult society, Mr. Brown was resentful of the domination exercised by the capitalist technological and industrial complex over western society. Students, he said, were provided with an education that qualified them for jobs in enterprises where the entrepreneurs were short of men. The endeavour of youth, according to Mr. Brown, was really a struggle for the rights of the individual in a commercialised and acquisitive society. Thus he placed the current youth unrest in a new perspective.

Raj Mohan Gandhi

Stella Maris, had in the person of Sri Raj Mohan Gandhi, another distinguished visitor for the year. We were grateful to have him speak to us on peace and non-violence during the birth centenary of the Mahatma.

A dynamic personality, gifted with eloquence and the ability to give an extremely convincing presentation of facts, he held the attention of the students for an entire hour. Being the active head of the Moral Rearmament Movement (M.R.A.), he spoke about its aims and achievements.

Peace, an unconditional peace, was what he stressed. He pointed out the fallacy of internal bickering when a common issue was at stake. Envy, anger, and hatred are the root causes of all the evils present in today's society. Ambition—a healthy ambition is necessary for progress, he said, but that ambition should not be nurtured in bitterness.

Mr. Gandhi did strike a note of hope—a hope based on his firm belief in man's ability to love.

Miss Maisie Ward

With suspense, we awaited Miss Maisie Ward's lecture. Nobody knew till the very last moment whom she had selected for her subject, and nobody, certainly had expected Robert Browning (about whom, we were told, she had recently published what is considered a standard biography).

Old and frail as she was, tired as she must have been after her long flight, Miss Ward talked for over an hour on Browning,

She began by reading aloud some of his poetry, "I had nearly all his poetry by heart at one time," she told us, "but now I don't dare trust my memory." She read passages from 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb', 'Love Among the Ruins' and 'Rabbi Ben Ezra'. Browning's experiments in rhythm and metre fascinated her, for as she pointed out, "No two of his poems have the same metre". She talked about Browning as a love poet, a psychologist and a religious poet, and how the variations in metre adapted themselves to the variety of subjects.



She went on to talk of Elizabeth Barrett, who, at the time she met Browning, was almost a drug addict. She told us how Browning came to know of her from her poems, and introduced himself with "Miss Barrett, I love your poems, and I love You". They fell passionately in love. The delightful details of their romance and elopement, and their idyllic life together in Italy were related. Miss Ward told us that the popularity Elizabeth enjoyed was denied to Robert as long as she lived; but he never seemed to resent this. At her death he showered all his love on their only son, Pen'. Pen alarmed Browning with a display of his independent nature, at home and at college. Browning had almost given up hope in him, when the boy turned out to be an artist in his own right, thus earning the respect and admiration of his father. Browning died with Pen's name on his lips.

Browning is the greatest, but the most difficult of the Victorians. His poetry is an exercise of the intellect—and possibly because of this, he had been ignored by modern readers. Miss Ward's lecture was an object-lesson on how to read poetry; first, to study a poem without bias, go back and read a biography of the poet, and then re-read his poems in the light of this new information.

Miss Ward's lecture charmed us because it was so positive she — did not confuse us by talking of Browning's philosophy of mysticism or obscurantism — she gave us instead a most appreciative precis of his life and work.

Abbe Pierre

To love God in truth is to love our fellow men! The man who has made this statement a reality in his life is Abbe Pierre, a worker for human uplift. Stella Maris was privileged to hear this simple, frail-looking french priest whose work with the 'Ragpickers' has helped many to take a more active approach to the problem of destitution.

This sense of service to humanity had its beginnings during the second World War, when several times he risked his life for the sake of the Jews he helped to escape. No sooner had the war ended than he was once again actively involved in helping the destitute in Paris. From Paris his work spread to the four quarters of France, and then to the rest of the world.



"In our suffering brothers, let us love and serve Infinite Love. There lies complete peace on earth and forever". The theme of his talk to us at Stella Maris has helped us to intensify our ways of knowing and loving Him in our fellow men.

Rev. Father T. A. Mathias

An authority in the field of education, Rev. Fr. Mathias shared with us his experience as teacher, professor, principal and director of Jesuit higher education. To the post-graduates he spoke of India and Japan, as countries with similar potentialities, but dissimilar economic systems. While Japan was a pupil of the West in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, learning to walk in the footsteps of her mentors, India lagged far behind, cramped down by archaic systems. If India is to seek rapid growth, she should give emphasis to high capital formation, foster agricultural and industrial prosperity and seek active co-operation from developed countries in trade matters.

Provision was made so that the staff too could profit from his visit, and have their queries answered. To these latter, Rev. Father spoke on education today—its demands, its challenges, its ends He spoke of the difficulties the teacher encounters due to the unnaturalness of the whole system of education that prevails. Nevertheless, as with most of our other guests, he too manifested an innate trust in the creative capacity of both staff and students to usher in an era of harmony between the theory and practice of education.

Bishop Newbigin

"A man with a large mind", Bishop Newbigin presided over our college day. Addressing himself chiefly to the students he reminded them of their duties

to society. For, since education is paid for partly by tax-payers, by people who cannot send their own children to college, only a moral imbecile could fail to see that the students owe a debt to society which has to be repaid. Student life is the privilege of a few, but "noblesse oblige".

He went on to say that it is not the examinations that count, but learning to distinguish essentials from non-essentials, sense from humbug. He spoke of his own experience in Cambridge, when in his time, it was not necessary to pass examinations. What counted was the atmosphere of learning, the meeting of minds, the personal associations.

Speaking about the changing interests in student life he said that until recently a great deal was spent on the development of science and technology. Within the last few years, however, students in America and England throng to classes in philosophy and theology because they see the need for direction in life. Without this sense of direction, technological society is like a ship equipped with all the latest gadgets, comforts and powerful engines, but without any means of steering, no compass or guide of any sort—a rather frightening situation. Man needs something beyond and higher than himself; he needs a purpose. He concluded by saying he would not be authentic unless he showed whence he himself got his direction in life, namely from Jesus Christ.



JULIANA CHACKO	III B.A. Economics
MEERA CHIDAMBARAM	II B.A. Economics
LAVANYA RAJAH	II M.A. Literature
T. GANGA	I M.A. Economics.

Sports 1969-1970

They did their best and led the college to another year of outstanding success.

The events of the past year were so many and so rapid, that they discourage detailed description. These moments of achievement or failure present a rich experience.

Potential talent is never lacking—but it needs to be discovered at sports meets and later exploited. At the Dr. A.L. Mudaliar Silver Jubilee Commemoration Sports, Stella Maris not only regained the coveted trophy, but revealed some exceptionally talented athletes..... R. Shantha (P.U.C.) created new records in the 100 meters race and in the broad-jump event. She also secured a first place in 200 meters. Radhika, also of P.U.C., bettered the existing record of javelin throw. Saramma Verghese, (I B.A.) and Shanthi Kini (III B.A.) were first in the discus and shot-put events respectively.



Our faith in these athletes was never shattered throughout the year. R. Shantha and Radhika gained selection for the University athletic team and at the inter-university athletic meet held at Baroda, R. Shantha was chosen to attend the All-India athletic meet held at Cuttack. There she won the bronze medal in the broad jump. During the year she also excelled herself at open athletic meets in the city, chief among which were the Don Bosco and the Buck Memorial sports meets. At the inter-Collegiate Sports meet, our athletes finished with a third place in the total points.

For the first time in many years, Stella Maris enlisted in the various 'pools' to participate in all the major inter-collegiate tournaments. In the first term we were successful in all but one of the net-ball matches, but forfeited our last year's winners position. Ramani Sellamuttu captained the team composed of Marina Gonzales (III B.A.), Mira Devasagayam (II B.A.), Gillian Mehta (II B.A.), Elizabeth George (I B.A.). Two new comers on the team were Saramma Verghese (I B.A.) and Rajashree (P.U.C.).

The ball-badminton team, captained by Alphonsa (II M.A.) secured a runners-up position. The other members of the team were Gandhimathy (III B.A.), K. R. Uma (P.U.C.), Vijayalakshmi (P.U.C.) and Asha Prabhu proved to be an exceptionally good player, and she was chosen for the State badminton team, which went to Bangalore for the inter-state meet.

Our basket-ball team, started last year, regained the Winners trophy. This was largely due to a home-court and a better team. Shanthi Kini was once again captain of the team, which had such star players like Usha Mathen (I B.A.), Kavitha Appaiya (P.U.C.), Annama Abraham (P.U.C.), R. Karthiga (P.U.C.), Ramani Sellamuttu (III B.A.), Elizabeth George (I B.A.), Mira Devasagayam (II B.A.), Sumana Kini (P.U.C.) and Kaveri Machaiya. The precision-shooting by Usha Mathen and Kavitha Appaiya, together with the higher standard of combination and tactics, helped the 'Routers' regain the trophy. Seven of our players were chosen to be on the University team (the first seven mentioned above). Shanthi Kini and R. Karthika were also selected to join the State team to Calcutta, for the XXth national basket-ball tournaments.





Soft-ball results were also encouraging. Despite the fact that we were entering for the first time, our team, captained by Irene Paul (right-in) secured the inter-collegiate championship. Rita Shetty (P.U.C.) was the pitcher, while Vanitha (P.U.C.) was the catcher. Kousalya Dorairaj (P.U.C.), Soumini Nair (P.U.C.) and R. Rebecca (P.U.C.) played the first, second, and third respectively. Bablu Verghese (P.U.C.) and Rodha (I. B.A.) managed the out-field with efficiency, while K. S. Shanthi played left-in.

Another newly-formed group was our volley-ball team. They missed the runners-up position by a narrow margin. Shanthi Samuel (I B.A.) and Swarnamani (P.U.C.), both university players, were the captain and vice-captain respectively. R. Karthiga (P.U.C.), Vasanthi (P.U.C.), Yasmin (P.U.C.) and Sundaram (I B.Sc.) were the other players on the team.

R. Tara (P.U.C.) and S. Visalakshi (I M.A.) secured the runners-up position in the table-tennis tournaments. R. Tara was chosen for the University team.

Considering the standard set for Madras tennis by our internationally famous players, the performance of the Stella Maris team might have been insignificant.

Nevertheless, we have now discovered two potentially capable and talented players in Sarasu Philip (I M.Sc.) and Mariam John (I B.A.). Both were selected for the University team.



A sports round-up is never really complete without an account, however brief, of the annual sports day of the college. This year, new items were brought into the programme. Musical cycling was one, and the skill with which the competitors manoeuvred their cycles and engineered their stops to suit the music proved exciting to all the spectators. But the high-light of the afternoon was the tug-of-war between the lay and religious staff. The fiery enthusiasm of the audience, found ample scope for laughter and suspense watching the two sides tugging and yanking the rope. The lay staff emerged winners, despite the speculation that had been running among the students that the religious would win.



Particular mention must be made of the services rendered by Mrs. Mangaladurai. Her name has become synonymous with sports and games at Stella Maris. Nobody, looking back with nostalgia on the days at college, can fail to recollect her and the ebullience with which she undertook her innumerable sports engagements.

The successes of this year have made us renew our faith in our athletes and in sports as such. It is our hope that the future athletes of this college will keep up the good work with even greater success.

SHANTHI KINI
III B.A. Literature.

Hostel Highlights

Though only a 'snap-shot' of hostel life, the bulletin does give a glimpse of what that life is.

- June 22nd 1969 : Stella Maris hostel comes to life again after the summer holidays. Old faces and new pop out of cars. The newly-elected committee, and Sister Teresa, our new warden, are at their posts welcoming old and new alike. A great surprise for the old timers of St. Joseph's hostel: shining new appliances on each floor. The "freshies" quickly make themselves at home.
- June 23rd : The campus is spangled once again with day scholars and hostelites. The seniors take the "freshies" on conducted tours of the college and campus. Since it is a half-day, the old timers finish unpacking, and resume an unending exchange of holiday news. Great fun at night "ragging": that word sounds ebullient, but what happens is really luke-warm: a friendly set who take everything in the best of spirits.
- June 27th : Mother Superior gives the new-comers a warm welcome, after which the hostel president introduces her committee, and gives the new hostelites a briefing on all the hostel rules.
- July 1st : The new brooms arrive: hostelites can now slim as they wish. From this year onwards, each girl sweeps and cleans her own room — yet another training for the future ahead. Our first entertainer, Mr. Peacock, is appropriately enough a magician. His show is quite different from any of its kind.
- July 14th : Teachers' day: the lecturers are invited to tea; with a hope for many happy returns of the same delightful get-together.
- July 17th : To foster team spirit, we have a net-ball match—seniors versus freshies. The "little ones" put up a good fight, but the seniors win the day.
- July 18th : "The King's Players" all the way from America, present "Revolt at the Portals". A lively discussion follows.
- July 19th : The seniors give a welcome social to the 'freshies'. The climax of the evening is the selection of the "Freshie Queen". Our sympathies are with the judges, for it is a tough choice.



July 20th : ... Night ... The hostel terraces become camping grounds — transistors turned into—you guessed it—the moon-landing! At the exact moment of the landing, we cheer with all our hearts, as though it were all due to our efforts.

July 21st : A half-day for all our efforts on the moon-landing.

Aug. 9th to 11th : The annual college retreat. A relatively quiet spell for the hostels.

Aug. 15th : Independence Day. After flag hoisting, a full day's outing.

Aug. 21st : The Music Club invites us to a fine musical evening : Mr. Forbes with his xylophone, Mrs. Menon at the piano, Mrs. Rita Saldana's melodious voice, and the famous Gatt Quartet.

Aug. 23rd : A mysterious social given by the freshies : the seniors have to wear masks, and the best mask wins a prize. A gay evening indeed.

Aug. 24th : 'Flower Drum Song', a beautiful movie enjoyed by all.

Sept. 16th : The poor P.U.'s are tied to the grind-stone while all the others are for the first time liberated from the ordeal. We seniors think it is too good to last.

Oct. 6th : College reopens for term II, for which great things are planned, including sincere resolutions to work hard for the selection exams.

Oct. 8th : A talk on film appreciation, and a film show by Father Besses ; followed by a lively discussion on film production.

Oct. 22nd : Three cheers for the rains — we get the day off! (P. S. by the end of it all, we long for the sun. It takes days for the floods to go down. However, we make the most of it.)

Oct. 30th : The Vepery Male Voice Choir, with our 'ex-college vice-president, Esther, at the piano, provide a very enjoyable evening.



- Nov. 6th : 'Remember, remember the 5th of November'...but this time it is the 6th : a Diwali celebration. The day goes off with a bang : there is a roaring bonfire, with a unique 'Guy' on the top. A novel evening sponsored by the II year students.
- Nov. 17th : A general meeting in connection with the coming fete. We are encouraged to put our heart and soul into this enterprise, since we will surely reap the rewards of our labours.
- Nov. 19th : Dr. (Mrs.) K. Mathangi Ramakrishnan has agreed to come twice a week to attend to our ailing members. Sick-room has been newly furnished — new curtains, counter-pane, lamp-shade and a beautiful new screen are some of the added attractions.
- Nov. 24th : Exams begin — the first time half-yearly exams are held so early. Feverish study and late nights.
- Dec. 6th : Exams are over. We are working very hard — "Marvellous Ind" is taking shape.
- Dec. 9th to 12th : Rains galore...fervent prayers for the sun to come out. Hostelites look glum. Mother assures us that it will not rain on the 13th.
- Dec. 13th : We feel dead beat before the day begins; late nights finishing posters and wrapping gifts etc., show on our faces ... A miracle — the sun is shining. Faces brighten, and everyone sets to work decorating, putting up tents, fixing mikes and megaphones. The hostel is a medley of posters, paints, and odds and ends ... At 2 p.m. the crowd comes pouring in. Oh, what a crowd! ... At 7-30 p.m. everybody leaves reluctantly. The project is a grand success. We hostelities are delighted, for we did our best, and so we get half the profits of the day. Another very late night — we have so much to tell each other about the day's doings.

- Dec. 14th : A full day's outing — we deserve it. But what a cloudy day!
- Dec. 15th : Sister Mercy and her companions pronounce their final vows. Many of us witness the beautiful ceremony in our chapel. The 'Vibrators', all the way from Hyderabad, give us a "Wow" of a time after tea.
- Dec. 16th : A thought-provoking movie, 'Shenandoah', in Assunta Hall..... Many new books arrive in our hostel library. Now we look forward to bigger cupboards to house them all.
- Dec. 18th : The majority of the hostelites, with dancing candle-lights, form a long procession singing the lovely old carols, which add so much to our Christmas cheer. At the convent — our last port of call, we sing Silent Night — the favourite of our dear Sisters. After wishing them Merry Christmas, Mother hands a huge box of chocolates to the president. In the dining-hall, we make merry by candle-light. Everyone is in the Christmas mood. We end up by singing Jingle Bells—and everything else right down to "Ob-la-di" on our way to our respective hostels.
- Jan. 25th : The much-awaited hostel picnic materialises. Two huge bus-loads of gay hostelites, in the most comfortable garb, straw-hats and scarves, sing merrily all the way to Covelong. All have a wonderful day: swimming (under the watchful eye of the Sisters who have come with us), and fishing too.....We return dead-beat and sun-burnt after a great day.
- Jan. 27th : Musical evening; Mrs. Oversiger sings, Mrs. Roger plays the piano, and the Gatt Quartet entertain us once again.
- Feb. 12th to 14th : We are busy working back-stage, and ushering for the college play, "The Diary of Anne Frank".
- Feb. 20th : Eve of Hostel Day: the inter-hostel throwball match. The two hostels battle amidst cheering and appeals to win. The winners: Our Lady's. There is hope yet for St. Joseph's — the netball match is on the morrow! We decorate the hostels, adjust costumes for the next day's entertainment, and all the last-minute jobs for the great day ahead. There is strong rivalry between the two hostels. All seem to work behind closed doors. Is anyone asleep tonight?

- Feb. 21st : The great day has come. Holy Mass is offered especially for us. Then everyone rushes to the rival hostel to see the decorations. After a delicious breakfast, off again to the games-field. The theme for the day being "The Orient", St. Joseph's team is decked in dhotis, jupas and Gandhi caps, and call themselves the "freedom-fighters"; while Our Lady's call themselves the "colonialists". The "freedom-fighters" take part in a "quit the court movement" against the "colonialists". A thrilling match — the audience cheer and yell their throats sore. The "colonialists" win; two goals scored at the last minute. We rush back for icecold lime juice and cake. "McHale's Navy" is next on the programme. Then back to deck ourselves for lunch. "The Orient" is well and truly represented by the 212 hostelites: Buddhist monks, Chinese beauties, Indian village girls, and Egyptian belles mingle in the crowd. For the evening's entertainment, guests start arriving. The College Staff is with us.....Our chief guest for the evening is Mother Provincial. The entertainment offers dances, skits and tableaux from all parts of the Orient. Finally comes dinner on the lawn, followed by an impromptu concert. The excitement eventually subsides to "loud" whispers in the wee hours of the morning. Fun goes on, exhaustion notwithstanding. A grand day!
- Feb. 22nd : Full day outing! Some can't even get out of bed,.....but others go for a day-long picnic.
- March 8th : Hostel elections for 1970-71, followed by our last movie of the year, "Fluffy".
- March 16th : The first years begin exams. Many keep asking the seniors if they think they will be promoted.
- March 21st : Summer vacation begins. Fond farewells and great promises to write long letters etc. They depart, leaving the others to get on with their revision undisturbed. Looking back, we can truly say, "It was a real over-enthu year". Our girls have co-operated well in everything, and rallied round when help of any sort was needed. Hostelites have been prominent in the sports field — winning the majority of the cups. Academically, too, they have achieved class-prizes, prizes for debates etc. Everyone of us carry away wonderful memories of the year. We hope the year ahead will be just as wonderful as this, that Stella Maris hostel will always be a home of friendship and goodwill.

GEORGINA GEORGE,
II M.A. Literature

The International Youth Seminar - A Review

A student representative shares her experiences.

The "International Youth Seminar" was held at Sevagram and Delhi by the National Committee for Gandhi Celebrations early this year. The theme of the Seminar was "Revolution and Non-violence". It was hoped that the personnel of the conference was to be 50% Indian and 50% foreign delegates; in actuality the seminar was constituted of about 1/3 foreign and 2/3 Indian delegates. The Indian delegates were mainly representatives of academic institutions chosen on the basis of their performance at a national seminar in 1969 and in other regional and local seminars.

The objectives of the seminar were (i) to study trends of Revolutions as expressed by youth in the various countries (ii) The role of youth in making New Society (iii) the dynamics of non-violence for social reconstruction and (iv) the study of Gandhian techniques. There was however, a greater emphasis on the last of these objectives. The organizers, all dedicated Gandhian workers, planned institutional visits to study Gandhian techniques in practice.

Though the seminar started on a discordant note, with the various delegates of various nationalities discussing on various levels of thinking, there was subsequently a fair amount of co-ordination even during the brief session at Sevagram. The emphasis was clearly on Gandhi, and the common denominator, India. Even contemporary revolutions were not studied. It was interesting to note that whereas the Indian delegates emphasized the importance of an economic change in the country some of the foreign delegates stressed individual self-revolution above everything else. This indicated their disgust with prosaic, material avarice, but all Indian delegates recognised the importance of an economic change for our country as also the fact that economic and social conditions vary in each country.

This brought us to the role of youth in creating a "new society". Everyone realized that change had to come from within the youth. It was touching to see the sincerity and complete assurance with which some of the foreigners could discuss Indian conditions.

The trend of the discussions was geared towards the dynamics of non-violence as a technique for Social Reconstruction. There was general criticism of the interpretation of non-violence. Emphasis was not laid on the powerful "soul-force" or non-violent resistance so dear to Gandhi, but only on non-violence with a passive connotation. To quote from the concluding report: "Gandhi

proposed non-violent *resistance* or soul *force*. This is an aggression, a form, an active conflict which refuses to condemn, to destroy or to eliminate the opponent. It is a method which works to change the status quo. It inflexibly confronts and refuses to passively co-exist with an injustice”.

Touring of villages and the contacts established with the village-dwellers took us into the heart of the country, the hub of Indian life. This intoxicating rural atmosphere even estranged us from the dusty world of Calcutta. However, as it was pointed out at the concluding Delhi Session, the fundamental stress of the studies was on rural and village reconstruction in India, largely ignoring their applicability in urban India and industrialized societies in general.

The general feeling at the conclusion of the seminar was one of thankfulness to the organizers for providing a unique opportunity of meeting our counterparts from all over India, as well as of meeting sterling delegates from other countries. The seminar taught us, particularly the Indians, that if we believe in any particular change we must pursue it with every ethical means. As the report concluded “Our emphasis must be on what we ourselves can do”.

MITRA KUMARI
III B.A. Economics



As we play the game

Prizes brought home were rewarding, but more rewarding was the feeling of having done their best.

With a strong democratic spirit at work, and with plenty of talent available it was decided at the beginning of the year to have a College Debating Team. This gave more students the wonderful experience of participating in debates outside the College. Fifteen were chosen — enthusiastic, promising youngsters with a ‘never-say-die’ spirit. What is remarkable about the team is that the majority of its members secured prizes, and there was more occasion to write ‘played and won’ rather than “lost.”

Debating activity in college started off with an open debate to choose the team :

Rita Dorairaj, E. Swarnalatha, Roshni Chacko, Doreen D’ Souza

Rachel Kurien from P.U.C.

Karin Kapadia from I. B.A.

Rekha Shetty, Rachel Chandy
Shrimathi Iyengar from II. B.A.

Muthu Rani, Mitrakumari,
Usha Oomen, Vijayalakshmi from III. B.A.
Juliana Chacko and Lakshmi Sitaram

Kasthuri Nagarajan from I. M.A.

Karin and Rachel gave a flying start to the team by winning an inter-collegiate debate held in our college. The former also secured the first prize in a quiz and went as far as the second round in the University debate. Kasthuri was adjudged the second best speaker in the Rotary Club oratorical contest on “Space Exploration”. Shrimathi Iyengar and Rekha Shetty bagged the second and fourth places respectively in the annual oratorical contest held by the Directorate of Small Savings.

This being Gandhi Centenary Year, debates, and quiz programmes were conducted as part of the celebrations. In the oratorical competition organised by the Gandhi Peace Foundation, Lakshmi Sitaram and Juliana Chacko won honourable mention. The ‘surprise packet’ was the prize — not merely books,

but khadi dress material, which they themselves chose. In the Lion's Club quiz programme, Lakshmi Subramaniam (II B.A.) won the first prize and teamed successfully with her sister, Valli (I M.A.) to win the cup in the quiz competition at S.I.E.T. College. Incidentally, Lakshmi and Valli are "gold mines" where quiz is concerned!

The 'babes' of the college proved that they are in no way inferior to their seniors in the "gift of the gab". E. Swarnalatha was declared the best speaker in the debate held at the Cultural Academy. In the contest conducted by the



Y.M.C.A. Rachel Kurien was awarded the shield for the best speaker. Rita Dorairaj paired successfully with Rachel Chandy to win the Kennedy Memorial Shield (S.I.E.T. College). Rachel Chandy was adjudged the best speaker. In the debate held exclusively for Pre-University students at S.I.V.E.T. College, C. Roshini was awarded the second prize. She also secured the first prize, while Jayanthi won the second place in the essay competition. In the Tamil debate, our team was declared the best with the speakers A.D. Manjula and S. Leela being given the second and third places respectively. Incidentally in most of the Tamil debates, Radhika (I. B.Sc.) and Rajeswari (III. B.Sc.) represented our college and brought home many "laurels".

Our students also participated in the debates and essay competitions conducted by various public organisations. In the speech contest held by the Mylapore Academy, N. Kasthuri, won the second place; while D. V. Jeya (II M.A.), and V. Nalini (II B.A.) won the cup for the best team, and the first and second places respectively in the essay competition held by the South India Chamber of

Commerce. In the Madras Productivity Council extempore oratorical contest, Muthu Rani was awarded the second prize. Shrimathi Iyengar secured the second prize at the Swatantra Study Circle. In the Forum of Free Enterprise contest — an annual feature — Shrimathi and Muthu Rani were declared first and second, respectively. Rachel Chandy and Rekha Shetty teamed admirably well to win the S.P.R.A. contest, Rachel being declared the best speaker.

The last programme in which we participated was the I. I. T. Cultural Week. Karin won the second prize for ladies, and our I M.A. team won the coveted shield for the group discussion, thus bringing our activities to a close 'with a bang'.

The report is a long 'success' story, hence unbelievable! We did not always win; but losing was valuable too, for the students gained experience and had the satisfaction of 'playing the game' for,

When the Great Scorer comes
to write against your name
He writes not that you lost or won,
But that you played the game:

Miss. S. V. SEETHA
Lecturer in English



Elections - The Stella Maris Way



The presidential elections of the college take place in a truly democratic set-up.

Stella Maris was awakened by the boisterous mid-noon festive clarion..... We in the I. M. A. classroom were busy running from corridor to window, and window to corridor, watching the processions here and there and everywhere. The college elections were on, to choose a president for the following year. Prathima? Rachel? Shrimathi?— Who would it be? The sober white walls were now dressed in gay colours. The poetic talents of our girls were evident, as also their artistic gifts in the posters. Exhilaration, exuberance, enthusiasm, excitement — all these went in to make the posters:

HAVE CHANDEE,
SHE'S HANDEE.

was placed next to

FROM BANGKOK WITH
LOVE
SHRIMATHI COMES TO
YOU.

Not to be outdone, the others had a pithy,

STELLA'S LITTLE BLOB
OF SUNSHINE —
PRATHIMA

THAT'S DAY LIGHT
SERVICE FOR YOU.



The Air-India Maharajah, the Murphy baby, Peanuts, Snoopy, and Dennis the Menace—all of them peeped out at us in eloquent silence. We wondered if they were thrilled to have so many girls admiring them—they almost came alive under our gaze.

Balloons on walls, posters on bushes, banners on railings—the college was seething with excitement. Confrontations in cars, and processions with milk-white steeds and orange banners “carried” the elections through.

There must have been a whopper sale of throat lozenges in the city for those few days. Cars and people froze in the sun, wondering what was going on in this usually staid college.

There were two days of campaigning after the nominations. The nominees introduced themselves to the electorate on the first morning, and made their election promises. Through all the bustle, the hardest-worked were the quietest ones—Usha, Viji and the Executive Committee. The third day was the rest day—it helped throats to clear and decisions to be made.

Then came D-Day. The votes were cast. Girls went around with anxious expressions, and hearts in their mouths. The results were to be put up at three o'clock. By the time we first M. A.'s who had gone home at twelve o'clock, came back for the Staff Entertainment, the results were announced.

Well, thus ended the elections, and we turned to stale woods and pastures old—examinations were looming ahead.

Congratulations to the newly-elected leaders of the college. We look forward to an enjoyable year.

VALLI SUBRAMANIAN I M.A. Literature
KASTURI NAGARAJAN I M.A. Literature

The Student Union - A Great Step Forward

A leap into the unknown -- but soon it grew to be a rewarding experience.

It would be platitudinous to point out that one of the principal aims of education is the inculcation of good citizenship. This aspect of college life gained fresh emphasis in 1969-70 as, galvanised by the fiery enthusiasm of their chosen leaders—Usha and Viji, — Stella Marians started thinking in terms of a Student Union. A constitution was drawn up by representatives of the students and staff, after long discussion and careful planning.

While providing experience in the rights and responsibilities of a democratic administration, the Student Union, through its Council and Executive Committee, was to be a meeting ground for the management and the students. Thus, one of its activities of the year was the organisation of round-table discussions on Staff-Student relationships. The frankness with which the problems and the expectations of both sides were discussed is a happy prognosis of the greater co-operation to come.

This discussion was the quiet beginning of what is to be a sustained effort. The glorious blaze of the December Fete revealed its hidden potential. The mela yielded a considerable amount for the Library Building Fund.

This event proved that student apathy, the main object of attack by the Student Union this year, could be overcome. Other activities confirmed this. Encouraged, sometimes judiciously prodded, by the Council, the year abounded in a diversity of weeks organised by the various departments. College life became more varied and colourful. The student newspaper, Udaya, started the previous year, gained more security by the Union's financial aid. The magazine held four different competitions, and awarded two cash prizes for each.

The system of student representation was modified. The Student Council was composed of representatives of every class, with the Union President as the Chairman. To argue sensibly and persuasively; to weigh the pros and cons; to make long-term decisions responsibly; to face the needs of financial management, this was not easy. But it could be learnt. The Council, as a miniature parliament, provided the opportunity.

The experience provided by the formation of a Union has, one can confidently say, led to more mature and rational thinking. The proportion of

achievements to aims has not been equal this year; nor will it be next year; nor *should* it be, next year or the year after or in the countless years to come. As achievements advance, so do goals; ideals are as the horizon, never out of sight, yet never reached.

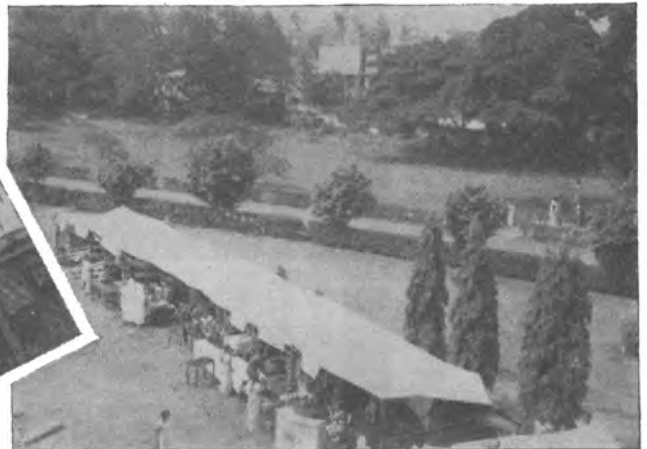
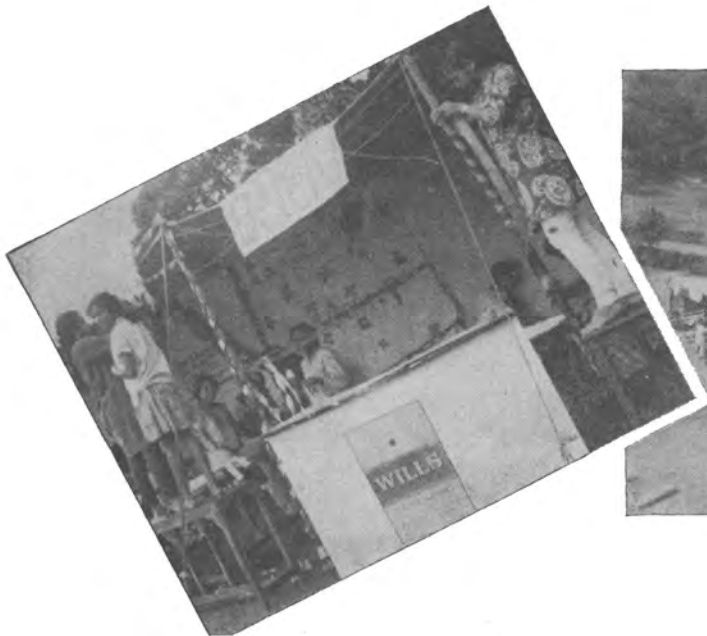
R. AMRITAVALLI
III B.A. Literature



The Fancy Fete - Old Yet New

Organised by the students, it showed the potentialities of student enterprise.

A fete at Stella Maris? Nothing new, though the last one was held many years ago. A fete with a theme — ah, that was a novelty, though the theme chosen was as ancient (and as ever-new) as “Marvellous Ind”. Remote preparations began in October, with the formation of a committee, and sub-committees in charge of games, stalls, publicity, etc., but they remained remote indeed from the majority of the students, as half-yearly exams were approaching fast, and most preferred to leave all the work of the fete to a tiny, devoted handful. In the week after the exams, however, there was a burst of feverish activity: prizes started pouring in, costumes were hastily fabricated, advertisements of all shapes, sizes and colours furiously painted for the various stalls. But something else started pouring that hectic week — the rain! From Tuesday to Friday before the ‘feteful’ Saturday December 13th, it came down non-stop, and on Friday morning heroic men of the N.C.C. pitched tents on the lake of a swamped assembly ground under continuing torrents, while alternative plans for holding the fete indoors were being hurriedly devised. But, miraculously, the rain stopped Friday evening, and on Saturday morning the sun dried up enough of the grounds for us to go ahead with preparations outdoors. By the simple expedients of crepe paper, draped sarees, and the painted signs, the assembly ground was transformed into the scene of a colourful mela. At 2 p.m., the stall-holders, many of them dressed in appropriate costumes, were at their places in “Lord Curzon’s Garden Party”, “Betcha”, the Mock Art Gallery, and all the other stalls, ready to greet the visitors who



began to stroll in. A couple of hours later, strolling was almost impossible, as every square inch of the ground was occupied, every stall had its swarm of eager clients around it, and the bangle and flower sellers had a hard time making their rounds. Food, ice-cream and Coke stalls did a roaring trade; while among the Games, the bowling and shooting galleries, breaking the pot, hoopla, and the picture gallery were especially popular. Hand-made toys were in great demand at the needlework stall, along with embroidery and children's clothes made by students. At "The Dacoits' Treasure Chest", treasure dispensed by fearsome-looking pirates was sought as eagerly as lucky dips always are. The juke-box was besieged by requests to play favourite tunes, and obliged loudly. More and more customers, mostly students from other — especially boys' colleges — flocked into the already crowded fair-ground until at 6-30 p.m. the ticket-collectors at the gate politely began to turn late-comers away. Stalls began to pack up, the prize-draw was held, results of competitive games were announced, and at 7 p.m. the juke-box churned out its last tune, "Adios Amigos". No one seemed very eager to leave, but seeing that there were no games left to play and nothing left to buy, the guests slowly began to drift out, and at last the tired stall-holders could rest their weary legs for a few minutes before they too wended their homeward way.

Everyone was happy that this first big venture of the student Union has been a great success. The students had worked hard, had used their initiative and ingenuity to good account, and the result had been a very enjoyable afternoon plus a substantial contribution to the building fund for the new college library.



From Janet with Love

February 28, 1970.

Dear Stella Maris,

It's been almost six months now since I left India and ended an experience that has had a greater effect on my life and more influence on my total outlook than anything I have ever done before. It really doesn't seem like six months—there hasn't been a day when I haven't looked back to last summer. Walking home from school through snow drifts that are just beginning to give way to spring, I remember and marvel at the intensity of the Madras sun. As I sit in class, I am struck by the differences in the Indian and American school systems, and I get a chuckle out of imagining that Dearborn High and Stella Maris changed places for a day, and thinking how bewildered everyone concerned would be. As I hurry from one activity to the other and snatch a little time in between to eat, I sometimes think longingly of the slower pace of Indian life and of relaxed, easy going people.



Somehow, everything I've learned and appreciate about the Indian way of life has helped me to enjoy and appreciate my own more, too. I don't take much for granted anymore. At the same time my new knowledge of Hinduism, the Tamil language, the culture, Indian history and politics, family and social life has enriched my life and everyone I tell about it. I have become aware, and become a part of, a beautiful, living heritage.

You see, my experience has not really ended. Correspondence with my friends and family had kept my memories alive and added meaning to our relationship. Now, when I look at a news magazine or watch television and see something about India, I don't see a place on the map or rice fields or a lady prime minister anymore. I see people—real people whom I met and talked to and lived with and loved. A part of this I owe to Stella Maris, and I want to thank you now.

God bless you all.

JANET GAIEFSKY
Dearborn,
Michigan
U.S.A.

Hidden Talents Brought to Light



Though only amateurs theirs was a sense of achievement.

A departure from the usual this year was the interclass play competition organised by the Basha Nataka Sangha. The wide and varied range of histrionic talent took almost everyone by surprise—so also the attention paid to detail: the right emphasis was placed on setting, props and other technicalities.

The best play title was shared by the Pre-University and the Second year students. The Pre-University production of “Monkey’s Paw” brought open-eyed astonishment: the audience was full of admiration for the talent displayed by the youngest members of the college. The second year production of ‘Unnatural Scene’, by Kathleen Davey, was almost flawless, and the interplay of character was brought out quite well.

The Third Year play, ‘The House with the Twistey Windows’ had a deeper significance, set in the tense days of the October Revolution. It failed, however, to impress the audience, who tended to laugh at the wrong moments. ‘The Laboratory’, with its sinister theme of necromancy and revenge, produced by the First Year, was excellent as far as technicalities were concerned, but the effect was spoilt by imperfect modulation.

Entertainment-wise, the evening was a tremendous success. The best actress award went to Shrimathi Iyengar of II B.A., and Roshni Chacko of P.U. I was declared best supporting actress. Our congratulations to the organizers.

That They May All Be United as We Are United

The Catholic students highlight some of their out-standing activities of the year.

This year, the 'Catholic Students in the University' concentrated on the meaning of "Unity"—so dear to the heart of our Master, who came to show us how to model the human community on the divine Unity. "I have given them the privilege which you gave to Me, that they should all be united, as We are united; that while You are in Me, I may be in them, and so they may be perfectly united. So let the world know that it is You who have sent Me, and that you have given Your love to them, as You have given it to Me. This, Father is My desire, that all those whom you have entrusted to Me, may be with Me where I am...in that love which You gave Me before the foundation of the world, (John 17/22-24). This community spirit characterized His first disciples, as we read in Acts 3 and 4: "All the faithful held together, and shared all they had..... There was one heart and one soul in all the company of believers...everything was shared in common..None of them was destitute."

"Catholic", after all, should mean an all-embracing love of God and all He has made out of love, as we read in the Book of Wisdom: "All things You love, nor hold any of Your creatures in abhorrence; hate and create You could not, nor does anything exist except at Your Will, Whose summoning Word holds them all in being. They are Yours, and You spare them; all things that live you love, you, the Master of them all."

But this real, other-centred love required constant renewal, because of our human gravitation to self-centredness. Therefore, in his inaugural address to our CSU unit, Father Ceyrac reminded us of this need to transform minds and attitudes, beginning with ourselves. To insert this message into our practical lives, we worked on the AICUF ideals to be an open, intellectually alert, and praying community and thus to become a serving community — reaching out to others, and sharing with them. We tried to create a greater awareness of unity by highlighting our interdependence with one another in everything. Film shows helped us realize this even better; and social gatherings, like the Christmas Social, and Youth Day, with its theme of national integration, gave us the chance to put our ideals into practice.

"To love is to serve". To bring home to us the need of serving our milieu, we studied the Holy Father's message for Mission Sunday in the light of Sacred Scripture and "Lumen Gentium". The Council brought out clearly St. Augustine's explanation, that our charity must embrace the whole world if

we really want to love Christ. All of us both as communities and as individuals, should feel a dynamic urgency to share the love of God with others. To be realistic in our attitudes, we must be aware of human problems. To intensify this awareness, we studied the Encyclical "On the Development of Peoples", as well as various aspects of Tamil culture.

Above all, everything depends on close union with God. The "Decree on the Lay Apostolate" emphasises the need of a praying community when it gives first place to the "active sharing in the sacred liturgy". Accordingly, several prayer services were organized during the year. Rev. Father Keogh, a frequent visitor to our CSU unit, spoke in his valedictory address of "life with a direction". This direction is given to us by the example of Jesus Who loved all men even to death on a cross, because He was so intimately united with the Father.

Compiled from C.S.U.
reports of the year.



Passing the lamp of unity from the old to the new.

In Memory Of A Benefactor



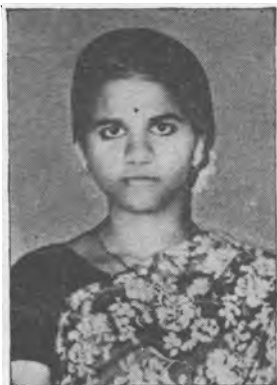
To become something greater than himself, that is to become truly great, man has to transcend himself. This transcendence brings in its wake not just the saving of man's soul "as an individual", but rather the establishment in time of the eternal kingdom of God. The function of true love is the building of this kingdom of love.

A man who contributed much to the establishment of this kingdom of love was the late Dr. P. V. Cherian. He fulfilled his duties of state and of his proper vocation with fidelity and devotion. He had a strong sacrificial love which rose above legalism and all individual interests. As a politician he strove to broaden his views in order to comprehend those of others — without in any way wishing to bring others within the confines of his own.

Despite his political life and several other preoccupations, he still had time for Stella Maris especially during the first few years of her development. Thanks to his unswerving devotion, the management courageously launched upon an expansion scheme which eventually moved the college from the rather modest buildings of Mylapore to the spacious campus of "The Cloisters".

A Christian by conviction and faith, he believed more in persons than in concepts; more in deeds than in words. May the memory of him who is worthy of praise remain always with us.

In Memoriam



Stella Maris mourns the death of two of her students N. Thangam who passed her B.Sc. in Chemistry in 1969, and Vasantha Kumari, who had joined the college in 1969. Death demands an unconditional “YES” ; and although it seemed impossible, absolutely beyond their strength, yet the parents accepted it with loving abandonment.

Unassuming in her behaviour, Vasantha Kumari was well known by only a few in her class. She had come to Stella Maris, having finished her high school at St. Aloysius, Vepery. The first term had scarcely elapsed, when a seemingly slight ailment caused her unexpected death.

Both pretty and clever, Thangam was yet a very modest girl. This humility was part of her quiet charm. She was decidedly above average in intelligence, aptitude and general competence. She secured a high first class in the P.U.C. examination, passing with distinction in Chemistry and A Plus in Physics and Natural Science. As an undergraduate, she pleased her teachers by her constant hard work and her acute mind. She did well in her B.Sc. exams in Chemistry, and on gaining her degree, joined the B.T. course at Lady Willingdon Training College. Her tragic death occurred hardly

five months later, when her nylon sari caught fire while she was heating water at home. Her father tried to beat out the flames but could not save her.

The families are bereft of loving daughters. May they find peace in Him who strengthens all.



RANI MARY, P.U. 6
Karin Kapadia
I B.A. Economics

The Call To Sincerity

We live in a world of interdependence,
where to live requires living sincerely.

Endless movement, increasing cacophony: cars, buses, scooters skim past spasmodically; crowds jostle, tired and weary; unending queues: a city on a work day, a city in the evening, a city pierced by screeching tyres and wailing sirens, a kaleidoscopic confusion of colour and sound. A complex pattern emerges complex because life in a city does not run in straight lines.

Work is the pivot of city life: The sweepers in the streets, the flower-man who adds a touch of colour and beauty to our lives, the servants at our beck and call, the peons in the offices, the clerks at their desks, the teacher in the schools, the successful business man in his air-conditioned office — all depend on each other. All are spokes in a gigantic wheel and if one spoke is rusty, the wheel will not run smoothly but with grating harshness.

It is dull not to work, 'to rust unburnished, not to shine in use'. Work in its finest sense, is ultimately love made visible. Work done half-heartedly, work done as a result of intermittent pressure, work done solely for self-aggrandisement, does not take its colouring from love.

Sincerity is synonymous with a forgetting of self — with a going out of self. And what is love, but a negation of self? The initial impulse may be egocentric but with a sense of dedication, work takes on larger and nobler dimensions. Man cannot work for himself alone. He cannot enclose himself in a circle of self-satisfaction. The benefits of his work eventually and inevitably will accrue to others.

Dedication in its noblest sense is usually identified with humanitarianism. The nurse who tends the sick, the doctor who lays his time and skill at the feet of society with no thought of financial betterment, the social worker who alleviates misery, the teacher who moulds the minds of the young with painstaking care, and above all those who administer spiritual comfort, belong to the rare few who are blessed with this tremendous altruism.

But it is possible to elevate the work that we do, however trivial it may be, by fulfilling it in a sincere way. To do whatever we are called upon to do with whole-hearted zeal, is to envelop the work with an aura of sublimity.

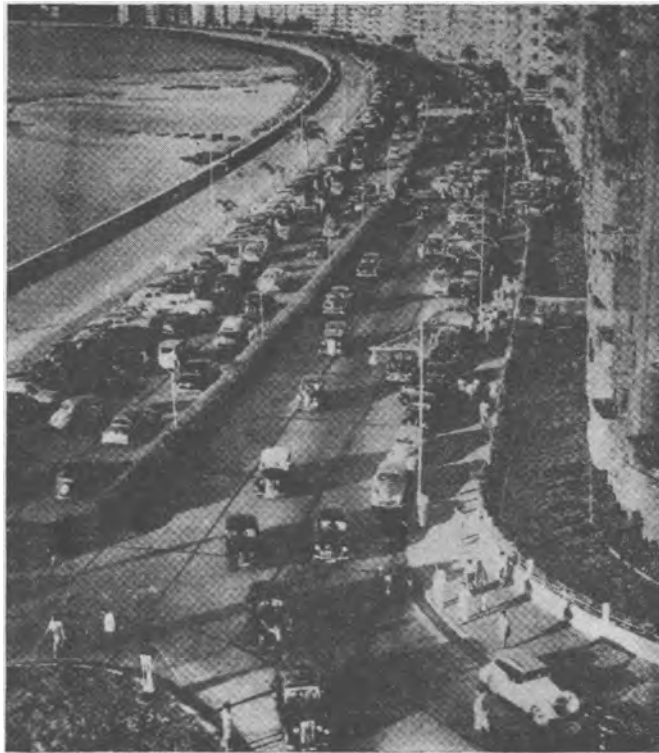
Sincerity may bring in its wake a sense of frustration, because of the hypocrisy and insincerity rampant in society. High aspirations may crumble in the dust. A sense of hopelessness may creep in. Failure in the worldly sense may ensue. The consolation lies in the effort and energy expended in the ideals that were there :

What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me.

It is in the effort which oils the wheels of society; it is there that the triumph of work lies. In sincerity and a sense of dedication, love is reflected most brilliantly.

Miss SHOBHANA KRISHNAN
Lecturer in English



every man is destined to
love and serve his fellowmen
with a love that is

authentic and practical,
unselfish and eternal



The United Nations Decade of Development

Co-operation, mutual support, understanding...These are the milestones on the road to development that leads to peace.

The charter of the United Nations says that the world body shall promote higher standards of living, full employment and conditions of economic and social progress and development. All members of countries are pledged to achieve the purposes set forth in the fundamental document; and in 1960, they did take a major step in the direction of their fulfilment. Near the beginning of that year, the United Nations issued a call "to the conscience of mankind", and the first U.N. Development Decade opened. For ten years, all members of the United Nations, and its various agencies and departments, pledged themselves to co-operate in the gigantic task of tackling the problems of poverty, hunger, disease, ignorance, and misery, and to narrow the gap between the living conditions of one-third of the world's peoples, who live in advanced countries, and the two-thirds, who live in the developing lands.

As indicated by Paul G. Hoffman, one of the organizers of the Decade, the first world-wide effort at development sought to improve the conditions in countries associated with the U.N., where each day 30,000 children die needlessly from hunger and preventable disease. It tried to sow the seeds of modern education, and provide the means whereby hundreds of millions of human beings could raise their incomes from most pitiable levels. It attempted to make productive the vast hidden wealth of nations, so that with gross national production rising by at least 5% in the developing lands, this generation may be the last of the desperately deprived.

The Decade has espoused causes crucially important for all humanity. This is because so many countries are struggling with under-development all at the same time, so that their problems have become world problems, and thus the special charges of the U.N. Pointing to its significance for the rich nations as well, Dr. F.T. Aai of Ghana said it will do no good if a mother takes care of one Siamese twin and neglects the other. When the time of reckoning comes, she is sure to lose both. The under-developed nations are the Siamese twins of the developed countries. Their future is very much inter-twined with that of the developing nations. If their problems are not solved, the survival of the richer nations itself is threatened, particularly in the possibility of an inter-continental class war.

The Development Decade, consequently, became a co-operative campaign. More than a dozen different agencies of the U.N. were working together, such as the F.A.O., which deals with food and agriculture; the W.H.O., which deals with public health; the U.N.E.S.C.O., which deals with education; the W.M.O., concerned with weather prediction; the I.L.O., which deals with labour relations; U.N.I.C.E.F., the children's emergency fund; and the U.N. Special Fund, dealing with resources utilisation, under the over-all direction of the U.N.'s Economic and Social Affairs Department. Staffed by people of diverse nationalities, the U.N., with the backing of the governments of member countries, was trying to fulfil the aims of the Decade of Development.

There were 84 under-developed countries that the U.N. tried to help in the first Decade. They had an annual per capita income of less than \$ 200 a year, and were caught in a vicious circle of poverty. The only hopeful feature was that for the first time, with local, national and international co-operation, the habits of hundreds and thousands of years were finally being challenged. In such countries, scattered around the globe, U.N. team workers fought malaria, to which about 300 million people were prey. They improved the soil composition, controlled floods, developed irrigation, fought the threat of locusts (as recently in India), and modernized agricultural techniques (as in Brazil). No temporary programme of first aid, however, can be expected to work miracles, and hard work and sustained effort are still necessary.

Nevertheless, when on Dec. 31st 1969, the first U.N. Decade of Development came to an end, more than 70 countries had achieved the target 5% rate of growth. Food production went up by 3%; and the Philippines actually stopped food imports. Countries like Taiwan and Mexico attained a 15% rate of growth in industry. In India, however, the average rate of growth of the G.N.P. was barely 3%, and less than 1% in the case of per capita income. But this was due to such extraneous factors, as hostilities with China and Pakistan, and successive years of drought. In fact, towards the end of the Decade, when the dislocating influences had worked themselves out, this country's industrial output rose by 10%, and food production increased from 72 million to 100 million tons. India had begun a green revolution, falsifying the famine predictions of the well-known experts, William and Paul Paddock. Again, malaria had ceased to be a scourge, and is nearly eradicated. Life expectancy has gone up: the figure for India today, being 52 years. The illiteracy rate, too, has fallen: the decline, between 1960 and 1965, being 5%.

All this has truly constituted a gigantic leap forward, particularly when we remember that in the developing countries, population increased by 2.5%, while in the developed countries, the corresponding figure was 1.2%. These countries, by attaining a 5% rate of growth, had actually done better than the advanced nations, with a 4.8% growth rate in the same period. The achievements are, indeed, spectacular, if this growth is compared with the 3% rate of growth in the

U.K. in the early industrialisation period, between 1790 and 1820; 2.7% in Germany, from 1850 to 1880; 4% in the U.S.A. between 1820 and 1850; and 4% in Japan between 1876 and 1900. Again, 85% of the savings invested in the developing countries in the 1960's, came from these countries themselves. Aid, though increased from \$ 8000 million in 1961 to \$ 12,800 million in 1968, was only a trickle.

The gap between the haves and have-nots in the international community is, however, widening, when one looks at the per capita rate of growth of the G.D.P. The figure for the rich nations has been 3.6% per head, and for the poor nations 2.5%. According to Mr. Mc Namara's projections, by 2000 A.D., when India might have doubled her per capita income to 200, the corresponding figure for the U.S.A. would be \$ 10,030 annually. Dr. Raul Prebisch has rightly warned against upheavels, if the trend continues. Barbara Ward's writings, and the papal encyclical "Populorum Progressio", speak in a like strain.

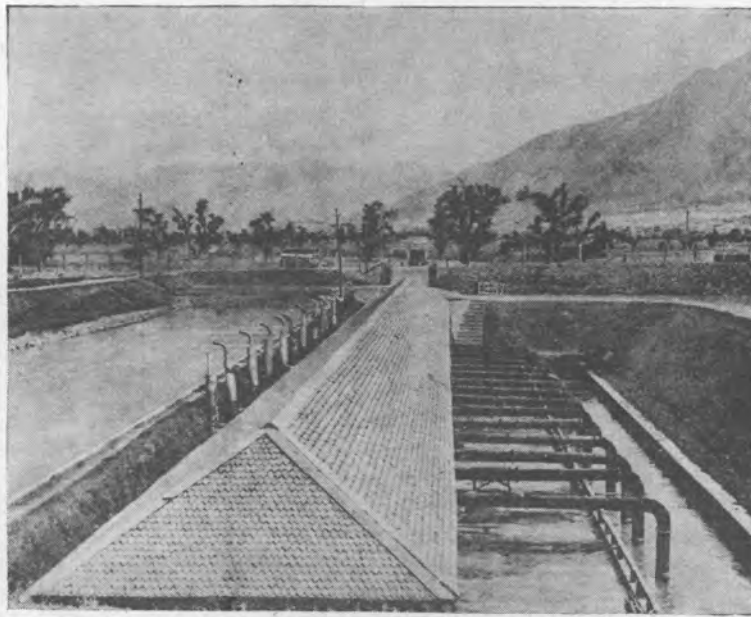
According to experts for the under-developed nations to acquire the same standard of life as the advanced countries, they would require tens of billions of dollars during each year of the development decade. But, from where can funds to that extent be forthcoming? To answer this question, it must be remembered that the world is spending \$ 120 billion annually for armaments. A single, fully equipped prototype bomber costs as much as 50,000 tractors. The U.S. has been expending as much as \$ 20 billion annually on the Vietnam War. General disarmament could release these funds for development. If, alongside, 1% of the G.N.P. of advanced countries is made over to the poorer nations as aid, with 0.7% as Governmental assistance, the Pearson Commission recommendations for transfer of resources worth \$ 16 billion should not be difficult to implement by 1975. The urgency of the problem is highlighted, when one recalls that by the turn of the millennium the world's population will touch 7.5 billion, and 83% will be in the now under-developed lands.

January 1st, 1970, ushered in the second U.N. Development Decade. For yet another ten years, the U.N. is to concentrate on achieving the goal of development. The target growth rate has been placed at 6 to 7%, in the case of per capita income. But, this would require an average rate of increase of 8 to 10% in the case of industrial output, and at least 4% in the case of agricultural output. This is not impossible; but, if any real impact is to be made, the rate of population growth must be lowered at the same time as aid is expanded, and a generalised, non-reciprocal system of trade preferences come into operation.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that, today, the idea of development and progress has swept the world, as never before, and this enthusiasm must not be allowed to ebb. The first Decade marked the ushering in of a new age, when people

learned, through the United Nations, to help themselves by helping each other. Men had begun, for the first time, in the words of Pope John “to purge the mark of Cain, and recognise across all frontiers, the faces of their brothers, the faces of their friends”.

JULIANA CHACKO
III B.A. Economics



With Charity for all



Misfortune brought out the best in him.

O. Henry was a quiet, shy man who let himself go only in his writing. He lived apart, watching, but never let himself be approached. Perhaps he feared the past, perhaps he was ashamed of it, perhaps he resented it.....

William Sydney Porter, to give O. Henry his real name, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1862. From the age of fifteen, he worked in his uncle's drugstore, till, in 1884, he went to a friend's ranch in Texas for reasons of health. The ring of authenticity in his ranch stories springs from the details observed in these two years of enforced holiday.

His first job was as book-keeper in Austin, Texas. Then, in 1887, he launched his literary career by sending short articles to magazines.

In 1891, he became teller at the First National Bank in Austin. In 1894, he secured a regular job on the staff of the 'Houston Post' by writing a daily column. The two jobs were managed simultaneously, till, in 1890, came the tragedy of his life.

He was indicted on the charge of having embezzled about \$ 1,150 from the Bank of Austin. The real details are unknown, and the affair remains a mystery. His first short stories were accepted while he awaited his trial. He was convicted, and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Ohio State Penitentiary, but the sentence was reduced to three years and a quarter for good behaviour. In prison, he took seriously to writing, and used the name of the prison-warden, Orrin Henry, as a pseudonym. After his release, he contracted to write a story a month at \$ 100 a piece for the 'New World'. In 1907, he married Sara Coleman, childhood friend, and after a brief period of literary brilliance, he died in New York on June 5, 1910. He is buried in Asheville, North Carolina.

From 1903 to 1910 came a most fascinating collection of stories, wide in range and subject, and brilliantly executed. He wrote one novel, 'Cabbages and Kings', picaresque in nature; and attempted a little poetry.

If his stories are analysed, it will be seen that rarely does O. Henry attempt to portray violence and horror in the way that Edgar Allan Poe, for example, does. His narratives are not attempts at probing and analysing the secret mind, as Henry James' are. Nor is O. Henry consciously and deliberately subjective, and his stories are not, therefore, exhaustingly emotional. There is romance and magic in

his stories, but this is not to say that O. Henry was never cynical or satirical : there is cynicism in 'The Memoirs of a Yellow Dog', and satire in 'The Sleuths'. But there are very few stories wholly devoted to cynicism and satire, such as we find in Aldous Huxley. What marks out O. Henry's work is its lack of hatred, contempt, or pessimism. There is always a promise of tomorrow, a promise of hope.

O. Henry is intensely alive, and intensely sensitive to people. His stories concern men and women, not vague abstractions. It is because his characters live and breathe, that O. Henry's work takes on moods. There is a natural graduation of emotions in the different stories, so that his work is rarely purely tragic or purely comic or purely romantic. Tragedy, comedy and romance exist to a greater or lesser degree in all the stories, but there is much more : there is adventure, O. Henry, and irony.

His tragic stories are his best. The tragedy is not a violent melodrama : perhaps the only way to describe it is to say, 'Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago'. The pity of it — that is what is driven home. The sense of waste and injustice is never lost on the reader, especially in 'The Furnished Room', 'The Gift of the Magi', 'After Twenty years', 'The Last Leaf', 'The Trimmed Lamp', or any others that you remember. The tragedy is told in barely ten lines ; but those ten lines are among the most eloquent in English literature. Most of the tragic stories have a certain lightness to set off the tension and grief. But there is one story that is purely tragic, "After Twenty Years". It is the saddest story in all O. Henryana, carrying none of the mitigating love or hope or joy that the others bear.

If there rarely is melodrama in the tragedies, there is enough of it in the romantic stories. In many of these, O. Henry can even be sentimentally cloying, as in 'The Marquis and Miss Salley.' But as the reader will find out for himself, in stories like 'Springtime a la Carte', or 'The Rubaiyat of a Scotch Highball', there is more attention paid generally to the lighter side of things. O. Henry stresses the value of comradeship and friendliness, and a sense of humour between the lovers, as well as the capacity for self-sacrifice. The last quality is found in stories like 'One Thousand Dollars', 'The Gift of the Magi' but best of all, I feel, in 'The Last Leaf'.

O. Henry's humour is something we cannot resist. Classic examples of his humour are all of the Jeff Peter stories : that rascally swindler who glories in his profession like a very Falstaff. That gorgeous story, 'Makes the Whole World Kin', is another example of his tongue-in-cheek mischief, as also 'The Handbook of Hymen', 'The Sleuths', 'A Ramble in Aphasia' 'Girl' (almost Wodehousian in its broad humour), and 'The Courier'. Each reader will have to decide for himself which of his humorous stories takes the prize. O. Henry's humour has a great deal in common with Charles Lamb's. There is nothing malicious about it,

it consists generally of a neatly turned phrase, or the creation of a character whose faults you laughingly recognise in yourself. Above all, O. Henry, even at his most farcical, never destroys the dignity of the human mind.

We might expect that after three years in prison his outlook on life would be warped and bitter. On the contrary, O. Henry looks forward with zest, with an almost reverential sense of wonder, to life. Exemplified best in stories like 'The Skylight Room', 'The Green Door', 'The Pimienta Pancakes' and especially in the Jeff Peter series, life is an adventure, a lark, a sport. There is no room or time for boredom or indifference. Independent people, proud of their independence, relish the power and the glory of life and of living.

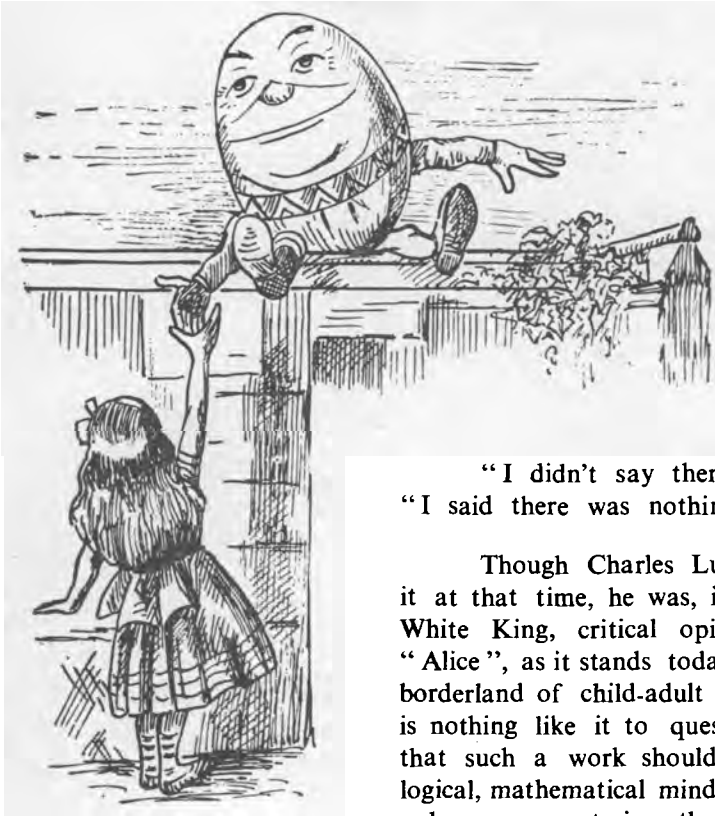
There is one special quality that O. Henry greatly admired and illustrated in his stories—courage: physical, mental, moral or spiritual. 'Jimmy Hayes and Muriel', 'Schools and Schools', 'The Count and Wedding-Guest', and 'The Gift of the Magi' are the best representatives of this quality. The eyes of the drunks and tramps and wastrels that he creates twinkle the more merrily for their having come down in the world. It is this sensitivity for pluck that makes O. Henry always side with the under-dog, for an 'under-dog' needs great pluck to become an 'above-dog'.

O. Henry's style baffles would-be imitators. It is terse and vigorous, succinct to a fault. He compresses volumes into one paragraph, and never lingers over trivialities. His brevity, and often the ellipsis of time and action, are akin to ballad poetry. Coupled with vigour, is a fresh and springy liveliness. It is this buoyancy that first captivates a newly-initiated reader, and only later the technicalities. In O. Henry's famous sting-in-the-tail technique lies temptation for young writers.

O. Henry will never cease to have imitators, but unless these capture something of the warmth and sincerity, something of the laughter and spontaneity, they can never share his distinctive charm.

LAVANYA RAJAH
II M.A. Literature

To Alice - With Much Love And Nonsense - Lewis Carroll



He was a real friend of little children - the most rejected and helpless sector of humanity.

“There’s nothing like eating hay when you are faint,” he remarked to her as he munched away.

“I should think throwing cold water over you could be better,” Alice suggested — “or some sal-volatile”.

“I didn’t say there was nothing *better*,” the king replied, “I said there was nothing *like* it”.

Though Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was quite unaware of it at that time, he was, in fact, anticipating, in the words of the White King, critical opinion on his Wonderland adventures. “Alice”, as it stands today in solitary splendour in the undefinable borderland of child-adult literature, is unchallenged; for there is nothing like it to question its superlatively. It is incredible that such a work should have been the outpouring of a clerical, logical, mathematical mind; and one can comprehend its existence only on encountering that profound, life-long love of children,

which metamorphosed the shy stammering Dr. Dodgson into the jabberwocking M. Carroll.

“I cannot understand how anyone could be bored by little children, they are three-quarters of my life”, he wrote in 1890, eight years before his death. And, without a doubt, children were three-quarters of his life. Born in 1832, C.L. Dodgson was the third child and eldest son of the Rev. Charles Dodgson of Daresbury. He matriculated in 1850, and went to Oxford in 1851, from where he graduated in 1854, settling down there as a Don from the next year onwards. Though extremely imaginative and humorous by nature, he was shy and reserved at Oxford, leading a semi-ascetic life. Perhaps his stammer tended to isolate him.

He launched on his career as votary of child-hood very early. He began when he invented games and wrote playlets and poems to amuse his innumerable

brothers and sisters. One of his plays, which was based on railways, ended with Bradshaw himself appearing at the end to declare :

I made a rule my servants were to sing :
That rule they disobeyed, and in revenge
I altered all the train times in my book.

An early poem, "Woes", which narrates the passage of a cannon-ball down a lion's throat, contains the first "portmanteau" word.

Two chokes, one howl,
A stifled growl,
It died without a struggle.
And the only sound
That was heard around
Was its last expiring GUGGLE.

Contributions of this kind continued to amuse his family till late in his life. He had a happy childhood, and retained throughout his life a nostalgia for it. He was only twenty-one when he wrote :

I'd give all wealth that years have piled,
The slow result of life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one bright summer day.

This nostalgia, coupled with a genuine love of children, led him to seek unremittingly the company of the little enchanters. He struck up friendships with them wherever he met them and when travelling he carried a black bag which contained toys and games he could produce if he chanced on any children. And he never dropped these young friends after the novelty of the moment passed. He scrupulously maintained correspondence with them, writing the most amusing letters.

"Now I want to know what you *mean* by calling yourself 'naughty' for not having written sooner. Naughty, indeed! stuff and nonsense! Do you think I'd call myself naughty if I hadn't written to you, say, for fifty years? Not a bit; I'd just begin as usual — 'My dear Mary, fifty yeays ago you asked me what to do for your kitten, as it had a toothache, and I have just remembered to write about it. Perhaps the tooth-ache has gone off by this time — if not, wash it carefully in hasty-pudding, and give it four pin-cushions boiled in sealing wax, and just dip the end of its tail in hot coffee. This remedy has never been known to fail'. There! That's the proper way to write".

It would be a truism to assert that often the most momentous change in one's life occurs when one is least aware of it. Besides his light literary work, Dodgson had been seriously interested in photography, and it was on one of his casual visits to the deanery at Christ Church, to take a photograph of the cathedral, that he met the children of Dean Liddell, and became intimately acquainted with one of them in particular — Alice. This was on April 25th, 1856. In the years that followed, the friendship between Dodgson and the children ripened, and they spent many afternoons together, with Dodgson entertaining Alice and her sisters with his impromptu tales. On July 4th 1862, Dodgson and the Liddell children went on a picnic, and it was on this expedition that Dodgson related the story of Alice's Adventures. Alice, being particularly impressed with the story, asked him to write it down for her. He did so, presenting a copy of the 'Adventures' to her in September 1864. The book was not published, however, till July 1865, by which time Alice herself had grown up and become only a memory, a dream-child who had by chance struck off a spark from his genius, discovering him to himself.

Genius can neither be brought into the world at will nor stifled at will. Alice Liddell had unconsciously roused Dodgson's dormant genius, and her inevitable growing up could not dam the springs of his imagination once they had found an outlet. For years after that momentous picnic, Dodgson continued to write — and he wrote then, not for Alice Liddell, but for Alice the dream-child, Alice who would never grow up, Alice who was the symbol of childhood itself. It was to this Alice that "Through the Looking-Glass" was addressed, and it was for the entertainment of this Alice that "The Hunting of the Snark", "Slyvie and Bruno" and the numerous games and puzzles were written.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings..." wrote the Psalmist. Dodgson quite literally took his stories from the lips of children. He took his cue from the remarks of children, and built up a fantastic story. The many parodies in "Alice" and the other books, indicate that Dodgson owed something to the original. Nursery rhymes and popular poems alike underwent a wonderland change when he adapted them. Thus "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star", became "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat", and "A Sitting at the Gate", was a parody of Wordsworth's "Leech-gatherer". "Jabberwocky" was originally written to parody Anglo-Saxon poetry, and when Dodgson realised that his readers should make some sense of it, he introduced Humpty-Dumpty to explain it, and to give the ingenious definition of a portmanteau word.

"You see, it's like a portmanteau — there are two meanings packed into one word". So "slithe" means "lithe and slimy"; and "mimsy" is "flimsy and miserable"; and "galumph" is "to gallop in triumph".

Attempting to explain the success of "Alice", Peter Alexander declares that it was Dodgson's logic that helped him build "a setting within which

inconsistency would appear inevitable, and so convincing". Andrew Lang suggests that "Much of the effect of 'Alice' was got by the contrast of her childish niceness and naturalness, with the absurd and evanescent character of the creatures of Wonderland". Though these points are incontestable, "Alice's" popularity is undoubtedly due to its appealing, first and last, to the imagination.

It has been declared that "...the 'Alices' will never be put in a museum, because they will neither die nor grow out of fashion". Far from growing out of fashion, 'Alice' has grown into a new kind of fashion, and is accepted today as a classic for the adult. The mature reader today gets much out of the Carroll books that is lost upon children. It was this that promoted the many queries addressed to Dodgson :

"Periodically I have received courteous letters from strangers begging to know whether (it) is an allegory, or contains some hidden moral, or is a political satire". Dodgson himself did not know, and as he wrote later :

"I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense ! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them ; so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant".

SWARUP RANI SANKARAN
II M.A. Literature

Work is Love Made Visible or Is the Answer so Simple?

Cryptic and meaningful are the insights of
a Literature student.

In the crest of a wave, in the pearl in a shell, do we see perfection?
In the blue of a summer sky, in the breeze on tree-tops do we see a certain art?
In never-ending rainbows, in better tomorrows do we still hope? What is God's
work?

In a quick hug, when dad comes home; in a quiet smile when the food
is good, do we see affection? When the infant snuggles so intimate, so warm, do
we see innocence? When the beloved is gone and the mourners seem kind, do
we see more pain? When mama dreams of silk, and dad misses his cigars,
will the children see the sacrifice? When the son drops out, calls his dad a
failure, and then tries, oh so much, to understand, do we see frustration? What
is my home's work?

In the delicate stroke of the artist's brush, in the deep thoughts of the
philosopher, do we see creation? In the emotions of poetry, in the hard-beat
of rock-music, do we see a certain depth? In the frantic steps of the Indian
dancer, the breathless notes of the Indian raga, do we see a frenzy? What is the
artist's work?

In the soulful eyes of the tired pilgrim, the tortured body of the sanyasi,
do we see faith? In the music of the congregation, the fire dance of the forest
tribes, do we see sincerity? Tell me what is the devotee's work?

What is God's work in the universe? — Love. What is man's work in
this world — to make that love visible. This answers all questions.

But is the answer so simple? Do hope, pain, frenzy, sincerity,
innocence — all mean love?

B. VIJAYALAKSHMI,
III B.A. Literature

The Glory of Ancient Ceylon

Past glories live on in works of art.

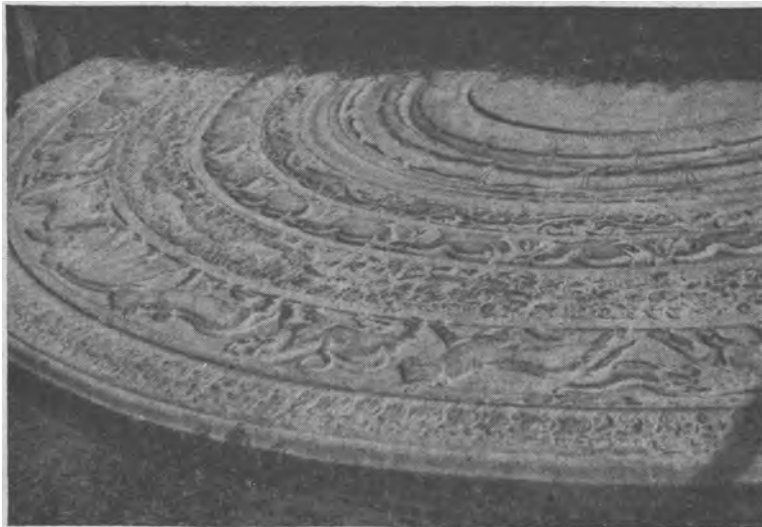
The three important cities connected with Sinhalese history have always been Anuradhapura, Polonnaruwa and Sigiriya. Artistic remains in these three places go a long way to tell us about the grandeur of ancient Ceylon.

Anuradhapura was the oldest capital of Ceylon Kings. In the eleventh century it was destroyed by the Cholas. In this ancient city are the famous stupas (called "dagabas") Thuparama and Ruwanvalisaya.

The Thuparama dagaba is the earliest stupa in Ceylon, and contains the right collar bone of the Buddha. At present there are rows of pillars with ornamented capitals surrounding the dagaba. The diminishing height of the pillars towards the outside shows that the roof was sloping. It is said that the shape of the Thuparama originally resembled a heap of paddy, but after its restoration it looks more like a bell. Near the stupa are an ancient well and a hospital. An interesting part of the remains here is the Sarcophagus-like medicinal trough.

The Ruwanvalisaya is another ancient dagaba built by the famous King Dutthagamani. The colossal, white-plastered dagaba towers to a height of 338 feet. Its circumference is 942 feet, and the gilded pinnacle is 24 feet high. It stands

on a stone platform, around which ran a wall carved with elephants, of which only six remain.



Moonstone—Anuradhapura

The Sinhalese architects were keen on decorating the entrances of their buildings, whether religious or secular. The steps leading to these buildings were flanked with balustrades, in front of which were stone slabs, called



Vatadage—Circular relic house—Polonnaruwa

guardstones. Initially these latter were simple in form, but later on decorations were added. One of the finest of these guardstones is found at Ratnaprasada. The figure carved on it represents the seven hooded naga — the cobra king in anthropomorphic form. In his left hand he holds a pot of flowers, and in his right a

flowering creeper. He stands under an arch, on which makara (the monster resembling a crocodile) heads, and small figures are carved.

The first slabs of the flight of steps leading up to the monuments were also carved. Their form may have been rectangular and later rounded. In the course of time they became semicircular and were profusely carved. They are called moonstones. The central panel is often bordered by lotus petals, followed by a row of animals moving in a clockwise direction from left to right. These latter consist of the elephant, horse, lion, bull in repeated series.

The Isurumuniya, a small temple, was a part of the great Isurumuniya complex. The carvings on the surrounding rocks are worthy of note.

Polonnaruwa, the greatest city of mediaeval Ceylon, which has lain dead for some 700 years has only the crumbling vestiges of its ancient glory today. This ancient glory was due to the rule of the great kings..... Vijayabahu, Parakramabahu I, and Nissankamalla. Since the Cholas were ruling during Vijayabahu's time, one can see many examples of Saivaite temples. Parakramabahu, however, tried to revive the glory of the city after the Cholas had been driven out; but it had declined too far, and was eventually abandoned. The city was never one. It consisted of an outer and inner city.

Potgulvehara is situated at the southern part of the city. According to an inscription, it was built by Candravati, second queen of Parakramabahu I. To the north of this is a unique rock sculpture, probably the portrait of Parakramabahu I. It stands 11 ft. 6 ins. high and is considered one of the finest stone sculptures of Ceylon.

Nissankamalla's palace and council chamber are in a sorry state, due to the quality of the construction and its having been completed in seven months. In the council chamber was placed the king's throne, supported by stone lions. This fact is inscribed on one of the lions. Moreover, the pillars are marked, indicating the place for each minister or other dignitary.

The inner city contained mainly the palace of Parakramabahu, and other buildings, within an area of twenty-five acres. The palace was 150 feet square, and according to the chronicle it was seven stories high. But due to poor construction, only the base and upright pillars of the ground floor remain. Of the remaining buildings in the citadel, the Royal Bath, Siva Devale, and Thuparama are worth mentioning.

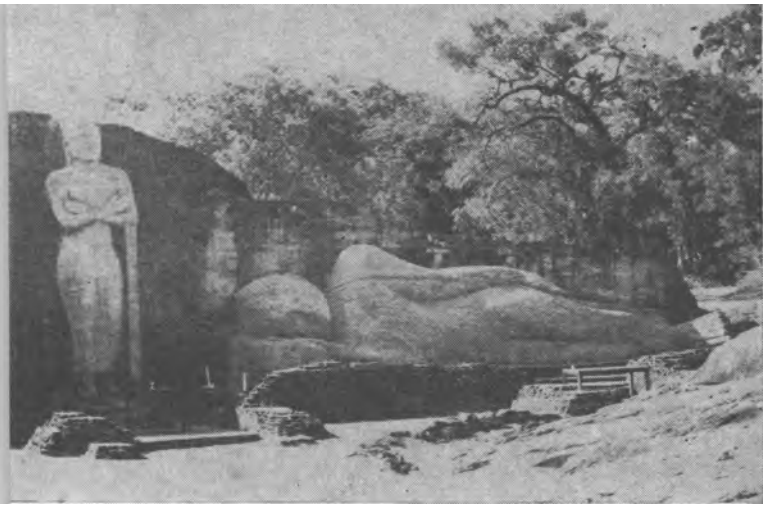
The Vatadage is the most interesting building in this group of structures. This may be the earliest of all other buildings. The Central Shrine here is a dagaba. Two terraces, one above the other, lead to the upper terrace, on which are four seated figures of the Buddha facing the four entrances. The moonstones at the flight of steps are worth noticing. Each moonstone has semicircular bands of animals. The bull, being the "Vahana" of Siva, was omitted, since it was improper to have it on something stamped by human feet.

The Satmahal Prasada is a building of seven diminishing storeys. But the most interesting item is the oblong slab of stone called 'Galpota' or stone book. Being more than 25 ft. long about 5 ft. wide, and nearly 3 ft. thick, its writing surface is divided into 3 parts, with 24 lines each.

The "Lankatilaka" is a brick structure about 170 ft in length. In the sanctum facing east, is a gigantic standing image of the Buddha in brick. Further north is the Uttararama built by Parakramabahu. It is popularly known as "Gal Vihara" because the central shrine is carved out of natural rock. It contains a seated Buddha under a makara arch. Towards the left is a standing figure of the Buddha and near it is a sleeping figure of the Buddha signifying Parinirvana.



Satmahal Prasada—Polonnaruwa



Gal Vihara—Polonnaruwa

Of the many ponds found here, the Lotus Pond is most important. It is built in the shape of a full-blossomed lotus with eight petals.

Sigiri, the Lion Rock, wherein are found the famous Sigiriya paintings, got its name in the 5th century, when king Kassapa built a huge lion of brick and stucco to guard the entrance of his palace. The glory of Sigiriya endured for eighteen

years, the duration of Kassapa's reign. No other building operation in Ceylon in historical times demanded such feats of engineering as the works at Sigiri. Even the meagre remains tell the immensity of the achievements. The fort is surrounded by huge moats and has many ponds. Here and there one finds thrones and rock-cut cisterns. The gallery, mirror-wall, and the plateau of the lion are of greatest interest.

In a pocket of the great rock fort is a treasure house of rare art. Here are twenty-one three-quarter length figures of women, bearing close resemblance to the pictures at Ajanta. A full knowledge of human form is displayed. There is a lyrical rhythm and a subtle sense of refinement about these ladies, whose portraits are the only example of art for art's sake that we have from the past. The characteristic features of these women are tiny waists, shapely arms, exquisitely flower-like hands, heavy-lidded eyes, full lips, and sharp aquiline nose. The figures may be those of queens, princesses and ladies-in-waiting. An abundance of ornament is affected equally by queens and serving women. The paintings are for the most part portraits. Though the representation of arms and hands is rather conventional, yet each figure has individual traits in face, form, nose or dress. Not one figure stands erect, but bends either forward or sideways. Some believe that they are the ladies of the court either going to the temple, or mourning the death of Kassapa. Others hold the view that they are apsarases. Another theory is that they are engaged in water sports, and an instrument has been indentified as a water throwing gadget. Although the paintings are done in tempera technique, the pigment does not peel, except where the greens and blues occur.

Right through the centuries, anonymity has been the rule among the artists who have worked on caves or walls in Ceylon. No names of great artists have come down to us either in history or signature. So it is only the skill of the unknown artist that has contributed so much to Ceylonese art.

USHA G. NADKARNI
III B.A. Drawing & Painting

“ Railways In India ”

Relegated to a second place in this space age, railways continue to play an important role.

One of the essential features of modern life is the continuing reduction of distances in terms of time. Primitive man was satisfied with whatever could be obtained around him — both by way of physical and intellectual requirements. He drew only from his neighbourhood. Even though vast strides have been made in transportation by the development of huge fleets of supersonic aircraft, surface transport has a definite place in any country, and the railway has a very important role as a means of mass transportation.

There is no more striking or impressive example of man-made power in the world than an express train in motion. As it flies past in the night, like a thing alive, the train is a throbbing manifestation of power. The story of the railways has, therefore, an almost universal appeal to young and old alike, of all countries.

A hundred and seventeen years ago, on the 16th April, 1853, the first Indian railway train rolled on its tracks, over a stretch of 21 miles from Bombay to Thana; just twenty-eight years after the world's first train had made its initial successful run. This event made history. The formal inauguration ceremony was performed on the same day, when fourteen railway carriages, carrying about 400 guests, left Bori-Bunder at 3-30 p.m. “ amidst the applause of a vast multitude and to the salute of 21 guns ”.

Like any other invention, the railways had in the early stages to overcome a great deal of prejudice, opposition and popular criticism. It was difficult to convince common people that a journey by rail was safer than by stage-coach. There is the story of a German doctor who declared that “ it would be impossible for people to watch the train pass without going mad, and unless hoardings were erected, the cow's milk would turn sour ”. And it was not till 13th June, 1842, seventeen years after the opening of the first railway line in England, that Queen Victoria, advised by her ministers, “ deemed it safe ” to take a journey from London to Slough.

It is hardly surprising that many people in India should also, in the early stages, have opposed the introduction of railways as a “ hazardous and dangerous venture ” or at best, a “ premature and expensive undertaking ”. Among the British there were many who felt that even if railways were started, it would be difficult for them to get any passengers. Doubt was expressed “ whether people

would be attracted from the bullock-cart to the rail, and whether religious mendicants, fakirs, agricultural labourers, and other more or less destitute folk who did not possess an anna could be persuaded to pay train fare rather than meander without any sense of time”.

Ramesh Chandra Dutt, the great economist, was among many Indians who considered railways a wasteful expenditure, and at best deserving of secondary priority next to roads and canals. This view was endorsed in subsequent years by Sir Arthur Cotton.

Great and formidable stumbling blocks were also created by nature and by physical conditions. India is not a flat country like Russia, where Czar Nicholas could sit down with a footrule and a map of the country, draw two straight lines between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and dictatorially declare, “This is the route which the railway line should take.” Nor was India a small country like England.

Hence the task of the early builders was a very difficult one. Beyond Kalyan on the Western route stood the Thal and the Bhore Ghats. These Ghats consisted of a continuous deep chain of massive, solid, impregnable rocks and lofty peaks, rising abruptly to heights from 2000 to 4000 ft. Except for a few horse-tracks and a rough craggy road serviceable only during a few months of the year for carts, the Ghats were a mass of thick, impenetrable jungle infested with wild beasts and many varieties of dangerous reptiles, having a climate unfit for human habitation. Beyond the Ghats, after a few 100 miles of upcountry, lay the Vindychal Mountains, blocking the route to the north on the one hand, and to the south on the other.

The physical obstacles on the eastern route were of a different variety. The Indo-Gangetic Plain, stretching between Calcutta and Delhi, except for a few



hilly tracts in the Nagpur area, was an ideally flat country. The chief hurdle in this area was the rivers. The seasonal torrents of these rivers and a whole network of their tributaries required the best skill of engineers, a great deal of costly material, and a large number of trained labourers to build bridges over the untamed waters. To all these difficulties, created by natural conditions, was added the difficulty of obtaining trained labour and skilled technicians for engineering works of great magnitude and technical skill.

Several surveys made by experts and engineers, like Mr. Simms and Robert Stephenson, finally led to the view that the numerous difficulties pointed out by the opponents of railway construction notwithstanding, railway lines could be successfully laid to connect the various parts of India, and that railways could be run safely and profitably under existing Indian conditions.

Lord Dalhousie, who played a very important part in shaping the early policy of railway construction in India, in a historic minute written in July 1850 from the hill station of Chini, in the Himalayas, stated that while he had doubts, as indeed everyone at that time, as to whether the railways could be made to pay in India, he was most anxious that "this so-called 'experimental' line should prove a success". Within three years of his writing this note, the first railway started running between Bombay and Thana. Thus, 117 years ago was initiated what has now become a stupendous enterprise, through the efforts of some farsighted men who realised and insisted that there was, in the construction of railways in India, the potentialities of a tremendous development for the country.

After the first lines had been opened, railway development in India naturally followed the course of least resistance and maximum profits. However, the factor which held railway development was the Great Mutiny of 1857. All



railway building was held up during this disturbed period. It was in 1858, after the political control of India had passed from the East India Company to the Crown, and the political conditions had fairly stabilised in the country, that the development of railways could be again taken in hand.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company, after a careful survey of the Thal and Bhore Ghats, had started work in 1856 to run a line from Kalyan over the Bhore Ghats to Poona. In many ways it was a unique achievement. The entire Thal Ghats route was completed in 1865. After 1870, railway development was rapid.

All the major railway systems of India, and quite a number of minor ones, were originally started by private companies, with capital almost wholly subscribed by shareholders in Britain. A few of the lines were run by the Indian States. In 1843, when the earliest proposal for constructing railways in India was put forward, England was passing through a period of "railway mania". Railway shares were the talk in every middle class home and in Lombard Street.

However, the Acworth Committee, by its recommendations, laid the foundations of state management and state control of Indian Railways. It set up the board structure of a centralised railway administration, and rationalised, in accordance with accepted economic and commercial principles, the entire system of railway financing. Its recommendations constituted the broad basis on which the railway system of India developed in subsequent years.

The railways entered a new phase of development in 1922, when the state gradually assumed control of all the railway systems in the country.

Railway development during these years passed through three distinct stages: a period of exceptional prosperity up to 1930, followed by the unparalleled depression, then World War II.

In the post-war world, the Labour Party came into power, and soon independence was won. Although it split India into India and Pakistan, the imagination and intelligence of the railway authorities overcame the setback. As transport formed a vital link in Indian economy, the railway had to be considerably expanded to meet the new challenge.

The volume of traffic, which the railways were obliged to move in 1947-48, showed unprecedented increase. Excluding the lines affected by partition, the number of passengers during this year rose from 355 million to 902 million, an increase of 154% since 1938-39.

Freedom naturally brought with it a fresh impetus to industries to expand production, involving the import of large quantities of heavy equipment. To eliminate shortages, food grains had to be moved more promptly from surplus to deficit regions. Large supplies of imported food grains had to be carried from seaports to remote inland areas. Symbolic of the spirit of economic expansion and nation building were such schemes as Damodar Valley and other multipurpose hydro-electric dams, and these irrigation projects required adequate provision by railways for transporting the heavy equipment required for their construction.

During this period, steps were taken to link the Assam Railway with the rest of the Indian Railway system. This link project was taken up towards the end of January 1948; its completion by early December, 1949, in the face of formidable difficulties of a sub-montane region, thick forests, heavy rainfall and turbulent rivers, was a remarkable feat of engineering.

After the partition of India and the consequent loss of the Karachi port, the need for a major port on the west coast of India was keenly felt. Kandla (later named Gandhidham), in Kutch, was considered a suitable site. In November 1949 the Government ordered the construction of a metre gauge line between Kandla and Deesa; work was commenced in January 1950, and the line was formally opened for traffic by the President on October 2nd, 1952.

During the past few years, developments in signalling, interlocking and telecommunication have been rapid. Indian railways have kept themselves fairly abreast of the times, and have not been slow to introduce the latest methods and devices, like track circuiting, power and automatic signalling, double wire operation of points and signals, automatic train-control, and so on. All these developments have resulted in much greater efficiency of traffic operation. Great numbers of trains can now be run under conditions of greater safety, at higher speeds, over the smallest number of tracks, at minimum cost.

Closely connected with signalling is the development of telegraph and telephone. Telecommunication is being increasingly used on railways, and is becoming more widespread. All the latest in apparatus and design, like telephone railway control, teleprinters, and wireless are being introduced.

The development and use of electric power marked the dawn of a new era. Electricity had indeed introduced a revolution. In the initial stages, the suburbans of Bombay and Madras were electrified. After Independence, this was extended to Calcutta. Today, it has been decided to electrify heavily worked main lines in the eastern region. This has become possible because of improved technology, permitting higher voltages and cheaper fixed installation, which has brought down the capital cost of electrification.

On attaining Independence, there were several railway systems of varying sizes, which, due to their history of development, were found to be neither administratively viable nor economically efficient. In order to facilitate economic and efficient administration, several railways were initially grouped together into North, South, East, West, Central and North Eastern railways. Recently, new additions have been the South Central Railway, the South Eastern Railway and the North East Frontier Railway.

As the country's plans got underway, additional lines had to be laid to connect various regions which were poorly served. This was also helpful in improving the country's economy. For instance, the laying of the new line at the various regions like Dandakaranya has helped the rich iron ore deposit to be exploited for transport to Japan. Similarly, other lines, and doubling of existing lines have been carried out to serve the needs of Steel Plants at Rourkela, Durgapur, Bhilai and Bokaro.

In the modernisation plan, the railways have embarked upon the container system of transport between important termini, in collaboration with road haulers. This has enabled transport of materials from the consignor to that of the consignee.

Indeed, this vast network of communicating lines looks very much like the arteries and veins in the human body, and serves much the same purpose.

The railways have changed considerably from what they were when they first started. In several countries, the steam locomotive has already disappeared being replaced by the more modern diesel and electric locomotives. It appears today that even the most basic part of the railway, namely the rail, is also in danger of being done away with. A concrete way may take its place, paving the way for the highest speeds for surface traction ever achieved using hovercraft type of locomotives. Indeed, the pace of progress is such that the dream of today is the design of tomorrow, and the reality of the day after.

S. SUSHEELA
II B.A. Economics

Automation - Its Pros and Cons

Will it lead to rampant unemployment?
An economics student makes an evaluation.

It is now a couple of centuries since Man learned to live with machines, and all along, we find that he has welcomed and appreciated their services, when they contributed to 'supplement' his endeavours, but he has never tolerated the idea of their completely supplanting his role as the chief agent of production. Accordingly the modern trend of rapid computerisation of industry and commerce, despite its manifold advantages, has not received his full approbation, for the obvious reason that there is not sufficient guarantee that the process will not jeopardise his own prospects of employment on a very large scale. This is the crux of the great Automation question that troubles labour leaders, business executives, economists and government policy makers today. Unfortunately, there is no consensus of opinion among them on this vital issue, the magnitude of which is of such an unprecedented nature that it has rightly been called the pivot of the new industrial-technological revolution pervading our globe today.

Leaving aside the endless controversy regarding the wisdom of adopting automation on a large scale, one thing has to be acknowledged as being most certain. That is, automation today, thanks to the remarkable studies being made in computer technology, can safely be associated with precision, speed and efficiency in operation. Truly, it is foremost among the marvellous products that human ingenuity has ever evolved.

The word automation is an abbreviated usage of automatic operation. It was coined in 1947, by Del Harder, the Vice President of the Ford Motor Company, to apply to "automatic handling of parts between progressive production processes." In the advanced countries, human effort for pulling, lifting and carrying heavy loads has been largely replaced by machines — machines driven by steam, petrol, oil or electricity, but controlled by men. When machine-power takes the place of man-power, we speak of mechanisation. When automatic control is added to machine-power then we have automation. It implies that with little or no human intervention, the computers are made to duplicate, with lightning speed, the human thought processes like sensing, measuring, comparing and remembering, with the aid of which these 'electronic brains' are able to sort out the mass of information fed into them, and in a matter of minutes (or at the most, in a few hours) send back the required conclusions in a readily assimilable form. The feedback principle enables the linking up of successive operations. It is now possible to construct machines such as the one making cylinder blocks for car engines, which automatically control and supervises no fewer than 555 successive and continuous

operations. The first purely electronic calculating machine was completed in 1946, in the U.S. It is still operating and will probably remain the largest electronic computer ever to be built — it has 18000 valves.

The II World War proved to be a great stimulant to the advance of computer technology. Computers were largely employed to solve urgent scientific problems relating to the science of ballistics, which deals with the motion of projectiles, shells, bombs and guided missiles. Today, the scope of service of the computer has extended to several other important avenues of human activity; namely, industry, transportation, construction, managerial economics, insurance, banking, criminology, weather fore-casting, medicine, education, Nuclear Research and Space-technology. With our socio-economic set-up growing more complex and far-flung day by day, the need for mechanism to handle the consequent information-revolution is imperative. Computers have come to stay, and there can be nothing more unwise than to look upon them as unwanted intruders, with no other claim to usefulness than their contribution to the promotion of capitalist interests.

That takes us back to our earlier question of its impact on the fundamental man-machine relation. Ever since the early phases of the Industrial Revolution, any rapid technological advance has been associated with increase in unemployment of the workers. This became a subject of heated controversy between diverse schools of thought especially during the depression decade of the 1930's. The unemployed workers of the slump period concluded that it was the installation of machines on a large-scale that caused their mass unemployment and its allied evils, and there-upon, many of them engaged in riotous outbursts. Some of the thinkers of the day also looked upon the innovation with great skepticism. Norbert Wiener, a famous MIT mathematician is said to have observed that "the factory of the futurewill be controlled by something like a high-speed computing machine We can expect an abrupt and final cessation of the demand for the type of factory labour performing repetitive tasks. Industry will be flooded with new tools, to the extent that they appear to yield immediate profits, irrespective of what long-time damage they may do. It is perfectly clear that this will produce an unemployment situation, in which even the depression of the thirties will seem a pleasant joke."

Such an attitude will be dubbed out-moded in modern times. For after the publication of Keynes' "General Theory" in 1936, many facts regarding aggregate employment in an economy have been amply clarified and it has been shown that the volume of employment is not determined by the rate of technological advance; and experience in U.S., West Germany and Japan testifies that the maintenance of a high rate of technological change is not incompatible with high employment percentages. These countries have shown that a modern mixed economy, with a proper and timely manipulation of monetary and fiscal policies, can effectively eliminate aggregate unemployment, of

which technological unemployment, that is the temporary displacement of workers due to technological changes, may constitute a minute percentage.

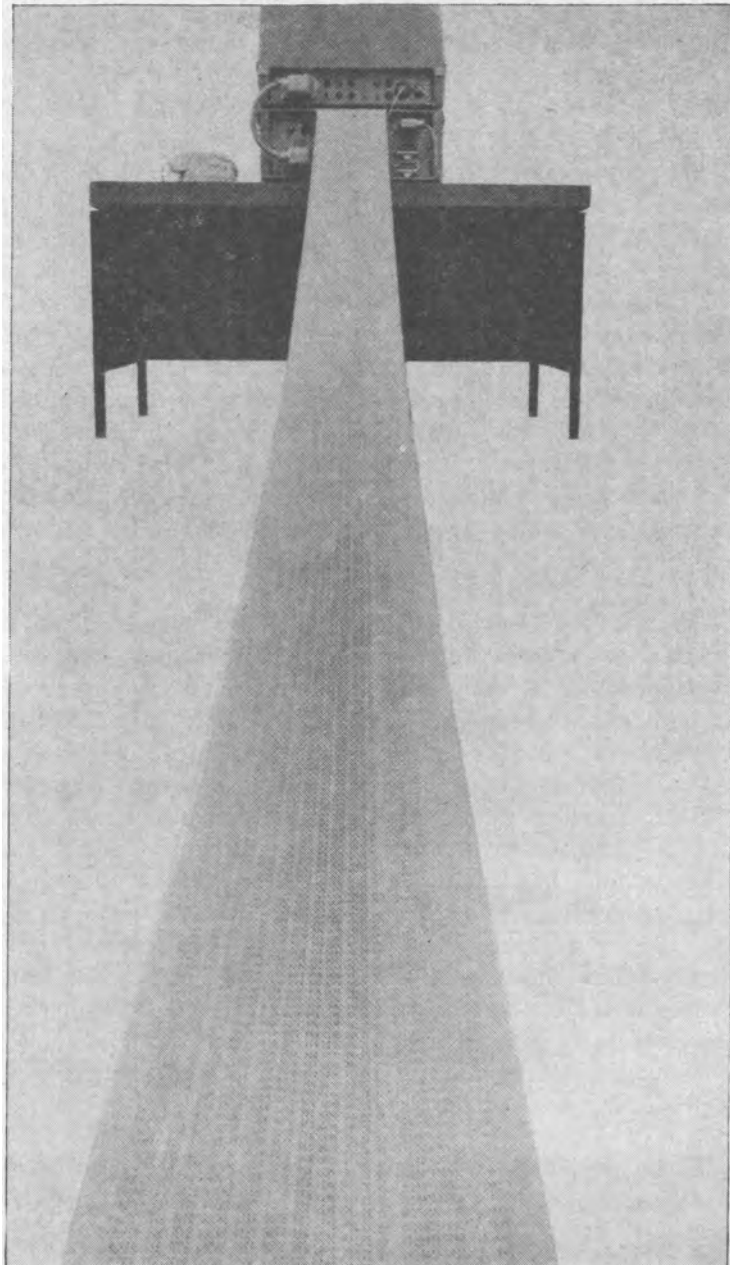
But it will not be all smooth-sailing under the peculiar economic conditions and political pressures operating in a country like India. It constitutes a special case. In advanced economies, where cost reduction and increase in productivity alone are given top priority automation may not pose as serious a problem. But in a developing economy like ours, we are bound to have second thoughts on the issue. It is especially feared that the problem of educated unemployment rampant in our country may be accentuated by any rapid extension of automation.

This is the oft-cited argument of the labour enthusiasts of our country, in their clamour for a complete and permanent embargo on computers. The employees of the Life Insurance Corporation particularly are completely unfavourable towards the innovation and also the All India Trade Union Congress is opposed to the introduction of computers in the service sector, covering such fields as Banking, Insurance and the Railways. Ironically enough, these are the very sectors where the service of the computers is most needed. It would certainly be atrocious to disregard the benefits of automation on a large scale. But at the same time it would be no exaggeration to point out that our economy does stand in need of what is called "selective automation". This will ensure the benefits of the innovation, without seriously undermining the claims of the workers. In 1957, the Indian Labour Conference adopted a model agreement on Rationalisation of Industry and Commerce, in which automation figured prominently. The agreement provided that Automation could be allowed when the management of the establishment concerned, allays the apprehension of the workers, as regard their retrenchment or any diminution in their salaries, and even that the benefits of rationalisation should be equitably shared between the labour and the management.

Accordingly the 1300 clerical personnel who were rendered jobless as a result of automation in the Railways were soon absorbed in other jobs. In like manner, the L.I.C. when it sought to install computers at Bombay and Calcutta, found that 383 members of its staff would be rendered surplus, but it saw that 225 of them could be absorbed in other jobs, so that the net reduction was equal to 158; as for that, the Corporation ensured that their retrenchment will be spread over 2 years from now. Thus in many cases, the horrors of chronic unemployment as a result of automation have been mitigated and we have every cause to reassure ourselves that it will be continued in the future. Incidentally, all the furore against automation is quite unwarranted since we hardly have 140 computers on the whole, operating in our country at present. As it is, we compare very unfavourably with the advanced nations in our rate of technological advance, and it would only be a self-defeating move to implement the claim of the workers for a complete veto on the computers. When seen in broader perspective, there are a whole multitude of factors causing and perpetuating the chronic unemployment situation in our country, among which automation is

certainly not a major one. Therefore, if a ban is enforced on the installation of computers, the aggregate unemployment in our country will not be eliminated substantially. The Planning Commission has taken a realistic approach to the problem and it has advocated selective automation in the larger interests of the economy as a whole. In this respect it would do good to recall the words of Satchel Paige, the famous foot-ball player : “ Don’t look back : Someone may be gaining on you”.

P. RAMALAXMI
II B.A. Economics



Girlhood

“A time for great decisions” according to a P.U. well on the road to maturity.



Girlhood — the years between childhood and adulthood which have been called an “ill defined no-man’s land”; the years twixt twelve and twenty, which have been termed adolescence.

Girlhood : years spent in high school and college, when she graduates from tutelage to freedom, comics to classics, crayons to perfume, thoughtlessness to responsibility.

A time when she sees the silver lining in every cloud.....when she wants to do so much and there is so little timewhen she wants to reach the stars, reform the world.

A time when she stops collecting teddy bears and starts collecting hearts..... when she has a best friend, a special teacher, a secret diary.....when she thinks examinations spell the end of her world.

A time for friends, fun and coca-cola.....for books, sports, music..... for building castles in the air and dreaming impossible 'dreams.

A time of study and preparation.....of so many plans and decisionsof so many firsts : her first saree, her first public examination.....of quick-silver moods from deep despair to gay abandon.

A time to discover herself — her views, her ideas, her ambitions, her future.

Girlhood : a time of great importance with its more serious aspects ; for it is the time to cultivate the finer values of life.

A time of responsibility and high ideals. A time to imbibe those spiritual and moral values which make life really meaningful.

It is exciting, it is serious, it is fun, it is important, these years ‘twixt twelve and twenty,’ these golden years of girlhood.

RITA DORAIKJ,
P.U. 7

A Non-Violent Revolutionary Who Does Violence to Himself

Though seldom heard, Bhave continues to exert that hidden power.



Even the wind seemed to hold its breath : something unbelievable had happened ; a landowner had just offered a hundred acres to the landless peasants of his village : The man who had asked for donations of land sat incredulous. He asked the landowner to repeat what he had said. Though he believes in the goodness of man, Acharya Vinoba Bhave had not expected such munificence. He had won his first victory in the terrorised Telengana region to which he had come as a Shanti-Sainik (soldier of peace). In the wake of Independence, the Communists had encouraged the peasants to murder,

and forcibly seize lands. Vinoba was convinced that the only way to overcome their influence was to remove, in a peaceful way the great disparity in the distribution of property. Encouraged by his first success, Vinoba decided to ask for more land-gifts. He requested the owners to treat him as son and give him a share.

Vinoba had grown up in an enlightened environment. His grandfather, the Brahmin village priest, engaged a Muslim musician to sing hymns before the altar. He asked his critics, "Why should there be differences in the house of God?" At school, Vinoba was at the head of his class. He devoured the writings and biographies of famous religious and political figures. At nineteen, his "longing to attain Brahma" grew so acute that he neglected his studies, and a few days before his final examinations, he ran away to Benares. While he looked for some worthy cause to dedicate himself to, Gandhiji delivered his revolutionary speech at the University. Delighted, Vinoba wrote to him ; and Gandhiji invited him to his ashram. On learning that he had left home without telling his

parents, Gandhiji wrote them, "Your son is with me. Young as he is, he has reached spiritual heights which have taken me years of patient labour to attain." No task was too mean for the young disciple.

Independence did not elate Gandhiji and his followers: they knew that India was still far from economic independence and from the ideal social order they sought. Soon after Gandhiji's assassination, the Sarvodaya Samaj was started at Vinoba's suggestion. Sarvodaya means 'service for all,' and it aims at village uplift. In his book, "Christian Ashram", Bede Griffiths writes: "Vinoba, like Gandhi, has identified himself with the poor in the villages of India, and his reason for walking from village to village is at once to help him to get to know the villagers personally, and to place himself on a level with them. Gandhi based his life work on two principles — truth (satya) and non-violence (ahimsa). By truth he meant adherence to the inner principle of being, the Atman or Spirit which governs the universe; and by non-violence he meanta basic respect for every man as an image of God, in whom the universal Spirit dwells. Vinoba's principles are the same. Thus the Sarvodaya movement has a spiritual basisThe economic and social reform which it seeks to introduce, is seen essentially as a means for men to realise themselves as human beings, and this necessarily means the realization of man's essential relation to his neighbour and to the land on which he depends for his livelihood.....The land is conceived as belonging to the people as a whole, to be worked on a basis of co-operation."

Till 1951, Vinoba retired to five acres of land to practise the self-sufficiency Gandhiji had considered as the solution to the poverty of rural India. About 70% of India's millions live in the villages. For this reason, Gandhiji had told Welthy Fisher, the literacy worker, "Go to the villages....., for if you do not help the villages, you do not help India".

Persuaded to attend a meeting of the Sarvodaya Samaj to be held near Hyderabad, Vinoba decided to walk the 315 miles saying that modern methods of transport do not give anyone the time to take an interest in other people. "A journey on foot... ..will help me get to know the country and to identify myself with the poorest in the land, who cannot afford to use any other means of transport." He was then fifty-seven and ill. On the way, he talked to the people and sought in his mind for some means of relieving their desperate plight. After the Conference, he visited Telengana, where the first land-gift was made. By the time he left the province, he had collected 12,000 acres. He told the terrorists that murder and violence nullifies any good they do, and asked, "Why not take land as I do, with sincerity and love?"

When Vinoba read the draft report of India's first five-year plan, he criticized it bitterly: "If Gandhiji could do so much in those unfavourable days we should be able to do much more.....You started a planning commission which says that self-reliance is well-nigh impossible...Yours is a plan involving perpetual begging". Nehru invited him to Delhi to discuss the plan, offering a plane to bring him there.

Vinoba replied: "I will come, but.....walking as always" Before setting out, he addressed a large gathering: "The work I have started is known as Bhoodan Yagna...a yagna (sacrifice) in which all should co-operate and contribute. I hope the rich will honour the poor and donate land...,it will lend mighty support to the non-violent revolution". Along the route to Delhi, he received 70,000 acres. In the capital, he opposed the import of foodgrains, the lack of full employment, and the scarcity of village wells. The great industrial and hydro-electric schemes of the Plan seemed to his mind to give very little to the villagers.

Vinoba decided to follow his own plan by making Bhoodan Yagna a national movement. It was a movement of faith in the power to influence others to give up some of their highly valued property, a power that comes from his belief that "all men and women, young and old, are temples in which God hides.....And thus I can approach them all without fear. With God's help I can enter every heart.....For the poor I am striving to win rights. For the rich I am striving to win moral development. If one grows materially and the other spiritually, who is the loser?.....Like air and water, land belongs to God.....who made it. Whoever works at it shall enjoy its fruits.....To claim it for oneself alone is to oppose the very Will of God. And who can be happy if they oppose His Will?" In three years, more than two and a half million acres were gifted. To those who were surprised to see such generosity in the present day, Vinoba said: "Each man fashions his own age by the way he lives and acts." When questioned whether it was fair to ask the same fraction of each, he answered: "When the poor decide to give land, it has a tremendous effect on the minds of the rich;.....we can then demand more.....of the rich. We can say to them, God has given you more therefore you can spare more".

It was important that the redistribution of land should mark the beginning of general improvement in village life and agriculture. Vinoba reminded the people of what the Gita says: "Raise yourself by your own efforts." He elucidated: "Raise all those with whom it is your lot to live". Village uplift, not the collection of land, has become the problem of Bhoodan Yagna. Workers are needed, thousands of them, to join the village development projects, and to make the agricultural systems more productive.

According to one of Gandhiji's dreams, Vinoba also founded the Shanti Sena, or Army of Peace, to work as a revolutionary constructive unit at all times, but especially to reduce tensions and conflicts. Gandhiji agreed with the French philosopher who said, "The more violence, the less revolution". Vinoba himself believes that "Problems cannot be solved by violence,..... the time has come to put love into practice". The Sena's only weapon is what Vinoba termed "aggressive love"—another name of satyagraha. With this Sena, he hopes to build the ideal society, because "Samya Yoga holds that there dwells in every man the same spirit." It treats life as an integrated whole, and seeks to instill in all a spirit of brotherhood. Vinoba also believes that individual effort is most important: while the politicians squabble and preach and do nothing constructive, the common people can achieve their goal of an egalitarian, co-operative society.

To achieve his non-violent revolution, he does violence to himself by a life of hardship. At 3-30 in the morning, he and his followers begin their strict daily routine. Their accommodation is always the simplest. They usually stay only for a day. At four they assemble for prayer and silent spinning. By 4-30 they are on the road, Vinoba leading them at a fast pace. After a roadside halt for a quick breakfast, (Vinoba himself lives only on curds and raw sugar), they reach their next halting place some ten miles further on. Writing of a visit to Vinoba in 1966, Bede Griffiths says: "The routine of his walks is now well established. He himself settles usually in the village school .. In the evening he gives a talk to the people who have assembled from all the surrounding villages... He himself looked surprisingly well and strong, considering that he was sixty-three at the time, and he has been walking in all weathers in India now for fifteen years."

John Spencer comments: "Vinoba Bhave is not troubled by the size and complexity of India's land problem .. What matters to him is ..the hearts of men. Vinoba has said: 'The land which is given.....matters as a token of love and compassion. When land is given, both the giver, and receiver are changed..... Solving any problem is the least of my business..... My object is to establish the kingdom of kindness.'" Gandhiji has predicated: "A violent and bloody revolution is a certainty one day unless there is a voluntary abdication of riches and of the power given by riches, and a sharing of them for the common good". In his books, "The Five Gifts", Rustom Masani writes: "Bhoodan implies equitable, not equal distribution of wealth in order to give the poor the wherewithal for their needs." Vinoba has often been asked why he does not press the government for laws to redistribute lands, instead of causing himself so much physical suffering by walking the length and breadth of the country. In reply, he asks, "The law would no doubt take away surplus lands, but will it release you from the bonds of attachment, the sense of pride in possessions? Surely these are things which one must do oneself of one's free will."

"For a mass movement aiming at the total revolutionisation of society," says Masani, "it is not enough that inspired for a while by Vinobaji or stirred by popular and trusted leaders like Jayaprakash during their visits, villagers should ..offer land at the altar of Bhoodan, pulsate with new life, but lapse into inaction after their leaders, backs are turned ..Thousands of dedicated lives are required for the immense task that lies ahead. Although the movement suffers from a lack of workers.....a good deal of work..... has been successfully accomplished ..Thousands have been taught to read and write, given simple lessons in sanitation and hygiene, and weaned from superstitions and harmful habits... ..It has stimulated action.....to ensure that the tillers enjoy the fruit of their labour".

Vinoba is an incorrigible optimist with a strong faith — a faith without which nothing great is ever accomplished. He explains that offering one's life to Bhoodan is the dedication of one's all for the well-being of all. "Self-mastery", he says, "is the most important quality of every Sarvodaya worker. We are out to unite hearts. The union of hearts will also lead to the union of hands; people will then

co-operate with each other and increase production. The Vedas say, 'Earn with a hundred hands, and then distribute with a thousand'. Let us then distribute our riches with joyous abandon, pulling down the barriers which divide man from man."

He insists that co-operatives must evolve from the wish of the people, other wise they will fail: "I want co-operatives, but I want them to grow from grass roots, not to be imposed from above. How can you introduce co-operatives when our peasants do not even know how to read and write?.... Help them to see that by co-operating with their neighbours they can do certain things better". Bede Griffiths sums up: "Vinoba has gone all over India...trying to...awaken a spirit of co-operation.. Practically, it must be said, that though he has collected millions of acres of land his organisation is very defective and actual change in the condition of life in the villages is very slow. And yet his movement has an immense significance, because he is not concerned simply with standards of life but with a new order of society — a new way of life altogether.....Vinoba appeals directly to the principle that the earth belongs to the Lord and that no one has a right to possess more than he needs, at the expense of his neighbour. What he is seeking is..... a co-operative society.....The ideal society is surely a co-operative society. Such a society allows a great deal of flexibility in methods of ownership; but it is firmly based on the principle of non-violence. It consists in the willing co-operation of free men who spontaneously.....work together for the common good.....The Sarvodaya movement.....points to an ideal of human society which neither capitalism nor communism can satisfy. Capitalism, by concentrating on the individual, leads to a competitive form of society, and to the exploitation of man and nature Communism suppresses the freedom of the individual.....The ideal of Mahatma Gandhi and Vinoba Bhaveseeks to establish a human society on the basis of.....a non-violence which respects the freedom of the individual, and yet seeks for a co-operative order of society in which the individual freely surrenders his right.....for the common good."

Veteran parliamentarian and Gandhian, Acharya Kripalani, in an article in "The Illustrated Weekly of India" (Jan. 1970), urges the Sarvodaya leaders to take an active part in politics. He believes one cause of national frustration is that "the Sarvodaya workers have.....refrained from offering themselves or allowing their followers to offer themselves as candidates for the legislatures. They do not want to be contaminated by the low morals prevailing in politics The net result is that the political life of the country today is largely in the hands of crafty, unscrupulous, selfish and power-loving politicians... They, the sarvodaya workers believe in.... Satya, the truth but have forgotten agrah, fighting for it.....Now there is no non-violent resistance to any injustice...The result is that people resist injustice by violence." It is now up to Vinoba and the Sarvodaya workers to consider Acharya Kripalani's challenge, and provide good political leaders who will promote the non-violent revolution they began in the economic field, and thus save our country from the violent revolution predicted by Gandhi, unless greater justice and equity prevails.

KARIN KAPADIA
I B.A. Economics

The Development Of Numbers

The toddler is familiar with it and the wise is baffled by it.

Numbers have served man since the ancient caveman realised that he had to have some system of checking his possessions. But, from then till now, the field of numbers has widened in a fascinating and rapid fashion.

Take for example the gradual development of the words and symbols used in number language, until the present-day system was established. In one of the dialects found among the western tribes of the Torres Straits, the method of counting is :

1—urapum ; 2—oksa ; 3—okosa uropura ($=2+1$) ;
4—okosa okosa ($=2+2$,) ; 5 —okosa okosa urapum ;
6—okosa okosa okosa.

Anything above six, they call 'ras', a lot. We can understand why they have no number words higher than six if we consider that 'ten' would be 'okosa okosa okosa okosa okosa'; or that the African Basutos, who are not linguistically lazy, refer to ninety-nine as Machoumea robilengmoolemongamelsorobilegmonoolemong. (Refer to 'The Mainstream of Mathematics' by Edna and Karamer.)

The hieroglyphic symbols stood for concrete objects in Egyptian writing. Ten was an arch ; 100 a coiled rope ; 1000 a lotus flower ; 10,000 a finger pointing upward ; and 1,000,000 a man with arms outstretched with wonder at so large a number. Some terms have been retained even in modern mathematics.

Asked what a friend was, Pythagoras responded, 'One who is another I. Such are 220 and 284,' Being interpreted this means that all the divisors of 284 add up to 220, and the divisors of 220 add up to 284. As a result of Pythagoras' statement, these numbers are termed 'amicable' even today.

If we mention a temperature of -10° , a change in stock quotation of -3 , an electron charge of -1 , or an exponent of -27 , the reader's hair hardly stands on end, for such figures are commonplace. Yet the unflattering term "negative number" has become the traditional appellation for such quantities. The Greeks simply tore their hair when confronted by the length of the diagonal of a square. 'Incommensurable', they termed it. 'Irrational' is an epithet of later origin. Still other novel types of numbers were to make their appearance on the mathematical horizon — 'imaginary' is the adjective applied to one species.

The nomenclature selected for new types of numbers is evidence of the fact that they were the result of a long, slow process of creation. The difficulty that stopped the progress of mathematicians for centuries was a faulty concept of what a number should be. Their notion was that numbers should describe magnitude, and magnitude only. But many quantities in ordinary life require a description, not only of size but also of direction, or sense. We walk up or down, a train travels north or south, temperatures rise or fall, a wheel rotates in a clockwise or anticlockwise direction. Then, directed numbers, or 'vectors', as they are termed in mathematics, were discovered to effectively describe quantities of this sort, by the use of the \times and $-$ signs: e.g., if $+15$ means a wind blowing due east at 15 miles per hour, -15 means a wind blowing west at 15 miles per hour. Not only do directed numbers solve formerly impossible problems, but they also furnish additional solutions to others.

In the case of a right-angled isosceles triangle, in which the arms are 1" and 1", how long is the hypotenuse? By applying the famous theorem of Pythagoras,

$$\begin{aligned} \text{we have } 1^2 + 1^2 &= x^2 \\ 1 + 1 &= x^2 \\ x^2 &= 2 \text{ or } x \cdot x = 2. \end{aligned}$$

Certainly no whole number will give the value of x ; I will not work, and every other whole number is too large. Neither will any common or decimal fraction satisfy the conditions. No matter how well we approximate, the result will always be a little too small or a bit too large. Still, it is certainly a simple matter to draw an isosceles right-angled triangle. Thus, before the baffled Greeks lay a line whose length could not be measured or expressed by any footrule: 'alogon', the 'unutterable', was the adjective applied by the Pythagoreans to it, and other lines like it. Gradually 'incommensurable' and 'irrational' came to be substituted.

Sooner or later, by the use of negative numbers, we encounter the quadratic $x^2 = -1$. Translated into ordinary language, this asks: which number, multiplied by itself, will give the answer -1 ? No type of number that we have encountered thus far will meet the requirements. A positive number will not do, since a positive number multiplied with itself will yield a positive product. A negative number will not serve for the same reason, since a negative number, multiplied with itself yields a positive product. As a result, the roots of $x^2 = -1$, $x^2 = -2$ etc., were termed 'fictitious', 'impossible', and finally 'imaginary'. Then there are the so-called complex numbers, which are made up of the 'reals' and 'imaginaries'.

To the Hindu mathematicians must go all credit for computing numbers successfully, and for first including the concept zero and the symbol 0 among other cardinal numbers. Zero is the most civilized of the cardinals, for it represents the greatest degree of abstraction. Even the greatest mathematical minds could not conceive of zero as being a number. One reason for this is that zero is

actually exceptional in its behaviour sometimes. If we ask for the answer to $8 \div 2$, we can check it by the multiplication $4 \times 2 = 8$. If we ask for $8 \div 0$, however, there is no answer that will check, since there is no number, that when multiplied by zero, gives 8. If we try $5 \div 0$, $\frac{1}{2} \div 0$, etc, we are just as badly off. Division by zero is impossible. For the particular quotient $0 \div 0$, any answer will do, since any answer will check. The result of $0 \div 0$ is indeterminate. No wonder Bhaskara was puzzled when he found that $1 \div 0$ is infinite. His reasoning was as follows. If we perform the series of divisions $1 \div 0.1$, $1 \div .001$, $1 \div 0001$, $1 \div 000001$, etc, the answers 10, 1000, 10000, 1000,000 etc. become increasingly large. Hence, he thought, if we divide by nothing at all, the answer should be inconceivably large or infinite.

Numbers, like all discoveries by man, can lead us into more fantastic realms, for with Teilhard de Chardin, we note that "The world is still building..... the world is to be likened to an organic system animated by a broad movement of growth. Something is afoot—something is at stake in the universe. It can't be better described than as a process of gestation and birth. Laboriously, through the medium of human activity, the new earth is gathering forces, emerging and purifying itself. We are not like the bloom in a bunch of flowers but rather the leaves and blossoms of some great tree on which all things appear in due season and place, in time with and at the behest of the ALL".

V. RAJESWARI, III B.Sc.

P. RAMA, III B.Sc.

Florence Nightingale

The light kindled by Florence Nightingale continues to shed its light on those who want to serve.

Of all forces acting in the universe, love is the most powerful and the most irresistible, for without love the world would fall back into the chaos of inconstancy. Love makes the world go round. A simple, straight and sincere call and aspiration from the heart is the one important thing, and more essential and effective than capacities. Love and faith do not depend upon experience. They are there before experience. But the result of these inspirations is work.



Work is the means for ventilating the aspiration of an individual. The love of a mother is made visible from the service she does for the family. The father's love is revealed, from his daily labour to support his family. But there is a class of people who are not satisfied with serving their dear and near ones alone. They extend this service to humanity at large, and by their noble work earn a permanent place

in the landmark of history. Florence Nightingale belonged to the class of workers for humanity. Even as a child, one of her favourite games was to play at nursing. As a young girl she tended and consoled some poor, sick neighbours, to the utter disgust of her sister, to whom the sight of dirty linen was intolerable. "I also hate to see dirty linen, and that is why I have them removed," was the quick reply Miss Nightingale gave to those who disliked the idea of nursing. She had to overcome much opposition, but doggedly and with perseverance she learned the art of nursing.

Her great chance came when England, France and Turkey were at war with Russia. Hundreds of soldiers died because of the lack of proper arrangements for them in the hospital at Scutari. The conditions were dreadful, and to add to the misery of the wounded soldiers, rats ran to and fro, spreading plague. Some papers said that more men were dying in the hospital than on the field of battle. Florence Nightingale arrived with a group of thirty-four nurses. She set to work with earnestness, and had the whole hospital cleaned and properly arranged. New clothes were provided for the wounded soldiers, and food was better and properly cooked. She seemed never to rest, and was always seen nursing every soldier, with a smile of hope on her face. The soldiers looked on her as an angel, and called her 'The lady with the lamp' because at night she moved silently from bed to bed, carrying a little lamp to light her way, and bringing kindness and hope to every man.

Finally her splendid work received recognition even from Queen Victoria, who presented her with a large sum of money. Florence Nightingale used the money to start a hospital where nurses could be properly trained to carry out her good work. Many books on nursing were written by her, advocating the necessity of cleanliness.

She was a shining example of womanhood: motherly, loving and sublime, and through her service to humanity proved that the influence of love on work holds solidly, if not in a manifold fashion.

UDAYA MAHADEVAN,
P.U. 7

Dooley's "Promises To Keep"

A young American Doctor, who just "made it" academically, gained world-wide fame when it came to helping brothers in need.

Internationality is only a conglomeration of individuals. All individuals yearn for something human. It was this yearning that prompted young Tom Dooley, an American Doctor, to make his American dreams of "universal brotherhood of man", an Asian reality. As he said, "The sick have claims upon us, the well fed: the poor upon the rich; the suffering on those without pain". It was this realization that gave a new shape to Dooley's life.

While he was serving in Japan, his ship was ordered to take part in the evacuation of North Viet-Nam. This operation, popularly known as the "Passage to Freedom", was a turning point in his career. Dooley's first task was to dispel the fears of American imperialism from the refugee minds and sow the seeds of love. Managing the water plant, rice rations, and attending to the sick, would have scared any other raw medical graduate back to his haven of an American clinic. But Tom Dooley took it up as a challenge. Work amidst starvation, malnutrition, filth, misery, and poverty did not repel him. He considered it, not a sacrifice, but "an exhilarating experience, because it is intense effort applied towards a meaningful end". He inspired refugees with new hopes and courage by curing their deadly ulcers and trachoma. The hand-to-mouth existence was soon a forgotten story. Their lovable "Bac Sy My" (the Good American Doctor), as they fondly called him, had made life more tolerable. Dooley wrote to his mother, "It is so pitiful, you want to weep; yet so tender and fine and noble, that you feel humble before these refugees". No words could better express his profound love for an unknown people. Working with just basic medicaments and prayers in riot-torn Haiphong, he proved that kindness is close to God, and disarms man the quickest.

When the work in Haiphong was over, his mother expected him to settle down to a quiet practice in America. But Dr. Dooley had other plans. He says, "I knew the promises I had to keep. I knew the keeping of them would take me many miles back to South-East Asia, to the very edge of tomorrow, where the future might be made or lost". Though the future of Laos was shrouded in uncertainty, he believed he could light a few candles there. Explaining his motives to the Laotian ambassador, he said, "We just want to do what we can for people who ain't got it so good". His firm conviction that even ordinary men could establish extraordinary things helped him set up hospitals in the villages of Nam Tha, Vang Vieng and Muong Sing. Thousands of wretched cases of malaria, beri-beri, plague and tuberculosis were surprisingly cured. His tremendous energy and endearing



qualities inspired his co-workers Norman Baker, Peter Kessey, and Dennis Shepherd to carry on his work, while he himself embarked on new programmes.

The Medical International Co-operation Organisation (Medico) was one such comprehensive programme to give medical aid to under-developed countries. He organised it on a person-to-person, heart-to-heart basis. He made numerous lecture tours and T.V. appearances to give publicity to Medico. Money and medical supplies poured in from all corners of the world. "Operation Burma" and "Operation Laos" were successfully launched. With Albert Schweitzer's co-operation, a clinic was set up in Africa.

At the brim of activity, Dooley fell a victim to cancer. But he turned even his sickness to advantage by allowing his operation to be televised. To dispel all misapprehensions, he performed his role as an educator. When asked about his future, he replied, "Walt Whitman, I think, said that it is not important what you do with the years of your life, but it's very important how you use each hour". That's how I'll live". The ugly scar went no deeper than his flesh. There was no cancer in his spirit. Knowing that his end was drawing near, he speeded up his activity. The furious urge to get things done kept him going — though not for long. As Francis Cardinal Spellman put it, "In his thirty-four years, he had done what very few have done in the allotted scriptural life-time". His work lives on. Dr. Tom Dooley has left a rich legacy for future generations. Indeed, "the brotherhood of man transcends the sovereignty of nations, and service to humanity is the best work of life".

D. HEMALATHA
III B.A. Economics

One Sunny Day

Warm sun, tall grass
lovely light breeze
oh such a lazy day!
to be spent in gazing
at the sky, the leaves
at three little goats:
black, brown, white.

black: pitch-black
so black it is blue.
introverted, self-absorbed.

brown: dramatic -
one single black line
running precisely down
the centre of its back
black hooves — startling
mocking artifice
and imagination
Nature's handiwork
— therefore natural.

white: milk-white
soft, warm, cuddly
a teddy-bear goat.
pure, simple, uncomplex.

three little goats
stolidly munching,
not heed the watching
human eyes, boldly gazing
with slanted, devilish eyes
yes — satanic.
seeing through and past you.
uncomfortable.

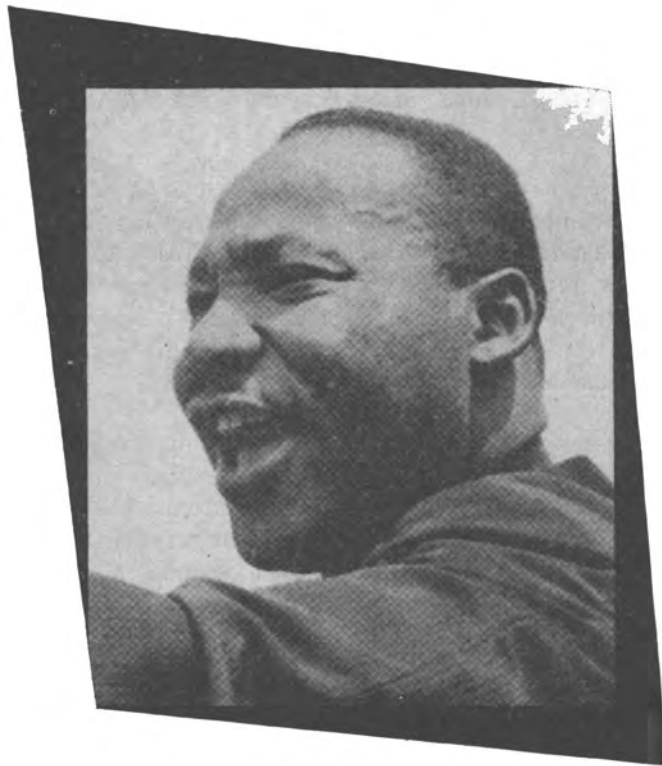
I gaze away again
at the sky, the leaves,
white building, birds
circling above, anything
that meets my eyes
— but not at
three little goats.



Martin Luther King: An Example Of "Work is Love made Visible"

Trouble and suffering envelop the lives of many great men.

The world is to today torn with strife, violence, hatred and suspicion. Yet we need not lose hope. As Shelley said: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" Workers for humanity have tried to usher in the spring of hope in a world on which the pall of winter's gloom seems to settle not infrequently. The message which their



lives convey to us is: "Work is Love made Visible". A man of God is one whose love for God expresses itself in the service of humanity. Work is a step towards union with the Supreme Being. Work is one of the finest and most powerful forces for the ennoblement of humanity. It is only by burying superficial differences and by working for the common good of humanity that we can hope to transform this world for the better.

“A man who won't die for something is not fit to live”. Many times while he led his people towards all the benefits promised to them by the Constitution of the U.S., Dr. Martin Luther King proved his belief in his own words. One hundred years had passed since President Lincoln freed the slaves, yet those who were born during that century were not fully free. America had failed in her obligation to the Negroes. Dr. King said there would be no rest, no peace, until the obligation was honoured. Almost all his remarks about himself give the sense of a man possessed of a mission. Consider, for example, the following: “History has placed me in this position. It would not be moral, nor would I be grateful if I did not face my moral responsibility to do what I can in this struggle”.

King came from a family of ministers. His parents were comfortably off, but during his late teens he took up a job in a factory that hired both negroes and whites. “Here”, he wrote later, “I saw economic injustice at first hand, and realised that the poor white was exploited as much as the Negro. Through these experiences I grew up deeply conscious of the varieties of injustice in our society.” Thus, early in life, King saw, beyond the issue of individual need, the larger problem of group injustice. He was fond of quoting the words, “A religion that ends with the individual, ends”.

At Morehouse, he read Henry Thoreau's “Essay on Civil Disobedience”, which made a deep impression on him, as it had on Gandhi and Tolstoy. Now the ideas of Jesus, Thoreau and Gandhi all seemed to fuse into a single philosophy of social action which fitted perfectly with his own natural feeling. In 1955, he became pastor of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, a negro church in Montgomery, Alabama. “Here” he said, “I wanted to turn my talents to our negro cause, to do my part in this tense period of transition.”

It was here that he was given the opportunity to put his study of non-violence into action. Towards the end of 1955, a crisis hit the Alabama State capital “like the bursting of a huge dam”. It started when a weary negro seamstress, Mrs. Rosa Parks, was hauled off to jail for refusing to give up her seat in the bus to a white man. King found himself leading a modest campaign for decent treatment on buses. The campaign grew into a mass boycott of the buses. Since two-thirds of the bus passengers were negroes, this was a telling blow. The whites thought the bus boycott would not last. But the negroes were prepared to walk miles and forever, if necessary, rather than submit to this Jim Crow treatment. The Montgomery Improvement Association with King as President, organised a voluntary car pool to help the negroes reach their work-spots. Throughout the movement, King advocated non-violence, for he said, “Ours is the weapon of love”. The bus boycott came to a successful end when Alabama's state and local laws requiring bus segregation were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

King was now considered as the foremost leader of the Civil Rights Movement. He accepted this deep involvement humbly, and gave himself up to it completely. Several times he was at death's door. He said, “It was the quality, not the

longevity of life that mattered". Medals and honorary degrees were conferred on him for being the embodiment of "the spirit of the new negro," and for leading the people with "quiet dignity, Christian grace, and determined purpose". He was described as the "man on the go". King was 'within a sneeze of death' when a deranged negro woman stabbed him at a store in the Harlem section of New York.

During the early 1960's he urged government to pass meaningful laws. He warned that the improvement was too slow and slight for the negro who had waited so long. Doing only a little — "tokenism" — was like a "tranquilliser that removes the stress just for the moment".

Then, in 1963, came Birmingham — the main battle ground of the negro revolt, and King was the chosen man of the year. The demands were for a bi-racial council, for fair hiring practices, and for desegregated lunch-counters. Their outcry was met "with bombs and snarling dogs, shots in the night, death in the streets and churches, lashing fire hoses". But the negroes were not to be intimidated. The eyes of the world turned on this "citadel of blind, die-hard segregation".

The 1964 passage of a national Civil Rights Bill was a great stride ahead, but there was still, as Dr. King kept repeating, "a long, long way to go". International recognition came to the Civil Rights cause when Dr. King was awarded the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize. This high honour was, he said, a tribute "to all gallant negroes and white persons who have followed a non-violent course in seeking to establish a reign of justice and a rule of love across this nation of ours". The mayor of Atlanta paid Dr. King a tribute, saying that he was a man destined to help shape the future of the world, and one willing to turn the other cheek. Dr. King dedicated the \$ 54,000 to the Civil Rights Movement. His goal was "a country and a world where men and women of all races, colours and creeds can live, work, speak and worship in peace, freedom and security".

Dr. King's ideals, which are an echo of Gandhi's ideals, should serve as a beacon-light to the world at large. Coming to India, we find that though minority rights have been guaranteed in the Constitution, there are frequent clashes. Communal riots are rampant in India.

It is ironical that India, the birth place of non-violence, should now resort to violence. The Government of India is making laudable efforts. Gandhi and King primarily stood for non-violence and protection of minority rights. The world would be a better place to live in, if we put all our faith in non-violence, and never forgot that it is undoubtedly superior to violence, since violence is itself an injustice and produces many more.

V. NALINI,
II B.A. Economics

The Busy Bee

A model of dedicated service.

A daily teaspoonful of honey for added vitality; beeswax for making inconspicuous those gaping crevices in the wood. Whom does man have to thank? The pathways lead in one direction — to the bees. These hardworking producers of honey have been domesticated by man for centuries; and they are ideal examples of self-denial, of industrious, dutiful labour and love.

Numerous accounts have been written about honey bees and their industry, and it is common knowledge that the task of laying eggs is performed by a complete female known as a queen. The gathering of nectar and pollen, and the care and tending of the hive and its inmates are carried out by incomplete females called workers. These also lay eggs (if the hive has no queen). The males are known as drones. It was generally believed that they lead a lazy life; but recent discoveries have revealed that even these social outcasts contribute to the welfare of the community. It is also commonly believed that all bees sting, but this is true only of the queens and workers, for the males have no sting.

The first impression a novice may have on beholding a hive may be disappointment. All that he sees is a confused mass of little reddish groups, somewhat resembling a bunch of raisins piled against the glass of the observation hive.



Can these be the wonderful drops of light he had seen a moment ago, unceasingly flashing and sparkling as they darted amidst the glorious rainbows of a thousand flowers? One must study the little creatures in order to understand that these huddling miserable looking insects work incessantly, each at a different trade. The domestic bee lives in a state of perpetual self-dedication. It is she who shoulders the greater part of the work in the hive and outside it. Every worker bee is allotted a special task, which each endeavours to fulfil to the best of its ability, with selfless sacrifice. There are the nurses who tend to the nymphs and young larvae; the house bees, who look to the

general upkeep of the hive; the architects, masons, wax workers and sculptors who form the hive and construct the combs; the foragers who sally forth to the flowers in search of nectar that turns into honey; the capsule makers; sweepers; and guards who protect the hive against vagabonds and intruders. These untiring 'workmen' labour to an early death. Repose is unknown to any, and the most torpid bees apparently hanging in dead clusters in the hive, are entrusted with the most intriguing and fatiguing task of all: they secrete and shape the wax with which the hive is built, for it is composed of numerous hexagonal cells forming honeycombs.

The queen may be declared as the captive heart of the city of bees: she is the centre around which its activity revolves. Unique sovereign though she be, she is also the royal servant, captive custodian of the hive. Her workers serve her; and the least prolongation of her absence from the hive results in heightened distress and anguish, which upon her return, turns into joyous dancing, with wings beating a steady rhythm in the air. But these workers never forget that it is not to her that their homage is given, but to the mission she fulfils and the destiny she represents — the prolongation of the very life of the hive. Activity in the hive is a common duty impartially distributed amongst them all. For the sake of the future, the queen bids farewell to freedom, the light of day, and the calyx of flowers. The workers give five or six months of their lives. The queen's brain is reduced in size so that the reproduction organs function; in the workers these organs atrophy to enhance their intelligence. The queen bee is ruled by the nourishment given her, for she does not take her own food, but is fed by the workers.

The sterile worker bees contribute most to labour and, in the words of Ronsard: 'In a little body bear so true a heart'. Should disaster befall the little monarchy, should the hive or comb collapse, should they suffer from famine, cold or disease, and perish by thousands, it will still be found almost invariably that the queen will be safe and alive beneath the corpses of her faithful workers. For they will protect her and help her to escape, their bodies providing both rampart and shelter. For her there will be the last drop of honey — the wholesome food. The city of workers will never lose heart so long as their queen is alive. One may break their hive several times in succession, take their young and food from them, but the future is ensured. They will adapt their work according to the disaster of the moment, and thereupon will immediately resume their labours with ardour, patience, and instinctive intelligence.

Thus the bee is above all, and to even a greater extent than the ant, a creature of the crowd. She can live only in the midst of a multitude. From the crowd, from the city, she derives invisible aliment that is as necessary to her as honey. In the hive, the individual is nothing, her existence conditional only, and herself a winged organ of the colony. Like a cell, her whole life is a sacrifice to the manifold organism of which she forms a part.

ARUNA ANANDAN
III B.Sc. Zoology

They Also Worked for a Goal

Every man should play his part, even those whose roles may seem insignificant.

While thinking of service to humanity, one cannot but call to mind the great names of Pasteur, Curie, and Faraday. But we cannot forget lesser known men who also did their bit. Thanks to their patient toil, mankind has benefited and will continue to do so.

Doctor Thomas W. G. Morton looked on. As the surgeon's blade came down the patient screamed, and fainted even before the steel met the living flesh. Morton could not stand that gruesome sight, he left at once.

A few years later, Morton was once again in the surgical amphitheatre of the Massachusetts General Hospital. The same surgeon was operating. But the circumstances were different. Morton was about to give a public demonstration of the use of ether as an anaesthetic. This time, Morton was not part of the audience he was an actor in a dramatic surgical-experiment. He held a crude inhaler over the patient's mouth; the patient breathed in; he dozed — he slept heavily. While he slept a tumour was removed.

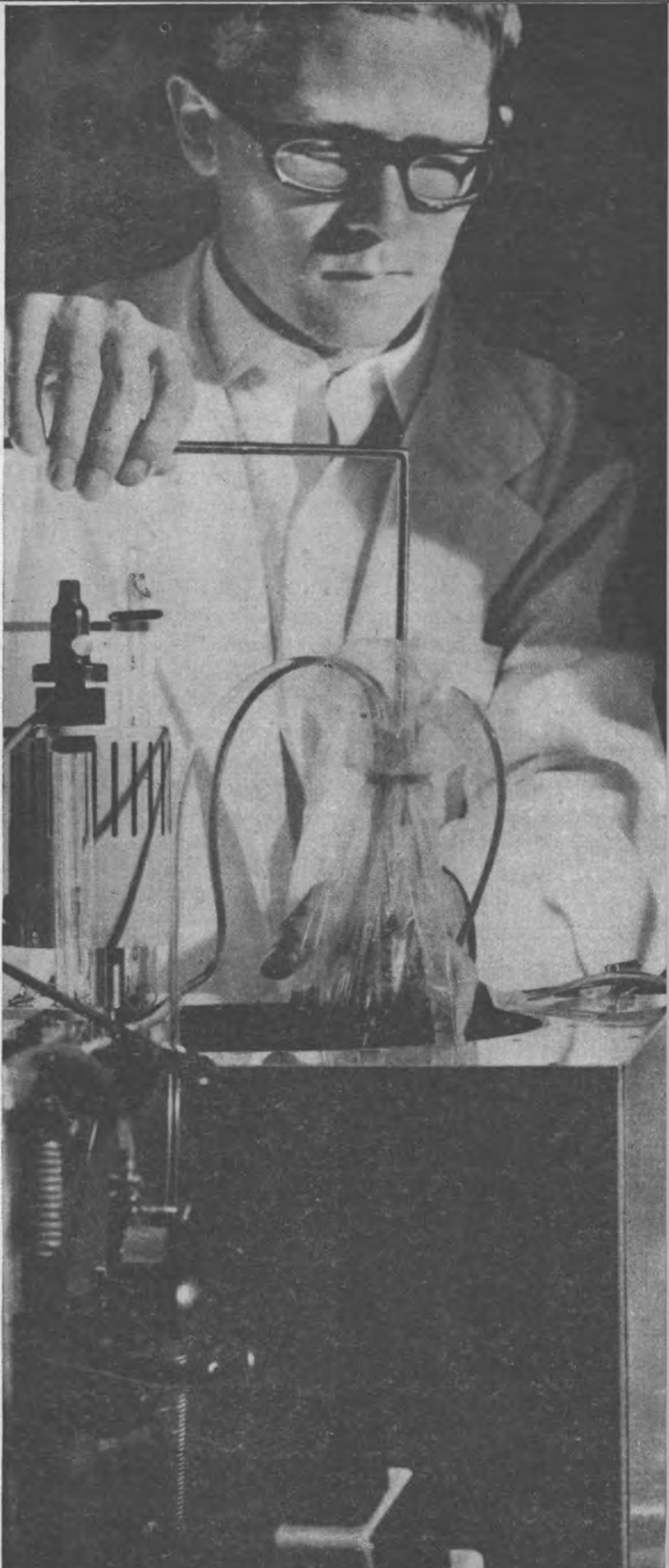
This time Morton did not leave the room so unceremoniously — he could not afford to. He waited anxiously, watching the patient. Slowly the patient came to, and Morton breathed more easily. In the ensuing stillness, the great surgeon, Dr. J. C. Warren made this observation: "Gentlemen, this is no humbug". Morton had indeed killed the pain of surgery. The date was October 16, 1846.

The story of Morton's search for the pain-killer is quickly told. As a young dentist, he had invented a type of false teeth. But to fit these new teeth in, the roots of the old ones had to be removed. Morton decided that this painful extraction of the roots of teeth must end. He needed a pain-killer. The effects of nitrous oxide were then known. But this gas could not serve Morton's purpose. He had to find another pain-killer. He experimented for months together. Finally, he realised that to aid his search, he needed to know more about medicine. So he enrolled himself in the medical school, leaving his dental practice to assistants. During his medical studies, he continued to experiment. When he discovered that ether could induce a loss of consciousness, he tried it first on animals and finally on himself.

A few days later, one Eben Frost came to Morton's office. He consented to try the effects of this new pain-killer. Morton extracted the tooth painlessly! A public demonstration was held on October 16th. The discovery was flashed across the medical world.

Morton never profited from his discovery. A one time adviser, Jackson, also tried to secure a patent for the the same discovery, and eventually succeeded in obtaining it, much to Morton's disappointment. After Jackson, another claimant, Crawford Long, contended with him.

The long, patient labour of Morton in search of a pain-killer, was repeated in the life of Sir James Young Simpson — a Scottish obstetrician. The youngest of seven sons of a baker, Simpson was born in 1811. When he was barely twentyone, he obtained his M.D. After distinguishing himself in obstetrics, he found himself attracted by the discovery of ether as an anaesthetic. However, its efficacy in obstetric practice left him dissatisfied. And so he set out to find some other substance which was effective as an anaesthetic, without the unfortunate after-effects of ether. On November 4th 1847, nature yielded to his perseverance. He discovered the potentials of chloroform in surgery. He published his observations, stressing the advantages of using chloroform instead of ether. He met with violent opposition, mainly on theological grounds. It was a bitter struggle, but Simpson was staunch in his support of the pain-killer. He was convinced of the right of man to try to alleviate pain. The controversy was settled in a most effective manner when chloroform was administered to Queen Victoria at the birth of her seventh child, Prince Leopold, in 1853.



Simpson's work in gynaecology and obstetrics is a notable contribution. His great love of archaeology prompted his "Archaeological Essays". He was created a baronet in 1866, and died in 1870, in London. A bronze statue of him adorns the West Princess Street Gardens in Edinburgh.

Another milestone in the annals of medicine was made by the German researcher Gerard Domagk. Few may have heard of him, leave alone his labours. He could well be called the Father of antibiotics. He was the creator of 'protonsil'.

It was a cold night in 1884. Domagk sat by the side of his daughter, dying of blood poisoning. In the big hands of the man was what he fervently hoped would save his daughter — his own preparation — protonsil. He looked doubtfully at his beloved daughter; hopefully at the chemical. Here, if ever, was a moment of decision for Domagk. Should he try the chemical on his dying daughter? Yes. It worked! She lived!

What is protonsil? It is a sulfa drug, 4 sulfon-amido 2' 4' diamino azobenzene. Like numerous other sulfa drugs today, protonsil could combat deadly streptococci germs. Bacteria multiply very fast. Unlike modern sulfa drugs, which kill bacteria, protonsil could only check their reproduction. The actual killing of the germs was left to the body's leucocytes. This is why today sulfa drugs are more potent — they kill as well as check. All the same, protonsil was the first step in the right direction. For his great contribution, Domagk was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1939. Hitler's decree forbade any receipt of foreign awards. However, Domagk was awarded the prize eight years later.

These men worked against amazing odds and often fought for their convictions which were based on fact. Each in his own way helped improve the lot of man.

BERNICE PAIVA,
III B.Sc. Chemistry

I Confess

I can sleep no more.

This is the second night I have lain awake, absolutely still on my back, staring at the roof. My eyes, which have become accustomed to the gloom, can identify the familiar objects in the room. But even *they* seem strangely hostile.

I live through the days somehow ; but in the nights I am left alone with my thoughts.

My thoughts ..thoughts that people: the mundane room with ghastly visions.

I close my eyes, and the red colour of blood floods my mind. I open them, and see those ghastly visions. My ears buzz with the noise of an excited, restless crowd, and then ..terrified screams.

O God, those screams !

I remember in school I got a prize for acting as Macbeth (I always took the male parts, because of my unfeminine voice) :

“ Sleep no more !”..... “ Macbeth has murder’d sleep !”

Had I caught the anguish of those lines ever before ?

I cannot continue like this much longer. I have to live with myself for a long, long time more. Live with my imagination. I have spent only a score of the years allotted to me on earth.

I will get up and write. I will unburden myself.

* * *

Let me start at the beginning.

I live in a very beautiful locality. Peaceful, picturesque.

My house overlooks the small river, on the last lap of its journey : hardly a mile off is the sea ; and at night the breeze wafts its soothing drone ashore.

Man has not destroyed the atmosphere of this place. Here is not mere scenic beauty, but spiritual beauty too : love, faith, charity.

There is the Boaz Home for Retarded Children ; the school for the dumb, whose students pass my house morning and evening, talking to each other simply and happily in sign language.

And then there is the St. Louis Institute for the blind.

* * *

Three months ago I went across the main road to the market. I finished my purchases, and leaving the line of shops behind me, came to the intersection where my crossroad joins the main one.

As I waited for the traffic to clear, a man wearing dark glasses groped his way towards me with a stick. He was middle-aged.

“ Will some kind soul tell me where the home for the blind is ?” he said.

I was the only ‘ kind soul ’ around that afternoon. “ It is across the road”.

“ Is there much traffic ?”

“ It will clear in a moment. I shall take you ”.

“ God bless you, Amma. Will you take hold of my hand ?”

I transferred all the parcels to my right arm and gave him my left. The traffic had cleared. There was not a soul on the road.

The blind man’s grip was very strong. I turned to tell him that it hurt, when suddenly I stopped short.

Something was wrong. An overwhelming intuitive fear swept over me.

Even as I tensed, he threw away his cane. His grip tightened like a vise. He leered at me.

I opened my mouth, but no screams came. The parcels dropped from my paralysed arm. I could not lift it to strike him.

I tried desperately to struggle, and at that moment the high-pitched purr of a Volkswagen broke the silence, and shook me from my numbness. His hand was over my mouth, but I struggled and kicked violently.

The Volkswagen whipped past and screeched to a stop. The ‘ blind ’ man released me and took to his heels. I stumbled over my scattered parcels towards the car.

* * *

After that opportune rescue, I took a long holiday to calm my shattered nerves. I got back four days ago.

The next evening, at dusk, I went for a stroll, cautiously picking my way along the river bank. We had just recovered from a severe cyclone. The ground was slippery; the river full and muddy. It was an astonishing contrast to the usual trickle, with the islets of grass on which buffaloes grazed contentedly.

I was watching the haphazard flow of water, eddying and swirling, when I heard the tap-tap of a blind man's cane behind me.

I turned swiftly.

“Will you guide me along the road, please? The ground is slippery, and the river alarmingly near”, he said.

Had he *seen* me? Or had he merely sensed my presence?

I panicked. I picked up my saree and ran.

What made me stop, I do not know. But stop I did. I turned, panting.

Then I stood transfixed, horrified.

His foot was slipping. His arms were outstretched, waving wildly. Every moment he was slipping further and further into the rushing river.

He had been really blind.

I raced back, and as I ran I screamed and screamed. My screams mingled with his agonised cries, and rose above the sound of the river and distant roar of the sea.

He was being carried away to the sea, and I could not swim.

The rest is a confused medley of impressions. You, reader, will better visualise it if you recall your own experience of a crowd hurriedly collecting, shocked, tense, silent—at a fire, after a flood—than if I try to describe it in my inadequate words.

But will you be able to understand the emotions of the wretched soul—sick, anguished—forced to witness the havoc it created. Can you understand the feelings of a culprit, forced to answer the enquiries of the hundreds who refer to her as the most reliable witness: forced to listen to those who load her with the praise due to a heroine, all for the credit of having given the alarm, and preventing an anonymous blind man from dying in oblivion?

Alas! if they knew that their ‘heroine’ had been present all along, had deserted a helpless creature, then she would be turned into a murderess!

That whole night the rescue team searched for him. They dragged the river. The place blazed with searchlights.

That whole night I kept watch by the river, unable even to pray.

And this night? This night I am left alone with myself. There is nothing I can do.

The full moon is bright. From the balcony I see a wisp of white cloud leisurely floating across. The huge peepal tree is absolutely still; not a leaf rustles. The air hangs humid and heavy like the guilt on my soul.

To whom can I tell my story? How can I run away from those screams? How can I escape from my own shadow? From myself?

Far across the water a light glimmers faintly; and it glimmers faintly in my soul.

Tomorrow I shall visit the St. Louis Institute for the Blind and ask if they will help an untrained woman to assist them in their work. For only there, if anywhere, shall I find peace.

R. AMRITAVALLI
III B.A. Literature

The Reward

Ignoring Mrs. Gopalram's greeting, Janardhan opened the door of his flat and went in. Mrs. Gopalram was not surprised, indeed she would have been astounded if he did return the greeting, the old 'sour-puss'. They had been neighbours for over six months, and while she and her husband were friendly with all the other families living in the old tenement building, this old porcupine exchanged words with them only when he banged on the wall and asked them to turn down the radio.

The maid finished polishing the name-plate, and nodding her satisfaction, Mrs. Gopalram went into her flat.

Janardhan was resting in his old rocking chair. These stairs took the life out of an old man. He remembered Mrs. Gopalram, and scowled. He was not going to let himself be drawn into conversation with his neighbours. He abhorred such intercourse, knowing that they wanted something out of him, otherwise they would not make these constant overtures of friendship. On principle he hated giving anything to anyone so he was always careful to keep to himself. Let Mrs. Gopalram "good-evening" someone else.

The shadows had grown longer when Janardhan sat sipping his coffee and examining the book he had bought that evening. He had stumbled over it by chance in the musty bookshop, and had not been able to believe his luck. It was a real antique, a collection of Sanskrit verse, very well preserved. It would go into his cupboard to join his collection. Antique books were Janardhan's hobby, all his savings went into buying them; but, of course, they were a very profitable investment, for their price increased as time passed.

The air was heavy with the smell of a smoke. Janardhan became conscious of it only when he coughed, then he cursed: some fool must be burning leaves under his window. The smoke was soon intolerable, and Janardhan went to the window — but there was no one there, only an empty strip of land strewn with garbage, and then the next tenement building.

Suddenly he became conscious of a flurry beyond his door. Doors banged and people ran up and down the wooden stairs. Janardhan froze. Surely it couldn't be — fire! Surely not in a brick building.....

Someone banged on his door. Janardhan opened hurriedly. Black smoke poured into his room, as a sooty figure, Mr. Gopalram said, "Mr. Janardhan, fire! Evacuate at once! Do you understand?" — and he was gone.

The air was hot and Janardhan could hear crackling flame from above. How? — Of course! The stairs — they were of wood! He must get down with his books at once. Where were the fire engines? Why hadn't they arrived?

In frantic haste he pulled out a suitcase, dragged it to the cupboard, and started placing his books in it with great care. He was coughing, with the smoke in the room. He could not handle the books roughly, for fear of splitting their bindings. He had filled one suitcase, and was half through the second when Mr. Gopalram's voice came through the smoke:

“Janardhan, are you there”?

“Yes”.

“Get out, man, get out! The fire's already in my flat and the stairs above are burning! You are the last in the building”!

Janardhan was dripping with sweat. His trembling fingers shut the suitcase and locked it. He took one in each hand, and stumbled out on the landing.

Scorched by the flames, he had turned to go down the stairs when he heard a scream.

It was a child's voice, shrill with terror.

Impossible. Gopalram had said he was the last one left. His books—he must hurry down.

The scream echoed again.

Janardhan shook with horror. He set down the suitcases, hesitated, then pressing his handkerchief to his nose, leapt up the stairs, as fast as his old feet could take him, the flames lighting his way. He was suffocating from the excruciating heat.

He reached the landing and called, “Where are you? Where are you, child?”

Her screams answered him. It was a little girl, black with soot, cowering against the wall, a doll pressed to her shivering body.

She drew back, shaking with fright, as Janardhan approached, and screamed even louder.

“Good grief,” thought Janardhan, “she's one of those wretched children whom I paddled for stealing into my rooms”.

The girl had recognised him, the ogre, with whom her mother used to frighten her: "If you aren't good, I'll give you to Mr. Janardhan".....; and here he was — terrifying, smeared with soot.

"Curse you", he thought; but said as kindly as he could, choking with the smoke, "Come child, your mother waits for you. Come, I'll carry you down, or you'll be burnt"! But she only backed away.

"Well, if you're not coming, I'm going"; and he walked away from her. Thoroughly frightened by the thought of being alone, she ran to him.

"I won't hurt you, I won't hurt you". He picked her up, and went down the steps. It was agonisingly slow, for he had to feel his way with his feet. His dhoti caught fire as he reached the landing. He put the girl down, beat out the flames in desperate haste, gathered her up in his arms once more, and without a backward look at his suitcases, continued down.

As he reached the last flight, he heard excited voices, and called "Help!" Then he saw fireman with their hoses, spewing water. One of them ran up and took the child from him, as a woman broke out of the crowd, where she had been screaming, and ran to the child.

Janardhan's eyebrows and eyelashes were completely burnt, but he turned. He had to get his suitcases.

"Come back!" A fireman sprinted up after him, "Come back, the stairs are falling!"

Janardhan was dragged to safety, as a large section of the stairs fell, blazing, with an awesome crash. Fiery planks came thundering down, smashing the lower flights.

The firemen sought in vain to quench the flames that shot higher and higher.

Janardhan cared no longer. He knew his books were burnt to cinders by now. His books..... all gone.

The child's mother was suddenly in front of him, clutching the girl to her breast. Tears streaming down her face, she thanked him over and over again.

Janardhan could not acknowledge her thanks. He had terrible burns on his legs and fingers, but the thought of his books filled him with the more

poignant pain. He could not help the tears that stung his eyes, and crept slowly down his cheeks. He closed his eyes.

A light touch on his arm made him open them. The child was holding out her doll to him. She turned to her mother and mumbled something shyly.

“She says you can play with her doll, if you like”. Janardhan looked into the bright eyes of the little girl. “Thank you,” he said and took it.

KARIN KAPADIA
I B.A. Economics

Taj Mahal

As an angel walked in heaven above
He threw a pearl to earth below
A splendid monument built for love
Where the Yamuna waters flow.

Of architecture, the finest flower
A marvel in tombs, as all will say
A glorious symbol of pomp and power
Intact, admired still to this day.

A symphony in marble the world has said
Gazing entranced on its perfect grace.
Built to enshrine his love now dead,
By the grand Moghul; this peaceful place

Simple and chaste, will ever last
A priceless, exquisite work of art
Triggered and fashioned by love in the past
A towering love that moves the heart.

MEERA CHIDAMBARAM
II B.A. Economics

அன்பமுது

அருவமாகி, அவனியை ஆளும் அரும்பண்பு, ஆருயிரிடத்து அமையவேண்டிய தொன்றும் இஃதொன்று இருப்பின, இன்ன பிற இயல்புகள் இயல்பாகவே இணைந்து விடும். உடலும் உயிரும் ஒன்றிரிந்து, பிறர் மாட்டு அன்பு கொள்ளுவதற்கே என்பர் ஆன்றோர். செந்நாப் போதார் செய்தருளிய செம்மைசால் நூலகத்து எங்கு நோக்கினும் அன்பு நீக்கமற நிறைந்திருப்பதை உணரலாம். அந்தந்த இடங்களிலும் அன்பிற்கே முதலிடம் அளிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளதையும் அறியலாம். 'அன்பறிவு ஆராய்ந்த சொல்வன்மை தூதுரைப்பார்க்கு இன்றியமையாத மூன்று' (தூது); 'அன்பறிவு தேற்றம் அவாவின்மை இந்நான்கும், நன்ருடையான் கட்டே தெளிவு' (தெரிந்து விளையாடல்); 'அன்பும் அறனும் உடைத்தாயின் இல்வாழ்க்கைப் பண்பும் பயனும் அது' (இல்வாழ்க்கை); 'அன்பு நான் ஒப்புரவு கண்ணோட்டம் வாய்மையோடைந்து சால் ஊன்றிய தூண்' (சான்றன்மை என்பன சில சான்றுகள். பாயிரத்தை அடுத்துச் சொல்லறம் இரண்டனுள், முதன்மையான இல்லறம் பற்றிக் கூறப்புக பெருந்தகையார், அதனைச் செவ்வனே நடத்த வேண்டப்படும் உடைமை அன்பேயன்றிப் பிறிதொன்றில்லை என்பதை உணர்த்த 'அன்புடைமையை முன்வைத்தார்.

அன்பு என்பது யாது? சுருங்கக் கூறுமிடத்துத் தொடர்புடையார் மாட்டு நேயம் உடையனாதல், "அன்பென்பது அருட்டு முதலாகி மனத்து நிகழும் நேயம்; அஃதுடையார்க்குப் பிறர்கண் துன்பம் கண்டவழி கண்ணீர் விழுமாகலின், அவ்வருளாலே அன்புடைமை விளங்கும்," என விளக்கம் கூறும் பழைய உரை. 'அன்பிற்குமுண்டோ அடைக்கும் தாழ்' என்ற ஆன்றோர் அமுதமொழியின் அரும் பொருளை, வாலி, 'அந்நிலை துறந்து வானுலகுக்கு அப்புறத்து உலகனைபோது, அவன் தம்பி சுக்ரீவன் நிலை நன்ரு காட்டுகிறது. வாலி முன் நிற்கமாட்டாது அஞ்சி ஓடி, 'அயோத்தி அண்ணலை 'அபயம்' என அடைந்து, அவன் அருந்துணை கொண்டு, சுக்ரீவன், தன் உடன்பிறந்தானைச் கொல்ல வேண்டும் என வேண்ட, அவரவர் வினைகளுக்கேற்பப் பயனளிக்கும் பரமன் - உள்ளவார் உள்ளத்து உடனிருந்து உணரும் உத்தமன், அவ்வாறே வாலியை அழித்தான். உயிருள்ளவரையும் பகைமையுணர்ச்சி பூண்டிருந்த சுக்ரீவன், வாலி மறைந்த வாறே, நேசத்தரரைகள்' சொரிந்தான்! பகைமையுணர்ச்சி இருந்தபோதும், உள்ளத் தன்பு உறைந்திருப்பதால், உடன்பிறப்பு எனும் உயரிய பாசம் உந்த, உகுத்த நேசத்தாரைகள் அவன்பால் அன்புண்டு என்பதைக் காட்டிக்கொடுத்தன.

அன்பெனும் அரும்பண்பு ஒன்று, செலுத்துமிடம் நோக்கப் பலவிழுமிய சொற்களால் உணர்த்தப்படும் பொருள் ஒன்றாயினும், அன்பின் பல நிலைகள், நுட்பமாகப் பல சொற்களால் குறிக்கப்படுவதை அறியலாம். நேசம், பாசம், காதல், நட்பு, ஆர்வம், பக்தி என்று இன்னவாறு இயம்பப்படும். அன்பின் பல படிக்களைப் பல சமயங்களில் அவரவர் வாழ்க்கையில் அனுபவித்து அறிவர்,

'அன்பு' என்றவாறே, தாயன்புதான் முன் நிற்பது; மேம்பட்டது; நிகரற்றது. தாயன்பு தாய் மொழியிடத்தும், தாய் நாட்டிடத்தும் பற்றை விளைக்கும்; தாய் நாட்டன்பு உலக மக்களிடத்து அருள் அரும்ப, நட்பு எனும் நாடாச் சிறப்பு நிலை நிற்க, நன்னெறியில் நடாத்தும், இறுதியில், உலகைப் படைத்த பரமனிடத்தும் பக்திப் பயிர் பணைத் தோங்கப் பண்ணும். அன்னையின் அன்பிற்கு நிகரானது பிறிதொன்றில்லை. 'தாயோடு அறுசுவை உண்டிபோம்' என்பது பழம்பாட்டு, தவமிருந்து, துன்புற்று, ஈன்றெடுத்துப்

பாலாட்டித் தாலாட்டிச் சீராட்டிப் பரிவுடன் அன்பைச் சொல்லிலும் செயலிலும் குழைத் தூட்டி அன்பமுதத்தால் வளர்க்கும் அன்னைகள் அன்பிற்கு ஈடாக எதனைக் கூற இயலும்? கைம்மாறாக, யாது செய்யக்கூடும்? இதனால்தான், செம்பொருள் கண்ட சீர்மையாளர், இறைவனை எல்லாமாக நினைந்து, மனமுருகி, உள்ளத்து உணர்வையெல்லாம் உலகோர்க்கு உணர்த்த உன்னி, உயிரோவியமாக்குமிடத்து, முதன்முதலாக அவனைத் தாயாகவே கருதினர். 'எவ்வுயிருக்கும் தாயிருக்கும் வண்ணன், மணிவண்ணன், மாமாயன்' என்பர் அவன் தாய்மையில் திளைத்தின்புற்ற அடியார்கள் 'அம்மையே! அப்பா! ஒப்பிலாமணியே என்றும், 'பால் நினைந்தூட்டும் தாயினும் சாலப் பரிந்து' என்றும் போற்றினர் மணிவாசகப் பெருமாள்.

ஈவாரும் ஏற்பாரும் இல்லாத செல்வ வளமார்ந்த கோசல நன்னாட்டுக் கோலாக விளங்கிய தயரத சக்கரவர்த்தியின் தகைசால் பண்புகளைப் புலப்படுத்தும்போது, கவிச் சக்கரவர்த்தி, முதலில், 'தாயொக்கும் அன்பில்' என அவன் குடிமக்களிடத்துத் தாய் போல் அன்பு செலுத்தினான் என்பர். கோழிக் கோன், கொல்லி காவலன், கூடல் நாயகன் எனப்படும் குலசேகரப் பெருமாள், குணக்கடலான குறையொன்றுமிலாத எம் பெருமானிடத்து ஈடுபட்டு, ஆழ்ந்து, அன்பின் பல நிலைகளுக்குப் பாசும் அருளிச் செய்யுமிடத்து, முதலில் தாயன்பையே தெரிவித்துள்ளார். தன்னை ஒரு சேயாகப் பாவித்து, 'அரிசினத்தால் ஈன்ற தாய் அகற்றிடினும்: மற்றவள் தன் அருள் நினைந்தே அழும் குழலி அதுவே போன்றிருந்தேனே' என அளப்பிலா ஆதரம் மீதூர, அமைத்துள்ள அருமை என்னென்பது?

அன்னையின் அன்பினை அடுத்துத் தம் மகனைச் சான்றோளுக்குதலைக் கடலுக்கக் கொண்ட தந்தையின் பரிவு கருதத் தக்கதன்றோ! அவன் அன்பு—தன் மகனை அவையத்து முந்தியிருக்கச் செய்வதிலும், சான்றோளுக்குவதிலும் பிரதிபலிக்கின்றது. 'தந்தையோடு கல்வி போம்' என்பது பழம்பாடல்! 'தந்தையின் தமையன்' என்றபடி, உடன்பிறந்தார் தம்முள் அன்பு பாராட்டுவது பாசம் எனப்படும். உடன்பிறப்பு எனும் உயரிய பாசத்தால் கட்டுண்டு, ஒன்றுபட்டு வாழ்வோர் இன்பம் அடைவர் என்பதை இயம்பவும் வேண்டுமோ? அறியாதார், அறத்திற்கே அன்பு சார்பு என்பர்., மறத்திற்கும் அஃதே துணையாம். வரதுங்க பாண்டியனுக்குத் தம்பியான அதிவீரராமபாண்டியன், தான் இயற்றிய நடைதத்தைத் தன் முன்னவனுக்குக் காட்ட, அவர், 'இந்நரனைப் பாடியதிலும், பரனைப் பாடியிருந்தால் நலமாக இருக்கும்' என்ற தம் கருத்தை வெளிப்படுத்தத் தம்பி வெகுண்டு எழுந்தான். வரதுங்க பாண்டியன் அதனை அறிந்து, சினம் தணிக்க, அமைதியுடன்,

“செஞ்சுடரோன் மைந்தனையும் தென்னிலங்கை வேந்தனையும்
பஞ்சவரில் பார்த்தனையும் பாராதே—விஞ்சு
விரதமே பூண்டிந்த மேதிரியை ஆண்ட
பரதனையும் இராமனையும் பார்”

என நயம்பட, நேசம் நிலைக்க நவின்னார். தம்பியும் சினம் தனிந்தான்.

அன்னை, தந்தை, உடன்பிறப்பு என்ற உயர் உறவுகளை அடுத்துத் தோழமை என்பதைக் குறிப்பிடலாம். “அன்பினும் ஆர்வமுடைமை அது ஈனும் நண்பென்னும் நாடாச் சிறப்பு” என்று பெருநாவலர் குறித்துள்ளார். முகநக நட்பது நட்பாகாது; நெஞ்சத்து அகநக நட்பதே நட்பு. நீரவர் கேண்மை நாளும் நிறைமதிபோல் வளர, கீழோர் கேண்மை தேய்பிறை போல் தேய்தலும் நன்று. அன்பு அகத்து நிலைக்க,

இதமான சொற்களை மட்டும் கூறுவது இயையாது. சிற்சில சமயங்களில், நண்பன் தவறிழைக்க முற்படுவானாயின், தோழமை காரணமாக இடித்துரைத்து நன்னெறியின்கண் செலுத்துவது உத்தம நண்பனின் உன்னதச் செயலாகும்.

பிறப்பு, குடிமை, ஆண்மை, ஆண்டு, உரு, அன்பு, திரு, நிறை, அருள், உணர்வு என்றிவற்றால் ஓத்த தலைவனும் தலைவியும், ஊழ்வினையால் ஒன்றுகூடி, இன்பம் துய்த்து இல்லறத்தை நல்லறமாக அமைப்பதற்கும் உறுதுணையாய் இருப்பது அவர்களிடையே நிலவும் நிலைத்த காதலேயாம். 'காதலிருவர் கருத்து ஒருமித்து ஆதரவு பட்டதே இன்பம்'



என்றார் ஓளவையார். “காதல் காதல் காதல்—காதல் போயின் காதல் போயின்—சாதல், சாதல், சாதல்” என்பது வரகவியின் வாக்கு. அடியார்களும் இறைவன்பால் காதலாகிக் கசிந்து கண்ணீர் மல்கி, அவனையே நாயகனாகக் கொண்டு, தம்மை நாயகியாகப் பாவித்தும், அனுபவித்தும் பாசுரங்கள் பாடியுள்ளனர்.

சைவ சமயக் குரவர் நால்வரும், இறைவனிடம் அன்பு பூண்ட திறம் அறிந்து இன்புறத்தக்கது. திருநாவுக்கரசர் அவனை ஆண்டானாகவும் தன்னை அடியானாகவும் நினைத்து வழிபட்டார். காழி வள்ளலுக்கு, இறைவி ஞானப்பால் அளித்ததால் மைந்த ரானார். தந்தையிடம் தனயன் கொள்ளும் உரிமையுடன் உறவு பூண்டார். சந்தரர்

பொருட்டு, இறைவன் தானே தூது நடந்தார்; ஆகச் சுந்தரர் இறைவனைத் தோழகைவே கொண்டார். மாணிக்கவாசகர் இறைவனைக் குருவாகக் கொண்டார். இந்நால்வரும் இதுபற்றியே, ஆளுடைய அரசு, ஆளுடைய பிள்ளை, ஆளுடைய நம்பி, ஆளுடைய அண்ணல் என்று சிறப்பிக்கப் பட்டுள்ளனர்.

அகளை ந்தினை ஒழுக்கம்போன்று, ஆசானுக்கும் மாணக்கனுக்கும் இடையே நல்லுறவு அமையுமானால், நற்பயன் உண்டாகும். அருள், குலம், கல்வி, உலகியலறிவு, கட்டுரை வன்மை, என இவையெலாம் ஒருங்கேவுடைய நல்லாசான், மாணக்கர்பால் விருப்புடையனாய், அவர்தம் நிலையறிந்து, விரையாது, வெகுளாது, தெளிந்து, தெய்வம் போற்றிப்பாடம் சொல்ல, கேட்கும் மாணக்கனும், ஆர்வம் மீதாரப்பெற்றுச் செவி வாயாக, நெஞ்சு களாகக் கேட்டவை கேட்டவை விடாது உளத்திருத்தி, வழிபடல் முனியாதிருக்கும் இயல்புடையனாய் இருப்பானேயானால், இரு திறத்தாரும் பயன் பெறுவர். ஆசான் மாணக்கனிடத்து அன்பு கொள்ளலும், மாணக்கன் ஆசானிடத்தில் பக்தியுடையனாய் இருத்தலும், வெற்றிக்குரிய காரணங்கள்.

ஆக, எந்நிலை நின்று நோக்கினும், இம்மையில் இன்பமும் அமைதியும் பெறுதற்கும், மறுமைப்பயன் அடைதற்கும் இன்றியமையாது வேண்டப்படுவது அன்பேயன்றிப் பிறிதில்லை. இல்லத்து அரும்பும் அன்பு, ஏனையோரிடத்து அருள் என்னும் போதாக இறைவனிடத்துப் பக்தி எனும் மலராகி மணம் பரப்புகிறது. அமரகவி பாரதியாரும்,

“மாணுடரே! நீவிர் என் மதத்தைக் கைக்கொண்மின்; பாடுபடல் வேண்டா;
ஊனுடலை வருத்தாதீர்! உணவு இயற்கை கொடுக்கும்;
உங்களுக்குத் தொழில் இங்கே அன்பு செய்தல் கண்டீர்”

என்று அறிவுரை கூறியுள்ளார். ஆக, உலகவுயிர்கள் அன்புவழி நிற்பதாக!

பா. ஜயலக்ஷ்மி,
தமிழ் விரிவுரையாளர்

“ மானிட உழைப்பின் மாண்பு ”

இறைவன் படைத்தான், மானிடனை. படைத்த படைப்புக்கள் எல்லாவற்றிலும் உயர்நிலை எய்தியது மனித வாழ்க்கை. இப்பூவுலகில் வகையோடு வாழ்ந்து எதிலும் வெற்றி கண்ட மனிதன், வானத்திலே தவழ்ந்து சந்திர மண்டலத்திலும் சென்று வெற்றிக் கொடி நாட்டித் திரும்பிய மாபெரும் யுகம் இது. பெருமிதப் படுகின்றான் மனிதன் ; வியந்து நிற்கின்றனர் வானவர் ! பல்கலை விருத்தி என்கின்றான் - பல துறைகளிலும் முன்னேற்றம் என்று தோள் கொட்டுகிறான் மனிதன் ; எத்திசை நோக்கிலும் போட்டி - முயற்சி - எக்களிப்பு - ஆர்ப்பரிப்பு - கண்ணிமைக்காமல் உலகின் முற்போக்கைக் கண்டு வியந்து நிற்கின்றோம் !

“ மானிடனின் மாண்பு - அவன் உழைப்பு — இந்தத் தத்துவத்தை அமைதியாக ஆராய்ந்து பார்க்கக் கூட நமக்கு அவகாசமில்லை. ஆனால் இதை ஆய்ந்து உண்மையை உணராது போனால் கண்ணிருந்தும் குருடர், காதிருந்தும் செவிடர் நாம். வேறு சொல்லத் தேவையில்லை. மானிட உழைப்பின் தத்துவத்தை ஆராய்ந்து பார்த்தால், அதில் பொதிந்து கிடக்கும் ஒரு உண்மை நமக்கு வெளியாகும். மனிதனின் உழைப்புக்கெல்லாம் மூல காரணம் அதுவே, “ அல்லும் பகலும் அயராது உழைக்கும் இறைவனின் அன்புள்ளம் ” இதுவே அவ்வுண்மை — கோடான கோடி மக்கள் திரள் ஆர்வத்துடன் ஈடுபட்டிருக்கும் உழைப்பு யாவற்றிற்கும் இறைவனின் அன்பே உயிர் நாடி - இதை மறந்தால் உய்வில்லை-வாழ்க்கையில் செம்மையில்லை-வெற்றியிலும் பொருளில்லை — பெருமிதமும் பொருத்தமில்லை — அமைதியைக் குலைக்கும் தன்னலமே தாண்டவமாகும்.

இந்தக் கருத்தை ஆய்ந்துணர்ந்த விஞ்ஞானி, நிபுணர், மாபெரும் தத்துவஞானி ‘டையார்ட் ஷார்டன்’ இவ்வொரு உண்மை தம் சிந்தனைக் கடலில் அமுதமாகித் தோன்றித் தன்னைப் பரவசப்படுத்துவதாகக் கூறுகிறார். மேலும் அவர் சொல்லுவார் “ இறைவனின் மாபெரும் உழைப்பில் பொறுப்பேற்று, பங்கெடுக்கும் இயல்பு பெற்ற மானிடனின் உயர்வு என்னுள்ளத்தைத் தட்டி எழுப்புகிறது. இவ்வியல்பே என்னை நான் வெற்றியோடு ஆளும் வகையை எனக்குக் கற்பிக்கின்றது.”



இவ்வார்த்தைகளின் ஆழத்தைக் கண்டுணர்ந்த மானிடன் பாக்கியவான். இறைவனின் அன்புப் பணியிலும் ஆற்றலிலும் மனிதனுக்கும் பங்குண்டு. அரியபல செயல்புரியும் மானிடன் முன்னேறிச் செல்லும் திறனுக்கும் இதுவே அடிப்படை. இறைவனோடு ஒத்துழைக்கும் பணி தெய்வப்பணி—தன்னலமற்ற திருப்பணி, இதில் ஐயமில்லை.

அவர் எல்லாம் வல்லவர்—அவருடைய முடிவற்ற தித்திய திட்டங்கள் அனுவேனும் பிசகாமல் காலப்போக்கில் கடந்து செல்லும். ஆக்குவதும் அவன், காப்பதும் அவன், அழிப்பதும் அவனே. விநாடி தோறும், வானமும் வையமும், நேர்மையான முறைப்படி நடந்து செல்ல, வைத்தகண் வாங்காது அன்போடு உழைத்து வரும் சக்தியே இறைவன்.

ஆகவே, எம்பெருமானின் அன்புப்பணி திட்டத்தோடு ஒத்துழைத்து உயிருக்கு உருக்கொடுத்து, தன் ஊனைக் கொடுத்து, நல்லுயிர் சிசுவாக உலகினுள் கொண்டுவரும் தாய்மையின் திருப்பணியும் தெய்வப் பணியன்றோ?

இயற்கையோடு ஒத்துழைத்து, அல்லும் பகலும் அயராது பாடுபட்டு மனிதன் உயிர்வாழ உணவை உற்பத்தி செய்யும் பாட்டாளியின் பயிர்த் தொழிலும் தெய்வத் திருப்பணியன்றோ?

உடல் நலிந்து, மனம் தளர்ந்து, வலிவிழந்து வாடும் பிணியாளனும், உயிர் பிழைக்க, மருத்துவம் செய்து உயிர் காக்கும் வைத்தியனின் பணியும் பெரும்பணியன்றோ?

எழுத்தறிவித்தவன் இறைவனாவது எங்ஙனம்? அறிவு புகட்டுவதும் ஆசான் தொழில் ஏற்பதும் இறைவனின் அன்புப் பணியென்றால் அதிலும் ஐயமுண்டோ?

இவ்வுண்மையை நன்குணர்ந்த வள்ளுவரும்

“ முயற்சித் திருவினையாக்கும் ” என்றார்.

SR. HELEN VINCENT, F.M.M.

மனமென்னும் புதிர்

அந்தக் கிராமத்துச் செம்மண் சாலையில் இரட்டை மாட்டு வண்டி கம்பிரமாகச் சென்று கொண்டிருந்தது. இன்னும் சிறிது தூரம்தான். அதோ.....வாசலில் அழகிய பூந்தோட்டத்துடன் பச்சைக் கதவு போட்ட வீடு தெரிகிறது! அங்கு போய் இந்த வண்டி நிற்கும். எல்லா வீட்டு வாசலிலும் இரண்டொருவர் வந்து எட்டி எட்டிப் பார்த்துவிட்டுச் செல்கின்றனர். பின்னே இருக்காதோ? அந்த ஊரிலேயே பெரிய பணக்கார மிராக் தாரான சுப்பராமனுடைய ஒரே பெண்ணைப் பார்க்க வருகிறார்கள் என்றால் சும்மாவா?

வண்டி வீட்டு வாசலில் வந்து நிற்கிறது. சுப்பராமன் தோளில் இருந்த அங்கவஸ்திரத்தை எடுத்து மிக்க மரியாதையாக இடுப்பில் கட்டியபடி வாசலுக்கு ஓடிவந்து வந்தவர்களை வரவேற்கிறார். வண்டியிலிருந்து கட்டைகுட்டையான ஒரு மனிதர் இறங்கியதும் அவரைத் தொடர்ந்து அழகிய இளைஞன் ஒருவன் இறங்குகிறான். பார்த்தாலே அவன்தான் சீதாவிற்குக் கணவனாக வரப்போகிறவன் என்று தெரிகிறது. முதலில் இறங்கிய மனிதருக்கு ஒரே செல்லப் பிள்ளை அவன். பெயர் ரகு. பெயருக்கேற்றபடி அவனிடம் ஒருவித களையும், கம்பீரமும் பொருந்தியிருந்தன. எம்.எஸ்.ஸி. பட்டம் வாங்கி விட்டுச் சென்னையில் ஏதோ ஒரு கம்பெனியில் நல்ல உத்தியோகத்தில் இருக்கிறான். தாயார் கிடையாது. தந்தை மட்டும் தான்.

“நீங்கள் பார்த்துவிட்டு வந்தால் போதும்” என்று எவ்வளவோ கூறியும் தந்தை அவளை விடவில்லை. “ஏண்டா! கல்யாணம் செய்துகொள்ளப் போகிறவன் நீயா, நாளை? சும்மா வாடா சரிதான். இப்போ அப்படித்தான் சொல்லுவே”, என்று அடித்துக் கூறிப் பிள்ளையையும் அழைத்துக்கொண்டு கிளம்பி விட்டார். ஆயிற்று. அடுத்த இரயிலுக்கே திரும்பவும் சென்னைக்குக் கிளம்பிவிடுவார்.

“வாங்கோ! வாங்கோ!” முகம் மலரச் சிரித்தபடி தந்தையையும், மகளையும் உள்ளே அழைத்துச் சென்றார் சுப்பராமன். சம்பிரதாயப்படி காபி, டிபன் எல்லாம் ஆன பிறகு சீதாவை அழைத்து வந்தாள் அவள் தாய், தலை குளிந்தபடி மிக அடக்கமாக வரும்போதே ரகுவிற்கு அவளை மிகவும் பிடித்துவிட்டது. பிறகு அவளது வீணையிசையில் தன்னை மறந்து அமர்ந்திருந்தான். சிறிது நேரம் யாவரும் பேசிக்கொண்டிருந்தனர். அடுத்த இரயிலுக்கு நேரமாகிவிடவே சுப்பராமன் வண்டிக்காரனுக்குக் குரல் கொடுத்தார். “ராமையா! வண்டி கட்டு.....ஐயா ஸ்டேஷனுக்குப் புறப்படலாம்.”

“ஊருக்குப் போய் பதில் போடுகிறோம்” என்று கூறிவிட்டுப் புறப்பட்டு விட்டனர் தந்தையும், தனயனும்.

இரண்டு நாட்களிலேயே ‘பிள்ளைக்குச் சம்மதம், கூடிய சீக்கிரத்தில் முகூர்த்தத்தை வைத்துக்கொள்ளவும்’ என்று பதிலும் வந்துவிட்டது.

தெரு முழுவதும் பந்தல் போட்டு ஜமாய்த்துவிட்டார் சுப்பராமன். ஊரே மெச்சும்படி படு அமர்க்களமாகக் கல்யாணம் நடந்தது. மறுநாளே சென்னையில் நண்பர்களுக்கு ஓர் வரவேற்புக் கொடுக்கவேண்டுமென்று சீதாவை அழைத்துக்கொண்டு கிளம்பி விட்டான் ரகு. கண்ணைக் கசக்கிக்கொண்டே ஒருவாறாகப் பெற்றோரிடமிருந்து விடைபெற்றோள் சீதா.

மணமாகி நாலைந்து மாதங்களுக்குள் ரகுவின் தந்தை காலமானார். மற்றோரைப் போல் ரகு, சீதா நுழைந்த வேளைதான் தன் தந்தை இறந்ததற்குக் காரணம் என்றெல்லாம் அவளை வசைபாடவில்லை. ஏதோ விதி விட்டவழி என்றுதான் இருந்தான்.

அத்தனை காட்சிகளும் மனத்திரையில் ஓடி மறைந்தன. கன்னத்தில் கையை ஊன்றியபடி மிகவும் மும்முரமாகக் கடந்த காலத்தைப்பற்றி ஏதேதோ சிந்தித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தான் ரகு. ஆம்! இப்போது அவன் அமெரிக்காவில் இருக்கிறான். ஆயிற்று. அவன் இங்கு வந்து நான்கு வருடங்களாகிவிட்டன.

திடீரென்று அவன் அமெரிக்கா செல்லவேண்டுமென்று மேலிடத்திலிருந்து உத்தரவு வந்தது. அப்போது சீதா கர்ப்பினியாக இருந்ததால் அவளையும் அழைத்துக்கொண்டு வரமுடியவில்லை. பிறகு கடிதம் வந்தது, சீதா அழகிய பெண் குழந்தைக்குத் தாயாகி இருக்கிறாள் என்று. எப்படியோ பல்லைக் கடித்துக்கொண்டு நான்கு வருடங்களை ஓட்டி விட்டாள். இதோ.....நானே விமானத்தில் தாய் நாட்டிற்குக் கிளம்பப்போகிறாள். நினைத்தபோதே மகிழ்ச்சியில் மனம் துள்ளியது.

திடீரென்று யாரோ தோள்மீது கையைப் போடுவது போலிருக்கவே கனவுலகத் திலிருந்து விழ்த்தெழுந்தான் ரகு, அவன் அங்கு வந்தபிறகு அவனுடன் மிகவும் நெருங்கிய நண்பனைப் பழகிவிட்ட சங்கர்தான் நின்று கொண்டிருந்தான். “என்ன அதற்குள் மனைவியைப் பற்றிய பலமான சிந்தனை? அதுதான் நாளைக்குப் பறந்து சென்றுவிடப் போகிறாயே! சரி. நேரமாகிறது, டின்னருக்குக் கிளம்பு,” என்று படபடவென்று பொரிந்து கொட்டினான் சங்கர். அன்று அவனும், மற்ற அமெரிக்க நண்பர்களுமாகச் சேர்ந்து ரகுவிற்கு ஓர் பிரிவுபசார விருந்து கொடுப்பதாக இருந்தனர். அதற்குத்தான் சங்கர் அவ்வளவு அவசரப் படுத்தினான்.

டினார் முடிந்து வந்தவுடன் பயணத்திற்குத் தயாராக எல்லாவற்றையும் எடுத்து வைத்துக் கொண்டு படுத்தான். அப்போதும் அவனெதிரில் சீதா...சீதா.....சீதாவே தான். ‘இதோ.....இன்னும் நாற்பத்தெட்டு மணி’ நேரத்திற்குள் சீதாவையும், குழந்தையையும் பார்க்கப் போகிறோம், முதலில் வீட்டிற்குச் சென்றவுடன், அவள் அடிக்கடி வாசிப்பாளே வீணையில்.....‘பாருக்குள்ளே நல்ல நாடு’ என்ற பாரதியின் பாடல்! வாசிக்கச் சொல்லிக் கேட்கவேண்டும். அதை வாசித்துத்தானே அவளைப் ‘பார்க்கச்’ சென்ற அன்றும் என் மனதைக் கொள்ளை கொண்டாள்’ என்று பலவாறாக நினைத்துக் கொண்டே கண்ணயர்ந்தான் ரகு.

மறுநாள் விமானப்படிகளில் ஏறியபடியே கையசைத்து நண்பர்களிடமிருந்து விடைபெற்றான் ரகு.

இதோ.....விமானம் கீழே இறங்கிக் கொண்டே வருகிறது. மீனம்பாக்கம் விமான நிலையத்தையும் அடைந்துவிட்டது. ரகு படிகளில் இறங்கியபடியே மனைவியைத் தேடினான். தேடிக்கொண்டே வரும்போது சீதா குழந்தையுடன் நிற்பது தெரிந்தது. ஒரு கணம் திடுக்கிட்டான் ரகு. ‘ஐயோ! சீதாவா அது! நம்ப முடியவில்லையே’ என்று வியந்தது மனம், சீதா உயரமான கொண்டையும் உதட்டில் சாயமும், குட்டைத் தலைப் பும், கையில்லாச் சட்டையும் உயர்ந்த குதிகால் செருப்பும், கையில் நாகரீக நாரீமணி களுக்கே உரிய ஒரு டம்பப் பையுமாகக் காட்சியளித்தாள். நெற்றியில் பொட்டைக் காணோம். மிக்க வியப்பும், திகைப்புமாக அவளை அணுகினான் ரகு. “அநீத்! லுக் ஹியர், ஹி ஈஸ் யுவர் டாடி” என்று குழந்தைக்கு அவளை அறிமுகம் செய்து வைத்தாள். அநீதாவும் ஓடிவந்து அவன் கால்களைக் கட்டிக் கொண்டு, ‘டாடி, டாடி’ என்று மகிழ்ந்தாள். அவள் சரமாரியாக ஆங்கிலம் பேசுவதைக் கேட்டு மேலும் வியப்படைந்தான் ரகு. அவள் ரகுவைப் பார்த்துச் செயற்கையாக வரவழைத்துக்கொண்ட ஓர் புன்முறுவலுடன் கூறினாள். “ஹர்ரி அப் மை டியர்! ஒய் டூ யூ ஹெஸிடேட்?” ஒரு வழியாகத் தன்னை சமாளித்துக்கொண்டு அவளைப் பின் தொடர்ந்தான் ரகு.

காரர்கள் நிறுத்தியிருந்த இடத்திற்குச் சென்று ஒரு ஹெரால்ட் காரின் முன்ஸீட் கதவைத் திறந்து வைத்துக்கொண்டு “கெட் இன் ரகு” என்றவுடன் ரகு வாய் பேசாமல் ஏறி அமர்ந்தான். அவளுடைய செய்கையெல்லாம் கண்டவுடன் அவனுக்கு ஒரே மலைப் பாக இருந்தது. குழந்தையைப் பின்ஸீட்டில் ஏற்றி உட்காரவைத்துவிட்டு சீதாவே காரை ஓட்டிக் கொண்டு வந்தாள். வரும் வழியெல்லாம் அவள் லேடெல் கிளப்பைப் பற்றியே கூறிக்கொண்டு வந்தாள். ரகுவிற்கு ஆத்திரம் குமுறியது. “சீ! இப்படியும் ஒரு-ஏமாற்றமா? எவ்வளவு ஆவலுடன் ஓடி வந்தோம் தாய் நாட்டிற்கு!” என்று அவன் மனம் புலம்பியது. ஒன்றுமே பேசாமல் வந்தான். வரும் வழியில் போக்குவரத்து சிறிது நெரிசலாக இருந்ததால் காரைச் சிறிது மெதுவாக ஓட்டினாள் சீதா, அப்போது ஒரு டீக்கடையில் ரேடியோ அலறிக் கொண்டிருப்பது அவன் காதில் விழுந்தது. ‘நேற்றொரு தோற்றம், இன்றொரு தோற்றம் பார்த்தால் பார்வைக்குப் புரியாது’. ‘இதுதான் எத்துணை உண்மை’ என்று நினைத்துக்கொண்டான் ரகு.

வீட்டை அடைந்ததும் காரை ஷெட்டில் கொண்டு நிறுத்திவிட்டு வந்து வாயிற்புறம் கதவைத் தட்டினாள் சீதா. உள்ளிருந்து ஓர் சமையற்காரன் ஓடிவந்து கதவைத் திறந்தான். ரகுவிற்கு உள்ளே சென்றவுடன் எல்லா அறையையும் சுற்றிப் பார்க்கவேண்டும் போலிருந்தது. அதன்படியே சுற்றிப் பார்த்துக் கொண்டே வரும்போது பூஜையருகே வந்ததும் சற்று நின்று பார்த்தான். ஒரு மூலையில் வீணை கேட்பாரற்றுப் பழுதி படிந்து கிடந்தது. சீதா எப்பொழுதும் வீட்டுத் தோட்டத்திலிருக்கும் மலர்களையெல்லாம் பறித்து விதிவிதமாகத் தன்கைகளாலேயே மாலைகள் தொடுத்துச் சூட்டும் இராமர் படத்தில் ஓர் செயற்கை நெட்டிமாலை காட்சியளித்தது. இருவேளையும் அவள் தன் கையால் பக்தியுடன் ஏற்றும் வெள்ளிக் குத்துவிளக்குகள் அங்கு இல்லை. அவற்றிற்குப் பதிலாகச் செயற்கையான வண்ண விளக்குகள் மின்னிக் கொண்டிருந்தன. ரகுவின் முகத்தில் ஓர் அருவருப்பு ஏற்பட்டு மறைந்தது, மனத்திற்குள் ‘ஹம்...சீதாவின் கடவுள் கூட செயற்கை அலங்காரங்கள் தான் வேண்டும் என்கிறார் போலும் என்று நினைத்துக் கொண்டான். வந்தவுடன் சீதாவின் கையினால் செய்த சமையலைச் சுவைக்கலாம் என்று ஆசையோடு காத்திருந்தவனுக்குப் பெரும் ஏமாற்றமே ஏற்பட்டது. முதலில் வாசற்கதவைத் திறந்த சமையற்காரன் தான் செய்தவற்றைப் பரிமாறினாள். ரகுவினுடனேயே டைனிங் டேபிளில் அமர்ந்து சீதாவும் சாப்பிட்டாள்.

சாப்பிட்டு முடித்த சிறிது நேரத்திற்கெல்லாம் குழந்தை அநீதா உறங்கிவிட்டாள். அவளைக் கொண்டு படுக்கையில் விடுமாறு வேலைக்காரியிடம் கூறிவிட்டு வந்தாள் சீதா. இதையெல்லாம் கண்டு மனம் நொந்தான் ரகு. ‘ஹம்...தன் குழந்தையைப் படுக்கையில் கொண்டு விடுவதற்குக் கூட வேலைக்காரியையா ஏவ வேண்டும்? செயற்கைக் கௌரவத்திற்காகத் தன் சொந்தக் குழந்தையிடமே அளவுடன்தான் அன்பு காட்டவேண்டும் போலும்’ என்று நினைத்துப் பெருமூச்சு விட்டான் ரகு. அச்சமயத்தில் அந்த அறையினுள் நுழைந்த சீதா “என்ன ரகு! ஒரே மலைப்பாக இருக்கிறதல்லவா? ஃபாரிள் ரிடர்ன்ட் ஆன உங்களுடைய மனைவி உங்களுக்கேற்றபடி இருக்கவேண்டுமென்று எனக்கு தெரியாதா என்ன? நான்கு வருடம் அமெரிக்காவில் இருந்துவிட்டு வந்திருக்கிறீர்களே. இப்போது உங்கள் விருப்பமெல்லாம் எப்படி மாறியிருக்கும் என்று அறிந்து அதற்குத் தக்கபடி நான் என்னை மாற்றிக் கொண்டு விட்டேன். நீங்கள் போன ஒரு வருடத்திற்கெல்லாம் பக்கத்து வீட்டினுள்ள மாலதியின் உதவியால் அவள் மெம்பராக இருக்கும் லேடெல் கிளப்பில் நானும் சேர்ந்து ஆங்கிலம் பேசவும், எழுதவும் கற்றுக் கொண்டு விட்டேன். இதெல்லாம் உங்களுக்கு சஸ்பென்ஸாக இருக்க வேண்டுமென்றுதான் ஒரு லெட்டர் கூட உங்களுக்கு ஆங்கிலத்தில் எழுதாமல் தமிழிலேயே எழுதினேன். அதனால்

தான் இதைப்பற்றியெல்லாம் உங்களுக்கு ஒன்றும் எழுதவுமில்லை” என்று படபடவென்று பேசி நிறுத்தினார் சீதா.

ரகுவோ ஆத்திரத்துடன் கனன்றெழுந்தான். “போதும் நிறுத்து சீதா உன் பெருமைகளையெல்லாம். இப்போது நீ எனக்கேற்றபடி மனைவியாக மாறிவிட்டாய் அல்லவா? ரொம்ப சந்தோஷம். ஹம்.....ஆங்கிலமே கேட்டுக்கேட்டுப் புளித்துப் போன காதில் இனிக்க இனிக்கத் தமிழ் ஒலிக்கும் என்று நினைத்து ஓடி வந்தேன். தமிழ்ப் பண்பாட்டைக் காண ஓடி வந்தேன். மறுபடியும், நீ இங்குத் தமிழ்ப் பண்பாட்டையும், தாய் நாட்டுப் பெருமையையும் மறந்து, மேல் நாட்டில் பிறந்தவள்போல் கேவலமான ஆடம்பரங்களுடன் என்னை விரட்டியடிக்கிறாய். அவரவர் பண்பாட்டைக் காப்பதுதான் பெருமை சீதா. அதைவிட்டு உலகிலுள்ள எல்லா நாகரீகங்களையும் காப்பியடித்துப் போட்டுக் குழப்பிக் கொண்டு திரிவதில் ஒரு பயனுமில்லை. இதெல்லாம் நான் சொல்லியா உனக்குத் தெரிய வேண்டும். நீயா இப்படி மாறியாய்? என் கண்களையும், காதுகளையும் நம்பமுடியாமல் தத்தளித்துக் கொண்டிருக்கிறேன். நீ மாறியதற்கு ‘உன் விருப்பம்’ என்று ஏன் என்மீது வேறு பழியைப் போடுகிறாய்? தாய் நாட்டுப் பண்பாட்டைப் பேணு வதுதான் என் விருப்பம். என்னுடைய அழகிய எளிய உள்ளத்தால் உயர்ந்த தமிழ்ப் பெண்ணான சீதாவைத் தேடி வந்தேன். எங்கே அந்தச் சீதா? நீ என்னுடைய சீதாவே அல்ல. ‘பாருக்குள்ளே நல்ல நாடு எங்கள் பாரத நாடு’ என்று விரல்களால் வீணையில் மீட்டுவாயே சீதா. அந்த விரல்கள் என்ன ஆயின? அப்படிப் புகழ்ந்த பாரதியின் பாரத நாட்டையா இவ்வாறு அவமதிக்கிறாய்? ஆஹா.....நீ ‘ரகு’ என்று என்னை அழைத்தாயே. அப்போதே என் காதில் தேன் வந்து பாய்வது போல்தான் இருந்தது! நான்கு வருடங்களுக்குப் பின் தாயகம் திரும்பும் கணவனுக்கு உன் கையால் சமைத்துப் பறிமாறுவோம் என்றவது நினைத்தாயா? சரி அதெல்லாம் போகட்டும். நான் உயிரு டன்தான் இருக்கிறேன் என்பதை நினைவுபடுத்திக் கொண்டே இருக்கக்கூடிய நெற்றித் திலகத்தைக் கூட அவமதிக்கிறாயே சீதா. இது உனக்கே நன்றாக இருக்கிறதா? சரி இதெல்லாமும் போகட்டும். நீ எப்படி வேண்டுமானால் இருந்து கொள். உன் இராமரைக் கூடவா உனக்கேற்றபடி செயற்கையலங்காரங்களால் அவமதிக்க வேண்டும்? இராமர் உன்னை ஒன்றும் செய்யவில்லையே? செயற்கையைக் கடவுளாக்கலாம். ஆனால், கடவுளைச் செயற்கையாக்கலாமா? இயற்கையில் தான் கடவுள் வாழ்கிறார் சீதா. அதை இப்போதா வது தெரிந்து கொள். நான் கேட்கும் இத்தனை கேள்விகளுக்கும் பதில் கூறாமல் ஏன் ஊமைபோல் நிற்கிறாய்? ஃபாரிள் ரிடர்ன்ட் கணவனுக்கு ஏற்றபடி எப்படிப் பதில் கூறுவது என்று யோசிக்கிறாயா?”

“ஐயோ! போதும் நிறுத்துங்கள். தயவுசெய்து இனிமேலும் என்னைச் சித்திர வதை செய்யாதீர்கள். நான் எவ்வளவு பெரிய தவறு செய்துவிட்டேன் என்று இப்போது தான் புரிகிறது. இனிமேல் நீங்கள் உங்கள் பழைய சீதாவுடன் தான் வாழ்வீர்கள்” என்று கூறிக்கொண்டே அவன் கால்களில் விழுந்து வணங்கினார் ‘மனமென்னும் புதிரை’ப் புரிந்து கொண்ட அப்பேதை பாரதப் பெண் சீதா.

அப்போது பக்கத்து வீட்டு ரேடியோவில் ஒலித்த பாட்டு காற்றில் தவழ்ந்து வந்து இருவர் செவியிலும் ஒலித்தது. “நல்ல பெண்மணி, மிக நல்ல பெண்மணி. தாய்நாட்டு நாகரீகம் பேணி நடப்பவள் எவளோ அவளே நல்ல பெண்மணி.”

பா. விஜயகுமாரி
I B.A. Economics

श्रम प्रेम का प्रत्यक्ष रूप है

विचार से यह ज्ञात होगा कि संसार में किये गये सभी कार्य प्यार और प्रेम पर आधारित थे । जो श्रम पुनीत प्रेम की वजह से न होकर द्वेष भरे दिल की तृप्ति के लिए हुआ हो, उस का फल हमेशा नाश और नुक्सान रहा है ।



मनुष्य सामूहिक जीव है । श्रम समाज के संचालन का एक नियम रहा है, और समाज ने पीड़ितों के सिवाय हराम के खानेवालों को कभी नहीं सहा है । मनुष्य ने अपने को समाज में एक सदस्य कहलाने की बदौलत समाज के नियमों को अपनाया है । वह अपने प्रेम को प्रकट करने से हिचकता नहीं, और वह श्रम के सुपरिणाम से अपने प्रेम को साकार रूप देता है ।

हम अपने दैनिक जीवन में प्रेम और प्यार की शक्ति और महानता का आभास पाते रहते हैं। चाहे वह प्रेम माता का ही, भाई का हो, प्रेयसी का हो, देश का हो, मित्र का हो, मानव इस प्रेम का चेंला बन जाता है। मूल रूप से मानव प्रेम (लेने और देने) का प्यासा है, और यद्यपि वह संसार के सभी बन्धनों से छुटकारा पाना चाहता है, वह प्रेम के बन्धन में रहना चाहता है। इस के उदाहरण के रूप में हम देखते हैं कि चाहे मनुष्य इस संसार की माया और मोह को छोड़कर सन्यासी बने, फिर भी उस की आत्मा परमात्मा से प्रेम का सम्बन्ध रखती है।

हमारी भारत-भूमि को अंग्रेजों के आधिपत्य से छुड़ाने के लिए और भारतीय समाज में स्थित कुरीतियों और रूढ़ियों के उन्मूलन के लिए जिन महानुभावों ने श्रम उठाया वे उल्लेखनीय हैं। देश-प्रेम से प्रेरित हो कर कितने ही लोगों की कुरबानी हुई, फिर जमनालाल बजाज जैसे लोग इन्सानियत के प्रति प्रेम को अपने मन में थामे, अछूतोद्धार के कार्य में कितनी निष्ठा से संलग्न हुए। गाँधीजी ने अपने भारत के लिए, और भारतवासियों के लिए भारत में ही नहीं पर दक्षिण आफ्रिका में भी तकलीफें सहनीं।

मूल रूप से मानव दूसरों का हितशील है, पर परिस्थिति उसे भला या बुरा बना देती है। अगर कोई भी ऐसा हो, जिसने अपने जीवन के किसी भी क्षण में, दूसरे के प्रति प्रेम न प्रकट किया हो और उस से प्रेरित हो कर कुछ श्रम न उठाया हो, वह मनुष्य कोटि का नहीं है। श्री मैथिलिशरण गुप्त कहते हैं :—

‘यही पशु-प्रवृत्ति है कि आप आप ही चरे,
वही मनुष्य है कि जो मनुष्य के लिए मरे।’

मानृत्व ही प्रेम और श्रम का दिव्य उदाहरण है। ‘माँ’ शब्द से हमें न केवल प्यार, स्नेह, ममता आदि का बोध होता है, पर त्याग, श्रम, कठिनाईयों को झेलने की क्षमता आदि का बोध भी होता है। त्याग और श्रम प्रेम का फल है।

श्री जयशङ्कर प्रसाद ने ‘कामायनी’ में ‘श्रद्धा’ के प्रेम का जो उल्लेख किया है वही भी देखने योग्य है :—

‘समर्पण लो सेवा का सार, सजल संसृति का यह पतवार,
आज से यह जीवन उत्सर्ग, इसी पदतल में विगत-विकार।’

दया माया ममता लो आज मधुरिमा लो अगाध विश्वास,
हमारा हृदय - रत्न निधि खच्छ तुम्हारे लिए खुला है पास ।'

आजकल की दुनिया भूतकाल से कहीं श्रेष्ठ है । वर्तमान युग में, सांसारिक क्षेम-कुशल के लिए जो भी कार्य मानव बड़े पैमाने पर कर रहा है, वह संसार के इतिहास में और कभी नहीं हुआ है । संसार को भूख से बचाने के लिए कितने ही देश दीनों की सहायता कर रहे हैं । मानवता ने अपना हाथ बढ़ाकर कितने ही रोगियों को, रोग के अंधकार से, चिकित्सा और प्यार का प्रकाश फैलाकर छुड़ाया है, बाढ़ या अकाल से कितनों को बचाया है? क्या यह काफ़ी प्रमाण नहीं है कि श्रम का मूल प्यार है?

श्रम प्रणय का प्रत्यक्ष रूप है; श्रम साकार प्रेम है । और, यह कहना गलत न होगा कि श्रम प्रणय का फल है; क्योंकि प्रेम की गैरहाजिरी में जीवन निरर्थकता ग्रहण करता है और श्रम का लोप हो जाता है । श्रम के रुक जाने पर, संसार की प्रगति रुक जाती है । इसलिए जीवन को सार्थक बनाने के लिए प्रेम की आवश्यकता है, और श्रम को जारी रखने के लिए भी प्रेम जरूरी है । प्रेम से श्रम प्रोत्साहन पाता है, और हम कह सकते हैं कि प्रेम ही श्रम का जीवनदाता है ।

पद्मिनी, आर. बी. ए. III

Karma Yoga

Service can be distinctly grouped into three categories—service for remuneration or renown, service rendered when asked or obliged to do so, and service springing from selflessness. It is this last type which stems from unqualified love that is termed सुकर्म. Pure love alone can give rise to the disinterested action glorified in the गीता as कर्मयोग.

When on the eve of the भारतयुद्ध, the disillusioned अर्जुन resolved to give up fighting rather than kill his own kinsmen, the Lord explained the precepts of कर्मयोग and pointed to पार्थ the error of his judgement. As a क्षत्रिय it was अर्जुन's beholden duty to fight a righteous war, and the कुरुक्षेत्रयुद्ध presented an occasion when धर्म was to be translated into कर्म. Should he perform his duty properly, without the play of personal feelings and with no ulterior motives, that in itself would speak of his love for the Almighty. It would even gain Heaven for him.

यदृच्छया चोपपन्नं स्वर्गद्वारमपावृतम् ।
सुखिनः क्षत्रियाः पार्थ लभन्ते युद्धमीदृशम् ॥
कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन ।
मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भूर्मा ते सङ्गोऽस्त्वकर्मणि ॥

It is obvious from the divine counsel that if egoism should underlie any achievement, its value is lost. Self-interest detracts the worth of all efforts, however great the success of the enterprise may be. Altruism alone lends value to one's service.

तस्मादसक्तः सततं कार्यं कर्म समाचर ।
असक्तो ह्याचरन् कर्म परमाप्नोति पूरुषः ॥

Perfection of one's work through the full utilisation of one's capacities in the manner outlined by the divine वेदान्तिन् would be the best expression of man's love for his Creator. The sincerity and zeal with which an administrator, artist or author applies himself to his job is an indication to the depth of his love.

Krishna himself cites the great king जनक as a typical कर्मयोगि in the गीता :

कर्मणैव हि संसिद्धिमास्थिता जनकादयः ।

Rama Rajya is an ideal instance of supreme dedication. To Rama, personal pleasure had little import beside the duty of providing good government to his subjects, and he even sacrificed his domestic happiness towards this end. To the poet-philosopher वेदान्तदेशिक, राम appears to be धर्म incarnate :

सर्वावस्थसकृत्प्रपन्नजनता संरक्षणैकव्रती
धर्मो विग्रहवानधर्मविरतिं धन्वी स तन्वी नः ।

Indeed राम subscribes to the dictum :

एते सत्पुरुषाः परार्थघटकाः स्वार्थान् परित्यज्य ये ।

Speaking of love between human-beings perhaps the strongest and most sublime is maternal love. The scrupulous care with which she nurtures her child and satisfies his varied needs, denying herself umpteen things, is testimony enough to a mother's limitless love. Should her son's life be in peril, she would be prepared like शकुन्तला's mother in the नागानन्द risk her own. Life to her is meaningless without her son.

जीमूतवाहन's observation about शकुन्तला's mother actually applies to all mothers.

प्रियते प्रियमाणे या त्वयि जीवति जीवति ।

Rama and Sita represent all that is best and noble in conjugal love. All the luxuries of palace-life could not give Sita the happiness she felt in attending to her husband's needs,

नायोध्या तं विनाऽयोध्या साऽयोध्या यत्र राघवः ।

As Hanuman observes, their love was wholesome, unfathomable and peerless.

अस्या देव्या मनस्तस्मिन् तस्य चास्यां प्रतिष्ठितम् ।
तेनयं स च धर्मात्मा मुहूर्तमपि जीवति ॥

Sanskrit poets while extolling the selfless have the most hearty contempt for the egoist. Derisively dismissed as नीच, he is no better than a common crow !

यस्मिन् जीवति जीवन्ति बहवः स तु जीवतु ।
काकोऽपि किं न कुरुते चञ्चा स्वोदरपूरणम् ॥

Thus, he alone lives who lives for others :

आत्मार्थं जीवलोकेऽस्मिन् को न जीवति मानवः ।
परं परोपकारार्थं यो जीवति स जीवति ॥

Art is the expression of the beautiful, be it the beauty of nature or of man. A picture of words conveys a poet's love for beauty, even as a picture of figures captures an avid attraction to the charming.

Whether it is an ecstatic description of the classic elegance of Parvati, Shakuntala or Indumati, or a rapturous account of the majestic mountain with its rapids and rivers, the boundless ocean, or the flora and fauna of the forest Kalidasa's poetry spells out his utter capitulation to beauty in every form. In fact his मेघसन्देश is wholly a description of the beauties of nature interwoven with that beautiful रस = शृङ्गार.

Nature being the manifestation of God's love,

रविचन्द्रौ घना वृक्षा नदी गावश्च सज्जनाः ।
एते परोपकाराय युगे देवेन निर्मिताः ॥

Sanskrit poets have expressed their gratitude to the विश्वसृक् by glorifying and deifying Nature. Pantheism, thus invariably creeps into Sanskrit poetry.....

The tree and cloud particularly have for long symbolised generosity.

धत्ते भरं कुसुमपत्रफलावलीनां
धर्मव्यथां वहति शीतभवां रुजं च ।
यो देहमर्पयति चान्यसुखस्य हेतोः
तस्मै वदान्यगुरवे तरवे नमोऽस्तु ॥

भवन्ति नम्रास्तरवः फलोद्गमैर्नवान्बुभिर्भूरिविलम्बिनो घनाः ।
अनुद्धताः सत्पुरुषाः समृद्धिभिः स्वभाव एवैष परोपकारिणाम् ॥

“It's love”. declared a poet, “it's love that makes the world go round”. Chaucer too agrees with this view

For ever it was, and ever it shall befall
That love is he that alle thing may bind.

Love is an emotion, a powerful emotion, that eludes precise definition. It is felt rather than described. Words can never adequately measure one's love. Work encases it more fully. Work is thus the best expression of one's love, the embodiment of man's most sublime sentiment.

M. R. INDUMATHI
III B.A. History

De Passage A l'île Maurice

Often overlooked on the map, the island has a glorious past, an encouraging present, and a hopeful future.

“La perle et la clé de la mer des Indes”. C’est ainsi qu’on salue notre petite île. Les Portugais furent les premiers Européens à découvrir cette île mesurant 720 milles carré à l’est de la côte de l’Afrique du Sud. Mais ce ne fut qu’en 1638 qu’elle fut colonisée par les Hollandais qui l’abandonnèrent en 1710. Quelques années plus tard, les Français entreprirent un réel effort de colonisation de l’île de France : nom renoué de Maurice. Ils y encouragèrent des occupations agricoles, avec la main d’oeuvre des Noirs. Vu la position avantageuse de l’île, les Anglais, entretemps, firent plusieurs tentatives pour en prendre possession. Ce ne fut qu’en 1810, après une guerre navale au sud de l’île que celle-ci devint une colonie britannique. La nouvelle administration de Maurice put se consacrer aux problèmes du développement. Routes et ponts furent tracés et les affaires prospérèrent. La culture de la canne-la seule plante qui peut faire face aux cyclones qui frappent l’île assez souvent, mais sans beaucoup de dommage - prit un essor fantastique d’où le règne sucrier qui fait vivre la population de nos jours. Bientôt les planteurs songèrent à recruter en Inde les bras nécessaires. Ce fut en 1835 que les premiers Indiens ainsi engagés débarquèrent. Très vite l’immigration devint un régime établi, indispensable à la vie industrielle du pays. Il en résulta une conglomération composée d’une large plèbe africaine et métisse, une minorité de patriciens Européens, de détaillants chinois. La population cosmopolitaine, comptant 800,000 habitants, travaillant pour le bien-être du pays, est responsable pour l’indépendance de l’île recue il y a deux ans.

Aujourd’hui la diversité des vêtements ne surprend personne à Maurice. Dans les rues grouillantes du quartier chinois, parmi les pagodes et les boutiques, on peut admirer tous les jours le spectacle pittoresque des Chinoises en costume national, des Indiennes en silets, et des Musulmans fidèles à leur bonnet. Et pas plus que la variété des costumes, la diversité des langues ne paraît nuire à l’unité des habitants. Un Mauricien d’origine indienne parlera le français et l’anglais aussi bien que d’autres, mais sans négliger pour cela la langue de ses ancêtres.

La base de l’économie mauricienne restera la canne à sucre qui couvre toutes les vallées et les plaines, faisant de l’île une terre d’émeraude. Les touristes y sont attirés par la diversité des cuisines, les jolies plages blanches, offrant tous les plaisirs nautiques, et un agréable climat tropical. Le charme de l’île ne réside pas seulement dans ces paysages des côtes, cependant, mais aussi dans les régions de l’intérieur, animées par les nombreux cours d’eau aux chutes bruisantes, et par les grands lacs cernés de montagnes.

Ilot, perdu dans le sud de l'océan indien, fréquenté à une époque par les anciens navigateurs de l'Asie, puis soumis tour à tour aux Portugais, aux Hollandais, aux Français et enfin aux Anglais, L'île Maurice est fière cependant d'une page de son histoire : dans ces temps modernes, elle a su créer un état de véritable co-existence pacifique entre gens de races, de langues et de religions bien différentes. L'exemple donné à cet égard par quelques centaines de milliers d'hommes dans cette petite île ne devrait pas être sans signification à ceux qui peuplent par centaines de millions les vastes continents.

V. SAROJINI
III B.Sc. Mathematics

P. SELVAM
II M.A. Social Work

L'homme d'à côté

A story filled with pathos is the out-come of the pen of a French scholar in the making.

Je veux vous raconter quelque chose qui arriva pendant mon enfance. J'avais douze ans, je crois (je ne m'en souviens pas exactement) Tous les ans je passe mes vacances chez mon grand-père. Cette année-là aussi, j'y allai. Il y avait, (il y a encore) une maison voisine qui était toujours fermée. Avec la curiosité de l'enfance, je voulais y. pénétrer Je pensais qu'il n'y avait personne dans cette maison ; J'attendais donc une occasion pour y entrer.

Or, dans le jardin autour de cette maison, il y avait un arbre que l'on voit très souvent en Inde. Cet arbre avait des fleurs rouges que j'aimais beaucoup. Il y avait aussi une porte à claire-voie entre les deux maisons.

Un jour, je jouais dans mon jardin, quand j'entendis un bruit venant de la maison voisine. Il y avait, quelqu'un qui riait fort. Je m'étonnai parce que j'avais cru que cette maison n'était pas occupée. Un peu curieuse, j'entrai par la petite porte à claire-voie dans la maison, Personne ! Je criai : " Qui est là ? " Silence ! Je m'avancai dans le salon, puis dans la salle à manger, enfin, dans la cuisine. Personne.

Soudain, j'entendis un soupir derrière moi. J'avais peur. Je me retournai tout de suite et je vis sortir des ténèbres un homme grand qui marchait vers moi. Quand il m'approcha, il s'arrêta, et me toucha. J'étais hors d'état de parler et j'attendais en silence.

Enfin, l'homme parla : " Qui es tu ? " Je retrouvai la parole et je lui répondis. Après avoir passé une heure avec lui (je trouvai qu'il était agréable et plein d'histoires amusantes) je rentrai à la maison où il y avait un grand brouhaha : tout le monde me cherchait, moi.

La nuit, quand je racontai tout à mon grandpère, je ne remarquai pas ses larmes. Ce ne fut que deux ans plus tard, que j'appris que cet homme était mon père.

MEERA CHIDAMBARAM
II B.A. Economics

Galadriel

By summer sea, through heat and glare.
She walks ; with her, another one ;
Her shoulder weighed by medicine bag
Containing what the fisher-folk,
Of slums that fester there, might need.

A mother with a sickly child,
A foot-ball star who's stubbed his toe,
A scabied girl, a fevered man,
Come asking her for certain help,
For they know well she truly cares.

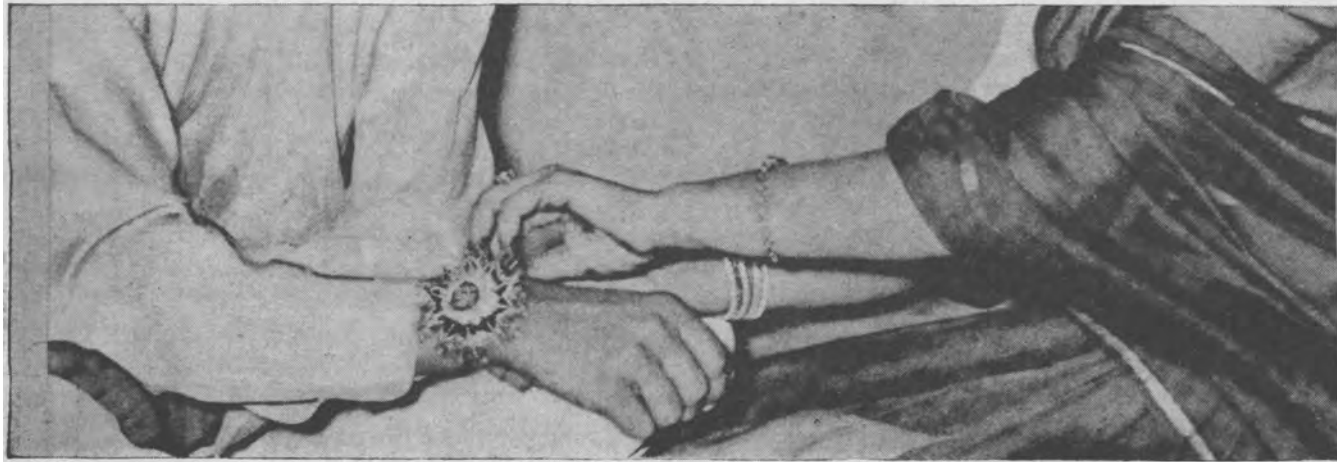
The beauty of her face and form
Are of no import, far surpassed
By inward grace, her love that lights,
A gift of laughter, strength of heart ;
She is a proof of Him in all.

When once we saw a rainbow cloud,
She said, " It makes one want to say
' How do you do it, God ? ' " and smiled,
For such as she perceive the stars,
And hear the music that they sing.

Who cannot see the harmony
Nor find the faith that nurses hope,
In fronting this degenerate day,
Know Truth persists, despite the world,
Yet, somewhere, somehow, and in her.

KARIN KAPADIA
I B.A. Economics

the bonds of love
which bind man to man



are symbols of that love
which bind man to God

With Love From Home And Abroad

A rich and rewarding experience is the love of former students.

Man is made to love. He is called to believe in a love that from moment to moment gives being to the world we live in. Stella Marians try to make this love a reality by making the college another 'home'. Therefore, when letters of old students assure us of their gratitude, loyalty and affection, we are more than rewarded.

'No man is an island' — no man can build his life alone, and no man can sincerely work for a cause unless he works with and for others. This realisation of human interdependence requiring a spirit of selflessness, should accompany us through life. Learning it does not suffice — we must live it, for only active love is real love.

The following extracts from letters of the past year show how our old students carry this message of active love all over India and to many other lands.

Veda Rangam (Srinivasan), B.A.Ecs./64.
London, Engl., 18-7-69.

..... I arrived in London a week ago, after halting in Rome and Frankfurt. We'll be here for many years, since my husband has been posted here on a permanent basis...In this jet age of mini skirts and bell-bottom pants, my long saree (not Mini!) looks rather out of place. Still, I feel proud to be seen in a dress as graceful as the saree... Having been used to cheap labour in India, it's going to be a problem doing the work yourself. It's nice to see my husband being domesticated for a change. You should see him carrying a bag full of clothes to be washed at the laundrette. He who is used to being waited on (both by wife and servants!) is enjoying all this.

1—8—69.

"... I have been lucky enough to get a beautiful house — fully furnished and centrally heated, for £12 a week. It has a lovely garden both in the front and at the back. In the back yard I have an apple tree, plum tree, and pear tree. We are very happily settled now.

"Shopping is fun here. There are ever so many things to buy, and the wide range in the market is something I've never seen before..."

3—9—69.

"..... Here I am on foreign soil and feeling quite happy. The weather is good, I should say, though at times we get a chill breeze which pierces through your spine. The cost of living is high. All Indian grocery items are sold here, including idli and dosai mix. Indian vegetables like brinjals, lady's fingers are expensive — so are bananas..."

Christine Lobo, M.A. Lit./68.
Tiruchi, 24—12—69

“.....Did you attend any Christmas programme this year, Sister? Here in Holy Cross we had a short programme called ‘Bringing in Christmas’, which consisted of Christmas carols and songs connected with Christmas, and a dramatic version of Charles Dickens, ‘A Christmas Carol’. Last Sunday there was a Christmas get-together organised by the Newman Association. Three Christmas messages were delivered—by a Catholic priest, a Protestant lady, and a Hindu gentleman.....

Daphne (Satur) De Rebello M.A. Lit/63.

Daphne had written in June that she was going to the United States on a lecture tour; and then from Utah she writes;

Salt Lake City, U.S.A. 11—8—69.

“.....My plans have changed now. Since coming, I have decided to study for the M. Ed. Degree, leading to Teacher Certification, which is a one-year course. I have been admitted to this University.

“But I have also applied to the U.C.L.A. (Los Angeles), and I am waiting to hear from them. I have given a number of lectures, all of which have been successful, and everyone has commented on the quality of my English! In the examinations taken with the American students, I stood first in several subjects.

“I did not like America initially, but now I think it is a great country. The people are so industrious, and enjoy their hard-earned leisure hours. They take pride in their homes and gardens, which is remarkable when all the work has to be done by themselves.....”

N. Lakshmi, B.A. Lit/69.
Bombay, 7—6—69.



Rajalakshmi

“.....After four years, it is hard to believe that one is from now on only an ex-Stella Marian. I used to take the lecturers and the wonderful companionship I had in Stella for granted; only now I realize what I’ve lost forever.....”

26—12—69.

“.....I have joined ‘Eve’s Weekly’ as a sub-editor. However, I am resigning my job soon to join as a trainee journalist with the ‘Times of India’ Although I am going for a lower job, the prospects are brighter with the ‘Times’.

Besides, the one-year training they give embraces all aspects of journalism. On top of this, they also pay a generous stipend. After the one-year training, I will be appointed either as a sub-editor or as a reporter. Life, of course, is very tough and challenging as a journalist, but it is also very, very interesting. I was chosen from about 500 candidates from India and abroad, who had applied for the job. We had to do three gruelling tests before we were selected—five others have also been chosen for the same post—and all the questions were based on politics and economics! Honestly, I never thought I would get it.....”

Meena (Nayak) Bajpe, M.A. Lit. 64.

A faithful correspondent Meena keeps us well-informed of her whereabouts.

Baroda, 30—5—69

“.....There’s a wonderful park here, housing a number of wild animals. Yes, I must say it’s a lovely zoo. The Giri Lions here are really well kept. So also the Himalayan black bears and brown bears. Rekha loves to visit these animals. She tries to imitate their cries and actions. She is fascinated by the macaws, flamingos, pelicans, and hornbills. She had seen these birds in our calendar, and believe me, Sister, she named them when she saw the live birds”

18—7—69.

“...I found Marion Alvares’ address, and wrote to her informing her that I was here. Her prompt reply was indeed a pleasant surprise. She is the proud and happy mother of a lovely baby, Jude Peter Aranha.

“Marion’s letter also helped me meet an acquaintance of yore. While I was doing my P.U., there was one Marita Vaz in P.U. 4. She is now Mrs. Coelho, the wife of the Municipal Commissioner. They live just 3 furlongs from our house. They have a chubby baby Malini, only 13 months old. She is a wee bit shorter than Rekha, but looks thrice Rekha’s size! Rekha and Malini took to each other as if they had known each other all their short lives!”



Mrs. Chari (Padmini)

Padmini (Mrs. Chari), B.A. Lit. 68

Munich, Germany, 25—7—69.

“..... It seems so strange to me that I should be writing to you from thousands of miles away. There was such a rush during the last few days before my departure, that I just couldn’t find time to come to the college with the baby. I will send a snap of him very soon. Everything is so strange and different over here. We have a cute little

apartment with one room, attached bath, and a small balcony. I think this place could make any one self-reliant. There is no question of out-side help. I have to do everything myself. It is a sudden drastic change from the life in India. But really, it is so thrilling to have a home of your own, and I do enjoy doing my household work. I haven't picked up German yet, but I managed to do some shopping all alone in a department store. The shops look lovely, especially during the night when they are flooded with light. We often go out for long walks, with Vivek in the pram. Lately, we rented a T.V. I think the most thrilling experience was seeing Apollo 11. We could see the U.S. men landing on the surface so clearly...Munich is a lovely city full of beautiful buildings..... I am an object of curiosity here—or rather my saree is. Everyone looks at me as if I were a specimen from some other world. With all the excitement and glamour, I still miss India very much.....”

2—10—69

“.....My son Vivek is really growing up. He has started crawling and grasping anything held out to him. It is certainly an experience watching him grow. Household work and looking after him take most of my time; and sometimes I crave for leisure so that I can relax with a book. I became a member of the British Council a couple of days back, and I was astonished to see so many good books, and records of all the plays of Shakespeare.....”



R. Prema

16—2—70

“.....I gave a dance performance here at the Indian Institute, which was attended by many Germans. They all liked it very much, and their reaction to Indian culture made me very happy. The next day a German girl visited me and asked me to teach her how to wear a saree. We are quite good friends now.....”

Donagh D'Morias, M.A. Lit. 69
Ernakulum, 11—8—69

“.....I like my job at St. Teresa's College so much, that I just long to get back every day. I teach the Pre-Degree classes, prose, poetry, grammar, non-

detailed, composition and drama. Can you imagine me explaining Shakespeare to the Ist B.A. English main? This is my best class, as the girls are very intelligent and good listeners. At the moment I am doing 'Twelfth Night', which is my favourite—after 'Hamlet' of course.....”.

13—12—69

“.....I like the college very much. The English staff are capable and efficient. Most of them are 1st classes, and have experience.....There is a conference of Principals here around the 30th of Dec., so we are staging two scenes from 'A Man for All Seasons'. I am helping Sr. Vice-Principal. The girls are good actresses.

“The new chapel is in its last stages of construction. It's a beautiful one.

“Gwen Gomes, who did B.Sc. in Stella Maris, is getting married on the 17th. Donna D'Cruz and I are bridesmaids. Gwen is marrying Donna's brother, Ashley. Novella and Grace are here too, and will leave for Malaysia on the 19th.....Odilia arrived from Bombay with her two children yesterday. Ancita arrives for the wedding on the 15th. So you see all of us Stella Marians will have a family get together.....”

Rajalakshmi (Mrs. Lakshmi Ratan),
M.A. Lit. 69.

In spite of her busy life as wife of the assistant collector at Pudukottai, Rajalakshmi had written quite a few times during the last few months.

Pudukottai, 10—9—69.

“.....What with settling the house, cooking, and supervising 7 servants and a huge mansion with 16 rooms, and 12 acre grounds, I was not able to stretch myself for a few hours.

“The house is made of red bricks, which are shown out clearly with white piping. The arches that decorate the verandah, which runs around the house, have a cornice stone of cement. Really it looks lovely!.....”

A few months later Rajalakshmi writes again :

“.....I must tell you about my first glorious speech at a co-operative society function for ladies. I spoke for nearly 10 minutes. It was a gathering mainly of college students and staff. On the dais with me were four women and four men. One of them is a pandit in Tamil and in public speaking. I spoke on the role of women in co-operation extempore, just imagine! I can't believe it myself.....”

4—3—70.

“... ..I am so glad that the play was a grand success. Stella Maris should never be capable of anything less than the best. It should always mean efficiency, sincerity, and excellence in all fields,

“Here we will be holding Sports day in our ladies’ club sometime in April. Throw-ball is the highlight of the day. You can imagine all of us ladies (some mothers and grandmothers too!) seriously engaged in this lady like pursuit! I am in charge of the whole thing. Shuttle-cock, tenniquoit, and caroms are the other team games that will be played throughout this month. I will have to umpire the whole lot of them. I have joined in only for caroms, besides throw-ball, where I am captaining one side...”

Brinda (Mrs. Murti), M.A. Ecs/68.
Burlington, Ontario, Canada,
16—12—69.

“.....I am getting on well, here, and have joined the McMaster University. I am taking three courses in economics this year. Here the emphasis is all on mathematics and calculus. All economic concepts and theories are explained in terms of derivatives. I am learning calculus now. It is a very useful tool in economics”

Geeta (Mrs. Ramaswami), M.A. Ecs/63.

Who lives next door writes :

Madras, 21—3—69.

“.....I am having a real tough time with my son Srikart..... He stands up catching hold of the sofa, chairs etc., and falls down, losing balance at least 10 times a day. He only waits for an opportunity for the front door to be open, and gets out hurriedly the moment he sees it open! So far he has rolled down the steps



Mr. & Mrs. Ramachandra Bhat (K. S. Malini)

once, and fallen down from the cot twice! You can imagine what a difficult time I am having at home.....”

Barbara Pais (Mrs. Gonsalves) B.A. Hist./62.
London, Engl. 28—9—69.

“.....My husband was sent to London for training, so I came along with him to the U.K. At present we are on a holiday in Scotland, then for a few days we shall be going to Ireland, and then back to London to finish his training.

“We will return to India early in December. On our way back, we will visit Copenhagen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Lourdes, Barcelona, Marseilles, Nice, Geneva, Zurich, Innsbruck, Vienna, Venice, Rome and Athens.....”

24—10—69.

“...We had been to York, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Kirmarnock, Windermere, Lancaster, Dublin, Chester, Stratford, and came back to London on the 13th. We had a three weeks' holiday, and had a wonderful time. The weather was really kind to us wherever we went.....”

V. Saroja, B.Sc. Zoology/68
London, Engl, 20—1—70.

“.....Now coming to my job at D. H. Evans, where I work as a sales clerk. This is a big department store in Oxford Street. I like my work, and the people whom I am working with are all very nice. Once I get the experience I need and know the job well, I can look for a better job.

“We had quite an enjoyable Christmas, here as my brother-in-law and his wife and their one and a half year old daughter came from America to spend Christmas with us. They came on Christmas eve, stayed for 3 weeks, and returned to the States last Saturday. We had a very nice time, especially



Susheela Mary (lecturer in Botany)

with my niece around. We were all seeing her for the first time, and she was ever so friendly with us, and cried when she had to go.

“The weather here has been quite good since last week, and the temperature is quite high, almost 50° F. I hope it continues to remain like this, but according to the weather forecast, we are to have very cold weather soon.....”

Elizabeth (George) Mathew, M.A. Lit/66.
Trivandrum 25—5—69.

“Do you remember Supriya, Sister? A few months ago she was taking her six-months old baby to a temple in Guruvayur for some ceremony, and she visited us at Karthigapally. Vindya is a cute and lovely baby.....”

12—12—69.

“.....I started teaching at All Saints in September. Mary Anne is also on the English staff here. We have great fun talking about our college days in Stella Maris.

“Ethel Sheila is teaching at the Women’s Polytechnic here. She came home last month. Her husband, who is a doctor, will be getting a transfer to Trivandrum very soon.....”

Gaynor Macedo, B.Sc. Maths/67.
Alberta, Canada,
18—12—69.

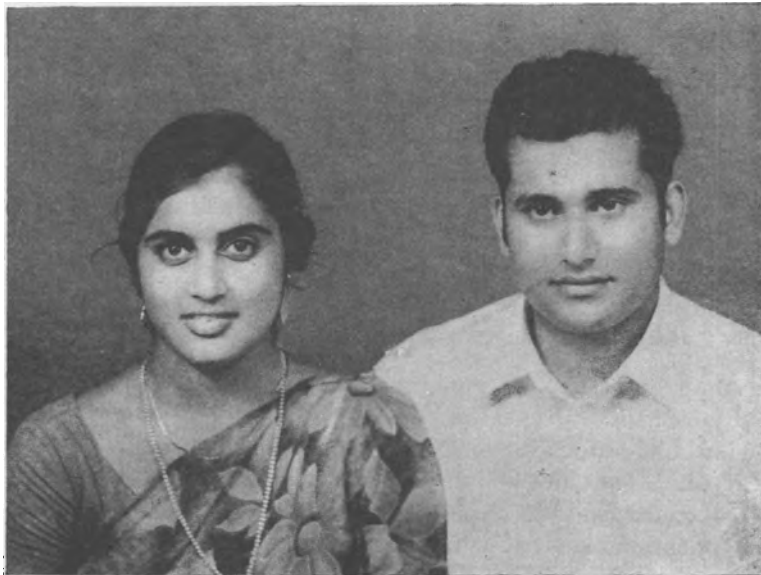
“.....We had our first good snowfall about a week ago, and this time the snow stayed. If aching backs are any proof, you can be sure that we have had a lot of snow. It snowed for just a couple of hours, but we had inches galore..... I know because I had to shovel my walk! That was the only time I regretted living on my own. Only this week has been cold. Before that, everyone was exclaiming at the lack of snow, fog, and cold and now that we have it in full measure, they are complaining over having too much. It has been a lovely winter so far..... plenty of sunshine and warmth, so much so that the ice that had formed on the lakes and sloughs began to melt, and so put an end to all the skating plans and parties.

“Our school year is from September to the end of June ; so when school closed this summer, I joined the University of Alberta to take two courses towards my B.Ed. The U of A, in Edmonton, has outlined five courses for me to take .. including a history of Canada. The two courses I signed up for were Mathematics 374, which is an advanced course in modern maths, and educational foundations (that deals with the philosophy and methods of educators). I must say that I enjoyed both my courses. It makes you wonder how small the world is when you realise that my maths prof. Dr. M. V. Subbarao, received all his post-school education in Madras University. Anyway, I had the time of my life in summer school: I stayed in

residence and so made many new friends, School ended in the middle of August, and when I received my results, I felt like a Cheshire cat.....all grin from ear to ear. I was given a stanine nine in maths and a stanine eight in Ed. Fdn. I don't know who was most pleased with my results, my parents or myself."

"After summer school, Evelyn Pasichnyk and I toured British Columbia. She did all the driving, because I still have not learned how to drive. We went on a camping holiday, and it really was the ideal holiday, because we did what we felt like doing when we felt like doing it. We toured Banff, Jasper, Penticton, and so many other places, ending up at Vancouver. On our way back, we made a detour into the United States in order to visit Montana and the famous Libby Dam. I had so many 'firsts' in the way of experience.....like camping, climbing a mountain 1½ miles high to see the Hoodoos, taking a trip in a snow mobile over the Columbia Glacier. That was really fascinating. It has three tongues, each of them melting to form three different rivers, which empty themselves into three different oceans. It was a geography lesson in itself. And there was the time that we went fishing, hoping that we wouldn't catch a thing. That was funny, because neither Eve nor I had any idea as to how you go about 'unhooking' a fish, or for that matter, how you clean it. That's what comes of living in a society which prepares everything for your convenience! And that is the latest in fish stories! We had a lovely time, and all through our trip, the scenery was to say the least, breathtaking."

"School reopened on September the second, and this year I'm teaching science in the elementary, from Grades II to VI, with typing in the junior and senior high school. This year, St. Jerome's offers two sets of optional subjects to the



Mr. and Mrs. Abraham (Regina Idiculla)

junior high students — something new. The first set of options consists of the maths, science, language, arts, French and Ukrainian group. These courses are meant to be enrichment courses. The second group includes the culture courses — art, music, drama, and typing. All students are required to take at least one subject from each group, besides typing. I teach English and maths to Grade XI. It's a rewarding job, though at times I feel that it's one of the most tiring jobs in the world.

“Canadians are sports-mad. It's also infectious. In order to understand the games they play, I have started learning how to play basketball, how to skate, and have even tried my hand at five pin bowling. My first contact with the ice was with my head, and I am sure that night I saw more stars than the sky ever held. Thank goodness for hard heads. In Vancouver, I went to a national football game. American football is quite different from soccer, and at first glance it looks as though a massacre is taking place on the field. It isn't too bad once you understand the rudiments of the game. But that was the funniest game I ever saw for the quarter back threw the ball to the wrong team so often that the score turned out to be quite ridiculous. Can you imagine one team scoring in the other team's part of the field? One of the players forgot which part of the field he was playing on, and ran in the opposite direction!.....

“I have my own apartment now, and its the nicest thing imaginable! I cook what I like, etc.; but though it's small, its greatest asset is the freedom it allows me. No landladies.....”

Shyamala Ramayya (Mrs. Raman)
M.A. Ecs/67.

Shyamala, who was a lecturer at Stella Maris from 1967-68, and again from June to October 1969 is now in Rhode Island, U.S.A. she writes :

Providence, R.I., U.S.A.
5-3-70

“I have joined Brown University. I have had to encounter two major obstacles -shortage of courses starting this semester, with the result that I have had to opt for only the courses offered this semester. Further, they felt that I had no knowledge of mathematics. I am, therefore, taking courses in calculus. This is basically an under graduate course. The two other courses which I have taken are price theory and economic development. These are also undergraduate courses, but are open to graduate students. Sister, please advise students who intend going abroad to build a strong knowledge of mathematical economics. You will understand that I am working not for the Ph. D. I dreamt of, but for an M.A, degree, which hopefully I will get in one and a half years. Anyway, the goal is there, and I hope to reach it someday.

“I find students here very well informed and industrious. Further, the Professors here are world-renowned like Prof. Borts, editor of the 'American Economic Review', Prof. Sato, and Prof. Beckman, who is known for his contribution to Location Theory. We have seminars every week — imagine meeting

face to face people like T. C. Koopmans, Douglas Fei, etc. I am, in a way, happy for this orientation that I am having — it's never too late to learn.....”

Peggy Brown, M.A. Lit/66.

We have received several glowing letters from Peggy (lecturer in English at Stella Maris from 1968—69), since she entered the novitiate of the Loreto Sisters in Calcutta in May 1969. Peggy received the habit of the congregation on Dec. 23rd 1969, and is now known as Sr. Jeanne Marie.

Merlyn D'sa, M.A, Ecs./67.

Merlyn D'Sa, now known as Sister Merlyn, entered the Institute of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in September, 1967. She has now made her first profession.

* * *

While some return to Stella Maris by 'post', others do so in person. Geetha Zacharias, B.A. History 69 (now Mrs. Joseph), stopped at Stella Maris before 'taking off' for Switzerland. Walza (Pillai) Mathew, B.Sc. Zoology 62, who was also a lecturer here until she married in 66, though miles away from Madras, never misses an opportunity to pay a visit to her dear lecturers and lab. Kanchana Chidambaram, M.A. Lit/69, double gold medalist, is also the recipient of a scholarship to do her Ph.D. at Flinders University, Melbourne. While teaching at S.I.E.T. during the year, she



Mr. and Mrs. Philipose (Leela Kurien)

never failed to visit us. On April 13th, she flew off to Australia, where our prayers and wishes follow her. Maria Viegas, the Vice-president of the college union from 1967-68, who had been teaching in Simla for a while, is now happily married. Vepa, B.Sc. Maths/69, better known as one of the 'Uniques', could not possibly settle down to her household chores in Bombay without a 'peep-in', at Stella Maris, and of course, a 'Hi' to the other members of the 'Quartet'. Rama, B.Sc. Maths/69, is now a free-lance fending for herself working at the Reserve Bank. Vaidehi Rajagopalan, B.A. Ecs./65, is an employee of the State Bank of India. Brinda, B.A. Indian Music/68, and Pushpalatha Kuhillaya, B.A. History/68, are happily married; and like several other Stella Marians, have been attracted towards metropolitan Bombay. Both of them were here to say their respective 'au revoirs'. Shantha Kumari Paul, B.Sc. Zoology/66, is next door at Q.M.C. Shantha finds time to pay us a casual visit, though she has a busy schedule as lecturer in French. Also at Q.M.C., teaching English, is Ratnapappa, M.A. Lit./68. Susan George, M. Sc. Maths/69, is keeping abreast with times, taking courses in sophisticated technology, such as 'computer programming'. Ruth D'Souza, B.A. Lit./66, who was also lecturer in French from 1966-68, found herself 'behind' the desk once again—not with French, but rather literature not at S.M.C., but at Presidency. Her visits prove she is still at heart a 'Stella Marian'. Miriam Sequeira, B.A. History/64 had added a B.L. to her B.A., and subsequently did a secretarial course as well. Perhaps other ventures still beckon her! Nevertheless, she found time to visit us, and has kept us informed of her spirit of enterprise. Annie Thomas, B.Sc. Maths./69. no less enthusiastic, is continuing her studies at the Engineering College at Bangalore. Mary Thomas, B.Sc. Zoology 68, one of the former Vice-presidents of the hostel, is now Mrs. Mathew. Memories of college and hostel life impelled her to visit Stella Maris. She 'lingered' around the campus for quite sometime. So did Regina Idiculla, B.Sc./69, who was the C.S.U. President from 1968-69. Regina is now Mrs. Abraham; and paid us several visits before leaving for the U.S.A.. where she has joined her husband, and is studying for M.Sc. Sarala, M.A. Ecs./68, is happily installed at St. Francis College, Secunderabad. Sarala was so delighted on hearing of her appointment, that no sooner had she received the news, she came to the parlour 'all in smiles'. Other Visitors were P. K. Geetha, M.Sc. Maths/66; and Vimala, M.Sc. Maths/68, at the Mat Science Institute. Evelyn Swamy, also Maths, but of/67, strolled in with her baby.

Several others have visited us, who have not been mentioned here—not because of 'thoughtlessness', but simply because it isn't possible. If *all* letters, *all* visits, and *all* marriage were to be mentioned, this Old Students Section would assume enormous proportions. However, we wish our students, both old and new, to remember that whether they appear 'in print' or not, they share in the life and love of Stella Maris.

University Examination, 1970 - Results

	No. appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of passes
M.A.					
Economics	21	1	20	...	100
English	28	...	25	...	89.2
Indian Music	4	...	3	...	75
History of Fine Arts Part I	4	Passed 4	100
Part II	1	...	1	...	100
Social Work Part I	8	Passed 7	87.5
Part II	11	1	10	...	100
M.Sc.					
Mathematics	20	6	8	...	70
III B.A.					
History	33	...	14	19	100
Social Science	29	...	4	19	79.3
Economics	79	...	11	61	91.1
Indian Music	3	1	1	1	100
Western Music	4	3	1	...	100
Drawing & Painting	6	4	1	1	100
History of Fine Arts	6	1	4	1	100
English	31	...	3	22	80.6
II B.A.					
English	199	...	15	171	93.4
Language	198	51	38	97	93.4
III B.Sc.					
Mathematics	33	32	1	...	100
Chemistry	28	20	4	2	92.7
Zoology	39	4	25	10	100
II B.Sc.					
English	83	...	4	71	97.5
Language	83	18	49	16	100
Ancillary: Mathematics	5	Passed 5	100
Ancillary: Statistics	32	Passed 32	100
Ancillary: Chemistry	32	Passed 32	100
Ancillary: Botany	20	Passed 20	100
Pre-University	616	275	218	49	87.9

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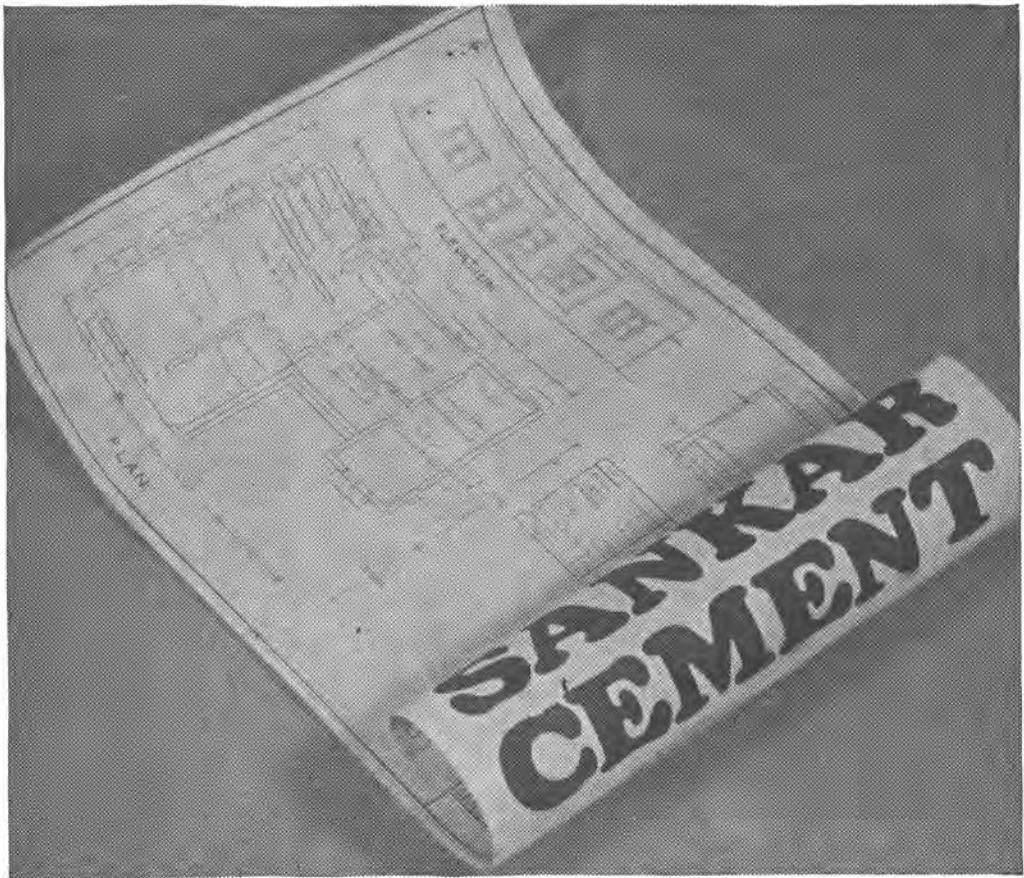
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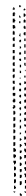


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