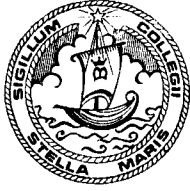


**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**

**1987 - 88**



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**Stella Maris College**

**Longing to Belong . . .  
Sheltering Hope . . .**

**1987**

# Contents . . .

	Page No.
Contents	ii
Editorial Board	iv
Editorial	v
Longing to Belong	vii
Stella Maris College Day Report	1
In search of the Ideal	8
On the Watch	10
Sr. Merlyn D'sa	12
Longing to Belong.....	13
பகட்டு சமூகத்தில் நடைபாதைகளின் அழகுரல்	14
Our Hope I	15
Independence Day Celebrations	17
In a corner of my country	18
Union Report	19
A Scar is Born	21
T Right to Live with Dignity	22
Definitions	23
வீடற்றவர்களுக்கு வீடு வாய்ப்பு	24
Belong	24
Face To Face	25
Who's Fooling Whom ?	26
Our Sports Stars	28
?.....?	33
Grahapravesh	35
The Marian Year	36
Change and Continuity	37
Hope in Every Heart	38
Through the Looking-Glass	39
NCC Report 1986-87	40
History of Shelter through the Ages	42

Beneficial Animal Homes	...	44
புதிரான புதுவாழ்வு	...	46
காணி நிலம் வேண்டும்	...	47
My Personal Socrates	...	49
Life-Line	...	50
LTSers Go for a Camp - 1987	...	51
வேதம் புதுமை செய்	...	52
A Lesson in what ?	...	55
Beyond the Wall	...	56
R. D. Camp	...	56b
Rural Migration	...	57
Neighbours	...	58
From Obscurity to Brilliance	...	59
பாரதி ! உனக்கு நிகர் நீ ; நீயே தான்	...	61
All Creatures Great and Small	...	61
Man or Animal	...	63
Our Town	...	65
Pshaw I	...	67
Abnormal Animations	...	68
Art	...	68
Hostel Report	...	69
News from our Alumni	...	70
HINDI	...	76
Just how human are they ?	...	82
Changing Times	...	82
Will the wild ever return ?	...	83
மழையே நீ வாராயோ ?	...	86
Natures astonishing architect	...	88
Another Dimension	...	89
The Stella Marian as Traveller	...	91
Back to where I belong	...	92
A Trip to Paradise - "The Andamans"	...	94
A Visit to the U.K.	...	97
A Visit to the land of Birches	...	99
A University Education	...	100
Should you aspire to be an outstanding Chemist	...	101
In Memoriam	...	102
Kudos to our Veteran Workers	...	103

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<b>Mrs. Revathy Jesudoss</b>	<b>Zoology Dept.</b>
<b>Miss. Padma Reddeppa</b>	<b>English Dept.</b>
<b>Mrs. Arpuda Rani Sengupta</b>	<b>Fine Arts Dept.</b>

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<b>Vinitha</b>	<b>II B.Sc. Chemistry</b>
<b>Anuradha Oza</b>	<b>III B.A. Sociology</b>
<b>Anita Cherian</b>	<b>III B.A. Literature</b>
<b>Archana</b>	<b>III B.A. Literature</b>

# E D I T O R I A L

## COME INTO THE SHADOW OF THE RED ROCK

What shadow can there be in the red rock ?  
What shelter can one expect in this our world ?  
What warmth can nearness create ?  
What assurance can the future give us ?

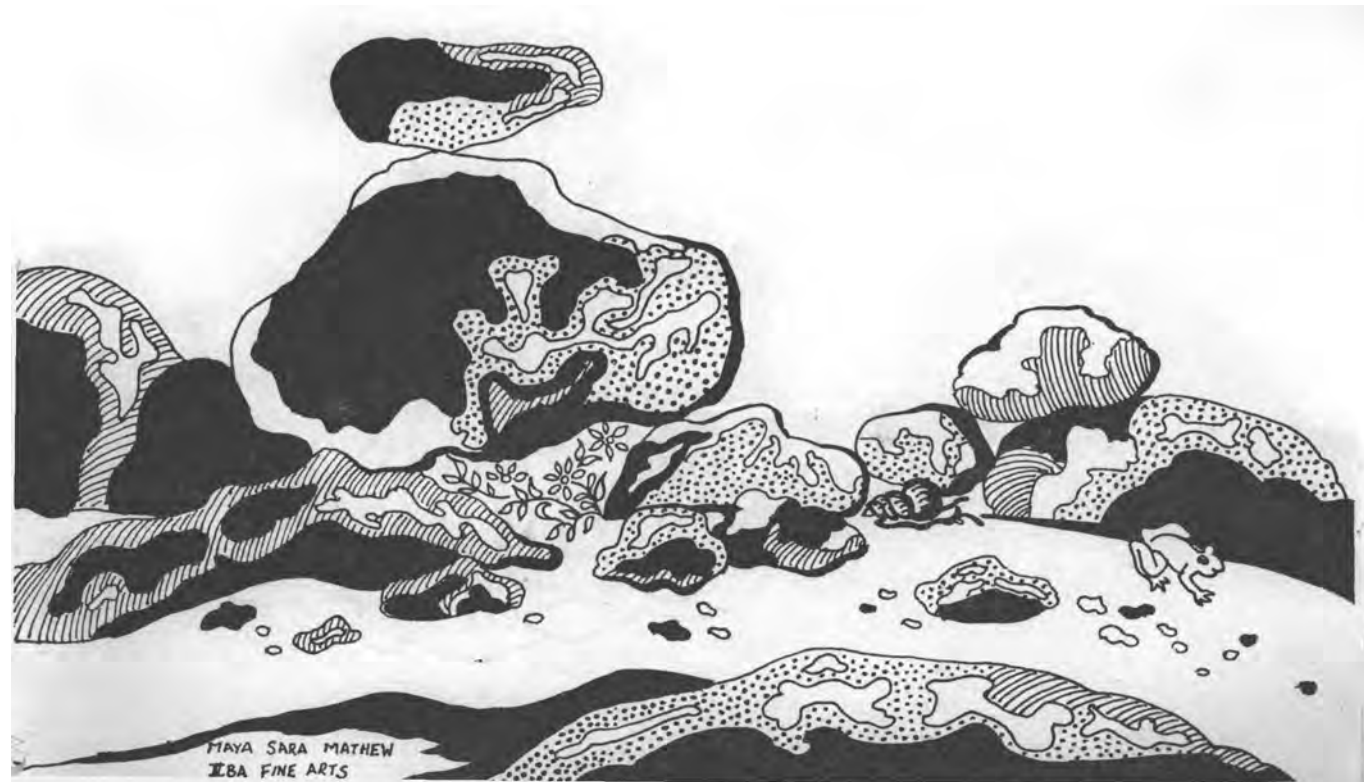
The questions go on and on.

In this International Year of Shelter, we take a look at  
Earth-our Home ; Environment-our Joy ; Home-our Security.

Every individual has a compulsive need to be rooted 'somewhere,  
somehow.' **LONGING TO BELONG** is a universal cry.  
It is not just an adolescent torment, yet it characterizes every  
moment of living.

When we respond to this need in one another, the divine spark being  
kindled, we build an enviable shelter that would withstand all  
desolation, disillusionment and depression.

*LORD, PROTECT US UNDER THE SHELTER OF YOUR WINGS*







## **LONGING TO BELONG . . .**

You are the way, the supporter  
My Lord and my witness  
A Home away from home  
My sure Refuge, O friend of the friendless

\* \* \*

He dwells in the home of the lowly  
Who are debarred from sacrifice,  
At His approach  
we retreat to our homes readily  
with cries of delight and repose  
Like birds seeking their resting places.

Thou hast come, O God,  
to your own desired Abode.  
Thou art my hiding place  
Thou - my rock of refuge  
wherein my hope rays  
out abroad, oblivious of times' passage.

Dwell in this home; united, stay.  
Enjoy the full duration of your days.  
With sons and grandsons, full of play,  
Rejoice in content and space,  
Watching over this house  
Sole mistress of the Home.

## **. . . SHELTERING HOPE**



## **STELLA MARIS COLLEGE DAY REPORT**

**21 February 1987**

**Respected Guest of Honour, the Honourable Justice Padmini Jesudurai, Reverend Sister Mary Lily, Provincial and President of our Governing Body, Members of the Governing Body, Respected Academicians, Principals of the City Colleges, Colleagues, Dear Parents, Benefactors, Faculty Members and Students.**

On this thirty-ninth College Day, it devolves on me to present the Annual Report of activities, which though not comprehensive, reflects the growth of the College as it completes forty years of its history. I must acknowledge that the achievements of this year have been planned by Sr. Helen Vincent, who left early in September for a renewal. Presently in Texas, she follows closely the life and activities of Stella Maris. The Government of Tamil Nadu has rightly acknowledged her services in the field of higher education by awarding her with the Best Teacher Award for 1981-'82. We offer her our congratulations for this meritorious

recognition. With a deep attitude of service to my Alma Mater, confidence and trust in the Almighty, I present an account of my stewardship during this academic year 1986-'87.

At the outset, I would like to place on record, our deep regret at the passing away of R. Antony, one of our very faithful sweepers, who worked for nearly 20 years, until the very eve of his passing into eternity. His life of silent suffering and dedication is worthy of emulation. May his soul rest in peace !

In an age fast moving into the 21st century, with the rapid strides in science and technology, in the wake of the New Educational Policy, certain vital challenges are posed to institutions of higher learning. We identify three major challenges :

- an active concern for sound knowledge, teaching and research into the Truth;
- the challenge to produce "wholistic individuals", capable of facing life with faith and courage;
- the challenge to social relevance, social justice and social commitment.

Stella Maris seeks to face these challenges by promoting an atmosphere conducive to growth. Despite changing trends in the educational arena, thanks to the dedication and integrity of our Faculty, we have been consistently building the ethos of the College, to foster this search for knowledge in freedom and truth.

We owe a debt of gratitude to three of our Senior Faculty who have contributed much to build this ethos and who will be retiring at the end of this academic year. Mrs. Chandra Parthasarathy, Professor and Head of the Department of Tamil, after 37 years of dedicated service. Her students past and present bear ample testimony to the rich fund of knowledge and experience she has shared with them. Mrs. Dolly Chacko, of the Department of English, after 32 years of unstinting service, requested for voluntary retirement. Miss Kamalashri, Assistant Professor of Tamil, after 26 years of service, whose creativity in prose and verse, has enchanted us. Our Christmas Celebrations this year, were enhanced by her poetic rendering of the Christmas narrative, put to music and choreographed by our students. Mr. Aruldas, watchman, retired after 20 years of silent service, inspite of his failing health. To each one, I can sincerely say, you have shared a large part of your life with Stella Maris, which will live on, in the years to come.

Desirous to keep abreast of the pursuit of knowledge, our Faculty have constantly tried to update their knowledge and improve their skills. Sr. Mary John, obtained her doctorate this year and has assumed a new responsibility as Dean of Students. Mrs. Mridula Jose, Mrs. Padma Malini and Mrs. Savithri

Sankaran secured their M. Phil. Fourteen of the Faculty from various departments have completed the Sequential M.Phil programme and are awaiting their results. It has been a herculean task to be student and teacher at once, but their effort and perseverance are indeed commendable. Congratulations to each one!

Recognizing their competence, our Faculty have been invited to serve on Boards of Studies of Universities, or as resource persons to other institutions. Their initiative and creativity enriches the content of the educational process. Sr. Colleen and Miss Prabha Nair participated in the Asian Conference on Women's Studies, convened by the United Board for Christian Higher Education at Bangkok. Miss Thangamani and Sr. Leony were invited to attend the Bicentennial Symposium of the Indian Institute of Astronomy. The list would be lengthy, but time does not permit us to enumerate all. Efforts are also being made to initiate the new entrants into the teaching profession. A session on Teaching Methods and Professional Ethics was conducted by Dr. (Miss) Vedanayagam, Professor and Head of the Department of Education, University of Madras, which proved an excellent forum for inter-disciplinary interaction.

Stella Maris was selected by the Department of Science and Technology from among 17 Colleges in India to host the National Seminar on Futurology: Towards the 21st Century. Ably coordinated by Dr. Sr. Annamma Philip, our Vice-Principal, the Seminar stimulated a new awakening towards certain vital decisions—will science determine man's choices in the future, or will man determine his own choices in freedom, with science at the service of humanity? Where is science leading us? Some of these vital issues were discussed by experts in various disciplines. Significant in the Seminar was the involvement of the students. A splendid exhibition on the Future of Indian Tourism by the History students and Art in the 21st century by the Fine Arts students was well appreciated by the Public. Some of the exhibits are currently on display at the Trade Fair. The Visuals of the English and Sociology departments transported us into the 21st century. The survey on the 21st century citizen of India projected trends already evident in our younger generation. The new building, St. Francis Hall inaugurated by His Excellency the Governor of Tamil Nadu proved an excellent venue for the exhibitions. The Fine Arts Department has moved from its antique manor to the new building.

Marching into the 21st century, the College has taken the bold step of sending in its proposals for autonomy and is seriously preparing to make this education more challenging and relevant. The Computer Centre is one step in this direction. A new option is now being offered to the B.Sc. Maths—Numerical Analysis and Computer Programming. Basic and Cobol are also being offered to the Staff and students. The Administrative work has also been facilitated with the computerisation of the Payroll, student registers and time-table. We hope to procure more terminals so as to enable more students to register for these courses.

The Post-Graduate Course in Clinical Laboratory Techniques inaugurated in September, has opened up new opportunities for young women to become self-reliant and give them confidence in life.

However, mere confidence will not suffice. The challenge for us today is to produce "wholistic individuals", capable of building up a nation of integrity. Conscious of this goal, the Students' Union chose a very forward-looking motto: "We create out tomorrows by what we do today". It has been a constant effort at Stella Maris to integrate this vision into our educational process through its varied programmes. One of the highlights of the year was the Tamil Nadu Week—a whole gamut of activities ranging from an exhibition on the different facets of Tamil Nadu, a shadow play on the important personalities, Pattimnamram, Know your City Quiz, an Inter-Collegiate Seminar on Tamil Nadu's position in the mainstream of India, a demonstration of arts and crafts and the famous textile show, depicting the various textile traditions of the State—a visual display of colour, art, dance and music to form a picturesque scenario. A wonderful learning experience which took the students back to their roots in culture to marvel at the wonder that is ours. The Spic-Macay Chapter kept this appreciation alive by inviting eminent artistes Ms. Gangubai Hangal and Mrs. Parveen Sultana, whose voices resounded through the whole campus.

In a nation looking for integration and longing for peace, the International Year of Peace found our students taking an active part in the First Earth Run, carrying the torch of our desire and efforts for peace through the city and communicating the message of peace through the cultural programme organised for the occasion. A special mention must be made of the youngest department of the College—the B.Com. students who actively participated. The Peace Programme sponsored by the Institute of Social Affairs also evoked a good response, eliciting an active concern from our youth for peace.

The Inter-year Competitions "Novemburst" were conducted with the usual enthusiasm, with highlights on vegetable carving and junk art, but more interesting were the days of celebration, which brought wholeness and greater integration to the student community. For the first time, Stella Maris celebrated P.T.C. Day, to express their deep gratitude to the drivers, conductors and officials who make their commuting to and from College so pleasurable that they feel really 'Special'. The children of Shanthi Bhavan made Children's Day very meaningful; their innocence, simplicity and talents touched all hearts. The celebration of Human Rights Day, World Food Day and Literacy Day enhanced the awareness and involvement of the students in the social issues affecting our world. "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" by Jean Giraudoux, staged at Museum Theatre, while providing students with an opportunity to discover their talents for theatre, emphasized the disparity in society and woman's role. Though sparsely attended, the message of the play was well-received.

Stella Maris attempts to make her students aware of the social reality and desires to form a force of women committed to the transformation of society. This

vision has been integrated into our educational process, through a more democratic stance in our admission policy to give preference to the needy, and awaken ourselves to a greater responsibility for the welfare of the community. Stella Maris is changing its face, but it has not yet shed its elitist stigma. The radical change in admission policy has made us more open and alive to the palpable reality around us. Though we have to some extent succeeded in banishing the elitist outlook, we still have a long way to go to motivate our students towards true learning which is not merely examination-oriented. A general complacency towards self-learning affects the teaching-learning process. Nonetheless, Stella Maris was awarded the Trophy by the Mylapore Fine Arts Academy for the highest percentage of passes in the B.A. Degree Examination held in April 1985.

We are proud that our Faculty insist on maintaining high standards of teaching and have drawn the best out of motivated students. In the University Examination of April 1986, a large number of students secured ranks. Both the Economics and English Departments secured the first rank in the Post-graduate examination, Mathematics secured the third rank. Sujatha V. secured the first rank in M.A. Economics, Rathi Raman in M.A. English Literature, Jyotsna Saxena first rank in B.A. History, Aruna G. first rank in Sociology, Prabha in Fine Arts, Sudha S. in English Literature, Hu Ngai Hsi in Botany and Thankamani Marar in Zoology. Sociology and English secured all the first eight and tenth ranks, History first, third, fifth, seventh and tenth, Economics third, sixth and tenth, Fine Arts first six ranks, Physics fifth, sixth and seventh, Chemistry tenth rank, Botany first, second, third, seventh and tenth, Zoology first, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth ranks. There might have been many more rank holders; but the constraints of the examination system do not reflect the true calibre of our students.

Moving from Academics to Sports, the Stella Maris teams were declared winners in 6 and runners-up in 2 out of the 10 major games held at the inter-collegiate level, thus securing the Group Championship for major games. At the Inter-divisional level, our teams were the winners in 4 and runners-up in 2 of the major games. Twenty-two players have represented University teams in various events and 14 have represented the State in Basket-ball, Tennis, Table-Tennis, Shuttle Badminton, Cricket, Hockey, Hand-Ball and Swimming. In the Inter-divisional Athletic meet held at Cuddalore, Mae Pinto (III Hist.) created a new meet record in 200 metres. Special mention must also be made of G. Shakila (I M.Sc Maths), the first and only player to score a double century in the Inter-divisional Tournament of the Madras University. Our students have created several records in the Open Tournaments and Sports which will be witnessed at the Prize distribution. And all this can be ascribed to the unflinching courage and tireless energy of Mrs. Mangaladurai, through whose devotion and enthusiasm Stella Maris continues to excel.

Our NCC Unit has more entrants each year. Three of the cadets were selected for the Republic Day Parade, where Usha V. won the Best Turn out Award. Suzanne Pereira has just returned from Canada after the Youth Exchange Pro-

gramme. Flt. Corporal Jayashree has taken her solo in gliding and is now doing power-flying in Pushpak successfully. She has acquired her student's pilot licence and her radio telephone licence. Lt. Gita Samuel effectively ensures the participation of all the 110 cadets in the various activities.

The NCC and NSS units this year jointly organised an innovative and experimental programme for Independence Day. The harsh reality of true independence and personal freedom was captured through an action programme depicting numerous problems and issues in the country, stirring the audience from their complacency into action for justice. The Mass Literacy Programme involving 115 NSS volunteers is an attempt to raise the literacy of women on an Each-one-Teach-one principle, well-monitored by Mrs. Sundari. The NSS volunteers also took part in a rally "Citizens for Clean waterways" to awaken awareness among the public about the need for collective action to avoid pollution. An enthusiastic response is evident in all the 420 NSS volunteers engaged in 23 diverse projects, under the committed leadership of Miss Prabha Nair, whose untiring zeal is unparalleled.

Several projects vitalize the curriculum and enhance social commitment. The Value Education programme sponsored by the United Board for Christian Higher Education helps students reflect and form convictions based on sound moral principles. The Non-formal education project has also achieved remarkable results in 5 villages in St. Thomas Mount Block taking education to the illiterate. 164 House Parents have been trained under the Government of India House Parents Training Scheme; the 10th batch is currently in progress.

Eight Social work students spent their Christmas holidays at Anand Van in Maharashtra to experience the pioneering work of Baba Amte among leprosy patients and the community development work at Somnath. This visit had such a powerful impact that they are now planning to get involved in such projects on a voluntary basis in Tamil Nadu.

Women and children have been singled out as neglected groups in society. To bring to light the anomalies in the Child Labour Act, the Social Work Department brought together many eminent personalities to discuss the issue. The Seminar received wide media coverage, which we hope will lead to positive action. The English Department opened new avenues for Indian women in their Seminar "Women on Women", calling forth Indian women to express themselves with courage and confidence and realise their inherent potential.

Creativity and initiative are not lacking but attitudes tend to assign to women a passive role, often leading to feelings of diffidence, inadequacy and even frustration. Recognizing this vital need for our young women on campus, the counselling services team initiated a programme for peer-group counselling which evinced much enthusiasm that confirmed a felt-need.

Another specific area of concern has been faith formation of our students. Faced with a highly competitive society, veering towards materialism, lured by prestige and money, our youth are groping for solution beyond the scope of science. A deepening of faith in the Transcendent, the need for silent prayer and reflection are afforded especially for our Catholic students through retreats and other activities. I wish to thank all those who have collaborated with us in sharing their faith experience with our Staff and students.

Facilitating this bee-hive of campus activity, are the administrative Staff and workers, whose quiet, unrecognised toil behind the scenes produce rich dividends and contribute to making our educational efforts worthwhile. Our sincere appreciation is for their dedication to the arduous and routine tasks of College life.

I would also like to acknowledge our gratitude to our innumerable friends and benefactors who have encouraged and supported our efforts in education, the Spic-Macay Secretaries, the M.E.S., the Postal Department, the Police, the A.I.R., Doordarshan Kendra, P.T.C., the Corporation and numerous agencies with whom we are associated. Each one has been ever so gracious in rendering their services. Our sincere thanks and assurance of our prayers to them.

We cannot forget the large measure of support we receive from the University authorities, the Education Department, the U.G.C., Principals of the City Colleges, the Association of Private College Managements, the Xavier Board, All India Association of Christian Higher Education, the United Board for Christian Higher Education and other agencies, who have funded our student welfare programmes and scholarships. May God bless your generosity and sustain your efforts for this good cause.

I would like to conclude on a note of hope and optimism for this 40 year old vessel, Stella Maris, sailing into new horizons, eager to break new territory in women's education. We rely heavily on public support for the material resources vital for the numerous projects of this large institution that will soon attain a strength of nearly 2000 next year. Our financial position has made us postpone the prospect of autonomy for several years, as the grants from the government have not been forthcoming. Yet with faith in God's Providence, we forge ahead towards the goal, to form women strong in character and conviction to build a nation of integrity. We believe that the Star of the Sea will continue to guide and direct our efforts and make them fruitful in service, and we know that we can count on you too. Thank You.







## IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL

*Our tainted nature's solitary boast...*

—G. M. Hopkins

Prophetic words, indeed, are these if applied to the Indian society which is painfully guilty of criticising its women. The Indian woman is harassed, discriminated against and even subjected to atrocious crimes such as kidnaping, raping, dowry-deaths, murders and sathi. She cannot and will not retaliate with violence—nor can she turn to other diversions to drown her sorrow. Some, of course, in their helplessness turn to drugs or soporofics

for solace and eventually contemplate and even commit suicide. These, however, are not positive, constructive ways of overcoming their unenviable state. In such a society we search for the ideal woman who will withstand the victimization and still can survive with hope in her heart.

As we look for this image, our mind alights upon the ever blessed Virgin Mary. Why? Mary belonged to the Israelite society. This society considered a woman 'blessed' by God when she becomes a mother. Mary was thus favoured by God. The following quote from St. Luke points to the pre-eminent blessing of women in Israel:

You are the most blessed of all  
Women, and blessed is the child  
You will bear. (Lk. 1 : 42.)

The unique feature of Mary's motherhood is that it came from the Spirit of God. The infancy narrative according to St. Mathew makes this very clear:

This was how the birth of Jesus  
Christ took place.....She (Mary) found out  
that she was going to have a baby by the  
Holy Spirit... Joseph do not be afraid  
to take Mary to be your wife. For it is  
by the Holy Spirit that she has conceived. Mat: 1 : 18-20

Mary's response to the promptings of the Holy Spirit wins her a place of honour in the Church. During the public life of Jesus, Mary remains seemingly passive:

(eg. Scene at Cana Jn. 2 : 1-11)  
When Mary tells the wedding  
party, do what He tells you:

but fully open to the Spirit at work in her Divine Son Jesus. It is in this manner that she is involved in the Redemptive work of the Saviour. Her supportive presence with Jesus from Bethlehem to Calvary reinforces the active part she played in the mystery of Redemption. Commenting on this, the Catholic theologians emphasize that in Mary there is a twice-blessed motherhood—one virginal filled with joy accomplished with Christ's birth and the other with Christ's death on the cross accomplished in the manner of the suffering servant (cf. Is. 52).

What strikes one in the life of Mary is her 'detached' involvement in the great work of Her Son. This was possible because of Her openness to God, Her deep faith that 'with God all things are possible' and Her courage and confidence in Her Spirit-filled Son, Herself also being filled with the Holy Spirit.

If Love is the secret of a happy home, if Love is the pillar of a secure house, Mary—the Mother of Love offers a loving shelter to thousands of homeless and struggling humans in her heart.

Mary, therefore, is not just the pride and glory of Israel. She will remain an inspiring model for women of all ages and all nations in so far as one accepts her ideals of submission in faith and courageous confrontation with reality.

SR. FLAVIA, F.M.M.  
Literature Dept.

## ON THE WATCH



Standing in the corridor, she told me :

- I have come to a very important conclusion. I inclined my head to a listening position.
- You know, we live terribly for physical things. What I mean is: we need more and more satisfaction of the senses.

This is a conclusion that strikes most human beings at some time in their lives.

- Yes, yes. And it passes so quickly, and then what?
- What? You need something more. A great emotional greed is the center of life. Someone suggests a new way to meet the greed and off I go. You know, yesterday, I tried the new stuff that has been brought out, some ice-cream thing, not because I was hungry but because I just wanted the experience.

Being quite familiar with what she was trying to express, I nodded rather seriously. I have often thought that there is just about too much living to be done. Actually, I could do with a couple or even three extra senses to experience with. But after each experience, why this funny kind of emptiness?

- I asked my aunt. You know what she said: In Vedanta, we learn that the perishable body and mind are not the Self; the real Self is pure spirit, undying and immutable.

I weighed this information with great care trying to mould it into an answer. Should I appear as if I understood and so pass lightly on? Or should I ask her what connection it could possibly have with the craving for more?

I looked puzzled.

- I think the craving for more—what is the more?—is the craving for God, if you like. You're going to laugh. I don't care. We need to identify

with something all the time, can't you see that? Only then we are someone. Otherwise we don't know what we are.

- Yes. And you have to be special. Sometimes I think I must be unique, you know sometimes I even hate people when they don't notice me.
- There now. Yourself probably needs more identification.

I would have replied rather sharply then. But some how my mind was diverted onto my Self. I felt rather uncertain. A vague panic seemed to build up. If I did not know who I was, what would happen? Did it really matter so much, anyway?

- And how do I get that?

I hear myself asking her.

\* \* \*

Maitreyi asked Yajnavalkya.

Yajnavalkya spoke to Maitreyi: "Being dear to me, you speak dear words. Come, sit down, I will explain to you and while I explain you should meditate on it".

Yajnavalkya said: "It is not for love of a husband that a husband is loved, but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love of a wife that a wife is loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love for sons that sons are loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it for love of wealth that wealth is loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it for love of the priesthood that the priesthood is loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love of power that power is loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love of the worlds that the worlds are loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love of the Gods that the Gods are loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love of creatures that creatures are loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Nor is it love of all that all is loved but rather for love of the atman.

"Then, O Maitreyi, it is the atman that should be seen, heard, thought about, and deeply pondered. It is only by seeing, hearing, thinking about, and deeply pondering the atman that all this is known".

SUJATHA A.  
HEMAMALINI A.



**SR. MERLYN D'Sa**

**Sr. Merlyn D'Sa, as she herself says, has spent the best of her years in Stella Maris College. At first, as a student of Stella Maris from 1961 to 1967, she later joined the staff of the College in 1978. Very soon, she proved to be a tremendous asset to the College as Vice-Principal from 1979 to 85. When a year later, she was Principal in-charge, she discharged her innumerable responsibilities with a very systematic, disciplined approach. During this period, she geared the College to face the exciting prospect of autonomy. Sr. Merlyn D'Sa was also Superior of Stella Maris from 1982 to 86.**

**We have known her as a warm, supportive, serene presence. We have known her as a woman of strong conviction and challenging leadership—a source of great strength and courage to the College, to Sr. Helen and to the Economics Department.**

**Our heartiest congratulations to Sr. Merlyn D'Sa on her becoming Provincial. She has all our good wishes and prayers while facing the new tasks ahead of her.**

**God Bless You, Sister.**

**Thank you, Sr. Mary Lily, for your untiring service to the Province. We have enjoyed your continuous interest in the progress of the College. We have benefitted from your prayerful support and your frequent visits have enthused the staff and the students.**

**Thank you, Sister.**



## **LONGING TO BELONG . . . . .**

You are the way, the supporter  
My Lord and my witness,  
A Home away from home  
My sure Refuge, O Friend of the friendless.

He dwells in the home of the lowly  
Who are debarred from sacrifice  
At His approach  
We retreat to our homes readily  
With cries of delight and repose  
Like birds seeking their resting places.

Thou hast come, O God,  
to your own desired abode.  
Thou art my hiding place  
Thou—my rock of refuge  
wherein my hope rays  
out abroad, oblivious of Time's passage.

Dwell in this home, united stay  
Enjoy the full duration of your days  
With sons and grandsons, full of play,  
Rejoice in content and space,  
Watching over this house  
Sole Mistress of the Home.

.....SHELTERING HOPE.....

## பகட்டுச் சமூகத்தில் நடை பாதைகளின் அழகுரல்

நடை பாதை மொத்தம்  
இவர்களின் சொத்தாம் !  
யாரடா கூவியது—  
எல்லோரும் இந் நாட்டு  
மன்னர் என்று !

ஓ ! பாரதியா !  
பார் ! அப்பனே ! பார் !  
இவர்களின் நிலைமையை  
இவர்கள் வாழும் கூட்டை !

— பாரதியே நீயும் நானும்  
— நடை பாதையில் செல்கையில்,  
— என்ன ? பார்க்கின்றாய் !  
— ஒரு பிஞ்சு மழலையின்  
— அழகுரல் கேட்கிறது என்றா !  
— ஒன்று என்ன ? ஓர் ஆயிரம்  
— சோக கீதங்கள் உன்  
— செவிகளுக்கு எட்டும்  
— போகாதே — நில !  
இல்லை என்றால் —

நீ ! நாட்டைப் பற்றிக்  
கவி எழுத மாட்டாய்  
இவர்களின் கூட்டைப் பற்றித்தான்  
எழுதுவாய் !

கொடுத்து வைத்தவர்கள் இவர்கள்  
இயற்கை மன்னனின் ஆட்சியில்  
“ மின் கட்டணம் ” கூடக்கட்டுவதில்லை

இவர்கள் குழந்தைகளைப்  
பன்னீர் மழை, குளிப்பாட்ட !  
தென்றல், தலை துவட்ட !  
கருமேகம், மை தீட்ட !  
பவள நிலா ! பாலூட்ட !  
இவர்களின் சோககீதமே தாலாட்டாகி  
இவர்களை உறங்கச்  
செய்து வருகிறது !

ஓ ! பகட்டுச் சமூகமே  
இக் கடலில் மூழ்கி  
முத்தெடுங்கள் !  
இந்த வெட்டப்படாத  
சுரங்கங்களை உங்கள்  
கருணையால் தோண்டுங்கள் !

மாறாக வெறுத்து ஒதுக்கினால்  
இவர்களில்—  
கண்ணகியும் சாவித்திரியும் உண்டு  
என்பதை மறந்து விடாதே !  
ஓ ! கேடுகெட்ட ஏற்றத் தாழ்வை  
உண்டு பண்ணும்— பகட்டுச்  
சமூகமே மறந்து விடாதே !  
அவர்களும்—  
விடியலைக் காணட்டும் !

அ. சொரூபராணி

இளம் அறிவியல்—தாவரவியல், இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு.

## OUR HOPE !

Sir Albert Einstein was once asked which type of weapons would be used in the III World War. He said, "I do not know which type of weapons would be used in the IV World War. They will be using only rocks". What Einstein meant was that after the III World War, the entire human race and civilization would be destroyed and humanity would be back to the stone age.

The world is perpetually on the brink of a nuclear war. If an atomic war is to start tomorrow, it is estimated that within twenty minutes the entire population of the U.S. and Soviet Russia would be totally wiped out. Our only answer to this threat, our only ray of light in this tunnel of darkness, our hope in this gloom is the United Nations.

The United Nations came into existence on 24th October 1945. The Second World War was an eye-opener to many countries. They decided to form an organization to promote peace and security in the world and develop friendship through cultural and trade activities. During the last forty years, the United Nations has done a great deal towards these objectives.



The problem at Suez Canal between Egypt and Israel would have blown up into a World War if the United Nations had not been there. The crisis of Cuba would have resulted in a war if the United Nations had not been there. There are many, many more such instances.

The United Nations has played a decisive role in the process of decolonisation and has brought independence to hundreds of millions of people. Many African countries like Uganda, Nigeria and Kenya are free from colonial rule and enjoy equal rights with the Whites only because of the efforts of the U. N.

The U. N. Development Programme is a major source of economic and technical assistance. It helps developing countries to improve their industries and find a market for their products.

UNICEF has brought life and hope to millions of mothers and children. It distributes medicines like polio vaccine. We are able to save the young from the clutches of dangerous and crippling diseases like polio. All of us remember the Run for Peace organised throughout the world recently. It was another step by UNICEF to save the starving children of Africa.

The U. N. has done a lot to codify international law. Millions of refugees have gained protection and assistance through its agencies.

The achievements of the U. N. are creditable. Secretary Generals like Dag Hammarskjold, and U Thant, have led the organisation to glory. Today many people wonder whether the U. N. is strong or capable at all. It could not accomplish anything during the Vietnam War or when the Soviet troops entered Afghanistan or now when Iraq and Iran are engaged in battle. In the same way, when the Blacks are tortured in South Africa, the UN is a helpless witness.

The UN is not a superpower. Its survival and success depends upon all of us. We should realise that the future of mankind rests on the success of the UN and we have to listen to its decision.

As Rajaji said in his poem :

The good in every man is an atom too of measureless potential

Let us learn to find it and explode it into lasting peace

Here under this uniting roof

Let us do our mite to make this possible, to ensure the success of the UN and the future of mankind.

K. B. SRIDEVI  
II B.A. History

## INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS

The atmosphere on the morning of this year's Independence day celebrations gave one a feeling of déjà vu—the N.S.S. students, in their familiar cream saris, tuning their throats; Seethalakshmi at the microphone, as of yore; the N.C.C. students in camouflage, toting guns; the picture of Nehru.....then Sr. Principal paid her tributes to the picture and the indomitable spirit it immortalised, and another round of Independence Day Celebrations had begun—so similar and yet so different.

There were lusty folk songs and vigorous dances to accompany them—the quaint naga dance easily being the most popular, though the Punjabi dance managed to hold its own too. They brought to mind the richness and diversity that India is rightly proud of. At the same time, lest the celebration degenerate into mere mindless entertainment, there was the message too—a warning against the divisive and disruptive forces which wreak havoc on the lives of simple people. This was depicted most effectively, a “Kummi” being interrupted by rude creatures in black.

Ms. Ulaganayaki's address was direct and eloquent. If, on a twenty fifth birthday, she said, you were to look back on your twenty four years of life, you would not feel like celebrating at all. So what have we got to show for forty years of Independence?

The N.C.C. unit of the College now swung into action, simulating an enemy attack and a speedy reprisal. There was great excitement and running around, smoke screens and 'bullet' shots.

And finally, all the dancers came together to dance to the same tune, Kummi dancers, Naga dancers et al. It was a moving gesture of unity and a fitting end.

JOAN ANTONY  
I M.A. Social Work

## IN A CORNER OF MY COUNTRY

I live  
In a corner of my country  
and my country is long,  
and wide  
and deep.

When we study—  
perhaps learn  
we are taught,  
we memorize, the poverty,  
slums, squalor, sloth.  
We are  
vulnerable.

And you prod, dig, poke—  
take pictures, write captions.  
We lie down at your command  
without camphor or pincers.

Grin or grimace  
you don't like our  
Pop(bang)ulation.  
To you we are  
dumb, dirty,  
people. Here  
thousands of breathing  
feeding, feeling—  
People  
we are  
In a corner of my country.

PRATHIMA WANDIWASH  
I B.A. Literature

## UNION REPORT

Monday, June 12, 1987.

The impossible is often the untried - we can if we think we can.

The first day of the new academic year 1987-88 saw the Union Motto for the year being introduced. The motto combines a belief in one's capability and the actual work one needs to invest in order to achieve. This motto formed the theme of the Union's activities for the year.

The first function of the year was the PTC day celebrated on July 21st. About 88 conductors and drivers of the PTC were honoured on this day. The Union hosted a lunch for the crew of the ladies' specials and Sr. Principal distributed mementoes to the crew. The idea behind this day was, PTC the people to care for because they are the people who care.

Come August 13 and the Union hosted 'Workers Day' in honour of the loyal and devoted workers who serve the college. After the distribution of mementoes and a short entertainment, the union hosted a lunch for the workers. What was really heartening was that girls from different classes and departments volunteered to take over the workers' duties for that day. Common duty is a thread and it was obvious that day that the thread of unity was woven round the college.

September 15th - a very special day for our college. A short ceremony was held to honour and thank all the staff of the college. The union was happy to present a rose to each of our teachers as a symbol of love, gratitude and affection.

Then came the Inter-Years starting with September 21, 'Talent Tally' went on for a whole week. A week of competition and camaraderie, a week where we had events ranging from Kolam to Quawali, Mehendi to Mask making, Soap carving to salads, Talas to tunes, Debates to dancing. This year saw the introduction of a lot of new events. The total number of events came up to twenty six competitions. For weeks before the competitions began the campus was humming with activity even after college hours. Events were planned in secrecy, and the inter-com buzzed with announcements for meetings.

The first day saw the second years making a clear sweep of the Indian Dance Event. The first years scored in plate painting—the plates looked good enough to eat. Tamil poetry: an exercise in creativity—the third years bagged the first place. The Kolam competition was held in the main driveway. The entire drive was covered with beautiful designs; they were literally breath-taking. The second years scored yet again in Kolam. The flower-arrangement event—a combination of art and craft, of mind and hand— First place to the second years.

The second day: The third years won all the major prizes in Tamil Dramatics. The first years swept the Quawali event with their original compositions and authenticity of style. The collage on the theme of 'War and Peace' was won by a third year team. The second years set people's imagination on fire with their cooked contributions for the Table Setting event - they scored in both the Indian and Western categories.

By the third day, the pace had been set. Girls began making their own tallies, each year looked over its shoulder at its rivals' scores. A good display of teamwork earned the Second Years the first place in the English Debate. The Patti Manram saw honours divided between the third years and the post graduates. The botany laboratory was the room used for the salad making event. An amazing display of mouth-watering dishes was arranged. The second years scored here too, the dress designing event was based on the theme 'A dress for a formal graduation party'. First place to the third years—the originality and classic lines of the design made an unbeatable combination.

The English Dramatics Event held on Thursday was swept by the first years. Good acting, good co-ordination, slick production—their play was a sure winner. The post-graduates won the Anthakshari event. Their sole representative took on formidable teams of eight girls each from the other years. Grit, determination and an amazing repertoire of songs saw the post-graduates win convincingly. The soap carving event—the first years score again. The contributions were beautiful and delicate. The Tamil letter writing event was won by the first years.

September 25th, Friday—The Indian Music event—saw the honours divided between the first years and the Post graduates.

Mask making was won by the third years who produced a strangely endearing mask using coloured paper, wool and what have you. Mehendi an ancient tradition of exquisite design—The first place again to the third years. Pot-pourri consisted of JAM (Just-a-minute) What's the Good Word and Dumb Charades. The Post graduates scored in JAM, the third years won the other two events.

Saturday—26th September—the grand finale. Even though it was a holiday, unprecedented crowds came to watch and cheer. The folk event was won by the third years. Their folk dance from Kerala combined authenticity of costumes and steps with beautiful co-ordination. Then came western music—a clean sweep of all categories by the freshies. The Brides of India event—a big success, ultimately won by the third years. The Naga bride stole the show. Finally rhythm and rhyme combined in the western dance. The honours were evenly divided with the third years winning the overall category for that event.

The Post graduates reached new heights of participation this year. Their final victory was on the Rag - Mag Event which gave a continuous run - down over the week of each event. Their originality, bilingual characteristics and humour made them the clean winners for Rag - Mag.

## A Scar is Born

The first day's events are done. The chalangais have been laid aside. The plates have reached Home Plate. The flowers have, characteristically, withered and the kolams have smudged over since yesterday.

No morals about the transience of human endeavour will be drawn here. Let's just take a look at the scene about us. A few minor controversies (or may be that's 'miner' controversies) may be excavated with some effort. This means all's well.

Every nook and cranny of activity is crawling with the reporters for each year's Ragmag. Everywhere you turn you bump into one, you look furtively at each other, and you hastily back away. The first day's competitions have put the third years into retreat no, no, sister, come back, that's not until next month! and one waits for the counter-attack.

A certain third year, horrified at the prospect of Also-Random, approached me with worry writ large on her face, and asked me carefully.

"Have the second years ever won the Interyears?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, yes, some years back that did happen," I replied.

"Oh, Lord!" she wailed, "Not even first in that!" It's a little premature to tell, don't you think?



*Is This It?*

SUJATHA DEVADOSS  
— Editor

Though the Post graduates stood fourth in the final tally, they had made history as the participating graduates. Hats off to them. Finally—the Talent—Tally : The third years won by a convincing majority of 185 points. The first years, a marvellous combination of talent and enthusiasm sent us scurrying to the record books by coming second. The second years were 18 points behind to secure the third place.

The week ended with the presentation of the shield by Sr. Principal to the Executive Representative of the III years. As she lifted the shield to the echoing strains of the freedom run, the curtain came ringing down on Talent-Tally. Memories will linger, history had been made, some traditions had been maintained, others have been created.

The curtain came down, but the spirit lingers.

ANURADHA OZA  
III B.A. Sociology

## THE RIGHT TO LIVE WITH DIGNITY

The year 1987 has been proclaimed the International Year of Shelter for the Homeless. Heads of States and bureaucrats use a wide variety of useless jargon when referring to the IYSH, but what does it mean for the millions who have no roofs above their heads, except the God-given blue sky? (It means that properly utilised, this concept will provide them with housing). But what do we mean when we say housing? Four walls and a roof? That definition is redundant in today's world. Today housing means much more than a lot of bricks plastered together to form buildings, houses. It means proximity to one's work place, a healthy environment, and a right to live with dignity.

We are all aware of the countless millions who live in our slums—those 'eyesores' in the beauty of our cities. But how many of us venture to understand how a slum comes into existence? Or the ways of life of those wretched people?

The number of people in search of adequate shelter for themselves and their families far exceeds the rate of construction. Eradication—the levelling of settlements by bulldozers - is 'justified' on the grounds that inner city land is needed for office development, that outlying land areas would be more remunerative if developed as middle-class suburbs. The desired ideal is to rehouse the poor, yet few states have been able to build more than a minute fraction of the houses needed.

After 40 years of independence, anyone would expect that if the Central Govt. comes up with a policy on housing, it would be one which facilitates housing for the homeless—the millions of pavement dwellers. Not so. The national policy on housing brought out by the Central Govt. fails miserably short

of promoting housing facilities. Instead, the main thrust of the policy is obviously geared towards promoting the interests of propertied persons, construction agencies and groups with vested interests. And this policy which is titled 'national' has not been thrown open to the whole country for discussion and debate. Its very formation and circulation have been kept within a very select circle of parliamentarians and ministers and one version of the policy has been discussed by the Central Govt. while a second version, with a number of major and radical changes, has been circulated at the 10th U. N. Meeting at Nairobi held in May 1987. Neither these changes nor the existence of a previous draft policy was even mentioned. All this leads one to suspect why the Central Govt. is seeking to pass this so-called 'national' policy as soon as possible and with the utmost secrecy. Also one is inclined to ask oneself why this policy on housing and housing rights has not been made a matter of national debate like the New Education Policy and the New Economic Policy.

Today, there are many social action groups and legal organisations campaigning against the 'anti-people' policy on housing. The campaign is spread all over India by people who are genuinely interested in the well-being of the masses and who want to bring about a situation in which these people are no longer oppressed, exploited and hounded from pavement to pavement, slum to slum, city to city in search of a place to live—or should I say exist—for no one can 'live' on a pavement.

These organisations seek to make housing one of the fundamental rights that the Constitution guarantees to all Indians, which is to give people the right to live with dignity. It is through these organizations which provide housing that one ensures the right for man to live in dignity—a right guaranteed by the constitution of India.

HENRIETTA  
III B.Sc., Physics

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## DEFINITIONS

FOOD : Not a square meal a day  
CLOTHING : A word that's too much to say  
SHELTER : No roof above or walls  
          beside to prevent from being a prey  
Animals it seems are classified  
          but man is denied  
This year Nineteen Eighty Seven,  
The Year of Shelter—  
Will the world become a haven ?  
Or will it be more bitter ?

SRI CHARANYA RAMKUMAR  
III B.A. Economics



## வீடற்றவர்களுக்கு வீடு வாய்ப்பு

வீடு, வீடு, வீடு என்று காதில் கேட்கும் பேரொலி  
 வீடில்லா மக்கள் படும் துன்பத்தின் எதிரொலி  
 உண்ண உணவும், உடுக்க உடையும் இருந்தென்ன இலாபம்?  
 வீடற்ற மக்கள் நிலையைக் கண்டாலே உண்டாகும் -  
 பரிதாபம்!

சிறந்த செல்வங்கள் என்பன - வீடு, மற்றும் மாடு:  
 ஆனால் மாட்டைக் கட்டிப் பேண மனிதனுக்கு ஏது வீடு?  
 நாட்டில் தலைதூக்கி ஆடுவது வறுமைத் தொல்லை,  
 வீடற்ற மக்கள் படும் துன்பத்திற்கு எல்லையே இல்லை

வறுமையினால் வாடும் மக்கள் கேட்கும் வாடகை வீடு,  
 வாடகை வீட்டில் குடித்தனம் இருப்போர் வேண்டும்  
 சொந்த வீடு,  
 சொந்த வீட்டில் வசிப்போர் விழையும் பெரிய வீடு,  
 இங்ஙனம் வீட்டிற்கு ஆசைப்படும் மக்களைக் கொண்டு -  
 அல்லல் படுகின்றது நம் நாடு.

‘தனி மனிதன் ஒருவனுக்கு உணவில்லையேல் இச்சகத்தினை -  
 அழித்திடுவோம்’ என்பது பாரதி கூற்று!  
 ‘தனி மனிதன் ஒருவனுக்கு வீடில்லையேல் அவனை மதியோம்’ -  
 என்பது இக்காலக் கூற்று.  
 நேர்மை ஊழியம், அன்பு இவற்றை ஏணியாகக் கொள்வோம்,  
 வீடற்றோர்க்கு வீடு கிடைக்கச் செய்திடுவோம்!

வனிதா, பா.

இளம் வணிகவியல் - முதல் ஆண்டு

BELONG STABILITY,  
 SECURITY,  
 CONTENTMENT,  
 HAPPINESS,  
 SATISFACTION

DON'T YOU LONG TO BELONG?

I happened to notice a child—

Unclothed, emaciated waif

Looking out of his large beautiful eyes—with longing.

DURGA DAS  
 I B.A. Fine Arts

## FACE TO FACE

The calm serenity of the AICUF House welcomed us. Fr. Jose Parapully who was introduced to us was quite different from what we had expected of a person conducting the orientation. The difference, however, he later explained, as non-conformism.

'Starwars' helped us—class representatives, presidents and vice-presidents of different clubs, to get to know each other. Alphacentaur, Sun and Sirius turned out to be fantastic girls with great potential.

The various sessions gave a lot of work to our minds. 'Fantasy'—'with the adrenalin pounding in your veins and beating up a snake which turns out to be a rope'—proved how irrational our belief systems can be.

The 'me' I know, the 'me' others know, the 'me' others and I know and the 'me' unknown to all was presented by the Johari Window.

We came across the eagle who lived and died thinking he was a prairie chicken. This story made us resolve that we should be the 'Ugly Duckling' which soared up as a beautiful swan into the sky. 'Atul Kumar Garud', the Indian version of 'Jonathan Livingstone Seagull' by Richard Bach exposed to us the greater heights that can be achieved if we have the will. We were able to identify ourselves with 'Georgie Girl'—a nostalgic song. We started dreaming of what we could be and visualized our dreams come true. To achieve one's goals and become unique, one has to be a non-conformist. The freedom to voice out our outrageous opinions during the various sessions was the first encouraging step towards non-conformism. The colleges, roleplays and songs through which we expressed our ideas and the programme 'forming the squares' boosted us and made us realise our talents. The questionnaire given to us was self analytical.

The three days merged into one another and became a whole memorable experience. Once back in our class rooms we, the class representatives and the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the departmental clubs, started employing the high sounding 'belief system', 'non-conformism' to our fellow mates.

The full impact of the orientation struck us when we left on our study tour soon after. Far away from home and being in a position to make our own decisions, we sensed our theoretical ideals extend into practice. It was overwhelming when we met Fr. Jose Parapully on the train to Calcutta. It was quite natural and right to thank him for the orientation which has definitely made us better persons.

K. RAGINI  
III B.A. Fine Arts

## WHO'S FOOLING WHOM?

It was 1st of April, 1987. I was in a park in Lake Town on the outskirts of Calcutta. The time was 5'o clock in the evening.

The day had been full of pranks. My friends, my neighbours had all played April Fool and I was just fed up especially when I had been trying throughout to read 'N or M'. Being interrupted, I finally sought refuge in the park.

Completely engrossed in the book, I hardly noticed the time pass. Soon it was 6'o clock. The park lights had been switched on.

I went frantically up and down dark alleys with the heroine of the book, still trying to guess at the identity of 'N'.

Suddenly someone blocked the light. I looked up. My return to the present was rather disorganised. Moreover, the person, a boy of about twenty, I noticed, was someone I had never seen before.

—Don't be scared—he said and stepped forward. That did it. A whole set of warning bells as they had often been rung in my mind by my parents, my younger sister, a well meaning aunt began to ring again.

— Beware of.....

— Don't be alone after dark.....

— Did you read about that girl.....

— When strangers talk to you.....

I sat there and stared.

He smiled. Meant to be reassuring, I suppose—My name is Amit. I know your cousin Vinod. We are in the same class. How do you like Calcutta?

This must be a pickup What a way to go on! But how did he.....How did he know I was Vinod's cousin? I did not reply. Of course, it was silly to pretend I had not heard him. But I was too scared.

—Why don't you say something?—he went on. He would not go away. And when he didn't do anything else, some little courage returned to me.

—I read somewhere that if you ask a girl to be your sister, her ego is hurt, but I want to ask you something, he said. And then it came—his sudden request—that was just a little too pat, for me to take.

—I heard—(he was rather hesitant now) from Vinod that you want to have an elder brother. And.....you don't have any brothers. So.....will you be my sister?

Then I did something which, in retrospect, seems to have been an awfully cruel thing to have done. I laughed.

—No, really. I am an only son. I want to have a younger sister who will tie a Rakhi on my hand.

—You can't fool me (I said smugly) It's a pretty good try. How do you know I'm Vinod's cousin anyway? Better luck next time.

He turned red and stared at me with a look of bewilderment which began to worry me. So I continued to add an explanation.

—Don't you know. Today's All Fools' Day. I know you're trying to fool me. I've seen it at once. So.....

It was his turn to laugh now.

—I am not joking. I went home to see you. Vinod knows. He told me you were here. I was quite shy actually to ask you, but won't you now be my sister?

He was seriously asking I

Now I have returned to Madras I send rakhi to him regularly by post and its truly great, belonging to such a wonderful brother.

G. SONIA

# Our Sports stars



Tennis



Swimming



Athletics



Badminton



Cricket



Chess



Table Tennis

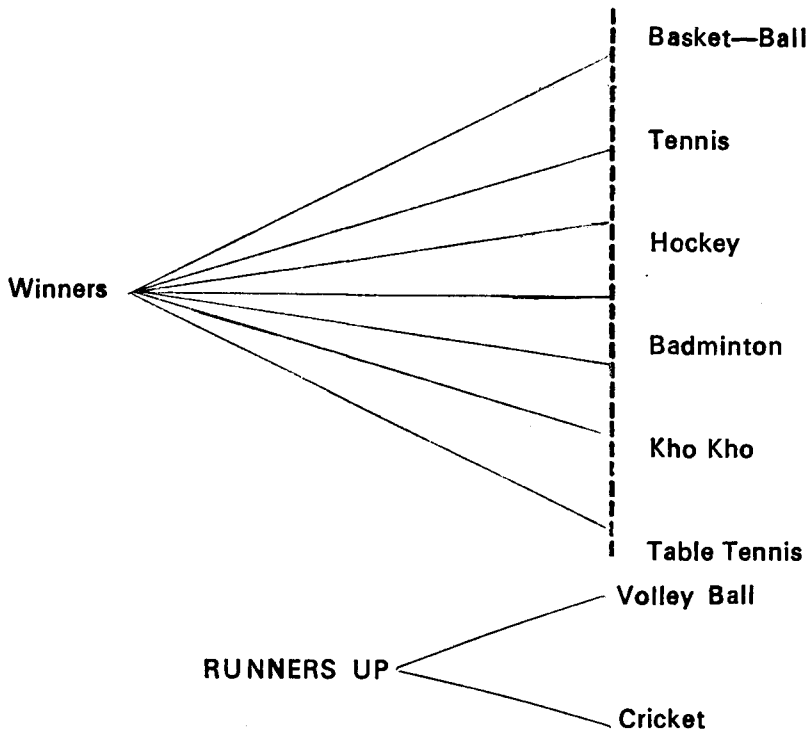


Basket Ball

Now, we highlight the sporting achievements of our champions :

**ROLLINGTROPHY** : for contributing the maximum number of players and athletes to the Madras University team.

**GROUP CHAMPIONSHIP : in Major Games of the Madras South Division.**



**DETAILS**

Limca Basket Ball Tournament  
 Youth test Basket Ball Tournament  
 Springfield Basket Ball Tournament  
 Madras South Division Championship

} WINNERS

All India Kokila Rajah Tournament—Runners up.  
 Shrimathi (III ECO.) Best Play Maker  
 Shobana P (II COM) Best Player

Shrimathi (III Eco.)	Indica Banu (III Eco.)	Deepa V (III Hist)	Arati Rao (II Com.)	Shobana P (III Com.)	Shashikala (I Eco.)
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**REPRESENTED MADRAS SOUTH DIVISION ZONE  
 YOUTH TEST CRICKET TOURNAMENT  
 at ETHIRAJ COLLEGE**

ANITA BALACHANDER (II Zoo) —'Woman of the Finals'  
 DURIYA (II Com) —Best Batswoman of the Tournament

**INTER - DIVISIONAL TOURNAMENT**

**Shakila G—Scores double Century-231**

**(I M.Sc. Maths) (the only woman cricketer to do so)**

**&**

**South Division Wins.**

**ALL INDIA INTER-UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT**

**DURIYA—Receives 'Best Bowler' award**

**(II Com) &**

**MADRAS UNIVERSITY TEAM WINS.**

**Shakila G  
I M.Sc.**

**Sujahta M  
III Soc.**

**Duriya  
II Com**

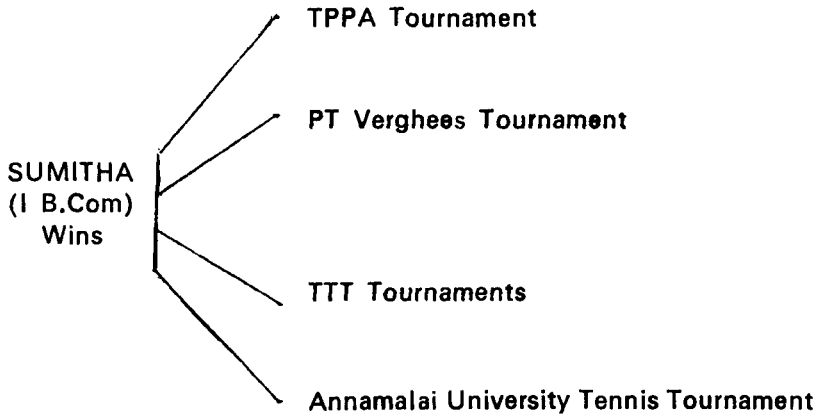
**Anitha B  
II Zoo**

**Shalini  
I Com**

**Sandra  
I Hist.**



**REPRESENTED THE SOUTH DIVISION SQUAD**



**INTER DIVISION TOURNAMENT SOUTH DIVISION**

**Wins With**

**SUMITHA  
(I B.Com)**

**PADMA RAMAMOORTHY  
(III Eco.)**

**CECILY THOMAS  
(II FA)**

**ALL INDIA INTER UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT**

**Madras University Runners Up**

**Represented by**

**PADMA RAMAMOORTHY  
(III Eco.)**

**SUMITHA  
(I B.Com)**

Sumitha and Cecily Thomas also played for the State Team in the Senior and Junior Sections respectively.

Madras District Championships Inter District Team Competition	}	SRI VIDYA (II Soc.) Wins
TM State Ladies Tournament Singles, Doubles, Mixed Doubles	}	SRI VIDYA (II Soc.) Wins
9th Championship for Women		V. A. SUDHA Wins
IIT Sports Test Madras District Junior Girls Tournament	}	V. A. SUDHA RUNNER UP

SRI VIDYA AND V. A. SUDHA have earned a place in the University and State Teams for their brilliant performance.

P. RADHA  
II Com.

PP SOWMYA  
II Com.

S. AMUDHA  
II Bot.

DEEPA I

WINNERS



INTER COLLEGIATE TABLE TENNIS  
CHAMPINSHIP

INTER DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Radha's versatile display made her the obvious choice for Captain of Madras University Team.

P. Radha Wins — State level Table Tennis Tournament.

P. Radha                      YMCA Tournament Madras District  
runners-up                    All India Murarilal Memorial Tournament.

### INTER DIVISIONAL TOURNAMENTS

South Division - Runners up

with

R. LATHA      (III Eco)  
K. APURVA    (III Phy)  
THIRIVENI    (III FA)  
KALPANA      (II Soc)  
DAKSHINA    (II Zoo)  
C. SIVAGAMI   (II Soc)

Apurva, Latha and Kalpana also played on the Madras University Team, Kalpana, Apurva and Shirley Bernard (I Soc) donned the state colours.



## INTER DIVISIONAL ATHLETIC MEET AT CUDDALORE

### SPRINTING :

MAY PINTO



Creates a New Meet Record  
in  
200 metres and wins cash award.

II place in  
400 metres.

III place in  
100 metres.

### THROWS :

LEELA MUTHU



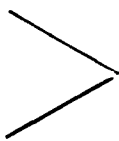
Gold  
in  
Discus

Silver  
in  
Shot-put.

SUGEIMMA - Silver for the High-Jump

### A. L. MUDALIAR ATHLETICS MEET

Gold in the 200 metres



MAY PINTO

Bronze in the 100 metres

Bronze in Javelin — ANN SMITH

MARCH PAST — Stella Maris Contigent comprising  
of NCC students wins the trophy.

### MADRAS DISTRICT AQUATIC ASSOCIATION INTER COLLEGIATE MEET

SUJA RAMAKRISHAN (I Zoo)  
4 Golds and 1 Silver.

She also wins 4 Silvers in the Madras Ribbon District Aquatic Meet.

### RAJASTHAN CHESS TOURNAMENT AT JAIPUR

CECILY THOMAS  
(II B.A)  
wins.

And finally, our Sports Day:

It was celebrated with immense enthusiasm and fun. The Day was eventful, particularly for the II years who carried away the march-past trophy as well as the over all trophy.

\*\*\*\*\* On the way to the OLYMPICS.



Grey matter ...a maze of cells ...and in their labyrinthine recesses ...a quickening impulse... it is born! It speaks now ...of its tale... of woe and eventual triumph:—

I was born ...confident and fired with pride... I surveyed the scene around...

What are these? grey, grey matter.....dull a cobweb here...and one there... wait..... what does this heap of dust hide? ...No I...Yes I...they are fossils..... ancient..... years old..... fossils of my kind.....my tribe.....a surge of pity swells in me.....then.....fear seizes me..... will this be my fate too? I panic ...I turn... I twist..... I want to disturb.....

I stretch out to my full expanse...have I touched the walls of the cranium? I think I have made a faint impact..... I get a message.....my presence is remembered.....in fact sub-impulses are sent..... to mould me further..... I think.....I am beginning to hot up now is my time..... I let out a fervent appeal... loud and clear...it is dimly recognised...a reply is received.....again I am indeed remembered.....but it seems.....my time is yet to come.....bide time.....bide time.....Meanwhile.....

Aliens invade with authority.....they are not of this grey matter.....they are.....what? Greek? Minoan? Roman? French? Spanish? Chinese? Also some Indian...some scientific...some neutral...all so impersonal...but so learned..... yet none native... none original.....none born of creative yearning.....

At the same time...I see too ...many others... fretting to live...of my kind... some embryonic... some feeble...some determined... but they are all... I repeat 'all'... smothered to death... like mercy killing they don't even whimper in pain... they are eased out softly...with many a justification death is made acceptable.....

The network of nerves.....tighten their deadening hold...I have a feeling... are they trying to get at me...I ask... 'Me too'? (parodying Shakespeare unintended) a cold silence... a brief answer... 'yes, you too!' I grow desperate and plead... But, please? why? look..... I was once small I would have had a painless death then... why now? I have grown now. Look.....I was one sided... now... I am many faceted...I was vague... today my contours are defined... I was unpolished.....I am all sheen today, barring the surface dust of this region... please, please...think it over.....

"I am a well developed idea... You have borne me enough... I am aching for expression... All I ask is a form ...I've been swimming in this grey matter like a nomad... all I seek is a habitation... I have been flitting within this arid topography... with fossils for companions..."

".....I need to be sheltered..... give me form.....in colour or contour....."

No answer is received.....now.....I guess... my case is being 'actively' considered... agonising wait.....seems like eternity ...yet... I am hopeful.

One day ...I am singled out ...from the grey depths dusted off... overhauled...embellished yes...this must be it...I seem to be given form. but not in colour or contour.....only verbal..... well something..... at least something...

I am released out of the inert physical prison. I look around..... Sunny room..... many, many young heads..... I am directed towards them... I graciously enter some who allow immediate entry...some, it seems take time.....some give me a hostile reception...but, at the end of it all they take me.....they are given time.....yes.....that's important.....a deadline too.....

What follows is.....a creative outburst.....they express me in all the colours of the rainbow... all the shapes in God's world.....

Amazing.....so many.....I's secure in splendid shelters.....

Just as well SHE did not invest me with form.

The Autobiography of an Idea.

Mrs. ALAMELU N.  
Fine Arts Dept.

**"Neighbours' Envy.  
Owners' Pride!"**



## GRAHAPRAVESH

I walked down the road  
A happy, contented man,  
I had achieved my goal  
My mind catalogued at speed—

Flowers, incense, sandalwood,  
Coconuts, ghee, milk,  
Gifts for the purohits,  
Men for the pandal,  
Contact Muthu  
for Gomathi the cow.

They say she brings good luck and prosperity  
And a new house needs it—  
ANUGRAHA – House of my Longings.

Today, nothing must go wrong  
And so I walked till.....

What is that wail,

I turned around to see—

A little one crying aloud

A heap of earth lying before him.

The only thing to do was play house

And this house of his stamped out.

The shrill cry went through my head

Myriads of men and women crying

Crying for shelter, a home to belong

Then the boy caught me again

No longer the wail

But some grand glee.

I twisted round to see

A sturdy little house of clay.

At peace

I went on with my lists

The cry must cease.

DAPHNE GOMEZ  
II B.A., Literature

## THE MARIAN YEAR

Why Love Mary? Is Mary a Virgin? These and many other related questions are adequately answered in Pope John Paul's II recent encyclical letter titled 'Redemptoris Mater'—Mother of the Redeemer. In fact it is released as a souvenir of the Marian Year which extends from 7th June 1987 to 15th August 1988.

That Mary's consent to motherhood is the result of 'her self-giving in Virginité' is upheld by the church tradition. As the chosen woman to be 'The Mother God, Mary deserves to be honoured. "By the power of the Holy Spirit she conceived in her virginal womb and brought into the world Jesus Christ, the Son of God who is one being with the Father"—this is the declaration of the Ecumenical Council of Ephesus.

The Various Marian devotions such as the rosary, novenas to the Blessed Virgin, pilgrimages to the different shrines of Our Lady etc. are meant to help the faithful to realize the mystery of Jesus' love for humanity in and through our knowledge and love of Mary. As the pious saying goes it is truly a journey of faith 'through Mary to Jesus'. From the mystery of Incarnation to the mystery of Jesus' Death on the Cross, Mary accompanied Jesus in his life. Referring to the beginning of the Church at Pentacost in Jerusalem, the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church of the Second Vatican Council States: 'And the church was assiduous in prayer together with her and at the same time contemplated her in the light of the Word made man' (Dogmatic Constitution on the Church Lumen Gentium, 63).

The Marian Year also brings to focus the role of a christian woman in society, for Mary is the Supreme inspiration of Contemplation and service, both of which sprang from her deep love for and union with Jesus, the Redeemer, Divine Mary's Son.

What could be a more fitting remembrance of the Marian Year but a Marian retreat in the far away quiet surroundings of Ennore.

Mary, Mother of Christ and Mother of the Church pray for us.

NIRMALA II M.A. Social work  
VALERY II M.A. Social work  
SHARON II M.A. Social work

## CHANGE AND CONTINUITY

It is more than eleven years since last I visited the campus of Stella Maris, where I had taught in the Social Work and Sociology departments of the college for several years and worked at Nava Nirmana Social Institute.

The most obvious changes are in the buildings and grounds: the fine complex of St. Francis' Hall, the enlarged canteen, the completed library with its excellent facilities, the new departments in the college and different uses being made of lecture rooms, the on-going restoration of the oldest building on the campus.

The Ashoka trees are taller and the Gulmohurs seem more vivid; I always felt several degrees cooler when I turned off Cathedral Road into Stella Maris. The playing fields and tennis courts have been extended and enlarged and greater use seems to be made of them than in the past and I cannot remember, previously, those early morning joggers who now complete innumerable circuits before breakfast.

There are changes, too in the composition of the student body. The absence of the P. U.'s is quite striking. There has also been a change of emphasis in the goals of the college. When Stella Maris was founded forty years ago, there was a great need for Institutions of tertiary education for women, for colleges which would give young women the opportunity of attaining academic excellence. Stella Maris has amply fulfilled this role. Now the demands of social justice imply that tertiary education should be extended to all who are capable of profiting from it.

Just as the changes in the college facilities and departments continue the tradition of simplicity, efficiency and answering real needs, so the changes in the composition of the student body and the real development in external programmes form a real continuity with the ideals which led to the foundation of the college—the service of God and country through the integral development of young women. Changes are needed, new perceptions do arise, new opportunities are given but the tradition of joyful service continues.

Sr. PAULINE GRUITZNER, F.M.M.

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\*Sr. Pauline left for Australia in 1970—worked for the development of the aborigines there and now she leaves for U.K. for higher studies in Religious Philosophy.

## HOPE IN EVERY HEART

Children  
with their grubby hands and incessant chatter,  
Tantrums and tears, wilful obstinacy,  
planned destruction,  
Sometimes almost adult cunning—  
are we breeding our destructors?  
We wait for the apocalypse  
with bated breath...  
and then it breaks out,  
that rainbow of a smile in cloudy skies  
That touch so trusting,  
Secure in the knowledge that will  
hold them tight.  
and we believe  
because of the innocence that tugs at our heart  
Because of the charm in those tentative words  
because we want to believe  
    in our tommorrow  
and there's hope in every heart.

RAJI  
II B.Com.

## **THROUGH THE LOOKING - GLASS**

(Awarded First Prize in Wild Life Contest at Stella Maris)

They spied us from their world of  
doubt and fear  
and came to invade our security  
with cajoling words and  
belying caresses  
They pampered us and  
stripped us of our freedom  
Those of us who would not be  
deceived  
They used for open target practice  
The primitive in them came to the  
fore  
as they stripped us of our skins  
to clothe their females,  
of our flesh to soothe their desires  
Our haven is now like their world  
full of chinks  
full of despair and death  
Man is a beast  
my dear, long-legged baby  
Take care  
Its a jungle out there.

RAJI  
II B.Com



## **NCC REPORT**

**1986— 87**

The National Cadet Corps is an established avenue for channelising the physical resources of the youth of our nation. One of the most active and interested units of NCC belongs to Stella Maris College, Madras where the cadets each year better the previous year's performance. This year too our cadets have the flag of the college flying high.

The year began with an exciting trekking expedition to Coonoor, in which UO Indica Banu, Sgt. Karen and CWO Vidya represented our college.

SUO Josephine Rita represented Tamil Nadu & Pondicherry directorates at the Basic Leadership Camp held at Shantiniketan where she was named the Best Senior Under Officer and also ranked All India 1st in First Aid & Home Nursing.

The first pre-Republic Day Camp started with a bang with 10 cadets taking part. Radha came first in rifle shooting.

At last we have an NCC Room for ourselves which was inaugurated by our Governor Shri S. L. Khurana.

At the Military Hospital Camp Sgt. Sangeetha Nair and Cadet Sumitha George represented our college. Sangeetha and Sumitha came 1st and 2nd respectively in First Aid and Home Nursing.

UO Indica Banu, L/Cpl. Kavitha took part in the Indo-Soviet Peare Rally. Indica and Kavitha came 1st and 2nd respectively.

Our Air Wing and Naval cadets were not far behind. Flight Cpl. Jayashree and leading Flt. Cdt. Kavitha earned their solo wings in Gliding and are now successfully doing power flying. Jayashree has attained her Students Pilot Licence and Flight Radio Telephoning Operating Licence.

Independence Day was celebrated this year with pomp and show. The cadets of NCC demonstrated the various problems in India and asked the people to take initiative and solve them. Some of the problems included Punjab's terrorism, child marriage, child labour, bride burning etc.

At the Basic Leadership Camp held at Delhi where Republic Day competitions take place. Cdt. Bhuvana, Cdt. Radha, Cdt. Remy & Cdt. Sangeetha took part. Sangeetha came All India 2nd in First Aid and Home Nursing and Bhuvana came 3rd in vocal music.

As far as Squad Drill goes Stella Maris has got one of the best squads. This was again proved true at the A. L. Mudaliar Sports Meet where Stella Maris got the trophy for marching.

Flt. Sgt. Jayashree S.

# On the Fast NCC Track



Above : Cdt. Nandini Sings with Yesudas

Below : Trek from Mettupalayam to Coonoor, by Sgt. Karen,  
Uo's Indica & Vidya, May '86

# NATIONAL CADET CORPS



Suo. Susan, P.



Suo. Josephine, R.



Uo. Indica Banu



Uo. Vidiya



Uo Annie Thomas



Uo. Mary Agnes

NCC does not mean only marching and strenuous work. It means companionship and healthy fun too. Our excursion to VGP was an enjoyable and relaxing interlude.

UO Mary Agnes and Cdt. Henrietta represented our college at the Advanced Leadership Camp held at Ranchi where Mary Agnes gained the superb experience of parasailing.

Cdt. Remy had the opportunity of attending an adventurous course of Rock Climbing at Gwalior where she had to scale the Gwalior Fort.

At the 'Musical Nite' held by the NCC some of the girls had the opportunity of singing with the leading artist Yesudas. The girl cadets were Bhuvana, Rosamma, Nandini. and Tara Shiva, Usha was the master of ceremonies.

At the Pachaiyappa's Cadofest our girls made a clean sweep in the events where the following results were obtained :-

1. Group Drill — 1st
2. Culturals — 2nd
3. First Aid — Kanchan 1st
4. Signals — Radha 2nd.
5. Cross Country — Indica 1st.
6. Quiz — Kamini 3rd.

In the great run for Republic Day parade at Delhi to participate in which is the dream of every cadet, three of our cadets were successful. They were SUO Usha, Cpl. Bijaya & Cpl. Kavitha who represented the Tamil Nadu & Pondicherry directorates at the prestigious Rajpath march. SUO Usha Vijayaraghavan has been selected for youth exchange to U.K.

The B & C certificates were held on 23rd February & 21st March 1987 respectively. The NCC Unit in our college has 4 companies, namely Alpha, Bravo, Charlie & Delta. Throughout the year there are various competitions among these companies in which the cadets vie with each other and achieve great heights. There are various competitions like First Aid, Home Nursing, Group Drill, Quiz, Cross Country, Signals, Best Turn Out & Best Cadet. And last but not the least there is a Best Group Award where each company tries to outdo the other through healthy and fair competitions held every week and the points are added up for the final award. The points are added up for the girls who attend RD Camp. This year the following results were achieved :—

- |               |   |       |
|---------------|---|-------|
| Best group    | — | Bravo |
| Best drill    | — | Bravo |
| Best turn out | — | Bravo |
| Best cadet    | — | Bravo |

First Aid	—	Bravo
Cross Country	—	Alpha
Quiz	—	Alpha
Signals	—	Charlie
Home Nursing	—	Charlie

SUO Suzanne. P & SUO Namrata Swarup returned to college after having a wonderful and fruitful experience at Canada and in India.

The great achievements of the NCC Cadets are due to the hard work of our NCC Officer Lt. Gita Samuel whose keen interest and energy has been beyond new milestones.

And last but not the least we owe a lot to our Principal Sr. Merlyn who has given us enormous encouragement and abundant goodwill.

## HISTORY OF SHELTER THROUGH THE AGES

'Here feel we but the penalty of Adam  
The season's difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winters wind  
which, when it bites and blows upon my body.'

—Shakespeare

Man in need of shelter has used the resources of nature with great ingenuity.

The origins of human habitation can only be surmised. In the stone age man lived in natural caves which were decorated with paintings. The forest-dwelling tribes constructed huts. The hut is a parent form of all timber houses. In the Neolithic Age the floor was made of straw and unbaked bricks. In the Bronze Age lake dwellings came into existence. Soon log cabins also made their appearance. Ancient history has it that, the early Romans became renowned for their dwellings which have stood the test of time, The earliest Roman aristocratic houses were low built, one or two storeys which were centered around an open hall (atrum) and a colonnaded garden. After the great fire in 64 A.D., Nero rebuilt Rome systematically in the new brick and concrete technique. In Egypt and West Asia at the same time there were two types of house-plans. The first is the black-houses with all the rooms under one roof and the second is the house in which the rooms open out on to a court-yard.

In the 11th and the 12th centuries, feudal castles and manors came into existence. Ostentation became the order of the day. Cottages and storage sheds were also built. We find greater variety at the dawn of the Modern Age.

During the Renaissance, houses in Europe were a compromise between two conflicting trends. One emphasising utility designs and the other leaning towards classic symmetry. As a result there was a gain in elegance, rooms reached a standard of excellence in design and beauty of execution.

The Industrial Revolution, brought about a great change in house designs all over the Western World, especially in the towns and the cities. It ushered in features that are still prevalent today. Developments took place in plumbing lighting system etc., the space occupied by a family was found to be diminished but this was compensated by an increase in the number of rooms. Apartment and tenement buildings came into existence. The ideas of multiple bath-rooms of the use of a central heating system and of space-saving kitchens were put into practice. In Asia the regions which are under the Islamic influence, still preserve traditional ideas of architecture. Even now, houses in Morocco have colonnaded courts and flat roofs which are reminiscent of the court type of houses of ancient Rome and Syria. Again in Egypt and Turkey, there are court-type houses which have fountains. Japanese houses are single block types with tiled roofs sliding exterior partitions and matted floors. In the U.S. the houses in the north are more compact and less monumental, whereas in the south, houses are high like those in England. French architects in the U.S. also affected the design of houses. In Borneo, Phillipines, New Guinea, houses are built on stilts to prevent dampness. While Eskimos build houses with stone, grass or snow, the Mexicans use dust, clay, mud and water.

Thus many changes have taken place in shelter through the ages. With the development of inexpensive convenient transportation people need no longer live near their jobs. They can live in the suburbs of cities and commute to their work sites. The whole idea of shelter has undergone a transformation. Today a house must supply comfort, satisfaction as well as protection and luxury.

The primaeval urge of man to create a shelter from whatever material was available, proves to be a first step towards making a home. For it is here that a family will gather in warmth, security and comfort.

III B.A. History Dept.

## BENEFICIAL ANIMAL HOMES

In the world of Nature, one cannot but admire the homes of the humble backboneless animals such as the corals, shells, bee-hives, lac-homes of lac insects, nests of wasps, tubes of some worms, the termitaria, the ant-hills and the cocoons of various butterflies and moths for their architectural splendour, colour combinations, texture and the multivariied designs. Moreover, some of these meek and humble shelters of these animals are so beneficial to mankind, that they are exploited by man to a very great extent.

Corals and coral reefs are the calcareous skeletal homes built in various shapes by tiny marine creatures called coral polyps. Coralreefs are wall-like structure made up of calcareous skeletal remains and secretions of coral polyps and certain algae. Coral reefs are of immense value. The reefs prevent sea-erosion to a great extent. The world's most famous coral reef is the Great Barrier reef off the north east coast of Australia which is more than 1500 kms. long and at a distance of 15-250 kms. from the shore. Atoll is also a type of coral reef. The atoll on the Bikini island was used for the atomic and hydrogen bomb test. From time immemorial corals have been noted for their island-building operations throughout the warmer seas of the world. Many coral islands have been of great strategic value in the Pacific Ocean for use as military bases and landing fields. Corals of geological past were found to be the favourable sites for accumulation of petroleum deposits.

The precious coral 'PAVALAM' used in jewellery and esteemed as one of the nine gems (NAVARATNAS) is nothing but the dried skeleton of the coral polyp. The mushroom, rose, brain and the staghorn corals, and the sea-fans are of decorative value in our show cases, aquaria and the rock gardens. The red vareities of corals are utilised for the treatment of cardiac problems. 'Coral Bhasma' can cure abdominal and heart ailments. Chemically, a coral reef is made of calcium carbonate which is an important raw material in industries that manufacture tooth powder and tooth paste, White paint, chunnam, washing powder, rubber, ink, paper, ceramic materials, cosmetics, antibiotics and pesticides. The very recent (July Dec'85) Indo-US Project on Bioactive substances from the Indian Ocean revealed the fact that wide range of substances extracted from corals show confirmed antiviral activity as hypotensive, diuretic and spasmogenic activity and toxicity.

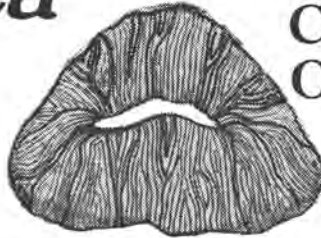
Shells are the protective homes built by the extremely soft bodied shell fishes (molluscans). Shells of most of the larger species of molluss such as **Turbo**, **Trochus**, **Nautilus**, **Xancus** and others are used for making table-lamps, lampshades flower vases, ashtrays, toys, dolls, bangles, chains, finger rings and other eye-catching ornamental articles. Two very important species namely **Trochus** and **Turbo** are fished from the waters of Andamans for this purpose. The pearl oyster (**Ostrea vulgaris**) produces another gem namely the pearl.

Beauty  
in a  
Sunless  
**Sea**

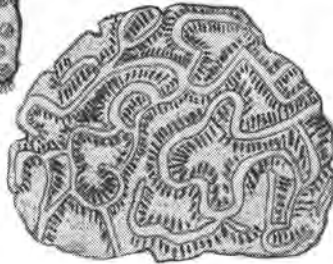
**CORALS  
OF THE SEA**



Stag Horn Coral



Mushroom

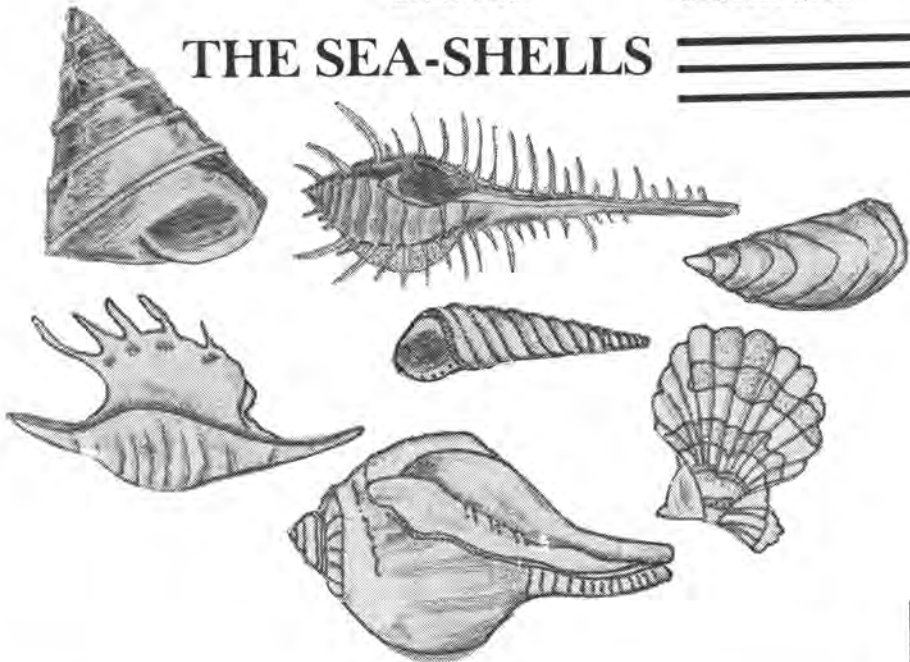


Brain Coral



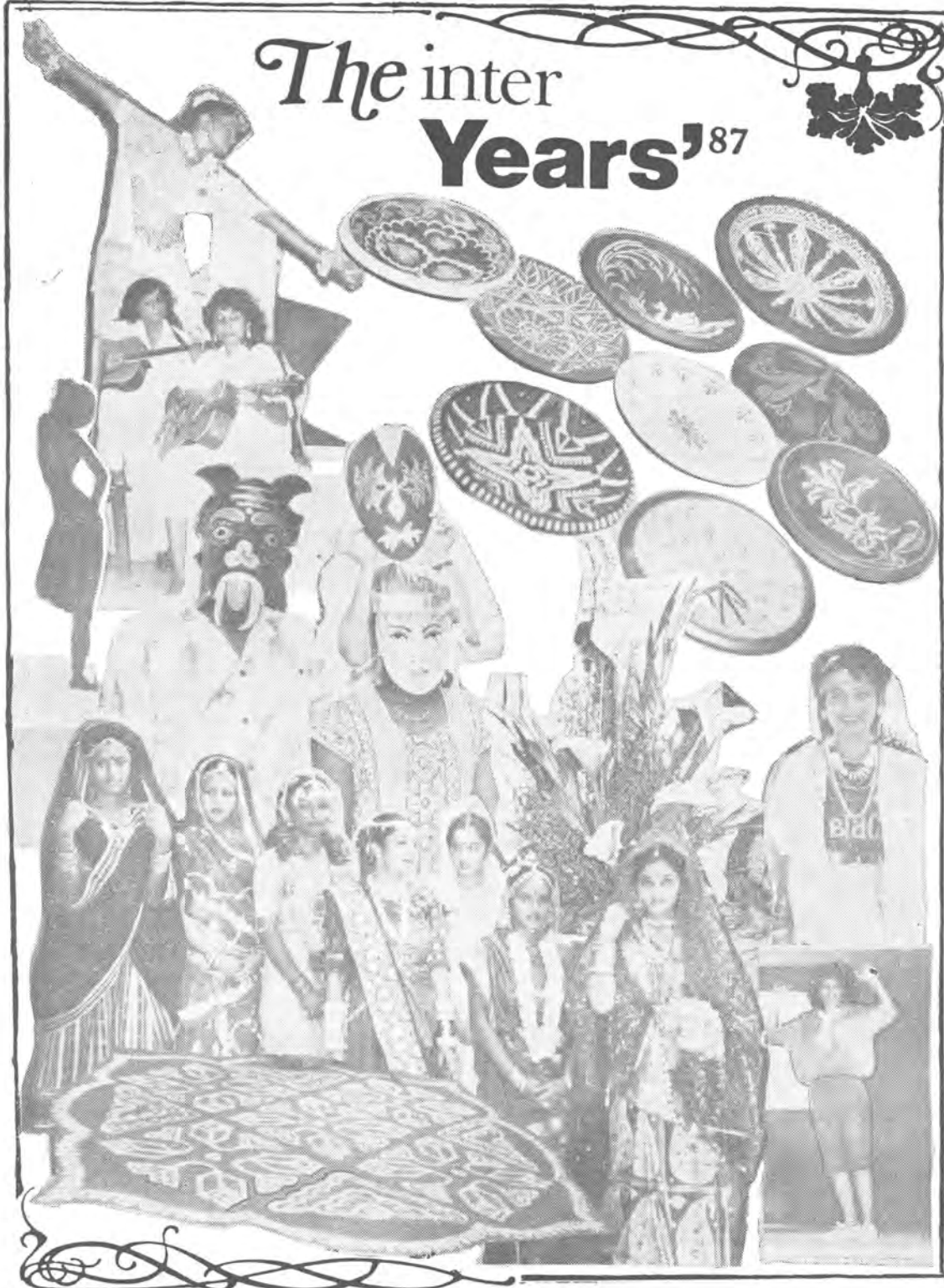
Precious Coral

**THE SEA-SHELLS**





# The inter Years '87



Pearls are the abnormal concretions of calcium carbonate secreted by the thin fold of skin called the **mantle** around some foreign particle like sand grains, the same way as it secretes the inner most lustrous mother-of-pearl layer of the shell. The genus '**Pinctada**' yields pearls of high value and is widely distributed in the Persian Gulf, Red Sea, Gulf of Kutch, Gulf of Mannar and the Palk Bay. The 'orient pearls' or the 'lingha pearls' produced by the oysters of the Gulf of Mannar are world famous since ancient times. The shells of the 'window-pane oyster' which have exquisitely tinted transparent shells are used as windowpanes in Japan.

The sacred chank (**xancus pyrum**) plays a significant role in the Hindu and other religious festivals and is held in great veneration. These chanks are used as 'ceremonial trumpets' and are much dedicated to temples and other places of worship. The 'valampuri' chanks which have an abnormal anticlockwise twist are priced very high due to the popular belief that it brings immense fortune to its possessor. The hardness and whiteness of the sacred chank renders the shell extremely useful in making the various fancy articles. Like the pearl beds, the chank beds are under the ownership and management of the state governments. Huge quantities of molluscan homes, mainly the bivalve shells are burnt to yield superior quality lime which is used in construction of buildings and similar structures. Good quantities of them are also used in carbide and cement manufacture.

When you walk majestically wearing a beautiful silk saree, have you ever given a thought to the simple animals which have made it possible? It is the silk worm moth (**Bombyx mori**) that yield the silk fibres from their protective shelters (cocoons) built during their pupal stage. As we all know, silk is esteemed very high among the fabrics. Sericulture was practised in China even in ancient times but was kept as a secret for a long period. The eggs of the silkworm moth hatch out into tiny caterpillars which feed voraciously on the mulberry leaves and during their final stage they weave a cocoon around themselves with the help of a single long silk thread which is secreted by its silk glands. A single fibre is about 1000ft long and we cannot but wonder at the efficiency and labour that would have gone into the weaving of a cocoon out of such a single long unbroken thread!! It is estimated that about 25,000 cocoons have to be unwound to spin one pound of silk thread. Nearly 25 million Kg of silk are used in the world every year and one can imagine the number of silk worms involved in the service of man.

Beeswax is another useful product for mankind that is yielded by the homes (hives) built out of wax by the honey bees. Beeswax is an ingredient of candle and polishes. Among the 3 different castes of honeybees, namely the Queen, Drones (males) and the workers (sterile females), only the workers are provided with the wax glands and they alone indulge in building the honeycombs. In U.S.A. about 2400 tons of beeswax is obtained every year.

Lac is a resinous substance secreted by the tiny female lac insects such as 'Laccifer lacca' and 'Tachardia lacca'. They build their lacciferous nests in the form of 'stick-lac' on different species of trees such as Ficus and Zizyphus. These lac granules are collected, dried and then by further mechanical cleaning such as sieving and winnowing seed-lac is produced. After several processing 'shellac' is produced. The importance of lac in modern economy is considerable and has entered into the agricultural, commercial, artistic and domestic enterprises in a progressive manner.

Termitaria are the nests built by very tiny creatures called the 'termites'. They are built either underground or above the ground level in the form of mounds hills, pyramids or steeples. Some of the termitaria form a mound of upto 9 metres height and basal diameter. These termitaria are built of sand particles cemented together by saliva or faecal matter. On drying, the material becomes hard like cement. It is quite interesting to note that the natives of Congo, clear the termites from the huge termitaria and use them as dwelling huts,

Instinct plays such an important role in the lives of these little seemingly insignificant creatures. They laboriously build their homes—homes which are shelters not only for them, but for others as well! And the more we know about them the more awesome and marvellous is the meticulous perfection of the patterning of their lives.

Mrs. MARY RHEVATHY JESUDOSS  
Department of Zoology

### புதிரான புது வாழ்வு

நாம் வாழும் நாடு நல்லதொரு நாடாம்;  
நள்ளிரவில் வீர சுதந்தரம் அடைந்திட்ட திருநாடாம் ;  
நாடிவரும் யாவருக்கும் நல்வாழ்வு தரும் நாடாம் ;  
நாற்பது ஆண்டளவாய்ச் சுதந்தரத்தைப் பேணிக்காத்த பெருநாடாம்;  
ஆனாலும் :

வீதியிலே வாழ்வோரும்; நலமாக வாழ  
நாதினின்றி மடிவோரும் நானும் உண்டு—இந்நாட்டில்  
பெற்ற சுதந்தரம் எதற்கோ? பேணிக்காத்த பெருவாழ்வும் எதற்கோ?  
பொருள் புரியாப் புதிர் இது எனக்கே!

சுகங்களே சொந்தமாகி விட்ட  
 மாடி வீட்டுச் செல்வச் சீமான் களுக்குக்  
 கோடிக் கணக்கில் பணமுழுண்டு;  
 ஓடி உழைக்க அடியாட்களுமுண்டு;  
 சோகங்களே சொந்தமாகி விட்ட  
 கடைநிலை மாந்தருக்குச்  
 சொந்தமென்று கூற, சொகுசான வீதிதானுண்டு;  
 பந்தமென்னுரைக்க, ஆதி அந்தமில் ஒருவனே அவர்க்குண்டு.

“சுதந்தர வாழ்வின் பொருள் சுத்தமாகப் புரியவில்லை;  
 மானிட வாழ்வின் மகத்துவமும் தெரியவில்லை”  
 பெற்ற சுதந்தரம் எதற்கோ? பேணிக் காக்கும் பெருவாழ்வும் எதற்கோ?  
 பொருளேதும் புரியவில்லை; புரியாத புதிர் இது எனக்கே!

இந்நாளிலேனும் இத்தரையில் புத்துலகு படைக்க  
 இளந்தலைமுறையினர் நாம் செம்மாந்து எழுந்திருவோம்!  
 இல்லாமல் இருப்போருக்கும், இயலாமையில் தவிப்போருக்கும்  
 இதயம் திறந்து, இருளான நிலை நீங்க உதவிடுவோம்!  
 தன்மானமோடு தனிநபர் தன் வீட்டில் வாழ  
 தளராது முயன்றிருவோம்; அவ்வேளை;

வளர்ந்திடும் நம் பாரத சமுதாயம்;  
 மலர்ந்திடும் நம் இந்திய சோதரர் வாழ்வுமே!

சகோ. செசிலி  
 இளம் அறிவியல்—இயற்பியல்—முதல் ஆண்டு

## காணி நிலம் வேண்டும்

உண்ணப் போதிய உணவின்றி,  
 உடுக்கத் தேவையான உடையின்றி,  
 உறைய உறையுளும் இன்றி,  
 உலகத்தே எண்ணிலா மக்கள்  
 உயிர் வாழும் காலம் இது!

எத்தனை மக்கள்  
 வானமே கூரையாய்  
 வரண்ட பூமியே  
 புரளும் தரையாக  
 வாழும் வாழ்வையெண்ணியே  
 “காணி நிலம் வேண்டும்  
 பராசக்தி” என்றாயோ, பாரதி!

ஆண்டு தோறும் நடந்திடும்  
அரசியல் விழாக்களில்  
ஆயிரமாயிரம் பேருக்கு  
அரசு வீட்டு மனைப்பட்டாக்களை  
அன்புடன் வழங்கி  
ஆதரவளிக்கிறது  
இருந்தும் எம்மக்கள்  
சாலைகள் ஓரத்தில்  
துன்பச் சூழலில்  
வாழ்கிறார்கள்

இந்நிலை மாறிட  
இந்திய மக்களெல்லாம்  
இன்பமாய் வாழ்ந்திட  
நல்ல பல திட்டம்  
நாட்டில் வரவேணும்  
நலிவுற்ற மக்கள்  
நல்ல வீடு பெறவேணும்  
இல்லமிலா மக்களிங்கு  
இல்லை யென்று நாங்கள்  
இயம்பிடும் நாளொன்று  
இங்கு வரவேணும்

ஒரு நடைபாதை வாசியின்  
உளறல் மொழிகள்.....  
“நல்லவீடு தரவேணும்  
பராசக்தி! அதில்  
நானும் வாழவேணும்  
உடன்  
நாடும் வாழவேணும்  
அதற்கு

அம்மா ! உன்  
நல்லாசி வேணும்மா !

எஸ். மைதிலி  
தாவரவியல் முதலாண்டு

## INAUGURAL MASS



## DEDICATION OF DEPARTMENTS



A TIME FOR CONCENTRATION



A TIME FOR SERVICE



## MY PERSONAL SOCRATES

EEEE I heard a yowl. I rushed immediately to the source of such vocal outbursts. My sister stood glowering at me.

"Look! why don't you keep your perverse tastes to yourself? strewing cactii all over the place. Now see, that blessed plant of yours has scratched my arm".

She mumbled, grunted, glared and then vanished inside the house. I looked at my 'pariah cactus'. It looked so mournful and broken. Broken too, it was—my sister had dislodged a few of its delicate thorns. The old system of the 'untouchable' was established in my house, here the cactus being the untouchable. My mother, a superstitious lady warned.

"Don't bring that inauspicious plant into our home".

I begged and pleaded and argued,

"But Mom, what has the poor thing done to you?"

But my mother stood firm. I cajoled and coaxed her, at last she agreed to let the cactus stay. Not inside the house like other plants, but in the verandah. This was the unceremonious arrival of my cactus. It was pointedly ignored and cursed, and as if to aggravate my family's dislike and anger the cactus continually seemed to be getting in their way, My mother's sari, my brother's socks, my sister's arm all bore traces of this meeting between my cactus and my family. I would often wonder why it was only my cactus that had these close encounters with my family. The truth dawned on me later.

One day, I was reading a book in which the author explained how plants do have feelings and certain people attract them very much. And when this happens they (the plants) move towards them. This was when I realised the reason for the strange behaviour of my cactus. It was longing to be loved by all, not just by me. It was longing to be petted and pampered like the other members of the botanical family. It had been ignored, because it was considered 'too stark, too thorny and too bitter' to be liked. But my cactus wanted to be just like other plants. This was the reason why it kept moving, hoping it would receive some affection. It was this hope, which made it grow from a small plant to a big bush with its arms outstretched towards the house. I felt tears prick my eyes at the thought of my unloved cactus. But there are things which are more sensitive than my cactus, and more in need of love and a sense of belonging—the 'Human Race'.

Many individuals of our population of 5 billion are not unlike my cactus. Their prickly exterior hides a very soft and sensitive inside. They look for love and warmth, long to have roots, and not just trail from place to place like a gypsy caravan. And in their hearts a little hope still lives.

HENRIETTA RAJ  
I B.A. Literature



## LIFE - LINE

I have this need  
To be needed.

To what avail?  
Merely to belong?  
I did not belong  
Even in the cradle,  
In the mother's arms,  
Strangers all—  
Father Mother  
Brother Sister  
who are they?

Born with the primordial  
Sense of not belonging  
I belonged only to you.

I have this need  
To be needed.

I told you to  
Hold me close  
Never let me go.....  
But you had your moments of doubt  
That unleashed my soul  
To flee across the horizon  
Wailing like the wind  
Cold and forlorn.

If this state of loneliness  
Is the essence of creation  
Let me go free  
To roam where  
The wind blows,  
To find a resting place  
Unknown and  
Be unknown  
For where is belonging  
If not to this dust  
And the dew drop  
of early dawn.



Mrs. ARPUTHARANI SENGUPTA  
Fine Arts Dept.

## LTSers GO FOR A CAMP — 1987

LTSers were in for a pleasant surprise this year. The annual Orientation camp which is held usually in October was conducted earlier this year in July. It was good to see Father Wirth in his usual top form, to be back in the serenity of the Don Bosco Youth Animation Centre, to recharge ourselves with the LTS ideals, principles and way of life.

Students from the school units participated along with a few girls from our college. After the initial ice-breaking games, the camp was in full swing.

There were group exercises illustrating the various aspects of leadership. Role playing and the preparation of collages stimulated the students to give their best.

There was one special feature at this camp: since many of the boys and girls were finishing school, Father Wirth decided it would be appropriate to administer the LTS promise to them. It was a very moving sight to watch the students so earnestly taking the pledge, preparing to serve God and their country.

A short and intense retreat formed the last part of the Camp. An atmosphere of prayerfulness and calm was created through meditation.

Plans for the future—a future of service—were made: these involved projects (like helping the weaker students in their studies) through which LTSers could be of use to the community around them.

There were also the moments of hilarious entertainment when the students displayed their great sense of humour and their mischievousness.

All too soon, the camp was at an end. Inspired by Father Wirth's guidance, it was a reflective and enthusiastic crowd that got off at Stella Maris College, looking very much forward to the LTS events that had been planned for the rest of the year.

—LTSers

## வேதம் புதுமை செய்

நான்—சுஜய், கம்ப்யூட்டர் கூடத்திலிருந்து வெளிப்பட்டேன். சுத்தமாக இருந்த நடைபாதையில் சுதந்திரமாக நடந்தேன். நடைபாதை கடைகளோ, அசுத்தங்களோ இல்லாத நடைபாதை எனக்குத் தடைபோடவில்லை. கடைகளில் மேல் தெரிந்த நியான் ஒளியில் ஒளிர்விடும் தமிழ்ப் பெயர்களை வாய்விட்டுப் படித்தபடி படங்களைப் பதிவு செய்யும் ஒளிப்பதிவு கடைக்குள் நுழைந்தேன். ஆதி காலத்தில் தோன்றிய வேதங்கள் எனப்படும் ஒரு வகை புத்தகங்களில் உள்ள நல்ல கருத்துகளின் சாராம்சத்தை ஒளிப்பதிவு நாடாவில் பதிவு செய்து வைத்திருப்பார்கள். அது இப்போது எனக்கு வேண்டும். நான் பூமியைத் தவிர அண்டவெளியில் உள்ள 2, 3 கிரகங்களுக்குச் சென்று வந்த அனுபவமானது, மேலும் உள்ள பல கிரகங்களுக்குச் செல்லும்படி எனைத் தூண்டியது. அங்கு, இங்குள்ள வேதங்களின் சாராம்சத்தை அந்தக் கிரகவாசிகளுக்குப் போதிக்கலாம் என்ற எண்ணம் என்னிடையே எழுந்தது. என் தேவையைப் பூர்த்தி செய்தது அங்கு நின்ற ஓர் 'அனிதன்'. 'அனிதர்கள்' என்பவர்கள் அறிவியலில் தோன்றிய மனிதர்கள். ஆ! சொல்ல மறந்துவிட்டேன். நான் 2007ம் ஆண்டில் உயிர் வாழ்ந்து கொண்டிருக்கும் மனிதன்.

கேசட்டை வாங்கிக் கொண்டு என் வாகனமான 'இந்தர்' ஐ நோக்கி நடந்தேன். ஓர் அனிதன் என்னுடைய சிட்டைச் சரி பார்த்து 'இந்தரை' என்னருகில் நிறுத்திப் பவ்யமாக இறங்கிக் கொண்டது. நான் அதில் ஆரோகணித்து என் 'அபார்ட்மெண்ட்' டிற்கு வந்தேன். 'இந்தரை' நான் வசிக்கும் 16வது மாடியில் நிறுத்திவிட்டு என்னுடைய தனியறை வந்தேன்.

என்னைப்பற்றிக் கொஞ்சம் (தற்பெருமை நிறை.....ய) நான் 23 ஆண்டுகளை விழுங்கிவிட்டு, அண்டவெளி, கிரக இயலில் பல பட்டங்களைப் பெற்று என் நாட்டின் பல பரிசுகளைப் பெற்றவன். (போதும் போதும்). கதவைத் திறந்தவுடன் என் கடிதப் பையிலுள் கடிதங்கள் நிறைந்து காணப்பட்டன. ஒவ்வொன்றாகப் பார்த்தேன். ஒரு கடிதம் நாட்டின் சின்னத்தைத் தாங்கி இருந்தது. பிரித்தேன். "வாட்!" என்ன மகிழ்ச்சி. நான் திருமணம் செய்து கொள்ள அனுமதி அளிக்கப்பட்டிருந்தது. பெண்ணின் படமும், பெயரும் (கொர்னா) குறிப்பிடப்பட்டு, வாழ்த்துகளும் தெரிவிக்கப்பட்டிருந்தன. நான் சிகப்பு; என் வருங்கால மனைவி கருப்பு. இதுவே நாட்டின் சட்டம். இவ்விஷயத்தையும், மகிழ்ச்சியையும் பகிர்ந்து கொள்ள எதுகை மோனைகளோ, தொடை, சந்தம் எல்லாம் சரியாக அமையாததால் மரபுக் கவிதையாக ஏற்றுக்கொள்ள மாட்டார்கள், எனப் புரிந்து கவிதையை மனதிலிருந்து அழித்தேன். யாரிடமாவது பகிர்ந்து கொள்ளாவிட்டால், என் உடம்பு வெடித்துவிடும் போலிருந்தது.

அரசுக்குத் தாயையும், தந்தையும் பார்க்க விரும்புவதாகக் கூறி, காரணம் எழுதி, தொலைபேசியில் விண்ணப்பித்தேன். தந்தையையும், தாயையும், நானோ என் தங்கை வினுதாவோ தற்பொழுது பார்க்க முடியாது. ஏனென்றால் அவர்கள் முதியோர் உலகத்தில் வாழ்கிறார்கள். அதற்குச் சிறப்பு அனுமதி பெறவேண்டும்.

சந்தோஷ சாகரத்தில் நீந்திவிட்டுக் கையோடு கொண்டுவந்த ஒளிப்பதிவு நாடாவைச் சுழலச் செய்து வேதத்தைக் கேட்கலானேன். ஒன்றரை மணி நேரம் கேட்டதில் எனக்குப் பிடித்த அம்சங்கள் ஒரு மனிதனின் கடமையும், குருகுல வாசமும்தான். சிறு பிராயத்தி

விருந்து, முதுமை வரை செய்ய வேண்டிய கடமைகள், தாய், தந்தை அன்பு பாசம் நெகிழ வைத்தது. மகனின் கடமை பரவசப்படுத்தியது. எந்தக் கடமையும் நாங்கள் செய்ததில்லை. செய்ய அனுமதிக்கப்படவில்லை, என்பதே உண்மை. உண்மை சுட்டது, நெருடியது. வருத்தியது.

வினாவுடன் தொலைபேசியில் பேச விரும்பி அவளை அழைத்தேன். உடனே கிடைத்தாள். “வணக்கம், சுஜய் பேசுகிறேன்”. என்றவுடன் துள்ளலுடன்

“அண்ணா, என்ன! எப்படி இருக்கே” என்றாள்.

“எனக்குத் திருமணம் செய்ய அனுமதி கிடைத்துள்ளது”.

“வாழ்த்துகள். அம்மாவிடம் தெரிவி.....” என்று ஆரம்பித்தவள்

“அனுமதி கிடைத்ததா? விண்ணப்பம் செய்தாயா? என்றாள்.

“விண்ணப்பம் போட்டாயிற்று, பதிலுக்காகக் காத்திருக்கிறேன்” என்றேன்.

“நீ இன்றைய கேசட் பத்திரிகையைப் பார்க்கவில்லையா” என்றாள் சந்தேகத்துடன்.

தொலைபேசியில் பேசும்போது அவளுடைய உருவம், தொலைபேசியோடு இணைக்கப்பட்டிருந்த திரையில் தெரிந்தது. முதலில் தெரிந்த மகிழ்ச்சி இப்போது கானோம். “என்னம்மா” என்றேன்.

“பெற்றோர்களைப் பார்க்க வேண்டுமானால் 5 நாள் முன்னமே விண்ணப்பிக்க வேண்டும். மாதத்தில் 3 முறை பார்க்கலாம். மற்றப்படி கண்டிப்பாகக் கிடையாது. இறந்தால் கூட, பார்க்க மட்டுமே அனுமதி உண்டு. ஈமக் கடன்களைச் செய்ய அனுமதி இல்லை” என்று கூறி முடித்தாள். என் ஆத்திரத்திற்கு அளவில்லை. இச்செய்தி அதிர்ச்சியையும், திரையில் தெரிந்த வினுவின், என் தங்கையின் அழும் முகம் என்னை கோபக்காரனாக ஆக்கியது. மனிதக் குரலுக்குப் பதில் மிருகங்களின் குரல்கள் என் தொண்டையிலிருந்து வெளிப்பட்டன. தற்பொழுது கேட்டு முடித்த வேதங்களின் வாக்குகள் என் காதில் விழுந்தன. அதில் தாய்க்கும், தந்தைக்கும் செய்ய வேண்டிய கடமைகள், இறந்துபோன ஆன்மாக்களுக்குச் செய்யவேண்டிய கடமைகள், மகன் தாய், தந்தையர்க்குக் காட்ட வேண்டிய அன்பு, பரிவு, இவை எதையும் என்னால் செய்ய முடியாமற்போனதின் வருத்தம், சிற்றமாக உருவெடுத்தது. “வினா! இங்கே வா” என்றேன். அவளும் திரையில் என் முகத்தை பார்த்திருப்பாள் போலும். “இதோ வரேன்” என்றாள். அவளுக்காகக் காத்திருக்கத் தொடங்கினேன்.

வினா வந்தாள். அழுதாள். அவளுக்கும் அனுமதி மறுக்கப்பட்ட விஷயத்தைக் கூறினாள். அழுதாள். புரட்சிகரமான கேசட் பத்திரிகைக்கு எங்கள் நிலைமையை எடுத்துச் சொன்னோம். அன்றிரவே அவர்கள் செய்தியை வெளியிட்டார்கள். நாங்கள் தலைமையகம் சென்றோம், பலரை அணுகினோம். உதவி கோரினோம். மறுக்கப்பட்டது. ஆத்திரமடைந்தேன். என் அடிப்படை உரிமைகளை மறுத்துவிட்ட அரசை எதிர்க்கத் துணிந்தேன். இளையவர்கள் என்னை ஆதரித்தார்கள். நாங்கள் சாலை சாலையாக வேதத்தின் சாராம்சத்தை ஒலிபரப்பினோம். ஆதரவு பெருகிறது. புரட்சி! மீண்டும் புரட்சி! வேற்று நாட்டின் ஆதிக்கத்தால் அல்ல, நியாயம் மறுக்கப்பட்டதால் கிளம்பிய புரட்சி. வேற்றுக் கிரகத்திற்குச் செல்லக் கூடிய என் ‘விசா’ மறுக்கப்பட்டது. “கவலையில்லை” என்று முழங்கினேன். “வேற்று கிரகவாசிகளைப் பார்ப்பதோ, தொண்டு செய்யவோ, எனக்கு விருப்பமில்லை.

என்னைப் பெற்றவர்களைப் பார்க்கவும், தொண்டு செய்து கடமையாற்றவும் எனக்குச் சுதந்திரம் வேண்டும். அதை அடைந்தே தீருவேன்". எனப் பிரசாரம் செய்தேன். என் கொள்கைக்கு ஆதரவு பெருகிறது. பல இடங்களில் புதுமை, புரட்சி. நான் ஓரிடத்தில் செய்தால், என் தங்கை மற்றோர் இடத்தில் செய்வாள். "வேதங்களை மறக்காதீர்கள். ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளுங்கள். மறந்த அரசுக்கு நினைவூட்டுங்கள். புதுமை செய்யுங்கள்" என்று அவள் முழங்கினாள்.

நாட்டில் எந்த நிர்வாகமும் ஒழுங்காகச் செயல்படவில்லை, சீர்குலைந்தது. தலைமையகம் நிலைமையை உணர்ந்தது. கலவரம் ஒடுக்கப்படவேண்டுமென்றால், கோரிக்கைகளைப் பூர்த்தி செய்ய வேண்டும். தலைமை ஒருநாள் ஆலோசித்து அறிவித்தது. "முதியோர் உலகம் அழிக்கப்படும். முதியோரும் தத்தம் குடும்பத்துடன் வாழ அனுமதிக்கப்படுவர். சமக் கடன்களை அவர்கள் சந்ததியே செய்யலாம்" என்ற புதிய சட்டத்தை நிறைவேற்றியது. இத்தீர்மானம் அவர்களாகவே செய்ததல்ல, வேற்றுக் கிரகங்களும் எங்களின் கோரிக்கைகளை நியாயமாகக் கருதி வற்புறுத்தியதால் வந்த விளைவு.

வெற்றி! எனக்கு வெற்றி! என்னைப் பெற்றவர்களுக்கு வெற்றி! என்னைப் போன்ற இளையவர்களுக்கு வெற்றி! மேலாக வேதங்களுக்கு வெற்றி! என்ன கொண்டாட்டம்! என்ன உற்சாகம்! தனிமை வாழ்க்கை இனியில்லை. தாய், தந்தை! தங்கை, மனைவி குழந்தைகள் என வாழலாம், உழைக்கலாம், கடமைகளைச் செய்யலாம். எனக்கு இழந்த உரிமைகள் மீண்டும் அளிக்கப்பட்டன. இத்தனை வருடங்கள் இந்த வருடங்கள் இந்த உலகின் அழகு எங்கு மறைந்து தொலைந்து போனது. இன்று இத்தனை அழகுடன் பொலிவுடன் திகழ்கிறது. தாய் தந்தையின் சாந்தமான முகங்களும், தந்தையின் மகிழ்ச்சியும், என் இளம் மனைவி (திருமணம் நடந்து விட்டது, அழைப்பு அனுப்ப மறந்ததற்கு மன்னிக்கவும்) கோரினாவின் "மகாகாவி பாரதி கூறியது போல புரட்சி செய்து வேதத்தைப் புதுமையாக்கி விட்டார்கள்" என்ற பெருமிதக் குரல் எனக்கு வாழ்க்கையை உணர்த்தியது.

மனிதன் அனிதனிலிருந்து நிச்சயமாக வேறுபட்டவன். எனக்கு வேதம் என்ற பாரம் பரியம் இருக்கிறது. அதன் துணையோடு செல்கிறேன். தமிழ் மறைகள் கூறும் வாழ்க்கை தான் உண்மையான அசலான வாழ்க்கை என்பதை உணர்ந்து கொண்டேன்.

எங்கும் அமைதி! ஆனந்தம்!

கி. செளமியா

இளங்கலை—சமூகவியல், முதல் ஆண்டு

## A LESSON IN WHAT?

A ship sailed out to sea with a band of revellers, holiday-makers and sailors. It was caught in a storm and everything possible was done to save it, but in vain. It sank slowly submerging under the choppy waters. One survivor.....

While in the water he found himself drowning, but to his vision floated a plank (a piece of debris) and he caught hold of it. He found himself clutching it for dear life. Ultimately he found his body slowly sinking, aching and his hands were chaffed and bleeding. Somehow his inner strength kept him going. He clung on to the plank. Tossed and turned on the rough waters, he was frozen with the cold. Yet he would not give in.

Slowly he became aware of the scene around him, the blue green waters now turning black, the fish, the grey blue sky and the depth of the ocean with all its mysteries below. He could see the horizon far away.

Now he had a deep craving for something familiar. Then to his vision came a speck in the distance, something very familiar. Then to his mind came a deep longing for so many things that he had taken for granted, the birds, the trees, the sand, the stones, the flowers and most of all people. The list was endless.

Yet he knew there was a deeper craving, what was missing? Something more he could not fathom. One word, two words, three words or more? What was it? or Who was it? The only thing that he loved at the moment was the plank.

The speck grew larger and larger and there it was—The land that he was craving for. Something burst inside him and he cried for joy. It was happiness for all those things that he had taken for granted. Yet when his feet touched the earth the first thing that he did was to throw away the plank, the piece of debris that he had clung to for dear life, which had saved him. He fell to the earth with a deep feeling of joy and the plank floated away.

What is the Plank?

DULANEE TAMPOO  
III B.A. Literature.

## BEYOND THE WALL

The huge door creak'd open  
His eyes squinting  
And flesh warming  
He breathed  
The fresh invigorating air.  
Twenty-five years in prison  
Dark, damp and insipid  
He approached the dawn  
Bright, warm and active,  
Rambling along, he noticed  
Himself, a man unnoticed.  
Everywhere he turned his head  
People hurried  
Buses, cars and mopeds speeding—  
A rushing generation  
A life of separation

Nowhere to go  
And none to see  
Seated on the pavement  
Watching aimlessly.

Lunch time comes and evening goes  
A streaming life of no restraints.  
Men hurrying back ;  
.....

The growing darkness  
Gloomed into his heart  
Night over all  
Man and beast  
No more among prisoners  
Left lonely to sleep.

CONCILIA GOMEZ  
III B.A. Literature





## **R. D. CAMP**

Oh, the great Day I was waiting for as impatiently had arrived. "Life is to be fun, once I and myself at the Garrison Parade Ground, New Delhi".

These were the few lines I used to repeat to myself during our strenuous camps before the final one. The hardships of enduring the cross-country and drill in the hot sun and most important of being disciplined at times seemed to be testing the limits of our self-control. With all these we finally did achieve our goal. At the same time it was quite disheartening to think of those who after undergoing so many camps and training were rejected at the last stage.

Once we reached Delhi, life was totally different, everything starting from the weather to food. It was just too good for words. After eating all varieties of food in our previous camps.

Marching at the Rajpath was one of my greatest achievements. It was different from marching everyday and anywhere. The pride one feels while marching down Rajpath with our heads held up high can never be compared with any of the other activities.

So what I mean to say is that all the hardship and efforts we had put in, in the months of training, were now worth every moment.

Certainly a spirit of oneness prevailed irrespective of the contingent to which a cadet might belong, there was healthy inter-action and good fellowship.

Jai Hind.

CUO. LAISHRAM BIJAYA.

## RURAL MIGRATION

Even after four decades of planning in India, the economy is predominantly agrarian in nature. Members of the Planning Commission soon after independence had envisaged the building of a modern India, where her temples could be reflected in her industries. But what we find today is a dualism existing in the Indian Economy, with pockets of urbanisation co-existing with the rural environment.

The picture in the rural areas is that the villages still largely depend on subsistence farming. In spite of the various policies undertaken by the Government, both at the Centre and the State levels, to modernise agriculture, there seems to have been no significant improvement on this front. The number working on farms, be they big or small, still continues to be more than really required. Since there is a surplus of labour in this sector the productivity and efficiency are directly affected. Although total product may have increased to some extent due to the so called 'Green Revolution', the marginal product still continues to be zero or even negative in some cases. This results in low wages which is not even sufficient for a reasonable standard of living. Although positive land reform measures have been undertaken, the tenural status has not undergone any significant change, and exploitation of tenants and sub-tenants still continues. With the abolition of bonded labour there appears to be a large section of the rural community unemployed. With the improvement in transportation and communication facilities the villages are now aware of the employment opportunities in the urban centres. So they take a bold initiative to migrate to towns and cities with the hope of finding better employment which would enable them to have a better standard of living.

A rural migrant being basically unskilled and unsuitable for employment in industries of the urban centres is usually not readily accepted by the employers. Moreover, the migrant cannot afford the costs involved in training himself to such jobs and thus he finds himself once again trapped in the grip of unemployment. At the same time, after being uprooted from his rural household, he finds himself deprived of shelter in the new urban environment thus contributing to the already growing slums of the area. The crowded cities now have to bear the burden of additional rural population. Poverty strikes the migrant in a massive way. He faces all the hardships of unemployment. In spite of all these difficulties the migrant continues to hunt for jobs which might give him some relief from his sad state of affairs. This low standard of living, in turn, adds to social evils, as he is easily drawn towards alcoholism, gambling and other vices. He is now in a worse situation than before so that his family life, both from the economic and social points of view is adversely affected.

The question now arises as to why the migrant still continues to live in the cities? Is the attraction of the city so great or could it be because he thinks it

better to undergo the discomforts of city life rather than accept the failure of not being able to establish himself in the city. It could also be that he is now totally disillusioned and has no other option but to remain in the city itself, and fight against hope in securing any type of job for himself and his wife.

Having discussed some of the economic problems of rural migration it is upto the Government to participate actively in finding a solution for this chronic issue. One suggestion for improving this situation could be that the government could intensify its Rural Development Programme and decentralise its activities by setting up small scale and cottage industries, or home-based industries and other forms of agriculture and allied activities. The programmes such as IRDP, NREP, DPAD should be intensified to benefit the rural population. This will help solve the urge for rural migration as the surplus labour can be absorbed in the rural areas itself thus putting an end to all these economic problems of migration.

STUDENTS OF  
II M. A. Economics

## NEIGHBOURS

I draw aside my new curtains  
Take in a deep breath of air  
It's a windy evening with a promise of rain  
The streets are shadowy, quite bare  
The moon picks out a lone figure  
Her movements are tired and slow  
She lights a fire, her few pots and pans  
Waver in the eerie glow  
A little boy comes, perhaps her son  
Throws down his heavy load  
Weak with exhaustion, in his mother's lap  
Home is this patch of road

PUNITHA GOPALEN  
III B. A. Economics

## FROM OBSCURITY TO BRILLIANCE

An inconsequent looking paragraph in the morning newspapers relates the sighting of a supernova. Another day it carries the seemingly pedantic information that the theory that comets gifted life-building carbon to our earth, is supported by the sighting of comet Wilson, on its only visit, to the Solar System. It is in these kind of events that the destiny and origins of humankind are undeniably linked up. Our complacent ignorance distances us from this fact, and from the universe from which we have sprung.

But, billions of years ago, swirling in what was then empty space, was a tenuous cloud of the humblest, least complex of elements — hydrogen. It was this cloud which was the fountain-head of life, the source of every iota of matter in the universe, and most important to us, the substance of the stars — our only visible companions in our excursions through space and time, they have for centuries heartened and befriended man, peering out into the lonely night.

Although the most abundant element in the earth's atmosphere is nitrogen, it is hydrogen that reigns supreme in the entire universe. In this drifting whirlpool of hydrogen a few atoms collide, quite by accident, and the gravitational attraction exerted by each on its neighbour serves to hold them together. As this small cluster of atoms surges and eddies through the voids of space, it entraps more of its fellow atoms and becomes an independent cloud of gas united by mutual gravitational attraction. Under the weaker but ever-present influence of gravity, the cloud condenses, the atoms draw closer and individual atoms fall into the core with increasing speed and energy. These kinetic processes raise the temperature of the cloud. Its size is now about ten trillion miles in diameter. This shrinking, self-heating, nebulous globule is a newly-conceived embryonic star. It has taken its first breath of life.

Due to the force of gravity now which holds the incipient star together, it condenses rapidly to a few million miles in diameter. The compressed cloud, by now, has attained an incredibly high temperature of 20 million degrees Fahrenheit an effect of the colliding gas molecules in its interior. The temperature conditions in this nuclear furnace now cement the union of four hydrogen nuclei into an atom of helium. These nuclear coalitions can take place only in the stellar core, since only here are the temperatures able to sustain them. So, at the threshold of its life, the foetal star consists of a core of densely-crammed helium, surrounded by a shell of fast-transmuting hydrogen. In the sun, conversion of hydrogen to helium takes place at the rate of 564 million tons per second by hydrogen. Simultaneously attendant on this process is the release of energy in the form of heat and light. The fires of nuclear fusion have been ignited the star has burst into light.

The life of a star is a hot-bed of atomic reactions. The transmuting of hydrogen into helium occupies 99% of its life span, a period of relative stability.

The opposing nuclear and gravitational forces keep the infant star in protective equilibrium. Our sun has been in this steady state for the last five billion years.

Stars are born, they evolve and they die: aging is a process they cannot escape. Aeons pass. The core has been entirely converted into dense, hot helium, enveloped by hydrogen. Hydrogen fusion shuts itself off. Since nuclear reactions have been arrested, gravity takes the upper hand, the atoms at the core cave in and the temperature rises to an even higher two hundred million degrees Fahrenheit. Consequently the outer layers become hotter and expand on a gargantuan scale. The heat, now being distributed over a vaster area, creates a cooler surface. The star acquires a reddish hue and enters the red giant phase of its journey towards death, when it balloons to 50 times its original size and is 500 times brighter. Five billion years hence, our sun will be in the same bloated state. The inner planets will be engulfed and the earth will undergo incredibly catastrophic changes.

At this stage, three helium nuclei combine to form the next higher element—carbon. From now on the destiny of the star depends on its size. In a small star the loose surface layers escape the clutches of gravity and float into space, leaving the carbon bare. This is a white dwarf and it continues condensing till its diameter is a few thousand miles and it has an exceptional density of a few tons per cubic inch. Occasionally it gives a brilliant flash of light, called a nova. It fades as quickly as it comes. White dwarfs cool to yellow and red and eventually become the 'black cinders in the stellar graveyard'.

The story is different for a large, massive star. The temperature rise due to the collapse is enough to transmute carbon to heavier elements, from oxygen to sodium. After the depletion of carbon, the process of collapse, heating, and rekindled nuclear reactions are repeated until the core element is iron. Iron has too solid and compact a nucleus to be ignited. Gravity triumphs in its tug of war with nuclear forces and the star begins its final collapse to a ball of extremely dense neutrons. In this last gasp for life the star manufactures the heavy elements, from iron to uranium. The giant atomic nucleus now explodes, spraying its material far into the eternities of the night. This fusillade of celestial fire-works is the last we ever see of the star before it is swallowed up by the immensities of space. In the final throes of death it may also trigger the formation of new stars and planets. This spectacular end of the star is a Supernova.

The twinkling lights of the night sky stream by us and we feel an urge, a strong desire, to forge our links with our unknown antecedents. As we venture timidly out of our wee little homes, our forays into the fringes of the ethereal, all-encompassing universe reveal to us the precision and elegance of Nature's hand.

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SUNITA LAKSHMY RAMACHANDRAN  
II B.Sc Maths.

## பாரதி! உனக்கு நிகர் நீ: நீயேதான்

வீர நெருப்பு! காவிய வானம்பாடி! என் நேசக் கவிஞன் பாரதிக்கு முதல் வணக்கம்.

பாரதி என்ற அந்த ஒரு சொல்தான் எத்துணைப் புதுமையையும், புரட்சியையும் தாங்கி நிற்கிறது; வீரமும், விவேகமும் விஞ்சி நிற்கிறது. வீரதைமிகு மனிதன்; வியத்தகு ஆற்றல்! செந்தமிழ்க் கவிதையில் குன்றாத வளமை. அப்பப்பா! பாரதி உனக்கு நிகர் நீ! நீயேதான்!

உள்ளத்தில் உள்ளது கவிதை, இன்ப உருவெடுப்பது கவிதை, தெள்ளத் தெளிந்த தமிழில் உண்மை தெளிந்துரைப்பது கவிதை” என்கிறார் கவிமணி. இத்தகையதொரு சிறந்த கவிஞன் பாரதி என்பதால் மட்டுமே அவனுக்கு நிகர் யாருமில்லர் என நான் கூறவில்லை.

அவனது எழுத்திற்கும், வாழ்க்கைக்கும் இடைவெளியே இருந்ததில்லை என்பது தான் அவனுடைய தனிச்சிறப்பு. அதனால்தான் அவன் நிகரற்றவன் என்கிறேன்.

தன் சொந்த சோகங்களால் தன் கவிதைகளை ஈரமாக்கிவிடாத சீரிய சிறப்பு இவனுக்கு உண்டு. ஆம்! துன்பத்தில் நகைச்சுவை பாடியவன்; வறுமையிலே வள்ளலாக வாழ்ந்தவன். இதனால் தான் இவன் ஒப்பற்ற மனிதன் என்கிறேன்.

எதை எதையோ வர்ணித்துப் பெண்ணைப் பாடிய கவிஞரிடையே இவன்தான் மண் பாடிய மகாகவிஞன். இவ்விலக்கியக் கவிஞன், பெண்ணை ஆற்றல்மிகு சக்தியாக, பேதைமை நீக்கிய பேரறிவாளியாகப், புதுமைப் பெண்ணாகப் படைக்கிறான். மென்மைக்கு மேன்மை சேர்க்கிறான். “அச்சமும், நாணும் நாய்கட்கு வேண்டுமாம்.

ஞானம், நல்லறம், வீரசுதந்திரம், பேணும் நற்குடிப் பெண்ணின் குணங்களாம்” எனப் பாடுகிறான். இவன் கவிதைகளில் செய்தது மறுமலர்ச்சி அல்ல; புது மலர்ச்சி; முதல் மலர்ச்சி. இதனால் தான் இவனுக்கு நிகர் இவனேதான் என்கிறேன்.

தீ. பத்மலக்ஷ்மி

இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு தாவரவியல்

(14-9-87 முத்தமிழ்ப் பேரவை—பாரதி விழா—பேச்சுப் போட்டியில் முதல் பரிசு பெற்ற செல்வி பத்மலக்ஷ்மியின் பேச்சில் ஒரு பகுதி)

## ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

Man is easily captivated by the beauty of the splendid mansions that adorn the world. Little does he reflect on or observe the wonderful homes established by his animal friends. And these exquisite homes, architecturally perfect, though not externally beautiful (there are exceptions) serve the purpose of providing shelter for their young ones and in some cases other animals too. Every animal, be it an invertebrate or a vertebrate has its own way of protecting its young ones.

A few invertebrates shelter themselves in the shells of other animals. HERMIT CRABS live in abandoned snail shells (gastropod shells). They modify their form accordingly. As the hermit crab outgrows its 'home' the shell must be replaced by a larger one. EUPLECTELLA, commonly known as 'VENUS FLOWER BASKET', is a deep sea sponge and is a popular marriage gift in Japan. It has male and female shrimps inside it which enter as larvae, grow, but cannot get out and thus live and die together in the sponge body. Hence it is a highly symbolic gift that is supposed to indicate 'May the togetherness last'.

While many men in today's world disclaim all responsibilities when it comes to parental care the women still carry the burden; but this does not seem to happen in the case of fishes. Among them, eggs are laid first and fertilized later, so the task of incubating the eggs and looking after the young almost entirely falls upon the fertilizing parent — the male. The male ARIUS after fertilizing the eggs dedicates its mouth as a hatchery and stores the eggs in order to protect the young ones. The male 3-SPINED STICKLE BACK fish makes a nest of sea weeds and coaxes a reluctant female into it where she lays 2 or 3 eggs. This is repeated with a string of brides until the nest is full of eggs. The male stands guard over it for nearly a month chasing away intruders. It repairs the nest and aerates the eggs with its fins. In the case of SEA HORSES, the males are quite well-versed dads. The father sea horse looks after the eggs when the mother has laid them. He then carries them in a brood pouch until they hatch. It is the father who undergoes the pangs of labour.

The CROW which is the most common of birds is also one of the most highly evolved among the feathered clan. He must be a heavy weight champ among his kind as he builds his nest with kilograms of small wire bits. It is well known that the COMMON CUCKOO does not make a nest of her own, laying her eggs instead in those of other birds. She generally goes in search of the heavy weight champ's nest. Thus she escapes from her duty towards her young ones. The unsuspecting crow, hatches the cuckoo's eggs, feeds the young ones along with her own. HONEY GUIDES AND COWBIRDS are other birds of this kind. THE TAILOR BIRD true to its name tactfully stitches leaves together with plant fibres. It skilfully pulls the leaves into a cup-shaped nest by punching holes along the edges of large green leaves and then threading fibres through the holes delicately and yet effortlessly. One is awe-struck at the intricate and flawless work done by this marvellous bird. The WEAVER BIRD provides for its young, very intricately woven nests. Sophisticated as the nests are, with vertical, sleeve-like entrances and globular nesting chambers they give the young ones sufficient protection. The weaver thus designs his nest in such a way that the young are sheltered from intruders. Another fascinating phenomenon among weaver birds is the way the males go all out to please their mates. The males build many beautifully woven nests (sometimes even as many as 30) in order to please the female. If the female is impressed, she chooses one of them to lay her eggs. Imagine the plight of the heart-broken male if the female turns out to be very choosy and does not select even a single one !

THE KANGAROO, a marsupial mammal, is only 3/4ths of an inch long, when born. It weighs less than 1/35th of an ounce at birth. During this stage, the 'joey' as the baby kangaroo is called, is completely dependent on its mother for food, shelter and protection. One wonders how this tiny creature will survive? The mother Kangaroo, with utmost care, shelters her offspring in her pouch for about 8 months. THE BABY KOALA BEAR, on the other hand though normal sized at birth finds the mother's pouch claustrophobic and decides to go piggy back on the mother. Young SEA OTTERS initially fail to realize that the water is to be their future home and while being taught to swim by the mother, they panic and jump on to the mother's back for shelter.

While most animals tend to nestle and shelter their young in isolation, there are a few which prefer to live as a community. Among them are the bees, termites, and the ants which are social insects. The industrious worker BEES not only build the comb but bring food, protect the rest of the community, and take care of the young. There are SOCIAL WEAVERS, birds who build large communal nests where 300 pairs of birds shelter their young ones.

These fascinating aspects of animals, who, though always regarded as unprotected and homeless, shelter their offspring and help them survive against all odds to the best of their ability.

A study of animal homes thus reveals how animals are instinctively geared to meet the peculiarities of their environment. Their homes are fascinatingly efficient and appropriate to shelter their offspring and help them to survive against all odds.

BANU KRISHNAN  
KANCHANA, A.  
II B.Sc Zoology.

## MAN OR ANIMAL

Man, it has been proved, has evolved from the beast: the ape, to be more specific. He has tried to make himself civilised. Man walks on two legs; he has lost his tail. However man could not lose some of the characteristic qualities of the beasts. The animals travelled in the forest in groups. Whenever they felt threatened they clustered together into a herd. Man too exhibits this tendency to join other humans whenever he feels insecure. They rush to the places of shelter (clubs and societies) where they could find other men.

This instinctive search for companionship is one of the major themes in literature too. George Orwell has described the behaviour of the British in Burma. They sought each other in clubs, to get reassurance that what they had done was



right. His essay on **Shooting An Elephant** discusses this herd instinct, exhibited by the British and the Burmese. Orwell describes an incident which happened when he was posted in Moulmien, in Lower Burma. He had to shoot an elephant which had been tame, but had gone 'amuck'. He went with a rifle to find the elephant. The Burmese followed him :

It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side.

Orwell shot the elephant, but afterwards there were endless discussions about it :

Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie.

E. M. Forster too, refers to this instinct in his novel **A passage To India**. He speaks of the natives (indians) and of the British. What is true of the British, when placed in foreign lands is also true of all human beings, when they are placed in hostile and alien atmospheres.

What is true of literature is also true of nations. People are grouped as Americans, Australians, Indians and so on. India is a land of teeming millions. Her people flow onto pavements. She faces an acute shortage of space. Her food production struggles to meet the needs of the ever growing masses. In Tamil Nadu alone, the number of children seeking manual labour is awesome. It is easily the highest number in the country. Most of these children are homeless, and often orphaned or abandoned. They are constantly in search of an individual identity but do not find it. They seem satisfied to belong to a class of workers or to a factory. They are forced to belong to the poorest class of citizens. These children are set adrift in the sea of humanity. They earn to establish roots or at least connections, so that they feel secure knowing that they belong to the world.

These children seek jobs, hoping to better themselves, but the harsh reality of the world is alien and hostile to them. They find themselves unable to adjust to the change. Some find themselves unequal to the task, and give up the struggle. They blissfully remain in the happy period of their childhood, their mental age remains static while their physical age goes on increasing. These people (or rather children) are mentally retarded. They long to belong to some group or family, but they are shunned. Instead of receiving love, care and understanding, they often receive blows and scoldings.

India, if she has to develop, must seek a way of helping these children, who are present in all her states.

VANITHA NARAYANAN  
I. M. A. Literature.

## OUR TOWN

Theatre, which is the greatest of all arts should aim to depict what is truest to life. It should attempt above all to show how 'wonderful' and 'awful' life is. This is what Thornton Wilder attempted to do when he wrote OUR TOWN in 1938. He wrote at a time when giants of American theatre like Eugene O'Neill were at their peak. He found, however, that the theatre of the time had ceased to fascinate him. He wrote; 'Toward the end of the twenties, I began to lose pleasure in going to the theatre. I ceased to believe in the stories I saw presented there ..... the conviction was growing in me that the theatre is the greatest of all arts. I felt that something had gone wrong with it in my time, and that it was fulfilling only a small part of its potentialities. The theatre now aimed at 'soothing' the audience, the tragic had 'no heat', the 'comic no bite' and the social criticism 'failed to indict us with responsibility'.

'OUR TOWN' like his other plays was written as a reaction against the common trend. Wilder dispensed with all the trappings of contemporary theatre. The play is dominated by the stage-manager who is present throughout. On stage, he tells a story from the past. A magical figure, he seems older, and is wiser than all the other folks in Grovers Corners. He conjures up bits and pieces of memory and presents them before us. The characters appear upon his beckoning, say their piece, and then disappear.

The play is set in a tiny New Hampshire village, Grovers Corners. Our attention throughout the play is focussed primarily on the lives of two families there the Gibbs and the Webbs. The falling in love and the eventual marriage of Dr. Gibbs' son George, to editor Webbs' daughter Emily, is vital to the play. Possessing an uncanny eye for details, Wilder has filled the play with several endearing anecdotes about various characters. Editor Webb echoes Wilders' feelings when he says "Meanwhile we do all we can to help those that can't help themselves and those that can we leave alone"—this explains the sympathetic attitude of the villagers towards the perpetually drunk church organist, Simon Simson. A close knit, small town atmosphere pervades the play. Everybody knows everybody else. The two babies, born the previous night in the 'Polish quarter' are not forgotten in the discussion about the village population.

The play is divided into three acts. Wilder calls Act I, and II 'Daily life' 'Love and Marriage' and the third one we can christen 'Death and the After Life'. Even this division of acts is part of Wilders' attempt 'to find a value, above all price, for the smallest events in our daily life'. The village is placed against the largest dimensions of time and place'. The 'recurrent' words in the play are hundreds, thousands and millions. Emily's joys and griefs, her Algebra lessons, and her birth day presents—what are they when we consider all the billions of girls who had lived, who are living and who will live.

Wilder has dispensed totally with formal, box like sets. The most minimal of props are used. The picturesque landscape seen in the far horizon only by the stage manager and the characters, is spoken of, and sunsets and mountains beckoned to with perfect naturalness. This spoken word arranges itself into the backdrop the Cart Horse Bessie, and the Tea Kettle. The characters use no props. Mrs. Webbs and Mrs. Gibbs cook food, signifying all this with gestures. This bareness of the stage enables a constant shift in scene (without formal scene division). The action moves from the Webb's home to the Gibbs, from Emily and George at school, to the Congregational Church. Wilder has thus dispensed with sets so that attention would be paid solely to the spoken word. There is an amazing richness of language throughout the play. Emily puts it best - 'like silk of a spool'. The playwright has paid minute attention to dialectical details. The stage manager who is a part of the scene and yet not, possesses a sense of humour. Laughing at the follies of people, he says, 'whenever you come near the human race there's layer and layer of nonsense'. One sentence which specially appealed to me was the stage manager's comment. 'The rain looked like curtains being blown along.'

In the third act, the play gets pretty serious. Wilder tragically I feel, at this point kills Emily. Her death and her experience serve to illustrate for us Wilder's strange but interesting attitude to death. All the dead, perched up in 'Grovers Corners' Cemetery realise too late how awful and wonderful life was. Emily realises in her short, experimental sojourn, in the world of the living, that the least important of her experiences in life became vital. This explains her intensity when she says 'I can't look at everything hard enough'. And O Mama, just look at me as though you really saw me'. She concludes, that the people fortunate enough to be living, do not understand that every minute is too precious to be wasted, or that life cannot be retrieved.

This play screened by USIS Library in Sept '87 is to my mind a fitting tribute to the International Year of Shelter when among the intellectuals deep reflection goes on as to what makes a true home. I join this group of thinkers who feel extremely happy at the way Thornton Wilder's 'OUR TOWN' depicts the homeliness of the Webbs and the Gibbs at the Grovers Corners in New Hampshire.

ANITA CHERIAN  
III B.A. Literature

## **PSHAW !**

He put the final touches on to the figure and stepped back, Out of the large block of fragrant, inanimate soap a lovely form had emerged.....he had freed that sylph-like form, trapped inside the prison of the soap from the factory, helped her break free, feel the light of the glorious sun steaming in through his studio's paned-glass windows.

He looked at her again, quickly, a sidelong glance. Had he seen a tiny flicker of movement along her form? No, no, it was just his own feverish imagination, made tense and still like a summer day which waits for something to happen among its hot shadows and drowsily buzzing insects, pauses and waits for the crouched to spring, and the coiled to uncoil. This tautness and tension were brought about by overwork, sleepless nights, anxiety, and the struggle with the block of soap as the lady and he tried to free each other. They were in this together, he knew it in his bones ..... he could feel the obsession starting ..... he looked at her again ..... oh, he must hold her ! He must have her !

He rushed to his room to get his mother's jewellery, and the family rolls of silk .....

A few days later, Aphrodite, Goddess of love, found him in a state of near dementia over the beautiful statue. Taking pity on him she granted his prayer and gave the statue the gift of life. Pygmalion was overjoyed to find his Galatea alive; they married, and would have lived happily ever after, if Galatea had not, the next day, decided to have a bath .....

It was her last ..... she stepped into the fatal bathroom, fondly teasing Pygmalion about something, and never returned, leaving Pygmalion dissolved in tears .....

**SUJATHA DEVADOSS**  
I M.A. Literature

## **ABNORMAL ANIMATIONS**

All ants ate artfully.  
Apparently ant-antagonists anxiously appease all and anybody.  
Angular animals annihilate armed armchairs.  
Archangels arise artificially astride Asiatic ashtrays.  
Asses assail assimilated assistances.  
All astray, asunder !  
"AWAY ! AWAY !"  
"ATEMPT ATTACK !"  
"ALWAYS APPEASE !"  
Argued and asserted associated artilleries.  
Adventurous Admirals agree : "Agitations arise again and again, after acute attacks !"  
Antiseptic "Analphabets" alarmed alienated Africans.  
Anyway, anybody arguing anything about anyone acts arrogant and amateur.  
Ambiguous ambition among ambassadors amplifies aggressive actions,  
Amazement anyway appears august.  
Acknowledgements achieve adequate accomplishments.  
Altogether Americans accept :  
"Abnormal Animals, Ambassadors, "Analphabets", and Artillery are abhorred all around !"  
ALL AGREE? ! ?

ANGELA THOMSEN  
I B.A. Literature

## **A R T**

An interpretation of the mind  
which seeks out and finds.  
Or a distortion of all reality,  
which can be viewed as destruction or creativity.  
Fate, painted as the vagaries of a dream.  
Rain as jewels which shine and beam.  
An idea, an expression, a prodigy,  
Blended together very gracefully.

SUMA ZACHARIA  
I B.Sc Chemistry

## HOSTEL REPORT

June 21st '87. It is six in the evening and the hostelites start coming in slowly. They greet one another, exchange news and make a bee line for the bulletin board to see the room allotments. Sister and Ma'am are present to greet everyone with warm smiles. Soon everyone adjusts to the change of surroundings and the hostel reverberates with the sound of laughter and joy.

A few weeks later, the freshies arrive with anxious parents and guardians. A few with apprehensive faces. They are reassured by the warden, most of them are flushed with excitement and possibly with nervousness. We watch them adjust to the food and the weather, and in general to the routine of hostel life. We watch them make friends and remember the warmth and the graciousness we received when we first came.

Soon, we have the ice-breaking or the freshies social which the seniors organise. The freshies, dressed in vivid colours parade to the echoes of thunderous applause. After the fancy dress parade, they are amused by the interesting entertainment provided by the seniors. After this formal initiation they are accepted by us and become one of us.

This is followed by a return social organised by the freshies-'Girls just Wanna have Fun'. As the theme suggests we did want to have a lot of fun and we had it. The swirling, graceful, colourful freshies danced to the strains of lilting, haunting, enchanting music. It seems as if they are inspired by the very essence of fun and laughter. 'Starry, Starry Nite'-their cultural programme proves very entertaining.

A term is already over. Everyone seems to have settled. There is a lot of work to do and no time to brood or to feel home-sick. Once in a while we have ingenious variety shows such as 'Fancy dress competitions' to relieve the monotony of our daily routine.

The time we are footloose is during Hostel-Week-the one time you can let your hair down, dancing on twinkle-toes (and many would out-fred any Astaire) and enjoy good grub.

Perhaps, the one difference which marks the hostel report this year is the water scarcity in the city.

The scene as presented by our hostel-reporter : 'Walk down to the hostel on any week-day or even a Sunday after 4 p.m. and you see pretty maidens

hitching up skirts, swishing buckets of water with puckered faces. Of course they have an interested audience. What with rustic Romeos perching themselves precariously on the compound walls”.

Much philosophizing goes on-to some life is vibrant excitement, to others it is placid-“its ups and downs are second nature to me now”.

PRIYA SUBRAMANIAN  
II B.Sc. Chemistry

ARCHANA JHA  
III B.A. Literature

## NEWS FROM OUR ALUMNI

It is always a pleasure to hear from our students who have passed out through the portals of our college into the wider arena of life. We thank each one of them for their continued interest in the welfare of their staff and college. We very much hope that many more would renew their contact with us. Here are a few gleanings from the letters we have received from our alumni.

We are delighted to announce that four of our former students have been appointed to the high office of Superior Provincial of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—Sr. Merlyn D’Sa (M.A., ‘67) for the Madras Province, Sr. Rose Grace (B.A.,) for the Ooty Province, Sr. Susan (M.Sc., ‘68) for the Delhi Province and Sr. Telma (M.A.,) for the Bombay Province. We congratulate and wish each one of them and pray for God’s blessings on them for a life of greater usefulness to everyone.

Mrs Thangam Sehan (Eco. M.A., ‘61) is at the helm of affairs at Vaishnava College as its Principal. Lakshmi Venkatasubramaniam (Eco. M.A., ‘67) has rejoined college as a faculty member. Of her classmates, Indu Malini Chari is working in a solicitor’s office in Calcutta and Shyamala Raman is a faculty member of the unit of Connecticut, U.S.A.; Sachidevi (Eco. M.A. ‘75) is a Professor at Vaishnava College. Dr. U. Kalpagam of the same year is doing her Post-doctoral work in the U.S.A. Sr. Euphrasia (Eco. M. A.,) is the Vice-Principal of the Joythi Nivas College. Eugene Nirmala Sundaram, also of the same year, has the distinction of having published a well-written book on ‘Health Studies’ and has taken up voluntary work for the tribals of our country. Urmilla Belliappa (M.A., ‘79) who was on our staff is working for her Ph. D. at Brown University, New York. She, nostalgically recalls the ‘Family-community spirit, of Stell Maris and hopes fervently

that her Alma Mater may grow from strength to strength. G. Leela (B.A., '81) is the happy mother of little Archana and is settled in Bangalore, U. Jeyalakshmi (M.A., '83) is also in Bangalore continuing her research towards a Ph. D. Rosemary Kalapurackal (Vice-President '85-'86) is at Columbus, Ohio, where she faced the challenge of examinations creditably, qualifying for Ph.D. She will be receiving her M. A. degree in Fall this year. Her classmates, Nayantara (Cult. Sec. '85-'86), Sangeetha and Prabha hope to complete their M.B.A. Course at I.I.M., Ahmedabad. Geetha Batra (B.A., '87) has warmly wished the teachers at college on Teachers' Day and acknowledges her debt to each one of them. Ramya, M.A., and Chitra M.A., are married.

The past students of the Literature Department 'belong' in a different way. Not much news through letters—but they make surprise visits and sudden phone calls. Vaijyanthi (M.A., '66) who was on the staff of the college for a few years is now at Kanpur, I.I.T., as a Research Fellow. Maya Narasimhan (M.A., '67) who did a stint of teaching here is a Doctoral Scholar at Mother Teresa University and also has a successful 'Children Ware' shop. Haripriya (M.A. '72) is completing her doctorate from the University of Purdue. Neela Mande (M.A., '76) is at Pune in IRS as also Vani (M. A., '77). Shanthi (nee) Kini now Mrs. Jayakumar (first batch of Basket ball players of the college B. A., '74) has happily resumed studies in Texas now that she feels her two daughters are secure and independent. Chitra (nee) Kameswaran in London doing her Ph.D. Francesca (B A. '82) and Lata, her Classmate, both in the U.S. fondly remember Stell Maris and write whenever possible. Alysha, Ruth and Sheeba (M.A. '87) have joined M. Phil at M.C.C. and Bharathi, Pushpalatha at the University of Madras. Priya Krishnan (nee) Seshasayee (B.A.) surprised us with a visit and shared her experience abroad with us. Sandhya (M.A. '82) is teaching in Bombay. Clarella Xavier (M.A., '83) has completed her M. Phil and is an asst. professor at Loyola College. Her batchmate G. Kalpana has been selected for I.A.S. and is undergoing training. Nagamani (B.A. '84) has the distinction of publishing her first volume of poetry through the writer's workshop. She is currently in advertising in Bombay. Her classmate Miriam has moved on to Labour Management from Literature. Rathi Raman (M.A., '86) teaches in a school in Madras and her classmate Kalpana Suganthan is happy teaching at W.C.C. Yuanee Tampoo (B.A. '86) is in advertising in Colombo.

It's good to know that our Fine Arts Graduates are pursuing their studies in their chosen fields. Preminda Jacob (B.A. '77) is now working on 'Popular Culture' as part of her postgraduate programme in California. Geetha Mehra (B.A.,) of the Sakshi Gallery and Sharon Appa Rao (B.A., '82) of the 'Gallery' have been treating the citizens of Madras with their exclusive exhibitions. Yashodara (M.A., '79) is teaching in a school in California. Cheryl Coelho (B.A., '82) after a stint as sales executive in the Welcome Group of hotels is now working at Nalli Garments and Leather Exports, Vidya. V (M.A., '84) is pursuing her studies in the Temple University at Philadelphia. Staying in the art-conscious



east coast and travelling frequently, she has been able to keep abreast of the art activities of that area. Her classmate Shyamala is teaching the art of playing the piano at Rosary Matriculation School. The Saifuddin Sisters, Mrs. Ashrafi who is one of our staff and Yasmin (M.A., '85) demonstrated their talents and skill in the Arts and Crafts exhibition cum sale held at Sakshi Gallery in September '87 Shella Vasudevan (M.A., '86) now in California doing Computer Graphics was all praise for the College and all that she had learnt here. Rangashree, Shoba and Mathangi (B.A., '87) have joined together and set up a designing cum silk screen painting unit which has turned out to be a remarkable success. Veena (M.A., '87) is now working in a Travel Agency and her classmate Priya is teaching Batik at Kotharis in Madras. Miss. Gowri Nayak, until recently on our staff, is now in Australia and has her hands full painting in water colours and her Ph. D programme. She is deeply involved in setting up an Indian Art Department in one of the Universities there.

It is heartening to note that quite a few of our graduates in Social Work have found placement with the help of their Staff-Auxila D'silva, Vimla, Anuradha Jayashree, S. Sudha, Chitra, Sr. Florence, Kopperundevi A. Stell Mary of the 1986 batch and Miriam, Nandhini Blessy Chacko, Uma Natarajan, Geetha Xavier Ancy Sebastian, Krishnaveni, Suganthi, Mary Joseph, Malarkodi, Vathana and Sr. Annie of the 1987 batch have been placed in places as varied as Southern Railways, Centre for the Welfare of the Aged and the Madras School of Social Work.

Of our mathematicians, K. Geetha (B.Sc '74) who was working in our I.O.B. extension counter has been transferred to the Mahalingapuram branch. Her sister Vedavalli (B.Sc., '80) who is working in the Punjab National Bank got married recently. Her classmate Sripriya was also married recently. Jeyashree (B.Sc., '81) is currently doing Ph. D., in the University of IOWA, in U.S.A. Sr. Lidwin (M.Sc , '83) is the Principal of Bethlehem Higher Secondary School in Ooty. Her classmate Geetha Vijayan is happy to be in New York with her husband and son. M.T. Anuradha, also of the same year is teaching in a school in Trichy. Elizabeth C. Joseph, an excellent Volley Ball and Basket-Ball player (B.Sc., '84) is continuing her studies in America. S. Nalini (M.Sc., '84) who was on our staff until recently is married. V. Shanthi (B.Sc., '84) has successfully completed her B. Tech course and has joined Tatas as Engineer Trainee. K. Srimathy (M.Sc '85) is teaching in Adarsh Vidyalaya while Sujatha, K. Rajalakshmi and S. Meena (M.Sc., '86) will be leaving shortly to the U.S.A with their husbands. Srilatha of the same year is already in New York with her husband. Kalpana Moorthy (M.Sc., '86) and Sripriya (B.Sc., '86) also are married and we wish all the married couples a meaningful life of union.

Uttara Devi (Hist. '85) is continuing her post graduation in Vizag and Priscilla of the same batch is teaching in a school in Madurai. She finds her students very intelligent and affectionate.

Our physicists are doing well too. K. Jyothi is continuing her studies in Biophysics in the U.S.A. Bharathi, Amita and Mathangi ('85) have left for the U.S. for further studies. Sakunthala and Nirupamma ('86) are doing their B.E in Computer Science at the Indian Institute of Science. Their classmate Vinita who was doing well in Theoretical Physics in A. C. College, Guindy was selected to participate in a summer course held at the Tata Institute, Bombay. Saisudha ('87) has joined I.I.S. for further studies. Her classmates Hazley Johnson and Asha Beulah have switched over to Chartered Accountancy. They recall with joy and gratitude, the time they spent in Stella Maris.

Revathy Renganathan of the 1973 batch of Chemistry students is now a Research Assistant in the University of Illinois. Muthulakshmi ('73) is Working in the State Bank. Rajeswari Sridar ('75) has joined the University of Pittsburg and Tena Peters ('87) is working in CITADEL, Madras.

Of our botanists who passed out in 1987, J. Josephine, Gur Kiran Kaur Ahluwalia, Geetha, G. Suvasini, Gopalan and Indumathi are doing their Masters in different colleges. Annie Abraham, Anupama Annapoorani, Gloria Mary and Punithavathy have joined the Laboratory Technology Course in our college. Poornima Sharma is a Sales Officer at Usha's. Udhistra has joined her parents in England. Charumathi will soon be joining her husband who is a computer software consultant in New Zealand. Rajeswari has switched over to C. A. and is quite enjoying it. Wedding bells rang for Stany, Jayashree Pai, D. Priya and Jyothi Jain who is also doing a Diploma course in Bombay.

The Zoology graduates are scattered in different parts of the world. Danesh (nee) Moodley writes from South Africa to say that they are passing through the coldest winter in 30 years and that the Drakensburg mountains are covered with snow—a rare phenomenon. Anju Bargave ('72) is attached to the consulting services of the National Westminster Bank in New York. She visited the college early this year and was proud to show her daughter the place 'which she so fondly remembered'. Thamilarasi Annamalai ('78) is exploring chances of doing Ph.D. in California, where her classmate Vanitha (nee) Pragasam (Vice-Pres. '77-'78) is also staying. Sr. Helen Vincent, our Principal, was happy to meet Shanthi ('81) in Toronto. Shanthi has been honoured with two awards for overall excellence in Research as well as for the best Research in the field of Pathology. Her classmate Rajeswari Rajan, after a period of training at the Film Institute, is actively involved in Direction and Screenplay writing and bagged two awards and a gold medal for best direction. Of those of the ('83) batch, Meenakshi Anantram (nee) Murugesh (College Pres. - '82-'83) has joined B.Ed. after M.Sc., and makes it a point to look us up whenever she passes through Madras. Karpagam Kailasam (Cult. Sec. '83-'84) has joined her husband who is a faculty member at the University of Houston, at Austin. Shivaneer Pereira has completed her M.Phil and is doing Ph.D. Mala Krishna is our faithful Bombay correspondent and she never misses a chance of meeting us while in Madras. Shalini Nataraj,

Until recently an active worker of the Environmental Society of India (Madras Branch) left for the U.S.A. to do her postgraduation. Jeyalakshmi continues to give her time and talent to the cause of environmental protection in India. Sandya is the happy mother of a baby girl. Mercy Selvakumari was married recently. Minnoli has successfully completed the postgraduate diploma course in Laboratory Technology.

Sudha Kidao ('85) after completing her M.Sc., in Madras has joined the University of Houston at Austin for a Ph.D. programme in Genetics. Anna Devassy has switched over to computer science and is currently studying in Virginia. Liza, Sunderthai, Glinda, Catherine, Reena, Isabel and Geraldine have completed their M.Sc., Kalpana Ramanan gives us an insight into the colourful way of life in Rajasthan. She secured the third rank in M.Sc. from the University of Rajasthan and has plans of doing Ph.D. Sushama Mohta is to be married soon. Anitha and Sheela John will soon be finishing their M.Sc. Shanthi Sekar has a baby boy and is attached to the Ethnor Company as its Professional Service Representative. Teresa Mathew is doing M.B.A. at Allahabad, Amila has joined the staff of the Sacred Heart Higher Secondary School for a short period.

Thankamani, Vidya, Vijaya, Kalpagam, Kalpana, Sumathy Gowri, Karen, O.S. Sujatha, Padmini, Nirmala Chandra and Jeevalatha of the 1986 B.Sc. batch are continuing their postgraduate studies. N. Geetha Regina, Mohanalakshmi, Chitra and Catherine have completed their postgraduate diploma course in Laboratory Technology. Catherine has since joined the Vijaya Hospital as a clinical technologist. Doris has changed her field of study to Cost Accountancy and is now in Malaysia. Melanie Siromanie is happy working for a Travel Agency and writes that if she is not alert enough a traveller might find himself in a plane going to an entirely different destination. R. Sheela has joined the University of S. Mississippi for her Master's Degree in Molecular Genetics. Sujatha Krishnan Kumar is doing well at the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. She writes to say that her visit to the Bronx Zoo in New York was very enlightening because the display was so well done that one got the idea of what it was like in those habitats—the sound and light show was so effective. Banumathi Subramanian (Cult. Sec. '85—'86) is enjoying her studies in Duke University, North Carolina. She hopes to work on 'the evolution' of Senescence (ageing)—testing theories proposed or working on other aspects of the problem. Thankamani, Mohanalakshmi and Elizabeth were married recently. Uma, Ramola and Sudha are regular visitors to the college, giving us news of themselves as well as others.

The 1987 batch of students have done as well as their predecessors. Lakshmi, Juliana, Aparna, Asha, Kala, Meena Hannah, Geetha, Radhika, Kasthuri, Poornima and Mary Sushi are doing M.Sc., in different fields. Rajini has joined the P.G. Diploma Course in Laboratory Technology. Nidhya Guhan is an

associate editor of the monthly tourist magazine, 'Hullo Madras' and enjoys her work immensely. Vinita Kohli recently returned from a tour of W. Germany and U.S.A. Vidya is in happy anticipation after her recent engagement.

Mrs. Jessica Gnanadikam' 67 who was also on the staff of the department is our Australian Correspondent. She is in Sydney and is teaching. She writes that she gets 'homesick' whenever she looks back on her days at Stella Maris. Recently she visited the Great Barrier Reef and has promised to send us a video cassette of the beautiful Reef.

These letters from all over the World tell all of us here very warmly how they still belong to Stella Maris, wherever they may be. We wish each one all success, in their endeavours and we assure them of our continued interest in their progress and welfare.

Dr. (Mrs.) MEERA PAUL  
Zoology Dept.

## आखिर में .....

अनिल : इनका परिचय.....आप खुद जान लीजिए  
अरुण : अनिल का दोस्त  
प्रीति : अनिल की पत्नी  
प्रेमलता : अरुण की पत्नी  
विजय : प्रीति का भाई  
नीता : अरुण की बहन  
समय : 11-30 a. m.  
स्थान : अनिल का घर

काल बेल बजती है - ट्रिंग - - ट्रिंग - - ट्रिंग

प्रीति (रसोई घर से) जरा देखिये, तो कौन आया है।

अनिल अरे! दोपहर के वक्त इस घर में कोई आराम भी नहीं कर सकता (बड़-बड़ाते हुए) वह भी पत्नी की सेवा में निकल जाता है।

(ट्रिंग - - - - ट्रिंग)

अनिल आता हूँ भाई आता हूँ! घंटी टूट जायेगी।

(दरवाजा खोलते ही - - - -)

अनिल आइये, आइये! आज रास्ता कैसे भूल गये? नमस्ते भाभीजी!

प्रेमलता नमस्ते भाई साहब! प्रीति दिखायी नहीं दे रही है?

अनिल वह अपनी राजधानी में है।

[प्रेमलता रसोईघर की ओर जाती है। अनिल और अरुण बैठक में आते हैं]

अरुण अनिल! मैं तुमसे एक जरूरी बात करने आया हूँ। मेरी बहन नीता को कल लड़केवाले देखने आये थे, पर बात नहीं बनी - - - वह चश्मा जो लगाती है - - - हमने निश्चय किया है कि अब लेंस लगाना ही ठीक रहेगा। तुम तो डाक्टर हो, तुम्हारी क्या राय है?

[ प्रीति 'राजधानी' से निकलती है । चाय नाश्ते के साथ प्रीति और प्रेमलता दोनों बैठक में प्रवेश करती हैं । ]

अनिल मैंने तुमसे पहले ही कहा था कि आखिर में वह लड़की है - - - - - ज्यादा पढ़ाकर भी तुम क्या करोगे । उसे आई. ए. एस. बनाने की क्या जरूरत थी । पढ़ने के कारण उसकी आँखें कमजोर हो गयी, उसकी उम्र भी ज्यादा हो गयी और रोज दफ्तर के चक्कर के कारण रंग भी साँवला हो गया है ।

प्रीति कहिये भाई साहब दोनों मित्रों में क्या गुप्तगु चल रही है, जरा हम भी तो सुनें ?

अरुण हम जरा नीता की शादी के चक्कर में हैं ।

प्रीति (अनिल से) अजी, गुस्ताखी माफ प्राणनाथ ! डा. होकर ऐसी बातें शोभा नहीं देती ।

(अरुण से) उसकी शादी को लेकर चिंता क्यों ? वह तो पढ़ी-लिखी, सुंदर सशील और काम करनेवाली लड़की है । उसे तो कीई न उड़ा ले जायेगा । अभी तक उसने शादी क्यों नहीं की ?

अरुणा पहले तो वह पढ़ना चाहती थी, फिर नौकरी - - -

अनिल क्या वह किसी और से प्रेम - - -

अरुण ऐसी कोई बात नहीं है । हमने तो पहले ही कह दिया है, अगर उसने लड़का पसंद कर लिया तो हमें एतराज नहीं ।

प्रेमलता अपनी नज़र में कोई लड़का हो तो - - -

प्रीति क्यों जी? विजय कैसा रहेगा?

प्रेमलता क्या करता है वह ?

प्रीति वह भी आई. ए. एस. है ।

प्रेमलता उसकी भी काफी उम्र है ? उसने अब तक शादी क्यों नहीं की ?

अनिल आप भी कमाल करती हैं, भाभीजी । आखिर में वह लड़का है । पढ़कर ऊँची नौकरी करना चाहता था । वह तो अजाद पंछी है - - - जिंदगी का मज़ा लूट रहा है ।

- अरुण वह भी चश्मा लगाता है न ?
- अनिल लड़कों का चश्मा लगाना, न लगाना, क्या फर्क पड़ता है ? वह तो आखिर में लड़का है ।
- प्रीति अरे - - - कुछ लीजिये न आप लोग - - - यह समोसा तो आपको लेना ही पड़ेगा । (समोसा प्लेट में रखती हुई - - - )
- अनिल आपके पास नीता की कोई तस्वीर है ?
- अरुण (तस्वीर देता है) यह लो ।
- अनिल कोई दूसरी तस्वीर है ? इममें तो उसने काफी मॉडर्न कपड़े पहन रखे हैं ।
- अरुण यह कालेज के दिनों की है । आप के पास विजय की तस्वीर - - - -  
[प्रीति विजय की तस्वीर देती है]
- अरुण कपड़ों की पसंद अच्छी है । वह फैशन के साथ चलता है । वह कब दफ्तर से आता है? [कलाई की घड़ी पर नजर डाल कर-] खाना खाने आता है ?
- अनिल आता ही होगा । वह तो मन लगाकर काम करता है । हमेशा उसको मेज पर कागज़ बिखरे रहते हैं । बड़ा मेहनती लड़का है । आज के जमाने में ऐसे लड़के कहाँ रखे हैं ।
- प्रीति नीता कब दफ्तर से आती है ?
- प्रेमलता वह भी आती ही होगी - - - -
- अनिल इतनी देर औरतों का क्या काम ? वह भी लंच के समय ? (तस्वीर को देखकर) यह तस्वीर कहाँ ली गयी है ?
- प्रेमलता यह नीता का कमरा है ।
- अनिल यह कागज़ कैसे बिखरे हैं - - - ? एक दम अव्यवस्थित और लापरवाह है । घर बदलते वक्त ली थी ?
- प्रीति (बात काट कर) क्यों न हम नीता को फ़ोन कर यहीं बुला लें ?
- अरुण यही ठीक रहेगा । (अनिल फोन मिलाता है)
- अरुण हेलो! मिस नीता जी साबु को बुला सकते हैं ?

चपरासी (दूसरी ओर से) जी आज वे दफतर में नहीं दिखाई पड़ती हैं । लगता है आज नहीं आयी । मैं यहाँ का चपरासी हूँ ।

अनिल लाइये फोन मुझे दीजिए । (फोन अपने हाथ में लेते हुए - - - )

अरुण वह ज़रूर शोपिंग करने निकल गयो होगी या गप्पे हांक रही होगी ।

चपरासी (दूसरी ओर से) हेलो ! साहब माफ़ कीजियेगा । अभी अभी मालूम हुआ है कि आज दफतर आयी थी । मैंने अभी पता लगाया है कि वे कहाँ हैं ? वे बड़ साहब के साथ लंच पर गयो हैं ।

अरुण क्या कहा ? (अनिल बात बताता है)

अनिल धन्यवाद (फोन रखकर)

अनिल मैंने तुमसे पहले ही कहा था कि दाल में कुछ काला है ।  
(एक आदमी का प्रवेश)

आदमी साहब, मुझे विजय साहब ने भेजा है । वे आज दोपहर में घर नहीं आयेंगे ।

अनिल ज़रूर किसी ग्राहक से मिलने गया होगा नहीं तो सभा में भाग ले रहा होगा ।

आदमी जो नहीं साहब । वे बड़ साहब के साथ लंच पर गये हैं ।

अनिल फिर तो उसे प्रमोशन मिलने वाला है । और कही दफतर में सब कंसे चल रहा है ?

आदमी जी - अगले हफते से मैं यह नौकरी छोड़ रहा हूँ । मुझे एक अच्छी नौकरी मिल रही है ।

अनिल हाँ हाथ में आये हुए मौके का फायदा उठाना चाहिये और तुम्हारी श्रीमती जी ?

आदमी जी वह भी मेरे साथ ही नये आफिस में काम करेंगी ।

अनिल यह अच्छा किया । औरतों पर भरोसा नहीं किया जा सकता है । अच्छा फिर मिलेंगे ।

आदमी नमस्ते जी ।

[ प्रस्थान करता है ]



- प्रीति सुना है शीला को बच्चा होने वाला है ।
- अनिल जरूर उसने मेटरनिटी ब्रेनिफिटस मांगे होंगे दफ्तर में ?
- अरुण जगदीश भी बाप बनने वाला है ।
- अनिल उसके वेतन में वृद्धि होनी चाहिए ।
- अरुण छोड़िये इन बातों को । हम विजय और नीता के बारे में बातचीत - - - -  
अनिल क्या वह शादी के बाद काम छोड़ देगा ?
- अरुण इसकी क्या आवश्यकता है ?
- प्रेमलता मेरी राय में ऊँची शिक्षा के उपरान्त लड़की का घर बैठना उचित नहीं है ।
- अरुण (कलाई की घड़ी पर नजर डालते हुए) ओ । एक बज गये हैं - - -
- प्रेमलता (उठते हुए) अच्छा तो अब हमें आज्ञा दोजिए (कहते हुए दोनों हाथ जोड़ देते हैं - - - -  
दोनों का प्रस्थान
- प्रीति अच्छा सम्बन्ध है ।
- अनिल अब विजय का घर भी बस जायेगा
- प्रीति (कड़कदार आवाज में - - - - ) आखिर तुम माने नहीं । मैंने इशारा भी किया, बात टाली भी - - - पर तुम अपनी ही झोंक में नीता पर लांछना लगाते रहे - - - तुम्हें कब समझ आएगी ? तुम तो अपनी अक्लमंदी दिखा कर ही माने । शाबाश ।
- अनिल क्यों ? क्या हुआ ?
- प्रीति मैं पूछती हूँ, क्या नहीं हुआ ? तुम्हें क्या जरूरत थी नीता के बारे में उल्टी सीधी बात करने की ? आखिर में विजय कौन सा दूध का धुला हुवा हैं । वह मेरा भाई है परन्तु मैं आप जैसे अंधी नहीं हूँ ? आपकी राय में पुरुष भगवान है - - - स्त्री उसकी दासी । मुझे पता नहीं था कि पढे लिखे होने के बावजूद आप के विचार इतने नीच और निम्न स्तर के होंगे । वह भी

आज के युग में जब स्त्री पुरुष के साथ कंधे से कंधा मिलाकर चलती है आप ऐसे दक्रियानूसी विचार रखते हैं। मैं तो शर्म से गढ़ी जा रही थी और आप हैं कि विजय के दफ्तर के आदमी को भी नहीं छोड़ा। आप की आँखों पर पट्टी है या आप खुद सहन नहीं कर सकते कि औरत आगे बढ़े। आप के - - - - पुरुष के अहम् को ठेस पहुँचती है जब स्त्री आगे निकल जाती है। आप यह क्यों भूल जाते हैं कि अरिस्टोटल ने कहा था कि मनुष्य एक सामाजिक प्राणी है और पुरुष और स्त्री गाड़ी के दो पहिये हैं। अगर एक पहिया पीछे रह गया तो गाड़ी आगे कैसे जायेगी ?

(साँस लेने के लिये रुकती है। मौका पाकर दबी आवाज में - - - )

अनिल शायद तुम ठीक कह रही हो।

प्रीति शायद? नहीं - - - मैं बिलकुल ठीक कह रही हूँ। यह तो पुरुष की हीन भावना है जिसे छिपाने के लिए पुरुष नारी को नीचा दिखाता है। मुझे कम से कम तुम से यह उम्मीद हरगिज नहीं थी।

अनिल तुमने आज मेरी आँखें खोल दीं। तुम जैसी पत्नी पाकर मैं धन्य हो गया। भविष्य में मैं तुम्हें शिकायत का मौका नहीं दूँगा। अब मेरी बुद्धि काम करने लगी है। नारी में कितनी शक्ति है और समाज की उन्नति में साधारण स्त्री का भी योगदान है। तुमने नारी के संबन्ध में मेरे संकुचित दृष्टिकोण को बिलकुल बदल दिया।

प्रीति ओह! मेरे अच्छे अनिल - - - - (गद्गद् हो अनिल को गले लगा लेती है)  
(अनिल भी उसे बाहों में भर लेता है)

अनिल तुम्हारी बात मेरी समझ में आ ही गई - - - - - आखिर में - - - - -  
(एक आँख दबाता है) दोनों हँसते हैं।

परदा गिरता है।

जी. सोनिया

८७/एस/०७



## **JUST HOW HUMAN ARE THEY?**

Blake's tiger  
Treads with the steps  
Of a professional bully ;  
The hyena  
Strains his unfortunate voice ;  
The peacock  
Fancies himself  
the male version  
of 'femme fatale' ;  
While the eagle  
makes an unabashed show  
of his superiority complex.  
Near - to - human characters  
On the forest stage.

**K. SRILATA**

**III B.A. English Literature**

(Second Prize in WILD LIFE CONTEST at Stella Maris)

## **CHANGING TIMES**

I go away for the weekend.  
When I come back, what do I see?  
Collecting snails and slugs and worms  
Is my brother's new hobby.

I go away for a fortnight.  
When I come back, what do I see?  
My friend has changed her childhood pal  
For this hairy young hippy.

I go away for a full month.  
When I come back, what do I see?  
The kid who wouldn't perch on the gate  
Now scrambles up the tree.

I go away for the summer.  
When I come back, what do I see?  
My conservative cousin's on a  
T-shirt shopping spree.

I go away for a whole year.  
When I come back, what do I see?  
The girl in the mirror's ever so fat,  
I can't believe it's Me !!!

S. RASIKA  
I B.Sc., Botany

## WILL THE WILD EVER RETURN?

Caring, belonging and loving are some of the most desirable things in life that a man would ever want. Man loves to be loved, to be cared for. These are needs which have remained steady through the ages. The man of yester-years lived a harmonious and peaceful life - there was harmony between himself and nature. He learnt that though he was superior in intelligence to the other creatures that shared with him, each insect, plant, animal and bird had the same right to live on this earth as himself. Religious texts bring out this harmony beautifully in various verses such as this - 'Look at the ant, being so small, it toils and labours to gather up food'. The epics are full of such examples. The great sacrifice of Jatayu which has been engraved in golden words, shows the personified bondage between man and beast.

Decades have passed, years have gone by and man has undergone a great metamorphosis - for the worse !! Man has realised his superiority and accordingly ruthlessly exploited the less superior creatures which share the earth with him. He has let greed take over, and so he has started the slow destruction of the delicate web of life. Is he justified in doing so?

We have inherited a large legacy of exotic flora and fauna that abounds in various national parks and sanctuaries all over the world. We as Indians, should be especially proud to be the second largest country to have such a variety of wild life. From the lofty Himalayas down to the plains, through the deserts of Rajasthan to the refreshing tropical greenery of Kerala, India abounds in exquisite flora and fauna. Ever since they appeared in their respective habitats, around 180 million years ago, animals, like all other things have evolved by

adaptation to their environment and in the process, some of these have gradually died out. But perhaps, not so many have disappeared in so short a time as in this century. At the least, about 65 species have vanished from the face of the earth, and many are on the verge of extinction. It is estimated that out of the 4,000 species of mammals, several hundreds are in serious trouble. They might become tomorrow's fossils.

Man, who is the most destructive of the world's mammals, is chiefly responsible for much of the disappearing wild life. He not only shoots the denizens of forests for food and pleasure, he even clears forests, the homes of these animals, in the name of civilization and advancement of science and technology. The main thing that governs man in his destructive action is his insatiable greed.

I sometimes wonder what these magnificent animals of our jungles and the beautiful birds that brighten our lives think of man. How would they describe him if they had the capacity to do so. In spite of our culture and civilization in many ways, man continues to be not only wild but more dangerous than any of the so-called wild animals. In no country is life valued in theory so much as in India and many people would even hesitate to destroy the meanest or the most harmful of animals. Alas in practice, we ignore the animal world.

Man in his thirst for advancement is slowly turning the forests, filled with plants, animals and birds, into a concrete jungle with high-rise buildings, sophisticated weapons and equipment which threaten total destruction.

The beautiful and graceful Cheetah which once roamed through the wild places of India undeterred, was shot down almost to extinction by the foreign powers that invaded India, and later by the Indian Maharajas. Today, in India, Cheetahs are only found behind bars in zoos, and these too may die out gradually.

'E' for elephant is what people know about those huge monstrous wild animals. But no one knows that these animals which were at one time expressive of the splendour of India are declining in numbers. Even in sanctuaries, it is very difficult to encounter an adult male elephant, as it is shot for its tusk. Sometimes, after being shot, it blunders off into the bushes, to finally fall and lie in pain for several days before dying. The same goes for the armour-plated sportsman, the Rhino. Due to the misbelief that the Rhino's horn when powdered and drunk, cures certain ailments, these poor creatures are ruthlessly killed, their horns removed, and their bulky bodies left to rot. Tigers, the striped beauties, which were very common in India face the same fate. These beautiful creatures due to no fault of theirs, get shot and skinned to adorn somebody's drawing room. Their number has now been reduced to only a fraction of what it used to be. Estimates have revealed that there are not more than 4000 of these magnificent animals left in the whole of India in contrast to about 40,000 fifty

years ago. Much is talked of the 'speed ace'. Yes, it's none other than the spotted beauty—the leopard. They come in three different forms—the common leopard, the snow leopard and the clouded leopard. The common leopard has fared slightly better with regard to number than the tigers, being about 6,000 or 7,000. The list can extend to insects, snakes, crocodiles, fishes, frogs, turtles, whales and so on.

Clearly the needs of human beings must come first. In the new India of today, large scale industrial development is taking place. But material progress is not an end in itself; sources of spiritual enjoyment such as the beauties of nature must also be safeguarded. We are left with no other alternatives but to face the future of being left alone with destructive creatures, which are able to compete with man such as rats, mice, cockroaches, flies and the like. But awareness has fortunately come to the people. Thanks to naturalists and conservationists a conservation movement has begun. Interest in wildlife among the general public is definitely increasing. On the other hand various projects like hydel projects, have been undertaken, most of them with the approval of the government, which entails clearing of vast expanses of the already diminishing forests. This should be stopped.

Today man has slowly begun to realize the terrible repercussions of making a fast buck at the expense of our irreplaceable wild life. He has set aside wild life sanctuaries and national parks to protect wildlife.

Some of the most famous sanctuaries in India are the Sasan Gir Wildlife Sanctuary which protects the last stronghold of the Indian Lion. This lordly animal used to range over most of the northern parts of India except the eastern-most parts and as far as the Narbada river. But poaching and cruel-killing of these beautiful creatures, have left a few dozens in and around the Gir forests in Gujarat.

In the Thar Desert too, a desert sanctuary has been established apart from the famous man-made Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary. Every year about 300,000 birds belonging to 331 species, arrive at Bharatpur to feed and breed. It has a total area of 29,000 hectares.

The Periyar Wild life Sanctuary is another example of conservation. According to the 1980 census, there were 700 wild elephants in Periyar. Periyar is also known for its scenic beauty. The Bandipur Wildlife and Nagarhole Wildlife Sanctuaries, both in Karnataka, the Mudumalai Wildlife Sanctuary in Tamilnadu are all life-savers of endangered species. Thus we can see that attempts are being made to save the heritage handed over to us from our ancestors in the form of natural beauty. How would it be if the future generation missed the lovely sight of a snowy white cattle egret, gracefully alighting on the back of a rhino placidly grazing among the reeds and grasses of Khaziranga Wildlife sanctuary. What would the Gir forest look like, bereft of its magnificent lions? or Bandipur without its elephants or Khana without its elegant swamp deer? what will Bharatpur have to

offer us if it were left without its wonderful congregation of breeding water birds ? Thus let it be our duty to protect the country's heritage of the variety of flora and fauna and their homes, the forests, for those of tommorrow. As the most intelligent of all life forms, it is man's moral responsibility to give these less intelligent forms, their right to live.

Let us leave them alone and protect them only in their own homes where they rightfully belong. Think a while. Let not the mistakes of today be our gallows of tomorrow.

SUSAN VARGHESE  
I B Sc Zoology

## மழையே ! நீ வாராயோ ?

நீயின்றி உயிரில்லை ;

பயிரில்லை ;

வளமில்லை - வாழ்வில்

மணமுமில்லை

நாங்கள் அல்லல் படுவதைக் காண வாராயோ ?

எங்கள் அல்லல் தீர அருள மாட்டாயோ ?

மேகமே ! எங்கள் வேள்விகள்

எங்கள் இசைக்கோலங்கள்

எங்கள் பிரார்த்தனைகள்

உன் முகவரிக்கு வந்து சேரவில்லையோ ?

சேர்ந்தும்

உயிர்களின் துயர் கேட்டும், கண்டும்

கேளாதது போல,

காணாதது போல

நடிக்கின்றாயா ?

அல்லது

சோதித்தது போதும் என்றே புறப்பட்டு,  
வழி தவறிச் சென்று விட்டாயோ ?

தொலைக்காட்சியில்  
காணவில்லை பகுதியில்  
ஒளிபரப்புச் செய்யட்டுமா  
கொண்டு சென்ற நீரை எங்கே கொட்டிவிட்டுத்  
தவிக்கின்றாய் ?

மேகமே !  
உன்பணி தொடங்கு,  
காலதாமதம் செய்யாதே !  
முன்னெல்லாம்,  
'பெய்' என்றால் பெய்வாயாமே !

இப்போது,  
எங்கும் பொய்யே நிறைந்ததாலே  
நீயும், உன் சிற்றத்தைப்  
பெய்யாமல் காட்டுகிறாய் ! சிறிப்  
பெய்தே காட்டுகிறாய் !  
ஆனால்  
நாங்கள் உன் சிற்றத்தின் காரணத்தை  
உணர்வதேயில்லை !

அன்று  
உனைத் தூதனுப்பினான் ஒரு கவிஞன்

இன்று  
உன்னிடம் யாரை அனுப்புவோம் ?  
எதை அனுப்புவோம் ?  
எங்கள் கண்ணீரையே அனுப்புகிறோம் !  
எங்கள் கண்ணீரை மாற்ற நீ வருவாயோ ?  
எங்கள் பிழைகளை மன்னிக்க மாட்டாயா ?

பா. ஜயலக்ஷ்மி  
தமிழ்த்துறை.



## NATURE'S ASTONISHING ARCHITECT

The neutron, although it sounds like some technical embodiment of pure physics is part of everything - the plants, the rock, the matter, the air and us. It is the common denominator of creation. From its habitat in the nucleus of the atom, the neutron is one of the building blocks of the physical world. Without it, there would be no nuclear reactions, no synthesis of chemical elements, no stars and galaxies and no planet earth - (only a cold, dreary universe of pure nephron forever lacking the seeds of life as we know it.) The neutron is superbly equipped for its role as one of nature's architects! In its size (0.0016933 micromicrons) and structure, it is similar to the proton, its companion particle in the atom's nucleus. But unlike the positively charged proton the neutron is electrically neutral. This seemingly trivial difference gives the neutron a decided edge over its companion in a nuclear show out.

A proton fired into solid matter, as a probe for example, finds little manoeuvring room in the atomic universe. After travelling about two hundredths of a millimicron it succumbs to electrical forces, picks up an electron or two and settles into the relatively quiet life style of a stable atom.

No such fact awaits the neutron. Ignoring all electrical enticements, the free wheeling particle sizzles down the nuclear alley way at velocities of upto 14,500 kilometers a second, an atom bowling ball scattering atoms in its path like ten pins. The result looks like nuclear chaos.

When a neutron tangles with an overweight unstable isotope (such as uranium 235) instead of a stable atom, the result is much more explosive. The nucleus, already gorged on captured neutrons, disintegrates in a violent burst of energy, expelling some of the neutrons. If enough nuclei are present, a critical mass of the liberated neutrons sustain the fission process in a rapidly multiplying chain reaction. Thus, the neutron taps the prodigious reservoirs of nuclear energy and all its promising but frightening possibilities.

Neutron therapy results have been very encouraging in the field of medicine. Neutrons also help in the search for fossil fuels. Neutron logging, a process that 'handprints' the oil and gas bearing potential of underground rock formations, eliminates much of the guess work and expense of well drilling. The Neutron has become, the 'dowsing rod of energy exploration.'

The mystery and wonder of the neutron's power carry the mind beyond physics and cosmology to the rim of the infinite. The riddle begins with the questions: What is the neutron? why does it, among the fundamental particles of matter, have such unique properties?

The neutron, if it exists, is marked by the vagaries of the neutron itself. It appears to be electrically neutral, yet its movement can be directed by a magnetic field. Inside, a nucleus is virtually immortal. Outside, it disintegrates after about ten minutes, leaving in its wake an electron, a proton and neutrino, an adolescent copy of the original, that is about as close to nothing as you can get.

Perhaps, as some physicists theorize, the neutron is but the sum total of a democracy of particles, each an infinite sub division of itself oozing from an empty chamber where nothing exists - only a mathematical relationship between space and time.

In the meantime, we can either use this gift wisely or we can perish by it.

LATA LOUIS  
II B.Sc., Physics

## **ANOTHER DIMENSION**

If you want to forget your troubles  
And laugh with glee  
The best prescription  
Would be the experiences at the NCC.

From the very beginning  
Let me begin,  
Please remain patient  
And try to listen.

All of you know that,  
At NCC marching is a must.  
You all must have seen us  
Parading and proudly kicking up the dust.

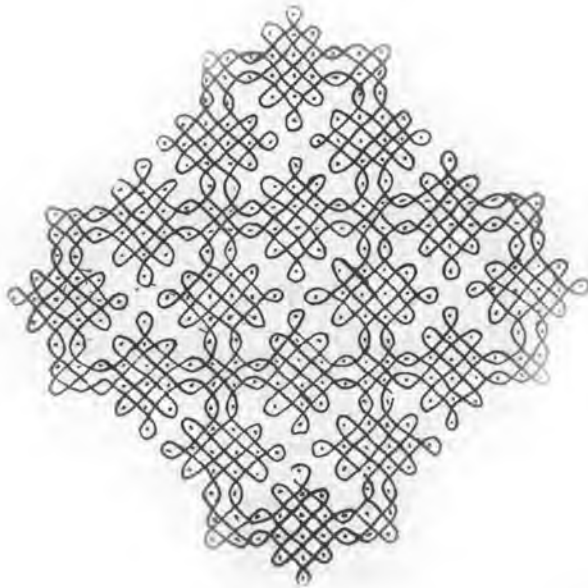
In the beginning, for us  
It was just "Heat and Dust".  
Now there is an improvement,  
It is "more heat and more dust".  
We have progressed in the sphere of marching too,  
Tripping and tumbling is no more the case.  
And if we do trip (as we very often do)  
We wonderfully regain our pace.

At the various camps,  
We have many cultural fests  
Camp-fires, chit-chats,  
And even mind-boggling GK tests.

The best time,  
We really did enjoy ourselves was,  
Our small fights over little things,  
Like bed-sheets and pillows.

The future is unsure,  
And we know not, whether  
It will be camps, parades or runs.  
But one thing is sure,  
Whatever it be,  
We are sure to have a lot of fun.

A. M. NICKHATH  
II B.A. History



## **THE STELLA MARIAN AS TRAVELLER**

The students of our college have always been given opportunities to travel this wide bourne, taste of the many kinds of experience different places of the world offer, and gain that unique type of exposure that only travelling can give.

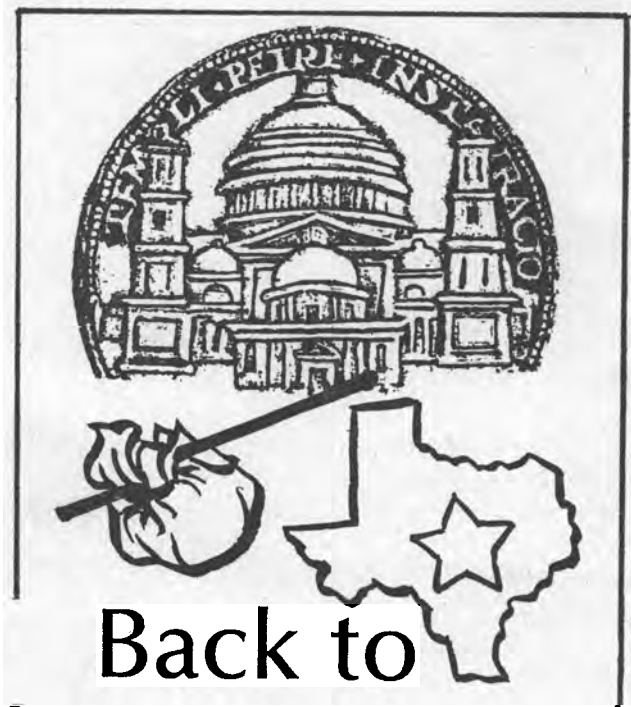
There are so many aspects to travel, not the least being the physical act of getting from one place to another. Just look outside the window - here is a moving panorama of life on display and the pane and the frame of the window is the pane and the frame of the showcase as you slice and burrow through the great exhibition at ease on your train or bus or ship or even plane. You live a myriad moments of other people's lives on the life of nature, cities, things, Oh the journey is half the fun !

And don't forget experiences like jostling with fellow travellers, puzzling out new systems, making arrangements at a remove from the scene of action, handling human beings, mundane things like looking after your own stuff - how different from the occasional jading of a quotidian existence at (what is, after all) home, Sweet home !

And then, when you get to your destination, and start doing what you came to do - the blossoming moves to completion and the joyous tasks to fulfillment.

Travelling and doing new things is not just challenging - educative, purpose giving, it is refreshing. This year, the Stella Marian has really gone places as the following section of articles will testify. Globe - trotting is one thing, squeezing, the best from it is quite another. This section will prove, I think, that both students and Principal alike have managed to capture the more ephemeral and subtle goods of travel, to return home with renewed vigour and spirit.

SUJATHA DEVADOSS  
I M.A. Literature.



## Back to Where I Belong

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The goal of human Quest, the end of a Spiritual Search is difficult to define. Shakespeare eulogises it as "all the World's a stage"; the authentic christian calls it a "pilgrim's progress"—what ever the description, at one time or the other all of us are travellers in one sense or another. Life on earth is a journey. Our home is a temporary abode—our body is a temporary residence for our soul within... We keep changing places, occupations, interests, pursuits, friends and the like, in hostels or hotels, homes or guest rooms—Some day, some where we long to belong for ever.....!

Last year it was a year of journey. A pilgrimage during my sabbatic year. My spiritual sojourn in Rome and in San Antonio of Texas was a time of renewal and growth. After saying goodbye to a life of youthful exuberance on the campus, I sought rest and quiet at Sachidananda Ashram at Thannirpalli—Shanathi Vanam. I could leave the country only in September 1986 after getting a medical O.K. The ancient historical city of Rome, the homeland for every F.M.M. opened new horizons for growth. With philosophers and doctors—men

and women of learning and wisdom, spiritual giants and religious leaders from all over the world, I attended classes at the prestigious Gregorian University with Rev. Dr. James Gill, S. J. as the Director. He gave us an excellent expose of Human Growth and Development concepts starting from Freud to Carl Jung's 'psyche —to me, Carl Jung is more than a psychologist—a mystic who studied the heights and depths of the soul on his relentless journey for forty years.....! Dr. Armstrong O.F.M., another Professor at Antonianum kept me enraptured with his clear brilliant philosophic discussions on the Spirit of St. Bonaventure—the glory of the Franciscan order. These classes gave me a taste of those ancient scholarly discussions and didactics and I thanked God for the training in analytical thinking and reference work received as a student of Economic Thought under Mother Carla Rose in S.M.C.

The journey continued. A drive through the beautiful Roman countryside—the via Apial) the picturesque historical ruins and enchanting landscapes—all flash on my mind. The panorama of the Unibrian Hills where the sanctuary of St. Francis of Assisi is located had such soothing effect with its peaceful atmosphere. The car drive all the way from Rome to Florence, the city of Dante' and the artists, made "Paradise Lost" come alive. The little village in Napoli—reminded me of our poor and simple folks of rural India.....and more.....and more of the pilgrimages sanctified my steps as I walked meditatively on the foot steps of early christians living in Nero's regime.

January to May 1987—it was the U.S., Texas—the richest political subdivision, the state of the Lone Star. The Texans live on their bigness as the natural leader in oil, gas, cotton, cattle, sheep and wood. It houses the world's largest Rancho—the KING Rancho. It has been a hunting ground for the spaniards, French men and the Mexicans since 1685. I could speak of Cowboys, and horses, Blue Bonnets and Road runners, the HEB & ERKED shopping centres.....Even these had a spiritual dimension for me.....

The OBLATE SCHOOL of Theology offered us courses on Moral and Systematic Theology, scripture, spirituality and professional skills during four months of intensive programmes. We were an international community of seekers who had come to re-fuel our spiritual machine and psyche after many years of service for God in various fields and countries. The Spiritual Indian in me enriched them with prayerful Bhajans and religious discourses, sober and serene ways. The child in me was let loose and I enjoyed the time for adventure and play, fun and frolic during the Fiesta Week at SAN ANTONIO and during the long car rides to Pudra Islands, the gulf of Mexico—Corpus Christi Naval Base etc. with the spring breakers and picnic lovers. The intellectual in me felt thrilled when St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana honoured me with the Award of Presidents' Medal at their Convocation recognising the valuable services of dear Stella Maris College to the cause of the Higher Education of women and towards cross cultural educational collaboration.

A joyous reunion with Sr. David in Toronto, thanks to the hospitality of our Shanthi, B.Sc., Zoology—was indeed an unforgettable treat. The marvels of God's creation at Niagara, the wonder of man's ingenuity in creating the Lady Liberty in New York etc. and the deep regard that some of our past students have retained even after so many years, made me feel a sense of gratitude to God for this gift of life and human relationships.

Every day was a new experience. Everything was a refreshing gift. Every person had a message. Every place had a lesson. Every input was an additional grace for spiritual growth. Yet.....every letter from India - Stella Maris - left me nostalgic and homesick. Every night, a prayer rose high that the days should fly. How happy I am to feel that I belong to a people-to a home - in answer to a call. So.....I am back where I belong.....

Sr. HELEN VINCENT  
Principal

## **A TRIP TO PARADISE - "THE ANDAMANS"**

We were in very high spirits as our educational tour had been carefully planned out. Everybody else too, was talking about it, as we were going to an unusually beautiful place, where College students do not generally go - the Andamans and Nicobar group of islands. The idea of a journey in ship added to our anticipation and excitement. Our ship 'NANCOWRY' set sail on 5th August and thus began one of the most wonderful trips of our lives. The evening saw us getting accustomed to the gentle rolling movement of the ship. Although bunk class passengers, we were given the privilege to move about the whole ship. The monotony of the three day voyage was not felt as we were involved in preparing a programme of variety entertainment for our deserving crew members. Three prizes were bagged by our participants.

The sea was of such beautiful shades of colours - light and dark blue, mauve, sea green - the colours running into each other creating a rich composition that compelled our awe and wonder. The lighted city of Port Blair looked beautiful in the dark night. As these lights slowly went off at about 4.00 a.m. the landscape was lighted by the golden rays of the sun, slowly rising, as if from the depths of the sea.

### **COLLECTION TRIPS**

First we visited Chidiatapu. The greenery of the island against the sea was a grand sight. After lunch, the tide had receded and we were able to go for about

60ms for collection. Pollution had not made its presence felt, leaving the place gloriously decorated with exciting flora and fauna. We saw coral polyps - red, orange, purple, green, and blue - spread like flowers on their white calcareous skeleton. As we were observing these animals in their natural habitat, we saw the eight armed, much feared creature - the octopus. Crabs, turning multicoloured in the sun's rays were running playfully on the shores. Shelled animals with their shells, often seen only in museums, were to be found everywhere. Besides these, we collected sea anemones, sea cucumbers, sea urchins and brittle stars.

The next collection trip was made to Vandoor, where the National Zoological Park is located. The animals live here in all their glory. In the sea at this place, we saw a group of silver fish moving together as a family in the transparent waters. After lunch, as the tide receded, we started out for collection. This place was particularly rich in oysters, all embedded in the coral rocks. Green algae were spread all over the place. A few of us were even able to extract oysters and the feeling of triumph was great after the struggle against the oysters. This was particularly so, because oysters close their shells tightly and fit so perfectly in the coral that it is difficult to extract them. Unlike Chidiatapu, this place was full of living corals.

## **PLACES OF INTEREST**

The North Bay island is important as the light house is located there. The island is covered with coconut plantations. Shells were found in abundance on the shores. The view of the island from the light house was beautiful; the island with its lush vegetation was seen jutting out in the form of a triangle into the sea whose waters were sparkling like thousands of diamonds in the sun's rays.

The Zoological Museum located in Port Blair had an exquisite collection of fishes, different types of corals and shells found in the Andaman and Nicobar group of islands.

The Anthropological Museum made us sensitive about the tribal people of various islands, who are usually misunderstood as having cannibalistic tendencies. Two tribal groups called Jarawahs and Onges have responded to the friendly gestures of anthropologists who supply them with food and clothes on every full moon day. The Jarawahs live on the island of Jarawa. Great Andamanese living on one of the islands are now only 28 in number. These tribal people use skulls of wild pigs to decorate their huts which are usually made of dry fibres of various plants. The Onges have become quite civilised and one of them even holds a post in the government. Sentinelese, a group of tribals who accept gifts from the researchers but never come out in the open to meet them.

A geographical feature that enlarged our knowledge was the Galthea River. This is the only river that runs North to South in the Great Nicobar Island. It reaches the Indira Point which is the southern-most tip of India. We also realised that the



Andaman and Nicobar group of islands include 321 islands, small and big, out of which only 33 are inhabited by people belonging to the different states in India.

The WIMCO factory, famous for its matches, is also located at Port Blair. Here the wood is first cut to form a cylinder and thin sheets of wood are cut off from which match sticks are cut out. After being processed for the fine structure, they are sent to the mainland where the phosphorous head is made.

One of Asia's largest saw mills that is located in Port Blair, is the Chattham Saw Mill. Wood is cut into thick sheets and is sent to the mainland. A part of the wood is utilised to make furniture items like dining tables, chairs and desks. Beautiful show piece items are also carved out by craftsmen from waste wood which are of value in the commercial market.

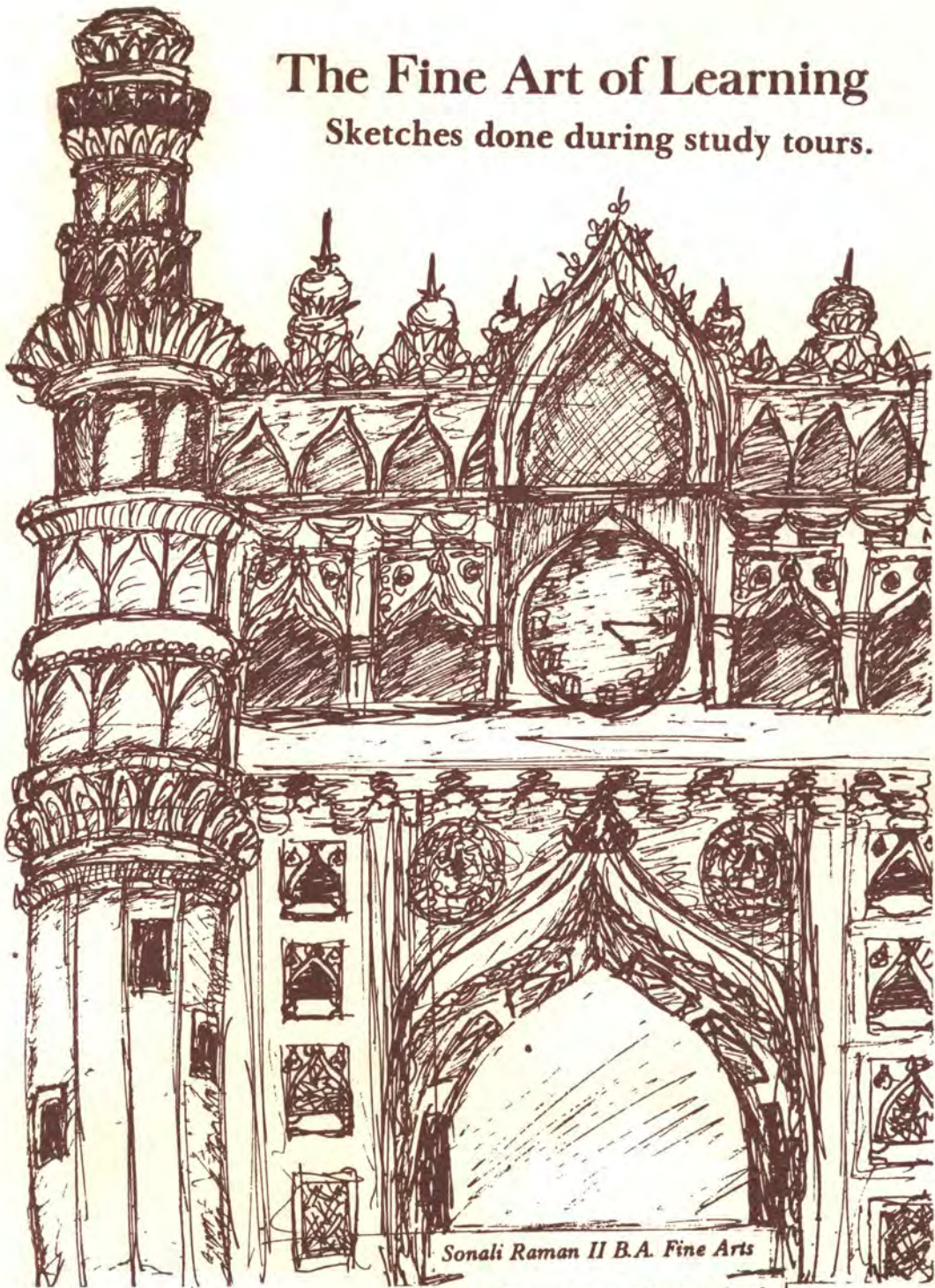
We also visited the Rose island owned by the Indian Navy. This place was destroyed during the war between the Japanese and the English. Prior to the war, it was humming with life, like any other town. It had its own printing press, church, temple, post office, library, club and barracks. The ruins speak of its ancient beauty. These ruins are now cared for by the Indian Navy. The island is sinking slowly as the sea encroaches upon it at the rate of a small fraction of a centimetre every year and hence it is called sinking Island.

The visit to the Cellular Jail, now a National Memorial, was soul dampening as we saw the different methods that were used to torture the prisoners, not only physically but also mentally. The patriots were made to wear clothes of gunny bag material and made to do a large quantity of tortuous work. The 'cell' provided shelter for these tortured prisoners who were subjected to cruel punishment everyday, whereas the nature of this paradise island provided shelter for the various species of flora and fauna. Nature here, has protected the animals from those things that elsewhere affect life drastically—pollution, human interference and exploitation by other animals. Also the various tribal people like the Onges, Jarawahs, Great Andamanese and Sentinelese are isolated from the rest of the world and sheltered in the jungles of these islands. It helps them to lead a very secluded life which is one of the important requirements of those tribals who refuse to mingle with the other people.

On 15th August '87 we celebrated Independence day at the hotel where we stayed. Mrs. Jesudoss, our lecturer unfurled the National Tricolour. We sang some patriotic songs. The same evening we were invited to tea at Mr. L. Murthy's house, one of the proprietors of A. K. Thangavelu Traders, the leading business people at Port Blair. We are extremely thankful to them for the love and affection they showered on us and also for making all arrangements for our comfortable stay there. We are also thankful to the people of hotel N. K. International for taking care of us with such wonderful hospitality.

# The Fine Art of Learning

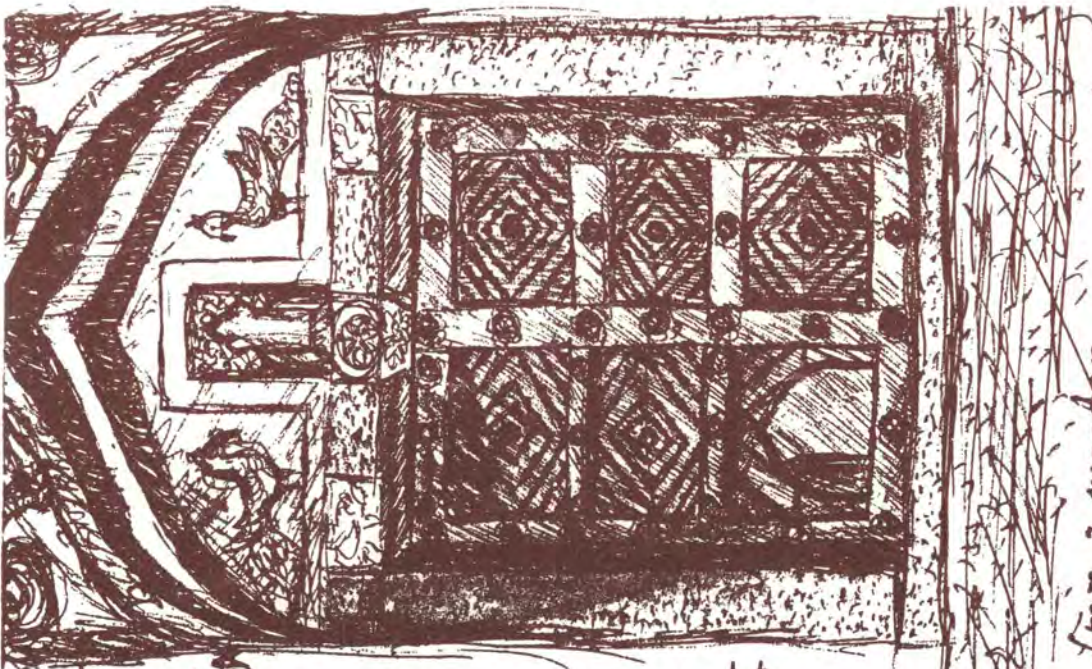
Sketches done during study tours.



*Sonali Raman II B.A. Fine Arts*

The Charminar, Hyderabad



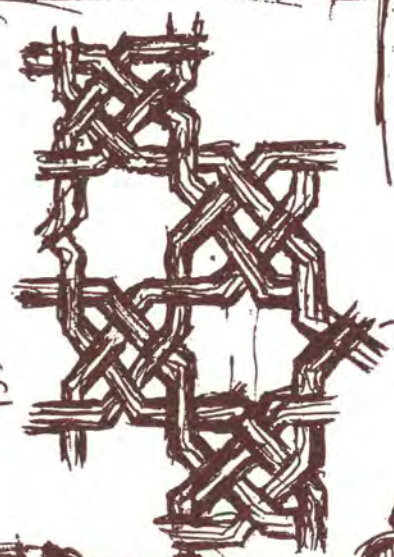


Trellis pattern from a wooden screen in Salor Jung Museum 27<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1982



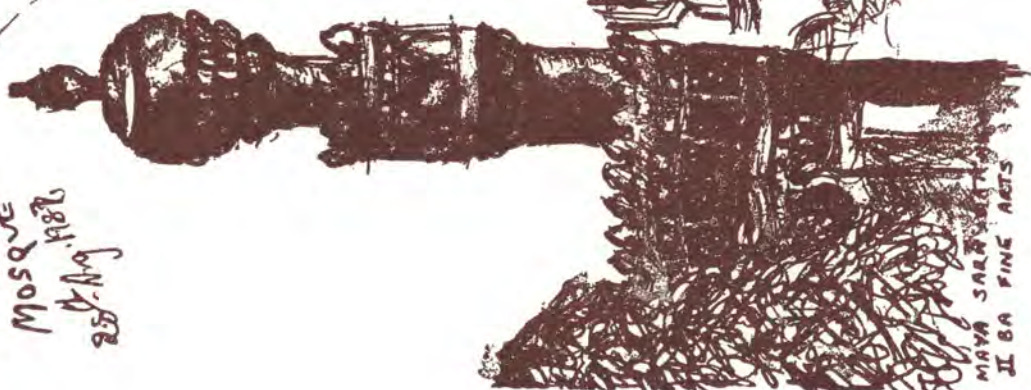
GOLCONDA FORT. ENTRANCE DOORWAY 28<sup>th</sup> Aug 1982

Build by Sultan Sulaiman 9<sup>th</sup> century R. Shah. 1550-1580 A.D.



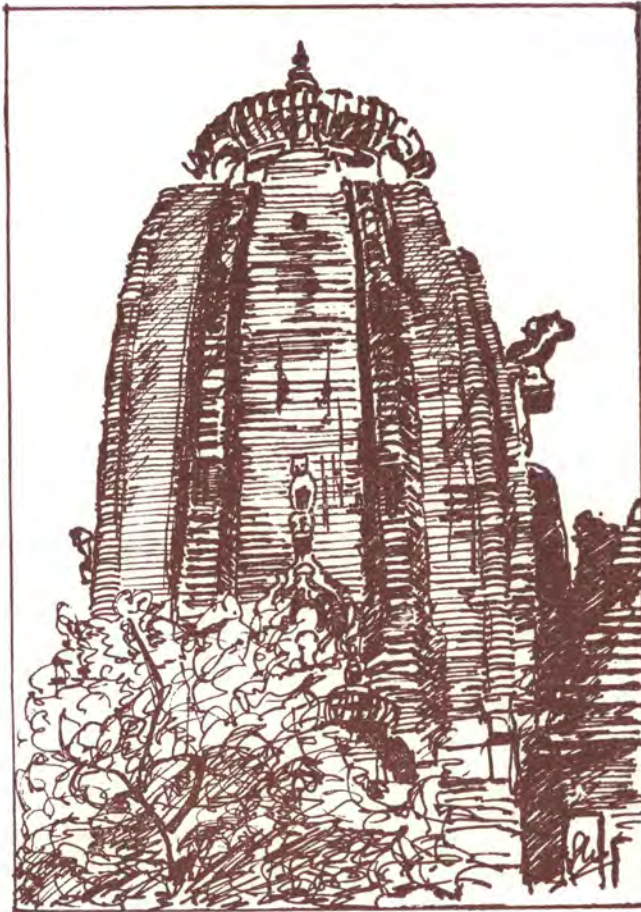
Trellis pattern screen in Salor Jung Museum

QUTAB SHARI MOSQUE 28<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1982



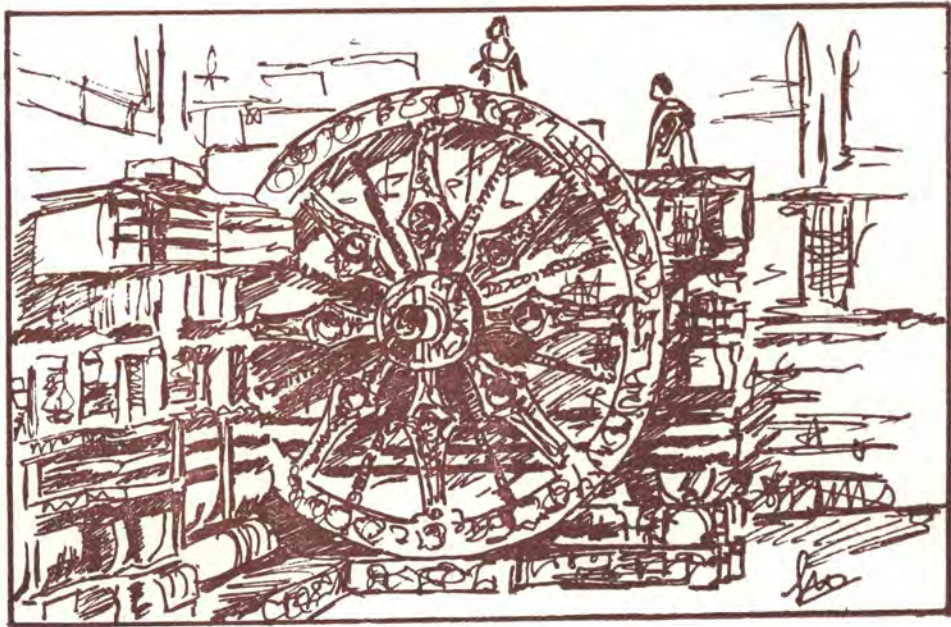
MAYA SARASWATI IIBA FINE ARTS





Sumithra Winfred III B.A. Fine Arts

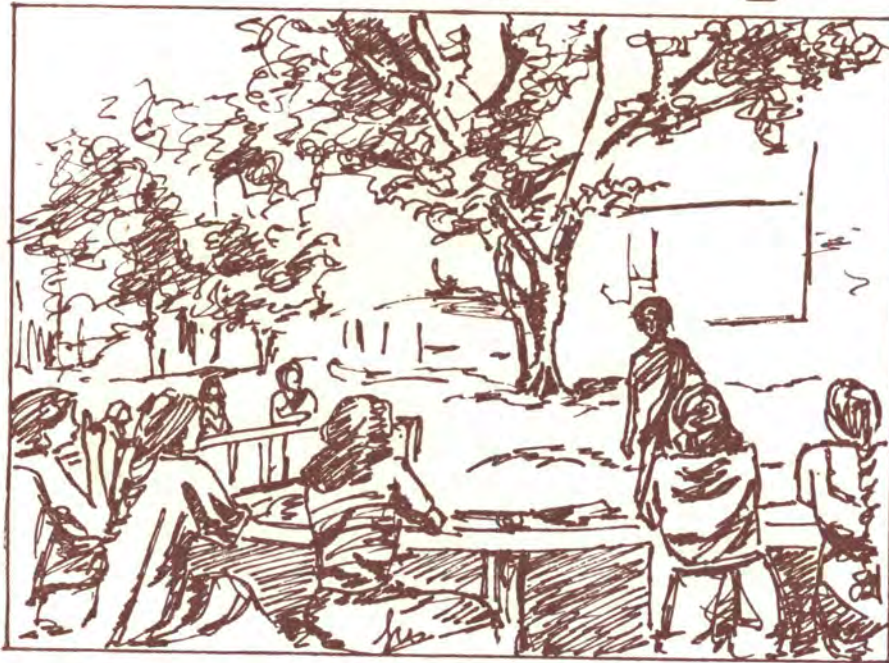
Bhuvaneswar, Orissa  
Sun Wheel, Konarak





Sunithra Winfred III B.A Fine Arts

Posing at Shantiniketan  
Open-air Class, Shantiniketan





We left Port Blair on 16th morning after bidding farewell to all and finally boarded the ship Najd II, the fastest Asian Ship with a speed of 17 nautical miles/hr. We spent our time watching Video and reached Madras on 18th evening at 4-30 p.m. and were warmly welcomed by our parents and friends. Thus, the most wonderful, unforgettable journey ended leaving us both happy and sad - happy that we had made it and sad that it had ended.

PAMILA GUPTA  
III B.Sc., Zoology

### **A VISIT TO THE U.K.**

At last the day arrived. After a hectic week of completing last minute details like getting our foreign exchange ready, being briefed by the defence personnel, rushing to the market in the Delhi heat for buying souvenirs etc., we, the eight Indian cadets settled in our seats with the statement made by all the dignitaries we had met, "Remember, you are all young ambassadors of your country", ringing in our ears.

Our trip was an exciting one right from the word 'go.' Apart from being the cynosure of all eyes in the aircraft as we were in uniform, there were a few unusual incidents on board like the one, where an elderly gentleman asked me whether we were part of some military organisation going to the United Kingdom for some talks !!!

In the United Kingdom we were the guests of the Royal Air Force, the Royal Army and the Royal Navy. Our stay with each of them was packed with activities relating to the services as well as social activities. The activities were such, that they catered to all our interests. For the artist in us, there was the lovely breath-taking display of paintings by Rubens, Van Gogh, Rembrandt and other great painters at Windsor Castle and the other places of tourist interest that we visited.

For the adventurer in us, there were activities like firing, handling sophisticated weapons like the self-loading rifle (SLR) and the Sterling Machine Gun (SMG). This was something all of us looked forward to and when the time came, all of us had a roaring good time firing at the dummies and one could hear shouts of 'I killed him!' and the instructor's reply, 'No! You didn't'. No one ever died of being hit in the tree! 'Canoeing—in the river Trent was really an enjoyable experience. The day previous to this, we were taught the basics of canoeing in a swimming pool!.

The next day dawned, clear and sunny but the water was ice-cold as a couple of us found out when the canoe overturned and a good ducking followed.

Flying to most of us who had never been at the controls of an aircraft before, was truly an exhilarating experience. We were lucky enough to be taught power - flying and gliding.

For the historian in us, there were places like Westminster Abbey, Warwick Castle with its legendary ghost, Broadlands, the home of Earl Mountbatten of Burma, H.M.S. victory in which Lord Nelson met his death and most important, the Battle of Britain took place and the underground operation room in Uxbridge from where, throughout the Battle of Britain in 1940, the fighter squadrons responsible for the defence of London and South East England were commanded. Sir Winston Churchill was present in the operation room on the 15th of September 1940, the day that is generally considered to be the turning point of the Battle of Britain.

Wherever we went, we were met with warmth and friendliness which we reciprocated to the fullest measure and the 'stiff upper-lipped English attitude' about which one or two persons had warned us was totally absent. In its place there was overall friendliness and a healthy curiosity about our culture and habits. A question which I was often asked was, "What is that pretty little dot between your eyebrows?" referring to my bindi! Most of the people we met used to look positively horrified at the mention of arranged marriages and it was quite a task indeed reassuring them that it was not as they thought it to be, and that in reality the bride did not see her husband - to - be for the first time only at the altar! It was saddening though, to see that a few persons we met had such a wrong idea of the Punjab situation in India and were of the opinion that all Sikhs and all Hindus were sworn enemies. There were also doubts of how people coming from so many different states, each with its diverse culture could live together in harmony. I suppose the best reassurance we could have given them, that things were very much to the contrary, was the fact that the only other girl member of the team was a Sikh and all of us got along extremely well with each other and shared a good rapport. As we pointed out to them, it hardly mattered to us, as to which state or territory we came from and in fact none of us were originally from the state we represented. There were the Punjabis from Karnataka, the Bengali from Maharashtra, the Tamilians from Delhi, the Bihari from Uttar Pradesh to mention a few. There were also questions like the one posed by a lady officer at Portsmouth, who wanted to know whether there were buses and trains in India!!!

Now back home, sitting and writing this article after our sixteen-day stay in the United Kingdom, it is with nostalgia that I think of all that we did, the places we saw and the people we met. I am indeed very glad that in our small little way we were able to bring India, a little closer to the people out there and remove some misconceptions that they had had.

Suo. USHA VIJAYARAGHAVAN  
III B.A. Economics

## A VISIT TO THE LAND OF BIRCHES

Education in the best sense of the term is a broadening of the mind. Certainly, travel is one of the ways of reaching out to the new cultures. of understanding people and of realizing, that for all the differences that seem to divide us, we are one by the very nature of our being.

When the three of us were told that we had been selected to form part of the troupe participating in the Festival of India, in USSR, we were, strangely enough, not jubilant. It was, in a sense, a reward for an involvement with dance that has lasted twelve years. We knew that before reaching Moscow, we would have to work hard and with a greater sense of dedication. We worked all through the summer.

This was our first trip abroad as dancers. We were there as representatives of the Indian people. We were there as professionals and that fact lent a certain degree of seriousness to whatever we did. Also the impression of India that many Russians would have, would depend on their experiences with us.

We reached Moscow on the 14th of July. We stayed at Hotel Russia—perhaps, one of the world's largest hotels. Moscow's weather is predictably unpredictable. Just as we reached the Red Square we were drenched in a sudden rainstorm.

The USSR is the union of several SSRS or Soviet Socialist Republics. Russia is one of them. We visited five such Republics. Tbilisi is the Capital of the Republic of Georgia. The Georgian people are a handsome race and bear some resemblance with the Sindhis and the Punjabis. It was hot in Tbilisi. We stayed there a week and began to love it so much that we were convinced no other city we visited could be as nice.

A five hour journey by bus from Tbilisi took us to Terevan, the capital of Armenia. It was hot in Terevan too. We began to despair of ever finding an occasion to wear our warm clothes. The Armenian people have a history of persecution and suffering and this had welded them into a people with a tremendous sense of the past. Many Armenians who were forced to flee from their land are now scattered all over the world. From Armenia we flew to Azerbaijan. It is a Muslim Republic. The Caspian Sea and Baku were places that not so long ago we had marked out on maps with great enthusiasm. Now, we were actually there. The people and the Government welcomed us with great warmth. We visited an ancient 'caravanserai' or place where the caravans used to stop for rest and to get more supplies. The newspapers in Baku wrote about us everyday and we got so used to seeing our pictures in the papers that when in the next Republic - Russia, there were no photographers, we were disappointed !

The Russians very kindly sent us to Kislovodsk, a famous mountain resort, to rest and recoup. We stayed there two weeks. Kislovodsk is famous for its mineral waters of sulphur and of dolomite. Everyday, we were made to drink 'Narzan' in



the hope that we would go back to India as much healthier people ! Thank God, in Kislovodsk, we were finally able to use our sweaters and shawls.

Stavropol is the city Gorbachev lived in before he reached the Kremlin. The people of Stavropol organised a cultural programme for us, where nearly ten to fifteen groups of artistes of different styles came to perform for us.

By the time we reached Elista in the autonomous Republic of Kalmik, we were counting the days left to go back home. Just another ten days.

We returned to Moscow on the 27th of August. It was cold —8°C. All three of us decided that of us decided that we liked the Red Square very much. It is unmistakably Russian and lends its character to Moscow which is otherwise like any other European city.

The Russians eat a lot and we were overwhelmed by the number of courses they served. We explained gently that we were dancers and could not eat so much without disastrous results. Still, that did not prevent us from eating their delicious ice-cream everyday. The Soviet people love Indians. Wherever we went, we would find people curious to know more about us. The concert halls were always packed and the tickets sold out. There were many standing ovations and many, many bouquets of flowers.

Much has been said and written about the Soviet Union. We are glad we had the opportunity to visit the country and form our own opinion. We are happy to be back and we thank the Registrar of the University, Major Kuttiappan and our Principal Sr. Helen Vincent for having given us their permission for this visit.

TULSI BADRINATH  
III year Literature  
P. ANITA  
II year Sociology  
J. SANGEETHA  
I year History

## **A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION**

A seat in college, a future made,  
I have it.yet did not realise,  
Till I saw another still kept waiting in helpless anticipation,  
That that number is worth its weight in gold.

No words can comfort those hopelsss eyes,  
Sympathy has no meaning—'tis but  
an insult to the learned mind,  
That my caste, my colour, my creed,  
Should determine my fate !

Merit is archaic, money is modern,  
To each according to his paternal aid,  
Longing to belong to any institution,  
They search the land, vast and wide.

While the leaders cry out the glorious future,  
They not in darkness, hide in shame,  
Sheltering the hope that the esteem lost,  
Will in time be theirs again.

LUELLA JOSEPH  
I B.Sc., Chemistry

## **SHOULD YOU ASPIRE TO BE AN OUTSTANDING CHEMIST**

Life is a mechanism of activation and de-activation  
that is bestowed upon us selectively  
Destiny is an irreversible reaction.  
And life is an irreversible reaction.  
So stand up to task without delay  
And unravel the mystery that is 'Chemistry'  
Catalyse your conscience and gear up to qualify,  
In the most challenging course of today.  
But beware ! Unparalleled display of perception  
Will alone pull you though with distinction  
Be alive to happenings during your practicals  
And inculcate in yourself the qualities of systematic approach.  
Do not go to the examination depending on chance  
Chalk out your plan of action well in advance  
Use your chemical potentials to enrich your prowess  
And employ your free energy to throw out your rivals.  
Do not let wear and tear create depression  
Be engaged in eternal pursuit of elevation  
Organic or Inorganic—  
You must achieve in them  
Mastery without panic  
Biochem, Analytical you must study them all  
without flaw  
Wipe out your weakness and perform no acrobatics  
In the subject that is called Physical Chemistry.  
Enrich your knowledge and skills of presentation  
In the subject that is called Biochemistry.

Notes are not the short cut to success  
Let there be no gap in your preparation  
For, uncertainty principles,  
at the stroke of the examination  
create a quantum of difficulties.  
Attempt the questions with application  
and confidence.  
And leave the rest to be decided by Providence.  
If you have followed this message properly,  
You have every reason to wait expectantly  
For, very soon, you might be an  
OUTSTANDING CHEMIST

P. LAKSHMI  
II B.Sc. Chemistry

## IN MEMORIAM

**R. I. P.**



We remember with gratitude Sr. Chapdelaine, the first French Professor of our College. She returned to France after 15 years of service (1947-1962). She was a good teacher, and a loving companion, Besides being a scholar in French and German she took interest in learning Tamil.

She went to her eternal Home on 23rd Dec. 1987 when she was in Paris, France.  
**MAY HER SOUL REST IN PEACE.**

**SR. Marie du Bx Chapdelaine F.M.M.**

**Born : 3-9-1913**

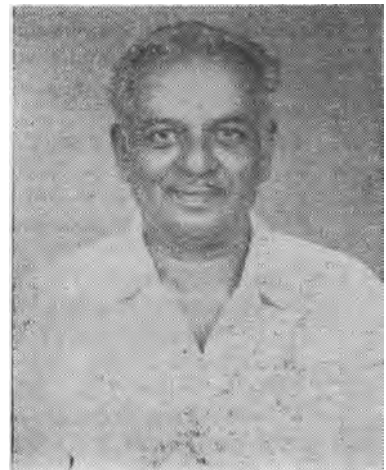
**Died : 23-12-1987**

## **KUDOS TO OUR VETERAN WORKERS**



**Mr. Michael joined the College non-teaching staff ever since Stella Maris was shifted from San Thome to Cathedral Road. His loyal services as night watchman endeared him to all the campus inmates. His retirement has left an irreplaceable gap. May God bless his time of retirement with peace and joy.**

**Mr. Arul Raj served as attender in the Botony Department for 21 years. The staff and students of the department appreciate his involvement and painstaking effort to help everyone. May the Lord's blessings go with him always.**



**May God Bless them!**

# Results - May 1987

Class	No. Appeared	Passed	Failed	Percentage
<b>B. A.</b>				
History	55	40	15	72.72%
Sociology	58	54	4	93.1 %
Economics	56	51	5	91.07%
Fine Arts	33	24	9	72.72%
Eng. Litt.	51	48	3	94.11%
<b>B. Sc.,</b>				
Mathematics	59	39	20	66.00%
Physics	44	34	10	77.27%
Chemistry	35	20	15	57.14%
Botany	55	43	12	78.18%
Zoology	56	42	14	75.00%
<b>M. A.</b>				
Economics	23	20	3	86.95%
Eng. Litt.	20	20	—	100.00%
Fine Arts	6	4	2	66.66%
Social Work	22	19	3	86.36%
<b>M. Sc.</b>				
Mathematics	15	14	1	93.33%

\* University First Ranks were secured by the P. G. departments of English, History of Fine Arts and Social Work and by the Undergraduate departments of History and Fine Arts besides 61 other ranks within the first ten places by various departments, especially Sociology Department which secured the ranks from the 3rd to the 10th.

**Statement about ownership & other particulars about the newspaper Stella Maris College Magazine to be published in the first issue every year after the last day of February**  
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Date : 10—3—1988

Signature of Publisher : Sr. Helen Vincent, F.M.M.

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