

STELLA • MARIS

★ COLLEGE ★



MADRAS

1950

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MYLAPORE

INDIA

MADRAS

---

Thompson & Co., Ltd., Madras.

---

# CONTENTS

	PAGES
STELLA MARIS COLLEGE, 1949-1950	2
ADDRESS OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR	10
CHRONICLE	14
PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION	18
IN PRAISE OF INDIA	19
HINDI SPEECH, REPUBLIC DAY	20
REPUBLIC DAY	22
TAMIL ADDRESS, REPUBLIC DAY	26
WANTED A COLLEGIAN	28
ON THE COROMANDEL COAST	29
THE THREE DOLLS	30
GOOD-BYE TO THE SENIORS	32
MY COLLEGE DAYS	35
MADRAS FROM THE COLLEGE TERRACE	37
ADVICE TO A STUDENT	39
THE HOSTEL	41
MONOGRAM OF THE HOLY NAME	44
A FEW CONUNDRUMS	45
"BAGGED"	46
THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM VIRGIN	48
SOCIAL SERVICE	52
WHAT GOD GIVES A GIRL	53
THE CULTURAL INFLUENCE OF MUSLIM RULE IN INDIA	54
IT HAPPENED TO ME	56
STELLA MARIS CREED	58
PRAYER FOR A COLLEGE	60
SPEECH ON THE INAUGURATION OF THE COLLEGE CLUBS	61
"THE QUINTS"	63
THE ACADEMY OF SELECTED ARTS	64
SCIENCE ASSOCIATION	66
INDIAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION	69
ANCIENT HISTORY CLUB	71
MODERN HISTORY CLUB	72
GIOTTO	75
L'HISTOIRE DU CLUB FRANCAIS	77
OUR MUSIC ASSOCIATION	81
THE MOGHUL COURT (SCENE)	82
A "LIVE" CYCLE	85
THE FLOWER THAT FADED (IN HINDI)	87
TRAVELLING TO TIRUPATI (IN TELUGU)	95
I'M ONLY A TURKEY	100
LA VIERGE A MIDI	102
FRIENDSHIPS	103
ONCE MARIANS, ALWAYS MARIANS	104



THE VERY REVEREND  
MOTHER MARY MARGARET OF THE SACRED HEART

Superior General of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary

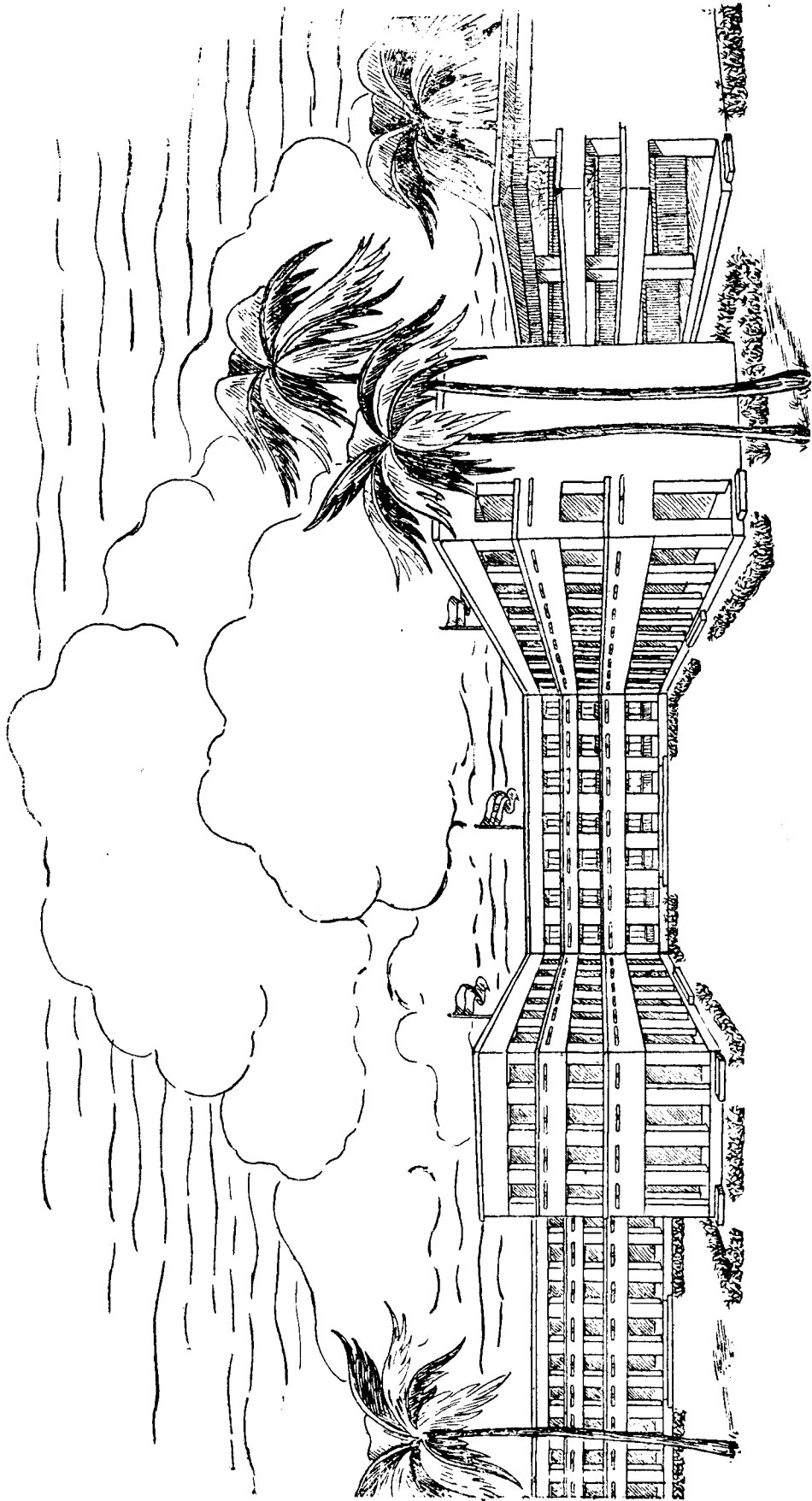
# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1949-1950

This third issue of the College Magazine is lovingly dedicated to the Very Reverend Mother Mary Margaret of the Sacred Heart.

She is Superior General of the Institute of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and Foundress of Stella Maris College. To her inspiration and undying interest in the cause of education, we owe the existence of Stella Maris College. It is to her we are indebted for the fine substantial structure on Palace Road, Mylapore.

Although residing in Rome, she follows with keen interest not only the progress of the Institution as a whole, but also that of every individual among us—Professional Staff and Student Body. Each of us finds a place in her maternal heart.



BACK VIEW OF THE COLLEGE.

PL  
1950

## REPORT OF STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

*Read by the Principal at College Day Celebrations, presided over by  
Lt.-Col. Diwan Bahadur Sir A. L. Mudaliar, B.A., M.D.,  
LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of Madras University.*

What a world of hope, mystery and anticipation is imagined as fond parents look into the eyes of their new-born babe! Speculation is rife! They dream and dream, and every dream is feeder to another and another. Dreams are cumulative until one big dream outshines all the others and becomes a reality.

What were the hopes, mystery and anticipation of that fond Mother in Rome who decided that a new college be founded in far-off, friendly India? She may have dreamed and dreamed but never could she have anticipated that in three short fleeting years reality would far outshine her cherished aspirations!

She who dreamed and she who founded was the **Very Reverend Mother Mary Margaret of the Sacred Heart, Superior-General of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.** To the babe she herself gave the significant title "**STELLA MARIS**"—"STAR OF THE SEA!" That was in August, 1947. A whole nation was throbbing with a jubilation it never knew before. To be ushered into existence at such a moment of universal joy was the good fortune of Stella Maris. Prosperously, triumphantly did India proceed until the pinnacle of her aspirations could be attained on January 26th, 1950. In imitation of her native land, Stella Maris was also making giant strides towards a coveted goal—a first grade college permanently affiliated with and recognized by the Madras University. Further and permanent recognition of the College is pending.

THE COLLEGE IN 1947-1948.—It registered thirty-two interested students who by reason of the small number, enjoyed greater intimacy with the staff than any of the succeeding generations. College life had unsuspected interests which were explored to the utmost. Three medium-sized halls on the busy thoroughfare of San Thome were more than enough to provide for the exigencies of the moment. Free access was assured to the library for it was open on all sides! The course of study embraced Part I—English; Part II—



Tamil, French, Hindi, Telugu and Malayalam; Part III—Ancient, Indian and Modern History, Indian and Western Music and Logic. Although labouring under difficulties, the students managed to cover the programme, and when presenting themselves for the Intermediate examination, they made as good a showing as could have been anticipated and scored three first classes.

**THE COLLEGE IN 1948-1949.**—The second year Intermediate saw expansion in numbers, in studies and in space with hopeful prospects ahead. Juniors having become seniors were replaced by twice their number, with an addition to the programme of Mathematics and German. We were permitted to start the B.A. Classes in Economics and History. Five juniors were enrolled.

**IN JULY 1949.**—The College seemed endowed with a determination to keep pace with the national progress. The year opened with an additional 160 students: 80 Science and 80 History. Where were they to be sheltered? All unnoticed and as if by magic, there loomed up on quiet Palace Road a monumental building at which the students gazed in astonishment. Was it really their College? Parents came and gazed. Lecturers came and gazed. There it stood, a dignified three-storey structure, without frills or fancy, adapted to all the needs of enthusiastic young people ready to tackle problems in the sciences, in mathematics and in languages. But gazing at the outside never satisfied the legitimate curiosity of students and lecturers; they entered. The laboratories displayed a complete line of equipment, furniture, apparatus, chemicals, everything necessary for the First Year Science Course; all of the finest, most perfect, most practical workmanship, complete with all the requirements of a modern laboratory. How did all this come about? Friends like Mr. G Sundara Rajan, Mr. S. R. Govindarajan and Mr. M. Alkondan gave of their time and talents to provide Stella Maris with all it needed; they far exceeded all expectations.

Entering the building from Palace Road visitors may mount the almost palatial stair-case, chef-d'oeuvre of Mr. Nathan on which he lavished his architectural genius;—or one may prefer to investigate the lay-out of the ground floor, which arrangement is repeated throughout. In this case, directly ahead is a hall used in varying capacities:—an assembly room, a lecture hall, etc. To the right is a chain of smaller rooms unused by the College at present but which in the near future will serve as library, reading and rest rooms. To the

left is the administrative unit:—the general office for information regarding classes, activities, and records; the Principal's office, staff office and store room. Farther on is the science block which houses on the ground floor, the chemistry lab: with its preparation room, lecture theatre, and store room. Features to be noticed in each case are the recessed almirahs, ample black boards, display boards for pictures maps and items of current interest.

Before mounting the side stairs we stop at a concrete wing which satisfies a long-felt need, which a forward-looking policy provided: tiffin rooms. Here, grilled almirahs provide protection to lunches against winged marauders; wash-basins run across the whole length of the apartment. Bubbling fountains have done away with glasses and cups, thus minimising the danger of contagion.

Toilet facilities, abundant and convenient, meet the exacting demands of present-day sanitation. This lay-out is repeated throughout the tiffin block.

**HOSTEL.**—A few yards across from the College and running parallel to the main building is the Hostel, recently renovated, remodelled and crowned with an upper storey. Judging from the frequency of social activities of various kinds, we reach the conclusion that mirth and good fellowship have taken up their permanent abode in St. Philomena's.

**COLLEGE SOCIETIES.**—This year the College Societies began in earnest with their formal inauguration on October 19th, by Dr. Abdul Haq, Principal of Presidency College. Since then activities knew no decline throughout the scholastic year. It is evident that they put into practice the three points developed so lucidly by the eloquent and learned speaker: "In your discussions use the art of persuasion, refuse to be dogmatic; learn to develop your own views along original lines; develop a sense of humour,—it will serve you well in your clubs now and in later years."

On November 18th, the societies in a body had the rare good fortune of listening to the distinguished Mr. Peter Reddi, M.A. None thought of the sweltering heat that November afternoon, so lost were they in the original, lucid, remedial treatment of the actual moral problems of our own time and age.

We were especially grateful to have Dr. M. Varadarajan with us at the inauguration of the Tamil Association on September 2nd.

**SPECIAL CELEBRATIONS.**—It was on August 15th, 1949, that the College assembled to celebrate Independence Day. Miss Philipz, M.A., L.T., T.D., honoured us with an allocution worthy of the occasion. Then came the students' own spontaneous contribution in prose and verse, ending with the National Anthem.

October 24th, United Nations Day was fittingly observed by staff and students.

Still fresh in our memories are Republic Day Celebrations in the Nation and in the College. Unique was the occasion in the history of India; unique also the audience in the College, represented by six friendly nations: England and Canada, Ireland and France, the United States and Italy,—all as enthusiastic over the event as the people of India itself.

**INTER-COLLEGIATE ACTIVITIES.**—Some encouragement was needed to induce the students to enter Inter-collegiate challenges; however, despite fear and trepidation, they accepted to play net-ball against Ethiraj; they scored 10 to 6. Later they played a better net-ball match with Lady Willingdon, won it, but lost in Badminton. They were no match for Queen Mary's; yet, nothing daunted, they met the Y.M.C.A. and lost a second time. In a home match with St. Christopher's they won a hard-fought 7-6; Badminton was a draw. A second home match with Women's Christian College stands 10 to 6 in favour of Stella Maris. That was the extent of their activities in sports. With the building and surfacing of new courts and a 100-yard running track, we hope that next year's sport-spirit will be second to none. The net-ball team is thrilled at the sight of an inter-class sport shield, gift of Mrs. G. Sundara Rajan. First U.C. seems certain of winning it; Second U.C. is equally confident.

**AMONG OURSELVES.**—The College staff, numbering thirty members, fifteen lay and fifteen religious, exert a most wholesome influence on the morale of the student body. The selflessness of the lay staff, their reliability, we proclaim in laudatory terms, and offer them our warmest expression of deep gratitude. Both religious and lay have at heart to integrate the thought, life and culture of the East and West. Staff, students and parents work in harmonious accord to attain the object of any College education "the true and finished person of constancy in following the eternal principles of justice."

IN CONCLUSION.—When, in retrospect, we consider the history of Stella Maris College, we cannot but return thanks to the Giver of all gifts for His guidance in the past. On Him we rely with unabated confidence for the future. As to the present, we are overawed by the honour which is ours, of the presence here of so eminent a personage as our distinguished Vice-Chancellor, Sir A. L. Mudaliar, of the Madras University. How to thank him for his condescension, I know not. Parents, friends, students and staff offer him public testimony of gratitude, esteem and respect.

I turn respectfully to His Lordship Bishop Guerreiro of the Diocese of Mylapore, to thank him for the signal favour he bestows on us in assisting at this modest function. Your presence, My Lord, seems to presage blessings, prosperity and development for the College.

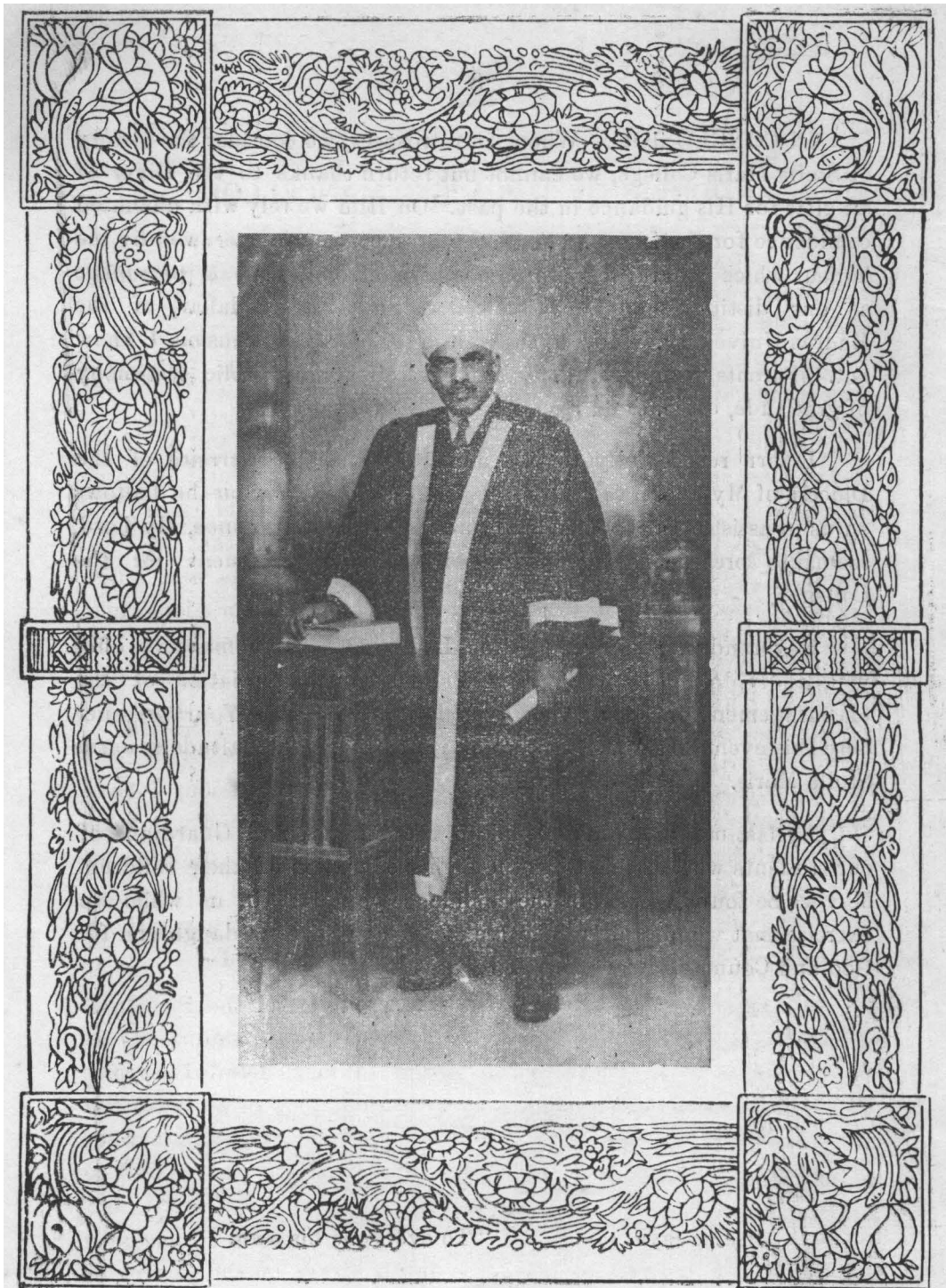
Reverend Clergy, dear Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen, we offer you, individually and collectively, our keen appreciation of the encouragement you have shown us from the start. Your presence here this evening is another proof of your benevolent attitude towards Stella Maris.

My last message is addressed to the Parents and Guardians of our students who confide to us the higher education of their children. May we be found worthy of the confidence you place in us while we exercise that wonderful prerogative of educating your daughters for God and Country.

Justice says:                    “To everyone his own.”

Love says:                        “To everyone my own.”

Greed says:                      “Everything is mine.”



**SIR A. L. MUDALIAR,  
VICE-CHANCELLOR OF MADRAS UNIVERSITY.**

Motif of the design for the frame taken from the Ajanta Cave paintings.

## ADDRESS OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

*Sir A. L. Mudaliar, at the College Celebration on March 6th, 1950.*

It is a great pleasure to be with you tonight, and to follow the interesting games and items of the entertainment.

I quote from the Principal's report, "All unnoticed and as if by magic, there loomed up on quiet Palace Road a monumental building at which the students gazed in astonishment... parents came and gazed, lecturers came and gazed," but she forgot to say that the Vice-Chancellor came and gazed. When I first visited the fine new building more than two months ago, I gazed and gazed at it for a long time. I too was dazed for a moment, and gasped with wonder and admiration that so much had been done in so short a time. Then recovering my equanimity, I said to the Principal, "This is very fine. How did you do it?"

As a member of the Board of University Commission, I have inflicted my presence many times on the authorities of the College. I have seen Stella Maris College grow and have watched its progress with keen interest. I have inspected many colleges both here in the University district as well as elsewhere, but here I can say without exaggeration that indeed a miracle has been accomplished.

It has given me great delight to read the report of the Principal, and I congratulate her on stating the results of the examinations so simply. It is often depressing to listen to long detailed reports presented as a sort of balance-sheet or inventory of an industrial concern, giving the number of students presented for examination, the number passed, the first-class passes, second-class passes, and so forth. This is a foolish waste of time, as though the merit and worth of a college depends on the results of examinations. It has been our mistake, I believe, to place too much stress on the passing of examinations. Our unfortunate dependence on examination results as a test of the merit of a college, has led us to forget the true significance and function of education and collegiate life,—a significance and function not forgotten in your college, Madam.

I refer to this particularly, because there has been a great deal of comment in Madras and elsewhere, that the Madras University has not encouraged women's education for the simple reason that it has not

found it possible to permit women to appear privately for university examinations, whereas other universities had found it possible to do so. Even in the highest quarters this question has been raised why the Madras University is adamant and so significantly tardy in this State, as to prevent the progress of women's education.

I would like to take this opportunity to explain clearly the position of the Madras University on this point. You will all be interested to know that there are twelve women's colleges in the Madras University area at present. Of these no less than ten are managed by missionary agencies. The only other two colleges are Queen Mary's College, which is a government-managed college; and the Ethiraj College for Women which began as a Government institution, but which is now under private management. Out of a total number of 3,400 women students in these colleges, as many as 2,630 are being trained by missionary agencies. What is more significant is that within the last five years, the University has been fortunate in getting the co-operation of at least five managements to open women's colleges in different parts of this Province, including Madras, the Lady Doak College in Madura, a college in Coimbatore, and on the West Coast. I am perfectly sure that these women's colleges will be serving the needs of women of these districts and a larger area around, in an increasing measure.

My own ambition is that there should be at least one first-grade women's college in every district of Madras State, if not at the District Head-quarters, at least in the most prominent town of the district;—and I appeal to the philanthropy of the public to come to the rescue and found these colleges, for I feel that even with the best intentions in the world, the Government is not in a position to undertake the difficult task of starting new colleges for women, whatever its intentions might be.

Apart from that, in most of the men's colleges, co-education has come to play a prominent part, and more than 1,400 women students are studying in these colleges. The total number of women students in the arts and professional colleges in the University area is just over 6,000. If you can show me another University in India which has got a third of this strength and where private study is a passport for university examinations, I shall be glad to change my idea as to the best method of encouraging women's education.

After all, we want our young girls, our daughters and sisters not merely to pass examinations, but to get that high training, that

cosmopolitan life, that contact with persons of their own age, that intercourse which is possible only in collegiate life, that personal touch and moral influence which you and the staff of Stella Maris College are exercising to an appreciable extent in the moulding of the character of the future citizens of India ; and I claim without any hesitation whatsoever that the Madras University has not been running on wrong lines in the development of women's education in this part of the country.

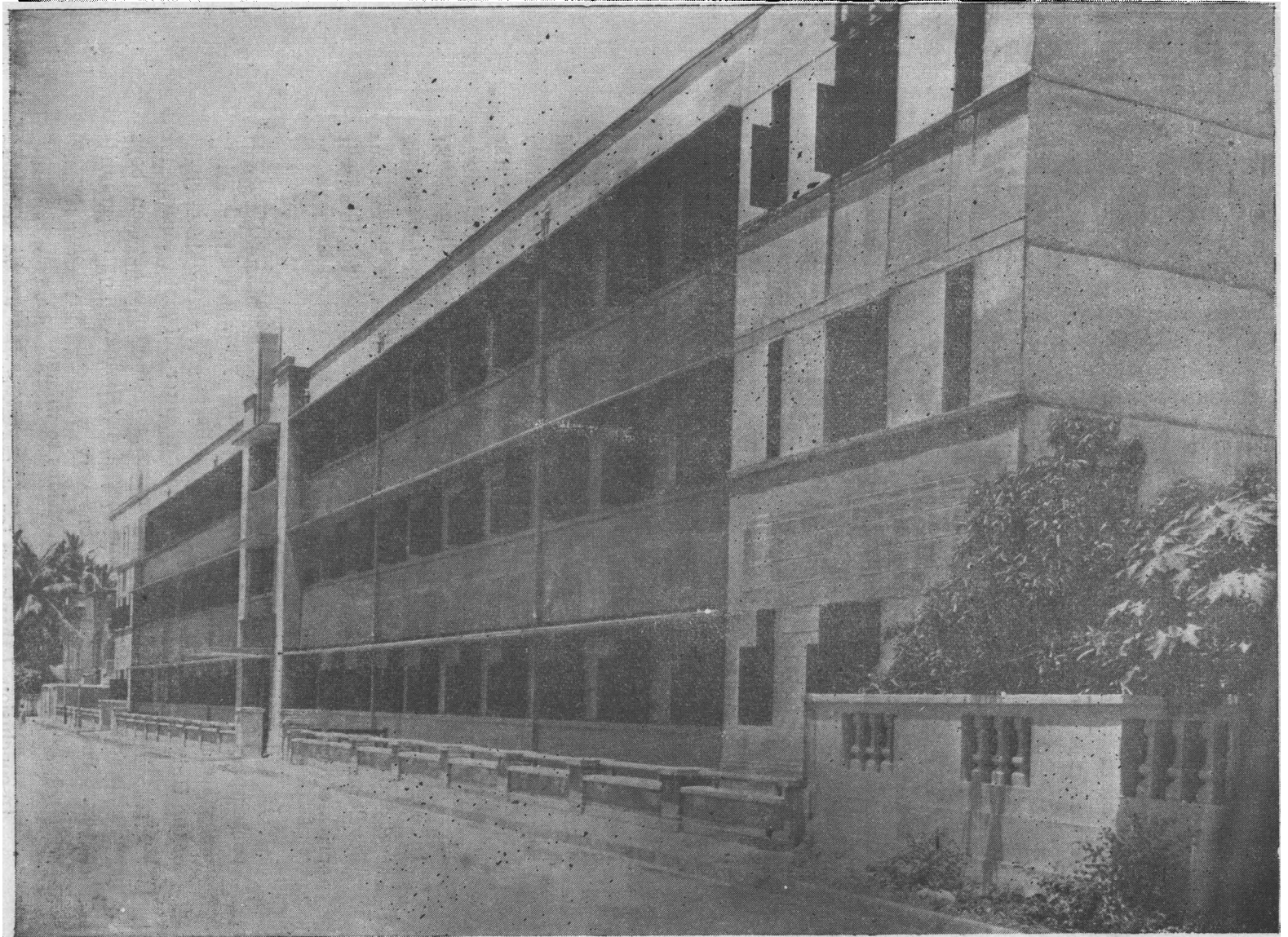
The Principal told me that by taking extra care, they had enabled a backward student to become one of the best students of the College. There is an example for the teaching profession. If a student fails, the teacher must realise that he himself has really failed. So long as the teacher does not realise that fundamental obligation of the greatest profession, he is a misfit. There are no such people in the world as failures among children, or failures among young men and women. The failures are in the older generation who do not know how to mould their character, and how to guide the young along the proper path, through a balanced love and firmness.

At the beginning of the festivities to-day, we had the pleasure of watching the sports activities of these young women. Here I noticed that Stella Maris College produces real life and fun and healthy exercise of body and mind. This is real training—to have the students taking part in the physical and mental activities of college life. It is in such institutions that we look for the future leaders of Indian womanhood. In this way men will soon have to take a back seat and women will come forward. I wonder if such harmonious development would be found if women were permitted to appear privately for examinations.

It will interest you to know that the Madras University is contemplating to have in the next academic year, a regional inter-collegiate contest for all the women's colleges and all women students of the University area, just as there is an inter-collegiate contest for boys. The University of Madras makes no difference between boys and girls and there should be no sort of discrimination on the grounds of sex. That is one of the reasons why we hesitate to offer private methods of appearing for examinations to women.

In conclusion, I thank you for giving me this enjoyable evening. I have admired what I have seen and it is something worth remembering.





FRONT VIEW OF THE COLLEGE ON PALACE ROAD.

## CHRONICLE

June 5th 1949 dawned just like any other June day, so it seemed—the same humidity with maximum temperature. And this year June, not May, held the laurels, you remember?

“The Glorious First of June”, wasn’t that a battle? No doubt poets got all excited and wrote epics about it, but so far, there was little to suggest that we were in for a “Glorious 5th of June” in the annals of Stella Maris College.

About 8 a.m. into the compound drove two spacious and very business-like looking lorries. Their very appearance seemed to spell work. Then away with dreams and reverie: no time to swat that fly! There was work to be done. We were evacuating. In other words the College was on the move. The Great Trek was about to begin and the lorries had come to help us. Where were we going? Not very far. To the other end of the compound, to a new, spacious, three-storey building which had just been erected on Palace Road, still smelling of cement and densely inhabited by coolies. There, forty-eight rooms including three lecture halls, and two brand new laboratories for physics and chemistry, awaited us. What luxury compared with the original little bungalow, plus our third storey of Economics, Art and Languages in the neighbouring building. Our thirty “pioneers” of 1947-49 no doubt stifled thirty sighs of regret as we said good-bye to *their* College, and so closed the first chapter of S.M.C. History—a short, but very happy chapter, in which the staff and students had got to know each other, and had shared the joys, as well as the difficulties, of founding a new College.

Who does not remember those nerve-shattering moments when the small tram noisily clanged its way to the terminus? Just why, we could never fathom. The best of Indian and Western Music alike was drowned beneath its din, whilst patient teachers and students suffered together in silence. How we dreaded the nightmare of the road being “Under Repair”! Then there was the building problem. Just as the clouds of mystery were beginning to lift around some abstruse problem, in through the window floated clouds of granite dust, as tons of debris thundered down to earth. Let us say nothing of the first experiment in fans in the adjacent library. We pitied the poor librarian, especially during the rising third-term temperature;

but what veritable heroism she needed when,—on went the fan with a deafening roar like a squad of heavy bombers in action! Fortunately, we soon rose to a ceiling fan—and silence reigned supreme once more.

As ever, the best was imperceptible. Gradually, unconsciously, our timid “Foundation Stones” shed their timidity and developed a happy, family spirit, a genuine “esprit de corps”. Friendships grew, and College ties strengthened, so that, socially at least, the years 1947–1949 had been years of formation and, in not a few cases, transformation.

Our seniors, however, were delighted at the prospect of being able to welcome their “Freshers” to new and airy halls, superior playing grounds, and a terrace on which they really are “the monarchs of all they survey”, be it the harbour, Loyola spire, Saint Thomas’ Mount, or any city landmark. But we are back to our day-dreams and reverie, and that won’t do. There are two patient lorries waiting to be loaded. Fortunately, the chairs, tables and light furniture had been transported beforehand and were already installed to give a touch of welcome to our new home. So we began with the admirals, office furniture, etc. Next came the interminable task of transporting the library. Swiftly the lorries were transformed into store-houses of learning as bundle after bundle of books was piled up. Impossible to wax poetic as we stopped to examine Wordsworth’s knots! Chronology was thrown to the winds (would that there had been some!) as Shakespeare edged his way in between Sir Gawain and the Wife of Bath; whilst Carlyle with typical dignity gave place to the blustering Boswell. History, mathematics, music, science, philosophy, Hindi, French, German, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, all joined the long procession, and were finally borne in triumph to their new quarters. Let us follow this scholarly cortege and see what is happening at the other side.

There we met Pillars and Pillars of Wisdom, not just Seven, but as many as twenty-seven or more. Human, walking pillars, as the coolies gravely ascended the staircases with centuries of wisdom on their heads, to be deposited on the top floor, for the time being. 9, 10, 11, 12, 1 o’clock passed, at last the end was in sight! How thankful we were that the College was only two years old,—otherwise there would have been much more to say. As it was, there was still much more to do, for things had just been left “put” for the moment; and when the “moment” was over, the next two weeks before College re-opened were spent in finding a permanent home for everything.

The assembly hall, Principal's office, staff rooms and college office occupied the ground floor; together with the chemistry laboratory, preparation and lecture rooms—all looking very spick and span, waiting to welcome our first batch of science students. Western music was housed downstairs; and last but not least, the indispensable godown. The first floor was devoted to mathematics, logic, English, histories, politics, economics. There too the library was installed with an open, airy reading room close by. Above the chemistry laboratory, came the physics laboratory, dark room and lecture room. On the second floor were the various language rooms, Indian music room and the art studio.

On June 25th the seniors made their first official appearance—supposedly to plan the Welcome Day for the new students, but unofficially, no doubt, to do a little exploring too—so that they would not appear too fresh themselves as they ushered their groups of freshers round the new building. Everything met with great approval, especially the central stair-case tiled in grey and black “marble”. Every nook and corner had to be visited and every new improvement to be tried, including the new wide-armed lecture chairs and the drinking fountains. All were delighted with the three-storied, open tiffin rooms adjacent to the science block. Inside the barred cupboards tiffins might be safely deposited without fear of Mr. Crow and family. Marbletopped tables or simple mats are at the disposal of each. Without guides they found their way up to the terrace and were quick to spy the ocean in one direction, and famous city landmarks in another. Already plots were being hatched that, “far from the madding crowd,” this would be their place of retreat with or without Hardy.

The Staff also found it too much to suppress their curiosity, and one by one we found them making a silent tour of inspection. The many wall-cupboards and ample blackboard space proved their chief delight.

Finally June 27th came and College officially re-opened. Staff and students assembled in the compound before the flag. Reverend Mother Principal welcomed the 160 Juniors to college life,—and all to our new “home”. After the hoisting of the flag and singing of the anthem, the seniors sprang into action, claimed their family of juniors, and set to work with determination to make them feel right at home in Stella Maris College.



**Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD**

**FIRST PRESIDENT**

**OF**

**THE INDIAN REPUBLIC.**



## THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA,  
having solemnly resolved to  
constitute India into a SOVEREIGN  
DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC and to  
secure to all its citizens:

JUSTICE, social, economic and  
political;  
LIBERTY, of thought, expression,  
belief, faith and worship;  
EQUALITY of status and of opportunity  
and to promote among them all  
FRATERNITY assuring the dignity of the  
individual and the unity of the Nation;

IN OUR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY  
this twenty-sixth day of November, 1949,  
do HEREBY ADOPT, ENACT AND GIVE TO  
OURSELVES THIS CONSTITUTION.

## IN PRAISE OF INDIA

India, guarded by untamed seas ;  
India, ornate with stalwart trees ;

India, with regal birds and beasts ;  
India, Motherland, thy sons are free !

India, fragrant with perfumes, spice ;  
India, whose starry skies entice ;

India, Motherland, we stand by thee !

India, kissed by the warm, bright light ;  
India, by sun and snow draped white ;

India, where peak and plain unite ;  
India, Motherland, our Truth, thy Light !

India, slaked by the cool monsoon ;  
India, where thrives the lotus bloom ;

India, Motherland, our Love, thy Might !

India, washed by the deep, deep sea ;  
India, where palms are waving free ;

India, where winds waft perfumes sweet ;  
India, Motherland, O thee we greet !

India, lulled by the deep, deep sea ;  
India, where hearts are throbbing free ;

India, Motherland, O thee we greet !

*Motif of the design for the frame of the constitutions of India, (page 18) taken from the Ajanta caves paintings. The Engravings show : The Bull of Mohenjo Daro, a Torana of the Stupa of Sanchi, Asoka's column from Sarnath, Draupadi's Ratha at Mahabalipuram, an Elephant from the Ajanta cave ceilings, the Gol Gumbaz at Bijapur, the Taj Mahal at Agra and San Thome Cathedral at Mylapore.*

## HINDI SPEECH

Republic Day 26-1-1950

भारतीय इतिहास में आज एक महत्वपूर्ण दिन है । आज मैं अपने को बड़ी भाग्यशालिनी समझती हूँ, क्योंकि इस पवित्र दिन में मुझे पहले पहल हिन्दी में भाषण देना का सुअवसर मिला है ।

आज हम सब बड़े हर्ष तथा गर्व का अनुभव कर रहे हैं—हर्ष इसलिये कि राज्य की बागडोर जनता के हाथ में आगयी है और हमारे अनेक त्यागी नेताओं की चिर अभिलाषा हमारे ही ज़माने में पूरी हुई है । और गर्व इस बात का, कि हमारे पवित्र देश को भी दुनियाँ के दूसरे देशों के साथ सिर ऊँचा करके चलने का समय आ गया है । लेकिन हम यह कह नहीं सकते कि हमारा आनन्द शोक रहित, पश्चात्ताप सहित है । हमें इस बात का खेद हो रहा है कि इस सौभाग्य विधाता, हमारे राष्ट्रपिता, भारत के हृदय सम्राट, विश्वबन्धु, मानवता के सच्चे उपासक,—हमारे प्यारे बापू जी हमारे साथ आज नहीं हैं । अब हमें यही सोचकर सन्तुष्ट रहना पड़ता है कि यद्यपि वे भौतिक रूप में हमारे साथ नहीं हैं, तो भी उन की आत्मा रूपी ज्योति केवल हरएक भारतवासी के दिल में ही नहीं, बल्कि दुनियाँ के हरएक आदमी कहलाने योग्य जीव के दिल में विराजमान है ।

आज भारत के कोने २ में खुशियाँ मनायी जा रही हैं—इसलिये कि हमारा देश प्रजा तंत्र हो गया है । लेकिन केवल खुशियाँ मनाने से, घोषणा करने से, झण्डा फहराने से, सभाएँ करने से, या मंच पर चढ़कर लंबा चौड़ा हाँकने से हम जनतंत्रता का वास्तविक लाभ उठा नहीं सकते । हाँ, ये सब हमारी स्वतंत्र भावना को बनाये रखने केलिये अनिवार्य साधन हैं । लेकिन बड़े २ स्वप्न देखने से कोई फ़ायदा नहीं । उन स्वप्नों को व्यवहारिक रूप देना चाहिये ।



प्रजातंत्र में सफलता प्राप्त करने के लिये हमें त्याग एवं बलिदान का जीवन व्यतीत करने का पक्का इरादा कर लेना चाहिये । पूज्य बापू जी के निधन से जो कालिमा हमारे मुख पर लग गई है, उसे अपने रक्त की लालिमा से धोडालने की दृढ़ प्रतिज्ञा कर लेनी चाहिये । अब राज्य प्रजा की है, इसलिये उसे सफलता पूर्वक निबाहने का बड़ा भारी उत्तरदायित्व हमारे ऊपर आ पड़ा है । हमें जनता को साक्षर एवं शिक्षित बनाना है । सब को काफ़ी भोजन और वस्त्र देना है । देश को धनी, नी रोग, तथा बलवान बनाना है । और यह भी याद रखना है कि देश की इज्जत हमारे हाथ में है । इस महान् उत्तरदायित्व में स्त्रियों का हिस्सा कुछ कम नहीं है, क्योंकि हम सब जानती ही हैं कि स्त्री ही संसारभर को नचानेवाली शक्ति है । इसलिये इस अधिकार को सफलतापूर्वक निबाहने के लिये हमें संयम, बुद्धिमता, सत्यता, सरलता, दृढ़ता तथा दीर्घ-दर्शिता से काम लेना चाहिये । संसार को विशाल दृष्टि से देखना चाहिये, संकुचित नज़र से नहीं । हुक्म देने के पहले हुक्म मानना सीखना चाहिये । वाकसंयम का अभ्यास करना चाहिये । याद रखना चाहिये कि हमारी नीति है 'सत्यमेव जयते' ।

केवल शारीरिक बल या आत्म बल से ही आदमी कुछ कर न सकता । काम में जय पाने के लिये उसे भगवान की कृपा भी मिलनी चाहिये । इसलिये इस पवित्र दिन में हम सब मिलकर उस सर्व व्यापी, सर्व बल्लभ परम पिता से प्रार्थना करें कि वे हमें अपने कर्तव्य का पालन उचित रूप से करने की क्षमता प्रदान करें ।

जय भारत!

MISS RAJESWARI

*Lecturer in Hindi*

## REPUBLIC DAY

*26th January, 1950.*

Today is a day of rejoicing and jubilation throughout the length and breadth of India. The air is vibrant with gladsome music which is the outcome of overflowing joy. Festive garlands on every public and private building, crowded programmes over the radio, loud-speakers, and the colourful illuminations make the City of Madras a Joyland.

All this because we are celebrating the inauguration of the Indian Republic. Not only in the history of India, but in the history of the whole world this is a unique event. After great labour and sacrifice, the country is just breathing the healthy and pleasant air of freedom. Events are moving rapidly in what was believed to be the "unchanging East." Independence was granted to India almost before we could believe that it was an established fact. To many the historic day of August 15th, 1947, came as a surprise. And now in the space of two years, the labours of the Constituent Assembly have culminated in the creation of Republican India.

Let us try to understand some of the main features and principles underlying the new Constitution of India.

Considering the origin of the Constitution, we notice that it is not altogether novel. It is more an imitation and adaptation of some of the constitutions of the outside world, to suit the character and temperament of the Indian people. It is modelled on the Constitutions of Eire, and of the Republic of France, but mostly on that of the United States. In short it is a combination of some of the fundamental principles of the Constitution of U. S. A. and the Act of 1935, a legacy of the British rule in India, under which a federal constitution was contemplated. It was a happy choice that the draftsmen of the constitution were men of responsibility in the Government of India, and hence much mature experience about administrative problems and difficulties has been brought to bear in

the making of the Constitution. Critics have arisen to detect flaws in the newly-formed Constitution. It is an irresistible tendency with the average man to criticise and wreck the clauses of the constitution before they are even put into operation. But it is better, at least in the formative years, to avoid raising issues which are likely to create divisions and conflicts, knowing full well that the framers of our Constitution had good reasons for the provisos and limitations included therein.

Before we proceed further, let us understand what is meant by the Republican Constitution. The simplest and the most modern definition of a constitution is that it consists of a collection of principles relating to the rules of the Government, the rights of the governed, and the relation between the two. A republican constitution is one in which there is no king, and the people have equal political power. The supreme power is vested in representatives, elected by the people. In our ancient history, we come across a number of republics, but these republics were naturally small pockets of kingdoms, with areas limited to a few square miles; but this is the first occasion in the history of India when the whole country is united under a single constitution, and people of different religions and languages have agreed unanimously to belong to, and to abide under one republic. Neither during the Hindu period, nor the Muslim period, nor even in the British period, has the whole of India ever been united under one single administration. Even the Native States, big and small, have now merged with India.

This brings us to a consideration of the position of the Native States in the new Indian Republic. Under the British rule, the Native States numbered 500; and prior to the 15th August 1947, there was no constitutional relationship between British India and the Indian States. They developed on parallel lines. The States were independent with regard to internal affairs, except in cases of misgovernment. For purposes of defence, agreements were entered upon between the native rulers and the British Government. But with the Independence Act of 1947, all political relationship between the States and the rest of India ended. This position was found to be untenable. The problem of the States was fraught with complications unparalleled in the history of the world. Here was a test for leadership. Under the magnificent leadership and the personal direction of Sardar, the Deputy Prime Minister, states were merged with adjoining provinces and with other states to form large unions

and units. Thus the 500 states were reduced to 16 unions; later on to six. These states are now integrated with India, and side by side enjoy the blessings of a democratic government. The new Constitution applies uniformly to both provinces and states. The unification of India is complete,—a reality which will go down to posterity as a marvel. This unification is further strengthened by the provision, made for the first time in the history of India, for a judicial system for the whole of India under the Supreme Court, with a common Civil and Criminal Law.

It is doubtful whether the Constitution of India provides for a real federal Government; for one of the marks of a federation is that there is a clear-cut line between the spheres of jurisdiction of the Central and State Governments. But here there is no such well-defined frontier. The over-riding and the over-ruling parliamentary legislation of the union parliament over state legislatures rules out all claims for a federal constitution. Further, the emergency powers given to the Central Government under the direction of the President, to substitute themselves for the governments of the States, are sensational and extreme. Hence, the Constitution is more unitary than federal. Even the title, United States of India, has been substituted by the "Union of India."

Another important feature of the Constitution is the chapter on Fundamental Rights. It aims to achieve the purposes set out in the preamble, namely, to secure to all the citizens of India social, economic, and political justice; liberty of thought, expression, religion, belief; equality of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all fraternity, assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity of the Nation. One novel feature of these fundamental rights is the abolition of untouchability. It is hoped that this civic equality will lead to actual human equality in India.

An interesting feature connected with the Constitution relates to India's international position. By the Independence Act, India was given dominion status. It was made an autonomous country in domestic and external affairs, but was still recognised as part of the dominions of the British Crown, and associated as a Member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. And today, by the free choice of her people, and by the greatest act of British statesmanship, seven nations acknowledging the British Crown will welcome the first Republic in the British Commonwealth of Nations. India, while

becoming a Republican State, remains a member of the Commonwealth, accepting the King as the symbol and head of this free association of independent members. Technically, India will enrich the Commonwealth with a new form of constitution. No two sister nations are alike in their constitutions. India's Constitution is a parliamentary democracy of the British type, with the President as its constitutional head. In its federal principle it follows Canada; in its elected Upper House, it follows Australia, but the election is indirect as in South Africa and Ceylon. The ultimate executive is vested in the President of the Republic as in the United States.

The Republican Constitution of India is not lacking in ideals, but its real value is to be gauged by its actual operation, and this depends upon those elected to govern. The true interests of a country and its people are not served simply by framing constitutions. The Constitution can be effective only when persons responsible for its operation prove to be true reformers and real servants of the nation. Our Constitution demands that all the citizens should receive justice, freedom and equality. Our Constitution entitles every adult to vote. Our administrators will be selected through this adult franchise. The voters will be able to elect competent persons if they can reasonably discriminate between vice and virtue; otherwise the successful working of democracy is impossible.

Every one and every school of thought has a right to educate public opinion. It is here that true character is required. In the democracy that we want to establish, the individual is the most important factor; and in that individual, self-control, and self-government are the main attributes. The country needs men and women of strong character who will never stoop to questionable means.

To obtain this end, the utmost care and attention should be paid to the proper training of the youth in India, otherwise the land would be left like a ship without a rudder, a prey to the tossing of rough seas. It is the duty of educational institutions to educate India's youth along the lines of good moral living that they may become loyal citizens of a free India, so that they may, as citizens, be the support of their leaders, and as leaders, bring India to peace and prosperity.

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA!

Mrs. A. S. ISWARIAH, M.A.,  
*Lecturer in History.*

# Tamil Address—Republic Day

By

Miss KALYANI, I. U. C.

இன்று குடியரசுதினம். இன்று முதல் இந்தியா பரிபூர்ண சுதந்திரம் பெற்ற ஒரு குடியரசு நாடாகத் திகழ்கிறது. 1947-ம் வருஷம் ஆகஸ்டு மாதம் 15-ந் தேதி யன்று இந்தியா காமன் வெல்த்திலிருந்தபடியே சுதந்திரம் பெற்றது. ஆனால் பிறகு தேசுஜியின் முயற்சியால் காமென் வெல்த் விதிகள் கூட மாற்றப் பட்டுவிட்டன! காமன் வெல்த்திலிருப்பதால் ஏற்படும் நன்மைகள் எதையும் இழக்காமல், இந்தியா "குடியரசு" நாடாகிறது. இது ஒரு மஹத்தான வெற்றியல்லவா?

சுமார் மூன்று வருஷகாலமாக பாபு ராஜேந்திர பிரஸாதின் தலைமையில் தேசத்தலைவர்கள் ஒன்றுகூடி, புதிய இந்திய அரசியல் திட்டத்தைத் தயாரித்திருக்கிறார்கள். அரசியல் நிர்ணய சபையால் அங்கீகரிக்கப் பட்ட இந்தத்திட்டம் இன்று முதல் அமுலுக்கு வருகிறது. பாபு ராஜேந்திர பிரஸாதிற்கு முதல் இந்திய ஜனாதிபதியாகும் பாக்யமும் கிடைத்துவிட்டது.

மேனாட்டினர் இந்தியாவின் நடவடிக்கைகளைக் கூர்ந்து கவனித்து வருகிறார்கள். கத்தியின்றி, ரத்தமின்றி இந்தியா ஒரு குடியரசு நாடாகி விட்டது கண்டு அவர்கள் ஆச்சர்ய முறுகின்றனர். ஆனால் சுதந்திரப் போராட்டத்தில் எண்ணற்ற தியாகிகள் உயிர் துறந்திருப்பதை நாம் ஒரு போதும் மறந்து விடக்கூடாது.

மக்களுக்காக, மக்களால் நடத்தப்படும் ஆட்சி முறை ஏற்பட்டு விட்டது. இந்தக் குடியரசு ஆட்சி முறையைக் கனவுகண்ட கவிஞர் பாரதியார், அன்றே இது பற்றிய விளக்கத்தைக் கொடுத்து விட்டார். பாரதியார் ஒரு தீர்க்கதரிசியல்லவா? இந்தச் சந்தர்ப்பத்தில் பிரஞ்சுக் கவிஞ்சன் ஷெல்லி, கவிகளைப் பற்றிக் கூறியிருப்பது கூர்ந்து நோக்கத் தக்கது ஆகும். "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." அதாவது "உண்மைக் கவிஞர்கள் ஒருவராலும் நியமிக்கப்படாத உலகச் சட்டகர்த்தாக்கள்" பாரதியின் "பாரத சமுதாயம்" என்ற தலைப்பில் வெளிவந்த கவிதைகள் இக்கூற்றைப் பரிபூர்ணமாக, மெய்ப்பிக்கின்றன, உண்மைக் கவிஞர்களின் அருள் வாக்கில் அபூர்வசக்தி உண்டென்பதையும் உணர்த்துகின்றது. இனி பாரதியாரின் கவிதை பார்ப்போம்.

“ முப்பது கோடி ஜனங்களின் ஸங்க  
முழுமைக்கும் பொது வுடமை

ஒப்பில்லாத சமுதாயம்  
உலகத்துக் கொரு புதுமை ”

எனப்பாடிய பாரதி பரிபூர்ண சுதந்திர நாட்டில் உருவாகும் ஒப்பில்லாத சமுதாயத்தில் என்ன என்ன நன்மைகள் ஏற்படும் என்பதையும் கூறுகிறார். மனிதர் உண்மை மனிதர்பறிக்கும் நிலை இல்லை. மனிதர் நோக மனிதர் பார்க்கும் வாழ்க்கை இல்லை. நாட்டில் பசி பறந்தோடிப் போய்விடும். இதற் கெல்லாம் ஆதாரமாக சுதந்திர நாட்டில் அரசியல் அமைப்பு வாதிகள் செய்யவேண்டு மென்று ஆசைப்பட்டார். அந்த அரசியல் அமைப்புச் சட்டத்தை ஜாக்கிரதையாகக் காப்பாற்ற வேண்டும் என்றும் பாடிவைத்தார்.

“ இனி யொரு விதி செய்வோம்—அதை  
எந்த ஊளும் காப்போம்  
தனி யொருவனுக் குணவில்லை யெனில்  
ஜகத்தினை அழித்திடுவோம்.”

இந்த விதியினால் நாட்டில் ஒருமனிதனுக்குக் கூட உணவு கிடைக்கவில்லை என்றுவரக் கூடாது. அப்படி ஒரு மனிதனுக்கு உணவு கிடைக்கவில்லை என்றால், இவ்வலகத்தையே அழித்துவிட வேண்டும் என்கிறார். ஒருவனுக்கு உணவு கிடைக்கவில்லை என்றால் உலகினை ஏன் அழிக்க வேண்டும்? சாப்பாடு கொடுத்தால் போதுமே! ஆனால் பரிபூர்ண சுதந்திர நாட்டில் ஒரு மனிதனுக்குக் கூட உணவில்லை என்ற குறை இருக்கக் கூடாது என்கிறார். அமரகவி பாரதி. அவர் அருள்வரக்கு இன்று பலித்து விட்டது. இந்தியாவின் குடி மக்களாகிய நாம், நமது நாட்டு அரசியல் நீதி, ஜீவாதார உரிமையை நல்கி நாட்டை சிறப்புறச் செய்வோமாக.

ஜெய் ஹிந்தி!

## WANTED A COLLEGIAN!

A true Collegian makes full use of the faculties given her and pursues her purpose earnestly, with an air of responsibility.

She is sincere in her convictions; simple and unassuming in her manner of acting.

She quietly follows her ideals regardless of human respect.

She knows how to adapt herself to the needs of her companions.

In all her dealings with superiors, equals or inferiors she is attentive and respectful.

She is not a fastidious prude! She takes enjoyment in simple, untainted pleasures. Her laughter always rings clear and true even if the joke is on herself.

She can accept correction and allows herself to bear no grudge.

Perhaps she is not the most learned of students, but she is persevering in her efforts.

A failure is for her only a challenge to rise again.

She is not languid or melancholy; she works and plays with enthusiasm.

She is strong in her devotion to her College and loyal to all that her College expects of her.

She is ever striving for her goal and ever trusting in God.


She is one in a million - yet one true collegian is worth a million who are not true.

Every College Girl has the makings of a true Collegian.

*Why not try?*

L. V. SATHI PANNIKAR, I.U.C.





## SUNSET ON THE COROMANDEL COAST

*Rolling and rushing the breakers splash,  
Onward then backward, a roar and crash;  
Feverish heaving, groping of shore --  
Cease! for scorching sun is down  
and sweltering day is o'er.*

*Feel the cool caress of breeze on brow;  
Listen! it fingers the palm-fronds now;  
Homing fishers furling-sails  
Teach that love and peace are near  
although the daylight fails*

*Grown from clouds and dying day  
Glow the garden-sky's display:  
Bougainvillea, canna flares --  
Revel in the welcome warm  
inviting sorrow's heirs*

*Dark clouds crowned with fountain pearls,  
Rainbow bridge with jewelled knurls,  
Silver wings on opal sky  
Rise for beauty, wealth and joy  
are stored for you on high.*

F.M.M.

## THE THREE DOLLS

A sage there was of learning great,  
With sishyas two and ten.  
They asked him once enquiringly :  
“ Who is the best of men ?”

He called them all together round ;  
Three water basins filled ;  
And got three dolls. Eyes wide,  
The gaping sishyas thrilled.

Of different make were all the dolls :  
Of sugar, cotton, stone.  
He dropped one into each basin,  
And watched them one by one.

The sugar doll dissolved at once ;  
The stone doll remained still ;  
While cotton doll became puffed up,  
And water became “ nil.”

“ The sugar doll,” the sage then said,  
“ Reminds us, sirs, of some  
Who serve and give and sacrifice  
Like mothers in their home.

“ They spread their sweetness far and wide  
As secret as the leaven ;  
They heed not pain, nor count a loss ;  
Their gain is sure in Heaven.

“ And many, like the cotton doll,  
Behave like drones in hives.  
Accursed are they, and full of pride ;  
A burden in their lives.

“ And others yet, full many more,  
Are neither good nor bad ;  
Like stony dolls, impervious ;  
Not worth more than a cad.

“ Then for myself, I have enjoined  
To be a sugar doll :  
To keep ideals ever high,  
Surrendering my all.”



**Miss Grace James**



**Miss T. Savithri**



**Sister Inviolata**



**Miss Elizabeth Matthew**



**Miss S. Vimala**

## GOOD-BYE TO THE SENIORS

How time flies! I never imagined that we would have to take leave of "The Venerables" so soon. Indeed I never seemed for a moment to be conscious of the fact that March 1950 was so near, and that so soon our beloved Seniors would be recognized by the University authorities as the proud holders of the coveted "B. A." degree.

Every one who has been fortunate enough to know our Seniors must be convinced of their collegiate virtues. Credit must of course be given to the Professors whose strenuous efforts have helped to transform the excitable High School girls into the refined, reserved ladies which every college would desire to produce.

I must admit that our Seniors' reserve has prevented me from knowing them intimately. All my information was obtained through the power of observation. Curiosity once induced me to investigate their collegiate character, tastes, hobbies; but whenever I tried to open a conversation with one of them, it frequently resulted in failure. Their answers were often the laconic "yes" or "no". Sometimes it was limited to a smile or more often to "Excuse me. But you see I'm in a hurry, could you see me after class?" The evenings were usually taken up with extra classes, and I knew it was futile to linger on the verandah in the hope of getting some first rate information for my article.

My observations are as follows: Miss S. Vimala, who usually stands first in rank, as well as in departmental number, is the quietest of the lot. She is the President of the Economic Association. She has a very soft voice which I admired when she read an address to Dr. Abdul Haq on the occasion of the inauguration of the College Union. She likes to wear bright-coloured nylon and Benares Sarees.

Next comes the Secretary of the Tamil Madan, Miss T. Savithri. She wears rimmed specs which help to justify the name "Venerable". Whenever I see her I think of her as belonging to the Oxford-Cambridge type of Undergraduate. She has quick wit, and a tongue that knows no rest throughout the whole day.

Vim and Savithri are inseparables. Sometimes Grace joins them; and whenever I catch a glimpse of the trio pacing to and fro on the verandah absorbed in discussion, they remind me of "The Big Three" about to decide some major political event.

"Old Faithful", Grace, is so quiet that you barely notice her, but, when you need a friend, ah, then she suddenly looms up. She has the distinction, moreover, of being our first B. A. applicant, quite apprehensive at first lest she be the one and only.

The "Venerable" who has the distinguished name of Elizabeth, together with the apostolic surname of Matthew, represents the Malayalee Section. Though Westerners often abbreviate the name to a simple Bess or Lizzie, in Stella Maris the Senior is always addressed as "Elizabeth Matthew" with an emphasis on the letter "z." She hails from Kerala, the Indian Paradise, where spices, sandalwood and cocoanuts flourish in abundance. Elizabeth has always impressed me as a thoughtful person who always thought twice before asking a question, but who seems fully satisfied with a yes or no, or with the usual uncertain but polite answer, "Sorry!"

Last, but by no means least, comes Sister Inviolata, who quietly and unassumingly has shared in all the joys and anxieties of the Seniors in a true sisterly spirit.

You should have seen our Seniors, or tried to have seen them, at the time of the "LOCK IN". However hard you might storm the doors, they were as close as those of a fortress. In this respect, Ali Baba was definitely luckier than we, because the magic words "Open Sesame" could not be applied in our case. Knock as you might, it would not be opened until the Seniors finished their Politics text thrice over!

We wish our Seniors the best of luck. It is hard indeed to take leave of these first graduates, who have sailed through Stella Maris guided by the Star of the Sea. However, "the old order changeth yielding place to new," and it is my hope that we who tread their footsteps will not prove unworthy of their example of "Seniorship". God's speed to our "BIG FIVE".



**AT COLLEGE DAY SPORTS**

**I. U. C. won the much-coveted Net-Ball Trophy which was presented to the College by Mrs. G. Sundara Rajan (seated)**

## MY COLLEGE DAYS

It was one of those hot sleepless nights! I tossed from side to side between the sheets; I tried in vain to sleep. I invoked Shelley's "Spirit of Night":

"To touch me with its opiate wand," but to no avail. Hosts of memories came thronging into my mind; thought chased thought through the two years I spent in Stella Maris College.

"Thoughts too deep to be expressed,  
And too strong to be suppressed."

We were only five, and having had the opportunity of being the first set of B. A.'s, we were considered the five stars of the Institution. The students of other classes looked up to us, and how proud we felt! The two years that we spent there were full of exciting experiences; such as we can never forget. Our position as B. A. students was unique. It could neither be compared with that of students in other colleges, nor with the students of the other classes in our own college. We had some special privileges and preferences, which of course were denied to the undergraduates.

The details of our intercourse with the Reverend Mother Principal form a separate story which could fill volumes. To get access to her was not at all a problem. We had the supreme privilege of speaking to her, whenever and wherever we had the opportunity of meeting her. Very often we would go to her office just to have a chat. Our relationship was on a completely different level from that of Principal and students in other institutions. She looked upon us as her own children and did her best for our moral, intellectual, and physical development; we called her "Mother", and felt she was so in reality; so we ran to her for every fiddle-fuddle and coaxed her to do whatever we wanted (of course within the limits of reason). She took pleasure in calling us by our pet name, "The Venerables".

Our college life was varied and active due to the happy associations that we had formed. With what rapt attention we listened to Miss S. Rhenius' exposition of "The theory of Comparative costs", and "Ricardo's Labour Theory of Value"!

Owing to the method of treatment employed in the Indian History classes, we felt the historical figures actually moving before us. Sometimes our thoughts would fly from Delhi to Daulatabad and from thence back again to Delhi, implicitly obeying the commands of Muhammad-bin-Tughlak!!

In certain classes, our introspection on Hamlet's mental vicissitudes, whether he was mad or whether he was feigning madness, would almost drive us to the verge of insanity.

The optimistic outlook on life, the sincerity, the cheerfulness and the energetic action which we constantly witnessed during our college days remind us that we should not go through life "with a chip on our shoulder" but

"Look for the best in everybody ;  
Value the wool, forget the shoddy ;  
Get in the habit of liking people ;  
Love is the spire of every steeple."

How happy I am to have lived those memorable days in the company of our dear Mothers.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd ;  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

T. S. SAVITHRI, IV U.C.

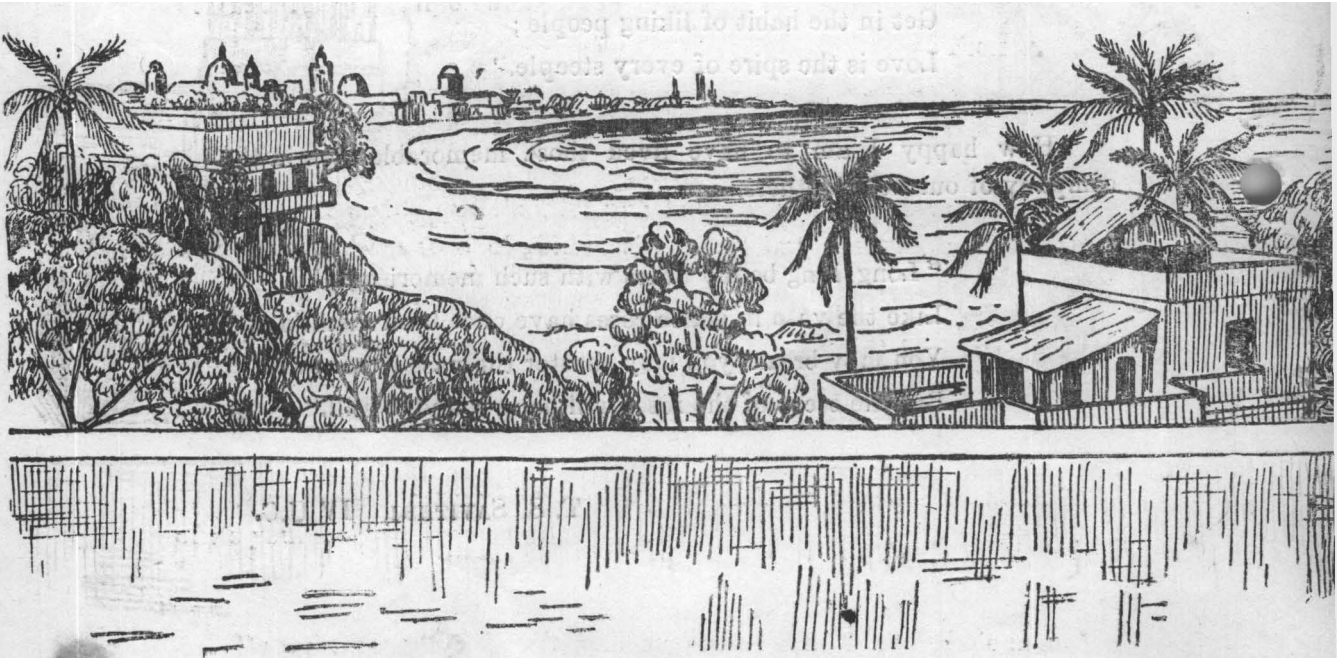


## MADRAS FROM OUR COLLEGE TERRACE

Behold the towers and steeples ;  
The lighthouse from afar ;  
And the packed buildings glimmer  
As lights from many a star .  
The cool Marina breezes  
Run to the bay's embrace :—  
Thus ever ; open, searching minds  
Are filled with light and grace .

Nearby, the dear Cathedral  
With tower against the sky,  
Reminds us that forever  
Our ideals should be high .  
In darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us ;  
Beneath us is His hand .

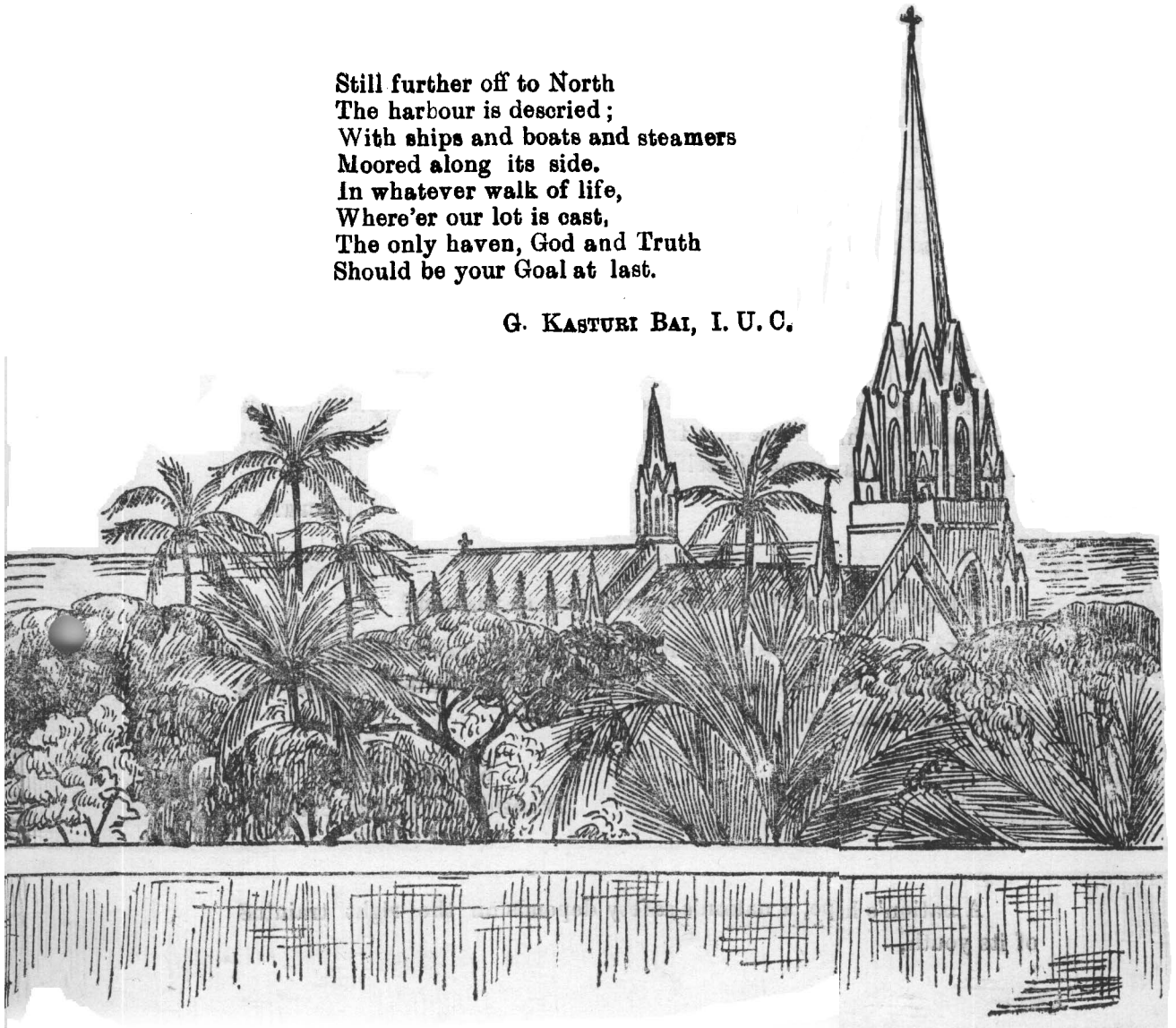
The light of setting sun  
Reflects on Hindu shrines,  
With lofty height and sculpture ;  
Glittering gold each shines ;—  
Reminding us how ancient  
Our culture, art, have been ;—  
The quest of our forefathers  
For the truths of God unseen .



Far away, the beacon flame  
Beams out hope and light  
To many a storm-tossed mariner,  
And fills him with delight.  
Thus STELLA MARIS COLLEGE,  
Will e'er aspire to be  
To those who seek the Truth  
A bright STAR OF THE SEA.

Still further off to North  
The harbour is descried ;  
With ships and boats and steamers  
Moored along its side.  
In whatever walk of life,  
Where'er our lot is cast,  
The only haven, God and Truth  
Should be your Goal at last.

G. KASTURI BAI, I. U. C.



## ADVICE TO A STUDENT

A young student once sought counsel from St. Thomas Aquinas on how to become a successful student. Here is the Saint's reply :

“ Be slow to speak ; love purity of conscience ; pray often ; love to be in your own room ; be kind to everyone ; do not inquire into the affairs of others ; do not be too familiar with anyone because too great familiarity breeds contempt and gives occasion for leaving off study ; do not be interested in the sayings and doings of people in the world ; avoid all needless running about ; imitate the saints and the just ; remember every good thing that you hear and do not consider who says it ; understand what you read and hear ; labour to fill the storehouse of the mind ; do not inquire into things about you.”

The upright student keeps his purpose, and whatever he has resolved to do, that he does. It is ignoble, when man out of too great complacency, which at bottom is cowardice and want of spirit, or out of indolence, which keeps him from thinking for himself, relies upon others rather than upon himself.

FICHTE.

“ Pray tell me why is wealth preferred to wisdom ? ”

“ That's a silly question, friend ; have you never heard that a man may lend his store of gold or silver ore, but wisdom, none can borrow, none can lend.”

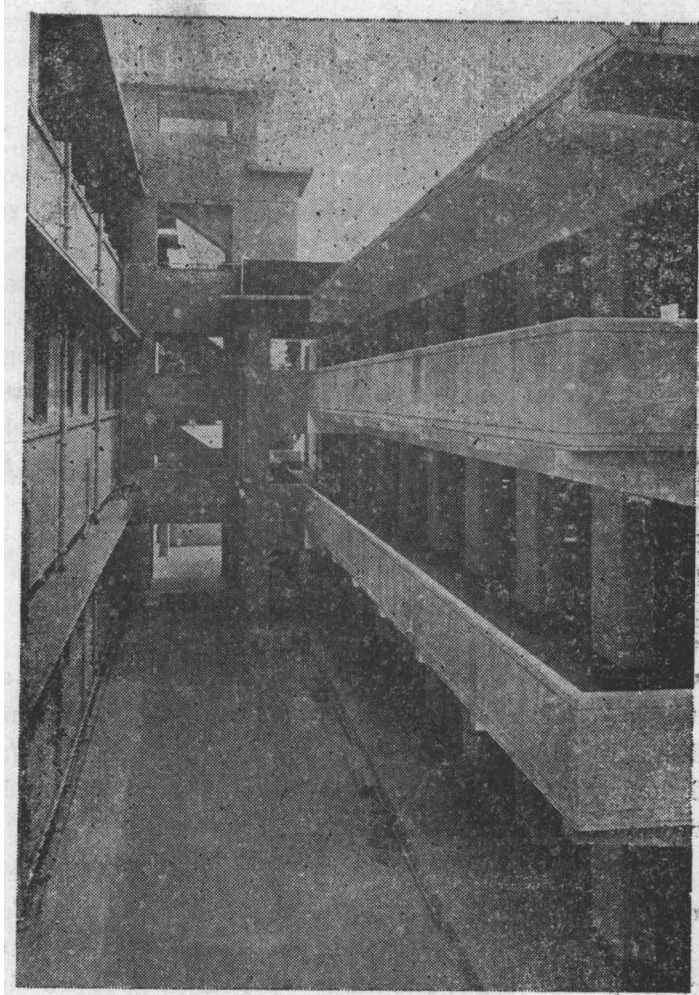
KHEMNITZER.

*Translation by Wm. Smith.*

A nation's hope, a nation's safety depends on the right training of its youth.

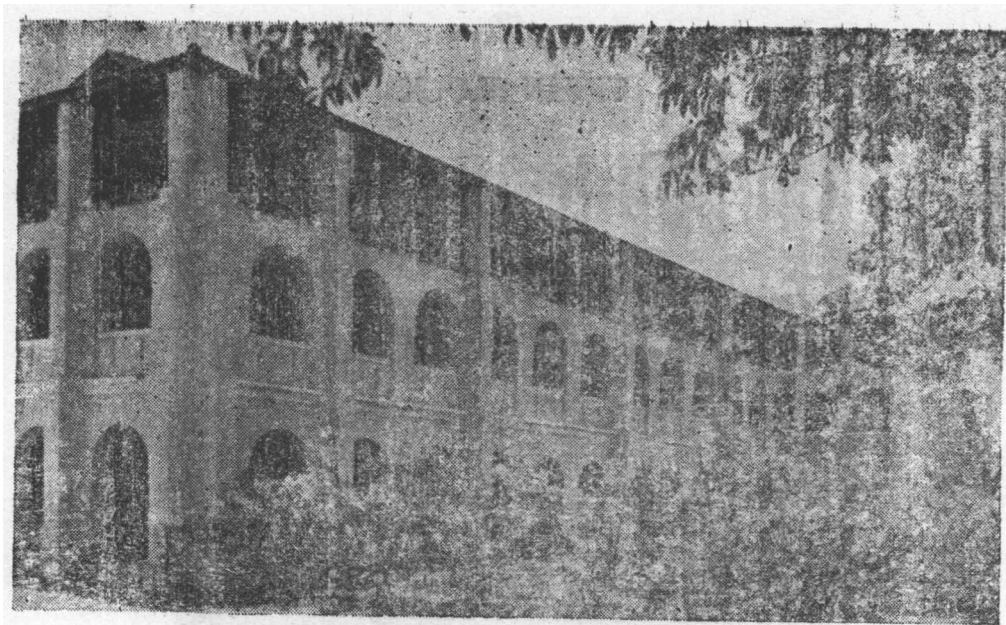
Do right, fear God, be afraid of no one :—that is the whole man.

## TIFFIN BLOCK



Here, grilled almirahs provide protection to lunches against winged marauders; wash-basins run across the whole length of the apartment. Bubbling fountains have done away with glasses and cups, thus, minimising the danger of contagion.





## THE HOSTEL

Somebody once said that a hostel is like one big family, and our own hostel is no exception. Like one big family, we have our binding ties, and again like one big family, we have our little quarrels. All in all, however, we are fairly amicable and united, under our diminutive House-Mother—God bless her!

Our activities are far-reaching in this cosmopolitan hostel,—(we hail from the uttermost ends of India: Travancore, Calcutta, Bombay, etc.) all joining in various social events, picnics and fetes. Our picnics are always bright and sunny—too sunny at times—but who cares about the sun when there is a picnic at hand? Elliott beach is a perfect place for a picnic, in that it has sea, sand, and a grove. Now, every rose has thorns, and this particular rose has the kind of thorns that refuse to be dislodged, a whole crowd of little fisher urchins and flocks of crows. The children come to chase the crows; the children's parents come to chase their youngsters; then we find ourselves obliged to chase the parents! It seems a never-ending chain, and we often expect some one to come and chase us!

Another picnic took place on the beach by moonlight. Alas for us! A big black cloud came up out of the sea, swallowed both moon and stars, and then came the rain. The nearest shelter was the Parish Hall, and to it we ran, lugging our picnic baskets. Safely huddled on

the porch, we started to investigate the baskets; and soon a contented munch-munch mingled with the drip-drip outside. Later on, the moon struggled out again and the fays of St. Philomena's emerged to disport themselves in the "sunny beams" (Shades of Bottom!)

So went our picnics; but our fancy dress parade was a howling success, in the literal as well as the figurative sense. When the big drum, with a venerable Moujik wielding the sticks, summoned all to dinner, the scene was a weird and wonderful one. There was a confusion of languages, as in the Biblical times of the Tower of Babel. All the people of the earth were represented, with some denizens of the nether and ether world also. A cheeky black devil went about with a trident and a red tongue; King Henry VIII hob-nobbed with a demure Red Riding Hood, and a Rajput prince was democratic enough to chat with a gypsy. A band of wild dervishes swooped down on us with a beating of drums that announced a general exodus in the direction of the refectory.

Republic day went off with a bang, in more sense than one. Crackers, and plenty of them, kept us happily occupied on the terrace for the better part of an hour.

Of course, in between these revels, we did some serious work. Mission Sunday was no day of rest as far as the Hostelites were concerned. The grounds of St. Thomas' blossomed into stalls and more stalls; and the fete was topped off with a grand entertainment. What a peaceful Sabbath!

1950 opened with the visit of Our Lady of Fatima. For a whole night Our Lady stayed under our roof, and what a welcome she received! The grounds were decked in blue and gold and a big starry throne was erected for her. A candle-light procession shimmered its way through the dark night, and then Our Lady was deposited on the high throne. At dawn the Bishop of Mylapore celebrated Mass; and Our Lady left to visit the other parishes.

Hostel Day was another red-letter event in the calendar. The hostel was all "en fête", bunting streamed, and flowers—both the common, or garden variety, and the more exclusive paper kind—decorated every available nook and cranny. Sports, the indispensable "refreshments", a concert in the evening:—oh, we had a marvellous time!

Just now we're having a non-marvellous time, (I believe that's the correct term in logic) for Juniors are doing their exams and looking forward to holidays. They cross out each day as it passes; as the holidays come nearer they start packing at odd intervals. The seniors, poor things, are strenuously cramming. They flee the haunts of men and take refuge in lonely places. They develop strange, feverish symptoms, which betoken the approach of that dread apparition, the Public Exams. They go about with wild eyes and dishevelled hair, uttering strange words if disturbed in their deep thoughts. Oh, the price we pay for knowledge!

So—Cheerio!

—MYRTLE DOBAI RAJ, II U. C.



ALL READY FOR A BADMINTON GAME



## MONOGRAM OF THE HOLY NAME

Entering Stella Maris from Palace Road one instinctively looks up the broad welcoming stair-case with its contrasting black and white inlaid tiles. The gaze soon rests on the marble plaque surmounting the first landing. What is the significance of the letters we see out out of the delicately veined marble? It is the monogram of Christ's Blessed Name.

Carved in the cold marble, and radiating from the inscription, are tongues of fire signifying the ardent and universal charity of Christ for mankind, a charity which we should humbly endeavour to imitate. Encircling the flames are the Latin words "Rex Regum Dominus Dominorum", "King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

We are far within the mark when we claim that all the kings that ever reigned, all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, all put together, have not affected the life of man upon earth as powerfully as has that One, graphically synthesised in the monogram "I. H. S."



## A FEW CONUNDRUMS

When should we read the book of nature? When Autumn turns the leaves.

Why was Noah like a hungry cat? Because he went forty days and forty nights without finding Ararat.

When is paper money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green back to the ark.

Why was Goliath surprised when he was struck by the stone? Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaper.

At what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

Which was the longest day of Adam's life? The one on which there was no Eve.

What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from Eden? They raised Cain.

How can you learn the value of money? Try to borrow some.

Why is life the greatest of riddles? Because we must all give it up.

---

Love is the ocean into which all virtues flow and from which they come.

—Lacordaire

Earthly goods diminish with extravagance ;  
Love, the heavenly good, grows, the more you give it away.

—Ilse Franks-Oehl

## "BAGGED"

G. K. Chesterton once said, "An adventure is an inconvenience wrongly considered, and an inconvenience is an adventure rightly considered". Be that as it may, our trip home from our holiday resort was an adventure in every sense of the word. At times it even proved to be quite an inconvenience. Here is how it all started.

One fine day, brother Bob returned home, his face radiant with smiles; under one arm he carried a turkey and under the other a cockatoo, while on his shoulder rested a monkey! It was a "bingle, bingle, bungle, I'm so happy in the jungle" mood of his. Poor Dad was panic-stricken at the prospect of taking these creatures to Madras. I tried to console myself by singing "Put 'em in a box, tie 'em with a ribbon and throw 'em in the deep, blue sea".

Things went smoothly enough until the end of the vacation. It was then that the adventure began. The poultry, placed in comfortable baskets gave us no trouble; but the monkey. . . . Every effort to get him safely tied up, proved futile. Finally, we succeeded in putting him in a basket, and we bound it securely. We had barely gone a furlong when we saw the basket agape and the monkey "scot free". With great difficulty we put him into a "gunny-bag" and carried him, like a sack of potatoes into the railway station.

But, alas, we had missed the express train and had to clamber into a crowded local. Booking the poultry was next to impossible; as for the monkey, we did not dare to show him to the railway authorities, but hurriedly ushered my brother and his paraphernalia into a safe corner. No sooner had the rest of us squeezed in, than the train sped away into the darkness.

After a tedious journey we reached Tambaram at about six in the morning. "Madras in another hour," I remarked. "Yes, and heaven is a place called home," Dad exclaimed. Brother Bob chimed in with "Dad, anywhere on earth is heaven" . . . . "Yes, especially with those 'angels' around you," I retorted drily, glaring at the baskets. Just then the door slid open and in flounced the ticket-collector. He walked down the corridor demanding tickets "en route". When he was about to pass by the turkey, with dynamic energy, gobbled its "compliments of the season". Electrified into

action the collector made a right-about turn, and addressed us with, "So you've got poultry with you, may I have a look at the booking warrant?" We confessed that we did not have the necessary document, and explained the circumstances, hoping he would take leave of us. However, our hopes were soon shattered for, after prying around, that terrible ticket collector beckoned Bob, and pointing to the restless gunny-sack exclaimed: "I say, chum, that burlap sack seems to be alive. What is it, this time, an elephant?" Then laughing enthusiastically at his own joke, he proceeded to examine the said gunny-sack.

There was a moment of suspense. Bob was at the end of his tether; his accommodating temper failed him for once. Jumping up he asked, "Do you know anything about 'peace on earth'?" "Why certainly," replied the other. "Then forget everything else, let's shake hands and be friends!" Being a good sport, he accepted, but added, "Be on your guard against the flying-squad that is waiting the arrival of the train!"

Without further mishap, we reached Madras. Placing the baskets and the bag on the summit of our luggage, the porters waded through the crowd and out. The second checking was scarcely over when Bob's menagery syncopated in one harmonious unison their "New Year's Greetings to Madras". Questioning eyes were fixed on the fleeing porter. Finding the coast "all clear" brother Bob triumphantly exclaimed, "Of course, they're up there in those baskets—the real flying-squad. So "bingle, bingle, bungle, it's a little bit of jungle" . . . .

RITA D'SYLVA, II U.C.

Where people love one another the whole world is sunny.

Where people hurt each other no sun-ray can penetrate.

## THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM VIRGIN

The inspiration for the tour of the Pilgrim Virgin came from three nations simultaneously and yet each unknown to the other.



At an International Congress of Catholic Actionists, a young Luxemburg girl suggested a peace tour of the capital cities of Europe with a Statue of Our Lady of Fatima. Her idea was enthusiastically welcomed by the zealous Teresa Maria Pereira de Cunha, Secretary for Fatima. However, her plans met with obstacles on all sides and it seemed as though they would never be realized.

Meanwhile in Belgium, Reverend F. de Montier was experiencing the same discouraging beginning. Eventu-

ally he was granted permission for the tour only from Fatima to Belgium. Hearing of the activity of Miss Pereira, he joined her in Portugal and together they succeeded in inducing the Cardinal of Lisbon to consent.

Quite unknown to them, a German priest had asked permission from Rome for a world-tour of the Statue, as a means of promoting greater unity, charity and peace in the hearts of men.

So it was that the Statue left Fatima and ventured upon its great mission. The little group which conducted the Pilgrim Virgin was penniless, but it trusted in Divine Providence and was not disappointed.

After the towns and villages of Portugal had been visited, the Virgin next crossed into Spain, where she received an enthusiastic and loving reception. When the time arrived for her entry into France the prospects were not so bright. The two countries, though not at war, were certainly hostile towards each other. Would they consent to be reconciled by the Messenger of Peace? Only with the greatest difficulty could the directors of the pilgrimage finally secure passports. A neutral bridge separated the two countries. Upon it the Statue was placed. State officials, accompanied by Bishops and vast crowds faced each other on either side of the frontier. The Spanish Civil authorities agreed to let the Statue pass. The French hesitated. But the touching sermon of the Spanish Bishop moved them. The greatest of the many wonders which had accompanied the passing of the Virgin, was, he said, that Spain who loved her so much was willing to let her go. The French Bishop replied with feeling that France, he was sure, would open her arms wide in welcome. The two Bishops embraced on the bridge, when a wonderful thing happened. The bars rose up of themselves and the barrier was open! The Virgin passed. Many wept. The Customs' Officers, following the example of the Bishops, also embraced each other. A great lesson had been taught: charity alone can unite hearts. The mission of peace was bearing fruit.

If France had been hesitant to receive the Virgin, she now displayed an edifying example of penance. Thousands of men, women and children walked barefoot in the procession beseeching God to grant peace and harmony to all nations. Wonderful stories of conversions are related. In one small village lived a French soldier, 64 years old, who for years had been living a wicked life and even refused to allow his children to practise their religion. As the Statue passed, he suddenly resolved to change his life. He went straight to the Church and made his peace with God.

In Paris, the Statue was given a splendid reception in the Cathedral of Notre Dame; but it was not always thus. In war-devastated districts there was no splendour, but love and confidence. In one such village, the priest hardly dared to invite the Statue. His population numbered just one Catholic; but his temerity was richly rewarded. The Statue was placed in the ruined Church (48 times bombarded during the war); many Communists took part in the procession.

Belgium was next visited; the Pilgrim came to seek not splendour, but concord and love. And again she found them. Down

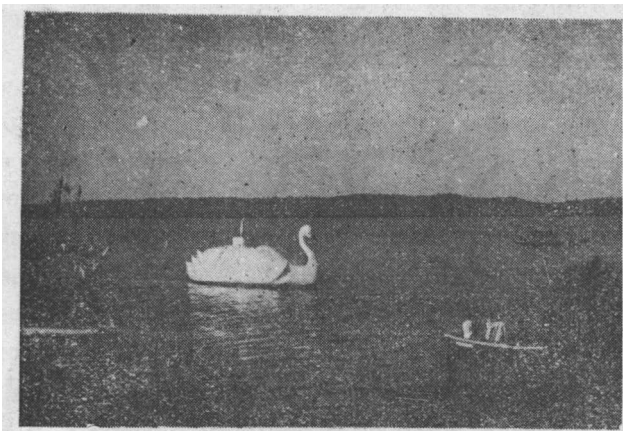
in the coal mines she was received by hundreds of poor miners, including many Communists:

Passing into Holland, the Statue received another warm welcome. At the frontier five Bishops greeted her, whilst 1,000 little Dutch boys in national costume assembled to pay their respects.

In Luxemburg a large cemetery of war victims was visited; a message of deep gratitude was entrusted to the Directors of the pilgrimage to be conveyed to the people of North America, for having so generously sacrificed their sons in the noble cause of liberty in World War No. II.

Africa's turn came next. There, as everywhere, the people gave their best. Negroes learnt to sing in four voices in her honour. Many tramped miles to see her. In Ethiopia as the plane bearing the Virgin descended, doves—the emblems of peace—encircled it and so dispelled the previously hostile attitude of the Civil authorities, that on leaving, a gold medal was presented to her by the Emperor bearing the inscription "God guard Ethiopia". The message she brings, not only to Ethiopia but to the whole world at large, is one of peace and good-will among men.

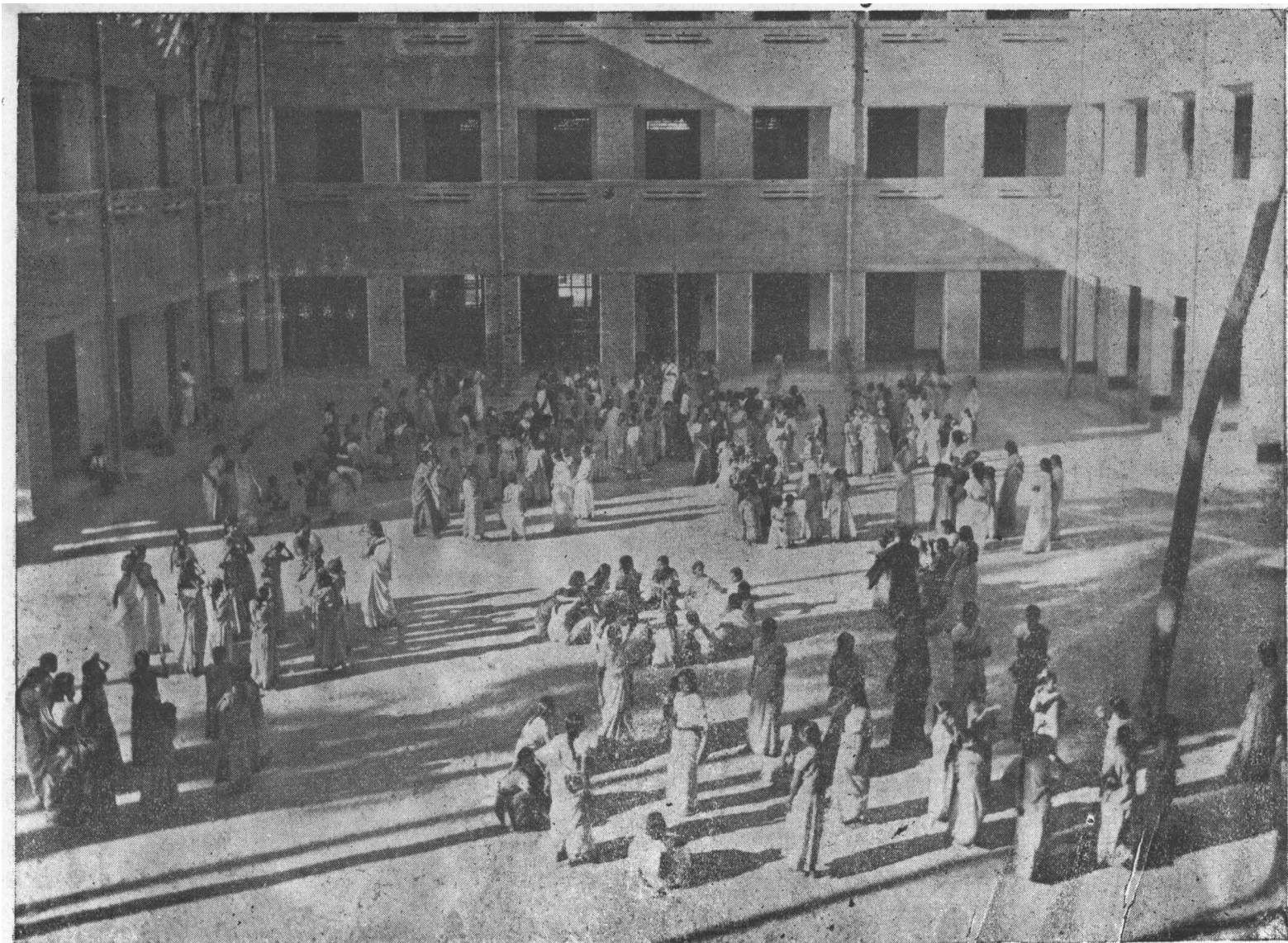
*In India.*—This same message the Pilgrim Virgin has announced



OUR LADY ENTERS THE HARBOUR OF GOA  
on a pure white swan carved in wood and escorted  
by boats of every possible size and description.

to our dearly loved India. After crossing the whole country from Goa to Madras, we in Mylapore had the honour of being hosts to Our Lady on February 13th, and of keeping vigil the whole night through. Words are inadequate to express the deep spiritual joy that flooded our souls on that blissful night, which culmi-

nated in the celebration of Holy Mass by His Lordship Emmanuel Guerreiro, Bishop of Mylapore.



**"The big College grounds swarmed with groups of little orphans, each group under the care of a group of college girls."**

## SOCIAL SERVICE

Feast-days, to be really satisfactory, must be bright and sunny, and that of Reverend Mother Principal was no exception. Indeed, the sun can be said to have erred on the side of liberality—at least, so thought the hot and perspiring workers. But whatever they thought, they certainly “made hay while the sun shone”, and from dawn to sunset they worked with a will and made a tremendous success of the feast-day celebrations.

The day started well with Mass offered for Reverend Mother and attended by the College; and after some hours of last-minute work the little Academy, to which each of the various Clubs contributed an item, began. After the feast-day song, address and garlanding, the various items were presented, the Star items being that of the Indian History Club, which dramatized the visit of the Portuguese to Nur Jehan's Court, and the Dramatic Club's version of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's “The Queen's Rival.” The Modern History Club was not far behind, with a scene from the life of the Poverello, “What is perfect joy?”

The entertainment over, the second half of the day's programme started. This came under the heading of Social Service Activities, the College having decided to give the poor orphans—some 200 of them—a treat. complete with games, treasure-hunt and lucky-dips, and for days beforehand gifts and contributions had been pouring in. One of the orphans was getting married, and the College provided her with practically everything that she needed for her future home.

In the morning there had been laughter indoors. In the afternoon there was laughter outdoors. The big college grounds swarmed with groups of little orphans, each group under the care of a group of college girls. There followed games, and a picnic tea. Then the whole procession wended its way up to the terrace, sucking sweets and singing lustily,—(All Mylapore must have heard them and wondered what was wrong!).

The lucky-dips, provided with big fishing rods, were arranged on the terrace, and squeals of delight rose on all sides as the little fishers drew up their catches,—ribbons, toys, beads,—all the things dear to childish hearts.

Five o'clock struck, and once more the procession was marshalled downstairs,—sticky fingers clasping treasures, and sticky faces wearing happy smiles. After seeing them safely delivered into their guardian Mother's care, the students dispersed, each to her home, after a day well and happily spent.

MYRTLE DORAI RAJ, II. U. C.



## WHAT GOD GIVES A GIRL

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for her mind and a temple for her soul.

A pair of hands to use for herself and others, but never against others for herself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted, and to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of birds and trees and human voices, but not to dishonour God or His Mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger print in flower and field and snow flake; but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason, and decide and store up wisdom, and impart it to others; but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for chaff and rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as fair as a new-fallen snow-flake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of God.

---

When you sow love, joy will grow up.

## THE CULTURAL INFLUENCE OF MUSLIM RULE ON INDIA

Modern Indian civilisation has developed from the action and reaction of so many different races and creeds upon each other that it is extremely difficult to say which of its features is due to any particular influence. John Marshall well describes the situation: "Seldom in the history of mankind has the spectacle been witnessed of two civilizations so vast and so strongly developed, yet so radically dissimilar as the Muhammadan and the Hindu, meeting and mingling together. The very contrasts which existed between them, the wide divergence of their culture and their religions, make the history of their impact peculiarly instructive."

The earliest contact of Muhammadinism with India began in the second half of the seventh century of the Christian era. Several dynasties of Muslim kings preceded the establishment of the Mughal Empire in India, and undoubtedly contributed much to the grafting of Muslim culture on the ancient civilization of our country, thus leading to the development of an Indo-Muslim culture.

In the time of the Mughals, the study of the Persian language was eagerly taken up by Muslims as well as by non-Muslims. The Hindus, who possess a great capacity for adaptation in matters intellectual, took kindly to Persian literature. It was through the medium of Persian, which in its turn was influenced by the texts of the sacred books of the Muslim faith, that there gradually came a widespread belief in the Unity of God. The second remarkable result was the creation of a new indigenous language, called Urdu, which is a mixture of Persian and Hindi, and which in course of time, became the most commonly used language.

In India, the building of mosques, tombs and palaces was the characteristic activity of the early Muslim rulers. It would be impossible to estimate the immense educative value of these buildings in forming and in developing the tastes, the standards of craftsmanship, and the imaginative scope of millions of Indians. The structure of society tended to make artistic production depend upon the continuous patronage of rulers, and this the Mughals were able to provide. They brought not only new ideas, but also gave a

new impetus to the art of painting. Paper was brought into India by the Muslims and this was a contribution to the development of learning. Indian music, like the other fine arts, proved a new channel of intercourse between the Hindus and Muslims, who, by borrowing from each other, enriched one another.

The beauty and tranquillity of the Mughal gardens undoubtedly struck the imagination of contemporary scholars and travellers, as well as of the Indians in whose midst they were placed. They provided a new conception of life and its aims, which influenced literature, both in India and Europe.

The libraries that came into existence in India, as a result of the love of learning of many of its Muslim rulers, had a great influence on Indian culture. Of the Mughal kings, Humayun was very fond of his books, and the stone building that housed his library stands in Delhi. The ruin that followed the terrible period of the Mutiny of 1857 swept away most of the stores of literature gathered by the Mughal princes. Among some of the valuable books that were saved from destruction, manuscripts belonging to, and bearing the seals of Muslim kings or noblemen were found. They furnish a silent but eloquent testimony to the culture of days gone by, when in the absence of modern facilities for the propagation of literature and for the multiplication of books, human patience endured great hardships to preserve for posterity the best thoughts of the learned men of antiquity.

So far we have dealt with the amenities of life, but the Mughals also brought new ideas of administration into India. Many of these, like the land revenue system, were absorbed into the ordinary Government of the country under the British rule. The Muslims built roads, dug irrigation canals, and encouraged gardening with the use of well-water.

It will be interesting to see how Free India will regard her architectural legacy in the next generations:—whether she will revive the Indo-Muslim style and culture; whether she will follow a modified European fashion; or whether she will evolve some new idea or formula, not necessarily based on any precedent, to meet the changed economic conditions and social habits of the day.

## IT HAPPENED TO ME

Nowadays people say that miracles do no longer happen, but I know better. I was saved by one. It occurred on the Arabian Sea off the coast of Mangalore, towards sunset on December 8, 1946.

We started early in the morning for a picnic to Thunderbile. This is an island inhabited mostly by fisherfolk. It is but two and a half miles long and about a mile broad. Thirteen of us were packed into two boats, rowed by six fishermen. The company included my aged grandfather, uncles and cousins, five of us youngsters, and a tiny tot of two. Only four of us could swim.

We had a good time at the island. In our stroll around the island, we were most thrilled by the vast expanse of sea about us. Our hearts went out to the poor inhabitants of the island, who lived in very pitiable conditions. Those who had cameras took excellent snap-shots of the wild sea, the foamy white breakers beating against the shore, and of the fishermen's colony. After our brisk walk, our lunch tasted twice as good. Then we sang, played, joked, little dreaming of what lay ahead.

The sun had still quite an arc to complete before it would reach the horizon, when grandfather reminded us of our return trip. He seemed to sense coming danger, for the sea was rough, and it would not be wise to stay till dark. Laughingly, one of my uncles replied, "I won't let you drown. Don't you remember my first prize in the inter-collegiate swimming?" And we lingered on until after sunset.

It was not the least bit pleasant in that rough sea. Our boats were tossed about like leaves, and often we were on the verge of capsizing. Suddenly our boats lurched backwards, and a moment later, we were pitched out of our boats, and scattered over the angry waves.

I swam like fury, occasionally shouting for help. In the dim, starlit night I spied a boat in the distance. I put on more speed; I cried for help, but no sound passed my parched throat. Wildly I grabbed for an oar. My fingers missed it. A rope trailed in the water from the side of the boat. I lunged for it. Some one in the boat jerked it from my hands.

Exhaustion pulled at my arms and legs like a dead weight, dragging down my whole body. I had the feeling that there were two "me's". A voice within reminded me, "You had better start praying, it won't be long." I prayed. I felt God telling me, "Take it easy. Conserve your strength, Do not lose courage. Have patience, my child."

Slowly exhaustion wore off, the fog of weariness cleared. The agonizing screams had ceased. I could see no one near by. Had they all drowned so quickly? The swell was high, visibility was limited to the distance between two tossing waves. Again I prayed. For the first time I realised what prayer really was. The things which used to matter so much, now mattered nothing. I regretted many things I had done, and all the things I could have done and had not. I wished I had accomplished more with the life that was given me. I begged, "Please, God, lend me more time, I will try and use it well."

My soul became calm. Despair vanished; confidence returned. I felt certain that my prayers would be answered, though I had not the faintest idea who or what would save me.

Nearly an hour later I had lost all my strength. "God!" I shouted, "God save me", and my miracle came to pass. I felt a cold hand grasp my arm. I lost consciousness.

I awoke the next afternoon and was astonished to find myself in the hospital. On one side I saw the other four survivors. All looked blank and dazed; the incident seemed like a dream.

Such was the end of the picnic party which had begun in such high spirits. Sometimes I still lie awake at night thinking of that unforgettable tragedy and the miracle which saved me.

P. RAMMA DEVI, I. U. C.

## STELLA MARIS CREED

I believe in thee, Stella Maris.

I believe in your light, shed upon my soul, showing me wherein true wisdom lies—not in many books and myriad facts but in depth of thought and union with God.

I believe in the warmth of your rays, surrounding my heart, teaching me to seek and to cherish good friends—to treasure the warmth, the peace, the joy of true companionship.

I believe in your persistent triumph over night and storm ; ever leading me upward, onward, to strive forward in the darkness of failure, the weariness of strife.

I believe in your whiteness, the pure, radiant glowing of your light, cleansing my soul, keeping it pure,—unsullied by the dust of earth's soil.

I believe in the simplicity, the truth of your beauty, teaching me to value real beauty—to live my life in the simple light of truth.

I believe in your silence ; reaching into my soul, filling my heart with a sense of the presence of God.

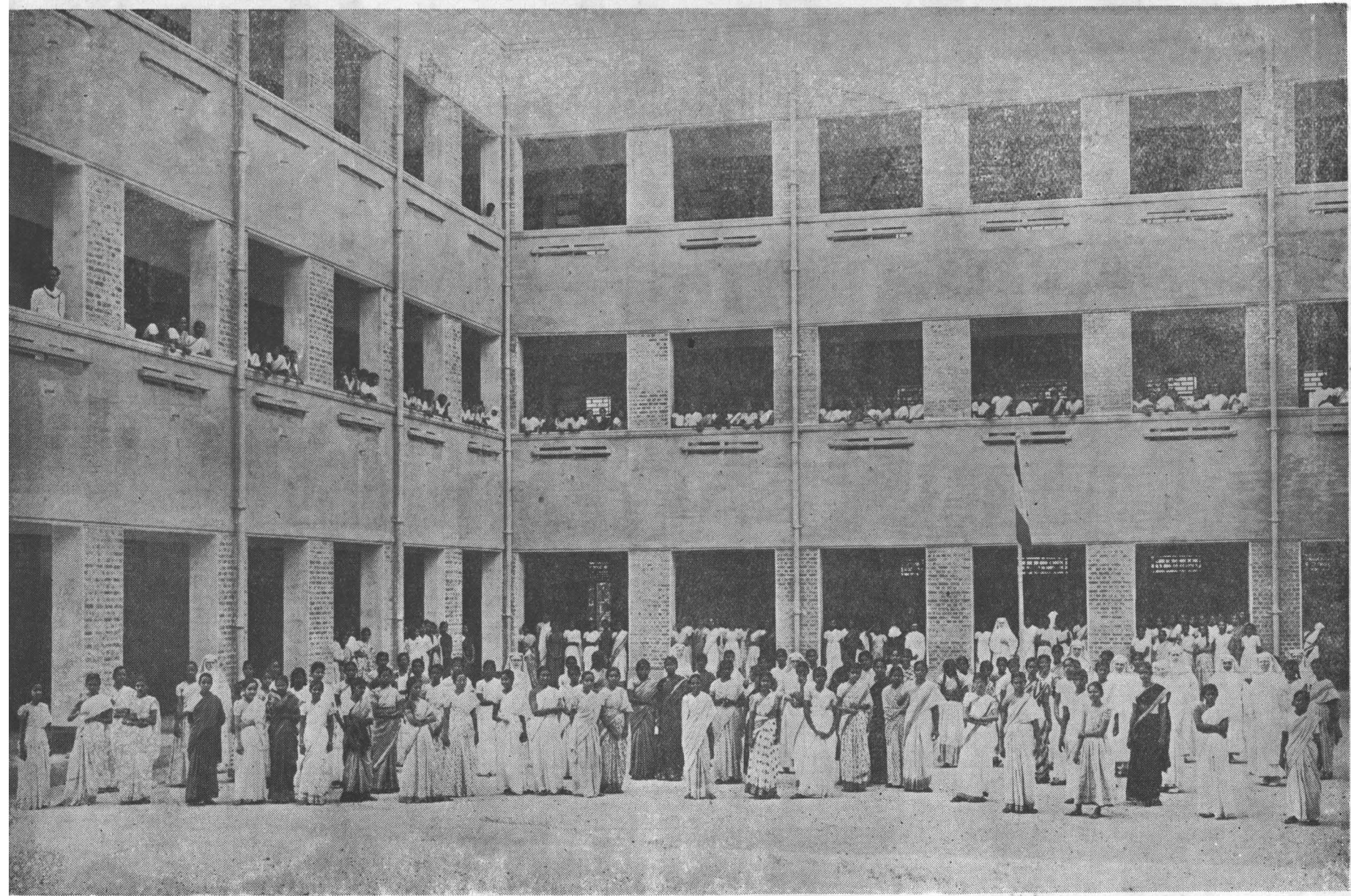
I believe in thee, Stella Maris.

You are to me, all that I strive for—all that I yearn for.

Guided by your light, I shall pass safely.

O'er this sea of life.

To the Haven of Eternal Rest.



STAFF AND STUDENTS AT THE COLLEGE COURTYARD

## PRAYER FOR A COLLEGE

For a College anywhere  
I send up a silent prayer :  
“ Christ, great Teacher, bless this place ;  
On it shed Thy love and grace ;  
Teach the teachers, let them see  
That they shape earth’s destiny.

“ Home and Church and College, three  
Carry on Thy ministry.  
As from Thee comes growth of seed,  
So to Thee we bring our need ;  
What to plant and what to sow,  
That is what we pray to know.”

For Collegians everywhere  
I send up a silent prayer :  
“ Christ, our Brother, bless them all ;  
Light their footsteps, lest they fall ;  
Teach them wisdom, let them see  
Thou art Truth which makes them free.

“ Lead them on to Charity,  
Help them win ‘ divine degree.’  
Be their Life and be their Love ;  
Keep their minds and hearts above ;  
Give them strength to grow the seed,  
Other hungry souls to feed.”



**SPEECH OF JANAB MUHAMMAD ABDUL HAQ SAHIB  
BAHADUR, M. A., D. PHIL., PRINCIPAL OF  
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, ON THE  
INAUGURATION OF STELLA MARIS COLLEGE CLUBS.**

Today I have had a very pleasant surprise. Two years ago I was one of the committee delegated to decide whether or not Stella Maris College could begin to exist. At that time the college buildings proposed were small, and the student body would necessarily be limited. Finally, we voted to allow the college to start with a small number of history students. Now I am certainly happy to see such beautiful buildings, such a large number of students, and such a variety of subjects on the College curriculum. It is nothing short of miraculous that so much has been accomplished in such a short space of time. I think you must have acquired Aladdin's lamp.

Today I have been asked to inaugurate the various clubs, and to tell you the truth, I had hoped to be invited to do this. I found it necessary to refuse the invitation during the first term and I am glad that Reverend Mother was so kind as to wait until the second term.

In my years of experience I have discovered a curious fact. It is that girls seem to have more time at their disposal than boys. They are capable, in many cases, of doing superior work. During my studies at Oxford, I took part in many extracurricular activities and I found that the girls in these various groups gave me more knowledge and information than the boys. Moreover, I have never forgotten much of that information. It is true that we forget 75% of what we are told in class lectures, but rarely do we forget what we learn in the discussions of different College Societies. This is so, because in class, information is more or less forced upon us, while in club meetings it is voluntary. We do our own sweet will.

These clubs can do a great deal of good. India has many problems since her independence. These problems are concerned mostly with the social conditions of India. They can, in most cases, be solved only by the educated classes helping the less fortunate. Social Service is a necessity here, and is developing very gradually. We must learn to help our fellow-men, and in developing our social sense in these various societies we take a first step towards this knowledge.

Moreover, the various discussions which are held in these groups help us to overcome shyness. They teach us how to give our own opinion, and to give it clearly and intelligently. Since there are so many advantages in extra-curricular activities, it is the duty of every college official to foster and encourage them.

There are three points that I would like to emphasize in regard to your Club. First of all, in the many discussions which your club meetings necessitate, you must try to be persuasive. The art of persuasion is not unknown to you. Girls are particularly adept at it, and you will find that you are very persuasive with your father, your brothers and one day, no doubt, you will be so with your husband. But you must learn to use that faculty not only in domestic affairs, but also in your college activities. Do not be dogmatic and try to force your opinion on others. Learn to lead them by methods of persuasion to your way of thinking.

Secondly, learn to be original. In your choice of discussion do not take a hackneyed subject that has been over-discussed in newspapers, because if you do, you will find that inevitably you will fall into the common groove and merely restate in a less emphatic way, what others have already published about it. Take an unusual topic and this will develop your own ideas. Try always to have an uncommon view point on a subject. Look at things from a different angle, and your discussions will have more interest. Moreover, you will learn to think for yourselves and to use your mental powers. For example, if you were asked now whether or not India should remain in the Commonwealth, you would all have something to say, but if you took another more original subject, it would be more difficult. They say genius and madness are not far removed; but a genius is usually one who has learned to think for himself and not along a common groove.

Lastly, try not to be too serious. Students must be serious, to a certain extent, in classes, etc., but in your college clubs you are expected to relax a little and be unserious. You can get much more out of life if you learn not to take things too seriously. Develop a healthy body and a sound mind, both are necessary for good students. Develop also a certain amount of unseriousness which will bring you through many difficulties.

And so, I hope you will remember these three points which I have tried to bring out today, and may they help you in your new efforts in the formation of your College Clubs.

## THE QUINTS

There are exactly five language clubs in Stella Maris, all born about the same time, all full of promise, all full of interest in their "baby" ways. Now that their first year is over, everyone of course wants to know how the "toddlers" are coming along.

"Jeanne d'Arc," the French Club, is the most sturdy right now, and has shown most life, as you see for yourself in the paper. This one is particularly interested in its name.

Next in vigour come the Hindi Club and the "Tamizh Manram," our Tamil club. Both are a wee bit slower, but show equal promise of life and action, judging from their resolutions.

The Hindi Club, conscious of being the heir to its "Mother's" language, shows a great propensity for patriotic ideas, such as speeches about India's great patriots and leaders. No fear though, that it will become one-sided, for it is equally interested in lighter themes like songs and dances; and judging by its resolutions and the enthusiasm of its members, its activities will be well-rounded once it becomes older and stronger. It has one peculiarity,—it chooses a new president for each meeting. Well, you know how babies realise the value of their members one by one.

The "Tamizh Manram" is especially interested in visitors. It invited Dr. Varadarajànar to address the inaugural meeting. Like the Hindi Club, it shows an interest in matters patriotic, like the celebration of Bharati Day. It is more of the easy-going type, as we can see from the results of one of its debates.

The two weaker members of this happy five are the Malayalam and Telugu Clubs. These little ones need more vitamins, but they will be coming along. Patience!

## THE ACADEMY OF SELECTED ARTS

“It never rains but it pours” is a true saying indeed. So many clubs were inaugurated, that several students of Stella Maris College were divided in their choice. But offer anybody a choice between a Rolls Royce and a Ford, and it is obvious which they will take. Every music lover was irresistibly drawn towards that lodestar—Western music.

“Gladness would to earth return  
Fair or foul the weather,  
If we folks would only learn  
How to ‘sing’ together.”

The memorable day, August the 25th, 1949 witnessed the dawn of the long-awaited Music Academy.

We are, no doubt, mighty proud to state that no member has ever failed to be present at the delightful meetings, and their enthusiasm and goodwill is indeed gratifying. All the little worries of the day, or rather of the week, are automatically washed away by the calm, fascinating waves of music. Music does have charms!

While the Dramatic Society required musicians, the stage, on the other hand, held immense attraction for several musicians of the Western Music Club. The great affinity between the associations called for an amalgamation which took place on the 14th September, 1949.

With “Love, Labour, Laugh” as motto, the “Academy of Selected Arts” aims at providing entertainment, fostering a knowledge of Western Music, and above all attempts at radiating joy to all around.

The “Academy of Selected Arts” very nobly and willingly rallied to the aid of the College and St. Raphael's High School when entertainment was called for. The members of the Club contributed their very best to make the fancy fete, and the feasts of St. Cecilia and of Rev. Mother Principal grand. These little items from the Club

appear perhaps just too glossy to be true, for each seems to be wrapped in cellophane. No doubt, between the lines there is always someone laughing at us; nevertheless, we console ourselves with, "it is the effort that counts."

We give below a brief account of our Club activities:—

Rev. Mother Principal's feast was celebrated in grand style. Among the many items contributed by the Academy of Selected Arts were "The Queen's Rival," "The Blue Danube," College Songs, and several piano solos and duets by some of our most accomplished musicians.

The Academy took an active part in St. Raphael's fancy fete. It staged "The Queen's Rival", and gave several songs and piano selections before an appreciative audience.

The feast of St. Cecilia, patron of the Club, was appropriately celebrated. At an informal concert the Club entertained their audience with a four-part song "When Children Pray"; then there were several studies and extracts from Beethoven, Chopin and Mozart, all greatly appreciated by the Religious, as well as by the other guests. "The best things in life are free"; the only admission fee was "a chair" to solve the "seating problem".

The members of the Academy of Selected Arts are all excited these days. "What's cookin'?" one questions,—well, just because they are all busy preparing for College Day which is fast approaching.

"Our candle burns at both ends,  
It will not last the night;  
But ah, dear foes and oh, dear friends,  
It surely gives a lovely light."

RIITA D'SYLVA,

II U.C.

## SCIENCE ASSOCIATION



Science governs the world today, holds the key to industry and wealth, guards our frontiers, stands behind our government in peace and war, protects and ensures the health of our people. Science plays its part in everyday life.

The year 1949 saw many new developments at Stella Maris College. The most important of these was, of course, the new building with its "spic and span" physics and chemistry laboratories, soon to be populated by eighty prospective scientists.

We were to be the pioneers in science at Stella Maris College, and very brave students we tried to be. We faced all difficulties, overcame the principle of Archimedes, the "sweet" aroma of burning sulphur, even the infinitesimal mysteries of chemical calculations.

We were not only the first science students, but were also the first to inaugurate the Science Association. On October 10th, 1949, our club met for the first time, elected its officers and formulated the regulations of the society.

Dr. Abdul Haq, Principal of Presidency College, kindly consented to deliver the inaugural address. He advised the students not to take extra-curricular activities too seriously. In keeping with this admonition we tried to present interesting, amusing and instructive items.

Two playlets were staged during the year. The heroine of the first was a model student, who proved to be anything but an intelligent scientist. The next was a scene from the life of Madame Curie, showing the various difficulties she underwent. Nature is such that wealth can be wrested from her only by toil and often at great risk. Radium presents one of nature's toughest tasks, but, for the sake of humanity, workers toil in mines and laboratories regardless of danger. From these plays much useful information was gathered and much enjoyment also.

Several interesting topics of modern science were discussed by the students themselves. The quiz programme was a feature of unusual interest.

In February, we had the happy opportunity of presenting a science programme to the Student body. Pictures were shown, giving a simplified idea of the formation of an atom, and of the basic elements. Several of the science students spoke in turn, explaining the pictures. It was very a good experience for beginners in science, and we hope it served a useful purpose in instructing the audience.

The activities of the year were brought to a successful close by an excursion to Poondi, on March 20th. This was surely a happy day,—one in which we enjoyed ourselves immensely, and learned to know one another better. Science, and its interests, however, were not forgotten. In the afternoon the officials at the Poondi Reservoir very kindly showed us the many model constructions which have been undertaken by the government and which are being tested and improved at Poondi. We were amazed to see all that was being done for the improvement of water supplies and the building of dams. The day came to a close with an enjoyable ride homeward. This

day—the final activity of our school year—will ever be in our memories as a happy ending to a happy year.

We feel that every member of our Society has found some opportunities to develop the skill, talents and aptitudes that she possesses. We hope to continue to work diligently next year to keep up with fast-moving developments along scientific lines.

LILY RAJENDRA,

I. U. C.





## INDIAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

At the end of the first term, the inaugural meeting of the different associations of the College was held when we had the privilege of having Dr. Abdul Haq, Principal of Presidency College, address the College Union.

The Indian History Association then met to appoint its office-bearers, to organize fortnightly meetings, and to discuss the nature of the work to be done by the members of the Society. It was proposed that an excursion to Mahabalipuram should be undertaken at the earliest opportunity to study the glories of Pallava architecture. As a result, one of the members who had visited this historical place furnished us with glowing accounts of the rock-cut temples, and the relief sculptures on the rocks depicting Arjuna's penance, the war between the Kurus and Pandavas, and many such Puranic scenes. She mentioned some of the worthy sights like Varaka Mandapam, the Five Rathas, Krishna's Butter Ball, the Shore Temple, and the old light-house built by the Pallava King, Narasimha Varman, better known as Mamalla.

At the beginning of the Second term, the Association composed and acted a scene from the Moghul period of Indian History, the visit of the European Merchants to Jehanghir's Court, when Nur Jehan was the actual ruler of the Empire. It was such a great success (ahem!) that a repetition of the same was requested at a variety entertainment connected with a Charity Fete. Shakespeare's rivals!

Encouraged by this, at a subsequent meeting of the society, the members undertook to dramatize some of the colourful episodes of the history of India. We soon had many young budding poets and dramatists. A suggestion was made for a panoramic representation of the different phases of Indian History, starting with the Indus Valley Civilisation and reaching up to the times of the East India Company. To execute this idea in a most satisfactory way, the members undertook to do necessary research work in order to understand the true spirit of the times that they meant to portray.

Besides dramatisation, other types of work were also executed by the society. The collection of rare coins belonging to the different

periods of Indian History, and preparation of albums containing pictures of historical places, monuments, persons and maps was successfully carried out. Evidences of this work can be seen in the Indian History classroom. At this rate, we shall soon be starting a History Museum in the College.

We hope and trust that that our Association will grow in strength and vigour, and as years roll on we too will leave behind a glorious past.

KRISHNA KUMARI, I. U. C.

## ANCIENT HISTORY CLUB

It was in the beginning of this academic year that our Ancient History Association took root. At the first meeting, held in September 1949, the office-bearers were elected, and the name of the Club, "Athena" was chosen.

Our first activity was the organization of a small entertainment for Reverend Mother Principal's Feast Day. Two illustrated albums on Greek and Roman History were our gifts to Reverend Mother on that happy day.

We have learned much from our debates. The two most interesting were on "Spartan Military Training", and "Democracy in India", a topic of present-day interest.

Each member contributed at least one map to form an Atlas of Ancient History. This Atlas has been invaluable to us for reference in class work.

We feel that the Club has been started on a good foundation, and we hope that it will continue to prosper throughout the coming years at Stella Maris College.

SAROJINI AJWANI, PRESIDENT I U.C.

LIZZIE THOMAS, SECRETARY I U.C.

## OUR MODERN HISTORY CLUB

"Continuous, methodical record of public events, study of the growth of nations, complete record of past events" is the definition of history culled from several sources. Sounds pretty dull, we hear you say. Well, we are going to prove that it is not; quite the contrary.

It all began, when the question of creating clubs came up. What about a Dramatic Club? Hurray! What about a Music Club? Splendid! Who likes literature? Everybody! And so on. Now, what about a History Club? Dead silence.

Then a couple of bold spirits pleaded eloquently for fair play. History should not be condemned before it was judged, and it behooved all good historians to stand up and declare in favour of it. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party".

Well, the historians rallied gallantly around the leaders, and as the "ayes" had it, the History Club was formed. The first members, some six in number, formed the nucleus, and they soon attracted other members. Now, the Modern History Club, thirty strong, is flourishing like the green bay tree, although "it ain't wicked," and will shortly complete its first year.

The first meeting need not be described in detail. The proceedings included the election of the officers and framing of the rules. Perhaps an extract from the minutes would not be out of place. Our revered history professor was the speaker at our unofficial parliament; a foot rule was the rather inadequate mace; and a wooden chair was a poor substitute for a cushioned seat.

The next meeting was a fortnight later. There had been a crop of suggestions for the crest and the motto, as per request, and being Stella Maris, it did not seem a bad idea to choose a bright suggestion (no puns intended): "Let your light shine". The same idea was repeated in the crest,—a blue shield with a golden star (College colours), the Indian lotus, and the English rose.

The third meeting was quite eventful, insomuch as it created a precedent in the proceedings at the meeting. The "Ancients," as we were nicknamed, proved themselves not quite so ancient as they were thought to be, because they first used the singularly modern idea of a quiz. And a jolly quiz it was,—all about Hawkins and Raleigh and the Spanish main. The proceedings ended with the victor's being presented with a pin-cushion in the shape of a negro's head, quite appropriate, if one recollects the romantic, if disreputable trade of the above-mentioned gentlemen.

Besides this we did some useful work too. At the meetings a short summary of current affairs was read and some of the famous characters of history—Blondel, Lionheart, Joan of Arc, were brought back to life before an appreciative audience. The notice board has been a popular feature of our Club. Many and varied have been the contributions to instruct, stimulate, and test the knowledge of fellow members. Quizzes, cartoons, articles, maps and pictures have replaced each other in quick succession.

Meanwhile Reverend Mother Principal's feast was approaching and the "Ancients" did some creditable work and acquitted themselves well by dramatising a scene from the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. (Nothing like giving yourself a pat on the back, especially if others are miserly in this respect!)

At the next meeting proceedings took the shape of a debate. A bold challenge was issued by one of us: "History is of no practical value." We began splendidly, but there happened to be an inter-collegiate match that day, and so most of the stalwart defenders had to rush off before they had their say.

And that brings us to our last, and shall we say, most eventful meeting. At last the affairs of our Club were amicably settled, "rounded off" would be a good word, with the composing of a Club song, and of the having proud distinction of being the only Club to have one. Perhaps a stanza from it will show something about our outlook of life. The tune is that of "Funiculi, Funicula."

"For always back our eyes shall never wander,  
But forward too ;

We have a pathway still to traverse yonder,  
More things to do.

For History's never ended in the making :  
The years to be

Are like the years that were, and still are making  
All history."

Our final activity of the year was a projection show which the Club gave to the rest of the College on February 2nd. In a series of coloured pictures we outlined the story of great political, literary, scientific figures of British History from 55 B.C. until the present day. We had an encouraging and appreciative audience for this our first endeavour, and we look forward to other similar shows next year.

Thus closes our eventful record and it is time to bid farewell to all our readers, till next year, when you will see us again in these pages—a little older, a bit graver, perhaps a little wiser. We shall have more exploits to our credit, and we will try to make them worthwhile. We will try to live up to our motto and to our Guilding Star.

*President*—MYRTLE DORAI RAJ, II U. C.

*Secretary*—MOLLY KOSHY, I U. C.

## GIOTTO

Art! the very word suggests a world of beauty, of genius, of harmonious order; a wondrous blending of fact and fancy, a veritable wealth of colour. It is indeed inspiring to contemplate the beauties which man can create by pencil, brush and chisel. The person into whose hands the Creator entrusts this magic power is called an artist.

An artist is born, not made. He is endowed by God with an artistic instinct which will one day or another find an outlet. Such was the case with the celebrated Florentine artist, Giotto di Bondone, whom Dante declared "hath the cry" in his day.

He was born at Vespignano, a few miles north of Florence, in 1266 or 1276. His father was a poor peasant whose wealth lay in his sheep. Vasari relates that Cimabue, the greatest artist of that time, while rambling in the fields, saw a young shepherd lad sketching one of his sheep on a smooth slate with a pointed stone; thereupon, with his father's consent, he took the boy as his apprentice. It was under his direction that Giotto took his first steps in the art for which he was afterwards so famous.

Giotto, the great humanizer of painting, was the first among his countrymen to breathe life and actuality into his work, to make his murals and altar-pieces live. This revival of painting in the hands of Giotto is merely a part of a general awakening of the time, in which Florence played an important part, being of all Italian cities the keenest in every form of activity.

Most of Giotto's early works are to be found in Assisi, in the lower Church of St. Francis, where the youthful artist humbly took his place beside the great masters of Italy. Giunta of Pisa was decorating the lower church, Cavallini the upper, and Cimabue was busy ornamenting the choir and transept. It was Cimabue who introduced his young but talented student into this distinguished "studio." Nor was his confidence betrayed. When in 1296 Cimabue left for Rome, it was to Giotto that he entrusted the gigantic task of executing the story of St. Francis in twenty-eight murals. These are at once the source of Giotto's glory and the earliest example of the

Italian School. For the first time, we see living portraits of living scenes. One is astounded at the multitude of things he suddenly brings within the domain of painting. All Italy is there: cities and their environs, walls, temples, churches, familiar landscapes, domestic interiors, scenes from ecclesiastical life. He has put into his paintings every phase of life, and it is all so genuine, so true to reality that even after seven and a half centuries, Italy of the "trecento" still persists.

Two years later he was called to Rome and there executed the celebrated "Navicella," a famous mosaic of Christ saving St. Peter from the waves; and also an elaborate altar-piece for the high altar of St. Peter's. Of his third work at Rome only a fragment remains.

It is to this period of Giotto's life that the story of his "O" belongs. In 1302 or 1303 Pope Benedict XI, a patron of art, sent a messenger to bring him proofs of the painter's talents. Giotto would give no other sample of his genius than a perfect circle executed by a single sweep of the brush. The Pope was satisfied, and Giotto set to work on more frescoes.

His closing years were spent in his native Florence where in testimony of the city's pride and esteem, he received the title of "Magnus Magister" (Great Master). He was, however, destined to enjoy these dignities for only two years. The year 1336 saw his death, but by no means the end of his painting. All fourteenth-century art betrays his influence. No painter has ever made such an impression on his age as Giotto. He is truly the founder of the art of painting in Italy. Pupils and admirers carried on his work throughout the length and breadth of Italy for nearly one hundred years. "Ars longa, vita brevis", says the Latin proverb,— "Art is long, life is short."

V. H. NIRMALA, I. U. C.



## L'HISTOIRE DU CLUB FRANCAIS DU COLLEGE STELLA MARIS

Le rêve que nous avons fait depuis si longtemps s'est enfin réalisé, et le 24 août 1949 marqua l'aurore du Club français.....Et on peut se figurer notre joie lorsque notre professeur nous dit que les fonctions du Club n'auraient rien à faire avec notre travail de classe !

Les membres du Club sont au nombre de vingt. C'est très petit, sans doute, mais il a des idéaux très hauts, et nous espérons pour lui un avenir brillant. Il y a une présidente, une secrétaire et une trésorière. Notre local est pour l'instant notre salle de classe où nous nous installons, en formant un joli cercle, pour les réunions du Club qui ont lieu tous les quinze jours.

Notre bibliothèque, installée dans un des placards de notre salle, est pleine de livres intéressants et variés : livres de contes, de poésie, d'histoire et de géographie de la France, collections de petits drames et comédies que nous espérons apprendre et même jouer bientôt, et, enfin livres de chants — des vieux chants populaires français — qui ne sont pas les moins appréciés. Nous avons aussi quelques revues avec lesquelles nous nous récréons pendant nos heures de loisir. Mais ce n'est pas là encore toutes nos richesses, car nous possédons, de plus, deux grands albums. L'un contient tous les portraits, que nous pouvons trouver ici ou là, de tous les rois, reines, empereurs ou impératrices de France, et de tous ses grands hommes : généraux, explorateurs, savants, artistes, poètes, acteurs célèbres. L'autre a pour but de nous faire connaître peu à peu le beau pays de France. Il contient des gravures classées par régions. La division adoptée a été celle des anciennes provinces de France, si pittoresques. Nous sommes fières de notre bel album, car il est le fruit de notre travail en collaboration, chacune apportant tout ce qu'elle peut trouver de gravures, photographies ou cartes postales représentant un coin de la France ou ses monuments.

Et les chants ! C'est peut-être ce qu'il y a de plus beau ! A mesure que nous les apprenons, une étudiante musicienne est chargée de les inscrire dans un cahier spécial avec les paroles, la musique et la

traduction en anglais, pour que les nouveaux membres du Club qui ne savent pas encore très bien le français, puissent au moins comprendre un peu quelque chose. Nous avons appris déjà : "Ma Normandie", avec son refrain très sentimental :

"J'irai revoir ma Normandie.....

C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour !"

et "La Marseillaise." Un membre du Club en expliqua d'abord l'histoire et nous apporta un tableau en couleur représentant Rouget de Lisle, comme il venait de composer la Marseillaise. Nous admirions avec quel élan, quelle flamme, quel enthousiasme le grand patriote français chantait ce bel hymne national !

Les réunions du Club rassemblent les étudiantes en langue française des quatre années. Oh ! quelle gaieté à ces meetings ! D'abord, la secrétaire commence par lire le rapport de la dernière assemblée ; puis, nous chantons et jouons parfois à des petits jeux de société, en français, naturellement ! Mais le grand événement de la soirée est ce que nous appelons en anglais le "topic", c'est-à-dire une petite conférence. Nous commençons à savoir le français d'une manière assez satisfaisante, mais c'est une langue si difficile !—la grammaire surtout nous cause bien des soucis...!—qu'elle ne nous laisse pas beaucoup de temps pour apprendre à connaître plus à fond ce beau pays que nous aimons. C'est le but des "topics" de nous donner une idée un peu plus précise de la France, de ses beautés, de son histoire, de sa culture, de ses coutumes, de son esprit. A chaque meeting, un des membres du Club, à tour de rôle, donne donc une conférence qui dure un quart d'heure environ. Ces conférences sont conservées dans des cahiers spéciaux, illustrés de gravures ou de dessins se rapportant au sujet traité, et où nous pouvons ainsi les relire ensuite. Nous en avons déjà eu quatre : la première donna une idée générale de la topographie de la France, de son climat, de ses ressources ; la deuxième nous exposa toute l'histoire de la République française, depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours. L'étudiante qui fit cette conférence nous en expliqua aussi tous les emblèmes et symboles ; c'était d'autant plus passionnant, que nous allions avoir aussi, quelques jours plus tard, une République aux Indes. La troisième fut un très joli "topic" sur Victor Hugo poète de l'enfance, qui s'harmonisait avec les textes de notre programme. Nous avons en effet à étudier pour notre examen, plusieurs poèmes de Victor Hugo, dont celui-ci :

“ Il est si beau, l'enfant, avec son doux sourire ” et cet autre où le poète décrit une petite fille dormant au fond d'un berceau blanc, et qui est si beau aussi dans sa simplicité. Enfin, la quatrième conférence nous fit connaître “ nos ancêtres ” “ les Gaulois ” écrivait la conférencière, (tellement elle ne faisait qu'un avec son sujet !), ainsi que les effets de l'invasion romaine en Gaule, et l'histoire si belle des premiers martyrs.

Au commencement de la nouvelle année, nous avons eu l'honneur d'avoir une conférence donnée à notre Club par un Professeur distingué de l'Université, Monsieur Divien. Il nous fit passer une heure très agréable en nous parlant des oeuvres de Mérimée, qui est au programme des étudiantes de première année. Il s'efforça surtout de montrer que Mérimée ne représente pas le véritable esprit de la France, et il nous lut des pages émouvantes sur les sentiments qui animaient les prisonniers français pendant leur exil dans les camps de concentration, au cours de la dernière guerre.

Mais l'histoire de notre sympathique Club ne serait pas complète si nous omettions de parler du nom que nous lui avons choisi. Ce ne fut pas chose facile. Il y eut de grandes discussions : les unes voulaient l'appeler : “ Le Club des amis de la France ” d'autres : “ Le Club français de Méliapour ”, d'autres encore : “ Le Club Saint Louis.” Un des plus jeunes membres de notre Club, mais qui a ses idées bien à elle, voulait absolument l'appeler de ce nom glorieux : “ Le Club de Napoléon !”. car elle a une très profonde admiration pour ce grand homme. Enfin, après beaucoup de considérations, nous avons toutes décidé qu'il aurait pour nom : “ Le Club Sainte Jeanne d'Arc ”. La raison en est que nous avons eu récemment le bonheur de voir un très beau film, qui nous a fait verser bien des larmes, sur la grande héroïne française, et nous étions heureuses de la choisir ensuite comme patronne de notre Club. Il n'y eut qu'une opposition, mais qui était formelle : celle du membre du Club qui voulait l'appeler “ Napoléon.” Malheureusement, comme elle n'avait pas la majorité, elle dut se résigner. Pour la consoler, nous avons décidé que c'est elle qui sera chargée de faire la prochaine conférence, et que le sujet en sera : son cher Napoléon !

Ici se termine l'histoire du Club Sainte Jeanne d'Arc de " Stella Maris College". Comme vous le voyez, il est encore dans son enfance, mais le jour n'est pas loin, nous l'espérons, où il deviendra une des plus considérables associations de notre établissement. Nous avons d'ailleurs encore beaucoup de projets que nous tenons secrets pour le moment, en attendant de pouvoir les réaliser. Nous en révélerons un, cependant, pour lequel nos amis français qui viendraient à lire ces lignes pourraient peut-être nous aider: c'est celui de commencer, dès la nouvelle année scolaire, si possible, un échange de correspondance avec des étudiants de France, ce qui, nous semble-t-il, ne contribuerait pas peu à resserrer les liens d'amitié, déjà si forts, qui existent entre "no " deux pays, car... ..maintenant que nous savons déjà si bien le Français, la France n'est-elle pas devenue un peu "notre " pays?

OLIVE WILLMOTT, III U. C.

## OUR MUSIC ASSOCIATION

Music in India, from time immemorial, has been practised in India not only by artists, but by all men and women as an intimate part of life.

Of recent years there has been a re-awakening to the value of this rich heritage of ours, and Indian music is gradually regaining its due place in the life of the people. Its study is now being encouraged in schools and colleges. Some of us have the good fortune to study its fundamentals in Stella Maris College. The part that we learn in class is naturally circumscribed by the syllabuses of the University; so to study the subject with greater freedom, a Music Association was started. To encourage students, to give them practice in singing before an audience, and to improve their general knowledge were some of the objects the association had in view.

Membership in the association is open to the music students and to all other music lovers. Besides our monthly meetings, we hold meetings to celebrate the memory of great composers and vidwans of Indian Music.

The meeting in November 1949 commemorated the great composer, Muthuswami Vitshitar. Miss Leela presided and spoke about the importance of Vitshitar in Indian Music. One member spoke about his life and his contributions. We closed by singing some of his best selections:

The February meeting was one of condolence in the loss of "Tiger" Varadachariar, on the 1st of February 1950. Miss Rajalakshmi spoke about his musical talent and pointed out how we have suffered a great loss. In reverence of his memory the members remained silent for a few minutes; then the Secretary gave the vote of thanks and the meeting adjourned.

We feel that the Association has done well in the past, by contributing instrumental and vocal selections for the various college festivities; we earnestly hope and pray that it will be one of the most useful organisations in our College.

S. SAROJA, II U.C.

## THE MOGHUL COURT—AGRA 1615

*(Nur Jehan seated on the throne. On either side Moghul and Rajput ladies)*

**Messenger :** *(After the formal obeisance).* Your Majesty, visitors from foreign lands are waiting outside seeking an audience with Your Majesty. Your humble servant awaits orders.

**Queen :** Very well, go, show them in.

**1st Moghul Lady :** *(Turning to the Queen)* The country is ringing with the news of the arrival of strangers from the far-off West, and the thrilling stories of their voyages over the deep blue seas to unknown lands.

**2nd Moghul Lady :** That is not all. They have with them skilled physicians and wonderful medicines. Did you not hear how Khan Kanan was saved from death's grip by a doctor of theirs.

*(Messenger enters ushering in the Portuguese Ladies and Father Corsi).*

**Messenger :** *(After obeisance).* Your Majesty, these are the honoured visitors from abroad.

**Queen :** I am delighted to welcome you to the Moghul Court. Will you please be seated. *(The Portuguese ladies seat themselves after greeting the Queen.)*

**Father Corsi :** Our humble thanks to your Highness who has been pleased to grant us an audience.

**Queen :** What has brought you here, good ladies ?

**Senhora Almedia :** Your Majesty, Senhora Albuquerque, Father Corsi, and I come from the fair land of Portugal. The fame of this ancient land of India has spread far and wide and has attracted many a foreigner to its bright and sunny shores.

**Senhora Albuquerque :** The invincible sails of Portugal, with proud nostril curve, have conquered the stormy billows, bringing home spices from the East. This commodity is so rare in the West, that we value it highly. We have



thus come in person to visit the land of spices and pepper.

*Father Corsi* : Your Majesty, the King and Queen of Portugal have sent us to you with messages of greeting, soliciting your friendship with our State. (*Gifts and a letter are then brought in.*) These are the tokens of their goodwill, and this is a letter concerning the trade treaty.

*Queen* : (*Taking the letter and opening it.*) Are you the doctor of physical illnesses about whom our subjects were loudly talking?

*Father Corsi* : No, Your Majesty, I am the doctor of spiritual illnesses. The Power that guides me and directs me hath command over all illnesses both physical and spiritual. I am a Missionary and have come to request permission of the Moghul Court to build churches in the Portuguese Trading Stations, and to serve the spiritual needs of the flock there.

*Queen* : (*After reading the letter to herself.*) It pleases the Royal Highness of the Moghuls to make friendship with the high State of Portugal. Convey our hearty greetings to your Majesties. After due consideration, and proper consultation, the instrument of the trade treaty shall be signed by us. (*Turning to Father Corsi*) You have our entire approval for the work you propose to do here and I wish you success.

*Senhora Almedia* : Your Majesty, we are beholden to thee for the great favours conferred upon us and upon our State of Portugal. We shall convey to our respected King and Queen thy messages of cordiality and willingness to treat with us. Most gratefully and humbly we thank you and take leave of Your Majesty.



## A "LIVE" CYCLE

It was the end of a particularly hard week. Mother most kindly, though a little grudgingly, gave us a free week end. I practically danced my way homewards from the bus-stand that Friday evening.

As soon as I reached home, I told my mother what I intended to do the next morning,—pack my breakfast, my library books, my composition book and pen, and myself, off to the little hills a hundred yards from our back gate. I always prided myself on my ability to write good compositions. I thought the hills would give me inspiration. Thinking thus, I dozed off.

Next morning found me with my books and pen right on the hills. The sun was not yet a complete circle. The morning freshness, the light, and the beauty were breath-taking. Every rock, hill, and valley looked beautiful—too beautiful. The light was unearthly. The whole scene was one of great calm—an inexpressible calm—a calm as of death. All of a sudden an un-accountable panic laid hold of me. From somewhere an owl sent forth a blood-curdling cry. My skin "creeped" into goose-flesh. I stood up with difficulty. My intention was to seize my things and bolt. I stopped when the hooting of the owl changed into the sweet tinkling of a bell—a cycle bell. The tinkling grew sharper and sharper. It grew so shrill that I could not bear the sound. I looked around to see where the cycle was. Then my eyes encountered a queer, a singular sight. Coming towards me in great circles was a cycle. It was not mounted! It was moving on its own accord! The bell looked like a huge silver eye. The creature came nearer and nearer, each round lessening the radius. By the time I gained control over myself, the radius was a matter of six to seven feet away. How the dreadful tyres kept running over the stones and pebbles without stumbling, I could never tell. When it was four feet away, I hurled my book at it. It fell down, but to my horror, it picked itself up again and continued its hideous circles. Three feet and then two! I found myself taking the cap off my pen and pricking the nib into the tyre. My screams rent the skies when I saw blood oozing from the puncture. I started galloping like a mad horse. The cycle followed me. We ran and ran, the cycle and I, up hill and down vale. I stopped suddenly when I saw a precipice—

a sheer drop of a hundred feet before me. I was between the cycle and the deep precipice. The creature steadily and menacingly made its way towards me. I waited. I threw myself down on it. My body collided with something hard and cold. My lips were moist—blood! Oh no, water, a glass of it. Mother was holding it to my lips. I was lying on the floor beside my bed.

“You had a nightmare. Too many ghost stories!” Mother said. I took my blankets and pillows and marched out of the room, avoiding the window that opened to a view of the hills.

SAROJINI PERAVALI, I U.C.

## THE FLOWER THAT FADED

### “सुरझाया फूल”

जीवन-स्वप्न में न जाने कितनी घटनाएँ घटती हैं, पर समय के साथ साथ वे भी विलीन हो जाती हैं। किस ओर, इसकी खोज आज तक कोई व्यक्ति नहीं लगा पाया है। मानव जीवन भी इसी स्वप्न की भांति है। एक आता है, एक जाता है—आने वाले आते रहते हैं और जाने वाले जाते ही रहते हैं—केवल उनकी स्मृति शेष रह जाती है। पर यह स्मृति भी उनके क्षण-भंगुर शरीर की भांति ही क्षण-भंगुर होती है। सुमन का जीवन भी ऐसे ही स्वप्न की भांति था—जो कुछ वर्षों तक दिखाई पड़ा, पर जो काल के साथ न जाने किस दिशा में अदृश्य हो गया।

सुमन! जैसा नाम, वैसा ही गुण था उसमें! उसका कोमल सुशैल शरीर यातनाएँ सहने के लिए वहीं बना था, पर उस अदृश्य शक्ति के अदृश्य करों द्वारा जो अदृश्य भाग्य लेखा लिखा गया है, उसे कौन पढ़ सकता है? लाड़ प्यार के साथ पली हुयी यह कली खिली और फिर आंधी के एक झोंके ने आकर उस पौधे को झझकोर दिया जिस पर वह खिली थी, और टूट कर बिखर गयी उस सुमन की पखुंडियाँ।

सुमन का जन्म कालाबस्ती में हुआ था। कालाबस्ती बर्मा की राजधानी रंगून का छोटा सा इलाका है। ब्रिटिश शासन काल में इस शहर ने बहुत उन्नति की और धीरे धीरे मांडूले का स्थान रंगून ने प्राप्त कर लिया। व्यापार का केन्द्र होने के कारण बहुत से भारत वासी यहां पर आकर बस गये, और उनकी बस्ती का नाम बर्मों ने रक्खा कालाबस्ती—अर्थात् जहां काले आदमी निवास करते हों। इसी स्थान पर सुमन का जन्म हुआ। सुमन के पिता सेठ हीराचन्द्र प्रसिद्ध रत्न व्यापारी थे। स्थायी रूप से वहां पर रहने का उन्होंने निश्चय किया और अपनी कोठी-भी-१२६ नम्बर गली में खड़ी कर ली। उनके परिवार में आठ प्राणी थे—वे स्वयं, उनकी धर्मपत्नी, विधवा माता, चार पुत्र और सब से छोटी कन्या सुमन।

जब सुमन को स्कूल में भेजा गया तब दादी ने कानून पेश किया कि लड़की को पाँचवी, छठी से ही उठा लिया जाएगा—अधिक पढ़ाने से लड़कियों के दिमाग खराब हो जाते हैं। पिता की बड़ी इच्छा थी कि वे अपनी कन्या को डाक्टर बनावें पर बूढ़ी माता के सामने उनकी एक न चली। बड़ी कठिनाई से सुमन हाई स्कूल की परिक्षा में बैठी और प्रथम श्रेणी में उत्तीर्ण हुयी। पिता की प्रसन्नता का पारावार न रहा। दादी की समझ में नहीं आया कि प्रथम श्रेणी क्या होती है अतहः उन्होंने केवल यही कहा—“अरे! हुआ क्या जो ‘फर्स्ट क्लास’ में पास हो गया है—लड़कियां तो इसी ‘क्लास’ में पास होती हैं—उनका इतना बड़ा दिमाग तो है नहीं कि वे उससे ऊँचे दर्जे में पास हों। ये तो लड़कों के काम होते हैं”। पिता ने सुना पर वे चुप ही रहे। सुमन ने सुना तो खून का घूंट पीकर रह गयी; माता ने सुना तो कहने लगी “इस बुढ़िया का तो दिमाग फिर गया है, कुछ जानती-चानती तो है नहीं, अपने ही कानून छँटा करती है”। भाईयों ने सुना तो वे फूले न समाए; सब के सब उसे घेर कर खडे हो गये और कहने लगे “सुम्मो! क्या तुम सचमुच प्रथम श्रेणी में पास हुयी हो? हमें तो विश्वास नहीं होता। हो सकना है मास्टर्स को कुछ दे दिला कर निकल गयी होगी,” पर सुमन इतनी मूढ़ नहीं थी जो भाइयों के परिहास को न समझ पाती।

परिक्षा तो समाप्त हो गयी. पर अब क्या किया जाए? यह प्रश्न सर्व प्रथम दादी के सामने आया। उन्होंने अपनी राय दी कि लड़की काफ़ा सयानी हो गयी है—उसकी शादी कर देनी चाहिए। “घर पर बैठाकर क्या करना है? मेरे ज़माने में तो दस बारह साल की लड़की किसी के घर में भी कंवारी नहीं रहती थी। फिर यह तो सोलह साल की हो गयी है।” माता ने भी सोचा बुढ़िया बात तो ठीक कहती है। मैं भी तो तेरह वर्ष की आयु में ब्याह दी गयी थी। जैसे ही यह विचार उनके मस्तिष्क में घुसा उन्होंने विवाह की तैयारियाँ आरम्भ कर दीं। प्रतिदिन सेठ जी के साथ इर्जी बात पर बहस हो जाती। एक दिन सेठ जी ने तंग आकर कहा “मेरी जान मत खाओ, अभी से बच्ची के सिर पर बोझ आ पड़ेगा। कहां तो उसके खेलने कूदने के दिन और कहां गृहस्थी का भार! वह कैसे संभाल सकेगी?” पर माँ ने उत्तर दिया “कैसी बातें कहते हैं आप? क्या मैंने

तेरह वर्ष की आयु में आप को गृहस्थी का भार नहीं संभाला था? क्यों नहीं संभालेंगे जब सिर पर आ पड़ती है तो सब संभाल लेते हैं।” अन्त में सेठानी जी ने विजय प्राप्त की और सेठ जी ने वर ढूंढना आरम्भ किया। सेठ जी को अधिक दौड़-धूप नहीं करती पड़ी। सेठ जगदीश चन्द्र के पुत्र सतीश चन्द्र ने उसी वर्ष B.A. की degree ली थी और इधर हीराचन्द्र जी ने सोचा कि इस से अधिक योग्य वर कहां मिल सकता है। अतः उन्होंने अवसर ढूंढ कर एक दिन सेठ जगदीश चन्द्र के सामने यह प्रस्ताव रक्खा। सेठ जी ने तो पहले दहेज के बारे में कुछ आना कानी को पर अन्त में सौदा तय हो गया और धूमधाम से विवाह भी सम्पन्न हो गया।

दो तीन वर्ष बीत गये। सुमन अब एक बालिक की माँ हो गयी। उसने अपना ध्यान उसकी देख-भाल की ओर लगाया और उसके लालन पालन में दिन बीतने लगे। एक दिन सन्ध्या के समय सुमन की इच्छा हुयी कि वह कहीं बाहर घूमने के लिए जाए। न जाने क्यों आज उसका मन घबरा रहा था। जो बहलाने के लिए उसने विचारा कि रायल लेक की ओर चला जाए और जैसे ही यह विचार उसके मस्तिष्क में घुसा, वह उठो और तैय्यार होने लगी। अभी वह तैय्यार हो ही रही थी कि सतीश चन्द्र ने कमरे में प्रवेश किया। सुमन ने आश्चर्य-चकित हो कर पूछा—“आज आप इतनी जल्दी कैसे आ गये?” सतीश ने घबराहट के साथ उत्तर दिया—“अब तो हमें रंगून छोड़ कर जाना पड़ेगा। सुमन—क्यों? ऐसी कौन सी बात हो गयी है जिसके कारण आप इतने घबराए हुए हैं?”

सतीश :—“जानती हो आज क्या हुआ? जापानियों ने आज हवाई जहाज़ से पर्चे फेंके हैं जिसमें लिखा है कि हम अन्य देश के निवासियों को सचेत करते हैं कि वे कठिनाइयों से बचने के लिए बर्मा छोड़ कर चले जाएँ। कुछ घंटों के पश्चात् ही वहाँ हवाई जहाज़ पुनः पर्चे की वर्ष कर गया। इस बार लिखा था कि हम अंग्रेजों को “बड़े दिन” का उपहार देंगे। इसका यही अर्थ निकलता है कि वे लोग २४ को बमवारी करेंगे।”

सुमन :—“हैं! बमवारी! अब क्या होगा? कहां जाने का विचार किया है।”

सतीश :—“अभी तक तो निश्चय नहीं किया कि कहां जाएँगे—हां, हो सका तो भारतवर्ष में डेरा डालेंगे । तुम सामान वगैरह ठीक कर लो । दो तीन दिन के भीतर ही शहर छोड़ देना है ।”

और हुआ भी ऐसा ही । इक्कीस दिसम्बर १९४९ को उन्होंने शहर छोड़ दिया और राम भरोसे निकल पड़े भारत वर्ष के लिए । लेबडान पहुँचे अभी एक ही दिन हुआ था कि उन्होंने सुना कि २३ तारीख को रंगून में बमबारी हुयी जिसके परिणाम स्वरूप पहले ही दिन आठ हजार व्यक्ति मारे गये । सुन कर उनका जो थरथरा उठा । सेठ जी को अपने व्यापार और सम्पत्ति के नष्ट हो जाने का इतना गहरा धवला लगा कि वे इसे सहन न कर सके और सदा के लिए चिन्ता से मुल हो गये । इधर रह गये दो प्राणी तथा नन्हीं सी बच्ची कुसुम जीवन की कठिनाइयों को झेलने के लिए । रात को घबराहट के कारण नींद न आती और दिन भर बमबारी के धडाके से रोयाँ रोयाँ कांप उठता । जब उन्होंने यह सुना कि जापानी सेना अब आगे बढ़ रही हैं तो उन्होंने निश्चय किया कि अब किसी भी दशा में वे बर्मा में नहीं टिकेंगे, और चल पड़े भाग्य से टक्कर लेने ।

देखते देखते पन्द्रह दिन बीत गये और वे लोग पहुंचे म्थीन्जान । यह छोटा सा शहर उत्तर की ओर इरावदी के तट पर बसा हुआ है । यहां पर आ कर सतीश ने सब नाव वालों की मिन्नतों की पर कहीं नाव में स्थान न मिला । कुछ दिन और बीत गये । बड़ी कठिनाई से धूस दे कर उसने नाव पर दो व्यक्तियों के लिए ‘सीट रिजर्व’ करा ली और उसी पर वे लोग सवार हो गये ।

बारह दिन और बीत गये । एक दिन दोपहर के समय सुमन का मन बहुत उदास हो गया । नाव मंद गति से जा रही थी—चिन्ता से मुक्त, पर सुमन के हृदय में अनेकों शंकाएँ तथा भीरु कल्पनाएँ उठ रही थी । वह देख रही थी लहरों को और उनसे तुलना कर रही थी जीवन की । इतने में ही उमे कुछ सफेद सी वस्तु बहती हुयी दिखयी पड़ी । जब वह वस्तु निकट आ गयी तो उसे पता चला कि वह किसी की कमीज थी । कुछ गज की दूरी पर एक वस्त्रहोन लाश को देख कर वह कांप उठी । उसके मुँह से अचानक चीख निकली और वह मूर्छित हो गयी । सतीश की समझ

में नहीं आया कि एकाएक सुमन को यह क्या हो गया । एक व्यक्ति की निगाह उस मृत देह पर पड़ी और सब की समझ में उसकी मूर्छा का कारण आ गया । जब उसकी मूर्छा दूर हुयी तो एक व्यक्ति ने कहा—“आप तो एक ही लाश को देख कर घबरा गयी । अभी तो मनेवा ही आया है । मनेवा से कलेवा तक ऐसे अनेकों दृश्य दिखायी पड़ेंगे ।” सुमन ने उत्सुकता से पूछा “ये लाशें यहां कैसे आयीं?” उस व्यक्ति ने म्लान हंसो के साथ उत्तर दिया “बस, कुछ पूछिए मत ! आप तो जानती होंगी कि म्युन्जान से कलेवा तक एक जहाज़ सप्ताह में तीन बार जाता है । यह भी आप जानती होंगी कि आजकल कितना ज़बरदस्त cholera फैला हुआ है । ये जहाज़ वाले जब देखते हैं कि उनके जहाज़ पर cholera का कोई मरीज़ मर गया है या अन्तिम श्वासें ले रहा है तो ये लोग उसके वस्त्र उतार लेते हैं और उनकी सम्पत्ति को लेकर उनको नदी में ढकेल देते हैं । ये लाशें ही पानी में सड़ जाती हैं और ऊपर तैरने लगती हैं ।” सुमन का सारा शरीर कांप उठा “ओह ! कैसे कसाई हैं ये बर्मे ।” और वह पुनः लीन हो गयी चिन्ता के अगाध सागर में ।

किसी न किसी प्रकार वे सकुशल कलेवा पहुंचे । यहां पर सरकारी कानून के अनुसार लोगों को तब तक रुकना पड़ता था जब तक कि उन्हें सरकारी अनुमति प्राप्त न हो जाए । एक और मुसीबत ! पर सतीश में इतना वैर्य नहीं था । उसने यहां भी धूस दे कर अपना काम बना लिया और रात ही रात में वे निकल पड़े चोरों की भांति । पूरे चौबीस घंटों के पश्चात् पहुंचे टमू । वहां से बैल-गाड़ियां जाती थीं वक्सू तक, ऐसी ही एक बैल-गाड़ी पर वे भी सवार हो गये और दूसरे दिन पहुंचे वक्सू । वक्सू एक छोटी सी बस्ती है जहां पर इनी गिनी झोपड़ियां हैं । वक्सू के आगे कोई बस्ती नहीं थी क्यों कि यहीं से पहाड़ी मार्ग आरम्भ होता था—मार्ग भी क्या ? एक छोटी सी टेढ़ी, भेड़ी, पगडंडी, जिस पर एक ही व्यक्ति चल सकता था । एक ओर थी खाई तथा दूसरी ओर थी पहाड़ों की श्रंखला । ऐसे बीगड़ पथ के सिरे पर थी यह बस्ती । एकाएक यहां पर आकर सतीश को ज्वर चढ़ आया । ज्वर की तीव्रता के कारण वह मूर्छित सा पड़ा रहा । सुमन दौड़ी गयी सरकारी औषधालय की ओर पर डाक्टर साहब रात को कैसे आते ? उसने उनकी भिन्नतें कीं, रोईं, गिड़गिड़ायी पर डाक्टर साहब का हृदय न

पिघला । निराश हो कर वह लौट आयी । इधर सतीश की दशा बिगड़ती ही गयी और बुझने के पूर्व टिमटिमाता दीपक एकबारगी ही प्रज्वलित हो उठा । बड़ी कठिनता से सतीश ने कहा—“सुमन मैं तो जा रहा हूँ पर तुम यहां बैठो अपने भाग्य को कोसती न रहना । किसी न किसी प्रकार कुसुम को लेकर हिन्दूस्तान पहुंच जाना । बस!” कह कर वह दीप भी बुझ गया । सुमन के मुँह से केवल “हाय भगवान” शब्द ही निकला और वह अचेत हो गयी ।

संसार से प्राणी चले जाते हैं—पर उनके चले जाने से ही संसार का कारोबार ठप नहीं हो जाता, संसार की गति नहीं रुक जाती । कठोर कर्तव्य ने सुमन को सचेत किया और पति का दाह-संस्कार कर के वह तीसरे दिन बच्ची को लेकर चल पड़ी । बक्सू से दो मील को दूरी पर ही प्रथम पड़ाव पड़ता था । यहां पर बांस का एक बड़ा सा दरवाजा था जिसके ऊपर लिखा था “भारत की सीमा” । बर्मा की सीमा तो पार कर ली पर उसकी समझ में नहीं आया कि वह अब कहां जाए । रात भर विचार करने के पश्चात् उसने निश्चय किया कि वह भी और लोगों के पोछे हो लेगी—कभी न कभी तो वह हिन्दूस्तान पहुंच जाएगी । उषा का आवाहन करने के लिए चिड़ियां गा उठीं और लोगों ने भी अपनी अपनी गठरियां कन्धे पर लदे तथा यात्रा को कठिनाइयों को सहने के लिए प्रस्तुत हो गये । पहाड़ी मार्ग, ऊपर से धूप, दोनों ने मिल कर यात्रियों के दुख को और भी असह्य बना दिया—पर पूरे बारह मील चलता था क्यों कि उसके पूर्व कहीं भी ऐसा ठौर नहीं था जहां रात बिताई जाती । सन्ध्या के सात बजते बजते सुमन भी अन्य लोगों के साथ पड़ाव पर आ पहुंची । यहां पर बांस की छोटी छोटी झोपड़ियाँ बनायी गयी थी । कहने को तो यात्रियों की सुविधा के लिए इन झोपड़ियों का निर्माण हुआ था पर रात को जब पानी बरसने लगा तो यह सुविधा भी असुविधा बन गयी ।

किसी न किसी प्रकार रात कट गयी । दूसरे दिन फिर वही चर्चा । वर्षा के कारण पगडंडी पर चलना कठिन हो गया । कदम कदम पर यही भय लगता कि अब पैर फिसला और दुर्भाग्यवश एक व्यक्ति का पैर फिसल भी गया । ‘हाय मरा’ का शब्द पहाड़ों में प्रतिध्वनित हो उठा और फिर पुनः स्तब्धता छा गयी । दो पहर बीत गये—सुमन में अब साहस न रहा,



एक एक पग उठाना उसे कठिन जान पड़ता था । दूसरी ओर भूख के कारण रही सही शक्ति भी मिटने लगी । सौभाग्यवश एक बर्मा स्त्री गुड़ और चैन बेचती हुयी उधर से निकली—उसी को सुमन ने खरोदा, पर पानी के स्थान पर क्या करती? उधर कुसुम भी पानी के लिए रो रही थी । इतने में ही उसकी दृष्टि एक राही पर पड़ी जो लुटिया में पानी लिए जा रहा था । उसने उसे पुकारा और जो कार्य उसने जीवन में कभी नहीं किया था वही उसे करना पड़ा—पर पानी मांगने पर भी नहीं मिला । निराश हो कर वह फिर चल पड़ी । आध मील के लगभग चली होगी कि उसे एक पहाड़ी बर्मा, हाथ में लम्बा सा बांस का टुकड़ा लिए हुए आता दिखाई पड़ा । ‘यह क्या है?’ उसे कौतुहल हुआ और वह एक ओर खड़ी हो गयी । उसके सामने ही एक व्यक्ति ने उस बर्मे के हाथ में पाँच रुपये का नोट पकड़ाया और अपना लोटा भरवा लिया । “हे राम! क्या पानी भी दूध के भाव विकता है? न जाने क्या क्या देखना पड़ेगा ।” उसने भी अपना लोटा उसके सामने कर दिया और पाँच रुपये उसके हाथ में पकड़ा दिया ।

इसी प्रकार तीन दिन और बीत गये । यात्रा की कठिनाइयों को सुमन का शरीर सहन न कर सका । उसे ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ मानो उसे ज्वर चढ़ आया हो । रह रह कर सारा शरीर कांपने लगता और सिर में चक्कर आते । पर यत्रा तो पूरी करती थी । दो तीन दिन और बीत गये । ज्वर का प्रकोप भी बढ़ता गया । कहां वह अन्य लोगों के साथ सात बजे ही पड़ाव में पहुंच जाती थी और कहां अब वह दस, ग्यारह बजे पहुंचते लगी । ईश्वर की इतनी कृपा थी कि उन दिनों चाँदनी रातें थीं, जिसके कारण उसे पथ स्पष्ट दिखाई पड़ता था ।

एक दिन जब उससे बिल्कुल ही नहीं चला जा रहा था, वह एक किनारे सिकुड़ कर बैठ गयी । उधर कुसुम भी रो रो कर जान की आफत कर रही थी । उसे उस पर क्रोध आ गया और उसे वहीं रोती छोड़ कर चल पड़ी । अभी आध मील के लगभग ही चली होगी कि उसे ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ मानो कुसुम रो रही है । वह ठिठक कर खड़ी हो गयी—कुछ क्षण इसी प्रकार स्तब्ध भाव से खड़ी रही—पर इसकी पुकार उसके कानों में गूंजती ही रही । अब उससे न रहा गया और वह पीछे की ओर दौड़ी—

पर उसे कहीं भी कुसुम दिखाई न पड़ी । वह जोर जोर से उसे पुकारने लगी पर उसकी आवाज़ शून्य में टकरा कर मानो उसका उपहास करने लगी । पागलों की भांति वह दौड़ती ही जा रही थी, पर कुसुम का कहीं पता नहीं था । उसकी गति बढ़ी, उसका पुकारना बढ़ा और अचानक 'हाय कुसुम' का शब्द सुनायी पड़ा और पुनः स्तब्धता छा गयी ।

दूसरे दिन यात्रियों ने देखा कि बांस के पेड़ के पास ही एक स्त्री मरी पड़ी थी ।—किस लिए? यह कोई भी न जान सका ।

स्वतन्त्र लता शर्मा

तृतीय वर्ष



# తిరుపతి ప్రయాణము

“శ్రీమతి ఆంధ్రోపన్యాసకురాలు నిన్నేలకో పిలిచిర”ను మా సహాధ్యాయిని లలిత పలుకుల విని ఆపెను చూడ నేగితిని. “సరళా! మన కళాశాల పత్రికకు తెనుగున వ్యాసమే, కథయో వ్రాసి తెమ్మనుటకే నిన్ను రమ్మంటి”నని మా అధ్యాపకురాలు తెలియ జెప్పినది. నేనామె మాటలను త్రోసివేయజాలక సరే యని తలయాపితినేగాని దేనిని గురించి వ్రాయుదమా? ఎట్లు వ్రాయునని ఆను ప్రశ్నలు నాలో ప్రవేశించినవి. ఆ దినమంతయు నామధను పత్రికకు వ్రాయు వ్యాసముగూర్చి తలపోయుచుండెను. సాయంకాలమువరకు నా కేయోచనయు కుదురలేదు. గృహోభిముఖినై వచ్చుచుండ, మేరి రాణి కళాశాల విద్యార్థులు కొందఱు తమ ఉల్లాస ప్రయాణమునుగూర్చి ముచ్చటించు కొనుట వింటిని. అప్పుడు నాకు “నేనేల ఒక ప్రయాణమునుగూర్చి వ్రాయరాద”ను తలఁచు కలిగినది.

మొన్న క్రైస్తవులు సెలవులకు మేము కుటుంబసహితముగా తిరుపతికి వెళ్లితిమి. ముందు కాళహస్తికి వెళ్లదమని మా తల్లిగారి యుద్బోధనవలన కాళహస్తిలో దిగితిమి. నాకేలకో మా ఇంటున్నీడియటు సెలక్టడు పుస్తకములపై వెగటు. విశ్వవిద్యాలయము వారెందులకు వీనిని విధించిరాయని దినమున కొకపరియైనను తలచుచుందును. అట్టినాకు, గత తిరుపతి ప్రయాణమువలన మా సెలక్షన్సు అన్నియు నుత్కృష్టములైనవని తెలియ జెప్ప సంఘటనలు జరిగినవి.

కాళహస్తి గొప్ప పట్టణముగాదు. దేవాలయము లంత పెద్దదికావున్నను శిల్ప కళానైపుణ్యమున వెంతమాత్రము ఇతరనలములకు తీసిపోవు. ఊరిచుట్టునుండు పచ్చని పంటచేలు, దేవాలయమునకు వెనుక ప్రవహించు స్వర్ణముఖినది, ఆనాటి వెన్నలరేయిలో ద్విగుణీకృత సౌందర్య సంపదతో విరాజిల్లుచుండెను. మేమును ప్రవహించు నదియందు దిగి కాలుసేతులకడిగి దేవాలయమును ప్రవేశించితిమి. నేనచ్చటి మంటపమునందాసీననైతిని. నాకు మాకు తెలుగు సెలక్షన్సులోనుండు శ్రీనాధుని భీమఖండమంత్రి “ఆనందంబున నర్ధరాత్రముల చంద్రాలోకముల్ కాయగా, నానానైకత వేదికా సలములక నల్లిక్కలక శంభు కాశీనాధుక తరుణేందు శేఖరుశివుక శ్రీకంఠుని బాడుడుం” అను పద్యము జ్ఞప్తికివచ్చి, నాడు కాశీక్షేత్రమున అగస్త్యునికి “మేసెల్లక పులకాంబర ప్రకరములు” నిండినట్లు నాకును శరీరమున నార్ద్ర పులకలు పొడమినవి.

మరునాటి ప్రాతఃకాలమున ఊరంతయు చూచివత్తమని నేను సహోదరునితోడ బయలుదేరితిని. బాలభానుని హేమకాంతులు ముహూండు కాళహస్తీశ్వర గోపురాగ్రము నకు బంగారు పూతలపూసి క్రమక్రమముగా గ్రామ మంతటిని బ్రభాభాసురముగాఁ జేయుచుండెను. పెందలకడ నిద్రలేచిన గ్రామస్థులు స్వర్ణముఖీ నదీ విమలోదకముల గ్రుంకులిడిపోవుచుండిరి. తరుణార్కబింబము వినిర్మలోదకముల స్వచ్ఛముగా ప్రకాశించు చుండెను. అవి వైల్ల కోతకు వచ్చు దినములగుటచే రాత్రిళ్లు చేలకడ కావలి పరుండిన కాపులు, గృహోన్ముఖులై వచ్చుచుండిరి. బంగారు కుండినదా! యను భ్రాంతినిగొల్పు నావరిచేలను, ఇంద్రనీలములవలె ప్రకాశించు వంగ పిండెలతోను, కెంపులవలె నొప్పారు మిరప పండ్లతోడను నిండియున్న అచ్చటి తోటలయందు నదీశ్వరునితో సమానమగు దేహాకాంతి గలిగిన వృషభములను కట్టి కపిల బావిలోని నీటినితోడి చెట్లకు పారించుచున్న యా కల్లకపటమెరుగని శైతులఁగాంచి యొక్క ఊణము నా మనసేలకో పట్టణ జీవితమును గర్హించినది. మా ఇంగ్లీషు సెలక్షన్సులోనున్న మారిస్ కవి పుంగవుని “All the merchant folk; Beholding them from golden dreams awoke” అను మాటలుతట్టి నేనా గ్రామస్థుల సుఖ శాంత జీవితమునుగాంచి మనసు మెచ్చుకొంటిని. తామస్ గ్రే “Elegy written in a country church yard” లో short and simple annals of the poor; their useful toils and homely joys మీదను చాలసేపు యోజనా నిమగ్ననైతిని.

పిదప కన్నప్పకొండకు వెళ్లదమని పది గంటలకు బయలుదేరితిమి. మార్తాండుండు దుర్నిరీతుండై తీక్షణ్విరణముల నంతటఁ బఱపుచుండెను. దారి సరియైనదికాదు. నగరము నందు తారు రహదారులవై పొదరక్షలతోడ పది యడుగులఁబెట్ట శ్రమపడువారు. ఆ కంటకమయమైన ఎగుడుతిగుడు త్రోవన నడచుటన నెట్టిదో యూహింపవచ్చును. మెల్లగా నడుగులో నడుగుబెట్టుకొనుచు నాలుగు ఘాంతులు వెడలితిమి. అంతలో మా అన్నయ్య “అదిగో ఆకనబడు మట్టియే కన్నప్పయను నాతనికి శంభుండు కైవల్య మొనగినచోటు” అని చెప్పెను. వెంటనే నాకు ధూగ్గటి శ్రీ కాళహస్తీశ్వర మాహాత్యములోని ఘట్టములు ఒకటివెనుకనొకటి కనులకు గట్ట జొచ్చెను. ఆహా కన్నప్ప ఎంతటి భక్తా గ్రేసరుండు : పూజారిని (బ్రాహ్మణుండు) శివలింగమువెనుక దాగి యుండమని కన్నప్ప భక్తి పరీక్షించి యా మహేశ్వరుండు కైవల్యప్రాప్తికిని, భగవద్భక్తికిని జాతి మత వివక్షత లేదని బోధించిన యీ స్థలమెంత యున్నతమైనది !

మేము ఇల్లుచేరునప్పటికి అపరాధులమైనది. మమ్మిరువురను ఇంత ఆలస్య సేల చేసితిరని మా తండ్రిగారు కోపించిరి. మేము వానిని లెక్కచేయక మఱ సాయంకాలము నదిని గూర్చి వెడలితిమి. నదితోడ మేమును పయనమొనర్చు నారంభించితిమి. ఇంటి విషయమే మఱచి ప్రకృతి సౌందర్యమును తిలకించుచు అట్టె నిలువబడితిమి. ప్రభాకరుండు పడమటి శృంగమును జేరుచు తన కాంతులను ప్రసరించి యచటి వృక్ష సముదాయముల మీదను నవీజలములను బ్రతిఫలించి నానావిధ వర్ణముల నుద్భవిల్లజేయుచుండెను. కొంచెముపే

పక్కడనే కూర్చుంటిమి. చంద్రోదయమాయెను. గ్రామోన్ముఖులమైతిమి. ఆహా ! ఆద్యశ్యము వర్ణంప నసాధ్యమని నేతలచెదను. వైన నిర్మలమైన ఆకాశము. పరిసరముల నిశ్శబ్దము. గూర్జయందలి పక్షుల ధ్వనులుదప్ప వేరు శబ్దమేలేదు. గలగలమని ప్రవహించు నదిలో శకాంకబింబము వీర్లు ప్రయాణ మొనర్చుచున్నదా యనునట్లుండెను.

కొంచెము వేగముగా నడచి యింక నేరితిమి. మరునాటి ఉదయమున ధూమ శకటారోహణముచేసి తిరుపతి స్టేషను చేరితిమి. కాని నా హృదయమేమో కాళహస్తి యందే యుండెను. వర్ణవర్ణ కవి కేళురని “Earth has not anything to show more fair” అను వాక్యమును, “Getting and spending we lay waste our powers: Little we see in nature that is ours. We have given our hearts away a sordid boon.” అను మాటలు యధార్థమువలన నా మనమున మారుమ్రోగినవి.

కొండనెక్కుటకు బస్సు ఎప్పుడు పోవునని విచారించుటకు మా తండ్రిగారు వెడలిరి. అచ్చట మాతోడ విడసియుండు పాటక జనుల సంభాషణము నన్నాకర్షించినది. “బస్సులు పడ్డాయికాని తిరుపతి మహిమే పోయిందయ్యా” కట్టే సుఖీ అన్నారు వెద్దలు. మనము గోవిందా, గోవిందా అని ఏడుకొండ లెక్కిపోతే దేవుడు ప్రత్యక్షుంగా వుండేవాడు. ఆయినా ఏంపని చేస్తున్నారయ్యా యీ దొరతనం. ఇంతఖర్చు వెట్టి రోడ్డువేసి బస్సులుపెట్టడమెందుకు? ఆ డబ్బువెట్టి ఏదో ఒక కాలవ త్రవ్విస్తే ఎందరు సుఖపడ్డారు. “ఏం స్వరాజ్యం ఆయా స్వరాజ్యం.”

ఇంతలో బస్సువచ్చినది. అందరము ఆసీనులమైతిమి. మధ్యాహ్నమునకు ఎగువ తిరుపతి చేరితిమి. నాడేదో ఉత్సవము. మండపములన్ని అలంకరింపబడియుండెను. మంగళ వాద్యమ్ములు మారుమ్రోయుచుండెను పుష్కరిణిలో జనులు వేసకువేలు స్నానమాచరించుచుండిరి. ఆ స్థలము నానాజాతి సమ్మిళితమైన సముద్రమువలె గోచరించుచుండెను. ఇంతలో మా తల్లి స్నాన మాచరించి పంచమొనర్పవెడల నేను ఆమెకు సహాయమొనర్పవెడలితిని.

అచ్చటికి రెండు మైళ్లదూరమున ఆకాశగంగ యను చోటున్నదనియు ఆ జలపాతమున స్నానమాచరించినవారికి పునర్జన్మము లేదనియు చెప్పుకొనుటను విని మా ఆన్నయ్యను బ్రతిమాల నారంభించితిని. సాయంకాలము అనుకొన్న ప్రకారము బయలుదేరితిమి. ఆ జలపాతమును సమీపించుకొలది వసంత ఋతువు అవతరించినదా అనునట్లుండెను. ఆ సాయంకాలము మనోజ్ఞుడమై చుట్టునుండు దృశ్యములు నేత్ర పర్యమొనరించుచుండెను. నానావిధ వర్ణాంకితములగు పుష్పజాతుల పరిమితములై నయన గోచరమగుచుండెను. వివిధ శకుంతసంతానములు తరు ప్రకాండములపై గూర్చుండి పత్ర గుచ్ఛములనుండి తొంగి చూచుచు, గొంతులు బొంగురువోవునట్లు రుత మిడుచుండెను. అనినాదములు కర్ణపథ

రమ్యములైయుండెను. కొన్ని పతంగములు విచిత్ర వర్ణాంచితములగు పక్షములను విప్పు కొని వైచిత్ర్యమును చూడెను. అల్ల నల్లన బిల్లయడుగులు వేయుచు వనమంతయు నాడుకొను చుండమారుతము స్వర్ణేంద్రియములకును, నానావిధ పుష్పపరిమళములు ప్రాణేంద్రియముల కును, వివిధ పక్షినాద నినాదంబులు కర్ణేంద్రియములకును, సర్వలక్షణ లక్షితయైన వసంత శోభనుబోలు! నాప్రకృతి రామణీయకము లోచనేంద్రియంబులకును సంతస మొనగూర్చు, నాటి సంజవేళ నేనును, నా సోదరుడను ఆ జలపాతమును సమీపించితిమి.

ఆకాశగంగ యను నాజలపాత మొక కొండనుండి సుమారు ఇరువది అడుగుల ఎత్తునుండి పడుచున్నది. స్నాన ఘట్టమున యాత్రకుల కపూయములేకుండుటకై పట్టుకొని స్నానమాచరించుకొనుటకు ఇనుప గొలుసు లమర్చవడియున్నవి. మేము దానిని సమీపించు సరికి నలుగురు స్నానమొనర్చుచుండిరి. పరిసరమున మాతోడ ఆఱుగురముంటిమి. స్నాన మొనర్చువారిలో నొకడు యుక్తుడు నాగరికునివలెకన్నట్లు వాడేలకో కన్నీరు చెక్కిళ్లపై ప్రవహింప

ఉ॥ చారు విహంగతల్పమున సంతత లీల విరాజమానుడై  
భూరి పరాక్రమోన్నతుడు పొల్పుగ చక్రముదాల్చి తీలతో  
ఆరయదంతిరాజు సముదంచిత భంగిన గాచినట్లు నా  
పారములేని పాపము కృపామతివై క్షమించు తిర్పతీ॥

అని గద్దదికతో చాడుచు మునుగుచునేయుండెను. మిగతవారు స్నానము ముగించి వైకి వచ్చినను అతడేమో “నాపాపమున క్షమింపవహ మాధవా ” యని ఎలుగైత్రీ అరచు చుండట మా కాశ్చర్యముగానుండెను. తీరమున మాతో నిలువబడియున్న యువతి “నిజముగా నతని పాపమునకు మేరయేలేదు ” అన్న మాటలకు నేను “ఎంత పాపి యైనను హృదయ పూర్వకముగా పశ్చాత్తప్తుడైనవో విముక్తిబొందుటలేదా!” అంటిని. “ఈతడేవయ్యున్న ఏమి యొనర్చెను ” అని మా అన్నయ్య ఆమెను ప్రశ్నింప నామె యీవలకు రండు సవిస్తారముగా మీరు జెప్పెదనని పిలువ మే మామె ననుసరించితిమి. ఆమె యీ క్రిందివిధముగా చెప్ప నారంభించెను.

“ఇతడు మా పినతల్లి కుమారుడు. పేరు కమలనాభుడు. నివాసస్థలము బెంగళూరు. ప్రధాన న్యాయాధిపతి కేకైకపుత్రుడు. తలిదండ్రులచే మిక్కిలి గారాబ ముగా పెంచబడటచే కష్టపెట్టిదియో యెరుగకుండ ఇరువది సంవత్సరములను గడిపినాడు. పాతశాలవిద్యముగించి కళాశాల ప్రవేశించినప్పటినుండి మనిషియే మాటినట్లు కనబడ సాగెను. నేనును నాతడను రమారమి సమవయస్కులమగుటచే బాల్యమునుండి సుహృదులమై యుండెడివారము. మరియు కమలనాభుడు ప్రవేశించిన మరు వత్సరముననే నేనును కళాశాల ప్రవేశించితిని. కమలనాభుడు ఇంటర్మీడియటునుండుత్తిరుండై మద్రాసు వైద్య కళాశాల ప్రవేశించెను. అప్పటినుండి నాకతనితో నెక్కువ పరిచయ ముండుటకు వీల లేకపోయినది. అని ఆ యువతి తనపేరు పద్మిని యని ఇంతవరకు తానుచెప్పినది తనకు

తెలిసినదగయు. ఇక చెప్పబోవునది నలుగురు చెప్పకొనుచుండగా వినిన విషయమని మరల చెప్పనారంభించెను.

“అచ్చట కళాశాలయందు విష్ణుప్రియ యను నొక గొప్పయింటిల్లిడ్ల, అధ్యాపకుల మన్ననల బడయుచు తరగతియందు ప్రథమమున పరీక్షలయందు తేరుచుండెడివట. కమల నాభుడను నామెయు సహాధ్యాయులు లగుటచే స్నేహభావము నుండెడివారట. ఆఖరు వత్సరమున వీరిరువురి స్నేహము ముదిరి ప్రేమగా పరిణమించినవట. ఈ విషయము మాకెవ్వరికిని కమలనాభుని తలిదండ్రులకును తెలియదు.

విద్యవత్సరముల ఆనంతరము ఇరువురును ప్రభుత్వపు వైద్యశాలయందొకదానిలో House surgeonsగా నియమింపబడిరి. అప్పుడు వివాహ ప్రయత్నములుగూడ జరిగినవట. కాని ఆ సంవత్సరాంతమున మా పినతండ్రి కాలధగ్గమునొందుటచే కమలనాభుడు బెంగళూరున కేతెంచి తండ్రి కంత్యక్రియలుచేసెను. తల్లి పుత్రుని వదలియుండుట కిట్లు పడనందున ఆతడు మదరాసునకురావీలులేకుండెను. ఇంతలో కమలనాభుని వివాహ ప్రతిక మాకందినది. తల్లి నిర్భందమున ఆమె సోదరునిపుత్రుకను వివాహమాడెనని అందరు అనుచున్నారు. కాని నాకేమో నిజము తెలియదు. వివాహమునకేమో మేమందరము వెల్లియుంటిమి. ఒక సంవత్సరమువరకు కమలనాభుడు సుఖజీవితమును గడిపినట్లే వినికొడి. కాని పోయిన సుక్రాంతి నాడాతనికొక యుత్తరము వచ్చినవట. దానిలో విష్ణుప్రియ యీతని వివాహమునుగూర్చి వినినట్లు “పురుషులు దేనికైనను సమర్థులు. ఏమిచేసినను సంఘమున పూజనీయులు. నేనింతటితో నా ప్రపంచయాత్ర ముగించుచున్నాను నీవు సుఖముండును”ని వ్రాసియున్నట్లీతని భార్య రమ నాలో చెప్పినది.”

నేనింతలో పిదప ఏమి జరిగినదంటిని. దానికి పద్మిని “జరుగుట కేమున్నది. ఆరోజురాత్రులు కమలనాభుడు ఇంట కాన్పింపలేదు. తల్లియు భార్యయు పడరాని పొట్టుపడి ఆతనిని వెదకించిరి. నాలుదిగముల కొక ఊరువొప్పవన తిరుగుచు ప్రతి డేత్రమునకేగుచు, ప్రతి పుణ్యతీర్థమున గ్రుంకులిడుచు ఉన్నతునివలె నిట్లు తిరుగుచున్నాడు. ఇక ఇంటిముఖము చూడనని ఖండితముగా చెప్పివేసినాడట.”

ఇది నాకు తెలిసిన ఇతని కథ. అటు విష్ణుప్రియయొక్కయు, ఇటు రమయొక్కయు జీవితముల భంగపరచిన యీతని పాపమునకు పారమున్నదా? ఇటువంటి గోముఖవ్యాధుము లెందఱీ ప్రపంచమును కళంకపరుపనున్నారో? ” యనుచు నామె వెడలిపోయెను.

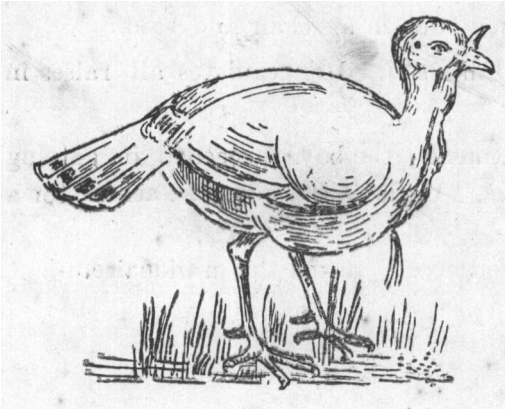
నేనును నాసోదరుడను వివాదాశ్చర్య సుభ్రమము లొక్కసారిగా ముప్పిరిగొన నాతడేమి చేయుచున్నాడో యని జలపాతమువద్దకుపోయి చూచితిమిగాని ఆతడచ్చట కాన్పింపలేదు. ప్రొద్దు గ్రుంకుచున్నందును వేగముగా మావాండ్లు విడిసియుండు సుత్రమును గూర్చి పోసాగితిమి. మేము చేరుసరికి శ్రీ వెంకటేశ్వరుల ఉత్సవవిగ్రహము సర్వాలంకారములతో తూర్వ మంగళవాద్యములతో భక్తులతో నిండియున్న వీధులందు ఉత్సవము వచ్చుచుండెను. మేము ఆ ఉత్సవమునుచూచి మరునాడు మద్రాసునకు వచ్చి పోతిమి.



## I'M ONLY A TURKEY

I was born on a farm, but at a very early age I was taken to a big place which is called a Convent, where they have things called High Schools, and a big thing called a College, but the most objectionable of these is the Infant School. It is full of human chicks, and believe me, they are much worse than ducklings. These creatures—boys, they are called—have not beaks, but things called hands, and they throw stones and sticks at poor me whenever they see me, and chase me all over the place, making strange noises like “Hi!” and “Ho!”

Ah, well! Life is a burden, because of these human chicks; but there are some bigger ones—I believe they are called girls—who are

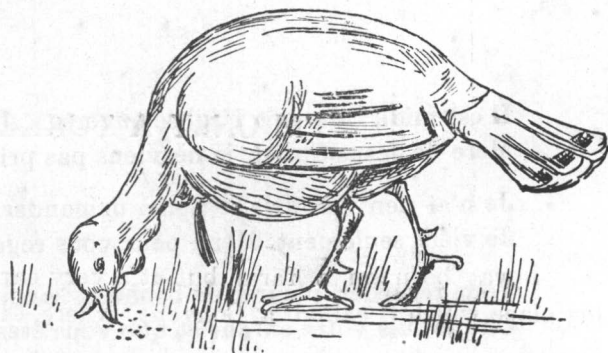


most kind. Unlike the boys these girls give me rice and even try to touch me. They bring stools and paper and pencil and they begin to draw me. Oh! I feel so flattered! I try to make myself as beautiful as possible. I smooth out my fine-coloured feathers, and curve my neck, and gobble—gobble, so loud, that they all beam approvingly.

Sometimes in my joy I even strut about the place. But lo! “Pride has a fall!” and for having showed my princely walk I was tied to a tree. But soon I was released and I became myself again. In thanks giving I gobble—gobbled so loud, that the girls in their ecstasy tried to imitate me. But alas! just at my best gobble, off they went, leaving me all alone. But there was some compensation, they left me something good to eat.



Well, a turkey's life is a very hard one; and next Christmas will probably find me in the pot,—but there is certainly one consolation,— I was an artist's model,—unlike my cackling cousins, the hens, and the gabbling ducks who all envy me. That recollection buoys me up when things are at their worst. Please remember this when you see me on the Christmas table ... Cheerio!



H. JEYA, II U.C.

### A BOY AND A MILLIONAIRE

One day long ago, a boy who had worked for four years in Marshall Field's store asked for a raise in salary. He was getting four dollars a week and thought he ought to have more. So he asked his superintendent, and the superintendent referred him to the manager, and the manager leaned back in his chair and said:

"You must see Mr. Field himself. He regulates all raises in salary."

After a week of disappointments, the boy succeeded in gaining admittance to Mr. Field's office. With shaky voice he asked for a raise in salary.

"How long have you worked here?" asked the millionaire.

"Four years."

"And how much are you getting?"

"Four dollars a week."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen years old."

"Why," returned Mr. Field, "when I was your age I was working for two dollars and fifty cents a week, and I thought I was well paid. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps you weren't as valuable a boy as I am," was the respectful reply.

It is not chronicled what was next said, but the boy got his raise

## LA VIERGE À MIDI

Il est midi. Je vois l'église ouverte. Il faut entrer.  
Mère de Jésus-Christ, je ne viens pas prier.

Je n'ai rien à offrir et rien à demander.  
Je viens seulement, Mère, pour vous regarder.

Vous regarder, pleurer de bonheur, savoir cela  
Que je suis votre enfant et que vous êtes là.

Rien que pour un moment, pendant que tout s'arrête.  
Midi !

Etre avec vous, Marie, en ce lieu vous êtes.

Ne rien dire, regarder votre visage,  
laisser le coeur chanter dans son propre langage.

Ne rien dire, mais seulement chanter  
parce qu'on a le coeur trop plein...

Parce que vous êtes belle, parce que vous êtes immaculée,  
la femme dans la Grâce enfin restituée,

La créature dans son honneur premier  
et dans son épanouissement final.

Telle qu'elle est sortie de Dieu  
Au matin de sa splendeur originale,

Intacte ineffablement, parce que vous êtes la Mère  
de Jésus-Christ,

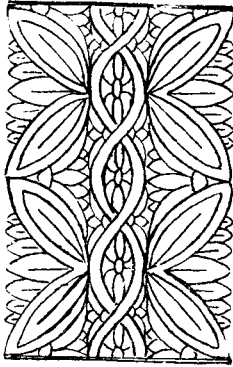
Qui est la Vérité entre vos bras, et la seule Espérance  
et le seul Fruit...

Parce que vous êtes là pour toujours,  
Simplement parce que vous êtes Marie,

Simplement parce que vous existez :  
Mère de Jésus-Christ, soyez remerciée..

P. CLAUDEL

(En souvenir du passage de N. D. de Fatima dans notre Maison, les étudiantes du cours français seront heureuses de trouver ici un extrait d'un beau poème à Marie du grand poète de la France: Paul Claudel.)



## FRIENDSHIPS

### The False

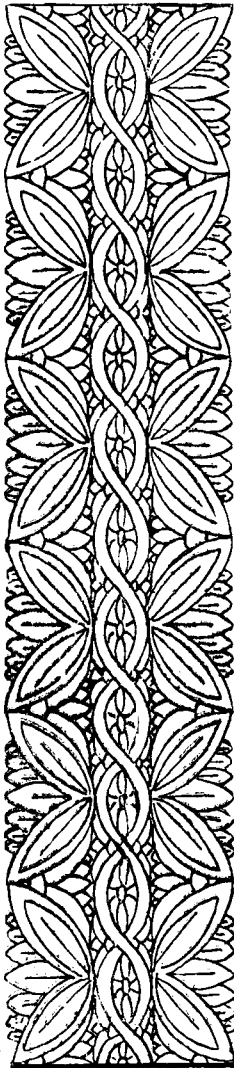
“ Do not think I flatter ;  
For what advancement may I hope thy good  
spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor  
be flatter'd ?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning.”

### The True

“ Dost thou hear ?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are  
those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well  
commingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that  
man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.”

*Hamlet gives Horatio  
his views  
on Friendship.*

The motif of the design is taken from a Torana of Mathura.



## OLD STUDENTS' PAGE

### Once Marian, always Marians

It seems strange to be speaking about Old Students of a new College. So perhaps we had better call you "Older" instead of "Old Stella Marians."

We have been very happy to receive letters and visits from many of our original 32 "Foundation Stones". We follow all your undertakings with the same interest as when you were still in College. So write back, or better still, come back, and give us news of yourselves from time to time. Send us photographs of yourselves and your families. Your fellow-students will enjoy seeing them in the magazine, and recalling College memories. Remember you are always welcome at Stella Maris, which is more interested in you than in the examination you took. There is always a general invitation to take part in the annual retreat, the date of which will be announced latter.

On College Day, March 6th, we were pleased to see quite a number of old faces back again. They would have been more numerous had we been able to contract more.

Among the students of 1947-49, we offer our sincere congratulations to :

Miss Radha Devi

Miss S. Anasuya

Miss Susila Bai

Miss P. Rukmani

on the occasion of their marriages.

Seven "foundation stones" have just completed their Junior B.A. Three others are planning to return in June. Misses Ponnammal, Bharathi and Janaki are continuing their studies. Rachel John is teaching in Vepery. S. Mangalam writes from Trichy where she is now settled.

# GASON & SEETA LTD.

Electrical Engineers, Dealers, Contractors  
& Design Illuminators



**Registration Office :**

4/186, Mount Road  
MADRAS

Phone : 86104

**Branch & Workshop :**

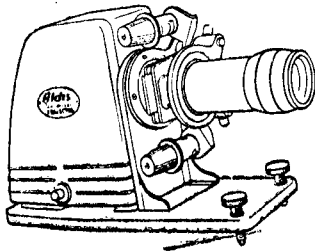
142, Purasawalkam High Rd.  
MADRAS

Phone : 2640



Undertake Design Illumination, House Wiring Contracts, Electrical Engineering Works. Supplies of Various Electrical Accessories etc., with promptitude and at moderate rates.

*For further particulars, please Correspond or telephone*



**SEE : HEAR**

**& LEARN**

*Through*

**VISUAL AIDS**

**FILMS, FILMSTRIPS, CHARTS, MAPS,  
FILM PROJECTORS, FILMSTRIP PROJECTORS,  
EPIDIASCOPES**

A Boon to Schools, Colleges, Clubs,  
Adult Educational Centres.



*Available from :*

**AMA LIMITED**

(Educational Division)

**189-B, Mount Road, MADRAS**

*Also at : BOMBAY - CALCUTTA - DELHI*

**“How Can I Invest  
My Savings Safely,  
Yet Profitably?”**

You may be saving to build a house, to buy property, or for some other useful purpose. Whatever your ultimate object, you can meanwhile make your savings yield a good return. And you can cash in just whenever you want.

Discuss your investment problems with Branch Manager of Palai Central Bank. He will tell you what form of investment will suit your particular needs. The Bank's Cash Certificates, with their many popular features, will suit most cases.

Cash Certificates

Fixed Deposits

Current and Savings Accounts

Credit Facilities

Call on the Branch Manager,  
or write to him for advice  
there is no obligation.

**PALAI CENTRAL BANK LTD.**

(Incorporated in Travancore-Cochin with Liability of Members Ltd.)

**362, ESPLANADE, MADRAS**

Established 1945.

Telegram : METSPO.

## WE HAVE NO UNNECESSARY OVERHEAD

Expenses To Make Our Prices fabulous  
You can  
therefore safely Rely upon  
the quality of our Products for the full value and  
complete satisfaction  
It will be a great pleasure for us to serve you

**Metro**  
SPORTS.

KEMARS OF HIGH CLASS SPORTS GOODS  
and  
Future Leaders of Sports Goods Industry in Bharat  
3/30 MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS-2



## Keep fit

Keeping fit is an essential pre-requisite to healthy living. The game of basket-ball contributes a great deal to promote health. As the oldest manufacturers of Sports Goods and the Founders of Sports Goods Industry in India, the benefit of several years of our experience in turning out faultless materials is at the disposal of the discerning Sportsman, who rates the high quality in choosing the products made by

**Uberoi**  
LIMITED

- BRANCHES THROUGHOUT INDIA -  
FOUNDERS OF THE SPORTS GOODS INDUSTRY IN INDIA

Telegrams: "ADVANCE"

Telephone: 86396

## **SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE COMPANY**

**87, Apparswamy Koil Street, Mylapore**

**MADRAS-4**

**Proprietor: T. S. ABHIRAMAN, M.A.**



SPECIALISTS IN

Physical, Chemical and Biological Apparatus  
and Pure Chemicals and Reagents.



SUPPLIERS TO

Schools, Colleges, Universities, Industrial  
and Research Laboratories Throughout  
South India.

## **LABORATORY EQUIPMENT FOR**

SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, INDUSTRIAL  
AND POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTIONS  
ETC., ETC., ETC.



*Please write to:*

**The Central Scientific Supplies Co., Ltd.**

**2, Agaram Road, TAMBARAM**

**(Chingleput Dist.)**

MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS &  
STOCKISTS OF INSTRUMENTS &  
CHEMICALS



ALL BOOKS FOR  
COLLEGE STUDENTS

Are Obtainable From

**ROCHOUSE & SONS LTD.**

Publishers & Booksellers

**MADRAS**

Phone: 2457

**OUR LADY OF FATIMA.**

Pictures coloured: 10×8" — 4 as. each, Rs. 2/8 doz.

„ Black and White — 2 as. each, Rs. 1/4 doz.

**PRAYER BOOK SIZE PICTURES:—**

Coloured 8 as. doz. Rs. 4 per 100.

B/W — 6 as. doz. Rs. 2/8 per 100.

**MEDALS ALUMINIUM**

2½as. 4as, 6as, 8as, 10as, 12as a doz.

Rs. 1/8, 2/8, 4/8, 5/-, 6/8, 7/8. a gross.

**ENAMELLED PENDENTS, COLOURED**

1/2" 5/8" 3/4"

Rs. 2/- 2/12/ 3/8 each

Rs. 21/- 27/- 36/- doz.

**THOMAS RODRIGO & SONS (INDIA) LTD. 165, Broadway, Madras**

Specialists in Oil Gas Plant  
AND  
Laboratory Equipment  
FOR  
COLLEGES, HOSPITALS & INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTIONS

*For Full Particulars Apply to:—*

**VIJAYAM BROS.,**  
ENGINEERS & CONTRACTORS,  
No. 6, RAMASWAMY STREET,  
MADRAS, I.

Telegrams ; " OILGS "

*For all kinds of Stationery and Office Requisites*

CONTACT

**THE**  
**MADRAS COMMERCIAL TRADERS**

98, C. N. Krishnaswami Road

MADRAS 5