



STELLA  
MARIS  
COLLEGE

1956

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE MADRAS

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## OPUS

## JUSTITIAE

## PAX

Dark is the night and close — dungeon and tomb  
Biting the winter winds — savage or tame;  
Earth tears and burns itself — passions let loose;  
Barren and dry its soil — nourished by lies;  
Wild beasts and robbers prowl — kill off the good;  
Sheep into dangers lured — stray from their guide;  
Justice, their rightful Queen — banished, reviled, —  
Vainly they seek for Peace — He is her Child.

Driven by tyranny — each in his own —  
There is no room for Love — crowded the inn:  
Freedom and might they seek — lurid their light;  
Those who would hinder them ?— Death is their lot;  
Wars hot and cold may win — safety and peace;  
Let revolutions bring — balance and poise —  
Angels of science scream, blind and appal;  
Angels of Heaven they hear not at all.

Shepherd, your Light restores Freedom and Life;  
Father, your kindness is comfort in strife;  
Rock that the blasts of hell cannot destroy;  
Father, the Feast you spread — Heaven's own Joy;  
Shepherd, you suffer with sacrificed sheep;  
Seeking for those who stray, vigils you keep;  
True to the Prince of Peace — Peace is your name;  
Pious His Mother's rights loud you proclaim.

Chosen the Vicar of Jesus on earth;  
Holding the Keys to His Kingdom of mirth;  
Thither you lead us safe — Jesus the Light,  
Helping us suffer for Truth and for Right;  
Justice and Charity — tollage of Peace —  
All that you ask us to ope with your keys.  
Shepherd angelic — joyful your lay:  
Fear not, the Saviour is risen Today!

## PRINCIPAL'S

### REPORT

HONOURABLE MINISTER OF HEALTH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

IT affords me great pleasure to welcome here this evening the Hon'ble Mr. A. B. Shetty, Minister of Health, and to submit in brief the annual report of the work and activities of the College during 1955-1956. Our distinguished guest is well known and respected for his outstanding services to India in the past and for his present devoted work in the Ministry and we do much appreciate the sacrifice he has made of his time to be with us this evening.

This year opened with a heavy cloud upon us as we had to bid goodbye to Rev. Mother Lillian, who had been our Principal since the foundation of the College. As God called her elsewhere, we tried our utmost to see His will in this, and resolved from the very outset, in appreciation of the great ideals she has always set before us, to endeavour to live up to them — these ideals which are so dear to every Stella Marian : “ *Per Veritatem ad Caritatem* ” — through truth to charity. Truth in Science, truth in Art, truth in human relationships — between the students and authority, between the students themselves — truth of every kind must inevitably lead to love, the love of God and the love of our fellow men.

#### NEW COURSES

Music has always been held in great honour in South India, being so closely associated with Carnatic culture. We were particularly happy then to be able to introduce the Bachelor of Music Course this year in compliance with the Vice-Chancellor's special desire. Stella Maris is in fact the only College in the University offering such a course at present. The enthusiasm of the first B. Music students has given a stimulus to many others to pursue this specialised course. The words of Lorenzo in *The Merchant of Venice*—

“ The man that hath no music in himself

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ”,

can never be applied to Stella Maris where music is ever in the air. Besides the newly introduced B. Music, Indian Music, Comprehensive Music and Western Music play an ever important part in the College curriculum.

## EXAMINATIONS

In the Public Examinations our results were very encouraging and we thank God for them. The percentage of passes in the Intermediate was 85%, one of the best records in the University, whilst the B.A.'s, determined not to be outdone, secured also 85%. We congratulate our prize-winners : Miss Mary Rayar who obtained "The Marsh Prize" for her high percentage in Mathematics, and Miss M. Savithri who was awarded "The Codati Ethirajamma Memorial Medal" and "The Gopathy Mahadeva Chetty Medal" for her First Class in Economics.

The Diploma Course in Social Service had equally distinguished results with an 85% pass and three distinctions.

## COLLEGE ASSOCIATIONS

Our College Associations vied with one another in organizing both interesting and instructive programmes. Mrs. G. Parthasarathy, M.A., Head of the English Department in Presidency College, delivered the inaugural address early in July on "Women and Education" and the College associations embarked upon a new year that was to be full of activity. Visits to Science exhibitions, musical evenings and films were organized mostly by the students themselves. Often Professors and Heads of Departments of the City Colleges kindly accepted our invitations to address the students in their association meetings. Professor Spencer Tucker from Ohio, U.S.A., gave the Economics students a clear insight into American economics, while Mr. T. N. Ramachandran, Joint Director-General of Archaeology, turned back the pages of time to discover for us beauty in ancient monuments.

The valedictory address was delivered by Mr. N. Ruthnaswami, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Annamalai University, whose inspiring talk showed the students about to leave the College the very special role they can play in the social and political life of the country.

## COMPETITIONS

Inter-class debates were a new feature in the activities of the Associations this academic year. In debate after debate the different classes were eliminated, leaving the II U.C. group II winners even against the B.A.'s.

The benefit derived from these debates was evident in the self-confidence gained in public speaking by several of our students who asserted themselves in inter-Collegiate competitions, ex-tempore debates, recitations and mono-acting, carrying off a good number of prizes. Many of our morning assemblies take the form of prize distributions where eager students, who have been victorious in outside contests, receive amid the applause of their companions the coveted trophies they have won in Sanskrit, Tamil, Telugu, Hindi, Malayalam and Music. A special stir was created the day the music students triumphantly brought home the beautiful silver veena, Professor B. Sambamoorthy's rolling trophy for the best team in group singing.

In the University Inter-Collegiate debates in Sanskrit, A. V. Sushila was declared first among the women students and Vilma Beaver, who came out successfully in the first two rounds of the English Debate, was chosen to represent the Madras University at Waltair in an Inter-University Debate where the Madras team won the Runners-up Shield.

#### ART GROUP

The Art Group, besides going on excursions to Mamallapuram and Kancheepuram, fully armed with brush and pencils to capture on paper some details of the best Indian archaeological monuments, paid visits also to several exhibits in the city.

#### ALL-INDIA CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FEDERATION

The Stella Maris Branch of the A.I.C.U.F. has been functioning quietly but steadily throughout the year. At the weekly meetings the students discussed and studied topics of social and spiritual interest in the light of fundamental principles. Moreover the Michaelmas holidays found the representatives of nine different colleges at Stella Maris for the first Social Leadership Camp of the Federation exclusively for girls. The six days of the camp were days of study and work in which the student delegates carried immediately into practice many of the sound principles of Social Welfare and Service they had learned.

#### GAMES

There has been the usual great enthusiasm for sports and games in Inter-Collegiate matches and the even more bitterly contested Inter-Group matches at home. The Runners-up Shield for Throw-ball was our only trophy of the year. Better luck next time !

#### HOSTEL

I should like to call our Hostelites perfect University students, not exactly for their individual perfection, but because it is by their corporate life as residents of the College that the students derive most fully the benefits of University education. Coming as they do from Malaya, Ceylon and all parts of India, the girls, when they first arrive, are often timid and homesick. But they soon find in Hostel life the family spirit on a larger scale, calling for all the virtues of unselfishness, thoughtfulness for others and sociability which will be so useful for their later intercourse with the greater world outside. At the same time, they know that they will find in Rev. Mother Superior a mother to sympathise with them in their troubles and share in their joys. Although the hours of study and rules of silence have remained unchanged, for they are indispensable to serious work, very slight supervision has been maintained this year. We trust our students to use their time conscientiously to attain the objects for which they have come to College. The new book-cases which have been provided for each student are intended as silent invitations to orderliness and method, essential qualities for an educated woman.

## SOCIAL SERVICE

Self-dedication to service, self-sacrifice and boundless charity are the ideals of the members of the Stella Maris Social Welfare Organisation, a complex association which includes the graduates of the Social Service Diploma Course and the inexperienced members of the College Social Service League. The S. S. Diploma students in their preliminary work of mapping out the slums, surveying diets in hospitals, studying family conditions, prepare the ground and provide the necessary help to the College students in their practical work in the three slums, Lalithanagar, Nochi Kuppam and Quil Tope Colony.

Every evening when College classes are over, batches of students set out either with medicine chests for visits to families, or with toys and balls for recreational activities, whilst the S. S. Diploma students supervise the periodical distribution of milk, dhal and rice to the poor dependent families.

Co-operative societies, based on the principle of "aided self help" are also being given a trial in the three slums. After the success of the first "Lalithanagar Milk Co-operative Society", the "Stella Maris Ladies' Sewing Society" came into being last June : sewing and cooking, household management and child care classes are held according to a simple and well thought-out programme meant to destroy unhealthy habits and root out old prejudices so that the women will realise the importance of their role in family life.

One brighter touch was added to the various social service activities early in June when the St. Helen's Day Nursery was opened in Lalithanagar. About twenty children find there a good midday meal, a homely atmosphere and maternal care while their mothers are out working.

Later in December, with the help and co-operation of all the College students, a Christmas Tree fete was organised in Quil Tope, presided over by Mrs. Clubwala Jadhav, and honoured by the presence of His Excellency, Bishop F. Carvalho. Hundreds of children and women from the surrounding slums crowded into Quil Tope Square, and listened to the Christmas carols while clothes and toys were being distributed with a kindly gesture and a thoughtful word not easily forgotten.

Generously sacrificing a part of their Christmas vacation, the Social Service Diploma Students attended the Indian Conference of Social Work in Bangalore last January. Busy days they had between lectures and discussions to which they could bring the contribution of their little experience.

## FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

In this scientific age progress lies along the road of science. The parents will be glad to hear that subject to the approval of the University we hope to introduce further courses in science in the coming academic year so that our budding science students will not have to leave us after the Intermediate Examination or Pre-University course.

## STAFF

Before concluding I would like to express my sincere appreciation of the good work done by each member of the Staff. Not only have they conscientiously fulfilled their duties, but they have willingly sacrificed their free time and leisure to help the students in every possible way, and to give their generous help in extra-curricular activities. I thank them sincerely for their devotedness and their invaluable assistance which has rendered the burden light for those responsible for the administration of the College.

## CONCLUSION

During the past year there has been much intense and useful discussion over the revised syllabus for each of the ever more numerous subjects of University study. Now with the introduction of the Pre-University Course and three-year Degree Course, it is hoped that the standard of University education will be raised and that our graduates will go out into the world equipped not only with a knowledge both of the Humanities and of Science, but with resourcefulness and a spirit of initiative which will enable them to think for themselves. Enriched by the experience gained at College and fortified with sound principles, we hope and pray that they will be happy citizens, of real service to their country. Education nowadays is so often the subject of discussion, but as Ruskin says, "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know, it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." It is surely as much for the training of character as for mere academic knowledge that the parents have confided their girls to us and I wish to express here our gratitude to them for the trust they have placed in us and for their whole-hearted co-operation whenever we had recourse to them personally or in writing. Any honours bestowed on Stella Maris should be regarded as equally due to the parents of the students. Once again I thank our distinguished President for having spared us some of his precious time this evening.

I thank also the Reverend clergy for having come, thus showing their appreciation of the little work we are able to do.

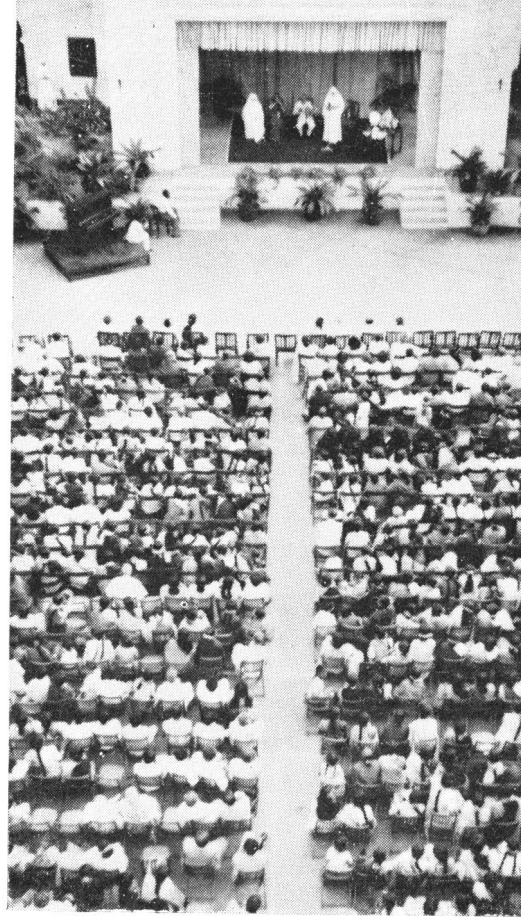
Above all we render thanks to the Creator of all good for whatever Stella Maris has been able to achieve in the past. We feel confident that with God's grace and help it will go on from success to success to render glory to God and to shed some of the radiance of the "Star of the Sea" on this fair land of India.



Mrs. Shetty presents the Dr. James Prize to Avril Bamford

## COLLEGE DAY

Two of our dancers



View of the Outdoor Theatre

A scene from "Sreelatha", the princess who sacrificed her life to prove her mother's innocence





## COLLEGE DAY SPORTS



Aiming high



Making headway



The March Past

**PRESIDENTIAL  
ADDRESS  
OF**

THE HONOURABLE MR. A. B. SHETTY, *Minister of Health.*

**Y**OU have all heard with interest the report presented by the Principal of the College and I am sure you will agree with me when I say that this College deserves the gratitude of the parents and the appreciation of the public for its fine record of work in regard to the studies and extra-curricular activities of the students.

I understand that there are 34 men's Colleges and 18 women's Colleges in this State; among the women's Colleges, 10 are of the First Grade and 8 of these are run by missionary agencies. We should really be thankful to the Christian missionaries for the pioneering work they have done in promoting the cause of education in this country, particularly women's education, for the education imparted in these missionary Colleges and Schools is of a high standard of excellence. This College can well be proud of the high percentage of passes, and of the enthusiasm evinced by the students in games, sports, extra-curricular activities and social work of various kinds, particularly work in the slums.

Many things are needed in the making of good schools and colleges. One of the most important is a good staff dedicated to its work. I am glad you have here such a staff, maintaining a close relationship with the students, in class and outside class, with a real influence on the everyday life of the girls.

Another great factor which influences and which makes and moulds the life and character of the students is their association with young people of their own age and experience, in the hostel and on the playground. I am glad to note that you have here students coming not only from all parts of India, but even from Malaya and Ceylon. It is good to rub shoulders with others from different parts of the country, with different ideas and a different outlook on life. It is much better than mingling with students all of a similar language and region. Unfortunately our country is beginning to get divided within the narrow walls of language

barriers but lucky indeed are those individuals who spend their College life with high-minded teachers and in the wholesome society of other young people.

Our education does not end with School or College. It is a life-long process. It is not gained solely from books and lessons in class, but from visits to art galleries, museums, libraries, the theatre, cinema, and from foreign travel. All these things contribute in their way to the fashioning of mind and morals. Education in the broad sense gives us a wide horizon.

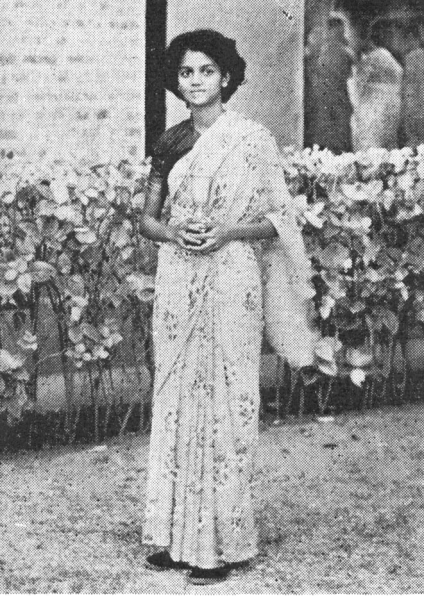
Comparing the numbers of girls and boys in our Schools and Colleges we find that girls are much behind men. The disparity in figures grows as we go higher up the ladder: 6776—37,702. No doubt you will agree that there is a great need for an increase in educational opportunities for women. Women should share with men the life and ideas of society. It is more important for mothers to be educated than it is for fathers since the influence of the mother in the home is a great factor in building up national life. I may tell you here—perhaps it is not necessary—that men and women are differently constituted. They fulfil different functions in the life of the community, and, for the majority of women, the home and the duties of a wife and mother are the dominating themes in their lives. It has been said that Universities are for the most part preparing men for their professional work. There are few true co-educational Colleges—rather they are men's Colleges to which women are admitted, but women cannot develop their interests fully in men's Colleges. It is important to have more women's Colleges of the same kind as Stella Maris. Women's education should be in keeping with their temperament, preparing them for the duties of home-making, motherhood, and the duties of a wife. Music, drawing and painting should find an important place in the time-table of girls' Colleges and Schools.

I am glad that in this College you have introduced the new course in Music, and I hope that other Colleges will also introduce this course. It is good that young people at Colleges should have ears trained to hear harmony, eyes trained to see beauty and hands skilled in craftsmanship.

I need hardly stress the need of physical welfare for girls—we have already seen the keen interest which is taken here in sports and games. The Central Advisory Board of Education has deprecated the fact that children (this includes also College students) are under-nourished and under-developed. Malnutrition, which is very prevalent even among College-going people, makes it difficult for them to apply themselves to their studies and their work. I would ask the Principal to pay special attention to the science of nutrition as part of the College curriculum. I have recently seen a booklet on nutrition published by the Government of India that gives valuable information.

Nowadays we cannot exclude women from the professions. There are suitable careers open to women in medicine, nursing and teaching. Thirty per cent of the seats in medical Colleges are being reserved for women candidates. There is a lack of women teachers both in High Schools and Colleges and the Government is proposing to build a new Teachers' Training School. Teaching is the best profession for women. In Western countries women are the teachers till the child is eleven years old and even higher education is largely the responsibility of women.

I do not wish to detain you further. Let me conclude by offering my congratulations to the staff of this College and giving my best wishes to the staff and students for increasing success in their work in the future.



Vilma Beaver

## INTER-CLASS

## DEBATES

**S**EPTEMBER to December 1955 witnessed a series of keenly contested debates on topics of general interest to the girls. The debates were in the nature of a tournament.

The Scientists of Senior Intermediate opened the innings on the much-worn topic "Higher education is beneficial for girls." Contrary to expectations—one would have imagined the proposition would find no difficulty at all in emerging triumphant—the debate was closely fought and highly entertaining.

The affirmative argued that higher education is greatly beneficial to a girl, as in college she is enabled to develop her personality to help her be a help to her husband, thus retaining, as one of the speakers humorously added, "a permanent hold on him." If unmarried, it enables her to support herself better and to be of greater service to others.

The opposition answered these arguments by declaring vehemently that it is impossible for a girl to develop her personality at college, the curriculum being so exhaustive that it left no extra time for other activities. Also a girl with a University degree is inclined to assume an air of self-importance and develop an argumentative spirit. Furthermore she seeks employment in fields hitherto held by men.

The affirmative won by a close margin. Against the Historians they argued on the topic "Co-education is conducive to the human personality."

Group III, in support of the proposition, stated that co-education is a necessity, more especially now as it is an affirmation of the equality of the sexes between which it fostered a healthy competition from which both benefited. From a moral point of view, it is a test of strong character.

The opposition, on the other hand, held that co-education is harmful. As the attitudes of a boy and girl of the same age differ, the development of each would be impaired if they were educated together in the same school. As one of the speakers frankly admitted, a partial reason for this could be that "the presence of boys is a distraction even to the healthy strong-minded girl". At the University level, too, co-education is not beneficial as it tends to make girls masculine-minded.

These arguments seemed more weighty and the advocates of co-education lost the day.

Since opinion was divided as to the suitability of the N.C.C. for girls, a debate was held on this subject between the scientists of the Junior Intermediate class.

The proposition believed that the N.C.C. teaches promptness, obedience, discipline and poise. It also schooled them in first aid and in the weapons useful for self-defence.

The opposition argued that it is not necessary for women to be trained in the use of war weapons, especially in a country like India, where there is no dearth of men. Besides, girls who join the N.C.C. tend to lose in femininity.

Group II followed the worthy example of their seniors, being the winners. However they lost the next round against the budding Historians on a topic of current interest, "The adoption of English as the national language would disrupt the unity of India."

The partisans of English stated that it is ridiculous to oppose the adoption of English merely because it is the language of the conquerors of India. As an alternative to English, there is Hindi, which is practically foreign to the South, the culture of which would therefore be swamped by that of the North. Moreover Hindi is not a sufficiently developed language. From an educational point of view examinations could not be held in Hindi, as all are not acquainted with the language.

The opposition emphasized that Hindi, being derived from Sanskrit, contains numerous Sanskrit words many of which have been adopted by the South Indian languages. Hence Hindi would not be as foreign to many of the Southerners as English is. Besides, it would be impractical to adopt a South Indian language if English were ruled out, as the Hindi-speaking people are in the majority. Lastly the adoption of Hindi would be of great benefit to the masses of India to whom it would be an enormous task to teach English.

Between the Junior and Senior B.A.'s, there was an elevated discussion on the subject "Inequality in status is conducive to progress". The supporters of the proposition showed that it is the competitive spirit which has led to great achievements and this competitive spirit implies equality among people. There is the example of India which was spurred on to fight for freedom through a feeling of inequality with other countries. Man's whole life is an endeavour to obtain equality with someone on a higher level and this is conducive to progress, nay essential for progress, since it does not allow stagnation.

Opposing the proposition, the Seniors asserted that the vast difference which exists between the rich and the poor cannot possibly be conducive to progress. Inequality fosters the injurious caste system and this cannot be considered conducive to progress. Lastly, since men are essentially equal, there cannot be progress in the real sense of the word.

The Juniors defeated the Seniors by a narrow margin and awaited the final debate against Group II of the Senior Intermediate class. To display their oratorical ability they chose to dispute the hackneyed proverb, "Money is the root of all evil."

While admitting the utility of money, the B.A.'s pointed out that the desire for it perverts men's finer instincts, such as patriotism. Service to one's country may be conditioned by pay. Children sometimes desire the death of rich parents. People often marry money rather than partners. These are a few of the evils inherent in money.

The Inters declared that as money is essential for everyone's mental and physical development it cannot possibly be the source of all evil. Moreover money is essential to a nation's progress. They also showed how much good has been achieved through its wise use.

It seemed as if these arguments were more convincing. Thus Group II of II U.C. were the winners of the coveted trophy.

VILMA BEAVER (II U.C.)

**MEMOIRS**  
**OF AN ABSENT-MINDED**  
**PROFESSOR**

IT was Mrs. Parthasarathy's Inaugural Address on "Women and Education" last July which started me thinking. So much enthusiasm is being shown these days (especially by men) for Women's Education that I was beginning to feel a little guilty; I was too narrow-minded, too much absorbed by my own subject, too intent on absorbing my poor culture-thirsty students in my own dusty topic. I must broaden myself, — mentally, of course. So I resolved to take full advantage of all the extra-curricular activities of the year and emerge at the end a broad-minded, many-sided, "multicoloured" instead of "blue" stocking.

The visit of the Science Association to the Exhibition on "The Uses of Atomic Energy" was a marvellous initiation of my programme. It was so interesting. Fancy, it *all* depends on isotopes. What is an isotope, you ask? Well, it's a kind of a . . . difficult to describe . . . coming from the word "Iso" as in isolation, . . . and "Tope" meaning, . . . Anyway it was altogether fascinating. *Everyone* should know about atomic energy these days, shouldn't they? Even professors!

Then Sri Ramachandran's talk on "Buddhist Art in India" was a real revelation. People come from all over the world to study our archaeological remains (of buildings, of course, not *our* remains). I almost wish I had specialised in Art myself but I used to find that perspective business of parallel lines meeting in the distance so unscientific somehow. Mr. Billows' talk on English pronunciation restored my self-confidence a little. I don't think I say "Gao ha-ome" for "Go home", — or do I? The day for the Language Associations presented rather a problem. How could I fully appreciate at the same time the "Humour in Tamil Literature" as described by Mr. Mahadevan, Assistant Editor of *Anantha Vikatan*, "The Greatness of Sita" extolled so eloquently by Sri A. G. Venkatachariar; and "Telugu Literature" treated by Sri B. Lakshmi Narayana Rao? To keep the balance of power among the languages I felt morally bound to go and listen to the very interesting address of Sri Sundrkrishnama Chariar, Founder-Principal of the Hindi Vidhya Peeth. Since I had heard so much about reading History backwards, I attended Mr. Krishnamurthy's address to the History Association to see whether that was "The Right Approach to History".

After assiduously attending various film-shows given by the British Council and the U.S.I.S., I was getting so broad-minded by mid-October and the pile of waiting corrections was broadening in similar proportions, that I decided I needed something to tune me up again. Professor Sambamurthy's demonstrative lecture on the Bambolin was just the thing.

Music is an education and tonic in itself. Mrs. Caldwell's pianoforte recital on September seventh and the St. Cecilia's Concert of Western and Eastern Music on November fifteenth were delights. I love hearing young people's voices raised in joyful song—though they could put the loud-speakers a *tiny* bit softer when practising during lecture-hours perhaps. "They say that love makes the world go round", sung at full pitch tends rather to disrupt one's lecture, but then . . . it was practice for Rev. Mother Superior's Feast celebrated on November twenty-first. I liked the "Cana Ballet"—Fr. Daniel Lord's music, with graceful Indian dancing portraying the miracle of the Wedding Feast of Cana. It was pretty and original, and a contrast to the dynamic sword-dance by Rajamani.

To correct my inclination for mere amusement—though alas it is too late for me to take anything but an academic interest in dancing now—I attended the excellent lecture of Mr. J. Chelliah, M.A., on "The Place of Deficit Financing in Programmes of Economic Development". What is its place? A very important one—especially if it comes as a question for the B.A. this year. I was so absorbed by the deficit that I missed Mr. Nayudamma's address on "Leather Technology" given the same day, but the Science students were able to recognise here—like true specialists—still another subject about which they knew still less.

Of course, with so much mental extension I did not neglect my physical education. I really felt better after the College had won 7 out of 9 Throwball matches. Undoubtedly we should have won the same average for Netball but 4 matches were scratched owing to bad weather. I took a little relaxation then from my culture-programme by sampling the sweets of the Selection Exams; and refreshed myself by joining the Social Service Leaguers at the Christmas Tree at Quil Tope (no connection with the isotope).

Anyway I renewed my mind-broadening resolutions for the new year and faithfully attended Dr. G. D. Boaz' lecture in January on "The Art of Thinking". One always feels



Lecturers and Class Representatives at the Governor's Party, Guindy

that a University student has too much to learn to have time for mere thinking. But thinking is good. (Memo: I must remember to think during the long vacation). Less contemplative was Major Drummond's talk about his cycle tour of India. Just imagine, all over India on a bicycle ! You could broaden your mind about Science and History and Art en route. " If a man goes uphill at 3 m.p.h. and the wind resistance is  $x$  and he has not had his breakfast . . . " — very interesting, another problem to be resolved during the vacation. Now that was exhausting . . . so the Governor's party at Guindy was just the thing to revive me.

I followed with rapt attention Sri K. Balasubrahmanya Iyer's talk on " The Method of Studying Sanskrit ", but it seems the only way of acquiring this fascinating classic language, elder brother of Persian and Greek, is the old-fashioned one of *learning* it . . . could I do that during the vacation too ? I was beginning to feel depressed at the hopelessly huge task before me when Mr. N. Ruthnaswami came as a saviour with his valedictory address. Of course we must be broad-minded, we must think, we must do Social Service and all the things I had been trying to do during the year. But " India needs women teachers," he said. And would you believe it, the Hon. Mr. Shetty, Minister of Health, who presided at College Day, said the same thing. I had been feeling a bit envious of Miss Stella Swamidoss's winning the prize for the Obstacle Race, but then we old Professors can't do everything. I used to win the flower-pot race at school, and we had to be our own pot-putters in those days, not this decadent method of getting someone else to plant the bricks for you. But I felt relieved. I can dedicate myself to teaching. It's " the best profession for women ", Mr. Shetty said. Maybe I don't need any more extra-curricular activities. But that suggestion of the Minister's about studying nutrition was good. Even Professors must eat. Yes, I think I'll study nutrition during the vacation . . . and I'll get just a simple book on deficit financing from the library . . . and perhaps *next year* I'll take up cycling.

A. M. P.

## HOSTEL DAY

“ **T**HOSE good old days ” is what people grown old usually say about their college days. Is there a touch of nostalgia, of wistful sentimentality about those words ? One cannot blame them. But as we students are not old people — at least not at present — there is nothing particularly sentimental about the recollection of College Day or Hostel Day. There is only the glorious feeling of getting together and enjoying oneself to the hilt. To recapture the



spirit of this or that day in writing is rather impossible. But while everything is still fresh in the mind let us review the Hostel Day of August 13th and communicate some of our own pleasure to others.

That little imp called Memory, who is a very good valet if one trains him, appears on the scene. I ask if he wants to accompany me on that tour into the past. "Sure", he says, grinning from ear to ear.

We knew everything concerning the programme. There would be the special breakfast, then the games and sports, the grand lunch and tea, and the concert and fancy dress party as a happy ending to a happy day. But this did not in any way diminish our anticipatory pleasure. Rather, it worked our hopes up to a correct pitch, so that on the morning of Hostel Day, it gave us a sense of well-being and security to put on our best clothes and get down to the generous breakfast which gave us added energy for the sports that followed.

Our youthful strength was first pitched against the resident staff in a throw-ball match when they valiantly coped with the "stiffness" that was hurled at them by the students. The prize of victory was a box of cosmetics. But you frown and ask, "Who received it?" Surely you know, or at least you can guess.

The sports competition was a microscopic Olympiad. The main items were running, relays, skipping, jumping, — no, not discus-throwing. Not that our buoyant spirits would demur at trying our hand even at that, but our better sense told us that such a glorious day should not be spent with sprained muscles.

Flushed with victory, the various triumphant competitors were ready to settle down to lunch. Those who lost must not be left in the shade, nor even those among us who had no other boast but that they watched and applauded and thoroughly proved the truth of the maxim, "Joy shared is joy doubled".

Did I forget to mention the maids and servants who are a part of our great family? I apologise. Though many of them received prizes it is certain that a greater tribute has been paid them. The lunch they prepared for us was "par excellence".

But it must not be inferred that merriment was our sole occupation. Most of us had prayed seriously for the continued welfare of our Hostel.

All afternoon the girls were busy adding final touches to their fancy-dress costumes or practising for the concert. Reverend Mother Superior, eager to do anything that would increase our joy, presided over the evening function as she did over the sports competition.

A pleasant surprise awaited us at the Fancy Dress Party. Everyone of the Juniors had responded and had come in some costume. One enterprising girl came as "The Times of Stella Maris". She carried away one of the prizes.

"The Times of Stella Maris" — but before I go further, all doubts shall be settled. There is no such paper in our College. It was just an invention of the girl's fancy for the fancy dress. It would have been better if it had been "The Times of Stella Maris College Hostel". You would have read a vivid account of our Hostel Day and how we —. But I must end the narration. You would have read of the prize distribution and the hymn sung at the end by a hundred and fifty strong voices as a small thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father who had allowed us to spend the day in joyous union.

S. VIJAYALAKSHMI PANDALAI (II U.C.)

## THE STELLA MARIS

### SOCIAL WELFARE

### ORGANISATION

**S**Ocial service is not just an ideal with Stella Marians — it is a part of their College life and training, a practical and enjoyable part, which brings real help to a number of the poorest inhabitants of Madras, while it teaches the students the joy of unselfishly serving others, far less privileged than themselves. They learn to love all of God's children, without distinction of caste or creed, and show this love in very concrete ways.

The year 1955 — 1956 has been an active and fruitful one for the members of the Stella Maris Social Welfare Organisation, which consists of the College Social Service League, the students of the University Diploma Course in Social Service, and a few of the past pupils of the Diploma Course. The members work in three slums — Lalithanagar, Nochi Kuppam and Quil Tope Colony. The students visit the slums in batches and organise various activities with great zest and generosity. Those trained in First Aid take along the medicine chest and treat the minor ailments. Others conduct recreation three times a week at the Play Centre at Quil Tope for all the poor children of the neighbourhood. The children love this — but it would be hard to say whether they enjoy themselves more than the Leaguers who arrange their games !

From time to time the Organisation receives a donation of milk powder from other welfare groups, and then the members preside over the distribution of steaming cups of milk. Every week, twenty-five families who have no means of supporting themselves are given rice, dhall, ghee and milk, until they can find employment and become independent.

The Registered Co-operative Societies, started some years ago to help the poor families of the slums, continue to flourish and develop. This year seven more members joined the Lalithanagar Milk Co-operative Society, while the Stella Maris Ladies' Sewing Society was provided with a sewing-machine and furniture. The members of the latter Society not only meet twice a week for sewing lessons, but also have weekly classes in cookery, household management and child care. The cookery classes are a new venture begun only this year, January 1956. The cooking ingredients and firewood are provided by the College Social Service Organisation, and the mothers enjoy learning how to cook wholesome, appetizing meals for their families. The mothers also meet once a month to discuss the problems of their children at home and at school.

Another big development took place last June, 1955, when a day nursery was opened to care for poor children whose mothers are forced to work to supplement the fathers' meagre wages. Twenty children between the ages of two and five come daily to St. Helen's Nursery at 9 a.m., are cared for, fed, and given the training which the poor working mothers cannot give them at home. These toddlers have a very full and happy day at St. Helen's, not forgetting a good long rest in the afternoon, and have already begun in their little way to prepare themselves to be good, healthy, useful citizens of India. When the nursery was opened, the children were given clothes, slates and pencils, and while the Organisation provided for the education of the little ones, the members also instructed the parents in the care of the children at home. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," so the children must be bathed and dressed neatly in clean clothes before coming to school. Not only are there to be no "angels with dirty faces" at St. Helen's, but the families also are being trained in habits of neatness and cleanliness.

In June 1956, fifteen more children will be registered at the nursery ; and that is just the first assurance of an even busier — and happier — year for the Stella Maris Social Welfare Organisation in the new college year. Many of this year's social workers will have left us by then, but many more will come to replace them and learn for themselves the truth of the saying — "It is more blessed to give than to receive".

S. S.

## CHRISTMAS

### TREE

**D**OZENS of shining little faces were pressed up against the improvised barrier of St. Joseph's Colony, Mylapore, on December twenty-second and dozens of shrill little voices were clamouring for entry. But as entrance to a Royal Reception is by invitation only, so it was for the Christmas Party of the King of Kings, and each of the 420 children was earnestly clutching the precious "ticket", which would entitle him to a gift from the Christmas Tree. There were the children from Lalithanagar cheri, from the Corporation School, and the St. Helen's Day Nursery, opened through the zeal of the Stella Maris Social Service League two years ago ; 50 children from Nochikuppam cheri, another 70 from Domingkuppam cheri, and 70 more from Malipu cheri, including a group of tiny girls, demure in their long skirts, their eyelids specially beautified for the occasion with black cosmetic...children



## SOCIAL SERVICE

Members of the Stella Maris Sewing Co-operative in the cheri

A student visits a cheri home



Organizing games

Feeding the poor

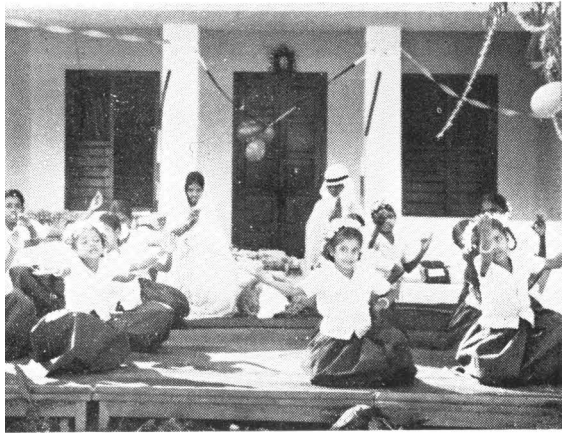


## CHRISTMAS TREE

Mrs. Clubwala Jadhav distributing the gifts



"Come Divine Messiah", expressed in dance



The children wait for their gifts in the new colony built by His Grace, the Archbishop



A student addresses cheri children



to right, and children to left, ranged — not regimented, for they were bubbling with excitement, and this was no time for army discipline ! — in long lines, sitting on the ground.

St. Joseph's Colony itself, consisting of 34 stone houses and a Community Centre surrounding a wide compound, was built by His Grace, the Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore at Quil Tope to house poor workers of the district, replacing the overcrowded huts they had occupied before. On this happy day all the families of the Colony were there ; mothers with their tiny babies were sitting on the sandy ground, admiring the Christmas Tree bright with balloons and tinsel.

At 3.30, the students who had been helping so generously since early morning to make everything nice, straightened their own sarees and got out their cameras for the arrival of His Excellency, Bishop Carvalho, and Mrs. Clubwala Jadhav, who had very kindly consented to distribute the gifts. Naturally the students, as they said in their Address, were delighted to see Mrs. Clubwala Jadhav again, for it was she who four years ago had inaugurated the Stella Maris Social Service League which has increased and multiplied to such an extent. They were pleased that the President had not forgotten them either and they blushed when they heard their steady Social Service work under the methodical direction of the College being commended.

After a dance and song in Tamil by twenty little girls announcing with the most charming smiles and rhythmic movements that they were " going over to Bethlehem to visit the little King ", the longed-for distribution of gifts began. Each member of the various groups of children was hoisted up by helping hands to the platform, received a big smile from His Lordship, a mysterious parcel from Mrs. Clubwala Jadhav, a packet of sweets from Rev. Mother Superior, and returned with an air of terrific importance to his place. Some tiny ones persevered manfully as far as the platform, then suddenly emitted a yell of distress and stage-fright, glowered suspiciously at the proffered presents and even accepted the sweets with tearful reluctance, turning a baleful glance on the despairing photographer. Their elder brothers and sisters soon showed them that there is nothing to cry about at Christmas time, however ! Then it was the turn of the families of the cheri. Each mother received a packet with a saree for herself, clothes for each of her children, toys, sweets, soap and — what seemed to please them most — a Crib, a real rocky-looking cave with Mary, Joseph and Baby Jesus inside, all wrought by the Stella Maris Art Department out of old tins and cardboard into veritable works of art. As the distribution proceeded, the compound began to hum with delighted chatter ; tin pipes and whistles competed with cheerful little voices ; and when at last the Tree was emptied, and every single child had received his or her gift, the College girls concluded the happy day with " Jana Gana Mana ". The mothers went back into their little houses, to be all the brighter this year with their new cribs, and the children of the outside cheris rushed off with their precious packets. These very poor little children often save their treasures for brothers and sisters, and could make many a rich man ashamed at the sight of their warm-hearted generosity.

By six o'clock a few balloons and streamers still hung from the houses, though the compound was deserted. The Leaguers, who had spent the first day of their well-earned holidays giving a happy Christmas to these little ones, had gone too. But under the starry sky of Christmas night the Angels' song was surely meant for them — " Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will ".

S. C.

## **SOCIAL**

## **LEADERSHIP**

## **CAMP**

**D**URING the last few years there have been several Social Leadership Camps for the boy members of the All India Catholic University Federation. The first camp for girls was held from September 23rd to 29th 1955, at Stella Maris College, Madras. Fifty-two girls, representing eleven Colleges of South India, took part in the programme.

Perhaps the finest thing that can be said about the camp was that the girls did so much themselves. True, they sat back and listened to lectures for about two hours each day, but in all the other activities they assumed a responsible part — often carrying on entirely on their own.

His Excellency, Francis H. Carvalho, Auxiliary Bishop of Madras-Mylapore, who officially opened the camp on the morning of September 23rd, expressed his pleasure at seeing young women eager to study social conditions and to assume a responsible role in the community.

The first two morning lectures were given by Rev. Father Cyril C. Clump, S. J., of the Social Institute, Poona. Tersely, yet vividly, he introduced the young women to the Social Problems in general and to some of the social problems in India in particular. In the practical applications he made of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, this doctrine took on a new meaning and life.

Father Clump also gave a brief explanation of Marx's philosophy of Dialectical Materialism which none of the students had met with before. Presented as it was, in a clear and interesting style, it gave them much food for thought.

Rev. Father P. Ceyrac, S. J., National Chaplain of the A.I.C.U.F., spoke on both the Marxist and Catholic answers to the current social problems. While developing an admiration for the almost heroic self-sacrifice of many Communists for their cause, the Chaplain clearly indicated the immoral, utilitarian methods they employed to attain their ends. Contrasting the Communist goal of a classless society with that Vision of Chapter twenty-one of the Apocalypse, which is the Christian's goal, Father especially recommended that the students do all they can to develop a sense of the corporateness of their religion, of their oneness in the Mystical Body of Christ, and of the deep significance of the words of Jesus : " As long as you did it for one of these, the least of My brethren, you did it for Me."



Cooking for the poor

## LEADERSHIP CAMP ACTIVITIES

Please wait for your turn!







Social Leadership Delegates at Stella Maris College

Prof. W. T. V. Adiseshiah, of New Delhi, chose Our Lady's Magnificat to illustrate the basic principles of the Catholic answer to the Social Problem. He showed how, point by point, she gives a positive answer to the false dogmas of Communism.

All the other speakers were women—active in different fields of the Apostolate, who spoke on such specialized topics as Leadership, Family Planning, Lay Missionaries in the Medical Field, and Women in India. Two Religious addressed the girls. One spoke on "Social Work in Action", giving practical instances of how women can do real, solid, social work. Her talk included some of the basic principles and techniques in organized social work. The other talk was concerned with "The Role of Woman in Society". Some of the characteristics of womanly influence, some of the false ideas of women's rights, and a number of ways in which women can influence society from the home, or from the cloister, or in public life, were considered.

Thus each day the "campers" received much solid food for thought. Using a prepared questionnaire, the girls followed the Inquiry Method of "See, Judge, and Act" in their daily study groups where they discussed the day's theme.

In the so-called free time, much good work was done. The girls published a daily camp paper, conducted a debate, and prepared social service activities for two cheris in the heart of the city. Three afternoons found the girls in these settlements—visiting homes—distributing milk and ghee—organizing games for the children or stimulating the grown-ups to higher standards by a cleanliness-drive and baby contest. For many of the students these visits to the poverty-stricken of Madras were a revelation—and more than one was heard to say, "Poor people—we *must* help them!"

In addition to the intellectual and practical formation given the students during the six-day camp, an earnest effort was made to acquaint them with the spirit of the liturgy, and with a sense of corporate worship as members of Christ's Mystical Body. By means of the Dialogue Mass, Offertory processions—with each placing an unconsecrated host in the ciborium—and Missa Cantata, an atmosphere of participation in the Mass as the central act of the day, was created.

The purpose of this leadership camp—the aspirations of its participants may well be summed up in the beautiful words of the A.I.C.U.F. Pledge :

"O Lord, come to the help of the Indian Youth. Help us to be faithful witnesses of Your Truth and Your Charity. Unite us, making us all one with You in the service of our brethren. Pour into our hearts Your Charity which will win our beloved country to You."

B. D.

*"How can you be convinced of the no less binding actuality and impulsive force of spiritual life if you have not experimented with it in some way, if you do not make the effort each day to penetrate more deeply into the spiritual world—a world more mysterious but more real and marvellous than the other—and to explore it under the guidance of God Himself"?*

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII.

## GAMES

## AND

## SPORTS

**T**HE new College year brought many athletes, chief among them being Rita Devasagayam. Of course none of us are outstanding athletes but we may claim to be sportswomen in the best sense of the word in so far as we can take our defeats generously,—for we were defeated quite often—but these defeats in no way dampened our enthusiasm. It was disheartening at times, yet we knew that it was the effort and not the result that mattered.

### THROWBALL

First came the Inter-Collegiate Throwball Matches and our first encounter was with Y.W.C.A. Both sides played well but the victory was finally ours. This gave us the necessary courage to face the remaining Colleges. Q.M.C. proved to be an easy proposition and it was the same with St. Christopher's and Lady Willingdon's. But when it came to W.C.C. it seemed that we were playing a losing game. The first game was theirs. We won the second. Then came the climax with a lot of shouting and clapping on the part of the spectators, but a terrible tenseness gripped the players. Reverend Mother Superior and Reverend Mother Principal were present, smiling encouragement at both sides. We looked desperately at Miss Gnanaiya, our P.T.I., but she, alas, had to preserve the impassivity of an impartial umpire. The game was played and we won, but in spite of our elation we did not forget to cheer our opponents.

These successes steeled all hearts to face Ethiraj, of whom we had heard formidable accounts. We were strong, but they were stronger and so they naturally won. The Runners-up Shield for Throwball was shared between Queen Mary's and Stella Maris.

### INTER-ZONAL SPORTS

Midway during the year came the Inter-Zonal Sports. Stella Maris could not fail to put in an appearance and our efforts were rewarded when Sheila Sukumaran was chosen along with another student from Q.M.C. to represent Madras in the javelin throw.

## NETBALL

The Inter-Collegiate Netball Matches were a whirlwind. Of course the game itself finishes in a hurry with the players hot and breathless at the end. The toughest match was with Y.W.C.A. It was a desperate case. Every time our shooter got the ball into her hands a shout, or rather a shriek, would go up from the Stella Marians. Among the many voices shouting "Play up Stella Maris" there would be a few thoughtful ones with "Play up Y.W.C.A." But Y.W.C.A. needed no encouragement because they were winning. Despite our bitter disappointment, we shouted a lusty "three cheers" for them at the conclusion. Due to various mishaps we could not play with W.C.C. and the game was theirs for the asking.

## INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORTS

When the time came round for the Inter-Collegiate Sports there was assiduous practising for the various events. We Stella Marians are optimistic and prepared to put in our best. And so among the many College banners at the Presidency College Grounds there was the blue and yellow of Stella Maris.

Rivalry in sports, as in all other matters, can cause bitterness among the contending parties but Stella Marians, as well as all others who took part, showed true sportsmanship. We lost in many events but smiled bravely though our hearts were heavy. Any natural ill feeling necessarily melted away when we saw some truly remarkable athletes among our opponents.

Sheila Sukumaran came third for the javelin throw. In the team relay Rita covered a remarkable distance, which feat was noticed by all present.

## INTER-CLASS MATCHES

So much for our activities outside College. But there were the annual matches between classes and groups in Stella Maris. The netball and throwball prizes went to II U.C. group III. The Diploma students stood first in badminton and tenniquoit.

## COLLEGE DAY SPORTS

The College Day Sports commenced with the March Past after which Reverend Mother Superior declared the sports meeting open. The honours of the day lay with II U.C. group III, who carried away the Group as well as the Individual Championships. (Vijayalakshmi Pandalai won the latter for the second time. *Ed.*) Three cheers for II U.C. group III; three loud cheers too for those who took part and lost! That is the main thing we have learned in this College—to take defeat with a smile. To play a straight game whether in sports or in any other field—that is all that matters, not the winning or the losing. Then here's to the glory of sports, to the glory of our College and to the glory of our Country.

S. VIJAYALAKSHMI PANDALAI (II U.C.)



The brick race

Throw-ball team



## REFLECTIONS IN SOME KRITHIS

### OF SRI THYAGARAJA

“**I**N music is man revealed . . . ” is found to be very true when one delves into the songs of Sri Thyagaraja and discovers “the man behind the melodies”. This great composer of India lived and sang his sweet melodies at the same time that Schubert, Schumann and Chopin gave their sonatas, symphonies and other musical delights to the world. Thyagaraja dedicated his entire life to God, the Great Musician, to Whom his songs were a humble offering and the ardent outpourings of a devoted heart. He saw God as One, the Universal God. To him God was not only a philosopher and guide but a friend in need.

The celebrated musician found himself ahead of his times. Though surrounded by conflicting ideologies, Thyagaraja held up the torch of truth and devotion. He struck a mighty blow on blind faith and rigid customs. In the krithi “Thulasi dalamulache” he asserted that “all the sweet-smelling and brilliantly attractive flowers the world can offer will not equal in value the simple and unostentatious *tulasi* or basil leaves offered with fervour and humility”. Thyagaraja strongly believed that it is not pomp and show that is needed but real prayer coming straight from the heart.

Thyagaraja saw that religious observances without a pure motive are useless. “What is the use of all the walking-tours if there is not sincerity in the heart?” he asks in the song “Nadachi nadachi . . .” In “Dhyānamē varamaina Gangā snānamu . . .” he stated that rather than by a bath in the Ganga, one could free one’s mind from worldly desires, such as wealth and vice, by ceasing to cause trouble to others, and by cultivating the desire to know, to love and think of God. This can put a man on the path of salvation. Thyagaraja truly believed that God blesses those who are free and pure at heart, sincere and wise. “Woe to the man who has a straying mind,” says Thyagaraja in “Manasunilpa sakthi lekapothe”. To Thyagaraja God was all in all. “It is very simple to be happy,” he sang in “Sogasuga mridanga talamu . . .” He proclaimed, “Who is there more happy than one who can sing sweetly and correctly, with a free and open mind?” He was unable to describe in words or music the great powers of such a person. He believed that a pure heart, earnest and sincere, is able to win the grace of the Almighty.

Thyagaraja thus sang his simple melodies and expressed in them plain, homely truths, and in supreme joy he sang “Sukhi evvaro . . .” where he describes the sweet relation between the soul and God. This being the state of his mind, it is no wonder that some of his songs should breathe philosophical truths.

If Thyagaraja were to deliver his message to the people of this atomic world, the message might simply be “I communed with God through music . . . There are many ways of being intimate with Him, —but music is so sweet a way.”

V. LEELA

*Lecturer in Indian Music*

## MOZART

THE year 1756 was indeed a fortunate one for the musical world, in that it saw the birthday of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, one of its three great masters. We can never tell what wonders the child-prodigy Mozart would have worked had he lived longer than his thirty-nine years — a short life, compared with those of Beethoven and Bach. Well, day-dreams are futile and even more so when woven around a subject who has been dead for two centuries. All that we, the admirers of Mozart, can do is to marvel at what he did achieve in the short span of his life.

Many of us, attracted as we are by extraordinary powers in little children, are apt to be exclusively interested in Mozart as a most remarkable infant, astounding royal audiences by brilliant performances from the age of five, or even earlier — “cute” enough to promise the arch-duchess Marie Antoinette that he would marry her (and she definitely could not have liked him less than her royal suitor); babyish enough to be kissed by prim and elegant princesses. Oh, yes, we would like to stop here forever and be charmed by the music as well as by the childish prattle of the infant Mozart.

And yet, Wolfgang was not a spoiled child. The homage and applause of thousands did not succeed in making him self-centred and conceited. A story is told about him that makes us wonder at his childish cleverness as well as at his sweet, unselfish affection for his sister, Marianne. Once, when their father was taking Wolfgang and Marianne to perform in Vienna, the little boy was resplendent in a bright new suit which had been a birthday gift from his uncle. But Marianne’s dress was threadbare and shabby, and although she tried to seem carefree and contented, nevertheless her thoughtful little brother knew how she was longing for a lovely red dress, to match the splendour of his own outfit. Their father too was not altogether blind to his daughter’s smiling fortitude, but he was also conscious that in order to pay the exorbitant customs duty on their beautiful harp at Vienna, he had to put away all thought of satisfying Marianne’s desire. Marianne’s little brother, however, was not to be so easily defeated. He stood on the deck of the boat carrying them swiftly to Vienna, with puckered brows, trying hard to think of some way in which to save a little money for the dress. And then, suddenly, it dawned on him! They were alighting now, and on their way to the customs office, Wolfgang asked his father to loosen the cover of the harp. When the customs officer caught sight of the harp, he named such a big amount as duty, that Wolfgang’s father was utterly dismayed. Before he could pay it, however, the little Mozart had begun to play on the harp, and now, the officer was no longer thinking of the customs duty — there was only breathless wonder and admiration written on his face. Wolfgang saw his little plan beginning to work, and he was already picturing Marianne, happy in her new dress. When he stopped playing, his father again offered to pay the customs duty, but the officer refused



to take it. "Buy a present for him," he said. And the present that the loving little brother asked for, you may be sure, was the dreamed-of dress for his sister.

But if he had been just an infant prodigy and nothing else, his name, in all probability, would have been but a vague memory—it would never have resounded so joyously in this, the year of the bi-centenary of his birth. A few monuments in his honour would have been deemed sufficient to glorify him.

The sweet little "Wolfgangerl", however, grew up to taste the bitterness of life, to learn that it was not all a "Spring Idyll" of merry trills and peaceful happy concords. It was while experiencing life's hard conflicts, interspersed for him only rarely with happy moments, that his soul poured forth the thrilling yet simple music that echoes to-day through concert-halls, drawing-rooms, even churches. It was when he grew to manhood, and realized the tragedy of life, when he had even made friends with death, that he became the Mozart whom every music-lover to-day reveres and loves.

It is said that Mozart could express his innermost feelings in music alone. In his own way, he was a great philosopher, a genius endowed with superhuman forces, and his language was music.

His compositions breathe forth tones tender, ethereal, with a "delightful transport of sweet longing" full of enchanting loveliness, and yet they are full of youthful passion interspersed with accents of painful lament, portraying to us the composer's experience of the profound sweetness and tragic emotions of life. They are truly a vivid picture of life as Mozart saw it and give justification to the saying that his three greatest symphonies—in E flat, G minor and C major—are the interpretation of his ideas of Life, Death and Liberation.

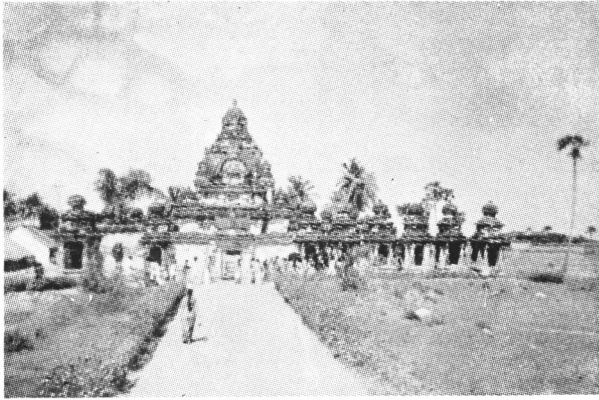
The fine flower of Mozart's genius, however, is in his chamber music. They do not know Mozart who are familiar only with his operas, symphonies and concertos. It is above all in Mozart's chamber music that we can study the finesse of his workmanship. Examples of exquisite craftsmanship, drawn from quartets and quintets can be multiplied indefinitely. To the votaries of chamber music, Mozart has ever been the aristocrat to whom this form of art was more congenial than it was to Beethoven. This is not meant to cast a reflection on Beethoven's genius; it means that while Beethoven sometimes strains to the utmost the limits of the quartet, Mozart moves within them with a perfect grace.

To describe in summary fashion all the wealth of this treasure-house is impossible since the value of Mozart's contribution to music is beyond reckoning. What a capacity for joy these compositions reveal, and how deeply they probe into the very depths of human emotions. What could he have given us if the world had been more worthy of him? He had been one of those special gifts of God to bring to the world a faint echo of the beauty and perfection of Heaven, but in return for the invaluable riches he gave, he received only injustice and ingratitude during his lifetime.



MOIRA COELHO (IV U.C.)





Entrance of Kailasanatha Temple

Vaikuntha Perumal Temple



Inner courtyard

# A STUDY OF PALLAVA ARCHITECTURE AT KANCHEEPURAM

**K**ANCHEEPURAM, also called Kachchippedu, Kachchi or Kanchi, is described as “ a handsome girdle (kanchi) of the nymph of the Southern region ”. It is one of the most celebrated cities of South India.

The Pallavas, who ruled over the territory extending from the Krishna to the Cauvery rivers between the third and ninth centuries, made Kanchi their capital. From time immemorial it has been a centre of learning, in which dwelt men of various religious beliefs. Buddhism and Jainism flourished side by side with Saivism and Vaishnavism. The religion of the ruling family and the people generally was Saivism. Although they built a few Vishnu temples, Siva was their family deity, and the city's great fame in Hindu estimation probably originated from this religious tendency of the Pallavas.

This wealthy dynasty naturally expressed its religious zeal in building activities which were continued by the following dynasties. Thus, despite deteriorations due to time and ruthless modern additions, we can study the Dravidian style of temple architecture from its genesis under the Pallavas, in the sixth century, to its culmination under the Vijayanagar Dynasty in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — a period of 1,000 years of development.

It was with great enthusiasm that the Art students of Stella Maris College set out on a study tour of this famous city on February second. We were well acquainted with it already in theory, from our Art classes, but to visit the place and study its ancient architecture at first hand was far more exciting. Cameras clicked busily and measurements and sketches were made during the visit.

The first building we studied was the Kailasanatha Temple, west of Kanchi. This is the most interesting example of the second phase of Pallava architecture. Built by Rajasimha (Narasimhavarman II) in the first quarter of the 8th century, it was known as Rajasimhesvaragriham (the abode of Rajasimha's lord). It bears a great resemblance to the Shore Temple

at Mamallapuram, also built by Rajasimha. The scheme consists of three separate parts : the central shrine, with its pyramidal tower called vimana, a pillared hall or mandapa, the whole contained within a rectangular courtyard enclosed by a high and substantial wall composed of cells. At a much later date, probably in the 14th century, the two isolated buildings — the central shrine and the mandapa — were joined together by a spacious intermediate hall which has quite spoiled the original appearance of the temple. There are, however, certain elaborations, particularly in the supplementary shrine attached to and projecting from the walls of the central shrine, which aid considerably the effective representation. The cells comprising the interior of the enclosure wall, the design of the wall with its parapet of cupolas or umbrella ornaments, the sturdy primitive shape of the mandapa pillars, the constant repetition of the rampant lion pilaster — these and the composition of the building as a whole — make the grey rugged pile of the Kailasanatha a most fascinating study. Yet undoubtedly its most interesting portion is the vimana, for it is in the distinctive treatment of this feature that the development of the Dravidian style may be best observed. From the somewhat compressed forms of the monolithic rathas to the more loosely knit elements of the Shore Temple at Mamallapuram, an example of the earlier phase of Pallava architecture, we now arrive at a further effort to present the vimana in a suitable architectural form — well-proportioned, substantial, yet at the same time rhythmic in its mass and elegant in its design. Within certain limits some of these desired qualities have been attained. There is still room for more refinement in the shape of this tower which was achieved only at a later stage of maturity.

In front of the principal structure of the temple, where the main entrance of the temple enclosure should be, is the Mahendravarman Temple, built by Rajasimha's son Mahendravarman III, which was visited next. It is oblong and has a small portico in front approached by some steps. The waggon-headed roof with five large urn-finials is a development of the style of roof appearing in Ganesha's Ratha at Mamallapuram. The little entrance gateway of the whole enclosure is also crowned with a small waggon-headed roof. In front of the main entrance are eight little shrines similar to the 59 shrines in the enclosure along the walls. Some distance eastwards of the gateway is the Nandi (Siva's bull) shrine without roof.

We also saw the Vaikuntha Perumal Temple, one of the few large Pallava temples dedicated to Vishnu. It was constructed by Paramesvaravarman II, another son of Rajasimha. The name "Vaikuntha" means the heaven of Vishnu and "Perumal" means the great one. Here the Pallava architecture is seen in its most mature form. This temple is slightly larger and more spacious in its proportions than the Kailasanatha, and instead of the principal parts such as the pillared verandah and central shrine being separate buildings, they are amalgamated into one architectural whole. Above the central shrine, which contains the seated figure of

the four-armed Vishnu, rises the vimana with three upper-storeys. The first storey has two passages around it, one covered and one open, and a shrine with the figure of Vishnu in the form of Anantasayana (lying on the snake Ananta). The cell on the second floor has one passage around it and contains the same image of Vishnu as on the ground floor, but smaller. The third storey of the tower is hollow. On the inner surface of the covered parapet of the vimana are sculptures which were identified to represent the history of the Pallava Dynasty. The Vaikuntha Perumal Temple is the last large and important temple executed by the Pallavas.

The smaller temples we saw were examples of the final period of Pallava architecture. Although Nandivarman was defeated by the Western Chalukyan King Vikramaditya II, the Pallavas still continued to have some independent dominion. During the period of Pallava history extending from the reign of Nandivarman to the defeat of Aparajita Pallava by the Cholas, roughly from 800 to 900 A.D., very few Pallava monuments have been discovered which can be definitely assigned to this period. Most probably some small Siva temples of which several exist in Kancheepuram were built during this period. The best example of these is the Mukteswara Temple, built, according to an inscription on the wall of the temple, during the 28th year of the reign of Nandivarman. The temple was called Dharmamahadevisvaragriham. It is evident that the reference is to king Nandivarman Pallava Malla and to one of his queens Dharmamahadevi who built this temple. This temple consists of a small shrine, surmounted by the usual vimana and a flatroofed pillared portico in front of it with four lion-based pillars similar in style to those found in the earlier Pallava monuments. The whole structure, built on a plinth, is raised about eight feet from the ground. The Matangesvara Temple is almost identical with the Mukteswara temple. On this basis it may be assigned to the same epoch. The Iravasthanesvara Temple, situated in Konerikuppam, a suburb of Kanchi, consists of a single shrine with mandapa. The vimana has a bull at each of the four corners. The style of the architecture permits us to classify it in this period. The Airavatisvara Temple is in ruins, its vimana has disappeared, but the central shrine and the plinth, which are its only remains, are of the typical Pallava style.

We spent a very full and interesting day examining all these ancient art treasures, which contain so much of the history of South India written in stone. At last, weary in body but wealthier in mind, we left Kanchi carrying away a store of photographs and sketches as well as vivid mental pictures of its lasting splendour.

RANI POOVAIAH (B.A. 1955)

*NOTE : To those who are interested in further studies of Pallava Art, we recommend " Pallava Architecture " by Mr. A. H. Longhurst, a fundamental work in these studies, which also helped to guide us.*

## INTER-OLGY

### IN THE

## ZOO-OLGY LAB

AS I entered the lab one evening, I couldn't believe my eyes:  
In solemn procession marching were bunnies and butterflies,  
Old frogs that looked most learned, and earthworms, houseflies, sharks,  
And in the rear sedately walked cockroach patriarchs.

A meeting was called to order, the minutes were read and approved;  
Then up spoke Sir Frog, the chairman — all listened to him as behooved —  
“ My friends, we are here to consider a plan that we did not endorse:  
It seems they're replacing the Inter by a Pre-University Course!

“ Now what's to become of our Union, that sweetened our evening pipes,  
Our dear old All India Union of Inter Zoology Types ? ”  
An earthworm ventured to answer, “ It might be in truth a gain —  
For really these Inter students insist on breaking my brain.

“ Do you know they called me an insect ? They've no sense of pedigree!  
If we let such matters continue they'll soon make an earth-roach of me! ”

“ Ho-ho,” laughed an attic cockroach, “ You're more like a pachyderm!  
And when they make you an earth-roach, I'll have to become a cock-worm! ”  
“ Well now that the subject is mentioned, I too have a subject of blame  
For the way that they draw me is horrid! ” said a shark, “ and it's really a shame! ”

At the height of this lively discussion came a frog as frisky as wee,  
“ Now take a look at this ankle — it's the best set of tarsals you'll see;  
Of two bones the outer is stouter, the inner is thinner, you see, —  
But how they confuse them 's beyond me — it's as plain as the leaves on a tree.”

Then sudden the gavel resounded, “ The time is passing, I fear;  
Now let us get back to our subject — the reason why we are here.”  
“ Ah, now, Chairman Frog,” said the earthworm, “ Forgive us, we pray, our complaint  
For really these dear Inter students are not quite as bad as we paint.

“ And as to our All India Union — the matter is settled, you'll see:  
We'll just send a plea to the Zoo Board for a seat in the new B.Sc.”

N. S.

## THE UNEXPLORED

### FRONTIER

**M**AN thought the world was flat and that if he stepped off its edge he would fall into space. But he was mistaken, the earth was as round as the Dutch cheese on his breakfast table. He crossed the icy barrier to reach the poles and climbed the highest mountain to stand on top of the world. He crossed the perilous seas and the burning wastes of desert land. He discovered the laws of nature and met with success in many ventures. But there is one frontier that he has not explored. If I tell you that that frontier is within a radius of seventeen miles from you, you will probably wonder if there is any grey matter in my brain. Look up into the sky and see the stars and the moon and ask yourself the question, "Can I get up there?" Likely you have been up there in your imagination, but has your earth-confined body in reality travelled through space and touched the various planets? In the unreal world of films man has soared to the moon or to Mars but man has so far not breathed any other air than that of this earth. Doctors have conquered the diseases that threaten our earthly lives but they are still struggling to find a way in which man can go far out into space without succumbing to the dangers that are in store for him in the hostile heavens.

This earth is surrounded by a jacket of air and we are moving about at the bottom of this atmospheric ocean as the fishes in the sea. The atmosphere exerts a pressure and it is under this pressure that we must breathe or else die. It is only air under pressure that can force its way into the lungs with negative pressure. This ocean of air is no more than sixty-three thousand feet deep and if we were to leave our "ocean bed" and float to the top, our blood would bubble and effervesce, there would be no more breathing and within seventeen seconds brain damage with instantaneous death would follow.

Another phenomenon is that of weightlessness. Do I hear some one saying, "This is interesting. I have always been troubled with surplus fat. Here is a chance to lose that excess weight." Well, my friend, if you took a high speed turn in an air-craft you would momentarily lose all your weight. You would fly up into the air and so would all other objects in the cockpit, stay dangerously suspended from the roof for a minute, and then fall back to normal position. Centrifugal force would have thrown you up during the roller-coaster arc, and since you would be so far from the earth, gravity, which attracts you to the earth's centre, would be negative, and negative gravity is negative weight.

The opposite is also true — your weight may become six times what it is when a high speed turn is attempted on the air border. As the gravity increases, muscles sag and you would not look handsomer than a bull-dog, the blood would rush out of the brain — a blackout in ten seconds, and presto! you would fall to the earth with flames playing around you.

Aviation medicine-men have to create all these conditions artificially on earth, to study their effects and overcome the challenge of man's vertical barrier. We know a lot about the other planets but we have to wait before we can sally forth on rocket trips to Mars or elsewhere and discover the truth for ourselves. Perhaps within fifty or a hundred years man might be able to go to the moon, and once there race the Coronation Scot or battle with strange beings on Mars. But while we await that day, the hostile heavens are still an unexplored frontier.

MARY REDDY (II U.C.)

**“T”**

**IS**

**FOR**

**TERMITES**

**T**ERMITES! a most unseemly place for such a topic! The very enemy of the College walls; the object of all the paint, kerosene and similar defences on the College doors; the one most uninvited guest . . . yes, alas, there hardly seems anything praiseworthy to be said in favour of brother Termite. And yet . . . shall we not investigate the dark recesses of the lowly termite domicile and see if something can be unearthed to his credit? I can just hear that sniff of disgust! “Humph, who could say anything good about a termite?” Now, now, no hasty judgments. All scientific investigations must be impartial. All prejudices aside, now let’s take the dive.

Perhaps you would like to begin with the dwelling place of friend Termite, excuse me, friends Termites — a termite is never alone, solitude is a thing unknown to him. Termite dwellings vary. There is the simple type consisting of only a series of galleries excavated in wood which you have probably found in your furniture. There are other species which live underground and work havoc among roots of crops. And still others build termitaria above the ground. These dwelling places are built of earth and may reach a remarkable height. One has been recorded in Australia — 20 ft. high. Now that is something of a skyscraper, considering the size of a termite.

And now what about the occupants of the termitarium? There are termites and there are termites! First of all there is the king and queen. The royal pair are usually confined to a special “royal cell”, deeply hidden in the recesses of the termitarium. They are the original founders of the colony. The royal couple are de-alated, that is, they have had their “wings clipped”. There are other winged forms in the colony which have yet to take flight and many of them will later leave the colony to start new foundations of the Termite nation.

But by far the most interesting forms to be found are those without wings. These are the “pillars” of the termite society. Most numerous among them are the “workers”.

Upon the workers devolve most of the household tasks of the community. You will find them scurrying here and there — feeding the queen, caring for the babies, foraging for food and in some cases even caring for fungus gardens which are found in special chambers and used for food. The workers also make the termite abode and see to its repair. I don't think they have a trade union — nor will you find them campaigning for shorter hours and higher wages. They're really a wonderful lot!

Next come the soldiers. The soldier is really a charming little fellow but he has a rather big head. You might think that is a drawback but actually it is one of his biggest assets (excuse the pun). Now there are two types of soldiers — one has big jaws and the other a long nose and small jaws. It is not really a nose but it is just where a nose should be, so we'll call it a nose, even though some "high brow" scientists call it a "rrrrrostrum".

The soldiers see to the defence of the colony. Do you know that the ant is the bitterest enemy of a termite? And when any busy little ant sticks his nose into a termite dwelling, he will be soon seized by the jaws of a soldier and forcibly ejected. Some of the soldiers with the big jaws, however, have these so badly twisted that their unfortunate owners cannot seize anything, not even an ant. In this case they just shake their fiercely twisted jaws at friend ant and give him such a fright that he withdraws. Now what about the long nose? The nosy soldier cannot seize an enemy with his jaws but his nose is something like a squirt gun from which he can eject a repellent fluid which serves to deter an enemy. And finally, — the big head. This has several advantages. If, for example, the termitarium is in need of repairs, the soldier will gladly stick his head in a hole until the workers can repair it. In some species the soldiers make a distinct and audible sound by banging their heads on the floor as a signal of danger to the colony. Now that's what you call "using your head".

The workers and soldiers will never leave the colony to make new foundations. That joy is reserved to winged forms. When the rainy season is upon us many soldiers and workers may be seen "buzzing" around preparing for the "swarm". The workers make holes for the exit of the "swarmers" and many soldiers and workers congregate around these forms to bid a fond farewell to their winged companions. You have seen a termite swarm, I'm sure. Hundreds of winged "white ants" cluster around lights which have a mysterious attraction for them. After some time they lose their wings and mating takes place. Each pair withdraws underground and becomes the king and queen of a new termite colony.

Now, I suppose, you are still not convinced that there is something to be said for termites. But don't forget those self-sacrificing workers and soldiers who give their lives and bang their heads for their community with nothing to gain but a headache!

A. Z.



## வண்மை

“ கல்வி தறுகண் புகழ்மை கொடை யெனச்  
சொல்லப்பட்ட பெருமிதம் நான்கே ”

என ஒன்பான் சுவைகளில் ஒன்றான பெருமிதம், மேற்கூறப்பட்ட நான்கின் அடிப்படையில் தோன்றும் என்றார் இயற்றமிழ் ஆசிரியரான ஒல்காம்புகழ்த் தொல்காப்பியனார். இவற்றுள் ஒன்று கொடை என்பது. ‘ உயிரும் உடம்பும் உறுப்பும் முதலாகிய எல்லாப் பொருளும் கொடுத்தல் கொடை ’ என்பது பேராசிரியர் கருத்து. இத்தலையாய கொடை வண்மை எனவும் குறிக்கப்படும். சங்கத்தமிழ் நூல்கள் வண்மையைக் குறித்துப் பலவாறாகப் பேசுகின்றன. அழியும் பொருளைக் குறைபடாது கொடுத்து, அழியாப் புகழ் பெற்றவர் பலர்.

வள்ளல் என்றவாறே, பலருக்கும், கடையெழு வள்ளல்களைப்பற்றிய நினைவு தோன்றுவது இயல்பே. இவர்களில், சிறப்பித்துச் சொல்லப்படுபவன் பாரி. ‘ தான் ’ என்ற எண்ணத்தோடு கொடுப்பதைவிட, தன்னை மறந்த நிலையில் கொடுத்தல் சிறந்தது. முல்லைக்குத் தேரைக் கொழு கொம்பாக விட்டு, நடந்து சென்றவன் கொடைமடம்பட்ட பாரி. மேகத்தைக் கண்டு மயில் ஆட, அது குளிரால் நடுங்குவதாக மயங்கி, தான் மேல் போர்த் திருந்த பட்டாடையை எடுத்துப் போர்த்திச் சென்றவன் பேகன். குமணன் என்பான், தன் தலையையே கொடுக்க முன்வந்தான். ‘ தன்கைம் புக்க குறுநடைப் புறவின் தபுதி அஞ்சி, சீரை புக்கவன் ’ சிபிச்சக்கரவர்த்தி. இதிகாசச் சோலையில், வண்மையில் வண்மையாய்த் திகழ்ந்தவன் கன்னன் என்பதையும் யாவரும் அறிவர். வள்ளலாக விளங்குவோனைக் குறித்துப் புகழும்போது, ‘ கொடுத்துக் கொடுத்துக் கை நீண்டவன் ’ என்று கூறுவர். ‘ அலம்புரிந்த நெடுத்தடக்கை ’ என்று இறைவனைக் குறித்து ஓர் ஆழ்வார் கூறுகின்றார். பெற்றுக்கொள்பவர், கை நிரம்பியவாறே, மேலும் கொள்ள இயலாமல் ‘ போதும்! போதும்! ’ என்று சொல்லுமளவும் கொடுக்கின்றவன் அவன். என்னே ! அவன் வண்மை ! !

இத்தகைய கொடையே, நிலையில்லா இப்பூவுலகில், நிலையான புகழைப்பெற உதவும் என்றார் வள்ளுவப் பெருந்தகை. ‘ ஈதல் இசைபட வாழ்தல் ’ என்று வண்மையில் சிறந்த வள்ளுவப் பெருமான் கூறிப்போந்தார். ஒருவனுக்கு, அவன் வேண்டிய பொருளை மட்டும் கொடாது, உலகத்தோர்க்கு அவரவர் வேண்டியதெல்லாம் பெறும் பொருட்டு, எடுக்க எடுக்கக் குறையாத கருவூலமாய்த் திகழும் அரியதோர் நூலையே தந்தவர் ஆதலால், இவரை வள்ளல்களில் தலையாயவர் என்று கூறலாம். இவர் கருத்துப்படி, ஈகை என்பது ‘ வறியார்க்கு ’ ஒன்று ஈதலேயாகும். பொருளைக் கொடுப்பவன், மேகம் போன்று கைம் மாறு கருதாமல் கொடுப்பதும், பெறுபவன், தான் பெற்ற பொருளை மீண்டும் கொடுக்க இயலாத நிலையில் வறியனாய் இருக்க, இந்நிலையில் கொடுக்கப்பெறுவது ஈகையாகும். ‘ ஈந்தே கடந்தான் இரப்போர் கடலை ’ என்று தசரதனைக் குறித்துப் புகழ்ந்துள்ளார் கம்பர்.

‘ மன்னன் எவ்வழி, அவ்வழி குடிகள் ’ என்பதற்கேற்ப, கோசல நாட்டு மக்கள் இயல்பைக் கம்பர்,

“ பெருந்தடங்கட் பிறை நுதலார்க்கெலாம்  
பொருந்து செல்வமும் கல்வியும் பூத்தலால்  
வருந்தி வந்தவர்க்கீதலும் வைகலும்  
விருந்துமன்றி விளைவன யாவையே ”

என்றார். இதே நாட்டுப்படலத்தில், சில பாடல்கட்குப் பின்னர், ‘ வண்மை யில்லை ஓர் வறுமை பின்மையால் ’ என்று கூறியுள்ளது முரண்படத் தோன்றுகிறது. அயோத்தி அணியாய்த் திகழும் கோசல நாட்டில், ‘ கொள்வாருமில்லை கொடுப்பாரும் இல்லை ’. ஆனால், பிறநாடுகளினின்றும் வறிஞர் வருவாராயின், வருநிதியை வரையாது வழங்கும் வண்மை புடையவர் இந்நாட்டு மக்கள் என்பதால், இது முரணாகாது.

பண்டைப் பெரும் புலவர்கள், புரவலர்க்கு உறுதுணையாய் அமைந்து, அவரது நல்லியல்புகளைப் புகழ்ந்து பாடித் தாம் வேண்டும் பரிசிலைப் பெற்று மகிழ்ந்து, வாழ்ந்தனர். தான் பெற்றதோடன்றி, வழியில் எதிர்ப்பட்ட புலவர்களைக் கண்டவாறே, பொருளை வாரி வழங்கும் மன்னர்களிடத்தும், வள்ளல்களிடத்தும் சென்று, பெருளைப் பெறுமாறு அனுப்பினர் என்றும் ‘ ஆற்றுப்படை ’ நூல்கள் வாயிலாக அறிந்து கொள்ளலாம்.

இனி, புகழ்ச்சிக்கு வயப்பட்டுப் பொருள் கொடுத்தலை நோக்குவோம். மக்களிடத்துப் பொதுவாகக் காணப்படும் இயல்பு ஒன்று உண்டு. ஒருவன் மற்றொருவனைப் புகழ்வானாயின், புகழுகையைக் கேட்கின்றவன் உள்ளம் மகிழ்ச்சியால் நிறைந்து, இயல்பாகப் பொருள் கொடாதவனானும், இந்நிலையில் பொருளைக் கொடுக்க முன் வருவான். இத்தகைய ஒருவனைப்பற்றிப் பழைய உரைப்பகுதி அறிவிப்பது வியக்கத்தக்கது. வழங்காத கையனை ‘ மாரியனைய கை ’, என்றும், தோள் வலிமையற்றவனை, ‘ மால்வரையொக்கும் திண் தோள் ’ என்று கூறியும் பரிசு பெறுவது உண்டு. இதுபோல, ஒரு வறிஞன் ஆனால் அறிஞன், பரிசுபெற ஒரு செல்வந்தனிடம் சென்றான். இவன் ‘ மொட்டைத்தலையன் ’ என உரைப் பகுதியில் குறிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளான். இவனைக்கண்ட அறிஞன், இவனிடத்து இல்லாததைக் கண்டுகொண்டான். இவன், அங்கும் இங்குமாகச் சென்று, தன் செயல்களைச் செய்வதைக் கண்டவாறே, “ நீவிர், ‘ குழலசைய குழலசைய ’ இவ்வாறு பணி செய்யலாமோ ” என்றான் அறிஞன். இச் சொற்களைக் கேட்டவன், தன் நிலையை மறந்து, மனமகிழ்ந்து வறிஞனுக்கு ஒரு கோட்டை நெல் அளித்தான். அதனைப் பெற்றவாறே, மிக்க மகிழ்ச்சியோடு புறப்பட்டான். அண்மையில், மற்றொரு வறிஞன் எதிர்ப்பட்டான். வந்தவன், ‘ நீ இவ்வளவு நெல் யாரிடமிருந்து பெற்றாய்? ’ என வினவினான். பரிசு பெற்றவன், ‘ அண்மையில், ஒரு மொட்டைத்தலையன் உள்ளன் ; அவன் கொடுத்தான் ’ என்றான். செல்லும் வழியையும் கூறிச் சென்றான். பரிசு பெறச் சென்றவன், செல்வந்தனைக் கண்டவாறே, ‘ உம்மிடம் ஒரு கோட்டை நெல் பெற்றவன், உம்மை மொட்டைத்தலையன் என இகழ்ந்து செல்லுகின்றானே ’ எனத் தெரிவிக்கவும், அவன் மிக்க சினங் கொண்டவனாகி, அவனைப் பிடித்துவரத் தானே புறப்பட்டான். ஓடோடியும் சென்றான். ஒரு கோட்டை நெல்லைச் சுமந்து செல்பவன், பின்னால் ஒருவன் தன்னைத் தூரத்துவதை அறிந்தான். மூட்டையைச் சுமந்துகொண்டு விரைவாக ஓட இயலவில்லை. அவன் மூளை வேலை செய்தது. திடீரென்று திரும்பினான். தனக்கருகே வரும் செல்வந்தனைக் கண்டவாறே, “ நீவிர் ‘ குழலசைய குழலசைய ’ இவ்வாறு ஓடிவருவானேன் ? ஒரு சொல், சொல்லி அனுப்பினால், நான் வந்து சேர்ந்திருப்பேனே ” எனத் தெரிவித்தான். என்னே! இவன் அறிவின் தன்மை ! மிக்க சினத்தோடு ஓடி வந்தவன், இச் சொல்லைக் கேட்டவாறே, அழகிய குழல் தாழ்வதாக நினைத்து,

‘உனக்கு இன்னும் ஒரு கோட்டை நெல் தர, அழைத்துச் செல்லவே வந்தேன்’ என்றான். என்னே! இவன் சொல்லின் தன்மை! தன்னைச் சற்றுமுன் இகழ்ந்தான் எனக்கேட்டவன், மீண்டும் புகழுரையைக் கேட்டவாறே, இகழ்ச்சியை மறந்து, புகழ்ச்சியைப் பெரிதாக நினைந்து, இரு மடங்காகப் பொருள் கொடுக்க முன்வந்த இவனுடைய புகழ்ச்சிக்கு வயப்படும் தன்மை வியக்கத்தக்கதன்றோ! !

புகழ்ச்சிக்கு வயப்படுவது உலக இயல்பாயிருக்க, இதற்கு மாறுபட்ட ஒருவனைக் குறித்து, ஒரு தனிப்பாடல் தெரிவிக்கின்றது.

“ கல்லாத ஒருவனை நான் கற்றாய் என்றேன்  
காடெறியு மறவனை நாடாள்வாய் என்றேன்  
பொல்லாத ஒருவனை நான் நல்லாய் என்றேன்  
மல்லாரும் புயமென்றேன் சூம்பல் தோளை  
வழங்காத கையனை நான் வள்ளலென்றேன்  
இல்லாது சொன்னேனுக்கு இல்லை என்றான்  
யானு மென்றன் குற்றத்தால் ஏகின்றேனே ”

என ஒரு புலவர் தாம் புகழ்ந்த ஆற்றையும், இப்புகழ்ச்சியால் பெற்ற பலனையும் தெரிவித்துள்ளார் !!!

புகழ்ச்சிக்கு வயப்பட்டுப் பொருளை அளிப்பதைவிட, கைம்மாறு கருதாது கொடுக்கும் கொடையே வண்மையாகும். இவ்வண்மை, இவ்வுலக வாழ்வில், இன்றியமையாததோர் அருஞ்செயலே. நம் தமிழகத்தில் வாழ்ந்த சமயப் பெரியோருடைய மனநிலை, இந்நிலைக்கும் அப்பாற்பட்டது. நாயன்மார்களும், ஆழ்வார்களும் அறிவுறுத்துவது வேறு !! ஒப்புயர்வில்லாத பாடல்களைப் பாடியருளிய, இறைவனுக்கு ஒப்பான அறிவுடைய சுந்தரர்,

“ நலமிலாதானை நல்லனே யென்றும், நரைத்த மாந்தரை இளையனே என்றும்  
குலமிலாதானைக் குலவனே என்று கூறினும் கொடுப்பார் இலை ;  
புலமெலாம் வெறிகமழும் பூம்புகலூரைப் பாடுமின் புலவீர்கள் !  
அலமராதமருலகு ஆள்வதற்கி யாதும் ஐயுறவில்லையே ” —(தேவாரம்).

என்றார். ஆழ்வார்களில், தலைவராகக் கருதப்படும், உலகிற்கு மாறான இயல்புடையவையால் ‘ மாறன் ’, எனப்படும் நம்மாழ்வார், ஓர் பாசரத்தில், ‘ பச்சைப்பசும் பொய்கள் ’ பேசிய பரிசு பெறும் கவிகட்கு ஓர் அறிவுரை கூறுகின்றார். நாவீறு படைத்த கவிகளே ! பொய், பசும் பொய், பச்சைப் பசும் பொய், என இத்தகைய மொழிகளால் புகழ்ந்து, பெரும் பொருள் அழியும் தன்மை வாய்ந்தது. கொடுப்போனும், பெறுபவனும், கொடுக்கப்படும் பொருளும் என இம் மூன்றும் விரைவில் அழிந்துபடும். ஆதலால், உங்கள் நாவன்மையை இறைவனைப் பாடுவதில் பயன்படுத்தினால், அழியாத இன்பப்பேறு பெறுவீர் ! என்று தெரிவிக்கின்றார். பட்டினத்தடிகள் என்ற பெரியாரும், ‘ பொய் மிடைந்த புன் மொழியால் இச்சை உரையோமே ’ என்றார்.

வண்மையில் வண்மையாய்த் திகழ்ந்து, புகழேணியின் உச்சியில் நின்றவர்களும், இறைவனைக் குறித்துப் பல்லாயிரம் பாடல்கள் பாடியருளிய (இதுவும் வண்மையே ! ! ) சமயப் பெரியோர்களும், வழிகாட்டிய நெறியில் நாமும் செல்வோமானால், இறுதியில், உறுதியாக, இறைவன் திருவருளைப் பெறுவோம் என்பதில் யாதோர் ஐயமுமில்லை !

MRS. B. JAYALAKSHMI  
Lecturer in Tamil

## कालिदासस्य अभिमतं सौन्दर्यम् ।

सौन्दर्यस्यान्वेषणं इति यत् सा नृणां स्वभाविकेच्छा, अपि च कवीनां तीव्राभिलाषः । सौन्दर्यं यद्यपि सर्वेषां चक्षुर्मनः हृदयात्मनां प्रीतिं जनयति, तथापि किं नाम सौन्दर्यं, तस्य लक्षणं किम्, को वा तस्यार्थः, किं तस्य तात्पर्यम्, आत्मसौन्दर्ययोः कः सम्बन्धः, इति सुव्यक्तं ज्ञातुं न शक्यते ॥ यदि ज्ञायते तर्हि, अपरस्य हृदयंगमतया तत्प्रकटीकरणं अतीव दुष्करम् ।

अस्य अत्यद्भुतस्य च अस्थिरवस्तुनः रहस्यं तत्त्वतः कालिदासेन सम्यक् ज्ञातं ॥ मर्त्यधर्माणां नराणां मुखेषु च गात्रेषु या कान्तिः स्फुरति, सा समन्ततः प्रकाशमानायाः प्रकृतेरंश एव इति कविश्रेष्ठः कालिदासः स्वाभिप्रायं अनेकेषु श्लोकेषु आविष्करोति ॥ मानुषी कान्तिः किसलयकुसुमादयः इव न केवलमतीव रमणीया अपि चानित्या ॥ तस्मादनेन महाकविना अङ्गनानां सौन्दर्यं प्रवालपुष्पादिभिः उपमीयते । यथा शाकुन्तले नायिकां वर्णयन्नाह—अधरः किसलयरागः कोमल विटपानुसारिणौ बाहू ।

कुसुममिव लोभनीयं यौवनमङ्गेषु संनद्धम् ॥ इति ॥ अत्र शकुन्तलायाः अधरः किसलयवत् रक्तः, बाहू मृदुविटपसदृशौ, अङ्गेषु चित्ताकर्षकं पुष्पसदृशं यौवनं व्याप्तमिति वर्णयता कविना नराणां सौन्दर्यस्य अनित्यरमणीयत्वं ध्वनितं ॥

एवमेवासौ कविपुंगवः प्रकृतेः सौन्दर्यस्य वर्णनावसरे प्रकृतेः मरणशीलैः मानुषैः साम्यं प्रकाशयति ॥ कुमारसंभवे तृतीयसर्गे वसन्तावतारं वर्णयन्नाह—

लग्नद्विरेफाञ्जनभक्तिचित्रं मुखे मधुश्रीः तिलकं प्रकाशय ।

रागेण बालारुण कामलेन चूतप्रवालोष्ठमलंचकार ॥ इति ॥

अत्र वसन्ताभिधा श्रीः भ्रमररूपं तिलकं स्वमुखे प्रकाशय, अधरसदृशे चूतप्रवाले बालार्कलाक्षारागेण अलंचकार इति वसन्तलक्ष्मीः स्त्रिया सार्धमुपमीयते कविना ॥

ऋतुसंहारे अयं कविकुलगुरुः शरत्कालं उपमेयस्थाने निधाय, नववधूमुपमानस्थाने कृत्वा च वर्णयति यथा—

काशांशुका विकचपद्ममनोजवक्त्रा सोन्मादहंसरव नूपुरनादरम्या ।

आपक्वशालिरुचिरा तनुगात्रयष्टिः प्राप्ता शरन्नवधूरिव रूपरम्या ॥

तस्मात् प्रकृतेः अंशभूता कान्तिरेव नृणां शरीराणि प्रकाशयति ॥ अपि च सा कान्तिः यथा द्वया तथा नित्या इत्यसौ कविः जानाति, अपि च स्वग्रन्थेषु उत्थोषयति ॥

किं तर्हि सौन्दर्यं नाम ? 'क्षणे क्षणे यन्नवतामुपैति तदेव रूपं रमणीयतायाः इति प्राचीनाः वदन्ति ।

सौन्दर्यं नाम अत्यन्तवशीकरणवस्तु ॥ अपि च आत्मनः नित्यानन्दस्य बाह्यावस्थाविशेषः ॥ सौन्दर्यं केवलं न शारीरं वस्तु, शरीरसंयुक्तं वा ॥ मार्दवं, कान्तिः इत्यादीनि तस्य सामान्यलक्षणानि ॥ न तु सारप्रदर्शकानि ॥ सौन्दर्यं हि शरीरातीतः, आत्मीयः गुणविशेषः ॥ तच्च सदा प्रतिक्षणं नवीनं, विस्मयजनकं च भवति ॥ सौन्दर्याख्यस्य गुणस्य सन्निधौ आत्मा विनोदयति ॥ यतः तस्मिन्नवसरे आत्मा ब्रह्मानन्दसदृशं प्रमोदमनुभवति, किं तु एतादृशः आनन्दः शरीरेन्द्रियतोषणेन जातात् संतोषात् व्यतिरिक्तः ॥ • शरीरसंबन्धी प्रीतिः शरीरज्ञानेनैव जायते ॥ आनन्दस्तु वैषयिकं सुखमतिक्रम्य आविर्भवति ॥ सौन्दर्यं नित्यस्य आनन्दस्य प्रतिकृतिः, अपि च आनन्दमेव जनयति ॥ इश्वरोऽपि आनन्दः, प्रेममयः, सौन्दर्यस्वरूपी इति वर्ण्यते ॥

कालिदासस्य सौन्दर्यस्वरूपं आत्मसंबन्धि, शरीरातीतदिव्यस्वरूपं इत्यस्माभिः न विस्मरणीयं ॥ ईदृशं शरीरातिशयितं सौन्दर्यमेव कालिदासः सौशील्येन, अनुरागेण च संयोजयति ॥ सौन्दर्यस्य आवश्यकानि लक्षणानि स्पष्टं दर्शयति कविरसौ ॥ सौन्दर्यस्य वर्णने सारभूतः अपि च कालिदासस्य उत्कृष्ट-श्लोकेषु एकः अयमेव—

अनाघ्रातं पुष्पं किसलयमलूनं कररुहैः  
अनाविद्धं रत्नं मधुनवमनास्वादितरसं ।  
अखण्डं पुण्यानां फलमिव च तद्रूपमनघं  
..... ॥

श्लोकेऽस्मिन्ननुपदमुपमातिशयः दृश्यते । पुष्पप्रवाले नूतनहृद्ये किं तु अनित्ये कृशे ॥ रत्नस्य कान्तिः चिरकालं प्रकाशते । नवं मधु आकर्षणगुणान्तरसहितं ॥ 'अखण्डं पुण्यानां फलमिव' इत्यनेन उपमानेन सौन्दर्यं न केवलं सौकुमार्येण, कान्त्या, नूतनतया माधुर्येण च युक्तं प्रकाशते, किं तु तदीश्वरेण भक्तिपुण्यादिगुणोत्कृष्टस्य कृतः उपहारः इति द्योतयति कालिदासः ॥

कवयः स्वभावतः कान्तिमार्दवादीनां सौन्दर्यगुणानां वर्णने साभिलाषाः वर्तन्ते ॥ कविसार्वभौमः कालिदासस्तु मानुषामानुषसौन्दर्यवर्णनेन तृप्तिं न लेभे ॥ सौन्दर्यं मर्त्यलोके दिव्यलोके च कीदृशं स्थानमर्हतीति तेन संयक् अवगतं ॥ यदि सौन्दर्यमस्माकं लौकिक व्यवहाराणां विस्मारकं, द्विव्यांशस्य प्रकाशकं तर्हि तदस्मदुद्धारकं वस्तु ॥ किं तु यदि केवलं अल्पेन्द्रियाह्लादकं, अस्माकं साक्षात् पशुभावं च प्रकटयिष्यति, तदा तदल्पं वस्तु भवति ॥ कालिदासस्य आत्मोद्धारकं सौन्दर्यमेवाभिमतं, तदेवासौ प्रशंसति, तस्यैव गुणान् वर्णयति ॥ शाकुन्तले अपि च कुमारसंभवे सदाचारोपेतं सौन्दर्यमेव शाश्वतं, तादृशस्य सौन्दर्यस्य अत्युत्कृष्टस्वरूपं संयतः अक्षोभितः अनुराग एव, अपि च संयतसौन्दर्यमेव रमणीयं, असंयतं तु आशु क्षीणतामुपैति इत्येतान् सूचयति कविश्रेष्ठः ॥

शंभोः चित्ताकर्षणे उमायाः दिव्यसौन्दर्यमपि नापारयत्, किं तु तस्याः तपोमाहात्म्येन शान्तो दान्तः इश्वरोऽपि आकृष्टः इति वर्णनावसरे एव कालिदासः स्वकौशलातिशयं प्रदर्शयति । 'अद्य प्रभृति अवनताङ्ग तवास्मि दासः क्रीतः तपोभिः' इत्युमां प्रति शिवेनोक्तैः वचोभिः, कविः सौन्दर्यं भक्तिजनकं भवेत्, सा भक्तिरपि अस्मानीश्वरसन्निधिं नेष्यति इति ध्वनयति ॥

कालिदासेन सम्मानितं सौन्दर्यं अत्यन्तक्षमायुक्तं, सदाचारसहितं, विनयोपेतं । तच्च त्यागेन संपूर्तिमान्णोति, दुःखानुभवेन तुष्टिमधिगच्छति, भक्तिशुश्रूषादिभिः शाश्वतीं पदवीं लभते ॥ अस्य महाकवेः सूक्तयः पुनः पुनः सेविताः अनुचिन्तिताश्च अमन्दमानन्दमातनोति ॥

॥ तुलसी ॥

## मेरी नैनीताल की यात्रा

नैनीताल भारत का “समर रीसाट” है। यह भारत के उत्तर में बसा हुआ है। यह समुद्र की सतह से काफी ऊँचाई पर बसा हुआ है। यह शहर ठण्डा है इसलिये भारत के कोने-कोने से लोग यहाँ पर अपनी गर्मी की छुट्टी बिताने आते हैं। यहाँ पर सिर्फ भारतवासी ही नहीं, लेकिन कई विदेशी लोग भी आते हैं और कई तो यहीं के निवासी बन गये हैं। यहाँ पर ऊँची पहाड़ी पर “नैनी देवी” का मन्दिर बसा हुआ है इसलिये इस शहर का नाम ‘नैनीताल’ रखा गया है।

हमेशा इसके ऊपर आकाश पर बादल मँडराते रहते हैं। वर्षा ऋतु में तो हमेशा धीमी-धीमी वर्षा होती रहती है। सवेरा तो इतना ठण्डा होता है कि मानों बर्फ की वर्षा हुई हो।

वहाँ अपने घरवालों के साथ गई तो हर रोज हम सब फिरने जाते थे। जैसे कि यह पहाड़ी शहर है यहाँ पर ‘बस’ ऊपर-ऊपर गोल फिरती जाती है। ‘बस’ में इसलिये बहुत मजा आता है। ‘बस’ जब किसी पहाड़ी पर चढ़ती है तो ‘बस’ में बैठनेवाले पानी-पानी हो जाते हैं क्योंकि बादल मनुष्य के शरीर को छू कर पानी हो जाते हैं। मैं तो जब भी ‘बस’ में जाती थी तो अपने दोनों हाथ बाहर बादलों की सफेदी पकड़ने के लिए फैला देती थी। कितना ही पकड़ने पर भी मैं उन्हें पकड़ नहीं सकती थी वे मेरे हाथ में आते ही पानी होकर मेरे हाथ गीले कर देते थे। मैं तो तब नन्हीं बचची थी। मैं समझती थी कि मेरे माँ-बाप मुझे स्वर्ग में ले आये हैं। क्योंकि ‘बस’ बहुत ऊपर गोल-गोल फिरती चढ़ती जाती थी। सफेद बादल मुझे परियां प्रतीत हुईं। मैं सोचती थी कि ये मेरे हाथ में आकर जादू के जरिये गुम हो जाती थीं। मैं इसे अपना खेल समझकर आनन्द उठाने लगती थी। मेरे लिये यह सचमुच परिस्तान था।

यहाँ पर एक सड़क है जो बहुत प्रसिद्ध है क्योंकि इसके दोनों ओर दो तालाब हैं, वे तलीताल और भलीताल के नाम से प्रसिद्ध हैं। सर्दी के दिनों में यहाँ पर बर्फ जमी रहती है और ये दो शान्त, सफेद तालाब सूर्य किरणों से दीप्त हो उठते हैं। दोपहर को सूर्य वी गर्मी से बर्फ पिघल जाती है और उनसे छम-छम करती हुई, नन्हीं-नन्हीं पानी की लहरें दिखने लगती हैं जैसे नई दुल्हन छम-छम करती हुई, शरमाती धीरे-धीरे चलती हो।

नैनी देवी का मन्दिर रात के समय पूरा बिजलियों से सज जाता है और रात के अँधेरे में दूर से बिजलियों की रोशनी तारों की तरह टमकने लगती है। वह शहर में सबसे ऊँचे पहाड़ पर है जिससे उसकी रोशनी शहर के किसी भी स्थान से दिखाई देती है मानों सभी राहगीरों को इशारा कर अपनी ओर बुला रही हो। मन्दिर की यह रोशनी बहुत ही आकर्षक है। इसे बिना देखे नैनीताल से कोई वापस नहीं लौटता।

यहाँ के 'काफ़ी-घर' व 'चाय घर' बहुत बड़े व स्वच्छ हैं। देशी और विदेशी लोगों के लिये अलग-अलग होते हैं। ये घर शहर के बीच बसे होते हैं जिससे आगन्तुकों को आसानी हो। इन घरों में बड़े-बड़े छज्जे होते हैं, जहाँ खड़े होकर शहर के रमणीय दृश्य का दिग्दर्शन हो सकता है।

यहाँ पर सरकारी अफ़सरो के लिये स्थान और राजा-महाराजाओं के लिये सुन्दर महल बने हैं जहाँ गर्मियों के दिनों में वे आकर अपना जी बहलाते हैं। ये महल भी बहुत आकर्षक ढंग से बने हुए हैं। यहाँ के बड़े-बड़े बाज़ार भी देखने लायक हैं। सर्दी के कारण ज्यादातर लोग गर्म कोट और पाँवों में बरसाती जूते पहन कर चलते हैं। यहाँ पर गोरे लोग अधिक रहते हैं इसलिये गोरे लोग सफ़ेद देश की शोभा में मानों चार चाँद लगा देते हैं।

यहाँ पर तरकारियाँ व फल बहुत अच्छे व ताज़े मिलते हैं। टमाटर तो इतने बड़े व लाल होते हैं कि मैंने और कहीं अभी तक ऐसे टमाटर नहीं खाए हैं। हम तो सुबह उठते चाय से पहले ही एक-दो टमाटर खाकर पेट भरलेते वे भी इतने ठण्डे जैसे बर्फ के टुकड़े। यहाँ के सेब भी बड़े व स्वादिष्ट होते हैं, खाने में फिर क्या स्वाद कि मिसरी से भी मीठे। यहाँ पर एक तरह की मिठाई भी मिलती है जिसे 'मिसरी मावा' कहते हैं यह सफ़ेद होती है और खाने में मीठी होती है। सब लोग इसे बहुत पसन्द करते हैं।

मुझे तो यह शहर, और इसके मकान और इस देश के शोभामय मन्दिर बहुत ही पसन्द आये। मैं जिन्दगी में और एक बार नैनीताल जाने की इच्छा रखती हूँ। यह प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य में तो विचित्र है। जब तालाबों के बीच, दोनों तरफ़ पानी और सर पै नील आकाश का दृश्य याद आता है तब तो मेरे मन में खुशी की लहरें ये गा उठती हैं "आ नील गगन तले प्यार हम करें"। ऐसे मौकों पर मनुष्य को ज़रूर अपने साथी की ज़रूरत पड़ती है। ऐसे दृश्य मन को संसार की सभी चिन्ताओं से दूर एक नये संसार में ले चलता है इसलिये इन्सान इसे और भी पसन्द करने लगता है। मैं सोचती हूँ कि काशमीर के अलावा यह भी भारत की पृथ्वी पर एक नया स्वर्ग उत्तर आया है।

V. LEELA (I.U.C.)

# సౌజన్యము

దేవుని దయ సౌజన్యమున లీనమై యుండుటచే నేనీ సౌజన్యమునే యెన్నుకొంటిని. ప్రాన్నిస్సు ఋషి ఇతరులపై దయజూపుటచే కరుణాత్ముడని ప్రఖ్యాతి జెందినాడు.

ఇతరులపై దయజూపుట, సౌజన్యపు సారాంశము. స్వలాభ నిస్పృహత నీయందు నాటుకొని యుండుటచే సహజ సుభజీవితమే దాని ప్రతిఫల మగుచున్నది. అదియే జీవిత కలిమి.

ఈ మంచి గుణములును, జితేంద్రియతయు లేనప్పుడితరులతో సంబంధ మేర్పడి నప్పుడకస్మాత్తుగా జీవితములో కష్టములను బొందవలసివచ్చు నట్లేర్పడును. ఏలనగా సౌజన్య విహీనునకు, ఏకాలమునను, ఎచ్చోటను అగౌరవమే గలుగును.

ఒక మానవుని వైఖం యలక్ష్యముగా జూడబడినను, నిజముగా నది యతి ముఖ్యాంశమగుచున్నది.

ప్రజలు మన నడతల ననుసరించి మనగుణములను గణింతురు. మన శీలము వారికి దెలియ లేక పోవచ్చును. మన నడత వారికి ధృఢమైన భావమును గలిగించు చున్నది. అందువలన మనము మంచి వారమని లేక చెడ్డవారమని నిర్ణయింపబడుచున్నాము. నేను ఒకప్పుడిటువంటి విషయమును గమనించితిని. సంతోషకరమైన నడతలు గల యువకుని ఒక యజమానురాలు దుఃఖభరితురాలైన స్త్రీని గమనించమని చెప్పెను.

తృటి కాలములో నాయజమానురాలు ఎక్కువ సంతోషపడ వలసి వచ్చెను. ఏలనగా ఆ స్త్రీ జెప్పిన ప్రతి విషయముండును జాగ్రత్తపాించు చుండుటయేగాక నాతని సహాయము లేక ఆ విందు రుచింప లేకుండెను. మన సంతోషమును ఆకర్షించు మంచి నడతలు గల మానవుని నడతలను మనమేల యను సరించరాదు ?

మోటుతరమైన వజ్రములు సహితము సౌజన్యమునే గోరుచున్నవి. ధృఢ సౌజన్యత గలుగుటకు మానవుడు ప్రయత్నించవలయును. ప్రయత్నముచే పోగొట్టు కొనున దేమియులేదు. సౌజన్యతచే గలుగు సంతోషమును గమనించి చూడుము. దేవుని దయ పొందిన ఒక సౌజన్య హృదయురాలు ఎల్లప్పుడు ఇతరుల మేలునే గోరుచుండును. సంభవము అల్పమై యుండవచ్చును గాని ఆ సంభవమును నెరవేర్చు పద్ధతయే మిక్కిలి గొప్పది. సౌజన్య హృదయుడై యుండుట పిరికి తనమని కొందరు పురుషులు దలంతురు. ఇందు పురుషత్వ మేమియు లేదు. నడతయొక్క గొప్పదనము మన కందరకు దెలియును.

ఇంగ్లండు దేశపు మహారాజ్ఞి తన వివాహాదిసమున వెస్తుమినిస్టరు దేవాలయమునకు వెళ్ళి తలవని దలంపుగా తన తల్లిదండ్రులకు తన సౌజన్యతను జూపెను. అప్పుడు మరియుమే కాంఫోర్డు “సౌజన్యత కును, గొప్పదనమునకును మించి ఆకర్షింప దగినది ప్రపంచమున మరియొండు గానరామని” నుడివెను.

మంచి తనమునకు గారణమైనది ఇతరులయందు గల లోపములను గణింప కుండుటయే శ్రేష్ఠమని మా తల్లి జెప్పుచుండగా వింటిని.

Miss S. SARADAMBA  
Lecturer in Telugu



# വിമർശനത്തിന്റെ ഉപയോഗവും ദുരുപയോഗവും.

“സാഹിത്യത്തിന്റെ പരമമായ ഉദ്ദേശം, ഐഹികങ്ങളായ സകല ബന്ധങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നും ആത്മാവിനെ സ്വതന്ത്രമാക്കി, ആദർശ ഭൂതവും ആഹ്ലാദ പരവുമായ ഒരു ലോകത്തിൽ നയിപ്പിക്കുകയാണെന്ന് റൊമെയിൽ റോലാൻഡ് എന്ന മഹാൻ അഭിപ്രായപ്പെടുന്നു. ഈ അഭിപ്രായം അംഗീകാർത്ഥമാണെങ്കിൽ അതിനായി പ്രയത്നിക്കുന്ന കവികളെക്കാൾ ഭാഗ്യവാന്മാർ, ആ സങ്കല്പ ലോകത്തിൽ സ്വൈരവിഹാരം ചെയ്ത്, സത്യസൗന്ദര്യങ്ങളുടെ പ്രഭാവം കണ്ടാനന്ദിച്ചു തൃപ്തിയടയുന്ന സഹൃദയന്മാരല്ലേ എന്നു നമുക്ക് സംശയം തോന്നാം. കാവ്യ ലോലുപന്മാരായ സഹൃദയന്മാർക്ക് ലഭിക്കുന്ന ആനന്ദം അനിച്ഛാപ്യം തന്നെ. ഒരു വിധത്തിൽ ചിന്തിക്കുമ്പോൾ വിമർശകന്മാർ ഈ ഭാഗ്യവാന്മാരിൽ പ്രഥമ ഗണനീയരാണെന്നു പറയാം.

വിമർശകന്മാരേയും വിമർശക ലോകത്തേയും പറ്റി പല അഭിപ്രായ ഭിന്നതകളും ഇന്ന് സാഹിത്യ ലോകത്തിൽ പ്രചരിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. സാഹിത്യത്തിനെന്നപോലെ തന്നെ വിമർശനത്തിനും ഒട്ടേറെ വിമർശനങ്ങൾ പല പണ്ഡിതന്മാരും കൊടുത്തിട്ടും ഇന്നും തൃപ്തികരമായ ഒരു തീരുമാനത്തിൽ എത്തിച്ചേർന്നിട്ടില്ല.

ഒരു ഗ്രന്ഥം നല്ലപ്പോലെ പരിശോധിച്ചു അതിൽ കാണുന്ന ദോഷ ഭാഗങ്ങളെ എടുത്തു വിവരിച്ചു സഹൃദയരെ സമ്മതിപ്പിക്കുകയും ഗ്രന്ഥകർത്താവിനെ ഉപദേശിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നതാണ് നിരൂപണമെന്ന് ഒരു കൂട്ടർ പറയുന്നു. എന്നാൽ ഇതിനു നേരെ വിരുദ്ധമായ ഒരു അഭിപ്രായം കൂടിയുണ്ട്. ഏതെങ്കിലും ഒരു ഗ്രന്ഥം നിഷ്കർഷിച്ചു പഠിച്ചു അതിലെ ഗുണഭാഗങ്ങളെ മാത്രം ആരാഞ്ഞറിഞ്ഞു അഭിനന്ദിക്കുന്നതാണ് വിമർശനം എന്നാണ് അറുപതുടെ മതം. ഇനിയും ഒരു കൂട്ടർ പറയുന്നു, ഈ രണ്ടു നിർവ്വചനങ്ങളും പരിപൂർണ്ണമല്ല. ഒരു വിമർശകൻ ഗുണവും ദോഷവും തേടിപ്പിടിച്ചു വിവരിച്ചു, ന്യായാന്യായ വിവേചനം ചെയ്ത് സ്വമതം സ്ഥാപിക്കുന്നതാണ് വിമർശനം എന്ന്.

ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ വിമർശനമാണ് സാഹിത്യമെങ്കിൽ നിരൂപണം ആ വിമർശനത്തിന്റെ ഒരു വിമർശനമാണെന്ന് പറയുന്നതിൽ തെറ്റില്ല. അപ്പൻ തമ്പുരാന്റെ അഭിപ്രായ പ്രകാരം “കവിഹൃദയം വിമർശകന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ പടർന്ന്, ബുദ്ധിനികഷത്തിൽ മാറുമല്ല നോക്കി കാവ്യകാരന്റെ മുഖവും നടപ്പും നോക്കാതെ, സംസ്കൃതമായ സ്വാഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ സ്വൈര്യത്തോടുകൂടി കാവ്യത്തിന്റെ വില മതിക്കുന്ന” പണ്ഡിത

ധർമ്മമാകുന്നു വിമർശനം. ഇവിടെയും ഒരു സംശയം നേരിടുന്നു. കാവ്യത്തിന്റെ വില മതിക്കേണ്ട ആവശ്യം വിമർശകനുണ്ടോ? ആ ഭാരം വായനക്കാർക്ക് വിട്ടുകൊടുത്താൽ പോരെയോ? ഏതായാലും വിമർശനം എഴുപ്പത്തിൽ സ്വാധീനപ്പെടുത്താവുന്ന ഒരു സാഹിത്യപ്രസ്ഥാനമല്ല.

ഈ നിരൂപണംകൊണ്ട് വല്ല പ്രയോജനവും സാഹിത്യത്തിനുണ്ടോ എന്ന് പല പണ്ഡിതന്മാരും സംശയിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. നാം ഷേക്സ്പിയറുടേയോ കാളിദാസന്റേയോ കൃതികൾ സ്വന്തമായി വായിച്ചു രസിക്കാതെ എന്തിന് ഒരു മദ്ധ്യസ്ഥനെ അഭയം തേടുന്നു. ഏതൊരു മഹാകവിയുടേയും കൃതികളെ നാം തന്നെ വായിച്ചു രസിക്കുമ്പോഴുണ്ടാകുന്ന ആനന്ദാനുഭൂതി ഒരു വിമർശകപട്ടവിനും നമുക്കു പ്രദാനം ചെയ്യുവാൻ സാദ്ധ്യമല്ല. ആ മണ്ഡലത്തിൽനിന്ന് വീക്ഷിക്കുമ്പോൾ നിരൂപകൻ ഉപകാരത്തേക്കാളധികം ഉപദ്രവമാണ് ചെയ്യുന്നത്. നിർവൃതിദായകവും അഭൗമവുമായ കാവ്യാനുഭൂതിയുടെ മുൻപിൽ വിമർശകൻ വിലങ്ങടിച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്നതായി നാം കാണുന്നു.

ജീവിതത്തിലെ പ്രാധാന്യമർഹിക്കുന്നതും രസാവഹവുമായ ഒരു യാഥാർത്ഥ്യമാണ് ആത്മവത്ത. കാവ്യത്തിൽ ലയിച്ചു കിടക്കുന്ന കലാകാരന്റെ ആത്മവത്തയേയും കാവ്യത്തിന്റെ വിവിധ പശങ്ങളേയും പരാമർശിച്ചു വിമർശകൻ കാവ്യരചന ചെയ്യുന്നു. അപ്പോൾ ജീവിത വിമർശനം ചെയ്യുന്ന കവിയേയോ നാടക കൃതിനേയോ പോലെതന്നെ നിരൂപകനും ജീവിതത്തെ തന്റെ വിമർശന കലയിൽ കൂടി പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുകയല്ലേ ചെയ്യുന്നത്. സാഹിത്യ നിരൂപണത്തിനും പ്രചോദനം നൽകുന്നത് ജീവിതം തന്നെ. അതുകൊണ്ട് വിമർശനവും ഇതര സാഹിത്യ പ്രസ്ഥാനങ്ങളെപ്പോലെതന്നെ സൃഷ്ടിപരമല്ലേ?

അതിനാൽ സാഹിത്യ നിരൂപണത്തിന്റെ ഉപയോഗത്തേയും ദുരുപയോഗത്തേയും പററി ഈ ഘട്ടത്തിൽ പ്രതിപാദിക്കുന്നത് ലുക്തിയുക്തമായിരിക്കും. എപ്പോഴെല്ലാമാണ് വിമർശകൻ നമ്മെ സഹായിക്കുന്നതെന്നും എപ്പോഴെല്ലാമാണ് നാം അയാളുടെ കെണിയിൽ പെടുന്നതെന്നും നമ്മുടെ അനുഭവങ്ങൾതന്നെ നമ്മെ ചൂണ്ടി കാണിക്കുന്നു. നാം വിമർശകനെ മുൻപിൽ നോക്കാതെ അതേപടി വിശ്വസിച്ചാൽ നാം വഞ്ചിതരായിപ്പോകും. നാം ഒരു ഗ്രന്ഥം പാരായണം ചെയ്ത് അതിലെ കലാഭംഗിയെ ആരാഞ്ഞു ഗ്രഹിക്കാതെ നിരൂപണങ്ങൾകൊണ്ടുമാത്രം തൃപ്തിപ്പെട്ടുകഴിയുമെന്ന് വ്യാമോഹിക്കുമ്പോൾ നമുക്ക് ഭീമമായ തെറ്റു പറയുന്നു. നമ്മുടെ അലസതയും ബുദ്ധിഹീനതയും തന്നെയാണ് നമ്മെ വഴി പിഴുപ്പിക്കുന്നത്. അതിന് നിരൂപകനെ പഴിക്കുന്നത് അനാശാസ്യമാണ്. വിമർശകൻ ഒരു മഹാപണ്ഡിതനാകുമ്പോഴാണ് പലപ്പോഴും വിമർശനത്തിൽ അപകടം പിണയുന്നത്. അയാളിൽ നാം അതിരുകടന്ന് വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നു. അയാളുടെ അഭിപ്രായങ്ങൾ നാം അവസാന തീരുമാനമായി കരുതുന്നു. നാം അയാളുടെ ചിന്താഗതിയിൽ കൂടെത്തന്നെ സഞ്ചരിക്കുന്നു. ഇങ്ങനെ അയാൾ കാവ്യത്തിനും നമുക്കും മുമ്പിൽ ഒരു പ്രതിബന്ധമായി നിൽക്കുന്നു. കാവ്യത്തിൽ നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സിന് സൈപരവിഹാരം ചെയ്യുവാൻ കഴിയുന്നില്ല.

സാഹിത്യ മണ്ഡലത്തിൽ നിരൂപണത്തിനുള്ള ഉപയോഗം ഒരിക്കലും വിന്യസിക്കാവുന്ന ഒന്നല്ല. അതിന്റെ ദേവനം ആവശ്യമില്ലെന്ന് പറഞ്ഞു തള്ളുന്നത് നമ്മെക്കാൾ

ബുദ്ധിമാന്മാരായ വേറെ ആരും ഇല്ലെന്നു പറയുന്നതു പോലെയും, മറ്റൊരുവന്റെ അനുഭവങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും നമുക്ക് യാതൊന്നും ഗ്രഹിക്കാൻ ഇല്ലെന്നു പറയുന്നതു പോലെയുമാണ്. വിമർശകൻ നമ്മെക്കാൾ കൂടുതൽ പാണ്ഡിത്യവും ബുദ്ധിശക്തിയും വിഷയ ഗ്രഹണ സാമർത്ഥ്യവുമുണ്ടെന്ന് നാം വിചാരിക്കണം. അയാൾ എപ്പോഴും അഭിനവമായ ഒരു സംഗതിയെ നമ്മുടെ ദൃഷ്ടിക്ക് ഗോചരീഭവിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. അസ്സഷ്ടമായതിനെ സ്സഷ്ടമാക്കുന്നു, ചിലപ്പോൾ വിശ്വസ്തനും വിശാല മനസ്സനുമായ ഒരു സ്നേഹിതന്റെ നിലയിൽ അയാൾ നമ്മെ ഒരു നവീന മാർഗ്ഗത്തിൽകൂടി അവിചാരിതമായ ഒരു പ്രദേശത്തേക്കു നയിക്കുന്നു. മറ്റു ചിലപ്പോൾ അയാൾ വിപരീതാഭിപ്രായങ്ങളെ തട്ടി ഉണർത്തുന്നു. സൂക്ഷ്മാവലോകനത്തിൽ എപ്പോഴും നമ്മെ പ്രേരിപ്പിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു.

വിമർശകന്റെ കടമ വിപുലമാണ്. അയാളുടെ കശാഗ്രബുദ്ധി കവിതയിലേക്കു മുഴിഞ്ഞിറങ്ങുന്നു. ആ കവിതയുടെ സൈന്ധവ്യവും ശക്തിയും അയാൾ ഗ്രഹിച്ചു മറ്റുള്ളവർക്ക് വെളിപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു. കാവ്യത്തിലുള്ള താല്ക്കാലികവും ശാശ്വതവുമായ വിവിധ ആനന്ദാനുഭൂതിയെ സഹൃദയരുടെ മുൻപിൽ അയാൾ വേർപെടുത്തിക്കാണിക്കുന്നു. ഗ്രന്ഥകാരൻ അറിഞ്ഞും അറിയാതെയും അയാൾക്ക് പ്രചോദനം നൽകിയ കലാഭംഗിയും സന്മാർഗ്ഗ തത്വങ്ങളും വിമർശകന്റെ സൂക്ഷ്മദൃഷ്ടിക്ക് പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെടുന്നു. കാവ്യകാരൻ അസ്സഷ്ടമായി പ്രതിപാദിക്കുന്നവയെ വിമർശകൻ സ്സഷ്ടമാക്കിക്കൊടുക്കുന്നു. ഒരു നല്ല വിമർശനം സഹൃദയർക്ക് ഉത്തേജകവും ഉന്മാദകവുമാണ്. വിമർശനം നമ്മുടെ സാഹിത്യചിന്താവിപ്ലവങ്ങളെയും നമുക്ക് കാവ്യാനുഭൂതിക്കുള്ള ആഗ്രഹം ഉളവാക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. സാഹിത്യലോകത്തിൽ അപ്പപ്പോൾ കടന്നു കൂടുന്ന അനാചാരങ്ങളേയും അനീതികളേയും അത് തടയുന്നു. പ്രകൃതിയിലും മനുഷ്യരിലുമുള്ള മനോഹര ഭാഗങ്ങളെ നമ്മുടെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ പതിപ്പിച്ചു അവയിൽ കൂടുതൽ സ്നേഹം ഉളവാക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. ഇങ്ങനെ വിമർശനംകൊണ്ടുള്ള ഉപയോഗങ്ങൾ ബഹുമാനുഷങ്ങളാണ്.

Mrs. MARGARET JOSEPH  
Lecturer in Malayalam

## NOS JEUNES

### ACTRICES

UN après-midi, les élèves de la première classe de l'Université donnèrent un petit concert à leurs aînées. Elles revêtirent leurs jolis saris blancs et mirent des fleurs dans leurs cheveux.

Le concert commença avec le chant "J'entends le moulin". En entendant leur chant vous pourriez vous imaginer que vous êtes en Hollande, à écouter le bruit des roues du moulin qui tournent.

Puis elles jouèrent une pièce appelée "Faim ou femme". Il vaut mieux que vous appreniez soigneusement votre prononciation française avant que vous alliez en France! C'est ce que vous apprendrez de l'Américain, qui, un jour, en s'asseyant à une table dans un restaurant à Paris, dit: "Garçon, servez-moi vite, j'ai une grande femme". C'est ainsi qu'il prononça le mot "faim".

"Vraiment" dit le garçon surpris, "monsieur a aussi de grands enfants, sans doute?"

Oh! Oh! se dit l'Américain à lui-même, le garçon n'a pas compris . . .  
"Non, non, garçon. Je veux dire que je suis bien fameux".

—Ah! répond le garçon en saluant, je suis bien heureux de l'apprendre.

—Non, répliqua l'Américain, non, garçon, je veux dire que je suis une grande femme.

—Impossible, monsieur, impossible, avec cette longue barbe-là".

—Ah! vous le voyez, il n'est pas si facile de prononcer les mots français! —Après cela quelque chose de sérieux nous enseigna une leçon entièrement différente: Une déclamation (a deux) "La cigale et la fourmi" par La Fontaine.

Avez-vous jamais entendu la plainte du vent? Nos élèves l'ont si bien imitée, en exécutant le chant intitulé: "V'là l'bon vent". Vous auriez cru vous trouver dans une forêt où le vent soufflait à travers les feuilles des arbres.

Puis les étudiantes dansèrent un "Menuet" suivi du chant populaire de "Meunier, tu dors",

Ensuite elles jouèrent une petite comédie: “ Vous ne prenez pas assez d'exercice.” La scène se passait dans le cabinet d'un médecin renommé, mais qui était un charlatan. Un homme jeune entre avec l'air fatigué et se laisse tomber sur une chaise. Le docteur pense qu'il est anémique. Il voit que sa langue est chargée, le pouls faible. Il se lève et d'un air d'importance, dit :

“ Toujours la même histoire. Eh bien! tout comme vous, je pourrais prendre le chemin du cimetière si je restais tout le jour assis dans mon cabinet sans bouger. Si je vous faisais une longue ordonnance d'une demi-douzaine de médecines, vous me trouveriez sans doute bien habile. Non, non, ma seule ordonnance est de marcher, marcher encore, marcher toujours !

Le patient : Mais monsieur le docteur . . .

Le docteur : C'est celà, discutez, maintenant ! Je vous le répète : Je vous conseille de faire de longues promenades.

Le patient : Mais justement . . . je suis sur pied toute la journée!

Le docteur : Oui, oui, je le sais. Marchez dix fois plus.

Le patient : Mais, c'est ma profession de . . .

Le docteur : Bien entendu, la profession ne permet pas etc . . . Prenez une autre profession. Et à propos . . . que faites-vous ?

Le patient : Je suis facteur, attaché à la Grand' Poste.

Le docteur : (abasourdi) . . . Oh ! Oh ! Voyons, que j'examine votre langue encore une fois !”

Il semble bien par là que les docteurs ne sont pas toujours si habiles qu'ils pensent, et que Molière peut-être avait raison, quand il disait : “ Je ne vois pas que, pour son salut, il soit nécessaire de croire aux médecins et je ne vois rien de plus ridicule qu'un homme qui se veut mêler d'en guérir un autre! ”

Deux étudiantes déclamèrent ensuite le poème de Victor Hugo: “ Extase ”, suivi de “ Sainte nuit ”, un cantique de Noël. Celui-ci était très beau, et il apporta à nos souvenirs le tableau de la naissance de l'Enfant-Jésus que nous voyons représenté si souvent. Le concert se termina avec “ Sainte nuit ”, et l'audience était fort aise d'avoir passé un si bon moment grâce à nos jeunes actrices.

Bonne chance à nos étudiantes de première année!

AVRIL BAMFORD (IV U.C.)

# TOK BOI AND OUR LANGUAGE QUESTION

**A**LWAYS in the swim and alive to the importance of the Language Question, our English Association discussed this matter in a full-dress debate which, with all the fire and conviction it caused, brought us not much nearer a workable solution — but then, who will dare suggest that a highly qualified body like the Language Commission did any better ?

That nothing concrete emerged from all these high-and-low-level discussions is, of course, due to the tri-lateral emotion which bedevils the issue. When each side of a highly charged linguistic triangle — Hindi, Regional and English — is engaged in not so cold a war with the rest for prior claim to our love, what chance is there for sweet reasonableness to get a peep in ? Time, we hope, will persuade them to live in peaceful co-existence, but not, I think, during our present “ cow-dung age ”.

In the meantime Article 343 of our Constitution lays down that “ Hindi should be the official language of the Union by 1965, unless Parliament repeals the existing law in order to adopt a different course ”. How wise of our law-givers to suspect there might possibly be a different and better course — of course !

Now, as ours is not the only country saddled with a language problem, why not look around and see how others, also afflicted with linguistic trouble, have tried to overcome it. And here I am not thinking of the Welsh, Gaels or Swiss, but of the other side of the equator — of the Solomon Islanders in the South Sea. There too the language problem was an interesting puzzle though slightly different from ours.

In those islands you are up against forty different native dialects and languages. Nearly every island has its own and on some of the other larger isles they speak three entirely different ones. What, then, will tradesmen, teachers, missionaries do to converse with the islanders ? They solve the problem by using what the natives call Tok Boi or what is known as “ Pidgin English ”. Of course “ pidgin ” has nothing to do with pigeons, it comes from China and represents the Chinaman’s best attempt to pronounce the English word “ Business ”. Hence

Pidgin English simply means “ Business English ”; and, if we feel inclined to smile at the funny derivation, let us not forget that Chintadripet wouldn't quite sound like Saint Andrew-pet to a Chinese or that Barber's bridge (Ambatten) was the same as Hamilton of long ago.

Being mainly descriptive, South Sea Pidgin English abounds in vivid, picturesque words and expressions. If the Dodo had known the Pidgin for “ thimble ” he would have said to Alice in Wonderland, “ We beg your acceptance of this elegant ‘ hat-belong-finger ’ ”. And if she had asked for a “ letter envelope ” he would have fetched her a “ trouser-belong-letter ”; and both watching a beautiful sunset would have said, “ Ho-Ho time sun-he-go-down ” while at dawn it's “ time-sun-he-come-up ”. There are no possessive pronouns like “ my, your, his, our ”; everything “ belong ”, and instead of “ my, your ” etc., you say: “ belong-me, belong-you, belong-we fella ” (our), and the word must always precede a noun.

Some English words do not mean the same thing for them as for us. For example, you may be puzzled by their use of the word “ stop ”. For them it means “ is, or exists, or is present ”, *not* “ finish ” as with us. Again “ what name ” stands for “ how, why, what, for what ”. Suppose you want to know what the weather is like outside and it happens to be raining. You say to one of the boys: “ What a name along sky, eh ? Rain he stop ? ” meaning “ Is it raining ? ” Of course the boy replies, “ Yassah, rain he stop. ” But when the rain has cleared away he runs in and shouts, “ Rain he no stop, sah ! Rain he finish now ”. Anything youthful is a “ piccaninny ” and “ mary ” denotes the female of any kind; so a female kitten is described as a “ piccaninny-mary belong pusscat ”. If you are blessed with a fine crop of hair they will say, “ My gracious. Plenty grass he stop along head belong this fella-man. ” But if your pate resembles a billiard-ball they go, “ Ho-Ho grass belong head die finish, he all-same egg belong cockerako ”, which latter word is eloquent of a triumphant layer. And what, do you think might be their idea of a piano ? With us it means a musical instrument with metal strings struck by hammers worked by levers from a keyboard, and furnished with pedals for regulating volume: what a feeble and long-winded description. “ Piano ? ” “ Piano ? this-fella box you fight'im he sing-out ” ! !

This simple, vivid “ talky-talk ” is useful from another point of view. The South Sea Islanders are very sensitive; when any one addresses them in school or in public and speaks in a different dialect from their own they take it amiss and feel offended; and so this charming “ pidgin lingo ” proved a perfect medium of conversation and peaceful co-existence.

But, you will ask, what has all this got to do with our Indian Language Question ? Precious little, I confess ! Still, how much more friendly it would sound if, instead of “ Great is our love for Nehruji ”, we all said: “ Plenty belong-we-fella love'im, we sing-out for Nehruji ” !

MISS M. ZIAUDDIN  
*Lecturer in History*

## A VISIT TO STRATFORD

**T**HOUGH many English-speaking people now look upon Stratford as having lost much of its old-world charm as a result of modernization in the shape of many new houses, new roads, new shops, etc., yet there is much to remind the cursory traveller that it was a place where genius lived and one cannot escape the wizard influence of Shakespeare.

The first place of pilgrimage of any visitor to Stratford is of course to the timbered house in Henley Street where the poet was born. After several alterations the house presents more or less substantially the same appearance as in some of the earlier prints we see. It is built on a low foundation wall of local limestone upon which beams are laid horizontally, with the upper timbers morticed into them. There are two storeys, with an attic lighted by dormer windows, and a garden behind. Part of the building is furnished and part accommodates a museum. In one room is a priceless collection of books, manuscripts, pictures and objects illustrative of the life, times and works of the poet. From the ground floor a narrow wooden staircase leads to the upper storey and to the left of the landing is the little, low-ceilinged room where Shakespeare was born. It contains a wooden bed-stead, a cradle, an old-time chest. On the panes of the window facing the street are the names scratched by famous men who have visited the place, like Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle. Nowadays people are forbidden to deface the building in any way, but they can, if they wish, write their names in the Visitors' Book. In the garden behind are some of the flowers, trees and herbs mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. It is estimated that every year some 200,000 people representing 80 different nationalities visit this unassuming house, showing the universal homage of mankind to the great poet.



A place of great interest is the old timbered Grammar School which Shakespeare probably



attended. The schoolroom is in the upper storey and there is affixed a wooden board on the wall above the place where Shakespeare is supposed to have sat. No boy could be admitted to the Stratford Free Grammar School till he was seven and there is a tradition that he left school at thirteen, probably to assist his father in business. Shakespeare, who remained in school for about 6 years, must have gained a fair elementary knowledge of the language, though long after Ben Jonson spoke slightly of his friend's scholarship, saying that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek"; but one must remember that Jonson was a classical scholar to whom the ordinary schoolboy's training in these languages would seem of little importance. Small as it was, it doubtless served to give Shakespeare some outlook into the thought and literature of the ancient world, to put him in touch with the intellectual spirit of the age. In the meantime, we must assume the prospects of the Shakespeare household had declined, and that is probably the reason Will had to leave school at thirteen, and was enlisted by his father in an effort to restore his decaying fortunes. According to an old account he was "apprenticed to a butcher". But whatever he did, no doubt his poetic mind would cast a glamour over the humblest employment. Times did not improve for his father, and the pranks of the children must often have been subdued by the look of anxiety upon the brow of father and mother, but what poet could long feel depressed with indoor troubles when there was the whole outdoor world of nature waiting to cheer him? Many guesses have been made concerning the occupation of William's youth—what did he do between his leaving school and his departure for London? We can best get an answer if we fancy ourselves in Shakespeare's Warwickshire where country life was at its best and the beauty of England at its bravest. No doubt it was in this quiet country life that he developed his marvellous powers of observation and acquired the intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners that his works fully attest. We can imagine the youthful Shakespeare wandering for whole days and nights about the countryside, delicately sensitive to all the shifting aspects of the pageant of nature, to spring and autumn, dawn and sunset, wind and cloud. His plays abound in passages which bear all the marks of detailed reminiscence. Many a time, perhaps, lying on the greensward, gazing upward with bright brown eyes at the interlacing branches of some grand old oak, he would be peopling with fairy kings and queens, elves and sprites, a world of his own, which he did not foresee that he would ever allow the narrower world of men and women to share with him. Or perhaps it was on the banks of the River Avon that he lay dreaming of things "more than mortal". The apparent contrast between Shakespeare's limited opportunities for education and the breadth of observation and knowledge displayed in his literary work is held to be incredible by some, and it has even evoked the fantastic theory that Shakespeare was not the author of the literature that passes under his name. But critics who make such remarks fail to perceive that the curriculum of the Stratford Grammar School and the general cultivation of the epoch have to be taken in combination with Shakespeare's rare faculty of mental assimilation. If so taken it leaves no part of his knowledge unaccounted for. The literary history of the world proves the hopelessness of seeking in biographical data, or in the facts of everyday business, the secret springs of poetic inspiration. One cannot account for the mysterious origin and miraculous processes of all poetic genius—features signally exemplified in the case of Chatterton, Burns, Keats and other poets of humbler status and fortune than Shakespeare.

The next important event in Shakespeare's life is his marriage with Anne Hathaway. Perhaps no shrine except the birthplace itself has more devout pilgrims than the pretty little cottage in Shottery where Anne lived. The approach to it is by field paths. It is a typical Elizabethan period thatched house. A paved path, bordered with flower-beds, extends from the gate to the cottage door. The cottage is furnished in a homely, comfortable style with old oak and there too is the famous courting-settle, on which Shakespeare is supposed to have conducted his courting !

According to common tradition, before he was twenty-one Shakespeare had to leave Stratford for London due to a poaching adventure. The poaching episode is best assigned to the year 1585. Amid the clouds which gathered about him in his native place, Shakespeare's hopes turned towards London where high-spirited youths of the day were wont to seek their fortune. The whole of Shakespeare's dramatic work was probably begun and ended within two decades (1591-1611). After these two decades of glorious achievement he retired to his native Stratford. As Irving has poetically expressed it: "He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favour, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood." And so with Shakespeare.

Somewhere about 1597 he purchased New Place. The foundations of New Place are preserved — the house where Shakespeare spent his retirement and died in 1616. The entrance is through New Place Museum, which was formerly the home of Thomas Nash, who married Shakespeare's grand-daughter Elizabeth Hall, and is now a museum of local history, archaeology and Shakespearean relics. I remember seeing there a table and chair made of the wood of Shakespeare's famous mulberry tree. There were several pictures of Garrick and the odes he wrote on Shakespeare, including his "Jubilee Ode 1719". But most people will remember New Place for that "jewelled set of flower-mosaics", its Knott Garden with its patterning of lavender, thyme, box and several of the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. The beauty and quiet serenity of the place have a compelling charm for the visitor who can hardly tear himself away from a spot so full of authentic associations with the master.

Shakespeare died on April 23rd 1616, and on the 25th the solemn procession left New Place for the old grey church among the trees where he was buried. The peace of the place was fit for Shakespeare's resting place. Tall elms wave on all sides and the river Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, seems to keep up a low perpetual dirge. The church itself is a beautiful building of the old Gothic type, highly ornamented. In the chancel near the altar, in a grave seventeen feet deep, the poet lies buried. There is an old grey stone in the floor marking the spot. At that time a special peril attached to a grave in so conspicuous a situation. Outside in the churchyard stood the public charnel-house or bone-house into which, according to a universal custom, bones which were dug from neighbouring graves were thrown to make room for others. It was probably to guard against this that Shakespeare is said to have composed this touching inscription on his grave :—

“ Good frend for Iesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed heare;  
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

This inscription is, of course, written in very old English and the spelling of certain words is very curious as compared with the present-day English style. Just over the grave in a niche in the wall is a bust of Shakespeare erected a few years after his death and sculptured by Gerard Jansen of Southwark. There is a central arch flanked by two Corinthian columns, and within this arched recess is a half-length figure of the poet. Above are carved the arms of the poet, at the top is a skull, and on either side are seated figures of two nude children, one holding a spade, the other an inverted torch. The chief interest, of course, centres in the bust of the poet. This bust is the only portrait of the poet which can claim any sort of authority. All other portraits, including the Droeshout portrait, are themselves derived from it. The monument was erected at Stratford shortly after Shakespeare's death, and it is generally supposed that the features were modelled directly from a mask taken of Shakespeare's face, alive or dead. So it shows us more truly than anything else what Shakespeare was actually like. The dress consists of a doublet, slashed and loosely buttoned, with white cuffs and a turned-down or falling white collar. The hands rest upon a cushion, the right hand holding a pen as in the act of writing and the left hand resting on a scroll. It is a crude work, but it shows plainly that the artist had before him, in vision or in reality, a man of unusual vivacity of mind. The face is that of an aloof yet sunny spirit, full of energy and effectiveness, with a finely arched forehead. Next to his grave are those of his wife, his favourite daughter Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His memory pervades the place; and it was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave.

Some misgivings arose, it is believed, in literary circles soon after Shakespeare's death as to whether he had received appropriate sepulchre. Geoffrey Chaucer, the greatest poet of pre-Elizabethan times, had been accorded a grave in Westminster Abbey, and later Edmund Spenser and Francis Beaumont were both accorded honourable burial at Chaucer's side. The news of Shakespeare's death reached London after the dramatist had been laid to rest amid his own people at Stratford. Men of letters raised a cry of regret that his remains had not joined those of Chaucer, Spenser and Beaumont in Westminster Abbey. And truly, when one leaves the hallowed precincts of Holy Trinity Church, one cannot help reflecting upon the fact that Shakespeare should thus sleep in death far away, in his little native town of Stratford, while so many lesser men who followed his vocation should be accorded honourable burial in Westminster Abbey. And yet, perhaps Shakespeare's unique genius deserved that he should be given unmolested peace apart from fellow-poets who had no claim to share his glory. What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been compared to this reverend pile which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum? Paltry enough his monument might appear but we can echo the words of Milton's epitaph:

What needs my Shakespear for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones,  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a starry-pointing pyramid ?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

Even during Shakespeare's lifetime his supremacy was acknowledged and now, strange irony of fate, the youth who was once hounded out, is become the boast and glory of his native town. There are shops in which the traveller can buy anything he wants to keep as a memento of his visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, — busts of the poet in enamel or plaster, models of his house, the church in which he lies buried, etc. I remember having bought a bust of the poet, coated with some wonderful silvery paint, on my former visit to Stratford; even after the lapse of many years it still appears untarnished. There are other imposing structures, which in their number and variety will satisfy even the most exacting lover of Shakespeare. In a large, well laid out garden not far from the Memorial Theatre is the well-known Gower monument, designed by Lord Ronald Gower and presented by him to Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare is represented seated on a high pedestal — an exceedingly graceful figure, and the head, a magnificent ideal based on the church bust, has an expression of thoughtful intensity. Below, at each side of the pedestal, stand figures of four of Shakespeare's principal characters — Comedy (represented by Falstaff), History (Prince Hal), Philosophy (Hamlet), and Tragedy (Lady Macbeth).

The aforementioned mementoes and places are tangible proofs that the man Will Shakespeare did live and die in Stratford and whatever the changes wrought by the passing centuries to his native town, it will ever have a perennial interest to the Shakespeare lover. But edifices which Shakespeare was destined never to see, which nevertheless would now give him supreme satisfaction to behold, are the memorial buildings erected in his honour by his countless admirers all the world over not far from the church where he lies buried. The chief of these, an imposing structure on the banks of the Avon, is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, in which, year after year from March to October, the plays of Shakespeare are acted by some of England's best actors. Begun in 1769 by Garrick, the Festival has assumed an all-important place in Shakespeare's native town. Shakespeare himself would not have wished for any other monument to be erected in his honour: he could have desired nothing better than that his plays should find a permanent home within a hundred yards of the church where he rests. He was an actor too, and he would have rejoiced to know that, as a workshop for the production of his plays, this theatre contains more perfect accommodation and equipment than any other erected in the English-speaking world.

Shakespeare stirs yet in Stratford-upon-Avon, his spirit is as potent in the nineties as it was in 1616:

On an April night in Stratford when the land was fresh with spring,  
There died a weary singer with no more songs to sing;  
And on an April morning they bore him down the nave  
Of the Mother Church of Stratford to a simple townsman's grave.

MISS MARY JAMES  
*Former Lecturer in English (S.M.C.)*

## MODERN TRENDS

### IN INDIAN LIFE

**A**FTER deep slumber through a long historic night, India has suddenly awakened to a fresh dawn in our own time. It is less than a decade since she won her long-lost freedom. India enters now upon a new life. It is the beginning of a new era for her, when almost revolutionary changes are sweeping over her vast expanses, changing the very face of the country and its people.

The most significant development in our country is the establishment of a democratic Republic. The state now thinks more about the social and economic problems and how best it can serve society and the country. The true India lives in villages, which present scenes of poverty, privation and stark ignorance, and the State is wedded to the arduous task of rural uplift and regeneration. The Government has pledged itself to provide the citizens equal rights and equality of opportunity in all spheres of life. Remedies for glaring inequalities of wealth are sought by increasing production and distributing it more equally. The government realizes that the democratic regime will be wrecked if the social order is not brought into conformity with the democratic ideal and hence presses forward towards this goal.

Another striking feature of the spirit of modern India is the unique technique adopted by its leaders in the implementation of their policies and in the achievement of their purposes. This is the noble and effective weapon of non-violence and peace which Gandhiji brought into action in the battle for independence and which is in keeping with the cultural traditions and ethical convictions of India, the land of sages and seers.

Amidst the new trends there is clearly discernible a great awakening of social consciousness in the country. Every educated Indian thinks and feels that the welfare of his neighbour is as much a concern to him as his own. The growing realisation of the inherent homogeneity of the human race has definitely set him on the road to social service. In the earlier days service of this nature was left to the generous and self-denying efforts of foreign missionaries but now voluntary public organizations, religious denominations and government agencies are beginning to shoulder some of the responsibility. A steady expansion in social services is going on and increasing amounts are being allotted by the Central Government for the successive plan periods. Social service leagues organised by College students best display the spirit of the day. Medical students have placed their services at the disposal of the villagers in the rural dispensaries and have not counted the trouble and inconvenience of annual camps to distant places which are the favourite haunts of malaria, small-pox and other such epidemics. Others have made life happier for the poor man by clearing the slum,

by building his hut, by teaching his children and by solving his problems for him. The urge to serve is becoming irresistible.

Side by side is growing up in rural India the spirit of self-help and self-reliance. The participation in the community programme by the people has been beyond all expectation. The people have become aware how much their participation means for national development. They feel that the plans are theirs and that they share in their making and in their working. The Bharat Seva Samaj is an embodiment of this principle. It is a voluntary organisation which calls upon every Indian to bake his brick and put it in its place in the growing structure and thus to build a better India.

Another remarkable feature is the new attitude towards the age-long social curses. It has led to a good deal of social legislation, beginning with measures against polygamy, dowries in respect of marriages, granting of equal rights to women, proceeding to the abolition of untouchability and coming into grips with the agrarian reform.

The new freedom arouses in every heart a love and interest in one's own language, art and culture. A higher value is set on everything Indian. Indian literature and Indian art are restored to their rightful places. The fertilisation of the national intellect and imagination is making rapid strides with the fresh opportunities opened for self-development. Patronage by the Government and by the public adds a further stimulus to the creative output of the nation. National Art Galleries and Art Exhibitions play an important role in the present cultural development and it is highly gratifying to notice the interest the common man evinces in them. Indian medicine, the lore of ancient "Charaka", is reviving and receiving greater attention from the Government and research scholars.

India's democracy is still young and its new pattern of society has just been launched. With greater experience and lapse of time, her political, economic and social institutions will be perfected, with the help of God.

MRS. A. ISWARIAH

*Lecturer in Indian History*

*"Modern civilisation fascinates because of its character of novelty; it looks towards the future, towards conquest, towards the organisation of a society which breaks the bounds of politics and race and extends over the universe".*

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII.

## ONE NIGHT . . .

**S**LOWLY and fearfully I opened my heavy eyes expecting to see the light of dawn spreading over Stella Maris, and the sun peep over the top of the Cathedral and smile down at us below. But to my joy I found the room still cloaked in darkness.

The storm, which had a short time ago been raging around the hostel, had now calmed itself into mutterings and sobbings and soft tricklings like penitential tears, as if nature were sorry for her fierce, passionate outburst and wanted to be good again.

I pulled the warm blanket up to my chin and lay there trying to pierce the inky darkness. Gradually everything grew still, — the silence heightened by faint whisperings of the breeze in the near-by tree. Into this perfect quiet broke the high-keyed yelp of a dog and from far away came the faint answering howl of a mate. Clang! Clang! went the watchman's iron rod on the stones as he made his nightly rounds. From the surrounding rooms could be heard the steady breathing of girls, dead to the world and unconscious of the beauty of the night.

My eyes wandered around the room till they rested on a little moonbeam slowly making its way to my bed. Through the open door I saw the moon flitting through a cloud and perch lightly on a tree-top. Now the stars danced in and out of straying clouds. What a perfect night it was, — a night that called forth fairies and elves. I could almost picture the little fairies gliding down to earth on a moonbeam slide, their dainty little feet in pointed shoes of beetles' wings, each in dresses of flowers, with dainty caps of rose petals — all whirling and twirling merrily in a mossy ballroom lit up by hundreds of glow-worms. How wonderful it would be to see them spin round and round to the music of the insect choir!

Suddenly the fairies disappeared and the stars ceased to dance. The beauty of the night vanished and I lay there with every nerve in my body growing tense, my ears straining — straining . . .

Was I dreaming? I gave myself a hard pinch which almost made me squeal with pain. It was not a dream, for it came clearer and nearer now, the sound of footsteps creeping along the corridor!!

Nearer and nearer, louder and faster came the sounds! What could it be? — a burglar? — a ghost? But ghosts do not walk about in creaking shoes or slippers. Closer and closer they came! I lay frozen with terror. Beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead.

Then all of a sudden I opened my mouth to scream, for there at the open door, outlined by the moonlight, stood a figure!! But no sound came from my throat.

The figure moved into the room and I tried to sit up in vain. Any moment I expected to feel the grip of cold, ruthless fingers on my throat. I closed my eyes but opened them again to find, — the figure sitting on Sis's bed! Oh, why did she not wake up?

Now like a flash of lightning I remembered something. Dragging my clammy hand from beneath the blanket, I groped under the pillow searching, — searching. At last my nerveless fingers closed upon it. I found it, — my Rosary; and then courage once again crept into my soul. Fright and cowardice vanished like smoke! With one bound I shot out of bed to land right under the switch!

A second later the dark room was flooded with light. With a wildly thudding heart, I swung round to face the bed. Once again I opened my mouth to scream but suddenly I changed my mind for, what should I see but the figure—the figure which had caused me such terror—the figure of Sis just tumbling into bed and curling herself up beneath the warm blanket !!!

SHEILA SUKUMARAN (II U.C.)

**“I AM  
THE THIRD”**

This was the motto which my friend kept in her room. Her companions worried her with questions and even teased her. They wanted to know why she did not keep the motto, “I am the first” instead of, “I am the third”. The girl said that the motto was there to remind her that she was only the third. It helped her to remember that God was first in her life, that others came second, and that she should think of herself only last. If she kept the motto, then this life was a joy, but if the order were changed, life would be a hell on earth.

A. JAYALAKSHMI (III U.C.)



## THE STUDENT'S PROGRESS

### FROM

### ONE CLASS

### TO THE NEXT . . .

*Delivered under the similitude of a dream by V. J., with apologies to John Bunyan. "As ideal as Spenser, as real as Defoe—such is Bunyan". I quote these words of Mr. Saintsbury as an excuse for the present paper—a base and ridiculous imitation of the great writer.*

AS I walked thro' the labyrinthine corridors of the College, I lighted on a certain place where was a hall and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed and behold, I saw a girl clothed in bright colours, standing outside the hall, with her face away from it, a book in her hand and a frown upon her face. I looked and saw her open the book and read therein, and as she read she wept and trembled, and not being able longer to contain herself, she broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

In this plight therefore, she entered the hall, and restrained herself as long as she could, that her friends and classmates should not perceive her distress; but she could not be silent long, because that her trouble increased. Wherefore at length she broke out of the hall, went home to her mother and sisters and thus she began to talk to them, "O my dear mother and you, my sisters, I am in myself undone by reason of this great burden of regret that lieth hard upon me; moreover I am for certain informed that I shall not succeed in this examination, except some way of escape may be found, whereby I may be delivered from this miserable failure."

Now I saw, upon a time, that she was reading in her book and greatly distressed in mind; and as she read, she burst out as she had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved from this imminent failure?"

I looked then and saw a certain Teacher coming to her and asking, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" She answered, "Madam, I perceive by the unintelligible matter in this book that I am condemned to fail and I find that I am not willing to do that."

Then said Teacher, "If this be thy condition, why dost thou stand still?" She answered, "Because I know not what to do". Then she gave her a parchment roll, and there was written within, "It is the effort that counts."

The girl therefore read it, and looking upon the teacher very carefully, said, "But I have made no effort." Then said the teacher, "Do you see what is written therein? Keep that in your eye, ply your work diligently, and all shall be well with thee."

Now as the student was working by herself she was met by a certain Mr. Worldly Wiseman who accosted her in this manner, "How now, young lady, whither after in this burdened manner?"

"A burdened manner, indeed! I tell you, sir, I am working hard, for thus I am informed, I shall be put in a way to be rid of my heavy burden of regret and despair."

"Whoever bid thee do this to be rid of thy burden,—I beshrew her for her counsel! There is not a more troublesome way in the world than this unto which you have been directed. I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without any of these troubles."

"Sir, I pray you, open this secret to me."

"Why, in yonder town, called University, there dwells a gentleman whose name is Examiner, a very judicious man, a man of a very good name, that hath skill to help students off with such burdens as thine are, from their shoulders."

Now the student decided to take his advice, but behold she found her task fraught with dangers and difficulties. Also her burden seemed now heavier to her than when she followed the teacher's advice. And now she began to be sorry that she had tried to take Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel and turned away from it and returned to her original task.

Now I saw that she was accompanied in all her tasks by one, Hopeful. Together they worked well and hard. Then I beheld, in my dream, that they had not worked long when they began to get tired and wish for an easier life. They therefore gave up work and laid themselves down to sleep under a little shelter.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they were now sleeping: wherefore he caught them and imprisoned them in his dungeon.

They were greatly distressed and knew not whither to turn for help. Hopeful was no consolation to the student now. Now, a little while after, Good Student, as one half-amazed, broke out in this passionate speech, "What a fool," quoth she, "am I thus to lie imprisoned in despair. I have a key in my bosom called Promise that will open the gates of doubt and despair."

So they tried the key on the prison door and it flew open and they walked out in great joy. They then continued their former task, doing it well and not being distracted from it at any cost.

They continued thus, progressing well, for nearly a year until there was but one step for them to reach Success.

The student seemed greatly troubled at the time of this Final Examination. But Hopeful said, "Be of good cheer, my dear. God's grace will not desert thee now. When thou writest the examination He will be with thee". At this the student took courage and thus got over her final task.

Then was the student light and gladsome for her whole burden was removed. She then said with a merry heart, "God hath given me rest," and thanked Him whole-heartedly. Then she gave three leaps of joy and went out singing.

Now I come to the last phase of the Student's Progress. Her success was brilliant as the Results showed and I saw her clothed in raiment of glory, and rejoicing with her friends. So I awoke, and behold, it was all a dream.

V. JAYALAKSHMI (III U.C.)

## MY

## FIRST

## VOYAGE

THERE was I, all in a frenzy of excitement, eagerly awaiting to embark on board a ship. I was only half-conscious of the many friends who had come to see us off. All too soon the bell sounded for visitors to leave board. Only then did I realise the full significance of the occasion. Here I was leaving Malaya, the land of my birth—leaving it for the country which was my Motherland, India. In spite of all the bright prospects ahead, it was with a pang that I watched the anchor slowly being lifted and the coastline vanish in the distance.

When the first “blues” were over, I decided to inspect the ship. I had never seen the inside of a ship before and so there was plenty of novelty in store for me. I started out enthusiastically, turned every corner I came across, and soon I was lost in a maze of passages. I knew not where to turn next and while I was helplessly contemplating my position, I came across a flight of steps. This I climbed on a sudden impulse and found myself on the deck from where I had first set out. I decided to fix myself firmly to one spot until Mum came to fetch me, “The world is round,” I thought.

Next morning we landed at Penang. Believe it or not, I had never seen this place in spite of having lived in Malaya practically all my life. We decided to visit the place. I set out in good spirits but unfortunately got left behind. As I hurried down the gangway after the others, a voice rang like thunder in my ears. I turned to find a constable eyeing my shopping bag suspiciously. At once I guessed what was passing through his mind. I opened it defiantly and stared back at him with a look that said plenty,—if he could interpret it: “There you are, what else did you expect!” We made a wonderful tour of the place and as I walked up the gangway again, there was that constable. This time he gave me a sheepish grin. I couldn’t help returning it.

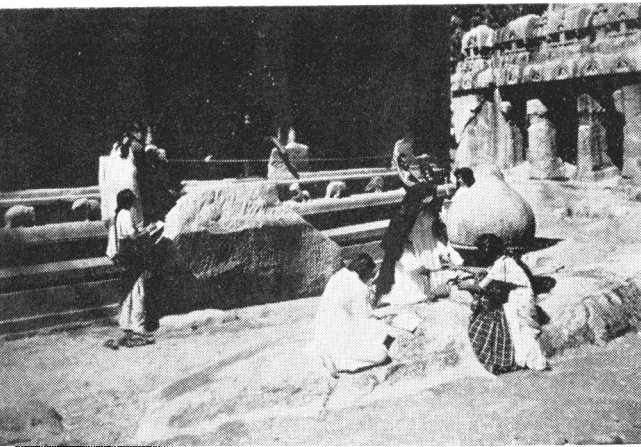
The next day we were in mid-ocean. As I stepped outside the cabin the ship lurched violently to one side, sending me flying to the opposite corner. I steadied myself and looked round. To my immense relief there was no one about who could have seen my acrobatic stunt!

By noon the tossing and pitching had increased and many of the passengers were keeping very much to their cabins. Having nothing better to do, I decided to try my hand at deck quoits. With my first shot I managed to send the ring right into the sea! I abandoned all hope of playing. Of course I blamed the ship and the wind, in fact everything but my clumsiness.

## EXCURSIONS

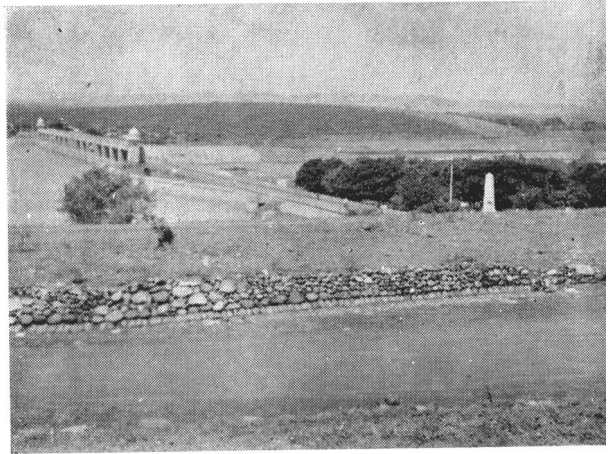


100 pillared Mandappa, Varadaraja Temple, Conjeevaram

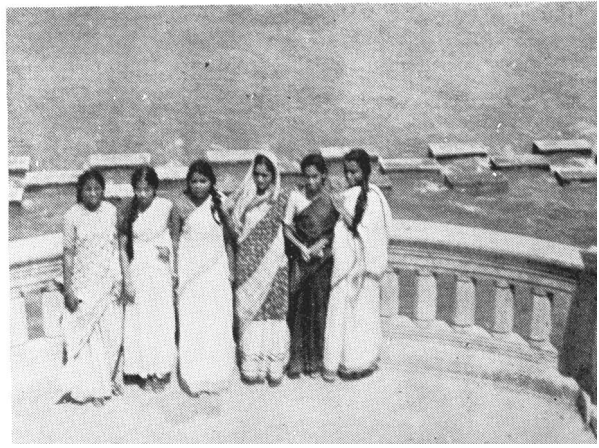


Measuring Dharmaraja's Ratha, Mamallapuram

A view of the Dam at Poondy



Hostelites at Poondy



## CLASS REPRESENTATIVES



*Sitting* :— Vijayalakshmi Pandalai, II U.C. Gr. III; C. Atchamamba, IV U.C., *Vice-President*; Avril Bamford, IV U.C., *President*; Grace Rajaratnam, III U.C.; V. Meera, II U.C., Gr. I.  
*Standing* :—Mary Reddy, II U.C., Gr. II; Rita Lovett, I U.C., Gr. III; Audrey Rodrigues, I U.C., Gr. I; Annie Verghese, I U.C., Gr. II.

I had by this time become tired of seeing nothing but the sea. Wherever I looked there were the blue sky and the blue sea, nothing else. I was longing to see some sign of land but that would take two more days. I never realised then what an interesting event would happen before long.

Early one morning, Mum and I were awakened by thumping and stamping at our door. I wondered what on earth was wrong and as I walked over to the door to open it, it suddenly occurred to my sleep-filled brain that I was wading through ankle-deep water. As I opened the door, a party of deck-hands rushed in unceremoniously. I realised only then that the whole passage was wet. One of the men gave a shout,—I turned. Guess what I saw,—the wash basin was overflowing and the tap was running. What had happened? Due to the shortage of water, we could only get it during certain hours. One of us had turned on the tap the previous day and finding no water, had forgotten to close it. During the night, when the supply was renewed, the sink had become filled and overflowed. One of the men, seeing the passage filled with water, had imagined that the ship had sprung a leak. Hence all the excitement. It was wonderful the way they brushed aside our apologies. But I can assure you I never felt sillier in my life.

Next day we reached Madras. It was joy to sight land again. I felt like the mariners of old, steering their ship into home waters after a tedious voyage on the high seas. I was glad to land on firm soil but the voyage had been a pleasure while it lasted.

SAROJA THIRUPAD (I U.C.)

## GIFTS

It matters not what gifts we have but what we make of those—  
Much better be, than cunning snake, a sunset or a rose.

A smile that cheers a human heart, an open, helping hand  
Can do more good than pretty face or power to command.

A donkey bearing burdens for a weary, workworn man  
Will give more happiness to men than any racehorse can.

A little cur that wags his tail to cheer a lonely boy,  
Than any pampered pekinese, can bring to life more joy.

A humble and a contrite prayer is of much greater worth  
Than any pleasure, treasure, fame, or all the gifts of earth.

It isn't what we lack or have, but how we use our gift—  
To hurt or help, to cheer or pout, to be a drag or lift.

## “AU REVOIR”

OR

## TILL WE MEET AGAIN

WHAT is home without that feminine touch, that magical touch of a mother which creates the unity, harmony and beauty of a home? We realise a mother's worth fully only when she is no more. We then recall :

“Glide my golden dream boat...  
Let me hear again that lullaby,  
Mummy used to sing to me,”—

and many more sweet moments that we had under the care of our mothers.

But amidst the emptiness that we experience with the loss of a mother, we feel an inner conflict between brooding over her loss and the satisfaction of living by the principles she has taught us and the hope of seeing her again.

What a coincidence it was when I realised that the day on which my mother died was a bright and sunny day in June. This was a proof that death was the beginning of happiness, not sorrow. She had bidden farewell to those whom she had loved and caressed in her lifetime. She had left her blue-roofed home where she lived for over fifty years, which she may have left with less reluctance than when she left her own country for a far-off land.

That day the sun had risen bright and glorious as though he were the torch-bearer of the Great Judge. The King had summoned her for an interview. She had to take leave. Her vision of earth disappeared to reveal to her the Beatific Vision. We knelt weeping by her bedside. Desperate? Hopeful? We could not decide. That was the climax.

We were all there gazing on that face which suddenly became flushed and those lips that had caressed my brows from infancy now opened for the last time to whisper, “Au revoir”. What a relief those words were to her children whom she was leaving behind. They reminded them of so many occasions when those familiar words, which implied hope of meeting, were uttered, though this time the interval seemed to be a very long one.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, the atmosphere of death lingered in our home. Even nature seemed to sympathize with our unhappy lot. There was a gloom about the place created by the absence of “The friend we have in Mother”.

When tears trickled down the chubby cheeks of my little sister, those parting words would present themselves before her mind. One day she exclaimed, “You know Cel... it was ‘Au revoir’ not ‘Farewell’”.

CELINE PEREIRA (III U.C.)

**TO BE  
OR NOT TO BE—  
MYSELF?**

“IF wishes were horses, beggars would ride”. Naturally, but there is no harm in sitting in a shady nook once in a way and dreaming of all the wonderful things you would do if you were this, and if you were that, and if you were — I don’t know what. So let us bid goodbye and *au revoir* and *buenos dias* to everything else and start right away, all right? Fine, so here we go.

Perhaps most of all, I would like to be a multi-millionaire, a coffee-king — no queen, thank you! Wouldn’t I live in luxury! I’d buy all the books in the world and practically eat them up — with my eyes of course! I would travel from continent to continent in the best of comfort and live in ever so many places. There are a million other things I could do also. I did not realise it, but I knew, yes, I knew for certain that there would be another side to it. I hadn’t thought that if I had tons of money I’d be worried sick taking care of it and I am sure that very soon, I wouldn’t even know how to get rid of it or spend it! So that possibility is eliminated. I would not like to be a walking mint, not I!!

I suppose the next best thing is to wish that I lived in the New Guinea jungle. Yes, I am sure I would like that! Living in houses on the tree tops, reaching out and plucking all the food that I need and wandering day in and day out through the luxurious undergrowth and inhaling the exotic fragrance of the thousand jungle flowers! It would be simply exquisite, just as if I were in Paradise! Oooh, but I almost forgot the beasts! I wouldn’t like to end up in a shaggy lion’s stomach,—oh, no, I wouldn’t! I’d prefer a more dignified way of ending my career. So that is also scored off.

Now, supposing I were Lady Something-Something living in the good old times of King Arthur? That would be grand. But would it now? No! It wouldn’t — if a fiery dragon walked up to me and said that he had decided to make me his dinner, and if I didn’t have a valiant knight to come to my rescue — finished!! That would be the grand finale. It is too dangerous, so I don’t think I would like that.

I would not like to be Shakespeare, nor would I like to be Abraham Lincoln,—I don’t like beards, even Van Dykes. I wouldn’t like to be Vijayalakshmi Pandit or Queen Elizabeth either,—my hair would turn grey over night with worry; and most probably I would be driven to an early grave.

Well then, I think the best thing to do would be not to rub Aladdin’s lamp at all, but to be content as I am, with everything just right: enough studies to keep me busy, enough failures to keep me humble, enough sorrows to keep me kind, enough joys to keep me gay and enough disappointments to keep my faith in God.

So I am back where I started. I wonder if you came to the same conclusion as I, I really wonder?

VIMALA NAMBIAR (II U.C.)



## THIS IS THE HOUR

THE sick World totters into the waiting room of a famous hospital. Panting and gasping for breath, he sinks into a chair. Dr. Optimist helps him gently into a bed and instructs the nurse in charge to keep the patient quiet while he calls in his friend, Dr. Science, to diagnose this strange disease. Dr. Science arrives in a hurry and immediately sets to work to calm the patient's fears:

"Have no fears, Mr. World, we will cure your ailment. Now tell me how you feel; where does it hurt?"

"All over, Doctor; I have red spots on my Asia, my Africa aches badly and there are acute pains in my Europe."

"Hot shooting pains?"

"No, cold war pains."

"Hmm. It's obvious that it is your nerve centre, Russia, that is causing all your trouble. Take this atomic pill and destroy the cause and you will be as good as new."

"But Russia is part of me and I do not want to destroy any part of me. Besides, I have twice before taken that pill and I have never quite recovered from its effects. It has left its lasting ugly scar on my Nagasaki and Hiroshima and I do not intend to mar my countenance with another ghastly wound."

"But Mr. World!"

"If you had a head on your shoulders instead of that flask, you'd keep quiet. Now get out of the room, get out and take your twopenny remedy with you!"

Exhausted by this furious outburst, Mr. World sinks back wearily on his pillow. There is the sound of gay laughter and light music as Miss Pleasure dances into the room, with her gay skirts swirling and followed by her retinue. Miss Pleasure taps Mr. World on his shoulders, "Wake up, Sir. Look what I have brought you,—cars, television sets, radios, wealth,—everything to ensure happiness."

"Yes, I've had all these before and still I'm sick."

"You didn't have enough of them. Come with me and we will go for a spree to the dance halls, cinemas, casinos,—that will make you young again."

Mr. World yields to her vivacious appeal and accompanies Miss Pleasure to her haunts.

Three hours later Mr. World staggers into the hospital again in a worse condition than before. Professor Intelligentsia and his wife, Madame Culture, now come to the rescue, but evidently they do not possess the true remedy. Mr. World scorns their cure, insults the intelligence of the Professor, and tosses away the paintings, music and works of art that Madame Culture offers him. Thoroughly offended, the couple storm out of the room and abandon the sick World to his fate.

Death is almost at the door when heavenly music heralds the entrance of a nun. She hastens to the bedside of the dying World who stirs at her approach. "Leave me in peace, I am going to die and none can help me."

"Although the others have abandoned you, Mr. World, I believe you can yet be restored to health."

"Who are you to presume you will succeed where the able men of the universe have failed?"

"I am very small, Mr. World, but with this ointment I can bring you back to health."

"Nothing can cure me, not even the atomic pill!"

"It is not an atomic pill but the salve called Love. Rub it into your leaders and your peoples. Spread it in your navies, your armies and your governments and you will be young and happy again."

The World uses the unguent and gradually regains his ancient vigour. In a hymn of praise the World glorifies God for His great mercy.

This was a play staged at school when I was a little girl. I can see the girl who played the part of the world, made perfectly round in the middle with a map pinned on, a bit of blue for the oceans and a white collar for the poles, being helped into bed. But what I will always remember is the remedy offered by the nun. In reality it is the only cure for the present-day evils. The world of today is torn asunder by divisions — divisions based on nationality, language, religion, caste, colour, creed, customs, manners and culture.

There is a striving towards world peace which can only be established on the firm foundation of the two greatest commandments, "Love of God" and "Love of neighbour". This is the hour when that foundation must be laid.

MARY REDDY (II U.C.)

*"There is no lack of religious organisation, but it is neither complete nor solid; its spirit is more readily strengthened by glittering formulae than by firm doctrine; there is more ready enthusiasm for spectacular gestures than for obscure and generous perseverance."*

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII.

## A NIGHT

### AMONG THE RUBBER TREES

IT was Christmas night, but no bells rang out the old and simple, yet beautiful message of “peace on earth to men of good will”. Yes, we were in the midst of a war and it would have been ironical to say that there was good will among men on earth that night.

We were living in a small garage which was kindly offered for our use and was taken as a God-send by my parents. With us there were two other families. The whole of that Christmas day no one ventured out; the streets were deserted, for besides being miles away from the town, the fear of air raids made people seek shelter in the far-off forests.

It was foretold that the British were going to bomb our place, which was in the hands of the Japanese at that time. Though the outside world seemed to be in fear and expected the siren to blow at any time, Mum told us, “Don’t be afraid, our Father in Heaven will look after us,” and these words gave relief to our childish minds. It is indeed true that no matter what happens, the peace of Christ will be with those who look up to Him.

As Mum said, nothing eventful happened during the day. The only discomfort we had was that we had given up our home for the use of some hundred British and Indian soldiers who for many days had been living in the open and had been drenched by the tropical rains.

That night was so dark, it seemed as though even the stars were hiding themselves. Then it happened. It was about eleven at night. Everyone was deep in dreamland when suddenly they were brought back to reality by the wailing of the siren. What a scuffle there was! The whole neighbourhood was in commotion. People were hurrying, in fact running around in wild excitement like trapped wild animals. All were talking at the same time and no one seemed to understand what was being said. They seemed to be conscious only of the distant rumblings as massive buildings began to crumble.

Finally we reached the rubber plantation. On one side was a tin mine and in the dark we could see the outline of the huge dredge which lay half submerged in the water.

All of a sudden some of us shouted with joy that the moon had risen, and children started running towards the edge of a near-by lake, only to be pulled back by strong arms. Little did we understand that the moon was really the flare used by the English to bomb the capital of Malaya to pieces. Every now and then there was darkness, relieved in a few minutes by what we thought was a paper lantern.

Stevenson spent his night among the pines in peace and joy, but that night among the rubber trees we spent in fear and dread. Not only were we threatened by danger from above, but also from danger all around, — what with the darkness of the night, and the reeds and bushes behind which lurked men armed with spears and knives. But at this time they were engrossed by the bombing. Bombs fell all around us and at the same time we felt the searching look of threatening eyes. There was no soft green grass to pillow our heads, no surging brook to quench our thirst. Above all, we did not feel the “waking influence” in the wee hours of dawn. No one, either man or beast slept that night among the rubber trees.

JASMINE ARIANAYAGAM (III U.C.)

## EXPERIENCE

### IS A GREAT TEACHER

**H**AVE you ever seen a man, sorrowing perhaps for a deceased brother or father or son, and another man sympathising with and comforting him? “No, no, old chap,” you hear the comforter saying to the mourner. “You mustn’t do that, you know. Just think of it, he is in a better place than this, and you see he suffered so little physically before he died. You mustn’t regret it, you know, you mustn’t wish him back. You must be glad that he who has suffered so much in this life” (if the deceased was an old man) “has at last gained his rest. Surely you are not going to deny him the rest that he has earned. We mustn’t wish him back, you see. Anyway, you must take comfort from this thought that no man lives for ever. You will meet him again, don’t worry,” — and other futile words to the same effect. Of course he means well; his intentions do him credit. But he cannot comfort him, not with such words. It is the wise man, who says little but conveys his sympathy by a gentle pat on the shoulder or a warm handshake, with a few words like, “Buck up, old man, I sympathise with you, for I can understand how you feel now.” Or better still, “I won’t say anything, my boy, for I know how useless words are at such a time. I can only say I am sorry.” How comforting are these few words to the wounded heart! It takes comfort and strength from the knowledge that it is not the only one which has suffered so. There are also many others who have suffered and who are now able to understand the terrible ache and longing for one who is dead.

But how is it that the second man who says little brings so much comfort to the mourner? It is just because experience has taught him the terrible ache and senseless longing for one who has departed. He has suffered and he knows what kind of words bring true comfort and help to the sufferer. It is experience that has taught him to be a true comforter to fellow-sufferers. He need not be learned, he need not even know how to read and write. He need not have a bank account running to perhaps six figures, in fact he may not even have a bank account at all. But he understands suffering because he himself has suffered. And so, being taught to suffer and bear it by that great teacher Experience, he becomes a true comforter to others. It is by suffering that we learn how to comfort others.

Now take the case of one who is deliriously happy because he has achieved his heart’s desire. The desire may not be a great one, he may not have aspired to be a great leader of men or a learned writer or a famous scientist. It can even be the smallest thing imaginable, — to be able to whistle clearly but loudly. When he achieves his desire, after long practice and many failures, how happy he is! To see him one would think that he had seen a vision of Heaven! One who does not know the happiness that comes from the realization of a wish would merely laugh at the happy man. But what about the one who too had attained his heart’s desire, after long practice and many failures? Does he too ridicule the man who is happy in similar circumstances? Not he! He would probably shake his hand and say with a pleasant smile, “Congratulations! I know how you feel now.” And what is it that has taught him to take a genuine pleasure at another man’s success? Experience, that great teacher, has taught him the happiness that comes from success.

P. KRISHNAVENI (III U.C.)

## THE VIOLINIST

THE great hall was crowded from the roof to the pit. In their boxes, ladies in glittering evening array, escorted by attentive gentlemen in dark evening clothes, looked with disdain on the humbler members in the pit who were happily chewing oranges and peanuts. A sudden hush fell as the curtain rose, and a slim, sweet-faced lady, dressed simply in white, walked to the grand piano, followed closely by a gentleman. He removed his violin from its case and, with a tender smile to his accompanist, began to play. Then those slim, flexible hands brought forth a flood of the purest music, music to which the audience listened in breathless silence. The light from a gleaming chandelier fell full on his dark head, the clear-cut features and strangely misted eyes. The end of the programme was reached, and the quiet was shattered with a burst of thunderous applause. He acknowledged it with a bow and then with a tired smile passed his hands over his eyes. Yes ! he was famous, he was loved, but above all he was the very spirit of courage, for Richard McAllister, the famous violinist, was blind.

He had acquired fame by surmounting great obstacles and had overcome this crippling defect, — a scar of the war. He had been the youngest of a family of eight children. His father, a grocer, was too kind-hearted to pursue his poorer customers (and indeed most of them were poor) for unpaid bills. His mother, harassed with trying to keep the family fed and clothed, saw with an ache Richard's love of music. She resolved to do something about it, — so every baking day an extra batch of cottage pies, mince pies and fragrant, crusty bread would be set aside. Placing them in a cart, young Richard would be sent on a round of the town. Mrs. McAllister's tasty fare was easily sold but the money was not enough to enable Richard to take music lessons, so, off he went to the editor of "The Star" and obtained a newspaper route. Richard was able to begin violin lessons.

The difficult years rolled away and Richard, a lanky, diffident youth, obtained a position as music master in a school for the education of young ladies. At one of the yearly school concerts Richard was asked to play one of Bach's Fugues. A wealthy old man in the audience saw great promise in his rendering and after the show asked to be introduced to Richard. Learning that Richard was saving money to continue his musical studies, Mr. Blackwell offered to pay for them. Richard was sensitive and proud and accepted on condition that he repay every penny.

He was now the member of an orchestra and gave performances to small audiences. Things were now more comfortable. Little by little he was working himself up the ladder to public recognition, and it was at this time he met Julia Wayne, a struggling musician like himself. They were engaged when the war broke out. Richard, with Julia's encouragement, went to the front and braved the horror and loneliness of the war. What a shock for Julia when she received the news from Mrs. McAllister that Richard was coming home, seriously wounded! Richard had received serious head injuries in an explosion and it was feared that he had lost his sight. The days that followed only served to confirm this. What a blow to him! To lose one's eyes, never to see the light, never to see and enjoy the things of everyday life and oh, never again to see the faces of his loved ones!

Julia was Richard's pillar in those days. She encouraged him, made him laugh, described events to him minutely and was indeed his eyes. Little by little Richard learnt all over again how to do the daily actions of life. Julia one day brought him his violin and asked him to play her favourite—"Ave Maria". He was reluctant at first, but she was insistent and soon Mrs. McAllister, in her kitchen, heard the sweet strains of a violin and piano harmonising perfectly.

On a perfect day in August Julia and Richard were married in the little church of the Immaculate Conception.

From that day onwards Julia exerted all her energies on Richard and by her gentle persuasion urged him to play a duet with her for a war benefit concert. The blind, brave soldier was wildly applauded and encore followed encore. From that day Richard knew that he was once more useful, for his music could still reach the hearts of many. Blindness was no obstacle. He learnt braille and courageously practised for hours. His labour had its reward and here he was receiving the applause of critics, music lovers, rich and poor alike. He turned his sightless eyes towards his wife. In his mind he could picture her sweet, loving face, the mark of a loving heart. She was all that he saw.

RITA LOVETT (I U.C.)

*"Unfortunately one often sees young women, well disposed but superficial in their faith and lacking rational convictions, who give in to the attraction of generous sentiments, of apparently good ideas, of audacious undertakings, and who yield without discernment to this flattery. They frequently run the risk of committing grave imprudences."*

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII.

## TRUE

## LOVE

“**L**OVE” is the most misunderstood and ever-abused word of the present day. From the most serious ascetic on the slopes of the Himalayas to the most popular actor of stage or screen each uses this word in his own way. The worst criminal speaks of love when he is most anxious to escape from the inevitable gallows. The innocent mother, brimming with affection for her ailing child, unconsciously utters this word. The selfish politician, to win a few votes from an unchary crowd, also makes a copious use of “love”. Hence it is that a great philosopher exclaimed, “Oh, Love, have you saved the world or have you turned all men into hypocrites?”

It therefore becomes necessary to know the exact meaning of this word. Evidently it is not “love” which is basely exploited on the silver screens of both West and East with the whole-hearted Co-operation of hundreds of young people. No one will be deceived when the ambitious politician stands upon the public platform and eloquently proclaims, “Ladies and gentlemen, it is not pride that makes me tell you of my great services to our country; it is not ambition that makes me seek a seat in our parliament to represent you,—but it is ‘love’ for you and for our beloved country which makes me seek your votes, get elected and become one of your ministers, — which post after all carries only a pay of a few thousands of rupees”. True love on the other hand is the one which made the poor peasant-pilgrim to Benares, unconscious of the plate of gold from heaven, sit by the side of a beggar-friend with wounds too ugly to be seen, and console him with kind and gentle words. True love can also be explained by the act of the poverty-stricken widow of the Gospels, who had only two meagre pence to give to the temple.

But the greatest definition of love was given by a simple Man who lived a couple of thousands of years ago. He was not the graduate of any university, not even the student of a high school. Yet His definition of love has not so far been bettered by any one. Hanging on the cross, an ignominious form of punishment, unjustly condemned by a proud race of self-seekers, He cried, while yet His persecutors were torturing Him, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” This is true love.

R. PATTAMMAL (III U.C.)

## CAPTURE OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON

NOT for a long time has Ceylon been able to have "Kraal Towns", which had been a world attraction of the Island. Few elephants are now captured owing to the fact that elephant labour is being replaced by modern machinery. Yet we do see, in most parts of Ceylon, elephants still used for transport, loading and unloading, and uprooting trees.

Usually these wild animals assemble in herds with their respective leaders. When they increase in number these animals cause much devastation to the vegetation. When one breaks off from the herd, it strays and becomes a "rogue elephant". These "rogue elephants" are a menace to traffic and a danger to people for they block roadways and charge pedestrians.

The "Kraal Towns" are held at a place called Panamure in Ratnapura district. An area of about ten square miles, where the elephants are found in large numbers, is selected. A stockade about a hundred square feet in area is set up with one entrance on a particular side into which the rounded-up animals are to be driven. A number of weeks or even months are needed for the "beaters" to round up these elephants and direct them towards the mouth of the stockade.

The area around the stockade is known as "Kraal Town", where temporary sheds serve as hotels, bazaars, and are used for all sorts of amusements. The public come to this place when the elephants are known to be nearing the mouth of the stockade. The town is charmingly decorated and special pandals are erected in honour of the governor and high government officials.

After special religious ceremonies at the auspicious hour, the elephants are rushed into the stockade and the mouth of the stockade is closed, to the cheers of the spectators. It is very interesting to see the stream of elephants following the leader, who alone directs the herd. Particular care is therefore taken by the "beaters" to watch the movements of the leader.

After the herd is trapped, the men who noose enter the stockade on the backs of strong, tame elephants. These huge tame elephants keep a check on the wild ones till they are caught and tied to the trunks of trees. These wild elephants are then auctioned and sold to the public. After the sales the wild ones are led away as captives by the tame monster elephants to begin training. Sometimes "babes", which are difficult to rear, are sent to the zoo where they are bottle-fed and well cared-for.

Among the spectators there are the usual film cameramen, press photographers, amateur photographers, and journalists. They creep into the stockade at the risk of their lives and climb trees inside the stockade in order to get better views of the events. At the last "Kraal" the leader of the herd had to be shot down for some reason or other. It was indeed very tragic to see that animal dropping dead gradually, and the disturbance caused by the herd at the death of their leader. The leader of the herd is held sacred by the Buddhists and this incident caused them much grief.

Most of the Island's elephants are exhibited yearly at the famous "Kandy Perahara".

DAHLIA WIJESIRIRAJNE (III U.C.)



## LEARNING

### TO DRIVE

FOR quite some time the fact that I would have to "take the wheel" one day loomed threateningly ahead. I belong to that class of people who shut their eyes and pray fervently on approaching a sharp corner or a particularly formidable vehicle. Both my brothers knew the complicated art of driving and it was my revered father's firm resolve that this should also be one of my accomplishments.

Whenever this subject was broached I would mumble some lame excuse such as learning the mechanism of the engine as a preliminary course. But one sunny morning I had to face it.

All fears and protests were absolutely useless. It was a thousand times worse than an inoculation and I was convinced that this mad experiment would end in disaster.

After being ordered peremptorily into the driving seat, such elementary parts of the car as the accelerator and brakes were shown to me. With this elaborate explanation I was expected to drive! To one whose knowledge of machines was limited to the physics text book even the thought of undertaking such a venture was dreadful. But more afraid of evoking my father's wrath than of a future suicidal crash, I hurriedly ejaculated a last prayer, and after pressing the starter, I boldly accelerated the car. As if resenting this ill-treatment, it shot forward with a sudden deafening roar, heading towards a massive tree. Tense with fear, I laid the whole weight of my foot on the accelerator while the tree came rushing straight at us.

Just then my father jerked the wheel round and the car swerved away from this first obstacle. But I saw with dismay that we were now shooting towards our house. In my terror I did not release the accelerator for one second, while I was desperately trying to recall the brief instructions received earlier that day. Meanwhile my father tried his best to avert disaster but, clutching the driving wheel for dear life, I did my best to impede him.

We were dangerously close to our home and on the verge of disaster. I realised that an accident was inevitable. In that same split-second it flashed across my mind that I was shown the brakes half an hour ago. Quickly I found them and jammed them down well and hard. With a final loud roar, that savage creature stopped within a few inches of our home.

I clambered out slowly, feeling exhausted and "weak at the knees". This, I hoped, was the end of my driving career. I firmly resolved never to try to control that ferocious creature. However, that was only an initial misfortune. The car remains quite passive in my control now until I discover a few cows or an overloaded lorry in the far distance.

V. STEPHEN (III U.C.)

## THESE CONFERENCES

“**M**EN may come and men may go ” but these conferences remain forever. We seem to suffer from a conference-mania. You succeed in life only if you take part in at least half a dozen conferences. The part you take may vary in importance. You may be the chairman, the “ chairwoman ”, one of the dozen indefatigable speakers or readers of prepared notes (not original, mind you) or one of the few sufferers (the audience) or the organiser — either the secretary or the peon who arranges the chairs, etc. Yet you have the unique honour of having taken part in a conference.

The purpose for convening a conference may be for the sake of improving the slum dwellers' condition, but you yourself need not be a slum dweller to speak on their deplorable condition. You can stretch your wide imagination, wax eloquent and shed a few tears if you can and thereby enlist the support of the slum dwellers in your area for the next municipal election.

The conference need not be attended by those for whose benefit it has been convened by the “ public-spirited ” organisers. A conference for examining the plight of harbour coolies may be constituted by people other than coolies.

Noisy speakers are chosen to preside and shower blessings on these conferences. These speakers sympathize with every type of people; a minister has a good escape for he can assure the agitators that the government will investigate the matter and leave it at that. They call for public co-operation, analyse the need for greater economic development, etc., forgetting completely the problem which is to be examined by the conference. But a minister can be erratic and eccentric, not our humble selves.

Conferences are the advertising media for popularity. A few men can convene a conference, caring little for public response. But the newspapers are there to give publicity. My advice is that the key to success lies in the role you play in a conference.

N. A. CHELLAM (B.A. 1954)

## IN THE WORLD . . .

“THE days spent in educating and equipping yourself to step out into the world are the best days of your life,” we are constantly told by the old silver-heads in their armchairs as they stuff their pipes with memories. The same cry is echoed by the “long-marrieds” who are bordering on middle age, or even by younger people. “Gone are the days of irresponsibility and fun and now we must take life in its stride. We must settle down and be sober.”

But are they the best days of life when we seek pleasure from cutting classes, cramming at the last minute and playing the general clown? Can these be compared to the thrill of drawing a salary, of being able to do what we wish with it, of being in an office and doing our share of work? No, the joys of our teens cannot equal these.

We must grow up and assume our share of responsibility. We should turn over a new leaf to begin a steadier and more useful life. Drifting along aimlessly does no one any good and it will make us a drain on society.

We do not give ourselves a chance to appreciate the present if we constantly speak of the glories of the past. Living on memories is characteristic of old age not of youth.

How ridiculous a person looks in society when his behaviour, which he thinks is very smart, is in fact immature and childish. Others will not envy his sense of humour but silently pity him or even shun his company. It is mature behaviour that commands respect both in college and outside.

It is very easy to enjoy every stage of our lives. How? By making the best use of the present moment. When we are in school and college we should make the most of it, for very soon we will step into the world,— young, educated ladies who will be expected to behave accordingly. Who knows what is in store for us? When our education is over we must decide on what we are going to do. Once we have chosen our career we should put our heart and soul into it and then will we taste the joy of assuming responsibility, of working, of drawing a salary, and of spending our own money. We will also increase our sense of values.

A career girl should put her heart into her work. If she marries, she will be well prepared. The fact that she has worked and gone through all the difficulties a man must face will make her more sympathetic towards him. Instead of being a nagging wife, she will be kind and considerate. If she does all her work conscientiously she will have no reason to sigh for her teens.

Why do not more of our Indian girls work? How many girls graduate every year but how many of them use their degrees and profit by them? More than fifty percent merely frame their degree certificates and sit back and wait for Mr. Right to make an appearance. Small wonder that they wistfully say that there is nothing like their school and college days. They have nothing to keep them occupied and their minds are idle. They are to be pitied.

So, those who are educated and graduated, why not shake off this idleness, specialise in something and work? Besides keeping the mind active and alert, it will do justice to the money our parents have spent on us and will repay them in a small measure. We will be better citizens of India. The parents of some girls object to their working. Yet there is dignity in labour. To those who are making the most of their knowledge, education and time I wish every success!

NALINI MASCARENHAS (B.A. 1955)

*“ The modern world rises up like a building of gigantic dimensions, but the human soul, in spite of its admiration and attachment to this new abode, will never be able to escape from the mystery of its origin and from its destiny, which bear the stamp of God, its Creator.”*

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII.

## ACHIEVEMENTS—1956

### ACADEMIC PRIZE LIST

The “Nivedita Shield” presented to the College by Sri A. Ramanjulu Chetty for Academic Achievements. The following two names were inscribed on it for 1956. A silver medal was given to each student :

First in the College in Humanities	Avril Bamford	IV U.C.
First in the College in Science	Annie Verghese	I U.C.

The Dr. G. V. James Memorial Prize given by Miss M. James to the best in English of the out-going students of the B.A. Class.

Presented to : Avril Bamford

Individual Prizes

First in B.A. Mathematics	P. M. Meenakshi	IV U.C.
First in B.A. Science	R. Vedavalli	III U.C.
First in B.A. Humanities	N. Padma	III U.C.
First in Inter. Science, Gr. 1	K. S. Padma	II U.C.
First in Inter. Science, Gr. 2	Annie Verghese	I U.C.
First in Inter. Humanities	Rita Lovett	I U.C.
First in Social Service Diploma Course	Leela Rao	

Inter-Group Debate Competition Shield. Awarded to : II U.C. Gr. 2  
Prize for Debating Vilma Beaver II U.C. Gr. 2

### INTER-COLLEGIATE UNIVERSITY DEBATES

Inter-Collegiate Debate in English. Vilma Beaver was successful in the First and Second Rounds. She was also chosen to represent the University of Madras in the Inter-University Debate held at Waltair.

One of the winners in the First Round of the Tamil Debate

	P. A. Sivagamasundari	II U.C.
Debate in Sanskrit, Third Prize	A. V. Susila	I U.C.

### INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITIONS

Ethiraj College — Bharathi Music Competition,

Second Prize V. Vijayalakshmi II U.C.

Professor Sambamoorthi Silver Jubilee Group Singing Competition,

First Prize, “The Silver Tambura.” Awarded to Stella Maris College Team.

Andhra Vidyarthi Vignana Samithi Extempore Debate Rolling Cup.

Won by	Indira Bahadur	III U.C.
	T. Mythili	II U.C.

Telugu Competitions

First Prize to the Best Speaker	T. Mythili	II U.C.
Poem Competition, Second Prize	M. Mythili	II U.C.
Essay Competition, First Prize	M. Mythili	
Essay Competition, Second Prize	T. Ramalakshmi	II U.C.
Music Competition, Individual Prizes	T. Mythili	
	V. Lalitha	I U.C.

Pachaiyappa College Sanskrit Union Rolling Cup.

First in Recitation K. Santha I U.C.  
 First in Mono-acting K. S. Padma II U.C.

Debate in English on a Sanskrit subject for the award of the Sri Prakasa Rolling Cup.

Won by the team of Stella Maris College  
 P. Prema II U.C.  
 Ganga Kumar I U.C.  
 Individual Cup Ganga Kumar

### UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS—1956

B. A.	First Class.	Second Class.	Percentage of Passes.
Part I	-	3	95.5%
Part II	5	8	90%
Part III	8	7	93.6%
Intermediate			
Group			
Mathematics	12	23	84%
Natural Science	6	30	98%
Histories	-	15	76%

### SPORTS PRIZE LIST

Inter-Group Tournaments

Netball Shield II U.C., Gr. 3  
 Throwball Shield II U.C., Gr. 3  
 Badminton Shield Social Service  
 Tenniquoit Shield Social Service

Individual Events

Running Race  
 1st Rita Devasagayam I U.C., Gr. 3  
 2nd Vimala Nambiar II U.C., Gr. 2  
 Skipping Race  
 1st Annie Verghese I U.C., Gr. 2  
 2nd Vimala Nambiar II U.C., Gr. 2  
 Sack Race  
 1st Sarala Reddy III U.C.  
 2nd S. Sathy II U.C., Gr. 2  
 Obstacle Race  
 1st Vijayalakshmi Pandalai II U.C., Gr. 3  
 2nd Joy D'Silva II U.C., Gr. 2  
 Shot Put  
 1st Sheila Sukumaran II U.C., Gr. 3  
 2nd S. Kalyani I U.C., Gr. 1  
 Discus Throw  
 1st Vijayalakshmi Pandalai II U.C., Gr. 3  
 2nd Sheila Sukumaran II U.C., Gr. 3

Sir Walter Raleigh and  
 Queen Elizabeth Race

1st K. Nalini, S. Radhamani Social Service  
 2nd R. Padma, D. Kamala I U.C., Gr. 1

Whirly-gig Relay

1st I U.C., Gr. 3

Staff Race

1st Miss L. Cyriac  
 2nd Miss S. Swamidoss

Championship in Sports

II U.C., Gr. 3 23 points

Individual Championship

Vijayalakshmi Pandalai 12 points

## GRADUATES

### RECEPTION

AUGUST 20th, 1955, was a very happy day for us because on that day we graduates were given a reception at Stella Maris. Incidentally it was also Old Students' Day.

I arrived in Stella Maris at 3 p.m. to be greeted by the dear grey building, and dear smiling faces.

After the first delighted exclamations of, "How nice to see you!" and "What a lovely sari!" and also—"Imagine, we are graduates! I still can't understand how I got through Economics!", we were shepherded into a class-room to don our caps and gowns, preparatory to taking a group photo. Some of us managed to look like mannequins, some looked positively awkward, but all were proud to wear the apparel that distinguished us as "Graduates". I think I heard somebody say we looked like penguins, but perhaps it was only my imagination.

After the photo we had an Old Students' Association meeting, at which the office-bearers were elected and plans outlined for the new year.

Then we had tea and it was like old times. We gossiped and giggled, but underneath the gaiety and friendliness, we all felt that this was the last time we might be together, under the roof of our dear Alma Mater.

The entertainment which followed tea was a fine display of the talents of our Juniors. Then we had games, and we forgot our new-found dignity and scrambled after seats in the "musical chairs" item. It was truly a wonderful evening, and we thank the nuns and the girls who helped to make the reception as enjoyable as it was.

We graduates had the pleasure and honour too of meeting the new Mother Principal. We also met our former Lecturers and other members of the Staff whom we will always remember with the deepest affection and gratitude.

We have now left Stella Maris, and perhaps many of us will never meet again, but in our hearts we will always remember the lessons we learned at Stella Maris, and the fun we had.

BETTY XAVIER (B.A. 1955)

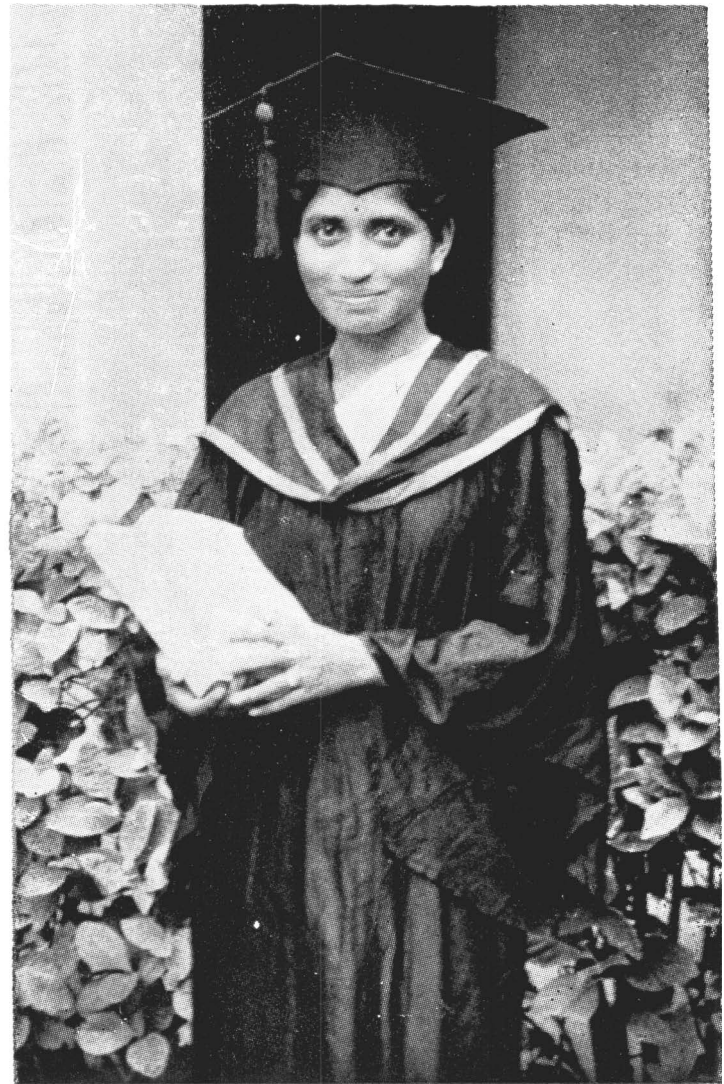


Some of the Graduates of 1955





M. Savithri, winner of " The Codati Ethirajamma Memorial Medal " and " The Gopathy Mahadeva Chetty Medal "



Mary Rayar, winner of " The Marsh Prize "

## WHO'S WHO?

**D**EAR Reader, the title may be a bit misleading. You will not find below a Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, but if you are a Stella Marian you will find among the girls to whom we are going to introduce you old friends and perhaps classmates.

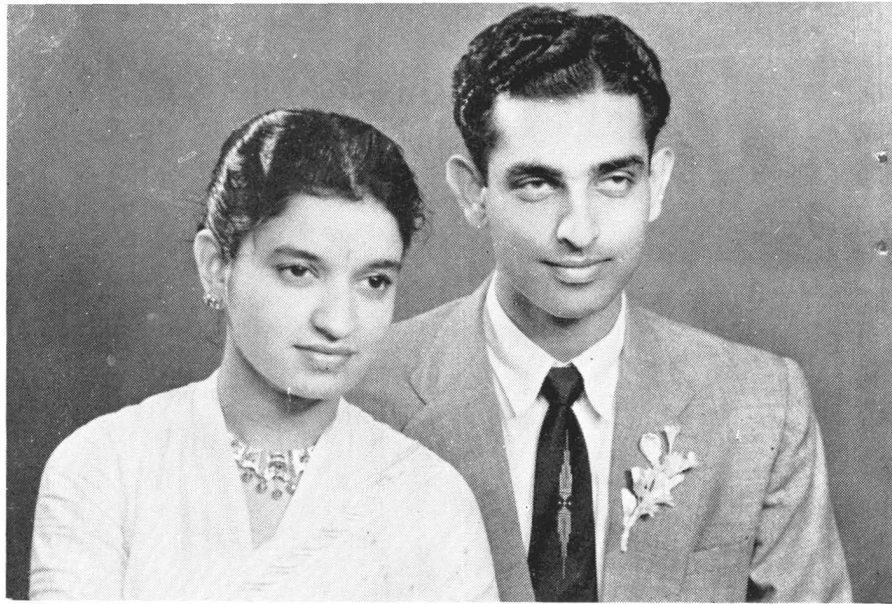
These are the girls who have once been in Stella Maris, most of them for four years, and who formed part of the huge "Star of the Sea". But the big star has constantly sent out little stars, and these are now shining in colleges, schools, offices and homes. They are helping, each in their own way, to serve God and man and to make the world a better place to live in.

We will first introduce you to the "Teaching Stars" and to those who have gone in for Post-Graduate and other training courses. GRACE JAMES (1950) and D. JOSEPHINE (1951) are now teaching in St. Raphael's High School; S. SARASWATHI (1952), after her B.T., joined Stella Maris as a tutor in Economics and History; MARGARET PAUL (1952), who graduated with a Triple First Class and later secured a First Class when she passed her English M.A., is now a lecturer at New College, Madras. STELLA JESUDOSS (1953), after finishing her History M.A., joined Stella Maris as a lecturer in History; R. AGNES (1953) is teaching in Christ the King School, Tambaram; MURIEL COLACO (1954) is now teaching in Ajmer; EMMA DEVAPRIAM (1955) is a tutor in Stella Maris and SULOCHANA SHARMA (1955) is teaching in St. Raphael's High School. RITA MIRANDA (1955), after dreaming of other stars, decided in favour of teaching at St. Joseph's Convent, Trincomalee, Ceylon.



Mr. and Mrs. Gonsalves

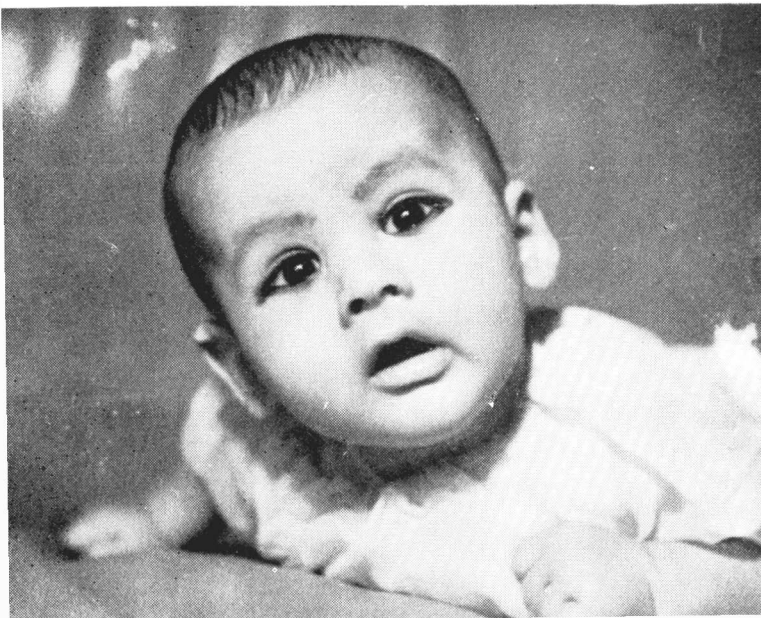
Mr. and Mrs. Tauro



MARGARET VILLAVAROYEN (1951) has returned from Ceylon to India to do her B.T.; MYRTLE DORAI RAJ (1952) — remember the girl who won a trip to the U.S.A.? — is doing her English M.A. at University College, Travancore; B. AUDI-LAKSHMI (1952),

after finishing her Telugu M.A., joined Stella Maris as a lecturer and left for research work at the University of Madras; MARY MANOHARA (1953) is finishing her Tamil M.A.; and M. C. SHANTA (1954) is finishing her Politics M.A.; S. PARVATHI (1955) and MARY RAYAR (1955) are doing their Maths. M.A. at Presidency College. In the same College M. USHA (College Union President 1955) is doing her Politics M.A. and BETTY XAVIER (1955) is struggling through her English M.A. D. SAROJINI, P. VENKATALAKSHMANNA and K. KAMALA (all of 1955) are doing their B.T. We wish all these girls success in their studies.

We now come to the “Office Stars” — our highly efficient career-girls. P. VIMALA (1951); M. BHARATI RAJA (1953) is now working at the Madras Secretariat; P. RADHAMMA (1953) is working under the National Extension Service near Bangalore; NALINI MASCARENHAS (1955) is a receptionist at the U.S.I.S. office at Mount Road, Madras. She met such interesting celebrities as Jessie Owen; and the latest news is that she is going to America to study music.



Finally we introduce to you our “Stars of the Hearth”. We congratulate all of them and wish them a long and happy married life. ELIZABETH MATTHEW (1950) became Mrs. Antony soon after her graduation; R. KAMALA (1952) is now in Coimbatore; TERESA JOHN (1952); S. SULOCHANA (1952) married soon after her B.T.; CLAIRE

Robin Sahasranam

ALBUQUERQUE (1952) who married recently, is now Mrs. Tauro, living in Orissa; P. SITA (1953) is now in Coimbatore; R. LAKSHMI (1953), who after getting her D.S.S., gave up a good position in Delhi for "a more permanent job", as she put it; MYRTLE PAIS (1954) is now Mrs. Gonsalves; K. CHELLAM (1954), has just finished her Economics M.A.; K. USHA (1955); M. SAVITHRI (1955), who was graduated last year with a First Class in Economics, is living in Madras. Special congratulations to the happy mothers : SWATANTRA LATA (1951), who finished her Economics M.A., has a little son. She is now living in Delhi. OLIVE WILLMOT (1951); V. KALPAGAM (1952); S. MARIA PUSHPAM (1953), who has a little Assunta; RAMMA DEVI (1953), another D.S.S., is now in Bombay and has a little girl; CHARLOTTE SELVANAYAGAM (1953), who is in Ceylon, has a little girl; FLAVIE D'SYLVA (President of the College Union 1953) is in Mangalore and has a baby boy; SARASWATHI NARAIN (1954), now Mrs. S. Sahasranam, has a little son Robin, and is living in Calcutta; C. V. NAMAGIRI (College Union President 1954), is now in Mambalam; K. INDIRA (1954); K. RAJARAJESWARI (1955) is in Trichy and has a little boy.

We rejoice with T. A. PADMASINI, a Social Service Diploma student, who has been selected by the Government to get further training in Home Economics in U.S.A., under the International Farm Youth Exchange Programme, sponsored by the 4H Club. She will be there for six months living with farm families. We wish also all happiness to LAKSHMI-KUTTI, another D.S.S., who married a very short time ago.

We are aware that we have not mentioned many of you who graduated from Stella Maris, since we did not hear from you, not because we have forgotten you. Next year we hope our Old Students' "Who's Who" will be longer and supplied with more photos. We would like to keep in touch with you. Until we hear from you—may God be with you!

BETTY XAVIER  
*Secretary, O.S.A.*

T. A. Padmasini



Social Service  
Diploma Student

## GRACIOUS

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To a constant anonymous Benefactor—

To *Rev. Fr. I. D. Murphy, S. J., M.A.*, Loyola College, for his kindness and assistance at all times.

*Mrs. Parthasarathy*, Head of the English Department, Presidency College, for her Inaugural Address to all the College Associations.

*Professor Spencer Tucker*, from Ohio, U.S.A., for his lectures to the Social Service Diploma Course.

*Mr. T. N. Ramachandran*, Joint Director-General of Archaeology, New Delhi, who addressed the art students.

*Mr. F. L. Billows*, Education Officer, Madras British Council, for his lecture on “ Good English Pronunciation ”.

*Mr. R. Mahadevan*, Assistant Editor “ Anantha Vikatan ”, who spoke on “ Humour in Tamil Literature ”.

*Mr. B. Lakshmi Narayana Rao, M.A., L.T.*, Head of the Department of Telugu, Presidency College, for his discussion of “ Telugu Literature ”.

*Mr. Krishnamurthy*, Principal of Pachaiyappa’s College, who discussed “ The Right Approach to History ”.

*Mrs. G. Caldwell*, for her beautiful recital of the music of Chopin, Liszt, Albeniz, and Beethoven.

*Mrs. I. Rajalakshamma*, Head of the Telugu Department, Q.M.C., who delivered a lecture on “ Andhra Nataka Vangmayamu Visadhantha Natakamelu ”.

*Professor P. Sambamoorthy*, who presented his views on the South-East Asian Regional Music Conference and then gave a demonstration-lecture on the “ Bambolin ”.

*Rev. Fr. Ceyrac, S. J.*, for his talk on “ Joan of Arc ”.

*Mr. Horton Heath*, Assistant Officer of the Cultural Affairs Department of the U.S.I.S., for his talk on “ Student Life in America.”

*Dr. Nayadamma*, Assistant Director of Central Leather Research Institute, Adyar, for his lecture on “ Science in Leather Technology ”.

*Dr. G. D. Boaz*, Head of the Psychology Department, University of Madras, for his lecture on “ The Art of Thinking ”.

*Dr. M. Ruthnaswami*, of international fame, for his very interesting lecture at the Valedictory Meeting.

To all those who so generously contributed towards the Social Service Activities, especially Mr. Radhakrishnan.

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dustrial Research, Hyderabad (Deccan).

Ahmedabad Textile Industries Research  
Association, Ahmedabad.

Medical College, Trivandrum.

Stanley Medical College, Madras.

Christian Medical College Hospital, Vellore.

University of Travancore, Trivandrum.

University of Allahabad, Allahabad.

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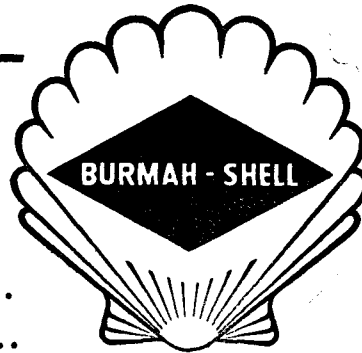
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