


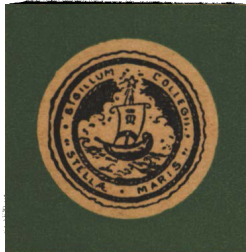


STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

great deeds are done when
men and mountains meet



STELLA MARIS
COLLEGE 1966



GREAT DEEDS ARE DONE
WHEN MEN AND MOUNTAINS MEET

CONTENTS

Editorial	...	v
World-Wide Challenge to Love	...	1
New Heights to Climb	...	4
Challenge for Senior Friends	...	6
Conflicting Sympathies	...	9
A Compassionate Heart	...	12
Next Stop Wimbledon	...	15
Rally Round to Meet the Challenge	...	17
Day of Discovery	...	20
The Challenge of Poverty	...	23
Challenge to Youth	...	25
Death, Where is Thy Victory?	...	28
Towards Unity	...	30
In Memoriam	...	31
Seniors, Relax! Hostel History, 1965-66	...	33
A Challenge to Service	...	38
Editorial Activities	...	40
Travelogue	...	43
Challenge to Sisterhood	...	49

Facing the Challenge of Life	...	53
The Challenge of the Universe	...	61
Civilization : a Response to Challenge	...	64
Juvenile Delinquency : Challenge and Defeat	...	68
Response to Challenge in the Sanskrit Epics	...	71
Revolution in Mathematics	...	75
The Friendly Atom	...	78
Challenge in Stone	...	81
An Indian on the Height of Honour	...	84
Gerard Manley Hopkins - the Challenge of Faith	...	86
The Heights of Harmony	...	90
Vers le Dôme Eternel	...	92
Wordsworth, Poet of the Mountains	...	93
Climbing the Mountain of Economic Progress	...	96
Insects at Your Service	...	100
The Challenge of Life in a Foreign Land	...	105
The O.S.A. Meets the Challenge	...	113
Mountains of Mail	...	114
Should You be a Social Worker ?	...	125

Editorial

“Great deeds are done, when men and mountains meet.”

These days of Everest expeditions and soaring satellites lead many of us to look higher than we ever did before, and remind us that it is by facing the challenge of difficulty and trying to overcome it that man can do great things. Even failure, where there has been sincere and courageous effort, is better than the mediocre success of those who do not know how to strive.

Yet the effort to overcome difficulty requires direction; a purposeless effort, or one undertaken for unworthy purposes, has no merit, and does no good: it must be the top of the mountain we aim for, not the dead-end of some gully part way up. The aim must be noble; before we expend courage and strength on the effort to attain it.

The struggles of students are often comparatively light. Being young, and with her moral strength as yet only partly developed, the student finds her own difficulties quite sufficient, but if she faces them with courage and generosity she is, without realizing it, preparing herself for the greater efforts and higher mountains of adult life.

Human nature being what it is, most of us would prefer to side-step obstacles, rather than overcome them, and there are people in this world who pride themselves on doing just that. Yet they are

making a gross error, for without the courageous encounter with the difficulties of life, no-one can grow to full moral stature, and develop a really mature personality. It is as true now as it was when Oxenham wrote, that :

“To every man there openeth a way, and ways, and a way ;
 And the high soul climbs the high way,
 And the low soul gropes the low ;
 And those in between drift to and fro across the misty flat.”

<input type="checkbox"/>	R. Ramaa,	II	M.Sc.
<input type="checkbox"/>	M. S. Rajayee Chitra,	III	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	S. Ramani,	II	B.Sc.
<input type="checkbox"/>	C. Kanchana,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	V. Mahalakshmi,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	K. Vijayalakshmi,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	B. Geetha,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	T. P. Padma Priya,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Nirmala Azariah,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	K. Revathy,	I	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Nandini Sen,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	K. T. Bakula,	II	B.A.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Kalpana Panday,		P.U.
<input type="checkbox"/>	N. Lakshmi,		P.U.

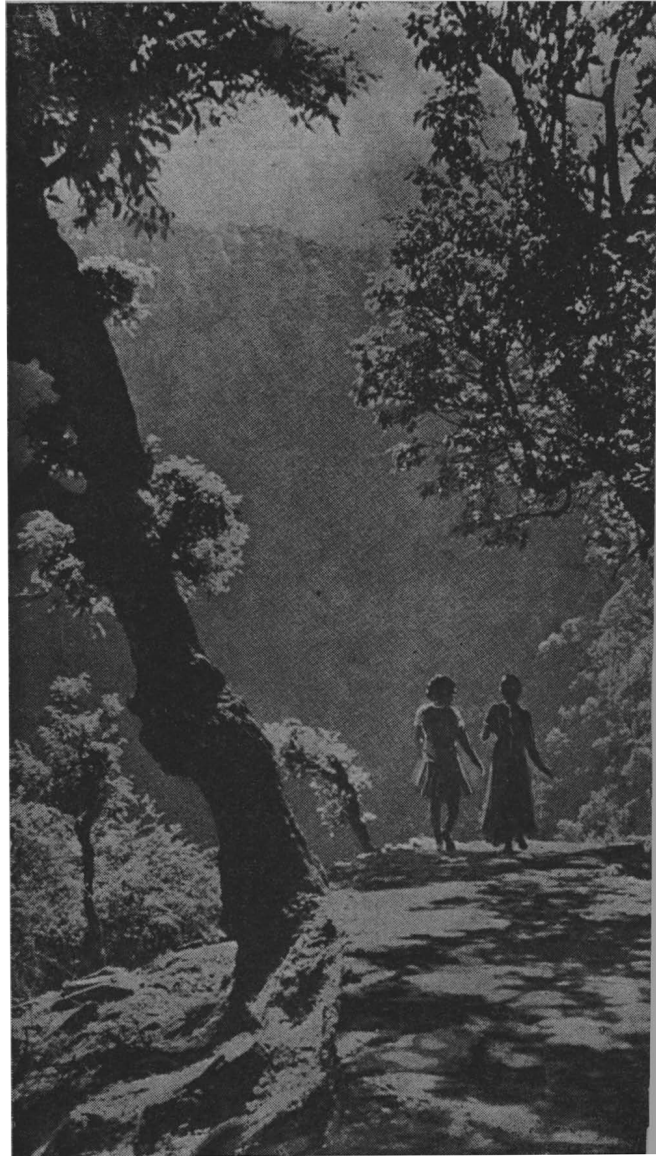
WE CLIMB

THE

FOOT HILLS

OF OUR YOUTH

TOGETHER



World-Wide Challenge to Love

The whole world calls for the care and love of Very Reverend Mother General, and her response to this call takes her from end to end of the earth. June to September, 1965, found her in the New World.

It hardly seems so long ago when Stella Maris was electrified by the news that Mother General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, the Institute which guides and governs the fortunes of the college, was coming to India, to Madras, to Stella Maris itself! The excited preparations which followed the announcement, and the joyful and entirely special College Day which was celebrated on the day of her visit, when the prize-winners received their awards from her hands, will live long in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be in college at the time.



This year, it was the turn of South America to have the privilege of Mother General's visit, so all the Sisters in other parts of the world, and most of their pupils and proteges, found their interest, and a tinge of envy, turning in the same direction.

Mother General had been the fore-runner of the Pope, both to Palestine and India, and so it proved in America, too for her first visit was to the United States, towards the end of June, and her long journey was scarcely over before His Holiness followed her there, to address the General Assembly of the United Nations in October.

Mother's journey this time was through even more diverse landscapes than those she saw in India, where teeming, cosmopolitan Bombay was contrasted with quiet Madras, and the wide plateau of the Deccan with the eucalyptus-covered Nilgiris or the rockbound coast at Kanya Kumari. From the steel skyscrapers of New York to the barren plateaux of Mexico, from the snow-capped, sharp-peaked Andes to the impenetrable jungles of the Amazon, then southward to the wide plains of the Pampas, where the grass grows ten feet high, the eyes must almost grow weary of straining to see so many new and strange scenes, in the short space of two and a half months.

If the eyes grow weary, a mother's heart does not, and Mother General saw much to fill her heart with the warmth of tender charity, for from New England to the Straits of Magellan she found her daughters occupied with the neediest of children, girls, and women.

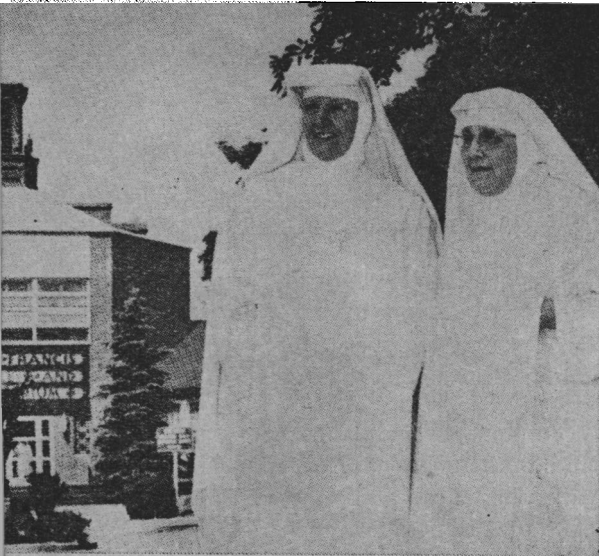
In Boston, the first stop on the American continent, the most important work of the Sisters is that of the Kennedy Memorial Hospital, built in memory of the late President's brother, who was killed in the Second World War. Here, physically and mentally handicapped children entertained Mother in a way that must have brought

tears to her eyes, with a five-year-old announcer who found great difficulty in articulating, and little dancers in heavy leg-irons happily going through a laborious performance ; yes, happily, for they were doing as other children do.

The children in the "Shelters" which Mother saw in New York were not quite so happy ; they had to become adjusted, not to physical pain, but to being separated by illness from their families, or even unwanted by them. In the Sisters and their devoted helpers, who combine trained skill in child-care with a share in Mother General's own great love for their small unhappy souls, they begin to re-discover the security and affection which every little one needs.

South to Mexico, where life is lived habitually at an altitude of about 1,500 metres, Mother found dire poverty, and generous love. Here, she learnt, the three

convents where her daughters live on charity want for nothing: because they work for the poorest, they are loved and helped by the not-so-poor. Schools, she discovered, work only until 2.0 p.m., for the children need to earn their living as shoe-blacks or errand-boys, or by gathering firewood to sell, otherwise they could not come to school at all. Young girls learn domestic crafts or needlework, to be able to earn their bread, and among them many have the features of the Mexican Indian, made familiar by the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which Mother was so happy to venerate in Mexico City itself.



For the next few weeks, Mother found herself living at or near the Equator, but there was no monotony in the temperature, or the view. The

capital of Ecuador, almost exactly on "The Line", is yet so high up in the Andes that the days are fresh, the nights cool, while plunging by plane, for it is impossible to cut a road through the jungle, into the heart of Amazonia, she found the Sisters and the poor people for whom they work living a semi-aquatic life, going from village to tiny village by boat on the great river or its innumerable tributaries. Here, as elsewhere, ignorance is the greatest enemy of health, both spiritual and physical, and the Sisters do battle with it among adults and children alike.

Among the mountains or in the forests, however, there is everywhere the same poverty, which officialdom does so little to relieve, and against which the Sisters wage perpetual war. Yet a warm humanity can be found in the most unexpected places, and the jungle outpost visited by Mother, important because at the border of

three different countries, is surely the only one in the world where the army general visits his sick soldiers daily.

Argentina showed to Mother General, on the one hand, fine schools where her daughters teach the children of the poor, while their elder sisters learn home science or obtain other professional training, and on the other hand hospitals including sanatoria and leprosaria, where they care for the sick, and prisons which they visit to teach the prisoners and help them to live a better life in the future : their charity, like hers, is all-embracing.

The ingenuity of love is shown in many kinds of work adapted to the needs of the people, as in Chile, where Mother found her daughters hard at work helping their neighbours, the poor, to re-build their homes and their lives after a severe earthquake. Here, too, is a special Agricultural School for girls, where the daughters of the poor farmers learn the best ways of doing that part of farm-work which has from time immemorial been the share of the women-folk, dairying, storing, preserving the products of the farm, so that on their return home, and after their marriage, they can contribute to raise the prosperity of their people.

At last, early in September, Mother General boarded the plane for Rome, with her memory full of the sights and sounds of Latin America, her heart full of love for its people, so poor, so much in need of help and guidance. She reached Rome just in time to share with her daughters of the Campagna the privilege of welcoming to the novitiate of Grottaferrata His Holiness the Pope, a privilege in which Sisters from Madras, sent there for training, also shared.

This is just a bird's-eye view of Mother General's tour, for to give a full account would be impossible, but with our memories of her visit to the college still fresh and green, we can see her among those poor people of South and Central America ; we can be reminded of the warm and truly motherly love which radiated on us then, as on them this year, and can hope that the day is not too far off when she will come again, to see how far Stella Maris has grown since January, 1964.

A STELLA MARIAN



New Heights to Climb

During the long summer holidays, the college learnt of the election of Reverend Mother Carla Rosa to be the Vicar General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary.



Stella Maris is torn between pride and regret, at the news of Reverend Mother Carla Rosa's nomination to the position of Vicar General: pride because she so richly merits the honour, regret because Stella Maris must lose her, for she will henceforth reside in Rome. Reverend Mother was associated with the development of the college for the past eighteen years, practically its whole lifetime, and has been Superior and Principal for nearly five years, so she is known, loved and esteemed by all generations of Stella Marians.

Well known in University circles for her exceptional intellectual and administrative ability, giving an example of courage and integrity in the changing problems of academic life, Reverend Mother Carla Rosa earned the gratitude and affection of all the staff and students who have known her since the days when the total strength of the college was only thirty-two. The oldest old-students remember the gay spirit with which she made the sacrifices and struggles of those early days seem fun, while all remember the Ancient History, Politics or Economics classes, in which the clarity of a consummate teacher was combined with the wise foresight of a mother.

In the early days at Mylapore, and later as Principal at the Cloisters, Mother Carla Rosa was keenly interested in the development of the students' initiative through games, journalism, debating, associations, and impromptu entertainments, in which the maximum freedom of organization was left to the girls themselves. She has indeed shared in, and contributed to, every ascent of the college in its climb towards the Star, whether in the field of academic progress or that of student development. Under her leadership, we have seen a crop of student activities of various kinds, which has obeyed the biblical injunction to "increase and multiply", so that the active students have found hitherto unthought-of outlets for their surplus energy, and unsuspected resources of leadership and initiative within themselves.

Reverend Mother Carla Rosa will be best remembered in the college, however, for the personal guidance and help which she gave to so many, for no matter how the

numbers increased, each student was to her an individual, and she always had time to listen to and advise each one. That personal guidance she later sought to extend through the establishment of the Student Guidance System, so that every student would have someone to turn to in time of difficulty, great or small.

Personal sympathy and understanding offered to everyone she met could also be seen in Mother's pre-occupation with the poor. No college feast or function passed without some provision being made for the poor to share in it, while her own greatest joy was to be with the little waifs of the Social Welfare Centre. Her administrative capacities were devoted to promoting the development of the social service activities of the college, but her heart was still more engaged with the individual, in material or spiritual need.

For these, and many other facets of her rich and lovable personality, Stella Maris will remember Reverend Mother Carla Rosa, thankful that we have been fortunate enough to keep her with us for so long. As she faces new mountains of responsibility and climbs new summits of achievement, we send our grateful prayers and good wishes after her, and resolve that Stella Maris will, in imitation of her, continue along the paths she trod, the paths of service and self-sacrifice, with eyes, mind and heart open, receptive to all that is good, loving and tolerant to all that is human, and resolute in the affirmation and application of right principles in every circumstance of life. The debt of gratitude we owe to Reverend Mother cannot be repaid, or even measured, but we know that the best payment we can offer is to live according to the spirit which she inculcated in all, and embodies in her own life.

A STELLA MARIAN



Challenge for Senior Friends

Since the opening of classes this year was "staggered", the arrival of the Pre-University students on the 28th July was in the nature of an explosion into the peaceful atmosphere of the college, already hard at work for two or three weeks before.

Old Stella Marians are all agreed that there has been no year quite like 1965-66 in the annals of the college. From the start it has been marked out as a very special year, not least in the very opening. We had all done a bit of a Rip Van Winkle act, after the delayed exams, and opened sleepy eyes on college life again only on the 12th July. Re-opening day, however, was the very day that marked this year as different. It usually creates the impression of pandemonium let loose, with students, lecturers, fathers and mothers all in a tangle and mistaking each other for everybody else.

This year, without P.U.'s, and without all but the merest sprinkling of fathers and mothers, re-opening day was almost like any other day, except for the fact that we had even more to say. How we missed the excitement, and how, in the succeeding days, we missed the little P.U.'s. The First Years were especially downcast: after a whole year of trying to grow up, they were still the youngest students in college.

However, as time went on, and Assembly continued to be as tranquil as Wordsworth's "beauteous evening, calm and free", as we found it easy to manoeuvre along the verandahs, we began to think that college was positively nicer without P.U.'s, till one fine day:

P.U.'s, P.U.'s everywhere, flooding, streaming, screaming, rushing, howling, they come along the corridors, bursting through the main doorway, up the stairs, spilling out of the classrooms. Is this an invasion? Don't tell me that we are going to be besieged by P.U.'s! You can't turn round without a P.U. running smash into you. They run helter-skelter everywhere without knowing where to go and what to do. Poor bewildered ones.

The college office is besieged by anxious parents, tall ones, short ones, fat ones and thin, long, lean ones. "Excuse me, Miss, are you a P.U.?" These cries are frequently heard from heartbroken parents with still more heartbroken, wan-looking off-spring beside them. Here come the rescuers - blue badges with blue and gold ribbons, Senior Friends with a brave smile on their proud faces. After the battle at the entrance is won, the Senior Friend manages to tow her charges to an area where there is more breathing-space; little does she realize that she is pulling the mother and not the child! The tactful senior hastens to explain in embarrassed whispers that she did not know the difference as both looked equally young (instead of saying that both looked equally frightened!) and the flattered parent beams her thanks.

Hark! there goes the bell. The Senior Friends, after pushing and tugging, lead their battered-looking proteges to the Assembly ground. What a seething mass of P.U.'s trying to find their lines!

"Excuse me, to what P.U. do you belong?" whispers a helpful voice behind. Pat comes the answer: "P.U.C." - "...but which P.U...?" "Natural Science." The persevering Senior Friend then resourcefully asks to see the college receipt and the relieved P.U. pulls out a limp paper squashed between Angel Lace compacts, lipstick and a comb. "Oh, P.U. 3," sighs the Senior Friend, and leads the triumphant P.U. (a future doctor you know!) to her line, reflecting that people must think college nowadays is just a beauty-shop.

When all was at last calm, Reverend Mother Principal stepped on the platform with her welcoming smile and the P.U.'s beamed with joy, hearing the words of welcome and prayer for God's blessing and help, said especially for them.

Assembly over, there was a rush and a push, rules of discipline were shattered (because as yet unknown), friends joined hands and marched into whatever class they pleased, while seniors stared and whispered at the shocking behaviour of Miss 1965. The whole college had been peacefully at work for some time when there was a shuffling and low mumbling sound on the verandahs. What was it? The P.U.'s were being taken round the building. Hostelite freshers recognising senior hostelites inside the classroom shouted out a cheery greeting heedless of the lecturer. Some parents even trailed along with their off-spring in case they should get lost or feel hungry. The Senior Friends were due to take over their groups at noon and rushed expectantly to the respective classes. But alas, the rooms were deserted now, the P.U.'s had vanished into thin air. Were they off on a private investigation? Oh, there they were, winding like a group of little soldiers round the bend of the road.

Finally each Senior Friend got her brood of little chicks to care for. They started off on another trek around the campus and some squatted under the shade of



the trees to give an informal lecture on college dos and don'ts. One enterprising band of Senior Friends got their young friends together for a talent hour of songs and games.

Some envious seniors who had had no Senior Friends to take them around, pamper them and make them familiar with the unfamiliar, gritted their teeth and blamed the helplessness of the modern generation for this new institution. Others, consumed with self-pity, looked longingly at the carefree juniors and seniors under the blazing poinciana trees and wished they were "young" again.

"Hi! who goes there?"

"Oh," says one of the seniors behind her, "don't tell me that is one of the P.U.'s! She seems to be quite at home in all the H O-1 and A 2-5 and the rest of it."



"Alas, she is a P.U. Well done, good and faithful servant," sighs the Senior Friend regretfully, for the innocent P.U. who had promised to seek her out with all her problems had no longer any problems at all!

So quickly had they settled in, bright little imps that they were, that in no time college was back to normal, with the youthful zest of the freshers reviving the jaded spirits of fatigued seniors, while the First Years had acquired immense sang-froid in the short space of about five minutes (9-45 a.m. to 9-50 a.m. on 28th July) for now at last they were emphatically not the youngest students in the college.

This article has been reprinted by the courtesy of the Stella Marian.

Conflicting Sympathies

The opening of the new wing of the college in July, 1965, is seen through the none-too-friendly eyes of a lover of old ways.

From June 1964 classes in 0-8 took on a new charm, for one never knew when a rather uninteresting lecture might be suddenly and dramatically enlivened by a tremendous crash behind us : the class might even be held up for several minutes by the slow thunder of building materials being emptied out of the huge lorries that were constantly rumbling up to deposit their loads just outside the window. As the months passed on, the occupants of Room 1-10, and eventually those of Room 2-10, could share the fascinating distraction of watching a new building rise slowly beside them. And when we returned for the re-opening day in July 1965, there it stood, gleaming and beautiful, our new science block, perfecting the symmetry of the college buildings.

While it was growing, the building was known as "the new science block" because it boasted a large laboratory on the ground floor, later equipped with all the strange, intriguing apparatus needed for the B. Sc. course in Chemistry. But we obviously could not go on talking about the old and the new science blocks and the main block. It was far too prosaic, and even too impersonal for these three buildings which are "home" to us from 10 to 4 each day. Many suggestions, both flippant and serious, were made amongst ourselves for naming the buildings, and speculation on the possible names ran high as re-opening day drew near. When we crowded round the time-table on the first morning, we were surprised to see that the initial "S", which had formerly designated the old science block, had vanished from sight, while two unfamiliar letters preceded the numbers of several rooms. A "key" appended to the time-table informed us that "H" stood for Hermine, the old science block, "A" for Assunta, the new building, while the "uninitialled" main block would henceforth be known as Helen. These names were later explained for the sake of those who did not immediately recognize their significance. Helen was the name of Very Reverend Mother Mary of the Passion, Foundress of the Institute of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. Blessed Hermine was the superior of the seven Franciscan Sisters of Mary martyred in China in 1960; and Blessed Assunta was a very humble little Franciscan sister whose eminent holiness was recognized only after her death in China in 1905, by the wonders worked through her intercession. All agreed that these three "family" names were the best that could have graced our college buildings.

Another question that had been agitating the minds of Stella Marians all through 1964—65 was "Who is going to occupy the new building when it is ready?"

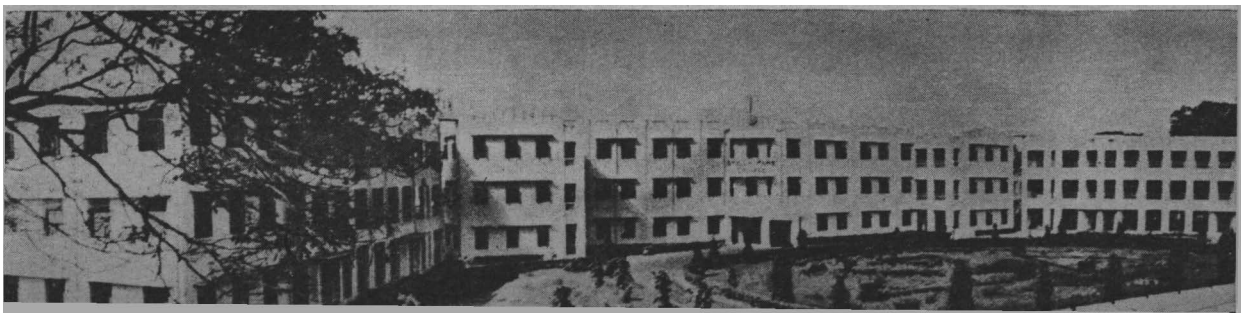


This question, like that of the names, was answered by that silent monitor, the time-table. The three gallery rooms, plus another large room on the ground floor, were assigned to Pre-University classes; the other rooms, with the exception of the laboratory, immediately claimed by the Chemistry B.Sc. students, remained temporarily unoccupied. The P.U.'s then, were to be the proud possessors of Assunta building! What airs these young people gave themselves about having a new block built especially for them! We old Stella Marians felt quite jealous, but were determined not to show it, so we ostentatiously kept our distance from a building where we were treated as trespassers by a possessive set of mere freshers. Our day of triumph came, however, when Assunta Hall, on the middle floor of Assunta building, was inaugurated as the official meeting hall of the college. With its modern steel chairs, carpet-covered platform and dainty flowered curtains, Assunta Hall is an attractive, welcoming room for talks by guest speakers, symposia, elocution contests, and other such meetings. And once it had been inaugurated, we could march boldly into Assunta building, with the same air of ownership that the P. U. "proprietors" displayed; for Assunta Hall was the College Hall, it was *our* hall, and we had every right to be there.

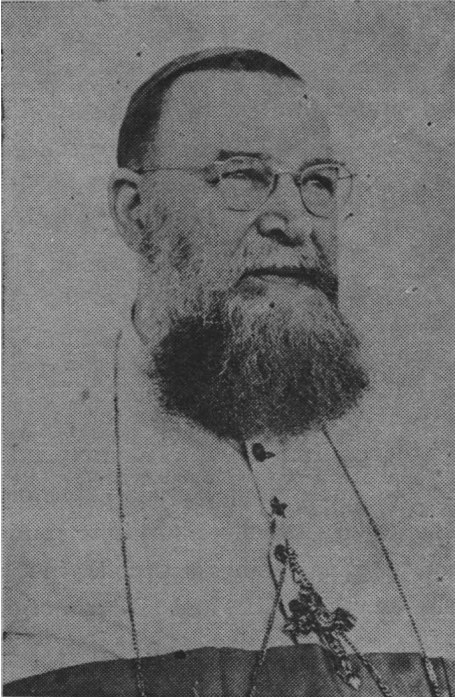
The inauguration of the C. S. U. Room threw open to all Stella Marians another door in Assunta building. All are welcome to walk in and browse there, and its bright notice-boards are an ever-ready source of information on the recent and present happenings in the Church.

Assunta block, then, has its undeniable attractions, but - dare I whisper it? - I remember wistfully the days when dear old Room 0-8 was the heart of the college. Just as all roads lead to Rome, so, in those good old days, all corridors led to 0-8. Now one no longer hears the rumble and thunder and clatter of several hundred pairs of feet all rushing in the same direction at 4 p.m. for some important event, for those who attend the elegant gatherings in Assunta Hall walk up sedately, knowing that no combats for good places will be tolerated there. You either arrive early and sit in comfort, or you are politely but firmly turned away. The indefinitely prolonged process of squeezing "just one more" into 0-8, which gave rise to the rumour that its walls were elastic, is simply not to be thought of in connection with Assunta Hall. Thank heavens that at least our film shows and socials continue to be held in the old room of many memories; even if on most days it is deserted except for a solitary music student strumming away at the piano, at least on certain evenings, especially in the first and third terms, 0-8 once again hums, and even roars, with life, and gives proof of its miraculous powers of self-enlargement. We senior students of Stella Maris will never forget you, dear 0-8; Assunta Hall, for all its elegance and beauty, will never detract from your more homely charms!

RAJAYEE CHITRA
III B.A.



A Compassionate Heart



The death of Archbishop Mathias in August 1965 was a loss to the city and the State as well as to the Archdiocese of Madras. Stella Marians shared the sorrow of their fellow-citizens and were glad to share also in fulfilling his last testament.

A man of adventurous spirit, face to face with a towering, craggy mountain, is filled with desire to scale those dangerous heights for the thrill and the pleasure of climbing, and for the sense of achievement that the conquest of the summit will bring. A man of compassionate heart, face to face with the mountains of misery and ignorance which no-one fails to encounter in his journey through life, is fired with a very different desire, the determination to make a path over those mountains so that others may cross behind him into the Promised Land. Such a man was the late Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore, Dr. Louis Mathias, S.D.B.

Born in France in 1887, Louis Mathias was ordained a priest in the Salesian Society at the age of 26, and came to India in 1922. India, where he was to spend the remaining 43 years of his life, became his second home, and the whole Indian people his family. His rare capacities for administration and organization were soon made evident, and flourished more extensively from the time of his enthronement as Archbishop of Madras in 1935.

Two qualities of Archbishop Mathias shone out with a special brilliance : his love for the poor, and the universality of his sympathies, embracing all castes and creeds. There was nothing sentimental or abstract about his compassion for the poor ; his love proved itself in a very concrete manner in the numerous social welfare projects organized by His Grace. He saw that thousands were hungry, and he opened " Rice Kitchens " where rice was served free to those who had no other means of subsistence. He obtained from abroad large supplies of wheat, milk-powder and other necessities and organized their just distribution. He saw large families crowded together in single rooms, babies lying on the muddy ground of leaking, palm-thatched huts, and built over one hundred brick-and-mortar tenements to provide decent housing for poor families. He took an active part in the establishment and work of the Cheshire Home for incurables at Covelong and of the Prudhomme Vidhuthi, wherein the destitute sick, rescued from the streets of Madras, find a true Mercy Home.

A mind as perspicacious as that of Archbishop Mathias could not fail to realize the need for the increase and improvement of educational facilities in a developing country. Numerous were the schools and orphanages opened in the archdiocese of Madras-Mylapore during the fruitful years of his leadership. Open to the children of all faiths without distinction, these institutions have formed thousands of souls for a strong, upright life in a hard, often materialistic, world. A large section of the population still depends on agriculture for a living, so Archbishop Mathias interested himself in increasing the yield of the land by modern mechanized methods, which are utilized in the large Archdiocesan farm he started near Mahabalipuram. One of his last great works was the execution, entrusted to him by the Catholic Bishops' Conference of India, of the long-cherished project of a Catholic Medical College for India. St. John's, Bangalore, will always be associated with the name of our great prelate, who worked so untiringly to bring it into being.

His Grace was not only a man of great zeal and energy, capable of a tremendous personal output, but he also possessed a rare capacity for getting others to work with him. He himself loved all men, and his efforts were by no means restricted to the welfare of his own flock. As long ago as October 18th 1955 "The Mail" said of him: "His work has not been confined to his Church, but has embraced many fields, and his enthusiasm has inspired many other workers to give of their best to advance the many schemes to which he has laid his hand." Loving all, seeing all as children of the same heavenly Father, he was, in turn, loved by all. This universal love and esteem was openly manifested by all sections of the Madras community in 1960, when Dr. Mathias celebrated the double Silver Jubilee of his consecration as a bishop and his enthronement as Archbishop of Madras. At a public reception held in honour of the jubilarian, Hindu, Muslim and Protestant dignitaries praised his public spirit and his devotion to the people of India, especially the poor.

His Grace played a leading part in the Ecumenical Movement fostered by the Second Vatican Council, and together with his friend, the late Bishop Chellappa, he brought the whole Christian community of Madras closer together.

Having taken an active part in the first three sessions of the Second Vatican Council, Archbishop Mathias returned from India to Europe some time before the opening of the fourth and final session, in order to seek help from charitable organizations in Switzerland for his schemes of development of two poor Indian villages. It was while engaged on this mission of charity that he died, leaving a stunned and bereaved flock to mourn for him. At the earnest request of his people, his body was flown back to Madras, accompanied by His Eminence Cardinal Gracias, and a long funeral motor-cade drove from the airport through streets lined with mourners, to St. Thomas' Basilica. As the coffin was carried into the basilica, the bells of a nearby Protestant church were tolling, as a sign of sympathy and esteem, an ecumenical touch which the late Archbishop would have appreciated deeply. While the body lay in state thousands of people, of all ranks and faiths, passed slowly by, paying their last respects to one they had loved and admired. A group of Stella Marians, dressed in white, brought their tribute of a star-shaped floral wreath, and placed it on the



coffin. The following day the students of the college were again among the huge crowd who assisted at the burial of the Archbishop in front of the statue of Our Lady of Mylapore in the basilica.

Among the bequests in Archbishop Mathias' will was a sum of money to be used for feeding the poor. Arrangements were made to feed 10,000 needy people of the archdiocese on September 5th, one month after his death. Different localities were chosen, and Stella Maris had the honour of welcoming 700 poor guests, ranging from three-year-old toddlers to aged grandparents. Smiling members of the Social Service League escorted them to their places and served them a substantial meal, while a picture of the late Archbishop looked down benignly upon his children, reminding them that he was their true host on this occasion. From heaven he was surely smiling down on them, rejoicing in their joy, and their gratitude for the bountiful meal.

In his 43 years in India, 30 of which were spent in Madras, Archbishop Mathias had become a familiar and well-loved public figure. His dynamic drive, his ready grasp of a problem and prompt choice of a solution, his humour and his simplicity, won the admiration of all who knew him, but what above all endeared him to his people - and the whole population of Madras, even of India, was his people - was his great, all-encompassing love. This was truly a man who loved God in his brother, and to whom every man was a brother, a man who could in all sincerity echo the words of his Divine Model: "I have compassion on the multitude." His was a love which, while not removing mountains, built broad safe paths across them, to facilitate the journey through life for all who needed help, material or spiritual, so that all, whatever the barriers that appear to separate them, might arrive at the same goal of eternal life.

HYACINTH DAVID
II M.A.

Next Stop Wimbledon

The building of the new tennis-court, and its inauguration in September 1965 by a match between some of our most promising players, was one of this year's special delights.

Generations of Stella Marians have thought that the one thing lacking to the beauty of our campus was a nice tennis-court. It wasn't so much that they all wanted to play on it, but it was generally agreed that a tennis-court would give tone to the campus, and Stella Maris really ought to have one.

During the so-called "long summer holidays" of 1965, mysterious goings-on were observed down past the N. C. C. ground. Our old friends, Messrs. Dammit, Sinck and Schwimm, of high high-roads fame, seemed to be busy again, but this road was no road, for it stopped before it had started. It could have been called a platform if there had been anything "plat" about it, but past experience in balancing on the stones which formed the foundation of the roads taught us not to think of walking on that patch of stones, since we didn't have to.

What were they doing this time? Was this to be the last refuge of the sisters and the hostelites in case of a super-monsoon? Or were we charitably providing a refuge for the fauna of the campus in similar need? As one of the best-stocked wild-life preserves of India, Stella Maris did perhaps owe a duty to our little furry friends.



July passed without any further sign of activity on the mysterious patch of stones, August brought a brief flurry of excitement with the laying of the famous "blue-jelly", but there were, in fact, so few signs of human life around that vegetable life could flourish in peace, and a rare crop of weeds, of every conceivable variety, began to push up their heads, symbolizing, for the poetic, the indestructibility of life in its humblest forms. For the Ancillary Botanists, however, it simply meant a great facility in collecting specimens.

We had almost begun an odd ode on the fresh beauty of the verdant flora, like emeralds against a dark velvet back-ground, when in a spurt of enthusiasm (or were they being pushed from behind?), Messrs. Dammit, Sinck and Schwimm plunged once more into action, producing our other old friend the steam-roller to sing a duet with the one on Cathedral Road, making mud-pies, then spreading them, with the care of a housewife rolling pastry, over the entire surface, erecting posts and a netting-fence, and, lo and behold, the mystery-spot proved to be the long-desired tennis-court!

All the sporting enthusiasts of Stella Maris were in a ferment, while the studious and the merely frivolous were no less excited, for the beautiful court was surrounded by, for them, even more beautiful benches, perfect for sitting on and studying, or simply for sitting on.

A solemn opening, with a one-set doubles match for the inaugural ceremony, was duly arranged, and was to be announced at Assembly on the great day itself, for the whole college would surely want to be there. Mike, however, knew his duty better than that, and not a whisper could be got out of him to proclaim the great inauguration. Nevertheless, the rumour got around on the college grape-vine, and a fair number of girls turned up to see the battle of the champions, which was a real struggle between the strongest players in the college, with neither side gaining a positive lead until the set had reached four-all.

Once inaugurated, the tennis-court came into regular use, both by tennis-players and by botanists, enthusiasts being found there at every hour of the day, though class-hours, to our sorrow, were barred. It is expected that Stella Maris will be represented at Wimbledon almost any day now, for after all, who has so nice a court to practise on as we?

A STELLA MARIAN



Rally Round to Meet the Challenge

Stella Marians joined with their fellow-citizens all over India in expressing their loyalty in the September crisis, in practical ways, as well as by demonstrations.

The international crisis in which our country was involved in August and September 1965 found us startled but not dismayed, and determined to display our solidarity behind the brave jawans by every means in our power. In view of the troubles of earlier years, no doubt strangers were surprised by the national unity everywhere evinced. Surprised or not, we were resolved that they should be impressed.

Hence the call for a students' demonstration found us all ready, and Rally Number One brought three lakhs of students to Rajaji Hall. Stella Maris was there in full force, having been instructed to assemble near the steps of the hall, our rallying-point. Unfortunately, all the colleges and schools of the city seem to have had the same bright idea, and a seething mass of humanity, every unit of which was heading for the steps, was to be found converging on Rajaji Hall on that afternoon, September 11th. Stella Marian discipline to the fore, we managed to sort ourselves out from the melee, and lined up smartly in a fine battalion, with the college banner at our head.

At 4-30 the procession began to swing out from the great gates, to march to Tilak Ghat by way of Mount Road, Wallajah Road, Triplicane High Road, Pycrofts Road and the Marina. Proudly the Stella Marians pressed forward, only to discover that the fine battalion, a thousand strong, had been split into two, by the insertion of two or three other student-groups, and only about thirty were behind our fluttering banner! No matter, minor divisions were irrelevant here, and we marched along shoulder to shoulder, under the eyes of thousands of our fellow-citizens, lining streets, windows and balconies to see the march go by. As we went we found ourselves shouting slogans with such gusto that many girls had no voice at all



next day. Some kind successor of Asoka was busy distributing water to the students to refresh them on the way.

So long was the procession that the leaders had reached Tilak Ghat before the last contingents left Rajaji Hall, so that when all had arrived at their destination it was a most impressive sight. The Chief Minister, Shri M. Bhaktavatsalam, presided, and student representatives from several colleges spoke, pledging the loyal service of all to our country in her need. Our own college president was among them, and gave a rousing clarion-call to service. The Chief Minister afterwards administered the pledge of loyalty to all the students present.

The advance of the light brigade had been a triumph: its retreat from Tilak Ghat was an adventure. With about half the population of Madras at or near Tilak Ghat, and the black-out already descended, one hardly knew who was friend, who foe: but indeed all were friends, and in spite of the confusion we reached home at last, still quite unaware of fatigue.

Demonstration did not suffice us, however, and collections for the Defence Fund went on apace. Without waiting for the hundis we had already begun to collect, and when they were issued still more contributions poured into the coffers, so that Stella Maris ultimately raised no less than Rs. 4,700 in that one collection, for the national defence.

Even then we were not satisfied: we were eager to give ourselves, not just our money, but since the Army would have had trouble absorbing so many recruits at once, we resolved at least to clothe with nice warm woollies the veterans already in it, for the winter months on the border are quite severe.

A meeting of zealous knit-wits, (we beg their pardon), was therefore convened in Room 0-8, and here both veteran knitters and raw recruits were speedily enrolled, and the wool was almost as speedily en-wound.

At last there appeared a pile of woollies so large that we nearly had to apply for a cement permit to build a store for it, but instead, more practically, resolved on immediate despatch to the Front. One fine afternoon MSX 5997, the college jet, was seen to take off bearing three members of staff and the college president, besides two enormous parcels tied with beautiful ribbon. The same afternoon the aircraft returned, with its cargo intact: the Minister who was to have received our gift on behalf of the jawans had gone on tour.

Still betraying the stern resolution that had characterized our knitting itself, we tried again, this time aiming higher still, and were successful in presenting the parcels to the Chief Minister. The college is firmly convinced that the morale of our brothers-in-arms was sustained principally by "our" woollies.

Jesting apart, the welcome news of the turning tide of combat, and then the truce, brought unmeasured joy to all, and while the final outcome remained unsure, we had every confidence that the Prime Minister who had so ably and courageously made the war-winning decisions, would also win a stable peace for India. When, on 21st November, a second rally was organized with the double purpose of welcoming Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri to Madras and celebrating N. C. C. Day, we once more turned out in force. This rally took place at the Nehru Stadium, which was a magnificent sight, with the smart cadets in the foreground, and tens of thousands of other students lining the stands.

The Prime Minister received a rousing welcome : little did we then think that it was the last time we should see him in Madras. We cannot do better than conclude with the words he himself used in addressing the students on that occasion.

“ We must take a pledge,” he said, “ that we will forever remain united, and that we will not create any difficulties in the settlement of internal problems.....We value man, we value his freedom, we want to give him freedom of speech, of writing, freedom to function as he thinks best.”

*Parts of this article are reprinted
by courtesy of the Stella Marian*



Day of Discovery

In November, non-Catholics were invited to take part in a day of prayer and reflection, to deepen their concept of the purpose of life. The function was conducted by Rev. Fr. Hirudayam, S.J., a Tamil scholar and expert on Hindu philosophy.

No better title than "Day of Discovery" could have been chosen for the great day we celebrated on the 14th November, 1965. It was the first time in the history of Stella Maris that such a day had been arranged for the non-Catholics, and those of us who accepted the invitation to take part found it a day well spent. Rev. Fr. Hirudayam, S.J., planned a brief series of talks on "Triple Dynamism - God - neighbour - self", and the posting of a notice to this effect roused our curiosity and stimulated our interest.

On the morning of Sunday the 14th we made our way over to the new Assunta Hall, which looked very inviting with its modern furniture and attractive curtains. Each girl registered her name and received a copy of some extracts from the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Gitanjali, which would be used in the lectures and discussions. The first girl to register had actually arrived one and a quarter hours before time, from the far side of Madras! By 10-15 we must have been about eighty or ninety altogether and the first talk had begun, with prayer.

This talk was about the purpose of life: God, and what He expects from us. Father stressed God's readiness to guide us to the fulfilment of His purpose for us. We were so deeply impressed that when it ended we came out in silence, or spoke to each other very softly, for fear of breaking the spell.

Refreshments were distributed during each interval, and for the rest of the time we went to chapel or sat under the trees, or read and copied the beautiful thoughts pinned on the notice-board. Some girls had questions to ask, and either sought out the speaker individually or put them into the question-box which had been placed in the hall. During the remaining three lectures, Father answered these questions.

At the beginning of the second lecture, we joined together in prayer:

Help us, O God, to find today and hereafter
Wisdom to know what is right,
Strength to do what is right;
Enlighten our minds with Thy truth,
Warm our hearts with Thy love,

Fill our lives with Thy power,
That we may go out to live through Thee,
With Thee, and in Thee.

The lecture of Fr. Hirudayam, about the greatness of God reflected in His creation, was enlivened by his apt quotations from Tamil literature, from Thavaram, Thiruvagasam and many other writings. Occasional jokes and proverbs made the discussion entertaining.

Some girls were obliged to go home after the second talk, to their intense disappointment. It made one glad to be in hostel, and have no difficulties of that kind. Soon after the lunch break most of us were back in the hall for the general prayers :

We shall meditate on the excellent glory of that
Divine Being
Who illumines everything. He shall always
guide our understanding.

God is easy for us to approach, even as a
Father to His son.

O Thou glorious Lord, O Protector of Vows,
May I never again forget my immortal nature.

The last lecture was based on the Gitanjali :

“ Only let me make my life simple and straight,
Like a flute of reed,
For Thee to fill with Thy music.”

The highest aspirations of womanhood were also discussed. It is in motherhood that a woman attains her glory, but, the Father added, those who have dedicated themselves to God are above the ordinary woman and they have more love and devotion to spare for the rest of the children of God, and thus they can serve the whole of humanity.



All too soon, we found, the wonderful day had come to an end. We thanked Father Hirudayam and the college authorities for having created this opportunity for us, and everyone asked that such meetings should be arranged more often. As we went away, tongues were loosened, and a number of delighted remarks could be overheard.

“To tell the truth, I had real misgivings about coming,” said one, “but now my whole attitude is changed. It has been a spiritual and mental inspiration. The meaning of life is more clear to me.”

Another agreed : “Yes, we should have missed something very important if we had not come. With his profound knowledge of Tamil and of philosophy, Father explained religion and life so simply as to make all of us understand what are the important things.”

Off we all went, then, clutching our souvenirs, but most of all carrying the souvenirs in our hearts and minds which we hope will never be effaced. Then we can aspire to that union with God in all we do, which the Saiva Siddhanta describes.

They will so unite with God that they will
never leave God,
and God will never leave them ;
and dwelling in Him they will perceive
only God in everything.

A. ANURADHA
III B.A.

The Challenge of Poverty

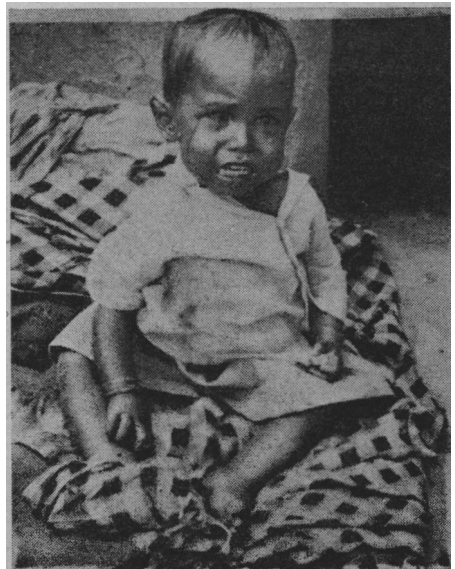
At the end of November, the coming of Reverend Mother Teresa, foundress of the Missionaries of Charity dedicated to work among the destitute slum-dwellers, offered a challenge to the students of Stella Maris, which is, fundamentally, the challenge of poverty.

Poverty, and the slum-conditions that go with it, represent the severest material challenge that our society has to face, while the moral evil that breeds in slums faster than disease-germs constitutes an even more urgent ethical and spiritual challenge. Every nation faces this challenge in one way or another, but it is especially acute in our land, and if we are to face and overcome it we have to learn to rise above the obstacles in the way, by looking above them to God, found in our unhappy brethren.

This is the lesson taught by the life and work of Reverend Mother Teresa, a greatly humble soul who long since heard the call of God to "forget thy people and thy father's house", and came to India where she devotes herself to the poorest among the poor. Hitherto her efforts have been concentrated principally on Calcutta, but as her Congregation, that of the Missionaries of Charity, grows, she is able to expand her activities, and by the autumn of 1965 she was ready to found a convent in Madras, at Tondiarpet near the Isolation Hospital. There her sisters will care for all the poor who come to them: the sick, even lepers, at a Dispensary, the aged and destitute in a "Home" where they may live out the rest of their lives in peace and security.

Reverend Mother Teresa and her daughters do not only offer charity, they offer to others the means of being charitable, an even greater gift, and when preparing to open the convent they humbly sent a list of the articles they would need for the poor to their well-wishers in Madras, specifying that they wanted only old things, not new, for they would be poor among the poor. This challenge to our love for our neighbour was eagerly met in Stella Maris, and a Mother Teresa Foundation Committee was speedily formed by a group of volunteers, who spent a busy month or so in going around the college asking aid in goods or cash from their friends.

The response was very generous, and in spite of the fact that Selection Examinations





were looming ahead, the volunteers were soon to be seen running around with pots and pans, kitchen utensils, saris, dhotis, soaps, pencils, buckets and what not, so that one began to wonder if one had strayed into Moore Market by mistake. In spite also of Mother Teresa's request for "old things", the warm-hearted students had seen to it that most of the goods were shinily new.

In coming to arrange her foundation, Mother Teresa had promised a visit to Stella Maris, and so for the 26th November the gifts were prepared in the form of an exhibition, not this time in the library, but in Assunta Hall. The Foundation Committee members, Social Work students and Social Service League were invited to the meeting, and were impatiently waiting for the 3 o'clock bell. At last, there it was, and the privileged few rushed to Assunta Hall with more than

the ardour of the traditional 4 o'clock race.

Soon after the students had settled, Reverend Mother Principal brought Mother Teresa, so simple and humble that it hardly seemed possible she could be the one of whom all lovers of the poor were talking. After a few words of welcome from Mother Principal, she spoke to us of the work of her daughters, and the heart-breaking conditions in which the slum-dwellers live and die. All were deeply stirred by her account, and fully resolved to do their part in meeting the challenge of poverty, so that ultimately their wretched brethren in the slums would be enabled to climb up from the slough of squalor and ignorance to the sunlit hill-top of a wholesome, healthy life.

S. LAKSHMI
I B.Sc.

Challenge to Youth

The first AICUF Convention, held in Madras from 28th December to 2nd January, made the Christmas holidays anything but a rest to the zealous C.S.U. members, but meeting the "Challenge to Youth" was very well worthwhile.

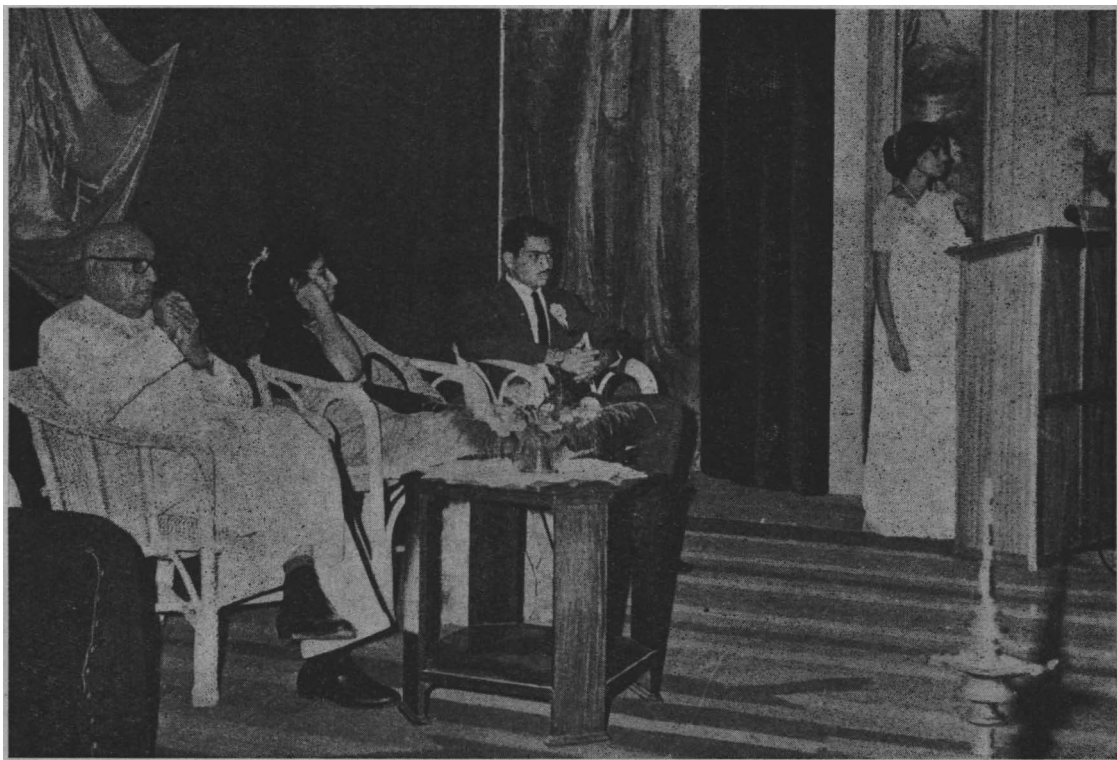
From local seminars to National Congresses and Leadership Camps, we C.S.U. members of Stella Maris Unit thought we had run the whole gamut of AICUF activities, but 1965 showed us that we still had something to learn. The earlier Congresses, grouping some 1,500 - 2,000 delegates, had been very successful, but the numbers were unwieldy; this, our first National Convention, held from December 28th 1965 to January 2nd 1966, was limited to about 500 members, subdivided into seven seminars, in which really serious work could be done. As Loyola College, Madras, was the venue of the Convention, the Catholic students of Stella Maris were in great demand during the months of preparation as well as during the few crowded days of the actual gathering.

At the beginning of the academic year 1965-66, soon after our college C.S.U. President, Ruth D'Souza, had been elected Regional President, volunteers were called for to form preparatory committees. From then on busy Stella Marians could be seen rushing off after college hours to attend committee meetings, write letters of invitation to hoped-for speakers, and perform the hundred-and-one other tasks assigned to them. The Loyola C.S.U. office-bearers became familiar figures at Stella Maris, as several meetings were held in the college. Ruth, as Regional President, had to be everywhere at once, and performed this remarkable feat with a quiet, self-effacing efficiency. The few short days of vacation which preceded the Convention were especially hectic, as our artists painted signs and posters, and the less artistic went rushing around Madras to borrow exhibits and draperies for the AICUF exhibition, entrusted to Andrea and Althea Guido and Celia Alvarez. Stella Maris again came to the rescue with a series of attractive posters depicting the Church as Christ teaching, loving, sanctifying, painted by our art students, while the famous yellow cloth which has served us faithfully through so many "Weeks" went for a busman's holiday to Loyola, to be used as background drapery to the exhibits there.

December 27th found a group of Stella Marians decorating Loyola's great Bertram Hall with yellow and white streamers, AICUF flags and flowers, to form a fitting background for the opening function of the following day, and the general sessions at which all the delegates would gather each evening. Early in the morning of the 28th, members of the Reception Committee were at the Central and Egmore stations, to receive the delegates from outside Madras and conduct them to their hostels. The girls from all over India were accommodated at Stella Maris Hostel, where not only

the C.S.U. members in charge of registrations, but also other students were very helpful in welcoming our guests, showing them to their rooms, and providing for all their needs.

At last the long-awaited evening arrived. Dressed in their best, the Stella Maris delegates acted as hostesses, showing the guests to their places, and then joined the choir to sing the opening invocation, "Vande Saccidanandam" in Sanskrit. The National and Regional Presidents took their places on the stage with the chief guests, and after the speeches Ruth proposed the vote of thanks with great charm. The singing of "Bless this House" by Althea and Andrea Guido was greatly appreciated by all.



During the wonderful, crowded days that followed, Stella Marians were everywhere, unobtrusively helping in many ways. Three were in charge of seminars: Marie Cabral of the Post-graduate, Usha Thomas of the Overseas, and Doreen Pereira of the Pre-University group; these had to introduce the speakers, divide the assembly for group discussions after the talks, and organize the general discussions. Others headed the Entertainment Committee, responsible for preparing our cultural evenings, and the Liturgy Committee, which organized the various services.

If there was much serious work done at the Convention, there were delightful recreations also. Each region had been asked to prepare at least one item for the

cultural programmes. The Madras Region contributed a Hungarian dance, in which seven Stella Marians took part with others of the Region. Our first practices had been comically clumsy as we fell over each other in our attempts to learn the steps, but our persevering efforts were crowned with success, "a whopping success", as Rev. Fr. Balaguer put it, when with long and loud applause the audience declared our dance the best item of all.

One important task of all the Stella Maris delegates throughout the Convention was looking after all the other girl delegates. We were their hostesses, so whenever they wanted any help or information, they turned to us quite naturally, and we were only too happy to do all we could to make them feel truly at home. They were impressed by our hostels and our lovely tree-shaded campus, and some amused us greatly by asking respectfully if they might walk on our "lawns" since the lawns of their colleges were forbidden ground!

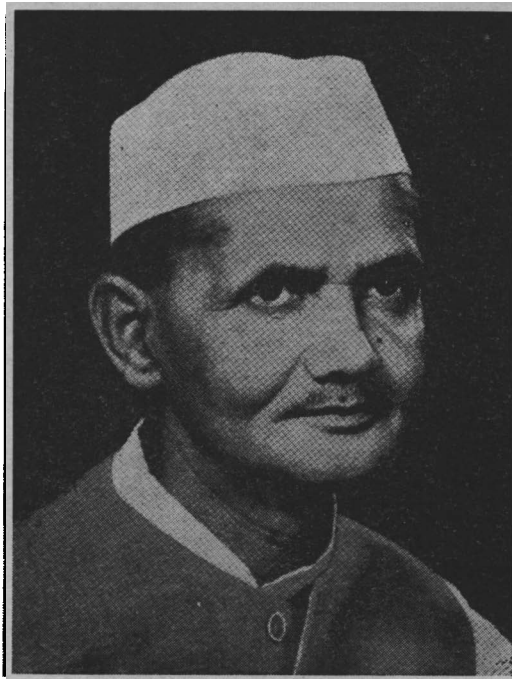
The theme of the National Convention, "National Responsibility and Commitment", presented a challenge to the Christian youth of India, bringing us face to face with the enormous needs of our country, and with our heavy responsibility as the leaders of tomorrow. It was as though we had been brought before a great range of mountains, and had had pointed out to us both the difficulties of scaling them and the glorious rewards of successful effort. While filling us with enthusiasm to conquer these lofty heights, the Convention had offered us, the C.S.U. members of Stella Maris, another challenge, requiring a more immediate response: the challenge of organizing, with the other units of Madras, and carrying through to a successful conclusion, this important national gathering. The response to this challenge was wholehearted and evident, and as we waved goodbye to the last delegates we had seen off at the station, and turned back to Loyola to begin the inevitable "taking-down and tidying-up", we felt that we had climbed a good distance up toward the summit of National Responsibility and Commitment.

MARIE CABRAL
II M.A.

Death, Where is Thy Victory?

The sudden death of the second Prime Minister of India, at the moment of his greatest success, shocked both the nation and the world. Stella Maris paid a farewell tribute to him in a commemorative symposium.

The hopes which the New Year always awakens in the human mind were especially high in India this year, for it was marked by the journey to Tashkent of our Prime Minister, seeking a victory of peace, and the confidence with which he set off inspired us all with hopes of success. There were many ups and downs in the progress of the talks, so that hope at one time dimmed, but at last came the glad announcement that a joint declaration for the end of the Indo-Pakistan conflict and the withdrawal of troops



had been signed by the leaders of the two nations. All the world rejoiced with us, only to share our sense of shock and grief at the news, which followed so hard upon the other, that Mr. Shastri, in this moment of triumph, had ended his earthly career.

Assunta Hall, which generally has an air of festivity about it, was steeped in solemnity as the girls crowded into it for the symposium in honour of the late Prime Minister. The sober note struck by the commemorative exhibition, with its black and white colour-scheme, had summarized aptly the feelings predominating among the

students : a sense of irreparable loss, of concern, and of sympathy for the widow and the children of so homely a man.

Mrs. Chandra Parthasarathy had kindly consented to take the chair, and introduced the symposium with a speech touching on the great qualities shown by Mr. Shastri in his brief tenure of office as Prime Minister. She then introduced the first speaker, V. R. Radha of Pre-University I, who reminded us of those whose grief at this time was deepest of all, by a talk on Mr. Shastri as a family man. His self-sacrifice for his struggling parents in his school-days, his love of his children and his grandchildren, his devotion above all to Srimathi Lalitha Devi, his wife, were illustrated with anecdotes from his life which were heart-warming in their sheer humanity.

The second speaker, V. Sundari of Pre-University IV, showed us Mr. Shastri the Independence worker, sacrificing material prosperity for his country's sake, working indefatigably in spite of all hardships to promote the welfare of the poor, to integrate Harijans fully into society, and to rouse the nation to follow Gandhiji's lead to freedom.

D. V. Jaya, of I.B.A., read the third paper, revealing how Mr. Shastri had collaborated with Pandit Nehru from the early days of his Congress career in Allahabad, right to the time, in 1964, when the mantle of leadership fell upon his own shoulders. It became plain that Mr. Nehru's trust in Shastri was based on recognition of his selflessness, for he was readier to resign office than to seek it, but always prompt to respond to his chief's request. Nehru's words to a certain politician after his first stroke : " It is important that you get to know Lal Bahadur," took on a new significance for us, as we realized that we had not known him, until it was too late.

A. Anuradha of III B.A. then came forward, to sum up for us the achievements of Mr. Shastri, both before and after he succeeded to the post of Prime Minister : his share in the development of sound parliamentary traditions in our country, his work as peace-maker both within the country and with neighbours such as Nepal, his firm handling of the various problems which arose during his tenure of office, and the crowning achievement of all, the victory for peace which he won at Tashkent.

The final talk, " Death, Where is Thy Victory? ", delivered by Jayanthi Philips, of II B.A., reminded us that while we who are left grieve at our loss, Mr. Shastri himself has attained immortal fame. A life of faithful service was crowned, for him, with death at the height of glory and success, and the implementation of his agreement with the President of Pakistan will be his finest memorial.

The concluding remarks of Mrs. Chandra summed up in vivid terms the essence of Mr. Shastri's greatness, and the singing of the National Anthem took on something of the solemnity of a pledge : the pledge to live up to the Gandhian ideals for which Lal Bahadur had always stood.

C. KANCHANA
II B.A.

Towards Unity

Unity is perhaps the greatest challenge of our time, and Stella Maris, in its humble way, is playing its part in meeting this challenge, beginning with an ecumenical carol service in December, 1965.

“Do you feel there is unity among the various Churches represented in the college?”

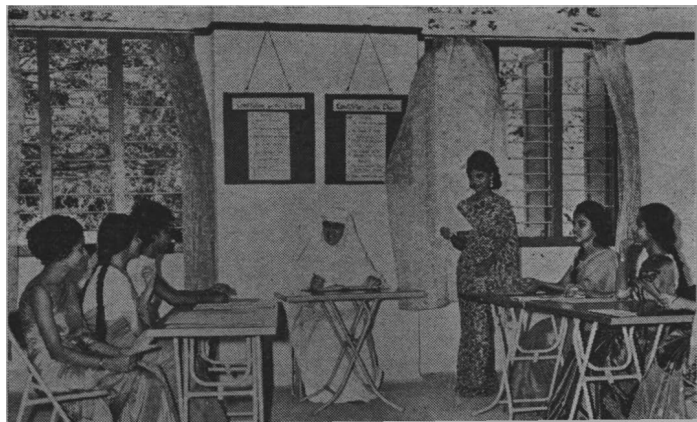
“Yes, especially after the week of prayer together.”

Such was the verdict at the study circles held at the end of the year to assess the growth of the ecumenical movement at Stella Maris. If it evokes a little sadness for past omissions, it shows at least the remarkable achievement of our sincere efforts in the past few months.

The first stirring of the ecumenical spirit in Stella Maris College was, most appropriately, in the season of Advent. On the 10th December strains of “While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night” and “The First Nowell” could be heard floating out over the gardens and road from a Carol Service in which Protestants and Catholics heralded (like the Angels!) the approach of Christmas. Some students gave short speeches on various customs of their particular Church, and one girl explained to the rest the true meaning of Christmas-tree decorations, while pinning them on to a miniature Christmas-tree which stood in a place of honour in the centre of the room. A group sang a special arrangement of a traditional English carol, “God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen”, and the meeting ended with a few words from Reverend Mother who hoped that this was just the first of many more such gatherings in the college. The Christian members of the staff also held a joint Carol Service.

Immediately after the Christmas holidays, the ecumenical programme for 1966 began with an afternoon of prayer on Sunday 17th January, guided by Rev. Fr. Muthumalai, S.J., and Reverend Mills. Each speaker stressed the importance of the many tenets of faith common to all Christians. Father Muthumalai referred to the formation of the Church of South India as the first step towards Christian Unity in India, commended it highly and encouraged us to believe that in another fifty years even more will be accomplished in this direction.

This Sunday afternoon meeting had been intended as an introduction to the celebration of the Unity Week from



the 18th to the 25th January, and the response was in fact far beyond all expectations. On each day of the Octave, Assunta Hall was crammed and over-flowing with C.S.I., Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans and Catholics. Every day two students, Catholic and non-Catholic, were selected from the various classes to read the Gospel and to lead the Litany for Unity. With the deepest sincerity, forgetting all differences and concentrating only on the basic facts which unite all Christians, more than two hundred girls voluntarily followed the short daily service, uniting themselves by their fervent prayers to the similar gatherings of Christians taking place all over the world. On the last day these prayers were concluded with the moving words of Cardinal Newman's hymn "Lead Kindly Light", sung spontaneously by all. The impression of those eight days, with their spirit of prayer, recollection and instinctive good order, will not easily be forgotten, for each girl felt for herself the presence of Christ Who had promised that whenever two or three are gathered in His Name, He will be in the midst of them.

A large number of girls having volunteered for a Christian Study Circle, on Tuesday 8th February, Rev. Sundar Clarke from St. George's Cathedral was invited to Stella Maris to initiate the study of Christian Unity. The usual lethargic passivity of tired 4 o'clock student audiences was entirely electrified by the speaker's dynamic personality and every girl responded enthusiastically to the ideas set forth. Rev. Sundar Clarke brought forth with great force Christ's own desire that "all should be one". We must not hesitate and doubt, saying "How shall this be done?" but rather follow with childlike confidence the guidance of the Holy Spirit Who Himself will lead us on to unity. Leaving with us the motto :

In essentials : unity

In non-essentials : liberty

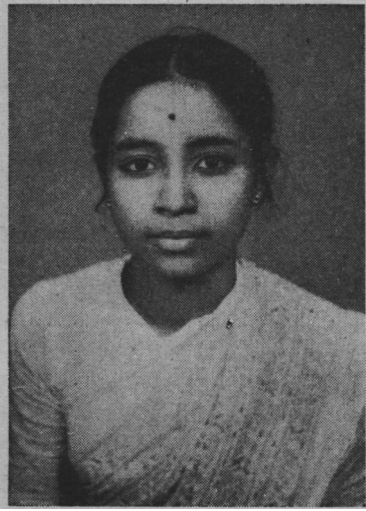
In all things : love,

Rev. Sundar Clarke asked all Christians to live together, learn together and, above all, pray together. Although the end-of-term activities were crowding fast upon us with Sports, Socials and Vaedictories, we did succeed in holding our study circles; three groups discussed in the frankest and friendliest way the points of Rev. Clarke's address and brought their conclusions to the last meeting held on 10th March, when Christians meditated together upon the sufferings and death of Christ our Redeemer.

The seniors leaving college are deeply grateful for the experience of common Christian love and endeavour, juniors are resolved to increase their works of study and social assistance in the future. The ultimate goal does appear to all to be closer than before; much has been accomplished in a few months and Stella Maris has, in her own little way, taken the first steps to a closer union of faith and love.

CHERYL BROWN
III B.A.

In Memoriam



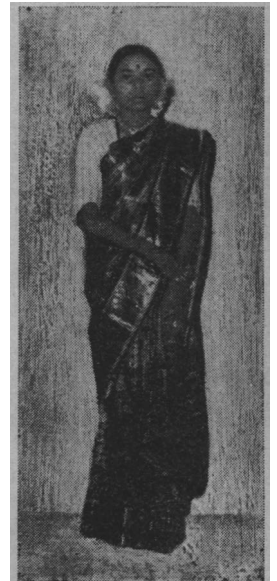
The close of the academic year was saddened by the deaths of two of our students, A. Radhika of II B.A. History, and R. Parvathi of I B.A. Sociology. They have faced the final challenge.

For the first time in her history, Stella Maris mourns the death of two of her students, true Stella Marians both, whose loss is deeply felt by Staff and fellow-students alike.

On the night of the 26th February, 1966, A. Radhika, a second year student in History, died unexpectedly, after having spent the morning in study, the afternoon in prayer. A quiet girl, who never sought attention but was always ready to do an unobtrusive act of charity, she devoted herself to her studies with such earnestness that even illness could not keep her away from college. Perhaps it was this determination which prevented anyone from realizing how ill she was, for though she had been in delicate health for two years past, no-one suspected that she was so near the end. Deeply religious, hard-working and charitable as she was, the call, though unexpected, found her ready.

R. Parvathi, of I B.A. Sociology, was also shy, quiet and kind, but until last November when illness struck, and struck hard, she had enjoyed good health, and was an enthusiastic member of the college unit of the N.C.C. From November 1965 to March 1966 she was in hospital, first in Madras, then in Vellore, but throughout this time she continued to keep up with her studies, and to take a great interest in any news that she heard about the college. She looked forward to returning to Stella Maris, but God had other plans, and called her to Himself on the 16th March.

Radhika and Parvathi have both passed the last "examination", the one which we must all take some day, and no-one can hope to avoid. We are confident that they have passed it with flying colours, and so have met and answered life's supreme challenge.



Seniors, Relax!

Hostel History 1965-1966

A senior hostelite confides to her diary the secret of the way she relaxed in 1965-66.

- 10 July Back again in the hostel after the "long" vacation - length this year being one week after our belated practicals. Anyway my last year at college is going to be just a song of relaxation. Leave all the socials and recitals and clubs and concerts to the juniors. We've done our bit...Let's sink back and listen to the radio...What? I'm the senior in charge of it now? Oh, never mind, it's combining business with pleasure... "I could have danced all night... la-la-la-la la-la."
- 17 July So nice being able to relax in our college life at last. True, the new P.U.'s who haven't started class yet keep romping about, pestering you with questions, rushing round corners and gasping out "sorry" on every side. Must try to look motherly and meditative.
- 18 July Anti-climax; P.U.'s had to go home again until official opening of classes. Rather miss not having any new girls to be old to. Still, it helps relaxation programme.
- 25 July Elected on Hostel Committee. Sounds quite important, but doesn't mean much (I hope!) Looking after the telephone and saying Sh, ah! now and then I suppose.
- 28 July P.U.'s back again; second time lucky!
- 14 August Social to welcome P.U.'s. Spent days and nights working out the menu, games, entertainment. Didn't do much relaxing. "Committee Member" seems to mean something after all. P.U.'s (bless 'em!) thoroughly enjoyed it. We too, incidentally.
- 22 August First showing of the Cinema Club. Grand turn-out, all new P.U.'s agog with excitement. "Anne of Brooklyn", very pretty and colourful. Unfortunately sound failed half-way. Last reel was tragedy of wild soundless gesticulations and silent madly-working jaws. Felt rather ashamed in front of new P.U.'s. Assured them this had never happened before, but refrained from telling them about the other things that *did* happen before.



- 28 August Moved to St. Joseph's Hostel as Our Lady's taken over by Retreatants. Loftily assured Freshers that this was Nothing after last year's frequent upheavals.
- 4 September Superb thriller-film : " Murder she said ". Found myself squealing with terror just as loudly as the P.U.'s.
- 10 September Hostel hit by the Black-out, at the precise moment when we were thinking of doing a bit of study for the Quarterly Exams. Everyone dashes off to study even before 7 o'clock. Die-hard hostelite old-students would raise their eye-brows in horror at this sign of decadence ! General cries of dismay when Main switched off at 9 p.m. Tense emotions sometimes relieved by comic incidents : using other people's tooth-paste, groping your way into the wrong room etc.
- 1 October Michælmas holidays unusual pastime this year, shepherding private candidates for the University Examinations ; directing candidates into, and their families out of, examination halls.
- 17 October Return Social offered by P.U.'s to seniors. Treated to a right royal time.

- 25 October As committee member have acquired important new position among high-ranking Lookers-after-Ludo (our new puppy). Am training him to wuff happily at Sister Warden, ferociously at committee members. He's so sweet. Very comic too to see him chew up the girls' belongings (but had to scold him for spoiling *my* new slippers.) Can scarcely bear to leave him to go to class ; he's quite lonely without us.
- 1 November A surprise film "Marcellino". Laughed and laughed and cried and cried. How sad, if the story was true ; how sad, if it wasn't.



- 7 November Felt it our duty to warn newcomers of Dangers of Monsoon - Necessity for Clear-headedness and Sure-footedness - Symptoms of Drowning, Methods of Artificial Respiration. Modestly sketched our past gallantry in rescue work.
- Then the Rains came...They also went, quickly and unobtrusively.
- 6 December A Very Happy Day celebrating Reverend Mother's Feast. Hosts of Hostelites in sumptuous attire packed into the chapel for Mass. All the day's meals of gala variety; "Meet Me in St. Louis" in the morning, Wishing, games and entertainment in the evening.
- 8 December Two epoch-making installations in the hostels; full-length mirrors and internal phones. After years of seeing yourself by segments in pocket-mirrors or distorted like rubber-dolls in shop-window reflexions, it's a shock to see yourself in full. Feel rather embarrassed to be caught admiring yourself, so steer off nonchalantly over to the piano or out to the lotus-pond when someone comes along. Internal phones are a wonderful convenience connecting the scattered buildings. One or two mishaps at first, as the lines were crossed. One exuberant joke-player ringing up the other hostel to play a trick was nearly paralyzed with horror to hear instead the gentle voice of Reverend Mother replying in the convent.
- 19 December Carol-singing's come round again, every year I think I haven't time because of the exams, and yet every year I come. It's not just for the cake and candy at the end that I love it; it's singing all together and trying to keep *your* candle lit when the others blow out, and greeting Reverend Mother and the Sisters, and everything Stella Maris about it.
- 28 December Student delegates for AICUF Convention at Loyola have arrived. They're supposed to be sleeping in St. Joseph's Hostel but they go off so early and come back so late we hardly see them. They're certainly not relaxing much. One progressive delegate smoked her way through a packet of cigarettes in one night surrounded by an admiring ring of S.M.C. country bumpkins! Must suggest ash-trays as hostel equipment next year!
- 3 January 1966 The last term. Decided won't take any active part: just help a little here and there with advice, and relax. Must make Hostel Day a success though.
- 8 February Helping with the stage dresses for College Day; takes a bit of time; takes a few miles of saree too, to make a Duchess out of Eliza. Not exactly relaxing, but a senior likes to help.

25 February Inter-Hostel matches. Never did we run so fast, jump so high or cheer so hard..... or make the spectators laugh as much.....

26 February Hostel Day!!! The climax of weeks of planning and practising. Tamil, Hindi and Sanskrit sacred songs accompanied the morning's Mass; thrilling matches, marvellous meals. And the entertainment deserves the last paragraph of the last page of my diary all to itself.

First a charming and graceful dance based on the wooing of Mumtaz by Shah Jahan; then the most comic Tamil drama; and an international T.V. programme including gypsy tambourine dance and a dashing tango in red, white and black from South America, Thai song and dance, advertizing inter-ludes.

Then a most amusing rendering of Thornton Wilder's "Going on a Journey" without any stage properties but four chairs, a very original and effective presentation of a theme from the Gitanjali in Bengali dress with music and rhythmic movement; a first-rate song-with-guitar team giving "Home on the Range" and other old favourites, and finally a charming dance-recital of the sun awakening Nature.

The Fancy Dress competition was equally well-dressed, original and amusing: Easter-eggs, dragons and marble statues vying with an artistic representation of the four seasons.

Then picnic supper, informal entertainment and songs until.....better not mention the time!

15 March Last day. Looking back, don't seem to have had much relaxation after all. But don't regret a minute of it. Plenty of time to relax during the revision holidays.

A SENIOR HOSTELITE



A Challenge to Service

The Social Work Department of Stella Maris offered a new specialization this year: Medical and Psychiatric Social Work. It proved to be a "challenge to service".

In March, 1966, the Social Welfare Centre was the launching site of a bright new rocket: the new specialization in Medical and Psychiatric Social Work was shot off into, for us, hitherto uncharted realms of experience. Only six students could be accepted for the new course, and the lucky six spent the summer vacation wondering what lay in store.

The re-opening on the 12th July found us in the Centre eager and expectant. Then the bomb dropped: all six of us were assigned to work in the Mental Hospital. The new specialization had sounded so glamorous, but now we were not quite so sure. We had visited the hospital once during our first year, and had only been confirmed in the normal human fear of mental disease. Our career in the new course would change all that.

The first field trip to the hospital was led by our Field Supervisor, and consisted of a tour of the different wards. As we reached the Women's Ward, two of us were lagging behind the rest, and in a few moments a scream rent the air. The main group spun round, to see the two stragglers surrounded by patients, and giving vent to their feelings in a most un-social work style. The rest of us were in little better case at the alarming sight, we confess, and six hearts continued to flutter for some time after they got free.

Looking back, at the end of the year, the whole episode seems to us, not comic, but rather sad. For we have learnt a truer, as well as kinder, attitude to mental illness. It is an illness, like rheumatism or T.B., but unlike them it gets little sympathy and is often met with an uncomprehending fear and dislike which injures the patient more, by stressing his isolation from his kind. In our work at the Mental Hospital we have seen so much that made our course of lectures more meaningful, so that concepts which were Greek to us at first, are summaries of encyclopedic significance now.

The role of the social worker in the cure and after-care of the mentally ill, we learnt, is often a vital one: the causes of mental illness are many and varied, and in most of them the environment has a part. The social worker, besides the direct benefit she may help to bring to the patient, can do a great deal to enable his family to adjust itself to his needs, so that his return home after discharge may not result in further strains and renewed breakdown. In the preventive work of agencies like the Child Guidance Clinic, through which an effort is made to relieve the pressures on children which may, in later years, result in mental illness, her work again may be essential to the treatment, for here not only the child but the parents too must be treated if the over-severe tensions in the child's life are to be removed.

Nor is it only on the psychiatric side of the theoretical training that our work in the Mental Hospital has shed a flood of light: the lectures on Medical Social Work have been more meaningful because of this, too. In the first lecture we learnt the meaning of Medical Social Work, and the role of the social worker in this field. In the words of Dr. R. C. Cabot, she is "to visit the patient's home, to look into his economic situation, to enter into his state of mind, to comprehend or to influence that many-sided psychic domestic and industrial environment which is often a large part of what ails the patient, and is moreover a necessary avenue to his cure."

Next we were required to consider the problem of "the meaning of illness." Meaning of illness? Isn't that obvious, we thought. But while we were trying to frame dictionary definitions we were lifted above the level of mere language to that of human reaction, human emotion: "the meaning of illness to the patient and the family." Many factors go to make up the meaning of illness: the physical effect, the economic effect, the psychological, familial and social effects are all so interwoven together that the same illness is different in every patient, even though the medical symptoms are identical: and this is exactly where the social worker comes in. The whole fabric of Medical and Psychiatric Social Work is built on this foundation. Sometimes the worker can aid in confirming the medical cure, preventing relapse or lingering weakness, sometimes she must help the patient to live with chronic disease and attain true personal development under the disability which it entails.

Talking of disabilities, we met one of our own, not, fortunately, a chronic one. The first terminal examination came round, as exams must, and by now we really felt that we understood something of this wonderful course. One shock was yet to come. On the first day of the examinations we sallied into the hall as confident as people usually are on such occasions, having diligently prepared for Paper I. What was our consternation on receiving the paper, to find, not Paper I but Paper II! Could any more nightmarish experience afflict a student? Yet this was real life, for we could see by each others' faces that if it was a dream, we were all asleep. Somehow we found something to say, but oh! how different our answers would have been if we had known the day before! One resolution was formed on the spot: we shall not make the same mistake twice. On the stroke of the final bell we rushed off as one girl to find out whose paper is which.

A social worker's experiences are not all found in her field work. Some are shared with other students; but those encountered in her work present a constant challenge, sometimes exhilarating, sometimes terrifying, but always rewarding if we meet them with courage and try sincerely to apply our newly-learnt skills, for we can contribute so much to the happiness and health, both of individuals and of the community, for all, sick or healthy, belong to that.

R. MALATHI
II M.A.

Editorial Activities

The student editors of the college magazine have met the challenge of an unusually busy year in a gay spirit, as the "special correspondent" reports.

Our Special Correspondent, who had the privilege of being present at the first meeting of the college Editorial Board, writes that as usual the inaugural meeting of the Board was held without much fanfare. The literary elite of the college were all present. After the election of office-bearers was completed, the members expected to slip back into their former peaceful mode of life, survey their little world from an intellectual eminence, and pore over the magazine when it appeared. But their relaxed attitude received a severe jolt. For some years the members of the Board have adopted the practice of instructing each other on various aspects of the art of writing, at the fortnightly meetings: this year, unsuspectingly, they chose the theme of journalism, and were at once assured that, in order to initiate themselves into the mysteries of that noble profession they must, besides the customary talks, adopt various other programmes, including a visit to a newspaper office and an exhibition celebrating a "News Week", with, possibly, an appropriate film-show.

This year's members had indeed harvested a large sheaf of engagements. In the previous years the efforts of the Board only came to light in the following year, when the magazine was published; now they too, like other groups, would contend for a "Week" in the library, sharing the honour of a "first" with the Hobbies Week.

Lest the talks should represent the communication of ignorance to the ignorant, the visit to the newspaper office was arranged early, and one fine evening the Board set off for a newspaper office, alert and eager to miss nothing that was to be seen. As we ambled along to the bus-stop, as merry as Chaucer's pilgrims, certain fifth-columnists in our ranks tried to sow despondency and alarm by asserting that all the buses would be full, and it would be 6-30 before we reached our destination. The suggestion was indignantly spurned, morale held, and the buses adopted elastic sides, so that, though already full, they admitted us in only two batches, carrying us to the office by 4-45.

A certain awe overcame us as we entered the precincts, of which our first sight



consisted of the editorial section, where men in little cubby-holes sat pruning the news. In hushed silence we walked through to the teleprinter room, where we were fascinated to see what appeared to be typewriters working on their own, with rolls of paper streaming out of them bearing reports from distant places. An official patiently explained their working to us, and sent a message to the Bombay office announcing the presence of "distinguished" visitors. To our delight Bombay shortly replied: "The Bombay office joins its colleagues in Madras in welcoming the distinguished visitors." Besides the teleprinters, there was in this room a telex machine, by which foreign capitals could be contacted in a matter of minutes.

The next room was the proof-readers' section, where men were working in pairs, reading and correcting the proofs of the next edition with great rapidity. We had, however, taken the work out of order, for we were yet to learn how these proofs were made. This was in the linotype section, where dozens of machines were at work. One operator paused in his work to explain how, when he typed, instead of the words appearing on paper, they were printed, in reverse, in molten lead, from which a proof would be taken off on rough paper before the passage was included in a sheet of news.

The lead-strips bearing the day's news were then arranged in metallic pages, and from these an impression was taken on flog, a special type of cardboard. From the flog a complete impression of the page was taken once more in lead, which was curved into a cylindrical shape and its rough edges trimmed. These metal cylinders were to be fitted to the rotary for the printing of the paper.

Unfortunately, however, one edition of the paper had just gone out and the rotaries would be silent for over an hour, so we could not stay to see them at work. Their working was explained to us, a thing which would have been impossible if they had been in action, and we did see the smaller rotaries working in another department, where we also learnt how coloured printing is done.

This visit had qualified us, we thought, both for our fortnightly talks and for the news exhibition. In connection with the latter we decided to conduct a sample survey of news-reading habits among our fellow-students. About two hundred and fifty girls were interviewed in this investigation, ranging from P.U. to P.G. Many interesting facts were revealed. The majority read more than one newspaper, but only about 50% are regular readers. Sad to say, most of the students only glance at the headlines, the temptation to go deeper depending on the interest aroused by the headline. One third of the girls read the editorials, though they did not think their opinions were formed by them. Almost all discuss the news they read with others. When asked which page they read first, the majority replied that they read the front page, while the sports page and film section come next. One girl frankly confessed that she looks at the "matrimonial" column first! All without exception consider that newspapers are important in a democracy, but only 10% would choose journalism as a career. Very few have the ambition to appear in print as authors, yet 60% of those interviewed said they would not mind featuring in a news-item.

Armed with this information, and with many other varieties of equipment, the Board was ready to open the News Week exhibition by the first Monday in November.

The first two boards displayed "Men Who Have Made News", ranging from the Father of the Nation inaugurating the salt satyagraha, surely a historic picture, to the Kennedy family in a truly homely situation. In lighter vein, action-pictures of the stars of sport graced the board.

The main attraction was the screen at the far end of the library, which demonstrated in pictures and materials the daily routine of a newspaper office. Specimens of teleprinter messages, of uncorrected and corrected proofs, and, in pride of place, a sheet of flong, much intrigued the visitors, while on the centre table could be seen a photo block with its corresponding photograph, the strips of lead recording a small news passage, just as they came out of the linotype machine, and other specimens. Brief captions indicated the use and significance of the various photographs and materials.

"Judging the News" was a section devoted to illustrating the difference between newspapers handling the same item. On one board six leading dailies of Madras displayed the front pages they had published recording the news of Pandit Nehru's death : each caption was different, the photographs selected also varied, but the sense of loss was the same.

Meantime, no doubt, the meetings of the Board had been enlightened and enlivened by a long and valuable series of talks on journalism. Not quite. We had, indeed, begun nobly, with a talk on News Agencies and one on the work of the reporter. The third of the series was to have been a lecture on news photography by our photography secretary. It was duly prepared for the prescribed date, but the whole time slipped by while we were planning the exhibition. It came again the next time, but by then the second term was drawing to a close, and intensive work for the magazine, our proper avocation, was called for : the theme to be chosen, topics for each subject to be suggested, prospective writers to be contacted. And so the time slipped by, and Christmas came without our having heard the great speech of the year. No matter, we would surely have it on the first day of the new term. The excitement was, however, too much for our speaker, and on the eve of her debut she fell ill. The talk on news photography was destined never to be heard.

The causes of this loss to humanity were entirely legitimate, we must confess. After all, the chief function of the Editorial Board is to edit the college magazine. We had proof-read the last one, examined it with a professional eye on its belated appearance, and now were busy preparing the 1966 edition.

After a great deal of deliberation, the theme chosen was : "Great deeds are done, when men and mountains meet." This decided, and topics suggested, the hunting season could begin, as the members of the Board pursued potential feature-writers. As the second term neared its end, the excitement of the hunt reached fever-pitch, but at last every topic had a writer, and by the end of January, every writer had an article.

The Editorial Board could relax, after its year of pleasant activity : it had been like a holiday among the mountains : strenuous, as in the climbing of steep hills, but with a sense of joy in achievement elsewhere unequalled, when the top is reached.

R. RAMAA
II M.Sc.

Travelogue

Stella Marians spread their wings and fly,
facing the challenge of new people, new places,
new activities, and return with broadened
vision of today's world.

A military recruiting slogan used to read : "Join the Army, and see the world !"
It might well be applied this year to Stella Maris, whose envoys have been travelling
far and wide on missions of exploration or conquest, service or educational interest.

□ □ □ Exploration

One of the places to which her dancing took Rathnapapa of III B.A. Literature
was Hyderabad :

"It is easy to wax eloquent about Hyderabad for it impressed me greatly, not
because it is the capital of Andhra Pradesh, but because of its peculiar intermingling of
Hindu and Muslim cultures, a combination seen nowhere else in India. The Muslim
influence dates back four centuries, and hence Muslim culture, manners and customs
are very deep-rooted. Exquisite pieces of Mohammedan architecture such as the Char
Minar and the Falaknama Palace, and ancient ruins, are scattered all over the historic
city. These lend Hyderabad a typically North Indian flavour and although Hindus
have always formed the majority of the population they have adopted Muslim customs,
costumes and language, Urdu, to such an extent that Hyderabad, though nominally an
Andhra city, looks more like Agra and Delhi than Vizag, Vijayawada or Kakinada.

"The town always seems to be teeming with life. Innumerable cycles and
cycle-rickshaws literally swarm in the streets at all hours of the day, often causing
disruption of the traffic, their tinkling bells easily drowning the blaring horns of the
comparatively less numerous automobiles.

"The Hyderabadis are an active, easy-going and sociable people. They seem
to take a keen interest in sports and fine arts, the latter explaining my frequent trips to
the city. A quaint mixture of ancient and modern, town and country, Hindu and
Muslim civilization, a link between North and South : that's Hyderabad for you !"

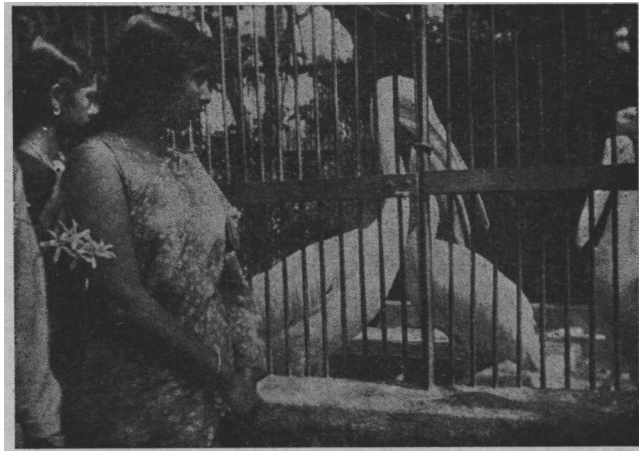
The III B.Sc. Zoology class went off on 21st January to conduct their
explorations in South India in the interests of Science. The first stop was Trivandrum.
"From the Y.W.C.A., which is situated very near the Main Road and the University,
we all set out to see the aquarium where the octopus was the greatest attraction. But
of course the other aquatic forms were of equal importance to us.

"One day we went round the Medical College where we were shown the
Museum and Anatomy Department by some of our old Stella Marians. We next went
to the dairy farm and were told of the various ways in which the milk is weighed,

disinfected and packed in bottles. Our surprise knew no bounds when the manager decided to give each of us a bottle of milk. After the heat, the cold drink was really refreshing.

“From Trivandrum we went to Cape Comorin. Most of us were visiting the tip of India for the first time and were struck by the beauty of the place. The sky unfortunately was cloudy on both the days we were there and we could not see the sun rise or set on the horizon, but we thoroughly enjoyed our stay at the convent. We all walked along the beach on the rocks and sand to the “Stella Maris statue” accidentally discovered by an earlier excursion of our college there. For several hours we collected specimens under the rocks. There was a precious eel which we tried our best to catch, but it finally eluded us.

“We then took the bus to Tuticorin, changing at Tinneveli. As we travelled along we could see the green fields all around and the high mountains beyond. We stayed in St. Mary’s College, going out to collect specimens among the rocks, and were



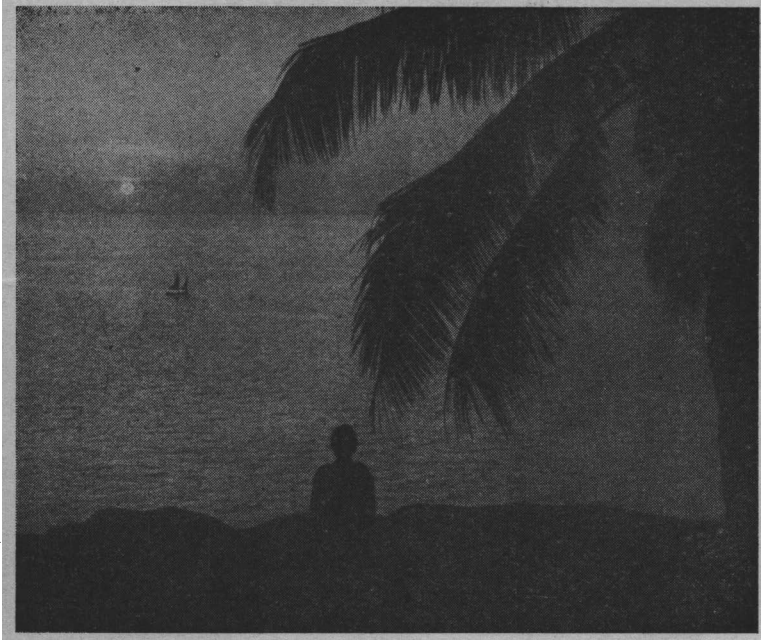
delighted this time to catch an eel, to make up for the one we had missed at the Cape. We visited the Fisheries Department and B.O.C. College, which has a museum of rare specimens.

“We arrived back in Madras on 29th January, feeling so grateful for the kindness and patience of the Sisters who accompanied us and for the helpfulness of all the hostesses and guides who made this such a thoroughly enjoyable excursion.”

□ □ □ **Conquest**

No, Stella Maris has not adopted a policy of aggression, but we are proud to have had students taking part in various sporting contests.

Patricia Eling represented Madras State in the hockey nationals at Poona and also in the Inter-University Athletics at Chidambaram. Table-tennis took Jansi Aiana



to Jullundur where she led the Madras Women's Team in the 27th National Championships, and Lakshmi Ramanathan went with the Madras team to the All India Inter-University Women's Tennis Tournament at Allahabad. "At the Gymkhana and also the University grounds grass courts were readily available. It was a wonderful feeling to play on the grass against various players of different styles. In Madras one cannot enter the court before 4 p.m. due to the heat but it was possible to play any time during the day in Allahabad because of the wonderful climate. There was mist in the mornings and late in the evening, but the rest of the time it was just beautiful." Whether our sportswomen were triumphant in their battles scarcely matters now but as Patricia Eling writes :

"These experiences have been invaluable, because sport plays a great part in the formation of one's character. It teaches discipline, tolerance, and team-spirit. It teaches the participant to obey rules uncomplainingly, to play for the game's sake, regardless of whether he wins or loses, and to accept defeat with a good grace..... My experiences at Poona and Chidambaram brought me into contact with all types of people, broadening my outlook on life, and I consider these outings to have been part of my education."

□ □ □ Service

Ruth D'Souza and Usha Thomas went with other C.S U. members to the S.C.M. Camp at verdant Vellore, where they studied the theme "Christ and Freedom" in lectures and friendly discussions with students of many universities of South India.



On national service S. Lalitha writes : “ I had the great privilege of representing our college among the N.C.C. cadets chosen to take part in the Republic Day Parade at Delhi. I had to attend first the pre-training camp held in December in Madras, for “ toughening ”, when we cadets were given training in drill and kit lay-out. Our party of one hundred and eight, twenty girls and the rest boys, arrived in Delhi on January 12th.

“ Our camp-site was a real scene with its rows and rows of tents, decorated for the kit lay-out competitions, with its colourful ‘ kolams ’ in front of the tents. Our training in marching began straightaway ; daily parades in the morning from 8-45 to 1 o’clock ; after lunch and an hour of rest, marching and parading again till 4-30. At sunset there was a ‘ Roll-call parade ’ which brought all the cadets together again in their civilian clothes. The evening meal at 6-30 was followed by dance, music and drama in our camp theatre. Every State had to give some item for this cultural show, and our State presented one Tillana, a piece of Bharata Natyam and a Pongal folk-dance. On other evenings we had ceremonial parades when the Director-General of the N.C.C., the Defence Minister or the Prime Minister visited our camp and gave gala parties and held ‘ camp-fires ’.

“ At last arrived the 26th January, the long-awaited day for the grand Republic Day Parade in which the President took the salute. On this occasion we marched from Rashtrapati Bhavan to Red Fort. Of course, girls and junior cadets were given certain concessions. Next day at the N.C.C Rally our new Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, inspected the parade and took the salute. The Rally concluded with the Prize Distribution by the Prime Minister to the four best cadets of India. The trophy for the best cadet (junior boys) was won by a Madras cadet and the Republic Day Parade commander was also a Madras cadet, who won the ‘ D.G.’s cane of honour ’.

“ The afternoon and evening of the 28th January were spent at the Rashtrapati Bhavan where our beloved President spoke to us at a tea-party. The 29th was a sight-seeing day in Delhi ; we visited all the important and beautiful places such as the Birla Mandir, Qutubminar, Red Fort, Raj Ghat and Shanthivan.

“ The most enjoyable day of all was the 30th when we went to Agra with lunch baskets and fruit bags. On our way we went to Sikandara Akbari and reached the Taj at noon. We had our lunch there, went round the Agra Fort, took snaps, and after a ride round the town arrived back at the camp late in the night. The next day we started on our homeward-bound journey for Madras.

“ Thus ended our Republic Day Camp, which I should call an adventure. Our warmest thanks are due to the Directorate which gave us training and sent us to Delhi, and to the camp authorities who helped, encouraged and protected us through hot days, cold nights and pleasant evenings.”

□ □ □ **Educational Interest**

Admittedly the farthest afield was K. Vijayalakshmi, of II B.A., who had a "date with Uncle Sam".



" 'Mesdames et Messieurs, welcome aboard TWA flight 801 bound for New York via Cairo, Athens, Rome and Paris.....' Here I was, winging my way at last to the European continent and the United States.

" Cairo, where we had planned to stay a few days, was more westernized than the other Middle East cities but at the same time clinging to many old customs. We drove far outside the city to see the pyramids, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, which still stand as a remembrance of the ancient civilization of the Nile. The Great Pyramid of Khufu or Cheops, four hundred and fifty one feet high with a base covering more than thirteen acres, is a silent witness to forty-eight centuries of the world's history. Near it is the Sphinx, carved from a spur of solid rock ; it was begun by the same King Cheops and completed before 1008 B.C. Incidentally we were quite flattered to find ourselves providing a counter-attraction for the other tourists who began to take photographs of us in our Indian costume, leaving the posing pyramids quite in the lurch !

" After the non-stop flight from Paris my father met me in New York and, though a helicopter service from the airport to the Pan-American building was provided, we took a taxi to our Manhattan hotel.

" New York, with its giant skyscrapers, its canyons of steel, stone and glass, has evoked the use of superlatives such as gigantic, massive, colossal, and no wonder! There is a plane taking off every three minutes from one of the three civilian airports, and New York is perhaps the greatest port in the world.

" The Empire State Building being not only the world's highest building, fourteen hundred and seventy-two feet, but also one of the most beautiful, presents a breath-taking view of the great city. The department stores of Woolworth's, Macy's, Sak's and Gimbel's where one can get anything from hardware to clothes, sweets and toys, are a delight for shoppers. Special 'dime gift-stores' provide inexpensive gifts for about four or eight annas. We also took the Manhattan Water Cruise where the guide pointed out very humorously the important landmarks of the Manhattan skyline. He could even point out what he claimed to be the apartment of Frank Sinatra ! The United Nations buildings are another attraction for tourists. The murals in each of the council chambers, designed by international artists, attracted my attention particularly.

" My visit to New York was made even more memorable by the electric-current failure which affected New York City and other north-eastern States. This huge power-failure caused great inconvenience in the "city of lights". Lights went out, central heaters ceased to work, trains stopped in tunnels and even the lifts were stranded

in the shafts. In Washington, where I had gone the previous day, I watched the people stranded in subways being brought out by the police, and walls being broken down to rescue people marooned in the lifts. Yet on my return to New York a taxi-driver told me that there had been absolutely no panic and the situation was fully controlled without any untoward accidents.

“Washington, D.C., the city of monuments, was the first city in the world actually to be planned and built as the capital of a country. The massive and beautiful Capitol building stands on the crest of a hill with a statue of freedom topping the high dome. The Supreme Court building is just opposite. To the south is the Library of Congress containing more than twelve million books and fifteen million manuscripts from all over the world ; I even saw Sanskrit literature in that huge library.

“The Smithsonian Institute buildings absorbed the best part of my stay in Washington. The Museum houses not only Lindberg’s “Spirit of St. Louis” and the Wright Brothers’ “Kittyhawk Flyer” but also “Vin Fiz” Shephard and Glenn space capsules, Egyptian mummies, skeletons of prehistoric animals, minerals and gems, including the famous Hope Diamond, paintings and sculptures. It was the highlight of my American visit.

“In California most of my time was spent in Marineland and Disneyland. The latter is a paradise for young and old. Beautifully dressed guides show visitors Main Street U.S.A., Adventureland, Frontierland, and Fantasyland. I enjoyed the Jungle boat-cruise, as much as the “Mark Twain”. The Sleeping Beauty’s Castle stood high up and welcomed everyone, and I travelled to the moon by the moon rocket of Tomorrowland. The Matterhorn bobsleds gave me a good drenching of cold water.

“At the Marineland there was a circus performance by trained seals and porpoises. Whales also figured in the shows, performing cute little tricks. At Los Angeles we visited the stack, the core of the city’s extraordinary six hundred mile freeway system with four levels of traffic. Anyone travelling at less than the speed stated (70, 80 or 90 m.p.h.) was sure to be pulled up by the police and fined. The Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco, the highest single-span suspension bridge in the world, was a wonderful sight in the evening twilight.

“On my return to Washington I visited the beautiful monuments to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln and paid my respects at the grave of the late President Kennedy, at the side of which the memorial lamp still burns bravely.

“After bidding farewell to our hosts in New York I finally ended my dream-visit. In one month I had travelled through the European and North American continents ; so short a time was totally inadequate for such an extensive and delightful tour, and I am now awaiting eagerly.....my next trip !”

Challenge to Sisterhood:

College Day, 1966

College Day records the achievements of the academic year, and offers a new challenge for the future: the challenge of universal sisterhood.

College Day, 1966, will be memorable in Stella Maris for its gay but gracious atmosphere, and for the three great moments of the function: the speech of the Chief Guest, the Honourable Mrs. Jothi Vencatachellum, presenting to the students the ideal of universal sisterhood, the play, in lighter vein, which proved that G.B. Shaw's lucid and lively prose in "Pygmalion" is as entertaining, and more witty, than the most lyrical of the songs which it has inspired: and the concluding dance-recital in Bharata Natyam on the theme of the Gitanjali.

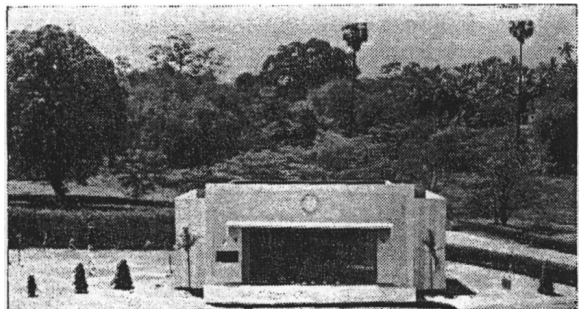
* * *

The first of these highlights of the evening was the address of the day's guest of honour, whose appeal for universal sisterhood struck a responsive chord in the hearts of her audience, for, as she herself observed, the gathering was a symbol of unity in diversity, and the sisterhood, which the students had attained among themselves in spite of differences of origin and family background, could be the beginning of a true integration among all the people of our richly diverse land.

"At a time like this," observed the speaker, "I believe that a great sisterhood among women is the only means of bringing peace and harmony to this strife-ridden world, regardless of colour, creed, nationality or rank.....Even in this great institution, I am quite confident that the have-nots are no less in number than the haves, and it is in this context that I am requesting you to form a solid unity, and have consideration for your less fortunate sisters....."

"If you can give relief to just one sister, in her acute and agonizing want, if you can render some kind of aid to make her life a little more pleasant and happy, then the very ideal of sisterhood will blossom into a fragrant flower, and that fragrance will permeate the whole world....."

"You will observe that there is a clear absence of marked prejudices among children. The divisive influences among men are acquired from the surrounding culture as children grow to adolescence and adulthood. It is there-



fore imperative that this sisterhood concept should be instilled in you, to create a sense of unity and to enable you to develop it, as you pass from childhood to adolescence and beyond.....

“It seems to me that women’s most distinguishing characteristic is the capacity to create a society based on justice, because justice, love and affection are natural to women. When I say justice, I do not merely refer to legal justice, because equality before the law, thanks to our splendid Constitution and its makers, is to a large measure achieved..... I refer to what is known as natural justice, equity and good neighbourliness.....

“The demand for equality has become an essential and emphatic claim of women. It cannot be gainsaid that inequalities between men and women do exist, and retard the progress of the human race. Yet when we demand equality, it is our bounden duty to develop ourselves, mentally, morally and physically, so as to bring all human beings onto the same footing, and foster goodwill and peace among them. From the practical point of view, an attempt should be made to convert the minds of women to form an effective sisterhood... It is a colossal task, as mighty as the Himalayas, but with friendship and understanding.....I have no doubt that we shall achieve our aim.”



In the international sphere, too, the Honourable Minister observed, the ideal of sisterhood has a vital role to play. “International amity can be engendered only through national solidarity, and to achieve this you should get together, share your ideas, pocket your vanity, shake off your apathy, and set aside your pride. Incidentally I may say that the emotion of pride in its finer manifestations gives rise to dignity, self-respect and moral courage ;.....there is nothing wrong with holding your heads high... ..When sisters are united, world brotherhood also becomes an accomplished fact. Each lady in the world should treat every other as she would treat herself. How ennobling is the verse :

“ She whose wakeful tenderness removes
The thorn that wounds the friend she loves

Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn her own."

* * *

After the distribution of the prizes for the year, the entertainment followed, beginning with lively extracts from "Pygmalion" spiritedly performed by our most talented actresses. The comedy of speech, well brought out by "Eliza", had attractions, as the audience discovered, quite other than those of the musical comedy based on the play, and the concluding triumph in which Eliza is mistaken for a Hungarian princess "because no Englishwoman speaks English properly", was greeted with thunderous applause.

* * *

The appeal of the second part of the entertainment was to a deeper and a higher level of appreciation : higher aesthetically, deeper emotionally. A fine Bharata Natyam performance was given by six students, interpreting, in classical dance, themes from the "Gitanjali" expressive of the soul's search for God in contemplation, and the obtrusive distractions which deflect it from the path of meditation. Truly,

"Ever in my life have I sought Thee, O Lord."

"O God, the picture of perfection, the joy unalloyed."

Yes, I know this is nothing but Thy love, O God!
this golden light that dances upon the leaves,
these idle clouds sailing across the sky.

"O God, Thou hast made me endless, such is Thy pleasure."

This little flute of a reed
Thou hast carried over hills and dales
and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.
At the immortal touch of Thy hands,
my little heart loses its tumult in joy
and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

"My days pass in the crowded market of this world."

And thus it is that time goes by
while I give it to every querulous man who claims it.
I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky.
I keep gazing on the faraway gloom of the sky
and my heart wanders wailing in the restless wind.

"All desires that distract me are false and empty to the core."

By all means they try to hold me who love me in this world.
But it is otherwise with Thy love, which is greater than theirs.
I want Thee, only Thee, O God. Come with a burst of song.

“Who is this that follows me?”

I move aside to avoid His presence, but I escape Him not.
He came when the night was still,
He had his harp in his hands,
and my dreams became resonant with his melodies.
Lord, if I keep not Thee in my heart,
Thy love for me still waits for my love.

“My life is all astir and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.”

Thus it is that Thy joy in me is so full.
Thou hast come down to me, O Thou Lord of all heavens.
In my heart is the endless play of Thy delight.
In my life Thy will is ever taking shape.
The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

* * *

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day,
back to their mountain nests,
let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home in one salutation to Thee.
Ever in my life have I sought Thee with my songs.
I shall take this harp of my life, tuning it to the notes of forever.

A STELLA MARIAN





Facing the Challenge of Life



This year's questionnaire attempted to discover the attitudes of the students to life in the present, and their expectation of the future.

As in the past, the degree students were again this year asked to respond to a questionnaire whose object was to discover something of their approach to life, so as to increase our understanding of them, their thoughts, feelings and desires, and also with the hope that by facing, in the privacy of an anonymous questionnaire, some of their own fundamental ideas, they would reflect on, and perhaps modify them.

An effort was made to simplify the questionnaire without depriving it of the quality of comprehensiveness necessary to give it value, by supplying a wide range of alternative answers to all the questions, the alternatives being placed in a deliberately casual arrangement so that the order of them would not influence the students' choice. This simplicity of structure enabled us to tabulate the answers of all the students present in the degree classes on the chosen day, a total of 823, instead of having to content ourselves with a sample survey.

There were three sections to the questionnaire, which may be considered as referring to the meaning of life, the students' purpose in life, and the manner of attaining the purpose indicated. Since a majority of girl students will find in marriage their full-time occupation, whatever their own ambitions may be, nearly half of this section was designed to reveal their attitude to marriage and their degree of fitness for it.

It is evident that the views of young people vary considerably on these matters, especially because, with increasing maturity, their ideas should undergo development. In assessing the results we have tried to discover whether there is any evidence of such maturation.

The Meaning of Life

In this section the students were asked three questions, one defining their basic view of life, the others seeking light on their present impressions and future expectation of life in terms of emotional response.

Very few in any class showed either lack of inner vitality by indicating that life means "nothing in particular" to them, or the egocentric attitude which sees it as an opportunity for personal success and popularity. Unfortunately, however, the

percentages in both cases increase with seniority, so we must conclude that life tends to mean less to the students as they mature.

Truly positive attitudes to life are nevertheless expressed by the great majority in every class. These are broadly of two kinds, the specifically religious meaning which is read into life by as many as 46.5% of the second years, the highest figure, and 26.5% of the post-graduate class, which is the lowest figure. As the students grow older their views, if less orthodox, become more purposeful, for the number who see life as a task or a testing-time increases from 19.5% in the first year to 32% in the M.A. class. The numbers holding views which, though positive, are primarily concerned with this world, on the other hand, are again greatest in the first year and least among the M. A.'s.

The other questions in this section, designed to expose the students' feelings about their present and future life, were the least successful in the whole questionnaire. Wanting several answers to each question from every student, we paired the alternatives off with their opposites or near-opposites, and asked the students to check one in each pair. Some, not understanding, checked only one answer, while many, especially among the first years, seem to have marked the first answer in each pair without reflection, since many indicated that they look forward to the future both with eagerness and with resentment, which are hardly compatible states of mind.

On the whole, however, the response to these questions reflects attitudes similar to those revealed in the question on the meaning of life. 75 to 85% of the girls in every class find their present life happy, busy and interesting, and while the percentage of students who find life companionable drops in the M.A. class it remains in the 80's for all the undergraduate classes. The M.A.'s, no doubt, spending much of their time at intercollegiate classes, are rather cut off from normal college life, especially if they have only joined the college for their postgraduate studies, and this causes some of them to feel lonely. As regards the future, a similar high percentage of the girls in every class look forward to it with eagerness, joy and hope, though a smaller proportion face it with confidence, a natural result of the fact that it depends so little on themselves.

In general, then, this section of the questionnaire reveals that the great majority of the students have the idealism and enthusiasm proper to youth though the number who have already lost these precious qualities increases with seniority. Society has a duty not to blight this fine flower of youth, by paying much more than lip-service to the ideals which it holds.

The Students' Purpose in Life

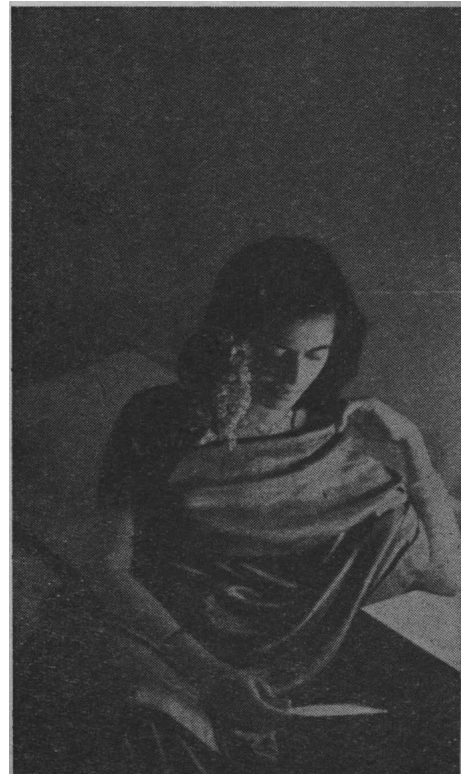
Through the questions in this section we sought to discover the conscious general purpose in life of the students, together with their habitual emotional attitudes, which can show whether the purposes of which they are aware really are the ones

which govern their life; then their specific aims in relation to their future career were investigated, once more under two aspects, the actual career they would choose for themselves and the objective for which they would pursue it. A comparison of the two groups of answers further reveals the degree of correspondence between the students' specific and general aims, and therefore exposes the degree of rationality in their basic thinking.

More than 50% of the girls in every class indicated the desire either to build a happy home or to serve God in the way of His choosing, as their chief purpose in life. The percentage who look forward to home-making increases with each succeeding year, while the readiness to surrender to God's will decreases. The numbers hoping for success in a particular career range from 8% of the first years to 17% of the third, while the desire to serve the unfortunate inspires 11% of the M.A.'s, but less than 8% of every other class. No other alternative was checked by any considerable number of girls.

The desires and fears of the students bear some relation to their general purposes, and close relation to each other; the desire for peace of soul and fear of a bad conscience are strongest, but decline from year to year in the same way as the readiness to submit to God's will, while the desire for affection and fear of loneliness are second in importance, and increase with each succeeding year, like the purpose of building a happy home. The beginning of doubt and uncertainty in maturing minds shows itself in the third most popular choice, the desire for a fixed aim and the fear of uncertainty in life.

The answers to the questions on careers revealed less consistency, and exposed some mental confusion in the previous responses, too. The girls whose chief aim in life is to build a happy home should surely indicate a preference for the career of a housewife, yet only in the third year did the numbers checking both the one and the other correspond. The number of careers which appeal to the students is limited, for after that of housewife only those of doctor, social worker, lawyer, scientist, member of the foreign service, and teacher attract any substantial number of girls. Yet even in regard to these, except in the M.A. class, many girls showed an unrealistic attitude to life, for humanities students still cling to the fashionable desire for the medical profession, and one cannot but feel that it is the imaginary glamour attached to the foreign service which attracts so many girls to it. A majority of the M.A.'s, on the other hand, chose careers in which they can hope to attain success; besides the 30% who opted for the career of housewife, 20% look forward to



teaching, and 18% to social work. Since about 21% of the girls in this class are actually studying for the Social Work M.A., there is reason behind the preference, not vague sentiment.

The declared purposes in choosing these careers are on the whole idealistic, usefulness to others being the motive of the largest number, pleasing the parents or service to the country ranking second. Social uplift of the oppressed is the objective of about 10% in all classes, and oddly enough a similar percentage of M.A.'s, and of them alone, are influenced by social position in their selection of a career, this being the only purpose lacking idealism which appealed to anyone.

A full assessment of the value of the answers to this section can only be made after reviewing that which relates to the means adopted by the girls for the fulfilment of their aims; without some effort to translate purposes to attainment they cannot be considered of any great significance.

□ □ □ **Fulfilment of the Purpose**

In our country allowance must be made for the limitations on the freedom of young people, for many cannot choose their own careers or subjects of study, and some are even restricted in their choice of amusements. Yet the zeal and intelligence with which a girl pursues her aim is the only effective measure of her sincerity in seeking it.

Once again we sought to know the students' objectives in their studies and free-time activities before inquiring what these activities are. The answers to the question on the purpose in studies which were most frequently checked can be grouped under three heads, self-knowledge and the good life, preparation for a career and success in life, intellectual and social maturation. The first of these influences the students most of all, being the declared aim of about half of the girls in every class, and increasing in importance from first year to M.A. Preparation for a career inspires the studies of about 34% of the first years, but means much less to the older students. In fact, there is an anomaly here, for only 8% of the first years make success in a career their aim in life, yet a further 26% make it the goal of their studies. Intellectual and social maturation is the aim of the college work of about 20% of all the students.

In their free-time activities the students are again inspired by three main motives, which are, in order of importance, the development of talents which they enjoy using, relaxation, and preparation for the fulfilment of their aim in life. The first of these is the object of over 50% in every class, though the percentage declines from first year to M.A. Relaxation is the avowed aim of over 20%, preparation for the future that of rather less than 20%. Unfortunately the actual leisure-time pursuits of the

girls tell a different story. Both at home and in college the great majority spend their free-time in pure relaxation, chatting, sleeping, listening to the radio or going to the cinema. Hobbies at home, and extra-curricular activities in college, either of which may develop the students' talents, are practised by a very small percentage of the girls in any class.

Pastimes which may assist in the preparation for a career are various, depending on the chosen career. Those who look forward to being housewives learn much by helping their mothers, and over 80% in every class spend part of their free time in this way, but one is led to wonder about the judgement of a student who says that she chooses her free-time pursuits to prepare for her career, when the field of work chosen is that of a lawyer or a doctor, and the leisure-time is spent in relaxing or learning music.

The only part, in fact, of the last question in this section in which any great reliance could be placed on the answers was that referring to inquiries made about openings and qualifications for the chosen profession. A fair number have made such inquiries, 18% in the first year being the lowest number. This is quite reasonable, as these girls have still sufficient time ahead of them both to reconsider their career preferences and to find out how to satisfy them.

The responses to the questions on marriage showed a fair degree of common sense and maturity, in the girls of all classes, though of course not all have attained the same level of judgement. In general, the great majority of the students look upon marriage as either a partnership between husband and wife or a sacred calling, and most of them also look forward to their own marriage with expectancy, a healthy sign. Among the third years a fair number face this aspect of their future with anxiety or fear, and while this is regrettable it at least shows that they realize the importance of the married state better than do those students who look on it with indifference, who form about 20% of every other class.

The love and companionship of a husband and the fulfilment of a woman's natural vocation are the aspects of marriage most attractive to the students, and while its most unpleasing aspect for most students appears to be the prospect of loss of independence and of the chance of a career, the third years are equally disturbed by the fear of disagreement with their in-laws, a serious matter enough in our country, where so few young couples have a home of their own from the outset of their married life. The second years do not seem to have faced the prospect of possible difficulties in marriage as yet, for only about 60% of the whole class marked any of the possible answers to this question. It is to be hoped that their views on marriage are not entirely based on what they see in romantic films or novels.

In regard to the qualities desirable in a marriage partner, most students rightly stressed character traits both for husband and wife, though 10% of the M.A.'s showed the preoccupation with social position which distinguished their approach to a career.

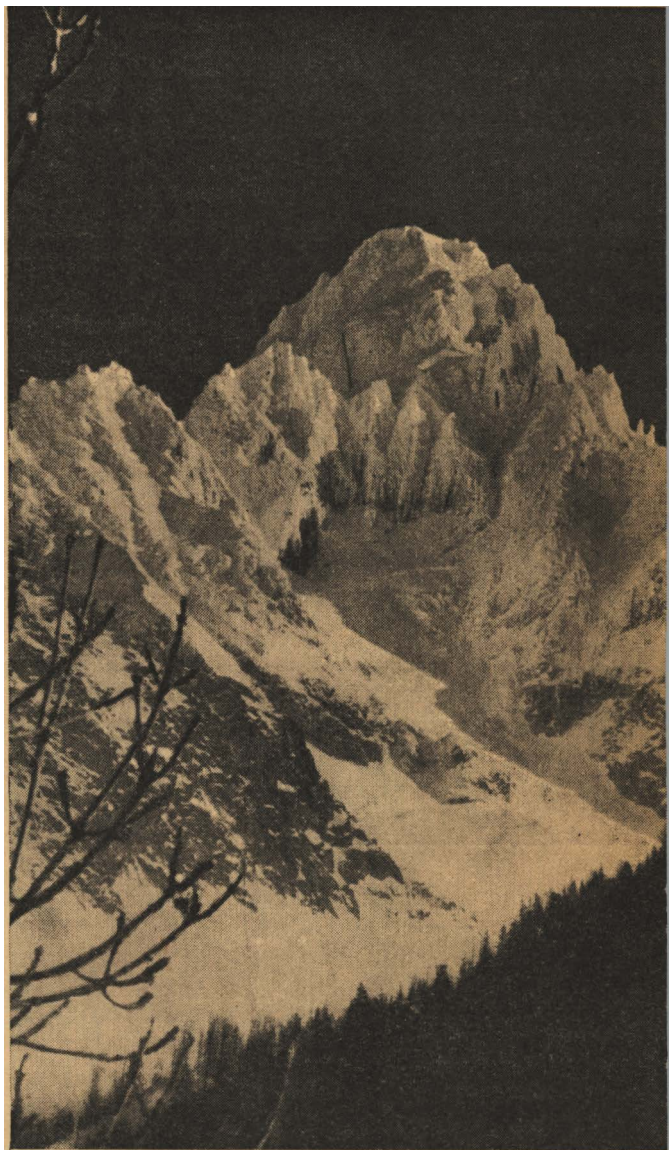
A further 15% of the M.A.'s are concerned about the agreement of horoscopes, which means little to any of the undergraduate classes. For themselves, as future wives, they felt that patience was the most necessary quality, with unselfishness and devotion to the home coming next. Maturity of personality was also felt to be of value, though among the third years this only came after a sense of humour. Qualities which depend more on circumstances than on the individual mean little to any class.

□ □ □ **Conclusion**

It would seem from the examination of the questionnaire that the progress of the students towards maturity is somewhat uneven, for while in questions of broad principle the indications are that development takes place along a regular line, though not always in a desirable direction, when we come down to detail we notice unevenness in the responses given by the different classes, with sometimes one, sometimes another, indicating greater maturity of understanding or judgement. This can certainly serve as a guide to the staff and other adults dealing with the students, to indicate the areas in which better guidance is necessary to enable them to attain to full personal maturity. The students themselves can also learn from the results of this questionnaire something of their own strengths and weaknesses.

This short psychological survey therefore represents a challenge both to the students, to the college, and to society at large.

CLIMBING
THE MOUNTAINS
OF KNOWLEDGE
WE ATTAIN
THE
SUMMIT OF TRUTH



The Challenge of the Universe

The advance of modern Physics is one of the most striking triumphs of the human mind and both practically and theoretically it is largely the result of one man's response to the challenge of the universe.

Carved in the white walls of the Riverside Church in New York stand the figures of 600 great men of the ages surveying space and time with imperishable eyes. One panel enshrines the geniuses of Science. Among them stands Albert Einstein as a lighthouse in the great sea of time — a symbol of encouragement to every young scientist. It is to him that we owe many of the theories which form part of the body of modern science. Today the outer limits of man's knowledge are defined by Relativity, the inner limits by Planck's Quantum Theory. Relativity has shaped all our concepts of space, time, gravitation and the realities that are too vast to be perceived. The Quantum Theory has shaped all our concepts of the atom, and the realities that are too elusive and too small to be perceived. The purpose of the Unified Field Theory of Einstein is to construct a bridge between them.

The wonderful universe in which we live offers a real challenge to man's imagination, his abilities and his desire for the conquest of space. But the unimaginably large size of the universe sets a limit to man's cherished hopes for the exploration of space. To give a rough idea of its vastness, it is said that a trillion solar systems arranged side by side would not nearly span the diameter, and a million earths side by side would just span the solar system. One can safely say that for a very long time to come even the solar system will present a mighty challenge to man's desire for exploration. Assuming that man in the distant future will be able to extend the limits of explorable space to a hundred solar systems, even this would be an insignificant achievement compared to the inaccessible reaches of space still calling him on! They would roughly be ten billion times greater.

The farthest object we can see with our unaided eyes is the Andromeda galaxy, similar in shape and structure to our own Milky Way. It is a collection of billions of stars, and is only one of millions of such galaxies strewn through space. It is the nearest of all the island universes that wheel in the depths of space, only nine billion billion miles away. We might wish to know how things fare with a certain star or galaxy tonight, but we must wait for its light, travelling at 186,300 miles per second, to span the gulf of space. The light we see tonight left Andromeda one and a half million years ago. The farther out in space we go, the farther back in time we must go. Were we to travel at the speed of light: a space-craft today travels at only 5 miles per second; it would take two million years to reach this galaxy. The fact remains that to

thinking man, who inhabits one planet that circles one out of a billion stars, in one out of millions of galaxies, those unattainable reaches of space present a real challenge. Today, developments in science and technology offer us new ways of meeting this challenge.

With the help of Einstein's theory of relativity we know much more about space and time than we knew a few years ago. However, the speed of light, says Einstein, puts a limit to our wildest imaginations of the conquest of space. The special theory of relativity says "the speed of light in a vacuum is a universal constant, wherever we measure it, no matter how fast we ourselves happen to be travelling, or in what direction we travel relative to something else." The rate of flow of our time as measured by another observer depends on our velocity relative to that observer. Thus our time will appear too slow to an observer in another galaxy that is receding from us. Similarly his clocks will appear to run slow to us, as measured by our own clocks. Any process that takes a certain time in one moving system will appear to take a longer time in another moving system. Translating these ideas of time and space into the language of the laboratory Einstein has shown that a clock attached to a moving system slows down as its velocity increases, and a measuring rod shrinks in the direction of its motion. An observer riding along with the clock and the rod would not notice these changes, but a stationary observer, stationary that is relative to the moving system, would find that the moving clock had slowed down with respect to his stationary clock. This behaviour of moving clocks and yardsticks explains the constant velocity of light. Since any periodic motion can be used to measure time, the human heart according to Einstein is also a kind of clock. Therefore, according to Relativity, the heartbeat of a person travelling at the impossible velocity of light, will be relatively slowed. This will not be noticed by him, as his watch will slow down in the same degree. As judged by a stationary time-keeper he will "grow old" less quickly.

Another interesting consequence of this theory is the famous twin paradox. If one twin went in a rocket and travelled at the speed of light for several years, as measured by his twin on earth, on his return to earth he would seem only a few years older while his twin would have grown old and wrinkled.

From the theory of relativity follows another important conclusion — that the mass of a body increases the faster it moves relative to the observer who is doing the measurement of the mass. This effect has been verified by experiments with electrons in the cyclotrons. The faster an electron travels, the more massive it becomes.

Expressed mathematically, the relationship takes the form $m' = \frac{m}{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}$ where m is the

original mass, v is its velocity, c the speed of light and m' is its mass after acceleration. Here is the reason why no one can travel faster than the speed of light, because as he travels faster his mass increases, and if his speed is equal to the speed of light, in other words if $v=c$, his mass will become infinitely large and this will require an infinitely

large force to increase the speed. Thus we see that the speed of light is the limiting speed of all objects in the universe, and also why we cannot plan a space trip to Vega travelling for one year at a speed of millions of miles per second and return the following year. Another proof of this relativity of mass is given by Einstein's nuclear energy equation $E=mc^2$, where E is the energy, m is the mass, c is the speed of light; this shows that matter and energy are interconvertible. Starlight is the energy produced in the interiors of stars in such large quantities that it cannot be explained by ordinary chemical reactions. The star energy must result from the transformation of the mass of the star into energy. By careful measurement of how much energy a unit area of earth's surface receives it has been calculated that the sun produces $4\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of sunlight each second. This is done by transforming, every second, 600 million tons of hydrogen into helium. These fusion reactions result in a slight loss of mass which when multiplied by the square of the speed of light gives the energy produced. It has been calculated that the sun can continue to shine for another billion years. All these predictions of relativity have been verified in the laboratory and their importance in astronomy is that they have something definite to say about how time and space behave in the great expanse of the universe.

Man's greatest immediate challenge today is the moon, and though a landing on the moon has been achieved, the inhospitable conditions of temperature and atmosphere seem to make life on the moon impossible, but this challenge will most surely be met in the near future. With observatories on the moon we shall have more meaningful answers to some of the interesting and challenging problems connected with the universe. One must agree that it is a great challenge to the imagination to dream that man might someday establish a super-engineering project to "air-condition" the moon. The human mind, which has evolved to the point where it can question the universe, and which in a very real sense encompasses the universe, is indeed more marvellous than the universe which encompasses the mind. Standing midway between macrocosm and microcosm, man finds barriers on every side, and cannot help but marvel, as St. Paul did nearly twenty centuries ago, that "the world was created by the word of God so that what is seen is made out of things which do not appear."

JENNY D'CRUZ
I B.Sc.

Civilization: A Response to Challenge

The history of man is proof of the fact that, without effort to overcome difficulties, nothing great is ever achieved.

“Human society.....is confronted in the course of its life by a succession of problems, and the presentation of each problem is a challenge to undergo an ordeal.” In the light of this statement, modern historians have begun to analyze the ancient civilizations, which have been glorious chapters of human development, and have come to the conclusion that civilization is indeed a response to challenge.

Culture is essentially the result of man's manifestation of his creative powers. Faced with an obstacle to his wellbeing, man applies his ingenuity to overcome it. In so doing he learns to use his mind, his hands, and the materials around him in a new way, and so starts himself off on the road to a new development of culture. The culmination of his efforts may well be the creation of a wonderful epoch, and so civilization is seen as the fruit of man's response to the challenge of his environment.

Studying civilization from this angle, we can see how it was that in certain parts of the earth glorious cultures have arisen at different times, ever since the dawn of the Bronze Age, when the banks of great rivers like the Nile, the Euphrates and Tigris, and the Indus were the scenes of high cultures. In these, and many other instances, we find that the physical environment presented a challenge to man, and it was in responding to this challenge that he raised himself from barbarism to a high level of civilization.

We usually assume that the physical environment in a given region is essentially static, but geology and paleontology reveal that it is not so. It seems that the plains of North Africa and Central Asia, now barren desert, were once rich grasslands, and it was the process of desiccation in these regions which drove men, faced with starvation, to penetrate the inhospitable jungle-swamps of the Lower Nile and Tigris-Euphrates Valleys. “This rare reaction,” says Toynebee, “was the dynamic act which created the Egyptian and Sumeric Civilizations out of the primitive societies of the vanishing Afrasian grasslands.”

In the river-valleys, new challenges presented themselves: the wantonness of nature was subdued by the works of man, the formless jungle-swamps made way for the pattern of ditches, embankments and fields, and these lands were reclaimed from the wilderness. Even now life still presented a challenge to these peoples, for it is certain that the fury of the Nile in its



flood-season must often have swept away not only property but also lives, and it was the need to forecast the conduct of the wayward river that led the Egyptians to penetrate upstream into the Nubian mountains, and to devise a highly practical scheme for taking off surplus flood-water into a semi-artificial lake, so that it would become a friend, not an enemy. A similar challenge in Sumeria produced a response of similar, but not identical kind.



The challenge faced by the founders of Chinese civilization in the valley of the Yellow River was even more severe: here, besides the problem of jungle, swamp and flood, man had to face a most inhospitable climate, with freezing winters and burning summers, and a spring-time which, besides turning the frozen river into a raging flood, brought a bitter wind, blowing stinging sand down the valley. The response of the pioneers to these severe challenges gave birth to the great Sinic Civilization, which was the longest-lasting of all those of ancient times. "It was not without toil and trouble, however," says a modern Sinologist, "that the Chinese countryside had been successfully broken in....., in the face of extreme difficulties with which nature confronted the pioneers, the process had been long and cruel."

The ancient civilizations of the New World arose out of man's capacity to meet yet other challenges, for it is his adaptability which distinguishes him all over the world. The Mayan Civilization was man's response to the over-abundance of nature, and grew up in defiance of the ever-encroaching tropical forest. "The Mayan culture," observes Spinden, "was made possible by the agricultural conquest of the rich lowlands where the exuberance of nature can only be held in check by organized effort." Yet, south of the equator, a similar challenge in the Amazon forests was left unanswered, and the challenge which did awaken a response was that of the mountains and the adjoining coast. "In the Andean area, man has always been, if not the slave, at any rate the pupil of that exigent mistress Mother Nature; and his history has largely consisted of varyingly successful struggles against many of her enactments." Here man was challenged by a bleak climate and a grudging soil on the plateau, and by heat and drought on the coast, which could be made to bloom only by the works of man: by terracing and digging wells for irrigation.

Yet another challenge was offered to man by the sea, and this challenge was answered by the Cretans, Phoenicians and Greeks. The barrenness of their mountainous home, the difficulties of land-communication, drove these peoples to the sea both for livelihood and cultural contact. The result of their response to this challenge was one of the most glorious pages of human history. It would not be fanciful to suppose that the freedom and comradeship of the sailors' life helped in the development of Athenian democracy, though it is note-worthy that the climax of political achievement was the fruit of response to a human challenge: the invasion of the Persians under Xerxes evoked, in fact, a double response, the first being the presentation of a united front by the hitherto disunited city-states, which enabled them to throw off the invaders, while the second was a new flowering of democracy in the

time of security which followed, when the parent of political freedom was beautified and enriched by citizens whose greatest joy lay in the honour of their city.

Human challenges may promote the development of civilization either by reaction, as in the case of Greece, or by assimilation, as in that of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley. The fertility of that valley, surrounded as it was by deserts or inhospitable mountains, made it a tempting prize to parties of marauders, often on a scale big enough to attempt permanent conquest. Thus in the course of history, Babylonians, Assyrians, and Chaldeans in turn over-ran the land, but instead of destroying the pre-existing civilization of the Sumerians, each in turn built on it, contributing something new to the concept of culture, whether in the field of government, art or learning, but first learning from their predecessors all that they had to teach.



The Aryan Civilization was also a response to the challenge both of nature and of hostile man. On reaching India the Aryans faced the physical challenge of a thickly-forested land whose climate and vegetation were completely new to them, and also that of a strange people, called the Dasas, who were probably stronger than they, for they were "dwellers in walled cities" while the Aryans had hitherto known only village life. In the face of this double challenge, human and environmental, the Rigvedic Aryans struggled on until they created a pattern of culture which even today forms the basis of Indian life. The Dasas they subdued, assimilated or drove off, but of nature they made a friend, as a hymn from the Atharva Veda shows :

"The earth has her hill-sides and her
uplands, hers is the wide plain ;
She is the bearer of plants of many uses:
may she stretch out her hand
and be bountiful to us."

Man has, therefore, built up a high culture in many places in the world at different times, yet there are places where he has remained at a low level of civilization in all ages. Explaining this, Toynbee observes: "If certain members of this widespread race created a civilization, while the rest remained culturally sterile, the explanation may be that a creative faculty, latent in all alike, was evoked in those particular members, and in those only, by the presentation of a challenge to which the rest did not happen to be exposed." In fact, two opposite causes may prevent a particular people from attaining a high level of civilization: where the environment offers no challenge at all, but supplies man's basic needs without great effort on his part, he lacks the spur to achievement which is necessary before he will look above those basic needs; on the other hand, where the challenge offered by his environment is too severe, and all his energies are absorbed by the mere business of keeping alive, there is no possibility of rising to a high cultural level, however dynamic a race may be. An instance of the first kind is that of Samoa, and one of the second is provided by the story of the Esquimaux, whose cold and barren homeland has forbidden them to develop any but the most essential arts of living.

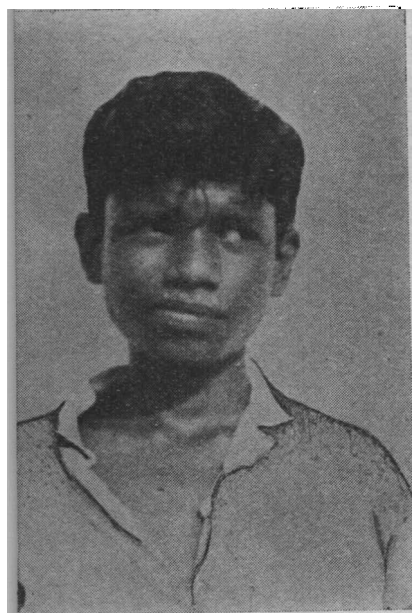
Civilization has hitherto been the fruit of a response to challenge on the part of man, and our own era teaches the same lesson: civilized man must find new mountains to climb, new challenges to overcome, if he is not to slip back into a barbarism all the more ugly because it employs the material trappings of civilization. Obstacles in the path of progress there will always be, but they are there to be overcome, and in overcoming them man, and his culture, develop to new heights of nobility.



T. P. PADMA PRIYA
II B.A.

Juvenile Delinquency: Challenge and Defeat

The young offender is a challenge to the society in which he has grown: he is also a sign of that society's past failure, and perhaps also of his family's, and his own.



Juvenile delinquency is an old problem, but one which has become more acute in our century than it ever was before. There are two reasons for this, one good, the other less praiseworthy. In the first place, we now consider the delinquent not as a criminal to be rejected from society, but as a young person with problems too big for him to solve alone. Secondly, this century has seen an upsurge of juvenile crime because modern society is changing so rapidly, and in some respects so unevenly, that social disorganization results, and unrest among the children and youths is one of the consequences of this disorganization. "Problems," says Professor Neumeyer, "are chiefly the results of rapid or unequal changes, the failure to make adequate social adjustments, and the inability to control the underlying causes."

We have hitherto begged the question of what is a juvenile delinquent; legally he is usually considered to be a child or adolescent who commits anti-social acts such as would, in an adult, be punishable by fine or imprisonment. Such acts were few in the peasant societies of the past, for the family, local institutions and the community spirit all exerted a strong and uniform influence on the individual, so that conformity to the prevailing standard of conduct gave satisfaction and security, while deviation from it brought the whole weight of public opinion to bear on the rebel.

In the urban society of modern times, however, the influence of the different social groups to which a child or adolescent belongs is often far from uniform. Even his parents may be inconsistent in their efforts to supervise him, for they too are bewildered by the rapidly changing pattern of life. Psychological uncertainty is disturbing to a child, and he unconsciously seeks security and acceptance, re-assurance of his personal worth, a search which often leads him to identify himself with some street-corner gang in which acceptance depends on defiance of socially desirable behaviour.

Many different factors play a part in the causation of juvenile delinquency and while a rigid psychological determinism, placing all the responsibility on circumstances, would be false, it would be equally false to place all the blame on the child himself, and refer to him as a "born criminal". Yet this attitude still persists in many circles.

Weakness of character and defect of intelligence reduce the child's defences against an unfavourable environment, but it also often happens that character defects are nurtured by such an environment, and mental backwardness can also be the result of neglect and lack of encouragement.

The first environmental influence is the family, in which, it has been observed, a lack of affection, or a downright neglect of the child, has a more harmful effect than poor material conditions. It is true that a great majority of the cases brought before juvenile courts are drawn from the poorer classes of the community, but observation reveals that this is because the poor parents, burdened with material cares, often overworked and suffering from fatigue, have too little time to devote to their children, cannot supervise them adequately, to protect them from harmful influences, or offer them the evidences of affection which the child needs, especially in the earliest years. Children growing up without affection very often develop a shell of callousness and indifference which is afterwards extremely difficult to break, and lose not only all capacity to respond emotionally to others, but also all moral sense.

Unwise discipline in the home, whether too severe or too indulgent, or wavering between the two, may also be harmful, preventing the child from learning to distinguish between what is seriously wrong and what is trivial. On the other hand, too great tolerance of small faults which are indicative of harmful tendencies in the child's conscience, may permit them to develop to serious crimes. Thus parental indifference to a habit of petty theft from siblings, or from neighbours, may lead a child to suppose that theft is not wrong.

An overcrowded home, in which children cannot help but be aware of intimacy between their parents, may lead to jealousy of the father which at the time sinks into the subconscious mind but later appears as hostility to all authority, while a broken home, whether caused through the death or the desertion of one parent, creates a sense of insecurity for which the child may seek compensation outside the home.

The next most influential social group which acts upon the growing child is the play-group, especially if the home itself is unhappy or insecure. A child will do anything to "belong", and sometimes a street-corner gang makes it a condition of initiation that the members must perform some act of defiance of authority. It is also noted, even among adult criminals, that companionship gives courage, and many would never break the law if they had to do so alone. As boys in such a gang grow older, they come to believe that they must be rough and violent to prove their manhood: good behaviour is treated as "soft", "effeminate", and the leader of the gang is set up as the ideal to be imitated, the only authority, in fact, that his followers are called upon to respect.

The influences of the larger society, with its uncertain standards, are often far from beneficial. The crime portrayed on the cinema and television would doubtless

have no harmful effects on a child or youth whose immediate surroundings were wholesome, but the obsession with crime and violence displayed by the cinema nowadays is a symptom of the confusion of modern society. The child also observes a prevailing cynicism in adult society: a "nothing matters" attitude which nips in the bud the flowering idealism of early youth. Moreover, he cannot fail to observe that success, rather than moral worth, wins the approval of society at large. "The cynicism, dishonesty and corruption of some officials induce juveniles to take everything as a racket More often than not, juvenile delinquents select their heroes from successful but dishonest adults whose depredations could justify their activity."

It is very seldom that any case of delinquency can be traced to the operation of a single factor. Very often the underlying causes arise from emotions lying below the ordinary level of consciousness. This general survey, however, indicates how foolish it would be to treat the young offender as a criminal, who can be cured by punishment alone: "It is clear that the point of view which regards crime as just the expression of a deliberate choice and as a manifestation of behaviour which can easily be changed by punishment alone fails to grasp the realities of the situation."

Today, delinquency has increased to an alarming extent in every country. The percentage of reported cases in our country is very low compared with that in the West, but it is on the increase, and it is probable that one reason for the low percentage here is that many cases of delinquency are simply not reported, for the ordinary citizen in India does not, as his western counterpart does, feel it his duty to notify the police if he sees mischief going on. The harm done to the younger generation by the operation of the factors outlined above is incalculable. "Personal unhappiness, blasted youth, unproductive years, family distress, disease, mental affliction - all these related strifes and tribulations have their source in juvenile delinquency." If society is to progress in the future it must, for its own sake and for that of these misdirected children, take up the challenge of delinquency, attack it at its source in the conditions which breed deviant behaviour, give guidance to parents and children alike, and establish wholesome norms of conduct in the urban context, lest this challenge, which already records our past defeat, find us wanting once more, and the most advanced material civilization the world has yet seen become the most unhappy.

B. USHA
I M.A.

Response to Challenge

in the Sanskrit Epics

From the beginning of human life on earth, duty has challenged the best in man. The Sanskrit epics illustrate this through many of their heroes.

In the Ramayana and Mahabharata, the two great epics of our country, we constantly come across the word "dharma", which may be translated roughly as duty; but it is not merely duty, it is something more. In the heroic age, Indians had a very high conception of dharma. They cherished it as a great ideal which they strove to live up to, in spite of the trials and tribulations that beset them. To follow unswervingly the path of dharma was their greatest challenge. The epics, from beginning to end, reveal to us the success of their response to this challenge in spite of overwhelming odds.

Rama was a धर्मवीर, a hero of the highest order, not in the narrow martial sense but as a man who responded to, and successfully overcame, the challenges of life. The first of his crucial challenges came when he heard the news that he would have to go into exile in the forest, instead of being crowned king, as was his right. It must have come to him as a great shock, but his attitude was one of cheerful renunciation. Dasaratha pleaded with him not to heed the vow which bound him to fulfil Kaikeyi's desire. He said :

अहं राघव कैकेय्या वरदानेन मोहितः ।
अयोध्यायास्त्वमेवाद्य भव राजा निमृद्यमाम् ॥

Dasaratha was indifferent to the ignominy of the breaker of vows; it was a moment of decision for Rama. Without hesitation he resolved to leave Ayodya. By this noble resolution he preserved not merely his dharma but also his father's. He felt that fulfilling his father's vow was his greatest धर्म

धर्मो हि परमो लोके धर्मे सत्यं प्रतिष्ठितम् ।
धर्मश्रितमेतच्च पितृवचनमुत्तमम् ॥
सोऽहं न रक्ष्यामि पितुर्नियोगमतिर्वितुम् ।
पितुर्दिवचनाद्वीर कैकेय्याऽहं प्रचोदितः ॥
तदेतत्तुमया कार्यं क्रियते भुवि नान्यथा ।
पितुर्दिवचनं कुवन्न कश्चिन्नाम हीयते ॥

Rama readily, therefore, sacrificed his rank as the heir apparent, the comforts and luxuries of life at court, and, even more, all those dear to him, for the sake of पितृवाक्यपरिपालन.

Another instance of his response to challenge occurred when विभीषण came to him for शरण. All the वानर chieftains vehemently advised him to reject the plea. They suspected Vibhishana of the darkest designs : surely Rama would not accept Ravana's brother.

अन्तर्धानगता ह्येते राक्षसाः कामरूपिणः ।
शूराश्च निकृतिज्ञाः च तेषु जातु न वश्वसेत् ॥
प्रकृत्या राक्षसो ह्येष भ्रता मित्स्य वै प्रभो
आगतश्च रिपोः पश्चात्सोऽस्मिन् हि विश्वसेत् ॥

But Rama was above such pettiness. His answer was firm and final :

“When one comes to me for refuge I cannot reject him. This is my धर्म.”

बद्धाञ्जलिपुटं दीनं याचतं शरणागतम् ।
न हन्यादनुशंस्यार्थमपि शत्रुं परंतप ॥
आतो यदि वा दृप्तः परेषां शरणागतः ।
अपि प्राणान् परित्यज्य रक्षितव्यः कृतात्मना ॥
आनयैनं हरिश्रेष्ठ दत्तमस्याभयं मया ।
विभीषणो वा सुग्रीव यदि वा रावणः स्वयम् ॥

Rama could have met this moment of challenge like any ordinary man. It would have been perfectly excusable if he had rejected Vibhishana, as he was the enemy's brother : but his actual response to this challenge was one of Rama's greatest spiritual victories.

The final, and most difficult, challenge in Rama's life was the rumour about his beloved Sita. He knew that she was the ideal of chastity :

अन्तरात्मा च मे वेत्ति सीतां शुद्धां यशस्विनीम् ।

But as she had been so long a prisoner in the demon's home, Rama wanted to test her purity by making her pass through fire : the god of fire and the other gods testified to her chastity. Hence Rama was sure of her innocence, so what could have been easier

for him than to retort to his people that he had perfect faith in Sita, and they could dismiss all suspicion of her from their minds? But Rama wanted to be the highest example of धर्म to his people. They had lost faith in Sita, and however baseless their suspicions might be, to accept her in the circumstances would have encouraged a general degradation of morals.

कीदृशं हृदये तस्य सीता संभोगजं सुखम् ।
 अङ्गमारोप्य तु पुरा रावणेन बलाद्गताम् ।
 लङ्कामपि पुरा नीतामशोकवनिकां गताम् ।
 रक्षसां वशमापन्नां कथं रामो न कुत्सते ।
 अस्माकमपि दारेषु सहनीयं भविष्यति ।
 यथा हि कुरुते राजा प्रजा तमनुवर्तते ॥

So Rama exiled his सहधर्मचारिणी: the very word shows how great the wrench must have been. She was all that a wife should be. He needed her, to enable him to follow the path of dharma. To reject his सहधर्मचारिणी in order to preserve his धर्म was his greatest response to challenge. His whole life of renunciation and धर्म had been a preparation for it, so when the moment came, it is not surprising that he had the strength to fulfil his dharma.

In the Ramayana, then, we see the hero giving up his wife for the public good, while in the other great epic, Mahabharata, we find Devavrata giving up marriage forever, so that his father may marry again. One of the greatest of the धर्मवीर (heroes) was this Devavrata, who later became भीष्म. He was the heir to Santanu and was in the prime of youth when his father fell in love with Satyawati. She agreed to marry him on condition that her son would be made his heir. The king realized that such a promise would be unfair to Devavrata, and was filled with grief. Noticing his father's sorrow, Devavrata asked him the cause, and when he learnt the truth, he promised to renounce his right as heir apparent.

This was indeed an admirable response to the challenge before him : he was ready to sacrifice his rights for the sake of his father's love. Satyawati, however, asked him how he could be sure that his children would not demand their birthright. This was indeed a dilemma, and it was in response to this that Devavrata made his supreme renunciation : he vowed to remain unmarried throughout his life.

राज्यं तावत् पूर्वमेव मया त्यक्तं महाबल ।
 अपत्यहेतोरपि च करोम्येष विनिश्चयम् ॥
 अद्यप्रभृति मे दाश ब्रह्मचर्यं भविष्यति ।
 अपुत्रस्यापि मे लोका भवितारो यथेप्सिताः ।
 यावन्प्राणा घ्नियन्ते वै मम देहं समाश्रिताः ।
 तावन्न जनयिष्यामि पित्रे कन्यां प्रयच्छते ॥
 परित्यजामि राज्जं वै मैथुनं चापि सर्वशः ।
 ऊर्ध्वरेताः भविष्यामि दाश सत्यं ब्रवीमि ते ॥

The gods themselves showered flowers on him and hailed him as Bhishma : a man who undertakes a terrible vow and fulfils it. It was a real challenge to him, and his supreme response makes him one of the greatest characters in the epic.

A variation on the same theme is the sacrifice of Puru, who gave up his youth and vitality, so that his father might enjoy prolonged youth. Yayati his father had been cursed with premature old age by Sukracharya, but he was given this hope : if any young man was willing to give his youth in exchange for the king's age, this could be done. The only ones whom Yayati could ask were his sons. It was, of course, a selfish request, but while his brothers refused, Puru took it up as a challenge. He agreed to give up his youth so that his father might enjoy his life to the full.

गुरोवै वचनं पुण्यं स्वर्ग्यमायुष्करं नृणाम् ।
 गुरुप्रसादात् त्रैलोक्यम् अन्वशासच्छतक्रतुः ॥
 गुरोरनुमतिं प्राप्यं सर्वान् कामानवाप्नुयात् ।
 प्रतिपस्यामि ते राजन् पाप्मानं जरया सह ।
 यावदिच्छसि वा जीवं तावत्तां धारयाम्यहम् ।
 गृहाण यौवनं मत्तश्चर कामान् यथेप्सितान् ।

Thus the effort of the epic heroes to live up to their dharma was the greatest challenge in their lives. They accepted this challenge unflinchingly, and were prepared to make any sacrifice for their dharma.

V. MAHALAKSMI
II B.A.

Revolution in Mathematics

The Queen of Sciences challenges the acutest minds with ever-deepening vistas of thought.

In every age there is always the intellectual urge for betterment, to discover, to invent, and to perfect the world in which we live. Generations pass by, making their contributions, great or small. But the challenge persists: the challenge to smash old records, to make dynamic break-throughs and to create a new outlook. Man rises again and again to meet the challenge.

The pressure for renewal is there in the field of Mathematics also. Many people seem to think that it is a changeless subject, succeeding generations of students having to learn the same old theorems and the same old formulæ, and that almost all of it was discovered by ancient mathematicians like Newton and Descartes. But Mathematics, the Queen of Sciences as it is called, is constantly rejuvenated and can never fade into antiquity. Age cannot wither its beauty nor custom stale its infinite variety. It always rises to meet modern needs and as a result new and exciting theories are constantly being discovered. In fact, "the changes in mathematics in progress at the present time are so extensive, so far-reaching in their implications and so profound that they can be described only as a revolution." This tremendous change thus poses a challenge to readjust our mathematical attitude. The true scientist has to keep himself abreast of the new developments in the field. The academic syllabus has to be brought up-to-date and the teacher has to modify his technique to bring the students to the modern level.



In modern mathematics there is a remarkable tendency towards abstraction and this is considered to be the essence of the great vitality of present-day mathematics. It is this trend which led Bertrand Russell to define the subject as one "in which we do not know what we are talking about or whether what we say is true." A key to the modern spirit is the wide application of the axiomatic approach which reveals the logical structure of the subject. The investigations in this sphere have been truly sweeping. Almost all of mathematics can be viewed as emerging from a single axiomatic system, namely the set theory.

The notion of set theory is an all-encompassing one. For example consider the real numbers, the complex numbers and the points in a plane. These seem to be three different systems: but with the help of set theory, we study only the skeleton which is obtained when we think of each as a set of abstract elements with suitable rules of combination, and this set is known as a group. The properties of the three diverse systems with which we originally started can now be studied simultaneously by the axiomatic group theory. The real number system, the Dedekind-Cantor theory of irrationals, the concept of infinity and transfinite numbers, the mappings defined by functions, the Euclidean as well as the non-Euclidean geometry can all be analyzed in a simplified form by set theory. That is why it is said: "all avenues of investigation of the foundations of mathematics converge toward set theory. In a systematic development of mathematics, all construction radiates out from set theory like the spokes of a wheel from a hub." This explains why mathematicians all over the world are so deeply interested in sets.

Topology is also a recently developed branch of pure mathematics. It may be roughly called "the geometry of position". It deals with properties which remain invariant when size and distance relationships vary. It is also often called "rubber-sheet geometry", for figures in a rubber-sheet do not suffer topological changes in whatever way the sheet is stretched, and here size does not matter. A typical topological problem is determining the inside and outside for a given figure. It may seem obvious for ordinary figures like squares, or circles. But there are special problematic figures, as for example the Moebius strip which is obtained by joining the ends of a thin rectangular strip, after giving a twist to the strip. The question "where is in and where is out?" eludes a definite answer here. Although there seem to be two edges and two sides for this peculiar band, actually it has one side and one edge only. Again the famous Jordan theorem that a simple closed curve in the plane divides the plane into exactly two domains may appear obvious even to a child. Yet its proof, taking into consideration all possible cases, is anything but obvious. As we make further excursions into topology we find that not only does it prove the obvious, but in many cases it "disestablishes" the obvious.

Set theory and topology are but two of the interesting fields for recent research in mathematics. Other developments have been made in abstract algebra, measure theory, probability theory, Hilbert space.

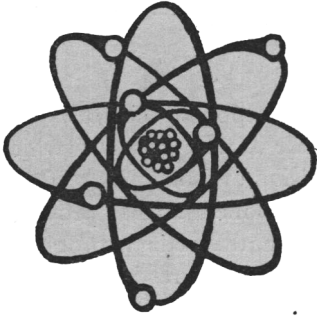
It is not to be thought that the process of abstraction has alienated mathematics from the practical side of things. Mathematical concepts, often derived and studied solely out of academic interest, have lent themselves admirably to unsuspected practical applications; as for example matrix theory to quantum mechanics, topology to non-linear mechanics, and non-Euclidean geometry to Einstein's general theory of relativity.

Vector analysis has proved itself a very useful tool in applied sciences. For instance in mechanics, in solving old problems it has given rise to new methods which are delightful examples of mathematical elegance, logical precision and neatness of form. Thus it is not the introduction of new branches of the subject alone that has provided the new aspect. There is also a changed emphasis on old mathematical problems. The study by Fourier of the flow of heat and distribution of temperatures in solids and the resulting mathematical systems did not have wide practical applications in his own time. But it is now of great importance in the construction of nuclear and steam-power plants.

Thus it is high time to take stock of the changed situation and to revise the entire mathematical syllabus in our schools and colleges. Radical reforms have to be made to keep pace with mathematics, which is renewing itself constantly.

R. RAMAA
II M.Sc.

The Friendly Atom



As so often happens in life, the facing of a challenge led man to find a friend in the atom, whose locked-up energy is increasingly placed at our service.

The challenge of the unknown has for centuries inspired thinking men, and drawn them into the paths of scientific research. Little by little they have cleared the jungle of ignorance, so that the universe, once so mysterious and frightening to man, is now a familiar world, whose forces are in large measure subject to his control. The last of these forces to be harnessed to man's service is that locked up in the atom, and today the most important and useful researches in science are made in nuclear physics and atomic energy. Man had to use all his patience and perseverance to explore this great mountain of science and harness the energy of the atom to the general good of the universe. The way of the explorer was hard, for every new hypothesis challenged some old-fashioned belief, and encountered the resistance of human as well as physical inertia.

The Ancient Greeks were the first to suggest that matter was composed of atoms. Democritus said that if you cut a substance into pieces and went on subdividing each piece, you would eventually get particles too small to be divided. These indivisible particles were called atoms, and this name still stands today although research has proved the atom to be "not indivisible". These atoms are so small, that if people were as small as atoms, the entire population of the world would fit on the head of a pin. As more and more scientists studied the atom they discovered that most of the atom is just empty space. In the centre is a bundle of energy, or nucleus, containing two kinds of particles, protons and neutrons. Whirling around this core, much like the planets around the sun, are the electrons. The same kind of particles are present in every atom but they differ in their number and arrangement.

Scientists of many countries have contributed their share in scaling the heights of knowledge of the fantastically tiny atom and in searching for ways to free the nuclear energy within the atom so that it could be harnessed to serve useful purposes for mankind. The atom's energy is harnessed by means of reactors described as "atomic furnaces" or "ovens" in which a nuclear chain reaction producing atomic energy takes place. It was only a couple of decades ago that a group of scientists first achieved the controlled release of energy from an atomic nucleus. Thus was made available to us a tremendous and hitherto untapped source of energy.

The amount of energy that we can get from uranium or thorium by fission is a hundred times greater than could be obtained by burning all the remaining coal and oil. This nuclear energy source, though impressive, is very small when compared with the thermonuclear energy available in the nuclei of the lightest elements such as hydrogen. When light elements like hydrogen are made to combine with each other at very high temperatures, thermonuclear fusion is said to take place, and the energy released is called thermonuclear energy. It is this energy that is responsible for the heat and light of the sun, and it is thus one of the principal sources of energy of the universe. The goal of thermonuclear research is to achieve the controlled release of this energy which will provide useful power for all mankind.

Several methods are being employed to achieve the fusion of two rare isotopes of hydrogen. This element is abundant, being a constituent of ordinary water. It is the lightest atom, having in its nucleus one proton, with one electron revolving around the nucleus. This is ordinary hydrogen. However, one in every 6000 hydrogen nuclei contains a neutron and is therefore twice as heavy as our ordinary hydrogen nucleus. This isotope of hydrogen is deuterium, and the nucleus, the deuteron. The actual thermonuclear energy in a thermonuclear reactor comes from nuclear processes associated with the fusion of two of these heavier isotopes. The weight of the final products of reaction is slightly less than that of the initial nuclei that fused. This loss of mass appears as thermonuclear energy. The energy trapped in the deuterium in seawater is a thousand million times greater than all the combustion energy remaining in coal. Similarly the thermonuclear energy that could be released from the small amount of deuterium in a gallon of ordinary water would be equivalent to the heat produced by burning 300 gallons of petrol. Here is a challenge offered by thermonuclear energy to solve the world's energy requirements for millions of years. So far scientists have not discovered an economical way to produce electricity directly from atomic energy. Finding the best method and the best type of reactor to produce electricity at a cost comparable to that of thermal electricity or hydro-electricity is one of the most challenging problems the atomic engineer has to face.

Besides successfully meeting the challenge of shortages, atomic energy offers us a promise of a longer and healthier life, more abundant food for the world's teeming millions, and a better understanding of the world in which we live. Radioactive isotopes that are produced in a nuclear reactor are being widely used in medical diagnosis and therapy, and to help scientists study the behaviour of living cells. To give just one example of how good probes and detectives the atoms make: if it is suspected that an extremely nervous patient has an overactive thyroid gland he is administered a dose of atomic medicine in the form of radioactive iodine. By measuring how much of the iodine is absorbed by the thyroid gland, the activity of the thyroid can be determined. Radioactive iodine proves helpful not only in diagnosis but also in treatment of thyroid disorders. Radio-cobalt is becoming more and more helpful in the treatment of malignant tumours. Leukemia is being attacked with radioactive phosphorus. These are just a few of the many uses that have been found for radioactive atoms in medicine.

One of the interesting discoveries made recently is that irradiation can help preserve food. Rays emitted by isotopes will destroy bacteria in meat, vegetables and other foods, so that it is possible to store irradiated food without refrigeration. Radio-isotopes are also used in studying plant life. The path of a minute quantity of a radio-isotope is studied by means of radiation detection devices. With such experiments it is possible to determine the effectiveness of fertilizers and increased yields of crops can be obtained by finding, through this means, the best methods of applying them. Even the comings and goings of mosquitoes and the habits of other pests that are a hindrance to farmers have been detected with the help of "the hot friendly atoms". Radioactive phosphorus has been fed to insects and then traps set at various distances to make migration studies possible.

Uranium 235 is the most important material in all atomic energy operations. One of its most promising peace-time uses is in the production of radio-isotopes. To process and pack these radioactive atoms, so widely used in medicine, industry and research, takes some of the most ingenious equipment ever devised. If you can imagine what it would be like to tie a "kondai" without using your hands you will have some idea how "hot atoms" are handled. Remote control equipment is used in this work. The radio-isotopes which emit penetrating radiation are drawn off into glass bottles and placed behind a thick barricade to shield the operators from radiation. From behind this barricade the operator moves bottles, uncaps them, labels them, measures out specific quantities into shipping bottles and seals them. Thus speed and safety in processing are assured by this mechanical equipment.

The latest and most distinguished achievement of atomic energy is the building up of a spaceship, with the help of which a soft landing on the moon has been made possible. Thus we see that the discovery of the structure of the atom and the harnessing of its energy have led to many beneficial results. This was not done in a day. It needed the strength, patience and perseverance of three generations of scientists to explore the nature of the atom. These men met this mountain, the unknown, explored every part of it and made a separate kingdom out of it for themselves and the whole of mankind.

K. G. VIJAYASHREE
II B.Sc.

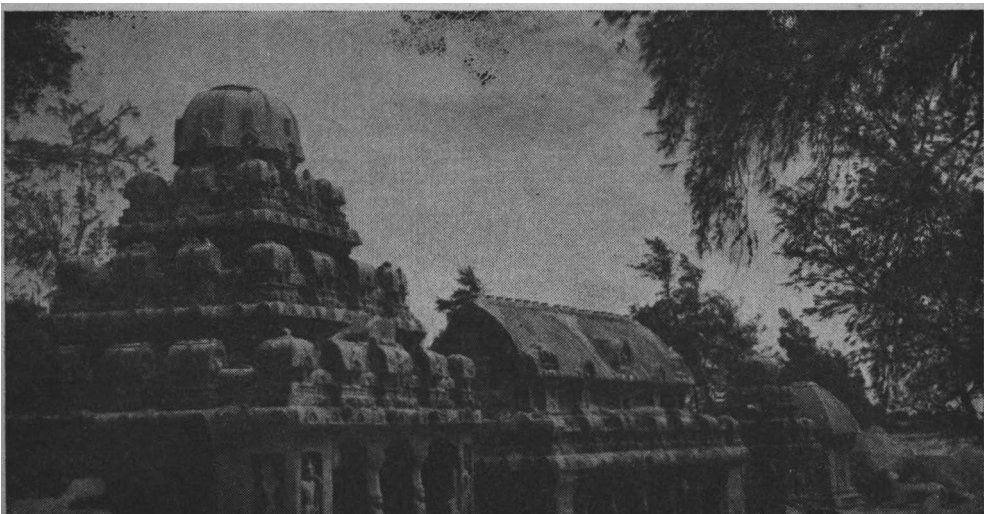
Challenge in Stone

**"The grey sea creeps, half visible, half-hushed,
And grasps with its innumerable hands
Its silent walls."**

By the sea-shore at Mahabalipuram, which, in the seventh century A.D., was a flourishing port, was a low range of gneiss and granite hills, with some massive boulders, isolated by erosion of the softer rocks or rolled down from the hill-tops, strewn on the level shore below. In a country where rock-cut architecture, or more properly architectural sculpture, had already in the North and West gone through centuries of development, those boulders and hill-sides represented a challenge, silent but commanding, to the kings of the Pallava dynasty and the artists who, under their direction, built temples for public worship.

The challenge offered by these hills was in fact far more severe than that which was presented by the sandstone and trap of the central and western regions, for the stone was extremely hard, and this, no doubt, was one reason why, before Mahendrarvarman I, there had been no cave-temples in this region. It was he who first excavated such a temple, as he himself said, without the use of brick, timber, metal or mortar, and so first met the challenge of the stone.

His successor Narasimhavarman I, Mamalla, like his father took up this challenge, and excavated not only cave-temples, which were rather shallower replicas of the brick and timber structural temples then common in the South, but also the vimanas or rathas, the monolithic temples excavated from the giant boulders on the shore, which were complete in every detail.



Mahabalipuram is most famous for the works of Narasimha, and the style he introduced, the Mamalla style, is found only here, while cave-temples of the simpler style introduced by his father are found in many parts of the South. Here we can see the response made by the seventh century artists to the challenge of the stone, a response which later inspired the design of the great stone structural temples which are the pride of South India.

The mandapas, or cave-temples, are shallow halls or porticos, with the shrine in the rear. Early types are simple, having massive pillars with the corbel and beam above reproduced in stone. The hardness of the stone and the inexperience of the early artists precluded the delicacy of treatment which can be seen in cave-temples of Central India, where elaborate ornamentation smothers the architectural forms and obscures the general design. Here the work approaches closer to the architectural, having a solid dignity dependent on mass and design. Decorative motifs do occur, but not in such profusion as to conceal the essential form.



Some unfinished mandapas show us how the artists succeeded in responding to the mute challenge of the stone. Having first obtained a roughly vertical face to the cliff by driving wedges down along a straight line, for the rock has a straight cleavage, they then blocked out this face in squares, of about two feet, and cut grooves round these squares to a depth of two or three inches. Working towards the centre of the square from the groove, they chiselled the material away till the entire surface was level once more, then repeated the whole process. Pillars and other members which were to be left intact were marked out roughly, and the squares were cut away round them.

While this rough quarrying was proceeding, other workmen began the finer work of shaping and smoothing these pillars, so several of the unfinished mandapas have the facade already completed while the rear-wall is still marked out in squares which await the quarryman's chisel. Those mandapas which imitate also the front portion of the roof from the structural temples, appear to have been worked from the roof down, as were also the rathas, or free-standing monolithic temples which are the unique feature of the art of Mahabalipuram, reproducing as they do in great detail every aspect, external or internal, of a structural temple.

These rathas are eight in number, and with the exception of Draupadi's ratha are all derived from the Buddhist vihara or monastery and the chaitya hall beside it. The most interesting among them are the five rathas named after the Pancha Pandavas,

heroes of the Mahabharata, though there is, of course, no real connection between them and the site. In this rock-cut interpretation of the Buddhist monastery, the cells have lost their original character and intention, and are modified into ornamental turrets. This transformation is best illustrated in the largest of all, Dharmaraja's ratha. In elevation it contains the square portion with pillared verandahs below, and the pyramidal structure, later called the shikara, formed of the converted cells above. It was originally crowned with a domical roof. The scintillating appearance of the turreted roof with its strongly moulded stylobate and lion-pillared portico is not only an effective production in itself, but also a store-house of pleasing forms and motifs, which plainly foreshadow the architectural monuments which were later to evolve from this model.

The rathas of Bhima and Ganesha appear to be designed from different chaitya halls. They are oblong in plan, rising to two or more storeys and crowned by a keel or barrel roof with a chaitya gable-end. Bhima's ratha, with dormer windows and waggon roofs used as decorative motifs, is an example of the influence of Buddhist architecture on early Hindu art. The other is somewhat similar except for the apsidal end. These rathas, derived from earlier forms, are themselves the proto-types of later Hindu structural edifices, such as the richly adorned gopurams of the temples at Madurai and Srirangam, whose design is inspired by Ganesha's ratha. Moreover, the characteristic gopuram of South Indian temple architecture of all succeeding centuries owes its origin to these, with their oblong plan, diminishing storeys and the keel roof with pinnacles and gable ends. Thus both the shikara and the gopuram of South Indian temples trace their origin to Mahabalipuram.

Not only the broad design, but even the fine details of these great monuments have inspired succeeding generations of South Indian artists: the design of the pillars and pilasters, originally imitated from wooden ones in the old brick and timber temples, the decorative motifs and the fine figure-sculpture, both within the rathas and outside, in the great "Arjuna's Penance" or "Descent of the Ganges", have been the inspiration of sculptors ever since.

So, in responding to the challenge of the unyielding gneiss of Mahabalipuram, kings and artists alike have not only carved for themselves a permanent niche in the temple of fame, but have inspired their successors to meet and answer the challenge of beauty in other forms, other materials, and have even transmitted that inspiration far beyond the sea to all the lands comprised in the cultural term: "Greater India".

S. SARADA
III B.A.

இமயப் புகழ் எய்திய இந்தியன்

“ If we are born, we should be born with glory, or it would be better not to be born at all ”

—Thiruvalluvar

“ தோன்றிற் புகழொடு தோன்றுக அஃதிலார்
தோன்றலின் தோன்றமை நன்று ”

என்னும் வள்ளுவர் வாய்மொழிப்படி வாழும் வாழ்க்கையையே வாழ்வெனக்கருதுபவன், சீரிய தொரு குறிக்கோளைத் தனக்கெனக் கொண்டாலன்றி, அவ்வாழ்க்கைப் பேற்றை அடைதல் இயலாது. அக்குறிக்கோளையே தன் கடமையாகக் கருதி, உயர்ந்த ஞானம், தூய புனிதமான ஒழுக்கம், சுயநலமற்ற தொண்டு முதலிய அருங்குணங்களையே, அக்குறிக்கோளின் அடிப்படையாக அமைத்துக்கொண்டு இயங்குதல் இன்றியமையாததாகும். இவ்வுயர்ந்த இலட்சியத்தையும், அதனை அடையும் கருவியையும், ஒரே விதமாக அமைத்து, இறுதி இலட்சியமே உயர்ந்தது என்ற விவேகம் எப்பொழுதும் விழித்த நிலையில் இருத்தல் வேண்டும். நாற்புறமும் நிலவும் சூழ்நிலையின் விளைவாக வரும் இன்னல்களினால் மனம் நிலைதடுமாறாமல் நின்ற உயர்ந்த உதாரணப் புருடர்கள் ஏராளமாக நமக்குமுன் தோன்றி உள்ளனர்.

இவ்வாறு “ என் கடன் பணி செய்துக் கிடப்பதே ” எனப் பிறர் பணிக்கென்றே தன் வாழ்நாள் முழுவதையும் அர்ப்பணித்து, மலைபோன்ற புகழை அடைந்த மாமாணிக்கங்களில் ஒருவராகத் திகழ்பவர் வங்கத்துச் சிங்கம், மாமேதை இராசாராம் மோகன்ராய். மக்கள் பணியே மாதேவன் பணியாக ஏற்று “ பெற்ற, தாயினும் பிறந்த பொன்னாடும் நற்றவ வானினும் நளி சிறந்தனவே ” என்பதை நன்கு நினைவில் இறுத்தி, பாராட்டிலே மதி மயங்கும் மற்றவர்களைப் போலன்றிப் பணியையே அணியாகக் கொண்டார்.

இந்து தர்மத்தின் மறுமலர்ச்சிக்கும், இந்து சமூகத்தின் உயர்விற்கும் பாடுபட்ட தொண்டர்களில் இராசாராம் மோகன்ராய் குறிப்பிடத்தக்கவராவார். இவர் 1774ஆம் ஆண்டு வங்கத்திலே, வைதீகக் குடியிலே அருந்தவப் புதல்வராய் அவதரித்தார். “ வினையும் பயிர் முனையிலே ” என்னும் பழமொழிக்கேற்ப தம்முடைய 15வது வயதிலேயே பலமொழிகளில் தேர்ச்சி பெற்று பொதுநலப் பணியில் ஈடுபட்டார். தம்முடைய 31ம் வயதில் கிழக்கிந்திய கம்பனியில் உறுப்பினராகச் சேர்ந்தார்.

பாரதப் பெண்டிரின் தாழ்வுற்ற நிலையும், பல இந்து மக்களின் அறியாமையும் முதற்கண் அவர் மனத்தைத் தொட்டது. இந்து மக்களின் முழுமையான முன்னேற்றத்திற்கு போதிய ஆதரவு அளிக்கத் தவறிய ஆங்கில ஆட்சியை ஆயுதக் கிளர்ச்சியின்மூலம் ஒடுக்குதல் இயலாதென அறிந்து, மக்கள் மனத்தில் அரசியல் அறிவைப் பெருக்கவும், வீர தர்மத்தை வலுப்படுத்தவும், வழி வகுக்க முயன்றார். தன்னுடைய சீரிய குறிக்கோளை இந்துக்களின் ஒத்துழைப்புடனும், ஆங்கிலேயர்களின் நன்மதிப்புடனும் அடைய அரும் பாடுபட்டார். மேலாட்டு கல்வி முறையைப் பின்பற்றுதல் ஒன்றே இந்துக்களின் நிலையை உயர்த்தும் உயரிய வழி என்பதை உணர்ந்து, அதனைச் செயல்படுத்த, உன்னதமான இந்துக் கல்லூரி ஒன்றை



நிறுவினார். ஆங்கிலக் கல்வியை விரும்புபவர் அனைவருக்கும் ஆதரவு பல அளித்தார். 1823ம் ஆண்டு பதிப்பகச் சட்டத்தை தீவிரமாக எதிர்த்து 1835ல் பதிப்பகத்தின் முழு விடுதலைக்கு வழிவகுத்தார். இந்து மக்களிடம் ஊன்றியிருந்த 'உடன்கட்டை' ஏறும் வழக்கத்தை அடியோடு அகற்ற இடைவிடாத மேடை பிரசாரங்களினாலும், பத்திரிகைகளின் மூலமாகவும் முயன்றார். இவற்றால் ஏற்பட்ட பல இன்னல்களால் இடர்பட்டாலும்,

**“ தெய்வத்தானாகாதெனினு முயற்சிதான்
மெய்வருத்தக் கூலிதரும் ”**

என்ற பொய்யா மொழிப் புலவரின் வாக்குப்படி விடாமுயற்சியே வெற்றிதரும் என்பதை நினைவில்கொண்டு முயன்றதால், வில்லியம் பெண்டிங்கின் உதவியால் உடன்கட்டை ஏறும் கொடிய வழக்கத்தை அடியோடு ஒழித்தார்.

ஆனால் பழமையில் ஊறிய இந்துப் பண்பாட்டிற்கு இவருடைய சீர்திருத்தங்கள் முரண்பாடாக இருந்தமையால், இந்துக்கள் அவருடைய உயிரையே ஒழிக்க திட்டமிட்டனர். ஆனால் அஞ்சா நெஞ்சம் கொண்ட வங்கத்துச் சிங்கம்,

**“ துன்பம் உறவரினுஞ் செய்கதுணிவாற்றி
இன்பம் பயக்கும் வினை ”**

என்னும் தெய்வப் புலவரின் திருவாக்கிற்கேற்ப துணிவுடன் தன் முயற்சியில் வெற்றிகண்டார்.

உருவ வழிபாட்டை எதிர்த்து கடவுள் ஒருவரே என்றும், ஆத்மீக வழிபாடே உண்மையான பக்திமார்க்கம் எனவும், தன்னலமற்ற சேவையே போற்றற்பாலதாகும் என்பதை மக்களுக்கு உணர்த்த விரும்பினார். பல மதங்களைச் சார்ந்தவர்களை ஒரே ஆலயத்தில் வழிபட அழைத்து, சகோதரத்துவத்தின் மேன்மையை உணர்த்த, 1828ல் 'பிரம்ம ஸமாஜத்தை' ஸ்தாபித்தார்.

இவ்வாறு சமுதாய வளர்ச்சி ஒன்றையே தன்னுடைய சீரிய குறிக்கோளாகக்கொண்டு, உணர்ச்சியைத் தூண்டி அறிவிழக்கச் சென்றுவிடுகின்ற எந்த ஒரு சந்தர்ப்பத்திலும், தாம் ஆவேசம் அடைந்துவிடாமல், அமைதியை இழவாத தைரியத்துடன், உடல், பொருள், ஆவி அனைத்தையும் தியாகம் செய்து, தன் இலட்சியப்பாதையில் வெற்றி கண்டு மாந்தருள் மாணிக்கமாகத் திகழ்கிறார்.

முடிவில், மலைமேல் ஏறுபவன், எவ்வாறு தன்னுயிருக்கு ஆபத்தை விளைவிக்கும் என உணர்ந்தும், விடாமுயற்சியுடன் தான் கொண்ட கொள்கையில் வெற்றி கொள்ளமுயல்வது போன்று, இராசாராம் மோகன்ராய் தன் இலட்சியங்களுக்கு எதிர்ப்புகள் உண்டாகும் என்று உணர்ந்தும் தன் கொள்கையைக் கைவிடாமல் வெற்றி கண்டு இமயப் புகழ் எய்தினார்.

G. SAKUNTALA
III B.A.

Gerard Manley Hopkins - The Challenge of Faith

Faith is always a secure abiding-place for some, but for others it is a goal to be striven for before it is held secure.

O the mind, mind has mountains ; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there.

The man who wrote these lines had obviously known suffering, the mental suffering which is so much harder to bear than physical pain. The poet had experienced a challenge to his faith in the loving goodness of God, he had plumbed depths that came very near to despair, but he had accepted the challenge and fought on against spiritual darkness and dryness.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, an Oxford undergraduate, was received into the Catholic Church in 1866 by John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman, much to the dismay of his devout Anglican family. The pain he caused his dear ones by taking this step was felt most deeply by Hopkins himself ; this was the first great grief of his life, but his inner certainty that he was doing God's will gave him strength to bear it. Two years later, at the age of 24, he entered the Society of Jesus, and began the long, arduous preparation for the priesthood. Before entering the novitiate, he burnt, as he thought, all the poems he had written at school and college, richly sensuous poems in the style of the early Keats, as well as later poems such as *The Habit of Perfection*, which suggest the already felt tug-of-war between the call of the senses and the desire for renunciation :

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light.

For seven years he wrote no poetry, but dedicated himself unreservedly to imitating Christ through living the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus. In the course of these seven years, however, he had both studied and taught rhetoric, and he later wrote to his friend Dixon, "I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm..." When, in 1875, a German ship was wrecked just off the English shore, and five Franciscan sisters were among the drowned, his rector happened to express a wish that someone would write a poem on the subject ; Hopkins acted on the hint, and produced "*The Wreck of the Deutschland*" in his "new rhythm". It is a startling poem to those who come fresh to Hopkins, and many would, perhaps, on a first reading, agree with Bridges, who called it "a great dragon folded in the gate to forbid all entrance" to a further appreciation of the poet. But for those who take

courage and read again, read aloud, listening to the sound of the words and the rhythm, the meaning will eventually “explode” as Hopkins said it should. It will then be seen to be an intensely personal poem ; more, a poem about Christ,

“Ipse, the only one Christ, King, Head”,

and His relations with His poet. The poem reveals the mental anguish of a great struggle, the struggle to say “Yes” to God. Hopkins had known the struggle before his conversion, while deciding his vocation, and even after entering the Society of Jesus, as his artistic temperament opposed itself to the ascetic strain in his nature. Not stooping to sentimentalize the love of God, he describes first of all the terrible majesty and power of the Deity :

Thou mastering me
God! giver of breath and bread ;
World’s strand, sway of the sea ;
Lord of the living and dead ;

Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,

And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
Thy doing ; and dost thou touch me afresh ?
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.

Later he finds the tender love of God in “the heart of the Host”, and sees His beauty in nature :

I kiss my hand
To the stars, lovely-asunder
Starlight, wafting him out of it ;

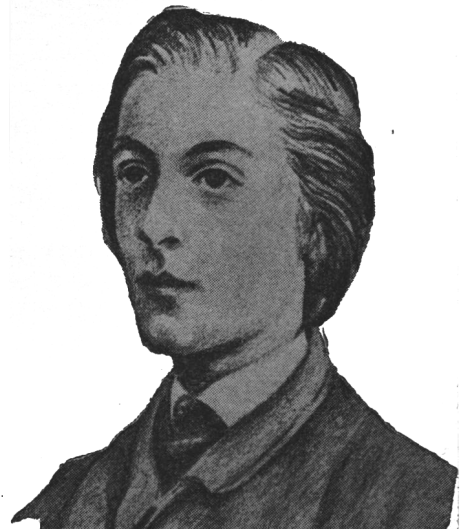
then links all these aspects of the Divinity in the Incarnation and its consequences :

Warm-laid grave of a womb-life grey ;
Manger, maiden’s knee ;

The dense and driven Passion, and frightful sweat.

He finds God to be a great Paradox :

Thou art lightning and love, I found it, a
winter and warm ;
Father and fondler of heart thou hast
wrung ;
Hast thy dark descending and most art
merciful then.



G. M. Hopkins was 31 when he wrote this poem, in which one hears the voice of a man actively engaged in spiritual contests, experiencing in turn anguish and exaltation. His faith was already being tried, but not yet as it was to be later. Now that his self-imposed poetic silence had been broken he continued to write, producing poems pulsing with his conviction that "the world is charged with the grandeur of God". He rejoiced in the loveliness of nature, seeing in all created beauty a reflection of the unalloyed beauty of the Creator, and saw the hills around him as silent symbols of God's strength,

... the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
Majestic ..

Ordained a priest in 1877, he began his active ministry as parish priest in London, later in Liverpool and Glasgow, and the poems of the next four years show a shift of emphasis from nature, loved always in and for God, to man. The priest's care for souls, his loving concern for every member of his flock, the answering love of his spiritual children, are exquisitely revealed in "Felix Randal".

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it endears.
My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had quenched thy tears,
Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix, poor Felix Randal.

He loved the poor, and felt deeply the wretchedness of their lives, especially in towns, as we see from a later letter to Canon Dixon: "My Liverpool and Glasgow experience laid upon my mind a conviction, a truly crushing conviction, of the misery of the town life to the poor and more than to the poor, of the misery of the poor in general, of the degradation of our race, of the hollowness of this century's civilization."

The last phase of Fr. Hopkins' life was spent in Ireland, where he occupied the Chair of Classics at the University College, Dublin, from 1884 to his death. It was here that his faith faced its greatest challenge, for Hopkins, unhappy and unwell, was tempted to despair, but fought manfully against the temptation. In one of the sonnets that sprang unbidden out of his anguish at this time, he protests:

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist -slack they may be - these last strands of man
In me or, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.

Hopkins was overburdened with uncongenial work, wretched because he could never complete any of the books and articles with which his brain teemed.

Disheartened by the lack of appreciation, he feared he was losing his power of writing poetry, or of doing any creative work. Worst of all, God seemed very far away, deaf to his appeals :

And my lament

Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives alas ! away.

Yet he came through that terrible time of trial,

That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God !) my God ;

a "night" during which his colleagues had found him always smiling and serene, concealing his inner struggle. And at last, as he lay dying, his reconciled parents at his bed-side, he murmured over and over again four little words that speak volumes of the reward, even in this life, of spiritual effort : "I am so happy, I am so happy." And as for the reward to come, for those who have dared the mountains of the mind and spirit, what better glimpse can we have of it here below than that given in Hopkins' triumphant poem on the comfort of the Resurrection, written in the last year of his life :

In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,
Is immortal diamond.

S. VAIJAYANTHI
II M.A.

The Heights of Harmony

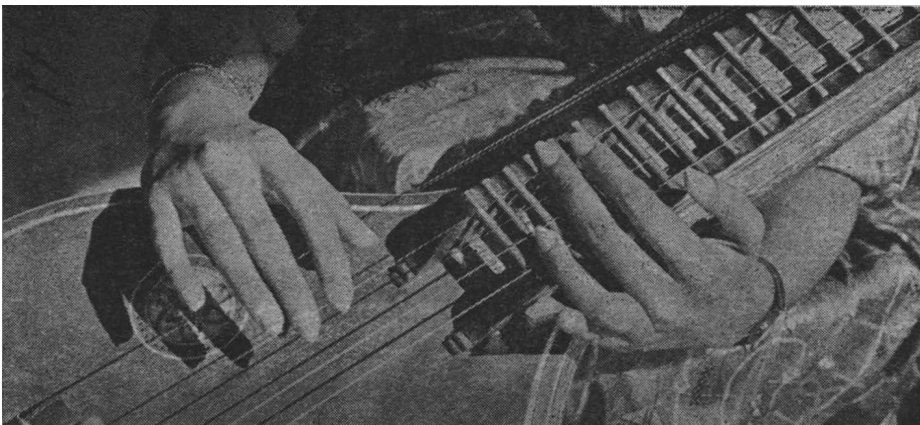
Music, 'the universal language', is also much more. It is the expression of man's highest aspiration to beauty and to the life of the spirit.

“ Still of all the wonders that you will have unfolded
The manifestation of music remains unsurpassed
If the sea, the forest and the sky are marvels great
Then the magic of music has no equals here.
.....of the rarities which we meet in life
Nothing can equal the essence of joy which is born of sweet sounds.”

It was Bharati who thus expressed what music meant to him, in the “Song of the Kuil”. Similar efforts to translate into words the language that is above words have been made in every age. The Greeks personified the power of music in the legendary Orpheus, who charmed not only men, but also animals, plants and stones, and ultimately almost conquered death itself by winning back to life his beloved wife Eurydice. It was through music that Tyagaraja realised his conception of Rama. Beethoven declared that it was a revelation, higher than all science and all philosophy.

While even the most primitive can be delighted by hearing agreeable notes, this is in fact only a sensuous pleasure, for music satisfies two instincts, both deeply rooted in our nature: the instinct for imitation, and the instinct for rhythm and harmony. The appreciation of great music, however, “lies more in the intellectual and emotional enjoyment of the general character of a composition than in the mere sensuous enjoyment of the agreement of sounds.” The man who has music in his soul can attain this higher pleasure, but only at the cost of effort: the effort to increase in intellectual, aesthetic and moral refinement.

Since words are more definite than non-verbal sounds, poetry has greater precision and certainty in expressing fine shades of feeling, but for the communication of moods, feelings and thoughts, music is far more potent, and poetry itself must take



on something of the quality of music in order to move us profoundly. Music is freer than the other arts, as the air, which transmits its vibrations, is freer than stone, canvas or the page. So music can raise us, through intellect and imagination, into a higher emotional atmosphere, where we can roam at will, as the Greek philosopher said : "Music leads us on to the brink of eternity, and allows us for a moment to gaze into it."

To the appreciative hearer, music suggests more than it actually expresses. In Beethoven's Sonatas, for instance, there is a predominant mood in each movement : sometimes the sadness of failure, sometimes the haunting quality of the sublime. The intellectual pleasure comes from recognizing our own familiar states of mind in "such an unexpected garb as insubstantial music." We let the music dictate our mood, and then we find that our imagination and intellect are led by the music to discover new ideas and images appropriate to that mood, so that not only our appreciation of music, but our human understanding is enriched by the musical experience.

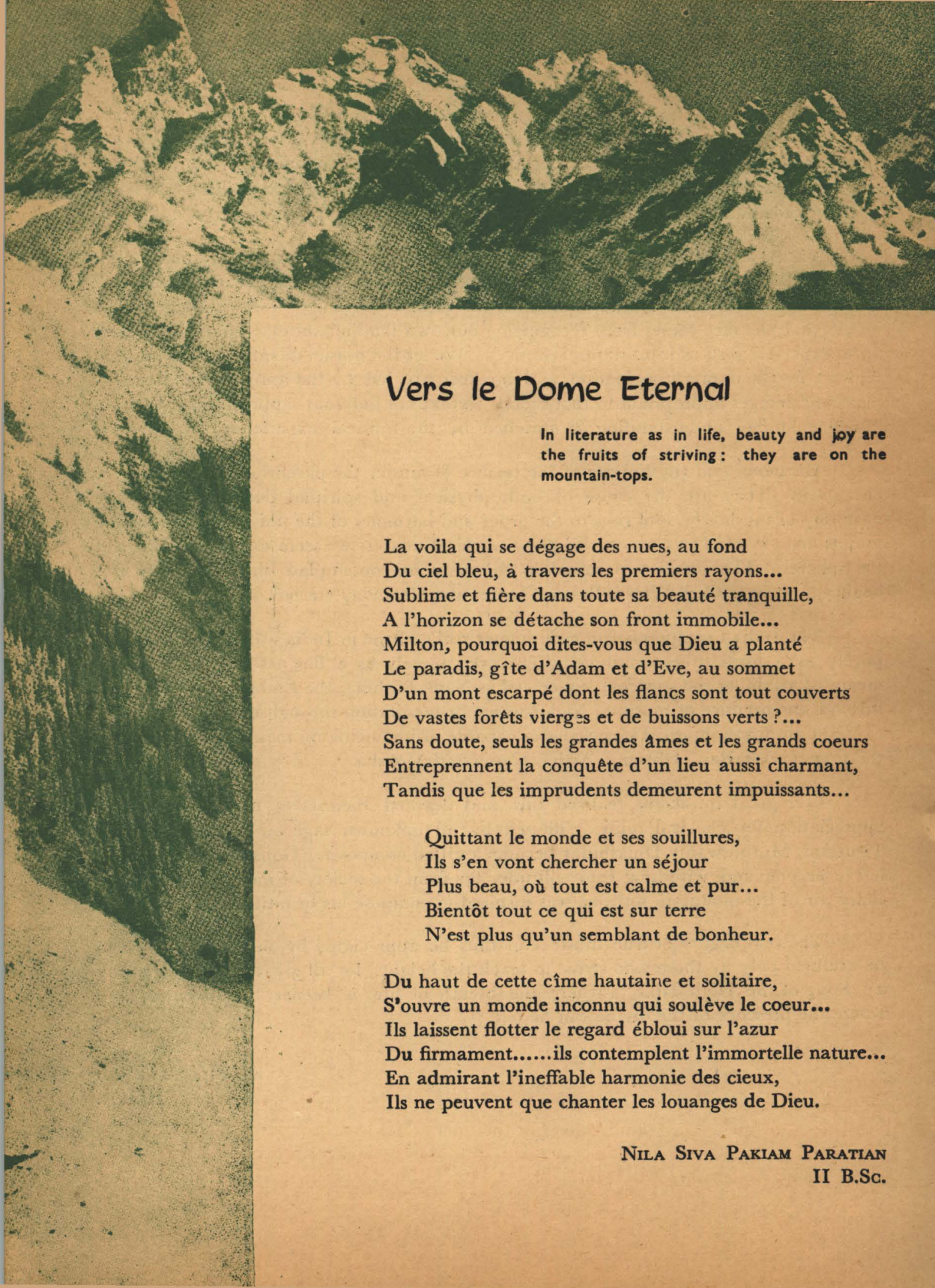
Harmony and rhythm are of the essence of music, the parents of its power over our spirit. They are the cause of both physical and spiritual delight. From the harmony of music, the soul rises to the order and harmony of the universe, of which the sounds are a symbol ; so, above this petty world of matter, we seem to hear the music of the spheres. The intellect is raised in this way to contemplate the very essence of beauty, and so to God, Who is Beauty, Order and Harmony eternal.

The Indian composers rise even higher still. Music in India was never considered purely as a form of entertainment, not even merely as a fine art. It was always a means of attaining the supreme, conceived as Nada Brahma, the Embodiment of Song, through the practice of music as Nadopasana, or meditation through music. According to Vedic tradition, musical knowledge is capable of bestowing on man the fruits of all the four purushartas : Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha.

Our great musicians realized this, and devoted themselves to the spread of appreciation for classical music. Blessed by an unknown sage on the top of Mount Tiruttani, Muthuswamy Dhikshidar became a gifted composer. Gopalakrishna Bharati left everyone and withdrew into solitude, far from the society of men. In the clean, sharp air of the mountain tops, he was inspired to compose his beautiful songs.

The real beauty of true music can thus be appreciated by only a few. It is to be attained only by those who strive to reach the heights, for all great music is in a way a " Song of the High Hills ", where the breath of life, is keener, the air purer, and where the presence of the divine can be felt.

K. VIJAYALAKSHMI
II B.A.



Vers le Dome Eternal

In literature as in life, beauty and joy are
the fruits of striving: they are on the
mountain-tops.

La voila qui se dégage des nues, au fond
Du ciel bleu, à travers les premiers rayons...
Sublime et fière dans toute sa beauté tranquille,
A l'horizon se détache son front immobile...
Milton, pourquoi dites-vous que Dieu a planté
Le paradis, gîte d'Adam et d'Eve, au sommet
D'un mont escarpé dont les flancs sont tout couverts
De vastes forêts vierges et de buissons verts?...
Sans doute, seuls les grandes âmes et les grands coeurs
Entreprennent la conquête d'un lieu aussi charmant,
Tandis que les imprudents demeurent impuissants...

Quittant le monde et ses souillures,
Ils s'en vont chercher un séjour
Plus beau, où tout est calme et pur...
Bientôt tout ce qui est sur terre
N'est plus qu'un semblant de bonheur.

Du haut de cette cîme hautaine et solitaire,
S'ouvre un monde inconnu qui soulève le coeur...
Ils laissent flotter le regard ébloui sur l'azur
Du firmament.....ils contemplant l'immortelle nature...
En admirant l'ineffable harmonie des cieux,
Ils ne peuvent que chanter les louanges de Dieu.

NILA SIVA PAKIAM PARATIAN
II B.Sc.

Wordsworth -

Poet of the Mountains

The calm dignity of the mountains of his home challenged the sensibility of Wordsworth, and tranquillized his passionate nature.

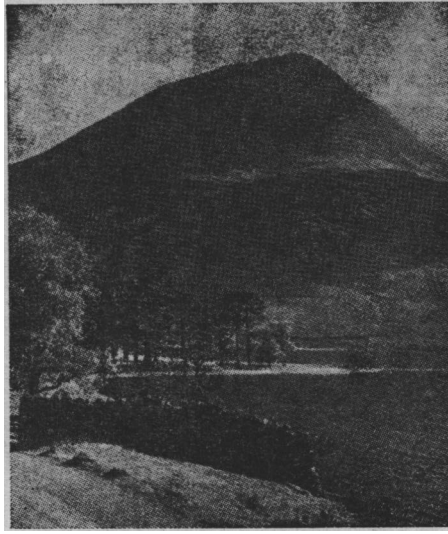
The climbing of a mountain is the most apt and lovely symbol of the achievement of a vision. Wordsworth, who is one of the greatest English visionary poets, was a "child of the mountains, among shepherds reared." Throughout his life and in all his poetry we find that the mountains he knew and loved are natural images of his thoughts and of his poetry. There are very few striking descriptions of mountains and hills in his poems but, as in his life they provide a silent, invisible yet felt background to all the pains and pleasures he experienced, so also in his poetry there is a constant feeling of their presence.

He knew and loved the mountains from early childhood. He was born almost within view of "distant Skiddaw's lofty height"; he grew up and went to school among the mountains. At this stage of his life he loved them, not for their own sake, but as part of nature, which he loved for the sheer delight she gave him in his boyish pleasures. In "The Prelude" he exclaims :

O Soul of Nature!.....
...with whom I, too
Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds
And roaring waters, and in lights and shades
That marched and countermarched about the hills
In glorious apparition.....

as he went skating by starlight, nutting in the hazel woods, galloping over the sands of Furness or snaring woodcocks on frosty nights, nature was his delight. Later as a young man at Cambridge he remembers these pleasures when he becomes aware of an "inner falling off" within him and longs for his "native hills".

During his third summer vacation from Cambridge, Wordsworth, accompanied by a friend, went on a walking tour of Switzerland. This part of his life corresponds to the second stage in the development of his attitude to nature, a time when he loved nature with a passion untouched by intellectual interests and associations. He loved the mountains with the same sort of passion. The first sight of the Alps intoxicated and overwhelmed him. In "The Prelude" he gives vivid descriptions of the Alpine landscape, but the mountains are not described in detail. Once again we find them providing a silent, dimly seen background and Wordsworth almost seems to see through them.



Till now, "nature was all in all" to Wordsworth, but after this he experienced first the pleasures of the intense love he felt for Annette Vallon and later intense pain when he had to leave her and return to England. He also suffered grievous disappointment over the course of the French Revolution. He returned to England a deeply disillusioned man. The mountains were even now the background to his experiences: they sustained him through the moral despair he felt and it was in their solitude that he once again regained his love for nature. As he himself said in "The Prelude":

"Ye motions of delight that haunt the sides of the green hills,
Ye breezes and soft airs
...might teach man's haughty race
How without injury to take, to give without offence."

It is only nature which can teach man to take life as it comes with all its joys, sorrows and disillusionments.

Wordsworth is indeed the poet of the mountains, but he is pre-eminently a poet of solitude. In his poetry we find that the mountains, even a range of mountains, stand for a type of solitude, and Wordsworth is aware of every peak. To him they represent a symbol of power, of man's independence and his ability to stand alone, an ability Wordsworth admires and cherishes. They also remind him of immortality as they stand aloof and unchangeable, self-contained and enduring.

To Wordsworth the mountains stand for the solitude in nature in which he is interested and the solitude within himself which he cherishes, for it was in moments of solitude that he had his visionary experiences, out of which his poetic genius blossomed. His first "golden moment" came after a night of dancing and revelry, "when

midnight madness had stretched his spirit to the utmost." As he walked home, feeling a deep solitude within him, and with the solitude of the "solid mountains, grain-tinctured and drenched in empyrean light" about him, he felt at this moment that he was chosen by nature to be her high priest. Later, in Book XIV of "The Prelude" the poem's structure is brought to a close above Mount Snowdon where

"The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist."

Not only in "The Prelude" but even in his shorter poems the mountains constantly re-appear. There are the mountains in the "Lucy" poems, and Lucy herself is, like Wordsworth, a child of the mountains; there are the "highland hills" in "Michael" and the mountains and hills in the "Immortality Ode" to mention a few. And where they are not actually present one can still feel their presence. They are part and parcel of the mind and thoughts of Wordsworth. They are as much a part of his poetry as is his imagination, which, like a mountain mist, suddenly rises and departs, but is still constantly present in his verse.

SHYAMALA LAKSHMAN
I M.A.

Climbing the Mountain of Economic Progress

"Growth is an uphill task, needing not only the fuel of finance but also the torch of idealism."

—John F. Kennedy

Economic advancement which, like other aspects of progress, was once looked on complacently as an inevitable process, almost a continuation of organic evolution, is in our time seen to be far from inevitable. Quite the contrary, it is considered as a goal to be striven for, a mountain to be climbed, and one which can only be conquered if all concerned, like the members of an Everest expedition, put forth every effort, use every human and material resource they possess, to reach the top.

The task of economic development is like mountaineering in another way, too, for it requires closely co-ordinated teamwork, though the members of the team are not grouped at one level, but strung out along the mountain side, some already high up, others still not much above the foothills. Yet all are roped together, and the skilful climbing of one helps the whole team, while a slip by one may bring disaster to all. So the different nations are at different levels of economic progress, yet all are one team, striving together to develop the world's resources in the way most beneficial to all mankind. As Pandit Nehru once observed :

"All the nations and peoples are too closely knit together today for any one of them to imagine that it can live apart. Peace has been said to be indivisible ; so is freedom ; so is prosperity now, and so also is disaster in this one world that can no longer be split into isolated fragments."

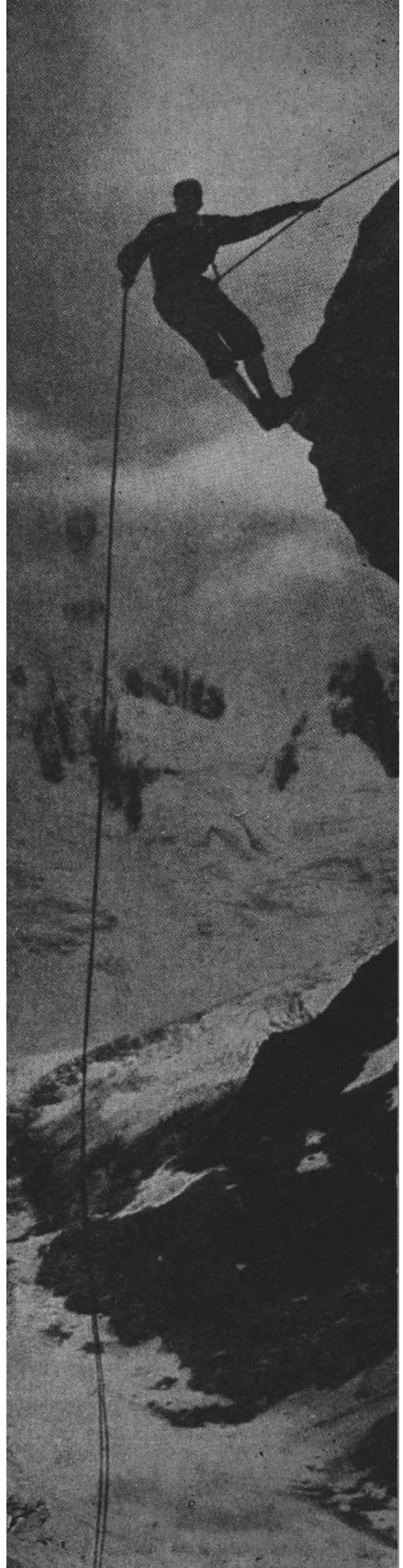
The different levels of development are significant also in determining the kind of activities best suited to promote further advancement. Just as the high-altitude equipment, oxygen containers, special suits, goggles and masks are unnecessary to the mountaineers while still in the lower ranges, and in fact, by adding to their burdens, slow down their early progress, so too the factors which promote the continuing development of advanced countries are not of great value to the least developed ones, and may, if introduced too soon, be a positive hindrance, because they distract attention from far more urgent tasks, and are often themselves wasted or misused. The developing country can learn from the advanced, but must learn from the whole of their past growth, and not only from the end-product.

This fact has been too little realized, and the needs of the climber near the top : capital, technical knowledge, and trained manpower, are hastily sought by every country starting for itself on the climb through the foothills. Add fairly stiff injections of planning, and the prescription for economic progress is supposed to be infallible. While this recipe is not far wrong for our country, which had advanced considerably beyond the foothills even before Independence, it is not suited to all, and even we

would do well to survey the road hitherto traversed, to see if any of the basic essentials were then omitted, whose absence may make further climbing needlessly difficult or dangerous.

The first essentials of economic progress are not, in themselves, economic at all, yet without them no stability, let alone progress, can be hoped for in the national economy. These are effective government, education, and social justice. It would be arbitrary to pair them off in an absolute manner with the economic needs just mentioned, but there is a parallelism worth remarking. If government is still embryonic, inefficient, or hopelessly corrupt, both external and domestic capital will be shy of showing itself, for the risks are excessive. In such conditions, as the recent history of many newly-independent countries has revealed. Similarly, while technical knowledge may be borrowed from abroad, unless there is at least a substantial minority of the native population possessing enough general education to be able to make that knowledge their own, the benefits derived from the loan of skilled engineers and other experts will be both small and impermanent. Finally, if the rewards of economic progress do not reach the workers, a country may have a large supply of trained or trainable manpower, but the will-to-work, without which productivity cannot be substantially increased, will be absent. The economy cannot grow in an unsuitable political and social environment.

In our country, while we do not claim that either government, education or social justice are in an absolutely ideal condition, they are "in being": government is reasonably efficient, education widespread, and social justice an aim for which we consistently strive. Therefore we genuinely can use, and urgently need, the actual economic equipment for further advance: the high-altitude gear necessary in the later stages of the climb. Some of these things can be obtained through the help of our friends abroad, but we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the nation which, in our century, has advanced most rapidly from backwardness to a leading position in the industrial world is Japan, which received almost no aid in capital or technical training from her suspicious rivals. We must learn from her then, to do all we can for ourselves, accepting with gratitude the aid of other nations, but not depending on it alone.



What must we do to ensure an increasing supply of these economic needs coming from our own people? The answer is a commonplace: we must provide incentives both to capital, to technical skill, and to the ordinary worker, or, as Mr. Chester Bowles put it, we must provide "enough goods and services to persuade people to contribute the personal effort that development requires." If we stifle legitimate hopes of reward, the capitalist will not bring his money to the market, but will continue to hoard it as his ancestors did, the entrepreneur will lack the drive to plan schemes of production, the trained engineer or other professional worker will find employment abroad, the worker will do a half-hearted job, probably spoil the work, and possibly endanger himself and others by negligence.

Besides these material incentives, there must be a sense of purpose above the merely material, which makes life and effort worthwhile. To quote Chester Bowles again, there must be "a unifying sense of national purpose, with effective communication between the people and their leaders."

These incentives must be offered to all sections of the economy, and in our country the most urgent need is to stimulate agriculture by offering desirable goals to the farmer. The backwardness of the villager is not great enough to keep him in the village when he sees the attractions of city-life, though it is a great obstacle to the improvement of farming methods. The fact is that he is well aware that increased production will bring no benefit to himself, since all the profit will go to the landowner, or else the prices of agricultural products will fall with the increase in supply. Moreover, even if increased yields meant increased profit to himself, it would make little difference to his standard of living, since the village provides neither good housing, running water, lighting nor drainage. Provision of these incentives, together with good rural education, will do more to make the farmer undertake the uphill climb to prosperity than any organized agricultural training, for if he sees a purpose in improving his methods he will come to ask for training, but until then his grandfather's methods will be good enough for him. As Professor Galbraith observes:

"Nowhere in the world is there an illiterate peasantry that is progressive. Nowhere is there a literate peasantry that is not."

Industry provides its own incentives to the capitalist and the entrepreneur, as long as they are not whittled away by excessive government interference, though here again a different kind of education is needed, to break the hoarding habit among the prosperous, and substitute the investment habit, for a fair amount of potential capital still lies idle, kept in the form of jewellery by families unaccustomed to any other method of saving. A long period of great economic security, together with a gradual change of customs, will solve this problem, no doubt, and the need requiring the most immediate attention is probably that for incentives to the labour-force.

This is the sector where social justice assumes its greatest importance. This does not only mean the assurance of good wages and decent conditions of work, which can

be, and is achieved through legislation, as far as factory workers are concerned, it also means an economic policy directed to supplying the goods and services which can be of benefit to the working population. In this context, good, low-cost housing is more important than superb public buildings; low-cost bicycles are of more use as a stimulus to production than low-cost cars, since only a small minority of our people can afford to use even a very low-cost car, and in general real utility goods are very much more important than prestige goods like television and atomic projects. The thinking of our economic planners needs to be directed into practical aspects like these, if our economic development is to be steady and swift.

Hitherto we have been considering only the material incentives which can be offered to win the general co-operation in climbing the mountain of economic progress. Even so, it has been made clear that the effort is social as well as economic : if increased production does not result in social reform, in raising the general standard of living, if it has not that for its material aim, the effort will not be sustained, the summit will not be reached. Yet even this is not enough. Social and economic well-being is unattainable if it is approached from a purely material view-point. While the broad objective of our endeavours is the raising of the standard of living, the social and economic order through which it is to be realized must be ethical in spirit and in fact. Schemes of economic progress must be not only economically sound, they must subserve the basic social, cultural and spiritual needs of the people. This not only ensures their co-operation, but also the smooth transition of the economy from the existing to the desired level of development. More than that, it is a protection to the economic order itself, for we have seen the disastrous consequences to society of a purely materialistic attitude to life. When nothing but the material is valued, the value of material goods is not higher, but lower than when they are seen as a means of serving a higher good.

The mountain of economic progress cannot therefore be climbed unless it is seen as a mountain of cultural and spiritual progress too. It will be a slow climb, for we have seen something of the complexity of the effort involved. It will take skill, intelligence, perseverance, and knowledge; and whatever else it takes, it will certainly take time. The top can, however, be reached, if we keep our eyes open to recognize the right path to it.

K. P. JANAKI
II M.A.

Insects at Your Service

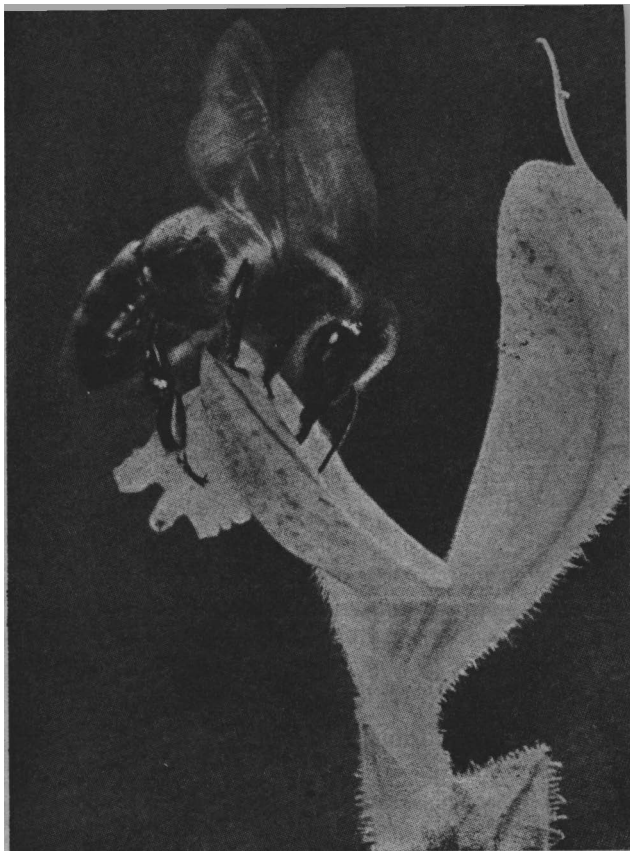
Man wages war against many insects, but many others are his friends, and his widening knowledge of their nature and ways often reveals beauty, as well as utility, to his eyes.

The struggle between man and insects, begun long before the dawn of civilization, has continued without cessation to the present time, and will continue, no doubt, as long as the human race endures. Unfortunately the harmful aspect of the insect world has at times prevented us from recognizing their beneficial attributes and habits, the value of which we can hardly overestimate. It is not generally realized that this humble group of animals contributes to the world's commerce, products that sell for more than \$ 125,000,000 each year in America alone. That the insect world offers a challenge to man there is no doubt. Yet scientists, research workers, geneticists and farmers have learned to use insects for human welfare and have thus emerged the victors in the struggle.

There are countless numbers of ways in which insects have been utilized in the service of mankind. Did "My Fair Lady", decked in all her fine silks, ever condescend to think of the lowly origin of her silk? Very few persons know the silkworm by sight, but it has been a captive and a slave to man for more than 35 centuries. The silkworm family has toiled ceaselessly for man for countless generations, the parent-moths laying their eggs, which, when developed to the larval stage, eat the mulberry leaves provided for them, then spin cocoons and die, a perpetual sacrifice to the demand of men and women for adornment. Beeswax is a secretion from the hypodermal glands on the underside of the honeybee's abdomen, poured out in thin delicate scales or flakes. Several million pounds of beeswax are used in manufacturing candles, which are nearly smokeless and do not bend over with heat. The wax is used in shaving creams to keep the lather from drying quickly, also in cold creams, cosmetics, polishes, floor waxes, patterns for castings, models, carbon paper, crayons and electrical and lithographing products. Shellac is the secretion from hypodermal glands on the back of a scale insect of India. The lac insect, *Laccifer*, has enabled man to manufacture countless things like buttons, dyes, varnishes, gramophone records, polishes, sealing wax and so on, and few realize that these are derived from an insect.

Man can make use of insects even when they are dead. Cochineal, a beautiful carmine-red pigment, is not only used as a dye, but also as a pain reliever. Who would have guessed that the beautiful coloured icing cake that we ate at Christmas derived its colour from the dried pulverized bodies of hundreds of mealybugs, called *Dactylopius coccus*, that live on a prickly cactus? Cantharidin oil, which the lovely Indian maiden uses for her lustrous hair, is secured from the dried body of a European blister-beetle known as the "Spanish fly".

Most of us may not be aware of all these facts, but none of us forget that the sweet honey we eat is the product of our dear friends, the "busy bees". We might be ignorant of all the other services that the insects do for man, but we realize that honey is nectar assembled from blossoms, concentrated, modified chemically and sealed in waxy "bottles" by the honeybee. Some insects cause plants to produce galls, some of which are valuable. Tannic acid, and powerful astringents, tonics, antidotes for certain poisons, permanent inks, are all derived from insect galls.



Insects also aid in the production of fruits, seeds, vegetables and flowers, by pollinizing the blossoms. Most of our common fruits are pollinized by insects. The growing of Smyrna figs is dependent upon a small wasp that crawls into the flower cluster. Peas, beans, tomatoes, melons and many other vegetables require insect visits before the fruits "set". Many ornamental plants, both in the green-house and out of doors, like chrysanthemums, roses and orchids, are pollinated by insects, mostly bees or butterflies.

Many of the fish we eat subsist largely upon aquatic insects. Chickens and turkeys naturally feed upon small insects like grasshoppers, and under proper conditions can be raised almost exclusively on such a diet. A few of the wild fur and game animals of the West eat small insects as their sole food. And most astonishing of all is that in many parts of the world like Africa and Australia, human beings eat insects extensively: grasshoppers, crickets, walking sticks, beetles, caterpillars, and pupae of moths and butterflies, termites, large ants, and aquatic bugs are prized foods of most of the primitive races of men.

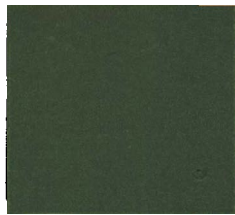
The farmer is helped by those insects which prey upon the injurious varieties, or live as parasites upon them and their eggs. Those which attack plants destroy weeds in the same way, and so render a personal service to the labouring gardener. Others improve the fertility of the soil by burrowing throughout the surface layer, or their dead bodies and droppings serve as manure for plants. They also perform a useful service as scavengers, by devouring the bodies of dead animals and plants or by burying carcasses and dung.

Apart from all this, the most important way in which man has utilized insects is in the field of scientific investigation and in medicine. The ease of handling, rapidity of multiplication, great variability and low cost of keeping and rearing, make insects ideal experimental animals for the study of physiology, biochemistry and ecology. The foundations of modern genetics have been derived from studies of the *Drosophila* or fruit-fly. Studies of variations, geographical distribution and the relation of colour and pattern to surroundings have been greatly advanced through the study of insects. Principles of polyembryony, parthenogenesis, and the behaviour and psychology of higher animals have been illuminated by a study of the reactions of insects such as the honeybee, whose behaviour can be analyzed into simple taxes. Valuable lessons in sociology have been deduced from considerations of the economy of social insects.

Lastly, insects have aesthetic and entertaining value. Their shapes, colours and patterns serve as models for artists, florists, milliners and decorators. The more highly-coloured and striking forms are much used as ornaments in trays, pins, rings, necklaces and other jewelry. Moths and butterflies are universally admired and those who use the microscope find sheer delight in admiring the colours and patterns of many of the smaller insects. The inimitable variety found among insects, and their curious habits, have afforded entertainment and diversion for thousands who collect and study them. Some orientals even go to the extent of gambling on crickets, trained for fighting, and still others use fleas for circus stunts.

Indeed insects are truly at man's service in innumerable ways, yet there still remain vast mountains to be conquered. What of the many deaths caused annually by such insect-borne diseases as malaria, yellow fever, typhus fever, cholera, typhoid and plague? What of the havoc wrought to man's crops by numerous insect pests and the damage done to his property by wood-eating termites and beetles? Alas, the struggle with the insect world is yet to be won, and man has still many mountainous obstacles to overcome before the victory is finally his.

GEORGINA GEORGE
II B.Sc.



THE
MOUNTAINS OF LIFE
AWAIT US
LET US CLIMB
THEM
WITH
WISDOM
AND
COURAGE



The Challenge of Life in a Foreign Land

Any one who has lived in a foreign land, knows the challenge it may pose to one's capacity for adaptation, and one's integrity of personality.

"There is no place like home," sings an old familiar tune and most of us are inclined to agree. Yet, perhaps the majority of people at some time or other are faced with the challenge of making their home in another state or even in another country. Since 1949, when the first graduates of Stella Maris left their Alma Mater, many a Stella Marian has set out for a foreign land, there to make a temporary and, sometimes, a permanent home. Our daily post, however, gives evidence that they do not forget Stella Maris, and their letters throw an interesting light on the way in which they are meeting the challenge of life in their new surroundings.



In England Stephanie Outschoorn Rajaratnam seems to have adjusted herself to the climate, to her new teaching post and to her new associates admirably well. She writes on the 6th of July 1965:

To begin from the beginning, we were married on the 10th of March last year at 7 a.m. and we left the shores of Ceylon on the same day at 3-30 in the afternoon.

An employment voucher was issued by the British Government and as such we did not have any difficulty at all in getting jobs when we came. Mary Mole met us at the station when we came over, and also had a flat fixed up for us for some time near her house. Besides she had arranged for an interview for me with the establishment officer in the civil service, where she still works. So we were at the same office, but in different sections, until I took up teaching.

The summer this year is not as warm as last year. We are having plenty of rain at the moment. We did see snow for the first time on Christmas Day. It was really very beautiful, and we stood by the window for nearly an hour just watching it fall, like a couple of excited children. We did enjoy ourselves making snow balls in the back-yard later on. As you know all the trees are in full bloom once again, and I spend a shilling daily on flowers. I wish I could send you some white and red roses and carnations.

This school is twice as big as Stella Maris and I don't know all the members of the staff by name. I'm quite used to the routine and the members of the science department are very nice. I teach the Zoology part for the G.C.E., 'A' level. The children are provided with excellent dissection guides and I have done all the dissections on earthworm and shark that we did in college. The school is only seven years old

and being a secondary modern school the equipment is fantastic. The children are provided with free books, both texts and exercise books plus stationery. The children are very mature compared to those of the East and extremely forward. I have to prepare myself to answer all sorts of questions. They do have an inquiring mind.



Besides the normal subjects the boys are also taught woodwork and metal-work, and the girls have cookery, home science and needlework classes. Each form has a film period once a week during their science lessons and the films are based on their syllabus. They also have television programmes especially for the remedial groups. I think this is a marvellous school where nothing is left out.

Before I conclude I must tell you something about our little daughter. She was born last year, and now she sits up on her own and is teething. She enjoys munching anything at all. We have called her Althea. I am enclosing two photographs that were taken on Easter Monday this year. One is of the baby and myself at home, and the other group was taken when we went out visiting one of my teacher friends.

and again on the 4th of January 1966.

Thank you ever so much for the college magazine, I was delighted to receive it. Reading through the replies to the news-letter made me feel as if I was back again in college after a vacation listening to the wonderful experiences of all my classmates. I do wish I was a student again, as the students now seem to have more extra-curricular activities than we had. I like the remarkable way in which the magazine has been set out. Some of the articles were read by a few of my colleagues at school and they said they were wonderful.

We were able to take baby for Mass on Christmas Day, and she sure did join in the carols. Besides, she insisted on pulling a little girl's hat. Oh, she is a handful. She is thirteen months old and tries desperately to walk. She enjoys eating jellies, custards, and mashed potatoes but not the rest of her dinner.

I have not met or rather "bumped into" Sucharita or Ranee so far. I shall certainly be delighted to do so. I rang up Mary Mole before Christmas and she told me that she too received a copy of the magazine.



Mary Mole preceded Stephanie to England by about three years and, as Stepheie mentioned, was a big help to her on her arrival. Mary seems to be widening her education by travel and gave us an interesting account in her letter of the 12th December 1965 :

Shall I relate my little story first? You remember that I was teaching? Well I did that for two years and then I applied to the Civil Service with whom I have been working for the last two years, since August 1962. We are the new Ministry of Overseas Development and the little unit that I'm working in is the recruiting agency for UNESCO's academic fields experts.

For the last two years I have been spending my holidays in Greece. I love Greece, and its islands are breathtakingly beautiful. Last year one of the girls organized the trip and this year I took a group of forty adults to Venice and Athens and Corfu. We went by train from London to Paris-Venice, going through Switzerland. Switzerland is lovely, specially at dawn with the little lights coming on in the little chalets and the ski slopes threading their way through the Alpine forests. When we came to Lake Lugano there seemed to be such a distinct demarcation between Switzerland and Italy. There suddenly appeared vine groves, and these were so near the railway track that had the train gone slower than 80 miles per hour we would have been able to pluck some grapes. When we arrived at Venice it was wet and cold and we all began wondering why we had to come so far to get English weather.

We had the whole day at Venice and took the boat at night. We spent Saturday night and Sunday on the boat, Monday we spent at Corfu, one of the seven Ionian Islands, where the scenery was beautiful. The sea around Greece is of two shades, green parts and blue parts, and we were able to see quite deep into the water. Then when the ship approached Corinth a tug appeared and then we learned that we were to be tugged through the canal. This canal is hewn through the sheer rock of a chain of mountains and only allowed about ten feet on each side of the ship, so she had to keep very straight. There was near-panic when some of the passengers noticed how near we were to the rock wall.

We stayed five days in Athens and one of my friends took some of the group on to Rhodes and the others came over-land with me to Corfu. We had a very comfy coach but the whole route bordered around the mountains and most of the way we had dry barren mountains giving off as much heat and dust as they could and on the other side a sheer drop to the deep blue sea. The air being very thin in the mountains, when we were at sea level again we felt all queer and our ears were bunged.

We were all very sad when we had to take the boat home again but we still had the voyage ahead of us and that compensated a bit. On our way back we spent four hours in Paris, and five of us who were adventurous took a lightning look at the city and were just back in time for our train. My French stood me in good stead in Paris and on the continental trains. I managed to get by with my Italian in Venice and in the restaurants, and Greek in Athens.

Christmas is on us once again. On Saturday I bought the tree and I've been decorating it in the evenings. This Saturday I'll be making the cake. I hope to go over to Stephe on the evening of Christmas Day.



And now for a different aspect of adjustment to a foreign country, from a student's point of view, we turn to our post-graduates in the U.K. P. Satgunraanee tells us of her science studies and then suddenly turns poetic on "hosts of daffodils". She writes on the 28th of March 1965 :

College closed last week on the 24th for Easter, and I will be leaving college for good on the 14th of April. I'll be at the University of Sheffield from now on to read for an M. Sc. degree by thesis. I have gained a good deal of experience during these two terms in manipulating the microscopes including the electron microscope, in making slides and going for field courses. The scope of the course over here is very vast and most of the time is spent on practicals.

Spring has begun and hosts of daffodils and tulips have started blooming though the temperature is still not very high.

■ Sucharita, at Newnham College Cambridge, is doing her best to adjust herself to many unfamiliar aspects of Mathematics.

I am very happy here and enjoying my work very much. I have had to do a number of new things - Digital computing, numerical analysis, mechanics of fluids, statistics and a lot of electricity and magnetism, besides Algebra and Analysis which are slightly familiar. I just cannot get myself to like the applied side of Maths. I am full of good intentions about hard work and I'll try and do some Applied Maths during this long vacation.

■ Finally, one of our latest departures for foreign studies is Ari Devi who found things very "new" in Scotland.

I've been in Edinburgh for almost a month and the weather has been fine with a few showers. It is cold but our college is centrally heated so I don't feel it much.

Everything has been absolutely new. At the moment I'm following with the III years in biochemistry, physiological chemistry and microbiology. I do three additional hours of microbiology while they do chemical engineering. I am the only girl in a class of fourteen. We have seven hours of lectures and twenty hours of practical classes. Everything is very new. I was feeling very lost at the beginning but I am getting used to it and it can be interesting. The accent at times makes it difficult to follow the lectures, but I am getting accustomed to it.

I find myself wishing very often that I was back at Stella Maris with all the old familiar faces but I will soon get used to everything I am sure.



Another Stella Marian who spent some time in Europe is Pushpa Parekh, now Mrs. Sanghani. Pushpa has returned from Germany now but her account of her stay there is an excellent illustration of all that hospitality and kindness can mean to one in a foreign land.

I will now relate some of my experiences and impressions of Germany. The most outstanding experience I have had was of the hospitality of the Germans, and this impressed me more during my stay in the hospital when my little daughter was born. On the 25th of September 1962 I gave birth to my daughter Mayuri, in Maria-Hilfe Hospital of Monschau, Eifel. Monschau is a lovely tourist town situated at a distance of thirty kilometers from Aachen in West Germany. People had come to know that there was an Indian couple in the village and that the Indian lady was to be admitted in the hospital. So people from far and near Monschau visited me in the hospital with fruits, flowers, clothes, toys, and chocolates for my daughter and myself. This was really a great event in my life. The head of the hospital told me that for the first time in this hospital there was such a large number of people visiting a new-born child. The number of visitors and presents I had received reminded me of fairy-land. The treatment I received in the hospital was marvellous; the whole staff was at my service. The lady doctor was just like a mother to me, she attended every minute to all my needs and looked after my baby herself. Such was the love and affection of the Germans.

My daughter Mayuri began slowly to grow up amidst German children. She was a centre of attraction in the small village where we were staying. The German children were ready to do anything for her, because she was the first Indian child in Eifel. Mayuri used to speak and understand only German and gradually her German was similar to that of the German children.

What I have observed most about German women is their systematic life, clean house, hard work and avoidance of gossip. German women are very rarely interested in somebody else's personal affairs, but they are busy in educating their own children and keeping a clean and peaceful home. From cleaning to cooking German women will work with their own hands and they are never shy of hard labour.

West Germany, situated in the middle of Europe, has a very typical European climate. In summer it is raining one moment and in the next moment there is bright sunshine. Winter in Germany is very cold. Especially the winter of 1962 was the severest in the last thirty years. We were staying only ten kilometres from the world-famous Black Forest. We travelled through the Black Forest by car and the trees were covered with white snow. It was like fairy-land and we visited it many times also for skiing. We passed one winter in Eifel, where I had much fun playing in the snow. I also learnt skiing in Eifel since my German land-lady looked after my daughter and thus left me more free to enjoy winter sports.

During our stay in Germany we found that the people of West Germany have love and regard for India and her culture. In West Berlin University Sanskrit is taught, and in the lovely city of Heidelberg in the South-East-Asia University many Indian languages are taught. There are more than five thousand Indians staying in West Germany. The Germans have the highest regard for Mahatma Gandhi.



Across the Atlantic, the U.S.A. presents a slightly different culture, but the problems of adjustment are essentially the same.

Rosemarie Stone, now Mrs. Olivero, writes from Michigan of every housewife's interests, shopping and home management in the U.S.A.

Shopping is a pleasure here, even grocery shopping. We can get the Indian condiments and spices here, except curry leaf, coriander leaf, and I still haven't seen a drumstick. Apart from the material and the technical riches, I have one complaint, I'd trade any day managing a home in the U.S. with managing one at home. You just cannot have servants here and that is that. I'm just not used to so much work around the house. You have to see to every single thing, cooking, washing, cleaning, and these never end.

Again on February 19th, some good news :

“On January 9th we had a baby boy and we have named him Philip Herbert.

Thank you for the college magazine and the social work pamphlet. I enjoyed both. I got to know what so many of my friends are doing and it brought back nostalgic memories. I long to come back to Stella Maris.

Another Stella Marian in the States is our College President for the year 1964-65, Uma Badami, who joined her husband in New York last July.

■ Uma's letters give us an excellent picture of her air voyage to America, of her travels in the States and her adjustment to American conditions. Uma and Rosemarie could certainly exchange notes on household affairs in the U.S.A.

I had a most wonderful journey on the Boeing, halting enroute at Beyrouth, Rome, Frankfurt and London. We left Bombay at about 1 a.m., and I was getting confused because we were gaining time. We reached Beyrouth at about 3-45 a.m. and we landed at Rome, a distance of about 1200 miles, at 4-10 a.m. ! The airport at Rome was beautiful and I thought of you all because it is the city of the Holy Father. Although we were flying at an altitude of 25,000 feet and at a speed of 750 miles per hour, the flight was wonderfully smooth. It was only when we were approaching

Frankfurt that it was a bit rocky due to turbulent weather and besides it was very cold. We landed at London at about 11 a.m. and then came the worst part of the flight, crossing the mighty Atlantic, a distance of about 6,000 miles for eight hours nonstop. It just did not seem like ending but I had to tolerate it as there was no way out. We were only too glad to arrive at New York and there of course was my husband waving cheerfully from the gallery. The J. F. Kennedy International Airport in New York is just fantastic. It is so huge that it takes about half an hour to get out of the premises and I hardly realized that we were still in the airport.

From the airport we drove to Rochester, a distance of about 350 miles, and reached the place at about 12-30 a.m. Rochester is a beautiful city and I fell in love with it. She was resplendent in her vernal beauty and was decked with roses of varied hues. We had our apartments just behind the hospital and there were five Indian families so I was feeling quite at home. It was essentially an aristocratic city but the people were very friendly. We arrived here in Buffalo from Rochester on the 30th of June. Buffalo is a larger city, more densely populated and more industrialized. We have a compact apartment in a respectable locality and close to a shopping centre. There is an Indian family speaking my own mother tongue here and the lady is very kind and hospitable. So that is some consolation.

Speaking about life here, it is very different from what it is in India. Of course there are no servants and all the work has to be done by us, but things are done much easier because there are more facilities, for example, we have an automatic coin-operated laundromat for washing clothes. I have just started cooking and I am faring quite well. America is just beautiful, especially since it is summer now. Shopping is a real delight as we have the department stores or the supermarkets where it is possible to get almost everything. We get vegetables and fruits of all kinds including bananas, even mangoes at times, and almost all our Indian condiments are available here. When you go into a shop you have to serve yourself and pay the bill. This is really a wonderful system. Even the hospitals are beautiful. We seldom find even paper bits on the road as the United States government imposes a fine of fifty dollars on those who litter the roads.

Niagara is only about fifteen miles from here and during the past two months I have been there already four times. We had even crossed over to Canada for a couple of hours to view the magnificent cascades from that side. They are just beautiful. We made a trip very close to the falls in a boat called "The Maid of the Mist". We still haven't been to the "Cave of the Winds". The American Grand Rapids, the Horse Shoe Falls and the Bridal Veil make a grand system of cascades. I will write more about my travels in my next letter.

And the next letter was dated September 25th, 1965 :

About a fortnight back we had been on a four day vacation to New York by car, about 410 miles from here. It is a fascinating city and I just did not feel like coming back. Of course I am not sure whether I would like to live there. We spent about a

day and a half at the World's Fair, it is really a world in miniature, and a marvel. Some of the pavilions like the General Electric, General Motors, and Ford should never be missed. The General Motors pavilion gives an insight into the world of the future through a pageant; it is just so wonderful that you stare at it in wide-eyed wonder. There are moving chairs which take you around. Then we visited the Vatican pavilion which has a fine display and houses the most magnificent work of art at the fair, Michelangelo's 465 year old master-piece in Carrara marble, the Pieta, it is just beautiful because every detail is brought out so exquisitely. Four days was just not enough to see New York.



Finally, just across the border in Canada, we find none other than our unique Avayam who surprised us by a letter from those Northern climes. Avayam has not only become superbly adjusted to her new situation, but moreover, she seems to have taken the place by storm and even has her Canadian friends wearing the saree.

I got married in December 1964. My husband is a geologist. After our marriage we settled in New Delhi. In September we left India for Canada, we will be here for three or four years since my husband is working in a mine here.

Well, as spring approaches the winter was not as bad as I expected it to be. The snow has started melting. We have been to Niagara Falls. It was really a wonderful trip and we drove all the 550 miles from our place and spent the week-end there. We had a helicopter trip just over the falls of the U.S.A. as well as Canada. At night they illuminate the falls and the nearby parks. It was a feast for the eyes.

In the mornings I am busy doing house-work. Since we do not have any servants here we have to do everything by ourselves. But it is really fun. In the afternoons I usually receive or visit friends. The people are very curious to know about India and our customs and habits. They love our Indian food and so I throw a party at least once a month. They admire the way I wear sarees and I had to get some sarees for my friends from India. They are very proud to wear the saree. I think that is all for the present and I will write again soon.

We are happy to say, as these letters show, that our Stella Marians who have ventured forth into the unknown have been able to adapt themselves to new and strange surroundings with tact and courage. Perhaps they have not climbed Everest, but they have definitely met a challenge and climbed unfamiliar pathways to the heights of success.

The O.S.A. Meets the Challenge

The O.S.A., as the years go on, has an ever greater challenge to meet: that of keeping in contact with the ever-increasing numbers of old students.

Perhaps there is no challenge like the challenge of life itself, the challenge which faces every young girl on the eve of leaving her school or college days behind and going out into the unknown yet inviting future. This challenge is an ever-recurring event for the O.S.A. of Stella Maris, as, in exploring a great mountain range, on mounting each successive peak one sees others, still unconquered, calling one to yet greater effort. However, we like to think that although we send our graduates out, year after year, to face the challenge of life, we never break the ties that bind them to us, and often during the year we rejoice to see them return.

This year the first homecoming for the O.S.A. was the Graduates' Reception which gathered together over one hundred and fifty old students, among whom were about ninety shining "new" graduates. Due to the late Convocation the reception was held in mid-October: this was the signal for the commencement of the yearly activities of the O.S.A. At the business meeting which preceded the tea the new officers for the year were elected. Miss Emma Devapriam became our president, Miss Angela Vaz was re-elected as secretary and Miss Walza Pillai was chosen as treasurer. The tea which followed the meeting was a happy occasion for the re-union of old friends, and we were glad to welcome back many graduates of former years.

The Basha Nataka Sabha completed the day's programme with a grand variety entertainment, the best ever, and topped it off with a delightful souvenir dance. Little did the new graduates dream that the lovely little ship displayed by the dancer would soon be their very own. Yes, each graduate of 1965 was presented with a small white ship, symbol of Stella Maris, to take home as their souvenir of that happy day. All present also received the college year-book and the day ended pleasantly with happy farewells and promises to return.

At the beginning of the third term the O.S.A. managed to get into print the second Stella Maris Newsletter, and distributed it to about four hundred old students. Since it was ready just at the time of our third-term activity, a gala dinner in the Students' Centre on the 5th February, we were able to give it "in person" to about ninety members who gathered for the occasion. For about two hours the Centre rang and nearly rocked with the gay chatter of old familiar voices as everyone exchanged news and recalled old times. Some nearly forgot that they had come for a dinner and had to be reminded of it after one full hour of lively conversation. It was over all too soon but we parted with the hope of meeting again, and that is never a vain hope because the O.S.A. is the rope uniting all Stella Marian mountaineers to each other and to the base-camp, in which, however long their climb, a warm welcome awaits them on their return.

MISS EMMA DEVAPRIAM
President, O.S.A.



Mountains of Mail :

From our Old Students

Old alumnae, facing the mountains of life,
keep open their communications with the
base-camp at Stella Maris, receiving there-
from new supplies of strength and courage.

A challenge well worth meeting when we receive answers such as these :

MADRAS

V. VIJAYALAKSHMI
November 11th 1965.

When I came to our college on the 9th I was very disappointed when I was told that you had an appointment elsewhere. Under ordinary circumstances I would have waited, but having brought my son I was forced to leave in a short while after a most joyous meeting with my old lecturers and professors.

Let me assure you, that it is a source of endless pleasure to meet all my former teachers, who have not forgotten me despite their busy schedule and the passage of time.

AVRIL D'CRUZ, née BAMFORD
May 26th 1965.

Thank you for your nice letter, written on the occasion of my baby's birth. Thank you so very much for the same, and most of all for the prayers. Her name is Veronique Maria-Louise, and she is extremely sweet. At birth she was 8 lbs. I'll bring my full family along one of these days to see you, Mother.

My husband has been promoted to the position of a Branch Manager, in Bombay, so he will be taking over in September. I'll be joining him in December after the children's school closes. In the meantime he is leaving for U.K., U.S.A. and Europe on the 11th June and will be in training till the end of August.

A. G. ANTHONYAMMAL
March 1st 1966.

Received the interesting newsletter and thanks for the same. I'm very sorry for this late reply. It was really interesting to read every page, every word of it. It reminded me of my college days and I felt as if I was in college again.

I was happy to hear the news of my classmates who are launched far and near; it's really great to know their whereabouts. Did you receive any news from our college president of 1965, Uma Badami? As for me, I am employed in the Southern Railway office at present.

IRIS MANICKAM
May 6th 1965.

I'm sending you the wedding card along with this. I had been to college a few days ago and found out at the office that you were out of station. I've resigned my job at Holy Cross College. I'll be settling down in Salem.

... and again on 8th July.

We came here to Salem on the 23rd of June. I am managing all the cooking myself, and I am thoroughly enjoying looking after the home.

SALEM

S. RAJALAKSHMI
11th October, 1965.

I have secured a tutor's post in Sharada College, Salem. I am expected to take History and Politics for First Year B.A., Economics major students. My seniors, your students, Kauvery and Thangam are working as lecturers in Economics here and they help me a great deal.

We have been to a village named Sarkarkolli, five miles from here, for economic survey. It was so nice to spend the day with the innocent villagers. Despite their acute poverty, their hospitality was admirable and could not be equalled in cities and towns.

... and again on March 5th 1966.

All the old Stella Marians working here, like Thangam, Kauvery enjoyed the newsletter and they will be writing to you soon.

AHMEDABAD

MRS. VEDARANGAN
May 14th 1965.

I'm sure you'll be surprised to receive this from me. Now that I find time to spare I'm devoting a few minutes to you. I left Madras for Ahmedabad on the 5th. After great difficulty I have been able to get a house here. We'll be moving into it in a week's time. It is a separate bungalow with all modern conveniences.

My little son is growing into a nice, fat boy. He has begun teething and it's most interesting to watch each thing he does. He insists that he is taken out every day in the evening. We have no other choice but to obey him.

VIJAYAWADA

ANGELA BARRETTO
August 8th 1965.

Thank you for the copy of the Stella Marian which I read from cover to cover. I have just come to Bezwada. We are leaving for Calcutta tomorrow morning. My engagement is on August 15th. College must be in full swing now, I can't imagine what it is like without our class! The wedding is most probably in October.

...and again from Jamshedpur
on 13th November.

Thank you so much for having sent me the College Magazine; it was really nice to recall all the happy days spent there.

We arrived in Jamshedpur on October 27th after long journeys to Poona, Bombay and then back here. Cyril started work on November 1st, and then I was left alone but now I have got quite used to it. We have one ayah from Bangalore and Mummy has sent me a lovely cookery book and I'm thoroughly enjoying myself experimenting recipes on my poor husband!

We have a flat which is very sweet. At the moment we are having the painting done. The other day when I went to the club I met Susan Peters and her fiancé, she is to be married in December. It was really nice meeting another Stella Marian.

COIMBATORE

A. JEYA
July 16th 1965.

Here, I am appointed as a Lecturer in Zoology and I was asked to teach Zoology Ancillary for the First Year B.Sc. Students and Zoology Main for the Second Year B.Sc. and one Pre-University group.

S. N. GEETHA
November 18th, 1965.

At present I am taking training in Office Administration in the Managing Agents' Office of Lakshmi Group of mills. I found it a punishment to sit at home and idle away my time, especially after two years' study at Stella Maris.

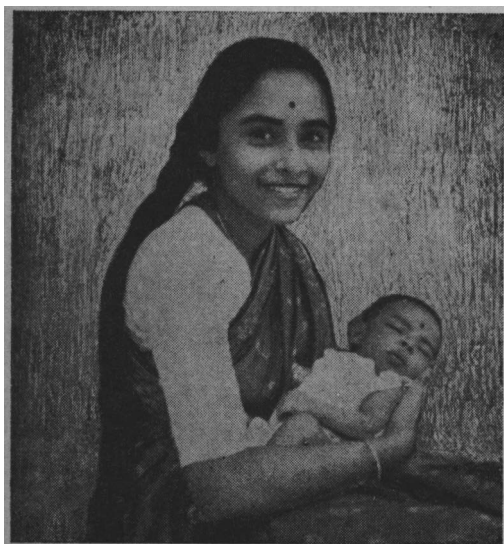
In the evenings, again, I attend a typing and shorthand institute from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. So I am kept busy throughout the day. I keep awake till late in the night to finish my shorthand homework. In the mornings by the time I render some little help to Mum in the kitchen, I find it to be 8.45 and I'll have to leave for the office.

...and again on January 1st 1966

On the night of 22nd December I was reminded of our carol singing and getting cakes and hot drinks. I missed it very much. My training is going on as usual as well as my typing. Since I am engaged the whole day, I don't know how the day dawns and the sun sets.

TRIVANDRUM

NIRMALA VAIDYANATHAN,
née KRISHNAMURTHY
August 17th 1965.



I've got a baby boy, Mother! I am so happy and thrilled to bits. He was born on Sunday 11th July at 8.26 a.m. He weighed 6 lbs at birth. He looks just like his Dad. For a while till about a week ago, in fact, he used to turn day into night and night into day. And, can he yell! However, he is growing up and doesn't cry quite so much now.

I'd come to dear S.M.C. while I was in Madras (on my way here to Trivandrum) but I was unfortunate enough to miss seeing you. I will be going home (my home, I mean!) by the end of

October or the first week of November and though we'll be stopping in Madras only for a day or two I'll certainly find time to drop in and see you all and "show off" my baby.

...from Rajkot on December 22nd 1965

To begin with, we finally reached Rajkot on the 9th afternoon (November). We've got a lovely big house - four bedroom house - with a huge compound and a fairly decent garden.

Last evening I'd been to the Police Headquarters, where all the police folk - constables etc. have their family quarters. I wanted to see how they lived, what sort of pastimes they had etc., I'll have to go regularly in future and try talking to them and all that. Only I don't yet know any Gujarati and my Hindi is a trifle shaky too! I intend learning Gujarati soon.

SHANTHA SIMON, née MATTHEW
May 5th 1965.

My husband is a Chartered Accountant working in a Company in Aden. By the way he left for Aden on April 18th. I shall be joining him within a month's time, as there is some delay regarding entry permit etc. At present I am staying with my parents-in-law - about 94 miles from my home in Trivandrum. By the end of June I shall be in Aden. I shall write to you, then. Lately I had news of Stella Maris - through Supriya, who managed to pay a flying visit. I wish I too had a chance to do the same.

TRICHUR

SHARADA MENON
May 5th 1965.

I wonder whether you will be surprised to receive this letter from me? In fact I wonder whether you will remember me. I am one of the twin sisters who were studying in your college way back in 1954. Do you remember a pair of twins, Malathy and Sharada Menon who did Ancient History in the Intermediate and Politics under you in B.A.? Well I am one of them and at present I am working in the English Department of St. Mary's College, Trichur. I do hope you will remember me.

My twin sister Malathy is married and is now in a small district in Madhya Pradesh. Her husband is an officer in the Central Customs and Excise. She has two children - a girl and a boy - and both of them are very mischievous.

HYDERABAD

SHANTI PAI
August 10th 1965.

It might have surprised you that I did not write to you earlier. The truth is I was waiting for college to re-open so that I could give you all the news.

I am getting used to this place and its people. Of course, it is nothing comparable to my environment in Madras but still it is Home Sweet Home! We are thirty students in the M.Sc. course - 17 girls and 13 boys. I am getting along fine with my classmates but I miss our S 2-3 a lot. Our library is very well-equipped and well-kept. The labs are also good, so I think the rest is up to me.

I will keep in touch with my Alma Mater and, believe me, the lessons I have learnt there will be a source of guidance and inspiration for me.

...and again on August 31st, 1965.

Regular classes have begun here and I have started studying in real earnest. I do not find the course very taxing though I am kept fairly occupied with records and dissections. I have become accustomed to my new environment and although I miss Stella Maris and my S 2-3 classmates a lot I am trying to make the best of the situation.

Vanaja and Poornima wrote to say that they are doing the B.L. course. It came to me as a surprise! Nazreen has joined the Medical College. So all of us have parted to go our different ways. It reminds me of "Adaptive Radiation"!

...and again on February 5th 1966

I think I am writing this letter to you after a very long time. I was thrilled to receive the Stella Marian Newsletter. For those few minutes, while going through it, I felt as though I was in "Stella Maris" amidst you all. It was a news for me to hear that Avayam is in Canada. I think you might have received the invitation of G. Nirmala, the Social Work student. She will be leaving for Gibraltar soon.

DAPHNE SATUR
December 5th 1965.

Actually I am writing this from Nellore, where I arrived yesterday for one month's settlement training which starts tomorrow. However, since this is purely temporary I have given you my Hyderabad address.

The work I have to do is interesting, holds prestige and glamour, but the amount of touring we are expected to do makes it rather difficult for a lady. Sometimes I have gone out before breakfast, and returned only at 6 or 6-30 p.m. When days like this come one after the other, it is terribly exhausting. I'm afraid the training I am to receive in Nellore is going to be strenuous. I mean to get a break by dashing home for Christmas and remain far from official work for a few days at least. I hope I am granted leave, because this is a specialised training which will not be repeated - hence the reluctance to part with us.

...again on 21st February 1966.

I received the O. S. A. newsletter, and it was really nice to read about the activities. I mean to show it to Deanna and will do so when I next meet her. At present I have heavy work, not much touring, but plenty of mental work. First there were the Exams, the results of which are anxiously awaited, more so because passing means an increment. After the exams I have been working in the District Treasury Office and took independent charge about twelve days ago. As this means signing cheques to the tune of lakhs, the responsibility is tremendous. I finish this job on the 23rd. Next I go to the Agricultural Department.

GOA.

RAMANI, C.S.
July 13th 1965.

I got an appointment order from Carmel College, Goa. They have appointed me as an assistant lecturer. I came here on the 12th and I have joined duty. The college is only two years old. They have only eighty students. It belongs to Bombay University. We have only Inter classes. I am taking Economics and History for them. I am staying in Fatima Convent which is a branch of this college. The bus brings us to the College in the morning. The college is about five miles away from the town. The atmosphere on the whole is just like Stella Maris, so I like it.

...again on November 19th 1965.

I had my holidays for one month. I didn't go to Madurai nor to Calcutta, but with friends I took a trip around Goa. We visited Dhawar, Karwar, Hubli and Belgaum.

I went to Old Goa where St. Francis Xavier's body is kept. I prayed for all of you. I saw a golden rose presented by Pope Pius XII. The church is very beautiful.

SR. M. EDMUND, F.M.M.
November 27th 1965.

We have just had an inspection from the S. S. C. Examination Board. They stayed for about two hours only, because they had to inspect another school that morning. You must remember that here we have only morning schools. When they went to the Laboratory, Std. XI was doing an experiment. They were very interested in the Eighth Standard. The children were having library then. They looked into the children's individual library record books in which they write an appreciation of the book they read, the character they liked best and why, etc. Then we gave them light refreshments. After that they left, to the great disappointment of the Primary School, specially the K.G. children who had prepared nursery rhymes and a welcome song for them.

BOMBAY

RITA MONTEIRO, née LOVETT
May 8th 1965.

I can never write a letter when Anand is awake (and now that he is nearly 15 months old, sleeping hours during the day are short) as he jumps up on the table and would scatter everything pell-mell.

Whenever we can we take Anand out with us, and we are waiting for the time when he will be able to accompany us to a concert and other such amusements. He is not a troublesome child and enjoys going out with us. We started taking him on picnics from the time he was 9 months old. Recently we have taken him several times to the Juhu beach and he loves to bathe in the water. He was wonderstruck by the elephant and camel at Victoria Gardens but was delighted with the monkeys, probably recognising a parallel to his own tricks in all their antics. We have even taken him to a whole day seminar on "Existentialism" at Sophia College. How did we manage? Well Hubert attended the lectures alternately and so kept an eye on Anand who was quite at home running down corridors and about the gardens, making friends with the students and the nuns and generally attracting a lot of fuss which he takes with perfect poise. Later Hubert and I pooled what we gleaned from the lectures and were glad we attended the seminar en famille.



I am enclosing a photograph of Anand taken on his first birthday. It was a very happy day for all of us. I made and frosted the cake myself.

... and again on December 13th 1965.

I had a nice long letter from Rosemarie a few weeks back, after a long silence. She seems to be very happy and quite at home in the States.

There have been a number of interesting activities here in which Hubert and I have been able to participate together. This gives us great joy - to be together, enjoying things together, discussing, learning. There was a seminar on the "New Horizons Opening up in the Church" which set forth the basic ideals which animate the thinking of the Church on every aspect of the life of its members. Then we both took part in reading extracts from "The Divine Comedy" for an Academy on Dante in honour of the poet's 700th birth anniversary. That was fun!

MIRIAM SEQUEIRA
August 10th 1965.

I was found to be eligible for those French classes after all, Mother, conducted by the University as a certificate course of a year, after which we are free to do a diploma course if we like. With my glasses on I do look studious but actually there isn't much to study now that I've got my bearings. But I was confounded at first.

To pass my time I am doing cross-stitch embroidery for cushions. Can you believe? My mother teases me every day without fail saying I could present it to my grandmother on her birthday, which is all very well, only her birthday is in May 1966.

... again on November 2nd 1965.

I had a nice journey and arrived here safely. I went to the University yesterday and applied for my eligibility certificate. I got a provisional one today and I went on to the Law College and filled the forms. I have to go for an interview on Thursday and college opens on the 10th. I have to start digging old records and take down notes! Reminds me of the last few hectic weeks at Stella Maris.

...again on February 21st 1966.

The reason for not having written earlier is that once I started packing up from my old house I had to unpack over here all over again and then I got stuck in a whirlpool of tuitions, pictures, plays, visits etc., and only now with one of my pupils down with measles, and another gone to Rajasthan I am able to breathe freely and call my life my own, and I sat down to write this letter.

My English is steadily worsening (not that it was exceptionally good) because here I speak mostly in Hindi to my classmates except Mala with whom I attempt a mixture of Tamil just to worry the other girls or when we have some secret!

My new house is sandwiched between my Law College and Jaihind College. At the back is Sydenham College. I do live in a very intellectual area. Marine Drive is a stone's throw away.

MALA BALA,
June 21st 1965.

I arrived here safely. I will be joining the Chartered Accountants' course as soon as my results are out. I will be learning and working at the same time. It will be a tough course but I think my Stella Marian training will stand me in good stead.

...again on November 18th 1965.

Since there is no vacancy for the Chartered Accountancy till next year, I have joined the Law College. Miriam is also doing Law with me. I have joined the morning session, so my class finishes at 10-15 a.m. I am also looking for a job to occupy myself for the rest of the day. Recently I joined a First Aid Class. It was very interesting and I have already got a certificate. I have seen the year's college magazine and found it very enchanting and interesting.

The second term must be in full swing now. Has the new building been opened yet? I do hope I will get the opportunity to visit Stella Maris in the near future.

...again on December 6th 1965.

Law classes are going on as usual. The subject is very interesting, and the subtle difference of meaning of a word is very intriguing. We have no exams at present. In Stella Maris, now, every girl I am sure is poring over her books. When does the term close for Christmas? We have about six to eight days as Christmas vacation. I do envy the Stella Marians for their long holiday.

SUSIE VERGHESE,
August 14th 1965.

So college has reopened and you all must be busy at the beginning of the term. How is the Final Year class? Wonder if the new set is as good and grand as the set of 1964-65! Any-how, I do miss S 2-3 and all our classmates and the life in our class especially the practical sessions.

I joined the physiotherapy course last Saturday. The course is very interesting and satisfying. We do most of the medical subjects though not in as much detail. We have Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Medicine and Surgery. Besides these we have physiotherapy subjects like Electro-therapy, Heat-therapy etc. We also have to do practicals, massage, treat patients and operate so many appliances and apparatus.

...again on 31st October.

We had only a few days holidays from 22nd to 28th October. During these few days I made a trip with some friends to see some places. We went to see the Ajanta caves via Poona, Aurangabad, visited Ellora and returned via Nasik on 27th

night. Those caves are worth seeing - it gives me a new picture of India altogether - very enlightening and interesting. I enjoyed it immensely. We visited a typical village too and spent some time with the villagers.

You wanted to know more about this course - well the requirements are Inter Science or B.Sc. with Biology. Then there is an interview and about 40 are chosen. At the end of the two year course a B.Sc. degree is awarded. There is a public exam at the end of both years. I'll try and send you more particulars and pamphlets as soon as I can find them.

MARIE FERNANDEZ,
February 19th 1966.

I heard from Susie, she is doing her physiotherapy course in one of the medical colleges here...I am sure you will be happy to know that I am teaching. I am at St. Anne's School and am taking English in VIIth, General Science in VIIIth and IXth and Physiology and Hygiene in Xth and XIth. I enjoy teaching especially the little ones.

ASSAM

PHILOMENA MATTHEWS, née PAUL,
March 9th 1966.

Thank you so much for your Stella Maris Newsletter. I must say it came as a very pleasant surprise. I wonder if you remember me? I graduated in 1956 with Western Music as my Main subject. I'm afraid I've lost contact with Stella Maris since I left Madras in 1961. You know I've been in Assam for the past four years. I've been to Madras twice since I came here and both times I visited Stella Maris. I must tell you that I'll be coming down that side in April as my husband has been transferred to the new Refinery Project which is to come up in Madras. You can't imagine how glad I am and how I am looking forward to visiting Stella Maris again.

I have a little son who is now three and a half years of age and a real imp of mischief! I'll bring him also when I come there next.

MALAYSIA

AMBI SUPPIAH,
November 11th, 1965.

Along with your letter I also received the invitation for the Graduates' Reception. It is a pity that I couldn't attend. One day I hope to come to India and meet all my old friends. I miss India in a way since my teen-age life was spent there. Most of my classmates correspond with me. Ari left last month for the U.K. and Molly is teaching in Singapore. Next year she intends returning to India. I'm specialising in cooking at the moment; but I intend teaching from January onwards.

JOTHI UNDERWOOD, née SABAPATHY,
October 27th, 1965.

It is a very long time since I left Stella Maris but although I have not written it does not mean that I have lost interest in the college. We Stella Marians often recall the carefree days we spent in college, when we meet. I hope you have all received the invitation to my wedding on the 3rd of November. I'm writing to ask for your prayers as my fiancé and I prepare to enter a new life.

Lily, Pushparanee and Sulochana are still in Kuala Lumpur but Lily will be leaving for India soon and Sulochana also. We meet sometimes but more often contact each other by phone. They are all keeping well.

CEYLON

GOWRI LOGANATHAN,
October 18th, 1965.

I am happy to inform you that my wedding will take place on the 31st of this month. Although you may not be present on this occasion, I am sure your thoughts and prayers will be with us.

My fiancé is a Chartered Accountant and is presently employed in a firm in London. We hope to leave for London in the middle of November. If we have the opportunity of breaking our journey in Madras we would certainly pay you a visit.

MATILDA SOSSAIPILLAI,
December 22nd, 1965.

Thank you ever so much for the college magazine and the social service pamphlet. I was highly delighted to receive it and to tell you the truth I went through every page. I am overjoyed to learn that the Stella Maris Alumnae Association has established its branches not only in Malaya and Ceylon but also in the United Kingdom.

Should You Be a Social Worker?

We hope that each year for a number of years to come we shall be able to include articles on different careers undertaken by old students of Stella Maris, written by themselves, so that their contemporaries may have a better idea of what their old friends are doing, and present students may have a better opportunity of finding out what career will best satisfy their ambitions and utilize their talents. This is the first of these articles.

“What is new about social work? People have needed help and other people have given it ever since the beginning of time. What need is there of a special training and a professional career?” This sort of argument is often put forward whenever a statement is made in public about social work.

There is a great deal of truth in the remark, we readily admit; man's need of help in time of peril, poverty, sickness, infancy and old age, man's need of help in time of decision, is as ancient as man himself, but the idea that such needs can best be met by a trained professional service is very new indeed, for it can hardly be said to have developed before the First World War.

Today, however, social workers deal with the problems of the whole community, serving people of all income and cultural levels. Nor do they wait until an emergency has arisen, but try, by their service, to forestall foreseeable emergencies, whether they are economic, social, or psychological in nature, or a combination of all three. It is recognized, in fact, that people of all ranks in society may have troubles, and may need help in solving problems, if they are not to seek false solutions which will injure both themselves and society. Many agencies are at work in the field, supported by the state, by private institutions, or by philanthropic societies, for the recognition of the importance of the work is now practically universal.

In the short period of its existence, professional social work has developed into one of the most diversified professions, requiring people of many different kinds of ability. Let us take a look at some social case-workers, group-workers, and community workers at a few of their many tasks.

Here is a psychiatric social worker in a Child Guidance Clinic, working with a twelve-year-old girl who is a chronic runaway. Trying to solve her emotional problems in the early stages, the worker hopes to save the child, her parents, other parents, and the community from a great deal of heartbreak and trouble in the future.

A medical social worker is here talking to a patient who has just been informed that he has tuberculosis. She is helping him and his family to accept the diagnosis with courage, and plan for the long-term recovery, during which he will be separated from them, and they will need to seek other sources of income. Knowing the family, and the community, she will be able to help them to adjust their daily life to the new situation in the best possible way.

Here is a parole officer, seeking employment for men who will shortly be released from prison. He knows how imperative it is that they be enabled to make a good start, with immediately-available means of support, to help them avoid future trouble.

A group-worker from a community centre is busy here: he has spent many weeks in making friends with teenage gangs, trying to dispel their fears and suspicions. Thanks to his courageous efforts in the war against juvenile delinquency many of the boys he has met will never go back to loitering and vandalism, but will learn to use their leisure-time well and happily. Other group-workers, attached to the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., are here helping happy and healthy youngsters to prepare for good citizenship.

Here a foster-care worker is working with foster-parents and their adoptive children, while there a child-welfare worker is ringing the bell of a house where the couple hope to adopt a baby.

These are but a few of the tasks undertaken by trained social workers in our country, while other responsibilities of the profession have yet to be introduced here. For instance, there is the school social worker, helping parents and teacher to find out why a highly intelligent pupil cannot learn to read, and to remove the "block" in her way, or the family counsellor in the office of a Family Service Agency, listening to the difficulties of a young couple and helping them to avoid a break-up in their marriage. Social workers may also be found in uniform, dealing with the problems of soldiers.

Teachers of social work may find themselves airborne en route for the U.S.A. as exchange professors; research workers may be occupied with the records compiled by workers in the field in their daily contacts, seeking deeper knowledge of human behaviour, so that the professional equipment of all will be more complete in the future.

The responsibilities of these different social workers show not only the great diversity of the profession, but also one of its basic aims: almost all these workers are engaged in locating trouble and removing the causes of it before it can reach an acute stage...a rewarding way to spend a lifetime.

There are still many people who have not done a social work degree, yet are rendering priceless services in the profession today ; we could not get along without their assistance. Yet we must face the fact that there are no substitutes for trained workers, who can employ all the knowledge and skills acquired during training to solve the problems of their clients.

What sort of a future has a person who decides to specialize in social work? One of the most tempting aspects of the profession is its almost boundless horizon of possibilities. Our training prepares us to concentrate on what can be done for, not what has happened to, a client, yet no social worker can remain unmoved in the face of the unhappy circumstances which bring a client to her door.

The social worker is not, of course, the only professional worker who finds her sympathies touched. The doctor, the nurse, the clergyman, all deal continually with pain, anxiety and trouble, and they too find that the drawbacks of a helping profession count for nothing compared to the reward, when knowledge and skill have been put to use for the sake of others.

Social work is not, however, concerned exclusively with people in trouble, or with those who are a burden to the community. On the one side, the social worker is in alliance with other professional people in the service of the community; doctors, lawyers, leaders in government, teachers. On the other side, she serves not only the unhappy, but all members of society, because her work is for and with the total community.

Like other jobs, especially those which involve service to others, social work has its off-days; days when the worker feels that no matter what she does, the work never comes to an end, days when her failures depress her, making her lie awake at night wondering what is wrong with that problem child, and why she cannot touch a responding chord in his young soul, closed to all human contact.

Social work is both a science and an art, but it is also a vocation, requiring a spirit of dedication, as well as special qualities of mind and heart. It can never be only a way to make a living, it must always be a way of life. The social worker is unlikely to figure on any monument of stone, or plaque of bronze. Her monument is the people whom she has helped to become steady in trouble and calm in face of disaster.

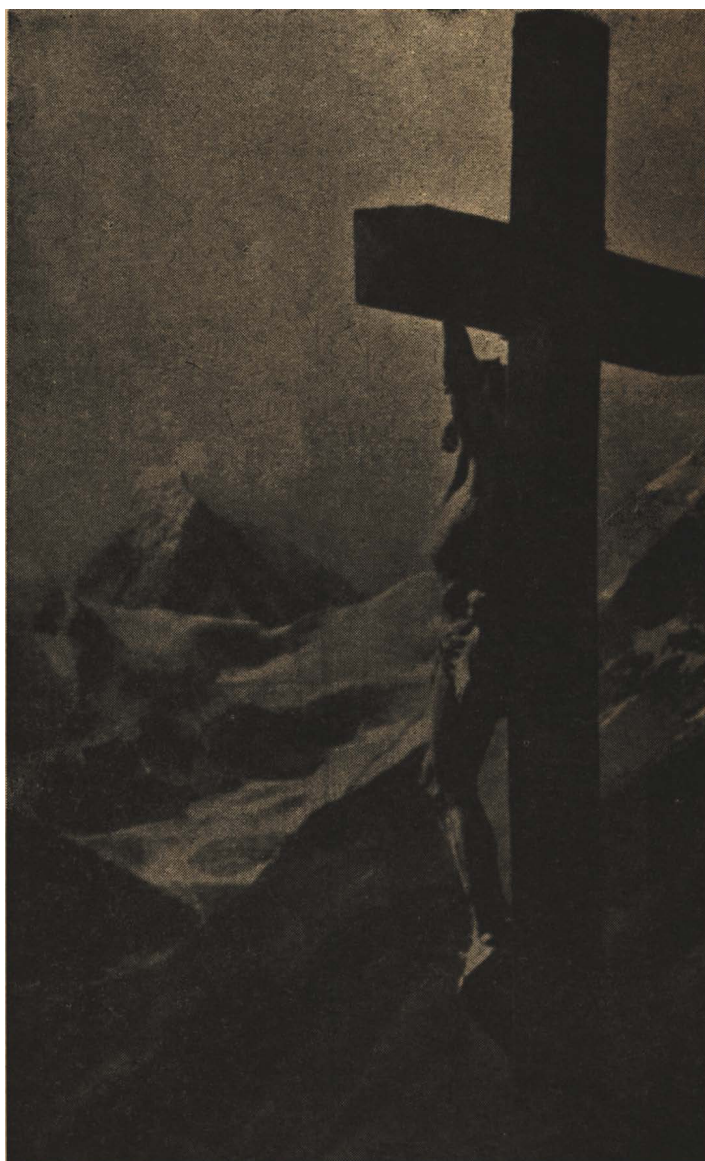
NAFIA JAMAL KAREEM

University Examinations 1966 - Results

	No. Appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of Passes
M. A. Economics	15	1	14	...	100%
English	15	...	14	...	93.3%
Indian Music	4	...	4	...	100%
History of					
Fine Arts Part I	2	Passed 2	100%
Social Work Part I	14	Passed 12	85%
Part II	12	2	9	...	91.6%
M.Sc. Mathematics	10	3	4	...	70%
III B. A.					
History	21	...	11	10	100%
Social Science	25	...	12	9	84%
Economics	67	...	4	84	56.7%
Indian Music	7	3	4	4	100%
Western Music	3	3	100%
Drawing & Painting	11	4	7	...	100%
English	26	2	9	15	100%
III B.Sc.					
Mathematics	29	19	3	5	93%
Zoology	34	4	25	5	100%
II B. A.					
English	144	...	8	133	97.9%
Language	150	29	58	62	99.3%
II B.Sc.					
English	86	...	1	79	93%
Language	86	20	44	21	100%
Ancillary Chemistry	63	Passed 58	92%
Ancillary Botany	23	Passed 23	100%
Pre-University	535	150	195	95	82.5%

LIFT
THINE EYES
TO THE MOUNTAINS
WHENCE
COMETH

HELP



**Statement about ownership and other particulars about newspaper Stella Maris College Magazine
to be published in the first issue every year after last day of February**

FORM IV—(See Rule 8)

- | | | |
|--|-----|------------------------------------|
| 1. Place of Publication | ... | 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-6 |
| 2. Periodicity of its publication | ... | Annual |
| 3. Printer's Name | ... | R. Surianarayanan |
| Nationality | ... | Indian |
| Address | ... | 11, Anderson Street, Madras-1 |
| 4. Publisher's Name | ... | Sr. M. Juliet Irene, F.M.M., M.Sc. |
| Nationality | ... | Indian |
| Address | ... | 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-6 |
| 5. Editor's Name | ... | M. M. Basil, F.M.M. |
| Nationality | ... | American |
| Address | ... | 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-6 |
| 6. Name and address of individuals
who own the newspaper and part-
ners or shareholders holding more
than one per cent of the total capital | ... | Stella Maris College, Madras-6 |

I, Sr. M. Juliet Irene, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Date: 20—10—1966

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

Printed by R. Surianarayanan at Gnanodaya Press, 11, Anderson Street, Madras-1 and
published by Sr. M. Juliet Irene at 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-6.

Editor: M. M. Basil

*with the
compliments
of*

ENGLISH ELECTRIC

With the best wishes of

KAPALI BOOK CENTRE

LUZ, MYLAPORE,

MADRAS-4

Phone: 73373



BRANCH:

No. 12, SHOPPING CENTRE,

Indian Institute of Technology,

GUINDY, MADRAS-36

PUMPS:

Supply and Erection of Pumping Machinery for Water supply, Sewage Pumping etc.

SUBSTATIONS:

Supply and Erection of Substations and Electrification work for Factories.

Consult:

Chandrie & Company Private Ltd.,

Contract & Agency Department,

20-B, Second Line Beach,

MADRAS-1

With Best Wishes of

GOPALJEE & CO.

203, Govindappa Naick St.,

P. B. No. 1255

MADRAS-1

Phone:

Office: 31815

Res.: 86358

Grams:

"ASAFOETIDA"

Dealers in

**Camphor, Asafoetida,
Black-Pepper, Colours,
Menthol etc.**

With best compliments of :-

Empee Corporation Private Ltd.,

20, Venkatachala Mudali Street,

MADRAS-3

H. O. — BOMBAY

Branches at:

Ahmedabad - Bangalore - Ernakulam
Hyderabad & Vijayawada

With Best Compliments From

RANE (MADRAS) LIMITED

Manufacturers of

Don-Flex Clutch Plates.

Quinton Hazell Rane Tie Rod Ends,

Ehrenreich Steering Linkages

Velacheri Road, Madras - 32

With the best compliments from :—



THE PILOT PEN COMPANY (INDIA) PRIVATE LIMITED

'CATHOLIC CENTRE' ARMENIAN STREET,

MADRAS - I

With the compliments of

ASHOK LEYLAND LIMITED

ENNORE, MADRAS-57

Manufacturers of

Precision-built, heavy-duty
Leyland Diesel Commercial Vehicles
and Industrial Engines

With compliments from



BAPALAL & CO.,

Diamond Merchants, Manufacturing Jewellers,
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

RATTAN BAZAAR, MADRAS-3

*with
best compliments*

from



For

all your Steel requirements

Please Contact :

SOUTH INDIA STEEL AND SUGARS LIMITED

STEEL SALES DIVISION

99, ARMENIAN STREET, MADRAS.1

Phone :

22971 (3 Lines)

Grams :

"STEELSTOCK" Madras

With the best compliments of

BARAI BROS.

Importers & Dealers in

Menthol Thymol, Aromatic Chemicals, Essential Oils, Etc.

Stockists for Menthol manufactured by Bhavana Chemicals Pvt. Ltd., Baroda

P. B. 1613,

27, Govindappa Naick Street,

MADRAS-1

Phone: 32721

Cable: BHUPAT

Telephone: { 88761
88762

Telegram: FUELPUMP

**GIVE US THE PLEASURE OF SERVING YOU!
THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPREHENSIVE RANGE OF
DIESEL PARTS UNDER ONE ROOF!!!**

SERVICING DEPARTMENTS :

Fuel Injection : Calibration of Fuel Injection
Pumps and reconditioning of
Injectors

Electrical : Electrical, Starters, Dynamo,
Magnetos and rewinding of
Motors

**Mechanical
Engineering :** Servicing of Industrial Plant
and Equipment

MANUFACTURING LINES :

'DVD' Fuel Injection Pipes

'DVD' Carbon Brushes

'DVD' Field Coils

'DVD' Governor Diaphragms

'DVD' Nozzle Testers

'DVD' Fuel Injection Equipment

'DVD' Replacement parts for P-6, Benz
and Leyland

AGENTS :

"PIONEER" 'O' Rings, Oil Seals & Synthetic Packings
Manufactured by the famous house

Messrs. Fenner Cockill Ltd., Madurai

The Indian Engineering & Trading Company

(Established 1949)

15, WALLERS ROAD, MADRAS-2

Telegrams: 'VITOPUS' Madras

Telephone: 83561 (4 lines)

GANNON, DUNKERLEY & CO. (MADRAS) LTD.

Civil Sanitary & Constructional Engineers

Registered Office:

"GDC Building", Cathedral Road, Madras-6

SPECIALISTS IN

Design & Construction of R. C. C. and
Prestressed Concrete Structures, Tunnels,
Reservoirs, Bridges, Infiltration Galleries,
Sewage disposal and other water supply and
Drainage Schemes, Sanitary Installation etc.

With Best Compliments from

Bimetal Bearings Limited

(Manufacturers of 'Clevite' thinwall engine
bearings, bushings and thrust washers)

SEMBIAM :: MADRAS-11

With best compliments

from



A. V. Thomas Group Companies

ALLEPPEY & MADRAS

With best compliments of

V. S. T. Motors Private Ltd.,

MADRAS

SALEM

-

VELLORE

-

TRICHY

Dealers

**TATA MERCEDES - BENZ
VEHICLES**

Gram :
"FLATFILES"

Phone { 25187
29521

P. B. Shah & Co. (Madras)

21, Linghi Chetty Street,
MADRAS - I

Leading Stockists and Specialists in
**Engineering and Precision Tools,
Hardware and Machineries**

Accredited dealers for

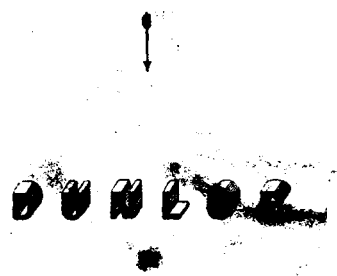
SAP Hack Saw Blades & Tools, ADDISON Tools,
I/T Drills Bits etc., WOLF Electric Tools,
KLIPCO Hose Klips, SHIVAJI Vices etc.,
GECO Revolving Centres etc., HANSA Files,
GEDORE Tools, RAJU Chain Pulley Blocks,
R. R. Brand Taps & Dies, BHARAT Hand Tools

Associates at

BOMBAY ... CALCUTTA ... HYDERABAD

With the best compliments

from



LALJEE GODHOO & CO.,
8, PERUMAL MUDALI STREET,
SOWCARPET, MADRAS-I

Phone: { 86110
86119

Gram:
'MADGAR'

Garlick & Co. Private Ltd.,
ENGINEERS
38/3, Mount Road, Madras-6

Manufacturers of:

Electric Overhead Travelling Cranes,
Tandem Vibratory Diesel Road Rollers,
Rotary Core Drills, Hot Mix Asphalt
Plants, Builders' Hoists, Stone
Crushers, Tar Boilers, Structural
and Steel Works, etc. etc.

Regd. Office:

Haines Road, Jacob Circle, Bombay-11

BRANCHES:

**Ahmedabad, Bangalore, Coimbatore,
Hyderabad, New Delhi, Trivandrum**



**Sankar Brand
Portland Cement.**



**Sankar Brand Portland
Pozzolana Cement.**

THE PHILOSOPHY (and Expediency) OF SUBSTITUTION

The Cement industry has undertaken to double its capacity in the next five years. It has plans to compress in a quinquennium the progress achieved over half a century. This is a stupendous task; and, until the goal is reached, the problem of sporadic scarcity will be very much with us.

How do the India Cements Ltd., having a big stake in the industry in the South, propose to meet the situation? The answer is Portland Pozzolana Cement additionally manufactured at their Sankarnagar Works within the present installed capacity for the production of straight Portland Cement.

Portland Pozzolana Cement conforming to Indian Standard Specification No. 1489 of 1962 can generally be used wherever ordinary Portland Cement is employed. In fact, the Pozzolana variety has the advantages of (i) improved workability, (ii) increased water tightness, (iii) improved resistance to the attack of sulphate of soils, (iv) reduced alkali aggregate reaction where reactive aggregates must be used, and (v) low susceptibility to dissolution and leaching. With Portland Pozzolana Cement, strengths similar to those of ordinary Portland Cement can be expected, provided the structure is kept for longer periods under moist curing.

As like as two peas in a pod? Not exactly. But with a handy substitute, YOUR WORK GETS DONE!

We accept import substitution as a "must" to conserve our Foreign Exchange resources. Our internal resources are not so abundant either that we could afford to reject substitution, even within the indigenous field, wherever it is feasible. Hence the topical slogan: "Fight Cement scarcity with Sankar Brand Portland Pozzolana Cement".

To cater to the requirements of the citizens of Madras City and its environs special arrangements have been made for the speedy supply of Sankar Brand Portland Pozzolana Cement. For all your needs please contact our authorised stockists. If any difficulty is experienced please contact our Sales Manager.

**Factories at:
Sankarnagar
and
Sankaridrug.**

THE INDIA CEMENTS LTD.,
"Dhun Building", 175/1, Mount Road,
Madras-2.

INVEST IN DEFENCE SAVINGS AND SERVE THE NATION

Criterion-ICT-933

With compliments from



ADDISON PAINTS & CHEMICALS LIMITED
SEMBIAM, MADRAS-11



Makers of:

SPARTAN & ADCOLAC QUALITY PAINTS.

With the compliments of



SOUTHERN STRUCTURALS LIMITED

With the best Compliments

Sri Paramakalyani College

Sri Paramakalyani High School

Sri Paramakalyani Hospital

**Alwarkurichi,
Tirunelveli District**

COMPLIMENTS OF



INDIAN OXYGEN LIMITED

IOC-129

With the best compliments of

THE NATIONAL ENGINEERING CO. (Madras) PVT. LTD.

Plot Nos. 32 A & B, Industrial Estate,
Ambattur, Madras-58



Manufacturers of
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, TRACTOR SPARE PARTS
AND OTHER MACHINERY**