



# SILVER JUBILEE



SILVER JUBILEE  
1972

Cover design by  
**KARIN KAPADIA,**  
I M.A. Literature



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STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1972

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Silver Jubilee Year

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## Editorial

The Silver Jubilee year of our College has dawned, and we pause an instant in the onward rush of our multifarious activities to gaze, Janus-like, into the past with nostalgia, into the future with hope. What this future has in store for us is merely a question for conjecture, but the history of our past bears witness to twenty-five years of effort, team-work and progress, and above all, to the bounty of God's grace. From small beginnings with a mere handful of students, Stella Maris has risen, almost meteorically, to its present position, and as we look back, we see His hand guiding the infant College along every step of its way.

As we pause at this milestone, we remember with deep affection and gratitude all those who have worked for the development of the College: in particular, Mother Klemens, now Mother Provincial, who, as Superior at St. Thomas' Convent, Mylapore, and Vicar-Provincial in 1947, toiled so untiringly for the foundation of Stella Maris; its first Principal, Mother Lillian, now in retirement in her native U.S.A.; and the third Principal, Mother Carla Rosa, now Vicar General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, at their Mother-house in Rome. From far or near they all follow with keen interest the progress of the College to which they gave so much of themselves.

Stella Maris looks forward, with confidence in God's continuing help, to many more years of fruitful service to God and India. Our aim is not merely to produce more and better graduates, but to train students who think, students who seek for truth through love, students who are aware of the needs of their country and are ready to serve it selflessly.

Vinita Rajagopal	III	B.A.
Annie Mathews	III	B.A.
Sudha Ramanathan	III	B.A.
Subhashini Natarajan	III	B.A.
Kalpagam Natarajan	III	B.A.
Indira Rama Devi	III	B.Sc.
Rita Dorairaj	II	B.A.
U. Kalpakam	II	B.A.



## In Love and Hope

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Stella Maris pays tribute to a great woman, recalled by God at the very beginning of the Silver Jubilee year.

On Jan. 28th, at the Convent of St. Rose of Viterbo in Grottaferrata, a few miles outside the city of Rome, Mother Anne Marie de Tardy de Montravel (Mother Marie de Ste. Agnes) expired peacefully at the age of 77. Fifty-five years of this life were consecrated to God's service, and the influence of her Christic personality, unflinching generosity and deep concern for the needs of each and everyone, found its echo in the five continents of the world where the missions of the Institute are at work.



Having completed her novitiate in the Chatelets, France, Mother St. Agnes was sent for a while to Morocco and in 1922 received her assignment for Chefoo, China, a mission renowned for its extreme poverty. The experience of these early days helped to forge the profound love of Franciscan poverty which marked her entire life.

In 1924, Mother St. Agnes became Superior of the poor mission of Chefoo and five years later Provincial. Then in 1932, she was recalled to Rome to assist at the Chapter convened to elect a new Mother General. Travelling from China in those days presented a problem and Mother St. Agnes was obliged to follow the route to Rome through Siberia, but trained in the school of poverty and privation, she accepted the hardships of the journey with her usual joy and serenity. At the Chapter, she was elected an Assistant General and ever since her name has been identified with the work of the Mother House.

When World War II broke out, Mother St. Agnes became Delegate General in the United States so as to keep in contact with the many missions of the Institute cut off from correspondence with Rome. During these war-torn years, she co-operated with Cardinal Cushing in founding the Archdiocesan Eucharistic Shrine in Boston, and with Senator Kennedy, father of the future President of the U.S.A., in opening the Kennedy Memorial Hospital for handicapped children in Brighton, Massachusetts, a votive offering for the Senator's eldest son, P. J. Kennedy, who was killed during the war.

When peace was restored, Mother St. Agnes returned to Rome to take up her duties in the Mother House and there she remained in humble obscurity working

indefatigably until 1960 when Mother Marguerite du Sacre Coeur, who had guided the Institute since 1932, transmitted to her the responsibility of her office of Superior General.

For twelve years, Mother St. Agnes has steered the Institute through the waters of challenge and change, made turbulent by the impact of the Vatican Council decrees and the different world events. Through these shattering years, Mother St. Agnes has been a veritable SIGN of loyalty, love and dedicated service to the cause of the Church and the Institute. Her openness to change and her readiness to adapt to whatever needed updating in the Institute, have been a source of courage to old and young alike in their effort at renewal.

1964, a year made memorable by the visit of the Holy Father Pope Paul VI to India, was ushered in by the visit of Mother St. Agnes to the F.M.M. provinces of India, beginning on Jan. 15th with that of St. Joseph, Madras. Mother General visited schools, colleges, cheris, leper asylums, and hospitals. On her return to Rome she set aside several charitable contributions for the mission works in India, such as the creche for abandoned babies at St. Thomas' Mount and other orphanages.

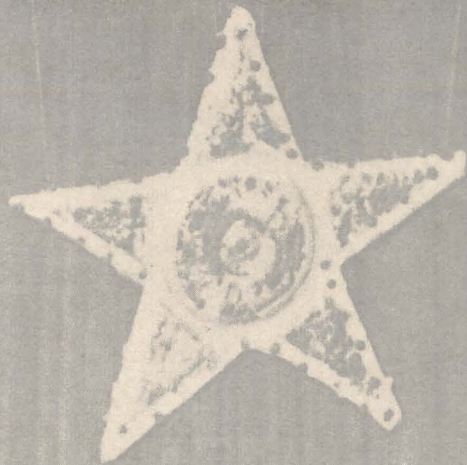
Unable to visit China, she experienced the suffering of having to close down fifty-three houses of the Institute, and during her visit to Japan, Korea and Hong-Kong in 1969, she gazed sorrowfully towards the bamboo curtain and prayed for the sisters of that country whom she kept constantly in her thoughts and prayers.

In 1966, a special Assembly of the Institute was held in Rome in preparation for the General Chapter to be held in October 1972. Mother St. Agnes presided over the work, encouraging the Institute in its updating while keeping it faithful to its spirit.

During the past five years, the decisions of this Assembly have been implemented and it was while assessing the result of these experiments that God called Mother St. Agnes to Himself. She worked up to the very last, presiding at a Commission which was convened to study Justice and Poverty in the Institute, barely three weeks before she left this earth.

The portrait that Mother St. Agnes leaves to the sisters of the Institute is that of a truly consecrated religious, a woman of steadfast purpose and unflinching kindness and gentleness, as well as a loving Mother.

SISTER MILDRID CLIFFORD, F.M.M.



Stella Maris  
shine  
on our lives  
for ever.

Silver Jubilee  
Celebrations, 1972

# Days of Silver

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A resume of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations  
on August 17th, 18th & 19th 1972.

The true Silver Jubilee anniversary of the foundation of Stella Maris College, August 15th 1972, was spent in private prayer and public rejoicing over the Silver Jubilee of India's Independence. The public celebration of our Jubilee was therefore postponed to August 17th, 18th and 19th. These were days of grace and of great happiness, which would require volumes to describe in detail : we give here just a brief resume of the activities with which they were filled.

## **August 17th : Day of Thanksgiving.**

Our Silver Jubilee celebrations began with a public act of thanksgiving to the Giver of all good gifts for the many graces and blessings bestowed on Stella Maris during the twenty-five years of its existence. At 6 p.m. a Thanksgiving Mass was concelebrated by 20 priests on the stage of our open-air theatre, with Archbishop Arulappa officiating and Fr. Balaguer, S. J., giving the commentary. Just before the Mass, Archbishop Arulappa hoisted the College flag (the national flag was already flying) to the singing of the Silver Jubilee Anthem, and Sr. Klemens, Provincial of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary and foundress of the College, lit the Silver Jubilee lamp. Scarcely had the Mass begun when the blessings of the Lord descended in a heavy shower of rain, which caused the congregation to withdraw to the verandahs of the College, from which sheltered vantage-point they joined in the offering of the Mass on the illuminated stage. Fr. Murphy, S. J., a friend of Stella Maris from its earliest days, gave a stirring homily on the meaning of the Thanksgiving Mass and the life of dedication of the Sisters. The evening's celebrations were brought to a close with the blessing by the Archbishop of the foundation stone of the new library building, the concrete memorial of our Silver Jubilee.

## **August 18 : Day of Encounter.**

One of the outstanding features of the Silver Jubilee celebrations was the series of exhibitions by classes of both the Arts and the Science Departments of the College. These were formally opened by Sr. Provincial at 9.30 a.m. and remained open until 1 p.m. on the 18th and 19th. The flood of visitors greatly admired the artistic and scientific efforts of our students, while everyone in the College rejoiced in the wonderful team spirit and devoted work that had gone into the preparation of the exhibits.

In the Art Department the history of the College, its traditions and present extra-curricular activities were most attractively represented, as well as the paintings and creative hand-work of the Art students. In the main college building the History

Department portrayed the story of India from the third century B. C. through maps, charts, drawings, coins, bronze casts, ivories and even "living figures" from history. The Mathematics Department dazzled the mind with its facts and figures, illustrating two branches in particular: astronomy, with a working model of the solar system and an illuminated "night sky in August" as highlights; and statistics, showing the results of several surveys carried out in the College, and exhibiting a variety of calculating machines. The Economics Exhibition which depicted the progress of India in the fields of agriculture, urban development and trade, was a vivid reminder to all visitors that we were celebrating the Silver Jubilee of India's Independence along with that of the College. The Sociology Department also reminded us of the growth of independent India with its portrayal of social work in city slums and community development in rural areas. The large slogan DON'T JUST STAND THERE IDLE aptly summarised the need for social action emphasized throughout this exhibition. The Psychology Section drew large crowds because of the numerous interesting tests and experiments conducted there—everyone seemed very eager to discover her own I. Q.

The Science exhibits vied with the Arts in colour, variety and interest. The Zoology Department worked out the theme "Zoology in relation to Human Welfare" through a display of embryos, life-size models of the vital organs, an Evolution Tree and a Geographical Time Scale. The Botany Department had arranged a beautiful flower display as well as live specimens and models of plant families, diagrams and slides. Their puppet show, illustrating the gradual evolution of plants was greatly appreciated by all visitors.

The Chemistry Exhibition stimulated interest in the subject by relating chemistry to everyday life through models, charts, photographs, quizzes and tests, and a display of such chemical wonders as fire-proof cloth and dancing moth balls.

Shanti Bhavan, our Social Welfare Centre, fittingly refrained from making a special exhibition, but invited visitors to drop in and see the everyday work of the Centre, which includes a creche, two nursery classes, a home management course for young girls, sewing classes, and a clinic.

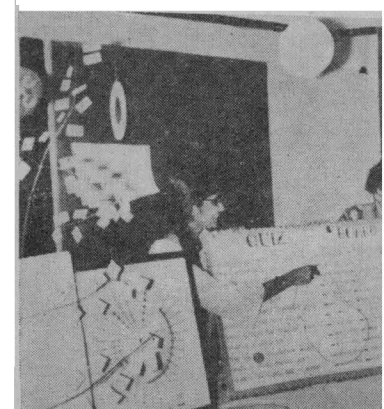
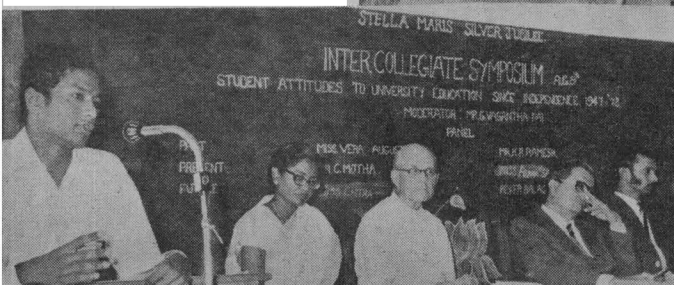
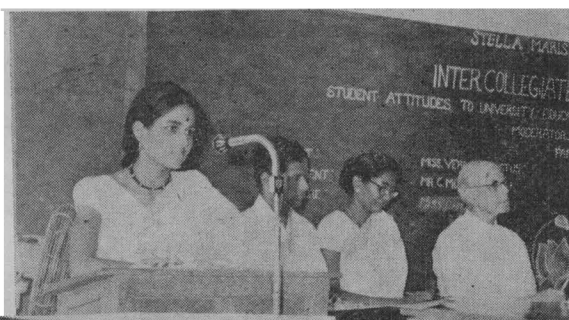
The whole exhibition, which required hours to see thoroughly, illustrated the efforts of the students to relate their subjects to the community, and was a revelation of their talents, initiative and ability to work together on a large common project. The cheerful welcome they gave to visitors, and the clarity and completeness of their explanations and questions were highly appreciated.

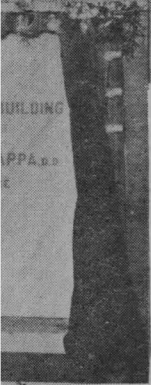
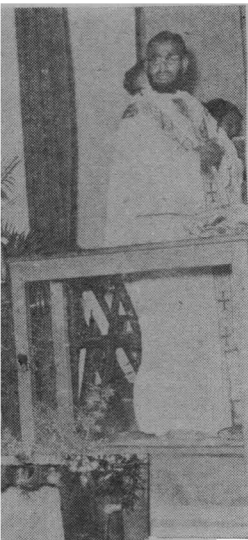
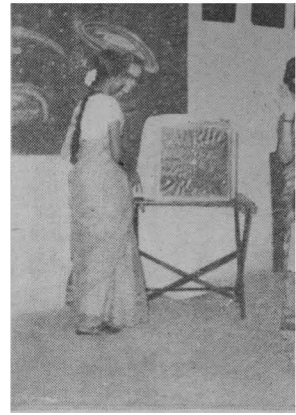
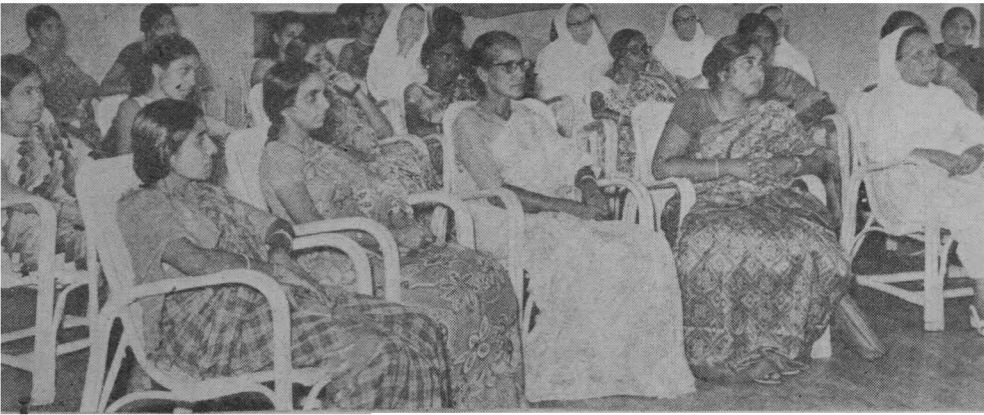
At 3 p.m. on August 18th the Association of Social Workers was inaugurated. This is an attempt to gather our trained Social Workers together for common projects, and also to make known the graduates of the Social Work course and increase the demand for such trained workers.

After this, the members of the Faculty were "at home" to students past and present, who gathered in large numbers to partake of the Jubilee Tea. It was a joy to



FOUNDATION STONE  
 OF THIS  
 SILVER JUBILEE COMMEMORATION  
 WAS BLESSED BY  
 HIS GRACE MOST REV. RAYAPPA ARCHBISHOP OF MADRAS, MYL.  
 AND LAID BY  
 M. KLEMENS, M. F. M.,  
 PROVINCIAL SUPERIOR  
 ON 17<sup>th</sup> AUGUST 1972





meet many old friends, including representatives of the very first group of Stella Marians, the valiant 32 of 1947. The gathering was welcomed by the President of the Old Students' Association, addressed briefly by our former Principal, Sr. Proinsias, and our present Principal, Sr. Juliet Irene, and entertained by members of the Music Club. As soon as tea was over, buses began to ply between Stella Maris and Loyola. Rain was threatening again, so it was considered wiser to accept the Jesuit Fathers' kind offer of their spacious Bertram Hall for our Public Meeting, rather than risk another shower at an open-air function in our own grounds. This gesture on the part of the Jesuits was one more in a long series of kindnesses shown by them to Stella Maris over the years.

The Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore opened the Public Meeting with a prayer of invocation. Sr. Sheila O'Neill, Vice-Principal and former Principal of Stella Maris, then welcomed the large gathering and read extracts from the many encouraging messages received on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee. Archbishop Angelo Fernandez of Delhi in his presidential address pleaded for a serious commitment to social service on the part of students, rather than sporadic acts of service. Sr. Juliet Irene, our Principal, read a special Silver Jubilee Report that succinctly covered major events in the life of the College over the past twenty-five years. The Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, Mr. N. Sundaravadivelu, congratulated Stella Maris on being one of the foremost women's Colleges in the University. Dr. Sp. Shanmuganathan, Principal of Pachaiyappa's College, addressed the gathering on behalf of the parents, and Mrs. Shyamala Raman spoke on behalf of past students. Mr. A. Dorairaj, legal adviser to the College since 1947, paid a tribute to the founders and benefactors of Stella Maris, in particular to Sr. Klemens, foundress, the late Archbishop Mathias and our former Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J., who had been a pillar of strength to our foundresses in 1947 and after, surprised and delighted his largely feminine audience by turning his words of praise for Stella Maris into a glowing tribute to Indian womanhood. The vote of thanks was given by Sr. Proinsias, former Principal of Stella Maris, now Principal of Maris Stella College, Vijayawada.

#### **August 19th : A Day for Others**

While the exhibitions continued to welcome crowds of visitors, student delegates from many of the City Colleges gathered in Assunta Hall at 10 a.m. for an Inter-collegiate Symposium on "Student Attitudes to University Education Since Independence". Mr. Vasantha Pai was a most able moderator; the panel of speakers consisted of three educators and three students. Miss Vera Augustus, Head of the Department of History at Women's Christian College, and Mr. K. R. Ramesh, a student of I. I. T., spoke on student attitudes in the past, 1947-65; Miss Rekha Shetty, a post-graduate Social Work student of Stella Maris, and Mr. C. Motha, lecturer in Economics at Loyola, dealt with present attitudes; while Miss Chitra of Ethiraj and Fr. Balaguer, S. J., former Principal of St. Xavier's College, Bombay, prophesied what might be the attitudes of future students. Between and after the talks there were sessions of open discussion; the number of students from the different colleges who participated in these showed their interest in the topical subject.



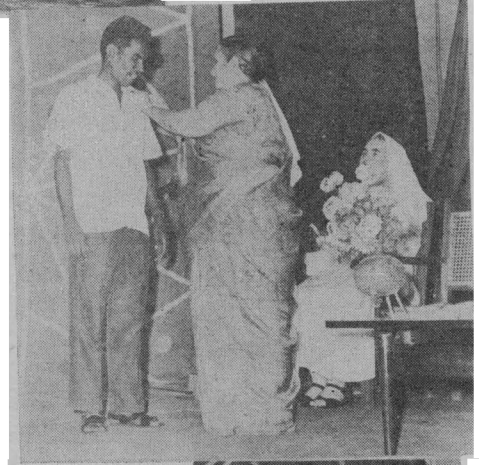
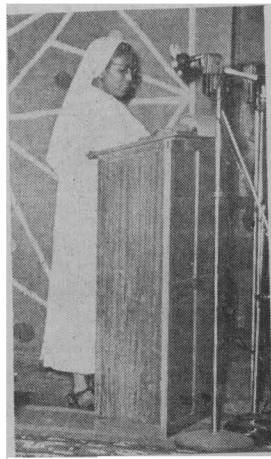
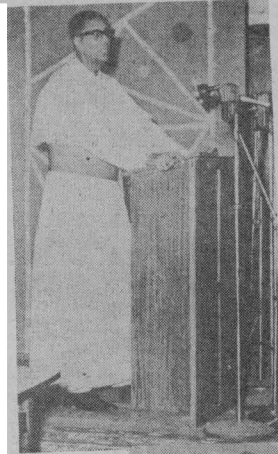
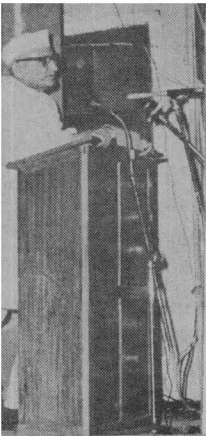
The "Day for Others" had to include the less privileged, so the poor of the neighbouring slums were invited in to a gala lunch prepared for them and served by our Social Welfare Centre and the staff and students of the National Service Scheme.

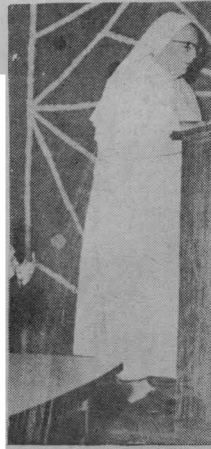
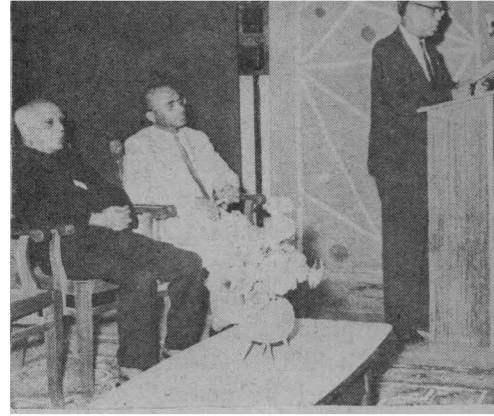
That evening the Silver Jubilee celebrations culminated in a beautiful programme of dance and song entitled "Our Cultural Heritage" and presided over by His Excellency K. K. Shah, Governor of Tamil Nadu. The huge Bertam Hall was filled to overflowing with every available chair occupied, and crowds of students packed, standing, in the galleries and on the verandahs. Mrs. Ramani, lecturer in Economics, welcomed the guests, and His Excellency gave the Presidential Address, appealing to parents to be truly concerned with the welfare of their children. Mrs. Shah then presented Jubilee Awards, on behalf of the Management, to all the members of the academic and non-teaching staff who had served Stella Maris for twenty years or more. They are :

Sr. Edith, Professor of Fine Arts for 24 years  
Sr. Silvestra, Professor of Drawing & Painting for 24 years  
Mrs. Shantha, Lecturer in Physics for 23 years  
Miss Visalakshi, Lecturer in Chemistry for 23 years  
Sr. David, Professor of Western Music for 23 years  
Miss Leela, Lecturer in Indian Music for 21 years  
Sr. Louise Teresia, Professor of English for 21 years  
Mrs. Darley Varghese, Lecturer in Hindi for 21 years  
Mrs. Chandra Parthasarathy, Lecturer in Tamil for 21 years  
Sr. Eanswida, Professor of Social Work for 20 years  
Sr. Magdalen, Professor of Mathematics for 20 years  
Mrs. Jayalakshmi, Lecturer in Tamil for 20 years  
Mrs. Mangaladurai, Physical Directress for 20 years  
Mr. Sundararajan and Mr. Packiam of the Office Staff  
Miss Susheela, our Librarian for 20 years  
Mr. Sebastian, our gardener for 24 years  
Mr. Doss, our Physics Attender for 21 years

Each award-winner received hearty applause as his or her silver medal was pinned on, but perhaps none more than the last two named. A representative of each class then came forward to receive attractive printed souvenirs for the students of her class.

The programme that followed was a reminder of the unity in diversity that is India's cultural heritage. After an invocation dance by two alumnae, asking God's continued blessings on the College, came a classical Thillana, expressive of vibrant joy, then a series of folk dances from different parts of India. The lively Kuravanji dance was from our own state of Tamil Nadu; Kerala was represented by an Onam dance, the Punjab by the exuberant Bhangra dance. Colourful dances of Gujarat and Orissa





were also performed, all reflecting the devoted training of Mrs. Padma, the dance teacher. The dances were punctuated by music from our Indian Orchestra, songs to the accompaniment of a guitar, and choruses by the College Choir, skilfully trained by an alumna, Mrs. Gita Menon. The final harvest dance symbolized the harvest of education reaped with gratitude in the twenty-five years since the first seed was sown. A picturesque tableau brought all the dancers in their colourful costumes onto the stage, holding boat-shaped lamps, while in the background a white-and-silver-clad Stella Maris pointed up to an illuminated star, thus bringing together the two symbols of the College seal, the boat and the star.

Sr. Angela, Superior of Stella Maris, proposed an eloquent vote of thanks to all who had organized the Silver Jubilee celebrations and all who had participated in them. The stirring notes of the college anthem rang out — a familiar tune and prayer that echoed through all hearts :

Stella Maris shine on our lives forever  
Until our souls are radiant with thy light.  
Star of the Sea, our eyes shall seek thy guidance ;

this was followed by the Jana Gana Mana, bringing to a close the grace-filled days of the double Silver Jubilee — of Stella Maris and of India's Independence — days in which the blessings of the Lord were received in abundance, with joyous gratitude.

Sr. SHEILA O'NEILL, F.M.M.  
Head of Department of English.

## "Give thanks to the Lord"

Looking back over these 25 years of the meteoric rise of Stella Maris from its foundation in Mylapore, marking the first Independence Day, August 15th 1947, our hearts unite with the psalmist in exclaiming "Give thanks to the Lord for He is good...for great is His steadfast love towards us..." Ps. 118. To Him be all the honour and praise! The work itself had its source in the inspiration of the Spirit and has been visibly sustained by God throughout these years. This accounts for the special characteristic of the College and its main objective to form women of character who will serve the nation and their fellow-men with disinterested loyalty.



Those of us who had the privilege of sowing the seed, regret nothing of the sacrifices and struggles involved in the foundation years and today the 'Sower' and the 'Reaper' rejoice together as we celebrate its 25th anniversary.

May Stella Maris grow from strength to strength and be a real power for good in Tamil Nadu and in our beloved India.

St. Thomas Convent,  
Mylapore,  
Madras

(Sd.) SR. M. KLEMENS, F.M.M.  
Provincial Superior,  
Franciscan Sisters of Mary

## From Our Principals

A Silver Jubilee message from each of the five Principals of Stella Maris to its staff and students, past and present.



From afar, I unite in your joy on this significant date. To the Giver of all good gifts, a prayer of gratitude arises from the bottom of my heart.

Twenty-five years have gone by since those early days when the college was seeking its identity. In my mind there are loving memories of the seven happy years passed in your midst at that time.

A day of jubilee also speaks future tense. Like the gleam of dawn, it sheds the light of hope on time to come. To the youth of tomorrow it offers the promise of great things; and I wish to one and all the blessings of success.

May the ideals of truth and love, which are the great values that Stella Maris stands for, be light, strength and comfort for each member of the staff and student body of dear Stella Maris.  
North Providence,  
Rhode Island, U. S. A. (Sd.) SR. M. LILLIAN, F.M.M.

\* \* \* \*

Stella Maris was eight years old when I became its second Principal. Its roots were already deep and it was a College of repute, with 700-800 students on the rolls. My task during those six happy years was to nurture the young plant.

The first challenge came in 1956, when the two-year Intermediate Course was replaced by the Pre-University Course. In 1959 Stella Maris became a Post-Graduate College when the two M. A. courses in English Literature and Economics were introduced. Then in 1960 the transfer of the College from its temporary home in Mylapore to its present lovely site took place.

All these events entailed difficulty and adventure. But it was a pleasure to see the students rise to every occasion, exhibiting an ever-increasing spirit of loyalty and selfless service.

The students I knew were rich in initiative. Many of them developed into excellent leaders and they are now holding positions of responsibility throughout the length and breadth of the country.

The same wonderful spirit marks Stella Maris students to-day, and it is my earnest prayer that it will ever be so. May Stella Maris continue to make her valuable contribution to the intellectual, cultural and social development of India and may God bless all her students past, present and to come.

Maris Stella College, (Sd.) Sr. ANNE MARIE DALY, F.M.M.  
Vijayawada, A.P. (M. Proinsias)



The happy privilege of being amongst the first members of Stella Maris at the time of its foundation, is not to be easily forgotten.

During the initial years, when, thanks to the less numerous student body, a close and almost intimate interpersonal relationship was possible, a deep appreciation on my part, of Indian culture was nurtured and grew. Then for eighteen years I watched some of India's finest young women blossom and mature.

Today Indian youth is at a cross-road. It is my fond hope that this youth, one of the most promising of the times may be enabled to build up that new world for which we all long. It is on behalf of this brave new world, that I place my hope in Stella Maris. As in the past, so in the years to come, may she foster, by her oft-repeated invitation, that inherent leaning toward truth and charity.

12 Via Giusti,  
Rome, Italy.

(Sd.) Sr. LUIGIA VITTORIA ALINI, F.M.M.  
(M. Carla Rosa)

\* \* \* \*

Across the years I have watched the growth, not just of an institution, but of a spirit. A spirit of service, of generosity, that has inspired thousands of girls in the degree in which they were open to it. As Stella Maris celebrates its Silver Jubilee, I thank God for His unfailing help in the establishment and physical growth of the College, but even more for this spirit that has evolved among our staff and students. Blending the buoyancy and idealism of youth with the wisdom of maturity, may it lead many more young women of India to serve God and neighbour with selfless dedication in both public and private life.

There are great deeds to be done in the home and in society. May every graduate of Stella Maris bring the needed touch of greatness to even the smallest details of existence, in the spirit of truth, service and love.

Stella Maris College,  
Madras-600 086.

(Sd.) Sr. SHEILA O'NEILL, F.M.M.  
(M. Joseph Michael)





It is to the present generation of students that I have the happiness of addressing myself on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Stella Maris. While looking back on the past 25 years, we are filled with a deep sense of gratitude at what we have been able to achieve with God's help. As we look optimistically into the future with all its challenges and opportunities, we renew our determination and zeal to strive constantly to prepare dedicated young women who will give themselves generously in the service of our motherland.

The 25th anniversary of the foundation of Stella Maris coincides with the 25th anniversary of India's Independence, and as we rejoice in Free India's achievements in this first quarter century we realise that this should also be a time for introspection. A time when we see individually and as a nation what should be done for the economic, social and spiritual uplift of our people. And while we settle in this mood of introspection on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of our Independence, it becomes necessary to ask what direction the College should take in the next quarter century to provide its contribution for the growth and development of our country.

May the students who enjoy the formative and refining influence of college life, march forward with determination and strength, ready to meet with resourcefulness and courage whatever responsibilities life may present to them in the future, thus becoming a credit and asset to the nation.

Stella Maris College,  
Madras-600 086.

(Sd.) SR. IRENE MATHIAS, F.M.M.  
(M. Juliet Irene)



## Jubilee Messages

RASHTRAPATI BHAVAN,  
NEW DELHI-4.

The President is glad to know that the Silver Jubilee of the Stella Maris College, Madras, will be celebrated in August, 1972. He sends his congratulations on the occasion and best wishes for the continued progress of the College.

(Sd.) A. M. ABDUL HAMID  
Press Secretary to the  
President of India.

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FORT ST. GEORGE,  
MADRAS-9.

I am glad to know that the Stella Maris College will be celebrating its Silver Jubilee Celebrations on the 17th, 18th, and 19th August 1972. I take this opportunity to offer my felicitations to the Members of the Board of Management and wish the Silver Jubilee Celebrations success.

(Sd.) M. KARUNANIDHI  
Chief Minister,  
Government of Tamilnadu.

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NEW DELHI-21.

I thank you for the kind invitation to attend the Silver Jubilee celebration of the College, but regret it will not be possible for me to do so.

I am, however, happy to have this opportunity of extending my good wishes to the College faculty and students for the success of their function.

With my kind regards, I remain,

(Sd.) JOHN GORDON  
Apostolic Pro-Nuncio.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,  
BOMBAY-1.

I have received your letter of 20th July 1972; and I have great pleasure in sending you a Message of congratulation on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee on 15th August. Truly it is a date very dear to every Indian.

I know from all reports how much the College has done for the education of young women in that part of India. I yet remember how there was some hesitation on the part of your Congregation to take up that work. All the same your Superiors took a bold decision and they can look back on these 25 years with great satisfaction and joy. I send my best wishes and blessings.

(Sd.) VALERIAN CARDINAL GRACIAS,  
Archbishop of Bombay.

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ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,  
KERALA.

I am glad to learn that the Stella Maris College is celebrating its Silver Jubilee on the 15th of August, 1972. It is indeed a happy coincidence that our great Nation too holds the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of its Independence on the same day. I am sure that Mother India, on this occasion, must be feeling proud of Stella Maris that has rendered most dedicated services to her student population for the last quarter of a century. Gladly associating myself with the celebrations, I invoke God's blessings upon the College.

(Sd.) JOSEPH CARDINAL PARECATTIL,  
Archbishop of Ernakulam.

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RAJ BHAVAN,  
MADRAS.

I am happy to know that the Silver Jubilee of Stella Maris College will be celebrated on the 15th August 1972. I offer my warmest greetings to the Mother, Principal, staff and students on this happy occasion. I congratulate the College, which is known for its high standards, discipline and merit on its excellent record of service to the cause of women's education in Tamil Nadu. I wish the Silver Jubilee celebrations success.

(Sd.) K. K. SHAH,  
Governor of Tamil Nadu.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,  
NEW DELHI-1.

I gladly associate myself with all well-wishers of Stella Maris in thanksgiving to God for the splendid service which the College has rendered to the women and city of Madras over the last twenty-five years.

In the interests of that full development of the human person which is the goal of all education, may the years ahead see an even greater shift of emphasis from formation for individual betterment to education for the common good.

May Stella Maris become a pace-setter in education for social change, which, more even than concern for the poor and service of the underprivileged, is the challenge of the seventies for College and University.

(Sd.) ARCHBISHOP ANGELO FERNANDES,  
Archbishop of Delhi.

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ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,  
NAGPUR.

This is to congratulate you on the attainment of 25 years of service in Stella Maris College. It is a record of splendid work carried out by the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. Knowing them as I do, I could expect nothing less, for the Franciscan Sisters have always excelled in any work to which they have put their hands. Even though their Foundress did not contemplate a large engagement in educational work, yet over the years the Franciscan Sisters of Mary have proved their ability to engage in any type of work which the Church in India demands and their success in education has rivalled their success in other avenues. I can only congratulate the staff of Stella Maris on what it has achieved and insist on my hopes that the College will achieve even greater glory in the future.

(Sd.) ARCHBISHOP L. RAYMOND,  
Archbishop of Nagpur

BISHOP'S HOUSE,  
BELLARY.

As one closely and personally associated with Stella Maris College, especially in its beginnings, I am very happy indeed to send a message on the occasion of the College Silver Jubilee.

I recall to mind how on one occasion, nearly 25 years ago, Dr. A. Laxmanaswami Mudaliar, the then Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, called Stella Maris College a 'Miracle'. It appeared on the scene quite suddenly—at least, so it seemed to many. Its growth was phenomenal. And in no time, it established itself as one of the best and most wanted Colleges in the State.

The 'Miracle' has continued over the years.

The Staff of the College under the able and inspiring leadership of successive Principals, such giants as Mother Lillian and Mother Carla Rosa, caught this spirit of Stella Maris College and have been carrying on and continuing the miracle of turning out splendid young women who have been covering themselves with glory and honours in every walk of life in the country.

I wish the Silver Jubilee celebrations all success and invoke God's choicest blessings on the Sisters, Staff and Students of Stella Maris College.

(Sd.) AMBROSE P. YEDDANAPALLI, O.F.M.,  
Bishop of Bellary.

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MYLAPORE,  
MADRAS.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan is glad to know that the Stella Maris College will be celebrating its Silver Jubilee on the 15th August, 1972. He sends his best wishes for the success of the celebrations and the future of the College.

(Sd.) C. RAMASUBBAN,  
P. S. to Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS,  
MADRAS-5.

I am happy to learn that Stella Maris College will be celebrating its Silver Jubilee on the 15th August 1972, an occasion when the Silver Jubilee of India's Independence will be commemorated by people in all walks of life throughout the length and breadth of this country. 15th August 1947 marked an important epoch in the history of India, and it is a happy coincidence that Stella Maris College was also founded on that historic date under the guidance of the Very Rev. Mother Margaret of the Sacred Heart, Superior-General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. It is a matter for gratification that this College, which started with a strength of 32 students in 1947, has grown steadily and made remarkable progress during these 25 years. It is now one of the leading women's colleges in the Madras University area, and several postgraduate courses in humanities and sciences are being taught in this institution. The Management, Principal and staff have spared no pains in inculcating among the students high ideals of scholastic endeavour, and the students of this College have acquitted themselves very creditably in the examinations.

It gives me genuine pleasure to offer, on behalf of the University of Madras and on my own behalf, warm greetings and felicitations to the Management, Staff and students of the College on this festive occasion. I wish the College all success and continued progress in the future.

(Sd.) N. D. SUNDARAVADIVELU,  
Vice-Chancellor.

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MADRAS-6.

I am very glad to hear that the Stella Maris College is celebrating its Silver Jubilee in August 1972. I am sure the celebrations will be a grand success.

Stella Maris College both in its size and content is to-day one of the premier Women's Colleges in South India. The popularity of the college is such that it is very difficult to get admission. I congratulate all of those who worked for the college during the first quarter century of its existence.

May the future of the college be even more glorious.

(Sd.) V. T. TITUS,  
Director of Collegiate Education.

DELHI-6.

Stella Maris is as old as free India, it has grown up side by side with the new India and in growing up, it has also helped the new India to grow by training and sending forth generations of bright young girls who have become the wives and mothers, the teachers and nurses and doctors, the social workers, the artists and the scholars of this country. Who can estimate the contribution thus made to the human development of the people of India!

Stella Maris College is a proof of the sense of belonging that marks the Christian community of India which has shown its entire solidarity with the rest of the nation by giving of its best to the service of all the people through thousands of schools, hospitals and other social and charitable institutions.

Stella Maris is a living sign of the commitment of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, who, founded in this country almost a century ago, have gone forth to the entire world, but continue to serve India in a hundred different ways, through the dedicated competence of members belonging to every nation under the sun, including of course women from every corner of this great land.

Stella Maris is a sign of the new India where women are rapidly pulling level with and even surpassing men in all fields of endeavour.

Remembering all this we shall offer thanks to God. Thinking of the future we shall plan, ponder and reflect how to make the next twenty-five years more fruitful, not in the same beaten paths, but in avenues and directions suited to the needs of the morrow. Thus adapting, changing and yet remaining ever the same in spirit with courage and with confidence in the providence of God and the decency of men, the college will always remain, true to its name, a guiding star to many on the storm-tossed sea of life.

(Sd.) T. A. MATHIAS, S.J.,  
Hony. Gen. Secretary  
All India Association for  
Christian Higher Education

**Stella Maris : the first 25 Years**



**the seed is sown**

# A Brief History — 1947 to 1972

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A flash-back over the salient events of the first quarter century at Stella Maris.

A detailed account of a single week's activities of the college nowadays would already be voluminous; but the full history of twenty-five long years would not be readable — even if anyone could be persuaded to write it. So we will merely attempt a chronology of a few outstanding events, which will bring a feast of memories to those who lived them without surfeiting those who did not.

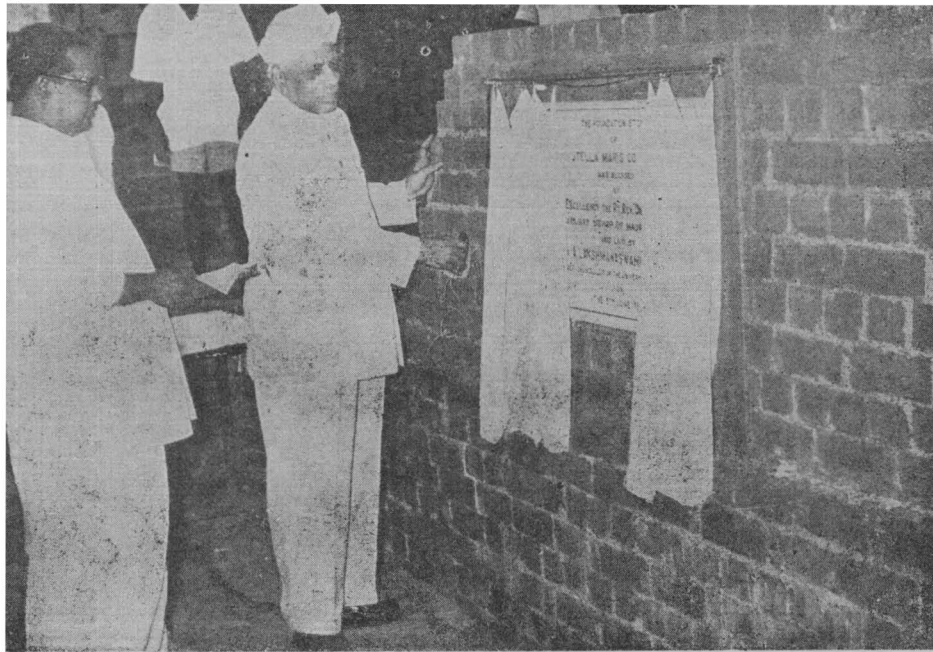
The main features of college life — study, sports, extra-curricular activities, social service, Catholic Action — were the same for the 32 students of 1947 as for the 1800 of 1972 and probably the enthusiasm of the few in the '40s was just as great as that of the many in the '70s. But just because they have always been in the ordinary daily routine they will not be referred to here, and the whole teeming variety of college life must be imagined behind this bare outline.

- January, 1947 :            Seeing the great need for the higher education of women and the very limited opportunities available in Madras, the Archbishop Dr. Louis Mathias invited the Provincial Superior to start a Catholic Women's College. Within a few months the multiple negotiations were completed, staff were gathered from three continents, temporary accommodation and equipment were provided, and on 15th August 1947 Stella Maris College was opened under the direction of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, whose Mother General at that time was Mother Marguerite du Sacre Coeur. Mother Klemens, the Superior of St. Thomas' Convent, Mylapore, where the new College was to be established, and whose energy and foresight had so speedily made the educational vision a reality, was the acting Principal until the arrival of Mother Lillian, M.A., from America in January 1948.
- 15th August, 1947 :        Entertainment at St. Raphael's High School to celebrate the Declaration of India's Independence and the opening of Stella Maris College.
- 19th August, 1947 :        Classes began in the St. Thomas Training School building.
- 30th January, 1948 :       Religious service to commemorate the tragic death of Mahatma Gandhi.
- 1948 to 1949 :            Affiliation granted as a First-Grade College.
- 2nd January, 1949 :       Commemoration service for Sarojini Naidu.



- 1949 to 1950 : The college was transferred to buildings in Palace Road (now the Rosary Matriculation School). There were already 260 students, in Intermediate and Undergraduate classes (B.A. Economics).
- The College was visited twice this year by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, who wrote in the Visitors' Book : "It was a great pleasure to visit this college which has made such magnificent progress in the short space of a couple of years—I am sure this Institution will play a notable part in the promotion of women's education in these parts of India and I wish the Institution every success."
- 1950 to 1951 : Affiliation granted for Western Music. Margaret Paul, Claire Albuquerque, Gita Menon headed the long list of pianists who during the years have filled Stella Maris with their melody.
- 1951 to 1952 : The enrolment reached 419. Permanent recognition for the College was granted in the University of Madras and B.A. Courses in Mathematics, Indian Music, Drawing & Painting were introduced.
- 1952 to 1953 : Affiliation was granted for Natural Science in the Intermediate Course, and the pioneering batch of ardent aspirants to the medical profession was admitted.
- October, 1952 : The "Grand Circus — Talk of the Town" drew crowds to an entertainment which raised funds for a college bus. Old students writing back to their Alma Mater still identify themselves as "The hind-legs of the elephant". Amateur giraffes, camels and horses made this a truly stupendous show.
- December, 1952 : Stella Maris gave hospitality to the 600 women student delegates to the National Students' Congress of the A.I.C.U.F. held at Loyola College.
- 1953 to 1954 : A Post-graduate Diploma Course in Social Service was started under the direction of M. Eanswida.
- 1954 to 1955 : Presentation of Dance Drama "Canticle of the Sun" for the inauguration of the Madras Cultural Academy.
- October, 1954 : Visit of Cardinal Gracias to the College.
- The open-air theatre was built and used for the Beatification Celebrations for Sr. Assunta.

- 1955 to 1956 :         · Mother Lillian left for the U.S.A. and was replaced by Mother Proinsias as Principal. The students now numbered 700. A new course B. Music (combining Indian and Western Music) was opened.
- March, 1956 :           A University Commission inspected all the Departments.
- 1956 to 1957 :         Affiliation for B.Sc. Zoology.
- The Pre-University one-year course replaced the Intermediate Course.
- 1957 to 1958 :         B.A. History Course was opened.
- The students now numbered 730, and 22 acres of land in Cathedral Road were acquired to house eventually the rapidly growing college. The students of the Diploma of Social Service and some hostelites were transferred to the old Portuguese buildings at "The Cloisters". Great efforts began to raise money for the new building, and collections, entertainments and a Fancy Fete were organised for the Building Fund.
- February, 1958 :       In this centenary year of the apparitions at Lourdes, Stella Maris was the first Madras College to undertake a European tour, when 20 students with Mother Oliveria and Mother Proinsias visited Lourdes, Munich, London and Rome.
- 1958 to 1959 :         Affiliation obtained for M.A. Indian Music and B.A. History of Fine Arts.
- Famous visitors to Madras this year were the Duke of Edinburgh, whom the College President Rita Lovett garlanded as he drove down San Thome High Road, and Cardinal Gracias, who was received in the College.
- October, 1958 :        The Foundation stone of Our Lady's Hostel at Cathedral Road was blessed by the Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore, Dr. Louis Mathias.
- March, 1959 :           Building of the new Science Block was started.
- 1959 to 1960 :         M.A. Courses in Economics and English Literature were started.



June, 1959 :

The Foundation Stone of the Main College building was laid and Our Lady's Hostel declared open by Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor.

March, 1960 :

No sooner were the last classes finished in the Mylapore buildings than battalions of furniture-movers descended to transport the hundreds of chairs, tables, books and equipment to the new premises in Cathedral Road. Mammoth laboratory tables 20 feet long were deftly swung out of second-storey rooms and re-installed in the new buildings where the cement was scarcely dry, and lorries generously lent by S. R. V. S. and other city firms plied ceaselessly to and fro.

1960 to 1961 :

The new college buildings were blessed by Bishop Carvalho and classes began in June.

July, 1960 :

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, then Vice-President of India, officially opened the new college buildings, the second Hostel and the open-air stage. The function, which took place in front of the college, was attended by the Vice-Chancellor, and many distinguished guests including parents, friends and benefactors who had contributed to the establishment of the college in its permanent position. Students revelled in the green tree-shaded grounds which stretched on every side.

November, 1960 :

Delight in the rustic surroundings was slightly adulterated by the impact of the heaviest rains of the century. Shrubs, trees, pathways disappeared beneath the waters which gushed in from higher-lying regions even after the rains had stopped. The various buildings became islands in one vast lake—the arrival of a fire engine to pump out the waters completed the picturesque scene.

1961 to 1962 : B.A. Social Science course was opened.

Mother Proinsias, Principal since 1955, was transferred to Vijayawada to open Maris Stella College there, and in August, Mother Oliveria who had initiated and carried out the establishment of the college in its new position, left for Ooty.

August 1961 : Mother Carla Rosa became Principal.

October 1961 : The Student-Centre building was occupied by the Fine Arts Department on the first floor and Indian Music practicals on the ground-floor.

March, 1962 : The custom of a valedictory service with tree-planting by the outgoing students was started.

1962 to 1963 : The enrolment was now 1080.

M.A. Courses in Fine Arts and Social Work were opened. The Social Welfare Centre was completed, with Dispensary, Creche and Infant School for very poor children and a Sewing - Class for young girls from the slums.

October 1962 : The "Stella Marian" a paper written by students for students was produced by Senior undergraduates.

This year all the old College Associations were given new life through the encouragement of student initiative. The Basha Sanga (later combined with the Dramatics Association to form the Basha Nataka Sangha), the Kala Club, Current Affairs Club sprang into being, and the Newman Association for staff members and post-graduates. Socials, variety entertainments, film-



shows, a Book Week organised by the C.S.U. and a Science Exhibition were some of the many activities.

December 1962 : In the emergency caused by the Chinese aggression a unit of the N.C.C. was formed and 48 students took part in the Republic Day Parade.

1963 to 1964 : Affiliation for B.A. Branch XII English Literature.  
An Orientation Week to help new-comers to get acquainted with the college was held for the first time.



January, 1964 : Visit of the Mother General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, Mother Marie de Ste. Agnes. After a reception Mother

General visited the different departments and presided at the College Day prize-giving. The dancers performed an Indian ballet on the theme "The Star of the Sea".

1964 to 1965 : Opening of M.Sc. Mathematics and B.Sc. Chemistry Courses.

A Praesidium of the Legion of Mary was started.

Riots and unrest over the "Anti-Hindi Agitation" caused frequent interruptions of class and postponement of public examinations till the burning heat of May.

The last college block, now known as Assunta Building, was completed.

1965 to 1966 : The students now numbered 1435.

Various "Weeks" occasioned interesting exhibitions such as News, Hobbies, the Church in India, Books.

November 1965 : The N.C.C. and 400 students took part in a rally to honour the visit of the Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Sastri.

The first "Day of Discovery", a prayer-day for non-catholics was organised.

December 1965 : Stella Maris took a prominent part in the A. I. C. U. F. National Convention held at Loyola College.

1966 to 1967 : Mother Carla Rosa, having been appointed Vicar-General of the Congregation, could not return to India. Sister Joseph Michael (Sheila O'Neill) became Principal.

Student activities included a campaign to relieve hunger, organisation of Careers and Social Service Weeks and the creation of a "Beat-Group", the Uniques.



- December 1966 : The Canteen was inaugurated in the Students' Centre.
- 1967 to 1968 : An upper storey was added to the Welfare Centre.
- November 1967 : The Women's Colleges of Madras presented Dr. A. L. Mudaliar on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as Vice-Chancellor with a Silver Rolling Shield for Inter-Collegiate Fine Arts Competitions.
- 1968 to 1969 : Sr. Juliet Irene became Principal.  
The National Service Corps was established and started Literacy Work, Kitchen-gardening, slum-visiting.
- August 1968 : Stella Maris won the Silver Jubilee Trophy for the Dr. A. L. Mudaliar Inter-Collegiate Sports Championship.  
The student newspaper changed its name to "Udaya".  
A choir of about 50 girls directed by Mrs. Woolf gave outstanding music performances in College and in the city.
- October 1968 : The U.N.O. Mock Session drew keen participants—including for the first time men students—from all the city colleges.
- January, 1969 : The College presented its first full-length play, "A Man for All Seasons" at the Museum Theatre.
- 1969 to 1970 : The Constitution of the new "Student Union" was drawn up after much weighty deliberation by a committee of staff and students.
- August 1969 : Stella Maris won for the second time the group Championship at the Dr. A. L. Mudaliar Silver Jubilee Sports.



December 1969 : The Fancy Fete organised entirely by the Students Union was a great success.

February 1970 : The "Diary of Ann Frank" was produced at the Museum Theatre.

1970 to 1971 : College hours were changed : classes began at 9-15 a.m. and ended at 3-15 p.m.

The Literary Club was formed by Pre-University students.

February 1971 : Mother Carla Rosa, former Principal and now Vicar-General of the Franciscan Sisters, was welcome on her first visit to India since 1966.

1971 to 1972 : The revised syllabi of Madras University for all classes from P.U. to M.A./M.Sc. were introduced. B. A. Sociology replaced the previous Social Science B.A.

Many fund-raising efforts were made by the Students Union for Bangla Desh and a group of students visited the refugee camps.

December 1972 : The play "An Inspector Calls" was staged at the Museum Theatre.

Handwork and tailoring courses were sponsored by the Students Union and an Inter-Collegiate Drama competition for Men's and Women's Colleges was arranged by the Basha Nataka Sangha.

And so on... nothing has been said of the many social service activities undertaken, at Mylapore among the fishermen's huts of Nochi Kuppam and in the centres at Koil Tope and Lalitha Nagar, and more recently through the vacation work-camps in slums and villages, and the projects of the N.S.S. Nor could more than a passing reference be made to the varied spiritual and social programmes of the C.S.U. and the A.I.C.U.F. over the years. There is no mention of the many excursions undertaken in the name of Art, Zoology, Music, Sociology (or anything else that offered a suitable opportunity!); there is no list of those outstanding students who won prizes in every branch of human endeavour from Sanskrit mono-acting to throwing the discus; there is no record of the truly remarkable achievements in examinations; no description of the instructive, artistic or entertaining celebrations of College Day and other festivals; even the story of hostel-life merits a separate saga.





But volumes would be required to do justice to all : and even as we write, time moves on, and we live more experiences which in the future will be only memories...

A College is made up, not of curriculum or camps, but of the persons of its staff and students. Each one of the hundreds of staff members and thousands of students has made her own particular contribution to the life of Stella Maris.

Below are the names of the office-bearers since 1952 and of those who have served in various capacities on the staff for at least nine years. Stella Maris is grateful to every single one, and wishes to honour all while honouring the names of a few representatives :

## SERVICE

### 24 Years :

Sr. Edith	Fine Arts	1948
Sr. Silvestra	Fine Arts	1948

### 23 Years :

Mrs. Shantha	Physics	1949
Miss Visalakshi	Chemistry	1949
Sr. David	Western Music	1948—1971
Miss Leela	Indian Music	1948—1971
Sr. Louise Teresia	English	1949

### 22 Years :

Mrs. Chandra	Tamil	1951
Mrs. Darley Verghese	Hindi	1951
Mr. J. T. Sundararajan	Office	1951

### 20 Years :

Sr. Eanswida (Thecla)	Social Work	1952
Sr. Magdalen	Mathematics	1952
Mrs. Jayalakshmi	Tamil	1952
Mrs. Margaret Mangaladurai	Physical Directress	1952
Miss Susheela	Library	1952

### 19 Years :

Sr. Edwin	Zoology	1953
Miss N. Rajalakshmi	Botany	1953

### 18 Years :

Sr. Celine Françoise	Music and Office	1951—1969
Mrs. Agnes Joseph	English	1954
Mrs. Dolly Chacko	English	1954
Mr. Pakianathan	Office	1954

<b>17 Years :</b>		
M. Carla Rosa	Economics, Principal	1949—1966
Sr. Sheila O'Neill (Joseph Michael)	English, Principal	1955
Mrs. Iswariah	History	1947—1964
Miss Myrtle d'Silva	Office	1950—1967
Miss Thulasi	Indian Music	1954—1971
<b>16 Years :</b>		
Miss S. Rhenius	Economics	1948—1964
<b>15 Years :</b>		
Sr. Sylvester	History	1947—1962
Miss Seetha	Indian Music	1948—1963
Mrs. Chellam	Economics	1957
Mrs. Meera Paul	Zoology	1957
Mrs. John	English	1957
<b>14 Years :</b>		
Sr. Chapdelaine	French	1948—1962
Sr. Peter Damien	Office	1955—1969
Miss Rajeswari	Hindi	1948—1962
<b>13 Years :</b>		
Mrs. Premila	Economics	1959
Miss Gnanam	Physics	1959
<b>12 Years :</b>		
Sr. Juliet Irene	Chemistry, Principal	1960
Sr. Floridus	History	1958—1970
Miss Rukmini	Economics	1960
Miss Ammini Ammal	Sanskrit	1951—1963
<b>11 Years :</b>		
Miss Sakuntala	Mathematics	1954—1965
Miss Aleyamma	Library	1954—1965
<b>9 Years :</b>		
Sr. Laetitia (Juliana)	Mathematics	1963
Mrs. Felix	Chemistry	1963
Miss Stella	History	1963
Miss Kamalakshi	Tamil	1963
Miss Vijayam	Economics	1961—1970

## College Presidents and Vice - Presidents

1952	Flavie d'Silva	O. Nirmala
1953	C. Namagiri	Annalakshmi
1954	M. Usha	K. Seetha
1955	Avril Bamford	Atshamamba
1956	Jayalakshmi	Grace
1957	Vilma Beaver	Mythili Devi
1958	Rita Lovett	Rita Devasagayam
1959	Mahema Michael	Audrey Pinto
1960	R. Seetha	Seetha Viraraghavan
1961	Usha Bharathan	Manohari
1962	Angela Reddy	Vasanthi Gopalan
1963	Evelyn Rickards	Doris D'Cruz
1964	Uma Badami	S. Premila
1965	Rajayee Chitra	Ruth D'Souza
1966	U. Thara	Shobana Krishnan
1967	K. Revathi	Maria Viegas
1968	Indurani	Esther Abraham
1969	Usha Oomen	P. Vijayalakshmi
1970	Shrimathi Iyengar	Rachel Chandy
1971	Karin Kapadia	Usha Natesan

SR. MAGDALEN  
Head of Department of Mathematics



Stella Maris

Day by Day



slowly the young plant grows

# Another Day

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A typical college day — in the Silver Jubilee or in any other year.

'the day dawns only for those who are awake' ... another dawn ... another day ... the mist clears, the buildings stand clear and white ... the sun rises higher ... the sounds of silence diminish ... voices fill the air ... excited, subdued, laughing, news and views ... and suddenly the bell bursts the noise-shell in quivering metallic staccato ... the conditioned mind obeys, and conditioned lines are formed ... the mike, with electronic eccentricity, emits rude noises, then falls silent ... late-comers straggle in and hurriedly lengthen lines ... assembly : the sun beats down harsher, books and hats shade faces ... listening intensely ... the prayer for the day, inspiring ... the lines waver, then break ... and converge towards the stairs ... the bell staccatos again ... classes have begun ...

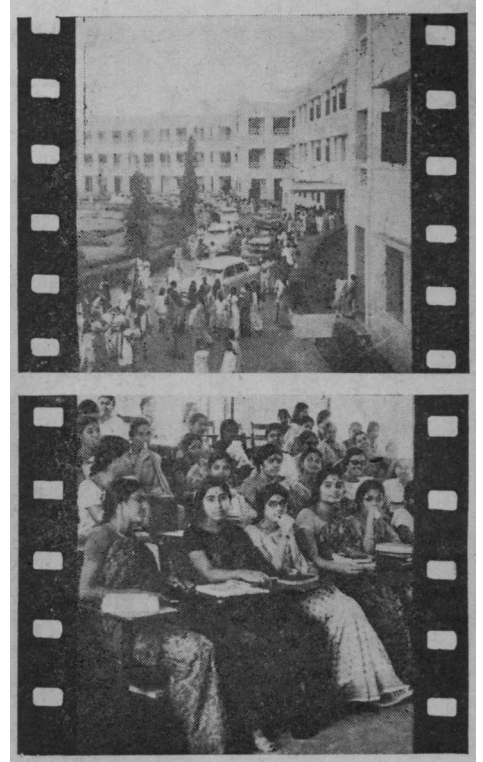
the day dawns only for those who are awake ... intellectual awakening ... not merely the physical ... and knowledge is the key to intellectual awakening ... education in pursuit of that knowledge ... is it truly disinterested pursuit : the thirst for knowledge? ... one wonders — mostly at oneself ...

the bell punctuates the hours ... and the corridors shuffle with footsteps ... faces pass by ... animated, intelligent, dull, chattering, vacant, the interested and the uninterested ... educated ...

the noise in the corridors dies down ... and the silence is filled in by lecturers' voices ... passing on knowledge ... educating ... the faces remain the same ...

again and again it is the bell ... rules uncrowned ... indicating lunch-hour : voices fill the air outside ... the honey-pot canteen hums with shrill octaves harmonised by low bass ... indicating class hours and five-minute breaks sandwiched in between ... finally, the end of the day ... feet rush towards the exits: buses to be caught ... car-owners walk more leisurely ... a parade of fashions ranging from the chic to the kooky ... books languidly held in languid hands ...

the college gradually falls silent ... the stillness broken only by the laughter and the voices in the hostel ... a meditative silence ... the sun falls lower ... twilight ... and darkness...and the cycle of birth begins again for the dawn of another day ...



SHRIMATHI IYENGAR,  
I M.A. Economics

# Clubs 1971-72 — A Review

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A bird's-eye view of some of the popular associations in the College.

## The Basha Nataka Sanga :

The Basha Nataka Sanga is soberly listed in the College Hand Book as “a combined language and dramatics club which assures entertainment at various college functions”. But, this year, you name it and the Basha Nataka Sanga has it — from parties and picnics to pageants and plays. Predominant club activity however is centred round Dramatics and languages.



Drama in Stella Maris means the Basha Nataka Sanga. Our productions, usually workshop, range from the thriller to the impressionistic, from Christie's 'Rats' to Gerstenberg's 'Overtones'. The show of the year was the Inter-collegiate play competition organised by the club, where Stella Maris bagged the first prize with the production of “Overtones”. The Inter-class play competition and play-reading sessions were among the dramatic fare provided this year.

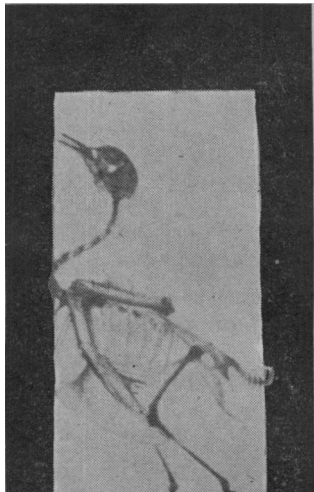
In the Basha part of the club, the French section, ‘le cercle francais’ was especially magnifique. “Speciale-Mode”, a French film, brought us up to date with Paris haute couture. The French Week had a spectacular schedule - an exhibition of French Art; a play competition where French dramatic verse was exotically accented and acted; an actual grand tour, a “French-speaking” trip to Pondicherry. Thanks to the Club, French now means something more to us than merely all those irregular verbs and translations.

There were other things to the club this year besides drama and languages.

- Films were screened — interest ranging from Pat Boone to Hitchcock ;
- money was collected both for the Refugees and the National Defence Fund ;
- patronage was extended to several budding pop stars ;
  - the annual picnic was at a private beach resort — with sunshine and a lot of sea ;
  - the round of parties, highlighted by the Basha Nataka Sanga members ;
  - and of course the entertainment provided at college functions.

## Zoology Club :

The first meeting of the club, on the 14th July, was marked as usual by the election of the office bearers. This was followed by the social which was very much enjoyed by everyone — the highlight of the evening being a parody on Tamil films put up by the third years.



On 2nd September, the members assembled together to hear a talk on "This is a world of mosquitoes" by Dr. Anantharaman, at the end of which the girls left the room with a better idea of the havoc caused by the mosquito. A few days later, Mr. Venkatesan told us some interesting and amusing details about the elephant. For example, their inexplicable dislike of shaggy dogs. After his talk he showed us two films, one on the wild life sanctuaries in India and another on the deer in America. Both were greatly appreciated for their fine depiction of the lives of these animals and their habits. On 17th November, we enjoyed two films, one on forest fire, and the other called "Elsa, the Lion". In December, the girls gathered with great enthusiasm for the excursion to Vedanthangal, the bird sanctuary, Mahabalipuram and Thirukalakundram. Except for a slight misadventure, when one of the buses broke down, the excursion was a grand success and was enjoyed by all. The club concluded its activities for the year with a talk by Dr. S. T. Sathyamurthi on "The interpretation and presentation of zoological materials in modern museums".

### Mathematics Club :

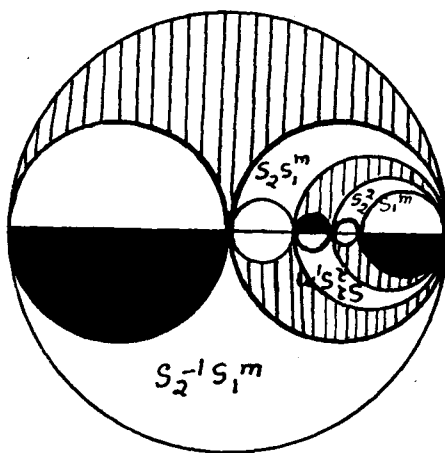
One of the enterprising clubs of the college with an intelligent and interested group of members is the Mathematics Club, comprising of a hundred-odd members. The club met on fourteen occasions during the academic year 1971-72.

The first meeting saw the nomination and election of the office-bearers for the year. Asha and Jayanthi of III B.Sc. were elected as President and Secretary respectively, while Nina of II B.Sc. was appointed the Treasurer.

The second meeting had Mrs. Daniels from W.C.C. as guest speaker, and she gave a very interesting talk on the 'Riddle of the Universe' in which she described the celestial bodies, their origin, and mentioned the possibility of the extinction of the earth. She reassured everybody that this could take place only in the distant future.

A get-together social is a must and it drew the maximum crowd. The social was held in the Students' Centre. A treasure-hunt organised by the second year students, other games, songs, dances and sumptuous food made the social a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The various undergraduate classes and the Pre-University students organised one meeting each. The second years presented talks on Astronomical problems, the theory of probability, and tested the I. Q. of the members with geometric fallacies. Needless to say, the members were ready with solutions. The first years dealt with Descartes' Analytical Geometry and the theory of logic and, of course, puzzles. The Pre-University students got together and their representative gave a discourse on the Trachtenberg method of multiplication. The interesting paradox of Zero was put forth and the members were asked to explain the fallacy. The third



years organised a puzzle competition ; Shantha and Padmini of II M. Sc. won the first prize while Rukmini of I B. Sc. came second.

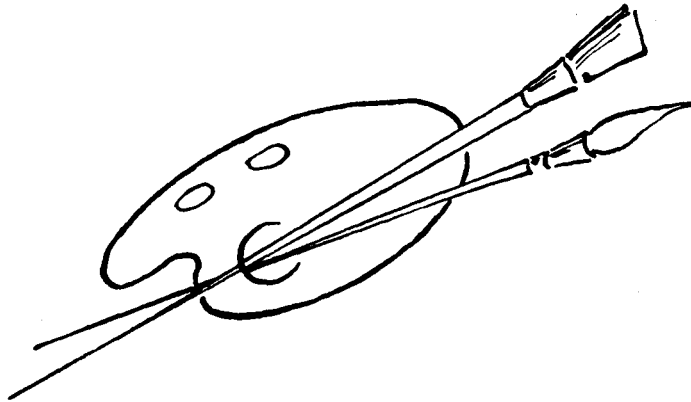
With other clubs screening films of general interest, the Maths Club decided to show films of scientific interest. Two films were shown, entitled 'The Force of Gravity' and 'The Flaming Sky'.

Another interesting feature was a series of lectures on Topology (a recent addition to the M. Sc. syllabus) by a former Stella Marian, Miss P. K. Geetha, who is doing research in Analysis at Matscience and is expecting her Doctorate.

The club activities came to an end with the break-up social. The members of the club are grateful to Mother Superior for accepting their invitation and being with them, even if only for a short while.

### **Kala Club :**

Isolated, aloof and ancient stands the mansion between the college and the convent but when you enter it, its homeliness, informality and warmth envelop you. This is our new Art Block with its huge hall and the broad, royal stairway leading to the various class rooms. The Kala Club functions in this fine building.



Browning once stated ;

“ It is the glory and the good of Art,  
That Art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth,”

One is reminded of these lines when looking back on the activities of the Kala Club. Its main aim has been to encourage art by acquainting more people with it. This the club achieved by organising various demonstrations, exhibitions, and shows.

Flower arrangement forms an essential aesthetic element in home decoration. The club organised two wonderful demonstrations on the Japanese style of flower arrangement, one by Mrs. Sudhanand, a leading artiste in this field, and another by two Japanese girls. Lily embroidery and making of paper-murals were demonstrated by a member from a leading ashram in the north.



The club responded to the call of the neighbours of Bangla Desh as well as to the needs of our Jawans by raising funds through the screening of popular films in our college.

The highlight of the club activities was a marvellous Art Week which was inaugurated by the Director of Collegiate Education, Mr. Titus. The achievements of the year were exhibited for seven days, oil paintings, water-colours, pencil-sketches, baticks, leather work and collages. The whole Art Block was colourful. Reproductions of the priceless works of great artists covered the walls: original Hungarian embroidery brought by Sr. Edith from her recent visit home, was most eye-catching; there was a room for psychedelic pictures: another with architectural and sculptural models from the Tourist Department. We even collected a small sum for the National Defence Fund by the sale of paintings, baticks and leather work. During the week, Mr. K. R. Srinivasan took us back to the beginning of temple architecture in the south by a series of lectures illustrated by slides. We saw two beautiful films on Indian painting. Dr. Herring, too, gave an excellent talk on Durer and showed pictures and slides on the subject.

As a result of this exhibition, many paintings were selected for an exhibition in the Max Muller Bhavan between the 7th and 12th of February, 1972.

Every club has its socials which are much looked forward to by the members: we had one in the garden, and another farewell social accompanied by an entertainment in our Students' Centre.

The activities culminated in the music concert by Mr. Jesudas and his party. There was a good response to this, and tickets sold out like hot-cakes. Despite the afternoon's heat, people sat enraptured by his singing.

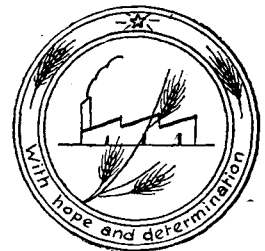
As a token of love and gratitude, the club has given the Art Department wonderful books on art. We hope these will be useful to many students and this club will live to become better and bigger.

### **Economics Club :**

In making a purely personal assessment of a club one is too often inclined to be either discouraged or self-complacent. This year the achievements of the Economics Club have been neither mediocre nor spectacular.

The year's activities commenced on a traditional note — an inaugural speech delivered by Mr. K. Santhanam on "India and the Planned Economy". Seminars were organised on an inter-class basis and though the number of participants was poor yet the stimulating discussions were rewarding.

Highlights of the year's activities were the inter-collegiate debate which resulted in Stella Maris retaining the coveted Gandhian Rolling Shield, and the Post-graduate Seminar on "Micro and Macro Economics" which attracted about 200 participants from the various city colleges.



We visualise change, we want change, but change that would bring with it a framework of greater relevance, of greater challenge. A new constitution has been framed. The realisation of its ideals will be the target for the coming academic year.

#### **Tamil Club :**

The academic year 1971-72 is of special significance to all the Tamil students of Stella Maris College for it saw the birth of a Tamil Association with an initial membership of forty-four students.

Various interesting activities were organised during the year. The Association was inaugurated by Mr. S. V. Subramaniyan, Professor of Tamil, Vivekananda College. Perhaps the beginning was auspicious, for the meetings were regular and well-attended. Debates over very thought-provoking literary topics were conducted and a variety of entertainment which included dances and mono-acting and which attracted a large crowd was organised.



Coming to the highlights of the year, the Association organised a Tamil Week, a week full of interesting activities. It was extremely successful although it was the first time that such an event was being organised at Stella Maris.

The week began with the opening of an exhibition, which depicted scenes from Tamil literature, and gave an opportunity to some budding artists to exercise their talents.

The following day, Padma Shri M. P. Sivagnanam gave a very interesting lecture. The dance competition which was next on the programme saw Room 0-8 packed with students. Assunta Mary Anne of II B. Sc. Zoology was adjudged the best dancer and V. Kamala of III B. A. Drawing & Painting came second. An Inter-collegiate quiz competition, organised and conducted creditably by Mrs. Rajeswari Thygarajan, also formed part of the week's activities. The programme was recorded and relayed by A. I. R. on the 10th of February, 1972. M. Leela of II B. Sc., Maths won the first prize and K. Padmini of W. C. C. came second.

The music and dramatic competitions which showed the enthusiasm of the students were likewise well organised. V. N. Mallika of II B.A. Economics was awarded the first prize and K. R. Savitri of I B.Sc. Zoology came second. The play staged by the II years was adjudged the best. Prizes were given to the best actress and best supporting actress. M. Mythili of I B.Sc. Chemistry and S. Kalaivani of P. U. 4 were declared best actress and best supporting actress respectively. N. Leela of II B.Sc, Maths. and Jayashree of II B.Sc. Chemistry won the second prize. Congratulations to all the winners, and let us hope they keep up the high standards. The Tamil week was a great success and we are grateful to Mother Superior and Sister Principal for their enthusiasm and help.

We hope the coming year will see an expansion of the activities begun this year. We wish the club every success for a bright future.

### Literary Club :

A simple suggestion soon became an irresistible desire of the venturesome P. U. C. Literary Club members this year. Mind you—this is a venture hitherto not dreamt of by the P.U.s of any women's college in the city. So started the three-weeks vigorous preparation for the Inter-collegiate P. U. C. Play Competition. "It is our brilliant success in the Inter-class P. U. C. Play Competition", say P. U. 2 & P. U. 7, "that spurred us on to go ahead with a play competition on the Inter-collegiate level". It was a real experience for us on the evening of 30th October, when we staged the play 'A Family Occasion' in the grand auditorium of Ethiraj College. To our credit we had the prize for the best actress (Uma



P. U. 2), while our play was declared the second best. It was such fun to meet amateur artistes from other colleges. What we really ARE proud of is establishing a rolling cup in our college for this purpose for the P.U.s. We wish our successors better luck next year. Though Dramatics takes top priority in our listing of the club activities this year, we should by no means forget to mention the entertaining evening we had when the film 'David Copperfield' was screened. The Literary Talent Day and the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Competition showed us where to look for potential orators and poets. The break-up social is always a heart-breaking event for us P.U.s as our meeting each other again in the college depends on well-known factors such as not getting into a medical college. Wherever we go and whatever we do the taste we have acquired for literature through the club will always remain with us.

## Games — The Fashionable Decadence

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An incentive to try harder on the games-field.



Stella Maris is experiencing a phenomenon which might be termed “The Decadence in Sports”. Because it is a real phenomenon it deserves to be treated with determination. Because it seems to have a strong hold on the student body it must be overcome. Laurels gained in the past though withering have not yet been discarded—they can remind us that since we were once capable we still can be. Though there is very little reason for jubilation, there is every reason for hope.

Several of our college athletes have had the honour of representing the University this year, too. In athletics it was R. Radha (P.U.C.) who represented the Madras University in the Pentathlon event at the Inter-University Meet held at Jaipur; in the tennis tournament held at Madras it was Vidya Gajapathi Raju, II B.A., and Vanitha Vedachalam, II B.A. For the first time the University sent a women’s team for the Inter-University tournament in shuttlecock. It was captained by Anuradha Rao, II B.A. Both Anuradha and Geetha Nambisan, I B.A., represented the state at the Inter-state tournament held at Hyderabad and at the Nationals held at Madras. Ball-badminton found K. R. Uma, II B.A., a representative at the Inter-University tournament held at Calicut. Six Stella Marians had the honour of representing the University at the basket-ball tournament held at Mysore. The members of the team were Shoba Menon, I M.A., Usha Mathen and Prema George, III B.A., Annama Abraham, II B.A., Lily Joseph and Mercy Johnson, I B.A.

At the Inter-Collegiate level we secured trophies in tennis and shuttle-cock, but only runners-up trophies in basketball, softball, and athletics. It is encouraging to note that although shuttle-cock was introduced only this year, we were able to shine in

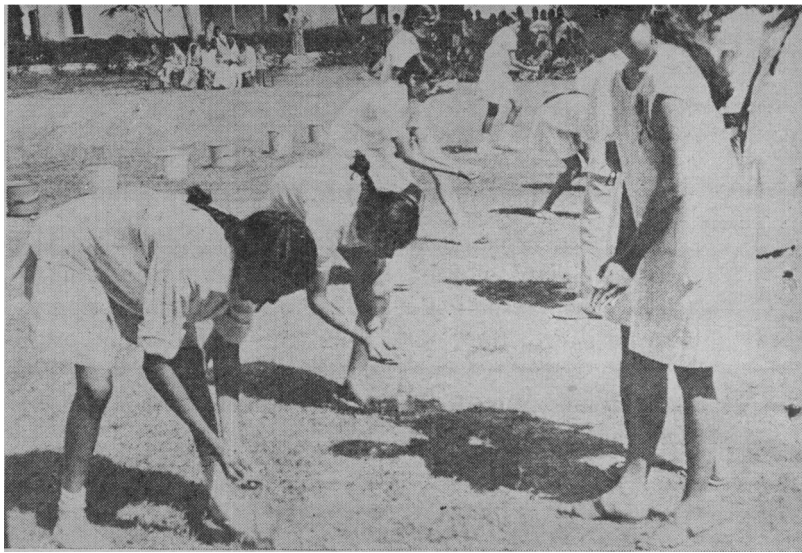
the game. The team was captained by Anuradha Rao, II B.A., and the other members were Geetha Nambisan, I B.A., and Vijaya Srinivasan, II B.A.

The results in tennis are also commendable. Under the excellent captaincy of Vidya Gajapathi Raju, II B.A., the team consisting of Vanitha Vedachalam, II B.A., and Vijayalakshmi, P.U.C., came out in flying colours. Champions in basketball for the last three consecutive years, this year after an exciting tussle we lost the coveted trophy and were runners-up. We were also runners-up in softball, after having been champions from the start. In athletics we tied for runners-up place with Ethiraj College.



At the A. L. Mudaliar Sports our college stood fourth among the ten colleges that participated. Our only scores were by Kamala, P.U.C., who was placed second in hurdles, and Diana Ingram, III B.A., third in the same event. In high jump and 200 metre race R. Radha emerged third. In discus-throw Sivakami came third, while Pushpa came third in shot-put. In the 400 metres relay our college secured once again only a third.

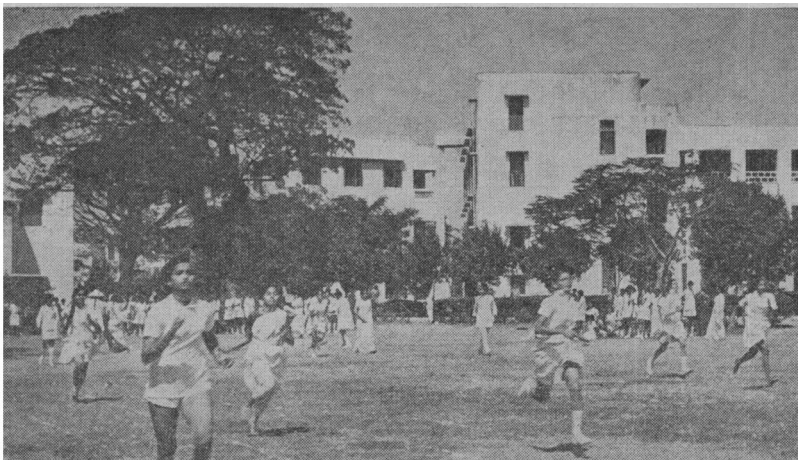
At an open meet held at Coimbatore R. Radha, P.U.C., secured the second place both in high jump and long jump. At another open meet held at Trivandrum,



Kamala, P.U.C., represented the Don Bosco Club. She earned the first place in hurdles and finished second in Pentathlon. At a table-tennis tournament held at the Y.M.C.A., Vina Mirpuri, P. U. C., was the winner and Shailaja Gopinath was runner-up.

While the inter-collegiate tournaments provide a stimulus to the experts, the average excel on the home front. During the year inter-class matches were held. The winners of the trophies ranged from the P.U.s to the III years. The undaunted III years, despite their lack of practice also emerged champions of the College Day Sports.

Hope for a better performance, hope for greater response, hope for the competitive spirit — these we must have; while time, the patient work of Mrs. Mangaladurai, and the enthusiasm of seasoned champions will eventually, we hope, contribute to an improved situation. The way ahead is not an easy one. It is paved with a challenge. Are we willing to meet this challenge?



# Everything you've wanted to know about the play

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An inside view of the third annual play performed for the public by Stella Maris students.

(Answered by one who "Knows it all" like the Inspector)

What was the name of the play?

An Inspector Calls.

Whom is it written by?

J. B. Priestley.

How many characters were there in the play?

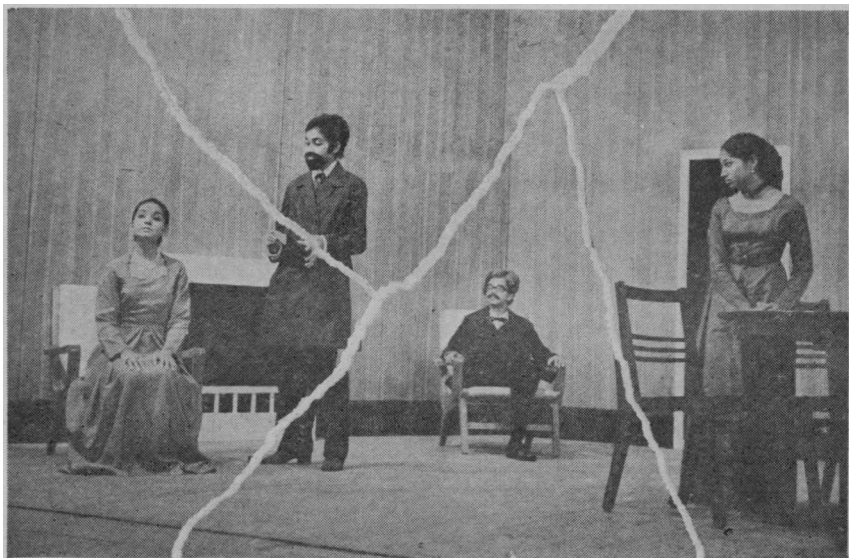
Seven.

Why was this play chosen?

Because it has a moral—that we must not hurt others if we can help it and that there are many Anna Rentons and John Rentons amongst us.

Who, by the way, is Anna Renton?

The most important character in the play, though she never comes on stage. In fact, one doesn't know if she's real.





When did the actors/actresses begin getting into their roles ?

Mr. Birling	... the day he learnt to smoke a cigar.
Mrs. Birling	... right away, or almost.
Eric Birling	... after getting his hair cut to look like a ... rakish young man.
Sheila Birling	... the day she really cried during rehearsal.
Gerald Croft	... the day he hated himself for treating Anna Renton so.
The Inspector	... the day he got his "new look".
Edna	... rightaway.

What did they enjoy most about the play ?

Um—let's see. I think the tea.

Was that real port and real whisky that was drunk on stage ?

No — the "port" was a kind of carminative mixture and the "Whisky" was a carefully blended concoction of coke, fanta and Limca.

What were relations like off-stage ?

Cordial (I'll be lynched if I say anything else).

Were the characters happy with their roles ?

Yes—except for the Inspector who always wanted to play Sheila Birling.

When did the characters really get the 'feel' of the play ?

The day the drums were used.

Which part did each of them most enjoy ?

Mr. Birling	... his phone conversation with Police Chief Roberts.
Mrs. Birling	... " Good Evening Inspector !"



Eric Birling	... Imitating Papa Birling.
Sheila Birling	... Showing off her ring.
Gerald Croft	... Shaking Sheila out of her hysteria (he did it with unnecessary vigour, I thought).
Inspector	... his "fire and blood and anguish" speech (of course!)
Edna	... eaves-dropping on the man-to-man talk between Mr. Birling and Son-in-law to be.

Which was the most critical day for them?

The first visit to the Museum Theatre when the Inspector left his voice behind.

Any hysterical moments off-stage?

Yes, on dress-rehearsal night when the Inspector turned up looking like a Kabuki hero.

What were the characters looking forward to at the end of the play?

The coffee which Edna was supposed to bring in but never did.

Who really was the Inspector?

I haven't quite decided about that one yet.

"An Inspector Calls" by J. B. Priestley was the first Stella Maris play which did not have a guest director. A staff member, Miss Mary Bhaskaran, lecturer in English, directed; students and staff created it together from the set to the costumes, to the sounds and lights and properties. It was good to do a play after a year's lapse and find our standards still very high. Stella Maris is certainly established dramatically!

PRAJNA,  
I. M. A. Literature



## Debates and Quizzes

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Successes and failures — and a call to greater efforts.

Among the interesting inter-collegiate debates this year were those held at the Institute of Public Speaking, where Rita Dorairaj was awarded first prize, and Rekha Shetty, the prize for the best woman speaker; several of the Lion's Club debates where Rekha, Doreen D'Souza and Mariam John were awarded prizes of merit; the University Debates, where Rekha Shetty manfully brought the college to the final round, but lost ultimately to S. Mitrakumari of Law College. Probably the climax, as far as prizes are concerned, came during the I. I. T. Cultural week Celebrations. Stella Maris, represented at almost every event, walked off with half the prizes. An unusual experiment, of having a "team debate" with only two colleges participating, was held at I. I. T. with Stella Maris as the opponent. Due to some misunderstanding, neither college was declared the winner, but the debate itself was felt to have been original and invigorating.

At the college level, the second years walked off with the prize for the best team. The first year post-graduate students were placed second. Mariam John, III B.A. Economics was declared best speaker of the College at an Oratorical Contest held for the purpose,

On the whole, however, our performance this year was mediocre. We won exactly 7 out of the 30 inter-collegiate debates/oratorical contests in which we participated. Individual participants, fared slightly better. 21 individual prizes were awarded to participants, of which 7 were first division, and the rest a disappointing collection of second and third divisions.

This rather suggests that except for the few experienced debaters, there isn't enough team work: and so part of the education of the idea of a debate is negated. Bad team work displays itself when one of the participants drops out—at the last moment a substitute is hastily found, and given half a day to prepare. She may have three years' experience; but she still is a substitute. Bad team-work shows itself at its worst in the unforgivable sin of proposing a walk-over; in addition to not being prepared, it is ungracious about defeat.

Pre-University and first year students balk at the idea of intercollegiate debates. "I haven't the experience", they say, "I'm too nervous". How can they hope to achieve without practice the polished perfection of Dorairaj's diction, the subtle sarcasm of Vinita Rajagopal, the gentle sophistication of Mariam John or Rekha Shetty, the efficient logic of Karin Kapadia, the poise of Latha Ethiraj or Rachael Kurien, or the animation of Shrimathi or Sudha or Prabha Sethi? That

they don't respond to even college functions is obvious from the fact that 7 girls turned up for the annual oratorical competition, open to the entire college of 1,700 girls! and this after much earnest prodding. At least they outnumbered the judges. At another contest, a debate this time, precisely two girls participated. They outnumbered the audience: apart from the judge and the time-keeper, the room was bare!

Quiz programmes fare much better, because there is team-work of a different sort at work here: more intuitive than tangible. On the whole, quiz programmes are far trickier than debates. Not only has the participant a difficult job of it preparing, she has also to face the incomprehensible workings of a Quiz-master's mind (What literary work begins with the words—'Who's there?' (Hamlet))—she has to be athletic to boot, and very often loses to men candidates, merely because she is far too well-bred to push her way to the mikes to bellow out the right answer. An embryo quiz group was started in the college. 38 girls signed up for it; 9 girls attended the meetings with some regularity; and four girls represent the college at the Inter-collegiate level and generally knock off the second or third prizes. They are Subhashini Nataraj and Sachi Madhavan, both from the III B. A. Literature class: Vidya Srinivasan, II B. A. History and S. Vijayalakshmi, II B.A. Literature.

One hopes for better results—more participation and above all, more co-operation from the student. After all, a signature on a list is a tacit pledge to participate in any competition organised. Tests and diffidence or other engagements cease to be a satisfying excuse after some time. Diffidence can be overcome only with intensive practice; tests are common to every student, and a good student can participate in several extra-curricular activities and still maintain a high average. "Other engagements" are often tragic proof that the same students take part in, and often run, several shows in college.

MISS LAVANYA RAJAH,  
Lecturer in English.



# Fun While Learning

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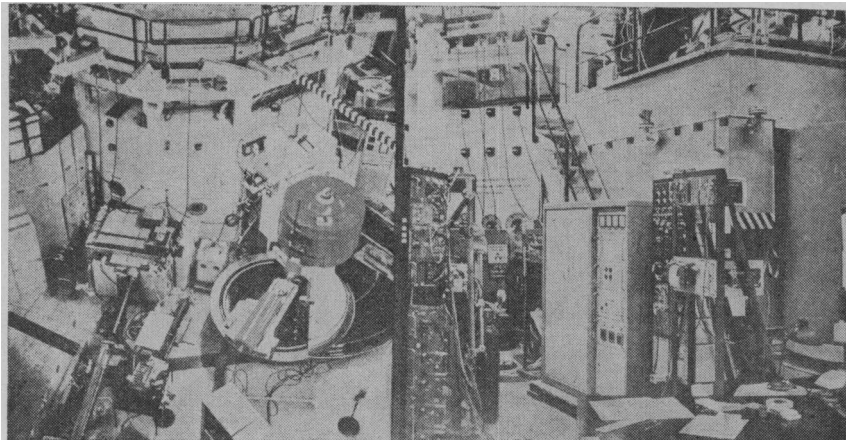
Excursions combine mental enrichment with relaxation.

## Literature Department Excursion :

An excursion for only ten post-graduate students and one professor? Exclusive .....intimate.....delightful! The Head of our Department had succeeded in obtaining a U.G.C. grant under the Visiting Studentship Scheme for this small group to visit the University Cities of Poona and Bombay, with their industrial and rural surroundings, and exchange views and experiences with faculty members and students of the Universities. Competition to join the excursion was keen, and those finally selected felt highly privileged.

Leaving Madras on January 4th for our 12-day tour, we made our first stop at Poona, where we were struck by the beauty and spaciousness of the University campus, no less than by the friendliness of the students. A lively discussion over tea with the post-graduate students of Literature and their Head, Dr. S. Nagarajan, was followed by a tour of the campus and participation in an open, inter-disciplinary debate. The following day was spent visiting places in and around Poona by luxury coach. Shanwar Wada, the palace of the Peshwars, Sarras Bagh, the Mahatma Phule Museum, Shinde Memorial, Bundh Garden and the Aga Khan Palace were all on our itinerary.

We left Poona early in the morning of January 7th, to spend the day at Khandala, where we visited the homes of the local tribals, the Kathkaris. These are a nomadic people, who are gradually being taught to settle in a fixed home and do productive work in the Kune settlement. We also saw them busy at their embroidery work, which has gained a popular market in Bombay and other neighbouring cities.



From Khandala we went straight to Bombay, where on January 8th our first visit was to the University. Here we were greeted and shown around by students, and attended an intercollegiate debate, at which our professor was asked to be one of the judges. Next day, we thoroughly enjoyed our launch-ride to the Elephanta caves, where we admired the beauty of the ancient sculptures that triumphs over the ravages of time and mutilating vandals. A couple of hours watching the fascinating collection of sea-creatures at the Taraporevalla Aquarium rounded off the day.

As the Visiting Studentship Scheme required us to visit industries, we devoted one day, January 11th, to Thana, the growing industrial area just outside Bombay, where no less than four hundred industries are situated. Those we visited were a synthetic resin factory, a pharmaceutical industry, and a sero-vaccine plant, then under construction. We were fortunate to be able to go all over the latter before it began to function, as most of the rooms were to be sterile, and no visitors could then be allowed. We were very impressed by the extreme care taken to keep everything scrupulously clean and hygienic.

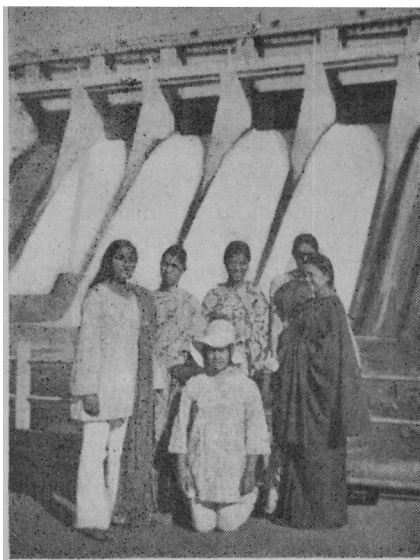
Other visits were to St. Xavier's, a very modern College more than 100 years old, where we saw closed-circuit television working, and were ourselves televised; the very interesting J. J. School of Arts and School of Applied Arts; and the Tata Institute of Social Sciences at Chembur. A full morning was devoted to examining the ancient treasures of the Prince of Wales Museum, followed by a session at the Jehangir Art Gallery, looking at the modern paintings by both Indian and foreign artists.

The climax of our stay in Bombay was our meeting with the large group of post-graduate students of literature at the Churchgate Clubhouse, where the Department of English is situated. Mrs. Kamal Wood, Head of the Department, her Reader and her students entertained us to tea and a very lively informal seminar on student problems, syllabi, teaching methods and other topics of interest to students of all Indian Universities. Here, as at every other College we had visited, the students impressed us as being very full of life, friendly and outspoken.

Enriched with many new experiences, new knowledge and new friends, we started our homeward journey on January 14th, feeling rather like ambassadors returning from a successfully-accomplished goodwill mission to another country.

ROSEMARY SUBRAMANIAM,  
II M.A. Literature





**Economics  
Department  
Excursion :**

In retrospect, the specific details of our excursion to Sathanur seem to have faded out ; what remains fresh is the feeling of friendship and fun for two days.



The excursion started off like any other—with plenty of expectations, noise and excitement. The only difference was that we had in our midst a newly married couple of two days standing—the bus driver and his wife. Nothing very diverting happened that morning except that the bus developed some trouble and consequently took us late for lunch at Gingi. All that we could find to do there, was to gaze at the barren, rocky hills, though a few of the most determined scrambled up a hill, and returned with a few pebbles as souvenirs of their feat.

At the Thiruvannamalai Temple that evening, as luck would have it, one of us fell into the murky water of the temple pond and had to be fished out by her friends. We reached Sathanur very late in the evening, hungry and cramped with sitting in the bus. Dinner was not very good that night, but that did not matter since we only wanted to sleep—a desire that was not wholly gratified since the ghost stories we launched into kept us awake most of the night.

In the morning—programmed for “sight-seeing”—we saw the dam, the gardens and the statues—all photographed by our amateurs.

That was all, for we returned the same evening. And yet, that was not all for the five of us who had climbed “Slipper Hill” that morning, for as we fought every foot of our way up against thorns, brambles and low hanging branches, we learnt the true significance of friendship, co-operation and trust. That climb had sealed our trust in one another, and we knew that we would always remain good friends. And the panoramic view on the peak—with river, lake and hills stretching below us, was reward enough.

## Zoology Department Excursion

Excited voices filled the air. Girls were talking and laughing. The scene was Egmore Station: the date—the 11th of January and the time around 5 p.m. The third year Zoology students were off on an educational tour of the south which included Muttom, Kanya Kumari, Tuticorin, Madurai and Thekkady. The platform was packed with students and relatives who had come to see us off. As the train moved out of the station there was much waving of hands and clicking of cameras.

Our first stop was Muttom. From a distance we could see the wide expanse of a lovely blue sea. The road sloped down towards the sea and for a moment we thought that the bus was heading straight for the sea. Suddenly the bus made a turn and came to a halt, on dry land of course! We alighted and looked around at the lovely fishing village. The place seemed to be taken right out of a story book. Spired churches stood on rocks overhanging the sea. The hungry relentless waves beat upon the rocks but in vain. As they crashed they sent up wild cascades of foam towards the churches.

We made our way to the White's Bungalow and from its balcony watched a beautiful sunset. A ship passing just at the moment when the sun touched the water added a magical quality to the sunset. We had our dinner at the Bungalow and, too excited to sleep, we gathered on the balcony and talked till nearly 1 o'clock in the night until the appearance of a mad man made us all scuttle off to bed.

The next evening we reached Kanya Kumari. We were allowed to go shopping and soon everyone was armed with beads and bangles. Sunrise at Kanya Kumari was not very dramatic. Eager to see the sunrise, we had made a very early start but the sun did not seem willing to rise immediately. We waited and soon we were rewarded. Imperceptibly it lightened in the east above long shafts of inky cloud. Slowly it changed to gold and more slowly still to crimson.

A motor launch took us to the Vivekananda Rock Memorial. The boat surged up as the waves rose and spray splashed our faces. We saw the place where the three seas meet and we were thrilled to know that we were standing right at the tip of India. Waves rose up out of a blue silk sea. They reared themselves, hung poised for a moment then fell with a crash, every drop bursting on the shore, and then they withdrew in quivering panels and became one with the sea.

Specimens were few at Kanya Kumari. However we saw different kinds of Zoanthus. We made a good collection at Tuticorin. The sea was not rough. Hence we got into knee-deep water, turned over small rocks and discovered planarians and nudibranchs and many other interesting specimens. Das, who came with us, brought bottles and jars to preserve our specimens. We picked up lovely shells and sea-fans as souvenirs.

At Tuticorin we presented a variety entertainment at the Y.M.C.A. The Bhangra, the skit and the songs we put up were very greatly appreciated.

We visited Alagar Koil which is some distance from Madurai. We also did not omit to visit the temples at Kanya Kumari, Tiruchendur and Madurai.

A visit to the Rare Earths Factory at Muttom, the V.O.C. College and the Fisheries Department at Tuticorin, was very interesting and instructive.

A pleasant cruise on the Periyar Lake at Thekkady enabled us to get a glimpse of a solitary elephant and a few deer sambhar. Bison, however, were numerous.

The same evening we returned to Madurai and took the Tirunelveli Express to Madras. Mrs. Paul and Miss Jessica had taken good care of us. Evening prayers led by Mrs. Paul helped create a homely atmosphere wherever we were. We had passed ten days in enjoyment, instruction and absorbing interest and we carry along with us a succession of memorable impressions.

ASHA JACOB,  
III B.Sc. Zoology





# My Dear Sareeta

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*Stella Maris Hostel,  
Madras-86.*

*11th March 1972.*

My dear Sareeta,

It is a very long time since I heard from you. Your air letter last week came as a pleasant surprise. So you have decided to settle down in Canada. It must be wonderful to be on strange soil with strange people; and since it is your first time abroad there must be an added thrill to it. How does it feel being an Indian in a foreign country? I bet they must be puzzled at the way you drape your saree! I would not be surprised if I heard you were giving demonstration classes on "how to wear a saree". Do you miss hostel life? I presume you do after the four long and wonderful years you spent here. Well, we have not changed very much; but we have had a good deal of fun and adventure.

To begin with, we had ragging as usual, but this year it was held *twice*. It was taken in such good spirits that by the end of the week, the P.U.'s felt confident enough to rag the first years who came a week later. This was just a prologue to the customary socials held to break the ice—totally unnecessary with these brash freshies.

I must tell you that this year we managed to get two water coolers for each hostel. Now we have the joy of drinking ice-cold water whenever we want and always within reach. You must remember those early stoic days when we had to be grateful for tepid water. I must also tell you about our new library—a room opposite the infirmary which had the privilege of being converted into the library. With linoleum on the floor and several shelves of paperbacks it will soon be competing with the Bodleian. Guess you were not as enterprising as we!

Do you remember the informal social we had on St. Joseph's terrace when you were in the second year, the time Molly Mathan came up with a highly entertaining African dance? We had another one of its kind with lots of fun and games. One interesting game involved advertising a product to the tune of a popular song. The best attempt was of "Odomos" (the Indian mosquito repellent—just in case you have forgotten your native products!) sung to the tune of "Jamaican Farewell".





I remember you telling me about the black-out nights you had during the first Pakistan aggression. I envied you the fun you must have had with no study hours, and the mischief you were up to with no one to spy on you. We did have a few black-out practices, but it was in the midst of our examinations. But we can proudly boast that we lived through a war fought and won, which you cannot. For a while we forgot our examinations and our books, and gathered to hear Mrs. Gandhi declare a nationwide emergency. In spite of the monsoons and the cold nights, we would stay up to listen to the last news report before going to bed. How was the winter there? I can imagine you all muffled from head to toe. The monsoons here were not very severe but we did manage to get a rain holiday.

The damp weather was no hindrance to the Guy Fawkes Day Celebrations. There were plenty of fire-works but this time we didn't have the effigy of the Guy. Since it coincided with the convocation, we had some old students with us. Phyllis, Asthera and Kathy stayed with us for a week, they are teaching now.

Talking of teaching—do you remember Mary Bhaskaran, who passed out a few years before you? She is a staff member now and directed our college play "An Inspector Calls". It was staged during the second term, and was a great success.

An age-old tradition which has not changed since your days is the carol-singing procession. This time we had unusually long X'mas holidays because of the proposed St. Thomas Centenary Celebrations.

The hostel picnic was to Poondy this time; we sorely missed playing in the water, as it was out of bounds. But we compensated by going to Elliots Beach the same evening.

I am sure you are eager to know how the hostel day went off this time. The theme was 'Merrie Englande' and the mess was decorated like a Tudor Castle. You know how the hostels vie with each over the decoration. Each kept their ideas to themselves like top secrets. Eventually both hostels had the Elizabethan inn for their theme. The competition was tough but, as usual, St. Joseph's



bagged the prize. As for games, the traditional net-ball and throw-ball matches were scrapped for games like relays and tug o'war which involved many more people. Needless to say, the winner was—your old hostel “Our Lady’s”. We had the fancy dress parade at lunch. Henry VIII and his seven wives, presented by the committee, was the centre of attraction. The day was a grand success, chiefly due to the untiring efforts of Geetha and our entertainment representative, Little Irene. I’m sure you remember Irene, a teeny-weeny midget, who was Topsy when you were Madame Deforge for the literary pageant. The hostel day was the finale to an eventful hostel year. Nothing more to look forward to, for even the elections are over and :

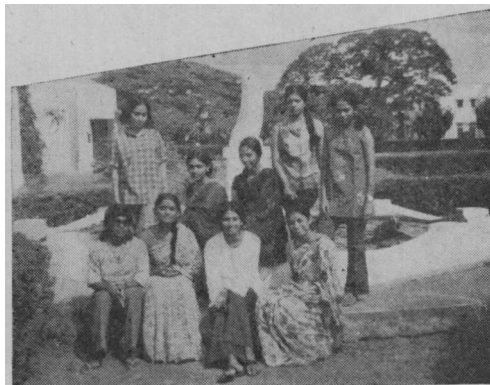


The old committee has yielded to the new  
Lest the same old people corrupt the new!

How did you like that literary twist (with due apologies to Tennyson)? You must think I am an egoist with this monologue on our hostel life. I guess you know such a thing is inevitable when one is in the hostel. I can almost see you, full of nostalgia over your hostel days. It has already crept in among us outgoing students and one feels that “to be young and in the hostel is very heaven”.

Nothing more to add except that I hope to hear from you soon with lots of news about yourself.

Your loving friend,  
LUCY JOHN,  
II M.A. Literature.



# The Leader

Do you see him  
standing,  
amidst the crowd  
and yet  
alone?

Yes, it's  
night fall now.  
People are sleeping  
spread out  
like coals from  
the slumbering fire.  
But he's up  
and awake,  
shivering, outside  
the circle  
of protective warmth.  
A lone wolf wails,  
He stiffens  
and stands,  
a statue of  
silent watch in the night.

He talks to his people.  
But more often  
his people talk  
to him.  
He listens,  
and the others,  
till now  
numb and cold,  
feel the blanket  
of sympathy  
round them.

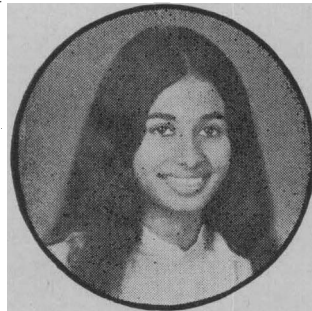


Meditating  
Sifting through  
numberless thoughts  
his and others'—  
searching,  
searching for an answer  
praying for — guidance.

For they are at  
the crossroads now  
and he must  
choose their path.

The sky is untidy  
with fluffy clouds  
strewn about  
in a splash of  
unreal colour —  
orange, pink and  
the palest blue.  
But as the sun  
rises,  
its rays driving  
the fluffs to  
remote corners,  
he picks up  
a limping child  
and walks down  
the path  
to the right.

For,  
he's a leader of men,  
leading  
his people  
to the Promised Land.



## “What it feels like to be a P.G.!”

A new post-graduate reflects on her  
'elevation'.

Frankly, I've never really thought about this very special feeling one is supposed to acquire on becoming a "P. G.", or in more dignified terms, a "Post-Graduate". Nevertheless my first day in Stella Maris as a P.G. was a special day. I was longing to return and was absolutely delighted at being able to do so.

That first day in class was a never-to-be forgotten experience. There were old familiar faces and new, and, as was to be expected, all the old Stella Marians clung to each other for moral support (and this went on for a few more weeks). Not only was everyone smartly clad, but also most demure.

It was only from the next day that I thought of the rest of the college. It was strange to be called a "Post-Graduate" by my lecturers — but it was even stranger to hear the B.A./B.Sc. students termed as "Undergraduates". We "P.G.s" began to develop a slightly snobbish attitude especially towards those frivolous undergraduates. No one could have acquired a more acute case of that ghastly disease: "The P. G. Complex!"

At first we were absolutely overwhelmed by our syllabus. As "mere undergraduates", we had been struck dumb by one of our ancillaries, namely History of Literature — but now we felt History of Literature was trivial compared to our new M.A. English syllabus. Soon, however, after the initial shock was over, we began to take even this awe-inspiring syllabus in our stride!

But our excitement began to mount with the approach of Convocation day. The first year P.G.'s had been trying on their Convocation gowns days ahead — while juniors watched expectantly! Plans were made to take convocation photographs — and in the evening, most of us set forth to receive our degrees from the Vice Chancellor (as we fondly hoped!). Our first disillusionment came when a sudden deluge of rain started a mild stampede for shelter. The second unpleasant shock was when the degrees were handed out by a few unimpressive-looking clerks.

Having settled down, we soon found ourselves getting involved in college activities once again — from singing, acting, and debating to baton relays, tunnel relays, and tug o'war!

Well, all good things have to come to an end! The year seems to have sprouted wings and flown away! It seemed just yesterday that we were attending the special P.G. welcome party — and here are we saying: "Good-bye", "Fare-well" to our venerated seniors! I ought to be feeling old and staid — but strangely enough this is not the case. I feel I am still the same happy-go-lucky person whom (let us hope) "age cannot wither...nor custom stale"!

ASWATHY ELIZABETH THOMAS  
I M.A. Literature

## Research - An Adventure

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The writing of a thesis presents a new challenge to the post-graduate students.

From the day we began the Post-graduate Course in Fine Arts, the thesis nightmare began. Nothing in the world seemed more important than this thesis which we were to submit at the end of the course. The idea of writing a thesis was, at first, very interesting and we were quite enthusiastic about it. But after the first few months we realised that it was very hard work, and still we loved it.

The first problem that confronted me was, of course, the choice of the topic. After days of deliberation, I decided upon the Medieval Sculpture in the Deccan under the Chalukyan dynasty. One of the reasons for choosing this particular topic was that I had already visited those three villages where examples of Chalukyan art are found. These villages, Aihole, Badami and Pattadakal are some hundred miles from Belgaum in the Mysore State. Badami was the early capital of the Chalukyan monarchs for nearly 250 years. During this period over 200 temples were built and many of them were decorated with sculptures of rare beauty. Most of these temples are now in ruins, neglected and misused by the ignorant villagers who use them as dwellings etc. Tourist traffic is also negligible due to the lack of accommodation and transport facilities. Fortunately the nearest town of Balalkot, some 30 miles away has a guest house (belonging to the cement factory there) and it was here that I stayed for nearly two weeks, travelling every day to Badami and Aihole.

The greater part of the time was spent in studying and photographing the ancient monuments and their sculptural decorations. But during the little time that I could spare I tried to get to know the villagers there. At first, because



I do not speak Kannada, it was difficult to communicate. But my curiosity to find out about these people was beyond such linguistic barriers. And soon we found ourselves conversing—our broken Hindi interspersed with dramatic gestures.

This trip was the most interesting part of the thesis programme. The rest consisted of frequent visits to libraries, referring to ancient musty volumes of the Archaeological Survey reports. Till then, I had loved libraries and used to spend all my free hours there. But once it became compulsory I began to detest the place. The trips to the libraries went on for months and I became quite desperate. However, the day did come when my thesis was ready to be submitted to the University. And now, I felt somehow that it was worth all the dreary days I had spent in the libraries. I find a sense of achievement, when all the hard work is over, a curious contentment and happiness that I did persevere till the end.

SHEILA SRINIVASAN,  
II M.A. History of Fine Arts

The most exciting days of my M. A. were spent on our visit to L'Institut Francais d'Indologie in Pondicherry last February. The most painstaking and time-absorbing element in the course of M. A. Fine Arts is the preparation of a thesis. It entails hard work and intense study, but comes as a refreshing oasis in the midst of the other papers. For the latter one merely reproduces the matter that is found in numerous books. A thesis is the original work of one student. Much of the final result, depends on the wise choice of a subject. A few days spent in the library of this institute helped us to make this choice easily.

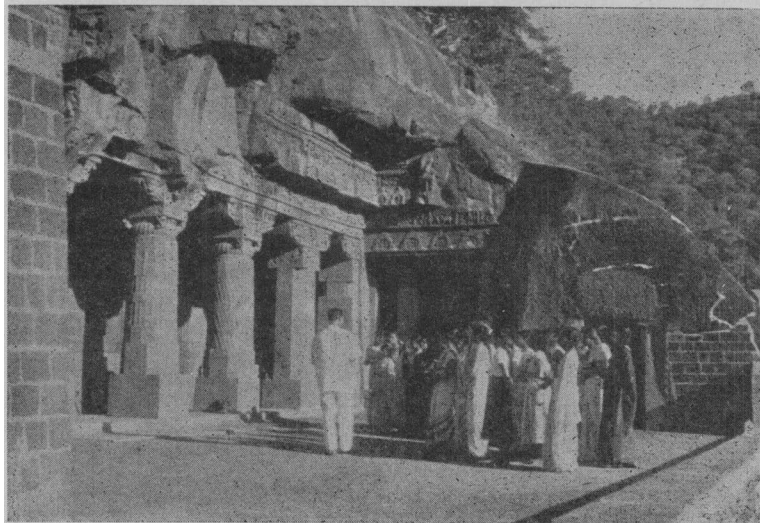
The institute and its library is devoted to South Indian art and architecture alone. The library is packed with books dealing with every aspect of its art—a boon to research students. The books are not lent to the public and hence a regularity in sequence and order is easily maintained. Indian art is one of those subjects which has remained mysterious and some areas are still strange and unknown. We were rather astounded to see the extensive collection lining the shelves. A few hours spent in this haven made us realise just how extensive it was and provided us with a wide bibliography and documentation.

This institute has the added advantage of a wide collection of photographs of the monuments, pieces of sculpture and evidence of painting in South India. Illustrations are an indispensable part of a thesis. They provide life, colour, interest and a clear perception of the text. Students like us, for whom the thesis is only one among the many other papers, hardly have any time left to visit the places we are working on and collect the photographs required personally. This turned out to be a life-saver for us when we found a complete volume of all the photographs required.

The library is most conducive to study—calm and quiet and cooled by gentle sea breezes. Our visit was made possible by the keen interest shown by the Head of our Department, Sister Edith; without her initiative and active participation our trip could never have worked out. L'Institut Francais d'Indologie made research work a pleasure and we can never forget the valuable help given to us.

Our trip was not just all work and no play. Thanks to our classmate, Sheila Srinivasan, we had luxurious accommodation and delicious food. A visit to the Anglo-French Textile Mills enlightened us. Having had to pass through Panamalai, we halted with the intention of seeing the few examples of South Indian paintings that are available. But alas, a swampy marsh welcomed us, above which rested a closed temple on rocks. Back to Madras and college we came. College life was not devoid of colour now since we had our thesis to occupy us and college lectures were not just the voice of a lecturer, but seminars and talks prepared by us and for ourselves. Our pleasant holiday-cum-educational trip will never fade from our memories.

NIRMALA SUBRAMANI,  
II M.A. History of Fine Arts.





## From College To . . . . . ?

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Final-year students look into the future.

“What are you going to do next year?”

“M.A.”

“God alone knows”.

“Get married”.

“Well ... er ... I haven't decided yet”.

“You see ... I'm thinking of doing M.Sc., Veterinary Course, B.T., Social Work or Journalism”.

Well! The world is full of opportunities for the last one, isn't it? But the one that caught my attention most was this.....

“Don't.....! I'm scared!” in a whisper. I have many clear-headed friends. One is going to do the M.A. She knows she will get in because she is working hard enough to get in. Another is getting married — in fact, many are settling down to blissful married life. But nearly half of them were quite undecided. A few were undecided, and blissfully content about it. “God alone knows”. Not so pious and trusting as you think — they are mere drifters.

But the one who fascinated me was the one who admitted that she was scared. So was I! A degree in three months and what next? Adding to this uncertainty, there is the gnawing doubt whether the degree is really what it is meant to be — a proof that we are educated, mature, thinking individuals or a passport to the next stage in life — job-hunting — or merely an additional qualification in the marriage market? Apart from what we think of it, which is nothing much I'm sure, what do others see in a graduate? It is perhaps the expectations of the others that make me scared.

“For someone who's been in Stella Maris for 4 years you are rather senseless”.

“Face life boldly! An educated girl like you must not let things upset you. Face facts—you can't live on ideals. Be practical”, and so on and so forth.

This reminds me of the hard, cold fact that college days—the glorious extension of happy school days—are really over. Those were the days.....gay, with no real responsibilities, not a care in the world.....a world of laughter and fun clouded over only by the thought of examinations. Moreover, a world of content-



ment and security. Security! What does the unknown, uncertain future hold? A career.....but what am I fit for? Marriage.....will I be really happy? Higher studies.....to what end? Pure thirst for knowledge? Or just a way of putting off the inevitable decision—after college, what next?

Most of us tend to drift along. The lucky few who know their own minds and God's plan for them, find many an obstacle in their way. Their youthful idealism is mercilessly quenched by the worldly-wise people who say "I've seen it all. I was like you once... I've learnt a lot since then. Idealism doesn't help a bit. You can't do a thing". Will they have the courage to hold fast to their ideals, to reach for the stars?

Now that we are standing at the threshold of a new life—what are we doing about it? The future is what we make of it. It is there for us to shape. Are we going to change the world we are entering for better or for worse? For one of these we will do; either knowingly or unknowingly. Are we going to succumb to the "modern malaise" of society? It is not going to be easy; NOTHING worth doing is. As Browning aptly put it, "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, else what's a heaven for?"

But then on the other hand, one might never even touch what one is longing to grasp. Where does all this philosophising take us? The task to be fulfilled in a life-time when viewed now will surely seem mountainous. But each little day! Oh! the glorious morn, the song of the birds, the flowers, the sunlight streaming in, the patch of blue through the window, the warm smiles, a human voice, a snatch of song, a moment of the spirit face to face with her Maker—all these priceless treasures that lighten the burden and brighten the way of that little day are still there, no matter how huge the task, how rough the path, how long its fulfillment. Let our outlook be fresh, forever finding new beauties in old things—then bit by bit the mission will be done until the day when we can stand before the Maker and say along with the sun that shone faithfully each day, the bird that sang, the flower that gave fruit, "I've done what you meant me to do".

HEMA PICHAI,  
III B.A. Literature

&

GEORGINA KANDASWAMY,  
III B.Sc. Zoology

## The End of one Stage . . . The Beginning of Another

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The meaning of leaving College dawns on the out-going students at their Valedictory services.

I had gone to Sr. Warden for the Railway Concession Forms "To Nagpur and return, Sister" said I.

She looked up and smiling apologetically, said "I do not give return concessions to final year students."

It was at that moment that the fact that I was not coming back to Stella Maris registered fully. I was rather dazed for a moment, but then in my usual way shrugged my mental shoulders thinking "Well! This is the end of one stage in my life", and forgot about it.

But the valedictory! Ah, that is a different story altogether. Realizing that a stage in one's life is over is different from realizing what one is meant to be in the next stage. I was overwhelmed by the thought that I would soon be stepping over the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. Womanhood implied a certain poise, dignity and responsibility. It was wonderful to be a woman and yet it would be difficult to retain the exuberance and idealism of girlhood.

Still in a daze I walked along with the crowd towards the N.C.C. grounds. The tree was planted there while we sang the Tree Planting Song. The "little tree" would one day bear fiery blossoms—as fiery as our burning ideals today. When those flowers flame on that tree someday, some year.....would our ideals be untarnished? Time would give the answer.

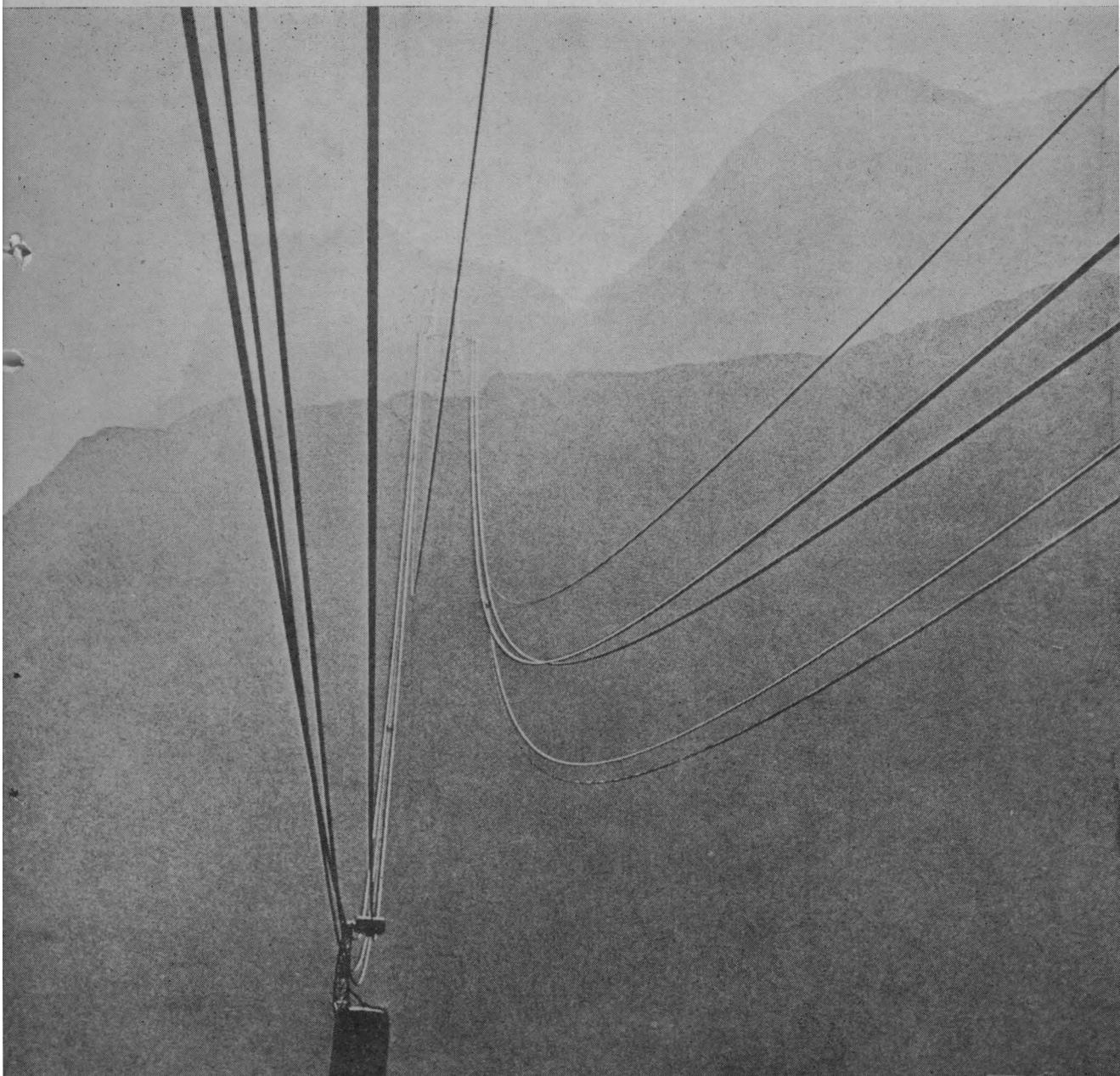
The future is unknown, in the hands of God.....the past three years behind us; their successes and failures, happy moments and sad ones, friendships, smiles, arms flung around shoulders, laughter, chatter, disagreements, misunderstandings, grand makings-up, discoveries of persons, ideas, hopes and fears—three years of a full rich life! Opportunities granted by God, that we had grasped eagerly or carelessly let slip by.....the voice over the mike echoed my thoughts.

"All the opportunities granted by You that we failed to use....." We were too busy with our own thoughts when our sympathy was needed by someone very badly. Emotion wasted on fictitious characters while we ignored the sufferings of those around us; situations where we failed to measure up to the moral standards of our conscience..... where is the excuse?

"Self-centredness", said the voice of the priest; "is the blight on the horizon.....we tend to be too busy with our own aims, ideas and future. One is obliged to think of the poor, the destitute, the hungry. If you cannot help materially, give them your sympathy and understanding".

“I faced the altar with a strange sense of inadequacy. So much to be done by each one of us! I looked around. I could sense hundreds of unworded prayers going up silently like fragrant clouds of incense..... The examinations had yet to be faced. But just now I was grateful for the life before me—all of it—my whole life. In You, with You, I step into the dark future: a woman .....wife.....mother. Help me to be what I am meant to be—fully and joyously!

GEORGINA KANDASAMY,  
III B.Sc. Zoology.



### **Post-graduate Valedictory :**

On Wednesday the 1st of March, the outgoing post-graduate students of the college assembled for their Valedictory. It meant much more than a farewell, it was a thanksgiving as well, a thanksgiving for the numerous benefits we had reaped from Stella Maris and a declaration of our allegiance to her spirit and values.

One grows up so imperceptibly that it is hard to believe that all of us are actually passing out of a sheltered life within the portals of an institution, and forging new ties and taking up new responsibilities which we hope we will be able to fulfil. Reverend Mother Superior's speech on the ideals of womanhood will be our inspiration to fulfil those immense tasks we will be taking upon ourselves. The speeches of Reverend Mother and Sr. Principal were followed by a distribution of souvenirs to the students and a service in the chapel. Outside the chapel door a large lamp was lit by Mother, from which the various Heads of Departments lit their own lamps and passed it on to their respective students. The whole community of outgoing students went into the chapel with lamps in which burnt the flame of spiritual and intellectual enlightenment. A sermon by Reverend Father Claude was followed by hymns and finally the chapel rang with the loud and enthusiastic voices of Stella Marians singing the college song, which meant so much more at this moment than at any other. The pledges we took before the altar to be firm in our faith and trust in God, to work and pray for unity, peace and prosperity in our country, and to use our education and experience to help the less fortunate, have given us the guidelines along which to organise our lives in the future. Before we leave the college, we would like to express our deep sense of gratitude to Reverend Mother Superior, to the Principal and Vice-Principal of the college for their affection and guidance during our years at Stella Maris. We are grateful to all the members of the staff for their untiring help. We wish Stella Maris every success in the years ahead and we hope that we will prove worthy of her, our Alma Mater, by taking along with us her spirit and ideals. "Star of the Sea, shine on our lives for ever until our souls are radiant with thy light".

GITA SITARAMAN,  
II M.A. Literature.

# First Impressions

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A new lecturer from London shares her thoughts with us.

Few thrills can compare with the moment of first sighting a new land, especially a land that has existed in the imagination for so long. That thrill was mine as I watched the sun rise over the Arabian Sea and peered down across the plane's silver wing to see the dark shadow of the Indian continent take shape below me.

Perhaps on first sight Stella Maris was not quite as thrilling. For one thing I was down to earth and for another, the mysterious shadows of dawn had been replaced by the full glow of the afternoon sun-shine. But I was very excited nevertheless to see the college for the first time. The white buildings and green campus looked welcoming, cool and restful, after the long journey. But it was at the opening of college that the buildings sprang alive, and my first impression of Stella Maris was an aesthetic one. Whatever practical purposes lay behind the white paint of the college buildings, they seemed designed to reflect the vivacity of the sudden invasion of saris and churidars, jeans and dresses.

In the first days, too, before custom had any chance of dulling impressions, I felt the vitality of the college. This liveliness was not just expressed in the various college activities but was to be felt bubbling everywhere. So was the friendliness between students and among the staff. Relationships between staff and students seemed based on mutual understanding, friendship and respect.

College seemed to be full of talent, resource, and organizing skill displayed in the plays, dances, debates and various activities. In fact activities were so numerous it was often hard to decide where to go or what to do on a particular afternoon. Perhaps what I enjoyed most was the visit to Vippedu, outside Conjeevaram, where the students had their camp, for here students and staff were able to relax on terms of real equality through a combined practical effort.

If it seems I'm writing an article in praise of Stella Maris, well so I am, because my first impressions were of such a friendly, lively and harmonious — not to say attractive — community. But one impression remained disquieting. I had not expected to find myself, linguistically speaking, in such an English community, with all the cultural significance that this implies. Though I was pleased, of course, as a language teacher to find such a high standard of English, in another way I found the prevalence of English disturbing and indeed frustrating, for it seemed to build a wall between the College and the outside world. Perhaps because I'm a hostelite I tend to exaggerate this wall, and obviously for many Tamilians it doesn't exist; but the dominance of English makes it easy for College life to be an escape, not just from the problems and challenges of life outside, but also from its beauty and stimulus. Are excellent debates



in English sufficient or should a vital, privileged body not be making more inroad into the life outside? Impressions, of course, are not based on research, and are very liable to error, but my feeling is that Stella Maris students have much to offer and that the challenge for students in the 1970's is to involve themselves more in the task of communicating with and helping the general community. How else can we justify our existence and the expenditure of time and money on our education?

PATRICIA BUTLER,  
Lecturer in English



## Not A Dream But A Reality

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A European tour alone — one enterprising student's dream come true.

There I was, all alone in the busiest part of Rome, with a small bag containing the little money I had and a few clothes, clutching it with great passion (I was told a lot about pick-pockets) and fully trained in the language of signs and the language of smiles with which I found a cosy little place to sleep in — a convent — and so I started my few glorious days in Rome. In a dream one has no days — so I can't write a day to day account of my trip. I spent a whole day at the Vatican, which completely threw me off balance. I wasn't prepared for such magnificence or splendour. I felt so small as I walked through St. Peter's; everywhere you looked it was ornately decorated; it was huge; and in one corner there was Michelangelo's exquisite Pieta, so delicate, so beautiful — I spent half an hour there with my eyes swimming, while rich American tourists walked around with tape-recorder guides plugged into their ears, looking at the wrong statue while the tape-recorder was describing something else.

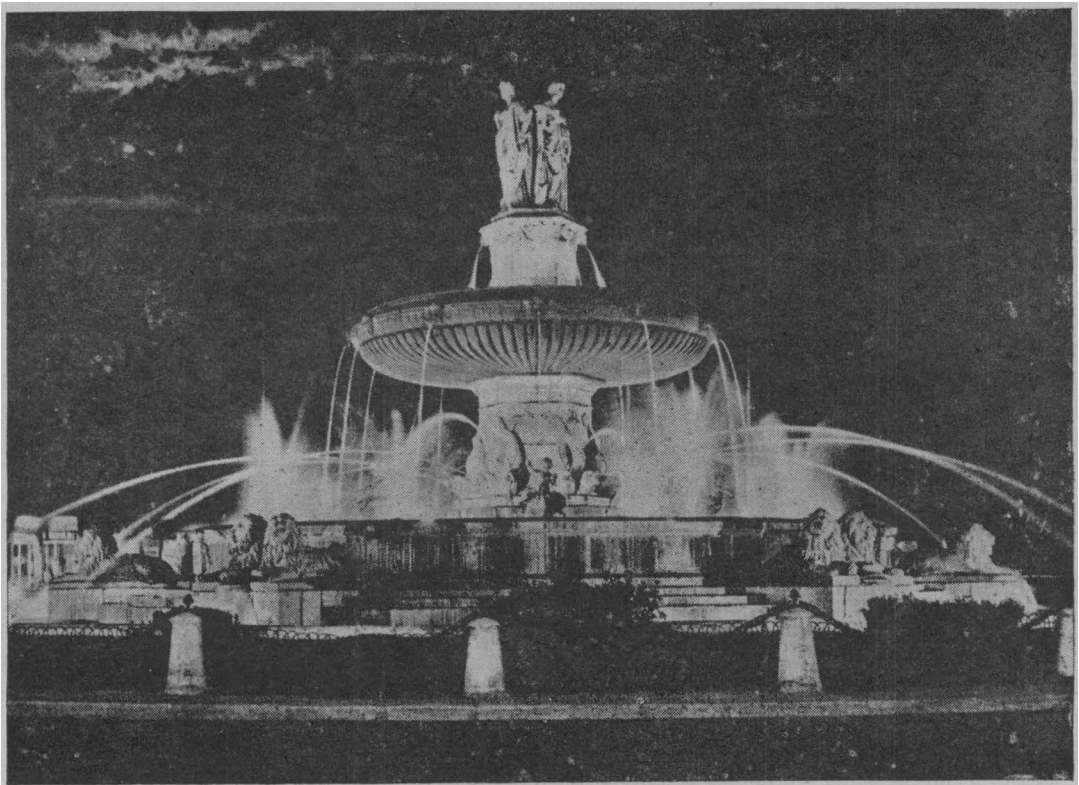


The rest of the days I sat in museums, or aimlessly walked around looking for the churches I had learnt about. My "See Rome in 5 days" was not of much use. I made some good friends at the convent and that made things easier. Then I took my first hitch-hike to the renowned beautiful city of Florence where I should have spent only 5 days, but I spent 10 days there — that says enough. I fell in love with this little city with its cobbled streets and huge stone buildings, where every street is famous. I met an American (so typical of them) who was walking through Florence reading 'The Agony and the Ecstasy' and following Michelangelo's movements! I spent 3 days in the Uffizi Gallery — so much so that the museum guards became suspicious — there had been a lot of talk of picture thieves, and wherever I went, I clutched my bag. I heard a music recital in the most beautiful church in Florence. If I wasn't in a museum or church I was getting lost, and Florence is a lovely city to get lost in.

I finally tore myself away from Florence and took a lift to Milan. Hitch-hiking can be quite nerve racking. I would stand on the pavement, thumb up, dripping with sweat like wet clothes on a line, refusing suspicious characters, trying to decide the safest. I reached Milan safely and joined some rich friends of mine — there's nothing like having money — I had a bath after 5 days and good Italian dinners. Milan is such an awfully dirty, industrial-rich city.

So I moved on to France — not happily — I loved Italy. I hitched it to Paris in a car with a Jewish couple and a Polish Communist, all fanatics... The famous city of Paris was too big for me. I had no money for metros — so I walked or hitched, which is strictly prohibited in the city. I stayed with friends, so no more of one-meal-a-day living, I missed it, because I met so many nice students in the little cafes in Italy — we would have nothing in common except that we would be eating the cheapest dish on the menu. Anyway, my last week of holiday was spent in the Louvre in Paris, feeling small before the collection of masterpieces of the world, yet my ego was boosted. I had done this trip alone and I had enjoyed every moment of it — the tears, the anxiety, the absolute bliss, the excitement. Suddenly it was all over. I was back in the college amidst the noise, the assemblies in the sun and the company of my friends...

SHOBITA PUNJA,  
II B.A. Drawing & Painting



## A Week at Asia Plateau

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Two Stella Maris students discover the challenge of Moral Re-Armament.

We had heard much about the Moral Re-armament Centre at Panchgani, (about 63 miles from Poona) but when we actually did see the panoramic view of the village, and the majestic buildings sprawling across the entire scenery, we stood spellbound, drinking in the grandeur and beauty of the place.....an unforgettable sight.

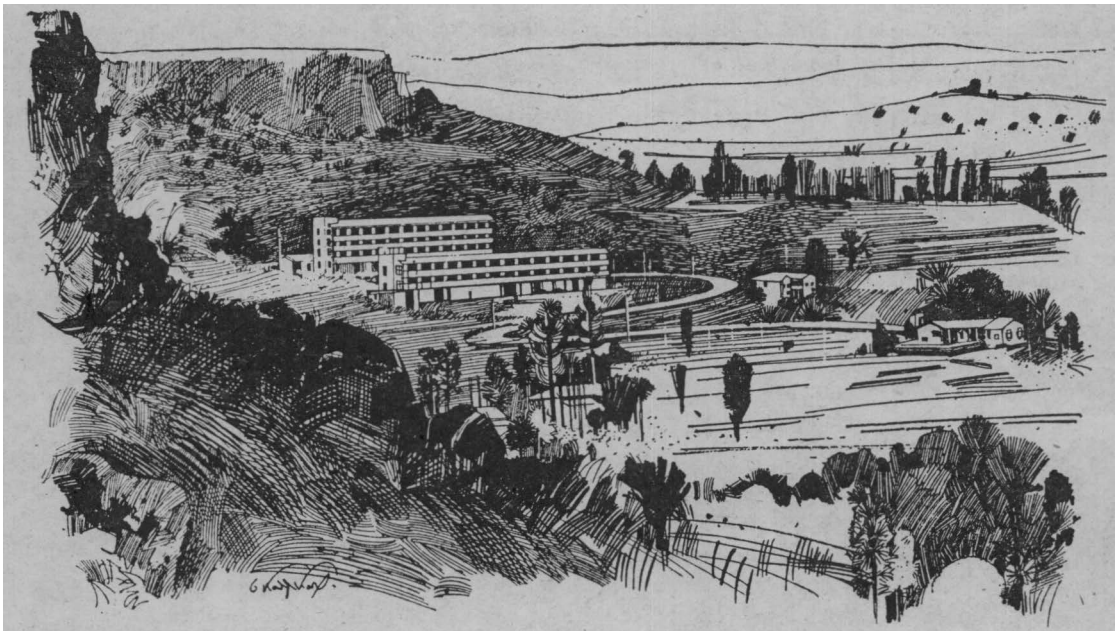
It was January 7th 1972. Only two days back we had been sitting quietly in our homes reading a book. Now we were on the train as delegates from Stella Maris to the Moral Re-armament Conference, with Miss Jayashree Sonalkar, a full-time Moral Re-armament member, as our escort.

We reached Asia Plateau by night. Having caught a cold at Poona, we went to bed rather depressed. The morning greeted us with the excited chatter of voices and tinkling of plates. Even at that early hour the whole place was bustling with activity. People of different nationalities were walking briskly from the "Rock View" to the "Valley View" (the two main buildings): a group of college boys were peeling potatoes in the open, lorry-loads of bricks were being un-loaded. We felt ashamed not to be a part of it.

The buildings were designed and planned to perfection. A new one, much bigger in size, is just under construction. A dome-like structure supposed to be an Oriental lounge, named after the first Asian member of Moral Re-armament, a Burmese lady, stands out prominently in the front. This unique building has a huge auditorium with seats fitted with switches to provide six simultaneous translations, the cost of each seat being covered by liberal donations. A model farm is also being maintained where training in new techniques is given to the farmers of the neighbouring villages. Used to seeing the skinny stray cows in Madras, we mistook a calf for a cow — they were such healthy Jersey breeds. However, more interesting were the people who came to the conference. There was Mr. Nichols Roy who holds many portfolios in the Meghalaya Ministry. He gave a very moving speech on how the historic agreement between him and Mr. Chaliha (late Chief-Minister of Assam) was signed in 1967, ending the long-lasting bitterness between the hill people and the plains people, through the good efforts of Moral Re-armament. Incidentally Mr. Chaliha's sister Dr. Chalika was also present and spoke of her experiences with Moral Re-armament. Mr. Sashi Patel, a famous industrialist from Bombay, with his family added a lively and humorous touch to the meetings. He had not only set things right in the family but had built up a new healthy relationship with the workers of his factory by giving them a "New Deal". Indeed here were men who had worked out the Moral Re-armament principles successfully in life and were willing to share their experiences.

Age was no bar at Panchgani. The young and the old mixed freely and found many mutual topics for discussion, over the dinner table. Each one had something to give or gain from the other—that probably is one of the main reasons for organising such a conference.

We used to look forward with eager expectation to the day's programme. At 7-30 a.m. we would assemble to have a quiet time to write down our thoughts and share them with others. Many of the outstanding achievements of Moral Re-armament are the outcome of such a quiet time. At 11 a.m. one of the distinguished guests would speak and at 3 p.m. we had either a seminar or a question hour. The seminar topics ranged from India and the Middle East to East Europe and Australia. All these sessions were very absorbing and thought-provoking. We got an idea of how Moral Re-armament has been working through the years in the different corners of the world.



Mr. Marson spoke of the peaceful negotiation between Tunisia and France. We were rather surprised to hear that Frank Buchman, the founder of Moral Re-armament, was instrumental in ending bitterness between Japan and Australia after the Second World War. We learnt from Mr. Shephard, of how Kim Beesley, a trade union leader inspired by Moral Re-armament, helped solve many labour disputes in Australia. Mr. Pierre Sperry gave many interesting anecdotes of how Moral Re-armament works in Switzerland. We were immersed in a sea of names and personalities. But each name meant something to us.

The Laotian Ambassador gave a graphic account of the situation in Laos — a country which wants peace but cannot have it — and how the people have to work very hard, as they are already lagging behind in the economic race of nations.

A skit competition was announced with the short notice of one day, and we were completely taken aback when the Madras delegation bagged the second prize.

Amidst all this fun and laughter and the lively Moral Re-armament songs, we were struck by the 20th century Moral Re-armament—its force, its dynamism and its impact, especially on the youth of to-day. It was alive and real. There was a group of schoolboys from Jamshedpur who had been Naxalites, used to committing many atrocities until they met Moral Re-armament. Now they were completely changed and were diverting their creative talents into constructive channels. There were also students from the Indian Institute of Technology of Bombay and Jamshedpur and Johard University.

We were really moved when we heard the story of Devy Sengehira, a rebel from the Mizo hills, who had come to the Moral Re-armament centre fierce and uncouth. Now he drives the tractor and works on the farm. Another famous Mizo leader who had been underground for years had also given up his violent activities and was present at the conference.

It is remarkable the way Moral Re-armament has worked wonders in the lives of many people, and not surprising that persons like Conrad Hunte, the cricketer, Peter Howard, the journalist, and many other famous men should be associated with it.

Moral Re-armament has left its imprint in Madras, in the settlement of the Standard Motors dispute (which was worked through inspired students), and made its indelible mark all over the world. In the present-day world of strife, strikes, lock-outs and bitterness, the message of Moral Re-armament needs to penetrate every nook and corner of the globe. We were thankful to Sister Principal for having sent us to Panchgani and glad to pass on the message to many more. It is only with the support of more people that a movement gathers momentum, and becomes a global force. It is a challenge for the young and the old—more challenging than a violent revolution.

D. HEMALATHA  
II M.A. Economics

AND

ANNA LEKSHMY  
I B.A. History

## “கேடில் விழச்செல்வம் கல்வி”

“அரிதரிது மானிடராய்ப் பிறத்தரிலது  
ஞானமும் கல்வியும் நயத்தல்அரிது,”

என்ற ஓளவையாரின் மூதுரைக் கேற்ப மனிதராய்ப் பிறந்த ஒவ்வொருவரும் அறிவு விளக்கம் பெறவேண்டும். இதற்குக் “கேடில்விழச் செல்வமாகிய” கல்வியையே துணையாகக் கோடல் வேண்டும். சுடச் சுட ஓளிரும் பொன் போல் கல்வியும் கற்கக் கற்க ஒருவனை உயர்த்தி, அறிவொளி பெறச் செய்யும். இக் கல்வியின் உயர்வையே செந்நாம் போதாரும், பொது மறையில்,

“கண்ணுடையர் என்பவர் கற்றோர்; முகத்திரண்டு  
புண்ணுடையர் கல்லா தவர்;”

என்று செப்பிச் சென்றார்.

விலங்குகளினின்றும் மக்களைப் பிரித்துக் காட்டுவது கல்வியே என்பது அவர் கருத்து.

கல்வி என்ற இம் மூன்றெழுத்தின் வலிமையை யாவரும் அறிவர். ‘கல்’ என்ற வினையினடியாகப் பிறந்த ‘வி’ என்ற விருதி பெற்ற தொழிற் பெயர். ‘கல்வி’ என்பது அகழ்தல் என்ற பொருள் பயக்கும். நூற்பொருளில் ஆழ்ந்து ஈடுபட்டு மனமொன்றித் தோய்தலையும் அறியாமையாகிய பாறையைத் தோண்டி, அறிவாகிய நீரைப் பெறுதலையுமே கற்றல் அல்லது கல்வி என்று வழங்கலாயினர். இதனைக் கருதியே அஹிம்ஸா வாதியான அண்ணல் காந்தியும், “ஒருவரிடமுள்ள சிறந்த திறமையை வெளிப்படுத்துவதே உண்மையான கல்வி. மனித வர்க்கமாகிய புத்தகத்தை விடச் சிறந்த நூல் வேறு என்ன இருக்கக்கூடும்?” என்கிறார். அதனால் தான் ‘கல்வியே அருந்தனம்’ ‘பிச்சைபுகினும் கற்கை நன்றே’ என்று அமுத மொழிகளை அள்ளித் தெளித்துள்ளனர் அருங் கவிஞர்கள். பாத்திரத்திற்கு ஈயம் பூசுவது போல் உள்ளமாகிய பாத்திரத்தில் கல்வியாகிய ஈயம் பூசப்படுவது அவர்களால் பிறரும் பிறரால் அவர்களும் கெடாமல் இருப்பதற்கே.

இக்கல்விச் செல்வம் அழியாத விழச் செல்வமாகும். இந்நலம் வாய்க்கப் பெற்ற ஒருவனை ஏனைய எல்லா நலங்களும் சென்று அடையும் என்பர். இஃது,

“வெள்ளத்தே போகாது வெந்தழலில் வேகாது வேந்தராலும்  
கொள்ளத்தான் முடியாது கொடுத்தாலும் நிறைவன்றிக் குறைவுறாது”

எனக் கூறப்படுகின்றது. பாராளும் வேந்தனைக் காட்டிலும் படித்தவனே சிறந்தவன் என்பதை:

—மன்னர்க்குத்

தன் தேயம் அல்லால் சிறப்பில்லை கற்றோர்க்குச்  
சென்ற இடமெல்லாஞ் சிறப்பு’

என்று ஓளவையாரின் மூதுரைப்பாடல் இயம்புகின்றது.

கம்பன் கூடப் பாராளும் மன்னனைப் பார்த்துக் “கொல்லி மலைத்தேன் சொரியும் கொற்றவா! நீ முனிந்தால் இல்லையோ எங்கட்கிடம்” என அஞ்சாது கேட்டு விட்டான்! இன்னும் வள்ளுவரின் அறக் கொள்கையும், கம்பன், மில்டன் ஆகியோரின் காவியமும், செகப்பிரியரின் மேடையுலகும், சங்கப்புலவர்மக்களின் வாழ்க்கை நெறியும், சாக்ரடீஸ், அரிஸ்டாட்டில், பிளேட்டோ ஆகியோரின் அரசியல் தத்துவமும் அவர்கள் இறந்த பின்னும் இறவாத கல்விச் செல்வங்களன்றோ! வானளாவப் பரந்து விரிந்து ஆழிநிகர்ப்ப ஆழ்ந்தும் செல்லும் இயல்புடைய மாந்தர் தம் உள்ளம் ஏனைய உயிர்களுக்கில்லாத, உறவில்லாத பிற உயிரிடத்தும் பரந்து பட்டுச் செல்லும் அன்பாகிய குழுவியைப் பெற்றுத் தரும் தாய் கல்வியே.

இக்கல்வியை இளமையில் கற்கவேண்டும். பசுமரத்தாணி போல் இளமையில் கற்றது தான் மன ஏட்டில் நன்கு பதியும்.

“துள்ளித் திரிகின்ற காலத்திலென் துடுக்கடக்கிப்  
பள்ளிக்கு வைத்திலனே தந்தையாகிய பாதகனே”

என்று பிற்காலத்தில் நொந்து பயனில்லை.

‘கல்வி கரையில் கற்பவர் நாள்சில’ ஆதலின்

—தெள்ளிதின்

ஆராய்ந்தமைவுடைய கற்பவே நீர்ஓழியப்  
பாலுண் குருகிற் றெரிந்து”

என்ற நாலடியாருக்கிணங்க, கற்கத் தகுந்த அறம், பொருள், இன்பம் பயக்கும் நூல்களை ஐயந்திரிபறக் கற்கவேண்டும். கற்கும் காலத்து “உற்றுழி உதவியும் உறுபொருள் கொடுத்தும் பிறறை நிலை முனியாதும் கற்றல்” வேண்டும்.

இவ்வாறு கற்கும் கல்வியால் அடையும் பயன்கள் எண்ணில. தாழ்ந்த குலத்தில் பிறந்த ஒருவனும் கல்வி கேள்விகளால் மேம்பட்டு விளங்கினால் உயர்ந்த அரசர் குலமும் அவன் வழிநிற்கும். நன்மை இது; தீது இது எனப்பகுத்தறியவும் ஒழுங்கு முறைகளை அறிந்து, குற்றமற்ற வாழ்வு நடத்தவும், உணவு, உடை, இருப்பிடம் ஆகியவற்றை நன்னிலையில் வைத்துக் கொள்ளவும் கல்வி இன்றியமையாததாகும். கணக்கற்ற கோடி அண்டங்களையும், ஞாயிறு, திங்கள், விண்மீன்களையும், பற்றுக் கோடில்லாமல் இடைவெளியில் நிறுத்திக் காப்பவருமாகிய இறைவனை அவர் இயற்கைப் படைப்பாலன்றோ அறியலாம். ஆதலால் இயற்கையின் இலக்கியமாகிய கல்வி இறைவனை உணர்தற்குத் துணையாகுமெனில் மிகையாகாது. “மன்னுவான் மறைகள் ஒதிமனத்தினுள் விளக்கொன்றேத்தி உன்னுவாருள்ளத்துள்ளான்” இறைவன் என்பர்.

“கற்றதனாலாய பயனென் கொல் வாலறிவன்  
நற்றூள் தொழா அர் எனின்”

என்று தெய்வப்புலவரும் பாடியருளியுள்ளார்.

கல்தோன்றி மண்தோன்றாக் காலந்தொட்டு இக்கல்வியைப் பேணிப்பாதுகாக்க அரும்பாடுபட்டுள்ளனர். கூலவாணிகரும், மருத்துவரும், பொன் வாணிகரும், கொல்லரும், அரசமாதேவி முதலாகக் குறப்பெண் ஈடுக மகளிரும் பாங்குறக் கற்றுக் கவிபுனையும் ஆற்றல் பெற்றுச் சிறந்தது கல்வியின் சீரிய நிலையைச் செவ்விதின் விளக்கும்.

ஆனால் அக்காலத்தில் மாணாக்கர் ஆசிரியரை நாடிச்சென்று அறிவுவிளக்கம் பெற்றனர். அதனையே 'குருகுலம்' என்ற பெயரால் அழைத்து வந்தனர். "ஊராளோர் தேவகுலம்" என்புழியும் குலம் என்பது இருப்பிடம் என்றும் பொருளில் வந்தது. ஆசிரியரை நிழல் போல் நீங்காது "எழுத்தறிவித்தவன் இறைவனாகும்" "உலகத்து உயர்ந்த தருதி உடையவர் ஆசிரியரே: அவரால் ஆகாத செயல் யாதுமில்லை என்பதைக் கருத்தில் கொண்டு, கல்வி கற்றனர். அதனால் குருவின் குணமே வாய்க்கப் பெற்றவராயினர். பிறந்த குலம், குணம், இனம் கருதாது, ஆசிரியரின் குணமும், குலமுமே மாணாக்கனுடைய தாகக் கருதப்பட்ட தென்பதைத்,

“ திறையோடு மரசிறைஞ்சுஞ்செறிகழற்கால் தயரதனும்  
பொறையோடுந் தொடர் மனத்தாள் புலவரெனும் பெயரே காண்  
உறையோடு நெடுவேலா யுபநயன விதிமுடித்து  
மறையோது வித்திவரை வளர்த்தானும் வசிட்டன்காண்”

என்ற இராமாயணப் பாடலால் அறியலாம்.

இக்காலத்திலோ கல்வி நிலை பலவாறு வேறுபட்டுக் காணப்படுகிறது. கற்போரும் கற்பிப்பவரும் ஒன்று கூடி ஓரிடத்தில் கற்றுப்பின் பிரிகின்றனர்; பொருட்செலவின்றி வாறென மூலம் கல்வி வசதிபெறவும் வாய்ப்புகள் பல உள. கற்போரும் கற்பிப்பவரும் பிரிந்து தனித்தனியே தொடர்பின்றி இருக்கின்றனர்.

கல்வியைத் தாய்மொழியில் கற்றலே சிறந்தது. குழந்தை பிறந்ததும் முதற்கண் கேட்கும் ஒலி தாயின் அன்பில் குழைந்த இன்பத்தாலாட்டு. அறிவியல் அரியணையில் அமர்ந்து ஆட்சி செலுத்தும் இவ்வேளையில், மாந்தர் எளிதில் பயிலக் கூடிய தாய் மொழியை விடுத்து அந்நியமொழியில் கற்பது நீரில் விழுந்த ஒருவனைத் தூக்குவதற்காக நீச்சல் பழகுவதை ஒக்கும். அந்நிய மொழியில் அரைகுறை அறிவோடு கற்பது என்பது குருடனும் செவிடனும் கூத்துப் பார்க்கப்போய்க் "குருடன் கூத்தைப் பழித்தானும்; செவிடன் பாட்டைப் பழித்தானும்" என்பதைப்போல முடியும். தாய்மொழிக் கல்வியால் குறுகிய காலத்தில், குறைந்தபொருட் செலவில், குறைவின்றி அறிவித்திறமை பெறவியலும். ஆதலால் இளைஞர்கள் இளமை தொட்டுத் தாய்மொழி வழியே பயின்று. தாய்நாட்டின் பொருளாதாரமும் செல்வாக்கும் சிறக்க முயலவேண்டும். பொறுத்திருந்து செயலாற்றுவது என்பது உரோம் நகரம் தீப்பற்றி எரியும்போது நீரோமன்னன் வீணை மீட்டிப் பாட்டிசைத்துப் பரவசம் அடைந்த கதையாகும்.

ஏட்டில் உள்ள கல்வியைக் கற்பதைவிட வாழ்க்கைக்கு உறுதுணையாகிற எய்ப்பினில் வைப்புப்போன்ற தொழிற் கல்வியை முயன்று கற்றல் வேண்டும்.

“ உழுதுண்டு வாழ்வாரே வாழ்வார் மற்றெல்லாம்  
தொழுதுண்டு பின் செல்பவர் ”

என்ற தமிழ் மறையை நினைவில் கொண்டு தொழிற் கல்வியை அனைவருக்கும் பொது வாக்கவேண்டும்.

இவ்வாறு எல்லாக் கல்வியும் கற்றுத்தேர்ந்தபின் பண்பாடாகிய கனியைச்சமயக் கல்வியாகிய தருவினின்றும் பெறவேண்டும். இஃது நல்லெண்ணத்தை வளர்த்து நற் செய்கைகளைத் தூண்டும்.

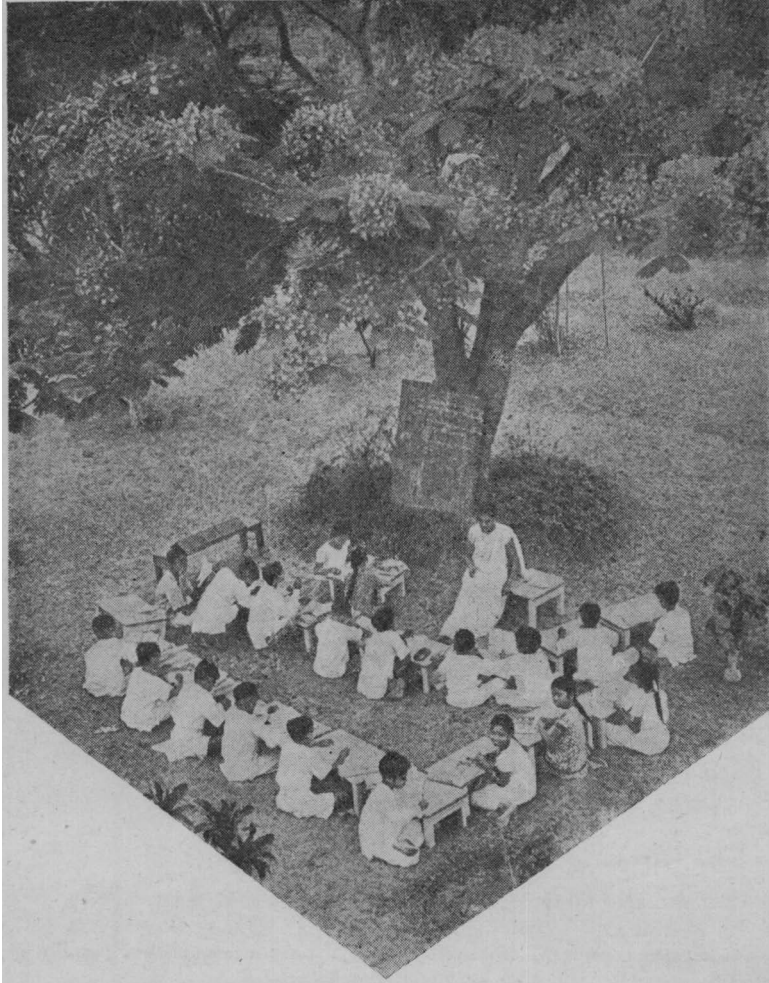


“ படியாத பெண்ணினால் தீமை—என்ன  
பயன் விளைப்பாள் அந்த ஊமை”

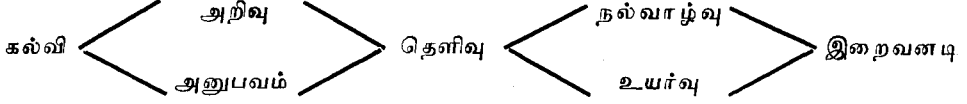
என்ற புரட்சிக் கவிஞன் கூக்குரலுக் கேற்ப அடுப்பூதும் பெண்களுக்குப் படிப்பெதற்கு  
என்னும் நிலைமாறி, பாரிஸில் பெண்கள் பட்டங்கள் ஆள்வதும் சட்டங்கள் செய்வதும்  
கண்கூடாகக் காண்கிறோம்.

ஆதலால் வேற்றுமை சிறிதுமின்றி, ‘தொட்டளைத்தாலும் மணற்கேணி’ அனைய  
நூல்களைப் பயின்று “தக்க இன்னதகாதன இன்ன” என்பதை ஓர்ந்துணரும் திறம்  
பெற்றுக் கல்விகளில் சிறந்தவர்களுடன் நட்புக்கொண்டு, “எப்பொருள் யார்யார்  
வாய்க் கேட்பினும்” அப்பொருளின் மெய்ப்பொருளைக்கண்டு, கசடறக் கற்பவற்றைக் கற்று  
அதற்குத் தக நின்று, கல்விச் செல்வத்தைப் பிறருக்கும் அளித்து எல்லோரும் இன்புற்று  
வாழ்தல் வேண்டும்.

NALINI VARADARAJAN,  
III B.Sc. Chemistry



## இலக்கியம் காட்டும் கல்வி



“ குஞ்சி யழகும் கொடுத்தாளைக் கோட்டழகும்  
மஞ்சள் அழகும் அழகல்ல —நெஞ்சத்து  
நல்லம்யாம் என்னும் நடுவு நிலைமையால்  
கல்வி அழகே அழகு.” —நாலடியார்

கவின் தரு கல்வி, வளம் தரு கேணி.

“ பெறுமவற்றுள் யாமறிவது இல்லை அறிவறிந்த  
மக்கட்பேறு அல்ல பிற ”

எனத் தன் மகன் சான்றோனாதல் வேண்டுமென நோற்றுப் பெறுகிறாள் அன்னை. அவள் அவ்வாறு “என்று புறம் தந்தது” கண்டுவந்த தந்தை அவளைச் சான்றோனாகக் கலைத் தன் கடனாகக் கொள்கிறாள். அவையத்து முந்தியிருக்கச் செய்த தந்தைக்கு மகன் ஆற்றும் உதவி கண்டு அவளை ஈன்றபொழுதிலும் பெரிது உவக்கிறாள் தாய். அவ்வாறு அவன் ஒருமைக் கண் கற்ற கல்வி அவனுக்கு எழுமைக்கும் துணையாக நிற்கிறது.

அந்தக் கேடில் விழுச் செல்வத்தையே —கல்விச் செல்வத்தையே —சங்கத்தமிழ் முழக்குகிறது. “கற்றறிவாளர் கருத்திலுமோர் கண்ணுண்டு” எனத் திருமந்திரம் சாற்றுகிறது.

கல்விச் செல்வத்தைப் பெற காலவரையறை கிடையாது. ஆயினும் அடிப்படைக் கல்வி பெறக்காலமுண்டு.

“ ஆற்றும் இளமைக்கண் கற்கலான் மூப்பின்கண்  
போற்றும் எனவும் புணருமோ? ”

எனச் சான்றோர் என்றும் வண்ணம் இல்லாமல் ஆற்றல் மிக்க இளமைக் காலத்தில் கற்று சான்றோனாதல் சங்கம் காட்டும் கல்வி வழி.

“ வெள்ளத்தால் அழியாத, வெந்தணலால் வேகாத,  
வேந்தராலும் கொள்ள முடியாத,  
கொடுத்தாலும் நிறைவன்றிக் குறைவுராத ”

கல்வியைக் கற்கும் போது,

“ உடையார் முன் இல்லார் போல் ஏக்கற்றும் கற்றார் ”

எனக் கற்க வேண்டிய பண்புடைமையையும் நெறிமுறைமையையும் கழலுகிறது வள்ளுவம்.

“கற்றலில் சிறந்த வழி” தோலா நாவின் மேலோர் பேரவை  
உடன்மீஇ யிருக்கை ஒரு நாள் பெறுமெனின்”

எனக் கற்ற அஞறிர் கூடிய கல்விக் கழகத்தில் இருந்து பயில்வதாகும். இந்த அடிப்  
படையில் தான் வள்ளுவர்

“செவியின் சுவையுணரா வாயுணர்வின் மாக்கள்”

என மக்களைப் பாகுபடுத்திக் காட்டுகிறார். அவ்வாறு ஆன்றோர் சார்ந்த அறிவுக்  
கழகத்தில் கற்றோரோடு, கல்லாதவர் “விலங்கொடு அணையர்” என்றும் கற்றோர் உயர்  
நிலையைக் கூறுகிறார் பொய்யில் புலவர்.

சங்கம் கூறும் கல்வி நிலை உயர்ந்தது. கற்றோரைச் சார்ந்த மற்றவர் அறிஞ  
ராகிய அவர் அறிந்த நூல் அனைத்தையும் நுகர்ந்தனர். உலக உண்மைகளைத்  
தெளிந்தனர். எனவே கற்ற அனைவரும் கவிஞராயினர் — கலைஞராயினர். கற்பதற்  
குரிய பொருளைத் தந்தனர். தற்காலக் கல்வி முறையால் அவர்கள் இன்று கற்பதற்  
குரிய, கற்பனைக்குரிய பொருளாயினர். இல்லை எனின் அவர் நமது வழிகாட்டியாய் —  
முன்னோடியாகவே அமைந்திருப்பர்.

இவ்வாறு கற்ற கல்வி அறுவகைப் பயன்களைப் பயப்பதாய் அமைந்திருந்தது.

“அறம் பொருள் இன்பமும் வீடும் பயக்கும்  
புறங்கடை நல்விசையும் நாட்டும்—உறுங்கவலொள்  
றுற்றிழியும் கைகொடுக்கும் கல்வியினுஉங் கில்லை  
சிறுயிர்க் குற்ற துணை”

எனக் கல்வி நல்வழி செல்வோனுக்கு உற்ற துணையாதலைக் குமரகுருபரர் நயம்படத்  
தொகுத்துரைக்கிறார்.

இத்தொகுப்பில் முதலாவதாகக் காண்பது அறவுணர்ச்சி என்பது. முப்பாலில்  
நாற்பால் வைத்த வள்ளுவர் முதற்பாலில் கூறுவது அதுவே. வள்ளுவம் இந்த அற  
வுணர்ச்சியை,

“அழுக்காறு அவாவெகுளி இன்னஞ்சொல் நான்கும்  
இழுக்கா இயன்றது அறம்”

எனமேலும் தெளிவாக்குகிறது.

“நிலையில் திரியாது” என வள்ளுவர் கூறுவது போல் தன்நிலையினின்றும் மாறு  
படாத தன்மைக்குரிய உறுதியைத் தருவது அவன் கற்ற கல்வியேயாகும். எனவே  
அழுக்காறு அகற்றுதல், அவாவறுத்தல், வெகுளி நீக்கல், இன்னஞ்சொல் சொல்லாமை  
எனும் இந்நான்கு அறங்களினின்றும் அறவுணர்ச்சிகளினின்றும் மாறுபடாது — நிலை  
தவறாது நிற்பதற்கு உறுதுணையாய் இருப்பது கல்வியே யாகும்.

அடுத்ததாகக் குமர குருபரர் கூறுவது பொருள் ஆகும். “பொருளென்னும்  
பொய்யா விளக்கம்” என்றும் “ஓண் பொருள்” என்றும் வள்ளுவம் விளக்கும் பொருட்  
செல்வம் ஒருவர்க்குக் “கேடில் விழுச்செல்வமாகிய” கல்வியால் கிடைக்க வல்லது.  
இதையே “பொன் பெறும் கற்றான் பொருள் பெறும் நற்கவி” எனும் சிறுபஞ்ச மூலத்  
தொடர் தெளிவாக்குகிறது.

சிற்றுயிர்க்கு உற்ற துணையாக — அடுத்ததாகக் குமர குருபரர் கூறுவது அறத் தாலும் பொருளாலும் அன்றிக் கல்வியால் கிடைக்கும் இன்பமாகும்.

“சென்று செவியளக்கும் செம்மையவாய்ச் சிந்தையுள்ளே  
நின்றளவில் இன்பம் நிறைப்பனவற்றுள் — ஒன்று  
மலரிவரும் கூந்தலார் மாதர்நோக்கு ஒன்று  
மலரிவரும் கூத்தன்தன் வாக்கு”

எனத் தண்டியலங்கார உரை நூலிலுள்ள ஒரு வெண்பா ‘நவில் தொறும் நவில் தொறும்’ நயம்தரும் நூல்நயத்தை வெளிப்படுத்துகிறது.

“கண்ணுதல் பெருங்கடவுளும் கழகமோடு அமர்ந்து  
பண்ணுறத் தெரிந்து ஆய்ந்த இப்பசுந் தமிழ்”

எனும் திருவிளையாடற் புராணப் பாடல் தமிழின்பத்தையும் கல்வியின்பத்தையும் ஒருங்கே சாற்றுதல் குறிப்பிடத் தக்கது. இக் கல்வியின்பம் கருதியே சுத்தரமூர்த்தி நாயனார் தனது தேவாரத்தில் “கற்ற கல்வியினும் இனியானை” எனக் கல்வியைக் கடவுளுக்கு உவமையாக்குகிறார்.

நான்காவதாகக் கூறப்படுவது வீடு. இக்கருத்தைக் “கற்றவர் பேரினும் உற்று நின்றாரே” எனும் ஏலாதிப் பாடல் பறைசாற்றுகிறது. பாயிரம் பாடும் வள்ளுவர்,

“கற்றதனால் ஆய பயனென்கொல் வாலறிவன்  
நற்றாள் தொழார் எனின்”

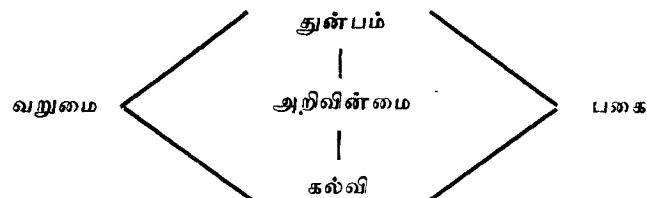
எனக் கல்வியின் பயனைக் கூறுகிறார். எனவே கற்றதின் பயன் கடவுளைத் தொழல். கடவுளைத்தொழக் கைப்பிடித்து வழிகாட்டும் கல்வி வீட்டுலகிற்கும் வழிகாட்டுமென்பது தண்ணம்.

ஐந்தாவதாகக் கூறப்படும் அரும் பயன் நல்லிசை—புகழாகும்.

“நத்தம்போல் கேடும் உளதாகும் சாக்காடும்  
வித்தகர்க் கல்லால் அரிது.”

“புகழ் நிலை நிற்பதாகும் சாவு” அறிவுசால் அறிஞர்க்கே வரும் எனப் புலவர் புகழ்வது கல்வி தரும் புகழைப் புலப்படுத்துகிறது. அல்லாமல் “கற்றோர்க்குச் சென்ற இடமெல்லாம் சிறப்பு” என்பது போன்ற தொடர்கள் கல்வியால் பெறும் நல்லிசையைக் குறிப்பிடுகிறது “யாதானும் நாடாமால் ஊராமல்” எனும் நிலை—புகழ்—நல்லிசை—கல்வி யால்தான் ஒருவர்க்கு வரும்.

அறுவகைப் பயன்களுள் இறுதியாகக் கூறப்படுவது கல்வி கவலையை நீக்கும் மருந்தாகும்.



கல்வி பொருள் தருவதுபோல் “அற்றங்காக்கும் கருவியான்” அறிவையும் தர வல்லது. கற்ற கல்வியானது சிறந்த நாவன்மையைத் தரவல்லது. அச்சொல்வன்மை “கேளாரும் வேட்ப” நிற்கும் நிலைமையைத் தோற்றுவிக்கும். கல்வி, துன்பத்தில் உற்ற துணையாவதை,

“பிடித்த கல்விப் பெரும்புணை”

எனும் மணிமேகலைத் தொடர் தெளிவாக்குகிறது. மேலும்

“துணையாய் வரும் தூய நற்கல்வியே”

எனும் திருமந்திரத் தொடரும் குமர குருபரர் தொகுப்பைத் தெளிவாக்குகிறது.

இத்தகைய இம்மை மறுமைப் பயன்களை அளிக்கத்தக்க சிறப்புகளைப் பெற்ற கல்வியை

“உற்றுழி உதவியு முறுபொருள் கொடுத்தும்  
பிறறைநிலை முனியாது கற்ற னன்றே”

என்றும் கற்றறிந்தோரின் சிறப்பை,

“அறிவுடையோ னுறகஞ் செல்லும்;  
வேற்றுமை தெரிந்த நாற்பா லுள்ளும்  
கீழ்ப்பா லொருவன் கற்பின்  
மேற்பா லொருவனு மவள்கட் படுமே”

என்றும் அன்றே ஆரியப்படை கடந்த நெடுஞ்செழியன் கூறியுள்ளான்.

இன்று எங்கும் இலவசக்கல்வி என்ற வாய்ப்பு ஏற்பட்டுள்ளது. செல்வ வசதி இல்லாதவர்க்கும் மதிய உணவுத் திட்டமும் பழக்கத்தில் உள்ளது. கற்க வேண்டும்; கல்வித்திறன் பெறவேண்டும் என்ற உணர்வு — அவா மக்களுக்குக் குறைந்தேயுள்ளது என்பதை நம் நாட்டின் கற்றறிந்தோர் சதவீதம் சாற்றுகின்றது. இளமையில் கற்பதே இனிமையானது. ஆதலின் கல்வியில் ஊக்கம் காட்டவேண்டியது இன்றை மாணவர் — நாளை நாட்டுக் காவலர் கடமை அன்றே!

S. EZHILARASI,  
P. U. 3.

## தாய்மை உள்ளம்

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பிள்ளை எள்ளி	வரம்வேண்டிக் நகைத்தாலும்	கொள்ளைத் எண்ணம்	தவமிருப்பாள் விடமாட்டாள் !
நமக்கு சுமக்கும்	வரும் குழந்தை காலையிலே	நலமாய் சொல்லும்	இருக்க வேண்டிச் மருந்துண்பாள் !
பிறந்த பெறுங்கால்	முகநோக்கும் உறுதுயரம்	பேற்றை பெரிதும்	எண்ணியெண்ணிப் பொறுத்திருப்பாள் !
குழந்தைக் குழலின்	குலதனத்தின் இனிதாகக்	குதலை கொண்டே	மொழிதன்னைக் குழைந்திடுவாள் !
வளரும் தளரும்	வேளையிலே போதினிலே	வாரி தாவிப்	அணைத்திடுவாள் பிடித்திடுவாள் !
'அம்மா' சும்மா	என்றழைத்தால் இருப்பாளோ ?	'அப்பா' சொக்கிப்	என்றுரைப்பாள்: போய்விடுவாள் !
உற்ற குற்றம்	நோய் நீக்கி குறையிருந்தால்	உறாத கூனிக்	முன்காப்பாள் குறுகிடுவாள் !
பாலும் நாலும்	நினைந்தூட்டிப் தெரிந்தவாய்	பரிந்தே நடக்க	உபசரிப்பாள் வழிசொல்வாள் !
உச்ச அச்சம்	உழைப்பாலே தவிர்த்திடுவாள்	உயர்ந்தோர் ஆண்மை	கதை சொல்வாள் மிகுத்திடுவாள் !
ஆன்றோர் ஈன்ற	தன்மகனைச் பொழுதினும்	சான்றோன் இன்னும்	எனக்கேட்டால் பெரிதுவப்பாள் !
தாய்மை தாய்மை	உள்ளத்தின் மொழி தன்னால்	தன்னந் தொகுத்துச்	தனிப்பெருமை சொலப்போமோ ?

K. SARADHA  
I. B.Sc. (Maths)

## கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான்

திருவனந்தபுரம் 'பாஸ்ட் பாஸஞ்சர்' சிதம்பரம் நிலையத்தில் வந்து நின்றது. வண்டியில் ஒரே கூட்டம், எப்படியோ முண்டியடித்து உள்ளே ஏறிவிட்டார் திரு தங்கத்துரை. அவர் அண்ணாமலைப் பல்கலைக் கழகத்தில் தமிழ் விரிவுரையாளர். அவரைப் பார்த்தவுடன் சுந்தரம் என்ற வாஸிபன் எழுந்து உட்கார இடங்கொடுத்தான். இரண்டு ஊர்கள் கடந்ததும் சுந்தரத்திற்கும் உட்கார இடம் கிடைத்தது.

இரவு மணி ஒன்று. வண்டியில் எல்லோருக்கும் நல்ல தூக்கம்; தங்கத்துரை சுந்தரத்தைப் பற்றி விசாரித்தார்.

“திருச்சி கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான் அண்ணாசாமி குடும்பத்தைச் சேர்ந்தவர்கள் நாங்கள்.”

“அப்படியா! இப்படி ஒரு பெயர் வந்ததற்கு ஏதாவது கதை உண்டோ?”

சிறிது நேரம் மௌனம். சுந்தரம் சொல்லத் தொடங்கினான்.

“திருச்சிராப்பள்ளியிலே தென்னூர் பழைய அக்ரகாரத்திலே ஸ்ரீநிவாசப் பொருமாள் கோயில் இருக்கிறதே தெரியுமோ?”

“தெரியும், நாலு வருடத்திற்கு முன்னாலே எங்க உறவுக்காரர் ஒருவர் கூட அந்தத் தெருவிலே குடி இருந்தார். இப்போது தஞ்சாவூருக்கு மாற்றிக் கொண்டு போய்விட்டார்.”

“அந்தக் கோயிலுக்கு வலது பக்கத்திலே இருக்கிற வீட்டிலேதான் நாற்பது ஐம்பது வருடங்களுக்கு முன்னாலே அண்ணாசாமி குடியிருந்தார். என் தாய் மாமன் அவர். ஆனால் பிறவியிலேயே கண் இல்லாதவர். நல்ல மனிதர். அரங்கத்தரவணை துயிலும் அமலனிடம் அளவிலா அன்புகொண்டவர். பணக்காரர், குழந்தைகள், சுற்றத்தார் அனைவரும் அவரிடம் மிகுந்த மரியாதை வைத்திருந்தனர். எல்லாம் நிறைந்திருந்தும், ஒன்றையும் கண்ணால் நேரில் கண்டு களிக்கும் வாய்ப்பில்லை, என்னதான் மனத்தைத் தேற்றிக்கொண்டாலும், உள்ளூர வேதனை இருக்கத்தான் செய்தது. தனி மையில் இருக்கும் போதெல்லாம், “ஐயனே, அரங்கா! நான் என்ன பாவம் செய்தேனே; இந்தப் பிறவியில் கண்ணற்ற குருடாக இருக்கிறேன், வசதி இருந்தும் வாழ்க்கையை நேரில் அனுபவிக்க முடியவில்லையே! உன்னை எப்போதும் வணங்கிவழிபட்டு வருகிறேனே. உன் வைகுண்ட ஏகாதசி மோகினி அவதாரக் கோலம் கண்கொள்ளாக்காட்சி என்று எல்லோரும் சொல்கிறார்களே. நான் ஒரு முறையாது பார்க்க வேண்டாமா? நீதான் கருணை செய்யவேண்டும்,” என்று முறையிடுவார்.

அரங்கனும் அருள் சுரந்தான். அண்ணாசாமிக்குக் கண் தெரியலாயிற்று. அது காறும் நேரில் காணாதவைகளை எல்லாம் கண்டு அனுபவித்தார். இறைவன் கருணையை எண்ணி எண்ணி மகிழ்ந்தார். அந்த வருடம் வைகுண்ட ஏகாதசித் திருநாளை எதிர் பார்த்துக் கொண்டிருந்தார்.

திருநாளும் வந்தது. அண்ணாசாமியின் ஒரே தம்பி இராமசாமியும் சிங்கப்பூரிலிருந்து வந்திருந்தார். மோகினி அவதாரச்சேவை! அன்று பக்கத்தில் இருந்த உறை யூரிலே கன்னையா கம்பெனி 'தூக்குத் தூக்கி' நாடகம். அந்தக் காலத்திலே கன்னையா கம்பெனி நாடகம் உங்களுக்குத் தெரியும். எள்ளுப் போட்டால் எள்ளு விழாது. அவ்வளவு புகழ், அதுவும் அவர்களுடைய கடைசி நாடகம் அன்றுதான் என்று அறிவித்திருந்தார்கள். பிறகு கம்பெனியையே மூடிவிடுகிறார்கள் என்றால் கூட்டத்துக்குக் கேட்பானேன்?

பல நாட்களுக்குப் பிறகு தாய்நாடு வந்த ராமசாமி நாடகம் கட்டாயம் பார்க்க வேண்டுமென்று துடித்தார், அண்ணாவிடமும் தெரிவித்தார்.

“இவை அரங்கனுடைய அருளால் கிடைத்த கண்கள், அப்பா அவனுடைய சேவையைக் காணவேண்டாமா? அதுதானே முக்கியம்” என்று தீர்மானமாகக் கூறினார் அண்ணாசாமி. தம்பியோ, “அண்ணா, வைகுண்ட ஏகாதசி உற்சவம் வருடா வருடம் வரும். பார்த்துக் கொள்ளலாம். இந்நாடகம் இத்துடன் கடைசி. பிறகு கம்பெனியையே கலைத்து விடுகிறார்கள். அப்புறம் இப்படியொரு நாடகம் போல் பார்க்கவே முடியாது. ஆகையால் இந்தத் தடவை நாடகத்திற்குப் போவோம். அடுத்த வருடம் மோஹினி சேவை இருக்கவே இருக்கு” என்று வற்புறுத்தினார்.

எவ்வளவோ நாட்களுக்குப் பிறகு இப்பொழுது தான் வந்திருக்கிறேன். நானும் இப்பொழுதுதான் அவனை நேரில் பார்க்கிறேன். அவனுடைய இந்தச்சிறிய விருப்பத்தை நிறைவேற்றுவீட்டால் நன்றாக இருக்காது,” என்று நினைத்தவராய் அண்ணாசாமி, ‘சரி, நீ சொல்கிறபடி நாடகத்துக்குப் போவோம்’ எனத் தம்பியிடம் சொல்லி விட்டார்.

நாடகமும் ஏழு மணிக்கு ஆரம்பமாயிற்று. அண்ணாசாமி, தம்பி குழந்தைகளுடன் முன்வரிசையில் உட்கார்ந்திருந்தார். முதல் காட்சி முடிந்து இரண்டாவது காட்சி ஆரம்பம். அண்ணாசாமிக்குப் பார்வை மங்கலாயிற்று. சற்று நேரத்தில் கண் பார்வையை முற்றிலும் இழந்தார்.

“ஏ ராமசாமி! கோபு! எல்லோரும் எங்கேயிருக்கிறீர்கள். எனக்குக் கண்ணை தெரியவில்லை. என்ன செய்வேன்? புத்திகெட்டுப் போனேனே! எதற்காக எனக்குக் கண்ணைக்கொடுத்தான் அரங்கன். அதைவிட்டு நாடகத்துக்கு வந்ததற்கு இதுவும் வேண்டும் இன்னமும் வேண்டும். அரங்கா! எனக்கு நல்ல தண்டனை அப்பா!” என்று கதறினார்.

என்செய்வது. கண் இல்லாதிருந்தபோது “கண் தெரியவில்லையே” என்று ஒரு வருத்தந்தான். கண்தெரிந்ததும் எல்லாவற்றையும் நேரில் கண்டு களித்து வருங்கால் திடீரெனக் கண்ணை இழந்தால், நேரில் கண்ட ஒவ்வொன்றையும் நினைத்து நினைத்து வேதனை. இந்த வேதனையிலேயே சிக்கிரமே உயிர் துறந்தார். அன்றிலிருந்து அந்தக் குடும்பத்துக்கே ‘கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான்’ குடும்பம் எனப்பெயர் ஏற்பட்டது.” என்று முடித்தான் சுந்தரம்.

தங்கத்துரை கூறினார், “சுந்தரம், இப்பொழுதுதான் கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான் என்ற தொடருக்கு முழு விளக்கமும் ஏற்பட்டது. இதே காட்சி இராமாயணத்தில்



வருகிறது. கண்ணிலான் கண்ணைப்பெற்று மீண்டும் இழந்தவுடன் என்ன வேதனை அடைவானோ அதே வேதனையை அனுபவித்தான் தசரதன். எண்ணிலாத அளவில்லாத, அருமையான கடுந்தவத்தினைச் செய்தவன் கோசிகள். வெகு நாட்களுக்குப் பிறகு பிள்ளையில்லாத தசரதனுக்கு நான்கு பிள்ளைகள் ஏற்பட்டனர். மூத்தவன் இராமனிடம் அளவில்லாத அன்பு, பாசம். கோசிகள் தசரதனிடம் தனது வேள்வியைக் காத்திடக் “கரிய செம்மல் ஒருவன் - ஒப்பற்றவன் - இராமனைத்தா” என்று கேட்டார். கோசிகள் நேரில் கேட்டும் மறுக்க முடியுமா? மறுத்தால் அவருடைய சீற்றத்திற்கு ஆளாக நேருமே. ஆனால் இராமனை எவ்வாறு பிரிந்திருந்திருப்பது என்றெல்லாம் நினைந்தான். அளவிலா வருத்தம் ஏற்பட்டது.

“இந்த வார்த்தைகளைக் கேட்டபிறகும், தசரதா! இன்னும் உயிரோடிருக்கிறாயே” என்று துயரமானது உயிரை வெளியே பிடித்து உந்துகிறது. ஆனால் ஊழ்வினையின் காரணமாக உயிர் அவ்வளவு சுலபமாகப் போய் விடுமோ, காலம் வந்தாலன்றி. இப்படியாக துயரம் உயிரை வெளியே தள்ள, ஊழ்வினை உள்ளேதள்ள தசரதனின் ஆருயிர் ஊசலாடிற்றும்! தசரதன் சாமான்யனல்லன். எதிரிகளையெல்லாம் வென்று அவர் களிடையே கடுந்துயரம் விளைவிக்கும் இயமனது வேற்படையை உடையவன். அவனுக்கே உயிர் ஊசலாடும்படி அவ்வளவு துயரம் ஏற்பட்டது. துயரமிருதியால் தசரதன், ‘கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான் என உழந்தான்’ என்கிறார் கவிச்சக்கரவர்த்தி கம்பர்.

“எண்ணிலா அருந்தவத்தோன் இயம்பியசொல் மருமத்துள்  
எரிவேல் பாய்ந்த  
புண்ணிலாம் பெரும் புழையுள் கனல்நுழைந்தாலெனச்  
செவியிற்புகுதலோடும்  
உண்ணிலா வியதுயரம் பிடித்துந்த ஆருயிர் நின்ற(று) ஊசலாடக்  
கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான் என உழந்தான் கடுந்துயரக்  
கால வேலான்.”

கண்ணிலான் பெற்றிழந்தான் படுந்துயரம் அளவிடற்பாலதோ?

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## विद्यायाः किं प्रयोजनम्

इह मनुष्यलोके अनेककोटिजन्म सुकृतोदयेन एव अतिदुर्लभं मानुषं जन्मलभ्यते इति शास्त्रोक्तिः सुप्रसिद्धा एषा अस्माभिः अनुस्मरणीया ॥ स्वतन्त्रं भारत जननी कुमाराः कुमार्यश्च वयं सर्वे तादृङ्महिमातिशयं नरजन्म उपलभ्य भाग्यवन्तः इति अत्र किमु वक्तव्यम् ॥

इहैव अस्मिन् शुभक्षेत्रे आत्मारामः जितेन्द्रियाः बहवः वसिष्ठय ज्वलक्यभृतयः ब्रह्मज्ञानिनः जनकमहाराजादयः राजर्षयः, मैत्रेयी गार्गी प्रभृति वेदापनिषत्प्रति ब्रह्मज्ञानिन्यः समजायन्त किल ॥

“ सीतायाश्चरितं महत् ” इति कीर्तिमति रघुवीरपत्नी इहैव अवततार किल । अपि च अत्रैव राक्षी पद्मिनी, राज्ञी लक्ष्मीबाई, महासाध्वी शारदादेवी— श्रीरामकृष्णदेवपत्नी— श्रीमती कस्तूरिबाई देव्यादयः बह्व्यः प्रसिद्धाः वीराङ्गनाः पतिव्रतामणयः स्वधर्मपरायणाश्च आसन् ॥

ताः सर्वाः अपि स्वशीलेन आचारेण धैर्येण च स्वधर्मनिरताः—भारतजनन्याः तिलकोद्भासि-निटिलाः विरेजुः इति अस्माभिः विदितमेव ।

आधुना खलु वीरमाता—भारत जननी स्वकुमाराणां—

कुमारीणां च दुर्दशां प्रति वात्सल्यभावे दुःखिता दृश्यते । कदा वा एतेषां व्यवसायात्मिका निश्चिता बुद्धिः जायेत, कथं वा आधुनिककुमाराणां दुःशीलव्यवस्था परिह्रियेत इति चिन्ताकुलेव दृश्यते अपत्यवत्सला ॥

आधुनिकाः विद्यार्थिनः सर्वे, विद्यार्थिन्यः सर्वाऽपि निजधर्मत्यागं परधर्माचरणं च वाञ्छन्ति केनापि पीडिता ग्रहेण इव ॥

भारतसनातनधर्ममाता अद्य अनाथवती विगतशोभालक्ष्यते । अत एव विचारणीयः श्रेयोमार्गः भारतीयैः अस्माभिरद्य ॥

‘ विद्या ददाति विनयं विनयाद्याति पात्रताम् ।  
पात्रत्वाद्धनमाप्नोति घनाद्धर्मं ततः सुखम् ॥ ’

‘ शीलं परं भूषणम् ’ ‘ विद्या विनयेन शोभते ’ इत्याद्याः अभियुक्तोक्तयः विद्यन्ते खलु ।

विद्यया बालिकाः विनीतविद्यावत्यः सर्वथा क्षेमसुखकीर्तिरक्षणसमर्थाः विलासिन्यः भविष्यन्ति  
इति गुरुवचनम् अनुस्मरामः ॥

‘ विद्या नाम नरस्य रूपमधिकं प्रच्छन्नगुप्तं धनम्  
विद्या भोगकरी यशस्सुखकरी विद्या गुरूणां गुरुः ।  
विद्या बन्धुजनो विदेशगमने विद्या परा देवता  
विद्या राजमु पूज्यते नहि धनं विद्याविहीनः पशुः ॥  
ऐहिकामुष्मिकफलदायिनी सद्विद्या राजसभासु संभाव्यते ।

विद्यविहीनः कर्तव्याकर्तव्यविवेकशून्यत्वात् पशुप्राय एव इति उच्यते बुधवरैः । यदि विद्या  
अनवद्या शोभवती प्रकाशते किं भूषणैः ; सुकविता चेत् राज्येन किम् ? ‘ विद्याऽमृतमश्नुते ’ ।

स्वामिविवेकानन्दपादानां आज्ञलभाषायां विवरणवचनम्

“ Learning leads to immortality. Knowledge is the manifesta-  
tion of personality.”

शुभविद्या शोभना शुद्धा नृणां सुखकरी ॥

इदानीं खलु सर्वत्र लोके सर्वे विद्यार्थिनः सर्वाः विद्यार्थिन्यः भारतस्य प्राचीनकलाचारं  
सर्वप्रकारैरपि विषमिव द्विषन्तः, न केवलं दूषयन्ति ; अपि तु नवीनकलाचारमोहन्धकारसंमूढचित्ताः  
परम्परागतस्वर्माचारमार्गात् बहुधा स्खलन्ति ननु ! अहो !

आसेतुहिमाचलपर्यन्तं, अद्य कुमाराः कुमार्यश्च साधुलोकान्, वयोवृद्धान्, ज्ञानवृद्धान् च  
अवमत्य अत्यन्तराजस भावेन विपरीततया नूतनकलाचारानुवर्तिनः यथेच्छं दिने दिने-विहाराहार-  
व्यवहारेषु विहरन्ति । नास्ति कोऽपि नियमः । पित्रोरुपदेशमपि न गृह्णन्ति ॥

ज्ञानसाधन संपत्तिसाधने आज्ञलभाषाप्रावीण्यं संपादयन्तु सर्वे । किंतु अतिविडम्बनरहिताः  
कल्याणगुणशालिन्यश्च भवन्तु शीघ्रमेव इति ईश्वरं प्रार्थयामहे ॥

इदानीं खलु श्रीमद्भगवत्गीतोपनिषदुक्तात्मगुणाः अपूर्वाः लोके ।

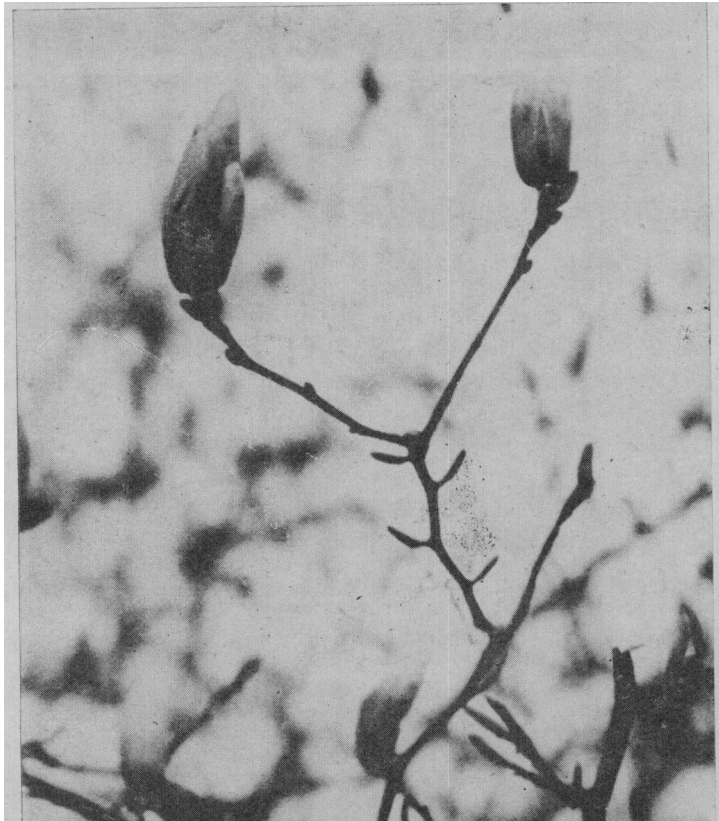
सात्विकाहारः, सज्जनसंगः, सत्प्रन्थावलोकनं परस्परमैत्रीभावः महात्मसु पूज्यताबुद्धिः  
सात्विकीधृतिः एते सर्वे आत्मगुणाः मलिनतां यान्ति ॥

नागरीकमोहमुग्धानां उपदेशो अरण्यरुदितमिव निष्फल एव । स्वधर्मत्यागं कृत्वा विद्याभ्यास-  
काले एव आधुनिका विद्यार्थिनः केनापि कारणेन विना राज्यपरिपालनव्यवहारेषु कुशलाः इव  
स्वस्वकक्षामिनिवेशेन पक्षपातिनः सन्तः दुराग्रहतया परस्परं विरुध्यन्ते । वारं वारं कलहायमानाः  
संसर्गदोषेण अध्यक्षाणामपि उपद्रवदाननिरताः भवन्ति । एतावता कालेन सुप्रतिष्ठितकलाशालायाः  
कीर्तिमहिमापि उपक्षोयते एतादृशैः छात्रैः ॥

श्रीरमेश्वरदयया शीघ्रमेव अम्माकं प्रियमहोदराणां प्रियसोदरीणां च हृत्पद्मानि ज्ञानविज्ञान-  
भास्करोदयेन विकसन्तु । हींकाराम्भोजभास्कररुचिः हींकाराङ्गणदीपिकामहासरस्वती इति सुप्रसिद्धा  
भगवती परमकृपया अम्मान् अनुगृह्णातु । सर्वे विद्यार्थिनः सर्वा विद्यार्थिन्यः अपि सकलशास्त्रपारंगताः  
विशेषतया विज्ञानशास्त्र वैद्यशास्त्र गणितसंस्कृतशास्त्रप्रवीणाः राज्यपरिपालनतत्पराश्च भवन्तु । सर्वाः अपि  
बालिकाः सनातनधर्ममार्गानुवर्तिन्यः स्वतन्त्रभारतदेशे तत्र तत्र प्रान्तेषु मन्त्रिण्यः राज्यसुभिक्षार्थं  
दीनसेवापरायणश्च भवन्तु । एताभिः वीराङ्गनाभिः सुस्थिरा राज्यलक्ष्मीः समस्तजगद्विख्यातवैभवा  
महाराजभोगवती विलसतु इति प्रार्थयामहे ॥

अमिनव भारती नः समस्तसन्मङ्गलानि विननोतु ॥

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## विद्याभ्यासस्य प्राधान्यम् ।

वाणीं श्रितनिश्रेणीं ज्ञानद्रीणीं मधुकरवेणीम् ।  
वेदशिरोविरुघातनत्वं विद्यास्वरूपिणीं वर्णरूपिणीम् वन्दे ॥

येन वस्तुना मनुष्यस्य अज्ञानं नश्यति तथा ज्ञानं जायते तत् विद्या इति कथ्यते । बुद्धेः संस्कारो नाम लौकिकानां वस्तूनां त-दस्यावगमनं प्राचीनानां तथाधुनिकानां समाचाराणां विज्ञानां चोच्यते तच्च विद्याया अभ्यासाज्जयते । विद्याभ्यासेन बुद्धिः संस्क्रियते । स च संस्कारः अतीता-गामिविषयकज्ञानापरपर्यायो विवेकरूपः । एतादृश विवेक एव मनुष्याणां पश्चादिभ्यः भेदाघायकः भवति । अत एव “ विद्याविहीनः पशुः ” इति भर्तृहरिराह । किं च :—

मातेव रक्षति पितेव हिते नियुङ्क्ते कान्तेव चाभिरमयत्यपनीय खेदम् ।  
कीर्तिम् च दिक्षु वितनोति तनोति वित्तं किं किं न साधयते कल्पलतेव विद्या ॥

इति महाकविना भर्तृहरिणा विद्यायाः महिमा वर्णयते ।

विद्या माता स्वापत्यं इव अध्येतृन् सर्वाभ्यः आपद्भयः रक्षते । “पुरा भुक्कुण्डो नाम कृतविद्यः कोऽपि चोरः धारानगरे आसीत् । सः कस्यांचित् रात्रौ कस्यचिद्वणिजः गृहं प्रविश्य बहुमूल्यानि भूषणानि मुवित्वा बहिर्निर्गच्छन् आरक्षकैः राजपुरुषैः गृहीतः भोजराजाजितिकं नीतः । राजा च तस्य वदघण्डं व्यधत् । तदा प्रत्युत्पन्नमतिः धीरः सः भुक्कुण्डः स्वविद्याबलेन आत्मानं मोचयितुं इच्छन् राजानं उद्दिश्य एकं पद्यं पपाठ

“ भट्टिर्नष्टो भारतीयोऽपि नष्टः भिक्षुर्नष्टो भीमसेनोऽपि नष्ट ।  
भुक्कुण्डोऽहं भूपतिस्त्वं च राजन् भभावल्यामन्तकः संनिविष्टः ॥

इदं च पद्यं भुक्कुण्डमरणानन्तरं भूपतेः मरणं भविष्यतीत्यमुमभिप्रायं प्रकटीकरोति । कविवत्सलः भूपतिः च पूर्वोक्तपद्याभिप्रायं ज्ञात्वा दण्डार्हमपि तं भुक्कुण्डं वधदण्डात् विमोच्य बहुषनधान्येन संमान्य तस्मै सदबुद्धिं च उपदिश्य विसर्जयामास ।” इति भोजचारित्रे कथा श्रूयते । अतः विद्या मातेव रक्षतीत्युक्तम् ।

विद्यासमानं भूषणम् अपि संसारे अन्यत् नास्ति । परन्तु मनुष्यस्य शोभा यथा विद्यया भवति तथा अन्यसाधनैः न भवति । अत एव महाकविना भर्तृहरिणा लिखितम् “विद्या परं भूषणम् ।” विदुषः कीर्तिः सर्वत्र प्रसरति । विद्वांसः सर्वेऽपि आद्रियन्ते । अत एव उच्यते ।

खगृहे पूज्यते मूर्खः खग्रामे पूज्यते प्रभुः ।  
खदेशे पूज्यते राजा विद्वन् सर्वत्र पूज्यते ॥

विद्याबलेनैव कालिदासादयः कवयः अधुनापि प्रथितयशसः विराजन्ति । नरः पतितकायोऽपि यसः कायेन जीवति ज्ञतः श्लोकोक्तं यशः कायं संपादयितुं विद्यैव प्रथमतः साधनम् विद्वद्भिरेव अनुष्ठिताः धनार्जनोपायाः संयक् फलन्ति ।

विद्यायाः गुणाः लाभाश्च अगणनीयाः सन्ति । विनयः विवेकः शीलं, सहृदयता, सदाचारः शिष्टता चेति गुणगणाः अपि विद्याप्रभावेण एव मनुष्ये समागच्छति । किं बहुनोक्तेन ? कल्पलता यथा सर्वान् कामान् यच्छति, तथा विद्यापि सर्वान् कामान् ददाति । विद्यायाः महिमा कविभिः एवं उपवर्ण्यते ।

न चोरहार्थं न च राजहार्थं न भ्रातृभाष्यं न च भारकारि ।  
व्यये कृते वर्धत एव नित्यं विद्याधनं सर्वधनात् प्रधानम् ॥ इति शाम् ॥



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## आधुनिक शिक्षा के गुण-दोष

शिक्षा के महत्त्वको दुनिया में कोई अस्वीकार नहीं कर सकता चाहे वह किसी भी रूप में न हो। शिक्षाकी व्याख्या करनेका प्रयास अनेक महान लेखकों ने किया है। शिक्षाकी व्याख्या उनके शब्दों में की जाय तो कहा जाय कि शिक्षा वह है जो मनुष्य को ऊँचा उठाती है, उसके ज्ञानकी शोभा बढ़ाती है, उसके ज्ञानकी सीमाको विस्तृत करती है। उन्हें जीवन क्या है इसका मतलब समझाती है। अगर किसी दार्शनिकके शब्दोंमें कहा जाय तो शिक्षाका कर्तव्य मनुष्यको उसके मन तक पहुँचाना है।

लेकिन शिक्षा और उसका स्वरूप समयके वहावके साथ बदलता रहा है, इसी लिए हर एकने अपने समयकी शिक्षाके स्वरूपकी व्याख्या अपने शब्दोंमें प्रस्तुत की है। आदिकालमें शिक्षा पानेके लिए विद्यार्थी गुरु के आश्रम में रहकर गुरुकी सेवा करके सिर्फ पुस्तकीय ज्ञान प्राप्त नहीं करता था लेकिन साथ साथ व्यावहारिक नैतिक और जीवन संबंधित ज्ञान पाता था। उसकी शिक्षा जीवनकी उन्नतिका साधन बनकर उसे जीवनकी कठिनाइयों को सुलझाने में मददरूप होती थी। उसके अलावा उसे धार्मिक और सांस्कृतिक ज्ञान दिया जाता था। उन ग्रंथों के पठन और मननसे गुरु उनके मनका गठन करते थे, जो उन्हें आत्मिक और आध्यात्मिक ज्ञान पानेमें मदद देते थे। उस वक्तके शिष्यके लिए गुरु माता-पिता के समान था। इसी लिए आदिकालकी प्रार्थनाओं में गुरुको “गुरुदेवो भवः।” कहकर अंजलि दी है।

लेकिन आज शिक्षा पद्धति कुछ बदलती जा रही है साथ साथ गुरु शिष्यका वह पावन संबंध भी। अगर विनोबा भावेके शब्दों में कहा जाय तो आजकी शिक्षा पद्धति “हनुमान कूद” जैसी है, अस्वाभाविक है, अव्यवहारिक है। इस प्रणालीके अनुसार विद्यार्थी जीवनके प्रारंभिक वर्षों में सिर्फ पुस्तकों में खोया रहता है, और उनके पूर्ण होनेके बाद, उस पुस्तकीय ज्ञानको संपूर्णतया भूलकर, बाकी जीवन, उसके बिना ही जी लेता है। उनका कहना है, यह प्रकृति के साधारण नियमसे विपरीत है, जो क्रमबद्ध है। वह ज्ञान जीवनोपयोगी नहीं है। लेकिन यह संपूर्णतया ठीक नहीं है। कोई भी आदमी इजनेरीवा डाक्टरकी अभ्यास लिये बिना इजनेर या डाक्टर नहीं बन सकता। लेकिन यह भी इतना ही सच है कि कई कई लोग बीए. था इससे भी बड़ी बड़ी डीग्रियाँ पाकर अंतमें नोन-तेल लकड़ीके चक्करमें फँस जाते हैं।

लेकिन, इसके अलावा भी आधुनिक शिक्षणमें अगर कोई कमी हो तो वह है कि, वह उन्हें नैतिकतासे दूर घसीट जा रही है। और उस नैतिकताको टिकानेके लिए धर्मवृत्तिकी नींव मनुष्यके मनमें बचपनसे दृढ़ होनी चाहिये। लेकिन आजकायुवक यह समझ बैठा है कि धर्मका अर्थ है अंध श्रद्धा और इस वैज्ञानिक युगमें इसका भला क्या स्थान? लेकिन धर्म, श्रद्धा पीछे भी अनेक एसी भी कई बातें हैं, जो आजका नवयुवक स्वीकारनेको तैयार नहीं है। हर एक धर्ममें कुछ न कुछ अलौकिक तत्व रहता ही है, फिर भी उनके पठन-पाठनसे मनुष्यका मन संयमित और दृढ़ बनता है : उसे मानसिक शांति प्राप्त होती है। आजकेयुवक के मनमें यह संस्कार आकृत नहीं हुआ है, और वे इस वैज्ञानिक जगतकी भौतिकतासे तंग आकर मानसिक शान्ति पानेके लिए भटकते हैं, और एल. एस. डी. या, चरस, गांजा या हेक्केफी ईन जैसे कैछे पदार्थों के पीछे धूमते फिरते हैं, जिससे उनका संयम और चारित्र्य दोनों भ्रष्ट होते हैं।

यह क्षति कोई कम नहीं है जो हमारी गौरवान्वित संस्कृतिको भूलाये जा रही है। इसके अलावा शिक्षक और शिष्यका वह पवित्र, प्रेमसभर संबंध भी कहाँ हैं? आज तो शिक्षक और शिष्य एक रस्सीके दो अंतके समान है, एक एक ओर जाता है, दूसरा दूसरी ओर। और दोनों उसे जानते हैं और उसे सुलझ नेके बदले एक-दूसरेको इसके लिए दंडित करते हैं। लेकिन मेरे खयालसे इसके मूलमें आजकी शिक्षा पद्धति ही है। इसके भी कई कारण है, उनमेंसे पहला है वर्ग की अतिसंख्या जिसके कारण एक शिक्षक हर एक विद्यार्थीका संपूर्ण खयाल नहीं रख सकता है। दूसरा कारण है शिक्षकोंमें पढाईमें रसाभाव। मिलते हुए पैसोंके बदले में कुछ देनेकी भावना, लेकिन संपूर्ण सेवा वृत्तिका अभाव इसका उदभवदाता है। तीसरा कारण है विद्यार्थी ओंका परीक्षामें पास होकर डिग्री लेना ही उद्देश्य है।

आजकी शिक्षाके कुछ फायदे भी है लेकिन हानियों की अधिकता में फायदे कुछ दबसे गये है। वैज्ञानिक क्षेत्रमें आज हमने जितनी उन्नति पायी है इतनी शायद कभी नहीं पायी। लेकिन इस उन्नतिका क्षेत्र एकपक्षी हो गया है। विज्ञानको पानेमें आद्यात्मको भूला गया है। और वैज्ञानिक आविष्कारोंके भयंकर परिणामोंसे तंग आकर कई लोगोंने आद्यात्मिक आवश्यकता जरूरी समझ ली है, और इस वैज्ञानिक ज्ञानको निरर्थक समझा है। इनमें सिर्फ भारतीय लोग ही नहीं है। दुनियाके कई दार्शनिक आद्यात्मवादकी शिक्षाको आवश्यक समझ रहे हैं। इनमें विनोबा भावे, रवीन्द्रनाथ टागोर, हेनरी डेविड थोरो, गांधीजी जैसे का स्थान है। रवीन्द्रनाथजीने तो इस ध्ययको हासिल करनेके लिए “शांतिनिकेतन” जैसी प्राकृतिक संस्थाकी स्थापना की है।



शोशे ने अपने आप दो सोल प्रकृतिकी गोदमें बिताकर अपने रहस्यमय, रसपूर्ण एकत्वकी महत्ताको लोगोंको समझानेका प्रयत्न भी किया। उनके लिए वैज्ञानिक आविष्कार और संसारकी भौतिकता तुच्छ थी। गांधीजीने भी प्रस्तुत शिक्षा पद्धतिकी जड़ता और निरर्थकतापेरे कटु प्रहार किये हैं। ऐसे तो कई लेखक कवि और दार्शनिक हैं जिन्होंने अपने सपनोंकी दुनिया रची है, जिसमें इस शिक्षा पद्धतिको स्थान तक नहीं। इन सर्वोंको यहाँ याद करना नामुमकिन है।

इस तरह शिक्षा सुधारकी आवश्यकता सबने पहचानी है और उसे सुधारनेके लिए कर्तव्याभिमुख हुए हैं। लेकिन आदिकालकी उस भव्य पद्धतिको पुनर्जीवित करना, आज स्वप्नमें भी सिद्ध नहीं है। इसके साथ ऐसी दूसरी पद्धति ढूँढना इतनाही कठिन है जिसमें अच्छी शिक्षाके सब गुण हो। वह शिक्षा ऐसी हो जिसमें जीवन उपयोगी बननेकी सब शक्ति हो, जो आध्यात्मिकताकी ओर ले जानेवाला हो, जिसमें सब क्षेत्रमें संपूर्ण उन्नतिका अवकाश हो, जो सर्वांगी हो, और जो शिक्षक-और शिष्यके बिगड़े हुए संबंधको फिरसे पावन और प्रेमपूर्ण बनासकता हो।

विभा चालीसहजार.

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## National Service Scheme

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Concern for others is the motive force that inspires the enthusiastic members of the N. S. S.

The inaugural on July 7th 1971, which marked the starting point for all National Service Scheme activities at Stella Maris, was presided over by Dr. Sanjivi, Director of Projects, V. H. S. who gave an inspiring talk on dedicated and selfless service which roused the enthusiasm of the volunteers. Since then, various projects and activities have been launched in all earnestness. 215 students and 8 staff members came forward with interest, goodwill and hope, to work for their fellow beings. Five major projects were implemented in Stella Maris: Community Development work in the slum, educational assistance to children attending corporation schools, hospital visiting, adult literacy and kitchen gardening.



Under the guidance of Sr. Christine and Mrs. Mary John, 58 students worked in the two slum areas of Kottoor and Grama Street. A dispensary with a qualified doctor was started at Kottoor, thanks to the collaboration of the Voluntary Health Services. The Small Savings Scheme which inculcates the habit of thrift and savings among the slum dwellers, was started and carried out with success. In the evening, students engaged themselves in teaching the children.

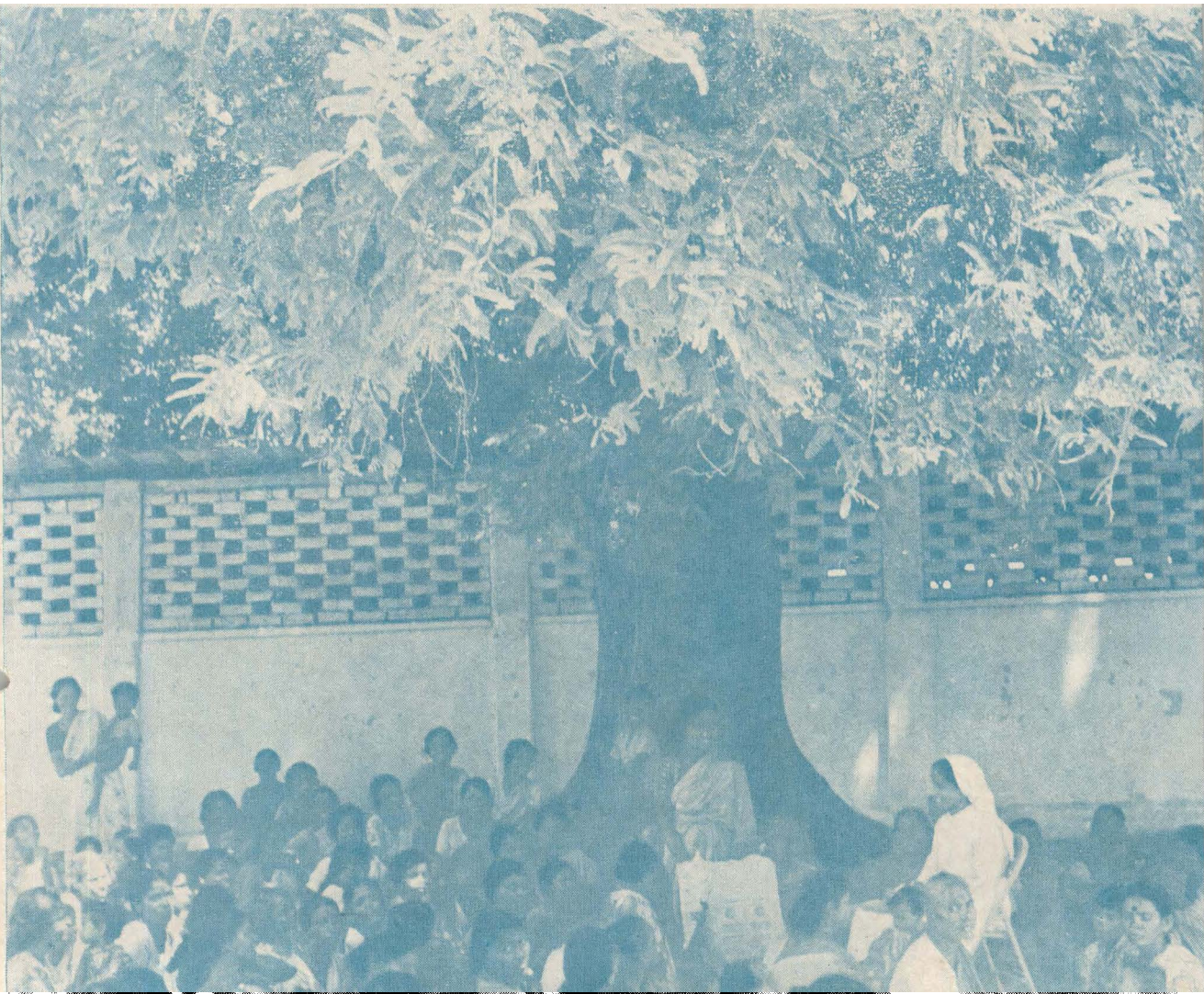
Mrs. Premila Ethiraj, with the help of 30 student volunteers helped the children attending the Corporation School behind the college. This group will soon be starting a small savings programme for the children and if

possible for their parents as well. The possibilities are quite promising.

After the initial talk and orientation by Mr. Samuel Sundarajan, Horticulturist, Agricultural Department, a team of 50 students devoted themselves to kitchen gardening under the leadership of Miss Rajalakshmi. The vegetables raised in the garden helped to enrich the midday meals of the children in the Day Nursery at Stella Maris Social Welfare Centre.

**Stella Maris  
at the service  
of others**

**the growing tree shelters the needy**



Hospital visiting attracted 52 young students who worked under the direction of Sr. Magdalen. Our students visited the General Hospital, Royapettah Hospital, Ophthalmic Hospital, Stanley Hospital and the Cancer Institute. In these hospitals the volunteer students offer their company, kind words of comfort, sympathetic understanding and patient listening to the ailing helpless patients who are very lonely and depressed. Even though they were unable to offer medical help, their simple gestures and kind company brought much comfort to the patients during their illness. In the Ophthalmic Hospital the patients were helped to read and write letters or read magazines. Another group of 11 students, under the guidance of Mrs. Chitra Iyengar, selected the Orthopaedic Centre for their service. Here the students took special care and interest in teaching the young crippled children—victims of polio—reading, writing, embroidery and music. Needless to say there is a lot we can do to give these children some joy in life, to compensate for what they lack physically.

Adult Literacy classes were functioning at two centres—one at Stella Maris Social Welfare Centre and the other at Mylapore. The women were taught Tamil, Arithmetic and also Health and Hygiene. The student workers found their service interesting, and according to their reports the women seemed to be fairly regular. Literacy Day was celebrated on September 8th at the welfare centre. It was a happy get-together for the members of the adult literacy classes. Thirty of the pupils who turned up succeeded in giving an entertainment, short and simple. The function was presided over by Sr. Principal, who distributed prizes to deserving adults for their good performance during the term.



The plan to have a three-day camp for 50 boys from the slum at Kottoor and Grama Street did not materialise. Instead an educational tour around the city of Madras was organised on the 21st of August. 58 boys, 13 students and two staff members took part in it. It was an experience for the workers to see the joy that the boys derived at every place they visited. It gave the boys a world of wonder and happiness to see a plane take off or to see a huge cargo ship unload its burden on the docks. No doubt this day had many lessons for all the volunteers. It gave some insight into the character-traits and personality of these deprived children who could make a real contribution to society if only given more opportunities.

In the month of September a group of nine students and two staff members went to Calcutta and worked at the Salt Lake Camp for two weeks. A detailed account of the work is given separately.

SARALA RAJA (II B.A.)  
President of National Service Scheme

## National Service Scheme Camps

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N. S. S. camps are a practical means of putting oneself at the service of others.

The N.S.S. programme has had regular camps during the academic year of 1971-72.

The first camp was a work camp at Kottur from March 25th to April 3rd 1971. The staff members and 18 students attended it. The students did a survey which covered the family structure, unemployment, health and sanitary conditions of the 300 families living in the Kottur slum. Manual work was directed towards the building of toilet facilities for the slum, which were badly needed. Patients with T. B. symptoms were taken to the V. H. S. Hospital, X-rayed and treatment was provided. Education programmes with audio-visual aids, flash cards and flannel graphs on nutrition, communicable diseases and hygiene were organised. Films on nutrition and communicable diseases were shown and a savings scheme was started. The camp's experiences are being followed up by students who visit the slum weekly.

On 15th August 1971, 25 students attended a one-day work-camp at Tambaram organised by the N. S. S. Unit of Madras Christian College. The girls spent the day helping their colleagues put up a fence around the village hospital.

It is said that today's youth have transferred their attention from speculative thinking to concrete action. This was proved by the group of nine students and two staff members, who worked among the Bangla Desh Refugees at the Salt Lake Camp, 11 miles from Calcutta, from September 8th to 25th. Caritas was the organisation that had accepted the group's offer of service. There was much to do everywhere: while some were involved in a survey of the whole refugee camp to identify families in dire need, others worked in the hospital, where help was needed endlessly.

Those conducting the survey work, set about the establishment of schools with the help of trained teachers among the refugees. Children suffering from malnutrition were identified and intensive feeding programmes were started. The surveyors were willing listeners and efficient helpers to the forlorn, abandoned and ignorant. Salt Lake was indeed an experience but more than that, it was life lived to the fullest.

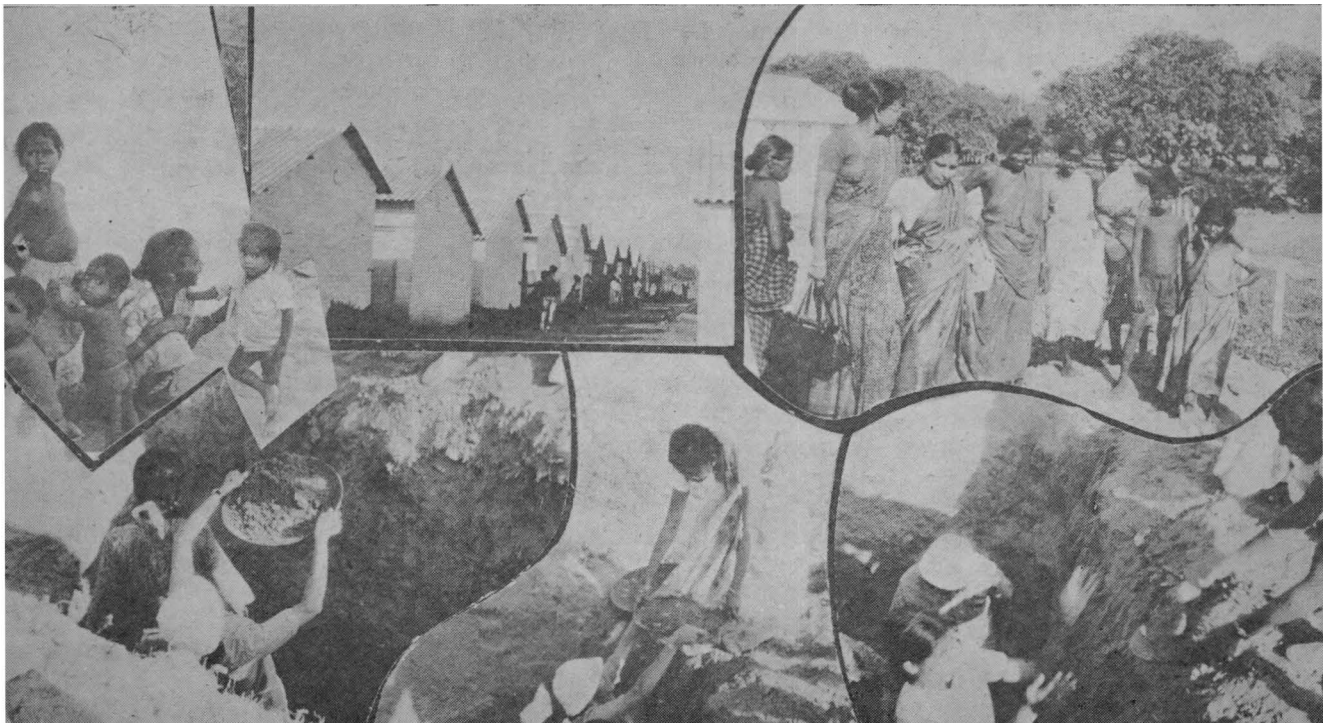
The camp at Vippedu, seven miles from Kanchipuram was held from January 3rd to 9th 1972. 21 students and 2 staff members participated in this camp which was of the nature of a community development project. A detailed and

complex survey was carried out, and special emphasis was laid on the need for education, transport, medical facilities, provision of water and better conditions for the Weaver's Saving Schemes and Co-operative Stores.

The students feel a great sense of commitment in bringing life to the villages. It is said with pride here that Vippedu has become the pet project of the N. S. S. Unit and great pains are being taken to continue the work started here. During the week-ends, batches of students with a staff member are at Vippedu with various programmes chalked out in an effort to continue the work. It is justifiable to mention that our efforts have not been in vain, for the recommendation of providing water facilities and a maternity clinic and dispensary have been sanctioned by higher authorities and work is to be started on them soon. Adult literacy, evening classes for the children, savings schemes and the formation of a Rural Youth Club are some of the activities carried out by the students on their week-end visits. They work with the people and the Panchayat for the development of the village.

The N. S. S. students feel that it is their special privilege to help in the development of Vippedu.

PRABHA NAIR,  
I M.A. (Social Work)



## Vippedu - Haven of Hope

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This little village has become one of the main centres of Stella Maris N.S.S.

135 families comprise the village of Vippedu—families who live a hand to mouth existence. The houses cluster together in three distinct areas — the colony of the Harijans, Venkatapuram, and Kottaimedu reserved for sub-castes of the Vaishyas. Of a total population of 692, 52.7% are Harijans, 41% Naikers, and 7.6% the other sub-castes.

The adult population of 369 can claim to have only 25% literates, which makes it necessary for the children of school-going age to have an extra incentive to be in school. "After all our parents can still live without a school education". This may in some way explain the 38% of potential students in Vippedu who have never been in a school. Although there are just 187 students, the available class rooms and facilities are insufficient (the present school, privately managed, consists of a small room and a few yards of open space).

House-keeping, looking after the younger children, physical handicaps, following the trade of the parents, are some of the reasons for the 26.6% of drop-outs. The apparent meaninglessness of the present syllabus of the classes to the rural life proved to be a major reason for disinterest. A much greater emphasis has to be laid on functional literacy programmes for adults — since it is not only the youth who shape the future.

Taking into consideration the present economic status of the students, an education beyond the 8th standard is almost ruled out, since the nearest High School is 6 miles away at Kanchipuram, to be reached only on foot or by cart. Some kind of formal education is the right of every individual and a secondary education in India is essential. Hence we base the following recommendations on our findings :—

- 1) A definite need exists for a well maintained and administered Higher Secondary School in Vippedu.
- 2) A suitable and meaningful syllabus must be introduced. It is essential that only those subjects be taught which would help the students see the need and usefulness of school education in their rural life.
- 3) Functional literacy programmes should be started. At least the alphabet and basic arithmetic should be taught. This would help the villagers fend for themselves rather than be the victims of exploitation, by those who know the law and who stabilise their position on the ignorance of the rest.

Education can be further accelerated by the use of newspapers, magazines, and through radio set up at the community centres. Students can be useful in this process

by bringing a collection of newspapers and magazines in the vernaculars, and by conducting regular discussions with the people of the village. This we hope to start at least with the women folk in the near future.

The only mode of transport to and from the village is by cart or on foot. This becomes an obstacle where transport of goods, shopping, medical facilities, recreation and studies beyond the 8th standard are concerned. For something so simple and essential as grinding a handful of chillies, or buying vegetables, one has to go as far as Kanchipuram. A bus service will be only a partial solution to the present problem. However, in the long run the bus service may be a link between the town and the village—opening broader horizons for the village life. Considering the situation, the needs and the population itself, the survey group, after discussion with the people and some of the Panchayat leaders, strongly recommends :

- 1) A bus service between the village and town, since the weavers, electricians and the house wives go to Kanchipuram daily.
- 2) Improvement of roads to the village, for the buses.



A special mention has to be made of the dire need for at least one water tap in the Kottaimedu area where a minimum of 20 families live. At present these people use the surplus water from a field. The majority of the children under 5 who have died, died of diarrhoea. In the whole village, an average of two children per family die before they reach the age of five. All this together with the fact that there exists just a very simple dispensary run by the missionary sisters of "Santhy Illam" emphasises the need for a dispensary well equipped with personnel and medicine. A badly felt need of the population is a maternity hospital and dispensary with qualified personnel.

The landless labourer is often the victim of poverty due to occasional employment. 51% of the population do not possess any land whatsoever and depend mainly



on the income of Re. 1/- per day per female and Rs. 2/- per day per male, during the harvest season, that is, two to three months a year. For the rest of the year they try to eke out a living by coolie work, dyeing.....10% of the population earn their livelihood by weaving Kanchipuram Silk sarees, with an income of Rs. 50/- on an average per saree, working for seven to ten days on a saree. This often means making the children learn the trade as early as possible rather than go to school. The working conditions are such that most of the people go blind long before old age.

It would help greatly to have a better ventilated and spacious common work house for the weavers.

18.5% of the population have to live from the produce of the land. 63% of the population live on an income of Rs. 50-150 per month for a family with an average of 5 to 6 members. This makes it impossible for the family to maintain a living with three meals a day, leave alone taking a nutritious meal. Nutrition, hygiene, education, cleanliness, better standards of living, ambition or even the prospect of a slightly better future lose their significance in the helplessness of their life today. With limited water, 5 cents of land for a house, increasing numbers of children and hardly the means to support them — the future is bleak!

The hand-to-mouth existence which has been the rule of years gone by and of the present day, does not seem to offer a better tomorrow. 17% of the population manage to scrape together a few rupees a month as savings — merely for a rainy day, such as repairs for the house, illness.

This mere 17% has to be made effective, and if its impact is to be felt, it entails an intensive programme of educating the adults to save and to cut unnecessary expenditure.

From the survey, it has been observed that 65.8% of the families are in debt, varying from Rs. 100 to Rs. 10,000. It is also noticeable that only 2 or 3 persons have had access to loans from banks, while for the rest the source for borrowing money is the money-lenders. Most often the family has not the means to return the amount except by a sack of paddy at each harvest. The money borrowed is used for various purposes such as :-

- fertilizers, water pumps, repairs of the house, marriage, illness.
- purchase of cows, land etc ... house-hold expenses, clothes, material for weaving.

A great interest has been aroused in the people for a co-operative store where goods would be sold at fair prices. A co-operative society would serve a dual purpose, it would not only enable the purchase of necessities in the village, but would also help to build up a solidarity among the various castes or sub-castes.



Vippedu has a future. It is in villages like these that India's progress and development has to become a reality. Vippedu and many other similar villages have to become a sign of hope for the people and for this goal each man has to make his own efforts. We students feel a sense of responsibility in the task of making the villages alive, vibrant with life, hope and progress. We, the students of the National Service Scheme who for a few days shared in the life of this village, make it our special responsibility to further the development of Vippedu. We do not believe that we alone can meet the struggle, and we do believe in the need for co-operation with Government authorities and with the people of Vippedu.

Our faith in man is great. Encouraged by the potential of these simple village folk we will strive to build a better Vippedu.

AGNES JOSEPH,  
I B.A. Sociology

# A Report of Salt Lake Refugee Camp

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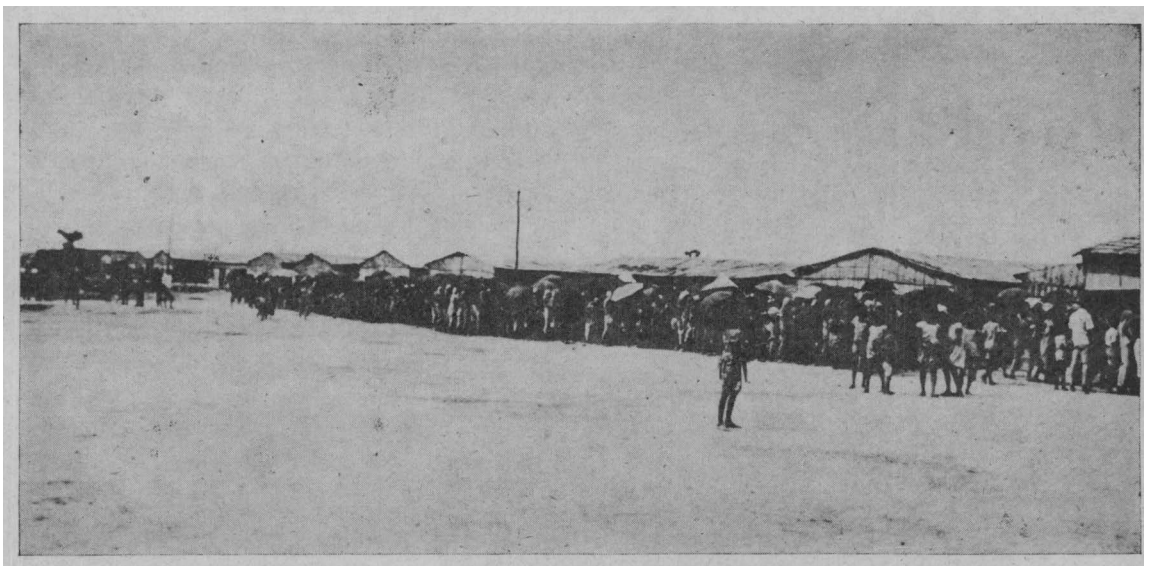
An eye-witness account written by one of our student volunteers who worked in the camp.

**Friday, 10th September, 1971**

Salt Lake Camp lies some distance from Calcutta. We got there today over bumpy tarred roads, a gravel road, then a plain mud road that sent us bouncing five inches off our wagon-seats. We drove into an enclosure but there were no gates and people passed freely up and down.

It is nine o'clock in the morning. Women dressed in only a flimsy sari, men and boys in dhoties intent on their own business. There was none of that bewildered glazed-eye look we had heard about; these people made the normal racket of any crowd. Our straight road runs between little shops set up on either side, panshops, a barber shop, all most primitive but lively; wayside pedlars of rubber sandals, lotus flowers, vegetables, tin pots and pans, glass bottles, some rather rotten-looking fruit, a tiny red wooden box for the ice-lollies that some little boys licked. A mother giving her baby a lick, then sucking herself at the orange ice, each licking her lips while the other had her turn.

The children do not run after the jeep as it crawls down the crowded road. The hutments are of matting and bamboo with black tarpaulins resting on a light bamboo framework as roofs. "They tear easily," says Peter later. Peter is a musician from London. It is his job to supervise the roof repairs so he spends half the day squatting on some rooftop. "The rain drips through there and it becomes so miserable," says Rabindranath Poddor, a refugee from Khulna District in East Pakistan, pointing at the bright dots of sunlight in an otherwise dark roof when we are carrying out our survey.



A voice on a loudspeaker is admonishing the tremendous ration queue on the other side of the fence by the maternity ward. "He is asking them to stay in line," translates Mrs. James, the shabbily dressed little old lady who helps Ward Sister Scolt in this ward. Our ignorance of Bengali has proved a great handicap even in one day—in the wards with the patients, and on our visits to the refugees in their little partitions in the great huts. But we have learnt that "Jol" is water. We ask Jean what "Bolo!" means since she says it all the time to her patients, especially when giving them their medicine. "It means 'good'!" says Jean in her ever-helpful way, "but be sure the pronunciation is all wrong!" for Jean is English and does not know Bengali either. On our two survey visits so far I have learnt to ask "Opna nom ki?" - "What is your name?" and "Boish?" - "Age?" which sounds very like the Tamil "Vais?".

\* \* \* \* \*

The above is the first and last entry in the journal I tried to keep. Now, of course, I regret not having disciplined myself to write everyday, but then there was work to do every minute of the day if one was willing, and, after all, we had come to work.

I was closer to birth and death than I had ever been, at the camp. I'd never seen a baby delivered; that very first evening I did, assisting Jean at a delivery at supertime. Everything went smoothly, efficiently, and when the pink-faced little gnome nuzzled up to his mother—who had a rather beautiful face—Jean said "Isn't it just like Christmas?" and Rosemary and I nodded wordlessly. On reflection I realized how remarkable it was that Jean, who had no doubt delivered hundreds of babies, still felt the magic of a birth. The next day I was again assisting at another birth by kerosene light—there was no electricity in the Caritas Hospital—but this time things did not go as quickly for Sister Scolt took her time.

The St. Xavier's College boy whom I partnered was called Eugene Gomes. Eugene's left leg was crippled from polio so he limped very badly. One could hardly walk ten steps without having to cross one of the omnipresent open gutters that criss-crossed the camp, so poor Eugene would have to stride through the filthy muck while I leapt across. "Father Patrick didn't want me to come because of my leg," he told me frankly, "I've been trying to come for a long time — I got my chance today because one of the boys was absent." He was a somewhat dogmatic boy, but fortunately we got on quite well. Two days later when we were walking down the bumpy main street I noticed a little girl standing with a rag in one hand, the other end of the rag being tied to a huge branch at least four feet long. She gave an ineffectual tug at the immovable branch, then stood stock-still again. "Eugene, we must help that little girl with her firewood!" Eugene: "Yes, I suppose so." "Ask her where her home is." Eugene and I took either end of the branch. I was sorry to have to put Eugene to this strain, for it was doubly difficult for him, but the branch was too heavy for me to carry alone. We walked and we walked and the branch grew heavier and heavier. How the little girl had imagined she would bring this branch home I cannot conceive. People smiled at our little procession and I was

rather proud, glad that they were seeing that we were helping and ready to help. We tried in vain to make conversation with the little girl, she was very silent. Children pointed at Eugene's leg and laughed as we passed. We rounded the corner of a hutment and the little girl entered the first dark doorway. We laid the branch down. "Tell them they shouldn't let such a small girl bring the firewood. Is there no one else who can get it?" Eugene asked, and found that there was an elder brother but he was working in one of the labour teams channelling the gutters. Apparently it would continue to be the little girl's job.

The previous day, returning from our survey and late for lunch as usual, we had been wondering why we didn't work closer to the Caritas Centre, instead of trekking out to Block 15 and spending an hour in doing so, when we saw a little old woman, shrunk and shrivelled and curled up in a ball, lying on a mat. Eugene and I were sweating in the heat so what struck us was the foolishness of letting this old woman lie in the open under the blazing sun. On looking closer we were shocked to see how painfully thin she was, while her hands and feet were unnaturally swollen. "I suppose it's malnutrition," I offered, while "We must take her to the hospital. Father Pat said



serious malnutrition cases must be brought there," said Eugene. "But why on earth is she lying here in the sun? Why doesn't she stay inside the hutment?" Eugene asked the crowd that had collected round us if they knew who looked after the old woman, and a thin, sickly boy said that she was his grandmother. "Why is she lying here?" he asked angrily in Bengali, "she will die of sun-stroke!" The boy replied timidly that they had no room in the hutment, they had no place at all. They had come from the border five days back and were hoping to get their own room soon. "But what do they do when it rains?" I exclaimed, when Eugene had translated the boy's answers. "The people in this first room let us come in when it rains, my mother and I." "And your grandmother?" "She can't move so she stays here." Out in the rain. And though it was so blistering hot, it rained almost every alternate day. "Where's his mother? Will she give us permission to take the woman to hospital?" The mother appeared, yes, we could take her mother-in-law, so we told them we would be back with a stretcher in an hour's time and went on. We found Sr. Mercy (senior) and her partner Nikhil late for lunch too and enlisted their help in carrying the stretcher. But the stretcher itself? "You need the doctor's recommendation." "You need special permission" said another. As we had neither, we marched in through the backdoor of

the dispensary, squeezed by behind the chairs of the consulting doctors in the crowded room, took possession of the stretcher with as confident a mien as we could muster and left nimbly with our prize. Never venture, never gain.

Eugene remembered that we had promised to meet some teachers that afternoon, so Sr. Mercy and Nikhil went on with the stretcher to rescue the little old woman. We were to find that she was not paralysed at all. She hadn't been able to move from weakness. Her family never visited her, it seemed a case of good riddance with them.

Narayansundar Biswas had been the headmaster of a school in Faridpur District in East Bengal. Here in the camp he had gathered a team of twenty-five volunteer teachers and had started a school for about three hundred children. Classes were preceded by a drill in fairly straight lines, then the children sat down in the open on whatever dry spots they could find, around a teacher who held the class's only book in one hand and a stick in the other. "We can have class only for less than an hour because the sun becomes hot. It is very bad," said Narayansundar Biswas in despair and in English. "You must please help us get permission to put up a shelter so we can have a proper school. We need a proper place." So Narayansundar Biswas showed us the place he and his teachers thought suitable, an open rectangular area about a hundred feet by twenty feet, dotted with cesspools, but "We will fill them up!" said Lakshminath Bannerji, an enthusiastic young teacher and Biswas' righthand man, also from Faridpur District. But the important thing was to get permission to use the land. "Yes," said Biswas reluctantly, "for that we have to go to the Camp Commander, Major Deb, because we need government permission to even touch the land."

So the next morning, Biswas, Bannerji and I were striding down the mud road to Major Deb's office. The St. Xavier boys hadn't come because they had their examinations, but Bannerji seemed sure that even without Eugene, I would be able to tame the lion. "I am confident that we will succeed because we have you with us, sister," he said, smiling his charming smile, "We have no need to fear when we have you to speak for us!" "My dear man, I hope you're right," I thought, quailing at the prospect of facing some big military man in big black boots.

But Major Deb wore slippers and wasn't in uniform at all. He was a quiet-faced man who looked reasonable. He was sitting at a small desk, talking to a man in civilian dress. When I was called in this other man remained standing there while I sat at the edge of the wooden stool. Biswas and Bannerji had not even come into the hut; they were waiting in the sun outside. When I had stated our case and specified that we wanted this small area behind the tents in Block Twentythree, Major Deb reacted violently. "Go and see if it is the same people!" he told the man, who was apparently his assistant. The latter returned to say sombrely "Yes sir, they are." "These people are forever causing trouble," he said. "They had a quarrel with another gang that wanted the same ground. I do

not want any trouble and I am not allowing any more schools to be put up. What do they want to put up a school in this area for? The Bangla Desh Youth Volunteers have a school there." "Yes, but not very near it—their school is full anyway," I replied. Full! 'over-flowing' would be more apt—they used the surrounding stalls of the sellers as class-shelters too. "Every bit of open land in this camp is being asked for for schools," he said, frowning ("How marvellous," I thought), "and in the interest of the health of the people I cannot allow this. For the purpose of health and hygiene we must preserve as much open space as possible. There must be room to breathe—conditions are already too crowded! So it is impossible for me to accede to your request." The interview was obviously at an end. The two teachers took his refusal quite stoically, the "school" would have to go on as it was.

By this time, I was working almost full-time in the last ward, Ward Seven. Tired of acting as mere amanuenses to the St. Xavier boys and eager to do more, most of us, to Sr. Christine's dismay, were taking a decreasing interest in the survey, if not dropping it altogether. Sr. Christine pointed out that it was well worthwhile going out on the survey, looking for people who needed help because you found the most helpless people thus. Yet there was so much work to do in the wards, where the volunteer nurses were over-working themselves, that we couldn't help asking "Can I help?" and the offer was always accepted.

Ward Seven was the Geriatric Ward where we met Graeme who was an engineer at the R.A.F. base in Bahrein, and had come to work as a volunteer for two weeks during his holiday. Like Graeme, the two French students, Jean and Philip who had curly brown and blonde beards respectively, worked in the Geriatric Ward. When these two spoke English it was with the most delicious accent: "Ziz medicine you give ze lady in zat bedde." There were two more French people, Marc, a journalist, who supervised the groups of hired refugee labourers who sprayed bleaching powder on the gutters, and Marielle ("What a lovely name," I told her, "'Marie-Gabrielle' originally," she explained) who had come with Jean and Philip, but worked in Ward Three. Gerard, Belgian, spent more time photographing the refugees with his sophisticated Zoom Nikon than in the hospital. Various other foreigners came in during the day, returning to Calcutta at night; these included two Irish volunteer nurses, Sister Dr. Margaret Meyer (who ran the intensive feeding centre for infants), and the German engineers and sanitation experts who were engaged in the crucially important task of laying a drainage system. They used long blue-grey plastic pipes that were surprisingly light to carry. These were German-donated, as were the great rolls of black and white plastic sheeting that Peter and his teams made roofs of. "Emergency! For Refugees In India" said the labels on the giant rolls, black on yellow.

Arlene from Bombay was the volunteer nurse in charge of Ward 7, assisted by Olga, not a certified nurse but certainly as capable and knowledgeable as one. Arlene was very sweet-faced and sweet-natured, with a quiet voice and a luxuriant long plait of hair. Olga was shorter, livelier and much more quick-tongued. God protect those people who tried to get a bucketful of water from the pump

when it was our patients' bathing-time. Olga would lash out at them in the Bengali she had picked up "Why don't you go to the other pump? This is for the patients' use, not for you!" and then in English, "Off, off you go!" and then she'd laugh because she could not keep herself stern for very long. "Look at them! I shout at them every-day and still they come here. Lazy people! No, you don't," this to a woman who tried to push a plastic bucket under the pump — "You wait till our bucket is filled first." All the while she was energetically soaping an old woman who moaned and wailed as if we were torturing her, because she didn't like the cold water.

Most of our patients looked forward to their baths with only less interest than their meals. The latter were the high points of their lives, especially lunch when they had rice ("bath" in Bengali) and curry. Almost every one of them had diarrhoea or bacillary dysentery.

On an average we had one death a day. The first one I saw on our third night, while helping Graeme on his cleaning round, that is, merely holding the lantern while he rolled up his sleeves and did the job. The woman in the next bed began breathing heavily. Graeme washed his hands hastily in the bucket we carried from bed to bed and the next moment he had turned the woman over on her stomach and was pumping her shoulder blades. Water trickled out of her mouth and a strange choking, gurgling sound came from her throat. She was even thinner than the other patients, her legs and hands mere match sticks. Graeme turned her over again and pressing his mouth to hers began mouth resuscitation, doing it expertly. He stopped—was she dead?—tried again to make her breathe, then looked up, "She's gone." Getting off the thin lady he said, "We'd better call the doctor."

I felt for her pulse hoping to catch a throb—there was only coldness. Dr. Noskar was in Ward 6 attending to another emergency case—it was a bad night. We waited—our patient, after all, was dead—and watched him seeking a vein, in the light of two torches and a lantern. "Damned vein, can't find one good one," he muttered, because wherever the needle injected glucose the emaciated skin would swell up in an ominous little balloon. Later, when this happened again with one of our dying patients and Olga was pressing and stretching the woman's skin in an agonised search for a vein she explained,





“This is happening because her tissues are so weak. I can’t find a vein. In a healthy person it’s so easy to find.” This was what was happening — but at last when the drip was allowed to run and glucose was flowing into the sick man’s vein it didn’t swell. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief and Noskar gingerly taped the needle to the limp wrist with generous strips that Graeme’s ready scissors had cut. When the man’s relations had been given strict instructions to see that he didn’t move and the doctor was ready to leave, Graeme told him one of our patients had died, so would he please come and certify her dead so that her body could be taken to the mortuary. This he duly did, after Graeme had recounted all that happened in her last moments. The woman’s body was absolutely cold and stiff by now. Graeme had closed her eyes, something I was to do five times in the following days.

We had gone on with our cleaning-up, tucking new loin-cloth round the patients, bed by bed, for half an hour, when four men arrived. They took off the blanket Graeme had draped over the body, unceremoniously folded the corners of the plastic sheet against each other, found that just two of them holding the sheet thus at either end could carry her easily, and strode out.

This was what happened every time. There was, as Sr. Mercy remarked, “No one to shed a tear for them. I never realized till now,” she went on, “What that phrase really meant. Where are their relations, families? Are they dead, too, or don’t they care?” We would never know.

A strange case was the behaviour of the son of the paralysed man who lay in a corner of our ward. This son would sometimes come and sit by his father, the left side of whose body was completely paralysed—hand, torso, leg. Changing the dressings of his bed-sores was a difficult task, he had to be held upright and sitting on the side of his bed, by his son and me, while Graeme dressed the angry red sores. The most terrible thing I saw in all the Camp was the bedsores this man had just by his backbone. There the skin was so raw and eaten away that there was actually a hole in the largest sore, disclosing a black darkness within. The son always helped in a sort of blankness, and when his father died he just got up and walked out. We did not see him again, so his father’s body was taken out, lonely, like all the others.

Our ward was the quietest of all the seven because hardly any patient had visitors. Some one suggested that perhaps there was such a thing as a refugee mentality, where the person was so bothered by his misfortunes that he couldn’t bring himself to care about anything, not even his own kith and kin. At this Sr. Mercy made an intriguing observation. “Actually the doctors have remarked that a number of refugees seem to be suffering from a sort of amnesia — perhaps caused by shock. When they ask a patient his name, often the man has to think some time before he can answer. In the dispensary when the doctor asked a mother her daughter’s name, the woman simply couldn’t remember — she had to ask the assistant what name she had given earlier.”

The majority of the two lakh, twenty thousand refugees at Salt Lake belonged to the labouring peasantry but there were many educated people among them. Standing by the roadside one morning and noting down the names of college students, their subjects and their addresses, because Caritas proposed to start a library for them, Eugene and I found that we had got almost two hundred names in two hours. Six were girls.

Thirty-nine percent of the refugees were Hindus, which is perhaps one reason why most of them seemed disinclined to return to East Bengal. Rabinranath Poddar seemed typical; he and his family had trekked to India with their entire village, when the neighbouring village had been razed to the ground. We visited Poddar several times, bringing cough medicine for his wife and later the stretcher so that she could be examined at the dispensary, and as we grew more familiar we learnt more of his story; his eldest son had been shot in Khulna Town

just because he happened to be within the sight of trigger-happy soldiers. On our survey we found this universally true; the refugees would never seek to impress us with their sufferings or to ask for sympathy, on the contrary, even when they spoke of the Pakistani soldiers and the destruction of their shops and fields it was with dull, unemotional words.



The only exception to this rule whom I met, was Milton, the Caritas cook, a gay young man who worried whether your coffee had enough sugar and if you had had your second banana—"Do have one!" and it would be presented as though you were royalty. Rao, Milton's assistant, had been saying that the Camp would have to exist for years because the people would never go back.

Milton, who was from Dacca, burst out; "Why do you say so? We will go back and we will rebuild our country when the soldiers are defeated." More quietly: "My brother was shot in the streets of Dacca; my other three brothers have gone into hiding—it is not safe for Christians there now! I became frightened when my brother was shot. I tell you frankly, I became terribly frightened and I fled to India as soon as I could. I am afraid of the soldiers." Putting his hand on the silver crucifix hanging from his neck, "Why should I lie before God? I am even now frightened! But I will go back because it is my country. One day perhaps sooner, perhaps later, we will be free and then just watch how we will build up our country!"

While we were there the king of Bhutan visited the Camp, a Japanese delegation visited the Camp, an American delegation visited the Camp, European royalty visited the Camp. Everyone who was anyone and came to Calcutta, took the opportunity to come to the Camp. "Big shots may come and big shots may go, but you go on forever," I told Olga as we stood by the matting wall, peering through our bamboo-supported ventilators at the Bhutanese retinue pouring out of Ward 1, the maternity ward. "Who was that old man, honey?" asked Jean later. "The King of Bhutan." Jean's face crinkled in amusement, "I wish somebody had told me, so I could have shaken hands with him or something. He just popped in when I was changing the babies' nappies and popped out again." The American delegation found a large crowd at the Caritas gate when they left, all the people lustily yelling, "Joy Bangla!" the children enjoying it hugely. Olga eyed the proceedings drily. "This is the only time they shout 'Joy Bangla' you'll notice—so that they can get more donations from abroad!"

But this wasn't really the only time they shouted that battle cry, at least not for the children. Because every morning at the "Joy Bangla Desh School" run by the Bangla Desh Youth Volunteers—young people from across the border—the children would stand in beautifully straight lines converging on a tall flag-pole. The Bangla Desh flag would be solemnly raised and three times there would rise a mighty roar, "Joy Bangla!"

Joy—what joy did they have in Salt Lake Camp? They had the hutments for shelter, an entire family of often seven people living in just one semi-partitioned room. Twelve rooms to a hutment, thus twelve families to a hutment. The tiny cubicle would be kept bare so that there would be place to sleep at night; there would be only a stove in the outer section on which to cook the rations for which they had to wait long hours in the burning sun. The family's meagre wardrobe would hang on a rope suspended from the bamboo beams on which the light tarpaulins lay. Yet you could not help feeling they were a cheerful people—and a people with grit—when you remembered how they had journeyed here.

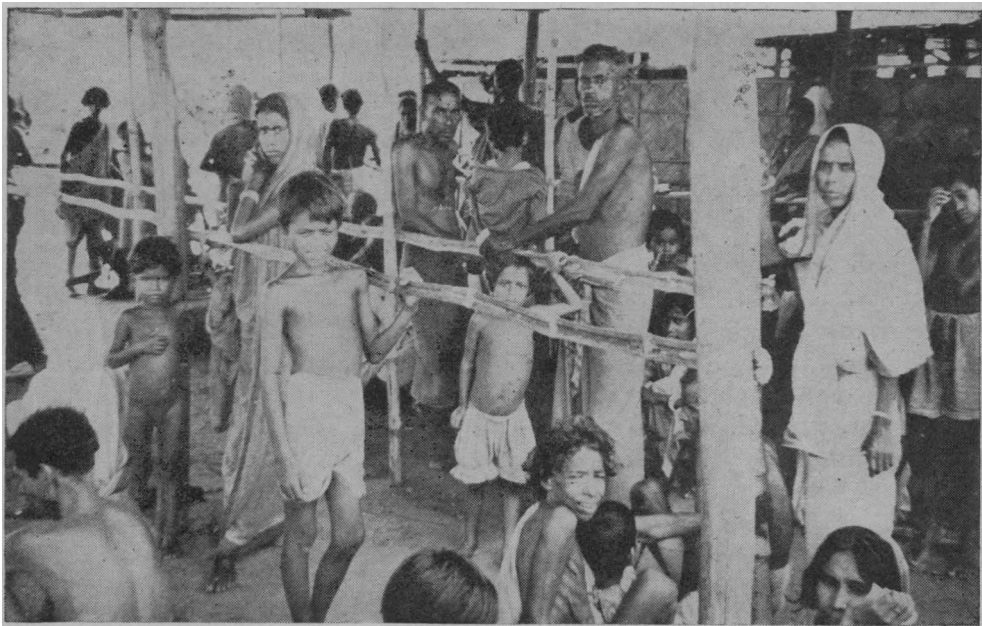
In our ward, we had men and women who were truly living skeletons. Thin skin was stretched so tightly over their bones, that you could see where each rib began and ended, and even bones that one didn't see in a normal body. When I sponged them I would be genuinely scared of breaking those delicate ribs if I pressed too hard. They died, yes, one by one: they had absolutely no resistance through their grievous weakening from hunger and strain, the miracle was that they lived at all. I would never have believed it if I had not seen it. In Ward I, they had a birth a day — the birth rate was extraordinarily high in the Camp and one eclipse night Mrs. Taylor delivered five babies. "It always happens," she said. Birth in the first ward and death in the last ward, both appropriately numbered.

“How was your trip to Bangla Desh ?” I was asked on our return. “Not Bangla Desh, just a refugee camp — worthwhile.”

It had been well worthwhile. I had learnt how little I could really do, I hope I learnt humility. And I realized how important the volunteers—the regular volunteers—were to the welfare of the refugees. They are a noble band—Arlene, Olga, Jean and the others, working there day after week after month. “I’m so homesick for Bombay,” says Arlene, but she stays, and Olga too. Jean who calls all the world ‘honey’, “Go on, honey, drink up your medicine,” and encouraged by the kind sound of the foreign words the East Bengali woman drinks.

Above all, I learnt a very simple thing—that the “refugees” are people. Just people. Ordinary people caught up in a whirlwind of history, many of them hurt by it. And yet they live on and whatever new trials new days bring them they will simply and quietly try to live on. Because they are just ordinary people.

KARIN KAPADIA,  
III B.A. Economics.



# A Testament

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Our old students write on what Stella Maris means to them in this Silver Jubilee year.

Stella Maris.....For all our students the name conjures up a place of happy memories, of care-free days, of night-marish exams, of fun and games. It was here they dreamt dreams.....it was here they made strong friendships.....It was here they found themselves. The pages that follow are a testament of their love, loyalty and deep gratitude.

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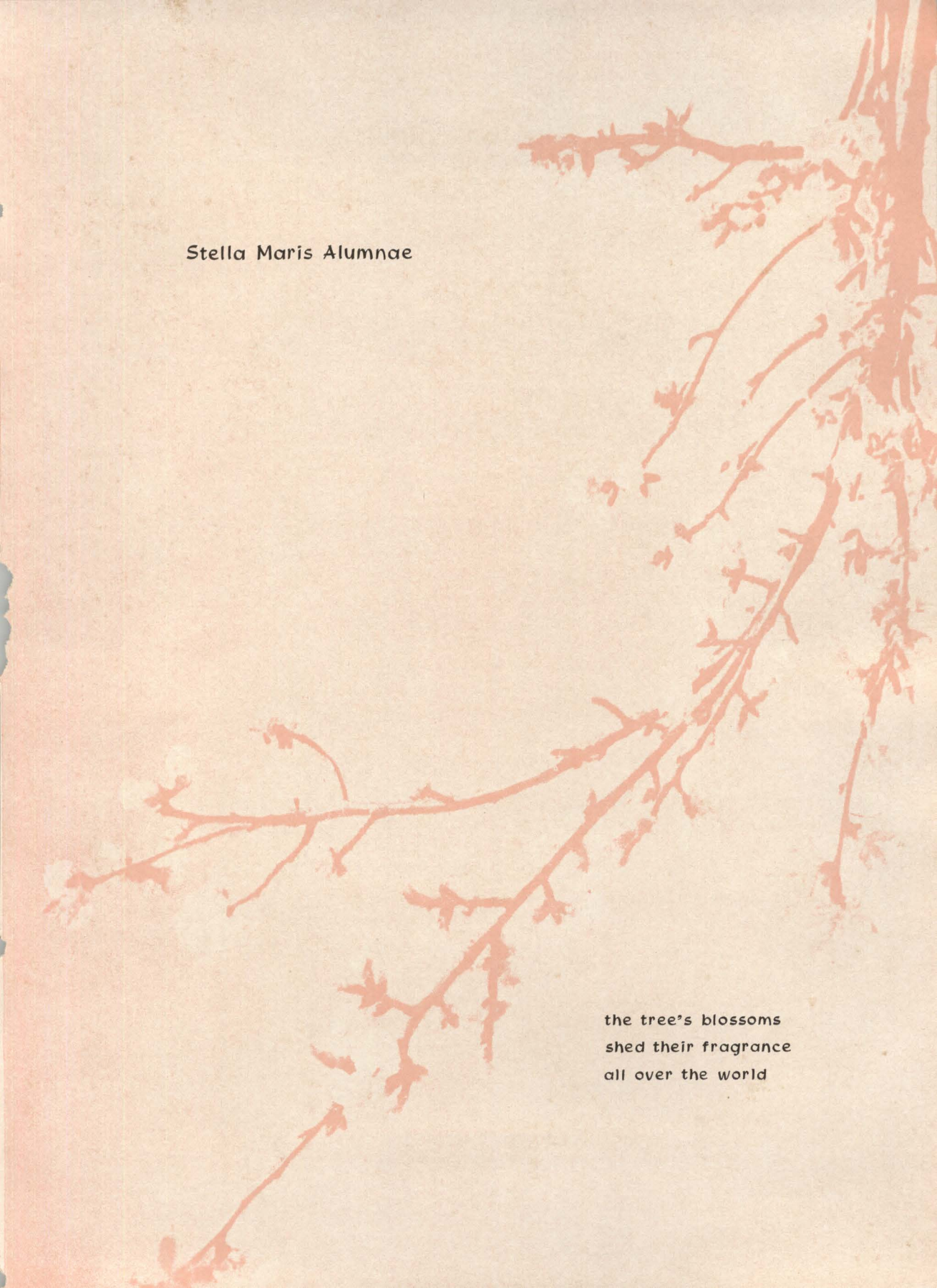
Stella Maris was the talk of the town in August 1947. A new women's college was opened at St. Thomas Convent. On 17th August 1947, about twenty five timid girls arrived at 9 a.m. to look at each other shyly, to whisper and giggle. What did they learn there?

By the end of their term, they learnt that the institution had given them self-confidence, sincerity, a sense of service, maturity of thought, the quality of mercy and generosity.

I am justly proud to say that I was one of those twenty-five.

MRS. P. RAJAMANI,  
B.A. Economics 1951.  
(now teaching in Rosary Matriculation  
School, Madras).

It was just when India attained its Independence and there was a stir in the air about women's getting equal rights and opportunities, that our 'Star of the Sea' made its appearance in a quiet corner of Mylapore. Not only teen-agers were attracted by it, but also young mothers who were idling their time at home. The beehive activities of the college very soon became the talk of the town and one could see parents flocking to seek admission for their daughters. The serene atmosphere and the subtle influence it exercised on its students went a long way in one's life. A Stella Marian can very well be distinguished from other college students. Character formation, the main aim of the college, was not lost sight of during lecture hours. Though the 'Fox and the Crow' story from the mouth of the revered principal, Mother Lillian, produced laughter from the students at the outset it certainly had a lasting effect on them, teaching them to be on their guard always in a world where chivalry is fast disappearing. The mind was trained to acquire the best in everything, whether in science or humanities or moral philosophy. Among the students who benefited by this college, the writer is one who was a young



Stella Maris Alumnae

the tree's blossoms  
shed their fragrance  
all over the world

mother then. She owes to the Institution not only her own graduation but also that of her two daughters, who also spiritually benefited by the sublime influence wielded on them.

My youngest daughter (now Sr. Flavia F.M.M.) says, "Stella Maris was to me during my 6 years of student life (1957-1963), and one year of life as a teacher (1963-1964), a second home.

I owe a great deal to my Alma Mater, for it has given me education in the true sense of the word—it has given me the moral courage to follow Christ in the Institute of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, to serve the Church and our Country".

MRS. MARIAPRAGASAM,  
B.A. Economics 1956  
(Mother of Sr. Celia F.M.M.  
and Sr. Flavia F.M.M)

What has Stella done for me? It's hard to put into words the feeling of gratitude and affection that I have for Stella Maris. It helped me 'grow up', exposed me to a variety of exciting new experiences, taught me responsibility and gave me a respect for knowledge. It taught me so much, and best of all Stella Maris gave me an understanding of myself and my capabilities. Life was presented as a challenge and I hope that I'll always be able to live up to its high ideals and put them into practice.



That is a rather inadequate description of what Stella Maris means to me. Looking back now I can see how every little thing—including some unpleasant things—helped me grow as a person. The four years I spent there are among the happiest ones in my memory. It's a case of 'the good old days'.

GAYNOR MACEDO,  
B.Sc. Mathematics 1967,  
(now teaching in Alberta, Canada).



Sitting at my desk, some 6,000 and odd miles from Stella Maris, I think of my Alma Mater with feelings of warmth and gratitude. As a B.A. student in Art, I was part of a close-knit group and this personal relationship with the staff of the department, gave me not only a deeper understanding of the subject but also an insight into life and how one lives it.

It was my privilege to be President of the Student Union in 1959-60. During this period, I gained a new confidence and a sense of responsibility which have remained with me through these years, helping me in the many different tasks that I have undertaken.

My renewed contact with the College as a student of English Literature from 1968 to 1970, was refreshing. The well co-ordinated efforts of all the department, made it a real pleasure for us to study Literature. Each essay we had to produce was a challenge, and I recall the thrill with which we would rush off to libraries to collect reference material and the deep sense of satisfaction that would come as the paper to be submitted took concrete shape!

Now as Program Director of 'Asia House' (Oberlin College, Ohio, U.S.A.), I have found it a pleasure to work with the 75 college students who live here, bringing to them an appreciation of the rich culture of Asia—especially that of India. Both students and faculty have responded warmly to us and are very appreciative of our work. In fact, I am happy to inform you that Asia House is considered the best program dorm on the entire campus.

MAHEMA DEVADOSS,  
M.A. Literature 1970.

Music—that's what Stella Maris gave me—providing an atmosphere so congenial that life seemed a "playing holiday". I was one of the first batch of Western Music students in Madras University, but never imagined that Beethoven's crashing chords and Chopin's flights of fancy would be anything more to me than things to dream of, not to play. That I did succeed to a certain extent, was due only to the dedicated work and happy spirit of our Professor, who also taught us by example, that being cheerful is as important as practising scales. I look nostalgically back to successive College Days with voices woven into choral tapestries; St. Cecilia's Days and the chimed sweetness of "Vaillante Cecile"; and one incredible classical music concert we presented to an edified audience of parents and a disgusted sprinkling of young men. What did those four years give me? A widening of perspectives, a developing sense of responsibility, a stabilisation of values—and since the inter-locked sanity of Bach's music and the suave sophistication of Mozart's had something to do with it, I'll never forget the Sisters who made it all possible.



MRS. MARGARET PAUL JOSEPH, M.A.,  
B.A. Western Music 1952  
(now Assistant Professor of English,  
Pachaiyappa's College, Madras.)

I have had the privilege of being a student as well as a staff member. In each Principal and Lecturer I found a ready friend, philosopher and guide. It is a great pleasure to know that Stella Maris rejoices over my progress as a fond mother rejoices over the progress of a daughter, who, having come of age, must needs leave the parental home to establish one of her own.



Life in college used to be anything but “the eternal song of a brook, monotonous and slow”. Years have passed, the uncharted future lies ahead and will hold challenges in all stages of my life. I am confident that the Star of the Sea will safely guide me through the sea of life. May she guide many more mariners like me to the port of Happiness.



MRS. MEENA BAJPE (nee Nayak)  
M.A. Literature 1964.



It is only after having left the portals of college that one can look back and appreciate those happy years gone by. Stella Maris, apart from being an educational institution is, in my memory, a place which has moulded my future and where I have learnt all the important things of life. I miss college immensely and often wish I were back again. At present I am working in The Indian Overseas Bank and am extremely happy in my job.

MOZREEN ESSA,  
B.A. Economics 1970.

In the beginning nothing impressed me except the beautiful buildings and the tall Ashoka trees which seemed to tell all within its fold “Aim higher”. I took the hint and began actively involving myself in the activities of the college and the hostel. Thinking back on my days there, I am happy that I got the opportunity to belong to such a wonderful college, but feel depressed to think that those student days will never come back again. At Stella Maris College there was so much to learn and know—a place which really inspired me to do well whatever I did and to become ambitious in life.



LALITA SITARAM,  
B.A. Social Sciences 1969.



Stella Maris is a wonderful place for growing up. The lovely green lawns.....the girls.....the friendly sisters.....the lecture rooms.....yes, all these and more have gone into the experience that is me.

JULIANA CHACKO,  
B.A. Economics 1970.

I am happy to learn that 1972 is the Silver Jubilee year of Stella Maris. Being an old Stella Marian, I am really proud of the glad news. I am quite aware of all the developments and changes at Stella Maris. How much it has grown since I first started my college life in the campus of St. Thomas Convent, Mylapore, fourteen years ago! Even though the Stella Marians in India are widely scattered over the length and breadth of our Motherland, busy with their various occupations, I am sure that they will try to keep up the spirit of service and discipline which they have acquired from Stella Maris. I earnestly believe that the Sisters and lecturers in Stella Maris were responsible for all my success.



MRS. RAMANI JOSEPH, B. Sc., B.T.,  
B. Sc. Zoology 1961  
(now teaching at St. William's  
High School, Madras.)

As I sit here, with pen poised, and wonder how I shall put on paper something which has meant so much to me over the past sixteen years, memories come flooding back—memories which have left their imprint upon my mind and heart.



I am deeply grateful to my lecturers for all that they did for me during the four immensely happy years of my stay in Stella Maris. The knowledge and the high sense of moral values which I have imbibed from them, has enabled me to enlighten the minds of my pupils over the years of my teaching career.

May her students, both present and future, uphold the honour and dignity of Stella Maris, the Star of the Sea.

MRS. PHILOMENA MATHEW (nee Paul)  
B.A. Western Music 1956.  
(now teaching English and singing in  
Our Lady's High School, Chetpet.)

I have always felt that Stella Maris not only prepared me for M.A., but also provided social education to a great extent. Here I had the occasion to meet various types of people regardless of caste and creed, and mingle with them. The discipline that is maintained here is marvellous. The standard of cleanliness in the college, playground and hostel are of the highest order, for which I have had great admiration.



MRS. GEETHA RAMASWAMI,  
M.A. Economics 1965

Though six years away in time and two hundred miles away in distance, I feel I am in Stella Maris. This nearness is the greatest of all meanings that this institution has to Stella Marians. The nearness is due to the bonds that are created, the values learnt and the knowledge obtained when I was a student, which lead like a kindly light through the rest of my day-to-day life, reminding me every moment that this guiding light was lit in Stella Maris. The ideals taught and held aloft by this institution are a source of inspiration to goad me to works of noble



note. All the problems great or small that arose when I was a student of Stella Maris are faced by me as a lecturer today on the other side of the table. The deftness and poise with which they were handled by my mentors then, act as my guidance now. In hours of despondency which sometimes visit me, the pleasant memories of my days in Stella Maris make me take heart again. In short, Stella Maris means what an alma mater, a bounteous mother, should mean to me—one of her many proud children.

R. LAKSHMI,  
M.A. Economics 1966  
(now lecturer in Economics,  
Sri Sarada College, Salem.)

Memories are all we now have of our second home. I do miss everything there, even though it was not all a bed of roses. It was there that we learnt to share our joys and sorrows, especially we hostelites. Each task, each trial was a challenge, and here I must thank the nuns, because they did lend a helping hand, and were always within our reach, whenever we wanted them.

“Those were the days, my friends.....”, while they lasted, we wanted them to end, but once terminated, we wished they would never end.

At present I am in Goa. After teaching for a year, I have enrolled myself for Ph. D.; a year is over and I hope to complete it in the near future.



JUDILIA NUNES,  
M.A. Fine Arts 1970.

“The test of enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind”, and the remembrances and memories of my years at Stella Maris are among my most cherished.

Shall I write of the majesty and awe-inspiring nature of the buildings—the three main blocks that stand in the front (so like a mother with her two

arms held wide open in a welcoming embrace), or shall I write of the learning and the knowledge imparted inside these temples of learning? Shall I mention the study, the discipline, the spiritual knowledge? Or the spirit of sportsmanship encouraged on the field? Or the policy of "Live and let live" followed in the crowded corridors, and the lesson of "Eat and let eat" learnt in the overflowing canteen, or the extra-curricular activities so helpful to fuller development of the personality, that have stood us in good stead always? Is it the serene beauty and loveliness of the cloistered campus, or the scholarly peace of the library, or the silence of the chapel that captivates the hearts of generations of students? Shall I boast of the endless social work so true to the motto of "Truth and Charity" that is carried on unstintingly in a corner of the campus? It is not so much any one of these factors as their sum total that has endeared Stella Maris to all her students and made it a home away from home.



But perhaps, above all these I can recollect most vividly the morning assembly. As Crowin says, "A family will never flourish unless it draws its inspiration from above. The family that prays together, stays together." Is this then the real secret of the capacity of Stella Maris to hold countless students scattered all over the world still unseverably bound to her by the bonds of love and affection and gratitude?

Surely, Stella Maris is an abode offering sure and pleasant shelter for those blessed enough to seek its protection. She has mothered me for five years and the smallest tribute I can pay is to try to uphold her noble traditions and to prove worthy of the indelible and honourable stamp she has given me — of being a Stella Marian. I wish the college all success in the years to come and pray that God will bless her to grow from strength to strength and help her to see many happy jubilees!

U. THARA,  
M. A. Economics 1969  
(College President 1966-1967)

College, for us, was not just studying for the weekly tests. There were the several associations among which the social service association proved most popular. I'm sure it has never had a more eager band of workers than us.

I can never forget my lecturers and my classmates who toiled hard to bring me up to the standard. How we enjoyed those days — the circus we organized, the puppet show we put up, the drill-cum-dance classes.

The hostel was like a large family. After dinner the whole lot of us would gather round a huge table and sing, dance, act and shout! We had no time to feel lonely or homesick.

I could go on writing about my days at Stella Maris which I can truly say, were my happiest. It makes me very happy to see the college grown so big in strength, buildings and reputation. I wish the college all the best.

NAMAGIRI MADHAVA RAO,  
B. A. Indian Music 1954  
(C.V. Namagiri, College President 1953-1954)

I thoroughly enjoyed my student days at Stella Maris. They were rich with experiences which helped to bring out the best in me. There was something very special about being a Stella Marian. Our predecessors had set up high standards in every sphere of college life and we always tried with a sense of legitimate pride to uphold these standards. Stella Maris stood for what was well done. I was proud of being a Stella Marian in my time!

COLLEEN NORTH,  
M. A. Social Work 1965  
(Lecturer in Social Work 1965-1970)

The unforgettable four years in Stella Maris gave me not only a degree but much more—the real values in life, which were instilled in our young minds in the moral science classes and the discourses. Knowledge of ‘bioluminescence’ or ‘photosynthesis’ may help to pass a test here or get a job there, but the wisdom gained through the moral science classes and discourses helps every day in the tests and tribulations of life. This memory of the Alma Mater is doubly cherished for its permanent value and for the sweet recollections of the conviviality of relations between the teacher and the taught. May Stella prosper from strength to strength in the cause of education!



N. VIJAYAKALYANI,  
B.Sc. Zoology 1968

In 1961 I joined Stella Maris, and left in 1968 after acquiring a Master's degree in Social Work and working for a year in the Social Welfare Center. Stella Maris was a second home to me. The contacts I had with the people in the neighbourhood and the staff made my stay most enjoyable. General events of the college and the hostel are treasured in my memory. Now I am thousands of miles away from Stella Maris (in Ithaca, U.S.A.), but I am very close in my thoughts.



USHA VENKATARAGHAVAN, (nee Bharathan)  
M. A. Social Work 1967

My life today is built up from a great many yesterdays, and the memories still stay evergreen in my mind, especially the six years I spent at Stella Maris - my second home. It was here that I gathered that knowledge my mind holds, and it was Stella that moulded and trained me to face the world. The very homely atmosphere and the easy access to the staff even for small personal worries has made Stella Maris an Alma Mater so dear to our hearts. Looking back I realise how useful the moral philosophy sessions were, since the values we were taught there are now the guiding principles of all my activities - directed towards the successful fulfilment of the roles of wife and mother.



RAMA SAMPATHKUMAR,  
(nee Rajagopal)  
M.A. Economics 1970

*And finally, an extract from the letter of one old student who was able to be with us for the celebrations, returning to Stella Maris after an absence of many years.*

I was happy to be back in College. At first I was a little worried wondering whether anyone would remember me. But all the lecturers greeted me with such true affection and warmth that I felt proud to be an old student and a Stella Marian who is still remembered.

The Cultural Evening was so well organised. The last item with the Alma Mater pointing upwards to the Star of the Sea, and the performers entering with boat-shaped lamps, was so grand and touching. The good old College Song rendered so harmoniously by the choir brought tears of joy to my eyes.

The kind genture of the College in presenting awards to all those who have served Stella Maris loyally for twenty years, including the Physics attender and the gardener, was really touching beyond words. How truly the College has shown its appreciation for good service!

Stella Maris moulded my character, and I owe my deep and sincere gratitude to my Alma Mater for what I am today.

MRS. RITA RATNAM (NEE DEVASAGAYAM)  
B.A. Western Music 1959,  
(Vice-President 1958-1959)

## In Memoriam



It was with great sorrow that we learnt of the death in an air-crash of one of our alumnae, Fathima Baquer. Fathima was a second generation student of Stella Maris; her mother, Mumtaz, had taken her post-graduate diploma in Social Service from the College in 1960, and Fathima studied here from 1966 to 1970, when she obtained her B.A. degree in English Literature. As a student, she had already planned a career as an air-hostess; after graduating and working as a tutor in English for a few months, she joined Indian Airlines. Her pleasant, cheerful manners and courteous behaviour, which had been noticed in the College, brought her success in the demanding role of an air-hostess, and Fathima thoroughly enjoyed her work.

The call of God came suddenly when an Indian Airlines plane, on which Fathima was generously replacing an air-hostess friend, crashed near Delhi on August 11th 1972.

At her mother's request, a memorial service for Fathima was held in the College Chapel on August 26th, at which Mrs. Baquer, her son, lecturers who had known and taught Fathima, and present students assisted.

May her soul rest in peace.

## Walking the Tightrope

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A former President of the College Union debates the effects of the working mother on family life.

Her name often figures on the list of speakers at seminars dealing with such subjects such as Child Psychology and Welfare, Problems of the Adolescent and Marriage Preparation Courses. She has been a Professor of English Literature at a City College for many years and has combined it with a happy family of four children, from which, presumably, she gleans the experience which makes her so well-known on the public platform. Nor does she fall into a rut in her profession. She now has the enviable position of a University Professor and often conducts summer courses on the Teaching of English as a Foreign Language organised by the British Council. The image she projects is that of the fulfilled wife, mother and career woman, efficient yet retaining all her femininity.



What an enviable position to have created for oneself! She has learnt to be adept at what I call walking the tightrope, for she has achieved that delicate equipoise between her duties as wife and mother on the one hand, and the powerful craving to find self-expression in roles other than this. When I first met her, and she came to know that I had taught English Literature before my marriage, she expressed a charming disappointment that I should have allowed home and children to stand in the way of a career. I met her again recently, after a lapse of four years. In between, for a short while, I had managed by a stroke of good luck, to get a part-time teaching job five minutes away from



home. Then I relinquished it, with a heavy heart, as we decided to have another child. She at once recognised me, (she must have a phenomenal memory) and said, "I suppose you must be at home still", and then turned as someone called her away. That one innocent sentence was a blow. It brought up from hidden depths all the longing to have a life separate from that of rearing my children and running a home, rich in many joys as I found it. Let me make one thing clear. I am under no compulsion from my husband to keep away from a profession. When we have discussed the possibility of my taking a job, he has always given me freedom to do so, with one qualification that "you do not turn our home into a hotel and the children are not neglected", a condition I myself fully endorse. Much as I would like to carve out a career for myself, which I know I could do, I love my home with a love that goes to the roots of my being and am deeply committed to personally rearing my children with a jealous attention to detail. Above all my husband and I share a warm comradeship. All these values I would not juggle with, or put second place, or compromise. One need not see these values in juxtaposition to having a career and many are able to harmonise them. But personally I find it very difficult to do so.

Living in a big city one sees too often children left alone with servants for almost the whole day, while mummy commutes to an office, school, college or hospital. They want for nothing materially but one often discerns the deep loneliness on little faces, separated too early from their mother. It is often these children who find adolescence and early adulthood a stormy period. Children who have a deeply affectionate, intimate relationship with their mothers, sail through personality adjustments with confidence.

Considering all this, I often ask myself if the strain of coping with one's profession and the home front, is worth it, if at the end one finds oneself alienated from one's own children. Does not a career, however successful it may be, become sterile, if one has little or no spare time to enjoy an amicable discussion or argument on a subject of mutual interest, with the man who over the years has become an ever more interesting and stimulating companion?

In an age where even in our own country, life becomes rapidly more artificial and subject to high tension, it becomes necessary to live more human lives, for our own selves and for our children. What joy to spend a hot summer evening splashing about in the sea with the children! How fascinated they are when daddy brings home a bottle of salt water and under his supervision, mummy evaporates the water on the gas-ring, till pure white salt crystals are left at the bottom of the vessel.

There is zest in answering questions, or discussing problems, which range from curiosity about how babies come into the world, to social justice for those who work

for us, with the sharply enquiring fresh minds of a six-year old girl and an eight-year-old boy. Above all constant affection, and firm discipline, encouragement towards independence and inducement to make responsible decisions, create intimate confidence between parent and child but require persistent nurturing.

There is also a deep creative pleasure in coaxing plants to grow on a balcony which gets no direct sunlight; learning the mysteries of cooking a vegetarian menu skilfully; joining with your husband and children to barbecue Kababs, make a French sauce, or prepare a cake.

But all these joys require leisure time as an important ingredient and for a woman to find it, when she has embarked on a career, is difficult indeed.

Yet knowing this, the Devil's Advocate within one is never quite silent. You open an issue of TIME, which focusses attention on the American Woman, an interest aroused by a militant Women's Lib. Movement. A pretty, smart woman, thirtyish (your age) poses, arms akimbo, wearing a large, checked apron, on which is printed in bold black letters :

#### FOR THIS I SPENT FOUR YEARS IN COLLEGE

You flip the pages and read of the problems women encounter, when having done with child rearing, they attempt to re-enter their professions after a lapse of years. They had become back numbers. One sees older women, who now find that their children have grown up and left the family nest. The role they filled for so many years as a mother, has been snatched from them. And you ask yourself "Will mine be a similar plight?"

Worst of all are the days when everything becomes bilious and one looks at oneself and all one is striving to achieve with a jaundiced eye. Then the career woman seems to be one of God's chosen people. Personal commitment becomes a scourge. In one's saner moments the urge to use one's intellectual gifts to the maximum and thereby be of service to others, becomes an unbearable yearning.

A solution is in view. In collaboration with one's husband and children, one may return to one's profession, especially if one can do so on a part-time basis. But there are many fine adjustments to be made, not only by oneself but also by one's family, if harmony is to be preserved. Then one walks the tightrope.

MRS. RITA MONTEIRO, (*née* Lovett)

M.A. Literature 1961;

Staff member from 1961 to 1963

# Social Work - Over the Years

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A review by a Social work graduate of the College.

It is a paradox that a field which is of direct concern to so many people is so little understood. The misconceptions about what social work is, how it is carried on and even whether it is necessary are widespread. The average student could frame a recognisably accurate definition of teaching or nursing, medicine or law. But, if asked to define social work he would be likely to invoke a set of outmoded stereotypes such as bathing slum children, dispensing medicine, food and clothing, in short "doing good". This paradox prevails even in this century when social work has reached professional status requiring a specialized course of study.

Let us begin with a brief history of the development of social work. To trace this one has to go back to the beginning of mankind itself, because social work is intrinsically intertwined with man. In his everyday life man has several needs related to his physical and emotional well-being and he is constantly concerned with fulfilling these needs. Furthermore, as man is gregarious by nature he is also concerned with helping his less capable fellow-men in satisfying their unmet needs. This inter-action between man and man has persisted and grown more complex as mankind passed from the simple caveman society to the present technological and space age. The universal desire to help provided the start for social work which has evolved from giving a helpful hand to a relief-giving organisation, to a professional approach to human behaviour.

In early society, where the social structure was tightly integrated, the larger family or tribe took over the support of those whose needs could not be met in the customary way. For example food resources were shared with those unable to procure their own. In time, human needs grew more complex as did the ways they could be met. In fact the whole structure changed from the small, well-knit, self-supporting families and tribes into a complicated, specialized and impersonalized institution where the individual no longer had the protection of the group. In such a society the strong were able to carry on a satisfactory inter-action which fulfilled their needs while the weaker members soon became the victims of poverty and hardship.

Hindu as well as Judeo-Christian traditions have always stressed charity and have urged believers to care for the less fortunate. Alms-giving was considered a virtue, and the faithful considered it a religious obligation to care for those members of the group who could not care for themselves. Alms were collected in temples and churches and distributed by the local authorities who knew the individuals and their situation. However, with increasing mobility and social stratification, alms-giving became indiscriminate and the mass relief which followed could hardly be expected to make the individual more capable of self-support. In fact, some authorities question whether or not such alms-giving led to the development of a beggar class. With this life so

unpalatable for so many people, emphasis was laid on the next life where virtue and patience would be rewarded. Little social energy was directed towards long-range planning for improving man's lot, and preventive work was not so much discouraged as unthought of. Even today a sizeable percentage of Indians are noted for accepting their lot in life as 'fate' and doing nothing to improve it.

In an effort to remedy the evils caused by mass relief policies, government stepped in with various legislative measures, some forbidding begging and vagrancy and others designed to force people to work. From this shared responsibility, public and private agencies began to emerge. Those services generally accepted as essential came under the public agencies. These included physical subsistence, medical care, special arrangements for the handicapped and other similar services. Private agencies were responsible for intensive services like family counselling and adoption of children. There were of course large areas of overlap, but this has become the general pattern. Several private agencies and individuals who were concerned with social reform became the champions of campaigns against social evils such as woman and child labour, female infanticide, untouchability and the like, found in varying degrees in different cultures. These movements ultimately got the backing of legislation which enabled the individual and private agencies to function more intensively with specific areas of concern confronting individuals (casework), groups (group work) and communities (community organisation) unable to cope with them.

At this point a definition of social work is called for which will enable the reader to get a comprehensive picture of social work. There are as many definitions of social work as there are people to define it and each definition is likely to reflect the particular concern of its writer. The definition which is accepted as most workable was compiled in the early 1950's by Swithun Bowers who defined it as "an art in which knowledge of the science of human relations and skill in relationships are used to mobilize capacities in the individual and resources in the community appropriate for the better adjustment between the client and any part of his total environment". Implied in this definition are the fundamental assumptions that self help is more effective in the long run and that skill and understanding can be mobilized on behalf of others in such a way as to help them achieve more of their potential than they have been able to do unassisted.

In the last 25 years social work has emerged more clearly as a definite entity requiring trained individuals with special skills and interests to carry out intensive work with "clients". After two world wars and the depression years, emotional problems gave special impetus to social work study of the developing field of psychiatry, and social workers now gained insight into previously baffling issues. Such concepts as the significance of unconscious factors in human behaviour, the crucial importance in later life of the early formative years, the determining effect upon later relationships of early parent-child relations and the implications of ambivalence (the feeling of two contradictory emotions at the same time), all proved highly workable and useful in social work. It tries in other words to understand the psychological

functioning of individuals and in doing so emphasizes objective observation of the "client" and the impartial and non-judgemental attitude of the social worker.

Another major innovation is the extension of social work services above the poverty line so that "clients" from various economic levels are given an opportunity to discuss their problems with the social worker. Whether because of the persistence of custom in our thinking or because of the unconscious attempts to reassure ourselves against troubling doubts of our own adequacy, there is a tendency to think of social work solely or primarily in terms of the under-privileged. Social work still needs constant interpretation so that people can accept it as a problem-solving process acceptable and useful to any stratum of the population. In the past few years, from efforts to relieve poverty, professional social work has developed methods and goals to provide assistance for maladjustment and impaired functioning in any area of an individual's life.

In India however, because of the vast population and the attending problems of poverty and ignorance, social work is to the general population synonymous with the uplift of the masses. In other words, it is seen as being responsible for meeting and bettering the economic conditions of the people. In its concern for human well-being social work co-operates with other disciplines engaged in meeting personal and social needs. These disciplines such as public health, education, vocational counselling and rehabilitation, housing and urban renewal operate within the general field of social welfare. But to the vast majority social work is not seen as a separate entity in all its professional sophistication. To them the social worker is basically someone they can go to for material help, someone they can go back to again and again. The apathy of the people coupled with economic problems which face the nation are major obstacles to the development of professional social work in India. It must be remembered however, that the meeting of subsistence needs is essential. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must still eat. Only if the economic base is secure can social work efforts in the interests of improved social relationships be effective. Until then social work, out of necessity, will have to include a wide range of activities of a sub-professional nature.

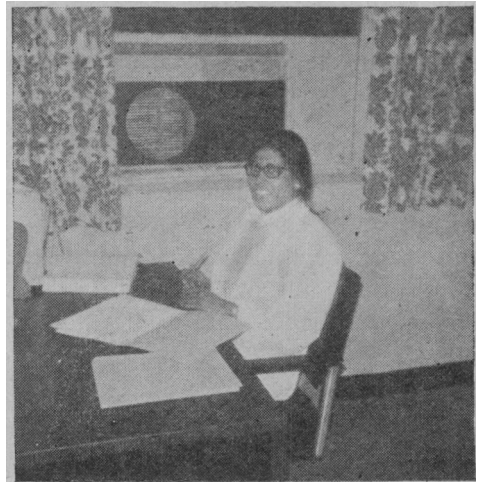
There is another difficulty which social work currently faces in attracting its share of qualified applicants. While this is a global problem, it is more marked in India. It is probably safe to say that in no other professional field are college students so insulated from contact with representatives of the profession as in social work. In general students have contact with education and health professionals and are aware of the satisfactions and drawbacks in careers in health or teaching. Where social work is concerned, the majority of students have no pre-conceived ideas of career opportunities. The prevailing stereotype of social work stresses negative attitudes, and parents dislike the thought of their children becoming involved in so depressing a field. Many students who graduate as professional social workers fail to actually enter the field because of the lack of family backing. To complete the vicious circle, the public does not consider

social work as being professional nor does it demand that those who practise it be professionally qualified.

In the past few years in India there have been some encouraging achievements which must be mentioned. There now exists a Ministry for Social Welfare concerned with making whole areas more self-determining and active. The economic aid provided through this ministry provides the necessary incentive to the community which then enables the social worker to "help them to help themselves". Economic stability has not yet been achieved and until then social work will have to be concerned with helping the individual meet his basic needs. But this nevertheless gives the social worker the opportunity to practice his basic assumption of the dignity of man who is worthy of respect whatever his circumstances. For some people the first hopeful thing in their life is the knowledge that a social worker feels that he is valuable enough to help.

Another encouraging trend is the fact that more students are now taking up graduate courses in social work offered as a two-year degree or diploma course. While the proportion of graduates who enter the field as professionals is still low, it is an improvement over the preceding years. Social work organisations such as the Indian Conference of Social Work help create unity in the profession and help diminish some of the negatives. To assist people to be more effective is a skill which requires instruction, practice and supervision. To-day therefore, increasing importance is being given to Social Work Administration and Research which is concerned with translating the policies of social work into practice in the most effective ways possible.

Social Work has come a long way from the days of "poverty relief" but it still has a long way to go. It is striving to gain recognition and acceptance in a society which needs it. In doing so we must be positive in our approach, drawing upon our achievements and looking ahead with confidence.



JENNIFER BRAGANZA,  
M.A. in Social Work, 1968.

## English Studies in Australia - A Perspective

---

One of our many graduates now doing research abroad shares her experiences with her Alma Mater.

If after having been a student of an Australian University for two years, I can think in terms of broad issues regarding tertiary education—assessment, approaches to society and the like—perhaps I am beginning to see the light. It was hard to tell what I was letting myself in for when I accepted a research scholarship to do a Ph. D. in English at the Flinders University of South Australia. In a burst of enthusiasm I decided my area of research would be the metaphysical poets—an adolescent fascination that was later to become an obsession—a group of poets who haunted my leisure-hours with tortuous ‘conceits’—a group cursorily covered in six intercollegiate M.A. lectures. “And what is my schedule, Professor?” I anxiously queried as Professor Ralph Elliott, the Head of the Department of English escorted me out of the Adelaide air-terminal. “Piers Plowman to Prufrock to Allen Ginsberg—the choice is yours. So is the time.” I was crazy with delight.

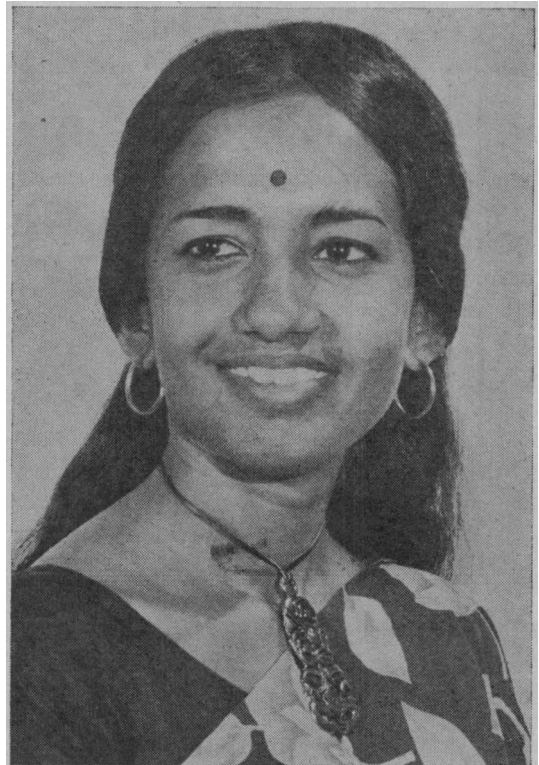
It was something of an anomaly to be an Indian woman and to be doing English at an Australian University. Well, there was oceanography, crystallography, population genetics—everybody knew that Indians were mathematically and scientifically inclined. But why English—and at the doctoral level too? To the Australian mind it was difficult to reconcile a study of the English language and literature with the ancient traditions and customs of India that filter through to the West via the mass-media. Was English really the medium of instruction in many Indian schools? And if English wasn't my ‘first’ language, it seemed presumptuous to launch on a doctoral thesis in a foreign language. To some it seemed a violation of the norm — an Indian mind could not possibly have an insight into the complexities of western thought — my entire background would militate against it. My appreciation of English literature would be a mere skimming of the surface, relying heavily on secondary sources perhaps; an “in-depth” study, a study of the western mind from the inside, seemed far removed from the pale of oriental thought. While these are not the views of my colleagues or co-academics or the verbalised opinion of people I've come into contact with, the feeling was there all the same, and I encountered the one standard reaction every time my position at Flinders was mentioned. There seemed to be two things I was constantly made aware of :

1. that I had to “prove” myself—any previous star-spangled academic history was immaterial to the task that lay ahead of me, and
2. the fact that I was ‘different’ was repeatedly brought to my notice, consciously or unconsciously.

The Australian undergraduate is an articulate being; alive to and having definite views on political and social issues, fiercely independent, with an extra-

ordinary capacity for a wide range of activities. On the contrary, the spoken word counts for so little in an Indian academic set-up—the act of discourse is a dying phenomenon. Perhaps, the ineffable lies beyond the frontiers of the word. But what if the ineffable stems from an inability to express oneself verbally, since all that is required of you is a willing suspension of the spirit of enquiry. While the viva voce is still regarded as being somewhat gimmicky in the Indian educational system, it is an invaluable method of testing a student's capacity to defend verbally a point of view that he might have failed to justify in a written examination. Flinders invites examiners from other Australian Universities to test students orally each year, especially at the Honours level.

Tutorials and seminars form the greater part of the course structure. Lectures are few and far between. The notion of essential literacy is still rooted in classic values, in a sense of discourse, rhetoric and argument. Tutorials consist of small groups of students, perhaps eight to ten, and a tutor. One student presents a paper on a given author or topic: the others come to the tutorial prepared, having read the necessary texts and criticism. A discussion ensues. Everybody is encouraged to talk—the group is often small enough to give a chance to the shy and introverted student to be heard. I see the tutor as fulfilling an important function in not imposing his views on the student, but being a vital stimulus—filling in gaps to ensure that the discussion does not grind to an awkward halt and exercising control to prevent an argument from getting out of hand. Particular importance is attached to the personal supervision of undergraduates in tutorials. For certain topics the tutorial is the principal teaching medium.



While there are a few full-time tutors in the Department, all lecturers, including the Professor, handle tutorial classes. Hence the myth of the lecturer being someone “up there” who imparts knowledge, and the tutor being someone “down-here” who puts up with mediocrity, is non-existent. Seminars are inter-disciplinary in character. In a course such as ‘Children’s Literature’ for instance, the panel would have one person from the English Department, a child-psychologist, an educationist, a historian



and so on. Students from other disciplines are encouraged to attend these seminars and contribute their views, even though they may not be doing the course.

The system allows for a great deal of freedom at all levels. Lectures are not compulsory. A lecturer often distributes mimeographed 'outlines' and a bibliography prior to the lecture. It is not unusual to see students with cassette-recorders in lecture-theatres, deriving the additional benefit of having a lecture taped.

In addition to regular course lectures, the Discipline of English makes available to all students, a series of optional lectures on literary criticism and other topics. Given by visiting lecturers and the English staff, these lectures are scheduled so as to enable students of any year to attend.

The 'genre' approach is being adopted in the teaching of English literature at Flinders. The specific genres include Introduction to Poetry, Aspects of Modern Fiction, the Nineteenth Century Novel, English Literature and Society 1600-1800, and so on. Some interesting questions raised in determining the nature of the English courses are: given the limited amount of time available, how best can a comparative approach to literature be offered? In what way has the development of film and television altered our conception of literature? The courses are rigorous and the intellectual demands on the student are great.

Assessment is largely on the student's selection. Each student chooses the mode of assessment (essays, examinations, dissertation) that is likely to bring out the best in him. This is an attempt to break away from the psychologically and educationally disastrous effects of 'exam-mania' in other universities where a student's abilities are judged under pressure. The argument also goes that literature is a leisurely pursuit involving sorting out, arranging and re-arranging of thoughts, and it should not be tested in tense circumstances.

A news-bit in the students' newspaper at Flinders, earlier this year, read: "If you're about to do English, don't; and if you're already doing it, despair. However, it is not as bad as all that (yet). There is still much value and pleasure to be smuggled out of English courses, and they are definitely worth doing". This was followed by a reading list which included Jean Paul Sartre's **What is Literature?** Louis Kampf's **The Scandal of Literary Scholarship** in "The Dissenting Academy" edited by Theodore Roszak, George Steiner's **Language and Silence** and various Marshall McLuhan books. The English courses at Flinders came under severe criticism because of the sheer bulk of some of the courses and the inflexibility of approach in certain areas.

What is particularly refreshing about the academic climate at Flinders is the excellent staff-student relationship. One seldom feels a sense of alienation. Education is a matter of inter-relationship between teacher and student and source material, and the teacher should be a catalyst rather than an impediment. Lecturers often join students for lunch in the Refectory in order to establish informal contact. The Professor holds 'open-house' parties when students can relax, wine and dine and listen to music in a non-academic environment.

As a graduate student, I work entirely on my own, under the guidance of a supervisor, whom I contact from time to time. A Ph. D. in English at Flinders involves three to four years of private research knocked into the shape of a scholarly thesis, at the end of it all—"a substantial contribution to knowledge", the clause reads. There is no programme as such—graduate students are regarded as junior members of the staff (they share many staff-privileges) and are invited to conduct tutorials and give seminar papers. Besides, there are graduate inter-disciplinary seminars at odd intervals, in which the staff of the various schools participate, and which are intellectually stimulating. Travel grants are made available to graduate students to travel within Australia and sometimes overseas for academic purposes—conferences, visits to libraries etc. In January this year I had the gratifying experience of being a Flinders delegate at the Language and Literature Conference in New Zealand. You are placed in an ideal situation that gives you the chance to expose your research topic to expert opinion and specialist criticism. Careerwise, conferences are excellent opportunities for Ph. D. students to acquaint themselves with top academics of various universities and to establish a reputation of some kind.

Of course there are weaknesses in any educational system and Australian Universities have their drawbacks. Knowledge is a living organism that is continually and rapidly growing. The system has to expand accordingly. The malaise in research studies is disturbing. The hunt for 'genuine' subjects sometimes leads to research in such trivia or in matters so restrictive that the students themselves lose respect for what they are doing. Undergraduates sometimes 'use' the liberal system to their advantage—essays are not handed in on time; extensions are not hard to come by.

Intellectual rigour and independence of mind are characteristics of the young Australian student. We can no longer seek refuge in muteness. Involvement with issues, that concern not only the University but society as a whole, is required of each one of us at a University, if we are to justify our being here. If universities are to play a positive role in society, it is imperative that both staff and students co-operate in all matters—that students relinquish their passive roles and adopt a more active role. Verbalization of the hitherto incommunicable will not occur through a miracle. It is a long arduous task—and well worth doing.

KANCHANA CHIDAMBARAM,  
M.A. Literature 1969.

Stella Maris 1972:

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the tiny seed and  
brought it to full  
growth.



As your name, o Lord, so also your praise  
reaches to the end of the earth.

ps. 47, 11

## University Examination Results, 1972

	No. appd.	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of passes
M.A. Economics	21	...	21	...	100
English	20	...	20	...	100
History of					
Fine Arts Part II	6	4	1	...	83
Social Work Part I	12	...	...	Passed 11	91
Part II	18	...	18	...	100
M Sc. Mathematics Part I	24	...	...	Passed 21	87.5
(Whole)	20	4	13	...	85
III B.A.					
History	30	3	8	18	96.6
Social Sciences	34	1	10	19	88.2
Economics	75	...	10	62	96
Drawing and Painting	16	5	8	3	100
History of Fine Arts	10	1	2	6	90
Br. XII English	29	2	14	13	100
II B.A.					
Language	216	68	71	71	97.2
English	216	2	86	128	100
I B.A.					
English	204	...	...	Passed 203	99.6
Language	203	...	...	Passed 189	93
Hist. of Fine Arts :					
Main : Paper I	22	...	...	Passed 22	100
Ancillary :					
Social Psychology	74	...	...	Passed 74	100
Commerce	72	...	...	Passed 72	100
Soc. History of England	35	...	...	Passed 35	100
III B.Sc.					
Mathematics	35	30	4	...	97
Chemistry	28	21	6	...	96.4
Zoology	35	7	19	8	97
II B.Sc.					
English	111	...	16	95	100
Language	111	22	25	63	99
Ancillary : Maths.	9	...	...	Passed 9	100
Statistics	40	...	...	Passed 40	100
Chemistry	41	...	...	Passed 41	100
Botany	21	...	...	Passed 21	100
I B. Sc.					
English	111	...	...	Passed 111	100
Language	110	...	...	Passed 110	100
Maths.-Main Paper I	41	...	...	Passed 41	100
Chemistry--Main Paper I	30	...	...	Passed 30	100
Zoology--Main Paper I	38	...	...	Passed 38	100
Pre-University	600	266	221	68	92.5

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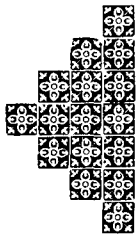
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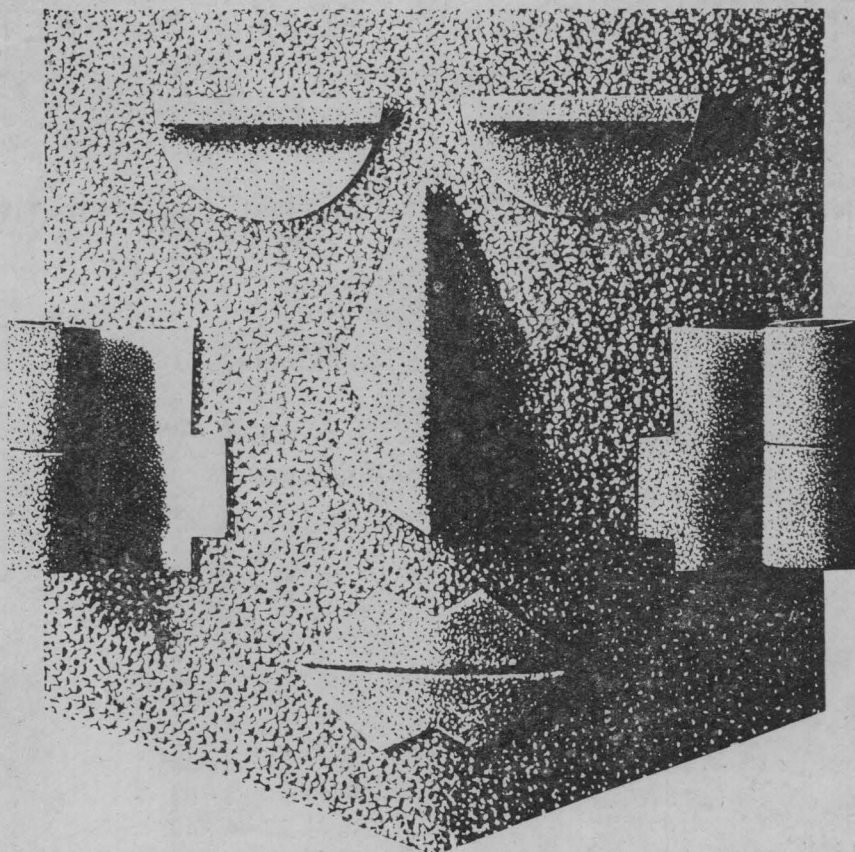
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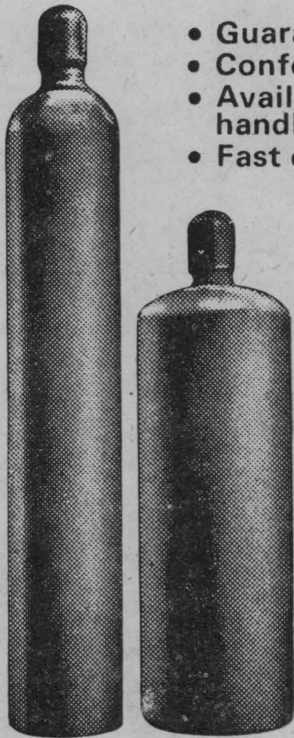
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I, Irene Mathias, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Date: 31—10—72

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

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