



STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

MADRAS

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STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

“You shall above all things be glad and young”

—Cummings

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Prayer

May the belessing of light
be on you, light without and light within.

May the blessed sunlight
shine upon you and warm your heart till it glows
like a great peat fire, so that the stranger may
come and warm himself at it, and also a friend.

And may the light shine out of the eyes of you,
like a candle set in the windows of a house,
bidding the wanderer to come in out of the storm.

And may the blessing of the rain
be on you—the soft sweet rain. May it fall upon
your spirit so that all the little flowers may spring up,
and shed their sweetness on the air.

And may the blessing of the great rains be on you,
may they beat upon your spirit and wash it fair and clean,
and leave there many a shining pool where the blue
of heaven shines, and sometimes a star.

And may the blessing of the earth
be on you—the great round earth ;
may you ever have a kindly greeting
for them you pass as you're going along the roads.

May the earth be soft under you when
you rest out upon it, tired at the end of a day,
and may it rest easy over you when,
at the last, you lie out under it.

May it rest so lightly over you that
your soul may be off from under it quickly,
and up and off, and on its way to God.

Editorial

The Stella Maris wheel has turned another year — A year of academic success, sporting victories, a year that has been characterized as usual by laughter in the Sun, the gladness of work well done.

We have tried to capture this kaleidoscope of activities — the youthful exuberance that made it possible, the spirit of freshness and enthusiasm, the whole hearted plunge into things of the now and here, through the creative articles, the photographs of college activities.

And as our Prayer says — we hope that the blessing of light which lightened our days and gladdened our spirits, will continue through another year — the year which follows and others.....

Editorial Board

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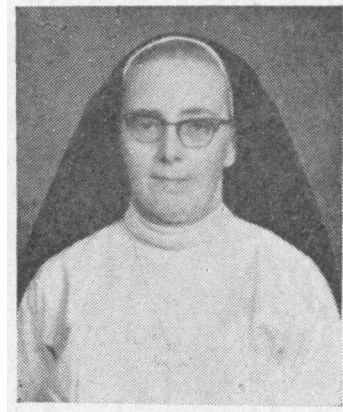
She Bore 'Witness'

Sr. Catherine Mc Levy F.M.M.

Born 25.10.1923

in BURHLEY, NEW CASTLE-EN-TYNE

Died 4.6.1979 in MADRAS.



From her diary : "During meditation I allowed 'All I ask of you is for ever to remember me as loving you—to be the refrain..... addressed to Christ?? God? Not sure ! It struck me that, rather, He was addressing me—but this, besides being truer, made me happier, because if forever I remember Him as loving me I shall be with Him all the time."

(written : 8.1.1977)

My dear Sister,

It is with 'mingled feelings' of sadness and joy that I write to give you details of our dear Sr. Catherine McLevy's unexpected and tragic death..... We are still recovering from the shock and can hardly believe that it all happened.....the Lord who is merciful and loving, called her 'home' at a moment when she was 'witnessing' and ministering in His Name - it was on the lap of a poor woman from the slum that she breathed her last under the scorching sun on the busy thoroughfare in the city of Madras.

Perhaps we could sum up her life in one word - LOVE..... 'Christ contemplated, sent her to her brothers and sisters in whom she discovered His hidden presence, and they in their turn sent her back to contemplate Christ'. She had a 'passion' for the poor and lowly whom she served to the last moment of her life.

Monday 4th June found her up at the early hours of the morning. She participated at the first Eucharistic celebration at 5.30 a.m. and as usual spent the first few hours in the silence of prayer. The Lord seemed to have given her some warning—she had a 'special' word for almost each of her sisters that morning.

At 10-30 a.m. she went to the nearby slum to see the little children in the nursery and to give instructions about admissions of new children.....to a poor widow with money for the school books of her son, to the Voluntary Health Service Hospital in Adyar where a young man in whom she was interested was sick.....She

had brought him love, courage and hope.....back again on the moped she continued on her 'mission' of love which was to bring her face to face with 'the God of our faith'.

Together with all the other vehicles which were plying their way to the city she halted at the traffic signal; she was close to a lorry and as both started to move off, she or the lorry, came too close to each other, and she fell off the moped under the back wheel of the vehicle. She had her crash helmet on her, but nevertheless, the fall was fatal.....

No one could say who she was at that moment - the road was her deathbed and the first to weep by her side were the poor who flocked around - her body was cordoned off and the 'police' took over. Later Sr. Catherine's identity was discovered. The news of her death was on the lips of everyone, and the poor people came flocking to St. Thomas convent to await the arrival of the body.....the scene was indescribable - they came all night, and right through the next day, weeping aloud, calling her name.....she had a gentle smile on her face as she lay there buried as it were in wreathes, garlands and bouquets of flowers..... The 'gospel' was being enacted before our eyes and we could see the truth of Christ's words : 'As long as you did it to one of these, my little ones, you did it to me'.

The people carried her coffin to the Cathedral where already crowds had gathered.....Bishop Michael Augustine presided at the concelebrated Eucharist and delivered a magnificent homily. The whole service was conducted in Tamil so all could fully participate.....she was accompanied to the cemetery on St. Thomas Mount by her FMM sisters and eight bus loads of her friends.....there in the twilight of the evening we laid her to rest while the people she loved sang and prayed around her..... they were her 'crown and her joy'..... for them she had worked, for them she had died and in them she always beheld the face of Christ. She had refused a National Award and declined being put on the Queen's Silver Jubilee Honours List when the British Council had offered her this privilege..... Her services were for the KINGDOM and truly, we, her sisters, can say :

“ Her life proclaimed a new
people and witnessed to
the primacy of God's love ”.

SR. ANGELA HURLEY F.M.M.

Catherine at Stella Maris

Sr. Catherine and I worked together in the Department of English at Stella Maris for seven years, from 1962 to 1969. Her wide interests and reading, her quick brain and lively sense of humour made her a great asset to the Department and to the College as a whole. Students loved her classes in English and Moral Philosophy, and the understanding guidance she gave, and rallied round her in the numerous social service projects she initiated. Even then, the poor and the oppressed found a ready champion in Sr. Catherine, and service to them soon became her over-riding passion, so that after much painful soul searching she eventually asked to be relieved from teaching in order to devote her whole life to the poor.

There was something paradoxical about Sr. Catherine - in some ways ahead of her time, in others perhaps a little behind it; a practical woman of affairs and a romantic idealist and perfectionist; extremely hard-working, not sparing herself or those who worked with her, but essentially a woman of prayer who depended on the Lord to get the real work done. She loved music and singing to the extent that she had no patience with singing that was less than perfect, and would prefer not to sing at all. The flaming red hair that was revealed when we modified our religious habit after Vatican II gave an indication of her temper, yet no-one could be gentler or more compassionate than she, especially to those in pain or sorrow.

Like other paradoxical and intellectually brilliant persons Sr. Catherine was not always understood or appreciated, and she suffered misunderstandings, but accepted them with a great spirit of faith. Since her death several have said to me that only NOW do they understand her. She had to die for her message to come through, as Jesus had to die before He could send His Spirit who was to teach us all things. And like her Lord, and in Him, She lives more fully and gloriously now.

Sr. SHEILA O'NEILL F.M.M.

“ She Gave of Herself . . . ”

Among the numerous people we encounter very few remain permanently etched in our memory. Sister Catherine McLevy my teacher and guidance counsellor, during my student days, is one whom I will never cease to remember, and never cease to regard with love and esteem. Her classes were memorable. Her love for the subject combined with a deep and warm concern for the students, made her a teacher we admired and loved. Her sense of humour, and her lively approach to every class endeared her to us. Many an ordinary dull afternoon class hour was transformed

into an interesting, discussion-packed session. This was possible because she did not merely teach the subject, she gave something more; she roused in us an immediate response to literature, and to life. Looking back, I realise, what she taught us was meaningful because she gave something of herself; her genuine concern for people, her intuitive understanding and above all an ability to laugh at oneself, were some of things I and many others who were her students learnt from her. She was a teacher I want to emulate.

MARGARET CLARENCE
Department of English.

“The Leaven still is Active”

I doubt if Sister Catherine could endure a passive peace, even in heaven. She'd perhaps, draw to-gether the hoary figures of the ages past in a fresh endeavour to gain a more dynamic experience of the beatific vision. For did not St. Augustine declare God the “Beauty of Ancient Days forever new?” Should not finite minds even in an ethereal state update themselves to participate in the Ever New Infinite Life? We know Sister to be that kind of spiritual live-wire because we discovered her to be so during the years she was in the English Department, Stella Maris College, Madras.

As a person, teacher and head of the department, Sister Catherine was rooted in the affirmations of the past while sensitive to techniques effective in the present. Her presence acted like a catalyst. She made us discover the importance of pedagogy at all levels of teaching. It was a most exciting time for all of us working in teams on the goals of English teaching, techniques of achieving the goals and sharing the fun of it all with the students. Teaching Shakespeare, poetry or grammar had all fallen into set grooves so that student and teacher alike moved along like Lotus Eaters in a state of insomnia and we had not recognized that we were tired of it.

It became a more alive, two-way process of learning, teaching, and kindling vitality for all of us who worked with her. She was on “our side” all the time, calling us “the gang”, approving of our addiction to coffee, camaraderie and (occasionally) cacophonous laughter. She made us feel the finest reward teachers can hope for—oneness with exploring minds on both sides of the desk. We caught her “infection” early and we would not be cured, till perhaps we spot that quickening element in some neglected area in Elysium.

SOWMU FRANCIS
English Department

“ Always Ready...”

I met Sr. Catherine McLevy when I joined Stella Maris College in 1966 - she was the Head of the Undergraduate Department and Sr. Sheila the Head of the English Department.

We worked hard as a team and now and again we went on excursions and picnics which gave us great joy. I remember some of us going with Sr. Catherine and Sr. Sheila to the World Fair, and the highlight of the tour of the World Fair was getting an ice-cream each and nibbling at it casually as we watched the colourful crowds going by. Sr. Catherine was always ready with a joke, quick to laugh at others, at us and at herself.

She was a strict disciplinarian and at the same time a very understanding and tolerant person. Suddenly she would ask us to submit three note books of very bright students, and three note books of average students and three note books of very poor students and after a few days she would give them back with helpful comments with reference to our work. And simultaneously I get the picture of Sr. Catherine listening to me patiently when I let loose on her a torrent of my inner conflict and frustration.

One day Seetha and I drove down Cathedral Road and we saw a woman lying unconscious by the roadside and a young child was beside her crying piteously. I slowed down and both of us got out of the car and gave the woman water and some monetary help. The plight of that woman and child kept nagging me and I couldn't forgive myself for not having had the courage to really help her, by taking the woman to a hospital. This incident was the last straw and I told Sr. Catherine about the contempt I felt for myself for not acting and the fierce anger I felt against society at large. It was possible to approach her at a personal level and my outburst was not misunderstood.

The next vivid picture of Sr. Catherine was when she came to Stella Maris College to convince the Post-Graduates that their help and co-operation was needed in the slums of Mylapore. She talked about the three F's (Fear, Fatigue and Famine), that stalk the streets of the slum dwellers and hang over them like a black cloud.

That was the time when we first started the C.S.S. programme in 1976. She narrated to the students how she held in her arms a dying old consumptive woman whom she was able to console in the hour of her death, and as she recalled the incident her eyes filled with tears and she turned her back to the students for a moment before she recovered herself.

When I heard about Sister Catherine's tragic death and read how she had died on the lap of a poor woman, it struck me forcibly that Sister Catherine who had been beside the death-bed of many a lonely person should meet her end on the road and breathe her last on the lap of a poor woman.

Mrs. DASAN
English Department

சிஸ்டர் கேத்ரீன் மெக்லவியுடன் நான்

தமிழ் நாடு தொடர் கல்வி வாரியச் செயலாளர் சிஸ்டர் கேத்ரீன் அவர்களால் நடத்தப் பட்டு வந்த சாந்தோம் முறைசாராக் கல்வியில் 1974-ம் வருடம், நான் சேர்ந்த பொழுது தான் அவர்களோடு தொடர்பு உண்டாயிற்று. இக் கல்வியின் அரசாங்கத் தேர்வு எழுதி வெற்றி பெற்றேன். இதன் மூலம் தான் () எண்ணற்ற சமூக நல சேவை செய்யும் வாய்ப்பு எனக்குக் கிட்டியது. உதாரணமாக-சோனலூர் கிராமம், செங்கற்பட்டு மாவட்டத்தில் கிராம அரிஜனங்களுக்கு இவர்களால் முயற்சி செய்யப்பட்டு. அங்குள்ள காட்டு நிலத்தை அம் மக்களுக்கு வாங்கித் தந்து, அந்நிலத்தைப் பண்படுத்தும் பணியில் ஈடுபட்டுள்ளேன்.

மற்றும், இங்குள்ள குடிசைவாழ் மக்களிடையே ஓலை, கொம்பு கொடுத்து, கட்டித் தரும் பணியிலும், சமுதாயச் சீர்கேடுகளை விளக்கிக் கூறும் நாடகம், கதை, பாட்டு, சினிமா காட்டுதல் மக்களிடையே இது பற்றி உரையாடல் ஆகியவற்றின் மூலம் பணி செய்துள்ளேன். (சென்னை நகரம்) மேலும், மதுரை மாவட்டம், வேடசந்தூர் தாலுகாவில் உள்ள வள்ளிப்பட்டி கிராமத்தில் வெள்ள நிவாரணப் பணி செய்துள்ளேன். 1977-ம் வருடம் டிசம்பர் மாதம், 1975, 1976 ஆகிய வருடங்களில் வெள்ளத்தின் போது அண்ணா நகரில் (சென்னை மாவட்டம்) முதல் வருடம் 10 நாட்களும். இரண்டாம் வருடம் 10 நாட்களும் வெள்ள நிவாரணப் பணி செய்துள்ளேன். இம் முறைசாராக் கல்வியின் மூலமாக,

சமுதாயம் என்றால் என்ன?

அது எப்படி இருக்கிறது?

அதைத் தீர்க்கும் விதம் பற்றித் தெளிவாக, ஓரளவு எனக்குத் தெரிந்தது,

அடுத்து, தமிழ் நாடு தொடர் கல்வி வாரிய அலுவலகத்தில் (மெசஞ்சராக) நானாக முன் வந்து சம்பளம் வாங்காமல் பணியாற்றி உள்ளேன்.

மேலும், இந் நிறுவனத்தின் மூலமாகப் பல்லாவரம், இங்கிலீஷ் எலக்ட்ரிக் கம்பெனியில் கான்ட்ராக்ட் மூலமாக ஒ. டி. என். டெர்மனல் பிளாக்ஸ் கட்டிங் செய்தல் மூலம் முன்று பேருக்கு வேலை வாங்கித் தந்தார்கள். அதில் நானும் ஒருவன். இதே போன்று கிண்டி யிலுள்ள கோவல் பிளாண்டிக் கம்பெனியிலும், இங்குள்ள மீனவர்களுக்கு வேலை, மரம், பாங்கியின் மூலமாக வாங்கித் தந்தார்கள். (முள்ளிக் குப்பம்) மேலும், 1978-ம் வருடம் மத்திய அரசால் ஏற்படுத்தப்பட்ட முதியோர் கல்வித் திட்டத்தில் இவ்வாரியத்திற்கு அனுமதி வழங்கியது. இவ்வாரியம் திருப்போரூர், திருக்கழுக்குன்றம், சென்னை நகரம் 10-வது பிரிவு ஆகிய மூன்று திட்டங்களை உருவாக்கியது. அதில், சென்னை நகரம் 10-வது பிரிவில் (பியூகாக) வேலை போட்டுத் தந்தார்கள். அதில் தான் நான் இப்பொழுது பணி செய்து வருகின்றேன். இதன் மூலம் நான் தெரிவிப்பது என்னவென்றால், வேலை வாங்கித் தருவார்கள் என்று நினைக்கவில்லை. மாறாக, திறமையும், அதே சமயம் வறுமையில் வாடும் மக்களை முன்னேற்ற வேண்டும் என்ற அவர்களது லட்சியத்தின் அஸ்திவாரக் கற்களில் இது ஒரு கல்லாக அமைந்திருக்கிறது என்று நான் நினைக்கின்றேன்.

இவர்களைப் போன்று ஒரு மனிதர் இனி ஒருக்காலும் பிறக்கமாட்டார். பிறக்கவும் முடியாது.

“தோன்றிற் புகழோடு தோன்றுக அஃதிலார்

தோன்றலிற் ரேன்ருமை நன்று” என்ற

குறளுக்கேற்ப அவர் வாழ்ந்தார்.

மக்களிடையே அன்பையும், பாசத்தையும் பெற்றவர். அதே போல் தான் தன் கீழ் வேலை செய்யும் அலுவலர்களிடையேயும் நண்பனைப் போன்று பழகியவர்.

அவர் மக்களுக்காக மேற்கொண்ட இலட்சியப் பயணத்தைத் தொடர்ந்து செய்து கொண்டிருக்கும் போதே மரணம் என்ற தடைக்கல் குறுக்கிட்டுத் தடை செய்துவிட்டது.

நல்லவர்களை எப்போதும் உலகில் நீண்ட காலம் நாடு வைத்திருக்காது போலும்.

பி. ஆர். மோகன்
தேசிய முதியோர் கல்வித் திட்டம்,
சென்னை நகரம் 10வது பிரிவு,
சென்னை-600 004.

சிஸ்டர் கேத்ரீன் மெக்லவியுடன் நான்

1973-ம் வருடம் முறைசாராக் கல்வித் திட்டத்தில் தொடர்ந்து படிக்க என் நண்பனின் உதவியுடன் சேர்ந்தேன். இப்பள்ளியை நடத்தியவர் T. N. B. L. E. செயலாளர் சிஸ்டர் கேத்ரீன் மெக்லவி ஆவார். அப்படிப் படித்துக் கொண்டிருக்கும் போது புயலின் காரணமாக ஏழை எளிய மக்கள் கஷ்டப்படும் போது சமூகத் தொண்டு செய்ய மாணவர்களைத் தயார் செய்தார். Sr. மெக்லவி (தனக்காக வாழாமல் பிறருக்காகவும் வாழ்வது) அப்படித் தயாரித்த வுடன் (சர்வே) முதலில் ஆய்வுப் பணி செய்து எவ்வளவு பேர் குடிசை இழந்தனர், எவ்வளவு பேர் சாப்பாட்டிற்குக் கஷ்டப்படுகிறார்கள் தினக் கூலி எவ்வளவு என்று ஆய்வு செய்து கொடுத்த பிறகு, ஆறுமுகம் பிள்ளை தெரு, முனுசாமி பிள்ளை தெரு, ஏகாம்பரம் பிள்ளை தெரு, மீனம்மாள்புரம், நொச்சிக் குப்பம், டுமிங்குப்பம், மல்லிமா நகர், சீனிவாசபுரம், அண்ணாநகர், ஆகிய பகுதிகளுக்கு (ஓலை, கொம்பு, கயர், நார், வாரைகட்டு) வீடு கட்டும் சாமான்கள் கொடுத்துக் குடிசையில் வாழ்வோருக்கு நிவாரணம் அளித்ததுடன் சம்பா கோதுமை, சோயா பீன்ஸ், எண்ணெயும் வழங்கினார்கள். சிஸ்டர் கேத்ரீன் அதை வழங்கிய பெருமை என்னைச் சேரும். பிறகு பள்ளியில் படிக்கும் ஏழை மாணவர்களுக்குப் பாங்கு உதவி மூலம் (வலை, கட்டுமரம்) மீன் பிடிக்க வேண்டிய சாதனங்களைப் பெற்றுத் தந்தார். அது இல்லாமல் சில மாணவர்களுக்குப் பல்லாவரத்தில் உள்ள இங்கிலீஷ் எலக்டிரிக் கம்பெனியில் இருந்து சில பொருட்களை வாங்கி அதைச் சம்பட்டுத்திக் கொடுத்தால் 100க்கு 8 ரூபாய், என்று வேலை வாய்ப்புப் பெற்றுத் தந்தார். அப்போது என்னையும் புறக் கல்லியில் இருந்துகொண்டே தொடர் கல்வி வாரியத்தில் பியூன் ஆகப் பணிபுரிய வைத்தார்கள். இன்னும் சில மாணவர்களுக்கு வைரம் பட்டை தீட்டும் தொழிலுக்கும், தச்சு வேலை, சைக்கிள் வேலை, பியூன் வேலை ஆகிய வேலை வாய்ப்புகளையும் பெற்றுத் தந்ததுடன் ஆராய்ச்சி செயல் திட்டம் என்ற திட்டத்தையும் ஏற்படுத்தினார். செயலாளர் என்ற முறையில் இந்தியாவில் உள்ள முக்கிய நகரங்களுக்கு விஜயம் செய்து வந்தவுடன் மாநில முறைசாராக் கல்விக் கருவூல மையத்தை ஆரம்பித்து வைத்தார். அப்போது கருவூல மையத்திற்குப் பதவி உயர்வு செய்து என்னை மாற்றம் செய்தார். சம்பளமும் 150லிருந்து 275 வரை உயர்ந்தது. அங்குள்ள போது ஏற்றம் என்ற பத்திரிகையில் சில விஷயங்களைப் பற்றியும் எழுதும் வாய்ப்புக் கிடைத்தது.

அத்துடன் டாக்டர் சரஸ்வதியுடன் தையூர் என்ற கிராம ஆராய்ச்சியும், மக்களுடன் எப்படி எப்படி எல்லாம் மூட நம்பிக்கையுள்ளது, அதை எப்படித் தீர்ப்பது? தீர்க்க முடியுமா? என்று N.A.E.P.யில் (கரிசுலம் & இவாலிவேஷன்) ஆராய்ந்து வந்தோம். 6 நாள் அங்கு முகாம் இட்டோம். இடையில் சிஸ்டருடன் சமூக சேவையிலும் பங்கு கொண்டு மக்களுடன் நெருங்கிய தொடர்பு வைத்துள்ளதால், N.A.E.P.-ல் மேற்பார்வையாளர் தேர்வில் கலந்து கொண்டு 1978 ஆகஸ்ட் மாதம் 14-ம் தேதி முதல் பதவி உயர்வு கிடைத்து 33 மையங்களுக்கு ஒரு சிறந்த தொண்டனாகவும், மக்களுக்கு உதவி புரியும் முழுநேர ஊழியனாகவும் தயார் செய்தார்கள் சிஸ்டர் கேத்ரீன்.

சிஸ்டருடன் நான் பழகியதன் விளைவாக அவர்களிடம் விட்டுக் கொடுப்பது, ஏழைகளைக் கண்டால் இரக்கம் கொள்வது, எதைக் கேட்டாலும் தட்டாமல் கொடுப்பது, தீமைகளைக் கண்டால் எதிர்த்துப் போராடுவது, எளிமையுடன் வாழ்ந்து பிறருக்கு வழி காட்டுவது, ஆகிய எத்தனையோ பெருமைகளைக் கண்டேன். எந்தவிதமான வேலைகளையும் கலமமாகவும் சாமர்த்தியமாகவும், மெய் சிலிர்க்கும் வண்ணம் செயல் ஆற்றுவதில் அவர்களுக்கு நிகர் அவர்களே.

சென்னை நகர 10-வது திட்டப் பகுதியில் 107 பேர் வீதமும், ஆராய்ச்சிப் பிரிவில் 17 பேரும், கருவூல மையத்தில் 12 பேரும், திருப்போரூர் செயல் திட்டத்தில் 93 பேரும், திருக்கழுக்குன்றம் பகுதியில் 90 பேரும், தமிழ் நாடு தொடர் கல்வி வாரியத்தில் 4 பேரும் பணியாற்றி வருகின்றனர்.

இவ்வளவு பேர்களுக்கும் தன்னுடைய அறிவுத் திறமையாலும், சாமர்த்தியத்தாலும் வேலை வாய்ப்பு ஏற்படுத்தினார் Sr. கேத்ரீன் என்று சொன்னால் மிகையாகாது என்று நான் நினைக்கின்றேன்.

வேலை வாய்ப்புப் பெற்றவர்கள் 319. இன்னும் அநேகருக்கு எவ்வளவோ உதவிகளைச் செய்துள்ளார்.

சிஸ்டர் நாமம் வாழ்க !

உ. டேவிட்

The Kaleidoscope Turns

UNION ACTIVITY - 1978 - 79

The pulse beat of Stella Maris came throbbing into life on the 17th of July with the first Council Meeting. Life blood coursed through the Campus with the various activities springing forth organised by the Union. The Leo Club in August, was begun and had an enthusiastic backing. The events that followed were "the Inter-year English Dramatics", "The Inter-Collegiate Fashion Show and Inter-year Music" which proved very entertaining. In September after a fresh Council Meet, the Union came up with new suggestions for "A Teacher's Day Celebration" and "An Inter-Collegiate Quiz" both of which were well appreciated.

14th July 1978

The Union sprang to life to the throbbing beat of “ Crocodile Rock ” and geared up the students for a racy year of action.

The P.U.'s began with a “hilarious 10 minutes” with Sabrina Bernard holding forth, followed by a Tamil skit put up by II Year Mathematics - fast-moving but amateurish, the Jazz Ballet-a novel attempt by the II Year fine arts to illustrate the ‘in’ slogan : “Black is Beautiful” and the boisterous Qawali of the II Years received an enthusiastic response from the audience.



The Executive Committee of the Students' Union

18th July 1978

Four days later the P.U.'s—hat's off to them !—gathered their resources, sorted out their talents and ventured forth bravely to express their appreciation. Starting on a “ Songful ” note they proceeded to entertain their seniors with a few “ magic moments ” shared with Sundari who had tricky puzzles and plen'y toffees up her sleeve : a snake dance by Kausalya and a couple of skits : ‘ Airport 1978 ’ and ‘ Miss Universe. ’

KALEIDOSCOPE '78

24th July 1978

A sense of breathless anticipation seemed to hover over the Ashoka trees of S. M. C.: Kaleidoscope '78 loomed ahead. The week shot past (and what a week !) with it's competitions, feverish activities, heart-breaks and ‘ hungama ’! The first evening of the Indian Music started slightly off-key with the III Years, Ritu Sangeeth, but developed into a promising evening - Chitra's melodious “ Bolre Papi ”, Leela, a strong representative of the 1st Years carried them through the evening bagging the best individual prize. Their “ Raga Malika ” was an ambitious and successful effort. The P.U.'s continued the semi-classical strain set in by the 1st Years. Taruna gave us a melodious “ Tere Bina ”. The IInd Years had the advantage of a good compere and their “ Tulasidas Bhajan ” deserves mention. The lilting veena recital by Mitra ended the programme on a traditional note.

25th July 1978

“ We ride the Gale ” seemed to be the motto of the day as the screen opened for the dumb charades and Antakshari the following day. The III Years with their “ Roots, ” “ Rocky Mountain ” and “ My Name is Nobody ” were precise and methodical. The II Years followed. Elizabeth as Madonna delighted the audience. Then came the Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox. Pushpa Thomas (1 Year) was appropriately “ la-di-da ish ”. The P.U.'s however seemed a trifle confused.

The Antakshari, introduced the "Songclopaedias" of Stella Maris. The P.U.'s went out in the second round and the III Years made a valiant attempt to keep up with the astonishing Padma Krishna of I Year and the well-matched II Year team of Anuradha and Shalini which made it to the stand !

26th July 1978

" Music makes the world go round.....". You bet it made the Stella Marians dizzy as they got all set for a whirlwind of their hot favourites.

The II Years had a talented group at work, on the western Music evening. Anuradha with her husky "Besami Mucho" was a good follow up for the earlier promise shown by Alice and Mary (Piano and the Violin). But right from the start; the I years had a decided advantage with Kamy's powerful voice effortlessly filling the room and with Christine a potential Donna Summers, they sure made us believe in music and love.

The III Years medley and Dina's lively "Mama, he's making eyes at me" had an appreciative audience in stitches.

The P.U.'s seemed anxious to convince the audience of their potentialities and did too, with the soulful solo by Gitanjali, "Love, this is my song" and Jennifer's " Broken souvenirs."

27th July 1978

The day of the skits began with "The Long Duel" and a noisy one ! Preminda Jacob of III Year (Best Actress) captured the audience at the outset with her "arty" acting. It was followed by the dignified but hilarious twenty minutes of "Slight Error" by the II Years.

Then the "Man of Parts" made his appearance on stage. The P.U.'s sure had taken pains over the set and the shy, sly glances exchanged between the headmaster and the typist. "The House of Horrors" by the I Yrs. (Best Year) was by far the best-done piece of the evening. Kamy with her ludicrous expressions was ideal for her part.

28th July 1978

"I didn't know one was supposed to do so many acrobatics to get to one's seat" a telling comment by one of the Judges, as long-suffering 0-1 reached suffocation point. The III Years "Nava Rasa" was an unusual but perhaps too ambitious a theme. The shadowy silhouette behind the dreamy drape lent a promising start-but their show did not quite measure up to our expectations. The I years "Fashion Fever," a turn-on of catchy movements lost some of its charm through constant repetition. The fever ended in a pell-mell of jeans. The P.U.'s started valiantly with a Middle-East setting and a swash buckling nervous Sheik. But they seemed to have

had the Royal theatre in mind while recording the music for poor unassuming 0-1. The II Years "Camera Clicks" was a simple idea but each model displayed a confidence and a sense of co-ordination which was refreshing. Madhu with her poised presence was judged the best Model of the evening.

And the Kaleidoscope swung to a halt. But even as the vibrating feel of present achievements and disappointments fade away, the dazzling shades, the scintillating patterns linger on in our mind.

14th August Mock Parliament

In the Inter Collegiate Mock Parliament conducted by the History club, the colleges that participated were KMC, Ethiraj, Loyola, IIT, MCC and Stella. Beginning with a feigned seriousness, debating the Hindi issue, the meeting degenerated into a chaotic discussion on hair splitting arguments. A walk-out staged by the opposition was dramatic but it was more so when they resumed their seats.

Uma Gowri, the speaker, was justly complimented by both Mr. Ramaswamy (MLA) and Mr. Justice Balasubramaniam of the High court for "the excellent way in which she controlled the House." The winners were the Kilpauk Medical and Asha of I.I.T. (best speaker).

16th August "Kadambam"

The audience in 0-1 on August 16 were transported to the interior of our ancient South Indian temple with the invocatory song. Grace, artistry and statuesque beauty of the five skilled Bharatanatyam dancers accompanied by Leela's melodious voice kept us spell bound. The gay gharba dance with a blaze of colour swirling on stage was the most striking feature of the evening.

The bhangra gave us a gusty gale of the vigorous spirit of North India and the dancers seem to have enjoyed themselves as much as we did. At the end of the programme, we might have all echoed the remark overheard "Oh, there should have been more".

CHITRA & PUNEETA
III B.A. Literature.

. . . . And Club Activities 1978-79

DEBATES:

The seventh of July 1978 - History was being etched along the long and narrow annals of Stella Maris College with the Debating Club holding its first momentous meeting. "Silence" hung on its teeth as the office bearers were elected, and with an explosion announced M.S. Radha III B.A. (Public Relations) the President, Roshini III B.A. (Public Relations) the Secretary and Rani Bhavani the Treasurer, II B.A. (Economics). Aably lead by this "Musketeer" team the club announced its first activity. Such varied and interesting topics as "If I were a..." "The futility/utility of Enquiry Commissions" etc. were announced for the selection of the new team. Packed by a new batch of enthusiasts the good old Debating Club perked up its sagging money bag with the spectacular—"Torn Curtain"—a film. Thereafter it launched into full activity. Novel events such as "Out of a scrape" where the participant talks his way out of a difficulty, and alternately, prepared debates for schools and colleges were held. On January 29th 1979 was held the Inter School debate and on February 6th it commenced its "Debating Week". Apart from this an impressive number of shields, medals and cups were piled up by the members, and overflowed to the College assemblies where sun-burnt students watched them being distributed. In all their events due to effective publicity, the club enjoyed a good audience and enthusiastic co-operation. Our debating club remains a great credit to our college.

Meanwhile other revivals were occurring at different quarters within the campus. The "Zodiac Club" throwing aside its old garbs of Mathematic Associations announced its birth in vivid coloured posters. With the purpose of proving that the Mathematics Unit was not an isolated "Constellation", the Zodiac set to work. "Starry-eyed" members joined "Palms" and arranged for the inaugural meet to be held on the 10th August. With a vast gathering of 165 members as witnesses the office bearers were elected. Entering into 'galactreal' achievements the Zodiac announced the "Puzzle Contest" the "Fun-O-Faire". The events proved a grand success and treading on air the Zodiac announced its first Inter-collegiate activity - a debate. Following this a series of lectures on computer programming was arranged. A general puzzle contest for the whole college was organized. On the 9th February a talk on "Numerology and Palmistry" was held followed by a group discussion on "Why students fear Mathematics". The ensuing event of the club, the Inter Collegiate "Guess the Good Word" quiz competition, the first of its kind in Mathematics, were made interesting. As a fitting finale to the year's activities an exhibition on Astronomy was held, receiving much appreciation and praise. The year's activities were fruitful and the Zodiac members thanked their lucky stars.

The Hindi Club, a standing example of sustained enthusiasm and hard work backed by a few but diligent members began its yearly activities. The girls, not disheartened by the low funds, held a food-stall of self made items to strengthen their

finance. Heartened by the hungry crowds the Club launched into its first activity. "Prohibition" was the chosen topic, participants were many though the same could not be said of the audience. Directly in contrast was the packed auditorium on the occasion of their next programme - the screening of the popular "Doorsara Aadmi". An inter-collegiate Anthakshari was arranged next and October witnessed the "Light Music Competition" opening up fresh unsuspected talents of Stella Marians. The Hindi Club had an altogether active year, and looks forward to many more future achievements.

"Veri Veri lum'n lemoni" was the way **Literature Club** described its spicy year of activities. Starting the year with an inaugural lecture on "Indian writing in English" the club ventured into the less explored territories of Literature. A gay evening of Literary Quiz with Mrs. Jose holding court paved the way for a year of laughter and fun. Two video-tapes from U.S.I.S., an inter-collegiate Poetry Reading Competition and an inter-collegiate "Just-a-minute" competition were some of the other interesting events. The club wined up its activity after a film on "Amerian. Women" and with a final entertaining inter-collegiate Competition on Play-reading. The whole Literature department, actively involved in the Club activity, enjoyed a fruitful year of varied activities.

While Literature Club was treading the elevated road to poetic/dramatic enlightenment, the **Chemistry Club** was getting straight with the sordid path of Crime. A talk on "Crime and Detection" was organized by the Club within the campus. Probably with a view to annulling all that unwarranted excitement, the club next announced a film on "The Chemistry of Iron and Steel". The club then went on to announce a series of films on such vast and varied subjects as "the Moscow Olympics" and "the Night-life in Russia" and "Space Research".

As the Stella Marians were coming to grips with the challenging space age the **History Club** was sauntering back through the path of Yore. Doctor Terry Byres' talk on the "Agrarian Question" opened up new avenues of thought. Simultaneously our present social problem, the caste system was thrashed out with the help of Dr. Nanditha Krishna on the 27th of July. The Club wound up its activities with a noisy "mock parliament" held on an inter-collegiate basis.

Meanwhile the holy-rishis of Ancient India were being made familiar to the Stella Marians by the **Sanskrit Club** members with colourful and traditional dance dramas kindling up a charming



The College President winds up the year's activities

affinity with the age of Maharishies, and slokas chiming through in clear bell-like voices. Scenes from "Sakuntalam" and a play in Sanskrit were enacted. The play lasted for a period of forty five minutes and was well appreciated. The Club celebrated "Kalidasa Day" on the Sravana Poornima of the month of August. Posters were put up bearing moral sayings, all over the college underlining the importance accorded to ethics on Sanskrit. A talk on "Sanskrit through the Ages" was conducted the same evening.

The second semester began with a "bang" with the "Oruris" beat group entertaining the Stella Marians. Immediately followed the Inter year Tamil dramatics and then a rather nice thought struck the Council Members - to celebrate "Workers' Day". It was a big success with a number of students clamouring to play "Gurkhas". Finally on the Union Day, March 12th, the Union bowed gracefully out of the stage in the midst of thunderous clapping after a year of fruitful activity.

CHITRA KAMESWARAN
III Year Litt.

The Woman with a Lamp - 1st PRIZE

The wick flame danced wierdly as a sudden breeze blew across the bazar. It cast eerie shadows on the vendor and his assortments, the vegetables and fruits newly washed were piled around it. They shone in the flame light. Hand carts were propped against walls, These were filled with colourful ribbons, delicate glass bangles and crackers. Groups of gaily dressed people hovered over the stall of each vendor. They bargained loudly and good-naturedly with the vendors.

I stood apart, revelling in the scene before me. Beyond me the trees gradually thinned out and fell away from a steep slope. Suddenly I heard the sound of anklets coming down the deserted streetpath below. I peered through the branches of a tree. Down the deserted path a woman appeared. The path was badly lit. Hence, I could only see that she was wearing a dark sari. It flowed across her, covering her from head to foot. So only her eyes were uncovered. They, like the sequins on the woman's sari shone and glittered in the dark. She radiated an aura of mystery and sadness. Then she was gone, the silver tones accompanying her.

I was intrigued. A child shrieked awfully in the distance. All noise ceased. An uneasy and uncomfortable silence fell on the happy shoppers. I spotted my sister standing with her arms around her children.

“What is it Indu? What’s happened?” She said impatiently. “Nothing, only Lakshmi and her friends saw that mad woman”. Then suddenly turning to the scared child she said, “You wicked girl! Didn’t I tell you not to go there?”, and slapped her cheek hard.

“Who is this Woman?” I asked dragging the unfortunate Lakshmi from her wrathful mother.

“Really, you should not be so curious. There’s a woman who some weeks back came to live near that ruined temple by the river. Imagine that god-forsaken place. No one has seen her, of course: We hear reports of peculiar happenings there. Some goats were lost and a fire burns constantly. People who pass that side say that they have heard queer chants followed by a burning smell. A man from a nearby village said they had a mad priestess called Menaka. She had lived there for some weeks it seems. Its all so peculiar. We have to do ———. Look at these children. They have ears as long as a donkey when they hear a story.”

“But ——— ” I began.

“Oh! forget it. Come home, little brother. Remember it’s Diwali tomorrow” Indu said smiling into my face.

After some time I followed her. It was a beautiful evening. The first of the sky-rockets exploded into brilliant multicoloured sparks. Earlier, lamps had been set out. Each carried a flame of gold dispelling the darkness of evil and welcoming light into their homes. The entrance of each house was decorated with exquisite kolams, intricately woven, spun out colourful designs.

Minutes later, I joined the mad antics of the youngsters in bursting crackers. Suddenly, my thoughts fled to the strange woman I had seen. I was filled with a strange restlessness. I escaped into the night. The hills loomed up before me. So deep in thought was I that I nearly stepped into a treacherous lily pond. Many mornings, I had spent at the side of this pond, gazing into its murky depths and watching the lotus flowers in all their glory float languidly among the delicately formed leaves. I tried to regain a hold on my thoughts. Simultaneously, I heard the faint notes of a song linger in the air.

The song sounded divine even though I am no judge of classical music. A shiver of pleasure ran through me. The song was intense but melodious. It came near me! I could even hear the husky under-tones as though the singer seemed to

labour under an emotional tension. I watched through the foliage. It was Menaka. She was carrying a small earthen lamp at the tip of which swayed a golden flame. Anklets tinkled in perfect cadence to the rhythm of the song. I felt the presence of a superior power. Could an insane woman be capable of creating such fine feelings? I decided to follow her.

Pale silver stars illuminated an ink-blue sky. There was no moon to shed her brilliance on the dark clouds. Silence filled the place, charged with electric currents while Menaka's song crept its way through the silence bringing to the fore strange feelings and imaginations. The ruins of the old temple came into sight. The river flowed over the forbidding rocks.

I stood behind an ancient pillar and blinked in surprise at the rare sight which met the eyes. Set in a small alcove was a stone idol of supreme workmanship. Its hands were raised in benediction. Menaka placed the lamp at the foot of the stone figure. Then, Menaka swept the floor and sprinkled the sweet smelling Malli flowers around it. As she straightened up, the pallau of her sari slithered across her face. It revealed the face of a leper.

I trembled with shock, Menaka sang again. The song calmed and soothed my troubled spirit. Its beauty awed me. I heard her voice reach a crescendo and then fall slowly and gently. In a blinding flash of knowledge I remembered those haunting lines :

“In the pale moonless gleam of midnight I asked her

“Maiden, what's your quest?”

“I've brought my light” she said, “to join the carnival of lamps”

(from Tagore's 'Gitanjali')

I turned to go home.

RENUKA DASAN,

I P. R.

"OUR COLLEGE DAY"

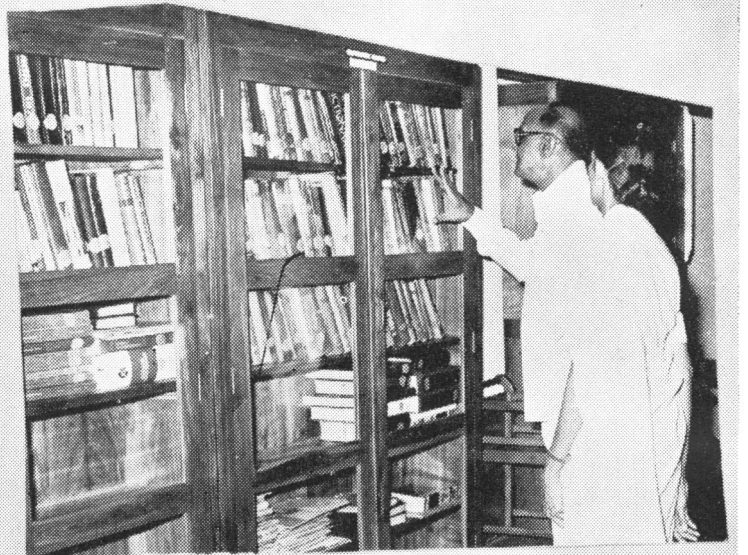


THE ORCHESTRA

BALANCE
VS
RHYTHM



V.C. IN
THE
LIBRARY



V.C. ON
THE
STAGE

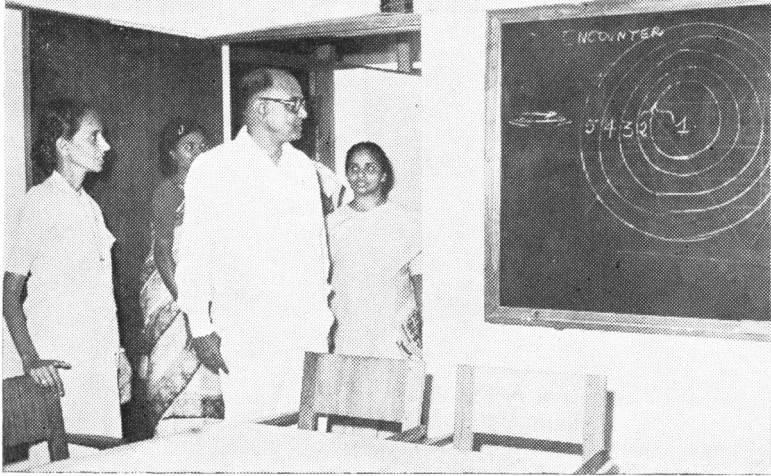
V.C. IN
THE
FINE ARTS
BLOCK





THE CHOIR

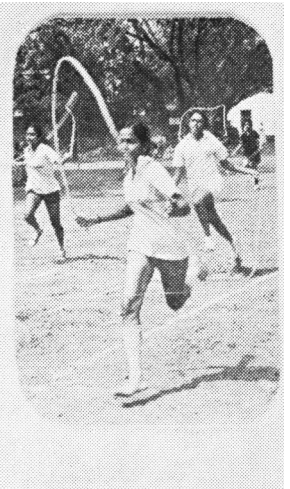
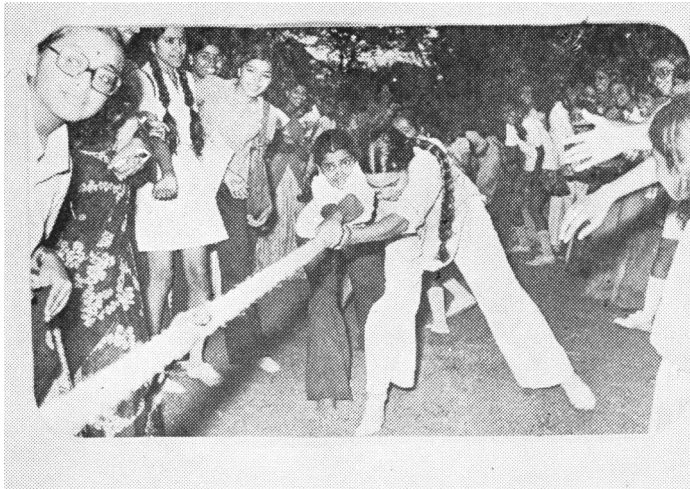
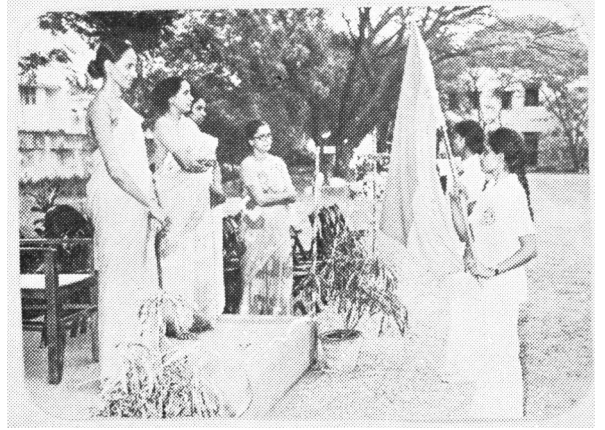
LIFTING THE TROPHY



PUZZLED!

SPORTOGRAPHY

1979



Sports Round - Up

The triumphant Stella Maris Athletic team marched home with the Dr. Sir, A. L. Mudaliar Athletic Trophy and the Women's Inter-Collegiate Shield, while the basketball, cricket, table tennis and shuttle badminton players helped annex the major games trophy to their haul. That Stella Maris dominated thro' and thro' the field of Women's Inter-Collegiate Sports may be seen from this review of the year's Activities.

Table - Tennis :

B. Vidya (II B.A.), Pallavi Bheda (P.U.C.) and Lakshmi Venugopal (II B.A.) retained the Inter-Collegiate Table-Tennis Trophy; Vidya, seeded No. 1 in State and Pallavi seeded III, proceeded to win the Inter-Divisional tournaments also.

B. Vidya and Pallavi Bheda figured in the Madras University team for the Inter-University tournaments at Vizag with Vidya as the Captain.

The Nationals at Udaipur and the South Zone tournament were also attended by them as representatives of the State.

Cricket :

Stella Cricketeers proved their might in the popular English game—Cricket—when they won the coveted Women's Inter-Collegiate shield. The team members were: Radhika Subramanian (III B.Sc. - Captain), Vibha Mathur (III B.A. - Vice - Captain), Lata Swaminathan (P. U. C.), Pushkala Aiyer (I B.A.), K. Indrani (I B.A.), Ambujam (II B.A.), Rajini Desikan (III B.A.), Meera Krishnaswamy (P.U.C.), Mythili (P.U.C.), Priya (P.U.C.), Kathyayini (P.U.C.), Himal (II B.A.), Sushila Bai (P.U.C.), Bina Lakhani (P.U.C.), Sathya (II B.A.), Vasanthi (P.U.C.) and Jassunta (I Yr.).

Radhika, Vibha and Latha donned the State colours, while Vibha, Latha and Meera found a berth in the Madras University Team.

Outstanding performances with bat and ball at the State and University levels came from Vibha and Latha who also bagged best Bowler awards in the tournaments.



Table-Tennis Team Three Time Winners

Latha figured in the South Zone team as well - a veritable proof of the commendable talent of this youngster.

Basketball :

An exciting contest with their formidable opponents Queen Mary's and a jubilant victory over them reflected the vast potential of our Juniors, as well as the fire of determination of the seasoned players. Stella secured the Inter-Collegiate trophy for the 10th time (Seventh time in succession), the members of the team being,



Basket Ball Team

Vani Selvaprakasam (III B.A. - Captain), Lakshmi Venugopal (II B.A.), Angayarkanni Murugan (II B.A.), Susana Verghese (II B.A.), Suraj Sridharan (I B.A.), T. P. Venkateswari (I B.A.), Cauvery Guruswamy (I B.A.), Kalpana Subramaniam (P.U.C.), Geetha Balan (P.U.C.), Janine Coelho (P.U.C.), Banu Vasan (P.U.C.) and Sharada Gopal (P.U.C.).

Selected for the Inter-Divisional Tournament at Coimbatore were Lakshmi Venugopal, Suraj, Anju Murugan and Kalpana Subramanian. Madras Division emerged winners.

The Stella Basketball Club brought in the first Trophy of the year which they won at the All-India Open Tournament at Waltair.

Their meritorious performance at the State selections enabled Lakshmi Venugopal, Anju Murugan, Suraj Sridharan and Geetha Balan to represent the State at the

Kottayam Nationals, while the Junior State Team accommodated Kalpana Subramaniam, Janine Coelho and Cauvery Guruswamy.

Shuttle Badminton :

Stella had to settle for the runner-up trophy in the Women's Inter-Collegiate shuttle tournaments.

Neera Sachdev (I.B.A) and Hitha Revanur (P.U.C) of the College team were selected to represent Madras University; however, due to no fault of theirs, no team was sent for the Inter-University tournaments.

Nevertheless, Neera (seeded II in State Women section) and Hitha (seeded II in the Junior section) paired well for the doubles at the Junior Nationals.

At the Inter-State Tournaments held at Vijayawada, Neera and Hitha were runners-up in the Junior Division.

Athletics :

August 28, 29 will be marked in gold on the Calendar of Stella Maris Athletics. As Indian Express reports : "Three things make Stella Maris' victory remarkable"—three all-time records: One by the Captain Vijayalakshmi who set up a New University record in High Jump, the other two by the team securing the trophy for the VI time (Third time in succession) with a total score of 87 points as against 32 points by the runner-up college.

The team members were : Vijayalakshmi V (III B.A. - Captain), Gerardine Ferrier (II B.A. - Vice-Captain), Rosa Usha Antony (III B.A.), Rani Bhavani (II B.A.), S. Anto (II B.Sc), Bernadette Vanspall (P.U.C.), Susan (P.U.C.), Meera Krishnaswamy (P.U.C.), Pearl Widrose (P.U.C.), Devika, S. (P.U.C.), S. Vasumathi (P.U.C.), Geetha, K. (III B.A.), Sundari (P.U.C.) and Prabha (P.U.C.)

Special mention should be made of Rosa Antony who secured 3 first places—in 100 m. Hurdles, 200 m. and the gruelling Pentathlon and of Bernadette Vanspall, a useful Pentathlete and 400 m. sprinter. Gerardine Ferrier, with a fine combination of Sprinter - Jumper - Thrower assisted the College in securing a head stand over the other Colleges.

The Madras University team for the Inter-University Meet at Trichur was captained by Vijayalakshmi who secured the Bronze Medal in her event, with Gerardine Ferrier, Anto and Rani Bhavani faring well in the competitions.

Anto, nursing a muscle injury staged a dramatic come - back after the A.L. Meet when she went on to secure a berth in the State team for the Inter-State (National Games) at Hyderabad. Vijayalakshmi and Rani Bhavani stood II and III respectively in High Jump and Long Jump at this meet.

Vijayalakshmi and Rani Bhavani also participated in the Open-Nationals at Jamshedpur, and the former secured a bronze.

VIJAYALAKSHMI, V.
Games Captain
III B. A. Economics

Games Club

Amidst much fun and frolic, with eats to satisfy the palate and skits to appease our hunger for entertainment, the much-awaited Games Club came into existence. The inaugural meeting saw the selection of V. Vijayalakshmi (III B. A.) as President, Gerardine Ferrier (II B.A.) as Secretary and Rosa Antony (III B. A.) as Treasurer, under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Mangaladurai, our Physical Directress.

With a load of plans for the future, the enthusiastic members initiated their fund-raising programme by screening the famous "Aboorva Ragangal" of Mr. K. Balachander. As a bold step towards making students fit, intensive swimming classes were conducted in September-October at the YMCA swimming pool with Mr. Aruldas as Coach. With greater response from the students, these classes are likely to be made a permanent feature of our Club in the years to come.

For the first time in the history of Stella Maris' Games, an Open Tennis Tournament was conducted, which proved useful from the point of view of selecting the College Tennis Quartet. V. Anuradha (III B.Sc.) emerged Tennis Queen of the year with Tenaz Irani (III B.A.) a close runner-up.

In appreciation of the creditable performance in the State and University tournaments, 4 basketball players, viz., Lakshmi Venugopal (II B.A.), Angu Murugan (II B.A.), Suraj Sridharan (I B.A.) and T. P. Venkateswari (I B.A.) were awarded Track kits by the Club.

Special mention should be made of Rosa Antony who was mainly responsible for Stella Maris retaining the Dr. A. L. Mudaliar Inter-Collegiate Trophy by securing 15 individual points as well as by steering both relay teams to success. She was awarded a pair of spiked shoes by the Club.

The members of the Club toiled the whole year through on the field and reaped rich harvest by securing the Women's Inter-Collegiate Major Games Trophy - winners in Table Tennis, Cricket, Basket-ball and runners-up in Shuttle Badminton, - as well as the much coveted Dr. Sir A. L. Mudaliar Athletic Trophy and Women's Inter-Collegiate Athletic Shield.

VIJAYALAKSHMI, V.
President,
GAMES CLUB

Poetry Competition

1st Prize

Two black eyes
Looking
for warmth
in an ice cube
whose
sole world
is a perpetually
switched
on
FREEZER

NANDINI NATH,
I M.A. Litt.

I've just
finished
counting dreams
like children
filling coins
in brand new
piggy banks
to find
that now
I'm totally
BROKE

NANDINI NATH,
I M.A. Litt.

Alter-Ego - Come

2nd Prize

It is dark.....Rich darkness.....
a time to be happy - a time to laugh - a time to cry -
Everything prescribed..... dark night of the soul? - not really. Dark when one can't see
that shaft of sunlight piercing through
stained-glass - windows..... Look up and see the beauty of the sky - don't theorise -
let the beauty be - pain comes and goes swiftly, quietly. -
don't know - ceaseless refrain. the concretisation of uncertainties - ad infinitum.....
Its beautiful, isn't it - just sit and look at it all -
flowing, flowing - beautiful river.....
Through the dark come sound of bells, reverberated echo
of long distance trains, long since gone.
Listen to it, listen - voices. the deepness of them in the dim dark depths
of black darkness - please - why don't you come and listen
Think now what would you do if you were I setting here -
trying to do something - trying to think - searching for desperate remedies...?
Green and red signals glimmer and blush - hurtle through the darkness.....
Lightness and you are flying now - come, join me, please.
Want to share it - the pain of experiencing things alongside you.
Please..... Look into that light - why are you scared - it won't hurt.
Light never hurts, softening light deepens into a maturer
radiance - yes, yes, I believe you - that pin - point of piercing
Truth does hurt - hurts to be healed by
the great Healer.....
Why don't you believe me? - Try it with me. Come.
I want you to be there.....
The light after darkness is beautiful. Though writhing
in pain-mingled-pleasure, I see.....
See. just look at that black bird - may be a crow -
can you make out. - tell me. I can't see.
Just look at it cleaving through.....
The cleft-cloud parts its two selves. - Come.
Come with me. My alter ego - Come!

BINA EAPEN
III B.A. Litt.

- a tree
bends
searching for its roots -
not knowing
that
to find them
it would have
to wrench
itself free
and die -

BINA EAPEN
III B.A. Litt.

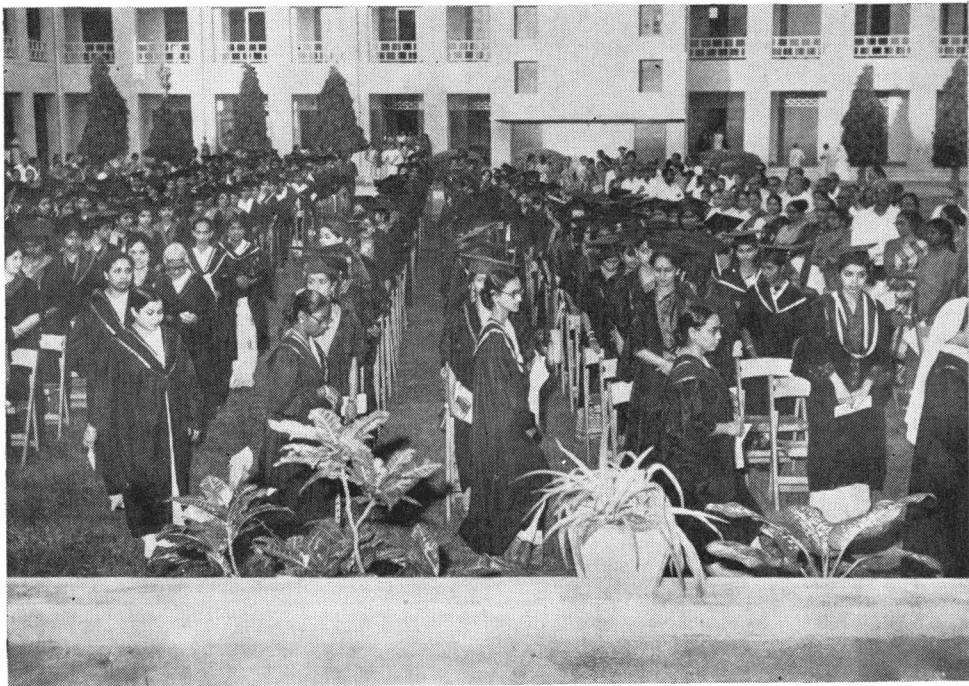
I step
in time
though I'm
out of tune
with most things.
I regret
too much
forgive
too little.
I need some
symmetry
in my funny life
it's too skinny
now.

There ought
to be
a pattern
a diagram
to follow
something that will
make it round
but still say
 $1 + 1 = 3$

INDIRA GANESAN
I B.A. Fine Arts

activism died in 1969
though some say sooner,
along with other things.
as the seventies stepped in
freedom and peace were
reduced
to smaller case letters
while flowers wilted on
burning sidewalks
And god was passe
as were people
and trees
and caring.
ideals weren't crushed but eroded away
as rust set in
on minds.
and music died, too.
barefoot children don't
walk on sand.
Cause it wasn't cool in the fifties
without any causes or reasons for being
the seventies stepped in
and it still continues
in apathy and others
as the eighties step in.

INDIRA GANESAN
I B.A. Fine Arts





the sea day-before
shoes
bull's eyes
you—
so near yet so far away
in another room.

Suddenly realize
The lecturer is waiting
For me to answer
Get up
Look around blankly
Sheepishly smile and
Sit down.
All a part of life.
Higher Education.

TULA GOENKA
I B.A. Sociology

My home is in this corner,
Lonely, lost, forgotten,
Lit up in dusty sunlight,
Cobwebs fence me in.
I wonder if I am seen,
Lost, forgotten, crushed,
I came into this house all new
Glittering in that silver dress.
The little girl squealed with delight,
I smiled into those innocent stars.
She placed me on the top
Top of her pretty Christmas tree;
Oh! had she secured me faster
I might have been there yet.
Now my pretty head is broken,
Sewed up with cobweb threads.
Many years have passed since then,
And the little girl she's gone,
Who threw me in this corner,
With spiders for my company.
I wonder where she is now
Lost, forgotten, crushed?

CLARAMMA XAVIER
I B.A. Literature

வாழ்வு மலர்ந்தது

முத்தமிழ்ப் பேரவை நடத்திய சிறுகதைப் போட்டியில் முதற்பரிசு பெற்ற கதை

00000

“அம்மா, வாயைக் காட்டேன். இந்தா ஸ்வீட்” என்று குதித்துக் கொண்டு ஓடி வந்தாள் சங்கீதா.

“என்னடி? என்ன. ஒரே ஓட்டமும் கூத்துமா இருக்கயே” என்ன விசேஷம்?” என்றாள் அம்மா.

“அம்மா, நான் B.A. பர்ஸ்ட் கிளாஸ்ஸில் பாஸ் பண்ணிட்டேன் அம்மா. அதுக்குத்தான் ஸ்வீட்.”

“ஏண்டியம்மா, நீ பாஸ் பண்ணினது அவ்வளவு அதிசயமானது? பர்ஸ்ட் கிளாஸ்க்கு மேல இன்னும் ஏதாவது இருந்தாலும் அதுல நீ பாஸ் பண்ணிடுவேன்னு எனக்குத் தெரியுமே!” என்றாள் அம்மா. அசாத்திய நம்பிக்கையின் ரேகை படிந்திருந்தது அவள் குரலில். பின் என்ன! அவள் பெண் சங்கீதா L. K. G. லேந்து எல்லா கிளாஸ்ஸிலும் பர்ஸ்டாக வருபவள். அவள் கல்லாத வித்தையே கிடையாது. வினையாட்டிலாகட்டும், படிப்பிலாகட்டும், எதிலும் முதல்தான். இது தவிர, பல க்விஸ் போட்டிகளிலும் பங்கு கொண்டு, பரிசைத் தட்டி வந்திருக்கிறாள் சங்கீதா. வீட்டு அலமாரிகளில் எல்லாம் அவள் வாங்கிய பரிசுகள்தான். புத்தகம், கப், ஷீல்டு இப்படி வீட்டு ஃபுல்லா நிறைஞ்சிருக்கு. ஒரே பொண்ணுன்னு அவள் செல்லமா வளர்ந்திருந்தாலும், அவளிடம் எல்லாக் காரியங்களையும், ஒருதடவை சொல்வதற்குள் புரிஞ்சுண்டு அதே மாதிரி செய்யற திறமை இருந்தது. சங்கீதா என்று பெயர் வைத்துக்கொண்டு சங்கீதம் தெரியாம இருக்கலாமா? சங்கீதக் கச்சேரி பண்ணவில்லை அவ்வளவுதான். பாட ஆரம்பித்தால் இன்றெல்லாம் கேட்டுக்கொண்டே இருக்கலாம். நடனம் கற்கவில்லை என்ற குறை வைக்க வேண்டாமேயென்று நடனமும் பயில்வித்தார் அவள் தந்தை. இன்னும் என்னவேண்டும்? ஒரு தடவை பார்த்தால் திருப்பிக் கண்ணை எடுக்கக் கூடாதுன்னு தோணுறப்போல அழகான தோற்றம். நல்ல மாநிறமும், சுருள் சுருளாகத் தலைமயிரும், வட்ட முகமும், அவ அம்மாவே கண்ணைப் போட்டுடுவா போல அவ்வளவு அழகாய் இருப்பாள் சங்கீதா. எல்லாம் நிறைஞ்சிருந்தாலும், ஒருத்தர் கிட்ட ஒரு குறையாவது இருக்கும்னு சொல்லுவா. ஆனால் அவள்கிட்ட எல்லாம் நிறைஞ்சிருந்தது. ஒரு குறையும் கிடையாது. அவள் அம்மாகூட, அக்கம் பக்கத்துல எல்லாம் தன் மகளைப் பற்றிப் பெருமையாப் பேசுவா. ஆனா, சங்கீதாவிடம் துளியும் கர்வம் கிடையாது. காலேஜ் முழுவதும் அவ ப்ரண்ட்ஸ் தான். அவள் காலேஜ்ல அவள்தான் ப்ரெஸிடென்ட். அவளோட ப்ரின்ஸ்பால் கூட, “சங்கீதா, இந்தக் காலேஜ்ல ஸ்டூடென்டாவும், ப்ரெஸிடென்டாவும் இருக்கிறது இந்தக் காலேஜுக்கே பெருமையாக்கும்னு சங்கீதாவைப் புகழ்ந்து கூறியிருக்கிறாள் அவள் தாயிடம் ஒருநாள். இப்படிப்பட்ட பெண்ணைப் பார்த்துப் பார்த்து அவள் அம்மா மனம் பெருமைப்படாம என்ன பண்ணும்?

“சங்கீதா, இங்க வாம்மா. இன்னிக்கு சாயந்திரம் உன்னைப் பொண்ணு பார்க்க வரா. சுபயனுக்கு அப்பா கிடையாது. இது, நம்ம நிலைக்கும், உன்னோட படிப்புக்கும், ஏத்த சம்பந்தமா இருக்கும்னு தோணறதும்மா. அதனால ப்ரண்டு ஆத்துக்கு எங்கயாவது போவதாயிருந்தால், சீக்கிரம் வந்துடு” என்றார் அவள் அப்பா ஒருநாள்.

“அப்பா, எனக்கு இப்ப கல்யாணத்துக்கு என்ன அவசரம்? நான் மேல M.A. படிக்கலாமனு இருக்கேன்”.

“இல்லைமா. நீ எங்களுக்கு ஒரே பொண்ணு. ரொம்பநாள் கழிச்சுப் பிறந்தவள். எங்களுக்கும் வயசாயின்டே போறது. எங்க கடமையை நாங்கள் செய்ய வேண்டாமா?”

“சரியப்பா. இந்த கேஸை மட்டும் பாருங்கோ. இவா வேண்டாமனு அப்பறம் என்னை நீங்கள் கம்பெல் பண்ணக்கூடாது. “நான் மேல M.A. படிப்பேன்.”

“சரியம்மா நீ சொல்றமாதிரியே செய்யறேன்.” என் பெண்ணைப் பார்த்து யாராவது பிடிக்கலைன்னு சொல்வாளா என்ன? என்ற நம்பிக்கை அவர் வார்த்தைகளில் மிளிர்ந்தது.

மாலை, சங்கீதாவைப் பெண்பார்க்க ஸ்ரீதரனும், அவன் தாயும் வந்தனர். ஸ்ரீதரன், வீட்டுக்குச் சென்று சம்மதம் கூறுவதாகக் கூறிச் சென்றான். ஆனால் இங்கு மணமுடிக்க இஷ்டமில்லை என்ற பதிலே வந்தது. சங்கீதாவின் பெற்றோர், ஸ்தம்பித்து நின்றனர். ஸ்ரீதரனின் தாயார், “ஏண்டா? அந்தப் பெண்ணிடம் என்ன குறைன்னு வேண்டாமனு சொன்னே?” என்று கேட்டதற்கு ஸ்ரீதரன் எந்தப் பதிலும் கூறவில்லை. சங்கீதாவே அவனிடம் வந்து, “உங்களை, இந்தக் கல்யாணத்தை நான் மறுக்குமாறு கூற உங்களிடம் அழகில், செல்வத்தில் ஆக எந்த விதத்திலும் ஒரு குறையும் இல்லை. எனக்கு இப்ப கல்யாணம் பண்ணிக்க இஷ்டமில்லை. நானே மேல படிக்க விரும்பறேன்” என்று கூறியதை அவன் தாயிடம் எப்படிக்கூறுவான்!

சங்கீதாவை அவள் விருப்பப்படியே M.A. படிக்க அனுமதித்தார் தந்தை இராமன்தான். M.A. விலும் முதல் வகுப்பில் தேறினாள் சங்கீதா. மேற்படிப்பு அவளிடம் பல மாறுதல்களை ஏற்படுத்தியது.

“சங்கீதா, உன் கல்யாணத்தை இனிமேலும் தள்ளிப்போடக் கூடாதுமா. எங்களுக்கும் உடம்புக்கு ஆகறதில்லை. இப்ப ஒரு கேஸ் வந்திருக்கு. பையன் அமெரிக்காவில் வேலை பண்ணுன் பேரு ராஜேஷ். கை நிறைய சம்பளம். பிக்கல் பிடுங்கல் இல்லை. அமெரிக்கா லேந்து இப்ப பதினாளுக்கு நாள் லீவுல வந்திருக்கானாம். அதுக்குள்ள கல்யாணத்தை முடிச்சுண்டு போணம்கிறு. இன்னிக்கு அவன் பொண் பார்க்க வருவானம்மா. நாங்கள் உன்னை வந்து பார்க்க முடியாட்டாலும் நீ வாரம் ஒருதடவையாவது ‘நன்னு, சந்தோஷமாயிருக்கேன்’னு எழுதற லெட்டரைப் பார்த்தே நாங்கள் சந்தோஷப்பட்டுண்டு இருப்போம்” என்றார் அப்பா ஒரு நாள் லெட்டரைப் படித்துக் கொண்டே.

அன்று மாலை ராஜேஷும், அவன் ப்ரண்டுமாக சங்கீதாவைப் பெண்பார்க்க வந்திருந்தனர். ராஜேஷ் நல்ல ஆடம்பரமாக உடையுடுத்தி, ஒரு நாகரிக இளைஞனாகக் காட்சியளித்தான். பார்த்தவுடனேயே அவனைப் பிடித்து விட்டது, சங்கீதாவுக்கு. மேலும் அவன் நமஸ்காரம் பண்ணறது, பாட்டுப் பாடுவது போன்ற சம்பிரதாயமெல்லாம் வேண்டாமனு சொன்னது, அவளுக்கு இருந்த விருப்பத்தை ஒருபடி அதிகரிக்கச் செய்தது. உடன் ஏன் ஒருவரும் வரவில்லை என்ற கேள்விக்கு, ராஜேஷ் எல்லோரும் அமெரிக்காவிலேயேதான் இருக்கானனும், கல்யாணத்துக்கும் ஒருத்தரும்வரமாட்டானனும் சொன்னான். ராஜேஷ், சங்கீதாவைப் பார்த்தவுடனேயே பிடித்துவிட்டது என்றும் கூறினான்.

“சங்கீதா, ராஜேஷைப் பிடிச்சிருக்காமமா? கல்யாணத்தை சீக்கிரம் வச்சுண்டுலாமா?” என்றார் இராமன்தான்.

“உங்களுக்கு எல்லாம் பிடிச்சிருக்குன்னு எனக்கும் பிடிச்ச மாதிரிதான்” என்று மறைமுகமாகத் தன் விருப்பத்தைத் தெரிவித்தாள் சங்கீதா.

“ஓரே பெண்ணின் கல்யாணம். நெடுநாளைக்குப்பின் பிறந்தவள் வேறு. அதுவும் கல்யாணத்துக்குப்பின் மேல்நாடு போகப் போகிறாள். அதனால் கல்யாணத்தை இதுபோல் இல்லை என்று கூறுமாறு சிறப்பாகச் செய்தார் இராமனாதன். சங்கீதா-ராஜேஷ் பொருத்தம் கண்டு அனைவரும் மெச்சினர். மாப்பிள்ளைக்கு வைரமோதிரம், விசையுயர்ந்த வாட்ச், வரதட்சிணை என்று தாம்தாமெனச் செலவு செய்திருந்தார் இராமனாதன். ரிஸப்ஷன் எல்லாம் தட்புடலாக நடந்து கொண்டிருந்தது. அப்போது சுமார் 8 மணி இருக்கும்போது “அவசரமாக வரவும்” என்று வேலை செய்யும் அலுவலகத்திலிருந்து தந்தி வந்தது கண்டு உடனே புறப்பட்டான் ராஜேஷ். தன் கண்களாலேயே விடைகொடுத்த சங்கீதாவிடம் பிரியாவிடை பெற்றுச் சென்றான் அவன்.

பாஸ்போர்ட் எல்லாம் சங்கீதாவுக்கு வாங்கி அவளை அமெரிக்காவிற்கு விமானத்திலேற்றி அனுப்பினார் இராமனாதன். ராஜேஷுக்கு ஒரு ஸர்ப்பரைஸாக இருக்கட்டுமென்று தான் வருவது குறித்து ஒன்றும் எழுதவேண்டாம் என்று கூறியிருந்தாள் சங்கீதா. விமானத்தில் செல்லும்போது சங்கீதாவின் கற்பனைக் குதிரைப் பறவை சிறகடித்துப் பறந்தது. அவளும், ராஜேஷும் தேனிலவுக்குச் செல்ல வேண்டிய இடங்களையும், உலகமே வியக்கும் வண்ணம் நடத்தப்போகும் வாழ்க்கையைப் பற்றியும் சிந்தித்துக் கொண்டே அமெரிக்கா வந்து சேர்ந்தாள் சங்கீதா.

காலை 10 மணிக்கெல்லாம் அமெரிக்காவில் ராஜேஷின் வீட்டைந்த சங்கீதா, அவன் 8 மணிக்கு வெளியே சென்றான் என்பதை அறிந்து கொண்டாள். மாலை 5 மணியிலிருந்து கணவன் வரவை எதிர்நோக்கி வழிமேல் விழிவைத்துக் காத்திருந்தாள் சங்கீதா. எட்டுமணி, பத்துமணி, ஓ! இரண்டு மணியும் ஆயிற்று. ஸோபாவில் படுத்திருந்த சங்கீதா கதவு தட்டும் சத்தம் கேட்டு விழித்து விரைந்து சென்று திறந்தாள். அங்கே! ஒரு பெண்ணின் இடையைச் சுற்றி வளைத்துக் கொண்டு ராஜேஷ் நின்றிருந்தான். அவன் வாயிலிருந்து குடிநாற்றம் வேறு வந்து சங்கீதாவுக்குக் குமட்டியது. அந்தப் பெண் ரோளி, “ஹூ ஈஸ் ஷீ ராஜேஷ்?” என்றாள். அவன், “ஓ ஷீ ஈஸ் மை ஸர்வென்ட். யூ கமான் டார்லிங்,” என்று அலட்சியமாகக் கூறி அவளுடன் தன் அறையை அடைந்தான். அப்போதே என்னவோ போலாகிவிட்டது சங்கீதாவுக்கு. ஆயினும், பாவம் மனைவியைப் பிரிந்த நேரத்தில் அவள் நினைவை மறக்க மதுவையும், மாதுவையும் அணுகுகிறான் என்று சமாதானப்படுத்திக் கொண்டாள்.

மறுநாள் காலை குளித்து விட்டிருந்த சங்கீதாவை, ராஜேஷ் அணுகி, “சங்கீதா, நான், நீ நேற்று கண்ட நிலையில் தான் நான் தினமும் இருப்பேன். நீ இங்கு வந்துவிட்டதால், வேண்டுமானால், எங்கள் வீட்டில், நான் ரோளியிடம் கூறியபடி ஸர்வென்ட்டாக இரு. இல்லாவிட்டால், நீ உன் நாட்டுக்குப் போய்க் கொள்ளலாம்.”

சங்கீதா அவளை மனமார வெறுத்தாள். ஆயினும், தன் கடமையெனயெண்ணி “அப்படியானால் நீ ஏன் என்னைக் கல்யாணம் செய்து கொண்டாய்?” என்றாள். ஏகவசனத்தில் அவள் வாயிலிருந்து வார்த்தைகள் வெளிவந்தன.

“எனக்கு அப்போது கொஞ்சம் பணம் தேவைப்பட்டது. என்ன செய்வது என்று யோசித்தேன். உன் தந்தை நிறையப் பணம் தருவார் என்று தெரிந்தது. அதனால் உடனே கல்யாணம் பண்ணிக் கொண்டேன்.”

“ஓ! இத்துணை கேவலமானவனா நீ! உன் உறவினர் எல்லாம் இங்கு இருப்பதாகச் சொன்னாயே. அதுவும் பொய்தானா?”

“கரெக்ட். எனக்கு உறவினர் என்பவர் யாரும் கிடையாது. எல்லாம் சமயத்திற்கேற்ற படி சமாளிக்க வேண்டியது தான். அங்கு, என் நண்பன் என்று வந்தவன் கூட, வந்த இடத்தில் பணத்துக்குப் பிடித்த ஆள் தான்,” என்று வெற்றிச் சிரிப்பு சிரித்தான் ராஜேஷ்.

அவன் காலை எட்டு மணிக்கு வெளியே சென்றான். உடனேயே, அவனிடம் சொல்லிக் கொள்ளாமல், நேரே விமான நிலையத்தையடைந்து அங்கிருந்து இந்தியா வந்தடைந்தான் சங்கீதா. வீட்டைந்த அவளுக்கு என ஓர் அதிர்ச்சி காத்திருந்தது.

சங்கீதாவை விமானம் ஏற்றிய பின் வீடு சென்ற இராமனாதன், தன் மகளின் திருமணம் பற்றியும், ராஜேஷ் பற்றியும், அவள் அமெரிக்கா சென்றதையும் பலரிடம் பெருமையுடன் கூறிக் கொண்டிருந்தார். அன்றிரவு மிக்க மகிழ்ச்சியுடன் படுத்தார். மறுநாள் காலை சங்கீதாவின் தாய் லட்சுமி, குளித்து வந்து, இராமனாதன் இன்னும் எழுந்திருக்காதது கண்டு அவரை எழுப்பினாள். அவரைத் தொட்டவுடனேயே உடல் சில்லிட்டிருந்தது. உடனே டாக்டருக்கு ஃபோன் பண்ணினாள். டாக்டர் வந்து என்ன பயன்! நடு இரவே போன உயிரைக் கொண்டுவர, டாக்டரால் முடியுமா!

சங்கீதா பேரதிர்ச்சிக்குள்ளானாள். அவள் தாயோ, தன் மகளின் நிலை கண்டு வருந்தினாள். புலம்பினாள். முடிவு! படுக்கையானாள். சங்கீதா இனிமேல் என்ன செய்வது என் றெண்ணி C.A படித்தாள். காலையெல்லாம் படிப்பு. மாலை வீடு வந்தால் வேலை. தாய்க்கு உதவி. இப்படியே நாட்கள் மாதங்களாகவும், மாதங்கள் வருடங்களாகவும் உருண்டோடின. சங்கீதாவின் தாய் தன் மகளின் நிலை கண்டு தவிக்காத நாளில்லை. சங்கீதா C.A பாஸ் செய்தாள். நல்லதொரு வேலையும் கிடைத்தது. காரும் வாங்கினாள்.

ஒரு நாள் லட்சுமி, தனக்குக் காபி கொடுக்க வந்த சங்கீதாவிடம், “இப்படியே எத்தனை நாட்களைக் கழிக்கப் போகிறாய்? இனி நானும் எத்தனை நாளைக்கு இருப்பேனோ? அப்போ, நீ எப்படித் தனியா இருப்பாய்? எப்போதும் ஒரு துணை வேண்டும். உன்னை, B.A படிக்கும் போது வந்து பொண்ணு பார்த்த அந்த ஸ்ரீதரனுக்குக் கல்யாணமாயிருந்து தெரியுமா? என்றாள்

“சரி. இப்ப நான் என்ன பண்ணணும் என்கிறாய் அம்மா?” என்று கூறிய சங்கீதா அவளுக்கு வேண்டியன எல்லாம் எடுத்து வைத்துவிட்டு வேலைக்குச் சென்றாள்.

அன்று, அவள் கார் ரிப்பேர். வொர்க் ஷாப்பிற்குச் சென்றிருந்தது. அதனால் மாலை வேலையிலிருந்து திரும்பும் போது கடனே என்று பஸ்ஸிற்கு நின்றிருந்தாள் அவள். அப்பா! எப்படித்தான் இந்த பஸ்ஸில் செல்வதோ! ஃபுட்டோர்டிஸ் தொங்கிய கூட்டம் கண்டு, மூன்று நான்கு பஸ்களை விட்டாள். இடையே, ஐந்து, ஆறு பஸ்கள் டபிள் லினரில் வேறு. எனவே, இனிமேலும் தயங்கக் கூடாது என்று கூட்டமான பஸ் ஒன்றிலேயே ஏறினாள். அது நின்று நின்று அவள் ஸ்டாப் அடைவதற்குள், மணி எட்டாகி விட்டது. அம்மா என்ன செய்து கொண்டிருப்பாளோ என்ற கவலை வேறு. அதனால் விரைவாக நடந்த அவள் தன் பின்னாலேயே வந்து கொண்டிருந்த சைக்கிளைக் கவனிக்கவில்லை. திடீரென்று திரும்பிப் பார்த்ததும், “தன்னந்தனியாகப் போகாதீங்க. உங்க தளதள ஒடம்புக்கு ஆகாதுங்க. வழித் துணையாக வாரேனுங்க” என்று ஏதோ ஒரு தரக்குறைவான பாடலைப் பாடிக்கொண்டு, அவள் அவளையே சுற்றிச்சுற்றித் தன் சைக்கிளில் வந்தாள். அப்பா! எப்படியோ நடையைத் துரிதப்படுத்தித் தன் வீட்டையடைந்தாள் சங்கீதா. சீ! என்ன உலகம் இது! என்று சலித்துக் கொண்ட அவள், அன்றே எந்த ஒரு பெண்ணும் தனியாக வாழ முடியாது; வாழவும் கூடாது என்று உணர்ந்தாள். அதனால் தன் தாயின் பேச்சின் உண்மையையும் அறிந்தாள்.

மற்றொரு நாள், தன் காரை நிறுத்தி விட்டுத் தன் தாய்க்காக மருந்து வாங்கச் சென்று திரும்பினாள். அப்போது எதிரே வந்தவர், எங்கோ பார்த்த முகமாகத் தோன்றவே, திரும்பிப் பார்த்தாள். அவனும் அவளைப் பார்த்தான். உடனே அவள், அவன் தன்னை முன்பு பெண் பார்த்த ஸ்ரீதரன் என்று உணர்ந்தாள்.

“ வீட்டுக்கு வரேளா. அம்மா உங்களைப் பார்த்தா சந்தோஷப்படுவா ” என்று கூறி வீட்டுக்கு அழைத்துச் சென்றாள். வழியில், “ உங்களுக்குக் கல்யாணம் ஆயிடுத்தாமே? அம்மா சொன்னா. வைஃப் எப்படியிருக்கா? சௌக்கியமா? என்று விசாரித்தாள். அவன் தன் கதையைக் கூறத் துவங்கினான்.

“ உம். நான் மாலதியைக் கல்யாணம் பண்ணிண்டேன். ஆனால், கல்யாணத்துக்கு முன், உடல் நலத்துடன் நன்னா இருந்த அவள், எங்கள் வீட்டுக்கு வந்த வேளையோ என்னவோ, தலை வலிக்கிறதுன்னு ஒரு நாள் படுத்துண்டா. அப்புறம் என்னவோ, அந்த ஜூரம், இந்த நோயன்னு சொல்லி போன வருஷம் போய்ட்டா.” முதல்ல பார்த்த அந்தச் சங்கீதா எப்படி நன்னா இருந்தா? அவளைக் கல்யாணம் பண்ணிக்க நீ மறுத்துட்டே ” என்று சொல்லி அம்மா கஷ்டப்பட்டா. தன் மகன் வாழ்க்கை இப்படி ஆயிடுத்தேன்னு மனசு நலிஞ்சு போன அவளும் நாலு மாதம் முன்னாடி இறந்துட்டா ” என்று கூறினான். சங்கீதாவும் தன் கதையைக் கூற அவர்கள் வீடு வந்தது.

சங்கீதாவின் அம்மா, அவன் வந்ததுல ரொம்ப சந்தோஷப்பட்டா. அவனிடம், “ பார்த்தேளா. இதுபோல இல்லைன்னு வாழ்ந்துண்டு இருந்த அவள் வாழ்க்கை எப்படியாயிடுத்து? இனிமேல், நானும் போய்ட்டேன்னா இவள் எப்படி யிருப்பாள்னு நினைச்சாலே மனசு கஷ்டமாயிருக்கு. செல்வம் சொத்து இருக்கு. அழகு இருக்கு. படிப்பு இருக்கு. ஆனால் அவளுக்கு ஒரு நல்ல வாழ்க்கை அமையலையே ” என்று கூறி அலுத்துக் கொண்டாள்.

அதைக் கேட்ட ஸ்ரீதரன், “ மாமி, நானும் யாருமில்லாம இருக்கேன். என் மனைவியும் போய்ட்டா. அம்மாவும் போய்ட்டா. நான் இப்ப ஒரு அனாதை. சங்கீதாவுக்குச் சம்மதம்மா நானே அவளைக் கல்யாணம் பண்ணிக்கறேன். என்கிட்ட இப்ப வேலையொண்ணுதான் ஒட்டிண்டிருக்கு. உங்ககிட்ட சொத்தே இல்லைன்னாலும் அந்த வேலையை வைச்சு அவளைக் கடைசி வரைக்கும் காப்பாத்துவேன் ” என்று கூறி விடைபெற்றுச் சென்றான்.

தன் மகள் நல்வாழ்வு வாழப் போகிறாள் என்ற மகிழ்ச்சியில் திளைத்திருந்தாள் லட்சுமி. இரவு, பாயஸம் எல்லாம் வைத்துச் சமைக்கச் சொன்னாள். நன்றாக உணவுண்டாள். நடு இரவில், யாரோ பிதற்றுவது போலக் கேட்ட சங்கீதா, அது தன் தாய் தான் என உணர்ந்து டாக்டருக்கும், ஸ்ரீதரனுக்கும் ஃபோன் பண்ணினாள். டாக்டர் வந்தார். “எதிர்பாராத சந்தோஷத்தினால் ஏற்பட்டிருக்கு. இன்னும் அரை அல்லது ஒரு மணி நேரம் தான் என்று காலவரையறை கொடுத்தார். ஸ்ரீதரன் வந்தான். சங்கீதா, தாயின் அருகில் சென்று அழைக்க வெகுநேரம் கழிந்தபின், லட்சுமி கண்திறந்து சுற்றுமுற்றும் பார்த்தாள். பின் ஸ்ரீதரனையும் சங்கீதாவையும் மாறிமாறிப் பார்த்தாள். மெல்ல எழுந்து இருவர் கைகளையும் இணைத்து வைத்து விட்டு, ஆயாசமாகப் படுத்தாள். அவள் வாய் ஏதோ முணுமுணுத்தது. சில நொடிகளில் அவள் தலை சாய்ந்தது. அவள் ‘மகளுக்கு வாழ்வு கிடைத்தது’ என்று தான் கூறியிருக்க வேண்டும்.

அங்கு ஓர் தீபம் அணைந்தது. இன்னொரு தீபம் சங்கீதாவின் வாழ்வில் சுடர்விட ஆரம்பித்தது.

V. N. UMA
II B.A. Econ.

இளமையே !

பச்சை இலைக்குள் புகநினைத்துப்
பகலவன் முயன்று ஊடுருவி
மண்ணைத் தொட்டது போல்
மனத்தை அலையளிடும் துடிப்பு !
மாமரத்தின் இளந்தளிர்கள்
சிவப்பாய்த் தோன்றியதுமே
உலகையே கண்டேன் என்றற்போல்
உவப்புடன் கூடிய மதர்ப்பு !
'அழகே நான்' என்ற ஆணவம்
அடிநெஞ்சில் முனைவிட
உணர்ச்சி நதியில் மூழ்கி
முச்சடைக்கத் திணறும் தளிப்பு !
இதோ அதோ என்று
கானல் நீரைத் தேடிக்
கல்வியைக் கைவிட்டு
ஓடி ஓடி ஓய்ந்து பின்
'நான் வென்றேன்' எனும் நடிப்பு !
துள்ளுவதில் ஒரு சிரிப்பு
துவளுவதில் ஒரு வெடிப்பு
தவறுவதில் ஓர் இனிப்பு
திமிருவதில் ஒரு கொழுப்பு
அள்ள அள்ளக் குறையாத
இனிமை புதுமை என்று
அங்கலாய்ப்பு !
அட ! "இது என்ன அறுப்பு !"
அந்தப் பாடத்தின் மேல் வெறுப்பு
வேறு செயல்களில் சுறுசுறுப்பு
எது வேண்டாம் எனில் பதில் "பொறுப்பு"
ஆனால் பொங்கிப் பொங்கிப்
பிரவாகமாய்ச் சுழித்துக் கொண்டு
மனத்தைக் கிழித்துக் கொண்டு
துள்ளித் துள்ளித் துவள வைத்து
"இனிமையை நான்
தந்தேன் தந்தேன்" என்று
சில காலம் என்னைத்
திக்கு முக்காட வைக்கும்
இளமையே !
என்னுடனேயே நீ
இருக்கமாட்டாயா ?

பா. உமா சங்கரி

புகழுக வகுப்பு

பிரபஞ்சத்தில் ஒரு நூலியை

அவாவில் விளைந்த வித்தொன்றே வளர்ந்து
குவாவெனத் தீனக்குர லெழுப்பிப் பரிபவப்பட்டு
மண்ணை முத்தமிடும் வேதனை; அடக்கிய
அன்னைக்கும் அன்றே அக்கணமே சோதனை

அன்பை மிகக்குழைத் தழுதமாய்ச் சுரக்கும்
அன்னை அவளா சைகள் ஏக்கங்கள்
அன்னத்தி னறிவு சான்ற தந்தை
அன்றில் ஆவாளிலை அவரிலை யெனினும்

பருவங்க ளேழாகும் அன்னவன் வாழ்வினிலே
சரசங்கள் சல்லாபங்கள் சாபங்கள் சோகங்கள்
இடையே ஈன்றவள் வரைந்த கனவுகள்
தடையின்றி அலருமோ? நெஞ்சி னெலிதான்
அடங்கி நிராசை வளர்ந்து மிளிருமோ?

வாழ்க்கையாம் பரவைதனி லிவ்வாறு செல்கையிலே
ஊழ்வினையால் மிதந்திடும் கொடிய முதலைகள்
காலம் காட்டும் முதுமைக் கரைகள்
காலன் பரிசம் போடும் நேரங்கள்

காலன் பரிசம் போடும் நேரத்திலே
ஞாலம் விடை தருமவ் வேளையிலே
இறைவ னெறிந்த தனக்குவ மையில்லாப்
பொறியின் வெம்மை தணிந்து போகின்றது

பா. புஷ்பலதா

இளம் அறிவியல் (வேதியல்)

இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு

இளமை

‘இளமை!’ இந்த மூன்றெழுத்து மந்திரம் தான் மனிதனை எப்படி ஆட்டிப் படைக்கிறது! இந்த இளமையின் ஆற்றலை இனிமையாய் உரைத்திட்ட இனிய கவிஞர் ஈராயிரத்திற்கும் மேற்பட்டவரை இதுவரை கண்டிருக்கிறோம்; இனியும் காணப் போகின்றோம். ஆயினும் இந்த மூன்றெழுத்தின் எல்லையை அக் கவிஞர்களில் எவரேனும் ‘இவ்வளவு’ என்று காட்டி இருக்கிறார்களா அல்லது கண்டிருக்கிறார்களா என்று கேட்டால் ‘இல்லை’ என்னும் பதிலை இமைக்குமுன் கூறிவிடலாம். ஏனெனில் ‘இளமை’ நேற்றும் இந்த உலகனைத் தனது அடிமையாகக் கொண்டது; இன்றும் தன்னுடைய அடிமையாகக் கொண்டு இருக்கிறது; அதேபோன்று அது நானாயும் இவ்வுலகில் ஏழை முதல் பணக்காரர் ஈடுக அனைவரையும் தன்னுடைய அடிமையாக்கிக் கொள்ளும் என்பதில் எள்ளளவும் ஐயமில்லை.

இளமை இவ்வுலகத்தினரை வலிமை மிகுந்த தன்னுடைய கண்களால் பிணித்துப், பிறக்கும் ஒவ்வொரு புனித விநாடியிலும் ஒவ்வொரு புதிய பாடத்தைக் கற்பிக்கின்றது. இதில் மனிதர்கள் உணர்வது சிறிதளவே! அதனையே கவிஞர்கள் கவனிமிகு கவிதையில் கற்போர் உணரும் வகையில் வடித்துள்ளனர். ஆயினும் இளமையில் திகைத்து, மதியழந்து, உணராமல் மயங்கிவிடுதலே நாம் அறிந்து கொள்வதைக் காட்டிலும் பன்மடங்கு அதிகமாகக் காணப் படுகின்றது.

இதுவரை உணர்ந்துள்ள சிறு பகுதியில் நாம் பார்ப்போமானால், துள்ளித் திரியும் பருவச் சிட்டுகளின் மனமாகிய சோலைகளில் அரும்பியுள்ள, ஆசை மலர்களின் முறுக்கெழிந்து, முயற்சிக் காற்றின் வழியே பரளி, வெற்றியாம் வண்டினைத் தன்னிடத்தே ஈர்க்கும் சக்தியைப் பருவ மங்கையருக்கும், நம்பியருக்கும் அளிப்பது ‘இளமை’ என்னும் மனமே!

இளமையின் விளைவுகளைப் பார்ப்போமானால், இளமையினால் நன்மை விளைந்தாலும், குறிப்பாக இக்காலத்தில் பெரும்பாலும் விளைவது ‘என்ன’வென்று நோக்குங்கால்; அது ‘தீமை’ என்பது நமக்குத் தெள்ளத் தெளிவாகத் தெரிகின்றது. இதற்குக் காரணம் என்ன? காரணம் ‘இளமை’ என்பதன் பொருளை இக்கால மக்கள் விபரீதமாக எடுத்துக் கொண்டிருப்பதே!

ஆம்! இக்கால இளைஞர்கள் பெரும்பாலும் பயன் அற்ற போராட்டங்களிலும், கேளிக்கைகளிலுமே தங்கள் இளமையை, இள அறிவை, முயற்சியை வீணாக்குகின்றனர். அவர்கள், இளமைக் கல்வி பசுமரத்தாணி போன்று மனத்தில் பதிந்து, இனி அமைத்துக் கொள்ளும் வாழ்க்கைக்கு அடிப்பாரமாய் அமையும் என்பதே மறந்து,

காலமெனும் தேரினிலே, ஞாலமெனும் வீதியிலே,
நாளினையே ஆழியாக்கி, நேரத்தையே அச்சாக்கி,
காலினிலும் வேகத்தோட காலமகன் செல்கின்ற

விரைவினை உணராமல், ‘இளமை’, வாழ்வினை இன்பமாகச் சுவைக்க கொடுக்கப்பட்ட ‘காலப்பகுதி’ என்று கூறி, அதனை, நன்மைக்குப் பயன்படுத்தி, அறிவையும், திறனையும் வளர்ப்பதை விடுத்து, விரயமாகக் கழித்து, ‘யானை தன் தலையில் தானே மண்ணை அள்ளிப் போடும்’ என்பது போல், யானைபோலும் வலிமை மிகுந்த இளையவர் கூட்டம் தங்கள் வலிமையைத் தாங்கள் உணராது, நேரத்தை வீணாக்கித் தங்கள் வாழ்க்கையின் பொன்னான காலத்தை வீண் பொழுதுபோக்குகளில் கழித்துச் ‘சிறறின்பமே பேரின்பம்’ என நினைத்து நாசம் அடைகின்றனர்.

மக்களில் இருபிரிவினர் உண்டு. இளமையின் சாகசங்களில் திளைத்தாலும், அமிழ்ந்து அழியாமல். எதிர்நீச்சல் போட்டு, இளமையைத் தங்கள் அடிமையாக்கிக் கொள்பவர் சிலர். அவ்வாறின்றி, இளமை இன்பத்தில் அமிழ்ந்து, இளமைக்குத் தங்களை அடிமையாக்கிக் கொள்பவர் பலர். முன்பு சொல்லப்பட்டவர்கள் இளமையின் ஆசாபாசங்களுக்குத் தங்களை அடிமைகள் ஆக்கிக்கொள்ளும் 'பலர்' என்னும் கூட்டத்தே அடங்கி இருக்கின்றனர். இவர்கள் உண்மையில் இன்பத்தை அனுபவிப்பது இல்லை. இளமை அவர்களைக் கொடிய நரகத்துள் தள்ளி, வாழ்வில் எப்போதும் மாறாத, மறக்க முடியாத வடுவை அவர்கட்குப் பரிசாக அளிக்கிறது.

எனவே இந்தப் 'பலர்', மிகுந்த சிலரால் ஒதுங்கி இருப்பவரைத் தங்கள் வழிகாட்டிகளாய் ஏற்று, இளமையைத் தங்கள் அடிமையாக்கி, இளமை இன்பத்தைப் பயனை இனிதே அனுபவிப்பார்களாக!

வெ. ஜயந்தி
இள அறிவியல், கணிதம்
முதலாண்டு

எங்கே இளமை?

பளபளக்கும் கண்களதில் பரிமளிக்கும் இளமை;
தளர்நடையில் குழவியதன் மழலையிலே இளமை;
கண்கவரும் மலர்களதில் கண்டேனே இளமை;
மண்ணெங்கும் உலளிவரும் மனங்கவரும் இளமை;
எண்ணங்கள் பலபிறக்கும் என்றமதில் இளமை;
சின்னங்கள் பலகொண்டு சிறந்திருக்கும் இளமை;
தணல்தனிலும் தீரமுடன் விளையாடும் இளமை;
புனலருவி சலசலக்கும் சிரிப்பொலியில் இளமை;
ஆக்கையதில் நடனமிடும் சுறுசுறுப்பும் இளமை;
நோக்கமதை அடையப்பெறும் துடிதுடிப்பும் இளமை;
முதுமைஎனும் சொல்பிறக்கக் காரணமாம் இளமை;
புதுமையெனும் பண்பதனைப் பிறப்பிக்கும் இளமை;
உள்ளத்தை ஈர்க்கின்ற தளிர்நதில் இளமை;
பள்ளத்தில் தெரியும்செம் பரிதியினில் இளமை;
எங்கெங்கும் இளமை; என்றென்றும் இளமை;
'தங்கிடலாம்' எனும்சொல்லின் பொருளறியா இளமை;

பாரதி ஸ்ரீநிவாஸன்
இள அறிவியல், முதலாண்டு (கணிதம்)

புதுக்கவிதை

புதுமை புதுமையென்று
எதிலும் மாற்றம் புகுத்தி
இலக்கியத்திலும் கொண்டுவந்தோம்
புதுக்கவிதைதனை

பெரியோர்களெல்லாம்
“ சே ! இதிலென்ன கவித்துவம் !
கம்பன் கவியன்றோ கவி !
என்று அங்கலாய்க்க,

இளைஞராம் நாமும்
புதுக்கவிதையே பாடினோம்,
புதினங்களையே படித்தோம்,
பெல்பாட்டங்களையே உடுத்தோம்

சுருங்கக் கூறின்,
புது நாகரிகத்தில் திளைத்தோம்,
இன்னும் திளைக்கிறோம்.

இதன் பயன்தான் உண்டோஎனில்,
ஏன் ! ஓரைந்தே நிமிடங்களில்
ஒரு கவிஞராக
நானும் உருவாகிவிட்டேனே !

வே. சித்ரா
அறிவியல் (இரசாயனம்)
இரண்டாம் ஆண்டு

ஏக்கம்

எண்ணிய எண்ணியாங்கு முடித்திட முயல்வார்
நண்ணிய நலந்தம்மை அடைந்திட முடியாதார்
உள்ளத்தில் தனைத்திடும் உணர்ச்சிகளின் உருவாய்ப்
பொருளாய் உருவாகி வருவதே ஏக்கம்

1. புசிப்பதற்கு உணவின்றி நசித்திடும் சமுதாயம்
பிழைப்பதற்கு வழிபிறக் கப்பெரியோர் ஏக்கம்
2. பிறந்திருக்கு(ம்) புதுக்கட்சி பதவியிலே நிலைக்க
பேதையக்கள் மனத்தினில் பெரியதோர் ஏக்கம்
3. கணக்கில் வாராதாய் பணத்தைப் பெருக்கிட
ஏறுதோஇவ் விலைவாசி வியாபாரியி ன்ஏக்கம்
4. பக்குவமாய்ப் பழுத்திருக் கும்இப்ப ழத்தினைப்
பறித்துச்சு வைத்திடவே பாலனிவன் ஏக்கம்
5. பல்லவனும் மோதாமல்பத் திரமாய் ஒருநாள்
போகும்இடம் சேர்வானோப யணிகள் ஏக்கம்
6. ஒருநாளேனும் இவர்தாம் ஒழுங்காய்ப்பா டம்கேட்பாளோ
(அப்)பாவிஆ சிரியரின் அணையாத ஏக்கம்
7. குவளைமலர்க் கண்ணோடு கண்ணினை நோக்கொக்கும்
அவன்காதல் கடிமணத் தில்முடிய மனஏக்கம்
8. எழுதுகின்ற கதையிதில் ஒன்றேனும் என்றவது
அச்சில்வாரா தோஎழுத்தா ளர்எமது ஏக்கம்
9. ஒருபக்கம் சரிந்திருக்கும் ஓட்டைக் குடிசையில்
மறுவேளை உணவுக்குப் பிள்ளைக ளின்ஏக்கம்
10. எட்டடுக்கு மாளிகையில் ஏறிநின்ற பிள்ளையது
எடுத்தாளஓர் மோட்டாருக்கு நெடுநாளாய் ஏக்கம்
11. குதித்தோடி பந்தெறிந்து குனிந்திருந்து அதைஅடிக்
கும்பிழைக் குளிக்ஸர் பலஅடிக்க ஏக்கம்

எண்ணுகின்ற ஏக்கங்கள் எண்ணிலடங்கா; அவை
ஏறுகின்ற மேடைகளும் கணக்கிலடங்கா—சொல்வரும்
சொற்களிதை நாளிலடங்கா; அதைக்கேட் டிட்டதும்
பெருமை நெஞ்சில் அடங்கா.

டி. பிரேமா

இளம் அறிவியல் (வேதியல்)
முதலாண்டு

வாழ்த்துவமே !

எங்கள் கண்ணினும் இனிமை மிகுந்தே
இலங்கித் துலங்குமொழி—உடல்
தாங்கும் உயிரினுள் சார்ந்து கலந்தே
தன்னழு தானமொழி—இள
நங்கை அகத்துறை நலமே உரை
நாளும் மகிழும்மொழி—வாஞ்சை
பொங்கும் தாய்மையின் பால்தந் தெமக்குப்
புகட்டிய திம்மொழியே!—ஆயின்
எங்கள் தமிழ்மொழி வாழிய வாழிய
என்றுரை வாழ்த்துவமே !

சின்ன வயதினில் தெருளினில் பாடியே
சிரித்து மகிழ்ந்தமொழி—அன்னை
அன்பொடும் பரிவொடும் தாலாட் டிசைத்தே
அகத்தில் நிறைந்தமொழி—பேணிப்
பொன்னெனும் அறிஞரின் புதுமைக் கருத்தினைப்
போற்றியே தேக்குமொழி—சுவைக்
கன்னலும் கைத்திடக் களிப்பினை ஈந்திடும்
கன்னித் தமிழ்மொழியே—ஆயின்
இன்பத் தமிழ்மொழி வாழிய வாழிய
என்றுரை வாழ்த்துவமே !

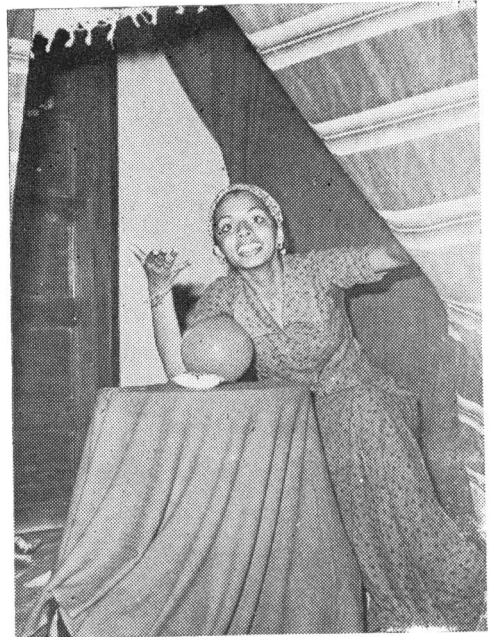
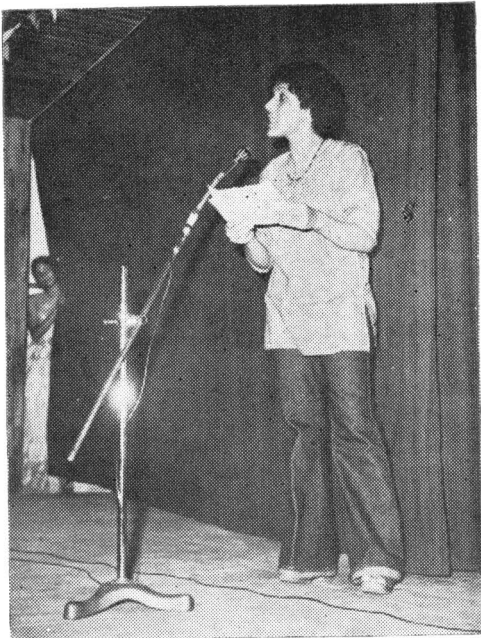
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என்றுரை வாழ்த்துவமே !

இ. மல்லிகா
B.A., II Year

Hostel Day



Hostel Highlights



Hostel

The year has been a characteristically busy and happy one in the hostels.

In keeping with the tradition of past years, the term opened with the Freshies being given a warm welcome at the Freshie Social, at which they were formally introduced. In a lovely pageant of colour and design the nervous newcomers floated by on stage, dressed in their breathtaking best. Roshni Shekar of Ist B.A. Public Relations was judged "Freshie Queen" and Susan Zachariah of Pre-University was runner up. After the entertainment and dinner, the freshies certainly did feel they belonged.

And they said a beautiful thank you with their Return Social held a few weeks later. At the evening's entertainment, a lot of surprising freshie talent was seen. Clara Baby held everyone spell bound with her songs while the skit by Alice Thomas and the others kept everyone in stitches. It was a wonderful light hearted evening when the Freshies really came out to have fun with the seniors.

The next red letter day in hostel was Onam. The day started on a festive note with a short prayer-service and songs in front of the dining room which was decorated with flowers and lamps. The malayalis were dressed in their typical costume and the day's menu was also in a la Kerala.

Christmas was all light and sound and joy. A wonderful candle-light dinner was the highlight of the day. Sr. Principal, Sr. Vice-Principal and the Dean joined us for dinner during which the gaiety of Christmas was emphasised by the carol singing and the enchanting tunes played on the flute by Mr. Driviam Dass (Retd. Zoology Attender) cakes and sweets were distributed to the students by the sisters of the Convent. The evening came to a close with the hostelites giving away gifts to the maids and other hostel workers.

Hostel Day, the real big day of the year, was fun from the word go. It was preceded by the inter-hostel sports at which a lot of hidden hostel athletic talent shone. Rounders, relays, the lime-and-spoon and of course the tug-of-war were the games held. St. Joseph's emerged the superior. The hostel decorations were on the theme "Fiesta" and both hostels were most individualistic in their interpretation of this. Our Ladies was judged the better of the two for presentation, realism and orderliness. During the day there was a film-show and at lunch a fancy-dress show. Anita Samuel and the others as the "Sheikh and his harem" went away with the first prize and Chitralkha as a film negative was a close second. The entertainment of the evening was all song dance and drama at which the multifaceted hostel talent was exhibited. The senior students said a formal goodbye to the hostel a sad reminder that they wouldn't be with us the following year. The day ended with dinner out in the open. The cameraman gave himself a free rain and worked his camera both voluntarily and on request. Hostel Day was a wonderfully enjoyable day filled with happy activity and will always be a glad memory.

The last event of the year was the Seniors Farewell hostel individually by each hostel for their seniors. It was held on the terrace of each hostel and was an informal evening of song, dance and dinner. The seniors were each given a small gift by the rest of the hostel and they said Goodbye. We'll miss them very much.

With this, the year's activities in the hostels came to an end. It was the last year of the PU's and we hoped many of them would come back to us as first years.

In conclusion we thank the Wardens of both hostels, Sr. Ina and Sr. Juliana, and the Assistant Wardens, Miss Usha George and Miss Agnes and Mrs. Ambrose for all their help, encouragement and advice during the year. And of course the Representatives and everyone in hostel who with their leadership and co-operation made the year a happy and sunny one for all of us.

BHARATI SADASIVAM
II B.A. Literature

From Seedlings To Sunflowers

The Indian situation is unique although categorised under the label of "developing country" with several others. This label connotes a general disparity in the structure, where many go hungry and a few are fed. This essential distance between the privileged and underprivileged, the fortunate, less-fortunate and unfortunate, the 'haves' and the 'have-nots', remains a problem of many dimensions. This is a structure where the weaver remains unclothed, the farmer who reaps a bumper crop goes hungry, the shoe maker never tries on a single pair of shoes, and where many are asked to serve the needs of a few-this imbalance is accepted by all as destiny. (To those who have, it seems their just reward for labour, and to those who have not, the just punishment for past sins.) But who is to tip the balance, who is to seek redress for a system, grossly unjust?

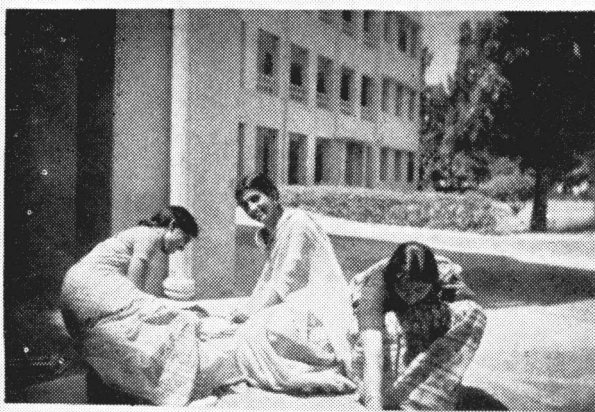
A question like that can have many answers, and most of them will evade the issue at hand. But it all boils down to one inescapable fact, that we are our brothers' keepers. That each member of society is indebted to the rest, that the privileged are responsible for the oppression of the underprivileged, and so on.

This growing awareness led to the creation of service organisations, many of them impulsive and without a foothold, a few stable and truly service-oriented. Thus Stella Maris as an educational institution with a section of the privileged population in its care, joined this group of pioneers in social concern.

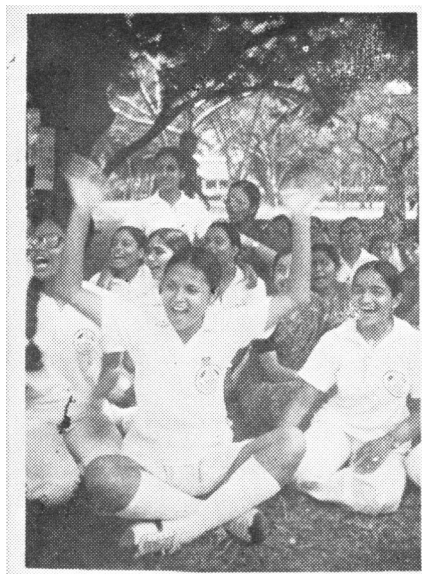


A day off.

Gosh!
WHERE'S MK I.I.I?



POISING?]
OR
MAKING A POSTER!



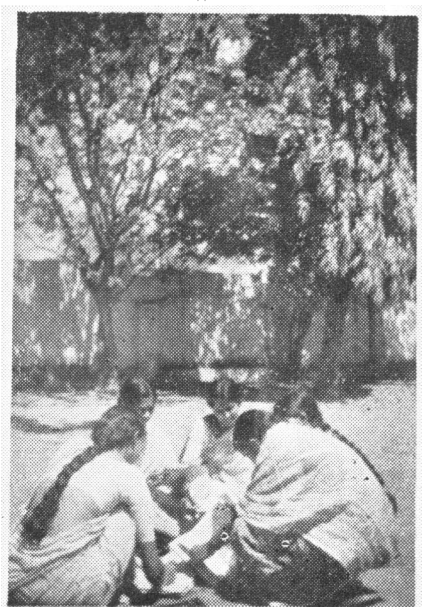
I PRIZE
D. RANITHA M.A.



II PRIZE
P. ROJITHA MA.



III PRIZE
PHOTOGRAPHY
COMPETITION ON
CAMPUS LIFE



SHANTHIKETHAN?

In 1969 the National Service Scheme, a centrally sponsored unit for University youth, was initiated in the College. With an allotted number of 200 students it began the saga of working for those who in some way or the other are responsible for the maintenance of a privileged class. With the encouragement of the college authorities the scheme was launched. Students volunteered from several departments, from the under graduate level, and under the guidance of one staff member started a variety of projects. These included hospital visiting, slum welfare projects, school improvement and a village project at Injambakkam. The students were divided into groups and a tremendous team spirit and cheerful attitude prevailed.

The objectives of the scheme are (1) create an awareness among the students of the realities that surround them, and (2) to instil a feeling of concern leading to action with regard to the less privileged sections of the community. The general approach was to help others by doing things for them. It was charity to the neighbour in need. Give what you can to those who have not.

The scheme was an answer to several students, keen on being useful members of society. A growing desire to be of service to others was taking hold of the youth at that time. The increasing clamour (around) in the economic sphere awakened several consciences and the youth in particular. The National Service Scheme was thus an outlet for this feeling of restlessness. Students were actively involved in work, away from the strictly academic field and came into contact with people who had remained an unknown, unseen entity. A feeling of satisfaction swept across among this active group. A beginning was thus made. A small step., two hundred students, but nevertheless a very important step.

It quickly gathered momentum and students from the Pre-University classes as well as those at the undergraduate level joined force with the volunteers. The project activities included help to school children with their studies, organising literacy classes for women at the Welfare Centre, Shanti Bhavan, working in a slum near the college organising medical, recreational and employment facilities for women and children, and being the eyes and hands for patients in hospitals. Projects grew each year. Some continued even after a year, while some were given up in favour of more deserving areas of work. Wherever they worked the students brought in a welcome change in the situation, and were more often included as members of the community.

As the years went by, there grew an increasing involvement in development work by students, **administrators and lay public**; **emphasis** shifted from charity to development of human potential. Charity perpetuates dependency, and this is opposed to any real lasting improvement. So, instead of one giving and another receiving, service became a process whereby people learned to help themselves. Self-reliance is the key to all development. Hence the approach was shifted to the conscientisation of people - when people learn to identify their problems and try to solve them by themselves. Oppression of any kind steals the dignity of the oppressed individual until he no longer thinks he is worth anything. He thus does not make

any effort to improve his condition. Conscientisation awakens the human being in every exploited person. By thus awakening people, there is a renewed effort to shake off oppression, a new fervor to change the situation.

Development thus became the new aim of all the N.S.S. projects. People learning to help themselves brought in more change. A community spirit was encouraged. The silent revolution began. With this approach several other community oriented projects were included. The allotted number was increased to 300 students. To facilitate the functioning of the projects more staff were included, mainly from the language departments, to guide the Pre-University students. Staff and students were consequently involved in a new learning process, learning from people and life-situations.

In the face of all this activity how did the student react? The student was the vital part of the whole structure. Without the student there could be no project. The objectives of the scheme were all intended for the over all development of the student, and to train students towards responsible leadership. Thus involving students in extra curricular developmental activity would lead to an increased awareness of self and society, and give them confidence and strong conviction to initiate action. The student worked towards her own self-development. Working with people teaches one to stand independently to think rationally and objectively, and to keep an open mind. Staff and students were thus 'educated', not in the academic sense of the term, but in the situational contexts of the society.

The far-reaching benefits of student participation were now analysed. Voluntary service to the community had helped in furthering the development process, in leading people closer to a new world. The benefits gained by the student, in terms of a development of character were also remarkable. The N.S.S. thus led to the creation of Community Social Service as a co-curricular activity. While the N.S.S. unit strength has increased to 400 students, the C.S.S. involves all the students at the undergraduate and post graduate level at the semester system.

The battle goes on against oppression. Development of the man has now become a major subject for project work. The students are but a small part of the task force, but a very important part. Involvement in projects leads to a more meaningful participation in the country's development.

Of Grannies, Coconut Palms and Cows

Opening the brightest blue gate on the little village road, you enter my granny's house - or rather the compound because you have to walk thirty-seven normal-paced steps, passing coconut palms and mango trees, and plants whose strange lack of flowers is compensated by multi-coloured leaves, before you reach the house proper. And if you peep at the side of the house you might see a docile cow which is sometimes there and at other times given to a boisterous thundering between the coconut trees. On the other side is an old brick well which is always there.

As you climb the verandah steps you'll feel your nerves, once taut from the strain of the semester system now relaxing.....the cool floor's beneath your bare feet, and the high wooden ceiling and the two wings of the house stretching to envelop you with their warmth.

But this, and watching the monsoon rain slash down on blackened red tile roof, the glistening cocount palms the damp-smelling earth and playing with the kittens are not all : staying in the enchanting ancient house also means living with an eighty-two year-old grandmother who can in one breath speak of the omnipresence of the merciful Gods and in the next complain that coconut prices have fallen disastrously. One moment she becomes tearful over her affection for you and the next finds her screaming at you for lining the shelves you cleaned for her with 'new' old newspapers which she would have sold to the garbage.

At times like that you might run to the cows and kittens for sympathy. But usually an eccentric seventy-six year-old grand-uncle comes around forbidding you to have anything to do with the "unhygienic" things. He is the one who at breakfast time convinces you of the richness of Indian culture, but by lunchtime earnestly wishes to emphasise the superiority of Western culture; and all the time if you aren't wary enough he might marry you off to that 'eligible' boy.

That's granny's house for you - you can either engross yourself in the silvery trail of the snails over the wet earth, or you can further fray your semester nerves trying to fathom the 'over-seventies' - or, if you have a great deal of patience you might manage both.

GEETHA SEKCHARAN
III B. A. Literature

(Prize Winning Essay)

Enid Blyton - Why do Children read Her?

Among the most popular children's books in English today are those written by Enid Blyton. Children combing libraries for "Enid Blyton Books", exhausting all that is available, and then re-reading the same books with undiminished enjoyment is a fairly familiar sight in India. Miss Blyton has written short stories and fantasies such as "Noddy in Toyland" for younger children, but her best-known books are those written for the age group of eight to eleven. These consist mainly of serial stories ranging from the "Secret Seven" and "Famous Five" mystery-and-adventure types to the school stories based on life at St. Clare's and Malory Towers. There are also shorter series such as the Naughtiest Girl one, not to mention occasional single stories like "The Family at Redroofs" and "Those Dreadful Children". It might prove an interesting exercise to try and identify the possible reasons why these books have held the pride of place in children's fiction far longer than most books of the same type.

One of the principle requirements of books written for children is that they should be simple both in plot and characterization. The plots of Enid Blyton's books, accordingly, are in general simple and well-constructed. The books are usually about two hundred pages long—not too long for young readers who have until recently been fed on fairy tales and bedtime stories, and yet long enough for a prolonged immersion in a makebelieve world and there is generally a basic conflict between the good and the bad, the right and the wrong. In the mystery and adventure stories this conflict takes the form of a group of children outwitting and miraculously capturing adult criminals. It may be noted here that children's adventure stories which are not of the "Alice in Wonderland" fantasy kind are generally of two categories. The first consists of stories based on reality, where the adventures are necessarily cut down to size and made to look what they are—minor incidents which appear major in a child's world. ("The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" is an example of this type of fiction). The second category of adventure books are the Blytonian kind, which are essentially unrealistic, because they require child characters to do things (capturing criminals, for instance), which many an adult would not be capable of. Fortune always favours the children, and a generous sprinkling of clues and co-incidences lead them on to the triumphant end. There is never any doubt as to the final outcome—good always triumphs over evil, and gaining a victory over a gang of desperate criminals is (literally) child's play for four small children.

The same kind of poetic justice is found in the school stories, although here the basic conflict is not between children and adults, but among children themselves. The broad plot is always the same—a new term brings with it two or three new girls, who are either telltales, or braggarts, or wildcats, or cheats, or anything but perfectly ordinary school girls. As the term progresses the new girls "have their corners rubbed off", and by the end of their term, sufficient events have occurred for them all to recognize their own flaws and to turn over new leaves. Midnight feasts,

mid-term holidays, occasional pantomimes, and the inevitable tricks on Mam'zelle help to enliven the basic plot structure. The unreality of the stories lies in the fact that the schools, the teachers, the principal characters,—in fact, the entire world created within the books are too good to be true. Yet that is precisely one of the main reasons for the popularity of these books with children: we all like to believe in an ideal state of affairs, and it is only natural that children, in whose lives school plays a very important part, should like to believe in the existence of an ideal school world as portrayed in the books they read.

This brings us to another important reason for Enid Blyton's popularity—the sense of identification that children have with the fictional characters in her books. Identification with a character is, of course, the key to one's enjoyment of a story, and it is always easier for a child to identify itself with another child than with an adult. Moreover, when the other child is someone like the wonder boy Fatty, who, besides being an expert detective, is also an expert at disguises, at composing poetry, and in ventriloquizing, there is certainly no uncertainty about the sources of identification. No child could help feeling gratified every time the Findouters succeeded in capturing (or causing the capture of) a gang of hardened criminals - and, what is more, beating the local policeman to it. The same sense of identification, may be found in all the other books, including the school stories, where the principal characters - Pat and Isabel O'Sullivan in *St. Clare's* and Darrell Rivers in *Malory Towers*—are honest, fairminded, generous, loyal, and extremely likeable. Paragons are seldom completely likeable, however, and Enid Blyton has taken care that most of her characters have one or two little chinks in their armour. Fatty is a boaster, Darrell is very short tempered; George is sulky when she cannot have her own way; Elizabeth (in the *Naughtiest Girl* series) is headstrong and impulsive. But the important thing is that all these flaws are harmless—in fact, many of them are rather endearing. The author knows very well that complexities of character would confuse the young reader's mind and destroy his sense of identification. In fact, it is this need for simplicity in characterization which motivates the basic "right versus wrong" idea, for it enables each child to be either "good" or "bad". In the school stories, moreover, each "bad" character has her own particular flaw, and becomes almost a symbol of that flaw. Thus Gwendoline represents snobbery, Irene and Belinda represent scatter-brained geniuses, Mavis represents conceit, Mirabel represents selfishness, and so on.

Sometimes the sense of identification extends so far as to destroy all objectivity. A perfect example is that of the much maligned Mr. Goon, the local policeman who is thwarted and outwitted by the ever victorious Findouters at every turn. Not only do the Findouters solve every interesting case that turns up in Mr. Goon's district, but they also laugh at him, direct remarks at him, and make him look a fool whenever they get the chance. There is in their enjoyment of his discomfiture and humiliation a touch—in fact, much more than a touch—of the malice and spitefulness that every child is capable of. An instance is the time when Mr. Goon is forced to ask Fatty for a small favour and Fatty, realizing the sudden power he has acquired over Mr. Goon, exploits the situation with great enjoyment. "You all right?" asks

Mr. Goon when he meets Fatty, and Fatty replies "Why this sudden concern for my health, Mr. Goon? Why shouldn't I be all right? Are you in good health? Let me see your tongue".

Closely interlinked with plot and characterization is narrative technique, which decides within the first few pages whether a child is going to continue with a book or put it down as "boring". Enid Blyton's skill with narration is one of the chief reasons for her popularity. Her stories are always well-constructed and fast moving and there are few lengthy descriptive passages. In fact, the only real descriptions in Miss Blyton's books are of food, a topic very unlikely to bore a child, especially when dealt with in the following terms: "Every one voted that it was a wizard lunch—two hard boiled eggs each, fresh lettuce, tomatoes, mustard and cress, and potatoes followed by what Julian had asked for—slices of tinned pineapple, very sweet and juicy". Details are well-selected and inserted at the right moments. When the Famous Five are creeping along a dark secret passage in the dead of night, for instance, a sentence like the following makes very effective reading—"Julian suddenly stopped, and everyone bumped into the one in front".

The reader's sense of anticipation is always kept alive, chiefly by making sure that events follow each other at the right time. Moreover, there is always enough dialogue to liven things up even when action is lacking. Blytonian dialogue does not contain much slang (this ensures that readers of a later generation are not put off by outdated slang), but it has an unmistakable naturalness which helps to make the stories seem more genuine. In the *Rat-A-Tat Mystery* Snubby, Roger and Diana have just been invited to stay with their friend Barney at a house by a lake, and are very excited about it.

"Fancy — a house in the middle of the snowy hills—and by a frozen lake too—it couldn't be better!" said Roger exultantly. "I must look out my skates. You're lucky, Snubby, you had new ones for Christmas.

"What about our toboggan?" said Diana. "I don't believe it's any good for us now — too small. We haven't used it for about three years Blow!"

A writer of children's books has a large moral responsibility towards his readers, for children are very impressionable, and what they read is bound to have a large impact on their values and ideas. Enid Blyton's books are generally considered safe in this respect, for her young heroes and heroines are always models of virtue. Honesty, courage, modesty, loyalty — these are the traditional values which Miss Blyton holds up in her books. There is nothing wrong, according to the Blytonian code, with breaking the rules and holding an occasional midnight feast or with playing a harmless trick on Mam' zelle. But it is certainly wrong not to own up to the trick when someone else is being wrongly blamed for it. Telling a lie to wriggle out of a difficult situation is considered the lowest form of deceit by Blytonian characters. In fact, a direct echo of Miss Blyton's own views on the matter may be found in *Those Dreadful Children*, when John calls Pat a coward for refusing to own up to an act:

"I'm just showing you what a coward you are. You don't dare to own up when you've gone wrong. That's much more cowardly than not daring to jump a stream that's too wide."

Although all Miss Blyton's books contain incidents like this, her school stories are particularly good illustrations of the way she conveys certain moral values to her readers — and, what is more, makes her readers believe in them. When Alison, for instance, follows the snobbish "Honourable Angela Favorleigh" around because of her beautiful appearance and her posh family background, Isabel tries to make her see sense, "You're a snob too, Alison. Why must you always suck up to people like that? Don't you know that it's what you are that matters, not what you have?"

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, a slightly deeper study of Miss Blyton's methods will reveal that she might herself be accused of displaying a certain kind of middle class snobbery in her books. The standards of etiquette she holds up - cleanliness, neatness, good manners - are the traditional English "middle class" standards. Very seldom are her chief characters from the lower rungs of society, for such a background would not be compatible with the kind of "breeding" she demands of them. Even when, in books such as "The Children of Green Meadows" and "the Family at Redroofs", her characters do suffer from financial worries, the situation is always dealt with in a way which indicates that the persons concerned, though foreign to worries of this kind, are still facing them as bravely as possible — the whole thing is raised from the level of the ordinary to the heroic. Moreover, there is always the assurance that things will come right in the end, even if it means the un-expected turning-up of a long-lost father. It is true that Miss Blyton does occasionally introduce characters from alien backgrounds in her stories, and does treat them sympathetically. But the sympathy is seldom pure sympathy — it is always mixed with a degree of tolerance, as if to indicate that the person involved cannot be blamed for his up-bringing, and that as long as he is good at heart, he is worthy of one's friendship. Mr. Goon's nephew Ern in the Find Outers series, and the gypsy girl, Jo in the Famous Five series, are apt illustrations.

There seems to have been in recent times a slight decrease in the popularity of Enid Blyton's books. One reason for this is that, with the advent of television and the gradual laxing of censorship in other mass media, children learn about the complexities of life and human relationships at a very young age. By the time they enter teenage, young readers tire of the black and white characterization, the simple plot structure, and the inevitable happy endings of Blytonian books. The books they switch to may not be the best of adult fiction - but at least they are adult fiction. Another reason for the waning popularity of Enid Blyton could be that the moral values and standards of etiquette which she upholds do not appeal to present-day children, who have felt the influence of the changing values of the current world. Not the least of Miss Blyton's outdated ideas is her portrayal of girls as weaker, and therefore in need of more protection, than boys. In "Those Dreadful Children", when Pat laughs at Margery for being scared of his dog, John echoes "Miss Blyton's ideas." Look here!" he said, 'hasn't your father ever told you

how to treat girls? They're not so strong and rough and brave as boys and we've got to remember that and look after them. See? and stick up for them. And not hit them!" Rather nice old-fashioned ideas of chivalry, we might say, but when we take into account that John is only ten years old, we cannot help wondering how much of a superior male egoist he will be when he is an adult!

VIDYA PRABHU
I B.A. Literature

College Play 1978

The day dawned bright and clear, the fifth of October - Museum theatre was packed to stifling point - The restless audience was waiting with mixed emotions, varying from a pseudocynicism and to us a more consoling breathless expectation.

Outside some staff and students were running frantically up and down, snatches of conversations floated back stage. Miss Susan's cheerful "All the best girls" "Loud and clear", Miss Shanta's anxious - "The decanter - do be careful?" and the casts' breathless "I'm nervous yaar!" seemed to mingle with the studied silence of "the sounds" girls busily replaying their cassette.

The hour struck six — to us at the back stage an hour of nail-biting and wet-palm-rubbing. And then the curtain rose to present a first public performance of "The Chalk Garden".

Minds floated back to the gruelling practices, the patient long-suffering producer, the anxious prop-girls, a few interested on-lookers and.....the cast, with its moments of inspired performances, breath-taking talents and then suddenly a huge gargantuan drop with one or other of them slipping badly - starting all over again?

It all came back, the slow hard months of August and September - The tremendous experience of watching the slow-shaping from nothing, the methodical build-up scene by scene, Act by Act, of the imperious Mrs. St. Maugham, Martland, Laurel - the whole.....

The weeks of side work carried on by the crew quietly, silently collecting props substitute and real "(Creme-de-menthe) and gardening gloves, Furniture and Feather-Boas?"

And the clothes, tons of them, satins and rustling silks, flung aside, altered, hemmed in, lengthened, the staff and girls working cheerfully, ceaselessly.

The "sounds" girls as they came to be called seconding - "Breaking glasses and Beethoven's symphony" - and the make-up crew, with the indispensable Mrs. Arlene Winters - a funny, mixed up gang all waiting breathlessly anxious for "The Day". Now the day had come. A day of farewell to the months of work and fun, farewell to the night practices, the midnight biscuit feasts. A day of shared heart-burnings, excitements and fulfillment. The day of the "Chalk-Garden".

CHITRA KAMESWARAN
III B.A. Literature

' THE CHALK GARDEN '

by ENID BAGNOLD



Performed by the Students of Stella Maris College on 5th October 1978 at Museum Theatre, Madras

'THE CHALK GARDEN'
by ENID BAGNOLD



“ மதுரநாயகி ” by பி. வி. ஆர்.—கல்லூரி தமிழ் நாடகத்திலிருந்து
சில காட்சிகள் (1978—79)

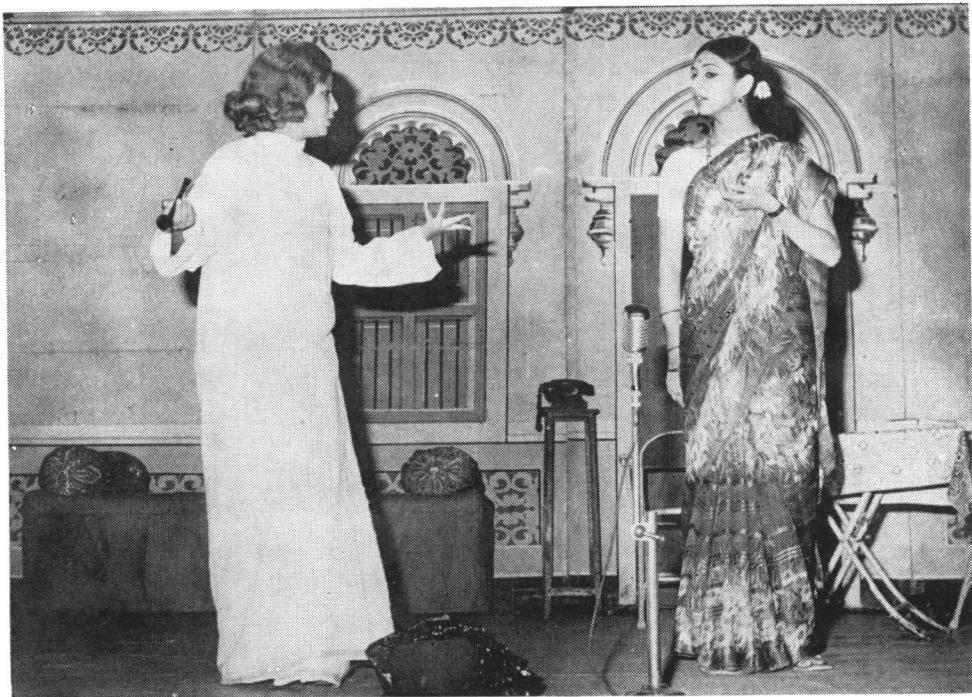


“ லாவண்யா ! ” முடவன் கொம்புத்தேனுக்கு ஆசைப்பட்ட மாதிரி.....ரமணி



“ வழிகாட்டி ” லாவண்யா பணிபுரியப் புறப்படுதல்

“மதுரநாயகி” by பி. வி. ஆர்.—கல்லூரி தமிழ் நாடகத்திலிருந்து
சில காட்சிகள் (1978—79)



Mr. Conway ' இந்த நாட்டு நடைமுறைக்கு ஒத்து வராதது '—லாவண்யா



நாய் சீதாஸக்யமியும் மகள் லாவண்யாவும் உரையாடுதல்

She Gave Me-Myself

Reminiscences

You had asked me to tell you what I remember of Sr. Jude.....

Even to think of her going fills me with pain and I remember going to console her on her mother's death : she smiled at me and said ' that's very good of you ' but her nose went a deep red and I knew she too was breaking up inside. She talked to me that summer afternoon for nearly two hours, telling me about her ' pa ' and her ' ma ' who had been two years older than him and he was also unwell, could'nt climb stairs, lived on the ground floor and loved her and looked after her.....He was 80, she was 82.

She came of a miner's family in Lancaster, she was the favourite of her grandfather, from whom she seems to have inherited both her love of history and her joy of living and talking ; but her grandfather was not an educated man himself. His had been a slap-dash sort of education in the days before the Education Bill had been passed, most of his life he had been in the collieries and since he too loved talking he must have learnt a lot about his grandfather and about the days before Davy's safety-lamp had been invented.

Nevertheless, despite his lack of education, he had a house in which there was a book-shelf; two of the book-racks were totally occupied by the novels of Dickens. But not just in his house, in those of his contemporaries as well, you could be sure to find the following books, whatever else you didn't find :

- 1) The Bible-a big fat book which was also a family register.
- 2) Macaulay's History of England.
- 3) Almost all the novels of Dickens.

Sr. Jude was the despair of her mother as a little girl; and the boys found in her a most genial companion, so that little Catherine used to come home black and ragged and shiny-eyed, and when the mother began to administer the necessary admonition, her father would break in with, "Ar, ooman, let 'er be, let 'er be, she's nowt but a tadpole yet!", At this point in the narrative Sr. Jude would laugh hysterically and say with that wicked chuckle she had, "I always got away with it!"

She also had a family full of cousins, one of whom once went to Buckingham Palace "on official duty". One of the girls in my class eager to display her worldliness, murmured, "Mmm, he must have loved the caviare there - supposed to be very good!".

Sr. Catherine chuckled again. "I don't know if he did or didn't", she chortled. "He'd gone to repair the plumbing". She had that very nice way of putting people in their place without giving them offence and in fact making you understand what a sense of humour really is meant for.

Coming from D. H. Lawrence country she'd a deep fondness for his novels; for the dialect, the memories, and the themes - I am not referring to the Plumed Serpent series, but the collieries books-Sons and Lovers etc. But the memories she loved were those of the district and the miners, their great fear of death either in the mines or by T.B., the hours they kept, the fact that they bathed only on Saturday nights and the coal dust just never did wash off, so that when for the first time Catherine saw somebody all white, she thought they were ill and had great compassion for them!.....She loved Dostoevsky and when she found me reading him in class one day during her lecture, she was all agog as to where I'd got to, and did I like it, and so on. Then she said, very kindly, "Nobody finishes. Crime and Punishment and emerges from it just what they used to be - your whole life is transformed in some subtle way". And she went on to add, very kindly, "Since this is a matter of your whole life and development, forget the Black Death. Go back to Dostoevski".

And I did.

She loved sheep, and since she taught us Social History, where sheep and wool play so big a part, she loved talking about sheep. One day, I said plaintively, "I don't know what a sheep looks like!". And Sr. Jude was truly astonished. "They are white, you know, and when they're woolly even the wool seems to have a life of its own - well I can draw a sheep for you, if you like," and produced the following immortal Grand Master.

She had a love for detail that came as a gift for such students as myself who until she came into my life used to hate history. She brought into it so much life, so much reason, so much poetry, that it remains and shall remain, one of my greatest pleasures. Her love for detail sometimes resulted in disaster for herself. She was telling us of Lear (I think she was talking of the attitudes of people like Mr. Barret of Wimpole Street) and she began to talk of Lear and his pride, and Cordelia, the daughter who took after him in this, and suddenly the tears came to her eyes and we froze, as she sat there visualizing that poor old man driven out and the daughter who realizes too late how much at fault she has been "Apart from that", she sniffed, "Cordelia is the only faultless heroine in Shakespeare's tragedies....."

Another time that she had us in tears was when she was talking of the Crucifixion. I think somebody had asked about the shroud of Turin, and she went on to say how some archeologist had said that the nails could not have been hammered in through Christ's palms (they would have given away) but through his wrists-and that would have been so much, so very much more painful.....And the thought of a man two thousand years ago crucified not through his palms but his wrist made her weep and weep and continue talking and smiling for that is how she tried to maintain her facade.

Does my record make her sound a foolishly sentimental woman? I'm afraid she was easily moved and a vivid imagination made things worse. She was another Gerald Manley Hopkins, who preferred her poetry, her tears and her love to pour out through her not by words merely or tears merely, but through great practical action. As I've said she loved history, but her teaching of it was marvellous, I used to take notes only in her class (which I never used either for teaching or studying later) first in order to record her priceless quips throughout a three year session, three hours a week. Her favourite Historians were Walter Caruthers Sellars and something something Yeatman who wrote "1066 and All That." She'd insist we read that as a real introduction to anything we studied on that subject. She had us all sadly muddled with Trevelyan who remained a cat to her tigress. Anyway, who needed Trevelyan?

I speak for myself now, though I know of other girls whom she helped greatly. From second year onward, as you know I had enormous personal, domestic emotional and financial difficulties straight Dostoevsky as a matter of fact. Until that little bird hopped into my life, I never had been able to articulate to anybody any of my tensions. What made me go to her one day and say, "May I talk to you?" I'll never know. I only remember a long recital of my griefs and fear in a most dispassionate sort of way. And then... And then...

We were working ways out for them. Many were beyond my control all, in fact, but Sr. Catherine McLevy in some strange way sat with me that day and gave me the courage to face myself. I didn't go and weep at her (never did) at any time again, but she understood how much of an effort it was to me just to be physically present in College, to say nothing of extra-curricular activities, the tuitions I used to give (she got me the students) to help my way out, the German classes I attended You know, the lot. I think at one time I was participating in eight activities outside class. Sr. Jude loved it. She'd ask me if I could do something for her, and I'd get it done, and ask if there was anything else, and she'd laugh and say "I know you'd say that." The busiest people are the only people who always manage to squeeze in a little more... Oh, she gave me - myself Just how much she did for me personally I'd prefer to keep to myself. But my only way of being grateful to her is to continue to live as she used to know me and like me - Rowdy, cheerful reckless happy-go-lucky and impudent. In fact she used to call me "Impudence". (By the way, she's used all those adjectives on me!).

I came across a verse in the Bible which sums up what Sr. Catherine was, and what she made us understand by the College motto... "Charity is patient, is kind; Charity feels no envy; Charity is never perverse or proud, never insolent; does not claim its rights, cannot be provoked, does not brood over an injury; takes no pleasure in wrong doing, but rejoices at the victory of Truth; sustains, believes, hopes, endures to the last." 1 Corinthians Ch. 13 : 4.

Miss. LAVANYA RAJAH, I.F.S.
External Affairs Ministry
New Delhi

Javadhi - "Coming To Life"

"Soc/17!!" the voice of the irate lecturer taking attendance rings out. Silence. Then enlightenment dawns. "Oh!" "She's a Javadhi girl!". Indeed, nine of us from the Department of Sociology are involved in the Tribal Welfare Project in a tiny village in the heart of Javadhi Hills, which lies to the South-west of Vellore. For nearly a week every month, we are away in our own village. There is a sudden lull as we leave the world of jeans and chiffons to an austere, seemingly static life which we share with the tribals.

It is difficult to believe that these poverty-stricken people also form a part of the India we know. Like tributaries slowly trickling into the mainstream, these tribals are gradually being exposed to the outer world. At the same time, they are also becoming an integral part of us and of our way of thought. So this mutual contact has widened our horizons and broadened our outlook on life.

From my minute world of college, home and my circle of friends, I was transplanted into a close-knit circle of tribals who have their own traditions, values and ideals. But they are also essentially PEOPLE like us - experinencing joys and sorrows. Most of them havn't seen the plains and are oblivious to the onset of industrialisation and urbanization. The lack of transport facilities worsens their geographical isolation.

Yet greater still is the huge gulf in our ways of thinking. This is not surprising considering our different ways of life. But living among them and identifying ourselves with them has worked wonders in bringing us closer to them. We have heard so much about poverty in the city that it has become a by-word to us especially the Sociology students. Unless we experience poverty it will not become a reality to us. That is what we students are exposed to—REALITY.

This reality is a harsh one that shakes us out of our cocoon of complacence. These people are generally labelled lazy, dirty and inhospitable. It is not every College student who comes across an opportunity to find out for herself that tribals are hardworking, loving and genuine. In their value-system, cleanliness does not occupy a coveted place. For, when these people don't get even two square meals a day how can they bother themselves with cleanliness? And more important, what would we do if we went hungry?

This is where our sympathy is **called upon**. Unless we feel with our people, we don't realise the urgency of their needs. It is not our aim to help them all the time or spoon-feed them. We hope to help them, to help themselves, as a community. Once convinced of our genuiness, they are also delightfully responsive to us. It is a rewarding experience, communicating with people regardless of caste, creed or social class.

The society is a permissive one with relatively unrestricted sexual relationships. We found it quite difficult to suppress our scandalised remarks. There are many such situations we have to encounter without turning a hair. There is the drinking problem in the village. Though inwardly apprehensive when we bump into drunken men, it is because of our basic trust in the tribals, I think, that we don't panic. On the other hand, we have even confronted them and incidents of drinking have reduced considerably after such encounters.

As a part of a Government scheme, we accompanied fifty tribals on an agricultural tour to Coimbatore. It was a "first-time" for them. Entering the plains, travelling in a bus, eating at a hotel, staying in a building, everything was so new and wonderful to them. We were glad that we had been instrumental in bringing such opportunities, in their way.

But this intimate experience, fortunately, doesn't make us feel any superior to them. There is a tremendous amount of potential in them revealed in our discussion and informal chats with the adults and games with the children. If only given the chance, they will surpass us in their achievements. We realise that we are not the cleverest, but the luckiest.

Many other truths have been revealed to us through this project before which, both the tribals and we were "unawakened". Through mutual aid and growth we have realised the depth of the lines :

"Living is an everyday event
Coming to life is strange and beautiful".

G. VIJAYALAKSHMI
I. B.A. Sociology

NSS AND CSS ACTIVITIES

DIARY OF EVENTS FOR 1978 - 79

- April 3rd - 11th 1978 ... Sr. Christine and Miss Prabha attend a "Workshop on preparation of a Blueprint for N.A.E.P. — conducted by A.I.A.C.H.E. at Literacy House, Lucknow.
- May 5th - 20th 1978 ... A 15 day camp was conducted in Veerappanur Village — Javadhi Hills — Tribal Welfare Project.

July 16th & 17th	... First Agricultural Training Programme — Javadhi.
July 26th	... Prof: Dr. L. R. Shah, Programme Adviser, NSS, Ministry of Education and Social Welfare, New Delhi visits Stella Maris College NSS Unit- commends students for being promoters of social change.
July 31st - Aug. 2nd	... Programme Organisers Seminar at University — attended by the 3 Organisers.
August 16th	... Meeting with the Special Officer, Commissioner and Assistant Education Officer at Corporation of Madras to discuss special coaching classes for children,
August 17th	... Programme by Mass Communications at Corporation School.
August 29th	... Programme Organisers attend a meeting with MMDA Officials.
September 1st	... Orientation for NSS volunteers of Government Arts College, Nandanam.
September 13th	... Programme by Mass Communications Group at Mental Hospital on AE and Rural Reconstruction programmes.
September 20th	... Radio Programme by Mass Communications Group.
Sept. 30th—5th Oct.	... Orientation Training for NAEP for 8 colleges with 93 participants-staff and students.
September 30th	... Programme by Mass Communications Group at Binny's Mills.
October 5th—8th	... Seminar for Population Education Cell. City Colleges participate.
October 15th	... Meeting with Prof. A. K. Jalaluddin, Director of Adult Education, Ministry of Education, New Delhi, on NAEP and the NSS.
November 7th	... Dr. L. R. Shah meets NAEP staff and students.
November 9th	... Mass Communication Group stages a programme at M.S.S.W.

- November 10th ... St. Ebba's School witnesses a programme by Mass Communications Group.
- November 11th ... The Social Education Group presents a programme at Vigilance Home.
- November 13th—24th ... 3rd Organiser attends the Programme Organisers General Orientation Programme at M.S.S.W.
- November 18th ... Organisers and students participate in a seminar organised by Social Sciences Association on "Our Health Care Delivery System—Need for Reforms."
- November 26th ... Organiser and NSS students extend their services and also participate in a one day seminar on "Self Help Programmes"—for growth and development—organised by the Comproma Council, India.
- December 2nd ... Organiser along with a Social work department staff conducts sessions on the need and motivation for C.D.—for a Training Course on "The Church and C.D." at Community Service Centre.
- December 8th ... Staff and 2 student representatives attend Collector's Review Meeting.
- December 11th—21st ... 10 days Special Camping Programme on Youth Rural Reconstruction in Ottiambakkam Village 50 students and one organiser participate.
- December 12th ... Third Anniversary celebrations of MVBB at Music Academy—presentation of a shield to the NSS Unit for outstanding services in the cause of blood donation—cultural programme by PR students.
- Dec. 25th—Jan. 7th '79 ... Fifteen day camp at Veerappanur Village, Javadhi Hills --2nd Agricultural programme conducted for 50 tribals with an agricultural tour.
- January 24th '79 ... Programme by Social Education Group for Workers Day Celebrations.
- January 31st '79 ... On invitation by the Staff Club - the Tribal Welfare Project girls share their experiences with with the S.M.C. Staff.

- 7th—15th February ... Camp at Javadhi Hills - project group (simultaneously) organises three training programmes in Agriculture, Animal Husbandry covering 100 men, 25 women. Project Group is honoured by the visit of the Collector of North Arcot District to the village. Students and staff accompany 50 tribals and Agricultural Training Officials on an Agricultural Tour to Coimbatore.
- February 16th ... Mass Communication Group stages a programme at Blind School, Teynampet.
- February 17th ... Social Education Group presents programme at Central Jail.
- February 18th ... Inauguration of Functional Educational classes at T. Nagar Depot for employees of P.T.C. Sr. Principal, Organisers and student volunteers participate in the function.
- March 3rd ... House of Soviet Culture is the venue of the programme by Mass Communication Group.
- March 5th ... International Communication Agency - witnesses Ibsen's play and other items by Mass Communication Group.
- March 15th ... Programme staged by Mass Communication Group at the farewell to P.U.s.
- March 15th ... Organiser and six volunteers orient the 11th std students of Church Park School - on CSS and motivation - well received by the group.
- March 17th—22nd ... Camp at Javadhi - Veerappanur village.
- March 17th—19th ... Workshop for Course Directors for Pre-camp Orientation Training - attended by Sr. Christine along with Mrs. Paul (S. W. Dept) - in view of training to be conducted for NSS Organisers of Women Colleges under Madras University. The NSS collaborates with the Dept.
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Experiences and Reflections of an N. S. S. Volunteer

What happens when a group of girls in their late teens attend a village Camp? What discoveries do they make? What changes occur? When I joined the N.S.S., for the first time I entered into the huts of the poor, the homes of the lowest. Who were these people and what were they like?

To begin with, the villager is not lazy or of weak intelligence, two common explanations regarding his lot which are often given. As a man he suffers drudgery, poverty and ignorance for which all of us are responsible directly or indirectly. Despite these drawbacks, he is capable of warmth and hospitality and a joyous abandon and absence of inhibition in the approach to life and people. When one encounters these people intimately, one learns to accept and understand differences, in them and in others. Their rigid values, superstitions and resistance to change had to be patiently allowed, and we had to go at their pace rather than impose our values and ideas upon them. They would question us with a candour, verging, by our standards on impudence. Were we orphans? And did the Government pay for our clothes? A villager's manner of expressing his curiosity, concern and interest, does not exactly resemble that of his city counterpart.

Under these circumstances we began to analyse and examine causes and reasons concerning the situations that confronted us. Why did only five people attend a community meeting when the community numbered 400? Why would mothers refuse to send their daughters to school after puberty? Why were the crores of money pumped into rural development so ineffectual in the transformation it sought to accomplish? Why did the entire village rise in protest when two of their own girls spoke about family planning on the stage? Why did a young villager studying for his degree at an urban College refuse to enter a Harijan colony?

Quacks, political leaders and several vested interests, we discovered all combined to play upon the villagers' ignorance and vulnerability.

Living in the villages, drought, flood, price rise and famine become tangible problems rather than newspaper items. Given an opportunity to relate our education to living conditions we were able to discover the areas of relevance and irrelevance with ease. In the process we also acquired a knowledge of modern methods of agriculture, poultry farming and medical facilities.

Camplife and group living are an education in themselves. Coming from varied backgrounds and disciplines we performed every task necessary to living from cleaning toilets to building bathrooms and a small corner for prayer sessions. Sitting together after house visits, discussing in detail immediate and future problems, facing constructive criticism in the interests of efficiency and good standards, all this brought us closer to each other and had a maturing effect on our characters.

Personality development took place with dramatic effect in each one of us. Introverted persons found themselves playing key roles in cultural, educational programmes : we turned into poets, playwrights, lyricists of folk-songs as the need arose. And from where did two young ladies acquire the herculean strength to carry provisions weighing several kilograms through miles of rugged forest, up hill and over rough paths without the aid of any form of transport ?

To all of us, the trials, the difficulties have been well worth their while. It has helped us to grow, to understand, to think, to serve. The N.S.S. has been a combination of education and experience which will have a lasting impact upon all its participants.

N. MAHALAKSHMI,
I M.A. Social work

Shanthi Bhavan

Situated on the vast campus of Stella Maris College, Shanthi Bhavan, a Family and Child Welfare Centre caters to the needs of the economically deprived of the area. This Welfare Centre was started in the year 1957 under the able and dynamic committed leadership and guidance of Sr. Thecla who made a humble beginning with a small clientele. Over the years the Welfare Centre has widened its sphere of activities.

A Bird's Eye-View of the Services

Although the data presented here cannot measure the extent of services rendered to beneficiaries the facts provided below will give an insight into the different schemes carried out in the year 1978-79.

Services extended to children

Day Care Centre	100
Sponsorship	307
Foster care	10
Referred to other agencies for sponsorship	3
Referred to Institution for the mentally retarded	2
	422
	422

Day Care Centre

The Day Care Centre offers invaluable service to working parents of the lowest income group. As regards the children, it provides them an opportunity for an all round development. At present a hundred children are on the rolls. The Day Care Centre is divided into three units namely the creche, for children below the age of 3 years, junior nursery for children between the 3-4 years, and the senior nursery for children between the age 4-5 years. The nursery children are not only given informal education through recreation and audio-visual aids but also efforts are made by the two nursery teachers who with their personal touch bring out the innermost potentialities of the children by organising various types of activities for them.

Sponsorship :

The sponsorship programme which was launched in the year 1969 is now able to extend help to 307 children to continue their education at various levels. Under this programme the children grow up with their own families and are eligible for books, uniforms, fees, mid-day meals, medical aid and conveyance charges to go to school. A small amount of money is kept in Indian Overseas Bank, Extension Counter at Stella Maris College in the child's account once a year.

The social worker at the agency, at regular intervals, conducts meetings with the parents of the sponsored children studying in different schools to discuss the progress made by the children in their studies, their regularity at school and also their involvement in the day to day activities of their children. Case work services are also extended to children and their parents regularly, to make the parents aware of their responsibility towards their children's total personality development. Family problems are also effectively handled by the Case worker. Once the sponsored children drop out of the programmes keeping in mind their aptitude they are sent for vocational training. In this connection we would like to express our heartfelt thanks to the different sponsoring agencies and individuals and solicit their co-operation in future in order to enable us to continue our services to the less privileged of this area.

At present the sponsored children are scattered in 31 different schools in and around the city of Madras. Regular correspondence is carried on by the social worker with the sponsor parents.

Foster Care :

Foster care service is for a temporary period. A child may be given in foster care when either of the parents dies, or is deserted, or in instances of hospitalisation of parents, or severe economic crisis in the family. When a child is in foster care the functions of the parental role are redistributed between the natural parents, foster parents and the case worker, but the balance of responsibility is almost infinitely variable. The case worker not only has to rehabilitate the natural family to take over the child at an earlier period but also prepares the

child to adjust into the foster home that he enters and also prepares him to come back to the natural family when the time and conditions demand it. A close follow up of the case is very essential in order that the child's personality may not be shattered. The natural parents and the foster parents are called to the agency at periodic intervals in order to further the child's total adjustment. At present there are ten children benefiting through this programme. During the period of foster care placement, the foster family is paid a monthly maintenance allowance to meet the needs of the child.

Three of the sponsored children's siblings were referred by the staff of the Welfare Centre to the Guild of Services, Central Madras, for financial assistance to continue their education. The families of the children are very grateful to the staff for the opportunity given to them.

Two other children were referred to the Institution for the Mentally Retarded.

Youth :

Educational help for schooling (below S.S.L.C.)	15
College level	3
Clerical training	1
Vocational training in agriculture	3
House Keeper's training	1
Creche training	1
Employment	5

Timely assistance has been rendered once again to the siblings of our sponsored children and to other deserving clients who approached the welfare centre by providing them with text books and note books required to continue their education. Fifteen such children below the S.S.L.C. level have been helped.

At the professional level one student is being helped to do his post graduate studies in Social Work, another student is being helped to complete his bachelor's degree in Commerce and a third to complete her training in nursing. It has been our joy this year to see one of the sponsored children coming out of the S. S. L. C. examination with an outstanding performance. The boy is now doing a course in typing and the welfare centre is assisting him in finding employment.

Two young men from the extension project at Shivashanmugapuram and the son of one of the workers of Nirmala Bhavan Day Care centre were sent for vocational training in agriculture for a period of 45 days. This is a residential training course. After the completion of the course the students appear for their final examination. Within a period of two to three months the boys are recommended for jobs by the Training Institute and are paid a salary of Rs. 350/- 400/- per month with just a minimum qualification of only 8th std. During the course of the training

the social workers made periodical visits to follow up the progress of the trainees. We hope that the boys would be suitably employed and will be ultimately in a position to contribute financially to their families and thus become self sufficient and self supporting.

A sponsored girl of the agency after finishing her Xth std was admitted to the House Keeper's Training Course for one year in Seva Samajam Girls Home, Guild of Service Madras. Once the trainee completes her course the training Institute will take the responsibility of finding suitable employment for this girl and place her as a helper in a family.

One young girl from the extension project, S. S. Puram and another young girl the aunt of one of sponsored children, have been sent for Creche training in Children's Garden School, Madras. This training course is for a period of one year and during the training period the trainees are paid a stipend of Rs. 20/- per month. After the completion of the course the girls are recommended by the Training Institute to work as teachers in Institutions running Day Care Centres as and when vacancies arise.

Five young boys, the siblings of the sponsored children were sent for employment to different work spots. Out of the five it is encouraging to see three of them persevering in their jobs. Their employers are also pleased with their sincerity and hard work.

Family Assistance Programme :

The Family Assistance scheme which was started a year ago on an experimental basis with four families is now fast expanding. Since many people under different categories are covered under this programme, it has been divided into two units namely the Family Rehabilitation programme and the Vocational Training programme.

Under the Family Rehabilitation programme the clients are provided with loans depending on the self employment scheme adopted by them. Before any client is granted the loan, thorough investigations are made and an agreement is signed and conditions are laid down for paying back the loan within the prescribed period of time.

Financial assistance given under the Family Welfare project.

Economic :

Expansion of a vegetable shop	1
Petty eatable shops	3
Small cloth business	1
Driving licence	2
Employment	5

Social security :

Allotment of tenement through the Slum Clearance Board	3
Reconstruction of huts	6

Miscellaneous :

Medical aid	25
To obtain spectacles	2
Donation of a wheel chair to a quadraplegic patient	1
Donation of Artificial limbs	2

Under the vocational training programme according to the aptitude and interest of the clients and the availability of vocational training courses some clients are given opportunities for vocational training. In this programme priority is given to the sponsored children and their siblings and then to others. We hope that as time passes when newer avenues arise the agency will be able to make these services available to more people, who otherwise are deprived of these opportunities.

Small Saving Scheme :

This scheme is implemented for the benefit of the Day Care Centre children to encourage them to develop the habit of saving. It is a scheme of "Sanchayika" operated through the post office. A separate account is opened for each child and an entry is made in the pass book, to enable the worker to have an accurate account of the child's savings. When there is a dire need in the family, the family is allowed to withdraw the required amount from the child's savings after going through necessary procedures.

Health Clinic :

A health clinic functions at Shanthi Bhavan thrice a week with the services of an honorary medical doctor. The beneficiaries of this clinic are the Day Care Centre children, other sponsored children, their families and the poor of the locality. All minor ailments are treated in the clinic. The cases which need further investigation and treatment are referred to Government hospitals. Regular health camps are organised in the welfare centre with the help of the health resources available in the community to screen, diagnose and treat the disease at an early stage.

The Tailoring unit and the Production unit :

The tailoring unit is divided into two units and young girls between the age of 16-30 years are given training in needle work, dress making and embroidery for a period of one year. This programme is sponsored by the State Social Welfare Board for the second year in succession to provide an opportunity for the girls to undergo a vocational training which would give them a better footing in society. The minimum qualification required for this course is Std. VIII. This calendar year, out of the 15 girls who were sent for the lower examination and two girls who appeared for the higher examination, 13 from the former and both from the latter have come out successfully. These girls after their training are able to secure employment in Export Garment factories.

The second unit is also giving a similar training to girls who are school drop-outs for a minimum period of one year after which they are suitably employed.

Nirmala Bhavan :

Nirmala Bhavan, the extension project of Shanthi Bhavan at Shivashanmugapuram slum, 3 kms from here has carried out its activities for the 4th successive year.

Day Care Centre :

The Day Care Centre caters to the needs of the children of working parents. At present it is able to accommodate 35 children. Once the children finish their senior nursery class, with the co-operation of the parents they are admitted in the nearby schools. At regular intervals meetings are held with the mothers of the Day Care Centre children in order to make the services given to them more meaningful.

Night School :

The night school caters to the needs of the school going children. This school is run by the volunteers from the community who have been very thoughtful and kind enough to extend their co-operation and services to carry on the night school.

Health Clinic :

The Health Clinic functions twice a week with the service of an honorary doctor. A nominal fee of 50 paise is charged for the medicine/injection administered to the people who attend the clinic to make them feel the value of the service offered.

I Caught this Morning Morning's Minion ..

It was a most beautiful sight to witness first thing in the morning. It had nothing to do with the fact that I'm rather partial to squirrels and can derive an inexhaustible delight from simply watching them. Most beautiful, and rather a momentous sight. Squirrels panic at the slightest alien movement but then there was nothing to disturb this one that morning. I was the only one watching, from the safe distance of a window upstairs. The only sound of activity was the rhythmic scrape of twig broom on gravel—our gardener sweeping up dead leaves and giving out an occasional musical belch (a result of the previous night's tipping). This particular morning the sound had not yet worked its way round to the back and I thanked Providence for that.

There is a certain moment as the sun rises when all the garden is red-gold. Then it gets lighter and you can see the lawn almost white for the dew on it. There is, at the same time, the faintest of cool breezes which sets the plants nodding ever so slightly. As I watched, the sun rays stretched across the lawn and suddenly a bush was caught and enveloped in light—the red hibiscus and dark leaves dazzling as they reflected the glare. I noticed a slight agitation and then saw the squirrel. The very top of the bush, the highest extremities—the point of leaf, a bud, a petal higher than its fellows—these rustled and shook and quivered while the squirrel danced its dance of joy. I strained and peered and clung to the window-grill to still my slightest movement. There it was—the squirrel—running and leaping over the madly nodding flowers, leaping, turning somersaults, exposing tender grey fur and then a flash of that defiantly striped back, balancing on the utmost points of leaf and twig with all the careless ease of a trapeze artiste and soon the movements of animal and plant blended into the same riotous dance while the whole bush shimmered and glowed in the sunlight. I watched and held my breath and raged futilely that I could not somehow capture that moment.

The scraping noise had come much closer the while and now my gardener proceeded on to the lawn, leaving interesting patterns on the dew. I clenched my teeth and wished for some large heavy object to drop on his head and soundlessly annihilate him. Please God keep him occupied with those weeds—please God just a little silence—just a little while more. He belched, loudly. I gazed sightless as the fury pounded in my temples and it was a few moments before I could focus on the bush again. But the squirrel—it was still there, leaping, apparently oblivious to danger. Here then was the spirit of Joy—those peculiar gifts of speed and balance used not as a means of survival but in a celebration of life, of the sheer joy of living.

Someone called and I turned very quickly away. I did not want to see the rest of it—the man coming closer, the sudden stillness, the prick-eared immobility and the frantic rush towards the nearest tree. I knew it very well but could not acknowledge it after what I had seen.

That squirrel I never thought of as ‘mine’ though I had shared those few moments with him—unseen. He could not be anybody’s. But I did have a squirrel once, a baby, whose world was my palm and his bed of cottonwool. He discovered one day that he could lift his tail and practised it solemnly for a few hours. An ink-dropper full of milk was all the capacity of his stomach. After his meal he would ruminate upon it, thoughtfully looking at my finger with great dark eyes and taking an occasional nibble. He would sneeze gently as milk dribbled from his nose. Then he would sleep.

MEENA RAMANI
I M.A., Literature

(Prize winning essay - 2nd)

Informex 1979

The activities of the Fine Arts Department spiralled to a start with a bang this year with the preparation of paintings and crafts for the Exhibition, held at the University of Madras titled 'Informex 1979'.

We were invited to participate in the Exhibition because so much had been heard of the course "History of Fine Arts" being offered in Stella Maris College and so little was known of what exactly was taught in the course. This Exhibition was an eye-opener to the public, to make them aware of what the course consisted of in both theory and practicals and the job opportunities it offered later, on completing B.A., and M.A. History of Fine Arts. The Exhibition was inaugurated by the Governor of Madras Shri Prabudas Patwari on the 10th July '79 and was attended by the Vice Chancellor Mr. G. R. Damodaran and other officials from the University of Madras. There was a good response from the public for the next 3 weeks when our students and staff enlightened the visitors who were keen to know more about the course.



One of the many comments presented by the visitors was : "At first I could not believe that all these works of art were done by students. They are really exceptional and ineffable. The leather crafts were fascinating. Our sincere thanks to Stella Maris Fine Arts Department for having given us the chance to know a few things which we have never come across."

On the 25th July 1979 our staff and students presented a slide cum lecture on the History of Fine Arts as taught in Stella Maris College and a demonstration of the Practical—leather craft, batik, lino-cut and some painting techniques.



As a request was made by the University authorities the demonstration of painting and craft styles was repeated to the public on 31st July before the Valedictory Function commenced.

Dr. Fry, Director of the USIS presented a shield and "certificate of distinction to Dr. Edith Tomory on the occasion.

We owe our gratitude to Mr. Henry Thiagarajan, Secretary of the University Information Bureau for making the exhibition a grand success. We also



thank the T. V. authorities for covering our exhibition in their news, to the 'Hindu' for the good write-up, and All India Radio for their recording.

SHALINI GOPALAN
III B.A. (Fine Arts)

Indian Society

“ We spend the first half of our lives trying to understand the older generation and the second half of our lives trying to understand the younger generation.”

Indian society today is faced with the problem of reconciling tradition with the new ways of the West. The conflict is inevitable because the ideals, customs and modes of living of the West are fast infiltrating into the country.

It is generally agreed that society is at crossroads, but there is a difference of opinion as to what the signposts say. The Drug-wave and the Liberation-at-any-cost-wave are indications of a society that has been set adrift and is moving along with no sense of direction what so ever. Several reasons have been offered as the cause of this malady: Poverty, Communication Gap, Lack of love, Understanding, and Encouragement etc. It is perhaps a combination of all these. But the over-riding factor is “Frustration”.

The idealism and consequent enthusiasm of youth are crippled by experience and a clearer understanding of the real world. The high aspirations and wild hopes of success are replaced by a grudging realisation of the mundane and the unheroic. All the romanticism fades and the youth begins to realise that success is possible only through the steep ladder of hard work and perseverance. And many who are unable to face this fact become the frustrated youth, their ambitions forgotten and their hopes crushed by the fear of labour. And when society is made up of a large number of such frustrated elements the inevitable result is to turn from a half developed civilization to a more distant and apparently more happy civilization. But the transition is incomplete and tradition still has a strong hold on these youngsters. Herein lies the conflict.

A second factor that contributes to unsatisfactory condition of society is the materialism that has acquired a very strong grip on the people all over the world. When a woman begins to think, her first thought is of a new dress, while for a young man it is to make “quick money”. The youth are reluctant to work and learn. They want a life of ease and money at once. The Gulf lands offer the best opportunities and young men fly to the Gulf at the very first chance. Money is of primary importance; family, tradition, education, country, all else are given a back seat.

Is there a solution to this problem? Perhaps not. But we can certainly try to improve matters. In this fight against frustration parents must play a leading role. They have to help shape their children’s future. It is impossible to compress into a few lines the complicated role of parents, even though much has been said on it time and again. The greatest need of the moment is of course “understanding”. And

part of this understanding demands that parents treat their children as individuals capable of thinking for themselves. Parents should keep abreast of new ways of thinking and should not be shocked at new trends. They must accept changes even while they guide their children and help them to conform partly to tradition.

But this is only one aspect of the problem - the domestic side. Other economic, political, social, and individual factors need radical reformation. To expound clichés, India must improve her job opportunities; she must stabilise her politics and develop more broadminded social values, if she is to help her youth to rouse itself from this abyss of frustration. All these, of course, are easier said than done.

And most important of all is the individual himself. We have stressed the importance of acknowledging the individuality of each person. But this has its points of danger also and if we do not watch out we will be erring on the other side and there will be freedom with no discipline what so ever. Self-respect, which includes a genuine belief in true labour, in honesty and decency, would be the best guide for morals. We should not succumb to self pity; rather, every failure should make us more devoted to our work.

We need to compromise between our tradition and the West if we want to erect firmer supports for our fast disintegrating society. Mahatma Gandhi once said that he wanted the culture of all lands to be blown into his house but he refused to be blown off his feet by any of them. His house is not a prison of religion, but a God's House; and this is proof against pride, race, religion, colour and intolerance. We can learn much from the West—we can learn from them a sense of equality both between the sexes and among different classes of people; and we can learn that the secret of success is labour. But we have to temper what we take from the west with what tradition has taught us. We must willingly accept the judgement of our elders and not stubbornly and blindly follow new trends. I would like us to remember that Time is the coin of our life, beware of it and spend it the way you want lest you let others spend it for you.

DEEPA MENON
I B.A. History

The Drum

It was the festival of Pongal. The sky was clouded with the smoke that issued forth from the boiling pots. The vendors were busily selling sugar-cane and saffron as they pushed along their loaded carts on the roads. Pongal, Pongal! This was the repeated slogan one could hear almost in all places.

Everyone seemed to be happy. Even the cows who had their horns painted and the naked children who were beating the drums.

Hmm ! Seetha heaved a heavy sigh. The sight of a ten year old boy, beating his drum happily brought terrible memories to her, reminding her of things which should not have happened 14 years ago.....

Raju, who was ten years old lived in the opposite house. He was older than Seetha by three years. But Raju, who had no sisters, used to fight constantly with Seetha. It was always she who used to make up each time they fought.

As usual a week before Pongal, they fought over the game of squares and Raju went away making Seetha cry. But this time Seetha did not go behind him, or plead with him to talk to her. She waited for him to make amends while he expected her to do so.

Came Pongal. It had become a habit with Raju to present her every year with a drum. Since his parents used to purchase a drum for her while they bought one for him. Hence, Seetha sat on the steps, watching eagerly for the opposite house gate to open. She sat there waiting for the drum.

He came—gave her the drum. There they sat exchanging their childish talk.

“Seetha” called Raju. “The Mehendi on your small feet and small hands are so red and beautiful. Don’t rub it,” said he who was just three years older than her. He allowed the juice of the Sugarcane which he was biting trickle down his hand.

“ Even your shirt Raju, ” told seetha who wanted to prove that she could talk, “looks very nice. Don’t dirty it while we are playing. Hereafter, Raju, please don’t lets fight. My mother says God will be angry if we fight.”

“ Okay Seetha ”, came the sober reply. “ Come, let’s beat the drums. Here, take this stick !” They began beating the drums, standing in front of the gate looking at their servant Muniamma, who even on such a day never failed doing her daily chores like putting cowdung cakes on the wall. “ Raju !” Cooed his mother. “ It’s time to go to the temple ! Come ! Come !”

“ Yes ma ! I will come !” saying this he took Seetha’s drum, as they had placed it on the steps ! He rushed across, to show her, that even on that day, he loved to tease and nag her.

Seeing the trick played by Raju, Seetha in a hurry shouted “ Raju ! Raju ! its my drum. Give my drum ”, slowly she whispered.

He turned back to answer her something. He did not see the fast approaching car. Within the wink of an eye, everything happened. There was Raju under the car sandwiched between the wheels, while the drum was beyond recognition! It was in fragments.

Seetha was aghast, "Rajoo".....yelled his mother. She was beating her bosom madly. This brought Seetha to her senses. She wanted to say something. But she couldn't. She could see everyone's eyes piercing her, as though she was to be blamed! She could only nod her head to and fro. Yes! Raju was no more there to fight and play with her. She cried loudly.....

Fourteen years passed. Throughout these years not once did she touch the drum. She remained dumb, taking in things with her ears and eyes.

The unconscious tears that slipped from her eyes were wiped by her mehendi applied hands. The red gleam of the fingers seemed to laugh at her.

She got up from her chair, opened her cupboard, took the carefully wrapped drum, to see what its condition was. She opened it.

She felt it—felt that drum which Raju clutched once. Though Raju would not return, at least the drum was there to remind her of Raju. Her heart was light now. She even smiled.

She brought a stick. She beat the drum first lightly, then she began beating it rapidly. The loud beats seemed to echo the happy state of her mind.

Yes, she was happy now. Soon she ran out of her room beating the drum loudly to join her nephews, much to the shock and surprise of her family members. She had broken her vow!

N. JAYALAKSHMI
I B.A. Literature

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot"

1979 saw the retirement of Mrs. M. John after 21 years of dedicated service in the Department of English, Stella Maris College. As a memorable teacher and efficient Head, Mrs. John won the esteem of all who knew her.

Mrs. John belongs to the Forsterian aristocracy of the cultured and the plucky who blend seriousness of purpose with a sense of humour. Her firmness tempered with gentleness and her quiet efficiency fitted her well for the responsibilities of the Head of the largest Department in College - The Department of English.

In all her dealings with students and colleagues, Mrs. John displayed a rare poise, a committed refusal to be perturbed by the numerous problems around her. In fact poise and Mrs. John are synonymous, if due credence be given to the opinion that Mrs. John can even lose her temper (which she hardly does) without loss of poise.

As a teacher, she won the respect and love of her students who will ever remember her firm and tolerant views on life and literature and her slow, deliberate and emphatic articulation. To her colleagues, Mrs. John was a source of strength with her dispassionate appraisal of people and situations.

The retirement of Mrs. John no doubt has left a void in the department, a void which is difficult to fill. However, it is a well-earned rest after years of fruitful service. We wish her the best of everything in the years to come and hope to see her in Stella Maris as our 'guest' lecturer to the next generation of students, who will profit by her expertise and wisdom.

SEETHA SRINIVASAN
Dept. of English

Mrs. K. N. Shanta - a gentle, unobtrusive person; tolerant and understanding. These words easily touch the minds of those who knew her.

We also remember her as the efficient, conscientious teacher - her 33 years of service, quiet and dedicated can hardly be forgotten.

Nor can we forget that she began the Physics Department, helped it through its birth-throes, and supported it through its early difficulties, and supervised its success.

Her fairness, her concern for people, her strong sense of duty, the loyalty and sincerity - these were valuable to the department and College. We wish her all the best in the future "Quiet Years".

MISS. GNANAM
Professor of Physics

सत्काम

नहीं सत्कामों के लिए निमंत्रण !
“ मधु-पवन करता है किसका इंतज़ार ?
जब नव लहरों को चूमता है बार बार,
सारिका किसकी आज्ञा लेती ?
जब पल्लव राग हमें सुनाता,
क्या रूठ सकती है नदियाँ हमसे ?
क्योंकि कहा न कुछ हमने उनसे,
रैना का हर जादू - प्रभाव का नव उत्साह,
खुद हो रहे हैं, जग में प्रवाह,
शबनम करती हैं रोज हिदायत
“ भले - कामों ” के लिये नहीं इजाजत ”,
काम भला अब कहाँ रहा,
लो मन से खुद हुआ बहा,
इसमें जबरदस्ती की बात नहीं
मन की सृष्टि रूप में रही ।
भला काम तो बढ़ता है,
सृष्टि की वह रचना है,
भले काम में शक्ति है,
जैसे मलय - पवन में वर्षा है ।
भला करने की चाह आयी,
तो कर डाले, बिन पूछे हीं,
संकोच यह , सूटे किस्म का,
जो सत्कामों के लिये निमंत्रण चाहते ।

पुनर्मिलन

आप सब 'निर्मला' उपन्यास से परिचित होंगे। यह एक सुन्दर, सरल, युवती की कहानी है। उसकी शादी एक शक्की, अधेड़—उम् व्यक्ति, तोताराम से होती है। जिसके कारण उसकी जिन्दगी एक भयंकर व्यथा से भर जाती है। समाज के लिए यह दर्दभरी कथा बन जाती है। तोताराम का पुत्र मंसाराम पिता के शक को न सह सका और न ही दूर कर सका और गम के कारण परलोक सिधार गया। निर्मला की मृत्यु भी दस वर्षों में हो जाती है। अब स्वर्ग में मंसा और निर्मला का मिलन होता है। [मंसाराम स्वर्ग की सुन्दर वाटिका में टहल रहा है]

मंसा :- [अपने आप से] स्वर्ग में कितना आनंद मिल रहा है। मैं तो बाप की शक्की नजरों से तगं आ चुका था; चलो छुटकारा मिला। लेकिन बेचारी निर्मला का क्या हाल हो रहा होगा, हे प्रभु! उसे—चैन, सुख—शान्ति दो। इतनी कोमल सरल सव्यवहार स्त्री को इतना कष्ट नहीं देना चाहिए। [किसी के आने की आहट सुनकर बगीचे के द्वार पर तजर दौड़ाता है।] निर्मला को देख उछल पड़ता और माँ-माँ चिल्लाता उस ओर दौड़ता है]

मंसा :- माँ! आप यहाँ कैसे आयी?

निर्मला:- हाँ बेटा! आज मुझे भी सांसारिक बन्धनों से मुक्ति मिल गई है। जब से यहाँ आई हूँ एसा लगता है सारा बोझ उतर गया है और सारे कष्ट दूर हो गये हैं।

मंसा :- मुझे अपने पिता के आचरण पर बड़ा ही क्रोध आता है। उन्होंने आपका जीवन, सुख चैन सब बरवाद कर दिया। वे मानव नहीं दानव हैं।

निर्मला:- बस करो! तुम को कहते हुए शर्म आनी चाहिए। तुम अपने पिता के लिए कैसी बातें करते हो? क्या तुम उनकी वेदना समझ सकते हो? [रोती हुई] तुम्हारे स्वर्ग सिधारने के उपरान्त उनमें बहुत बड़ा परिवर्तन आ गया। किन्तु मेरा भाग्य ही ऐसा था जो सुख चैन नसीब न हुआ। उन्हें इतनी गहरी चोट लगी कि वह और उस जगह न रह सके और एक दिन घर छोड़ चले गए। मैं बेबस, लाचार वहीं गलती रही। [और रौने लग जाती है]

मंसा :- आप सब भूल जाइये, माँ । यहाँ संसार जैसे दुःख, संकट नहीं, सुख ही सुख है। इसी तरह स्वर्ग में तीन वर्ष बीत जाते हैं। एक दिन उसी बगीचे में निर्मला और मंसा टहल रहे हैं। वहाँ एक बूढ़ा मैले कुचैले कपड़ों में वहाँ आता है और यह है मंसाराम का पिता ' तोताराम ' ।

तोताराम-मंसा मेरे बेटे निर्मला मेरी रानीमैं आ गया हूँ (वे दोनों उसकी ओर देखते हैं) (मंसा और निर्मला दोनों एक साथ आश्चर्य में) आ..... आप ?

तोताराम-हाँ मैं, और अब मैं नरक जा रहा हूँ, जाने से पहले सोचा तुम दोनों को मिलना जाऊँ। तुम दोनों मुझे माफ कर दो। मैं बहुत नीच जलील हूँ। तुम्हारे साथ मैंने बहुत अन्याय किया (कहता हुआ निर्मला की ओर मुड़ जाता है, उसकी आँखों से अश्रु प्रवाह निकलता है और वह जल्दी-जल्दी उन्हें पीछता है) ।

तोताराम:- (निर्मला का हाथ पकड़ता हुआ कहता है ।) मैंने तुम्हारे जीवन को विषपूर्ण बना दिया। अब मैं विदा लेने से पहले उस प्रभु को कुछ कहना चाहता हूँ। (तीनों परमात्मा के सामने जाते हैं)

तोताराम:-हे प्रभु ! मेरी यह प्रार्थना है कि अब किसी भी कन्या का जीवन इतने भंथकर दुःखों से मत भरना। निर्मला का पुनर्जन्म होना चाहिए। उसका पति उसकी तरह, सुशील और नेक हो। जिससे निर्मला को जीवन का हर सुख प्राप्त हो सके। जब आप उसे पुनः धरती पर भेजें और वह जब सांसारिक सुखों को प्राप्त कर सुखी होगी, तभी मेरा मन भी शान्ति पायेगा। संसार में जो भंथकर पाप है, अनमेल विवाह, दहेज प्रथा, अन्याय आदि उन्हें दूर करने की कोई युक्ति निकालें।

भगवानः (एक आवाज आती है) ऐसा ही होगा। मैं इन बुराइयों के निवारण का मार्ग ढूँँ रहा हूँ। तोताराम नरक जाने के लिये विदा लेता है। मंसा और निर्मला उसे अश्रुपूर्ण नेत्रों से विदा करते हैं।

इसी का परिणाम है। कि अब भारत में बाल-विवाह, अनमेल विवाह, दहेज प्रथा आदि बुराईयाँ कम होती जा रही हैं।

बेकारी दूर करने के उपाय

बेकारी की समस्या हमारे देश में दिन - ब - दिन जटिल होती जा रही है, यह बात किसी से छिपी नहीं है। हर साल कालेजों और विश्वविद्यालयों से लाखों की संख्या में स्नातक निकल रहे हैं। विश्वविद्यालय एक प्रकार से स्नातक तैयार करने के कारखाने बन गये हैं। कालेज की पढ़ाई पूरी करके सभी स्नातक चाहे वह अमीर हों या गरीब, नौकरी की, खासकर सरकारी नौकरी की खोज में भटकते नज़र आते हैं। नौकरी सबको नहीं मिल सकती, थोड़े लोगों को ही मिल सकती है। हर साल यही क्रम चालू रहता है। स्नातकों की तादाद बढ़ती जाती है। इसी कारण “हिन्दू” आदि समाचार - पत्रों में किसी ‘आवश्यकता’ का विज्ञापन निकलते ही छोटी - सी नौकरी के लिए हजारों आदमी अर्ज़ी भेजते हैं। आजकल बेकारी यहाँ तक बढ़ गयी है कि एक बी. ए. पास नौजवान सिर्फ २० रुपये मासिक की नौकरी के लिए दौड़ - धूप करता है।

यह दयनीय बेकारी का मुख्य कारण वर्तमान शिक्षा प्रणाली है। आजकल पढ़ाई पूर्णतया किताबी है। उस शिक्षा से पढ़ाई ख़तम करने के बाद विद्यार्थी अपनी रोटी खुद कमाने में अपने को असमर्थ पाते हैं। कालेजों में उनको केवल अंग्रेजी और देशी भाषा का ज्ञान करया जाता है। कोई उद्योग या काम - धन्धा नहीं सिखाया जाता। इसलिए कुछ स्नातकों को जब कोई नौकरी नहीं मिलती, तब उन्हें भूखों मरना पड़ता है। अगर विद्यार्थियों को पुस्तक की पढ़ाई के साथ - साथ कोई उपयोगी धरेलू धन्धा भी सिखाया जाए तो किसी न किसी प्रकार चार पैसे कमाकर अपना पेट भर लेंगे। इस भयंकर बेकारी को दूर करने के वास्ते ही, ‘बुनियादी शिक्षण - प्रणाली’ की योजना बनायी गयी है। इस प्रणाली में विद्यार्थियों को पुस्तकीय ज्ञान के साथ-साथ काम - धन्धा सिखाने की आवश्यकता पर ज़ोर दिया गया है। इस प्रणाली के अनुसार शिक्षा - प्राप्त विद्यार्थी अपने जीवन को सफल बना सकते हैं। उनके मस्तिष्क के विकास के साथ हस्तकौशल का विकास भी काफ़ी मात्रा में होगा।

बेकारी दूर करने के कई उपाय हैं। हम आलसी न हों और शारीरिक परिश्रम से न डरते हों, तो अब भी कई उपयोगी उद्योग सीख सकते हैं और आराम के साथ जीवन - निर्वाह कर सकते हैं। लेकिन हममें से बहुत लोग आरामतलब हो गये हैं, जो काम करना नहीं चाहते, सिर्फ कलम घिसना ही चाहते हैं। इसीसे यह सारी आफ़त है। बेकारी दूर करने के बहुत से रास्ते हैं। महात्मा गांधीजी के

कथन के अनुसार चर्खे पर सूत कातकर धर में बैठे रोज़ दो रूपये कमा सकते हैं। सूत कातना भी एक अच्छा पवित्र काम है। धन काम के पीछे रहता है, जितना काम करोगे उसीके अनुपात में फल या पैसा मिलेगा। गाँवों में विद्या का प्रचार करना भी बेकारी दूर करने का एक अच्छा रास्ता है। गाँवों में निरक्षरता का अन्धकार फैला है। वहाँ विद्या की रोशनी ले जाकर अन्धकार को दूर करने में स्नातक बहुत कुछ कर सकते हैं। हमें अपनी रोटी के लिए किसानों से कुछ मिल सकता है और किसानों को साक्षर बनाकर देश की तरक्की में हम कुछ सहायता पहुँचा सकते हैं।

बेकारी दूर करने के और भी कई उपाय हैं। लेकिन बेकारी के भूत को भगाने के लिए कर्मवीर की जरूरत है। इसके लिए मन में दृढ़ता चाहिए। जहाँ चाह वहाँ राह। यदि भारत के सब शिक्षित लोग कर्मवीर बनने की दृढ़ प्रतिज्ञा करके काम के पीछे जी जान से लग जाएँ, तो हमारा यह देश स्वर्गभूमि बन जाएगा। ईश्वर वह शुभ दिन शीघ्र ले आए जब युवकों में पुनः कर्मशीलता का संचार हो।

PARMEENA
II B. A. Econ.

Allo!! Allo!!

Ne Soyez pas toujours dans mon dos
Essayant de prendre 'ALLO' et de le mettre dans le sac,
Car si vous le faites, je vous donnerai des coups durs,
Et je vous assure que ce n'est pas une plaisanterie.

Un mot de salutation et de surpris, 'ALLO !'
Un mot qui sonne si doux,
Aux oreilles de l'autre compagnon,
Et pour le dire vous n'avez pas besoin de beugler.

'ALLO,' tout au long de votre vie.
Il vous servira comme un couteau
Pour couper votre route pendant les difficultés
Et il sonne aussi doux qu'un fifre.

Alors, c'est mon conseil pour vous :
Les avantages de 'ALLO' ne sont pas minimes.
Rappelez-vous tout en nouant les lacets de vos souliers
Le 'ALLO', ou en comptant les gouttes de rosées.

CLARAMMA XAVIER
II B.A.

L'Individu

Chaque joie, chaque douleur
Est un pas de plus
Dans l'expérience
Et vers la maturité.
Mais c'est la manière dont vous vous y prenez,
Face aux événements
Qui fait de vous ce que vous êtes :

UN INDIVIDU !

CELISA D'SOUZA
III B.A. Literature

La Jeunesse

La jeunesse vivante.....
Un symbole de joie
sur le seuil de l'âge adult,
sans soin, ardente;
optimiste pour le futur,
encore
à instruire et inquiète
de l'environnement
du peuple, de leurs problèmes elle
n'est pas indifférente semble-t-il.

Sans la jeunesse
ce serait.....
un monde borné,
sans amour, sans la vivacité,
surtout sans la félicité
que la jeunesse
seule
peut apporter

SHARON SALDANHA
III B.A. Soc.

Un enfant N'est Pas un Récipient Qu'on Doit Remplir, Mais Une Lampe Qui Doit Etre Allumee

Comme c'est l'année de l'enfant nous devons réfléchir un peu sur l'enfant qui est un être humain, sur son importance et sur son rôle dans la société.

Un enfant n'est pas un récipient qu'on doit remplir, mais une lampe qui doit être allumée.

Voyons un peu les conditions de vie d'un enfant d'aujourd'hui en Inde. Nous savons très bien qu'il y a très peu, ou même qu'il n'ya qu'une poignée des enfants qui reçoivent les soins quotidiens, l'amour paternel et maternel comme s'entend et qui sent bien protégés - la majorité vit dans une sorte d'abandon.

Il y a un grand nombre d'enfants qui sont exploités et ils doivent risquer tout afin d'être sûre d'avoir quelques choses pour calmer leur faim et étancher leur soif, Les enfants de 10 ans, filles et garçons font les travaux des adultes. Ils ne savent rien de ce qui se passe à l'extérieur, car ils passent leurs temps tout comme " la belle Cendrillon " aux dure travaux.

Personne n'a réalisé la valeur d'un enfant qui est en chair et en os, L'enfant est une rose qui commence à s'épanouir et il est réellement la richesse de la famille et du monde. A part l'exploitation de l'enfant on voit aussi qu'il y a un contrat d'adoption qui est très rigide et c'est assez difficile pour quelqu'un d'adopter un enfant. Le résultat, c'est que le nombre des enfants infortunés augmente et cela cause beaucoup de problèmes tels que l'exploitation, le crime, le vice et d'autres; il y a ceox qui deviennent physiquement ou mentalement handicapés.

Il y a tant de problèmes qui existent mais beaucoup ne sont pas connus et si on doit les énumérer ce sera sans fin. Alors la tâche est entre nos mains et entre celles des parents. Nous, les futurs parents devons d'abord montrer aux enfants la valeur de la vie humaine dans nos propres maisons afin que cela puisse se propager dans les années à venir.

C'est à nous de nous tenir debout et de résoudre ces problèmes de mettre un point à toute exploitation, corruption et inégalité car nous devons savoir que l'avenir de l'Inde reste dans les mains des enfants d'aujourd'hui, Il faut leur donner une meilleure éducation, une atmosphère saine, gaie, et leur montrer à vivre non seulement pour eux-mêmes mais pour les autres aussi. Tout cela dépend de notre propre gré et c'est à nous de briser toutes les barrières et de donner à l'enfant son droit.

Alors mes amis, faites un pas en avant et marchons la main dans la main pour résoudre les problèmes en profitant de cette belle occasion qui veut dire l'année de l'enfant.

VIVRE LES ENFANTS !

VIVRE L'ANNEE DE L'ENFANT !

**LAURE PILLAY
II B.A. Soc.**

On est Jeune Quand on a De La joie

Au Coeur !!

La jeunesse n'est pas comme une fleur qui éblouit et qui meurt tout d'un coup. On est jeune et joyeux à n'importe quel moment de la vie si on a un esprit ouvert aux idées des autres.

Les jeunes d'aujourd'hui pensent que la jeunesse est un temps de détente et ils n'ont qu'à se réjouir jusqu'au bout. Mais c'est le moment de découvrir la vie réelle et de connaître les alentours. On rencontre différentes personnes et en nouant de nouvelles amitiés, en échangeant nos points de vue, on apprend davantage. Beaucoup de jeunes gens fréquentent les clubs et les autres établissements peut avoir une formation générale et pour mieux faire face à l'avenir, C'est à dire qu'on peut mieux résoudre les problèmes en groupe que quand on vit dans la solitude.

Quand on interroge les adultes, ils disent que de vivre avec les jeunes et d'être intègres à eux, ils se sentent jeunes. Le sourire et la gaieté sont les atouts de la jeunesse. Les jeunes doivent faire un effort pour aller vers les adultes isolés, pour créer autour d'eux un monde jeune où il y a de la joie, de l'ambiance et de la sincérité.

Il est vrai qu'on doit connaître les peines et les joies de la vie, mais si on est jeune d'esprit c'est évident qu'on peut parcourir le long chemin avec succès. Quand on a ce dynamisme et cette force jeune on ne se sent pas accablé quand les soucis pèsent sur nous. La joie au coeur nous fait briser les barrières et les frontières pour que l'unité règne.

A travers toutes les émotions qui soulèvent ou accablent le coeur des hommes il faut trouver une chanson pour égayer l'âme Quand l'âme l'épanouit, le soleil mûrit la moisson, la vie porte son fruit. Rien n'est plus beau sur terre que d'avoir la joie au coeur et l'âme fière. Le grand poète R. Tagore nous a laissé ce beau message d'amour et de joie :

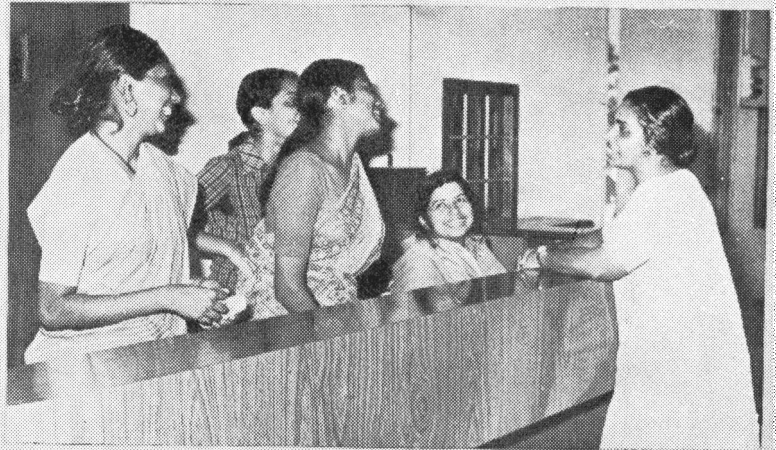
“ Ne sens-tu pas de la joie
dans le fond de ton coeur ?
A chaque pas que tu vas
faire, la harpe du sentier,
d'une suave musique de peine,
Ne saura-t-elle pas retentir ?”

C. MARIE SOLANGE
II Yr. Soc.

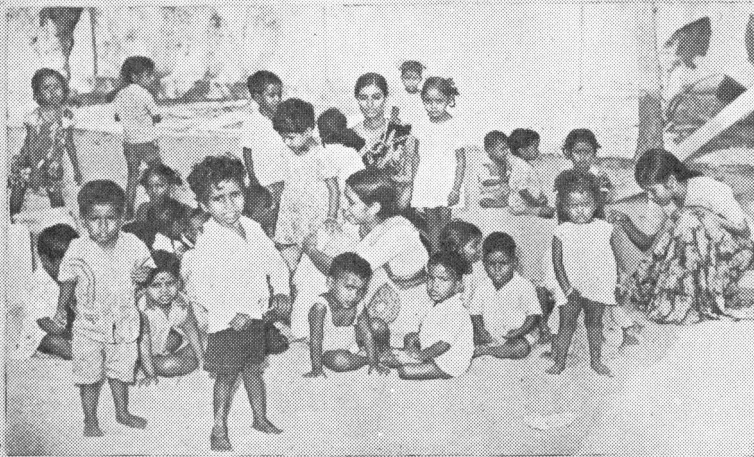


"WORKER'S
DAY"

"CAREFUL!
JUST A TRIM--"



"YOU CAN
COUNT ON US,
SISTER!!"



"HEY!
WE'RE BEING SHOT!!"

Pollen-dust
lures
a desire-filled bee
to the yellow
heart
of a flower
that stifles it with
the satiety
of a golden afternoon.

— **Bina**
I M.A. Literature

Sadness
sweeps in through the
chinks
in the fortress
I've built,
sneaks through the
doors of my mind
spreads
all around
I imprison it
refusing to let go,
leaving me
alone again,
naturally.

(With apologies to Gilbert O'Sullivan)

— **Tula Goenka**
II B.A. Sociology

“Snatches”—Down Memory Lane

To be glad and young forever is to think of those holidays of delight spent at the ancestral home. Set in the heart of encircling hills looking blue and bright the livelong day, is a spot of greenness—my blessed plot, my heaven, my realm, my “England”!!!—a spot around which earliest memories cling. Bits of memories return as one goes away from the dawn of childhood. To piece them into a whole is laborious but to remember them as a train of fleeting thoughts is to live again those times and to be glad forever.

If I were to die, to die there would be most happy—in communion with those blue skies above, and those green fields below.

Not that there is no better place, but that it is the best place for me.

One remembers those halcyon days of vacation spent there—of lazy squatting under the spreading banyan trees—no sounds except us, munching, laughing, and birds twittering distantly (some were experts in identifying them), of lazing away afternoons in the cool water of the swimming tank overshadowed with swaying coconut palms, of stealthily plucking unripe gooseberries (God knows how we relished them), of walking, careless of distances, enjoying each moment of idle chat.

We were a bunch of young ones, cousins and all pests at times, to the elders, but indulged and spoiled. Every-day saw a menu specially prepared to suit each one’s speciality. Menu was a much-discussed affair to cater to all our palates. But even that didn’t deter us from stealthily gobbling.....wow! what mangoes! and guavas.

Morning, noon, evening—it was all one dizzy round of rapture. There were mornings spent in being useful, helping with stamping the pepper fruits, peeling tamarind skins and removing seeds. Excitement reduced labour; monotony for the elders, but play for us.

Days of mischief—climbing trees, exploring was our favourite game. Days of chiding from great-grandma for violating rules of feminine etiquette; yelling in the tank, splashing water on each others’ faces, trying to drown one another! Oh! what ignorance of young minds! Learning to swim at great risks, not with modern equipment, but with two coconuts tied to each other. Days of freedom!

Days of noon rests in the upstairs rooms (nobody ever came there) raking out the ‘dark room’ lying unexplored for years together, except for us, violators of every misconstrued form of sanctity. What did we care for the privacy of

memory? discovering mice-eaten books, half-effaced portraits of forbidding forefathers and delicately mellowed grandames, laughing faces—the smell of crusty boxes moths and bats—of attics where we had to creep on all fours.

Then we'd retire with comics, sprawled out on the floor that was as cool as slate.

Evenings were heavenly on the rocks reached after a long walk, or by that little wayside bridge (so dear indeed), cashews gathered, baked and munched...

“ Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was every heaven ”.

It was a time of feast and festivals, knowing none of their significance but partaking, no doubt. There was the yearly midnight puja in the room dedicated to the ancestors, the 'mach' as they called it, that smelt of curd and butter reverently kept. The midnight puja was performed to quell their spirits. There was the savoury dinner after it, the bath at night.....one never forgot the chicken (the important part of the dinner !) We would sleep through the puja till everybody called us for dinner.

There were the superstitions that were thrust upon us:—to sleep outside in the cool invigorating air was to beckon ghosts' visitations, that it was 'not done' (no questions would be answered) to return home on the ninth day, to go near the snake-temple was forbidden. This thing could have almost proved to us the existence of ghosts, but it didn't.

Late in the night a host of barking and growling was heard. Granduncle moved to the backyard and there, stood, a figure clothed all in white, head covered with white, frantically waving something against those poor dogs. Was it a ghost, or spectre or uncanny visitation? The barking drowned all noise but on closer examination with the torch, and a who's there? Who's there? came a pathetic cry: "I've lost my way". Hands clutched fearfully on the pillars loosened and questions came in a volley. It proved to be an old blind lady visiting the huts of the field-workers, who stayed on hillocks many feet above.

These field-workers are a peculiar lot with queer customs; one could hear their musical sounds - halloing at each other on still nights, during their bonfire festivities. There was the season when they would entertain us with their 'hunter's cry' - a peculiar, almost eerie bellowing. And then, there were the colourful demon dances in January.

Everything was fun and frolic for us. There were quiet times too; feeding the chicks and playing with the calf. Learning to shoot was a favourite pastime and there were sad times also, when an uncle shot poor kites and hawks,—we mourned.

The rainy seasons were unforgettable, with the fields not fit to walk in and the water flowing all over people. When an unexpected visitor arrived at night there were the distant yells from the road for lights. A time of cuddling into the kitchen with the smell of firewood !

There was the twilight hour when all of us children had to sit around listening to great-grandma's exaggerated tales, all of which we had to take with a pinch of salt but didn't.

It was a time of night with no electricity—we in a small group sitting on the verandahs polished to mosaic smoothness, chatting, teasing, joking—of ghost tales, of Dracula fantasies, of listening to granduncle's yarns of defying each other to run in the dark (pitch dark, mind you!) to touch a wall 15 yards off while another sneaked behind to scare you ; a time of severe reprisals for the noise, of silence with faraway howls of jackals in a chorus, owls hooting, the occasional clear notes of a distant shout from a worker returning late; the sound of the well's lever magnified to awesome discord amidst the silence. But we enlivened the whole scene, and though it sounds fearful, to be there was to identify with everything around you, and then there was no fear.

O! to think that life was no fear. So peaceful, gay and lovely, with no woes except those of falling from a tree, of slipping into the stream, of getting pushed into the tank for being afraid of the cold on an evening, or of getting chided for hurrying with the prayers.

To think of them is to know the little joys that make life worth living and say with Stevenson :—

“ Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me ;
'Here he lies where he longed to be
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill' ”.

MADHAVI MENON
II M.A. Literature

Footfalls Echo in the Memory

Usha Bendigiri (M.A. Eco. '76)

December '78

Am in Coimbatore right now—and if you remember, with the State Bank of India. My wishes to the Eco. dept. and those who remember me.

Sara Jacob from Bombay says

.....Like I keep telling many people, the change from Madras is good, but Madras is inimicably Madras like Bombay is inimicably Bombay. But you miss Madras all the same.

Manjula Mani writes from Bombay

.....I have joined the Tata Institute for M.A. in Industrial Relations and Personnel Management. Studies are tough but interesting. I won a prize for Quiz here. Bina Antony who did B.A Eco. in 1976 is here doing Social Work.

Genevieve from New Delhi writes

.....I am working at Air India, Delhi, as a traffic assistant and I am very happy. I am always thinking of the best all of you gave to me to make me what I am today, Thank You and God bless you.

Valsa (Eco. Dept.) writes from Coimbatore

.....My family is okay and my little daughter is getting on fine. Convey my good wishes to the staff members of our department, especially to Geetha. I heard that she is one of the new members of staff. Laurene writes to me once in a way and gives me all the news of Stella Maris. I feel so near to that dear Institution which added so much to my state of maturity.

Mrs. Hari Priya Ram (English Department) is in Germany at present with her husband, and their little son, the latest addition to the family.

.....Here the baby keeps me fully occupied. Its rather tough managing the housework and everything, but Ram is extremely understanding. Ajay is able to grasp toys offered to him, but he does'nt turn over by himself. But when I put him on his tummy he holds his head very nicely and seems to enjoy things around from that point of view. He is a bit of a narcissist ...infinitely preferring to admire his tiny hands to many of the colourful rings he possesses. He is able to feel the difference between his parents and any visitors he might have. He looks so disapprovingly at our German friends that it is becoming positively embarrassing to me.

Summer is here...the weather is unpredictable but still we have had a few days of lovely sunshine. Practically everybody seems to be outside then - so scantily clad that when I go out I feel indecently over-dressed.

Juliana writes from Houston.

.....Soon after our wedding, we returned to Houston. Then Rice University has kept me so awfully busy, and it is only since yesterday when the exams were finally over that I have begun to find some time. I am doing courses on International Management. There is a very great emphasis on oral presentation. An interesting feature of the exam system is the use of take-home exams and open-book exams. These are tougher than the regular class-room, fixed-time-limit, closed-book exams. I am enclosing a copy of our wedding photo. I hope it can make the next issue.

Sylvia Gomes (1971 Maths) writes from Bangalore

.....I wonder if you hear from Rachel and the others. Rachel has a two year old son. Margaret (Cherian) has a son and daughter and is expecting a third. Meera D 'Souza nee Silva has just returned to Bombay after a year's stay in Mauritius. She is settling down in Bombay now with her little family of two. Phyllis is still teaching at St. Hilda's Ooty.

Sometimes thinking back on my college days, I wish I could come back thereThose four years are among the happiest years of my life so far and I have only pleasant memories of those times.

Suzanne (Public Relations) writes from Bombay—

.....I've joined Tatas for the Master's degree in Social Welfare Administration. The Institute is a real change after Stella—lots of work to do on our own and can't really afford to take things easy! I'm also getting used to the idea of going for field work and field visits. At times the urge to come back to Stella proves too much, but I guess I'll have to get used to the idea of change.

Vijayalakshmi (B.Sc. Maths '78) says—

.....I wanted to share some observations with you, therefore I resorted to write this letter. Only when one goes out into the world and moves with various people does one realise what Stella has done for you. Stella has taken great pains to shape our personalities thus making us more balanced persons. So when one is in a crowd one's balanced personality comes to the forefront, thus claiming respect and admiration from others. Of course the outside world does not offer warmth and affection as Stella has done. It does not also make us feel at home. In spite of all this we are able to face the world with renewed energy, accepting its shortcomings striving to make it a better place than it is, thanks to the education offered by Stella. In more than one respect, not only do we cherish our wonderful memories but we also thank our stars for having belonged to the most privileged set of students, who had studied for four long years.

Pramila an old student of the '50s writes—

April '78.

.....Usually I attend the O.S.A. meetings, just as a mark of gratitude for all that the college has done for me. Students of my time 1950-55 rarely attend.....We find the people of Bombay are not interested in God or religion. The standards of modesty taught to us at Stella Maris seem to belong to a different age altogether.

Aswathy Mathew (Thomas) an old student and staff of the English Dept. writes from Hyderabad—

April '78

.....I have got admission into the Central Institute of English and Foreign Languages, for the Post Graduate Diploma Course in the 'Teaching of English'.

I'm really missing acting these days. I keep remembering our college plays and all the fun we used to have during practice sessions! What is the play this year? I'm sure it will be a wonderful success! My son Aneesh is fast asleep now. He keeps us on our toes the whole day - but despite this he is absolutely adored by my parents and Susan. Remember me to everyone at Stella. Please give my love and regards to the Staff.

Mrs. Tandon (English Department) writes :

.....The precious years spent at Stella Maris gave me so much that I can spend a lifetime sharing and enriching the fund of hope and joy God gives. Whatever I do and wherever I am, the love of Stella Maris will always give me courage. Please feel free to call upon my services whenever you think I can help Stella Maris. It will be an honour and a great joy to do something for Stella Maris.

I would like to express to you my gratitude for all your help and especially your friendliness and understanding during my four years at college. I really do miss college and the hostel a great deal.

**MANJULA and STUART SALOMON
ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE
RESULT OF INDO-AMERICAN
CO-OPERATION,
SANJAY LESTER SALOMON**

BORN: MAY 21, 1979

8 LBS, 14 OZ

"SMALL IN BODY, GREAT IN DECIBELS"

[Mrs. Manjula Saloman was a lecturer in the English Dept. from 1969—'73.]

University Examinations, March-April-May 1979

RESULTS

Name of the Examination	Number appeared	Grade secured			Total passes	Percentage of passes
		O	A	B		
M.Sc. Mathematics	17	1	14	1	16	94.1 %
M.A. Economics	19	6	11	2	19	100 %
M.A. English	21	3	13	4	20	90.5 %
M.A. History of Fine Arts	1
M.A. Social Work	24	15	7	1	23	95.8 %
Passed in						
		Passed in				
		I C I	II C I	III C I		
B.A. History (Semester)	36	13	20	...	33	91.6 %
B.A. Economics (Semester)	48	42	4	1	47	97.9 %
B.A. History of Fine Arts (Non-semester)	23	10	10	1	21	91.3 %
B.A. Sociology (Non-Semester)	45	3	35	6	44	97.7 %
B.A. English (Semester)	42	37	1	...	38	90.4 %
B.A. Public Relations (Non-Semester)	24	14	10	...	24	100 %
B.Sc. Mathematics (Semester)	46	46	46	100 %
B.Sc. Chemistry (Semester)	26	26	26	100 %
B.Sc. Zoology (Semester)	36	25	5	6	36	100 %
Pre-University	685	432	136	31	599	87.4 %

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