

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MADRAS

1955

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## CONTENTS

	<i>Page.</i>
Scenes from the life of Blessed Maria Assunta ...	4
College Day Functions—	
Art Exhibition ...	8
Inauguration of the New Theatre ...	11
Principal's Report ...	12
Presidential Address ...	17
The Cardinal at Stella Maris ...	19
The Goodness and Kindness of God ...	22
The Hon. Sri Subramaniam at Stella Maris ...	26
Kollege Kalendar ...	28
At the Madras Cultural Academy ...	31
History Section—	
What Sanchi tells us about Ancient	
Indian Customs ...	34
Sigiri Rock Fortress, Ceylon ...	40
Art—	
Archaeological Motifs in	
Modern Decorative Art ...	43
Hindi Songs and Verses ...	51
What's in a Name ? ...	58
Associations ...	64
Students' Contributions' ...	82
Gracious Acknowledgements... ..	98

1955

# Stella Maris College

DEDICATES THESE PAGES

TO

**BLESSED MARIA ASSUNTA**

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARY OF MARY

WHO, FOR HER TRUE WISDOM AND HEROIC HUMILITY,  
WAS PROCLAIMED WORTHY OF UNIVERSAL HOMAGE

BY

**HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII**

ON

**7 NOVEMBER 1954**

THE STAFF AND STUDENTS WILL LOOK UPON BLESSED  
MARIA ASSUNTA AS THEIR PATRON, GUIDE AND MODEL,  
TRYING TO REALISE IN THEIR OWN LIVES HER IDEAL OF  
"DOING ALL THINGS, HOWEVER SMALL, FOR THE  
LOVE OF GOD"

BEATA MARIA  
ASSUNTA





Assunta Pallotta was born at Picens in the Marches on August 28th, 1878. From the age of eight, the child helped her mother with the care of the humble home, and looked after her brothers with touching solicitude, teaching them to pray to the good God and to Our Lady.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARIA ASSUNTA



She loved to gather the children of her own age together, under the porch or in a hidden corner of the church, to talk to them about God. On Sundays, she used to teach them their catechism.



Since the Pallotta family was poor, Assunta did all she could to come to the assistance of her parents, and she was often to be seen working with an old mason carrying building material to earn a modest wage.



For a long time Assunta had heard God's voice calling her to the religious life. Dom Martini, the Parish Priest of Force, never ceased to encourage the vocation of the "angel of Paradise" as he used to call her.



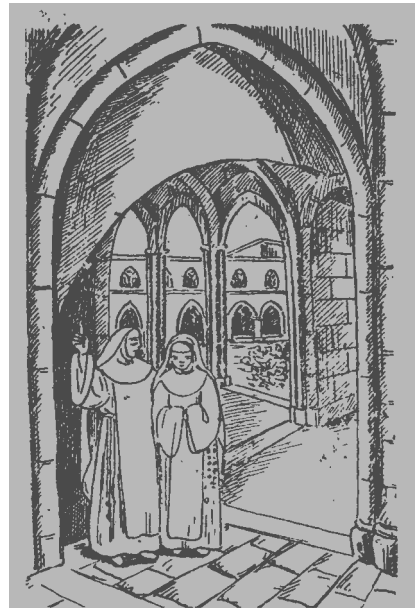
Assunta entered with the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary where she was received by the Foundress, Mother Mary of the Passion, on the 6th of May, 1898.



When she was sent to the Noviciate at Grottaferrata, she accomplished her humble work with such profound recollection that her soul seemed to be absorbed completely by the Divine Presence.



Wherever she went, Sister Mary Assunta took upon herself the roughest work in order to spare the other nuns. After the olive harvest, she used to plead her strength in order to obtain the right of turning the heavy mill.



Sister Mary Assunta had only one desire: to become a saint. The life of the little Sister already strongly resembled this ideal, and her example, her fervour, and when occasion offered, her words also, swayed her companions.



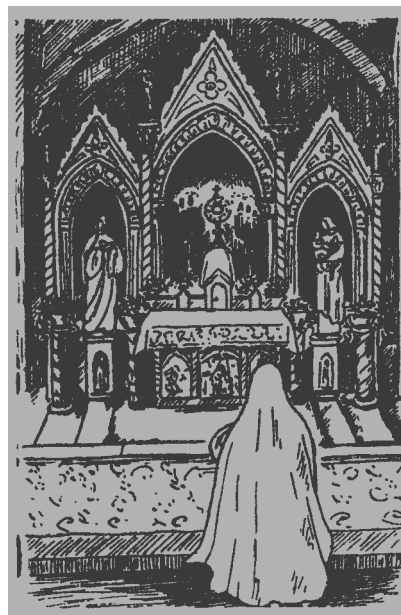
She took the greatest care of the animals entrusted to her, and she even seemed to have a special power over some of them, a gift worthy of a daughter of the Seraphic Father St. Francis.



as a burning summer sun parched the ground, as she worked with her Sisters in the fields, Sister Mary Assunta showed the same habitual serenity, the sight of her recalled the thought of God.



For some time she had to carry meals to the workmen of the Convent, who were deeply touched by the delicate forethought and charitable words of the good little Sister.



At Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, she remained motionless, her eyes fixed on Jesus in the Host, as if she actually saw and heard Him. Her fervour always found the daily half-hour's adoration too short.





In March 1904, Sister Mary Assunta was chosen for the Mission in China. Before their departure, she and her companions had the grace of receiving the blessing of His Holiness Pope Pius X.



After having landed at Chefoo, the nuns had to make a six days' journey (by palanquin) to reach their mission. The serenity of Sister Mary Assunta was undisturbed by the dangers of the steep paths, and difficulties and vicissitudes of every kind; she had whole-hearted confidence in Divine Providence.



In this distant spot in China, Sister Mary Assunta performed the most humble work whilst advancing in all the religious virtues. "All for Jesus" was her motto. She herself could only just say the "Ave Maria" in Chinese when she began to pray with the little orphans who used to work with her in the kitchen.



Twenty minutes before the humble Servant of God drew her last breath, a sweet and delicious scent pervaded her poor little cell. Everyone present was aware of this mysterious perfume which was perceived again during the funeral and lasted three days.





## ART EXHIBITION

he Vice-Chancellor visiting the exhibition

**C**OLLEGE Day at Stella Maris always brings some very pleasant surprises, and certainly this year was no exception, the special item on the programme being the Art Exhibition.

What was not the delight of the numerous guests on being shown into the hall, to find themselves in the midst of a veritable art gallery. All the exhibits had been very tastefully arranged against a background of deep green, thus throwing them into relief. "Truth is beauty and beauty truth," is evidently the motto of the Stella Maris artists.

Bright-eyed students eagerly stepped forward to explain that the onlooker was to be treated to exhibits of both the practical and theoretical work covered during the four years of college life.

On entering the room, the work of the first and second year students greeted the visitor. The medium of painting in the Intermediate classes is water-colour and several fine specimens testified to the skill of those who had executed them. Silhouettes, still life, flat designs, compositions, scenes from nature, sketches from life, were all given prominence.

The section devoted to the work of the students of the third and fourth years was even more interesting, both because of the greater variety of subjects chosen, as well as more advanced techniques employed. There were examples of still life, compositions, scenes, and portraits, in oils. One could judge of the skill of the portrait painters by the ease with which it was possible to recognise the models, so remarkable were the resemblances. Tempera work in original designs for boxes, book-covers, addresses, sign boards, dress materials and saree borders was proof of the great attention given to the very minutest details. Surely many a girl left the hall hoping that a saree with just one of those beautiful patterns might soon be available on the market.

Great attractions which elicited much praise were the scenes of the Colosseum and convent cloisters, two of several scenes painted by B.A. students for the new open-air theatre. What are not talented young girls capable of accomplishing under patient and wise guidance!

A very enlightening feature of the exhibition was the series of exhibits showing the use that can be made of Indian decorative motifs adapted from monuments like the stupas of Sanchi and Amaravati and from bookcovers and kolams.

There were several samplers of designs embroidered on church vestments and altar linen which had been sent to an exhibition held in Rome a few years ago. The beautiful designs were all executed at Stella Maris, while the exquisite embroidery was executed in the various workrooms of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in India.

No less interesting was the section reserved for the History of Art. Some of the finest volumes on art were on display—books which treated of art in the East, as well as in the West, from pre-historic times down to the present day.

Whoever desired information on the pyramids and sphinx of Egypt, the hair styles of Ajanta, the Buddhist stupas and Chaitya halls, the Rajput and Moghul paintings, the magnificent works of Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, or the sculptures of Michelangelo, had only to take a look at the artistic stalls to find all the knowledge desired.

Several of the crafts and processes also had a place, such as the making of stained glass windows, leather work, printing, and relief sculpture.

Having made a tour of the hall, one came away with the impression of having seen something quite unexpected and that the work of college students ! As one of the visitors remarked, it would have been well if the exhibits could have been permanently displayed, so as to enable those interested to come from time to time to drink in all that beauty in sips—it was too much to take in at one draught.

Nevertheless, all good things must come to an end, and so with the Art Exhibition at Stella Maris. However, may it be but the forerunner of many more to come.



Vase painting explained by a B. A. student



B. A. students painting the drop scenes for the new theatre

## INAUGURATION OF THE NEW THEATRE



Open air theatre

“THIS new theatre is, I think, one of the finest suggestions of the Central Government. We should be grateful to them for it ; it is delightful, especially in India, to sit in the open air—a most significant blessing in a tropical country.”

These were the words of the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University relative to the official opening of the outdoor stage of Stella Maris College. The ribbons, in college colours, were readily obedient to a pair of sharp-edged scissors ; the outer curtain, however, was somewhat reluctant to act. Yet, a vigorous pull from somewhere and the curtain opened to disclose in an artistic interior, a chorus of students, hands raised in prayer ; a beautiful hymn in Sanskrit followed :

सर्वभूतात्मभूतस्थं सर्वाधारं सनातनं ।  
सर्वकारणकर्तारं निदानं प्रकृतेः परं ॥  
निरामयं निराभासं निरवद्यं निरंजनं ।  
निदानन्दं निराकारं अज्ञेयं तमसः परं ॥  
परात्परतरं तत्त्वं सत्यानन्दं चिदात्मकं ।  
मनसा शिरसा नित्यं नमामि परमेश्वरम् ॥

“ To Him, our Father and God, our song ascends—  
Nothing can be without Him Who is !  
May He protect and bless us . . .  
He Who is the abyss of Light, Love and Peace ” (by Rev. Fr. Proksch, S.V.D.)

May He likewise bless this Government which bestowed such a beneficent gift on the young women of Stella Maris.

Miss Massian, representing the Ministry of Education, New Delhi, wrote in the Golden Book : “ I visited the College in connection with the Open-Air Theatre constructed with the assistance of the students. It had been well thought out and planned, and it was a pleasure to see that the ground available in between the College and Hostel is being so beautifully utilised,”

## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, YOUR LORDSHIP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

THE post-war world is a new world ; new in so many ways—in the national resurgence which Asia is today enjoying, in the extensive economic, social and cultural development we behold on all sides. Besides partaking in all these movements, India experiences yet another development in the opening-up of unprecedented opportunities for the higher education and the service of women to their Motherland. In this new India Mrs. Vijaya-lakshmi Pandit is one outstanding example of the role now open for the modern Indian woman.

It was into this new and changing world that Stella Maris College was born in 1947. Unpretentious the College certainly was in its beginnings—in dimensions, in personnel



View of the theatre during the Principal's report

and in the number of its students. Yet, encouraged by that singular Oriental benevolence we know so well, Stella Maris has developed and, with characteristic modesty, continues its providential vocation of training our girls in the best traditions of ancient and modern cultures.

Even a rapid aperçu of the daily routine of the College would far exceed the limits of this report,—superfluous also it would be, since nearly all colleges work on the same general plan. Nevertheless, Stella Maris seems to have this particularity : the day's work begins with a general assembly of the student body, a diminutive U.N.O., endowed with the same underlying faith in God and man. Many and varied are the topics introduced : a word of praise, of encouragement, of approbation or perhaps a practical, friendly admonition. This approach to the day's work is found to create an “esprit de corps” which Stella Maris may well be proud of.

**OUR STAFF :** A vital element in our U.N.O., is the splendid co-operation of a devoted staff, each bringing into play the full dedication of her life to the highest moral and intellectual attainments of our young people.

**EXAMINATIONS :** This unity of mind seems to strengthen from year to year, making itself felt even in academic achievements, which far exceeded those of preceding years.

Inters secured over 89 per cent passes, our first Natural Science group distinguishing itself by cent per cent passes, with 10 Distinctions and 21 First Classes, the best record in the University. B.A.'s were in no way inferior to their younger sisters, with their percentage of 91 in Part I, 89 in Part II and 87 in Part III. The College congratulates its medalists and prize winners :



Reading of the Principal's report

*M. M. St. Kenelm* on her Triple First, ranking first in the University in all three parts. She was awarded :

1. The Kuppuswami Naidu Memorial Prize
2. The Sir Henry Stone Medal
3. The Cardozo Prize

*Miss Myrtle Pais* who secured a Double First, with a Second Class in English, thus winning the Dr. T. M. Nair Memorial Medal II for English.

Double Firsts, with a Second in English, were also obtained by *M. M. Ann Julius* and *Miss Muriel Colaco*.

Another medalist was *Miss Avril Banford* who was awarded the Gold Medal in the Inter Examination in Religion.

#### *Diploma Course in Social Service :*

In their examination of July, 1954, our 19 candidates scored an average of 94 per cent and one Distinction. It was said on good authority, "that if we keep this level of efficiency, we should congratulate ourselves for the introduction of the course."

**ASSOCIATIONS :** Stepping out of the province of purely academic affairs, we enter a region where students have opportunities of showing themselves in their true colours. Association meetings are perhaps the most fruitful of the week's programme. Free from restraint, the girls never fail to display the trade-mark of Stella Maris—loyalty and trustworthiness.

Associations spent a busy year. Historians selected for discussion those modern problems that tend to the creation of a better and a safer world.

To the musicians fell the lot of preparing programmes for the College and Inter-Collegiate celebrations. The annual concert in honour of St. Cecilia was especially grand, due to the co-operation of Indian, Western and Comprehensive Music students.

Language clubs lived up to their usual traditions of pleasure and general improvement. In the Inter-Collegiate competitions, special mention is due to the Sanskrit Department, the College team securing the Pennathur Visalakshy Sanskrit Rolling Cup for the third year in succession. Another day, our Telugu students returned home victoriously carrying the Loyola Cup. Did chivalry play no part in the decision ? In the Inter-Collegiate Debate in Hindi, conducted by the University in October, the first rank was assigned to a Stella Marian.

After many hours of practical activity in the Labs., Science students preferred instructive talks by eminent professors of local colleges : they were copiously satisfied.



Students of Politics and Economics attended the open session of the Congress at Avadi on January 21st, which was presided over by the Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru.

The Associations closed their activities when on February 9th, Rev. Fr. Murphy, S.J., delivered the valedictory address, taking for his all-absorbing subject "Reading." It was an hour of pure enjoyment, coupled with many wise and practical directives, which opened up a wider, healthier approach to biography.

This year saw the birth of the Old Students' Association when 80 B.A.'s returned to partake in the felicitations of the Annual Graduates' Reception in August. Our joy was as great as theirs and we look forward to the continued visits of these "old familiar faces."

**HOSTEL :** Mirth, joy and jubilation are permanent residents here—yet their association excludes in no wise sympathy and consideration for every one else. A death in the family elicits genuine, universal sorrow ; a hostelite falls seriously ill, every one shares her grief. A finer family spirit is hard to find here below. However, it does not prevent a healthy conflict between scientists and historians—no armistice ; even games are included in their theatre of war : nevertheless the battle rages amid the same mirth, joy and jubilation.

**GAMES :** Judging from the spontaneous outbursts of shrill feminine voices in the playgrounds, Stella Marians seem finally to be taking a lively interest in sports. Games are no longer a burden but a party of pleasure and physical benefit. In the Inter-Collegiate matches they did creditably well. Let us hope that the spirit may continue to grow in the future.

**EXHIBITIONS :** It was on the morning of February 20th, that the Archaeological and Cultural Section of the Indian National Congress Exhibition opened its doors to lakhs and lakhs of visitors. Four of our B.A. students were on the spot of course and, since the early bird catches the worms, they had the immense pleasure of meeting the Honourable Dr. Kailas Nath Katju, Union Defence Minister. The clarity of their explanations impressed the Honourable Minister who displayed considerable interest in the long row of charts and graphs showing the possibility of adaptation of archaeological motifs to the finest needle-work patterns on lace, sarees, or silks.

**SOCIAL SERVICE AT THE NATIONAL CONGRESS :** At the stall of the Director of Public Instruction in the same Congress Exhibition, photographs and statistics representing the steadily growing Social Service Activity of the College were on view.

The most notable development was the formation of the Stella Maris Social Welfare Corporation, which includes members of the College League, past and present, students of

the Diploma Course and professional social workers, doctors and nurses whose valuable services are a great asset to our efforts.

In addition to slum work, the Corporation has begun activities in Lakshmipuram Milk Centre, Royapettah, where 60 children of servants and dhobies receive their daily milk, and the undernourished are given food and tonics. Diploma students are training workers for a future creche. Other workers are being formed to assist in a new housing colony in Mylapore.

The Junior League with the usual vivacity of youth has gone ahead with giant strides. Their League, now known as their "Corporation" includes such personalities as trained social workers, nurses, doctors (Dr. Vaz, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Ambhujam, to mention but a few). In this way they are gradually improving existing activities and even hope to extend them to outlying districts. Their latest scheme is to train village women or girls, a few at a time, in creche management and send them back to their village to exercise their newly acquired knowledge. It works ! May it live and prosper !

**CONCLUSION :** "Joy shared is joy doubled." So, Sir, you share with us this evening the joy of having a real stage ; your joy and ours is increased by the very fact that you were instrumental in realising this achievement, one of the many favours our Vice-Chancellor has bestowed on Stella Maris. In how many new ventures has he not encouraged us :—Western and Comprehensive Music, Drawing and Painting, and the recently established Diploma in Social Service, to mention but a few. It is said that men are rarely grateful. This adage does not apply to Stella Marians. We are thankful, Sir, and we take the occasion of the Official Inauguration of the stage to express our appreciation.

May we not suppose that parents and relatives of our students are animated with the same sentiments ? A step forward in College improvements is an almost personal acquisition, so intimately connected are they with all that concerns their girls. We know their friendliness and thank them in proportion. Members of the clergy here present share, I feel sure, the same sympathetic interest towards the College, and would gladly join us in a prayer of praise and thanksgiving to God Almighty, the source of all our blessings. Our respectful gratitude to His Lordship, the Auxiliary Bishop of the diocese Madras-Mylapore, for his presence here today. To him it means leaving important work behind to assist at the function ; to us it means Divine Benediction upon the College and the approaching examinations. Our only regret this evening is the unavoidable absence of His Grace, Dr. Louis Mathias, Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore, whose blessing we none the less implore.

Sir, in conclusion, we offer you once more our sincere gratitude for seven years of the most kindly interest and encouragement to Stella Maris.

**PRESIDENTIAL  
ADDRESS  
OF**

SIR A. LAKSHMANASWAMY MUDALIAR, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.O.G., F.A.C.S.,  
*Vice-Chancellor, University of Madras.*

**C**OMPENSATION for the drab life of a Vice-Chancellor is afforded by functions such as these, so full of hilarity, colour and yet of sobriety. I did not need much persuasion to find time to attend this present function. My memory goes back to seven years ago when the Principal came to see me at the University and unfolded proposals for starting the new College. I never thought then that the College would assume such gigantic proportions in physical, academic and intellectual scales.

I do not wish to make other Colleges jealous, but whenever the Principal comes to me with a new proposal I know that she comes only when everything is ready and sure of success. When she came to invite me to the present function I knew that she had been creating some new venture. (The Art Exhibition is here referred to.)

This College is unique in the State for the great initiative it has shown in starting Courses not existing in any part of the University, or indeed in the whole of India.

Indian Music, Western Music, Comprehensive Music Courses have all been started—this is the first College to implement its proposals and in such a successful manner. When Drawing and Painting were suggested, I may say that I had my doubts, but they were soon dissipated, for the Principal did not make her proposals empty-handed but could assure me that there was an excellent personnel ready to give a thorough, sound training.

When the resolution to open a Diploma Course in Social Service was passed by the Senate, I was hesitant, since so many Diploma Courses are suggested that we say there is a disease called “Diplomatitis.” But when the University knew that Stella Maris would be adopting this Course it was happy and greatly relieved, because it had confidence in the sound methods which would be applied. Many people today have ideas about Social Service, but very few know what it really means and the amount

of personal service it requires. Social Science demands so much devotedness, which you have exhibited here and the University is happy to take a lead from this College.

So the courses in Art, Music and Social Service have been started : maybe the College has other things up its sleeve to demand.

This new theatre is, I think, one of the finest suggestions by the Central Government and we should be grateful to them for it ; it is delightful, especially in India, to sit in the open air—the most significant blessing in a tropical country.

We have had a delightful account of the academic successes :—a Triple First-Class, Double Firsts and many other honours, all very deserving. If this continues, what will be the fate of man in academic life ? These successes have been hardly won and I feel sure that when women take to study, they apply themselves with such seriousness and devotedness that no boy can stand before them.

I was delighted to go to the Art Gallery, for it had never occurred to me that such a fine performance as that achieved by the B.A. students was possible. This has given me the conviction that more Art should be introduced into schools and colleges. It is the best and most useful training which can be given to womenfolk. Some time ago there used to be an Art Society. I am hoping to start again an Art and Photographic Society with an annual exhibition, where prizes will be awarded,—and hope to start this very year. Certainly this College is likely to carry away all the prizes.

In physical activities it is pleasant to see a much greater interest being shown by women, and I believe that the nature of their activities should be in accordance with their natural capacities. Our sympathy goes to the staff who were routed by the students, but they certainly showed much grace and alacrity in competing.

I am really delighted to be here ; I cannot say how much satisfaction I feel to see this College, started only seven years ago. I note that its growth has been continual, and now it has assumed really gigantic proportions ; it can be called one of the finest Colleges in the University and in the whole of India. I congratulate the students and the Staff, upon this achievement.

And you, Madam Principal, have evinced such singular devotion in the welfare of the students ! I know that this College will continue to send forth into the life of India leaders devoted to the welfare of the common man, and that the State will find in them ample compensation for the training which has been given here. Under the Indian Constitution women have many new rights but they also have new responsibilities. Those who have been trained under your guidance, in the spirit of service dominant in this College, will realise that they have been given these rights and duties for the welfare of society. I hope this College will continue to send forth cordiality and good fellowship which break down all barriers between communities and between nations.

May the Divine Blessing come upon you all to enable you to become the peace-makers of the world.

## **HIS EMINENCE, THE CARDINAL AT STELLA MARIS**



The Cardinal at the entrance of the College

**T**UESDAY morning, October 19th, threatened to be like any other day with apparently nothing in view but the prospect of daily routine. But suddenly came the consoling thought of the anticipated arrival of the Cardinal. It brightened us up and we went across the compound to join St. Thomas' Convent girls.

The children from the Orphanage were there too, and as all present, prepared to welcome His Eminence, Cardinal Gracias. We waited eagerly, impatiently ! There was a faint bustle and someone shouted, " He's coming !" Automatically necks craned forward, but were drawn back disappointed : it was a false alarm. We had to wait a while more, and then His Eminence did come. A buzz of excitement went around the assembly, there and then all was tense silence as the Minister of Christ advanced slowly, followed by His Grace, Dr. Louis Mathias, the Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore.

The usual welcome song and speech were presented and, in the slight drizzle that accompanied them, we listened to the words of His Eminence. Then the Stella Marians raced back to College which he had promised to visit. In the hall there was the usual scramble among students for front places.

Garlands were ready and our President, Miss Usha, shifted uneasily on her feet in anticipation of what was to follow. Then, as the Cardinal stepped into the room, a sudden hush fell upon us, as it does on such occasions. Our President garlanded him and then the " nightingales " of Stella Maris gave His Eminence an idea of the excellence of their voices in the College Song.

Of course we were greatly pleased when he told us that he was proud to visit Stella Maris. The art students presented him with one of their own finely executed paintings and His Eminence observed that Stella Maris was the only College with Music and Art as main subjects. He remarked that women were exerting more and more influence in

modern affairs, a great need of the world today. But he advised us young ladies to let our studies rest lightly on our heads in order to preserve our feminine simplicity and charm. Nevertheless he warned us that in order to be a credit to the College we must work hard, for he quoted, "Genius is 99 per cent perspiration, and 1 per cent inspiration."

He was sorry that he could not stay with us longer and we were sorry too. As the photographer clicked, it was amusing to note the jostling to get within range. One could not blame them as everybody wished to be photographed with His Eminence.

As the Cardinal had another appointment, he prepared to leave, with the parting words, "Punctuality is the hall-mark of kings." Hardly had the National Anthem ended, when there was a cry for "Holiday." It was taken up and echoed and re-echoed. His Eminence could not resist such a line of attack and the holiday was arranged. We all blessed him from the bottom of our hearts.

His Eminence would have been delayed by the appeal for autographs. Helpless, he turned to his secretary, who collected the books to be autographed at leisure. A few lucky ones obtained his signature there and then.

He gave us his blessing and then drove away. His words provided food for conversation for many days to come.

P. VIJAYALAKSHMI (I U.C.)



The Cardinal addressing the students



His Eminence, Cardinal Valerian Gracias,



## THE GOODNESS AND KINDNESS OF GOD

“The heavens proclaim the glory of God,” sings the Psalmist: glory, yes ; beauty, splendour, infinitude, omnipotence and eternity, specially revealed by the wonders of modern astronomy. Space has been explored to a depth of 500 million light-years and more ; in the relative positions of the stars of even our own universe—the Milky Way and all the stars visible to the unaided eye—no change, though change there is, can be detected in the longest life-time of a man, change is apparent only after many centuries ; stars which became extinct centuries ago still shine to our eyes by the light which they emitted before they went out. Creation may be a million million years ago ; the stars as we see them may be 5,000 million years old. Atom and star, stars and star-worlds, all are governed by never-failing law, by inexorable law.

Yes, the heavens show forth the glory, omnipotence, majesty and eternity of God. Do they proclaim with the same voice the fatherly care, love and pity of God ? Contemplation of the heavens does not reveal that.

The ideas of mercy, solicitude and love, obtained from revelation, lingered in the old world in a few nobler minds, like Virgil's. But on the whole, apart from revelation, either primitive made to Adam, or later made to Abraham and preserved and proclaimed by the Jewish prophets, man did not see pity and love and fatherly care for individual souls in the stars which passed nightly over his head.

Man however, had he sufficiently reflected, could have seen in the good things of life tokens of God's fatherly care for His creatures. (Acts XIV 14—16). But he had become so enslaved to his senses that he forgot the Giver and divinised the gifts ; he followed the bent of his passions, made idols of the gifts, and was abandoned in consequence to his own devices. (Rom. I).

Ignatius bids us rise in contemplation from the ray to the sun from which it emanates. And Wisdom XIII charges with folly those who from “the good things that are seen have not understood Him that is, and have not, by attending to the beauty of the works, recognized who was the Workman.”

The idea of a kindly God caring for all His creatures, runs right through the Old Testament ; but it comes in emphatically proclaimed on the hill-tops by the hosts of heaven at the Incarnation. “ Apparuit gratia,” the graciousness of God appeared ; “apparuit benignitas et humanitas salvatoris,” the goodness and kindness of the Saviour appeared ; the goodness and kindness of God who came as our Saviour. “ Sic Deus dilexit mundum ut filium suum unigenitum daret,” God so loved the world as to give His only Begotten Son. Such news might have seemed too good to be true. And the Son told us about His Father, my Father and your Father now, your Father in heaven who cares for and watches over all the creatures of His hands, who is interested in every one of them from the lilies that bloom for a day, to the sparrows and the raven’s young.

Away from the revelation made to the Jews, away from the image and splendour of the Father, clothed in our flesh, fate dominates the world ; fate inexorable, return to nothingness, a momentary gleam and “ after that the dark ”—the gods, such as they are, careless of mankind, watching the puppet show of man’s life, helpless or unconcerned. So it was 2000 years before Christ ; so it was in the days of St. Paul ; so it is now. Listen to the creed propounded in Wisdom and condemned as folly, echoed in St. Paul reprovingly, and propounded anew in our time :—

1. Wisdom II 1—8 Let us eat and drink and crown ourselves with roses, for tomorrow we die.
2. 1 Cor. XV 32 Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.
3. Fitzgerald :  
 Into this universe and *why*, not knowing  
 Nor *whence* like water willy-nilly flowing ;  
 And out of it again, as wind along the waste,  
 I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.  
 One moment in annihilation’s waste,  
 One moment of the well of life to taste.  
 The stars are setting, and the caravan  
 Starts for the dawn of nothing—oh ! make haste.  
 And that inverted bowl we call the sky,  
 Where under, crawling, coopt we live and die,  
 Lift not thy hands to It for help—for It  
 Rolls impotently on as thou and I.  
 Ah, make the most of what we may yet spend,  
 Before we too into the dust descend ;  
 Dust unto dust, and under dust to lie.  
 Sans wine, sans song, sans singer and—sans end.

Certainly if, as Paul argued, there is no resurrection of the dead, no after life where the deeds done in this are to be accounted for, if Christ is not God and has not brought us authentic news of that other world where a kindly Father cares for us, watchful, though unseen, certainly "eat and drink and make merry and crown yourselves with roses." But Christ is risen. Therefore Christ is God, therefore His mission is authenticated ; and God is *Pater misericordiarum*, our merciful Father, as well as *Deus*, the infinite, almighty, everlasting God.

If we know nothing about those other worlds above our heads, we do know something about the world under our feet, and this is the only world that concerns us ; the others are matter for speculation, to sharpen our wits about ; they teach us in a practical way, in a way which we can understand, what God is. We confess Him, almighty, everlasting. What is infinite ? The universe in spite of its unfathomable immensity which we measure by light years, is finite ; God is above and beyond it.

What is almighty ? The power to do all things ; the power by which God made the starry skies out of nothing by an act of will.

What is everlasting ? Creation may be dated a million years ago ; the stars may be 5000 million years old. Well God is before creation, always was and ever shall be.

This is the practical use of the stars ; they preach, show forth the majesty and splendour of their Maker ; they tell us in a fashion which we can partially grasp what is meant when we confess God to be infinite, almighty and everlasting. Having got from the stars some notion of what God is, we fix our attention on the little world under our feet : the God who made those other worlds also made this ; and He has told us all that we need to know about what concerns us here : whence we come, why we are here, and whither we are bound.

Look again at those glittering, unresponding constellations as they wheel away from the dawn ; you question them and they give no answer. The answer is not there, it is here, in the crib. This is God's token of His will "*Hoc erit vobis signum.*" (This shall be a sign to you). He brings His own message, that though He is infinite power and glory, He is also infinite pity and love, and cares for each one of us so much that He comes to share our nature for a while and to taste our sorrows. "*Gaudium magnum annuncio vobis.*" (I announce to you tidings of great joy.) We are not living purposelessly on the smallest of globes, launched like a ship without a compass, rudder and pilot into a shoreless sea. "*Sic Deus dilexit mundum.*" (God so loved the world.)

What is His message spoken by angel's lips since His own lips have not yet learned to frame human words ? *Pax*, peace ; a truce to doubt and questionings : "*Omnem solitudinem projicientes in eum, quoniam ipsi cura est de nobis*" (Throwing all our troubles upon Him since He takes care of us.)

*Pax* in His message as He begins His mortal life.

*Pax* in His bequest to His apostles as His mortal life draws to its close.

*Pax* in His greetings when He meets them' again risen and immortal.

Henceforth, from Paul and His early converts, and day by day as His life and death are commemorated for ever, "*Pax Dei quae exsuperat omnem sensum*" (the peace which passes understanding) echoes adown the ages.

Our difficulties are answered, our doubts are laid at rest ; the reign of God our Saviour, gracious and kind, has begun on earth.

Here is a poem by Francis Thompson which enshrines the new outlook and breathes in its tenderness the spirit of Christianity :

*Ex Ore Infantium*

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy  
Once, and just as small as I ?  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of heaven and just like me ?  
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*  
And ask where all the angels were ?  
I should think that I would cry  
For my house all made of sky ;  
I would look about the air  
And wonder where my angels were ;  
And waking 't would distress me,  
Not an angel there to dress me.  
Thou canst not have forgotten all  
That it feels like to be small.

There are now the terms on which we stand with the infinite, almighty, everlasting God. "*Puer natus est nobis*" (God is born an infant for us, for our sakes).

"*Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei*"—His glory is manifest in the stars, but "*Apparuit benignitas et humanitas Salvatoris*" (The goodness and kindness of the Saviour have appeared). His kindness has appeared on earth.

REVEREND FATHER LEIGH, S.J.

**THE HONOURABLE  
SRI C. SUBRAMANIAM  
AT STELLA MARIS**

**T**HE Honourable Sri C. Subramaniam, Minister for Education and Finance, and, we might add, for Social Service, which he seems to have much at heart, after listening attentively to the recital of the progress of Social Service in the College, was pleased to inaugurate the Association under the rather lengthy title of “Stella Maris Social Welfare Corporation.”

It was now the turn of the students to listen attentively to the lucid explanation of the theory underlying the need of Social Service.

“Every country is endowed with certain natural resources. Human endeavour is needed to use these resources. It is with regard to the division of natural resources that the Government comes into the picture. It requisitions part of the natural resources and tries to make a fair division. There is, however, a portion of unrequisioned natural wealth left. If each person tries to seize this residue of wealth, chaos will be the result. The strongest persons will secure all the natural resources for themselves. Fortunately most people have sympathy for the weak. The strong people therefore use these national resources for the uplift of the weak and see that it is shared properly. The Government could requisition the entire national wealth of the country and by compulsion share it fairly among citizens. This would, however, lead to regimentation, loss of freedom and lessening of human initiative.

“If there is greater pooling of human endeavour, then the Government will have less to do regarding the division of national wealth. Mutual co-operation for mutual benefit will give rise to greater freedom, for voluntary effort will gradually take the place of Government effort to bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth. The State will become superfluous and will wither away as envisaged by great political philosophers. In such an ideal society compulsion would be unnecessary.”

The Honourable Minister emphasised the need for proper training in order to make Social Service more effective. The Government attaches great importance to youth training. Social Workers should not be patronising but serve with a sense of duty and realise that they are not only benefiting others but themselves; then they can achieve much.

Commenting on the Secretary's report, he remarked that there was no use in cleaning a dirty child one day to such an extent that his own mother could not recognise him, because the next day the child would be as dirty as before. It would be more beneficial if the parents and children were taught habits of cleanliness. Social Workers must help the people to help themselves and become good citizens. Educating, training and developing the character of these people is important, but they should not be spoon-fed.

Women can do Social Service much better than men. They are naturally kind and have a love for people. Ladies have little competition from men in this field. For this reason the Honourable Minister regretted that many women joined the administrative service ; some even tried to join the police service and perhaps some day they would want to join the military also !

Men and women share the same human dignity but there is no absolute equality between them. Men can do things which women cannot do so well, whilst there are other things which women can do better than men. Men and women complement each other.

Human effort should be directed to obtain the maximum benefit. This is the aim of organisation. Religion teaches man that happiness is the fruit of work for the welfare of others.

The Honourable Minister wished the Association all success and hoped that on its first anniversary a good record of service would stand to its credit. He concluded his speech by thanking the members for their invitation.

Miss Padmasani proposed a vote of thanks, assuring the Honourable Minister that the new Association would dedicate itself to the help of underprivileged families in a better, more scientific way, as outlined in the Minister's admirable address to the Association.

MAVIS AUGUSTUS,  
*Social Service Diploma Course.*

## KOLLEGE

## KALENDAR

J for June and July as well,  
Juniors coming out of their shell,  
Joy and Jokes and " Jumps " galore—  
Did you ever see trays worn as hats before ?  
Judicious elections : of Avril(B)  
To represent the III U.C. ;  
Violet Stephen and Phyllis for Maths. ;  
Margaret and Vimala as osteopaths  
Or wielders of frog-bones in Science, Group Two ;  
Emily and Vij. for History (old and new).

A stands for August, and inaugurations  
Of all the most eminent Associations :  
Scientists, with good Mr. R. Manickan  
Pondered the uses of " Radar " to man ;  
Historians, sage, sober-minded, not silly,  
In silent suspense heard Professor K. Pillai ;  
While Sanskrit and Telugu vied with each other  
For those of whose tongues they claimed to be mother ;  
Malayalees, Economists had an Address or  
Interesting talk from some famous Professor.  
Activities too, All in August Abound ;  
Americans passed, with Alacrity, round  
And marvelled to see, that though tiny of stature  
Our Students, like theirs, have the same student nature.  
Adventures at Kovalon, Hostelites Angling  
In Aquatic Athletics, from rowing-boats dangling



Their legs ; while on their Hostel-day  
 They installed Philomena, and Acted a play.  
 Old Students, too, had their first meeting (Annual) ;  
 Endowed with Degrees, gained by hard labour (manual)  
 In Music and Art, and in Maths, intellectual—  
 Economists' efforts had proved most effectual.  
 Every year they will meet, and Adventures will barter,  
 United once more at their dear Alma Mater.

S for September, the Season of Sports,  
 Of Swift-moving limbs in Smart, Speedy Shorts ;  
 Seven Matches won out of Nine—not so bad !  
 Suspension of Studies for holidays ; glad  
 Separation from Serious Subjects ; Sallies  
 To Scenes, Strange and new—  
 Madavarum, Mambalam, also the Zoo  
 Until in

O ctober, we Opened Once more  
 Our books and Our eyes—not to mention the door ;  
 We Opened Our hearts on October Fifteen  
 To Offer Our wishes of deepest esteem  
 To dear Mother Principal ; then followed some days  
 Of visits and Outings, in various ways ;  
 Our dancers acquitted themselves with Ovations  
 At St. Mary's Hall, with their graceful gyrations.  
 And then in 0-10, crammed—since not capacious—  
 We welcomed Officially Cardinal Gracias.  
 The end of the month saw us, silent as Oysters,  
 Pace prayerfully 'neath the echoing cloisters  
 As 3 days' Retreat made us vow to remember  
 Our good resolutions, and then 'twas

N ovember :  
 News, Notes and Noises were filling the air ;  
 Cecilia's Feast was tuneful and fair ;  
 Norwegian dances, quite Nimble and Neat,  
 Nocturnes and Numbers of harmonies sweet.  
 “ Neutrality ” was the address, full of (K)Nowledge  
 Of Mr. Chitty Babu, of Presidency College.  
 Nations, too, had a Notable Date  
 Which made us our UNO Day celebrate ;  
 Numbers and Noughts, a subject for mystics,  
 Explained by Mr. Rajalakshman, Reader in Statistics.

D ecember Dawned Darkly, the Dictates of Doom  
Had plunged us in examinations, and gloom ;  
The only Departure which Destiny ceded  
From Deadly routine, was to those who proceeded,  
Delight unDiluted, to Distant Bombay  
To the Marian Congress ; while on a fine Day  
Dainty Delegates came, representing All Asia  
Descending on us in a moment of leisure,  
And gave us a breath of Malaya, Hongkong,  
While partaking of tea, betelnuts, Dance and song ;  
Then left us to think upon goodwill and peace  
While we to our homes had a welcome release.  
In

J anuary, a Joyful informative trip  
To Avadi to study citizenship ;  
Then Jubilant practices, and quite a hunt for  
Talent to put in our play for “ Assunta ”—  
May that little Sister cast her helpful eyes on  
Us, with exams. on the horizon.

F arewells and February both came together,  
With send-offs and Festivals, not knowing whether  
To laugh or to cry at the efforts so kind  
Of the Juniors we must, alas, leave behind.  
In picnics, by moonlight, by bus, now bygone,  
We Feasted, and Frolicked in Fanciful Fun,  
Till Finals in sports roused Fierce battle-cries:  
Valedictory Addresses brought tears to our eyes—  
Then College•Day dawned, and the end was upon us  
In

M arch : we Marched past, and we'll ever March on  
With faith in the future, happy memories alive,  
We'll never forget Fifty-Four, Fifty-Five.

A.B.C.

## AT THE MADRAS CULTURAL ACADEMY

**T**HE Madras Cultural Academy has for its aims “the promotion of Indian Art and Culture as well as of a cultural affinity among all, irrespective of race, caste or creed.”

Praiseworthy aims indeed ; but we must not pretend that the Stella Maris College students, invited to contribute an item to the inauguration of the Academy, were uniquely absorbed by them, as they practised the hundreds of intricate movements which go to make up the beauty of our Indian dances. Like the bright-coloured fragments in a kaleidoscope, each performer perfected her own little part and was perhaps surprised to find, on the night of October 17th, what a beautiful pattern had been created.



Canticle of the Sun : dance of the moon and stars

Dancing—in India no less than in the ancient civilisations of Greece, Rome or China—had its earliest origins in religious ritual ; by the grace and beauty of symbolic movements human beings expressed their homage to the Most High. Dancing was perhaps the precursor of song and poetry . . . but enough of theory ! In the dark of St. Mary's Hall the curtain rises on a tree-bordered glade of mediaeval Italy ; a cowed figure slowly enters and, as if enraptured in contemplation, proclaims his praise of God for the wonders of His creation. At his words the various elements come to life : Brother Sun in radiant splendour whirls majestically on to the stage ; the gentle grace of the softly shimmering Stars ; the indescribably realistic rippling of Sister Water were art, music and poetry expressed in motion. Let St. Francis speak and let our memories paint again those unforgettable pictures :

Most High, omnipotent, good Lord,  
Praise, glory and honour and benediction all, are Thine.  
To Thee alone do they belong, Most High,  
And there is no man fit to mention Thee.  
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,  
Especially to my worshipful Brother Sun,  
The which lights up the day, and through him dost Thou brightness give ;  
And beautiful is he and radiant with splendour great ;  
Of Thee, Most High, signification gives.  
Praised be my Lord, for Sister Moon and for the stars,  
In heaven Thou hast formed them clear and precious and fair.  
Praised be my Lord for Brother Wind  
And for the air and clouds and fair and every kind of weather  
By the which Thou givest to Thy creatures nourishment.  
Praised be my Lord for Sister Water,  
The which is greatly helpful and humble and precious and pure.  
Praised be my Lord for Brother Fire,  
By which Thou lightest up the dark ;  
And fair is he and gay and mighty and strong.  
Praised be my Lord for our Sister, Mother Earth,  
The which sustains and keeps us,  
And brings forth divers fruits with grass and flowers bright.  
Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, O creatures all ! and grateful be  
And be subject unto Him with deep humility.

Praise be my Lord, for those who pardon grant for love of Thee  
And weakness bear and buffetings ;  
Blessed are they who in peace abide,  
For by Thee Most High they shall be crowned.  
Praise be my Lord for our Sister, Bodily Death,  
From whom no man living can flee ;  
Woe to them who die in mortal sin ;  
Blessed those who shall find themselves in Thy most holy will  
For the second death shall do them no ill.

*(The “ Canticle of the Sun ” or “ Praises of Creatures ” composed by St. Francis of Assisi in 1225. Just before his death he added the verses to “ Sister Death.” The Saint’s love of nature as the creation of God is given an expression as reasonable as it is poetical.)*

In this we see the realisation of one of the aims of the Cultural Academy, namely the employment of art—modern, national and universal—in the service of God.

In the words of His Eminence, Cardinal Gracias, who congratulated the College on “ striking new ground ” by presenting the item :

“ A much-needed experiment has been made and has succeeded. The academy has amply justified its existence by the item, “ The Canticle of the Sun.” As we watch these lovely girls with their long flowing hair and graceful movements we should realise that all things are handmaids, means to an end, to bring to our minds the words of St. Paul of the happiness to come : ‘ Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath in store for those that love Him.’ That is the purpose of all culture and art. Catholicism is an affirmation of values all along and means the noblest accessibility to all good wherever it may be found. Therefore, not merely in the interests of religion which might appear communal, but in the interests of true culture and true art, in the interests of healthy cultural progress in this country, we want to take whatever good may be found and wherever it may be found.”

## WHAT SANCHI TELLS US ABOUT ANCIENT INDIAN CUSTOMS

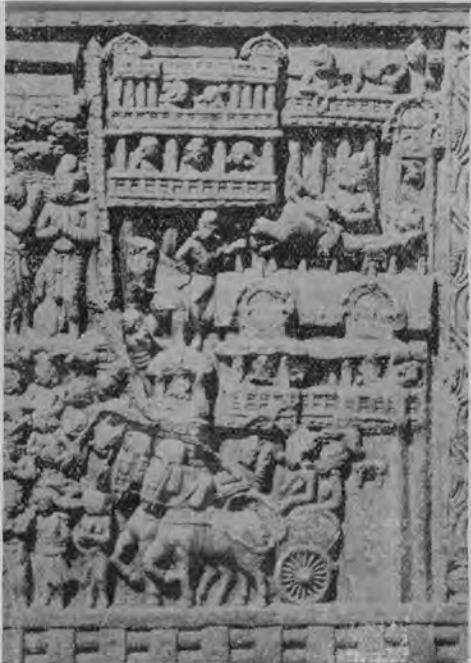


royal household—back of Western gateway

ONE of the earliest and singularly remarkable monuments of ancient India is the Sanchi Stupa. The unique feature of the sculptural reliefs at Sanchi, is the profusion of details, deeply interesting and highly valuable to the historian of early Indian History. It is history carved in stone. The sculptor pictured graphically, on an imperishable medium, the hopes, aspirations, ideals and the day-to-day life of the people of the first century B.C. A close study reveals the truth that life in the past was practically the same as now and therefore there is a continuity of civilisation.

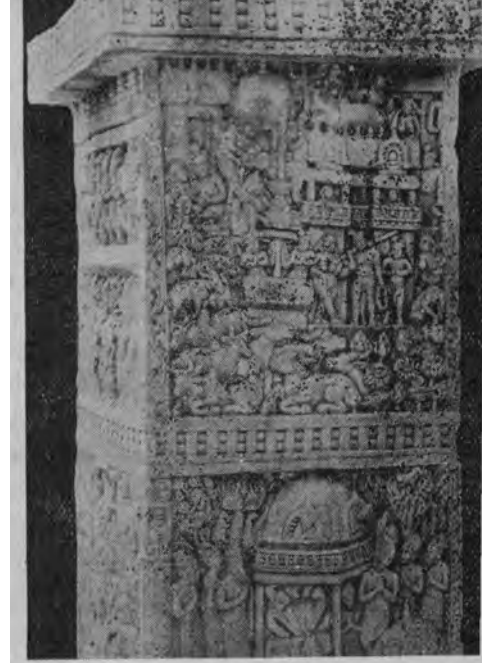
Kings and their courts filled a large part of the life of the ancient Orient. In magnificent palaces, amidst beautiful parks, dwelt the king, his queen and the royal household, in great pomp and luxury, befitting their noble birth. (Western gateway—end of middle lintel). An army of attendants, including women, waited on the royal personages. Women formed a part of the king's personal guard. The queen accompanied the king while hunting and shared with him in the sport of elephant riding, considered then a part of the education of the children of the noble families. The king and queen had their pleasure resorts, where they relaxed in the cool, shady gardens and groves with their delightful lotus ponds and mountain streams (Northern gateway—front of East pillar) (Front of Southern gateway—West end). Royal processions and pageants, proclaiming the power and majesty of the king, were the order of the day. While crowds of onlookers thronged the balconies of the houses, along the broad streets of the town, and underneath its massive gateway, the king rode on a richly caparisoned elephant, followed by the high officials of the state and the four wings of his army. In front were borne the umbrella, ewer, flywhisk (royal insignia) and standard, with a band of kettle drums, conches, trumpets and flutes (Northern gateway—front and inner views of East pillar) (Eastern gateway—inner face of North

All references are quoted from Great Stupa No. 1, Sanchi.



Royal  
procession

South pillar,  
Eastern gateway



Village  
Life

jamb) (Eastern gateway—front of South pillar). And yet the simplicity and sobriety of the court life was more than evident in the devotion and zeal displayed by the royalty worshipping at the Stupa or undertaking pilgrimages to holy places. Such was the intensity of their religious fervour that they waged wars, not for the acquisition of territory as one would expect, but for the possession of the relics of Buddha and Buddhist saints.

To protect his people from foes within and without, the king maintained an efficient army composed of elephants, chariots, cavalry and infantry. The spirited war-horses and the majestic elephants lent additional zest to the war-minded forces. To the battlefield, the king rode in his chariot, at the head of his army, while martial music inspired the soldiers with courage and a spirit of sacrifice (War of Relics of Kusinagara) (Southern gateway—middle section) (Western gateway—middle section).

In the innumerable villages and towns that flourished throughout the length and breadth of the empire, there was a freshness of life, the inevitable result of material prosperity. The imperial capitals, where the kings had their seats of government, and the larger towns were fortified by massive walls surmounted by ramparts and battlements and surrounded by moats and ditches (Eastern gateway, front, middle section) (Northern gateway, front, middle section). The towns-folk lived in comfort in storied houses, built of brick and stone, with airy balconies and verandahs running all around. Judging from the articles in use, trades like masonry, carpentry, pottery, smithing, weaving, jewel and garland-making flourished in the towns.

Away from the towns, clusters of huts with circular roofs, nestling among the mighty, spreading trees and with buffaloes and goats grazing about, marked the village



scene. Here dwelt the simple contented villagers. The men, armed with bow and arrow, went hunting in the forest and brought home venison ; while the women busied themselves with house-hold tasks. At the threshold they husked rice in a mortar with a wooden pestle, or made rice cakes, or carried water on the hip in a pitcher from the tank close by. Some women worked in the field, cutting grass with a sickle for the buffaloes and goats which formed the chief source of wealth to the village families. (Northern gateway—East and bottom lintel) (Eastern gateway, South pillar) Isolated from the rest of the world, in the remoteness of the forest, infested by wild animals, lived the ascetic in a hut made of leaves, surrounded by groves, with a pond at hand. He washed himself in the pool, sat cross-legged on a stone in front of his hut to practise yoga. The sacrificial hearth stood by the side of the hut. He had with him a few disciples who assisted him in his daily duties and learned from him the practice of yoga (Northern gateway, front, West end) (Northern gateway, back, middle section) (Eastern gateway, South pillar).

The men and women closely resembled those of today in their dress and social customs. Their dress consisted of three parts : one piece was tied round the waist and gathered at the side in folds ; another was thrown over the shoulders and the third wound around the head. Head-dresses varied according to the sex and rank of the individuals. (Southern gateway, front, West end) (Eastern gateway, back, South end). The jungle-dweller's hair-dress consisted of a knot standing out in a brush exactly similar to that of his modern kinsman, the " Chinchu ". (Eastern gateway, front, South and North end) In great contrast to the above styles, the people from the North-Western regions wore caps—sometimes round, sometimes pointed—sleeved tunics bound with a girdle, flowing cloaks knotted under the chin, leggings and shoes. (Northern gateway, West pillar).

Both men and women were fond of jewellery : bracelets covering the entire forearm, enormous ear-rings on the distended ears, necklaces of pearls, chains joined on the chest and back by medallions, and waist-girdles. The women alone had rings and anklets. (Northern gateway, front, West end) (Northern gateway, East and West pillars) (Eastern gateway, North pillar) It was a common sight to perceive kings, noblemen, commoners going to the Stupa or the bhodi tree to worship with ritual offerings, flower-garlands, ewers containing scented waters to wash the bhodi tree. (Southern gateway, front, middle section) With music and dancing they circled round the Stupa, clasping their hands in reverence, at times prostrating themselves. Religious processions held on festive occasions (Eastern gateway, front, South end), pilgrimages to the Buddhist holy places and liberal donations (Eastern gateway, front, North end) to the stupas and viharas were the necessary accompaniments of the religious life of the people.

Feelings of joy and sorrow, temptations, and victory over self, were depicted in the carved scenes. The exemplary love and devotion displayed by a wife towards her husband, as seen in the nobility of the young princess, who followed her exiled husband into dangers and hardships, (Northern gateway, front, middle section) is almost incredible in view of the fact that polygamy was not uncommon among the royalty. (Southern gateway, West pillar) Respect was shown to motherhood, and women shared with men the joys and privileges of family life.

The refinement and culture of the people were reflected in the artistic achievements of the period. The development of fine arts was in no small measure due to the munificence and encouragement of the kings ; music, song and dance enlivened the royal courts. The harp, flute, taborine and drum were a few of the most common musical instruments. While trumpets, kettle-drums, conches, hand-tabours were used during the march of troops. Orchestral music formed a part of religious worship. (Northern gateway, West pillar) (Eastern gateway, front, middle section)

The mallas  
(note their  
dress) of  
Kusinagara,  
with musical  
instruments

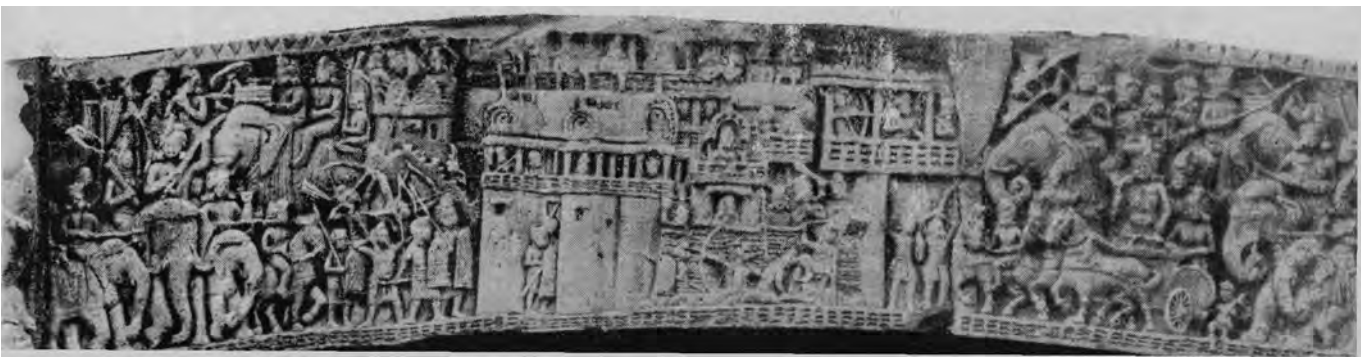


Northern gateway,  
West pillar

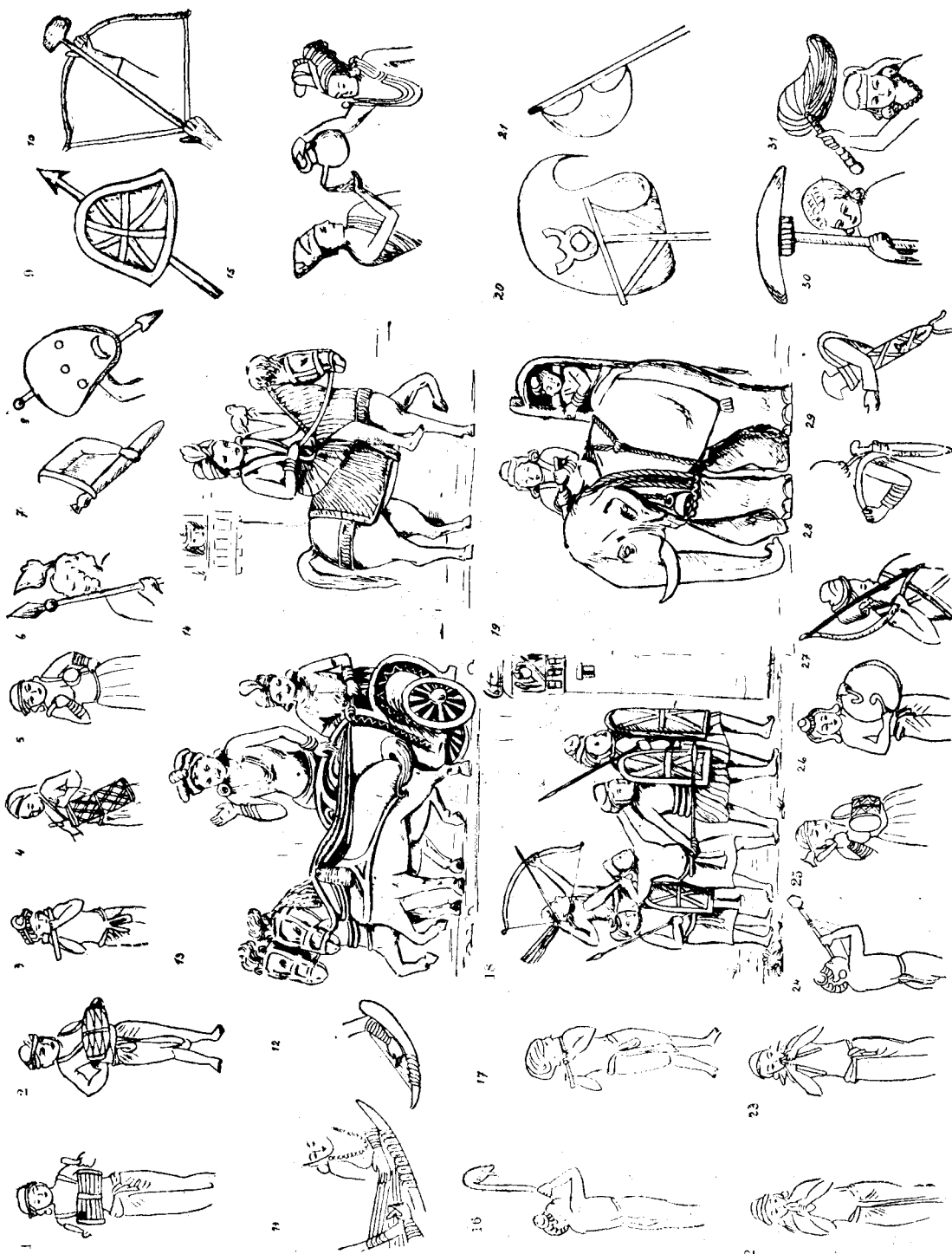
The sculptor's skill was shown in the care with which he narrated the stories in stone as if he were a story-teller, dwelling upon various phases of life in their realistic setting. His work expressed the joyousness and freshness of life and the blossoming of new impulses.

MRS. ISWARIAH, M.A.,  
*Lecturer in Indian History, Stella Maris College.*

War of Relics of Kusinagara, Southern gateway



# WHAT SANCHI TELLS US ABOUT ANCIENT INDIAN CUSTOMS



SULOCHANA SHARMA  
RANI POOVIAH  
EMMA DEVAPRIAM } (IV U.C.)

## WHAT SANCHI TELLS US ABOUT ANCIENT INDIAN CUSTOMS.

*(Explanation of the sketches on page 38)*

### THE FOUR DIVISIONS OF THE ARMY :

13.	Charioteer	...	...	...	...	Southern Gateway.
14.	Cavalry	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
19.	Elephants	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
18.	Infantry	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.

### ROYAL INSIGNIA :

15.	Ewer	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
30.	Umbrella	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
31.	Fly Whisk	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.

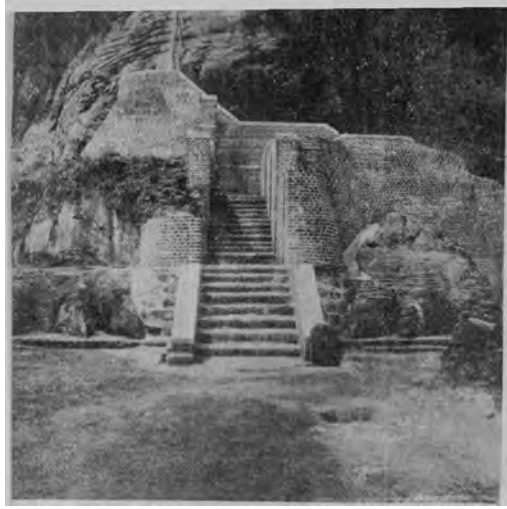
### WEAPONS :

6.	Javelin	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
7.	Sword, slung over shoulder	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
8.	Shield	...	...	...	...	Southern Gateway.
9.	Shield	...	...	...	...	Western Gateway.
10.	Bow and Arrow	...	...	...	...	Southern Gateway.
20.	Standard	...	...	...	...	Southern Gateway.
21.	Axe	...	...	...	...	Western Gateway.
27.	Archer	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
28.	Sword, slung over shoulder	...	...	...	...	Western Gateway.
29.	Sword, slung over shoulder	...	...	...	...	Southern Gateway.

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS :

1.	Drum	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
2.	Drum	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
3.	Flute Player	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
4.	Drum	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
5.	Female Drummer	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
11.	Lyre played with plectrum by a woman	...	...	...	...	Western Gateway.
12.	Lyre, played by a man	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
16.	Trumpet	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
17.	Flute Player	...	...	...	...	Western Gateway.
22.	Female Shell-blower	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
23.	Double Flute Player	...	...	...	...	Northern Gateway.
24.	Trumpet	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
25.	Female Drummer	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.
26.	Hand Drum Player	...	...	...	...	Eastern Gateway.

## SIGIRI ROCK FORTRESS, CEYLON



The ruined base of the Lion Staircase

THE old chronicles of Ceylon record the following historical facts concerning the Sinhalese king who built the famous citadel on the summit of Sigiri Rock. Towards the end of the fifth century A.D., a Pandyan invasion from South India established Tamil rule at Anuradhapura, the ancient capital of Ceylon. The leading Sinhalese officials and others fled to Ruhuna, the name of the south-eastern portion of Ceylon ; here, they ultimately found a leader in king Dhatusena who drove the Tamils out of Ceylon and restored Sinhalese sovereignty. Dhatusena had two sons, named Kassapa and Mogallana. He had also a daughter who was given in marriage to the commander of the king's army. This princess was cruelly treated by her husband and mother-in-law and she complained to the king her royal father, who in a fit of uncontrollable rage, burnt alive her mother-in-law. The commander, anxious to avenge his mother's barbarous death, incited Kassapa to murder his father and usurp the throne for himself. So in the early part of the sixth century A.D., Kassapa rebelled and put his father to death by burying him alive. He also attempted to assassinate his brother Mogallana who escaped to South India where he entertained hopes of eventually returning to Ceylon to avenge his father's brutal murder. Kassapa, although successful in attaining his object, became apprehensive of the consequences of his foul deed, and finding it unsafe to remain in the capital, resorted to an inaccessible rock in the Metale district on the summit of which he constructed a fortress and named it Sinhagiri (Lion-hill) on account of a " staircase structure " built in the form of a colossal brick and plaster lion against the inaccessible face of the rock.

Having reigned there for eighteen years, as the chronicle quaintly puts it—" in fear of the Other World and Mogallana," his brother dramatically appeared with a powerful army from India. Instead of waiting for his enemy in his impregnable fortress, Kassapa went forth to meet him. In the battle that ensued, fortune went against Kassapa and fearing that he would fall into the hands of his brother, he committed suicide on the battlefield by cutting his throat with his own sword. The victorious Mogallana then entered

Anuradhapura and was proclaimed king and was succeeded by his son. The fortress of Sinhagiri was abandoned and its buildings handed over to the Buddhist Order. It is now known as Sigiri, or Sigiriya, and is one of the most popular show-places in Ceylon, partly on account of its famous frescoes.

The mighty rock on which the fortress was built rises abruptly from the plains and forms a striking landmark for miles around the countryside. Its base is broad and spreading and now covered with jungle but in Kassapa's time, there was a town at the foot of the hill and the surrounding country was cultivated. The upper portion of the rock rises in the form of almost perpendicular cliffs surmounted by a rounded cap of overhanging rocks above which is a small rocky plateau about four acres in extent, on which Kassapa built his palace.

The summit of the rock was quite inaccessible until Kassapa decided to have his home there. To accomplish this, his engineers constructed a winding pathway in the form of a narrow gallery along the western face of the rock up to a small natural terrace half-way up the rock on the north side. It was here, where the "staircase structure" mentioned in the old Buddhist chronicles was built against the face of the rock. The object of this colossal brick and plaster structure was to serve as an ornamental stairway to ascend the almost perpendicular face of the cliff on this side.

This remarkable structure was built in the form of a huge brick and plaster lion in a sitting posture with its back to the rock. The staircase was inside the lion-structure, the entrance being between the lion's forepaws and the exit in the back of its neck, thus giving access to the top of the rock. Nothing remains of the lion now except its base and the staircase between its paws.

The construction of the gallery up to the summit of the rock was an astounding feat of engineering skill. The lower portion, up to the "staircase structure", still remains and is in use, but the upper portion has decayed and disappeared, and this breach in the gallery is now spanned by modern iron gangways, steps and railings, along which the visitor has to grope his way to reach the summit of the rock.

To judge from the numerous remains of brick buildings and stone steps still to be seen on the little plateau, the citadel must have been crowded in Kassapa's day. A plentiful supply of rain water was collected by means of artificial tanks constructed in natural depressions in the surface of the rock. The latter being of different levels, innumerable flights of steps led to the various buildings.

Sigiri is known to many people on account of its ancient frescoes which are in much the same style as the famous frescoes at Ajanta in the Deccan. Both appear to

belong to the same period, namely about 600 A.D. All the Sigiri paintings portray women, apparently portraits of ladies belonging to Kassapa's royal household. Grouping in pairs is chiefly favoured, usually a princess attended by a dark-skinned maid of alien race who is represented holding a brass tray containing lotus flowers. The maids are usually given a dull-green complexion which clearly distinguishes them from their royal mistresses. The predilection for the three-quarter face is conspicuous. Of the score of faces left only three are in profile.

The frescoes are painted on the back wall of a small natural cavern in the western face of the rock at a height of about fifty feet above the lower gallery. The cavern is now reached by means of an iron spiral-stairway. Owing to the concave form of the back wall of the cavern, the figures are not portrayed in full-length but cut off just below the waist by conventional cloud effects. The conformation of the surface of the rock left the artists no option but to omit the lower limbs so as to avoid ugly distortion of the figures.

The frescoes were executed on a carefully prepared surface of lime plaster. In accordance with the usual practice, the figures were first carefully outlined in red and then painted in colours. The three main pigments being red, yellow and green, though traces of black and an opaque white are discernible here and there. The omission of blue is remarkable, for this colour enters freely into the contemporary paintings of Ajanta.

Only twenty-one frescoes remain, but according to ancient inscriptions incised on the plaster surface of the lower gallery wall, there were originally over a hundred similar figures of women painted on the exposed surface of the rock in the vicinity of the cavern which now shelters the few which remain.

A. H. LONGHURST,  
*Late Superintendent, Archaeological  
Department, Southern Circle, Madras,  
and late Commissioner of Archaeology, Ceylon.*

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL MOTIFS IN MODERN DECORATIVE ART

**A**RCHAEOLOGY opens up a wonderful vista of the glories of India in stone. Numerous are the centres of interest—Sanchi, Ajanta, Mathura, Amaravati, Nasik, to name but a few—be they Buddhist stupas, Hindu temples, or Muslim mosques or tombs. Sanchi especially, has for centuries served as a source of inspiration to artists, its importance in the history of Indian art resting chiefly upon the four elaborate and richly carved toranas or gateways which are its crowning glory. The sculptures are models of careful and accurate stone-cutting, as also an example of the marvellously refined sense of beauty of the sculptors.

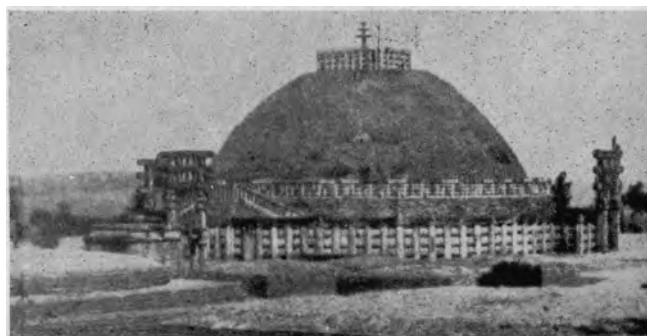
Here, as elsewhere, varied are the subjects of the bas-reliefs, the artists being especially adept at stylised plants and flowers. But the most characteristic and universal of all Indian motifs, the forte of the Indian artist, is the beautiful lotus. It has been executed to perfection in every form of leaf and bud and blossom, and has been woven into a diversity of exquisite patterns, and suited to almost every kind of surface.

The virility and beauty of these archaeological motifs lend themselves admirably to decorative art, whether executed on cloth or paper, on leather, pottery, or wood.

The illustrations here reproduced show several of the monuments of ancient India whose archaeological designs have been skilfully adapted to serve as motifs for patterns composed at Stella Maris, and embroidered on church vestments and altar linen in the various workrooms of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in India, for the International Exhibition of Sacred Art held in Rome in 1950. These same motifs, however, have great possibilities, and can be employed for both religious and secular purposes.

You will be amazed to learn that these masterpieces of embroidery are the handiwork of village girls, uneducated for the greater part, who, under careful and patient guidance have learnt to develop their God-given talents to this degree of maturity.

**GREAT STUPA SANCHI:** Stupas—solid cupolas, enclose relics or mark a spot sacred to Buddhists.





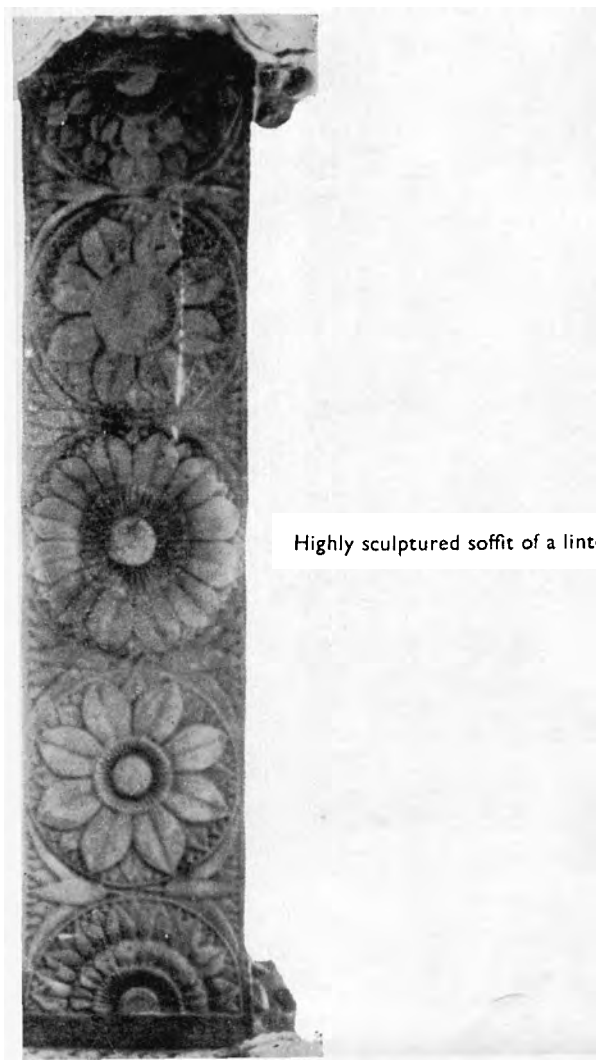


North torana, Great Stupa,  
Sanchi.



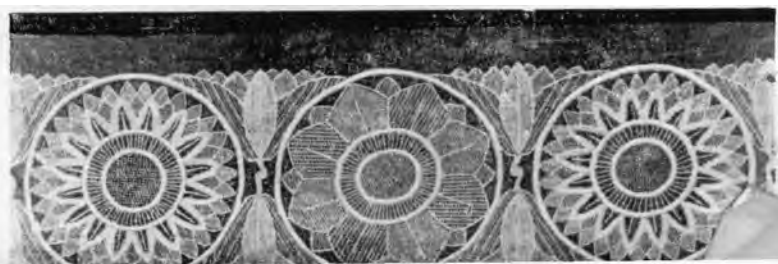
The lotus being a symbol of purity, Our Lady of India, the Mother of all purity, is very appropriately depicted standing on a lotus. Another encircles her head, while a third is offered her by the Infant Jesus.

Superb blending of colours—pale yellow alternating with pink full-blown lotuses, pink buds, and green leaves—enhances the beauty of the running floral motif taken from the soffit of a lintel of the North torana.



Highly sculptured soffit of a lintel.

Varied are the stitches employed on this altar front in net, using the same motif.







Northern torana jamb.



This richly decorative design of palmettes rising from a lotus seen in profile and from above, covers the outer section of the East and West jambs of a pillar from the Northern gateway of the Great Stupa, Sanchi, built about the 2nd century B.C.



This white silk cope and the humeral veil below have been set off by a continuous design of palmettes embroidered in gold on a red ground.

Humeral veil





etty colouring and perfection of workmanship on this red Gothic chasuble  
 ds to the grace of this relief pattern found on the ground balustrade of  
 ipa No. 2, one of the group of Buddhist buildings at Sanchi.



Sculpture which decorates  
 the vedika of Stupa No. 2,  
 Sanchi.



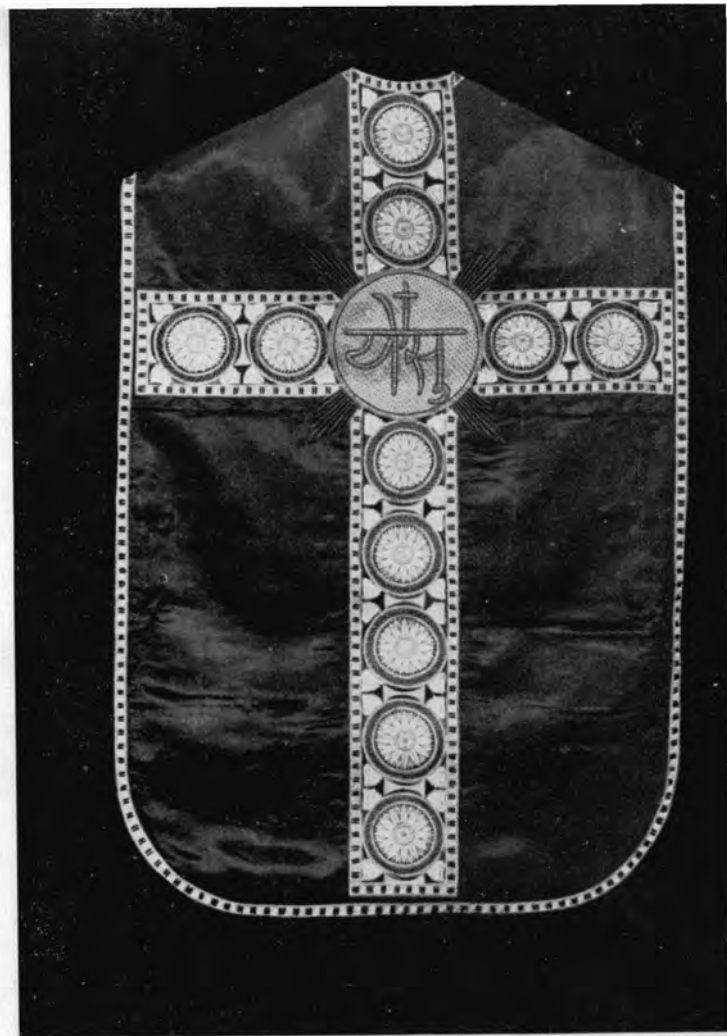
Detail of stitch.





Pillar on verandah of  
Gautamiputra Cave,  
Nasik.

Fragment of a torana arch, Mathura.



What finesse in the execution of the pink lotus in full bloom and delicate white buds forming the cross on this green chasuble in style, bearing in the middle the name "Jesus" in Sanskrit.

The same motif adorns our cover page.

The very simply treated floral-bands, typical of Kushan decoration, have been successfully applied to a pall.





Amaravati excels in the rendering of foliage and flowers. The beautiful floral motif shown above is delicately executed on this "petit point" saree border.



Slab with representation of a stupa



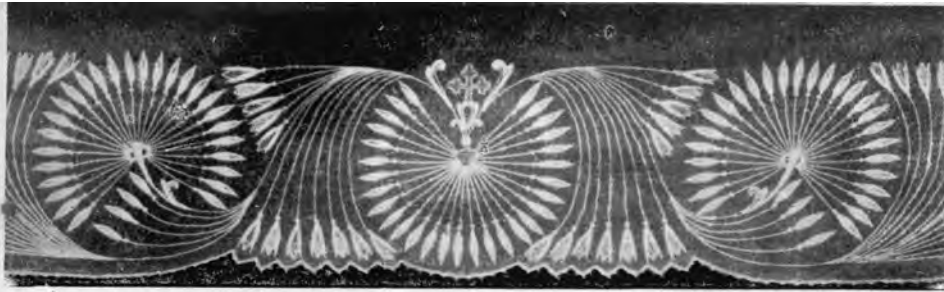
from the base of the Stupa, Amaravati.

No. 1, Ajanta, is but one of the 26 Buddhist caves whose many frescoes exhibit the classical India, circa 1st century B.C. to 7th century

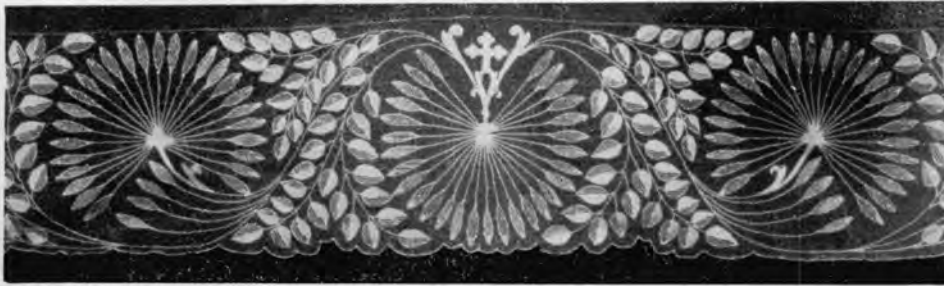


gnificent floral frieze of a ceiling fresco in No. 1, becomes an exquisite saree border in "petit point".



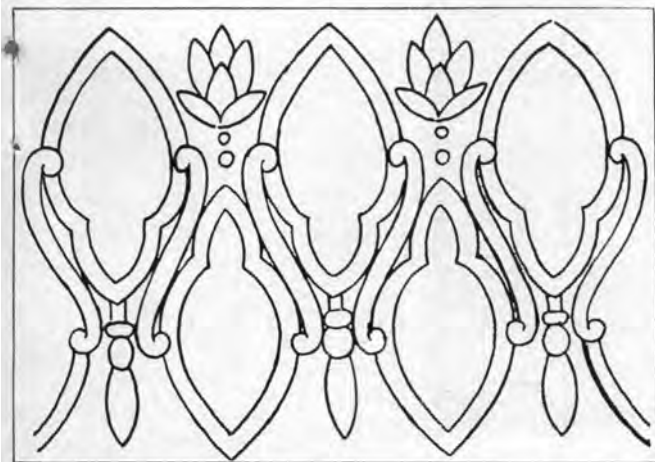


Kandy book covers have been the source of the dainty design worked to such perfection on tulle.

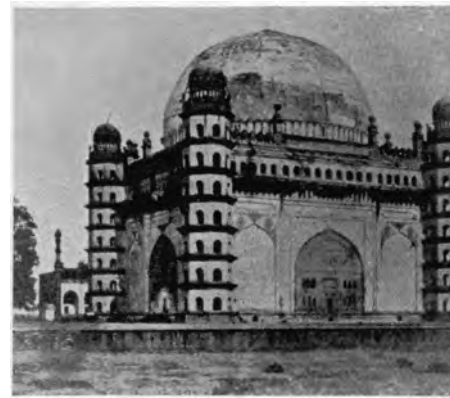


The decorative quality of Muslim art may easily be judged from this stucco design which has supplied our lace makers with the unique motif seen below.

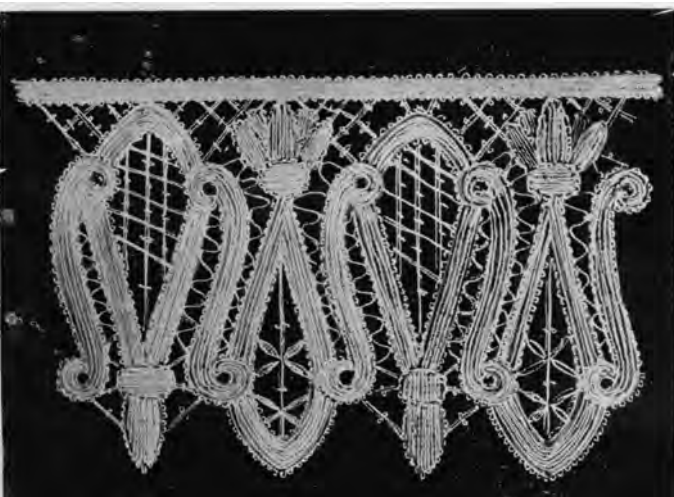
Stucco designs from small minars.



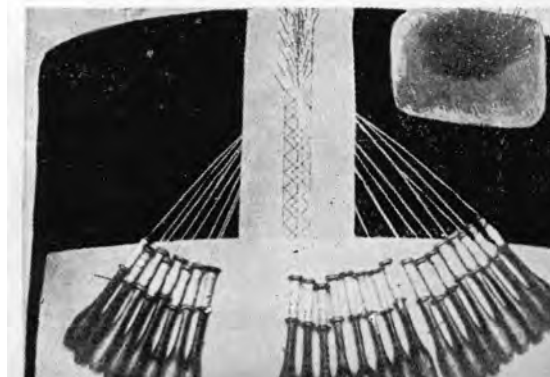
Gol Gumbaz, or tomb of Muhammad Adil Shah, Bijapur.



Lace is an excellent mode of decoration.



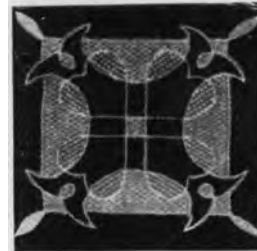
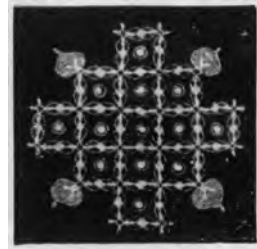
Spindle lace.



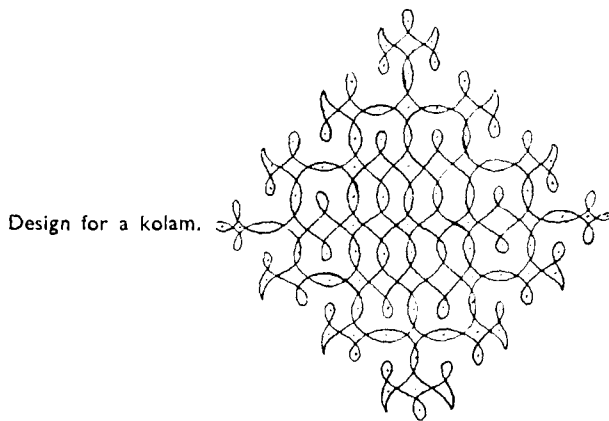




Children engrossed in making a kolam.

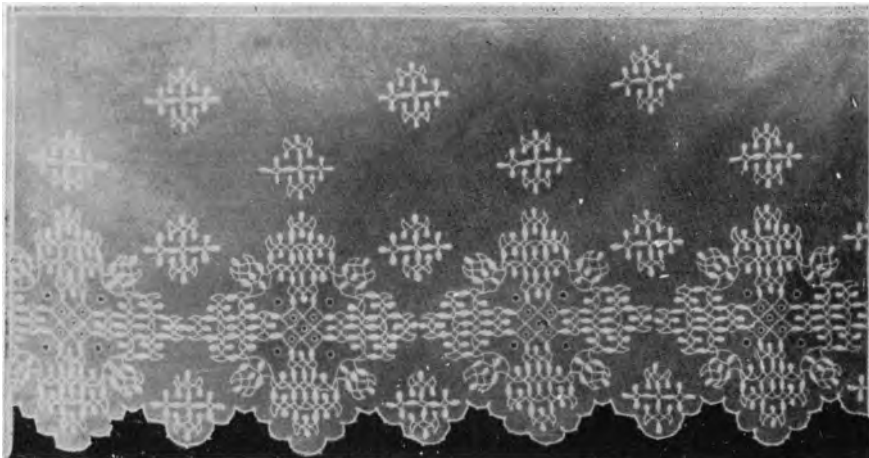


Embroidery makes excellent use of kolams.



Design for a kolam.

Lace for an alb, the design of which was inspired by a kolam.



Kolams, though not belonging to the field of archaeology, are a popular art in India, and of interest especially since our design experts have made use of them in decorative art. Kolams are intricate patterns made on the ground in front of the house just before the threshold, or in the central room. They require deft, quick movements of the wrist, and the ability to make huge, complicated ones is considered one of the accomplishments of a Hindu girl. The impeccable regularity of these interlacings is amazing, but even more amazing still is the ingenuity with which they have been applied to embroidery.

हे भगवान  
HE BHAGAVAN  
OH GOD!

Thou Lord of Bliss  
Fountain of Love  
Bestow Thy blessing upon us !  
From the sinful snares of the world  
Grant us protection, O Lord !

प ध नी नी सां - - गं नी सां नी ध प प  
हे ऽ भ ग वा ऽ ऽ न द या ऽ नि धा न

प नी ध प म - प ग म - - प नी ध -  
क रो ऽ ह मा ऽ रा ऽ त्रा ण ऽ भ ग वा न

प ध प म ग र ग र सा - -  
क रो ऽ ह मा ऽ रा ऽ त्रा ण ऽ

सा र म म म ग म प प म प ध प ध  
ज ग दुः ख म य ज्व ऽ ल नि ल य उ स

नी सां नी ध प ध नी ध प - -  
से ऽ ऽ ऽ दू ऽ र सु जा न ऽ

प ध ध ग रें सां रें नी सां - रें सां रें गं रें गं  
र ऽ क्षा ऽ हो ऽ भ ग वा ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ न

रें गं मं रें गं सां रें नी सां - - -  
र ऽ क्षा ऽ हो ऽ भ ग वान ऽ ऽ ऽ

प ध नी नी सां - - गं नी सां नी ध प -  
हे ऽ भ ग वा ऽ ऽ न द या नि धा न

## तेरा नूर

राग : धुन मांड

ताल : कहरवा

## TERA-NOOR

### THY LIGHT

Thy Light, O God, reflects o'er the world,  
The whole universe is Thy creation,  
Heaven and earth are the works of Thy hands,  
Thy glorious splendour illuminates all,  
Sun and moon shine in glory upon us,  
Their light is light from Thy light, O Lord,  
Our eternal worship arises in songs of love,  
To Thee, O Lord, who dwelleth in our hearts.

स्थार्द्ध

सा - र ग म - - म ग प ध सां नी - - नी  
ते ऽ रा ऽ नू ऽ ऽ र ते ऽ रा ऽ नू ऽ ऽ र  
प नी ध प ध म प ग ग म रे ग - - - -  
ज ग मों स मा ऽ या हु आ ऽ है ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ

स प प प — ध नी ध प — — प ध म प ग  
 स क ल वि ऽ श्व ते ऽ रा ऽ ऽ ब ना ऽ या हु  
 म रे ग — — — —  
 आ ऽ है ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ

अंतरा (१)

सा ग — म प नी — ध प — — नी ध प म ग  
 ब ने ऽ हैं तु झी ऽ ये ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ  
 ग म — रे ग म प — प सां — सां — गं रें सां  
 आ का ऽ श ध र ती ऽ स भी ऽ ओ ऽ र ज ल  
 नी — — प ध म प ग म रे ग — — — —  
 वा ऽ ऽ स मा ऽ या हु आ ऽ है ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ

अंतरा (२)

सा ग ग म प ध नी प ध म प — — — —  
 चं म क ते हैं ऽ दु नि या ऽ में ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ  
 ग — प — ध नी प ध सां सां — — — —  
 चं ऽ दा ऽ व ऽ सू ऽ र ज ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ  
 प सां — सां रें सां नी सां ध नी — प ध म प ग  
 ते री ऽ ज्यो ऽ ति मे ऽ ज ग ऽ म गा ऽ या हु  
 म रे ग — — — —  
 आ ऽ है ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ

अंतरा (३)

ग — प ध सां — सां — — — — रें सां नी ध  
 गा ऽ वें ह मे ऽ शा ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ  
 प ध प म प म म प — — — —  
 ते ऽ रे गी ऽ त स्वा ऽ मी ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ  
 प गं — मां रें नी सां ध नी — — प ध म प ग  
 तु ही ऽ मे ऽ रे दि ल में ऽ ऽ स मा ऽ या हु  
 म रे ग — — — —  
 आ ऽ है ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ ऽ

ये कौन

राग : धुन पहाड़ी

ताल : दादरा

**E KONE**

**WHO IS SHE?**

Who is she that cometh ?  
Who is she that cometh ?  
Like the morning star,  
Fair as the moon,  
Bright as the sun,  
Who is she that cometh ?  
Who is she that cometh ?  
Who is she that cometh ?  
Crowned with a diadem of stars,  
Saving us from grief and fear,  
She, who walks on the paths of heaven,  
Who is she that cometh ?  
Who is she that cometh ?  
Who is she that cometh ?

*		०	२		०	*		०	२		०
१	२	३	४	५	६	१	२	३	४	५	६
											प ये
ध	स	ध	स	म	ग	रे	—	—	—	—	प
कों	ऽ	न	आ	ऽ	र	ही	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ये
ग	म	रे	नी	—	रे	सा	—	—	—	—	प
कौ	ऽ	न	आ	ऽ	र	ही	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ये
सा	—	रे	ग	—	म	प	—	म	ग	—	मा
ऊ	ऽ	ग	ते	ऽ	प्र	भा	ऽ	त	सी	ऽ	ये
ध	—	म	प	—	ग	म	—	ध	प	—	ध
गो		रे	गो		रे	चां		द	सी	ऽ	ये
सां	—	सां	सां	—	प	प	ध	प	म	—	प
सू	ऽ	चे	ते	ऽ	ज	मा	ऽ	न	सी	ऽ	ये
ग	म	ग	रे	सा	रे	ग	—	—	—	—	प
की	ऽ	न	आ	ऽ	र	ही	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	यं
ध	स	ध	सा	म	ग	रे	—	—	—	—	प
कौ	ऽ	न	आ	ऽ	र	ही	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ये
ग	म	रे	नी	रे	सा	—	—	—	—		
कौ	ऽ	न	आ	र	ही	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ	ऽ		

## बालक एक प्रभु के

राग : तिलक कमोद

मात्रा : ८

## BALAK EK PRABHU KE

### ONE FATHER OF ALL

We are all children of one Lord,  
We are all children of one Father.  
We are like rays of one great light,  
Children of that great truth that is one,  
Beyond all difference of clan and caste,  
Beyond all difference of clan and caste,  
We call each other sister and brother.

*	०	२	०						०	२	०					
१	२	३	४	५	६	७	८	१	२	३	४	५	६	७	८	
नी	प	नी	सा	रेग	सार	प	प	पध	म	ग	सा	रे	ग	नी	सा	
ह	म	स	ब	वाऽ	ऽऽ	ल	क	एऽ	ऽ	क	प्र	भु	९	के	ऽ	
रे	म	प	ध	म	प	सां	प	ध	म	ग	सा	रेम	पध	मग	रेसा	
ह	म	स	ब	वा	ऽ	ल	क	ए	ऽ	क	पि	ताऽ	ऽऽ	केऽ	ऽऽ	
रे	ग	सा	रे	प	प	ध	म	ग	म	ग	सा	रे	म	ग	रे	
ए	ऽ	क	ज्यो	ऽ	ति	की	ऽ	स	ब	कि	र	णें	ऽ	हैं	ऽ	
म	—	म	प	—	ध	म	प	सां	नी	सां	रें	सां	—	—	सां	
ए	ऽ	क	स	ऽ	त्य	की	ऽ	स	ब	सं	ऽ	ता	ऽ	ऽ	न	
प	—	प	नी	—	नी	सां	—	सां	रें	गं	गं	रें	नी	सां	—	
प्रां	ऽ	त	जा	ऽ	ति	औ	ऽ	रा	ऽ	ष्ट्र	भे	ऽ	द	से	ऽ	
प	नी	सां	रें	नी	सां	म	ध	म	ग	सा	रे	पम	पध	मग	रेसा	
प	रे	ऽ	म	नु	ज	स	ब	ए	ऽ	क	स	माऽ	ऽऽ	ऽऽ	नऽ	

## एक प्रभु के

हम सब बालक एक प्रभु के । हम सब बालक एक पिता के ॥  
एक ज्योति की सब किरणें हैं । एक सत्य की सब संतान ॥  
प्रांत, जाति औ' राष्ट्र भेद से । परे मनुज सब एक समान ॥  
सब मानव हैं भाई-भाई । हिन्दु, मुस्लिम औ' रबीस्तान ॥  
हृदय खोलकर देखो सबके । भीतर एक वही भगवान ॥  
जगमें सब सम्पन्न है प्रभुकी । सबजन उनको समान प्यारे ॥  
पर उसके सबसे प्रियजन हैं । पापी, पीड़ित, दीन-दुखारे ॥  
यदि तुम चाहो इस धरतीको । प्रभु का स्वर्गिक महल बनाना ॥  
दीन-दुखीकेलिये खोल दो । प्रभुसे लूटाहुआ खजाना ॥  
सत्यप्रेम न्याय समता का । कायम कर दो जग में शासन ॥  
अहंकार, मद-मान, स्वार्थके । चूर-चूरकर दो सिंहासन ॥  
सब जन मिलकर एक कण्ठ से । गाओ, गाओ यही तराना ॥  
हम सब बालक एक प्रभुके । हम सब बालक एक पिता के ॥

*The words and music of these beautiful Hindi songs represent a few examples of many others composed by*

REVEREND FATHER G. PROKSCH, S.V.D.,  
National College Road,  
Bandra, Bombay 20.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME

IN every race the “giving of a name” is invested with a certain solemnity. It is interesting to note that proper names are almost as old as language itself. Man, as we learnt long ago, is a rational being and a gregarious animal ; while his intellect has won for him the gift of speech, his living in society necessitates distinction between individuals. Thus in every language we find names such as Blanche (white), Bruno (brown), describing external characteristics.

In the various Indian languages proper names are generally derived from the old Sanskrit stock which persists in them far more integrally than in the current language. So the following common Indian names, describing external features, are all clearly related to their Sanskrit ancestors :—

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>
सुलोचना	Having attractive eyes	Sulochana
सुकुमारी	Having a lovely form	Sukumari
मनोहरा	Attracting the mind	Manohara
कृष्णवेशी	Having black hair	Krishnaveni
प्रसन्न	Delightful	Prasanna
श्यामला	Dark	Syamala
मीनाक्षी	Having fish-like eyes	Minakshi
एनाक्षी	Having the eyes of a deer	Enaksi

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>
कमलाक्षी		Kamalaksi
नलिनाक्षी		Nalinaksi
पद्माक्षी	Having lotus-like eyes	Padmaksi
अम्बुजाक्षी		Ambujaksi
विशालाक्षी	Having big eyes	Visalaksi
कामाक्षी	Having attractive eyes	Kamaksi
कुमारी	Maiden	Kumari
बाला	Young girl	Bala
भरतकुमारी	Indian girl	Bharatakumari
वनजा	Born in a forest	Vanaja

But in a large family the busy parents cannot wait until the little bundles of baby-hood develop outstanding characteristics—there cannot be fifteen by the name of “ Noisy ” in the same family ! So, meditating hopefully on what they would like the baby to become, the parents give the name of some desirable quality, praying that later it will live up to it. The equivalents of these Indian names can often be found in European languages also, for example, Victor, Grace, Joy, Felicity, Laetitia, Bonita.

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>	<i>Regional Equivalent</i>
सुसमा	Beauty	Susama	
सुशीला	Good conduct	Susila	
विमला	Pure, faultless	Vimala	
निर्मला	Pure	Nirmala	
सती	Chaste	Sati	
सुमती	Keen intellect	Sumati	
सरला	Simple, artless	Sarala	
अनसूया	Free from jealousy	Anasuya	
प्रियंवदा	Sweet-tongued	Priyamvada	
लीला	Sportive	Lila	
मृदुला	Delicate, tender	Mridula	
वत्सला	Affectionate	Vatsala	

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>	<i>Regional Equivalent</i>
सुगुणा	Meritorious	Suguna	Arulamma (Telugu)
सुन्दरी	Beautiful woman	Sundari	
परिमला	Fragrance	Parimala	
कान्ति	Brilliance	Kanti	
कल्याणी	Auspicious	Kalyani	
मधुरम्	Sweet	Madhuram	
ललिता	Graceful	Lalita	
शान्ता	Gentle	Santa	
दया	Mercy	Daya	
भरत	Ruler of men	Bharata	Andal (Tamil)
वीरसेन		Virasena	Ellamma (Telugu)
प्रेमा	Beloved	Prema	
सुहसिनी	Laughter-loving	Suhasini	
चारुहासिनी	Sweetly smiling	Caruhasini	
रमा	Making happy	Rama	Jalamma (Telugu)
शिव	Blessed	Siva	
प्रभा	Bright	Prabha	Sayamma (Telugu)
नित्या	Constant	Nitya	Tanu (Malayalam)
नाथ	Lordly	Natha	Ayyavu (Telugu)
विश्वास	Faith	Visvas	
आनन्द	Joy	Ananda	
मङ्गल	Prosperity	Mangala	
राजा	Kingly	Raja	
राणी	Royal princess	Rani	
जय, विजय	Victorious	Jaya, Vijaya	Ankudu (Telugu)
सुयोधन	Bold	Suyodhana	Akkayya (Telugu)

To the father seeking a name for his new-born child, nature is the unfailing source of inspiration. Her beautiful flowers, graceful creepers and other exquisite phenomena—the stars, the moon and the sun, afford an inexhaustible store of names. Whereas European

languages are brightened with the sweet names of Marguerite, Rosemary, Violet, Hyacinth, Dawn, our Indian names commemorate the tropical blooms we see around us :—

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>
पुष्पा	Flower	{ Pushpa
कुसुमा		{ Kusuma
मल्लिका	Jasmine	{ Mallika
माधवी		{ Madhavi
कुन्दा		{ Kunda
मालती		{ Malati
वसन्ती	Lily	{ Vasanti
कुमुदम्		{ Kumudum
कमला		{ Kamala
सरोजा		{ Saroja
सरोजिनी	Lotus, sprung from the lake	{ Sarojini
पद्मा		{ Padma
पद्मिनि	Lotus	{ Padmini
अम्बुजम्		{ Ambujam
पङ्कजम्		{ Pankajam
नलिनी	Lotus plant	Nalini
तुलसी	Basil plant	Tulasi
प्रेमलता	Creeper of love	Premalata
हेमलता	Golden creeper	Hemalata
पुष्पलता	Creeper in bloom	Puspalata
पङ्कजवल्ली	Lotus creeper	Pankajavalli
कुन्दवल्ली	Jasmine creeper	Kundavalli
आनन्दवल्ली	Creeper of bliss	Anandavalli
सुन्दरवल्ली	Lovely creeper	Sundaravalli
अमृतवल्ली	Nectar creeper	Amritavalli
कल्पकवल्ली	Wish-fulfilling creeper	Kalpakavalli
कस्तूरी	Musk plant	Kasturi
चन्द्रा	Moon	Candra

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>
शरदा	Relating to Autumn	Sarada
वसन्ता	Spring season	Vasanta
चन्द्रिका	Moonlight	Candrika
कौमुदी		Koumudi
प्रकाशं	Light	Prakasam
इन्दुमती	Moonlight	Indumati
शशिकला	Crescent Moon	Sasikala
उषा	Dawn	Usha
रजनि	Night	Rajani
भास्कर	Sun	{ Bhaskara
दिनकर		{ Dinakara
तारा	Star	Tara
वसन्तलक्ष्मी	Beauty of Spring	Vasantalakshmi
गीता	Song	Gita
सुधा	Nectar	Sudha

The precious stones and metals found in the great Peninsula have also given their names to many a bright-eyed little girl, precious as a jewel to her happy parents. Whereas we find Gemma, Ruby, Pearl in Western languages, Sanskrit gives us :—

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>
माणिक्यं	Gem	{ Manikam
रत्नं		{ Ratnam
माणिक्यं	Diamond	Manikam

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>	<i>Regional Equivalent</i>
मरकतम्	Emerald	{ Marakatham	
मरकतम्		{ Maratakam	
मुक्ता	Pearl	Mukta	
सुवर्णा	Gold	Suvarna	Tankam (Tamil)
हेमा		Hema	Ponni (Tamil)
हिरण्या		Hiraniya	
रुक्मिणी	Golden Gem	Rukmani	

Many children are named after mythological or historical heroes and heroines for whom their parents have an admiration, but the names themselves are probably older than the legends which have since made them famous. and generally have a significance of their own :—

<i>Sanskrit word</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>	<i>Regional Equivalent</i>
उमा	Oh ! don't !	Uma	
पार्वती	Daughter of the mountain	Parvati	
शकुन्तला	Brought up by birds	Sakuntala	
सावित्री	Daughter of the Sun	Savitri	Tatri (Malayalam)
सीता	Plough furrow	Sita	
कृष्णा	Black	Krishna	Kanna „

Another noteworthy feature of Oriental names is the combining of two or more names, sometimes having the same meanings :—Ramakrishna, Gopalakrishna, Chandra-sekhara and Swaminatha, Isvaradeva, Jyotiprakasa etc. Popular usage has however sometimes caused corruption of the original names, giving rise to a variety of new forms :—

<i>Sanskrit</i>	<i>Meaning</i>	<i>Indian Name</i>	<i>Malayalam form</i>
भगवती	Goddess	Bhagavati	Pavati
ईश्वर	Lord	Isvara	Iccara
गोविन्द	Herdsmen	Govinda	Konta
स्थानु	Firm, constant	Sthanu	Tanu
श्रीदेवी	Prosperity	Sridevi	Ciruteyi
लक्ष्मी	Auspiciousness	Lakshmi	Eccumu

But these corrupt forms should be distinguished from diminutives, found in every language, such as the following :—

<i>Sanskrit</i>	<i>Indian Name abbreviated</i>
वेलायुध	Velayudha Velan
केशव	Kesava Kesu
नारायणी	Narayani Nani
कात्यायनी	Katyayani Kartu

These are only a few of the hundreds of names which we are hearing every day and which nearly all derive from such simple origins. Many of our Indian names can indeed serve as an inspiration for our lives, holding before us the beauty of the lotus, the ardent purity of light, or the sweet fragrance of the jasmine. But if we are not lucky enough to have this source of inspiration in our own name, let us remember with Juliet, pondering on the name of Romeo, “ What's in a name ? . . . . A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.”

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT,  
Stella Maris College.

## **REPORT OF THE INDIAN MUSIC ASSOCIATION 1954—1955**

**T**HE activities for the year 1954—55 began on the 22nd July 1954 with the election of office-bearers for the year. The student gathering was especially big—sixty-two strong ! Our College now has six classes in Indian Music, with the addition of the Senior Comprehensive Class. The following were the election results :—

*Secretary* : C. Sathyabhama II U. C.

*Assistant Secretary* : V. Premalatha II U.C. Comprehensive Music Class.

On the 9th of September the inaugural meeting was held with Professor Dwaram Venkataswamy Naidu in the chair. The inaugural address was given by the Head of the Department of Music, University of Madras, Professor P. Sambamurthi. He gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on “Musical Prosody in Musical Compositions.”

The second term saw the music students active in other fields. Dikshitar Day was celebrated when the students gave a musical evening. The more ardent ones rendered some rare pieces of the great composer. The most memorable event of the term was the performance by our members at St. Mary's Hall, of “The Canticle of the Sun,” a composition in recitation and dance.

Our last meeting for the year was on the 16th of February. It opened with the valedictory address delivered by Professor P. Sambamurthi, who spoke most appropriately upon “The Evolution of the Veena.” For this occasion the Indian Music Association had also invited the eminent Veena Vidwan, Sri Emani Sankara Sastri, who was accompanied by his young pupil, a child prodigy, and by Mr. Chandrachudan on the mridangam. The musician played on his newly constructed veena of fourteen strings, and kept the audience spell-bound for one-and-a-half hours.

We are looking forward eagerly to next year and cherishing hopes of more concerts in our new Open-Air Theatre.

Miss V. LEELA,  
*Lecturer in Indian Music.*

## SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

स्टेल्लामारिस् संस्कृतविद्यार्थिन्यः जूलै एकविंशतिदिने विद्यामान्दिरे समवेताः ॥ १९५४-५५ संवत्सरे संस्कृतसमाजं निर्वर्तयितुं अपेक्षितां निर्वाहक समितिम् उत्पादितवत्यः ॥ यत्र तुलसी बाई सभानाथा आसीत् ॥ अधो निर्दिष्टाश्च नियुक्ता अधिकारिण्यः —

कार्यदर्शिनी—पि. शीला II u.c.

चतुर्थकक्ष्या प्रतिनिधि—एस. पार्वती

तृतीयकक्ष्या प्रतिनिधि—आर. सरोजा

द्वितीयकक्ष्या प्रतिनिधि—के. एस. पद्मा

संस्कृतसमाजस्य प्रथमं सम्मेलनं आगस्ट् अष्टाविंशतिदिने अवर्तत ॥ श्रीमन्तः राघवमहाशया परमाचार्यपटोपाधि विभूषिताः अग्रासनाधिपतिपट मलंचक्रुः ॥ पाञ्चात्यानां संस्कृतज्ञानां संस्कृतविद्या-शिक्षणरीतिरिति विषयमधिकृत्य उपन्यासमकुर्वन् ॥ दक्षिणभारतीयेषु प्रत्यहं समुपचीयमानः संस्कृतविद्या द्वेषः, पाञ्चात्येषु संस्कृतविद्याप्रवेशनोपकरणानि, तत्र विविधेषु विद्यास्थानेषु पठन पाठन पद्धतयः इत्येताः उपन्यासेप्रधानतया प्रस्तुताः विषयाः ॥ अन्ते च पाञ्चात्याः संस्कृतज्ञाः, बहवः न केवलं संस्कृतवाचा समीचीनं अवहरन्ति, अपि तु पद्यानि सरलानि समारचयन्ति च इति चाब्रुवन् ॥

द्वितीयं च सम्मेलनं अक्टोब्रर विंशतिदिने अवर्तिष्ठ ॥ यत्र श्रीमन्तः सि. आर. स्वामिनाथ महाशयाः एम्. ये., एम्. लिट्., सभापतयो बभूवुः ॥ ते च शब्दाभिविधित्य उपन्यास्यन् ॥ तत्र प्राचीनभारते आचार्याणां वैशिष्ट्यं, व्याकरणाध्ययनस्य आवश्यक्यं, वाल्मीकि कालिदासादीनां अभिनिगुण शब्दप्रयोग चातुरी, रघुवंशरास क्रीडादिषु बहुत्र शब्दोच्चारणादेव अर्भप्रतीतिः इत्येते अर्भाः प्राधान्येन प्रस्तुताः ॥ उपसंहारे च रामायणादयो महाग्रन्थाः सध्रद्धम् अध्येतव्याः विद्यार्थिभिः श्रुत्यवोचन् ॥



नवम्बर मासस्य पंचविंशतिदिने संस्कृतसमाजस्य तृतीयं सम्मेलनमभवत् । तत्र इन्द्र गुप्तहानी III B.A. विद्यार्थिनी सभानायिका बभूव । विद्यार्थिनीथिः संग्रथित एकनटीनटनं (Mono-acting), मुग्धपठनञ्च (Recitation) कृतं । उभे अपि छात्राणां सन्निहितानां विद्यामन्दिराधिकृतानाञ्च महते परितोषाया-भवत् ।

तृतीयञ्च संस्कृत समाजस्य सम्मेलनं जनवरी नवदशदिने अवतिष्ठत् । तदा सर. एम्. वरदाचार्य महोदयाः दारिकाभिः संस्कृताध्ययनं कस्य हेतोः, कथा च सरण्या करणीयमिति विषयविकृत्य रसावहं उपन्यासं कृतवन्तः । चित्तसंस्करणे संस्कृत साहित्यस्य परममुपयोगम्, संस्कृतभाषायां सन्धिसमास श्लेषादिषु प्रातिस्विकं वैलक्षण्यं, तदीयम् इतरद् वैशिष्ट्यं च सम्यक् समर्थितवन्तः ॥ अन्ते च शाकुन्तलं नाटकं, रामो-दन्तञ्च काव्यं विद्यार्थिनीथिः विशिष्य यथावसरम् अध्येतव्यमिति ते निरदिशन् । कार्यदर्शिन्या कृतेन कृतज्ञता प्रदर्शनेन समाजं व्यरमत् ॥

समस्त विद्यामन्दिरतः समुदितानां संस्कृतविद्यार्थिनां कश्यन संस्कृत रेसिटेणन् संघर्षः पञ्चययप्पा विद्यालये नवम्बर—सप्तदशदिने प्रावर्तत ॥ तत्रास्मत् कलाशालायाः तृतीयकक्ष्या विद्यार्थिनी आर. सरोजा प्रथमं पारितोषिकं लब्धवती ॥

अस्मद्विद्यालय विद्यार्थिन्यौ आर. सरोजा, के. एम्. पद्मा च मद्र पुरीय क्रैस्तव कलाशालायां February पञ्चमदिने प्रचलिते पारायण—एकनटनटन-संघर्षे श्रीविशालाक्ष्या प्रतिष्ठापितां वत्सरमात्रोपभोग्यस्वामित्व प्राथमिकीं संभावनां प्राप्तवत्यौ ॥

‘राष्ट्र मण्डल में भाग लेना भारत की प्रगति के लिए जरूरी है।’

इस कथन का मैं समर्थन कर रही हूँ। जबसे भारत स्वतन्त्र हुआ तब से वह इस मण्डल का सदस्य बन गया है। इस मण्डल में भारत का स्थान, ब्रिटन, कानडा, न्यूजीलण्ड, आस्ट्रेलिया, सिलोन और पाकिस्तान आदि अन्य सदस्यों के स्थान से अलग है। भारत प्रजाकीय राजतंत्र होते हुए भी इस मण्डल का सदस्य है। यह बात यही साबित करती है कि इस मण्डल के सब सदस्य बिलकुल स्वतन्त्र हैं।

इस मण्डल में सब सदस्यों का वर्तन कौटुंबिक है। दक्षिण आफ्रिका और पाकिस्तान इस मण्डल के सदस्य होते हुए भी हमारे साथ अच्छा सम्बन्ध नहीं रखते। लेकिन यह विषय हमें किसी तरह की बाधा नहीं पहुँचाता है।

आर्थिक क्षेत्र में भी हमें काफी मदद मिल रही है। आप सब को विदित होगा कि कोलंबो प्लान से भारत, पाकिस्तान और सिलोन को धान्य, औद्योगिक यंत्र और उनके निष्णातों की मदद आस्ट्रेलिया, कानडा, न्यूजीलण्ड और ब्रिटन से मिल रही है। यह हमारी आज की आर्थिक परिस्थिति में बहुत फायदेमंद लगेगी इस तरह हम अपनी एक चिन्ता से निवृत्त होंगे जो हमें प्रगति की ओर ध्यान देने का समय देगी।

सांरक्षणिक क्षेत्र में यह बहुत फायदेमंद होगा। आज जब सारी दुनियाँ में अशांति फैली है तब भारत अपना पुराना शांतिका मंत्र फैलाने का प्रयास करते हुए इस अशांत समुद्र में एक अटल पर्वत की तरह खड़ा है। आप सब को मालूम ही होगा कि हिन्द-चीन में शांति स्थापित करने के भारत के प्रयासों में ब्रिटन और कानडा का कितना साथ था।

इस मण्डल का सदस्य बनने से हमें विदेशी आक्रमणके वक्त सहायता देने के लिए यह मण्डल मजबूर हो जाता है। यह भी है कि हम इस मण्डल का सदस्य होकर भारत को अन्य राष्ट्रों के सामने एक ऊँचा स्थान दे सकते हैं, जैसे कि आज ‘इण्डर नाषनल ट्रेस सुपरवैसपी कमिशन’ में तीन सदस्यों में दो इस मण्डल के हैं और उन दोनों में से भारत एक है। इस तरह अपना स्थान दुनियाँ के और राष्ट्रों के सामने ऊँचा कर सकते हैं।

राजनैतिक क्षेत्र में भी हम अपनी जटिल समस्याओं को मुलजाने के लिए दूसरों की राय ले सकते हैं और यह विवेचित हुआ सहमत दुनिया के और राष्ट्रों पर बहुत प्रभाव डालेगा क्योंकि वह एक ही राष्ट्र का मत नहीं पर कई और राष्ट्रों का भी होगा। दूसरी बात यह भी होगी किजिन देशों में हमारे प्रतिनिधि नहीं हैं, वहाँ हम इस मण्डल के दूसरे सदस्यों द्वारा वहाँ के हिन्दवासियों की देखभाल कर सकते हैं, जैसे कि पोर्चुगल से हमारा अच्छा सम्बन्ध न होने से ब्रिटन ने पोर्चुगीस पूर्वो आफ्रिका के हिन्द वासियों के हित की रक्षा की जवाबदारी लेना स्वीकार किया है।

इस तरह देखा जाय तो राजनैतिक, आर्थिक और अन्य सब क्षेत्रों में हमें बड़ा फायदा प्राप्त होता है। और यह सब हमें चिन्ता से कुछ निवृत्ति देगी और हम यह निवृत्ति प्राप्त करके प्रगति की ओर ध्यान दे सकेंगे।

आप सब को मालूम ही है कि भारत गण-राज्य तो अब सात साल का ही बच्चा है। उसको बड़े होने के लिए ब्रिटन जैसे बड़े राष्ट्रों की मदद की जरूरत है। इस में कोई शरम जनक बात नहीं है और अपनी निर्बलता का भी प्रदर्शन नहीं है। क्योंकि एक छोटा बच्चा बड़ों की सहायता के बिना कभी प्रगति प्राप्त नहीं कर सकता। भारत तो क्या, दुनियाँ का कोई भी राष्ट्र अन्य राष्ट्रों से अलग रह कर प्रगति प्राप्त नहीं कर सकता। दुनियाँ में ऐसी कोई चीज होनी चाहिए जो सब राष्ट्रों को मिलानुकर रखे।

और आप लोगों को मालूम ही होगा कि भारत दूसरे सदस्यों से अलग स्थान रखता है। इस मण्डल में उसे समान स्थान मिला है। इसलिए जब चाहे तब वह इस मण्डल से निकल सकता है। तो, भला, इतना स्वातन्त्र्य रखते हुए भी इस मण्डल में रहकर ही क्यों न लाभ उठाये ?

इसलिए मेरे मत में भारत का इस मण्डल में सदस्य होना बड़ा लाभदायक है।

(मद्रास विश्व विद्यालय द्वारा आयोजित अन्तर-कालेजीय वाक्-स्पर्धा में पहला पुरस्कार प्राप्त भाषण)

कुमारी के. सद्गुण,

[II U.C.—S.M.C.]

## தமிழ்ச் சங்கம்

1954-'55

சங்கத்தின் செயலாற்றும் குழுவைத் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கும் பொருட்டு, 1954, ஜூலை, 21-ம் தேதி, திரு. சந்திரா பார்த்தசாரதி அவர்கள் தலைமையில், தமிழ் மாணவியர் அனைவரும் ஒன்று கூடினர். திரு. K. கமலா (IV B.A.) செயலாளராகவும், திரு. C. பிரேமா (III U.C.), திரு. ரா. வேதவல்லி (II U.C.), திரு. T. V. சியாமளா (I U.C.) உதவி செயலாளர்களாகவும் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்டனர்.

1954, ஆகஸ்டு, 18-ம் தேதி, நன்னூலில், ஸ்ரீ கொத்தமங்கலம் சுப்பு அவர்கள், 'இராமாயணத்'தைப் பற்றி அரியதொரு சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார். சக்கரவர்த்தித் திருமகன் கடமையின் உருவமாகவும், பரதன் கீழ்ப்படிதலே உருவமாகவும் சித்தரிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளதைக் காட்டினார். ஸ்ரீ சங்கு சுப்ரமணியம் அவர்களும் உடன்வந்திருந்து, இறுதியில், எல்லோரும் இராமாயணத்தைப் படிக்க வேண்டியதன் அவசியத்தை உணர்த்தினார். இங்ஙனம், முதல் கூட்டம் இனிது நடந்தது.

1954, அக்டோபர், 20-ம் தேதி, மாலை, பேராசிரியர் ரா. பி. சேதுப்பிள்ளை அவர்கள், 'தமிழ்மொழி'யைப்பற்றி சுவைமிகுந்ததொரு சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார். பிறமொழிச் சொற்கள் நம் மொழியில் புகுந்துள்ள, வரலாற்றையும், அவற்றிற்கு ஏற்ற தமிழ்ச் சொற்கள் நம் பழந்தமிழ் இலக்கியங்களில் உள்ளன என்பதையும் நன்கு எடுத்துரைத்தார்.

1954, நவம்பர், 17-ம் தேதி, மாலை, தமிழ்ச் சங்கம் இசை விருந்து அளித்தது. கல்லூரி மாணவியர் பங்கெடுத்துக்கொண்டு திருப்பாவை பாடல்களையும், பாரதியார் பாடல்களையும் இனிமையாகப் பாடினர்.

1955, பிப்ரவரி, 2-ம் தேதி, கலைமகள் ஆசிரியர் திருவாளர் கி. வா. ஜகந்நாதன் அவர்கள், தமிழ் ஆர்வத்தை மேன்மேலும் வளர்க்கும் முறையில் 'தமிழ் இலக்கியத்தின் பெருமை'யைப்பற்றி அருமையும் இனிமையும் நிறைந்ததொரு சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார். இவ்வாறாக, இறைவன் திருவருளால், இவ் ஆண்டு, தமிழ்ச் சங்கம், தன் பணியை இனிதே நிறைவேற்றியது.

பரிசு பெற்ற விவரம் :—

1955, ஜனவரி, 30-ம் தேதி, 'வாலிபர் சங்கத்தின்'ரால், இந்து உயர்நிலைப்பள்ளியில், திருக்குறள்—பேச்சுப்போட்டி ஒன்று நடத்தப்பட்டது. ஐந்து மாணவிகள் பங்கெடுத்துக் கொண்டனர். திரு. M. K. அநசூயா (IV B.A.) மூன்றாம் பரிசு பெற்றாள்.

1955, ஜனவரி, 8-ம் தேதி, திரு. உ. வே. சுவாமிநாத ஐயர் அவர்கள் நினைவாக, ஆண்டுதோறும் நடைபெறும் திருக்குறள் பரீட்சை, இவ் ஆண்டும், மாநிலக் கல்லூரியில் நடத்தப்பட்டது. திரு. M. K. அநசூயா (IV B.A.), P. A. சிவகாமசுந்தரி (I U.C.) என்ற இரு மாணவிகள் அப் பரீட்சையை எழுதினர். அவர்கள், முறையே, முதல், இரண்டாம் பரிசுகளைப் பெற்றனர்.

తెనుఁగు

సమితి

ఈ యేడుతో మా కళాశాలకు దాదాపు ఏడు సంవత్సరములు నిండింది. కళాశాలతోబాటు మా సమితికి కూడ ఏడు సంవత్సరములుగా వచ్చుచున్నది. ఇంత లేద్రాయములోనున్నను, ఒడుదుడుకులు లేని నడకతో మా సమితి యీ సంవత్సరం తన కార్యకలాపాలను కొన సాగించుకొన్నది. “పట్టినదంతా బంగారమే” యన్నట్లు ఏ పోటీల కెళ్ళినను, ఏ చిన్నకార్యంజేసినను విజయమునే సాధించుకొన్నది మా సమితి.

జూలై మాసం ఆఖరున కార్యవర్గపు ఎన్నికలు జరిగినవి. కుమారి లలితాంబ II u.c., కార్యదర్శినిగను, శ్రీమతి రాజరాజేశ్వరి IV u.c., కుమారి అచ్చమాంబ III u.c., కుమారి మీనాక్షి II u.c., కుమారి కృష్ణవేణి I u.c., సహాయ కార్యదర్శినులుగ నెన్నుకొనబడిరి. అగష్టు నెల సమితి సాంవత్సరిక ప్రారంభోత్సవము జరుప బడెను. అందులకు శ్రీ చాప్టరు గిడుగు వేంకట సీతాపతిగారు అధ్యక్షత వహించారు. సంఘమునందును సాహిత్యము నందును మనకు పాశ్చాత్యులకుగల భిన్నాభిప్రాయములను గూర్చి ఉపన్యాస మొనగిరి. విమ్మట సాహిత్యాభి వృద్ధినిగూర్చి చెప్పుతు, ఇంకను సర్వతో ముఖముగా నభివృద్ధిజెందునట్లు తోడ్పడవలయునని సలహానొసంగుచు, హిత వచనములతో సమావేశమును ముగించిరి.

తరువాత నెప్టెంబరు మాసం శ్రీ కవిశేఖర విద్యాకా విశ్వనాథ నరసింహంగారు (M.A., Bed.) అధునిక కవిత్వమును గూర్చి అత్యద్భుతంగా ఉపన్యసించిరి. అక్టోబరు నెల శ్రీ పి. యస్. ఆర్. అప్పారావుగారు M.A., తెలుగు సాహిత్యమునందలి హాస్యరసమునుగూర్చి చెల్పిరి. పురాణయుగమునుండి, ఇప్పటివరకు వెలసిన కావ్యములనుండి హాస్యరసముల నుదాహరణములతో సమగ్రంగా నిపులీకరించిరి. విమ్మట అదే మాసమున శ్రీ బోయి భీమన్నగారు ప్రస్తుత కాలమునందలి పద్యకవిత్వమునుగూర్చి ఉపన్యాస మొనగిరి. వీరు రచించిన మధుబాల గ్రంథమే తృతీయ విశ్వవిద్యాలయ తరగతివారికి పాఠ్యగ్రంథముగా నుండుటచేసింది. ప్రస్తుతకాలపు పద్యకవిత ఇంతనూ చక్కని రూపును దొందలేదని, అట్లు రూపొందిన పద్యకవితలో పఠితుడు లీనమై తనుచుట్టు పరిసరములను మరచినప్పుడే దానినిగూర్చి విమర్శించుటకు వీలగుననియు చెల్పిరి. విమ్మట విద్యార్థినులడిగిన ప్రశ్నలకు నడుత్తర ముల నొసంగుచు శుభవచనములతో సమావేశమును ముగించిరి.

నవంబరు మాసమున శ్రీ తాపీ ధర్మారావుగారు ఆంధ్ర వాఙ్మయమునందలి ప్రబంధములనుగూర్చి చక్కగ నుపన్యసించిరి. వీరు ఆంధ్ర వాఙ్మయమున నెక్కువ కృషిజేసియున్నారు. వీరికి “ఆంధ్ర వికారద” అను బిరుదుగలదు. ముక్కుతిమ్మన ముద్దు ముద్దు బిల్గులతో రచించిన పారిజాతాపహరణమును గూర్చి, పెద్దనగారు దిగిదిగి అల్లికతో అల్లిన మనుచరిత్రను గూర్చి, శ్రీ కృష్ణదేవరాయలు ప్రాథముగా రచించిన ఆ ముక్తమాల్యదగూర్చి, కవిసార్వభౌముడగు శ్రీ నాడుడు రచించిన శృంగార వైషధమును గూర్చి విశాలముగ విమర్శించిరి. విద్యార్థినులు, నతిభక్తి శ్రద్ధలతో నుత్సాహమును, వీ రొసంగిన ఉపన్యాసమును వినుటయేగాక వారు నుడివిన ముఖ్యాంశములను గుర్తించుకొనిరి. ఈ విధముగా నా రోజు సమితి ఎంతో జయప్రదముగా జరిగెను.

ఆంధ్ర విద్యార్థి విజ్ఞాన సమితి అధ్యక్షుని జరిగి నవకృత్వ, కథానిక, పద్య, గద్య రచన పోటీలలో మా కళాశాల విద్యార్థినులు పాల్గొనిరి. అందు జి. మీనాక్షి II u.c. వకృత్వ పోటీయందు ద్వితీయ బహుమానమును (Second Prize) పొందెను. ఆ. నాంచారమ్మ I u.c. గద్యరచన పోటీయందు (Essay Competition) మొదటి బహుమతిని, (First Prize) ఆరంభతి II u.c. కథానిక పోటీయందు (Short Story Competition) ప్రథమ బహుమానమును (First Prize) వింజమూరి సరస్వతి Social Service Diploma విద్యార్థిని సంగీతపు పోటీయందు ప్రథమ బహుమానమేగాక (First Prize) రోలింగ్ కప్ ను, (Rolling Cup) గెల్చుకొనిరి.

అంతే కాదు లయోలా కళాశాల ఆంధ్ర వాఙ్మయ సమితి రోలింగ్ కప్ నుగను లయోలా కళాశాల ఆంధ్ర వాఙ్మయ సమితి అధ్యక్షుని జనవరి మాసం జరిగిన ఆంతర్ కళాశాల వకృత్వపు పోటీయందు (Inter-collegiate debate) మా కళాశాల సమితి తరపున టి. మైథిలి I u.c. జి. మీనాక్షి II u.c. పాల్గొనిరి. “ప్రస్తుతపు విద్యా విధానమే నిరుద్యోగమునకు ప్రధానకారణము” విషయము పై వీరు చర్చించిరి. అందు మా కళాశాల రోలింగ్ కప్ ను (Rolling Cup) గెల్చుకొనెను. ఆంతమాత్రమేగాక విద్యార్థినిలకై ప్రత్యేకింపబడిన బహుమతిని (Women's best Speaker's Prize) పొందెను. ఈ విధంగా ఈ సంవత్సరం మా సమితి ఎంతో జయప్రదంగా జరిగిందని చెప్పుటకు మేము నిజంగా మా అభివృద్ధిని సర్వవిధాల మాకు సహాయమొనర్చిన మా పూజనీయులగు తల్లుల కర్పించు చున్నాము. ఇదే విధముగా రాబోవు సంవత్సరములందుగూడ సర్వతో ముఖముగా నభివృద్ధిజెందునట్లును, సర్వ సంపదలతో తులతూగునట్లును దేవుడు మమ్ముల నాశీర్వదించునని విశ్వసిస్తాము.

ఇక నెలవు.

ఇటు.

మణ్ణి - శారదాంబ, ఎమ్.ఏ.

# സ്റ്റൈലിസ് കോളേജ് മലയാള സാഹിത്യസമാജം

(വാർഷിക റിപ്പോർട്ട്)

1954-ജൂലായ് മാസം 19-ാം തീയതി സ്ഥിരം വൈസ് പ്രസിഡണ്ട് ശ്രീമതി. മറ്റേറ്റർ ജോസഫിന്റെ അദ്ധ്യക്ഷതയിൽ സ്റ്റൈലിസ് കോളേജ് മലയാള സാഹിത്യസമാജത്തിന്റെ കാര്യം ചർച്ചയായും കൂടി. കമാരി എ. ജയലക്ഷ്മിയെ സമാജം കൗൺസിലിനിയായും കമാരി പി. കല്യാണിക്കുട്ടിയെ സഹായ കൗൺസിലിനിയായും തിരഞ്ഞെടുത്തു.

വൈ. മൂന്നു വയസ്സ് മാത്രം പ്രായമുള്ള ഈ സാഹിത്യ സമാജം ഇനിയും ബാലാരിഷ്ടങ്ങളിൽനിന്ന് വിമുക്തയായിട്ടില്ല. വളരെ കുറവുമാത്രം അംഗങ്ങളോടു കൂടിയ ഈ സമാജത്തിന്റെ പ്രവർത്തന പരിധിയും കഴിവുകളും പരിമിതങ്ങളാണെന്ന് പറയേണ്ടതില്ലല്ലോ. എങ്കിലും മനോഹര മലയാളികളുടെ സൗഹാർദ്ദ മനോഭാവവും പ്രവർത്തന ചാതുര്യവുമാണ് സമാജത്തിന്റെ പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾ സജീവമായി നടന്നുവരുന്നത്. പേരും പെരുമയുമുള്ള സാഹിത്യകാരന്മാരെയും കലാകാരന്മാരെയും ഈ സമാജത്തിന്റെ അദ്ധ്യക്ഷപദമലങ്കരിക്കുവാൻ ലക്ഷ്യമുണ്ടെന്നുള്ളത് തികച്ചും പാരിതാർത്ഥ്യജനകമാണ്. വിദ്യാർത്ഥികൾക്ക് അവരുടെ കലാപ്രകടനങ്ങൾക്കുള്ള അവസരങ്ങൾ സൃഷ്ടിച്ചു കൊടുക്കുകയും അതിനായി അവരെ പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുകയെന്നുള്ളത് സമാജത്തിന്റെ മുഖ്യോദ്ദേശ്യത്തിൽ പെടുന്നു.

1954-ഒക്ടോബർ 20-ാം തീയതി ഡോ: സി. ആർ. കൃഷ്ണപിള്ളയുടെ മഹനീയാദ്ധ്യക്ഷതയിൽ സമാജത്തിന്റെ ഉത്ഘാടനയോഗം നടന്നു. വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ സമ്പ്രദായത്തിൽ “അനന്തം” “ഇനന്തം” തമ്മിലുള്ള വ്യത്യാസങ്ങളെ താരതമ്യപ്പെടുത്തിയും അവ കാവ്യങ്ങളെ ഉദാഹരണസഹിതം ചൂണ്ടിക്കാണിച്ചും അദ്ദേഹം വിത്തൊന്നപ്രദമായ ഒരു പ്രസംഗം ചെയ്തു.

സാധാരണ മാസത്തിൽ ഒരു തവണ സമാജത്തിന്റെ ആഭിമുഖ്യത്തിൽ യോഗങ്ങൾ കൂടാറുണ്ട്. ഇത്തരം യോഗങ്ങളിൽ സൗകര്യപ്പെടുന്നവർക്കും തലയെടുപ്പുള്ള സാഹിത്യകാരന്മാരെ ക്ഷണിച്ചു വരുത്തി പ്രസംഗിപ്പിക്കുക പതിവുണ്ട്. കേരളത്തിന്റെ സുപ്രസിദ്ധ നാടകകൃത്തും അനുഗ്രഹിത നടനുമായ ശ്രീമാൻ ടി. എൻ. ഗോപിനാഥൻ നായർ, കേരള കൗമുദി പത്രാധിപർ ശ്രീമാൻ കെ. ബാലകൃഷ്ണൻ എന്നിവരെ ഈ വർഷം സമാജത്തിന് പ്രാസംഗികരായി ലഭിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടെന്നുള്ളതു് സമാജത്തിന് അഭിമാനകരമാണ്.

1955-ജനുവരി 16-ാം തീയതി ജൂനിയർ ബി. എ. വിദ്യാർത്ഥിനി കുമാരി അന്നമ്മ മാമ്മന്റെ അദ്ധ്യക്ഷതയിൽ ഒരു യോഗം കൂടി. “ഭാരതവനിതകൾ” എന്ന വിഷയത്തെക്കുറിച്ച് അദ്ധ്യക്ഷ ഉത്തേജനകരമായ ഒരു പ്രസംഗം ചെയ്തു. സഭാംഗങ്ങളുടെ ആഗ്രഹാനുസാരം അദ്ധ്യക്ഷ രണ്ടു മൂന്നു ഗാനങ്ങൾ ശ്രുതി മധുരമായി ആലപിച്ചു. അതിനെത്തുടർന്നു സഭസ്മൃതി പലരും ഗാനാലാപം നടത്തുകയുണ്ടായി. അങ്ങനെ സമാജത്തിന്റെ അവസാന യോഗം മംഗളമായി പൂർവ്വസാനിച്ചു.

ഈ യോഗത്തോടുകൂടി സമാജത്തിന്റെ ഇക്കോളത്തെ കാര്യപരിപാടികൾ അവസാനിച്ചു.

MADRAS,  
15—3—1955.

എന്നു്  
വൈസ് പ്രസിഡൻസ്.



## THE OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

WE had often considered the formation of an Old Students' Association, but being still a new College, enrolling students from all over India, Ceylon, Malaya etc., we doubted whether time was ripe for such a venture. However, our graduates of March 1954 were less dubious and they returned to the College in June eagerly demanding an O.S.A.

The President and the Vice-President of the College Union warmly seconded the idea and, scarcely awaiting a reply, set to work with a will composing and despatching circulars.

The occasion of the Annual Graduates' Reception in August was fixed for the inauguration of the Association. The response far exceeded our expectations. Journeys were undertaken from Delhi, Malabar, Mangalore, Andhra. One student even came all the way from Ceylon ! How happy we were to welcome our old students back again, many of them now married or pursuing post-graduate courses.

Women are seldom at a loss for words. Imagine then the accumulation of news there was to be exchanged after an absence of, in some cases, seven years. Up and down the stairs the happy groups climbed, anxious to revisit and explore every corner of the College building.

The Inaugural Meeting was scheduled to begin at 3 p.m. Actually it did not begin until long after 3-30 p.m., so busy were the students renewing their old friendships.

It was scarcely necessary to welcome them officially ; the whole atmosphere be-tokened it. There was unanimity in the election of the pioneer office-bearers. Business ended, a merry tea-party followed. Then came an entertainment and games.

There have been several meetings of the Working Committee since August, the main task being to find out the most suitable forms of reunions for an Association whose members are scattered throughout the country and beyond.

College Day in March saw our Madrasis back once more, happy to partake in the day's celebrations.

We trust that 1955 will see a further advance of our long-desired O.S.A.

## **VISITORS TO STELLA MARIS**

1. On December 21, 1954, our Hostelites received ceremoniously 18 Student Delegates, snatched as it were from the solemn Asian Seminar at Loyola College. They hailed from Rome, Manila, Hongkong, Singapore, Ceylon, Indonesia and from all over India.

The foreign delegates were warmly welcomed by Betty Xavier, College C.S.U. President. After admiring Mylapore and Madras from the College terrace they admired still more the tea, served Indian style in the Tiffin Block. It was the turn of the visitors to present their own culture in song and dance.

Miss Goldie from Rome remarked that the girl delegates made easy, friendly contacts which would certainly broaden the outlook of all Asian youth in the field of culture.

2. A second group of visitors hailed from the University of California on their tour through Pakistan, India and Ceylon—August 20, 1954.

You cannot find the Lalithanagar cheri children “napping”; that does not mean that they neglect their beauty nap every day. Oh, no, they are as faithful to that practice as the nursery children in California or anywhere else. So when the six students from California made an impromptu visit to the cheri they found the place as spic and span as usual—a place for everything and everything in its place—sand table, charts, pencils, books, etc. etc.

The teachers showed the equipment, its use, the tiny dressing corner and its value. The visiting group must meet the proud mothers who, nothing daunted, salute the foreigners in their own characteristic way—the two hands raised to the height of the chin and the head slightly bowed.

A few paces away stands a shed where milk is distributed daily and where first-aid is given by the students of the College, who also explained the working of the co-operatives. The Lalithanagar Women's Society is supported by the Government. The Co-operative helps in the purchase of the buffaloes and arranges for the sale of the milk. In this way several families are saved from destitution and a certain amount of family pride is maintained.

The students from California had an object lesson in Social Service from their Indian Sisters which they may remember for life. The cheri is indeed a "centre of learning."

## **A NOTE ON THE ALL-ASIAN SEMINAR**

**D**ECEMBER 10th : at last the long-awaited Seminar had begun. The opening service ended, we met together outside San Thome Cathedral, a truly representative Asian group. Every face was aglow with eagerness to make friends. No introductions were needed. Conversation began at once, with questioning and exchanging of views.

For three weeks we lived, worked, played and prayed together. We differed about many things, of course, but found our ideals and aspirations one. Ours was indeed a Students' Seminar and, though we had our elders to guide us, it was left to us to plan the daily programme and carry it out successfully. In groups we discussed common and particular problems, making and taking suggestions for their solution. Eminent speakers kindly consented to address us on a variety of useful topics. Film shows helped us too. The while our industrious secretaries busily prepared their reports.

Indian customs and culture interested our guests immensely. On their visit to Stella Maris College they were delighted to be greeted with the traditional South Indian welcome of sandalwood paste and rose water. Our jolly picnic to Mahabalipuram proved that they were far from ignorant on the subject of Indian archaeology. They were delighted to see the actual temples about which they had heard so much. Even a break-down on the way back in no way damped their ardour.

We prayed together too. I was impressed how ready the delegates were to change over to serious work or prayer at a moment's notice.

Christmas, the season of brotherly love, brought us still closer together. January came and we had to say goodbye, probably never to meet again. But each of us parted richer in knowledge, understanding, sympathy and love for our brothers and sisters of the Asian world.

MOIRA COELHO (III U.C.)



The delegates receive an Indian welcome

## MADemoiselle MUNI

### A

## STELLA MARIS

“ Quoi de plus beau que la Beauté, et cette autre beauté qui la chante ? ”

Jean-Pierre Altermann.

Le Collège Stella Maris restera longtemps sous le charme de la visite,—trop courte seulement comme sont tous les beaux rêves,—dont voulut bien l'honorer Mademoiselle Muni, au cours de son récent voyage à travers l'Inde, en ce début d'année 1955.

Cette toute jeune artiste, venue de Paris avec la mission spéciale de faire connaître la poésie française contemporaine parmi les milieux intellectuels et artistiques indiens, conquist d'emblée son auditoire d'étudiantes, pour lesquelles elle devait interpréter quelques-uns des poèmes les plus caractéristiques de la France du XXe siècle.

D'abord elle dit son émotion et sa joie profondes de se trouver pour la première fois dans ce beau pays, auquel le souvenir de sa chère Maman, elle-même Indienne l'unissait déjà par les liens les plus étroits. Puis, avant de présenter les poètes français aux étudiantes de Stella Maris—qui, pour la plupart, venaient seulement de faire leurs débuts dans l'étude de la langue française—elle eut la délicate attention de choisir, parmi la collection très belle et très variée des poèmes qu'elle avait apportés, ceux qui pouvaient faciliter davantage pour ces jeunes Indiennes l'intelligence des textes.

Francis Jammes, . . . “ le chantre des jeunes filles en fleur ”, n'était-il pas tout désigné pour les introduire le premier dans “ le Domaine mystérieux ” de la poésie française ?

En quelques mots, Mademoiselle Muni leur avait fait de lui le très complet portrait que voici : “ Francis Jammes était un vieux bonhomme, avec une grande barbe blanche, qui vivait loin de Paris, tout près de la nature et des bêtes.”

Ensuite, elle leur présenta un de ses jolis poèmes : la “ Prière pour aller au Paradis avec les ânes ”, dont elle sut rendre avec une grande délicatesse l'humilité touchante et la candide simplicité.

Sous cet art, ingénu en apparence, de Francis Jammes, se cache un grand poète, doué,—comme l'a si justement remarqué un critique,—d'une observation à la fois naïve et pénétrante, en même temps que d'un sentiment de la nature tout à fait direct, "comme celui d'un enfant qui aime, avec un étonnement mystérieux et inconscient, les ciels, les eaux, les fleurs, les animaux."

Dans ce poème, où nous le voyons cheminer sur la "grande route", son bâton à la main, c'est,—parmi les bêtes simples et bonnes qui peuplent "la campagne en fête,—l'âne surtout qui le touche, "le petit âne mendiant et gris, plus désolé que la carriole qu'il traîne." Il se voit, lui, Francis Jammes, arrivant tout doucement au paradis avec les ânes, ses amis !

J'arriverai, suivi de leurs milliers d'oreilles,  
Suivi de ceux qui portèrent au flanc des corbeilles,  
De ceux traînant des voitures de saltimbanques  
Ou des voitures de plumeaux et de fer-blanc . . .  
J'arriverai . . au paradis, où sont en plein jour les étoiles.

Après Jammes, un autre poète, Robert Desnos,—tout proche de nous, puisque, jeune encore, il mourut, victime de la guerre, dans un camp de concentration en 1945,—nous fut révélé pour la première fois par deux de ses petits poèmes : "L'alligator" et "Le myosotis", tous deux d'une simplicité ravissante en même temps que pleins de fantaisie "Le myosotis" surtout plut beaucoup aux étudiantes par son originalité . . . Il s'agit d'un pauvre myosotis qui a, tout à coup, perdu complètement la mémoire. Voici comment, en six petits vers, nous apprenons tous ses malheurs :

Ayant perdu toute mémoire,  
Un myosotis s'ennuyait.  
Voulait-il conter une histoire ?  
Dès le début, il l'oubliait.  
Pas de passé, pas d'avenir.  
Myosotis sans souvenir.

La place manque ici pour citer tant d'autres poètes encore, présentés par Mademoiselle Muni dans son étude de la poésie du XXe siècle : depuis les premiers symbolistes, jusqu'aux représentants du surréalisme et du réalisme lyrique, sans compter ceux—et ils sont nombreux !—que la singularité d'un art très personnel ne permet de rattacher, en fait, à aucune école déterminée.

Nous ne pouvons, cependant, terminer cette énumération sans nommer encore un beau poème de Max Jacob, d'inspiration religieuse, qui s'intitule : "Visitation" . . . Max Jacob mourut, lui aussi, dans un camp de concentration, en 1944, à l'âge de 68 ans. Converti au catholicisme, il exprime dans ces vers, en un style émouvant, sa foi profonde en ce mystère ineffable de la Vierge, élue par Dieu pour devenir son temple :

Louange à cette petite fille de la campagne  
Qui a été l'épouse et la mère de Dieu . . .  
Elle n'est qu'une pauvre enfant de la campagne.  
Sa famille est une famille de pauvres gens . . .  
Elle-même est la fiancée d'un menuisier :  
Un menuisier de bourg, pensez ce que ça pouvait être !

Et cependant :

Dans leur vie, un événement est arrivé :  
Il paraît que le Saint-Esprit est sur Marie . . .

A cette pensée, le poète se trouve comme ravi en extase. Il ne décrit plus ; il ne médite plus : il contemple . . . Il contemple en cette petite fille, fiancée à un pauvre menuisier, celle " qui a mérité de devenir la mère de Dieu !" . . . Mère de Dieu, en même temps : mère de tous les hommes. Et la contemplation, que le poète exprime dans les vers suivants, s'achève en une humble et confiante prière :

Elle est l'unique.  
Elle est saluée par Gabriel ;  
Elle le mérite.  
C'est pourquoi Dieu est sur elle ;  
Il est en elle ; il est autour d'elle ;  
Il est son époux, son fils, son père ;  
Elle est sa nourrice, et sa mère ;  
Elle est sa reine, il est son roi . . .  
Vierge unique, veillez sur moi.

Ces derniers vers, dont Mademoiselle Muni exprima avec une sincérité si profonde et si émouvante toute la ferveur, furent compris sans peine de toutes les étudiantes, et firent sur elles une vive impression.

Comment expliquer que cette jeune artiste dramatique, s'exprimant dans une langue inconnue à la presque majorité de son auditoire réussit, malgré tout, partout où elle passa, non seulement à la rendre intelligible, mais encore à faire aimer et apprécier à leur valeur les oeuvres des poètes français qu'elle était venue révéler ?

C'est qu'elle parlait un langage qui, venant tout droit du coeur, n'avait pas besoin d'être traduit autrement pour être compris. Là est le secret de son art . . . Dans ce don qui vient de plus haut que la terre—don de l'amour, qu'avait reçu en partage celui en qui la divine Sagesse avait choisi d'établir sa demeure, et duquel il est écrit que : " Dieu lui avait fait la grâce de parler selon qu'il sentait dans son coeur."

Mais ce n'est pas seulement l'âme sensible et ardente de la jeune artiste qu'avec celle des poètes l'on sentait à chaque instant passer dans cette poésie, c'était encore—en

elle et par elle—l'âme de la France tout entière . . . la France des petits et des humbles, des artistes et des poètes ; la France des héros et des saints . . . Tout cela qu'exprimait Péguy dans 'Le Porche du Mystère de la deuxième vertu, quand Dieu, son porte-parole, dit de la France :

Vraiment . . . . . mon Fils m'a fait de très bons jardiniers  
Depuis quatorze siècles qu'il ameublait cette terre d'âmes . . .  
Peuple de mon Fils, peuple plein de grâce, éternellement  
    plein de jeunesse et de grâce . . .  
O mon peuple français . . . Peuple qui laboures le plus profondément  
Les terres et les âmes.  
Toujours tes eaux seront des eaux vives.  
Et tes sources toujours des fontaines jaillissantes.  
.....  
Français, dit Dieu, c'est vous qui avez inventé ces beaux  
    jardins des âmes.  
Je sais quelles fleurs merveilleuses croissent dans vos  
    mystérieux jardins . . .  
Aussi je vous le dis en vérité c'est vous qui serez mes  
    jardiniers devant Dieu.  
C'est vous qui dessinerez mes jardins de Paradis.

Pour leur avoir révélé ces merveilleux jardins aux eaux vives et aux fontaines jaillissantes, les étudiantes de Stella Maris sont heureuses de pouvoir remercier de tout coeur ici leur grande amie.



**IT'S**

**SO**

**EASY**

**I** WONDER why people find such difficulty in understanding the meaning of the most suggestive of words ? For myself I have no difficulty in discovering the meaning of any new word either by the sound or through the association of words and I am always on the look-out for the first opportunity to employ these new-found words. It enlivens the conversation to be able to substitute a hackneyed term by a new, suggestive word.

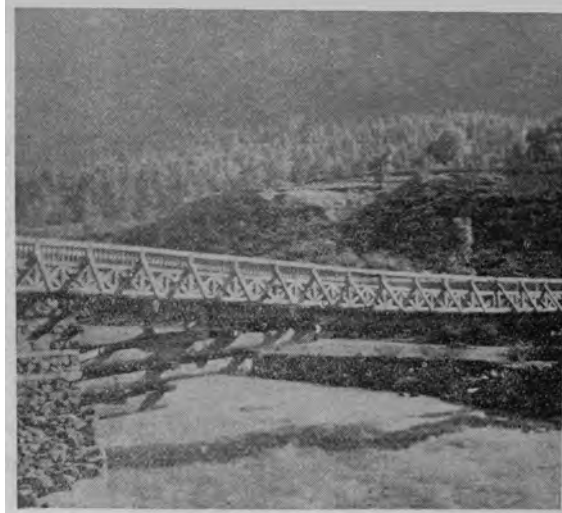
For example, when I first heard the word " gladiator " I made out by a process of unconscious reasoning that a gladiator must be some one who gladiates, just as a radiator is something which radiates. " Gladiator " immediately suggested gliding. Thus in a few seconds I knew that a gladiator was the pilot of a glider. When I next heard gliding mentioned in conversation, I hastened to remark that there were comparatively few gladiators to be found in India. My companion looked puzzled and I was asked to repeat the word at least twice till I well-nigh yelled it at him. Still he looked askance as if I had uttered a wrong word. It quite annoyed me ; a little common sense would have told him the meaning without all that fuss.

Another suggestive word is " nostalgia ". If neuralgia means some sort of nervous pain (as the advertisements say), obviously nostalgia is a pain of the nose—the type which accompanies a bad cold. I once asked a casual acquaintance to suggest a remedy for my severe nostalgia. The bantering reply I received was, " A psychiatrist, or better still a book of poems !" I was dumbfounded. Psychiatrist indeed ! I think it is she who ought to consult one.

But now I have realised my mistake. In future I shall confine myself to hackneyed terms like " pilot " and " pain in the nose ", since people do not seem to have enough common sense to understand the more euphonic words like " gladiator " and " nostalgia ".

K. SITA (IV U.C.)

## IMPRESSIONS OF NORTH INDIA ON A MADRASI



One of the seven bridges of Srinagar, crossing the river  
Jhelum

MY childhood dreams materialised when I visited the North in May 1954. Never in my wildest fancies had I thought that I would see the wonderful Taj Mahal, so rightly called one of the wonders of the world ; Kashmir—the land of cherries and beautiful girls ; Delhi—with its awe-inspiring Kutb Minar. Being a dreamer by nature, my thoughts had carried me many a time on golden wings to Kashmir when reading descriptions and seeing pictures of it. Only I was always awakened from these pleasant reveries to stark reality.

Fourteen girls and a hundred and twenty boys set out on this tour to North India. At Government Arts College our identification cards were given us. We left Madras on the 7th of May for Bombay—the centre of fashion and artificiality.

The evening of the seventh saw me at the station filled with fears and hopes. I was bewildered by the sea of unknown faces around me. My parents were apprehensive about sending me with strangers, but I overcame their fears saying that I would soon make friends. How easily said ! In reality my heart was sinking to the bottom of my shoes. Last-minute instructions were liberally distributed by relations and friends. The train finally steamed out of the crowded platform, bearing with it a hundred and thirty-four hearts beating with joy and excitement.

Bombay received us two days later with open arms, but it fell short of my expectations. It is crowded : one has the feeling that one is being choked and suffocated. The Taj Mahal Hotel is worth seeing : a tall, majestic, six-storeyed building which conjures up thoughts of the sky-scrapers of New York, on a smaller scale. The “ Hanging Gardens ” is another beauty spot : the hedges are trimmed in the shape of various animals. This garden is situated on a higher level, with the result that a great part of Bombay can be seen from there. We went to the Elephanta Caves which hold great interest for newcomers. They are situated outside Bombay and we could get there only by boat. If my

memory serves me aright, I think there are sixteen caves, all containing figures of the Hindu deities in various poses.

The Milk Colony, which we next visited, is said to be the best in Asia. Milk is heated and collected into bottles by means of machinery. Some of the milk is also tinned. Practically the whole of Bombay is supplied by the Milk Colony, and the rest of the milk is sent to the surrounding areas. The process of boiling the milk and putting it into tins is done by machinery and is therefore absolutely clean.

Our last day in Bombay was spent at a reception given by Sri S. K. Patel. Four tokens of friendship were distributed, one of them being given to Dorothy Pinto of Stella Maris College.

Snapshots were taken every minute so that by the end of the tour we were quite used to them. One would imagine we were a delegation from Timbuctoo !

Our next destination was Delhi. We were greeted by the Reception Committee and taken to Modern School, a lovely place and a welcome change after our stay in Bombay. Delhi is a much better city than Bombay. The people are completely Indian in their outlook and at the same time up-to-date with all the latest fashions. But most of us had a great obstacle to face. I think that nearly forty per cent of us knew no Hindi and about ten per cent could only with great difficulty struggle to make themselves understood. Quite a few of the salesmen in the big shops could not speak a word of English, and they looked at us askance when we told them we were strangers to Hindi.

South Indians have been branded inhospitable and backward whilst the North Indian is said to be the emblem of hospitality. I did not think so. Perhaps when big personages visit the North they are driven in grand cars and given tokens and parties. South India may not be able to match her neighbour's hospitality, but when ordinary people visit the South they are kindly treated. In the North they are inclined to ignore you even to the point of rudeness if you do not know Hindi. In spite of that, Delhi is a lovely place, though the heat was unbearable. What impressed me most was the Kutb Minar : this is a very high pillar with a spiral staircase of 379 steps leading to the summit and it is no joke climbing them. From the top there is a beautiful view of the whole of Delhi and beyond, but when you look below you feel your head reeling.

We went to Parliament House and witnessed part of a Session. We were fortunate enough to be present when the Prime Minister spoke. The next day we were favoured by an audience with the great man.

A reception was arranged for us and Sri V. V. Giri presided. He was very pleased to note that as many as six universities of South India had responded so eagerly to this tour of the North.

Excitement reigned high while on our way to Kashmir. To reach Kashmir we had to break our journey at several places, one being Amritsar. There, the Golden Temple was practically the only place of interest. It is very difficult for me to describe it. Situated

as it is in the middle of a pond containing various fish, there is a sort of paved bridge leading to the temple. Before entering all are supposed to remove their shoes and wash their feet. All around the water is a marble walk with not a speck of dust to sully it because it is involuntarily swept by the visitors passing over it at all times. The dome of the temple is made of gold and shines especially bright in the setting sun. The walls too are gilded. Prayers are continually recited within the temple by a priest and as people come in and go out they generously throw money into an enclosure. It is said that many thousands of rupees are collected each day. The Khaba College and Hospital have been started with this money, part of which is also spent on feeding the poor.

We continued our journey to Kashmir by bus. It was wonderful ! Round and round and higher and higher we climbed. Wherever we looked a sea of green met our eyes and invited us to take a nap. The air was cool and the scenery beautiful. Excitement ran very high when someone spied snow on the mountains. The buses stopped and we jumped out ; snow fights ensued with screams and howls—the latter mostly from the girls as the ice was hard and stinging and the boys did not spare us. But our joy was short-lived because we had to board the bus again in five minutes.

We reached Kashmir late in the evening. I thought that since Kashmir is mountainous the sun would set early, but it was the contrary : darkness fell on that beautiful country only at 8-30 or so.

The Kashmiris on the whole are fair people. The women are short with pink cheeks and laughing faces ; the men handsome, tall and broad-shouldered. Many a time a broad moustache outlines their lips. Over their long trousers the women wear a frock with a shawl around their shoulders. The men have a shirt and a woollen or cotton bolero over their wide trousers. A fez generally completes the costume.

The Kashmiris are very conservative. It is very evident that there is no middle class. Most of the people are poor but contented with life. The houses of the well-to-do are all of a similar style, each having a decorated ceiling. Hospitality is an outstanding characteristic of the Kashmiris. We had scarcely made friends with them than they were inviting us to tea, lunch etc., and would brook no refusal. But once again we were faced with the language difficulty : the poor understand only Kashmiri.

You can travel by land or water. There are any number of tiny pleasure-boats. The fare is very low. Then there are house-boats which are rented out. They are fully furnished and just like a house. Other small boats laden with fruits and nuts come up and you can have your choice.

We climbed Gulbarg, a mountain 10,000 feet high. We were worn out at the end of it. From there we proceeded on horse-back to Kilenmarg, where we saw snow once more—the result was snow-fighting. Every morning our first view was the mountains streaked with white, which made me think of an old man's beard. Dhal Lake is another beautiful spot, in the centre of which is a hotel accessible only by boat. We saw some boys

surf-riding, and how thrilled we were ! Some of our boys, thinking it very easy tried their luck but hardly were they on the board when they were once again in the water.

Gardens abound in Kashmir. We visited as many as six but I have forgotten their names : one of them was Government Gardens. Everywhere we turned we enjoyed a feast of colour. The roses were marvellous : three or four times the size of the roses here, and so fragrant.

We met Sri Ghulam Bakshi, the Prime Minister of Kashmir, and were welcomed by the Yuvaraja and the Yuvarani.

Our final halt was at Agra which is noted, as everyone knows, for the Taj Mahal. We visited the Taj by night and its silhouette was marvellous. Most of us have at some time or other read about the Taj, and all I can say is that the reality far surpasses any possible description.

The next morning we got into the train for the last time, thankful that we were going back to "home, sweet home." The journey was long and tedious and we looked and felt rather grimy when our train finally made her appearance at Central Station.

For me, the tour will always be fresh and vivid, and will recall many wonderful memories. In the years to come I hope that more girls will join the tour and it is my fervent wish that all who do so will find it as wonderful as I did and bring back memories that will last until they are grandmothers in their old rocking-chairs with nothing left to them save the memories they have gathered during life.

NALINI MASCARENHAS (IV U.C.)



The author admiring the Taj Mahal

## REFLEXIONS ON RAPPOPORT

### (An Armchair Travelogue)

THE war-drums started beating. The war was on again ! The mental peace of an extremely innocent, positively harmless set of people with the best of intentions in the world had been ruthlessly shattered. The "Phantom Examiners" had decided to strike again. One single bomb and hundreds of little green books fell on the defenceless heads of a dazed people.

An ineffectual struggle, and the green books were accepted somewhat stoically. We students were defeated once again, and the Phantoms gave a ghostly chuckle.

The book in question—the book that started the whole trouble, looked innocent enough. "Readings in Contemporary French," the title said, by Rappoport. Of course, the man was probably well-intentioned, but to us his "Readings" were singularly lacking in what the Americans call "horse-sense !"

It was a merry mixture, an Irish stew, a combination of a Tourist Guide and a "Ten Easy Lessons in Body-Building" or "How to Develop a Herculean Physique".

The author escorted us through half of France. We witnessed a noisy, hilarious "Election Presidentielle" at Versailles, then escaped with relief to the quiet charm of "La Campagne". Armed with tourists' paraphernalia we went through Aix, "the city of fountains," and with angelic patience plodded through the museums at Pontoise and Lyons.

Coming out from the museums, musty with their smell of antiquity, we were whisked off to the pleasant open countryside of Alsace. Though we did not appreciate seeing the gory battlefields of Woerth and Morsbronn, we certainly enjoyed the delicious cherries on the road to Alsace, especially recommended by our author and guide.

And then we left sunny Alsace for a journey—"De Paris au Cap Nord." We left the motley port of Bergen, with its maritime animations, and travelled by boat to the white desolation of the North Cape, the land of the Midnight Sun.

Then we travelled from Toulon to Constantinople and came back to Switzerland, our last port of call. By this time we were, of course, expected to ooze culture and information. We had a museum acquaintance with the old French Masters. We knew something of "La Bibliophilie en France." We had studied "Le Paysan Francais" at close quarters, and had met "Les Jeunes Touristes de la Paix" at Bierville. In addition we had met "Heroic Switzerland," and incidentally learned a great deal of geography.

Our "educationist" then informed us that we had to have a few more practical lessons. If any of us had any illusions about the "practicals" they were quickly dispelled.

While we were driving to our "lab." we received a few practical hints on Road Psychology, in the course of which our "educationist" patted himself on the back for having saved us from an inevitable crash. Luck? Intuition? No, just Road Psychology.

At the "lab." we were given a lesson on "The Art of Rugby in France." We were not to be passive spectators, so we shed our femininity and began to "get into form." Soon, we were learning how to regulate our breathing, how to pass, how to dribble, an amazing rugby terminology that sent our pretty heads spinning. As future rugby stars we were allowed to watch champions at work, and given a few tips for the "Grand Day of the Match". Alas, for the best laid plans of mice and men . . . we could barely crawl to the field. Our contemptuous instructor informed us that we were suffering from "L'ecoeurement".

A few days' rest, and for a treat we were taken to the theatre. After the play, we were taken back-stage. No, not to meet the celebrated actors, but to be instructed in the intricate mechanism of "The Aeroplane on the Paris Stage." We nodded intelligently to our instructor's unintelligible flow of talk, but it was soon apparent that our second "practical" was also a miserable failure.

And so back, like King Bruce of Scotland, for a third try. We were to be initiated into the ancient art of fencing. After a few lessons our instructor politely remarked that we obviously had not the "Hands of Fencing Champions." We, with a characteristic French shrug—for now we had completely gone native—threw up our hands in despair.

And so "practicals" over, the little green books whirled through the air and settled on top of the French Grammars by Bertenshaw. Now, there was one torment piled on another! We decided we needed a tour of the land of dreams. We settled down comfortably, but the "practicals" passed before our mind's eye, like a guilty conscience. We tried counting sheep, but we finally went to sleep with the "crystal sound, melancholy and melodious, of a thousand fountains," (the fountains of Aix) "flowing ceaselessly into their carved stone basins."

BETTY XAVIER (IV U.C.)

A

## MODEL

WHEN we were first told that the College was going to stage a play about the life of Sister Assunta I never dreamt that it would turn out to be so interesting and impressive. Imagine, a religious play ! It could not be anything but serious. But after seeing it, I admit my views have completely changed.

From the very beginning there was something so very inspiring in the play. Even in the first scene where we were shown Assunta's early years we saw that she had an unmistakable attraction for God. One grew to like her gentle ways. One very moving scene was where she told her mother she wanted to join the convent.

Somehow one gets the idea that nuns are all serious, but how lovingly Mother Foundress treated Assunta: little acts like adjusting her veil and asking about her home. And when Assunta appeared as a bride, a real bride, all dressed in white, within me I felt what a big day it must have been for her ! It was only then that I realised what a great sacrifice the nuns all over the world make for the love of God.

In China we saw her in the orphanage with the little children, her lips ever ready to part into a smile ; and those lucky children—I can frankly admit that I envied them—who had the occasion to meet and talk with her.

She was so humble, ever ready to do anything for the love of God. The scene in which she fell ill was so sad that quite a number slowly wiped away the tears that unconsciously trickled down their cheeks. Some one was lost—we would never see her again in this world. The words of the little children " Assunta Kounene " kept ringing in my ears.

When I heard the bells of St. Peter's ringing, for one moment I thought I was in Rome ; and how realistic Pope Pius X appeared on the stage !

Now I feel that I have almost known Sister Assunta personally, and when I need something I automatically pray to her.

R. PUSHPAM (II U. C.)

*These are the impressions of one of the eighty actresses who took part in the Academy held on the new stage in honour of Blessed Mary Assunta, on the thirtieth of January, 1955. The play carried us from her gay, little native town in Italy to the Colosseum in Rome, then to Bombay and on to a noisy market in China (complete with camel) and to another hill-town in that far-away country where she worked and died ; and finally back to Rome to the presence of the saintly Pope Pius X, and to the glorification of the little Sister.*



## THE DESTINY OF THE SILVER BIRD

FAR, far away in the blue heavens droned the huge, silver bird. It was a Constellation spreading its wings wide over the deep ocean. Far, too, winged the thoughts of the forty souls in that plane. Save for the monotonous hum of the engine, life was serenity itself. Drawn from many walks of life, the passengers were now fellow travellers, bound for the same destination.

In the far corner sat a chubby schoolboy, contentedly sucking a sweet, a "Tom Mix" comic clutched in his fat fingers. Life stretched out like an exciting thriller before him. He was going home for Christmas to parents whom he had never seen since babyhood. The joy of youth was mirrored in his bright, innocent eyes.

Opposite to him was a young mother trying to cope with her three-year-old twins who were more eager than Columbus himself to discover their new world. Mother's lap was uninteresting and they were out for adventure.

Their immediate source of curiosity was a kindly, white-clad priest to their right. In the evening of life, the holy man sat with an open prayer book on his lap, his eyes fixed upon his beads, as he silently prayed for his people. A new life was indeed awaiting him.

None could have read the thoughts of the surgeon with a wistful look upon his face. Those dexterous fingers which had performed so many "miracles" and saved countless lives were now held in a loose grasp. Far away was a soul lingering between life and death. His one aim was to reach her as fast as he could. Would life cheat him of this dear life?

Sorrow and joy mingled aboard the Silver Bird. Heart-broken tears and youthful smiles met each other. There was a young couple off on their honeymoon. They should have travelled by sea, but last minute cancellations had given them this wonderful opportunity. Standing on life's threshold with an endless vista of glorious happiness stretched out before them what more could they ask? But, much as they would have liked, they could not in any way assuage the grief of the sorrowful youth before them.

For him life seemed to have ended. He turned his red, tear-stained face away from the questioning looks of his fellow-travellers. He was returning to an empty house which had once been home ; a home illumined with love and ringing with happiness and laughter. He was going back for the last time to that place which had once meant life itself for him, to kiss a cold hand that would never more respond. " Mother " was a word he would never more utter!

Where there is life there is hope ! This was true in the case of the crippled man who was going to bathe his deformed legs in the healing waters of Lourdes. Long years of suffering had taught him resignation, yet he did not abandon hope of cure. He would picture himself standing erect for all the world to see, walking forward steadily without the aid of crutches. How he longed to feel the solid ground beneath him !

The young soldier home from Korea smiled as he felt the tiny arms of his baby daughter clasped about his neck. It was good to return to a peaceful country after the horror of falling bombs and whizzing bullets. No more did he wish to see the carnage of war. As he sat calculating his happy days ahead, the insurance agent calculated his prospects of winning a new client. With a brief case poised on his knee, he was wondering if he could not do business with this bright-eyed, disabled, young soldier.

Far rocketed the thoughts of the passengers on that huge plane. They took what life offered them and did not look too far ahead. For the moment they had all some duty to perform and this it was that occupied their thoughts. Little did they realise how slender is the thread of life ; how swiftly can peace and serenity be broken.

Suddenly the plane began to rock. Instinctively every hand shot out to fasten the safety belt. Nevertheless they could feel themselves being borne down, down, down, at a terrific speed. Back ran the twins to their mother and climbed up into her lap. Fear gripped everyone. The priest knelt down and exhorted all to suppliant prayer. Death was not going to rob the young surgeon of his poise. He, who had steeled himself to look calmly upon the most harassing scenes, still sat with his " Miracle-working " hands folded,—habit dies hard ! Death was swiftly spreading her net and in that terrible moment there was little time for thought. They gazed at each other in terror. Children screamed ; women wept ; men turned livid. But the agony was short-lived. A few seconds more and all was silent. Death had cut short these forty lives filled with rosy dreams, deep sorrows and bitter regrets.

The sun sunk low over the green hills and far away in the distance the cry of the sea-gulls was heard. The soft moonbeams played upon the surface of the lake like a shower of silver coins sent spinning into the water. But all that remained of the Silver Bird was a mangled, charred heap. Far away over the snow-clad dales rang out the happy bells of " Peace on earth to men of good will."

The sun will rise again in all its splendour ; the birds will sing ; the flowers bloom and the star-decked sky shimmers over the silent earth. But those forty souls will never return. They have passed from death to life, their journey is ended, they have returned Home forever.

DAISY ARIANAYAGAN (II U.C.)

## POETRY

**P**OETRY seems to be a very elastic term. It can be applied to anything ranging from lyrics to prose. You will see what I mean as you read on.

My earliest conception of Poetry was that it was something that had rhyme in it. Thus :

A family went to the Zoo  
And said "What on earth shall we do ?  
The lion ate Joe, the gorilla got Flo  
And the giraffe's Adam's apple is Hugh."

was poetry to me. Full soon I realised how stupid my definition was. I learnt that Poetry was an elevated expression of elevated thought in rhythmical and metrical form. A book on Poetry instructed me that rhythm and metre constitute the lilt in the lines. Thus there is a definite rhythmic speed in the lines :

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he,  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three."

running ti-tum, titi-tum, titi-tum, titi-tum, making one want to dance and sing. Later I learnt that rhyme was not an essential ingredient for verse. Those ideas were easy enough to grasp. I could reconcile myself to the idea that there was Poetry in Shakespeare's works because, coming out with the truth, people through four centuries have been saying it. In fact, he is considered the greatest dramatic poet in exact proportion to the number of rules of versification that he has violated. But, of course, he could write as he wanted and still be a poet.

Poetry did not trouble me again until one day I read some so-called poetry which exploded all my old ideas concerning it. I was told that the following was a part of a poem :

A snake came to my water-trough  
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,  
To drink there.

This I believe is written in Free Verse. It is indeed "free". The rhythm runs thus :

Ti-tum, tum, titi-tum, ti-tum,  
Titi-tum, tum, tum, ti-tum, titi-tum, tititi-tum,  
Ti-tum, tum.

reminds one of tiles toppling down the roof, though why it should be called "verse" I cannot say. Perhaps what is meant is "*Free of all Verse*" or in other words it is a mere euphemism for prose. Of course a mere description of a snake in prose would attract no attention, and so it is called Poetry. To distinguish it from Prose each sentence is broken up into three or four lines,

So poetry should have rhyme, rhythm and metre, or at least one of them or even none of them, according to convenience. What then is Poetry ? This " Exalted Lament " will clearly reveal to you the solution of your problem :

If only you keep to Verse  
And not encroach on Prose  
O Gentle Muse of Poetry  
You would not drive me crazy.  
If Poetry should keep to metrics  
And yet can do without it  
Why then it is called Poetry  
Is making me quite hazy.

K. SITA (IV U.C.)

## A LESSON IN LOVE

**L**ITTLE Radha is one of my best friends. She is small and frail with large brown eyes set in a thin, pale face, eyes that sometimes gleam with all the mischief of a seven-year-old, but are more often saddened with the remembrance of past loneliness and pain.

I first met Radha when I took up social service work at the local cheri. I had just joined college and, with a fresher's enthusiasm, was eager to partake in all the college activities, including the Social Service League. That evening I returned home full of excitement. My mother received the news with a vague, " Yes dear. How interesting ! " Father was more sceptical—" College girls and social service, humph ! " he said, retiring behind the evening paper. As for me, I hardly knew anything about helping people. I was the only child of a rich family ; the cheris with all their heart-rending poverty were unknown and uninteresting to me. Of course we fed the poor on certain festivals because my mother believed in keeping up a family tradition. Father left charity to the women-folk and anyway he believed the Government would look after the " down-trodden masses ".

So we three, like hundreds of our kind, lived on our side of the fence. Life flowed along pretty well for us and even if the state of affairs on the other side were rather unpleasant, we did not seem to notice.

My first day at the cheri was an eye-opener. It was a small cheri, just a few huts huddled together around a patch of sun-baked ground. Near a dilapidated well a few scantily-clad women were lazily chewing betel, awaiting their turn to fill their mud pots. Half-naked babies rolled in the sand. An old woman sat muttering at the door of a low hut. Some children, dirty and ragged, played noisily in the sun.

One student reasoned with the half-contemptuous, half-sceptical women, trying to convince them that we meant well. I looked on, feeling only a growing desire to run from the place. I was looking at another world, next door to mine but poles apart. I was face to face with reality for the first time in my life and I did not like what I saw.

It was then that I met Radha. Disgust and repulsion were written plainly on my face and she came up to me, I suppose, sensing it. Her ankle was bruised and sore, but her eyes stubbornly held back the tears. She raised her eyes to me challengingly. I knew what she wanted. I bent down and examined the open sore, fighting a sudden nausea. However, I soon had the wound bandaged. Radha looked surprised, nodded her head and ran away.

I was too proud to leave the League, although I dreaded every visit I made to the cheris. I worked though; I scrubbed babies, bandaged wounds and spoke kindly with the women. The other students worked on cheerfully. They seemed happy in their work. I questioned one of them, Usha, a class-mate of mine. She seemed surprised. "Oh, but we love them," she said. "Love them?" I queried, not understanding her, "but how?" I was still far behind.

Months passed. I worked in the cheris regularly. It was never in our family to shirk responsibility and I had the family pride. So I continued, fighting against myself the while.

Then I fell ill and was admitted into a hospital quite close to the cheri. One day I was lying in bed, my thoughts going round in circles, when the white door opened slowly to reveal a small, shining face with large, frightened eyes. It was Radha. I was too surprised to call her in. But she came in, walking shyly over to me. Slowly she brought her right hand forward; thrust some limp flowers into my hand and almost ran out of the room. I was dazed. When Usha came that evening I told her about it. She smiled. In fact it was she who had shown Radha the way to the hospital when she said she wanted to see me.

"You know they love you," she said. "They want love in return. They don't just want material help—the things that are easy to offer. They want to feel important, to have friends instead of patrons."

Yes, that was it, I thought: love, the big thing I was too small to give. It would be far easier to work at the cheri after this. My eyes and my heart were opened. Perhaps I would even get better more quickly. Already I felt happier. I held Radha's flowers tighter and gave the surprised nurse, who came in just then, a big, warm smile.

ANONYMOUS (IV U.C.)

**MY  
LUCKY  
STAR**

COMING events cast their shadow before ; I awoke with a feeling of subdued joy I had never experienced from the day my home had been bereaved by the death of my father, which left me the sole responsibility of running a house-hold.

Having learned at an early age to poise myself between the miseries and alleged happiness in life, this new feeling of elation did not unbalance me. Religion had taught me to understand my duties. Helping my mother who has now grown old and feeble and working for the happiness of the sisters entrusted to my care by my loving father, is a duty of my life.

No time for day-dreaming ! I boiled the water and washed the rice with the haste of a candidate rushing over the last pages of her answer-book when the hall superintendent reminds her that the time is up. Suddenly I heard the postman outside, asking me to sign a registered letter. I ran through it with haste :

“ From the Under Secretary to the Government of India, New Delhi . . . . . I am directed to say that your application for one of the above scholarships of the value of Rs. 200 per mensem, inclusive of all expenses, for doing advanced research in Telugu Literature . . . . has been approved . . ”

I fell into a reminiscent mood. Eight years ago, I vividly remember the day, a teacher passing my house walked in and advised me to join school. I had then passed third form, but was already a discontented idler, gossiping all day long, under the care of my overworked father. He was impressed by the counsel of the well-wisher and I started reading for Matriculation. To my joy and to the astonishment of my family, I secured a Second Class, and the problems of college admission followed in due time.

What's all the noise about? Oh! the water has almost boiled away and no rice in it yet, and the breakfast late ! Excuse me while I attend to my duties. Ah ! that's better ! Now while the rice boils, I can continue ruminating. My father took me round to various colleges. After a disappointment in all of them I found a place like a forlorn sailor in Stella Maris (Star of the Sea) which has led me from learning English sentences, to a First Class Inter, Second Class B.A. and then on to a First Class, First Rank, M.A. and may finally lead me to a Ph.D.

I joined Inter in July 1948. The message of duty, sincerity and faith writ large everywhere in the dynamic institution of Stella Maris, provided the steam to steer clear of the obstacles of ignorance. It was during my academic course that I had to face the prolonged illness of my beloved father, his death, and the practical problems that followed.

The " Star of the Sea " never failed me. It was my instructor for four years, and the following two years it was a source that provided me with the necessary material and spiritual help. Once again my Alma Mater beckoned me, I answered the call this time not to receive education, but to impart to others the noble ideals for which Stella Maris stands.

Today I received another call, to take up research work in preparation for a doctorate, a call showing the constant care of that Protector in Whom I have complete faith and trust and Whom I learned to love in the institution where pebbles are turned into diamonds. The same " Star of the Sea " will continue to be my beacon light—for can there be anything in my academic career which I do not owe to this illustrious institution ?

B. AUDILAKSHMI,  
*Lecturer in Telugu.*

**“ NOBLE ”**  
**PRIZE-WINNERS**

**Inter-Collegiate University Debates**

- G. Meenakshi*—First in Madras Zone for Telugu ;  
*Sadgun*—First in the University of Madras for Hindi ;  
*R. Saroja*—First Prize, Recitation and Mono-Acting, Sanskrit ;  
*G. G. Arundhati*—First Prize, Short Story Competition, Telugu ;  
*A. Nancharanna*—First Prize, Essay Competition, Telugu ;  
*V. Saraswathi*—First Prize, Music Competition, Telugu ;  
*T. Mythili* and *G. Meenakshi*—Trophy, Telugu Competition, Loyola College ;  
*R. Saroja*—First Prize, Recitation } Pennathur Visalakshi Sanskrit Rolling  
*K. S. Padma*—First Prize, Mono-Acting } Cup ;  
(The Cup is brought back to Stella Maris for the third year in succession).  
*Y. Saraswathi*—Jain Jewellers' Cup } At Hindi Oratorical Competition, Hindi  
*V. Lakshmi*—Llodmulji Bhandari's Cup } Kala Mandir ;  
*M. K. Anasuya* } Winners of the Mahamahopadyaya Dr. U. V. Swami-  
*P. A. Sivagannasundari* } natha Iyer Tirukkural Prize for Tamil 1954—1955 ;  
*P. Vijayalakshmi*—Sports, Individual Championship.



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