



UDUVIL

125<sup>th</sup>

ANNIVERSARY















“Awaken, my soul, He calleth for you. Hasten to meet Him.  
With eager expectation He waiteth for you.”





# UDUVIL GIRLS' ENGLISH SCHOOL

1824 — 1950



125TH ANNIVERSARY

AUGUST, 1950.



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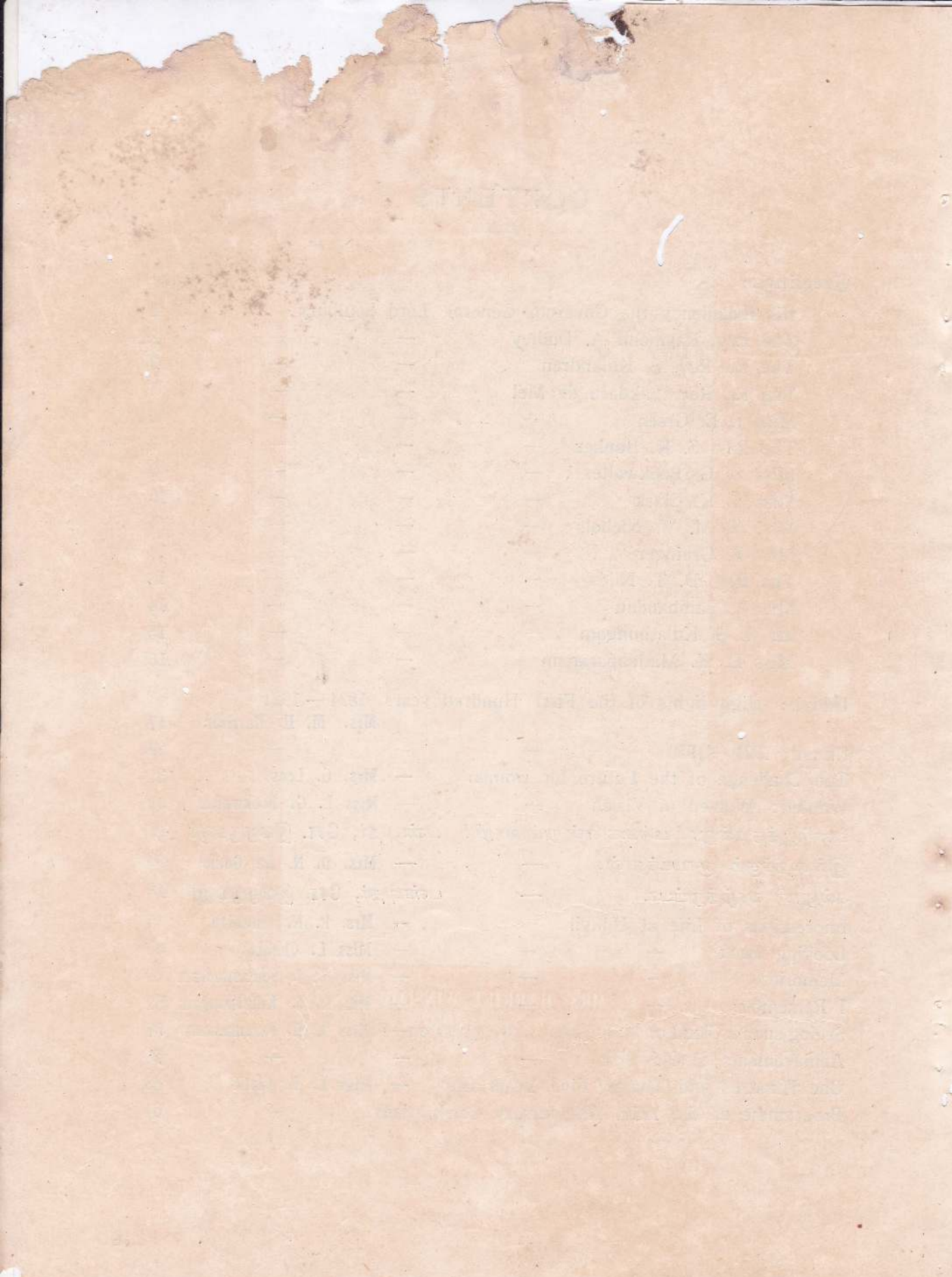


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MRS. HARRIET WINSLOW  
1824 — 1833







MISS ELIZA AGNEW  
1839—1882.







MISS S. R. HOWLAND  
1880 — 1913







MISS L. G. BOOKWALTER  
1911 — 1941







MISS A. HUDSON PARAMASAMY  
1941 —





*His Excellency the Governor General  
Lord Soulbury.*

QUEEN'S HOUSE,  
CEYLON.

I send my warmest congratulations upon the 125th Anniversary of Uduvil Girls' English School. The happy recollection of my visit some five years ago is still fresh in my mind, and I think that I owe to the delightful performance given by the girls of Uduvil on that occasion, the beginning of my interest in and appreciation of oriental music and dancing. I hope that ever increasing attention will be devoted to the cultivation of those arts.

It will never be possible fully to estimate the value to the community of this school with its long and honourable tradition, and this Anniversary will not, I feel sure, be allowed to pass without recalling in a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness the work of the American Ceylon Missionaries begun 125 years ago. Their inspiration has guided those that followed, and this school has given to Ceylon, and particularly to Jaffna, a splendid succession of well-trained and well-educated women of whom any country would be proud.

Long may it be so.

*The Rev. Raymond A. Dudley,*

*Secretary for India and Ceylon.*

14 BEACON STREET,  
BOSTON MASS., U. S. A.

THE 125th Anniversary of Uduvil Girls' English School must not pass without a cordial word of greeting from the American Board which has watched with joy and satisfaction the growth of this institution down through the years.

We here in America join you in Ceylon in gratitude to God for His blessing and guidance which have permitted the united efforts of many people to eventuate in a school of choice influence to generation after generation of girls who have been privileged to attend it.

Speaking out of the memory of repeated visits in recent years, Uduvil is a lovely place. The able and devoted staff serving today, building on foundations well laid in the past, has been able to infuse a spirit and life into the manifold activities of the school to make the years spent in Uduvil a rare experience to the girls in attendance.

On these occasions one looks to the future as well as to the past. There is every reason to view the future with confidence and expectation. The girls in Ceylon today need just what Uduvil has to give. May the days of your anniversary celebration be an inspiration to all who attend, and may they give an impetus to staff and pupils to give their best to God and to Ceylon in the days to come.



*The Rt. Rev. S. Kulandran,  
Bishop in Jaffna.*

ARALY,  
VADDUKODDAL.

THOUGH we keep up our spirits by saying that the older we grow the wiser we become, as far as human beings are concerned there is not much virtue in age. We have a chance of becoming more religious, more learned or more charitable if we care to. We have a longer opportunity. But the development is along lines that we like; and it exists only at our option. Its existence as a possibility is no guarantee of its achievement as a fact. No one can question the truth of the words

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be:  
Or standing long an oak three hundred year.

The poet's words are certainly true as he goes on to say:

A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night —  
It was the plant and flower of light.

We human beings may exist only because we happen to have been born and because we do not happen to have died. Our existence may be merely biological.

With an institution it is different. There is no biology behind it. It comes into existence because somebody wants it to. It continues in existence because somebody wants it to. An institution must serve somebody. There is a meaning about its age. The more venerable an institution, the greater the service and the place it has made for itself among those it serves. But not all institutions are good, nor is all service good, because all needs are not good. Even when they are, they are not all of the same quality. We are not grateful to all institutions; and rightly so; nor are we grateful in the same degree to those institutions which do command our gratitude.

We know, however, what people feel about the service that Uduvil has performed. The service it has done is of the highest and best kind that ever may be done to the people of any country. As her history of one hundred and twenty five years lies unrolled before us, we



see the kind of ideals that always actuated her; the kind of influence that has always gone out of her; her five or six Principals whose administration spans the whole period, each a power and radiant light in her time; her long lines of teachers, most of them merely names now, but meaning so much in their context; and all those beyond count who have left her gates year by year, many of them unknown and forgotten now, but making a difference wherever they have gone. When we see all this, we know what Uduvil has meant to this country.

Generations have come and gone. The world has seen many changes. Through them all, Uduvil has gone steadily and unremittingly about its task, suiting its efforts to changing situations, but always faithful to its ideals. The original building put up at the foundation of the school still stands in the centre. The School however, has grown a 125 years older. But the old impulse has never flagged and the old vision never grown dim; and so still she goes, as she ever went with the same devotion to the same duty.

One can think of no more appropriate words on the occasion of this Jubilee than the words in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs in which King Lemuel speaking about the good mother says:

Her children rise up and call her blessed.

With gratitude to God for the past as she reaches the 125th year of her existence, with hope for the future trusting in God's continued mercy, as she steps into the years to come, with all our hearts we wish her well.

S. Tulandam Bp.





**THE RT. REV. S. KULANDRAN,**  
Bishop in Jaffna of the Church of South India.







THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE J. D. C. (1950)







MRS. M. H. HARRISON



MISS J. E. GREEN



MISS E. S. VYRAVANATHER  
( Chinnapillai Acca )





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*The Rt. Rev. Lakdasa de Mel,  
Bishop of Kurunagala.*

POLLATHAPITIYA,  
KURUNAGALA.

THE school has lived through a Century-and-a-quarter in one of the most formative periods in human history, including that of our own country. Today we are faced with new knowledge, new ideas, social changes and the resulting tensions. Many people are bewildered, some unbalanced, in the attempt to face new conditions. It is here that the steadying influence of a strong tradition is of incalculable value, helping an institution such as yours to go serenely on its way, pursuing a clear ideal which has stood the test of time and is capable of adjustment to whatever is best in the present without uncritically adopting all that happen to be new. You may well be proud to claim a heritage of the spirit coming down from the missionary pioneers from the United States, who, to their great glory, not only came into our midst, but also trained our own women to take up their responsibilities and to hand on the torch of enlightenment in our generation.

Thanking God for a long period of achievement based on trust in Him Alone, may Uduvil whose many daughters rise up and call her blessed, go trustfully forth to new chapters of service to Lanka in the furtherance of learning, of Art and of the good life. May the blessing of God abide with you.

*Miss Julia E. Green*

264, NORTH WHITNEY ST.  
HARTFORD 5 CONN,  
U. S. A.

CONGRATULATE Uduvil School upon reaching its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary.

I vividly recall the happy faces of the girls assembled there from far and near intent upon securing the best for their good, the kind, faithful teachers, matrons and others trying to help the girls in every way, many of whom I can name and wish I might send a special message to each one.

It was a great privilege to be associated with Miss Susan R. Howland who for many years, as Principal, so ably conducted the school and whose influence for good "only eternity will reveal."

Our Heavenly Father has blessed the school through its long history. There hundreds have found the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and have gone forth and exerted a wide influence for good in all the surrounding region and beyond.

May Uduvil, including the two schools which have branched out from it, long continue to help train the highest type of womanhood intellectual and spiritual.



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*The Rev. S. K. Bunker,*  
*President, Jaffna College.*

JAFFNA COLLEGE,  
VADDUKODDAI.

[T is with utmost pleasure that I send greetings and congratulations to Uduvil for her 125th anniversary. She is entitled to share in the celebrations of it in the same year with Jaffna College. Is it not typical of her, lovely representative of the Jaffna woman that she is, that she should modestly mark the date three years after we did? The sister would not embarrass her rather forward brother. I am sure that it is this and not any shyness over her quite venerable age, for that age is entirely misleading. For one thing, 125 years is still youth for a good institution, and for another, Uduvil seems to have found the secret of perpetual youth, or if not that, then the secret of that charm which makes all thoughts of age vanish.

What I have written is not the persiflage of a man trying to be courtly on a special occasion. It is the sincere and daily feeling of one who never thinks of Uduvil — of all she is and all she stands for — without a lifting of the heart in pleasure and in thankfulness. How sure she is of herself, and yet still how teachable! How lovely she is, yet she's not vain! How orderly, and yet how free and loving her children! May she live and work a thousand years!

I limit myself to a thousand years only because the world will probably be unrecognizable then as compared to what it is now if the present pace of change is maintained. But surely there will be no time, so long as man is man and living on earth, that God will not need an Uduvil to teach girls and young women all the things that are necessary for living and working together in a community of faith and hope and love. Uduvil does it better than most, but not well enough even so, for so long as there are ills in Jaffna life — and how many there still are! — so long must our schools keep on striving for more wisdom, more consecration, more devotion. May Uduvil never be satisfied till every one of her children loves God as she ought to love with a fully-given heart, and every neighbour in Him, shown in understanding service. That is a long time off, but Uduvil has brought it nearer, and she will bring it yet nearer. God bless her for it and in it.



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## *Miss L. G. Bookwalter*

WOMEN'S CENTRE,  
MARUTHANAMADAM,  
CHUNNAKAM.

"Beneath Thy palms, We've laughed and sung." We thank Thee, Lord!

To you who knew the joys of Uduvil, remembrance is sweet:—

You have picked flowers from the garden in all their gay colours and caught the scent of jasmine; you've laughed with the little pink lilies as they sprang forth after the first rain; you've wandered along the garden paths in the evening twilight. Thank God for Uduvil flowers!

You've felt the cool life-giving water as it flowed over your hot body at the well, laughing with your companions in the sheer joy of cleanliness and newness.

You've gone to the playground, reluctantly sometimes perhaps, only on reaching there to find yourself in the midst of the game, shouting, running, striving. Play the game, Uduvil!

You've walked under the moon-lit trees watching the tracery of the lacey pattern on the ground, and as you mused, looked up and wondered where you were — in this charmed mysterious park.

You've made your way to night study — those lessons for tomorrow loom large — soon to be immersed in them — one by one finished and laid aside or — "I must continue in the morning," — a sigh of relief, and now to bed. You've touched your head to the pillow and soon were lost in sleep — perhaps to wander afar and dream — what strange dreams you had. Thank God for sleep!

You've wakened with the stir and movement about you, and if you were cooking that day have seen the early morning star and the first peep of the sun.

You've heard the quiet bell for "Morning Watch," and sitting on your bed, with bowed head — "God with me today" you've prayed. Then — bless home and the family — and then your own problems come to the fore, your school life and work for today. Or, further back in years you've gone to Morning Prayers as the clock struck seven. A song, a



talk, a prayer, a psalm learned; "All stand up," the matron says "Did you talk after the quiet bell last night? Those who didn't, sit down." Then the duties for the day portioned out, all is set for the day, and you swarm out of the Hall, with a chattering like the "Seven Sisters."

You've walked to the dining room—a long line of girls—how many times in those years—day in and day out. The kitchen fire, the matron, the servants were always there working to give you food for your growing bodies. Thank God for the sacrament of food!

Sunday morning! You've wakened late and remembered—church this morning. And before you knew it, in clean white uniform, and shining black hair, you were walking with all the other girls in a line around the Mission House and into the Church. You took your seat and settled yourself for the worship, mostly to listen, sometimes not, unless a story was told. The theme "Be strong in the Lord. Face the struggle." The last hymn or lyric, and you are out again in the free air.

Uduvil—"The School of Song!!" In Church, in Chapel, in music lessons, at special functions, along the verandhas, under the trees, at table and from your beds in the mornings—anywhere—how you've sung. And danced too. "Freedom of limb and freedom of thought." Yes, that was it.

In the midst of it all, you've been so engrossed in our own lives, so important to you—and God—you've hardly noticed the planning and the underlying concern of those in charge, those who taught, those who worked in office and compound and kitchen. But—you've caught their spirit and have sensed their brooding thought and care. "Nothing too good for the Uduvil girl"—you heard it said. And as you came to the higher classes you were much concerned with your own position of leadership—your Y. W. C. A., your Girl Guides, your Literary Society, your Friday Chapel,— "Shall I be able to lead like this when I go away from Uduvil?"—may have flitted across your mind.

You've come to the last months, and final examinations are ahead, so you are very busy and concerned. Now they are finished and you are saying "goodbye" to friends of your school days, and those special friends who knew you best. With a catch at the heart you've gone out of the gate—"Remember to come back at any time, the gate is always wide open for you."

"When from thy walls we wander free,  
In all our lives we'll honour thee,  
Thy counsels gladly follow still,  
Uduvil, dear Uduvil."



Yes, you know, you Uduvil girls. Together, you remember and greet each other, and those gone before, at this celebration time. One hundred and twenty five years of the Uduvil girls there have been. How many have there been? No one knows certainly. How many have come since you left, and how many are coming and going now!

We greet you—all those of the past, present and future. Wherever you are our wish for you—"God bless you, girls, all down the years."

*Miss L. K. Clark*

MISSION HOUSE,  
UDUPIDDY.

### Sing! The Beloved School.

WHEREVER I go in this compound, I always hear singing coming from one quarter or another. Uduvil seems to be full of "song!" Thus remarked a guest who stayed with us several days.

How true of our beloved school! Have you ever heard the Baby Boarders just before they go to bed at night? With what zest these littlest ones sing! In memory's picture can you not see that large colourful group of boarders seated at sunset on the Hall steps and hear their joyous chant of lyrics? How sacred have become the hymns of consecration and the lyrics of worship sung in the quiet of the prayer room. For special occasions what ambitious programs of song were sometimes attempted! But whether difficult or easy, the spirit of delight in co-operative effort poured forth from the hearts of the singers.

In after years, "Old Girls" of Uduvil, how often these songs bring back happy memories as you hum them in your homes, or sing them to your children. When several of you get together what fun it is to sing again the old school songs!

So my message to you is: Keep on singing! Let your whole life be expressed in song. At day-break thanksgiving and praise to

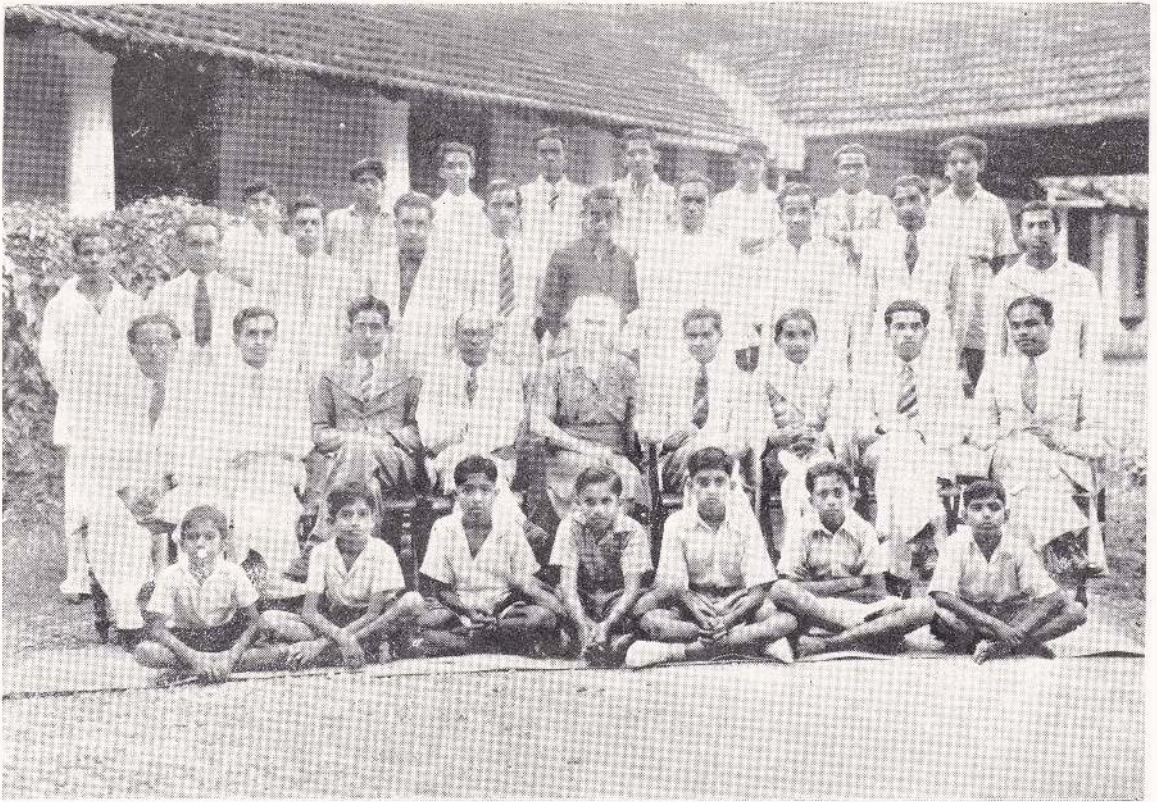




MISS L. K. CLARK







Some of the Old Boys with Miss Clark







SECONDARY SCHOOLS BOARD





God. Then the note of confidence and courage as you go forth to meet life's difficulties. Along with achievement the joyous ring of laughter and fun. The soft tone of tenderness will also be heard as you sympathize with another in sorrow or distress. As the evening shadows gather, let there sound forth the victorious song that follows work well done and your life's journey well run.

For you, our gallant "Old Boys", there is a special song, for the world of today needs tremendously men of your calibre and character. This song that I associate with you was written by a young man who knew first hand what the battle of life was:

"Be Strong, O men, be strong!  
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong, O men, be strong!  
Say not the days are evil,—Who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be Strong, O men, be strong!  
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,  
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song "

*Mrs. Grace M. Vining Nichols*

PASUMALAI,  
S. INDIA.

Undying love to UDUVIL we send;  
Deserved congratulations, too, extend!  
Unitedly we "Oldsters" sing your praise,  
Voluminous the chorus we can raise!  
In Christian service may we learn to be,  
Laborious though the way, by truth set free!

## *Mrs. Eva Grainger*

FREEBORN,  
MINNESOTA,  
U. S. A.

GREETINGS to Uduvil and congratulations on one hundred and twenty five years of service to Jaffna girls! To stand in the rich tradition of Uduvil is both a proud and humbling experience. I am grateful that I had the privilege of a few years in your midst.

It was good to move in a school where the importance of human relationships is of paramount importance and where all the school activities are framed not only to develop personality in the individual but also to inculcate respect for the personality of others. Someone has said that the only imperishable gift one can give to another is the gift of personality.

I have lived long enough in three separate cultures among three distinct races to realize that neither race nor culture is the cause of our inter-global clashes. The solution to most of our social, economic, and political ills lies in this recognition of the value of the individual. Education, particularly Christian education, awakens in us an awareness of our inherent worth and the worth of our neighbour. Inevitably this process has caused stresses and strains in society as under-privileged groups have challenged industrial exploitation, political imperialism, and social suppression by class, caste, race, or nation. But this is the struggle that comes when you "Know the Truth" and it sets you free. Cherish our traditions at home and in the community that others through you may know the Truth and be led into its freedom.

Memories of Uduvil are rich and warm. Often I am beset by a deep yearning to walk again among you in familiar paths. I hear the school bell sending us about our duties; I catch the throbbing beauty of lyrics ringing in chapel; I see the compound dripping in tropical moon light and once again I catch my breath at the blue of Jaffna skies. The heavy fragrance of the temple tree drifts on the night air and in my nostalgic dreams walk with me your ever dear familiar faces with Uduvil's compound walls.





MRS. R. W. STOPFORD



MRS. E. P. GRAINGER





## *The Rev. D. T. Niles*

METHODIST MISSION HOUSE,  
MARADANA.

THERE is always a danger in asking a preacher by profession to write a message. But the danger having been risked has to be faced. I read a long time ago a story which has seemed to me to be as true a commentary on our attitude to life as one can find. A man lay dying and his minister went to him and said "Brother, you are near to crossing to the other side, but there is no need for regret. The next life is the true life, this present life was only a preparation". The dying man snorted. He said to the minister, "When I was at school they told me that that was a preparation for College, when I was at College they told me that that was a preparation for life, and now at the close of my life you tell me that that also has been a preparation. Dammit all! Haven't I lived yet?"

His question was justified. From the day of our birth we live. Each day looks to the next, but each day is life. Preparation there is for that great day when we shall see our Maker face to face, but the only preparation that there can be for that great event is one of living each day as unto Him. The life at school, therefore, is life - not just the beginning of it, but life itself. There is no question of beginning and ending when we speak of life. Life is always present tense, it is existence before God.

Uduvil has had 125 years of life, May it live.

*Mr. A. Sambandan*

VANNARPONNAI,  
JAFFNA.

CONGRATULATIONS to Uduvil — A Hundred and twenty five years old and still so young. After all it is not the age but the spirit that matters.

Your Institution has been a pioneer in extra curricular activities such as Dramatics, Western and Oriental Music, Handicrafts, Dancing and Sports thus giving your pupils what may be termed an all round Education. The Uduvil girl can be spotted in any crowd for she has been taught self reliance and given a sense of discipline.

With a solid foundation and a grand tradition behind you I feel confident that you will be able to pull through the stresses and strains of the present crisis in Education in our country and with a Principal and Staff devoted to the great Christian ideals of Service and Sacrifice a great future awaits you.

May I on this happy occasion when you are celebrating a landmark in your history — as a parent and well wisher, beg that God's grace be granted to your Institution to continue the good and noble work, which means so much for the welfare and progress of our future generations.



## *Lyman S. Kulathungam*

JAFFNA COLLEGE,  
VADDUKODDAI.

WHEN the fiat came to me from the Editor of the Uduvil Magazine that I should send a Message, as the Chairman of the Secondary Schools Board of the Jaffna Diocesan Council of the Church of South India, to its 125th Anniversary Number, I felt frankly delighted at the privilege offered to me. Nevertheless I felt bewildered as to exactly what to say. My bewilderment has been somewhat eased by my recollection of Sir Phillip Sydney's words to a would-be writer: "Look into thy heart and write". When I look into my heart and that of my country, I cannot but see GRATITUDE writ large in them for what Uduvil has meant in our life during a century and a quarter. Uduvil is particularly dear to my heart because of the forty years of his life my father gave her.

My first duty, therefore, is to record our high appreciation and deep gratitude for Uduvil's magnificent contribution to the educational progress and the general uplift of the community in general and its womanhood in particular. To Uduvil I say: Yours has been a precious heritage of love motivated, and altogether selfless, devotion and service. Yours is a rich, worthy, Christian tradition. In obedience to your motto, you have always held aloft the torch of Truth. And thousands have been, thereby, freed from bondage and darkness.

Yours is also a tradition of a happy and perfect harmony. Rarely does one come across in another institution such a harmonious blending of the ancient and the modern, the academic and the practical, the cultural and the utilitarian, the serious and the gay, the East and the West — their art, music, literature and culture — as is so pronouncedly evident in Uduvil. Someone has said: "We are so busy with facts in this age, we have become somewhat indifferent to values — art, literature, music, and the like. Material interests smother values". It is fortunate for our country that Uduvil has not allowed material interests to smother values.

Now for a word about the future. In August 1914, Marshal Foch sent the following message to Marshal Joffre: "My right has been rolled up; my left has been driven back; my centre has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions". Thus he won the first Battle of the Marne. Uduvil's strength and resources are very much more favourable today than Marshal Foch's then. From her, therefore, a much



grander and more significant advance is demanded and expected. And so, we say to Uduvil: Go forward strengthened and supported by your already worthy and triumphant past, built up mainly by a long array of devoted workers — men and women, nationals and missionaries, Principals and assistants. Go forward with the assurance that you are backed by the support and prayers of an appreciative and grateful public. Go forward, finally, with unwavering and renewed Faith in your Pilot!

### *Miss E. K. Mathiaparanam*

PANDATERUPPU.

I count it a privilege and honour to be invited by the Editor to send a message of greetings to the Jubilee Number of your Magazine.

We, Old Girls of the School, who have passed out of the portals of Uduvil and are holding responsibilities or reigning in the homes are linked together with the spirit of our School which burns alive in our hearts. The lofty ideals and traditions of our Alma Mater coupled with the spirit of service have chiselled us to fit into the niche of our vocation or calling and for this we are grateful to our school.

To the young who are still within the portals of Uduvil I send this message. Yours is a rich heritage and your school is one that you could be justly proud of. May you keep alive the torch that we have passed on to you — Golden youth is still yours and may you make good all the opportunities that are thrown your way and in work, play or service may you do your utmost for the highest development of your body, mind and soul.

Times are not the same as they were in our days and with greater opportunities come greater challenge to stand loyal to your school, your country and your God. May you march forward linked in love and fellowship remembering that we old Uduvilites are expecting greater things from you than we were able to accomplish.

Wherever you might be, whatever you might do may you do it to the Glory of God fighting against all things that are false — lifting your hearts in unison to your Master and remembering that after all it is Truth that makes you free".





MR. C. S. LYMAN  
1885 — 1923



MR. J. C. STICKNEY  
1913 — 1935



MISS HENRIETTA KANAGASABAI  
1896 — 1936





# Uduvil: High lights of the First Hundred Years

1824 — 1924

by

*Mrs. M. H. Harrison*

**H**ow can one who left Uduvil more than twenty-five years ago know all the "high lights"? Or do these high lights of the past, like the powerful neon lamps of to-day, continue to give radiance beyond the school where once they were lit? I believe they do.

The high lights of any school, must surely include its beginnings. So now, as at the Uduvil Centenary, let us call to mind Uduvil's humble beginnings, — the two little girls who stayed and ate in the Missionary's bungalow during that monsoon rainstorm in 1824 and who became Uduvil's first two boarders, — Hindu in background, Christian in the leadership which they gave to women in their after life. Is it not, if we think in terms of secular life, a singular thing that a young lady, Mrs. Winslow, brought up in the State of Connecticut, in the United States of America, with a tradition of gracious living in her home, her Church and her city, should have become the Principal of a Girls' School in far away Ceylon, in which one of the first two pupils should be the daughter of the priest of a Hindu temple; when Ceylon was scarcely known even by name to most of the educated citizens of the new republic of the United States of America? That this school in its first fifty years should give the ele-

ments of education to 532 girls in a country where in 1824 the education of girls was strictly taboo, even though it was a country which had had a long-held respect for learning among men, what a miracle it was that this should happen! That a young American lady of more than ordinary talents and gifts, should stoop to coax little village girls in Ceylon to come to her to be taught, and should in this way be one of those who started the tradition of the necessity for literacy among women in Asia! Like all the other "high lights" of the Uduvil story, Uduvil's beginnings are a miracle, accounted for only by the power of Christ to take a dedicated spirit, to use gifts of the mind, to lay hold of a gracious personality. And so a school was started, which, in turn, has become a bulwark of the Women's Movement of the East, a school that has sent forth, and continues to send forth, dedicated spirits, young girls with mental gifts, young women of beautiful personality to tasks beyond them — to work whose end they cannot see. Mrs. Winslow herself is the first "high light" of the first hundred years in Uduvil, and should not an Uduvil girl of today read Mrs. Winslow's brief biography, written by her husband after her early death, which includes, too, so many revealing extracts from her diary? This book is still our most



precious sourcebook for the beginnings of the Christian enterprise in Ceylon.

Then came Miss Agnew, and she, too, was a "high light", for she chose a career instead of marriage, a choice as unusual in America in 1830 as it has been in Ceylon until a hundred years later. She chose to spend her life in training minds of little girls in Ceylon, to lavish her love on them, instead of on a home and children of her own, and thus to build for the day when the spiritual descendants of her "little ones", as she called them, would similarly choose vocations other than marriage, for the sake of Christ, and for women, so that their lives might be as full and rich as her own. Whether Miss Agnew's mind reached thus far into the future or not, we of this day can see that she has been the forerunner of all the exceptional women who have been Principals of Uduvil—Miss Howland, Miss Bookwalter, Miss Paramasamy! Uduvil's way from the beginning until now has been high lighted by her Principals.

Perhaps we can find "high lights" in Uduvil's history when she started a new department. Think of the thrill that must have been secret in Miss Howland's heart when the new department for teacher-training was started. Now it is common place everywhere in the East, but in 1885 when the teacher training department was started, how long had schools for the training of teachers been existent in the progressive West? From the time

this department started until the Centenary year, just over 100 girls had received their teachers' certificate, after having successfully completed their training course. Nearly every one of these taught, at least for a time, either in the Boarding Schools at Udupiddi or Uduvil, or in the village elementary schools, in which as early as 1900, there were over 5000 girl pupils. Several of these graduates earned their first class certificates by teaching for five years or more. We need census records to tell us how many women in Jaffna were literate 75 years ago, 50 years ago, 25 years ago, as compared to the three women who were literate when the first American missionaries arrived in 1816. But we may be sure that the teacher training department at Uduvil has been largely responsible for the fact that today, all over the northern peninsula, women, in general, are literate. Similarly, the starting of every new department was a "high light" of Uduvil's progress. The beginnings of the English school, by Miss Myers, Miss Root and Miss Green, meant that girls, too, had open windows to wide interests, to the social and political movements of their time, to the worldwide fellowship of the Christian Church. As the English department expanded the vernacular department (having become an Anglo-Vernacular and later Bilingual school) moved to Pandaterruppu, where it flourished in a new area. There the principle of literacy for women needed again to be established, under the guidance of Mrs. Flora Kanagathungam and others. A Department of Music,



Domestic Science, Indian Art, including Dancing, each meant a broadening of interests, a practical teaching of the conviction now shared by educated women the world over, that beauty is one, whether beauty of sound, beauty of form, beauty of motion, or beauty of ideas. Every kind of beauty, if pursued eagerly and skilfully, can lift ordinary life into timelessness, into something that gives life eternal significance. For are not all kinds of beauty, part of Truth—the truths that shall make us free? And are they not all part of the “beauty of the Lord” which the Psalmist of old, prayed might rest upon us?

Then what about the movement for higher education for Uduvil graduates? Can any school feel that it has pointed the way sufficiently if it has the matriculation standard as its highest goal? Training in methods of teaching in English was beginning in Ceylon at the Government Training College in Colombo in 1912, and thither girls who expected to teach for a few years before their marriage, might go for two years, to learn methods through the medium of the English language. But could even such additional training be the goal for girls who really had a zeal for knowledge comparable to that which for the last 50 years had been agitating their sisters in the West? Education of the University grade for women!! Was this a sensible, useful-ideal for any woman? Then, too, would it not interfere with her chance of marriage? Could she bear children if she had climbed as high

as this on the ladder of knowledge? This brought to mind the question already touched upon, is it necessary for a woman to marry? Or is it a part of the providence of God that some women, like Miss Agnew should not marry? And that their “little ones” should be children of the spirit, not children of the flesh? The present writer well remembers the thrill in her own heart and in the hearts of her colleagues when, in June 1919, the first two Uduvil girls to go on for university education, Grace Paul and Daisy Anketell, left for the Women’s Christian College in Madras, armed, among other things, with a small spirit stove and a recipe for making fudge, because forsooth, the making of fudge had been part of the joy of life at College in America, in the student days of the American staff, ten years before! Later, Kanagam Curtis, whom we all know now as Mrs. Dr. Buell, left for Vellore, — an Uduvil girl going on to study medicine and become a woman doctor! From this start, as we all know, it has become a part of Uduvil custom to send at least two or three each year to college, either to Colombo, Kandy or Madras. And what about that long procession of girls, who after becoming graduates have gone even outside of India for still higher training or perhaps just to broaden their horizons, — to England, America or Australia; of whom the first was Grace Paul in 1921, to be followed, somewhat later, by our present Uduvil Principal, Ariam Paramasamy, both of them to return with the



degree of Master of Arts? Yes, the movement toward higher education is definitely a high light of Uduvil's first hundred years.

But high lights are not only in beginnings. High lights, like the neon lights to which reference has already been made, are lights that end darkness. The darkness of ignorance and of the prejudice against women's education which existed 125 years ago when Uduvil was founded was the first darkness to be banished. And little by little the darkness of social customs, not worthy of an enlightened womanhood, has followed. What about distinctions of caste? This was a problem faced even by Uduvil founders. "Shall we take girls of good social position and of some property? We can get such," says one of the early records. Uduvil banished this darkness when she took in, together with such girls, girls with no recognised social position and no property, and gave them equal facilities with the others — the same food, eaten in the same dining room, clothes washed by the same dhobies. This became Uduvil's policy in 1902, and has been followed ever since. The darkness of discrimination against a few because of their background, — *not* because of defects of either mind or character is surely a darkness unworthy of a school bearing the name of Christ, whose disciples taught from the very beginning that "God is no respecter of persons". The light shone brightly at Uduvil when the first low caste girls were accepted as pupils! The darkness of other formerly ac-

cepted restrictions for girls, because they *were* girls, also was gradually illumined by precept and example. In the days when Mission Committees examined Uduvil girls in Scripture in the big hall, and the girls replied in monosyllables and inaudibly because their modesty was endangered otherwise, the writer remembers that one year Dr. Thomas Scott of the examining Committee moved them all to somewhat shamefaced laughter by making his own speech to them in whispers! Also, in the drill class, it was the custom for girls who had begun to wear sarees to refrain from participating when exercises involving the lower part of their bodies were given such as running in place, jumping, knee-bending, etc. How could big girls take part in such unlady like postures? Folk-dancing, and Indian dances, inaugurated by Miss Freda Hacker and Miss Isuvariam Antony respectively were such fun; basket ball, badminton and tennis were such fun, that Senior girls began to abandon attitudes of mind that previously had refused to take account of the need of every part of the human body for exercises. So another darkness was overcome. Now Uduvil girls speak in public so that they can be clearly heard; they think of their cause, and not of themselves; they glory in exercise, like their educated sisters in every land; they know in their hearts that to love and honour all their sisters, whatever difference in background, is the only course open to them as Uduvil graduates.



And, of course, other high lights of Uduvil's history have been connected with her building programme. It was a "high light" indeed, when the whole school could gather for the first time, in the summer of 1883, in the beautiful hall of the first new building, which is still in use. There was another thrill in 1920 when McLaughlin House, erected as a dormitory for the English School, and connected to the former building and hall by six modern classrooms, came into use. The school expanded with the addition of Lyman House, Eliatamby House and the large playing field. The Domestic Science Cottage, The Kindergarten, and the Baby Boarding, so long a testimony to Miss Clark's loving efforts for the very best for the littlest ones, each were a thrill — a "high light".

Shall we recall some of the excursions that Uduvil girls have taken in the century that is past? These surely are "high lights" in many old girls' memories. There is no one living, — (or is there?) — who remembers the first of these excursions, organized by the Misses Leitch in 1886, when the whole school, conveyed in 23 bullock carts, visited Jaffna town to see the Dutch fort and moat, the jail, and also the other girls' schools, the Convent, Vembadi, Nallur, Chundikuli! There was a later picnic, where Miss Twynam, daughter of Sir William Twynam, sent cakes and sweets to the beach for Uduvil girls gathered there for tea! Later classes have gone for week-ends to Urikadu bungalow, to Anuradhapura, to Kandy

or to tour the Island, no longer in bullock carts, but by train, bus and car! Will future excursions proceed *by air* to places of note in South India? A far cry from bullock cart to Air Ceylon!!

But each Uduvil girl will treasure in her memory her own "high lights", perhaps, some happy care-free times, or some words of praise from some beloved teacher, perhaps for games or for music or for studies or for cooking; perhaps some new experience of friendship, and at times we hope, some new experience of the sheltering and sustaining friendship of Christ, and the God and Father whom He knew so well. "Pray for the women of Jaffna, that they may come to Christ" said Miss Agnew to Mr. Spaulding, during her last illness. The Women's Evangelical Association which thrust the responsibility for making Christ known to their Jaffna sisters, on educated women, is an answer to her prayer. And every Uduvil girl, who shows in her own life something of the grace of Mrs. Winslow, the sturdiness of Miss Agnew, the loving sympathy of Miss Howland, the courage and forwardlooking statesmanship of Miss Bookwalter, the winsome strength of Miss Paramasamy, is helping those "high lights" to burn, and to illumine the villages where Christ is not yet known as a living reality. Wherever superstition or ignorance or cowardice still exists among the women of Jaffna the radiance of the lives of truly Christian women first kindled at Uduvil, continues to dispel darkness.



## Uduvil

1924 — 1950

**T**HE two and a half decades which follow the Hundred years of Uduvil's historic past, takes us into realms of various changes in the school and in the Educational field of the Island. The expansion of the school which resulted in its branching to Pandateruppu and Nallur, Miss Bookwalter's Jubilee celebrations, her farewell and the welcoming of Miss Hudson Paramasamy, the first national Principal of the English School, are some of the spot lights which stand out in Uduvil's twenty five years history that followed the hundred years. The Centenary Celebrations of Uduvil in 1925 marked an epoch in the history of the school, when Old Girls from far and near united to make it a festive occasion worthy of the ideals and aspirations of the school. The Pageant put forth by the school then was a revelation of the pioneer work done by the missionaries, the gradual growth of the school and the Uduvil of 1925.

There were three schools in the compound, the Bilingual School, the Training School and the English School. Each had its own boarding and academic departments. The compound was a busy hive of activity in every corner, varying from toddlers of the Kindergarten to the students of the Teacher Training classes and teachers of the three schools.

### The Bilingual School.

During this period under review several important changes took place in the Bilingual School. It was now felt that one person should be set aside to look after the school. Miss Vining, the neice of Miss Clark looking forward eagerly to work in a foreign land, was appointed to the American Ceylon Mission and most happily welcomed in Uduvil. After the study of Tamil she was given charge of the school. Trained along this line of work she entered whole heartedly into the problems before her. Her high aims, great devotion to work, and interest in her teachers and the girls won her the esteem of all in the school. An important part of the work was the process of changing the school from an Anglo Vernacular to a Bilingual School. Mr. H. S. Perera, the then Divisional Inspector of Schools, took a keen interest in the experiments of a change into a Bilingual School, and the scheme owes its success to a great extent to the invaluable help and advice rendered by him. When Mrs. Nichols left in 1928 Miss G. J. Paul succeeded her. She was the first national principal of the Bilingual School and to her is due much of the development of the school and innovations along modern lines. Her devotion to school work, her interest in educational problems and her organising capacity and efficient



administration were felt throughout the period of her principalship. In 1937 Mrs. Kanagathungam succeeded Miss Paul as Principal.

It had long been felt, that two large schools should not be housed in the same compound, and plans had been in the making for several years to move the Bilingual School and plant elsewhere another strong centre for Mission work. Finally, early in 1940, this school was moved to Pandateruppu, to the Mission compound where Miss Hillis had worked many years before. The church parsonage was remodelled into Hillis House for the orphans. Three houses were built in memory of Miss Howland, Rev. S. Eliathamby and Mr. C. S. Lyman. A large building to house the Lower School was built, and the Upper School was accommodated in buildings bought from Jaffna College. A piece of land was added to the compound and a well dug. On the opening day friends and parents gathered to welcome the School to its new place, the buildings were opened and there was general rejoicing. Already the virgin soil was blossoming profusely. Here the School was afforded an opportunity to expand on its own and was free to carry out its ideas and ideals. It was not a new institution but a continuation of Uduvil itself. It flourished from the first, overflowing its houses, so that more building space had to be added from the first year. This move to Pandateruppu and the lay out and plans for buildings were carried out by Mrs. Kanagathungam and Miss Book-

walter. With Mrs. Kanagathungam's characteristic, quiet able management and courage, the school was given the right atmosphere and earned the loyal support of the community.

#### The Training School.

In 1922 the Uduvil Training School became a part of the United Women's Training School, organised and shared by the Methodist, Anglican and American Missions. Uduvil Training School, along with the usual training, specialised in Kindergarten methods, Miss L. K. Clark who was long attached to the English School was made the Principal of the Training School at Uduvil. Under her charge the teachers increasingly felt the nobility of their profession. Before long Miss Kirubai Mathiapparanam with special qualifications in Kindergarten methods joined the staff of the Training School. Miss Hutchins then succeeded Miss Clark and the Training School shifted to Nallur, where it is now a co-educational School under the three Missions.

#### The English School.

The English School growing steadily into a well equipped School with a qualified staff, many of whom were Old Girls of Uduvil, continued to expand during this period, endeavouring to perfect what had already been undertaken, and branching out into new lines of work.

Uduvil has the proud place of early introducing the study of Oriental dancing and music along with Western music. With some



trepidation she presented her first dances at a programme on a Founders' Day to a select group of understanding friends. From then on, the beauty of the dance has ever been a part of the life of the Uduvil girl. It was Miss I. Antony (Mrs. Rasadurai) who sent to India for special training in Oriental Music and dancing, came back to Uduvil and taught Indian dancing along with the study of Veena and Violin. Western Music and dancing in the early years were in the hands of Miss Freeda Hacker, (Mrs. Boot) who created a great interest in it and by 1932 Uduvil was also to have her own music teachers, old girls of the School, who had specialised in the subject. Miss Dulcie Solomons (Mrs. D. T. Niles), the Misses Ruby and Dolly Anketell, (Mrs. Somasunderam and Mrs. Rasaratnam.)

Two teachers from the West came into this period. Mrs. Winifred Stopford and Mrs. Eva Grainger. Mrs. Stopford from Dublin and London Universities was in charge of the English and History sections of the Upper School. The girls will remember how she taught them to write poetry and how she made history live. She very acceptably looked after the school as Acting-Principal when Miss Bookwalter was on furlough. She was much respected and loved by those who knew her well. She left Uduvil on marrying Rev. Robert Stopford, Principal of Trinity college. During World War II she was lost at sea. Mrs. Grainger coming to us with special qualifications in music and English entered whole heartedly into every phase of

our life. Never has Uduvil sung so sweetly the music of the west as they sang then. After returning to Uduvil for a second term of service she left us to be married and is now in the U. S. A.

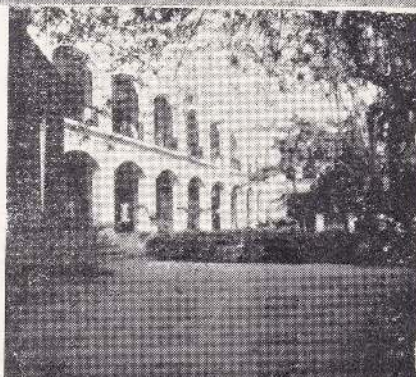
Domestic Science was felt to be a very necessary part of every girl's education and was introduced as early as 1923 under the guidance of Mrs. Kanagathungam who was specially trained for it in the Government Training College. The Domestic Science Cottage and Kitchen were built and the girls threw themselves into what they found to be a most interesting subject. Any Domestic Science period found them, aprons on, at their tables concocting all kinds of good things to eat, or polishing and cleaning, or binding up imaginary wounds, or bathing doll babies. By 1936 the course was made compulsory for Forms II and III and every girl was afforded the opportunity of this training. In the same year hobbies were introduced into the School in the form of carpentry, weaving, gardening, knitting, painting and typing, and even a potter's wheel was made to mould clay. Geography taught by Mrs. Thambyrajah had its subject room, and the Art Room was enlarged. Science which had been introduced into the School unusually early by Mr. Ward was taught both in the Lower and Upper forms. The Science teacher, Miss Ranee Paul (Mrs. V. S. D. Sathianathan) introduced Botany and it was offered for the Cambridge examinations. Collection and preservation of specimens, excursions, editing of Scientific magazines and scientific exhibitions were encouraged



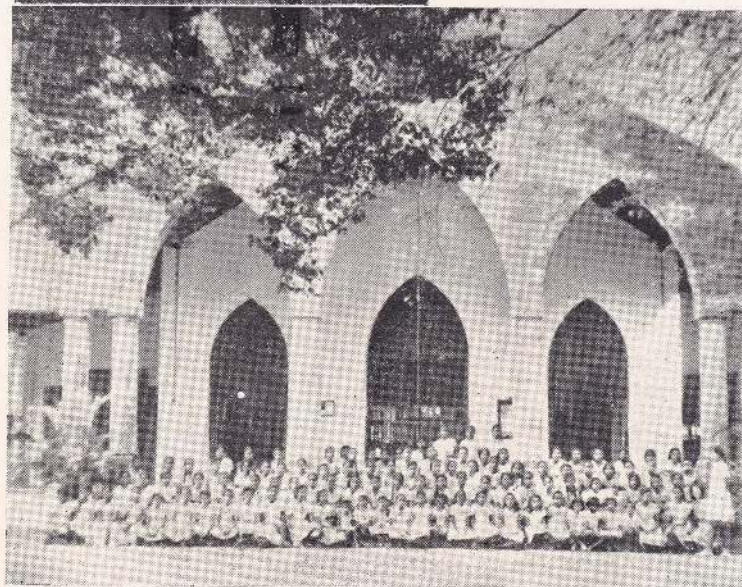
SCHOOL VIEWS



Mission House



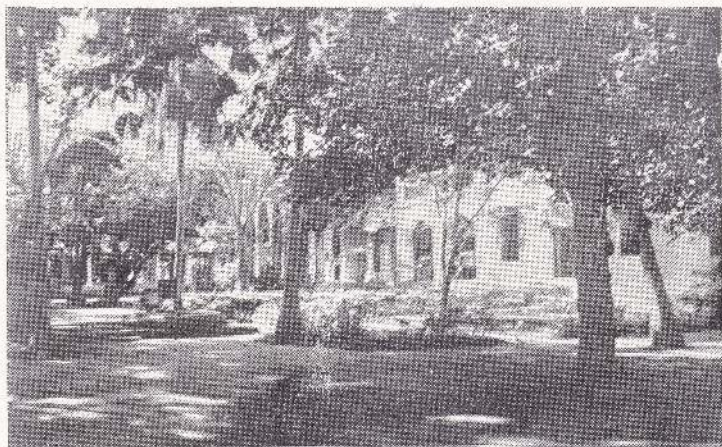
Upper School  
Class rooms



Singing at Sunset







COTTAGES AND CLASS ROOMS





by Miss Paul so that girls became alive to the world about them. The Science room has always been a place of pride and joy of discovery to the Uduvil girl.

The Guide Movement which became popular with Miss Hacker as Captain has flourished ever since. The Second Jaffna Company was composed of Brownies, Guides and Rangers who joined the movement. Their outlook on life widened. It was a movement towards discipline and character training. The Guides were called upon to set the standard of honour for the School, and rose nobly to this responsibility. The Y. W. C. A. started in the early years of expansion of the School was organised along American lines by Mrs. Ward. There were a variety of activities in the form of Bible study groups, social work and Y. W. C. A. camps in Negombo. A Junior branch of the Y. W. C. A. too was formed. To this day one of the most impressive events of the year to which every member of the Y. W. C. A. looks forward, is the solemn candle lighting service, which brings home to the minds of all members the sense of world fellowship and oneness with God. The Ingirtha Vidhya Sangam — the Senior Literary Society was carried on by the girls themselves, and they were very conscious of their own responsibility. It celebrated its 10th Anniversary in 1933, when its charter members were remembered. A study of authors and their works, oratorical and dramatic contests, debates and extemporaneous speeches gave ample scope for display of

individual talent and wider use of the pupils' abilities. The critic was feared and no one wanted to be called upon to make an extemporaneous speech!

In the home life of the School, the oldest girls and the youngest children were happy to find permanent homes in small houses. When we say we turned around the stone Mission House kitchen and go-down to make a home for the children, people are amazed that stones could be so moved. Put verandhas on the back and North sides with stone pillars, cut out doors and windows, and behold! there it is facing the School compound, "Clark House", it is called as it was Miss Clark's idea. The children's bed time songs are a delight to hear as one walks past at nights. For the oldest girls, a Senior House was built on the North-East side of the compound called the Lewis Bookwalter House after the benefactors. Here the senior girls find a retreat and quietness from the busy stir of the girls in the Dormitory.

In 1937 Uduvil had a Silver Jubilee Celebration for the 25 years of the principalship of Miss Bookwalter. A Praise Service, tree planting, and a procession through the village in the evening revealed how Miss Bookwalter was enshrined not only in the hearts of girls, but also of the villagers, whose lives she had touched. Miss Bookwalter was the guest at the Indian Dinner Party that night. The next day the public celebrated with the School at a Garden party and a Public



meeting, which was presided over by the then Director of Education Mr. Robison. The girls gave an original play, "An Indian Phantasy." Miss Bookwalter was a great educationist, a born administrator and able Principal. Uduvil grew in truth and freedom. "Seek for the truth" she would say and "freedom shall be yours." Her respect for personality of each one created in the pupil a desire to be worthy of it. Her love and understanding sympathy and her encouragement to be one's best, won the hearts of all.

Light, light—let us have more light. Old lamps, new lamps—nothing gave enough light. May 30th. 1940 was a red letter day for Uduvil when it turned on its electric lights in the Hall and round about. The School put up its own engine hoping to find the means to pay for it. School children with collection cards, a sale and concert, and the Old Girls' Association by organising a Benefit Show at the Regal Theatre, together with gifts from friends, managed to meet the expense of the engine.

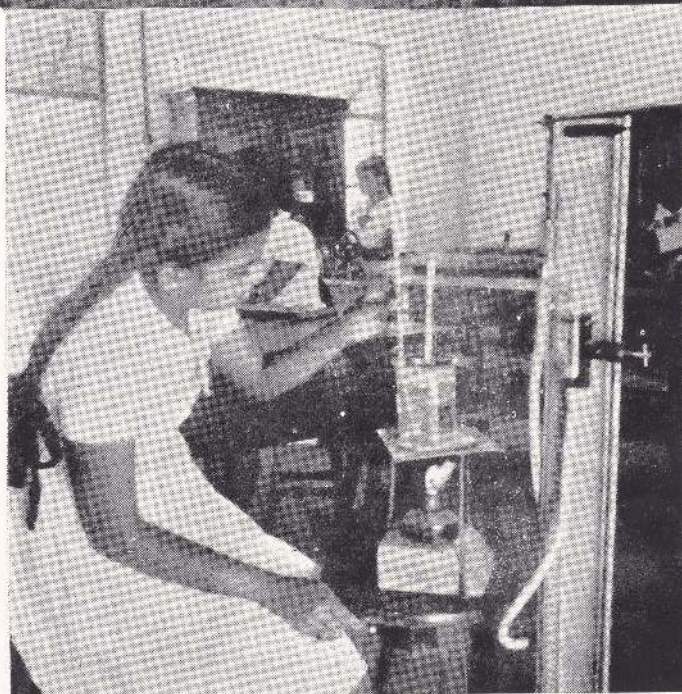
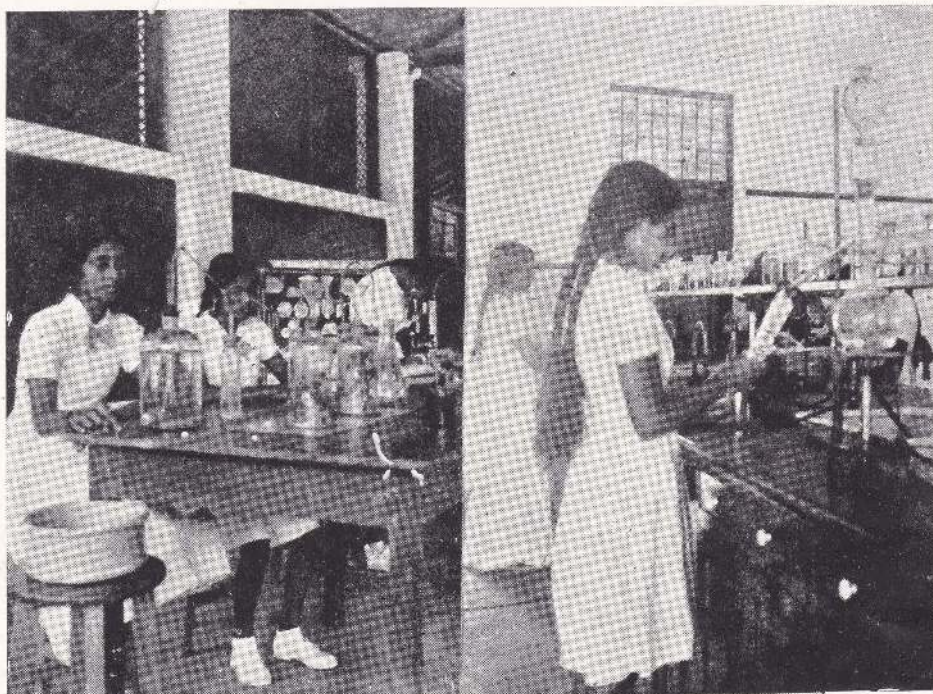
For some years there had been a great desire to have an Oriental Prayer Room for private and group worship. Although funds were early set apart for this purpose, as a suitable spot was not found, hopefully we waited for later times. Meanwhile a temporary building was converted into an Oriental Chapel. How could this be done out of so simple a building. A cement platform, a table upon it for an altar

a deep red altar cloth and back hangings, green cloth around the walls, a mud floor with mats, brass lamps, and flowers and pictures—that made such an impressive place of worship, that even now some will hesitate to move to a real stone chapel. A most impressive dedication Service was an event in Uduvil's religious life. The lighted lamps, the offering of flowers, the worship songs gave an atmosphere of reverence and joy which has made the chapel ever a place to which older girls alone or in groups eagerly make their way. The atmosphere of dynamic Christian influence was deepened with opportunities this afforded in the Chapel. The Chapel services on Mondays and Thursdays, the united worship of all pupils, teachers and all in the compound in the church on Friday mornings, the teachers' prayers on Wednesdays and the Sunday School classes were looked forward to by one and all in the compound.

It was with deep gratitude and love and a sense of sadness that Uduvil bade farewell to Miss Bookwalter, when she retired after 31 years of service at Uduvil.

When Miss Hudson Paramasamy was installed Principal of the English School, Uduvil now had one of its own girls as head of the School. At a general assembly of the School in the presence of the members of the Mission, the new Principal was installed by the Rev. S K. Bunker who gave her the right hand of fellowship and welcomed her to this new field of service. Miss R. Suppiah





Biology, Chemistry, Physics Laboratories





assured the loyalty and co-operation of the Staff and the Head Prefect, the love and help of the Student body.

Later at a service in the Church Miss Paramasamy was dedicated to the Principalship of Uduvil. We shall let one of the School girls, writing in the Uduvil Magazine of December 1941, recount this event.

"On December 7, 1941, at 6 p.m. a memorable event ever to be remembered in the annals of Uduvil's history, took place. Uduvil was thrilled at the very idea that one of her daughters was to be placed at her helm.

As twilight flooded the surrounding landscape, the little grey church set amidst picturesque greenery was the cynosure to which all footsteps were guided.

A breathless hush pervaded the church, as the voices of the choristers all clad in white, swelled in unison. They marched up the aisle singing "A mighty Fortress is Our God." Behind the choristers followed the Officiating Minister Rev. Bunker, the speakers and Miss Paramasamy.

After the 'Call to Worship' the solemn tone of a thevaram broke the silence. This was followed by the Hymn, "This is my Father's world." Then in soft and melodious tones the choir sang the responses succeeded by the leader reading Psalm 24.

The next response was sung by the Congregation in unison. Rev. Kulandran read a few verses from the Gospel of St. John and the

hymn "Breathe on me Breath of God" was sung.

Rev. S. Selvaratnam delivered an impressive sermon. He first spoke in general to the congregation and then gave a few words of advice to Miss Paramasamy. He told her that in spite of the long and tedious task ahead, God would be a help and comforter. He brought in the beautiful illustration of the Persian carpet-weaver, who would only view the beauty of his workmanship at the conclusion of his monotonous job. Even so, the greatness of Miss Paramasamy's accomplishments would be realised later. He concluded his sermon with a few words spoken to the congregation.

The climax of the service was reached when Miss Paramasamy advanced and knelt at the communion rail during the singing of the dedication hymn, "Make me a Captive Lord."

The most impressive and beautiful part of the service was witnessed when the Officiating Minister placed his hand upon her head and blessed her, whilst a breathless hush pervaded throughout the church. She was then presented with a Bible from the American Ceylon Mission.

A triumphal conclusion was reached with the singing of "Crown Him with many Crowns," followed by the Benediction and the Recessional.

The Dedication Service with its high note of prophecy for the new Principal of Uduvil has been amply



fulfilled. Miss Paramasamy's devotion to the Kingdom and her desire that Uduvil should help to build God's Kingdom on earth has been evident from the first. Her capacity for work, the aim of thoroughness in whatever is done, her understanding love, sympathy, graciousness, natural friendliness and freedom have won the love and loyalty of teachers and pupils.

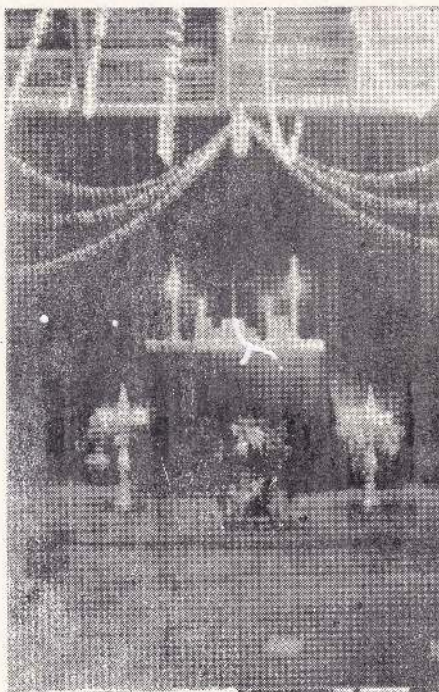
Miss Paramasamy came in when the international situation was at its peak in the global war. Yet the same policy and ideals of the past years were maintained even in the midst of the difficult years of the war. The academic and Home life of the School kept its high standard. The introduction of the H. S. C. Art and Science classes meant improved staff and increased equipment for the Physics and Biology subjects which had become very popular. From 1945 Uduvil has held an H. S. C. class which has sent students to the Ceylon University, some of whom have already returned as graduates. Now we are preparing students for Medical Entrance too.

Two Uduvil plays staged for the public brought in money with which extensive additions were made to the laboratories. When schools were reclassified, Uduvil was placed in Grade I without delay as she was ready to meet the requirements of the Education Department. We are grateful to Mr. S. J. Somasundaram, Mr. S. M. Chanmugam, Mr. N. Veerasingham, and Jaffna College who helped us to build up the Science Department of which

we are proud today. Geography had received a new impetus through Mrs. E. S. Thambyrajah who returned from England with special qualifications in the subject. When she left Miss G. Raju followed as special teacher of the subject and it has continued to be a desired subject. Our Library which has been enlarged by adding Kanaga Vasa as a Reference Library has had a large addition to the number of books both for teachers and pupils. The Lower School has its own Library in an adjoining room.

Pupils at Uduvil have always been encouraged to use their hands. Specialists with vocational training in Art and Hand work have joined the Staff. Drawing and painting and all kinds of hand work and hobbies continue to be very popular. Sanskrit has been introduced as one of the subjects. When the Education Department gave up Domestic Science Examinations as such, the School has had its own examinations in that line for the benefit of the girls who wanted and needed special Domestic training. "The best for each individual" has been the guiding principle of the Principal and Staff and this has helped not merely in encouraging the weak, but also in strengthening talents and increasing their abilities. The Department in Tamil has been steadily progressing. The late Mr. S. G. Arulanandam through his devotional verse compositions, created a new interest and appreciation for chanting. His sudden and unexpected death was a heavy loss to all of us. Pandit Balasubramaniam





The Chapel Interior



The Bishop Welcomed in Udavil





otherwise known as *Illamuruganar* has taken over the Tamil Department. His large store of knowledge and his most pleasant teaching has increased the interest for Tamil in the minds of the girls. A taste for Tamil literature and culture has been greatly cultivated through his enthusiasm. The Indian dancing and singing continues to be popular. Girls are anxious to excel in this art. The School of Dancing in Jaffna is engaged to teach new dances. Western Music has been given full scope with violin, piano and vocal training. We are looking forward to the arrival in November of Miss Eunice Goodfellow who will be at the head of the department of Western music, and also of the department of English.

Individual attention to pupils has been the special concern of the Principal and Staff in improving the standard of work in the classroom. As the strength and weakness of each pupil have been studied, we have been able to understand the achievement of each, and have given special attention where needed. The extra curricular activities, the Y. W. C. A., Guide Movement, Rhetoricals, Literary Society, Science Association, as in the past, receive enthusiasm and support and bring out new expressions of activities.

In 1941 many of our Old Girls sent their children to the old School when the international situation became tense in Colombo. Numbers increased steadily and continued to do so especially when the school entered the Free Educa-

tion Scheme in 1945, which Uduvil felt was a welcome feature to the democratic ideals of the country. Although it has been difficult, the quality and standard of work has been maintained by a faithful group of teachers and honest hard working students.

A new large engine installed to supply lights to all parts of the compound makes Uduvil a bright and happy place at nights. On special occasions we are glad to have increased electric power. A tank is built and pipes are already laid for running water and before the 125th Anniversary celebrations, students and teachers and all in the compound will rejoice to have water running freely at all times. This will doubtless increase the beauty of the compound and make their life comfortable. The boundary wall round the school too has been completed. That the children must live in beauty and joy has been the aim at Uduvil and it is faithfully maintained.

There is marked enthusiasm in Games and Sports. This developed with the extension of the playing field, now cleared of palmyrah trees. Special attention is given to Sports and Games which has resulted in Annual Inter-Clan Sports Meet. A teacher trained in Athletics is now in charge.

The boarders are a happy healthy family. The Seniors, Upper School, Middle School, Lower School and the Kindergarten departments have their separate houses and



dormitories. The Boarders' Union is an active and energetic group of all the children of the School when they meet together every Saturday evening for frolic and merriment. A method adopted to give individual attention to pupils in the home life of the School is the Group System. Each teacher has a group of girls 12 in number. They are her charge. They meet in groups during the week. The progress of each pupil in her studies, her life in the boarding and all her wants are keenly watched by the teacher, and the necessary help given.

Several Prayer cells have been formed in the School in recent years. A group of Christian teachers with the Principal have formed themselves into a Prayer cell, meeting every Wednesday evening in the quiet of the evening hour for silent prayer, meditation and guidance. Pupils who have felt the urge have formed Prayer cells among themselves. Retreats are held during the term. The indigenous form of worship has taken a definite shape in the special order of services, the antiphonals, Thevarams, chanting verses, singing invocations and responsive prayer. These have made solemn and real our worship hours in School.

Plans have been in the making for sometime for the building of a permanent Chapel in Oriental design for School use. We are laying the corner stone at the 125th Anniversary Celebrations, and the Chapel will be completed for use some months later. The ultimate perfec-

tion of all our work could only be realised if the Divine Spirit associates with it. Worship finds its basic place in the life of the School. The study of the scriptures is taught to those who long to know God's Holy Word. Devotions are observed by all in the quietness of the morning hour. All stop for Prayer at the call of the Chapel bell, at noon intercession, and at vespers in the evening. Those who live in the Uduvil Compound know and feel that Christ's spirit is present among them.

What about the girls who have gone out from the strong influences of Uduvil? A number of Uduvil Old Girls are out on new and vital enterprises. It is a proud fact that many of our girls have already finished their graduate courses, not only in Arts and Science, but also in Medicine, Nursing, Dancing and Music. Representatives of Uduvil have studied and are studying in Europe, England, America, Malaya and India being significant leaders and scholars of this long-standing and worthy institution. In educational and academic fields, Uduvil has emphatically made her contribution through her Old Girls.

From its very beginning down to the present the strong spirit of Uduvil has vitally lived. She has called out the God-given talents of her daughters, and has spread near and far her ideals and aspirations for courageous living. With God's blessing this dauntless spirit lives on.



## The Challenge of the Future for Women

BY

MRS. G. LOOS

**W**E tend to think of the past and the present as creating the future, but in a sense the future creates the present. Our response to the challenge of the future can determine what we make of the present, for the future is not something to be dreamed of or hoped for merely but something to be fashioned in the present. Our vision of tomorrow can be the driving-force of our life today.

Love is blind, said the poet—but Love is also clear-sighted and keen-eyed. It sees the best, and the worst is not hidden from it. We rejoice today in our country's independence, in the progress she is making, the place she is filling in the Commonwealth of Nations, and in the world, but the brightness of these achievements cannot conceal the dark shadows that persist and wait to be dispelled. Wishful thinking will not do it, only hard, steady and unremitting effort on the part of all who live in our land; and let us remind ourselves that women are approximately 50 per cent of the total population.

Women today are in a changing role. "Wherever a true woman is, there home is," and the age-old task of woman, home-making, is still hers. She must guard her right to it jealously; she cannot relinquish it except at her own peril and with loss to her children—but she must become also 'citizen' and take her

full share in building a happy and contented nation.

Too long have we who have had the privilege of education, been content to enjoy the benefits education has conferred on us. We have given but little thought to the under-privileged or 'privilege-less' in our midst. We have forgotten that we belong to a minority, while they are in the majority. Between us there has been a great gulf fixed and we have not often made attempts to bridge it.

Now a revolution is needed in our thinking, a change in our perspective. 'The good life' which has hitherto been the monopoly of the few must become the prerogative of all.

How is this goal of a true democracy to be reached? No democracy can consider itself successful until all its citizens have had opportunities for such education as will enable them to think clearly, judge wisely, and act purposefully. We know how far short we fall of this standard, both in the extent and in the quality of our education. More schools, more types of schools, more diversified teacher-training Colleges, the broadening of the scope of education to include the pre-school child as well as the adult, will call for men and women of educational ability, but this alone is not enough,—Sir Richard Living-



stone's words point our need. "All drive comes from the spirit," a high concept of the teacher's place and function held both by those in the profession and those out of it—for the teacher is a craftsman working in the most precious of all materials, human life—and the product of his work is life. Life is a continuing process so should education for life be. The country is just awakening to the importance in its scheme of education of the child of pre-school age and of the adolescent and the adult past school-age. Sri Lanka has yet to set up a net-work of Nursery Schools, of Vocational Schools, of its own counterpart of the Village Colleges and Folk High Schools of the West where the aim will not be teaching in vocational subjects but an all-round education. For all this expansion and improvement of education hundreds of women teachers are needed. The need constitutes the challenge.

We cannot become an A<sup>1</sup> nation with C<sup>3</sup> bodies. One of the most serious handicaps to the extension of medical services in the Island is the shortage of nurses. The Nursing profession is worthy of the best of our women, but there still exists deep-rooted prejudice against it and consequent unwillingness on the part of parents to allow their daughters to enter it. These barriers must be broken down and women's thought and action can most effectively do it.

Leisure is one of the prerogatives of freedom. If the truth were

known how few of our women enjoy leisure! Drudgery of routine household tasks and a ceaseless struggle to make ends meet makes life a drab, colourless existence. By acts of Government and the co-operation of employers leisure must be made available for all and training given in the use of it. 'Recreations for the spirit'—"activities which will imbue those who participate with a gaiety and an exaltation of spirit beyond what they could as individuals compass and a sense of the beauty and interest of life keener and more vivid than their own unaided vision could realize"—So Joad on one of 'the Socialist' concepts 'of the duties of the state.'

The problem of full employment for all, of social security, of human rights have all to be faced. Can we be content while 75 per cent of our people live below subsistence level? Is there not a challenge to us in this appalling fact?

Is it not true that in our national life public spirit and disinterested service are not generally found? Those of us who enjoy living in our ivory towers of selfishness and ease, of indolence and apathy should rouse ourselves to leave them. More and more should women who are competent to do so fit themselves to share in the work of the administration of the country. More and more should they associate themselves with voluntary bodies like Lanka Mahila Samitiya and the Y. W. C. A. that work for the welfare of all.





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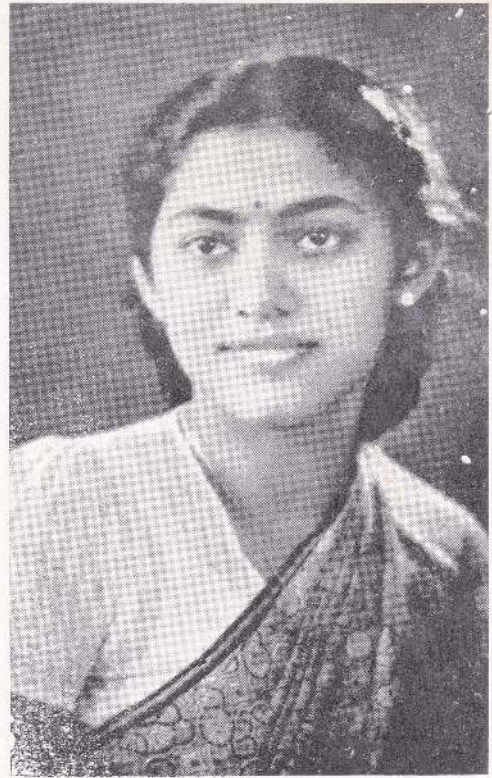
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(Kanagam Curtis)



DR. MRS. S. BENJAMIN  
(Susan Chacko)





No longer does any nation or people live to itself. For better or for worse we live in 'One World' — a distressed and apprehensive world at the present. We need to become aware of world problems, we need to make our contribution to world peace.

The challenge of the future is the clarion call to present action — Let us go forward with courage and in faith.

## Wanted: Women of Vision

BY

*Miss L. G. Bookwalter*

**A** woman of vision is a woman of far-sighted faith and hope, of enlargement of understanding, and willingness to act on this faith and understanding. It is as if she stood on a high mountain and looked far away beyond the village below, on out to the horizon where she sees in her faith the object of her hope.

Will her vision be fulfilled? There are two main conditions — that God is in it, and that faith has full play.

Jesus said a most remarkable thing — "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." And he meant it. Of course He meant it. Form a combine, "A three-way spiritual partnership," obey the rule, and you will be guided to fulfillment. This spiritual technique

works; it has worked throughout the ages.

This is why saints and spiritual leaders have accomplished God's work as two or three of like mind have joined together in their high endeavour. Organizations have been formed on this basis — monasteries, convents, Orders of different kinds, the Society of Friends, and other groups without number.

There is an Order which is new, and still not new, for it has been fully tried, but new to the religious philosophy on which we of our Protestant group have been nurtured. It is — a Holy Life for Women.

Most Christians know of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, the saint who "ran away to God." He belongs to us all now, and it would be impossible to know how many lives he has deeply touched, and to how many has come the beauty and love which were the very substance out of which sprang the



Franciscan flame. St. Francis gathered about him "two or three" and more, forming in the 13th Century, the First Order—the Order of the "Poor Little Brothers." This was for men only and wherever the First Order exists, it is for men who will obey the rule of poverty, chastity and obedience. There are men among us now who are members of this First Order.

Perhaps few know of Clare, the young woman who also "ran away to God." The Second Order was founded two years after the First Order. "The preaching of St. Francis came as a revelation to the daughter of a rich citizen of Assisi. This was Clare of the noble Scifi family. She was sixteen, brought up in prosperity, surrounded by everything that wealth could give, with the prospect of a marriage with some noble man of her class. A new kind of love came to birth in her under the spell of Francis' life and message. The idle, empty life of a rich lady became henceforth impossible for her. Her spirit was determined. She left her home in the night, found her way to the Portiuncula, took vows of poverty, had her beautiful hair cut off, and became the head of the Order of Clarisses, or "Poor Sisters of Clara." St. Clare, a woman of radiant joy, matched the holiness and flame of St. Francis.

Another outcome of the preaching of St. Francis was the emergence of the Third Order. It was formed to meet the need of the many who thronged to hear St.

Francis preach. There was danger of whole villages taking the vows of poverty. To meet this, the Third Order was created. Thus the enthusiasm of the multitude was met, the home preserved and the settled order of society maintained. It has been described as a profound religious fellowship open to the devout of both sexes. Those who joined it were not asked to give up houses or land, home or family. They were to follow Christ and to purvey love in the normal processes of everyday life. They were to be in the world, but not of the world. This order was of slow growth, but it had as members many notable men who were called "Tertiaries," and saints who were later canonized. Here appeared the spirit of group fellowship. This order is even now maintained in connection with Ashrams, and some institutions, including schools, have been founded on the plan of an inner group who are members of the Third Order. It is possible for any devout Christian to become a member of the Third Order of the Christa Seva Ashram, Jaffna, if he or she is willing to obey the rules.

Our times call for light and guidance. Where is the way out of the "back wash of materialism," of the desire to possess without honest endeavour, to appear great and successful without sacrifice, to have for ourselves and our children a life of ease without compassion for our fellowmen.

Sometimes we wonder why there is so little upward movement,



We go along for generations on a dead level. Not very much happens, we say, and no wonder. We conform to prevailing customs, and in our self-satisfaction frown upon anyone who does not conform to the usual.

Has woman any part in this conflict? Are her visions worthy? Has she the high-power to show forth a living self-revealing creative God to this bewildered world? Down through the ages young women have caught a glimpse of the Spirit of the Lord, and have dreamed dreams of the part they could play in helping to bring the Kingdom of God on earth.

We do not forget the saintly mothers who have never been known to the world, but who have given sons and daughters who have had within them a light to lighten their fellows. Nor, those who have given their lives in teaching the children of others, believing as they poured out the enrichment of their souls that they would somehow bring to birth in these children that which would carry on the torch of the knowledge of God's wonders in the world. Nor, the ordinary woman carrying on the duties of her daily life in her home, striving, seeking and finding amid perplexing problems the something which has lifted her and marked her as different from her neighbours.

But, we are now speaking of the women since the coming of Christ who have given up all for their Lord, and who have served with full time devotion. Some were

sainted, others were not, but all have had a fire burning within them as they lived dangerously for others. We have in mind, also, women who dedicated themselves to the service of prayer and have reached the very gates of heaven in their daily petitions; also women who have gone out to teach, to heal, to do whatever called upon to do in obedience to God's guidance, unshackled by home or family. They have been separated. Here among us there have been young women who would have joined a Second Order had we had provision for such an Order, but who found elsewhere an Order where they could accomplish the fulfillment of their vision.

Would not such an Order help to build the Kingdom of God on earth? Here she would find "two or three gathered together in His Name, and He in the midst of them." It must be an Order which gives her security in an insecure world, where there will be no family pull. She will be free as far as human obligations to family are concerned. She will not conform to the usual, but will have every encouragement to follow the way her Lord points out to her.

This is not a new idea. Buddhists and Catholics have provision for women who have a desire to separate themselves for a certain kind of life and work. Such a life of devotion to an ideal is different, that is true, and only the few can do it. Is it out of line with God's purposes that some women should



give their full powers in service to God and man?

In the Orient, perhaps in some parts of the Occident also, the social pressure upon single young women is great. If a young woman has such a vision there is always the hope in her family that she will relent, and so she is constantly reminded of her obligation to her family. Uncles, aunts and a host of relatives appear from time to time and give her no peace. Instead, let us Christians take it for granted that there may be young women who are set apart by God. Let Christian mothers teach their daughters that they are free to be guided by God, and are free to obey when He calls. There may be heart aches in the home, but does not the Master lead the way? She will be sustained in a Second Order for there will be others of like mind with her, as they follow the Emmaus road of fellowship. They will magnify the Lord, and the Lord will magnify their lives for the good of all of us.

In such an Order we shall find women who can lead and strongly support our Christian evangelistic work, our Institutions and our women's groups. Also, they will find new avenues for the expression of their faith as they move forward toward the object of their hope.

Let us put this plan before the Lord, asking Him whether this is His desire. It is not too soon to know His will. We call upon all Christian women to pray fervently asking God to lead us in this vision for women. If it is His will it will come to pass. Already there may be one or two waiting for such an opportunity for service.

Women are wanted — women of vision; women who are obedient to the call of a new life separated unto God; women true to a vision, guided by God's Spirit

"Whom shall I send  
And who will go for me?"



## வளம்பூத்த கல்லூரி மங்கை என்றும் வாழி!

1. காவோங்கும் உடுவிலேனும் பாற்கடலிற் றேன்றிக்  
கலையழுதப் புதுநிலவு கான்றுமதி தேய்த்துத்  
தேவோங்கும் விண்ணகத்துத் தெய்வமணி நாணத்  
தேயாத நிதியமருள் செல்வியென்றும் வாழி!
2. பொன்பூத்த இலங்கைதரும் பொற்கொடியார் மேலாம்  
புகழ்பூத்த நல்வாழ்வு புதுநெறியிற் காண  
மன்பூத்த கிறித்துவநற் சமயவழி மாட்சி  
வளம்பூத்த கல்லூரி மங்கையென்றும் வாழி!
3. புதுவண்ண மலர்ச்சோலை புறத்தழகு பூக்கப்  
புவையர்தங் குணச்சோலை யகத்தழகு பூக்க  
அதிவண்ண விசைப்பாட லாடல்பல துய்த்தே  
அரசாரும் கலையரசி பல்லாண்டு வாழி!
4. திருவனைய நங்கையர்க்குக் கலைக்கண்ணைத் திறந்தும்  
சேராத அவருரிமைச் செல்வங்கள் சேர்த்தும்  
மெருமனைக்கே தூண்டாத மணிச்சோதி யாக்கிப்  
பேருலக மெங்குமிசை பேசிவர வைத்தாள்!
5. மனைமாட்சி குறிக்கொண்டே யுலகர்நலம் பேணி  
மாறாத வன்பினோடு வாய்மைபொறை நீதி  
எனைமாட்சி யுந்தந்தே யேந்திழையார் நெஞ்சில்  
ஏன்றகலை விளக்கேற்றி யிலங்கிவரச் செய்தாள்!
6. உடுவிலேனும் மொழிகேட்டோ ருளந்ததும்ப மகிழ்வார்  
உரைகாணப் பொன்னனையா ளுண்மைவழி காட்டி  
மடுவினிலே பூத்தபுது மலர்போல நின்ற  
வற்றாத கலைத்தேனை மங்கையர்க்குத் தருவாள்!
7. தாயிரங்கு வதுபோலத் தானிரங்கிக் கிழக்குத்  
தாரணியிற் பழையகலா பூரணியாய் வந்தே  
ஆயிரத்தெண் ணூற்றினுட னிருபத்து நான்காம்  
ஆண்டினிலே சுடர்கதுவி யகத்திருளைத் துரந்தாள்.



8. அன்புநெறி தழைத்தோங்க மக்கள்துயர் நீங்க  
அல்லலுறு மேற்றிசையிற் றெய்வமணம் வீச  
இன்பநெறி காட்டிமறைந் திட்டதனிக் குரவன்  
இயல்வேத போதமெலாங் காத்துவரு கின்றான்.
9. மங்கையர்க்குள் மாணிக்கம் இவரென்ன வந்த  
மாதரைவர் ஆவியுடல் வான்பொருளும் விட்டே  
தங்கள்கண் மணிபோல வுயிர்போலத் தாங்கித்  
தாலாட்டிச் சீராட்டத் தழைத்துவரு கின்றான்.
10. இலங்கைநகர் வாழ்கின்ற ஏந்திழையார் நெஞ்சில்  
இருளகற்றுஞ் சுடர்போலக் கரியற்றாஞ் செல்வி  
நலங்காணும் அமெரிக்க நாடுபுகழ் நீட  
நங்கையர்தங் கல்லூரிக் கடியீடு செய்தாள்.
11. ஆயிரத்தெண் ணாற்றுமுப்பத் தொன்பானு மாண்டில்  
அக்னுவெனுஞ் சீமாட்டி யலைகடல்கள் தாண்டித்  
தாயெனவே யிங்குற்றுச் சமயநெறி கல்வி  
தழைத்தோங்கச் சேவைபல தான்புரிந்து வந்தாள்.
12. நாற்பதுட னொருமுன்று வருடங்க ளிங்கு  
நங்கையர்க்கும் ஊரவர்க்கும் தாயாகி நின்று  
சீர்ப்பரவுங் சிறித்தசபைச் செல்வியிவ ளென்று  
திக்கெல்லாம் புகழ்மணக்கத் திருத்தொண்டு செய்தாள்.
13. ஆராத வன்புடைய கவுலந்தா மம்மை  
ஆர்க்குமொரு துணையாகி யாதரவாய் நின்றே  
தீராத பிணிதுன்பம் செபத்தாலே தீர்த்துச்  
சிறியவர்க்கும் பெரியவர்க்கும் சேவைபல செய்தாள்.
14. செல்விபுக்கு வாட்டரெனுஞ் சீமாட்டி பலகாட்  
சிறப்புற்ற கலைச்செல்வம் பயில்வித்து வரவே  
பல்விதத்திற் குறையாமற் பிறைபோல வளர்ந்து  
பாரெங்குஞ் சமயநிலை பாரித்து நின்றாள்.
15. தோமில்கரி யற்றுடனே யக்குகவு லந்துந்  
தோலாத புகழ்ப்புக்கு வாட்டர்செல்வி பரம  
சாமியெனுந் தமிழ்த்திலக மணிவிளக்கு மாகித்  
தளராம லாதரவாய்த் தாங்கவளர்ந் திட்டாள்.



16. மணிவிளக்காம் பரமசாமி வளர்க்குமிந்த நாளில்  
வகுத்தபல துறைக்கல்வி மனைக்கல்வி சமயம்  
அணிவிளக்கு முடற்கல்வி யிசைக்கல்வி நடனம்  
அரியதமிழ் நூற்கல்வி யமையவளர் கின்றாள்.
17. ஆயிரத்துத் தொளாயிரத் தைம்பானா மாண்டில்  
அரியகலை யரசிக்கு நூற்றிருபத் தைந்து  
மேயவய துற்றதம்ம! மேருவுள்ள காலம்  
வித்தகியாய்க் கன்னிகையாய் மிளிர்ந்தென்றும் வாழி!
18. ஒருகோடி பிள்ளைகளை ஒருவயிற்றிற் பெற்றே  
உலவாத கலைப்பாலே யூட்டிமிக வளர்த்தும்  
ஒருகோடி பிள்ளைகளின் பிள்ளைகளைக் கண்டும்  
ஒருகன்னித் தாயாகி நிறுல்வியப் பன்றே.
19. மக்களிலே உயர்வென்றும் தாழ்வென்று மின்றி  
மாண்புமிகு கல்வியறி வொழுக்கங்கள் வாய்ந்து  
தக்கதமிழ்ப் பண்பாட்டிற் றழையவழி காட்டுந்  
தாயகமாங் கலையரசி தாளிணைகள் போற்றி.
20. வானாளுங் கதிரவன்போல் வாழியென்றும் வாழி!!  
வரையாளு முகிள்போல வாழியென்றும் வாழி !!  
தேனாளு மலர்ச்சோலை யுடுவில்வரு செல்வி  
தேசாளுஞ் சீர்பூத்துப் பல்லாண்டு வாழி!!

பண்டிதர், சோ. இளமுருகனார்.



## இன்றைக்கும் ரூபகத்தான்

“கேளுங்கள் கொடுக்கப்படும், தேடுங்கள் கண்டடைவீர்கள்,  
தட்டுங்கள் திறக்கப்படும்.”

இப்போது உடுவில் ஆங்கிலபாடசாலை இருக்கும் இடத்தில் 1824 ஆம் ஆண்டு தொடக்கம் துவிபாஷா பாடசாலை ஒன்று இருந்தது. இஃது அமெரிக்க மிஷன் பாதிரிமாரின் பாதுகாப்பிலும் ஆதிக்கத்திலும் நடந்தது. இப்பாடசாலைக்கு, செல்வி கவுலந்து (S. R. Howland) அம்மையார் அதிபராயிருந்து நடத்தினர். இப்பாடசாலையில் “தானும் ஒரு ஆளாம் தவிடும் ஒரு பிட்டாம்” என்னும் நாட்டுப் பழமொழிக்கொப்பப் பயிற்சிறப்பிட்ட தராதரப்பத்திரம் உடைய, யானும் ஓர் உதவி ஆசிரியையாய் இருந்தேன். அக்காலத்தில் அப்பாடசாலையில் அதிகம் அறிவு அனுபவம், ஆற்றல் மிக்க கனம் லோறன்ஸ் உபாத்தியாயர், லைமன் உபாத்தியாயர், சான்ஸ் இரத்தினேசர் உபாத்தியாயர் ஆகிய மூவரும் முக்கியமான ஆசிரியர்களாய் இருந்தனர். துவிபாஷாபாடசாலை மிகவும் சிறப்பாகவும் கண்ணியமாகவும் ஆண்டவரின் ஊழியத்துக்கு உதவியார்களும் — அவரின் மகிமைப் பிரதாபம் விளங்குவதற்கு ஏதுவாகவும் இருந்தது. இதன் உயர்ச்சியையும் வளர்ச்சியையும் உபயோகத்தையும் அமெரிக்க மிஷனரிமார் கண்டு — ஆனந்தம் கொண்டு, பெருமனதிரங்கிச் செல்வி மையர்ஸ் (Myers) பெருமாட்டியை — கௌலன்ட் அம்மையார்க்கு உதவியாளராக அனுப்பிவைத்தனர். மையர்ஸ் அம்மையாரும் மன

மகிழ்வுடன் இம்மண்ணிற் கால்வைத்தார். வைத்ததுதான் தாமதம். வந்தது சட்டம். என்ன என்று எண்ணுகிறீர்கள்? இ. கோ. பி. 144 அன்று. ஒரு வருடத்துள் தமிழ்ப்பாஷை படித்துத் தேர்ச்சியடையவேண்டும் என்பதுதான். ஆளுமோ கட்டை. தலையுமோ மொட்டை. படிப்பிமோ மட்டந்தான். எனக்கு அப்போது வயது இருபத்து மூன்று — இவருக்கு வயது இடக்கை வலக்கைதான். இடப்பட்ட சட்டம் கடைப்பிடிக்க வேண்டி இருந்ததால் மையர்ஸ் அம்மையார் அக்காலம் உடுவில் மிஷன் “கிளாக்” ஆயிருந்த கனம் “வேல்சு” அவர்களிடம் தமிழ்ப்படிக்க ஒழுங்கு செய்யப்பட்டார். முதத்தையும் சுளித்துக்கொண்டு முதல்காள் படிக்கப்போனார். போன முதல்நாளே கிளாக்கர்ஐயா அம்மையாரைப்பார்த்து, “அம்மா — தமிழ்ப்பாஷையில் எழுத்து 247. இவை எல்லாம் எழுதிப் பழக வேண்டும்,” என்றார். 26 எழுத்துடன் இஷ்ட சல்லாபம் செய்த அம்மையார், 247 எழுத்தென்பதைக் கேட்டவுடன் இடிகேட்ட சர்ப்பம் என ஏங்கியே போனார். இதற்குத் தப்பவழி என்ன என்று யோசித்துக்கொண்டே இரண்டொருநாட் பாடம் கேட்டார். படிக்க விருப்பம் இல்லாத பள்ளிப்பிள்ளைகளின் சாட்டுப்போக்குகளிற் சில உங்கட்கும் தெரியுந்தானே — இவற்றுள் ஒன்றை இவரும் எடுத்தார். அந்த



உபாத்தியாயர் கூடாது — அதாவது ஆண் உபாத்தியாயரிடம் நான் படிக்க மாட்டேன் என்பதுதான். அனுபவம் படைத்த கௌலன்ட் அம்மையார் இவரை ஆதாயம்பண்ண எண்ணி அவரின் விருப்பத்தை நிறைவேற்றுவதாகக் காட்டி — செல்வி கீற்றர் யோன் (Miss HeisterJohn) இடம் தமிழ் படிக்கும்படி ஒழுங்கு செய்தார். பெண் ஆசிரியர் என்றால் எல்லாப் புரளியும் செய்யலாம் என்பதுதான் அம்மையார் பெருமாட்டியின் எண்ணம். இருவரும் கூடினோம். பெண் இருவர் கூடினால் பின்பு ஏன் பேசுவான். நேரத்தைப் போக்க ஒவ்வொருநாளும் படிக்க வரும் போது ஒவ்வொரு புதினம் கொண்டே வருவார்; ஊர்க்கதைதான்; உபயோக மற்ற வீண் கதைதான். இதுதான் தமிழ்ப்படிப்பு. காலம் இப்படியே போனது. சிலகாலஞ் செல்ல நாம் இரு வேறும் ஆண்டிமடங் கட்டத்தொடங்கினோம். உடுவிலில் ஓர் ஆங்கிலப்பள்ளி உண்டாக்க வேண்டும் என்பதுதான் நாம் கட்டிய மடத்தின் முக்கிய அறை.

இந்த எண்ணம், எம் இருவர் மனத்திலும் அருவாகி உருவாகி, அக் காலம் முகாமைக்காரராய் இருந்த கனம். T. S. சிமிதையர் அவர்கட்கும் அபயம் இடச்செய்தது. இவ்விடயம் வழமைப்பிரகாரம் நடக்கும் மாதாந்தக் கூட்டத்தில் ஆலோசனைக்கு எடுக்கப்பட்டது. அப்போது அங்கிருந்தாரில் மையர்ஸ் அம்மாள் தவிர எல்லாரும் மறுப்பு — இவ்விடயத்தில் வெறுப்பு — ஆங்கிலப் பள்ளியோ என ஒரு பழிப்பு — நீங்கள் தானே பள்ளி நடத்துவதென நெளிப்பு — விடயம் நிறைவேறாமற் சளிப்பு — என்று லும்,

மையர்ஸ் அம்மையாரின் பிடிவாதத்தால் ஆங்கிலப் பாடசாலை ஒன்றைத் தொடங்கி பரீட்சார்த்தமாக நடத்தும் படி ஆறுமாத கால அவகாசம் அவருக்கு அன்பாய்க் கொடுத்தார். ஆண்டவருக்குத்தோத்திரம். அப்பால்கேட்பானேன். மையர்ஸ் அம்மையார்தான் தலைவியாகவும் — தமிழ் சொல்லிக்கொடுப்பதாகத் தாளம் போட்டவளும், ஆங்கில பாடசாலை ஒன்று ஆக்க ஆலோசனைக் காரியாய் இருந்தவளும் ஆகிய என்னைத் தலைமை யாசிரியையாகவும் படிப்பறையைப் பள்ளி இடமாகவும் வரம்பு கட்டிக்கொண்டார். இந்த ஒழுங்குகள் ஆனதும் எனக்கென்றால் ஒரே ஆனந்தம். மட்டுக்கடங்கா மகிழ்ச்சி. இவை எல்லாம் எனக்குள் தான். வெளியிலோ காட்டுவதில்லை. ஏனென்றால், முன்சொன்ன முக்கியமான மும்மூர்த்திகளும் என் முகம் கண்டதும், “ஆங்கிலப்பள்ளி உபாத்தியாயர் வருகிறார்” எனக் கேலிசெய்தனர். இதைக் கேட்க எனக்கு வெட்கந்தான். என்றாலும், எடுத்த காரியம் தொடர்த்து முடிக்கவேண்டும் என்பதே என் பேராவலாய் இருந்தது.

1893 ஆம் ஆண்டு சித்திரை மாதம் முதலாந்தேதி உடுவிலில் ஓர் ஆங்கில பாடசாலை ஆரம்பமாகும் என உதய தாரகையில் விளம்பரஞ் செய்தோம். மேசைகள், கதிரைகள், வாங்குகள் எல்லாம் ஆசையாய்ச் செய்வித்தோம். குறித்த நாள் வந்ததும் புதுப் பள்ளி தொடங்கக் குதுகலத்துடன் காலை யொன்பது மணிக்கு அறைக்குட் புகுந்தோம். வாங்கிவைத்த மேசை, வாங்குகளையென்றி வேறொன்றுங் காணப்படவில்லை. மணி பத்தாகிப் — பன்னிரண்



பாகி, ஒன்றாக — இரண்டாக — மூன்றாக — நாலாகியும் நாம் இருவரன்றிப் பள்ளியில் வேறெவரும் இல்லை. மணி ஐந்தானதும் மணிகள் கட்டிய மாட்டு வண்டியொன்று ஆடியாடிப் பயண வண்டிக் கோலத்துடன் பள்ளிக்குப் பிள்ளை ஒன்றைக் கொண்டுவந்தது. வடக்கன் மாட்டு வண்டியை மும் மூர்த்திகள் கண்டதும் அடக்கமுடி யாத கேலியுடன், “ஓகோ! ஆங்கிலப் பள்ளிக்குப் பிள்ளைகளைப் பயணவண்டி கொண்டுவந்திருக்கிறது. இனி உங்கள் பள்ளி நிரம்பிவிடும். உங்கள் பாடு சந்தோஷந்தான்” எனப் பகடி பண்ணினார். இந்த வண்டியில் வந்தவர் அந்தோ! சீவரத்தினத்தின் மகளாவார். இவருக்கு வயது இருபத்தைந்து இருக்கும். இவர்தான் ஆங்கிலப் பள்ளிக்கு வந்த முதலாவது விடுதி மாணவி. எல்லாரும் போனபின் யான் என் வீடு சென்று அன்றிரவு ஆண்டவரை நோக்கிச் செபித்தேன்.

இரண்டாம் நாள் எங்களைக் கண்டதும் எல்லார்க்கும் பகடிதான். யான் பாடசாலைக்குச் சென்று முழந்தாட்படியிட்டு ஆண்டவரை நோக்கி, உமது மகிமைப் பிரதாபம் விளங்கும்படியும் உமது ஊழிய விருத்திக்கு உதவும் படியும் எடுத்த காரியத்தை ஆசீர்வதிக்கும் படியும் ஆவலோடு கேட்டேன். ஆண்டவர் என் விண்ணப்பத்தைக் கேட்டார்; செவி சாய்த்தார். காலை பத்து மணியளவிற்பத்துப் பன்னிரண்டுபேர் ஆங்கிலப் படிக்க வந்திருந்தனர். இவர்களுள் திருமதி டேவிட் அங்கிற்றல்தான் ஆங்கிலப் பாடசாலை தொடங்கி இடாப்பில் எழுதப்பட்ட முதற் பிள்ளையாவார்.

திருமதி வைத்தியர் லீ, உடுவில்; திருமதி A. B. C. துரை, உடுவில்; திருமதி A. R. சுப்பிரமணியம், யாழ்ப்பாணம்; திருமதி முத்தராசா, நவாலி; திருமதி அன்னம்மா. முத்தையா; திருமதி முத்தம்மா சிற்றம்பலம், கொழும்பு ஆதியோரே அன்று வந்தவர்களுள் முக்கியமானவர்கள். மாதமும் முடிய மொத்தப் பிள்ளைகள் முப்பத்தைந்தாகி விட்டது. வருமானமும் ஆளுக்கொரு ரூபா சம்பளமாக முப்பத்தைந்து ரூபா வந்தது. இதில் எனக்குச் சம்பளம் 12 ரூபா. என் உதவியாளர்க்குச் சம்பளம் 3 ரூபா. மாத முடிவில் மிச்சம் இருபது ரூபா. ஆறாம் மாத முடிவிற்குக் கணக்குப் படிப்பிக்க அளவெட்டி அப்பாச் சிப்பிள்ளை என்பார் அரைநேர ஆசிரியராக நியமிக்கப்பட்டார். இவ்வாறே வளர்ந்து, மூன்றுவருடத்தால் 1896 ஆம் ஆண்டு கனம், வன்கைலம்பேர்க் வித்தியாதிரிகி காலத்தில் உதவி நன் கொடை பெறும் பாடசாலையாயிற்று.

நானும் திரைத்து நரைக்கொண்டையளாய்ப் — பல்லும் இழந்து சொல்லும் தளர்ந்து — பார்வையுங் குறைந்து பழுத்த கெழவியாய்ப் போனபோதிலும் உடுவில் ஆங்கிலப் பாடசாலையின் இப்போதைய நிலையை யான் காணக்கேட்க என் அருமைப் பிதா தந்த — அளவற்ற — கிருபைக்காகப் — பாடசாலையின் ஆசீர்வாதத்துக்காக அவருக்கே அளவிறந்த தோத்திரம். எல்லா மகிமையும் கனமும் அவருக்கே ஆவதாக.

Mrs. D. N. Ira Gould





AN EASTER PAGEANT





## கல்லூரி வாழ்த்துப்பா

1. நாடும் மாதர் கலைவளம் ஓங்கிட  
நல்லோர் வாழும் வளநகர் தான்வந்தே  
தேடிக் காணுச் செல்வமளிக்குங் கற்பகமே  
தெளிப்பா ஞானத் திருவே தருகின்றாய்  
ஈடில் லாமே பேணுதல் செய்வாய்  
எழிலார் உடுவில் மாதர்கல்லூரி வாழ்கவே.
2. அன்பே வாய்மை பொதுநல சேவைகள்  
ஆர்க்குந் தாழ்வும பணிவுகள் ஆதரவே  
துன்பம் போக்கும் கிறீத்த சமயத் திருவோடு  
தூண்டாக் கல்விச் சுடரே தருகின்றாய்  
இன்பார் வாழ்க்கைத் திருவும் தருகின்றாய்  
எழிலார் உடுவில் மாதர்கல்லூரி வாழ்கவே.
3. ஆசிய நாட்டுப் பழமையுங் கொண்டாய்  
ஆண்டொரு நூற்றோடிருபத்தைந் துற்றாய்  
நேசத் தாயர், சேவைத் தொண்டர் பலர்தந்தாய்  
நிகழ்காலம் போலினி வருநாள்  
ஈசன் நாடும் இதுதான் எனவருள்வாய்  
எழிலார் உடுவில் மாதர்கல்லூரி வாழ்கவே.

# Impressions of Life at Uduvil

BY

*An Old School Tie.*

I feel myself placed in the same circumstances as Rupert Brooke who, while staying in Berlin, contrasts the Continental heat with the coolness of the green sheltered English village amid its pleasant waters. In spite of the enervating heat, the constant and pressing reminders from the Editor's pen have finally compelled me to comply with her request.

Sweet and pleasant are the recollections of school days.

"Bliss was it in that dawn  
When to be young, was very heaven."

Looking back upon those days, lived in such idyllic settings breathing the pure fresh air of the country side it was there that I awoke to the wonder of God's creation. Spanning the entrance stands the luxuriant purple Bouganvilla, ever extending a cordial welcome to one and all. A little further, sways the golden canopy of flowers under whose shade many an inspiring Assembly was gone through. Nearer the class rooms, the red flamboyant within the enclosed quadrangle has more than once been a source of inspiration to the fatigued mind. Towering in the background, there stand the stalwart palmyrah and the gigantic tamarind trees. Wherever you turn your gaze, you are confronted with God's bounty. Such an environment in which I

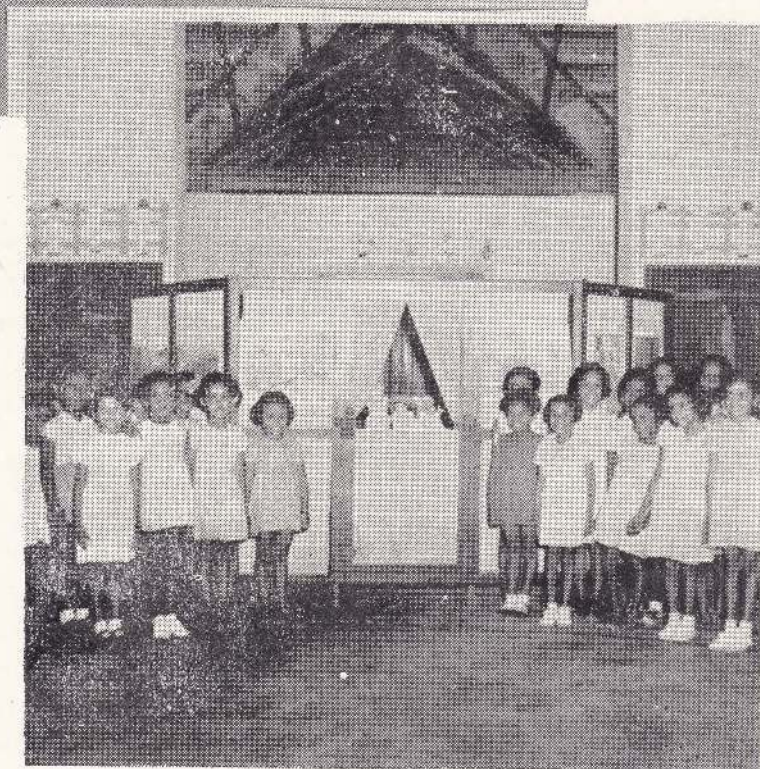
spent a good part of my impressionable age, has undoubtedly left its indelible mark on my mind. More than the rich human associations, it was the wealth of nature that spoke in subdued and yet sublime tones of the deep things of God.

I have got to apologise to the Editor for trespassing the limit of the subject assigned to me. I cannot but give expression to some of those facts of how this wonderful and inspiring environment has nurtured and shaped me. The part that environment plays in moulding one's personality need not be over emphasised. When I think of Uduvil the first thing that strikes me is this environment. It is a strange and mysterious one, yet it is also simple enough to be understood and appreciated by all. For man is obviously endowed with the power of responding to the beauty of nature. All of us may not possess clever brains to follow an argument easily, or understand a high brow book, but there are few who are not in some sense artistic. It is said that during the war, many a soldier enduring the hardships and dangers of active service was called back from the edge of despair to some sort of faith in the ultimate decency of things by the glory of a sun-set, the colour of the wayside poppy or the song of a lark. It is





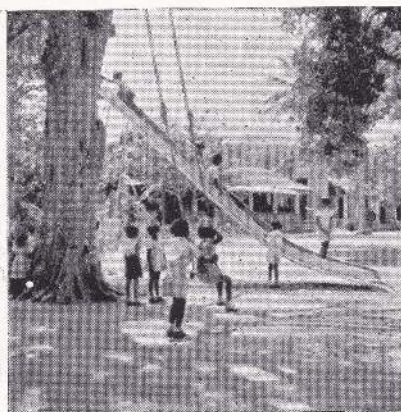
Under Five



PUPPET SHOW  
Kindergarten







CHILDREN'S CORNER





only the dull, unresponsive heart that can miss the revelation of God in nature.

"Earth's crammed with heaven  
And every common bush a fire with God,  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes  
The rest sit round it and pluck black-berries."

But at Uduvil it is difficult to resist the spiritual influence of Nature.

The other aspect of school life that I wish to emphasise is how at Uduvil I learnt to consider work as something sacred. The most striking feature about life at Uduvil is the joy experienced by doing one's duty to perfection. One gets up in the morning with a feeling of thankfulness for the rich opportunities of work and the abundance of duties to be gone through. Life is a happy blend of pleasure and pain. The variety of duties and work kept our spirits young and made us aware of the sacredness of work; for "Laborare est orare" work is prayer. Through faithfully doing one's duty one realises that God's Kingdom is here on earth. "Raise the stone and you will find me, Cut the wood and I am there."

Life had so much of good things to offer us, that one felt with Browning.

"How good is man's life; the mere  
living, how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the  
senses for ever in joy."

The secret of love for one's work depends on the strength that we derived during the daily morning twenty minutes devotion. It takes some time for a young boarder at Uduvil, to realise the value of this compulsory daily devotion period. It is a time of prayer and meditation, a time of perfect silence, perhaps disturbed only by the twitter of the chirping birds and the creaking of the well-sweep. It is a time when one feels as Rupert Brooke felt about England,

"There is peace and holy quiet there  
.....  
They love the Good, they worship  
Truth."

The morning devotions lifted our souls from the drab and dross and instilled into us that spirit of God — consciousness. The experience gained during this fraction of an hour had such a transforming effect that it converted the dull and monotonous moments of our daily rounds, into dutiful and pleasant toil.

With an inspiring environment, speaking of the creator's love for man, and with a consciousness of the sacredness of work, one awoke to the realisation of our Master's teachings that "I am come, that they may have life and that abundantly."

RATNAM SUPPIAH.  
MRS. N. CHINNIAH,  
"Field View"  
Batticaloa.



## Looking Back

**W**HEN we were in the Senior form at Uduvil about ten years ago we would sometimes stand on the verandah just outside our classroom, and leaning on the railings, gaze into the distance as if trying to find out what the future held in store for us. The end of the year was fast approaching — there would be the tree-planting ceremony on the school birthday in November, the farewell addresses, then the Cambridge examinations and the end of term and then we would launch out into a new world — a new life. "Strike out into the world," our Principal often told us and she spoke with confidence and enthusiasm because she felt that the training we had received at Uduvil would help us to face the new world, the new situations, the new responsibilities cheerfully and courageously.

Some of us had been at Uduvil from the time we were mere toddlers. We could remember our early days in the Kindergarten — the bright and sunny classrooms, the two large black concentric circles on the floor of the hall, the black-boards along the walls where we could draw and scribble away to our hearts' content, the friendly old tamarind tree under which we had spent such delightful hours, the swing, the see-saw and the play-house. Our world then was a little world, but a very happy and carefree one.

Some of us could remember the days when Standards III & IV.

classrooms had stood behind the Office, on the spot where the garage now stands. It was a cadjanned building with low walls and railings — not a very attractive building perhaps, but certainly very cool and airy. We had very pleasant memories of the days spent in joyous work and play in the shade of the large spreading vembu tree that stood just outside the classrooms.

Going up to the Upper school was something to look forward to. We would move into the main building with its large airy classrooms and attractive green glass window panes. The little iron desks with shining red wooden tops in the Form I classroom seemed to be beckoning to us. When we come up to Form I we become members of the school library. How well we remembered the day when we had trooped into the Library where the regulations were read to us and we had signed our names on a register and undertaken to observe all the rules. It was an event of tremendous significance to us for we began to be conscious of our privileges as well as of our responsibilities. Then there were various other activities which broadened our outlook on life. We discarded our brown and white brownie uniforms and blossomed out as Girl guides in white sarees, promising to live a life of practical usefulness. As members of the Y. W. C. A. we came aware of a world-wide fellowship. We had no period for civics as such on our



time-table but we had a period for current events, when we discussed matters of local as well as of world-wide importance. We began to realize that we could not afford to live a life of isolation or indifference—that each had a contribution to make and a part to play in our own country. To foster in us a sense of practical social service, we were encouraged to go to a village, an area close to the school, and work among the poor people who belonged to the so-called depressed class. It was purely voluntary service—there was no compulsion whatsoever, but quite a number of the senior girls would turn up on Sunday afternoons to go out to do social work. A number of the other activities in the classroom and outside—rhetoricals, competitions, hobbies, collecting money for the school-chest, Inter-house matches, excursions—to mention a few at random, kept us busy and enabled us to live a full life, vigorous and active.

We thought too of the teachers who had taught us and guided us. Some of us could remember too the days when in the Kindergarten we had called our teacher *acca* or elder sister. As we came up to the higher classes we called them by the more formal and more dignified *Miss* so and so. What a large debt of gratitude we owed to all our teachers who had above all things taught us to love and do whatever was beautiful, honourable and worthwhile in life.

And so we had worked our way up to the Senior form—step by step—each step widening our outlook. We had had the good fortune to have studied in a school so rich in its traditions, so noble in its ideals and so broad and generous in outlook. We would leave its sheltering walls, but we would not be helpless; on the contrary, we would step out of the school well-trained and well equipped to face the new tasks and the new responsibilities that lay ahead of us.

LILY CHELLIAH,  
Hillwood, Kandy.



## Memories

"... The whining School boy with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail....."

**D**ING — dong — Ding... dong  
(the tune to which every school day commences.) Girls pour out of their class rooms, throw their books on to a desk and scurry back to fall in at the tail end of the files. The lines are long and many extending in multi-directions, under trees and verandahs but they all converge at the two doors leading to the hall. — Harassed prefects hurry past endeavouring to keep order or at least a semblance of it. First chord is struck, the staff rises, and the girls march in to the challenging rhythm of a Blakes Grand March, or the mellower but none the less lively strains of the veena and the violin. And when the last girl is in, and the last chord is struck, a sea of young happy faces look up at their teachers. It is a proud moment for the entire school, and though oft repeated yet ever retains its thrill.

The class room is not without its share of attractions in spite of the "Black Mark" charts and its counter parts, in spite of the agonizing moments spent over a rider that "just would not get solved", or the shame of falling an unfortunate victim to a teacher's displeasure. The keen satisfaction that comes from knowledge acquired, the thrill that accompanies your first success with the log tables or

the surprise at finding that the language that once killed the Romans had miraculously spared you — are experiences a girl remembers with pleasure. Do you remember the wonder and awe that gripped you when you first found that all things moved and had their being in compliance with some unalterable law? or when you had your first glimpse into the tremendous fact of the cosmic nature of the universe? Within its four walls the world unravelled itself to us in startling picture; within it we were guided to see the depth, the richness and complexity of human emotions and actions and there initiated into the realm of the abstract.

The big bell strikes the hour of twelve, and at its last stroke, a sudden pin drop silence, made the more obvious by contrast, envelopes the entire school. To many a casual spectator the observance of a minute's silence at mid day might perhaps appear artificial and unnecessary. But personally I believe that this sudden contrasting silence, this short, self-imposed pause as it were in the middle of the day's duties, daily repeated left its indelible mark on the girls... The second bell has the effect of a button that releases a maximum quota of compressed energy. The



ORIENTAL  
ORCHESTRA



A SCENE FROM SAKUNTALA







GLIMPSES 'OF FOUNDERS' DAY PROGRAMME







old walls vibrate with the shouts and laughter of its youthful inmates.

The tropical sun can be very trying indeed to young eyes not to mention the older ones across the teachers' desk, but they do succeed in keeping above the wiles of charmed sleep, and get through the afternoon work with credit.

Twilight hour — the vivid tints of the sunset sky dissolved to softer shades. A cool breeze rustles among the leaves. The hushed silence of the dying day broods over the school. Girls stroll about in twos and threes under the trees or sit in quiet conversation on the scattered garden seats. Through the restful silence of the hour float the rich, vibrant notes of the Veena and in imagination you once again watch graceful figures swaying to its rhythm in a fairy garden of green arches and massed flowers... Or from a distant piano come the quick rippling notes of a Chopin's minuet, and its sad haunting melody mingles with and enhances the sadness of the dying day. A sudden breeze wafts the faint echo of girls' laughter. Something stirs within you and you yearn to hold and keep for ever the unutterable beauty and richness of this hour....

For a hundred and fifty years Uduvil has been the training ground for hundreds of growing girls. Situated in the heart of the country, with the unique advantage of spacious airy rooms, large grounds dotted with fine spreading trees,

comfortably long verandahs and colourful gardens it is ideal for a girls' boarding school.

Uduvil has grown with the passage of time. Always keenly alive to new values and ideas in the sphere of education, she has not been slow to introduce new and advantageous changes which have enriched the school life of later generations. But not one of these could out mode or out shine certain traditions that were exclusively Uduvil's — traditions that were her heritage. On the other hand the new values and ideas absorbed into Uduvil were modulated and enriched by their impact with her traditions. Raised on the Puritan and democratic traditions of her primal founders she has maintained and upheld them through the years. The entire machinery of the school is run on democratic lines. The School council is a proud witness to this tradition. Undoubtedly freedom of the individual received special emphasis. New enterprises always met with encouragement. Strangely enough even the bricks and mortar of Uduvil appear to have responded to this tradition. Its walls never seemed to shut you in, there was a sense of vastness and of a spaciousness about them that stimulated freedom of thought and action. When a girl entered Uduvil she came into this deep rooted heritage and as the years rolled by it inevitably left its imprint on her. It enhanced the girls' belief in herself and the consequent desire to contribute her share to the good of her community. It



created in them the consciousness of individual freedom and ultimately its inevitable counterpart a sense of responsibility. Here they received their first lessons on the interdependence of Freedom and Responsibility.

Within Uduvil walls one gradually became conscious of the beauty and grandeur of simplicity and "naturalness" — if one may so term it. The spontaneity of the informal forms of worship so characteristic of Uduvil, the depth and purity of the themes embodied in the simple Tagorian dances drew us to them through and because of their simplicity. The prevalent atmosphere of Uduvil has been informal and friendly in essence and the girls nurtured by her took it with them when they left her.

With its missionary heritage behind it, it was inevitable that Uduvil should instill into its girls a strong sense of service. The spirit of service which had been the driving force of its founders had worked itself into the very fabric of the school. The students saw marks of it at every turn and it fired and fostered their own desire to serve.

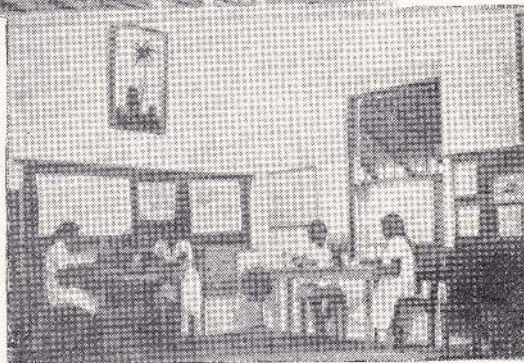
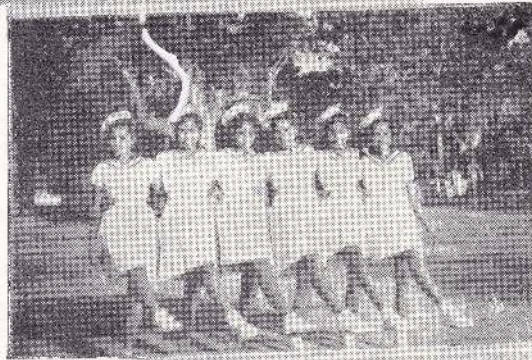
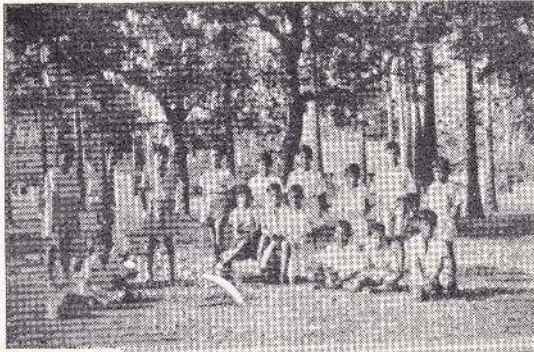
"Where the mind is without fear and  
the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free.....

Where tireless striving stretches its  
arms towards perfection".

SARASVATHY AMARASINGHAM,  
MRS. S. J. SOMASUNDRUM,  
Bishop's Park,  
London.





WORK AND PLAY





## I Remember

**H**AVING lived in the Uduvil compound for fourteen most impressionable years of my life, having known intimately the various personalities of the school all these years, and having come under the influence of some of them, I am naturally full of reminiscences of the place. The Editor, therefore, has asked me to record some of them here. That is the explanation for the personal and subjective nature of all these reflections and recollections.

### I Remember with Interest

I recall with the greatest interest my first introduction to the Uduvil Girls' School. It was through two things, very fascinating to me at that time—a large, black kitten belonging to the portly Miss Helen Root, with which I used to play regularly at the Mission House, and an interesting picture book which the elegant Miss Julia Green gave me.

The simple, white uniforms of the girls, consisting of a blouse and a cloth, gave them a peculiar charm and dignity. Their whole being was simply and effectively that of demure, modest Eastern women.

I shall always remember with interest the remarkable and speedy manner in which the institution grew in all directions, and the untiring spirit with which those working in it laboured for its growth. What was originally a Tamil School

and what had slowly assumed the character of an Anglo-Vernacular School, soon broke out into three distinct sections, each one strong in itself to become a separate institution: the Bilingual School, the Training School, and the English School. The whole place immediately hummed with a multitude of activities. One could not but be struck with the remarkable development that was being made in all directions—in academic studies, in buildings, games, music, plays etc.

### I Remember with Pleasure

One thing I always recall with pleasure is the rollicking time I spent as a boy with a number of children of my age and some adult members of the Uduvil staff on the verandah of the Mission House on Hindu New Year days. Regularly every year the New Year day would see us, donned in our best, hurry to the verandah from which to view the crowds of people wending their way to the temple at Manipay, the *Kavadi* processions, and the races between various bullock carts. However, what we ultimately enjoyed was not these, but the unripe mangoes on which we could freely lay our hands and the jokes those "big" men of Uduvil equally freely let fall from their lips. It was a real treat to us to watch these normally austere and severe men—like Mr. S. K. Daniel, Mr. Tennent and my father—relax without any restraint and become like little children.



Of special interest and pleasure to me are the first English lessons I learned from Mr. S. Richards, the Head master of the English School. I was altogether fascinated by the highly interesting way in which he presented his lessons to me. The text books then available were not the attractive children's books we have today. Therefore, for him to have made me take to those dry books with absorbing interest must have been a feat. It was no wonder to me, consequently, to hear eloquent appreciations from the girls about his worth as a teacher. And it was only much later that I realised what it must have meant to him to give me that most valuable time from his luncheon interval, all as a labour of love. I must here express my deepest gratitude to him for his great help to me. I do hope that this will catch the eye of some one belonging to his family.

#### I Remember with Gratitude

With pardonable pride, I remember with gratitude the service which the members of my family have rendered to the institution. For the last one hundred years from 1849, when my great-grand father, Mr. Jesse Page, joined Uduvil as a teacher, about eight people connected with my family have served the school up-to-date. I wish to mention only three of them: Mrs. Page, my father and my uncle.

I was one of the favourite great-grand sons of Mrs. Page, and she toiled hard to fill me with two enthusiasms, enthusiasm for the

school to which she and her husband had given a total of 46 years of their lives, and secondly enthusiasm for the Bible which had transformed her into a saintly, devoted old lady. I have not come across another lady who knew her Bible so well and who had a passion to teach it to others as she.

It is not for me to attempt here an appraisal of my father's forty years contribution to the institution, but I must witness to the fact that his interest in the school was an all-absorbing passion with him, deep and abiding. I was struck very forcibly by the personal concern he had for the students under his charge—a concern which was as practical as it was genuine.

To him teaching was a calling and more so "mission service." And in his own quiet way he tried to impress upon me that he felt that it was going to be my calling too. I could not understand at all then how he could be enthusiastic about his vocation, knowing as I did the harrowing difficulties that almost overwhelmed him as a teacher. Living on Rs. 88 a month—the highest salary he ever received—he had to support our family, and find for us a permanent abode, for we were living at that time in one of the school houses. Hence, it was not surprising that he was always in straitened circumstances. In addition, often the epithet "hireling under mission employ" was flung at him with contempt. Yet he went on unperturbed by financial hardships, and unaffected by scornful



taunts, with what he believed was a divine task of building the institution and helping all in it to his utmost. His utter, consecrated devotion to service in a Christian institution gripped me so powerfully that I dedicated my life, one year before his death, to the same vocation as his. No other act of mine, I know, brought him greater happiness. And today looking back on my own 28 years of teaching in another Christian, "mission" institution, I can boast with triumph that, in spite of several disappointments and real hardships, I would not exchange my present profession for any other, except it be for Christian Ministry.

In addition to my profession, my father passed on to me his great love for literature and his unbounded relish in teaching it.

My uncle, Mr. J. C. Stickney, joined Uduvil at a time when she needed the services of an experienced and talented teacher like him to build up the English School. Miss Bookwalter, who was then the Principal, found in him an able and trusted lieutenant. And to the girls he was a real guide, philosopher and friend. The perfect ease and confidence with which they went to him with their problems was remarkable. His gentle but firm ways, his calm and collected manner, his unruffled temper, and his uncompromising stand on and for Christian principles—these made an indelible impress on all at Uduvil.

I must recall with special gratitude the long succession of mission-

ary ladies from America who have given of their very best to the school. Though I can speak reminiscently and appreciatively of each one of those I have come across, exigency of space allows my referring to only four of them, Miss S. R. Howland, Miss L. G. Bookwalter, Mrs. M. H. Harrison, and Miss L. K. Clark.

Miss Howland brought with her a rich tradition of a distinguished missionary family. She was an austere, grand old lady, filled with an unquenchable zeal for evangelisation and great love for the people of this land, and steeped in undiluted Christian principles. She may well be called one of the pioneer Principals of the School, and her thirty years of principalship saw the solid growth of the school on sound lines. No crisis ever caught her unprepared and no step was taken by her without a searching enquiry and a thorough consideration. An orthodox Puritan in her outlook and ways, the women of her day found it easy to follow her lead.

Her active interest in every detail of my development, though at times irksome to me, was nevertheless a source of inspiration. One incident comes to my mind now. During a baptismal ceremony at the Uduvil Church, she saw me seated, while a good section of the congregation was joining in repeating the promise that they would look after the child when need arose. At the end of the service, she came up to me and wished to know the reason for my failure to join the others in that most important pledge



of the Church. I replied that that pledge was a farce and no one kept it. She promptly in her own quiet but convincing tone reminded me that it was up to me to keep my own pledge and not worry about what others did with theirs.

The task which Miss L. G. Bookwalter faced, when she was called upon in 1913 to take up the principalship, was a formidable one for one of her young years. For one thing, she had behind her the glorious traditions set by her predecessors of gigantic stature—Mrs. Myron Winslow, Miss Eliza Agnew, and Miss Susan Howland. For another thing, the time demanded advance on all fronts and change in some important aspects. Miss Bookwalter was not found wanting to cope with the new situation. With remarkable fortitude and real courage, with great vision and foresightedness, she set about her task, and has earned for herself quite legitimately the title of the Builder of Modern Uduvil. Her absolute consecration and single minded devotion to her task have made her this great builder. One unforgettable function connected with Uduvil's rich history is the magnificent celebrations of the Silver Jubilee of Miss Bookwalter's principalship. The mammoth crowds assembled on that occasion and the various tributes of praise showered upon her were but a symbol of the eternal gratitude with which she is enshrined in the heart of the womanhood of Ceylon.

From a personal point of view, I owe her, more than I can tell her

here, very much indeed for her encouragement and guidance to me in many matters. She it was who first introduced me to the service in the Church Council as early as 1924.

Miss Bookwalter was fortunate in finding a woman of the calibre of Mrs. M. H. Harrison (then Miss M. K. Hastings) to help her. Though Miss Hastings was herself young at the time, her pushful personality and the rich tradition of missionary service in which she herself was steeped, with her great scholarship, fitted her admirably to be co-Principal with Miss Bookwalter for a time. It was a rare treat to listen to her expounding great passages of literature. She also gave a most essential cultural tone to the education imparted in the school. It was, therefore, no surprise to me when Pundit Harrison of Jaffna College — himself a man of deep erudition and culture — claimed her for his own. The two kindred spirits had perforce to come together. Uduvil should be grateful to Mrs. Harrison for, more than anything else, its excellent and readable history written by her.

From 1915 Miss L. K. Clark has enriched the life of the institution with her varied talents and interests. I remember with gratitude particularly her contribution to the Kindergarten Department of the English School, to the training of teachers, and the Sunday School work. She gave the necessary impetus to the Kindergarten Department, which had already been started by Mrs. J. H. Dickson and which



was being conducted very efficiently indeed by Mrs. Mary Fry (Miss Mary Paul). It would be difficult to find another like Miss Clark of such an indefatigable spirit, indomitable energy, simple humility, and utter loyalty to the institution. One particular service she has been performing for some years now is that of acting as a link between Uduvil and her Old Boys.

A long and brilliant galaxy of Tamil women who have laboured hard in the service of the institution passes before my mind. I can pick out only the most lustrous of them, like Valliammai Acca (Miss Henrietta Kanagasabai), Chinnapillai Acca (Miss Ellen Vyravanathar), Miss Mary Daniel, and Margaret Acca (Miss Margaret Gnanapragasam). If these are dear to an outsider like me, what a precious place they must occupy in the hearts of their pupils whom they always served with distinction and devotion!

Then, there is Flora Acca (Mrs. W. B. Kanagathungam) who inaugurated an essential course for the girls — Domestic Science and House Craft. Her understanding sympathy and counsel have always made her a dependable friend to her pupils, her colleagues and others like me.

To Miss Grace J. Paul goes the honour of being the first Principal of the reorganised Bilingual School and reorganising it on sound lines. With her high scholarship and experience of foreign universities — she was the first Uduvil girl to go to America for her post-graduate

studies — she brought that school soon up to a standard that became the envy of some Girls' English Schools. This was at a time when very few people in the Island had any faith in Bilingualism and when there was no experience of any other institution from which Miss Paul could have benefited. She could, therefore, be called a real pioneer in this matter.

Before I leave my reminiscences of persons, I must remember with gratitude what Uduvil's first national Principal, Miss A. H. Paramasamy, has contributed in the nine years of her principalship. With her scholarship and training in America, with the experience she gained under Miss Bookwalter, with her gracious personality and winning ways, and with her daring faith, she is already proving a valuable asset to the school and to our Christian community. Her father, the great educationalist and a most outstanding Christian leader in his day (Mr. T. Hudson Paramasamy), could not have wished or expected more from his talented daughter than that she should follow in his footsteps.

Finally, let us remember with gratitude the big place Uduvil occupies in our community, our country and the Church, and the invaluable contribution she has made to the educational advancement of our women. I want to stress here what she has meant to the Church in this land. The Church has been enriched and helped — and through the Church, of course, the country



at large — by the long line of Christian mothers nurtured and turned out by Uduvil. It cannot be said of Uduvil that she ever forgot her primary task of imparting the best Christian education and inculcating unadulterated Christian ideals. Nor can it be ever said that she has been remiss about her co-operation with the Church. Always a religious atmosphere has pervaded the whole place. Even in the noons in the midst of arduous toils, the school bell invites the girls for a short intercessory prayer. Another striking, unique feature of the School is the School Chest into which the girls drop their voluntary offerings regularly. These gifts are distributed for various causes — the chief among them is the Church — by the girls themselves.

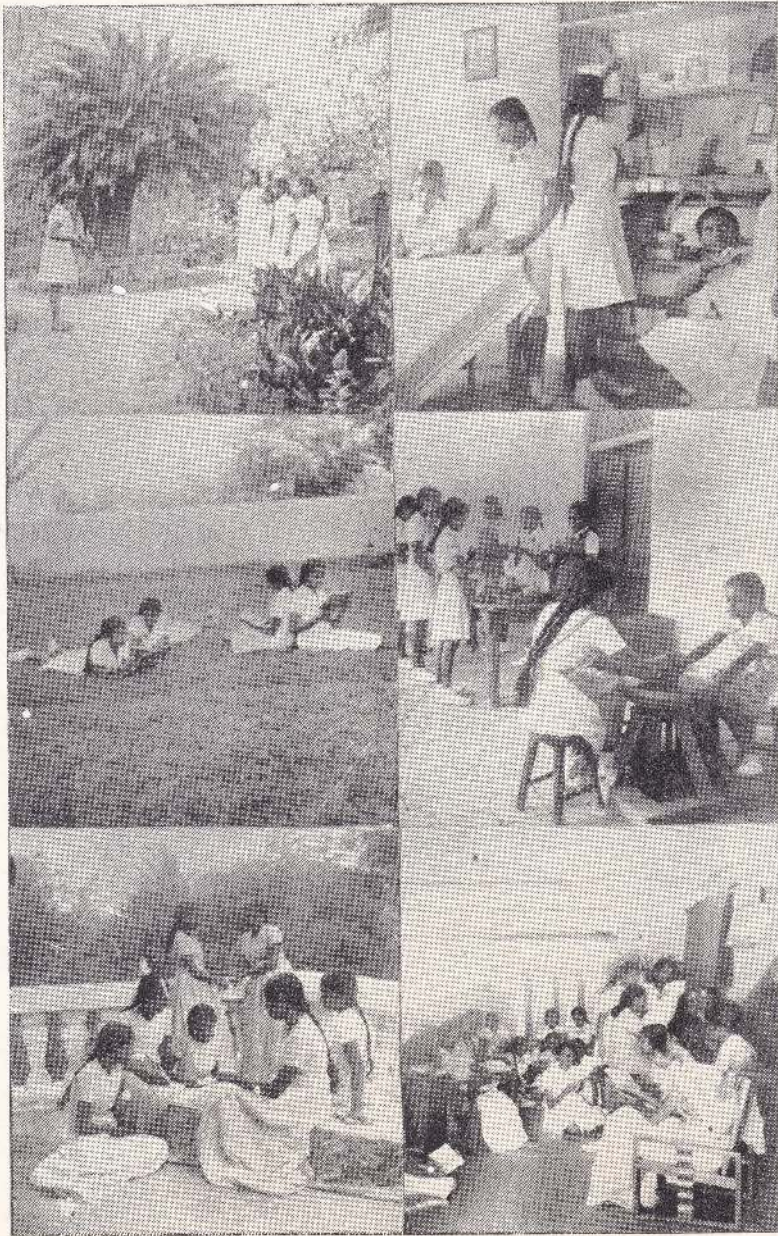
The tradition of active co-operation between the Church and the School had been well established

by the pioneers of the past, so that it was easy for those who followed to maintain it. I remember two people, one on the side of the Church and the other on the side of the School, who were responsible for this ideal relationship. Pastor S. Eliatamby with his dynamic personality, his prophetic mien, address, and message, was for a long time an outstanding power in the counsels and life of the institution. No other pastor, to my knowledge, can point to such a rich record as his of intimate connection with an institution. Miss Bookwalter from her side did all she could to foster this relationship. She identified herself so wholeheartedly and wholly with the Church that others in the School could not but catch her spirit and emulate her example.

LYMAN S. KULATHUNGAM,  
Jaffna College,  
Vaddukoddai.



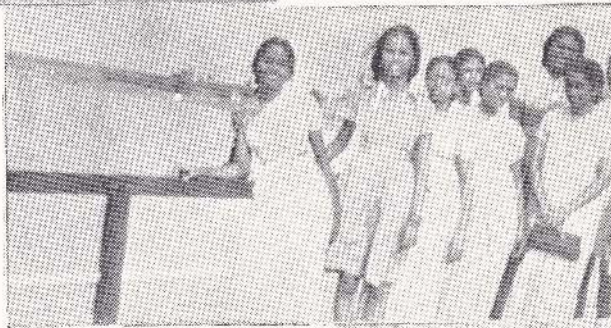
## LEISURE HOURS







## EXCURSIONS







## Seeing such a Cloud of Witnesses . . . we press on.

"**R**OYAL blood is an inheritance, noble blood if it begets noble deeds is a blessing. But above all and beyond all is the inheritance of a pious and God-fearing ancestry."

Uduvil certainly is richly endowed with "a pious and God-fearing ancestry." The Pioneer missionaries who laid the foundation for Uduvil, in obedience to the purpose and plan of God are ever present with us. Their lives were a mission, and in the expansion of their souls, they delighted in the Unknown; and in their spiritual adventure found Him faithful who had promised.

Conditions and circumstances have changed since 1824, but the same compelling love of God continues still at work, and in obedience to His will, and true to their vision, many have followed the footsteps of the pioneers. As in the past, their horizons were not bounded by the familiar places and people they loved. So the Uduvil of today is the love and labour, sacrifice and service, devotion and dedication of many known and unknown people.

The hundreds of students who throng the school today, and gather for worship, assembly, work or play are different, but in spirit they join hands with all who have been in Uduvil during the 125 years, and who will walk the well known paths in the future as well. The quiet village, free from the roar and distraction of industries, the commu-

nity devoted to learning, dedicated to the improvement of society, the wide open gates of the school, the quiet majesty of the trees in it, the white winding road round the garden, the old and faithful sentinel office building, the clear fresh wells of water, the silent message of the buildings, and above all the glowing healthy girls with their songs and laughter of joyous freedom, give a certain amount of "old familiar" places and warm welcome to Uduvil, no matter where one has roamed, and we hum—

"We walk the well-known paths once more  
Amid the summer's bloom;  
We pass familiar thresholds o'er,  
And breathe the air of home."

Uduvil is a gift of God. He breathed His spirit into her and she came into being, and continues to live. She has had a long lease of life, yet the years seem few and pass so quickly. As we lift our hearts in thankfulness to God for the past, we look forward in God with hope and thankfulness, for the future.

We have had natural fears about Government rules, and regulations, but faith dispels fears. Restrictions have come to us as a challenge for honest Christian living, with an overflowing love of God. As in every school with a serious purpose, the teaching and learning process of the class room in Uduvil is central and fundamental. To achieve a high standard, every student is expected to give her time and energy for this; but the major



purpose of the school is achieved both within and without the school curriculum. So in our daily life, in teaching and learning, in work and play, in silence and worship the challenge comes to us to reveal the Christ spirit within.

From the beginning Uduvil has given equal status to its students no matter to what caste or creed they belonged. It was not easy to fight the battle then, but it has been done. The challenge for the present generation is not merely to accept it as we live in a group, but to practise the heritage of equality in homes and communities. It means breaking the barriers, "being different," incurring displeasures and conquering adverse circumstances. Ideals are achieved through pain, sacrifice and suffering. It is only when educated young men and women have the courage to emerge out of bondage into the freedom of mind and body, that society can be liberated, and races and nations can march forward, with a single aim toward a common destiny.

We want to remember constantly the sacrifice and zeal of the early missionaries. At the opening of the Bilingual School at Pandetheruppu in 1940, one of the speakers remarked that we were moving on "hallowed ground" because Miss Hillis had knelt down and prayed on most of the grounds there. I think it is true of all the Mission compounds. The Centre of an institution is its religion. If the centre is secure, the circumference will be

safe, and a school becomes a Power-house, generating spiritual power that moves the world. It creates a sacrificial disposition, and an invincible goodwill which are essential requisites to human progress, and young men and women, imbued with Christ's spirit, and equipped with practical knowledge, to meet the demands of the times, will go forth in obedience to His call, and fill the God-given vacancies wherever they may occur. We want to love this life intensely without deep attachments, so that when the call for service comes we may be free to answer it in obedience to His will.

"God must kindle the flame,  
We may guard it."

Uduvil has believed in giving its girls an all round education. Narrow early specialization which might give only a position and salary, but leaves the individual unequipped to meet the demands of the times, or leaves them resourceless and disqualified in the presence of emergency or culture has always been discouraged. So the early increasing demand for mere academic qualifications has become a problem in relation to social conditions. We need knowledge, but what happens after acquiring knowledge? All seek the same kind of work, the country side is left behind in search of better salaries and aimless leisure hours. It is the same beaten paths that promise security, and it is the easiest in many ways. But we want our girls not merely to be fully equipped to meet the demands of



intelligent citizenship and corporate living, but fearless to break the shackles of the age-long customs and demands that prove to be a bondage. The education they receive needs to have a tenacity of purpose and courage to live and work for improving individual homes and social conditions in the spirit of Him who went about doing good. Such a courage is a gift from God — a gift which sees the good in every human being — and reverences human nature because Christ once bore it. "All that Thou dost ask of us dear Lord is that we lend Thee a hand."

It is the Lord who giveth the increase. During these Celebrations we rededicate ourselves anew so that God fulfills His purpose for and through Uduvil, to play her part in helping to bring the Kingdom of God on earth. We felt His purpose afresh, when a long dream

came true as we turned the first sod for the chapel one evening in the moonlight. The girls sang, and we thanked God for the spiritual hospitality of those who made a chapel for Uduvil possible. A quietness and peace pervaded the place as we prayed for guidance and blessings from above. It has already become a sacred spot. From the breaking to the waning of the day the chapel will give power and guidance, and send out messengers to be a blessing. The steps will be worn with the feet of those who would walk in and out of the Holy place.

"For the supreme wonder of the Cross  
upon a hill ;

For its fact in human history,  
For its meaning through the ages,  
For its triumph and wonder still ;"

We give Thee thanks.

A. H. PARAMASAMY.

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Be proud, O Mother, of thy past !  
It lives in thee to-day ;  
And still its high traditions cast  
Their light upon thy way.



## Achievements of Old Girls.

Dr. Mrs. Emily Lee	Malaya.
„ „ Lizzie Ponnambalam Dorai	Colombo.
Mrs. Daisy Anketel Alagaratnam, B. A.	Uduvil's first Graduate.
Miss Grace J. Paul, M. A.	Principal, Girls' High School, Kandy.
Mrs. Elizabeth Veluppillai Thambirajah, B.A.	Principal, Govt. Training College,
Diploma in Education.	Batticaloa.
„ Flora Clarence Kanagathungam	Principal, Girls' English School,
1st Class Trained.	Pandateruppu, 1937-1947.
Miss Ariam Hudson Paramasamy, M. A.	Principal, Uduvil Girls' English School.
Mrs. Rane S. Raul Sathianathan, M. A.	Teacher, Methodist College, Colombo.
Miss Dora John Chinniah, B. A.	Teacher, Saiva Mangayar Kalagam,
	Wellawatte.
„ Elizabeth Saravanamuthu, B. A.	Teacher, Museaus College, Colombo.
„ Grace M. Lee Vanniasingam, B. A.	Principal, Girls' English School,
Diploma in Education.	Uduppidy.
Dr. Mrs. Kanagam Curtis Buell	Manipay.
Miss Isabel P. Daniel, B. A.	Teacher, Ladies' College, Colombo.
Diploma in Education.	
„ Kirubai Mathiaparanam	Principal, Girls' English School,
1st Class Trained.	Pandateruppu.
„ Kanmalar Mathirparanam, M. A.	Lecturer in Philosophy, University
	College, Ceylon.
Mrs. Lucy Chinniah Dharmalingam, B. A.	Teacher, St. Clares, Wellawatte.
Miss Gnanam Murugesu, B. A., Trained	Principal, Women's Govt. Training
	College, Kopay.
„ Esme Gould, B. A.	Inspectress of Schools, Jaffna.
Mrs. Thangaratnam Muthiah Nalliah, B. A.	Inspectress of Schools, Batticaloa.
Miss Rasamanie Thomas	Guide Commissioner, Jaffna.
1st Class Trained.	Vice - Principal, Vembadi Girls' High
	School.
Miss Lily Alfreds	First Uduvil Girl to obtain the Nurs-
	ing Degree at the Raini Hospital,
	Madras, afterwards Nursing Superint-
	endent, Manipay.
„ Amirtharanee Mills	Nursing Degree at the Raini Hos-
	pital, Madras.
„ Grace Raju, B. A., Trained	Teacher, Uduvil Girls' English School.
„ Mary Chinniah, B. A.	Principal, Methodist Girls' High
Diploma in Education.	School, Point Pedro.
Mrs. Ruby Anketel Somasunderam	L. T. C. L.
„ Dolly Anketel Rasaratnam	L. T. C. L.
„ Christabelle Raju Amarasingham, B. A.	Uduvil.



Miss Lydia Murugesu	Teacher, Government Central School, Jaffna.
Mrs. Ratnam Suppiah Chinniah, B. A.	Teacher, Central College, Batticaloa.
Dr. Mrs. Susan Chacko Benjamin	Madras Co-operation Hospital.
Miss Rosamalar Mathiapparanam, B. A.	Inspectress of Schools, Batticaloa.
Miss Irene Anketel Watson	L. T. C. L.
Dr. Mrs. Indranee Rajanayagam Kumaradeva	Govt. Hospital, Welisara.
Dr. Miss Roseline Karthigesu	Dentist, Batticaloa.
Mrs. Maheswary Chinniah Thavaratna- singham	Labour Inspectress, Central Employ- ment Exchange, Colombo.
Mrs. Pushparanee Suppiah Jegaaathan	Diploma in Indian Vocal Music, „
Miss Gnanam Chelliah, B. A.	Teacher, Convent, Hatton.
Mrs. Alice Niles Ashbury	L. T. C. L.
„ Amirtharanee Rasiah Ratna- singham, B. Sc.	Hampden Place, Wellawatte.
„ Chandra Alagaratnam Mylvaga- nam, B. A.	Teacher, Ladies' College, Colombo.
Miss Lily Chelliah, B. A.	L. T. C. L.
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„ Thavamanie Poopalapillai, B. A.	Teacher, Pandateruppu Girls' English School.
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„ Daisy Nagalingam,  
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„ Ratnam Arianayagam

Teacher, Hindu Ladies' College, Jaffna.  
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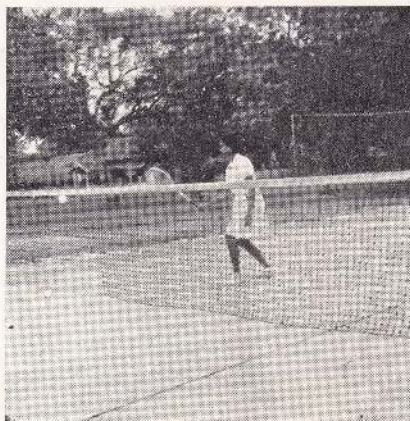
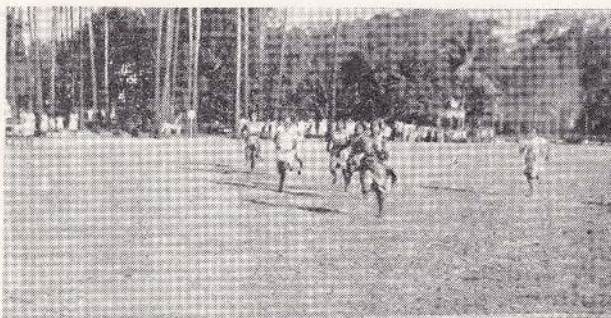
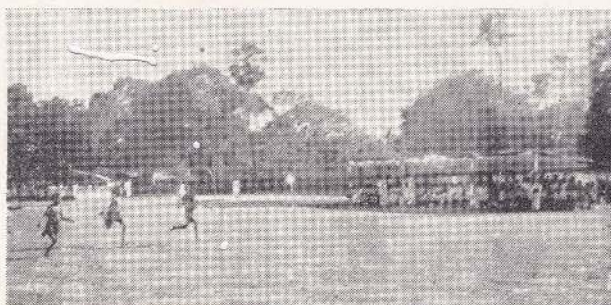
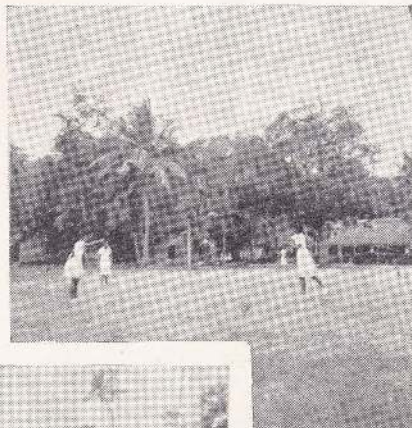
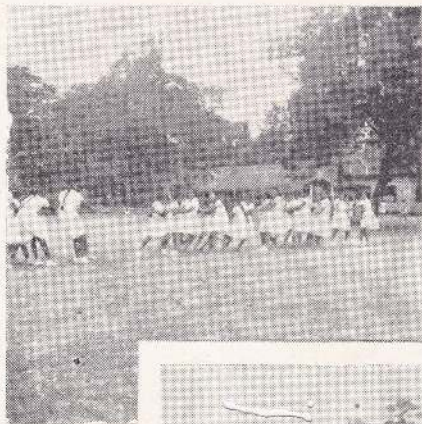
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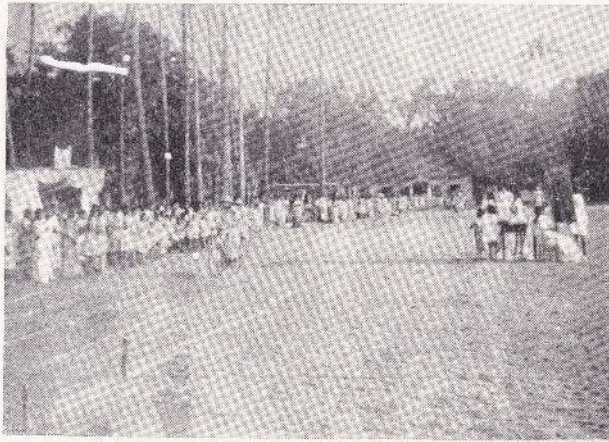






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Chorus —

Sing we of our love for Uduvil,  
Love that ever will honour Uduvil,  
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Royally God the increase gives,  
To Crown the harvests close.

Forward with you, our Mother true, we press on joyously  
Toward the goal where every soul shall find felicity;  
One hundred and twenty - five years old,  
Continue your banner to uphold:  
"The Truth shall make you free".

LUCY K. CLARK.



## Programme of the 125th Anniversary Celebrations.

---

### Aug. 11, 1950 Friday :

- 5-30 p. m. Praise Service in the Prayer Room.
- 7-00 p. m. Dinner.
- 8-00 p. m. Film Show.
- 9-00 p. m. Sing - Song in the School Hall.

### Aug. 12, 1950, Saturday :

- 7-30 a. m. Net-ball match, Past vs. Present.
- 8-00 a. m. Breakfast.
- 8-30 a. m. Laying the corner stone for the Chapel.
- 9-30 a. m. Visit to the Cemetery.
- 10-30 a. m. Old Girls' Business Meeting.
- 1-00 p. m. Fellowship Lunch, Past & Present Girls.
- 4-30 p. m. Garden Party.
- 5-30 p. m. Public Meeting.
- 7-00 p. m. Entertainment.
- Dinner.

### Aug. 13, 1950, Sunday :

- 8-30 a. m. Tamil Service. (Communion)
  - 5-30 p. m. Service of Thanks-giving (in English).
-



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