ANNUAL OF

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

BANGALORE

AND SCHOOLS, MYSORE STATE



The Fear of The Lord Is The Beginning of Wisdom

Vol. 1 November 1953

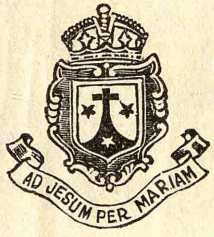
(*Congregation of St. Teresa's Convent, ERNAKULAM*)

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Vol. I **November 1953**

(Congregation of St. Teresa's Convent, ERNAKULAM)

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His Grace the most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, D. D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF BANGALORE.



Wishing you every blessing

+ R Lewis

Bishop of Mysore.

FOREWORD

"The sundering flood" but in no desolate sense so, for it has been the river of plenty for which we profoundly thank the Giver of all good things, has given to us from the year 1953, our magazine in two parts, as it were, affording glimpses of the two chief provinces of our labours in the educational field, Travancore-Cochin State and Mysore.

The Annual of St. Teresa's College and Schools (in 1944 including Carmel College) was begun in 1937—the Golden Jubilee of the Congregation, under the patronage, constant inspiration and abundant help of our late, beloved Mother General, Very Rev. Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus. For several years it was printed at the artistic Good Shepherd Press, Kottayam, Travancore. In 1944 it became necessary to transfer the printing and publication of the magazine to the Industrial School Press, Ernakulam, which continued the good traditions of the magazine in regard to printing, get-up and *format*, up to the present day. Our most grateful thanks to both these distinguished presses for the great carefulness and workable charges they have observed in regard to our publications. The year 1953 finds the magazine of our Institution developing into two separate volumes, as it has been said above, to give adequate representation to the many and varied activities of our colleges and schools. *Ad multos annos* and God Speed to the two annuals, in the service of youth and of the country !

* * * *

We congratulate the Government, Ecclesiastical Authorities and the Authorities of our dear Congregation on the *fait accompli* of a much needed institution, a training college for women graduates. Mount Carmel Training College, Kottayam, Travancore Cochin State, began a career of long and useful service, as we trust, to Indian womanhood in June of this year—1953. The College was formally opened by the Chief Minister of the State, Mr. A. J. John, on July 16th, 1953 and there was a large and representative gathering united in appreciation of this new project of St. Teresa's Congregation. The College is attached to Mount Carmel Convent High School, Kottayam. It has 70 student teachers on its rolls, the total number sanctioned by the Department. We cannot have too many teachers in this land of vast dimensions and very great illiteracy. Teachers and training colleges for them, are crying needs in India and especially when they are directed by institutions of much experience in education.

* * * *

A great happiness has recently befallen us in the raising of the diocese of Bangalore to the status of a Metropolitan See, with our revered Bishop the Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Pothacamury, named first Archbishop with jurisdiction over the

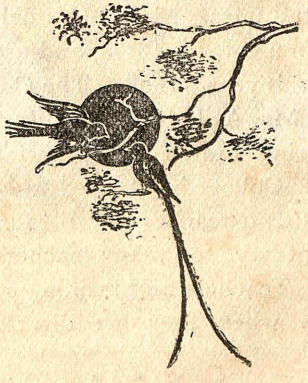
territories of Mysore State, including Bellary and Mangalore. We offer our heartfelt and filial congratulations to His Grace and wish His Grace many more years of life, health and substantial service to humanity.

* * * *

Institutions under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as is Mount Carmel College, received with particular joy the proclamation of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, that the year 1954 be observed as a Marian year in honour of the centenary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. May the Marian Year bring great graces to each one of us and to all mankind! We pray especially for an era of peace and good will among the nations of the world, that man's mind, heart and spirit may have leisure to pursue the higher values of life, and life may be made safe and happy for all.

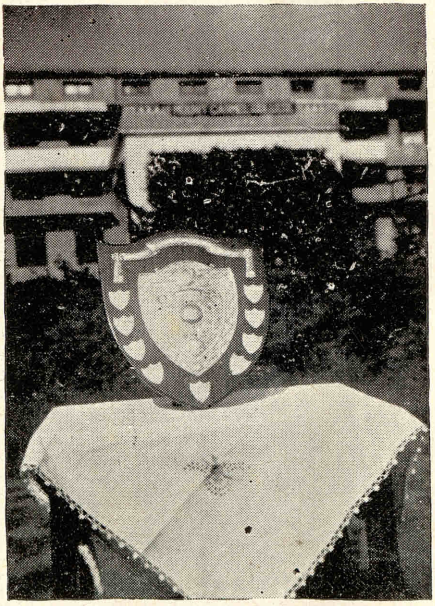
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On October 24th, 1953 the foundation of the College hostel—to be known as the "Mother Mary Hostel for Girls" in memory of our late Mother General—was blessed by His Grace, the Archbishop of Bangalore, in the presence of the Mother Superior, staff and students of the College. We hope to see the hostel completed before the end of the next academic year, and providing accommodation already by the beginning of the year.



MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

"IN MEMORIAM"



V. Rev. Mother Mary Memorial Shield for Sports. The Shield was awarded for the year : 1952—'53 : to the "Teresians" who won the House Championship.

SILVER JUBILEE!



V. Rev. Mother General, V. Rev. Mother Assistant General, Superiors and Sisters

Group taken during the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of

V. Rev. Mother Mary Alphonsus, Mother General.

In Memory Of Very Rev. Mother Mary Of The Infant Jesus

You taught us charity dear Mother
You taught us how that way to climb;
Midst obstacles that raised their terrors
Against our steps—you were sublime.

In your greatness, in your greatness
Of soul we find no other.
You taught us that virtue most divine
Of charity, O dearest Mother.

You linked our hearts each to the other—
'Tis this our Congregation's might!
You prayed that one we'd be, O Mother
On earth as in heaven's peace and light.

You taught us love of God and neighbour
Your arms were ever opened wide:
'Twas there the sufferer found a refuge
As in thy Saviour's pierced Side.

You taught us how to scorn hurt's memory,
You taught us how to quick forgive
Each wrong we might receive from others—
" 'Tis thus" you said "we Christ-like live".

You taught us charm of way, dear Mother.
Your soul's rare power was your love:
The love you gave to every creature,
The love you gave to God above.

S. M. A.

My Neighbour

They asked "My neighbour ? " (if you can!)
He said "Every man".
"Black, white, yellow, brown
He of the village and he of the town! "
The Master nodded assent
His beautiful voice blent
With the tender kindness of His Eye.

Following with infinite love the mass
Dotting hill side and stretches of grass
Who had that day heard
The new Word.
The uneasy soul of self-absorbed man
Stirred to the quick began
To question slow
"How must I love him, lo ? "
"As thyself" Jesus said.
The light upon His Head
Burst from behind a cloud.

The story of the Good Samaritan
Fell from those Lips of grace
Nor did it cease
Till all had understood it *within*—
Howe'er much they would not.

* * * *

The corn fields swayed
Little fresh'ning breezes played
On their faces.
Little birds trilled
Their hearts were filled
With joy that day, who drank in heaven's graces.

S. M. A.

Speech of H. H. The Maharani of Sandur

AT THE COLLEGE DAY SPORTS

September 8th, 1953.

Mother Superior, Staff of Mount Carmel College, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It gives me great pleasure to be amidst you all this evening and to witness the sports. I thank you for having given me this opportunity and for having done me the honour of asking me to give away the prizes.

At the outset itself I must say that the progress your College has achieved in this short period of six years is truly remarkable, and the management has every reason to be justly proud of what they have achieved. The major part of the credit must be attributed to the missionary zeal and the admirable tradition of self-less service and sacrifice that inspires the teachers of this institution. I have little doubt that this College, in years to come, will attain new heights of success and achievement. For I think it does possess a good bit of that great spirit of mountaineering, that spirit of Tensing and Hillary, which makes people climb to higher and higher peaks and conquer new altitudes, however difficult or strenuous the ascent may be. I wish you all success.

I am glad to see the emphasis and importance placed on sport in this College. Sport is a great thing and greater still is the spirit of sportsmanship. No great country or civilisation worth its name has failed to place sport on a high and honoured pedestal, be it ancient Greece and Rome or modern England. I know full well that the girls of this College have more than a fair measure of that enthusiasm for sport. I at least ought to know this, for I happen to live only next door, and the shrill shrieks and shouts of sporting ecstacy and excitement from your playgrounds do startle my ears pretty often. Of course I am not in the least trying to suggest that it disturbs me. Most certainly it does not. On the other hand I feel happy and exhilarated to hear the distant symphony of so many joyous sounds and happy voices—though I am sure the girls will agree with me that this symphony is not always very musical!

I can only wish that the girls of this College, when they graduate, will take with them to their homes, something of this spirit of gaiety, joy, and happiness, which they have experienced on these happy playgrounds, most important of all the spirit of sportsmanship which is very essential for life, the spirit of "play up and play the game". Women have a very important mission to perform. In some ways their work is more important than man's. A man may own a home but she makes it. It is she who builds a cultured home and thereby a cultured nation. It is said that to instruct women is to instruct men. Nations are but the outcome of homes, and peoples of mothers. Where she is debased society is debased; where she is morally pure society is pure and elevated.

I would like to add here that women can no more do man's special work than men can do women's. While it is certain that the character of the nation would be elevated by the enlightenment and refinement of women, it is much more than doubtful whether any advantage is to be got from her entering into competition with man in the rough work of business and politics. Whenever woman has withdrawn from her home and family to enter upon other work the result has been socially disastrous. Finer affections get blunted and woman ceases to be the gentle wife, companion and friend of man. If our women reformers were only to turn their energies in the direction of the home in economising, preparing good food and in cutting down wastage with effect, they would earn the gratitude of many households.

I was glad to see in your syllabus that sanskrit is one of the subjects taught. I was glad because sanskrit to my mind is our ancient culture crystalised in words—in beautiful words which have great powers of refining the intellect and the spirit. It has great cultural significance which must not be forgotton. After all we cannot build a sound future without a proper understanding of the past.

In conclusion I wish to congratulate those who have won prizes this evening. To those who have not, I would say this "The important thing in games is not to win but to take part. The important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered but to have fought well." To live these precepts is to build a more valiant and generous humanity.

I thank you once again for the honour you have done me. I have greatly enjoyed this evening.



SPEECH delivered by His Lordship the Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, D.D., Bishop of Bangalore, at Mount Carmel College, Palace Road, Bangalore (1) on the occasion of the Parents' Day, on Monday, August 24, 1953 at 6 P.M.

(The function was presided over by Dr. B. L. Manjunath, B.A., M.Sc., D.Ph., Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore).

Dr. Manjunath, Rev. Fathers, Rev. Mother Superior and Staff and Pupils of the College, Ladies and Gentlemen:

WE have just heard the report of Mount Carmel College. That is a record of the excellent work done by this institution during the past year. Many of you will recall how this college was established five years ago. The Sisters had to face many difficulties. They came as strangers to Bangalore, and after five years, they have won the heart of Bangalore, and particularly the hearts of the elite of Bangalore. We have seen this evening what the girls of this college are able to do. They have won laurels at the Public Examinations. This evening they have also exhibited their artistic talents. That is all due to the untiring and selfless efforts of the staff of this college. You know very well that this college has achieved great things, mainly because of the unity among the staff, their devotion to duty, their personal contact with the pupils, their exact discipline and example of life. It is their religious faith which has been the source of strength of mind and moral power to carry on their arduous duties.

During the last four months, we have had evidence of the suspicion and mistrust still lurking in the minds of many, in respect of missionary activities in India. The questions raised in Parliament and the controversy that followed, caused considerable anxiety to the Indian Christian community. I was questioned about it during my travels in America from May to August 1953. My answer invariably was that we had every reason to hope that the religious rights and interests of the Christian minority would not be ignored, much less suppressed.

Christians are an integral part of the Indian nation and our countrymen appreciate the great services rendered to the country by Christian missionaries. After my return to India, that impression has been strengthened.

India is a country of many faiths. She has a long tradition of religious tolerance. Indians appreciate what is good in every religion. They will not therefore injure the efforts of missionaries nor place obstacles in their way. Missionaries have rendered priceless service to the country. I feel they will be welcome as friends of the country, and that those already in India will not be harassed in any way.

Secondly, Christianity is not a new religion in our country. It has been in India since the first century of the Christian era. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru says in his book, "Discovery of India": "Christians and Jews were in the country from the first century." Mr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, in his book, "Legacy of India" points out that, "Christianity was brought into the south of India by St. Thomas from Syria".

Thirdly, our countrymen are profoundly religious-minded. In fact, India ranks among the most religious-minded countries in the world. There may be differences in religious outlook, but they appreciate the service and spirit of sacrifice which our religion inspires among its adherents.

Fourthly, the Constitution of India says in Article 25 (1) that, "all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess, practise and propagate religion". This freedom has been guaranteed to all persons. It is true some were of the view that this freedom applied only to the 'citizens' of the country. But another Article of the Constitution, namely, Article 18 (3) makes a distinction between 'citizen' and 'person'. "Person" as referred to in the Constitution means all those resident in the country at the time the Constitution was adopted.

We believe that this freedom will be safeguarded by our Government. Our countrymen and the general public appreciate deeply what the Christian missionaries, whether foreign or Indian, have done for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people of the country– I mean, the moral & material progress of the citizens of India. The very existence of this institution & the support it is getting from the Government and from you all, are an evidence of the appreciation of the general public of the work done by missionaries, whether they belong to different countries or are sons of the soil.

Till recently our country did not have sufficient number of indigenous priests and nuns. Now Indian priests predominate all over the land. So is the case with Bishops. Thirty years ago an Indian priest of the Latin rite was raised to the rank and office of Bishop, Right Rev. Mgr. Tiburtius Roche of Tuticorin. There were also four Indian Bishops of the Syrian rite in Malabar at that time. To-day, we have 35 Indian Bishops and only 27 European Bishops. Thirty years ago, we had only about 5,000 nuns, the majority being European. Now, we have nearly 14,000 nuns, 11,000 of whom are Indians. You will see, therefore, that progress has been made in the process of Indianisation.

Our country and our people hold in great esteem the selfless and devoted services of missionaries. You will recall that in olden times it was only European missionaries who established schools and colleges. Many of the leaders in the country to-day, whether in the State Legislatures or in Parliament, were educated in these institutions. They greatly admire the marvellous work of these missionaries. That admiration still lasts. I do not believe that the work of foreign missionaries, at least of those now in India, will in any way be hampered.

One of the reasons why suspicion against foreign missionaries was created is that in the North Eastern parts of India, in the Assam area, some missionaries were accused of political and anti-national activities, chiefly among the Naga and other hill tribes. I do not know what exactly was done. But I can only say that Catholic missionaries are absolutely loyal to the country. A loyal citizen is also a loyal Catholic. One who is disloyal to the country cannot be a genuine Christian. Remember what Jesus Christ said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God, the things that are God's". I know you all appreciate that. We are all patriotic. Any prejudice that may lurk in the minds of those who have read Press reports about the disloyal activities of foreign missionaries should be dissipated.

Under the British regime some parts of the country were not open to Christian missionaries. In some tribal areas in the north-eastern parts of the country, the Princes and Zamindars (land-lords) did not allow missionaries to enter. The British Government upheld that regulation. But happily, the Indian Government changed the whole situation. Princes and Zamindars who had absolute sway over these territories are no longer in existence. These States have acceded to the Indian Union and the democratic Constitution of India is applicable to every part of the country. From that time missionaries began to move about freely in these parts, and also the Christians who were converted long ago and practised their religion secretly, came out openly without any fear of harassment and professed their religion in public. Many people, therefore, thought that it was all the result of mass conversion brought about by improper means. We can never impose our religion on anyone. This college is an evidence of that. We have of course the freedom to propagate our faith whenever opportunity occurs. Every conversion to Christianity is an individual conversion. Before baptism, everyone is asked whether he or she believes in God, in Christ, and in the Catholic Church, and desires to be baptised, and only after getting his or her free consent, baptism is conferred. We do not, and will not, make use of unfair and unworthy methods to propagate Christianity.

Foreign missionaries have done much for the progress of the country. They have come at the request of Indian Christians to serve and assist them. They left their homelands when quite young, sacrificed everything and left their near and dear ones, only with the sublime ideal of devoting themselves to the service of our country and our people. The inspiration and the sustaining force in all their endeavours comes from the religion which they profess and nothing more. They practise what Jesus Christ said: "If anyone wishes to follow Me, let him renounce himself, take up his cross and follow Me". These missionaries have nothing but genuine love for everyone, whether he be a Hindu, a Sikh, a Mohammadan, a Christian or a Jain. The two great commandments of God are, Love of God and Love of Man, the latter only for the sake of God Himself. We have to follow that precept loyally and faithfully.

There is a priest in Bangalore who came to our country sixty years ago. He never re-visited his native land - France. He is now 83 years old. When I was in America, I heard that he was seriously ill. I was anxious to see him. I know how he was admired for his devotion to duty and his splendid piety. When I was transferred to Bangalore ten years ago, I was told that the students of St. Joseph's High School, where he worked for 35 years, called him, "a living Saint", "the walking Christ". In his illness, he expressed his desire to see his Bishop. I rushed to his bedside from the airport. I was told that the Mayor of Bangalore, an old pupil of his, visited him, knelt down and asked his blessing. That is a symbol of the veneration in which our devoted priests are held by the non-Christian public.

Christ's message is essentially religious, concerned with the spiritual values of life and their influence on the character and lives of men. The Gospel brings to men the light, the joy and the peace of Christ and promotes social prosperity and happiness.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am happy to see the encouragement given to this college and to the Christian community, and Catholics in particular. It looked now as if we were under a cloud. There was a feeling of uneasiness and disquiet. That will be soon dispelled. It may be that an official statement will be made in Parliament on this question by the Home Minister.

I know we have now greater freedom to practise and propagate religion than in the past. In times past the impression was that Christianity was allied with British rule and was considered an instrument of foreign commercial and political influence. That impression has diminished. We are now working in close harmony and concord for the progress and prosperity of our new-born nation. We shall do all we can to make it still greater so that it may take its legitimate place among the greatest and most advanced nations of the world.

SPEECH delivered by Dr. B. L. Manjunath, B.A., M.Sc., D.Ph., Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore, at Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, on the occasion of the Parents' Day held on Monday, August 24, 1953 at 6 P. M.

Your Lordship, Rev. Mother Superior and Friends,

I am happy to be present here on this very pleasant occasion. I was hoping that this would give me an opportunity to discuss with parents and also with the Management of this College some aspects of the philosophy of Women's education. I am afraid this evening it is a little too late to go into a serious topic of the nature I have mentioned. I shall therefore confine myself to congratulating the institution on its achievements in the past year both in the academic field and in the sports and extra-curricular activities. Easily your college is one of the best institutions in the University. The success of your *alumni* is entirely due to the selfless devotion to duty of your staff and of their parental care. I have noticed with particular edification your arrangements for Study Circles in religious, moral and social problems. In these days when we are finding ethical and social ideas changing rapidly, it is especially important that institutions of education should foster and cultivate in the minds of the young, a correct sense of their duties. I am sure your Study Circle is going a long way in that direction.

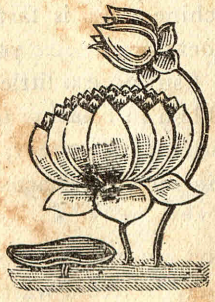
I shall now turn to some of the remarks made by the Mother Superior. This concerns the problem of women's education. What exactly do you want of this institution? Do you, parents, think about it? Or, are you content only with sending your daughters to this institution and waiting for the hallmark of a University degree? I conceive that in the first instance, you are keen on a liberal education in the sense in which, unfortunately, the Machine Age is fast trying to put us down to. Our studies to-day are more and more vocational. Are your daughters coming here to this institution for vocational training? I suppose a little clear thinking is necessary, and parents should think about this problem in relation to their children's education. As it is, what I see is a general drift without any policy, so to say, a "herd mentality" and a refusal to take advantage from the experience of others.

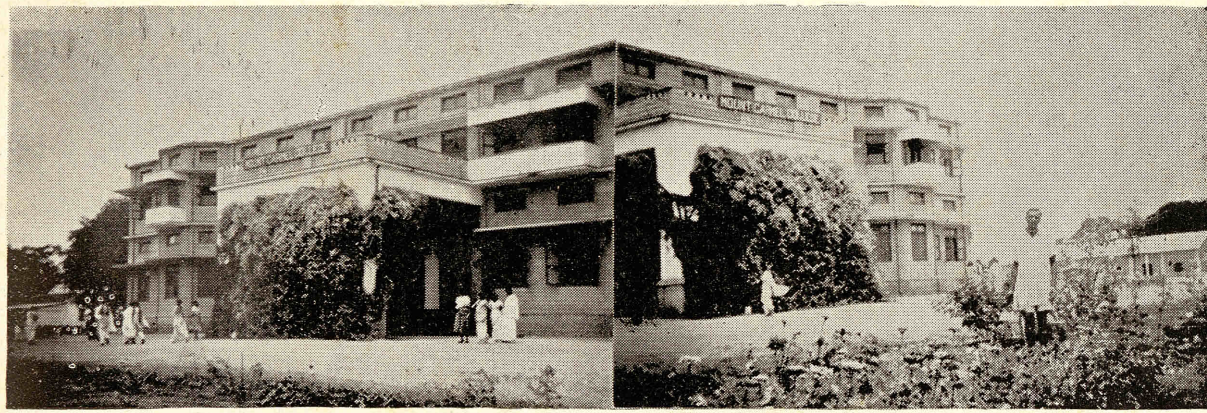
The University has been trying against great odds to introduce certain reforms, in our educational system, particularly to avoid wastage of educational effort referred to in the Report. There is none who is more conscious of the colossal wastage of educational effort in our country than I am. It has always been my endeavour to try and make our education purposeful. To-day, I would like you, parents especially, to understand a little of what has been the objective of the Educational Reforms.

The Mother Superior is right in referring to possible revolutionary changes in the near future. I hasten to assure you that there is no system more static than the educational system. You cannot force anything with respect to educational reforms. I do not envisage any serious changes in the near future, and I think you must rest content with that assurance. But it shall be our endeavour to make education more purposeful. With this object in view we have tried to introduce several new courses, some of which are distinctly cultural and others of a pre-vocational type. I am happy to say that your institution is one of the first to adopt one of these new courses, namely the course of "Business Administration". I do hope that the changes which we are thinking of will meet with the general approval of parents. Our purpose is to canalise students into various activities required for their careers in life. As you know "teaching" is included as one of the subjects in the B.A. curriculum. I would like students even now take up courses of that nature instead of hankering after the P. C. M. and C. B. Z. formula of Mysore.

Again, the field of creative art has been completely neglected in our educational system. Here also we are trying to introduce some changes, and I trust your institution will lend its support when the time comes for putting them into practice.

I shall finally thank the Mother Superior for having invited me to participate in this evening's function, and I congratulate the pupils, the young ladies, who participated in the various activities on the stage this evening, and on their splendid performance. I trust that this institution will grow from strength to strength.





Front view of Mount Carmel, from different angles! Meet our Mali—Nanda Ram Singh!



Flowers on Principal's Day

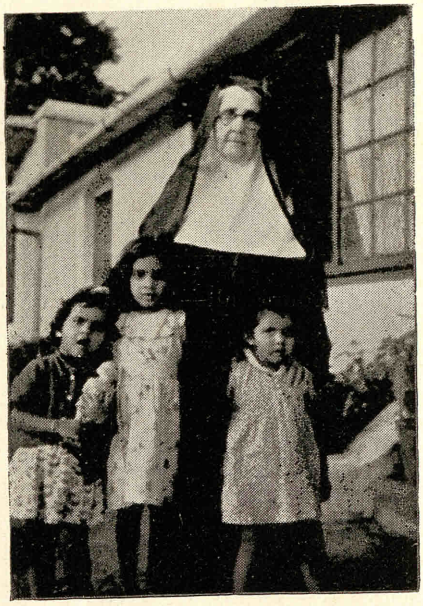


Vasia Begum (former student) & son with the Sisters and Mother Superior



Our Vice-Chancellor, Dr. B. L. Manjunath, is photographed on Guardians' Day

BABIES FROM FAR AND NEAR



V. Rev. Mother Veronica with her little ones 'getting in' as under an umbrella ?



Padmini—daughter of Radha Varma (former student of St. Teresa's)



Little baby May of St. Paul's Davengere, sets out "to School" ?



"In Davengere I found my home"

Mount Carmel College, Bangalore.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1952—1953

Dr. Manjunath, *Sir—Your Lordship, Ladies and Gentlemen,*

We present to you the Annual Report for the Academic year 1952—'53.

Strength :—From 392 at the end of the previous year, the strength rose to 449, at the end of the year under report, and was 461 at the commencement of the year.

University Examination Results :—

Intermediate Arts

	No. Appeared	No. Passed.	Percent Passed.
Whole Exam.	54	38	70.4
Part I	55	49	89.1
,, II (Kannada, Hindi, Tamil, Telugu, Sanskrit, Urdu, Malayalam, French)	56	50	90.9
Part III (H.E.L.)	54	41	75.9
Classes :—	4 First & 7 Second		
Ranks :—	First, Fourth. Fifth, Sixth and Tenth		

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Intermediate Science

Whole Exam.	107	64	59.8
Part I	107	89	83.2
,, II (Languages as above)	107	102	95.3
,, III P.C.M.	51	29	56.7
C.B.Z.	56	35	62.5
Classes :—	7 First & 18 Second		

———

B. A. Degree

Whole Exam.	38	22	57.9
Part I	39	31	79.5
,, II (Languages as in Intermediate)	39	33	84.6
,, III	38	27	71.1

Classes :—Pt. I—3 Second : Ranks :—Fifth, Eighth, Ninth.

Pt. II—4 First (French) & 8 Second (Skt. Tamil, Hindi, French & Urdu)
Ranks :—Second, Fourth, Sixth, Ninth and Tenth.

Pt. III—7 Second : Ranks :—Third and Sixth.

Examinations in Religion (Catholic Educational Council of S. India)

Apologetics & Christian Doctrine (Inter. Section)

1st Class	2nd Class	Pass	Fail	Tl.
9	3	2	nil	14

Ranks : First Rank & Gold Medal
Cecilia Albuerquerque
Third Rank & Silver ,,
Melba Da Costa

Apologetics, Christian Doctrine and Morals—B.A. Section.

1st Class	2nd Class	Pass	Fail	Total
4	2	1	nil	7

Ranks : Third & Silver Medal
Nell De Souza

Equipment :—432 volumes were added to the Library. Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals in all subjects and languages, were extensively used by Staff and students. A generous gift of " American Literature " in 2 volumes, was made by the American Library Service, Bangalore and a miniature library of 100 volumes, was presented to the College, by the American Library Service, Madras. Adequate additions were made to Furniture and laboratory equipment.

Extra-Curricular :—The activities were many and successful, on the whole. Special mention must be made of the Sports Association, which won, practically all the Inter-Collegiate trophies for games and athletics in the State. We were particularly successful this year in debate and oratory. Miss H. Vasumathi won the Cup for the best speaker in the Hindi debate conducted by St. Joseph's College and the third prize in the English debate : Miss Ananthalakshmi and Miss Sundaramma won the second and third prizes and the Team Prize in the Telugu debate conducted by the same College. Miss B. Vimala won the first prize in the Music and Histrionic competitions conducted by the Kannada Sahitya Parishat. Miss Sarla Krishnaswamy won the E. K. Palia Shield for Elocution, of the Rotary Club, by her speech that she was a happier person than her Great Grand-Mother. The latter, venerable lady was not there to endorse her views.

Physical Exercise :—We were winners, again, of the M. G. Sreenivasan Memorial Trophy and Shield for Athletics and Games ; the Prasanth Kumar Shield for Athletics ; the Kasturiba Shield for Athletics. Miss Veronica Game won the Women's Championship both at Mysore and Madras and captured the interest of both Public and Press which gave her generous headlines. Thus, the Deccan Herald " Three Colleges had the honour of sharing games competitions and this left the championship undecided for boys. For women, however, Mount Carmel College made a clean sweep in all the games and, having won the athletics, achieved a meritorious double in the championships..... Mount Carmel College has certainly made rapid strides towards reaching top honours in the field of sports. Girls of this College have made quite a name for themselves, but one of them who has collared most of the glory is versatile Veronica Game. This foremost athlete in Mysore State today, had the distinction of being adjudged the best athlete in the University, not only for having won the individual championship for girls, but for her magnificent performances." This athlete had also the honour of being graciously garlanded by our Vice-Chancellor with his own garland, at Mysore, at the end of the meet !

Religious & Moral Instruction :—Religious Instruction is compulsory for Catholic students and is given four times a week. Study circles in Religion, Morals and Social problems, are held every Friday. Moral Instruction is provided for students of other denominations, once a week, the classes being taken separately. suitable to their particular grades. The Social Service League, to which we were looking forward last year, was inaugurated on the 25th July of this year, by Mr. V. K. Govindarajalu, Advocate and member of Bangalore City Corporation. In this work we must and mean to make many calls on our generous Municipal Corporation.

General Health :—Was satisfactory and the average attendance good. A Medical Inspection of the students was conducted early in the year and the results declared satisfactory. No serious defects were found.

College Hostel :—The general health was satisfactory. The hostel was visited by the doctor in charge, regularly, once a week and oftener when necessary. As reported last year, we have yet to construct a proper hostel and the work has already been taken in hand. At present there is accommodation for about 55 students only, of all castes and communities and a few lay Staff members. Meals are both non-vegetarian and vegetarian. The Warden and her assistant reside within easy reach of the students.

General Remarks :—The Natural Science Laboratory, which has been under construction, is now completed. There is need of a separate laboratory for Physics, so that the present PCM laboratory could be entirely used for Chemistry, with a view to introducing the B.Sc. course in Natural Science in the next Academic year, The need for more class-room accommodation will necessitate the use of more ground space, which even at present does not give us quite enough for games. Hence, we have requested the Trust Board to allot us a piece of land for this purpose, on the plain facing the College.

We do not know the kind of shape that University education will take in the years ahead or even next year, for that matter ! Things are moving fast. There has been so much of putting up and pulling down, in the last decade especially, involving drastic changes, that one ventures to feel that the best thing by far, would be, to draw up a 5, 10 or, better 15 year plan for education too, in the various stages of it and work according to that, so that some degree of stability would be ensured, and of harmonious development, without the enormous waste of trial schemes merely, immediately tried out. Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Sir, Your Lordship, Ladies and Gentlemen, we assure you that this College will, God helping it, strive its utmost, to serve the needs of our human family, whatever demand is made on its resources, in the years to come.

We thank you for your patronage of this College and for the attention with which you have heard this report, the fifth annual report of the institution. We thank you, especially, Sir-Dr. Manjunath for so kindly presiding at this function.

Yours in service, on behalf of the Management,

Sister M. Antoinette.

Principal.

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1952—'53

Religion (Senior Section)	Hostel	Religion (Junior Section)
Nell D'Souza	Vera Fernandes	Cecilia Albuerquerque

Part I (English)

Junior Inter.	P. Scholastica
Senior ,,	C. Albuerquerque
Junior B.A.	N. B. Mirnalini
Senior ,,	Nell D'Souza

Part III (History & other Optionals)

P. K. Ananthalakshmi
H. Vasumathi
N. B. Mirnalini
M. A. Devaki

Part III (Contd.)

Intermediate PCM		Intermediate CBZ
Junior Inter.	S. Rema Bai	Marian Wise
Senior ,,	M. Indira Devi	Melba Da Costa

Part II (Languages)

	Sanskrit	Hindi	Kannada
Senior Inter.	K. S. Shanthamani	H. Vasumathi	N. V. Rajalakshmi
Senior B.A.	K. Indira	Daisy Parakal	H. S. Shantha

	Malayalam	Tamil	Telugu
Senior Inter.	Annie Kuruvilla	K. Mangalam	S. Gnana
,, B.A.	*Witheld*	M. Jayalakshmi	P. Ramalakshmi

French

Senior Inter. C. Albuerquerque
,, B.A. Nell D'Souza

For Ranks in University Examinations 1953

Intermediate Arts

1st C. Albuerquerque
4th H. Vasumathi
5th P. Shiela
6th Sunder Shantha Suri
10th Pamela Bennett

B.A. Degree Part I

5th Nell D'Souza
8th Ivy Roberts
9th Rezwan Navin

Part II

2nd M. A. Devaki
4th Nell D'Souza
6th Ivy Roberts
9th Sree Devi C. S.
10th M. S. Zubeida Begum

B.A. Degree

Part III

3rd M. A. Devaki
6th H. S. Shantha

Silver Wedding

Synopsis.

Grandma was a villain, not once, but twice over. But her victims forgave her.

(A dramatisation of "Silver Wedding", short story by Jeannette Power in "messenger of the Sacred Heart"—America).

SCENE I

(Granny Chapin, Evelyn, her daughter & George, Son-in-law: Joanie-Grand-daughter)

Granny standing at the stairway,

Granny—"Evelyn, Evelyn, the taxi is here!"

Evelyn— "We'll be right down, Mother."

(Evelyn comes followed by her husband with suit cases in hand)

Granny—"You look wonderful, both of you."

George— "Thank you, Mother. It's mighty nice to be able to have this little jaunt with Evie."

Granny—"Yes, and it's a more sensible way to celebrate your silver wedding anniversary, instead of tiring yourselves out with a party for your friends."

Evelyn— "I did want the children to have a part in it."

Grannie—"Oh, boys would rather have their own dates and Joan—well, she was here a couple of weeks ago; it's better for her to stay with Tom and work out her own affairs."

George— "Well, it might have given her something to think about, but I think we've decided on the best celebration. If you need us, Mother, just send a wire or telephone us; the hotel and our time schedule are on the desk."

(Evelyn kisses her mother, who follows her out on the Porch. The Telephone rings. Evelyn tries to run back and answer it, but Grannie stops her and goes to the phone.)

Granny—"I'll get it."

Evelyn— "I'll wait and see who it is."

Joanie— (Over the phone) "Granny, I'm out at the airport. Is anyone there to pick me up? I tried to get Daddy."

Granny—"Joanie—what are you—you don't mean to tell me you and Tom—

Joanie— "Now, please don't start preaching, Granny."

Granny—"Oh, no—. Not again! Hold the wire, Joanie; There's someone at the door."

Granny— (Comes to the door tells Evelyn & George) "They've been asking me to serve at the Ladies' Aid Tea. But I think I'll beg off."

(She watches Evelyn & George start off.)

(Back to the phone)

Granny—"Yes, Joanie."

Joan— "Grand-mother—. Is there any one there to come out there & pick me up? Where's Mother?"

Granny—"Your Mother? Why, my dear, she and your father are on their way to Chicago."

Joan— "Chicago! for—for how long?

Granny—"Oh, a few days—may be a week. They're on their honeymoon—"

Joan— "Honeymoon!"

Granny—"Well—they're celebrating their twentyfifth anniversary."
(Silence for a short while)

Joanie— "Granny, what am I going to do? There's no cab here—"

Granny—"I'll tell you, Joanie—you just stay there and I'll have Clara Pricer pick you up—(hesitates, gulps and in a plaintive tone says) I'd take the car and go out myself, but—well, you'll find it out sooner or later, Joanie, I—I just *can't* do *anything*. My heart, you know. Or I guess you haven't heard."

Joanie— "Your heart! (Gasps.) Since when?"

Grannie—(With an uneasy conscience at Joanie's distress). "Oh, its nothing to worry about, dear; I just have to take it easy. If I do that, the doctor said, I—well, I'll be all right.

SCENE II

(Granny, Clara Pricer, Joanie.)

Granny calls Clara Pricer, and before Clara has a chance to say "Hello"—

Granny—"Clara, Joan has left Tom again!"

Clara— "Again!"

Granny—"I told her I'd ask you to pick her up-at the airport, but first, I need you to help me—I'll tell you when you come over—no, it'll do her good to wait—"

(Grannie & Clara take down curtains & drapery, and put everything out of order. They dump everything into the laundry tubs.)

Clara— "Gosh, Millie—. Aren't you just a little afraid? Girls to-day aren't like a generation ago."

Granny—"You mean she might walk out on us? (Smiles)
"Better stop off at Daphne's house and tell her if Joan calls, she is not to come over unless I give the word. And stop by at Dr. Snowden's and tell him why I've decided to take his advice very seriously—just in case Joan should call him on the phone."

(Clara leaves. Granny practises a woebegone expression. She runs downstairs, digs up an old medicine bottle, fills it with left over tea and with a teaspoon and an empty glass she enters her room, arranges a sick room and props on a table near the davenport. Joan and Clara come in with suitcases.)

Joan— "Granny, granny, you are ill and there's no one to help! I didn't know that your condition was so serious." (Crying)

Granny—"Yes, my child—it is the heart. I am not as young as I used to be. Dr. Snowden says I have to slow down and take things easy. Don't be distressed, Joan, I may be all right in few days."

Joan— "Be it so, gran."

Clara— "I just wanted to make sure you were all right, Millie; so I'll be running along now." (She turns at the door) "And don't you worry about anything."

Granny—"Is Tom coming down for the week-end?"

Joan— "No"

Granny—"As serious as that?"

Joan— "Yes, and I'm finished. I—I never thought Tom was the stubborn, old-fashioned man he is—. I told him the other night he ought to wear a walrus moustache and part his hair in the middle to match his archaic ideas."

Granny—"Won't let you take a job, hum?"

Joan— "No" (Fights back the tears). "And I'm—just bored. Anybody—a moron can take care of house work in a couple of hours."

Grannie—(in agreement) hmm!

Joan— "A lot of these women that are always telling how many shirts they ironed and how many quarts of preserves they put up, and how long it took them to wax the floors, they—they're just trying to impress themselves and others with their importance. They feel inferior and they are trying to cover it up."

Granny—"Of course, when you have a family it makes a difference".

Joan— "A little perhaps; but housework isn't enough to fill a woman's whole time."

Granny—"May be not, but—well—some women give it an important place in their lives—why, my dear, it took all my persuasiveness and all my arguments to make your mother go and leave her housework—"

Joan— "That's what I mean, Granny." (With a smile) " But I almost wish you hadn't succeeded."

Granny—"Don't be selfish. She needed a change—it was a wonderful idea of your father's, but she was trying to get her house-cleaning done and the house straightened up."

Joan —"House-cleaning!" (Notices the bareness of the house) "Why, Mother always has her house-cleaning done much earlier than this."

Granny—(Rubbing her hand across her forehead wearily) " And she frets so because your father and the boys make such a fuss when the house is upset "—(lowering her voice.) " But I figure I'll do it while she's gone. You know (she pats Jannie's hand), you couldn't have come at a better time—Oh, we're always glad when you come home—not that we like to have you and Tom quarreling—but now you can help me."

Joan— "But—you can't do anything—with a weak heart ! "

Granny—"Oh, shucks, I got more life in me than fifty dead people, and the first thing I'm going to do is get the laundry done."

Joan— "Laundry ! " (almost screams) " Where's Daphne ? "

Granny—"Oh ! Daphne isn't coming this week for some reason or other. What a time for her to stay away ! And I know the very first thing Henry will say when he comes in : Got any clean shirts ?—And you know he hasn't one."

Joan— (slides down dejectedly in a chair) " Oh, Granny ! "

Granny—"Just bring me a glass of water and I'll take some of my medicine. It's not a miracle drug, but its very good."

Joan— (Joan brings a glass of water. Measures a teaspoonful of the liquid, which Granny swallows with all kinds of horrible grimaces and after a moment she sits up on the davenport making a great display of weariness. Joan looks on, her eyes widened with fright and sympathy.)

Granny—(Closing her eyes & breathing heavily) "I get a little dizzy when I move.'

Joan— "Oh, Granny—. You musn't move, you lie there Gran. I'll put the house back in order or do the laundry or whatever you think should be done."

Granny—"You are a darling, but you can't do work like that. Look at your delicate little hands—(makes a pretence of standing up and clutches her heart and sits down. Joan helps her to bed).

Granny—(after a pause) "You'd better get out of that pretty suit, dear, and put on some old clothes if you're going to launder the curtains—but first you'd better get some shirts ready for the boys."

Joan— "Yes, Granny."

Granny—"Your dungarees are hanging in your clothes closet, and there are some old blouses in your dresser.

Joan— "Don'tworry, Granny." (aside) "That darn Daphne! Just when she was most needed."

(Joan leaves.)

Joan— (Comes back tiptoeing) "Granny, don't you think it would be a good idea to take the curtains to a laundry ?"

Granny—"I would, dear, if your mother weren't so fussy about them. She won't let a laundry or cleaner touch them; she's afraid they'll ruin them. The flakes she uses are on the table next to the tubs; just squash the suds through them and be sure to rinse them thoroughly—"

Joan— "But, Granny, there are eight pairs—that's sixteen curtains and-and-they'll have to be ironed."

Granny—"Well, you won't have to do everything in one day, Joannie. Tom isn't expecting you back, is he—I mean any definite time?"

Joan— "No. He wont't be expecting me back at all when he reads my note."

Granny—"Well, do four pairs to-day—you can iron those to-night after dinner—we'll make Billy help you with the dishes."

Joanie— "I have to cook dinner?"

Granny—"No." (make a feeble effort to sit up) "No, we'll all go out and eat. I'll get up now—"

Joanie— "Oh, no, Gran, you can't move."

Granny—"Well, I can't lie here, helpless, and let you do everything. Bring me the potatoes and I'll peel them."

Joanie— "No, Granny, I'll do the cooking myself."
(Joan leaves. Granny calls after her)

Granny—"The boys don't know about my—my heart. Most men have an aversion to women's being ill. The boys will be coming home. I am a little anxious about the reaction my sudden weakness will have on the boys."

Joanie— "I really don't think you should go through that strain every evening, Granny Men—don't appreciate what we do for them anyway."

Granny—"I know, Joanie—. They are a selfish lot and some-how we women go on making them more selfish. Now hurry up, Joanie. Give me a double. dose of that medicine. That will cure me wonderfully."

Joanie— (aside) "Poor Granny—all for the sake of these boys." (Gives a double dose)

Granny—"Bring me some make-up, quickly. I will put them on and try to look as cheerful as I can." (Puts them on) " And now, Joanie, do I look sick? "

Joanie— "No, Gran, you look wonderful."
(Henry & Billy come in)

Henry— "Gran, what a lovely time we had. But see, my shirt! Let me look up in the dresser. (Goes to dresser) Oh! Gran, there is not a single shirt in the dresser. Billy come and see, yours too is empty.

Billy— Gran, I want to throw off this plaid flannel. Give me something nice to put on.

Joanie— "Don't be yelling, like that, boys."

Granny—"Joan, go and iron their clothes for them and give them their dinner."

Billy— "Are we getting sweets, Gran? "

Granny—"Yes dear, Joan has prepared everything for you " (The boys & Joan exit).

SCENE III

Joan— "Granny, I have to go out and get some groceries for dinner. The roast is over. The vegetables are out, and so are the soap & soap chips."

Granny—"Just give me a dose of my medicine before you go."

Joan— (aside) "This is just the chance to phone up to my mother and ask her to come back. I am tired out. These boys, they make me crazy."
"Here Gran, (gives the medicine). Cheerio! I'll be back in a jiffy." (leaves).

Granny—"It is sheer boredom to be in bed but I must teach her a good lesson. She must go back to Tom."

SCENE IV

(Granny wakes from sleep—Evelyn, George, Tom and Dr. Snowden enter: cabdriver stands in the doorway).

Evelyn— "Mother! Mother!" (kneels down and weeps.) "I didn't know until Joanie called us."

Granny—"Joanie—called?"

(Joan rushes up from the kitchen)

Joan— "Tom, I am sorry!" (Flings herself into his arms)

Granny—"Joan you informed them about my illness?"

Joan— "I had to, Gran. I called from the grocer's. Don't be angry; I knew you were awfully sick; Nothing can keep you down and—"

Granny—"Oh—, Oh,—Evie, I've—I've ruined your honey-moon."

Evelyn— "It doesn't matter, Mother, as long as you're all right."

Granny—"Oh, George—"

George— (Pats her hand affectionately) "Think nothing of it, old girl."

Granny—"But how—how did you all come together? Tom—and Dr. Snowden and—and who is this young man?"

George— "Oh—Oh, him! Just drop the suit cases there, young fellow. What do I owe you?

(Cab-driver takes the money & goes)

Evelyn— "We picked up Dr. Snowden at his office. Joanie says he hasn't been here to see you—"

Doctor— "No, and I left an office full of patients. Now let's get this over—"

George— "Yes, Doctor, I want you to give her a thorough examination—It seems to me Doc, you're being a little brusque."

Doctor— "I'll give her a thorough examination. (adjusts the stethoscope and puts the ends against Granny's chest).

Granny—"Joanie! Joanie, I smell something scorching!"
You didn't disconnect the iron!" (Joan, Tom and George run out)

Granny—"Close the door, Alex Snowden." (Granny sits up.)

Granny—"Evie—, Evie, I have a confession to make. Something had to be done about Joanie—Something to keep her from running home and being pampered when she and Tom hit a rough spot in their marriage. She's come running home three times, three times—in four months—"

Evelyn— "But—your heart—"

Granny—"My heart's all right."

Evelyn— "You mean you—you faked this—and scared the life out of us all?" (Gets up angrily)—"Why—the poor child could hardly talk when she called us this morning—"

Granny—"Probably worn out from house work—but my scheme worked. You saw her throw herself into Tom's arms."

Evelyn— "What is he doing here?"

Granny—(after a pause) "I had Clara Pricer send him a telegram inviting him in honor of your silver Anniversary. You are going to have a party, aren't you? I am sorry I spoiled your trip, Evie, but I—I had to save her marriage."

(Evie flings her arms around her mother. Granny puts out her hand to Dr. Snowden.)

Granny—"I'm sorry you've been inconvenienced, Alex. But you know you told me to take it easy."

Dr.— "It's Okay, Milly. I managed to stall Joanie, but George & Evelyn practically kidnapped me. I think I'll write your case up for the Medical Journal. My advice seems to have worked wonders. You should drop in to see me more than once every twentyfive years. Well, I must go back to the office." (exit)

Evie— "What did he mean by that? More than once every twentyfive years"

Granny—"Oh—just something to say."

Evie— "Every twentyfive years—Mother—you did have an attack before! And it was—yes, it was twentyfive years ago—it was shortly after George and I were married and he was transferred to that hateful small town. And I had to leave my family and friends-and George wouldn't give up the job-".

Evie— (Screams) "Mother! Mother—you—you had an attack then—you were in the midst of house-cleaning when I came home—"

Granny—"For the third time."

Evie— "You—you weren't sick! you made me do the house-cleaning—you—planned it—".

Granny—"S-sh—! Well, now, when Joanie's daughter runs out on her husband you'll know just what to do; I'm afraid I won't be around that long—". (Pick up the medicine bottle and the spoon) "Will you join me in a spoonful of tea, Evie." (Evie throws her arms round her mother.)

S. L. M.

SPORT

Pensioners had better find another Paradise, for Bangalore which bore the name of Pensioner's Paradise is no longer one. I think it can now be called Youth's Paradise. Of late it has been buzzing with activities of youth, Sport standing foremost among these activities.

These activities were perhaps at their zenith, in the month of May, when the highlights of the month were the All-India Hockey Tournaments. I was almost afraid to step out, lest I should be cornered by someone and asked to give my opinions concerning the day's play. Being a girl was no excuse to stay away from these arguments. For these matches were attended by a great number of ladies. How would these ladies, some of them, who had not touched a hockey-stick in their lives, be interested in witnessing a hockey match ?

That makes one wonder, doesn't it ? That set me wondering too, and resulted in my probing for the answer. At last, I arrived at a conclusion.

The Modern girls seem to be suffering from a superiority complex. They have cultivated their tastes to such an extent, that the simple pleasures that life offers to them no longer amuse them. The biggest problem that faces them, is, how to pass an evening. They are forever on the lookout for new excitements to amuse themselves, lest they be overcome by "*ennui*". Probably at the time of the hockey matches, there was no good picture showing in town. And so having nothing better they attended these matches. But at least hockey has now become a ladies' game. But what of those ladies attending a football, wrestling or a boxing match ?

But of course they cannot be wholly condemned. There are some sports which interest ladies for their own sake. For instance the game of Tennis. There are some ladies who are very good exponents of the game. But even here, there are very few who play it for sport's sake. Before they think of the game itself, they think of the clothes that should go with it. They then get themselves equipped with at least half a dozen tennis outfits, creating and recreating fashions. And aren't there a great many who get themselves interested in the game, because it is fashionable to play tennis. Am I wrong here ?

But this modern disease of "*ennui*" cannot be cured so easily. They would soon get "fed up" with all these games. What would they do then. Ah ! yes, I forgot, there is a remedy. They can then adopt the games played in Mars.

So sports have played a great part in keeping idle hands out of mischief. The other aspect of sport, that regarding health, I leave it to other authorities to discuss.

Kantha Mudaliar,
Senior B.A.

The Psychology of Everyday Life

By the word Psychology is meant the science that classifies and analyses the varying states of the human mind. This definition ought to be a little more generalised. All living beings have their Psychological influences.

Psychology is a very interesting subject. It is put into use everyday whether we call it by that name or not. Its functions are manifold. Psychology in one or the other aspect has its effects while we eat, sleep, or play. It is very interesting to know how Psychology plays its part in these cases. By Psychological treatment it is possible to cure not only mental diseases, but also Physical or Physiological ones. I remember an interesting incident which is worth quoting at this juncture. Once a friend of mine was suffering from fever. She could not be cured of this disease for a very long time, perhaps, due to her lack of confidence in the medicine she was given. She was constantly requesting her doctor to change the Medicine. But the doctor knew that to change the medicine was not advisable. At last however, the doctor came to know that he had to change the medicine at least to produce a Psychological effect on the patient. How was he to do it? He gave her three doses of pure distilled water telling the patient to be very strict in her diet and to be sure that her disease would then be cured. The patient went home with great satisfaction and hope, and to my surprise I saw her next day walking cheerfully in the Cubbon Park. Curious are Psychological effects on human beings!

A very interesting phenomenon connected with Psychology is conditioned reflex. Here, we may mention Pavlov's experiments. He procured a dog for his experiment and he gave it a piece of bread immediately after showing it a circular patch of light. And he gave it an electric shock immediately after showing it an elliptic patch of light. After repeating this for a few days an interesting reaction was found in the dog. As soon as it saw the circular patch of light, it jumped with joy, for, it knew, that it would be followed by bread. And, whenever it saw the elliptic patch of light, it would turn away with displeasure, for, it knew that it would be followed by an electric shock. The dog had come to associate the circular patch of light with bread and the elliptic patch with an electric shock.

It will not be out of place to write a few lines about the role of the unconscious in our everyday life. This includes many things such as absent-mindedness, the "slip of the tongue," and so on. Many times we say one thing but mean the other. We may say "wish" but our intention may be to say "Fish" and so on.

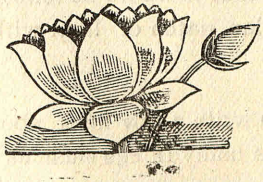
Sleep and dreams are no less significant examples of the functioning of the Unconscious. In sleep we have what is known as wish-fulfillment. When we cannot realise a thing in reality we see in our dreams our triumph over it. When we are incapable of doing a thing, that will be heavy upon our mind and our unconscious helps

our mind in getting relief from it by making us realise it in dreams. Another important role that the unconscious plays is its care about our sleep. It does not want that our sleep should have an interruption. Suppose when we are sleeping there is a loud noise outside. Naturally, our sleep is, in the normal course, interrupted. But the unconscious so arranges it that we dream that the noise occurs. I have had so many experiences to quote, at this juncture. When I appeared for my Intermediate examination, I was in the habit of getting up early in the morning. But, on many days it was not possible for me to get up though I had the alarm time-piece which was working all right. The alarm would sound completely till all the winding was over and would be still unsuccessful in waking me up. In the morning I would recollect that during all the time it was sounding I was dreaming that I was showing my younger brother how the time-piece would ring the alarm and so on. This is the work of the unconscious whose interest and aim are to see that our sleep is not disturbed.

Suppose on a chill night in our sleep our rug has slipped away from us. Because it is very chill, our sleep is apt to be disturbed. But, what happens is, we will continue to sleep all the while dreaming that we are crossing a river or sitting with our legs dipped in a bucket of water. This is to compensate for the chill breeze playing over our legs.

Numerous are the functions of the unconscious, to exhaust all of which would take many volumes. We must realise that Psychology has a major role to play in the understanding of our daily activities.

P. GAYATHRI,
Senior B.A. Class



I A Student to Fellow Students

My first reaction on hearing that students had any responsibilities--apart from imbibing enough textual knowledge to take an exam--- was one of definite surprise. Fortunately, I have since been drawn out of my little cocoon of illusions! The drawing out was not easy, and the little cocoon was rather comfortable after all. But I have been fortunate, (I repeat with more emphasis) in falling under the guidance of learned and understanding people, many of whom have spent their lives in the service of Youth. I am now trying to give a rough impressario of the social responsibilities of students-- as I now understand them. The impressario is my own personal reflex to the words of wisdom, and more often the deeds or fruition of wisdom--- that have fallen to my experience. It is to be taken for what it is worth, even if that means that it should not be taken at all.

In December of last year, I heard a very eminent social-worker and philanthropist speak on the subject of "The responsibilities of students". He was none other than the first Indian Cardinal, Gracias. He spoke with so much power and eloquence on this subject, that I have had terrible qualms since it first occurred to me to write this impressario.

It is said that certain Yogi exercises like standing on one's head, help the memory. I think I shall try them as a last resort, as my memory has played truant once too often, for think as I might I can only **feel** the personality of the speaker and the ease of his delivery, the words and thoughts seem to have floated away into the cosmos! However I do remember that he addressed us with the familiar biblical quotation: "Let your light shine among all men", and I think it is so appropriate when addressed to students, that I would like it to be the key-note of what I am writing.

I think the speaker of December, classified his subject as follows: Responsibilities Intellectual; Responsibilities Social; and Responsibilities Moral. Each phase can be developed to gigantic proportions, but I have neither the ability nor the understanding to do so. And perhaps this is just as well for anyone who might read this that I do not try!!!

First of all, students must awake to the realisation of their good fortune, in being given the opportunities they have, for there are many millions of India's sons and daughters who will grow up ignorant of their own beautiful culture and traditions. Perhaps what brings out the pathos of this thought more fully, is the fact that so many of them if given the chances we have had, would offer such a rich contribution to our society and our culture. Hence the need to let our "light shine" among them. Knowledge is not to be possessed " as one may possess wealth, or good looks etc. We possess it most fully when we give it to others. Hence it is necessary to equip ourselves as best we can for the task. It is incumbent on us to spread learning--not so much the acquiring of many

arts or sciences, as goodwill, understanding, and tolerance. The help an individual gets through his education should equip him to live a more useful and therefore more satisfying life. Education should light the candle of self-help, and infuse ambition to better our own lives, and the lives of others.

Among our other intellectual responsibilities, is the need to study and seek better solutions for human problems. The very fact that society has equipped us for this purpose, points out our positive duty.

As future citizens of India, we must understand her--and all her varied and wonderful culture---her personality reflected in her people which is a *pot-pourri* and blending of world-culture. We students are expected to add our contribution, however small, to that of the hundreds of past generations that have built up the personality of India. Let us not hide the 'lamp' of our talents under the 'bushel' of sloth, apathy, or a false sense of modesty.

On reading over what I have written, I find that I have translated the sub theme of "Intellectual Responsibilities" purely in the sphere of idealism. But I personally feel that any task undertaken is the better done, if we work with the ideal in view. So I may be forgiven the tone of this introduction. And now, down to earth and practicality, while we take pictures of our social responsibilities, for the impressario. We hear so much about social-service, and this would be a very good form in which to discharge our social obligations. Social service is directed towards the under-privileged and depressed classes, and contact with them will give us an object lesson in our responsibilities towards this part of society apart from widening and cleansing our mental out-look. I imagine that social service is particularly suited to students; for one thing young people are always full of enthusiasm and energy, for another they have more time for activities of this sort; and for a third, experiences, such as social service will give us, are invaluable while the character is yet pliant and impressionable. These poor people have more to offer us in the way of self-improvement, than all our efforts would ever give them. We may help them economically, but they will help us morally and spiritually.

To develop another aspect of this sub-theme. I think every student should acquire through his education, if he has it not naturally, that virtue so delicate and refined: Tolerance. There is no more suited place, in which to cultivate this, than in an educational institute like ours, where are represented every caste and denomination of this vast country. What is so charming is that there is no self-consciousness. All the students mix on a basis of friendship and mutual understanding, regardless of caste or creed or colour. All prejudices are lost in the common pursuit of knowledge. We have acquired tolerance in no small degree, let us not lose it on the way. Perhaps less than a decade hence the carefree graduates, and (still more carefree) undergraduates will have been initiated in the difficult task of nurturing a new generation. Let them then remember the noble traditions of their Alma Mater. If they do, their homes should be facets on the face of a jewel, where the light of tolerance and understanding is reflected.

I am afraid that I have been carried away by my subject, and will now be charged with sermonising. So I beg to be forgiven on the grounds of my youthfulness and inexperience in the vast art of journalism.

I believe that the prelude of life (for so I like to call in fancy, the stage through which post-high-school students pass) is very important, in the sense that the prelude of a musical composition detracts or adds to the effect of the whole, for it gives us the key to understanding the mood of the piece.

We may be accorded a few privileges in the way of prank-playing (and a sense of humour is to be prized) but God help us to realise and fulfil our responsibilities. To ourselves we owe the development of such a mould of character as will stand the buffets and hard realities of life, staunchness to our ideals, a spirit of self-sacrifice, self-reliance, and the social sense of co-operation. To others we owe, primarily, service and loyalty, tolerance and understanding and generosity in the giving of the best within us.

The last spot-light falls on our moral responsibilities. They follow from social responsibilities and can never be fully divorced from them. Let us be just to ourselves and to others, according to our own light. Let us carry spirituality with us into a world where materialism has ousted it from its rightful place. Let us hold on to our heritage of beauty and light, for India is essentially spiritually-minded. Students of today, standard-bearers of your country tomorrow, I salute you.

Marie Gonsalves,
Senior Intermediate,



The Peasant's Plight

Down came the spade with great speed on the hard ground that Gangu had to mend. Gangu was dripping with sweat. It was already three o'clock and he was working in the fields. He was feeling awfully hungry. From the morning he had not taken anything or, to be more correct, he could not take anything, for what could he take? His house was empty. When he had been to his master, the Jamindar, that morning to beg some food he was turned out with abuse. His wife, Nanju, had gone to the neighbouring village to borrow some food.

Gangu was very much tired. He got infuriated when he thought about the treatment he got from his master. He cried "Oh God ! why have you made the rich so unkind ? ". When he heard the jingling noise of the bangles, his eyes gleamed with joy, for he expected his wife to bring him some food. But his wife brought him some buttermilk and said that was all she could get. Both of them shared that small quantity of milk. Neither was satisfied : but pretended to be satisfied lest the other should feel sorry. Gangu leaned against a tree and began thinking deeply. He was sad because Nanju was never happy with them since the time they married. She was, but half-fed and half-clothed. He began imagining himself to have become very rich and thought how he would spend his days, by chatting or by working. No, why should he work when he was rich ? Why should he care for the poor ? Do all such men consider the poor ? But still are they not getting on pretty well? But he must show some concession towards the poor and so on. But suddenly he was awakened when his wife called him saying that their master was coming there. Now he again started digging the ground.

That night Gangu, as well as Nanju, could not sleep and he thought that he must make an end to his life. Meantime, he saw Nanju's face full of hope and determination. When she appeared thus to him, Gangu felt ashamed of his hasty idea of putting an end to his life. Both of them started scheming. She suggested that they should borrow some money, buy bullocks and ploughs and start ploughing others' lands and earn some money instead of serving like this. But Gangu was afraid that if they could not get a good earning then their condition would be still miserable. Nanju insisted on her idea saying that if anything went wrong she would beg and save his honour. He felt the idea was a sound one provided all went on well. He decided to take up the plan that Nanju suggested to him.

The very next day Gangu started making necessary attempts and by the end of two weeks he was able to secure a pair of bullocks and a plough. They started earning by their hard labour and earned just enough to own bullocks and plough in six hard months !

Gangu took lands on lease and this brought him good returns. The result was amazing and by the end of two years he was the owner of a small plot of land. Here he made a small garden, sold the fruits and flowers and saved a little money.

Day by day he grew richer and richer. By the end of five years he became Sahukar Gangaiah. He was a popular man. Now he owned 8 houses, which were all let on rent and torn clothes were not to be seen in his house. He forgot what hunger was. He did not go to his fields daily but went once in a month for supervision. He ate and slept in his home, well. Now he was attracted by money. His attitude was slowly changing. He did not care for the poor. He was troubling them and getting the maximum work from them but giving them minimum wages. He had sold his heart for money.

One day a poor farmer came to Gangaiah begging him to give him a handful of grain, He said " no ". but the ryot would not go. Gangaiah had rooms full of corn but not a handful was he prepared to give to another. He wanted to make money when the rates went high. Gangiah grew irritated and he kicked him out so forcibly, that the man fell on the ground and was injured.

That night Gangiah dreamt that he was once again poor and in his dream he remembered how he had undergone the tortures of poverty. It appeared to him as though some divine person told him that he ought not to be so heartless. Suddenly he woke up and found himself shivering with fear of his sin and his mind guilty of crime. He was ashamed of the deed he had done.

Next morning when he came to his compound he saw blood stains caused by the ryot's wounds and cried " Oh Lord ! Why was I so cruel yesterday ? The love of money which increases with the increase of money is the cause for this." Now he determined to distribute his money and lands among the poor ; this idea was supported by Nanju also. The same day he carried out his resolution and lived happily and contented till the end of his life. This lesson was also followed by some other rich people of the village and the village, as a whole, soon looked happy.

K. R. Pushpamala,
Senior Intermediate—P.C.M.

Carmel Calendar

June 9th.— Admissions to Junior Classes commence, remainding us of the popular war-time chorus "There's a long, long trail a-winding."

June 13th.— Senior Classes start work. There are absentees of course & they will be called to account, in due time "which is not long" as Spenser would have said!

June 23rd.— The entire College is in full swing, Junior Classes commencing work today. Yet, admissions have still to go on. The strength of the Junior Intermediate Class is nearly 200. However, the atmosphere is less disturbed than we expected.

July 7th.— Visit of Mr. R. Purcell, Vice-Consul, U. S. A., Bangalore. Mr. Purcell presents the College library, on behalf of the American Library, with a handsome set of volumes of American Literature. We have always felt we could never do it as handsomely as the Americans do!

July 12th.— Birthday of H.H. the Rajpramukh of Mysore State. Bangalore is *en fete.*

July 16th.— Feast of our Heavenly Patroness, Our Lady of Mount Carmel—and College Day, the celebrations of which will be later, due to the usual wet weather at this time of the year.

August 2nd.— Feast of our Very Rev. Mother General. Our Mother Superior attends the celebrations at Ernakulam.

August 4th.— A team of American students visits the College and remains an hour, delighting us with music, song and dance and of course, talk. Autograph albums are in much display. The College grounds are filled with students, American and Indian. It is a cheerful and inspiring picture of youth-exchange. One of the American students reveals that, he is determined to wear a sari before he leaves the shore of India. 4 P.M. the same day, a lecture by the famous, American negro writer and Professor, Mr. J. S. Redding, on "Men and Books". The American Vice-Consul, Mr R. Purcell presides.

August 6th.— Visit of the British Vice-Consul, Madras—Mr. H. C. Normington.

August 15th.— Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady & Independence Day. The Union Flag flies high & bright over the College terrace.

August 21st.— Principal's Day. A delightful variety entertainment. The Students surpass themselves in the English, Hindi and Kannada plays and in the songs and dances. A gift of money is made to the Principal who announces that it will be utilised towards the new Science laboratory.

August 22nd.— Guardians' Day. The Chief Minister, Mr. K. Hanumanthiah, presides and gives away the prizes. His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Thomas Pothacamury, Bishop of Bangalore, receives the Hon. Minister.

September 9th.— Commencement of the First Quarterly Examination. The Juniors' first experience of the ordeal (to students) and ideal (to Staff).

September 18th.— Commencement of Dasara holidays. Perfect peace will reign, in and around Mount Carmel, for about a fortnight, by which we mean merely, "absence of sound" (Oxford English Dictionary).

October 3rd.— Feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus--Patroness of the Missions. College re-opens.

October 9th.— College Day celebrations-Sports and Social-- O. S. A. Meeting at 2-30 P.M. in the Principal's room. Four members are present, including Miss A. Radha Devi, English Lecturer & Old Student of the College while at Trichur.

Oct. 18th & 19th.- A three days retreat for Catholic Staff Members and students (65 retreatants in all—the biggest we have yet had. **Deo Gratias !**). The Preacher is Rev. Father Corbett, Redemptorist. The days are spent in peace and fervour, the talks of the good Father aiding us much. Of course, resolutions will be made, and also broken by the end of the week. If one or two (perhaps the most unlikely girls) should succeed in getting away with a resolution and keeping it faithfully till the next retreat ! The thought is exhilarating.

Nov. 8th & 10th.- Public Entertainment—objective the new Science laboratory. Proves very successful and the Public too is pleased with the fare served them. Our heartfelt thanks to our Patrons especially the guardians of our dear students.

November 14th.— Feast of All Carmelite Saints. Hostel Day at Mount Carmel and a half-holiday, therefore. The students are always inclined to chafe at this un-generous halving of the holiday.

November 21st.— A variety entertainment by the Hostel Students to help pay the way of the Catholic students to the Students' Congress, Madras. Entry fee As. 2/- only, and every one pronounces the show cheap at that. About Rs. 60/- collected.

November 22nd.— Our sports champions return, crowned with laurels as winners of the huge " Prasanna Kumar " shield.

November 23rd.— Hostel Day lunch. It is to be a " Book Lunch ". Several of the costumes are excellent. The winners are declared to be 1. The Imitation of Christ (K. W. Kaveri) 2. The Bride of Lammermoor (Parvathy Menon), 3. Vanity Fair (Indra Balani). They played their parts very well, especially Kaveri.

December 5th.— Serious times begin, with the commencement of the Selection Examination.

December 8th.— A "tribute " to Our Lady, in honour of The Immaculate Conception". Rev. Father A. Sequeira, the Chaplain, presides. Uma Varma, our flutist, is a musical angel in the tableau, regaling Our Lady with a few bars of Gounod's Ave Maria.

December 10th.— The Second Quarterly Examination commences and the Juniors are roped in.

January 12th.— College re-opens after the Christmas vacation. Lectio brevis to the satisfaction of all, especially those who have returned by the morning trains today !

January 20th.— We attend a debate at Central College, between mixed teams of English and Indian students. "Our grand parents were happier than we." The proposition lost !

January 22nd.— The hostel excursion, this time to distant and alluring Pondicherry and afterwards, to Cuddalore and the vicinity, our base being all the time our Convent at Villipuram. We return on Republic Day, after a hectic three days, the Union Flag flying on the front of our home-ward returning bus and the College Song " Raise we then the joyous shout " sung in " full-throated ease " ? (Apologies to Keats.)

January 26th.— Republic Day. After the return of the hostelites and breakfast being over, the students go to the Stadium to witness the Public celebrations.

February 6th.— Valedictory Meeting of the College Associations. Our new Mayor, Mr. P. Hanumanthiah (father of our College mates, P. H. Sharada and P H. Kamala) addresses the House. The same evening, the Senior B.A. students are released for ' study holidays '.

February 13th.— College Association Valedictory social and "send off" to our dear Senior students. Quite a good variety entertainment is given by our Juniors, some of whom promise to be star performers in next year's public entertainment, or so we feel. The Principal exhorts the out-going students to spread abroad Communal understanding and peace, being that important element of society that they are—women.

The same day the Senior Intermediate students enter on revision ? holidays.

February 27th.— The American Library provides us with an educational film, at the College.

March 9th.— The Promotion examination begins.

March 19th.— Feast of St. Joseph and Mother Superior's Day. The students meet to greet Mother, despite the examinations. Ad multos annos !

March 23rd.— The long awaited Summer vacation dawns. The students disperse in various directions and in various modes, including the auto-rick, and the Sisters again, enter on their annual retreat. Peace descends once more on M. C. C.

March 27th.— The birthday of our Very Rev. Mother General. The Clerk of the weather keeps the thermometer up. A hot but very joyful day at Ernakulam.

April 1st.— Strange day for the commencement of the University examinations ? All success to our candidates !

April 15th.— Promotion results of Junior Classes published--excellent-- 99% promoted to the Senior Intermediate and cent per cent to the Senior B.A. class.

Curtain ! We shall meet again on June 16th, 1953, with fresh plans and zest to work them out, we trust. The Principal addressed 240 hungry students (it was 1-30 P.M.) on the formation of a social service league next year, and thought it was a fitting circumstance that they came hungry to the meeting ! (laughter)

The Medicine That Cured

Long long ago a king by name Mohommed Amanulah, was reigning in Baghdad. He was very strict in ruling and his subjects had great awe and respect for him. He was a very plumpy man and even to walk some distance was for him a great adventure. People, he knew, laughed behind him for his stoutness, though they dared not do so in his presence. So, he wanted to get rid of his ugly fat and become slim and smart. But how was he to do so? He asked his doctor to suggest to him something by which he could grow slim. The doctor prescribed some hard exercise, which included getting up early in the mornings, taking a cold bath, running round his palace and so on. But Amanulah could not do these even for a single day. He was then advised to give up all fatty foods and to be on a strict fat-free diet which also he could not do for want of strength of will. So, he gave up the thought of growing slim.

Day by day, he was growing so fat that he had to order a new set of clothes for himself every week. There seemed to be no end to his growing fat. The width of his palace doors had to be increased. The King knew not what to do.

Once Amanulah was fondling his child, who after sometime fell asleep on his shoulders. He carefully placed her on his lap and asked the servants to get her bed ready. The bed was ready and when her mother came and took the child from him to place her on the bed, the child was awakened and she said, "Mama, here-after I will sleep here only because my bed is very hard." All the people roared with laughter and the king was ashamed of his plumpiness. That day, he determined to take any hardship which could make him grow slim.

He announced that a cash prize of Rupees one Crore would be given to the person who could suggest some solution to his problem of becoming thin without prescribing any hardship, such has hard exercises, and without any reduction in his diet.

People thought over the matter but none could suggest to the king a solution which did not interfere with his normal food or which did not prescribe any hard exercise. The King himself tried many medicines which bore no fruit.

At last a sage came to the King one day and told him he could cure his disease. The King agreed. The sage told the King, "Oh Huzzoor, your uneasiness cannot be cured by merely prescribing medicines such as these. I must have a look into your horoscope and after studying it, I will be able to show you some remedy for this." The King gave him his horoscope. Next day the sage came to the King with a sad face. The King questioned him, but the sage did not reply. After a very long time, the sage told the King in a broken voice, "Oh Huzoor, your end is very near, you will not live for more than two months. So why do you want to grow thin? Be happy, and pray God Almighty to give you salvation." The King got infuriated and said,

"you wretched beggar, you have come here to utter inauspicious things and to frighten your King. Take care before whom you are standing. I will put an end to your life." So saying, he ordered his servants to hang him. But his wife came and pleaded for the sage and said, "Oh King, do not kill a sage. Better keep him in prison." So he was ordered to be in prison till his death.

After this incident was over, the King had no peace of mind. He had no sons and his only daughter was only five years old. What would happen to his Kingdom? After all he was only forty years old and he did not want to die so soon. By God's grace he might get sons to look after his Kingdom. From that very day onwards, he had no sleep in the nights. He prayed to God, rolled and wept not to put an end to his life so soon. He promised God many things, kindness to the poor and equality to all etc., etc.

Days passed by, and the king was growing mentally ill which soon was translated into physical illness. Excepting fatigue, he had no ailment. He no longer took his normal meals and in one word, the King Amanulah was growing thinner and thinner day by day.

One month passed, and slowly two months were over. But the king did not die. After two and a half months he was surprised to see that nothing happened to him. So he got courage and thought that his bad period was over. He sent for the sage and asked him in the presence of all the courtiers why, according to his prediction, the king did not die. The sage replied with calm and coolness, " Oh Huzoor, this is the medicine I gave you in order to cure you. By this medicine you were not required to do hard exercise, nor had you to give up your luxurious food. Most probably you are going to see forty summers and forty winters more before your Royal Self stops breathing. You will not only have sons but will also probably have the opportunity of seeing your grand-children. Will your Honour please notice whether your body has become slim? " The King only then noticed his body. It was slim and thin. Particularly after hearing about his life, a sort of juvenile current passed through his body and he felt as though he could jump, sky-high. He was so pleased by this medicine and its effects that he embraced the sage. He not only paid the sage his award but also made him his Chief Minister.

P. Indira,
Junior Intermediate Class.

MIRTHFUL MOMENTS

"A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile- a."

Hurrah For Ireland!

A Frenchman, an Italian and an Irishman were bragging about the distance one could see from points in their respective countries. "From atop the Eiffel Tower," said the Frenchman, "you can see 37 miles into the countryside!"

"What's so amazing about that?" asked the Italian. "From atop Vesuvius, you can see 55 miles out to sea!"

"That's nothing," remarked the Irishman. "From the lowest bog in Ireland on a clear night, you can see all the way to the moon!"

* * *

Infallible Source

Great indeed is the power of the press, as appears from what happened to a small town newspaper editor recently.

This particular editor remarked one morning to his housekeeper as she served him his breakfast that he believed the potato crop this year would be a good one.

The good lady vehemently disagreed, and advanced some reasons for her opinion which seemed perfectly good and sound, and even half-convinced the editor.

However, it so happened that he had already written and printed an editorial on the subject in which he had advanced his opinion that the crop would be exceptional. Immediately after breakfast the housekeeper took up her copy of the paper, and when the editor came home that evening she met him with an abject apology.

"You were entirely right about the potatoes," she told him, "It says so right here in the paper."

* * *

We Shall Meet!

The bereaved relations ordered an extra wide ribbon from the florist with Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there was room "We shall meet in Heaven."

The new assistant handled the job sensationally. The ribbon was wide and on it was the inscription :

"Rest in peace on both sides, and, if there is room, we shall meet in Heaven."

"Catholic Young People's Friend."

Optimism

"Nothing is so bad it couldn't be worse. Perhaps you didn't land on a bed of roses—but you ought to be glad that at least the parachute worked."

* * *

Four Swimmers

Under the heading "Four Men in A Boat", Passing Variety relates a parable which rather shrewdly sums up some of the difficulties of our times.

Four men, the story goes, were sailing in a boat when suddenly a gust of wind tipped it over and it quickly sank. The four men were a Fascist, a Communist, a Capitalist and a Trade Unionist.

First to drown was the Capitalist. He tried to hold on to too many of his belongings.

Next the Fascist went down. He kept raising his arm in one stiff salute which hampered his swimming.

Soon the Communist sank. He was so busy shouting propaganda that his mouth kept filling with water.

Last of all went the Union man. He was swimming nicely until he heard a whistle blow—then he quit swimming and sank.

"The Ligourian"

* * *

Examination Gleanings

"Matthew Arnold does not write a good poetry because in English Literature a good prose writer cannot be a good poet." (? Ed.)

"He does not write them in a pleasing manner, so suffers in the hands of critics." (Unreasonable? Ed.)

"Like Milton, Pope **justifies the ways of man to God**."

* * *

Things Modern Babies Do and Say

"The other day I was asking them to come for Mass-being my Mother's Anniversary- Quick came the question" "Where is your Mummy?" "In Heaven", I replied. "All right", came the reply" Tell your Mummy to be in Heaven and send down our big Mamma (Our Mother General - late deceased). I told her "Big Mamma suffered enough and is now enjoying herself in Heaven"—"Then - all right, let Big Mamma also be there."

"The other day Minetta and Rose Marie quarrelled. I questioned Rose- the answer was- "We are fighting girls, Sister" and when I reproved her, she retorted, "We are *that* way, Sister" ! "

My Alma Mater

My Alma Mater, so sweet! It is only a little less sweet than "My Mother" and "My Home". What memories rush to my mind, when I think of my Alma mater! Memories, so sweet, so serene. Is it not my sweet Home? My best days, best in every way were spent there. We leave the threshold of our Alma Mater, to step into the stormy sea of life. One battling against the vicissitudes of life, cannot but shed tears of love and joy over her care-free days in the bosom of her beloved Alma Mater. My dear younger sisters, love our Mother dearly and make the best of the training she gives you. How we, the elder children in the far distance, envy the Bangalorians; But we are the children of the same mother. I exult that Mount Carmel is, as it is meet and just, in the picturesque garden of Bangalore.

Memories crowd and I am forced to give them, as they come. So I request my patient readers, to prefer the beauty of variety to that of system for a while. I am specially indebted to Providence for the privilege of being able to spend my school-days, as well as college life, within the same surroundings and under the two sister institutions, St. Joseph's Convent High School, Trichur and Carmel College, Trichur. I can acknowledge with pride that the good in me is the inheritance of my Alma Mater. If I am not what I ought to be, it's because, I have not fully responded to my Mother's sweet advice. I have never failed to maintain my Mother's honour.

I am bound under grateful love, to give my appreciation of each and every one of my Lecturers. It would take long. So I have to be content with a few lines. So many smiling faces and helping hands are seen here and there, busy after God's glory and human service. Timely advice of love and due correction we get from them. How we long to run to them for those words of honey; They are no dreaded lecturers whether religious or lay. They are our affectionate sisters whom we love and respect. In fact, they are worthy co-workers of their leader, the Principal. They are so maternal! Education is not their only concern. They take every possible means for our moral upliftment. They are so considerate even for our health. We rejoice that our Universal Mother—we used to call late Rev. Sr: Bernard so—has gone to her eternal reward; wait, she intercedes for us!

I don't intend to speak of the regular life at "Carmel". But the festivities and the extra-curricular activities have a joy and importance of their own. The College re-opens after the long Summer holidays, on the eve of the Feast of St: Antony, the patron Saint of our Principal. But the celebrations are postponed for a convenient day. The office is crowded and the Rev: Sisters are busy about admissions. So fresh is the memory of my admission day. I was admitted and directed to the I. U. C. But I was bold enough to promote myself to the IV U. C. quite recklessly. But the good Principal who was at the threshold of the class lovingly led me by the hand to the lower class. July 16th is the Feast of the Queen of Carmel—our Patron's Day—the day so dear to all. With garlands of roses, we await the arrival of our Mother General. Our Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus, too, is in heaven to intercede for us. But God has given us another dear Mother. In the evening we have the meeting, followed by the social, a social *which is so very social.* How freely the Staff and Students move about! The Principal goes from table to table to make

every one happy. The old Students take such pride in coming. During the few, but fast passing hours, we once again re-live our good old days. And now, so far from our Alma Mater we have to unite with one another in spirit. Love grows strong in separation. We send greetings of joy to our Alma Mater, and messages of thanksgiving and petition to the Almighty, Who is the Heart and Soul of Carmel. What about our Principal's Day—we *fete* our " Prince " with garlands and wishes. The celebration consists of our variety entertainment, at the end of which, our Principal distributes tiny parcels to her children. At last comes the saddest, but the most memorable day, the farewell day for the senior B.A. students. They have to leave their sweet home, to enter the arena of the world. The farewell speeches come and the staff and students seek out handkerchiefs and for what, my readers better guess. The hymn " God will take care of you " is so touching. With sweet memories we take up our Mother's *souvenir* to us that day.

Oh ! beloved Mother, we are facing the world. We are coming to realise what is life. It is the pilgrimage to eternal happiness. It is really a battle-field. But the world is not so bad as some suppose. There are many hidden gems. In the dark moments of life, we recollect the jolly days in the bosom of our Mother. Yes, we shall be your worthy children. Your daughters enter the various fields of life. A few chosen ones dedicate their lives to Christ, their Heavenly Spouse. A handful enjoy the so called, single blessedness and take up the career of social service. The greater number become the sweet mothers of worthy children. My dear sisters, who are either mothers or future mothers, your task is great, but very precious too. Love your children. You can influence them better by love than by strict discipline or cold indifference. **The world does not know how to love**, though what the world needs most is Love pure and heavenly. Teach your babies to love God. If they love God, they will have every other blessing : Mother is the sweet term that rises to the lips, in joy or sorrow, voluntary ! or involuntarily. Mother—her love alone is unselfish !

Great is the honour and splendour of our Alma Mater. She flourishes, better in Bangalore. But she is going ahead with a purse a bit poor. Don't you faithful children wish to see your mother honoured ? Yes, indeed. So let us love our Alma Mater with hearts and hands. Let us determine to help her, as far as it lies in us. As far as possible, we should not be reluctant to become members of the Old Students Association. May we, the Flowers of Carmel, continue to be living herbs of the Garden of Carmel. May I invoke our Queen of Heaven in the words of her Beloved Son, St. Simon Stock, and take leave of my good readers.

" Oh ! Flower of Carmel,
Blossoming vine ;
Splendour or Heaven
Mother Divine.
None equals Thee
Mother most meek ; Peerless and Fair.
Thy children of Carmel
Save from despair,
Star of the Sea".

An Affectionate Child of Carmel.

Behind the Scenes 1953-54.

Long weeks of practice have gone by,
And tired when rehearsal's o'er, they lie
Upon the grass
Or perched upon the wall dangle their feet,
Having cut class
On plea of being too ill
To go through a Constitutional Bill,
Or draw a 'Psidium Guajava' neat.

And some develop aches and pains appalling,
Quick to recover when Australia's calling
On the nineteen metre band;
When just a while ago, they were so sure,
They could not stand!
I find it strange indeed
Illness so quickly remedied!
Most marvellous cure.

It's time now—I survey the cast
They take the boards, with zest at last.
The play's half through.
A frantic call for help off stage I hear.
There's much ado
The heroine's scarf is lost.
Recovered it must be at any cost.
Six sickening minutes and she must appear!

At last a dancer I espied
In lieu of turban, round his head had tied
The long-sought scarf!!
I whipped it off without apology. He (she) grinned
(He might well laugh)
The heroine we forthwith drape
She's just in time her cue to take!
She walks serenely in.

And now are *Artistes* of the Troupe
Dressed and waiting in a group.
I count them o'er
And I'm in depths of sheer dismay
Just as before.
One of their number has deserted. Among the guests
She sits to have a well earned rest—
Far better that than giving a display!!

I find her stand-in and I wildly scream
"Be off and dressed." As in a dream
She walks away,
In borrowed finery returns anon
Her part to play.
Was that the last of weakening fears?
No. Now has a sheet of Music disappeared!
The curtain's drawn!!

I nerve myself and strike the opening chords
The chorus swells.

There was no 'break-down-special'
I can tell.

A. S. M.



Social Service Jottings.

Preliminary Visit to Dobspet, Bangalore.

August 8th 1953.

We started at 9-45 A.M. and visited twenty houses. All of them were of the same type as those of Vasanthanagar. This village boasted of two sets of public latrines. Many of the houses had no latrines and the people had to walk quite a distance to the public latrines.

The people were dirty, the children especially were both ragged and unkempt. Many of them went to no school and were up to mischief of all kinds. Some people complained that they had neither light nor water. Others begged us to find employment for their men-folk. The women were eager to learn some occupation. They asked us to teach them to read.

Some unburdened their sorrows to us regarding their husbands, sons and daughters. We tried to comfort them.

We met a gentleman from the Health Department. We told him how the people were suffering for want of sanitary facilities. He said that the government had large projects for underground sanitation, and that the people had to be patient till then!

We came across many poor people, but one little cottage presented a pitiable sight. There were seven children. Their father, a gardener, was dead. Their mother was seriously ill in hospital. The children lived on the alms of the European lady for whom their father had worked. Their pinched faces and scant clothing still haunt us.

AT VASANTHNAGAR, BANGALORE.

August 29th 1953

The whole group set out at 9-45 A.M. All carried combs, small cakes of soap, a towel cut in two. This last was the first article donated to us. It came from our Principal. We also carried a broom.

We entered the first one-room cottage. It was very dark. The only ventilation came from a tiny opening in the wall. In this house lived a poor woman, her husband and two children. We asked her to remove the bricks of a ventilator that had been walled up. We told her that it was good for her to let in some fresh air. Her children were dirty. Their hair was matted. We asked if we could help her. We combed the children's hair and washed their faces. Dirty clothes hung on a rope along the wall. We asked her to wash them and gave her a piece of washing soap for the purpose. She was very glad that we had visited her.

We now parted into several smaller groups, and went to all the houses in that block. Our little group entered another house. Here, there were an old man, his daughter-in-law and his grand-son in his cradle. This cottage too was very dark. The walls were covered with soot and dirt. We asked the old man to carry his grand-son out. Then we removed all the dirty clothes and asked the woman to air them out. We found some small brooms. With these we dusted the ceiling and walls, and then swept the floor. We cleaned the cradle. We asked the woman to wash all the dirty clothes and gave her a piece of soap for the task.

As we left this little house, we could see some of our party cleaning other houses and washing and combing the children's hair. **They bought bread and gave it to a bed-ridden** woman and some children who were starving. They also promised to teach the alphabets to some of the women.

We saw two of our group under the public tap, bending over a little boy whom they were bathing. We felt happy that we were able to do something practical at last.

The time allotted us seemed to fly on the swiftest of wings. It was 10—50 already, and we durst not stay a minute longer, for we had to reach the college at eleven, according to schedule.

Every one of us was happy and enthusiastic. We decided that each member would bring a cake of soap, a little comb, old clothes and some sweets to give the little children who were shy of us. We feel that, with God's help, we may be able to do something big and concrete for our adopted villages.

S. M. J.

An Hour with R. L. S.

Recently, we attended quite a pleasant symposium on Stevenson. The Speakers discussed every aspect of his works, as a Short-Story Writer, Novelist, and as a Stylist.

Cecilia Albuquerque of the III U. C.

From time immemorial, men of all ages have derived a great deal of pleasure and entertainment from stories. To appreciate fully Stevenson's short-story writing abilities, one must have some knowledge of what is known as the Short Story technique. In Stevenson's time, the short story had not developed to the extent to which it has developed now. The progress of this literary form was due to the development of a prose style, varied as well as flexible, and of romances very different from the loose and rambling Elizabethan ones. It was not till the nineteenth century that the Short Story struck its roots firmly into the soil of English Literature; it was learnt how the Short Story could be used to delineate a character, to convey a mood, or to create an atmosphere. Short Stories were made to be subtly suggestive—they were utilised to describe the mental and psychological states of a character through trifling but significant details.

With Stevenson, the Short Story was an essential product of his genius. He mastered the secret of the Short Story, bringing to the writing of it his rich and romantic imagination, his effective and picturesque style, his mastery of detail, and his insight into the human heart. Stevenson fulfills the requirements of the Short Story to a high degree. No one can deny his stories are full of interest and excitement. He had a zest for life of which his great love of youth was only a symptom. He worked the shaft of adventure and gave us the romance of childhood, boyhood, youth and gallantry; loving daring all the better if it carried itself with a flourish, but doing it fine justice also when it was plain and unconscious. In his short stories, he takes a few incidents of human life and reveals to us, not the sordidness and meanness upon which so many modern authors dwell, but he points out the adventure and mystery which lie hidden behind life, which can only be seen with the eye of imagination. It is but natural that some of his short stories have attained to the rank of classics in their own line. In charm, dash of style, in a sense of form, in pure romantic spirit and in penetrating human interest, he ranks among the ten greatest short story tellers of his era.

One of his first short stories, " A lodging for the night " was published in 1877. It was followed by a series of others. " The Arabian Nights " is a unique work wherein Stevenson first attempts stories of modern life, with London for his theatre. The method best suited to Stevenson's talent is narrative in the first person. His conversations are brilliant and witty, and in his short stories they are highly dramatic and to the purpose. Many of his short stories prove him to be a master of romance—a master with a thorough understanding of historical characters and the power of communicating the ancestral thrill of superstition. In his search for the treasures of romance, Stevenson adventured freely into the realm of the supernatural. Take for instance the exquisite idyll "Will o' the Mill". The personification of death which is as old as poetry is wrought there with moving gentleness in the last scene in the arbour of Will's inn. The wafted scent of the heliotropes which had never been

planted since Margery's death, the light in the room that had been hers, prelude the arrival at the gates of the Stranger's carriage with the black pine tops standing above like plumes; and Will o' the Mill makes the acquaintance of his physician and friend, and goes at last upon his travels. When we consider the great variety of Stevenson's works, their wide range, their tenderness, their sympathy, their mastery of terror and pity, their gloom and their gaiety, we can have little doubt concerning his place in literature.

Kantha Mudaliar of the IV U. C.

Stevenson was the most romantic force of the latter half of the century. He wrote to capture the spirit of adventure in boys, and also in man, who always remains at heart a child. He loved the practice of his art. To him, the art of writing was a sport.

The most remarkable feature of his novel is its singular combination of style and romance. He is a fastidious stylist, and makes a splendid tissue out of the fibres of the words. The conversations between his characters have an air of distinction that is all his own. Even when he is least inspired, his bearing and gait can never be mistaken for another man's. His faculty of romance is his greatest gift. His work especially his novels, is a gallery of romantic effects that haunt the memory; some of these are directly pictorial.

A novel cannot of course be moral as an action is moral. But in his novels, from time to time, there are gleams of wise and subtle reflection upon life from the eternal side of things. He loved heroic vice only less than he loved heroic virtue; he idealised his villains and made of them men, who, like "The Master of Ballantrae", lived for an idea.

The highest ambitions of a novelist are not easily attainable. To combine incident, character and romance in a uniform whole is impossible in a novel. Stevenson himself could not do it, but he very nearly attained it in his essays. To conclude, Stevenson excels at what is perhaps the most delicate of literary tasks, the practice, namely, of self-revelation and self-delineation.

H. Vasumathi of the III U. C.

To a man of Stevenson's live and searching imagination, every work of human hands became vocal with possible associations—buildings positively chattered to him and trees spoke to him. Stevenson is at his best when he shows most restraint, and his peculiarly rich fancy which ran riot at the suggestion of every passing whim, gave him plenty to restrain.

He had the readiest sympathy for all exhibition of impulsive energy and a high courage through all his works. He was the clearest-eyed critic of life, never a dupe of phrases or conventions. He had an unerring instinct for realities and brushed aside all else with rapid grace. His wide outlook of life and humanity was combined with a vivid interest in, and a quick appreciation of character. He had a quick ear and appreciation of live phrases though he believed in simple and intelligible language. He also had an acute appreciation of the value of words.

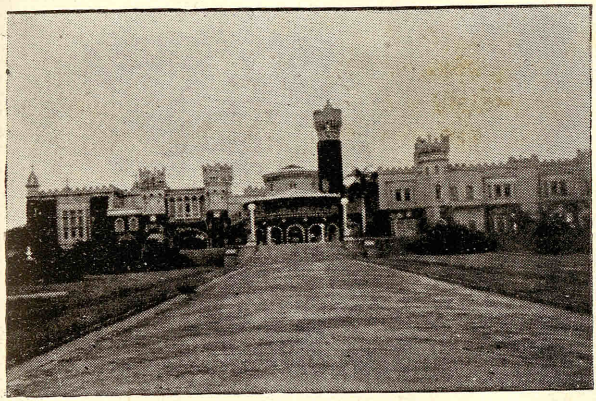
Describing, in one of his essays, a man near death, he says that the man was groping with his hands "on the face of the impassable". Impassable !! How natural an explanation of the inevitable fate of man! In "Virginibus Puerisque", describing the surroundings, he conveyed the whole atmosphere in one word "tremendous". Stevenson's emphatic arrangement of words and the mastery of syntax were really great. His books are full of brilliant talk, real and convincing. His daintiness of diction was keen in his earlier works, but became more and more rigorous in the later stages of his literary career. His sense of the realities of life and death, gives the force of a natural law to the pathos of "Old Morality"—an essay in which he pays passionate tribute to his friend.

Stevenson, being an artist in words, though a lover of fine phrases, used no shoddy language, but cultivated his sense of touch and sight until he could combine the raw fibres in a novel and bewitching pattern. For this, two things are necessary. First, a sound sense of sound, value, meaning, and association of words. Secondly, an effective combination of harmony, proportion and effect. With his nimble literary tact, he worked his way on the phrases of current small talk, remoulding them nearer to the heart's desire.

To turn to Stevenson's works is like an escape from the stagnant vapours of a morass into the mountain air. There is an indescribable air of distinction breathing from all his works.

The President, Revd. Sister Tarsilla, then rounded off the function by speaking on Stevenson in general. She said that in all his books, Stevenson gives the impression of a man at play rather than at work, and the reader soon shares in the happy spirit of the author. Because of his beautiful personality, and because of the love and admiration he awakened for himself in multitudes of readers, we are naturally inclined to exaggerate his importance as a writer. However that may be, a study of his works reveals him to be a consummate literary artist. He differs from the romancers of the Victorian era, in that he pays very particular attention to style, and also, he has an elusive and freakish humour which again is alien to the usual temperament of the romancer. Both these qualities impart a unique distinction to his work. His originality lay in raising to the level of real literature, stories of pure adventure in which the maturer emotions are generally subordinate. In Stevenson's work, the literary handling is a chief feature. Take for instance, the story of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is a profound ethical parable in which the sensational and psychological are effectively blended. In a sense, it may be called a splendid "thriller", but all possible crudity is dispelled by a treatment which is at once serious and fine. His work is of a kind that is greatly subject to fluctuations in taste. It can never be denied however that he could tell a good story superlatively well, and that a mixture of courage and sensibility in his nature gives his works virility and charm.

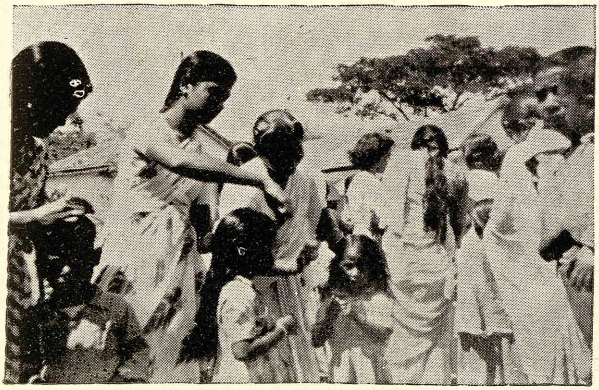
IN VARIOUS MOOD

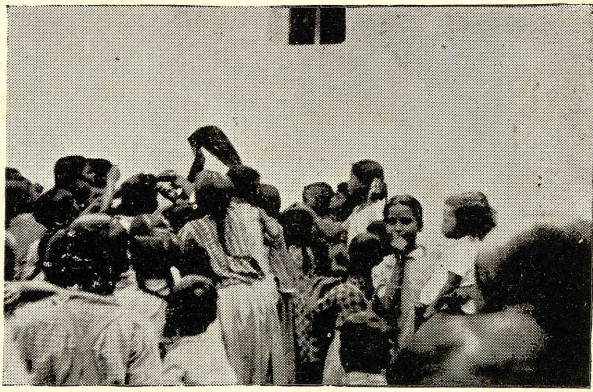


Maharajah's Palace in Bangalore

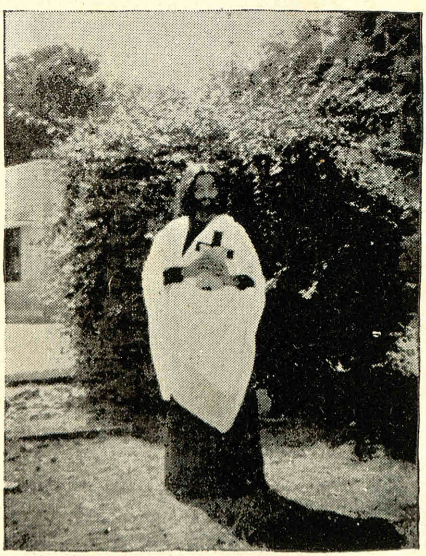


In the gardens of the Palace





SOCIAL SERVICE AT VASANTHNAGAR & DOBSPET

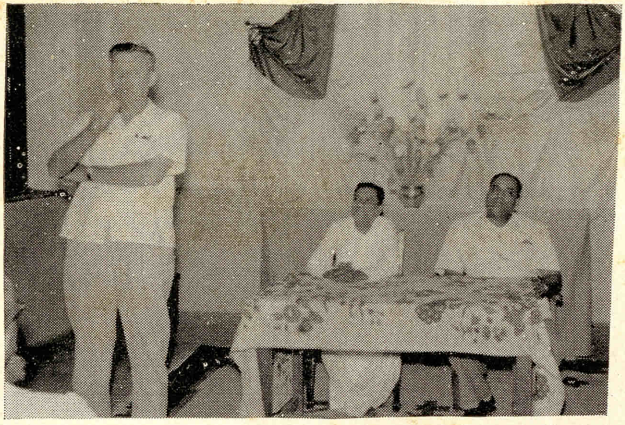


"Book Tea—"Imitation of Christ"



"The Bride of Lammermoor"

Opening of Girls' Horticultural Club, Mandya.



Mr. Hans E. Kardel : Sri M. K. Appajappa : Sri K. V. Sankere Gowda



Preparing the Plots



Sowing Seeds



Sri M. C. Siddappa

Music Master of
St. Paul's School, Davengere
has given flute recitals

over A. I. R. Mysore: Examiner i
Music under the Educational
Board of Secondary Schools

Speech of His Highness Maharaja Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Maharaja of Mysore, on the occasion of the Opening of the New High School Building of Christ the King Convent, Mysore.

Wednesday, 18th March 1953.

My Lord Bishop, Staff and Students of Christ the King Convent High School, Ladies and Gentlemen,

IT gives me much pleasure to visit this popular institution this morning and to declare the new building open for the School. I must thank the staff and students of Christ the King Convent High School for the warm reception they have given me.

I am happy to find from the address just presented that what was but a Nursery and Kindergarten School in 1944 has flowered into a prosperous High School in less than ten years, and that it has been doing such excellent work in the field of girls' education. There can be no better testimony to the wonderful zeal, selfless service and remarkable competence of the Carmelite Sisters, who have selected this spot in Mysore for their missionary work. The Mount Carmel College at Bangalore has earned for the Carmelite Sisters the deep gratitude of the women of that City, and I see that here in Mysore your institution is ably following its traditions. God has blessed the noble efforts of the Carmelite Sisters with success. The support and encouragement of His Lordship the Right Reverend Dr. R. Feuga who helped the School from the beginning with advice and money have been invaluable. Our Government has given you plenty of encouragement and help, recognised the School at an early stage, sanctioned grants-in-aid for maintenance and a munificent sum of Rs. 50,000 for the school building. I sincerely trust that your appeal for other donations to complete the buildings, which requires nearly a lakh of rupees as estimated by you, will meet with generous response at the hands of the philanthropic public of Mysore and the parents of the bright-eyed children gathered here.

I must congratulate you on the exemplary and efficient manner in which you are training the pupils, committed to your care. I am happy to learn that particular attention is paid to the development of character and proper behaviour of the children and to the improvement of their physique. The close and personal contact between the teachers and the taught that we find in the smaller schools of this type constitutes a perennial source of strength and inspiration to both of them. A sound training is not content with filling the pupil with knowledge of text-books; it helps him develop a dignified human personality and understand the high values of life.

It has been realised on all hands that the pattern of education prevailing now in our country, from the primary to the university stage, requires a re-orientation, so as to bring it in conformity with national aims and national requirements. You are

aware that the Committee appointed to examine the state of education in Mysore has now furnished its valuable and considered recommendations to Government, which, I have no doubt, will receive the most careful and earnest consideration. It may not perhaps be out of place for me to say on this occasion that the rapid expansion of educational facilities in the State would be greatly accelerated, if members of the public would co-operate actively with Government and offer, in as large a measure as possible, donations for buildings, equipment and the like, to supplement the grants of Government.

The preceding decades have witnessed a growing expansion of girls' education in Mysore, thanks to the public awakening in this behalf and the enlightened policy followed by the administration. The education of girls is as important as that of boys. It is well to realise that the shortest cut to the liquidation of illiteracy in our country lies through the education of girls, who are the wives and mothers of tomorrow, and who carry forward the torch of learning to illuminate the darkest homes.

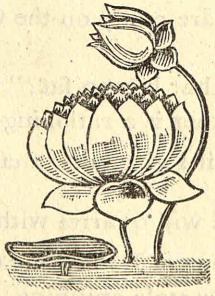
I have now great pleasure in opening the new building. Sisters, you are doing most admirable, selfless work in the cause of women's education in the City. Let me add my tribute of praise to your noble service. I wish the High School ever increasing progress and opportunities of Service.

My Truest Friend

He is mine and I am His,
To know this my joy it is,
When tempests gather round me,
And storms of passion confound me,
Then shall I cling to Him,
In whose sweet love I swim.

My Saviour Lord I bow before Thee,
Accept this poor heart that yearns for Thee;
Thanks a million times, O truest Friend!
I know Thou'lt be with me to the end,
Sweet Lord, great is my infirmity,
Yet I hope in the power of Thy Divinity.

S.
Christ King Convent,
Mysore.



What Article?

See, my dears, this morning Sister asked me to contribute an article to the school magazine. Hearing this, I felt so happy that I soon went to the land of dreams and did not attend the history lesson. I was not at all conscious of anything else at that moment. It seems my companion pinched me so many times to attend the lessons, but I was unaware of that (with disastrous consequences? Ed.) Instead of talking about Frederick the great, I answered about Peter the great. On account of my folly, I had to get out of the class, but I was happy to leave the class because I could go back to dreamland and think what I should write, without interruption.

I was anxiously waiting for the school bell to ring, because I could go home quickly, and think of the article. As soon as the bell rang I ran away like a fugitive and in my speed I did not even know that a car was coming on the other side of the road. But I was fortunately rescued by somebody. I reached home quickly and without taking my tea, I sat in front of my table with a big sheet of paper and a pen. First I thought of writing about historical places, but I could not collect proper points, so I gave up that idea. Secondly, I thought of writing about our school day celebrations, but I could not recollect the things which had happened, because you see, though I am 13 years old, I cannot remember things well. I think my grannie, who is 92 years old, is much better than myself in memory.

Many thoughts were coming to my mind, but I did not approve of any of these thoughts. Then I began to scribble on paper and like that I wasted two sheets of paper. I sat again with another sheet of paper. After some time my father came from the office and asked me what I was doing. But I did not answer and continued thinking, with my right hand supporting my forehead. The sheet of paper and my faithful pen were waiting eagerly to do their mistress' work. But I couldn't give them any work. I had to give up the article the next day. But the whole evening and night I spent thinking what article I could give to the magazine? I couldn't get anything. And up to now, paper and pen are ready on the table awaiting me. But here are some flights of fancy for the present.

Jack :—"Peter, why is that boy so fat?"

Peter :—"Because his father is a rationing officer."

Father:—"My dear son, if I give one anna to your brother and six pies to you, what will you do?

Son :—"Dear father, I will quarrel with him.

Judge :—"Did you rob or not? Tell me the truth.

Robber—"No Sir, I never stole anything.

Judge :—"Then why did you enter his house through the back door?

Robber—"Sir, because a policeman was standing at the front door.

K. N. Sudha,
VI Form,
Christ King Convent, Mysore.

My Convent and I.

Christ the King Convent—ah, what an adorable name! I love my Convent as much as I do my own sweet home. This is a name which I will always carry in my heart.

Really, I still consider myself a baby of this Convent. I was sent to this school, when I was barely three summers old.

I was a chubby, naughty little child giving them much trouble. I remember the day when I was fed by dear Mother Benigna. And you will be happy to hear that it was our dear Mother Mary of happy memory, who fed me for the first time with the spoon.

Both the Mothers and the Sisters have been equally good to me. But this does not mean that they have petted and spoilt me. They have been true to the saying 'spare the rod and spoil the child.' They have been quite strict at times and have made me shed a few tears. Of course, after this I was certain of kisses and sweets.

Under their guidance I passed my L. S. Examination with a first class and now I am a High School student.

My wish now is to study well and get a class in the S. S. L. C. Exam. also and thus try to win a good name for my institution.

My prayer to Almighty God is that my Convent should be the best school in our Mysore State.

R. Vimala,
Form V.
C. K. C. Mysore.

———

KHEDDA

The elephant is the biggest of all animals. It is very majestic in appearance and is very powerful. Its tusks are of ivory. It is kept by Rajas and other rich people for its grandeur and the forest department capture them and train them to dragging logs etc. in the forest. Of late the elephant has caught the fancy of the children in other parts of the world and they have requested our Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru to send them elephants. In response to their request an elephant has been sent to each of the following places—Japan, Europe, America and New Zealand.

Elephants are found in few parts of the world. They live in thick forests. The Kakanakota forests of Mysore are famous for elephants. The capturing of these elephants involves a series of operations—called the "Khedda Operations". It is generally held to entertain great personages. Four years ago a Khedda was held in the Kakanakota forest to entertain Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, when I had an opportunity to visit the same, so I wish to describe below in brief what a Khedda operation is.

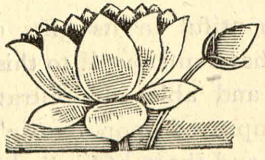
Firstly a suitable site is selected preferably near a river. It is enclosed by a big trench all round. On the inner side of the trench a strong fence is constructed by making use of huge logs found in the forest. This is known as the outer stockade. Inside the enclosure a small enclosure is formed by a similar fence. This is the inner stockade or roping stockade. In the stockade very few trees are removed so that for all practical purposes it has the appearance of a forest. There will be only one entrance in each stockade, which is closed, the moment the elephants enter. Outside the trench for a certain distance all round the bushes and grass etc. will have been cut and the space cleared. This constitutes what is known as the "surround". On the outer side of the "surround" at a distance of every twenty-five or thirty yards watchmen in batches of two or three will be keeping watch at each point. During nights they are awake and will be keeping a fire throughout. It is the duty of these watchmen to see that the elephant never escapes once it enters the "surround".

The next operation is how to manage to get the elephants from the "surround" into the stockade. This is called the "drive". The Khedda operation is generally held to entertain a distinguished visitor like the president of the Indian Union, the Prime Minister of India (the Viceroys like the Prince of Wales in the olden days). It is so arranged that the drive will actually commence when the visitor is there. Long before the forest officers will have spotted a herd and kept watch over its movements and would be actually managing to keep the herd in a particular area—the surround—without the herd being aware of it. By slow degrees they would have confined it to a small area near the Khedda.

On the day of the drive a large number of people gather round this area except at a particular spot in the direction of the Khedda. They are all called the "Beaters". They begin to make a loud noise with the help of bamboo rattles called the "Kodaka", specially made for the occasion. The noise makes the elephants try to run away. But when they see people all round, they naturally try to escape in the place where there is no one. This place as already mentioned above is purposely kept open and in the direction of the Khedda. When the elephants try to go in that direction, the people all round come closer and tighten the ring. This reduces the enclosure and presses on the herd from behind in the direction of the Khedda. Thus they are driven to the gates of the Khedda. Finding an opening, they unconsciously enter the outer stockade. Immediately the gate is closed. The animals are thus trapped. Then by slow degrees they are driven into the roping stockade three or four at a time.

The next stage of the operation is called the "Roping". This consists in actually putting a rope round the neck and the legs, isolating each animal and tying it to a big tree. This is done by Mahouts with the help of tamed elephants. The Mahout is a person who trains an elephant and is in charge of it. In course of time the huge, powerful animal is trained to obey the orders of the Mahout and becomes very obedient and useful to man.

G. Yashoda,
III Year "A",
C. K. C. H. School,
Mysore.



This is my Mysore.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
who never to himself has said
This is my own my native land?"
Sir Walter Scott.

I forthwith began to reminisce about my Mysore. It has been the "cradle of my infancy", the pleasure garden of my youth and I hope it would be "the secret seclusion of my old age."

What then is the charm that is in Mysore which attracts to it savants of ancient historic lore and artists in quest of beauty to quench their inexhaustible thirst—what makes the sportsmen throng to this "beautiful diadem" of the South? Why do great Scientists hungering after knowledge wend their way to the State? Why have sages of the past found Mysore a fit home for their peaceful meditation? There must be something "par excellence," I thought, in this small yet beautiful land to deserve so much attention from one and all.

People have given Mysore so many titles like "Picturesque Mysore", "Progressive Mysore", "Mysore the Birmingham of the East", "Bangalore, the Athens of India", The storehouse of myth and legend", "The museum of ancient scuplture" are a few of the petals I have picked from the fragrant bouquet of tributes which Mysore has selected from different people, from Mahatma Gandhi, The Father of the Nation, down to common man.

This is the house of the famous bard Ranna; This is the land of the fragrant sandal; this is the land of ivory; this is the land which Cauvery, Thunga and Bhadra, Kabini and Kapila had rendered holy; This is the land where the majestic Gersoppa falls present a gorgeous picture of beauty and power. This is also the land where ruled the powerful Hoyas also great patrons of art and architecture under the royal patronage of the Mysore Kings, a feature which has come down to the present day. It is here that farsighted administrators paved the way for a prosperous beautiful Mysore which is the richest diadem in the crown of Mother India.

Nature has been very bountiful in its gifts of flora and fauna to Mysore. Another important factor that has contributed to this unique position of Mysore has been the galaxy of great rulers and able administrators with vision and patriotism, whose strenuous efforts have improved upon nature's great gifts. The name of Sri Krishnaraja Wadeyar Bahadur and those of Sir Seshadri Iyer, Sir M. Visvesvaraya, Dewan Rangacharlu are all names to conjure with. They are personalities whose life story is closely woven into the texture of Mysore's progressive pattern. They have left behind indelible foot prints for coming generations to follow and pave the way to the further progress of Mysore.

The temples of Halebid, Belur, Somanathpur, the famous monolith of Gomateswara at Sravanabelgola, the peetha at Balabudan Hills, and the innumerable temples scattered all over Mysore afford ample food for thought to the student of art, to the sculptor and the architect.

Mysore with its innumerable industries; its silk and textile mills, its sandal wood and ivory, its chemical and fertilizer plants, its paper mills and cement works and the Hindusthan Aircraft factory, only one of its kind in India and the Telephone Industries, the artisan and craftsman; the industrial schemes which the Government proposed to have under a five year plan, affords much scope for the rich and the poor alike. Mysore owes much in attaining this standard, to its pioneering administrators who, with great vision truly laid the foundations of an industrial Mysore while the rest of India languished under limitations of a crushing foreign yoke.

There is yet another feature which is innate in Mysore. It is often said that Mysore is famous for parks, gardens, and boulevards and arbours. It is an oft-quoted saying that Mysore is famous for beans, bouquets and brides. The Lalbagh which is one of the best botanical gardens in India, the Cubbon Park in Bangalore, the Nishat Bag in Mysore, are just a few of the famous gardens of the State. The Brindavan gardens are the foremost.

Mysore is today on the eve of a great experiment in democracy, an adventure almost, with its elections being organised on the principle of Adult Franchise. The political genius of Mysore which won for it freedom with the least trouble and in the shortest span of time will, it is hoped, rise to the occasion and face the task with fortitude, patriotism and achieve the greatest measure of good to the largest number of the peoples of Mysore.

This is my Mysore. If the choice is given to me to take birth again, it will be here and in Mysore, the Land of Beauty and of Peace!

Marie Philomena.
Form VI.
Christ the King Convent,
Mysore.



Inauguration of The Girls' Horticultural Club

St. Joseph's Convent High School, Mandya.

On Saturday, the 22nd August the "Girls' Horticultural Club" was inaugurated in our school by Sri M. K. Appajappa, B.A., I.A.S., Director of Agriculture in Mysore.

About a fortnight earlier, Mr. V. B. G. Naidu, Assistant Director, wanted a list of the names of those girls who were willing to form the club. About thirty-two of us were enrolled. We were divided into two groups and eagerly set to work preparing plots in the compound.

All was ready by the day appointed. About 5 P.M. many cars rolled into the grounds for we had invited some important guests to witness the Inauguration of our club.

When tea was over they all adjourned to the Assembly Hall. Mr. Hans E. Kardel, Extension Specialist, spoke on the Objective of Girls' Clubs. He said that gardening is an excellent, in expensive and most profitable hobby that is being taken up more and more all the world over. This is especially the case with the girl students in America and other western countries where many Girls' clubs are formed. Their object is to make girls more self-reliant by growing their own flowers, fruits and vegetables.

In explaining the uses of the fine set of new long-handled gardening implements which he had presented the club, he said that in America they do not believe in wasting energy and hence provide themselves with implements of this nature so that they may work without bending low which is extremely tiring. Moreover, short-handled implements need less leverage. In conclusion, he wished the members of the club would not let their zeal flag but make good use of the implements presented.

Sri M. K. Appajappa, the Director of Agriculture, said that the club will be very useful in imbuing girls with strength and a love for the team spirit. It will encourage them to make kitchen gardens in their homes. This would cut down the cost of living and also ensure to them a daily supply of fresh fruits and vegetables. It will furnish them with useful knowledge and a very pleasant hobby.

He wished the new club all success and that it would make good use of the services of the Agricultural and Horticultural staff and also of the excellent tools it possessed.

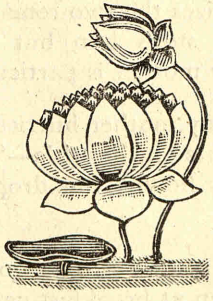
The President, Sri K. V. Sankere Gowda told us that he was proud to be born an agriculturist, working in the fields, grazing cattle, weeding and harvesting. Such work he said was still his delight. He observed with regret that many college students

nowadays, though born in agricultural families consider it below their dignity to work in their own lands. They would rather purchase food-grains at Black Market rates than grow their own. They feel ashamed to feed their own cattle. He declared that this ignorance of the dignity of labour is a death blow to the country and mainly responsible for the present-day shortage of food grains. He therefore requested the girls by growing their own food to set an example to their brothers and show them the value of manual labour. He also urged the starting of home gardens as a means to beautify the earth.

He concluded his speech wishing the newly started club every success and thanked the authorities of the St. Joseph's Convent High School and others present for having given him an opportunity to serve them.

The Vote of thanks being over, all present went to the plots prepared, where the Director sowed some seeds. All of us then set to work with a will digging, sowing and watering till very late. Thus the happy evening came to a close.

R. Jayashree,
Form VI,
St. Joseph's Convent High School,
Mandya.



How Mother Reads The Paper.

My father reads the newspaper after breakfast. We children read it when we return from school. But my mother reads what is left of it before bed-time or rather before going to bed—which is different.

The rest of the household manage to peruse the paper more or less intact. But by the time my mother is able to lay hands on it, the paper is no longer a composite whole—the page with sporting news is in Babu's room upstairs; the one with fashion notes in Lalita's room downstairs: the Home Recipes, slightly oil-stained in the kitchen where Leela occasionally takes them and the S.S.L.C. results sheet under the mango tree in the lawn where Tara and I were poring over it half the evening.

What she retrieves of the paper my mother ceremoniously carries into the sitting room when the rest of us, supper being over are sitting round the dining table in the next room, supposed to be studying. My father from his favourite arm-chair looks up from his book and smiles quietly. He knows what is coming.

After settling down in her low chair with a couple of cushions, my mother discovers that the room is too cold and goes up to fetch her coat. Meanwhile little Prabhu who has been crawling round the carpet eager for occupation, squats gaily on the paper which has fluttered to the ground and makes frantic and rather successful efforts to convert it into a circle by the simple expedient of tearing off the square edges.

My mother comes half way down the stairs, then remembering her glasses goes up again for them. She comes down the second-time, sees the condition of the paper and looks reproachfully at my father who has suffered it to be thus ill-treated. My father as usual is blissfully ignorant of all that is happening being deeply absorbed in his book!

Prabhu wildly protesting is carried off to bed. Bonzo, who has been watching the game, finding the field clear seizes the two remaining sheets and makes a dash for the garden. This time my father stops him but not before he has considerably abridged the short story which my mother is particularly keen on reading.

Having tucked Prabhu in, my mother hurries down again and picks up the shortened story. Her eye first lights on the title—"The Last Fragment" when baby Hari wakes up and sets up a lusty howl. She drops the fragment and rushes up to the nursery.

By the time she returns the rest of us have gone to bed. I don't know if she finishes reading the paper but when at breakfast next morning my father asks with a twinkle in his eye "Was that story interesting?", she only looks out of the window and says, "It looks cloudy; you'd better hurry off to office".

B. Thyovathi,
Form VI,
St. Joseph's Convent H. S.,
Mandya.

By Your Leave!

She stood before me, frightened, pale,
Eyes downcast, nervous fingers
Twisting a wisp of handkerchief,
Her whole demeanour culprit—like,
Awaiting sentence. Swiftly 'twas spoken:
"No Radha, it's useless asking—
I cannot grant a fortnight's leave.
If you were ill, of course!
But not to attend a wedding.
This term's been full of holidays.
No! no weddings more
Till your exam is over! "
"B—but my mother says I must be there;
No one is staying at home except my grandmother"
"Then it's there you'll stay.
Don't ask again. Now run along
Or you'll be late to class."
Slowly she went—no further word she said.
Next morning comes her brother
Smiling proudly to present a large white envelope
The corners saffron—tinted,
"What's this?" A gay pink card's produced.
He blushes, then he stammers:
"An invitation to Radha's wedding,
Please grant her leave! "

CORINA

A School Picnic

One of the pleasantest things while studying in school is going on a picnic. There are many gala days in the life of a student at school but nothing enamours me as the prospect of a picnic. I consider it a red letter day. Our school imparts a really liberal education. The school curriculum is so wisely diversified as to include besides the mastering of the three R's facilities for extra—academic education. This extra academic education includes physical exercise, classes in the open air, debating contests, periodical excursions of educative value and occasional picnics.

Normally I do not like to accompany excursion parties, nor have I hitherto gone with any excursion party. But I take especial care to see that I do not miss even a single picnic. An excursion is usually undertaken with some object or other, say, to see the Siva Samudram falls, and the recreative aspect of it is purely incidental to it. As such, an excursion is a serious affair.

But I am one of those who believe that gaiety is the soul of recreation. A picnic gives the necessary respite from the monotony of routine school life. The merit of a picnic is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, to feel, to do just as one pleases. We go on a picnic chiefly to be free of all impediments and all inconveniences, to leave the school behind and to get rid of its bookish boredom. Such being the object of a picnic, it is no wonder that I love picnics with all my heart.

In fact I was the driving force behind the picnic which we, the students of St. Joseph's Convent High School enjoyed recently. I was the student secretary to the party and as such I had a free hand in organising it. It was after mature deliberation we decided to pitch our picnic tents on the banks of the river Cauvery near Seringapatam. It was indeed a wise choice for what could be a better spot for picnicking than Wordsworth's kingdom—that is, Nature? That day I became a miniature Wordsworth and did drink in a pure organic pleasure from nature. To be in harmony with my environment that day, I had dressed myself in the simplest fashion. I had put on an ordinary cotton sari of the colour of chlorophyll. Oh! what natural simplicity! My teacher told me that I was indistinguishable mingled with the green vegetation which grew romantically on the banks of the solemn—flowing Cauvery.

How thrilled I felt when I gazed on like a poet at the ever-flowing waters of that river! Only then did I realise the significance of those famous lines "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

A picnic is an occasion on which we have an insight into the latent talents and idiosyncrasies of our fellow students. Till that day I did not know that two of my classmates could swim. There they were—Leela and Ratna—students who were normally docile and prosaic in the classroom, now bubbling over with irrepressible

animal vigour. Can you imagine Sudha climbing a big mango tree like a squirrel and plucking the fruit? Believe me this she did on that day. The teacher who a few minutes before had chided the girls for merely contemplating to swim, laughed over the feats of Sudha. You must know our teacher loves mangoes so much that her prime concern was getting mangoes and not who climbed the tree.

Then there was Pramila who is by nature a very sensitive girl and who frequently sheds tears. When the teacher scolded the swimmers, when Sudha climbed the tree, when an eagle had caught a sparrow and when Susan's beautiful lace kerchief was carried away by the Cauvery, Pramila could not control her emotions and shed tears profusely. When questioned she replied that she usually expressed her emotions by her flowing tears and that the only sign of humanity in a human being is the shedding of tears. Oh! what a soft hearted creature! I complimented her by saying that there are then only two human beings on earth—Pramila and the crocodile.

Now I would like to tell you a few interesting things about a very important part of the picnic—that is, the eating. That day we had brought great piles of iddalies poories, chappaties, and sweet and savoury dishes of various tempting hues and flavours. Of all the picnickers only I had brought very simple food—milk and milk kova. The reason was that for the past two days I had not been very well, and my mother was worried about my diet.

I like picnics so much that in spite of my indisposition I did not like to miss this one. But my fellow students instead of sympathising with me began to tease me for having become a sadhu and sanyasi sustaining myself on milk. Only Pramila felt sorry for my plight and wept copiously.

Lunch over, we were entertained by the *artistes* in our company. We thoroughly enjoyed their music and dances. The sun was slowly setting behind the distant hills. We packed up reluctantly and got into the bus.

We sang and chatted gaily all the way home little dreaming what the morrow might bring. For the first thing in the morning, before we have quite got over the dream-like experiences of the day before, comes the announcement of an essay competition—'A school Picnic'.

P. V. Selva Kantha,
Form V,
St. Joseph's Convent H. S.,
Mandya.

That Grass Again !

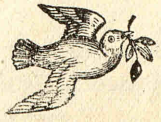
That grass is getting all over the place again. Encouraged above by a somewhat more warming sun, and with moisture supplied to the roots by nature, it is growing like the beanstalk which supported Jack. It is very pretty. No, doubt of that. It forms a carpet the softness of which lies outside a loom, and its tint at sunset cannot be matched in an artist's colour box. It is in short, very fine to look at, but like most things of beauty, it has certain drawbacks, chief among them the fact that it grows.

Grass especially at this time of the year is not content to remain to-day what it was yesterday. It must go on and up. Since grass that has over-reached itself is no longer a carpet but a jungle, the grass of the garden must be kept within decent, respectable limits to be worthy of the name. That means rooting out and already the dreary duty is back again to make a plaintive thing of Saturday and week day evenings!

The garden is full of grass and we must toil at rooting it out. They have created dwarf apple trees which grow thus high and no higher. Why don't they create dwarf grass which grows briskly to the studied pre-arranged height of an inch and a half then ceases and dries down forming manure ?

Dwarf grass is only one possibility; there are others to be reviewed and considered. It is only through such considerations that patience may be retained while doing that irksome task of uprooting grass from our new garden.

K. SUDHA,
Member,
'Girls Hoticultural Club'
St. Joseph's Convent High School,
Mandya.



A Guide to Wandering Feet.

One fine day last year some of my friends and I went to the country to pick up berries. It was a clear, sunny day and the smell of greenery was in the air. Crows, secure in the trees at the edge of the grove, cawed their disapproval of human competitors. Occasionally a berry would come tumbling through the branches to bounce on the ground or to bury itself in the carpet of dead leaves below.

Berries were plentiful that day. Pickers crawled on all fours or squatted or walked and stooped. It was easy to pick up a handful without moving forward. At first the berries tinkled in the empty pails. Later, the sounds became muffled as handful after handful formed in the centre of the container and then slowly rolled to the sides.

After some time the berries seemed farther apart. Finally I rose and began to walk slowly, sometimes stooping to pick up one or two. I did not look up as I continued to shuffle around the tree, straining my eyes to distinguish the rich brown of the fat, sleek berries from the dull brown of the dead leaves.

The berries became fewer and fewer until it seemed there were no more to be found. About that time I happened to look up. The closest berry branch was several yards away. In my search I had carelessly wandered too far from the tree—a foolish thing to do.

That incident, though trivial made a lasting impression on my mind, because of its spiritual significance. It is only by keeping close to God and recognising Him as the source of all our strength and understanding, that we may receive the rich blessings He showers down upon us.

Sheila Xavier,
Form VI,
St. Joseph's Convent High School,
Mandya.

Horns

Buffalo horns like pots and pans,
Vary in size and shape to man's
Glance—some huge and high and twirled
Some like pig tails, inward curled!

If a Buffalo fat you meet,
With lengthy horns she bows to greet;
Like two long curls, she wears her horns,
In graceful wise of danger warns.

Truly a bison in size she looks,
Her horns outstretched like awful hooks.
From out St. Paul's she oft - time goes,
Her horns raised up in martial pose.

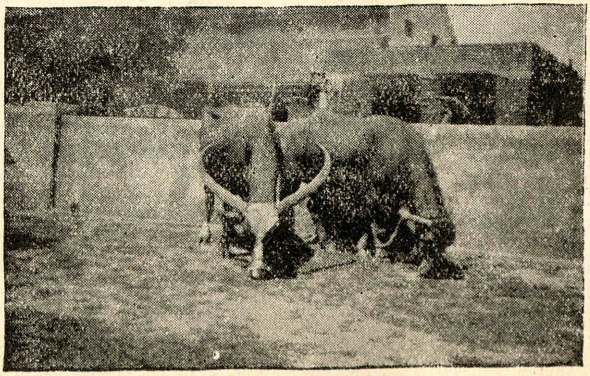
At times bespattered, all in mud,
She sits quite sullen and chews the cud,
In front of her the grassy lawn,
Bedewed with gems at early dawn.

At dusk she comes to seek her shed.
She cares not if snug or wet her bed.
She snores and sleeps without a care
She wakes quite fit to do and dare!

One morn to the garden plot in bloom
She came to spread the darkest gloom.
Up and down she sniffed and trod
Till naught was left save the broken sod.

Out came the inmates one and all
With sticks and stones they loud did call.
Her horns in the air she raised aloft,
And once for all, she replied not soft!

St. Paul's Convent
Davengere.



"My Woodland Home"

Gentle Reader have you ever trod on the pleasant soil of "Coorg"? Well I must admit that it is a verdant land" "flowing with milk and honey" because there are many fat and healthy cows and plenty of bursting bee hives with rich golden honey. Of all towns in Coorg Virajpet is my beloved nest; full of wild flowers, little birds and butterflies.

It is a little sylvan town, nestling in a fertile valley of huge giant Jack trees, and shady sandal trees. It is a land of peace and plenty. A spot where the goodly rain falls for three full months from June to September giving the school urchins a spell of rainy holidays to fish in the deep rivers and wade in the swollen tanks.

In Virajpet one has no need to starve. There is no ration and every one can get all the food he needs. Tropical fruits grow wild there, specially mangoes, plantains, and guavas. The truant school lads often enjoy themselves, with the delicious fruit, as they tramp about, near the school.

A dark night in Virajpet is unforgettable. As slowly the curtains of night fall over the wooded hills and vales, and little bright lamps are lit up in heaven, one begins to hear the rushing of the mountain torrent, and the chirp of a thousand forest crickets, as they pipe their shrill melodies all in chorus, but with varying sharps and flats. The strong scent of wild flowers is wafted about all in a whiff, making us feel as though it were in fairy land. The whole place is now mantled in sombre shadow and plunged in a chill atmosphere. Not a soul seems to stir out after ten. So it is good to be tucked under a snug blanket, in a cosy room, to dream of the dear God who made all these things.

St. Paul's Convent,
Davangere,
June 1953.

Results of the S. S. L. C. Examination 1953

No. Presented	...	12
No. Successful	...	6
1st Class	...	1

Results of the M. S. Examination 1953

No. Presented	...	15
No. Successful	...	14
1st Class	...	1

S. P. C. H. S.
Davangere.

St. Paul of Tarsus.

Tall in stature, fiery bold,
To persecute the Christians old —
Saul set out to kill and slay
All he met upon the way.

2

On the highway a dazzling light —
From his eyes went out the sight.
Blind he lay upon the sod.
At once he knew it was the Lord

3

When he heard Christ's doctrine true,
All his sins he began to rue.
With holy waters washed his stain.
His earthly loss was Heavenly gain.

4

Then to distant lands he went,
To exile, prison and banishment.
Thro' stripes and ship-wreck too,
To prove his love for Jesus true.

5

In the Rome of his own days,
Paul trod in his own Master's ways.
Tho' "Least and Last", he worked with might,
He daily battled to do the right.

6

His soul and spirit sanguine, sound.
The Jews and Romans gathered round.
At last his life upon the block —
He laid it down for Christ — a Rock.

7

In Heaven Thou art oh, loved St. Paul!
When to each one, sounds the call,
Come and help us win the fight,
Be our beacon of Heavenly Light.

Davangere.
St. Paul's Convent,

Kind Words.

Words how potent they are! What a power for good or evil they have! There is a mine of truth in the saying: "Of your unspoken you are master; your spoken word is master of you." So, much care must be taken not to speak unkind words. Words once spoken cannot be recalled.

Kind words have a mighty power for good. They are like rays of sunshine that come to brighten a dark, gloomy corner of a house. A kind word of encouragement to a depressed, weary, plodder will make his task seem a thousand times less burdensome. The sick man eagerly looks forward to the kind, sympathetic words of the smiling nurse. Her words act like a tonic on his depressed spirit and make him feel half-cured already. Children react very often more favourably to kindness than to sternness. A friend in sorrow forgets his grief at the kind, loving words of sympathy spoken by his friend. What a wonderful world this would be if we spoke only kind words!

Unkind words have a great power for evil. They leave a sting that can never be remedied. They are more powerful than sword - thrusts. It has well been said that the tongue is more potent than swords. It can destroy whole nations. Unkind words spread ill-feeling and bitterness wherever they are uttered.

There is nothing that costs less than kind words, yet they are more welcome than gold. Could we realise the harm done by a frown, a cross word, an unkind remark or a bit of ill temper, many of us would spare no effort not to speak unkind words or do anything that would cause sorrow to any of our fellow-beings. Each of us has her own tale of woe - we have no right to add to another's sorrow, because we are not happy.

Kind words flow from kind natures. Only those who are touched by pain and misery can feel sympathy and kindness. Selfishness and kindness are two contrary terms. No selfish man was kind. He cares only for his own happiness. But kindness can be acquired by one who practises habits of self-control.

Kind words have more power than gold. A poor man would value gold, "but greater than gold is Heavenly sympathy."

"Pauline"
S. P. C., Davangere,
June 1953.

ಶ್ರೀರಂಗಪಟ್ಟಣ [Sri Rangapatam]

ಗತ ವಿಭವಸ್ಮೃತಿ ಪಥಕೆ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುವ ಅವಶೇಷ
ಹತಭಾಗ್ಯ ರೆಂದೆಮ್ಮ ಕರುಳು ಹಿಂಡುವ ನೋಟ
ಶತಮಾನ ವುರುಳಿದರು ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯುರಿಸುವ ನೋಟ
ಶ್ರೀರಂಗ ಪಟ್ಟಣದೆ ಇರುವಅವಶೇಷ ‖ ೧ ‖

ಉಳಿದಿಲ್ಲ ಅಳಿದಿಲ್ಲ ಉಸಿರಿಲ್ಲ ವೆನ್ನುತಿದೆ
ಅರಸುಮನೆ ಕೋಟೆಗಳ ಆವರಣವೆಲ್ಲ
ಉಮ್ಮಳಿಸಿ ಉಕ್ಕಿಬಹ ಕಂಬನಿಯ ತವರೂರು
ಶ್ರೀಪತಿಯು ಸುಖನಿದ್ರೆಗೈಯ್ಯುತಿಹ ನಮ್ಮೂರು ‖ ೨ ‖

ಆಂಗ್ಲರ ನ್ಯಾಯವನು ಜಿನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅರಿತವನು
ಮಂಗಳವ ಆಂಗ್ಲರಿಗೆ ಹರಿಸಿ ಸಂತಸ ಗೊಂಡು
ತನ್ನವರ ತುಳಿದು ತಾಮೋದದಲಿ ಮೈಮರೆತು
ಸುಖನಿದ್ರೆ ಗೈಯ್ಯುತಿಹ ಶ್ರೀರಂಗನಿಲ್ಲಿ ‖ ೩ ‖

ಹುಚ್ಚು ಹೊಳೆಹರಿದುತಾ ಆಂಗ್ಲರನು ಕೊಚ್ಚಿದೆ
ಸ್ವೇಚ್ಛೆಯಲಿ ಹರಿಯುವಳು ಸ್ವಜನ ವೈರಿ
ಕೆಚ್ಚಿದೆಯ ಗಂಡುಗಳ ರಕ್ತಪಾನವ ಮಾಡಿ
ಲಜ್ಜೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಇಹಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾವೇರಿ ‖ ೪ ‖

ಹೂವು ಹಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ಗಂಧಕರ್ಪೂರವನು
ಅರ್ತಿಯಿಂ ಅರ್ಚನೆಗೆ ಹೊತ್ತವರ ತುಳಿದಿಹನು
ಕಪಟ ನಟನೆಯ ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಆಕಲ್ಲಮೂರ್ತಿ
ಭಕ್ತರನು ರಕ್ಷಿಸುವ ಖ್ಯಾತಿಗಪ ಕೀರ್ತಿ ‖ ೫ ‖

ಕರುನಾಡ ಮೈಸಿರಿಯು ಮತ್ತೆ ಮರುಳುವುದೆ ?
ಸಿರಿಯೂರು ಮೈಸೂರು ಮತ್ತೆ ಮೆರೆಯುವುದೆ ?
ಕರಿಕಲ್ಲು ಶ್ರೀರಂಗ ನಾಗುವನೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ?
ವರನದೀ ಕಾವೇರಿ ಕರುಣೆ ತೋರುವಳೆ ? ‖ ೬ ‖

D. Lalitha,
Form VI,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Mandya.

ವೇಣು ನಂಜಿ (Venu—Nanji)

(ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಹಸನ)

(ವೇಣುವಿನ ಪ್ರವೇಶ....ನವನಾಗರಿಕತೆಯ ಉಡುಪುಗಳನ್ನು ಧರಿಸಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ವಯಸ್ಸು ಸುಮಾರು 23)

ವೇಣು :— (ಸ್ವಗತ) ನಾನು B.L. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ province ಗೇ first rank ಹೊಡೆದಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಈಗ ನಾನು ಒಬ್ಬ B.A., B.L. ಡಿಗ್ರಿ ಹೋಲ್ಡರ್. ನನ್ನ life ಎಂಥಾದ್ದು ಅಂತೀರೋ· ಈ Butterfly ಅಂತಾರಲ್ಲಾ. ಆ ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಚಿಟ್ಟೆ, ಅದರ ಜೀವನದಂಥಾದ್ದು. ನಾನು ಮಾತುಗಾರಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲೋ ಬಹಳ ನಿಸ್ಸೀಮ. ಇದನ್ನು ನಾನು B.L. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ first rank ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡಿರುವುದೇ ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತೆ. ಒಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನು ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲೇ extraordinary ಸೃಷ್ಟಿ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾರಣವೇನೂ ಅಂತೀರೋ? ಅದು ನನ್ನ ಹೆಸರೇ. ಹಿಂದೆ ವೇಣುಗಾನ ಲೋಲನಾಗಿದ್ದದ್ದು ಈಗ ಖಾಲಿ ವೇಣು ಆಗಿದೆ. ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲೇನೋ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಖೋತಾ ಆಗಿದೆ. ಹಾಗೇ ಕೆಲವು ವಿಷಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಕೆಲಸಗಳೂ ಖೋತಾ ಆಗಿವೆ ಅನ್ನಿ. ಸದ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಈ ವಿಚಾರ ಹಾಗಿರಲಿ. ಇದೆಲ್ಲಾ ನನ್ನ ಪಾತ್ರಪರಿವಿಡಿ ಆಯ್ತು. ಇನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿ—ಮುದ್ದಿನ ಮಡದಿ ವಿಚಾರ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೇಳ್ತೀನೆ.

ನನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಒಂದು ವಿಧದಲ್ಲೂ ನನಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚೇನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಏಕೆ–ಒಂದಿದೆ. ಒಂದೇ ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಗುಣ ಅದಿರಲಿ. ಆನನ್ ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಇದ್ದಾಳಲ್ಲಾ ಅವಳಾದ್ರೋ ರೂಪಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆ fairies ಅಂತಾರಲ್ಲಾ ಅವರೂಕೂಡ ಅವಳ್ನ ನೋಡಿ ನಾಚಿಕೆ ಬೀಳಬೇಕು. ಅಂಥಾ ಸ್ಫುರದ್ರೂಪಿ. ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲೇ Beautyಲಿ first from the right. ಒಳ್ಳೆ ನೀರಿನ ಪೀಪಾಯಿ ಇದ್ದಹಾಗೆ–ಒಂದೇ ಸಮನಾದ ಅಚ್ಚು ಕಟ್ಟಾದ ಸ್ಥೂಲ ದೇಹ. ದೇಹ ಕಾಂತಿಯಲ್ಲೋ ಥೇಟ್ ಕಸ್ತೂರಿ ಹೊಳೆಯೋ ಹಾಗೆ ಪ್ರಕಾಶಿಸುತ್ತಾಳೆ. ಆನೆ, ಕರಡಿ, ಕಾಡೆಮ್ಮೇ ಇವೂಕೂಡ ಅವಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಮನ್ಕಾರಹಾಕಬೇಕು, ಮರ್ಯಾದೆಯಿಂದ. ಯಾವಾಗ ನೋಡಿದ್ರೂ ಮುಖ ಗಂಟು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಇರ್ತಾಳೆ. ತಲೆಕೂದಲು ಗುಂಗುರು ಗುಂಗುರಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿರುತ್ತೆ ಅಲ್ವೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೇನೇ ಅವಳು ಇನ್ನು ತಲೆಗೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಹಾಕಿ ಬಾಚಿದರೆ ಕೂದಲು ನೆಟ್ಟಗೆ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ ಅಂತ ತಲೆಗೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಹಾಕದೆ ತಲೆಕೂದಲು ಬಿಡಿಬಿಡಿಯಾಗಿ ಇರಲಿ ಅಂತ ಕೆದರಿಕೊಂಡೇ ಇರ್ತಾಳೆ. ನಾನು ಮೊದಲೇ ಹೇಳಿದಹಾಗೆ ಅವಳಿಗಿರೋ ದೊಡ್ಡಸ್ತಿಕೆ ಅಂದ್ರೆ, ಅವಳಲ್ಲಿರೋ ಹಣಾನೇ. ಅವರ ಅಪ್ಪ ಪುಣ್ಯಾತ್ಮ ತನ್ನ ಮಗಳು ಈ ತ್ರಿಲೋಕಸುಂದರಿ ಸುಖವಾಗಿರಲಿ ಅಂತ ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟು ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟು ಹಣಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿ ಇಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಪಾಪ ಅದು ತನ್ನ ಮಗಳಿಗಲ್ಲ—ನನ್ನಂಥಾ ಪುಣ್ಯಾತ್ಮ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅನುಭವಿಸಲಿ ಅಂತ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿ ಇಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಅಂತ ಕಾಣುತ್ತೆ. ಅದೇನಾದ್ರೂ ಆಗ್ಲಿ. ಈ ನನ್ ಹೆಂಡ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ನನಗೆ ಈ ಒಂದು ಉಪಕಾರ–ಪ್ರಯೋಜನ ಆದ್ರೂ ಇದೆಯಲ್ಲಾ ಅದನ್ನ ಎಷ್ಟು ಕೊಂಡಾಡಿದರೂ ಸಾಲದು. ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ satisfactory ಆಗಿದ್ರೂನೂ ಒಂದೇ ಒಂದು ಚಿಂತೆ ನನಗಿದೆ. ಅದೇನೂ ಅಂತೀರೋ ಅದೇ ನನ್ ತ್ರಿಲೋಕಸುಂದರಿ, ನನ್ ಮಡದಿ ಇದ್ದಾಳಲ್ಲಾ ಅವಳ ನಾಮಧೇಯ. ಅದನ್ನು ನಾನು ಹೇಳೋದಕ್ಕೆ ನನಗೇ ನಾಚಿಕೆ. ಏನು ಹೆಂಡ್ತಿ ಹೆಸರು ಹೇಳೋಕೆ ನಾಚಿಕೇನೇ ? ಅಂತ ಕೇಳ್ಬೇಡಿ ಅಂಥಾದ್ದೇನಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಗಂಡಹೆಂಡತಿ ಒಬ್ಬರನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಹೊಂದಿಕೆಯಾಗಿರಬೇಕು ಅಲ್ವೆ. ಆದರೆ ನಾವು ಯಾವುದರಲ್ಲಿ Match ಆದ್ರೂ ಈ ನಾಮಕರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತ್ರ like poles. They repel ಆದು ಹೇಗೆ ಅಂತೀರೊ–ಅವಳ ಹೆಸರು "ನಂಜಿ" ಅಂತ. ಅಯ್ಯೋ ನಂಜಿ ಅಂತೆ. ನಂಜಿ. ಹಾಗಂತ ನಾಮಕರಣ ಮಾಡಿದವರು ಅದೇನು ಮಹಾನುಭಾವರೋ—ಅದೇನು

ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತರೋ–ಕಾಣೆ. ಆಹೆಸರು ಅವರ ಅಜ್ಜಿಹೆಸರಂತೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ಇವಳಿಗೂ ಅದೇ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಇಟ್ಟರಂತೆ. ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಗ್ರಹಚಾರವೇ? ಹೆಸರು ಕೊಡೋದಕ್ಕೂ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಹೆಸರೇ ಕೊಡ ಬೇಕೇ? ಅಪ್ಪಹಾಕಿದ ಆಲದಮರ ಅಂತ ನೇಣು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳೋಕೆ ಹೋಗೋದೇ. ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಅಜ್ಞಾನವೇ. ಆ ಹೆಸರು ಕೊಟ್ಟೋರ್ಗಿ–ಈ Civilized timeನ Civilized Names ಗಮನಕ್ಕೇ ಬರ್ಲಿಲ್ವೇ. ಸಿನಿಮಾಗಳಲ್ಲೋ–Novels ನಲ್ಲೋ ಕರೆಯೋಹಾಗೆ. ಭಾನುಮತಿ, ಪದ್ಮಿನಿ, ವಸುಂಧರಾ, ಜಯಶ್ರೀ, ಸ್ನೇಹಪ್ರಭಾ ಅನ್ನೋ ಹೆಸರೇ ಅವರಿಗೆ ತೋಚಲಿಲ್ವೇ.... ಅಯ್ಯೋ....ಸದ್ಯದೇವರ ದಯ. ಅವಳನ್ನು "ಗಂಜಿ" ಅಂತಾನೋ–ಏನೋ ಇನ್ನು ವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾಗಿ ಕರೆದಿಲ್ವಲ್ಲಾ. ಅದೇ ನನ್ನ ಪುಣ್ಯ. ನೋಡಿ ಇಷ್ಟಾದ್ರೂಸಹ ಆನನ್ "ನಂಜಿ"ಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಂಡರೆ ಪಂಚಪ್ರಾಣ. ನಾನೇ ದೇವರು ಅವಳಿಗೆ. ನಾನು ಏನು ಹೇಳಿದರೂ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ opposition ನ್ಸೇ ಇಲ್ಲಾ. Always Vote for 'Venu's propositions. ಪಾಪ. ನಾನು ಮನೇಗೆ ಬಂದು ಬಹ್ಳ ಹೊತ್ತಾಯ್ತು. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕೂಗಿ ಮಾತ್ನಾಡ್ಸೋಣ. ಈಗ ಅವಳೀನು ಎಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಾಳೋ. ಅಡುಗೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೊ–ಇಲ್ಲಾ ಆ ಕುಪ್ಪೆತೊಟ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲೋ ಅಂತೂ ಎಲ್ಲೋ ಒಂದುಕಡೆ ಇದ್ದಾಳೆ.....ನಂಜಾ....ನಂಜಾ....(ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವನು)

(ವೇಣು ಪೇಪರ್ ಓದುತ್ತಾ ಇರುವನು. ನಂಜಿ ಒಂದು ಮೊರದಲ್ಲಿ ತರಕಾರಿ ಚಾಕುಗಳೊಡನೆ ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿ ಅವನ್ನು ಮೇಜಿನಮೇಲೆ ಇಡುವಳು. ಕೆದರಿದ ತಲೆ ಒರಟಾದ ಅಲಂಕಾರ)

ನಂಜಿ :— ಓ–ಬಂದೇ! ಬಂದೇ! (ವೇಣುವಿನ ರೆಟ್ಟೆ ಹಿಡಿದು ಅಲ್ಲಾಡಿಸುವಳು)

ವೇಣು :— ಓಹೋ–ನಂಜಾ! ಬಂದೆಯಾ (ಮೇಜನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ) ಛೀ! ಛೀ!! nonsense. ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ–ಎಲ್ಲಾದ್ರೂ ಆ ಮೋರೀಲಿ ಹಾಕಿ-ಬಾ!

ನಂಜಿ :— ಆ ಹಾಹಾಹಾಹಾ! ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಚರಂಡಿಗೆ ಬಿಸಾಡಿಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬಂದು ನಾನೂ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜತೇಲಿ ಕೂತುಕೊಂಡರೆ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹೊಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಉಪವಾಸ. ತಿಳೀತೇ. ನಾನೇನು ಬೇಕಾದ್ರೆ ಒಂದುದಿವಸ ಉಪವಾಸ ಬೇಕಾದ್ರೂ ಮಾಡಿಬಿಡ್ತೀನೆ. ನಿಮ್ಮಪಾಡು ಹೇಳಿ.

ವೇಣು :— Mind your business. ನಿನಗೇಕೆ ಆ ವಿಚಾರವೆಲ್ಲಾ. ನಾನು ಅದಲ್ಲಾ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು. ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಳಗಡೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾದ್ರೂ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಇಟ್ಟುಬಾ ಜಾಗ್ರತೆ. ನಿನಗೆ ಒಂದು ವಿಚಾರ ಹೇಳ್ತೀನಿ. (ಹೋಗುವಳು. ವೇಣು ಹಾಗೇ ಕುರ್ಚಿಯಮೇಲೆ ಒರಗಿ ನಿದ್ರೆಹೋಗುವನು).

ನಂಜಿ :— (ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿ) ಅಲ್ಲಾಂದ್ರೇ ಯಾಕ್ರೀ ನನ್ನ ಕೂಗಿದ್ದು. (ವೇಣು ನಿದ್ರೆ ಮಾಡುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ) ಅಲ್ರೀ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೂಗಿಬಿಟ್ಟು ನಿದ್ರೆಮಾಡ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೀರಲ್ಲಾ. (ವೇಣು ಎದ್ದು)

ವೇಣು :— ಅಲ್ಲಾ ಬಂದೆಯಾ ನೋಡು ನಂಜೀ....ನೀನು ಮೊದಲು ಈ ಕುರ್ಚಿಮೇಲೆ ಕುಳಿತುಕೋ. (ಕುರ್ಚಿಯನ್ನು ನಂಜಿ ಹಿಂದುಮುಂದು ಮಾಡಿನೋಡಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳದೆ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ನೆಲದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವಳು)

ನಂಜಿ :— ಇದೇಸರಿ ಈ ನೆಲವೇ ಸಾಕು ನನಗೆ (ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವಳು)

ವೇಣು :— (ಕುರ್ಚಿಯನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿರಿಸಿ) ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೋ ಹೀಗೆ (ಕೂರಿಸುವನು) ಆ–ಸರಿ ನೋಡು ನಿನಗೆ ನಾನು ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿರಲಿಲ್ಲವೇ.

ನಂಜಿ :— ಹೂಂ! ಹೂ!! ನನಗೆ ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಕಲಿಯೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಬಲುಆಸೇಂದ್ರೆ ನಿನ್ನೆ–ನೀವು A. B. ಕಲಿಸಿದ್ರಿ ಈವತ್ತು ಯಾವುದು!

ವೇಣು :— ಭೇಷ್! Very clever. ನೋಡು ಮುಂದಿನ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು C. D.

ನಂಜಿ :— C. ಟ್....ಟ್....ಟಿ. C. T.

ವೇಣು :— ಛೀ. C. D. ಅಂದ್ರೆ C. T. ಅಂತಾಳೆ. C. T. ನೂ ಅಲ್ಲ ಚೀಟೀನೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. C. D. ಅಂತ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೇಳು.

ನಂಜಿ :— C. D. ಆ ಓಹೋ ಮುಂದಿನ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು E. ಹೆಪ್ ಅಲ್ವೇ.

ವೇಣು :— ಹೆಪ್ ಅಂತೆ ಹೆಪ್ ನೀನೊಂದು ಬೆಪ್ಪು. ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಈ civilized world ನಲ್ಲೂ ಸಹ ಈ ಹೆಂಗಸರಿಗೆ ಅಕ್ಷರಜ್ಞಾನವೇ ಇಲ್ವಲ್ಲಾ. ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಇವಳಹತ್ತಿರ ಈ ಜ್ಞಾನ 10 ಅಡಿ ದೂರ ದಲ್ಲೇ full-stop. ಅಯ್ಯೋ ನಾನೇಕೆ ಇವಳನ್ನು ಮದ್ವೆ ಆದ್ನೋ.....

ನಂಜಿ :— ಅಲ್ಲಾಂದ್ರೆ ನಾನು ಒಂದೇ ಒಂದು ತಪ್ಪುಮಾಡಿದರೇ ಹೀಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ತಿನ್ನೋಹಾಗೆ ಆಡ್ತೀರಲ್ಲಾ. ನೀವೇನು ಒಂದು ತಪ್ಪುಮಾಡ್ದೆ ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಕಲ್ತುಕೊಂಡ್ರೋ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಹವಾಸ ಸಾಕು. ನಾನು ಈ ಮನೇಲಿ ಇರೋದೇ ಸರಿಯಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ನಮ್ಮಪ್ಪನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗ್ತೀನಿ. ನನ್ನ ಕಳಿಸಿಬಿಡಿ. (ದೂರಹೋಗಿ–ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ನಿಲ್ಲುವಳು)

ವೇಣು :— ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಹುಚ್ಚಿ ಇದೇ ನೋಡು. "ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಪ್ರಳಯಾಂತಕಃ" ಅನ್ನೋದು ಏನಾದ್ರೂ ಒಂದು ಮಾತಂದ್ರೆ ಸಾಕು. ಮಿಂಚು ಗುಡುಗು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗಿ ಮಳೆಹೊಯ್ದು–ತುಂಗಭದ್ರಾ ನದಿ ಹರಿಯೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗಿಬಿಡುತ್ತೆ. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡು ನೀನೇನಾದ್ರೂ ಈ ಅಕ್ಷರಾನಾ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿಬಿಟ್ರೆ ನಿನಗೊಂದು ಹೊಸ ಸೀರೆ—ತಿಳಿಯಿತೋ....

ನಂಜಿ :— (ಹತ್ತಿರಬಂದು) ಹಾಗಾದ್ರೆ ನನಗೆ ಒಂದು ಕೆಂಪು ಸೀರೆ ತಂದುಕೊಡಿ. ನೋಡಿ ನಮ್ಮಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆ ಹುಡಿಗಿ ಸುತೀಲಾ ಅಂಥಾ ಸೀರೆ ಉಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಅದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತೆ.

ವೇಣು :— ನಿಜ! ನಿಜ. ನೀನೇನಾದ್ರೂ ಆ ಕೆಂಪು ಸೀರೆ ಉಟ್ಕೊಂಡ್ರೆ ಒಂದು ದಪ್ಪ ಇದ್ದಲು ಅರ್ಧಭಾಗ ಹತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಕೆಂಪಗೆ ಉರಿಯೋಹಾಗೆ ಕಾಣುತ್ತೆ. ಅರ್ಧಕಪ್ಪು, ಅರ್ಧಕೆಂಪು. Just like a Jack o' lantern. ಒಳ್ಳೇ ಕೊಳ್ಳಿದೆವ್ವ ಇದ್ದಹಾಗೆ ಇರುತ್ತೆ ನೋಡು.

ನಂಜಿ :— ಹೂ! ಅಯ್ಯೋ! ಅಮ್ಮಾ! ಈ ಮನೇಲಿ ನಾನು ಏನು ಹೇಳಿದ್ರೂ ತಪ್ಪಾಗುತ್ತೆ. ಯಾವಾಗ ನೋಡ್ಲಿ—ನಿನಗೆ ಓದೋಕೆಬರೊಲ್ಲ—ನೀನು ನೋಡೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ಇರೋದೇನೇ? ನಾನೇನಾದ್ರೂ ಹೀಗೇ ಹುಟ್ಬೇಕು ಅಂತಾ ಇದ್ನೆ? ಅದು ನನ್ನತಪ್ಪೆ? ಈ ಮನೇಲಿ ಯಾವಾಗ್ಲೂ ಇದೇ ಗೋಳು. ಇನ್ನು ನಾನೇಕೆ ಇರಬೇಕು ಈ ಮನೇಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಅಪ್ಪನಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗ್ತೀನಿ. ನನ್ನನ್ನ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿಬಿಡಿ.

ವೇಣು :— ಷ್....ಹಾಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹೇಳ್ಬಾರದೂ ನನ್‌ಚಿನ್ನಾ. ನಾನೇನು ನಿನ್ನನ್ನ ಅಲ್ಲಗಳೆಯೋಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಏಕೆ ಹೀಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹೇಳ್ತೀನಿ ಗೊತ್ತೆ. ನಿನ್ನಮೇಲಿನ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ತಿಳೀತೇ ?

ನಂಜಿ :— ಅದೇನೋ! ನನಗೊಂದೂ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನ ನಮ್ಮ ಅಪ್ಪನಮನೆಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿಬಿಡಿ. (ಅಳುವಳು)

ವೇಣು :— ನೋಡು—ನಂಜೂ! ನಿನಗೆ ಈ ಪೇಪರ್ ಓದಬೇಕೂ ಅಂತ ಆಸೆ ಇಲ್ವೆ? ಈ ಪೇಪರ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಅನೇಕ ಜನರ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ನಂಜಿ :— ಹಾ! ಹಾಗೇನೂ. ಹಾಗಾದರೆ—ನಮ್ಮ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೇಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿರೋ ಮಗು ಗಂಡೋ ಹೆಣ್ಣೋ ಓದಿ ಹೇಳಿ. ಈ ಪೇಪರ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದಾರೇನೋ....(ಬಗ್ಗಿ ಪೇಪರನ್ನು ನೋಡುವಳು)

ವೇಣು :— ಅಲ್ವೇ ಹುಚ್ಚಿ. ಇಂಥಾ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ—ಈ ನ್ಯೂಸ್‌ಪೇಪರ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಕ್ತಾರೇನೇ. ಇದೇನು ಗೃಹಕೃತ್ಯದ Notice Board ಏ!

ನಂಜಿ :— ಹೋಗ್ಲಿಬಿಡಿ. ಅದಿಲ್ವೇ ಇದ್ರೆ ಹೋಗ್ಲಿ. ನಮ್ಮ ತೌರುಮನೇಲಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಹಸು ಎಷ್ಟು ಸೇರು ಹಾಲು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತೋ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಓದಿ ಹೇಳಿ.

ವೇಣು :— Foolish! ಪುನಃ ಕಲಿತ ಬುದ್ಧೀನೇ ಖರ್ಚುಮಾಡ್ತಿ. ಇದು ನಿನ್ನ ಹುಟ್ಟುಗುಣ ಇರಬೇಕು. ಅಲ್ಲಾ ಪೇಪರ್‌ಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಲೋಕ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧರಾಗಿರೋ ಮಹಾತ್ಮಗಾಂಧಿ, ನೆಹರೂ, ಟಾಗೋರ್, ಚರ್ಚಿಲ್, ಕ್ರಿಪ್ಸ್—ಇಂಥಾವರ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮನೆ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕಾ ಗುತ್ತದೆಯೇ.

ನಂಜಿ :— ಅಯ್ಯೋ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಗಾಂಧಿ—ಬೂಂದಿ, ಚರ್ಚಿಲ್—ಪರ್ಚಿಲ್ ಇವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು? ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಇವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಯಾರವ್ವಾ? ಈ ಹೆಸರು ಕೇಳ್ದೆ ನನಗೆ ತಲೆನೋವು ಬರುತ್ತೆ. ಇವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಮಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ, ಗುರುತಿಲ್ಲ. ಇವರ ವಿಚಾರ ನಮಗೇಕೆ.

ವೇಣು :—ಓಹೋ! ಹಾಗೋ! ಸರಿ! (ಗಡಿಯಾರದಕಡೆ ನೋಡಿ) ಓಹೋ ಮರೆತಿದ್ದೆ. ಈದಿನ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ 4 ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಡಿಸ್ಟ್ರಿಕ್ಟ್ ಜಡ್ಜ್‌ರವರು ಗಾರ್ಡನ್‌ಪಾರ್ಟಿ ಏರ್ಪಡಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನನಗೂ ಬರ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈಗಾಗಲೇ 3½ ಘಂಟೆ ಆಯಿತು. ನಾನು ಜಾಗ್ರತೆ ಡ್ರೆಸ್ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಬೇಕು. ನಾನು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿರೋ ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳನ್ನು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಲ್ತುಕೋ.

ನಂಜಿ :— ಅಯ್ಯಯ್ಯೋ ಇದೇನ್ರೀ. ನೀವು ಕಾಡಿಗೆ ಹೋಗ್ತೀರಾ? ಅದೂ ಕೈನಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ದೇ ಹೋಗ್ತೀರಲ್ಲಾ. ಕರಡಿ ಗಿರಡಿ ಬಂದರೆ ಏನುಗತಿ. ಈ ಕೋಲನ್ನಾದರೂ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡುಹೋಗಿ.

ವೇಣು :— ಅಬ್ಬಬ್ಬಾ! ಬಹಳಪ್ರೀತಿ ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಈ ಗಂಡನಿಗೆ! ಹಾಗೇ ಆಗ್ಲಿ. ಅಲ್ವೇ ಗಾರ್ಡನ್‌ಪಾರ್ಟಿ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಕಾಡಿಗೆ ಹೋಗ್ತೀರಾ ಅಂತೀಯಲ್ಲಾ! ಗಾರ್ಡನ್ ಅಂದ್ರೆ—ತೋಟ, ತಿಳೀತೇ. ನಾನು ಹೋಗೋದು ಕಾಡಿಗಲ್ಲ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ತೋಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗಿ ಕಾಲಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬರೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗ್ತೇನೆ. ತಿಳೀತೇ....ಏನೂ ಭಯ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ನಂಜಿ :— ಹಾ! ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನೂ ಜತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗ್ತೀರೇನೂಂದ್ರೆ.

ವೇಣು :— (ಸ್ವಗತ) ಓಹೋ. ಇವಳು ಈ ರೀತಿ ಮಾತನಾಡ್ತಾ ಇರೋದು ಇವಳ Service ನಲ್ಲೇ ಇದೇ first time. ನಂಜೂ: ಅಲ್ಲಾ ಕಣೇ: ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಪ್ಪ ಅಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ನಿನಗೆ ಹೆಸರಿಟ್ಟಾಗ ತಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಇತ್ತೋ ಇಲ್ವೋ ಹೇಳು. ನಿನಗೆ ಈ ನಂಜಿ ಅನ್ನೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಬದಲಾಗಿ, 'ಮಂಜುಳಾ' ಅಂತ ಕರೆದಿದ್ರೆ ಈಗ ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ನಂಜೀ ಅನ್ನೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಬದಲಾಗಿ ಬಾಯ್ತುಂಬ 'ಮಂಜೂ',

'ಮಂಜುಳಾ' ಅಂತಕರೆಯ ಬಹುದಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದದ್ದು ಆಗಿಹೋಯ್ತು. ಈಗ ನೀನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿಕೋ. ನೋಡು ಆ ಗುಲಾಬಿ ಬಣ್ಣದಸೀರೆ ಉಟ್ಟುಕೋ. ಒಡವೆಗಳನ್ನು ಧಾರಾಳವಾಗಿ ಹಾಕಿಕೋ (ವೇಣು ಹೋಗುವನು)

ನಂಜಿ :— (ಕುಂಕುಮವನ್ನು ಮುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಬಳಿದು, ಪೌಡರಿನ ಬೊಟ್ಟನ್ನಿಟ್ಟು, ತಲೆಕೂದಲನ್ನು ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಗಂಟುಹಾಕಿ—ಎಡಗಾಲಿನ ಎಕ್ಕಡವನ್ನು ಬಲಗಾಲಿಗೂ, ಬಲಗಾಲಿನದನ್ನು ಎಡಗಾಲಿಗೂ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಳು ವೇಣು ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸುವನು).

ವೇಣು :— (ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿ) ಓಹೋಹೋ ಇದೇನೇ ನೀನು ಮಾಡ್ತಾ ಇರೋದು?

ನಂಜಿ :— ಏನ್ಮಾಡ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೀನಿ! ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಳ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೀನೀ. ಇದು ನಿಮಗೆ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಇಲ್ವೇ.

ವೇಣು :— ಇದೇನೇ ನೀನು ಮುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಬಳಿದು ಕೊಂಡಿರುವುದು? ಈ ಬೊಟ್ಟು ಏನು?

ನಂಜಿ :— ಪೌಡರು. ಬೊಟ್ಟು ಕುಂಕುಮದ ಬೊಟ್ಟು.

ವೇಣು :— ಭೇಷ್ ಮುಖಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕುಂಕುಮ ಬಳಿದುಕೊಂಡು, ಪೌಡರಿನ ಬೊಟ್ಟು ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೀಯಲ್ಲೇ. ಈ ಸೀರೇನೋ ಯದ್ವಾತದ್ವಾ ಉಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೀಯಾ; ಎಡಗಾಲಿನ ಎಕ್ಕಡ ಬಲಗಾಲಿಗೆ ಬಲಗಾಲಿನದು ಎಡಗಾಲಿಗೆ.

ನಂಜಿ :— (ವೇಣು ಹೇಳಿದಂತೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಂದೊಂದಾಗಿ ಸರಿಪಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಳು)

ವೇಣು :— ಆ! ಈಗನೋಡು. ನೀನು 'ನಂಜಿ' ಅಲ್ಲಾ—"ನನ್‌ಚಿನ್ನಾ" ತಿಳಿಯಿತೇ? ನೋಡು ಈಗ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ನೀನು ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ನಾವಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಯಜಮಾನ್ರು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಎದುರುಗೊಳ್ಳುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಕೈಯನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆಗ ನೀನೂ ಸಹ ಕೈಯನ್ನು ಮುಂದಕ್ಕೆ ನೀಡಿ ಅವರ ಕೈಹಿಡಿದು ಕುಲುಕಬೇಕು. ತಿಳಿಯಿತೋ ?

ನಂಜಿ :— ಅಯ್ಯಯ್ಯೋ ನಾನು ಬೇರೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬರೊಲ್ಲ. ಈ ಕೆಲಸ ನನ್ನಿಂದ ಆಗೋದಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಬೇರೆಯವರ ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿಯೋಲ್ಲ.

ವೇಣು :— ಅಲ್ಲಾ. ಇದಕ್ಕೇ ಇಷ್ಟು ಹೆದರಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ಏನ್ಮಾಡೋದು? ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೇ ಇರ್ತೀನಲ್ಲೇ. ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನಕೈ ಈಕಡೆ ನೀಡು. ನಾನು ಹೇಗೆ ಕೈ ಕುಲುಕಬೇಕು ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಿಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ.

ನಂಜಿ :— (ಹೆದರಿಕೆ—ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಕೈ ನೀಡುವಳು ವೇಣು ಕೈ ಕುಲುಕುವನು)
ಅಯ್ಯೋ! ಅಯ್ಯಯ್ಯೋ! ಹೋಯ್ತು ನನ್ನ ಕೈ ಹೋಯ್ತು. ಇದೇನ್ರೀ ನನ್ನಮೇಲೆ ನಿಮಗೆ ಕೋಪ, ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಕಿಚ್ಚು ಇದ್ರೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಕೈಹಿಡಿದು ಹಿಂಡಿಬಿಡೋದೇ. ನನ್ನ ಗೋಳು ಹುಯ್ಕೋತೀರಲ್ಲಾ, ಇದಕ್ಕೇನೇ ನೀವು ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಆಟಕಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು.

ವೇಣು :— ಅಲ್ಲಾ ಚಿನ್ನಾ. ಇಷ್ಟು ಬಲವಾಗಿ ಅವರು ಕೈ ಕುಲುಕೋದಿಲ್ಲಾ. ನೀನೂಸಹ ಅಷ್ಟು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಕೈ ಕುಲುಕಬೇಡ. ತಿಳಿಯಿತೋ? ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನೊಂದುಸಾರಿ ಕೈನೀಡು (ನಂಜಿ ಕೈನೀಡುವಳು; ವೇಣು ಕೈಕುಲುಕಿ) ಆ ರೈಟ್! ಈಗ ನನ್ನ ಚಿನ್ನ ಕಲಿತುಕೊಂಡಳು. ನೋಡು ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸಹ ಹೀಗೇ ಕೈ ಕುಲುಕಬೇಕು. ನಡೆ ಇನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತಾಗುತ್ತೆ ಹೋಗೋಣ.

L. S. School,
Mariapura.

ರಾಮು ಬೇಸ್ತು. Dupe.

ರಾಮು ನನಗೆ ಹತ್ತಿರದ ಸಂಬಂಧ. ಅವನು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು, ಓದಿದ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರು ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರು ಎಂದು ಹಾಸ್ಯಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ನನಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ರೇಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಇನ್ನೂ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಚರ್ಯ ದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದ. ಅನೇಕ ಕನ್ಯಾಪಿತೃಗಳು ಬಂದು ನಿರಾಶರಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನಾನೊಂದುದಿನ ಹೇಳಿದೆ "ಏನು ರಾಮು, ಯಾವ ತರಹ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಬೇಕು? ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಎಷ್ಟುದಿನ ಈರೀತಿ ಇರುತ್ತೀ" ಎಂದೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವನು "ಏನೋಮ್ಮ ಈಗ ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಓದಿದ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರು; Graduate ಗಳಂತು ಕಾಸಿಗೊಂದು ಕೊಸರಿಗೆರಡು. ಆದರೆ ಅವರನ್ನು ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಅನಾನುಕೂಲ. ನನಗೆ ಒಂದು ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದರೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ತೀನೆ" ಎಂದ. ನನಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ರೇಗಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಓದಿದವರನ್ನು, ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ graduate ಗಳನ್ನು ಅಷ್ಟು ಅಲ್ಲಗಳೆದನಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂದು. ಅದರ ಫಲ ಅವನಿಗೇ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗುತ್ತೆ, ಅಂತ ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದೆ. "ಸರಿಯಪ್ಪ ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ತ್ಯಾಮಗುಂಡ್ಲು ಶ್ಯಾನುಭೋಗರ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಕೊ" ಎಂದೆ. ಅವನು graduate ಮತ್ತು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ. ಈ ತರಹದ ಇವನ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ನೋಡಿ ತುಂಬಾ ಬೇಸರವಾಯ್ತು. ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ಕೈಲಾದಷ್ಟು ಜಗಳವಾಡಿದೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿ ಬಂದು ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಮಾಡಿದರು.

ಇವತ್ತು Post ಬಂತು. ನೋಡಿದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ರಾಮು ಲಗ್ನಪತ್ರಿಕೆ. ಹುಡುಗಿ ಅವನ ಇಚ್ಛೆಯಂತೆ ಕುಂಬಳಗೂಡು ಗ್ರಾಮದ ಶಾನುಭೋಗರ ಮಗಳು ವೆಂಕಟಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ. ರಾಮುವಿನ ಮನೆಯವರಿಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೊನೇಪಕ್ಷ ಹುಡುಗಿಗೆ S.S.L.C. ನಾದರೂ ಆಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಸಾಕು ಅಂತ. ಆದರೆ ಅವನ ಇಷ್ಟ ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನೂ ನಿರಾಶರನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿತು.

ನಾವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮದುವೆಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದೆವು. ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಎಂದರೆ ಮುಕ್ಕಾಲುಪಾಲು ಹಳ್ಳಿ; ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ L.S. fail ಆಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಮಾತಾಡುವಾಗ ಒಂದೊಂದು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಪದ ಸೇರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಅದೂ ಸಹ ಯಾರ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿಯೋ ಹೇಳಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡಂತಿತ್ತು. Sister-in-law ಎನ್ನುವ ಪದ Sister law ಆಗಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆ ಹೊಂದಿತ್ತು. ಹೀಗೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನಮಗೆ ನಗು ಬರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ನಮ್ಮ ರಾಮು ಹೆಂಡತಿಗೆ watch ಕೊಟ್ಟ. ಹದಿನಾರು ಬಳೆಯ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಯಾರೋ ಅವಳ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು "ಲೇ ವೆಂಕಚ್ಚಿ, ನಿನ್ನ ಗಂಡ ಕೊಟ್ಟರೇನೆ ಗಡಿಯಾರ? ಎಷ್ಟು ರೂಪಾಯೇ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದರು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವಳು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಿನಲ್ಲಿ "ಹಂಡ್ರಡನ್ ಟೆನ್ (110)" ಎಂದಳು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವರು "ಹಾಗೆಂದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟೇ?" ಎಂದರು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಉತ್ತರ "ಅದೇ 130 ರೂ." ಎಂದಳು; ಅದೂ ರಾಮು ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಇದ್ದಾಗ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಅವನ ಮುಖ ಹರಳೆಣ್ಣೆ ಕುಡಿದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಪಾಪ! ಏನು ಮಾಡೋದು. ಇದೇ ತರಹ ಅನೇಕ ಸಂಗತಿಗಳು ನಡೆದುವು. ಇಷ್ಟಾದ್ರು ಅವನ ಒಣಜಂಭ ಬಿಡ್ಲೆ ಇಲ್ಲ. ನಾನಂತು ಏನಾದರೂ ಸಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತೇ ಅಂತ ಕಾದಿದ್ದೆ. ಅದೂ ಹೇಳ್ಬಿಡ್ತೀನಿ ಕೇಳಿ. ನಗು ಬಂದರೆ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ನಕ್ಕುಬಿಡಿ.

ವೆಂಕಟಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದಳು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಜಂಭ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಓದಿದವರಂತೆ ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಸಾಮಗ್ರಿಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ನಾಟ್ಯ ಸಂಗೀತ ಯಾವುದಕ್ಕೂ ಖರ್ಚಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ. ಒಂದುದಿನ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಸಿನಿಮಾಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕೆನಿಸಿತು ಹೆಂಡತಿಯನ್ನು ಕರೆದ. ಅವಳು "ಹೇಗ್ರಿ ನಿಮ್ಮಕೂಡ ಬರೋದು? ಥೂ! ಇನ್ನೂ ನಾನು ಬಂದು ಒಂದು ತಿಂಗಳಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ನೋಡಿದವರು ಏನನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ" ಎಂದಳು. ರಾಮುವಿಗೆ ಕೋಪ ಬಂತು. ಬಂದೇ ಬರಬೇಕು ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿ ಕರ್ಕೊಂಡು "Samson & Deliahla" ಎನ್ನುವ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಚಿತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದ. ಮೊದಲು ಒಂದೆರಡು ಸೀನ್ ಆದಮೇಲೆ ಜೋರಾಗಿ "ಏಳ್ರಿ ಹೋಗೋಣ. ಇದೇನು ಇವರು ಹೀಗಾಡ್ತಾರೆ. ನಾಚಿಕೆ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಮೇಲೆ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೀಳ್ತಾರೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೇ ನಾನು ಬರೋಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು. ಅನ್ಯಾಯ,



Science Students—Senior Intermediate—CBZ : March 1953

This group secured 63% Full Passes with 1 First class and II Second.

STUDENTS WIN DISTINCTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE



Senior B.A. Students—1953

This group secured 5 First Classes, 18 Second Classes and 10 "Ranks"
Devaki Sreenivasan (9th to Rt. of photo. Second row) was awarded the Alamelammal H. Ramanuja Iyengar Gold Medal for highest total marks—B.A. degree Examination and the Weir Memorial Gold Medal for Optional English.

ಕಾಸು ದಂಡ" ಅಂತ ಒಂದೇ ಉಸಿರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಿರಿಚಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ರಾಮುವಿಗೆ ವಿಪರೀತ ಕೋಪ ಬಂತು. ಅವಮಾನ ಆಯಿತು. ಅಳುವುದೊಂದೆ ಬಾಕಿ. ರಾಮು "ಸಾಕು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿರೆ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಎದ್ದುಬಂದ. ಈ ಅನುಭವ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ, "ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಓದಿದವಳಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ" ಎಂಬ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ಬಂದರೂ ಅದನ್ನು ತೋರ್ಪಡಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಷ್ಟಾದರೂ ಜಟ್ಟಿಜಾರಿಬಿದ್ದರೂ.....ಮಣ್ಣಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ. ನಮಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ತುಂಬ ನಗು ಬಂದರೆ ದಬಾಯಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಅವನ ಅನುಭವ ಹೇಳ್ತೀನೆ. ಒಂದು ದಿವಸ ಬಲವಂತವಾಗಿ ಹೆಂಡತೀನ ಯಾರೋ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರ ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿದ್ದ. ಮುಂಚೆಯೇ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದ, "ಲೇ ನಾನು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಇವಳೇ ನನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತೀ ಅಂತೇನೆ. ಆಗ ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳು" ಅಂತ. ಹಾಗೇ ಆಗಲಿ ಅಂತ ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡಳು. ಅವನ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮದುವೆಯ ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನುಟ್ಟು ವಿಪರೀತ ಹೂ ಮುಡಿದು ಹೊರಟಳು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋದರು.

ರಾಮುವಿನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ಕಿಟ್ಟ ಅವರನ್ನು ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋದ. ಮೇಲೆ ಹೇಳಿದಂತೆ ಹೆಂಡತಿಗೆ "ಇವರು ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು" ಎಂದು ಅವನು ಮರು ಮಾತಾಡುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲೇ ಅವನು ಹೇಳಿದಂತೆ ಉದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದು ನೋಡಿ ರಾಮುವಿಗೆ ವಿಪರೀತ ಅವಮಾನವಾಯಿತು. ಅವನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನಿಗೆ ನಗು. ಆದರೂ ತಡೆದು "ಏಳಿಯಮ್ಮ ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದ. ರಾಮು ಕೋಪ ತಡೀಲಾರದೆ "ನೀನೊಂದು ಮನುಷ್ಯಳೇ" ಎಂದ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವಳು "ನಾನು ಮೊದಲೇ ಹೊಡಕೊಂಡೆ ಬರುಲ್ಲಾ ಅಂತ" ಎಂದು ಅಳುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದಳು. ಅವನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ಕಿಟ್ಟ "ಹೋಗಲಿ ಬಿಡಯ್ಯ, ಪಾಪ ತಿಳಿಯದು" ಅಂದ.

ಅವತ್ತು ಅವನಿಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಬೇಜಾರಾಗಿ, ತನಗೆ ಓದಿದ ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದರೆ ಎಂದು ದುಃಖಪಟ್ಟ. ಓದಿದ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರನ್ನು ಅಂದುದಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆ.

ಮೊನ್ನೆ ಬಂದ ರಾಮು. ನಾನು "ಏನೂ ರಾಮು ಸಮಾಚಾರ. ಹೇಗಿದ್ದಾಳಪ್ಪ ಹೆಂಡತಿ" ಅಂದೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ರಾಮು "ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಯಾಕವಳ ಸಮಾಚಾರ" ಅಂತ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿದ. ನಾನು ಆಮೇಲೆ ಇದೇ ಸಮಯ ಅಂತ "ಯಾಕಪ್ಪ ಓದಿದ ಹುಡುಗಿಯರನ್ನು ಅನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದಿಯಲ್ಲಪ್ಪ, ಕಾಸಿಗೊಂದು ಕೊಸರಿ ಗೆರಡು ಅಂತ" ಅಂದೆ. ಅವನು ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದ. ನಾನು ಹೇಳಿದೆ "ಹಾಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಅನ್ನಬಾರದು. ಓದಿದಕ್ಷಣ ಯಾರೂ ಕೆಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಹುಚ್ಚು ಅಲಂಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲ್ಲ. ಓದಿದವರು ಎಷ್ಟು ವಿಷಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಹಾಯವಾಗುತ್ತಾರೆ".

ರಾಮು "ತಪ್ಪಾಯಿತು. ನನ್ನನ್ನು Excuse ಮಾಡಪ್ಪ. ಈಗ ಅನುಭವ ಆಯಿತು. ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಬಂತು". ಅವನ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆ ನೋಡಿ ನಮಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಯಿತು.

ಈಗ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ಅವಳು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸರಿಹೋಗಿದ್ದಾಳೆ.
ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಓದಿದ ಕಾಲೇಜು ಹುಡುಗಿಯರನ್ನು ಹಾಸ್ಯ ಮಾಡಬೇಡಿ.

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ಅನಾಥೆ

ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಹೋಟೆಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಿದ್ದ ಕೆಲವು ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ಎಂಡೊಲಿನ್ನನು ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಮಾತನಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದನು. "ನಾನು ನಿಮಗೆ ಒಂದು ರೋಮಾಂಚಕಾರಕವಾದ, ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸ್ ದೇಶದ ಯುದ್ಧದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದ ಕಥೆಯನ್ನು ಹೇಳುವೆನು" ಎಂದು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿ, ಕೇಳಲು ಕುತೂಹಲರಾಗಿದ್ದ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರಿಗೆ ಈ ರೀತಿ ವಿವರಿಸಿದನು.

"ನಿಮಗೆ ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸ್ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ವಂತಮನೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿರಬಹುದು. ನಾನು, ಶತ್ರುಗಳು ನಮ್ಮ ಮೇಲೆ ಮುತ್ತಿಗೆ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದಾಗ, ಆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ವಾಸಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬಳು ಹೆಂಗಸು ವಾಸವಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಅವಳು ತನಗೆ ಒದಗಿದ ಕಷ್ಟಪರಂಪರೆಗಳಿಂದ ಹುಚ್ಚಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಏಳನೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ತಂದೆಯನ್ನೂ, ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನೆಯ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗಂಡನನ್ನೂ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಅಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೇ ಅವಳ ಕಷ್ಟ ನಿಲ್ಲಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಮಗುವನ್ನೂ ಸಹ ಗಂಡನು ಸತ್ತ ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲೇ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡಳು. ಮೃತ್ಯುವು ಒಂದುಸಲ ಒಂದು ಮನೆಯೊಳಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲಿಟ್ಟರೆಕೂಡಲೇ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದೇರೀತಿ ಮೂವರನ್ನೂ ಬಲಿ ತೆಗೆದುಕ್ಕೊಂಡ ನಂತರವೇ ಮೃತ್ಯುವು ದೂರ ಸರಿಯಿತು. ಆಹೆಂಗಸು ದುಃಖದಿಂದ ಕುಂದಿ ಹೋಗಿ ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಹಿಡಿದಳು. ಅವಳು ಆರು ತಿಂಗಳವರೆಗೆ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಏಳದೆ ಇದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಇದೇ ವ್ಯಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಳಿತು. ಅವಳು ಮಾತಾಡುವುದನ್ನೇ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿದಳು. ಊಟಮಾಡುವಾಗ ಕೂಡ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಿಂದೇಳದೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದಲೇ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದು ಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಿಂದ ಎಬ್ಬಿಸಲು ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದರೆ, ಯಾರೋ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೊಲ್ಲಲು ಬರುತ್ತಿರುವರೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಕೂಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಯಾರೂ ಅವಳನ್ನು ತೊಂದರೆ ಪಡಿಸದೆ, ಬಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ಬದಲಾಯಿಸುವಾಗ ಮಾತ್ರ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಿಂದ ಎಬ್ಬಿಸಿ, ಮಿಕ್ಕ ಸಮಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಮಲಗಿರಲು ಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಒಬ್ಬ ಹಳೆಯ ಸೇವಕನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಅವಳೊಡನೆಯೇ ನಿಂತು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಏನಿದ್ದಿತೋ? ಒಂದುಸಲವಾದರೂ ಅವಳು ಬಾಯಿ ಬಿಡುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವಳು ಸತ್ತವರನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಅನುತಾಪ ಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳೋ, ಇಲ್ಲ ಯಾವುದನ್ನಾದರೂ ಕುರಿತು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳೋ ಒಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ತಿಳಿಯದು. ಅದು ಹೇಗೋ, ಏನೋ. ಅಂತೂ, ಹದಿನೈದು ವರ್ಷಗಳು ಅವಳು ಹೀಗೆ ಮೌನಿಯಾಗಿಯೇ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಲಗಿದ್ದಳು.

ಯುದ್ಧವು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ಡಿಸೆಂಬರಿನ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಜರ್ಮನರು ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸ್‌ಗೆ ಬಂದರು. ನನಗೆ ಆ ಸಂಭವವು ನೆನ್ನೆ ನಡೆದಂತೆ ತೋರುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಆಗ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಗಾಳಿ ಬೀಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ನನಗೆ ಯಾವುದೋ ಖಾಯಿಲೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ನಾನು ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಆರಾಮ ಕುರ್ಚಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೆ. ಕೆಲವು ಸೈನಿಕರು ನನ್ನ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ದಾಟಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋದರು. ಸೈನಿಕರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಹದಿನೈದು, ಹದಿನೈದು ಜನರಾಗಿ ಭಾಗ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಭಾಗವೂ ಒಬ್ಬೊಬ್ಬರ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಂಗುವಂತೆ ಏರ್ಪಾಡಾಗಿತ್ತು. ನನ್ನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೂ, ಮತ್ತು ನನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯಾದ ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸಿನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೂ ಸಹ ಈರೀತಿ ಸೈನಿಕರು ತಂಗಿದ್ದರು.

ಮೊದಲ ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳು ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿಯೇ ಕಳೆದುವು. ನನ್ನ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಂಗಿದ್ದ ಆ ಸೈನಿಕರು ಮನೆಯ ಯಜಮಾನಿಗೆ ಮೈ ಸರಿಯಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಕೇಳಿ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸನ್ನು ಒಂದು ಸಲವೂ ನೋಡದೆ ಇದ್ದುದರಿಂದ, ಅವಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಬೇಕೆಂಬ ತವಕವು ಅವರಲ್ಲುಂಟಾಯಿತು. ಅವರು ಆ ಸೇವಕನಿಂದ ಅವಳು ಹದಿನೈದು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟೆಳ್ಳವೆಂದೂ, ಅದರ ಕಾರಣವನ್ನೂ ಅರಿತರು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಸೈನಿಕರು ಅದನ್ನು ನಂಬಲು ಸಿದ್ಧರಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಂದುವೇಳೆ ಅವಳು ಗರ್ವದಿಂದ ಸೈನಿಕರೊಡನೆ ಮಾತನಾಡದಿರುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹಾಗೆ ನಟಿಸುತ್ತಿರಬೇಕೆಂದು ಕೊಂಡರು.

ಸೈನ್ಯಾಧಿಕಾರಿಯು ಅವಳಿದ್ದ ಕೊಠಡಿಯ ಬಳಿಹೋಗಿ, ಅವಳನ್ನು ಹೊರಗೆ ಬರಬೇಕೆಂದೂ, ತಾವೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಅವಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ತವಕದಿಂದಿರುವುದಾಗಿಯೂ ತಿಳಿಸಿದನು. ಆದರೆ ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣು

ಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಒಂದುಸಲ ಅವನಕಡೆ ಹೊರಳಿಸಿ ಮಾತನಾಡದೆ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದಳು. ಪುನಃ ಸೈನ್ಯಾಧಿಕಾರಿಯು ಮುಂದು ವರಿಸಿದನು. "ನೀನು ನನ್ನಮಾತಿಗೆ ಬೆಲೆಕೊಟ್ಟು ಏಳದಿದ್ದರೆ ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ಎಬ್ಬಿಸುವ ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಕೈಕೊಳ್ಳುವೆನು" ಎಂದನು.

ಆದರೆ ಅವಳು, ಸೈನ್ಯಾಧಿಕಾರಿಯ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ಕಿವಿ ಕೊಡದೆ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಮಲಗೇ ಇದ್ದಳು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಯು "ನೀನು ನಾಳೆ ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನದೊಳಗೆ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಇಳಿದು ಬರದಿದ್ದರೆ....." ಎಂಬುದಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿ ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಹೊರಟುಹೋದನು.

ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಆ ಸೇವಕನು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಉಡುಪು ತೊಡಿಸಲು ಹೋದಾಗ ಅವಳು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಕೂಗಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದಳು. ಆ ಕೂಗನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಸೈನ್ಯಾಧಿಕಾರಿಯು ಮೇಲೆಬಂದಾಗ ಆ ಸೇವಕನು ಅವನ ಬಳಿ ದೈನ್ಯದಿಂದ "ಅವಳು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಿ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹಳವಾಗಿ ಬೇಸರಪಟ್ಟ ವಳವಳು" ಎಂದು ಮೊರೆಯಿಟ್ಟನು.

ಆದರೆ ಕೋಪದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಗೆ ಆ ಸೇವಕನ ದೀನ ನುಡಿಗಳು ಕಿವಿಗೆ ಬೀಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನು ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ನಕ್ಕು, ಜರ್ಮನ್ ಭಾಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೋ ಹೇಳಿದನು. ಕೂಡಲೇ ಕೆಲವು ಸೈನಿಕರು ಒಂದು ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತುಕೊಂಡು ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದರು. ಹಾಗೆ ಬಂದವರು ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸನ್ನು ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಎತ್ತಿ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋದರು. ಅವರ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಹೊರಟ ಆ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಯ ಬಾಯಿಂದ "ಈಗ ನೀನು ಅದುಹೇಗೆ ಎದ್ದು ಓಡಾಡದಿರುತ್ತೀಯೆ. ನೋಡುವೆ" ಎಂಬ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಕೇಳಿಬಂದುವು. ಈರೀತಿ ಹೋದ ಆ ಸೈನಿಕರು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸನ್ನುಳಿದು ಮಿಕ್ಕವರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ಬಂದರು. ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸೆಲ್ಲಿ? ಅವಳನ್ನು ಈ ಜರ್ಮನರು ಏನು ಮಾಡಿದರು? ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಬೇಸಿಗೆ ಕಾಲವು ಹೋಗಿ ಮಳೆಗಾಲವು ಬಂದಿತು. ಚಳಿಯೂ ಬಹಳವಾಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ನಾನು ಬೆಚ್ಚಗೆ ಹೊದ್ದು ಕುಳಿತು ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸಿನ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನೇ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಿಸಿ ಕಾಗದ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಒಂದೂ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಲ್ಲು ಬೆಳೆದು ಬೀಗ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದ ಮನೆಯಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಕೇಳುವವರಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಹಬ್ಬಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಸೇವಕನು ಸತ್ತು ಹೋಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಆ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ವಿಚಾರಿಸುವವರೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಯಿತು.

ಒಂದು ವರ್ಷದನಂತರ ನನಗೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದ ಖಾಯಿಲೆಯೆಲ್ಲವೂ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಗುಣವಾಗಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ನಾನು ಬೇಟೆಯಾಡಲು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿ ಕಾಡಿಗೆಹೋದೆ. ನಾನು ಸುಮಾರು ಮೂರು–ನಾಲ್ಕು ಪಕ್ಷಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂದಿರಬಹುದು. ಆಗ ಒಂದು ಪಕ್ಷಿಯು ನನ್ನ ಕೈಯಿಂದ ಜಾರಿ ಒಂದು ಹಳ್ಳದೊಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಿದ್ದಿತು. ನಾನು ಅದನ್ನು ತೆಗೆಯಲು ಬಗ್ಗಿದಾಗ ಅದರ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಅಸ್ಥಿ ಪಂಜರವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೆ. ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ ನನಗೆ ಆ ಹುಚ್ಚು ಹೆಂಗಸಿನ ಜ್ಞಾಪಕವು ಬಂದು ಮೈ ಜುವರಿತು. ಅನೇಕರು ಯುದ್ಧ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಆ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸತ್ತಿದ್ದರೂ, ನನಗೆ ಆ ದೇಹವು ಹೆಂಗಸಿನದೇ ಎಂದು ದೃಢವಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು.

ಕೂಡಲೇ ನಾನು ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಊಹಿಸಿದೆ. ಆ ಸೈನಿಕರು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಆಕೊರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಚಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗಿರಬೇಕು. ಆ ಹೆಂಗಸು ಅದೇರೀತಿ ಮಲಗಿದ್ದು ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಆ ಚಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಾಣಬಿಟ್ಟಿರಬೇಕು. ನರಿ ನಾಯಿಗಳು ಅವಳ ದೇಹವನ್ನು ಆಹಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಿಕ್ಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದವು. ಪಕ್ಷಿಗಳು ಅವಳ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಗೂಡುಕಟ್ಟಿ ವಾಸವಾಗಿದ್ದುವು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ನಾನು ಅವಳ ಮಿಕ್ಕಿದ್ದ ಎಲುಬುಗಳನ್ನುಮಾತ್ರ ನೋಡಿದೆ. ಈರೀತಿ ಹೇಳಿ ನಂತರ ಧೀರ್ಘವಾದ ನಿಟ್ಟುಸಿರನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಎಂಜೊಲಿನ್ನನು, "ನಾನು ದೇವರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸುವುದೇನೆಂದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಮಕ್ಕಳಾರೂ ಇಂತಹ ಯುದ್ಧವನ್ನು ನೋಡದಿರಲಿ, ಎಂಬುದೊಂದೇ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಎದ್ದನು. ಅವನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರೂಸಹ ಅವನನ್ನು ಮೌನವಾಗಿ ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿದರು.

(De Maupassant ರವರ "The Mad Woman" ಎಂಬುದರ ಅನುವಾದ.)

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ಜಂಭದ ರಂಗರಾಯ—The Proud Mr. Ranga Rao.

೧ನೆಯ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

(ರಂಗರಾಯರ ಮನೆ. ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಆರಾಮು ಕುರ್ಚಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿರುವಳು.)

ಹೆಂಡತಿ—ಏನಾಗಿದೆಯೋ ಏನೋ ರಾಮು ರಿಸಲ್ಟು. ಅವನೇನೋ ಬಹಳ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದೀ ನಮ್ಮ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದ. ಗೋಪು, ಅಂತಹ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತನೇ S.S.L.C. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡನೆಯ ಸಲ ಪಾಸ್ ಆದ. ಇನ್ನು ಇವನ ಹಣೆ ಬರಹ ಹೇಗಿದೆಯೋ ಏನೋ? ದೇವರ ದಯೆಯಿಂದ ಪಾಸಾದರೂ ಆದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಸಂತೋಷ.

(ರಾಮು ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಓಡೋಡಿ ಬರುವನು.)

ರಾಮು—ಅಪ್ಪಾ! ಅಪ್ಪಾ! ಎಲ್ಲಿರುವೆಯಪ್ಪಾ?

ತಾಯಿ—ಏನೋ ಮಗು? ಏಕೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಕೂಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀಯೆ? ಏನು ಸಮಾಚಾರ? ಏನು, ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಕುಣಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀಯಲ್ಲ?

ರಾಮು—ಏನು ಇನ್ನೂ ನನ್ನ good result ತಿಳಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲವೇ? ನನಗೆ First classನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಸಾಯಿ ತಮ್ಮ. ಇಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಬ್ಬವೇ ಸರಿ. ಈಗ ಅಪ್ಪ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳು. ಅಪ್ಪನಿಗೆ ಈ ವಿಷಯ ತಿಳಿದರೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಂತೋಷಪಡುವರೋ!

ತಾಯಿ—ಬಾರೋ ನನ್ನ ಗಿಣಿ. ನೀನು ಅವರ ಸಮಾನವೇ ಆದೆಯಲ್ಲೋ! ಅದೂ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಸಲವೇ ಆ ಕಷ್ಟದ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ.....ಅದೂ.....First classನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಸ್ ಮಾಡಿರುವೆಯಲ್ಲೊ! ಇಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆಮಾತ್ರ ಹಬ್ಬವಲ್ಲ. ಊರಿಗೇ ಸಂತರ್ಪಣೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ಅಣ್ಣ ಗೋಪು ಈಗ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲೇನೋ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಓದಿತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆಯೇ ವಿನಃ ಆವನು ಈ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೇರ್ಗಡೆಯಾದದ್ದು ಎರಡನೆಯ ಸಲವೇ. ಗೋಪು ಈಸಲ B. Sc. ನೀನೋ First classನಲ್ಲಿ S.S.L.C. ಪಾಸ್‌ಮಾಡಿ Interಗೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀಯೆ. ಇನ್ನೇನು ನನಗೆ ಕಡಿಮೆ. ನಾನು ಇಂದಿನಿಂದಲೇ ಆ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯ ಡಾಕ್ಟ್ರ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯ ಸಮಾನಳು. ನಾನೇನು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಕಡಿಮೆಯೇನು? ಅಪ್ಪ ಎಲ್ಲೋ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋಗಿರುವರು. ಬೇಗನೆ ಬರುತ್ತೇನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿರುವರು. ಬರುವ ಹೊತ್ತಾಯಿತು.

(ಗೋಪು ಬರುವನು)

ಗೋಪು—ಏನೋ ರಾಮು ಇಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಗೆಲುವಾಗಿರುವೆ?

ರಾಮು—ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲವೇನೋ? First class ಕಾಣೋ.

ಗೋಪು—ಓಹೋ! Congrats. ಅಪ್ಪನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿದೆಯಾ?

(ರಂಗರಾಯರ ಪ್ರವೇಶ)

ಗೋಪು—ಅಪ್ಪಾ. ಏನು result ಬರುವ ದಿವಸ ಕೂಡ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ? ರಾಮು First class.

ಅಪ್ಪ—ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲವೇ, ಅವನು ಯಾರ ಮಗ ಎಂದು. "ತಂದೆಯಂತೆ ಮಗ, ನೂಲಿನಂತೆ ಸೀರೆ" ಎಂಬ ಗಾದೆಯೇ ಇದೆಯಂತೆ. ಇನ್ನು ಕೇಳಬೇಕೆ? ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ರಾಮುವಿನ result ನೋಡುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ನಾನು ಕಾತರನಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ತಾನೇ ನನ್ನ ಮಗನಿಗೂ ಬಂದಿರುವುದು. ನಾನು ಹೇಗೆ classನಲ್ಲಿ first ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆನೋ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ನನ್ನ ಮಕ್ಕಳೂ.

ತಾಯಿ—ಏನು ನೀವು ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಹೊಗಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರೇ ವಿನಃ ಆ ಮಗುವಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಉತ್ಸಾಹದ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಕೂಡ ಆಡಲಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲ?

ಅಪ್ಪ—ಇದು ಉತ್ಸಾಹದ ಮಾತಲ್ಲದೆ ಮತ್ತೇನೆ? ನನ್ನ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಎಂತಹ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯೋ ನನ್ನ ಮಗನದೂ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಎಂದರೆ ಅದು ಉತ್ಸಾಹದ ಮಾತಲ್ಲದೆ ಮತ್ತೇನೆ ?

ತಾಯಿ—ಸರಿ, ಈಗ ಅವನನ್ನು ಯಾವ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿಸುವ ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದೀರಿ? ಏನು ಗ್ರೂಪ್ ಕೊಡಿಸುತ್ತೀರಿ? ಮಗುವೇನೋ ಬಹಳ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕಹಾಗೇ ಕಾಲೇಜುಗಳಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೇ ಸೇರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಅಪ್ಪ—ಸರಿ. ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಗೋಪು ಓದಿದ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೇ ಸೇರಿಸೋಣವೇ? ಗೋಪು S. S. L. C. ಎರಡನೆಯಸಲ ಪಾಸ್ ಮಾಡಿದರೂ Interನಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಒಂದೇಸಲಕ್ಕೇ First class ಹೊಡೆದುಬಿಟ್ಟ. ಅದೂ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್ ನನ್ನ class-mate ಆಗಿದ್ದರು.

ತಾಯಿ—ಅದೇ ಸರಿ. ನೋಡಿದಿರಾ! ನೀವು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು ನಿಜ. ನನಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಹೊಳೆಯಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ನೀವು ಎಷ್ಟು ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತರು. ಸರಿ ಏನು ಗ್ರೂಪ್ ಕೊಡಿಸೋಣ?

ಅಪ್ಪ—ಇನ್ನೇನು, ಗಂಡು ಹುಡುಗರಿಗೆ ಇದೆಯಲ್ಲ P. C. M.

ತಾಯಿ—ಸರಿ, ಸರಿ. ಅದೇ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದು. ಈಗಲೇ ಅವನನ್ನು ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿಸಿಬಿಡಬೇಕು. ಇನ್ನು ಸೀಟಲ್ಲ, ಅದಿಲ್ಲ, ಇದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ತಂಟೆ ತಕರಾರು ಆಗಬಾರದು. ತಂಟೆಯಾದರೂ ಹೇಗಾಗಬೇಕು? First class ಬಂದಿರುವುದೇನು ಸುಮ್ಮನೇನೇ? ನಿನಗೆ ಶುಭವಾಗಲಿ ಮಗೂ. (ಆಶೀರ್ವದಿಸುವಳು.)

(ಪರದೆ ಬೀಳುವುದು)

೨ನೆಯ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

(ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರ ರೂಮು. ರಾಮು, ಗೋಪು ಮತ್ತು ರಂಗರಾಯರ ಪ್ರವೇಶ.)

ರಂಗ—Good-morning Sir.

ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್—Good-morning. ಬನ್ನಿ. ಬನ್ನಿ. ಓಹೋ! How are you Gopal ?

ಗೋಪು—Good-morning sir.

ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್—Gopal is a very intelligent boy. ಬಹಳ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತ.

ರಂಗ—(ರಾಮುವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಾ) He is his brother. S. S. L. C. First class. ಈಗ ಈ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೇ ಸೇರಲು ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೇ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತ, intelligent and allround genius. S. S. L. C. ಯಲ್ಲಿ First class. ಯಾರು ತಾನೇ ಇಷ್ಟು ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತರು? ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಬಲು ಬುದ್ಧಿ.

ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್—ಓಹೋ! ಮುಖವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದಾಗಲೇ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ all round genius, ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೆ nowhere genius ಅಲ್ಲ ಎಂಬುದು ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಸಂತೋಷ.

ರಂಗ—(ಕಕ್ಕಾವಿಕ್ಕಿಯಾಗಿ) ಏನ್ ಸರ್, ಹೀಗೆ ಹೇಳುವಿರಿ? ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಮಗನೇನು ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತನಲ್ಲವೇನು? ಅಥವಾ ನಾನು ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತನಲ್ಲವೋ?

ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್—ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತ ಮಗನು ಒಂದು ಮಾತನ್ನಾದರೂ ಆಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. Genius father ಮಾತ್ರ ಇಷ್ಟು ಜಂಭ ಹೊಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಲ್ಲ! ಈ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ.....ಹೋಗಲಿ..... ಈ ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ.....ಸರಿ, ಅದೂ ಬೇಡ.....ಈ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲೇ ಯಾರೂ First classನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಸ್ ಮಾಡಿಲ್ಲವೇನು? ಮಾತುಮಾತಿಗೂ S. S. L. C. First class, clever, intelligent, all round genius ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಲ್ಲಾ. ಹೋಗಲಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಗನೇನೋ ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತನಿರಬಹುದು. ಆದರೆ ನೀವು ಮಾತುಮಾತಿಗೂ ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೇ, ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೇ ಎಂದು ಅರ್ಧಕೊಡದಂತೆ ಜಂಭದಿಂದ ತುಳುಕಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಲ್ಲ? ಹೀಗೆ ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಆಡಬಾರದು. Empty vessels make more sound ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಏನೂ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಡಿ. ಏನೋ advice ಮಾಡಿದೆ ಅಷ್ಟೆ.

ರಂಗ—ತಪ್ಪಾಯಿತು ಸರ್. ನನಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಪ್ರಪಂಚಜ್ಞಾನವೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಬಹಳ ಜಂಭಪಟ್ಟೆ. ತಾವು ಇಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಬೇಕು. ಇನ್ನು ಮೇಲೆ ಎಂದಿಗೂ ನಾನು ಹೀಗೆ ಆಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನಾನು ಬಂದಿದ್ದೂ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯದೇ ಆಯಿತು. ಎಂದೂ ಮರೆಯಲಾಗದ ಒಂದು ಪಾಠವನ್ನು ಕಲಿತೆನು. ನನ್ನ ಇಂದಿನ ತಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಕ್ಷಮಾಪಣೆಯನ್ನು ಬೇಡುತ್ತೇನೆ.

ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲ್—ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ಷಮಿಸಬೇಕಾದ್ದೇನಿದೆ? ನಾನೇನೂ ನಿಮ್ಮ friend. ಇನ್ನು ಯಾರಮುಂದಾದರೂ ಹೀಗೆ ಜಂಭಪಡಬೇಡಿ. ಇನ್ನು ಮೇಲೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಹೀಗೆ ತಡೆಬಡೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಡಿ. ಆಮೇಲೆ ಜಂಭಗಾರ ಎಂಬ titleನೇ ಕೊಟ್ಟುಬಿಡುತ್ತಾರೆ.

(ಪರದೆ ಬೀಳುವುದು)

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ನಗೆಹನಿ

1 ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ (ಹೋಟಲ್‌ಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ) :—ಲೋ ಮಾಣಿ, ತಿಂಡಿ ಏನೇನಿದೆಯೋ?
ಮಾಣಿ :—ಜಾಮೂನ್, ಜಿಲೇಬಿ, ಜಹಾಂಗೀರ್, ಲಾಡು, ಐಸ್‌ಕ್ರೀಮ್, ಬೋಂಡ, ಕಾಫಿ, ದೋಸೆ, ಇಡ್ಲಿ.
ಹಳ್ಳಿಯವನು:—ಹೋಗಿ ಬೇಗ ಬಿಸಿಬಿಸಿಯಾಗಿ ಎರಡು ಐಸ್‌ಕ್ರೀಮ್ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಾಪ್ಪ.

2 ಒಬ್ಬ :—ನೋಡೋ ಈವತ್ತು ನನ್ನ ನಾಯಿ ಕಳೆದುಹೋಯಿತು.
ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬ :—ಅದಕ್ಕೇನು ಕಷ್ಟಾಪ್ಪಾ? ಪೇಪರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜಾಹೀರಾತು ಕೊಡಯ್ಯ.
ಒಬ್ಬ :—ನನ್ನ ನಾಯಿಗೆ ಪೇಪರು ಓದಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ.

3 ತಂದೆ :—ರಾಮು ಇವತ್ತು ಸಂಧ್ಯಾವಂದನೆ ಮಾಡಿದೆಯೇನೋ?
ಮಗ :—ಹೌದಪ್ಪಾ ಈವತ್ತು ಕೆರೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಮಾಡಿಬಿಟ್ಟಿ.
ತಂದೆ :—ಆ ಕೆರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರೇ ಇಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರಲ್ಲೋ.
ಮಗ :—ಮತ್ತೆ ಕಿಟ್ಟು ಹೇಳಿದ ನೀರು ಇದೆ ಅಂತ.

4 ರಾಮು :—ಒಂದು ರಸಬಾಳೆಹಣ್ಣು ಕೊಡಪ್ಪಾ.
ಅಂಗಡಿಯವ :—ಅದೇನಪ್ಪಾ ನಾನು ಕೊಟ್ಟರುವುದು.
ರಾಮು :—ಮತ್ತೆ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ರಸವೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ?

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मातृहीन बालिका.

MOTHERLESS

(१)

माँ ! माँ ! तू गयी कहाँ ?
बिलखती हुँ मै यहाँ।
ले जा मुझे भी वहाँ।
गयी है द्रुत जहाँ।

(२)

रोज तेरी याद से।
दिल उमडता दु:ख से।
आँखेँ भरती जल से।
मिला चाहती तुझ से।

(३)

तू है प्रेम का सागर।
तू है करुणा का आगर।
माया मोह से भरकर
रहती तू ही निरंतर

(४)

प्रेमाश्रय में पालित।
अब हुँ मै दुखित।
तेरे अपार स्नेह से वंचित।
तेरे लिये हुँ चिन्तित।

(५)

मोह जाल से बचकर।
प्रेम ग्रथि को तोडकर।
हम सब को छोडकर।
क्या तू गयी बिगडकर।

(६)

अम्मा जलदी से आ।
अपना सुन्दर गीत गा।
मेरा दिल शान्त कर जा।
आगे से कभी न जा।

Mohini Rao.

माता की पुकार

(The Call of The Mother)

रात के कोई तीन बजे होंगे। एका एक मेरी नींद खुली। आंखे खोलकर मैंने देखा तो चारो ओर घना अंधकार छाया हुआ था। आसमान में काले काले बादल घिर आये थे। इन गिने सितारे टिम टिमा रहे थे। रास्ते के सब दीप भी बुझ गये थे; निशब्दता का राज्य था। प्रकृति रानी निरंकुश इस नीरवता राज्य में राज्य कर रही थी। मानव अपने खुब दुःख को क्षणभर के लिये भूलकर प्रकृति की गोद में विश्राम ले रहा था। हवा भी मानों इस निशब्दता को भंग करने से डरती सी मन्द मंद बह रही थी। संसार निद्रामग्न था।

इन में प्रकृति की इस नीरवता को चीरते हुई कहीं दूरसे "हे मातृभूमि तेरे चरणों में सिर नमाऊँ" की मधुर ध्वनि सुनाई पडी। यह वास्तविक था या मेरी कल्पना, मैं नही कह सकती थी। जिस किसी ने यह तान छोड़ी हो, उस सुर में यौवन, उमंग और स्फूर्ति भरी हुई थी। उस गंभीर निशाकी शान्ति और निशब्दता ने उस मधुर भावसिकत स्वर को अपनी ही एक गंभीरता प्रदान की थी। उस अव्यकत गान की मधुर तानें और भी निकट आने लगीं। मेरे व्याकुल हृदय पर उसने मरहम लगा दी। उस गायक को देखने की उत्कण्ठा होने लगी। ज्यों ज्यों वह गाने निकट होता आया तो मेरी कायरता भी बढ़ती गयी। मै उठ खडी हुई और खिड़की से बाहर झाँकने लगी। पहले तो, मेरी दृष्टि उस निबिड अंधकार को भेद न सकी मेघाच्छन्न आकाश और घने काले वृक्ष ही दृष्टि में पडे। लेकिन क्रम क्रम से तानें स्पष्ट होती गई। और गानेवाले खिड़की के सामने से गुज़रा। तारों का अस्पष्ट प्रकाश में मैं उसको देख न सकी; मगर, उस घने अंधेरे के बीच में उसके सफेद कपड़े आशा की भांती चमक उठे। वह गाता हुआ चला गया और वह गीत भी शून्य में विलीन हो गया। फिर नीरवता फैल गयी।

वह गायक कौन था? उसके सुर से ऐसा लगता था कि वह कोई चौदह या पंद्रह बरस का लड़का हो। वह इस जमय क्यों जागा था? जब सारी दुनियाँ गहरी नींद में बे सुध थी, तब कौन कारण था कि वह प्रशांत प्रकृति की शरण में आया? उसके हृदय की कौन सी वेदना थी जो उसे बरबस इस गम्भीर निशा में घर से बाहर खींच लाई? जब सारा संसार निद्रादेवी की गोद में पडा, साँस ले रहा था, तब क्या उस एक के लिए वहाँ स्थान नहीं था? ऐसो कौन सी पीडा थी जिस ने इसे रात्री को सुख शांती को त्यागने पर मजबूर किया?

वह बिजली की तरह आया और चला गया। लेकिन उसके हृदय की अस्पष्ट अव्यक्त वेदनाने मातृभूमि के प्रति उसकी उस मूक भकित ने, राष्ट्रप्रेम से भरी इस आवाज़ ने मेरे हृदय में घरकर लिया। भास होने लगा कि मानों कोई अंतरतम शकित मुझे अपनी ओर संकेत कर रही हो; मानों भारत माता अपने इस बालक के द्वारा मुझे अपना सन्देश भेज रहीं हो; दीना हीना मलिना माता करुण नेत्रों से मेरी ओर ताक रही हो। माता की वह दृष्टि कितनी दयनीय है पुकार कर कह रहीं है—इस घोर तम में आँखें मूद क्या पड़ी हो? इसे क्यों अपना रही हो? क्यों और भी गाढा कर रही हो? जागो! जागो! अज्ञान और दीनता के इसे अंधकार को हटाकर, घर-घर में दीप जलाओ" मेरा हृदय उस पुकार से प्रतिध्वनि त हो उठा। भावतरंगें उठ उठकर उमड़ने लगीं। बाहर जोर की हवा बहने लगी। वर्षा की एक दो बूंद भी गिरने लगी। मैं तो फिर बिस्तर पर लेट गई। लेकिन वह काँटे की तरह चुभने लगा। रह रह कर उस अकेले बालक की याद आने लगी। न जाने वह बालक वर्षा में भींगता हुआ, ठंड से सिकुडता हुआ, कहाँ चला जा रहा

हो। हम हैं जो खूब खाते, पीते, पहनाते, ओढ़ते, मौज उडाते हैं। और वे हैं जो सर्दी गर्मी, हवा, पानी, दिन-रात की परवाह न करते हुए मेहनत किये जाते हैं। तीखी हवा से बचने के लिये जहाँ उनके पास फटा पुराना चीथडा तक नही हैं, जहाँ बच्चा ठंड से सिकुड कर मर जाता हैं। वहाँ हम पतले से कपडे पहने निर्दय और स्वार्थ मय जीवन बिताते जाते हैं।

भारतकी पुण्यभूमी पर हमारा जितना हक हैं, उतनाही क्या, उससे कहीं ज्यादा हक उन श्रमजीवियोंका हैं। पर वे उनकी दिन रात की मेहनत का तिलभर भी फायदा नही उटा पाते। यहाँ जब घरघर से खुशियों की आवाजें निकलती रहती हैं, वहाँ टूटी फूटी झोंपडी में आहेंभरी जाती हैं। भूख प्यास से कराहने-तडपने वाले बाल बच्चों का करूण आर्त नाद कानों को भेदता जाता है। यहाँ, जहाँ रंग विरंग कपडों और क्रीम-पाउडर की धूम मची रहती हैं, टाठबाट की सजी पुतलियाँ चलती रहती हैं-वहाँ पसीने से तर थकावट से चूर दीनता का नग्न चित्र किसान की हृदय भेदक मूर्ती सामने आती हैं। आशाभरी निगाहों से ताकने वाले उन अपने नन्हे नन्हे लालो से वह क्या जवाब दें? क्या वह पिता का हृदय नही रखता? ऐसा करना था, तो भगवान! तुपने इन्हें जन्म ही क्यों दिया? दियां भी तो पिता का हृदय क्यों दिया?

हम गाँवों में जाय ओर ग्रामिणों से बात-चीत करें तो मालूम हो जाय कि हमारे - उनके बीच कैसी खाई पडी हुई हैं। उनका जीवन – कुसुम खिलने ही न पाता की उसपर तुषारपात होता हैं। सब अरमान आँसू बन बह जाते हैं। यौवन की वह सहज कांति, ओटों की वह मंद मस्कान, अंग प्रत्यंग का हावभाव न जाने कहा लुप्त रहती हैं। और हम हैं कि अपने मनोरंजन के साधन जुटाने में व्यस्तरहनेवाले। रंग मन्च पर के कृत्रिम नाटकों से अपना मनबहलाव करनेबाले। पर क्या, एक बार एक बार ही सही, हमारा ध्यान उन जीवन नाटकों पर जाता हैं जहाँ इसमे भी बढ़कर दयनीय, करुणाजनक, हृदयद्रावक दृश्य दर्शित हैं? कितनी ही जीवन नौकायें भँवर में पड़कर, बचाव का रास्त ना पाकर डूबती जाती हैं। क्या हमने उनके हाल कभी विचारा हैं। कभी उनपर आँसू बहाया है। फिर भाईयों और बहनों! सोचिये! हमने उनके ये कष्ट दूर करने में कहाँ तक हाथ बँटाया हैं? दूर करना तो रहा; क्या एक बार भी हमारा दिल उनकी प्रति सहानुभूति से उमड़ पड़ा हैं। क्या हम अपने ही नशे में भूले, अपने इन गिरे हुए भाईयों को और भी गीरा नही रहे है? फिर ऐसा करने का हमारा हक क्या हैं? भारतको उर्वर बनाने के लिए हमने क्या किया है। अपने हाथों को देखें कपडों पर दृष्टि डालें, क्या भारत की मिट्टी से ये रंगे हुए हैं? पसीने से तेर हैं? नही नहीं; इन कपडों के एक एक धागे में दीनों के दमन का इतिहास है। महल की एक एक ईंट में शोषण की छाप हैं। वहाँ जब दाने दानेको तरसते है तो यहाँ मोतियों के दाने गले में शोभा देते हैं। वहाँ जब कशेर धरती को ही तेकिया बनाकर सोना पड़ता हैं तो यहाँ मखमले की मुलायम हे जों पर सुख के सपने देखें जाते है। जहाँ प्रकृति के प्रकोप से बचने के लिए थोड़ी सी जगह नहीं हैं, तो यहां ऊँचे ऊँचे महलों में ऐशा आरम के नज्जारे दिखाई देते हैं।

लेकिन भाईयों! यह भारत भूमि इने गिने लखपतियों, करोडपतियों से नहीं बनी हैं। बल्कि धूलि धूसरित, नंगे सिर नेगे पैर, नंगे बदन सर्दी गर्मी की परवाह किये बगैर, अथक परिश्रम करनेवाले, किसानों ओर मजदूरों से यह भारत बना हैं और बना रहेगा इसलिए भाईयों! हम जागें। अपने इन डूबते हुइ भाईयों को बाँह पकडकर किनारे लगादें। हृदय को हृदय से मिलने दें। दुःख के आँसूओं को आनन्दआश्रुओं में बदल दें। दीना-मलिना माता को जन्जीरों को तोड़ फोड़ कर, उसके मुख पर सुख सन्तोश की मुस्कान शोभित होने दें। सत्यशामला भारतभूमि के हरेन नेत्रोंसे सारे सन्सार को सत्य अहिम्सा और शांति की किरणें निकलें और एक स्वर हो कर सब भारत माता की जय पुकारें।

जय हिन्द

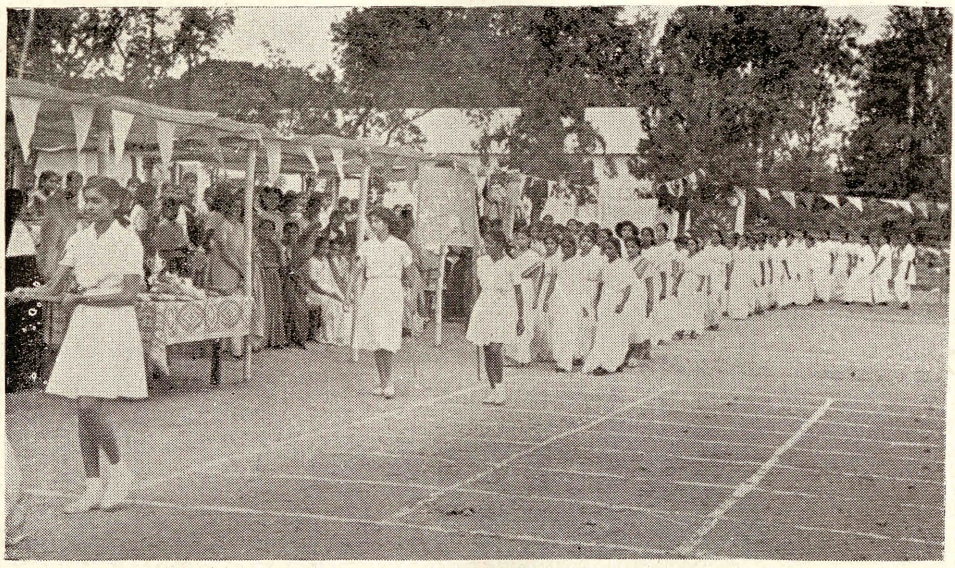
H. Vasumathi,
Junior B. A, Class.



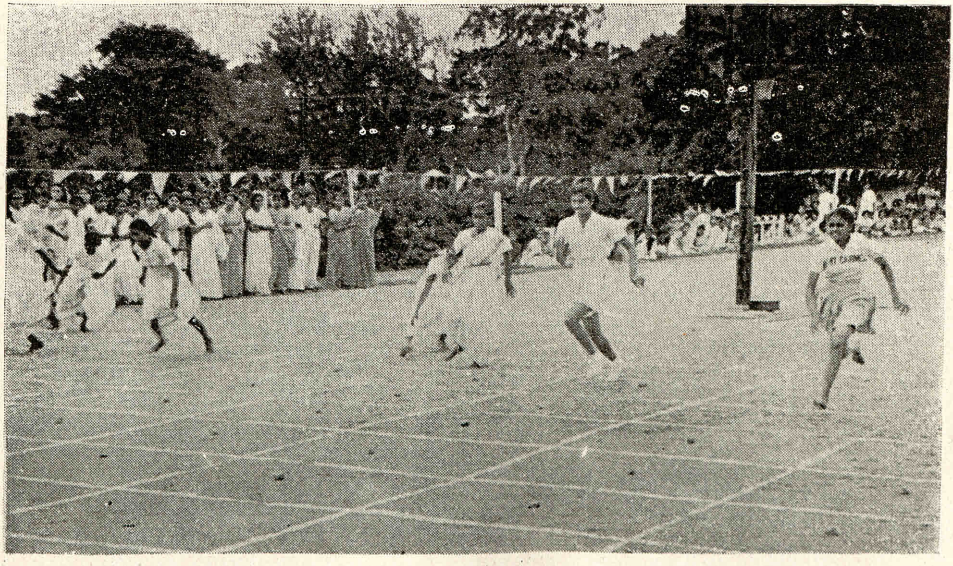
Mount Carmel College, Athletes of 1952—'53

Centre (holding shield)—Veronica Game - Champion Athlete of College & University.

COLLEGE DAY



The "March Past" H. H. The Maharani of Sandur taking the Salute at the beginning of the meet

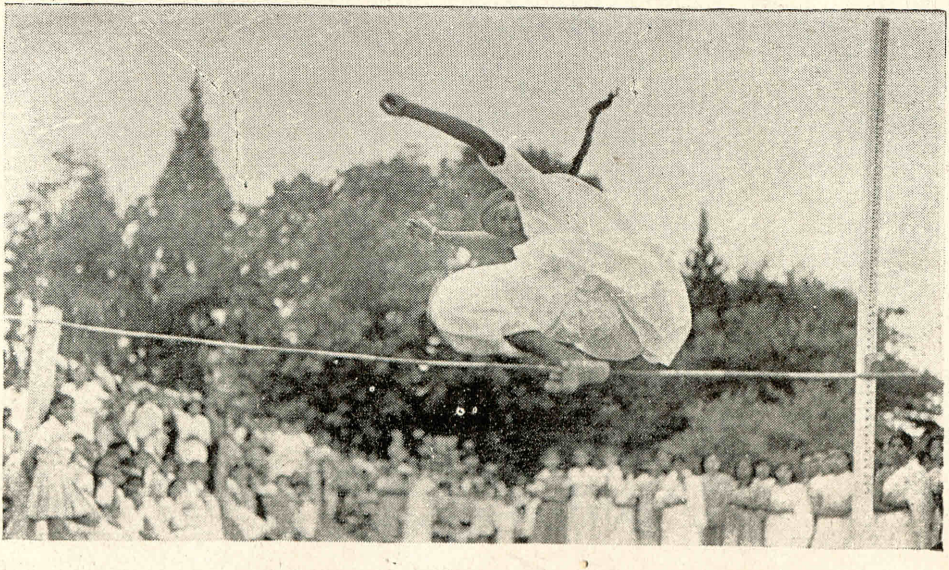


POTATO RACE

SPORTS 1953



Staff Race "Memory Test" in Progress



A HIGH JUMP



HAPPY
Graduates of Mount Carmel at Convocation
1952

Memories & Hope

(Contributed by a Parent)

Now that I have reached my seventieth birthday,
I fain would look back on Life's Highway
And recall the many events on that long path
To this quiet and much changed aftermath !

To the days of my childhood
Surrounded with parental love to meet each mood,
Dear days of innocence
Can anything ever come up to you since ?

These followed by years at school
Sometimes learning sometimes 'playing the fool'
Dear school-mates I wonder how many are still here
Looking backward like me on the dead years dear !

Then adolescence
Tipping Life's measure with gay *insousiance*
Dreaming dreams, airy and bright
Viewing everything in rosy light.

Ah ! that remembrance does give me pain
For I never can dream those dreams again.
Though the years have proved them to be naught
Each thought of youth is a long, long thought !

Then the long and happy years of married life
Checkered with days of sorrow and strife
Which but drew him and me closer together
To brave the harsh blows of each stormy weather.

And the house ever full with relative and friend
And indoor and outdoor duties to attend—
I wonder now was it really me
Who went through those busy times I in memory see !!

And the many little mouths to tend and feed
Ah, those were loving services indeed,
To send forth each one in its time, girded and strong
To leap Life's hurdles as they came along.

Thank God, that toil had not been in vain
For our children have been our greatest gain
And though my man long ago left this shore
For his heavenly home and I miss him sore

My children, scattered North, South, East and West,
Ever strive for me to do their best.
God bless them all, *my* big and *their* small
And my humble thanks to the Giver of all.

Especially for gifts of health and contentment
In spite of all that came and went.
So for the future do I trust in Him
Whatever He may send, bright or dim.

And when the days of life have flown
God grant I be not left to die alone,
But some loving hand will be near
To close my eyes and whisper "Never fear

Your loved ones who have gone before
Are here, to guide you to that other shore
Where Jesus waits—you've done your best
May He reward you with eternal rest"

H. S.



Former Students Association

On 8th September 1953, College Day, the members of the F. S. A. met in the Principal's room. Rev. Sisters Antoinette and Imelda, Principal and Vice-Principal were present. They expressed their joy at seeing us once again. Although there were only seven of us former students present, the 'get together' was a great success.

The Principal stated that for such an association to flourish, there should be unity among its members, all striving to one end, the growth of the Alma Mater and of the Association. There were various means of keeping the Association alive, she continued, such as the organisation of concerts where it could be easily seen that the group was really functioning. All the planning and efforts and the final holding of the function, would prove the virility of the Association. She knew that was possible, because there was the example of the St. Joseph's College O. B. A. which has been flourishing for quite a long time, the members proving themselves worthy products of that College. She suggested that another means of keeping a corporate spirit was by means of the College Magazine. The former students should take an active part in it by 'writing in' various articles.

Sister Antoinette sincerely hoped that the F. S. A. would begin to take good shape, and that we would prove ourselves ever, worthy citizens of India. The College had tried to give us an all round formation. Now it was our duty to prove our mettle. We were not to be ideal women to the present students of the College, while only in the M. C. C. environment, but everywhere and anywhere. Whether in a College, in an office or still more important, in a home, we should be worthy of our training.

Hence I as the privileged writer of these notes and also a keenly interested member of the F. S. A. ask each one of you, former students to unite together so that we can jointly fulfil the desires of our dear Principal, Sister Antoinette. I would ask each of us to hold aloft the teaching and ideals of our great institution, that others looking on will be compelled to say "this is in truth a student of M. C. C."

Rezwan Navin,
F. S. A.

Drops of Water

Drops of Water
Trickling down the eaves
Or falling in sparkling cascades
From leaves,
Like prisms in light,
Each a rainbow in the rays of the sun
Now bright,
Fill with delight.

A drop of water
In Cup of purest gold
Mixed with red wine doth
Daily unfold
A thought that thrills !
Of His Divinity
That we might still partakers be,
As He
Of our Humanity !

S. M. E.

IN MEMORIAM

Sister Mary Angela of the Good Shepherd, *nee* Mary Carmen of St. Teresa's Convent Congregation, Ernakulam, passed away at St. Antony's Convent, Ernakulam, on October 18, 1953, a victim of cancer, which acutely painful disease she suffered with resignation and courage till the end. Our dear Sister had been a fervent and exemplary Religious and had laboured much in the various Mission fields of her beloved Congregation. She had entered the Convent in 1930, received the religious habit in 1931 and was professed in 1932. Her death is a great loss to the Congregation, yet God's Will be ever done!

R.I.P.

PRIZE-WINNERS

COLLEGE ASSOCIATION 1952—53

English Extempore Speech :

B. A.

*1. S. Jayalakshmi

INTER:

1. H. Vasumathi
2. Sarala Krishnaswamy

„ Elocution

B. A.

1. N. de Souza
2. C. S. Sree Devi

INTER:

1. Promila Basu
2. P. K. Ananthalakshmi
3. H. Vasumathi

Languages Elocution :

HINDI

1. H. Vasumathi
2. Sunder Shanta Suri

KANNADA

1. T. K. Leela & Manjula Devi

TAMIL

1. R. Padma & M. Jayalakshmi

History Speech:

B. A.

1. S. Jayalakshmi & M. Saldanha
2. Kantha Mudaliar
3. C. S. Sreedevi

INTER:

1. P. K. Ananthalakshmi
2. Sunder Shanta Suri & H. Vasumathi

Special Prize to Sarala Krishnaswamy, as winner for the College of the Rotary Club Speech trophy.

INTER-HOUSE TOURNAMENTS 1952-53

Badminton	...	Winners	...	Teresians
Basket-Ball	...	„	...	„
Throw-Ball	...	„	...	Josephians
Teni-Coit	...	„	...	Marians
Championship	...	„	...	Teresians

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

Association Notes 1952—1953

The Sodality of the Children of Mary:

Attendance was very regular at meetings. The Feasts of Our Lady were kept with much fervour. The forenoon of the first Sunday of every month was spent in recollection and prayer, including the Office of Our Lady. On First Saturdays, hymns were sung during Holy Mass.

August 15th.—Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. Candidates were received as members.

October 16th-20th.—The annual retreat, preached by Rev. Father Corbett, Redemptorist. The sermons were, all, inspiring and ineulcated the spirit of true Catholic life.

December 8th.—A tribute to our Lady. Rev. Father A. Sequeira, our Chaplain, paid a glowing tribute to the Mother of God. He appealed to the Sodalists to have a special devotion to Mary and gave us a most interesting talk on "the Immaculate Conception". One of the members, Tessie Britto, recited lines on "Christian Womanhood" in a convincing manner.

February 21st.—The annual Sodality picnic, which was thoroughly enjoyed by us; we visited the Palace orchards and had our tea on the rocks, further down. Miss G. D'Souza, our Secretary, had prepared two competitions, for us, the solving of which vexed the brain and gave one much information!

The Children of Mary record their gratitude to Rev. Sister M. Imelda, who directed our activities during the year.

Secretary.

The Catholic Students Union

A business meeting of the C. S. U. was held in the second week of July to elect the Office-bearers for the year.

President ... Nell D'Souza Sen. B.A.
Secretary ... Therese Britto ,, Inter.

The students of each section—Intermediate and B.A.—were divided into groups of ten, to facilitate study and discussion. The following were elected group leaders, for the Intermediate.—

Melba Da Costa
Blossom D'Rose
Thelma Peters

The group leader of the B.A. section was Nell D'Souza.

Some of the topics discussed by the Intermediate section were the Christian Family—rights and duties; the Power of the Catholic Press and Some Aspects of Communism. The B.A. section chose as the subjects of study—the advantages and disadvantages of Socialisation and the Church's attitude. They also discussed some of the topics taken up for group discussion at the Madras Congress—Communism and Communalism.

This year it is our ambition to produce a few charts, illustrating some of the topics under discussion.

Secretary.

The English Association

The Association entered on its fifth year of activities, by a business meeting, under the Presidentship of Rev. Sister M. Antoinette, on Friday July 11th, for the election of the following Office-bearers.

Vice-President	...	Miss J. Vittal, M.A.	
Secretary	...	Miss H. Vasumathi	
Committee Members	...	Cynthia Pinto	(Jun. Inter)
		Maya Devi Menon	(Sen. ,,
		Mrinalini, N. B.	(Jun. B.A.)
		C. S. Sreedevi	(Sen. ,,

July 18th.—Inaugural meeting. Mr. A. G. Ramachandra Rao, Minister for Law and Education, delivered the Address. He stressed the importance of spreading literacy in the villages. His subject was the role of women in Free India.

August 2nd.—A memorable talk on "Books and Men" by Professor J. S. Redding, of Hampton Institute, America. Defining a good book, he said that it was one which helped man in the realisation of self and his duty to his fellow-beings.

October 31st.—Extempore Speech competition—one of the high-lights of our activities. Rev. Sister Imelda, Rev. Sister Dorothy and Miss Malathi Acharya, awarded the first and second prizes, for the Intermediate section, to H. Vasumathi and Sarla Krishnaswamy, respectively. The only prize, for the B.A. section was won by S. Jayalakshmi.

January 30th, 1953.—The Annual Elocution competition. Passages from "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice" were prescribed. The winners were Nell De Sousa and C. S. Sreedevi (B.A. section) and Promila Basu, P. K. Anantha-lakshmi and H. Vasumathi (Intermediate.)

February 6th.—Valedictory address, delivered by Mr. P. Hanumanthiah, Mayor of Bangalore. The speaker briefly surveyed India after Independence. He brought to our realisation, our duties and responsibilities as future citizens, on whom devolved the obligation of jealously safeguarding India's hard won freedom. He also exhorted us to cultivate a right perspective of life. He was deeply impressed, he said, by the all round progress of the College.

H. Vasumathi,
Secretary.

The Indian Languages Association

A business meeting of the Association was held on the 11th July to elect the office-bearers for the year. Miss S. Ratnamma, M.A., was nominated Vice-President and Miss B. Vimala was elected Secretary.

After the inaugural meeting of all the associations of the College, there was an ordinary meeting of this association on the 24th July when Mr. G. P. Rajaratnam, M.A., of the Kannada Department of Central College, addressed the house.

Under the auspices of the Indian Languages Association, an interesting elocution competition was held on the 28th Nov. In the Kannada section, Miss T. K. Leela won the first prize; in the Hindi section Miss H. Vasumathi, and in the Tamil section Miss R. Padma.

Secretary.

The History and Economics Association

The following Office-bearers were elected, at the first business meeting held on 11th July.—

Vice-President	...	Miss Margaret Peters, M.A.
Secretary	...	Sunder Shanta Suri
Committee Members	...	Nell D'Sousa (Sen. B.A.)
	...	Gracelet Charles (Jun. B.A.)
	...	Santosh Paranjoti (Sen. Inter.)
	...	Joan Bennett (Jun. Inter.)

.—A new feature, this year, was the reading of the "Human Rights" of U. N. E. S. C. O., which gave the students an opportunity to become individually, conscious of their rights.

July 18th.—Our grateful thanks to the Minister of Education, Mr. A.G. Ramachandra Rao, for having kindly presided over the inaugural meeting and, who in the course of his instructive and interesting address, stressed the need for girls taking up Domestic Science.

July 7th.—We had the good fortune of hearing Dr. Ralph Purcell, Cultural Affairs Officer of the U. S. I. L. Bangalore, who gave us helpful ideas on the American Constitution.

October 10th.—Our thanks are also due to Mr. N. Keshava Iyengar, M.P., who created in us a wander thirst and a strong desire to visit Delhi, the Queen of Ancient Glory and to Rev. Father J. D'Souza S. J., also of Poona & Delhi, who appealed to students to become social workers with a view to alleviating the condition of the oppressed and depressed classes.

A debate proved highly useful towards keeping up the spirit of the Association. The various topics were judiciously chosen and successfully discussed.

February 6th.—The Valedictory Address, delivered by Mr. P. Hanumanthiah, Mayor of Bangalore, who also distributed the prizes for the year.

Sunder Shanta Suri,
Secretary,

The Science & Mathematics Association

The Academic year, 1952-1953, marked the fifth year of our Association.

Vice-President	...	Miss R. Lalitha, M.Sc.
Secretary	...	Shanta Nair (Senior Inter : CBZ)
Committee Members	...	Marie Gonsalves (Junior Inter : CBZ)
		Prema Devarajan (Senir ,, PCM)

18th July—Inaugural Meeting. Mr. A. G. Ramachandra Rao, Minister for Law and Education, delivered the Address. He stressed the need for every student to render social and rural service in the course of her educational career. Women should take up teaching, midwifery or medicine and nursing, as careers. Secretary Miss H. Vasumathi, proposed a vote of thanks.

November 5th—Dr. Muthana, of the Indian Institute of Science, delivered an interesting and informative speech on "Plastics". Miss R. Lalitha introduced the speaker. He described the discovery and growth of the Plastic industry as almost a romance. The spectacular development of this industry has resulted in its becoming a vital necessity to us. He expounded the valuable properties possessed by the various products of plastics. In America, plastics formed the basis of several great industries. In conclusion, he said that the more one probes into Nature, in the field of scientific research, the more one realises the existence of God. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks, by the Secretary.

February 6th—Valedictory Meeting. The Mayor of Bangalore addressed the combined—Associations on "India After Independence."

Secretary.

Games and Sports Association

1952—53, the Silver Jubilee Year of the M. G. S. Memorial Games and Sports of the Mysore University, was a glorious year for the Games and Sports Association of Mount Carmel College !

The Inter-class and Inter-house matches started after the election of the office-bearers; the Seniors won the Throw-Ball match, and were the winners again in the Basket-Ball match held in connection with our Principal's Day, Mr. Subban Singh being the referee. The Teresians were lucky in winning the newly floated—Very Revd. Mother Mary Memorial Shield, the Championship trophy for the Inter-House tournaments.

The Municipal Commissioner presided over the College Day Sports, and gave away the prizes. Josephians and Florians tied for the House—Championship, and Veronica Game was declared the Champion athlete of the day. We also participated in the College-day Sports of St. Philomena's College, Mysore. Two of our athletes competed in the three items open to the lady students of the University, and won five of the six prizes !

Our College won the team championship and the individual championship in the Prasannakumar Memorial Sports. The next big event was the M.G.S. Memorial Inter—Collegiate Sports of the University, held in Mysore. The glorious blue and gold banner of Carmel headed the march-past, and we scored the highest—100 points and carried off the championship trophy, besides 17 of the 19 silver medals awarded to the first prize winners, as souvenirs of the Silver Jubilee! Veronica Game, our team captain, won the championship gold medal, and was presented with his own garland by our Vice-Chancellor, who presided over the function! In the Inter-University Sports, Veronica Game was the Varsity champion among the ladies. The M. G. S. Memorial games began next, with Soft-Ball,—a special feature of the Silver Jubilee year. We won in all five games, and were awarded the Championship Trophy and 5 new silver cups.

M. C. C. won the Championship Trophy again in the Mahatma Gandhi Kasturba Memorial Sports, and Veronica Game won the individual championship.

We wish our association ever-increasing success.

Secretary.

The Social Service League

Selfless service of the down-trodden and poverty stricken masses, in the service of one's country and thereby the service of God. With the object of cultivating this spirit of selfless service and thereby to shape the students into worthy daughters of India, the Principal and Staff of Mount Carmel College decided upon the formation of the Social Service League which was as a consequence, inaugurated on Saturday, the 1st of August, by Mr. V. K. Govindarajulu. The members of the Social Service League made four visits on alternate weeks during the term, to the opposite villages Vasantanagar and Dobspet respectively, to make a study of the conditions prevailing there. The villagers live in dingy and filthy dwellings, with hardly any breathing space. They are immersed in abject poverty with poor means of subsistence. They have no cleanliness and sanitation, neither are they provided with facilities for these. There is a universal complaint of lack of lighting and water facilities. No dispensaries dispense medicines to the sick. They lead a miserable existence. Very few take any interest in educating their children.

With these initial observations made, the members of the League launched their programme of Service, and commenced their work with teaching the villagers the importance of cleanliness.

May God bless the League with all success in its noble endeavour.

"Social Service" Defined.

Rev. Father Jerome D'Souza, S. J. of the Indian Instititute of Social Science Poona was at Mount Carmel College on Tuesday, the 21st October 1952. The term 'social service' he said already very complex and meaning much more than kindness and help to the poor and needy, becomes increasingly so in a country like India, where the problems to be solved towards social harmony, are many and vast. Some of these were the agrarian problems, the industrial problems, the caste, class, communal, religious problems, the problem of refugees, of untouchables, of aborigines. These problems could be attempted to be solved only by a great deal of understanding, tact and patience. Neither force nor precipitancy would serve. If there was to be a revolution in Indian Society, it would have to be a slow and peaceful one. A proper social reconstruction of India, all working at the same object, would end in a general *rapprochement* and the making of a nation despite the difference of class, rank, and religion in India. The Rev. Father suggested the formation of study circles among social workers.

Earlier, the Principal of the College remarked that the Rev. Father appeared to have a predilection for the subject "social service", seeming to feel that the salvation of India from material, moral and spiritual chaos depended as much, if not more, on social as on rural reconstruction.

The Secretary of the History and Economics Association, Miss Sunder Shantha Suri, proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker who had "glorified" their meeting by his presence. She considered that the problem of social service was not really insurmountable, provided there was mutual goodwill and earnestness.

Secretary.

MOUNT CARMEL HOSTEL NOTES

The strength of the College hostel in 1952—'53 was 50. Students of all castes and creeds are given accommodation.

Wholesome meals are provided. The boarders live a healthy life, with various diversions during the terms.

Regular medical attention is given. The construction of a new hostel on modern lines has been started. We hope to accommodate at least 50 more students by the next year—1954.

EXCHANGES

St. Albert's College Magazine	...	Ernakulam
St. Aloysius ,, ,,	...	Mangalore
Caritas— St. Joseph's Apostolic Seminary	...	Alwaye
Commerce College Magazine	...	Bangalore
Holy Cross College Magazine	...	Trichinopoly
St. Joseph's College ,,	...	Bangalore
St. Joseph's ,, ,,	...	Trichinopoly
Law College Annual	...	Bangalore
Loyola College ,,	...	Madras
The Marian Voice—St. Mary's College	...	Trichur
St. Philomena's College Magazine	...	Mysore
Sathianadam	...	Ernakulam
Sophia College Magazine	...	Bombay
St. Teresa's College Magazine	...	Ernakulam
Unitas—St. Joseph's Seminary	...	Mangalore
St. Xavier's College Magazine	...	Bombay
,, ,, ,,	...	Palamcottah

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Note :—The Editors are tolerant of views within limits, with which they may not be in agreement.

L. D. V. M.

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