Annual

Mount Carmel College

and Schools, Mysore State



December 1954 Vol. 2

Marian Year

Annual
Mount Carmel College
and Schools, Mysore State

MARY

Soft as the azure of the skies
Her kindly eyes.
She gazes on us here
This Marian Year.
Full many a grace she would impart
Her Mother's heart
O'er-flows—will all those streams out-pour
And we forever more
Lack love and Grace?

E.

December 1954 Vol. 2

Marian Year

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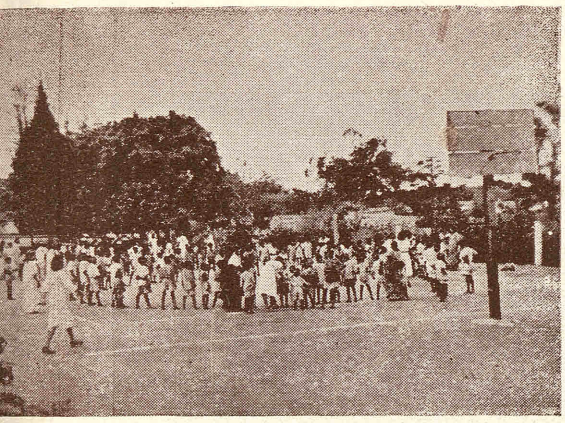
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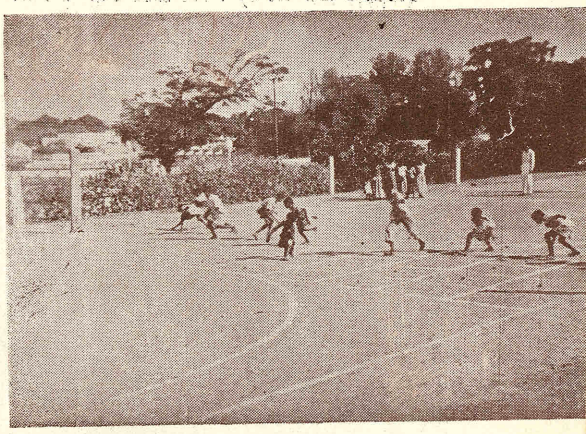
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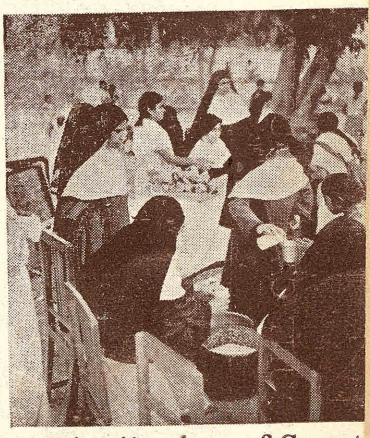
The Boys have another game



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The girls at a game

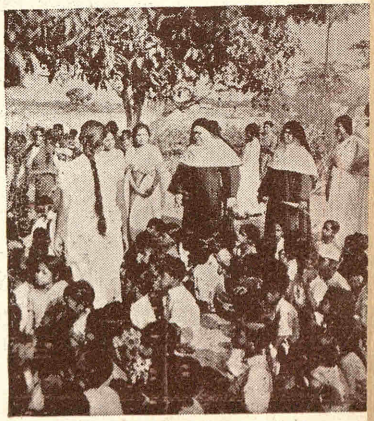


Distribution of Sweet



Distribution of Prizes

Social Service Day



Mother General addres the children

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE



GUARDIANS' DAY

His Grace the Archbishop of Bangalore : His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore: Rev. Mother M. Rita, Superior : Sister M. Antoinette, Principal : Mr. V. L. D'Souza, Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore.

FOREWORD

We present here the second volume of " Mount Carmel College and Schools " and it will be easily seen, scanning its pages, that much has passed since last November, in our various units. We have been growing all the while since then, thank God and this little book attempts to give our readers some idea of the extent and aspects of our educational work in our great and fair State of Mysore. Here the reader will meet with College girls at all stages of the four-year course leading to a University degree, B.A. or B.Sc. If we may be permitted a digression, the present Intermediate course, we humbly feel, despite the present proposal to abolish it and step into the University degree course straight from the Senior High School! is an integral part of the degree course as a formative and preparatory course, as its name suggests, to the taking of a degree. The sections that follow that of the College, will give a good *bird's eye view* and a good *close up* as well of our High and Middle Schools, our Primary and Nursery departments. So, our little book, we trust, will give the Public a *cross-section* of the actual, daily work of our institutions and of our students, from the age of $2\frac{1}{2}$ to the age of 19 years — the present average of our under-graduates.

* * * * *

Several great events have taken place since last November, the echoes of which will be found in the following pages.

On December 6, 1953 the inauguration of Marian Year was celebrated by Mount Carmel College, two days before the actual day?! Our 'apologia' for this is to be found in our last issue. December 12 of this year — 1954 — will bring the great Marian Year in India to a close. We wish the All India Marian Congress Bombay — December 4 to 8 — unprecedented success and all joy to our delegates attending it.

In March 1954, the College received sanction to start the B.Sc. course in Chemistry and Natural Science.

On October 10, 1954 the College participated with the Catholic Public and the many other Catholic Institutions, Colleges and Schools Bangalore, in offering to His Grace the Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury Archbishop of Bangalore, the profound joy and felicitations of the Catholics of Bangalore on the investiture of His Grace with the sacred Pallium, on the morning of the same day. The function was organised by the Catholic Association of Bangalore to which we offer our warmest congratulations on the remarkable success of the function.

In September 1954 an N. C. C. unit of 30 cadets was started in this College and began active, Military training !

On October 30, 1954, His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore presided at " Guardians ' Day ". It was a day of great rejoicing. The following message was received later by the College Authorities . —

SAFI DARASHAH, I.A.S.
Private Secretary

The Palace,
Mysore, November 5, 1954

" His Highness has been graciously pleased to consent to the new building in the College being named after him."

(See Address to His Highness — Page 7)

* * * * *

The Editors heartily thank all the contributors to the success of this issue — Writers and Poets, Printers, Block-Makers and established Business Concerns Bangalore which last helped to balance the budget by their advertisements though it was Shakespeare who once paid them the compliment " good wine needs no bush "!

A merry Christmas and a joyous New Year in anticipation, to all our Readers !

Mount Carmel College, Bangalore

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1953—54.

(Read in the presence of His Highness Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur G.C.B. G.C.S.I. Maharaja of Mysore, His Grace the Archbishop of Bangalore, the Vice-Chancellor Mr. V. L. D'Souza, Guardians and the Public of Bangalore.)

Your Highness, Your Grace, Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen,

We present to you the Annual Report for the Academic Year 1953-1954.

Strength

From 461 at the end of the previous year, the strength was 466 throughout the year under report,

University Examination Results

Intermediate Arts

	No. Appeared	No. Passed	Percentage Passed
Whole Examination	79	51	64
Part I	72	63	79
Part II (Kannada, Hindi, Tamil, Telegu, Sanskrit, Urdu, Malayalam) ...	79	77	97
Part III H. E. L.	79	62	78

Classes :— 4 First and 15 Second

Rank :— Second, Third, Sixth and Eighth

Intermediate Science

Whole Examination	109	47	42
Part I	109	79	72
Part II (Languages as above) ...	109	86	79
Part III P. C. M.	44	14	32
,, C. B. Z.	65	33	51

Classes :— 5 First and 11 Second

B. A. Degree

Whole Examination	41	27	66
Part I	41	39	95
Part II (Languages as in Inter) ...	41	38	93
Part III	41	29	71

Classes : Part I 2 Second ; Rank :— 1st and 5th

Part II 3 First (French, Hindi, Sanskrit,) and 8 Second (French, Hindi, Sanskrit, Kannada)

Rank :— 5th (Hindi) 6th (French) 9th and 10th (Sanskrit)

Part III 5 Second : Rank :— 1st and 4th

Inter-Collegiate Examinations In Religion
(Catholic Educational Council Of South India)
IV U. C.

Winner of Gold Medal :— Cecilia Albuquerque (Winner for the second time)

	First Class	Second Class	Pass	Fail	Total
Apologetics & Christian Doctrine	15	9	14	—	38
Apologetics & Christian Doctrine & Morals	2	—	3	—	5

Equipment

600 volumes were added to the library. Newspapers, Magazines and periodicals in all subjects and many languages, were extensively used by the Staff and students. Adequate additions were made to furniture, laboratory and general equipment.

Extra-Curricular

The activities were many and varied. Members of the English, History and Economics, Languages and Sports Association won credit for themselves and the College in Inter-Collegiate contests, detailed below :—

(a) Debates & Speech Contests

		WINNERS	
At Vijaya College	Debate in English	P. K. Ananthalakshmi - 2nd Prize H. Vasumathi - 3rd Prize	Team Prize
At the Rotary Club, Bangalore.	"U.N.O. Week" Elocution Contest for E. K. Palia Shield	P. K. Ananthalakshmi - 1st Prize H. Vasumathi	Team Prize
At the Y. W. C. A., Bangalore.	E. K. Palia Shield Essay Contest	Marie Gonzalves - 1st Prize Therese Rozario	Team Prize
At the St. Joseph's College, Bangalore	Inter-Collegiate Hindi Debate for the Sri Ramanarayan Chellaram Shield	Sunder Shantha Suri - 1st Prize H. Vasumathi	Team Prize
At the University Hall, Mysore.	Inter-Collegiate Debate Contest to select the University representative for the All India Debate	P. K. Ananthalakshmi - 1st	

She spoke in favour of the subject "This House Resolves That Films be Banned". A controversial subject no doubt but perhaps one that could not easily be ended by the famous decision of Sir Roger de Coverley "much might be said on both sides"! This would be so, at least to

a thoughtful mind viewing the amount of evil already done, especially among youth, by bad films. We would recommend this topic to the careful consideration of the parents and guardians of this Institution.

(b) Physical Exercise

We were winners for the third time of the M. G. Sreenivasan Memorial Trophy and Shield for Athletics and also won the Gandhiji Kasturba Shields for Athletics and Games. At the Prasannakumar Memorial meet the College lost the trophy by a mark. We were runners-up there. Two of our Athletes, Deena Thomas and R. M. Vanaja created new records in Discus Throw and Long Jump respectively at the Inter-University meet in Ceylon. They also participated in the Madras State Olympics with credit and were selected by the University of Mysore to participate in the National Games at Delhi, in March last.

Religious Instruction

Religious instruction is compulsory for the Catholic Students and is given four times a week. Study circles in Religion and Morals and for the discussion of social problems, are held once a week. The college is affiliated to the All India Catholic University Students' Federation, and through this Federation with 'Pax Romana' the World Federation of Catholic University Students. The College Sodality of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Teresa received its decree of erection in the Diocese of Bangalore, and also its diplomas, affiliating it with "Prima Primaria", Rome.

Moral Instruction

Moral Instruction is provided for the students of other denominations once a week and held separately for the various classes. Prizes will be awarded from this year onwards, as in other subjects of the curriculum, for Moral instruction.

General Health

General Health was very satisfactory as also the average attendance. A Medical Inspection of the Students was conducted, the results of which were satisfactory. No serious defects were found.

College Hostel

The general health was satisfactory. The Lady Doctor attached to the Hostel visited it at least once a week. 56 students and 4 lay Staff Members were in the Hostel. It was reported last year that a new Hostel building was being constructed. The building has since been completed, except the *annexe* which will contain a canteen and 10 additional double-rooms. Students of all communities and castes reside in the Hostel. Meals are both vegetarian and non-vegetarian. The new Hostel building was formally opened on July 29th 1954, by Her Highness the Maharani of Sandur. His Grace Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, D. D., our Revered Archbishop blessed the building.

General Remarks

The College was visited by a University Commission in March last, with reference to the application of the Authorities to start the B. Sc. Course in Chemistry and Natural Science this academic year. We are happy and thankful to record that the Commission, consisting of the Dean of the Faculty of Science, the Professors of Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology of the Central College convened by the Registrar, "came and saw" to use the immortal words of Caesar but we conquered. This declaration is at the same time a humble and grateful tribute to the sympathetic co-operation of the University and University Professors who have had the vision from the beginning to foresee what this college was trying to do and could do, with the help and encouragement of the University. Among its recommendations the Commission was in favour of a separate laboratory for Physics as the Chemistry laboratory would have to serve the Intermediate as well as B. Sc., Departments and should therefore be extended. This work was therefore taken in hand at the end of the year under report.

Conclusion

Thanking Your Highness for your gracious patronage of this College, Your Grace, the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Clergy, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your presence here tonight and for the keen attention and interest you have given to the Annual Report,

Yours in service,

(Sd.) Sister M. Antoinette,

Principal

for the Management, Staff and Students

Mount Carmel College,

Bangalore,

September 22, 1954

ADDRESS

To His Highness

Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

Maharaja of Mysore.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

It is with much joy and gratitude that we welcome Your Highness on this your first visit to our Institution. Your Highness has often passed and repassed the College on your way to and from the Palace, Bangalore and we have always been eager for an opportunity to testify our loyalty and devotion to Your Highness which Your Highness' customary graciousness has made possible for us today. Your Highness' simple condescension, sympathy and keen interest in all matters relating to the people of this fair and great State, your own people and traditional of the Royal House of Mysore, have endeared you to them. It was also because of Your Highness' intense interest in education that we were emboldened to request Your Highness to preside at Guardians' Day this year.

Your Highness, it was in 1948 that this College first began its service to Mysore State and on that occasion of the formal opening of the College on July 31, 1948 we received this stimulating message from Your Highness :—

MESSAGE

"It has given me great pleasure to learn that a College for Women is being established at Bangalore, called "Mount Carmel College." I have no doubt that the College will play a very useful and important part in the education of the women of the State. I look forward to more colleges for both men and women coming into existence in the State under private management. The healthy spirit of emulation which will be generated between such colleges managed by private agencies and colleges under the direct control of the Government will add to the intellectual life of the University and make for greater variety in academic matters. I wish the function of the opening ceremony all success."

It is our most earnest desire to commemorate this very happy and unique occasion in some fitting manner. We therefore, humbly suggest that we be permitted to name the College extension, now under construction, thus :—

"JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR BLOCK"

This extension will provide additional accommodation for the Intermediate Science and B. Sc. Departments of this College.

We also petition that this great day be commemorated by a grant of land to us in the vicinity, in the name of Your Gracious Highness, to afford us the minimum facilities we need for Athletics and Sports. There was never enough of ground in the College for Sports and even the available land has been encroached on by necessary buildings.

Expressing once more our joyful and profound thanks to Your Highness for the visit you have paid us and for so graciously consenting to preside at this function and distribute the prizes to the students,

We beg to remain,

Your Highness' most devoted subjects,

Mother Superior, Principal, Staff and Students,

Mount Carmel College, Bangalore.

October 30, 1954.

PRESS RELEASE

" NEW LEADER — Madras "
" HERALD — Calcutta "
" EXAMINER — Bombay "

Guardians' Day at Mount Carmel College, BANGALORE.

Guardians' Day was celebrated with much *eclat at* Mount Carmel College for Women (conducted by the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Teresa, Ernakulam) on Saturday, 30th October, at 6 p. m. under the distinguished patronage and immediate presence of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore. On arrival, His Highness was received by His Grace Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, Archbishop of Bangalore, Mr. V. L. D'Souza, Vice-Chancellor of Mysore University, Rev. Mother M. Rita, Mother Superior, and Rev. Sister M. Antoinette, Principal of the College. The college hall was packed to capacity by a large number of men and women — Ministers, Government officials, prominent citizens and Catholics, most of whose children or relatives were studying in the college. Mr. H. Siddaveerappa, Minister for Home and Industries, and Mr. A. G. Ramachandra Rao, Minister for Education, were among those present.

In welcoming the Rajpramukh, Rev. Mother Rita recalled that the college was formally opened on July 31, 1948 when a stimulating message was received from His Highness. To commemorate the visit of the Maharaja to the college, she announced that the extension now under construction for accommodating the Intermediate Science, and the B. Sc., Departments of the college be named, "Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Block". She petitioned His Highness for the grant of a piece of land in the vicinity of the college to afford the minimum facilities required for athletics and sports, which is a keenly felt need of the college.

The audience were then treated to a very interesting programme of variety entertainment for over an hour which revealed the artistic and histrionic talents that the students of the college could display. The Kannada comedy, the English and Indian Group dances, an act from Shakespeare's " A Winter's Tale " and the pageant, " The Wise and the Foolish Virgins " were greatly appreciated and applauded.

The Principal read the annual report, which indicated the brilliant results secured at the university examinations, in sports and athletics and in debating contests. In the Intermediate Arts, the percentage of passes was 64 with 4 first classes and 15 second classes; in the Intermediate Science examination, 47 out of 109 came out successfully, securing for the college 5 first class and 11 second classes. In

the B. A. degree examination, 66 per cent passed, with 2 second classes in Part I 3 first classes in Part II and 5 second classes in Part III.

In his speech, the Maharaja thanked the college authorities for inviting him to preside over the day's celebrations. He congratulated the staff, both religious and lay, for the zeal, sincerity and devotion displayed in the discipline and instruction of the students which contributed to the fine record produced in so short a period. Exhorting the students to keep in view " the aims and ideals of women's education to fit her to her proper role and to save ourselves from being swept off our feet by the clamourous demands of the moment and the urgent appeal of the passing fashions ", His Highness declared that the ideals of women's education must be based on values that are real and enduring. We should "take care not to depart from the noble ideals and traditions which have grown up round the womanhood of our country. The woman, being the life and soul of the home, must receive an education that not only enables her to carry out her duties and responsibilities but also claim the rights and privileges of that position. The education she receives should tend to the ultimate realisation of the aim of being a better mother, wife, sister and daughter, the light and joy, the strength and support of the home." The Rajpramukh continued: " It should not be forgotten that woman has equally her duties and rights in respect of society and the country as well. The alleviation of human suffering and the liquidation of illiteracy are tasks which in our country call for large-scale and immediate attention. Women by their aptitude and temperament are specially fitted to undertake these duties. The women of any country are the natural custodians of the standards of morality and integrity. The noblest traditions of our national character are best vindicated and advanced through them." His Highness concluded : " At this period of our nation's history when rapid readjustments have to be made in our economy and social structure, it is necessary that you should keep in mind that the preservation and transmission of the culture, tradition and civilisation of our country depend more on you, women, than on men."

His Grace Archbishop Pothacamury then spoke extemporaneously, offering grateful thanks to His Highness on behalf of the Archdiocese and the college authorities, for graciously accepting the invitation of the Sisters to preside over the function and distribute the prizes. It was the first time in the history of Bangalore that any Catholic institution had the privilege and honour of welcoming the head of the State. His Highness had identified himself thoroughly with the interests of the people and all movements intended for their welfare. He had endeared himself to all sections of the people by his sympathy and kindness and readiness to adapt himself to the sweeping changes that came over the State with the introduction of Responsible Government in Mysore and the merger of the State with the Indian Union.

The evening's performances were to a large extent made possible, and proved such a grand success that they were through the ceaseless efforts of the Sisters of the convent, among whom were to be found professionals in Kannada, Sanskrit, arts and sciences. They took great care of the girls entrusted to them. That was the reason why parents wanted their children to be educated and looked after by religious Sisters. They greatly admired and appreciated the personal touch between the teacher and the taught, and the missionary zeal with which the Sisters carried on their duties.

Concluding, His Grace thanked His Highness the Rajpramukh, the Ministers, the Vice-Chancellor and the other distinguished guests for the honour done to the College as well as to the Church in Bangalore by their participation in the evening's function.

A picturesque tableau by girls wearing saffron, green and white sarees, displaying the National Flag, and the singing of the Papal and the National Anthems brought the programme to a close.

J. R. V. K.

Light o'er the Grave

Cold grey the skies
They had been weeping the night past.
Thro' tear dimmed eyes
I saw the picture they had cast
Upon our Mother's grave.
Cloud banked on cloud in dark distress
And palms there were
That drooped and swayed in limp caress.
Then sudden streamed a glare —
The clouds seemed silver lined and gleamed!
I thought I dreamed.
I mused awhile . .
That was the reflex of *our Mother's smile.

E.

V. Rev. Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus. Ed.

Messages — Annual 1952-'53

Apostolic Internunciature
in India

8, Alipur Road,
Delhi, 8
December 28, 1953.

Dear Rev. Mother,

Let me thank you for the Anuual of your College and Schools you have kindly sent to me.

I find therein many good articles written by your students which surely gives them incentive to better their intellectual capacities.

Accept my good wishes of the season and many happy returns during the New Year

Imparting my blessing on you all and the institution,

Yours in Christ,

+ [signature]

Apostolic Internuncio.

Carmel
Bangalore, 21—2—1954.

Dear Rev. Mother,

Many thanks for the magazine for which we congratulate you,—it is very interesting and God has blessed your work really. We were also glad to see in it your dear Mother General and even your house of Bangalore. With best wishes and prayers,

I remain
Your Servant in Our Lord,
(Sd.) S. Theresa of Jesus.

St. Luke's Priory,
Wincanton,

Somerset, England,
May 18th 1954.

Dear Sister,

I received your Annual and Scapular leaflet. I liked your Annual very much. I am going to Newcastle tomorrow for the Vocational Exhibition — we expect a crowd of 80,000 during the week of the Exhibition. I will put your Annual among "The Books of the Order". Last year we received a lot of vocations from our 'Exhibition in London",

Do please send me more literature about your College.

Yours in Carmel,
(Sd.) Father Antonine O. D. C.
Superior

Opening of College Hostel

PRESS EXTRACTS

"Good Work Of Missionaries In Field Of Education"

SANDUR MAHARANI'S TRIBUTES

Bangalore Archbishop Blesses New Hostel in Carmel College

(By A STAFF REPORTER)

BANGALORE, July 30.

"I admire the social purpose that Christian Missionaries give to religion. A person who expresses his devotion to God by helping his fellow-men to lead a better life, is likely to be more truly religious than the person who is only learned in religious doctrine and theology. The idea of social service as an essential discipline of spiritual life cannot be over-emphasised", said Her Highness the Maharani of Sandur, while declaring open the new Hostel building of the Mount Carmel College, last evening.

The function was held in front of the Hostel Building and there was a select gathering of students, Clergy and parents. The present Hostel building is constructed at a cost of nearly Rs. One Lakh to provide accommodation for 60 students and the building will be extended in due course to accommodate 100 students.

Blessing By Archbishop

Blessing the new Hostel, His Grace the Most Rev, Thomas Pothacamury, Archbishop of Bangalore felt happy to note that the building had been completed in less than six months in spite of various obstacles in the way. With the provision of the hostel, the dream of the founder, Mother Mary after whom the Hostel had been named had now been fulfilled.

His Grace briefly referred to the efforts of Mother Mary and her band of Sisters in starting the College and felt happy to note that the College had been expanding rapidly. That was due to the sincere and selfless work on the part of the Sisters and other staff of the College. The public of Bangalore had realised the great ideals with which the College was founded and working. One of the outstanding features, of the institution was the relationship between the staff and students. There was a personal contact between the teacher and the taught.

Concluding, His Grace said that the present accommodation of the hostel was to house about 60 students though it was the desire of the authorities to provide accommodation for 100 girls. He hoped that the Sisters of the College would succeed in their further efforts to expand the building and fulfil the dream of the late Mother Mary. "This is a very happy day for the students of this College and it is a happy day for us too. I sincerely thank the Sisters for what they have done and are doing and I congratulate them on their great achievement".

THE DAILY POST

Mother Mary Memorial Hostel



Blessing of the Foundation Stone by His Grace Archbishop of Bangalore.
Laying of the stone by H. H. Yuvarani of Sandur.

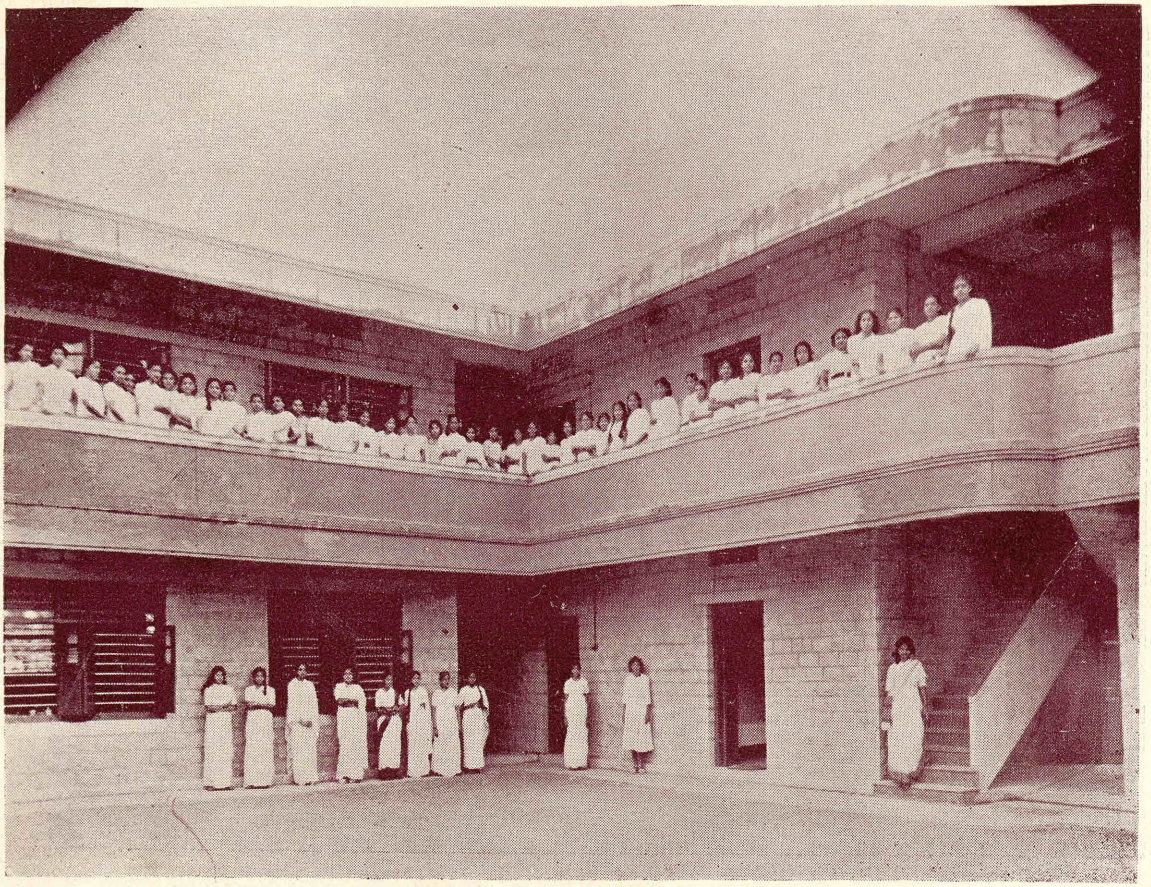


THE HOSTEL IS OPENED BY

H. H. The Maharani of Sandur

and

blessed by His Grace The Archbishop of Bangalore.



Interior view of Mother Mary Hostel



V. Rev. Mother Mary Alphonsus

Our Mother General at "Doric Estate"

(ON A VISIT TO BANGALORE)

Hostel Opened for Mount Carmel College

BANGALORE, 1st August '54

The Mount Carmel College, which has come to be known as a good educational institution in Bangalore, added yet another achievement when a residential hostel was opened today.

The hostel built at a cost of Rs. 1 lakh, providing accommodation for 60 students, was declared open by Her Highness Sushila Devi Ghorpade, Maharani of Sandur.

The new hostel building was blessed by His Grace the Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, Archbishop of Bangalore, who said on the occasion that the hostel was really an achievement of the Mount Carmel College and was the realisation of Mother Mary, the founder, whose earnest desire it was to put up a hostel to house 100 students.

His Grace congratulated the college authorities and others concerned on completing the construction of the imposing building within six months.

Recalling the events that led to the starting of the Mount Carmel College in Bangalore, His Grace praised the work done by the congregation of sisters in the field of education in several places. The college, which was started in 1948 with a strength of 32 students, had steadily grown and the present number was about 500. The public have realised the ideal for which the college stood, he added.

Declaring the hostel open, Her Highness the Maharani of Sandur said that the imposing building shows how well and how fast things could be built up, provided there was will to do so. "It is no wonder that the missionary zeal to do good had become so well known," she added.

Her Highness stated that the Christian missionaries in India could not have chosen a better field to work than education as it was so vital to the prosperity of the modern India. It was more so, as India had embarked on the mightiest adventure in democracy the world had ever known.

Education was essentially a process of bringing out the best in a person. It should aim at an all-round development of the personality — intellectual, physical and spiritual. Ancient Indian and Greek systems of education catered to this three-fold growth better than the modern stereotyped schools, the Maharani asserted and said that many of the schools and colleges today tended to degenerate into merely coaching institutions to enable students to pass examinations.

Stressing the useful role of hostels, Her Highness observed that it served as a residential university which had a tremendous advantage over other universities which were merely examining bodies. With its corporate life and concentration of manifold academic, social, physical and cultural activities in a small area, the residential university was in a better position to develop the all-round personality of the student.

Proposing a vote of thanks, Sister Marie Antoinette, Principal of the college, expressed gratitude to the Maharani for her donation of Rs. 2,000 for the construction of the hostel and to the University of Mysore for their generous grant.

DECCAN HERALD

Benefits of Residential University Explained

MAHARANI OF SANDUR OPENS WOMEN'S COLLEGE HOSTEL IN BANGALORE

(From Our Correspondent)

BANGALORE, 1st August '54

A TRIBUTE to Christian missionaries for their "pioneering work in the field of education," was paid by H. H. THE MAHARANI OF SANDUR, while declaring open "The Mother Mary Memorial Hostel" attached to Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, this evening.

Her Highness said : "The Christian missionaries could not have chosen a better field in India to work than the field of education"

His Grace the Archbishop of Bangalore blessed the Hostel.

The teachings of Swami Vivekananda had a wide appeal both in India and abroad, because he emphasised the idea of social service as an essential part of spiritual life. Mahatma Gandhi lived, and preached such an ideal.

The ancient arts and crafts, music and dance of India were all traditional. The dangers which would otherwise have resulted from large-scale illiteracy of the people were largely avoided by a strong oral tradition of imparting knowledge. "But the modern age of science and technology cannot be divorced from literacy. Education is progress; lack of it is stagnation. This is all the more so, because India has started on the mighty venture of parliamentary Government based on adult franchise." she said.

The Convent and other mission schools and colleges for women had done a lot, and she hoped they would do a lot more for the education of Indian women.

PLACE OF FINE ARTS

Her Highness stressed the need for all-round development — intellectual, physical, and emotional — of the child, and referred to the system of education imparted in ancient India, and Greece, to achieve such a three-fold growth of the personality.

The ancients emphasised the early training of emotions through the sublimating effects of poetry, dance, drama and music. Emotional expansion was considered to be as important as accuracy in thought and expression. "That is why, I sometimes doubt the virtue of a system of education which forces girls to study only physics, chemistry or mathematics, and such other subjects to the exclusion of the fine arts," Her Highness said.

"That is why a residential university has a tremendous advantage over other universities, which are merely examining bodies. With its corporate life, and concentration of manifold academic, social, physical and cultural activities in a small area, it is in a better position to develop the all-round personality of the student than a non-residential university.

MADRAS MAIL

Some of the Many Messages Received

" Hostelites ever cherish Mother Mary's memory "—

Telegram from our Mother General

589, Sajjan Rao Circle,
Viswesvarapuram,
Bangalore 4.
27—7—1954.

Dear Rev. Sister,

I thank you for the kind invitation for the opening function of Mother Mary Memorial Hostel on the 24th instant.

I have another duty to perform the same evening and I am therefore requesting you to excuse my absence. I shall take an early opportunity of seeing the Hostel, if you permit.

Permit me to congratulate you on the speedy completion of the Hostel Building and wish the function on the 24th all success.

I pray that the All Merciful God may shower His Choicest Blessings on the Institution and on the successive batches of Boarders who may receive their education therein.

With regards
Yours sincerely,
Sd. V. Gopalaswami Aiengar, M.A.
(Principal, National College)

Camp: Cuddapah,
Dated 1st August 1954.

Dear Sister,

I have read in the Mail today an interesting account of the opening ceremony of The Mother Mary Memorial Hostel. I am writing this to express my own humble appreciation of the quickness with which this hostel was completed and the hard and sincere work of you all that was responsible for it. I send you and your staff my congratulations and good wishes with the sincere hope that the hostel will serve its true purpose of bringing up the young women living in it in an atmosphere of true religion and culture.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
Sd. Sirajuddin
(D.I.G.P.)

32, North Avenue,
New Delhi, 2—8—'54.

Esteemed Mother,

I was very happy to learn of the opening of your Hostel. It is a great pleasure to see the college grow from strength to strength. I am sure in any sincere work we undertake God will always be with us and enable us to overcome all difficulties we may be faced with. If only we have abiding faith in Him all obstacles will melt like ice.

Jai Hind !

Sd. N. Keshavaiengar,
(M.P., Ex-Mayor, Bangalore)

High Ground,
Bangalore
29th July 1954.

Dear Mother,

Thank you very much for your invitation. It makes me so happy to know that, despite the many obstacles, you have been able to complete a new hostel.

On this happy occasion we send you our best wishes - that the College may prosper as it so well deserves,

Yours sincerely,
Sd. Mrs. M. A. Sreenivasan

Bangalore
30—7—1954.

Dear Rev. Mother,

The Chief Minister M. Hanumanthaiya in his speech said that the Carmel College was a most superb college. God has enabled you to win laurels for your College and He will surely shower His blessings on you and your Staff.

There is the true Christian life pervading your premises and I am sure the children that attend the College will be imbued with that spirit.

You are the heroines of Our Lord and He will surely give you help in all matters.

Yours sincerely,
Sd. P. Mascarenhas

EVEREST.

(Contributed)

Everest ! What better name for one, who
Throughout the ages has stood so remote & lofty
From the haunts of man
Buried in perpetual snows
Undisturbed by man or beast
Watching, as it were, over the world
Majestic, mystic, and sublime
Throwing a challenge to every clime
To scale your inaccessible sides
And touch your Peak.
Ever–at–rest indeed.

But now that man has at last
Despite the failures of the past
Dared the many dangers to your domain
With his usual spirit of adventure & might
Attained the unattainable
And reached the limits of your height
Will you be still Ever-at-rest ?
Or never at rest ! !
For where one can go
Others will follow
So, perhaps, in the years to come
The difficult may be made easier—
To man a new pleasure resort !
And your old seclusion and aloofnes be forgot !

Whatever be man's aim
Let him not change your name
To other than Everest
Both for what has been and may yet be.
It is the name that suits you best.

H. S.

Canna in Cubbon Park, Bangalore

Pools of dark earth lie in the grassy leas
In Cubbon Park, 'neath the swaying trees.
Whether 'tis summer or cool, delicious days
Of winter or of spring, the Canna stays —
Rearing from each brown, manured plot
Broad, emerald leaves that cannot be forgot;
Each form's a cluster from the heart of which
Shoots up a green rod with flowers rich
And beautiful at its crest - bright yellow —
Scarlet in luscious clumps or mellow
Salmon-pink deepening to tomato :
Perhaps warm orange with staccato
Dots of red : sometimes 'tis a white
Mass of lily-like flowers — cool delight !
Sometimes as palest cream the flowers are seen
Growing around smooth stems of russet-green.
Sometimes in gorgeous flames or wine-throated glory.
So grow the Canna of my verse story.
Words cannot adequately tell
The meanings and the mysteries they spell.

S. M. A.

DEMOCRACY VS. UTOPIA

A COLLEGE CONVOCATION ADDRESS

By RAYMOND SWING

(American Radio Commentator)

The college is not only a seat of learning, it is also a preview of a more perfect society, and all of you who have gone through four years in this college have been partaking in advance of social relationships which you will be striving to bring into reality. Thus the college is a group of individuals. You have been accepted as individuals, you have been encouraged as individuals. You have counted, not for your self-abnegation but for your self-expression.

It has been a group of individual equality. By that I do not mean that each of you has been of the same capacity. But each of you has had the same opportunity. Not all of you are graduating with honors, but the road to honors was open to you all. And some of you may have chosen not to take the road to honors, so as to develop particular interests. So you have had a pre-experience of a society of equal opportunity. Here in college you have had this equal opportunity without much regard to your property possessions. And that, too, is a foretaste of the better world to come.

The accent in the college has been on the past and the future much more than you will find it in the non-college world, and that, too, is prophetic. For civilization, like education, is a heritage to which each generation must make its addition if the civilization is to live. But before the addition can be made, the attributes of the heritage must be known, the nature of its organic development must be appreciated, its values must be formulated. You in college have seen more clearly than the non-college world that what we call the present is a metaphysical convenience and not a reality, since the past really leads into the future without a halt. You have thought more about the future than most of your elders, and have related these thoughts to the past more than they. So you have caught a glimpse of the great continuity of life which society itself will have one day. To govern, someone has said, is to foresee. A more perfect government will be one of clearer horizons, the past will be better appraised, the future better charted. And you already have had some experience of this wiser society.

But I wish to come back to the topic of the conflicts through which you have gone, for you will be wise to see that these, too have been a preview even of a more perfect society. Civilization is not the avoidance of conflict but its refinement. In a good society conflicts are kept within well-set bounds, and channels are provided for

their settlement.. But civilization being incomplete, the settlement of conflicts is not a perfected system. Injustice abounds not only abroad but in this land of ours. You are aware of that. You have thought about it a great deal. That is your pledge of improvement. For if you did not know sharply and passionately the injustices of our incomplete civilization, you would have no agenda for the work that is yours to do.

If I understand correctly, some of the liveliest hours you have spent in college have been produced by a conflict between the advocates of Utopia and the defenders of an imperfect domocracy. It is a conflict in which the Utopians have a certain advantage. You can always outargue the apologist if you can rest your case on a blueprint. For there are no imperfections in a blueprint. And there are imperfections in the United States, in Great Britain, in any country with a long or short experience in self-government. There are many of them. But what is notable about this country of ours is not its completeness, but that the opportunity remains to complete it. The Utopians do not see this, for their blueprint is complete. And as long as it remains a blueprint, they seem to be winning all the arguments. When they come to do the building from the blueprints they will be making imperfections, too, and their dialectical advantage will begin to melt away.

What has been the basis of some of the conflict has been in the realm of loyalty. That word, I imagine, has caused more confusion in colleges than any other. The Utopian is loyal to his blueprint. And that loyalty has brought him into a curious jumble.

To begin with, loyalty is a great human capacity. It implies faith and discipline. A loyal person is one who is sure that when he hears that you, his friend, have done something which looks reprehensible, it will turn out to be reasonable and forgivable if all the circumstances are known. The man with loyalty practices the dictum that to understand all is to forgive all. He is willing to wait for the evidence to be produced. He will not prejudge you. He will see your good qualities and how they outweigh your deficiencies. He defends you, he praises you to others, and if he sees a fault in you he tells it to you privately, with forbearance and affection. This same loyalty can be given to a cause. And I am sure that a young man or woman who is loyal to a blueprint of Utopia is a meritorious specimen of mankind.

But there is one loyalty which is still greater than loyalty to a cause or to a friend. It is loyalty to truth. Here I beg of you not to dismiss that word truth as vague, abstract, and subjective. Instead of truth, I nearly said moral values, that a greater loyalty than to a cause or a friend is the loyalty to moral values. I also nearly said loyalty to oneself. For the sense I have of truth is that it is a personal judgment based on a sense of social obligation, as well as on a scientific appraisal of evidence.

I do not believe that a Utopia can be built out of bad building material. I do not believe that Utopias are really ever made from blueprints. In social building, what is of value is the soundness of materials. What each of us has to contribute to society is himself or herself, his own honesty within himself, his faith in sincerity, his own sincere dealing. If any of you believe that you are going to achieve Utopia by deceit, by raising false flags, by willful misrepresentation, by conscious misstatement, by guile, conspiracy, and fraud, and finally by giving over to someone else the power to think and judge and study the evidence for you, you know little of the ways of progress,

For Utopia is no different from democracy. It, too, is never completed. It is a start made in a desirable direction, and the task of constructing it is infinite. If it were otherwise — as some young people today believe — they might succeed in their sophistry. It might be so that the ends justify the means. One might arrive at a destination of a perfect society, and then in a great celebration and ceremonial make a vast bonfire of all the lies and all the surreptitious trickery which had been resorted to in reaching the destination, and then start life anew on an elevated plane of social decency.

Perhaps the chief difference between the generations is that the young people hope to achieve social changes more quickly than their elders. But their elders had the same hope, and only experience taught them that it is a slow grind and that it cannot be done with impetuous joy or with any temporary suspension of the moral code. When you are along in life and can look around you, you measure what it is your generation has done, you see a far different view of the Jerusalem that was to be built in this green land. You see that this Jerusalem is not a mirage, but that it is a tedious compilation, and you see quite clearly that what one gives to erecting it is not something outside oneself, but from the very innermost heart of oneself. One sees that this Jerusalem is not a dream but a reality, and this reality is the sum total of individuals, and its strength and value are no more and no less than the strength and value of those individuals. Whatever trickery and deceit you take with you to this destination stays with you. The means you employ to achieve what you want become part of your achievement. And if you think you are building a better society by temporary deceit, you will be astonished to find that the deceit is not temporary, it is a permanent part of the society you have built. You do not arrive at the moment when you can throw off the social immoralities, for social immoralities never buy anything but social immorality. They do not buy Utopia.

I hope that your experiences in college have given you a groundwork in appreciating the nature of the civil liberties in society. The words "civil liberties" are not to be bandied about carelessly. They are precious words, but they also are responsible and realistic words. Academic freedom, for instance, is not a long heritage, nor is it ever a secure heritage. Like all freedoms it must be continuously

maintained. One importance of academic freedom that I wish to mention is that *it allows for heresy. It is a recognition of the changing nature of orthodoxy, and it is a kind of insurance, for without it thinking might come to a dead end and so die. But the guarantee of the right of heresy is the guarantee of the individual's right to seek the truth, wherever that search may take him. I am sure that you have grasped that. Academic freedom is the safeguarding of the scholar who is weighing truth in the scales of his own inner being. If he is not doing that he is not a scholar. If he is not a scholar searching for truth, academic freedom is not for him, and he has no right to appeal to its protection. If a man who has been a scholar takes on a political obligation which binds him to accept a judgment of truth outside his own experience and forbids him the privilege of search, he has himself contracted out of academic freedom. That is plain. You cannot be a scholar, entitled to academic freedom, and give up your right to think, inquire, and judge.

I hope, too, that it is clear to you that minority rights have been granted by the majority. Be quite hard-boiled about it; the majority has bestowed these rights not out of any quixotic altruism, but out of a wise sense of self-interest. It has given them because the majority wants a wholesome life, and a wholesome life is not to be had in any tyranny whatever, even the tyranny of the majority over the minority. But those who enjoy minority rights must know that they enjoy them only so long as the majority can be convinced that their freedom is to its own interests. The majority will never uphold the right of the minority to destroy the majority. That should be plain.

And a civil liberty that is used to frustrate the majority and to bind it, and to paralyze it, is not a liberty the majority will continue to bestow. For if the tyranny of the majority over the minority is not wholesome, the tyranny of the minority over the majority is less so.

It is good if you have had to contend with these concepts and conflicts here in the community of this college. For you will be contending with them for as long as you live. As I said, you go into a career of contention henceforth. You will find

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*Academic freedom should not allow for heresy, in religious matters if by heresy is meant religious opinions contrary to the authorised teaching that is based on Divine Revelation. Divine Revelation, when there is moral certitude that it is Divine, is guarantee of absolute truth. Absolute truth is for all time and circumstances unlike relative truth. The purpose of academic freedom is to facilitate the search for truth. To accord freedom to heresy would be like covering a treasure with piles of rubbish in order to allow people the liberty of exercising their muscles and wits in rediscovering it with the risk of not unearthing it.

(Note by S. M. D. Ed.)

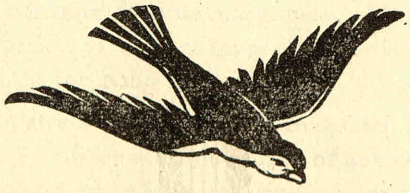
it a wearing and wearying career. You will find truth not elusive, but everlastingly incomplete. You will find some of it here, some of it there. You will find some of it in the cause you do not espouse. You will find it in no one cause, not in one political scheme. If you appreciate this early, you will be early ready to serve the cause of democracy which provided this homeland of yours. For democracy is the conscious knowledge that an imperfect society can be made more perfect, as well as the political freedom to act to that end. Democracy is unfinished business. That is what we mean by saying that democracy is not fulfillment as much as it is a process — the contentious, wearying process — of always advancing toward fulfillment.

And in that building be sure that you have no other gift to make than yourselves. Some of you may be called upon to make that gift with great courage and great sacrifice. I humbly thank you for being capable of it. Others will make it in less spectacular ways. But be assured that what virtue you practice, what insight you gain, what restraint you place upon your intolerance, what sincerity you dare have with yourselves, what truthfulness and honor you pay to your comrades will be your contribution to your times.

Contributed by

United States Information Service

Madras.



No Man is Completely Happy.

So many and so varied are the evils that beset us in life, and so much are we dependant for our happiness on circumstances beyond our control, that it is not possible for any man on earth to attain to a state of perfect felicity.

Health of body and mind is an important condition of happiness. But mental and bodily suffering would seem to be the common lot of all men. We seldom realise how greatly our happiness is dependant on others. Before we can be completely happy, everyone with whom we come in contact in daily life—friend, servant, stranger, relation, must combine to please and humour us. Besides, our interests and our affections have so wide a range that we can be quite happy only if all those whom we know and love are happy too. The sentiment of compassion that is implanted in the heart will prevent us from being perfectly happy, so long as we are aware of even a single instance of misery or suffering. Moreover, absolute happiness is not possible except in a state of perfect contentment. But human nature is so constituted that this condition is foreign to it. The more we have, the more we want; for example, Alexander the Great was not content with overcoming the whole world, but actually wept for lack of more worlds to conquer.

The satisfaction of any one of the conditions named above, is outside the bounds of probability. To hope for the satisfaction of all of them simultaneously, is to dream of the impossible. It is no doubt for this reason that a philosopher said that no man should be called happy until he is dead. We may ask whether this failure to achieve perfect felicity has not an injurious effect upon our character. On the contrary, the difficulties and sufferings that we undergo, are really blessings which help to develop character. They tend constantly to remind us of God, the giver of all, and of that "hereafter" where alone, we may hope to enjoy perfect bliss.

A. Anvary Sheriff,
I. U. C.
Mount Carmel College,

How to be Happy.

Happiness is within the reach of all, rich or poor. It is not the monopoly of the rich or of any particular class or community. In spite of this, comparatively few people are happy. The reason is that the majority do not recognize happiness even when it is within their grasp. If we consider it deeply we will realise that the true source of happiness lies in oneself.

The majority think that happiness can be acquired when one is healthy or wealthy or has realised an ambition in life which makes one famous. This is a wrong idea. Again, a few others imagine that pleasure is identical with happiness; and hence we find persons indulging in smoking, drinking, eating, dancing etc. Pleasure is temporary and hence happiness through pleasure is of short duration. Many people rank wealth as first in contributing to happiness. It is a fact that money does many things but wealth is fleeting; and if one is to keep it, much care and vigilance are required-hence worry and care rob a man of peace of mind. On the other hand there are thousands of people lacking all the blessings of life but who are contented and happy.

It is the mind alone that makes man happy or unhappy. It does not matter whether one is full of worry and care. Even if one has barely anything to sup for the day and has only a stone to lay his head upon, yet, one can be happy. If we consider the life of Christ and of many of the saints of the Catholic Church we find that no one has been as happy. These are they who have been deprived, or to be more correct, deprived themselves of factors which according to the world contribute to happiness. The "Little White Flower" of Lisieux had neither health, nor wealth, nor even the lawful pleasures of life; and inspite of all these deprivations, she was the happiest of mortals that ever lived as we read in her Autobiography. An old proverb very rightly says. "He who is happy is rich—but he who is rich is not happy."

If everyone learns to look on life as a game, and the world as a playground, he can acquire peace and happiness. To appreciate surroundings, to help other people, to perform one's duties conscientiously and as perfectly as possible; to be kind and sympathetic to people, to be helpful at all times and to all—rich or poor, the fortunate or unfortunate, this will contribute to true happiness. True happiness is a form of love that increases in proportion to what it gives out. It is here that happiness comes within the reach of all — even the poorest.

If we use the wealth, strength, and talents that God has given us, in making others happy for His sake, it will be a noble means of achieving happiness. If we try to make the unfortunate happy, to relieve suffering, to console the afflicted, in fine, to forget self in the service of our fellow beings, we shall never fail to achieve true happiness. There is yet a greater service we can do our neighbour, as a great spiritual writer has said - "Cover the faults of others with the mantle of Charity." What nobler saying than this and what can contribute more to happiness?

There is nothing better than the Divine injunctions "Judge not that you may not be judged"—"Love your enemies—do good to them that hate you—pray for them that persecute and calumniate you"—"Forgive and you shall be forgiven" and lastly, to follow the advice of another great spiritual writer, "Be good to all from God-down." In this one sentence, we have the summary of how to be truly happy, because therein we fulfil our duty to God and our neighbour, which is the essential injunction to be followed, and which will alone contribute to our happiness here and hereafter.

S.M.C.
I U.C.

Mt. Carmel

Mother fair above all Mothers
To thy children love impart
Children thine of predilection
And so dear to thy own heart.
Reign o'er us dearest of Mothers
Make us love the world at large :
Ever forgiving and forgetting
Lead us Mother to thy dear Son's heart.

S.M.C.



SENIOR B.A. 1954

N. B. Mrinalini—winner of 3 Gold Medals & a Prize — *end of 1st row standing–Left of Picture*

S. R. Manonmani — triple Second Class & Rank — *end of row sitting — Right of Picture*

M. C. C. Sports, College and Inter-Collegiate





WINNERS !

Carmel Calendar 1953—1954

June 2nd.— The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth the Second. A great day for the British Commonwealth of Nations. Our Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru participated in the celebrations to the great pleasure of Her Majesty the Queen and the British people.

June 16th.— Senior Classes open and the academic year begins in right-good earnest.

June 30th.— Junior Classes open. The College is thronged with girls of all descriptions, coming from all classes and communities and who, on the threshold of actual life, will learn here the great art of mixing well with fellow citizens.

July 10th & 13th.—Conference of the C. S. U. leaders at Trichinopoly. Mary Saldanha and Therese Rozario attend accompanied by Sister Jane. There were no major disasters though a few mishaps! They nearly lost the train once, having got down to perform their ablutions at one of the stations. The conference proved very useful and inspiring to our Catholic Guild.

July 16th.— Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel—Patron of the College. On this great day pass away two eminent personalities–His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mar Ivanios, Archbishop of Trivandrum (the "Newman of India") and Mr. Hilaire Belloc the "grand old man" of English Literature, friend of Chesterton, Shaw, Wells, Barrie and other famous men. Needless to say their mode of converse was often debate.

July 24.— Election of Offiee-bearers of the various College Sub-Associations.

July 25th.— The Social Service League inaugurated by Mr. V. K. Govindarajalu. A great feeling of satisfaction fills us. We feel more effective work will be now done for the poor and backward.

July 28th.— American students again visit us. We spend an enjoyable and profitable hour with them and they with us (we hope).

August 2nd.— The Feast day of our Very Rev. Mother General (Feast of St. Alphonsus Ligouri) and the celebration of Mother's Silver Jubilee of Religious Profession, which date was actually July 9th. Superiors and Sisters from far and near attend. It is a great demonstration of loyalty and affection to the Head of our beloved Congregation. His Grace, the Archbishop of Verapoly officiates at the High Mass sung by the Convent Choir, and preaches a moving sermon.

August 17th Principal's Day. A very good variety entertainment is provided by the students. The day is also the Feast of Flowers in Mount Carmel. Flowers in garlands, in bouquets and in baskets are to be found in profusion, brought by students from Bangalore homes and markets. Very generous and useful gifts are also made to the College by the Staff and students.

September 8th College Day Sports and Social. It is the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady and likely to be a less wet day than July 16th which is the Patronal Feast of the College. Her Highness, the Maharani of Sandur presides. A thrilling and strenuous programme follows a spectacular "March Past" of athletes, Her Highness taking the salute. Deena Thomas wins the Individual Championship. The Staff Championship is shared between Rev. Sister Dorothy and Miss Lena Mascarenhas. An F. S. A. meeting is held earlier in the afternoon.

September 28th The grand news is received amidst much jubilation of the raising of the Diocese of Bangalore to a Metropolitan See with our revered Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Pothacamury as Archbishop of Bangalore and Mysore. Ad Multos Annos!

October 1st.— A holiday for the State in honour of the merging of Bellary with Mysore State.

October 2nd.— The Birthday of the "Father of the Nation"—Mahatma Gandhi.

October 4th.— Arrival of His Excellency the Papal Internuncio Martin Lucas, in the City of Bangalore. A Public reception in the Cathedral grounds, followed by a very brief and interesting entertainment to which M. C. C. students contribute a "Marwari Dance" which is much appreciated by His Excellency.

October 21st.— The Rotary Club celebrates U. N. O. day by a special speech competition, which is won by P. K. Ananthalakshmi.

October 24th.— U. N. O. Day. A meeting in the College. Our Ex-Mayor, Mr. N. Keshaiv Iyengar presides. He is very appreciative of our young speakers and feels that they will make efficient members of U. N. O. even now (laughter).

November 6th.— Variety Entertainment in aid of the new hostel building: Students' Day. The students are rueful that they are not provided with thunder and lightning in "Macbeth" as on the days for the Public. The weather was dry and hot instead, on the 6th.

November 10th Arrival of His Eminence Cardinal Tisserant, *en route to* Ernakulam. A Public reception is accorded to His Eminence.

November 19th Dr. Christian O. Arndt, Professor of Education, U. S. A., addresses our students on "The Student From Abroad in U. S. A. To the question "Is there colour prejudice in America?" the good Professor asks "Is there Caste prejudice in India?" and adds, that the Americans are trying to eradicate completely colour prejudice in America.

November 28th All-Mysore Inter-Collegiate debate conducted by the Vijaya College Bangalore. P. K. Ananthalakshmi and H. Vasumathi of our College win the Rolling Cup.

December 1st.— Inter-Collegiate Hindi debate at St. Joseph's College. Sunder Shanta Suri and Vasumathi bring back the Team Prize (Cup) for the year and Sunder Shanta wins the First Individual Prize.

December 6th.— The Marian Year opens at Mount Carmel, with a "tribute" to Our Lady by the Sodalists and a procession followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

December 7th.— "Hat-Night" competition at the Rotary Club, Bangalore, for the handsome E. K. Palia Shield for Elocution. Won by P. K. Ananthalakshmi.

December 18th.— Closing of the College for the Christmas vacation and Mount Carmel again is wrapped in peace—the peace of Carmel!—for 18 blissful days.

January 7th.— The College reopens all too soon. Leave letters are scanned and filed as "accepted" "not accepted" or "doubtful". The last category will be interviewed and final judgement given. *Problem for solving*:— If the vacation period were 6 months, what percentage of the students would be present on the re-opening day?

January 17th.— Asian Youths Forum, at the Town Hall, on the model of the Second U. N. O. Assembly. Our team represents Denmark effectively.

February 5th.— The passing away of Rev. Father B. Cholet, associated, among his various ministries, with the Community of Mount Carmel, as

Confessor from 1948 to 1953 when the Rev. Father fell seriously ill. Clad in Priestly robes and vestments his remains lie in Cloistered Carmel from the 6th evening to the 8th morning, when a solemn Requiem Mass is sung. The burial takes place in the evening of the same day in the Cemetery of the Sacred Heart Church, Bangalore. R.I.P.

Febr. 26th & 27th.-Variety entertainment in aid of our Poor Students' fund. It is a success as entertainment and financially.

February 28th.— The Children of Mary picnic at V. Lakshmi's Farm, a picturesque and most interesting spot, 12 miles out of town. Tender cocoanuts and sugar-cane are delightful refreshment.

March 4th.— Farewell social to our Senior B. A. students. It is always a social with sadness blended.

March 8th.— The promotion Examinations commence.

March 11th.— The "Senior Inters" enter into revision holidays, as we hope.

March 13th.— The University Inspection Committee visits the College, with reference to the opening of the B.Sc. course in Chemistry and Natural Science, which will mark another mile-stone covered by Mount Carmel since 1948, Deo Gratias!

March 18th.— The College assembles to greet our dear Mother Superior on Mother's birthday to be, tomorrow.

March 19th.— The Feast of the great Saint Joseph. The Saint is often surrounded and bedecked with odd things—fountain-pens of examinees, plans of buildings, petition billets of all shapes and sizes.

April 1st The University Examinations commence. Mount Carmel is a centre, for the first time, for Intermediate students. The College has already closed for the summer vacation on March 18th. We wish our dear candidates a month of inspiration (withal perspiration) as it must be in an Indian April!

Conundrums (Collected and Original ? Ed.)

1. What is the relationship between a teacher and an engine-driver ?
2. Three fourths of a cross, a circle complete, two semi-circles a perpendicular meet, an isosceles triangle standing on its feet, two semicircles, a circle complete.
3. What does an artist like to draw best ?
4. What will you get if you fall into the sea ?
5. Which was the hill that the Germans could not climb ?
6. Which dramatist carries a weapon behind him ?
7. (i) A six lettered word.
   (ii) The first three letters go to form the name of a vehicle.
   (iii) If the third letter is omitted, it is the name of an animal.
   (iv) If the first and last two letters are omitted, it is a part of the human body.
   (v) If the third and last letters are omitted, it is the past tense of a verb.
8. Which is known as "the pearl of the Indian Ocean" ?

(For Answers see page 35)

" The joy, sorrow, and excitement I was experiencing finally forced their way out in tears. As we drove out of the iron gate of isolation 'together' into the free, uncertain world we had dreamed about so long, I looked back wet-eyed at the buildings and trees ringed with barbed wire that had held so much of Harry and me. Now the years of suffering and struggle seemed dwarfed by the mental and spiritual enrichment this difficult experience had brought into our lives.

Harry, eyes ahead, turned the car down the river road. And with spring in the air and springtime in our hearts we drove on our unknown way, knowing the road ahead would be rocky and long before we reached at last the place of our own we had talked and planned and dreamed about through the twenty lost years that could never be lost, that would always be part of us. Knowing this, we firmly believed that if we continued to seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice that all necessary things would be given. All else, to the smallest flower and simplest pleasure found along the way, would be His special gifts."

(" Miracle at Carville " by Betty Martin and Edited by Evelyn Wells :
Publishers—Doubleday and Company, Inc.,
Garden City, New York, 1951)

POETRY CONTEST — RESULTS

1st Prize Winner

Haven in the storm

The wind it blows o'er the stormy waves
Which dash against the sandy shore—
The silvery spray dances in the rocky caves—
And then they are seen no more.

The night is dark, heralding the storm
The sea-gulls cry in their rocky nests :—
"Oh when ! oh when will it be dawn
For only then can we have some rest" !
But away in the distance can be seen
On a rocky hill, away from the world,
A monastery, where many have been
To have all their worldly cares unfurled.
Nothing is heard in the still of the night
Except the lashing of the angry sea
When suddenly are seen the twinkling lights
Of the monastery, where the holy brothers be.
One by one they kneel to pray
Amidst the candles and holy books,
Their voices hushed as they slowly say,
Their humble prayers with humble looks.
The storm is raging, the waves grow fierce
The rumble of thunder is slowly raised
Yet in the monastery silence reigns
For the monks are singing their song of praise.
They hear not the lashing of the waves,
Or the moaning of the wind forlorn,
To them there is only the faith that saves
The eternal peace with their God.

Nirmala Appadorai,
I.U.C.

2nd Prize Winner

LEISURE.

What is Leisure?
I've taken up the task of defining ' Leisure ' —
It means nothing, but your and my pleasure.
Nay, I was wrong ! Leisure means every thing !
At least, to me, it is a heavenly bestowed thing.
What, if life were monotonous — one ceaseless toil?
Would you still think of it, as one, without any foil?
What is then Leisure? Think hard my friend,
Is it, visiting the library, your knowledge to mend?
Or is it, going to the movies for a thrilling moment?
Nay, it is nothing which is given out on rent,
For, it is shared by all, — wealthy and poor ;
Leisure knocks on every humble door.
For see ! the rustic under that shady tree,
Lying easy, and completely carefree.
His steady gaze above, on the azure heaven,
The wave of calmness on his *expressionless mien,
Seem to tell us that he's found satisfaction,
And thus has found a spice for this life of friction.
This is Leisure.

Jayanti K. Das. 1st. U. C.

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* The word, in the opinion of the judges, lost the poem the first prize. It made the idea, explicit enough at first (and appealing) turn, of a sudden, vague (Ed.)

Further interesting entries printed in order of choice

Motherland is the Best!

It was a sunny day,
In the month of May,
When the old carpenter
Set out to wander
The whole, wide world
Of which he had often heard.
To America he went first,
Where no one he could trust.
He could not bear the toil
On the hardy English soil.
France made him sick
With its fashionable gals so slick!
The wine tankards in Spain
Gave him the incurable pain.
Of course, he dare not face
The African Head-hunter race.
So he sailed to the Japanese land,
And found, there, he was not in demand.
Therefore to China he fled,
Where he wished he was dead!
Relieved was he on his homeland entry,
As, nothing to beat his mother-country.
Safely to his Indian tools he returned,
And wished he never had ventured!

Jayanti K. Das, 1st U. C.

Only a Dream!

To dreamland I sallied
One wonderful night,
With hopes so gaily bright.
A Garden enchanting it was,
Oh Beauty! 'twas reigning this land
Indeed with a magic wand.

Suddenly, a dazzling light appeared,
Kneeling at once, I clasped my hands.
Behold! The Queen of Queens descends.
Her countenance shone with love,
Her robe sparkled with purity,
Thus I beheld that form of Majesty.

Raising a finger to Heaven,
"Fear God, my Child" she did utter.
Bounding with joy, my heart a-flutter,
"O Lady, Sweet Mother," I cried
And startled from my sleep,
Only to discover the truth and weep!

Jayanti Chellam.
I U. C.

ANSWERS

1. A teacher trains the mind, and an engine driver minds the train.
2. Tobacco.
3. His salary.
4. You will get wet.
5. Churchill.
6. Shakespeare.
7. Carmel.
8. Ceylon.

Mercy Manuel

DANE

Dane ! Dane !
The pitiful yells were heard over the rocks,
At the sound of which, the old, grey Alsatian pricked up its ears.
For a moment he stood upright, staring all around, at the bare rocks ;
He saw nothing, but the yells of danger were ringing in his ears.

He looked down at his bandaged foreleg and gave it a last lick.
Then quickly did he limp his way up the rugged peak.
What awaited him on the other side ? Ah, you've already guessed ;
For Dane saw none other than his young master, who, a great tragedy faced.

The boy was clinging to a green tender limb, with all his might,
As a drowning man would cling to a piece of straw, in the sea.
The half-broken branch was bending down into the ravine below :
'twas a pitiable sight.
Any moment the boy would go down, down into the bottomless pit :
which moment would it be ?

Dane forgot his wounded leg, he forgot his own life.
He charged down the rocks to save his master's life.
He managed to support his master, till the latter got hold of a better grip
But Dane's leg gave way ; he lost his balance and o'er a stone did he slip.

The boy regained the top and waited to embrace his faithful friend ;
But on looking back, Dane had disappeared, he knew not where.
The dog was then, lying somewhere in the unknown darkness, at the other end.
In vain did his master sob and call out for him to hear :
Dane ! Dane !

Jayanti K. Das, 1st U. C.

COLLEGE!

We must never go late to college,
We should always wish lecturers "good day,"
And when they leave, with a bright "Thank You"
We help them on their way.
Of course we must not talk in class,
Or separated we will be—
But if we persist in this female failing
We'll be punished severely!
Our blouses we must not wear short,
Our neck-lines should be high,
The sleeves must also be quite long,
The theme of this is — modesty.
We must read what's on the notice-board
Mornings and evenings as well,
But some are so anxious to go home
Soon after the ringing of the bell
Of course we must never cut classes
Or an anna we have to pay,
If we start studying from the beginning
We can hope we may pass some day.
We must study for the exams Right Now—
[Tho' they're nearly two years away]
'Cos if we don't bother about work
We may come to Mt. Carmel to stay.
When concerts start, we secretly hope
That we may be called out of class,
But worse luck, we're never kept long.
Instead of sitting right up in front
Under the teacher's eagle eye,
We thought it best to sit at the back,
That it's worse here we can't deny!
But College life is great fun,
As people promised it would be —
The only thing that's wrong with it is
The learning part — don't you agree?

Chitra Rao

I U. C.

REPUBLIC BELLS

Toll the Bell
Let its music swell
ALL the land, with might and main
Oh! joy bells ring
Lustily sing
Liberty is here again.

Arise and away
To worship, to pray
Chant in a mighty refrain
Offer praise
Voices raise
Republic ahoy! and again.

Let's be proud,
And shout aloud
To-day is a red letter day
No alien band
Roam in our land
Foreigner forever away.

Ryots' brazen looks
No nonsense brook.
Liberty is come to its own
Better the fate
Of peasant and State
Since we are left alone.

The liberty bells
Our story tells
Joy bells are ringing
The Nation is singing.
We no longer remain
Helots in our own country.
All and sundry
We all enjoy freedom again.

Deena Thomas—IV U.C.

MY HOSTEL

" Mother Mary Memorial Hostel " is its name.
Fit to bear many a glory and fame ;
Twos, fours and sixes stay in every room,
Possessing with pride a single broom.
They are students from far and abroad ,
Who will make you laugh aloud ;
True, there are some naughty ones,
Who do not obey the holy nuns.
Never do they disobey their stomach bells,
But do not care for the other bells,
If 'tis a feast " ice cream " they shout,
Without even the slightest doubt.
To bathe you have to " butter " Elsie
Who is all the time a-busy.
Too glad are they to read letters,
All about their home matters.
Now and then round the dhoby they gather,
Of their torn sarees and blouses to bother,
The rainy days are most jolly,
But next, kerchiefs are in use fully.
Sunday is appointed for a walk,
During which they always talk.
One day passed by with electric shocks,
In the bathrooms of the new block.
Very much are they interested in sports,
Wishing for success with brilliant thoughts.
Much depends upon their examination,
To decide the nature of their occupation.
By any means I like my hostel,
Where I find much that's festal.

Benedicta Sebastiampillai, II U. C.



In Defence of Prose During A Debate

The question that our advanced civilization requires a larger output of prose than of poetry is a burning one. We have been told that a greater output of Poetry will be more satisfactory and more beneficial, but let us pause and ask ourselves which is the greatest work of the English language — the greatest work that has come down the ages and is still admitted to be the best. I am speaking of the Bible — the greatest, noblest and most inspiring of all works. And this great work is written not in verse but in prose form. Is there any greater proof than this, that prose cannot glut the world enough?

These are the days of Democracy, the days of the common man. Knowledge is power and cannot remain within the circle of a select few. If the ideals of Democracy are to be realised, if the common man is to come into his own, then knowledge must be put within the reach of all. And which of the two Prose or Poetry can serve this purpose well? Poetry is an art, and the greatest characteristic of art, is to conceal art and by this element alone, Poetry is within the grasp of but a few. Take Browning's " Rabbi Ben Ezra," a deeply philosophic and an abstruse poem, the meaning of which is lost to us, without the aid of notes or guidance from our Professors. On the other hand take Voltaire's or Tolstoy's works. The thoughts and meanings of the writers are not lost to us, through the play of words, or for want of a keener intellect. The stirring cry of the French Revolution " Liberty, Fraternity, Equality " reached the four corners of the Earth not through the medium of poetry, but through the medium of prose.

Our civilization has been developed with the emphasis on Intellect and the development of our Reasoning Power. The scientist who does so much for the Common Man, when he puts forth his successful experiments puts them forth in prose that we may know and understand what he says. And, which of us ever thinks, writes or speaks in Poetry off-hand ? Almost none.

We have been told that without poetry, the world is the poorer, that we lose the marvellous beauty of it. I beg to differ from this view. If cadence, rhythm and a flow of words like music is meant, then we have that same beauty in prose known as Poetic Prose. And I can give you no better example than Milton's "Areopagitica" — "methinks, I see a puissant and a mighty nation, rousing itself like a strong man from sleep, shaking his invincible locks ". Or again, De Quincey's " Three Ladies of Sorrow ".— " Do they talk then? Oh no. Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of speech".

Does this not possess the same marvellous beauty of Poetry ?

Language, speech, writing, what is it meant to convey ?

If it is meant to convey solid thought to ALL, then PROSE every time !

Deviki Medapa,
Senior B.A.,

Mirthful Moments

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

Muscle Men

One of my biology students who apparently had been watching too many political speeches, wrote this in an examination paper :

"Muscles are designed primarily to keep the skeleton from dangling. They are also useful to a person in walking and in waving his arms while he's talking."

Gone Globe

What a crazy world,
Its wonders never cease.
All the civilized at war,
All the savages at peace.

G. F. C.

His Daily Good Act

An elderly lady happened to have a little boy seated beside her in a church pew. As the collection box was being passed, the boy noticed her fumbling in her purse

"Here" he finally whispered, "you take my dime. I can hide under the seat."

"The Companion"

Examination Gleanings

Modernistic Version

The Eve of St. Agnes.—"She had slept and fast asleep. She was removing her dress and pearls like a fairy with her wings. The rose slept and be bud again. When she was snoring, she was dreaming of Porphero".

* * *

"The poem 'Spanish Waters' gives the condition of the Elizabethan Age which was regarded for love of sea, love of adventure and love of robbery."

* * *

A Chinese Boy, learning English, is credited with this thesis on the banana. "The banana are great fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana. The banana are held aloft while consuming ; sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honourable Mother Nature. Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

(Australian Sunday Visitor)

A Green Horn Entering M. C. C.

Hearing so often of the famous Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, I ultimately decided to start from my home sweet home on the 7th July. As I was jolting in the train my imaginary pictures of the college were flowing steadily into my disturbed mind.

Station after station passed ; little did I realize that I was coming further and further from my beloved ones, my mind experiencing a mixed feeling of joy and sorrow, which the reader can no doubt understand. The sad face of my mother at the time of parting, and the very last glimpse of her seemed a picture before me. But I consoled myself at the thought that I was returning once again to my old 'Alma Mater', and moreover for a very good purpose. You might wonder or rather be amazed at the home – sickness of a college girl. Why? Why not? The heart of a little one and that of a grown up is the very same as regards feelings. If you prick them, will they not bleed, if you tickle them will they not laugh?"

At about 7 a.m. I heard "Bangalore Cantonment" being announced in the compartment. Both my brother and myself being new to the place were quite unaware of it. We hurried ourselves and got down. The pleasant, cool breeze of Bangalore welcomed us. Now I was still nearer to my destination. Yes, I was once again coming to experience hostel life.

Along with the car my mind went up and down. Everything had a calm and cool atmosphere. The trees, the plants, the flowers, were all calling me into the college premises. The car stopped. We got down. A girl — in fact two of them— wearing a short frock was at the parlour, ready with a slate and a piece of chalk. Was she practising her Mathematics? oh no! Be sure! The slate was by the by being offered to me. Of course then I understood what she meant. I signed my name. I saw her going inside with it. Now she had disappeared. Automatically the Warden appeared. She too gave me a pleasant welcome. Then she asked me "Do you know anyone in the hostel"? I said 'yes', remembering my friend, and of course I named the girl.

The Warden, my brother and I were waiting at the parlour, for the majestical arrival. Minutes rolled by and there came she, the long awaited one! she stared at the rather strange faces and stood still, Warden wondered, and we were quite amused. She had not seen me before, perhaps she heard of me from her sister. The Warden might have found this quite ridiculous and we, my brother and I were watching them both. To make it still worse, Sister asked the girl, "Do you know her?" and she said a BLUNT 'NO' like St. Peter. The reader can just imagine the rest of the scene.

Though we did not know each other personally, we had been introduced recently by letter, and it was, when she was reminded of it, she said, "oh yes! I know you ", contradicting her very first words.

After this unfortunate occurrence I was brought to my room. Already the things of my to-be room-mate were there. She seemed to me, at first, a very quiet girl, who had not the least desire of exchanging a few words with me. This made me feel more home-sick. After a pause of three to five minutes, the 'quiet cat' began to talk as usual, asking where, when, how, and why of me.

It was already 9-30. I was asked to get myself admitted at 10. Wanting to be very punctual, I thought it better to be a bit earlier than late. So I waited at the office-room. The pom-pom of cars; the buzzing of autoricks; r...r...r...r of buses and vans; ring, ring of cycles began. Girls of various nationalities, in assorted costumes gathered together, jabbering in different tongues, which puzzled me most.

The College clock struck 10, and in, they were all, in perfect silence, at the very sound of it. I waited and waited; now how was I to know who the Principal was? Or what I should do? All faces made no difference to me. Standing there quite perplexed, a familiar face called me close to her. Who was this?! Such a known face! yes! it was the same Sister who met me at first. She learned from my face that I was worried over something. She asked me so kindly and sweetly " can I do anything for you, dear? " I told her, my reason. She asked me not to be anxious over it, and that I could be admitted conveniently. Being very anxious to have an idea of the Optional English which is instead of Politics, I told her that I would like to attend a class. In spite of it being time for her lecture, she very readily undertook the trouble of entrusting this 'task', as I should call it, to one of the girls. And this poor creature in great haste to attend class or being quite unaware led me to the IV U. C. Perhaps she took pity on me and gave me a double promotion which practically had no value.

Having lost my father I was in black attire, which made me quite conspicuous. I felt a fish out of water in occupying the very last bench, and to crown it all the lecturer asked me from which college I had come, surely realizing my mistake, which drove everyone's attention right to the back. After this ordeal she commenced her lecture, when suddenly I caught sight of all of them doing some action with their hands. Were they trying to mesmerise the lecturer? Oh no! it was the disturbance of small flies which is part and parcel of Bangalore perhaps.

At the end of her lecture she dictated some Economic History notes of which I being an amateur of Economics, thought " what the dickens is it?"—"Do they teach all this in Optional English?" It was then it struck me, (as I am usually five minutes slow) that I had been led to the wrong class. After this great discovery of mine as I may call it, I was only longing for the bell.

I gave an account of this bitter experience of the hour to the Warden and she just smiled at my foolishness. Then I returned to the room on the pretext of being very tired after the long journey.

Having very slight memory of my to-be room, I walked right into the hostel very modestly and thus missed the first corridor where my room was. I remembered getting into a corridor and turning right to my chamber. In ignorance I knocked and knocked at the wrong door. No one seemed to say the kind words " yes ! come in ". Seeing me waiting at the door so patiently, one of my companions sympathised with me and offered her kind help. The very first question she put me was, which I remember so well " Are you put in the sick room? " What was she driving at ? Did she mean to say that I looked sickly ? Such a hefty person like myself! or was she trying to pull my leg as usual ? She really meant it. It was then I realized after a pause of a couple of seconds that I was tapping at the infirmary door. She then quite willingly led me to my room at the first corridor. Perhaps my noisy friend thought that as she was purified at first in the 'Guest Room' I too had to undergo that sort of purification in the 'sick room'.

By and by I recognised old faces among Sisters and girls and their kind words set me right. It was becoming quite homely now. The day was ending smoothly.

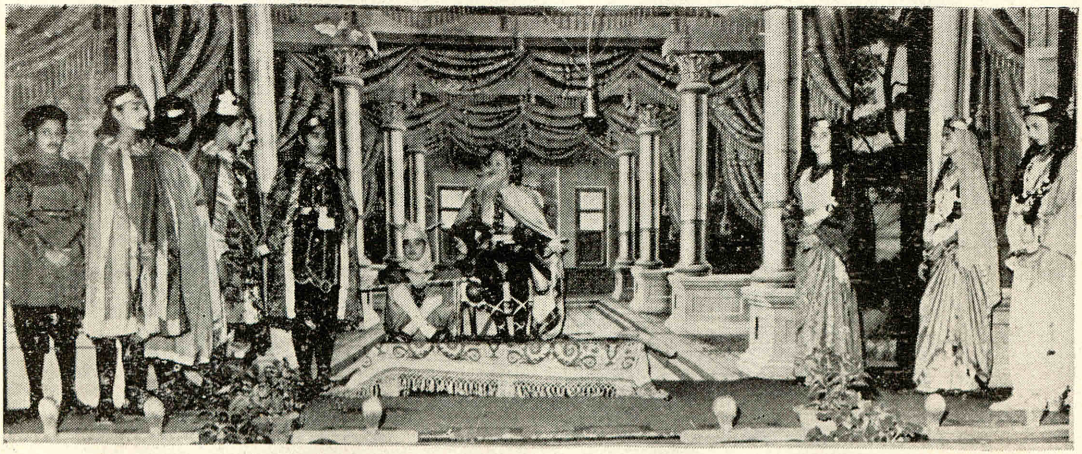
The night, my usual time of thinking took me in its turn. Early did I go to bed but lay down in a very pensive mood. I heard the clock strike 9, 10, 11, 12 and even 12-30. Why had I no sleep ? Thoughts took me into their hands. I was then disturbed by music, some songs being sung, some lovely whispering at my ears. Was it a melancholy strain ? Or was it some natural sorrow, loss or pain ? The only creatures that were awake with me were the mosquitoes.

Ruby Faria,
Junior B.A.

Scenes from COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENTS



ORCHESTRA



The Rejection of Cordelia (Scene from King Lear)

Scenes From COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENTS



Tableau "THE SEASONS"



"MARWARI DANCE"

Reading the Newspaper!

I have always regarded the newspaper as something that the menfolk usually use as a Camouflage to avoid the hearing of the household demands or requests to go to pictures and picnics or requests for buying new saris—in short anything that spells expense. Naturally, womenfolk would not have any love for the newspaper and no wonder long before its '*useful*' life of twenty four hours expires, the major portion of it is consumed by the oven. Like many women, I too, have not been able to imagine any earthly use for reading the newspaper. The only time when I look for the newspaper is when I have to wrap my shoes which are to be sent to the shoe-maker for repairs, or to cover the copy-books. One possibly cannot but think of the newspaper when one has to wipe off a blot of ink. It is not that I have never touched the newspaper. No, I have many a time looked at photographs and cartoons in it and have often enjoyed the magazine sections of the newspapers. With the exception of these, the immense volume of some of the newspapers has always damped my desire to read them. I have always wondered at my father, how he could apply himself so studiously to the paper every morning.

My interest in the newspaper being of such an unfriendly nature, imagine my consternation when one fine morning, our politics Professor told us that we must read the newspaper and she would ask us every week what we have read. The whole class just stared at each other.

Well, I had to read the newspaper. But the very idea of having a novel experience was intriguing enough to make me look for the newspaper that very evening, but unfortunately it had already been sent to the tailor, some cloth being wrapped in it. I thought of buying a newspaper, but that was a serious problem for a novice. Which paper should I have bought? There are scores of newspapers but the majority of them are so remote and impersonal in their reportage that a person like me would have to scan the map of the world or the ' who's who ' chapter in an encyclopaedia, every time one reads a news item. This reason clinched my deliberations and I decided to buy some local newspaper, because after all, we are more concerned about our immediate surroundings than in a cease-fire in Indo-China. In sheer bravado — I bought two local newspapers one of which claims to provide its readers with 'hot-boiling and sensational news' and another one which can boast of a witty editor. To me at that time, their meagre volume counted for much because I did not want to be bored on the very first day of my adventure. As soon as I sat down comfortably to read the newspaper — my grandma approached me (presumably to chat); an idea flashed into my mind. Poor grandma! she never could read a newspaper and perhaps her only interest in the newspaper through-out her life had been to sell them to the waste-paper man. I was bubbling over with enthusiasm and the very idea of reading the news to my grandma looked so romantic,

that I invited her to listen and she was all ears. "Grandma" I addressed her "you see, Chou-en-lai has come from China to India."

"Who is this Chonga Halwai, Daughter?". If I laughed in reply to this question, you would not blame me. 'Chonga Halwai' simply means, "Chonga the sweet-meat-seller".

It was simply useless to explain to her the intricacies of the international situation and to be frank, I myself do not understand it as yet. Therefore I tried another column and read out to her an account of a murder reported in the other newspaper. Her reaction was typical as she started vehement protestations about 'Kaliyuga' and its curses. I was too engrossed in reading the cinema advertisements, shopping guides, 'over a cup of tea' and 'engagements' columns to listen to her sermon on the lapses of modern times. I was reading a report of some sub-committee of U. N. O., when I dozed off. There ended my first reading of the newspaper.

We were expecting our teacher to ask us questions about the news of the week. Well, she did ask us and the news that was mentioned in that class-room was far brighter than what I had read in the news paper.

'Rice has been decontrolled, Sister.'
'The Monsoons have started in Bangalore, Sister.'
"'Never-say-die' won the race yesterday."
'The price of gold in the Stock Exchange Market has gone down."
"The World Calendar is going to be changed."

By now the Professor was extremely amused and she asked one back-bencher what she had read in the newspaper. A whispered repartee came from some bright pupil, "She read the matrimonial column Sister."

Are not these reports typically feminine?

Sunder Shanta Suri
IV U. C.

The Work of Art

A few reflections on the subject.

Though, perhaps, we do not realise it, Art plays an important part in our lives. We are continually coming into contact with it, in some form or the other; whether it be in the books we read, in the paintings we admire, or in the Architectural proportions of a beautiful building, which we may pass by on our evening constitutional. Art indeed is the source of so much pleasure and delight; only when we come across a great work of art do we realise our special privileges as human beings. Yet few of us stop to ponder the questions — what is Art, and what is its mainspring?

The poet Tagore, an artist himself, supplies us with our answers to these questions in a lecture entitled "What is Art?" Art to him is the reflection of a man's personality; it springs from some impulse of expression which is an impulse of our very being. Man's emotions — of pleasure and displeasure, of fear, anger, and love— rise above the needs of mere existence. With animals they are little more than instincts of a primeval nature and their purpose self-preservation. But man is built on a loftier scale; he has a fund of emotional energy far beyond his requirements. In this superfluity or super-abundance Art has its root.

Creation is an overflow of God's love, and man, being made "in the image and likeness of God," in his lesser and finite way, also creates out of the abundance of his emotions.

The work of Art is a reflection of man's soul. The American poet Walt Whitman, expresses this thus:

"Camerado, this is no book
Who touches this touches a man....."

It would seem the logical corollary of this statement that any attempt at self-expression is a work of Art. But the great work of art, as judged from the standpoint of humanity, is the reflection not of an ordinary but of an exceptional mind. It is that peculiar sensitivity both to his own emotions and those of others, that heightened perception and awareness of harmony in his surroundings, that distinguishes the great artist. Rays of light from the outside world, filtering through the prism of his senses, breaks into the varied hues of life — movement, colour, and sound. The artist's soul, in its acute sensitivity to impressions, absorbs what is in harmony with itself; and finally expresses this harmonious relationship of the outer world to itself in the work of art.

What the artist seizes as truth or beauty is what is in harmony with his own being; and he could never perceive this without a certain degree of self-knowledge. The artist must be introspective by nature.

The soul of the artist may be compared to the taut strings of a musical instrument, waiting to burst into a stream of melody, at the lightest breath of the impulse of inspiration. The word inspiration comes from the Latin "inspirare" "to breathe into." Inspiration must come from without; it is an external stimulus which sets vibrating the tuned strings of the mind. It stirs the imagination. The perceptual experience of the artist does not differ from that of the ordinary man, but through his imaginatin he goes beyond mere appearances and enters regions peculiar to him. *Inspiration awakens the spirit of man to the harmonious beauty that lies around him.

What is the source of art? What insistent urge is it that, breaking the dams of restraint, flows into channels of creative effort? Why is it that a community, dry and barren of all that may be termed art, will suddenly flower forth, and yield a harvest of creative works, to lapse once again into insignificance?

To a certain extent we are continually expressing ourselves — in our behaviour, in our actions and words. We choose between different occupations as our moods dictate, and this also is self-expression. Life in this sense is a work of art painted on the canvas of time: but for no mortal eyes. But what is it that urges the artist to seek more complete self-expression in a more permanent form?

Perhaps it is the emotions and feelings of man kept in check by the cramping influence of the conventions and restrictions of society, dammed up by the foolish artificialities of the time, which, set loose by some common experience of an ennobling kind, finds sudden expression in the work of art. Looked at from this point of view, the work of art, though outwardly the creation of a single individual, would really be the creation of the whole society, a record of its frustrations and hopes; in fact a creation of the time.

But considering the subject from the individual point of view, we find that the artist is seized with some restless and feverish urge, demanding immediate outlet. With the sudden perception of beauty dawns a light in the soul of the artist, so keen in its intensity, that, unless he sheds some of it for the benefit of humanity, it would soon blind him; the creative urge cannot be denied without crushing the individual.

There is another question which I should like to discuss: what constitutes immortality as applied to the work of art? For the sake of convenience we shall limit the meaning of the word "immortality" to "enduring as long as this world lasts."

It is the universal aspects of Art which ensure its immortality. The work of Art deals with certain emotions of man which are fundamental; and with certain aspects of nature forming a background to these emotions, which are immutable when considered in their relationship to him. The feelings of man can never undergo any real change. They may be more restrained in a sophisticated than in a primitive society; but once the veneer of civilisation is peeled off, and man is "stripped of his

* Then inspiration must come from within? Ed.

lendings," he is basically the same as his neighbour. Never will there come a time when man will lose the power to laugh and to weep...

A serious handicap to the immortality of art is that though its expression—considered from the abstract point of view — is lasting, yet its form is subject to the scarring finger of Time. Great paintings have sometimes been destroyed, while in others the paint has begun to scale off. Take again the expression of art through the medium of words. Language is forever changing, and there will be little resemblance between the languages spoken five hundred years hence, and what we speak today. The work of art will then tend to sink into oblivion : it will merely exist to be pulled to pieces, its entity being ignored, by a handful of classical scholars.

But the imperishability of art, as art, depends not on it being peered at, through the magnifying glass of a few learned cranks, but on being appreciated and loved by the average man.

How does the work of art affect the average man? It brings beauty into his life ; it widens his outlook and broadens his sympathies; brings him into contact with new aspects of life, revealing to him its inherent harmony; excites his imagination and introduces a little novelty and excitement into his monotonous life. He finds, in a permanent form, those thoughts and emotions, which he cannot express himself. He learns not to despise them, but to recognise in them something common to humanity, which unites all mankind into one brotherhood. He develops a new sense of dignity and self-respect.

Art being the reflection of a human soul is a great and noble thing ; and being noble it elevates the mind of the man who comes into contact with it, and justifies his claim to an existence on a plane higher than the lower forms of life.

These reflections seem to have led nowhere ; and I have asked many more questions than I have suggested answers. The reason is that questions concerning 'art as also those concerning man are unfathomable riddles. Perhaps the nine muses of the Greeks could unravel them ; but, since I cannot even claim to be inspired by the muses, I would not dare attempt a satisfactory answer.

Cecelia Albuquerque,
IV U. C.

A SMILE

A sweet smile! How sweet, how very powerful is a smile! Is there anything sweeter in Heaven or earth? No I can dare to say. We long for Heaven to enjoy the ravishing smile of the Almighty; in this valley of tears an affectionate smile alone is joy-creating and joy-created. Yes, it is the cause and effect of a happy and good heart. Will not little words brighten up smiles and give joy to many, even to those whose bitter lives have never witnessed a hearty smile? A sweet smile is a hearty smile, not the soul-less smile that enshrouds craftiness.

Which is the garden that produces the beautiful flowers of smiles? That precious garden is the heart, the fountain of love. Love means everything else. Is there anything as great, as pure as heavenly love? 'Love labours not!' Love means everything, it is selfless and helping. Love is reciprocal. So too, a hearty smile is best repaid by an equally hearty smile. The arrow shot by a smile, goes straight to the heart.

A sweet smile or an angry look, which is the more powerful? Of course it is the smile which is victorious! It is a soothing balm that heals the wounds caused by an angry look or word. The sweetness of a smile is lasting, with its sweet memories. It is even more effectual than words at times. An angry look kills the heart and mind and even leads to death. But a cordial smile cheers so many. A smile which expresses sympathy and love and readiness to help, puts hopes into a soul, desperate of life. 'More flies are caught by a drop of honey than by a jar of vinegar'.

One may question, why speak so much of a smile. It costs nothing. It is so easy. To smile, we need move just the twelve muscles of the face. But to put up an angry face, we have to work up the sixty muscles of the whole system. A single word of anger wastes 60 drops of blood. No wonder happy souls live longer! But, why do we meet with so few smiling faces? The whole human race seems to have forgotten to smile. Don't wonder! A sincere smile is as costly and precious as love. How can a world with so few loving hearts, have so many smiling faces! A sweet smile is the outcome of a peaceful and generous heart — a heart that loves its Creator — a heart that loves its brethren in God — a heart that is content and happy with its facilities in life, whether rich or poor, healthy, or ill. The face of such a soul is ever bright with a smile.

A smile may not be so very difficult to one who enjoys life in satisfactory measure. But just picture the smile of one who is subject to misery in every way. Such a smile is the more precious and divine. The rays of her smile brighten up everything sad and gloomy. Her life is a puzzle to many. It is a rare art, known only to those who love God whole-heartedly and long to make others happy, at least by a welcome smile.

Still, there are many, specially in this era of materialism, people who have no sense of joy, either to create or enjoy a smile. They are the wicked and those blind

with materialism. Their aim is either to cause misery to others, or to amass wealth which neither they nor others enjoy. They don't realise anything good in others. They don't believe in love or simplicity or service. They neither love nor wish to be loved. So too, they don't know how to smile or to receive a smile. But they are successful in deceiving the simple and innocent by their pretended love and smiles. Shakespeare condemns the haters of music as full of wicked and crafty plans. His words are all the more applicable to those who do not smile.

The human heart ever craves for love and sympathy. Yes, God has purposely given us the art of smiling to cheer each other in our exile on earth. So many long for a sweet and hearty smile, to give them a little love and joy, to make them understand that there is some one to love and appreciate them. This life is ever a struggle between good and evil. Is not a joyous face bright as a bright day or a moonlit sky, sweeter than a rainy day or a cloudy sky? "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." If so, how great is the beauty of smiling joy. If love is divine, a smile too is divine. They are sisters. So, keep smiling, please my dear Readers !

T. K. Thanda,
F. S. A.

Women and Fashions

The most valuable contribution to the world of Literature is History. It surpasses all the other Literary Arts, for it is not fiction but Truth, and Keats has said "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Logically we can then conclude that History is Beauty. But the study of History by itself is not enough, to give us a true picture of the age whose events it is relating, for it is at its best only a political study. Therefore the study of History should be accompanied by the study of Literature for in it, we see the social and other conditions reflected.

But if we stop to think for a moment, we find that there is another mirror, which is slowly gaining prominence, and that is of course, the Mirror of Fashion. Without the help of mirrors, Fashions would never have been created. I think that Fashions have derived the quality of reflection from the mirrors by often enlisting their aid.

This Mirror has gained prominence only in the present Century. In the beginning of this Century, women had taken up manly pursuits to gain equal status with man, and this called for greater freedom of movement. We can see now clearly the marked change from the long billowing skirts of the Victorian era to dresses of shorter lengths. Later as these pursuits had become more and more pronounced, the fashions too kept rapidly changing, that finally we see women even adopting men's clothes.

Coming down to the Post-War period, the scarcity of the times was clearly reflected in the Fashions created. Clothes were designed with a minimum of material as possible. But to some extent it was more an exaggerated picture of the textile scarcity.

Fashions have such an influence on women, that they have gone to the extent of changing their figures. They have even once suffered the torture of tightening their waists to bring it down to the fashionable size. But in these thin figures to-day we do not get an exaggerated picture but a true picture of the food shortage. I think that the fashionable figure has its advantages. For in order to keep slim, women have taken up healthy pursuits like Tennis and swimming.

I have come so far without giving a definition of the word Fashion. But the definition given in the Dictionary does not apply correctly to the word. Fashion is defined as a prevailing mode of dress. How can it be called prevailing, when it hardly prevails for a reasonable length of time? It is constantly changing. Women have always been a target for criticism. They have been criticised as being unsteady in mind. This criticism is not without foundation; the constant changes in Fashions show us clearly how hard it is for a woman to make up her mind!

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Again their love of imitation, especially when they follow the Fashions blindly, leaves an impression that after all they may provide the 'Missing Link' one day.

Fashion is allied to literature in more ways than one. Besides being a mirror like literature, it is also of artistic value. Fashions are not the creation of dull and unimaginative minds, but the output of cultured and imaginative minds. When creating a Fashion, one must bear in mind to combine modesty, beauty, grace and elegance together. Fashions need not necessarily cater to the taste of immodest women. But that is what it is doing now. So at its best, it is at present only an imperfect art, for it is robbed of all its beauty by its immodest designs. A fashion artist like any other artist has to be taught the art. With a sound and pure education in this direction, I do not see how Fashion cannot help but cater to modest tastes. There are many talented artists among women, who are wasting their talents for want of subjects. They could take to fashioning clothes, instead of leaving the men to do it! They can also help to make women, who are already one of the most beautiful of God's creations, more beautiful.

This essay cannot be completed without making a passing reference to hair styles. Our Indian women have been wise enough to use their gift of long hair in the right way. Some beautiful creations have been evolved, and they fill us with a hope that the art of dressing is not entirely lost. I am sure, we will soon see the time, when this art will have reached perfection, and will be performing its essential duty of making women beautiful in every sense of the word.

I shall end this essay with a bit of advice to those who intend to practise this art.

" Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. "

Kantha Mudaliar.
F. S. A.

Former Students' Association Minutes.

The Former Students met on the 8th September, our College Day, as usual, under the Presidentship, of our Principal Rev. Sister Antoinette. The Vice-Principal was also present.

The meeting began with the election of Mrinalini Reddy as Secretary for the F. S. A. Eight members were present.

The President said that a fine response was made by the former students when contributions were asked for the erection of a Statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The President felt that the statue was a link between the former students of Mysore and Cochin. She said that the money remaining, after the purchase of the statue would form the nucleus of a Poor Students' Fund which would be called the "Former Students Memorial Fund ".

The President then remarked that it was necessary to reorganise the F. S. A.— the Principal Ex-officio President - Rev. Sister Imelda Vice-President - a Secretary and Joint Secretary one of whom should be from Cochin and the other from Mysore (by election) : Three members from each State should also be elected and she added that these elections would be held at the next meeting.

The President felt that there should be at least two or three meetings of the Former Students every year. So, she suggested that the 26th of January, Republic Day, be the next meeting day, when the whole day would be spent together in the College with the hostel students as hostesses. She said this day would be called the Re-union Day of Former Students. The election of office bearers would be held on the same day and those elected would be in office for the forthcoming year. There would also be a small fee of one rupee or so, to meet the expenses of the day. A report of this meeting would be sent to the Press and the President also suggested the notification of the meeting and invitation of members through the Press for better publicity and growth of the F. S. A.

The meeting concluded with the Principal's remark that Mount Carmel College looked to her Former Students to maintain the prestige of the College in their public and social life.

Mrinalini Reddy
(Secretary)

Glimpses of Former Students

"I am compelled to stop my education for the present, as it is very difficult to continue it in Persian. If I ever resume it, I may go abroad and continue it in English. At the present time I am working in an American Organization known as the Public Statistic Co-operative Organization. I am very happy and content here. I missed my College very much at the beginning, but now I am content with this life and the past appears to me like a sweet dream."

Tahmina Shushtery,
Teheran, Iran.

"I am sure you will be glad to know that I have got a post at Alagappa Chettiar's College, Karaikudi. I am going to Karaikudi tomorrow. Hope I will like my new job."

Evelyn Hay,
Cannanore.

"I have joined a hospital and for three months it is nothing but study. Our subjects are Anatomy and Physiology, Hygiene, Dietetics, Bacteriology, Nursing and First Aid and of course Practical.

I have finished two months already. Up to now, I have come first in all the exams. We have an exam weekly."

Tessie Brito,
Fulham Hospital,
England.

"May an old student of yours add her voice to the chorus of wishes, that must be pouring in from all quarters. Indeed it is an occasion for great Joy and Jubilation. May I extend to you my hearty wishes and sincere prayers on your behalf, that the Good God will bestow on you special blessings on this happy occasion."

Hope you will kindly remember me in the Jubilee Mass."

Yours very sincerely
in Christ,
Sister Stella Maris,
(St. Mary's College, Trichur).

" My sister and I always talk about our days in Carmel College, whenever we get to meet each other. Somehow it's quite difficult to feel as carefree and light-hearted as one used to in those good old days.

Susee, my sister, is at Ernakulam doing her B.Sc., with Zoology in the Maharaja's College. Sarojini is quite the matron now with a family of three! The smaller kids (my sisters) have all grown up quite a lot and they are at the High School. I am still at St. Mary's College. I had an idea of submitting a thesis on one of the modern authors for the Ph. D., degree."

A. P. Sarada,
(Lecturer in English
St. Mary's College, Trichur)

" I think the happiest year I had in College was as a tutor.

I left for Chittagong on the 10th July by plane. This place is rather dull. It is a hilly place and hence looks picturesque. The weather is rather stuffy and it is not cold though we have been having heavy rains since recently.

Everything is so expensive and hardly available. One finds it very difficult to save here.

How I miss Bangalore. It is only when you go away from Bangalore that you realise its worth. Everything is so cheap there and the climate so wonderful. I do feel homesick. We are not settled as we cannot get good furniture. We have ordered for some to be made.

The people are very friendly and they have formed their own Clubs in order to pass their time. We go now and again to the beach.

How are the Sisters? I do miss College and the life of a College girl. How is the B.Sc., course progressing? Are the lecturers doing fine? Have the girls shifted into the new hostel? I wonder how the present Ist U.C., class is like. Last year's Ist U.C. set was a mischievous lot, but talented. I wonder whether they are taking their studies seriously. I am anxious to know how they will do in the public Exam. I wish them success and all the best.

Are there any talented actresses in the I U.C. I hope College Day will be a success and I hope there are many more athletes to bring fame to our College in the coming sports. I am glad our College is doing well all round".

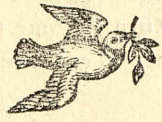
Rezwan Navin,
(Mrs. Shaffi Saleh,
Chittagong).

" How I wish I could attend the happy and divine ceremony taking place in Mount Carmel College ! But you know, my dear Sister, though it is physically impossible for me to go there, often my mind wanders in the midst of all my beloved 'Sisters' of Carmel College; specially this moment I can think of nothing else".

Subhadra,
(Lecturer, Ethiraj College for
Women, Madras).

" I belong to your batch of students 1942-46, important years in the history of St. Teresa's Convent and Carmel College! I passed the B.A., in 1946 and underwent training in the B.T., College, Trichur, Soon after my training I took charge of this Institution".

K. S. Sarada Devi,
(Headmistress,
H. E. Training School for Women,
Koduveyur.
U. S. T. C.)



A 'Cold' War between Plants and Animals

Plants and Animals are in the first place made to complement and supplement each other. The plants take in carbon-di-oxide which is exhaled by the animals, and give out oxygen which is taken in by the animals. The plants provide the animals with the necessary food. Among the animals, members of the insect-world bring about plant marriages, since they act as an agency of pollination. Some insects help in the distribution of plants over the surface of the earth.

Yet, from time immemorial a war has been going on between plants and animals. Each plant has its own tale since no two plants are alike. Plants have likes and dislikes. Some plants for solemnizing their marriages, invite night-flying moths, some prefer bees, some prefer other insects.

In many higher plants there are effective devices — whereby only some insects gain access to the inner-most recesses of the flowers. Here the honey is stored. A few flying insects with long probosces are able to get the honey since in the flowers of most plants the honey is stored in special pouches called 'spurs'. A few orchids have long spurs.

The wax flower of Madagascar has a spur about twelve inches long and at the bottom of the spur the honey is secreted.*

The protection offered to the honey that is stored in spurs and other parts is not sufficient, since the insects are 'mad for honey'. When they are not admitted through the proper entrance, they try to get in through some back door and steal honey from within. Such insects attack the flowers and try to get honey by boring their way through the walls of the flowers. But the plants are revengeful, they secrete poisonous juices in the cells of the walls of certain flowers.

Many plants have defence mechanisms to protect themselves and fight against animals. Some plants like 'Nettles' have stinging hairs and some like Cactus have thorns. A few are poisonous like Datura. Some plants have secret weapons. Inside the plant called Pistia or water-soldier there are many needle-like crystals called 'raphides'.

Many are defenceless against animals, and it is obvious that animals like the cow, seldom eat any plants to kill them out-right though they feed over a wide area.

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* Certain flowers which are found in Java are very big weighing each about 30 lbs. The pollination is brought about by elephants in the flower of Rafflesia. The inter-dependence or inter-relationship between the Rafflesia flower and the elephant is so specific that without elephants the flowers will not be pollinated.

(Note by a Botanist. Editor)

A few plants, perhaps to take revenge have taken to a carnivorous mode of life. Such plants have many contrivances to trap their helpless prey. A Fungus called Cordyceps is one of the plants that feeds on living creatures. This lives and grows inside caterpillars. When the caterpillar dies, it grows out in the form of a rod.

Most of the skin diseases in man are caused by tiny plants. Dermatophytes are parasitic fungi which parasitize the skin and the dermal appendages of animals (especially man). They may be the cause of certain diseases such as ring-worm. The common fly is also sometimes attacked by a tiny plant called 'Empusa' and the fly is killed.

Thus in the war between animals and plants, the plants have sometimes successfully fought against animals and *outwitted them. This secures a permanent place for plants in Biological history.

Manonmany, K.
II U.C. (C.B.Z.)

* By the "Plan" of the Creator ! Ed.

Thumb Nail Sketches

THE BORE

He is high up in the chain of evolution when compared to his phonetic equivalent found in forest habitats. However, if I had the choice, I'd rather be chased through tangled undergrowth by any of the latter species, than have Renoir and G. B. S. dragged out of their repositories for the express purpose of my entertainment by the Bore.

The Bore is at his best in artificial light, with the thin stem of a liquer glass between his fingers (in Bombay State the glass contains pure wholesome citrus juice). He often wears a smirk and a monocle, but modern bores content themselves with the smirk — the monocle being somewhat obsolete. Needless to say, he is pedantic—which by the way, is a euphemism for a one-track mind.

His politics are in the best taste, his clothes immaculate, his accent Etonian. Every gesture, every sparkle of animation has been acquired by the same easy process whereby figs can be made to grow on thistles. Had we succeeded in causing thistles to sport figs, we would have a horticultural monstrosity repellant to any sincere devotee of Nature. So also society looks upon her hot-house flower with half-triumph, half-misgiving.

The bore talks exquisitely. His rhapsodizing on the latest surrealist exhibition makes you think for a moment that he has a real feeling for Art. But then he reverts to stocks and shares just a shade too abruptly.

The conversation of a bore is run through with *cliches* in the best form. Now and then he makes a brave attempt at putting over a joke. You force some semblance of a laugh, noting vaguely how hollow it rings. If you have to put this act through repeatedly, watch that savage streak dormant in the most pacifist-minded of us. Stifle, as soon as it is born, the desire to strangle him neatly with nylon stockings!

The smugness of the bore can be entirely traced to the security afforded him, by the cotton wool wrapping of convention. He is master of any given situation, and. you waive this aside except that he thinks you are so desperately interested. You are treated to picturesque descriptions of our hero in the great fire, and our hero again stalking elephant. I can understand your wishing that tusker had spied him as he crept noiselessly through bamboo forest equipped with solar topee and ego.

Bores come in assorted shapes and sizes and are fairly widely distributed. However all are characteristically inflated with self-importance; and if you have a "bore-nose", and are as allergic to bores as I am, you will soon scent out these disproportionate beings from almost as far off as I do.

Having smelt a bore, take to your heels if only to protect your fair name and in this instance don't stop sprinting till you have put a good few leagues between yourselves.

Here I must let you in on the cue that bores are all possessed of that dogged virtue— perseverance.

In conclusion, bores could be such nice people if they had nettles in their hair or if they walked the tight rope to liven up your house party. In fact they *are* nice people with all their foibles and eccentricities smoothed off so as to conform to just one pattern.

Any of you knows how disastrously our aesthetic sensibilities react to mass repetitions. They splutter at first and then just snore. That is why a bore is like a bromide mixture.

It seems the only thing to be done about bores is to rocket them *en masse* to Mars and if that does not give them original ideas.....well, just sleep before their faces.

THE BOOR

Another product of our entirely sane society is the Boor.

He is found standing on the toes of people in bus *queues*, dangling parcels over your head while he strap-hangs and squirting betal juice adroitly across your shoulder through windows. While the drawing-room boor is sophisticated, his less pretentious contemporary is so much nature's boy he makes you feel you are lumbering to market in a vegetable cart.

The boor talks crescendo, and his jokes are in the same tone and pitch. Sometimes he is a rumbling volcano of humour which you entirely fail to perceive. At others he is so surly you wonder why the animal keeper doesn't give Aspirin to his bears with sore heads.

The boor has never heard of Miguel de Cervantes or Don Quixote. If a women with babies hanging about her neck, at her back and about her skirts boards a bus he eyes her robust brood with admiration. Of course it doesn't occur to him that this is where he makes a chivalrous bow and waves her to his seat. If he did, it would be as much a departure from character as if a wild boar had nosed aside the choicest root for his lady-love.

The physical appearance of the boor is reminiscent of Dr. Jekyll when the transforming elixir failed to work. You spend a lot of time wondering how he escaped being tagged as the Neanderthal man by any stray anthropologist.

I suggest that boors be convicted to Saturn for, from our understanding of the saturnine character, he would be entirely in his element there.

Marie Gonsalves.

SUNSET.

On the shores the waves are lapping,
The sun is sinking fast;
A gentle breeze is softly blowing
Another day has passed.

Calm and stillness reign around us,
The tide has ebbed quite low.
The West is red and softly glowing,
'Cause the Sun is sinking low.

A tiny speck peeps o'er the ocean,
'Tis the little fishing boat;
Laden with the trout and herring,
Homeward to shore 'twill float.

On the sands, the twilight's creeping,
With its reddish-yellow hue -
Homeward, all the Gulls are flying,
For they know that night is due.

Tender, pastel shades have gathered
'Round the orange ball;
All the west is bathed in crimson,
Dusk has let her curtain fall.

Reflected deep in placid waters
Are palms with graceful sway;
Silhouetted 'gainst the fiery heavens
They stand in green array.

At last upon the water's edging
The sun has posed awhile,
And with a swift and sudden plunging,
He sinks down with a smile.

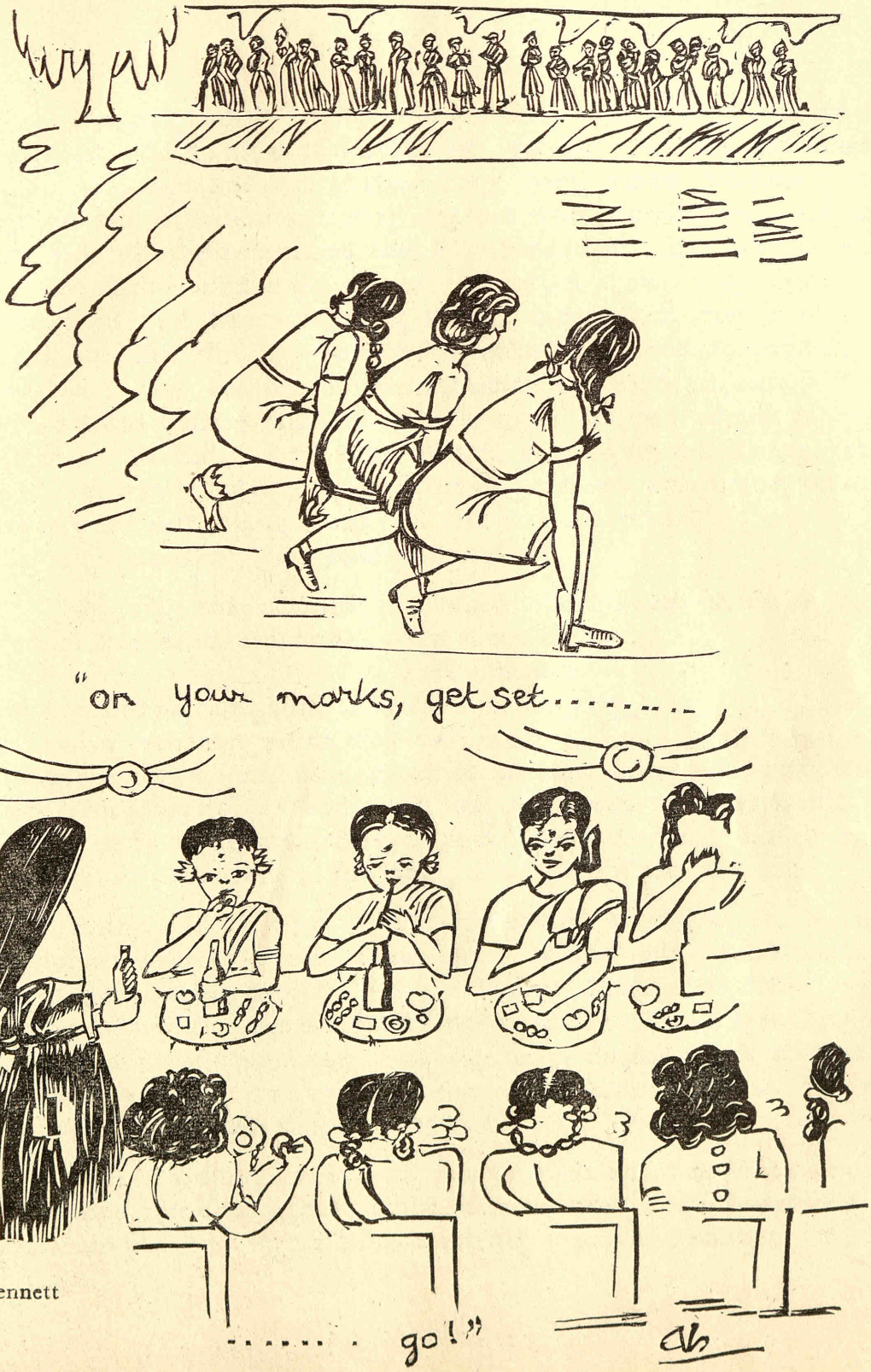
Another day has past, O Master
Another day has flown,
Which lessens all our days on earth
Nears us to our Eternal Home.

Hyacinth Scott,
II U.C.

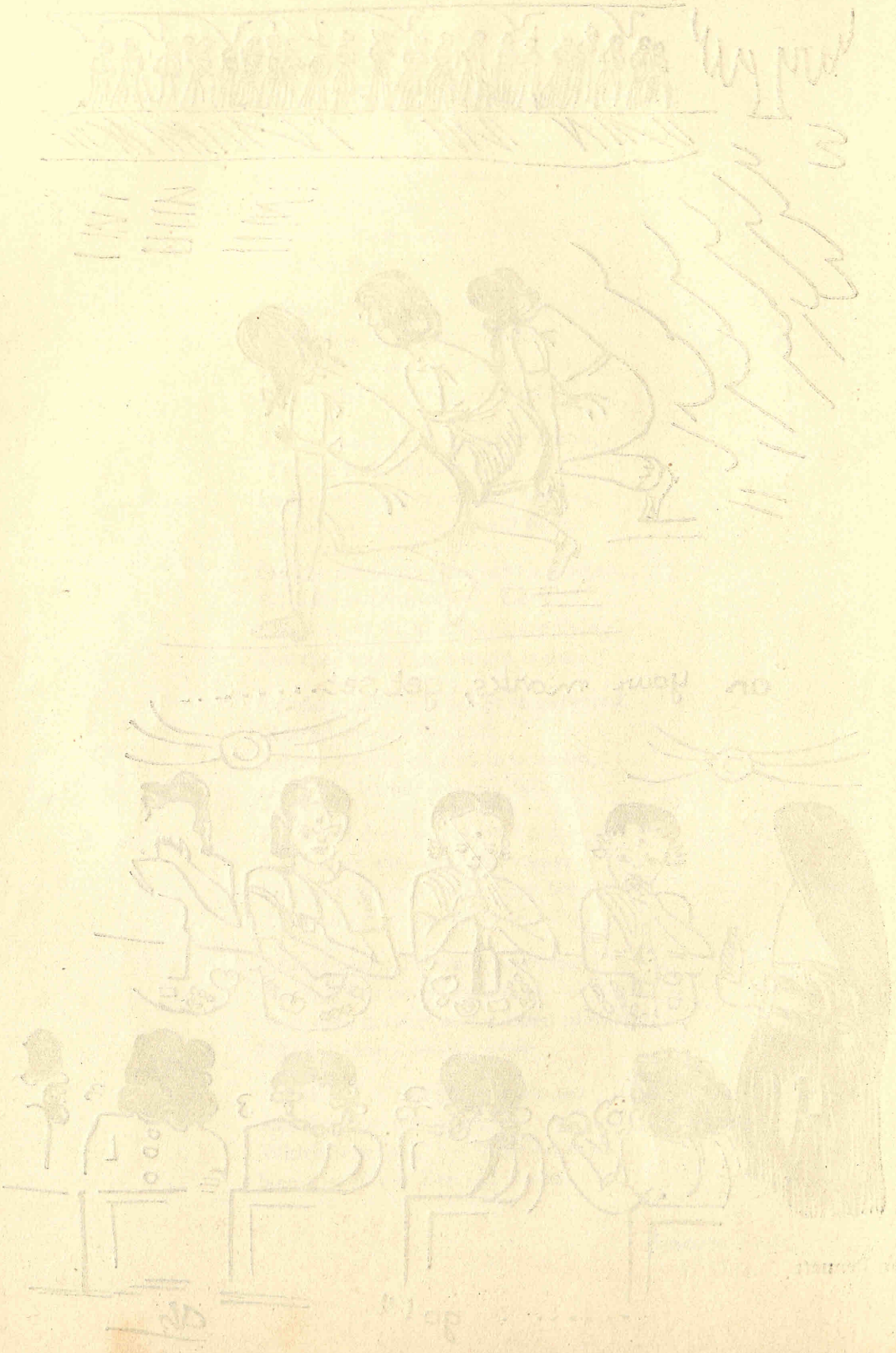
HUMOROUS SKETCH COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE

Sports Day



Joan Bennett



ನಾನು ಪ್ರಬಂಧ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದು — (My Essay)

ನಾನು ನಮ್ಮ ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಮ್ಯಾಗಸೈನ್‌ಗೆ ಒಂದು ಅಥವಾ ಅನೇಕ "ಏನಾದರೂ" ಬರೆಯೋಣ ಅಂದು ಕೊಂಡೆ. ಮೊದಲು ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದು ಕಥೆ. ಕಥೆ ಬರೆದೆ. ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಅದು ಒಪ್ಪಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದೂ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಏನು ಶಿರೋನಾಮೆ—ಅಲ್ಲ, ನೀನೆಲ್ಲ ಆಧುನಿಕ ಮಹಿಳೆಯೆರಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ಸಕ್ಕರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲ್ಲು ಬೆರಸಿದ ಹಾಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಮತ್ತು ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಭಾಷೆ ಸೇರಿಸಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಕಲ್ಲ—ಆದಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ title ಕೊಡಬೇಕೆಂಬ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಜಿಜ್ಞಾಸೆ ಉಂಟಾಗತೊಡಗಿತು. ಏನು ಮಾಡಲಿ? ಕೈಗೆ ಬಂದ ತುತ್ತು ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಬರದೆ ಹೋಯಿತೇ ಎಂದು ನೊಂದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಅಷ್ಟು ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ ವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ನನಗೋ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು ಬಹಳ. ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತಿ ಶಾರದ ಬಂದು, 'ನಡಿಯೆ, ವಾಕ್ ಹೋಗೋಣ' ಎಂದಳು. ಸರಿ ಬೇಗ ಬೇಗ ನನ್ನ ಅಲಂಕಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಪೂರೈಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಟೆ. ಸರಿ, ಮನೆಗೆ ಬರುವ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಏಳು ಗಂಟೆ ಯಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಆಗಲಾದರೂ ಬರೆಯೋಣಾಪ್ಪ ಅಂದರೆ ನಮ್ಮತಾಯಿ, " ಬೇಗ ಡ್ರೆಸ್ ಮಾಡಿಕೋ. ಮದುವೆ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕು" ಎಂದರು. ಸರಿ, ಆಗ ಬರೆಯುವ ಪ್ರೋಗ್ರಾಂ ಕ್ಯಾನ್ಸಲ್ ಆಗಿ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದೆ. ಆದರೇನು, ರಾತ್ರಿ ಹನ್ನೆರಡು ಗಂಟೆ ಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಸರಿ, ಪ್ರೋಗ್ರಾಂ ಮಾರನೆದಿನ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆಗೆ ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಪೋನ್ ಆಯಿತು. ನನಗಂತೂ ಏನೂ ಬರೀಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ ವಲ್ಲಾಂತ ಅಳೂನೆ ಬಂದು ಬಿಟ್ಟತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ " ಅತ್ತರೇನು ಫಲ" ಎಂಬ ಮಾತನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಆಗಿನ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೆ ಆದರ್ಶ ವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಥಿತಿಯೆನ್ನು ಹತೋಟಿಗೆ ತಂದೆ.

ಸರಿ, ಇನ್ನು ಕವಿತೆ ಬರೆಯೋಣ ಅಂದು ಕೊಂಡೆ. ಮೊದಲು ಒಂದು 'ಚೆಂಗುಲಾಬಿ' ಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆಯೋಣ ಅಂದು ಕೊಂಡು ಶುರು ಮಾಡಿದೆ— ಕೆಂಪು ಗುಲಾಬಿ ಹೂವೇ
ಅರಳಿಲೆ ನೀನು ಬೇಗ
ಇಷ್ಟು ಬರೆದ ಮೇಲೆ ನನ್ನ ಇನ್‌ಸ್ಪಿರೇಷನ್ ನಿಂತು ಹೋಯಿತು. ವಡ್ರ್ಸ್‌ವರ್ತ್,—ಅಲ್ಲ, ಪುಟ್ಟಪ್ಪ, ಬೇಂದ್ರೆ ಇವರುಗಳಿಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅದು ಹೇಗೆ ಕಂಟಿನ್ಯೂಯೆಸ್ ಇನ್‌ಸ್ಪಿರೇಷನ್ (continuous inspiration) ಬರುತ್ತೋ ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಸರಿ, ತೆಂಗಿನ ಮರದಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆಯೋಣ ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಅದನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆ ವರ್ಣಿಸಬೇಕೋ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತೆಂಗಿನ ಗರಿಗಳು ಉದ್ದವಾಗಿವೆ ಅಂತಲೇ? ತೆಂಗಿನಕಾಯಿ ದಪ್ಪಕ್ಕಿದೆ ಅಂತಲೇ? ಅಥವಾ ನಾರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಗ್ಗ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ, ಗರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪೊರಕೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅಂತಲೇ? ಏನು ಬರೆಯೋದು ಎಂದೇ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಡೆಗೆ ಇದೆಲ್ಲಾ ಜೆನ್ನಾಗಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದೆ.

ಮುಂದಿನ ಐಟಂ, ಯಾವುದಾದರೂ ಒಂದು ಪುರಂದರ ದಾಸರ ಕೀರ್ತನೆಯನ್ನು ಒಂದು ತಮಾಷೆ ಕವನವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಬದಲಾಯಿಸೋಣ ಅಂದು ಕೊಂಡೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ನನಗೆ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ಬಂದದ್ದು " ಹರಿಯ ನೆನೆಯದ ನರಜನ್ಮವೇಕೋ." ಅದನ್ನು " ಸಿನಿಮಾವ ನೋಡದ ನರಜನ್ಮವೇಕೋ" ಅಂತ ಬರೆಯೋಣ ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅದರ ಮುಂದಿನ ಪದಗಳು ನನಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೀರ್ತನೆ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ತರೋಣ ಎಂದರೆ ನಮ್ಮನೇಲಿ ಅದು ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಸರಿ, ಇನ್ನೇನುತಾನೇ ಮಾಡಬಲ್ಲೆ? ಏನು ಮಾಡೋದು ಅಂತ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೆ. ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಯಾಕೆ ಆಗಿದ್ದು ಅಂದರೆ ನಾನು ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಮ್ಯಾಗಸೈನ್‌ಗೆ " ಏನಾದರೂ" ಬರೆದು ಕೊಡಲೇ ಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದರಿಂದ.

ಹೀಗೇ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಇರುವಾಗ ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ತಮಾಷೆ ಹೊಳೆಯಿತು. ಅಲ್ಲ, ಇಷ್ಟು ಪಾಡುಪಡುವುದರ ಬದಲು ನೆನ್ನೆಯಿಂದ—ಏಕೆ ಮೂರು ನಾಕು ದಿನದಿಂದ–ನನಗೆ ಆದ ಅನುಭವಗಳನ್ನೇ ಏಕೆ ಬರೆಯಬಾರದೂ ಅಂತ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಈ ಒಂದು ನನ್ನ ಪುಟ್ಟ " ಏನಾದರೂ" ಬರೆದಿದ್ದೀನಿ. ಹೇಗಿದೆ ನನ್ನ ಪ್ಲಾನು?

ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ನಾನು ಮೊದಲು 'ಅರ್ವಾಚೀನ ಮಹಿಳೆಯರು' ಎಂದಿದ್ದಕ್ಕೆ, ನಾನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಮಹಿಳೆ ಅಂತಅಲ್ಲ. ನಾನೂ ಅರ್ವಾಚೀನ ಮಹಿಳೆಯೇ. ನಾನೂ ಸಕ್ಕರೆಗೆ ಕಲ್ಲು ಬೆರಸಿದ ಹಾಗೆ ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಮತ್ತು ಕನ್ನಡ ಬೆರಸೇ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತೇನೆ. ನನಗೇ pure ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತಾಡುವುದು ಕಷ್ಟ.

ಅಂದಹಾಗೆ ಮರೆತು ಹೋಗಿತ್ತು ನೋಡಿ. ನಾನು ಒಂದು ನಾಟಕ ಬರೀಬೇಕೂಂತಿದ್ದೆ. ಪಾತ್ರ ಗಳು ಬರೆದೆ.

ಆದು ಹೀಗಿತ್ತು : ಸಿದ್ದ — ಜವಾನ
ರಾಯರು — ಯಜಮಾನ
ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ, ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ.

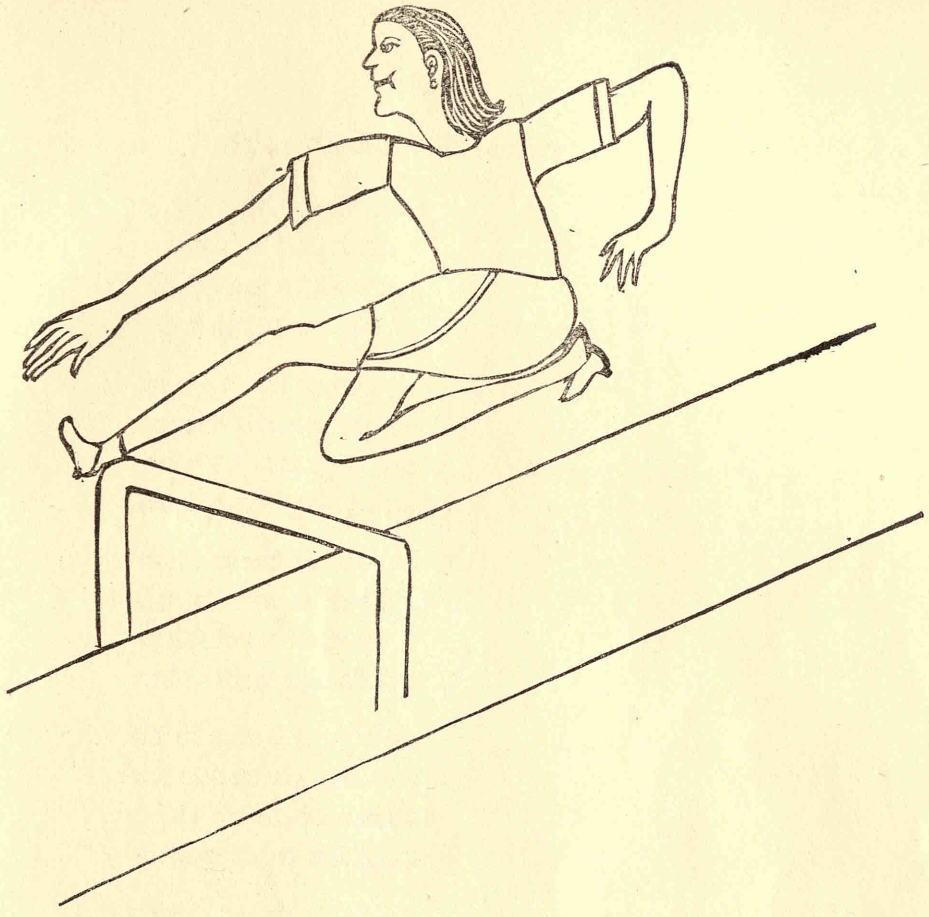
ಆದರೆ ಇವೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಾನು ಈವಾಗ ಬರೆದಿರುವ ನನ್ನ ಅನುಭವದಷ್ಟು ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯವಾಗಿರಲ್ಲ ಅನ್ನಸ್ತು.

ಹೋಗಲಿ, ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸ್ತೀನಿ. ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನ ಬೇಜಾರು ಮಾಡಲ್ಲ. ಮುಗೀತಪ್ಪ ಅನ್ನೋಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ತಿರುಗ ಶುರು ಆಯ್ತಲ್ಲಾ ಅಂತ ಬೇಜಾರು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಡಿ. "ಹೋದ್ಯಾ ಪಿಶಾಚಿ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಬಂದೆ ಗವಾಕ್ಷೀಲಿ" ಅನ್ನೋ ಹಾಗಾಯ್ತು ನನ್ನ ಕಥೆ, ಅಲ್ಲವೇ?

ಎನ್. ಎಸ್. ದೇವಕಿ, N. S. Devaki,
೧ ಯು. ಸಿ. I. U. C.



SECOND PRIZE









ನಭೋ ಮಂಡಲ — (The Sky)

ಆಗಸ, ಗಗನ, ಅಂಬರವೆಂದು
ನಾನಾ ಪೆಸರಲಿ ನೀನಿಂದೂ ||
ಕವಿಗಳ ಬಣ್ಣನೆಗೊಳಪಟ್ಟು
ಕಲ್ಪನೆ ನಡುವೆ ಅವಿತಿಟ್ಟು ||

ಪ್ರಾತಃ ಕಾಲದ ಪೂರ್ವದಲಿ,
ತಾರಾಶಶಿಯರ ಸಗ್ಗದಲಿ ||
ಕಣ್ಬೆಳಕನ್ನೆ ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ
ನಿಲಿಸುವ ಶಕುತಿಯೆ ನೋಡಿಲ್ಲಿ ||

ಸಾಗರ ರಾಜನ ಸಮರಿಲ್ಲ
ಎನ್ನುವ ನಾಣ್ನುಡಿ ಸುಳ್ಳಲ್ಲ ||
ಸಾಗರ ರಾಜನ ಸಮಕೆಲ್ಲಾ
ನೀನೇ ಇರುವೆ ಬಲು ಚೆಲುವಾ ||

ನಿಶಿ ರಾತ್ರಿಯಲಿ ನಿನ್ನೊಡಲು
ತಾರೆಯೆರಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿಹುದು ||
ಪ್ರಾತಃ ಸಮಯದಿ ಅರುಣರವಿ
ಮೂಡಣ ದಿಕ್ಕಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟುವನು ||

ಬೆಳಕಲಿ ನೀಲಿಮೆ ಯಿಂದಿರ್ಪೆ
ನಿಶೆಯಲಿ ನಿಶಿಯಾಗಿರುತಿರ್ಪೆ ||
ಕಾಮನ ಬಿಲ್ಲಿನ ಬಣ್ಣಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ
ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲೀ ಇದೆ, ಚೀ ಕಳ್ಳಾ ||

ಹಿಂಜಿದ ಹತ್ತಿಯ ಹಾಗಿರುತಿರುವ
ಮುಂಜಿನ ತೆರೆಯಲಿ ನೀನಿರುವೆ ||
ಮೋಹಕನಾದ, ಓ ನಭರಾಜ
ಚೆಲುವನು ಪೇಳಲು ಅಸದಳವಲ್ಲಾ ||

M. A. Lalitha,
I U. C.

ವಾರದ ಹುಡುಗ — The Poor Boy

ಮಲಗಿದ್ದ ಸೋಮೂಗೆ ಯಾರೋ ಮೆಟ್ಟಲೇರಿ ಬರುವಂತಾಯಿತು. ಮರುಕ್ಷಣವೇ "ಸೋಮು, ಸೋಮು" ಎಂದು ಯಾರೋ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತಟ್ಟಿದರು. ಸೋಮು ಮಲಗಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ನರಳುವ ಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ "ಯಾರದು?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ. ಆಗ ಹೊರಗಿನಿಂದ 'ನಾನು! ನಾನು! ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆರೆ' ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ಅದು ಸೋಮುಗೆ ಅತಿ ಪರಿಚಯವಾದ ಧ್ವನಿ. ಅದು ಆತನನ್ನು ಹಡೆದ ಮಗುವಿನಂತೆ ಅತಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರದು.

"ಬಾ ತಾಯಿ! ನಾನು ಯಾರೋಂತಿದ್ದೆ."

"ಸೋಮು,! ಈ ದಿನ ನೀನು ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಯಾಕೆ ಹೋಗಲಿಲ್ಲ? ಇದೇನು, ಮುಖ ಬಾಡಿದೆ? ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರೇಕೆ? ತಲೆನೋಯುತ್ತಿದೆಯೇ?"

"ವಾರದ ಹುಡುಗರ ಜೀವನ ಬಹಳ ಕೆಟ್ಟದಮ್ಮ. ಅದನ್ನು ಏಳೇಳು ಜನ್ಮಕ್ಕೂ ನೆನೆಯಬಾರದು"
"ಯಾಕೆ ಸೋಮು? ಏನಾಯಿತು? ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಬೈದರೆ? ಏನು ಹೇಳು."

"ಹೇಳುವೆನಮ್ಮ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಷ್ಟವನ್ನು ಹೇಳದೆ ಇನ್ನು ಯಾರ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೇಳಲಿ? ನನಗೆ ವಕೀಲ ರಾಮರಾಯರು ಒಂದು ವಾರವನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದರು. ಈ ದಿನ ಅವರ ಮನೆಗೆ ಊಟಕ್ಕೆಂದು ಹೋದಾಗ ರಾಯರು ನಿಷ್ಠೂರವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿದರು "ಇನ್ನು ಮೇಲೆ ನೀನು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆ ವಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಬರ ಕೂಡದು." ಎಂದು. ರಾಯರ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯ ವೆಂಕಟ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರಿಗಳು ನಾನು ರಾಮರಾಯರ ಮಗಳೊಡನೆ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರಂತೆ. ಅವರು ರಾಯರ ಮುಂದೆ ಏನೇನೋ ಹೇಳಿ ಅವರ ತಲೆ ಕೆಡಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. "ಪ್ರಾಯದ ಹುಡುಗ. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಸಲಿಗೆ ಕೊಡಬೇಡಿ. ಈಗಿನ ಕಾಲದ ಹುಡುಗರನ್ನು ನಂಬುವ ಹಾಗಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ಬೋಧಿಸಿದರಂತೆ"

''ಇದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಿನಗೆ ಯಾರು ಹೇಳಿದರು?''

"ರಾಯರ ಮಗಳೇ ಹೇಳಿದಳು. ನಿನ್ನೆ ಅವಳು ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ನಿನ್ನೆಯ ಪಾಠವೇನೆಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದಳು. ನಾನು ವಿವರಿಸಿದೆ. ಇಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ರಾಯರು ವಿಪರೀತ ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಅಮ್ಮ, ವಾರದ ಹುಡುಗರ ಬಾಳು ಬೀದಿಯ ನಾಯಿಗೂ ಕಡೆ!"

''ಇರಲಿ ಬಿಡಪ್ಪ. ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬಾ ಊಟ ಮಾಡುವೆಯಂತೆ.''

''ಈಗ ಬೇಡ ತಾಯಿ, ಹಸಿವಿಲ್ಲ. ಮೇಲಾಗಿ ತಲೆ ನೋಯುತ್ತಿದೆ''
''ಹಾಗೆಲ್ಲ ಅನ್ನ ಬಾರದಪ್ಪ ಊಟ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ತಲೆ ನೋವು ಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ.'' ಎಂದು ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ಬಲವಂತದಿಂದ ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಬಡಿಸಿದರು. ಆಗ ಸೀತಮ್ಮ ಹೇಳಿದರು. ''ಸೋಮು, ನೀನು ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಏಕೆ ಊಟ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿರಬಾರದು? ನಮ್ಮ ಜಾನಕೀಗೂ ಜೊತೆಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ನಮಗೂ ಗಂಡು ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಲ್ಲ" ಸೋಮು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದ.

ಆದರೆ ವಿಧಿ ಲಿಖಿತವೇ ಬೇರೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮರುದಿನ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಯಜಮಾನರ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಸೋಮು ವಿನ ಪ್ರಸ್ತಾಪ ವೆತ್ತಿದಾಗ ಅವರು ಕಿಡಿ ಕಿಡಿ ಯಾದರು. ಅದೂ ಸಾಲದೆಂದು ಅವರು ಸೋಮು ವನ್ನು ಕರೆದು "ನೀನು ಇನ್ನು ಮೇಲೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿರಬೇಡ, ಬೇರೆ ಕೋಣೆ ನೋಡಿಕೋ. ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ವಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಸಲ ಕೂಳು ತಿಂದು ಹೋಗು" ಎಂದರು.

ಅವರ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಸೋಮು ತಲ್ಲಣಿಸಿದ. ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರೂರಿತು. ಮರುದಿನವೇ ಕೊಠಡಿ ಬಿಡುವ ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿದನು. ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ಅಂದು ರಾತ್ರಿ ಗಂಡನನ್ನು ಅಂಗಲಾಚಿ ಬೇಡಿಕೊಂಡರು, "ಅವನು ತಬ್ಬಲಿ, ಅವನನ್ನು ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳದೇ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಹೋಗಲಿ, ಕೊಠಡಿಯಿಂದ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹಾಕಬೇಡಿ." ಆದರೆ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರ ಮಾತು ಬೋರ್ಗಲ್ಲಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಳೆಗರೆದಂತಾಯಿತು.

ಮರುದಿನ ಸೀತಮ್ಮ ಮತ್ತು ಜಾನಕಿ ದುಃಖದಿಂದ ತಪ್ತರಾಗಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಸೋಮುವು ಒಮ್ಮೆಲೆ ಒಳಗೆ ಬಂದು ನಮಸ್ಕರಿಸಿದ. ಸೀತಮ್ಮ ಅವನನ್ನು ತಬ್ಬಿಕೊಂಡು ಅತ್ತರು. ಸೋಮುವು ಕಣ್ಣೀರಿಡುತ್ತಾ ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋದ. ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ ಅವನು ಅವರ ಮನೆಗೆ ವಾರದ ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಬರಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ಸೋಮುವಿನ ಪೂರ್ತಿ ಹೆಸರು ಸೋಮಶೇಖರ್. ಅವನು ಚಿಕ್ಕಂದಿನಿಂದಲೂ ತಬ್ಬಲಿ. ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗಳು ಚಿಕ್ಕಂದಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಸತ್ತು ಹೋಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರು ಸೋಮುವಿಗೆ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಮುರುಕು ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬೇರಾವ ಆಸ್ತಿಯನ್ನೂ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕನ್ನಡ ಓದಿಯಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಕಲಿಯುವ ಆಸೆಯಿಂದ ಪಟ್ಟಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದು ನೆಲಸಿದ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ವಾರದ ಊಟ ಮಾಡಿ, ಅವರಿವರ ಕಾಲು ಹಿಡಿದು, ಸ್ಕೂಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ವೇತನ ಪಡೆದು ಓದುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೇನು? ವಾರದನ್ನ ಕೊಡುವವರು ಹುಡುಗರು ಮಾಡಲಾಗದ ಕೆಲಸಗಳನ್ನು ಅವನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಸೋಮು ಓದುವ ಆಸೆಯಿಂದ ಅದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸಹಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಸೋಮು ಹೋಗಿ ಎಂಟು ವರುಷಗಳು ಸಂದುವು. ಈಗ ಜಾನಕಿ ಮದುವೆಗೆ ಬೆಳೆದು ನಿಂತ ಹುಡುಗಿ. ರಾಯರು ತಮ್ಮ ಹುಡುಗಿಗೆ ವರ ಹುಡುಕಿ ಹುಡುಕಿ ಸರಿಯಾದ ವರ ಸಿಗದೆ ಬೇಸತ್ತರು. ಒಂದು ದಿನ ರಾಯರು ಹಸನ್ಮುಖರಾಗಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಹೇಳಿದರು "ಏನೇ, ಇವತ್ತು ಒಂದು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಉತ್ತಮ ವರ ನೋಡಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೀನೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಆಫೀಸಿಗೆ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತೈದು ವರುಷದ, B.A. ಪಾಸು ಮಾಡಿದ ಹುಡುಗ ಒಬ್ಬ, ನೂರು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಸಂಬಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾನೆ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗಳಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲವಂತೆ. ಅವನ ಹೆಸರು ಸೋಮಶೇಖರ್‌ರಾವ್ ಅಂತ. ನೋಡು, ನಿನಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿದ್ದರೆ ಮಾತು ಮುಂದುವರಿಸು. ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಬಿಡು. ನನ್ನದಂತೂ ಇದು ಕೊನೆಯ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ. ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ ನನ್ನಿಂದಾಗದು."

ಈ ಪ್ರಸ್ತಾಪಕ್ಕೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಪ್ಪಿದರು. ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡ ಮೇಲೆ ಮದುವೆಗೆ ತಡವೇ? ಸರಿ, ಮದುವೆಯೂ ನಡೆದು ಹೋಯಿತು.

ಸೋಮ ಶೇಖರ್ ಇವರ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಇರಹತ್ತಿದರು. ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ಅಳಿಯನನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು "ಹಿಂದೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹೆಸರಿನವನು ವಾರಾನ್ನಕ್ಕೆ ಇದ್ದ. ಅವನೂ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹಾಗೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಸ್ವಭಾವದವನು." ಎಂದು ಮುಂತಾಗಿ ಸೋಮುವಿನ ವಿಚಾರ ಪ್ರಸ್ತಾಪಿಸಿದರು. ಅವರ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ಒಂದೆರೆಡು ಹನಿಗಳು ಉದುರಿದವು. ಸೋಮಶೇಖರರಾಯರು, "ಅಮ್ಮಾ ಆ ನಿರ್ಭಾಗ್ಯ ಸೋಮುವು ಮರಳಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗೆ ಅಳಿಯ ಸೋಮಶೇಖರನಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಾನೆ" ಎಂದು ನೋವಿನ ನಗುವನ್ನು ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಹೇಳಿದನು. ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಆನಂದ ಭಾಷ್ಪವನ್ನು ಸುರಿಸಿದರು. ರಾಯರು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದಿಂದ "ಆಂ" ಎಂದು ಬಾಯಿ ತೆರೆದರು.

M. Prema Bai,
II U. C.

ಪತ್ರ.— (The Letter)

ಬೆಳಗಿನ ಜಾವದ ನಸುಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಹಿಂದಿನ ನೆನಪುಗಳನ್ನು ಜ್ಞಾಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ ಮಿನುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು. ಒಬ್ಬ ಮುದುಕ್ಯನು ಆ ಚಳಿಗೂ, ಆ ಗಾಳಿಯ ಹೊಡೆತಕ್ಕೂ ತನ್ನ ಹರಿದ ಕೋಟನ್ನು ಭದ್ರವಾಗಿ ಎಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಊರಿನಾಚೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಕೆಲವು ಮನೆಗಳಿಂದ ಹೆಂಗಸರು ಹಾಡು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡು ಬೀಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ಶಬ್ದ ಕೇಳಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೇಳಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ನಾಯಿಯ ಬಗುಳುವಿಕೆ, ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಮುಂಚೆ ಎದ್ದು ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಕೆಲಸಗಾರರ ನಡಿಗೆಯಶಬ್ದ ಮತ್ತು ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಮುಂಚೆ ಕೂಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹಕ್ಕಿಯ ''ಕಿಚಿಕಿಚಿ'' ಶಬ್ದ ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಊರಿಗೆ ಊರೇ ನಿಶ್ಶಬ್ದವಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಬಹಳ ಜನರು ಇನ್ನೂ ನಿದ್ರಾ ದೇವಿಯ ತೋಳತೆಕ್ಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರು. ಆ ಚಳಿಯಿಂದ ಅವರ ನಿದ್ರೆ ಮತ್ತೂ ಜಾಸ್ತಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಮುದುಕನು ತನ್ನ ಊರುಗೋಲಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ಭಾರವನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು, ಕಷ್ಟದಿಂದ ದಾರಿಯನ್ನು ಸಾಗಿ ಊರಾಚೆಗೆ ಬಂದನು.

ದಾರಿಯ ಒಂದು ಬದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎತ್ತರವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳೆದಿದ್ದ ಮರಗಳು, ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಬದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಕ್ರೀಡಾವನ ಇದ್ದಿತು ಕೆಟಕಿ ಮತ್ತು ಬಾಗಿಲುಗಳ ಸಂದಿನಿಂದ ಬೆಳಕು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಒಂಟಿ ಮನೆಯ ಜಗಲಿಯನ್ನು ಅವನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದನು. ತನ್ನ ಗುರಿಯನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದ ಸಂತೋಷ ಆ ಮುದುಕನ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಕಟ್ಟಡವೇ ಆ ಊರಿನ ಅಂ ಕಛೇರಿ. ಆ ಮುದುಕನು ಗಲಾಟೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಬಂದು ಮುಂದಿನ ಪಡಸಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡನು. ಮನೆಯೊಳಗೆ ನಾಲ್ಕಾರು ಜನ ತಮ್ಮ ದಿನಚರಿ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದು ದು ಕೇಳಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

"ಪೋಲೀಸ್ ಸೂಪರಿನ್‌ಟೆಂಡೆಂಟ್" ಎಂದು ಒಂದು ಧ್ವನಿಯು ಒಳಗಿಂದ ಕರೆಯಿತು. ಮುದುಕನು ಆ ಶಬ್ದ ಬಂದ ಕಡೆಯೇ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿದ. ಆದರೆಮತ್ತೆ ಬಂದು ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡ. ಆದರೂ ಯಾವುದೋ ಒಂದು ಆಸೆ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಆ ಚಳಿಯನ್ನು ತಡೆಯುವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಿತು.

ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷಿನ ವಿಳಾಸಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿ ಓದಿ, ಆಯಾ ಅಂಚೆಯವನ ಕೈಗೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.——ಕಮೀಷನರ್, ಸೂಪರಿನ್‌ಟಿನ್‌ಡೆಂಟ್, ದಿವಾನ್ ಸಾಹೇಬ್ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ವಿಳಾಸಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿಕೊಡುವುದು ಅನೇಕ ದಿನದಿಂದ ಆದ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸ. ಈ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಳಗಿನಿಂದ ಒಂದು ಧ್ವನಿಯು "ಬಂಡಿ ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಆಲಿ'' ಎಂದಿತು. ಆ ಮುದುಕನು ಮೇಲೆದ್ದು, ತನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೃತಜ್ಞತೆಯಿಂದ ಆಕಾಶದತ್ತ ಹೊರಳಿಸಿ, ಬಾಗಿಲ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಕೈ ಚಾಚಿದನು.

" ಗೋಕುಲ್‌ದಾಸ್? ''

" ಯಾರದು? ''

'' ನೀವು ಬಂಡಿಗಾರ ಆಲಿಯನ್ನು ಕರೆದಿರಲ್ಲವೆ?ಅವನೇ ನಾನು. ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ಪತ್ರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೇನೆ'

'' ಅವನೊಬ್ಬ ಹುಚ್ಚ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ, ಬರದೇ ಇರುವ ಕಾಗದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಾಣ ಹಿಂಡುತ್ತಾನೆ' ಎಂದು ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನಿಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದನು.

ಆ ಮುದುಕನು ನುತ್ತೆ ತಾನು ಐದು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಜಗುಲಿಯ ಒಂದ'' ಮೂಲೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡನು.

ಆಲಿಯು ಒಂದಾನೊಂದು ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಷಿಕಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಪುಣನಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಗುರಿಯಿಡುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಪುಣನಾದಷ್ಟೂ ಬೇಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನದ ಸಂಜೆ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಹತ್ತಿರವಾದಂತೆ

ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೊಸ ದಾರಿಯನ್ನು ಕಲ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡನು. ಅವನ ಒಬ್ಬಳೇ ಮಗಳಾದ ರಷೀದಾಳನ್ನು ಒಬ್ಬ ಸೈನಿಕನಿಗೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಕಳಿಸಿಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ. ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಗಂಡನ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಅವನ ದಳದವರಿದ್ದ ಪಂಜಾಬಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟುಹೋಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಯಾರಿಗೋಸ್ಕರ ಇವನು ಬದುಕಿದ್ದನೋ ಅವಳಿಂದ ಈಗ ಐದು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದಲೂ ಸಮಾಚಾರವಿಲ್ಲ. ಈಗ ಅವನು ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಮತ್ತು ಅಗಲುವಿಕೆಯ ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ಗ್ರಹಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನು ಈಗ ಬೇಟೆಯಿಂದುಂಟಾಗುವ ಆನಂದವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬೇಟೆಯಾಡಿ, ಅವುಗಳ ಮರಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿಯಿಲ್ಲದಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಸಂಕಟಪಡುವುದನ್ನು ಊಹಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು, ತಾನೂ ಸಂಕಟಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ಅವನಿಗೆ ಬೇಟೆಯಾಡಲು ಇಷ್ಟವಿದ್ದಿತಾದರೂ ರಷೀದಳು ಹೊಗಟುಹೋದ ಮೇಲೆ, ಬೇಟೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಆನಂದಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಅವನು ' ಪ್ರಪಂಚವು ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿದೆ; ಅಗಲಿಕೆ, ಸಂಕಟದಿಂದ ಯಾರೂ ಪಾರಾಗಲಾರರು ' ಎಂಬ ನಿರ್ಧಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದನು. ಅವನು ಒಂದು ಮರದ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಕುಳಿತು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಅತ್ತನು. ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ ಅವನು ದಿನವೂ ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಗಂಟೆ ಗೆದ್ದು ಅಂಚೆ-ಕಛೇರಿಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ತನ್ನ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ದಿನವೂ ಒಂದು ಕಾಗದವನ್ನೂ ಕಂಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಮಗಳ ಕಾಗದವು ಬಂದೇ ಬರುವುದೆಂಬ ಆಸೆಯಿಂದ ಅವನು ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಸಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ಅಂಚೆ ಕಛೇರಿಯು, ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಅತಿ ಬೇಜಾರಾದಸ್ಥಳ. ಆದರೆ ಅದು ಇವನಿಗೆ ಯಾತ್ರಾಸ್ಥಳವಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಇವನು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಒಂದು ಗೊತ್ತಾದ ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಒಂದು ಗೊತ್ತಾದ ಜಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿರುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಇದನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಕೆಲವರು ಇವನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅಂಚೆಯವರಿಗಂತೂ ಇವನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಹಾಸ್ಯವಾಗಿಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅವನ ಹೆಸರಿಗೆ ಕಾಗದವಿಲ್ಲದೇ ಇದ್ದರೂ ಅವನ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಕೂಗಿ, ಅವನು ಆತುರದಿಂದ ಬಾಗಿಲಬಳಿ ಬರುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ಅಪಾರ ನಂಬಿಕೆಯಿಂದಲೂ, ಮಿತಿಯಿಲ್ಲದ ತಾಳ್ಮೆಯಿಂದಲೂ ಬಂದು ಬರಿಗೈಲಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ತೆರಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಇವನು ಯಥಾಪ್ರಕಾರ ತನ್ನ ಜಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದನು. ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆಗೆದರೂ, ಇವನು ಮೇಲೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ.

" ಕಮೀಷನರ್ " ಎಂದು ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಕೂಗಿದನು. ಒಬ್ಬ ಹುಡುಗನು ಆ ಕಾಗದಕ್ಕೆ ಮುನ್ನುಗ್ಗಿದನು. " ಸೂಪರಿನ್‌ಟೆನ್‌ಡೆಂಟ್ " ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬ ಜವಾನನು ಬಂದನು. ಈ ರೀತಿ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು, ವಿಷ್ಣು ಭಕ್ತನು ಸಹಸ್ರನಾಮವನ್ನು ಉಚ್ಚರಿಸುವಂತೆ ನೂರಾರು ಹೆಸರುಗಳನ್ನು ಜಪಿಸಿದನು.

ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಹೊರಟುಹೋದರು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಆಲಿಯು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಎದ್ದು ಕಛೇರಿಗೆ ನಮಸ್ಕರಿಸಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೊರಟನು. ಅವನು ಆ ಕಛೇರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಮೂಲ್ಯ ವಸ್ತುವಿದೆಯೆಂದು ನೂರಾರು ದಿನಗಳಿಂದಲೂ ಭಾವಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದನು.

" ಅವನು ಹುಚ್ಚನೇ? " ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ತರನು ಕೇಳಿದನು.

" ಯಾರು ಸ್ವಾಮಿ? ಆಲಿಯೆ? ಹೌದು, ಅವನು ಹುಚ್ಚ. ಹವಾ ಹೇಗಾದರೂ ಇರಲಿ, ದಿನ ಬೆಳಗಾಗೆದ್ದು ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆದರೆ, ಎಂದೂ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಪತ್ರವೂ ಬಂದಿಲ್ಲ. " ಎಂದು ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಹೇಳಿದನು.

" ನಾನದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಂಡೆ. ಇವನಿಗೆ ದಿನವೂ ಪತ್ರ ಬರೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಹೊತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆಯೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾನೆ ?"

" ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಅಸ್ಥಿರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಅವನು ಹಿಂದೆ ಪಾಪ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅವನು ಯಾರ ರಕ್ತವನ್ನೋ ಚೆಲ್ಲಿರಬಹುದು. ಆದುದರಿಂದಲೇ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಈಗ ಪ್ರಾಯಶ್ಚಿತ್ತ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ. " ಎಂದನು, ಅಂಚೆಯವನು. ಅವರುಗಳ ಮಾತು ಅನೇಕ ಹುಚ್ಚರ ಕಡೆ ತಿರುಗಿತು. ಅವರುಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಕೆಲವು ಕಾಲ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಅನೇಕ ದಿನ ಆಲಿಯು ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾರೂ ಅವನು ಏಕೆ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯುವಷ್ಟು ಕರುಣಾಳುಗಳಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ಬಾರದಿರುವುದು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವನ್ನುಂಟು ಮಾಡಿತು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಬಂದ. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಉಸಿರಾಡಲು ಸಹಾ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನ ಮುಖದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅಂತ್ಯದ ಸೂಚನೆಗಳು ಕಂಡುಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದುವು. ಆ ದಿನ ಅವನಿಗೆತಾಳ್ಮೆ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. " ಯಜಮಾನರೇ " ಅವನು ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿಕೊಂಡನು, " ನನ್ನ ರಷೀದಾ ಕಾಗದ ಬಂದಿದೆಯೇ? "

ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನು ಆತುರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದನು. " ಏನಯ್ಯಾ ! ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಪೀಡಿಸುತ್ತೀಯೆ. "

" ನನ್ನ ಹೆಸರು ಆಲಿ, " ಆಲಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲೂ ಜ್ಞಾನವಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಹೇಳಿದನು

" ನನಗದು ಗೊತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ನಾವೇನು ನಿನ್ನ ರಷೀದಾಳ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ದಾಖಲು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೇವೆಯೆ? "

" ಇಲ್ಲದೇಇದ್ದರೆ ಬರೆದಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ ಅಣ್ಣಾ, ನಾನಿಲ್ಲದೇ ಇರುವಾಗ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. "

ಜೀವನದ ಮೂರು ಭಾಗವನ್ನೂ ಕಳೆದಿದ್ದ ಆ ಮುದುಕನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ರಷೀದಾಳು ಮಿಕ್ಕವರಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಕಾಸಿಗೂ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬುದು ಹೇಗೆ ತಾನೆ ತಿಳಿದೀತು!

ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನಿಗೆ ತಾಳ್ಮೆ ಮೀರಿತು. " ನಿನಗೇನು ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಇದೆಯೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೋ? ನಾವೇನು ನಿನ್ನ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ಸುಂಗುತ್ತೇವೆಯೇ? ಹೊರಟುಹೋಗು" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಹೊರಟುಹೋದನು. ಆಲಿಯು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಹೆಜ್ಜೆಗೂ ಕಛೇರಿಯನ್ನು ದೃಷ್ಟಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಹೊರಟನು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಇದ್ದರೂ, ತನ್ನ ಅಸಹಾಯಕತೆಯಿಂದ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರು ತುಂಬಿತು. ಇನ್ನು ಅವನು ರಷೀದಳನ್ನು ನೋಡುವೆನೆಂಬ ಆಸೆಯನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆತಾನೆ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು!

ಯಾವುದೋ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಹಿಂದೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿರುವುದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದು ಆಲಿಯು ತಿರುಗಿದನು.

" ಅಣ್ಣಾ " ಅವನು ಕೂಗಿದನು.

ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಪಟ್ಟನು, ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ದಯಾಳುವಾದ್ದರಿಂದ " ಏನು" ಎಂದನು.

" ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡು " ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಆಲಿಯು ತನ್ನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಡಬ್ಬದಿಂದ ಐದು ಚಿನ್ನದ ನಾಣ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು, ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದಿಂದ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನ ಕೈಗೆ ಹಾಕಿ " ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಹಾಗೆ ನೋಡಬೇಡ. ಇದರಿಂದ ನಿನಗೆ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅದರಿಂದ ನನಗೇನೂ ಉಪಯೋಗವಿಲ್ಲ. ನೀನು ನನಗೊಂದು ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತೀಯಾ? "

" ಏನು? "

" ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಾಣಿಸುವುದೇನು ? " ಎಂದು ಆಕಾಶದತ್ತ ತೋರಿಸಿದನು.

" ಸ್ವರ್ಗ "

" ಅಲ್ಲಿ ದೇವರು ಇದ್ದಾನೆ. ಅವನ ಎದುರಿಗೆ ನಾನು ನಿನಗೆ ಈ ದುಡ್ಡನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ನೀನು ನನ್ನ ರಷೀದಾಳ ಕಾಗದ ಬಂದಾಗ ನನಗೆ ತಂದು ಕೊಡಬೇಕು. "

" ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ? ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ತಂದು ಕೊಡಬೇಕು? " ಗಾಬರಿಯಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿದನು.
" ನನ್ನ ಸಮಾಧಿಗೆ."
" ಏನು? "

" ನಿಜ, ಇದೇ ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಯದಿನ, ಅಂತ್ಯದಿನ. ಅಯ್ಯೋ! ಆದರೆ ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ರಷೀದಾಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನಗೆ ಅವಳಿಂದ ಕಾಗದವಿಲ್ಲ " ಆಲಿಯ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರು ತುಂಬಿತು. ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಆ ಐದು ನಾಣ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಜೇಬಿನಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋದನು.

ಆಲಿಯು ಮತ್ತೆ ಕಾಣಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಆ ವಿಷಯಕ್ಕೆ ಯಾರೂ ಅಷ್ಟು ಗಮನಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನಿಗೆ ತೊಂದರೆ ಬಂದಿತು. ಅವನ ಮಗಳಿಗೆ ಖಾಯಿಲೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು ಆದರೆ ಅವಳಿಂದ ಸಮಾಚಾರ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಟಪಾಲು ಬಂತು. ಕಾಗದಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮೇಜಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿದ್ದಿತು. ತಾನು ಯೋಚಿಸಿದ್ದ ಬಣ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಆಕಾರದ ಒಂದು ಲಕ್ಕೋಟೆಯನ್ನು ಆತುರದಿಂದ ಕೈಗೆ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡನು. ಅದು ಬಂಡಿ ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಆಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅವನು, ವಿದ್ಯುಚ್ಛಕ್ತಿಯು ಪ್ರವೆಹಿಸಿತೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಹಾಕಿಬಿಟ್ಟನು. ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಕಾಗದದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಒಂದು ಹೃದಯವಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಆಗ ಅವನು ತಿಳಿದನು. ಆಗ ಅವನು ಈ ಪತ್ರಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೇ ಆಲಿಯು ಪ್ರತಿ ದಿನವೂ, ಐದು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದನು.

" ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸ್ " ಎಂದು ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನು——ಆಲಿಯು ಯಾರಿಗೆ ನಾಣ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದನೋ ಅವನನ್ನು—ಕರೆದನು.

" ಏನು ಸ್ವಾಮಿ? "
" ಇದೋ ನಿನ್ನ ಬಂಡಿ ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಆಲಿಗೆ ಕಾಗದಾ ಬಂದಿದೆ. ಅವನೆಲ್ಲಿರುವನು? "
" ನಾನು ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತೇನೆ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ? "

ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನಿಗೆ ಆ ದಿನವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾಗದವಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನು ರಾತ್ರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಹಳ ಪ್ರಯಾಸದಿಂದ ಕಳೆದನು. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಮೂರು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಎದ್ದು ಬಂದು ಕಛೇರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತುಬಿಟ್ಟನು. ಅವನು ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡನು, " ಈ ದಿನ ಆಲಿಗೆ ನಾನೇ ಕಾಗದಾ ಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಅವನು ಹೇಗೂ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಬರುವನು." ಎಂದು. ಇಷ್ಟು ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನು ಆಲಿಯ ಹೃದಯಾಂತರಾಳವನ್ನು ಗ್ರಹಿಸಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಆ ಒಂದು ರಾತ್ರಿಯನ್ನು ವ್ಯಥೆ, ಆತುರಗಳಿಂದ ಕಳೆದಮೇಲೆ, ಆ ಮುದುಕನು ಆ ತರಹದ ಐದು ವರ್ಷಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆ ತಾನೇ ಕಳೆದಿರಬೇಕೆಂದು ಕರುಣೆಹುಟ್ಟಿತು. ಐದು ಗಂಟೆ ಹೊಡೆದಮೇಲೆ ಯಾರೋ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತಟ್ಟಿದ ಶಬ್ದವಾಯಿತು. ಅವನು ಅದುಖಂಡಿತ ಆಲಿಯೇ ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡನು. ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದು " ಒಳಗೆ ಬಾ ಆಲಿ " ಎಂದನು. ಅವನು, ಊರುಗೋಲಿನಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ಭಾರವನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಗೂನು ಬೆನ್ನಿನಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿ ಹೊರಗೆ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ಆ ಮುದುಕನ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಆ ಲಕ್ಕೋಟೆಯನ್ನು ನೀಡಿದನು. ಆಲಿಯನ್ನು ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ಬಿಟ್ಟುಬಂದಾಗ ಅವನ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವ ರೀತಿ ನೀರಿತ್ತೋ ಅದೇ ರೀತಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರಿನಿಂದ ಅವನ ಮುಖ ತೊಯ್ದು ಹೋಗಿತ್ತು. ಅವನ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಈಗ ಬದಲಾವಣೆ, ದಯೆ ಇತ್ತು. ಅವನು ಕಣ್ಣನ್ನು ವೇಲೆತ್ತಿ ನೋಡಿದನು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯತ್ವವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನು ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಿಂದಲೂ ಮತ್ತು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದಿಂದಲೂ ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದನು.

ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸನು ಬೇರೆ ಕಡೆಯಿಂದ ಬಂದನು. ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನು ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ, " ಯಾರೂ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ....ಓ....ಆಲಿಯೇ..... ? " ಎಂದನು. ಆದರೆ ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನ ಗಮನ ಅವನ ಕಡೆ ಹರಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನು ದೊಡ್ಡ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ಬಾಗಿಲಿನ ಕಡೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಆದರೆ ಆಲಿಯು ಮಾಯವಾಗಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನು ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದಾನಾದೀತು ! ಕೊನಗೆ ಅವನು ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸನ ಕಡೆ ತಿರುಗಿ " ಹೌದು ನಾನು ಆಲಿಯ ಸಂಗಡ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. " ಎಂದನು.

" ಆಲಿಯು ಸತ್ತು ಹೋದ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ. "

" ಏನು ! ನಿಜವೇ ? "

" ಹೌದು ಅವನು ಈಗ ಮೂರು ತಿಂಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಸತ್ತು ಹೋದ. ಈಗತಾನೆ ಬಂದ ಅಂಜಿಯವನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದ. "

ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನಿಗೆ ಗಾಬರಿಯಾಯಿತು. ರಷೀದಾಳ ಕಾಗದ ಇನ್ನೂ ಬಾಗಿಲ ಬಳಿಯೇ ಬಿದ್ದಿತ್ತು. ಆಲಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿಮೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಇತ್ತು. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸನ ಮಾತನ್ನು ನಂಬಲಾರದಾದನು. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವನು ಬಾಗಿಲು ತಟ್ಟಿದುದು, ಅವನಕಣ್ಣೀರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದುದು, ಇವು ಇನ್ನೂ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿದಂತಿತ್ತು. ಅವನು ಕಂಗೆಟ್ಟನು. ತಾನು ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಆಲಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೆನೇ ? ಅಥವಾ ತನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸೆ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಗಾಬರಿ ಪಡಿಸಿತೆ ? ಅಥವಾ ಅವನು ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸನೋ?

ದಿನಚರಿ ಕೆಲಸ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನು ವಿಳಾಸಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿದನು——ಕಮಿಷನರ್, ಲೈಬ್ರೆರಿಯನ್ .....ಆದರೆ ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಪತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಒಂದೊಂದು ಬಿಸಿ ಹೃದಯವಿದೆ ಎನ್ನುವಂತೆ ಆತುರಾತುರವಾಗಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನು ಮೊದಲಿಂದೂ ಈ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಯೋಚಿಸಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಂದು ಪತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯತ್ವದ ಬೆಲೆ ಎಷ್ಟಿದೆ ಎಂಬುದು ಈಗ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು.

ಆ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ ಪೋಸ್ಟ್‌ಮಾಸ್ಟರನೂ, ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸನೂ ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಆಲಿಯ ಸಮಾಧಿಯ ಕಡೆಗೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರು ಆ ಪತ್ರವನ್ನು ಸಮಾಧಿಯ ಮೇಲಿಟ್ಟು ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿದರು.

" ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸ್, ಈ ದಿನ ಮೊದಲು ಕಛೇರಿಗೆ ಬಂದವನು ನೀನೇ ? "

" ಹೌದು, ಸ್ವಾಮಿ "

" ಮತ್ತೆ.... ಹೇಗೆ..... ನನಗೆ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. "

" ಏನು ಸ್ವಾಮಿ ? "

" ಇಲ್ಲಾ, ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲಾ, ಯೋಚಿಸಬೇಡ. " ಎಂದು ಅವನು ಹೇಳಿದನು. ಕಛೇರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನು ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀದಾಸನನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೊರಟುಹೋದನು. ಅವನಿಗೆ, ತಂದೆಯಾದವನಿಗಿರುವ ಆತುರ, ಚಿಂತೆ, ಇವು ಈಗ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವನು ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ರಾತ್ರಿಯನ್ನು ಆಲಿಯು ಕಳೆದಂತೆ ಕಳೆಯಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಭಾರವಾದ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಅವನು ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದು ಕುಳಿತನು.

(ಗೌರಿಶಂಕರ ಜೋಶಿಯವರ " The Letter " ಎಂಬ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಷ್ ಕಥೆಯ ಆಧಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ.)

H. S. Sundara,
I U. C.

ಮೋಹಿನಿ — Mohini

ನಾನು ಮತ್ತು ರಮೂ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ನಮ್ಮ ಶಾಲೆಯ 'ಗೈಡು'ಗಳಿಗೆ 'ಕ್ಯಾಪ್ಟನ್'ಗಳಾಗಿದ್ದೆವು. ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಬಹಳ ಧೈರ್ಯಶಾಲಿಗಳೆಂದೂ ಹೆಸರು ಪಡೆದಿದ್ದೆವು. ನಾವಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಒಂದೇ ತರಗತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಓದುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆವು. ನಮ್ಮಿಬ್ಬರ ಮನೆಗಳೂ ಹತ್ತಿರದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ ನಾನು ಅವಳ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ.

ಒಂದು ಭಾನುವಾರ ನಮ್ಮ ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ 'ಶಾಲಾವಾರ್ಷಿಕೋತ್ಸವ' ಇತ್ತು. ಅದೇ ದಿನ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯವರು, ಸೋಮನಾಥಪುರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ನಮ್ಮ ತಾತನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿಬರಲು ಹೋಗಿದ್ದರು. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನು ಮತ್ತು ನನ್ನ ಚಿಕ್ಕಮ್ಮ ಇಬ್ಬರೇ ಇದ್ದೆವು. ಅಂದಿನ ಶಾಲಾ ಉತ್ಸವದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನು, ರಮೂ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಪಾತ್ರವಹಿಸಿದ್ದೆವು. ನಮ್ಮಿಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಎಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲದಸಡಗರ. ಅಂದು ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನ ೩ ಘಂಟೆಗೇ ಮನೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೊರಟೆವು. ಕಾರ್ಯ ಕ್ರಮ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ೬ ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ಆರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ಒಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಕ್ರಮಗಳೂ ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗಿ ನಡೆದುವು. ಅಂದಿನ ಸಮಾರಂಭ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯವಾಗಲು ೯ ಘಂಟೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ತಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟರು.

ಸರಿ, ನಾನು ಮತ್ತು ರಮೂ ಬಹಳ ಧೈರ್ಯದಿಂದ ಇಬ್ಬರೇ ಹೊರಟೆವು. ಆಕಾಳರಾತ್ರಿ ಯಲ್ಲಿಇಬ್ಬರೇ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಆನಿರ್ಜನವಾದ ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗಲು ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಜೊತೆಗೆ ದಾರಿಯುದ್ದಕ್ಕೂ ಹುಣಿಸೇ ಮರಗಳಿದ್ದುವು. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಪಿಶಾಚಿಗಳು ಹುಣಿಸೇ ಮರಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವುವೆಂದು ನಾವು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದೆವು. ಆ ದಿನ ದೈವ ನಮಗೇ ಅಂತ ಒಂದು ಪಿಶಾಚಿಯ ದರ್ಶನವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಸಿಯೇ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿತು. ಆ ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಒಂದು ದೀಪದ ಕಂಬದ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಹೋಗುವಾಗ ರಮೂ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಒಂದು ಬಾರಿ ಸುತ್ತಲಿನ ನಿಶೆಯನ್ನು ವೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿ, ಒಂದು ಸಲ ವಿಕಟವಾಗಿ ಚೀರಿದಳು. ನನಗೆ ಮೈ ಝುಲ್ಲೆಂದು ಬೆವರಿತು.

"ಏನಾಯಿತೇ ರಮೂ?" ಎಂದೆ. ಅವಳ ದೇಹಾದ್ಯಂತವೂ ಭಯದಿಂದ ಕಂಪಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಮೂಕಳಂತೆ ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಒಂದು ಫರ್ಲಾಂಗ್ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಹುಣಿಸೇ ಮರದ ಕಡೆ ಕೈ ತೋರಿಸಿದಳು.

ನಾನು ಆ ಕಡೆ ತಿರುಗಿದೆ. ಕಂಡದ್ದೇನು? ಒಬ್ಬ ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಮರದ ಮರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನೇ ಎವೆಯಿಕ್ಕದೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಅವಳ ಮುಖವು ಪೂರ್ಣ ಚಂದ್ರನಂತೆ ಇತ್ತು. ಅವಳ ನೇತ್ರಗಳು ಕಮಲ ಪುಷ್ಪದಂತೆ ವಿಶಾಲವಾಗಿದ್ದುವು. ಹಣೆಯು ಅರ್ಧ ಚಂದ್ರ ನಂತೆಯೂ, ಮೂಗು ಸಂಪಿಗೆ ಮೊಗ್ಗಿನಂತೆಯೂ, ತುಟಿಗಳು ತೊಂಡೆಹಣ್ಣಿನಂತೆಯೂ ಇದ್ದವು. ಅವಳು ಉಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೊಂದು ಶುಭ್ರವಾದ ಬಿಳಿಯ ಪತ್ತಲ. ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಣಿಸೇ ಮರದಿಂದ ಬಲವಾಗಿ ಗಾಳಿಬೀಸಲು ಅವಳೊಂದು ಸಲ ಲತೆಯಂತೆ ಬಳುಕಿದಳು! ಅಯ್ಯೋ, ಅಂದೊಂದು ಪಿಶಾಚಿ! ಹೌದು! ಸಂದೇಹವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮನ್ನೇ ತಿನ್ನುವಂತೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ! ಈಗೇನು ಮಾಡುವುದೆಂದು ನಾನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಯೋಚಿಸಿದೆ.

ನಾನು ರಮೂ ಕಡೆಗೆ ತಿರುಗುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದುಬಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಅವಳನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿಯುವಷ್ಟು ಶಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಯಿತು ನನಗೆ. ನನಗೆ ಜಂಘಾ ಬಲವೇ ಉಡುಗಿತು. ಅತಿ ಪ್ರಯಾಸದಿಂದ ಅವಳನ್ನೆತ್ತಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿದೆ. ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ನೀರು ಧಾರಾಕಾರವಾಗಿ ಸುರಿಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು, ಮೈ ಕಾದ ಕೆಂಡದಂತೆ ಸುಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು, ಹೃದಯ ಉದ್ವೇಗದಿಂದ ಬಡಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ನನಗೆ ದಿಕ್ಕೇ ತೋಚಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ನಮ್ಮ ಅದೃಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಆ ಕಡೆಯಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮ ಗುರ್ತಿನವರೊಬ್ಬರ ಕಾರ್ ಬಂದಿತು. ನನಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಧೈರ್ಯ ಬಂತು. ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆತಂದುಬಿಟ್ಟರು.

ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿಕ್ಕಮ್ಮ ನನಗಾಗಿ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನಾನು ಮಲಗುವಾಗ ೧೨ ಘಂಟೆ ಸಮಯವಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಎದ್ದಾಗ ೮ ಘಂಟೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ದಡಬಡನೆ ಎದ್ದು ಸ್ನಾನ ಮಾಡಿ, ಕಾಫಿ ತಿಂಡಿ ಮುಗಿಸಿ, ಅನಂತರ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಹತ್ತಿ, ಬೇಗ ಬರುವೆನೆಂದು ಚಿಕ್ಕಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಹೇಳಿ, ರಮೂ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟೆ. ಹುಣಿಸೇ ಮರದ ಮಾರ್ಗವಾಗಿಯೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕಾಗಿ ಬಂದುದರಿಂದ ವಿಧಿಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಹೊರಟು, ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದಕೂಡಲೇ ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು ಒಂದೇ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಮುಂದೆ ನಡೆದೆ.

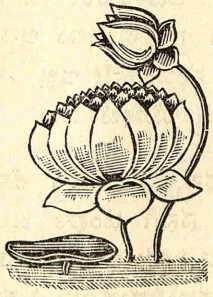
ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಕಣ್ಣು ಬಿಟ್ಟೆ. ನನ್ನ ಹಣೆ ಒಂದು ರೆಂಬೆಗೆ ಬಡಿದು ರಕ್ತ ಬಸಿಯ ತೊಡಗಿತು. ಎದುರಿಗೆ ಕಂಡ ದೃಶ್ಯ ನೋಡಿ ಅವಾಕ್ಕಾದೆ.

ಹಿಂದಿನ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಯಾವುದನ್ನು ನಾವು ನೋಡಿ ಹೆದರಿದ್ದೆವೋ ಅದೇ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಈಗಲೂ ಇದೆ. ಅದು ಪಿಶಾಚಿಯೂ ಅಲ್ಲ, ಮೋಹಿನಿಯೂ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಅದೊಂದು ಸೋಪ್ ಕಾರ್ಖಾನೆಯವರು "ಅಡ್ವರ್ಟೈಸ್ ಮೆಂಟ್" ಗಾಗಿ ಅಂಟಿಸಿದ್ದ ಸುಂದರ ಸ್ತ್ರೀವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಚಿತ್ರ. ಅದರ ಕೈಯ್ಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸೋಪ್ ಇತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಅದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಕ್ಕುಬಿಟ್ಟೆ. ಆದರೆ, ಆಕಾಳರಾತ್ರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಆ ಹುಣಿಸೆ ಮರದ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ, ಅನಿರ್ಜನ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಅಧನ್ನು ಪಿಶಾಚಿಯೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸುವುದು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ. ಸರಿ, ರಮೂ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟೆ.

ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ವಿಪರೀತ ಜ್ವರ ಬಂದಿತ್ತು. ಜ್ವರದ ತಾಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳು ತಡವರಿಸುತ್ತಾ "ಅಯ್ಯೋ—ಮೋಹಿನಿ—ಮೋಹಿನಿ—ಲೀಲಾ, ನೋಡೇ—ಮೋಹಿನಿ" ಎಂದು ಚೀರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಬಂದು ನೋಡಿ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ತಾಯಿ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ವಿಷಯವೇನೆಂದು ಕೇಳಲು ನಾನು ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಹೇಳಿದೆ. ಅವರು ಬಿದ್ದು ಬಿದ್ದು ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಹುಣ್ಣಾಗುವಂತೆ ನಕ್ಕರು.

ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿವಸದ ಮೇಲೆ ರಮೂಗೆ ವಿಷಯ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಿ ಅವಳೂ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ತುಂಬಾ ನಕ್ಕಳು. ಅವಳ ತಾಯಿ ಮಾತ್ರ "ನಿಮಗೆ ಅಷ್ಟೂ ಗೊತ್ತಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲವೇ?" ಎಂದು ಹಂಗಿಸಿದರು.

R. Susheela,
I U. C.



ನಗೆಹನಿ — (Jokes)

ತರುಣಿ :— ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ನೋಡುವಾಗಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹಿಂದಿನ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಮನುಷ್ಯರೊಬ್ಬರ ಜ್ಞಾಪಕ ಬರುತ್ತೆ.
ಅಪರಿಚಿತಸ್ಥ — [ಆನಂದದಿಂದ] "ಆ.....ಹಾಗೇನೂ ! ಯಾರು ಆ ಮನುಷ್ಯರು ?"
ತರುಣಿ :— ಮಾನವರ ಮುತ್ತಾತ, ಮುತ್ತಜ್ಜಿ — "ವಾನರ"ಗಳು ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾರಲ್ಲ, ಅವರ ಜ್ಞಾಪಕ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ.

ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಕಿವುಡ :— "ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ, 'ಲಾಲ್‌ಬಾಗ್‌ಗೆ' ಹೊರಟಿರಾ?"
ಎರಡನೆಯ ಕಿವುಡ :— "ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ 'ಲಾಲ್‌ಬಾಗ್‌ಗೆ' ಹೊರಟಿ"
ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಕಿವುಡ :— "ಹಾಗೇನು? ನಾನೆಲ್ಲೋ 'ಲಾಲ್‌ಬಾಗ್‌ಗೆ' ಹೊರಟೆನೋಂತಿದ್ದೆ.

Mohana. P.
II U. C.

ತಂದೆ :— "ಮಗೂ, ನೀನು ಇನ್ಮೇಲೆ ದೊಡ್ಡವನಾದೆ. ಆಣೆ ಗೀಣೆ ಕೇಳ್ಬಾರ್ದು."
ಮಗ :— "ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ರೂಪಾಯಿನೇ ಕೊಟ್ಬಿಡಪ್ಪ."

N. S. Padmavathi,
I U. C.

Hostel Building Fund

We acknowledge with thanks, the following donations to the Hostel Building Fund (1953–'54) :—

H.H. Sushila Devi Gorphade, Maharani of Sandur Rs. 2,000—0—0

Mr. B. R. Munshi	...	Rs. 100	Mr. M. B. Madapa	...	,, 25
,, A. G. Scolt	...	,, ,,	,, M. Ponniah	...	,, ,,
,, A. Melagiri Chetty	...	,, ,,	,, T. Senna Thamby	...	,, 20
,, V. R. Rajarathnam	...	,, ,,	,, M. S. D. Gowda	...	,, ,,
,, K. Navarathnarajah		,, ,,	,, C. V. Rajarathnam	...	,, ,,
V. P. Maruthanayagam	,,	,, ,,	,, S. A. Serrao	...	,, 10
,, T. V. George	...	,, 50	,, Sebastiam Pillai	...	,, ,,
Mrs. Mariamma Vellapally		,, ,,	,, M. Arunasalam	...	,, ,,
Mr. M. P. Varkey	...	,, ,,	,, A. Ponnudorai	...	,, ,,
,, P. C. Cheryan	...	,, ,,	,, S. Kandiah	...	,, ,,
,, M. Gnanapragasam	...	,, ,,	,, M. K. Sanakara Pillai		,, ,,
,, M. Joseph	...	,, 35	,, P. Manickam	...	,, ,,
,, M. C. Pullappa	...	,, 25			

Total Rs. 3,090—0—0.

Principal.

Jubilee Memorial Statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel

We acknowledge with most grateful thanks, receipt of donations from former Staff Members and students of Cochin and Mysore States to the amount of Rs. 800/-. A sum of Rs. 375/- (roughly) remains after the purchase and erection of the Statue. It is our intention to start a fund with this amount to be named "Former Students' Memorial Fund" the interest of which annually, will help a poor student of the College.

Principal.

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1953—1954

Religion (Senior)
Mary Saldanha

Religion (Junior)
Shirley Monteiro.

HOSTEL

Withheld

Moral Instruction

Junior Inter - Meena Pal
Senior Inter - P. Vanajakshi
Junior B.A. - H. Vasumathi
Senior B.A. - Zahra Khaleel

	English	History and other Optionals.
Junior Inter -	Esme Rodrigues	Uma Rao
Senior Inter -	Marie Gonsalves	P. K. Ananthalakshmi
Junior B.A. -	Cecelia Albuquerque	Sunder Shanta Suri
Senior B.A. -	N. B. Mrinalini	N. B. Mrinalini

Part III (contd).

	Inter P. C. M.	Inter C. B. Z.
Junior	— C. R. Ahalya	C. Maheswari
Senior	— S. Rama Bai	Marian Wise

Languages

	Sanskrit	Hindi	Kannada
Senior Inter -	C. E. Shakuntala	Ved Kumari	S. V. Kanthimathi
Senior B.A. -	V. Lakshmi	K. Padmavathy	Manjula Devi

	Malayalam	Tamil	Telegu
Senior Inter -	Mary George	Ruby Philomena	P. Vanajakshi
Senior B.A. -	Withheld	Withheld	V. Sundaramma

French

Senior Inter - Marian Wise
Senior B.A. - Kantha Mudaliar

Ranks in University Examinations - 1954

Inter Arts.

Usha Muliyil - 2nd
P. K. Ananthalaksmi - 3rd
M. S. Prema - 6th
C. E. Shakuntala - 8th

B.A. Degree Part I

N. B. Mrinalini - Ist
S. R. Manonmani - 5th

B.A. Degree Part III

N. B. Mrinalini - Ist
S. R. Manonmani - 4th

B.A. Degree Part II.

K. Padmavathy - 5th
Kantha Mudaliar - 6th
S. R. Manonmani - 9th
V. Lakshmi - 10th

Rank in Religion

Cecelia Albuquerque - Ist.

List of Association Prize-Winners—1953-54.

English Speech Competition ...	B.A., I Prize	...	H. Vasumathi
	II ,,	...	Sunder Shanta Suri
	Inter. I ,,	...	P. K. Ananthalakshmi
	II ,,	...	Esme Rodrigues
Language Speech Competition ...	B.A. Kannada	...	N. B. Mrinalini
	Hindi	...	Sunder Shanta Suri
	Tamil	...	K. Bhagirathy
	Int: Kannada	...	G. H. Vanaja
			M. N. Parvathy
	Hindi	...	J. P. Sarojini
History and Economics Speech Competition	B.A. I Prize	...	H. Vasumathi
	II ,,	...	Kantha Mudaliar
	Inter. I ,,	...	P. K. Ananthalakshmi
	II ,,	...	Esme Rodrigues
English Elocution Competition ...	B.A. I Prize	...	Mary Saldanha
	II ,,	...	H. Vasumathi
	Inter. I ,,	...	A. Bollamma
	II ,,	...	Usha Muliyil

Winners — Inter-House Matches

1. Badminton ... Marians.
2. Throw-Ball ... ,,
3. Tenni-Coit ... ,,
4. Basket-Ball ... ,,

The Very Rev. Mother Mary Memorial Championship Shield for Marians !

CLASS PREFECTS 1953—1954

	PREFECT		ASSISTANT PREFECT
Sen. B.A.	N. B. Mrinalini		Zahra Khaleel
Jun. ,,	Cecelia Albuquerque		Deviki Medapa
Sen. Inter.	Joan Bennett	(HEL)	
	Marian Wise	(CBZ)	
	M. R. Shakuntala	(PCM)	
	R. Gita Devi	(HEL)	
	Eunice Mathias	(PCM)	
	Hyacinth Scolt	(CBZ)	

HOSTEL PREFECTS

Mariamma Thomas Pauline Motha

ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Sodality of the Children of Mary

Our Spiritual life is kept up to high water mark by our special devotion to Our Lady. Attendance is very regular at meetings. On Sundays we recite in common the Little Office of Our Lady and the forenoon of the 1st Sunday of every month is spent in recollection and prayer.

We have our own choir and we sing during Mass on the First Saturday of every month in honour of Our Lady of Fatima, and again on the 25th in honour of the Infant Jesus.

We look forward to the feasts of Our Lady which are kept with a high degree of spiritual fervour and splendour. Usually we have a procession in the evening on these great days and all of us give a helping hand in decorating the 'Car' on which Our Lady is taken out.

August 15th :—Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. Six additional members were received into the Sodality.

September 10th - 14th:—The Annual retreat preached by Rev. Fr. Connolly, Redemptorist.

December 6th :—A Tribute to Our Lady. Rev. Fr. A. S. Sequeira our Chaplain paid a glowing tribute to the Mother of God. A little play on the "Saving of a Sinner in soul and body" was well acted and the vision of Lourdes was portrayed in a Tableau and accompanying hymn.

February 28th :—The Annual Sodality picnic which we thoroughly enjoyed on a farm some miles out of Bangalore, the groups roaming in various directions, after which we were refreshed with farm products - tender coconuts and sugar cane. Rev. Sr. Antoinette, our Principal had devised a competition which set the poets' minds at work.

The Children of Mary record their gratitude to Rev. Sr. Imelda who directed their activities. May Our Lady bless our Sodality always and give it a very special place in Her Heart !

Secretary.

Report of the C. S. U. 1953 - 54

Our C. S. U. had a membership of the Intermediate section by far the biggest and most enthusiastic; we took as subjects of special study, (1) Communism, (2) Some of its evils, (3) The Mass, (4) One of the marks of the Church - its Sanctity. A few members contributed clothes for the poor and collected stamps for the Missions. Subjects chosen for study and discussion by the III and IV U.C. were (1) Socialism, (2) Some Modern Social Evils, (3) Right and Duty to Vote, (4) Religious, Economic and Political Freedom. Most of the members of the C. S U., are also members of the Social Service League and have the opportunity of translating into action the theoretical knowledge acquired at study circles and discussion classes.

Inaugural Meeting of College Associations

The Inaugural meeting of the College Associations was held on July 30th, 1953. Mr. B. S. Madava Rao, Principal of Central College, addressed the students. He spoke on "Numbers". The speaker said we use the numbers 1—10 in our daily lives. The same unassuming numbers could take on very vast significance. 10 is the greatest number in the Universe. "Googol" it is termed & by means of this quantity one could indicate & determine to some extent, infinite space, distance & measurement. The subject was fascinating to consider, to both mathematicians & poets, we felt !

Secretary — English Association.

The English Association

The Association entered on its sixth year of activities, with a business meeting under the Presidentship of Rev. Sr. Antoinette, on Friday the 24th of July, for the election of the Office bearers.

Vice-President - Miss G. PARVATHI, B.A. (Hons).
Secretary - MRINALINI REDDY,
Committee Members - Hyacinth Scolt (Jr. Inter)
- Therese Rosario (Sr. ,,)
Sarah DaCosta (Jr. B.A.)
Mary Saldanha (Sr. ,,)

30th July :—Inaugural meeting - Mr. B. S. Madhava Rao, Principal, Central College, delivered the address. He gave a very interesting lecture on numbers, which usually give one a headache but did not give us one!

28th August :—A symposium on Stevenson was held under the presidentship of Rev. Sr. Tarsilla. Kantha Mudaliar, Cecelia Albuquerque, and H. Vasumathi, spoke on Stevenson, the short-story writer, the novelist and essayist respectively.

20th September :—A very useful and interesting lecture on "A student from abroad in the U. S.", by Prof. C. J. Arndt of New York University. He told us how the difficulties of Asian students were overcome by the hospitality of the Americans.

15th January :—An extempore speech competition - one of the traditional activities of the association. Mr. U. S. Krishna Rao of Maharani's College and Miss L. Mascarenhas were judges. The winners were Vasumathi and Sunder Shantha (B.A. Section) and Ananthalakshmi and Esme Rodrigues (Intermediate).

5th February :—A debate was held and the speaker was Prof. Nikam of Maharani's College. The subject - "In the opinion of this house, our advanced civilisation needs a larger output of Prose than Poetry". The proposition was carried.

17th February :—Our Annual elocution competition. Passages from "Macbeth", "King Lear" and "Julius Caesar", were chosen. The winners were Mary Saldanha and H. Vasumathi (B.A. Section) and K. A. Bollamma and Usha Muliyil (Intermediate). Prof. Shama Rao of the Central College and Rev. Sr. Imelda were the judges.

25th February :—Valedictory address delivered by Dr. R. Nagan Gowda Minister for Agriculture. The subject of his speech was, "The opportunities for social service, modern youth has".

Mrinalini Reddy,
(Secretary)

Annual Report of the Indian Languages Association for the Year 1953-54

The first business meeting was held on 24th July, to elect the office bearers for the academic year 1953-54.

Vice-President — Miss M. A. Singamma, M.A.,
Secretary — Sunder Shanta Suri

The inaugural meeting was held on 30th July, under the Presidentship of Mr. B. S. Madhava Rao, Principal of Central College. He enlightened the students on the mystery of thinking in terms of huge numbers !

An ordinary meeting took place in the presence of Shree Valaipathi Adigal who spoke on the evolution of Tamil Literature.

An "Elocution Competition" was held for the B.A., students. The subjects were "If I were the Chief Minister of Mysore" and "To win today's competition is not a joke". The prize winners were Mrinalini Reddy, K. Bhagirathi and Sunder Shantha Suri.

Another Elocution competition was conducted for the Intermediate section. Sarojini Devi, G. H. Vanaja and M. N. Parvathi (bracketed) were declared the winners.

The Valedictory meeting was held under the presidentship of Dr. R. Nagan Gowda, Minister for Agriculture.

The association has enjoyed the hearty patronage of the Staff and the students and promises to have a brilliant future.

Sunder Shanta Suri,
Secretary.

The History and Economics Association

The following Office Bearers were elected at the first business meeting held on 24th July.

Vice-President	...	Miss SUNANDA, B.A. (Hons)
Secretary	...	P. K. ANANTHALAKSHMI
Committee Members	...	Kantha Mudaliar, Sr. B.A.
	...	Shantha Natarajan, Jr. ,,
		Usha Muliyil, Sr. Int.
		Ramani Cheriyan, Jr. ,,

30th July:—Inaugural address delivered by Dr. B. S. Madhava Rao, Principal of the Central College. He spoke on the theory of numbers.

18th Sept.—A debate was held under the Presidentship of Miss Kantha Mudaliar, the subject being "Our social institutions need a drastic change".

24th Oct.—U. N. O. celebrations. Mr. Keshava Iyengar, M. P., graced the occasion with his presence.

22nd January:—An *extempore* Oratorical contest was held with Mr. M. P. L. Sastry, member of the University Council and Senate in the Chair.

25th February:—The Valedictory address of the various Associations was delivered by Dr. R. Nagan Gowda, Minister for Agriculture. He appealed to the students to make full use of the knowledge imparted to them at College and help to uplift their down-trodden neighbours. He also recommended the setting up of a Domestic Science Association.

The meeting came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

P. K. Ananthalakshmi
Secretary.

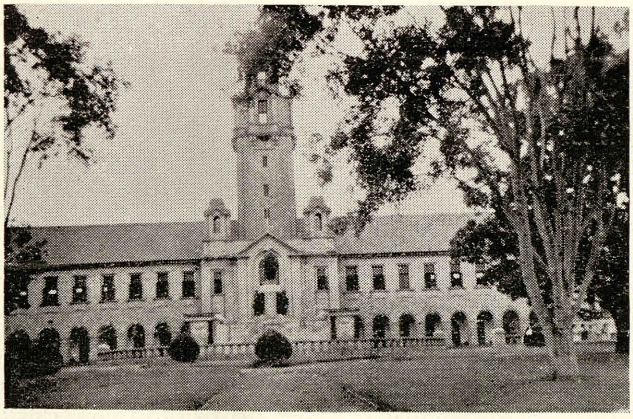
PICNIC VIEWS



Senior B.As. at 'Doric Estate'



Water Lilies—Plant & Human ?



The Indian Institute of Science



A Picnic Spot



The Point of Cape Comorin ! (contributed)



Devaki Sreenivasan — Winner of
2 Gold Medals —
and Rezwan Navin



A Happy Trio of Graduates



N. B. Mrinalini

Weir Memorial Gold Medal for Optional English

1st Prize Part I English B. A. Degree

The Alumelammal (M.Ramanujiengar) Gold Medal; Highest Marks B.A. Degree Exam.

The Mathematics and Science Association

The year 1953-54 marked the sixth year of our association. On July 24th, the following Office-bearers were elected.

Vice-President	...	Miss D. Panjikaran
Secretary	...	Miss Promila Basu (II U.C. PCM)
Committee	...	Gladys Dattareyan (II U.C. CBZ)
Members	...	Esme Rodrigues (I U.C. CBZ)

July 30th :—The inaugural meeting. Dr. Madhava Rao, Principal of Central College, addressed the combined associations on the Theory of Numbers.

August 21st :—Mr. P. J. Roy spoke on "Hydrogenated Oils". The speech was very interesting and informative and dealt with the different oils used and the process of manufacturing Vanaspathi ghee. Vanaspathi ghee, he said did not cause blindness as it was supposed and stated that experiments had proved the contrary. After a very pleasant talk the meeting ended with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

December 24th :—A debate was held in Fatima Hall; Miss Parvathi presided. The subject for the debate was "Science has done more for the benefit of mankind than the Arts". The two parties consisted of the Science students and the Arts students. Those for the proposition were Esme Rodrigues, Hyacinth Scolt, K. Fatima, and R. Nirmala and those speaking for the opposition were Jessie Lazaro, Javida Khatoon and Joyce Vimala. The arguments put forth by both parties were very forceful and convincing, and the proposition won only by a narrow margin. The vote of thanks was given by Vimalarany of the I U.C.

25th February :—The Valedictory meeting : The House was addressed by Dr. R. Nagan Gowda, Minister for Agriculture.

Promila Basu
Secretary

The Games and Sports Association

The office-bearers for the year were elected on the 24th July and the inaugural meeting was held on the 30th July, when Dr. B. S. Madhava Rao, Principal of Central College addressed the house.

In connection with the Principal's Day there was a basket-ball match on the 14th August when the Juniors beat the Seniors.

Our College-day Sports were held on the 8th September. The Maharani of Sandur presided and gave away the prizes. The Florians were the champion athletes of the day and Miss Deena Thomas the individual champion.

The Very Rev. Mother Mary Memorial Championship Shield for the Inter-House games went to the Marians who made a clean sweep in all the four major games, this year.

Our College again retains the Championship trophies for the M. G. S. Memorial Inter-Collegiate athletics and games of the Mysore University.

At the Prasannakumar Memorial athletic meet our team lost the trophy by one point. But we were the winners of the Championship trophies for games as well as athletics of the Mahatma Gandhi Kasturi Bai Memorial tournaments.

Our Champion Athletics of the year, Miss D. Thomas and Miss R. M. Vanaja, created new records in Discuss Throw and Long-Jump respectively, at the Inter-Varsity meet in Ceylon and at the Madras State Olympics, and were selected to participate in the National Games at Delhi.

Secretary

Hostel Report.

The strength of the Hostel for the year 1953-1954 was 55. We hope to have a much bigger number next year as the new hostel is nearing completion. We are happy that the M. C. College Hostel is considered to be one of the best conducted hostels in the Mysore State and that regarding discipline and general behaviour of the students it stands second to none.

The hostel students had their usual extra-curricular activities as well as their class picnics and excursions. They enjoy these diversions to their heart's content. Many of them are good sportswomen and they participated in Inter-University matches and tournaments with enthusiasm. The general health is good and medical attention prompt and regular.

COMMUNION

Open, open, little box!
'Tis my famished soul that knocks
At Thy door. The Priest holds high
The Bread of Life - draw nigh
The hungry sheep - the tinkling bell's
Sound His coming tells -
And I rise to go.

I go to my place at the Table.
If my spirit were able
'Twould in burning words tell
How His love will compel -
Of the peace of that time -
Of the union sublime -
With God.

His life renews my soul:
I am "made whole"
If I wish it, at this hour.
His infinite power
Coursing through me
I could all His be
Now and eternally.

S. M. A.

Religious Call

(Thoughts suggested at the sight of parents at a
Religious Clothing ceremony
IN CARMEL — ALI ASKER ROAD

The floweret God gave us
He requires again.
She is Thine first not ours, O Lord
Yet help our pain.

*

When the Great Gardener came
His eye would rest
On the beautiful lily of our plot
And find it best !

*

"Gather it for Me- I choose
It for my own !
'Twas heaven gave life- increase
To what was sown.

*

Our parent hearts are bruised,
Our eyes grief rain.
The child of our love, our Isaac
Is mystically slain.

*

To the shelter- the cleft of the rock,
Our dove is flown.
Joy-bells peal forth- our tears fall-
In Heaven we'll know our own.

S. M. A.
Bangalore, October 1953

Christ the King Convent High School

Lakshmipuram

— and —

Nirmala High School

Uontikoppal

MYSORE.

Report of Christ the King Convent High School

The 9th of February 1953 marked a Red-Letter-day in the annals of our High School, when our beloved Rajpramukh of Mysore opened our new High School. It was a day of rejoicing for each one of us. His Highness' benign presence sent a thrill of joy through us.

The High School has over 300 on the rolls this year. The staff includes both the Sisters and lay teachers. In view of the increase in strength, we were obliged to open a third section to the First Year class. The medium of instruction is both English and Kannada. The School curriculum is supplemented by such activities as Physical Education, Guiding and Excursions.

To our High School a Nursery Section was added last year. More than a hundred little ones attend it. They are taught not only the rudiments of elementary education, but also vocal music, dancing and hand-work. Trained teachers have been appointed to this section. It is well equipped with all that is necessary.

We have also two other schools under our management — one is the Theobald Nursery School, in the centre of the town. This was the first we took under our management. There are about 250 children on its rolls. The other is Christ the King Nirmala School in Vontikoppal, which was newly opened at the request of officers of the Food Technological Institute. We are glad to say that we have succeeded in getting it recognized. It seems to be a promising school with Nursery, Primary, Middle and High school Sections, well-equipped and staffed. From the very commencement we have received encouragement in its undertaking.

This year we secured good results in the S. S. L. C. Examination : The results were as follows :—

No. appeared	...	84
No. passed	...	73
No. of First Classes	...	22
Percentage of Passes		87

VAGABOND

I am said to be very pretty, shining and bright and often, why 'often' I can say 'always', people cast an avaricious glance at me. They feel pleased just to touch me and some feel so happy even to look at me. I travelled a long distance before I came to the town of gardens. I may practically visit all places of India and may see every nook and corner of the great country. I can visit any place I like, as I have got the sanction of the Central Government itself. Well I may say that the Government loves me, yes, loves me very dearly and is in a very tiresome search for many of my sisters.

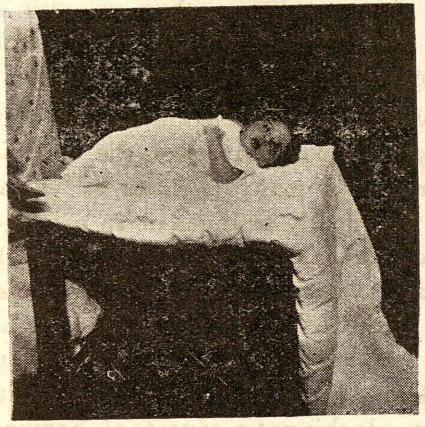
By now your curiosity might have reached its climax. Wait readers, I shall gratify your curiosity and won't torture you any more as it is often said that " Curiosity kills a man ". I came out from my hidden shelter at Nasik in November 1953 to fill the happiness of the people around me. I was received with great jubilation as I was just looking still—a spark from the shining star. I was round and looked very healthy, and yes, beautiful. Many were waiting to escort me into this wide world. Bashful and thrilled as I was, I readily selected a big and plumpy man with fat, stumpy fingers. He was very pleased and took me into his custody and boasted to all his friends about his success in getting me so easily. All his friends envied him and cast a *superstitious glance at me. I was supremely happy.

But the happiness lasted only for a day and on the next morning that plump man came to me and said that I should accompany him to the bazaar as he wanted to purchase something. As I was yet in deep slumber I didn't like this interference in my blissful sleep. But that surly man hauled me up and caught hold of me and literally carried me to Bazaar Street. He looked at a fashionable gentleman standing near a hotel and beckoned him with all his might. The gentleman only looked at the big, huge hand that was holding me, and didn't heed the fat man's call. But the latter would not allow the gentleman to ignore him. He went near him and said with a mannerly air " Sir would you care to give me change for a Rupee ?". The gentleman just nodded, handed him some loose coins and grabbed me from the fat man's hands, and with an affectionate squeeze he put me into his pocket. Safe in here, I travelled on to Mysore. Now I am happy as the nice gentleman has given me to his little daughter to be given to Sister of " Christ the King " Convent. Sure by now your curiosity has ended. I am a rupee coin just come out from the mint. I hope I shall be able to see this beautiful city thoroughly before I go to other places. Adieu.

M. N. Vijayalakshmi,
IV Middle School Class,
Vontikoppal.

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* ? Ed.



My Baby

Brother Ravi Shanker

It is 9 years since we have had a baby in our house. Now we have a bonny baby brother. He was born on 16th May 1954. We have named him Ravi Shanker. We all prayed very much that we should get a baby brother. And we had Candle burning at the altar in our Convent. We asked Mother and Sisters to pray for Mummy and baby.

Our excitement knew no bounds when baby came home. When I wanted to carry the baby, Mummy would not let me carry my brother lest he should catch a cold from me but yet in Mummy's absence I used to try to carry the baby.

And my aunts and uncles came to see Ravi and brought him lovely presents. I must thank dear Mother General and other Mothers and Sisters, who not only prayed for baby but also sent their gifts. And now Ravi is just a month old and is trying to move.

And a few months later I shall put him in a pram with a feeding bottle and take him to the nursery school; this was how my brother Balaji and sister Manju and I went to the Convent. I wish my Ravi would also be another Convent baby like me.

I shall never forget the day my little brother made his appearance into this world. It sent a thrill of joy and excitement through our veins on that memorable day. May the good God grant him a long and prosperous life. And may he be the hope and joy of his dear parents. That is my earnest prayer.

R. Vimala Naidu,
Form VI,
Christ the King Convent,

Railway Exhibition

How happy we feel when we see an exhibition ! Exhibitions, as all of us know are not only a feast for the eyes and give us happiness, but at the same time they are a form of education also. There are so many things to learn when we visit an exhibition. Especially in exhibitions like this Train Exhibition, the main idea of conducting them is to teach the public about the growth and usefulness of Railways.

The Centenary Celebration of the Railways was conducted in the year 1953. The British introduced the first Indian Railway in 1853. But then the railways had not developed so much and they did not even have so many facilities as we are enjoying at the present day. The things exhibited were neatly arranged in 18 carriages. The exhibition consisted of models, pictures and other things. Not only were the things concerning the railways exhibited, but also various industries and project which come under the Five Year Plan. Among these industries, the Telephone and Aircraft are worthy of mention. Among the power projects, the chief is the Tungabhadra project and next comes the Hirakud project. They had exhibited the models of the dams and canals arising from them. Is this not a source of happiness and a form of education ?

Now, coming to the railway proper, they had exhibited models of carriages which are found in foreign countries and also the system of automatic shunting etc. It also consisted of maps, which were illuminated and on these maps were marked the different lines running through the whole country and also the stations. The greatest terminus is the Victoria Terminus in Bombay, where, every day nearly 500 trains come. Till very recently India was importing all her engines from foreign countries. But now independent India is trying to be self-sufficient and so she has set up a factory called 'Chittaranjan Locomotive' factory and such other factories are established all over the land. These are the main things which are easy to learn even for small boys and girls. So on the whole this is an illustrative exhibition.

Near each and every model, there were instructors to explain them to the visitors. There were also the models of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class carriages which are in use in India and also the methods of improving them were suggested. The exhibition train which visited Mysore was of the Meter Gauge and it stayed here for 4 days. The admission was through tickets and people had to go one behind the other when visiting the carriages. Outside the carriage there was a microphone arrangement which broadcasted sweet music, which further heightened the happiness of the people. There was a separate stall which explained the distribution of the expenditure of the Five Year Plan. At night there were illuminations and a film show. On the whole, this is an unforgettable exhibition both from the entertainment and illustrative point of view. How fortunate we are who live in modern cities, because we can make full use of such opportunities. Let us all hope and pray that God may develop our railways well and thus bless our Motherland.

Vasudha G.
H. S. I Year. Christ the King Convent High School

THE GHOST

As usual, shifting to a new house means a serious and troublesome matter to the older people, but it is great excitement to the young people of the family. Thus it was among John, Kenneth, Henry and Rose. Their father, a rich lawyer, had bought a fine new house in which John and Kenneth, the two elder ones were to have a room for themselves, and another finer room was to be occupied by the two younger ones, Henry and Rose. Rose got a clue to John's and Kenneth's wanting the better room — she was up to their plan, and was not going to be out-done by them. "It's the haunted room", she told them, "have you not heard that this house is haunted?" On hearing this John and Kenneth gave up all claims to the coveted room and were withdrawing, when they heard Rose and Henry chuckling.

That night, the first they spent in their new abode, was a memorable one. Just as Rose dozed into slumber, she heard, in the room, queer sounds, which startled her. She opened her eyes and fixed them on a ghastly figure, with red eyes and teeth that showed a hideous grin. Rose shrieked and ran into the next room, which was her father's.

The next day, both Henry and Rose readily gave up all rights to the room and told John and Kenneth that they could have it.

It was John's and Kenneth's turn to chuckle now, for Kenneth was the ghost of the previous night.

Avinash Pingole,
IV Middle School Class,
Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

'Twas Golden

Oh golden dream of childhood,
Ye hours, astream with light!
For even the shades of darkness
Wore not the black of night;
Ye days all silver and golden
Threaded on strings of love,
Scarce had we counted your seconds,
You'd flown as on wings of a dove —

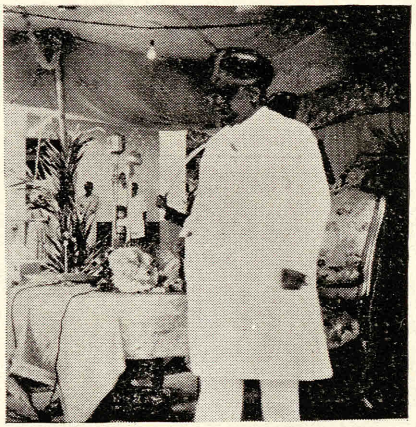
Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

My Visit to Ceylon

I was very glad when my brother invited me to go to Ceylon during the Summer vacation. I gladly accepted the invitation, and on May 27th I was standing at the Trichy air-port with my brother waiting for the plane. This was my first journey by plane and naturally, I was afraid. But on boarding the plane, I did not fear. In fact it was so comfortable. By 3 o'clock in the evening I found only a green patch under me and soon the plane landed at Ratmalna air-port. From the drive between the air-port and the house I came to the conclusion that Colombo was a city full of interest.

Next morning I began going about sight-seeing in Colombo. First I saw the Harbour and Jetty and indeed it was all very big. The majestic ships from all over the countries were there. Walking through Fort, I found business centres like York Street and Prince Street. The shops were full of goods and tempted every passer-by. The next thing was walking through Cinnamon Gardens. Victoria Park was really beautiful and the museum was wonderful and we spent the evening at Mount Lavinia Beach, which is called the play ground of Colombo. That night we travelled by train for Nuwara Eliya a hill Station. When morning approached, the scenery was really wonderful. The train ascended slowly and at one place called Suspension Rock, the scenery was breath-taking. Nuwara Eliya stands on a Mountain range and it was so cold that I used my blanket. All the day I felt rather cold. I saw the falls and a tea-plantation and the lake Nuwara Eliya which was beautiful. I visited Hakgala Gardens. I had never seen such fine gardens till then. The next day we visited the old romantic towns of Kandy and Anuradhapura, and started for Colombo. Since the Summer vacation was drawing near and the school was about to re-open on the 7th June, I started back for the city of Mysore. Still the memory of sunny Ceylon remains fresh in my mind and I wish to visit Ceylon oftener.

V. S. Sulochana II A,
Christ the King Convent,



His Highness
the Maharaja of Mysore
Speaks



His Highness on Arrival



Address to His Highness



The Head-Mistress reads
the Address



Dramatic Scene



Our revered Bishop, Rt. Rev.
Dr. R. Feuga and
Rev. Fathers awaiting
His Highness



Dramatic Scene

ON THE INAUGURATION OF CHRIST THE KING HIGH SCHOOL
(New Building)



CHRIST THE KING NURSERY SCHOOL, LAKSHMIPURAM

DURING A VISIT OF OUR MOTHER GENERAL

The Chamundi Hill at Mysore

There is a hill in Mysore at the Southern side, known as Chamundi Hill. On the top of the hill there is a beautiful temple of the Goddess Chamundeswary and also a small, beautiful palace for his Highness the Raj Pramukh. Near the temple is a small village and a tank. We can reach the top of the hill by car as it is connected by a good road or by means of a flight of steps. The height of the hill is about 900 feet above sea level. The hill temple of Chamundeswary is very clean and attractive. There are two big silver doors at the entrance. Such a fine temple cannot be seen elsewhere. There is a story in the puranas of the Goddess Chamundeswary, that several hundred years ago she killed an Asura or a wicked man by name Mahisha Sura who was causing great trouble to the people of this place. There is a big statue of this Asura near the temple, the sight of which will frighten small children. To keep it in memory the Raj Pramukh will go in state procession on the 10th day of the Dasara, that is Vijaya dashami day, to kill the miniature of the Asura. Once in a year there will be a Car festival at the tank of Utsava on the hill, which will be attended by thousands of people. It is a pleasant sight to see the town of Mysore from the top of the hill, especially at night time. This hill temple is visited by thousands of people daily.

K. V. THANGAM,
H. S. I Year "A"
C. K. C. G. H. S.,

Sunset Hour.

At sunset hour,
The sky aflame,
Doth loud proclaim
It's Maker's name;
Soft twilight glow
Doth seem to know
Who made it flow.
The Angelus bell,
Doth people tell,
On Earth did dwell
The Lord who made
Both light and shade,
That Him obeyed,
At Sun-set hour.

Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

The Inauguration of Our School.

The Inauguration Day was a Red Letter day in the history of Nirmala School. It was the day on which our baby institution was inaugurated by the Director of the Central Food Technological Research Institute. For several months we had been looking forward to that happy occasion and when that bright day dawned, there was great excitement being so busy. A grand Variety Entertainment was to be held at the Institute. Invitation cards had been printed and distributed to all the parents of the children as well as to all important people in the locality.

The hour struck for the grand function to commence. All the members of the school were tremendously excited, and there was much hustling and bustling about the place. Very soon the guests thronged the hall and took their places in the close-packed chairs.

The first item on the programme was the Welcome Address which was delivered by one of the Senior teachers. Then followed a drama, various little items by the Nursery, Primary and Middle School classes. Every one was quite taken up with items given by the tiny tots and the little ones were greatly applauded. There were also speeches, and prizes were distributed to the best students in each class for their merit. Fathers and Mothers were very proud to see their little ones mount the stage to receive a medal from the Director.

The Inaugural Address was next delivered by the honoured President of the day and with the vote of thanks the function came to a close. It was a grand success,

Kuldip Kaur,
Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

Address Read At The Inauguration of Nirmala School

Honoured President, loved Rev. Mother, Dear Fathers and Friends, It is my singular privilege today to greet you one and all and bid you welcome at this unique gathering. Unique ! it is with our Honoured President, the Elite and Intelligentsia of the Mysore City and our loved Mother General in our midst. We have been looking forward to this happy occasion for a long time.

I am sure a little talk about this baby institution will not be out of place here. The institution is barely one summer old. Just at a time when every branch of ours had received its quota of staff members and we were settling down to normal work, there came an unlooked-for-demand in the Educational field. His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. Feuga, Bishop of Mysore, approached us with an appeal from the Food Research Institute to open a school for their children. Could we deny education to promising tots? We sent the appeal on to Head-quarters. Our very Rev. Mother General, who would give anything for educating youth, immediately responded and we launched out into this enterprise.

A house was secured and fitted out. On the 6th. of July the school came into existence with 7 pupils on the rolls. This did not discourage us. The school catered to all the classes of the Primary and Middle and Nursery. Lady teachers were recruited from the locality along with three of our Sisters.

Parents of our students and the management prevailed on the Department to recognize this school which caters to children whose mother tongue is other than Kannada. The school teaches in the English medium, the second languages being Kannada, Hindi and French.

Very soon admissions were flowing in and as the result of this steady increase we felt the need for larger accommodation and hence shifted on the 31st. August to a bigger building on the 2nd. main which now accommodates 146 students. The school is moderately equipped with the necessary materials for sports and games and a decent library.

Thanks to the department we have now a duly recognized school. The ball must be kept rolling. Our students do not want to leave us, so we mean to open the High School in June. Problems loom large again, staff, equipment, building almost everything has to be found - but the cause is a worthy one - the good God will inspire you all to patronize it - we mean to start right away.

A retrospect of the work of the year reveals the gigantic efforts of the staff members, to exploit and develop the latent talents in these tiny tots. This evening you will see what they can do besides their regular lessons.

Now devolves on me the pleasant task of giving thanks. To begin with our grateful thanks, to our Honoured President of the evening, Director of the Food Research Institute; he, the administrator and the staff having been the prime movers of this institution. Having asked for it they foster it with a paternal affection and it is but meet that the Director inaugurates it today. Our grateful thanks, to you dear Sir, for allowing us the use of this hall today and to the staff who have cooperated in making this function a success. No less do we owe our thanks to our Reverend Pastor the Rt. Rev. Dr. Feuga Bishop of Mysore, whose absence we regret very much on this occasion. All the Institutions in this State are the fruit of his initiative. This one also bears the stamp. We thank His Lordship most warmly for his solicitude and all the help and encouragement His Lordship has given us.

Last but not least, our warm thanks to our loved Mother General, Rev. Mother Alphonsus. Her presence here this evening brings great satisfaction to her children. Though the responsibilities of her office are heavy, still our Mother is a veteran making her interest felt, in each of her branch houses. Our Mother is the Power from which we draw our inspiration and interest for all our activities. Mother welcomes and fosters every new scheme of her Sisters in the training of youth, in the modern World. We look to our Mother to provide us with an efficient staff, for our High School.

We thank the gracious Govt. for the recognition. We fondly hope it will bring a magnificent grant in its wake this year. We extend our grateful thanks to the parents and our well wishers present here today.

Begging God's Blessings on you all.

To The Raindrops

Sparkling little raindrops,
Dancing on the earth,
Dipping into clear pools,
You're full of merry mirth.

Crystal little raindrops,
When the sun doth shine,
Drop down still from tree-tops,
Fragile raindrops fine !

On the great big ocean,
On the mountain bare,
Or on rippling brooklet,
Who doth watch you there ?

Tell me, little raindrops,
When your dance is done
Where you're sent to far away,
By the big bright sun ?

Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

Life in a Convent

'He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

How beautiful these lines seem, when they resound in our memory. It arouses in us, a feeling which sets us in a different frame of mind - we begin to think and act differently. We feel the worth of our lives, and the value of everything in our vicinity.

Yes, the essence of these beautiful lines can best be felt, in a place where the environment best suits it.

'Life in a Convent' - a 'convent' - here an atmosphere of peace and solitude creeps into the lives of its inmates, Peace from which true happiness springs. This peace and happiness direct our thoughts and ideals to something lofty. We are as it were, goaded along to seek the 'Great Source' from which these attributes spring. In this search our longing to reach our goal, becomes intensified, with the thought that, the 'Supreme Being', which is the 'only and great source' from which these attributes spring, is always there to lend a helping hand, as we ascend each rung of the 'Ladder' which leads to happiness. He is the source of Happiness, and as such, He has His seat on the highest rung, of the great ladder. His presence there, reassures us. He beckons us to ascend. His words give us comfort. "Come to Me all you that labour, and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you". Yes, as we ascend each rung, we feel the truth of His words. The cares and toils of daily life no longer seem to harass us. We are ascending the 'Ladder that leads to Happiness' - to a land where sorrow is unknown.

Ah 'Yes' - a convent - it is here that these inspirations reach us, because of the atmosphere of peace which exists here.

As this peace, comfort and solitude, steal into us, we begin to feel the presence of those around us. Our association with our inmates becomes closer, and as the bonds of affection enhance, it evokes in us the spirit of true charity. This helps us in our dealings with all the diverse characters we come in contact with. Their presence seems of importance to us, as they are all in the pursuit of one and the same 'Being' 'The Maker of everything'.

We become the possessors of everything that tends to lead to contentment - peace, love of neighbour, and the spirit of charity.

The world affords much pleasure. It is wide, and the choice of pleasure is wide too. But these pleasures seem immaterial, once we have acquired the genuine pleasure—Happiness. Yes, genuine happiness. We achieve this happiness in a convent.

I. PAYNTER,
Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

Who was She?

"Oh Mummy!" cried little Mary and Jane, overflowing with excitement, as they rushed into their cosy homestead. They had been at their Aunt's cottage across the spacious compound, and now flew right into their home, bursting with the news they were both eager to be the first to give. "Aunty has at her home a lovely little baby girl", they breathlessly continued. "Oh Mummy, so lovely, and rosy, and dressed in a pretty pink frock, and a frilly bonnet," - Mary and Jane both jumbled out the words, telling their mummy all about the little baby girl they had seen at their Aunt's house. At the end of their story their mummy told them to go and look for their baby brother Tom. They went looking for him all over the house, but they could not find him. So they came running back to tell mummy that they could not find him. When they came in, they were so surprised to see the same baby girl which they had seen at their Aunt's house, sitting on Mummy's lap—Mummy was taking off the baby girl's clothes and putting on Tom's clothes instead. They were so surprised, that they did not know what was happening. In the end they realized that the baby girl was their own baby brother.

ANNE RIBEIRO,
III Middle School Class,
Nirmala School,
Vontikoppal.

A Tale.

As Minnie sat busily knitting,
"Knit plain, knit purl" she said;
"For goodness' sake" wailed Mickey,
"Why don't you go to bed?"

But the knitter went on knitting,
Plain, purl, plain-purl-purl-plain.
"I think you'll go mad" said Mickey—
She knitted again and again.

Day in and day out Minnie knitted,
Her sweater as soon to complete;
Ere the days grew colder and wetter
Her work was over and neat.

She placed it there, on the table,
One night ere she went to bed.
"When I next go out with Mabel,
I'll wear my sweater" she said.

One morning, intending to set out,
Her sweater she quickly pulled on;
The neck and the sleeves were all sewn up,
By Mickey, the mischievous one.

Kuldip Kaur,
Form IV,
Nirmala High School,
Vontikoppal.

The Precocious Youngster.

I have a sister who is a wonderful girl. She is a tiny tot, yet she shows off as though she is a college student. She wants to compete with me, and with another sister of mine who attends College. Her desire is to possess everything from a 40 page note-book to a georgette saree. She takes away from my shelf anything that pleaser her and puts it in her box. She does not rest satisfied with that. She gathers all hes friends and brings them home to exhibit all the things she has stolen from her brothers' and sisters' shelves. She feels proud when her friends praise her about the things she has in her possession.

The day we have a cinema programme it is very hard to please her. If we want to go to a particular picture she will not listen. She struts about like a full-fledged chicken and sees that the programme is dropped. She has a particular liking for gardening. She has a plot in front of our house. Daily she sits there weeding and watering the plants. She goes about fetching rare plants from her friends and gets them carefully planted in her garden.

There are particular hobbies which she highly appreciates—stamp collecting and making albums. Her albums are brought to view as each visitor enters. Her stamp album contains stamps of various countries. She thinks she'll fetch a big price for her wonderful stamps. Her match-picture collection too is astonishing. Most of us who use matches don't even know there are so many varieties of matches and their makers.

In conclusion, I have to say that my little sister though mischievous has a fund of general knowledge and is very intelligent. She has won a name in her wee society.

K. S. Indira,
IV Form
Christ the King Convent.

Un-Locked Bicycle

The College final bell rang. The students rushed out of their classes talking to each other on many things. Some criticised the lectures and some talked about the behaviour of the new-comers in the College. Some students programmed to visit the first show of an English picture, which they had never seen before. The student cyclists rushed into the cycle-stand to take out their cycles. The watchman was carefully watching the students taking out their own cycles so that the cycle of others may not be lost. One after another the cyclists were going out from the College

Ramu was watching all of them looking carefully at each cycle. He searched here and there but could not find his cycle. He asked the watchman and he also could not trace it out. In a few minutes all the cycles in the stand had disappeared and Ramu stood there with a vacant look almost shedding tears. Ramu was the son of the Head-Clerk in the District court who had been newly admitted into the First Grade College. Ramu was one of the rank students in the S. S. L. C. Examination and his father was pleased about his distinction and bought him a new B.S.A. Cycle.

Ramu did not know what to do. If he went to his house without the cycle he would be frightened to face his parents. It was a problem for him how to find his lost cycle. The watchman also sympathised with him and suggested to him to go to the nearest Police Station and lodge a complaint. Ramu thought that it was the best course under such circumstances and went to the Lakshmipuram Police Station and told the Police Inspector all about the incident. The Inspector took down his name, his father's name, the marks of his cycle and the shape and everything about it. He called one of the constables and asked him to go about in search of the lost bicycle. Ramu remained at the Police Station thinking that the constable would return with the cycle-thief. He began to think "what a mistake my father has committed! He bought for me a beautiful cycle but could not get me a lock. If I had locked my bicycle no one could have dared to steal it." So thinking he was sitting there on a pial outside the Police Station.

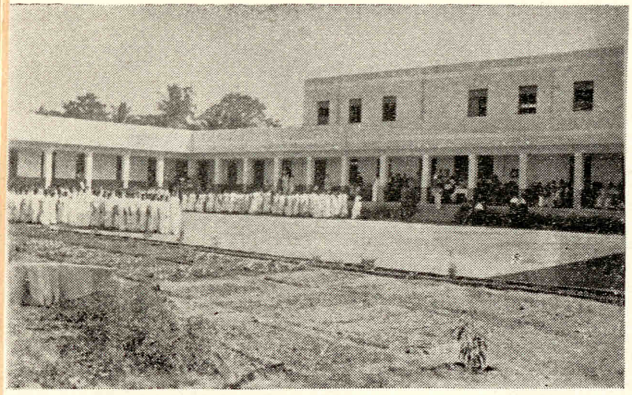
An hour later, the constable came to the station leading a cyclist. Ramu was over-joyed at his cycle being found and thought that the thief would be properly dealt with. As he came nearer, Ramu began to look at the thief curiously and exclaimed "what brother! when did you take away the bicycle?" He replied, "Father asked me to go to the Railway Station urgently to meet a friend and I took the cycle on my way, so that I could reach the Station before the arrival of the train. Both were led to the Inspector. Ramu said "Sir! he is my own brother and he is not a cycle-thief. I have got back my cycle. Thank you very much. Excuse me for giving you all this trouble."

Both the Inspector and the constable laughed and advised Ramu never to forget locking the cycle when he left it in the stand.

K. B. Krishnaveni,
S. S. L. C. "A" Section,
Christ The King Convent High School



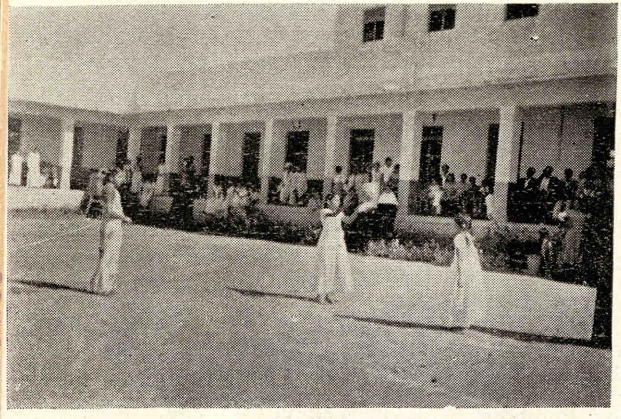
Our Mother General Visits Vontikoppal



March Past



Game "Lady's Toilet"



"Dodge Ball"



Observation Test



Dramatic Scene
Inauguration Day

ನೀಲಾ—(Neela)

ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರ ಬಂಗಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂದು ಸಡಗರವೋ ಸಡಗರ. ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ತಳಿರು ತೋರಣಗಳು ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿವೆ. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಂಗಳ ವಾದ್ಯಗಳು ಘೋಷಿಸುತ್ತಿವೆ. ರಾಯರು ಸಡಗರದಿಂದ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದಿಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಓಡಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾರಣ ಅಂದು, ರಾಯರಿಗೆ ಅಪರೂಪಕ್ಕೆ ಜನಿಸಿದ ಪುತ್ರಿಯ ನಾಮಕರಣ ಮಹೋತ್ಸವ. ಶ್ರೀಮಂತರಿಗೆ ಹಣದ ಕೊರತೆಯೇ? ಅಂದು ಡಾಕ್ಟರ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರಿಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಔತಣಕ್ಕೆ ಆಹ್ವಾನ. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಹತ್ತು ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ನಾಮಕರಣ ಮಹೋತ್ಸವ. ರಾಯರಂತೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಪತ್ನಿ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರ ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ತಾವೂ ಸಂತೋಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅಂದು ಮಗುವು ಜನಿಸಿದ ೧೧ನೆಯ ದಿನ. ಸಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಮಹೋತ್ಸವವು ಜರುಗಿತು. ಮಗುವಿನ ಕಣ್ಣು ನೀಲ ವಾಗಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ರಾಯರು ಮಗಳಿಗೆ "ನೀಲಾ" ಎಂದು ಹೆಸರಿಟ್ಟರು. ಸಂಜೆ ಮಗುವಿಗೆ ಆರತಿ. ಊರಿನ ಮುತ್ತೈದೆಯರಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಆಹ್ವಾನ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದ್ದರು. ಅಪರೂಪಕ್ಕೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಏಕಮಾತ್ರ ಪುತ್ರಿಯ ನಾಮಕರಣ ಮಹೋತ್ಸವವನ್ನು ಅತಿ ವಿಜೃಂಭಣೆಯಿಂದ ನೆರವೇರಿಸಿದರು.

ಅಂತೂ ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸಂತೋಷವಿರುವಾಗ ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಹಾಗೆ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರಿಗೆ ರಾತ್ರಿಯ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಜ್ವರ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆಯ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಜ್ವರಜಾಸ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ಹುಚ್ಚುಹುಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದರು. ಮಗುವನ್ನು ಕೂಡ ನೋಡಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ವೈದ್ಯರ ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆಯಿಂದ ಏನೂ ಲಾಭವಾಗದೆ ೧೬ನೆಯ ದಿನ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ೬ ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರು ದೀರ್ಘ ನಿದ್ರೆ ಮಾಡಿ ದರು. ಐದು ದಿನಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ರಾಯರ ಬಂಗಲೆಯು ಇಂದು ಗೋಳಿನ ಬೀಡಾಗಿತ್ತು. ನೆಂಟರಿಷ್ಟರ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ಸೀತಮ್ಮನವರ ಅಂತ್ಯ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳು ಜರುಗಿದವು. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರಿಗೆ ಪತ್ನಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡ ಶೋಕ ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ. ಎಳೆಯ ಕಂದ ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ಸಾಕುವ ಆತಂಕ ವೊಂದು ಕಡೆ. ಆದರೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಮುದ್ದುಕುವರಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಅವರ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸಮಾಧಾನವಾಗು ತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಪುಟ್ಟ ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ಜೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಸಾಕಿ ಸಲಹಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಪತ್ನಿಯ ಮರಣದ ಶೋಕವನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಲು ಡಾಕ್ಟರು ಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಐಶ್ವರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊರತೆಯಿಲ್ಲದ ರಾಯರು ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಒಬ್ಬ ದಾದಿಯನ್ನೂ, ಆಳುಕಾಳುಗಳನ್ನೂ ಗೊತ್ತು ಮಾಡಿದರು. ದುಂಡು ದುಂಡಾದ ಕೈ ಕಾಲುಗಳು, ನೀಲ ವಾದ ಕಣ್ಣು, ಹಾಲಿನಂತೆ ಬಿಳುಪಾದ ಮುಖ ಬಿಂಬ, ರೇಷ್ಮೆಯಂತೆ ಕಪ್ಪಾದ ಗುಂಗುರು ಗುಂಗುರು ಕೂದಲುಳ್ಳ ನೀಲಳು ಬಹಳ ಸುಂದರಳಾಗಿ ದಿನ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ಮುದ್ದಾಡುವುದರಲ್ಲೇ ತಮ್ಮ ಹೊತ್ತನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಹೀಗೆ ಐದು ವರ್ಷ ಬೆಳೆದ ನೀಲಳಿಗೆ Convent School ಒಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಠವಾರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ನೀಲಳಿಗೆ ಹತ್ತು ವರ್ಷದ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಗೀತವನ್ನು ಹೇಳಲು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ನುರಿತ ಸಂಗೀತ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರೊಬ್ಬರನ್ನು ಗೊತ್ತು ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಕಾನ್ವೆಂಟ್ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ, ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತಳನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿತು. ಹೇಳಿಕೊಟ್ಟದ್ದನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿ ಜೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಕಲಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು ನೀಲಾ. ನೀಲಳಿಗೆ ಹದಿನಾರು ವರ್ಷಗಳು ತುಂಬಿತು. ಅವಳು ಈಗ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ತರುಣಿ. ಸೀನಿಯರ್ ಇಂಟರ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಓದುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಕಿಯರು, ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು ಎಲ್ಲರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಗೆ ಪಾತ್ರಳಾಗಿದ್ದಾಳೆ. ಡಾಕ್ಟರು ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ಸಾಯಂಕಾಲ ನೀಲಳ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಗೀತವನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿಸಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಮೆಚ್ಚುಗೆಯನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅಂತೆಯೇ ನೀಲಳದು ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಕಂಠ. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ತಮ್ಮ ಏಕಮಾತ್ರ ಪುತ್ರಿಗೆ ಅನುರೂಪನಾದ ವರನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ವಿವಾಹವನ್ನು ವೈಭವದಿಂದ ಜರುಗಿಸ ಬೇಕೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸ ಹತ್ತಿದರು.

ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರ ಮನೆಯ ಸಮೀಪದಲ್ಲೇ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತ ರಾಮಣ್ಣನವರ ಮನೆ. ನಟೇಶ ರಾಮಣ್ಣ ನವರ ಪುತ್ರ. ಹತ್ತಿರವಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ನೀಲಳಿಗೂ, ನಟೇಶನಿಗೂ ಬಾಲ್ಯಸ್ನೇಹ. ನಟೇಶ ಸುಂದರ ಯುವಕ,

ಕಲಾವಿದ, ಹಾಗೂ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತ. ತಿಳಿರ ನೆಟ್ಟಲನ್ನು ಆಗ ತಾನೇ ಹತ್ತಿದ್ದ. B.E. final yearನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ. ಈಚೆಗೆ ನೀಲಾ ನಟೀಶರ ಸ್ನೇಹವು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ, ಕಡೆಗೆ ಪ್ರೇಮವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸಿತು. ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಜೀವನದ ಗೆಳೆಯರಾಗಬೇಕೆಂದು ಇಷ್ಟಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನಟೀಶ ನೀಲಳ ಮನೆಗೆ ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರೂ ನಟೀಶನ ಗುಣ, ರೂಪ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದ್ದರು. ನೀಲಳಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕ ವರನೆಂದು ಅರಿತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಬಡ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನ ಮಗನನ್ನು ಅಳಿಯನನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಅವರ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಹಿಂಜರಿಯಿತು. ತಮ್ಮ ಅಂತಸ್ತಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕ ವರನನ್ನು ತರಬೇಕೆಂದು ಅವರ ಇಷ್ಟ.

ವಕೀಲ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣರಾಯರು ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರ ಬಾಲ್ಯ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು. ಭಾರಿ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತರು. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣರಾಯರಿಗೆ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಪುತ್ರರು. ಹಿರಿಯವನಾದ ಮನೋಹರನು M.B.B.S. ಓದುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಾಲಿ. ಆದರೆ ನೋಡಲು ಕುರೂಪಿ--ದಪ್ಪಗೆ, ಕುಳ್ಳಗೆ ವಿಕಾರವಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಕಿರಿಯವನಾದ ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರನು ಇಂಟರ್ ಓದುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರಿಗೆ ಮನೋಹರನನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಅಳಿಯನನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಹಂಬಲ. ನೋಡಲು ಹೇಗಿದ್ದರೇನು? ವಿದ್ಯಾಬುದ್ಧಿ, ಐಶ್ವರ್ಯ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಇದೆ ಎಂದು. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣರಾಯರಿಗೂ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನ ಪುತ್ರಿಯನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಸೊಸೆಯನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆಂದು ಇಷ್ಟ. ಮನೋಹರನೂ ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೆ ನೀಲಳ ಮನೋಭಿಲಾಷೆಯೇ ಬೇರೆ. ಅವಳು ನಟೀಶನನ್ನು ಏಕಮನಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ಮದುವೆಯಾದರೆ ಅವನನ್ನೇ ಎಂದು ಹಠ ತೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಳು. ನಟೀಶನೂ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ಇವರಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುವುದನ್ನು ಬಲ್ಲವರಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೂ ಅವರು ನೀಲಳು ನಟೀಶನನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಲು ಒಪ್ಪಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯ ಸಮಯ ಬಂದಿತು. ನೀಲಾ, ನಟೀಶರು ಓದಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರತರಾದರು. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯೂ ಆಯಿತು. ರಿಸಲ್ಟ್ ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಗುಮಾಸ್ತ ರಾಮಣ್ಣನವರು ಈ ಸಲ ನಟೀಶನಿಗೆ B.E. ಆದನಂತರ ಒಬ್ಬ ಅನುರೂಪಳಾದ ಕನ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ತಂದು ವಿವಾಹವನ್ನು ಜರುಗಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು ಮನಸ್ಸು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದರು; ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರೂ ಸಹ. ರಿಸಲ್ಟ್ ಬಂತು. ನೀಲಾ ಇಂಟರ್ ಎರಡನೇ ದರ್ಜೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉತ್ತೀರ್ಣಳಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ನಟೀಶ B.E. ಫಸ್ಟ್ ಕ್ಲಾಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಸಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಇತ್ತ ಮನೋಹರನೂ ಉತ್ತೀರ್ಣನಾಗಿದ್ದ. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ಇನ್ನು ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ಮನೋಹರನಿಗೆ ಕೊಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದರು.

ರಾಯರ ಈ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ನಟೀಶನು ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿದನು. ಸರಿ, ರಾಮಣ್ಣನವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಬಂಧುಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಅನುರೂಪಳಾದ 'ಸರೋಜ' ಎಂಬ ಕನ್ಯೆಯನ್ನು ತಂದು ನಟೀಶನ ವಿವಾಹವನ್ನು ಜರುಗಿಸಿಯೇ ಬಿಟ್ಟರು. ನಟೀಶನಿಗೂ ಸರೋಜಳು ಇಷ್ಟವಾದಳು. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಸರೋಜಳೂ ಸುಂದರಿ. S.S.L.C. ಪಾಸಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ನಟೀಶನು ನೀಲಳು ನನಗೆ ಇನ್ನು ದೊರೆಯೆಲಾರಳೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೆ ನೀಲಳನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಲು ಎಷ್ಟು ಯತ್ನಿಸಿದರೂ ಅದು ಅವನಿಂದ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇತ್ತ ನೀಲಳಿಗೆ ನಟೀಶನ ಮದುವೆಯಿಂದ ಆದ ದುಃಖ ಅಷ್ಟಿಷ್ಟಲ್ಲ. ಆ ದುಃಖದಿಂದ ಅವಳು ದಿನೇ ದಿನೇ ಕೃಶಳಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದಳು. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ಮಗಳಿಗೆ ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಸರಿಹೋಗುವುದೆಂದು ಮದುವೆಯ ಏರ್ಪಾಡುಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನೀಲಳಾದರೋ ತಾನು ಇನ್ನೂ ೨ ವರ್ಷ ಓದಿದನಂತರ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗುವೆನೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿದಳು. ಮಗಳ ಇಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ತಂದೆ ಅಡ್ಡಿ ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂತೆಯೇ ನೀಲಳು B.A.ಗೆ ಸೇರಿದಳು. ಮನೋಹರನಂತೂ ಇನ್ನು ೨ ವರ್ಷಕ್ಕೆ ನೀಲ ತನ್ನವಳಾಗುವಳೆಂದು ಹಿಗ್ಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಇತ್ತ ನೀಳಲು ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿದ್ದು ಓದಿಗೋಸ್ಕರವಲ್ಲ, ತನ್ನ ದುಃಖವನ್ನು ಮರೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕೋಸ್ಕರ. ಅವಳ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ನಟೀಶನು ಆಕ್ರಮಿಸಿಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಕಿತ್ತುಹಾಕಲು ನೀಲಳು ಅಶಕ್ತಳಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಅಂತೂ ಒಂದು ವರ್ಷ ಉರುಳಿತು. ಅತ್ತ ನಟೀಶನಿಗೆ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಹುದ್ದೆಯೊಂದು ಸಿಕ್ಕಿ ಅವನು ಮದರಾಸಿಗೆ ಹೊರಟು ಹೋಗಿದ್ದ. ಈಸಲ ನೀಲಳು ಸೀನಿಯರ್ B.A. ಈ ಒಂದು ವರ್ಷ ಮುಗಿದರೆ ಅವಳ ಓದು ಮುಗಿಯಿತು.

ನಂತರ ಕುರೂಪಿ ಮನೋಹರನೊಡನೆ ವಿವಾಹ. ಇದೇ ಯೋಚನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ನೀಲಳು ಬತ್ತಿ ಬಾಡಿದಳು. ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ನೀಲಳು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಿಂದ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಜ್ವರ, ತಲೆನೋವೆಂದು ಮಲಗಿದಳು. ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ಗಾಬರಿಯಾದರು. ನೀಲಳಿಗೆ ದಿನೇ ದಿನೇ ಜ್ವರ ಏರಿತು. ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆಯೇನೋ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ ನಡೆಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಜ್ವರ ಏರಿತೇ ಹೊರತು ತಗ್ಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನೀಲಳು ಪ್ರಜ್ಞಾಹೀನಳಾಗಿ ಮನಬಂದಂತೆ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಅದು ಟೈಫಾಯಿಡ್ ಜ್ವರವೆಂದು ಖಚಿತವಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ನೀಲಳು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ 'ನಟೀಶ,' 'ನಟೀಶ' ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಜ್ವರ ಹನ್ನೆರಡು ದಿನವಾದರೂ ಇನ್ನೂ ಬಿಡಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ೧೪ನೆಯ ದಿನ ನೀಲಳ ಅವಸ್ಥೆ ಮತ್ತಷ್ಟು ಶೋಚನೀಯವಾಯಿತು. ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಐದು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ನೀಲಳು ದೀರ್ಘ ನಿದ್ರೆ ಮಾಡಿದಳು. ಬೆಳಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಔಷಧವನ್ನು ಕುಡಿಸಲು ಬಂದ ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ನೀಲಳ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೊಡನೆ ದೊಪ್ಪೆಂದು ಕೆಳಗುರುಳಿದರು. ಅಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದ ಆಳುಗಳು ರಾಯರನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಿ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಮೇಲೆ ಮಲಗಿಸಿದರು. ಸುದ್ದಿಯು ಕಾಡ್ಗಿಚ್ಚಿನಂತೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಹರಡಿತು. ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರ ಪರಿಚಿತಸ್ಥರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬಂದು ಅವರನ್ನು ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಗೊಳಿಸಿದರು.

ಮರುದಿನ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರು ಕಾಣದಾದರು. ಊರಿಗೆ ಊರೇ ಅವರನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಾಡಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಪತ್ತೆಯಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಡಾಕ್ಟರು ಸನ್ಯಾಸಿಯಾಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೊ ಹೊರಟು ಹೋಗಿರುವರೆಂದು ಕೆಲವರ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ. ಅಂತೂ ಈವರೆವಿಗೂ ಅವರ ಸುದ್ದಿಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲ.

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ಇಂದು ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ನಾಗೇಶರಾಯರ ಬಂಗಲೆಯು "Neela Nursing Home" ಎಂಬ ಹೆಸರಿನಿಂದ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಡಾ|| ಮನೋಹರನೇ ಅದರ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿ. ನೀಲಳ ಮರಣದಿಂದ ದುಃಖಿತನಾದ ಮನೋಹರನು ತಾನು ಅವಿವಾಹಿತನಾಗಿಯೇ ಇರಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಹಠ ತೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆ. ನೀಲಳ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿಕಿತ್ಸೆಯನ್ನು ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಾ ಅಪಾರವಾದ ಯಶಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಗಳಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆ.

C. A. Uma,
VI Form 'A'

St. Joseph's High School

MATHURA

In loving Memory of Mother Mary



The room is empty now, no echoes fall,
Of laboured steps on stairs or hall,
There's a silence, such no man can tell,
The cause on which I alone can dwell.

A Mother brave, she was, robed in cloister'd consecration.
With might and main, she loved her congregation,
At the loom of prayer, the cloak of charity she mended
And where no cowards would dare,
She scaled the steeps of Reparation.
As nourished she, her heart with celestial fare so rare,
To Heaven, she lifted the children, she tended with care.
Self—her whole self she squandered,
For the precious souls for whom she daily bartered.

Mother ! never have I loved her more
Than when to me she came
As sinful, tired and broken, with nothing but defeat, I lay.
Gently she spoke - made no demands
But stood with eager out-stretched hands
Till I, her child, my shackles broke
And in her bosom, to life awoke.

Her crystal laughter, rings in my heart again
Oft when in tears and sorrow, my heart breaks not in twain.
Her courage, love and counsel, my drooping spirits gain
Thus in life's journey, do I journey with her again.

When shall I see Thee Mother loved ?
Ah ! life ebbs fast away,
To live and die like Thee
Is my cherished desire and prayer.

S. M. C.

Labour Week

Labour week ! Ah ! What's that again ? There's a bright gleam in each student's eyes. No lessons a whole week—Teachers solemnly scratch their heads in thoughtful hesitation—a whole week with no lessons—what labour could the student be provided with—well—departmental orders and they had to be obeyed.

Monday found the school in an unusual bustle and stir—no books—labour ! There is a scramble for material to labour on—the tiny tots and the girls in their teens all hungry for labour. They know what has to be done—out come spades and shovels—joyful even in the hot sun, the students are at work, cleaning the compound. In a few hours, the grass is cleared and a couple of play-grounds levelled. Dignity of labour! They are not ashamed to carry baskets of mud on their heads.

As I had nothing particular to do, I took my chance of looking round. Here was a group scrubbing away at dishes, desks and benches, and mixing paints to varnish them. There was another busily weaving grass-mats and baskets, yet another noisily paring broomsticks while some of them were tying them up fantastically into dainty brooms.

Under the trees, I could see columns of smoke rising. I wended my steps thither; odoriferous vapours !! The housewives were busy—vaddas, dosais, puris, hot and sweet stuff all in the making. By the time, I moved away from them they were out with their produce in baskets. They beat the finest Railway station vendors shouting out their vaddas, dosais and puris—they were actually selling what they made.

In a more quiet spot—in a cosy class-room, reticent ladies were busy at work turning out flowers of varied hue and shape. Again for sale ! I moved out quickly lest my purse be empty. The needlework department was the best—table-cloths, pillow-cases, handkerchiefs with lovely designs, frocks and woollies — all for sale.

And thus they went on from day to day-displaying each day their latent talents at manual labour, never for once missing their lessons or class. Manual labour seemed to be their be-all and end-all—shouldn't we Educationists view the life of a child in this light? Give the child plenty to do by way of creative activity and you have taught the child how to live and thus have achieved the aim of education.

St. Joseph's High School

KEDDA

Kedda ! the word may sound strange to the ears, but we Mysoreans are well acquainted with the term.

Kedda is a very interesting event in Mysore. Kedda operations take place usually when distinguished personages visit Mysore—and coincidentally a herd of elephants is spotted in the forest. It is a thrilling process of trapping wild elephants.

Before the actual operations start, a number of forest guards are sent out into the forest to find out the spots where the elephants have encroached. Having marked the spots—the operations start. Loud drumming and shouting scare these huge animals which are driven blindly into a large stockade, or blockade you may call it, built of huge trunks of trees, that are a match for the trunks of the giant elephants. Once, they are in, the entrance is blocked by huge logs. The helpless creatures trumpet with their noses high in the air—woe to anyone whom they could get at—they would crush the very life out of them.

Then comes the process of putting them in chains. A few elephants that are trained for the purpose are let in. These hold down the wild elephants till they are securely bound and chained by the mahouts. What stout hearts these poor mahouts must have ! Their hearts are in their mouths till the process is over. The audience watch the operations spell-bound and there is an out-burst of cheers when the thing is over.

Solemnly the chained wild elephants are taken out of the stockade by two tame elephants on either side. They are tied to two trees, one in front and one behind. Slowly the wild elephants are tamed by the already tame ones.

By the way, it is never possible to train the whole herd of elephants that is caught in the stockade—just a couple are taken and the rest let out, to wait for another festive occasion.

Readers ! do make up your minds to witness one such operation—it is worth your while.

S. Uma
IV Form

A HUMANE MASTER

I do not remember the days of my early child hood. I think I must have been a jolly foal romping and roaming behind my mother. Very interesting and happy life it was—but alas! one dull morning I was sold to a Trainer—what that was I did not know, all I knew was that I had a sharp pain in my heart and ache in my head.

The trainer took me home—I thought training was jumping and running about. But? no, the trainer led me to a park, put an iron piece in my mouth and some leather straps round. I was driven round and round, not once or twice, but hundreds of times, sometimes I had to stop as my head reeled and I had a giddy sensation, but my master had no sympathy for me—the reins tightened and the bit hurt me.

Things went on in this manner for some time but soon I was a well-trained horse. One fine day a young merchant bought me. He was a good driver and was very pleased with me.

To my misfortune, one day I slipped and fell into a ditch. My master was thrown off my back and broke his arm. Poor me—I had lost my right leg.

A cruel master would have finished me off—shooting me or abandoning me in the street. But no, my humane master was too good for that. In a cosy stable I still lie well-fed and well looked after. I wish all masters were as good.

G. Emily Pushpavathi,
IV Form

WE are TWO

A little orphan I am; I have found my home in the Mandya Convent. Alone I was, but well looked after by my Sisters of the Convent. Still a playmate I badly wanted, to share my dolls and pots and eat my rice with me.

How happy I was when one day Mother brought me another little sister! Marina is her name. A nice little thing she is. She goes in and out with me like my little shadow. Our sweets we share and our presents too; when I get a frock she gets another, so we are happy and contented together.

Josephine

PENS

Pens! what a wealth of colours! bottle-green, sea-green, sap-green and ever-green : azure-blue, saxe-blue, dark-blue, and light-blue : salmon-pink and blood-red and the like. They glut the market to such an extent that the price falls as low as a four-anna piece. Our grand-fathers would have been shocked to see such a wealth of cheap pens. Had they known of this commodity, they would not have used the quills of olden days. But sad to say—these cheap pens do not serve the purpose—they spoil our fingers and soil the school floor. Cheap pens are like mushrooms which die after a short period of existence.

Lourdes-Marie,
IV Form



FIRESIDE FLASHES

Teacher :— Where do you find gold in Australia?
Billy :— On the person of women! Sir.

Teacher :— Where is the other plantain?
Student :— I ate it Sir.
Teacher :— How did you eat it without my permission?
Student :— (eating the other plantain) "I ate it like this".

Girl Guiding

"Girl guiding" is a youth movement for training girls between seven and sixteen. It was started by Lady Baden Powell before the First World War. The aim of the foundress was to afford suitable training to young girls, to make them physically and mentally fit to shoulder the responsibilities of the "Woman of the world".

It is an international organization, hence it creates the spirit of universal sisterhood. The main aim of this movement is character training and service—service to self, to the neighbour and to the country.

Girl guides and Boy scouts have been two independent organisations. Since a few years they have been merged into one as "Bharat Scouts and Guides," having one common council and executive committee at the centre.

In Mysore we have the State Chief Commissioners, assisted by the State Guides, and Scouts Commissioners assisted by the District Associations.

The Blue Bird group which is the primary state of the Girl Guides is the cradle where the baby guides imbibe the principles of the movement. The guide stage is more practical where the Girl Guide thinks and acts for herself, making life practical.

The motto of this movement is "Be Prepared". Be prepared to do one's duty to God, her neighbour and her country. The life of the Guide is guided by the Guide Law which centres round the principle that a Guide is pure in thought, word and deed.

In my opinion, of all the extra-curricular activities in school, that is the most useful for students. I wish many of my companions would realise its worth and enlist themselves.

Our rallies are nothing but the execution of duty through fun and play; and we must not forget the solemn promises we have taken to do our duty.

And at close of day each guide should ask,
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honour bright?
Can I guiltless sleep tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to be prepared?



Prelude to a Picture

Invariably on a Sunday noon, a conference will be held in the bed-room. The whole family gathers there. The subject under discussion is " what picture to attend." Very often as always is the case with a conference, it will end in vague discussion or a firm "no" from Daddy or even by, sometimes, the clock moving fast and we dispersing, saying it is past time.

This planning to go to the pictures starts soon after the midday meal. It is quickly decided that we should go to a picture and that only for the *Matinee* show. Dad will never hear of a late show.

Next comes the awful problem of selecting the picture. My mother likes Hindi, my sister prefers Tamil. Luckily none suggests Telugu. Dad patronizes only English pictures, he will not brook others. Generally he has an aversion to pictures but when he is forced to it, he prefers English. My aunt Sethoo too is a patron of English but to contradict Dad, she will have it, she likes Kannada, so likes and dislikes close the conference, and the programme is cancelled or just put off for the next Sunday.

Today, luck seems to be in my way. Dad is busy, Mummy is to take us to a picture of her choice. We are to leave the house by 2 p. m. The formalities are gone through. Cup-boards are closed, tea is over, servants are instructed on the *menu* for the night, and the keys handed over to Dad. The clock moves fast, leaving no time for us to walk out to the picture-house. What agony! All the well-dressed ladies are in distress.

A brain wave, my uncle has a car—he can drop us in time; besides, the actual picture will show 15 minutes later as the advertisements and side shows have to precede it. Here's luck, uncle actually appears in his car! Through the doors and over the doors we scramble in and start off with Dad shouting out to select a good picture. Just imagine the selection yet to be made where there is no time to see a picture that has already started showing! Push on, push on—uncle, we are late—dear me, Curr—r r! what's that? the petrol is run out. Run for a can—uncle long-legs runs to the nearest bunk for petrol—the car starts again. Oh! the prospect of a picture! The picture house at last—out we go from the car—Oh gosh! what's up? The show is over.

V. Kalpani Ranjani,
IV Form

Lovable Ladies Of Five And Six

Some may swing plaits, and toss curls,
Some wear laces and some fine pearls,
Some may be in skirts and others in dress.
With rouge on their cheeks and black in their eyes,
Lovely, they look, these ladies of six.
From morn till noon, trying their tricks.
These ladies of six, smart do they seem.
Saying their sums and singing their rhymes.
But smarter they seem, when with inquisitive tongues
They vie with their neighbours with inventive brains.
Eyes large and bright, of innocence speak.
Hearts far too wide for their tiny weight.
Life is adventure, imagined or real.
To these lovable ladies of five and six.

Zeenath

Quite Unreasonable

I got a chest of shining tools,
And was as glad as glad could be,
I drove a nail into the shoe
Of darling Dad and Mummy too.
I cut a piece out of the carpet
And used a chisel on the parlour chair.
I mended a clock and it would not go
And Mummy and Daddy scolded me so

—A Lad of Six.

Muneer



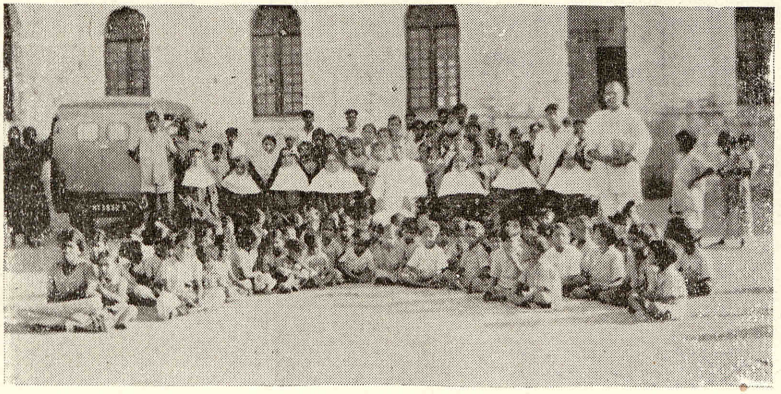
St. Joseph—Patron of Mandya
High School



Unveiling of the Statue
October 15, 1953
By His Lordship
Rt. Rev. Dr. R. Feuga



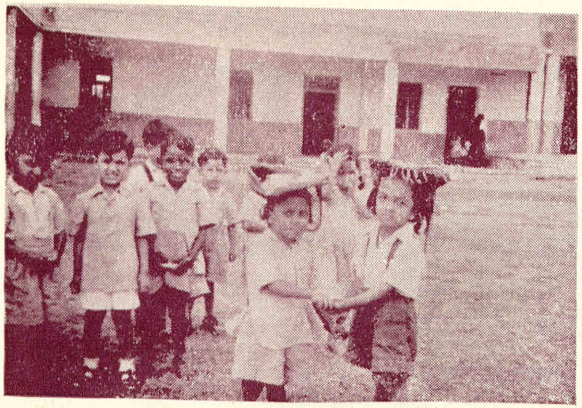
WE are TWO
Josephine & Marina
(Mandya)



Mother General at Mariapura



Mother Speaks to the children of
Carmel School, Mariapura



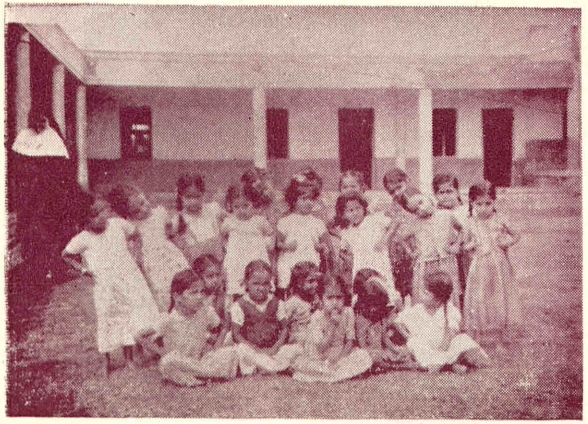
"Bag Fight"



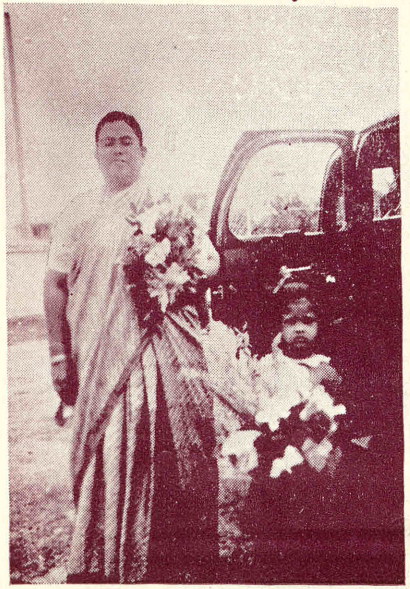
Rev. Fr. Chaplain & Baby have a chat



Orchestra



"How do you like to be a Baby Girl?"



Our D.E.O., Mrs. R. Begum, M.A., B T.



Little Boarders

ಕಸ್ತೂರಿ (Kasturi)

ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರ ಮಾವನ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ಸೇರುವುದರೊಳಗೆ ಹಣ್ಣಾಗಿಹೋಗಿದ್ದ. ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿಂದ ಮಲೆನಾಡಿನ ಆ ಹಳ್ಳಿಗೆ ಅವನನ್ನು ಸಾಗಿಸಿದ ಬಸ್ಸು ಮುಕ್ಕಳು ಚೆಂಡನ್ನು ಪುಟ ಹೊಡೆಯುವಂತೆ ಮೇಲಕ್ಕೂ ಕೆಳಕ್ಕೂ ಕುಕ್ಕಿ ವಿಪರೀತ ಆಯಾಸಗೊಳಿಸಿತ್ತು. ಮನೆ ಸೇರಿದೊಡನೆಯೇ ಮನೆಯವರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ನಡೆಸಿದ ಉಪಚಾರ ಅವನನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಸುಧಾರಿಸಿತು. ಪಟ್ಟಣದ ಅಪರೂಪದ ಅಳಿಯ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಕೊಂಪೆಗೆ ಬಂದ ನೆಂದರೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿನ ಸಂಭ್ರಮ ಕೇಳಬೇಕೇ? ಮಾವನವರಂತೂ ತಾವೇ ಖುದ್ದಾಗಿ ಪಾನಕ ಮಾಡಿತಂದು ಕೊಟ್ಟರು. ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರ ಪಾನಕವನ್ನು ಸೇವಿಸಿದ ಅರ್ಧಗಂಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯು ತಮ್ಮ ರಾಮು ಕಾಫಿತಂದಿಟ್ಟ. ಎಲ್ಲರ ಬಲಾತ್ಕಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರ ಅದನ್ನೂ ಗುಟುಕಿಸ ಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಅನಂತರ ಮಾವನವರು "ಏನು ಸಮಾಚಾರ? ನಾವು ಸದಾ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವವರು. ನೀವು ಪಟ್ಟಣವಾಸಿಗಳು. ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೇನು ನಡೀತಾಇದೆ?" ಎಂದರು. ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರ ತನಗೆ ತಿಳಿದ ಸಮಾಚಾರವನ್ನು ಸೂಕ್ಷ್ಮವಾಗಿ ವಿವರಿಸಿದ. ಅತ್ತೆಯವರ ದಯದಿಂದ ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರನಿಗೆ ಪುಷ್ಕಳ ಭೋಜನವೇ ದೊರೆಯಿತು. ಊಟ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ತನಗೆ ಬಿಡಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ತೆರಳಿದ. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪಹೊತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗಿರಿಜೆ ಬಂದಳು. ಅವಳ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ವೀಳ್ಯದ ತಟ್ಟೆಯೂ, ಹಾಲಿನ ಬಟ್ಟಲೂ ಇದ್ದವು. ಅವಳು ನಡೆದುಬಂದಾಗ ಚಂದ್ರುಹೊರಳಿನೋಡಿದ. ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ಮುಖ ಹುಬ್ಬು ಗಂಟಿಕ್ಕಿತ್ತು.

ಚಂದ್ರು ನಗುತ್ತಾ "ಏನು, ರಾಣಿಯವರು ಬಹಳ ಕೋಪಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವಹಾಗಿದೆ?" ಎಂದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ; ಮೌನವಾಗಿದ್ದಳು.

ಅವಳು ಸುಮ್ಮನಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಚಂದ್ರುವು "ಮಾತಾಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲತಾನೆ? ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನಾನು ಹೋಗುತ್ತೇನೆ" ಎಂದು ಎದ್ದು ಹೊರಡಲು ಸಿದ್ಧನಾದನು.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ಮುಖವು "ಹೋಗಬೇಡಿ" ಎನ್ನುವ ಭಾವವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಚಂದ್ರು "ನನ್ನಮೇಲೆ ಏಕೆ ಮುನಿಸು? ಹೇಳು" ಎಂದನು.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು "ನಿಮಗೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದಳು.

ಚಂದ್ರು "ಯಾರು ಹಾಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದರು?" ಎಂದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ನಿರುತ್ತರಳಾದಳು.

ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಅವಳನ್ನು ಸಮಾಧಾನಮಾಡಿದ. ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಮಲೆನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ಚಂದ್ರಶೇಖರನು ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಯೊಡನೆ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಯಾಣಮಾಡಿದ.

ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ ಬಂದಮೇಲೂ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯನ್ನು ಚಿಂತೆಯ ಹುಳುಕೊರೆಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. 'ತನ್ನ ಪತಿಗೆ ತನ್ನಮೇಲೆ ಅನುರಾಗವಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೊಂದಾಣಿಕೆ ಇಲ್ಲದ ದಾಂಪತ್ಯ ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಕೊನೆಮುಟ್ಟದು' ಎಂದು ಚಿಂತಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು.

ಹೀಗಿರುವಾಗ ಗೌರಿಹಬ್ಬ ಬಂದಿತು. ಆ ಹಬ್ಬದ ಪ್ರಯುಕ್ತ ಚಂದ್ರು ಕಪ್ಪು ರೇಶಿಮೆಯ ಸೀರೆಯೊಂದನ್ನು ತಂದು ಮಡದಿಗಿತ್ತನು. ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ಮೊಗದಿರುವಿದಳು. ಅಂಥ ಬೆಲೆಬಾಳುವ ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನು

ತಂದಾಗ್ಯೂ ಅದು ತನ್ನ ಹೆಂಡತಿಗೆ ತ್ಯಾಜ್ಯವಾದದ್ದು ವಿಚಿತ್ರವೆನಿಸಿತು. ಅನಂತರ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯನ್ನುದ್ದೇಶಿಸಿ "ಏಕೆ ಸೀರೆ ಹಿಡಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲವೇ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು "ನಿಮಗೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದಳು.

"ಏಕೆ?" ಎಂದ ಚಂದ್ರು.

"ಎಂಥಾ ಸೀರೆ ತಂದಿದ್ದೀರಿ ನೋಡಿ?"

"ಏನಾಗಿದೆಯೇ ಸೀರೆ?" ಚಂದ್ರು ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗದೆ ಕೇಳಿದ.

"ಏನಾಗಿದೆ? ಸೊಗಸಾಗಿದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಬಣ್ಣವೂ ಕಪ್ಪು. ಸೀರೆಯ ಬಣ್ಣವೂ ಕಪ್ಪು. ಬಹಳ ಶ್ರಮ ಬಿದ್ದು ನನ್ನ ಬಣ್ಣಕ್ಕೆ ಒಪ್ಪುವ ಸೀರೇಯನ್ನೇ ತಂದಿದ್ದೀರಿ" ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ಸ್ವರದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಂಗ್ಯವಿತ್ತು. ಅದನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸಿದ ಚಂದ್ರುವಿಗೆ ವ್ಯಾಕುಲವಾಯಿತು. ಅವನು ಬೇಕೆಂದು ಆ ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡು ತಂದವನಲ್ಲ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ಕೊನೆಗೆ "ಒಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ನಿಮಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದಳು.

ಚಂದ್ರು ಗಿರಿಜಳನ್ನೇ ನೋಡುವಂತಿದ್ದರೂ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಎಲ್ಲಿಯೋ ಇತ್ತು. ಹೌದು-ಸತ್ಯ ನುಡಿಯಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗುವಾಗ ಗಿರಿಜಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಆಂತಹ ಮನಸ್ಸೇನೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಗಿರಿಜಳ ದೂರದ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಯಾದ ಶಾಂತಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗಲೇ ಅವನು ಪ್ರೇಮವನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ. ನ್ಯಾಯವಾಗಿ ಅವರಿಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ವಿವಾಹ ಜರುಗಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಹಟವಾದಿಯೂ, ನಿಷ್ಠುರನೂ ಆದ ತಂದೆಯ ಇಚ್ಛೆಗೆ ವಿರುದ್ಧವಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯಲು ಧೈರ್ಯಸಾಲದೆ ತನ್ನ ಆಸೆಗಳನ್ನು ಅಳಿಸಿ ಲಗ್ನಕ್ಕೆ ಸಮ್ಮತಿಸಿದ್ದ. ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ತುಂಬಾ ಸದ್ಗುಣಿ, ಪತಿಗೆಂದೂ ಪ್ರತಿಕೂಲಳಾಗಿ ನಡೆದವಳಲ್ಲ. ಸಂಸಾರನಿರ್ವಹಣದಲ್ಲೂ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಮೆಚ್ಚುವಂತಹ ಅಚ್ಚುಕಟ್ಟು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಚಂದ್ರುವಿಗೆ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ಇತ್ತೀಚಿನ ನಡತೆ ದುಃಖವನ್ನು ತಂದಿತ್ತು. ಅವನು ನೊಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೇಳಿದ "ಯಾಕೆ ಗಿರಿಜೆ? ಹೀಗೆ ವಿಪರೀತವಾಗಿ ಆಡುತ್ತೀಯೆ? ನಿನಗೆ ಈ ಸೀರೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಬೇರೇ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಸೀರೆ ತಂದುಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಆಯಿತೇ?"

"ನನ್ನ ರೂಪಿಗೇನು ಇದೇ ಸಾಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಇಷ್ಟ ಪ್ರಕಾರ ಬೇರೆ ಸೀರೆ ತರುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಅಭ್ಯಂತರವೇನಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದಳು. ಚಂದ್ರುವು ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಜವಳಿ ಅಂಗಡಿಯ ದಾರಿ ಹಿಡಿದ

ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳು ಉರುಳಿದವು. ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಸಂಜೆ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ಮಹಿಳಾ ಸಮಾಜದಿಂದ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಜಟಕಾದವನ ಗೋಳಿನ ಕತೆಯೊಂದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದಳು. ಜಟಕಾದವನಿಗೆ ಒಬ್ಬಳೇ ಮಗಳಂತೆ ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟು ಸಾಲಮಾಡಿ ಮದುವೆ ಮಾಡಿದನಂತೆ. ಅಳಿಯ, ಹೆಡುಗಿ ಕಪ್ಪು ಎಂದು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಓಡಿಸಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟನಂತೆ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಗಿರಿಜೆಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಪತಿಯು ತಾನು ಕಪ್ಪು ಎಂದು ಹೀಗೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೋ ಏನೋ ಎನ್ನುವ ಯೋಚನೆ ಉಂಟಾಯಿತು. ಅಂಥವರ ಆಸೆಗಳಿಗೆ ತಾನು ಅಡ್ಡವಾಗಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಬಾರದು ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸಿ ಅವಳು ಹಿಂದೆ ತನ್ನ ಗಂಡ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಬೇಕೆಂದಿದ್ದ ಶಾಂತಳ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗುವುದೆಂದು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದಳು. ಶಾಂತಳಿಗಿನ್ನೂ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ ಬಡವರ ಮನೆಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣು, ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಯರೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ತಬ್ಬಲಿ ಶಾಂತಳನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಲು ಯಾರೂ ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. 'ಎರಡನೆಯವರ, ಹೇಗೋ ಏನೋ' ಎಂದು ಶಾಂತಳ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪನಿಗೆ ಇದ್ದ ಆತಂಕಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯೇ ಬಂದು ಕೇಳು

ವಾಗ ಕರಗಿ ಹೋದವು. ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ತನಗೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಲ್ಲ ವೆಂಬ ನೆಪವನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿದಾಗಲಂತೂ ಶಾಂತಳ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪನವರು ಪ್ರಸನ್ನರಾಗಿ " ಆಗಬಹುದು ಗಿರಿಜೆ " ಎಂದು ಮಾತು ಕೊಟ್ಟರು. ರಾತ್ರಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗುವಾಗ ಆಗಲೇ ಒಂಬತ್ತು ಗಂಟೆ ಹೊಡೆದಿತ್ತು. ಊಟದ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ವೀಳ್ಯದ ತಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ಕೈಗೆತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಎಲೆಯನ್ನು ಮಡಿಸಿ ಕೊಡುವಾಗ " ನನ್ನ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಂಬಂಧ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆಯೇ ? " ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದಳು. ಚಂದ್ರು ಚಕಿತನಾಗಿ ಕತ್ತೆತ್ತಿನೋಡಿ, ಒಂದುಗಳಿಗೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟು " ಏನು ? ಹಾಗೆಂದರೆ ? " ಎಂದ.

ಇನ್ನೇನು " ನಿಮಗೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲ " ಎಂದಳು.

' ಹುಂ..... ಮತ್ತೆ ಅದೇ ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲ, ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲ ..... '

" ಅದಕ್ಕೇ ನಿಮಗೆ ನಾನೇ ಒಪ್ಪಿ ಪುನಃ ವಿವಾಹ ಮಾಡಲು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿದ್ದೇನೆ. "

" ಪುನರ್ವಿವಾಹ ! " ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಿಯಿಂದ ಕಣ್ಣರಳಿಸಿದ ಚಂದ್ರು.

" ಹೌದು, ಪುನರ್ವಿವಾಹ. ಯಾಕಾಗಬಾರದು ? ನಿಮ್ಮಂತಹ ರಸಿಕರು ನನ್ನಂತಹ ಕಪ್ಪು ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನೊಡನೆ ಆಯುಷ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸವೆಸುವುದು ಯಾವನ್ಯಾಯ ? ಇದನ್ನು ತೀವ್ರವಾಗಿ ಪರ್ಯಾಲೋಚಿಸಿ ಶಾಂತಳ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪನವರನ್ನು ಕಂಡಿದ್ದೆ.

" ಶಾಂತಳ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪನವರನ್ನು ? ..... "

" ಹೌದು, ಅವರು ಮದುವೆಗೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ನಾಳೆ ಭಾನುವಾರವಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ನಿಮ್ಮೊಡನೆ ಮಾತಾಡಿ ಮದುವೆಯನ್ನು ಖಚಿತ ಗೊಳಿಸಲು 9 ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಬರುವವರಿದ್ದಾರೆ."

" 9 ಗಂಟೆಗೇ ? " " ಹೌದು ".

ಚಂದ್ರು ಮುಂದೆ ಮಾತಾಡದೆ ಯೋಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಗ್ನನಾದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆ ಕನಿಕರದಿಂದಲೂ, ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯದಿಂದಲೂ ಅವನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದಳು. " ಒಪ್ಪುತ್ತೀರಿತಾನೆ ? ".

ಚಂದ್ರು ಇನ್ನೂ ಮೌನ.

" ದಯಯಾಡಿ ನೀವು ಒಪ್ಪಲೇ ಬೇಕು ".

" ಆಗಲಿ " ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಚಂದ್ರು ಎದ್ದುನಿಂತ.

ಚಂದ್ರು ಒಪ್ಪುವವರೆಗೂ ಗಿರಿಜೆ ತೋರಿದ ಉತ್ಸಾಹ ಅವನು ಒಪ್ಪಿದನಂತರ ಉಳಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬಿಸಿತಗುಲಿದ ಬೆಣ್ಣೆಯಂತಾಯಿತು. ದುಃಖಭಾರದಿಂದ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ತರಗೆಲೆಯಂತೆ ಅವಳು ತತ್ತರಿಸಿ ಹೋದಳು. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ದುಃಖವನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಮಾರನೆಯ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಒಂಬತ್ತು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಶಾಂತಳ ಚಿಕ್ಕಪ್ಪ ಬಂದರು. ಚಂದ್ರು ಅವರನ್ನು ಆದರದಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ದು ಬಹಳಕಾಲ ಏನೋರಹಸ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡಿ ಅವರನ್ನು ಬೀಳ್ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಚಂದ್ರು ಅವರನ್ನು ಕಳುಹಿಸಿ ತನ್ನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದಾಗ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ವದನ ಶೋಕದ ತಾಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಂದು ಕಳಾಹೀನವಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಉತ್ಸಾಹಿತನಾಗಿದ್ದಂತೆ ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಚಂದ್ರು ಕೇಳಿದ " ನಾ ಬೇಡವೆಂದರೂ ಲಗ್ನಕ್ಕೆ ಏರ್ಪಾಡುಮಾಡಿ ಈಗ ಸಂತಾಪದಿಂದ ನರಳುವಂತಿದೆ ? "

"ನಾನು ಪುನರ್ವಿವಾಹ ವಾದರೆ ನಿನಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿದೆಯಲ್ಲೇ?" ಗಿರಿಜೆ ನಿಸ್ಸಹಾಯಳಾಗಿ ನರಳಿದಳು.

"ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನಿನಗೆ ಸಂತೋಷವಿಲ್ಲ? ಮೊದಲೇ ಯಾಕೆ ಹೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ" ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಅವಳ ಮುಂಗುರುಳನ್ನು ನೇವರಿಸಿದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ಕಣ್ಣು ಪಳಪಳನೆ ಮುತ್ತು ಸುರಿಸಿತು.

"ಹಾ-ಗಾ-ದ-ರೆ-ಲ-ಗ್ನ-ಕ್ಕೆ-ನಿಮ್ಮ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ದೊರೆಯಿತು" ತೊದಲಿದಳು.

ಚಂದ್ರು ಬಿದ್ದುಬಿದ್ದು ನಗಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಗೆ ಚಂದ್ರುವಿನ ನಗೆ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗದೆ ಪ್ರಶ್ನಾರ್ಥಕವಾಗಿ ಅವನನ್ನು ನಿಟ್ಟಿಸಿದಳು.

"ಪೆಚ್ಚಿ, ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ನಾನು ಬೇರೆಯವರನ್ನು ಲಗ್ನವಾಗುವೆನೆಂದು ಬಗೆದೆಯಾ? ಕಸ್ತೂರಿ ಕಪ್ಪಲ್ಲವೇನೆ? ನಿನ್ನ ಹೃದಯದಷ್ಟು ಶುಭ್ರವಾದದ್ದು ಈ ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದಿಲ್ಲ

ಆನಂದಿತಳಾದ ಗಿರಿಜೆಯ ಮುಖ ಅರಳಿತು.

ಚಂದ್ರುವು "ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ದಿನ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಅಡಿಗೆಮಾಡು. ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು First Class Picture ಗೆ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತೇನೆ" ಎಂದ.

ಗಿರಿಜೆಯು ಅವನ ಪಕ್ಕಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿದುನಿಂತುಕೊಂಡು "ನಾನು ಕಪ್ಪು-ನೀವು ಕಸ್ತೂರಿ" ಎಂದು ಲಲ್ಲೆಗರೆದಳು.

— ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ —

N. PADMA.

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St. Paul's High School,

Davengere.

St. Paul's High School,

Davenport.

Golden Dream Boats

How glorious are the clouds on a sunny summer's day ! They vary in shape and colour. They scud in the sky in multi-coloured tints. Now fast, now slow, just like our girlhood's dreams. Sometimes they look like a flock of sheep, snowy white and then like wool in cream and gold. At times they seem joyous and happy, and we love to gaze at them in pleasant day dreams. Then they scatter from east to west, in never ending lines, of pink and purple and sometimes with a golden tint on the skirts of every cloud. It makes our hearts thrill with joy to watch the clouds at early dawn. They are symbols of our childhood. Their colours are light, yet they fill everyone with pure delight. There is nothing so charming as the landscape on a hill-side at day-break. Nature is dressed in her rosiest robes and all seems to be bathed in its beautiful hues.

The clouds teach us many valuable lessons. They quickly change in shape and form and so does man. A bright morning quickly ends in a dark evening. Black and grey clouds gather in frightful forms and spread their gloom over the whole earth. There is not a ray of brightness, except the sharp flashes of lightning, which like silver scythes hack the dark clouds, until they burst forth in rain. Soon the dark curtain is lifted and all is clear. So it is with the dark days of life which have always a silver lining and are followed by a clear sky.

Of all the clouds which have caught my fancy, those I saw at sunset have been stamped in my memory. Like Wordsworth's "Daffodils", they come to my mind in many a dream. It was a clear September evening, when I stood by the sea-shore at 6.30, when all on a sudden, the King of Day, slowly began to touch the waves and bathe them in his golden light. Every beautiful shade of pink and green merged together in perfect harmony. Even the people around and the tree-tops looked quite enchanting. This was really the masterpiece of the Artist of Artists and it was indeed grand beyond compare ! It at once brought home to me the thought that after our dark days were over, there would be a gladsome twilight awaiting us, where there would be no trouble or toil.

Clouds of all kinds, how we need them, both the bright and the dark ones. O don't we need them, just to add a little more joy and sweeten our lives here. Those who live on mountain tops and have seen the huge masses of clouds on the crest of Mount Everest, have seen the best of Nature's page. They bring us joy and plenty by their sunny light and refresh the earth when parched and dry. What could we in India do without our rain clouds which usher in the monsoons ? The clouds at night

on moon-lit nights are really most exquisite. They do not hurt the eye and in the pure light of the moon-beams, we delight to sit in the open air and try to scan the roof above us and pierce what lies beyond. Surely, if the floor of Heaven is so lovely, what must the interior be? Clouds, clouds, clouds, O how we welcome them at all times and in all places. They are loved by all, but especially by children like us, whose minds are full of dreams and fancies. We can always hope that when clouds have vanished and skies are blue, all things will be lasting and true.

N. Sujeya,
III Yr. H. S. Class.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

ST. PAUL'S HIGH SCHOOL

Passed ... 52% ... One First Class.

(This is the second year the School is presenting candidates for the S. S. L. C. Examination).

REPORT OF THE SCHOOL FOR 1953—1954

The total strength of the High School was 80.	
The Girl Guide Company registered 36 Guides	
The number entered for the Middle School examination was	52
The number passed ,, ,, ,,	40
The number entered for the S. S. L. C. ,,	22
The number passed ,, ,, ,,	12
Passed in the First Class	1
Total Pass Percentage	54

St. Paul's stood first among the High Schools in Davengere City.

My First Pilgrimage

Many may wonder what there is in my first pilgrimage. Well, I have something to say about it. The mid-summer vacation of 1954 is an unforgettable one in my life.

The 7th of April 1954, dawned bright and clear. With a beaming countenance and a song in my heart, I left Davangere in the company of my mother, sisters and brothers. My Dad accompanied us as far as Bangalore. After that, we had a very hot and dry journey to Travancore. The next day we were very tired but we woke up early and were ready to set out for the famous convent of Sister Alphonsa.

After a quick drive we reached the gate. All along, there were many plantain trees, cocoanut palms and mango groves, laden with fruit. People were busy in the fields reaping the paddy. Some were catching fish in their tiny boats. We were happy as larks and began to sing. But all of a sudden we rushed in and saw a blaze of candles. The place was filled with the perfume of jasmine. I looked up and behold I saw the picture of a saintly Sister ! I stopped and looked in astonishment at the crowd that gathered there. Then my mummy explained to me the life of Sister Alphonsa. Although I am not a Catholic, the story of her life, made a great impression on me.

It was mid - day and lunch time. My little brothers and sisters were hungry and tired, but no one said a word. All were looking at the beautiful shrine. I went near and saw the little room and my heart beat fast for I felt sorry to think that she had suffered so much, in this very spot. Overcome by a great feeling of reverence for this brave and noble soul, we fell on our knees and implored her to have pity on our sufferings and difficulties. After that, my mummy lit a few candles and then one of the Sisters of that Convent told us some interesting incidents in the life of Sister Alphonsa.

Very much impressed by our visit and our minds full of holy thoughts and aspirations for the future, we returned home at about 3 o'clock.

M. G. PONNAMMA,
III Year, H. S.

Up the Hill

One fine day in July, my father took us for a trip to the hilly land of Chitaldrug. We set out at break of day. As the car drove along the roads, the birds sang sweetly in the trees, which were full of sweet - scented wild flowers.

We reached the T. B. At 10 A.M. my father went to the court and so we were sent up the hill with the driver. We had high hopes that my Dad would come up with us, but alas, he had no time, so we went up ourselves! We had nothing to munch, and the rain fell heavily. The sky was very dark and a strong wind blew. The crows flew in the west, cawing and making a loud noise. We were all afraid as there was no one else on that hill.

At last we reached the fort. It was a place of historical interest to us. The whole fort was in ruins, but yet, the stone walls were very strong. They spoke of past ages, when Tippu was the Sultan of Mysore. We went inside and saw the huge stones, which were put up a hundred years ago. We were delighted to look out of the windows and see the beautiful landscape. We could see the whole of Davangere from the crest of this hill. It was cool and nice. The rain had stopped. But we had nothing to eat. If only we had brought some sweets, but there was no shop to be seen. We got out of the fort and plucked some fruits and enjoyed ourselves.

It was now sunset and we had no lunch nor dinner. So we got into the car and sped home-wards. Our Dad met us, as it was dusk and the stars began to peep at us. We said good-bye to Chitaldrug and its lonely fort.

T. N. SUJAYA,
III Yr. Class, H. S.

Baby Wants the *Habit

1
A winsome lass with curls of jet,
The tot was scarce three summers yet.
Her cheeks they were with tear-drops wet,
At dear St. Paul's she was a pet.

2
Straight to our chaplain now she goes
And kneels her down in saintly pose
At Father's feet; bewails her woes,
For all her tricks and wiles he knows.

3
"Oh ! Father, give me habit soon,
For now it is the month of June".
For pair of shoes she goes in quest
She feels they are of all, the best.

4
"God bless you now and run away,
You needs must wait another day,
Be good dear child and do not frown,
If you do seek the habit brown".

5
Oh ! dearie me, it can't be true,
As nearer still the baby drew
"Please Father, me the habit soon !
I will not cry at night or noon."

6
To Mother then, he quickly turns
And from her lips the secret learns.
The chocolate robe it soon was made,
To fit the little bonnie maid.

7
At early morn, at noon and night
She claimed it as by double right;
As soon as it was within sight,
She sobbed for it, with all her might.

8
On July 16th, Mount Carmel's Day,
May Paul was rigged in novel way,
To Altar rail she sped so near,
To send her kiss to Jesus dear.

S. P. C.
Davangere.

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* The Religious dress of the Sisters ! Ed.

"THE ANNUNCIATION"

Wrapt in heavenly prayer she knelt
Rapture such no being hath felt
With hands clasped tight and glowing eyes
Mary's heart to Heaven cries.

All is stillness in the air,
The lone maiden knelt in prayer,
Lo ! a radiant figure comes,
Clad in robes of Celestial charms.

"Who can this stranger be?" She thought
Then came the message which Gabriel brought
"Hail full of grace" ! the angel's greeting
This straightway set her heart a-beating.

With tidings strange the angel went in haste
"O wondrous wonder", thought the maiden chaste
" I, His handmaid be His Mother ?
What ! a God can find no other ? "

"Fiat" was the Virgin's word,
Off went Gabriel swift as bird,
Thanks O Virgin, thanks O Mother mine,
For Thy "Fiat", which made Him mine.

"Pauline"
Davangere.

June 1953.

ಕುಸುಮನ ಜಂಭ — (Kusuma's Pride)

ಒಂದು ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಶಂಕರ ಮತ್ತು ರಾಮು ಎಂಬಿಬ್ಬರು ಅಣ್ಣತಮ್ಮಂದಿರು ಇದ್ದರು. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಮುದುಕರಾದ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಯರು ಇದ್ದರು. ಇವರನ್ನು ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಬಹಳ ಸುಖದಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದರು. ರಾಮು ಬಹಳ ತುಂಟ ಮತ್ತು ನಕಲೀ ಶಾನು. ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಇವನ ಮೇಲೆ ಇಷ್ಟ. ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಬಂದವರನ್ನೂ ನಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಶಂಕರನಿಗೆ ಕುಸುಮನೊಡನೆ ಮದುವೆ ಆಯಿತು. ಕುಸುಮ ತುಂಬಾ ಸಿಟ್ಟಿನವಳು. ತಾನೇ ತುಂಬಾ ಚೆಲುವೆ, ಸುಂದರಿ, ತನ್ನಂತೆ ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಜಂಭ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. "ಇವಳು ಚೆಲುವೆ ಹೌದು, ಆದರೆ ಜಂಭ ಏಕೆ?" ಎಂದು ರಾಮನಿಗೆ ಚಿಂತೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಹೀಗಿರುವಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಕುಸುಮ ರಾಮನನ್ನು ಕರೆದು "ಆ ಕತ್ತಲೆಯೆ ರೂಮಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬೀರುವಿನ ಒಳಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳಿವೆ, ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಾ" ಎಂದಳು.

ರಾಮುಗೆ ಅದೇ ಬೇಕಾಗಿದ್ದದ್ದು. ಅವನು ರೂಮಿನೊಳಗೆ ಹೋದ, ಕತ್ತಲಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ, "ಅತ್ತಿಗೆ, ಅತ್ತಿಗೆ" ಎಂದು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಕೂಗಿದ. ಕುಸುಮ ರೂಮಿನೊಳಗೆ ಹೋದಳು. ಆದರೆ ರಾಮು ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ನಗುತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದ. ಕುಸುಮನಿಗೆ ಕೋಪ ಬಂತು. "ಏನೋ, ಅಷ್ಟು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕರೆದದ್ದು ? ನಾನು ಗಾಭರಿಯಾಗಿ ಓಡಿ ಬಂದೆ. ಈಗ ನಗುತ್ತ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದೀಯ?" ಎಂದು ಸಿಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ ಮಾತಾಡಿದಳು.

ರಾಮು, "ಅತ್ತಿಗೆ, ನೀವು ಬಂದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಚೆಲುವಿನಿಂದಲೇ ಕತ್ತಲೆಯೆ ರೂಮಿಗೆ ಬೆಳಕು ಬೀಳುತ್ತ ದೆಂದು ಕರೆದೆ. ಆದರೆ.....ಬೆಳಕೇ ಬೀಳಲಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಹೇಳಿದನು. ಕುಸುಮನಿಗೆ ಹೇಳ ತೀರದ ಕೋಪ ಬಂತು. ನಾಚಿಕೆಯೂ ಆಯಿತು. ಅವಳ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತೇ ಹೊರಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂದಿ ನಿಂದ ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಜಂಭವನ್ನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವಾಗಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟಳು.

B. Ambika,
III Yr. H. S.

ವಸಂತ ಮಾಸ —(Spring)

ವಸಂತ ಮಾಸ ಬರುತಿದೆ
ಹೊಸ ಸಂತಸ ತರುತಿದೆ
ನೆಲವ ಹಸಿರು ಮಾಡುತಿದೆ
ಹೊಸ ಹೂ ಹಣ್ಗಳು ಬಿಡುತಿವೆ
ಬಿಟ್ಟುವೆ ಕಾಯ್ ಮೊಗ್ಗುಗಳಿಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲೂ
ಹೊಸ ವಸಂತ ಮಾಸ ಬರುತಿದೆ.
ಸಂತಸ ವೀಯುವ ವಸಂತ ದೇವಿಯು
ನವ ವಧುವಿನ ತೆರದಿ ಬರುತಿಹಳು
ಹೊಸ ಹೂಗಳನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮುಡಿದಿಹಳು.
ರುಚಿ ತಪ್ಪದ ಹಣ್ಗಳ ತಂದಿಹಳು
ಸುಂದರ ಮಾಲೆಯ ಧರಿಸಿಹಳು.
ಚಿಗುರು ಮೊಗ್ಗಿನ ಸೀರೆಯ ಉಟ್ಟಿಹಳು.
ತವರಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ಮಗಳಿನ ತೆರದಿ
ರಸವನು ಹೀರುವ ದುಂಬಿಯ ತೆರದಿ
ನವ ವಧುವಿನಂತೆ ಸಂತಸದಿಂದ
ಪತಿ ಎದುರು ನೋಡುವ ಸತಿಯಂತೆ
ಭುವಿಯೆ ಸ್ವರ್ಗವು ಎನುವಂತೆ
ವಸಂತ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿಯು ಬರುತಿಹಳು.

ಮಾವನ ಮನೆಯ ಸೊಸೆಯ ತೆರದಿ
ನಾಚುತ ನಲಿಯುವ ಮುಗ್ಧೆಯ ತೆರದಿ
ಮಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೂವಿನ ಮೊಗ್ಗಿನ ತೆರದಿ
ಹಾಡುತ ಕುಣಿಯುವ ಕೋಗಿಲೆ ತೆರದಿ
ಹೊಳೆಯುವ ವಜ್ರದ ಪಚ್ಚೆಯ ತೆರದಿ
ಸಂತಸ ವೀಯುತ ಬರುತಿಹಳು.
ಘಮಘಮಿಸುವ ಪುಷ್ಪವ ಮುಡಿದಿಹಳು
ದಿವ್ಯ ಮಂದ ಹಾಸವ ಬೀರುತಿಹಳು
ಹಸಿರು ಪಚ್ಚೆಯಾ ಆಸನದಲ್ಲಿ
ಹೂವು ಬಳ್ಳಿಯಾ ಮಂಟಪದಲ್ಲಿ
ವನದ ರಾಣಿಯಾಗಿ ಬರುತಿಹಳು
ನದಿ ಝರಿಗಳಿಲ್ಲವು ಹರಿಯುತಿವೆ
ಸಂಗೀತ ಸುರಿಮಳೆ ಉಕ್ಕುತಿದೆ
ಬನವೆಲ್ಲವು ಹಸುರಾಗಿದೆ.
ವನ ದೇವತೆ ಬರುತಿಹಳು
ಹಸಿರು ಪೀತಾಂಬರ ಉಟ್ಟು
ಹೊಸ ಹುರುಪಿನಿಂದ ಬರುತಿಹಳು.

G. V. Shantha, III Yr. H. S.

Mount Carmel School,

Mariapura.

ಒಂದು ಹಬ್ಬ — A Festival

ಮರಿಯಾ ಪುರ! ಈ ಊರಿನ ಹೆಸರೇ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುವ ವಿಶೇಷವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸುವ ಹಾಗೆ ತೋರುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಊರು ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿನ ದಕ್ಷಿಣಕ್ಕೆ ೧೮ ಮೈಲಿ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ಮೊದಲು ಯಾವಗಣನೆಗೂ ಬಾರದೆ ಇದ್ದ ಸಣ್ಣ ಹಳ್ಳಿ, ಇಂದು ಜನ ಭರಿತವಾಗಿ ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಯಾತ್ರಾಸ್ಥಳವಾಗಿದೆ. ಪ್ರಯಾಣಸೌಕರ್ಯ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ. ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ದೇವಿಯ ಮಡಿಲಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸಿದೆ. ಒಂದೆಡೆ ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಸಾಲುಗಳು; ಇನ್ನೊಂದೆಡೆ ದೇವ ಮಾತೃಕಗಳಾದ ಹೊಲಗಳು; ಮತ್ತೊಂದೆಡೆ ಕೆರೆಯ ಆಶ್ರಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸದಾ ಹಸುರಾಗಿ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುವ ಗೆದ್ದೆ, ಬಯಲುಗಳು. ಈ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಉನ್ನತಾಕಾರವಾಗಿ ತ್ರಿಗೋಪುರಗಳಿಂದ ಪ್ರಕಾಶಿಸುವ ದೇವಾಲಯ. ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯ ಈ ನೈಜಸೊಬಗು ಗ್ರಾಮಕ್ಕೆ ದೈವಿಕವಾದ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ, ಕಾಂತಿಯನ್ನೊದಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದೆ.

ಹಿಂದೆ ಫ್ರಾನ್ಸ್ ದೇಶದಿಂದ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದ, ರೋಮನ್ ಕ್ಯಾಥೊಲಿಕ್ ಗುರುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬರಾದ 'ರೆವರೆಂಡ್ ಫಾದರ್ ಸೆಜಿಯೊನ್' ಎಂಬುವರು ಪ್ರಥಮತಃ ಈ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಅನಾಥಾಲಯವನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸಿ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಗೆ ತಂದರು. ಅನಾಥ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸಹಾಯ ಸೌಕರ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಒದಗಿಸಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟರು. ಇವೆಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮಿಗಿಲಾದ ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ಅರ್ಚಶಿಷ್ಟ ಉತ್ತರೀಯಮಾತೆಯ ದೇವಾಲಯವನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಿದರು.

ಈ ದೇವಾಲಯದ ದೇವಮಾತೆಯ ಹಬ್ಬ ಜುಲೈ ೧೬ರಂದು ನಡೆಯುವುದು. ಆ ದಿನ ಜನರ ಆನಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಪಾರವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ದೇವಮಾತೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಮರೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಆ ದಿವಸ ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಅಲಂಕಾರ, ಆಡಂಬರ, ಸಹಜವಾದ ಮೃದುತ್ವ ಅವರನ್ನು ಆನಂದದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಹಬ್ಬಕ್ಕೆ ಹಿಂದಿನ ೯ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲೂ, ಪ್ರತಿ ನಿತ್ಯ ಸಂಜೆ ಮಾತೆಯ ಮೆರವಣಿಗೆ ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಸುತ್ತ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಆ ದಿವ್ಯ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ದೇವತಾಪ್ರಸಂಗ ಮಾಡಲು ಬೇರೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಗುರುಗಳು ಬರುವರು. ದೇವ ಮಾತೆಯ ದರ್ಶನಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬೇರೆ ಅನೇಕ ಗುರುಗಳೂ ಬಂದು ಸೇರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಹಬ್ಬದ ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿವಸ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸವೇ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸ. ಜನರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ನಿದ್ರೆಯನ್ನೇ ಲೆಕ್ಕಿಸದೆ ಸಡಗರದಿಂದ ರಾತ್ರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಹಳ ಜಾಗ್ರತೆ ಕಳೆಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಹೊರಗೂ ಒಳಗೂ ವಿದ್ಯುದ್ದೀಪಗಳು ಹೊಳೆಯುವುವು. ಧ್ವನಿವರ್ಧಕಗಳಿಂದ ಊರಿನ ಜನರು ಅನೇಕ ಹಾಡುಗಳನ್ನೂ, ಕಥೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ಕೇಳಿ ಆನಂದಿಸುವರು. ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಒಳಗೆ ಪೀಠದ ಪ್ರತಿ ಪದಾರ್ಥಗಳೂ ಶೋಭಿಸುವುವು. ದೇವಮಾತೆಯ ಸ್ವರೂಪ, ನಿಜವಾದ ಮಾತೆಯಂತೆ, ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಪ್ರಕಾಶಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ನೋಟಕರಲ್ಲಿ ಭಕ್ತಿ, ವಿಶ್ವಾಸ, ವೈರಾಗ್ಯಗಳು ಮೂಡುವುದು ಸಹಜವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಹತ್ತನೆಯ ದಿವಸ ಜಗನ್ಮಾತೆಯ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಹಬ್ಬ. ಊರು, ಹಳ್ಳಿಗಳಿಂದ ಭಕ್ತರು, ನೋಟಕರು, ಬಂಧುಗಳು, ವರ್ತಕರು, ಭಿಕ್ಷುಕರು ಬಂದು ಸೇರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಪ್ರಾತಃಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಭಕ್ತರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಒಳಗೂ ಹೊರಗೂ ನೆರೆಯುವರು. ಒಳಗೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವೂ ಗದ್ದಲ, ಹರಟೆ ಇರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬಂದಿರುವ ಗುರುಪ್ರಸಾದಿಗಳು ದೇವಮಾತೆಗೆ ದಿವ್ಯ ಪೂಜೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆ ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಗುರುಗಳು ಭಕ್ತರಿಗಾಗಿಯೂ, ಅವರ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೂ ಜಪವನ್ನು ದೇವರಿಗೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿಸುವರು. ಪೀಠದ ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಂತು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ, ಪೂಜೆ ಜಪಗಳ ನುಂಗಳ ಹಾಡುಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ದೇವಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿರುವಹಾಗೆ ಕಾಣುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದಿವಸದ ದಿವ್ಯ ಪೂಜೆಯು ಸಾಂಗವಾಗಿ ಪೂರೈಸಿದನಂತರ ಭಕ್ತರೂ, ಯಾತ್ರಿಕರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಜಪ, ಹರಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ದೇವಮಾತೆಗೆ ಸಮರ್ಪಿಸುವರು. ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಹತ್ತು ಘಂಟೆಯ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ದೇವಾಲಯೆದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನರ ಭಕ್ತಿ ಸಡಗರ ಮುಗಿಯುವುದು. ನಂತರ ಗ್ರಾಮದವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಗುರುಪ್ರಸಾದಿಗಳನ್ನು

ಸಂಧಿಸಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಮರ್ಯಾದೆ ಗೌರವಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸುವರು. ಆವೇಳೆಗಾಗಲೆ ಗ್ರಾಮದ ಬೇರೊಂದು ಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಚವನ ಚಿನ್ನಪ್ಪನವರ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅನ್ನದಾನವು ನಡೆಯುವುದು. ಇದನ್ನು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ ಮಾಡುವ ಮೊದಲು ಗುರುಪ್ರಸಾದಿಗಳು ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಜಪಮಾಡಿ ದೇವತಾ ತೀರ್ಥದಿಂದ ಆಶೀರ್ವದಿಸುವರು. ಅಶಕ್ತರು, ಬಡವರು, ಗ್ರಾಮಸ್ಥರು, ಯಾತ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಗಳು ದಾನದ ಊಟದಿಂದ ತೃಪ್ತಿಪಡೆಯುವರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಗಲಾಟೆಯಿಲ್ಲ, ಜಗಳವಿಲ್ಲ; ಸಮಾಧಾನವಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಣ್ಣಗೆ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವರು. ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನ ಸುಮಾರು ಮೂರು ಘಂಟೆಯ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ದಾನ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳು ಮುಗಿಯುವುವು. ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮನೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಸಡಗರ ಕಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ.

ಸಂಜೆಯವೇಳೆಗೆ ಜನರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ದೇವಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆರೆದಿರುವಾಗ ದಿವ್ಯ ಜಪವನ್ನು ಭಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳುವರು. ದೇವರ ಕೀರ್ತನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಡುವರು. ಸಾಲಂಕೃತವಾದ ದೇವಮಾತೆಯ ತೇರೊಂದು ಮೆರವಣಿಗೆ ಹೊರಡುವುದು. ಜನರು ತೇರಿನ ಎರಡು ಕಡೆ ಸಾಲು ಸಾಲಾಗಿ ನಡೆದು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾ, ಜಪ, ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥನೆ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾ, ಕೀರ್ತನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಡುತ್ತಾ, ಗ್ರಾಮದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಡೆಯೂ ಹೋಗಿ ದೇವಾಲಯಕ್ಕೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗುವರು. ಈ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಸುಮಾರು ಎಂಟು ಘಂಟೆಯಾಗುವುದು. ಮತ್ತೆ ದೇವಾಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಡಂಬರವಾದ ಸತ್‌ಪ್ರಸಾದ ಆಶೀರ್ವಾದ; ದೇವರಸ್ತುತಿಯೂ ಆಗುವುದು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಗ್ಗಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ, ಒಂದೇ ಭಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ದೇವರನ್ನೂ, ದೇವಮಾತೆಯನ್ನೂ ಸ್ತುತಿಸಿ ಆರಾಧಿಸುವರು. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೆ ದೇವಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಆಗುವ ದೇವರ ಕಾರ್ಯದ ಸಡಗರಗಳು. ಹತ್ತಿರದಲ್ಲೇ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಕಾಣುವಂತೆ ವಾಕ್ಚಿತ್ರದ ಮೂಲಕ ಅನೇಕ ಮತೀಯ ವಿಚಾರಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸುವರು. ಜನರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ತೃಪ್ತರಾಗಿ, ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಇರುವುದು ಕಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಬ್ಬರನ್ನೊಬ್ಬರು ಉಲ್ಲಾಸದಿಂದ ಬೀಳ್ಕೊಂಡು ಸ್ವಗೃಹಗಳಿಗೆ ತೆರಳುವರು.

ನಾನು ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಸಲ ಈ ಹಬ್ಬವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ, ದಿಗ್ಭ್ರಾಂತಳಾಗಿ, ಭಕ್ತಿಯು ಹುಟ್ಟಿ, ದೇವಮಾತೆಯನ್ನು ಆರಾಧಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲು ಮಾಡಿದೆ. ಕೇವಲ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಅನಾಗರಿಕರಲ್ಲೂ ಅಷ್ಟು ದೈವ ಭಕ್ತಿ, ಸಂತೋಷಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನನಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಆನಂದ, ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ ಉಂಟಾಯಿತು.

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✝

Sister Mary Assumpta who departed this life on May 14, 1954:
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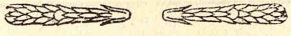
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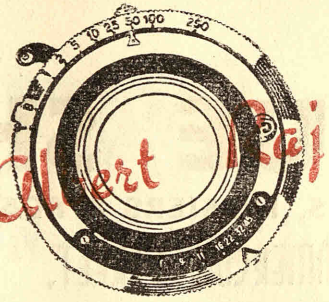


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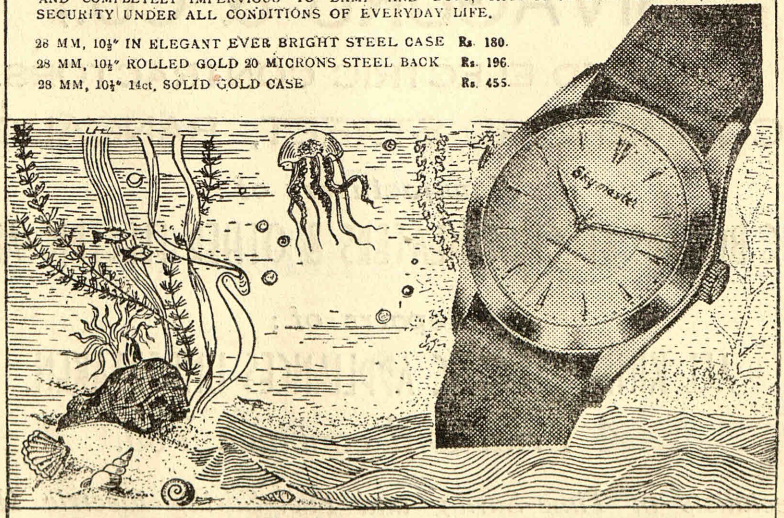
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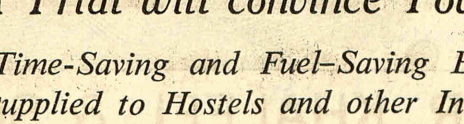
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