Mount Carmel College

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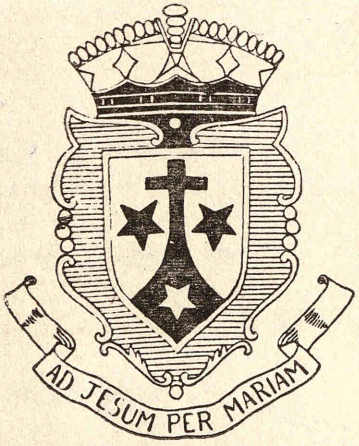
OF

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

BANGALORE

KARNATAKA

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OF THE

CONGREGATION OF THE CARMELITE SISTERS OF SAINT TERESA

1979—'80

ANNUAL

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BANGALORE

KARNATAKA

OF THE

CONGREGATION OF THE CARMELITE SISTERS OF SAINT TERESA

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Articles in :

Hindi
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" Hail Mary, full of Grace ! "



Statue of the " Pilgrim Virgin " — the Blessed Virgin Mary of Fatima — at Mount Carmel Convent Chapel, on December 25 and 26, 1979. It was a great experience, recalling her earlier visit to our College, in 1951.



Most Rev. Dr. P. Arokiaswamy, Archbishop of Bangalore.



Mother Mary Bernardine of Jesus,
Fifth Superior General of the Carmalite Sisters
of Saint Teresa, elected to the Office
in 1976

Editorial

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons .....", states Rosalind sagely in As You Like It. How true. There are some the lucky few, who "fleet the time carelessly" while there are others for whom "tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day".

Time has certainly flown for us at Mount Carmel College. Much has been accomplished, though much remains to be achieved. It would perhaps be as well to remind ourselves at this stage, before venturing into the new academic year, to shake the cobwebs from our dusty minds and let fresh breezes blow. For often we tend to sink into a rut so that the imparting and imbibing of learning is reduced to a dreary routine instead of being, as true learning should be, a fascinating exploration where the spirit yearns

"to follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

It is considered naive and a trifle old-fashioned nowadays to talk in terms of commitment, values, principles; instead cynicism, boredom, futility are the popular catchwords bandied about by young and old alike. The latter have lived their lives, we are concerned only with the former. To wean them away from the general atmosphere of despondency and apathy and to instil confidence and hope is no mean task. In fact it is a challenge which, as an educational institution, we have to meet. It would be apt, therefore, to consider Tennyson's words :

" ..... that which we are we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"

These lines seem particularly applicable and exhilarating to the young, forming their lives for now and the future in fullest service to their fellowmen which is what the world expects of educated youth. In this lies their fulfillment too !

EDITORIAL BOARD

General Editor	....	Sister Jesuine Marie, Principal
Editor	....	Chitra Rao, M.A.
Asst. Editor	....	Mrs. Annie Matthew, M.A.
Student Representatives	....	Vasantha V, III B.Sc.
		Sumathi S. III B.Sc.
		Shubha Rao, III B.A.

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

Parents' Day, 1979

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

His Excellency Sri GOVIND NARAIN
Governor of Karnataka

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1978-79

Your Excellency, Madam, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you the Annual Report for the last academic year.

STRENGTH

The College recorded a total strength of 1,925 at the beginning of the year and 1,878 at the end.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

Our results have been very good, as detailed below ;

Examination		Number appeared	Number Passed	Percentage of full passes	I Cl	II Cl
PRE-UNIVERSITY						
I Year Arts	....	217	201	92	98	68
Science	....	346	316	91	189	71
II Year Arts	....	173	161	93	83	48
Science	....	263	246	93	159	49

DEGREE

I Year Arts	....	173	130	75	31	74
Science	....	167	141	84	72	47
II Year Arts	....	48	44	91	17	21
Science	....	42	39	92	22	15
III Year Arts	....	201	170	85	30	75
Science	....	201	182	90	80	61

Distinction :

Pre-University Arts	....	Neeta Morjaria	—	7th rank
		Sujatha Padmanabhan	—	8th rank
		Poonam Priyadarshini	—	10th rank
Pre-University Science	....	Pratima Nayak	—	4th rank
		Sukanaya Ratnam	....	7th rank

B.A.

Indira Machia	—	1st rank
Madhumathi A. K.	—	5th rank
Louela Dias	—	7th rank
Geetha C. D.	—	8th rank
Leela Sharon Walter	—	
Poornima Srinivasan P.	-	10th rank

B.Sc.

Mallika S.	—	3rd rank
Mahajabin Khanum	—	8th rank

DEPUTATION OF STAFF MEMBERS TO CONFERENCES AND SEMINARS

Name of Teacher	Conference/Seminar/Summer Course attend	Place and duration
Sr. Jesuine Marie	Self Renewal for Better Teaching	Mount Carmel College 2 days
	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	,, ,, ,, ,,
Mrs. Sushila Ramachandran	Self Renewal for better Teaching.	,, ,, ,, ,,
	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	,, ,, ,, ,,

Miss Lorna Raymond	Self Renewal for Better Teaching.	Mount Carmel College 2 days
	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	,, ,, ,, ,,
Sr. M. Regina	Self Renewal for Better Teaching	
	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	,, ,, ,, ,,
	Population Education	I.M.A. House — 1 day
Sr. M. Angelica	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	Mount Carmel College 2 days
Mrs. Sushila Punitha	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	,, ,, ,, ,,
Sr. M. Josephette	Food Surplus in the Country — Fact or Fallacy	Indian Institute of Mana gement. — 1 day
	Family Life Education	St. Teresa's Novitiate Whitefield — 2 days
	Seminar on the Educational Apostolate	,, ,, — 3 days
	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	Mount Carmel College — 2 days
Mrs. Leena Lobo	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	,, ,, — 2 day
Sr. M. Albina	Population Education	I.M.A. House — 1 day
	Family Life Education	St. Teresa's Novitiate, Whitefield — 2 days
	Social Awareness	,, ,, ,, ,,
Mrs. Sarala Matta	Course on Moral Instruction for Teachers	Mount Carmel College — 2 days
Miss Rugmani Nayar	Self Renewal for Better Teaching	,, ,, — 2 days
Mr. T. D. Sreedharan	ULP — COSIP	Central College – 22 days
Mrs. Mariamma Eapen	,, ,,	,, ,, – 9 days
Mr. Panduranga Sharma	,, ,,	,, ,, – 8 days

Miss Premini Nair	Statistics		St. Joseph's College — 6 days
Miss Surita Peters	,,		,, ,, ,, ,,
	Moral Education for Lay Leaders	....	NBCLC — 6 days
Miss Chitra Rao	Self-Renewal for Better Teaching	....	Mount Carmel College — 2 days
Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas	Course on Moral Instruction	....	,, ,, ,, ,,
Mrs. Sudha M. Mathai	,, ,, ,,	....	,, ,, ,, ,,

PARTICIPATION AND ACHIEVEMENTS IN EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The College aims at bringing out and developing the potential and latent talents of every student. Opportunities are provided outside the curriculum both in the College and at inter-Collegiate level which help in the Students' Physical, social, emotional and intellectual development. A Student Welfare Officer functioning directly under the Principal is put in charge of Student Services which include Counselling and Guidance, financial aid, free meals, Student Associations, debating and discussions, music, dance, sports activities and other hobbies.

The Associations have been particularly active and successful this year, our Students winning no less than 19 shields as the following list proves :

St. Joseph's College Catholic Association	English Debate	Lovina Lobo	II Prize
		June Sebastian	III Prize
		The team won the rolling shield.	
NMKRV College	Hindi Debate	Ananya Biswas	I Prize
		Alka Jain	II Prize
		The team won the rolling shield.	
JAYCEES	English Debate	Chandrakala Nambiar	III Prize
NMKRV College	Hindi Seminar	Ananya Biswas Alka Jain	Tied for the I Prize
		The team won the rolling shield.	
Central College	Hindi Debate	Alka Jain	II Prize

National College, Basavangudi	Science Lecture Contest for P.U. students	Physics-Lakshmi Warrier-Grade B 3rd Prize
		Chemistry-Shashikala Nambiar Grade A 2nd Prize
		Pratima Moorthy Grade B 1st Prize
		Mathematics-Meena Ramakrishnan Grade B 2nd Prize
		Biology-Sutappa Mukerjee—Grade A
		Sheela B Grade B 5th Prize
		The team won the rolling shield.
Vidya Vardhaka Sangha	Sanskrit Lecture Contest for P.U. students	Sudha Venugopal III Prize
V. V. Puram College of Arts, Science and Commerce	English Debate	Sheela B I Prize
		Sudha Subramanyam III Prize
		The team won the rolling shield.
Agarwal Committee	Music and Extempore Speech contest	English Extempore—Jayalakshmi M. S. II Prize
		Kannada Extempore—Latha Pandit III Prize
		Light Music—Asha Rao II Prize
National College Basavangudi	Science Lecture Contest for degree students	Chemistry—Chandrakala Nambiar Grade A
		Botany—Geraldine Devaraj Grade A
		Physics—Lalitha Parameshwaran Grade B

State Bank of India	English Debate	Sheela B & Nandini Bedi	II Prize
Indian Institute of Science	Quiz Contest	Sheela B Lakshmi Char Hema Nalini Urs	The team won the II Prize
Red Cross Society	For the best performing College in 'Blood Donation	The College won a Rolling Shield	
The National Science Association of St. Joseph's College	Science Debate	Chandrakala Nambiar The team won the Rolling Shield	II Prize
National College Basavangudi	English Debate	Sheela B	II Prize
Mysore Education Society—Gita Yagnya Samithi	Gita Recitation & Essay Writing Competitions	Gita Recitation–Pushpa R	III Prize
NMKRV Jr. Grade College for Women	English Debate	Sudha Subramaniam Sheela B The team won the rolling shield.	I Prize III Prize
Gokhale Institute of Public Affairs	Elocution Contest	Chandrakala Nambiar	I Prize
NMKRV Jr. Grade College for Women	Hindi Essay Writing Contest	Usha Wadhwa	I Prize
The Philatelic Festival	Best Exhibits	Revathi V. P. Daya Santani Kalpana Karthik Pratima Murthy	Were awarded the rolling Cup
Sri Krishna Rajendra Technological Institute	All India Inter–Collegiate English Debate	Chandrakala Nambiar The team won the Runners up Shield	I Prize

Dr. Gangadhara Memorial-National College, Basavangudi	Lecture contest in Bangalore	Chandrakala Nambiar	I Prize
		Geraldine Devaraj	III Prize
		The team won the Rolling Shield	
Dr. Dinakar Memorial	English Debate	Sudha Subramaniam	II Prize
		Chandrakala Nambiar	III Prize
		The team won the Rolling Shield	
HKES Jr. College Malleswaram	English Debate	Nandini Bedi	I Prize
		The team won the Rolling Shield	
Kendriya Vidyalaya, Malleswaram	Music contest for P. U. students	Sheela R	II Prize
Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore	Hindi Debate	Usha Wadhwa	III Prize
		The team won the Rolling Shield	
Rotary Club of Bangalore	Quiz Contest	Sheela B	III Prize

P. U. C.

Diamond Jubilee Celebrations—Botany Dept. of Central College	Lecture Contest	Pratima Murthy	I Prize
	Essay Contest	Swathi Diwakar	III Prize
	Quiz	Anuradha Krishna Prasad	I Prize
		Chatura K. R.	III Prize

Degree

Lecture Contest	Chandrakala Nambiar	I Prize
	Suvasini K. J.	II Prize
Essay Contest	Ananya Biswas	III Prize
Quiz Contest	Mary Anne Sebastian	III Prize

GAMES & SPORTS

In the field of Games and Sports, the College maintained its established reputation.

Our ever-victorious ATHLETES won the Bangalore University ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP for 15 years in a row. Loretta Wate was awarded the Individual Championship in the Bangalore University Meet.

The record-breaking Relay team won the C.P.M. ROAD RELAYS for the 5th year in succession i.e. from the year of their inauguration.

Our THROW BALL team won as many as 5 titles including that of University Championship, State Junior and State Senior Championship. Jayashree B.N.G. selected State Captain, captained the South Zone team. Shameen Bano, Nilofer Bano, Nandini Nayak, Geetha Devi and Vandana Tiwari represented the State in the Nationals.

Our VOLLEY BALL team, the reigning champions, won the State Olympic championship. Padmaja A. and Vasanthi P. R. represented the Bangalore University. Padmaja was awarded the Best Player Scholarship of Rs. 500/- Padmaja, Vasanthi and Rajeswari S. represented the State in the Women's Festival as well as in the Nationals.

Our SHUTTLE BADMINTON stars kept the flag aloft, winning the Inter-Collegiate tournaments. Sheela Das and Parminder Kholi represented the State in the Nationals.

The BASKET BALL team won the Inter-Collegiate Championship. Nandini Prasad, Suchitra Unnikrishnan and Arathi Chittaki represented the State. Namitha Gowda and Shuba Rao represented the Bangalore University and both were awarded the Best Player Scholarship of Rs. 500/– each. Namitha captained the Bangalore University team.

The College TABLE TENNIS team were winners of the University championship.

Shameem Bano, L. Viju, Sarita Shetty and Rachel Thomas represented the State in the National Women's CRICKET.

Our HOCKEY stars Yasmeen Dhambhoora, Loretta Wate, Sowmya Suvarna, Pushpa Poovaiah, Mary George and Gayathri Shetty represented the State. Loretta Wate was adjudged the best Right out in the Women's Hockey Nationals. Loretta attended the Hockey Coaching camp from which group the Indian team was selected.

The College proudly claimed the All-round Championship of Bangalore University securing maximum points.

N.C.C.

The 150 cadets enrolled for the year 1978–79 have successfully participated in the following activities :

Judo : Uma H and Kavitha were selected to represent the State for Judo at the National Athletic Meet held at Hyderabad.

Adventure Training : In September '78, 23 cadets organised an Adventure Camp to Nandi Hills

Shooting Competitions : Among those who participated in the State Rifle Association, Shailaja S. N. and Sandya Jain won the I and II prizes respectively. They also participated in the open competition for shooting held in June '79 and were awarded medals for their good marksmanship.

First Aid : In the Annual First Aid Competition organised by the St. John's Ambulance Association in January '79, Miriam Iman, Punam Sud, Seema Terway and Jyothsna Gopal won the first place. The Runners up team comprised the following cadets, also of our College — Saroja R. K., Sandya Jain, Shailaja S. N. and Seema Jain.

Sports : Sports activities are very much part of a cadet's training. 12 of our cadets belonging to the College team attended the South Zone neighbouring Camp held at Trivandrum in October '78. They won the Basketball championship being adjudged champions in the Zonal matches.

Social Service : A cadet also receives Training in Social awareness. Our cadets participated in the Blood Donation Camp conducted by the Lions' Club at the Ravindra Kalakshetra, They helped to collect funds for the blind, this activity being organised by the Red Cross Society. They visited the Cheshire homes and entertained the inmates.

Annual Camps and Courses : Our cadets attended the Annual camp conducted in Bangalore the Summer Camps and the Advance Leadership Courses at Bhavati, Parchgani and Kodaikanal, in which they came out in flying colours.

GI and G-II Exams : 20 cadets appeared for the GI and 15 cadets for the G-II Examination in February '79.

N C.C. Day Commendation : His Excellency, the Governor of Karnataka commended Seema Terway and ex-cadet Sunitha Bhatia for their outstanding performance at the All India Camps and Competition in First Aid and Shooting raspectively.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The members of the College Social Service League worked in the slums of Vasanthanagar with a view to improving the socio-economic conditions of the slum dwellers.

Children were taught to read and write in Kannada.

Vegetable seeds were distributed to some families to encourage them to start their own kitchen gardens,

Women and girls were taught to make plastic buckets of plastic wires which were distributed free of cost

The small service done to the poor and the interest evoked in them will be carried on with redoubled vigour during the coming years.

N.S.S.

The N.S.S. activities of the Year began with the orientation of the members on 29th July 1978. After the evaluation of the Summer Camp, it was unanimously agreed that as a follow-up of the camp, we continue to work in Vasanthnagar slum area, where a 10-day camp was conducted in June 1978.

From August to October we concentrated on literary and hygiene programmes in the slum. Every Saturday the slum children were taught the alphabets in Kannada, Tamil and English, Nursery rhymes, counting, etc., and children studying in the corporation school were helped with their home work.

On the 5th August our N.S.S. members saved the life of a 2-year old orphan boy in a critical condition. He was admitted in Bowring Hospital and was discharged after 2 weeks. We found a place for him in Mother Teresa's Orphanage. On Independence Day we conducted games for slum children and distributed sweets to all.

With the help of the Bangalore City Corporation and especially with the co-operation and assistance of the Medical Officer, we had an immunisation programme on 13th September, 1978. About 200 slum children were vaccinated and about 60 adults were innoculated against Cholera.

After the mid-session holidays we found that the slum children and their parents were not interested in our literary programme. Though we were disappointed and discouraged we realised that we should give them what they need and not what we want to give them. When we asked the women they expressed their need to learn some craft which would fetch them money, to supplement their husband's income. Hence we bought plastic wire and taught many women, especially the Muslim women to make plastic bags and purses.

The leader of the slum passed away in July 1978. In order to register a new leader, they needed copies of the constitution of the A. D. Association in Vasanthnagar. Our N.S.S. students helped in typing out copies of the same.

In the month of February we had an old clothes drive in the college, The clothes thus collected were supplied to Shishu Bhavan (Mother Teresa's Ophanage) in Frazer Town.

We hope to do better in the year to come, the International Year of the Child.

COLLEGE HOSTEL

Mother Mary Memorial Hostel can comfortably accommodate 160 students.

An elected Student Prefect, Assistant Prefect and a Cultural Secretary help the Sister Wardens in their work. Opportunities are provided for development of talents and personality, but discipline is also kept, to the best of our ability, in these days of failing standards!

EXCURSIONS AND TOURS

Excursions and tours have their educational value. Two parties headed north — they visited the Capital, Calcutta, Agra, Darjeeling, the queen of hill stations and that little neighbouring land of temples — Katmandu.

The final B.Sc. students went to Kodaikanal to study the vegetation and collection specimens for their individual herbarium and the Botany museum.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND MORAL SCIENCE

Moral and Spiritual formation is always considered an integral, and indeed vital part of a complete education. An hour a week is set apart for Moral Science and Religion classes. Religious Instruction is reserved to Christians and Moral Science, based on universal moral principals, to others.

As in former years two examinations were held and prizes awarded.

A course on Moral Education was conducted in the College in which teachers from 4 Colleges participated.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPENDITURE

(a) **Financial Aid :—**

	No. of students benefitted	Total amount spent Rs. P.
Central Government Scholarship	31	16,157 00
State Government Scholarship	164	58,756 00
Other Scholarships	14	8,707 00
Scholarships awarded by the College	12	2,700 00
Help towards books, free meals, mess fees, special fees, examination fees. transport, educational excursions, (Provided by the College Poor Students Fund aided by the University Grants Commission)	89	5,856 00
Free noon meals to students subsidised by the World Food Programme	110	

(b) **Equipment :**

1,693 volumes were added to the Library bringing the total to 31,398. The expenditure on books, furniture, Science and other equipment was Rs. 29,510-84.

GENERAL REMARKS

We have done our best to impart the right type of education at the under-graduate level for Indian Women — education that will equip them for life and make them take their place in Society. We look forward in the near future, to the introduction of Post-graduate Courses.

We are grateful to our teaching and non-teaching Staff for their co-operation in our great apostolate of education. I would like to avail myself of the opportunity to thank them.

Before I conclude, I would like to express my gratitude to our distinguished Chief Guest Sri. Govind Narain, Governor of Karnataka and Chancellor of Bangalore University. Sir, your presence greatly encourages us in our educational service to the State and Country. We thank Smt. Chandra Govind Narain for giving away the prizes and you, parents, guardians and friends for making it possible to be with us tonight.

Yours in Service
SISTER JESUINE MARIE
Principal for Management.

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1978–79.

HOSTEL PRIZE

Sanyola Kengoo

RELIGION

I Pre-University	....	Yasmin J.
II Pre-University	....	Sheba Alfred
I Degree	....	Barbara Nobbay
II Degree	....	Donna Medina
III Degree	....	Mariamma T.T.

MORAL SCIENCE

I Pre-University	....	Neena R. Honawar
II Pre-University	....	Rajeswari Shekar
I Degree	....	Nilima
II Degree	....	Sharada Natarajan
III Degree	....	P. V. Ranjani

PART I—LANGUAGES

ENGLISH

I Pre-University	...	Sukanya Rathnam (PCMB III)
II Pre-Uuiversity	....	Bernadine Joan (HELS)
I Degree	....	Christine Moses (PEE]
II Degree	....	Sharada Natarajan (PEE)

SANSKRIT

I Pre-University	....	Nirmala Bhide (HEPS)
II Pre-University	....	Chatura K. R. (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Lalitha B. (PCM)
II Degree	....	Gargi R. (PCM)

KANNADA

I Pre-University	....	Saraswathy S. (PCMB)
II Pre-University	....	Usharani C. M. (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Vathsala Y. S. (HEP)
II Degree	....	Hemanalini N. (PEE)

TAMIL

I Pre-University	....	Akila G. (PCMB]
II Pre-University	....	Nalini S. (PCMB)
I Degree	....	Thilakavathi D. (PCM)
II Degree	....	Lakshmi V. G. (PCM)

HINDI

I Pre-University	....	Seema Jain (PCMB)
II Pre-University	....	Sandhya Jain, Gurneet Ahuja (CBZH)
I Degree	....	Nilima Jawanshir (CBZ)
II Degree	....	Kamini Sharma (PEE)

FRENCH

I Pre-University	....	Lakshmi Warrier
II Pre-University	....	Pratima Murthy
I Degree	....	Nirmala Rao
II Degree	....	Sarah Varghese

PART II—OPTIONALS — ARTS

I Pre-University	....	Reeti M. D. (H. E. Py. S.) Suchi Smitha (H. E. Py. S.)
II Pre-University	....	Latha Pandit (HEPS)
I Degree	....	Kamakshi S. (HEP)
II Degree	....	Sharada Natarajan (PEE)
III Degree	....	Sujatha P. C. Nair (HEP)

SCIENCE

I Pre-University	....	Sukanya Rathnam (PCMB)
II Pre-University	....	Chatura K. R. (PCMB—Sec. I)
I Degree	....	Durga Subramaniam (PCM) Sita Reddy (CBZ)
II Degree	....	Radhamani Venka (PCM)
III Degree	....	Mahajabeen Khanum (PCM) Irene Kantha (CBZ)

HOME SCIENCE

I Pre-University	....	Mubeena Ali Mohammed
II Pre-University	....	Gurneet Ahuja
I Degree	....	Geeta Basker
III Degree	....	Uma Ramakrishnan

FOR AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

Withheld

Principal's Prize for best Student	....	Chandrakala Nambiar
Principal's Prize for best Prefect	....	Malani Rajagopalan
Principal's Prize for best Sportswoman	....	Namitha Gowda
Dr. B. D. Laroia Prize for Public Speaking	....	Chandrakala Nambiar

SCHOLARSHIPS

This College awards the following scholarships, annually to the students of the College. Merit and financial need are the criteria of the award.

1. Founded by the College in 1960 — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-.
   Recipient in 1978 — Geraldine Antony — I P.U.C.

2. Founded by the College in 1970 — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-
   Recipient — Cyril Zitha Aranha — I P.U.C.

3. Archbishop D. S. Lourdusamy Scholarship — Capital value Rs. 3,000/-
   Founded in 1970.
   Recipient — K. J. Mary — II P.U.C.

4, Mount Carmel College Silver Jubilee Scholarship founded in 1973, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the College — Capital value Rs. 2,500/-.
   Recipient — Dorothy Dalal — I Degree.

5. Mount Carmel College Silver Jubilee Scholarship founded in 1973 on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the College — Capital value Rs. 2,500/-.
   Recipient — Shiraz Begum — II Degree.

6. Chev. & Mrs. G. A. Pais Scholarship founded in 1976 — for a poor and deserving Catholic student — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-.
   Recipient — Nicolene Mack — I Degree.

7. M/s. Tirumalchar & Sons Scholarship founded in 1976 — Capital value Rs. 5.000/-.
   Recipient — Mary Antoinette Anjali Mala — I Degree.

8. Chev. L. C. Pias Scholarship founded by his son in 1977 — Capital value Rs. 1,000/-.
   Recipient — S. L. Ashalatha — I P.U.C.

9. Mrs. L. C. Pais Scholarship founded by her son — Capital value Rs. 1,000/-.
   Recipient — Neena Mercy — II P.U.C.

10. Founded by the College in 1977 — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-.
    Recipient — Christine Moses — II P.U.C.

11. Founded by the Callege in 1977 — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-.
    Recipient — Loretta Wate, II P.U.C.

12. Founded by the College in 1977 — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-.
    Recipient — Jyothi Hasijg | I P.U.C.

13. Founded by the College in 1977 — Capital value Rs. 5,000/-.
    Recipient — Arokia Mary Candida — I P.U.C.

PARENTS' DAY



THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH



PIED PIPERS



A POSE TO PLEASE



SITTING IN STATE



A BIG MOMENT FOR THE LITTLE ONES

THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS

On 6th September 1979, The College Celebrated Parents Day. The Chief Guest at the function was Shri. Govind Narain, Excerpts from his Speech are given below.

Mount Carmel College is a premier institution in the city. .....

The Motto of the Institution embodies the great truth that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. It is the aim of the Carmelite sisters to found their whole educational superstructure on the rock of religion and morality. I understand that religion and moral instruction appropriately form an integral part of the educational pattern here. The sense of the holy and the sense of righteousness which are basic to all the religions, are inculcated in all the students. In addition to nourishing the spirit and developing the intellect, the institution sets great store by promoting physical education, games and sports and the development of the aesthetic faculty and the spirit of creativity. At the same time, this institution has on the one hand a NCC Battalion and a Student Government and on the other a Social Service League. These units help to initiate and develop a profound commitment to the socio-economic develoment of our country and the promotion of good citizenship qualities.

I am glad to hear that Mount Carmel College pushed through recently a UGC-supported College Science Improvement Programme and has been implementing, with the help of the All India Association for Christian Higher Education, another Improvement Programme for Humanities and other Social Sciences. Its Home Science Department with its Child Development Laboratory and Nursery School has deservedly won high praise. I am happy to learn that the students are encouraged to stage plays in English, Kannada, and in Hindi and to develop their gifts for music and dance. The College NCC Unit has distinguished itself in Gliding and Combat Flying, Shooting and Mountain Climbing.

Education of women is the key not only to their own progress but to the advancement of the whole nation and is therefore one of the major factors in the planned strategy for the rapid socio-economic development of the country. A

Committee Report of even half a century ago, rightly appreciating the great importance of the education of girls, wisely observed. "India has long suffered from the dualism of educated manhood and uneducated womanhood — a dualism that lowers the whole level of the home and domestic life and has its reaction on personal and national character. The education of women will make available to the country a wealth of capacity that is now wasted through lack of opportunity". The higher education of women releases the latent energies of talented women for the effective development of the country's resources and for the creation of a truly egalitarian social order. With adult suffrage, women need to be well informed and to take an intelligent and active part in the political life of the country and to play their responsible role for the preservation and promotion of the democratic values of life. Women's education not only enriches marital relationship by developing companionship on an equal basis but also has a highly favourable chain reaction in respect of the education of our future generation. The first education of a child begins in the mother's lap. It has long been recognised that women's education has also a tremendous impact on the effectiveness of Family Planning, a top priority national objective. Above all, education helps women to realise their individual potentialities to the full and to discharge their responsibilities effectively both at home and socially and in national life. I for one would go to the extent of suggesting that every girl must learn and be capable of doing some positive work even for being economically independent. Let marriage not be the only goal. With such an attitude even the marital relationship will be happier, more durable and of real value to the home and the nation by fostering equal companianship of men and women and positive and beneficial attitudes and values towards the whole life process.

I am every happy that such a comprehensive and all-round system of education, catering fully for the balanced development of the triad of the body, the mind and spirit and giving its legitimate pride of place to character formation is successfully being provided by this well-established and distinguished institution for higher education for women.

JAI HIND.

Truth

Three A.M.:
The radium dial screamed
Tearing me apart from that fantasy,
That moment of truth.
I slept on, though half awake,
My conscience unregistering that momentous event.
The wind howled to a shattering crescendo
Shrieked,
Snarled.
I vaguely remembered the dull, endless splashes of rain.
The storm brewed outside.
Inside too, it raged.
Yet I knew peace,
Felt strangely serene
In the midst of all that terror and cacophony.
I knew fear.
Knew, too, that God whispered
He made me, every human being,
With some purpose; yet unknown.

SUKANYA RATHNAM
II P:U.C. — P.C.M.B.

REMINICENSES AND REGRETS .... SOMETIMES.

She looked around — this was a bright airy room. There were yellow flowers on the table by the window, there were some magazines and some dull, dutiful, colourless letters from different part of the world. But somehow it all amounted to nothing. "Nothing? Yes, nothing. Is this all you can say of one whole life time?" — These dialogues within herself were quite common now.

She had married young. Her childhood had been a distant blur of content, minus any worries. Marriage stood third in the normal course of events — school, college and marriage! And of course, children were fourth in this irrevocable order. Happiness was a wayside flower — only of secondary importance and you were lucky if you reached it.

Disillusionment was hard to bear. It was not that she was unloved and uncared for, she thought. It was just that his love could'nt transcend himself. In his mind, they could never stand on the same plane — she had to be a few feet lower. They could never walk together, matching stride for stride — she always walked behind, putting her feet in the marks his large ones had left. He was content when he had trampled on every shred of individuality within her and destroyed it.

But, she had never seen her life in this light then. Why did it seem so crystal clear now? May be the paralysis had done something to her clarity of thought? She sank into a weary sleep.

When Deepa peeked in at the door, she saw a prone figure on the bed, lying poker straight, eyes shut tight. So, she went down and reported that Grandma was sleeping peacefully. Of course nobody could see her mind tossing and turning,

"Rush and Hurry" — these two words stood out and clamoured for attention when she awoke. Nowadays, she never wore a watch – there was no need to know the time — But not so long ago, her life revolved around her kitchen clock .....8 O'clock breakfast, 9 O'clock clothes' washing. 10 O'clock market and so on.

She enjoyed listening to 'modern' music. On one of her grandson's records she had heard the words –

'' Slow down you crazy child.

Take the phone off the hook and disappear for a while ''—

She had felt like that often. But then, she would have been shirking her duty and such thoughts wilted under conscience's withering glance:

She had tried to produce model children. They were always dressed perfectly, their manners were impeccable. It was a shock to realise how little she knew about them. But no, not really — for, what did they know of her? All they had seen was a serene, tranquil mother, who was always there, and therefore never really noticed. No one had seen the screaming tedium underneath.

Today the pain lay somewhat heavier than usual, weighing her body down. And the quiet, it was oppressive, the room as silent as a morgue. '' Don't be morbid '', she chided herself. Occasionally, she heard her daughter hushing the children, telling them not to wake Grandma. But Grandma wanted to be disturbed. She didn't want to be a forgotten entity in a bright airy room, with yellow flowers bobbing their heads in unison for company.

The door burst open, heralding the arrival of one dancing four-year old grand daughter, Behind her, her daughter marched in sedately, bearing a tray ' Mama darling, did you sleep well,'' she enquired. '' Here's your lunch ''.

She smiled in response as she thought guiltily — '' From where did all that discontent come ? ''

Of course I'm happy. I have always been happy and I'll die a happy and contented woman. See what loving care my children take of me. I have everything — I shall, banish that word ' nothing ' from my thoughts. I must always be thankful ....

And she inspected her lunch through half-closed eyes.

CHRISTINE MOSES
II Deg. PEE.

AWAKENING

There is a hush over the valley broken occasionally by the call of an unseen bird. The thin mist rises over the mountains that stand majestically against the azure of the sky. The gurgling waters of the River Beas flows on embodying immortality. Yes, it is morning in the Kulu valley — a valley of splendour.

Yonder is a small dwelling 'Hermitage' they call it. From there we set across, five of us, with haversacks on our back, drained of all human shortcomings by the pure morning air. The earth is fresh, untrodden upon, and yielding to the light pressure of our feet.

There is beauty all around us. Beauty in the snow-clad mountains, in the tall pine trees, in the vast expanse of rice fields, in the cool shady apple groves and in the tiny ripples of the mountain streams. It is like a painted picture, elaborate but one in which the various strokes of the artists brush merged in harmony.

The look of innocence on a child's face, the fleeting cry of a bird in flight and the sunlight rays playing softly on the tree tops tell us of another existence — an existence shrouded in mystery — mystery that has no name.

Sujata Padmanabhan,
II P.U.C. (HEPy.S.)

It's A Dog's Life ..... !

Being a very modest young dog it came as something of a surprise to me when other members of the canine community asked me to write about my unique experiences. I suppose they wanted it to be a sort of guide to the young. I have therefore endeavoured to write my story and you can see clearly the outstanding perception and astounding intelligence of my actions.

When I was just six months, my mother fell into the clutches of a dog-catcher, as a result of which I became an orphan. As an up and coming young dog I quickly realised that the loafers way of life on the streets was not for me. First and foremost, scrounging food almost always gave me indigestion. The trash you find in the gutters is deplorable!

For a day I reconnoitered carefully. Finally I saw what I wanted. A pleasant looking house, the sprawling bungalow type set in a large garden, — important for getting excercise on your own property! Each of the neigbhouring houses had a dog — nothing like a bit of social life now and then! And most important of all, it was a prosperous looking house — any house would have done for you I daresay, but I'm not the sort who can do without the little luxuries here and there.

The next day I started my campaign. I strolled around to the dining room entrance. Looking in I saw my future family busy having breakfast. A man, his wife, their child. I turned on all the famous charm. I wagged my tail entreatingly and cocked my head to one side at a decidedly cute angle.

The child saw me first. Banging his spoon on the table he looked at me and said " Oochie, poochie, cooch!"

Our liking for each other was instantaneous. His mother looked up, saw me and smiled. Easy work so far. I had them both!

Then came the crux of the matter. The father looked around, leapt up from his chair and advanced threateningly.

'Out', he said, pointing to the gate, "Shoo, scat!"

I gave a piteous moan and put on my well-rehearsed fearful and hungry look. Mother and child reacted immediately.

"Sunil wants doggie", wailed the child.

"Darling, the poor little thing is hungry", said the woman, "Do let's give him some bread and milk. Besides you know Sunil will get upset if you chase it away".

The man raved and ranted. I amusedly reflected on how funny it was to see dog haters give in eventually. Suddenly, I was startled out of my reverie.

"———— the mangy beast" shouted the man, Mangy! Who me? I I looked down at my well-kept coat. It couldn't be! What a lame excuse! I waited smugly till the man got ready and then departed to work.

The three of us, mother, child and I had a glorious day. I ate, romped, and ate again. Once I had got in through the door I was here, and here to stay, When the father came home I put into action, the next part of my strategy.

While they were having dinner, back I was as before. I whined and whined most piteously. "For goodness sake, give that damned dog something to eat" shouted the man, "It's getting on my nerves".

After that it was easy. After dinner I was with rhe family in the living room. I then stole up to the man and gave him the works — the loving look, the wagging tail, a couple of licks..... And by gad, I soon had him too! "Why, look," he said, "Doggie likes *me* too"

After the take-over I did pretty much as I pleased. I was always charming, alluring, enchanting sweet and fascinating. Life was happy and the days flowed by smoothly.

Soon after cupid struck. You know, it happens to the best of us. But for me once was enough. I was completely smitten by the dog next door, He was an exciting, rugged guy and he courted me assiduously. We had a gorgeous time together. The things he said to me completely turned by head. He told me I was an absolute stunner. Now, I've always thought so myself, but it's nice to know that someone agrees with you.

Then I became a mother. At first the family was delighted and many an enchanting picture was taken of me and my puppies.

Unfortunately the puppies created too much jealousy in our happy, well ordered home. The family resented the attention *I* lavished on the pups and I resented the attention that *they* lavished on the pups. I wanted to keep the home atmosphere as it had been before: so my puppies and I parted company.

And now, once agai In lead a peaceful contented life. I have the family well in hand and I know that they cannot do without me, Curled at my master's feet, dreaming of my delicious supper, I heave a sigh of utter contentment and contemplate the pleasures of leading a dog's life !!



A HEAP OF ANTS

1.	A wandering ant	....	Vagrant
2.	A floating ant	....	Buoyant
3.	A plentiful ant	....	Abundant
4.	A hard ant	....	Adamant
5.	A needy ant	....	Want
6.	A noisy ant	....	Blatant
7.	A graceful ant	....	Elegant
8.	An enormous ant	....	Elephant
9.	A waiting ant	....	Attendant
10.	A disinfectant	....	Deodorant
11.	A dunce-like ant	....	Ignorant
12.	An ant on the lookout	....	Expectant
13.	A light giving ant	....	Luminant
14.	A sweet-smelling ant	....	Fragrant
15.	A helpful ant	....	Assistant
16.	An ant of consequence	....	Important

C. ESTHER DEVALATHA
II P.U.C. — P.C,M.C. Sec. I

ADVERSITY

"Sweet are the uses of adversity"

Nobody likes bitter medicine, in the same way nobody likes adversity. But adversity is always a blessing in disguise.

Adversity evokes powers of action which but for it would remain dormant. As comets are sometimes revealed by eclipse, so heroes are created by a sudden calamity. Man is roused into action and stiffened into self-reliance by difficulty, struggle is the foundation of victory. Milton said, "They also serve who only stand and wait". The works of many of the greatest men inspired by duty have been done amidst suffering, trial and difficulty. When Dumas asked Reboul, "What made you a poet?", his answer was "Suffering!" It was the death of his wife and then of his child which drove him into solitude, for the indulgence of his grief, and eventually led him to speak and find relief in verse.

"Adversity doth best discover virtue" says Bacon. Adversity is the best source of strength, discipline and virtue. It is not ease and facility that tires men so much as trial and difficulty. Adversity is the touch stone of character. "As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odour human nature needs to be tried out by sufferings to evoke excellence in it". "Adversity chastens, and sweetens the nature, teaches patience and promotes the deepest as well the most exalted thought. One, who passes through the fire of adversity emerges like pure gold.

Adversity is the test of friendship, "prosperity brings friends and adversity tries them." The fluttering leaves of friendship which shadow us in prosperity drop off with the autumn of adversity. "Friendship" writes Dryden. "Is made more sacred by adversity".

Adversity has one more use for us. It keeps us nearer to God, than prosperity. It is in adversity that our hearts remain pure, and our minds become religious. In it, we turn more towards God than anything else, "Prosperity makes monsters, and adversity makes man" One must use adversity as a spring-board to success in life. If it is all sunshine without shade, and all happiness without sorrow, life is not worth living So adversity en-nobles the soul.

KAMAKSHI S.
II B.A. H.E.L.

THRO' GAPS.....

Peeping thro '
the gap
thro drawn curtains
Mauve flowers
happily entangled in green leaves
glittering gold
on the window panes.

A pebble
rolls.....
stops.

A small foot,

A child she is
with tears in her eyes

Her face
a lily
scattered with dew.

God,
do you see.....

Peeping thro'
the gap
between drawn clouds.

DIMPY
II P.U.C. (PCMS.)

TRICKY QUESTIONS

Watch your step as you try these teasers !

1. How much earth is there in a hole measuring one foot by one foot ?

2. Would a marble fall faster through water of 60° F or 10° F ?

3. Two fathers and two sons each shot a duck. None of them shot the same duck, but only three ducks were shot. Why ?

4. A deep sea fishing boat is lying in harbour. Over the side hangs a rope ladder, with its end just touching the water. The rings of the ladder aer one foot apart, and the tide is rising at the rate of eight inches an hourt At the end of six hours, how many of the rings will be covered ?

5. How is it possible for Jane to stand behind Jill and Jill to stand behind Jane at the same time ?

6. There are five apples in a basket and five people besides yourself in the room. How can you give an apple to each of the five people, and yet leave one apple in the basket ?

(For Answers see Page 32.)

YASHODA B.S.
II P·U.C. (PCMB)

Long, Long Ago .....

You've heard and read a lot about cave men and women but nothing about that important being — the cave girl. Well here's something about one of them which will show you how little human nature has changed since man evolved.

All her sisters were unmarried but since they all had long hair, straight and dark, there was no doubt that one day, a strong silent he-man would wield his club and drag one of them off. She was the youngest of five sisters, she had dark hair alright, but it was short and curly. Hence she was usually called Curly Top.

Her father was a hunter who tolerated the over-sociability of his wife for her extra-ordinary skill in dressing dinosaur meat, plucking pterodactylus and serving appetising brontosaurus dishes.

Mother was also very cave-proud and got extremely furious when ever any woman of nearby Hick Town caves got one-up on her in furnishing ideas.

One day the eldest sister was clubbed and taken away. Great was Mother's joy and she coo-ed the news to all and sundry. The other sisters began washing and brushing their hair in readiness but Curly Top was more interested in the reptilic iguanodon and horned Dinoceras than wondering if her hair was striking enough to catch a man's eye, or rather, his club ! She didn't even care that Brontosaurus meat should be served grilled never boiled or that Pterodactylus should be plucked at once and eaten fresh.

One day Father brought back a Diplococcus. There was general rejoicing but Curly Top was left out being in everybody's bad books. That morning, her sisters had ridiculed her saying no one would ever be able to catch her hair — so she would never be clubbed. Curly Top had retorted that she didn't enjoy having a pain in the neck anyway, so she wasn't losing anything. The whole fracas had arisen because Curly Top had decorated the cave with wall paintings. Her own family and other animals figured prominently. There was one of father fighting a Dirothirlum, tusks, trunk and

all with just a spear, her sisters washing and bunching their hair by the pool, even one of Mother when she first used a bone needle and pricked her finger. The one at the end of the cave was of Father running away from a huge Megalosaurus and in his flight jumping into a lake, only to realise that the saurus was chasing something else. This Curly Top painted tongue-in-cheek because she concentrated better that way.

Now, Mother and sister were outside near the fire, cleaning the meat while Father had gone out to tell the tale of the bigger one which got clean away. Curly Top afraid of father's reaction to the paintings was sitting beside Mother. Feeling sorry for her daughter, Mother hit upon the splendid plan of covering the walls with Diplococcus hide to conceal the paintings. All of them worked busily and soon finished the job. However, the far end of the cave could not be covered due to lack of hide. Mother said that anyway it was already twilight and that end was so dark that it really didn't matter. In the morning after Father went out they could cover it with mud or something.

Finally, Father came back and was extremely surprised to see the new wall hangings. Mother hurriedly mumbled something. Unfortunately, Father picked up a torch and went round the cave to inspect it properly. No one could dissuade him. Finally he came to the Megalosaurus painting.

The suspense was killing Curly Top who was sitting on the edge of her bone seat, partly through fear, but mostly because of the sharp projection in the middle. They heard a strange choking sound and Curly Top got ready to run (like a gazelle, though there weren't any then)

The choking sound dissolved to a roar "Mother ! What *is* this ? "Curly Top and Mother rushed to him followed closely by the others. Curly Top stepped forward and said bravely that she had painted it while her mother and sister were cooking and mending. Father asked her if she knew cooking at all. She said that since she wouldn't get clubbed there wasn't any use in learning it. Instead she used her time in other ways.

Father went on gazing at the painting. Slowly a smile tugged at his mouth and he began to grin. Soon he broke into loud laughter. Curly Top then took her courage in both hands and holding on tight to it (and not paying it any heed when it squeaked in pain) confessed about her other paintings. The coverings were ripped down and all the other paintings examined. The family was in an uproar.

The sound of laughter brought others on to the scene. They too, were greatly amused by the sketches. Mother proudly said that it was a new interior decoration idea. Father said he had an extremely talented daughter. The people got a feast going. Curly Top however stole away from the noise and went to the pool.

Sitting there, gazing at the reflection by moonlight, she thought of the long and lonely years ahead. Suddenly an arm stretched out and strong fingers hooked into her hair. She was carried away to a large spacious cave where her captor turned out to be the most eligible young cave man.

So it came about that Curly Top didn't suffer a pain in the neck and as her man didn't like Brontosautus and Pterodactyus she didn't have to learn to cook them correctly. And since he believed in new clothes every months she didn't have to bother about bone needles either. Instead, she concentrated on interior decoration, her four sons, and lived happily ever after with her ' enlightened ' cave-man.

LAKSHMI CHAR
I B.A.

ANSWERS TO TRICKY QUESTIONS.

1. None, of course! It's a hole.
2. At 60° F. Try dropping a marble through ice. Water freezes at 32° F.
3. An old man, his son and his grandson each shot a duck. The first two were both fathers, and the second and third were the two sons.
4. None. There is something very wrong with a boat if does not rise with the tide.
5. They stand back to back.
6. You give one of them the basket as well as an apple.

WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON.....

'Tis the dawn of the opening, and tension abounds
As freshers creep hesitantly into the college grounds;
At every entrance, to "welcome" them
Stands a mighty senior with a sadistic grin.
The awesome senior, exuding her power,
Favours the fresher with a lofty glower;
The melodious sounds of the knocking of knees
Echoes from the campus's towering trees,
The eyes are awash, the face is red,
The freshers wonder if they were better off dead.
They hop and they skip, they crawl and they swim
Surrounded by visages forbidding and grim.
Seniors to the right of them, seniors to the left of them, seniors in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd,
Storm'd at with shout and yell,
Freshy after freshy fell.
At last the wearisome day is done,
The seniors are sated, they've had their fun.
The bedraggled freshy heads thankfully home
Feeling like a Christian of ancient Rome.

U. D. RITI
II P.U.C, — H.E.Py.S.

ONE NIGHT.....

I stood on the topmost deck of the huge ocean liner, far out at sea. The night was dark, the wind was strong, I was alone. The ship surged forward, waves breaking at her bow, rushing past her sides and leaving a long U-shaped wake behind her, which glowed a sparkling white in the otherwise impenetrable darkness.

The stars shone brilliantly, diamond pinpoints in a sky of the softest black velvet. The whole galaxy of stars, varied and vivid, burnt and sparkled in fabulous formations of their own. They had shone millions of aeons ago, they shone for me now, and they would shine for ages to come.

The ship seeming alone in the universe plunged on. Not a light shone from her except for the scintillating panoply above. The wind whispered and shrieked around me, sometimes soft and caressing, sometimes whipping my hair into a wild tangle of knots. Fresh, soft, invigorating! The hour was late and no one stirred below. The deck strained and throbbed under me with the vibrations of the engines.

Standing there with the quiet, peace-filled beauty of the vastness around me, I felt inadequate. Looking at the splendour of the stars and listening to the song of the sea, I felt tears pricking the back of my eyelids.

..... And I experienced the presence, the nearness and the abounding love of God.

SHIRIN FERRIS PRABHU
II P.U.C. — H.E.Py.S.

THE DESTITUTE

The curtains swung forward obliterating from the audience's view, the grand old piano and the uncouth form with a celestial voice. I walked into the dark, silent night the harmonious notes of melody flowing through my mind, pondering how so ugly a form could house so beautiful a voice. Suddenly the silence of the night was cut by a haunting tune, all the misery and agony of the world in every note. A little body brushed against my legs and I looked down into a pathetic face. The sounds issuing from the trembling lips were clear and high but I was deaf to everything. A sudden rage possessed me at having my pleasant dreams interrupted by a shivelling creature. I pushed the creature aside and strode into the dark ignoring the reproachful cries following me. The harsh sound of the cobbles under my feet echoed in the silence.

.....

The night was cold and frosty and the streets were deserted. A little girl stood alone in the alley looking at the stars and trembling. She was too exhausted to cry and the only sounds that came from her were made by the chattering of her teeth. She wondered if there were others like her and pitied them even as she suffered. She had been singing all evening and received in return a compliment from an old man and a push and curses from a young one. The pangs of hunger gnawed at her stomach again but she tried to think of other things. The cold was making her numb. She was suddenly tired, tired of everything and started to whimper. A window was thrown open from above and a harsh voice ordered her to go and cry elsewhere. She bit her lips to choke down a dry sob. There was a pattering sound and a furry little body rushed at her almost knocking her down. Picking it up, she held it close. It was the only friend she ever had, a poor homeless puppy, as destitute as she was. She walked with it to the footpath and curled up near a wall hugging the warm body close to her. She closed her eyes thankfully. Then suddenly she knew that tonight was different from other nights. Something beautiful would happen to night. She would know hunger no more. Her lips curved in a smile. . . .

Restless dreams kept me tossing. Bits of songs, parts of melody and tunes mingled with my dreams. I saw a little girl near the piano and suddenly she changed

into an uncouth middleaged lady. But her voice remained the same. I sat up in bed sweating and remembering .... The furtive whispers behind me, in the theatre a host of curious faces, knowing looks, tongues wagging — all reviving the scandal attached to the night's performer, something about an illegitimate child whose whereabouts were unkown. I saw the piano, and the body and the child. I heard their voices reproaching me .... I ran into the night, ignoring the cold, down streets and alleys to one particular spot. Dawn was breaking and in the morning light I saw — a blue, pinched face on the ground and near it a little dog, whining. The face looked at peace and the smile smote me. I shivered and walked slowly back. ....

On numerous streets I saw hungry faces and in each face I recognised the look of the little girl. I thought of my country, of the promise made in the course of so many years and I felt a sudden bitterness welling in me. I saw indifferent looks on the faces of the people and I saw banners proclaiming 1979 as the international year of the child, I suddenly experienced a sense of importance and frustration mingled with anger. How many people in the country felt like me ? Would every thing be the same on the 1st of January1980 at the closure of the year of the child ? I wondered and shrugged my shoulders. It was a new day, yet another day had gone with nothing done.

MADHU RAJGOPALAN
Ist PUC (HEPS)

THE ACE GAME

1.	What 'ace'	is a girl's name and a virtue	....	Grace
2.	,,	obliterates	....	Efface
3.	,,	is used for trimming	....	Lace
4.	,,	shows affection	....	Embrace
5.	,,	is competitive	....	Race
6.	,,	introduces	....	Preface
7.	,,	are we all a part of	....	Populace
8.	,,	holds up	....	Brace
9.	,,	is all around us	....	Space
10.	,,	cheers	....	Solace
11.	,,	we all possess	....	Face

C. Esther Davalatha
II P.U.C. (P.C.M.B.)

MY GRANDMOTHER AND LEVI STRAUSS

(Published originally in The Deccan Herald of 4th December 1979
under the title 'Grandmother Ventures Out')

"But Ajji!", I gasped, "It's lovely, and expensive and has an appetising name. It's called 'chocolate frost'. "To me", my grandma replied. "your nailpolish is like polished mud".

She's a real grandma. She has no waist line. It's called "circumference" in her case. She has thirty two sparkling teeth all false, the teeth I mean, and not the statement. She looks her sixty five years and really 'grandmothers' me.

I just sighed and watched her go to the kitchen. "I'm bored," my grandmother had said last evening. And I, with great generosity and good feeling, had agreed to take her out to Brigade Road then. My mind now wound its way to last evening,

"Atrocious!". All of her 185 lbs turned around, stopped in the middle of the footpath on Brigade Road next to the shops. Two slim things in tight Levis and semi transparent tops made their way through the crowds. "Ajji, You're causing a traffic jam," I hissed, "Did you see what they were wearing?" she sputtered in reply." Yes, I had an eyeful. But please, let's move on" I pleaded. "Govinda, Bhaktavatsala, there're so many men around!" I could understand Ajji. She hardly ever ventured out of her domain and now looked pained at the way the world was faring.

Our shopping fared badly. The tighter and more faded the Levis and more see-through the tops, grandma's blood pressure soared in direct proportion. Sensing an oncoming outburst, I had anxiously pointed out to a music store. "Subbalakshmi's new disc is selling well; let's have a look," I said. I knew it was useless just looking at a cover; but mentioning grandma's pet singer's name had, as I intended, succeeded in diverting her attention.

We ascended the steps and entered the huge shop. To be more precise, I descended into a live volcano. In the desperation of that moment. I hadn't foreseen what I was letting myself in for. Ajji didn't know just where to look. Here Boney M posed with as much as, may be one meter of cloth between them, and there some obscure group gave a wonderful view of their posteriors, all clad in Levis! The whole place was plastered with posters The look on grandma's face said that she, next expected to see Subbalakshmi in a two piece bathing suit.

Blunt and frank, grandma is, but cultured too : and this combined with her dumbfoundedness prevented another outburst. I seized the opporunity and led her out before she regained her voice, We looked a silly pair to the shopkeeper, but I didn't care.

As we walked down Brigade Road, my grandma pointed to a young person in white shirt and brown jeans. "Look at him. It's refreshing to see a man so soberly dressed, " Commented my grandmother,. As we came closer, the young man smiled and said " Hello, Gowri ". I introduced grandma and said : "This is Rashmi, my classmate ". Grandma greeted her and said softly to me "Let's go home quickly ".

GOWRI MIRLAY
I PCMB I

The Song of the Bangalore Road

Oh, the omnibus of Bangalore,
It always is delayed;
Its chassis creaks,
Its inside reeks,
The cushion-seats are frayed.
And all the while, the T. C. shrieks
At those who've queued, and those who've paid;
He simply couldn't give a damm,
If you get in or off his tram

Oh, the car-drivers of Bangalore
Impress me with their noise;
When they're not hooting,
They keep tooting
Just like kids with toys.
In crowded circles see them shooting
Past us in their high-faluting
Foreign cars; they only stop
For pretty hitchers, out to shop.

Oh, the auto-ricks of Bangalore,
The City-Highway Czars;
Their metres lie,
The fare's sky-high
Through reddening traffic-lights they fly
Ignoring traffic-cops and cars–
Till CRASH ! — and then, for them it's bars;
For you it's R.I.P, (no flowers.)

Oh, the motor-bikes of Bangalore,
The macho-man's delight ;
On Palace Road a fear-some horde
Which never tires, nor gets bored,
Keeps guard from morn till night.
They think oil-dollars and a beard
Will get the girls, (It's to be feared
Most times, they're all too right.)

Oh, the pedestrian of Bangalore
A philosopher is he.
He keeps his head
and tries to tread
where no metallic quadruped
can interfere. His only plea —
From tarmac evils to be free ;
to keep intact his guts and head ;
if possible, to die in bed.

LEELA WALTER
CI Journalism

Scientists & Poets

Those who harbour the concept that science has snatched away the sceptre of importance from literature, are the victims of illogical thoughts and unreasonable comparisons.

Today both science and literature are thriving side by side, each, king of its own domain, though no doubt, a majority of humanity today is lured by the dazzling glory of science, this being the consequence of man being more materialistic. Nevertheless, literature can still claim its appealing charm and inspiring fervour.

A scientific law cannot be rationally compared to an exercise of the imagination like literature. It is absurd to compare the effect of gravity with love or hatred. Although the achievements of science are now more valued and considered of greater public utility than a poem, it is not correct to label poetry as insignificant. It is true that science and literature are in some way cor-related. But for a direct influence of the former over the latter, science has to be emotionally translated. We can be sure that it has affected literature, if it has changed our attitude to life, because literature does exactly that.

A poem reflects the moods and emotional feelings of the poet. His views on life may be continually fluctuating. Sometimes he nurtures hope, sometimes despair. This is also a result of his background, immediate environment, together with the scientific advancement of the day. If a scientific theory affects directly his hope of better things to come, or his despair of a void future, then his works also reveal the thoughts which flash through his mind.

A poet and a scientist share identical basic thoughts. Only, their thoughts sprout through different fountains of expression. A scientist probes more into the materialistic value of his objects of thought, while a poet hunts for its exhilarating beauty. To a botanist a lily is of the order of "Hescandia-monagyina" — to a poet it is the "lady of the garden" (Spencer) or the "flower in the crannied wall" (Tennyson)

To a scientist the blue of the sky and the bright colours of flowers are the effect of the scattering of light. To a poet, the sky may appear to be an undulating stretch of azure field, carpeted in places with white fleece. The scented rose gardens, the extensive plains of nodding daffodils and majestic irises, hold a poet spellbound. Again, to a poet's eye, cosmic rays may appear to be a shower of confetti.

Music also has diverse interpretations in both fields. Stringed instruments for instance, according to science, have a certain frequency, a certain period. The same instruments can produce a numbness of the brain and soothe an enervated body and mind, in more artistic people.

Anklets, rings and bracelets are mechanically hammered into shape. How many people notice the intricacies of such ornaments, like Sarojini Naidu in her "The Bazaars of Hyderabad ", where she enhances the beauty of bells, imagining them on the feet of blue pigeons, which she says are as frail as a dragon-fly's wings ?

Today when the storm of violence and destruction is enveloping the world in darkness, when science sometimes runs aggressively insane, mankind looks to the representatives of nature poets and artists to guide them through the furious storms of life.

Interest in science does not mean a lack of interest in literature. Today there still burns the light of literary interest in numerous students of science and scientists, and hopefully, this light will leap into flame, rather than perish, even though, according to Swami Vivekananda. "Man has been reduced to mere machine, ever busy in moving, rolling back, pushing itself forward never ceasing but always grinding". To him Nature has no fascination, the song of birds at day-break, the light of the setting sun and the twinkling stars of the midnight sky have nothing to convey. Like a huge roller our present materialistic civilization is engaged in rumbling up and down without any pause or relief. Man's only aim today is to struggle towards making his materialistic life more and still more materialistic.

MOMOTA MUKHERJEE
III B. Sc.

THE SKY LAB – ITS BEGINNING AND END

Scientifically, the Skylab was a bold beginning. It was the first long term venture into the exploration of the universe. It looked inward to Earth, outward to our sun and scanned the universe. The Skylab, the United States' first space station, was a complex and complete orbiting home and scientific laboratory where nine highly trained astronauts lived and worked in teams of three in 'shirtsleeve' comfort. It was a product of eight years of planning, preparation and completion by scientists from 28 nations. It demanded the highest degree of co-operative effort from the world's scientific community.

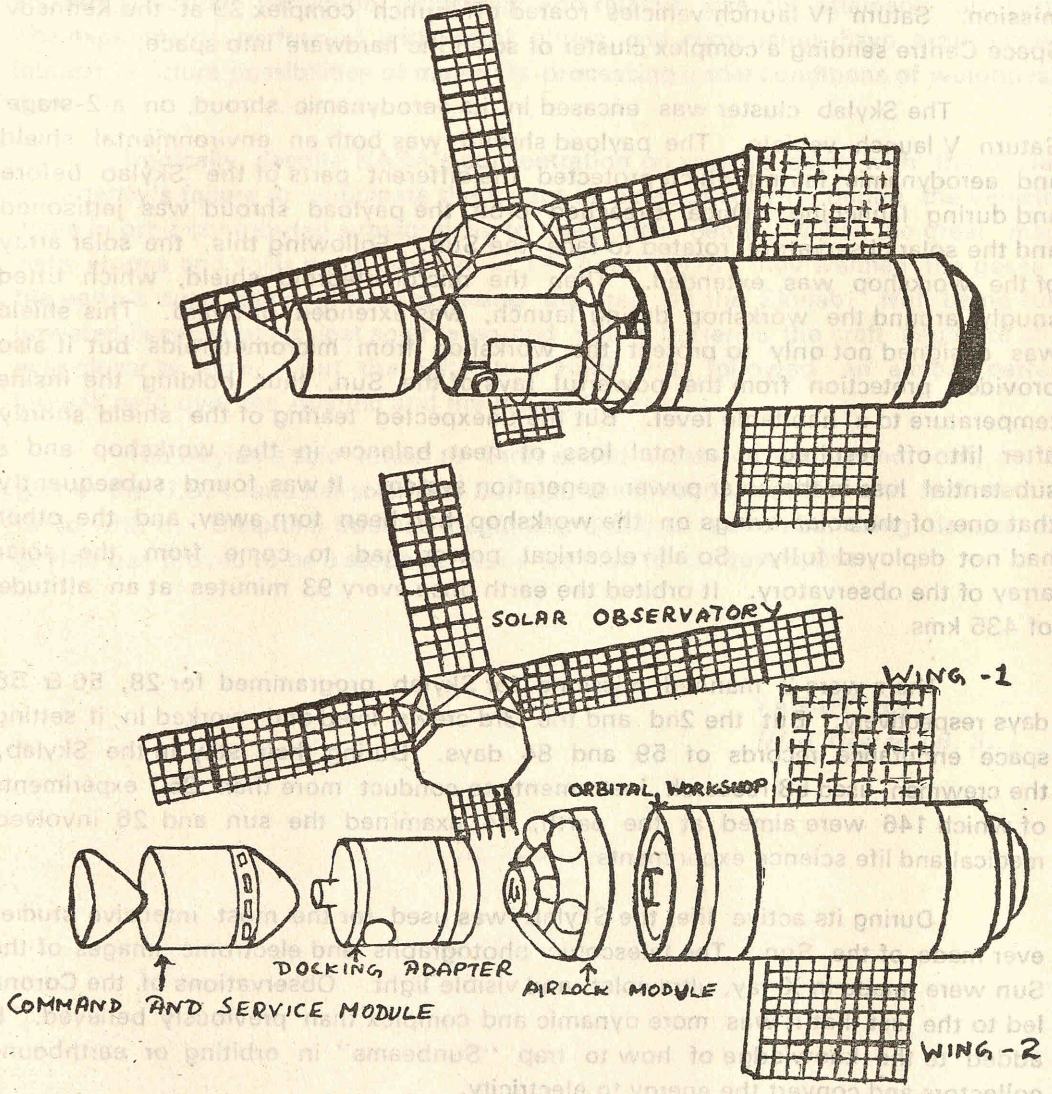
The Skylab was made up of five major assemblies clustered together. The largest of these was the orbital workshop, which housed the crew and a major experimental laboratory. It was divided into two major compartments. The lower provided crew accommodation for sleeping, food preparation, waste processing, etc and the upper level consisted of a large work area with stage vaults for films, experimental equipment etc.

A solar array, consisting of two wings covered on one side with solar cells, was mounted outside the workshop which generated electrical power to augment the power generated by another solar array mounted on the solar observatory.

The airlock module, attached to the forward end of the workshop, enabled crew members to perform extra-vehicular activity. It served as an environmental, electrical and communications control centre.

The docking adapter, attached to the airlock module, provided the docking port for Apollo Command and Service module. The docking adapter was the control centre for solar, earth observations and metal and materials processing experiments.

The command and service module, which was the crew ascent and descent vehicle consisted of the manned command module and unmanned service module. The command module was conical in shape. It contained a crew compartment


SOLAR OBSERVATORY
WING -1
ORBITAL WORKSHOP
COMMAND AND SERVICE MODULE
DOCKING ADAPTER
AIRLOCK MODULE
WING -2

from which a docking tunnel extended to the nose of the vehicle to allow the crew to enter the docking adapter. The conditional work volume of the Skylab was 12,700 cubic feet and the overall length equalled 117 feet.

On the afternoon of May 14 1973, the Skylab was ready to begin its mission. Saturn IV launch vehicles roared off launch complex 39 at the Kennedy Space Centre sending a complex cluster of scientific hardware into space.

The Skylab cluster was encased in its aerodynamic shroud, on a 2-stage Saturn V launch vehicle. The payload shroud was both an environmental shield and aerodynamic fairing which protected the different parts of the Skylab before and during launching. Once it reached orbit, the payload shroud was jettisoned and the solar observatory rotated to face the Sun. Following this, the solar array of the workshop was extended. Then the micrometeoroid shield, which fitted snugly around the workshop during launch, was extended outward. This shield was designed not only to protect the workshop from micrometeroids but it also provided protection from the powerful rays of the Sun, thus holding the inside temperature to a habitable level. But the unexpected tearing of the shield shortly after lift off resulted in a total loss of heat balance in the workshop and a substantial loss in the solar power generation system. It was found subsequently that one of the solar wings on the workshop had been torn away, and the other had not deployed fully. So all electrical power had to come from the solar array of the observatory. It orbited the earth once every 93 minutes at an altitude of 435 kms.

There were 3 manned missions for Skylab programmed for 28, 56 & 56 days respectively. But the 2nd and the 3rd crews lived and worked in it setting space endurance records of 59 and 84 days. During their stay in the Skylab, the crewmen used 58 research instruments to conduct more than 250 experiments of which 146 were aimed at the earth, 44 examined the sun and 26 involved medical and life science experiments.

During its active life, the Skylab was used for the most intensive studies ever made of the Sun. The telescopic photographs and electronic images of the Sun were made in X-ray, ultraviolet and visible light. Observations of the Corona led to the fact that it was more dynamic and complex than previously believed. It added to the knowledge of how to trap "Sunbeams" in orbiting or earthbound collectors and convert the energy to electricity.

Interplanetary dust was studied by observing reflected light and by measuring micrometeorite impact craters. The passage of comet Kohoutek was recorded by numerous sencors and vividly described by the crewmen. Energetic particles, like cosmic rays and the protons and electrons trapped in the Earth's Van Allen Belts,

were recorded by the Skylab experiments. It aided in weather forecasting making it possible to predict floods and hurricanes, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

The data from Skylab's space processing experiments opened a completely new dimension in the field of materials processing. Crystals grown in Skylab showed structural perfection, uniformity and relative size not attainable on Earth. The experiments performed with metal alloys and composites have aroused keen interest in future possibilities of materials processing under conditions of weightlessness.

Ironically, despite NASA's concentration on solar research with the Skylab, the agency's failure to anticipate the extent of sunspot activity during the vehicle's years in orbit contributed substantially to the craft's death. When the great magnetic storms and solar flares erupted in 1977 and 1978, they warmed the gases in the earth's outer atmosphere, increasing the drag on the Skylab. Not being fully powered because of its lost solar wing and failing batteries the craft began to slip, ever closer to earth. But the Satellite's final orbit followed an almost perfect lowrisk path over the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans.

The Skylab's safe return to Earth ended weeks of anxiety not only on the part of the U.S.A. and her scientists but also the innocent people who had nothing to do with it. Despite a troubled beginning and then its embarassing demise, the Skylab has proved to be a stepping stone for man to conquer space.

VASANTHA
IIIrd Degree (B. S.,)

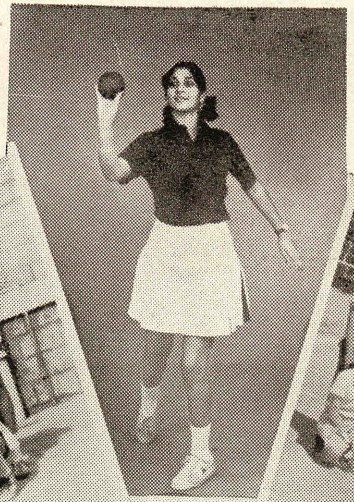
SORROW

the continuous Tide
of Time,
The sunken ship
of sorrow,
May oft rise
to the surface.
Then,
the anxious Fisherman
called Fate,
Tugs hard in an attempt
to keep it
On the surface,
Sometimes,
he succeeds.....
And if he does,
The Ship of Sorrow
remains always.

SUMITHA MANJUNATH
II P.U.C. —C,M.B. III

SPORTS ROUND-UP

Mridula Suri – created a new shot put record in the Bangalore University Athletic Meet on 20–12–1979

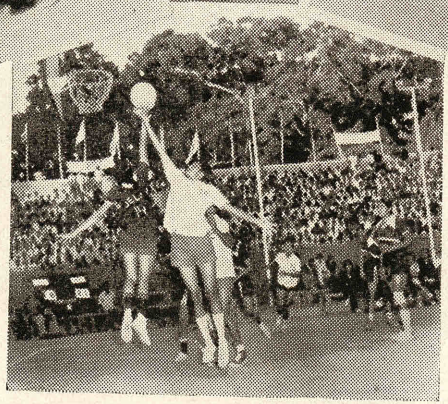


Our throwball team which won five tournaments during the year 1979–1980, Five of our players represented Karnataka State in the South Zone Championship.





Our invincible Volley-ball team which won the Inter-Collegiate tournament for five years in a row.



Caught in action, Nandini Prasad captained the Karnataka State Junior Basketball team which won the Golden Jubilee tournament at Calcutta.

COLLEGE ROUND-UP

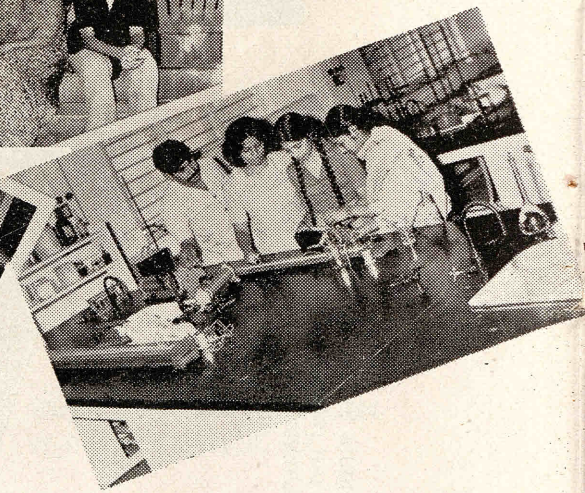
WORK.....











.....AND PLAY





Seema Terwah (I PCM) was awarded the 1st prize in First Aid and Home Nursing



NCC Cadet all set to take off !

CRICKET FEVER!

Life was dull and monotonous — nothing to do. College-classes-home, One such day, my friend came up with a brilliant idea– "Why not interview the cricketers for the College mag?" "Yeah! why not?" "The players should definitely be more interesting than the game they play", enthused another. On the look-out for something exciting and out of the ordinary, I immediately took to the idea and went about it with zest. But how do we start we wondered?

"When are they coming? Where are they staying? Will we be allowed to a meet them?" "Answers to the first two were simple, the last query however — hmm.

"Shall we ring up the manager of West-End"?

"Oh no! that sour-faced, suspicious woman wiil never help us".

"Why not meet them through some journalist?"

"Capital! We'll ask the Deccan Herald".

Off we went to the Deccan Herald Office. We were directed to meet the I.G.P. as security was tight. No sooner had we walked in, we were marched out!

We were disappointed, but not enough to accept our failure. Picking up courage we walked into the West-End. We would try our luck. If thrown out, we'd forget it — we'd have had some fun at least. We crept in cautiously on the look out for a dragon to spring on us breathing fire and smoke. Instead there emerged a little goblin with a bushy moustache sprouting on either side of a half shaven beard. We took a little time and then exclaimed – "That's Vish — come on!"

Another spied a clean-shaven, stocky gentleman and said — "There's Sunil Gavaskar, we might as well speak to him".

Praying hard, we approached the Indian Captain, and told him of the 'hassles' we had gone through to meet him and his rival Captain. He laughed and said "Don't be silly, meet me tomorrow at 12 noon here and we'll get your work done".

Were we thrilled ! Gavaskar metamorphosised into the sweetest creature on earth. It was 'Sunny' and 'Sunny' alone we talked of the whole day. Little did we imagine that we were in for a disappointment, for our moody Captain was told at a meeting not to give any interviews.

We were so mad we would have pulled every hair on our heads (and his too !)

Forget about him we thought, and let's at least interview one of our players.

There was Yashpal Sharma with, " The players are not supposed to give any interviews. but you can write that I'm the only vegetarian in the team if you want to " and that was that ! If the cricketers were determined to maintain a tight lipped silence we would — Wow that's it ! A new idea flashed into our minds.

" Let's ask a few spectators why they're so crazy about cricket ".

A great majority who crowded into the stadium knew next to nothing about the game. So with renewed vigour we set off to interview a cross-section of the crowd.

The first person we spoke to was a middle-aged lady in her fifties who looked like an educated career woman. She said, " I came to see Imran Khan. Isn't he very handsome? That gait reminds me of a panther. He is like a Roman God — really everybody should come-at least to see him.

With profuse thanks to her, we went on to the next — a young boy of seven years—" How can I miss a match when Vishy is on the team? He is my Guru !".

Then a teenage boy was asked if he had ideas of becoming a Test Cricketer.

" What crap ! " he said, ' I hate cricket, I play tennis, you know "

No, we didn't know — but why come here then ?

" Any guy of my age who does not go to a cricket match is considered a pansy. I don't want to be thought one (grin) So I have to suffer the game — an utter waste of time ". (Poor Martyr !)

We then met a young lady, round 21 years. A fancy outfit, an over made face — slightly incongruous in the surroundings. Asked why she'd taken so much pains to dress up, she said, " I have to, you know, So many young girls in the Pavilion and it's a competition as to who looks the best. I too have to be in my best or I may go unnoticed ".

We nodded in sympathy and excused ourselves.

We went up to the Members Stand, looking around for some honest, simple faces. There they were — a well dressed gentlemen, fifty-five or so, yawning obviously bored sitting beside a pretty lady — his wife, we gathered. Neither of them was watching the match, they were watching the crowds instead. Casually walking up to the pair we gave them a sweet smile and asked the man if they were very much interested in cricket. The man laughed, "We can't even differentiate between a four and a sixer — we clap when we watch others clapping," He must have seen the curiosity on our faces for he continued "We became members because it is a prestige point. Moreover this serves as a social gathering, you see ".

Hmm, a new angle, we thought.

All of a sudden, we bumped into a distant relative of mine — about 23 years old - a medico in the making. To him games and sports are all for idlers; naturally I asked him what he was doing there. He gave a wide grin and said, "I came to have fun, not to watch this stupid game. Guess what ? The best looking 'chicks' are in my stall."

We smiled politely and moved away to a group of smartly dressed teenaged girls "what do you know of cricket ? " we asked.

The first girl said "To me cricket is Kapil and Kapil is cricket. Of course Imran too, but he'll get back to Pakistan. I come more to watch the cricketers ".

The 2nd — "Cricket — what fun — especially when you go with friends. We all just freak out — you know ".

The 3rd — "I like the game — I play cricket but I like the players more — they're groovy ! ! "

The 4th — "The cricketers — the crowd — the entire atmosphere is so fantastic I love coming to a cricket match — No parents — no one to ask you to do this and not to do that — what joy ! It's a time when you can really freak out."

So that we thought, is what is called "the cricket fever". we looked at each other and were left wondering what we were doing there. No one asked us !

PRATHIBHA PRAHLAD
RITA BHANDARI
(I B.A. H.E.P.)

The Interview

The educated and unemployed masses of India eagerly look forward to the Sunday morning papers for the classified advertisements that appear in them. I am one of the educated and unemployed persons of this country and I also look forward to the Sunday morning paper and faithfully go through the "Wanted" list in the. classified advertisement hoping that I will fit in somehow, sometime, somewhere I had been unsuccessful so far but I am not a person who gives up easily.

On a beautiful Sunday morning as I was drinking the hot tea my mother had lovingly prepared for me, I came across an advertisement in the 'Deccan Herald,, (Wanted by a well-established firm for the post of secretary a person knowing typing and shorthand. Age and Sex no bar. Apply in person to the following address on 20th December at 9-30 a. m.)

Though I did not exactly want to be a secretary to an overfed, over-dressed official (this was my assumption of the boss-to-be) I had very little choice but to go and try my luck, since jobs are not easy to come by these days. So neatly dressed I arrived at the premises of the firm at exactly 9-00 a.m. and went up to give my name to an official seated there who was taking in all the names and giving each candidate a number according to which order the interview would proceed. My number was 39 and I felt a little apprehensive since when it is divided by 3 it becomes 13 which I consider unlucky. By 9-30 a.m. there were about forty to forty-five candidates and we were in a congested room with very little light and breeze, but I was quite used to this kind of environment since this was not the first time I was going for an interview. Some of the candidates were sitting on rickety chairs while a few others were standing. The group was comprised of about 20 to 25 girls or women and the rest were men.

As I am not talkative by nature I found myself looking around and noticed that there were a group of well-dressed girls sitting next to me. Though I did not intend to eavesdrop I found myself listening to their conversation. They spoke mainly of films that were running in the City, boutiques and the latest fashions of the day. I wondered if these girls really needed the job or were they depriving another person of the job which would perhaps help that person greatly. One girl had the audacity to say that she had come for the interview because she had heard the boss was very handsome !

This conversation was disgusting to me so I turned my attention to the left where a group of men were standing, some smoking, and they were discussing the bad hotel food, the latest cricket match, and the political condition in our country. Then their conversation changed its course and they started talking of the other futile interviews they had attended. Most of these interviews had ended in the same way, people with influence landing the job. I was depressed when I started thinking of this state of affairs where people with merit went without jobs and some people with influence but no merit would get the job. What a cruel heartless, unjust society.

It was already 11-30 a.m. and still our interviewer had not arrived. The men went out for cigarettes and most of them raided the nearby canteen.

I was lost in my own thoughts when my reverie was broken by a loud thud on the floor. I looked in that direction and saw that a girl of about 20-25 years had fainted. There was general confusion, people asking others to get water, etc. After the girl had recovered, the commotion died down and I went up to her to ask her how she was feeling. In a soft voice she told me her story — of a large family, no earning member, lost jobs and lost hopes and her coming to this interview believing that if hopes can be deceitful, fears can be liars.

It was 12 p. m. by now. The frequent enquiries as to when the interviewers would arrive received the answer that they were at a Board Meeting and would arrive presently. At last the three men arrived in smartly tailored suits and immediately the atmosphere in the room changed. There appeared on the face of the people a kind of anxiety, fear of what was to come.

The interviews started. I felt that the interviewers were taking an extremely long time with each candidate which I thought was unnecessary in this case.

After each candidate came out there was a look on his face which indicated an expression that perhaps Alexander or Napoleon had after every victory. All the others surrounded the candidate who had completed his interview and asked him about the questions he had been asked by the interviewers.

By now it was 4-00 p. m. and the official announced that candidate No. 36 would be the last one to be interviewed that day. Though I knew that my chance would not come that day I was too tired and angry to go away so I continued sitting there. Candidate No. 36 finished his interview and when he came out there was bitterness, anger and fury written on his face and when asked the reason for this he told the others that when he was being interviewed there was a phone-call for the chief interviewer. A two minute conversation had followed and the last sentence had been "Please don't worry Sir, the job is his"

MAHIMA
I P.U.C. H.E.Py.S.

Social Value through Sports

The process of socialisation is one of the main objectives of physical education. However, in today's sports world with the emphasis on the materialistic and professional aspects of sports, the attainment of social values through sports is merely a by product, the main objective being the winning of laurels and getting recognition.

This attitude has done more harm and stood in the way of achieving the real objectives of physical education and sports. Unless some concrete measures are taken through the implementation of educational principles to place social human values above material attainments the future generation will find themselves in a frustrating situation.

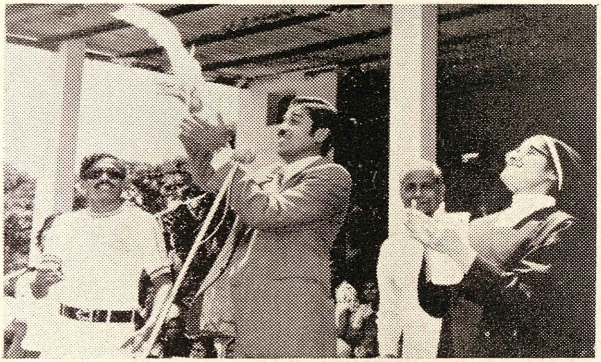
Sports and physical education is a group process wherein the student is taught the rudiments of living in a group and living for a group. This demands adjustments, tolerance and skill so as to be on a par with others of the group. The direction for this democratic principle can be best developed through a programme of physical education and sports. The individual as a team develops a sense of responsibility, discipline, concern for the welfare of the team and the team – mates, integrity in human relations and achievements of personal satisfaction in his contributions to the team.

Social values could be better developed through a system of physical education and sports, since such qualities are more effectively acquired when situations are informal. Physical education offers more freedom and an informal atmosphere. It is a welcome break from classroom routine and offers much freedom of choice. The teacher in physical education is a guide to channelise and direct, to convert the energy in a fruitful manner, in order to realise the desired objectives.

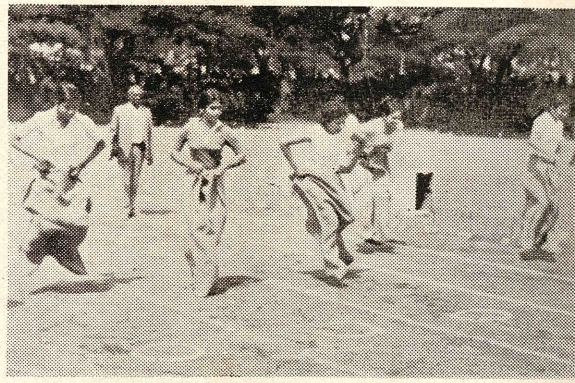
Social development is a continuous process and it is better developed when physical education is taken as a way of life. This process of development is gradual.

SPORTS DAY

GET SET.....



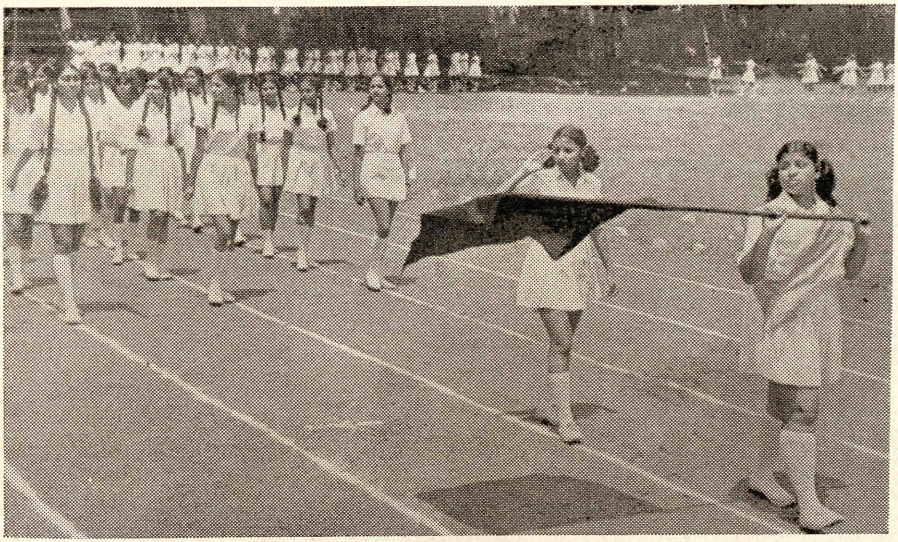
.....GO !





SITTING TIGHT

MARCH WITH PRIDE AND HOPE





STAFF STEPPING OUT IN STYLE !

When the child enters school, through the process of play, the inter-personal relationship begins. The desire to play with others develops the social values in the child. When the child grows and experiences a more sophisticated level of sociability, he reacts to a more complex group setting. This gives more courage, confidence and security to the individual. During the adolescent period the emphasis should be on homogenous groups, where the group is composed of individuals with similar interests.

An Athletic or a Basketball team consisting of girls with real aptitude in that particular sport, learns to abide by group rules and regulations. The members of such groups tend to develop social as well as sports skills rapidly.

When a boy or girl nears adulthood his or her social responsibilities to the society should be well established, opportunity should be provided to the individual to initiate and resolve issues. The leadership qualities that are developed through physical education contribute in a big way to develop initiative and enthusiasm in the student. The attitudes and habits formed out of participation in physical education, could be well made use of in actual life.

Sports as a part of education should strive to prepare the children to fit into a society and serve that society. Skill and strength have no value unless they are developed with a higher purpose. The programme of physical education should strive to identify man as one unit and develop his total personality and not just the physical aspect alone. To quote Obertenffer.

" Modern Physical Education does not continue its interest singular to man's organic development nor does it go overboard in seeking social values to the exclusion of all else. It sees man as an entity, recognises its responsibility for his total development and seeks to make a contribution to his growth which is of immutable value in this sedentary age ".

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Mrs. POOVAMMA VAIDYANATHAN
B.A. M.P.Ed.

A Return to 'Life'?

Endlessly revolving
Nature's never-ceasing grandeur
Interfused with that of Man's

I sit. Cocooned in peace and silence
Content to feel one with that world,
The mind's reel unwinding recent
Memories of carefree days.
I dread —
To return to the narrow world of
Which I am a reluctant member.

But then my common sense
Surfaces, telling me severely
That all good things must end.
So I prepare myself for
The plunge — into that meaningless,
Claustrophobic routine
Which we call 'living'!

JAYSHREE B.N.G.
III B.A. PEE.

TO EAT, OR NOT TO EAT

Ding-dong — the bell at last! The nauseating 600-page volume on our desks was banged shut, and its intolerable contents forgotten within minutes. Even the lecturer seemed to welcome break-time, and hurried out of class. A few girls yawned and stretched, as if to shake the dreariness out of their bones. Others (mercifully in a minority) continued struggling with democracy in Greek City States, which was just Greek to us! Still others were lingering over the last few pages of an I. Q. lowering Mills and Boon 'Classic', Yet others were on the look-out for the latest M & B — to be digested in the next hour.

"Pass me the 'alu-parata," pleaded liz.

"I want the cake!" demanded Gaju, a second after a vigorous attack on Annops' alu-parata. While Annops talents in other spheres of human activity were generally deplored, her skill in the fine art of making alu-parata was unquestionable.

"How 'bout me? I hardly had any 'brekker', I mean to say, I'm surviving on Bessie Bunter's long list!

Sudha groaned at the "hardly any brekker", simultaneously keeping an eagle eye on the various articles of food, Bindiya, figure-conscious as ever, nibbled delicately at a sandwich. Nimmi, claiming to be on a diet, was doing no such thing in actual practice. Meenakshi attempted rivalling them but gave up as almost all the remaining stuff had onions. Trust her fate to turn up with horrid surprises like onions when she was most hungry! Suki, brooding on the latest in the never-ending line of diverse activities looked up, too late! Lata was already swallowing the remnants of Esther's cake. (You see, the merry old gang's motto is self-help and its creed is 'grab',) Yashoda, understanding Suki's ravenous dilemma, took out her grub-box when — Bing-bong! It had to be the nasty old bell.

The lecturer strode in, conscientious as ever, and immediately plunged into the mysteries and marvels of locomotion in an earthworm. Lunch boxes were shut with great reluctance, and stowed away until a more opportune moment. Whispers

were silenced, giggles stifled, and nudges stilled, by a single glare from Authority's direction, as she made a survey of the class. The girls soon settled down, and within seconds. pin-drop silence reigned.

Time crawled at a snail's pace. It always did, when you were in the classrooms — hungry or bored. The monotone droned on, showing little change in tone, or pitch, or loudness, or matter.

It was now nutrition for the earthworm. The gang for once, was making an effort to concentrate, solely due to the fact that exams were looming none too cheerily over the otherwise rosy horizon. The effort was too much, and a moment later Meenakshi inquired, "Do earthworms ever have diarrhoea?" just loud enough for Annops to hear. Annops snort of laughter was cut short by a dozen indignant "Shut up!" Luckily enough the class was getting restless, and so Annops didn't draw Authority's wrath upon herself. Her 'success' was the general sign for the gang to abandon the delights of the farmer's friend, the earthworm.

Nimmi extricated the M & B from its hidey-hole, and pursued the touching tale of the dashing, wealthy Ron Roberts and the beautiful but penniless Cynthia Dickinson from where she had last left them. Bindiya joined her, and time passed pleasantly enough. Asha and Gayu were entirely absorbed in a struggle over that perpetual course of entertainment — noughts and crosses. Liz was trilling Denvers 'Annie's Song', Lata and Esther were listening to her. Daya, always a champion of serious reading, was musing over Tagores 'Gitanjali' Sudha and Suki. generally good students, were locked in mortal combat over a deadly argument about diarrhoea in earthworms, when suddenly Suki called, "I'm starved" And that's how it all began.

Yashoda let her lunch-box make its re-entrance on her desk in calculated slow motion. The minute it settled itself comfortably, a dozen greedy hands were reaching out for its welcome contents. The stainless steel lid was perched precariously against a denim bag, when someone's long reach upset its strategic position. The lid responded to Newton's chief invention. All Pasteur's reflexes, supervised by Freud's cerebum, were seconds too late. The dismal clatter of steel meeting concrete shattered the peace.

The montone stopped abruptly. A cold stare from Authority left us no time to remove signs of sin, or even breathe. Guilty ones, miles away from respiration in the earthworm, were brought cruelly back to the present, and were tense with the apprehension of impending disaster. Veteran tricksters were acting as though everything in the world was just right. The cold stare did not trouble

them — didn't this happen every few minutes, every class, everyday? Experience and intuition told the class that something was very badly amiss. The more helpful co-operated to warn the unsuspecting with nudges and sibilant "psssst".

Authority's grim mouth barked out a stentorian "Annapura S. Rao!" as she marked out her favourite victim. Annops stood up, quaking the very picture of injured innocence. She couldn't very well open her mouth to protest — it was stuffed with 'pulav! Authority geared itself to launch another sermon when ..... Ping — pong! The dear old bell sounded the loveliest music to a dozen waiting eardrums. Authority, magnanimous as ever, rolled out of Room. 17 after a snappy "I am not amused!".

The crisis was over. A dozen faces beamed with relief, and soon exploded into mirth, as Annops boomed resentment at the injustice of it all!

A familiar scene followed, in which Annops and authority had no place. Yashoda's lunch-box was fast emptying —

So let's leave them there, hungry as ever and with financial resources as usual non-existent, looking forward hopefully to the next meal time.

NIRMALA BHAT
II P.U.C. — H.E.Py.S.
SUKANYA RATHNAM
II P.U.C. (P.C.M.B.)

'Having Nothing, Yet Hath All'

To Mother Teresa

With sunken eyes and shrunken form,
She tends those sick, destitute and worn,
The great 'calling' came before,
Christ was knocking at her door,
She was giving of herself,
Yet, not enough she felt.
So she turned to the task at hand,
And resolved to start a brave new band,
The poorest of the poor-were there really so many?
Not loved or cared for by any.
To die in peace, aware of being loved
Or to start afresh, guided from ABOVE,
Was what she craved for the old and weak
Being herself so humble and meek.
Unwanted, was their password,
And loneliness their 'why!
She took in all who came,
Comfort, hope and confidence she gave;
Asked if her work — a drop in the ocean — was useful,
She argued — without it, the ocean would be less full
Old and feeble looking,
Her purpose keeps her going,
A tower of loving strength
'All for God' she says, 'All for God.'

Tanuja Sudhakar
Sherraline Lewis
Rowena Misquith

DEATH AWARENESS

I ask for a natural death
no teeth on the ground
no blood about the place
Its not death I fear
but unspecified unlimited pain
- Robert Lowell

" In the past, poets immortalized dying warriors and sang the death of kings, but in these unheroic times when death comes mainly to the old and infirm the best of modern poets ask only for a quick release from pain."

Perhaps, only a few of us realize that we start dying the day we are born. In fact the process of death starts at birth. Yet death is a subject discussed rarely and even then, in hushed tones.

No one likes to look at the face of death. A patient despaired of is often neglected when he is most lonely and in need of human contact. The person soon senses he is dying by the attitude of those around him. Young children as far as possible are not allowed to see the face of a dead person.

The death awareness movement recently started in USA, attempts to change this attitude. It aims at removing the deeply ingrained fear of death and makes death a subject to be discussed and understood. Schools in America, attempt to explain death to children so that they no longer fear life's most obvious truth — that a person born must die.

A major focus of the death – awareness movement is the approach which emphasizes that the most important needs of the dying are relief from pain and closer contact with the loved ones.

No one has realized this as well as Mother Teresa, the most recent Nobel Laureate. She started her work among the dying destitutes. She has worked tirelessly to create an awareness in the living that the dying are people too. With her universal concern and tender loving care she has been able to make their last

phase of life happier. She has repeatedly stressed fhat no one should die on the street unloved and uncared for. Her compassionate approach has often made the dying hope again and at times pulled them back from the jaws of death.

There is yet another facet of the death-awareness movement which is to permit the dying to end their lives in peace and dignity. The recent controversy on mercy killing or EUTHANASIA is a world wide issue. An outstanding example is that of Karen Anne Quinlan, a 21 year old girl who went into a deep coma in 1975. When it became clear that she would never regain consciousness, her parents decided to remove her artificial life aids and place her in God's hands, letting her die with dignity. After being liberated from the machine she still continues to live.

It is difficult to say what should be done in such cases. Ethics will not permit such a person to be purposely killed which may amount to murder. However, Karen's case has definitely established a very important principle. Society has come to the conclusion that once a person cannot make a normal recovery the artificial aid system should be discontinued and a person allowed to die in peact and dignity.

Let us not fear death. Let us understand it and be prepared for it. Let us give what ever assistance we can to the dying and hope that the same help will be extended to us when it is our turn. For it is only when we realize that death is a part of living will we learn to appreciate life.

Anjali H. Mirchandani
II P.U.C, H'E.Py.S.

SAMUEL TAILOR COLERIDGE – THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' is the most brilliant of Coleudge's poems.

A Romantic poet who deals essentially with man's basic relationship with the supernatural world, he is seen at his best in this poem, which is a successful yet intriguing blend of the natural and supernatural forces. The poem is so full of movement that when there is any slackness it seems almost tangible.

The mariner with his 'hypnotic' eye and fearful appearance stops a wedding guest and subjects him to a harrowing account of his experiences on the sea.

The description of the ship sailing away from the port is done admirably, and vivid pictures come into the reader's mind. The description of the young bride and the merriment going on at the wedding, is contrasted effectively with the death-like appearance of the mariner and his doleful story.

The Mariner tolls his story effectively — holding his unwilling audience enthralled. He relates how the ship was driven by a storm into an ice-blocked region where it got trapped in the ice and could not move!

It was then, that an albatross visited the ship and this bird of luck helped them through a crisis, for, the ice split and they could move on. The bird of good omen journeyed with them till the mariner shot it — for no reason at all!

The Mariner then tells of the sailors inconsistency. The sailors were unhappy at first that he could kill so good a bird, but later felt that a bird that had brought the fog and mist deserved to die.

On they journeyed till they reached the silent sea where, even time seemed to stand still. With only the blazing sun for company they stood —

" As idle as a painted ship
upon a painted ocean "

Almost maddened by thirst and the sight of the slimy creatures in the sea around them, the sailors anger knew no bounds. And instead of his cross, they hung the albatross around the mariner's neck, regretting the poor creature's death.

They then saw a heart lifting sight — sails in the distance — but it turned out to be a phantomship with Death and Life-in – death as it's only crew, casting dice for the lives on the ship.

Life-in-death won the mariner, and the sailors one by one succumb to Death.

Four and fifty living men.
And they all dead did lie.

Each man as he dies, curses the mariner. Thereafter the mariner is subjected to the torture of solitude, and in this terrible state, which he endured for seven days and nights the mariner feels a sudden rush of affection and love for those slimy creatures of the sea, around him !

'A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware'

Where the mariner had before identified his state of misery with an existing state of horror and evil outside himself —

'And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on and so did I'

— he now discovers that good and evil exist in proportion to a creature's self-surrender to the love of God through the beauty of all His creatures.

It is this reception of 'grace' which enabled the mariner to bless the creatures and to pray, thus releasing him from his living hell.

Just as the poem demonstrates that all that exists does not involve a sharp separation of God and Evil so the path to the mariners redemption does not merely involve the right attitude or the correct aesthetic apprehension of the universe, even though this is a precondition.

Later, the mariner returns to his home-land rescued by a sailor, his boy, and a hermit,

But, for the Mariner there is no abiding place, the 'woeful agony' of his fallen nature must return again 'at an uncertain hour' and he must pass like night, from land to land'. For him the closest he can arrive at the perfection and happiness of the angels (his heaven) is to emulate their harmony in the watchful spirit of christian Love and to subordinate his will to the divine purpose in the manner of christian worship — the human and visible acknowledgment — of those supernatural forces of redemption in this poem.

If Coleridge was ever successful in reconciling the conflicting tendencies of his age as represented by 'positivism' and 'Romantic idealism' he achieves it here in the 'Ancient Mariner'.

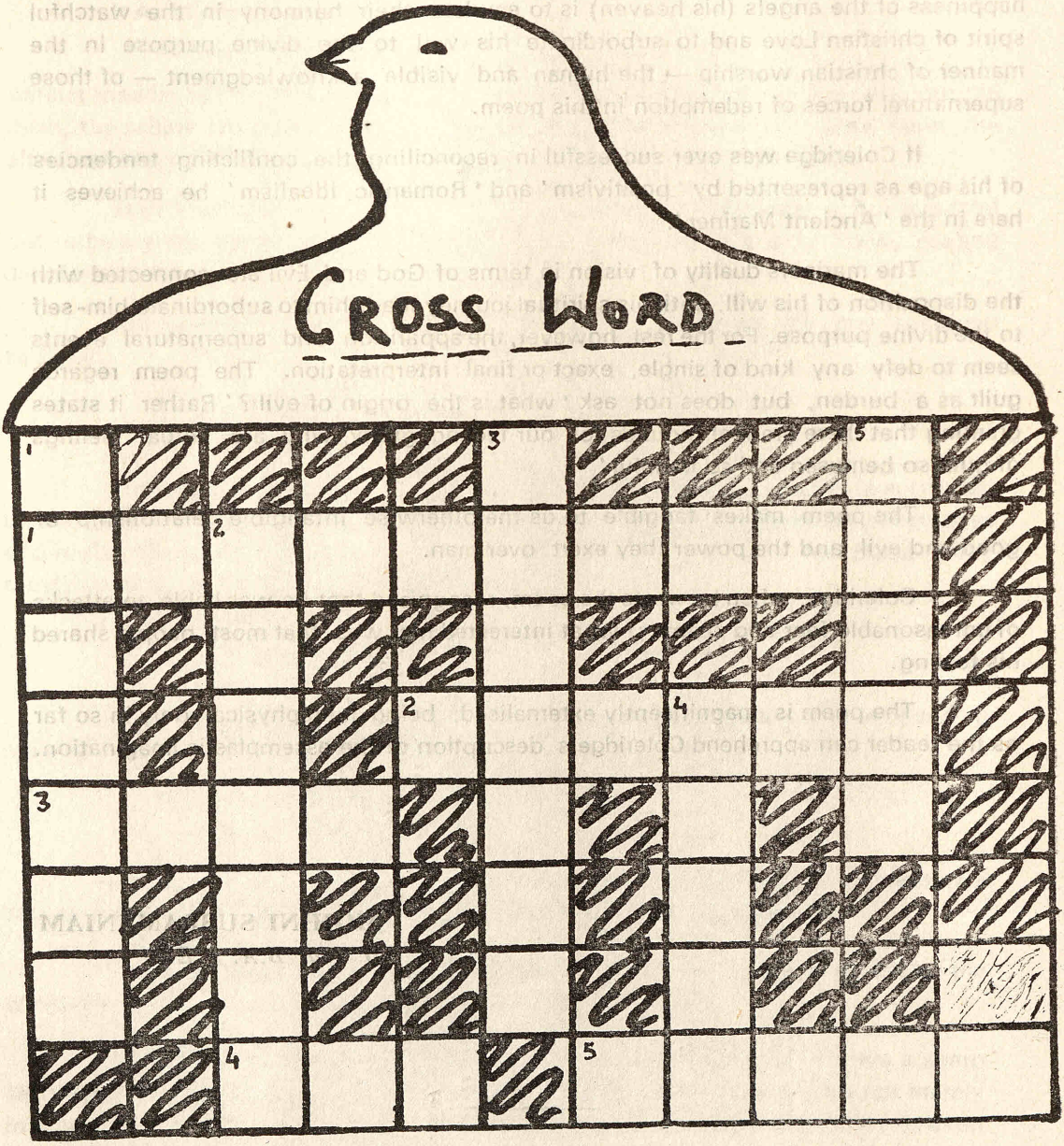
The mariners duality of vision in terms of God and Evil are connected with the disposition of his will, until his spiritual journey leads him to subordinate him-self to the divine purpose. For the rest, however, the apparition and supernatural events seem to defy any kind of single, exact or final interpretation. The poem regards guilt as a burden, but does not ask 'what is the origin of evil ?' Rather it states granting that there are real grounds for our feeling guilty, why are actual feelings of guilt so bemused and so harmful'

The poem makes tangible to us the otherwise intangible relationship of good and evil and the power they exert over man.

Coleridge, when he wrote the poem, recognised that he was liable to attacks of unreasonable fear and shame ; what interested him was that most people shared his feeling.

The poem is magnificently externalised, being metaphysical only in so far as the reader can apprehend Coleridge's description of the essemplastic imagination.

MOHINI SUBRAMANIAM
II Year B.A. P.E.E.


CROSS WORD

Crossword Puzzle.

ACROSS :—

1. Has a hard chisel-like bill, stiff tail feathers to assist in climbing, boldly patterned plumage.
2. Compact body and short legs; larger species have square and rounded tails.
3. A well known small bird that flies high as it sings.
4. The female of a domestic fowl;
5. A black wading bird having long red legs and a long red bill.

DOWN :—

1. Small long winged birds noted for their swift, graceful flight and extent and regularity of their migration.
2. Large two toed swift flightless bird.
3. Fish eating bird having a large bill with a distensible pouch.
4. White herons that grow long ornamental feathers during breeding season.
5. Wading birds having long legs, bill and neck and an elevated hind toe.

SOLUTION

Across :—

1. WOODPECKER
2. PIGEON
3. LARK
4. HEN
5. STORK

Down .—

1. SWALLOW
2. OSTRICH
3. PELICAN
4. EGRET
5. CRANE

FUTILITY

Subagi looked through the curtained window of her apartment. It was evening. The sky was grey but calm. She took a deep breath as if absorbing some of the calmness into the whole of her being. For a moment she felt a peaceful blankness.....a sense of non-being.....of timelessness. The whimper of her little baby brought her back to the never-ending process of living and thinking..... ....

Automatically she lifted the baby to her breast and the thoughts came back to haunt her again, '' What would it be like if I were alone on my own in this world.'' I have always acted a different role for the various people in my life — the innocent submissive daughter, the understanding uncomplaining wife, the comforting and cheerful sister and now this role — the tender and compassionate mother ! How many of those emotions had I really felt ? Did I ever give way to pure instinct, do something because the urges came from deep within ? I'm really no better than a marionette.....

Almost angrily, she pushed the baby away from her and ignoring the astonished and plaintive whimper, she strode to the door of her flat. Her mind was a tumbling chaotic muddle of disjointed, angry thoughts. But one thought dominated all others ..... she must get out.

But how and where would she go ? Looking out of the window, her eyes moved over the familiar but oh, so monotonous landscape of multi – storied apartments. Lights started coming on in the windows across the road. Subagi sat in the growing darkness..... the cry of her child went unheeded while she sought a reason big enough to justify her decision to throw everything to the winds. Her intellect gave her innumerable reasons — the same reasons that brash young college students give their elders when they feel the itch to leave and be on their own. They have '' to find out for themselves '', '' make their own mistakes '', '' learn through experience ''. The same thoughts went through her mind, but with an intensity that shocked her.....

But, her heart held back..... Here she was safe. It was a life that was familiar.....To launch into a new world was exciting but frightening..... It was not her lot. Deep down in her subconscious, she had known this and accepted it.

The baby's cry brought her back with a jolt. Picking it up and giving it her breast she brooded.....habit and tradition.....tradition and habit.....who was she to contradict the generations who had accepted the futility of fighting..... ?

MANJULA GANAPATHY
I Degree H.E.E.

MORE TEASERS

I. A farmer has five half-size haystacks in the corner of a field, and two three quarter-size haystacks in another corner. If he puts them all together, how many haystacks will he have ?

II. If you were given the height and radius of a spool of thread and the thickness of the thread on the spool, what would be the quickest way of finding out the length of the thread ?

III. All the other teachers ended their classes as soon as they heard the first stroke of twelve o'clock. Mr. Jones never let his children out until the school clock sounded the twelfth stroke. "It's a shame," groaned Peter. "Each stroke takes six seconds; so we do seventy-two seconds more work than any one of the others."

"It's not as bad as all that," said Sally. "I counted the first six strokes today, and they only took thirty seconds so we are only a minute late."

How much longer did Mr. Jones' class work each day ?

IV. How far can a dog run into the woods ?

V. In a deck of ordinary playing cards, two of the jacks are one eyed. The other jacks have two eyes. What is the total number of eyes on the four jack cards.

Solution on page 75

YASHODA B.S.
II P.U.C. (PCMB)

Student Role in National Development

It is no exaggeration to say that the destiny of India is now being shaped in the class rooms. The students of today are the citizens of tomorrow. Student life is an excellent period of preparation for the tasks that face the individual and the community at large. Idealism and enthusiasm mark the young blood of any generation and if channelised into a concentrated effort, the youth could play a prominent role in the national development and national reconstruction of the country. Dr. Annie Besant, the well known theosophist, once remarked that "the destiny of a nation is folded within its budding youth as is the flower within the close embrace of its petals" Whatever the youth thinks today the nation will think tomorrow. Do we not admire the famous words of Loyola, the illustrious founder of the Society of Jesus when he said "Give me the children of the country. I shall not bother what happens to the rest". It would thus become positively conclusive that education of youth, side by side with active participation in social services is correlative with national development and national reconstruction. Such being the case it is disheartening to note how education in our country is being disrupted due to the student unrest prevailing at present.

We have therefore a great task before us in bringing more discipline in the field of education so as to utilise, improve and expand our educational system and build up our economic growth. The concepts of youth should thus stand for growth, development, action and leadership. The life of youth should not be over occupied with training and education. But there should be opportunity for self expression, comradeship, community life and national service. To be more specific the task of youth should cover service at home, service in school and service outside school. As the saying goes charity begins at home. The first and foremost duty of youth is to have discipline at home. In school side by side with studies, the students should actively participate in some kind of work connected with social service which should include child care, cooking and house keeping for girls, agriculture and the use of household tools for boys.

There should be practical work which include farming, building, carpentary, weaving, and other useful activity. Outside the school the youth should participate

in youth movements which have as their objectives reducing poverty, bridging the gulf between the educated and uneducated by reducing illiteracy, improving the living conditions of the poor and neglected, and an over all village upliftment programme.

There are various social service programmes which were implemented under the five year plans. The youth of today as a matter of principle should actively participate in these schemes. There are youth organisations like the National Cadet Corps, Bharath Scouts and Guides organisations Clubs, etc. These are the channels through which the youth of today should be able to render service to their motherland.

The great men and women who fought for the freedom of our country have in more than one way stressed that the participation of students in politics adversely affects not only their studies but also distorts their values. They should therefore come to the forefront in the political field only after subjecting themselves to a devoted and concentrated effort for the betterment of the less fortunate.

In the total population of 625 millions in India, at least 150 millions are boys and girls in the age group form 6–17 years. If all of them resolve today to take part in any one of the social service activities, our country would be in a much better and happier state. Above all, the youth should have great moral and spiritual ideals allied with the noble sentiment of patriotism. The youth of today should fully comprehend the words of Rabindranath Tagore when he wrote,

"Where the world has not been broken up into fragments
by narrow domestic walls ;
where words come out from the depth of truth ;
.....
Where the mind is led forward by thee
into ever widening thought and action
Into that heaven of freedom
My Father let my country awake".

NANDITA KALLAT
II B.A. H.E.S.

THE BEST OF GEORGETTE HEYER

"The Spanish Bride" "Frederica" returning with "The Conqueror", "Beauvallet", after having left "The Infamous Army" met her friend "Arabella", a real "Friday's Child" – loving and giving. While exchanging confidences, Arabella, mentioned that her "Cousin Kate" and "The Grand Sophy" were to be bridesmaids at the wedding of her sister "Venetia" "The Reluctant Widow" who was betrothed to "Sylvester" "The Regency Buck". Frederica was shocked because she knew that Sylvester was," The Black Sheep" of the family, and warned the sister that this was only a "Civil Contract" and that he was really after "The Talisman Ring" which Venetia owned. Realising his "False Colours" Venetia broke off the marriage.

Finding that his well-laid plans had been foiled, this "Devil's Cub" with the help of "The Black Moth" planned to abduct her. With some "Powder and Patch" they disguised themselves as "The Masqueraders" and put their plan into action.

As their carriage stopped at "The Toll Gate", Venetia saw "The Corinthian" paying his toll to "The Quiet Gentleman" and screamed for help. Hearing "A Lady of Quality" in distress, the Corinthian gave chase, and found to his surprise that it was Venetia whom he had always secretly admired, particularly after having danced the "Cotillion" with her. She had come dressed in lovely "Sprig Muslin" and ever since then he had dubbed her as his "April Lady". The "Royal Escape" Venetia had ,made her realise that she too had a **tendre** for the Corinthian, and when he asked for her hand in marriage, she readily agreed. After this "Convenient Marriage", she was convinced that there was "Nonesuch" as her Corinthian.

MARTIAL ARTS

KARATE

The Karate performance put up in the auditorium instilled in the minds of many girls a desire to learn this well-known art of defence. At our request lessons soon began in the college premises, with a minimum of about fifteen students.

Karate, which seemed just full of complicated actions soon turned out to be an art demanding concentrated effort and strenuous training. At first we almost gave up because it required all our concentration and stamina to learn the basics. Then we gradually learnt to be patient and accept the challenge presented to us.

The basics we learnt were blocks (Uke), Kicks (Giri), Punches (Tsuki), and standing positions or stances (dachi). Karate not only teaches various forms of self-defence but also patience, concentration, self-control and discipline.

At first, Karate, known as Chinese Boxing, was mocked and laughed at, Later people came to accept as well as respect this art. It is surprising that there are only four Red Belts (given only to the experts) in the world, all of whom come from China and Japan.

In Karate the use of various weapons is allowed, like arrow heads which are thinly sharpened pieces of wood and the ' Nun Chakri ' which is a most powerful weapon and consists of a short thick chain with one iron handle on each side.

It was a strict rule that this art is to be used only in the act of self-defence and not with the intention of doing harm or violence.

JUDO

The word, Judo is made up of two words ' Ja ' (meaning gentle) and 'Do' (meaning way) and literally meaning the Gentle Way.

Judo is the modern form of the ancient Ju Jutsu art of attack and defence without weapons, developed in medieval Japan. The main principle is to oppose 'hard' brute force by a soft technique depending on skill and speed. From the 17th century Ju-Jutsu was elaborated by the Samuri Warrior class. Much of the effect depended on surprise, therefore most schools kept their methods secret.

With the modernisation of Japan in 1868 the Samuri class was abolished and JU-JUTSU fell into neglect and disrepute.

A man called Jigaro Kano went to different schools, mastered their arts and made a comparative study on a scientific basis. He evolved important new principles which he collated in 'J'. Judo mainly consists of three techniques i) Throwing ii) Ground iii) Grappling.

Students are awarded grades distinguished by the colour of the belt. After about three years a student may hope to get the coveted black belt. There are further grades in Black Belts or Dans and the highest now held is the 9th Dan.

Judo is practised as a sport, points are scored by throws, locks on joints, certain pressures on the neck and immobilisation. It was and still is a necessity to stress the fact that this art must be utilised for protection only when absolutely necessary.

ASHA & SANGEETA

SOLUTION TO MORE TEASERS

I. He put them all together, so of course he had one.

II. Look on the label. You will find the length printed there,

iii. Both Peter and Sally were wrong. If there were six seconds between each stroke, there would be sixty-six seconds between the first stroke and the twelfth. And that is how much longer Mr. Jones' class had to work.

iv. Half-way. After that he's running out.

v. 12. Each Jack has 2 heads.

N.C.C. ON PARADE

February is the month when people usually try albeit unsuccessfully to mend broken new year resolutions, But for the NCC girls of MCC, it was a month of mending — very successfully — broken bones Yes! This was the month when two groups consisting of four girls, each of them from M C C, bagged the first and second prize in the Home nursing competition held at St. Johns. For good measure the first group also won the 2nd Prize in the First aid competition. The girls constituting the first group were MIRIAM IMAM, SEEMA TERWAY, PUNAM SUD and JYOTSNA GOPAL, and the second group consisted of of SANDHYA JAIN, SAROJA R. K., SHAILAJA S. N. and SEEMA JAIN. And to top it all, the Governor himself distributed the prizes, the most splendid of them being a rolling shield.

Then for a while, all was quiet on the home front while the girls took out the books from the attics and slept over them in the name of exams.

In May they were called for further training in other facets of the martial arts — primarily that of leadership. There were Basic Leadership courses in Bhowali, Kodaikanal and Bangalore and as usual there were prizes won by our cadets. At Bhowali, Jyotsna Gopal and Saroja R. K, won the 2nd prize in First Aid and Home-nursing and at home, Punam Sud stood first in First aid and Home nursing. Miriam Imam and Shailaja S. N. attended the Advance Leadership Course at Panchgani and learned so much that their future husbands had better watch out if they want to avoid having a mistress of the house instead of a master of the house. These two cadets won the 2nd prize in First Aid and Home nursing.

In June, Punam Sud become a hospital case — but not to worry — She went for the Hospital attachment course at The Air Force Hospital and came back highly pampered. She actually had bed tea in bed (hers, not some poor patient's) and all the cadets formed a very high opinion of the Air Force staff who did their utmost to make everyone comfortable.

"Come September" was sung by us at the Annual Training Camp, Maharani's College Hostel. Once again, the cadets showed their talent. Miriam Imam and Sandhya Jain bagged the 1st prize in Signals, Seema Terway and Punam Sud came 1st in First aid and Home nursing and to crown it all Sandhya Jain, our Senior under-officer was selected as the 2nd best cadet. This camp was also note worthy since it was the maiden-camp for Mrs. Sudha Mathai — our new N. C. C. Officer. She carried on so well that no one guessed it was her first year as N.C.C. Officer in Command. This camp was also the beginning of the elimination rounds for the Republic Day. Four Cadets — Sandhya Jain, Miriam Immam, Punam Sud end Seema Terway were selected from 'ATC' for the pre-pre-Republic day camp (PPKDC) held in October. Punam Sud and Seema Terway were selected for the pre-Republic-day camp and one of them will finally be selected for the Republic day exercises. The PPRDC was a real tough one held at Vidya Nagar and every morning saw the senior-wing girls running a distance of 3 kms crosscountry while the senior Division boys ran 4 kms. The specialists in areas like firing, shlp modelling etc., escaped the morning and evening parades. A trekking expedition was organised to a nearby hill on the last day and all in all, there was all round enjoyment.

July saw 8 cadets roaring to dizzy height, because of the fact of havlng been among the 20 cadets forming the Karnataka Air Squadron. These breezy eight are Punam Sud, Seema Terway, Clara D'Souza, Varsha Bangali, Meenal Jinsiwala, Lalitha Ananth Vidya N. and Meena. Every Sunday, these cadets scare all the crows and eagles out of what little wits they have by swooping about in gliders.

The last two months of the year, November and December, do not however end the activities of the cadets. 25th November was NCC Day parade and our cadets took part in the marchpast, on the fire fighting float, the blood donation float, and the reception.

The programme carries on, a bit like this article we suspect. So lets end here with best wishes to those cadets all over India who will shortly be displaying their training on the Repubiic day in Delhi.

Subhadra
Punam Sud
Seema Terway

'BE INDIAN : BUY INDIAN'

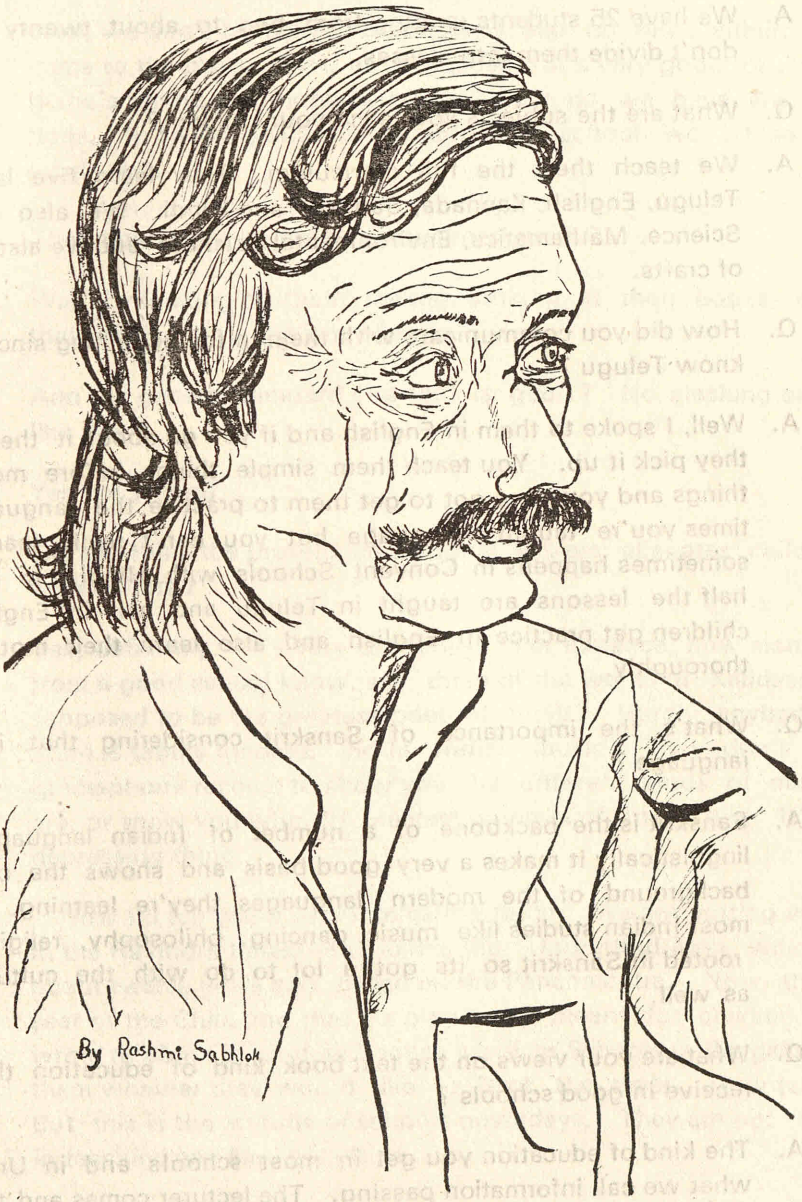
Shun those foreign lipsticks dears,
And that polish for the nails
Used by your Occidental peers
From Los Angeles to Wales.
Shun as well the oily lotions
Redolent of perfume rare,
That are made across the ocean
To be lavished on your hair.

Nails will gleam like alabaster,
Lips will cast a vivid spell
If you turn to 'mehndi' plaster
And to 'betel' leaves as well.
'Til' oil from our local presses
You should also start to buy
For it makes attractive tresses
Still more pleasing to the eye.

True the goods that are exotic
Boast more fascinating names
And their get-up is hypnotic
To impressionable dames,
But, to reconcile your duty
To your country and yourself
It's the Indian Aids to Beauty
That should stand upon your shelf.

Contributed

An Interview with David Horsburgh



Mr. David Horsburgh is an Englishman who came to India in 1950 and after holding a number of responsible positions, he has now started a school in District Rialpad in Karnataka. He teaches village children and through them he educates their parents. He gave us an interview in which he told us the principles he follows in his school, his ideals, and his views on education in India.

Q. How many students do you have and of what age group?

A. We have 25 students ranging from two to about twenty three. We don't divide them into classes.

Q. What are the subjects you teach your children?

A. We teach them the full curriculum. They learn five languages — Telugu, English, Kannada, Sanskrit and Hindi. We also teach them Science, Mathematics, Environmental Sciences and we also have a lot of crafts.

Q. How did you communicate with them in the beginning since you don't know Telugu ?

A. Well, I spoke to them in English and if you go about it the right way they pick it up. You teach them simple things before more difficult things and you have got to get them to practise the language. Some times you're taught a language but you don't really learn it. That sometimes happens in Convent Schools with Hindi. In our School half the lessons are taught in Telugu and half in English so the children get practice in English and also learn their mother tongue thoroughly.

Q. What's the importance of Sanskrit considering that its a dead ianguage ?

A. Sanskrit is the backbone of a number of Indian languages and so linguistically it makes a very good basis and shows the children the background of the modern languages they're learning. And then most Indian studies like music, dancing, philosophy, religion etc are rooted in Sanskrit so its got a lot to do with the cultural stream as well.

Q. What are your views on the text book kind of education that we all receive in good schools ?

A. The kind of education you get in most schools and in University is what we call information passing. The lecturer comes and talks for a bit and then gives you some notes. Then in a test you write it down, hopefully by heart, and you get full marks. At the end of the year you pass an exam and then forget all that you learnt during the year and pass on to the next year. Now this has nothing to do with real education.

Q. What are the principles you follow in your school ?

A. Well, we don't have any punishments and no rules either. Children come to the class or not, as they please. It's very good for the teacher. If she's boring then nobody comes. Nor do we have any examinations. In seven years of running the school we haven't had a single test.

Q. Then how do you gauge the students' work ?

A. Well, by looking at them talking, looking at their books, correcting their work. You don't need tests.

Q. And the general standard you find is good ? No slacking or anything like that ?

A. Yes, very good.

Q. Do you think the present educational system alienates children from their culture ?

A. Yes, definitely. It's very sad really. For instance, how many children from a good school know, say, three of the works of Kalidasa who is supposed to be the greatest poet of India ? Hardly anybody. Literature is totally ignored. So is Indian music. They don't play you gramaphone records to show you the different kinds of music there are, or show you who the greatest painters of India are. It's a very depressing thing.

Now I'll tell you a very interesting thing. We are putting up a play in the Ravindra Kalakshetra called the 'Ungrateful Man' which I wrote about twelve years ago, based on the Panchatantra. Now, this is the year of the Child and that's a play really meant for children. So we wrote to about a hundred English Medium Schools in Bangalore asking them whether they would like to book the seats. Only ten replied. But this is the attitude of schools nowadays. They are not interested in teaching any kind of culture.

Q Do you do this work because you want to do social service ?

A, Oh, no, its a purely selfish desire to see whether this kind of education is good or not and whether my ideas work.

Q. Then why choose villages ?

A. Well, I don't think that village children get a very fair deal. They hardly get any education because the schools are very bad. There's also a theory among people, called socio-linguistics, which says that deprived children are not able to benefit from a good education. And that's what people in the education department think. Why should we bother with village children. They can't be taught anything. Now, I would like to show them that they are quite wrong. My children are doing very well indeed. Five languages is a difficult thing to do. Children in Bangalore hardly do two if that, plus Science, Mathematics, Environmental Science, World History, and Geography and they are able to accept it. They also write some beautiful poetry in Telugu and English, With my 12 year old village children we're doing our third play of Shakespeare.

Q. Did you take any kind of help from the Government in setting up these schools ?

A. Oh, No. No. Taking the help of the Government involves too much of red tape.

Q. Do you plan to expand your school. ?

A. No, but 3 years ago I started a teacher training school and then I trained some persons. Now one of those girls is running a school in Bangalore. Another girl is running a school in Madras and another man is running a school in Jaipur.

Q. Do you have a hostel ?

*A. Yes, we do. It's the only hostel in India which has men and women in the same hostel. And the only hostel in India where there are no rules. You can come when you like, go when you like, have friends to stay with you, eat your dinner at 12 o'clock at night if you want to.

Q. And you don't have any trouble in the hostel ?

A. No. You see you get trouble because you treat young people as some kind of criminals. To be locked up well that's like holding your finger over a bottle of soda. When you take your finger off-Bang. But if

you trust young people as human beings, they react as human beings. If I told you you'd better go to bed early because you've got a lot of work the next day, you'd probably react quite happily to that and not go to sleep at 5 o'clock in the morning and come to class all bleary eyed. So you see, if you treat people in a reasonable way they're reasonable. If you treat them in an unreasonable way then they react badly.

Q. What do you want your children to become?

A. I want them to be free, to be aware of morality, of problems in this world and how to solve those problems, then they won't be exploited as villagers often are. And if they want to take up a job they will be capable of passing S.S.L.C. and University as easily as you. I want them to grow up to be themselves.

SUKANYA RATNAM
NIRMALA BHIDE
II P.U.C. H.E.P.S.

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* "A brother helped by a brother is like a strong city", as Christian Scripture teaches. Rules and regulations imply such guidance of youth into full maturity. Ed.

N:B.—. As already declared in this annual, the Editors do not necessarily concur with views in the above and other articles here printed.

THE PROVERBIAL HASSLE

Proverbs — Proverbs — Proverbs — I am sick and tired of hearing them flung at one from all sides. Since the time I can remember, grown – ups quoted them liberally, generally and with gusto.

Getting ready to go to school on my very first day, seeing my apprehension, my mother tried to reassure me by saying "Fortune favours the brave" but my cheeky brother had to spoil it all by chipping in his tuppeny worth and saying "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day."

If my parents saw me just looking into space, one would murmur "No pains, no gains" while the other not to be outdone would add "Nothing venture nothing gain", so it was back to home-work again. If I mentioned that any topic for an essay was difficult or that I couldn't solve a problem in Arithmetic, there was the inevitable "Where there's a will, there's a way" but I must admit that if by chance I didn't succeed, they were sure to console me and say "Failures are but stepping stones to success." When still young if I were to say I'd do this or I'd do that when I grew up, they would reprimand me by saying "Do not build castles in the air" or "Actions speak louder than words". If I asked for anything new — like shoes — socks — or clothes the answer always was that "Old is gold".

My fate at school was no better – Everything seemed to me to be at sixes and sevens. One teacher would say that it was an undisputed fact that "Birds of a feather flock together" and the science teacher would tell us "Like repel, unlike attract." Another teacher would spout out a pearl of wisdom and warn us to "Look before we leap" while the next one would ask us never to forget that "He who hesitates is lost." If we friends grouped together in the Cookery class, the

teacher would ask us to disperse as "Too many cooks spoil the broth" while a wise crack would whisper, "Many hands make light work". Ofcourse needless to say, "Knowledge is Power" and "Procrastination is the thief of time" was our daily bread.

Even at the dinner table proverbs were thrown at my head. If I was hungry and asked for more it was "Remember dear, you 'Eat to live, not live to eat' but God forbid, if ever I left a morsel of food uneaten, they'd be sure enough to say "Waste not. want not".

It is the bane of my life that proverbs supposed to be wisdom in compacted sense should war like this in endless strife — and I've made up my mind that come hell or high water, my OWN experience will be my guide to life.

S. C. RAO.

FATIGUE

Drowsiness .....
Heavy — lidded eyes
Tiredness
Aching in every limb
Yearning
For a soft bed
Sleep.....
the only remedy
to drive away
Fatigue

By
SUMITHA MANJUNATH
II P.U.C. — P.C.M.B. III

WHY LITERATURE ?

' What are your subjects ? '

' Psychology, Economics, English Literature '

' Very interesting. What do you plan to do after your B.A. ?

' M. A.'

' Of course, I meant, in what subject ? Economics is very popular nowadays and very useful, You can always go in for MBA after a course in Economics or the IAS may be. So many job opportunities. Even Psychology is a very good subject for that matter, very interesting. And it is becoming more and more relevant in every field — industrial psychology, clinical pyschology, educational psyschology ..... '

" I haven't yet made up my mind really, but I think, (a significant pause in which the questioner is left wondering whether it will be Economics or Psychology) in fact, I'm quite sure, it will be Literature '

' Literature ! ' (A shocked silence which is followed by a torrent of words before I can protest) ' You don't mean it. There's absolutely no scope in literature. What will you do if you study literature ? Become a lecturer and teach literature to other students who will have to do the same thing ? '

(Now I can't take any more)

Why, that's precisely what I intend to do. That is, provided I have that wonderful ability of handling a class, of course. Or maybe I'll become a teacher. That would be even better. (A gasp from the questioner, but I carry on unrelenting) Why not ? I think ..... '

' Now, now. it's a wonderful profession though it's often supposed to be a thankless job. (Firstly, it's not just a profession, I thought, but did not

interrupt) But that's alright. If you want to be a lecturer, why not in Economics or Psychology ? You know they are interesting and relevant subjects. As for literature, what's the use of literature ? It is just a way of wasting time or spending time, if you prefer to put it that way (I prefer to put it neither way, but am still silent). I mean, it has no concrete relevance in the world today If at all some book is popular today it is likely to be a ' Mills and Boon', (what's wrong with a ' Mills and Boon' — any book, any literature can be meaningful yet, silence). Do you think anyone reads or understands Shakespeare ? Perhaps, only students who are compelled to study literature. And if that's the case with the ' Great Shakespeare 'think of other poets and writers. Literature is totally irrelevant today.

I am too indignant and too enraged to reply. I wonder if my very knowledgeable questioner would even understand if I were to reply. My questioner does not even seem to understand what literature means and includes, for that matter. So I quietly walk away. I enjoy and appreciate all my subjects otherwise I wouldn't be doing them).But, whatever anyone may say literature has a special meaning for me. My literature classes have been my most memorable classes, even from school. It may be because in school we had literature classes (since we were a very small class) in the garden, under the trees. And the breeze and flowers and the birds hopping about most leisurely seemed to become a part of what literature itself meant to me. But even if we had always had literature classes (as we sometimes did) in the same gloomy classrooms as the other subjects, I am sure they would still have been special.

Is it not literature which lives even now in the heart of millions of Indians, literature in the form of the Ramayana of the Mahabharatha ? Literature is like music, it can never be a dead thing, an irrelevant thing. The lute and the flute of yore may have been replaced by the drum and the guitar, the style of music may change to suit the age but music itself is essential and a source of joy at all times. So also with literature. Many are those who readily quote :

' A thing of beauty is a joy forever ' while conveniently forgetting that the source of this quotation — literature — can itself be a perpetual joy. If we are not alive to the beauty of something, that doesn't make it ugly. The moon is no less graceful and cool as she glides across the sky because the street dogs tend to be upset by her.

Man longs for freedom ; Freedom in every sense — political freedom, social freedom, freedom from routine, from : 'the dreary desert sands of dead habits It is art which provides man with the freedom he yearns for. It is in literature that men is free to feel and express whatever he wants to. He is never incorrect either in his experience of the joy of literature and its interpretation or in his expression, for there is no binding rule by which he can be adjudged wrong. Psychology,

Economics, Law and Geography are all sciences too, like Physics and Chemistry. They are no doubt, very essential for man. But it is only when man has the joy of freedom that he can function efficiently in discipline. It is only when we have a holiday that we are able to work efficiently. Literature is the freedom, the essential holiday from the discipline, the bondage of Science.

How does man differ from all other beings ? It is in his creativity. He alone has respite from attending to his basic necessities. His superior intelligence has provided him with means of satisfying his basic needs without spending all his time. This provision has been made, no doubt with the help of science, but what does he do with his leisure ? This leisure gives him the time to create, and from creativity springs art and literature.

Every individual likes to feel important, to feel unique. In Science he is one among the many following a discipline. In literature he is expressing himself and no one else, his individuality shines forth. He needs to have the sense of belonging, of identification ; he needs the security of the rules. But he needs too the individuality, to feel that he is important by himself, not just as a cog in the machine. And this uniqueness he can express and discover in himself through literature.

Not everyone can write poetry or even good prose. We can only read. How then does our individuality find expression in literature ? Because, the literature we read is an expression of an individual and in reading it, no, not just reading, in experiencing it (and all good literature forces us by its driving power to experience it) we feel as if our own creativity were expressed, And often it may well be exercised. We may not compose a poem, but we may compose a smile or a tear.....not manufacture a smile or a tear as we often do, but compose them, create them, express them, live them.

And the beauty of literature lies not in the fact that it presents permanent values. That would be merely moralising. But, in fact, it does give us eternal value, not blatantly, nor even through subtle hints but by rvirtue of its being itself. For, when we read a beautiful piece of literature, when we experience it, we feel and become beautiful ourselves. We can exist without literature, no doubt, but we cannot live without it. Literature makes us and keeps us ALIVE.

SARADA NATARAJAN
III P. E. English (Literature.)

COLLEGE TOUR TO EUROPE

May be it is very commonplace to say that it is every girl's dream to see Rome, Paris, London, Germany, but I do not claim to be any different, or unique. To use the well worn cliche, it was a dream come true when we finally left on our trip to the continent, after months of planning and excitement, our itinerary having been arranged with the help of the Travellers' Bureau represented by H. K. Lalla, Bombay. Three Sisters of Mount Carmel College went with us, a batch of fifty. After leaving Bombay on the night of 6th September 1979 by Japanese Airlines we landed at the Leonardo da Vinci airport in Rome, in the small hours of the morning. Having gained about six hours, we were quite refreshed and were all set to enjoy every minute of the day. A SITA motorcoach awaited us at the airport, and we made our way to the Hotel Maxim on Via Nazionale, the main shopping street of Rome, very near Piazza Venezia — the tomb of the Unknown Soldier during the unification of Italy. It was here that we first met Joseph (or Guiseppe) our Italian driver or operator (as he insisted on calling himself). He was a short, stocky man with a heavy moustache and a generous paunch, who treated everyone with the inborn, extravagant courtesy of a typical Italian: but to our dismay, we found that the only language common between us was the sign language, though that did not deter either of us. Once we adapted ourselves what lengthy conversation we carried on, fluttering our hands, rolling our eyes, miming and mimicking ! He, we were told, was to be our chauffeur for the duration of our trip.

Rome, a city steeped in history has countless monuments, basilicas, tombs, museums, relics etc., and every square unfolds stories of ancient days. The best view of ancient Rome is secured from the top of Mt. Janus.

Among the various places we visited was the Trivoli fountain or, the fountain of three coins, which depicts the ocean being transported on a chariot drawn by sea horses. It is the custom for a tourist to throw a coin into the fountain to ensure he will return to Rome ! Most of the girls made doubly sure they would return by throwing in not one, but several coins !

The 400 year-old Quirinale palace is now the residence of the President of the Republic, but was originally a papal residence. The Colosseum, designed

by the Flavian family for public spectacles. echoes the cruelty of the by-gone kings, when Christians were heartlessly and publicly fed to hungry lions.

The other sights included the Victor Emmanuel triumph, St. John's Basilica, which holds the statue of Moses — a masterpiece of Michael Angelo, the statue of Castor and Pollux, the ancient city walls, the Olympic Stadium and the Roman forum.

The next day we got to see the biggest cathedral in the world — St. Peters in the Vatican, across the river Tiber. The original basilica was erected on the place where St. Peter was martyred but since then it has been rebuilt. It is a majestic structure the dome being carved by Michael Angelo and the facade by Maderno. It holds numerous treasures and master-pieces like the famous Pieta by Michael Angelo. Attached to the Church are the Apostolic buildings and gardens. The evening saw us wandering through the shops and having pizza and pasta on the roadside cafes. From Rome we moved on to Florence—the city of Dante and Machiavelli. Like Rome, Florence boasts of world-famous art galleries, gardens, churches and factories. Apart from the tomb of Dante and Michael Angelo, we visited the Santa Croce Church which is a fine example of gothic architecture having wooden beams, stained glass windows and marble carvings. We were also fortunate enough to witness the process of gold, and silver embossing on leather articles, in a factory which manufactured exquisite leather goods.

Eighty kms. away from Florence is the Leaning Tower of Pisa and though this was not included in our itinerary, Joseph good-naturedly agreed to take us there before we started for Venice.

Venice, is just like a Mills and Boon fan's idea of a romantic city. Though a trifle dirty as compared to other cities, this place holds an aura of romance and adventure and I am quite certain many girls secretly dreamed of a blissful honeymoon in this city of gondolas.

The main square of Venice, St. Marks Square, is very picturesque. having palaces, churches, shops and roadside cafes. To get to this square, one has to take the ' water bus ' and it was a novelty travelling everywhere by ferry. In a glass factory, we saw the process of glass blowing and the most delicate, fragile and colourful glassware.

Keeping up with the atmosphere of romance, a group of us took a ride in a gondola by moonlight. The next day saw us leaving Venice for Innsbruck, Austria. The drive through the magnificent Alps was absolutely exhilarating.

Innsbruck—a sleepy but extremely picturesque little town was very relaxing after the hustle and bustle of the other cities. A winter ski-ing resort, this town is typically Alpine with brown, wooden chalets, colourful flowers, mostly geraniums, growing in window boxes, apple and pear trees in every garden and very friendly people. To cap it all, this idyllic place is surrounded by the awe-inspiring Alps. It is generally so delightful that even the most blase amongst us were entranced. Besides an orientation drive, all we did in this town was to relax.

Though Innsbruck was very appealing, still more breath taking scenery awaited us in Lucerne in Switzerland. From the city, the lake of Lucerne winds into the Alps, and the waterscape combined with majestic scenery make up the charm and fascination of this city.

Having seen only ancient churches in Italy we were pleasantly surprised to see a marvellous piece of modern architecture in the shape of a Church of St. Paul, This church is constructed entirely in marble of just one inch thickness, has no window at all but sunlight filters in through the thin marble, lighting up the interior with a most peculiar " mother - of - pearl " sheen. Like most important European cities, Lucerne too has an impressive monument dedicated to the dead Swiss soldier, in the form of a dying lion. Shopping in this city is a real delight, though most of the shops cater exclusively to the rich of the world. Some girls not interested in shopping, travelled by a cable car going up on a rope way at an inclination of 45° to the top of Mount Pilatus and spent a throughly enjoyable afternoon there. The next place, Frankfurt, known to be one of the cleanest cities in the world, lived up to our expectations. There was an International Automobile exhibition going on at that time, and people from all over the world were on a visit to this city.

We found that, unlike India the traffic regulations on the highway or ' autobahns ' are very rigid, and violation of traffic rules has the police descending on the driver from nowhere ! Joseph, to his chagrin was fined $ 200 just for reversing the coach for a few yards on the highway, in addition to a black mark being entered on his licence. It was fascinating to watch this excitable Italian erupt into a stream of queer sounding Italian abuses, accompanied by expressive gesticulations !

As we drew nearer to Amsterdam, we left behind hill ranges and entered the flat grasslands of Holland. The pastoral scene was typically Dutch — rolling meadows with cows grazing, dykes, windmills and unending canals (Amsterdam has 150 canals, 1000 bridges and 945 windmills !)

While driving through the centre of the city and into its busy harbour, one can see mansions, churches and old warehouses, including the house where Anne Frank and her family hid from the Nazis during World War II.

At the diamond cutting centre that we visited, the art of cutting and polishing precious gems was demonstrated to us. The exhibited diamond Jewellery was so exquisite that it sent most of our girls into raptures !

The Rijks museum has a beautiful collection of Dutch treasures including works of Rembrandt, Van Gogh and Van Dyke. That night, some girls went for a candlelight canal ride to see Amsterdam by night.

The next day we sailed for England from Ostende port in Belgium in the " Sealink ". The crossing took about four hours, but the time just flew as we were busy browsing in the duty free shops on the ship.

As we drew nearer to England, the white cliffs of Dover loomed on the horizon bringing sharply to our mind the strains of " Wonder Like You ". After each one of us was personally interviewed by the immigration authorities, we made our way once again through the English countryside to London, where for the first time since we left home, we got to eat Indian food.

We felt very much at home in London, since there was no language barrier for one thing and for the other we were all quite familiar with the sights of England from our acquaintance with her history. Our sightseeing included Big Ben Picadilly circus, Trafalgar square, the Tower of London and London Bridge, Buckingham palace, The Houses of Parliament, Downing street, etc, etc. Our hotel was just a stone's throw from Hyde Park and Marble Arch and so the evening found us looking for the orators in the Park. Some of us who visited Madame Tussaud's got to see all the great and famed people of the world of all ages in wax models. These figures are so life - like and realistic that I'm sure I can fool anyone by showing a photograph of myself clutching Elvis Presley's hand or sitting next to Wodehouse and Agatha Christie.

Things in London being comparatively cheaper than on the continent, the girls indulged in an orgy of shopping patronising mostly departmental stores like Marks and Spencers, Woolworths, Selfridges, etc for jeans, perfumes, cosmetics, music, dresses and what have you. Some even bought extra suitcases to accommodate their purchases, with the result that the next day we were treated to another temperamental scene when Joseph found that the coach was over-loaded ! His unintelligble words clearly indicated, " Women ! ! " So it was back to Dover, a stormy crossing and to France.

Paris lived up to its image of glamour, fashion and elegance and it is very easy to believe that fashions originate here.

Our hotel was situated in Montmartre — a bohemian locality where Sartre, Renoir, Gaugin and Manet produced some of their best works.

Our sightseeing here was conducted by a very *chic* lady who had brought along her little furry Apso whose antics were a source of entertainment to us, The first place she took us to was the Concorde square from where one could get a good view of the two Arcs of Triumphe as well as the Eiffel Tower.

The Eiffel tower, having got its name from its designer, is even more intimidating than it is made out to be and later in the day some of us got an opportunity to view the city of Paris from the top of the tower. Our visit to Notre Dame was interesting. The interior of the church of Notre Dame bears beautiful stained-glass windows which created an atmosphere of absolute peace and holiness. Louvre, the one time palace of Louis XIV, is now one of the biggest art galleries in the world holding priceless paintings, carvings and statues of great artists of all times like Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Raphael etc.

But what made Paris memorable to us was our expensive visit to the Lido where we were treated to a delightful two hour show of dancing, music and tableaux assisted by a really fantastic stage setting. A visit to the grotto of Our Lady at Lourdes was another unforgettable experience.

From Paris it was back to Switzerland and to Geneva. As compared to Lucerne, Geneva is much more commercialized, expensive and modern. The Alps overlook the Lake of Geneva as well as the gigantic man-made buildings of the League of Nations.

After a night in Milan we made our way back to Rome and our familiar Hotel Maxim. Quite a few in our group who were disappointed at their failure to see the Pope on our first visit, made a determined bid this time and with the help of Archbishop Lourdusamy former Archbishop of Bangalore, succeeded in getting a semi-public audience with His Holiness, Pope John Paul II. It was a most thrilling and heart-warming experience for some to kiss the ring of the Holy Father and present him with a sandal-wood garland taken all the way from India. The evening was spent in shopping and packing and preparing ourselves to get back home.

The next day, Joseph for the last time drove us to the airport and bade us all good bye. To our dismay we found that our flight had been delayed by six hours and so instead of leaving at noon, we found ourselves taking off at six. Further trouble awaited us—on landing in Kuwait we found that we had missed our connecting flight to Bombay and the next flight was only 24 hours later. There were mixed reactions from our group. Some were overjoyed at a day in Kuwait, others were impatient at the delay and still others were pessimistic. The airlines, as expected, accommodated us in a Five Star hotel for the duration of our stay. Some of the more eager and bold girls contemplated wandering

around the city but were firmly discouraged as it was unthinkable for girls to wander unescorted in an Arab city. However, the airlines came to our rescue again and arranged buses to take us around the city and what was originally an unwelcome delay proved to be a pleasurable bonus !

In no time the day passed by and we found ourselves back at the airport. In another few hours we were back in Bombay and faced with the unwelcome fact that the trip was behind us.

Our mode of travelling ie. driving from place to place, might seem monotonous; but it was not so. Besides the scenery which kept us enthralled and alert, the music, dancing, chatter and laughter of girls helped time fly and even the longer drives seemed to last for only a couple of hours.

It was not smooth sailing all along — there were mishaps and inconveniences like the time when we lost our way, when our photographer Mr. Nagaraj lost his passport, when we missed our flight, etc. but none of these could damp the spirit of the girls or deter their enthusiasm. Of course, things were brought back to normal in no time by our competent travel agent, Mr. Lalla.

Looking back now, the memories are nostalgic and I can confidently say that the few weeks in Europe were really A DREAM COME TRUE.

ARUNA RAMACHANDRA
II Degree PEE.

TIME A SPECK

Time — a speck of Eternity
and less than that.

With immortal spirits we hope to see
what "eye hath not seen"
and to hear what "ear hath not heard."

Man thirsts for knowledge, this life below,
but cannot fully know.

In Eternity will be revealed
what to finite minds lies concealed.
Such is the Creator, such is man,
though gifted by Him, His works to scan.

January, 1980

Sister M. Antoinette, CSST.

DIVINE MERCY

By

Dr. (Mrs.) M. A. SINGAMMAL

A simple but meaningful Aesopian fable reads as follows :—

A Herdsman, who had lost a calf out of his grounds set off to search for it everywhere, but not finding it, betook himself – after the fashion of the World when in difficulties - to prayer. ' Great Jupiter ', said he, ' if thou wilt show me the thief who has stolen my calf, I will sacrifice a kid to thee '.

The prayer was scarcely uttered when the thief stood before him - it was a lion ! The discovery drove him again to prayer. ' I have not forgotten my vow, O Jupiter, he said, ' but now that thou hast shown me the thief, I will make the kid a bull if thou wilt take him away again '.

The moral of the above story is that if God were to positively answer all the prayers we make in pursuit of material gratification we may soon find ourselves in the abyss of ruin rather than at the peak of happiness. Divine Mercy foreseeing the consequences of our prayers saves us by rejecting them. What we call disappointment in life might often prove to be God's blessing in disguise.

Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore states explicitly the same ideas when he writes these lines in Gitanjali :—

> " My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals ; and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through .... "

What's in a Word

The English language is spoken or read by the largest number of people in the world, for historical, political or economic reasons. The characteristic features which stand out in making the English language what it is and which give it its individuality is its extra-ordinary flexibility and remarkable adaptability.

The relative simplicity of the structure of Modern English and its astonishing flexibility have contributed to the ease with which every foreign word or phrase, ancient or modern seems to find naturally and easily a place in its vocabulary. So many of the words in the English language come from such diverse sources and tracing their origin can be an absorbing pastime.

For a start, January was named after Janus – an ancient Roman God usually represented as having one head with two bearded faces back to back looking in opposite directions — so appropriate for in January we look back with nostalgia towards the old year while looking forward to the new. July and August were named after Julius Caesar and Augustus — emperors of ancient Rome.

The Bible has contributed its share, for we call a traitor, a Judas after the disciple who betrayed Jesus Christ for just thirty pieces of silver; a Jezebel is a shameless painted woman after Ahab's wife, and a Delilah is a temptress, a courtesan, ; derived from the Philistine woman who fooled Samson. From Greek and Roman mythology we have Herculean, pertaining to incredible strength as possessed by the legendary hero — Hercules ; Achilles Heel used idiomatically to indicate a vulnerable spot in a person comes from Greek legend. Achilles's mother, Thetis, held him by his heel when she dipped him in the River Styx, to make him invulnerable; a queenly woman, is Junoesque, from Juno, the wife of Jupiter in Roman mythology and Aphrodisiac of course, is a love potion from Aphrodite herself, the goddess of love.

We little realise that some of the garments we wear are named either for the person or the place that popularised them.

" Gold, Gold in California " resulted in the Gold Rush to California in 1849. Among them was Levi Strauss who arrived with a bundle of strong canvas cloth hoping to build tents and wagon covers. A miner told Strauss that working around rocks tore most pants to pieces, and Strauss had a tailor use some of his canvas to make the miner a pair of sturdy pants. The miner told his friends about

'those pants of Levi's''. Soon miners were wearing canvas pants. They called them ''Levi's''. Later Strauss switched from canvas to a tough cotton. This cloth was called Serge de Nimes which meant ''cloth from Nimes'' (a town in France), soon shortened to ''denim''. The first synthetic man-made fibre happened to be manufactured simultaneously in New York and London and called 'Nylon' NY for New York and LON for London. The Earl of Cardigan who led the famed Charge of the Light Brigade during the Crimean War, favoured a type of woollen jacket, collarless and open down the front, and so Cardigans came into fashion.

Several notable personalities in the field of medicine have enriched the English language through their discoveries. Thus Mesmerism — a hypnotic state involving insensibility to pain — was named after Mesmer, the Austrian Physician. The first cervical vertebra is called the Atlas because like the Greek hero Atlas who bore the world on his shoulders, this piece of the human vertebral column supports the head. 'Caesarean' was derived from the great Roman Emperor, Julius Caesar, the first to be born in that manner while Morphine comes from Morpheus, the god of dreams. Almost every body knows that Braille — a system of writing and printing for the blind was named after its inventor, Braille, a Frenchman ; and Morse — signalling of a code by means of dots and dashes has immortalised its inventor Sam F. B. Morse.

Not only people in real life, but even characters from fiction have found their way into the English vocabulary. Thus a Romeo is a term of rather dubious distinction for an ardent wooer, and a 'Shylock' is of course the traditional miser. Poor Mrs. 'Malaprop' mixes up her words so throughly while 'Col. Blimp' strives for pompous correctness.

Leaving aside characters what about places ? They too have contributed their share in the coining of words. That chilling word Shanghai in nautical slang, means to drug and ship as sailor a man while unconscious as was practised quite often in Shanghai. Spartan pertains to Sparta in Greece, where the people were hardy rigorous and fearless. 'Marathon' is a feat of superhuman endurance pertaining to a race of abnormal length, with reference to Phildippides who ran 26 miles 385 yards to Athens with the news of the Greek victory over the Persians at the battlefield of Marathon. And who can forget Waterloo, a household word for defeat — from the town where Napoleon Bonaparte was finally defeated by the Duke of Wellington.

And at this stage, it would perhaps do well to remind ourselves of the clown's words in Twelfth Night, when he voices a warning,''..... indeed words are very rascals .....'

S. RAO

MAGIC SQUARES

The mystery of magic squares has intrigued and puzzled many a human mind ever since the prehistoric ages. These squares were and may be even now are used by astrologers for their calculations of horoscopes and other studies.

A magic square consists of a series of numbers so arranged in a square, that the sum of each row and column and of both the diagnols shall be the same amount. It is termed as summation. Magic squares are of different kinds and each can be constructed in various methods.

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

The above figure is one of a simple associated magic squares of odd number (3x3). It is seen that the sum of each of the three vertical, horizontal and two diagonol columns is 15. The sum of any two directly opposite numbers is 10. If 'n' be the number of squares in a row, we note that this is $n^2 + 1$. In this square all the numbers are different and hence we see the mystifying harmony of numbers, the order and the regularity. The rule used in construction of these magic squares is that its upper and lower edges are bent around backwards and united to form a horizontal cylinder with the numbers on the outside, the lower line of figures thus coming next in order to the upper line. It my also be that the square is bent around backwards in a direction at right angles to that last considered so that it forms a vertical cylinder, with the extreme right and left hand columns adjacent to each other.

in addition to the characteristics already mentioned, note that the spiral row of figures around the horizontal and vertical cylinders traced either right handed or left handed, amounts to the summation. In order to understand these points another example of a 5x5 associated magic square follows.

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

Hence due to these rules we understand that no associated magic square can be started from any other cell. The centre number of the series used is always placed in the middle cell.

Besides odd number cells there are also the associated magic squares of even numbers.

The numbers in the two corner diagonol columns in this type may be determined by writing the numbers of the series in arithmetical order in horizontal rows beginning with the first number in the left hand cell of the upper-line and writing line after line and finally ending with the right hand corner of the last row. The numbers then found in the so formed diagonol rows will be of the magic square order. The other numbers however have to be arranged as required. The smallest even number, magic square that can be formed is 4x4.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

Here it is seen that the summation of all columns and rows together is the same and the sum of any two diametrically opposite numbers is the same and is equal to the sum of the first and last number of the series. Hence it is an associated square.

Besides the above mentioned associated squares there are also composite magic squares which can be described as a series of magic squares arranged quadradically in the magic square order. The smallest possible composite square is the 9x9 square as shown below.

71	64	69	8	1	6	53	46	51
66	68	70	3	5	7	48	50	52
67	72	65	4	9	2	49	54	47
26	19	24	44	37	42	62	55	60
21	23	25	39	41	43	57	59	61
22	27	20	40	45	38	58	63	56
35	28	33	80	73	78	17	10	15
30	32	34	75	17	79	12	14	16
31	31	29	76	81	74	13	18	11

The characteristics of the ordinary magic square are multiplied to a very great extent in the corresponding compound square. Whereas, in the ordinary 9x9 square there are only twenty columns which have the summation, in the compound square there are numerous.

The next kind of magic squares are the concentric magic squares. Here we begin with a small central magic square and arrange one or more panels around it concentrically so that after the addition of each panel, the enlarged square will retain its magic square qualifications. Either a 3x3 or 4x4 magic square may be used as a nucleus and the square will obviously remain odd or even according to its beginning, irrespective of the number of panels which may be successively added to it. The centre square will naturally be associated but after one or more panels have been added it will no longer be associated because the peculiar features of its construction will not allow the sum of every pair of diametrically opposite numbers to equal the sum of the first and last numbers of the series used. The sum of every horizontal and perpendicular column and of the two corner diagonol columns will, however be the same.

Generally there are two variables that govern the summation of magic squares formed of numbers that follow each other with equal progress throughout the series. These are the initial or starting numbers and increment or increasing numbers. When these two variables are known the summation can be easily found, and if one variable and the summation is known, the other variable can be found out. These variables can be readily determined by a simple form of equation which will establish a connection between them and the summation numbers. If ' A ' be the starting number and ' B ' the increment ; let n ' be the number of cells, on on side of the square and let S be the summation, the following formula is used $S = An + \frac{Bn}{2}(n^2 - 1)$. Various kinds of puzzles can be solved using this formula.

Besides having magic squares with uniform increment of numbers it has been shown that the series of numbers used in the construction of every magic square is divided by the breakmoves into n groups of ' n ' numbers per group and that the numbers in these groups do not necessarily follow each other in regular order with equal increment but under certain well-defined rules they may be arranged in a great variety of irregular sequences and still produce perfect magic squares.

Magic squares have had in centuries a deeper meaning for the minds of men than that of simple curves. The discovery of the arrangement of numbers in the form of magic diagram was undoubtedly known to the ancient Egyptians. The Brahmins of India are known to be great adepts in the formation of magic squares and mathematicians have felt that they should be given an Indian name. One of these squares is represented over the agate of Gwalior, while the natives of India wear them as amulets, The many sided Franklin the great philosopher and scientist, used to amuse himself with the construction of magic squares and in his memoirs has given example of his skill in this direction by showing a very compli-

cated square with a comment that he believed it to be the most magical magic square yet constructed by any person. Though there is no direct proof it is supposed that even Pythagorean philosophers in their studies of their relationship of numbers, combined them into harmonic figures.

The curious and interesting characteristic of magic squares may be developed in figures of three dimensions constituting magic cubes. Just like magic squares these cubes are of various kinds and the constructive methods of each resembles those of the magic square. It is much more difficult to construct a cube because the interrelations between the various numbers are more complex than those in square. We shall not go into the details of that as it is very complicated.

There is a definite relation between the magic square arrangement and the normal sequence of figures. There are altogether 8 possible arrangements from which one is fundamental or ordinary way and the others mere variations. The original order is starting from left to right hand proceeding in parallel lines downward. Its reverse proceeds from lower right hand corner towards left and line by line upwards. Another way is produced by beginning in the upper right hand corner, proceeding to the left and then line by line downwards. It is like the reflecfion of the orginal in a mirror. The reverse of the reflection would be another method of arrangement. There are four more arrangements. There is the Chinese way of writing downward in vertical columns as well as its inversion and the reflection of both. Thus there are several methods of constructing a magic square.

Concluding, I would say that though a study of magic squares may have no practical application, by gaining a clue to their formation, we can solve other problems of that nature, and will certainly be helpful to gain an insight into the fabrics of regularities of any kind. Who knows, but someday one may find a clever and ingenious application of these most marvellous and fascinating magic squares.

Latha Nayak
II P.U.C. P.C.M.B.

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शोले

USHA WADHWA, I B.Sc., P.C.M.

थकावट के मारे मेरा बदन चूर-चूर हुए जा रहा था अभी एक घण्टा पहले ही मैं नासिक, अपने चचेरे भाई और बहन के यहाँ पहुँची थी। लम्बे सफर का अब मुँहपर असर होने लगा था। इसके बावजूद कि सफ़र का ज्यादा समय जैसे सो कर काटा था, मेरी आँखे बंद हुए जा रही थीं। मेरी चाची ने खाना खाने के बाद मुझे सो जाने की आज्ञा दी और अपने बच्चों को डाँट थमकाकर अपने कमरे में भेज दिया, यह कहकर कि अभी तो मैं आई हूँ, अभी पूरा एक महीना पड़ा है तब जी भरकर बातें कर लेना।

मैं तब उस दुनिया में थी जो न सपनों की होती है और न जाग्रतों की, जब अचानक मेरी आँखें खुलीं। मैंने सो कि मुझे किसने जगाया है। तभी मु ई कहीं पड़ोस से बहुत आवाजें सुनाई पड़ीं। आवाजें क्या, कोलाहल मच रहा था। भागकर खिड़की के पास पहुँची और बाहर झाँककर देखा। चाचा के घर से चार-पाँच घर आगे एक भीड़ जमा थी। कही से "आग! आग!" की आवाजें आ रही थीं। मुझे यह समझने में ज्यादा देर न लगी कि उस घर में आग लगी है।

जल्दी से अपने ऊपर एक शाँल ओढ़कर मैं अपने कमरे से बाहर निकली। नौकर से पता चला कि घर के बाकी लोग भी वहाँ गये हुए हैं। मैं भी दौड़कर भी के पास पहुँची।

इतने करीब से लोगों की आवाजों का शोर तो और भा ज्यादा था। मैं धक्के मार-मारकर आगे बड़ी। मैं भी देखना चाहती थी कि क्या हो रहा था। सामने वाले घर से बहुत धुआँ निकल रहा था-खिड़कियों से, दरवाजों से और न जाने कहाँ-कहाँ से। मेरे आस-पास के लोग चिल्लाये जा रहे थे।' 'पानी लाओ! आग को बुझाओ!...." एकाएक मेरी नज़र हमारे

सामने वाले समूह पर पड़ी। वे लोग हम लोगों से कुछ दूर खडे थे। लेकिन हैरानी की तो बात यह थी कि वे लोग न तो कोई मदद कर रहे थे (पानी लाने में) और न आस-पास के लोगों की तरह चीख-चिल्ला रहे थे। केवल दृश्य को ताकते जा रहे थे। मैं यह सोच ही रही थी कि ऐसा क्यों! तभी लोगों की आवाज़ों को चीरती हुई एक औरत की चीख सुनाई दी- "बचाओ! बचा....ओ!!" यह सुनकर भीड़ का शोर बढ़ गया।

'अरे पुलिस को बुलाओ!' कोई चिल्ला रहा था "फायर-इंजन को बुलाओ!" लेकिन कोई भी फोन करने के लिये नहीं दौड़ा। घर के अंदर फँसी हुई औरत की चीखें तेज़ होती जा रही थीं लेकिन उनका असर कुछ दूरी पर खडे हुए उस गुमसुम समूह पर बिलकुल नहीं हुआ मानों वे सब के सब बहरे हों या फिर पत्थर के बने हुए हों। इतने में मेरे कुछ करीब लोगों में से एक व्यक्ति भीड़ को चीरता हुआ घर की ओर लपका। पीछे से वह हट्टा-कट्टा और नौजवान लग रहा था लेकिन उसकी जवानी पर भी किसीने तरस नहीं खाया। कोई भी उसे रोकने के लिये या मदद करने के लिये आगे नहीं बढ़ा। कुछ ही कदमों में वह घर के द्वार तक पहुँचा, अन्दर घुसा और आँखों से ओझल हो गया।

लोग और भी ज़ोर से चिल्लाने लगे थे। वह मकान घुएँ के परदे की पीछे छुपा हुआ था- लेकिन वे गुमसुम लोग अब भी कुछ ज्यादा बोल नहीं रहे थे। कहीं एक-दो हवलदार भी नजर आये लेजिन मदद करना तो दूर की बात रही- अपनी जगह से हिले भी नहीं, मजे से बीड़ी पीते जा रहे थे। मेरा अचरज अब गुस्से में बदल गया और मैं मुडकर चाचा के घर पहुँची और 'फायर इंजन' को फ़ोन किया। फोन करके मैं लौट आई। वहाँ कुछ नहा बदला था दृश्य वैसा का वैसा ही था।

चंद मिनटों बाद मकन के द्वार से निकलता हुआ वही व्यक्ति मैंने देखा। उसकी बाहों में एक सुन्दरी थी जो शायद बेहोश ही गयी थी। बेचारे आदमी की हालत तो देखने लायक थी। उसकी बहादुरी की जय-जयकार होने लगी। सब लोग उसकी ओर दौडे। मैंने सोचा "हाँ, हाँ! अब क्यों नहीं मदद के लिये दौड़ेंगे! खतरे का काम जो खत्म हो गया। अब सब चमचों की तरह हीरो के पास जायेंगे!" इतने में 'फायर इज़न' भी आ गया। बैठे हुए हवलदार चौंके, और उसकी ओर भागे। 'फायर-मैन' और हवलदारों में कुछ बात-चीत हुई और पाँच मिनट बाद 'फायर-इन्जन' वापस चला गया-बिना कुछ किये!

थकावट, नींद और उत्तेजना के कारण पहले ही मेरा दिमाग काम नहीं कर रहा था और यह देखकर तो मैं बिलकुल ही चकरा गई। लाचारी

से मेरे कदम चाचा के घर की ओर लौटे। बैठक में घर के सारे सदस्य बैठे हुए बातों में लीन थे। मुझे देखकर उन्होंने हैरानी प्रकट की क्योंकि उन्होने समझा था कि मैं अपने कमरे में सो रही थी। मैं बडे गुस्से में थी यह कैसा शहर है, कोई किसी की मदद नहीं करता, 'फायर-मैन' भी अपना काम नहीं करते और सारी बातें उन्हें बतायी। मेरे गुस्से और हैरानी का आप अंदाज़ा लगा सकते हैं जब मैंने देखा कि दुःख प्रकट करने के बजाय वे लोग हँसने लगे। हँसी का कारण पूछने पर उनके ठहाके और बढ़ गये। लाल-पीली होकर मैं अपने कमरे की ओर बढ़ी यह कहकर कि, "हँसलो जितना हँसना है।

आखिर मैं जोकर जो हूँ। मेरी बातें इतने मजेदार होती हैं मुझे यह मालूम नहीं था...." यह सुनकर मेरी चचेरी बहन मेरे पीछे-पीछे आई और मुस्कुरा कर बोली, "हरे पगली! वह आग सचमुच की थोडे ही थी। वह तो एक फिल्म की शूटिंग थी। तुझे बताना ही भूल गये हमें-समय भी तो नहीं था। और वह सुन्दरी और कोई नहीं बल्कि हेमा-मालिनी थी जिसे बचाने की एक्टिंग धर्मेंद्र ने की थी!!"

"पोस्टमैन"

USHA ARYA, II B.A., (P.E.E.)

शेजाना की तरह उसने अपना डाक का थैला साइकिल पर संभाला और चल दिया अपनी ड्यूटी पर, अविराम गति से-डाक बाँटने-आज सुबह से ही एक अजीब सी उमंग अपने अन्दर महसूस कर रहा था वह। पैडलों पर उसके पैर घूमते रहे, उसे याद आया, अभि कुछ दिन पहले ही तो एक व्यक्ति ने उससे पूछ लिया था—"क्या काम करते हो?" "पोस्टमैन हूँ" छोटा सा जवाब दिया था उसने। इस पर उसका वह नया मित्र बोला था—"वाह यार! क्या पेशा अखितयार किया है तुमने भी। न जाने कितने लोगों की प्रतीक्षा की बेचैन घडियाँ समाप्त कर अब तक तुमने कितनी दुआएँ इकट्ठी कर ली होंगी।" हंसा था वह। "सिर्फ दुआएँ ही क्यों, जिनकी प्रतिक्षा का कभी अन्त नहीं हो पाल वे लोग तो बद्दुआएँ ही देते है। यह सोचते ही उसके सामने एक वृद्धा का चेहरा घूम गया। उसके पैरों की गति, थकान से कुछ धीमी हो गई थी। वृद्धा का बेटा फौज में है—बहुत दूर कहीं बर्फिली पहाडियों के आँचल में। वृद्धा रीज़ाना उसके पत्र का इंतजार करती है। नहीं लिखता न जाने क्यों? भाड में जाए उसकी बला से। अगर

उसका बेटा उसे पत्र नहीं लिखता तो उसमें डाकिये का क्या दोष? फिर क्यों वह वृद्धा उसकी तरफ ऐसे देखती है जैसे पत्र न आने का जिम्मेवार वही है। वह उसकी आँखों में आँखें डाल कर देख भी नहीं पाता। जब भी वहाँ से गुज़रता है वृद्धा लालायित दृष्टि से देखती है। और वह? वह चुपचाप नीची निगाह किए आगे बढ जाता है।

उसकी तंद्रा टूटी तब-जब उस मोहल्ले में पहुँचा जहाँ कुछ चिट्ठियाँ बाँटनी थी। सामने वाले मकान के रामलाल पंडित जी की पंडिताइन ने बेसब्री से अपना लिफाफा पढ़कर सुनाने को कहा। उसने साईकिल टिकाई और पत्र पढ़कर सुना दिया। पाँच साल बाद पन्डिनाइन की लडकी और दामाद के घर आने की खुशी में उसे तीन-चार लडडू खिलाए। फिर वह साईकिल उठा धन्यवाद देकर आगे चल पडा।

अचानक एक खिडकी में मधुर नारिकंठ सुनाई पडा-"पोस्टमैन ! कोई लेटर है?"—उसने तपाक से एक गुलाबी से रंग का सुन्दर लिफाफा आगे बढ़ा दिया। इस विरहिणी का पति अक्सर दौरे पर रहता है। पोस्टमैन आगे बढ़ रहा था लेकिन उसका मन रूक पाने को कर रहा था। वह कल्पना कर रहा था कि महिला ने अंदर जाकर लिफाफे को चूमा होगा और फिर.... ....। उसके होठों पर बरबस ही मुस्कान आ गई।

साईकिल पर उसके पैर घूमते रहे। तभी अगला कार्ड हाथ में लेते ही उसका माथा ठनक गाया। पोस्टकार्ड पर लिखा था एक अक्षर-मौत का संदेश देने वाला संदेश। उसे लगा सक्सेना साहब के हंसते-मुस्कुराते इस परिवार की हंसी इस समय उसके हाथ में कैद है।

शीघ्र ही अपने को संयत कर उसने काँल बैल दबा दी। कार्ड देकर वह तुरन्त आगे बढ गया। कुछ ही कदम चलने पर श्रीमती सक्सेना का रूदन उसे अपने शरीर को सुन्न करता सा प्रतीत हुआ। कुछ देर पहले की मिठाई का स्वाद ही उसके मस्तिष्क से निकल गया था। उसका शेम-शेम उसे इस कोहराम का जिम्मेवार ठहरा रहा था। आखिर वह भी क्या करे? वह तो घर-घर सुख-दुख का संदेश देने वाला पोस्टमैन है। आखिर वह इतना भावुक क्यों है? यह तो उसकी कमज़ोरी है कि वह तुरंत ही भावनाओं में वह जाता है। मगर उसने तुरंत निश्चय कर लिया कि उसे इतनी ज़ल्दी टूटना नहीं चाहिए। इस फैसले के साथ ही उसने अपने अंदर एक नई स्फूर्ति महसूस की। अगले ही क्षण उसने एक नए जोश से साईकिल पर अपने पैर कर्तव्य-पथ पर घुमाए। कुछ चिट्ठियाँ देकर वह अगला लिफाफा देखकर एक बार सोच में पड गया।

लिफाफा देख उसकी आँखें खुशी से चमक उठी। यह उस वृद्धा के बेटे का ही लिफ़ाफा था। वह सोचता जा रहा था कि आज वह

उस वृद्धा की एक लम्बी आस पूरी कर देगा और फिर देर सी दुआएँ .... मिन्नतें खुशी और दुख के मिले–जुले आसूँ .... । बढ़ते हुए वह उसके मोहल्ले में आ पहुँचा। मगर जो कुछ उसने देखा उसे देखकर उसके पाँव वहीं ठिठक गए। वह सन्न रह गया। वृद्धा की अर्थी सज रही थी।

हाथ का लिफाफा उसके हाथ में ही रह गया। वृद्धा की लालायित आँखें पुनः उसके सामने आ गई। वह एक पल के लिए किंकर्तव्यविमूढ़ हो गया। उसने अपने अंदर तूफान सा महसूस किया। उसकी इच्छा हुई कि वह लिफाफा खोलकर जोर–जोर से पढकर वृद्धा की लाश को उसके बेटे का खत पढकर सुना दे। मगर थोडी ही देर में एक ठण्डी सांस के साथ वह कुछ पी गया और साईकिल पर उसके पैर फिर उसी अविराम गति से चल पडे।

माँ

कैसा अजीब जादू है इस शब्द "माँ" में,
रहेगा अमर सदा यह इस ज़हाँ में,
जन्म लेते ही बच्चे के लब पर है यही नाम.
फिर पुकारता रहता है उसे सुबह और शाम,
जब माँ पास आती तो उसको मिलता आराम,
प्यार से राह पे लाना है उसका काम।
कितना उदार और विशाल है इसका हृदय
दुःख सहकर भी वह देती है सुख सदय।
इसीकी मेहनत से जगमें बने हैं योग्य इनसान,
जो बढ़ाते हैं अपनी मातृभूमि की शान।
जिसे माँ का प्यार मिले रहेगा वह चैन से.
कहलायेगा वही हमेशा भाग्यवान दैव से।
आओ हम सब मिलकर करें अपनी प्यारी माँ का सम्मान,
चाहे जान भले ही जाए होने न दें इसका अपमान॥

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मीन मेख

RITA BHANDARI, I B.A., (H.E.P)

क्या हम हर चीज़, मनचाही, प्राप्त कर सकते हैं? क्या हमें हर चीज़ में पूर्णता का दर्शन हो सकता है? इसका जवाब "हाँ" भी है और नहीं भी।

जीवन में हम हज़ारों लोगों से मिलते हैं, लाखों परिस्थितियों में पड़ते हैं, पर हमें हर जगह में, हर वस्तु में पूर्णता नज़र नहीं आती। कई ऐसी परिस्थितियाँ आती हैं जिसमें दस में से आठ चीजें हमारे अनुकूल हैं हमें उन परिस्थितियों से समझौता कर लेना चाहिए। आखिर पाँचों उँगलियाँ एक सी तो नहीं होती। कई लोगों की सारी इच्छाएँ किनारे पर आ कर भी प्यासी रह जाती हैं।

अब मेरे पडोसिन मिसेज़ गोयल को ही देखिए न! उनके यहाँ तो कोई नौकर टिकता ही नहीं। लगता है उन्हें नौकर बदलने का शौक है। कभी रामू तो कभी गोपाल, कभी लक्ष्मी तो कभी टूसा। बाप रे! वहाँ तो नौकरों का ताँता ही लगा रहता है।

एक दिन मैंने उन से पूछा–"आप खूब टोल-मटोल कर एक ही बार में एक अच्छा सा नौकर क्यों नहीं रख लेतीं?

वह फट से बोलीं–"अजी, सब लोग मुझे ही बेवकूफ समझते हैं। अपनी तरफ से मैं उनको परख लेती हूँ, पर हर नौकर में कोई खराबी निकल आती है–कोई बीड़ी पीता है, कोई पहली पुकार पर जवाब नहीं देता; अब आप ही देखिए आप को पता है मुझे कढ़ी कितनी अच्छी लगती है, पिछले महीने ही जिस नौकरानी को निकाला, उसे कढ़ी से न जाने क्या बैर था, ढंग से बनाती ही नहीं थी।

अब आप ही बताइए क्या कहें ऐसी औरतों से। मैं तो चुप चाप वहाँ से उठकर चली आई। ऐसी ही है मेरी सहेली सीमा। उसे कोई चीज़ जल्दी से सुहाती नहीं। कोई साड़ी खरीदेगी तो उसे सौ बार लौटाएगी–"भई दिन में इसका रंग नहीं खिलता, इसमें काला बहुत गहरा है, इसमें लाल रंग होता तो अच्छा लगता"–कहकर बदला लेती। उसमें दोष निकालने की आदत सी बन गई थी। छोटी छोटी कमियों को महसूस करने वाले इन्सान न केवल दुःखी ही रहते हैं, बल्कि चिड़ चिडे स्वभाव के बन जाते हैं। ऐसे व्यक्ति को कोई पसन्द भी नहीं करता। इसलिए हमें कमियों से समझौता करके आगे बढ़ना चाहिए। *

"लाल कोठी

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बहुत बरसों की बात है, मैं दिल्ली में रहा करता था। एक दिन मेरे बचपन के साथी राजा का पत्र आया। उसने अपनी शादी में शामिल होने की प्रार्थना की थी। मैं चाहता था कि शादी से दो तीन दिन पहले पहुँच जाऊँ ताकि काम में मदद कर सकूँ परन्तु किसी कारण वश मैं केवल एक दिन ही पहले पहुँच सका। बारात अमृतसर जानी थी।

अमृतसर पहुँच कर हमने एक धर्मशाला, में आश्रय लिया था। यह धर्मशाला शहर से कुछ हट कर थी। चारों ओर खुला मैदान था। दूर-दूर तक कुछ दिखाई नहीं देता था सिवाय-एक लाल कोठी के.

एक कोठी के बारे में बहुत सी कहानियाँ प्रचलित थी जैसे-कोठी में भूतों का निवास है। जो भी इस कोठी में जाता है, उस की गिरह से कभी बाहर नहीं निकलता सौभाग्य से मुझे भी अब इस कोठी को देखने का अवसर मिला। वह कोठी तीन मंजिला थी। चूँकि वह कोठी लगभग सौ वर्ष पुरानी थी और उसकी देखमाल करने वाला कोई न था, उसकी कितनी ही दीवारें टूट चुकी थीं। तीसरी मंजिल के कुछ कमरों की छतें भी टूट चुकी थीं। रात के समय कोठी सचमुच भयानक लगती थी और ऐसा प्रतीत होता था जैसे कि उसके बारे में प्रचलित कहानियाँ शत-प्रतिशत सही हैं। कोठी के चारो ओर बडे-बडे पेड़ लगे थे, जो कोठी को और भी भयानक बना रहे थे। कई खिड़कियों के शीशे टूट चुके थे। रोशनदान भी टूट चुके थे जो अब चमगादड़ों के आने जाने का रास्ता बन चुके थे। लाल कोठी किसी भुतहा महल से कम न थी।

हमारे साथ आये बुजुर्गों ने हमें पहले ही उस कोठी की तरफ़ जाने से मना कर दिया था, किन्तु मेरे मन में उस कोठी को देखने की बहुत इच्छा थी। मैं अपनी इच्छा को दबा न सका और रात के समय जब सब लोग सो गये तो मैं टार्च लेकर अकेला ही उस कोठी की ओर रवाना हुआ।

रात गहरी थी। चारों ओर सुनसान पड़ा था। हवा भी जैसे साँय साँय की आवाज़ कर मुझे डराने का प्रयत्न कर रही हो। अभी मैं कुछ ही कदम आगे चला था कि मेरे कानों में छम-छम की आवाज़ आने लगी। मेरे तो होश उड़

गये और हाथ–पैर ढीले पड़ गये। ऐसा लगा मानों लाल कोठी के भूतों ने अपना काम वहीं से शुरू कर दिया हो। मैंने अपनी चाल तेज़ कर दी परन्तु छम–छम की आवाज़ फिर भी आती रही। मैंने अंधाधुंध भागना शुरू किया और अचानक ही मेरा पैर एक पत्थर से टकराया। मैं तो गिरते-गिरते बचा किन्तु उसी समय मेरी जेब से चाबी का गुच्छा नीचे गिरा। गुच्छा देखते ही मुझे एहसास हुआ कि छम-छम की आवाज़ तो इसी से आ रही थी। कुछ साहस कर मैं आगे बढ़ा।

मैंने लाल कोठी में प्रवेश किया, मेरा दिल धक–धक कर रहा था। अन्दर एक बहुत बडा कमरा था जो जालों से भरा पड़ा था। कमरे के किनारे की तरफ सीढ़ियाँ थी जो ऊपर को जाती थी। मैंने अपना रुख ऊपर की ओर किया। जब मैं सीढियाँ चढ़ रहा था तो मुझे ऐसा प्रतीत हुआ जैसे कोई मेरा पीछा कर रहा है। मैंने तेजी से चढ़ना शुरु किया सीढ़ियाँ समाप्त होते ही मैं एक दीवार की ओट में खड़ा हो गया और अपने पीछे आने वाली आवाज को सुनने का प्रयत्न करने लगा। इससे पहले कि मैं कुछ सुन पाता मुझे सामने की खिड़की के आधे टूट हुए शीशे पर एक परछाई दिखाई दी जो बार–बार हिल रही थी। मेरी आँखों के आगे अंधेरा सा छा गया। मैंने एकदम पीछे भागना शुरु कर दिया। किसी तरह मैं कोठी से बाहर निकला। बाहर से देखने पर पता चला कि जो परछाई मुझे खिडकी के शीशे पर दिखाई दी थी वह एक चिड़िया का टूटा हुआ घोंसला था जो हवा से इधर–उधर हिल रहा था। मुझे स्वयं पर बहुत हँसी आयी।

मैं वापस धर्मशाला की ओर रवाना हुआ। शादी निबटा कर वापस दिल्ली चला आया। काफी समय बीत गया है किन्तु उस लाल कोठी के अनुभव की याद मेरे दिल में आज भी ताज़ी है।

ಗುರು-ಶಿಷ್ಯ

C. B. Shobha, II P.U.C. (CMB)

ಜ್ಞಾನದ ಅಕ್ಷಯಪಾತ್ರೆಯ
ಹೃದಯದಿ ತಳೆದಾ ಒರತೆಯ
ಸರಸತಿ ದೇಗುಲದೆಡೆ ನಡೆದಿಹರು
ಕರುಣಾಮೂರುತಿ ಗುರುವರ್ಯ

ತಾಯ್ ಹಾಲಿಗೆ ಧಾವಿಪ ಕರುವಂತೆ
ಓಡುವರಾ ಶಿಷ್ಯರು ಗುರುಹಿಂದೆ
ಹಸುಳೆಯ ನುಡಿ ರಂಜಿಪಂತೆ ತಾಯು
ಶಿಷ್ಯರ ದನಿ ಕರಗಿಸುತಿದೆ ಗುರುವ

ಸಹನೆಯಲಿ ಭೂದೇವಿ ಜ್ಞಾನದಲಿ ಸಾಗರವು
ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯದಲಿ ಶ್ರೀಮಾತೆ ಆ ಪೂಜ್ಯಗುರು
ಅಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳಾ ಕರವಿಡಿದು ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಲಿ
ನಡೆಪರು ಶ್ರೀಗುರು ಜ್ಞಾನಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ.

ನನ್ನ ನಾಡು

ಕನ್ನಡನಾಡು ಎನ್ನ ನಾಡು
ಎನಗೆ ಜನುಮವಿತ್ತಿಹ ನಾಡು
ಉಸಿರುಸಿರಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡವೆ ಬೆರೆತಿರಲು
ಬಾಳಿದು ಧನ್ಯವಾಯ್ತು ಇಲ್ಲಿರಲು

ಬೃಂದಾವನ ನಾಡಿನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯನೆಲೆ
ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜಸಾಗರವದು ಕಾಮಧೇನು
ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯ ನಾಡಿನ ಭಾಗ್ಯಶಿಲ್ಪಿ
ನಾನೋ ಕನ್ನಡನಾಡಿನ ಕಿರುಕಿಂಕರಿ

ಕನ್ನಡನಾಡು ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ನಾಡು
ಇಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸಿಹರೆಲ್ಲರ ನಾಡು
ಮಂಗಳವೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿ ಮಂಗಳಪಾಲಿಸಿ
ಬಾಳಿಬದುಕು ನಿಜಕನ್ನಡಿಗನಾಗಿ.

Latha A. Pandit, B A., (H.E.P)

ಕತ್ತೆಯ ಕಥೆ

Aruna Iyengar, II B.A., (H.E.P)

ಶ್ರೀ ಬಿ. ಜಿ. ಎಲ್. ಸ್ವಾಮಿಯವರ ಅಕೆಡಮಿ ಪ್ರಶಸ್ತಿ ವಿಜೇತಗ್ರಂಥ "ಹಸುರು ಹೊನ್ನು" ವಿನಲ್ಲಿನ ಅನೇಕ ಹಾಸ್ಯಪೂರ್ಣ, ರಸಭರಿತ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇದೂ ಒಂದು—

ಸಸ್ಯಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಡಿಗೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ದು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳ ಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಸುವುದು, ಅವರಿಂದ ಅಪೂರ್ವ ಸಸ್ಯಗಳ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಣ ಮಾಡಿಸುವುದು ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾನಿಲಯದ ಪಠ್ಯ ಕ್ರಮದ ಒಂದು ಭಾಗ. ಈ ಪ್ರವಾಸಗಳ ಖರ್ಚಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಿಸಿದ ಹೊರೆ ಹೊರಲು ಕೂಲಿಯಾಳುಗಳನ್ನು ಗೊತ್ತುಮಾಡಿ ಅವರಿಗೆ ದಿನಗೂಲಿ ಕೊಡುವ ಏರ್ಪಾಡಿಗೆ ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಇತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಕಿರುಕುಳಕೊಡುವ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಗೆ ಇದು ದುಂದು ವೆಚ್ಚವೆಂದು ತೋರಿತು. ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರಿಗೆ "ಬದಲಿ ಏರ್ಪಾಡು ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು" ತಿಳಿಸಿದರು. ಬೇಸತ್ತ ಅವರು ಅರ್ಧ ಹಾಸ್ಯವಾಗಿ, "ಒಂದು ಜೊತೆ ಕತ್ತೆ ಕೊಂಡರೆ ಉಳಿತಾಯವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ" ಎಂದರು. ಅದನ್ನೇ ಬಿಗಿಹಿಡಿದ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರು ಸರ್ಕಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆಗಾಗಿ ಬರೆದರು. ಕೆಲವು ತಿಂಗಳುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆಯೂ ಬಂದಿತು. ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಶುರುವಾಯಿತು ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳ ಪರಂಪರೆ.

ಸರ್ಕಾರಿ ನಿಯಮದಂತೆ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಕನಿಷ್ಠ ಮೂರಾದರೂ 'ಕೊಟೇಷನ್' ತರಿಸಬೇಕೆಂಬುದು ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರ ಹಠ. ಆದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದ, ಯಾರಿಂದ ತರಿಸುವುದು? 'ಅಗಸನಿಂದ ಕತ್ತೆ ಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದು' ಎಂದರೆ, 'ಅವನು ಕತ್ತೆಗಳ ಅಧಿಕೃತ ಮಾರಾಟಗಾರನಲ್ಲ' ಎಂಬ ವಾದ ಅವರದು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ತಾವೇ ಪಶುವೈದ್ಯ ಇಲಾಖೆಗೆ ಎರಡು ಕತ್ತೆಗಳ ಸರಬರಾಜಿಗೆ ಕಾಗದ ಬರೆದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಗೆ ಸಸ್ಯಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಇಲಾಖೆಗೂ ಕತ್ತೆಗೂ ಇರುವ ಸಂಬಂಧ ತಿಳಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಗುಮಾಸ್ತನೊಬ್ಬ ಬಂದು ನಿಜ ವಿಷಯ ತಿಳಿದು, ನಕ್ಕು ಒಪ್ಪಿಹೋದ.

ಒಂದು ವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಪಶುವೈದ್ಯ ಇಲಾಖೆಯಿಂದ, 'ಒಂದು ಹೆಣ್ಣು, ಒಂದು ಗಂಡು ಕತ್ತೆಕೊಂಡರೆ ಸಂತತಿ ಬೆಳೆಸಬಹುದೆಂದೂ, ಅಂತಹ ಒಂದು ಜೊತೆ ಸಿದ್ಧವಿದೆ'ಯೆಂದೂ ಪತ್ರ ಬಂದಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ತರುವುದೆಂತು? ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ದೂಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಬರಲು ಆಟೊಂಡರುಗಳಿಗೆ ಅವಮಾನ. ಇನ್ನು ತಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು? ಮೇವು ಹಾಕುವರಾರು? ಮೇವನ್ನೊದಗಿಸುವುದು ಹೇಗೆ? ನಾನಾ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳು. ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಗೆ ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದಾಗ ವಿಪರೀತ ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡರು ಅತ. 'ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಯೋಗಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲೋ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರ ಕೊಠಡಿಯಲ್ಲೋ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ ಎಂದರು. 'ಇದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ' ಎಂದರೆ, ಲಿಖಿತದ ಮೂಲಕ ವಿವರಣೆ ಕೊಡಬೇಕೆಂದರು. ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು. 'ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಯೋಗಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡಿದರೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಯಂತ್ರಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಗಾಜಿನ ಸಾಮಾನುಗಳಿಗೆ ಉಳಿಗಾಲವಿಲ್ಲ. ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರ ಕೊಠಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ ಕಾಗದ ಪತ್ರಗಳಿಗೆ ಭದ್ರತೆಯಿಲ್ಲ; ಕತ್ತೆಗೆ ಕಾಗದ ಬಹಳ ಪ್ರಿಯ. ಸ್ವಂತ ಕೊಠಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಟ್ಟರೆ ಯಂತ್ರ

ಗಳಿಗೆ, ಸರ್ಕಾರಿ ದಾಖಲೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಕ್ಷೇಮವಲ್ಲ. ಗಾರ್ದಭ ದಂಪತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಆವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವೇಚ್ಛೆಯಾಗಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟರೆ ಅಪಾಯ ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು. ಅದರಿಂದ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಗಿಡಗಳಿಗೆ ಆಪತ್ತು. ಕತ್ತೆಗಳು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳ ಆಟದ ವಸ್ತುವಾಗಬಹುದು. ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರ ಕೊರಲಿನೊಂದಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೊರಲನ್ನೂ ಸೇರಿಸಬಹುದು. ಮಳೆ ಆಥವ ಬಿಸಿಲು ಅಧಿಕವಾದಾಗ ತರಗತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ನುಗ್ಗಬಹುದು. ಇಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಊರ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕಂಡದ್ದೇ ಆದರೆ, ಅವುಗಳ ಕೊರಲನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದೆ ಆದರೆ, ಸ್ವಕುಲಾಕಾಂಕ್ಷೆಯಿಂದ ಓಡಿ ಹೋಗಿ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರ ಬಹುದು ಅಗಸನೋ, ದೊಂಬರವನೋ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಕದ್ದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಬಹುದು. ಎಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಮಿಗಿಲಾದ ತೊಂದರೆ ಎಂದರೆ ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ಆವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವೇಚ್ಛೆಯಾಗಿ ಓಡಾಡುವ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳು ವೃತ್ತಪತ್ರಿಕಾ ವರದಿಗಾರರ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದರೆ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ, ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಗೆ, ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರುಗಳಿಗೆ ಮಿತಿಯಿಲ್ಲದ ಅವಮಾನ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕ ವಸತಿ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾಗಬೇಕು' ಎಂದು ಬರೆದರು. ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರು ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಅಧಿಕಾರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಇದನ್ನು ಕಳುಹಿಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟರು. ಮರಾಮತ್ತು ಇಲಾಖೆಯವರು ಆ ವಸತಿ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿ 3, 500 ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳ ಅಂದಾಜು ಲೆಕ್ಕ ಹೇಳಿದರು. ಸರ್ಕಾರದಿಂದ ಅದು ಮಂಜೂರಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ; ಕತ್ತೆಗಳ ವಸತಿ ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರೊಡನೆ, 'ಈ ವಿಷಯ ಇಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕೈ ಬಿಡೋಣ. ಒಂದು ಪಕ್ಷ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ತರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರೂ ಪ್ರವಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯುವಾಗ ರೈಲಿನಲ್ಲಾದರೆ ಅವುಗಳಿಗೇ ಮೀಸಲಾದ ಬಂಡಿ ಬೇಕು. ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗುವ ಸ್ಥಳವಾದರೆ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕವಾಗಿ ಲಾರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಗಿಸಬೇಕು.' ಎಂದು ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗುವ ಖರ್ಚಿನ ಮೊತ್ತ ತೋರಿಸಿದಾಗ, ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರು ಬಲು ದುಬಾರಿಯೆಂದು ಕಿಡಿಕಿಡಿಯಾದರು. ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ಕತ್ತೆಯ ಪ್ರಸಂಗ 'ತಮ್ಮ ಮಾನದ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ' ಎಂದು ಅದನ್ನು ಅಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೇ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂತೂ ಪ್ರತಿ ಪ್ರವಾಸಕ್ಕೂ ತಾತ್ಕಾಲಿಕವಾಗಿಯಾದರೂ ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ದಿನಗೂಲಿ ಮಂಜೂರಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಈಮಧ್ಯೆ ಪಶುವೈದ್ಯ ಇಲಾಖೆಯವರಿಂದ 'ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಕತ್ತೆ ಗರ್ಭಿಣಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಮರಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದರೆ ಆ ಮರಿ ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಸೇರಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಜಿಜ್ಞಾಸೆ ಹುಟ್ಟುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಒಡನೆ ಕತ್ತೆ ದಂಪತಿಗಳನ್ನು ರವಾನಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ' ಎಂದು ಪತ್ರ ಬಂತು. ಮರಿ ಕತ್ತೆಯ ಸ್ವಾಮ್ಯದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಗೆ ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಯೋಚನೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಲಾಯರುಗಳ ಸಲಹೆ ಕೇಳಿದರು. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ ಪಾರಂಗತರನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದರು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನಾನಾ ಸಲಹೆಕೊಟ್ಟು ಲೇವಡಿ ಮಾಡುವವರೇ! ಒಬ್ಬ ಮಹಾಪಂಡಿತರು, 'ಮರಿಕತ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಅಗಸನೊಬ್ಬನಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ಸವರನ್ ಚಿನ್ನದೊಡನೆ ದಾನ ಕೊಡಿ' ಎಂದರು. ಆದರೆ ಸರ್ಕಾರ ಇದಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹಣ ಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆಯೇ ?

ಒಂದೆರಡು ವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಪಶುವೈದ್ಯ ಇಲಾಖೆಯಿಂದ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಪತ್ರ ಬಂತು-'ಕತ್ತೆಗೆ ಮರಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದೆ. ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಕತ್ತೆ ಗರ್ಭಿಣಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದಾಗ ನಿಮಗೆ ಮಾರಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ಮರಿಯೂ ನಿಮಗೇ ಸೇರಬೇಕು. ಮೂರನ್ನೂ ಬೇಗ ಸಾಗಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ'. ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಗೆ ದಿಕ್ಕು ತೋಚದಂತಾಯಿತು. ವಸತಿ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ದಾರಿ ಇಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲ! ಪಶು ವೈದ್ಯ ಇಲಾಖೆಗೆ ದಮ್ಮಯ್ಯ ಗುಡ್ಡೆ ಹಾಕಿ 'ಇನ್ನೂ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕಾಲ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಅವರೇ ಇಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡಿರುವಂತೆ' ಕೇಳಿಕೊಂಡರು.

ಮುಂದೊಂದು ದಿನ ಪಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು ಪ್ರವಾಸದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಾಗ ಅವರ ಬಿಡಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರಿನ್ಸಿಪಾಲರಿಂದ ಮೂರು ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ತಾರುಗಳು ಬಂದವು. ಮೂರರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಒಂದೇ ಒಕ್ಕಣೆ "Donkeys Return Immediately" ಎಂದು. ಅರ್ಥವಾಗದೇ ತಬ್ಬಿಬ್ಬಾದಾಗ ನಾಲ್ಕನೇ ತಾರು ಬಂತು- "Immediately Return Donkeys" ಎಂದು. ಅದರ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಐದನೆಯದು ಕೈಸೇರಿತು--"Donkeys Arrived" ಎಂದು. ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗದೆ ಗಾಬರಿಗೊಂಡು ಮುಂದಿನ ಪ್ರವಾಸ ರದ್ದುಮಾಡಿ ಊರಿಗೆ ಮರಳಿದಾಗ ತಿಳಿದ ವಿಷಯ ಇದು-ಪಶುವೈದ್ಯ ಇಲಾಖೆಗೆ ಬಂದ ಹೊಸ

ಡೈರೆಕ್ಟರ್ ಮೂರೂ ಕತ್ತೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಾವೇ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿಬಿಟ್ಟರು. ಅದರಲ್ಲೊಂದು ಅಂದಿನ ರಾತ್ರಿಯೇ ಓಡಿಹೋಯಿತು. ಮರುದಿನ ಎರಡನೆಯದು ಪಲಾಯನ ಮಾಡಿತು. ಮೂರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಅಗಸನೊಬ್ಬ ಮೂರನೆಯ ಕತ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಕದ್ದೊಯ್ಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿ ಬಿದ್ದು 'ಮಾಲುಸಮೇತ' ಪೋಲೀಸ್ ಸ್ಟೇಷನ್ ಸೇರಿದ.

ಈ ಗಾರ್ದಭ ಪುರಾಣ ಕೇಳಿ ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಬಿರಿಯುವಂತೆ ನಕ್ಕರು.

ಮಹಾಕವಿಯ ಮಕ್ಕಳು

Y. S. Vathsala, II B.A., (H.E.P)

ಮಹಾಕವಿ ಕಾಳಿದಾಸ ತನ್ನ ನಾಟಕಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ಚಿತ್ರಿಸುವುದರಲ್ಲಿಂತೋ ಅಂತೆಯೇ ಪುಟ್ಟಮಕ್ಕಳ ಪಾತ್ರವನ್ನು ಮೂಡಿಸುವುದರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸಿದ್ಧಹಸ್ತ.

'ಮಾಲವಿಕಾಗ್ನಿಮಿತ್ರ'ದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಮ್ಮೆ ರಾಣಿಧಾರಿಣಿ ಚಿತ್ರಪಟವೊಂದನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ದೇವಿಯೊಡನಿದ್ದ ಪರಿಜನರಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಲವಿಕೆಯೂ ಇದ್ದಳು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ರಾಜ ಅಗ್ನಿಮಿತ್ರ ಅವಳ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದಿಂದ ಮೋಹಿತನಾಗಿ 'ಹೊಸಬಳಾದ ಈ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಯಾರು ?' ಎಂದು ಮತ್ತೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಕೇಳಿದರೂ ದೇವಿ ಮೌನವಾಗಿದ್ದಳು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇದ್ದ ಅವರ ಪುತ್ರಿ ವಸುಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಬಾಲಭಾವ ಸದೃಶದಿಂದ 'ಇವಳು ಮಾಲವಿಕೆ' ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಸಿದಳು.

ಮಾಲವಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅನುರಕ್ತನಾದ ರಾಜ ಅವಳೊಡನೆ ರಹಸ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಸಮುದ್ರ ಗೃಹದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದಾಗ ಕಿರಿಯ ರಾಣಿ ಇರಾವತಿಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿಬಿದ್ದ. ಆ ರಣಚಂಡಿಯ ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಪಾರಾಗಲಾರದೆ ಒದ್ದಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಆ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ಪ್ರತೀಹಾರಿ ಓಡಿಬಂದು 'ಚೆಂಡಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ವಸುಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ಪಿಂಗಲವಾನರನನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಬಹಳ ಹೆದರಿ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿಯ ಆಘಾತಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿಲುಕಿದ ಚಿಗುರಿನಂತೆ ಕಂಪಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವಳೆಂದು' ತಿಳಿಸಿದಳು. ತಕ್ಷಣ ಇರಾವತಿ ವಸುಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿಯ ಮೇಲಿನ ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯದಿಂದ ರಾಜನನ್ನು ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಕುಮಾರಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಹೊರಟಳು. ಪರೋಕ್ಷವಾಗಿ ವಸುಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿ ರಾಜನನ್ನು ಸಂಕಟದಿಂದ ಪಾರುಮಾಡಿದಳು. ಚಿಕ್ಕ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನ ಈ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಬಾಲಕಿ ರಂಗದ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಾರದಿದ್ದರೆ ಮನಸೆಳೆಯುವವಳು. ಇವಳಿಂದ ಈ ಎರಡು ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಟಕದ ಬೆಳವಣಿಗೆಗೆ ಸಹಾಯವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಊರ್ವಶಿ ಮತ್ತು ಪುರೂರವರ ಪುತ್ರ, 'ವಿಕ್ರಮೋರ್ವಶೀಯದ' ಆಯುಃಕುಮಾರ. ಇಂದ್ರನ ನಿಬಂಧನೆಯಂತೆ, ತಂದೆ ಮಗನ ಮುಖ ಕಂಡೊಡನೆ ತಾಯಿ ದೇವಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಮರಳಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅದು ಇಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲದ ಊರ್ವಶಿ ಮಗ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ ರಾಜನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸದೆ ಚ್ಯವನಾಶ್ರಮದಲ್ಲಿ ತಾಪಸಿಯ ಬಳಿ ಅವನನ್ನು ನ್ಯಾಸವಾಗಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಳು. ತಾರುಣ್ಯದವರೆಗೂ ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಯರನ್ನು ಕಾಣದೆ ಬೆಳೆದ ಈ ವೀರತರುಣ ಅಸ್ತ್ರ ವಿದ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಪುಣ. ರಾಜನ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಸಂಗಮನೀಯ ಮಣಿಯನ್ನು ಮಾಂಸದ ತುಂಡೆಂದು ಭ್ರಮಿಸಿ ಕಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು ಮೇಲೆ ಹಾರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹದ್ದನ್ನು ಬಾಣಬಿಟ್ಟು ಕೊಂದ. ಆಶ್ರಮ ವಿರೋಧಿ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದರಿಂದ

ಮುನಿ ಇವನನ್ನು ತಾಪಸಿಯೊಡನೆ ಅರಮನೆಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದ. ಪುರೂರವನಿಗೆ ತಾನು ಪುತ್ರವಂತನೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದುದು ಆಗಲೇ. ಅಪರಿಚಿತರಾದ ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಯರ ಬಳಿ ಅವನ ವರ್ತನೆ ಸಹಜವಾಗಿದೆ. ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮುಜುಗರ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗುವಂತಹದು. ತಾಪಸಿಯೊಡನೆ ಆಶ್ರಮಕ್ಕೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಲಿಚ್ಛಿಸಿದರೂ ಅವಳ ಮಾತಿನಂತೆ ಅರಮನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಉಳಿದ. ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ನವಿಲನ್ನು ಕಳುಹಿಸುವಂತೆ ಅವಳನ್ನವನು ಕೇಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಮುದ್ದಾಗಿದೆ. ವಿದೂಷಕ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಮಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಲಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಾಗ ಅವನು ನಕ್ಕ ನಗು ಸಂಯಮಪೂರ್ಣ. ಮಾತಾಪಿತರು, ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಅಗಲಬೇಕಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂದು ದುಃಖಿಸುವಾಗ, ನಾರದರ ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ ಅದು ತಪ್ಪಿ ಆನಂದಿಸುವಾಗ, ಇವನು ಮೌನಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷಕ. ಪುರೂರವನಿಗೆ ತಕ್ಕ ಮಗ.

ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತ ನಾಟಕರತ್ನಮಾಲೆಯ ನಾಯಕಮಣಿಯಾದ 'ಶಾಕುಂತಲ'ದ ಸರ್ವದಮನನ ಪಾತ್ರ ಜೀತೋಹಾರಿ. ಚಿಕ್ಕದಾದರೂ ಜೊಕ್ಕವಾದುದು. ಅವನು ರಂಗದ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರುವ ರೀತಿಯ ಸೊಗಸೇ ಸೊಗಸು. ಬಾಲ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮೀರಿದ ಶಕ್ತಿಯುಳ್ಳ ಈ ಬಾಲಕ ತಾಯಿಹಾಲು ಕುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸಿಂಹದ ಮರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಲಾತ್ಕಾರವಾಗಿ ಸೆಳೆದು, ಅದರ ಕೇಸರವನ್ನೆಳೆದು ಆಡುವನು. 'ಸಿಂಹದಮರಿಯೆ ಆಕಳಿಸು, ನಿನ್ನ ಹಲ್ಲುಗಳನ್ನೆಣಿಸುವೆನು' ಎನ್ನುವ ದಿಟ್ಟಪೋರ. 'ನೀನು ಮರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಿಡದಿದ್ದರೆ ತಾಯಿಸಿಂಹ ನಿನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೀಳುತ್ತದೆ' ಎಂದು ತಾಪಸಿ ಹೆದರಿಸಿದರೆ ಹುಡುಗ ನಕ್ಕು 'ಓಹೋ, ನನಗೆ ಭಯ' ಎಂದು ಅಣಕಿಸಿದ. ಇವನ ಬಿಗಿಮುಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ಸಿಂಹಕಿಶೋರವನ್ನು ಬಿಡಿಸಲು ಬಣ್ಣದ ಮಣ್ಣಿನ ನವಿಲನ್ನು ತಂದ ತಾಪಸಿ 'ಶಕುಂತಲಾವಣ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡು' ಎಂದಾಗ ನಾಮ ಸಾದೃಶ್ಯದಿಂದ ಭ್ರಮಿಸಿದ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಬಾಲಕ 'ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನಮ್ಮಮ್ಮ' ಎಂದು ತಲೆಯೆತ್ತಿದ ರಾಜ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಆಲಂಗಿಸಿ 'ಪುತ್ರನೆ' ಎಂದರೆ 'ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆ ದುಷ್ಯಂತ, ನೀನು ಯಾರು'? ಎಂದ ರೋಷದಿಂದ. 'ಪರಕೀಯನಾದ ಇವನಾರೋ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಪುತ್ರನೆನ್ನುತ್ತಾನೆಂದು' ತಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ದೂರಿದ. ಇವನ ತೇಜಸ್ಸು ದಿಟ್ಟತನ, ದುರುಳತನ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಮೆಚ್ಚತಕ್ಕದ್ದು. ತಂದೆಯ ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯದಿಂದ ವಂಚಿತನಾಗಿ ತಾಯಿಯೆ ಸರ್ವಸ್ವವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದಿರುವ ಈ ಮುದ್ದು ಹಸುಳೆಗೆ, ತಾಯಿ ದುಷ್ಯಂತನನ್ನು ಗೌರವಿಸಿದ ನಂತರವೆ ಅವನು ತಂದೆಯೆಂಬ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ. ನಾಲ್ಕೈದು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಈ ಬಾಲಕನ ಮುದ್ದು ಮಾತುಗಳು ಬಾಲ್ಯ ಸಹಜವಾಗಿ ತೀರಾ ಸರಳವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಆಮೃತಧಾರೆಯಂತಿವೆ. ಮುಂದೆ ಸರ್ವೋರ್ವಿಗೆ ಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿಯಾಗುವ ಇವನ ಹಿರಿಮೆಯ ಕುರುಹು ಎಳವೆಯಲ್ಲೆ ಒಡಮೂಡಿ ಬಂದಿದೆ 'ಸರ್ವದಮನ' ಎಂಬ ಹೆಸರು ಸರ್ವವಿಧದಲ್ಲೂ ಇವನಿಗೆ ಅನ್ವರ್ಥವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಕುವರ

M. Padmavathy, II B.A., (H.ES.)

ಭಾರತದ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಗಾಂಧೀಜೀಯವರ ಅಹಿಂಸಾತ್ಮಕ ಹೋರಾಟ ಎಷ್ಟು ಮುಖ್ಯವೋ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿವೀರರ ಬಲಿದಾನ. ಅಂತಹ ಅನೇಕ ವೀರರಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗ್.

ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗ್ ಜನಿಸಿದುದು ಉತ್ತರಭಾರತದ ಒಂದು ಬಡಕುಟುಂಬದಲ್ಲಿ. ಚಿಕ್ಕಂದಿನಲ್ಲೇ ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಯರನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ತಬ್ಬಲಿಯಾದ ಅವನು ತಾರುಣ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ, ಇದ್ದ ಒಬ್ಬ ಅಣ್ಣನನ್ನೂ ಕಳೆದು ಕೊಂಡ. ಅನಾಥಾಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆದು ಪ್ರೌಢಶಾಲಾ ವ್ಯಾಸಂಗ ಮುಗಿಸಿದ.

ಬ್ರಿಟಿಷರ ದಬ್ಬಾಳಿಕೆ ಭಯಂಕರವಾಗಿದ್ದ ಕಾಲ. ಬಿಳಿಯ ಮಹಿಳೆಯೊಬ್ಬಳನ್ನು ದೇಶೀಯರು ಅವಮಾನ ಪಡಿಸಿದರೆಂದು ಅಮೃತಸರದ ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾರತೀಯರು ತೆವಳಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಬೇಕೆಂದು ನಿಯಮ ವಿಧಿಸಿದರು, ಆಂಗ್ಲರು. ಇದನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಭಟಿಸಲು 1919ರ ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ 13ರಂದು ಜಲಿಯನ್‌ವಾಲಾಬಾಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬೃಹತ್ ಸಭೆ ನಡೆಯಿತು. ಪಂಜಾಬಿನ ಗವರ್ನರ್ ಮೈಕೇಲ್ ಓಡ್ವಯರ್ ಮತ್ತು ಜಲಂಧರಿನ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಸೈನ್ಯಾಧಿಕಾರಿ ಹ್ಯಾರಿಡೈಅರ್ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಸೊಕ್ಕಿದ ಕ್ರೂರಿಗಳು. ಅವರು ಜಲಿಯನ್‌ವಾಲಾಬಾಗಿಗೆ ಇದ್ದ ಒಂದೇ ದ್ವಾರವನ್ನು ಸೈನ್ಯದಿಂದ ಅಡ್ಡಗಟ್ಟಿ ಸಭಿಕರ ಮೇಲೆ 1650 ಸುತ್ತು ಗುಂಡುಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾರಿಸಿದರು. ಅಂದು ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಮಹಾಹತ್ಯಾಕಾಂಡ ನಡೆಯಿತು.

ಪೆಷಾವರದಿಂದ ತೀರ್ಥಸ್ನಾನಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದ ರತ್ನಾದೇವಿ ಎಂಬಾಕೆಯ ಪತಿ ಗುಂಡಿಗೆ ಬಲಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಪತಿಯ ಶವವೂ ದೊರೆಯದೆ ಅವಳು ಅಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಸಮೀಪದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗ್ ಮನಕರಗಿ ಅವಳ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ. ಗುಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಶವ ಹುಡುಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ರುದ್ರಭಯಂಕರ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಂಡ ಆಕೆ ಚೀರಿದಳು. ಓಡನೆ ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಸೈನಿಕನೊಬ್ಬ ಹಾರಿಸಿದ ಗುಂಡು ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗನ ಬಲರಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ಸೀಳಿತು. ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಪಗಡಿಯನ್ನು ಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ರಟ್ಟೆಗೆ ಬಿಗಿದು ರತ್ನಾದೇವಿಯ ಪತಿಯ ಶವ ಹುಡುಕಿ ತಂದ. ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ ಅಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅವಳು ನೊಂದ ಭಾರತದ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಯಾಗಿ ಕಂಡಳು, ಅವನಿಗೆ. ಕೊಲೆಯ ಪ್ರತೀಕಾರವನ್ನು ಕೊಲೆಯಿಂದಲೇ ತೀರಿಸುವ ದೃಢನಿರ್ಧಾರವನ್ನು ಅಂದೇ ಕೈಗೊಂಡ ಉಧಮ್.

ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗ್ ಅಮೇರಿಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಗದರ್ ಪಕ್ಷಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿದ. ಬ್ರಿಟಿಷರನ್ನು ಶಸ್ತ್ರಾಸ್ತ್ರಗಳಿಂದ ಎದುರಿಸುವುದು ಅದರ ಗುರಿ. ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಆಯುಧಗಳ ಸಹಿತ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಮರಳಿ ಭಗತ್ ಸಿಂಗನ ಜೊತೆಗೂಡಿದ. ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಪೋಲೀಸರ ಕೈಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು ವರ್ಷ ಕಾರಾಗೃಹ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆ ಪಡೆದ. ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಯ ನಂತರ ಸಾಧುವೇಷದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ಅನೇಕ ಉದ್ಯೋಗಗಳನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದ. ಎಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದರೂ ಅವನ ಅಂತಿಮ ಗುರಿ ಒಂದೇ–ಮೈಕೇಲ್ ಓಡ್ವಯರನ ಕೊಲೆ.

1934ರಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಂಡಿಗೆ ಹೋದ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಲಿ ನಾಲಿಮಾಡಿ ಬದುಕಿದ. ಸಮಯನೋಡಿ ಓಡ್ವಯರ್ ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಜಾಣ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ಕ್ರಮೇಣ ಅವನ ಸ್ನೇಹ

ಬೆಳೆಸಿದ. ಇವನನ್ನು ನಂಬಿದ ಓಡ್ವಯರ್ ತನ್ನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಚಹಾಪಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಬ್ಬರೇ ಇದ್ದಾಗ ಉಧಮನು ಅವನ ಕತೆ ಮುಗಿಸಬಹುದಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಅವನದು ವೈಯಕ್ತಿಕ ಸೇಡಿನ ಭಾವನೆಯಲ್ಲ ; ಹಾಡುಹಗಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮುಂದೆ ಗುರಿ ತಪ್ಪದಂತೆ ಗುಂಡಿಕ್ಕಿ ಕೊಲ್ಲುವ ಭಾರತೀಯರ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಕಾರಿಗಳ ಉಜ್ವಲ ಪರಂಪರೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿದ್ದ. ಸೆರಗಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕೆಂಡವಿದೆಯೆಂಬುದು ಓಡ್ವಯರನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಸೇಡು ತೀರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಅಖಂಡ 21 ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಉಧಮನು ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ದಿನ ಬಂದಿತು ; ಅದೇ 13-3-1940. ಅಂದು ಒಂದು ಸಭೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೈಟ್‌ಹುಡ್ ಓಡ್ವಯರ್ ಮತ್ತು ಭಾರತದ ವ್ಯವಹಾರಗಳ ಬ್ರಿಟಿಷ್ ಮಂತ್ರಿ ಲಾರ್ಡ್ ಜೆಟ್‌ಲೆಂಡ್ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಲಿದ್ದರು. ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗಿ ಸಭೆಗೆ ಹೋದ. ಸಭೆ ಮುಗಿಯುವ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ವೇದಿಕೆ ಬಳಿ ಹೋಗಿ ಗುಂಡುಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾರಿಸಿದ. ಓಡ್ವಯರನು ನೆಲಕ್ಕೆ ಉರುಳಿದವನು ಮತ್ತೆ ಮೇಲೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಜೆಟ್‌ಲೆಂಡ್ ಸಹ ನೆಲಕ್ಕುರುಳಿದ. ಉಧಮನು ಪೋಲೀಸರ ವಶನಾದ. ಆದರೇನು, ಅವನ ಮಹದಾಶೆ ಈಡೇರಿತ್ತು.

ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗನ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಂಡನ್ನು ನಡುಗಿಸಿತು. ವಿಚಾರಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಮೇಲಿನ ಆರೋಪವನ್ನು ನಿರಾಕರಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. 'ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ದೇಶಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಸಾಯುತ್ತೇನೆ' ಎಂದ. ನ್ಯಾಯಾಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಯುವತಿ 'ಅಂದಿನ ಸಭೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಅಡ್ಡಗಟ್ಟಿದ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಗುಂಡಿಗೆ ಬಲಿಯಾಗಿಸಿ ಪಾರಾಗಲು ಏಕೆ ಯತ್ನಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ ?' ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದಳು. ಉಧಮ್ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಉತ್ತರವಾದರೂ ಎಂಥದು ! 'ಸಹೋದರಿ, ಭಾರತೀಯರಾದ ನಾವು ಮಹಿಳೆಯರ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೈಯೆತ್ತುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಗಂಡಸರು ಇದ್ದಿದ್ದರೆ ಖಂಡಿತ ಗುಂಡಿಗೆ ಗುರಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.'

1940ರ ಜುಲೈ 31 ರಂದು ನರಕೇಸರಿ ಉಧಮ್ ಸಿಂಗನನ್ನು ಲಂಡನ್ನಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗಲ್ಲಿಗೇರಿಸಲಾಯಿತು. ತಾಯ್ನಾಡಿನ ಗೌರವ ಪ್ರತಿಷ್ಠೆಗಳನ್ನು ಪರನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೆರೆದ ಆ ಮೇರು ಸಾಹಸಿ, ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಪ್ರೇಮಿ ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಅಮರ. ಅವನ ಚಿತಾಭಸ್ಮ 34 ದೀರ್ಘ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ನಂತರ–1974 ಜುಲೈ 19ರಂದು—ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿತು.

உயிரெழுத்துக்கள் ஓவியம்

J. V. Celine Latha
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அருளின் வடிவாம்

ஆண்டவனே எண்ணி

இல்லற வாழ்வில்

ஈடு படினும்

உவகை யுடனே

ஊராருக்கு

எல்லா நிலையிலும்

ஏற்ற பணிசெயின்

ஐயமே இல்லை

ஒப்பற்ற வகையில்

ஓங்குபுகழ் அடைவாய்

ஔவையைப் போலே !

விஞ்ஞானமும் மனித சமுதாயமும்

Mary Pauline. V. A
II B.Sc. [PCM]

இந்நவநாகரிக யுகத்தில் மனிதன் விஞ்ஞானத்தையே சார்ந்திருக்கத் துவங்கிவிட்டான். விஞ்ஞானம் அவனுக்கு ஒருங்கே நன்மையும் தீமையும் பயக்கின்றது. வெளிநாடுகளில் பயன்படுத்தப்படும் கம்ப்யூட்டர் கள் அறிவியல் வளர்ச்சிக்கு ஒரு சிறந்த எடுத்துக் காட்டாகும். மேலும் அறிவியலின் முக்கிய துறைகளில் ஒன்ருன மருத்துவத் துறையில் மனிதன் சிறந்த முன்னேற்றம் கண்டுள்ளான். புற்று நோயை ஓரளவு குணப் படுத்தி ஒருவரின் வாழ்நாளை மருத்துவர் நீடிக்கச் செய்கின்றனர். இறந்த வரின் கண்களை, கண் பார்வையற்றவருக்குப் பொருத்துவதும் மருத்துவ சாதனைகளில் ஒன்ருகும். இது மட்டுமின்றி, விஞ்ஞானம் அழிவுப் பாதை யிலும் மிக வேகமாக முன்னேறி வருகிறது. உலகின் பெரும் பகுதியை அழிக்க வல்ல அணுகுண்டு போன்ற சாதனங்கள் இன்று பெருமளவில் அமெரிக்காவிலும், ருஷ்யாவிலும் தயாரிக்கப்படுகின்றன. உலகிலே யே மிகச்சக்திவாய்ந்த நாடுகளான இவை போட்டி போட்டுக் கொண்டு அணு ஆயுதங்களை உற்பத்தி செய்து குவிக்கின்றன. இவை அணுப்போர் ஒன்றை எப்போது துவங்குமென்று ஒருவராலும் திட்டவட்டமாகக் கணிக்க இயலாது. இப்போது சீனவும், பிரான்ஸும் மற்றும் சில நாடுகளும் அணு ஆராய்ச்சியில் தீவிரமாக ஈடுபட்டுள்ளன. இந்நூற்ருண்டின் மிகச் சிறந்த விஞ்ஞானி என்று போற்றப்படும் ஐன்ஸ்டீன் அவர்கள் அமெரிக்கா அணு ஆராய்ச்சியில் தீவிரமாக இறங்கத் திட்டமிட முற்பட்டபோது, " இத்திட் டம் நிறைவேற்றப்படுமெனில் இவ்வுலகின் வாயு மண்டலம் நச்சுத்தன்மை பெறும்; இதன் விளைவாக உலகிலுள்ள உயிர்கள் அத்தனையும் அழிய நேரிடும் " என எச்சரிக்கை விடுத்தார்.

மனித சமுதாயத்தையே அழிக்க வல்ல இவ்வாயுதங்களை உலக நாடுகள் தயாரிப்பதை நிறுத்துதல் அவசியம். இதனைத் திடீரென்று ஒரு குறுகிய காலவரையறைக்குள் செயல்படுத்த இயலாது. இதற்கு முதற்படியாக அணு ஆயுதங்கள் உற்பத்தியைக் குறைக்க வேண்டும். உலக விஞ்ஞானிகளும் தலைவர்களும் ஆயுதக் குறைப்பு நடவடிக்கைகளில் முழு மூச்சுடன் பங்கு பெற முன் வரவேண்டும். கடந்த சில ஆண்டுகளாக அமெரிக்காவுக்கும், ருஷ்யாவுக்கும் இடையே அணு ஆயுத குறைப்புக் குறித்துப் பேச்சு வார்த்தை நடைபெற்று வருகிறது. ஆனல் இன்றுவரை

எவ்வித ஒப்பந்தமும் செய்யப்படவில்லை. இதற்கிடையில் ஆயுதங்களைத் தயாரித்துச் சேமித்து வைக்கும் பணியை இவ்விரு நாடுகளும் செவ்வனே செய்து வருகின்றன.

மேற்கூறியவற்றிலிருந்து விஞ்ஞானம் முன்னேற, முன்னேற புதிதாகக் கண்டு பிடிக்கப்படும் சாதனங்கள் மனிதனின் முன்னேற்றத்திற்கும் அதே சமயம் மனித இனத்தையே இந்நானிலத்திலிருந்து கூண்டோடு அழிக்கவல்ல நாசச் செயல்களுக்கும் பயன் படுத்தப்படலாம் என்பது அறியலாகும். ஆகவே, மனிதன் விஞ்ஞானத்தினால் தனக்கு ஏற்படக்கூடிய நன்மையையே கருத்தில் கொண்டு அதனைத் தனது நன்மைக்காகவே பயன்படுத்த வேண்டும். தற்போது, இவ்வுலகில் வறுமை நோய் முதலிய துன்பங்கள் பெருகி வருகின்றன. மனித சமுதாயத்தின் இத்தகைய துன்பங்களைப் போக்க விஞ்ஞானத்தின் உதவியை நாடலாம். விவசாயம், மருத்துவம் போன்ற துறைகளில் அறிவியல் இன்னும் சிறந்த முறையில் பங்கு பெறக்கூடிய வழி முறைகளை ஆராய்ந்து, அறிவியலின் துணை கொண்டு இவ்வுலகிலுள்ள மக்களனைவரும் எதிர்காலத்தில் ஆனந்தமாக வாழ வழி வகுக்க வேண்டும். மேலே குறிப்பிடப்பட்ட துன்பங்கள் முன்னேறிய நாடுகளை விட முன்னேற்றம் அடைந்து வரும் ஏழை நாடுகளிடையே அதிகமாகக் காணப்படுகிறது. எனவே முன்னேற்றம் அடைந்த நாடுகள் இந்நாடுகளுக்கு உதவி செய்தல் அவசியம்.

மேலும், அணு ஆயுதங்கள் தயாரிப்பதை நிறுத்த அமெரிக்காவும், ருஷ்யாவும் வெகு விரைவில் ஒரு ஒப்பந்தம் செய்துகொள்ள வேண்டும். விஞ்ஞானத்தினால் மனிதனுக்கு அளவுகடந்த சக்திகள் கிட்டியிருப்பினும் அவன் அச்சக்தியை மிக்க கவனமாகப் பயன்படுத்துதல் அவசியம். மனிதன் தனது அறிவைப் பெருக்கிக் கொண்டு அதனைத் தனக்குச் சாதகமாகப் பயன்படுத்தும் அதே சமயம் அதனையே சார்ந்திருக்கக் கூடாது. அப்போது மனிதன் விஞ்ஞானத்திற்கு அடிமையாக இல்லாமல் அதனை அடக்கி ஆள்வான்.

எனவே, மனித சமுதாயத்தின் எதிர்காலம் விஞ்ஞானத்தை நம்பியிருந்தாலும் விவேகத்துடன் அதனைப் பயன்படுத்துவதும், அதனால் ஏற்படும் முழுப்பயனை அனுபவிப்பதும் மனிதன் கையிலேயே உள்ளது.

மனோன்மணீயம்

" தொன்று நிகழ்ந்த தனைத்தும் உணர்ந்திடு
சூழ்கலை வாணர்களும்—இவள்
என்று பிறந்தவள் என்றுண ராத
இயல்பின ளாம் எங்கள் தாய் "

என்று தமிழ்த்தாயின் பழமையினையும், சிறப்பையும், பைந்தமிழ்ப் பாவலர் பாரதியார் விதந்து பாடியுள்ளார்.

ஆன்ற மொழிகளிலே நிகரற்றது என்றும், தாமறிந்த மொழிகளிலே மிக்க இனிமையுடையது என்றும், அமுதனையசுறவையுடையது என்றும் தமிழ்த்தாயின் நற்றவப்புதல்வர் அமரகவி பாரதியார் பாராட்டும் தமிழ் மொழி 'முத்தமிழ்' என்ற சிறப்புடன் தொன்று தொட்டு அழைக்கப் படுகிறது. தமிழில் இயல், இசை, நாடகம் என்னும் மூன்று பெரும் பிரிவு கள் அமைந்துள்ளதே அதற்குக் காரணம்.

சங்கத்தில், இம்மூன்று பிரிவுகளுமே செழித்தோங்கி வளர்ந்தன. ஆனால் பிற்காலங்களில், நாடகத் தமிழ் வீழ்ச்சி அடையத் தொடங்கியது. தமிழ் அறிஞர்கள் இந்நிலை கண்டு கசிந்துருகி கண்ணீர் மல்கினர். அந் நிலையில், கற்றோர்க்குப் பேருவகை அளிக்கும் வகையில் பத்தொன்பதாம் நூற்றாண்டின் இறுதியில், 'மனோன்மணீயம்' என்ற சிறந்த நாடகக் காப்பியத்தை இயற்றி வான்புகழ் அடைந்தார், பேராசிரியர் சுந்தரம் பிள்ளை அவர்கள்.

'மனோன்மணீயம்' ஒரு சிறந்த நாடகமாயினும், காப்பிய உறுப்பு கள் பல இசைவுடன் பெற்றுத் திகழ்வதால் இதனை 'நாடகக் காப்பியம்" என்று கூறுவதில் தடை இருக்க முடியாது. வாழ்த்து வணக்கத்துடன் தொடங்கி, நாற்பொருள் கூறும் நடையினை, கூடிய அளவு தழுவி, தன்னி கரில்லாத் தலைவனும் தலைவியும் கொண்டு மலை, கடல், நாடு, வளநகர், பருவம், இருசுடர்த்தோற்றம், எற்புழிப் புனைந்து, நன்மணம் புணர்தலை முடிவாகக் கொண்டு, மந்திரம், தூது, செலவு, இகல், வெற்றி எனத் தொடர்ந்து, அங்கம், களம் என்னும் பாகுபாடுடையதாக காப்பிய உறுப் புகள் பலவற்றைக் கொண்டிருக்கும் இந்நாடகம், காதற்சுவை, வீரச்சுவை தத்துவக் கருத்துகள் ஆகியவற்றிலும் சிறந்து விளங்கிக் கற்றோர்க்கும் கழி பேருவகையாகத் திகழ்கிறது.

மனோன்மணீய நாடகத்தை நோக்குங்கால் பேராசிரியர் சுந்தரம் பிள்ளையின் ஆழ்ந்த தமிழறிவு வெளிப்படுகிறது. தத்துவக் கருத்துகளையும், பழமொழிகளையும், திருக்குறள் நீதிகளையும் இடமறிந்து புகுத்தியுள்ளார் ஆசிரியர். இனிக் கதைச் சுருக்கத்தைக் காண்போம்.

நாடகத் தலைவி மனோன்மணி பாண்டிய மன்னர் ஜீவகனின் அன்பு மகள். வாணி அவளுடைய உயிர்த்தோழி. ஜீவகனுடைய அமைச்சனை குடிலனே வஞ்சக புத்தி மிகுந்தவன். அவன் மன்னனைத் தன் கைப்பாவையாக்கி, விருப்பப்படியெல்லாம் இயக்கி இன்பமடைகிறான். ஜீவகனை சூழ்ச்சியால் வென்று தன் மகன் பலதேவனை மனோன்மணிக்கு மணமுடிக்க எண்ணுகிறான். இதற்கிடையில் மனோன்மணியும் சேரநாட்டு அரசன் புருடோத்தமனும் ஒருவரை ஒருவர் கனவில் கண்டு ஆழ்ந்த காதல் கொள்கின்றனர். ஆனால் குடிலன் தன் சூழ்ச்சித் திறத்தால் பாண்டியனுக்கும் சேரனுக்கும் இடையே பகைமையை ஏற்படுத்துகிறான். ஆனால் இறுதியில் குலகுரு சுந்தரமுனிவரின் உதவியால் குடிலனுடைய சுய உருவம் வெளிப்படுகிறது. புருடோத்தமனுக்கும் மனோன்மணிக்கும் திருமணமும் இனிது நிறைவேறுகிறது.

நாடகத் தலைவி மனோன்மணியும், வாணியும் இணைபிரியாத் தோழியர். ஆனால் இருவரும் எதிலும் முரண்பாடான கருத்துக்களையுடையவர்களாகவே திகழ்கின்றனர். இவ்வாறு நெருங்கிப் பழகும் இரண்டு கதாபாத்திரங்களை முரண்பாடாக அமைத்து, அவைகளைத் திறம்பட இயக்கி, முழுவெற்றியும் பெறுகிறார் ஆசிரியர்.

வாணி தன் காதலனுகிய நடராசனை எண்ணி மிகவும் வருந்துங்கால், "காதல் என்பது என்ன? பூதமோ? பேயோ? வெருட்டினால் நாய்போல் ஓடிடும்; வெருவில் துரத்துங் குரைக்குந் தொடரும் வெகுதொலை" எனக் கூறும் மனோன்மணி, அன்று இரவே சேர மன்னன் புருடோத்தமனை கனவில் கண்டு மாறுக் காதல் கொள்கிறாள். ஆனால், "அடக்கம் அமரருள் உய்க்கும்" என்ற கூற்றிற்கு ஏற்ப தன் நிலையிலிருந்து திரியாமல் ஒழுகுகிறாள். நெருக்கடி நிலையில், குடிலனது சூழ்ச்சியால் ஜீவகன் மனோன்மணியை பலதேவனுக்கு மணமுடிக்க இசைந்து அதனைத்தன் மகளிடம் தெரிவிக்கிறான். "தந்தை சொல் மிக்க மந்திரமில்லை" என்ற ஆன்றோர் வாக்கை நன்குணர்ந்தவளாகிய மனோன்மணி தன் தந்தையிடம் "உன்னதே இவ்வுடல்; உன் திருவுள்ளம் உன்னியயெல்லாம் உவப்பச் செய்குவன்" என்கிறாள். இம்மன்றலை விரும்பாத வாணியிடம் "என் மனப்படி எது? எனக்கொரு மனதோ? எத்தையின் மனப்படியே" என்கிறாள்.

"அன்னையின் தயையும், அடியாள் பணியும் மலர்ப்பொன்னின் அழகும், புவிப்பொறையும்" உடையவள் சிறந்த பெண் என்ற நீதிவெண்பா கருத்துப்படி, மற்றவர்க்கு அரிதினும் அரிதாய்த் தோன்றும் இப்பண்புகளை எளிதினும் எளிதாய்ப் பெற்றுள்ளாள் மனோன்மணி.

"நிமிர்ந்த நன்னடை நேர்கொண்ட பார்வையும்
நிலத்தில் யார்க்கும் அஞ்சாத நெறிகளும்
திமிர்ந்த ஞானச் செருக்கும் இருப்பதால்

செம்மை மாதர் திறம்புவ தில்லை" என்று கற்பனையில் புதுமைப் பெண்ணை வடித்துள்ளார் பாரதியார். 'மாதர் அறங்கள் பழமையைக் காட்டிலும் மாட்சி பெறச் செய்யும் மங்கை நல்லாளை' இன்று காண்பதும் அரிதாக உள்ளது. ஆனால் அப்பெண்ணை 1891-ஆம் ஆண்டே தாம் வெளியிட்ட மனோன்மணீய நாடகத்தில் படைத்து விட்டார் ஆசிரியர் சுந்தரம் பிள்ளையவர்கள். வாணியே அப்பெருமைமிகு பாத்திரம் என்பதை நாடகத்தைஒரு முறை படித்தவரும் தயக்கமின்றி உரைப்பார்.

வாணி புதுமைப் பெண். அவள் சுந்தரவாணி மட்டுமல்ல; சுதந்திர வாணியும் கூட. தன்னுரிமையைக் காக்கும் திறனும், அதற்காக எதையும் எதிர்த்து நிற்கும் உள்ள உரனும் பெற்றவள். அவளுக்கும் நடராசன் என்ற எளிய கவிஞனுக்கும் காதல் மலர்கிறது. ஆனால், பண ஆசை பிடித்த அவள் தந்தை சகடரோ அவளை குடிலன் மகன் பலதேவனுக்கு மண முடிக்க, மன்னனின் உதவியை நாடுகிறார்.

வாணியின் வைரம் போன்று உறுதிவாய்ந்த உள்ளத்தை அறியாத மன்னன்,

"பலதேவனும் ஒரு பாக்கிய சிலாக்கியன் தன்னை விடுத்துப் பின்னை யோர் பித்தனை நச்சியதென்னை?" என்று கேட்கிறான். அரசனை எதிர்த்துப் பேசுவதா என்ற அச்சம் வாணியிடம் இல்லை.

"நாணும் அச்சமும் நாய்கட்கு வேண்டுமாம்
ஞான நல்லறம் வீர சுதந்திரம்
பேணு நற்குடிப் பெண்ணின் குணங்களாம்" என்ற பாரதியார்

பாடலுக்கு ஏற்ப வாணி வெகுண்டெழுகிருள். பலதேவனைப் பற்றி ஏதும் உரைக்காமல், அவனை மணந்து கொள்ள முடியாது என்பதையும் நேரடி யாக உரைக்காமல், "நேசமில் வதுவை நாச காரணமே" என்கிருள், ஆனல் "பல தேவனுக்கே உடன்படல் கடமை" என்று பழைய நியாயம் பேசுகிருன் அரசன். வாணியோ "இல்லையெனில்" என்று துணிந்து கேட்கிருள். காவலன், "கன்னியாய் இருப்பாய் என்றும்" என்கிருன். கலங்கினளா வாணி? இல்லை. களித்தவள் போலச் "சம்மதம்!" என்று கூறுகிருள். "காதல் போயின் சாதல்" என்ற உறுதி அவளிடம் காணப் படுகிறது.

ஒழுக்கம், வாய்மை, அடக்கம், நாணம் போன்ற பெண்மைக்குரிய பண்புகள் நிறைந்து மங்கை நல்லாளாகக் கற்பவர் மனத்தைக் கவர்ந்திழுக் கும் மனைன்மணிக்கும், அறிவு, அழகு, அஞ்சாமை துணிவு, போன்ற புதுமைப் பெண்ணின் பண்புகள் அமைந்துள்ள வாணிக்கும் தான் என்னே வேறுபாடு!

வாசமுள்ள வெண்மையான மல்லிகை மலர்களிடையே அமைந்துள்ள ஒரு மணமற்ற கரும்பச்சை இலையே அம்மலர்களுக்கு மேலும் எழிலூட்டு கிறது. அவ்வாறே நல்ல வாழ்க்கை நெறிகளைப் பின்பற்றி ஒழுகும் மனைன் மணி, புருடோத்தமன், சுந்தர முனிவர் போன்ற இலட்சிய பாத்திரப் படைப்புகளிடையே 'கொடுமையின் இமையமாகவும், வஞ்சத்தின் மறுவடி வாகவும், செய்ந்நன்றி கொல்வதில் தீராதி தீரனுகவும் குடிலனைப் படைத் துள்ளார் ஆசிரியர். நாடகத்திற்கு நல்ல விறுவிறுப்பைத் தந்து, நாடக மாந்தர் யாவரிலும் தனித்து நிற்பவன் இவன் ஒருவனே.

ஜீவகனின் அமைச்சனை குடிலனுக்கு வஞ்சகம், சூழ்ச்சி, பேராசை, செய்ந்நன்றி இன்மை ஆகிய தீயகுணங்கள் இயல்பாகவே அமைந் துள்ளன. ஆனல் அதே நேரத்தில் அவனிடம் அமைந்துள்ள அறிவுக் கூர்மை, சொல்லாற்றல், எதையும் திட்டமிட்டு செயல்படுத்தும் திறன் போன்ற சிறப்பு அம்சங்களை நம்மால் பாராட்டாமல் இருக்க முடியவில்லை.

சுந்தர முனிவர்க்குத் திருநெல்வேலிக் கோட்டையின் சிறப்பைப் பற்றிக் கூறும் பொழுது புராண வரலாறுகளை இணைத்துக் கூறுகிறான். அதே போன்று ஜீவகனுக்கு, நன்செய் நாட்டின் வளத்தைக் கூறும் பொழுது, மன்னன் அந்நாட்டை அடையுமாறு அந்நாட்டின் வளத்தை வானளாவப் புகழ்கிறான். காவலன் உயிர் காத்த தியாகி நாராயணனை கடமை செய்யாத துரோகி எனக் காட்டும் குடிலனின் சொல்லாற்றலோடு நடிப்பும் துணை செய்கிறது.

" அரண் காக்க வேண்டிய நாராயணன் களத்திடை வந்தான். வேலியே பயிரைத் தின்றல், செய்பயிர்க்குத் தெய்வமே காவல் ! " என்று குடிலன் கூற, ஜீவகன், " துரோகம்; துரோகம் ! " என்று கொதிப்படைகிறான். குடிலனை, " துரோகமன்று; விரோதம்! அடியேன் மேலுள்ள விரோதம் " என்று சாமர்த்தியமாகக் கூறுகிறான். போரில் பலதேவனின் மார்பில் ஏற்பட்ட காயத்தைக் கண்டு, ஜீவகன் " அம்பின் குறியன்று; யாதிது ? " எனக்கேட்க, " அடியேன் அன்பின் குறியிது, " என்று கூறும் குடிலனின் வார்த்தை ஜாலம் நகைப்புச்சுவையை ஏற்படுத்துகிறது.

நாடகத்தின் இறுதிப் பகுதியில், சேரனுடன் போரிடப் போகும் பாண்டியப் படை அணிவகுத்து நிற்பதைப் பார்க்கிறான் குடிலன். அப் பொழுது அவன் மனச்சான்று அவனை மாற்ற முற்படுகிறது.

" ஒருவன தாசைப் பெருக்கால் உலகில்
வருந்துயர் கடலினும் பெரிதே"

என்று இரங்கித் தன்னால் எத்தனை பேர் இறப்பார்கள் என்பதை எண்ணி அவன் நன்மனம் துன்புறுகிறது. நொடிப்பொழுது ஏமாந்துவிட்ட தீய மனம் உடனே விரைந்து செயல் படுகிறது.

" என்னை என்மதி ! அங்ஙனம் அடிக்கடி
என்னையும் எடுத்தெறிந் தேகுதல் ? சிச்சீ !
மன்னவர்க் காக மாள்வ திவர்கடன் "

என்று போலி நியாயம் பேசுகிறது.

குடிலன் மனச்சான்றின் அறக்குரலுக்குச் செவி சாயாமல்,

" பிறர்க்கு இன்னு முற்பகல் செய்யின் தமக்கு இன்னு
பிற்பகல் தாமே வரும், "

என்ற குறளுக்கு ஏற்ப தான் ஆட்சி செலுத்தி வந்து அரண்மனையிலேயே தலை குனிந்து கைதியாகி நிற்கும் நிலையடைகிறான்.

தமிழ்த்தாயின் ' கணைக்காற்கு ஒள்ளிய சிறு விரல் அணியாய் ' திகழ்ந்தாலும், அதன் ஒளியில் தமிழணங்கின் இள நலக்கோலம் நன்கு பிரதிபலித்து மிளிர்கிறது என்பதில் சிறிதும் ஐயமில்லை !

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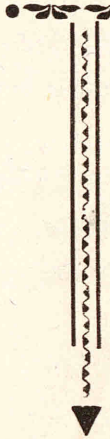
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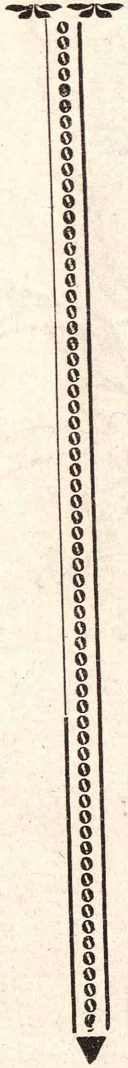
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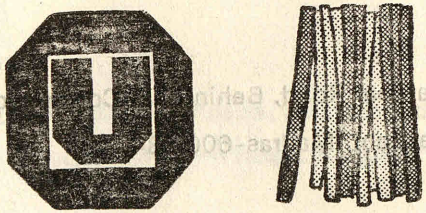
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