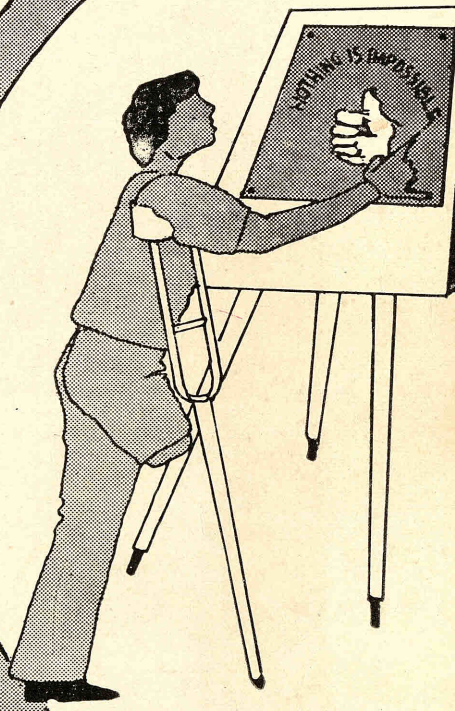
mount carmel college



annual 1981•1982

" Nothing is impossible "

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by Christina Vasanthy J.
(I CBZ)

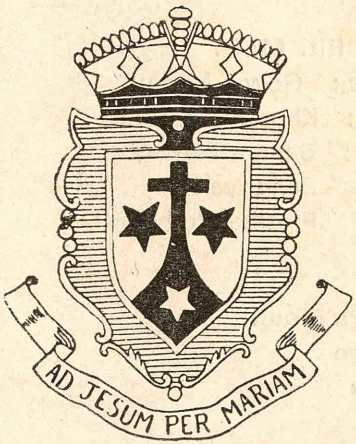
ANNUAL

of

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

BANGALORE

KARNATAKA



OF THE

CONGREGATION OF THE CARMELITE SISTERS OF SAINT TERESA

1981 - 82

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To Mary

Mother of God

we entrust the youth

confided to our care.



His Grace, the most Rev. Dr. P. Arokiaswamy

Archbishop of Bangalore

Editorial

" Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains " — Rousseau.

In the year of the disabled, a lot of pity and sympathy has been extended to those who are obviously disabled — those who have lost a leg, a hand, an eye or their freedom. The irony lies in the fact that we are often unconscious of our own disability. We are bound by chains of our own making! Our disability is one that is imposed from within ..... We have eyes that cannot see the suffering of those around; ears that are deaf to the cries of agony and pleas for help; hands that are paralysed and cannot reach out to another; legs too atrophied to make the first move.....

" For Mercy has a human heart
Pity a human face,
And Love the human form divine....." — Blake.

For those at Mount Carmel, the year has been one of awareness. In the Golden Jubilee Year of Sr. Imelda it was wonderful to see hundreds, nay thousands of our students inspired by her, working together, raising funds for their friends who need scholarships. The enthusiasm, determination, zest and fun that went to make the food stalls a success could not be denied.

The year also found the members of the Rotract Club, the NSS and the Social Service League rolling up their sleeves and sponsoring a variety of service programmes, reaching out to villagers, orphans and the disabled.

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness in the desert-air" — Gray.

The various competitions brought forth many a shrinking violet into the limelight — to bloom (or wilt!). What was remarkable was not only the infinite number and the variety of competitions, but the enthusiastic participation both on and off stage! Whether it was Ali Baba and the forty thieves thundering on to the stage, an inter-class play competition that extended (rather painfully) for four days, or a group of carol singers carolling their way into the hearts of their listeners and continuing long after the audience had left, no one could deny the enthusiasm of the Mount Carmelites — the desire to participate, give of themselves.

We have had students reaching out for the impossible, — Arathi who accomplished a reciprocal landing on her first solo-flight, Hema and group who took to mountaineering, Riti and Gowri reaching out to the reading public through their journalistic talent, Sandhya and group digging into the secrets of yesterday at Hampi. Khursheed cycling her way to participation in the World Champion-ship Races .....

Yet, we have also had an elocution competition where five participants were rounded up with difficulty, a painting competition that was abandoned half-way and various other projects that never got off the ground. In this context therefore it is good to shake off the complacency that follows a sense of achievement and remind ourselves as Browning did —

" And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin ".

For every lamp that did not blaze in the darkness, for every moment we were unprepared or unwilling to join the fight in the cause of humanity, we will have to pay at the final recokoning. Let us therefore use **" that one talent which is death to hide"**, let us unlock **" the hidden treasure "** locked within each one of us .....

" If youth knew, if age could "

— Henri Estienne.

Congragulations

★ Sister Imelda & Sister Teresa Margaret —

"Fifty years of dedicated service"

★ Miss R. Lalitha & Mrs. P. Lalitha —

"They kept the flag flying"

★ Dr. (Sr.) Genevieve & Dr. (Mrs.) Kanti Singh —

"With flying colours"

★ The Principal's Report

Congratulations

★ Sister Imelda & Sister Teresa Margaret —

"Fifty years of dedicated service"

★ Miss R. Lalitha & Mrs. P. Lalitha —

"They kept the flag flying"

★ Dr. (Sr.) Genevieve & Dr. (Mrs.) Kanti Singh —

"With flying colours"

★ The Principal's Report

MESSAGE

LT 2230 MDR 319/29 ROMA 00187 28 0CS 35 LT SISTERS
IMELDA TERESA MARGARET MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE 58
PALACE ROAD BANGALORE-560 052 (INDIA)



"GOLDEN JUBILEE MY AFFECTIONATE FELICITATIONS PRAYERFUL WISHES CONTINUED GOOD HEALTH EVERMORE DEDICATED SERVICE HOLY FATHER SENDS APOSTOLIC BLESSING"



Archbishop D. S. LOURDUSWAMY
Secretary,
Sacred Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE TO SISTER IMELDA OF OUR LADY OF MERCY ON THE 50th ANNIVERSARY OF HER RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

by Louella Lobo Prabhu

Before the young Imelda, life arrayed
Rich promise of the treasures people seek.
Yet, all these rosy visions seemed to fade,
When deep inside she heard a soft voice speak
"My daughter, worldly joys that pass, are dross.
I see much more in you, for you can be
The one I choose, to share my Holy Cross.
Have you the will to come and follow me?"
It hurt to leave behind familiar things:
To feel God's claim and human feelings call.
God won-and to the loving King of Kings,
She gave herself-her heart, her soul, her all.
Full fifty years ago, this very day,
She donned the veil, and took the final vow.
For fifty years she walked Great Carmel's way,
God's handmaid then, as she continues now.
And she who gave up children of her own
Became a friend, philosopher and guide
Through all the decades which have swiftly flown,
To countless students ever at her side.
Her busy hands, her laughter and good cheer.
Through Carmel's lengthy corridors resound.
And make of her a presence warm and dear,
Whose like, alas, is all too rarely found
May God on high look down on her and bless
Imelda with calm days devoid of strife,
And grant her glowing health and happiness
For many future years of vibrant life
Those prayers, Imelda dear, we raise for you.
The God you serve must make them all come true.

Sister M. Imelda,

(Vice-Principal)

Sister was born on the 5th of May 1907, in Mangalore.

She was educated at St. Agnes School and College, Mangalore (Madras University), from where she graduated in 1928. Wishing to dedicate her life to God, she joined St. Teresa's Congregation, Ernakulam, in the then Cochin State, on February 2, 1930, and made her First Profession of Religious Consecretion, on September 30, 1931. In 1934, she successfully concluded her Post-graduate studies in Arts (History, Economics and Political Science) at the Government College of Arts, Trivandrum (Madras University). She was on the Staff of St. Teresa's College, Ernakulam and Trichur, from 1934–1942 and on the Staff of Carmel College, Trichur, from 1942-1948. She was also Vice-Principal of the College from 1942 to 1948. After the College was transferred to Bangalore (Mysore University) in 1948, Sister continued as Vice-Principal and Head of the Department of History, Economics and Political Science. During her many years of teaching, Sister Imelda also served as a member of the Academic Council of Madras, Mysore and Bangalore Universities. She is at present, a member of the College Development Council for Bangalore University (University Grants Commission).

A very dynamic, though "retired" member of the College Staff, Sister is a mentor and friend to all in need, especially to younger members of the Staff and students, seeking counsel or other help from her. She has an enviable memory for faces and names.

Thank you, Sister, for all you have done and will still do as an Educationist ! May God grant you health, strength and happiness in your work for Him and humanity !

SISTER ANTOINETTE, CSST.

Sister Imelda



" A mentor and friend to all in need "

Sister M. Teresa Margaret



" Retired, but passionately interested still "

Sister M. Teresa Margaret

(Rtd. Professor of History)

Sister was born in Mangalore, on the 4th of July 1908. She received her early education at St. Agnes High School, Mangalore. Called to the service of God, as a Religious, Sister joined St. Teresa's Congregation, Ernakulam, Cochin State, in 1929 and made her First Profession of vows on the 30th September, 1931. She passed the Intermediate examination in Arts, from St. Teresa's College, Ernakulam (Madras University) in 1933 and completed very successfully, the B A. (Hons.) Course in History in the Government Arts College, Trivandrum, in 1936. She taught at St. Teresa's College, Ernakulam from 1936-1942, Carmel College, Trichur, from 1942-1948 and Mount Carmel College (Mysore and Bangalore Universities) from 1948-1973. Sister also served as Superior of Mount Carmel Convent, from 1970-1976.

Though retired from teaching at the College due to indifferent health, her interest in the progress of the College is great. It is an impressive sight watching her pore over the tabulated Examination Results, received from the University Office and asking questions about this or that Class or student !

We thank you Sister and know we have your continued, prayerful interest in the College. To quote the reflection of Tennyson—

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

SISTER ANTOINETTE, CSST.

CELEBRATIONS

Thirtieth September 1981 was a day of jubilation for Mount Carmel Convent and College, celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Religious Profession of Sister Imelda, Vice-Principal and Sister Teresa Margaret, a former Superior of the Convent.

Their fidelity to God and to the vows that they had made in the early years of their life, had given meaning and purpose, to their lives. For Sister Imelda ideals are like stars, guiding the sea-farer on the high seas. They guide her along both calm and sometimes stormy waters of life enabling her to achieve her objective — namely service to humanity and in particular the poor students of the College.

On all matters big or small she is meticulous, precise and clear, and perhaps clearer still when she says 'No'. Though firm she is known to be kind, understanding and generous.

For her, work is a pleasure, for illness or any other matter does not keep her for long from the college which is dear to her heart.

Sister Teresa Margaret in her quiet and lovable manner contributed to the college when she was Head of the Department of History and later as Superior of the Convent.

On that day 30th September, the Eucharistic Sacrifice was concelebrated by Archbishop P. Arokiaswamy of Bangalore with many priests, including Fr. Charles Aranha of Mangalore diocese, brother of Sister Teresa Margaret. In his homily the Archbishop spoke on the meaningfulness today, as ever, of the religious life and vows. There was a large attendance of relatives, friends, benefactors.

The function that followed in the College auditorium commenced with the cutting of the Jubilee Cake by the Jubilarians. There were felicitations by Mr. Clarence Pais, Advocate and nephew of Sister Imelda, Mrs. Margaret Alva M. P. (a former student of the College) her grand niece, and Mrs. Louella Lobo

Prabhu another grand-niece, who expressed herself in a poem and a delightful piece of music, a mosaic of lyrics chosen from her plays. Mr. Alfred Aranha related to both the Sisters also expressed his feeling on this great occasion.

All the speakers commented on the growth of the College from its inception in 1948. They commended the institution for having formed so well the future mothers, women of culture and women who have contributed to the growth of our nation.

Professor Cheluva Raju, Head of the Department of Political Science, Bangalore University thanked Sister Imelda on behalf of his department for her valuable service to the University and presented her with a shawl as a memento.

In her acknowledgement on behalf of Sister Teresa Margaret and herself Sister Imelda paid moving tributes to her Congregation (the Carmelite sisters of Saint Teresa) to the Community, and Superiors past and present for their constant concern and unfailing help over the years.

The inspiring morning concluded with an Agape.

As part of the celebrations, a grand lunch was hosted for the staff members of the College who greeted her with flowers and fruits.

The workers of the college also provided a small entertainment at the lunch which was hosted specially for them. Gifts were distributed.

Several prizes and scholarships were also instituted on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations.

May the Almighty continue to shower His blessings on the Jubilarians in the years to come

MISS LORNA RAYMOND

Miss R. Lalitha

(Rtd. Head of the Department of Zoology and Reader)

Miss R. Lalitha, daughter of the late Sri G. Ramachandra Rao, Assistant Secretary and Under-Secretary to the Government of Mysore, was on the Staff of the College, from October 1951 to March 1981. Her earlier education was at Maharani's High School, Mysore. She continued her studies in the Mysore University, at Maharani's College, Bangalore (Intermediate course in Zoology and Botany in which subjects she obtained a First Class) and B.Sc. (Hons.) Course in Zoology and Botany, at the Central College, Bangalore, in which College she also completed the M.Sc. Course in Zoology.

As Head of the department of Zoology, Mount Carmel College, she was associated with the structuring of the Syllabus for the B.Sc. Course in Zoology and organising of new Courses at the Degree level, as a member of the Board of Studies and Examiners in the Bangalore University.

Miss Lalitha is versatile in her interests, which are, besides Science, Music, Drama, Drawing and Painting and the Arts in general.

Miss Lalitha, we feel, has still much to give to the student world, in whatever way she would like to help it, by her wide experience and great interest in the Sciences especially.

The Management places on record, her devoted, loyal and efficient service, which helped to build up the department of Zoology. It was granted Permanant Affiliation by the University of Mysore, before the Bangalore University was started in 1964.

SISTER ANTOINETTE, CSST.

Mrs. P. Lalitha

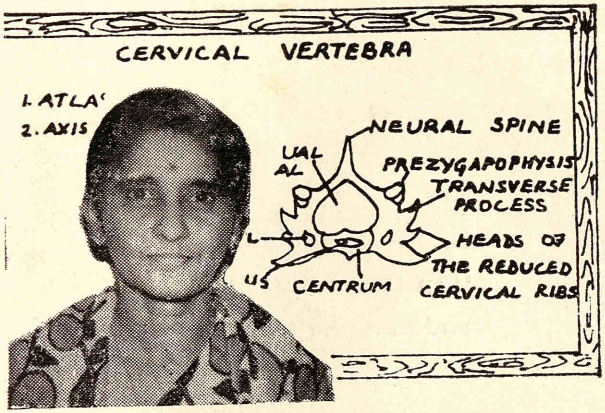
Mrs. P. Lalitha was born on the 20th of February, 1926, in Bangalore.

She worked as an assistant in the Office of Smt. Kamala Bai High School for Girls, Bangalore from 1947–1963, To better her prospects, she joined the Office of Mount Carmel College, on May 20th. 1963, where she remained until retirement, in 1981, at the age of 55.

The Management places on record the service of Mrs. Lalitha. She was an asset to the College Office, by her devotion to duty, thorough knowledge of her files and spirit of service to the Staff and students of the College and general Public in need of information or other technical help, in which assistance she was always very reliable and up-to-date.

Mrs. P. Lalitha will be missed by all.

SISTER ANTOINETTE, CSST.



Miss LALITHA R.

"Versatile"



Mrs. LALITHA P.

"Always reliable & upto date"



Dr. Sr. GENEVIEVE

"An intellectual motivation and thirst for knowledge"

Dr. Mrs. KANTI SINGH

"You only have to work hard enough...."



Dr. (Sr.) Genevieve

(BOTANY DEPARTMENT)

" I am greatly impressed by her scientific approach and grasp of the subject, Sr. Genevieve is a devoted and painstaking researcher. She is a young lady with pleasing manners and an amiable nature ".

Dr. G. Prathapasinam
(Research Guide)
Maharaja Sayajirao, University of Baroda.

Dr. (Sr.) Genevieve received her Ph.D. in Botany in May this year. True to her promise of loving and serving humanity, her research is aimed at solving the most acute problem India faces today—food shortage.

Rice forms an important and indispensable part of the Indian diet. An increase in its production would help alleviate the sufferings of the starving masses. To be precise, Sister's research deals with the assimilation of Nitrogen in the rice plant with special reference to the enzyme nitrate reductase. An increase in the quantity of Nitrogen absorbed means a better crop, which means a better paddy field, which logically implies—more food.

" It was purely an intellectual motivation and a thirst for knowledge that prompted me to take up study for the Ph.D. degree. I knew I had to work hard and systematically, which I did. The ultimate result I left in the hands of God " And has God ever let down His children who trust in Him implicitly and couple their prayers with hard work and unswerving determination ?

However, Sister's life does not revolve around flowers and fruits alone. She takes a very active interest in extra curricular activities organised in college — especially sports. Her tenure as Sports Secretary, prior to her departure to Baroda saw the revival of soft-ball and the introduction of volley-ball in the sports curriculum. During this time our sports women won as many as 14 medals at one of the Nationals !

Sister also served as the Hostel Warden. She loves counselling and is ever ready to act as " friend, philosopher and guide " for, she declares : " Our girls have talent and pontential. They have to be motivated, they have to be encouraged ....."

For those of you who desire to become Phd's, Sister has coined a new slogan—a very apt one—

" Phd. means Patience, Perseverance, Hard work, and Direction,"

Well, if you don't have any of these qualities, it is high time you started cultivating them.

Vaseem Anjum, I B.Sc., P.C.M.

Dr. Kanti Singh

(HINDI DEPARTMENT)

" Getting a Ph.D is not at all difficult. You only have to work hard enough " asserts Dr. Kanti Singh,

" .....and so after elaborate rituals I was permitted into this Shiva temple, at the foot hills of the Himalayas, to study these ancient manuscripts. I used to sit there and write my thesis. My .....it was so peaceful..... so beautiful !"

Dr. Kanti Singh was awarded the Ph D. for having introduced an unknown epic "Jaimuni Purana", based on Yudhist's Asvamedh Yagna, to Hindi literature. Written in Svadhi Dialect this epic was completed in 1857 A.D. by the poet Sadanand. Well, if you are still wondering who Dr. Kanti Singh might be, I think I might as well tell you. She happens to be our Hindi Lecturer. Staggered ? But wait, Dr. Kanti Singh's achievements don't end with her Ph.D. She has authored two books "Ajneya ki Anubhooti" (Ageya : Realization and Expression) and "Filmi Duniyamein Apavad" (The problems of translation in film journalism) She is also a regular contributor to the All India Radio. Her contributions include short stories, articles ahd poems. So much so for literary pursuits, Dr. Singh also has a keen ear for music and loves embroidery.

A thorough linguist and a Diploma holder in Linguistics, Dr. Singh is fluent in Hindi, English, Urdu and Sanskrit and to beat it all is now learning Kannada ! "It's a beautiful language you know"

"I love teaching. It reminds me of my own student days. The students here are especially disciplined and receptive and in teaching them I learn so much myself !"

Yes, she does mean you and me at Mount Carmel. And so the next time you meet her better acquit yourself creditably.

"I am grateful to Sr. Principal for having given me leave to attend my viva last year. I am indebted to my husband for his interest in my academic activities but for which I would not have been what I am today ". For a moment I thought it was modesty speaking but the fact is that Dr. Singh did get all her academic levels only after marriage.

And when I asked her what she liked most about her stay in the Himalayas, the answer sure took me off-balance; " I loved the forest fires, the orange flames leaping up into the sky against a snowy background, is so beautiful. But I know, it is sad for the poor animals !!"

Vaseem Anjum I B.Sc., PCM

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

Parents' Day, 1981

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

SRI. G. V. RAO, I.P.S.
Inspector General of Police

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1980-81

Your Grace, Sir, Madam, Rev. Fathers, Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel honoured to welcome you this evening and place before you the Report of this College for the academic year 1980-81.

STRENGTH

Inspite of our best efforts to keep down the strength, it is steadily increasing, the college having 2112 students on its rolls at the beginning of the year and 2049 at the end.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

Examination results have been good as the following figures show :

Examination	Number appeared	Number passed	Percentage of full passes	First Class	Second Class
PRE-UNIVERSITY					
II Year Arts	191	184	96.3	96	56
Science	269	246	91.4	196	44
DEGREE					
First year Arts	207	167	80.6	33	81
Science	207	179	86.4	106	60
Second year Arts	173	145	83.8	37	79
Science	161	147	91.3	79	49
Final year Arts	166	131	78.9	15	65
Science ...	158	147	93	56	31

DISTINCTIONS

Class	Name	Rank
II Pre-University Arts	Preethi Keshava Rao	.... 6th out of a total of 1,17,801 students
	Maya Gonsalves	.... 10th ,,
Final B.A.	Christine Suniti Moses	.... 5th Rank
	Delna P. Paymaster	.... 6th ,,
	Hemalatha. K, A.	.... 10th ,,

FACULTY

The college can truly boast of a dedicated, competent and well-motivated staff. We place on record the dedicated service of 30 long years of Miss R. Lalitha, Head of the Department and Reader in Zoology, who retired on March 31st, 1981. We also commend the sincere and loyal service of Mrs. P. Lalitha who retired on the same day after 17 years of service in the College Office.

Deputation to Conferences and Seminars

We are deeply interested in improving the quality, relevance and creativity of college education and therefore pay special attention to programmes of faculty improvement.

During the last academic year many of our faculty members attended courses and seminars as detailed below, to improve their qualifications :

Name of the Teacher	Conference/Seminar/Summer Course attended	Place and duration
Sister Jesuine Marie	Leadership with a Faith Vision	Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, 5 days
	Survey of the Special Mission of Catholic Colleges in India	St. John's Medical College, 1 day
Sister M. Josephette	Spiritual Renewal and Pedagogy of Catechetics	Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, 7 days
Miss Lorna Raymond	Survey of the Special Mission of Catholic Colleges in India	St. John's Medical College, 1 day
	Spiritual Renewal and Pedagogy of Catechesis	Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, 8 days
	Counselling	Kristu Jyothi College, 8 days

Sr. M. Genevieve	Towards more effective Teaching–Learning–Testing process	Jyoti Nivas College, — 3 days
	Survey of the Special Mission of Catholic Colleges in India	St. John's Medical College, 1 day
Mrs. C. A. Poovamma	Leadership Training	Kristu Jyothi College, 7 days
Mr T. D. Sreedharan	COSTED Workshop on Teaching Aids	I.I.T. Madras, 4 days
Sister M. Albina	CLC Moderators' Course	Ecumenical Centre, White field. 8 days
	CLC Institute (Training)	Bombay — 27 days
	Indian Spirituality	NBCLC, Bangalore-10 days
Sr. M. Jesuina	Survey or the Special Mission of Catholic Colleges in India	St. John's Medical College, 1 day
Mrs. Asha Valecha	Towards more effective teaching–Learning–Testing Process	Jyothi Nivas College, 3 days
Sr. M. Juanita	Spiritual Renewal and Pedagogy of Catechetics	Secred Heart College, Shembaganur, 7 days
	Towards more effective Teaching–Learning–Testing process	Jyothi Nivas College, 3 days
Miss Chitraleka Naik	Towards more effective Teaching–Learning–Testing process	Jyothi Nivas College. 3 days
Mrs. G. Padmashree	Summer Institute in Physics — Analog and Digital Electronics	American College, Madhurai, 21 days

Academic Achievements:—Two of our faculty members were awarded the Ph. D. in the last academic year — Mrs. Kanthi Singh, Lecturer in Hindi, for the discovery and introduction to Hindi Literature of the Epic "Jai Mini Puran" through a Criticism on the Author, Kavi Sadananda, who had long remained unknown, and Sister M. Genevieve, for her thesis entitled "Nitrogen Assimilation in Oryza sativa with special reference to nitrate reductase"

NATIONAL CADET CORPS

After the enrolment of members—127 in all, the activities of the year were inaugurated by planting trees at the University Campus on the occasion of the 31st Vanamahotsava.

Camps and Courses :—The all India Basic Leadership Course was held at Bangalore, Bhowali and Kodaikanal respectively during May-June, 1980. Sgt. Usha Rani N. secured the first place in the First Aid and Home Nursing competitions at Bangalore and was awarded a gold medal.

SU/O Sandhya Jain and Sgt. Clara D'souza, who attended the all-India Advance Leadership Course held at Majkhali, outshone themselves. Sandhya was adjudged the all-India Best Cadet. She was also awarded a gold medal for securing the first place in the Signals Competition. Sgt. Clara D'souza won the first place for Declamation and the second place for a Quiz competition at the same camp.

The Hospital Attachment Camp was attended by 3 cadets.

An Annual Training Camp was held at Bangalore in October 1980, with 30 cadets participating. Sandhya Jain was adjuded the Best Shot at the camp.

4 Cadets attended the Republic Day Camp at Delhi: U/O Vidya Kushalappa was the Contingent Commander for the State and led the Girls' Contingent. Karnataka State won the Republic Day Banner and U/O Vidya Kushalappa received the coveted Banner from our Honourable Prime Minister Smt. Indira Gandhi. For the first time in the history of N. C. C., the Banner was received by a girl cadet.

Shooting Competition :—Our cadets have always excelled in these competitions. SU/O Sandhya Jain was adjudged the Best Shot at the Inter-Company Shooting Competition held at Bangalore.

First Aid & Home Nursing :—In this competition organised by the St. John's Ambulance Association, our College team was runner-up for Dr. Seshachalan's Trophy for Home-nursing and Dr. K. N. Chandrashekar Swamy shield for First Aid. Each member received a silver medal.

Aviation :—Some of our cadets selected for aviation training have been outstanding as Air-Wing cadets. U/O Seema Terway, U/O Punam Sud and Cdt. Meena Krishna secured their solo in Power Flying. U/O Vidya Kushalappa and Cdt. Saloni Chawla got their solo in Gliding. U/O Seema Terway and Sgt. Clara D'souza were adjudged the Best Power Flying Girl Pilot and the Best Girl Glider Pilot respectively, on Flyers' Day.

Cultural Activities :—Armo-de-Fiesta was held on the 13th and 14th, September, '80 and our cadets won the Best Cultural Trophy. At Aerofest held on the 6th December '80. our cadets won the first prizes for Indian Group-Dancing and Dumb Charades.

Sports :—Our N. C. C. Basketball team won the Inter-collegiate Basketball Tournament. 5 of our cadets played in the State N. C. C. Basketball team which won the South Zone Championship. 3 Cadets were sent to Delhi to participate in the All-India N C C. Basketball Tournment in which they were declared runners-up. Cdt. Seema Sharma was the highest scorer for the team.

Judo and Karate :—Under the expert guidance of Mr. Rajgopal of Madras, and Mr Khan of Bangalore our cadets are doing well in the Art of self-defence. Rama S. secured a silver and a bronze at the State level Judo Competition. She also secured a silver for the South Zone Judo Championship.

GI and GII Examinations :—22 cadets passed the GI and 10 cadets passed the GII examination.

Navy :—2 cadets have been selected in the Naval Wing for girls. We expect our cadets to do well in the navy too.

SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE AND NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME.

The following projects were undertaken :

An Inter-collegiate seminar was conducted at the Baptist Youth Centre, with a view to analysing the conditions and problems of Socio-Economic development in rural areas.

Using puppets as Audio-visual Aid, our students demonstrated to the inmates of the Baptist Nutrition Rehabilitation Centre, the ways and means of caring for the child. They also attended the nutrition programme where they learnt the value of inexpensive high-protein food and ways of cooking the same in order to impart this knowledge to the lower socio-economic strata of society.

Under the guidance of Dr. Pal, they learnt some handicrafts to be taught to the physically-handicapped, this being the year of the disabled.

The Social Service League of the College has worked for the socio-economic development of the Achalu Village, adopted by the N. S. S. unit of the College and helped the members in their various programmes for rural development.

The theme of the N. S. S. unit of this College is "Service through Education". The N. S. S. members who have the time, money, energy and inclination, spend several hours each week-end amongst the less fortunate doing what little they can to bring a ray of light and hope into their drab lives. They continued work at the Achalu village adopted by them, with transport facilities provided by the Industrialist Mr. Lakshmanan.

The work carried on there includes activities relating to adult education, providing employment-oriented training to the youngsters there and rudiments of teaching to the local children, advice to the women folk on basic banking, nutrition and sanitation. As the main occupation of the villagers is sericulture, a training programme was arranged at the local Sericulture Institute for a few youngsters.

The Baptist Hospital arranged a series of lectures on social service, which our members attended. They were also taught various handiwork techniques which could later be taught to the invalids.

The students spent several hours gardening, cleaning and helping to feed the disabled and cheering the inmates of both the branches of the Little Sisters of the Poor on Hennur and Hosur Roads.

A few attended the Inter-collegiate conference organised by the Bangalore University. Two of them attended the 10-day leadership camp.

K. Sandhya, who represented the college at the Youth Leadership Workshops was adjudged one of the best N. S. S. participants in the Bangalore University.

We hope to do better this year.

GAMES AND SPORTS

True to the tradition, Mount Carmel Sportswomen kept the banner flying high in the field of games and sports.

To begin, with, the Basketball Team won 4 tournments — The Indian Institute of Science, the Lions' Club, The Beagles and the Bangalore University Tournaments. Nandini Prasad, our proud possession, captained the Indian Junior Basketball Team at Bangkok and represented the Senior Indian Team for the Asian Championship in Hongkong. Suchitra Unnikrishnan, Mellisa Arulappan and Ashalatha C. A., played in the state team. Lally Alexander was selected to represent the Bangalore University Team.

Cycling :—Kurshed Irani, India's Ace Cyclist, kept up her reputation by winning the Senior National Cycling Championship at Patiala.

Shuttle Badminton : — Our Shuttle Star Sheela Das, took the top position and got the number one Seeding, becoming the undisputed champion of the State. She also captained the Bangalore University Shuttle team along with Stella Arulappan.

Volleyball :—Our Volleyball team had a rich haul of victories, winning the University championship and also the District Level and Ganganahalli Youth Tourney.

Throwball :—The Throwball team won the Bangalore University and B. N. M. College Throwball Tournaments.

Softball :—The Softball team won the National Championship at Delhi.

C. P. M. Road Relay :—For the sixth year in succession, our College Relay team won the C. P. M. Relay races.

Hockey :—The State Hockey team was represented by Yasmin Dhanubhora, Pushpa Pooviah, Suchitra Unnikrishnan and Sowmya Swarna. The team participated in the John F. Kennedy Memorial Hockey Tournament, held at Washington D. C. (U. S. A.)

Cricket :—Our Cricketers Rachel Thomas, Sarita Shetty and Rajalakshmi M. A. were selected for the State team and Rachel Thomas also represented the South Zone Team.

Tennicoit :—Our Tennicoit team with Mallika Natarajan in top form, annexed the Bangalore University Inter-collegiate Championship.

The sum - total of all these achievements was that our students retained the Bangalore University Championship for the seventh year in succession.

RESULTS OF INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITIONS

Science Seminar :— Visweswaraya Museum

Sukanya Iyengar .... III place

Elocution :—Sri Madhava Yuvana Sangha

1. Sheela B — I Place
   College Team — Sheela B. and Rachna Pal won the Shield
2. Mardi Gras '81 I.I.T., Madras
   Rachna Pal — III Place

Debate

1. World Union Debate —
   Sheela B — II Place
   Rachna Pal — Special Prize
   The College Team won the Shield

2. Karnataka State level Kannada Debate
   Lakshmi — II Place

3. Catholic Association Debate — St. Joseph's College
   Sheila Peres D'silva — II Place
   College Team — Sheila and Hermione coutinho won the Shield

4. Leo Club Debate —
   Rachna Pal — II Place

5. Loyola College All-India Debate
   Zonal Level : Sheela B....1st
   Rachna Pal ..3rd
   College Team : Sheela, Rachna and Shashikala M. came first
   All India finals : The team was placed 2nd

6. St. Joseph's College debate
   Rachna Pal — II Place

7. Manifest '81 — Indian Institute of Management
   Sheela B ..... I place
   Rachna Pal ..3rd place
   Our College Team won the Shield

What's the Good Word

1. Garden City Jaycees
   Kishori Prabhu
   Aruna Ramachandra } II Place

2. Manifest '81 — Indian Institute of Management
   Kishori Prabhu and Aruna Ramachandra 1st

Just A Minute

Rotary House of Friendship
Manjula Ganapathy 2nd

Dumb Charades

1. Manifest '81 — Indian Institute of Management

   Kishori Prabhu
   Aruna Ramachandra } II place
   Suman Rao

Quiz

1. All India Quiz — Rotaract
   Hema Urs & Laxmi Char — II

2. Bangalore City Jaycees Quiz
   Laxmi Char & Hema Urs — IV

3. Spring Fest '81 — Christ College

   Hema Urs
   Sheela B — I place
   Laxmi Char

4. Jaycees Quiz at MES College
   Hema Urs & Laxmi Char — I place

Collage

1. Vibrations '81 - Indian Institute of Science
   Vanitha Edwards — II

2. On the spot painting — Spring Fest '81 — Christ College
   Vanitha Edwards — I

Essay

1. Gandhi Peace Foundation —
   Madhulika Sharma
   Latha Pandit
   Meena Kumari
   Sita Subbiah
   Roopa Reddy
   Pushpa D
   All were placed in the first class

Western Music

1. St. Joseph's College
   Ela Kamath, Rowena Misquith & Marlene Gonsalves — 1st

2. Spectrum — St. Joseph's College
   Instrumental Solo — Marlene Gonsalves — I
   Solo (Vocal) — Rowena Misquith — I
   Instrumental Group — Rowena and Marlene — 1st

3. Musifest '81 — Rotaract Club of Mount Carmel College
   Western Vocal Solo — Rowena Misquith — I
   Instrumental Group — Rowena Misquith and Anuradha M. — I
   Instrumental Solo Anuradha — I
   College won the Rolling Shield.
4. Mardi Gras '81 I. I. T. Madras
   Vocal Solo — Rowena Misquith — I
   Suman Rao — III
   Instrumental Solo — Anuradha — II
5. Vibrations '81 — Indian Institute of Science
   Vocal Solo — Sushma Anand — I
   Group — Sushma, Suman Rao and Ela Kamath — II
6. Spring Fest '81 — Christ College
   Vocal (Group) — Rowena, Ela, Suman — III
7. Manifest '81 — I. I. T. Madras
   Vocal Solo — Sushma Anand — II

Indian Music

1. Ovations St. Joseph's College
   Classical Vocal Solo — Vijayalakshmi S. — II
2. Spectrum — St. Joseph's College
   Light Instrumental Solo — Anuradha — III
3. Musifest '81 — Rotary Club of Mount Carmel College,
   Instrumental Solo — Anuradha — 1st, Rama S. — II
4. Mardi Gras '81 — I. I. T. Madras
   Light Instrumental Solo — Anuradha — II, Suman Rao — II
5 Spring Fest '81 — Christ College
   Classical Vocal Solo — Vijayalakshmi S. — I
6. Manifest '81 — Indian Institute of Management
   Light Instrumental Solo — Anuradha M. — I

Dramatics

1. Mardi Gras '81 — I. I. T. Madras
   Second Best Play "HEADS" — College team
   Second Best Actress — Suman Rao
2. Vibrations '81 — Indian Institute of Science
   Best Play "HEADS" — College team

Skits

1. Manifest '81 — Indian Institute of Management
   Best Skit — Mount Carmel College

Fashions

1. Spring Fest '81 — Christ College
   Seandra Fernandes — II
   College Team Seandra and Genevieve Medina — II

2. Manifest '81 — Indian Institute of Management
   Team won Overall Trophy.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND MORAL SCIENCE

We are firm believers that no education is complete without training in moral and spiritual values and that these should permeate all the courses and disciplines is the College. And so, in keeping with the Mission of the College, religious instruction is imparted to Christian and Moral Instruction to non-Christian students.

An examination was held at the end of the year and prizes were awarded.

HOSTEL

In view of the phenomenal rise in student enrolment, the intake was increased from 150 to 160. The hostel is open to all communities and groups and harmonious inter-personal relations prevail,

The general health of the inmates was good.

EXCURSIONS AND TOURS

As we all know, excursions are an important part of education. With this in view, three tours were undertaken during October — two to the beautiful Island of Sri Lanka and one to the Far-East which in itself, is a world apart! One should travel to discover that the world we live in is indeed magnificent, bewildering and fascinating.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPENDITURE

a.

Financial Aid	No. of students benefitted	Total amount spent Rs.	p.
Central Government Scholarships	40	32,320	00
State Government Scholarships	127	60,719	00
Scholarships awarded by the College	20	7,750	00
Other Scholarships	13	10,449	00
Free Studentships	7	1,269	00
Help towards books, free meals, mess fees, special fees, examination fees, transport, educational excursions etc. (Provided by the College Poor Students Fund)	55 Students benefitted	2,500	00

b. **Equipment** :– 979 volumes were added to the Library, bringing the total number to 35,060. Laboratory equipment was also purchased.

	Rs.	P.
Expenditure on books	14,643	31
Expenditure on Laboratory equipment	39,057	03
Expenditure on furniture	4,980	00
Total	58,680	34

Altogether, the year 1980–81 was a very eventful and successful one, We have made progress in many directions. However, there is much that remains to be done, chiefly in the building up of the personality of our students and making them useful and responsible members of society.

The College looks forward to the starting of post-graduate courses for which there will no doubt be good response from students and parents alike. Slowly the College can expand its services as needs arise, which is the view of the Management and our Congregation, devoted to Education and Social Work.

On behalf of the Management, Staff and Students, we thank all of you, for your kind presence here. In particular, we thank our Chief Guest Sri G. V. Rao, for doing us the honour of speaking here tonight and Smt. Chandra Rao for distributing the prizes. We are deeply grateful to you both, for sparing so much of your valuable time to us.

I would like to end by thanking the Lord for His blessings, guidance and graces, in the years gone by and with a prayer for continued protection in the future.

Yours in Service
SISTER JESUINE MARIE
Principal for Management

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1980–81

HOSTEL PRIZE

Carmen Rajaratnam

RELIGION

I Pre-University	....	Anitha Koshy
II Pre-University	....	Sheila Peres D'Silva
I Degree	....	Sharon Beryl Forbes
II Degree	....	Mariam Thomas
III Degree	....	A. Nirmala Lourdu Mary

MORAL SCIENCE

I Pre-University	....	Annamma Thomas
II Pre-University	....	Susan Mathew
I Degree	....	Anjali Mirchandani
II Degree	....	Subadra
III Degree	....	Kamakshi S.

PART I—LANGUAGE

ENGLISH

I Pre-University	....	Shamila Natarajan
II Pre-University	....	Brinda Menon
I Degree	....	Suchismitha Banerjee
II Degree	....	Mariam Thomas

SANSKRIT

I Pre-University	....	Ambika Natarajan
II Pre-University	....	Sumathy A.
I Degree	....	Pushpa R.
II Degree	....	Shoba P. A.

KANNADA

I Pre-University	....	Prathibha K. R.
II Pre-University	....	Sambhrama K.
I Degree	....	Meera Shetty
II Degree	....	Usharani C. M.

TAMIL

I Pre-University	....	Shyamala
II Pre-University	....	Nirmala A. C.
I Degree	....	Shanti K. G.
II Degree	....	Elizabeth Thavamani J. A.

HINDI

I Pre-University	....	Supriya Sidhar
II Pre-University	....	Anitha Kumari Anand
I Degree	....	Suchismitha Banerjee
II Degree	....	Sandhya Jain

FRENCH

I Pre-University	....	Shandhya Char
II Pre-University	....	Sunitha Iyengar
I Degree	....	Meenakshi K. Krishnamurthy
II Degree	....	Benaifer Wadia

PART II—OPTIONAL ARTS

I Pre-University	....	Shamila Natarajan
II Pre-University	....	Mala Narasimhan
I Degree	....	Suchismitha Banerjee
II Degree	....	Mariam Thomas
III Degree	....	Kamakshi S.

SCIENCE

I Pre-University	....	Neena Seth
II Pre-University	....	Seetha Subbiah
I Degree	....	Ila Gujar
II Degree	....	Revathi S.
III Degree	....	Durga Subramanyam

HOME SCIENCE

I Pre-University	....	Meefuza Y. Latiff
II Pre-University	....	Parvathi Menon
I Degree	....	Bindya Pai
II Degree	....	Vasanthi

FOR AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

WITHHELD

Principal's Prize for best student	....	Nirmala Rao III B.A.
Principal's prize for best Prefect	....	Subhadra II P.C.M.
Principal's Prize for best Sports-Woman	....	Nandini Prasad
Dr. B. D. Laroia Prize for Public Speaking	....	Rachna Pal

RANK HOLDERS IN THE PRE-UNIVERSITY/DEGREE EXAMINATION

II Pre-University Arts	Preethi Keshav Rao	....	VI rank
	Maya Gonsalves	....	X rank
Final Degree Arts	Christine Suniti Moses	....	V rank
	Delna F. Paymaster	....	VI rank
	Hemalatha K. A.	....	X rank

SCHOLARSHIPS/PRIZES AWARDED DURING 1980-81

Mrs & Mr. K. C. Reddy	Scholarship I	Instituted by their sons	Capital value Rs. 5,000/-
,, ,,	Scholarship II		Capital value Rs. 5.000/-
Miss R. Lalitha Prize			Capital value Rs. 500/-

Half-Circles

(1st prize On-the-Spot Poetry Competition.)

It's nice sitting alone, loose.....relaxed
Ideas, visions, fragments slipping through
My mind's stolid state
A soft morning rain gently caressing
Trees in the distance gracefully swaying
A tingle, a sensation of pressure [illegible]
Its nice sitting alone, loose relaxed
Then slowly, insidi[illegible]y creeping
So subtle, so slow, [illegible]ome and go
But gathering mom[illegible]tensity
They demand, they [illegible], they thrust
The questions, the questions, maddeningly familiar
Just the dreary why's of daily life
Why's of pain, of knowledge of hidden evils
Why's of love and lusts and of obsessed self
Turning, churning, blowing thru' my mind's flaccid state
Slowly loosing grip, fading to inevitable nothingness
So futile, so weary, these half-circles of thought

MANJULA GANAPATHY
III B.A. H;E.E.

"In the Throes of Creation."

Short Stories

Poems

Humorous articles

General articles

RANK HOLDERS IN THE PRE-UNIVERSITY/DEGREE EXAMINATION

II Pre-University Arts	Preethi Keshav Rao	.... VI rank
	Roya Damaliyan	.... X rank
Final Degree Arts	Christine Sunita Moses	.... V rank
	Dalia K. Palakkadan	.... VI rank
	Hanumantha K. A.	.... X rank

SCHOLARSHIPS/PRIZES AWARDED DURING 1980-81

Mrs. & Mr. K.	Capital value Rs. 5,000/-
"	Capital value Rs. 5,000/-
Miss R. Lalitha	Capital value Rs. 500/-

"In the Throes of Creation."

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So subtle, so slow, they come and go
But gathering momentum a rushing intensity
They demand, they want, they insist, they thrust
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MANJULA GANAPATHY
III B.A. H.E.E.

Shattered Dreams

(1st Prize On-the-Spot Short Story competition.)

It was a cold, biting wind that blew on the morn of the day that was so auspicious for the young and old alike. It blew down the collars of the crowds that thronged the streets clad in their colourful bests.

Raju scuffled along with the crowd never taking his eyes off the pyramidal displays of Ganesha that lined the sidewalks. It was Ganesha Chathurthi. The Elephant God sat in glorious splendour, his painted eyes staring ahead as if ready to accept the world with all its troubles and sorrows.

Suddenly Raju increased his pace. Hugging his frail arms around himself to keep out the cold, he broke into a slow run. Soon he was tearing down the road as if intent on achieving some goal. A warm glow suffused his thin body!

He gazed impassively at the long stretch of pavement that was his "home"–innumerable beggars, riff-raff, women, children. Nimbly darting past tramps, pots, pans gurgling babies, urchins playing marbles, night soil, Raju reached the corner where he had made a private home for himself. Furtively looking back to see that no one was observing him, Raju removed a stone under which his whole wealth lay. A small ragged bundle that was the sum total of his worldly possessions.

Turning his back on the humanity around, Raju counted his treasure. One rupee, twenty eight paise. One month of saving-opening up a world of possibilities. His eyes glowed with pride. Rigorous saving had had taken its toll of the little boy. His cheeks had hollowed out and his ribs stuck out against his tattered shirt.

Raju was panting by the time he reached the bazaar. Multitudes of Ganeshas lined the sides of the road. They were of different sizes and colours. Raju's darting eyes picked out a cart that had idols which suited his taste. Eagerly he dashed over to the cart.

"What do you want?" bellowed the irate cart owner. He couldn't stand urchins hovering around his precious cart. One could never trust them. His attitude relaxed slightly when he saw that the boy meant business. "Two

rupees and no less", he said firmly. Raju's eyes filled. Tears glistened on his eyelashes. Seeing this, the cartman felt a slight softening of his heart. After all it was a festive time. One would always make an extra rupee any time. "All right. How much do you have?" Raju's small brown paw, emptied its precious hold into the cartman's large, leathery palm. "Take your pick", he grumbled.

Raju's legs were trembling with delirious happiness as he clutched the idol to his chest. He felt a delicious tremor run through him each time he looked at his precious possession. He fingered each curve, each edge lovingly. Hunger and the cold around him seemed far off things. He only wanted to be alone with his treasure.

The crowds around him jostled and pushed, drunk with the holiday mood. Women in sarees edged with gold, girls in langas, boys and men in smart outfits, all were out to celebrate this universal festival. Carters and hawkers were at their mercenary best and it would be no surprise if the liquor shop owners turned millionaires overnight. The smell of flowers, turmeric, hung upon the air like a fragrant mist. By now the sun was shining feebly – a rather belated greeting to such a joyous occasion. Loud speakers blared out songs ranging from the religious to the obscene.

A sudden, rough, rude shove, a shattering sound. The fragments of Raju's dreams were scattered around him. A queer moan of despair broke from him as he stared at the pieces lying around him Sobs tore at his throat, his thin chest heaved convulsively. He felt the pricking of tears behind his eyelids. Pieces of clay at his feet. Once they had formed part of a golden dream. He could not understand the queer irony of fate. Numbed, he stared at the multi-coloured fragments that seemed to mock at him. Slowly as the truth sank in he gave way to his grief.

The crowds surged around him. They gave him a passing glance and moved on. They had no time to waste on street urchins, nor was it any concern of theirs. Hungry crying waifs spoilt the festive atmosphere. The government had no business allowing such urchins to make spectacles of themselves. The festivity resumed .....

GEETHA NARAYAN
II B Sc. C.B.Z.

ON DICTATING NOTES

(1st Prize—Humorous Article Competition.)

(Dedicated to that unfortunate race — the Class reps.)

" Ours not to reason why,

Ours but to do..... ....."

" Hurray."

" Fantastic "

" Whats happened?"

" She's absent."

" Wow. Great."

Exclamations resound. It is the first hour on Monday morning.

" By the way she has sent us notes to be copied " declares the class-rep.

" Oh no." Groans. " How boring "

" Girls, I've got my duty....."

The appeal has its effect. There is a general bustle — books taken out, changing of places, friends group together in cozy corners to exchange week-end gossip. The more studious members of the class move forward .....

" What was the last word?..... .....Continue, the same paragraph..... *Alexander was the son .....Macedonia .....* "

Voices rise to a crescendo in the nether regions of the class room. Some exciting narrations have begun .....

" Alexander was not very impressed by Aristotle's philosophy ...."

" HIS WHAT?"

" Philosophy .... not so loud please "

The back benchers are too engrossed to hear the request. "Softer please....." the class-rep again, not so softly now,

"Sorry. Are we too noisy?"

Everyone returns to their stories with no appreciable decrease in the volume of noise. A few girls make for the door.

"Hey, where do you think you are going?" asks the class-rep.

"To drink water." (It is barely five minutes past 10 a.m.)

"Be careful. Come back soon." ("Students caught loitering in the compound during class hours... .....")

"*The other part was sent under the command of ..... Hephaestion.*"

"..... Spelling? ..... *H-E-P-H-A-E-S-T-I-O-N*"

The noise is now deafening. Even the front-benchers can't hear.

Bang. The poor duster. "Girls, listen. For heaven's sake..... ....someone may walk in" screams the rep.

Some concerned whispers, ... and silence.....

" ..... *towards India* ..... "

The chatter resumes, but in a slightly subdued tone.

"..... ..... *thirty days till he fell fighting* ..... " It rises to a steady buzz. One girl cleverly shuts the door and returns, beaming at her own presence of mind. Smiles of approval ..... and the clamour increases.

"*They were led by Cleophis*".

A sharp urgent knock is heard at the door. Is it the Principal? An exasperated lecturer? Suspense increases as the class rep tip-toes to the door.

The door opens — It's the "thirsty" gang, — replenished and apparently unscathed, encouraging others to become thirsty too.

A simultaneous "oh" of relief.

"*Massanga was captured* ....." the din resumes as the effect of the shock wears away.

"..... ..... *from Ohind* ..... *proceeds to Taxila*" The noise is earsplitting now.

Knock — Knock. Oh no. not again. Our private "lecturers" continue blithely unaware of the growing uneasiness.

"Shh ..... Shh ....." Pin drop silence — the door opens.

Timidly a regular latecomer makes her appearance, followed by cries of "Shut that door."

Conscious of her crime, she finds an empty chair, but is soon forgiven when she brandishes photographs of her sister's wedding.

"Lemme see"

"Pass some here....."

"Practice patience my child....."

A third of the class crowd around. Some who had been diligently copying have also given in to temptation.

The class-rep desperately: "Those who are writing please continue— *Laden with rich cargoes* ....."

"Can't hear"

"Girls, please, give me a chance ....."

Nobody seems to have heard.

"He's just returned from the States .....Isn't he gorgeous ?"

"Who ?"

"Second from the left, ... in the beige sari....."

"For heaven's sake, we can't write ....."

Some responsible back benchers suddenly conscience - stricken — "Shh ..... softer please ....." (and in the same breath) "Oh just look at her hair style ....."

The class rep, shakes her head, looks heavenwards and resumes with renewed fervour .....

"*Porus was taken by surprise* ....." The commotion grows louder and louder.....squeals of delight.....shrill exclamations —

"What a beautiful sari.....Doesn't she look fabulous"

"How romantic".....

" Sh..... Shh.....from every direction.....angry glares from the studious front benchers.....

The door is pushed open and a few heads appear ; " What do you have this hour ? We're supposed to have economics here."

" Is this the second hour ? Already ?"

" You mean to say the bell has rung ?"

" Ages ago ....."

HONORINE ROCHE
II B.A. HES

T (error)

It was the day of my English examination—a public examination. I had studied nothing. I knew nothing. I rushed into the hall fifteen minutes late. Everyone else was scribbling furiously ..... I sat down, my mind a blank, but very conscious of the text I had carried in with me unwittingly. I looked up.... to see the invigilator approaching, a sadistic gleam in his eyes ...I lost my nerve, shrieked in terror, and woke up sweating....

Jayanthi Ramanan, II PUC HEPyS



THE ACHING HEART

The world's great heart is aching, aching fiercely in the night,
And God alone can hear it, and God alone give light ;
And the men who bear the message, and who preach the living word
And you and I my brothers, and all others that have heard.

Can we close our eyes in slumber, can we feel our hands at ease
While the gates of night stand open, to the pathways of the seas ?
Can we deny our compassion, can we leave one prayer unsaid,
Ere the souls that sin ruined, have been wakened from the dead ?

We grovel among trifles, our spirits fret and toss
While above us burns the vision of Christ upon the cross.
And the blood of God is dropping from his wounded hands and side,
And the voice of God is crying "For sinners I have died".

O Voice of God we hear thee, above the wrecks of time,
Thine echoes roll around us and the message is sublime.
No power of men shall harm us, or fill us with dismay,
For God commands obedience and love has led the way.

LEELA I I B.A. P.E.S.

A Rainbow on the Ground

(3rd Prize - On - the - Spot Short - Story Competition)

I nodded at the smiling nurse who hurried past me, nearly skidding on her big white plastic shoes, probably wanting to have her lunch and then meet somebody. Well, those days when I was just a freshman seemed so far away. I shifted my briefcase to my other hand and shaded my eyes against the glaring sun as I stepped out of the Clinic. On a sudden impulse, I decided not to use the car, but just stroll along and build up an appetite which had not been all that strong recently.

It was one of those newly built complexes, in which it is quite easy to get lost-which suddenly opens out on to a broad traffic filled road, full of speeding cars and abrupt coughing motorbikes impatiently, trying to beat every speed record. Ah, Youth !. The road was quite empty, but people crowded the small footpaths, rushing into wayside restaurants from where smells of sambar and idlis tickled my nose. I started walking faster and the road streched out, a bit broader, with huge gulmohar trees growing on either side. The footpaths were covered with red gulmohar flowers and there were many heaps of them.

Here, the footpaths were quite empty, and on them were a few roadside hawkers with their colourful ribbons, rows of bangles glistening under the sun, a whole lot of playthings, mostly the cheap plastic type. The hawkers were having their frugal lunches and did not bother to call out as they usually did.

Again on an impulse I just stood in front of one of these ' shops ' and gazed at their wares. It brought an old quotation into my mind " I gazed and gazed but little thought .....What wealth to me the show had brought " Indeed, a whole lot of memories jostled about in my brain. I lifted my head up and gazed unseeingly at the never ending road. I remember the times I had pulled my parents along forcing them to buy me those lovely colourful balls, just to break them in a few days and again the childish arguments, persuasions.....

A car was moving slowly in the distance. I suddenly remembered the day I had thrown one of those balls outside our car window and it had rolled away like a colourful spherical rainbow.

I faintly heard further down, a joyful scream and with a half smile noticed a little boy, not very clearly, as the sun was in my eyes. I noticed that he had bought one of those little balls and had tossed it up into the air and that it was

slowly spinning down like a rainbow descending when the wind blew. Something must have gone into the child's eyes for it raised its hands to its eyes. I say 'it' as the child had its back to me and as nowadays little boys and girls are dressed nearly alike, I could not make out the difference. The ball landed with a tiny ' thud ' and rolled away on the carpet of gulmohar flowers towards the middle of the road.

I suddenly decided to buy one, for my only grandson and turned abruptly to the hawker looking expectantly at me and just as suddenly turned again as I heard a shrill scream which rent the air. It sent shivers down my spine when I heard it and then as a group of people gathered in the distance, the obvious struck me. The little child had been struck down while chasing its ball.

Sweat broke out on my face as I rushed to the scene. There was quite a huge crowd by now. Maybe they sensed I was a doctor and let me through. Then I realised I had my white coat on.

A few females were making ' tching ' sounds but made no other move. The driver of the car, a nonchalant jean-clad youth, with a cigarette sticking out of his lower lip was examinihg the car to see if there was any damage. Blasted Youth !

The left front tyre had gone over the child's head. I asked the crowd to move back and asked the youth to reverse the car. I had to see the child's face. A child which would have no memories to sort through when it grew old. One look at its smashed brain with the blood pouring out and, I let go of the little hand I had picked up automatically, I knew this child would never have the chance to grow old. " Well unknown child, you will certainly go ....." My thought snapped off immediately as I saw something glinting at its throat. A medallion, a gold one with " Om " written on it. With a sudden dread I turned it over, Yes, it was there, the initial which I had inscribed so lovingly for my grandson.

Everything looked red for a moment. I wanted to hit out at the stupid youth, hit out at God, " Why God? Why? " was all I could think. I turned my head away.

Most of the crowd had moved away. Useless people talking useless rot. I muttered and then through the clouds in my eyes, I saw this spherical-rainbow, being slowly pushed by the gust of wind. A rainbow on the ground. I cried.

— **KUMUDA RAO**
II PUC HEPyS

The call of money

The rich live closetted
Behind walls of money
A cyclone hits, takes it toll .....
There's one more song and one more dance.
Doctors and engineers we have in plenty
But, they seldom stay .....
There is money abroad.
Why lose the chance ?
Why fake patriotism ?
There are too many mouths,
Too little food,
We would be fools to stay back.....
To sing the national anthem.

JAYALAKSHMI, K. III B.Sc. PCM

Peace

(1st Prize Poetry Competition)

Here I sit,
having stilled all the voices in me,
alive with my own slience,
listening to the songs of the wind,
letting the peace cleanse
my Soul.

KALA KRISHAAN, I B.A. P.E.E.

THE DECISION

(2nd Prize—On-the-Spot Short Story Competition.)



Beena felt miserable. There is no place for truth and justice in this world any more, she thought. Her mind brooded over the incidents of that day.

She had ignored the whispering and the exchanging of papers in the examination hall. Emboldened by the indifference of the invigilator, the whispers grew louder and the cheating more open. Beena was a good student She had worked hard and knew that she had answered her paper well. What rankled however, was the fact that others who were bad students who had not toiled and sweated like her would do just as well. The whole system was a farce she told herself and she was probably a fool not to do as the others did.

But, ... she thought of her father — so proud, so upright. He had never given in to temptation. He knew what was right. How many times had he repeated his belief until it was hers too — that it was better to lose honourably than to gain dishonourably. Father had risen the hard way, the honest way. He was respected for his unassailable honesty, his integrity. Certainly he would approve of her action.

He did. She repeated the sordid details and he said "Why do you worry child? You have done what is right. Your marks will not let you down and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you earned them." Beena was still depressed but was somewhat consoled by his words "Others may have cheated, but do not think about them. Be happy that you have done well ....."

The results came and Beena was overjoyed. She had got a first class — 82%. Her ambition was now to get into medical college. She filled in applications, collected certificates, answered examinations, until finally, it was — the day of the interview.

It was her turn now. Her palms were wet with sweat. Her knees seemed like jelly, but she forced herself to appear calm as she confronted the three people on the other side of the desk.

One of them ruffled through the papers before him and said — "Well, you have got good marks and you have fared well in the entrance exam"..... He sat back and looked at her — "What is your father?"

"Beg your pardon".... Beena was unprepared for such a question..... "An engineer, Sir"

"Hmmm", he looked at the ceiling, "well, you know how it is, we have got so many applications, so few seats ..... may be we can find place for you if you are willing to pay a little donation of Rs. 10,000/-. I know it sounds an absurdly small sum, but then you've got good marks....."

Beena stared, her shock evident to the men watching her — "Well young lady, give us your answer. We have no time to waste. Others are waiting ....."

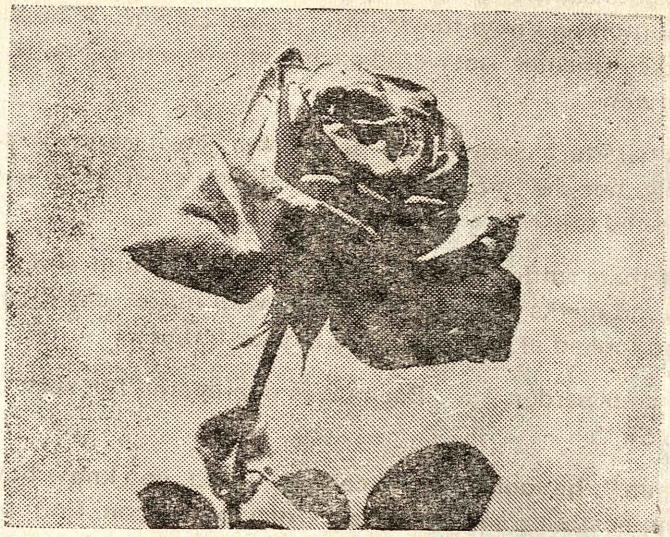
"I'm sorry, I thought I could get in on my own merit, I didn't think it would be necessary....." She stammered and broke off under the freezing glances of the three men.

She returned home, heavy of heart, conscious of a golden opportunity missed. She had been honest, she had kept her integrity, her pride, but the taste was bitter, her heart heavy as she contemplated the bleak future. All of a sudden she was tired ..... of everything.

' They are all so corrupt father. They tried to force me into buying a seat but I refused. Was I right father?" she turned to him, pleading.

Her father hesitated. "But this was a question of your whole future. You knew we could afford it my child, why did you refuse ....?"

PADMA RAMASWAMY
II P.U.C. — PECA



A BUD BLOOMS

(2nd Prize—Poetry Competition.)

A bud blooms.
a beautiful flower,
pale and fragrant,
filled with grace.
But then,
it grows.....
The petals fade.....
fall down, leaving
a bare green stalk,
so devoid of grace.
Then,
it's plucked,
thrown away,
just because
it grew.....

KUMUDA RAO
II P.U.C. HEPyS.

RABAB'S WINDOW

(2nd Prize-Short Story Competition)

Rabab sat in the room looking down into the narrow lane. Abbajan would be very angry if he found her there. He had told her that if anyone saw her from the road, he .... the stranger – would come up and take her away. Hai Allah. What would she do ? But, all the same, it was fascinating to sit by the window and watch the people go about their business. How she wished she could also go out.

The world seemed so cloistered, yet this room, on the first floor with its window facing the *'muhallah'* was Rabab's window to the world. Through this window she could see her father returning home (and then, of course, she would have to run back to the *"Zenana"*). Karim was sneaking out to buy sweet-meats; the fat, grey cat was returning home; the *'muhallah'* people were going about their business; the Badshah's men were announcing his ordinances to the accompaniment of the drummer. Why, only the other day she had heard them proclaim that the king did not want the men to have long beards. If they had long beards, then the king's men would cut them off ! When she had told Karim, her brother, about this he had become worried. Silly fellow. He did not even have a beard.

Looking down the lane, she spotted Abdul Qadir. Ami was saying that Khalajan might marry him. A wedding — what fun ! She would get a new dress and who knows what else besides.

Abdul Qadir was a handsome young man with a beautiful long black beard. Oh, how handsome he looked, just like how Babur Badshah must have looked. Abbajan had called him *'nalayak'* (a useless fellow). But how could someone look like Babur Badshah and be, *'nalayak* !' *'Na mumkin.'* (Impossible !)

Rabab watched Abdul as he picked his way carefully through the dirty lane. Watching him she was struck by his flowing beard. She remembered Abbajan and Ami talking about it —

" Abdul, the young rascal, is sure to get into trouble "

" Hai Allah. What has he done? If Jahana hears about this she will be so scared."

" The vain fool refuses to cut his beard. If Badshah Aurangzeb's men catch him, he may not only have his beard cut off but his head also.',

" Yah Kudah. Talk to him and tell him not to be so foolish "

As she watched Abdul, she noticed two men following him. They moved swiftly and by the time Abdul had reached the window one of the men had overpowered him.

The whole '*muhallah*' stopped and turned round to watch. Suddenly faces appeared at the windows and small boys ran out to get a better view. The usual bustle stopped and in the twinkle of an eye Abdul's beard was shorn. In the place of the long flowing beard there were only a few short bristles. The eerie silence persisted.....Suddenly a laugh rang out — a young girlish laugh. This was joined by many more till the whole '*muhallah*' reverberated with it.

Abdul Qadir stood still, his fair face slowly turning red. As the sound of laughter continued his face become livid and a look of cruel determination came over it. He would show the girl what he could do for having been made the laughing stock. He turned purposefully and started towards the house.

Hai Allah. What had she done ? Abdul Qadir was coming up....up ...up, and he was going to take her — take her away.

Abdul came up and paused at the door, and peered into the dim-lit room. In the corner, quivering with fright stood Rabab, the five year old daughter of Ulugh Khan.

Abdul stared into the frightened little face, he advanced, and then with a laugh he turned and walked out of the room. She was just a little girl, a tiny little girl who had laughed at his sorry plight and by Allah, it was funny.

(Based on the measures taken by Aurangzeb to promote austerity. The length of beards and clothes were fixed. He even had a band of men to enforce these regulations.)

SANDHYA VASUDEVAN
III B.A. H.E.S.

The Cyclist's Prayer

Our Father in Heaven, who never rode a bicycle,
Help us, who need your help.
Only you know the dangers we are subjected to,
The difficulties we go through,
Grant us our prayer.
Help us on the upward slopes,
There is no need to help us downwards.
Protect us when the brakes fail,
When our trouser legs get caught in the chain,
Give us patience,
Deliver us from sharp-eyed policemen
When we are going double, or
Without a light at night,
Deliver us from cars on the wrong side of the road
The few times we are on the right.
Remove from our paths — stones, nails, glass splinters,
Sustain us as we go through a deep hole — full of water,
The hole that SEEMS so shallow,
Rescue us on slushy streets after rain,
Deflect from our clean clothes the mud, the dirt.
Guard us against bicycle thieves,
Protect us from the avid looks of men
Who distract us,
Deliver us from barking dogs, and above all .....

Help us buy cars.

LEELA I. ....I B.A. P.E.S.

Light

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
The light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one,
The light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

S. KUMUDA....I B.A. H.E.S.

" THE SMELL OF ROTTEN EGGS AND....MELANIE "

(3rd Prize-Humorous Article)

Until I had Melanie as my Chemistry Practicals partner I always thought Disraeli was an incorrigible sadist to have said" 'Misfortune' is Gladstone falling into the river and 'Calamity' is when someone pulls him out". But now I would say without any qualms of conscience that "Misfortune' is going into a chemistry lab and 'Calamity' is having Melanie as your partner".

Chemistry practicals had always been my red rag, the smell of rotten eggs and ammonia is hardly a soothing or exciting combination. (Hence my admiration for my chemistry lecturers). So it was that my whole being quivered, writhed, convulsed in short, protested my entry into the chemistry lab, but visions of an admonishing father, mother, and a whole lot of my concerned tribe, arose before me and I squared my shoulders to meet the formidable test-tube world. But the moment my partner's name was called out, the squared shoulders sort of slumped into a miserable shape.

This partner of mine, at one glance, (or as many as you like) would seem the epitome of homosapien lethargy. But once inside the lab, she was known to exhibit an astonishing and unnerving frenzied activity. An avaricious ambition to get her hands first, on every reagent and instrument, was supposed to have sent many a partner's blood-pressure, shooting sky-ward.

In my first Chemistry Practical class, I crossed my fingers, toes and all other appendages that could be crossed, sent up one silent prayer for my liver, collected my test tubes and faced an array of reagents common for me and Melanie. Things looked suspiciously good at the start. Melanie was performing calmly–no mysterious disappearing reagents. It did not last long. While I was gingerly holding a boiling test tube in one hand and trying desperately to pour HCl into it, the bottle of HCL was adroitly whipped out of my hold, and the total unexpectedness of it, sent the other test tube clattering down. I could feel the bile in my system getting sensitive. I tried to give her a withering look but soon decided against it when the futility of the gesture dawned upon me. As far as she was concerned, I did not exist — she was transferring some fuming liquids in a frenzied manner.

I don't know whether it was a case of mistaken identity, but she did behave as if I was the lab attender, for, in the course of her gallop across the length and breadth of the lab, she would fire a few questions concerning the whereabouts of a vague reagent and I was usually too busy with my own inexplicable salt and its odours to comprehend her taxing questions.

My nasal turbinals were not exactly laudable but unfortunately Melanie thought otherwise. To identify the mysterious odours emanating from her test tubes, she duly kept bringing them in close and unnerving propinquity with my nose. At first she used to warn me at least about the impending arrival of an odorous test tube, while advancing like a ship in full sail, but with time, she sadistically took to guerilla attacks. It does shake up one's very existence when faced with a test tube spewing a reddish brown fuming liquid, just an inch away from the tip of one's nose. I have informed her many a time in variously modulated tones that I was not a woman with an adventurous spirit but she seems to have doubts regarding the veracity of my statement.

And yet, without her around, Chemistry Practicals would be dull, insipid and mundane. The mounting tension, the apprehension, breaks the placid monotony and when I come out of the chemistry lab sapped of all energy, I feel like a victorious Mohammed Ali. A sense of achievement in life — I guess I owe it to Melanie.

SUKANYA IYENGAR
III YEAR C.B.Z.

DEFENCELESS

I hate men because
they stroll with me casually
through dance halls and bedrooms.
They feel me all over
with their sweating hands,
pinch me and
press me,
ignite me,
and hold me to their lips.
Then, when I am exhausted,
worn out,
they throw me aside.
Why do they take advantage
of my slim white body?
After all,
I am a defenceless !?!
.... Cigarette (_____())

B. K. SAVITHRI GOWDA
I B.A. HES

BLISS

(3rd prize On-the-Spot Poetry Competition.)

The laughing waters of a swollen
mountain stream come
Tumbling down into the lush warmth of a
valley below.
The water, ever flowing, ecstatic,
arouses in me some dormant
ecstacy.....
A song springs from my soul and
floats away on the wind
I melt into the song and soar into
the heavens;
At peace with myself,
one with My Maker.

KALA KRISHNAN
I B.A. PEE.

Did I ever tell you---

(1st Prize—Humorous Article)

About the time when I was sick on a Friday and had to miss College and was persuaded by my cousin to 'be sick' on Saturday also, and go with her for a movie? No?! Just listen to what happened, and you'll never try such a thing (at least, I won't !)

Slill feeling quite foggy after nearly 24 hours rest, I stood with my cousin in the queue for a then popular movie (I forget which). I was still bleating about missing my practicals, when I looked around and saw stars ! guess who ? Miss X, one of my lecturers, slowly parked her Luna and moved towards the queue. Jesus ! I sort of died inside. My cousin saw me suddenly opening and closing my mouth with my eyes popping (the original goldfish).

I quickly gasped to my cousin, my present very precarious condition and cursed my luck. She advised me to charge inside the theatre. I charged ! Through the closed (luckily glass) door, I gesticulated to the guy on the other side. I must have looked frantic as he opened the door real fast. Putting into use, my fantastic (?) acting ability, I persuaded him to let me in. Panting after my strenuous efforts (the charging, acting, persuading etc) I was just about to sink into a chair, but instead jumped up as if I had sat on a hot coal. I saw Miss X smiling at the guy at the door and coolly striding in, radiating confidence that I suddenly lacked.

Thanking my lucky stars that I had chosen to sit down behind one of those mammoth pillars, I sort of slithered behind a couple more and darted a glance back. Whew ! She was sitting down !

Spotting the canteen, I rushed there. I really needed something after all that strain of slithering. I had just raised a cup of coffee to my lips when I saw Miss X rise and move in my direction !

Looking around desperately, I spotted the ladies toilet. The coffee seared its way like hot lava down my oesophagus as I gulped it fast, and hurtled across to the toilet. I locked myself up in one of those stinking toilets and clutching my nose, was wondering what was going to happen next when I heard the door creaking open. There was only ONE other 'lady' in the whole theatre.....

I pushed open the door to the narrowest slit ever and saw Miss X patting her hair in front of one of those rusted mirrors. She seemed to take ages, while I choked and suffocated inside my ' hideout '. After a long long time, she went tripping out. Gasping for fresh air I fell out of my smelly prison. The bell went. Looking around anxiously for that now very familiar face, I dragged my cousin into the auditorium. Someone up there must have pitied me for Miss X sat far away from me. By then, I was a nervous wreck and could hardly concentrate on the movie. I sort of slouched low in my seat, which resulted in me nearly dislocating my spine and giving me an awful pain in my neck. As my heartless cousin giggled continuously at my predicament, I fiercely vowed never to " be sick" for her again.

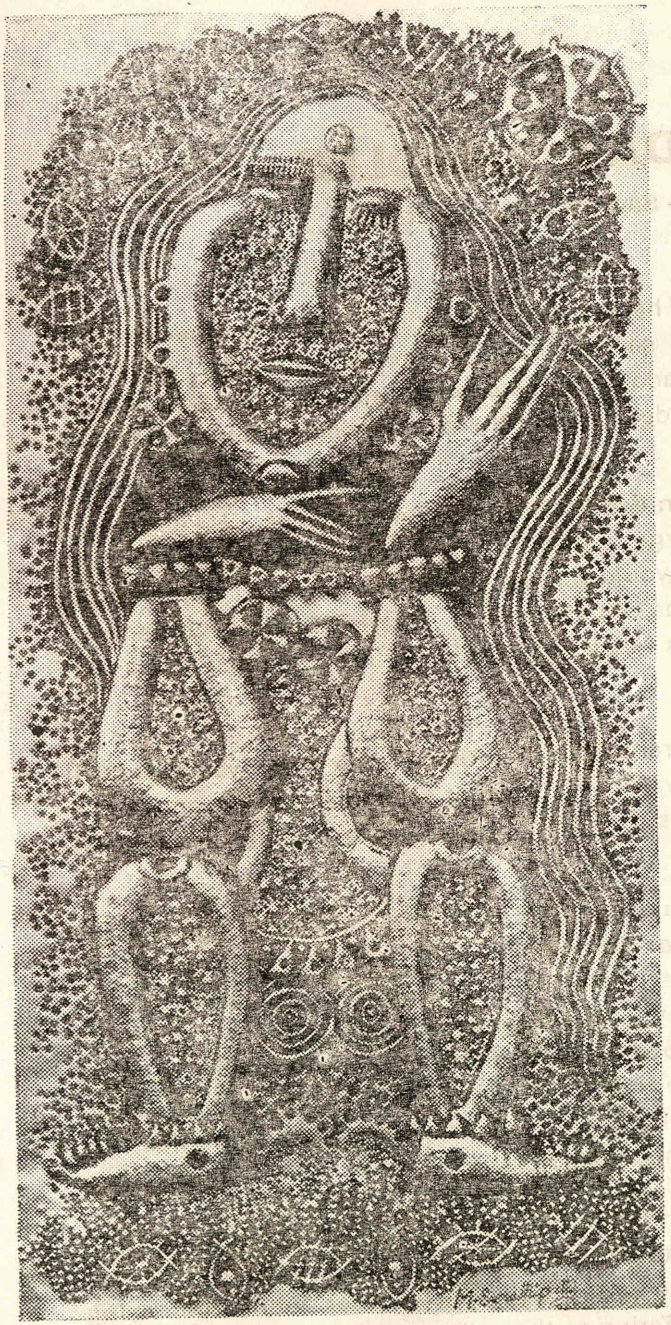
The movie finally ended and we quickly and cautiously made our way outside. We were trying to catch an auto when.... .....

Oh ! yes ! There she was again, slowly pushing her Luna, and before I could escape was just two feet away from me! My cousin later on said, I looked just like a 'blithering idiot' as I gazed into Miss X's eyes and muttered "Hey--Hey— (I was trying to say 'Hallo' ?!)

As she raised her eyebrows, I thought she'd make one of her sarcastic comments and died all over again. Instead, she flashed a dazzling smile at me and said " Nice movie eh ?" I tried to look questioningly at her (you know, that real innocent look etc.) instead I started producing the vaguest sounds ever which I could not stop. She continued, " I thought you were a Catholic'" While I was wondering why on the earth for....." I thought you'd be at the function in College today." As I slowly started floating up towards the seventh heaven, I dazedly heard her say in a confidential whisper "Thank God, there were no classes today, I really wanted to see this movie". Her Luna jerked into life as she sped away. " Bye ! "

We grin at each other in college. You must have seen that friendly, conspiratorial kind of grin shared by two people, when they've " met " before !

KUMUDA RAO
II P.U.C. HEPyS



A Woman

God at first created man,
To enjoy the universe
But man needed someone
To share his joys, his sorrows.,.....
So,
God took from the Universe —
the beauty of the flower,
the delicacy of the creeper,
the swiftness of the clouds,
the colours of the rainbow,
the laughter of the breeze.....
the voice of the nightingale.
the gentleness of a lamb,
the cunning of a fox,
the eyes of a doe.....
And wove them into a woman
And presented her to man.

LATHA, A. PANDIT III B.A. H.E.P.

BIRTHDAY CANDLES

(Ist Prize - Short Story Competition)

The faces around me had held smiles as they had munched the remnants of the cake that had just held seven candles. There was mummy, urging my friends to eat a little more, and daddy was there behind the camera, taking photos of me. I had been happy. Yes indeed. With the most loving parents and friends in the world, I had been happy.

I soon noticed a change in daddy, he looked tired always. He was losing weight. He did not have the energy to play with me but he tried. Mummy spent less time with me. Many days I would find her in tears. I noticed the frequent visits of Dr. Ram even though none of us were ill. I started feeling frightened, I experienced feelings and emotions I could not explain. Then one day I was sent to Kodaikanal for my holidays.

Those holidays were different from the others. The place was beautiful, the people were nice but deep within I knew that something was wrong somewhere. I never really enjoyed those holidays and waited for the day I would be back in daddy's arms.

I was back home, but I could not find daddy ..... instead there sat, an old man, bald, with sunken eyes, calling out to me. I was afraid of him, this stranger. It took hours for me to realise that this was my father. It was hard to imagine him like this but he was my father. I loved him again, but it was not the same between us. He lay on his bed with medicine bottles all around. Once a month he would be taken to Vellore and he would come back feeling a little better. People started visiting our house all of a sudden. They would talk in whispers, but the moment I appeared all whispers would stop.

I could not sleep at nights. Something was terribly wrong with daddy, I did not know what. If I slept, I often dreamt of a house without daddy It was a horrible dream. And I would wake up terrified. My mother would be crying most nights and I spent them just staring at the ceiling or trying to look at the numerous books I had. Daddy would cough and immediately mummy would run to his side. What was wrong with daddy? Why couldn't he get up and move about like other fathers? Why had his appearance changed?

I would ask these questions but in answer I was told to pray to God and he would be all right. I prayed, but there was no change in daddy.

Then one evening I ran to daddy's room but he was not there. He was asleep on the floor of our hall. He was covered with a white cloth. People were everywhere and there were sounds of whispers and sobs. I ran back to my room and the next time I came down he was gone. "Has he gone to Vellore?" I asked but was told that daddy had gone to God.

Someone told me that he was dead, What did death mean ? He had died of a sickness known as Cancer. Why hadn't they cured him like they cure all sick people ?

Today there are 15 candles on my cake and my friends and mother around me. I have no father to take photos of me. Why did he get cancer ? He had no vices. He did not smoke or drink. Why was there no cure for cancer? Why had God not helped him ? Why did he have to die ? I ask these questions but get no answers. Why ? Why ? Why ?

SHOBA SADASIVAN
I B.Sc. P.C.M.

"I have gone the round of creation :
....
I report as a man may of God's work
— all's love, yet all's law."

— Browning
"The Ring and the Book."

God Speaking to man about suffering —
".....I do not bid you understand,
I bid you close your eyes to see my face"

— Swami Vivekananda
"The Cup."

"A many Splendoured Thing"

Human beings in their race towards progress often fail to perceive many a small pleasurable experience in their daily life. I'm sure, you will recognise most of these colours which undoubtedly light up your life too.

Life is, lolling on a warm diwan on a rainy Sunday evening, enjoying the magic of Ravi Shankar's Sitar recital on T. V., while munching slowly a plateful of roasted groundnuts. It is, discovering a lone nut under the cushion and stealthily popping it in, triumphantly,

Life is, rifling through a new book and inhaling the novel smell, after a maddening week under a slave driving superior, It is, hearing of the extension of one's vacation, due to distrubances in the city.

Life is-waking up early on a crisp morning in a cottage atop a hill resort. It is finding yourself alone amidst closing-in virgin woods crowded otherwise by hill-station lovers, and attempting in vain to locate the tree from where a lone bird is calling. Life is, going for a long arduous climb, to visit the hill temple and finding a trickle of icy spring water beckoning to you to be one of its few, rare guests.

Life is, inhaling the sweetness of the earth after a summer shower and the aroma of green grass that fills the air as you joyously approach your one-street village from the tiny station, after offering a hungry-eyed child your left-over food packet.

Life is, the sight of a postman opening the wicker gate of your village home, where mail is delivered fortnightly. The smell of jasmine, incense sticks, roses, the home-made sweets, silk sarees, and sandal paste, titillating your nose on a festival day.

Life is, understanding your grandmother's feelings on seeing you dressed in a pair of trousers for a family wedding and then generously deciding to dispense with your unfeminine attire, watching her grey eyes soften with pleasure as you choose a heavy silk saree, and then light up with pride, as you add sparkling jewels to your ears and throat.

Life is, releasing a series of luxurious, head clearing, 21 gun-salute loud sneezes uncaringly when you have a heavy head.

It is, standing under a sparkling shower in a 5 star hotel bath at the company's expense. Life is, watching the waiter pile the table with aromatic delicacies of spicy sea-food, before you and your disapproving vegetarian colleague. Life is, biting into a juicy steak conscious of being watched in fascinated horror.

Life is, standing on the balcony, conducting an imaginary orchestra, pausing now and then for the deafening applause .... and noticing the expression of growing bewilderment on your neighbour's countenance.

Life is, containing your mirth, on observing the expression of total incomprehension on a visitor's face when confronted with your "Masterpiece" adorning the sitting room wall.

Life is, a "many-splendoured thing,"

MEERA KUTTAPPA
III B.A., HEE

I think I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree,
Perhaps unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.

'Song of the Open Road'
Ogden Nash

ANU

I met Anu through Viji, way back in the January of seventy nine. He had been barely four. He had leukemia. From then onwards, we had shared millions of moments with his family — moments of anguish, treatment, hope and of quiet acceptance. But I particularly wish to remember the power of Anu's larger-than-life spirit ..... his hope of being a doctor, just like his grand-father, his eagerness to enjoy the flowers at the show ; his thrill when he rode on the toy train, his feel of childish self-importance as he sported his Micky Mouse watch ; his relentless energy that kept his household alive, his faith that he would be well again, some day .....

I used to read about such wonderful persons, but God in His goodness gifted me with this personal encounter with Anu's courage even as he was wasting away.

Anu has gone from us but his spirit lingers here.

SUSHEELA PUNITHA
(English Department)

" The value of life lies
not in the length of days, but in the use
we make of them; a man may live long,
yet live very little."

— Montaigne

An Antiode (Antidote) to a Pimple

(2nd prize, On-the-Spot Poetry Competition)

Upon a cheek of soft red rose
There arose
A pimple.
This wondrous thing grew
And grew
More painful.

Imagine a little red berry,
Lurking in the valley
Of a dimple.
Standing like beacon bright and bold
Filled with
Pus....

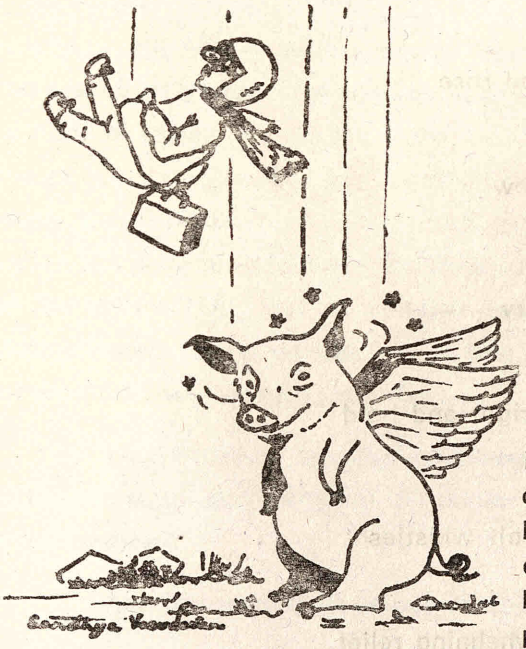
Warning off amorous wolf whistles
To the dismay
Of the possessor
Till at last to her overwhelming relief,
She heard
Of Eskamel.

One stroke of her germ-free finger
One dab
Of Eskamel.....
The beacon was extinguished
The dimple
Winked
Inviting appreciating whistles
To the soft
Rose cheek.

KAMILINI PILLAI
I B.Sc., HSc.

If Pigs Had Wings

(1st Prize On-the-Spot Essay competition)



If pigs had wings..... ....glory be, what visions that conjures up. Imagine the fun all of us would have each with her own private flying pig. No more conveyance problems, no more grumbling about sky - rocketing air fares, no more petrol hikes, no more bumpy autos, no more punctured tyres, no more pollution (air pollution I mean) — the list could go on for pages. Just a fat pink porker each.

There would be routes marked out in the sky, depending on the air currents, a small private runway in each house for the family's flying fleet. At every public place there would of course be a landing stage and underground pigsties — ordinary, or provided with a bed or air-conditioned deluxe, depending on the degree to which the pig has been pampered and how well filled the owner's piggy bank is.

There would be Grand Prix Pig races, shikars to hunt out flying wild boars among the dense cloud masses. "Rent a Pig" agencies, Pig shows, Flying Pig licences, Pedigree Flying Pig Sales and of course "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Flying Pigs."

In order to keep these enormously useful methods of conveyance safe from exploitation there must be adequate Winged Pig Legislation. No piglet with a wing span of below 6 feet may be ridden. Doubles on ANY pig not allowed — except for children under 3 years. Spurs banned and whips to be used in moderation. Every pig must be registered and carry its number on its left wing. Maternity leave must be granted to expectant winged sows.

High quality stud farms would produce Flying Racers and special Racing circuits would be demarcated, with a gold medal shaped like a pair of wings as the prize, The wings of these pigs would not be delicate and gauzy like angel's wings but rather more down to earth like those of an eagle. They may be decorated with permissible colours and designs. The pig manure which would be abundant would be converted into Pigar Gas and used to heat the homes and pigsties. In spite of all their oil, the Arab countries would go broke, being the only ones to use cars and planes, since their religion forbids pigs anyway.

All in all, the state of affairs in the world with regard to conveyance could be utterly enjoyable and fantastic but unfortunately this whole concept is based on the small irritating word 'IF'

SHIRIN FERRIS PRABHU
II B.A. PEE



"Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."

— Shaw

A GOOD CATCH

(2nd prize—Humorous Article Competition)

"Where are the locker keys ?" my mother asked frantically. " There is no need to lock the cupboard " replied my father, "You three have worn all the ewellry we have". "We don't have to switch on the headlights of the car your make-up is bright enough !" my brother told my sister with a sly grin. Quite a normal scene at home, we were all setting out to attend a wedding reception.

We almost arrived at the reception place, ten kilometers away from home, when I discovered something and almost fainted. How could I go in wearing a silk saree, jewels, a fixed smile and Hawaii chappals ? "Want my shoes?" asked my brother very helpfully, while I almost cried.

We emerged from the car, all of us especially my sister and I smelling strongly of Old Spice after-shave lotion (thanks to my brother) and went inside

" There is Mrs. Narasimha Murthy" my mother whispered urgently to my father. "What reason shall I give her for not attending her grandson's naming ceremony?" There was no time to prepare as Mrs Murthy came close, steered my mother to a corner and posed that dreaded question. "I'am so sorry", my mother replied smoothly, "We were just about to go to your house when some guests arrived". "I'm sorry," my father apologized to Mr Murthy in another corner without batting an eyelid, "My children had exams; so we could not come."

The arrangements were such that the groom and bride were at one end of the hall ; and the first thing we did on entering was to have some snacks. Our appetites had diminished considerably since we had been mildly food poisoned at a recent wedding !

The bride's parents looked triumphant at having bagged a son-in-law who "has a degree from foreign". The young man was being discussed

by the older ladies who had earned 'doctorates' in gossip and match-making. Of course he won their approval as 'very intelligent' and 'from such a good family".

We met old friends and relatives, had snacks and it was almost time to go home. I had nearly forgotten that we had to wish the bride and groom after all.

The young bride was just recovering from a recent attack of final exams and still had Zoology and Chemistry written all over her face. The groom smiled politely and surveyed the smart girls with a practised eye.

We went closer to them and my sister cluched my mother's hand. "Oh God, Amma !" she whispered hoarsely looking at the groom. "This is the guy who trailed me on his motor bike last week !"

GOWRI MIRLAY
I B. A. PES

"He is a gentleman : look at his boots."

Bernard Shaw — **Pygmalion."**

* * * *

Advice to persons about to marry — "DON'T". PUNCH.

FEVER

(2nd prize - Humorous Article Competition)

" I've had enough of this nonsense ! " stormed the irate lecturer, banging her books down angrily on the table. " I refuse to teach such a noisy class. If you continue to make such a racket, I shall leave this room at once ! Would you like that ? " she glared indignantly at the hopeful faces around her. It was a blazing hot afternoon, when one could not really concentrate upon the odes of Wordsworth or the sonnets of Shakespeare. " Tell me now, do you want me to stay on in this class, or shall I walk out of the room ? Tell me !" demanded the lecturer.

" Out ! " came a voice from a corner of the class-room.

The lecturer stopped midstride, and looked around dis-believingly "Who said that ?"

" Out I say ! I'm telling you - OUT ! "

The whole class turned as one girl and gazed horrorstruck at the thin, bespectacled figure hunched in a corner of the room. The dark, eager face of the girl glowed with excitment and her flushed cheeks were visible between the palms of her hands as she sat leaning on the desk. She was wearing a thick, long-sleeved cardigan, despite the overwhelming heat of the afternoon. The girls stared at her in amazement, and then suddenty burst into irrepressible giggles, looking knowingly at one another. One of them leaned forward and nudged the dark girl in the ribs. There was a loud click, and the girl seemed to emerge from a trance. " Er....er....yes ma ' am ?" she queried, looking enquiringly at her purple-faced lecturer.

" Would you care to repeat what you said earlier ?" asked the lecturer in icy tones. "But....but what did I say ?" "Out!. OUT!" chanted the whole class in unison. "Oh that!" beamed the girl, a relieved smile breaking out on her face. " Yes that's right ! I remember now. Dilip Doshi clean bowled Mudassar Nazar for 9 ! India is still in the lead by hundred points. Isn't that wonderful?" her voice trailed away as she truimphantly waved a pocket transistor in the air. With her other hand, she pulled a small microphone out of her ear and proceeded to disentangle its wire from the sleeves of her cardigan.

Such incidents are but normal whenever there are cricket test matches being held in India. Needless to say, when it is going on right here in Bangalore cricket fever grips the whole of MCC. Groups of girls huddle together everywhere, whispering anxiously.

"I believe her cousin's sister-in-law is Vishwanath's brother's mother-in-law ?"

"Yes, but will she get us passes? After all, Radha, Geetha and Suman are greater friends of hers ".

"But perhaps that other girl whose father's aunt is married to ....."

Everyone seems to be desperately trying to find some way of getting into that heavenly 'promised land' — the stadium. The most popular girls in College this time are the fortunate beings who actually have in their possession those priceless treasures—passes to get into the stadium. The fickleness of mob mentality is never so blatantly obvious as at this time, when College 'cult figure-heads' and 'stars' are swiftly abandoned in favour of pass-holders. The latter can be divided into two categories. The shy enthusiasts, who are genuinely interested in the game for its own sake, say nothing about their passes but just disappear from college for those five days. The others (a majority of pass-holders belong to this category) who are only interested in seeing the conclusion of the match on the last day, do not hesitate to make the most of their short-lived popularity.

"My God; I have chapters of notes to copy in Sociology" drawls a pass holder to a petitioner. "I just can't copy them all in a week. And if I am not up-to-date with my work, my father says he wont let me have his pass for the cricket-match ...." Needless to say if she doesn't get the pass, she cannot lend it to anyone else either. Atleast a dozen volunteers are only too willing to do her work for her at the cost of their own. A word of advice to all potential passholders. If you know that you will be getting a pass for the next cricket match, you can safely stop copying notes three months ahead and stop bringing your lunch too! (Of course if you do not have a pass, you can always hint that you might be getting one — and hope that your promises are forgotten in the excitement of the match itself).

The uninitiated might ask, "But what about classes on those five days?" Classes are but an everyday routine matter, not to be even thought of on these special occasions.

An astoundingly large number of tooth cavities and eye ailments requiring immediate care also crop up in college during this time. "Authentic" optical and dental appointments get girls gate passes for at-least a stolen hour

or two at the match while their friends come back to college, The weather, irrespective of what time of year it may happen to be, always seems to affect the girls. They are seized by sudden fainting fits and spells of dizziness. In fact, the fainting ratio in College goes up at an alarming rate, until it becomes quite routine to have at least one or two girls swooning in class every hour. The poor victim is escortad out, ably supported by the stalwart arms of two of her friends, who proceed (with permission — and attendance too, of course) to "take her home". 'Home' on these occasions, is invariably the cricket stadium.

There are ever so many "genuine" letters from parents claiming that there are marriages, festivals, — every kind of social and religious occasion that one can think of — during the hour from 12 to 1 in the afternoon. The unenlightened might protest "But that is the lunch-break for the match-there is no play going on then". Little do they know that the match itself is certainly not the sole-or even the main objective of these so-called "fans". Lunch-break is the time when the cricketers, especially the visiting team, are most accessible (to the privileged of course) in their rooms at the stadium. As for the continuation of that particular tale at the hotel where the cricketers stay ..... well, that is another story!

By

M D. RITI

II B.A., P.E.S.

"Go directly, see what she is doing, and tell her she mustn't."

PUNCH

The Myth of Racial Superiority

Apartheid is the term used for the policy of strict racial segregation and discrimination imposed on colored people. It is often referred to as "Racism".

'Race' and 'IQ' are terms which apparently possess a distinct and well defined meaning for scores of people. Their common usage implies the belief in a reality which is beyond question. Nevertheless the truth is that these terms not only are unsound but in fact correspond to no verifiable reality, yet they have been made the basis for social and political action of the most heinous kind.

It has been adequately substantiated with experimental evidence that when children are born the potentials for the development of their IQ is entirely based on their hereditary constitution. But the actual development of the intelligence is the product of an interaction between genotype or genetic composition and environment in which the child grows. It has also been proved that the results of an IQ test applied on two different groups, races or people of nations are comparable if, and only if the subjects have shared a common or near common background of experience. Sincere attempts were made to overcome these drawbacks by developing a sort of 'universal yardstick' which would be equally fair to people of all races and cultures. It was in making this attempt that the impossiblity of creating such an instrument was admitted. Moreover no population can claim to have all intelligent individuals, because there is always a distribution of intelligence in any population i.e. that mental ablity of all levels is to be found in a normal population. There will be found a few people who are extremely dull, a correspondingly few who are extremely bright and a great majority of individuals of gradually varying ability between these two extremes.

What is considered so obvious and beyond question is the apparent fact that the physical differences which allegedly mark off the "races" from one another are indissolubly linked with individual and group achievement. Some "races" it is held, are in all these respects inferior to others. Hence, all that is necessary in order to arrive at a proper estimate of an individual's potential ability

is to identify usually by his external appearance, his racial membership, and this will at once tell one what the limits of that individual's capacities are what he is likely to be able to accomplish, and further-more, what his particular 'race' will be able to achieve. This is the social concept of 'race' which inseparably links physical appearance, individual ability and group achievement by heredity. This is not to be confused with the biological concept of "race" in which no genetic linkage is implied between physical appearance, individual ability and group achievement.

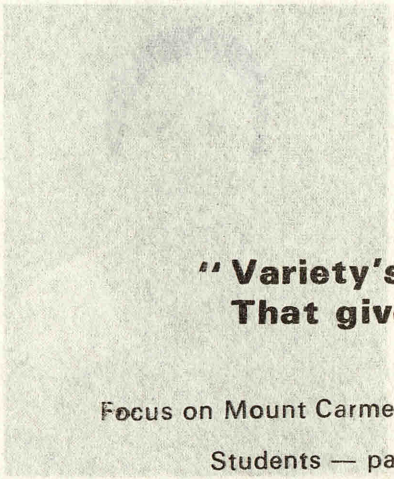
Of all problems in the biology of race, none looms larger at present than that of the American Negro. If one looks at the degree of social discrimination against Negroes and their lack of education and also take into account the tremendous amount of overlapping between the observed IQs of both, one can make an equally good case, that given a comparable chance to that of the Whites, their IQs would forge ahead.

Clearly it is not so much IQ and scholastic achievement that need to be boosted as the motivation to bring about the changes in social conditions that make deprived and frustrated lives possible.

CHANDRAKALA NAMBIAR
Department of Zoology

"One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age. A woman who would tell one that would tell one anything."

Oscar Wild — **A woman of no importance.**



"Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour"

— Cowper

Focus on Mount Carmel.

Students — past and present.

Activities — many and varied.

" Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour "

— Cowper

Focus on Mount Carmel.

Students — past and present.

Activities — many and varied.

LIGHT A CANDLE

(An interview with Margaret Alva, M. P. ex-student of Mount Carmel)



(We see the teeming campus, girls, girls everywhere, shouts of glee, quick tears. Here thousands of girls have passed the most pleasant days of their life, here they have gained knowledge, here they have gained the strength to face life–be it bitter or sweet and yes, here girls have been transformed into women, women who by the strength of their convictions have risen to occupy luminary positions. Such a woman is Margaret Alva (M. P., Indian National Congress Socialist) serving the oldest democracy of the world–India. Mrs. Alva–one of India's active women parliamentarians — is a confident woman,–the kind of woman one meets rarely. Neither her appearance nor her surroundings fit the stereotype of a politician. Conservatively but impeccably dressed, she could pass off for just another housewife. She is a housewife no doubt, but she is something more too.)

Q.—When were you in Mount Carmel College and why did you select the College ?

What were the College activities you participated in ? Who was the driving force in your time ?

Mount Carmel was the only college worth its name. It was everyone's first choice. Moreover Sister Imelda is my aunt and with her being so closely associated with Mount Carmel College, I did not even have to think twice. Initially I did not take part in college activities. Once it so happened that a debate had been organised. There were not many participants. So Miss Sarala Nair, (Mrs. Sarala Matta today) forced me on to the platform. Sister Antoinette was the driving force in the College. She had an extraordinary knack for spotting talent and nurturing it. She helped me develop into a Public Speaker. For this I will always be grateful to her and to the college. We girls also realised the importance

of Sister Imelda in the college and referred to her as "the unseen hand behind the throne"! Other than debating I also participated in Sports etc.,

Q.—Can you recall a memorable day in College ?

A.—All the days in Mount Carmel College have been memorable. But one day stands out in my mind. The students of the Bangalore University had declared a strike. Mount Carmel College had not recognised it and there we were in our classes when suddenly the news arrived that a section of the students were marching towards the college to ask for the closure of the college. There was excitment as Sister Imelda bustled about, the gates being locked etc. Then Sister Imelda collected a few girls, one being me, and locked us up in a small room. The girls raised their eyebrows expressively "special protection for catholic girls". Sr. Imelda later divulged that she could trust the other girls but that mischievous girls like us needed "extra protection!" The students outside were insisting on seeing a student leader. Our College did not have a union so all of us were sent out. We agreed to close the college.

Q.—We know that your in-laws were involved in the freedom struggle and in the building of the new nation. Other than that were there any reasons for your entering politics?

A.—I had no intention of joining politics. It was in 1969 when my mother-in-law died, that I was asked to take her place. I joined the party at Bangalore.

"There is plenty of work to be done and everyone of you is needed. No job is too small or big. Everyone should go out and light a candle so that the country may become a brighter place to live in"

Q.—Now that you are deep in politics how does it affect your family life ? How have your husband and children taken it ?

A.—I must admit at the very outset that I have a very co-operative husband. He has always stood by me and kept the home going when I have been away. My children are very loving and independent. I am very proud of this. I can positively say that my home has definitely not been affected adversely just because I am a politician. On the contrary we are a very happy and loving family.

Q.—There is a feeling in a section of society that the 'HOME' is neglected by more women taking to careers. Please give us your opinion. What are your views on Women's Lib ?

A.—I don't like the phrase 'Womens Lib It is very important that both men and women have equal opportunities. In certain fields of work women are better, in others, men. So society has to derive the best from every person.

As for the career woman, I feel she does not neglect her home at all. Actually she is so organised that she manages to give her children more attention than an ordinary housewife. But it is true that she has to make tremendous sacrifices. She cannot do many things she wants to do. And as I said before, the children turn out to be much more independent than the children of non-working mothers.

Q.—What are your views on education in particular? You are an M. P. What do you feel about the educational system after independence? Is it purposeful?

A.—The British built an educational system where either they produced white collared clerks or an educated elite for administration. We threw off the yoke but have faithfully carried on the educational system given by them. Our system, has not been reoriented. Our youth do not know the dignity of labour.

We all say that we need doctors in the rural areas. For this we have to train rural folks to be doctors. How can we expect an urban youth who has paid a heavy capitation to work in a village, after his course?

What we need is a common pattern, common syllabus and common text books for the whole country. Now we have 10+2 somewhere, 11+1 elsewhere which is confusing. Teachers should have the same pay scale all over the country.

Women's education is very important. It is said that when you educate a man an individual has been educated, but when a women has been educated a whole family has been educated! If women who constitute a great proportion of the population do not progress, how can the nation progress? We tend to lose sight of the fact that education is what one remembers after the text books have been forgotten. Informal education is very important for India.

Q.—What are your views on students and politics. Do you think politics comes in the way of studies?

Politics is political awareness of what is going on in the country. Our democracy has failed because of the indifference of the intellectuals. Our students should learn to appreciate democracy. Elections at the university level and college level is an absolute must. Today political parties influence such elections and try to win student support for the party. This is not right. The student body should be a united and autonomous body. Students before getting their degrees should be made to put in one year of compulsory service to the country. In this way the students will realise thier duties and responsibilities.

Mahima Chandra Mouli / *B.A. PEE*
Shoba Sadasivan / *B.Sc., PCM*

Carrying Home a bit of India

(an interview with some of the foriegn students on our campus)

" Daneshga Mount Carmel Khoob hast "

" Mount Carmel College ne mzuri "

" Maha vithayalaya Mount Carmel di "

" Mount Carmel College hari hondhai "

The common translation of the above is "Mount Carmel College is good" from Persian, Swahili, Thai and Sinhalese. From Ethiopia to Malaysia, be it Nigeria, Iran or Thailand, there are girls from fifteen countries who have come here and chosen to study in Bangalore's most popular college—Mount Carmel'. It's fame has certainly not been confined to Bangalore or India alone !

Carolyn's striking African looks, Vida's typically Iranian dress, Sarika's famous Thai smile have all added glamour and colour to this already glamorous college. Whether they are natives of their countries or of Indian origin each of these foreign students has been deeply impressed by the warmth and hospitality of Indians. Everyone of them, at the same time, has found one aspect unpalatable–beggars. So here are four of them talking about their country, food, Indian men, education and many other interesting topics.

1980

Masala Dosai, Hemamalini—Lovely Handicrafts

Vida of Iran



" I like masala dosai, Hema Malini and your lovely handicrafts" says Vida Ganjapar of Iran. On landing in Bombay three years ago, Vida had a less flattering impression of India. "Mummy, so many people are dying here !" She exclaimed in horror on seeing what she thought was blood spattered on the roads. Only later did she discover that the 'blood' was actually chewed 'paan'!

" I've come here to learn more about your culture and to get a degree " says Vida, " and education here is cheaper ". Besides, currently Indian degrees are valued highly in Iran. There are so many Iranian students here and the majority of them are members of the Iranian Student's Islamic Association.

Though her Islamic dress of scarf, full sleeved knee length coat and jeans makes her conspicuous as a foreigner, Vida finds no discrimination against her. "The girls are friendly. Sometimes shop keepers try to cheat us because they think that all Iranians are rich. All five fingers are not the same." Indian men, she feels, are well behaved and so are Iranian men. "They are helpful towards us especially in a foreign country. They say 'Sister, what we will do for you,?', While one Iranian student says that the number of arranged marriages in Iran is high, another westernized student feels that it is not so. Both agree that polygamy and divorce are rare in Iran.

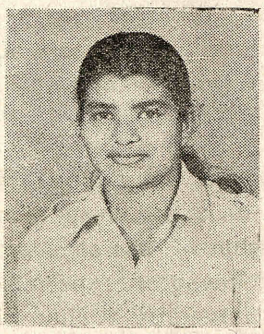
Indian habits and customs are not entirely new to Iranians, thanks to Hindi movies in Iran. "Did you know that "Sholay" ran for eight months there ?" asks a student. The dialogues are dubbed into Farsi and the songs remain in Hindi.

What surprises Iranians here is that some Indian Muslim Women wear a veil over their faces and many do not go to mosques. Says Vida: "This is not so in Iran at all."

The poverty and beggars here strike an Iranian student most about India. "The gap between the rich and the poor is too much. Yet most people seem to be satisfied with what they have."

Would you like to make India your home Replies Vida: "I wouldn't mind if my family and a piece of Iran were here! Any way I'll certainly ask my friends to visit India. It is beautiful."

"Variety ..... and Eve Teasing" — Carmen of Sri Lanka



"Hey Canute" said Carmen Rajaratham to her fellow Sri Lankan, Canute Leon. "Tomorrow is a full moon day and yet we have to go to college. Does Carmen sound loony? You will understand when she explains that every full moon day is a public holiday in Sri Lanka and Buddhists offer special prayers on that day!

"There is a wide scope for studying here and a better chance of getting into the University" says Carmen explaining why she has come to India. Carmen plans to go back to Sri Lanka and work.

"One thing striking in Sri Lankan schools and colleges" says a Sri Lankan student, "is the close student-teacher relationship. Teachers are great fun at socials." College in India has meant hard work to these girls; but, they are glad to be here since getting into college in Sri Lanka is very difficult with the limited number of seats available.

Carmen is a Christian and is pleasantly surprised to find so much church activity in college. All the same she misses Buddhist festivals and visits Buddhist temples. There are a number of Christians and Hindus in Sri Lanka "The descendants of the Portuguese and the Dutch settlers lead westernised lives, while the Sinhalese and Tamilians are more conservative" says Carmen.

Eve teasing is Carmen's main grouse against the people here. "Indian guys seem to waste a lot of petrol dashing around and trailing girls" remarks another student. Things which have caught the fancy of other foreigners delight these students too. "There is so much variety in all walks of life" says Carmen. "That is what makes India wonderful."

Shopping, People, and Making do without Toilet paper

Carolyn of Kenya.

Kinky hair seperated into six little plaits, a warm friendly smile and an American – British accent–that's Carolyn Neluki Kithya from Kenya.



1981 marks the begining of African girls joining Mount Carmel. Girls native to Africa were rare in our college till this year. And now Nigeria, Kenya and Ethiopia have been added to the long list of countries from where students come to Mount Carmel.

"My friends are curious to know about me," says Carolyn. "The girls here are very nice — giggly and innocent, I like that—" she says with a smile. The Kenyan Government grants permission to its students to study outside Kenya since seats in the University at Niarobi are limited. "But we do not get government funds to study here," says Carolyn. She plans to go back with a B. Com., degree and work in Kenya.

"We like Indians, "she says, referring to the huge Indian population in Kenya. "You won't find Indian girls moving around freely in Kenya the way they do here. They are highly protected there," she adds. Indian and Kenyan families share a lot in common-strong family ties, old traditions and colorful weddings ! "We do not have arranged marriages but the boy has to pay the girl's family a lot of money and present many cows," says Carolyn. All thirteen tribes of Kenya are Christian. Carolyn belongs to the Kamba tribe which speaks Kikamba. "Swahili is the national language," she adds.

Clothes, shoes and many other things are much cheaper in India than they are in Kenya, and that delights Caryln, who, like most other girls, likes to shop. Though she likes the variety of food and the people of India, she would not like to make India her home. " I want to be buried in Kenya." Carolyn shares with other foreigners a dislike of beggars. And there was something else she found difficult to get used to in India-the lack of toilet paper !

After hearing about thrilling African safaris and exciting drum beats here is a chance for Mount Carmelites to make friends with girls from Africa !

'Coffee-Tea-And the Faithfulness of Indian men

Sarika of Thailand



"It's nice to see Indian men so faithful to their families and wives " says Sarika Khunprasert of Thailand. Fellow Thai Jiraporn Sombattanavat who studied here for the past three years felt the same way. " I am surprized to find that Indian men stick to their wives even after the ladies become so fat'. Thai women make quite an effort to keep slim and pretty since divorces are very common" she says.

Indlan families seems to differ from Thai families on this point. Yet, starting with Sarika's name, Indian influence on the different walks of Thai life is quite noticeable. " I'm here " says Sarika "mainly to learn English." She chose India on the recommendation of her cousins who had studied here. " I'll get better jobs in Thailand if I know English," she adds.

" Our question papers have only new type questions, " says Sarika " And the correction is done by computer. The number of subjects are the same

as in India but they can combine subjects of their choice together". Sarika is planning to go back and work for the Thai army.

Sarika is a Buddhist but does not believe in visiting Buddhist temples regularly. "Almost all Buddhist men in Thailand who are from good families become monks for a short period when they are young," she says.

Sarika is used to eating hot spicy food and eats a mixture of Thai and Chinese food at home. "Real Chinese food is very different from what is served here," she adds.

She likes Indian coffee and tea, the mountains and forests and the lack of heavy pollution, "Bangalore is cooler than Bangkok,". Sarika will soon leave for home with memories of friendly Indians, spicy food and lovely Indian dances.

Famous American universities attract students from every nook and corner of the world. There is an exchange of knowledge and ideas which help to create a bond of friendship between the countries. Though on a very much smaller scale, the same is happening in India too. Since India has so much to offer in all walks of life, students from other countries would benefit greatly by studying here. Let us hope that more foreign students come here, enrich our cultural lives and carry home a bit of India with them.

GOWRI MIRLAY
I B.A., PES

"A truth that's told with bad intent,
Beats all the lies you can invent — .

William Blake — Auguries of Innocence

COLLEGE FOCUS

Complied and written by
Riti M.D., II PES

FRESHERS' INITIATION

A dewy-eyed charmer confessed that the trepidation she felt was "far greater than what I had experienced when I joined the nursery." (One wonders whether the human memory is capable of such accurate recollections of infancy ..... Psychology Dept., please confirm!) The 1st of July, that bright and sunny morning on which the freshers were to join college, seems to have been greeted by them with a wide variety of emotions ranging from fear and loneliness to happiness and excitement. Their fears were justified, to a certain extent, as the prominently displayed notice which said, "Ragging is strictly forbidden" only served to add a touch of furtiveness and delicious conspiracy to the ragging. In the auditorium, the usual speeches of welcome by Sr. Principal and a few staff members were received in hushed awe by a wide-eyed audience, who drank in every bit of information about college discipline and extra curricular activities. The ensuing ragging that continued outside has been variously described as "sheer torture", "hell" and "rather enjoyable, actually." The oft repeated cry, "Come here, Freshy!" struck terror into many a quaking heart. Only one fresher confessed honestly to having experienced "an iota of disappointment because I wasn't ragged." (Oh, Anne Rego, Annie girl! Why did't you tell us earlier? We would have been only too willing to oblige!)

Information: Riti M. D. II PES

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL AND THE INAUGURAL MASS.

On the 16th of July, a long procession of people wound its way to the College Chapel to the accompaniment of prayers and hymns. The Concelebrated Mass was followed by an informal tea in Fatima Hall and a brief cultural in the auditorium after which Sister Superior spoke briefly thanking all those present for their prayers and good wishes.

The 22nd of July found the college chapel crowded for the Inaugural Mass. Staff and students invoked the blessings of God thanking him for past successes, and praying for success in every sphere of college activity during the following academic year.

Information : Hermione Coutinho III HEE.

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

To celebrate the 34th Anniversary of our Independence, a Prayer Service was held on the 12th of August. This solemn occasion was celebrated with a Prayer dance by the final year H.Sc and a few songs by the College Choir. Attention, however was mainly focussed on the doors of the auditorium through which there was a thin but steady trickle of students walking out all through the function.

Information : Riti M. D. II PES.

DEBATE

"Oh God ! I thought we had our Hindi Class here" muttered a distraught intruder walking hurriedly out of the hall, as the interrupted speaker scowled angrily on stage. Despite the usual amount of initial reluctance and "altar fears", there were as many as 43 participants in the debate prelims on 6th August. The topic — "Marriage is a necessary social institution to-day" — was variously misunderstood first by the diffident PUCs and then by their more confident seniors. Several startling 'facts' were brought to light — "married couples feel that they should have a lot of children," "matrimony brings peace and security in life," (? ? ?) "dowry system is good," etc.

Eleven finalists were selected for the final round to be held on 7th August. Judges (Mrs. Puneetha and Miss Nayar), the organisers and the audience suprisingly arrived on time. They were ignominously made to wait as most of the speakers were missing ! The topic was — "Democracy is the only answer to India's problem." Most of the debators spoke against the proposition, although a suitable alternative to this institution remained conspicuous by its absence. The debate was conducted on a rather lively note, as the audience was permitted to question and contradict the speakers' views. Divia Ganapathy was duly grilled, until she was shunted off-stage by a merciful organiser, much to the disappointment of the crowd. As expected Rachna Pal argued her way to the 1st prize. Clara D'Souza came 2nd, Nandita Chettur was placed 3rd and Shaila got a special mention. As the debators spoke, a steady background buzz of girls "mugging" their speeches could be heard. All right, Mark Antony (esses !) of MCC, we know that you are all wizards at literary composition, but couldn't you have made the debate a bit more spontaneous ?

Information ' Vaseem Anjum I PCM/Sandhya Vasudevan III HES



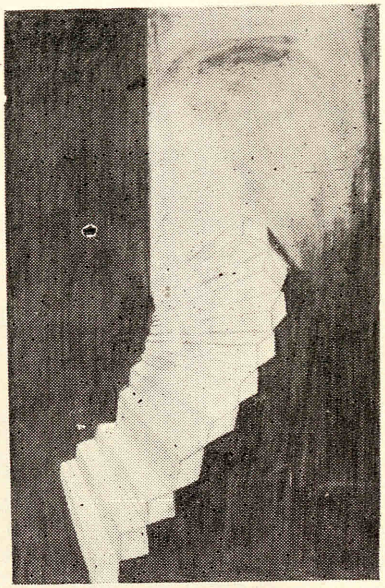
Tableau — July 16, 1981 - Our Lady of Lourdes and Bernadette



In the Chapel — July 16, 1981 — Enrolments in the Brown Scapular Confraternity by Rev. Fr. Julian Fernandes, S. J., Provincial, Karnataka



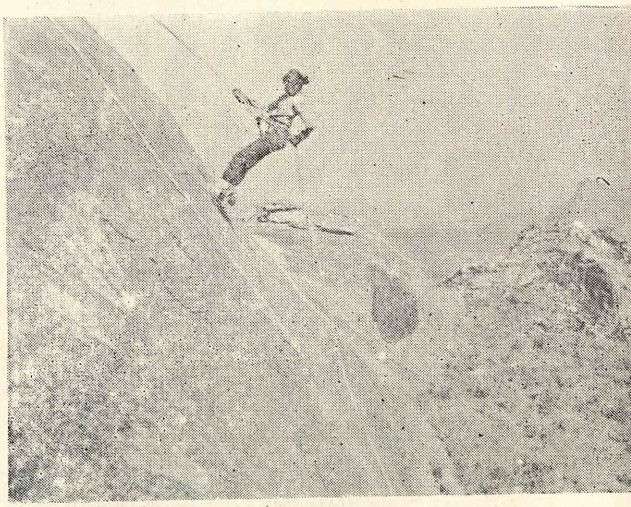
'Worried'
— Sonia Chawla I PCMB



'Oblivion'
— Vijayalakshmi P. I PCM



Copy of the original
— "Impression No 2"
Bikash Bhattacharjee
— Shoba Iyer — II PCM.



'Rapelling' — Nandita

WESTERN MUSIC COMPETTION (Vocal)

"Only participants allowed," said the students Welfare Board, much to the chagrin of the few spectators who had dared the wrath of their lecturers. and 'bunked' classes in order to attend this popular 'solo' competition. Bernadette Domingo, clad in black and scarlet (a secret member of the AIADMK of Tamil Nadu ?) certainly did not look like a "Woman in love". But she won the hearts of her judges – Miss Lorna Raymond and Mrs. Jennifer Syiem — with this Streisand number and her powerful voice, and walked away with the first prize. "You light up my life," crooned Rhoda Mascarenhas strumming a guitar — prophetic words, as her young life was brightened by a second prize. "In this world, there is very little love," said Louella Abreo, in her usual priggish little introduction. Her attempt to "Spread a little love around" also got her the third place. Marlene Gonsalves was much in demand as a piano accompanist.

The afternoon of the same day — 13th of August — saw the Western group vocals competition. Popular trio — Marlene Gonsalves, Patricia Abreo (with her mandolin), and Susan Fernandes (with her guitar) were adjudged the best for their CSNY number "Teacher Children" which they sang with verve and dash. Elizabeth Shinde and Company grouped around the piano, walked away with the second prize for a Jack Richards song. Husky-voiced Revathy Uthappa and College Soprano Bernadette Domingo, the well-known duo, partially achieved their "Burning Desire" for a prize with a third place. The focal point of the afternoon was the rendering of the old favourite "I have come from Alabama" by Patricia Abreo and her class — the II PEE group. Renu Malla, Divia Ganapathy and their so-called "group" provided the little bit of confusion and disorder otherwise lacking in this orderly function by changing their group name a few times and then changing their minds and backing out altogether. Renu and Co. couldn't you think of a less obvious ploy to bunk class ?

Information : Riti M.D. II PES.

INAUGURATION OF COLLEGE ASSOCIATIONS

"I am sure the reputation you have built up for your college will also help you to face life efficiently and effectively," said Smt. Jeeja S. Hari Singh in her inaugural address on 14th August. An intrigued audience was however, watching the white-clad figures who were moving around busily backstage, and of whom one got an enticing glimpse every now and then as the black curtains were blown apart by a gust of wind. Smt. Jeeja was greeted by a packed hall of enthusiasts, full of admiration for the only female officer of the IPS from Karnataka. But the fact that she had risen to the rank of Deputy Commandant

General Home Guards and Civil Defence, and had even taken a course in journalism still did not prevent the MCC audience from feeling a bit disgruntled at being addressed as "Ladies and Gentlemen !" Her speech on women who have forged ahead in every field, very learned and larded with quotations, left the audience a trifle restless, Inspite of her rhapsody on the mind as-"a forge for production" not "a deep freeze for facts" — most students were content to let their minds freeze While their eyes followed a short entertainment, consisting of a dance by Arathi Gurkar, a mandolin solo by Anuradha. M., a song by the trio Marlene, Patricia and Susan and a flute recital by Laksmi and Gowri. The organisers unintentionally (???) amused the student audience by bringing down the curtains just as the chief guest was stepping down from the podium and again in the middle of the dance recital.

One wonders ..... !)

Information : Riti. M. D. II PES.

POETRY, ESSAYS AND SHORT STORIES

"Don't write Ramayanas..... but you may, if you like write about the Ramayana !" (Sic). Such were the instructions issued for the On-the-Spot Poetry Competition held on 17th August. A wrong notice pinned on the board regard ing venue and time led to some confusion as well as the absence of a few ambitious but misinformed poetesses. However, there were a surprisingly large number of entries, which we only hope were entirely original and composed 'on-the-spot'. Manjula Ganapathy III B.A. HEE came 1st, followed by Kamalini Pillai I HSc. The 3rd prize went to Kala Krishnan I PEE. The tone, standard and style of their "poetical blossoms" may be individually judged by our readers.

Room No. 3 (an inadequate choice of venue, to say the least) was filled to overflowing on 17th August, the morning on which the On-the-Spot Essay Contest was held. The two topics originally announced were — "Higher Education for women is a threat to Male Superiority" and "Sex Education is a necessary part of any University Syllabus", led to mass agitation and walk-out. Laxmi's attempts to assuage the situation with 'Woman without her Man is a Savage' (to be punctuated as you liked) met with cries of outraged indignation. Physically cramped as they were, these young writers refused to allow their minds to be cramped as well, by "restrictive" and "repressive" subjects. Finally, Rachna Pal came to the rescue with 'If pigs had wings ! !' ("... .. .. to be taken literally or figuratively !") This last topic proved to be the most popular as well as successful of the lot. Shirin Prabhu and Riti M. D. both wrote on this to get the 1st and 3rd prizes respectively. Radha Ravindran got the second place.

The Short Story contest held on 19th August had potential authoresses strolling in casually all through the allotted time limit, but the response was still overwhelming (to say the least!) The three prize winners were — Geetha S. Narayan, II CBZ, Padma Ramaswamy II PU PECA and Kumuda Rao II PU HEPYS in that order of merit. As for their "works of creation," we shall refrain from comment and let our readers evaluate them for themselves. (All three contests were judged by staff members of English Dept.)

Information: Vaseem Anjum-PCM / Riti M. D. II PES

FANCY DRESS COMPETITION

"Is that Macbeth I see before me?" queried compare Riti hopefully, quickly going on to add. "No it isn't! Judges please note that she is disqualified." Despite a phenomenal number of last minute withdrawals — ten' to be exact — The Inter-Class Fancy Dress Competition sponsored by the Literary Association on 27th August turned out to be a grand success. As all characters were from the pages of literature, the whole show was indeed "a swift trip from Shakespearean days to Arabian Nights.' There were as many as 20 solo and group entries ranging from "the family and friends of the Thane of Cawdor" to "the bane of Caesar -- Asterix, Obelix and Getafix." (Since when have comics become 'English Literature ?'). A superb performance by Siandra — as Fagin got her the 1st prize, shared with Gowri Deshpande and Elizabeth John as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Judges — Mrs. Annie Mathew, Mrs. Kanak Seshadri and Sr. Veronica — placed Asterix and Co. second. There was a tie again for the 3rd place between Alfred Noyes' Highwayman and a colourful Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Romeo and Juliet received a special mention for originality in their attempt to contrast the Elizbethan lovers with their modern counterparts. Alibaba, his "donkey" and the 40 thieves created havoc in the green-room, stormed into the auditorium and vanished immediately with an abrupt (and mistimed ?) "Open Sesame!" However they got the special mention for "maximum participation!"

Information: Riti M. D. II PES

JUST — A — MINUTE

A lively JAM Session — the 'talking' variety not the type with 'dancing' (unfortunately !) — was held at its usual venue, the Workshop, on Sept. 1st. Veteran 'jammer' Manjula Ganapathy, and 'quizzard' Hema Urs acted as moderators, Laxmi Char as scorer, and there was an ever-changing relay of judges. Topics ranged from the innocuous "Asterix the Astronaut found an

Aster'' and 'The Female Caterpillar fluttered her Eye-lashes', to 'Six Sexy Sikhs and the Sixth Sheep'. Although the preliminary round took a little time to warm up, the final round was both lively and aggressively fought. The Six finalists seemed totally oblivious of the rapidly increasing crowd of spectators perched on tables and window-sills around them. Riti M. D. talked herself into getting the first prize. Veteran speaker Rachna Pal secured the 2nd place, while Prabha C. got the 3rd. An atmosphere of friendly rivalry prevailed. Riti and Rachna kept their audience amused all through the event by their numerous outrageous and preposterous statements. One rather wishes the informality of his contest could be carried through to all other college functions as well.

Information : Riti M. D. II PES

COLLAGE

The team 'collage' seems to have been misunderstood by both organisers and competitors to mean a form of art that is more popularly known as 'scrap art'. The entries that came in on 7th September could be better described as 'tapestry', as they consisted of beautifully made figures on all kinds of background material. There was absolutely no theme or conglomeration of ideas in them, they were merely technically well executed ''still'' pictures. The first prize went to an 'Owl' on a midnight black background, executed by Rohini and Group of II H.Sc. Students. Kumuda Rao bagged the second prize with a pretty little picture of a girl. A blue-jay (Padmavathi Narasimhan and Co.) which got the third place was the only picture that atleast seemed to depict some abstruse (albeit imcomprehensible) concept.

Information : Riti M. D. II PES

KANNADA DEBATE

''Our elders are responsible for the delinquency of our youth'' — obviously a topic close to the hearts of any group of youngsters. These was the topic of the Kannada Debate held on 4th September. The eloquence of Latha Pandit got her the first prize while Lakshmi V. walked away with the second prize. The third place was shared by Shobana Swamy and Meera Shetty. One wonders whether judges Miss Usha Rani and Mrs. Leena Lobo finally allowed themselves to be converted by the evident favour of our young debators who spoke for the argument.

Information : Lata A. Pandit. II HEP

VERNACULAR ESSAY CONTEST

The Kannada and Hindi Essay Competitions held on 10th October had three relevant though prosaic topics — u The Problems of Teenagers, "The Future of an India Filled with Corruption" and "My Life Partner." The first prize went to Meera Shetty and the second to Pusha R., in the Kannada Section, while Bara Rose, Supriya Sridhar and Amala Ganeriwala in that order of merit bagged the three prizes in the Hindi Section.

Information: Latha A. Pandit. III HEP

HINDI DEBATE

"The study of language should not be made compulsory in college." Probably a majority of Carmelites — (except, of course, the fortunate final years, who have long since dispensed with such trivialities) — agreed with this statement, but not too many of them cared to express their view in Hindi at the Hindi Debate held on 11th September. As usual in all such speech contests, the topic was misinterpreted in every possible way. The participants realed off their speeches with the obvious fluency of people who had spent much time and effort in writing down and learning verbatim their words. The faultless style and diction of Hema Krishnan (II PU PCMB) fetched her the first place, while Supriya S. continued to uphold the honour of the PUCs with a 2nd prize. The 'degrees' had to be content with a tie for the 3rd place between Suparna Rajaram and Sandhya Jain. Of the 3 judges — Mrs. Bandyopadhayay and Mrs. Rao Mrs. Valecha,—Mrs. Valecha alone complied with a request to comment about the competition in Hindi. However, she soon lapsed helplessly into English. Viva ia English !

Information : Shoba Sadashivan I PCM

EXTEMPORE DEBATE

After much confusion and shifting around of venue, organisers, participants and a few spectators arrived at the Workshop on the morning of 11th September. To their consternation, they found that there were just about 4-5 participants. Undaunted, Riti M. D., Geetha B. and Rachna Pal set out to do some vigorous door-to-door campaigning (arlight, alright, we admit that it was only class to class announcing). This brought forth several more "shy tulips" and hopeful debutantes. It came as a rather pleasant and totally unexpected surprise to find that the judges were an all-student panel (Hema Nalini Urs and Manjula Ganapathy with Laxmi Char as Chairperson). Speakers spoke variously on 'The Role of Students in Politics', 'Are Examinations a necessary evil?' etc.

Riti M. D. entertained her audience with her vivid imagination and light-hearted fluency as she spoke on 'An only child is a shining example of what not to be .....,' and came away with the first prize. Meera S. B. got a few laughs and the second prize with her allusions to present day politics in 'The Art of Public Speaking.' Rachna Pal came third. Indeed another informal. friendly contest.

Suggestion : Why don't we hold as many competitions as possible at the Workshop ?

Information : Riti M. D. II PES/ Vaseem Anjum-PCM

RANGOLI CONTEST

"Rangoli Competition ? There is no such thing scheduled today", said a scornful welfare secretary airily dismissing the prominently displayed notice with a wave of her hand. Much to their chagrin, competitors discovered later in the day on 15th September that this contest had already begun in the Non-residents Centre and they were late. The rooms were crammed with nervous beginners and confident 'old hands' working tensely in the limited areas allotted to them. By the end of the morning, the drab rooms had been transformed into a Mini Ajanta or Ellora and the participants settled down to await the arrival of the judges. A geometric pattern in vivid colours by Meera Kuttappa and Lata C. T.. was awarded the first prize. Uma Eswari T. K. bagged the second place with her twin peacocks which showed considerable individuality. The third prize went to a traditional design with dots.

Information : Jayanthi Rao II CBZ

INDIAN MUSIC (Vocal)

"Shut up and sing, Ya !" said one irate vocalist to an erring member of her group. Rather an impossible feat, one would imagine ! As everyone seemed to think that 'Indian Light Music' meant film music, the afternoon of 16th September saw a number of aspiring (and perspiring !) Lata Mangeshkars and Vani Jairams. But somehow none of them really sang well the songs that hey attempted to imitate. A melodious rendering of a well-known number from "Baiju Bawara" got Suparna Rajaram the 1st prize. Crowd favourite Manjula Rajkumar tied with Roopa for the second place.

At the end of the light music competition, the entrie audience seemed to vanish. Pandemonium reigned for a short while, as a harried Latha Pandit-conducted a frantic search for a second judge. When Mrs. Asha Valecha and Miss Usha Rani had been duly settled in their "seats of honour" (?!), the

Indian Classical Music commenced. The tremendous voice culture and sustenance at the furthest heights of an octave that many girls displayed was impressive, to say the least. As for the competitive aspect, any attempt to hold a competition with both Carnatic and Hindustani Music competing, always turns out to be a farce. Moreover, the individual styles of singing were totally different and it must have been relatively confusing for the judges. All three winners — Sridevi S. A., Revathi S. and Nalini S., in that order of merit — supplemented their songs with 'aalapana' which brought out the beauty of each raga. It is also rather interesting to note that all three of them were from III PCM. Kudos, Physics Dept! We always knew that the study of sound made our potential physicists chatterboxes (during class hours atleast!) but does it improve their singing as well?

The semi-classical vocal contest brought forth many 'Devaranamas' Meera Bhajans and more songs based on Hindustani Ragas. Evangeline Anderson bagged the 1st prize, 2nd prize winner Jayashree S. sang a Carnatic song in pure Hindustani style — indeed a rare combination. Hema Krishnan sang a lively Meera Bhajan in the hindolam raga, and won the hearts of her audiencs as well as the 3rd prize.

Information : Vaseem Anjum I PCM Shoba Sadasivan.

INDIAN MUSIC (Instrumental)

"Oh No! Not another Veena!" groaned an onlooker at the Indian Instrumental Music Competition also held on 16th September. Despite the number of instruments — reed and stringed — that Indian culture offers her minions, the "old reliable" Veena still reigns supreme in MCC, and only two entrants dared deviate from this tradition. Strangely enough, one of the judges was yet another Veena — Mrs. Veena Ramaswamy — and Mr. Murthy (of course). Agile finger movement and a well-played 'tanam' got veteran Shoba Iyer the 1st place. Evangeline Anderson provided a welcome change by playing the only non-classical piece of the day on her mandolin. Perhaps the fact that she provided a break in the monotony of Carnatic classical music also helped to win her a 2nd prize. The 3rd place was awarded to yet another "Veena — ite" Sheela D. (Help! Ravi Shanker! Save us from this surfiet of Veenas animate and inanimate!) On the whole, the ever-present vast body of spectators were notable in their absence.

Information : Shoba Sadashivan I PCM / Vaseem Anjum I PCM

ELOCUTION CONTEST

Five forlorn participants peered desperately around them, eagerly looking for a few more entrants to atleast justify the term 'Competition'. Wordsworth was the most popular poet of the day (2 out of 5 participants recited his poetry). "The Complaint of the Forsaken Woman" whined by Tanuja Philipose got her the first prize. A melodramatic "Emergency — Child Choking" won Ronila Mehra the second prize the third prize went to another Wordsworth number by Vijayalakshmi. Mrs. Kanak Sashadri and Mrs. Ranita Hirji acted as judges in this 'Competition' held on 22nd September. The much awaited annual Elocution Contest turned out to be the biggest non-event of the year with neither audience nor adequate participants present.

Information : Shoba Hariharan II CBZ

FESTEMBER '81

"Feast of fun" is an apt phrase to describe Festember '81. This enjoyable five-day student festival in September hosted by the Regional Engineering College of Trichy, had as many as 32 colleges from all over South India as participants. A Team of 15 girls — Laxmi Char, Shashikala Nambiar, Riti M. D. Padmavathi Narasimhan, Asha Phillip, Hermione Coutinho, Bernedette Domingo, Elfrida Lobo, Patricia Abreo, Marlene Consalves, Susan Farnandes, Revathi S. Sridevi S. A., Nalini, S. and Jayashree S — represented MCC, under the competent aegis of Mrs L. Lobo. 'Ad-apt' (innovative ways of advertising), 'Pot Pourri' (a combination of dumb charades and artistry), 'Mutactix' (mimed skits) and 'Ad-Lib' (a take off on TAT) were some of the new and captivating contests that established an atmosphere of friendly (?) rivalry and easy-going affability. MCC shone in 'Contradanza', an original and challenging dance competition, which tried both the choreographic and technical skills of contestants. Our 'Corps de ballet' — Shashikala, Asha, Patricia, Marlene and Susan walked (or rather 'danced') away with the 1st prize, while Shashi also got a special prize for Bharatanatyam.

Specific committees of 'Rectians' were in charge of the numerous competitions being held on their vast campus. The management of this five-day affair was almost entirely by the students themselves. 'Festimes', a well-written but much maligned daily 'rag' (which the Hindu described as "food that befitted kings !") entertained competitors as well as harried organisers with a lively commentary on daily events which also kept them on their toes. Needless to say, as in most students festivals, competitions began "promptly" at about an hour or even two after scheduled 'H-hour'.

Parents' Day



The chief guest arrives and is greeted .....





.....dance.



.....and drama

All in all, Denver D'Rosario's limerick just about sums up one's impressions of Festember '81 — (with due apologies to Festimes !).

"Said someone of this fest
It sure is one of the best
But the schedulings are lax
And they tend to tax
One's nerves and all the rest."

Information : Riti M. D. II PES

PARENTS' DAY

September 9, 1981 saw an impressive array of parents, guardians and well wishers assembled punctually in the auditorium for "Parents' Day". A memorable address by Mr G. V. Rao IPS, Inspector General of Police was followed by reading of the Annual Report by Sr. Principal. Undaunted by a sore throat and momentary loss of voice, our Principal continued heroically until Sr. Genevieve stepped in to the rescue.

The College choir charmed the audience with the rendition of many songs. Then followed an amusing interlude provided by the nursery children who presented "Princess Golliwog's Swayamvaram" a delightful musical rendered even more delighful by the fact that the princess evinced no interest in the African prince whom she finally accepted. A more enterprising guard stepped in to take her hand as the curtain descended.

The choral association also rendered some traditional numbers led by Mrs. Shyamala Ranganathan. The stage then grew dim in anticipation of Fagin (Siandra) and then resounded to the music and rhythm of a group dance.

The climax of this memorable day was the presentation of "The Hidden Treasure" an inspiring play on Helen Keller by Mrs. Louella Lobo Prabhu — an apt choice in the year of the disabled. Ably directed by Mrs. Seshadri assisted by the Dramatic Association it was a grand success. What was more, Mrs Prabhu was present in person and provided the haunting background music herself! A stupendous performance by Shalini Mathias as Ann Sullivan was backed by equally good performances by Norma Ressell as the young Helen Keller and Rachna Pal as Helen Keller and Munira Jamal as Narrator.

The much awaited prize distribution brought yet another 'Parents' Day' to an end.

Information — Laxmi Char III HEE

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

Competitors ably supported by spectators (or was it vice versa ? !) valiantly fielded queries on topics ranging from Norse mythology through current affairs and politics to science and sports. Eight finalists fought a gruelling two hour battle at the final round of the annual quiz competition.

"The Carmelite Inquisition Committee" consisted of Laxmi Char and Hema Urs. Many were baffled by the nasal twang of Hema who had also to be constantly reminded to allot the marks to successful contestants. Padmini Reddy I PCMB was crowned Mount Carmel "Quiz Queen 1981–82" amidst resounding applause.

What the audience enjoyed most was the shower of sweets if they answered teasers that participants had failed to answer.

Information — Laxmi Char III HEE and audience.

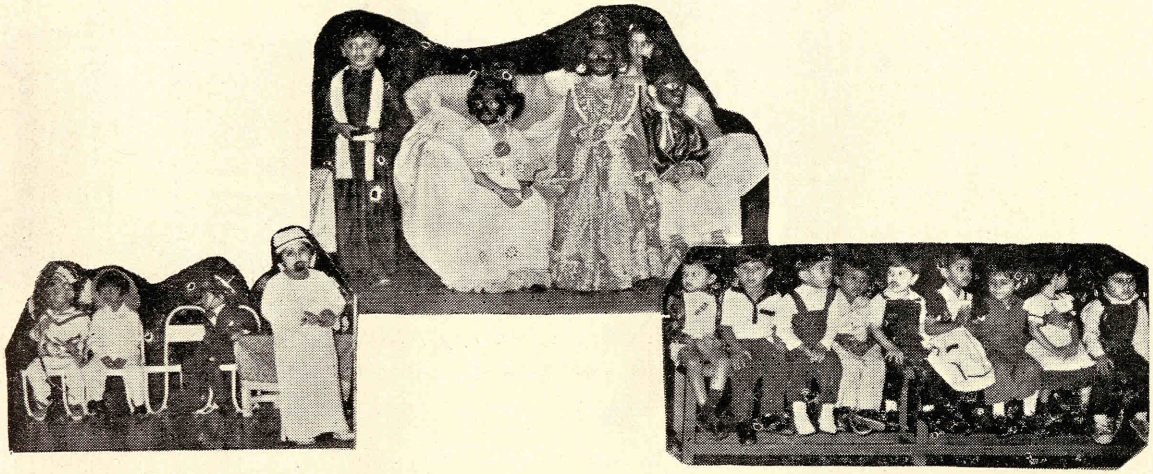
INDIAN CLASSICAL MUSIC (SOLO) COMPETITION

The choral association (very active this year) held a classical vocal and instrumental music (solo) competition on 11th December. As expected soft-voiced Sridevi S. A 's superb rendition of a 'Kirtana' in raga Karaharapriya embellished with aalapana and kalpana swara got her the first prize. Attractive Ambika Natarajan won the 2nd prize with a plaintive song in the Nattai raga, while veteran Nalani S. bagged the 3rd prize. The single prize in the instrumental class (actually there were just 3 participants) went to Shoba D. The contest was judged by Mrs. Ramachandran, Mrs. Ranganathan and Miss Nambiar, and the audience (which consisted mainly of girls who were supposed to be having a class there) was surprisingly pacific.

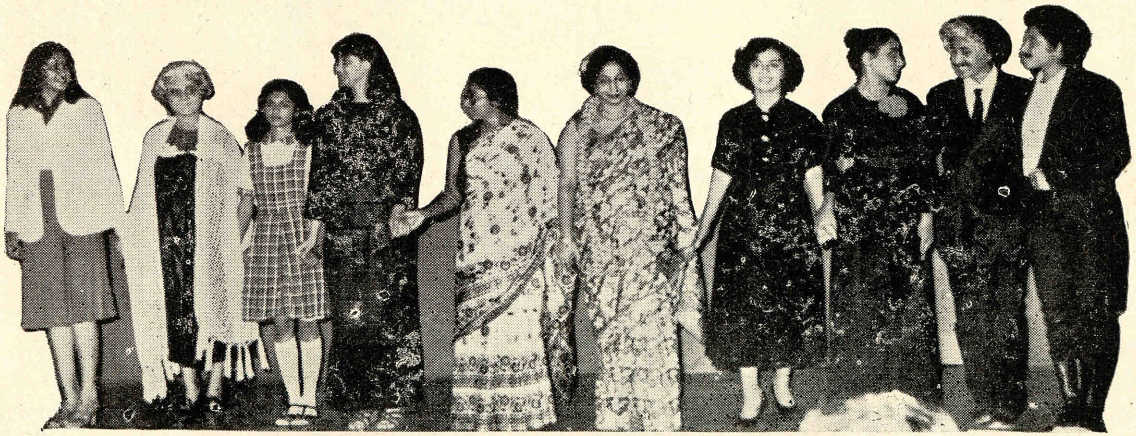
Information — Riti M. D. II PES

HUMANITIES DEBATE AND FILM SHOW

The Humanities Association held a debate on 26th August. The topic was "Women's liberation has affected Indian culture". The girls held forth eloquently on this topic for about four minutes each, causing a lot of problems for Miss Usha and Mrs Jennifer Syiem who were judging them. In the absence of an audience the participants decided to have an intense discussion which proved to be most interesting. Finally the debate was won by Mary Thomas, 1st PUC (HEPyS), with Hermione C. and Latha Pandit from the final year bagging the second prize.



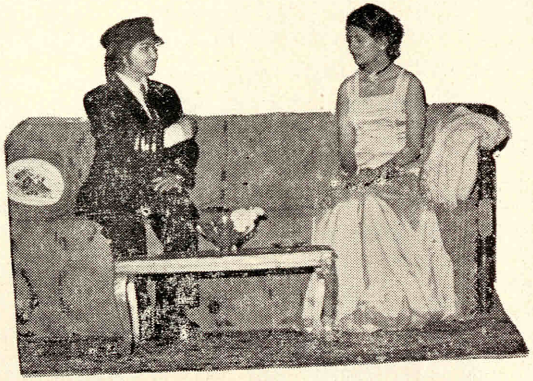
The Nursery Musical — "Princess Golliwog's Swyamwara"



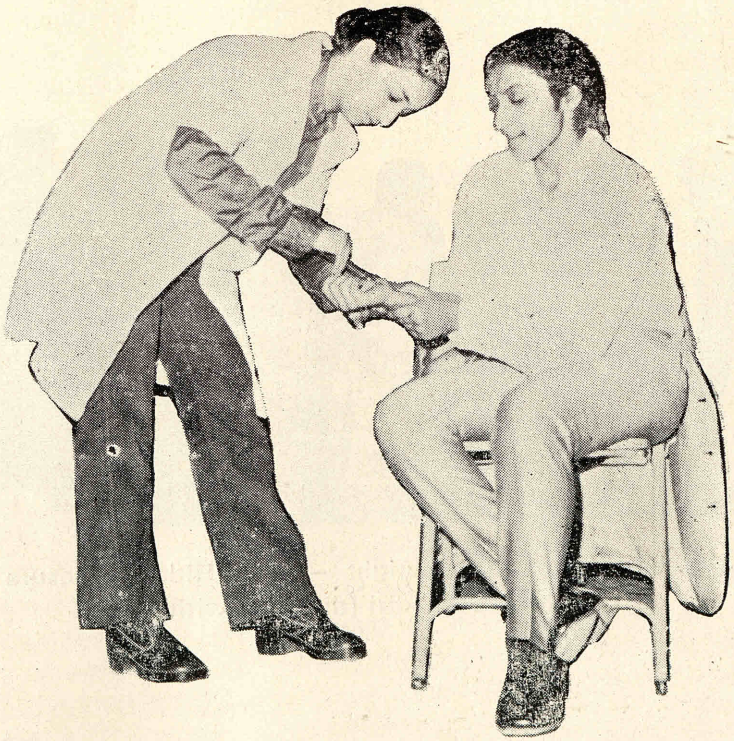
Mrs. Louella Lobo (playwright — "The Hidden Treasure")
Mrs. Seshadiri (director) with cast.



" — The Man In the Bowler Hat " — I Prize



" A very woman of the clinging kind "
— " Seven Women "
— III Prize.



" I have very small veins, please be very careful " — 'Next' — II Prize

The debate was soon followed by a film show. It started like an old Laurel and Hardy movie but actually they were about Renaissance Act, Mughal Art and the Pre-historic Man.

Information : Sandhya Vasudevan III HES.

HUMANITIES EXHIBITION

The COHIP in collaboration with the Humanities Association decided to enlighten the ignorant Carmelites, After a lot of begging and borrowing from The Archaeological Survey Department of India, The Archaeological Survey Department of Karnataka, Tourism Department of Karnataka, Madras Engineering Group, Karnataka Chitrakala Parishad, Ken Arts Schools and the College students, we held a History exhibition on the 16th and 17th of September. The overwhelming response floored us and we were wondering why we had not bothered to hold an exhibition earlier.

Information : Sandhya Vasudevan — III HES.

HUMANITIES QUIZ

'Humanities Quiz? What's that?'' Apart from this rather disappointing start, the whole event went off very well. The response from the various classes was fairly good. On the 17th of December, the 30 odd participants cluttered the stage. The first round on History brought forth deep groans as well as laughter when they heard the questions. The rounds on Sociology and Economics led to a lot of squabbling till the Quiz Mistress intervened. The last round which had some audio-visual questions proved to be most interesting, but due to lack of time and the temperamental nature of the cassette player it had to be cut short. III B. A. (HEE & HES) came first with 15 points, followed closely by III B.A. (HEP).

Information : Sandhya Vasudevan — III HES

DRAMATICS COMPETITION

Organisers were amazed to find as many as eleven plays registered for the dramatics contest this year. Consequently, the event stretched over as many as 4 days of College — 17th, 18th, 21st & 22nd of September — which must have reduced judges Mrs. Seshadri, Mrs. Mathew and Suman Rao to a state of mental as well as physical exhaustion. The competition was originally inter-class, but later rules were relaxed, allowing 'Next', a joint venture of II year of HSc., PCM & PEE (directed by Bindya Pai and enacted by Meenakshi Krishnamurthy and Nirmala Bhatt) to bag the runner-up prize in the 'best play' category. The well

worn comedy by A. A. Milne — 'Man in a Bowler Hat' (PCMB Sec. I) — dissolved the audience into gales of laughter and won the award of 'Best Play'. The slick direction of Firdaus Hashim and good acting by almost all the characters contributed to its success. An excellent role portrayal by Meenakshi got her the 'Best Actress' award, while Elma Cherian was the runner-up in this category. Also ran, were Five Green Bottles (I PCMB). The Valiant (I HEPyS), Master of the House (I CBZH) Seven Women (I PEE). The Grand Cham's Diamond (I PES). Headlines (II HEPyS) Countdown (III HEE) and The Vicar by III HEE (which just didn't materialize!) Indeed a feast of entertainment for the enthusiastic students — and a feat of patience for the judges!

Information: Laxmi Char III HEE.

VEGETABLE CARVING ARRANGEMENT

The Home-Science association activities for the year started actively with a competition in Vegetable Carving and Arrangement on September 3, 1981. Participants evincing great enthusiasm, creatively displayed arrangements often outstanding. Each item reflected the originality and imaginativeness of the entrant as was seen in entries like "Floral Fantasy", "Cinderella's Chariot", "The Madonna", to name just a few. It was indeed a rather difficult task (we mean it!) for the judges Mrs. Sridevi Nair, Miss Lorna Raymond and Miss Usha Ramakrishna to select the winners. The winners were Indrani, Seema and Vijayalakshmi, all of II H.sc., while Sharmila I HSc., Kusum I PUC and Sangeetha II B.Sc., came in for special mention.

Information : Sujatha J. - III H.Sc.

BATIK PRINTING DEMONSTRATION

A Batik Printing demonstration was given by Mrs. Natarajan on December 17, 1981. This occasion gave the students an insight into the interesting intricacies of this art. The audience showed a high degree of interest. Their questions, at various stages of the demonstration were answered extremely well. In all, it was a scintillating demonstration of the scope of this art, displaying an exotic range of colourful designs.

Scheduled for this term are a talk on "Teenager-Parent Relationship" by Father Rossi Rego. S. J. and an Icing Competition.

Information : Sujatha J. - III H.Sc.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS FOR NURSERY CHILDREN

The Home Science Department hosted a small tea party for the students of the VHD Home Science College and their nursery tots. A tableau was presented by the children of our nursery. Absolutely natural on stage, the children presented the story of Christmas. Except for the tendency of the beautiful little madonna to yawn, and two shepherds who fell out with each other on stage, it was almost perfect (Kudos to Mrs. Moosa & Sister Veronica—guardian angels of the Nursery). A portly Santa Claus distributing gifts with tea made the day for the toddlers. Parents too were invited to share a friendly cup of tea and a piece of cake, baked by the Home Science department especially for the occasion ! Equally memorable were the decorations thanks to Sr. Josephette's team.

Information : Sujatha J. - III H. Sc. and audience.

MATHEMATICAL QUIZ

This event was sponsored by the Mathematics association for the PU students. A dozen enthusiasts sweated it out. The first second and third places went to Supriya Sidhar, Divya Prasad and Shyamala Rao. Congratutations!

Information : Subathra R, - III PCM.

ANNUAL LECTURE CONTEST—INTER COLLEGIATE

Sponsored by the Bangalore Science Forum, it poses a yearly challenge to our students. Under the leadership of Miss Chitralekha of the Science Association & Miss Shanta of the Maths Association, our students fared remarkably well don't they always ?!) They walked away with the shield for the PUC students and the Rolling Cup for the Degree Students.

Information : Subathra R.— III PCM. Sukanya Iyengar—III CBZ

SEMINAR ON ENVIRONMENTAL POLLUTION

Held at the Visveshwaraya Museum, five of our students represented our College. A problem of international proportions was discussed with enthusiasm and a sense of responsibility that was heartening.

Information : Sukanya Iyengar — III CBZ.

ROTRACT ACTIVITIES

Starting with the **INSTALLATION NITE**, the Rotract Club launched into a spate of activities — starting with a benefit show of " Laawaris " to raise funds.

Helped by Dr. Lakshmi Narayan and Mr. Manil Siddappa, the club members helped out the people of Jakkur Village. They helped in parthenium deweeding. A youth club was formed in the village to carry on the good work on the principle that the best help is self help.

A **Health Camp** was also organised for about 350 villagers of Jakkur and Sriramapuram; the club financed eight cavity fillings and 19 pairs of spectacles.

A decision was taken to find out if Sagaya Mary (16 years) from Vasanthnagar, now being treated at NIMHANS is teachable, if so, the club plans to get her admission in Sophia's Opportunity Section.

VIBGYOR—81 — the annual Inter-school painting competition was held for children between the ages of four and sixteen. Eighty four children participated to make it a truly memorable occasion. A joint venture with the Rotaract Club of Bangalore South and the Leo Club, was the picnic in Cubbon park for 100 orphans. They were provided with breakfast, lunch and tea, besides being treated to a Kannada film and Lekhak books and pencils.

MUSIFEST—81 — the inter-collegiate music competition helped to raise funds for other projects, such as helping out a man who needed a kidney transplant, the National Association for the blind, the Deaf Aid Society and the Mathru Chhaya Orphanage.

KRIYA-KALA — the annual handicrafts exhibition-cum-sale was held to aid the physically and mentally handicapped. In the offing of course ' Opportune-82 " — sports day for orphans, the International Evening for foreign students and blood donation camps.

This year the best Rotractor award was given to Subatra R. and the Best Office Bearer award was given to Padmini Seshadri.

Information : Padmini Seshadri — III PCM.

N. S S. — This year a group of enthusiastic students adopted Vaddarapalya — a village near Lingarajpuram. Each Saturday found girls at the village teaching children to read, write, and stressing the importance of hygiene and personal cleanliness. The lessons are rendered more popular by the distribution of fruits after class ! Students have also been actively interested in ensuring a central drainage system which was sadly lacking in the village.

Many volunteers have been constant visitors to the Occupational Therapy and Rehabilitation Centre and the Home for the Handicapped offering their services when needed.

All in all, the scheme has created a deeper awareness of human suffering and the desire to work for a better world.

Information : Suryakala V. — III HEP.

VARIOUS INTER-COLLEGIATE SCIENCE QUIZ AND LECTURE CONTESTS

The first few months of college finds the Science Association in a frenzy of intellectual activity during the course of which students are selected to represent the College at various inter-collegiate competitions. The gruelling tests and competitions paid off and our students have fared remarkably well at St. Joseph's and N.M.K.R.V. College.

N.M.K.R.V. College had a colourful and challenging series of competitons in Botany. MCC participating in this 10 day affair, walked home with plentiful booty — First prize in the Essay and Lecture contests and special prize for the Quiz.

Information : Sukanaya Iyengar—III CBZ.

PEACE ON EARTH (AND IN CARMELS)

Do you find yourself wishing your friends a "merry" or "happy X'mas?" Then you are, but one of the thousand materialistic, tinsel - loving people who have left 'Christ' out of 'Christmas'. The programme in College at term end began with the solemnity of a mass. The bells ringing at the Gloria mingling with the choir's soaring 'Gloria in Excelsis' were beautiful to hear. The spirit of Christmas was beautifully portrayed in the skit and tableau enacted by the hostelites. The joy of the festive season was taken over by the choir who rendered many tuneful traditional carols. The 20th Century idiom was presented by the 'Calypso Carol' with its piquant harmony and unusual rhythm. A staff member brought out the meaning of Christmas succinctly with a few words, and the principal ended the function with her greetings and wishes.

Information : Priya Mohanraj I HES.

ELOCUTION

Energetic propaganda by Secretary Riti M. D. procured as many as eighteen participants for the elocution contest sponsored by the Literary Association on 15th January and judged by Mrs. Kanak Seshadri and Mrs. Annie Mathew. Unfortunately some of the best speakers fumbled over their passages in mid-stride (could it be that Nissim Ezekiel intimidated his readers?) The 2nd PUC PCMB (Sec. 1) carried away both the prizes of the day, Elma Cherian's husky rendition of an extract from 'The Prisoner of Chillon would probably have pleased Lord Byron himself, and she certainly deserved the first prize that she got. Adrian Henri's "Tonight at Noon" by Mallika Rao got her a few chuckles from an appreciative audience as well as the second prize. Other entries ranged from rather boring pieces by Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi to the hackneyed 'Friends, Romans and Countrymen' and the amusing 'It is snug to be smug' by Ogden Nash (Padma Ramaswamy). Time-keeper Asha Rao claimed that the ringing of the bell at the end of the 2nd minute seemed to disconcert many a good speaker like Ronila Mehra who had every member of the audience hanging on every word of her prose passage — "Thank you Phillip."

Information : Riti M. D. II PES.

INDIAN LIGHT MUSIC (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SOLO)

A handful of talented (?) artistes with a couple of their friends as spectators gathered in the vast College auditorium on 22nd December to witness the Indian light music contest sponsored by the Choral Association. After the judges — Mrs. Shyamala Ranganathan and Mrs. Veena Sriram — had taken their seats, the programme commenced to the lilting voice of Evangeline Anderson who sang a Tamil song, accompanying herself on the mandolin. This was followed by that vintage number "Kabhie Kabhie Mere Dil Mein — by versatile songstress Ambika Natarajan who eventually tied with Evangeline for first place. Suryakala, who arrived late, won the second prize with another Hindi song. Apart from these three young crooners, the quality of the music of all other participants was exceedingly poor.

In the instrumental class that followed, there were just 2 participants— Evangeline on the mandolin and Shobha Iyer who bagged the first prize with an unusual English composition of Madurai Mani Iyer on the Veena, (the judges naturally withheld the 2nd prize.) Perhaps the poor participation in this competition could be attributed to inadequate advertisement as well as numerous postponements and indefinite scheduling.

Information : Geetha S. Narayan II CBZ.

THE PAINTING COMPETITION THAT NEVER TOOK PLACE

Canvasses were set up, papers were unrolled and paints spread out in colourful riot. But alack, not even the ghost of an organiser materialised on the scene at the Non-Residents' Centre on 11th September, the day on which the painting competition was scheduled to take place. Several ardent amateur artists brandished their brushes and set to work, while their wiser counterparts waited for their inspiration to come from the Welfare Board. Soon enthusiasm waned and the ultimate result was that a group of disappointed and indignant artists trudged wearily homewards with their unused paraphernalia and half-done paintings. A few belligerent crusaders who attempted a quest for the missing organisers were told that no organiser was free just then, and that the contest would be resumed in a day or two. So girls could be seen lugging their canvasses and paints around the College campus on odd days during the following weeks, while the Welfare Board juggled with dates for that ill-fated painting competition which, needless to say, was never continued. This 'Painting Competition — that never took place goes on record lest artistic spirit leads those frustrated 'contestants' to the solace found in murder!

Information: Geetha S. Narayanan II CBZ.

HAMPI EXPEDITION

The 26th of December '81 was a day of great excitement for the amateur archaeologists of our College—that evening 4 students and Mrs. J. Syiem left for Hampi, a kind of medieval Indian Pompeii. This trip certainly made it clear that muscles matter more than the grey cells.

We got off the train at Hospet, walked to the bus stop (only about 2 km away !,) boarded a rickety 'vintage' bus of the pre-world war I period. At the camp at Hampi we stayed in tents provided by the State Archaeological Department.

On 27th afternoon we went to work on a site situated in the Mint Area, next to the Rangashala or Dancing Hall, where the women of the royal family learnt dancing. On the first day we exposed portions of the floor. That afternoon Kumuda Rao found a copper coin with an elephant on it. These are comparatively less common than gold ones.

The 28th being a non-field day, we went sight seeing with Mr. Patil and Mr. Balasubramaniam, both archaeologists working there, visited a Neolithic cave-dwelling, where we saw some rock paintings of that period, and collected a lot of 'booty' including a grinding stone. That evening we saw the Hampi Museum at Kamalapur. In all we would have walked about 30 kms. that day.

On the 29th we traced and exposed the walls of a couple of rooms. When we broke for lunch, we had the opportunity of meeting Mr. George Michell and Mr. John Fritz. After lunch we conducted an on-the-spot interview of George Michell, who is an authority on the Badami Chalukyas. This architect-historian, of Australian origin (now a resident of U. K.), provided us with a lot of interesting details about his work. and also his experiences in India. We were invited to visit them when they draw the maps of Hampi — the last ones having been made in the 1850s.

On the last day of our stay, we worked on the front court-yard. Here the floor-plaster was traced and exposed along with the plinth found on the side. That afternoon we spoke to Mr. Fritz, an American anthropologist who is going to study the life styles of the different classes of people who had lived in Hampi from the surface material such as pot sherds found there.

As evening approached we bade a sad farewell to the camp and left for civilization vowing that we would be back to join them in their project 'Hampi Resurrection'. Do I hear them say, "God forbid"?

Information : Sandhya Vasudevan III HES.

ECONOMICS EXHIBITION 13th–15th JANUARY 1982.

The morning of 13th January dawned bright and sunny. At 8-30 a.m. an unusual buzz of activity filled Fatima Hall. The zeal and enthusiasm of the various students ruled out the possibility that it was due to the realization of the enormity of the forthcoming exams.

On closer inspection however, all was revealed. The Economics COHSIP Branch had put up an Economics exhibition, a novel idea, but by no means suprising, as innovation is a tradition at Mount Carmel.

On the dot of 9-45 a.m. the exhibition was formally inaugurated by the principal, Sr. Jesuine Marie, and thereafter was open to the entire College for 2 days. It is gratifying to note that the science students evinced keen interest and one student took pains to have each exhibit explained to her. Later in the day, Sisters Antoinette, Imelda, Emma and a little later, some of the staff visited the exhibition and spent (we hope) a pleasant half hour at the hall.

But what of the exhibition itself? For one, it was beautifully organised and arranged, (not suprising, as it was the brain-child of two teachers, well-known for system and order, Miss Lorna Raymond and Mrs. Ramachandran). The

exhibits ranged from theoretical concepts like economic problems and monopoly to specialised themes like Indian population and the Japanese economy. 'Variety is the spice of life' and it proved to be the same of the exhibition. Gaiety and colour were prevalent and exhibits were built of paper, pulses, paint, braid and even embroidery. Besides charts, models and even rangoli were used to depict various economic themes.

The charts of Satheja Manohar and Maya Rao of I PES depicting monopoly and monopolistic competition attractively presented, won the 1st prize. It is also to their credit that their explanation of a complicated economic theme was simple enough for the layman to understand.

The 2nd prize was bagged by Suparna Rajaram and Mahima Chandra Mouli I PEE who had painstakingly embroidered their theme of price-output determination under perfect market conditions. A novel approach to the functions of a bank, was presented through Lady Nature, by 2nd degree, and deservedly was awarded the 3rd prize. The model of Priya Mohanraj and Maya Gonsalves, the result of a month's hard work, was awarded the prize for models; while the rangoli of Uma Eswari and Vanitha Moses of 2nd and final degree was awarded a special prize. The final degree must be specially commended for sparing valuable time from their busy schedule to prepare their charts.

All in all, it was a novel and enjoyable experience for participants and spectators alike; and we hope for more of its kind, kindling interest in what could be a highly technical subject.

Information: Pamela Venkatesh I PES.

MOUNT EVEREST ???????? WELL ALMOST !!!!!

" It's not as easy as in the movies " — was the unanimous verdict of Malini, Nandita and Hema who enrolled in a rock climbing camp at Ramanagaram organised by SPARK (Society for the propagation and activation of rock climbing.)

The camp was a few kms from the base of the hills and every morning they would trek to the hills with their rucksacks on their backs. They learnt to climb seemingly impossible boulders using pressure grips and holds, rapelling down a 90° cliff with the help of a rope and climbing up 'a chimney' (a narrow cleft between two cliffs)

" Its not exactly a lovely feeling when one is suspended mid-way on a 90° cliff" Hema declares convincingly, (as if we needed to be convinced !) " and some of the rocks can be pretty nasty " (masterly understatement !), But as

she points out, sooner or later, the rocks get into your system, every boulder becomes a challenge and to devise ways and means to climb it and finally conquer it is a joy—an achievement !

Information : Hema Krishnan–II PUC PCMB.

NCC

The year began with Vidya Kushalappa being chosen as the Senior Under Officer. She was the Commander of the Karnataka Contingent which won the Prime Minister's banner at the Republic Day Parade (Jan. 81), when Clara D' Souza represented Karnataka at the Gliding Competition, and the Basket–ball team for Karnataka had Vidhya, Vijayalakshmi, Seema and Hema of our College.

At the State Level Home Nursing and First Aid competitions conducted by St. John's Ambulance Association our teams stood first and second against veterans. The credit goes to N. Usha Rani, Saloni C. Aswini T. and Bhuvaneswari.

Saloni and Aswini were also selected for para training at Agra and have successfully completed the course.

At the Basic Leadership course in May 81 at Bhowali, we secured many "firsts"—Sreelakshmi S was first in the Signals Competition and Saloni in First Aid & Home Nursing, Aswini T. was adjudged 'Best Performer' at the course in Panchgani.

Cdt. Arathi Punitha managed a reciprocal landing on her first solo flight–a flight to fame.

Cdt. Anita Bidappa secured the first prize for launching the catapult glider and the the third prize for launching the chuck glider at the South Zone Aeromodelling Competition held at Bombay in Nov. 81.

At the Armo-De Fiesta '81 Cultural Competition our team was adjudged the best and Divia Ganapathi was crowned Armo-Princess '81".

At the the St. John's Camp at Dodballapur, our team (Usha Rani N, Visalakshi R., Latha S. and Shoba Rao) won the trophy for the best overall performance

Information : Usha Rani N. III PCM.



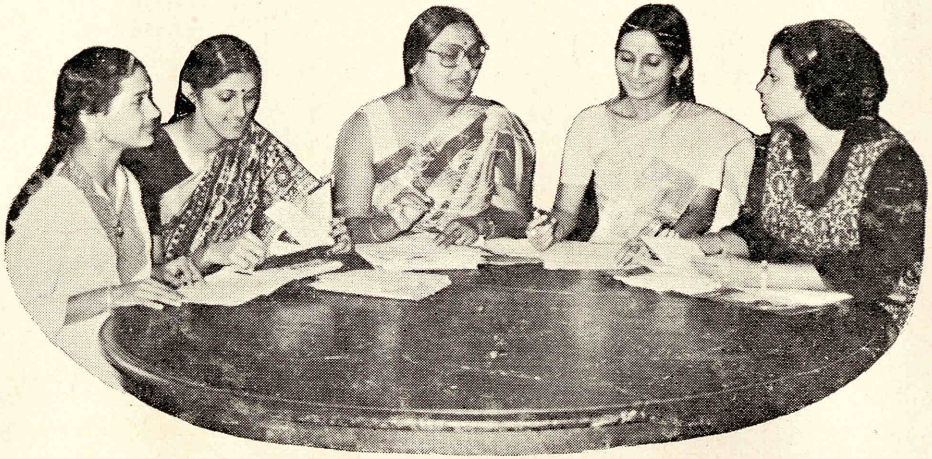
Mrs. Syiem holding forth at the History Exhibition.



Vidhya Kushalappa receiving the Prime Minister's banner from Mrs. Indira Gandhi, January 1981.



The 'Festember' Group.



The big Four (L to R) – Shashi, Laxmi, Latha, Rachna,
with Mrs. Lobo (Centre)



Anuradha M.



Ambica Natarajan



Patricia Abreo

THE ECONOMICS SKIT COMPETITION

Anyone who had watched the Economics Skit Competition sponsored under the COHSIP programme would hesitate to dismiss Economics as " dull " or " boring".

Educative as well as entertaining the skit on the concept of "monopoly" (III PyES) was adjudged the best. A modern version of Sita's Swyamvaram, Mr. Rama emerges as undisputed and sole winner of Sita-an individual producing a product that has no substitute and hence is able to set up an independent price of his own.

" Spy the Spy " (II PEE) very humourously and pointedly depicted the constant conflict between "white money" and "black money" and walked away with the second prize.

All the inconveniences of the Barter System came alive in " Barter " (II HES) which won the third prize. The problems depicted were — a double coincidence of wants, the problem of storage, indivisibility, the lack of a common unit of measurement, and the impossibility of making payment through services.

" India Today " (I PES) won a special mention for having depicted the socio-economic problems - unemployment, political corruption, bribery, the gap between the rich and the poor.

" The Carter Economy & the Dollar Crisis " also won a special mention for depicting the special problems of the US, inflation, price hikes, strikes, unemployment.

I HES brought out the importance and inevitability of advertising in Economics and the II PES provided humour with its conference of " Departed Economists ". Marx, Gandhi, Hitler, Keynes, and Smith discuss the burning issues of the world Economy and listening to them, 'God' decides to resign his post and allow these "departed brains" to take over.

Information : Latha Pandit - III HEP.

Editors Note - "College Focus" - is not as comprehensive or complete as it should be for 3 reasons:-

1. Various associations have not sent in reports
2. Some of our reporters have done a very poor job of reporting.
3. We ran out of time, and so naturally many events scheduled after January 18th have been left out.

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THE BIG FOUR

(our student secretaries - Rachna, Laxmi, Shashi and Latha)

" I just don't like animals " declares Latha Pandit disdainfully, while Shashikala Nambiar whose day begins with walking her darling dogs at 6 a. m. shakes her head in mock horror. Apart from a few such "major" (?) causes for dissidence, the four welfare secretaries seem to complement one another perfectly as a team.

RACHNA PAL :- (III HEE) 'Pixie" to her friends, is a well known face (and voice) at collegiate and intercollegiate debates. With her eloquent tongue (she can talk anyone into doing anything) and charming smile, she has persuaded many a hesitant student on to the stage. Her talents ranging from dramatics to writing and cartooning make her an amazing "all rounder" and an inspiration to many. She plans to do her Mass Communication course and if her smile seems broader and she tends to wish you "A Happy New Year" twice and thrice over she is merely communicating her happiness (I'm engaged !)

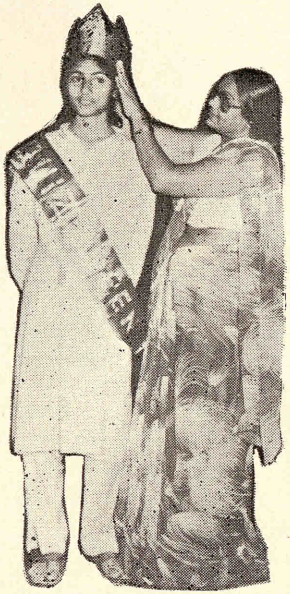
LATHA PANDIT:- (III HEP) is a keen philatelist and prize winning essayist who hopes to do her IAS some day. When Latha " hopes " to do some thing she usually does. A keen debater especially in Kannada she won many prizes and inspired many others to a similar eloquence in the vernacular. " I feel that a students union elected by students is absolutely unnecessary" she states with conviction at the end of the year which she has thoroughly enjoyed.

LAKXMI CHAR :- (III HEE, tall, lanky, self assured (best MC-Ovations 81) she has a razor sharp mind (Quiz Queen of B'lore last year) that confounds a lot of girls. In the midst of a chaotic college event, she introduces a measure of discipline and humour (? !). Her interests range from cybernetics to sitar playing, with reading, writing and ancient history thrown in for good measure. Typical, is her decision to try her hand at the IAS, Archaeology, MBA and ...

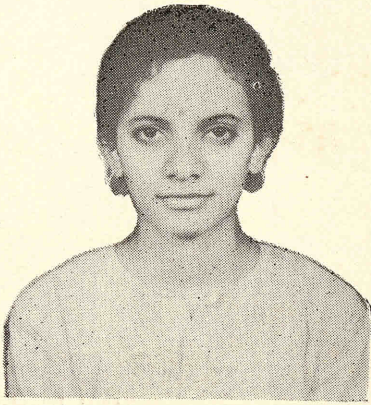
SASHIKALA NAMBIAR :- (III HSc) a dedicated Bharatnatyam dancer, she has danced her way through this year of heavy responsibility enjoying and relishing every moment of it. A talented debater, she can convince an audience with the ringing sincerity of her voice. She shares with Latha, her dislike of Western music and favours traditional Indian music and classical Indian dancing. Though she is uncertain about whether dancing is the career of her choice, she is certain about one thing - she loves every moment of it. the music, the beat, the rhythm.



Sukanya Iyengar



Padmini Reddy being crowned 'Quiz Queen'



Sridevi S.A.



Vindhya Janaki



Pratiba Prahalad



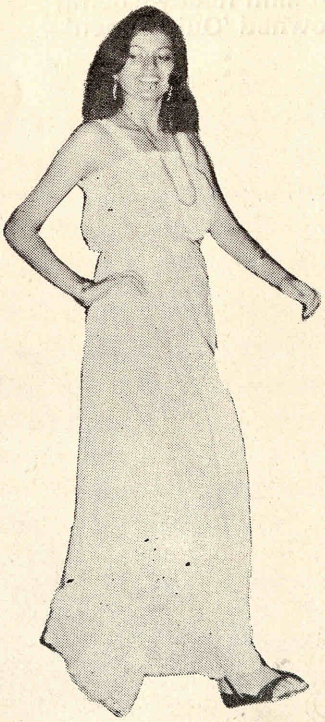
Riti M.D.



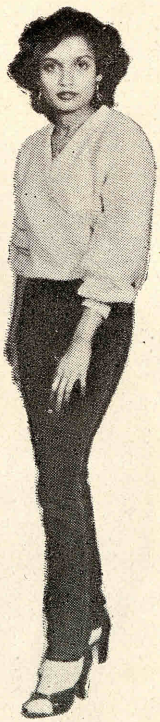
Shalini Mathais



Mallika N.G.



Divya Ganapathi



Siandra Fernandez

"We've tried our best to think up new things to do" says Latha and a look at the College Focus, will prove it. The competitions have been many and varied - the activities too many to be listed.

"..... and, I must say we have worked together pretty well" avers Shashi firmly, "there has been no bickering or wrangling of any kind." Q.E.D.

Information : Sandhya Vasudevan - III HES. Riti M. D. - II PES.

COLLEGE PERSONALITIES

'Oh, c'mon haven't you heard of her ? She's the girl who wins all those prizes and sings and acts....' Well if you haven't heard of some of 'those' girls, this feature will tell you. Mount Carmel has some really outstanding personalities, who certainly deserve special mention. (OK, smile, next time we'll make a list of some of us nobodies !)

Acting :—This year's latest discovery in acting is Shalini Mathias. Fresh-from-school, Shalini, who is in the I PUC captured every body's attention by her splendid acting as Ann. Sullivan in the play 'The Hidden Treasure'. We can hope to see a lot more of Shalini in the future. Meenakshi Krishnamurthy was adjudged the best actress in Mount Carmel. She was awarded this prize for her powerful performance of the male lead in her class play.

Music :—Singing groups, new cassetes being released, public performances, lots of prizes, all a part of the lives of some of the most promising Carmelite singers. Ambica Natarajan sings for the Ramanjali group. They have performed over eighty times in India and have been abroad too. Along with her family, Ambica has released several tapes of classical music in praise of Shri Ramana. 'Nunnu', as Patricia Abreo is better known, has formed a group with her brothers Nunnu being gifted with a lovely voice sings at parties and in clubs. Light-eyed Anuradha M., has won some of the most prestigious prizes at College level. Playing on her mandolin Anuradha won prizes at Vibrations '80, Manifest' 80 & ' 81 and at the Mardigras (Madras) ' 80. She plays both classical and light music. Marlene Gonsalves is this year's best-known piano player. She enjoys playing on it and is often requested to accompany other singers.

Jayashree's main interest is music and she has been winning prizes in school and College. Sridevi S. has passed the senior grade classical Karnatic music exam and has also given public performances. Revathi S. excels in music and is interested in painting as well. Pundarikavalli, who is in I PUC has a very promising future in store. She has already won prizes at the inter-collegiate

level. Elizabeth John is easy to spot. It isn't only her Indo-German looks which set her apart - she is one of the few who can play on the flute. It requires a lot of lungpower and Elizabeth has it !

DANCE : Pratiba Prahalad, Poonam Priyadarshini, Shashikala Nambiar, Rathna Supriya, Vindhya Janaki and many more coming ! Good dancers have always captured attention and these girls are no exception. Pratiba is totally dedicated to Bharata natyam. 'Dance means more to me than anything in the world, ' she says. Pratiba has displayed her talent in over sixty performances. Her casual College girl personality contrasts with her mature, thorough professionalism on stage. She is delightful to watch on stage, and easy to mix with off-stage.

Poonam Priyadarshini and Ratna Supriya have also made their mark as good dancers in College. Vindya Janaki is well versed in Bharatanatyam and Kuchipudi. She gives all credit to her parents and dance teachers for their encouragement and inspiration. Dancing is just one of the many fields in which Shashikala Nambiar excels. And that is why she deserves special mention as an all rounder.

HOME SCIENCE :—What would you expect a talented home science student to be interested in? Cooking, crafts, vegetable carving and flower arrangement? You are right! Indrani Das and Rohini V., both in the second year are interested in and good at all of the above. Indrani takes part in quiz competitions and fancy dress as well. Rohini has won prizes for her collages.

DEBATE :—When a good debater moves on to the next class and takes part in more debates, what happens? She becomes better! Rachana Pal and Sheela Balsubramanyam could testify to this. Rachana and Sheela are veterans at debating and are part of the College debating team. Sukanya Iyengar is a 'Science debater'. She has often been judged as the 'Outstanding Speaker' at various competitions. Latha Pandit debates in Kannada while Sandhya Jain and Hema Krishnan debate in Hindi.

QUIZ :—Quiz competitions require brains and quick thinking and Padmini Reddy (Mt. Carmel Quiz Queen) has both. She has won prizes in quiz contests and has headed a team for the Wild life Association Quiz contest.

MODELS :—Pretty girls, smart dresses, beauty and brains : isn't that what Mount Carmel is known for ? And rightly too, since many Carmelites have been beauty queens, fashion models and have featured on calenders. Siandra Fernandes is probably the best known model in college. Of all the beauty contests that she has won, the most famous has been the 'Blue Lagoon Princess', which was

a national contest. Siandra, also bagged the first prize in the literary pageant as Fagin. Mallika N. G. and Divya Ganapathi have both taken part in fashion shows organized by Vimal, Fazal and Mafatlal. Mallika has modelled for Kissan and Vummudiars and Divya for Priyadarshini and TVS among other things.

All rounders : Being good in one field is itself no easy job, and yet Carmelites Shashikala Nambiar, Riti M.D., Rachana Pal, Sukanya Iyengar and Hema Krishnan have made it to the top in more than one field. Riti has displayed her organizing ability by conducting the highly successful fancy dress show. A journalist in the making, Riti has contributed to the City Tab, Deccan Herald, and Youth Times. She has won prizes at extempore debating, at both college and inter-collegiate levels. Rachana Pal is one of the four secretaries of the College. She organizes and takes part in debates, wins prizes for short stories and poetry and is an excellent actress. Hema and Sukanya are also very active in and out of College. Hema likes mountaineering while Sukanya enjoys painting. Shasikala's name is often on the notice board not for warnings but for the numerous prizes she wins !

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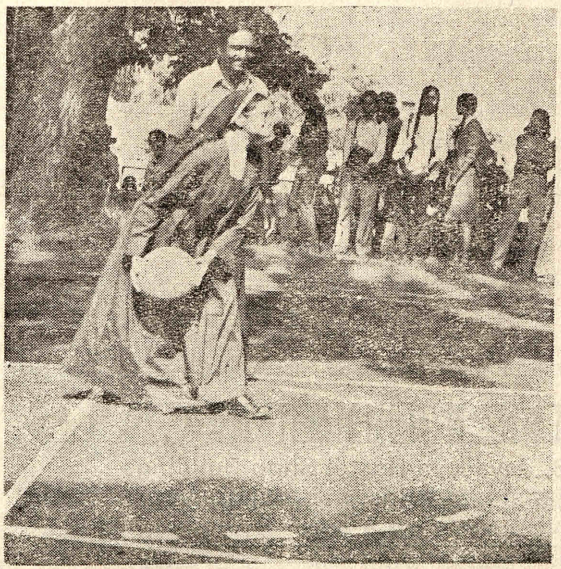
SPORTS REVIEW

Compiled and written by
Khursheed Irani III PCM.

Headlines from News Papers — 'Mount Carmel Keep Punching' 'M. C. C. Come Out on Top', 'Straight Seventh Win for Mount Carmel',..... any need to go on with the encomiums that Mount Carmel has earned in the field of sports in the year under review ?

INAUGURATION OF THE ALL WEATHER BASKETBALL COURT

The year began with the inauguration of our All-Weather Basketball court — who says dreams don't come true ? Mrs. Poovama had set her heart on Mount Carmel having such a court and that dream did come true albeit after ten years of dedication and perseverance.



Sr. Principal netting the first ball on the new court " a dream come true."

On interviewing the Players it was easy to realise why the court made such a difference in the play — the court can be used in any weather — fair or foul — the ball bounces well, making dribbling easier; the grip is good (despite raising Bata's business — lifespan of keds doesn't exceed two months), last but not least it is the same type of court used at National Meets. Truly a court to be proud of ! !

The Inaugural Match was.....the 2nd and 3rd Year Degree Vs. the rest of the College. Not much by way of comment as the season had just begun.

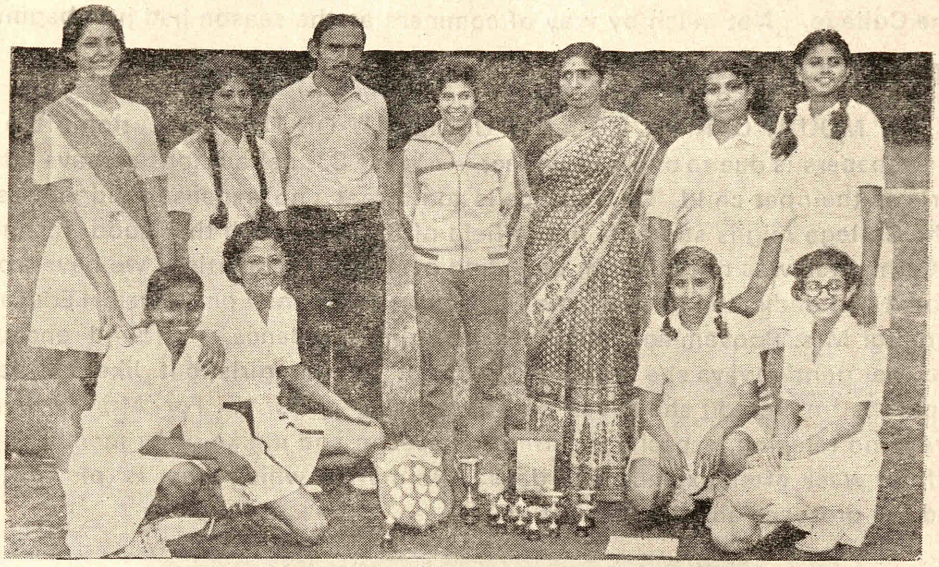
A TRIBUTE

'MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE COME OUT ON TOP', a caption often seen in Newspapers is due to one known fact — Mount Carmel authorities have adopted Sports as their pet child. No sacrifice is too great, no expense grudged, as long as the College reigns supreme in the field of Sports. As if that good fortune for the Carmelites was not enough, presiding over Sports activities, we have a person devoted and dedicated to the same field, none other than our Physical Educational Instructor Mrs. Poovamma. With her inspiring guidance, all-round encouragement, her gentle ways she draws the best out of the girls but like all devoted people the final credit she gives to those who perform. For Mrs. Poovamma there is no relaxing, especially during the season and unlike other members of the staff her week often extends to 7 days. No matter which team is playing, they need her presence and her inspiration.



Mrs Poovamma & her husband
Mr. Vaidhyanathan — "a dedicated team"

Mount Carmel's good fortune does not end with Mrs. Poovamma, but it extends to the interest shown by her husband. Himself a lecturer in Physical Education, he devotes a part of his time to some of the sports activities of Mount Carmel especially Basketball. Unlike the saying 'Jack of all trades and master of none', Mr. Vaidyanathan believes that the Carmelites are masters of all the sports activities they participate in. Together they cater to the varied interests and abilities of each contestant resulting in the victory of the group. Taking only the example of Basketball, in the past 13 years we've lost only twice.



Mr. and Mrs. Vaidhyanathan with Captains and Vice-Captains

Each year Mrs. Poovamma chooses nine girls to lead the four houses of the College. The houses are, 'Marians' (blue), 'Teresians' (red), 'Josephian' (purple) and 'Florians' (brown). The girls are carefully selected on the basis of their achievement in the sports arena.

This year, Yasmin Dhanbhoora (centre) a State Hockey Player, was chosen as the sports captain of the College. It is her job to see that the various captains and vice-captains do their best to find hidden talents, and she did! Standing to the left of Mr. Vaidyanathan are Parinitha Shetty and Bina Rao, captains of the blue and red houses respectively. Kneeling near them are Pushpa Pooviah and Mellissa Arullappan their vice-captains. Standing to the right of Mrs. Poovamma are Sowmya Suvarna and Asha Paulose — captains of the brown and purple houses respectively. Kneeling near them are Loretta Wate and Kashmira Tarapore their vice-captains.

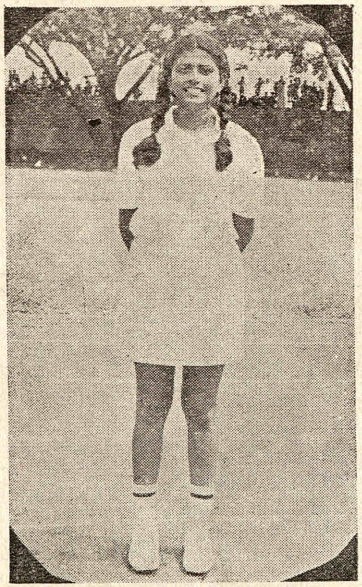
From the march past and drill, to the basketball and throwball matches these nine girls with the help of Mr. & Mrs. Vaidhyanathan saw to it that the participants did their very best. Their mile long grins indicate their satisfaction at the end of Sports Day.

VOLLEY BALL

As far as Volley-ball goes we have had only one Tournament so far, that is the Indian Institute of Science League Matches, which we easily won.

Most of the players are taking up the game at the University level. Those in the University team are Asha Paulose (the dynamic College Volley-ball captain), Nalini R., Uma B. S. and Shabla D. Sonia Rai, Florence J, and Malini Pillai represent Karnataka in the Junior Team while Rajeshwari and Anita Iyer play for the Senior Team.

Anita Iyer an excellent offensive player, is presently attending her third coaching for the Asian Games. Here's hoping that Anita's efforts pay off and she shines with Indian colours on her.



Asha Paulose

When the morning papers read "M. C. C. and B. M. S keep punching" on the 8th of September we knew just what would be in store on the 9th "Seventh Straight Win for M. C. C." was what it boldly read. Asha Paulose the captain did a wonderful job herself and also made sure that the rest of the team co-ordinated well. Team spirit and co-ordination are the two main factors that decide between victory and defeat. Asha made sure that we lacked in neither thus helping to add an extra feather to our cap.

THROW BALL

Coming to the exciting Throwball House Matches. The Browns played the Reds and the Browns won. Not surprising as Sowmya Suvarna their Captain had promised a kulfi each if they won the match.

Sarita and Kashmira (Captain & Vice Captian of Purple) not wishing to be left behind went a step further and promised a drink over and above the kulfi.

They won Vs. Blue, but didn't they get a shock when they were presented with a bill for Rs. 29. The tough finals between Brown and Purple ended in victory for Brown with Savita Dinesh outsmarting Vandana Tiwari and Asha Paulose, of Purple.

Not only at the Inter-house Throwball Matches did Savita shine so brightly but along with Geetha Devi and Uma D. B. helped Mount Carmel to win the 5th State Level Knockout Throwball Tournament. Incidentally Savita D won the 'Best Player' award.

We played in two State level tournaments namely the League and Knock-out at Rajajinagar and Chikbalapur respectively. At both places we had stiff competition but due to our team comprising eight State players — Geeta D., Savita D, Vidya Acharya, Asha Paulose, Vandhana Tiwari, Florence John, Uma D. B. and Chetna T — we won at both places.

During the flood-lit League matches a crowd — 8,000 strong were hooting our team. But the match-temperament instilled in our girls by Mrs. Poovamma saved the day.



"Victory"

TABLE TENNIS

The main upset in the Single Interhouse Knockout Table Tennis Match was Saloni, the defending Champion and also the College Table Tennis Captain

Saloni lost all the matches unlike the other contestants who each won two matches and lost one. Since there was no deciding factor the repetition matches followed in which Geetha Gopalkrishnan of Red came first followed by Arathi of Purple and Hermie of Brown.

In the double event Purple contested Red in the Finals. The first game was won by Red, the second and third — real cliff-hangers — were clinched by Purple.

The winners and the runners-up were treated once again by their respective Captains.

TENNICOIT

In the field of Tennicoit the Reds won the Finals because of their two excellent players Uma D. B. and Vrinda N. The other matches definitely lacked lustre to such an extent that even the Captains were not to be seen on the field.

Our readers will be happy to know that our last year's Tennicoit Captain Mallika has passed out of Mount Carmel and is now happily married.

CRICKET AND HOCKEY

M. C. C. doesn't have a hockey or cricket team as there are no inter-collegiate tournaments. But they have state players in both the games.

Loretta Wate is an excellent hockey player aspiring for a berth in the Asian team. We wish her all the best and hope that she gets her Indian colours. Our State Players for hockey are Yasmin Dhanboora, Sowmya Suvarna, Pushpa Pooviah and Marie Wakefied, (Good collection huh ?)

In cricket too we have three State Players — Sarita S. Rachel and Rupa S. who have helped Karnataka's banner fly high.

KHO — KHO

This is the first year that M. C. C. has a Kho-Kho team. The team was placed third in their first attempt at the League Tournament. By next year with enough guidance and practice there is no doubt that we will reign supreme in yet another field. Our two very good players are Meenakshi R. and Geeta H

SPORTS DAY

Our Annual Sports Day was held as usual at Mount Carmel Stadium with Mr. & Mrs. Nizamuddin gracing the occasion as the Chief Guests of Honour. Everything went off as planned and scheduled as a lot of organisation had gone into making that day a success and also because the heats were held way in

advance. Incidentally during the heats a misunderstanding arose. Sheela Kolaff, a State level Athlete did not qualify in the long jump event but Mrs. Poovamma taking into account her past achievements gave her another chance to the utter disappointment of those who had qualified in the first three jumps. It was just as well that on the final day Sheela won that long jump event thereby proving worthy of the benefit of the doubt given her. She also won the Junior Championship over Kavery Thimmaiah. The Senior Championship went to Loretta Wate followed by Pushpa P. and Mellissa A. Housewise Purple came out on top.

Sowmya Suvarna won a special award, "the most sporting girl" of the year. Let me tell you why. As usual a relay (4 x 100 m of the Junior vs. Seniors is held, Our Seniors by this time were dead beat due to the various individual events they participated in. No one wished to make a fool of herself by lagging far behind, but Sowmya saved the day by running for the Seniors. This won the hearts of her audience as well as the cup (of course the Seniors lost the race to the Juniors.)

Sports day drew to a close with the girls trooping back to College for tea.

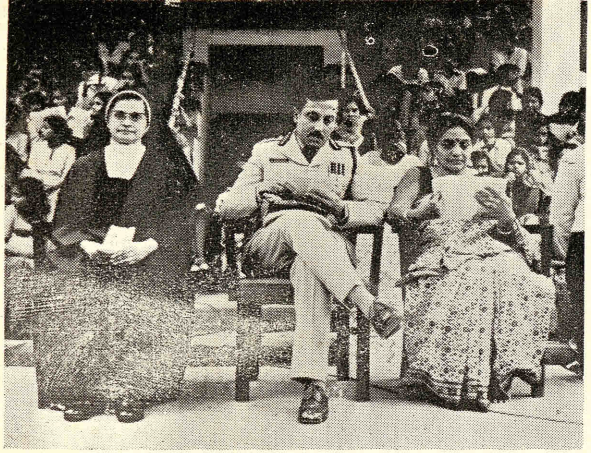
BASKETBALL

Taking up the game of Basketball let us have this enumeration. In the Knockout House Matches since the Reds won every match they played, they were declared the winners followed by the Browns.

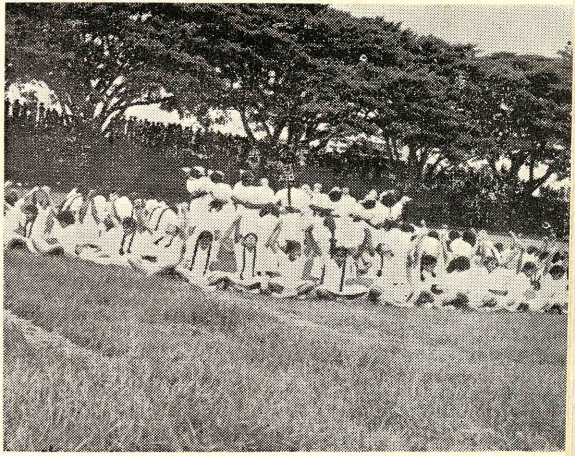
In the second Festo All-India Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament held at Calicut, we came up to the semi finals defeating colleges known for their vigorous practice of four hours against our one hour. At the finals we lost because of a series of mishaps to Vimala College and so in the words of our own coach we had no reason to be disappointed.

However, let us be thankful we participated in this Match despite Laxmi Char (Student Secretary) who actually wrote to the officials to say that Mount Carmel College would not be taking part in this tournament. Congratulations to Nandini Prasad, Suchitra Unnikrishnan, Seema Sharma Rizwana Iqbal and Mellissa, A for putting up a good show.

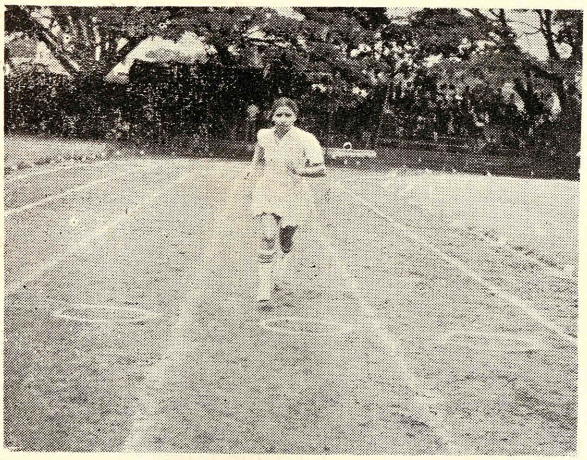
During this Tournament the Rotract Club of Calicut conducted a gallop poll to crown the "most popular girl of the meet". Seema Sharma, seemed to have won the hearts of her audience as she galloped away with 75% of the total



Sr. Principal with Chief Guests—
Mr. & Mrs Nizamuddin



The Drill - I PUC



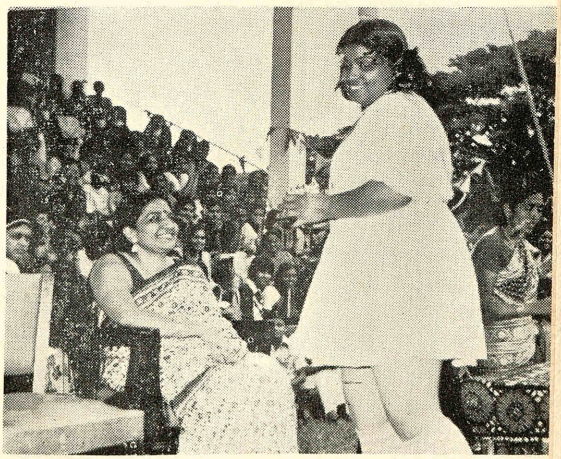
Loretta Wate - Senior Champion



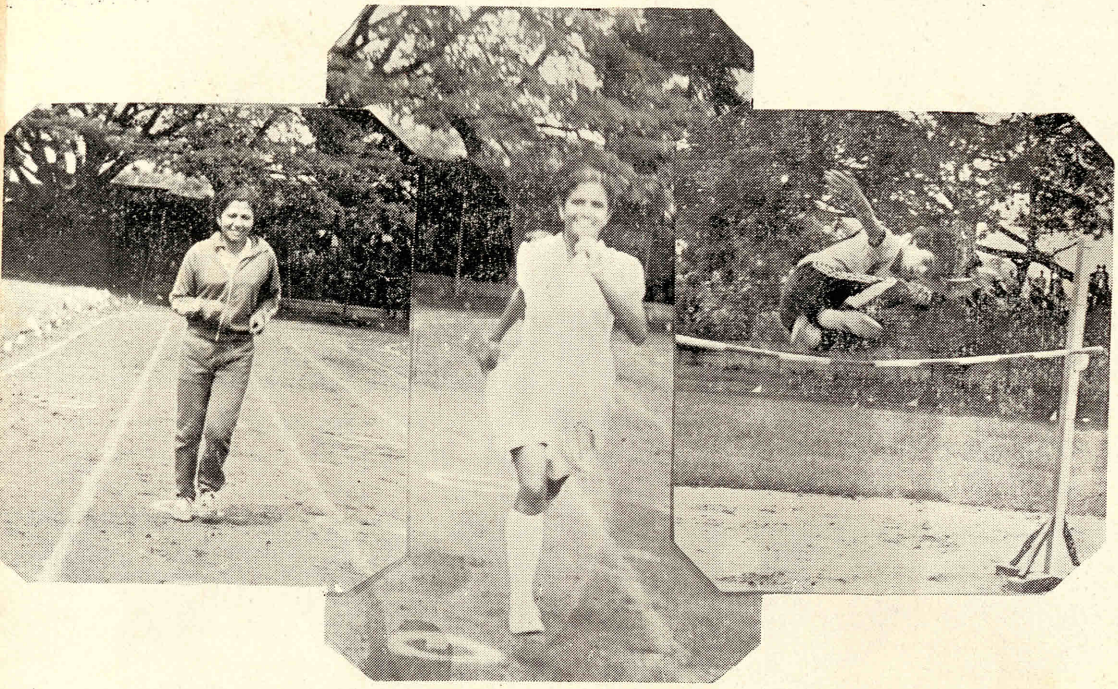
Yasmin D. - Sports Captain



The Nursery event



Sowmya Swarna - "the most sporting gi



Pushpa D. Shei la Kolaff Devaki



Nandini Prasad Melissa A. Suchitra Unni Krishna

votes. Not only did she win this title but was also asked to preside over a meeting and distribute prizes! Here's hoping that Seema stays the way she is — modest and popular.

In the Bangalore University Inter-collegiate Basketball Tournament — we had absolutely no trouble defeating the various participating colleges. We won against Jyothi Nivas, Maharani's and Rural College thus bringing the trophy home.

At the Annual Tata Institute Basketball Matches, two teams from our College took part, namely the 'A' and 'B' Teams. Our readers will rock with delight to know that not only did the 'A' Team win the championship, but they were followed by our 'B' Team who showed their worth by defeating Jyothi Nivas. Thus for the third year in succession we brought home the handsome trophy.

All these sparkling successes are due to our wonderful team which consists of one International player — Nandini Prasad and three state players — Suchitra U, Seema Sharma and Mellisa A. Though these players have done nothing incredible this year as far as basketball is concerned, I think they are saving up their energy for the numerous coaching camps they have to attend in view of the Asian Games in November 1982. Good luck all of you.

ATHLETICS

Finally let me take up Athletics. In the State level Athletics Meet, our College was represented by Sheela Kolaff, Mellisa Arullappan and Florence John. These girls secured for the College a place in every single event of the Meet and also won the 4 x 100 m relay. Indeed a creditable achievement.

In the past 17 years our College has won the Bangalore University Athletics titles sixteen times. It was last year that we lost to Government College, Kolar and the reason was that many of the girls were out of town for various competitions. "Once bitten twice shy", thus this year ours was an exclusively athletic team with no engagements elsewhere. The team which brought the trophy home comprised Sheela K, Kavery T, Mellissa A, Devaki, K and Florence John. These girls have taken up athletics seriously and thus found little trouble in defeating the various competitors.

The St. Joseph's College Centenary Athletic Meet brought another trophy home for M. C. C. The same athletic team did wonders. Sheela won the Overall Championship, by bagging the 100 m, 200 m, 400 m and broad jump events. Florence won the discus event and was only 20 cms away from the record. Being only in 1st PUC she has plenty of time to beat that and many other records. Devaki too is a girl to look out for. The neice of the late

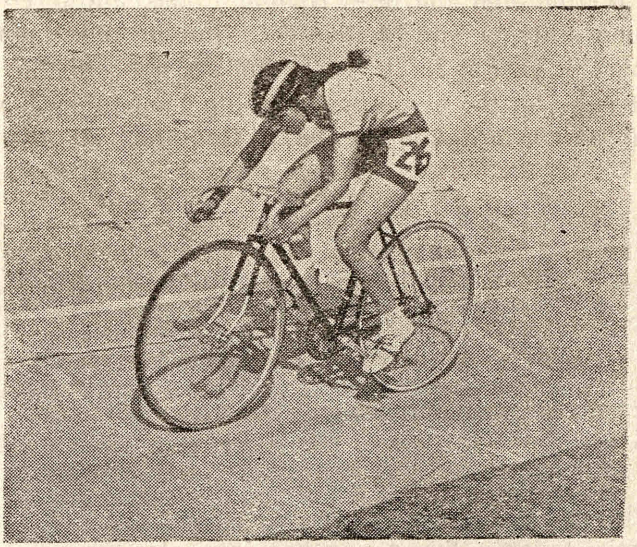
Athletic Champion A. P. Ramaswamy, she plans to take up athletics as a career. She excels in the shot put and discus events. She also takes part in cycling, javelin throw and high jump. Here's wishing her a successful career.

The Queen of athletics for this year is certainly Sheela Kolaff. She has won three individual titles this year — one at the College sports, another at the Bangalore University Meet and the third at the St. Joseph's Meet. Certainly seems some one to be proud of. Her incredible victories are the fruits of the hard work she puts into her practice. Good luck Sheela and keep the banner of M. C. C. flying high.

Khursheed Irani III PCM

ABOUT THE REPORTER —

Too modest to include herself in the Sports Review, we must nevertheless inform our readers that Khursheed Irani is the current National Cycling Champion 'The Flying Queen of India'.

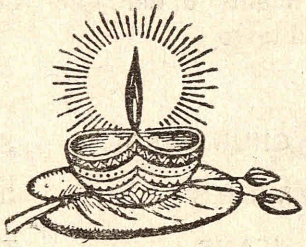


Khursheed has a lot of "firsts" to her credit — at the '81 Nationals, she stood first, in the 1000m for Women with a timing of 1min. 30 sec. (a new record), she was also first in the 3000m. individual pursuit, the lap race and the 10km road race.

We hope that she will blaze her way to international fame at the Asian Games in Delhi and the World Championship in London.

Suchitra Unnikrishnan
II PEE.

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— Shakespeare.

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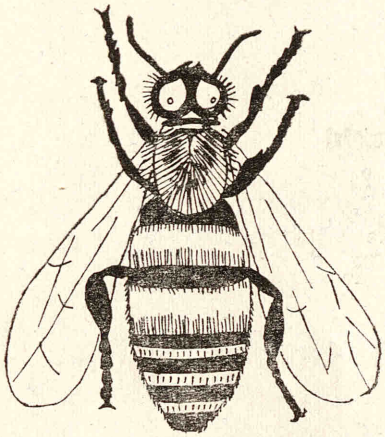
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ಸಹಜ ಜನರಲಿ ದುಷ್ಟ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಕಿಚ್ಚು
ನಾಚುವುದಿದರಿದಿರು ಘೋರ ಕಾಡ್ಗಿಚ್ಚು

ಅಣುಬಾಂಬಿಗೆ ಸಾಕು ಆರೆ ನಿಮಿಷ
ಮಾಡಲು ಭೂಮಂಡಲ ವಿನಾಶ
ಅದರಿಂ ತ್ಯಜಿಸಿ ನಾವೆಂಬಹಂಕಾರ
ಕೊಡಿ ದ್ವೇಷರಹಿತ ಸರಸ ಸಹಕಾರ

ಪರಮಾತ್ಮನಿತ್ತ ಸಿರಿವರ ನರಜನ್ಮ
ಸತ್ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳಮಾಡಿ, ಬಿಡಿ ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮ
ಪುಷ್ಟಿಗೊಳಿಸಿ ಸಕಲ ಸಾರ ಕಲೆಕೃತಿ
ಮೇಳಿಸಿ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಅರ್ವಾಚೀನ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ.

GAYATHRI. S.
II PUC (PCMB)



ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು

ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು

ಜೇನಿನ ಜೀವನವು ಬಹು ಸೋಜಿಗ. ಜೇನುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂರು ವಿಧ - ಮೊದಲನೆಯದು ಪೂರ್ಣ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ; ನೀಳಕಾಯದ ಚಿಲುವೆಯಾದ ಇದು ಮಾತ್ರ ಜೇನುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆ ಹಾಕಬಲ್ಲದು. ಎರಡನೆಯದು ಅರೆ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ; ಇದು ಮೊಟ್ಟೆ ಹಾಕಲಾರದು ; ಇದು ಆಳು ಜೇನು. ಮೂರನೆಯದು ಗಂಡು ಜೇನು. ಗಂಡು ಜೇನಿಗೆ ರಾಣಿಯೊಡನೆ ಕೂಡಿ ಅದು ಗರ್ಭಧರಿಸುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡುವುದಷ್ಟೇ ಕೆಲಸ. ರಾಣಿಗೆ ಜೀವನವಿಡೀ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯಿಟ್ಟು ಗೂಡು ಬೆಳಿಸುವುದೊಂದೇ ಕೆಲಸ. ಸಂಸಾರದ ಉಳಿದೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕೆಲಸಗಳೂ ಆಳು ಜೇನುಗಳದ್ದು.

ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು ಗೂಡಿನ ನಡುವಿನ ಕೋಣೆಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿ ಚಕ್ಕುಲಿಯ ಬಳ್ಳಿಯಂತೆ ದುಂಡಾಗಿ ಸುತ್ತುತ್ತ ಕೋಣೆಗೊಂದರಂತೆ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆ ಇಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಬಲು ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆ ಅಲ್ಪ ವಿರಾಮ ಚಿಹ್ನೆಯ ಆಕಾರದಲ್ಲಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಚಳಿಗಾಲ ಕಳೆದಾಗ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಹತ್ತಿಪ್ಪತ್ತು ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯಿಡಲು ಆರಂಭಿಸಿ ದಿನ ಕ್ರಮೇಣ ಅದು ಸಾವಿರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ವಸಂತ ಮಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೂವಿನ ಸುಗ್ಗಿ ; ಪರಾಗ, ಮಕರಂದಗಳ ಸಂಗ್ರಹಣೆಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಆಳು ಜೇನುಗಳಿದ್ದರೂ ಸಾಲದು. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಆಗ ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು ಇಡುವ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಸಾವಿರದ ಐನೂರು. ಒಮ್ಮೊಮ್ಮೆ ಗಾಳಿ ಮಳೆಯಿಂದ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಜೇನುಗಳು ಸಾಯುವುದುಂಟು. ತಕ್ಷಣ ರಾಣಿ ತನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಇಮ್ಮಡಿ, ಮುಮ್ಮಡಿಗೊಳಿಸಿ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಮೂರು ಸಾವಿರದಿಂದ ಐದು ಸಾವಿರದವರೆಗೆ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯಿಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ಸುಮಾರು ಅರ್ಧ ಗಂಟೆಯ ಕಾಲ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯಿಟ್ಟಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ರಾಣಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸುಧಾರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಆಳು ಜೇನುಗಳ ತಂಡ ಬಂದು ಅದರ ಮೈ ಉಜ್ಜಿ ದಣಿವನ್ನು ಪರಿಹರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಪುರಿ ಜೇನುಗಳ ಒಂದು ತಂಡ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಆಹಾರ ಉಣಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನಿನ ಆಹಾರದ್ದೇ ಒಂದು ಅದ್ಭುತ ! ಆರನೆಯ ದಿನದಿಂದ ಹದಿಮೂರನೆಯ ದಿನದವರೆಗಿನ ಪ್ರಾಯದ ಪುರಿ ಜೇನುಗಳ ತಲೆಯ ಗ್ರಂಥಿಗಳಿಂದ ಒಂದು ಬಗೆಯ ದ್ರವ

ಸ್ರವಿಸಿ ಅವುಗಳ ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಹರಿದು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಮರಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಮೆಲುಕು ಹಾಕಿದಾಗ, ಅದು ಕೆನೆಯಂತೆ ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದು ಬಹು ಪುಷ್ಟಿಕರವಾದ 'ರಾಜ ಪಾಕ', ಮರಿಗಳು ರಾಣಿಯ ಬಾಯಿಗೆ ಬಾಯಿಟ್ಟು ಇದನ್ನು ಊಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಜೇನುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮರಿಯೇ ತಾಯಿಗೆ ಆಹಾರ ಕೊಡುವುದೊಂದು ವಿಚಿತ್ರ. ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿಯ ನಂತರ ರಾಣಿಯ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತೆ ಶುರು. ವರ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಆರೆಂಟು ತಿಂಗಳು ಈ ಕೆಲಸ ಎಡಬಿಡದೆ ನಡೆದಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನಿನ ಆಯುಷ್ಯ ಸುಮಾರು ಐದು ವರ್ಷ. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಅದು ಇಡುವ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಹತ್ತು ಲಕ್ಷಕ್ಕೂ ಮಿಗಿಲು. ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಅದರದು ಯಂತ್ರದ ಚೈತನ್ಯ !

ರಾಣಿ ಫಲವತಿಯಾಗುವ ರೀತಿಯೂ ಸೋಜಿಗವೇ ! ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು ಕೋಶಾವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದು ಕೊಂಡು ಚಿಟ್ಟೆಯಾಗಿ ಹೊರಬಂದ ನಾಲ್ಕು – ಐದು ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಭ್ರಮದಿಂದ 'ಮದನಯಾತ್ರೆ'ಗೆ ಹೊರಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದರ ಮೈಯಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಒಂದು ಬಗೆಯ 'ರಾಣಿ ಗಂಧ' ಗಂಡು ಜೇನುಗಳನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿದ ಗಂಡುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಚುರುಕಾದುದೊಂದು ಅದನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದು ಆಕಾಶದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕೂಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಣಿ ಅದರ ಹಿಡಿತದಿಂದ ಬಿಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಾಗ ಗಂಡಿನ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಹರಿದು ಅದರ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಭಾಗ ಇದರ ಮೈಯಲ್ಲೇ ಅಂಟಿಕೊಂಡಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಆ ಗಂಡು ಜೇನಿನ ಕಥೆ ಮುಗಿದಂತೆ ; ಅದರ ಪ್ರಣಯವೇ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯ. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ರಾಣಿ ತನ್ನ ಬದುಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮದನಯಾತ್ರೆಗೆ ಹೊರಡುವುದು ಒಂದೇಸಲ. ಒಂದೇ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಜೀವಮಾನ ಪೂರ್ತಿ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯಿಡಲು ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟು ಪುರುಷಾಣುಗಳು (ಸುಮಾರು ನಲವತ್ತು ಲಕ್ಷ) ಅದರ ಚೀಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಗ್ರಹವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಜೇನಿನ ಅಂಡನಾಳದಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಮೊಟ್ಟೆ ಪುರುಷಾಣುವಿನೊಡನೆ ಕೂಡಿ ಫಲವತ್ತಾದರೆ ಆಳು ಜೇನಿನ ಜನನ ; ಪುರುಷಾಣುವಿಗೆ ಸೋಕದೆ ಬಂದರೆ ಗಂಡು ಜೇನಿನ ಜನನ. ಆಳು ಜೇನುಗಳಲ್ಲೇ ಪರಾಗ, ಮತ್ತು ಜೇನು ತುಪ್ಪದ ಆಹಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಬದಲಾಗಿ 'ರಾಜ ಪಾಕ' ದಿಂದ ಬೆಳೆದದ್ದು ರಾಣಿ.

ಒಂದು ಗೂಡಿಗೆ ಒಂದೇ ರಾಣಿಯಿರಬೇಕೆಂಬುದು ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ನಿಯಮ. ಆದರೆ ಗೂಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೋಶಾವಸ್ಥೆ ಮುಗಿದು ರಾಣಿ ಹೊರಬರುವ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ತಾಯಿ ಜೇನು ಹಿಂಡು ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡು ಬೇರೆಡೆಗೆ ಗೂಡು ಕಟ್ಟಲು, ಧಾವಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಇತ್ತ ಗೂಡಿನ ಏಳು – ಎಂಟು ರಾಣಿ ಕೋಣೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದೊಂದರಿಂದಲೂ ಒಂದೊಂದು ರಾಣಿ ಹೊರ ಬರಲು ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮೊದಲನೆಯದು ಹೊರ ಬಂದೊಡನೆ ಸಿಳ್ಳೆ ಹಾಕಿದಂತೆ 'ಸುಯ್' ಎಂಬ ವಿಚಿತ್ರ ಶಬ್ದ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಬೇರೆ ಕೋಣೆಯಿಂದ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ರಾಣಿ ಹೊರ ಬೀಳಲು ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ ಈ ಸವಾಲಿಗೆ ಪ್ರತಿ ಸವಾಲಾಗಿ ತಾನೂ ಸಿಳ್ಳೆ ಹಾಕುತ್ತದೆ. ಆಗ ಮೊದಲಿನ ರಾಣಿ, ಹಿಂದೆ ತಾಯಿ ಜೇನು ಹೋದಂತೆಯೇ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಹಿಂಡು ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ಎರಡನೆಯದು, ಮೂರನೆಯದು ಸಹ ಹೋಗಬಹುದು. ಹಿಂಡು ಹೋಗದೆ ಕೊನೆಗುಳಿಯುವ ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು ಈ ಗೂಡಿನ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಞಿ. ಇದು ಈಗ ಇನ್ನೂ ಕೋಶಾವಸ್ಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಇತರ ರಾಣಿ ಹುಳುಗಳನ್ನು ನಾಶಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಎರಡು ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನುಗಳು ಏಕ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೋಶದಿಂದ ಹೊರ ಬಂದರೆ ಅವುಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ಭೀಕರ ಕಾಳಗ ನಡೆದು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಬಲಶಾಲಿಯಾದುದರ ಕೈಲಿ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಸಾವನ್ನು ಅಪ್ಪುತ್ತದೆ. ಒಂದು ಗೂಡಿನ ರಾಣಿ ಅಕಸ್ಮಾತ್ ಬೇರೆ ಗೂಡಿಗೆ ಬಂದರೆ ಆಳು ಜೇನುಗಳು ಅದನ್ನು ಮುತ್ತಿ ತಮ್ಮ ರಾಣಿಯಿಂದ ಕೊಲ್ಲಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಒಂದು ರಾಣಿಯನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ರಾಣಿಯೇ ಕೊಲ್ಲಬೇಕೆಂಬುದು ಗೂಡಿನ ನಿಯಮ.

ಆಳು ಜೇನಿನ ಮುಳ್ಳು ಗರಗಸದಂತಿದ್ದು, ಅದರ ಹಲ್ಲುಗಳು ಒಳಮುಖವಾಗಿ ಬಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಜೇನು ಅದನ್ನು ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಮೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಊರಿದರೆ ಮುಳ್ಳು ಮುರಿದು ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಹದಲ್ಲೇ ಉಳಿಯುತ್ತದೆಯಲ್ಲದೆ

ಒಳಿತದ ಜೋರಿಗೆ ಜೀನಿನ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯ ಹಿಂತುದಿಯೇ ಕಿತ್ತು ಅದು ಸಾಯುತ್ತದೆ. ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನಿನ ಮುಳ್ಳುಗಳು ಹಲ್ಲುಗಳಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಕುಡುಗತ್ತಿಯಂತೆ ಬಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಅದನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಲ ಬೇಕಾದರೂ ಚುಚ್ಚಿ ತೆಗೆಯಬಲ್ಲದು. ಆದರೆ ಸ್ವಾರಸ್ಯವೆಂದರೆ ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನು ಇತರ ರಾಣಿ ಜೇನುಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅದನ್ನು ಪ್ರಯೋಗಿಸುತ್ತದೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ಮನುಷ್ಯರ ಮೇಲಲ್ಲ.

ಈ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಜೇನುಗಳಿಂದ ಮಾನವ ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಆಗುವ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನ ಅಷ್ಟಿಷ್ಟಲ್ಲ. ಇವುಗಳಿಂದ ಜೇನುತುಪ್ಪದಂತಹ ರುಚಿಕರ, ಆರೋಗ್ಯಕಾರಿ ವಸ್ತು ದೊರಕುವುದಲ್ಲದೆ ಇವುಗಳಿಂದಲೇ ಹೂವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪರಾಗ ಸ್ಪರ್ಶವಾಗಿ ಹಣ್ಣು ಕಾಯಿ ಗಿಡಮರಗಳ ವರಪ್ರಸಾದ ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ !

PRATHIBHA. S.
III B.Sc. (CBZ)

ಸ್ವಾಭಿಮಾನ

ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಯರು ಕುರ್ಚಿಗೆ ಒರಗಿ ಮುಖ ಕಿವಿಚಿ, ಎದೆ ನೀವಿಕೊಂಡು, ತಲೆಯನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮೆರಡು ಕೈಗಳಿಂದ ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಅಮುಕಿಕೊಂಡರು. 'ಯಾಕ್ಹೀಗೆ? ದೈಹಿಕ ನೋವಲ್ಲ, ಮಾನಸಿಕ ನೋವು! ಹೌದು, ಮಾನಸಿಕ ನೋವು, ತಮ್ಮ ಮಗಳು ಸೌಮ್ಯಳ ಮಾತುನಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ'—

''ನೋಡು ಹೇಮ! ನಿನಗೇ ಗೊತ್ತಲ್ಲ, ಆ ಕೊನೇದಿನದ ಸೈಕಾಲಜಿ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಹಿಂದಿನ ರಾತ್ರಿ ನನಗೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಜ್ವರ ಸುಡ್ತಾ ಇತ್ತು ಅಂತ! ಅಬ್ಬಾ, ನೆನೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳೋಕೇ ಭಯ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ. ಆದರೂ ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟು ಓದ್ದೆ. ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ದೇವರ ದಯದಿಂದ ಫಸ್ಟ್ ಕ್ಲಾಸ್ ಮಾರ್ಕ್ಸ್ ಬಂದಿದೆ''

''ಸೌಮ್ಯ, ಜ್ವರ ಇದ್ದರೂ ನೀನು ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟೆ, ಫಲಪಡೆದೆ, ನಂಬ್ತೀನಿ. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ದೇವರ ದಯೆ ಏನು ಬಂತು'' ನಕ್ಕಳು ಹೇಮ.

''ನಿಂಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ ಹೇಮ. ನಂಗೆ ದೇವರಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹಳ ನಂಬಿಕೆ. ನನ್ನ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗೆ ಮೊದಲು ಒಂದು ತಿಂಗಳು ದಿನಾ ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಬಿಳಿ ಎಕ್ಕದ ಗಿಡಕ್ಕೆ ಪೂಜೆಮಾಡಿದೆ. ನಾನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಪಾಸಾದದ್ದು ನನ್ನ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಆ ಪೂಜಾಫಲದಿಂದ''

"ನನಗೆ ದೇವರಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನಷ್ಟು ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಇಲ್ಲ ಸೌಮ್ಯ. ಓ ಕತ್ತಲಾಯ್ತು, ಬರ್ತೀನಿ'' ಎಂದು ಹೊರಟಳು ಹೇಮ.

ಬಾಗಿಲು ಹಾಕಿ ಒಳಗೆ ಬಂದ ಸೌಮ್ಯ ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ರೀತಿ ನೋಡಿ ಗಾಬರಿಯಿಂದ ದೀಪ ಹಾಕಿದಾಗ, ರಾಯರು "ಬೇಡ ಸೌಮ್ಯ, ದೀಪ ಆರಿಸಿಬಿಡು" ಎಂದರು, ಗಡಸುಕಂಠದಿಂದ. ಮರುಗಳಿಗೆ ರಾಯರು ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಬಹು ಮೃದುವಾಗಿ ಕರೆದು ''ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾ ಸೌಮ್ಯ. ನಿನ್ನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮಾತಾಡಬೇಕು" ಎಂದರು. ''ಏನ್ಹೇಳಿ ಅಪ್ಪಾ'' ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಅವರ ಬಳಿ ಕುಳಿತಳು ಸೌಮ್ಯ. ಅವಳ ನಿಷ್ಕಲ್ಮಷ, ಮುಗ್ಧ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ನಿಟ್ಟಿಸುತ್ತಾ ರಾಯರು,

''ನಾನೀಗ ಹೇಳೋ ಮಾತು ಗಮನ ಇಟ್ಟು ಕೇಳು ಸೌಮ್ಯ, ನೀನು ಆ ಕೊನೆ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನ ಜ್ವರದಿಂದ ನರಳ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೆಯಲ್ಲ . . . . . "

ರಾಯರ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಗೊಡದೆ ಸೌಮ್ಯ ತಕ್ಷಣ "ಹಾ! ಹೌದಪ್ಪ! ಅವತ್ತು ನೀವು ರಾತ್ರಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ನನ್ನೊಡನೆ ಜಾಗರಣೆ ಮಾಡಿ, ಕಾಫಿ, ಮಾತ್ರೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಎಷ್ಟು ಉಪಚಾರ ಮಾಡಿದ್ರಿ. ನಿಮ್ಮ ಉಪಚಾರ ಮತ್ತು ನಾನು ಮಾಡಿದ ಬಿಳಿಎಕ್ಕದ ಗಿಡದ ಪೂಜೆಯ ಫಲವಾಗಿ . . . . . "

ರಾಯರು ರೇಗಿ ಮಗಳ ಮಾತು ತುಂಡರಿಸುತ್ತಾ "ಸೌಮ್ಯ, ಮೊದಲು ನನ್ನ ಮಾತು ಕೇಳು ಆಂದೆ" ಎಂದರು. ಮತ್ತದೇ ಮೆಲುದನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ "ನೀನಾ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೇಲಿ ಪಾಸಾದದ್ದು ನನ್ನ ಉಪಚಾರದಿಂದಲೂ ಅಲ್ಲ, ನೀನು ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದರಿಂದಲೂ ಅಲ್ಲ, ನಿನ್ನಾ ಎಕ್ಕದ ಪೂಜೆಯಿಂದಂತೂ ಕಂಡಿತ ಅಲ್ಲ. ನೀನು ಪಾಸಾದದ್ದು ಕೇವಲ ಕುಮಾರ್ ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರ ಕೃಪೆಯಿಂದ "

ಬಿಟ್ಟಕಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟಂತೆ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮಗಳನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು ರಾಯರು ದೃಢ ಸ್ವರದಿಂದ "ನಿನ್ನ ಕಷ್ಟ ನೋಡಲಾರದೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ನಿನ್ನ ರಿಜಿಸ್ಟರ್ ನಂಬರ್ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೆ. ಅವರು ನಿನ್ನ ಪೇಪರ್ ತಗೊಂಡು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಮಾರ್ಕ್ಸ್ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ನೀನು ಫಸ್ಟ್‌ಕ್ಲಾಸ್ ಪಡೆದೆ" ಎಂದರು. ನಿರುತ್ತರಳಾದಳು ಸೌಮ್ಯ.

"ನೀನು ಬಂದವರ ಹತ್ತಿರವೆಲ್ಲಾ ನಾನು ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದು, ನೀನು ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟು ಓದಿದ್ದು, ನಿನ್ನಾ ಎಕ್ಕದ ಪೂಜೆ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಹೇಳ್ತಿದ್ರೆ ನನಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಜುಗುಪ್ಸೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ವಿಷಯ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದೀನಿ" ಎಂದು ರಾಯರು ಕುರ್ಚಿಯಿಂದೆದ್ದು ದೀಪ ಹಾಕಿ ಒಳನಡೆದರು.

"ದೀಪ ಆರಿಸಿಬಿಡಿ ಅಪ್ಪಾ" ಆಂತಾ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಕಿರಿಚಬೇಕು ಅನ್ನಿಸ್ತು ಅವಳಿಗೆ; ಆದರೆ ಧ್ವನಿಯೇ ಹೊರಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ತಂದೆ ಹೋದ ದಿಕ್ಕನ್ನು ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸಿ ಕಣ್ಣುಮುಚ್ಚಿ, ಮಂಡಿಗೆ ತಲೆ ಆನಿಸಿ, ಸಿಡೀತಾ ಇದ್ದ ತಲೇನ್ನ ಸಮಾಧಾನಿಸಲು ಯತ್ನಿಸಿ ಸೋತಳು. ಆವಳ ಮೃದು, ಮುಗ್ಧ ಹೃದಯಕ್ಕೆ ಭಾರಿ ಪೆಟ್ಟು ಬಿದ್ದಿತ್ತು.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

'ಶುದ್ಧ ಪೆಕ್ರ ಆ ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಯ' ಅಂತ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೇ ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡ ಕುಮಾರ್. ''ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಗಳ ಪೇಪರ್ ನನ್ನ ಬಳಿಯೇ ಬರುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಫಸ್ಟ್‌ಕ್ಲಾಸ್ ಮಾರ್ಕ್ಸ್ ಕೊಟ್ಟೆ'' ಎಂದೆ; ನಂಬಿದ ಅವ. ಆದರೆ ಅವಳ ಪೇಪರ್ ನನ್ನ ಬಳಿ ಬಂದಿರಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಾನು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಲೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಅವಳು ಹೇಗೆ ಫಸ್ಟ್‌ಕ್ಲಾಸ್ ತೊಗೊಂಡಳೋ ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು ? ಏನಾದರಾಗಲಿ ಆ ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಯ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಐನೂರು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ನನ್ನ ಜೇಬು ಸೇರಿತು. ಬೇಕಿದ್ದು ಅದೇ ತಾನೆ ನಸಗೆ ! ನಸುನಕ್ಕ ಕುಮಾರ್.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

''ಏ ಸೌಮ್ಯ ! ನಿನಗೇನು ತಲೆಗಿಲೆ ಕೆಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ ತಾನೆ ? ಆ ಸೈಕಾಲಜೀಲಿ ಫಸ್ಟ್‌ಕ್ಲಾಸ್ ಮಾರ್ಕ್ಸ್ ತೊಗೊಂಡಿದ್ರೂ ಅದನ್ನು ಹಿಂತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಮತ್ತೆ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗೆ ಕಟ್ತೀನಿ ಆಂತೀಯಲ್ಲಾ ?'' ಆಚ್ಚರಿಯಿಂದ ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸಿದಳು ಹೇಮ.

"ಹೌದು ಹೇಮ ! ನಾನು ಪುನಃ ಓದಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಶುರುಮಾಡಿ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ಬರೀತೀನಿ. ಆ ಬಿಳಿ ಎಕ್ಕದ ಗಿಡದ ಪೂಜೇನೂ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದ್ದೀನಿ. ಬಹಳ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಫಲ ಕೊಡುತ್ತೆ ಗೊತ್ತಾ !'' ಉತ್ತರವಿತ್ತಳು ಸೌಮ್ಯ, ಅದೇ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಸರಳ ಸ್ವರದಲ್ಲಿ.

ಪಕ್ಕದ ಕೊಠಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಶ್ರೀನಿವಾಸರಾಯರು ಕುರ್ಚಿಗೆ ಒರಗಿ ಮುಖ ಕಿವಿಚಿ, ತಮ್ಮ ಎದೆ ನೀವಿ, ತಲೆಯನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮೆರಡು ಕೈಗಳಿಂದ ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಅಮುಕಿಕೊಂಡರು. ಯಾಕ್ಟೀಗೆ ? ದೈಹಿಕ ನೋವಲ್ಲ, ಮಾನಸಿಕ ನೋವು. ಹೌದು, ಮಾನಸಿಕ ನೋವು – ತಮ್ಮ ಮಗಳು ಸೌಮ್ಯಳ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ !

HAMSA DEVI. H. M.
II B.Sc. (CBZ)

ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆ

ಭಾರತವೂ ಸೇರಿದಂತೆ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕಾಲಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಅನಾದಿ ಕಾಲದಿಂದ ಗುರುತಿಸಲಾಗದಿರುವ ಹಾರುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳು (unidentified flying objects) ಆಗಾಗ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಲೇ ಇವೆ. ಅಮೇರಿಕದ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳು ಈ ವಸ್ತುಗಳಿಗೆ ''ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆ'' ಗಳೆಂದು ಹೆಸರಿಸಿದವು (flying saucers). ಈ ಹೆಸರೇ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ರಹಸ್ಯಮಯವಾದ, ಭಯಮಿಶ್ರಿತ, ಕುತೂಹಲಭರಿತ ನಿಗೂಢ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯುತ್ತದೆ.

ಈ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ ವಾದವಿವಾದಗಳು ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇವೆ. ಅವುಗಳು ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ವರದಿಗಳು ವಿಶ್ವದ ನಾನಾಕಡೆಗಳಿಂದ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನವೂ ಕೇಳಿಬರುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಇತ್ತೀಚೆಗೆ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದಲ್ಲೂ ಸಹ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ವರದಿಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಅನೇಕ ಕಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಈ ವಸ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ವರದಿ ಮಾಡಿರುವ ವರಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಮಾನಚಾಲಕರು, ರಾಡಾರ್ ಯಂತ್ರತಜ್ಞರು, ಖಗೋಳ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು ಹಾಗೂ ಬಾಹ್ಯಾಂತರಿಕ್ಷ ಯಾತ್ರಿಕರೂ ಸೇರಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವರಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಜನರೂ ಸಹ ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವುಗಳ ಛಾಯಾಚಿತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ 'ಗುರುತಿಸದಿರುವ ಹಾರುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳು' ಅನೇಕ ಗಾತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಆಕಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಇವು ವಿವಿಧ ಬಣ್ಣಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿ, ಅಪಾರ ವೇಗದಿಂದ ಚಲಿಸಿ, ಕೆಲವು ಬಾರಿ ದಿಕ್ಕುಬದಲಿಸಿ, ವಿಮಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿ, ಮಿಂಚಿ ಮಾಯವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳಿಂದ ಮಾನವ ಜೀವಹಾನಿಯೂ ಸಾಧ್ಯ ಎಂಬುದನ್ನು ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಪುರಾವೆಗಳಿಂದ ಗ್ರಹಿಸಲಾಗಿದೆ. ಅವುಗಳಿಂದ ಪ್ರಾಣ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡವರು ನೂರಾರು ಮಂದಿ.

ಮೊದಮೊದಲು ಈ ವಸ್ತುಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಬಹಿರಂಗವಾಗಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ವಾದವಿವಾದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳು ಭಾಗವಹಿಸುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂತಹ ವಾದವಿವಾದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಿದರೆ ಅದು ಮೂರ್ಖತನ ಎಂಬುದು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ನಂತರ ಅವರು ತಮ್ಮ ತಪ್ಪು ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವನ್ನು ಬದಲಿಸಿಕೊಂಡರು.

ನ್ಯೂಯಾರ್ಕ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ 1967ನೇ ಜೂನ್ 24ರಂದು ಯು ಎಫ್ ಐ ಸಂಶೋಧನಾ ಸಮ್ಮೇಳನ ಜರುಗಿತು. ಈ ಸಮ್ಮೇಳನ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಹಾರುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆ ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಡಾ॥ ಫ್ರಾಂಕ್ ಎಡ್ವರ್ಡ್ ಎಂಬಾತ ಹೃದಯಾಘಾತದಿಂದ ನಿಧನಹೊಂದಿದ. ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆ ಕೈಗೊಂಡ ವರ್ಷವೇ ಫ್ರಾಂಕ್ ಎಡ್ವರ್ಡ್‌ನನ್ನು ಸಾವು ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿಯಿತು. ಖ್ಯಾತ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯಾದ ಜಾರ್ಜ್ ಅಡಾನ್‌ಸ್ಕಿ ಒಂದು ರಾತ್ರಿ ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಕ್ಯಾಲಿಫೋರ್ನಿಯಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ. ತಾನು

ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ಅವನು ವಿವರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ನಿಧನನಾದ. ಅದನ್ನು ಗುರುತಿಸಿದ ಚಾರ್ಜ್ ವಿಲಿಯಂಸನ್ ಇದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದಂತೆ ನಾಪತ್ತೆಯಾದ. ಇದೇ ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ ಟ್ರೂಮನ್ ವೀಥಮ್ ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಗಳಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಹೇಳಿಕೆ ನೀಡಲು ಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಮಹಡಿಯಿಂದ ಕೆಳಗುರುಳಿ 'ಆತ್ಮಹತ್ಯೆ' ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡ.

ಹಾರುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಡಾ॥ ಬರ್ನಾಡ್ ರೇಮಂಡ್ ಸತ್ತದ್ದೂ ಒಂದು ಆಚ್ಚರಿಯ ಸಂಗತಿ. ಅವರ ಮರಣ ಹೇಗೆ, ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಎಂದು ಸಂಭವಿಸಿತು ಎಂಬ ಸಂಗತಿಗಳಾವುವೂ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಈ ವಸ್ತುಗಳು ಬರಿಯ ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆ ನೀಡಿ, ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದ ಸಂಗತಿಗಳೂ ಇವೆ : ಖ್ಯಾತ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ ಗ್ರೇವಾಕರ್ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಒಂದು ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಬರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ, ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಅವನ ಬಾಗಿಲಿಗೆ "ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಬರೆಯಬೇಡ, ಸಾಯುತ್ತೀಯ" ಎಂಬ ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆಯ ಚೀಟಿಯನ್ನು ಅಂಟಿಸಲಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ರಾಬರ್ಟ್ ವಿಲಿ ಎಂಬ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿ ಈ ಹಾರುವ ವಸ್ತುಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಭಾಷಣಮಾಡಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿರುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ, ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವನ ಕಾರಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಗುರುತಿಸಲಾಗದ ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಿಂದ ಗುಂಡಿನ ಮಳೆಯಾಯಿತು. ನಂತರ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಫೋನಿನ ಮೂಲಕ ಸಂದೇಶವೊಂದು ತಲುಪಿತು : "ಮುಂದೆಂದೂ ಈ ವಿಷಯದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಬೇಡ". ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಕೈವಾಡವಿರಬಹುದು ಎಂಬುದೊಂದು ಸಂದೇಹ. ಈ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ಬೇರೆ ಗ್ರಹದ ಜೀವಿಗಳು ನಮ್ಮೊಡನೆ ಸಂಪರ್ಕಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಪಡುತ್ತಿರಬಹುದೆಂಬುದು ಕೆಲವು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳ ಅನಿಸಿಕೆ.

1952ನೇ ವರ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾರ್ವೆದೇಶದ ಮಿಲಿಟರಿ ವಿಮಾನ ಚಾಲಕರು ಸ್ವಿಟ್ಸ್‌ಬರ್ಗೆನ್ ದ್ವೀಪದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಮಾನವೊಂದರ ಅವಶೇಷವನ್ನು ಪತ್ತೆಹಚ್ಚಿದರು. ಶೋಧಕರ ತಂಡ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋದಾಗ, ಅವರಿಗೆ ಕಂಡದ್ದು ನಾಶವಾದ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಯ ಭಾಗಗಳು. ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಯು ರಚನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಿರುವ ವಸ್ತು ಆ ತಂಡದ ಯಾವುದೇ ಪರಿಣಿತ ಶೋಧಕನಿಗೂ ಅಪರಿಚಿತವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಈ ತನಿಖೆಯ ತಂಡದ ಮುಖ್ಯಸ್ಥರು "ಈ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಯಾವ ದೇಶವೂ ಅಂತಹ ನೌಕೆಯನ್ನು ತಯಾರಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಈ ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕುತೂಹಲ ಹೆಚ್ಚುವುದು ಸಹಜವೇ.

ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳ ಅಧ್ಯಯನವನ್ನು ಯೂಫಾಲಜಿ ಎಂದು ಹೆಸರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆ ಮತ್ತು ಅದು ಮಾನವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೀರುವ ಪರಿಣಾಮಗಳನ್ನು ವಸ್ತುವಾಗಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಸ್ಟೀವನ್ ಸ್ಪೀಲ್‌ಬರ್ಗ್ ಎಂಬ ಆಂಗ್ಲ ನಿರ್ದೇಶಕ ತಯಾರಿಸಿದ "ಕ್ಲೋಸ್ ಎನ್‌ಕೌಂಟರ್ಸ್ ಆಫ್ ದಿ ಥರ್ಡ್ ಕೈಂಡ್" ಎಂಬ ಚಿತ್ರ ಅಮೇರಿಕದಲ್ಲಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯವಾಯಿತು.

ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳು ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ಮೊದಲ ದಿನದಿಂದ ಇಂದಿನವರೆಗೆ, ಅವುಗಳ ಮೂಲದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ, ಉದ್ದೇಶದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಚರ್ಚೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇದೆ. ಅವುಗಳ ಬಗೆಗೆ ಯಾವೊಂದು ನಿಖರವಾದ ತೀರ್ಮಾನಕ್ಕೂ ಬರಲಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವುಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ನಿರಂತರವಾಗಿ ಸಂಶೋಧನೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಈ ಸಂಶೋಧಕ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳ ಸಾವಿನ ಪ್ರಕರಣಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಪಟ್ಟ ರಹಸ್ಯಗಳು ಹಾರುವ ತಟ್ಟೆಗಳಷ್ಟೇ ನಿಗೂಢವಾಗಿವೆ.

(ಆಧಾರ).

PANKAJA. J.
II B Sc. (PCM)

ಕರ್ತವ್ಯದ ಕರೆ

ನಭೋಮಂಡಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಿಯತಮನಿಗಾಗಿ ಕಾದು ಸಾಕಾಗಿ, ಅವನು ಬಂದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವನಲ್ಲೇ ಲೀನವಾಗುವ ಪ್ರೇಯಸಿಯಂತೆ ಚಂದ್ರಾದೇವಿಯು ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಉದಯಿಸಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅದೃಶ್ಯವಾದಳು. ಈ ಸಂಗಮದಿಂದ ಹರ್ಷಗೊಂಡವೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಲಚ್ಚಿ ಸಾಕಿದ ಕೋಳಿಗಳು ಮಂಗಳವಾದ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹಾಡಿದವು.

ಮೈಮುರಿದು ಮೇಲೆದ್ದ ಲಚ್ಚಿ ಬೇಸರದಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ಗುಡಿಸಲನ್ನು ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಅವಲೋಕಿಸಿದಳು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಕಂಡದ್ದು ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತುಕ್ಕು ಹಿಡಿದ ಒಂದು ಲಾಟೀನು, ಅದರ ಬಳಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ಖಾಲಿಯಾದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಡಬ್ಬ, ಮಣ್ಣಿನ ಗೋಡೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ವಿನಾಯಕನ ಒಂದು ಕ್ಯಾಲೆಂಡರ್, ಮುಸುಕು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಒತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಮಲಗಿದ್ದ ಅವಳ ತಾಯಿ ಮತ್ತು ಐದು ಜನ ತಂಗಿಯರು. ದಿನವೂ ಲಚ್ಚಿಗೆ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದು ಇದೇ ಚಿತ್ರ. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವೂ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಯಿಲ್ಲ. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಂದೆಯ ನಂತರ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸುವ ಮಗಳೆಂದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಗೌರವ. ಆದರೂ ಈ ಯಾಂತ್ರಿಕ ಜೀವನದಿಂದ ತನಗೆಂದು ಬಿಡುಗಡೆ ದೇವಾ? ಇದು ಅವಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೆದ್ದ ಉದ್ಗಾರ ! ಬಿಡುಗಡೆ ಮಾಡುವವರೊಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ?

ಆ ಕಥೆಯೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬಹಳ ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ನಡೆದಂತಿದ್ದಿತು. ನೆನಪಿನ ಹಗ್ಗ ಸುರುಳಿ ಬಿಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಅದರ ಒಂದು ತುದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡದ್ದು ಮಾದನ ಸುಂದರ ಮುಖ. ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಲ ಗೆಳತಿಯ ಮನೆಗೆಂದು ತಾಯಿಗೆ ಸುಳ್ಳು ಹೇಳಿ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಸಿನಿಮಾ ಟೆಂಟಿಗೆ ಅವನೊಡನೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಸಿನಿಮಾ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದಿಲ್ಲ ! ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಜಾತ್ರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆತ ತನಗಾಗಿ ತೆಗೆಸಿಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಮಲ್ಲಿನ ಜಾಕೇಟು ಇಂದು ಮಾಸಿಹೋಗಿದೆ ! ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಮಾದನ ಚಿತ್ರವೂ ತನ್ನ ಮನಃಪಟಲದಿಂದ ಮಾಸಿಹೋಗಿದೆ. ಈಗ ಮಾದನಿಗೆ ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಮಕ್ಕಳು. ನಿಜ ! ತನ್ನಂತಹ ಕಳಂಕಿನಿಯೊಡನೆ ಬಾಳಲು ಅವನು ಒಪ್ಪುವನೇ ?

ತಾನು ಕಳಂಕಿನಿ ! ಅದನ್ನು ನೆನೆದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಅಳುವಿನಲ್ಲೂ, ನಗು ಬಂದಿತು. ಲೋಕದ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಅವಳು ಕಳಂಕಿನಿ. ಆದರೆ ತನ್ನ ಅಂತರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಗೊತ್ತು ತಾನು ಪರಿಶುದ್ಧಳೆಂದು. ಹಾಗೆ ತನಗೆ ಬಿರುದು ಬರಲು ಕಾರಣ ತನ್ನ ಹೆತ್ತ ತಂದೆಯೇ ! ಅದನ್ನು ನೆನೆದೇ ಅವಳ ಮೈ ರೋಷದಿಂದ ಕಂಪಿಸಿತು. ಅದೇಕೋ ಕಾಣೆ ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆಗೆ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ಮೊದಲಿಂದ ಅಷ್ಟಕ್ಕಷ್ಟೆ. ತಾನು ಬೇರೆಯವರ ಮನೆಯ ಮುಸುರೆ ತಿಕ್ಕಿ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಲು ಶುರು ಮಾಡಿದ ಮೊದಲಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಅಕ್ಕರೆ ತೋರ ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದ. ಆದರೆ ಆಪನ ಕುಡಿತದ

ಚಟಕ್ಕೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಹಣವನ್ನು ತಾನು ಒದಗಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲವಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ಆ ರೋಷ ಇಮ್ಮಡಿಸಿತ್ತು. ಹಾಗೂ ಹೀಗೂ ಹಣ ಕಸಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಆತನೇ ತನ್ನ ಹೆತ್ತ ಮಗಳ ಬಾಳಿಗೆ ಕೊಳ್ಳಿಯಿಟ್ಟನೆಂದರೆ, ಅವನ ನೀಚತನ ಎಂತಹುದಿರ ಬಹುದು ?

ಅಂದು ತಂದೆ ಮಾದನ ಬಳಿ ಗುಟ್ಟಾಗಿ ಮಾತನಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಅಚ್ಚರಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮಾದನ ಮುಖಭಾವದಲ್ಲಾದ ಬದಲಾವಣೆ ಕಂಡು ಅವಳ ಗುಂಡಿಗೆ ಬಡಿದುಕೊಂಡಿತ್ತು. ಮರುದಿನ ಎರಡು ವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಊರಿಗೆ ಊರೇ ತನ್ನ ಶೀಲದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಮಾತಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಶುರುಮಾಡಿತ್ತು. ತಾನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗಿ ಹೊರಟು ಹೋದರೆ, ಕುಡಿಯಲು ಹಣ ದೊರೆಯಲಾರದೆಂದು ತಂದೆಯೇ ತನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕೀಳು ಮಾತನ್ನು ಆಡಿದ್ದ ಮಾದನೊಡನೆ. ಮಾದ ತನ್ನಿಂದ ದೂರವಾಗಿದ್ದ !

ಹೇಗೋ ಇಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಕಾಲ ನೂಕಿದ್ದಾಯಿತು. ಇನ್ನು ತನ್ನಿಂದ ಈ ಊರ ಜನರ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ಬಾಳುವುದು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆಂದು ಊರು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋದರೆ ತಂದೆ ಹೇಳಿದ ಕಟ್ಟು ಕಥೆ ನಿಜವಾಗಲೂ ಬಹುದು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಲಚ್ಚಿ ಊರ ಜನರಿಂದ, ಈ ಲೋಕದಿಂದ ದೂರ–ಬಹುದೂರ ಹೋಗುವುದೆಂದು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದಳು. ನಿಶ್ಶಬ್ದವಾಗಿ ಎದ್ದು ಮಲಗಿರುವ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನೊಮ್ಮೆ ನೋಡಿದಳು. ಅವರ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ನೋವಿನ ಛಾಯೆ. ತಂಗಿಯರು ಸುಖ ನಿದ್ರೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರು. ಇವರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗುವುದು ತನ್ನಿಂದ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಅರಿವಾಯಿತು. ಮರುಕ್ಷಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಳ ನಿರ್ಧಾರ ಬದಲಾಯಿತು. ತಾಯಿ ತಂಗಿಯರ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ತನ್ನ ಸುಖವನ್ನು ತ್ಯಾಗ ಮಾಡಿದಳು. ನಿರ್ಲಿಪ್ತಳಾಗಿ ಕೆಲಸದ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಬೀದಿಗಿಳಿದಳು. ತನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಗುಲ್ಲೆದ್ದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೂ ಹೋಗದೆ ಇದ್ದ ಲಚ್ಚಿ ಇಂದು ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಲೆಯೆತ್ತಿ ನಿರ್ಭೀತಿಯಿಂದ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದುದನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಸುತ್ತಮುತ್ತಲ ಜನ ಮೂಗಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೆರಳಿಟ್ಟರು. ಕರ್ತವ್ಯದ ಕರೆಗೆ ಓಗೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಲಚ್ಚಿಯ ಬಾಳಿನ ಬೆಳಕೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಸೂರ್ಯದೇವನು ಪ್ರಕಾಶಮಾನವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳಗಿ ಅವಳ ಮುಖಕ್ಕೆ ಅಪೂರ್ವ ಕಳೆಯನ್ನು ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ.

RENUKA. S. M.
I B.Sc. (PCM)

अवसान

कांन्ति सिंह

यलम्मा के मन्दिर के पीछे नारियल के झुरमुटों के बीच उतरता हुआ सूरज, कोयल को काकली, भाप उठती चाय की प्याली, कुछ भी तो मन को नही बाध पा रहा है। चौके में बिखरा काम भी तो कर्तव्य परायणता की ओर इंगित नही कर रहा हैं। माउन्ट कार्मल कालेज की बाउन्डरी लाघ कर भी उन्ही दीवारों में कैद हूँ। रह रह कर वही आँखे, वही मर्मांतक पीड़ा से बेध देने वाला चेहरा, भुलाने का असफल प्रयास करती रही। वर्तमान के वातायन से अतीत की कुछ झांकियाँ साफ साफ झलक उठी थी। छे सात वर्ष पूर्व .....

स्टाफ रूम के सामने लगे इमली के सघन पेड से मौसम में अध पकी इमलियाँ जब तब गिरा करती हैं। स्टाफ रूम की कुर्सियों पर बैठने से अधिक इमली के पेड़ की जड़ पर लगी इँटों पर बैठना अच्छा लगता है। गिरी हुई यत्र-तत्र बिखरी इमलियाँ को अध्यापिका की लगाम बढ़ कर उठाने नही देती लेकिन यह लोभ सम्वरण भी कठिन है। इसी बक-ध्यान में बैठी थी तभी "I dont care who brothers" की कर्कश ध्वनि की दिशा में मेरा ध्यान बरबस चला गया। सीढियों पर लडकियों के झुंड को शासित करती हुई अपने कंधे उचका उचका कर रेशमी बाली को झटका दे दे कर नीता अविरल गीत से बोले ही चली जा रहीं थी "मिस 'क' ने अपने को क्या समझ रखा है। उनके आने पर हम कक्षा में क्यों खडे हों? हम पढ़ने में ध्यान नही देते तो उनका क्या जाता है। वह समझती है कि मुझे डिग्री लेकर उनकी तरह कोई बारह तेरह सौ की नौकरी करती है। इससे अधिक तो हम अपने फैक्ट्री के बाबुओं को देते हैं।"

वह अनाप शनाप बकती ही जा रही थी। मै अपलक उस बुद्धिहीन सौन्दर्य पर तरस खा रही थी। कर्ता ने कितने मन से गढ़ा होगा-सुडौल देह-यष्टि, तीखे नाक नक्श, स्वर्ण सी दमकती काया और फिर इस मूर्ति की यह अवहेलना यह तिरस्कार पाषाण की बुत सी उसमें जड़ता भर दी-कला की दुर्गति से मन कसैला हो उठा।

घटनायें क्रियाओं प्रतिक्रियाओं को समेटे समय के अथाह सागर में बहती रहती है।

एक सौ सत्रह लड़कियों को चीख चीख कर सरस साहित्य पढ़ाते समय साहित्य की सरसता अध्यापिका के मेज पर ही चू जाती है, शेष

विद्यार्थिनियों तक पहुँचती है। नियंत्रण के चाबुक को फटकारते हुये घंटे भर चीखने के बाद फटती हुई गले की माँस पेशियों को सहलाते हुए फातिमा छल से बाहर निकलते ही लक-दक करती, शर्माती, लजाती नीता अपने शादी का निमंत्रण-पत्र दे गायब ही होने वाली थी कि मैने पूछ लिया "नीता वह, करते क्या हैं?" "मिस। रेडी-मेड कपडों का निर्यात मामा के सहायक हैं। उनके मामा के कोई नहीं है बहुत बड़ा व्यापार है सब इन्हीं को मिलेगा" "बी. ए. का यह आखिरी साल तो पूरा करोगी? "Oh no, मिस। कोई ज़रूरत नही।" "अच्छा, हमारी शुभ कामनाएँ" फिर नीता दिखाई नहीं दी।

हर वर्ष नये चेहरे नये अन्दाज से आते हैं और चले जाते हैं। इस अपार अविरल भीड़ के दो चार चेहरे अपनी छाप मानस पटल पर छोड़ ही जाते हैं। कैन्टीन जाते और वहाँ से आते समय, कैन्टीन के सामने के पुष्प वृक्ष से गिरे हुए पुष्प विराम-चिन्ह बन जाते हैं। उन्हीं पुष्पों को मैं देख रही थी तभी हास्टल के द्वार की ओर से भारी दिल से निकली "मिस।" की पुकार ने मुझे चौंका दिया था। क्षीण काया, शुष्क चेहरा अवसाद की अतल गहराई लिये हुई आखें। कुछ पल हम दोनों मौन एक दूसरे को देखते रहे। मेरे सामने "पहचाना?" की चुनौती थी। मैं पूरी कोशिश से उसे पहचानना चाहती थी "मिस। नहीं पहचाना?" मैं अपनी खिसियाहट छिपाते हुये बोली....अरे। क्या मैं तुम्हे भूल सकती हूँ? मैं चेहरे कभी नहीं भूलती-बस नाम और चेहरे के जोड़-घटाने में गलती कर देती हूँ-गणित कमजोर है न।"

"मिस। मैं नीता सरीन हूँ।" "ओ SS नीता तुम?" "क्या हालत बना रखी है-वह कालेज वाली नीता कहाँ गई?" "हाँ-मिस। उस नीता को इन्ही दीवारों में कैद कर गई हूँ उसने मुझे गुमराह कर दिया था। तत्कालीन सम्पन्नता ने मेरी बुद्धि को कुंठित कर दिया था।" उसके आँसुओं ने उसकी बाकी दास्तान बयान कर दी थी।

नीता का पति दिनेश, व्यापार के सिल-सिले में इंगलैन्ड गया था। वहाँ साउथ हाल में नेशनल फ्रंट वालों ने उस पर आक्रमण कर दिया, वहीं पर उसने अपनी जीवन लीला समाप्त कर दी। दिनेश के मामा ने दिनेश की मृत्यु के बाद नीता को दूध की मक्खी के समान निकाल फेंका था। नीता के माता-पिता काल गर्व में जा चुके थे। वह भाई-भाभी पर बोझ नही बनना चाहती थी। कटी पतंग सी भटक रही है कुछ तो करना ही होगा। पहले बी.ए. करवाना ही होगा फिर देखेंगे। तन्द्रा टूटी अन्धकार चुपके से न जाने कब अपने पंख पसार पूरे माहौल में छा गया था।

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सफलता

बारा रोस, I P.U.C., PCMB I

"सफलता संकल्प का ही दूसरा नाम है।" जब से मनुष्य संसार में जन्म लेता है तभी से वह कार्य करता हुआ नजर आता है। वह कर्म करके ही जीवित रहता है। अतः जीवन को कर्म के नाम से जाना जाता है। वह जो कर्म नहीं करता उसका अस्तित्व है किंतु वह जीवन उसमें नहीं है।

जैसे नदी के दो किनारे होते हैं, सिक्के के दो पहलू होते हैं, वैसे ही कर्म के भी दो पहलू होते हैं—सफलता और असफलता। कभी जीवन में सफलता और असफलता के बीच आँख-मिचौनी चलती रहती है। कभी सफलता का पलड़ा भारी रहता है तो कभी असफलता का। जब जीवन मंच पर सफलता का पदार्पण होत है तो असफलता काले मुखड़े को पर्दे के पीछे छुपा लेती हैं।

सफलता जीवन की उन्नति का एक मापदंड है। हम और आप सपने देखते हैं। बड़ी कामनाएँ करते हुए मनो कामना पूर्ति की प्रतीक्षा करते हैं। हम एक अच्छे एवं सम्पन्न गृहस्थ बनने का, लखपति बनने का, प्रतिभाशाली शिक्षक खिलाडी, डॉक्टर इंजीनियर बनने का सपना देखते हैं। प्रश्न उठता है—क्यों? क्यों कि इन योग्यताओं के अनुसार हमें क्षमता विकसित करनी है, जो अभी तक नहीं मिली है। पर हमें रुकना नहीं बढ़ते जाना है।

"जिस कार्य में तुम्हारी प्रवृत्ति है उसी में लगे रहो अपनी बुद्धि के अनुकूल मार्ग मत छोडो। तुम्हें अवश्य सफलता मिलेगी।"

—जॉन एन्जिलो

सफलता हमारी प्रतीक्षा नहीं करती। वह स्वयं हमारी ओर आती है शर्त है कि हम उसके योग्य बनें।

"सफल होने का उपाय यह है कि मनुष्य अपने को किसी कार्य को करने के पूर्ण योग्य बनाए।"

जिस दिन हमारे सपने साकार हो जाते हैं उसी दिन से पदों की चाह मिट जाती है। हमारे अभाव पूरे हो जाते हैं। उन अभावों की पूर्ति हमारे जीवन में महत्वपूर्ण सफलता है। सपने पूरे करने के क्रम में हम अभावों पर विजय प्राप्त करते हैं।

"अभाव पर विजय पाना ही सफलता है।"

—शरतचन्द्र

छोटे से बीज में एक विशाल वृक्ष के गुण मौजूद रहते हैं। उसी प्रकार मनुष्य में भी सफलता के सब गुण मौजूद रहते हैं। मनुष्य का जब से संसार में आगमन हुआ है वह यथासंभव उन्नति की ओर अग्रसर होता रहा है। यह कहना निरर्थक नहीं होगा—सफलता मानव का जन्मसिद्ध अधिकार है। मनुष्य को हमेशा आगे की ओर बढ़ते जाना है।

सफलता मनुष्य के हृदय की गहरी चाह है। एक पुकार है, एक प्रेरणा है। यह मनुष्य की भूख है। प्यास है। जिस प्रकार दीपक को जलते रहने के लिए तेल की आवश्यकता होती है, उसी प्रकार सफलता ही मनुष्य के अन्दर वह तेल है जो उसे कार्यरत रहने के लिए प्रेरित करती है। फलस्वरूप मनुष्य सफलता रूपी इंटों को जोड़कर सुन्दर सफल जीवन रूपी भवन का निर्माण करता है। सफलता के लिए आत्म ज्ञान अत्यंत जरूरी है। मनुष्य अपनी छिपी कलाओं को पहचाने बिना कभी सहान् नहीं बन सकता। अपने जीवन के ढाँचे को साकार करने के लिए दृढ़ इच्छा शक्ति सफलता की दूसरी सीढ़ी है। दृढ़ इच्छा शक्ति परिश्रम की सहेली है।

"सफलता घर बैठे प्राप्त नहीं होती। प्राप्त करने के पहले सफलता में दृढ़ विश्वास होना जरूरी है।"

—स्वेट मार्डेन

जो लोग भाग्य पर निर्भर होते हैं वे सफलता के लिए पूरी तैयारी करने का मूल्य नहीं जानते। अतः भाग्य के भरोसे रहकर उन्नति की आशा करना व्यर्थ है। सफलता संकल्प का ही दूसरा नाम है। मन इन संकल्पों का स्रोत है। हमें चाहिए कि हम मन को सदा प्रसन्न रखें तभी शरीर काम कर सकता है।

"मन के हारे हार है मन के जीते जीत"

यह इस उक्ति का हम यथासंभव जीवन में समावेश करें तो निश्चय ही सफलता हमारे चरण चूमेगी।

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शायरी

मोहसीना, II B.A., (PEE)

दिल के हर ज़खम से आती है वफ़ा की खुश्बू
ज़खम छुप जाएँगे, खुश्बू को छुपाऊँ कैसे।

आँसू निकल आते हैं जब तुम्हारी याद आती है
ज़माना मुस्कुराता है जब मुहब्बत रूठ जाती है।

गम के अफ़साने हज़ारों हैं सुनाऊँ किसको?
सभी रोते हैं यहाँ और रुलाऊँ किसको।

फूलों के तो काबिल नहीं शायद हमारा दामन
ये साहिबे गुलशन इसे काँटों से ही भर दे।

यूँ तसल्ली दे रहे हैं हम दिले बीमार को।
जिस तरह से थामें कोई गिरती हुई दीवार को।

डाल दो अब कफ़न मेरे मुँह पर
वो करेंगे न दीदार आकर
ऐसा लगता है कदमों में उनके
आज मेंहदी लगाए हुए हैं।

सुरमा समझकर गैर को आँखों में दी जगह
आँसू समझकर हमको उसने गिरा दिया।

दर्दे दिल दूर से हम तुम को सुनाएँ कैसे
भेज दें डाक से आँखों की सदाएँ कैसे।

कल तक था प्यार दिल में
अब दाग रह गया है।
गुज़रेगी उमर सारी ये दाग धोते धोते।

ये सोचकर बुझा दी खुद शम्मा आरजू की
शायद हो रोशनी में मुश्किल नज़र मिलाना
जब अश्क पी लिए हैं जब होंठ सी लिए
तब पूछती है दुनिया मुझसे मेरा फ़साना।

पत्थर जिन्होंने फेंके थे
उनसे गिला नहीं
घर ही मिले थे काँच के
हम को नसीब में।

अहसास

संध्या जैन, III बी.एस.सी., (गृह-विज्ञान)

अहसास का अनवरत चलता चक्र कभी धरातल के कठोर पाषाण पर पटक देता है, कभी भावनाओं के मखमली सतह पर फिसल जाता है। आज उन्हीं को शब्दबद्ध करने का इरादा है।

बहुत दिनों बाद कागज और कलम लेकर कुछ लिखने बैठी हूँ। सोच रही हूँ कि लिखूँ तो क्या लिखूँ। दिमाग भी तो काम नहीं कर रहा मानों उसके एक-एक पुर्जे में जंग लग गया हो! कभी-कभी सोचती हूँ, आज का जीवन कितना यन्त्रवत है। बस, हर समय दौड़ते-भागते रहिये। थक जायें तो शायद विश्राम करने का वक्त भी न मिले। अपनी इस छोटी सी जिन्दगी की तरफ ध्यान देती हूँ तो लगता है कि यह भी क्या जिन्दगी है-घर से कालेज और कालेज से घर। घर! न जाने आज क्यों यह छोटा सा दो वर्णों का शब्द अपरिचित लग रहा है? सबकुछ तो वही है: वही दीवारें, वही लोग, वही चीजें। पर मेरा मन घुट रहा है।

इस यन्त्रवत जीवन में एक ऊब सी पैदा हो रही है। न जाने क्यों जो अत्यन्त विचलित हो रहा है। यह कमरा, यह आलमारी, यह पलंग-लगता है सभी मुझे काटने को दौड़ रहे है! यह सिर में अचानक दर्द कैसा? दिल में एक तूफान सा उठ रहा है। दिमाग में न जाने कितनी बातें बिजली की तरह आकर निकल गयीं। आज मुझे क्या हो रहा है? इस कमरे में इस घर में घुटन महसूस हो रही है। साँस भी नहीं ली जा रही। मुझे यहाँ से निकल जाना चाहिये, निकल जाना चाहिये।

अब मैं ऊपर खुली छत पर बैठी हूँ। सिर पर विस्तृत नील गगन का चन्दोबा तना है। मन्द बयार का स्पर्श बदन को गुदगुदा रहा है। चारों तरफ हरियाली छायी है। बीच-बीच में ऊँचे-नीचे कई मकान भी हैं। पर यहाँ न तो सड़कों की चहल-पहल है और न ही नगर का कोलाहल। थोड़ी दूरी पर झुरमुटों के बीच रेल की पटरियाँ दिखायी पड़ रही हैं। कितना लुभावना है यह दृश्य! वातावरण की मादकता चित्त को प्रसन्न कर रही है। यह मैं कहाँ आ गयी हूँ? कितनी शान्ति है यहाँ!

नील गगन-कितना स्वच्छ, कितना पवित्र लग रहा है! इधर-उधर कुछ बादल विभिन्न

आकृतियाँ बना रहे हैं। सूर्य काफी दूर जा चुका है। उसकी किरणें इन मासूम बादलों को स्वर्णिम रूप प्रदान कर रही हैं। साँझ धीरे-धीरे ढल रही है। पक्षी अपने-अपने घोसलों को लौट रहे हैं। कितने स्वतन्त्र हैं ये। काश, मैं भी पंख लगाकर इनकी तरह ही उड़ सकती—ऊँचे बहुत ऊँचे, इस दुनिया से बहुत दूर, जहाँ छल-कपट, धोखा, झूठ, चिन्ता आदि कुछ भी न हो। मैं उड़कर वहाँ जाती जहाँ सिर्फ सच्चाई है, हृदय की निर्मलता है और मस्तिष्क में शान्ति है।

सूर्यास्त का यह दृश्य आँखों में बसा लेने को जी चाहता है। अरुण आकाश में बादल कुछ इस तरह सजे हुए हैं कि ऐसा लगता है जैसे मैं किसी समुद्रतट पर खड़ी हूँ। समुद्र भी बिल्कुल शांत है, मानों दिन भर की थकान के पश्चात अब वह विश्राम कर रहा हो। कहीं-कहीं पर ऐसा लग रहा है जैसे वहाँ समुद्र नहीं विस्तृत रेगिस्तान है। मीलों तक सिर्फ रेत ही रेत। फिर भी न जाने क्यों यह मुझे अपनी तरफ खींच रहा है। कोई भी तो दिखायी नहीं पड़ रहा वहाँ! हाँ, पर एक चीज अवश्य है वहाँ, और वह है-शांन्ति।

मैं मन्त्रमुग्ध सी, सुध-बुध खोकर, इन दृश्यों को देखती रही। मैं स्वयं को भी तो भूल गई! पता ही नहीं चला कि सूर्य कब पेड़ों के पीछे छिप गया। नजरें उठाकर देखा तो आकाश में सैकड़ों सितारों को झिलमिलाते पाया। कितने प्यारे हैं ये! ऐसा लगता है जैसे ये सितारे नहीं अनगिनत टिमटिमाते दीप हैं। तभी किसी के स्वर ने मुझे वापस इस दुनिया में ला पटका। नौकर कह रहा था—"दीदी चलिये, अम्मा बुला रही हैं"। मैंने कह दिया, "अच्छा आती हूँ" और वह चला गया।

प्रकृति भी इतनी सुन्दर है, इसका आभास आज मुझे पहली बार हुआ। यहाँ जो शांति मिलती है, वह लाख प्रयत्न करने पर भी कहीं न मिले। ईश्वर भी कितना महान है! हमारे चारों तरफ उसने कितने सुन्दर संसार की सृष्टि कर रखी है। पर मानव को उसे निहारने का समय ही कहाँ? आज मुझे अनुभूति हो रही है कि प्रकृति की गोद में अपना दुःख-दर्द, अपनी चिंताएँ सभी कुछ भुलायी जा सकती हैं। जीवन की सच्चाई यहीं पर है। पर सृष्टिकर्ता के इस अनुपम भेंट के उपयोग का मौका हीं कहाँ मिलता है? घड़ी की 'टिक-टिक' करती सुइयों के साथ ही मनुष्य को भी घूमना पड़ता है। मुझे भी तो अब यहाँ से, न चाहने पर भी, जाना ही होगा; वापस उसी यन्त्रवत जिन्दगी में जहाँ अशांति है। क्या उसी का नाम जिन्दगी है? आज मैने जीवन का एक अनमोल रत्न पाया हैं। काश और लोग भी इस रत्न को पाने का प्रयत्न करते!

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काश पंख होते

जे. सुमंगला पै, II BSc, CBZ

बैठी बैठी सोच रही थी कि क्या लिखूँ कि अचानक याद आया कि मैं बस में बैठी हूँ और मन में बस का जिक्र शुरू हो गया। वाह; क्या सफर है। अगर सारी भूमि को कागज़ बना दिया जाय और सातों समुद्रों को स्याही, तब भी यह सफ़र अवर्णनीय रह जाएगा। समझ गए न आप मेरा मतलब?!

भई, मैंने तो अब तक का आधा जीवन सोने में बिताया और शेष आधा बस का इंतज़ार करने में और उस में सफ़र करने में। खैर, एक दिन नहीं, रोज़ की ही बात है। मैं बस स्टाप पर खडी थी। लाल बस का इंतज़ार करते हुए। हज़ारों बसें आईं–गईं मगर उनमें से किसी एक एक से भी मेरा काम न था। गरमी बहुत थी। बहुत सारे लोग थे। कोई आ रहा था, कोई जा रहा था। किसी को जल्दी थी तो कोई धीरे से चल रहा था; कोई चिल्ला रहा था, कोई बच्चा रो रहा था–काफी हल्ला हो रहा था। और मैं–मैं तो कबीरदास जी के बारे में सोच रही थी–

मैं उनके दोहों में परिवर्तन लाने की कोशिश कर रही थी। मैं अपने आप से कह रही थी–

रात गँवाई सोने में, दिवस गँवाया बस के इंतज़ार में.....; संसार रूपी समुद्र से पार करानेवाला तो ईश्वर ही है मगर अल्लाह! घर तक पहुँचा देनेवाली तो यह बस है पर कंबख्त बस को मेरी याद कहाँ! अरे–यह तो बस आ रही है– भगवान सच्ची कितने दयालु हैं, मुझ जैसी विरहिणी पर अपना दया का सागर बहा रहें हैं– इतना ही सोचा था कि महसूस हुआ मुझे कि यह कोई और बस है....अरे–अरे, यह तो कोई परी लग रही है–बस से उतर रही है मगर लग रहा है कि सीधे नीले गगन से ही उतर आ रही हो।

क्या सौन्दर्य था उसमें लेकिन इससे पहले कि मैं उसे ठीक तरह देख लूँ, वह फरिश्ता सी चल पडी, न जाने कहाँ। बस, मैं इधर–उधर दूसरे लोगों की चाल–ढाल देखने लगी, अपने मन को बहलाने। मेरी दृष्टि एक सुकडे आदमी पर पडी, कपडे काफी अच्छे थे लेकिन मुरझाया हुआ मुँह था। कोई असफल प्रेस का संपादक लग रहा था!

अचानक मुझे महसूस हुआ कि मुझे प्यास

लगी है। उस परी ने तो मेरी प्यास ही भुला दी थी। पानी पीने जाने ही वाली थी कि बस आ गई। इतनी जोर से आई, मुझे लगा कि मुझको कुचलकर ही निकलेगी.....मैं चढ़ने लगी तो कोई मुझे धक्का दे रहा था, और कोई मुक्का मार रहा था तो और कोई मेरे पास खड़े होकर इतनी जोर से चीख रहा था कि मुझे लगा मेरे कान फटने लगे हैं। अंत में, किसी तरह मैंने अपने आप को बस के अंदर पाया। बैठने के लिए जगह मिलना तो दूर, खड़ा होना भी मुश्किल था। बगुले की तरह मैं एक टाँग पर खड़ी रही जैसे कोई योगासन कर रही हूँ।

बस चलने लगी—लगा घंटों के बाद। आह! क्या सफ़र था। हर राह, हर मोड़ पर एक झटका; अगर बस से न उतरना होता तो केवल हमारी हड्डियों का ढाँचा रह जाता! इसके अलावा, बस के इंजन का मधुर स्वर और खिड़कियों का मनोहर गूँज। वाह भई वाह! क्या कहने! दिमाग में खयाल आते रहे..... काश मुझमें पंख होते.....मैं उड़ती, स्वतंत्र पंछी की भाँति.....दुनिया का सैर करती.....न यह बस का इंतज़ार, न कोई झंझट! हाय, भगवान.....तुमने तो मनुष्य को सब कुछ दिया, मगर उड़ने के लिए पंख क्यों नहीं.....?

‡‡

सफलता

मेरी सीमा की आकुलता।
तन-मन बन्धन में जकड़े से,
पग पग पर बिखरी असफलता॥

जीवन क्या है? क्यों मिला मुझे?
यह प्रश्न उठा ही करता है।
हँस हँस पड़ती है बार बार,
मुझ पर मेरी ही चंचलता॥

फिर भी मैं मस्तक उन्नत कर,
पग आगे धरती जाती हूँ।
सुख-दुख के आघातों को,
हँसकर के सह लेती हूँ॥

मैं कर उठती रुदन, किन्तु,
सुन पाती स्वर न स्वयं अपना।
मेरी तन मन की अभिलाषा,
बन जाती हैं कल्पित अपना॥

शशी चौहान, I B.Sc., (CBZ)

समर्पण

गीता शर्मा, II B.A., (HES)

उसकी उम्र लगभग तीस वर्ष की रही होगी। शहर की किसी प्राइवेट कम्पनी को एक मैनेजर की जरूरत थी। उसी के चयन के लिए बाहर कई उम्मीदवारों की एक लम्बी कतार खडी थी। वह भी उसमें से एक था। वह चुपचाप खड़ा इसी लम्बी कतार की ओर देख रहा था कि क्या उसकी नियुक्ति की कोई उम्मीद है। उसका मानस-तन्त्र तब एकाएक झंकृत हुआ, जब किसी ने पुकारा-'अरुण वर्मा'। और वह इण्टरव्यू के लिए अन्दर प्रविष्ट हुआ।

सात दिन बाद उसे उस पद को संभालने के लिए फ़र्म की ओर से पत्र मिला, और अरुण वर्मा इस प्लासिक कम्पनी का मैनेजर बन गया था। अरुण की कार्य कुशलता के कारण फ़र्म चल निकली थी और फ़र्म के सभी मज़दूर एवं कर्मचारी उससे प्रसन्न थे। फ़र्म का मालिक रतन भी अरुण से काफी प्रसन्न था। कुछ ही दिनो में दोनों बहुत पुल-मिल गये और अभिन्न मित्र बन गये। रतन के परिवार में उसके माँ-बाप और एक उसकी छोटी बहन आशा थी। रतन ने अपने बहुत बड़े फ्लैट में ही अरुण को रहने की जगह दी। अरुण को अब परिवार में सब चाहते लगे। वह परिवार का एक सदस्य-सा बन गया। इधर साथ-साथ एक ही परिवार में रहने के कारण अरुण आशा से परिचित हो गया। वे दोनों दोस्त बन गये और पता नहीं कब और कैसे धीरे-धीरे उनकी दोस्ती प्रेम में बदल गई। दोनों की प्रेम कहानी रतन ने जान ली। उसने सोचा उसमें हर्ज क्या है आखिर अरुण जैसा पति उसे मिलेगा कहाँ और उसने उन दोनों को विवाह के पवित्र बंधन में बाँध दिया।

विवाह के बाद अरुण ने अपना नया घर बसाया और दोनों का जीवन सुख-पूर्वक बीतने लगा। अरुण ने आशा को हर प्रकार का सुख दिया जो संभव था। बड़े-बड़े लोगों से अरुण का अच्छा सम्बन्ध था, और अब वह शहर का एक सम्मानित नागरिक था। प्रेम के सागर में मग्न आशा को पता ही नहीं चला कि आज उसकी शादी को चार वर्ष बीत चुके हैं। इस बीच में उसे दो बेटे भी हुए, जो अरुण और आशा के पवित्र प्रेम के प्रतीक थे। किन्तु आज चार वर्ष बाद—

रात का लगभग एक बजा था। अचानक आशा की नींद टूटी। आँखें खुलीं तो उसने देखा कि अरुण बिस्तर पर नहीं था। आखिर रात के १ बजे अरुण गया कहाँ? पहले तो आज तक कभी भी वह आशा से बिना पूछे कहीं नहीं गया था, किन्तु आज और इस समय! आशा ने अपने फ्लैट के सब कमरे ढूँढ डाले, कहीं उसका पता न चला। इतने में उसे फ्लैट की छत पर एक रोशनी-सी महसूस हुई। वह छत की ओर बढ़ी। छत पर उसने एक अजीब दृश्य देखा। अरुण टीन के शेड के नीचे एक मशीन पर कुछ बोल रहा था और जब पीली बत्ती जली, तो चुप हो गया। एकाएक उसकी नज़र आशा पर पड़ी तो तुरंत आशा को प्रेमाभिभूत करने लगा।

आशा के मन में अरुण के प्रति शंका पैदा हो गयी। आखिर यह मशीन है क्या? जब वह अपने मन का उद्वेग दबा न सकी, तो आखिर अरुण से पूछ ही डाला—"यह यंत्र कौन सा है?" अरुण ने बताया यह कम्पनी का ही यंत्र है वह इसी तरह का एक नया यंत्र बनाना चाहता है, उसी का अध्ययन कर रहा है।

आखिर आशा ने अरुण पर विश्वास कर लिया और सो गयी। फिर दिन बीतते चले, अरुण आशा को असीम प्यार देता और आशा अपना स्नेह दोनों बच्चों पर न्योछावर करती। इसी तरह उस घटना के बहुत दिन बाद—

एक दिन आशा ने अरुण के जाड़े के सूट को आयरन करने के लिए ज्योंही निकाला कि जेब से एक डायरी गिर पड़ी, जिसे आशा ने कभी नहीं देखा था। उसने डायरी खोली तो पाया कि यह अरुण का परिचय पत्र था। उसमें एक ओर अरुण का हसीन फोटो था, और दूसरी ओर का पेज उर्दू से भरा हुआ था। आशा बी.ए. पास थी। किन्तु उर्दू नहीं जानती थी। शिक्षिता होने के कारण हज़ारों प्रश्न एक साथ उसके दिमाग में उभर उठे, जिनमें अरुण के प्रति शंका ही शंका थी। फिर भी वह भारतीय नारी थी पति से प्यार कैसे न करती। आशा ने यह डायरी छुपाकर अपने बक्स में रख दी, और अरुण पर इस घटना की प्रतिक्रिया ज़ाहिर न की। किन्तु कहा जाता है कि होता वही है जो विधाता को मंजूर होता है। ऐसा ही समय चक्र का परिवर्तन आशा की जिन्दगी में हुआ जिसने उसकी सारी जीवन धारा ही बदल दी। समय बीतते—

देश संकट के बादलों से घिरा हुआ था। पाकिस्तान ने आक्रमण आरम्भ कर दिया। सारे शहर में ब्लैकआउट था। आशा अरुण के साथ युद्ध पर बातें करती और भारतीय वीरों की विस्मयकारी करामतें उसे सुनाती। अरुण भी भारतीय वीरों की कभी-कभी प्रशंसा कर देता। एक रात जब आशा अपनी सहेलियों के साथ पिक्चर देखकर ग्यारह बजे घर आई तो उसे छत पर पुनः वही पीली-हरी रोशनी नज़र आयी। छत पर जाकर वह चुपचाप देखने लगी।

जब पीला बल्ब जलता तो अरुण मशीन का

रिसीवर कान में लगा कर चुपचाप सुनने लगता और जब हरा बल्ब जलता तो अरुण माइक्रोफोन पर बोलने लगता। दोनों की बातचीत "कोड" भाषा में थी, अतएव आशा समझ न सकी। उसके मन में अरुण के प्रति शंका पक्की बन गई थी। वह अपने दृढ़ कदमों से अरुण की ओर बढ़ी। अरुण यह देखकर सन्न रह गया। तुरन्त ही आशा के साथ कमरे में आ गया और पिक्चर की बातें पूछने लगा। लेकिन आशा के मन में तो दूसरी ही पिक्चर घूम रही थी और फिर उसने अरुण से पूछ ही डाला। थोड़ी देर के टाल मटोल के बाद अरुण बोला-"पहले प्रतिज्ञा करो, कहोगी तो नहीं किसी से।" आशा ने उसे वचन दे दिया। तब अरुण ने उसे बताया कि वह एक भारतीय जासूस है और पाकिस्तानियों की हरकतों पर शहर में नज़र रखता है। वही समाचार आर्मी हेडक्वार्टर, नई दिल्ली भेजता है। उसके बाद दोनो चुप हो गये। अरुण तो प्रायः थोड़ी देर के अंतर्द्वन्द्व के बाद सो गया किन्तु आशा का दिमाग बड़ी तेजी से चक्कर काट रहा था।

ट्रांसमीटर पर चोरी-छिपे समाचार भेजना, उर्दू में लिखा हुआ परिचय पत्र। उसे दृढ़ निश्चय हो गया कि उसका पति पाकिस्तानी जासूस है, जो यहाँ से सरकार की मुख्य गतिविधियाँ पाकिस्तान ट्रांसमिट करता है। वह सोच रही थी, कि अब क्या करे। एक ओर अपना भविष्य और दूसरी ओर देश का। यदि वह परिचय-पत्र सैनिक कार्यालय पहुँचाती है, तो निश्चय ही अरुण पकड़ा जाएगा और उसकी सज़ा मौत होगी। दूसरी ओर विचारधारा बही कि यह एक दिन में कितनी न्यूज़ ट्रांसमिट करता रहता है। उसके एक गुप्त समाचार भेजने से हमारे कितने सैनिकों की मौत हो जाएगी। उसको छिपाकर रखना देश से विश्वासघात करना है। एक तरफ अपनी जिन्दगी का बलिदान और दूसरी तरफ देश के वीर जवानों का बलिदान दोनो में किसे चुने? आखिर आशा एक दृढ़ निश्चय पर पहुँची कि वह अपने जीवन का बलिदान करेगी। और अगली सुबह....

आशा अपनी माँ के घर गई, जो सैनिक मुख्यालय के समीप ही था। उसने अपने दोनों बेटे माँ के पास छोड़ दिए। वहाँ पहुँच कर वह कार्यालय के युद्ध विभाग के मुख्य अधिकारी से मिली और उन्हें अरुण का परिचय पत्र दिखलाया। उस उच्चपद के अफ़सर ने अपने अधीनस्थ बड़े अफ़सरों को बुलाया, और उस छोटे से कमरे में सनसनी फैल गई। सब के चेहरे पर मुस्कान थी। एक ने पढ़कर सुनाया मेजर मुहम्मद करीम, इंटलिजेंस विभाग, पाकिस्तान आर्मी। यह सुनते ही मानो आशा पर वज्रपात हुआ। उसे कमांडिंग आफिसर ने शाबाशी दी और विश्वास दिलाया कि राष्ट्र का सर्वोच्च पुरस्कार उसे दिलाया जायेगा आशा ने अरुण का पूरा पता दे दिया।

और अब आशा फ्लैट में पहुँची तो आज भी

ब्लैक आउट था। अंधेरे में उसे दूर-दूर तक छिपे हुए सैनिक नज़र आए। आशा मोमबत्ती जलाने बाहर गई और आ रहे फौजी अफ़सरों को उसकी ओर इशारा कर दिया। आखिर अरुण ने आत्म समर्पण किया और हाथों में हथकड़ी लगाई गई। तुरन्त रोशनी आ चुकी थी। कमरे से बाहर निकलने पर उसकी आँखे आशा से मिली, जो रो रही थी। अरुण ने सिर्फ इतना ही पूछा—"कहो, कहोगी तो नहीं?" किन्तु अंतिम मिलन में आशा ने यही जवाब दिया—"हाँ अरुण मैं नहीं कहती यदि यह सिर्फ मेरे जीवन का सवाल होता, किन्तु तुम जान लो भारतीय नारी सब कुछ सह सकती है किन्तु देश के साथ विश्वासघात नहीं कर सकती।"

अरुण जा चुका था। इधर आशा कमरे में घुसी। आलमरी से नींद की गोलियाँ निकाली जो अरुण के काम आती थीं। आज अपनी निद्रा के लिए उसने एक साथ पूरी ग्यारह गोलियाँ मुँह के अन्दर डाल ली और निढाल बिस्तर पर लेट गई।

सुबह अखबार में आशा की वीरतापूर्ण कहानी का उद्घोषण कर रहे थे। पूरे शहर में खबर फैल गई। देश के नेता उसके पुरस्कार की बात सोचने लगे। शहर के लोग उसकी पूजा करने को उसके घर आए। बहुत बडी भीड़ उमड़ आई उस देवी के दर्शन के लिए। आखिर लोगों ने दर्शन किये ही, लेकिन उस देवी की लाश के, जो अपने जीवन को राष्ट्र के नाम "समर्पित" कर चुकी थी।

§§§

हँसिए और हँसाइये

अध्यापक—भगवान ने पेट किस लिए बनाया है?

छात्र—जी श्रीमान! पजामा बाँधने के लिए।

पहला पागल—(दूसरे पागल से) देख, मैं टॉर्च की रोशनी आकाश पर डालता हूँ। तुम इसे पकड़कर चढ़ जाओ तथा चाँद-सितारे तोड़ लाओ।

दूसरा पागल—वाह! तुमने मुझे पागल समझा है क्या? जैसे ही मैं बीच रास्ते में पहुँचूगा, तुम रोशनी बन्द कर दोगे और मैं धड़ाम से नीचे गिर जाऊँगा।

सीमा शर्मा, II पी.यू.सी., (पी.सी.एम.बी.)

भावी साहित्यकार

सुप्रिया सीधर, II P.U.C. PCMB

मेरी हिन्दी की अध्यापिका ने मुझसे कहा कि कालेज–पत्रिका के लिए कुछ लिखना होगा। कालेज–पत्रिका के लिए लेख! कक्षा में एक निबंध तक लिखते ही बुद्धि मात खा जाती है और अध्यापिका जी कह रही हैं कि एक लेख लिखो कालेज–पत्रिका के लिए। मैंने अनेक बहाने बनाए, लेकिन मेरी एक नहीं सुनी गई।

फिर मैंने सोचा कि चलो अगर मैं कुछ लिख डालूँ, और पत्रिका में नाम छपेगा, तो बहुत बड़ी बात होगी। इसलिए भगवान का नाम लेकर मैं "कुछ लिखने" बैठी। मैंने अध्यापिका जी से पूछा था कि क्या लिखा जाए, तो उन्होंने कहा था कि कविता, नाटक, लेख या कहानी लिख डालो। कहने में कितना आसान प्रतीत होता है! मैं अजीब मुसीबत में थी। खैर मैंने सोचा कि अगर अध्यापिका जी ने मुझसे कहा है तो शायद मुझमें साहित्यकार बनने के छिपे लक्षण होंगे।

सोचा कि इस झंझट से छुटकारा पाने के लिए, एक छोटी सी कविता ही लिख देती हूँ। सिर मुँड़ाते ही ओले पड़े! कविता का भाव और शीर्षक क्या होगा? इतने में मेरी माताजी अंदर आईं। मुझे देखकर वे कहने लगीं, "आजकल किसी दूसरे आदमी पर विश्वास ही नहीं कर सकते। अब....!" वे शायद कुछ और कहतीं, लेकिन, मैंने, उन्हें उधर ही रोक दिया) मुझे कविता का शीर्षक और भाव दोनों ही मिल गए थे। मैंने बड़े इत्मीनान से कागज़ पर लिखा।

"ओ विश्वास माँगनेवाले" फिर लिखा, ओ विश्वास माँगनेवाले, विश्वास तोड़ना मतसीखो।

इस एक पंक्ति को तो मैंने लिख दिया, पर इसके बाद मेरी लेखनी ने कुछ भी लिखने से साफ इंकार कर दिया। विचारों की भाव–धारा अब समाप्त हुई। सोचा कि कवयित्री बनने से रही। अब ज़रा लेखन–कला पर हाथ जमाते हैं।

समय भाग रहा था। हाँ, 'समय' पर लिखती हूँ। लिखा—

'समय'

आजकल के वैज्ञानिक युग में समय के महत्व को कौन नहीं पहचानता? जहाँ भी देखो.....।

लेखनी ने फिर जवाब दे दिया। फैसला किया कि लेख लिखना बिल्कुल नीरस है। हो सकता है कि मैं नाटककार बनने के योग्य ही हूँ। एक सुझावना शीर्षक मन में आया–"आशाओं के पुल।" पात्र कौन से होंगे? सेठ मुरारीमल, सेठ हैं तो सेठानी भी होंगी। एक काफी लंबी-चौडी सूचिका तैयार हो गई। वह कुछ इस प्रकार थी–सेठ मुरारीमल, सेठानी मुरारीमल उनके दो बच्चे श्यामू और राजू, नौकर, मेहतरानी, दारोगा तीस–मारखाँ, हवलदार देसाईराम, तेनाली पान वाला और तेलू तेली। पता नहीं क्यों दारोगा, हवलदार आदि नाम मेरे मन में आये। जो भी है, अब तो इन पात्रों का निर्माण कर दिया है। अब इनको रंगमंच पर उतारना है। यह भी अभी किए देती हूँ। दृश्य–एक।

परदा उठता है। आलीशान कमरा। ऐशो–आराम का घर प्रतीत होता है। सेठ और सेठानी दोनों दायें और बाए से आते हैं।

सेठ–"अरी, सुनती हो?"

सेठानी–"जी हाँ, सुनती हूँ।"

सेठ–"क्या सुनती हूँ?"

सेठानी–"वही जो....."

पर्दा गिरता है। जी हाँ,

परदा गिरता है, मेरी साहित्यिक योग्यताओं पर। "सुनती हो," "सुनती हूँ," इसके सिवाय मुझे और कुछ सूझ ही नहीं रहा। नाट्य के विशाल क्षेत्र के मैदान से मैं भगोडे सिपाही की तरह भागी। आप पूछेंगे कि कहानी नहीं लिखी?

जी हाँ, कहानीकार बनने के भी बडे मनसूबे बाँधे। भारत के भविष्य की सफल कहानीकार–एक दूसरी शिवानी जी हाँ, जी हाँ। कहते हैं कि–"खाली बर्तन अधिक शोर मचाते हैं। वही हाल मेरा था। कहानी लिखने में भी मैं असफल रही। मत पूछिए मुझसे इस घटना का वर्णन! मेरी भी कुछ प्रतिष्ठा है। निराशा की शत–प्रतिशत प्रतिमा लगती हुई, मैंने अध्यापिका को अपनी असफलता के बारे में सूचित किया।

‡‡

"सवँर जाने को"

ललिता जानतिय, I B.Sc.,

मुहब्बत की नींव पर
न कर अरमानों का महल खड़ा ;
नहीं तो खामोश जिंदगी में
मुहब्बत का तूफान आ जायेगा ।

दिल के तारों को
न छेड़ यादों की धुनों से ;
नहीं तो निस्तेज सूनी आखों से
उमड़ पडेगी कुछ बूंदे ।

दिल को न लाद
अपनी उदासियों के बोझ से ।
सतर्क हो तू, मजबूर न बन
समय की कार से ।

सहनशीलता की कडियो में
न जकड़ अपनी पीड़ा के मेद को ;
महत्व दे अपनी आकांक्षा
और अपने आप को ।

मतलबी दुनिया की बेवफाई पर
न गंवा अपने धीरज को ;
यही मौका है, संभल कर
सवँर जाने को ।

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पहेलियाँ

१. जो कुछ पानी में गिरे,
वो तो जावें भींग,
पानी में गिर पड़ूँ यदि मैं,
कभी न सकती भींग ।

२. छोटे–छोटे खेतों में,
उगती काली घास,
इधर उधर मत देखो भाई,
मैं हूँ सबके पास ।

उत्तर : १) परछाई २) बाल

தேசிய கவி பாரதி

V. CHENTHAMARAI
II PUC—PECA

இந்நூற்றாண்டின் முற்பகுதியில் தமிழ்த்தாயின் தவப் புதல்வராய்த் தோன்றியவர் பாரதியார். அவர் வாழ்ந்த நாட்களில் பாரதத்தாய் ஆங்கிலேயரின் அடிமைத் தளையில் கட்டுண்டு கிடந்தாள்; வாடினாள். இந்தியரும் ஆங்கில மோகத்தில் மூழ்கி, தாய்நாட்டையும் மொழியையும் மறந்தனர். பாரதியார் நெஞ்சில் பொங்கியெழுந்த சுதந்திரக்கனல், அடிமைத் தளையில் கட்டுண்டு கிடந்த பாரத மக்களைத் தட்டியெழுப்பி உணர்ச்சி யூட்டியது. மொழிப்பற்று அற்று இருந்த மக்களுக்கு மொழிப் பற்றூட்டியவர் பாரதியார்.

பாரத கவியாய்த் திகழ்ந்த பாரதியார் 1882 ஆம் ஆண்டு டிசம்பர் திங்கள் 11 ஆம் நாள் சின்னசாமி ஐயர், லட்சுமி அம்மாள்—ஆகியோருக்குச் செல்வ புதல்வனாகத் தோன்றினார். சிறு வயதிலேயே அழகிய கருத்துள்ள கவிதைகளைப் பாடுவதில் சிறந்து விளங்கினார். இதன் காரணமாக, அவரது 11ஆம் வயதில் 'பாரதி' என்ற பட்டத்தைப் பெற்றார். இவர் இவ்வளவு புலமை பெற்றிருந்தும், பள்ளி சென்று அதிக நாட்கள் படிக்கவில்லை. தமிழ் மீது ஆரூப் பற்றுக் கொண்டு, படிப்பை முடிக்காமலேயே தமிழ்த் தொண்டு புரிய துவங்கினார்.

இவர் நாட்டுப் பற்றும், மொழிப் பற்றும் மட்டும் உடையவர் அல்லர். சிறந்த தெய்வ பக்தியும் கொண்டவர். ஆனல் மதவெறி கொண்டவர் அல்லர். அவர் பிற மதங்களின்மீது பாடியுள்ள பாடல்களே இதனை நிரூபிக்கும்.

முதலாவதாக, நாம் அவருடைய தேச பக்தியையும் சுதந்திர உணர்ச்சியையும் காண்போமாக !

தமது பாடல்களில், பாரதியார் நாட்டுப் பற்றை முதலாவதாக வற்புறுத்தியுள்ளார். 'வந்தே மாதரம்' என்று கூறி, முதலில் பாரதத் தாயை வழிபடுகிறார். 'தீயிலே வெந்து மாயினும், நான் 'வந்தே மாதரம்' என்று கூறத் தவறேனே ?' என்பதை,

"நொந்தே போயினும்
வெந்தே மாயினும்
நந்தே சத்தர் — உ
வந்தே கூறுவது
— வந்தே மாதரம்"

என்று உணர்ச்சி பொங்கக் கூறுகிறார். நாட்டு ஒற்றுமையைப் பற்றிக் கூறும்பொழுது

"எப்பதம் வாய்த்திடு மேனும் — நம்மில்
யாவர்க்கும் அந்தநிலே பொதுவாகும்
முப்பது கோடியும் வாழ்வோம் — வீழில்
முப்பது கோடி முழுமையும் வீழ்வோம்

என்றும்,

முப்பது கோடி முகமுடை யாள் உயிர்
மொய்ம்புற வொன்று டையாள் — இவள்
செப்பு மொழிபதி னெட்டுடை யாள் எனிற்
சிந்தனே ஒன்றுடையாள்"

என்று தேசிய ஒற்றுமையைப் பலவாருகக் கூறுகிறார்.

பாரத நாட்டைப் போற்றிய பாரதியார், தாம் பிறந்த தமிழ் மண்ணைப் போற்ற மறக்கவில்லே. இவரது 'செந்தமிழ் நாடு' என்ற ஒரே கவிதை அவரது தமிழ் நாட்டுப் பற்றைத் தெளிவாகக் கூறுகிறது.

தாய் மொழிபால் தண்டாத காதல் கொண்டவர் பாரதியார்.

'யாமறிந்த மொழிகளிலே
தமிழ் மொழி போல் இனிதாவது
எங்கும் காணேம்'

என்றும்,

'தெள்ளுற்ற தமிழமுதின் சுவை கண்டார்
இங்கமரர் சிறப்புக் கண்டார்,

என்றும்

தம் தமிழ் மொழிப் பற்றினைப் புலப்படுத்துகிறார்.

பாரதியார் தமது உணர்ச்சி மிகுந்த, எளிய கவிதைகளை வெளியிட்டு அழியாப் புகழ் எய்தியபோதும் செருக்குக் கொள்ளவில்லே.

'யாமறிந்த புலவரிலே கம்பனைப் போல்
வள்ளுவர் போல் இளங்கோவைப் போல்
பூமிதனில் யாங்கணுமே பிறந்த தில்லை
உண்மை, வெறும் புகழ்ச்சி யில்லை'

என்னும் அவரது பாடலின் அடிகள் மேற்கூறியதை தெளிவுப்படுத்துகிறது.

இவற்றையெல்லாம் விட மிக முக்கியமானது — அவர் பிற மொழிகளை வெறுக்கவில்லை. ஆங்கிலேயர் ஆட்சியைக் கடிந்தாரே தவிர, ஆங்கில மொழியை வெறுக்கவில்லை. அவர் ஆங்கில கவிஞர்களின் கவிதைகளையெல்லாம் விரும்பி, போற்றிப் படித்தார். ஆங்கிலம், தமிழ் தவிர வேறு பல இந்திய மொழிகளை அறிந்தவர்.

'என்று தணியும் இந்தச் சுதந்திர தாகம்
என்று மடியும் எங்கள் அடிமையின் மோகம்'

என்று பாடிய பாரதியார் அச்சுதந்திர தாகம் தணியும் முன்பே, ஆனால் என்றேனும் ஒருநாள் தணியும் என்ற நம்பிக்கையோடு இவ்வுலக வாழ்வைத் தமது 39ஆம் வயதில் நீத்தார். நோய்வாய்ப்பட்டு 1921ஆம் ஆண்டு செப்டம்பர் 11ஆம் நாள் இறைவனடி சேர்ந்தார். தமிழ்த் தாய் தன் செல்வ மகனைக் காலன் கையினின்றும் மீட்க முயன்று தோல்வியுற்று வருந்தினாள்.

தேசிய கவியாயும் பாட்டுக்கொரு புலவனையும் வாழ்ந்த பாரதியாரின் பாடல்களைப் பாடிப்பாடிக் கவிதையழகில் களிப்புற்று, என்றும் நீங்காத மனநிறைவைப் பெறுவோமாக!

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இதுங்கனிந்த இன்செயல்

REBECCA SAROJINI
I PUC — PCMB II

இராமபிரானுடைய தர்ம பத்தினியாகிய சீதாப்பிராட்டியைச் சிறையில் வைத்திருந்த மகா பாவியாகிய இராவணன், முதல் நாள் போரில் படை இழந்து, வெண்கொற்றக் குடை இழந்து, இருபது கரங்களின் செயல் இழந்து, கம்பீர ராஜ நடை இழந்து, சீர் இழந்து, பத்து தலைகளும் நிலம் நோக்க செய்வது அறியாது நின்றான். அவனுடைய பரிதாப நிலையைக் கண்ட இராமபிரான், தம் படைவீரரை ஏவி, இவனைக் கட்டுங்கள்; தலையை வெட்டுங்கள் என்று கடுமையான சொற்களைக் கொட்டவில்லை. மாருக, நிராயுதபாணியாக என்முன் நிற்கும் உன்னைக் கொல்ல விருப்பமில்லை; உன்னை மன்னிக்கிறேன்; "இன்று போய் நாளை வா" என்றார். இராமபிரான் இராவணனை வார்த்தைகளால் தூற்றவில்லை; நாவினால் சுடவில்லை; கடிந்துரைக்கவில்லை. ஆயின், பகைவனுக்குச் சொல்லாலும் செயலாலும் கருணை காட்டினார்.

இந்தப் பஸ்கா பண்டிகையின்போது யாரை விடுவிக்க வேண்டும்? 'பரபாசையா, இயேசுவையா' என்று பிலாத்து என்கிற ஆளுநர் யூத மக்களை வினவ, பரபாஸ் என்ற கள்வனை விட்டுவிடுங்கள்; இயேசுவை சிலுவையில் அறையுங்கள் என்று மக்கள் தீர்ப்பு கூற, செய்வதறியாத ஆளுநர், இயேசு ஒரு குற்றமும் அறியாதவர் என்று அறிந்திருந்தும் மக்கள் தீர்ப்புக்குத் தலைவணங்கி இயேசுவை அவர்களிடம் ஒப்படைத்தார். மக்கள் அந்த மாசற்ற முகத்தில் காறி உமிழ்ந்தும், கடுஞ்சொற்களால் அவரை ஏசியும், பரிகாசித்தும், கசையால் அடித்தும், முள்முடியை அவருக்கு அணிவித்தும், பெரிய சிலுவையை அவர் தோள்மேல் ஏற்றி அவரை சுமக்க வைத்தும், அவரை அதே சிலுவையில் அறைந்தும், சொல்லொணா ஆக்கினைகளைக் கொடுத்தும், அவரை கொடுமை படுத்தினர். இயேசுபிரான் அவரைத் தூற்றினாரா? ஏசினாரா? மாருக பரமண்டலத்திலுள்ள பிதாவே, இந்த அப்பாவி மக்கள் இன்னது செய்கிறோம் என்று அவர்களுக்கே தெரியாமல் செய்கிறார்கள். அவர்கள் செய்வதை மன்னித்து அவர்கள்மேல் அருள் பாலிக்க வேண்டுகிறேன் என்று தானே மன்றாடினார்!

1948ஆம் ஆண்டு ஜனவரி மாதம் 30ஆம் நாள் டில்லி மாநகரத்தில் பிர்லா மாளிகையில் 5 மணிக்கு தன் பிரார்த்தனை கூட்டத்தின்போது காந்தியடிகள் மார்பிலே மூன்று தோட்டாக்கள் சரமாரியாகத் துளைத்த போது, மகாத்மா காந்தியடிகளின் வாயில் வந்த வார்த்தைகள் "அரே ராம், அரே ராம், அரே ராம்" என்ற வார்த்தைதான். வேறெந்த கடுஞ் சொற்களும் வெளிவரவில்லை.

அண்மையில் போப்பாண்டவர் மேன்மை தங்கிய "ஜான் பால்" அவர்களை, ஒருவன் சுட்டபோது அவர் என்ன சொன்னார். "என்னை சுட்ட வனை மன்னித்து விடுங்கள்; அவனை தண்டிக்காதீர்கள்" என்றார்.

தீயினுல் சுட்ட புண் உள்ளாறும் — ஆருதே
நாவினுல் சுட்ட வடு.

என்று வள்ளுவர் கூறுகின்றார்.

உலகத்தில் காணப்படும் பயங்கரமான ஆயுதங்களைவிட, மிகவும் பயங்கரமானது நாக்குதான். அந்த நாக்கை, அது உதிர்க்கும் சொற்களை அடக்கி ஆள வேண்டும். நாவினுல் சுட்ட புண் ஆறுவதே இல்லை என்கிறார் வள்ளுவர்.

இனிய உளவாக இன்னுத கூறல்
கனியிருப்ப காய்கவர்ந் தற்று

என்கிறது திருக்குறள்.

ஆன்றோர்கள் இனியவைகளைத்தான் கூறி இருக்கிறார்கள். தங்கள் மரணத்தருவாயிலேயும் தம்மைப் பழித்துக் கடுஞ்சொற்களை வீசிய போதும் இன்னுது கூறவில்லை. அதோடு நிற்காமல் அப்படிப்பட்டவர்களை மன்னிக்குமாறு இறைவனை வேண்டி இருக்கிறார்கள்.
இவர்களுடைய இதங்கனிந்த இன்செயலுக்கு,

'தம்மை யிகழ்ந்தமை தாம்பொறுப்ப தன்றிமற்
றெம்மை யிகழ்ந்த வினைப்பயத்தால் — உம்மை
எரிவாய் நிரயத்து வீழ்வர்கொல் என்று
பரிவதூஉம் சான்றோர் கடன்'

என்ற நாலடியார் பாடலே சான்றாக அமைகின்றது.

தூங்காதே தம்பி தூங்காதே !

A. SHYAMALA
II PUC(PCMB) Sec II

பொதுவாகத் திரைப்படங்களில் பொழுது போக்கு நோக்குடன் தான் காட்சிகள் அமைக்கப்படுகின்றன. விதிவிலக்காகச் சில சமயங்களில் கருத்துள்ள பாட்டுகள் அமைந்து விடுவதும் உண்டு. அப்படி அமைந்த பாட்டுகளில் மக்கள் திலகம் எம்.ஜி.ஆர் தயாரித்து இயக்கிய 'நாடோடி மன்னன்' திரைப்படத்தில் வரும் 'தூங்காதே தம்பி தூங்காதே' என்கிற பாட்டு என்னை மிகவும் கவர்ந்த பாட்டு ஆகும்.

கருத்துள்ள பாடல்களை எழுதுவதில் பட்டுக்கோட்டை கல்யாண சுந்தரம் குறிப்பிடத் தக்கவர். எளிய வார்த்தைகளில் இதயத்தைத் தைக்கும் கருத்துக்களைச் சொல்லிவிடுவார். நேரத்தை சோம்பேறியாகத் தூங்கிக் கழிக்கிறவன், எதை எதை இழந்து விடுகிறான் என்று அருமையாகப் பட்டியல் போட்டுக் காட்டி இருக்கிறார் கல்யாண சுந்தரம்.

நல்ல பொழுதையெல்லாம் தூங்கிக் கெடுத்தவர்கள்
நாட்டைக் கெடுத்ததுடன் தானுங் கெட்டார்; சிலர்
அல்லும் பகலும் தெருக்கல்லா யிருந்து விட்டு
அதிர்ஷ்டமில்லை யென்று அலட்டிக் கொண்டார் !

ஒவ்வொரு சொல்லிலும் கருத்தைத் தேக்கி எழுதியிருக்கிறார். பொழுதை நல்ல பொழுது என்று குறிப்பிடுகிறார். சிலர் இரவும் பகலும் இயக்கமே இல்லாமல் தெருக்கல் போல் செயலற்றுக் கிடந்துவிட்டு, 'தங்கள் வாழ்க்கை வீணாகப் போவதற்கு அதிர்ஷ்டம் இல்லாமல்போனதுதான் காரணம்' என்று அலட்டிக் கொள்வதாகக் குற்றம் சாட்டுகிறார்.

மனிதனுடைய உழைப்பில்தான் அதிர்ஷ்டம் இருக்கிறது என்பதை அவர் மறைமுகமாக, கவி அழகோடு சுட்டிக் காட்டியிருக்கிறார். விழித்துக் கொண்டோரெல்லாம் பிழைத்துக் கொண்டார் — உன்போல் குறட்டை விட்டோரெல்லாம் கோட்டை விட்டார் ! மேலும் அவர் எங்கெங்கு தூங்கியவன் என்னென்ன இழந்தான் என்பதையும் சுட்டுகிறார்.

போர்ப் படைதனில் தூங்கியவன் வெற்றி இழந்தான் உயர்
பள்ளியில் தூங்கியவன் கல்வியிழந்தான் !
கடைதனில் தூங்கியவன் முதல் இழந்தான் — கொண்ட
கடமையில் தூங்கியவன் புகழ் இழந்தான் — இன்னும்
பொறுப்புள்ள மனிதரின் தூக்கத்தினால் — பல
பொன்னான வேலையெல்லாம் தூங்குதப்பா !

ஓய்வு என்பது உழைப்புக்குச் சுவையூட்டும் சிற்றுண்டியாக இருக்க வேண்டும். உண்மையான ஓய்வு என்பது சோம்பலாகப் படுத்திருப்பதில் இல்லை. கடமையிலிருந்து ஒதுங்குவது ஓய்வாகி விடாது; கடமையில் ஓய்வைக் காண்கிற போது தான் வாழ்க்கைக்கு மெருகு ஏற்படுகிறது. ஓய்வு என்பது நிச்சயமாக நேரத்தைக் கொல்லுவது அல்ல. படிப்பது நல்ல பொழுது போக்கு, மூளையை வளப்படுத்தும், மனத்துக்கு இதமளிக்கும். நேருஜி போன்றவர்கள் பரபரப்பான பணிகளுக்கு மத்தியிலும் படிப்பதற்கு என்று நேரத்தை ஒதுக்கியது இதனால் தான்.

மத்திய அமைச்சரவையில் நிதி அமைச்சராகவும் வேறு பல பொறுப்புக்களையும் வகித்த தொழில் அதிபரும் வர்த்தகப் பிரமுகரும் பொருளாதார நிபுணருமான டி. டி. கிருஷ்ணமாச்சாரி துப்பறியும் கதைகளைப் படிப்பதில் ஆர்வம் உடையவராக இருந்தார். யோசித்துப் பார்த்தால் அவர் செய்த பணிக்கும் துப்பறியும் கதைகளுக்கும் எந்த விதமான தொடர்பும் இல்லை. ஆங்கிலத்தில் Relaxation என்று சொல்லுவார்கள். தமிழில் மனத்துக்கு இதமளித்தல் என்று பொருள் உழைப்பின் இறுக்கத்திலிருந்து விடுபட ஏதோ ஒன்று உழைப்பாளிகளுக்குத் தேவைப்படுகிறது. அந்த ஒன்று எதுவாக வேண்டுமானாலும் இருக்கலாம்.

வாழ்க்கையில் உழைப்பால் உன்னத நிலைக்கு உயர்ந்தோரும் பொழுது போக்கிற்காக நேரத்தை ஒதுக்கி வைத்திருக்கிறார்கள். இந்த ஒதுக்கீடு அவர்கள் வேலை செய்த நேரத்தை மேலும் பயனுள்ளதாக மாற்றியுள்ளது.

உடலின் ஓய்வுக்குத் தூக்கம் தேவை; உள்ளத்தின் ஓய்வுக்கு பொழுது போக்கு தேவை. உடலும் உள்ளமும் சுறுசுறுப்பாக இயங்கினால் தான் வேலை செய்யும் நேரத்தின் போது மிகுதியான பலனைப் பெறுவது சாத்தியமாகும்.

தூங்காதே தம்பி தூங்காதே! என்று பட்டுக் கோட்டையின் பாடல் வலியுறுத்துவது விழித்திருக்க வேண்டிய நேரத்தில் தூங்கி, வேலைகளைக் கெடுத்துக் கொள்ளாதே என்பது தான்; அது அளவோடு இருக்க வேண்டும்.

விழித்திருக்கும் நேரத்தில் சுறுசுறுப்பாகச் செயல்பட வேண்டும். அப்போது களைப்பு ஏற்பட்டால் அதைப் போக்கிக் கொள்ள நல்ல பொழுது போக்கு தேவை; தூக்கமும் பொழுது போக்கும் சரியான தன்மையில் அமைந்துவிட்டால் பயன்படுத்துகிற நேரத்தைச் செம்மையாகப் பயன்படுத்த முடியும்.

நேரத்தை யார் வீணாக்கினாலும், அவர்கள் ஆற்ற வேண்டிய பணிகள் நின்று போய் இழப்புத்தான் ஏற்படுகிறது. ஆண்டவன் அனைவருக்கும் ஒரே நேரத்தைத்தான் அருளியிருக்கிறான். புத்திசாலிக்கு ஒரு நிமிடத்துக்கு எண்பது வினாடிகள் என்றோ அறிவற்றவனுக்கு 40 வினாடிகள் என்றோ காலம் அளிக்கப்படவில்லை. எல்லோருக்கும் ஒரு நிமிடத்துக்கு அறுபது வினாடிகள் தாம். அதை எப்படிப் பயன் படுத்திக் கொள்கிறோம் என்பதைப் பொருத்துத்தான் விளைவுகள் இருக்கின்றன. வருவாய் தேட வேண்டிய நேரத்தைப் பொழுது போக்கில் செலவிடுவது கால விரயம் மட்டுமல்ல; பண விரயமும் ஆகும். இந்தச் சந்தர்ப்பத்தில் நியாயமாகவே ஒரு சந்தோஷம் தோன்றலாம். நாள் பூராவும் நேரத்தை வீணாக்காமல் ஒருவன் வேலை செய்து கொண்டே இருந்தால் அவனுக்கு ஓய்வே தேவையில்லையா? ஓய்வில்லாமல் வேலை செய்தால் உடல் நலம் கெட்டுப் போகாதா?

ஓய்வின்றி உழைப்பது தேவையில்லை. அது முடியாததும் கூட. உடலும் சரி, மூளையும் சரி, உழைப்புக்குப் பின் ஓய்வை நாடுகின்றன. ஓய்வளித்த பிறகு தான் மீண்டும் உழைப்பதற்கான சக்தியைப் பெறுகின்றன. ஆகவே ஓய்வே தேவையில்லை என்று யாரும் சொல்ல முடியாது.

இயற்கை அமைப்பே ஓய்வுக்கான காலத்தை உண்டாக்கிக் கொடுத்திருக்கிறது. ஒரு நாளில் ஒரு பகுதி பகலாகவும், மறுபகுதி இரவாகவும் இருப்பது ஓய்வின் அவசியத்தைத் தெளிவாக எடுத்துக் காட்டுகிறது.

ஓய்வு தேவை என்பதற்காகவே பொழுது போக்கு அம்சங்களை வாழ்க்கையில் மனிதன் உருவாக்கி வைத்திருக்கிறான். உடலும் மூளையும் சோர்வுறும்போது மனிதன் பாடலைக் கேட்கிறான்; ஆடலில் மகிழ்கிறான்; விளையாட்டுகளில் ஈடுபடுகிறான்.

நேரத்தைப் பகுத்துச் செலவழிக்கும் போது ஓய்விற்கும் பொழுது போக்கிற்கும் ஒரு பகுதியை ஒதுக்குவது மிகவும் அவசியம். யார் யாருக்கு எதில் எதில் ஈடுபாடு இருக்கிறதோ அந்தப் பொழுது போக்கை மேற் கொண்டு அதற்கு நேரத்தை ஒதுக்கி மிகுதி நேரத்தில் கடமைகளை ஆற்றிச் செயல்படுவது அவசியம்.

சிலவகை பொழுது போக்குகள் மனிதனை அடிமை கொள்ளும் ஆற்றல் பெற்றவை. உதாரணமாக சீட்டாட்டத்தைச் சிலர் பொழுது போக்காகக் கொண்டிருப்பார்கள். இம்மாதிரி பொழுது போக்குகள் களைப்படைந்த மனத்தை உற்சாகப் படுத்தும் என்று சொல்ல முடியாது. வாழ்க்கையையே களைப்பாக்கி மனிதனை இவை செயலிழக்க செய்து விடுகின்றன. இம்மாதிரி பொழுது போக்குகளை ஆரம்பத்திலேயே தவிர்த்து விடுவது நல்லது.

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अभिज्ञानशाकुन्तलम्

TRANSLATION

Shakuntala had proceeded but a few steps when she stopped all of a sudden pretending that her foot was hurt by the points of kusa grass She then turned her face towards me, pretending to be occupied with disentangling her bark dress from the branches of the shrubs in which it had not really been caught

SHAKUNTALA
By Kalidasa

Drawing & Translation
by Shobha Iyer
BSc II (PCM)

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Les Pensees

(a French Poem)

L'air est si paisible ici.
Pas de gens.
Pas de bruit.
Je paux rêver.
Rêver où j'irais si j'étais ce fleuve.
Glissant parmi les herbes.
Reflétant le ciel bleu.
Parmi les fleurs.
Un petit fleuve.
Descendant des collines.
Torrents d'argents.
Etalant là-bas, dessus les près.
Scintillant au-dessous du soleil.
Jouant chez les feuilles.
Caressant les rocs.
Paressant à côté des fermes.
Courant doucement pour rejoindre la mer.
Oh! Je suis une rêveuse!
Mais, je me demande,
Et me demande encore,
Où j'irai demain,
Vers la mer des rêves, j'espère.

Kumuda Rao
II PUC HEPyS

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I' **Sister Jesuine Marie**, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Sister Jesuine Marie

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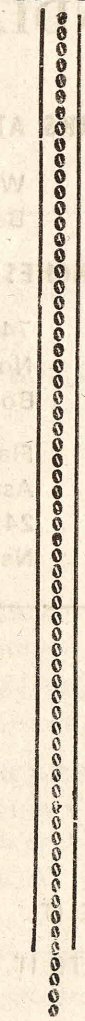
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