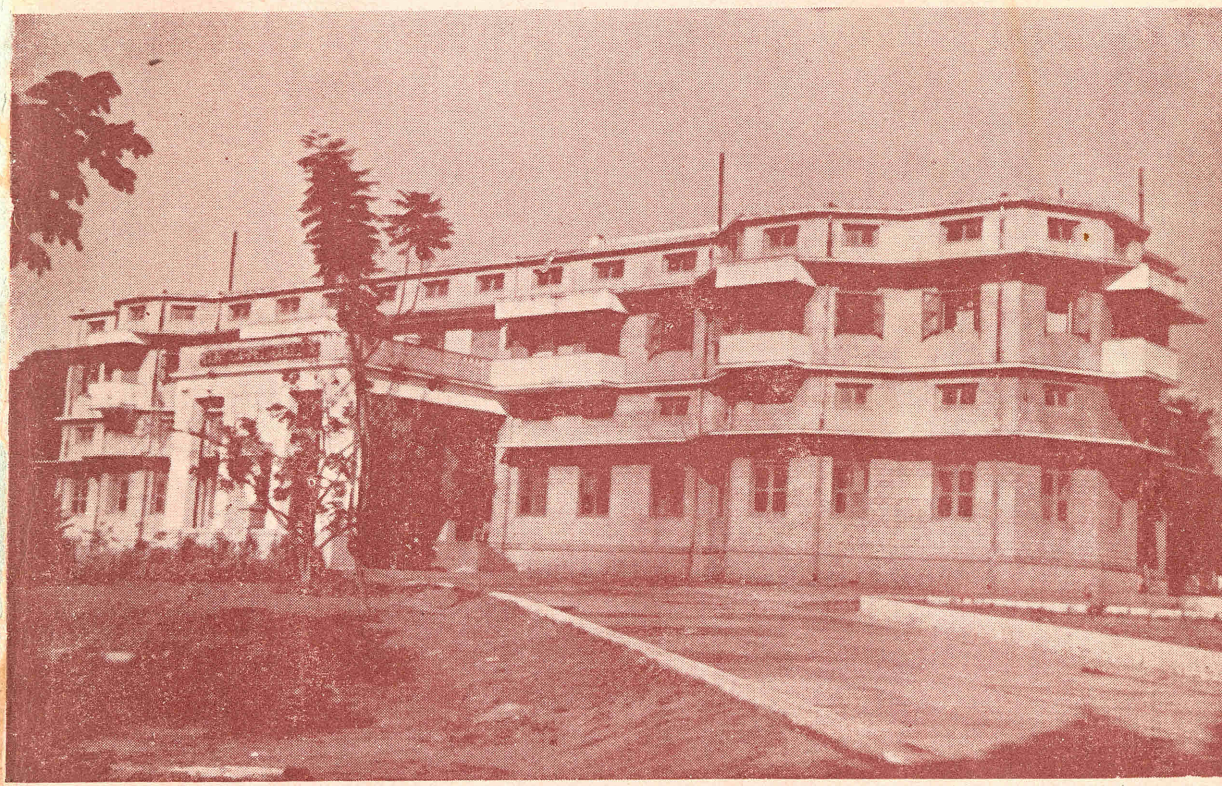
Annual

Mount Carmel College

BANGALORE



and

Schools in Mysore State

1957

December 1957 Vol. 5

Annual of Mount Carmel College

of Bangalore

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

In one immaculate hand a Scapular she extends
As to her wayward children she bends.
She begs "O children hear my plea,
Come and listen around me—
Here is the means of your salvation,
This I give to every nation
As a blessed presentation."
And as she gently presents the saving Scapular,
She smiles more sweetly than the fairest flower.

ANNA MARY VIMALA,
II U.C. (Arts)

and

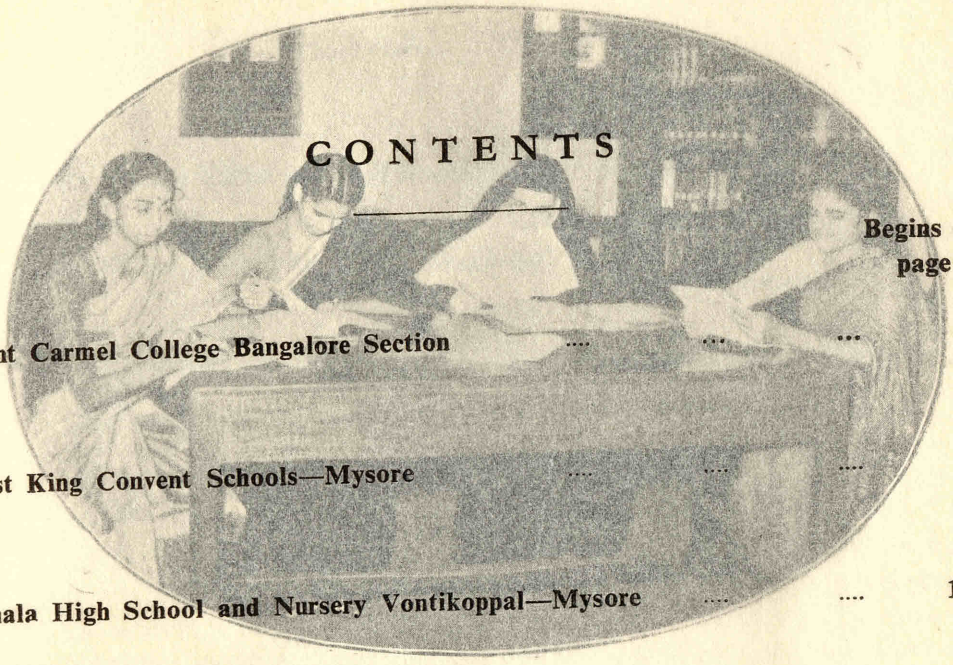
Schools in Mysore State

1957

December 1957 Vol. 5

Of the Congregation of St. Teresa's Convent, Ernakulam.

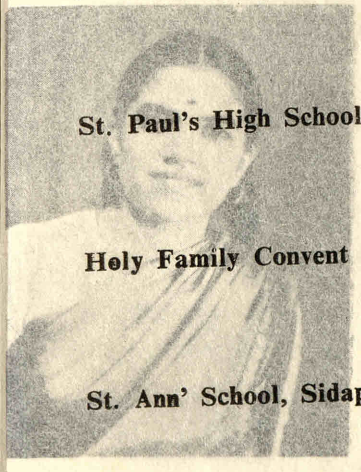
THE EDITORIAL BOARD



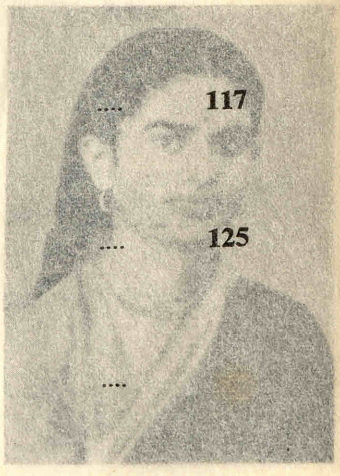
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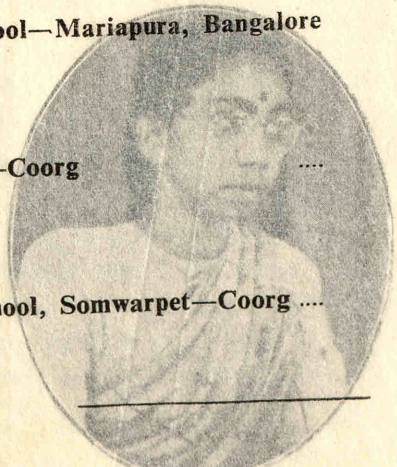
AT WORK



Narendra Kaur



Shgila Na[illegible]



H. S. Sundara

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THE EDITORIAL BOARD



AT WORK



Narendra Kaur



H. S. Sundara



Sheila Naidu



EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor .... **Sister M. Tarsilla**

Associate Student Editor for English Articles **Miss Sheila Naidu**

Associate Student Editors for Indian Languages **Miss Narendra Kaur**, **Miss H. S. Sundara**

FOREWORD

Changes are most welcome when they seem to be for the better. Besides the major change last year of the convergence of our fair State of Mysore into that of Karnataka, an attractive vista of a more liberal and extensive education, than ever before, has been opened up to the students of our University, by the introduction of the Pre-University Course which took effect from June of this year. Nevertheless, it has come in for a fair amount of criticism; but we feel that it will be an abortive attempt to predict the success or failure of this new scheme, at this juncture.

The past Academic year has seen both, the Staff and the Students, doing their utmost as usual, to bring to perfection the Curricular and extra-curricular activities of the College. In these pages we invite you to see for yourself the many opportunities our students have had to exhibit their various and varied interests. The interests of youth are fully revealed in Sports, Social Service, debates, passion for drawing, photography, histrionic abilities, the gift of music, and the power to create with words—no channel has been left unexplored.

Our girls of the "Gharba Group Dance" were selected to represent Mysore at the Youth Festival held in Delhi, last year.

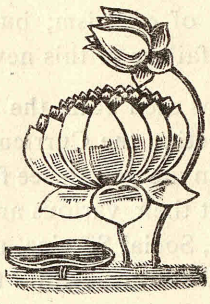
Excursions are a "must" where extra-curricular activities are concerned. During the Dasara vacation, we escorted an excursion party from our College to the nerve-centre of Indian trade and commerce—Calcutta. The fact that the students enjoyed their sojourn in that busy city is well attested to by a couple of snaps published in the magazine. Outings like these somehow help students to come back to their books with greater zest and enthusiasm. This is evident from the brilliant results obtained by them in the Intermediate and Degree examinations.

A distinguished visitor to our College was the gifted singer, Mrs. G. Obling, wife of the Danish Education Minister. Recently we were afforded the golden opportunity of watching the famous Shakespeareana Troupe under the leadership of

Mr. Geoffrey Kendall perform "Twelfth Night" on our College stage, at special concession rates. The play which was delightfully enacted, was thoroughly enjoyed by one and all.

Our cup of joy was full to the brim when just over a month ago, we were honoured by a visit from the Apostolic Internuncio, His Excellency the Most Rev. James Robert Knox. His Excellency was very happy to meet us, and showed a keen interest in the work we are doing.

We hope that in the coming years we will have the good fortune to witness more and more of the latent talents of our girls blossoming forth into flowers of genius. Time, and their efforts, will make this dream a reality. A merry Christmas and a joyous New Year in anticipation, to our readers, friends, and well-wishers. We are sure you will find the Recipe for a Happy New Year on Page 94 of this number, very stimulating, perhaps thought-provoking, but above all, practical!



MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1956—'57

(Presented on Guardians' Day, under the Presidentship of SRI V. VENKATAPPA, Minister for Education, Government of Mysore)

Sir, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen.

We present to you our Annual report for the Academic year 1956—'57.

STRENGTH OF THE COLLEGE

The strength of the College was 623 at the commencement of the year and 591 at the end of it.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS

Examination	No. appeared	No. passing in all parts at the first attempt	Passing by Parts I	II	III
Intermediate Arts	80	65	71	76	67
Intermediate Science	119	53	95	105	59
B.A.,	52	26	36	48	29
B.Sc.,	31	3	26	30	4

DISTINCTIONS GAINED

	Parts	Ranks	First Class	Second Class
B.A.,	I	1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, & 10th	1	7
	II	2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, & 9th	7	13
	III	2nd, 4th, 7th, & 10th	2	8
B.Sc.,	I	4th	—	2
	II	2nd, 3rd & 6th	5	10
	III	—	—	10
Inter. Arts		2nd, 7th, 9th		

6 students gained a class in all three parts of the B. A., degree Examination and 16 of the 30 ranks of the B. A., degree Examination were gained by our students.

* COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

	Class Strength	No. Passed	Percentage Passed
Intermediate Arts	100	100	100
Intermediate Science	141	141	100
B.A.,	59	59	100
B.Sc.,	23	23	100

* Some Students of the Intermediate section were required to do a re-examination before promotion could be decided, but were granted promotion by the University, in view of the fact that the Intermediate was being replaced by the pre-University Course.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR

The various associations functioned well and several of our students participated in the Inter-Collegiate and Inter-University competitions, with success, as detailed below :—

(a) Writing, Debate and Speech Contests

All India Radio Broadcast	Quiz against Central College	Mount Carmel won by 3 points.
Maharaja of Mysore Thevaram Contest 1956	Recitation of Tamil Slokas	Won by B. M. Brinda I U. C.
Ramnarayan College of Commerce	All India Debate in English	Geetha Krishnaswamy best speaker in Intermediate Section
United Nations Day	Speech Contest conducted by the City Corporation	Geetha Krishnaswamy won the 2nd Prize
United Nations Day	Essay contest by the University of Mysore.	2nd Prize won by Seetha Ganapathy 3rd Prize by Shobhana Madhavan
All India Radio Madras	Listening survey of Bangalore	5 students of this College were selected to form a 15 Women team.
New York Herald Tribune Forum	Essay Contest	Teresa Mascarenhas of the Senior Intermediate adjudged the best among women candidates of Mysore.
Sree Krishnarajendra Technological Institute	Debate	Eva Gomes won the 4th Prize.
Tilak Centenary	Essay Contest conducted by St. Joseph's College. Bangalore	Coral Fanderlinden of the Senior Degree Class was awarded the single consolation Prize.
Maharaja's College Mysore	Inter-Collegiate debate in Hindi	Won by Narendra Kaur and V. Hemelatha

Our students also participated in the Inter-University Youth Festival, Delhi.

(b) INTER-COLLEGE, INTER-UNIVERSITY & NATIONAL SPORTS

M. G. Sreenivasan Memorial Tournaments, Athletics & Games	Mount Carmel won the trophy for Athletics for the 6th year in succession. We also won the trophy for games.
Prasanna Kumar Tournament	Mount Carmel Winner, winning also the Individual Championship (Deanna Syme) in both the above-mentioned meets.

Inter-University Athletic Meet, at Calcutta	Mysore Women's Team in which four of our students played, won the distinction of being "Runners up" with 19 points as against Bombay 25 points.
Madras State Meet	Deanna Syme won the Individual Championship.
Mysore State Meet	Deanna Syme won the Individual Championship.
National Games held at Bangalore, 1957.	Four of our students were included in the Mysore Women's team of seven.

(c) NATIONAL CADET CORPS

Our Unit of 30 Cadets officered by 2nd Lt. M. V. Leela, B.Sc., of this College participated in the various ceremonial parades of the year and also in Social Service Camps held at Kumsi and Araseekere.

For lack of ground our Cadets have their weekly parades at the Maharani's College.

(d) SOCIAL SERVICE

Our League still, worked in the adjoining small village of Vasanthnagar and Dobspet. We are indebted to His Grace, Archbishop of Bangalore, for generous supplies of milk powder and butter oil, from U.S.A., which are veritable boons to the poor. There was a Children's Day at the end of the year, when the village children enjoyed a programme of Sports and received prizes and food.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Religious Instruction is provided daily for the Catholic students, during the noon interval. This includes a study circle once a week, on important moral and social subjects. We are affiliated to the All India Catholic University Students Federation. Once a year an examination in Religion is conducted by the Xavier Board of Higher Education.

EXAMINATION IN RELIGION 1957

	Appeared	First Class	Second Class	Passed	Percentage
Degree	6	1	1	2	68
Intermediate	20	12	3	5	100

DISTINCTIONS GAINED

2nd Rank in Degree Section	—	—	Coral Fanderlinden
3rd Rank in Intermediate	—	—	Keyna D'Souza Prabhu

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Moral Science is provided for non-Catholic students, once a week to each class. Examinations are held and prizes awarded, by the College.

DEVELOPMENTS & EXPENDITURE

(a) SCHOLARSHIPS, FREE-STUDENTSHIPS & OTHER FEE CONCESSIONS.

		No. of Holders
(1)	Government and University Scholarships (including merit Scholarships)	84
(2)	Free-studentships	111
(3)	Half-Freeships	30
(4)	Free Canteen	7
(5)	Help towards education and books	27

EQUIPMENT

1,117 Volumes were added to the Library. The expenditure on books, science equipment and furniture was Rs. 12,516—9—6.

BUILDINGS

A sum of Rs. 70,244—10—3 was expended on the re-construction and extension of this College Hall and construction of a library hall above, a laboratory for Botany and the completion of cement-concreting of the roads and pavements of the main building. Towards buildings and expenditure on equipment, grant-in-aid to the extent of Rs. 25,000/- was received.

We have in view the early introduction of new courses, including Home Science. The Physics—Chemistry—Biology combination will be introduced in June 1958.

Space being inadequate for the provision of games, sports and physical training of our students, we have been negotiating with the Trust-Board and the Government since 1953 for the grant or sale to us of land, on the plain facing us and hope we shall be able to record the conclusion of the matter, in our next report.

Before we conclude, we beg to tender our most grateful thanks to you, Sir, for so kindly accepting our invitation to preside tonight.

Thanking you, respected Sir, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your kind attention to this report.

Yours in service,

(Sd.) Sister M. Antoinette,

Principal

for the Management

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1956—1957

Religion (Senior)
Coral Fanderlinden

Religion (Junior)
Keyna D'Souza Prabhu

HOSTEL
Maya B. Menon

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Junior Inter. — V. Hemalatha
Senior Inter. — M. A. Singammal
Junior Degree — Sheila Naidu
Senior Degree — Vimala Nair

English

Junior Inter. — Rukmini Varma
Senior Inter. — Dharanija
Junior Degree — Sheila Naidu
Senior Degree — Vimala Nair

Part III History & Other Optionals

Shobana Madhavan
M. A. Singammal
Sheila Naidu
K. S. Padma

Part III (Contd.)

Inter. P.C.M.

Junior — Mariam Chacko
Senior — Asmath Khatoon

Inter. C.B.Z.

Ranee Aseervadam
Seetha Ganapathy

B.Sc.,

Junior — C. V. Sarasa
Senior — V. Sudha

Part II (Languages)

Sanskrit

Senior Inter. — L. S. Sudha
Senior Degree — M. Sita

Kannada

M. A. Nirmala
K. S. Padma

Tamil

Senior Inter. — M. K. Ratna
Senior Degree — V. Pankajam

Urdu

Dilshad Khannan
Javida Khatoon

Hindi

Senior Inter. — M. A. Singammal
Senior Degree — V. Sudha

Telugu

G. R. Rani
K. Kusuma Kumari

French

Senior Inter. — Geetha Krishnaswamy
Senior Degree — Nalini Mallia

FOR RANK IN UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS—1957

B.A., Degree Examination

Part I

1 K. S. Padma
2 Vimala Nair
4 Coral Fanderlinden
5 V. Pankajam
6 Uma Devi
7 R. Gita Bai & V. Rathna
10 M. Sitha

Part II

2 Coral Fanderlinden
3 Pauline Motha
5 Ramani Cheryan
6 V. Pankajam
9 Nazira Begum

Part III

2 V. Rathna
4 M. Sitha
7 K. S. Padma
10 T. R. Brunda Kumari

B.Sc. Degree

4 Nalini Mallia

2 Nalini Mallia
3 Nalini Rao, K
6 Monisha Lahiri

FOR RANK IN INTERMEDIATE ARTS EXAMINATION

2 Geetha Krishnaswamy
7 M. A. Singammal
9 Philomena Mascarenhas

We are very grateful to the following donors of prizes :—

The late Dr. C. L. Joseph
Mr. Joseph Chowriappa
Mr. B. G. Shantappa

Sister M. Antoinette
Principal

September 3, 1957

PRESS NOTES

Bangalore Sept. 3.

Mr. V. Venkatappa, Minister for Education, emphasised here today the need for private agencies to come forward to expand the field of higher education. " When private agencies come forward to establish such colleges, the State will, I dare say, give them liberal aid," he added.

The Minister for Education was speaking at the " Guardians' Day " of the Mount Carmel College. The large and distinguished gathering included His Grace Dr. Pothacamury, Archbishop of Bangalore, Mr. Jeenabhai Davidoss, Mayor, Mr. John D'Sa, Chief Electrical Engineer, and Mr. T. Siddalingiah.

Mr. Venkatappa, paying handsome compliments to the staff and students of the college, said : " Your college, which came into existence in comparatively recent years, has already earned very wide recognition and popularity by virtue of the high standard of work maintained by you in curricular and extra-curricular activities. It is very creditable that the girls of this college should have swept the boards both in the university examinations and in the field of sports."

Stressing the need for the right type of education to the future citizens, Mr. Venkatappa said : " The energies we devote for the spread of higher education of women will largely determine the future of our country. It is common knowledge that in a country where educational progress has been backward in the past for obvious reasons, women's education was not given the importance it deserved. It is my earnest desire that such institutions of higher learning exclusively devoted to the training of our girls should spring up all over the country."

Mr. Venkatappa said the Government was committed to the policy of introducing compulsory primary education all over the country and therefore for some considerable time to come they might have to divert most of their resources for achieving the goal of universal compulsory primary education. In such circumstances, " the expansion in the field of higher education will have to be largely the outcome of private initiative. When private agencies come forward to establish such colleges, the State will I dare say, give them liberal aid." The Education Minister felt convinced that good work done in the field of education by private agencies with the object of service alone would attract the liberal sympathy and enthusiastic support of the public and the State.

Referring to the type of teachers the country needs for its educational rehabilitation, the Education Minister said " the teaching profession has been described as the most pious and the least rewarded of all the vocations. For the vast majority of men and women, it has no promise of wealth or fame, but they, to whom it is dear for its own sake, are among the nobility of mankind."

He cited the Mount Carmel College as a concrete instance of such a band of devotees and selfless workers. The Minister was all praise for the staff and students of the college.

Sister M. Antoinette, Principal, presented the annual report and the Education Minister distributed the prizes. In the report, particular reference was made about the inadequacy of space for the provision of games, sports and athletics of their students and their incomplete negotiation with the Trust Board and the Government since 1953 for the grant or sale of land, on the plain facing the College.

The delightful programme of the evening included a Kannada farce by name "Too much married " and some scenes from Shakespeare's " Hamlet."

DECCAN HERALD

Guardians' Day at Mount Carmel College

Bangalore, Sept. 3, 1957

"It is generally said that those who are good in sports are poor in studies, but the students of this College have amply demonstrated that a healthy mind and healthy body go together. I shall follow the activities of your college with great interest", declared Sri V. Venkatappa, Minister for Education, presiding over the Guardians' Day celebrations of Mount Carmel College for women, the outstanding women's college of Bangalore, this evening.

The annual report, read by the Principal, Rev. Sister M. Antoinette, disclosed the brilliant results obtained in the University examinations — 6 students gained a class in all the three parts of B.A., and 16 out of the 30 ranks of the same examination were gained by the students of this college. In the extra-curricular activities also, the college won many distinctions both in literary and athletic contests.

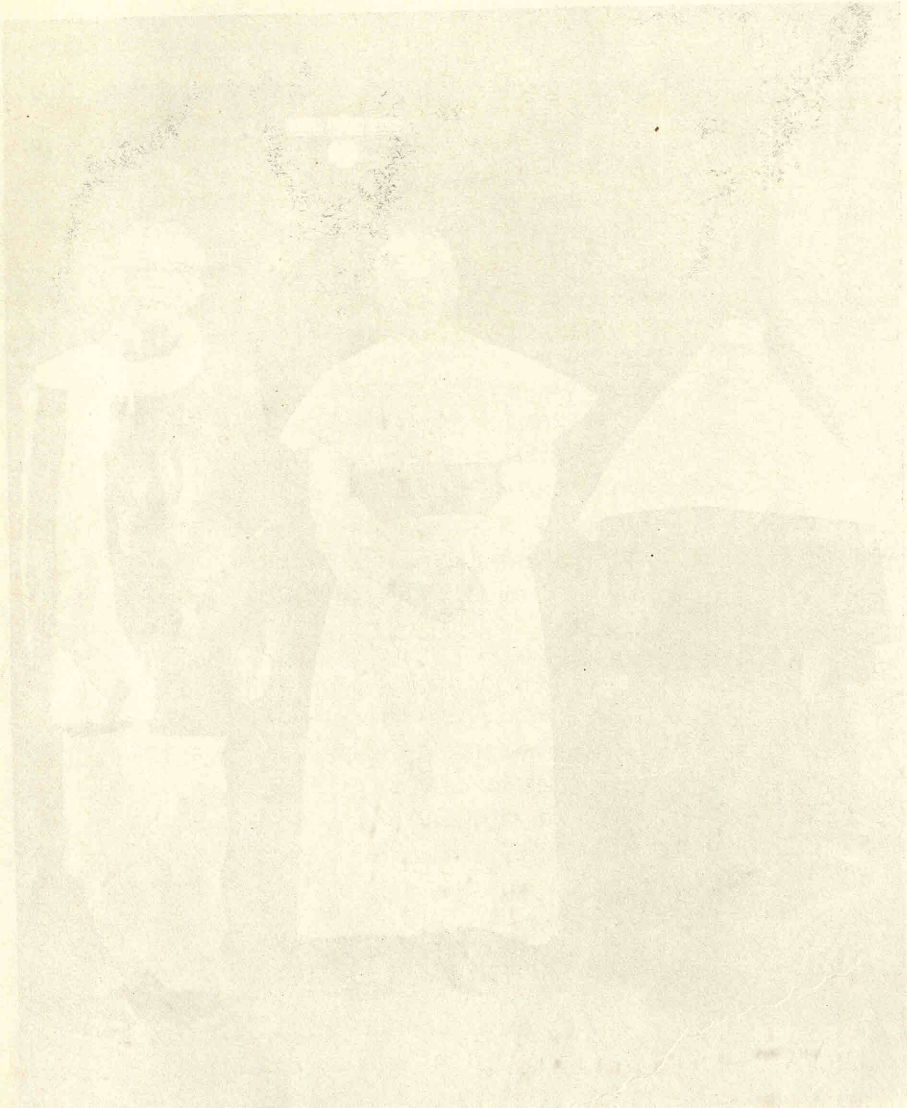
After distributing the prizes to the students, the Minister for Education said: "It is indeed my great pleasure to preside over what you have called the Guardians' Day of this premier institution of higher learning for girls in Mysore. Your college, which came into existence in comparatively recent years, has already earned very wide recognition and popularity by virtue of the high standard of work maintained by you in curricular and extra-curricular activities. It is very creditable that the girls of this college should have earned laurels both in University examinations and in the field of sports."

"After attainment of freedom, the question of the right type of education to our future citizens has become very important, and the attention we pay and the energies we devote for spreading higher education of women will largely determine the future of our country. It is a matter of common knowledge that in a country where educational progress has been backward in the past for obvious reasons, women's education was not given the importance it deserved. It is my earnest desire that such institutions of higher learning exclusively devoted for training of girls should come up all over the country. We are now adopting the policy of introducing compulsory primary education all over the country, and therefore, for some considerable time to come, we might have to divert most of our resources for achieving the goal of compulsory university education. In such circumstances, the expansion of the field of education will have to be largely the outcome of private initiative. When private agencies come forward to establish such colleges, the State will, I dare say, give them liberal aid. I am convinced that the good work done in the field by private agencies, with the objective of service alone, will attract the liberal sympathy and enthusiastic support of the public and the State. I am becoming more and more convinced that the right type of teacher is a most important factor in any scheme of educational rehabilitation. The teaching profession has been described as the most pious, but the least rewarded of all professions.

Distinguished Visitors to Mount Carmel
on
Guardians' Day



Our Very Rev. Mother General, His Grace the Archbishop of Bangalore,
and Sri V. Venkatappa, Minister for Education,
Government of Mysore.



" We have before us in the Mount Carmel College the concrete instance of a band of devoted and zealous workers. (Cheers). The girls who have contributed to the success of this college in such an eminent way are also to be congratulated on their studious habits as well as their achievements in sports. (Cheers). May the same high standard of devoted work with excellence as your ideal be pursued with ever-increasing zeal and ardour, and the reward I have referred to earlier will be bountifully showered upon you by Almighty God."

The students of the college put on boards a farce in Kannada, and scenes from " Hamlet " in English. The Indian Ballet Dance which brought out in bold relief the cultural advancement of India, proved to be the high-light of the evening's function.

Among those present were the Mayor of the Corporation of Bangalore, and His Grace Archbishop Thomas Pothacamury of Bangalore. Many Government Officers and leading businessmen whose children are studying in the College, were also present.

" THE NEW LEADER "
J. R. V. K.

In Appreciation of our Annual 1956

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
PONDICHERRY
29–11–1956

DEAR REV. SISTER,

Thank you very much for the Copy of the College Annual you have been kind enough to send me. I just glanced at the University Examination Results and, if they have a tongue at all, they speak very well of both the Staff and the Students. Excelsior !

With best wishes, blessings,

Yours sincerely in Christ,
+ R. AMBROSE,
Archbishop of Pondicherry.

VERY REV. MGR. W. M. TEXEIRA
PARISH PRIEST

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH
CHAMARAJPET, BANGALORE 2.
28—11—1956

DEAR REV. MOTHER,

I thank you very much for your College Annual. I couldn't set it aside till I had a cursory glance of the whole of it. I was very pleased with the contributions in Tamil and Kannada, and I went through the little article " A Friend's Adieu " and was very impressed.

May God bless your Institutions and all your activities specially at Sidapur and Somwarpet.

Sincerely Yours,
W. M. TEXEIRA

6, ALI ASKER ROAD
BANGALORE 1
27—11—'56

DEAR REV. MOTHER,

Kindly accept my best thanks for your beautiful Annual of Mount Carmel College, and other schools in Mysore State — I was stationed in Mariapura for three years 1939—1941—I always wished there had been a convent there — I see it is now one of your institutions.

With my best thanks
Yours sincerely,
(Rev. Father) L. P. SCHEMBRY

"THE NEW LEADER,"
14, St. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL ROAD,
MADRAS-6.
30th November 1956.

DEAR REV. MOTHER,

I thank you for your kindness in favouring me with a copy of your excellent Annual, so full of varied and delightful reading. It is a tribute to the excellence of the education and character formation imparted in your progressive college.

I hope from next year Mount Carmel will have its own magazine, and a separate one will be issued for the high schools conducted by your Institute .....

Thanking you, and with every good wish,

I am,
Yours sincerely in Our Lord,
(Rev. Father) J. E. De SOUZA

V. GOPALASWAMI AIENGAR, M.A.
RETD. REGISTRAR,
MYSORE UNIVERSITY,

589, SAJJAN RAO ROAD,
VISVESVARAPURAM, BANGALORE 4.
29—11—1956

DEAR REV. SISTER,

I acknowledge with grateful thanks the receipt of Mount Carmel's Annual 1956. Unless my memory is short, I should say that the magazine seems to improve year after year, thus keeping pace with the results of the College.

Permit me to congratulate the Editorial Board on the excellent get-up and the choice of articles, and to wish the college all prosperity.

With regards
Yours sincerely,
V. GOPALASWAMI



Sugarcane - Its Role in the Agricultural Economy of India

Miss C. V. ELIZABETH, M.Sc.,

The position of sugarcane as a money crop and also a rotational crop in the agricultural economy of the country is of vital importance and requires serious attention on the part of all concerned. With this industry are interwoven the fortune of 20 million growers, about 20,000 factory labourers, a large number of trade and subsidiary operators connected with this industry. The States of Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Punjab, Bombay, Andhra and Madras constitute the more important sugar growing States where the crop has acquired a position of importance.

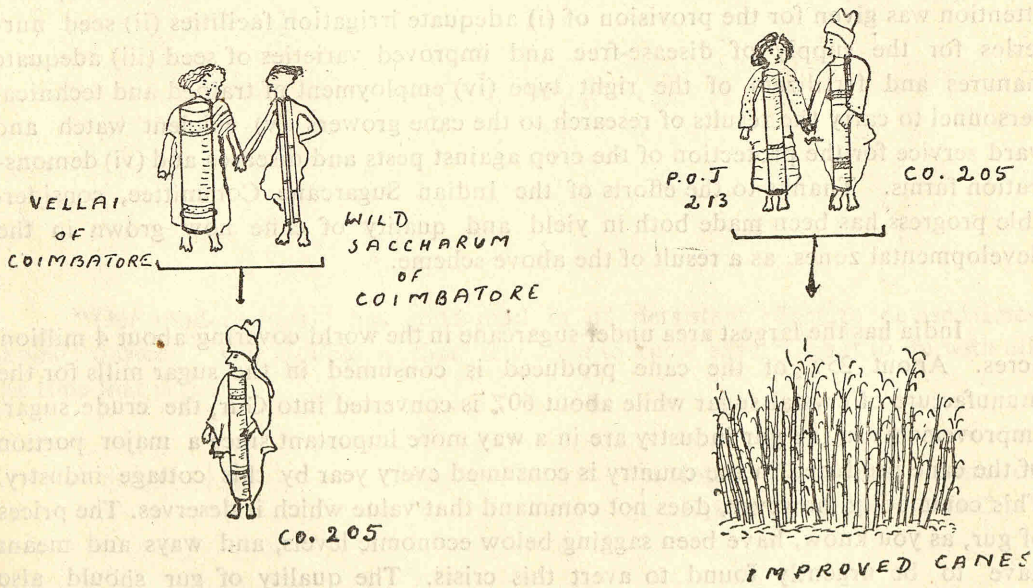
Sugarcane, a self introducing plant presumes a baffling problem regarding its origin. Agronomists, Horticulturists, Agriculturists and Botanists, the world over, have not reached any conclusive stage as to be able to say its age even in approximate terms. In a fine review on sugarcane, Mangelsdorf (1950) writes that the " Cultivation of sugarcane in India and Indonesia antedates recorded history. The western world first learned of sugarcane during the campaign of Alexander the Great. In 327 B.C. Nearchus, an officer in Alexander's army, wrote that the barbarians beyond the Indus were able to make honey from the sap of a honey-bearing reed, without the help of bees. In the eighth century, sugarcane reached Spain and in the fifteenth century it spread to Madeira, the Azores and Cape Verde Islands. The end of the seventeenth century found sugarcane well distributed throughout the tropical world."



The genus Saccharum belongs to the family graminae and comprises a group of perennial grasses ranging from slender wild forms, a few feet tall to large cultivated forms that attain a length of thirty or more feet and a diameter of more than three inches. The inflorescence of sugarcane is a silky panicle called the Tassel, which varies in size considerably depending upon the species and varieties. Each Tassel bears many small spikelets arranged in pairs on the branches. Each spikelet contains a bisexual flower with three anthers and a single ovary surmounted by two plume-like stigmas. The spikelet is subtended by a whorl of long silky hairs which spread out to enable the seed to float in the air for wind dissemination.

At the beginning of the current century, India was valued as a steady and important customer as she regularly imported white sugar, then from Java, to the tune of almost three quarters of a million tons as sugar and sugar derivatives. The country's patriots thought that something should be done to save for the country, this valuable cash and rotational

crop. It was soon found that the main handicap lay in the poor varieties of sugarcane grown over the sugarcane belt of India. It was also found that the climate and other growing conditions of sugarcane cultivation in the country's sugarcane belt were extremely difficult and many of the imported canes failed to prove useful to India. The difficult climatic conditions for growing sugarcane directed the attention of the early workers to seek parents which might produce hybrids capable of growing even under unfavourable conditions. Though interspecific hybrids in plants were not widely known at that time, an attempt was made to cross the cultivated sugarcane with somewhat wild members of the genus in the hope that they may ultimately prove of some use. The cross was first made between a thick sugarcane, vellai, of Coimbatore and a grass belonging to the same genus as sugarcane, Saccharum spontaneum, for the eradication of which from the cultivator's fields the Government departments have been spending large sums in Madhya Pradesh and Bhopal. The plants of the F_1 generation gave the first commercial seedling cane of Coimbatore—Co. 205. This cane had the combined resistance to drought and water-logging, characters apparently derived from the grass plant. Practically, all the improved Coimbatore varieties today have the blood of this weed grass in them. Further crosses were made between these first Co. canes and Java canes, one of the resulting hybrids Co. 213 along with two others Co. 210 and Co. 214 proved the sheet of anchor for renovating the then defunct plantation in Bihar and turning them into sugarcane farms. The Co. canes are found in many sugarcane growing countries of the world and the breeding work has saved for the country an annual drain of 15 to 20 crores



of Rupees and losing position of a useful rotational crop. Saccharum shows a very peculiar feature of the intergeneric fertility. Recently intergeneric crosses have been tried in this country. The cross between Saccharum and Sorghum has shown the possiblity of reducing the duration of the crop considerably.

Continuous research in sugarcane cultivation conducted at various centres ever since the Indian Council of Agricultural Research and later, after the establishment of the Indian Central Sugarcane Committee in 1944, has played an important role in the development of this industry. Some of the prominent varieties evolved at Coimbatore have even spread to other countries and at present occupy a significant place in their agricultural economy. The improved varieties of cane have slowly and steadily replaced the low-yielding and poor quality canes. At present over 95 percent of the sugar area in the country is under improved varieties of cane. Although numerous improved varieties of sugarcane possessing the characters high yield, disease, pest and frost resistance and high sugar-content have been evolved, the average acre yield of cane in this country has unfortunately remained at a low level due to several reasons. The cane growers could not provide adequate quantities of manures and fertilizers and higher doses of irrigation water, so essential for the proper growth of such improved varieties. Unsatisfactory rotations and the practice of repeating cane after cane in small holdings by the average cultivator also contributed to low acre yields.

In order to carry the results of sugarcane research to the doors of the cane growers and to increase the production of sugarcane by intensive methods of cultivation, especially in the factory zones, the Indian Central Sugarcane Committee initiated a Five-year Sugarcane Development Scheme in 1948-49 in the States of Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Punjab, Bombay, Madras, West Bengal and Orissa. In this scheme special attention was given for the provision of (i) adequate irrigation facilities (ii) seed nurseries for the supply of disease-free and improved varieties of seed (iii) adequate manures and fertilizers of the right type (iv) employment of trained and technical personnel to carry the results of research to the cane growers (v) efficient watch and ward service for the protection of the crop against pests and diseases and (vi) demonstration farms. Thanks to the efforts of the Indian Sugarcane Committee, considerable progress has been made both in yield and quality of cane now grown in the developmental zones, as a result of the above scheme.

India has the largest area under sugarcane in the world covering about 4 million acres. About 25% of the cane produced is consumed in the sugar mills for the manufacture of crystal sugar while about 60% is converted into Gur, the crude sugar. Improvements in the gur industry are in a way more important since a major portion of the cane produced in the country is consumed every year by this cottage industry. This commodity, however, does not command that value which it deserves. The prices of gur, as you know, have been sagging below economic levels, and ways and means have to be urgently found to avert this crisis. The quality of gur should also improve, and better methods of its storage should be evolved with a view to obtain a more remunerative price for the gur-manufacturer, who in most cases, is the cane-grower himself. The Government attaches great importance to the development of gur industry, on which depends the prosperity of a large majority of our cultivations.

Sugarcane forms the second major industry of our country. Besides being a chief source of sugar in the east, the fibre bagasse (residue left after juice extraction) is used as fuel and more recently in the manufacture of wall board, particularly of the insulating type. The molasses (which remains after sucrose has been recovered) forms the stock-feed. It is preferred to fine sugar in the fermentation industries for the manufacture of rum, industrial alcohol, Butanol, Glycerol and acetone. Another recent development is the recovery of Aconitic acid from sugarcane juice which is used in the plastic industry.

Considering the importance of the sugarcane industry in the economy of India, a large sum of Rs. 5 crores has been set apart by the Government during the Second Five year plan. Brilliant results obtained from the previous researches on the plant offer great possibilities.

"Our modern world has gone mad in its persistent effort to devise 'time-saving' devices. The trouble is that few seem to know exactly what to do with all the time that is saved."

(Mother Catherine Thomas of
Divine Providence. D.C.)

RADIO INTERVIEW

Many people have asked me to relate my experiences as a radio-interviewer. As I either could not find the time or was not satisfied with the brief answers I gave them, I hereby take the opportunity of relating the same through the medium of our magazine.

For the first time in Bangalore, the radio authorities planned to send out young ladies to different parts of the city to interview radio-owning families, with a view to obtaining an insight into their likes and dislikes, as regards the programmes broadcast over the air, especially from the local station. The idea underlying the interview was to give the citizens better and fuller programmes than before.

Following a notice sent round to the local institutions, 30 to 40 young ladies turned up at the A. I. R. Station in the city, dressed in gay, eye-catching colours, with a view to impress ! Then followed an interview of the interviewers, which resulted in the selection of fifteen girls, out of which number, six were from Mount Carmel and one from Maharani's.

For one week following, we were trained for two hours a day for our work, at the R. C. College of Commerce. In this enlightening week, we were taught different ways to get round different kinds of people, as also how best to get them to talk sincerely about the various broadcasts ; for, this interview was to be a novel experience in Bangalore and there was every likelihood of our work being misunderstood by the general public. To avoid unpleasant scenes, each one of us was provided with certificates, Identification and visiting cards from the A. I. R. Station, explaining the nature of our work. We were also provided with stacks of printed sheets which were to be filled with the necessary data regarding the number of stations listened to at different units of time, and the nature of the programmes. From this data, the tastes of the people were to be gauged. In order that no part of Bangalore should go unrepresented, a cross-section of the city was taken, care being taken to choose people from every stratum of society. Two persons, above 18, were to be interviewed in each house in such a way as to list an equal number of men and women each day.

So, on Monday morning, October 15th, with barely a week's training behind us, we set out on our separate ways with apprehension gnawing at our hearts—for this was not only a novel experience for both the interviewer and the interviewed, but we could not know also what reception would be accorded us in different homes.

Each day brought in fresh experiences to every one of us. Through this interview, we were afforded rare opportunities of coming across people of varying ages, dispositions, and characters. Sometimes we were received with all the warmth and sincerity of fellow-feeling. At other times, our reception was cold and suspicious.



Students of the Senior B.A. Class, March 1957

(Please see Page 1 for Results)

Sixth from the Left, 2nd Row standing is K. S. Padma, I Class in Part I, and 1st Rank

As an example in point, I may write of one particular home, where I was not let off without partaking of refreshments, and the very next house where I was mistaken for a spy! If it had not been for my certificate, together with a special effort on my part to act friendly, I would perhaps have been thrown out by the scruff of my neck! Almost all of us had some such experience.

My work was not altogether without its lighter side. One particular home, I remember, housed only two members. After interviewing the lady, I asked for the "Lord of the house." Being a very shy person, he refused to come out to be interviewed. So, I promptly chased him round the house until I got him to answer my questions! Then again, there is the case of the sweet old gentleman who wanted to adopt me as his daughter! Only after the extraction of a promise that I would pay regular visits to his place did he let go of me very reluctantly!

Thus in every house we met people of diverse tastes and occupations. In some houses, we came across the older generation, not quite catching up with the spirit of novelty, while in other houses, we met the younger generation who, on hearing of the new and bold step we were taking, came all out to help us carry on our work smoothly. Thus, in spite of the many odds against us, we managed to make many friends in the course of our work, so adding pleasure to duty. Exactly one week later, we wound up our work, feeling that during this short period, we had learnt more about life and people than we had ever done in all the years behind us.

SHEILA NAIDU
IV U.C.

A HOLIDAY IN THE HILLS

The last sultry days in the classroom had slowly dragged to a close and with a sigh of relief, Milton and Donne were laid on the shelf. A delightful holiday in Kotagiri loomed large on the horizon. Soon plans and preparations were under way while longings grew daily more intense at the tales of wonder unfolded by returned holiday makers. At last boxes, bags and baskets were piled high and stored away and we leaned back in our corner seat in the train, to enjoy in anticipation the delights now so near. The evening sun cast a rich glow over city and countryside as greetings speeded us on our way. Hour after hour we watched the changing sky till blue darkness merged into the greyness of dawn. The rising sun smiled in welcome as we boarded the bus on the last lap of our journey.

Already at an altitude of 2000 feet the air was fresh and invigorating enabling us to enjoy more intensely the beauty surrounding us. Soon the town lay far below in the valley and the serpentine road we had just travelled stretched ribbon-like across the plain. Rolling pastures fell away to the horizon, broken here by cultivated fields, there, by a wooded slope or a tiny village. Further on a cluster of houses, with their white walls gleaming beneath red roofs lay perched on the rising hillside, while clouds floated lazily overhead. Around the next bend on our right rose hill after hill, visible above the sparkling granite cliffs along the roadside. The keenness of the air told us of the nearness of our journey's end. Yes, in the distance there lay Kotagiri nestling among the cloud-capped hills.

The air was flavoured with the scent of blue-gums while its sharpness cut like a knife. Gone was the lethargy of the plains and we felt a new zest for living. Further exploration would have to wait for the morrow as we now headed for "home". The pervading calm of the atmosphere, broken only by twittering songsters, recalled these words of the poet: " O Solitude *here* are the charms

Which sages have seen in thy face."

The two-mile walk from the town was a pleasure not to be easily forgotten. Sometimes a deep abyss sank on either side, while below, fields and houses resembled a child's playthings. Our path took us through the forest, that home of wonder and mystery.

Tired and happy we reached our would-be dwelling. Perched on a hill it commanded a beautiful view. The villa, situated in semi-circular garden, was bordered by flowers then in full bloom. Beyond this lay a valley partly hidden by tall, slender blue gums, while mountains and hills shrouded in purple and blue swept the horizon. The setting sun in this background was a joy to be experienced rather than discussed. The evening of our arrival was spent in exploring every nook and cranny of our pretty little home and all too soon it was night and time for "rest on the hills." The thick darkness was broken only by a twinkling light down in the valley or a lone star in the sky.

Then followed eventful days of walks in glen and forest, mountaineering, flower and fruit gathering. All nature co-operated to make each day more enjoyable and

interesting than the previous one. It was thrilling to set out each morning, when the weather was favourable, for those long tramps through the silent forest, stopping only to admire a running squirrel peep at us from behind a branch.

Real adventures were not wanting as, for example, the day we lost our bearings miles from anywhere. Longing for variety and unwilling to climb the steep wooded hill we had just descended, we sought to encircle it and thus reach home. Alas ! miles of road, crowded by smiling shandy-visitors brought us to a **cul-de-sac**. Having traversed a large neat tea plantation we reached another hill, climbed it with difficulty and from its rocky summit could see beauty on all sides but never a familiar landmark. On arriving at its foot once more, our path led through one of the many villages perched on the hillsides in the Nilgiris. What a welcome ! Men, women and children were there to greet us with smiles and salaams. An escort of children finally got us on the right road. Tumbling waterfalls and murmuring brooks supplied the final thrill on our homeward way. By then glow worms with their sparkling jewels danced the "fairy reel" with elves and pixies in the forest ballroom, while the stars above twinkled in merriment. For us it was the end of a perfect day, the memory of which still remains.

Nor must I forget those evenings by the crackling log-fire. Shadows leaped and danced in the dusky room while icy rain tapped on the window panes and white mists blurred the landscape. Song and story, wit and laughter were the joyous accompaniment of familiar indoor games. The family atmosphere which reigned there was very touching and the final moments spent in the silent company of Our Greatest Friend completed the happiness in all hearts.

Meeting the neighbours provided a source of valuable and interesting knowledge. We had much to learn from the vast and sometimes breath-taking experiences of an old veteran of the hills. Panthers, jackals and cobras were no longer to be the dreaded enemies we had imagined, while bulbuls and other pretty little birds chirped in friendly fashion about us. The simplicity of the inhabitants was very striking and chats with the quiet-voiced shikari initiated us into highland and forest ways.

All too soon the days fled. Clearer than hill or tree-tops June 24th loomed on the horizon. Reluctantly we set out to face the "travail and the heat" of another academic year. This holiday was a lyric movement between two storm clouds of study and examination. It was a bright memory to be recalled in future days when the petty annoyances of daily routine would endeavour to rob us of our peace of soul — which brought to mind a verse read somewhere

"And whenever I feel the sweltering heat
The Kotagiri spell comes surging back,
And subtle scent that is bitter-sweet
Stirs a dream that makes my pulses beat.
Oh ! just for a moment to set my feet
On a Kotagiri track !"

S. M. P.
IV U. C.

Crossing The College Gate

(after the manner of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar")

Morning! The College bus horn,
And one clear call for me!
I doubt if there'll be moaning, when I'm gone
Quite far from home to be.

Yet all the teachers to *me* seem asleep,
For, day-dreams hinder hearing;
And all my thoughts which wander, run and leap,
Are homeward nearing.

Last hour and then.....the bell!
Then rush for the bus!
And God knows just how many times I fell —
No time to discuss!!

For though the bus does go with speedy pace,
The miles seem not to abate;
I long to see my tea-pot face to face
When I have crost the gate.

PRAMILLA SARMA
P.U.C.

A College Girl

Her High School she passed with a mumble and groan,
From her father a murmur, her mother, a moan.
Now to enter a college was the problem to solve,
To bear up all troubles it would involve.
Her permission was evasive, but she set to think
What group she'd take. O ! her heart did sink !
Chemistry she loathed—all the acids to smell ?
And dissecting animals, she feared, would make her yell.
As for Botany, she didn't know one flower from another,
" So C.B.Z. wouldn't do! " she cried out, " Bother !"
Now Physics taught all about reflection and refraction
But **that** her mental ability did not sanction.
Mathematics to her, was a juggling of numbers ;
The figures scared her, as they danced in her slumbers !
P. C. M. was beyond her mental faculties.
But this phase of argument simply did not cease.
Her reiteration of a king's name made him turn in his grave.
As for Economics, well ! grandma knew best how to save.
Logic ? well women are..... ...illogical ! so why study it ..... ?
H. E. L. ?! — and in strode the sister of this idiot !
" If I were a housewife, 'twould be my pride,
The best of all housewives to be !" she cried.
This seemed a somewhat shocking advice,
But it stopped all thinking—there was no other device.
Almost at once her father came in, full of glee,
" You **must** go to College, my child !" quoth he.
No wonder the girl seemed so stupefied !
" Oh God help me !" she involuntarily cried !!

PRAMILLA SARMA

BHARATHA-NATYAM

India is a store-house of Dances. There is a very rich variety of Folk-dances in almost all parts of the country. Some of the chief systems of classical dance have developed from Folk art. Among the many popular dances of India, Bharatha-Natyam is very famous.

Bharatha-Natyam is a vigorous type of dance. In days past, this dance was performed only by the class of people known as the 'Deva-Dasis'; but in recent years, it is performed by all people irrespective of caste or creed. In olden days, Bharatha-Natyam was only done in small pieces and there was no designed programme set up before a performance. The four illustrious brothers of Tanjore—Ponniah, Chinnayya, Sivanandam and Vadivelu, were responsible for a thorough reorganisation of the items of a performance and what we see today in a full Bharatha-Natyam recital is the arrangement that was evolved by these Nattuvanars or Teachers of dancing. They were very famous musicians as well. Since then, the performance usually starts with an invocational song sung by the Nattuvanar, then proceeds Alarippu; then follow Jethi-Swaram, Sabdam and Varnam. After an interval of a few minutes the concert is resumed with Padams. Then follow Javalis and Thillana. The concert usually ends with a Slokam.

Alarippu is the piece when the Danseuse is introduced to the audience. This actually means decorating with flowers. There are numerous neck movements and the limbs move in harmony with the back-ground music.

Jethi-Swaram is a combination of Jethis and Swarams. This item is a piece of pure Nriththa (i.e., a dance form without any Abhinaya).

Sabdam :—In this piece Abhinaya predominates. It usually starts with a Thirmanam (Dance-Pattern). The theme is either devotional or lyrical. The piece is rendered by means of gestures and facial expressions.

Varnam is the climax of the performance. It has all the main features of Bharatha-Natyam—i. e., Sollukkattu, Sahityam, Swaram and gives considerable scope for the danseuse to exhibit her skill.

Padams and Javalis are devotional songs in lyrical form. The danseuse has immense opportunities in these pieces to portray Sancharibhava by means of several Mudras and poses.

Tillana is again a pure dance with intricate and fast foot-work and comprises many beautiful and sculpturesque poses.

Bharatha-Natyam is also a very good exercise for the body. For example, we can take the hand-movements or the Mudras when the fingers are wide-spread and the hand is twisted towards the body : then it is called Avashitham, and when the hand is

twisted the other way about, it is called Udvashitham. There are many more movements similar to this. The examples illustrate how even the fingers get good exercise which is not usually the case in the normal class drill or physical exercises.

Bharatha Muni has elaborated thirty-six movements of the eye and nine movements for the pupil of the eye in his classical work called "The Bharatha Natya Sastra". There are ten different ways of sight. Even the eye-brows, cheeks, lips and chin have got many movements and these are all carefully classified and described in the "Bharatha Natya Sastra." All these movements are used in an actual Bharatha-Natyam recital to express Bhava.

This ancient art on the whole, requires rigorous training over several years and needs continuous practice and direct instructions from a traditional Nattuvanar. It is then a perfect art and will bring happiness to the artist and to the spectators.

Long live this classical dance of India !

PADMALOCHANI,
P. U. C.

CONUNDRUMS

1. Why is an empty purse a symbol of constancy ?
2. Why is an angry man like 59 minutes past twelve ?
3. What is the difference between sixteen ounces of tea and a girl using a typewriter ?
4. What does an artist like to draw best ?
5. What is it we all often say we will do and nobody has done yet ?
6. Why will there be no men with beards in Heaven ?
7. What is the best way to keep a woman's love ?

(For answers see page 27)

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heav'n,
The noble mind's delight, and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world denied.

These suggestive lines from Samuel Johnson's famous treatise on friendship, tend to echo and re-echo in the mind when one ponders over the subject. Friendship is indeed a boon which the Almighty in His benificence bestowed on man. Whether he is wealthy or poverty-stricken, virtuous or criminal, every man has been awarded the liberty of making and keeping his own friends. They increase his joys a hundred-fold when they are sharing his good fortune with him. Correspondingly they reduce his sorrow by enduring his misfortune with him. Hence, friends are of vital importance in easing man's struggle through the bitter-sweet experience called Life. The very word Friendship recalls to the mind the mythical figures of Damon and Pythias, the legendary pair who set a magnificent example of an attachment which braved death itself!

The blossoming of a new friendship is in itself a thoroughly delightful experience. A quest for mutual likes and dislikes begins soon after two people have met. As a result of this, in many cases, a new friendship blooms into flower. The anomaly of friendship is, that it draws into its fold, people of contrasting temperaments as well as those of reciprocal interests, for, its object is to create and maintain the perfect harmony which is so essential for peaceful co-existence.

Here, I feel that I may relate a few points from my own humble experience. Like all average human beings, I too adore the prospect of a new friend. My mind being entirely occupied with the latest addition to my list of comrades, I can think and speak of little else. Therefore, her qualities I broadcast far and wide, her failings I rationalize and her tastes I emulate. When I am at College or indeed in any spot unfortunate enough to hold my presence, I plunge into a verbose detail about the temperament of some new conquest. I suppose no lawyer would render such fiery terms of praise even when he is defending a millionaire client. Relentlessly pursuing the same line of conversation, I provoke some well-meaning but thoroughly bored listener to drop a subtle hint. I thus take my cue and turn to a topic of a more universal interest.

Very often it happens that, after the newness has worn away, a friendship begins to pall. Perhaps it is because we find that the new friends do not live up to our ideals. Or, alternately, it may be that the spell we cast on them has ceased to act effectively. They may have discovered that, beneath a dynamic exterior, we are as ordinary as they are, and that the scintillating personality we affected, is just an



GHARBA DANCE

Performed at Delhi — Inter-University Youth Festival

DIVINE DANCE

Ground at Delphi — Inter-University Youth Festival

attractive outer garment hiding a hundred imperfections. At such an event, some back out of the scene with apologies, while others just leave us severely alone.

Certain people associate with us for the gaining of some advantage for themselves, sooner or later. Such instances abound in one's school and college careers. The commonest reason is all too natural — a student finds herself surrounded, indeed smothered, by her classmates who are apparently lost in admiration over her brilliant intellect. Her diligence sets an example to her fellow students. The advantage of such an association is that in seeking her companionship, they consciously or unconsciously emulate her, and thus this is a desirable state of affairs.

During adult life also this tendency to win "useful" friends is widespread. People cluster around a wealthy or famous personage. This is either due to hopes of private material gain, or that they revel in the reflected glory made available to them, when associating with their illustrious friend. Such friends are scarcely worthy of the name. For, the moment the idol totters, they drop away leaving behind hardly a shadow of their past esteem.

The companionship of a single, but sincere friend is a luxury, which gives an incomparable sense of security and confidence. Someone to soothe our troubles away, cheer us and guide us on the right path when we go astray — how essential is such a person, to a happy life ! A sincere friend does not shirk her duty which is to guide and advise. She is even ready to risk resentment and rebuke, while ministering a dose of frank speech. Some day, her efforts may be rewarded with gratitude. But, expecting all the virtues in a friend and giving nothing in return is a selfish attitude. In the breathless life we lead today, True Friendship is a forgotten art. Therefore, only when we express our goodwill to others, the same sentiment is reciprocated.

Sincerity, kindness and integrity which are the symbols of the Ideal Friend, should be our aim, for, "every kindly action, every word sincere — every good intention meant to help or cheer is a seed of friendship and somewhere, some day—it will blossom in its own sweet way."

Nalini B. Menon
P. U. C.

The Strange Story of Coral

Science has contributed a vast deal to the unfolding of the wonderful story of Coral. The story of Coral is one of the many mysteries of Oceanography.

It so happened that at some period long after the free-swimming animacula were established, there appeared two very different groups of animals, the Sponges and the Sea-anemones, with such related forms as Coral animals and Jelly fishes. Both groups began as free-swimming specks of life, but during the course of evolution, Sponges soon settled down and, often enlarging to the dimensions of small trees, remained anchored to one spot and subsisted by sweeping food haphazard into their interiors by means of minute hairs.

The anemones or Polyps, on the other hand, often anchored for life and remained naked, or by enveloping themselves in carbonate of lime, raised huge reefs and islets—so fast did they increase! Thus the Corals became animals of world-wide distribution and of great value as earth-builders in the past ages. From the point of view of Geological and Zoological interest, the Coralline Lime-stones of the Tyrol play an important role. There is a pretty complete chain of fossil Corals running right back to the Silurian Period of the Palaeozoic Era.

Corals are beautiful communal Sea-anemones, ma ons of deep sea architecture. Yet they belong to the second lowest group of multi-cellular animals, Phylum Coclenterala. It would not be an exaggeration if one says that the greatest of all Nature's architects are the little coral-making animals, creatures of shallow water in the warmer seas. Small as are these tiny workmen, each one contributes his bit until, a new land is created to become the home of man.

These Corals build amazingly beautiful ocean gardens below the water surface. These are of various shapes. There are Leaf Corals and others shaped like huge vases; some branch out in the form of barbs of a feather. The Sea-Feather, near cousins of Corals, branch in delicate tendrils like plants. Other near relatives are the gorgeously coloured Sea-Fans. The colour! There are Corals of every shade — green, blue, red and lilac. Beautiful as they are, however, these cannot be used for making ornaments. The colours of the Coral reef are its living mantle. They lose their colour upon being taken from the water, and are not hard enough to take a good polish.

The true reef-building Corals, the Madrepores, have a solid skeleton composed of Calcium Carbonate, but there are generally associated with them the Millepores. These are commonly called the Stone Corals, in which the common skeleton is perforated with minute canals connecting the millions of Polyps of different functions. These are interesting animals because of the division of labour or Polymorphism that occurs in the colony. The different kinds of functions are shared by different kinds of Polyps. One sort is a Polyp with a mouth and a

stomach. These are the architects of the community, the skeleton-builders. To their mouth comes food second hand, brought ready-prepared by smaller warrior Polyps that have no need for food themselves, since they are mouthless. But they are admirably armed nevertheless, their long tentacles being studded with poison darts to inflict injurious effects on the prey. Due to these poison cells, the Millepores are commonly called Stinging Corals.

In the life history of a Coral, the strange phenomenon called the "Alternation of Generations" occurs. The parent Coral animal begins life as a free-swimming little creature, called the Jelly Fish, but after a time it settles down as a Polyp on a rock or a piece of dead Coral and begins to live like a plant, having lost its locomotion. This fixed form then buds off the Polyps by an asexual method. Certain Polyps of the colony give rise to the sex organs which fuse, and by a sexual method, produce the Jelly Fish. The life cycle is thus completed.

Year by year, Coral-skeletons accumulate, cementing together in one mass until, after centuries, new land is found, consisting of billions of dead Polyps. Fresh colonies are continually formed by eggs which hatch and escape from the mouth of the parents, and float off to attach themselves elsewhere.

K. RAJALAKSHMI
IV U.C. (C.B.Z.)

ANSWERS to Conundrums on Page 23

1. Because there is no change in it.
2. Because he is going to strike one.
3. One weighs a pound, the other pounds away.
4. His salary, of course.
5. Stop a minute.
6. Because men will only get into Heaven by a close shave.
7. Never to return it.

THE TRUE FRUITS OF EDUCATION

(Talks with the girls of Mount Carmel College)

Wide and Selective Reading

Enter Usha (a year older since her chat with the Principal, on the subject of learning to think for oneself.)

Usha: Good morning, Sister!

Principal: Good morning, Usha! Have you begun to think for yourself?

Usha: Thank you, Sister, I have! And it has been a most thrilling experience. I have begun to master my books and the lectures we have had, thinking them out, line by line and, often, word by word, when the matter was deep! I am also a little more self-reliant now by this learning-to-solve-your-own-problem method, on which you started me. I wish I had known it long ago.

Principal: And now it is time you began to browse a little more extensively among one of the most interesting things of life—books. I do not mean books for diversion merely, though even these can often give us knowledge on a range of subjects — just the reading habit is the door-way to learning — but I speak of solid fare for the intellect, to which you must begin to grow used, as the young musician should, to classical compositions, from the start. They are the stuff that will impart quality to his own playing and compositions afterwards.

Usha: Oh! I like stories **of course**, long or short, and magazines. I heard some one say the other day that all orientals like a story, read or enacted: but beyond my text-books I could read nothing more! They give me a headache, the old masters, as they are called, or even the new!

Principal: Yes indeed, you express the truth. Good literature, not to speak of wide and selective reading, in all subjects, is "caviare to the multitude" as wise Hamlet says, but it is the very thing necessary for the training of our mental powers, memory, imagination and, above all, reason and judgment.

Usha: But you have advised me to think for myself?

Principal: I have, and such books aid you to do so. In reading the classics there is first of all the necessity for hard thinking to, merely, follow the writer in his train of thought. To do so by one's own efforts, is a thrilling experience and "the way to glory", of the mind. It is intellectual discipline **par excellence.**

Usha : (thinking hard): I suppose so.

Principal : There is besides, the rich opportunity of knowing what other minds have thought and felt about the things on which we have thought and felt—not that they will, always, be right and we wrong. Prepare yourself to contest with the greatest minds and thus form your own convictions in which you will agree with some of the greatest, and disagree with others, perhaps. Never be afraid of the printed word, is what I mean, but one must be a vast reader and judge of the best, to be impervious to "bullying" by eminent writers.

Usha : Fancy that, Sister! I always thought what was in a book was absolutely correct.

Principal : Or, in a newspaper or magazine ? To come back to the actual point of our discussion—I give you this from something I recently read. It takes you to the conclusion I want to make.

"We do not start off with an equipment of sluggish knowledge—we start off with a blank sheet on which we write the truth that we gain, either by discovery or instruction. The students sit at the feet of the teacher, not in the hope of getting a slice of his knowledge, nor of watching the parade of the Professor's own wisdom. The student must see for himself, must know for himself, must possess the truth personally or he is all blind, he has not learned, he has not been taught."

Usha : (ruminatingly) : I see it now. One must think for oneself, even as students, and wide and select reading helps one to do so.

Principal : The harder the book, the keener the mind—
This is the way to knowledge, you'll find.
See me again, Usha !

S.M.A.

My Experiences as a Ticket Seller

The humiliating experiences that I had when I went selling tickets in aid of the poor students of my old school, seem amusing when I dwell on them now—that is after almost a year. How enthusiastic I was, and how full of hopes, when I volunteered to set out with a whole book of tickets. I was full of confidence after witnessing a rehearsal of the concert we had got up. I thought people would clamour for tickets and that I would return with a purse bulging with notes. After all, the tickets were cheap enough—rupees three, two, and one.

I was surprised however to see how people re-acted when I approached them, tickets in hand. The first person to whom I offered to sell a ticket was a fat old lady with a pleasant face, whom I mentally dubbed "Sugar Lump!" But when she had only half heard me, she pretended she had forgotten a parcel in a shop, and hurried away without even a look at my poor self — So, the lump was not sugary after all!!! I merely lost face, but more was to come.

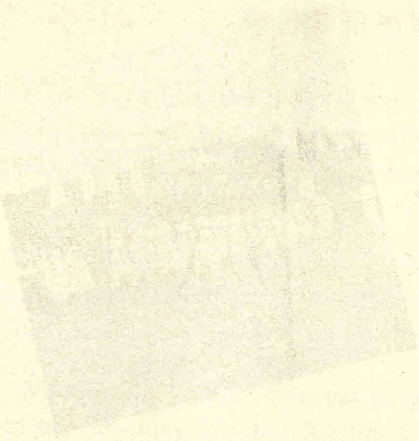
The next victims of my enthusiasm were a handsome young man, and an older gentleman who smiled pleasantly at me. Thus encouraged, I whipped out my book of tickets, when suddenly they were engaged in rapid and earnest conversation with each other. Undaunted, I tugged at the sleeve of the older gentleman and by doing so, compelled him to rivet his attention on me. I was conscious of a blush and I knew I looked as red as a beet, but then I was somewhat mollified when I squeezed out the purchase price of two tickets from them.

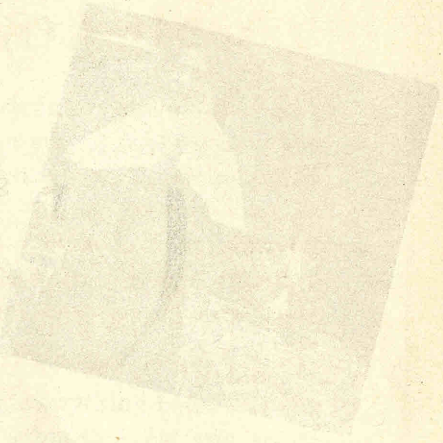
Yet another, was a middle-aged matron exercising her Alsation. Before she heard me out, she swept by with a look of icy superiority. Wasn't I indignant! Isn't there a word such as "COURTESY" in the dictionary?

I next met a pleasant person who relieved me of a three-rupee ticket. God bless him for not causing me any embarrassment. I felt rather complacent and while walking along with a song in my heart, I went up to a group of College boys. Would they buy tickets, I asked, with my most winning smile. Two or three were very obliging, but one of them started to say something disparaging about my "Pony Tail." I wondered what a hair-do had to do with the purchasing of tickets! But why worry—boys will be boys!

I am glad to say though that I **did** meet some fine and generous folk, and I managed to sell all my tickets in the end. My steps were fairy-like on the way home. Looking back on the past year, I find that some of the memories that brought a blush to my cheek or made me see red then, only bring out a quiet chuckle now. Time is a wonderful healer—is he not?

INDIRA CHITTYANA
P. U. C.







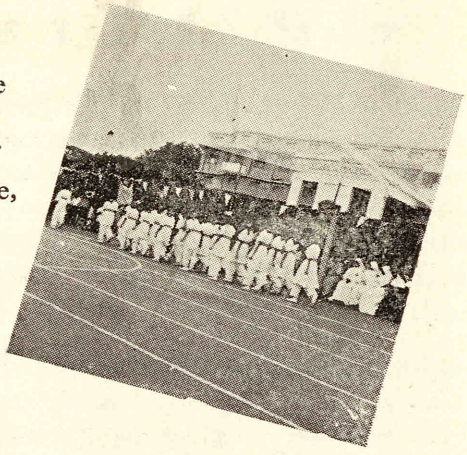




COLLEGE DAY SPORTS



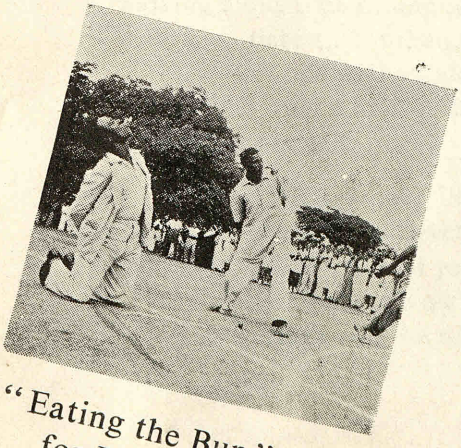
Rev. Sister Marie Therese
Vice-Principal of
St. Teresa's College,
Ernakulam.



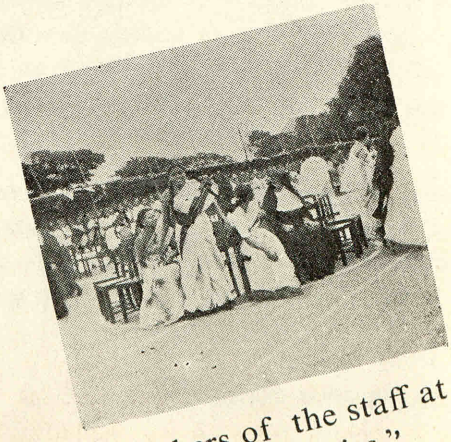
Takes the Salute at The March Past



Deanna Syme, Star-athlete and winner of the Individual Championship



"Eating the Bun" — item for Domestics (Men)



Members of the staff at "Musical Chairs"

A CENTURY AGO

India is once again a free country, playing an important part in world history. But when was the first attempt made to acquire freedom after a century of slavery, what was its outcome and who were the leaders? To learn the answer we must go deeper into the History of India.

After the retirement of Dalhousie, Canning, who lacked foresight, quickness in thought and decision in action was chosen to succeed Dalhousie as Governor-General. He assumed office on the 29th of February 1856.

When Canning took his seat in the Calcutta Council, everything betokened outward calm. Burma, Nepal, Kashmir, and Afghanistan submitted entirely to the English and never gave cause for complaint. But far below the surface of Indian society, there was the smouldering fire of discontent. The annexation of Indian States, specially Oudh, caused great distress to the people. The Talukdars of Oudh so far accustomed to plunder the peasants as, and when they pleased, now found themselves in a very uncomfortable position under British administration. At Delhi 80 year-old Bahadur Shah, the last Emperor of the Moghul Dynasty, still lived. Lord Canning, like Dalhousie, refused to recognise his son by a favourite Queen as heir, and the boy grew to hate the English. There were also wild rumours that a Persian invasion would soon take place which would put an end to British atrocities.

What led to the Mutiny? Different writers have different opinions. Some say that it was a carefully pre-planned conspiracy to overthrow the British. Sir James Outram, a resident in Oudh held that it was the result of a Muslim conspiracy making capital of Hindu grievances. The merciless application by Dalhousie of the Doctrine of Lapse which said that if a king died without an heir, his kingdom would pass under the rule of the Company, seems to be the main cause. The way in which Oudh was annexed and the consequent unemployment caused to thousands of people who found jobs under the native rule, created profound discontent among the martial people. The refusal of his father's pension to Nana Saheb merely fanned the flame of political discontent. The refusal of permission to adopt a child had an infuriating effect on the widowed Rani of Jhansi. When the time came, she rose against the English, and showed herself in true patriotic colours.

The Indians were superstitious and eyed with suspicion the introduction of the railway and telegraph. They tolerated the prohibition of the Sati, i.e. the burning of widows with their dead husbands. But when laws were passed allowing widows to re-marry, the suspicions of the Indians were aroused; they thought that the British wanted to convert them to Christianity. There is, however, no truth in this accusation.

The Bengal army consisted mostly of high-class Hindus, whose caste-rules forbade them to cross the sea or fight in foreign countries. The impending storm broke

out when rumours spread that the cartridges were greased with cow's and pig's fat. The cow is a sacred animal to the Hindus and should on no account be killed; whereas the swine is regarded unclean by the Muhammadans and they would not touch it.

On the 10th of May, the sepoys killed their officers and rushed to Delhi. This they easily captured, and proclaimed Bahadur Shah as their real Emperor. At this juncture when the rebellion was spreading like wild fire from Narmada to Sutlej, it was indeed fortunate for the British that the Sikhs and Dost Muhammad remained faithful. Delhi was re-taken on the 14th of September. The back of the Mutiny was broken, but it was by no means over. The Emperor, who was captured, was brought to trial and banished to Burma in 1858.

Another contingent under the command of General Havelock was preparing to go to the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow. Allahabad was captured on June 11th. Havelock was rather late in saving Cawnpore, but he forced his way to Lucknow. He found himself in a bad plight, but Sir Colin Campbell saved the situation by his timely arrival. It was his skill and daring which finally relieved the city on November 16th 1857. It was in Oudh that the Mutiny was popular. But Sir Colin Campbell, with the help of the Gurkhas sent by the King of Nepal, reduced every fort that resisted. The operations in Oudh were over only in January 1859.

Tantia Tope, the General of Nana Saheb, and the Rani of Jhansi joined forces. The brave Queen, dressed in male garments fought valorously. Sir Hugh Rose, Commander-in-Chief took Jhansi and dislodged the Rani and Tantia Tope from Gwalior which they had captured. In the end the Rani died, spear in hand. Sir Hugh Rose, who fought against her, had to recognise Rani Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi as the " best and bravest of the rebel leaders." Order was finally restored in the course of the year 1859.

The Mutiny was no doubt subdued, but what happened to its originators? Tantia Tope was hunted, captured and sent to the gallows in April 1859. Nana Saheb was hunted from place to place till at last he was pursued to the inhospitable jungles of Tarai, fringing Nepal, where he is supposed to have perished. Bahadur Shah, the aged Moghul King, was sent as a State prisoner to Calcutta. Later he was kept in inglorious confinement at Rangoon, where he died at the ripe old age of 87.

Before ending this account of the glorious attempt at freedom, we may trace the causes which enabled the English to gain the upperhand. First and foremost was the undoubted loyalty of the Sikhs and Dost Muhammad; the complete aloofness with which the Madras army and the Bombay army treated the Mutiny; the exceptional characters who were called upon to grapple the Mutiny at the outset — Outram, Havelock and Campbell; and lastly, the want of unity and agreement among the mutineers, whose interests were different: Nana Saheb desiring to establish the Maratha supremacy, Rani Lakshmi Bai fighting for her local interests, and the Muslims making a last bid to re-establish Bahadur Shah. The leaders of the revolt could never

come to an agreement, and it was their personal jealousies and intrigues that were largely responsible for the Indian defeat.

If it be asked why the revolt was delayed, the explanation may be found in the following facts. The growth of British power in India has perhaps no parallel in history. The work of dominating the country was carried out in slow steps by the Company, and not under the name of the Sovereign. The Company's representatives were not responsible to any higher authority, and therefore acted as they liked, at times indulging in bribery and corruption also. The people could not guess the real nature of the Company's activities, due to the fact that there was no direct contact between the Company and the Crown; moreover the Company always sided with some Local Chief in order to advance its interests.

"Thus ended an episode, lamentable in its origin, distinguished by great courage, and ending in a manner which left the seeds of much future trouble. On the British side, the valour and endurance of the soldiers and the civilians were marred by crude racial passions and gross ingratitude to the many Indians who assisted them. We must recognise also certain failings in the conduct of those who took arms againts the Government; the indecision which kept large numbers inactive when they might have been most effective ; the selfishness and lack of national pride which prevented their leaders working together or sacrificing their own personal ambitions."

It is befitting indeed that India should celebrate the centenary of this glorious rebellion, and issue postage stamps in honour of the many brave "rebel" leaders.

B. DEVAKI
P.U.C.

Carmel Calendar 1956—'57.

May 18th–20th :– Second National Congress of the All - India Catholic University Federation.

May 25th :– College re-opens for all classes. The Juniors are having a novel experience of mixing with and making friends with hundreds of other girls. Smiling like so many buds in blossom, they assure themselves that life in College is definitely not going to be boring! They plan to work hard from the start, to emulate their Seniors, and thus to achieve really phenomenal results ! !

June 22nd :– Election of Office-bearers of the various Associations.

July 4th :– Mr. Kodanda Rao, President of the Servants of India Society, delivered the Inaugural Address.

July 7th :– A " Quiz Programme " was broadcast over All-India Radio, Bangalore at 9.15 P.M. in which a team from our College opposed Central College. Our representatives were Geetha Krishnaswamy the leader, Usha Rao, Sheila Naidu, Shakuntala Doraiswamy and Farida Ahmed. Questions on various subjects like Literature, Geography, Politics, and topics of general interest were put forward by the Quiz Master, Mr. Bharataraj Singh. We won by a margin of three points, the score being 19 – 16.

July 9th :– "Music in American life" was the subject of the address of Mr. H. T. Schuelke, Cultural Affairs Officer, U. S. I. S, Madras, to the members of the Music, Choral and Dramatic Association. American music, he said, was naturally first the music of Britain, Germany and N. E. Europe. Today it is making its own contributions to classical music, which has been brought to the people through the length and breadth of America by means strange to say, of such inventions as the Player-Piano, Phonograph, Radio and Television.

July 16th :– Feast of the Patroness of the College — Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

July 23rd :– Dr. Carl Bridenbaugh gave a very interesting and intelligent account of Presidential elections in America. The speaker invited questions from the audience, and the students of Politics especially, stood to gain by the replies given.

July 27th :– The Juniors are pitted against the Seniors in a Basket-ball match. All are bubbling with vitality, and there is much encouragement given to both sides by their "cheer gangs". The Juniors win top honours however, and walk off the field amidst handshakes and congratulations from "sports fans" and class-mates.

July 30th :– It has dawned at last—you're right. Principal's Day ! It begins well with the students singing the mass beautifully. There is much revelry and our girls take Patience Strong's advice and do start an epidemic spreading happiness. Later the Hall is filled to capacity for the entertainment, the tumult has dwindled to a calm, and a most enjoyable programme follows. One couldn't but comment on the very natural manner in which the characters of "Admiral Crichton" conducted themselves. Especial mention must be made of little "Tweeny" who had only to make her debut to discover that she was the darling of all hearts. The Carmel Band was in attendance, and gave a fine performance. There were also delightful solo dances by Girija Manay, and Eva Gomes.

July 31st :– We spent a very pleasant hour with some American students who visited us.

August 15th :– Independence Day. The N. C. C. is on parade !

Aug. 16th & 20th :– The annual Retreat preached by Rev. Father T. Long, C.SS.R. to the Catholic Staff and students.

September 1st :– Our Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Puttappa, visits the College.

September 5th :– Excitement prevails everywhere—the Hostelites are off on an excursion to Coimbatore, Coonoor and Ootacamund.

September 10th :– Guardians' Day, under the distinguished patronage of Sri P. K. Sen, Accountant-General, Govt. of India. Scenes from "Twelfth Night" proved a swell feast, and were greeted with repeated applause from start to finish.

The Tamil farce "Love's Labour Lost" was well received. Gulnaz Navin in "The Dream of the Sleeping Beauty" a ballet, was superb ! She kept the audience spell bound, and some of them even predicted a great future for her in ballet dancing. The "Gharba" group dance proved very effective and great skill was exhibited by the dancers in movement, posture and balance. Srimathi Sen kindly distributed the prizes at the finish of the programme, after which was the President's speech followed by a vote of thanks by Sri V. K. Govindarajalu, B.A., B.L.

September 12th:– Hostel Day — Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The Sodalists sang for Mass and Benediction. The outstanding items of the evening's programme were "A House to Let" which was very well enacted, and "The Vision of Beleshezzar" which proved so realistic and beautiful.

September 15th :- Sports and Social in connection with College Day. Our former Vice-Chancellor, Mr. V. L. D'Souza took the salute at the March Past, after which there was a pyramid drill. All the events were well contested and keen enthusiasm was evinced in all the four "Houses." Deanna Syme was definitely the "Star" of the evening and won the Individual Championship, while the "Florians having Deanna for their leader won the Team Championship.

The competition "Walter Raleigh" for the Members of the Staff, was worth all the laughs it got ! In most cases, Queen Elizabeth was much too eager to step on the proffered cloak, while poor Sir Walter had a hard time trying to keep his fingers intact ! There were screams and yells from the on-lookers as the couples were reaching the goal. Amid all this confusion, it was not always possible to preserve queenly poise or dignity ! At one moment what did we see ? Elizabeth balancing on one foot and shouting instructions to Raleigh ! Now, **who** would you pity ? ? ?

The winners were 1) Sisters Emmanuel & Candida 2) Srs. Angelina & Carmeli 3) Srs. Antoinette & Clement Mary. Knowing that there would be a constant clicking of cameras during this unique competition, two or three of the Staff Members very graciously refused to take part ! ! !

The winners of the "Quiz" competition were 1) Sr. Emmanuel 2) Sr. Antoinette 3) Sr. Tarsilla and Miss L. Iyengar.

September 20th :- Silence reigns supreme ! Can you guess the reason ? It is the first terminal examination. The Juniors are terribly scared, but the others tell them not to worry—after all, they too have gone through the terrifying ordeal and many of them came out unscathed ! ! Nevertheless, the Juniors refuse to be consoled !

October 1st :- The Dasara holidays commence. The B. Sc. students are off on an excursion to Kodaikanal with Sisters Jesuine Marie & Carmeli.

October 18th :- College re-opens. The holidays have passed with astonishing rapidity and the students find that they've not yet forgotten the blunders made in answering the examination questions. Now comes the suspense and with it a terrific headache — to observe how well or ill they've fared, when the marks are put up.

October :- Our girls of the "Gharba Dance" are selected to represent Mysore at the Youth Festival held in Delhi.

November 1st :- Formation of "Greater Mysore." The hostelites celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner by a Meeting in the College Hall.

The resolutions were as follows :—

1) We resolve to pray and work for the unity and greatness of our country, by being diligent, honest, pure and charitable to all.

2) We resolve to pray and work for the unity and greatness of our new and great State of Mysore in all the ways we can as students, and later when leading public lives.

3) We resolve that it shall be our ideal that no State in India excels ours in union and progress, to the best of our ability.

4) We resolve to pray for our leaders of our State and of India, that God may ever guide them in justice, peace, truth and charity.

Srs. Antoinette & Carmeli then paid tributes to our beloved State, the speeches rendered being in English and Kannada respectively.

Nov. 12th & 13th :- The gay decorations and the festive atmosphere proclaim to one and all that we're having a variety entertainment. English and Hindi plays—dancers in gorgeous attire — everything that goes to make the function a roaring success.

November 16th :- A very illuminating talk by Professor Chandran of Calcutta, on Tagore and his message.

November 22nd :- Another exam ? — this time, the Selection. The very word spells fear ! The Juniors wisely refrain from disturbing their older sisters at such a time, while the seniors moan—

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness
And utterly consumed with sharp distress
While all things else have rest from weariness ?"

December 7th :- Mr. John Hobbs spoke to us on Damien, the Leper. There was pin-drop silence in the Hall while the speaker enchanted us with his narration of the real and beautiful story of this heroic soul.

December 20th :- Christmas vacation. Last minute packing is gone through. In no time the compound is filled with taxis and autoricks and—what a din! Towards evening all is calm again, and we who are left behind sincerely hope that the holidays will not run out too soon !

January 26th :- Republic Day, also our F. S. A. Re-union Day. The hostelites play the part of hostesses to all our former students who troop in at 9 a.m. and spend the day with us. We are very impressed by the happiness which they radiate once they step into the portals of their Alma Mater.

February 3rd :– Hindi debate held in Mysore. Narendra Kaur and Hemalatha from our College, won the shield.

February 4th :– Inter-collegiate Hindi debate at St. Joseph's College, Bangalore. Narendra Kaur got the second prize.

February 6th :– Mr. N. Keshava Iyengar gives us very great pleasure in presiding over the Valedictory meeting.

February :– We bid farewell to our out-going students. The pledge to their Alma Mater is taken with great solemnity. Souvenirs are presented by Rev. Mother Superior.

The N. C. C. students of the College acted " The Unexpected." They deserve much praise for putting on the boards a stirring, yet humorous play, sponsored wholly by themselves. This fine gesture on their part was really unexpected ! ! !

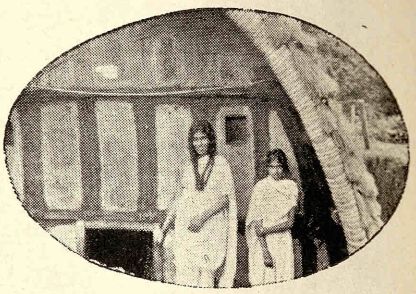
February 28th :– College closes for the mid-summer vacation.

April :– Commencement of University examinations.

EXCURSIONS



Botanical Gardens — Ooty



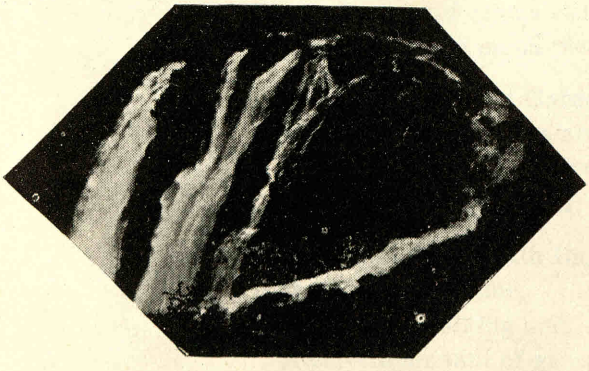
Todas — Ooty

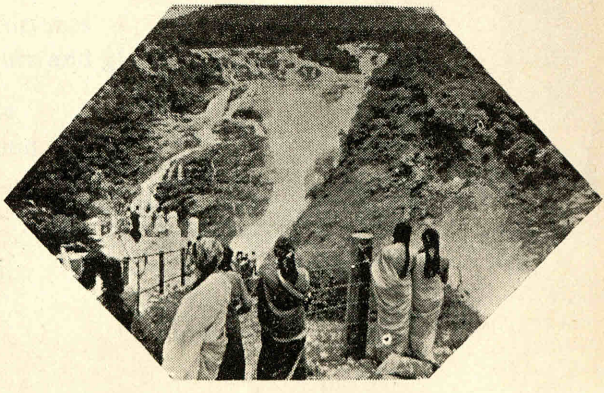


At the Botanical Gardens—Calcutta

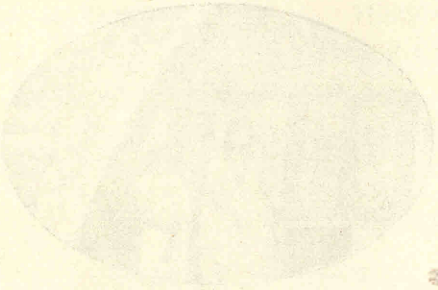


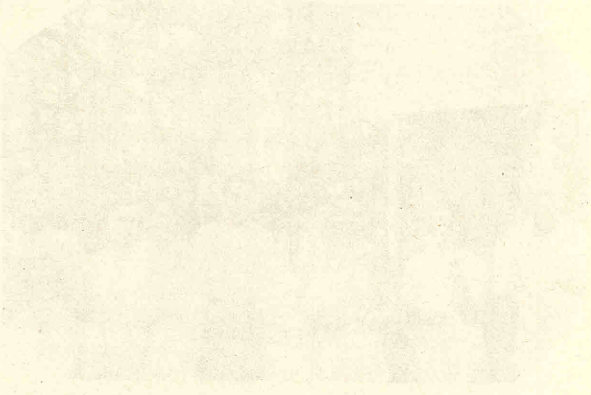
The Victoria Memorial — Calcutta

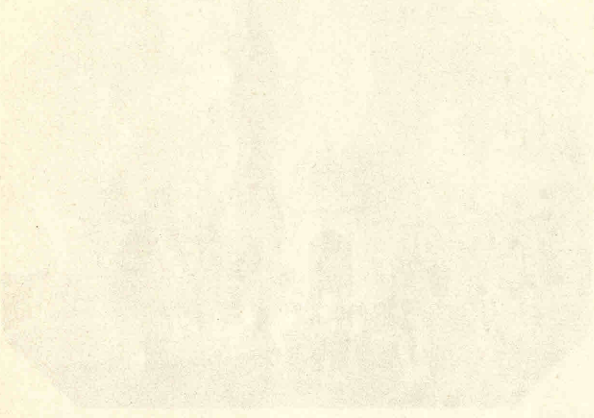


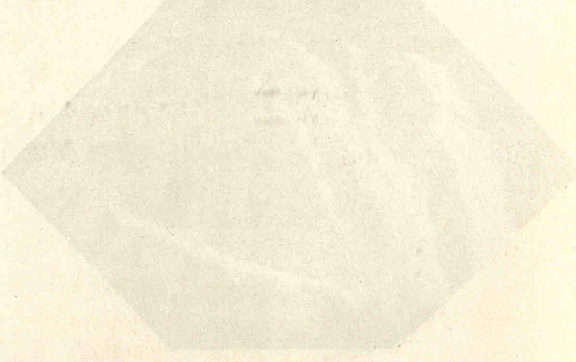


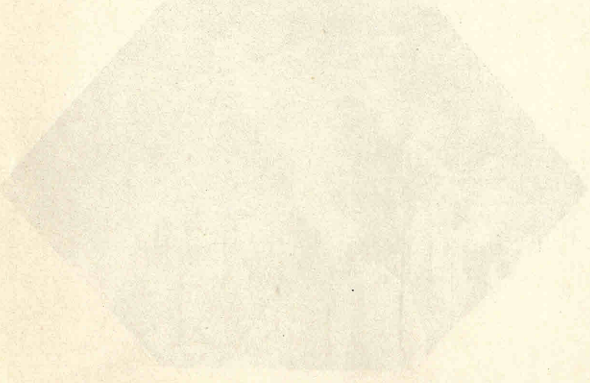
At Sivasamudram Falls











Ode to Ooty.

Nestled among the Nilgiri Hills,
Almost eight thousand feet high,
Is the beautiful town of Ootacamund,
Whose scenery will make you sigh.

This town is the Queen of Hill stations,
And a summer resort as well,
Where folk from the plains crowd in summer,
In a bright, cosy lodging to dwell.

There are various forms of amusement
Like boating and riding and tennis;
An afternoon on the Ooty Lake
Is almost like being in Venice!

An hour or two at the Library
Is also interesting by far;
Or an evening at the theatre
To see a cinema star.

Golf is a favourite pastime,
The Links stretch across the Downs,
Which are so green and endless,
Proving Ooty the prettiest of Towns.

The Market Place is very neat
With its well laid-out stalls,
Where one can purchase anything
From strawberries to dolls.

In the centre of the town lies the Race Course,
A picturesque sight to see,
Where punters and others risk fortunes
Whilst deriving much pleasure and glee.

The well-kept Botanical Gardens,
Where flora and fauna abound,
Are dominated by Raj Bhavan
And also the Todamund.

The highest peak in South India,
Dodabetta by name,
Affords splendid hiking and
A certain amount of game.

The schools are fine institutions,
Where games and athletics flourish ;
The climate is so invigorating
That you cannot be lazy or sluggish.

The various clubs and institutes
Provide recreation for men,
There's also a handy Ladies Club
For gossip-loving women !

Lastly I would like to mention
The numerous palaces there,
With their majestic gardens
And settings so gorgeous and fair.

As I come to the end of this poem,
If I may call it so,
I would like to tell you, readers,
That Ooty's the nicest place I know.

MARGOT LASRADO
P. U. C.

A GIRL OF 1957

"Oh dear what has this world come to.....?" (Sigh!) "This modern generation .....! It certainly is not what it was during **our** time!!! What with all this noisy stuff they call the 'Rock and Roll', young girls have lost all their sense of modesty!"

"It truly is a shame!" "If I had my way I'd treat them all to a sound lecture on good behaviour!" "They ought to devote their time more to useful things like....er.... needlework."

"Just fancy! Girls of today are mystified when we tell them what we used to do during our time. Some have the nerve to call us old fashioned, when we try to put some sense into their heads." "Old-fashioned, did you say??!! Well I never!!"

These and other humorous though interesting remarks were being passed one evening when I happened to be chatting with two old ladies. Their remarks, however, were accompanied by a series of deep moans and sighs and a hopeless gesture of the hands. Later, to console themselves, my distinguished companions helped themselves to a cup of coffee each, and the subject which was beginning to take its hold over me, was, unfortunately concluded. This subject however, usually brings forth all their indignation possible, bubbling to the surface, on the part of the older people. But—wait a moment readers !! Let me give you my opinion about this interesting subject. (I only hope I won't be glared at, after you've read this article.)

Well, to begin with, when one tries to probe into the true causes that give rise to all this distress on the part of our elders and betters, we find that Worry No.1 is—a young lady's behaviour. Previously, in the past centuries, girls were taught to do useful things like needlework (as one of my companions tactfully included) cooking, etc. A girl of 1957 however, is not very homely minded, unfortunately. She finds it far more interesting to take part in sports, go to pictures, dances etc., rather than spend these moments at home learning some of the household tasks. However, I do not blame the 'modern girl' for being led by such instincts, as the latter arise purely, from a natural way of thinking. Regarding ballroom dancing, I find that this is not very well spoken of, especially since "Rock'n Roll", began. It is disapproved of by the older folks and by a good few of the younger folks. The former call it 'unwholesome', and I quite agree with them. As you all know—girls are meant to grow up to be ladies, and **not** undignified beings from whom one can expect no good. (I am not trying to preach to you all — I don't look as though I belong to that category, do I?) I don't mean to say that the 'modern girl' should lose her youth and vigour, and creep to a corner where she does not belong. Oh no! It is just that she should try to be her lady-like and charming self. So, careful girls! Do not frighten your grandmammas with any more of that 'shocking behaviour, as they put it, or else you'll have them suffering a nervous breakdown!!

The Worry No.2 is — a girl of 1957 is said to be much too carefree, in other words, happy-go-lucky. However, this is a healthy habit to possess, as every girl should be gay, since this makes up a part of her charm, and is appreciated more, than when a girl tries to look into her own future and brings up grievances-to-be which would only harm her and prevent her from looking at the bright side of things. So just in case any of you are being unnecessarily weighed down by nagging thoughts of the present, past or future, cheer up girls! Life is not as bad as you might think it to be. According to certain philosophers, 'Life is short' therefore make the best of it. If Lady Luck has been harsh with you — well never mind! There always is another day which might prove to be a sunnier and happier one! (Now listen to our philosopher! Becoming rather wise, huh? Don't take me seriously! I'm just joking.) Remember, as you all belong to the twentieth century, you have so much to look forward to, whereas your grandparents and parents were less fortunate. I suppose that most of you are acquainted with this song :

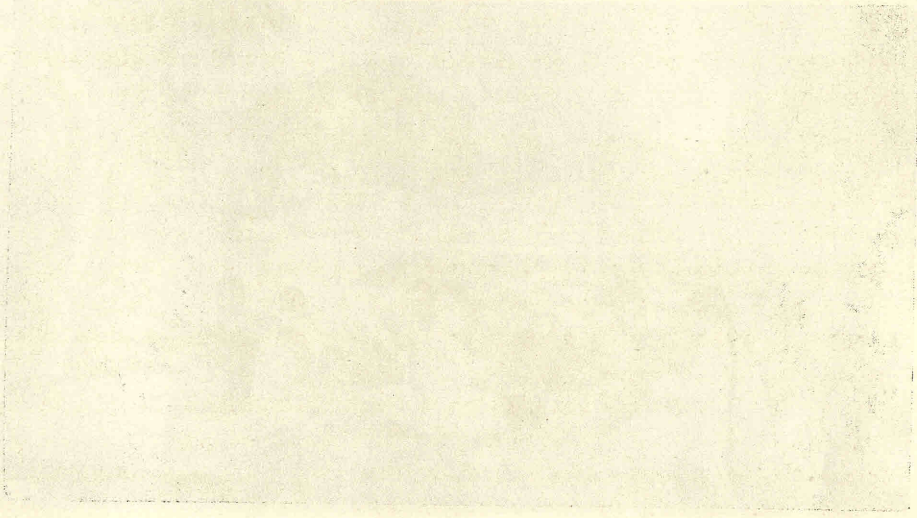
Have Faith, Hope and Charity,
That's the way to live successfully..... .. ....

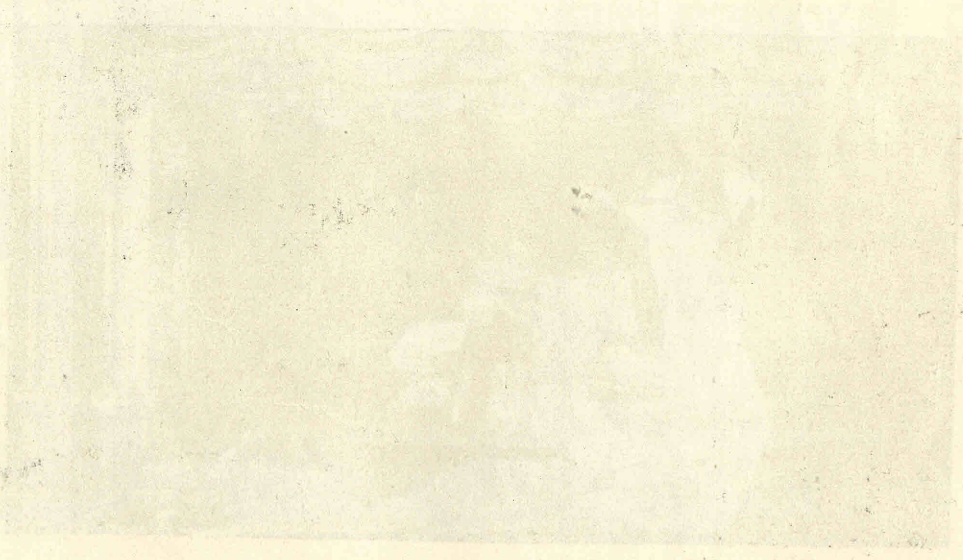
I won't write out the rest of the song, as these two lines are sufficient to cheer you whenever you happen to feel down-hearted. Faith is one of the keys that unlocks the door to a bright future. With Hope and Charity you are able to throw the doors wide open and observe your future confidently.

Lastly, the Worry No.3 is the way a girl of 1957 dresses. I do not have much to say about it as I find that there are a good number of girls who dress modestly. There are many who try to look simple and who (if I may have the honour of adding) look very charming.

Au revoir girls! This is where 'Yours Truly' switches off.

GULNAZ NAVIN
III B.Sc.





BENEFIT PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT



College Orchestra

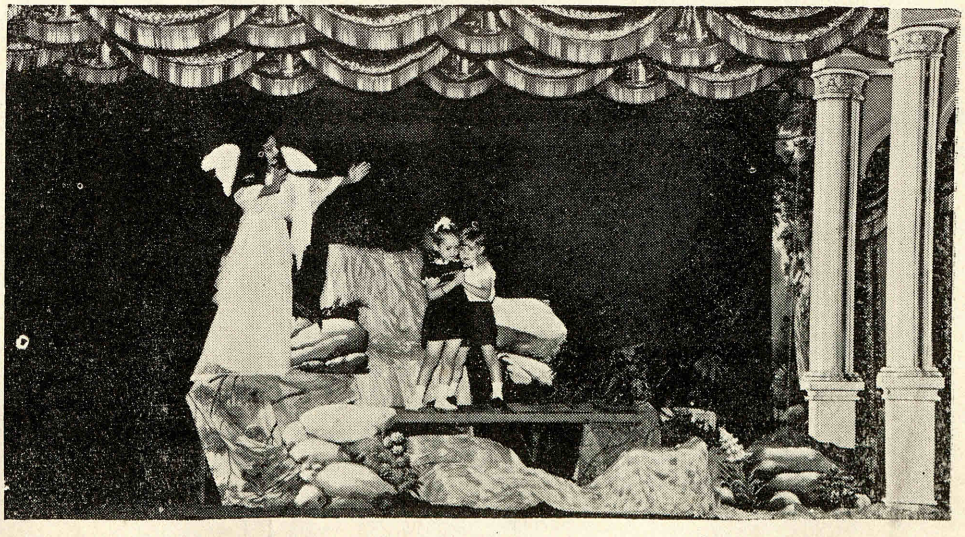
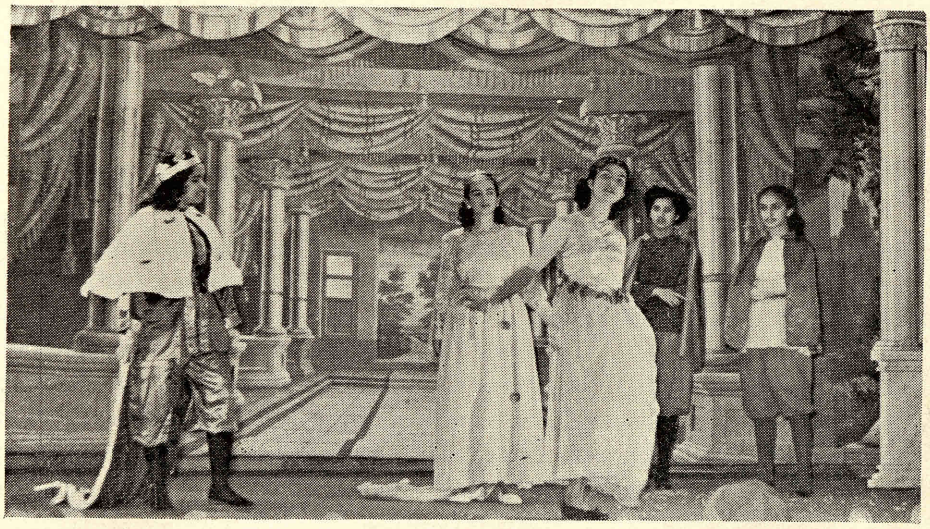
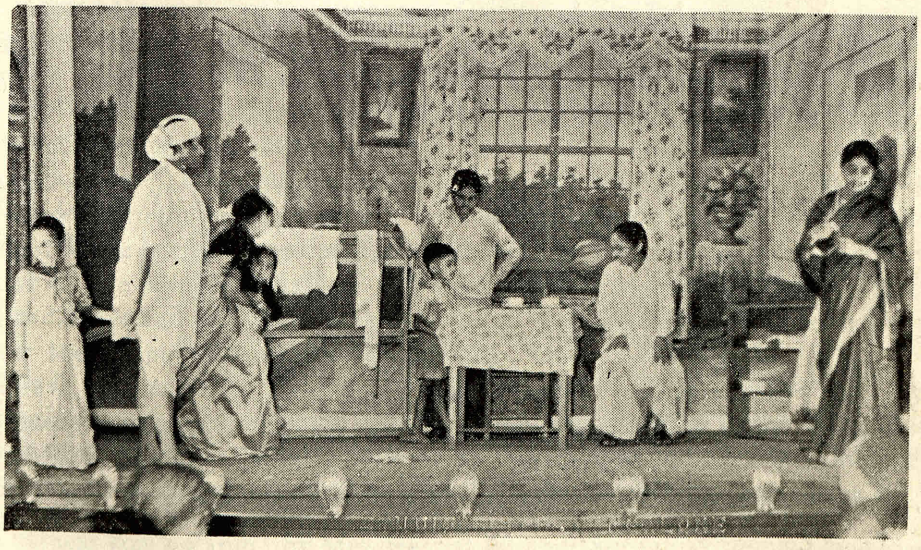


Tableau — The Guardian Angel



Scene from "Hamlet" — Ophelia becomes insane



Kannada Farce — "Too Much Married"



M. C. C. Magazine Competition

FIRST PRIZE won by ANNA MARY VIMALA

II U.C., H.E.L.

"Books which have influenced me"

The inspiration and influences of books have made good teachers, preachers, scientists, authors and statesmen. On the other hand it has also made dictators, criminals and delinquents. People are not usually better than the books they read and a man's character is shown by the books he reads. One of the greatest blessings that can come to any life, says a learned man, is love of books. While a wise mother, who realises that reading is a moulder of the characters of her children, says that she brain-washes her children by books but takes good care to see she uses the right kind of soap.

My reading of books has always influenced me and my parents have nearly always, though not on every occasion, influenced my choice of books. From the time I learnt reading I have read books and in its own way every book I have read has influenced me. These books have their immediate effects as well as far reaching influences.

Among the early books I have read, Grimm's Fairy Tales as well as Hans Christian Anderson's has opened up to me that wonderful land of imagination—Fairyland. It is not childish to read these books and they were not written by childish men either. These books have made me love that land, that beautiful land of lovely fairies, princes, elves, witches and spells. So does Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking Glass' bring out all that is fanciful and imaginative in me. Don Quixote, the evergreen hero created by Cervantes also brings laughter into the world. He was influenced by the books he read and acted accordingly, consequently landing in situations which are amusing, pathetic and heart-warming at the same time. The books mentioned above and any other of the same kind have the same effect on me. It shows how far the imagination can reach and with what fairy-like results. When I read them I have the pleasure of knowing all those exquisite characters like the duchess who beheads people for even small offences or the wise Sancho Pancho, the faithful friend of Don Quixote. These books have helped the growth of my imagination and love for Wonderland and the world of Don Quixote, where refuge can be taken.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has brought home many truths of how the Negroes were treated in America. But it also points out that all slave-owners were not tyrants like the cruel Legree but there were also kind indulgent men like St. Clare. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has made me have great sympathy for the

slaves and all down-trodden people; many of the slaves were treated even worse than mere animals. The book also shows that the African is capable of enduring great suffering and also, is deeply and extremely religious, especially in trouble. Mrs. Stowe shows us that every human being has a soul and should be treated accordingly.

Later women writers like Jane Austen and Mary Ann Cross alias George Eliot attracted me greatly and among their books Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" and George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" are much read. "Pride and Prejudice" is the best loved work of the author and is most readable by anyone making her first excursion into early nineteenth century English literature. "The Mill on the Floss" by George Eliot reveals a profound sense of pathos and humour as well as a conviction of the purifying effect of suffering upon the human soul.

To say that Charles Dickens has influenced me 'like the dickens' is an apt if not strictly correct way of putting it. "A Tale of Two Cities," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield" and "Christmas Stories" are some of the books I have read. These books show me the sufferings and "Hard Times" of the poor of England or of any place for that matter. This awakens also a feeling that India too is like the England of Dickens' time, full of poverty.

Pearl S. Buck has been criticised for her frank and open manner of describing certain situations. But it cannot be denied that for her book "The Good Earth" she won the Nobel Prize. Her style can be compared to many great writers and what influences me about her books is her clear and true-to-life way of writing. Besides, she writes about the Orient.

If there is an author who has influenced me very much and will always go on doing so, it is the brilliant genius Sir Arthur Conan Doyle through his "Long and Short Stories of Sherlock Holmes." Sherlock Holmes is the greatest detective ever created and immediately after reading the book I tried to be logical myself and induce and deduce. The book makes one reflect and as far as possible, in perplexing cases try to be a Sherlock Holmes and follow up the clues.

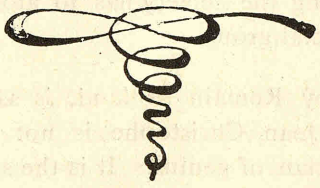
The late Fulton Oursler is the author of many best sellers. He is an ace story teller and was a senior editor of "Reader's Digest." Among his various books "Modern Parables" and "Lights along the Shore" are only two books in which through the medium of short stories, his richly satisfying thoughts are mine, for understanding, for reassurances, in a world of doubts. Fulton Oursler's books also bring much pleasure and if I ever become a writer, my aim will be to have some of the sterling qualities of this worthy writer.

The sense of humour I have, I owe most of it to the one and only P. G. Wodehouse. It is nearly impossible for me to put into this essay, or even express all the good effect and influence that the books of this most lovable of all modern writers (I think so, anyway) have on me. P. G. Wodehouse looks at the world with a twinkle

in his eyes and understands in his own whimsical and humorous way, the small and amusing faults of man. This he conveys to his readers and soon the reader finds there is much undiscovered laughter in the world which she can enjoy by reading Wodehouse. Jeeves, Bertie Woostee, Gertrude Butterwick and Monty Bodkins are only a few of the people who can be met in the world of Wodehouse. Wodehouse does not hurt the religious, national, or political convictions of others and after reading his books I want to imitate him. May his books have the same or better influence on all his readers !

I am afraid I cannot say I have read the writings of Voltaire, Thomas More, Karl Marx or George Bernard Shaw. I cannot tell what influence they have on me. My interests are chiefly on fiction and books on general knowledge. But it is needless to say that Shakespeare's writings have influenced my English, for his drama influences everyone and Shakespeare is one of the names that comes first to my mind when thinking of books. Some people have the tendency to reserve the best for the last and I am one of those people. Yes, my best book is the Book—the Bible—the book of all ages. Everything that is good is contained in the Bible and if there is anything worthwhile in me it is because of the Bible. Just one last wish ! May the Book written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John always influence me !

Anna Mary Vimala



2nd PRIZE.

THE BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ME

Books have exerted a great influence on me. Some of the characters I have come across in books, are almost like living companions to me, who have revealed their innermost thoughts and feelings, so that I may profit by their experience. No doubt, each piece of good literature has its own assigned purpose, which the author endeavours to place before humanity. However, individual aptitudes and bent of mind are responsible for a particular individual taking a liking to a particular set of books. The following are some of the best English Books, that I have found captivating.

They are :— Les Miserables by Victor Hugo
Jean Christophe by Romain Rolland,
Romola by George Eliot
Aesop's Fables
The Life of Joan of Arc by Anatole France
War and Peace by Tolstoy
Githanjali by Rabindranath Tagore.

' Les Miserables' depicts the lives of the lowest stratum of human society, the poor, needy, semi-starved people of the slums. The theme of the novel centres on the vicissitudes in the life of Jean Valjean, an ex-convict. The opening episode of the novel has appealed to me the most. It is a piece of story perfect in itself. It bears testimony to the efficacy of ' Love and Forgiveness '. Jean Valjean is despised by everyone as a dangerous criminal and human feelings are dead in him. Bishop Myriel's love and generosity resuscitates his dead soul as it were, and the miserable wretch is transformed into one of the finest human specimens becoming an embodiment of love and self-sacrifice. This piece of story has taught me not to despise any human-being as an incorrigible wretch. Criminals are not born, but made, and every individual comprising the society has to atone for the crimes and low morals prevalent in his or her social group.

Jean Christophe by Romain Rolland, is said to be the first great book of the twentieth century. Jean Christophe is not a novel, it is the history of the development of a musician of genius. It is the story of a self-made man, who gives an undaunted front to trial and tribulations that he encounters in life, and in the end achieves the greatest victory of his life—the victory over his own self! The author has dedicated the book "To the 'FREE SOULS' of all Nations who suffer, and fight and shall conquer !" An atmosphere of music pervades the whole story.

Romola, the greatest novel of George Eliot has left a deep impression on me. In it the authoress has brought back to life Florence of the Medieval period and gives us a vivid picture of the city. She has achieved a unique success in portraying

the character of the hero Tito and the heroine Romola. Romola is an embodiment of nobility and dignified womanhood. However, in the flush of youth, she is bewitched by the handsome hero, and marries him, discarding the prudent advice of her father and uncle. She soon realises her mistake and pays dearly for her rashness. From the portraiture of Romola's life I have learnt a great lesson, namely, that one should give due consideration to the opinions of one's elders and well-wishers. Youth and folly are frequent companions ; hence, one should not be over-confident about the soundness of one's judgment.

On the other hand Tito is endowed with many good qualities like gentleness, affection, and generosity. His personality is most charming. However, all his good qualities are marred by his rank selfishness. He would not wilfully hurt a fly, and would lend a helping hand even to the thorough stranger. But where his own selfish ends were concerned he did not hesitate to let down even his wife and foster-father, who had sacrificed their all for him. His motto was to seek pleasure and avoid misery at any cost. However, in the end misery consumes him and he dies a gruesome death. Tito's life-sketch is like a warning to those who crave for an easy-going life, by sacrificing their allotted duty. No man can hope to secure lasting happiness, by shirking the hard duties of life.

No book has caught my imagination like the English translations of Aesop's Fables. In the fables under the veil and emblems of animals, endowed with the faculties of speech and reason, human motives are dissected, human conduct is described, and human infirmities are exposed. The fables convey advice, without the appearance of doing so, and its impressions on our conscience is tremendous. For example, the fable entitled 'Jupiter and the herdsman' illustrates the great truth, that if only God were to grant all our wishes and prayers, we may soon find ourselves landed in the abyss of ruin and destruction, but Divine Mercy saves us by its hard refusal of our weak, worldly and unwise desires. In the fable, the herdsman' calf is missing among the cattle and he prays Jupiter to bring before him the thief, who had stolen his calf. His prayers are immediately granted, and he is confronted by a terrible lion, thief of his calf, who is ready to pounce on him as well.

Anatole France's work, the ' LIFE of JOAN OF ARC ' has thrilled me greatly. Divinity has manifested itself in the life of this simple, unsophisticated maiden from Domremy, and we realise the great truth, that if God wills, He can transform dust into gold.

" War and Peace " by Tolstoy has a powerful story. Though the main plot has been woven round fictitious persons, Tolstoy deals with many problems, which have a bearing on humanity as a whole ; hence the appeal of this novel is eternal and universal. "War and Peace" describes the horrors of war and upholds the principle of Non-violence. The author excels in his analysis of the psychology of a soldier

marching to the battle-front. Even common-place events like the sunrise, the grazing of the cattle, have a special charm for him, and he feels as though he is looking at these scenes for the last time. Today, the inventions of nuclear weapons have made the horrors of warfare inconceivable. Hence this book, pleading for universal peace and humane considerations among men has greatly influenced me.

Finally, the book I like best is Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore's masterpiece, 'Githanjali'. As the title itself suggests, it is a 'Flower-Offering' to God in the form of verses. Tagore has brought a renaissance in Indian thought. His simple, devotional, but thought-provoking lines penetrate the reader's heart. Tagore does not advocate 'escapism' from the hard facts of life, under the garb of devotion to God. He faces life boldly and says, 'Because I love this life I know I shall love death as well.' This great book of Tagore has greatly influenced my thoughts.

M. A. SINGAMMAL
III U.C. (Arts)



3rd Prize

"BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME"

Reading has been my pet hobby since a child. In those days of course as any child does, I enjoyed "Arabian Nights" and Grimm's and Anderson's Fairy Tales. Their literary value was quite lost on me, but they served to excite my imagination to such an extent, that I used to scribble away for days on end trying to put all the magic carpets, Aladdin's Lamps and beautiful princesses together. Not one of my stories had any misfortune or tragedy in them; they all went off well and everybody lived happily ever after.

As I grew older I took to School-girl stories and the wonderful "William" and "Jane Series." I must confess I enjoyed them immensly. I had a book called " the Book of Secrets," and in it I used to write down the names of my school-girl heroines, and by the side note down their naughtiest pranks (to practice when opportunity offered. I've been successful a number of times and I don't repent now, because none of the tricks meant any harm. It was all done for the fun of it, and what a wonderful sense of achievement you have when you're not caught !)

The moral law book followed by lessons put an end to our mischief. We would be left on our honour anywhere without even a prefect to maintain order. This method proved more successful than any threats.

My first classics were "Joan of Arc", and "Hunch-Back of Notre-Dame." I loved both these books; something in their tragedy appealed to me. How often we despise and criticise ugliness, but on closer contact we find that these people turn out to be most sincere and true. The vice-versa of the saying "All that glitters is not gold," would be apt for them. "All this and Heaven Too," had a lot of moral in it; "always look forward to happier days no matter what our present sorrows may be ; there is a good time coming", I think, was the central idea of the book. It is hard not to grumble but this saying reminds me that there is always somebody worse off than myself :—

"I grumbled I had no shoes until I came across a man with no feet."

There is so much joy to look forward to—no sorrow can be everlasting according to this verse by Longfellow,

Be still sad heart and cease repining,
Behind the clouds the sun is always shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all
Into each life some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary."

P. S. Buck's books inspire a love for the rich fertile earth to which we can turn when depressed. The struggles of rural life against poverty, disease and famine, their simple rejoicing over a bounteous harvest, their childlike belief in superstitions, all

these cannot fail to win the sympathy of any reader. It is impossible to resist the attractions of the rugged countryside, or the poor but ancient civilizations no matter to what country they belong.

All books we read leave impressions in our minds which are tucked away in dark recesses but come forth spontaneously much later on in life.

The latest book I have read is "East Side General," by Dr. Frank G. Slaughter. It gives us a glimpse into a doctor's life or rather, life in a hospital. The spotless cleanliness, its white robed workers moving about like flitting shadows, saving lives from misery and suffering. The thrill, the risk and the satisfaction after a successful operation has an elation which no other triumph or victory can offer.

A doctor becomes inured to human wreckage of all types, once he is in the operation theatre, with the metallic glitter of the knives and scissors, the masked faces of the assistants, and the glaring light overhead, with a mummy of a human before him. Going about his duties with his satchel that was his passport, groping with death to bring that elusive substance—life—into an almost inert body, the relief, the healthy fatigue and the welcome rest compose a doctor's life, and, what more can you ask for! Every minute is an adventure.

This last book has made my resolution of taking up medicine very firm, so firm that I practice it on myself with disastrous results. But failures are the stepping stones to success and I'll wear my laurels some day!

SHRIDEVI KURUP
P. U. C.

ADD THIS TO ALL !

It is not generally known that :—

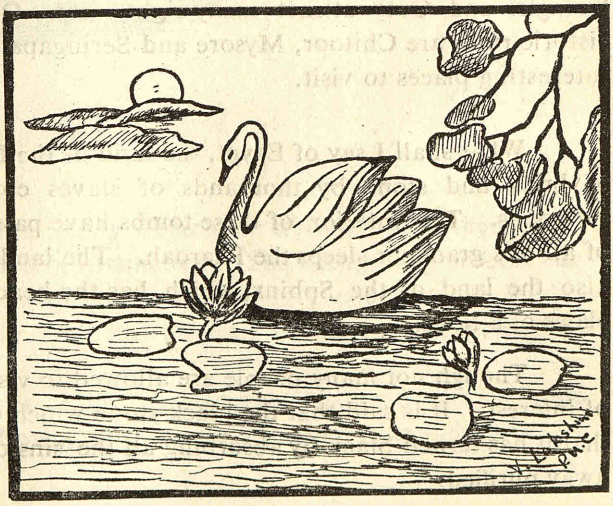
1) Chinese literature of 3000 years ago mentioned bananas.
2) The composer Beethoven is said to have written letters in which the postscripts were frequently five times as long as the letter itself.
3) The cactus is called the camel of the plant world, because it needs little water and stores what it gets.
4) It takes the hour-hand 12 minutes to move one minute.
5) The apple is the fastest-growing of all fruit trees.
6) The wrist-watch had its origin in the 17th century.
7) The word ' sheepskin ' is used to describe a diploma because of its being engraved on parchment. Originally parchment was made of the skins of sheep.

With acknowledgements to " **The Catholic Young People's Friend** "

* * *



Art by *Meera Rau*
P.U.C.



Art by *V. Lakshmi*
P.U.C.

PLACES OF INTEREST

Places of interest and spots for sight-seers are found in almost every country. In India itself there are many places worth seeing.

Agra, the famous capital of the fabulous Moghuls is filled with tombs and palaces of those high and mighty Emperors. The glory of the Taj Mahal is unsurpassed in beauty while the interior is covered with mosaic-work which is singularly rich and beautiful. That beautiful, white tomb that Shah Jehan built for his wife Mumtaz Mahal, consists of a mausoleum raised on a platform with a beautiful dome of large dimensions overhead. The " Palace Builder " sleeps side by side with his wife in the wonderful monument he raised to her memory. There are also four smaller domes which crown the heads of the four tall, slim, graceful minarets of the Taj Mahal. People from all parts of India and the world come to see this unique piece of architecture whose image is reflected in the tranquil waters of the River Jumna.

During the summer, Kashmir attracts a large number of tourists. The Shalimar and Nishat gardens are world-famous. The snow-capped mountain peaks looming in the distance, the Dal Lake with the house-boats and fishing rafts on its lotus-studded surface, all help to make Kashmir a province of natural beauty. Nestling as it does amidst the mountains of the Himalayan range, it was a summer resort of Jehangir and Shah Jehan.

The wide panoramic beauty of India's coolest summer resorts—Coonoor, Kotagiri and Ooty attract many sight-seers. Other places in India famous for their historic ruins are Chitoor, Mysore and Seringapatam. Benares and Amritsar also are interesting places to visit.

What shall I say of Egypt, the land of the Pharoahs ? The huge pyramids built of brick and stone by thousands of slaves contain the precious belongings of the Pharoahs. The interior of these tombs have passages and closets, while in the centre of all this grandeur sleeps the Pharoah. The land of the Pharoahs and pyramids is also the land of the Sphinx, which has the head of a woman and the body and claws of a lioness.

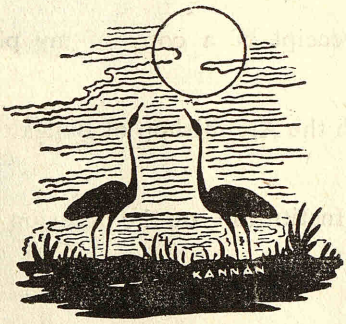
Though not many people are allowed to visit Mecca, it is nevertheless, a place of interest. It is said that the black stone which the pilgrims kiss was once white but that it has turned black by absorbing all the sins of those who touch it, so that they go away purified.

People who are in the lime-light would often wish they could visit California. The studios of Los Angeles and the dance halls of New York fascinate them.

Many people are drawn to the vast forests of Africa which the hand of civilization has not yet grasped; others are drawn to places of beauty, art and architecture. India is rich in all three. The ancient architecture of India is not to be surpassed; the beauty of Mysore is superb, while the art of ancient India as shown in the Ellora and Ajanta caves is breath-taking.

Hence one's enjoyment of any place of interest depends a great deal upon the kind of person who visits it — for naturally, a scientist will find a laboratory interesting and a soldier, the armoury!

D. M. BATLIVALA
II U.C.



" There are indications today that many women are trying to strip themselves of the modesty which has been their robe of distinction. The cheapening process has been going on steadily in our time with the vulgar beauty contests, the crude, semi-nude fashions, the common talk, and the no-limit of those who consider virtue dull .....

" What a woman wears, how she walks, the places she frequents, the attitudes she adopts, the talk she makes her own, the desires she entertains and strives to satisfy, all mark her for what she is !"

+ Bishop John King Mussio
in " Our Lady's Digest"

V. VENKATAPPA,
Minister for Education

VIDHANA SOUDHA,
BANGALORE-1.

Dated 16—9—1957.

To
THE PRINCIPAL,
MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE,
BANGALORE-1.

MADAM,

I am in receipt of a copy of my photograph taken in your College with the Archbishop of Bangalore and the Mother General of your Institution, on the occasion of Guardians' Day.

I am happy to find that it is very nice. I thank you for the copy sent to me.

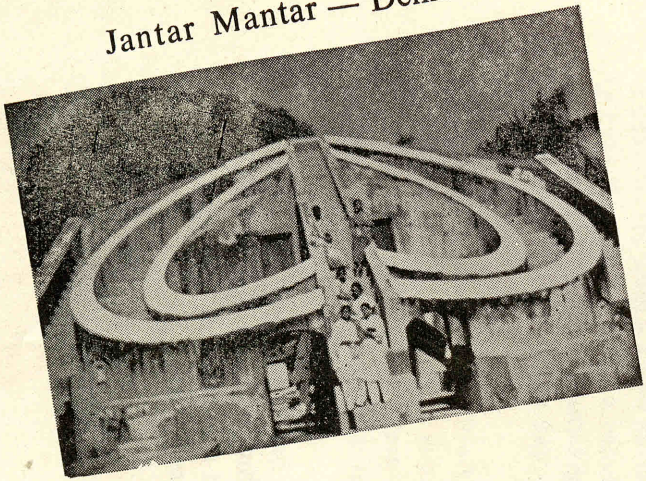
I wish your Institution all success and your students a bright future.

Yours sincerely,

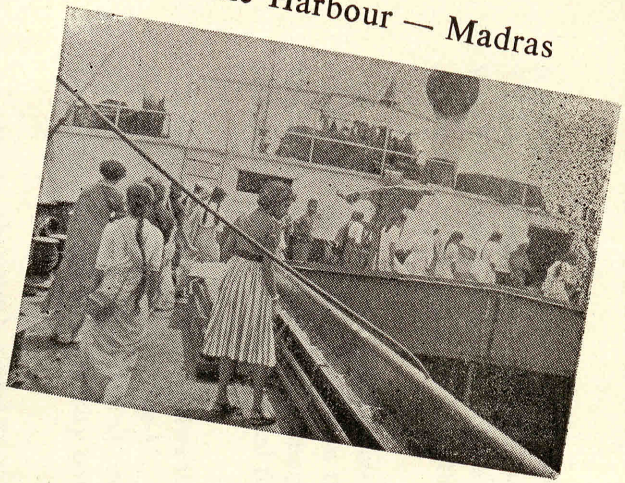
(Sd.) V. Venkatappa.

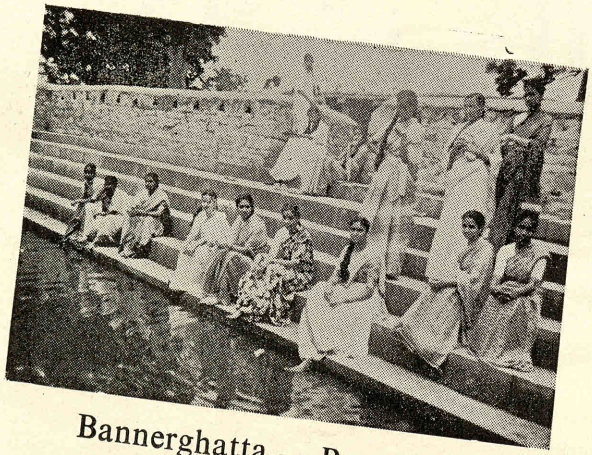
WE ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE OF IT!

Jantar Mantar — Delhi



At the Harbour — Madras

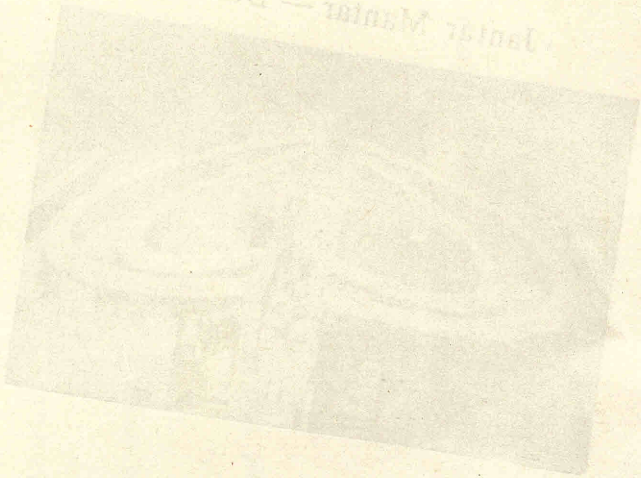




Bannerghatta — Bangalore



Coal Mines — Giridih (Bihar)







Pre-University 1957

A whisper goes round as the Pre-Us.* pass—
" Wish they were the First U. Class !"
Why ? because they've got to face an exam.,
At the end of the year : and so, they must cram

For all they're worth. The former First Us.,
Could turn their young backs on the Muse
The whole year round if they chose to, and then
Shape themselves and be shaped for the war of the Pen.

" Is that all the difference between the sets —
Between the First U. and Pre-U. pets ?"
That's most of the difference at present, my friends
Until the course **at the Varsity** ends.

At present, the term's a real misnomer,
And the Pre-U's not at all a beach-comber !
He belonged to the University right away
From the S.S.L.C. Pass List day ;

But entered the Varsity as " Pre-U." :
So, " What's in a name ? " It is only a new
Term for our former First Inters
As I see it; only now they're sprinters

For a huge exam. looming ahead —
The syllabus just over eight months spread —
Not counting the holidays we've had
Including the Flu — too bad ! too bad !

SPECTATOR

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* Pronounce Pre-yoos

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Saturday—June, 15th

Southward ho! I thought with some pleasure and some pain. So many familiar objects and landmarks whizzed past me as we drove to the station at 8 p. m. The long drive through the pine-groves made me feel as though I was leaving my homeland behind me, whereas I was really going closer to it. I was too full for words. I said good-bye to the blue mountains where we had many a ride, the gurgling mountain streams and the thick teak forests. The car came to a halt. Why, there was the station.

After a warm send off from all our friends, we started on our four-day journey to Bangalore leaving the sheltered green valley of Dehra behind. Above it the twinkling lights of Mussourie glittered brilliantly against the deep blue sky, and I gazed at it as long as I could. Then gradually it became dimmer and dimmer, and faded out of the horizon.

Another officer and his daughter Sita, were coming with us in the same train as far as Madras.

Sunday—June, 16th

We reached Delhi at about 8 a.m. and even then the heat was scorching. After a wash and breakfast we went visiting and came back in time for the 4 p.m. train to Madras. We had reserved a compartment and Sita and her father were to share it with us if they did not get one. Fortunately they got one just next to ours. We saw very little of the 'Flu' that the papers talked about.

We saw a number of peacocks when we neared Muttra. Here I bought a replica of the Taj for Rupees two. The fellow had asked Rupees four; but that just shows what eloquent oratory can do or perhaps undo! We reached Agra Cantonment at 9-15 p.m. This set us straining our eyes along the invisible skyline for the Taj Mahal. Unfortunately for us the moon was not up, because she had not received my express telegram asking her to rise a couple of hours earlier that night.

We kept gazing into the darkness till 10 p.m. and saw tons of things the existence of which was justified by our boundless imagination. I got tired and went up to bed. No sooner had I pulled myself up there than I heard Omi (my sister) shout "Taj" and I rocked and rolled down faster than any American had ever dreamt of doing, only to see Omi grinning. In appreciation of this I gave her a knock on the head and climbed up again. I was just closing my eyes when Omi again shouted. This time I was so certain that it was a false alarm that I crawled down as slowly as possible. To my surprise I saw a river, and my vague knowledge of History and still worse idea of Geography told me that the Taj was on the banks of the Jumna.

This revelation made me run from window to window looking for the masterpiece of craftsmanship. Meanwhile Omi and Mummy shouted out that it had passed by on their side and that they had seen the reflection of it in the water (mind you, not the Taj itself!). This set up a great upheaval in my grey matter, (what fibs, I have not any according to my school teachers) and finally it occurred to me that due to some complicated and yet undiscovered system of reflection and refraction they had caught sight of the image without seeing the mausoleum itself. I was not going to believe it anyway because Omi would go on endlessly, 'I saw the Taj and you did not;' so I kept searching for my "Dream in Marble" and that was just what I saw, (the dream I mean!). I exclaimed that I had seen the mellow glimmer of the marble dome and when the others came stampeding over to my side, some hills mercifully came up and obscured the view; that saved me from embarrassing questions!

With well-disguised disappointment I clambered up for the third and last time. In the middle of the night a gentleman came in at Jhansi. He was also going to Bangalore I heard.

Monday—June, 17th

After a cool shower-bath I settled down to a day of "sight-seeing." At Itarsi, Sita came running into our compartment with her hands to her ears. When we asked her what had happened, she said that she had had the misfortune of hearing her father sing "Que Sera," and to save her sensitive ears she had come to take refuge with us, but was almost in tears to find that we were in the same predicament, as my father was ministering to us typical Carnatic music as he solemnly called his bellowing, much to the discomfort of our fellow-passenger.

Mummy is looking out of the window for 'fish-plates;' she has not seen one yet and she has been in the train for the last thirty-six hours. As Daddy says, it does credit to Mummy's powers of observation! My occupation is by far the best. I am writing nonsense in a scrawl which betrays that I am a mathematically-inclined spider. Sita who seems to be the only sane person in the compartment is reading a book. Omi, the monkey, is jumping from one berth to another rubbing them clean during her manoeuvres. She tried to make Sita sing, but having met with a refusal, stuck her nose outside the window for a fresh coating of coal-dust.

Tuesday—June, 18th

There was a marked change in the weather, scenes and people. The language commonly spoken sounded like Telugu or Canarese. The soil became a bright red and the first palm trees came into view. The scenery was new to us. Large expanses of flooded paddy fields and cocoanut palms.

We took Daddy to be an authority on remembering the names of stations, so when some small station passed by quickly, we asked him the name. Some of them sounded like nothing on earth, but we took it all in, in good faith. Finally when

he had run out of names he said, "Cuff-links." Then only did we thick-heads realize that he had been fooling us right through !

In the afternoon when everybody was busy reading, Daddy started bellowing in his corner, offending man and God alike. When anyone looked up disgustedly, he would take it as a compliment, smile complacently and continue.

As we neared Madras we caught the first glimpse of the sea. Were we not excited ?! It was the first time we were seeing it, and all the coloured posters did not do justice to that beautiful sight. Foaming, white crests lapped against a sandy beach, where slender palm trees stood up sharply against the endless blue of the ocean, dotted here and there with fishing boats. It was a sumptuous feast for any eye.

At Madras we changed over to the Bangalore train after saying bye-bye to Sita and her dad. What a night (mare) we spent in that train ! It had such an annoying jolting motion. Just as we lay down we would be thrown up sky-high, for as it was, we had enough to do holding our sides with laughter, so we landed clean off the bed leaving the others in an incurable state of hysteria.

Daddy was on his way from one end of the compartment to the other when the train started off with her monkey-tricks again. What a comic picture he made, throwing his hands and legs about in true " Mumbo Italiano " style. Ultimately he managed to crash-land on one of the trunks, leaving us helpless with laughter.

Wednesday—June, 18th

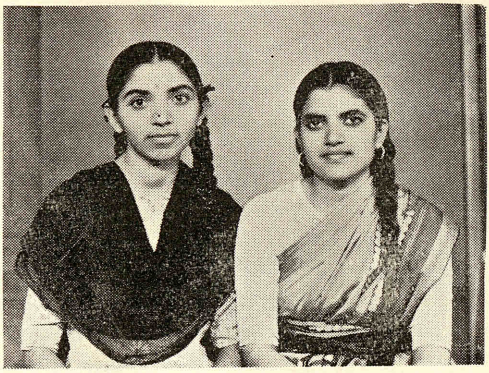
We reached our destination, Bangalore, at about 7 a. m. Here the housing problem faced us in full force. We stayed at a friend's, playing Table-Tennis the live-long day, while Daddy went house-hunting. Either he would get a five-bedroomed mansion, fully furnished for only a fabulous sum, or an antique piece of crumbling brickwork in which one could stay by previously dismissing from one's mind all fear of damp, darkness, bats and rats.

Anyway, here we are on Pottery Road—sounds like some prehistoric thing out of Mohenjodaro but it is not so bad I think, when there are a number of cracked people like ourselves nearby, and as chance would have it, attending the same college too !

SHRIDEVI KURUP
P.U.C.



Teresa Mascarenhas, II U.C. adjudged the best among women candidates of Mysore, in the Essay Contest, conducted by the New York Herald Tribune Forum



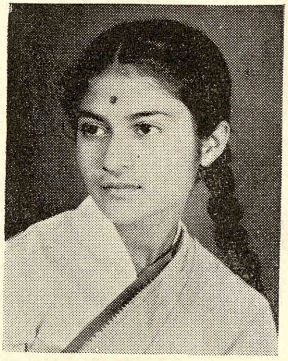
H. Hemalatha & Narendra Kaur, winners of the Shield in the Inter-Collegiate debate in Hindi held in Mysore



Hostel Prize for Good Conduct — Maya Menon, II U.C.

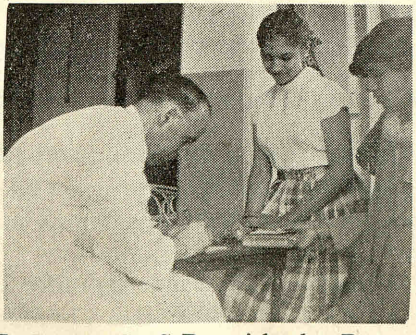


Nalini Menon, P.U.C. gets a cup for the best lady-speaker in the All-Mysore Inter-Collegiate debate in English



The all-round best student — Sita Ganapathy, II U.C.







Rev. Father T. Long, C.SS.R. with the Retreatants & Sisters.

A Journey through the Land of Poetry

Shakespeare, Marlowe, Dryden and Sheridan,
Along with the lovable Alfred Lord Tennyson,
Visiting the Senior Degree Optional Poetry class one evening
Paid compliments fair —
To the girls found there —
With of course the Lecturer as the beginning :—

Sr. M. Tarsilla : While her *light* masks or covers satire's strokes,
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes ;
Look on her well—does she seem formed to teach ?
Should you expect to hear this lady—preach ?

Chitra Ramamurthy : A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide,
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride.

Dorothy Henry : My words shall be as spotless as my youth
Full of simplicity and naked truth.

Padma, V : (Determined) to follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Indumathy, M. L : Lips smiling at their own discretion,
And, if not smiling, more sweetly parting ;
More lovely in sullenness !

Fay Fanderlinden : Truly, she has the fever of love strong upon her,
Faint, peevish, languishing all day,
With burning, restless nights !

Nalini, R : Her follies are so natural, or so artful,
That they become her !

Indira, S. R : Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,
Displays the tender hue of female doubt.

Josephine Geetha : (Living proof of) 'brevity is the soul of wit.'

Sr. Denise : Mental accomplishments ! She would have
Stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard,
With any apothecary's wife in the kingdom !

Indra Subbarao : Decked with that charm, how lovely wit appears,
How graceful *science*, when that robe she wears.

Noeleen, G : Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild.

Promila Basu : But you are fair, ay me ! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair !

Kusum Rao : What she wants in art, she has in breeding,
And what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution.

Shakuntala, A : Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
And oft, the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind.

Sulochana Chelvaraj : The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise !

Susheela, R : Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretence
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense.

Sabeth, T : A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,
A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled.

Lalitha, B. S : Adorning fashion, unadorn'd by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness.

Rosa Joseph : Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,
As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined.

Sr. Peter : On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That, form'd by Heaven to be admired so much,
The Hand Divine, with a less partial care
Might well have fixed a fainter crimson there !

Sulochana, R : It justly suits the expression of her face,
'Tis less than dignity, more than grace.

Vasantha, L. V : She would sometimes in mirthful moments use,
A style too flippant for a well-bred muse ;
Then female modesty abash'd took,
To seek the friendly refuge of the book !

SHEILA NAIDU
IV U.C.

MCC LIBRA
Accn. No: .....

SAY IT WITH BOOKS

A *Scarlet Letter* was received at the Post-Office at *Cranford*, that on Christmas eve, *Emma* and *John Halifax Gentleman* with their daughter *Little Dorrit*, would return to *Hatter's Castle*. The news spread far and wide and even reached *Bleak House* and *Jamaica Inn*. The people began to make preparations to welcome them. They went to *The Old Curiosity Shop* and bought ivy, holly, and coloured papers for decorations. *The Merchant of Venice* was asked to supply the provisions for the grand dinner which was to be prepared *At the Villa Rose* by the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In the evening, while the *Good Wives* stayed at home, the men folk went to the station to receive the guests. Among them were *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist* and *The Corsican Brothers*. The station was guarded by the *Three Musketeers* and *The Green Archer*. As there was no sign of the train, the people naturally became impatient. Some ran up *The Thirty Nine Steps* while others climbed *The Rocks of Valpre* to see if they could spot the train from afar off. But soon the discovery was made that the train was late by three hours. The men once again assembled in the station, and to while away the time, they spoke about *The Mysterious Monoplane*, *The Case of The Velvet Claws*, *Mrs. Haliburton's troubles*, and two or three were vigorously discussing *Lord Oakburn's Daughters*. After a time the crowd grew impatient again, this time with the poor Station-master, *Nicholas Nickleby*, who told them that it was not unusual for the trains to arrive late, and that they were making *Much Ado About Nothing*.

At this juncture who should arrive but *The Virginian* after his long *Travels with a Donkey*. He went up to *Captain Rougemont* with whom he talked vehemently about *The Police Boat Mystery* and *The Riddle of the Emeralds*. Just then the people spotted *The Ghost Trail* of the coming train. The station-master opened the *Door with Seven Locks* with *The Keys of the Kingdom*, and there was much laughter and cheers while the family was being helped out of the compartment. They looked so fresh and well, that they were taken at once *Round the Bend* to the banquet hall which was decorated so tastefully with garlands, balloons, and coloured lights. The little girl was delighted to see a Christmas tree in the middle of the hall, and she kept talking of Santa Claus. *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, *General Wanchope*, *A Princess of Mars*, and *The Regent's Daughter*, were the distinguished invitees. At a given signal, the *Silver Trumpet* was blown by *The Man with Two Left Feet*, while *The Drum* was played by *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. Before dinner, *The Old Wine and New* was served by *The Channings*, while the toast was proposed by *Tobias Brandywine*. After a sumptuous dinner, the *Pageant of Life* was staged by *The Swiss Family Robinson*, the *Young Men in Spats* and *The Mighty Blockhead*. Dancing followed until the early hours of the morning, when *The Chimes* of Big Ben struck two. However after *Another Little Drink* and before dispersing,

the chief guests were given valuable gifts. John Halifax received *The Black Cabinet*, Emma was given *The Moonstone* and *The Square Emerald*, while Little Dorrit jumped with glee to see her presents—*The Red Pony* and *The Pink Umbrella.*

CONSTANCE THANGIAH
IV U.C.

MY MOOD

I'm in a mood to –
Turn our house the other way about
Where we shall face only a bungalow or two
And nice, quiet gardens
With very large, shady, green trees ;
And not now, as one sees,
A road down which buses have begun to ply
And a red blob " Bus Stop " will catch your eye
Fixed on a Telegraph pole
Fixed at our very gate ! !
" O ! my prophetic soul "
Will the plain be cluttered with residences –
Looking like a poor man out of his senses ?
So, I'm in a mood to turn our house about
Where we shall face only a bungalow or two
And nice, quiet gardens
With very large, shady, green trees.

S. M. A.



Students of the B.Sc. Class
March 1957

"ದಾನಗಳ ಫಲ"

REWARD OF CHARITY

ಎಂದೂ ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಎಂಟು ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ಮುಂಚೆ ಏಳೆದ ಸೀತು ಇಂದು ಆರು ಗಂಟೆಗೇ ಎದ್ದಿದ್ದಳು. ಇದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಮ್ಮಜ್ಜ, "ಏನೇ ಸೀತು, ಇವತ್ತು ಸೂರ್ಯ ಯಾವ ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾನೆಯೆ?" ಎಂದರು.

"ಇದೇನಜ್ಜ, ಹೀಗೆ ಕೇಳ್ತೀರಿ? ಸೂರ್ಯ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಒಂದೇ ದಿಕ್ಕಲ್ಲೇ ಅಲ್ವೇ ಹುಟ್ಟೋದು? ಮುದುಕರಾದ್ರೂ ಇನ್ನೂ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ವೇನಜ್ಜ!" ಅಂದಳು, ಆ ಕಿಲಾಡಿ.

ನಮಜ್ಜಂಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕೋಪವೇ ಬಂತು, ತಾವೇನೋ ಜಾಣತನವಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ ಮಾಡೋಕೆ ಹೋದರೆ ಅವಹೇಳನ ಮಾಡಿಬಿಟ್ಟಳಲ್ಲಾಂತ. ಸಾವರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೇಳಿದರು, "ಅಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ಎಂದೂ ನೀನು, ನಾನು ವಾಕಿಂಗಿಂದ ಬರೋ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಏಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಇಂದು ವಾಕಿಂಗಿಗೇಂತ ಹೊರಡೋ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೇ ಎದ್ದು ಬಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೀಯಲ್ಲಾ ಅಂತ ಕೇಳಿದೆ" ಎಂದರು.

"ಇದೇನಜ್ಜ, ಪೇಪರಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡ್ಲಿಲ್ವೇ? ಇವತ್ತು ವಿದ್ಯಾದಾನ, ಭೂದಾನ, ಶ್ರಮದಾನ ಚಳುವಳಿ. ಸ್ಕೂಲಿಂದ ಮೆರವಣಿಗೆ ಕರಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗ್ತಾರೆ. ಇವತ್ತು ಏಳು ಘಂಟೆಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸ್ಕೂಲಿನಲ್ಲಿರಬೇಕು. ದೊಡ್ಡ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಸಾಹಿತಿಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಭಾಷಣ ಮಾಡ್ತಾರೆ" ಅಂತ ಒಂದೇ ಉಸುರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಿದಳು.

"ಹೀಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ದಾನ ಕೊಡಬಾರದು, ದಂಡ, ದಂಡ" ಅಂದರು ನಮಜ್ಜ—ತಮ್ಮ ಬೋಳು ತಲೆಯನ್ನು ಸವರಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ.

"ಏಕಜ್ಜಾ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದಳು ಸೀತು, ತನ್ನ ಬಿರುಗಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೂ ಬಿರುಸಾಗಿ ಬಿಡುತ್ತಾ.

"ನೋಡು ಮಗು, ಹಿಂದೆ ಧರ್ಮರಾಜನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲೇ ಈ ದಾನಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಪಾಪರ್ ಆಗಿಹೋದ್ರು. ಅಂತಹುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಕಲಿಯುಗ, ಪಾಪಕ್ಕೆ ಹೆಸರು ವಾಸಿಯಾದ ಯುಗ, ಇಂಥಾ ಅಧರ್ಮ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ದಾನ ಕೊಡಬಹುದೇ?" ಅಂದರು, ವಾಕಿಂಗ್‌ಗೆ ಹೊರಡಲು ಅನುವಾಗುತ್ತಾ.

ಇನ್ನೂ ಮುಸುಕು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಅವರ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಆಲಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಮಲಗಿದ್ದ ನಾನು, "ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ದಾನ ಕೊಟ್ಟವರಿಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಏನಾಯ್ತು?" ಅಂತ ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೆ; ಸಮಸ್ಯೆ ಬಗೆ ಹರಿಯಲಿಲ್ಲ. "ಏನಾಯ್ತೆಜ್ಜ ಹಿಂದಿನ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ದಾನ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕೊಟ್ಟು?" ಅಂತ ಮುಸುಕಿನಿಂದಲೇ ಕೇಳಿದೆ.

ನಮ್ಮಜ್ಜಂಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಮಾತಿಂದಾ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿ ಬಂತು. "ಏನಾಯ್ತಂತೆ, ಮಲಗಿದ್ದಾಳೆ ಕತ್ತೆ ಹಾಗೆ. ಪುರಾಣ ಗಿರಾಣ ಓದಿದ್ದೀಯೇನೇ? ಆ ವಿದ್ಯಾದಾನ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ದ್ರೋಣಾಚಾರ್ಯನ ಗತಿ ಏನಾಯ್ತು? ಶಿಷ್ಯನ ಕೈಯಿಂದ್ಲೇ ಗೋತಾ ಆದ್ನಲ್ಲೇ. ತಿಳಿದೂ ತಿಳಿದೂ ಸುಮ್ನೆ ತನ್ನ ಹೆಸರೂ ಪೇಪರ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಬರಲೀಂತ ಬಿಟ್ಟ ವಿದ್ಯಾದಾನ ಮಾಡೋಕೆ ಹೋಗೋದೇ?" ಅಂದರು.

"ಶ್ರಮದಾನ ಮಾಡಿದರೆ ಏನಾಗತ್ತೆ? ಏನಾಯ್ತು?" ಸೀತು ಕೇಳಿದಳು.

"ಶ್ರಮದಾನ ಮಾಡಿದ ಆ ಕೋತಿ, ಅಳಿಲು ಎಲ್ಲೇ ಇರೋದು?"

"ಮರದ ಮೇಲೆ" ಎಂದೆವು ಇಬ್ಬರೂ. ಸಂವಾದದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ರುಚಿ ಇದ್ದಂತೆ ತೋರಿತು.

" ಸೇತುವೆ ಕಟ್ಟೋದಕ್ಕೆ ಶ್ರಮದಾನ ತೊಗೊಂಡ ರಾಮ ಅವುಗಳಿಗೇನು ಉಪಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿದ?"

" ಉಂ, ಬೆನ್ನಮೇಲೆ ಅಳಿಲಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಮೂರು ಬೆರಳಿನಿಂದ ಸವರಿ " ಈ ಗುರುತು ಶಾಶ್ವತವಾಗಿರಲಿ" ಎಂದು ವರ ಕೊಟ್ಟ. ಕೋತಿಗೆ " ಯಾರೂ ನಿನ್ನ ಸಾಯಿಸದೇ ಇರಲಿ. ಸಾಯಿಸಿದರೆ, ಅಂಥವರಿಗೆ ಪಾಪ ಬರಲಿ ಅಂತ ವರ ಕೊಟ್ಟ." ಅಂತ ತನಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಗೊತ್ತು ಅನ್ನೋ ಜಂಭದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಿದಳು ಸೀತು.

" ಆ ಬೆರಳ ಗುರುತಿನಿಂದ ಅಳಿಲಿಗೇನು ಲಾಭಾನೇ? ' ಕೋತೀನ ಕೊಲ್ಲಬೇಡಿ ' ಎಂದ ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೇ ಯಾರೂ ಕೊಲ್ಲದೇ ಬಿಡ್ತಾರೇನೇ?" ಎಂದರು ಅನುಭವಸ್ಥ ಅಜ್ಜ. " ಸಮುದ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇತುವೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿಸಿದ ರಾಮ ಆ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಮನೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡು ಮನುಷ್ಯರ ಹಾಗೇ ಜೀವನ ನಡೆಸುವಂತೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಕೊಡಬಾರದಾಗಿತ್ತೇ? ಕೈ ಕೆಸರಾದರೂ ಬಾಯಿ ಮೊಸರಾಗೋದೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸುಳ್ಳು ಕಣೇ, ಅದೂ ಈ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ. ಆ ಕೋತಿ, ಅಳಿಲುಗಳಿಗೂ ಆಯಿತು ಕೈ ಕೆಸರು. ಪಾಪ, ಹಾಲು ಹೆಪ್ಪು ಹಾಕಿ ಮೊಸರು ತಿನ್ನೋ ಅಂಥಾ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ರೆ ಏನಾಗ್ತಿತ್ತು ಆ ರಾಮಂಗೆ?"

" ಶ್ರಮದಾನ ಕೊಟ್ರಿ, ವಿದ್ಯಾದಾನ ಕೊಟ್ರಿ ಏನಾಗುತ್ತೇಂತ ಗೊತ್ತಾಯ್ತು. ಇನ್ನು ಭೂದಾನ ಕೊಟ್ರಿ ?"

" ಭೂದಾನ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಆ ಬಲಿ ಮಹಾರಾಜ ಪಾತಾಳಕ್ಕೇ ಕುಸಿದು ಬಿದ್ದನಲ್ಲೇ? ದಂಡ, ದಂಡ, ಇವೆಲ್ಲಾ " ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ನಮ್ಮಜ್ಜ ವಾಕಿಂಗ್ ಹೋಗೋಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿದ್ಧರಾದರು. ವಾಕಿಂಗ್ ಸ್ಟಿಕ್ಕನ್ನು ತಿರುಗಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅವರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನನಗನ್ನಿಸ್ತು " ಅಲ್ಲ, ಈ ಅಜ್ಜ, ಪುರಾಣ ಪುಣ್ಯ ಕಥೆಗಳನ್ನು ಓದಿ ಓದಿ ಅದರ ಮೇಲೆ ಟೀಕೆ ಮಾಡೋ ಅಷ್ಟು ಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನೂ ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿದ್ದಾರಲ್ಲಾ." ಅಂತ

" ಥೂ! ಈ ಅಜ್ಜಂಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲೂ ತಪ್ಪು ಹುಡುಕೋದೇ ಒಂದು ಕೆಲಸ" ಎಂದಳು ಸೀತು ; ಅವಳ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಂಗ್ಯ ಮೂಡಿತ್ತು.

B. S. PARVATHI
Senior B.A.

"ಕರ್ಮ"

FATE

"ನಾ ಮಾಡಿದ ಕರ್ಮ ಬಲವಂತವಾದರೆ, ನೀ ಮಾಡುವುದೇನೋ ದೇವ ||" ಅಂತ ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರೇನೋ ನಿರ್ಯೋಚನೆಯಿಂದ ನಿರಾಯಾಸವಾಗಿ ಹಾಡಿಬಿಟ್ರಲ್ಲ, ಅವರ ಹಾಡನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನಲಿದು, ಆ ಕೀರ್ತನೆಗಳ ಸಾರವನ್ನೇ ನಂಬಿದ್ದ ಅವರ ಅನುಚರರು, ಭಕ್ತರುಗಳಿಗೆ ಬಂತು ಪೀಕಲಾಟ. ಈ "ಕರ್ಮ" ಅಂದರೇನು? ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೇಳುವುದಾದರೆ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅರ್ಥವೇ ಇಲ್ಲವೆನ್ನಬಹುದು. ನಾವು ಮಾಡುವ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಗಳೂ ಕರ್ಮವೇ. ಆದರೂ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಕೆಟ್ಟ ಕ್ರಿಯೆಯು ಪ್ರತಿಫಲವನ್ನೂ "ಕರ್ಮ" ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯುವುದು ರೂಢಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ನಾನಾ ಮುಖಗಳು. ವಿಧ ವಿಧವಾದ ಕರ್ಮಗಳುಂಟು. ಉಪನಿಷತ್ತಿನ ಮೂಲವನ್ನನುಸರಿಸುವ ಬೌದ್ಧತತ್ವದ ಪ್ರಕಾರವಾಗಿ "ಕರ್ಮ" ಎಂದರೆ ನಾವು ಈ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡುವ ಪಾಪ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳ ಫಲಾಫಲ. ಈ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗ ನಾವು ಮಾಡಿದ ಪಾಪ ಕರ್ಮವನ್ನು ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ಬೇರೆ ಯಾವುದಾದರೂ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ತೀರಿಸ ಬೇಕೆಂದು ಒಂದು ನಂಬಿಕೆ. ಆದಕ್ಕೇ ಹೇಳೋದು—ಒಂದು ತಿಗಣೇನೋ, ಸೊಳ್ಳೇನೋ ಈ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಸಾಯಿಸಿದರೆ, ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಆ ತಿಗಣೆಯದೋ ಸೊಳ್ಳೆಯದೋ ಹುಟ್ಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಜನಿಸಿ, ಬೇರೆಯ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿರುವ ಅವುಗಳ ಕೈಯಿಂದ ಸತ್ತು ಕರ್ಮ ತೀರಿಸಬೇಕೂಂತ. ಇದು ಒಂದು ವಿಧವಾದ ಜಂಟಿ ಪಾಲುಗಾರಿಕೆ! ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮಾಡಿದ ಕರ್ಮದಿಂದ ತಿಗಣೆಯೂ ಸಹ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಜನ್ಮ ಅವತರಿಸ ಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ತಿಗಣೆಯಿಂದ ಸಾಯುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಪುನರ್ಜನನವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಕರ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ತಿಗಣೆಯೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಭಾಗ ಹೊಣೆ. ದೇವರು ಈ ಸೊಳ್ಳೆ, ತಿಗಣೆಗಳನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿರುವ ಉದ್ದೇಶವಾದರೂ ಬಹಳ ವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾದ್ದು. ಮನುಷ್ಯನ ಹುಟ್ಟು ಸಾವುಗಳಿಗೆ ಅವುಗಳೇ ಕಾರಣವೋ ಎನ್ನುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಅವುಗಳ ವಂಶಾವಳಿಗಳು ಹೆಸರುಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುತ್ತಿವೆ. ಕರ್ಮ ಮಾಡದ ಜನರಿಗೆ ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮವಿಲ್ಲದ್ದರಿಂದ, ಯಾವುದಾದರೂ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರಿಂದ "ಕರ್ಮ" ಮಾಡಿಸಿ, ಅವರಿಗೆ ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನ್ಮವನ್ನು ದಯಪಾಲಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಈ ಕ್ರಿಮಿಗಳ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣವಾಗಿದೆಯೋ ಏನೋ!

ಕರ್ಮ ಮಾಡದೇ ಇರೋದು ಎಂಥೆಂಥೋರಿಗೂ ಬಲುಕಷ್ಟ. ಧರ್ಮರಾಯನೂ ಸಹಾ ಒಂದಾನೊಂದು ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವುದೋ ಪಾಪ ಕರ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗುವುದರಲ್ಲಿದ್ದನೆಂದು, ಮಹಾಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲು ಬಾಲ ಬೆಳೆಸಿರುವ ಕೆಲವು ಕಥೆಗಳು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದುವಂತೆ! ಈ ಕರ್ಮದ ವಿಸ್ತೀರ್ಣ ಬಲು ಜಾಸ್ತಿ. ಫಳಿಗೆ ಫಳಿಗೆಗೂ 'ಕರ್ಮ ಮಾಡಬಾರದೂ'ಂತ ನೆನೆಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರ್ಯೂ, ನಮ್ಮ ತಿಳಿವನ್ನು ಮೀರಿದ ಒಂದು ಕೈ, ನಮ್ಮ ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ದಾರಿಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಡುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ, ಪಾಪವೋ ಪುಣ್ಯವೊ—ಅಂತೂ ಒಂದು ಕಾರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಸಿ, ಅದುವರೆವಿಗೂ ಖಾಲಿಯಿದ್ದ ನಮ್ಮ 'ಕರ್ಮ'ದ ಕೊಡವನ್ನು ತುಂಬುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದರಿಂದಲೇ ಬುದ್ಧ ತತ್ವವು, ಒಳ್ಳೆಯಮಾತು, ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ನಡತೆ, ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠಜ್ಞಾನ, ಪವಿತ್ರ ಕಾರ್ಯಗಳು, ಮುಂತಾದ ಮಾರ್ಗಗಳನ್ನೊಳಗೊಂಡ "ಅಷ್ಟಪದಿ"ಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯನು ನಡೆದರೆ, ಅವನು ಕರ್ಮ, ಮತ್ತು ಪುನರ್ಜನ್ಮಗಳಿಂದ ಪಾರಾಗಬಹುದು ಎಂದು ಸಾರಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಉಪ್ಪು ಖಾರ ತಿಂದು ಬೆಳೆದಿರುವ ಶರೀರಗಳಿಗೆ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲೂ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯತನದಿಂದಲೇ ನಡೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದೆಂದರೆ, ಕೊಂಚ ಮಟ್ಟಿಗೆ—ಕೊಂಚವೇನು, ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿಯೇ—ಕಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುವುದು. ಈ ರೀತಿಯ, ಕರ್ಮದಿಂದ ನಮಗೆ ಮುಕ್ತಿಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲವೆನ್ನಬಹುದು.

ಇಂದಿನ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಜನರ ಸಂಸಾರದಲ್ಲಿ "ಕರ್ಮ" ಎನ್ನುವ ಪದವು ಬಹಳವಾಗಿ ಬಳಕೆಗೆ ಬಂದಿದೆ. ದುಡ್ಡಿನ ತಾಪತ್ರಯವಾದರೆ "ಏನು ಕರ್ಮ ಮಾಡಿದ್ವೋವ್ಮಾ, ಈ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಡುತ್ತೆ" ಎನ್ನುವುದು. ಒಂದು ಚೀಳು ಕುಟುಕಿದರೆ ಕರ್ಮ, ಜ್ವರ ಬಂದರೆ ಕರ್ಮ, ಮನೇಲಿ ಅಕ್ಕಿಸಾಲದಾದರೆ ಕರ್ಮ. ಕೊನೆಗೆ,

ನೀರೊಲೆ ಉರಿಯದಿದ್ದರೆ ಅದೂ ಒಂದು ಕರ್ಮ! ಓದುವ ಈಗಿನ ಕಾಲದ ಹುಡುಗರಿಗಂತೂ ಫೇಲಾದರೊಂದು ಕರ್ಮ, ಕೆಲಸ ಸಿಗದಿದ್ದರೊಂದು ಕರ್ಮ, ಸೀಟು ದೊರಕದಿದ್ದರೊಂದು ಕರ್ಮ. ಓದದೇ ಇದ್ದು ಫೇಲಾದರೂ ಸಹಾ ಕರ್ಮದ ಮೇಲೆ ಗೂಬೆ ಕೂರಿಸುವವರು ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಜನ. "ನಾನೆಷ್ಟು ಓದಿದರೂ ನಂಗೆ ಫೇಲಾಗುತ್ತೆ ನೋಡಿ, ನನ್ನ ಕರ್ಮ" ಎಂದು ಯಾರೋ ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು ಹೇಳಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ನಿಜಹೇಳಬೇಕೆಂದರೆ, ಅವರು ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಯ ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನವಲ್ಲದೇ ಬೇರೆ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಹಿಡಿದವರೇ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಅನೇಕ ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಲ್ಲಿ "ಕರ್ಮ"ವು ಇದೇ ರೀತಿಯ ಉಪಯೋಗಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುತ್ತೆ. ಮನೆಯ ಹೆಂಗಸರು ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಲ ತರಲು ಹೋದಾಗ ಈ ಕರ್ಮವನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮ ಸಹಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು, ತಮ್ಮ ಬಡತನಕ್ಕೂ, ಕರ್ಮಕ್ಕೂ ಗಂಟುಹಾಕಿ ತಮ್ಮ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸ ಸಾಧಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವರು.

ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಂದಿನಕಾಲದ ವಯಸ್ಸಾದ ಅಜ್ಜಿಯರು, ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಮುಡಿಹೆಂಗಸರು ಇದ್ದರಂತೂ, ಅವರ ಮನೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಈ "ಕರ್ಮ"ದ ಹಾವಳಿ ಬಹಳ ಜಾಸ್ತಿ. ತಮ್ಮ ಗಂಡಂದಿರ ಸಾವಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನೇ ಕಾರಣವಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು "ನನ್ನ ಕರ್ಮ, ಅವರು ಹೋದ್ದು" ಎಂದು ಗೋಳಾಡುವರು "ಈ ಮುದಿರಂಡೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಸತ್ತಿಲ್ಲವೆಲ್ಲಮ್ಮಾ, ಇವರ ಕರ್ಮ ಇನ್ನೂ ಸವೆದಿಲ್ಲವೇನೋ" ಎಂದು ತಮ್ಮ ಕಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕರ್ಮವನ್ನು ಗುರಿಮಾಡಿ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಹೊಂದುವರು. ಕೆಲವರ ಮನೆ ಹೆಂಗಸರು ತಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳ ದುಷ್ಟತನಕ್ಕೆ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನೇ ಹೊಣೆಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು "ಏನು ಕರ್ಮವಮ್ಮಾ ಹೆತ್ತಿನೋಮ್ಮ ಈ ಮಕ್ಕಳನ್ನು" ಎಂದು ಪೇಚಾಡುವುದೂ ಉಂಟು. ಅನೇಕ ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಿಗೆ ವಿಪರೀತ ಅಡಚಣೆಗಳೊದಗಿದಾಗ, ಹಲ್ಲು ಕಚ್ಚಿ, ಹಣೆಹಣೆ ಚೆಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು "ಅಯ್ಯೋ, ಏನು ಕರ್ಮಾನೋ ಇದು" ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡರೆ, ಕೆಲವರ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ವಿಶೇಷ ಸಮಾಧಾನ. ಇಂಥಾ ಸಮಯಗಳಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅವರು ಕರ್ಮದ ಮುಖಾಂತರ ದೇವರನ್ನು ಬಳಸು ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನಸಾರ ನಿಂದಿಸಿ ತೃಪ್ತಿಪಡುವರು. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ, ದೇವರನ್ನೇ ನೇರವಾಗಿ ಬೈಯಲು ಧೈರ್ಯ ಸಾಲದು. ಆದರೆ ದೇವರನ್ನು ನಿಂದಿಸಿದ ಹೊರತೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಕಷ್ಟದ ಭಾರ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ. ಅತ್ತೆಯರು ತಮ್ಮ ಸೊಸೆಯರ ಕೈಲಿ ಕೆಲಸ ತೆಗೆಸಲಾರದೆ ಹೋದಾಗ, ಅವರುಗಳಿಗೆ ತಟ್ಟುವಂತೆ "ನನಗೇನು ಬಂತಮ್ಮ ಹೊತ್ತು, ಇಷ್ಟೊಂದು ಕೆಲಸ ಬಿದ್ದಿದೆ, ಹೀಗೆ ಸುಮ್ನೆ ಕೂತಿದೀನಿ" ಎಂದು ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತಾವೇ ಹಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರ ಮೂಲಕ ಸೊಸೆಯರಿಂದ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿಸುವಂತೆ, ದೇವರನ್ನೇ ನೇರವಾಗಿ ನಿಂದಿಸಲಾರದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ, ಕರ್ಮದ ಮೂಲಕ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತಾವೇ ಹಳಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಹೊಂದುವರು.

ಕರ್ಮ, ಹಣೇಬರಹ ಎರಡಕ್ಕೂ ಬಲುಹತ್ತಿರದ ನೆಂಟಸ್ತಿಕೆ. ಹಣೇಬರಹವೇ ಕರ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ, ಕರ್ಮವೇ ಹಣೇಬರಹಕ್ಕೆ ಮೂಲ. ಈ ಜನ್ಮದ ನಮ್ಮ ಪಾಪ ಕರ್ಮಗಳ ಪ್ರತಿಫಲವು ಮುಂದಿನ ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಹಣೇಬರಹದ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಜನಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಜಾಸ್ತಿಯಾಗಿರುವುದರಿಂದ, ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಏರುತ್ತಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬರ ಪಾಪಕರ್ಮಗಳನ್ನು, ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಹಣೇಬರಹದ ಮೂಲಕ ತಾನು ಕೊಡಬೇಕಾದ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ನೆನಪಿನಲ್ಲಿಡುವುದು ಬಲುಕಷ್ಟವೇ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ—ದೇವರಿಗೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಕರ್ಮದ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗತಿಗಳ ದಾಖಲೆಯನ್ನು ಪರಿಶೀಲಿಸುವಾಗಲೇ ಆಯಾ ಕರ್ಮಕ್ಕನುಸಾರವಾದ ಹಣೆಬರಹವನ್ನು ಅವರವರ ಹಣೆಗೆ ಮುದ್ರೆ ಒತ್ತಿ ಬಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಈ ಕೋಟಲೆಗಳಿಂದ ಪಾರಾಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ "ಕರ್ಮ"ವನ್ನು ಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ತೊಡೆದುಹಾಕಬೇಕು. ಆಗಲೇ ಜನ್ಮಗಳಿಗೆ ಕೊನೆ, ಜನಗಳಿಗೆ ಮುಕ್ತಿ. ಆದರೆ ಅದನ್ನು ತೊಡೆದುಹಾಕುವುದಕ್ಕಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

ಜನ್ಮಗಳಿಗೆ ಕೊನೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲ!
ಜನಗಳಿಗಂತೂ ಮುಕ್ತಿ ಇಲ್ಲ!!

SUNDARA H. S.
Senior B.A.

ನಿಶೆಯಿಂದ ಉಷೆಗೆ
FROM DARKNESS TO DAWN

ಉಪನಿಷತ್ತು ನುಡಿಯುತ್ತದೆ "ಏಳು, ಎದ್ದೇಳು ಎಚ್ಚರಗೊಳ್ಳು." ಅಂದರೆ, ಆಲಸ್ಯದ ನಿಶೆಯನ್ನು ಒದೆದೋಡಿಸಿ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸದ ಉಷೆಯ ಕರೆಗೆ ಕಿವಿಗೊಟ್ಟಾಲಿಸು. ಮೈ ಮುರಿದು ಮನಕುಣಿಸಿ ಮುಂದೋಡಿದರೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿರುವುದೇ ಸತ್ಯದ ಉತ್ತುಂಗ ಶಿಖರ. ತೆಡೆಯದಲೆ ಮೇಲೆದ್ದು ಶಾಂತಿ ಪತಾಕೆಯನ್ನು ಹಾರಿಸಲ್ಲಿ. ಮುಂದೆ ನಡೆದು ನೋಡು, ನಿನ್ನರಿವಿಗೆ ನಿಲುಕುವಷ್ಟನ್ನು.

ಮಾನವ ದೈತ್ಯತ್ವದಿಂದ ಎಚ್ಚಿತ್ತು ದೇವತ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಏರಬೇಕು. ಮಾನವನು ದೈತ್ಯನಾದಾಗ ಕಾಣುವುದೇನು? ಅವನ ರುದ್ರ ಭೀಕರ ಸ್ವರೂಪ. ಮಾನವತೆಯ ಎಲ್ಲೆಮೀರಿ ವನ್ಯಪಶುವಿನ ವರ್ತನೆ ಬೆರಸಿ ರಕ್ತತಾಂಡವ ನೃತ್ಯವನ್ನಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಜೊತೆಯವರ ರಕ್ತ ಪಿಪಾಸೆ ಅವನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೈವೆತ್ತು ಕುಣಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಶಾಂತಿ ಹೋಲಿಗೆ ಬದಲು ಕ್ರಾಂತಿ ಮೈಲಿಗೆಯುಂಟಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ನರನೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಮರೆತು ನರಕ ಪಿಶಾಚಿ ಯಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆಗಲೇ ಅರಿವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ, ಅವನ ದೌರ್ಬಲ್ಯದ ಚಿಹ್ನೆಯಾವುದೆಂದು. ಮಿತಿಮೀರಿ ಉಬ್ಬಿ, ಮಾನವತೆಯ ಕಟ್ಟನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತು ಮಾಡಿದ ಔದ್ಧತ್ಯದ ಫಲ ಕಣ್ಣೆದುರು ಕಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆ ಕ್ಷಣವೇ ಕಾಣಿಸುತ್ತದೆ ಮೃದುತೆಯ ಕಿರುಜ್ಯೋತಿ. ಅದರಿಂದ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅವನು ಉದ್ಧಾರವಾಗಬಲ್ಲ. ಹಿರಿಯರ "ವಜ್ರಾದಪಿ ಕಠೋರಾನಿ, ಮೃದೂನಿ ಕುಸುಮಾದಪಿ" ಎಂಬ ಹೇಳಿಕೆಯಂತಿರದಿದ್ದರೆ ಎಂತಹ ಘೋರ ವಿಪತ್ತು ಉಂಟಾಗುತ್ತದೆಂದು ಅರಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಸೋದರ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನಡಗಿಸಿ ಕ್ರೌರ್ಯ ಪ್ರತೀಕವಾಗಿ ಹಿರಿಕಿರಿಯರೆನ್ನದೆ ಸದೆ ಬಡಿಯಲು ತೊಡಗಿರುವಂಥ ಹವರಿಗೆ ಕಡೆಗೂ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಸುವುದು, ಸೋಲಿನ ಭೈರವರೂಪ. ಶಕ್ತಿ ಪ್ರಾಧಾನ್ಯತೆಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ಯುಕ್ತಿ, ಭಕ್ತಿ ಪ್ರಾಧಾನ್ಯತೆಯೂ ತಲೆ ಎತ್ತಿದರೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಅಸಂಖ್ಯ ವ್ಯಾಪಾರವೂ ವ್ಯಕ್ತವಾಗುವುದು. ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥತೆಯ ಸೆರಗು ಹಿಡಿದು ಓಡುವವನು ಎಂದಿದ್ದರೂ ಮುಗ್ಗರಿಸಲೇಬೇಕು. ಇದು ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ ವಾಕ್ಯ. ಯುದ್ಧ, ಕ್ಷಾಮ, ರೋಗ, ರುಜಿನ ಮತ್ತು ಕುಟಿಲತೆಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿರುವ ಜನಾಂಗವು ಜನಾಂಗವೇ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅವುಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಮಾನ ವೀಯತೆಯು ಮಾತ್ರ ಪರಿಗಣನೆಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಶತ್ರು ವಿನ ಪಾಲುಮಾಡದೆ ಭಕ್ತಿ, ಪ್ರೇಮ, ಜ್ಞಾನ ಮತ್ತು ಬುದ್ಧಿಕುಶಲತೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಆಗರವಾಗಿಸಬೇಕು. ಶಾಂತಿ ಸೌಹಾರ್ದತೆಗಳು ತಲೆ ಎತ್ತಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಬೇಕು. ವಿವೇಚನೆಯು ಮೂಲೆ ಗುಂಪಾಗದೆ ಮುನ್ನುಗ್ಗಬೇಕು. ಯಾವುದರಲ್ಲಿಯೂ "ಅತಿ" ಯನ್ನು ಬೆರಸದೆ ಸದ ಸದ್ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ರಂಜಿಸುವಾಗ ಮಾತ್ರ ದೈತ್ಯನು ಮನುಜನಾಗುವುದಿರಲಿ, ದಿವಜನೇ ಆಗುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಇದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಶಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅವಕಾಶವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಸಹಪಯಣಿಗನೇ! ಶ್ರುತಿಸಾರುವ ತತ್ವವನ್ನೇ ಹೇಳುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಈ ವಿಶ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಕ್ಲೈಬ್ಯ. ಬಹಳ ಆ ಅಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಲು ನೀನು ಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗು. ಅಹಿಂಸೆಯ ಅಸ್ತ್ರ ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿರುವವರೆಗೂ ಯಾವ ಭಯವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗೆಂದ ಮಾತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಧೈರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಬದಿಗೊತ್ತಿದ ಅಂಜುಕುಳಿಯಾಗಬೇಡ. ವೇದಾಂತಕೇಸರಿಯಂತೆ ನೀನು ಸುಗುಣದ ಸುಕೋಮಲತೆಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸದ್ಬಲವನ್ನು ವೃದ್ಧಿಗೊಳಿಸಿಕೋ. ಸಮಯಾ ಸಮಯವನ್ನರಿತು ಅದರ ಉಪಯೋಗವನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವವನಾಗು "ನಡೆಮುಂದೆ, ನಡೆಮುಂದೆ ನುಗ್ಗಿ ನಡೆಮುಂದೆ" ಎಂಬುದು ನಿನ್ನ ಮಂತ್ರವಾಗಲಿ. ಹಾಗೆಂದು ಹಳ್ಳಕೊಳ್ಳಗಳ ಮೇಲೂ ಹಿಗ್ಗಿ ಕಣ್ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು ನಡೆಯಬೇಡ. ಕಣ್ಬೆಟ್ಟು ಎಚ್ಚರದಿಂದ ಹಳ್ಳಕೊಳ್ಳವನ್ನು ಪೂರ್ತಿ ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ಮುಂದೆ ನಡೆ. ಕರುಣಾಪೂರವಾಗಿರಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಹೃದಯ.

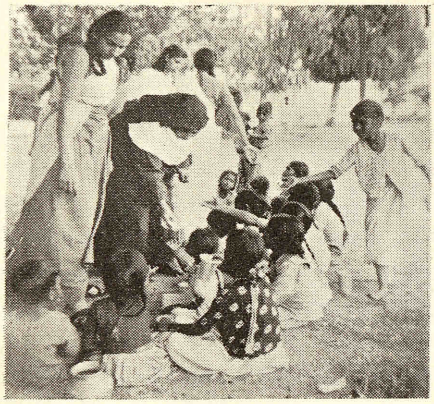
ವಿಶ್ವದ ಅಮೃತ ಕುವರನಲ್ಲವೇ ನೀನು? ಅಂಜಬೇಡ. ಅಂಜಿಕೆಯ ತೊರೆ ನೀನು. ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಂಡದ ಕುತೂಹಲವನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಬೇಡ ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಬಂದೆಯೋ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ನೆಲಸು. ನಿನ್ನಾತ್ಮ ಅವನೆಡೆಗೆ, ನೀನು ಅವನವನು. ವಿಶ್ವ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಟನ ಪುತ್ರ ನೀನು. ಜಾತಿಭೇದ, ಲಿಂಗಭೇದ ಮತ್ತು ವರ್ಣಭೇದವನ್ನು ತೊಡೆದು ಕಾಯರಂಗಕ್ಕೆ ಧುಮುಕು. ಕಾರ್ಯವೇ ದೈವ; ಕರ್ತೃವೇ ಭಕ್ತ. ಕಾರ್ಯಾರಾಧನೆಯು ಉತ್ಸವಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಪೂಜೆ; ಕಾರ್ಯದೊಡೆಯನಸೇವೆ ಮೂಲಮೂರ್ತಿಯ ಸೇವೆ. ಅಸಹನೆಯನ್ನು ತೊಡೆ ನೀನು. ಪ್ರೇಮ ಮುಗುದೆಯ ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕರ್ತವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಪಾಲಿಸು, ಸಲ್ಲುವುದು ಶುಭಕರನ ಆಶೀರ್ವಾದ.

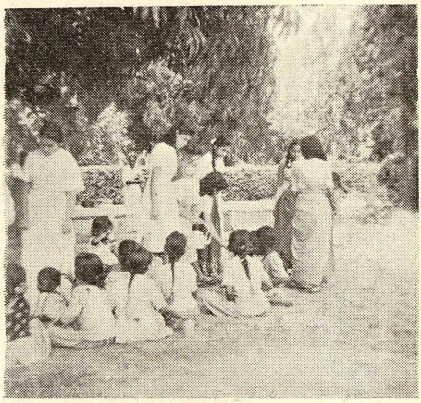
ಮಾಡುವವ ನೀನಲ್ಲ, ಮಾಡಿಸುವವ ಬೇರೆ. ಕರ್ಮವೂ ಅದರ ಫಲವೂ ನಿನ್ನದಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲದರ ಮೂಲ ಇರುವನು ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ. ಸುತ್ತಲಿನವರ ಗೋಳೇ ಅವನ ಗೋಳು. ಅವರ ಹರ್ಷವೇ ಅವನ ಹರ್ಷ. ಮೈವೆತ್ತ ದೈವವನು ಉಪಚರಿಸಿ ತುಷ್ಟಿಪಡಿಸು, ಆಗ ಅವನೂ ತುಷ್ಟಿಪಡುವನು. ಭವಿ ನೀನಾಗದೆ ಭಕ್ತನಾಗು. ಕೇಳಾಸೆಗೆ ಸ್ವಾರ್ಥಕ್ಕೆ ಕಿವಿಗೊಡದೆ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ನಡೆಸು. ಈ ವಿಶ್ವ ನಿನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯರಂಗ. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ನಿನ್ನ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ಪರಾಯಣತೆಯು ಅವನ ಕಿವಿ ಮುಟ್ಟುವುದು. ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆ ! ಮುಂಬರುವ ಸಂತಸಕೆ ಹಿಗ್ಗಬೇಡ ; ಹಿಂದೆ ಆಗಿ, ಈಗ ಆಗುತ್ತಿರುವ ಕಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಮರುಗ ಬೇಡ. "ಸುಖೇದುಃಖೇ ಸಮೇಕೃತ್ವಾ ಲಾಭಾಲಾಭೌ ಜಯಾಜಯಃ" ಎಂಬ ಮೂಲಮಂತ್ರ ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿರಲಿ. ಕಮಲಪತ್ರದ ಮೇಲಿನ ಹಿಮಮಣಿಯಂತೆ ಪರಿಶುದ್ಧನಾಗಿರಬೇಕು ನೀನು. ಅದು ಸದ್ಭಕ್ತನ ಕುರುಹು. ಆ ಮಟ್ಟಕ್ಕೇರಲು ಇಂದಿನಿಂದ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸು. ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯವನ್ನೆಸಗು. ಆಗ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಸುವುದು ನಿನಗೆ ಆ ಮೂಲನೆಂತ್ರ ಮತ್ತ ಅದರ ಹಿರಿಮೆ. ಭವದ ಬಂಧನದಲ್ಲಿನ ಭವಿಯಾಗದೆ ಭಕ್ತನಂತೆ ಅದರ ಒಳಹೊರಗಿನ ಅಧಿಕಾರವನ್ನು ಒಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೋ. ಸಮಸ್ತವೂ ಬಾಗುವುದು, ನೀನು ನಿಜವಾದ ಭಕ್ತನಾದರೆ ಹಿಗ್ಗು ಕುಗ್ಗಿನ ಸೆಳೆತಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕದೆ ಸಮರಸವಾಗಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಗು.

ಕವಿಯಾಗು ನೀನು. ಹೃದಯ ಕುಡಿಕೆಯಲಿ ರಕ್ತವ ಮಸಿ ಮಾಡಿ ಅನುಭವದ ಪಟಲದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೊಸ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯವನ್ನಾರಂಭಿಸು. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಯಂತೆ ಮೂಲ ಶೋಧನೆಗೆ ಮನವಿಟ್ಟು ಸುತ್ತಲಿನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಅಂಧನಾಗಬೇಡ. ಅಳಿಸಲಾಗದ ಮರೆಯಲಾಗದ ಚಿತ್ರಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ, ಆ ಜಗದೀಶನದು. ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳ ಸಾಮಗಾನ, ನದಿನೀರಿನ ಮಂಜುಳ ಧ್ವಾನ, ಕುಸುಮಗಳ ಸೌರಭ್ಯ ವರ್ಣವಿತಾನಗಳನ್ನು ನಿನ್ನ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಕೋನದಲ್ಲಿರಿಸದೆ, ಅಮರ ಕಬ್ಬಿಗನಂತೆ ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸು. ಹಿರಿಕಿರಿಯದೆನ್ನದೆ, ಹಳತು ಹೊಸತೆನ್ನದೆ ಕಾವ್ಯ ವಾಹಿನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೇಲಿಹೋಗು. ಕಠೋರ ಸತ್ಯತೆಯ ಅರಿವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಜೀವಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಯಿಸಿದಿರು. ರಣಕಹಳೆಯೂದಿ ಸಮರ ಸನ್ನಾಹವೆಸಗದೆ ಸೌಹಾರ್ದದಿಂದ ವರ್ತಿಸು. ಹಕ್ಕಿಯಗಾನವು ಯಾರಿಗಾಗಿ? ನೊಂದಜೀವಿ ನಿನಗಾಗಿ ಮೆತ್ತು ನನಗಾಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲವೇ ! ಅಮರ ಕಲಾವಿದನ ಕಲೆಯು ಯಾರ ಬಾಳನ್ನು ರೂಪಿಸಲು ನಿಂತಿದೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿದೆಯೇ? ನಿನ್ನಂತಹ ಮತ್ತು ನನ್ನಂತಹ ಅಸಂಖ್ಯಾತ ಜೀವಿಗಳ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಒಲವಿನೊಸಗೆಯನ್ನು ಹೇಳಲು. ಅರಿತೆಯಾ, ಎಂತಹ ಹೃದಯ ವೈಶಾಲ್ಯ ಅವನದೆಂದು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಪಾಪಿ ಬೇರೆಯಲ್ಲ, ಭಕ್ತಾಗ್ರೇಸರ ಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿ ಬೇರೆಯಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಂದೇ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಅವನ ಪ್ರೇಮ ಪಾತ್ರರು. ನಾವು ಅಜ್ಞಾನದ ಕುಲುಮೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಂದು ನೊಂದವರೆಂದು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಅರಿವಿದೆ. ಆದರಿಸದೆ ಬಿಡನವನು. ನಂಬಿಕೆಯ ಹೊನಲಲ್ಲಿ ನುಗ್ಗಿನಡೆ ನೀನು. ಏನು? ಜೀವನ ಯಾತ್ರೆಯ ಯಾತ್ರಿಕನಾಗಿದ್ದೂ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ನಂಬಿಕೆಯಿಲ್ಲವೇ ನಿನಗೆ? ನಿನ್ನ ಗುರಿಮುಟ್ಟಲು ನಿನಗೇಕೆ ಚಿಂತೆ? ಗುರಿಕಾರ ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಕರೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವನು. ಕವಿಯ ಮರಿಯಾಗು. ತಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಧ್ವನಿಮಾಡು. ಅದು ಪ್ರತಿಧ್ವನಿ, ಮರುಧ್ವನಿಯಾಗಿ ನಿನ್ನ ವಿಜಯ ಡಿಂಡಿಮವಾಗಿ ಶೋಭಿಸಲಿ. ಇನ್ನೂ ಸಂದೇಹವೇ ನಿನಗೆ? ಬೇಡ. ಬಾಳದೀಗುಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿ ನುಗ್ಗು ನುರಿಯಾದ ಅನುಭವಿಕನ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಗಳೆಯಬೇಡ. ಪಯಣಿಗ, ಕೈಕೈಹಿಡಿದು ಆಸರವಾಗಿ, ಉತ್ತೇಜನಕಾರಿಯಾಗಿ ಶಾಂತಿದಾತ್ಯಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನಡೆ ಎನ್ನ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ. ಅಡ್ಡಿ ಆತಂಕಗಳು ಸಾವಿರಾರು. ಆದರೂ ಇಟ್ಟ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯ ಹಿಂದಿಡದೆ ಮುನ್ನಡೆದು ಗುರಿ ಸೇರು. ಅಮರ ಕಾಮ್ಯದ ಕಿರುಗಬ್ಬಿಗನಾಗಿ ದಿಗಂತದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಅರುಣರಾಗಕ್ಕೆ ನಮಿಸು. ಹೃದಯ ತುಂಬಿ ಹೊನಲಾಗಿ ಹರಿವ ರಾಗ ವಾಹಿನಿಗೆ ತಡೆ ಹಾಕದಿರು. ಅನುಭವದ ಒರೆಗಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಿರಿ ಬೇಡಿಕೆಯ ಈ ಮಾತನ್ನು ಹಚ್ಚಿ ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸು. ನನ್ನದು ವೇದವಾಕ್ಯವೇನಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಅನುಭವದ ಕಿಡಿ ಮಾತ್ರ. ಅರಿತೆಯಾ ಜಗದ ನೋವು ನಲಿವುಗಳು ಎಷ್ಟು ಹಿರಿದೆಂದು ! ನಿನ್ನ ಸಹಜ ಕಂಠದಿಂದ ನೋವನ್ನು ನಲಿವೆಂದು ಗಾನ ಮಾಡಿ ಅಮರಕೀರ್ತಿಯ ಪಡೆವ ನೀನು. ನಿನ್ನ ಬಾಳಹಾದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಗಮನೆಂದೆನಿಪ ತೆರದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಗು. ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಮುಂದೆಸಾಗಿ ಹಿಂದುಳಿದವರ ಕೊರಗಿನ ಪಯಣವ ಗುರಿಕಾರನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸೋಣ ಬಾ. ಶಿಖರವೇರಿ, ಏರುವ ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಇತರರಿಗೆ ಅರುಹೋಣ. ಇದು ನಿನ್ನ ಸಹಸಯಣಿಗನ ಬಲವಿನ ಆಹ್ವಾನ.

M. A. LALITHA
Sr. B.Sc.

SOCIAL SERVICE

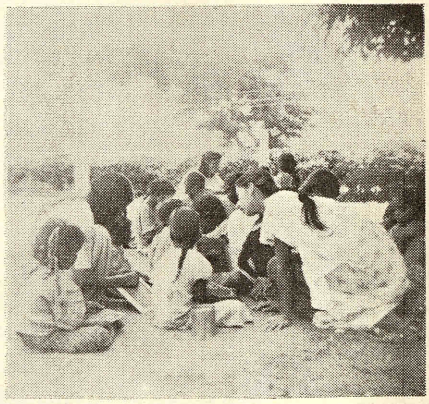




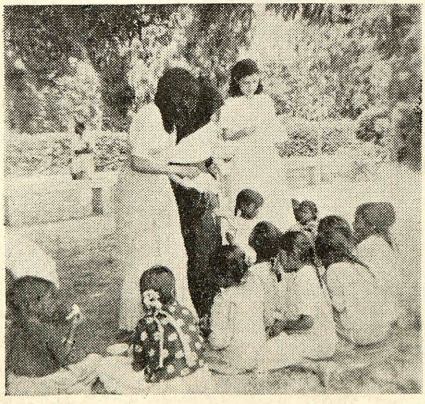
Distribution of Bread and Milk

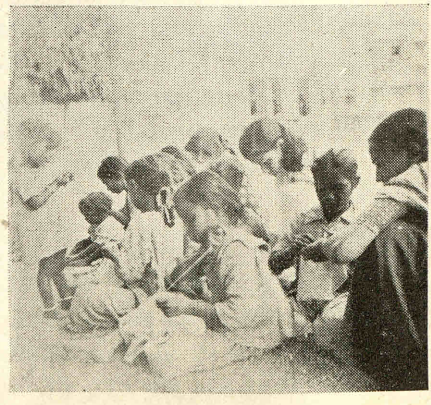


A youngster enjoying her mug of milk.



They learn to write and count





We get them interested in sewing.

தலை தப்பினதே தம்பிரான் புண்ணியம்.

"குப் குப்" என்று தனது கரும்புகையை விட்டுக்கொண்டு "ஊ" என்று அலறிய வண்ணம் கோழியூரை அடைந்தது புகை வண்டி. அடித்துப் பிடித்துக் கொள்ளும் கூட்டத்திற்கு மாறுக எண்ணி வைத்தாற்போல் நான்கைந்து பிரயாணிகள் வண்டியிலிருந்து இறங்கினர். அவர்களில் பருத்த தெந்தியையுடைய கொண்டையப்பனும் ஒருவன். கதிரவன் உதயத்திற்கு முன் பணகாரியமாகப் பட்டிணம் சென்றிருந்த கொண்டையப்பன் மடியில் கனத்துடனே இரவிலே கோழியூர் திரும்பிக்கொண்டிருந்தான். தொலைவிலுள்ள பண்ணையூரை அடையத் தோப்புத் துரவுகளை இம்மையிருளிலே கடந்துச் செல்ல வேண்டுமேயென்று நினைத்ததும் அவன் தொந்தி பயத்தால் குலுங்கிற்று. எனினும் தெய்வமேத் துணையென்று மடியை இறுகப்பிடித்துக்கொண்டு பண்ணையூரை நோக்கி நடையைக் கட்டினன் கொண்டையப்பன்.

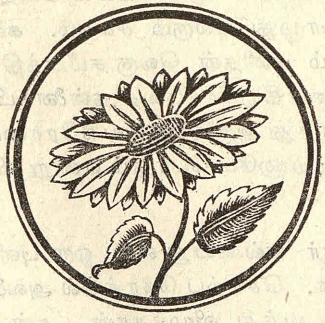
எங்கும் காரிருள். ஒரே நிசப்தம். தன்னந்தனியே கொண்டையப்பன் தோப்பு வழியேப் போய்கொண்டிருந்தான். பேய், பிசாசுகதைகளும், இறந்து போன பாட்டன், பாட்டிகளும் அவன் மனக்கண் முன் தோன்றி அவனை பயமுறுத்தின. தென்னைகள் பூதங்களாய் காட்சி அளித்தன. இலைகளின் சல சலப்பும் கூட அவன் மனதை திக் திக் என்று அடிக்க வைத்தது ..... தீடீரென்று யாரோ தொலைவில் ஓடிவரும் காலடியோசை கொண்டையப்பன் காதில் விழுந்தது. அவனுக்கு இருதயமே நின்று விடும் போலிருந்தது. தொந்தியின் கனத்தையும் பாராமல் கொண்டையப்பன் விழுந்தடித்துக்கொண்டு ஓடத் தொடங்கினன். "டேய் நில்லு" என்ற சப்தமும் பின்னிருந்து வந்தது. மெதுவாகத் திரும்பிப் பார்த்தான். ஓர் மனித உருவம் அவனைப் பின் தொடர்ந்துக் கொண்டிருந்தது. பாவம் கொண்டையப்பன், உடல் நடு நடுங்க மனம் பதைப் பதைக்க முன்னிலும் வேகமாய் ஓட ஆரம்பித்தான். பொழுது புலரும் சமயம். களைப்புடனே ஓடிக்கொண்டிருந்த கொண்டையப்பன் பின் வரும் மனிதன் வெகு சமீபத்தில் வந்து விட்டான் என உணர்ந்தான். தன் மடியிலுள்ள பணத்திற்காகவேத் தன்னை பின்னுலே தொடர்ந்து திருடன் துரத்தி வருகிறன் என்று நினைத்து அருகே ஓடிய நீரோடையில் பண மூட்டையை எறிந்து விட்டு தன் உயிரைக் காப்பாற்றினுலே போதும் என்று விரைவாக ஓடினன்.

கடைசியாக பண்ணையூர் எல்லையிலுள்ள ஒரு புளிய மரத்தினடியே தடாரென்று விழுந்தான் கொண்டையப்பன். சொற்ப நேரத்தில் அவனைப் பின் தொடர்ந்துக் கொண்டிருந்த மனிதனும் அவன் மீது வந்து விழுந்தான். தன் உயிரைக் கொள்ளவே வந்து விட்டான் என்று நினைத்ததும் கொண்டையப்பனுக்கு மயக்கமே வந்து விட்டது. சில நிமிடங்களுக்குப் பின் பேயறைந்தவர்களைப் போல இரு பேர்வழிகளும் ஒருவரையொருவர் உற்றுப் பார்த்தனர். பாவம் — மேல் மூச்சு வாங்க பின்னே ஓடிவந்த இரண்டாம் பேர்வழியே பேச்சைத் துடங்கினன்.

"ஏன் ஐயா" நல்ல ஆசாமி நீ. துணைக்கு ஆளில்லையே என்று தனியே வந்துக்கொண்டிருந்தேன் முன்னே போய்கொண்டிருக்கும் உன்னைப்பார்த்ததும் ஒரு குதியே குதித்து விட்டேன். கூப்பிட்ட உடனே நீ ஓடும் வேகத்தைப் பார்த்துவிட்டு பேயோ, பூதமோ பின்னுலே துரத்துகின்றது என உன் பின்னே நானும் தலை தெறிக்க ஓடி வந்தேன்." என்று ஆயாசத்துடன் பேச்சை முடித்தான்.

கொண்டையப்பனுக்கு தன் காதுகளையே நம்ப முடியவில்லை. அவனுக்குப் பேச நா எழவில்லை. துணைக்கு வந்த ஆள் திருடனை கருதிவிட்டேனே என்று விசனப்பட்டான். பணத்தையும் பறிகொடுத்துவிட்டு தலை தப்பிக்க ஓடினதையும் நினைத்துப் பார்த்த கொண்டையப்பனுக்கு அழுவதா சிரிப்பதா என்றுத் தெரியவில்லை. எனினும் அவன் இதயம் "திக் திக்" என்று அடித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தது. என் தலை தப்பினதே தம்பிரான் புண்ணியம் என்று தன் வீட்டை நோக்கி நடையைக் கட்டினான் கொண்டையப்பன்.

S. M. J.
P.U.C.



பாரதி கண்ட பெண்மை.

பாரத நாட்டின் புண்ணிய மேலீட்டாலும் செந்தமிழ் நாடு செய்த தவப்பயனாலும் தென் தமிழ் நாட்டில் திருநெல்வேலி ஜில்லாவில் சிவப்பேரி என்ற கிராமத்தில் மகாகவி சுப்ரமணிய பாரதியார் 1882ல் கார்த்திகைத் திங்கள் மூல நன்னாளில் சின்னசாமி அய்ய ருக்கும், இலக்குமி அம்மையாருக்கும் திருமகனாக அவதரித்தார். தமிழ்த் தேனும் செந்தமிழ் தாசனாக பின்னர் விளங்கப் போகும் நம் கவிஞர் பாரதி, இளமையிலே தந்தையிடம் செவிவழி கற்று தானே கவிகள் இயற்றும் வல்லமை பெற்று ஆசுகவி ஆனார். பாரதியார் இயற்றிய அநேக பாடங்களில் உணர்ச்சி மிக உள்ளக் களிப்பைத் தரும் பகுதிப் பாடங்களில் சிறப்புற்றது அவர் கண்ட "பெண்மை நலம்."

பாரதியார் பெண்மை நலம் கூறுமிடத்து தன் நுண்ணிய கருத்துக்களை நன்கு அமைத்துப் பாடுகின்ற பாட்டுக்களின் இனிமை போற்றத்தக்கது. இப் புலவர் பெருமான் தம் இயல்பின்கண் நின்று கூறும் எண்ணங்களை காணுமிடத்து முன்னோர்கள் பெண்மை யைக் கொண்ட விதம் எவ்வாறு என்பதை ஆராயலாம். பாரதியார் கண்ட பெண்மைக் கான மேற்கோள்கள் பல இன்பமும் உணர்ச்சியையும் ஊட்டுவனவாக உள :

"பெண்ணுரு ஒரு திறனாகி நின்று அவ் வுருத் தன்னுள்
அடக்கிக் காக்கினுங் காக்கும்."

என்ற பொருள் பொதிந்த அடிகளை தன்னகத்தே கொண்ட புறநானூற்றுச் செய்யுளைப் படித்தறிந்த நம் பாவலர் பெண்ணின் பெருமையைச் சித்தரித்துக் காட்டுகிறார். பிற் காலத்தவர் பெண்களைப் போற்றாமல் வீட்டின் கண்ணே வைத்துக் காப்பாற்றி வந்தமை யால் அப்பெண்மணிகளின் வாழ்வு தாழ்வுற்றது. கல்வி மோம்பாடும், கலை, கவிதை ஆகிய வற்றின் வல்லமையும் மங்கியது. ஆயின் சங்க காலத்துப் பெண்மணிகள் கலை, கல்வி இவற்றில் நல்ல தேர்ச்சி பெற்று வாழ்ந்த உயர்நிலைக்கும், பாரதியார் வாழ்ந்த காலத் திருந்த பெண்மகளிர் தாழ்ந்த நிலைக்கும் காரணங்கள் உண்டு. இவற்றைக் கண்ட பாரதி யார் பெண்மை நலமில்லாததைக் கண்டு மனங் கொதித்தார். விடுதலைக் கும்மி என்ற பகுதியில் இதை மிக அழகாக எடுத்து எழுதியுள்ளார்.

ஏட்டையும் பெண்கள் தொடுவது தீமையென்
றெண்ணியிருந்தவர் மாய்ந்து விட்டார்
வீட்டுக்குள்ளே பெண்ணை பூட்டி வைப்போமென்ற
விந்தை மனிதர் தலை கவிழ்ந்தார்.
மாட்டையடித்து வசக்கித் தொழுவினில்
மாட்டும் வழக்கத்தைக் கொண்டு வந்தே
வீட்டினில் எம்மிடங் காட்ட வந்தாரதை
வெட்டி விட்டோமென்று கும்மியடி ;

பெண்ணின் கற்புநிலைப் பற்றி பேசுங்கால் "வற்புறுத்திப் பெண்ணைக் கட்டி க்கொடுக்கும் வழக்கத்தை தள்ளி மிதித்திடுவோம்" என்று கூறுகிறார்.

பாரதியார் புதுமைப் பெண் பாடலில் மாதர்க்குச் சுதந்திரம் வழங்குதல் பாரத நாட்டின் கடமையாகும் என்கிறார். சமத்துவமே உயிர் வாழ்க்கை என்று விளக்கப் பின் வரும் பாடலை எழுதினார்.

ஆணும் பெண்ணும் நிகரெனக் கொள்வதால்
அறிவிலோங்கி இவ்வையம் தழைக்குமாம்.

ஆணும் பெண்ணும் சரிசமமாக வாழ்வதே வாழ்வாகும். அதுவே அறிவின் ஒளி என்பது அவர் கருத்து.

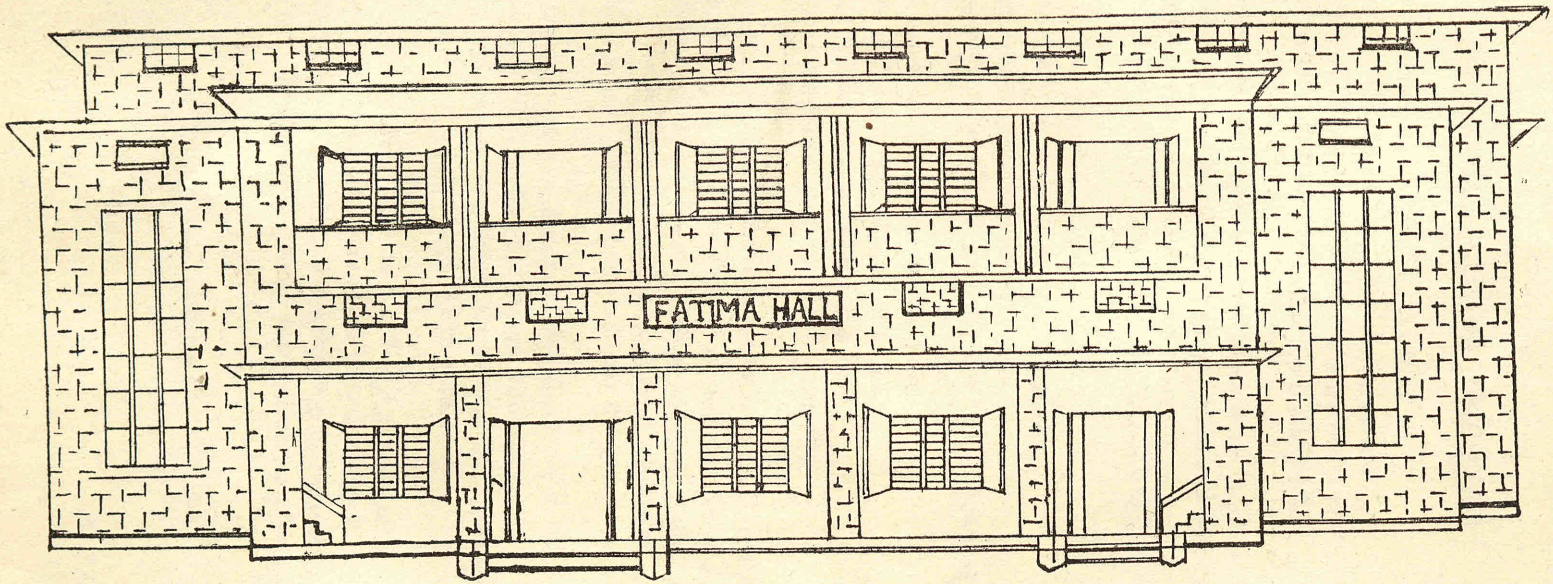
இத்தகைய பெருமை பெற்ற பெண்மணிகளே பெருமிதங் கொள்ளுமாறு நடந்தலே ஆண்கள் கடமையாம். பெண் சுதந்திரம் காக்கப் படல் வேண்டும் என்றுக் கூறுகிறார். பெண்பாலர் நாற்றிசை நாடுகளிலும் சென்று புதுமைகளைக் கொணர்ந்து நல்ல சமுதாயத்தை தோற்றுவிக்க வேண்டும். கல்வி கேள்விகளின் மேன்மையாலும், திண்ணிய கற்பின் திறத்தாலும், திடமான தேச உணர்ச்சியாலும் முன்னணிக்கு வரத்தக்க பெண் பாலர் எல்லாத் துறைகளிலும் நன்கு கலந்து பணியாற்றி வருதல் மிகையாகும். எனவே தான் நம் பாரதியாரும் வருங்கால பாரதத்தின் வளர்ச்சியை நோக்கி இவ்வாறு பாடியுள்ளார்.

"துன்பந் தீர்வது பெண்மையினால்
சூரப் பிள்ளைகள் தாபென்று போற்றுவோம்
கலி யழிப்பது பெண்கள் அறமடா
கைகள் கோத்துக் களித்து நின்றாடுவோம்.

இவ்வாறு தன் கருத்தை புதுமைக் கேற்ப மெருகிட்டு அழகுப் படுத்தி தனது காவியத் திலே வரைந்து தன் கருத்தை சமுதாயத்திற்கு அளித்துள்ளார். இதுதான் பழமைக்குப் பழமையாகவும், புதுமைக்குப் புதுமையாகவும் நின்று துலங்கி படிப்போர் மனதைக் கவர்ந்து இன்பத்தில் அழுத்துகின்றது. பாரதியார் "பெண்மை" தற்கால சமுதாய வளர்ச்சியை மிகைப்படுத்திக் காட்டும் ஓர் ஒப்பற்ற சிறந்த ஓவியமாம்.

R. RAJALAKSHMI
Junior B.A.

FATIMA HALL



H.G. Muthalakshmi
III U.C

கார்மெல் மலைக் கல்லூரி

1 பொன்னேர் அணியார் மபுரக்கும் நகரே!
புண்ணியர் பலவோர் போற்றும் பொன்னகரே!
தாளாண்மை மிக்கோர் தழைத்துறையும் தனிநகரே!
வேளாண்மை மிக்கோர் வியந்தேத்தும் வளநகரே!

2 கார்மெலெனும் கல்லூரீ கவின் மிகுந்த கல்லூரி
சோர்விலாதார் நிறைந்தது, சொற்றிறமிக்கார் செறிந்தது
பண்புமிக்கார் புகழ்வது, புரவலர் பலர் போற்றுவது
மாண்புமிக்க கல்லூரி! மங்கையர்ப் பயிலும் கல்லூரி!

3 கையுறை கருதா கார்முகிலன்ன
தன்னலங்கருதா தகை சான்றோர் செறிந்தது.
பொய்யுரை புகலா பூவையர் பொலிந்தது
மெய்யுரையே வேதமென்று மிகப் பலவோர் பயில்வது.

4 தீதிலாத் தவத்தினர் கோதிலா குணத்தினர்
மாசிலா மதியினர் மாட்சி மிகு மலிந்தவர்
ஓதலில் உயர்ந்தவர் உண்மையில் உத்தமர்
தூசிலா மனத்தினர் தூய்மையின் வடிவினர்.

5 ஊனமில்லா உடற்பயிற்சியில் உவகை மிக உள்ளவர்யென்னே
கானம் நிறைந்த இசையென்னே! கவிதையின் மேதை
சோர்விலா சொற்போர் என்னே! இயல் என்றும், இசையென்னும்,
நாடகமென்னும் கலைகளின் கனிவுவென்ன
தாழ்விலாது தழைத்தோங்கும் கலைகள் பல வாழ்கவே.

6 எஞ்ஞான்றும் இறையடி ஏத்தும் ஏந்திழையார்
மங்கயர்தம் நல் வாழ்விற்கு நலம்பல நவில்கின்றார்
விஞ்ஞானம், மெய்ஞ்ஞானம்என்ன, பலகலைகள் போதிக்கின்றார்
நங்கயர்தம் வாழ்வு நனிசிறந் தோங்கவே!

7 சான்றோர் மிகுந்த கல்லூரி, சகலரும் போற்றும் கல்லூரி
பெருமை குன்ரு கல்லூரி, புகழுற்றோங்கும் கல்லூரி
நின்று சுடரெரித்து, நெஞ்சத்திருள்கற்றிஇன்றுபோல் என்றும் துலங்கிடுக
துன்று புகழ் தெய்வ திரு கார்மெல் எனும் நந்தா வீளக்கு, கல்லூரி!

வாழ்க! வாழ்க!

S. SAROJA BAI
II U.C.

युवक समारोह (YOUTH FESTIVAL)

तीन वर्ष की चिरसंचित अभिलाषा को कार्य रूप में परिणित होते देख कर मेरी प्रसन्नता की कोई सीमा न रही, तथा उस प्रसन्नता का वर्णन करने में मैं अपनी लेखनी को असमर्थ पाती हूं। तीन वर्ष पूर्व, जब मैं ने समाचार पत्रों में बड़े बड़े अक्षरों में युवक समारोह के बारे में पढ़ा तो मेरे मन में तीव्र उत्कंठा हुई काश मैं भी इस समारोह में सम्मिलित हो सकती।

युवक समारोह, प्रथम बार १९५४ में मनाया गया था, द्वितीय वर्ष अर्थात १९५५ में हमारे विश्वविद्यालय ने उसमें भाग ही नहीं लिया, परंतु तृतीय वर्ष १९५६ में मैसूर विश्वविद्यालय ने भी भाग लिया और मुझे भी इस विश्वविद्यालय की छात्रा होने के कारण हिन्दी वादविवाद में भाग लेने का सुअवसर प्राप्त हुआ।

मैसूर विश्वविद्यालय से कुल मिला कर हम लोग ६२ विद्यार्थी तथा विद्यार्थिनियाँ गये। और अब हम लोग कालेज की जीत, अर्थात कालेज के नाम के बारे में न सोच कर, बड़े पैमाने पर विश्वविद्यालय की जीत के बारे में सोचने लगे।

१८ अक्टूबर १९५६ को हम लोग दिल्ली के लिए रवाना हुये। स्टेशन पर हमारी मुख्य अध्यापिका तथा सिसर इमैनुएल ने हमें (अर्थात मेरे अतिरिक्त ग्रुप डांस की आठ लड़कियाँ जो कि हमारे कॉलेज में से चुनी गईं थीं) आशीर्वाद दे कर, प्यार पूर्वक विदा किया। हम लोग भी आंसुओं तथा हर्ष का समिश्रण अपने हृदयो में संजोए हुए गाड़ी में जा बैठे। दुख तो इस बात का था कि हमें कुछ दिनों के लिये अपने माता पिता को छोड़ कर बहुत दूर जाना पड़ रहा था, परंतु उस दुख से अधिक हर्ष था और हम ने तो एक आदमी को यह कहते भी सुना I have never seen a group of girls happier than this.

तीन दिन की लंबी यात्रा को हंसते खेलते समाप्त कर के, इतवार को उषा काल के समय हम लोग दिल्ली जा पहुंचे। गाड़ी से उतरते ही संवाददाता ढेरों की संख्या में हमारे चित्र उतारने के लिए आ गये। तत्पश्चात उस बस में बैठ कर, जिस, का प्रबंध हम लोगों के लिए किया गया था, हम लोगों ने अपने निश्चित स्थान की ओर प्रस्थान किया। वहाँ पर हजारों की संख्या में तम्बुओं का प्रबंध था, एक तरफ, छात्राओं के रहने का प्रबंध था तो दूसरी ओर छात्रों के रहने का प्रबंध था। वहाँ उतरते ही, नौकरों ने हमारा सामान, हम लोगों के तबुओं में रख दिया। प्रत्येक तंबु में आठ आठ चारपाइयों के अतिरिक्त एक एक मेज़ तथा एक एक घड़ा था। लड़कियों के लिए अलग, तथा लड़कों के लिए अलग बाथरूमों की व्यवस्था थी। हम लोगों को वहाँ एक एक Identity card तथा meals कार्ड दे दिया गया था।

तालकटोरा गार्डन, जहाँ, कि युवक समारोह मनाया गया था, भिन्न भिन्न प्रकार की पोशाकों के विद्यार्थियों के द्वारा भर गया था, ऐसा लगता था, मानों भारतवर्ष की सभी जातियाँ इस छोटे से बगीचे में आकर समा गई हों। इधर से कोई फ्राक में चली आ रही है तो उधर से कोई साडी में कोई सलवार कमीज में तथा कोई कोई लहंगे में और कोई कोई तो महाराष्ट्री तरीके की साड़ी पहिन कर चली आ रही है। इस प्रकार भिन्न भिन्न प्रकार की पोशाकों की प्रदर्शनी सी लगी हुई थी। भारतवर्ष की वेशभूषा की भिन्नता का अध्ययन वहाँ पर सरलता पूर्वक किया जा सकता था।

अब समाचार पत्र वालों की सुनिए, कोई हमारा परिचय पाने को हमारे तंबु में आ कर उपस्थित हैं, तो कोई हमारा चित्र लेने को कैमरे सहित उपस्थित हैं।

युवक समारोह के आरंभ होने के दिन पंडित नेहरू ने तथा मौलाना आज़ाद ने हम लोगों को भाषण देते हुए युवक समारोह के उद्देश्य के बारे में यह बताया कि हम भिन्न भिन्न विश्वविद्यालयों के छात्रों तथा छात्राओं से मिलें उन्हे अपने बारे में बतायें तथा उनसे उनके बारे में सुनें।

अब आप वहाँ के कार्य क्रमके बारे में सुनने को उत्सुक होंगे। तो सुनिए .... वहाँ नित्य ही आठ बजे से कार्यक्रम शुरू होता था। जो कि बीच बीच में थोड़े समय के लिए बन्द होने के अतिरिक्त सारे दिन भर होता रहता था, और रात के बारह बजे उसकी समाप्ति होती थी। इस कार्यक्रम के अंतर्गत, नाच, गाने, नाटक, रेडियो नाटक, इंस्ट्रुमेंटल म्यूसिक तथा हिन्दी वाद विवाद सम्मिलत थे। प्रत्येक कार्यक्रम में हरेक युनिवर्सिटी को स्पर्धा करनी पड़ती थी। परंतु मेरे विचार से वहाँ, जीत और हार की कोई भी चिंता नहीं करता था। जीतनें वाले को अवश्य अत्याधिक प्रसन्नता होती थी, परंतु हारने वाले को दुख नहीं होता था। क्योंकि सभी यह सोच कर संतोष कर लेते थे कि सभी जीत नहीं सकते हैं।

रात्रि में एक बजे, कार्यक्रम की समाप्ति के पश्चात कैम्प फायर का कार्यक्रम रहता था उस में तो पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय के लड़के अधिक लोकप्रिय थे क्योंकि वह भिन्न भिन्न प्रकार की पोशाकें पहन कर, उत्साह, पूर्वक, नई दिल्ली का यह गाना "नखरे वाले" गा कर हम लोगों का मनोरंजन करते थे। थोड़ा बहुत होते-होते, रात्रि के चार बज जाते थे। सुबह आठ बजे का समय नाशते के लिए होता था। इसलिए आठ बजे, सीधे उठ कर दौड़ते दौड़ते नित्य कार्य से फुरसत पाने केलिये मन बाथरूम की ओर जाते, तो वहाँ लड़कियों के झुंड देख कर झुंझला उठते, और देर से उठने के कारण अपने आप को कोसने लगते थे।

यद्यपि दिन भर कुछ न कुछ होता रहता था, तथापि हम लोग किसी किसी समय घूमने निकल जाते थे। एक दिन तो हम लोगों ने दिल्ली भर के ऐतिहासिक स्थानों को देख डाला। फिर चार पांच दिन तो खरीदा खरीदी में चले गए क्योंकि यदि किसी के पास कोई चीज देखते, जो हमारे पास न होती, तो दूसरे दिन उसे खरीदनें चल पड़ते।

अंतिम दिन हम लोगों को राष्ट्रपति भवन में चाय का निमंत्रण मिला। ऐसा सौभाग्य तो आप जानते हैं कि किसी किसी को प्राप्त होता है, और मेरे विचार से पाठक पढ़ते पढ़ते मेरे भाग्य से ईर्ष्या भी करने लगे, परंतु मैं कहती हूँ कि ईर्ष्या करने की आवश्यकता नहीं, आप भी कोशिश करें और भाग ले कर दिल्ली जाइये। हाँ तो मैं कह रही थी, कि चाय पी कर हम ने राष्ट्रपति भवन का निरीक्षण किया, तथा वापस लौटे।

हम लोगों ने आगरा तथा फतेहपुर सीकरी का भ्रमण भी किया। इस प्रकार अट्ठारह दिनों का लंबा समय, हम लोगों ने अनजाने में ही बिता दिया तथा एक दिन ऐसा आया, जब कि हम को बैंगलोर वापस आना पड़ा, तथा फिर से पूर्व जीवन व्यतीत करने को बाध्य होना पड़ा।

जिस आनंद का अनुभव मैंने युवक समारोह में किया, उस आनंद का वर्णन करने में मैं अपनी लेखनी को उतना ही असमर्थ पाती हूँ जितना कि एक गूँगा अपने को मिठाई का वर्णन करने में पाता है। कुछ भी हो इस अनुभव की याद मेरे मस्तिष्क में सदैव हरी रहेगी।

— Narendra Kaur.
IV U. C.

आभूषणा (JEWELRY)

आभूषण शब्द से कौन परिचित नहीं है। भारतीय स्त्री इस शब्द से इतनी परिचित है कि यह उसके लिये एक प्रकार से भोजन समान आवश्यक हो गया है। आभूषण चाहे जितने बहुमूल्य हों, हैं वे बन्धन ही आभूषणों से शरीर की शोभा बड़ती है? इसमें मतभेद हो सकता है, परन्तु इस में कभी मतभेद नहीं हो सकता कि उनसे शरीर को कष्ट पहुँचता है, ये शरीर में गड़ते हैं अंगों के संचालन में उनसे बाधा पड़ती है। ओर भी बहुतेरे जोखिम उनके कारण शरीर को रहते हैं।

यह सब होते हुए भी स्त्रियों के हृदय में आभूषणों की अमिट चाह रहती है। आभूषण धारण करना स्त्री का स्वभाव बन गया है। शिक्षा और अशिक्षा का इस पर कोई प्रभाव नहीं पड़ता। आभूशणों की संख्या कीमत या बनावट सब पहनने वाले के व्यक्तित्व को प्रगट करते हैं, यदि कोई स्त्री अत्यधिक आभूषण धारण करती है तो समझना चाहिये कि वह स्वाधीन चता नहीं है। इसके विपरीत यदि कोई स्त्री कम आभूषण धारण करती है या बिलकुल आभूषण नहीं धारण करती तो समझना चाहिये कि वह अपने विचारों पर दृढ़ रहने वाली स्त्री है। जो संख्या में अधिक बनावट के, हलके पर बहुमुलय आभूषण धारण करती है, वह संस्कृता नारी होती है जो संख्या में आधिक अच्छी बनावट के या साधारण पर बड़नी आभूषण प्रायः करती है वह प्रमूर्ख होती है और उसे अपने भविष्य की चिंता रहती है, जो नकली आभूषण धारण करती है उनमें दिखाऊपन अधिक होता है।

प्राचीन काल में आभूषण धारण करने के दो ध्येय होते थे। पहला तो यह कि वे स्त्री का सौंदर्य बढ़ाते थे और दूसरा यह कि वे स्त्री का धन होते थे। उनकी जरूरते उनके आभूषणों से रफा होती थी। लेकिन अब सोना कही ढूंढ़े नहीं मिलता, लोग गरीब हो रहे हैं उनकी बहुतेरी आवश्यकतायें पूरी नहीं होने पाती। स्त्रियों के गहने कहाँ से बनबाए जायें। अतएव हमारे देश में समाज सुधार का यह भी अंग माना लिया गया है कि स्त्रियों से कहा जाय कि वे गहने न पहने। इसका परिणपरिणाम यह हुआ है कि हमारे घर खोखलेमारे हो गये हैं। कितने ही घर की स्त्रियाँ यह भी भूल गई हैं कि स्वर्ण किसे कहते हैं।

प्राचीन काल में गहनों का ऐसा विरोध न था। स्वयं महारानी सीता आभूषण धारण करती थी। जब रामचन्द्र जी वनवास गये थे, तब सीता के गहने उन्हे बहुत काम आये थे। उन्होंने अपनी सब जरूरतें गहनों से पूरी की थीं। उन दिनों में आभूषणों से राष्ट्र की सम्पति आंकी जाती थी। परन्तु तब कल कारखानों तथा बैंगों की ऐसा उन्नति न हुई थी। अब व्यवसाय की इतनी उन्नति हुई है कि आभूषणों के रूप में जो धन स्त्रियों को दिया जाता है वह लंगडा कहलाता है क्योंकि उसका सदुपयोग नहीं होता। जब स्त्रियों का संपति पर आधिकर हो जायेगा तब शायद आभूषणों की वैसी भांग भी न रह जायेगी।

आभूषण धारण करते समय स्त्रियों को इस बात का ध्यान रखना चाहिये कि वे उनके स्त्रीत्व के विकास में बाधक सिद्ध न हों, आभूषणों के लिये स्त्रियों को अपने पति से झगडा या उसे परेषान नहीं करना चाहिये। यदि कोई स्त्री अपने पति का मन निरन्तर दुखाली रहती है, तो वह सौभाग्यवती नहीं कहलाती। कोई भी स्त्री सौभाग्यवती तब कहलाती है जब उसका पति प्रसन्न और सुखी है। अन्त में मैं वही कहना चाहती हूँ कि भारतीय नारी की वासना का मुख्य कारण आभूषण ही है, अर्थात वह आभूषणों के प्रेम में अपने व्यक्तिगत को भी भुला देती है।

— Chandra Nagpal
IV U.C.

OUR FORMER STUDENTS

Reunion Day

College Day this academic year was held on Saturday 15th September. The celebration began with the F. S. A. meeting at 2 : 30 p.m., presided over by Rev: Sisters Antoinette and Imelda.

We had an informal talk regarding the elections of the future student President and Vice-President of the Association. It was proposed that the President should be a former student belonging to the college staff, thus making it easier to carry out the necessary arrangements for the reunion days. We are proud to note that although we are a young college, the F. S. A., both life members and annual members, is approximately 150. A good number of new members was added this year. We are looking forward to welcoming more members next year and every year. Sister Antoinette invites all the former students to drop in from time to time, to see the college and the progress it is making in every sphere. The former students are requested to send their addresses if there is any change. In case any member would like a friend's address, she just has to write to :—

THE ADDRESS BUREAU,
F. S. A.,
MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE,

enclosing a stamp for a reply.

Sister Antoinette asks the Former Students to contribute articles for the F.S.A. section of the college magazine, and also hopes to have in time to come an F. S. A. magazine.

After the meeting there was the Athletic Sports—there were two items on the programme for the former students. We had tea at 5 p.m. It was a very enjoyable day, the weather too was fine.

We look forward to the Reunion Day of the F. S. A.—26th January—with great enthusiasm.

JOAN BENNETT
F. S. A.



They write to us

Mrs. SHAFFI SALEH

CHITTAGONG,
9th Sept. '57.

My dear Sister,

Many thanks for the invitation card I received for College Day Celebrations. It reminds me that it's a long time since I wrote to you. But I have neither forgotten you all, nor the happy days spent in College. I get all the news possible from my sister Gulnaz and then again, there is the Magazine.

My baby Murtuza is growing up fast. He is 1 yr. 7 mths. now; he says a few words only and is most fidgety.

I wish I could be present for the F. S. A. meeting and the Sports. I remember how patiently we would wait for this day when we were students. I wish you all success, and hope that everything goes off well.

Yours sincerely,
REZWAN

NEW DELHI
30th Aug. '57.

Dear Sister,

I have secured a seat in the Delhi School of Economics, and I am attending classes regularly.

There are about 19 Colleges in the Campus and frankly, our school of Economics is the most beautiful building! Till now we have had 5 Tutorial classes and you will be glad to know that I've stood first in three of them, and second in the rest.

My beloved College comes to my thoughts quite often, and it has soothed my racked nerves many a time. I am reminded of every one of you, especially of Srs. Imelda and Teresa Margaret .....

Trust this finds you in the best of health.

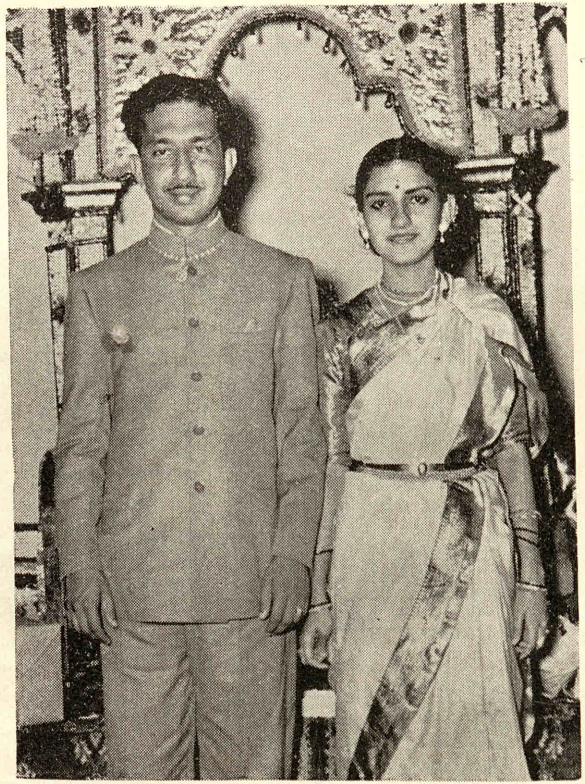
Yours sincerely,
PADMA, K. S.



Congratulations ! dear Former Students



Mrs. & Mr. R. Gibson
(Ramona Welsh)



Mrs. & Mr. D. N. Chenraj
(Prema Govindappa)

C/o Playwright Company,
1545 Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY.
8th Oct. '57.

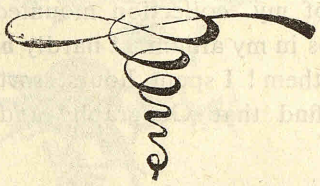
Dear Sister,

We left India on the 22nd Sept. and arrived here on the 24th morning. At the airport we were mobbed by photographers, and the very next day our photos were seen in every news-paper. Our show (Indian Dancing) was opened on the 29th Sept. and it was a great success indeed! The same night we were given a party at the Indian Embassy, and Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon was present. He gave us a very warm welcome, and we all enjoyed his company very much.

This city is very beautiful—we have done a lot of sight-seeing. The Americans have a great regard for India, and they like our Indian dress immensely.

More news in my next letter——

Your affectionate student,
CHANDRI (Rao)



HOBBIES * SECTION

The World's No. 1. Hobby—Stamp Collecting

I started my collection six years ago—in the summer of 1951, to be more precise. My interest in philately was quite sudden I will admit, but it's an interest that has lasted all these years; and I can say, I've been a fairly keen philatelist. My uncle at home helped me a great deal. He gave me the duplicates (and some of them are quite unique) of a very rare collection of an uncle of mine who had died.

Thus my collection began in real earnest. I purchased an album—a very ordinary affair, nothing really good or too expensive, which I later replaced with two really worthwhile, neatly bound albums. At that time, I did not see the point in wasting fifteen to twenty rupees on a stamp album, when there are better ways of spending the same amount of money! I also bought some stamp hinges or mounts; the latter are most essential for fixing stamps into an album. No philatelist, especially a beginner, should ever make the fatal mistake of pasting stamps into an album; for, should you later want to remove the stamp, both the stamp and the album will be destroyed.

Slowly the number of my collection mounted, and by March 1952 I had practically a thousand stamps in my album. I hardly **bought** any stamps, after all I was **collecting** them, not buying them! I spent hours, sorting out my stamps, and fixing them into my album. I find that Geography and Philately are somehow linked together.

Stamps of any country, can often tell you plenty about it. I know because I learnt so much more than I had expected to. Stamps can commemorate any event—historical, social, economic or political—Monaca issued stamps to commemorate the wedding of their monarch Prince Rainier, to Grace Kelly, the actress,—the countries where the Olympic Games are held each time also issue stamps; Britain commemorates the coronation of each monarch, and so on and so forth.

There is no uniformity among stamps—they come in different shapes, colours and sizes. You have the square-shaped, the diamond shaped, the triangular and the rectangular shaped. There are large stamps and tiny stamps. Their hues can vary from the palest gray to the most brilliant colour. The value of each stamp can be anything from one anna to thousands of rupees. At present the world's most valuable and sought-after stamp is a triangular black Mauritius, costing approxi-

mately 2½ lakhs of rupees ! There are only two existing—one belongs to an American philatelist and the other to the collection of the late King George VI.

Stamp collecting is fun. It's interesting and as I've already said, you learn very much about other countries. There are hundreds of thousands of philatelists—from the littlest schoolboy to some of the world's celebrities ! It fascinates you, so much so, that there are some collectors who are even crazy enough to steal stamps from one another's collection. But all philatelists are not kleptomaniacs, only a few abnormal people are like this !!

At present I have nearly six thousand stamps with me. My brother is also a keen philatelist. I think he will be even keener than I !—for he takes a lot of trouble to obtain stamps for our collection. Together, we hope to make our collection really worthwhile. Philately is one of my favourite hobbies. They interest and fascinate you—these tiny scraps of paper that go to make a hobby which deserves to be known as—" The World's No. 1. Hobby."

PADMINI RAJU
III U.C.



PEN - FRIENDS

To have Pen-Friends is a very interesting, instructive and enjoyable hobby. Even in these days of increased travel, few of us have the opportunity of knowing people of other lands. Yet, this is an inexpensive way of making numerous friends. Moreover, through our foreign pen-pals we are able to get a glimpse of life in other countries.

I have pen-friends in Australia, Indonesia, Germany, Canada, U.S.A., Sweden, the Philippines and Russia, and also some in India.

Jill, my Australian pen-pal studies at a University in Brisbane, and attends physical education classes in the evening. She is a very beautiful girl who excels in sports and has bagged many trophies in her school-days. She is also a skilled photographer and has sent me photos of Australia, in which the scenery is so very picturesque. She hopes to travel after completing her studies, and wishes to visit India.

Bhe, from Indonesia, is the only daughter of her parents. Her father has a lovely Toy Shop. In spite of various difficulties, she attends English classes, and strives hard to do well. She is an enthusiastic Stamp-Collector and sends me beautiful Indonesian stamps in exchange for the Indian ones. She is also a good dress-maker.

Hedda, my German pen-pal, is still a young school-girl. She is a keen traveller and has travelled nearly the whole of Europe. She makes me envious by telling me about her experiences. A keen collector of stamps and view cards, she sends me all that she can spare, in exchange for Indian stamps and view cards. In their school, they learn three other languages besides their National Language.

Lois, a native of Canada, is training to be a teacher and has yet one more year to finish her course. She lives on a farm and has a TV set which she likes very much. Most of her spare time is spent in gardening, which is one of her favourite hobbies.

Janice, of U. S. A. is a very sweet-natured school-girl who has a peculiar hobby of collecting Salt and Pepper Cellars. Her ambition is to be a doctor and serve her country. She too lives on a farm and has a good time with the farm animals.

Juliana, of the Philippines, and Ajenta of Sweden, are cute little girls who are very interested in India, and I try to enlighten them about our beautiful country.

Last but not least is Tamara of Russia. Though she does not know English, she corresponds with me in English through the help of her friends. She lives in a nice little town in Russia and is very fond of Indian films and songs.

I feel that I know all these girls personally and find this hobby really entertaining. I do hope that this fascinating pastime will appeal to more Indians. From the correspondence received so far, I feel that we Indian students seem to know more about life in other countries than what they know about us. As such, if many of our Indian girls take up this hobby of having pen friends, they can enlighten our foreign friends on the life and culture of our " Mother India."

A. T. RENUKA
P. U. C.



" Smile a little, smile a little
As you go along "

She was little and she was old and she had just returned from a trip to Europe.

She was busy impressing her friends with the beautiful things she had seen and the wonderful places she had visited, when a woman asked, " Did you by any chance see the Dardanelles ?"

" See them ?" the traveller gushed, " why, my dear, I had lunch with them !"

* * * * *

Notice on a Barometer

" Don't hit me. I am doing my best.

* * * * *

The late Vladimir de Pachmann, most capricious of pianists, always fussed over his piano-stool in full view of the audience. On one occasion he fiddled and fumed and called for something to sit on. When a thick book was handed him, he tried it, shook his head. Then he carefully tore off a single page, tried it again, and smiled happily as he began his first number.

* * * * *

The Tunnel of Darkness!

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before were on their way to the big city. A food merchant came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas and each bought one. As one of them bit into his, the train entered a tunnel.

His voice came to his companion in the darkness: "Jed, have you eaten yours yet ?"

" Not yet ", answered Jed. " Why ? "

" Well, don't touch it. I've taken one bite and gone blind."

" Booklover "

* * * * *

" What's Mabel so mad about ?"

" Oh, she stepped on one of those scales with a loudspeaker in it, and it called out: "One at a time, please !"

* * * * *

A boy was a witness in court and the lawyer asked, " Did anyone tell you what to say in court ?" " Yes, Sir," answered the boy. " I thought so," exclaimed the lawyer, " now you'll have to tell me who it was that told you."

" My father, Sir." " Your father," said the surprised lawyer, " and what did he tell you ?"

" He said," the boy replied calmly, " the lawyer would try to get me tangled up but if I stuck to the truth, I would be all right."

"Our sincere thanks to you for your kindness and the delightful student-visit.
Meeting you, made our visit to B'lore even more memorable."



Office-bearers of Mt. Carmel with PIC Project Students of the University of California.
Gloria Martoochia, Francis Willmarth, Carol Jackson, Albert Johnson, July 1957.

CLASS PREFECTS

1956—1957

CLASS	PREFECT	ASST. PREFECT
Senior B.A.	.... Ramani Cheryan	T. R. Brinda
Senior B.Sc.	.... P. Thankam	Cecilia Joseph.
Junior B.A.	.... Constance Lydia Thangiah	Chitra Ramamurthy
Junior B.Sc.	.... Rachel Thomas	Gulshan Bhatia
Senior Inter :		
H.E.L.	.... Philo Mascarenhas	Shanthi Francis
P.C.M.	.... Jyothi Lakshmi	R. Sethu Bai
C.B.Z.	.... Maya B. Menon	Carol Bennett.
Junior Inter :		
H.E.L.	.... Deanna Syme	Hazel Edwards
P.C.M.	.... Mariam Chacko	Durga Mohini
C.B.Z.	.... Rani Josephine	Susheela Raja
	HOSTEL PREFECTS	
	Pauline Motha	Leelamma Thomas

ASSOCIATION PRIZE WINNERS

1956—1957

English Speech Competition

I Prize .... Seetha Ganapathy
II Prize .... Shobana Madhavan
III Prize .... Jayalakshmi

English Elocution Competition

Degree I Prize .... Ramani Cheryan
II Prize .... Monisha Lahiri
III Prize ... M. Nalini

Inter. I Prize .... Esmie Coelho
II Prize .... Rukmani Varma
III Prize .... Eva Gomes

LANGUAGE

Hindi Elocution Contest 1) Narendra Kaur 2) V. Hemelatha

Science Speech Competition

Degree
I Prize .... M. Nalini
II Prize .... Urmila Devi

Inter.
I Prize .... M. Dharanija
II Prize .... Rukmani Varma

History Speech Competition

B.A.
I Prize .... Brinda Kumari
II Prize .... Dorothy Henry

Inter.
I Prize .... Eva Gomes
II Prize ... Geetha Krishnaswamy.

Association Notes

The Sodality of the Children of Mary

Meetings were very regularly attended. The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception was recited every Sunday in common in the College Chapel. The forenoon of the First Sunday of every month was spent in recollection and prayer, and the Chaplain addressed the Sodalists in the evening.

August 16th—20th : Annual Retreat preached by Rev. Fr. T. Long, C.SS.R.

November 21st : Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady. Eight aspirants were received into the Sodality.

February 3rd : Sodality picnic to St. Teresa's Novitiate, Whitefield. We spent a very enjoyable time there, and left that hallowed spot with much reluctance.

The Sodalists extend their gratitude to Rev. Sister M. Tarsilla, their Directress, who has guided their activities.

May Our Lady of Mount Carmel and Her Divine Son, bless Our Sodality and shower on it abundant graces.

PAULINE MOTHA
President

REPORT OF THE C.S.U. '56—'57

The strength of the C.S.U. Membership for the year '56—'57 was 60. No cell units have yet been formed. Only study circles were maintained. Inter section chose such topics as Communism, a detailed study of the Eucharist, Confirmation, Extreme Unction, and the Mystical Body. The Degree students studied and discussed the Mystical Body, some details of the Liturgy and also several questionnaires e.g. the University student and popular amusements ; the choice of books ; dress etc.

Gospel Inquiry was based on the Sunday Gospel and held on Sunday afternoon. The majority of the students at these latter have been only hostelites. Day students in the Inter. section were apathetic to the activities of the C. S. U. We hope this attitude will change next year.

Inaugural Meeting

Bangalore, July 5

"English gives access to modern knowledge and I would, therefore, make it a compulsory subject, not only for every Indian child but also in Japan, China, France, Italy and in every part of the world," observed Mr. P. Kodanda Rao, President of the Servants of India Society, speaking at the Inaugural meeting of the Mount Carmel College Association. He added that it was English which gave them the most up-to-date knowledge in the most effective and cheapest way.

Continuing, Mr. Kodanda Rao said that he was not particularly in favour of English except that it was the most useful language to know. To eliminate it and adopt another for purposes of teaching, communication, business, commerce, science, technology and in short, all life at the higher levels, was to soon lag centuries behind in progress. Concluding, he said the fact that India needed a unifying language was true but it should not be replaced unless and until a better language, which justified the change, was found.

Earlier, the Principal of the College, Sister Antoinette introduced the speaker to the audience. She felt that the knowledge of English was fast deteriorating in the country.

The Secretary of the English Association, Miss Geetha Krishnaswamy, proposed a vote of thanks.

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ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association for the year began with a business Meeting held on 22nd June, under the Presidentship of Rev. Sister Antoinette. The Office-bearers are the following :—

Vice-President	....	Miss Sarala Nair
Secretary	....	Geetha Krishnaswamy
Committee Members		Ramani Cheryan IV U.C.
		Carol Bennett II U.C.
		Padma Dasappa I U.C.

4th July : Inaugural Meeting.

3rd August : Extempore Speech competition at which the first and second prizes went to Seetha Ganapathy and Geetha Krishnaswamy respectively. Eva Gomes and Padmini Raju tied for the third place.

16th November : Prof. N. C. Chandra delivered a lecture on " Tagore's Message to the World ".

11th January : Seetha Ganapathy stood first, while Shobana Madhavan and M. Jayalakshmi tied for the second place at an Extempore Speech contest.

1st February : An English Elocution contest was held, the Judges being Mrs. Muliyil of Maharani's College, Rev. Sister Dorothy, and Miss Joan Bennett. Ramani Cheryan, Monisha Lahiri, and Nalini Mallia, were the prize winners in the Degree Section, while Esme Coelho, Rukmini Varma and Eva Gomes scored amongst the Juniors. With this competition, the activities of the Association came to a close. All success to our Association!

GEETHA KRISHNASWAMY
Secretary

——— *** ———

LANGUAGES ASSOCIATION

22nd June : Election of Office bearers.

Vice-President	....	Rev. Sister Clement Mary
Secretary	....	Asha Chandiok
Class Representatives		R. Geetha IV U.C.
		R. Susheela III U.C.
		M. A. Singamma II U.C.
		Usha Reddy I U.C.

4th July : Mr. Kodanda Rao delivered the Inaugural address.

24th August : A Hindi debate was held, with Mr. Ghodhole presiding.

Narendra Kaur of III U.C. was selected to represent Mysore State at the Youth Festival held in Delhi, in October.

3rd February : Narendra Kaur and V. Hemalatha, participated in a Hindi debate held at Mysore. We are happy to say that they won the shield for our College.

4th February : Inter-Collegiate Hindi debate held at St. Joseph's College. Narendra Kaur secured the 2nd prize.

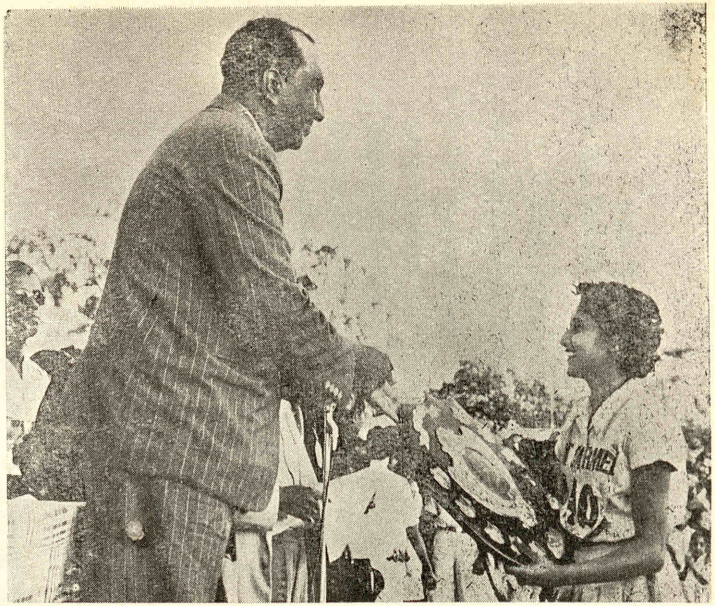
The activities of this Association concluded with this debate.

Great success to our Association in the coming years.

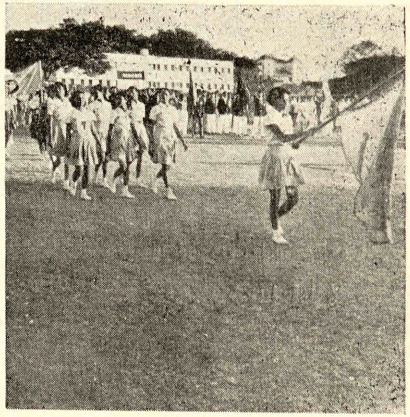
ASHA CHANDIOK
Secretary



The winners for the sixth time in succession, with the Trophy at the M. G. S. Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meet.



Mr. K. Mohamed, Commissioner, Corporation of B'lore, presents the team championship shield to Deanna Syme, Captain of Mt. Carmel College, in the Prasanna-Kumar Memorial Athletic Meet.



Mt Carmel (the winners) leading the March Past at the M. G. S. Memorial Athletics.

SPORTS & GAMES ASSOCIATION

22nd June : Election of Office bearers.

4th July : The Inaugural Address by Mr. Kodanda Rao.

We began our activities with a Throw-Ball match for the Intermediate Section in which the Juniors won against the Seniors. We also organised matches in Badminton and Basket Ball.

27th July : Match held in honour of Principal's Day. The Juniors won against the Seniors.

15th September : Annual Sports—College Day. Mr. V. L. D'Souza presided. The Florians won the team championship and Deanna Syme won the individual championship.

In the M.G.S. Memorial Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meet, we retained the team championship for the sixth time in succession. The individual Championship went again to Deanna Syme.

Four of our athletes were selected to take part in the Inter-Varsity Athletic Meet held at Calcutta this year, and Rev. Sister M. Candida, our Vice-President, was the Manager. Deanna Syme scored the highest number of points for the Mysore Women's Team, which was placed second.

The Inter-varsity Kho-Kho team was captained by Nalini Sharpeshkar of our College ; two other players of our College were also included in the team. We won the Team Championship in the Prasanna Kumar Memorial and the Mysore State Championship Athletic Meets. Deanna Syme was declared the best athlete at these Meets, as well as at the Madras State Championship Meet in which our athletes fared well.

With the blessing of God, we have kept up our established reputation this year also in the Sports field.

Brilliant success to our Association in the years to come !

RABIA YOUSUF
Secretary

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History & Economics Association

Vice-President	....	Miss S. Varalakshmi	M.A.
Secretary	....	Sheila Naidu	III U.C.
Committee Members		Coral Fanderlinden	IV U.C.
		A. Indira	III U.C.
		Cynthia Martin	II U.C.
		Eva Gomes	I U.C.

4th July: Inaugural Meeting.

23rd July: Carl Bridenbaugh, Professor of History, in the University of California, spoke on Presidential elections in America.

14th September: A speech contest was held with Miss V. Pankajam, IV U.C. in the Chair.

24th October: Miss Sheila Naidu of III U. C. presided at a debate.

18th January: Speech contest at which Rev. Sister Teresa Margaret, Miss Sarala Nair, and Mrs. L. C. Manoharan were the Judges. The prize winners were :—

B.A. Section	Brinda Kumari	1st Prize.
,,	Dorothy Henry	2nd ,,
Inter Section	Eva Gomes	1st Prize
,,	Geetha Krishnaswamy	2nd prize.

I take this opportunity of wishing this Association the best of luck and all success!

SHEILA NAIDU
Secretary

——— *** ———

The Science & Mathematics Association

1956—1957

22nd June: A Business meeting was conducted for the election of Office-bearers.

President—Rev. Sr. M. Antoinette		
Vice-President	....	Mrs. L. C. Manoharan, B.Sc. Hons.
Secretary	...	Keyna D'Souza
Representatives		S. Selvarathnam IV U.C.
		Santosh Bhatia III U.C.
		Bertha Pinto II U.C.
		Esme Coelho I U.C.

4th July: The Inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Kodanda Rao. Miss G. Krishnaswamy proposed the vote of thanks.

12th July: Mr. L. Thambe delivered a lecture on Hydrogenation of Oils.

31st August: A debate was held on "Atomic Energy is more constructive than destructive" under the presidentship of Miss C. V. Elizabeth, M. Sc.

25th January : A prize speech competition was held with Rev. Sr. Jesuine Marie, Mrs. Suraiya and Miss Lalitha, as judges. The following were the prize winners.

Degree Section :	1st Prize—Nalini Mallia	IV	U.C.
	2nd Prize—Urmila Devi	III	U.C.
Intermediate Section :	1st Prize—Dharanija	II	U.C.
	2nd Prize—Rukmani Varma	I	U.C.

6th February : Mr. N. Keshava Iyengar delivered the Valedictory address.

I wish the Association a very bright future.

KEYNA D'SOUZA
Secretary

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Choral & Dramatic Association

The activities of this Association commenced with the election of the Office-bearers.

Vice-President	....	Sr. M. Emmanuel, B.A., L.T.		
Adviser	....	Sr. M. Tarsilla, B.A. (Hons).		
Secretary	....	Ramani Cheryan		
Representatives		Pauline Motha	IV	U.C.
		Fay Fanderlinden	III	U.C.
		Keyna D'Souza	II	U.C.
		Deanna Syme	I	U.C.

4th July : The Inaugural Meeting.

30th July : Principal's Day once again saw a Variety Entertainment organized by the Association, on a lavish scale. The English Play "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" and a Tamil Play "LOVE'S LABOUR LOST" were highly appreciated by the audience. A highlight of the programme was the College Band, got up and played exclusively by the students. This novelty item was enthusiastically received by all present.

3rd September : Guardians' Day, was graced by the presence of Mr. P. K. Sen, who specially mentioned the play "TWELFTH NIGHT" which was enacted, and the commendable histrionic abilities of Mount Carmel College.

12th & 13th November : Variety Entertainment. A picturesque Ballet was one of the interesting items. A Hindi play "MALAVA PRINCESS" was also successfully put on the boards. A special mention of thanks is gratefully offered to Rev. Sr. Emmanuel to whose constant guidance the Association owes its success.

I wish our Association continued success in the art of entertaining, and all good wishes for the coming years.

RAMANI CHERYAN
Secretary

National Cadet Corps

Sergeant	....	Uma Chandiok
Corporals	....	Padmini Cynthia Raju
		Kusum Rao
		Zarina Irani
		Keyna D'Souza

The first parade was held on June 2nd, and at the beginning of the year all Senior cadets from both colleges attended a fortnight's cadre training course ; at the end of which, exams both practical and oral were conducted. Senior cadets were taken to the rifle range and they were chosen to participate in the Independence Day parade at the Stadium.

From the 3rd to the 15th October a training camp was held at Oodarpalyam, Mysore, and all cadets were given intensive training in map reading, drill, first aid and morse code and signalling. Senior cadets sat for G Certificate examinations and did very well. Our girl cadets also participated in the famous and colourful 5 mile Dassera procession, and we earned a good name for ourselves by our smart appearance and alertness. On the whole the cadets enjoyed the open air, free and easy way of camp life, even if we did come back more sunburnt !

On December 1st, all cadets took part in a 3-mile route march and on December 2nd, a ceremonial parade and March Past were held at Central College pavilion to commemorate N.C.C. day. The Governor of Mysore took the salute. Later, the girl cadets served tea to the four thousand guests present, and the Air-Wing boys also gave a very interesting Aeromodel display. The last ceremonial parade for this year was held at the Race Course on Republic Day, where the Governor of Mysore, took the Salute.

I take this opportunity of wishing the N.C.C. and all the cadets the best of success.

PADMINI RAJU
Corporal

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Social Service League

Our Social Service League started active work soon after the Inauguration of the College Associations in July.

Every fortnight we visited the villages and cleaned little children, and advised and helped the women to keep their homes and surroundings clean and tidy. We swept and washed the gutters with the help of the village boys.

We also comforted the bereaved who lost their loved ones mostly through malnutrition and poverty.

In December, our Directress, Sister M. Jane attended the 9th Annual Conference of the All-India Conference of Social work, at Jaipur.

12th January. We gathered more than 200 little children from the Village and entertained them. We then provided the youngsters with powder milk, sweets and fruits. The function came to a close with the distribution of prizes. The children went away happy and contented.

We hope to do still more for our dear villagers, in the coming year, with God's help.

RANEE ASEERVADAM
(For Secretary)

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Valedictory Address

At a Valedictory Meeting of the Associations of Mount Carmel College, on February 6th, Mr. N. Keshava Iyengar, M. P., Ex-Mayor of Bangalore said : " I have always a feeling I am one with you here. This institution started with 32 students—my house number in Delhi—perhaps I too must start with 32 ! I have always felt that an institution of this type is very necessary for our children, and the growth of this College has amply justified my feeling.....I would suggest that among your activities you hold a mock parliament occasionally. We have been doing a lot to enhance the status of women. The women of Switzerland do not enjoy the right of voting. In England they were given it only in 1927. Immediately we acquired freedom, we placed power in the hands of all adults, men and women—a thing which has caused apprehension in other countries. The largest democratic country is India and we are trying to develop it in a truly democratic way. Hence the two great experiences of General Elections we are having, since acquiring freedom.....The country's wealth does not lie in mineral resources, just being exploited,—the country's wealth is in your youth, whose future appears to be very bright, provided a proper approach is made by them in their circumstances .....**Nothing in the world will prevail but character, long after one is dead and gone. Such a character had Mahatma Gandhi.** Towards this end this college is doing its utmost.....I am also happy that your Social Service League visits the villages ; I feel that it should attach itself to just one village and by frequent visits develop it in all aspects into a model one. Your efforts will attract the help of Government."

Miss Geetha Krishnaswamy, Secretary of the English Association, proposed a vote of thanks.

Hostel Report '56-'57

The number of Students resident in the hostel was 81. The general health was very good. Dr. (Mrs.) Saraswathi Krishnan visited the hostel regularly every week. Regular exercise and plenty of wholesome food helped no doubt to keep the students' health good.

WARDEN

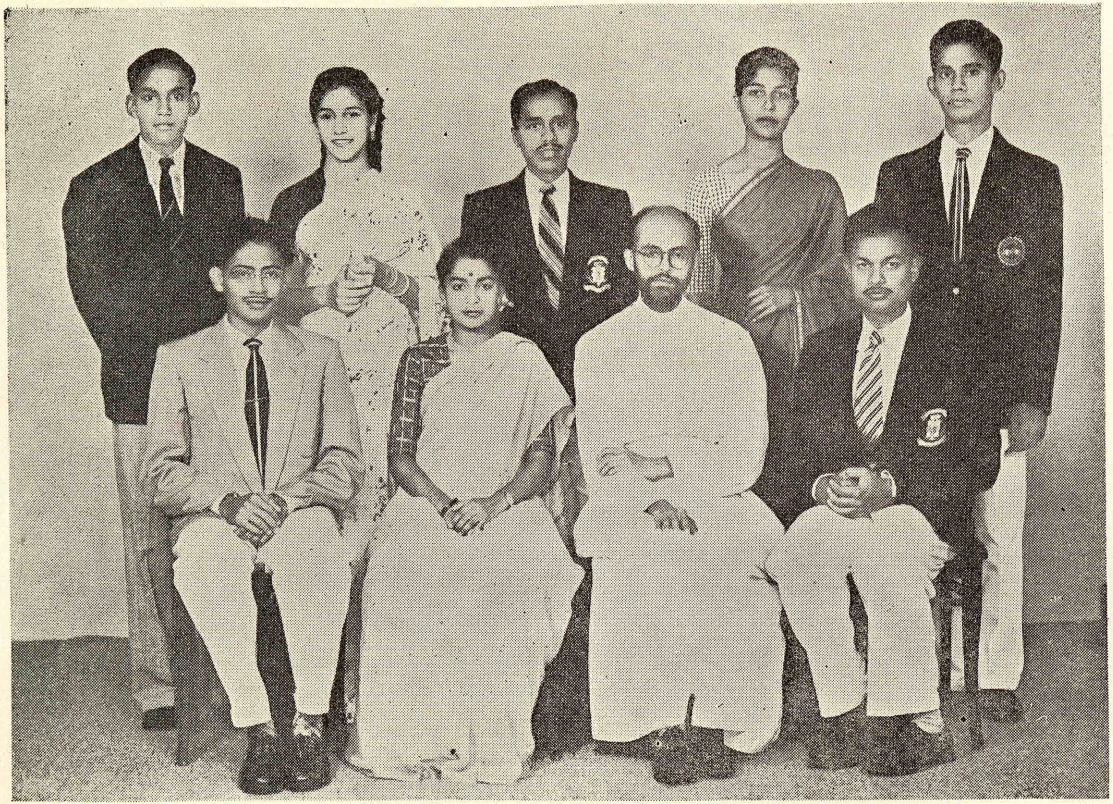


Recipe for a Happy New Year

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancour, hate and jealousies : cleanse them completely from every clinging spite ; pick off all specks of pettiness : in short, see that these twelve months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of TIME. Cut these months into thirty or thirty one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many people spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows : Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavour of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the salt out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. Put in a teaspoonful of Christian spirit, a dash of clean fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play and a heaping cupful of good humour. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat ; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy ; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR is a certainty."

" Little Talks About Life "
(by the late Rev. Pat Fontaine)

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' UNION.



The C. S. U. Office-bearers of Bangalore for the Year 1957–'58.
Anasuya William, 2nd from left (sitting) and Eva Gomes,
2nd from left (standing), represent our College

Christ the King Convent High School

Lakshmipuram

— and —

Nursery Schools

Coorg, the "Scotland of India."

Coorg is situated on the top of the Western Ghats to the South-west of Mysore, enclosing within its bounds a number of magnificent mountains and valleys, hills and dales, rivers and springs, caves and temples. These give tourists and sight-seers immense pleasure. A native bard has voiced his delight by comparing Coorg with a pearl necklace rounding the beauteous curve of a maiden's neck.

Mr. Hilton Brown, I.C.S., the District Magistrate of Coorg about 40 years ago in his article to the Blackwood Magazine about " the astounding land of Coorg," compares Coorg with the Scotland of the romances of Sir Walter Scott's time. He says how in area, in the majestic grandeur of its mountain scenery, in the healthy physique of its inhabitants, in its numerous hunting grounds and fisheries etc., Coorg resembles Scotland in many respects. He, being a Scotchman, his comparison that " Coorg is the Scotland of India " is worthy of praise and belief.

In extent of territory it covers an area of 1582 square miles. In its longest part from the river Hemavathy to Mount Bramahagiri it is 60 miles in length, while in its broadest from Sampoije to Fraserpet, it has a length of 40 miles. The River Cauvery is one among the sacred and famous rivers in Southern India. Issuing forward from Mount Bramahagiri for about 470 miles, it traverses to the East through Mysore, Salem, Trichy and Tanjore and falls into the Bay of Bengal joining with many rivers in its course. Among the nine most important mountains, the highest is Mount Thadianda Mole being 5729 feet in height.

The average rainfall is about 120 to 130 inches per year but in certain places it ranges from 200 to 400 inches even. Coorg can be called a cold country though it has not the extremities of heat and cold. The temperature ranges from 50° to 85° F.

Coorg produces rice, coffee, cardamom, pepper and oranges. It is a self-supporting country and exports rice. It also produces Sandal-wood, Teak-wood, Rose-wood and ivory which are dollar-producing products. It has contributed much to the military strength of India. The first Commander-in-Chief of Independent India was a Coorgee, General Cariappa, and the present Chief of Staff is General Thimmaya, also a Coorgee.

The population of Coorg is about two and a half lakhs of which the Coorgees themselves are only about 50,000 and these are the inhabitants and masters of the soil from time immemorial.

The origin of the Coorgees is still a matter of controversy. Some say that the Coorgees are of Chalukian stock, some say that they are of the Ganga stock, while some opine that they are of the Kadamba race. Some say they belong to the Ugra race dwelling in the then jungle country of " Kodu " which has now become the vernacular " Kodagu " or the anglicised " Coorg ". The settlers are known as

" Kodavas " or " Coorgees." It is true that they are Aryans and caste Kshatriyas, a fine race of fighting stock who possess their own language, religion, national dress and land tenure. Being fond of many sports, they lead an active life, but fully appreciate the value of education for both sexes. They have different manners and customs, are non-vegetarians and above all, they are a very hospitable race.

Before the advent of the Linghayat Rajas of the 16th Century, the Coorgees were themselves ruling as petty kings. The British Government took over the administration of Coorg from the Linghayat Rajas who had ruled for about 200 years, after deposing the last Raja in 1834. Coorg was then treated as a separate State. After Independence it became a " C " State. Now after the States re-organisation, since November 1956, it has been merged with Mysore having the status of a district. The capital is Mercara. There are many other towns also.

It is going to be made a tourist centre. Hence I say that Coorg is a beautiful spot which is worth admiring. I ask you to visit it sometime or other and have pleasant memories for " A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

C. RATHY GANAPATHY
III year " A "

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PUZZLES

EASY TEASER

1. If five spiders can catch five flies in five minutes, how many spiders are needed to catch hundred flies in hundred minutes ?

HOW'S YOUR GEOMETRY ?

2. Where on earth could you find a △ of which each angle is 90° ?

3. Construct two lines at rt. angles, a circle, 2 semi-circles on the same line, a △ with 2 sides produced, ¾th of a circle repeated once, and a circle. Place these figures in a row. The answer will soothe your nerves !

GRANDSONS GALORE

4. Grandpa Gubbins, whose age was somewhere between 50 and 70, was fond of telling his friends : "Each of my sons has as many sons as brothers, and the combined number of my sons and grandsons is precisely the same as the number of my sons." How old was Gubbins and how many grandsons had he ?

TRY THESE

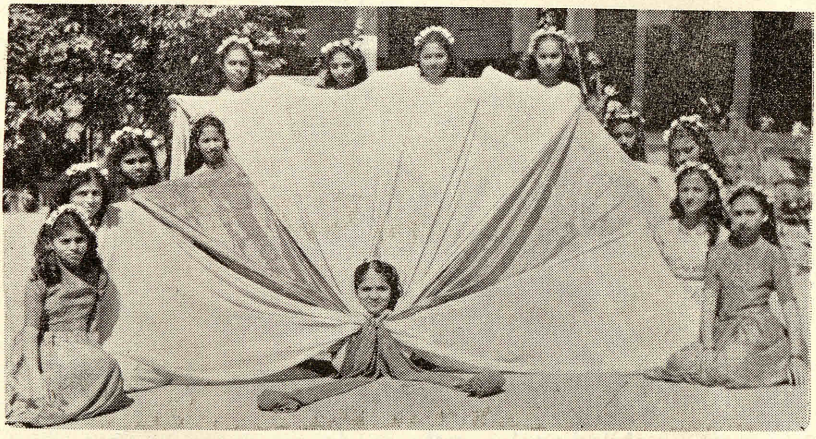
5. I have 3 builders' bricks, each measuring 9" in length, 4½" in width, and 3" in depth. How many different heights can I build up with them ?

6. Arrange 6 matches together to form 4 △s.

(Answers on opposite page)



Star Dance — Middle School



Rainbow Dance — High School



Gipsy Dance — Theobald's Nursery School, C. K. C.

ANSWERS

1. Five Spiders. (2) With its vertex at either the North Pole or South Pole.
3. Tobacco. (4) Gubbins was 64 and he had 56 grandsons.
5. 14 (using 1, 2 or 3 bricks).
6. Edges of a triangular pyramid.

S. BHAGYA
VI Form.



——— *** ———

How I spent my Holidays

I was really lazy to return to school after a long holiday. How enjoyable was the time during those days ! I went to Bangalore, and stayed there for nearly a month. I visited the oft-quoted mansion " Vidhana Soudha", and felt dizzy while beholding its dimensions. The sight of the spacious rooms and the equipment took me to fairy land and enraptured my whole being.

My next visit was to Jalahalli which is 10 miles away from Bangalore. I stayed there with my sister. In the company of my beloved friend Sudha, I really had a fine time. A few days later, I left for Madras, where my uncle is working. We went every day to the beach to enjoy ourselves, and to make a collection of the shells we expected to find there.

During this vacation, my brother came home from Benares. He was our constant companion in our excursions. We also attended many wedding parties. A few days later, some of my friends joined me to play in-door and out-door games; we did some gardening too. Ere long this work added to our interest and excitement; the various plots assumed a fresh and regal look.

This was not all. I was a regular reader at the public library, which was opened by Princess Gayatri Devi, the beloved daughter of our revered Maharaja Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar. May she live long to prove to be the hope and joy of her royal parents!

M. HARINI
V Form

——— *** ———

Questions on Animals and Birds

1. What bird can fly backwards?
2. Which animal spends most of its time hanging upside down?
3. What animals live longest?
4. Are spiders insects?
5. Name the animal that cannot utter a sound.
6. Where is 'bird of Paradise' found?
7. What is an ibex?

ANSWERS

(1) The humming bird (2) Sloth (3) Elephants, giant tortoises and crocodiles (4) No, they are animals of the Archinda class (5) Giraffe (6) New Guinea (7) A wild mountain Goat

K. V. PRABHA
VI Form

——— *** ———

What is Life?

1. Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune or industry or virtue has placed within it.

2. "The bread of life is love;
The salt of life is work;
The sweetness of life, poetry;
The water of life, faith."

3. Life is a perpetual triumph over the grave. Life is but an endless series of experiments.

Collected by A. MALLIKA
V Form

MY FRIEND

I've got a friend,
To me her books she'll lend ;
For me in class my pencil she'll mend,
Oh ! she's my real friend.

Harini is her name,
But I've nick-named her " Flame "
Because she blushes like a bride ;
At the sight of boys she'll hide.

She's like a doll,
Her face is round as a ball,
She is not tall
And her feet are small.

Both of us often fight,
But our friendship is very tight;
As soon as we fight, it we forget
And join together like iron and magnet.

She is very clever —
Is she selfish ? Oh never.
To me in class she'll teach any sum
Oh ! she is my real chum.

R. SUDHA
V Form

——— *** ———

Flowers for St. Philomene

The virtue of humility for thee is meet,
Dear little violet, so small and sweet;
So like the Lord who placed you here;
To inspire love and banish fear.

O Lily as white and as pure as can be,
Help keep my soul from all sin free.
Saint Philomene, sweet martyr, young and brave,
For God alone, your life you gave.

MARJORIE CLARE
V Form

CAN YOU NAME

1. The largest Church in the world ?
   Saint Peter's, which is in Rome.

2. The largest wall in the world ?
   Great Wall of China. Its length—1,500 miles

3. The longest tunnel in the world ?
   Simplon in Switzerland. Its length—12 miles.

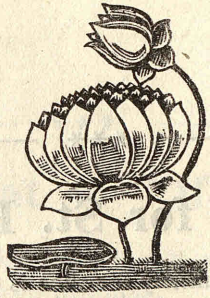
4. The highest tree in the world ?
   Giant sequoia tree in California. Its height—364 feet.

5. The largest bridge in the world ?
   Lower Zambezi in Africa. Its length—11,322 feet.

6. The largest peninsula in the world ?
   India.

7. The largest dome in the world ?
   Gol Gumbuz in Bijapur. Its diameter is 144 feet.

Collected by **A. INDUMATHY**
H. S. V Form



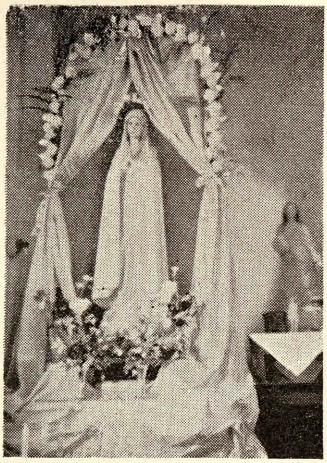
S.S.L.C. Results—January 1957

C. K. C. Mysore.

No. sent up	....	....	109
No. appeared	...	....	107
No. of full passes	....	....	90
No. of 1st classes	....	....	30
Percentage of passes		...	84·1



"DAISIES WHITE"
Action Song & Dance



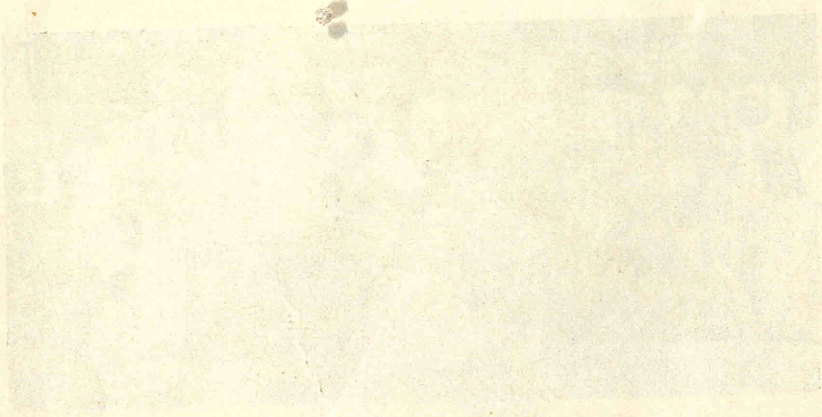
Statue of
Our Lady of Fatima



Snap taken on the occasion when Rev. Fr. Quigner visited C. K. C.



Physical Instructress & Prize-Winners in the Sports
conducted on Independence & Republic Days respectively



Nirmala High School

Vontikoppal

Mysore

Plainedale High School
Guidebook
Theses

FLOWERS

When God created the plants he adorned their flowers with delicate grace and beauty. He cut their corollas like precious stones. He poured into their calyxes penetrating perfumes; He wove their petals of a silk so fine that all the ingenuity of art can never equal its beauty.

Flowers are found everywhere in our city of Mysore, which is called the Garden City of South India; they are found in all places and at all times—in gardens around palaces, as well as at the peasant's cottage-step. They are the Cottager's treasure. Children revel in their lovely colours, while tender, quiet, contented folk ever find them a source of delight.

There are flowers of various shapes and hues. The Rose, an emblem of Love, is the "Queen of Flowers." No bouquet is complete without a rose. Every petal is a thing of beauty and 'a joy forever'.

The Lily is an emblem of Purity—" Its virgin blush of chastened dye enchants so much our mortal eye." The Lily's height bespeaks command—" a fair imperial flower, She seemed designed for Flora's hand, the sceptre of her power."

The modest Violet is a silent flower that breathes forth its silent beauty. Though it is hidden, its sweet odour betrays its presence; and though the rose has more fragrance, the violet stands first with many.

There are again the immaculate jasmines of sunny India. They deck the altars, homes, pandals and the tresses of maidens, rich and poor. Their light festoons shed their fragrance afar, while their virgin-white glows fresh and fair.

" What a desolate place this world of ours would be without flowers. It would be like a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth? and are not stars the flowers of heaven?" One is tempted to ask if it is possible that these flowers of earth were created for no other purpose than that they might delight men by their beauty for an hour or two and then fade away. If so, it would be a matter for regret that they should be destined to bloom just long enough for us to realise how beautiful they are, and to fade as soon as we have begun to enjoy their beauty. But such is not the truth. They have been created in order to teach us how transient is the glory of the most glorious thing on earth; how it fades away and disappears after it has displayed its splendour and beauty for a short time. Flowers are living, silent preachers—each cup a pulpit, each petal a book. If these flowers which are so soon to fade are so beautiful, what must then be the beauty of the Creator!

God made flowers to beautify the earth and to cheer man, and he is happiest who hath power to gather wisdom from a flower!

N. VIJAYALAKSHMI
III H. S.

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

The Thirtieth Day of June 1957 dawned bright and gay. The pealing of the bells in the little chapel of the "Convent of the Incarnation" bore the happy announcement that the Blessings of Jesus would be upon all the faithful and we hastened to offer up the Jubilee Mass.

It was the Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee of Very Rev. Father Audiau. No pains were spared to have all solemnities in a fitting manner for he is so much loved as the chaplain of our convent. The altar was specially decorated with the most beautiful tints of red and white blossoms which looked so colourful and artistic against the stainless shimmering white of the altar linen.

The chapel was thronged not only with the inmates of the convent but with folks from far and near. As the bells tolled the commencement of the Holy Mass, all heads were bent in ardent devotion. A special band consisting of two cellos and three violins immensely added to the grandeur of the occasion.

It was really gratifying to see the large number receiving Holy Communion on that day ;—soon after the Last Blessing, Solemn Benediction was given.

After the Service, a buffet was thoughtfully arranged for by the Jubilarian. This brought to our minds the incident of centuries ago when the Eternal High Priest distributed bread to the multitude saying, "If I send them away hungry they'll faint on the way."

And now was the hour for the formal wishing; but it did not seem so formal after all, for it had the air of friendliness about it. Many loyal and grateful hearts came forward to pay their respects to the Jubilarian with garlands and words of praise. The school children next entertained him with their little items and his cheerfulness beamed like sunshine, revealing to us one of his happiest moments at the "Convent of the Incarnation."

This occasion of a Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee brought home to all, the greatness of the mission entrusted to a priest. A prayer rose from all hearts present —

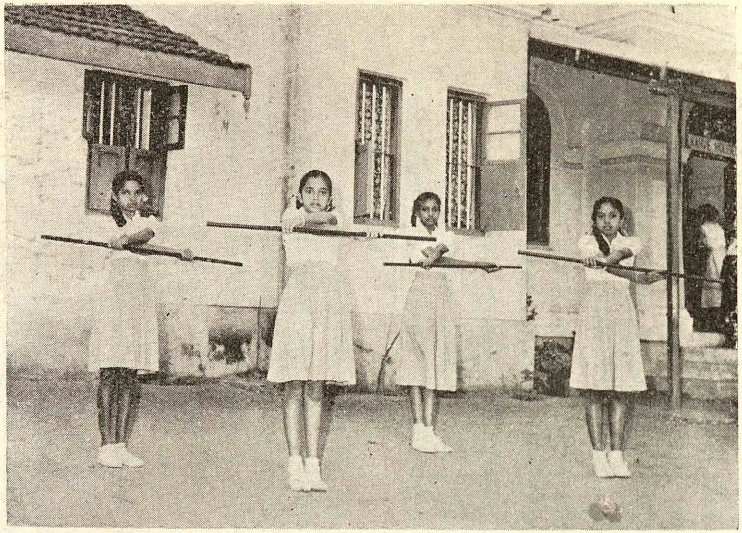
Keep them, I pray Thee, dearest Lord,
Keep them, for they are Thine —
Thy priests whose lives burn out before
Thy consecrated shrine.

Besides his spiritual work, Rev. Fr. Audiau has been to many Christians and non-Christians of Mysore, a pillar of hope in distress, a source of unfailing consolation in sorrow and above all, a true father of the fatherless.

May God grant him longevity and unfailing strength to continue his noble work for not only a Golden but also a Diamond Jubilee.

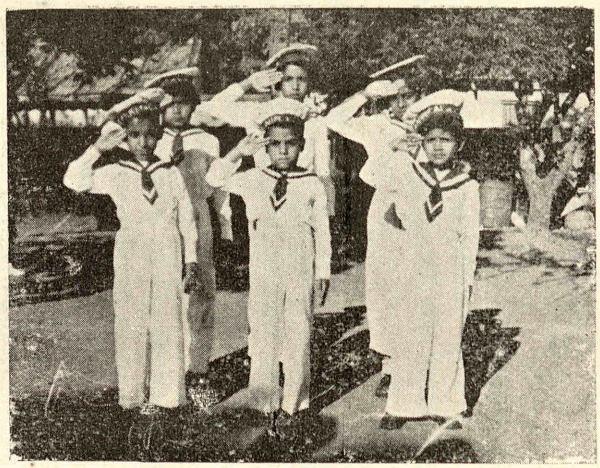
MISS IRIS JOHNSON

WAND DRILL





Dance — Minuet

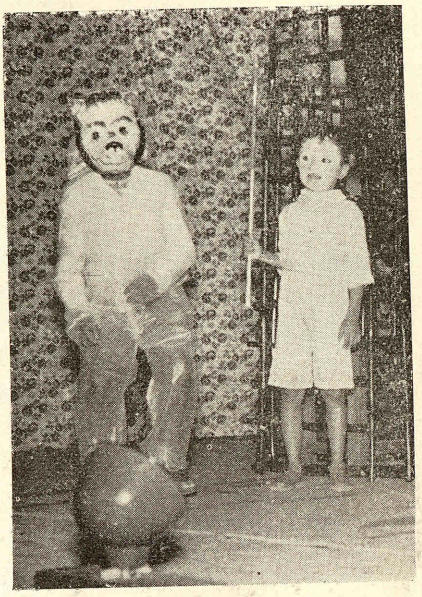


The Jolly Sailors

Dasara Exhibition
Prize-winners

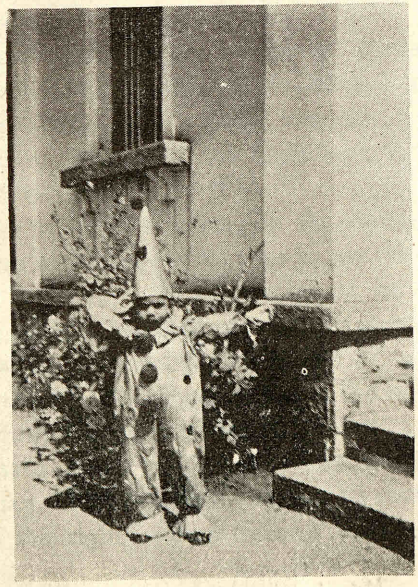
1) Christmas Candle
2) Yankee Doodle

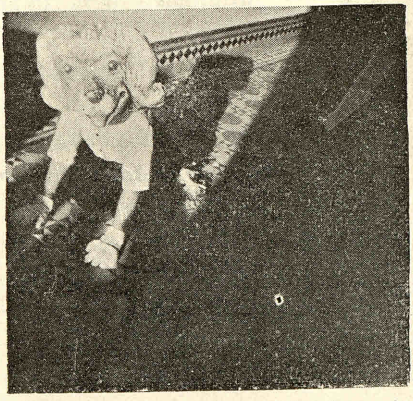




The Zoo

Clown—Consolation Prize





"Doggie at the Window."

ENGLISH VERBS

Oh, English Verbs are queer indeed,
But their parts you have to heed.
You say, I teach, I taught, have taught,
But not I reach, I raught, have raught.
I grow, you say, I grew, have grown,
But not I row, I rew, have rown.
I speak is right, I spoke, have spoken,
But not I seek, I soke, have soken.
So take care to use the words you should,
Or you will not say the things you would.
Oh verbs are odd I think, thank, thunk,
They'll trip you in a wink, wank, wunk.

CHAND PRABHA
I Yr. H. S.

——— *** ———

SAFETY FIRST ?

Prem and Mohan had just come out of a theatre and were going home when they were caught in a heavy downpour. Mohan had planned to take Prem home for the evening. His wife Nirmala would be waiting to meet this friend of whom he spoke so often—at least that was what he had made Prem understand.

The rain showed no signs of abatement and so both entered No. 10, Shivaji Road, which was Prem's house. They spent the evening playing cards, Mohan looking out every now and then.

The clock struck ten—claps of thunder followed flashes of lightning, and the rain was even heavier than before. Mohan showed signs of great discomfort, worried more about Nirmala than about himself.

" You could spend the night here, if it comes to the worst," said Prem.

" Thank you, but —"

" It's no trouble to me, on the contrary, it is a pleasure to have you with me."

Prem gave Mohan no time to say anything more, but went in to order a good dinner for his guest. In a few minutes he was back to find that Mohan was not in the sitting room. " Where could he have gone ? Perhaps he is in the library, choosing a book for the week. I shall do a bit of work in the meantime," thought Prem, and sat down to add a few more pages to the novel he was writing. He had not done more than ten minutes' writing when he heard a knock at the door. "Someone seeking shelter" said Prem to himself, and hastily opened the door, to find none other than Mohan, drenched to the skin. "I rushed home to tell my wife that I would be spending the night in your house," said he.

USHA BHUTIANI
II Yr. H. S.

ಅಳಿಯನ ಸಾಹಸ

Son-in-law's Adventure

ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಅಳಿಯನೊಬ್ಬನು ಮೊದಲ ವರ್ಷದ ದೀಪಾವಳಿಗೆ ಮಾವನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟನು. ಹಳ್ಳಿಯು ಒಂಭತ್ತು ಮೈಲಿದೂರವಿತ್ತು. ಅಳಿಯನು ತನ್ನ ಜಂಭವನ್ನು ಮಾವನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರಿಸ ಬೇಕೆಂದು. ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯನ್ನು, ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಟ್ರಂಕನ್ನು ಸಿದ್ಧಗೊಳಿಸಿ. ಗಾಡಿಯನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕಿದನು ಗಾಡಿಯು ಸಿಗದಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಕೂಲಿಯವನ ತಲೆಯಮೇಲೆ ಹಾಸಿಗೆ, ಟ್ರಂಕುಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊರಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಲು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದ.

ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟು ಒಬ್ಬ ಕೂಲಿಯವನನ್ನು ಸಂಪಾದಿಸಿದ. ಅವನು ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಟ್ರಂಕುಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಗಾಬರಿಗೊಂಡನು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಕಾಸಿನ ಆಸೆ ತೋರಿಸಿ ಹೊರಿಸಿದನು. ಅವನು ಊರ ಹೊರ ಗಿನ ಅರಳೀಕಟ್ಟೆಯವರೆಗೆ ತಂದು, "ಇವು ಹೆಣಭಾರವಿದೆ, ಆಷ್ಟು ದೂರ ತರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ನೀವು ಬೇಕಾ ದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಏರ್ಪಾಡು ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ," ಎಂದನು. ಅಳಿಯನು ಆ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೇ ಮಾವನ ಮನೆ ತಲಪ ಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಬೇರೆ ಕೂಲಿಯವರು ಆ ಹೊತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕುವಹಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಅದುದರಿಂದ ಅಳಿಯನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತು ಯೋಚಿಸಿ, " ಅಯ್ಯಾ, ಒಂದು ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡು, ೯ ಮೈಲಿ ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ನಾನೇ ಹೊತ್ತು ತರುತ್ತೇನೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಮಾವನವರ ಊರ ಹೊರಗಿನ ಅರಳಿ ಕಟ್ಟೆಯಿಂದ ಮನೆಯವರೆಗಾದರೂ ತಂದು ಕೊಡು." ಎಂದನು.

ಕೂಲಿಯವನು ಒಪ್ಪಲು ತಾನೇ ಹೊತ್ತು ತರುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು, ಮಾವನ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು. ಊರ ಮುಂದಿನ ಅರಳೀ ಕಟ್ಟೆಯಹತ್ತಿರ ಇಳಿಸಿ ಟ್ರಂಕನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದು ಜರತಾರೀ ಪಂಚೆಯುಟ್ಟು ಜರತಾರೀ ಶಲ್ಯ ವೊಂದನ್ನು ಹೊದೆದು. ಕೂಲಿಯವನಿಗೆ ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಟ್ರಂಕಗಳನ್ನು ತರಹೇಳಿ ತಾನು ರೀವಿಯಿಂದ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋದನು. ಅಳಿಯ ಬರುತ್ತಲೇ ಮಾವನವರು ಆದರದಸ್ವಾಗತ ನೀಡಿದರು. ಉಭಯಕುಶಲೋಪರಿ ಗಳಾದ ತರುವಾಯ "ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಾಮಾನುಗಳಿಲ್ಲಾ ಎಲ್ಲಿ?" ಎಂದು ಮಾವನವರು ಕೇಳಿದರ. ಅಳಿಯನು ಆಳು ತರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾನೆಂದು ರೀವಿಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿದ.

ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲೇ ಕೂಲಿಯವನು ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಟ್ರಂಕುಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತುಕೊಂಡು ಏದುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದು ಅವನ ಮಾವನವರನ್ನು ಕುರಿತು " ಸ್ವಾಮಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಳಿಯಂದಿರು ತುಂಬಾಗಟ್ಟಿಗರು ನನಗೆ ಈ ಸಾಮಾನುಗಳನ್ನು ನಿಮ್ಮೂರ ಅರಳೀ ಕಟ್ಟೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊತ್ತು ತರುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಕಾಗಿಹೋಯಿತು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಳಿಯಂದಿರು ನಮ್ಮ ಊರಿಂದ ಒಂಭತ್ತು ಮೈಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಹೊತ್ತು ತಂದರೋ ದೇವರೇ ಬಲ್ಲ," ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ ಮಾವ ಅಳಿಯನ ಮುಖ ನೋಡಿದ, ಅಳಿಯ ನೆಲವನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅಳಿಯನ ಸಾಹಸವನ್ನು ಕೂಲಿಯವನು ಮಾವ ನಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿದ.

S. R. VIMALA
II Yr. H.S.

St. Joseph's High School,

Mandya.

AN APPEAL

Fairest diadem on Asia's brow
Bharat Mata art thou ;
For faith and love, you always vouched
Uniting every head and heart.

Proud we were of Unity and Peace
That reigned supreme in our happy land,
Faith in God and love of man
The keynote of our success grand.

But now alas ! the scene doth change,
From peace to war, we are inclined ;
Factions lurk in every clime
Wherein selfishness and hate do chime.

Void of faith, and void of love
To ruin sure, we make headway.
Loved Mother, pray do not lose your sway
On your children, firm now let it stay.
Our beloved Ind. thus save you may
From hunger, strife, and ruin's wave.

S. M. C.

Our Excursion to Shravanabelagola

What better thing of beauty could we think of than what nature presents to us ? Shravanabelagola presents nature at her best. One feels the power and greatness of the Almighty as one stands on the heights of that hill.

Excursions break the monotony of school-life. Eagerly we look forward to such an event. Often there is a resentment to pay money, and the response is not very encouraging when an excursion is fixed for a certain date. When in spite of all this fuss, arrangements are definite, then come we, students, at the eleventh hour to the excursion. A bus arranged for sixty will have to carry double its load.

Last year Shravanabelagola was the place fixed up. A place of pilgrimage for the Jains, it is a world-famous spot where the mighty Gomateswara rises high above the clouds, cut out of a single rock.

Ere the "King of the Day" peeped out of his resting place, we were at the convent watching for the bus. As is always the case, the bus was late. After much phoning and grumbling it arrived, and in five minutes it was off with its jolly load singing the morning prayer. In the cool of the morning with throats tuned to different pitches, we sang and laughed as we sped along green fields. Shravanabelagola is about eighty miles from Mandya. We just stopped for a little while at Krishnarajpet for our breakfast and then motored away. As we entered Shravanabelagola, miles away we could see the statue of Gomateswara stand out in bold outline with the sunlight on his face.

A kind gentleman, a devotee of the presiding deity of the place was waiting for us. What a little piece of heaven that little village seemed to be. Nestling between the feet of the two hills lies a picturesque village with a tank in the centre. Old-fashioned tiled houses with stately cocoanut palms rising into the air between them, speak of the peace that reigns there.

Tum, tum, the strokes of the hammer on the anvil is the most familiar sound that one hears, for the brass industry is the chief means by which the people earn their living. What interested us most, was the ascent to the hill — about six hundred steps cut into the rocks before we get to the top. Running, walking, crawling, stopping to recover our breath, we laboured to cover that height. Thanks to the cool spring water found on the top, we drank to satiate our thirst and then proceeded to the actual spot where the statue stands. We were not the only people there; hundreds of sight-seers could be seen all along the steps,—some climbing, some descending.

By two o'clock like hungry wolves we were ready to come down. That was not so difficult, but difficult it was still ! The knees giving way at intervals, we had to crawl down step by step, as one false step meant rolling down the steps into the valley below.

Hot relishing food was served immediately we came down. Hunger is the best sauce. We had our meal, all squatting on the ground. From there we went to the Travellers' Bungalow to rest our weary limbs awhile. Never say die — we were out again to explore the second hill, not so steep and not many steps to climb.

Ere the setting sun sank in the west, we were called off and reluctantly we wended our way back to the bus. Helping ourselves to a sumptuous tea, we had to get into the bus. Hurrah ! for our trip to Shravanabelagola ; we flew through green fields again, singing till our throats were hoarse. In the twilight one more halt at Pandavapura, one last hot drink of coffee and a bite, and off we were again.

It was past eight o'clock by the time we sighted the Mandya District Office. All along the way anxious parents were waiting for us. I just got out of the bus and walked home. Too sleepy to give an account of the fine time I had, I just fell asleep with picturesque Shravanabelagola before me and the tum, tum of the village blacksmith ringing in my ears.

Nature, thy beauty has charmed me—
Hills and vales all through I see.
Up and down, high or low
Wherever I may be.

KRISHNA KUMARI
H. S. III Year

——— *** ———

A square peg in a round hole

Little Judy boy is sent to school to learn his A.B.C. and Kannada too. Well dressed and smart, Mummy sends him at eight. Poor Judy boy is in tears by evening, and no lessons interest him. He is made to draw a cat when he would draw an engine; he has to imitate the cry of a cow when he would, that of a train. He has to write A.B.C. when he likes to play at the aeroplane. Oh isn't it a sorry sight to see poor Judy boy turn a scholar when he would be an Engineer ?

JOSEPHINE FERNANDEZ
H. S. I Year

My Sisters and I



Far away from a world tortured with fear and doubt
We live in the convent, my sisters and I.
In thoughtful kindliness and love, with each other we vie,
For want of cheer and happiness we never sigh.
Blest we are in convent life, my sisters and I,
Never far from our convent home
Do we long to roam, my sisters and I.
Content we are with Mother and Sisters, my sisters and I—
For dress and food we never want, my sisters and I.
Love and affection we have in plenty, my sisters and I.
Ever cheerful, ever bright we live, my sisters and I.
Where may you be so lucky you ask?
In St. Joseph's Convent we happily dwell
Among our Sisters who love us so well.

The first in the lot is my pretty self—
Lourdes they call me, after the Virgin's name.
To her, my life to dedicate I mean,
And from her my joy and happiness gleam.

Little Josephine comes next in the rear,
My little sister bold without a fear;
Yet loves she well to read and spell,
And play the piano as well.

Marina comes next in the list—
Her lessons to her are always a fix;
At six she has her Lord received
Whom she has promised never to deceive.

Jessie of course is known to all
To eat, to cry, and then to fall.
Small, thin, and very smart
To munch away much sweets and tart.

My little Baby Tessa, oh how dear,
Three months since she has closed a year.
Favourite of one and all,
Tessa sails among her toys;
Sisters' love and Mother's joy.
From life she takes sorrow's alloy.
A happy band of five are we,
My little sisters and me.

LOURDES
III Yr. H.S.

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

The 15th of August was a gala day for the town of Mandya and more so for us, students of St. Joseph's. The Centenary celebrations saw very elaborate preparations. We did feel it was an All-India affair. Memos and letters poured in at every school as to the manner in which the day was to be celebrated. Sports competitions, youth festival and tournaments were over by the 14th. Mandya, though a small town, is well abreast of the times with an enthusiastic and patriotic public and officers. Inter-school sports, tournaments and debates were the order of the day; and our school, (being the only girls' school here), was given a prominent part to play in the show.

The 15th presented a solemn show at the stadium. Scouts, Guides, several, Blue Birds and Cubs in squads from the various schools in smart uniforms, ranged themselves opposite the flag-post. The police band played and punctually at 8 A.M. the Deputy Commissioner accompanied by the Municipal President and the D. S. P. unfurled the flag and mounted the platform to take the salute. After the grand parade, we went round the town in procession with photos of our valiant leaders in a decorated car. By nine we were back and refreshed ourselves with sweets distributed for the occasion.

The evening programme was unique. We were supposed to stage tableaux bearing on the topic of national freedom,—and that, on lorries. I had not the faintest idea of what that meant. I had seen Mother and the Sisters working for days, stitching bright coloured satin costumes, washing and ironing out uniforms etc. By 3 P. M. there were four lorries in the compound. A pink lotus mounted on a table was put into one, and out came an immaculate Bharat Mata to step on to it with the national flag in her hand. By her side stood Nehru. At her feet were five angels —PEACE, crushing the three demons representing WAR.

The next lorry was even more picturesque—the proclamation of Bahadur Shah as Raja of Hindustan. The old man looked typical—helpless and old, while bold-looking soldiers mounted guard with drawn swords.

Next came the scene of the Rani of Jansi on horseback; the brave woman who fought for the rights of her country.

Hardby followed Chitoor Channamma, another valiant woman who fought the Britishers for the cause of her country.

Last of all, the lorry in the shape of a huge boat carried Kerala boatmen singing of Independence and its history.

A line of lorries thus transformed into a moving stage, fittingly illuminated, slowly moved up the main road from the convent gates. Crowds of people thronged round them gazing in astonishment at the splendour of the scene. Dauntless Bharat Mata stood high up and smiled benignly on those around. Cameras clicked as we neared the stadium. The officers came round once, twice, thrice, to enjoy the silent drama. How proud we felt of our dear Convent school and its achievement. My heart leaped for joy at the appreciative remarks. I heard round me congratulations from the top, and the crowning remark that all was as grand as the grand Mother of the convent—hurrah for St. Joseph's !

B. RAJAMMA
H. S. III Yr.

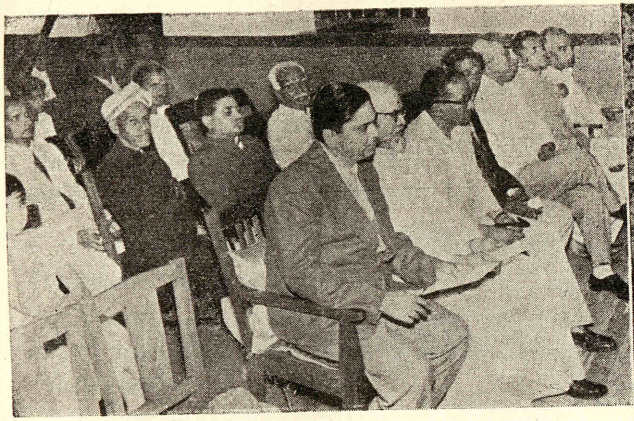
Sports Day at Our School

The 16th of August was a holiday, the third day to complete the centenary celebrations. School programmes had to be organised. What better programme could we set up but to have sports on that day ?

By 3 P.M. even the tots of three were in the school premises looking their best, ranged in lines in places assigned to them. By four, the president arrived. The Municipal president presided at a function of ours for the first time. Mrs. Rahamatulla, the wife of the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Pandit the District Superintendent of Police with his wife, the District Scout Commissioner, the Ex-Municipal President and the Sub-Divisional Officer with his wife were the distinguished guests.

At the whistle, the High and Middle Schools arranged themselves for mass drill. The extension loudspeaker threw out a march and the whole mass of girls did the exercises to music. They moved out and the girl guides in uniform performed the wand drill. Next came the Figure Formation march. It was excellent, the audience said.

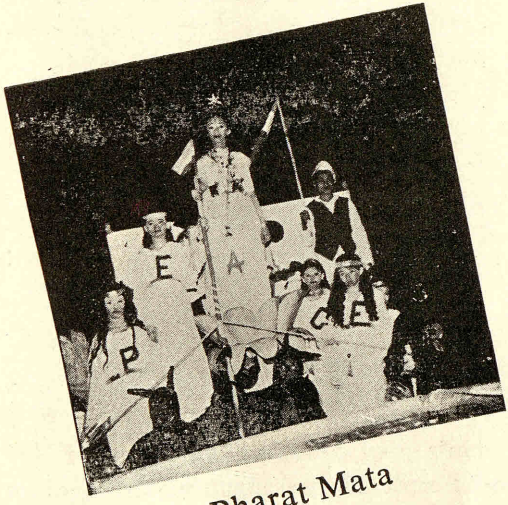
The primary section presented a folk dance. The tiny tots dressed like village men and women, depicted a village scene from the ploughing of the field to the making of the Kadabu (rice cake).



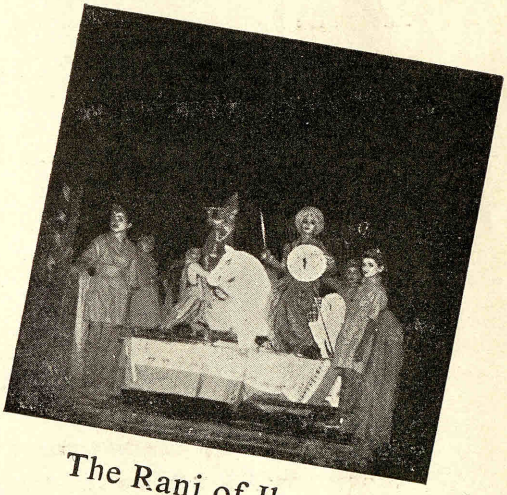
Mr. M. Rahamatullah, Deputy Commissioner, presides at Guardians' Day



"Bees & Blossoms"



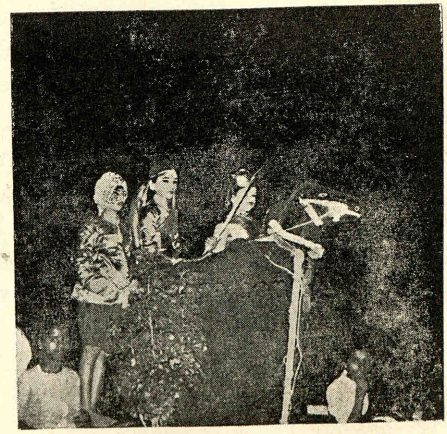
Bharat Mata



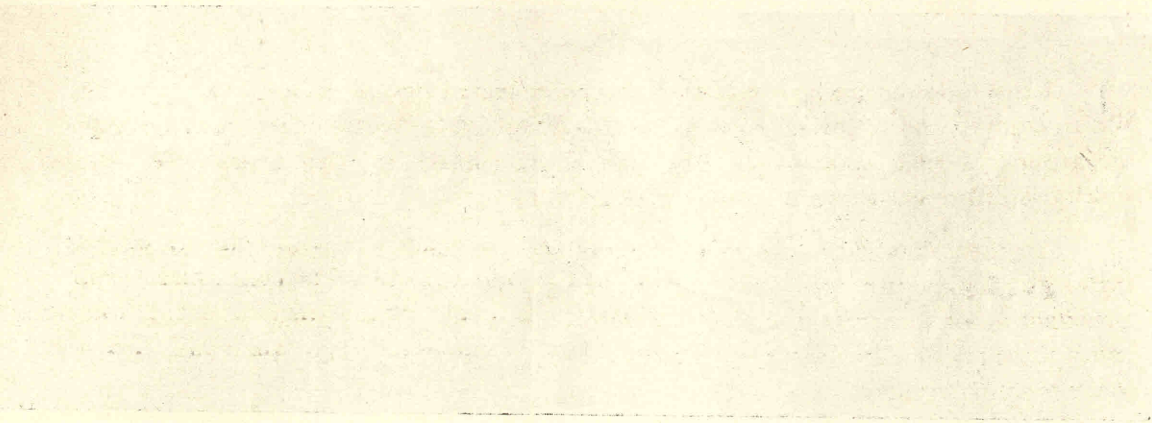
The Rani of Jhansi

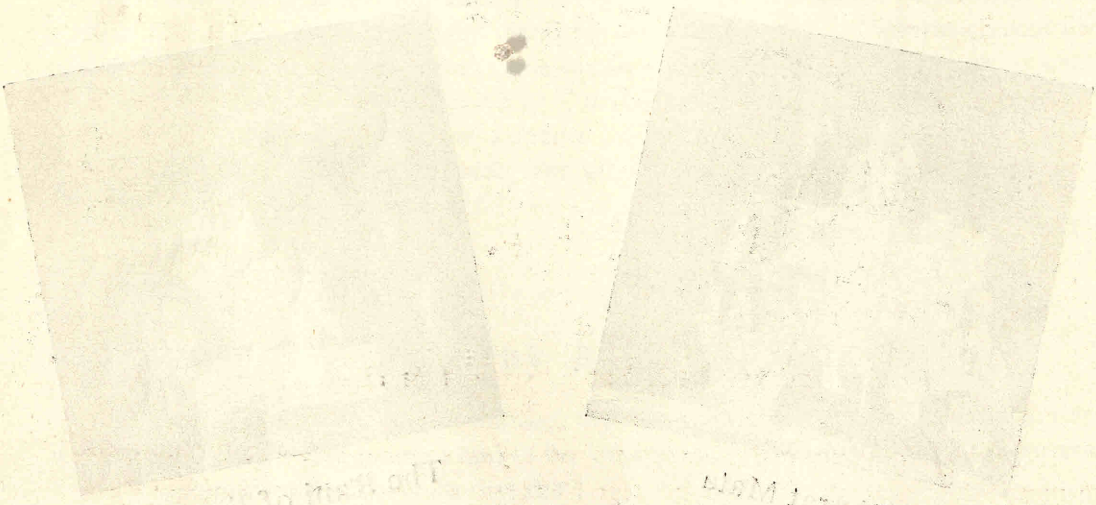


Bahadur Shah proclaimed Raja of Hindustan

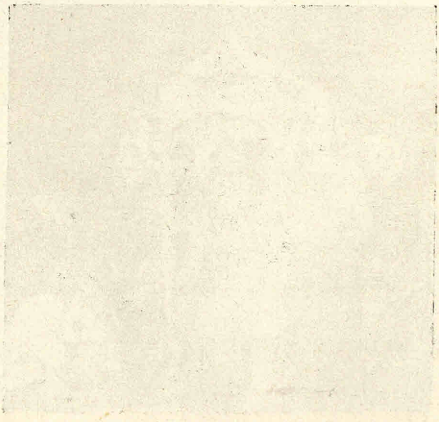


Chitoor Channamma, heroine of the Freedom Movement in Karnataka









Later followed the sports proper—all team games, played orderly and silently. We all enjoyed and followed every game that was played. Hearty cheers rang through the groups as each team won. The losers also joined in the chorus, for the sportive spirit reigns supreme on our play ground.

In the twilight, we gathered round the president to cheer the successful teams as they carried away their cups. The little ones got individual prizes. The president in his speech said lots of nice things about us. I feel proud to think how much these big and small folks of Mandya love our Institution and how they praise it when there is a chance.

What my little sisters in school loved most was the last item in the programme-distribution of sweets. How they scrambled for them. Every one had a share and when all was over, strains of Jana Gana rose solemnly into the air. It was past seven when I reached home that night.

SURMA DEVI
I Yr. H. S.

MY BABY SISTER

I always liked to have a baby sister. How happy I was to get one. Early one morning, Sister brought her. Teresita is her name, but "Tessa" we call her. She is now a year and four months old. How I love to play with her. She talks in baby language. Titta for sister, mama for mother, Lourda, and Dhoby, and papa for herself. She rounds her lips to say "no" and says "yes" when she likes a thing. Jeja Jeja, she says looking at Jesus, and holds out her hands for anything she wants. "Ta" she says, to make you give her what she wants. Amba, Bow wow, Koko are her friends. How she loves animals ! The radio room is always locked to keep it safe from her. Tessa runs along very fast. Blind Fatima and little Jessie are her targets. How she bullies them. My books are often torn and spoilt but I do not mind the scolding I get, provided my darling sister has enjoyed herself. What she likes best is to sleep between Jessie and me at night, and play "koo koo" under the blanket. You will see her photo on one of these pages, taken on her first birthday. Reader, won't you love my sister too ?

MARINA JOSEPH
I Yr. M. S.

ON EDUCATION

Education, I mean Secondary education, presents many a problem to the poor teacher of now-a-days. Secondary education is in the melting pot. Change from the old to the new system, change of medium, change of subjects to keep abreast of the times seems, the fashion of the day. In this transitional stage the individuality of the poor teacher and student melts and disappears in the seething cauldron of conflicting ideas. The more the educationlists try to raise the standard, the lower it falls. We see it from the year-to-year results with its swelling failures. A finished product of the high school is a nuisance to society both in culture and morals. How may we tackle this problem? We are so much engrossed in getting good results that we just have recourse to the question-and-answer mugging method. Such a medium is necessary to a certain extent for a pass, but is detrimental to the moulding of the individual student.

We teachers, who are the guardians of education and of the child, should perform our task with a conscience. You may wonder what I am driving at. It is just to show how moral instruction should be the punctuation marks of every lesson of ours. It is only when the student realises the importance of cleanliness of dress, neatness in books, obedience to parents and teachers, good hand-writing, that she realises she is an image of the Almighty. When you stop a lesson and look at a child who is inattentive, the look goes home and you have taught the lesson. A severe reprimand, and then a smile before your student leaves you, brings home the fact that you love the student and mean well. Never tire of reminding the student to write neatly, to sit straight and study well and be honest. With these little details we bring ourselves down to the level of our students who wake up to the fact that they have a responsibility to live up to a standard. They learn to love their teachers, love what they say and love their lessons too. The sound soul in a sound body works; intelligent study follows and then there are the good results you aim at. You have laboured hard—see the fruit of your labour in a well-behaved, industrious and honest student you have produced, ready to face the world.

S. M. C.

OUR SCHOOL

As a loyal student of my devoted Alma Mater, I am happy to write about my school. The School as you know plays a very important part in our lives, for it is during school life that we undergo a systematic training to prepare us for life.

Our School, I mean St. Joseph's High School, is well placed in an open spot. A double-storeyed building, prettily designed, it commands a beautiful view in front of the Bangalore-Mysore road. The Government Boys school, a stone structure, faces it. They are called the King and Queen of Mandya.

The school has three entrances for the convenience of children who come from different directions. The imposing building has many airy and spacious class-rooms well equipped with comfortable furniture and pictures. Classes begin at 11 A.M. Nearing this hour we see girls stream in, almost dragging their little brothers and sisters, for we dare not be late for the assembly. One would feel amused to see us almost running on the roads and rushing in at the gate to be in time. Thank God, the nursery sections are already at their work for they start classes at 8 A.M. Dear reader, if you happen to enter our school a quarter of an hour before 11 A.M., you would see an interesting sight—girls sitting in groups along the verandah mugging away their lessons, eleventh hour preparation of the day's work. The bell goes and hurriedly we rise, put away our books and in perfect silence we file up in the quadrangle for prayer. Just a short one thanking God for the night's rest and asking him to bless us for the day, helping us to love our companions. The radiogram plays a march and off we march to our classes.

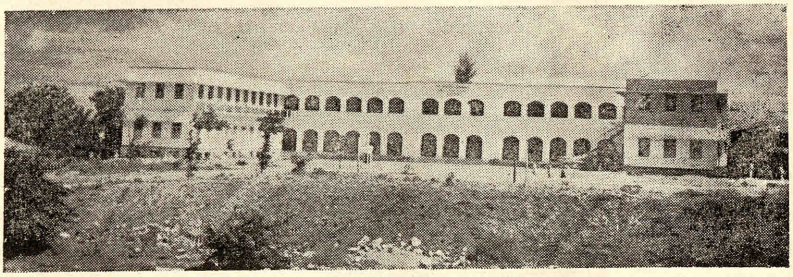
The noon interval is most welcome. We are out on the verandah once again, care-free, chatting merrily and eating heartily, enjoying student life. We have a sprinkling of boy students too, who swallow their food and are up to their pranks pulling the girls' plaits and running off with their tiffin-carriers. School gives over at 4-30 P.M. and we are off to the sports field. Team games—Throw Ball, Basket ball, Badminton, the school compound teems with life and fun just for an hour, and then we go home leaving our stately edifice calm and quiet. We love to arrange debates and literary hours but we love our excursions the most. We have a fine time then, for we go to different places of interest each year. Good reader we also do social service out in the village. The annual feeding of the poor is a sacred duty for us. We bring the material, cook the food, and this makes them happy.

And who are they who direct and teach you, you may ask. Well here's the answer to your query—our beloved Mother and Sisters—Carmelites they call themselves. In a strange costume different from ours, they command much love and respect. Most self-sacrificing, they are always at our service. The school is their home. We are their children. They pray to God and spend their lives for us. The public of Mandya knows and appreciates their worth and put their best foot forward to help them.

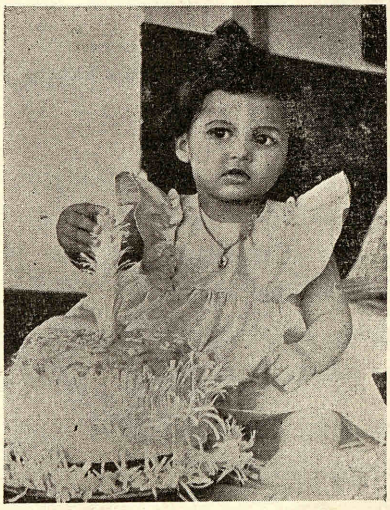
East or West, home is best, goes the saying—but for me my school is best.

HEMALATHA, J. K.
H. S. II Yr.

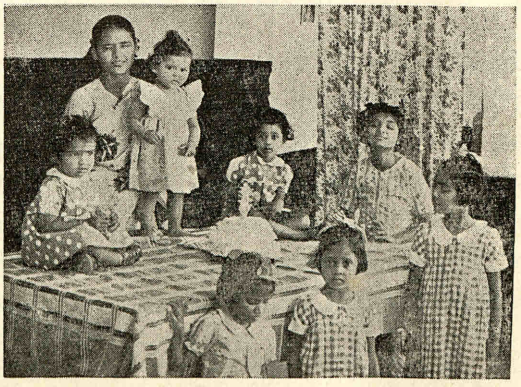




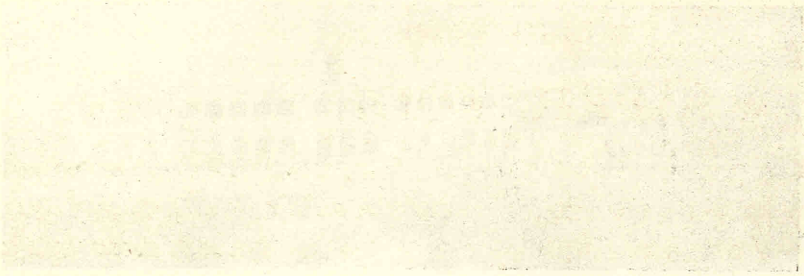
St. Joseph's High School, Mandya

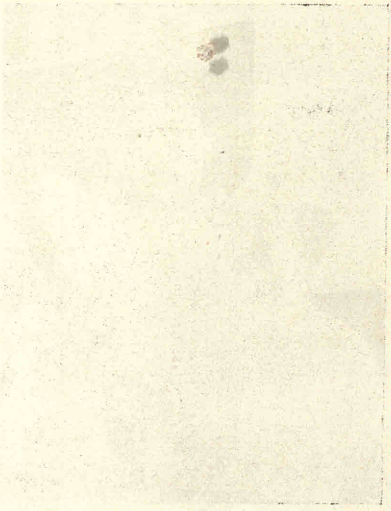


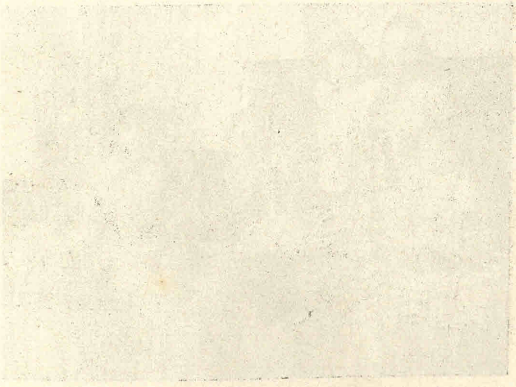
Baby Tessa on her
1st birthday. Isn't she cute?



Guests at Tessa's Birthday party—Convent babies of the Mysore State







ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್

APRIL FOOL

"ಆನಂದ ಏಳೋ ಮಗು. ಆರು ಘಂಟೆ ಆಯಿತಲ್ಲೋ" ಎಂದು ಆನಂದನ ತಾಯಿ ಕೂಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಆನಂದ ಎಚ್ಚೆತ್ತರೂ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಅದೇಕೋ ಹಾಸಿಗೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟೇಳಲು ಮನಸ್ಸಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನ ರಾತ್ರಿಯಿಂಲೂ ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನ ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಒಂದನೇ ತಾರೀಖು ಎನ್ನುವುದು ಬಹಳ ಯೋಚನೆ ಗೀಡು ಮಾಡಿತ್ತು. ಮದ್ರಾಸಿನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಶೇಖರನಿಗೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಿ ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಅವನು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ತಾಯಿಯ ಬಲವಂತಕ್ಕೆ ಎದ್ದು ಸ್ನಾನ ಮುಗಿಸಿಬಂದು ತಿಂಡಿ ತಿನ್ನುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗಲೂ ಸಹ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಅಲ್ಲಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. "ಇದೇನೇ ಇದು? ನಂಗೇನು ಪಥ್ಯವೇ?. ಉಪ್ಪಿಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಉಪ್ಪೇ ಹಾಕಿಲ್ಲ!" ಎಂದು ರಾಮರಾಯರು ಕೇಳಿದರು. ಆದರೆ ಆನಂದನಿಗೆ ಅವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಜ್ಞಾನವೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನು ಆಗಲೇ ಅದನ್ನು ತಿಂದು ಮುಗಿಸಿದ್ದನು.

"ಪೋಸ್ಟ್, ಪೋಸ್ಟ್"! ಎಂಬ ಶಬ್ದವನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಆನಂದನು ಬಾಗಿಲಿಗೆ ಓಡಿದನು, ಆನಂದನ ಹೆಸರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಎಕ್ಸ್‌ಪ್ರೆಸ್ ಡೆಲಿವರಿಯ ಕವರ್ ಬಂದಿತ್ತು ಅದು ಮದ್ರಾಸಿನಿಂದ ಶೇಖರನ ತಂದೆ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದರು. ಅವನು ಆತುರದಿಂದ ಕವರನ್ನು ಒಡೆದು ನೋಡಿದನು. ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಶೇಖರನು ಹಿಂದಿನ ದಿನ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ಒಂದು ಅಪಘಾತಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿ ತುಂಬಾ ಘಾಯವಾಗಿ, ಪ್ರಾಣಾಪಾಯವಾಗಿರುವುದಾಗಿಯೂ, ಶೇಖರನು ಮನ್ನೆಯಲ್ಲೇ ಇರುವುದಾಗಿಯೂ, ಆನಂದನನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಕಾತುರಪಡುತ್ತಿರುವನಾಗಿಯೂ, ಅದುದರಿಂದ ಆನಂದನು ಅದಷ್ಟು ಜಾಗ್ರತೆ ಹೊರಟು ಬರುವಂತೆಯೂ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದಿತು.

ಆನಂದನು ಆ ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ ವಿಚಾರವನ್ನು ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗಳಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿ ಬೇಗ ಸ್ಟೇಷನ್ನಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಮದ್ರಾಸ್ ರೈಲನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿ ಕುಳಿತನು, ಅವನಿಗೆ ರೈಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೆ ಏನೇನೋ ಯೋಚನೆಗಳು ಬರ ಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದನು. ಅವನೂ ಶೇಖರನೂ ಮೊದಲಿನಿಂದಲೂ ಪ್ರಾಣ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರು. ಎರಡು ವರ್ಷಗಳ ಹಿಂದೆ ಶೇಖರನ ತಂದೆಗೆ ವರ್ಗವಾದುದರಿಂದ ಅವರಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಅಗಲಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ತಾವು ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಕಳೆದ ದಿನಗಳು ಜ್ಞಾಪಕ ಬಂದಂತೆ, ಶೇಖರನು ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ನರಳುತ್ತಾ ಮಲಗಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನೆನೆಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಕರೆಯಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿದನು. ಒಂದೊಂದು ನಿಮಿಷವೂ ಒಂದೊಂದು ಘಂಟೆಯಂತೆ ಕಳೆಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅಂತೂ ಇಂತೂ ಐದು ಘಂಟೆಯ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ರೈಲು ಮದ್ರಾಸನ್ನು ತಲಪಿತು.

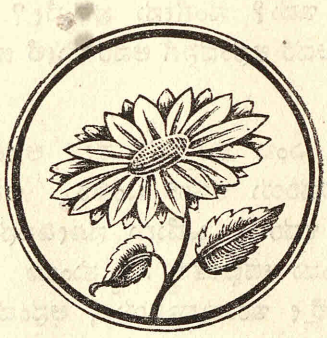
ಶೇಖರನ ಮನೆಯು ಸ್ಟೇಷನ್ನಿಗೆ ಹತ್ತಿರದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದದರಿಂದ ಕಾಲು ನಡಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಹೊರಟನು. ಶೇಖರನ ತಂದೆ ಬಾಗಿಲಲ್ಲೇ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದರು. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಗಲಾಟೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ಮಶಾನ ಮೌನ ಅವರಿಸಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಅವನ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ತೋರಿತು. ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ತಲಪುತ್ತಲ್ಲೇ "ಶೇಖರನೆಲ್ಲಿ?" ಎಂದು ಕಾತುರನಾಗಿ ಕೇಳಿದನು. ಅವರು ಮಾತನಾಡದೇ ಒಳಕೋಣೆಗೆ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಿ ಮಂಚದ ಮೇಲೆ ಶೇಖರನು ಮಲಗಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನ ಮೈ ತಂಬಾ ಹೊದಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊದೆಯಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅದುವರೆವಿಗೂ ತಡೆದಿದ್ದ ದುಃಖದ ಕಟ್ಟೆ ಬಡೆದು ಬಂತು. ಅವನು ಬದುಕುವ ಆಸೆ ಇಲ್ಲವೆಂಬ ಭಾವನೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ ಇದ್ದಿತು ಶೇಖರನ ಮುಖದ ಕಳೆ! ಆನಂದನು ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ಸುರಿಸುತ್ತಾ "ಶೇಖರಾ" ಎಂದು ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ ಕೂಗಿದನು.

ಆ ತಣಕ್ಷ ಹಿಂದಿನಿಂದ "ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್, ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್"! ಎಂಬ ಶಬ್ದದ ನಗುವಿನ ಲಹರಿ ಅಲೆ ಅಲೆಯಾಗಿ ಕೇಳಿ ಬಂತು. ಅವನು ಬೆಚ್ಚಿ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡಿ ಪೆಚ್ಚಾದನು. ಶೇಖರನ ತಾಯಿ,

ತಂದೆ ತಂಗಿಯರು ನಗೂತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದರು. ಈ ಕಡೆ ಶೇಖರನು ಎದ್ದು ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದನು. ಆನಂದನು ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮುಖವೆನ್ನು ಪ್ರಶ್ನಾರ್ಥಕವಾಗಿ ನೋಡಿದನು. ಶೇಖರನು "ನೀನು ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್ ಕಣೋ" ಎಂದಾಗ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಒಂದೊಂದಾಗಿ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂತು. ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್ ಮಾಡಲು ಹೋಗಿ ತಾನೆ ಏಪ್ರಿಲ್ ಫೂಲ್ ಆಗಬೇಕಾಯಿತು.

ಆನಂದನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಹಳೆಯ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನನ್ನು ನೋಡುವ ಪ್ರಸಂಗ ಒದಗಿ ಬಂದುದರಿಂದ, ಆನಂದ ಸಾಗರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗಿದನು.

K. N. SHANTHA
VI Form A



ತಾಯಿಯ ಮಮತೆ

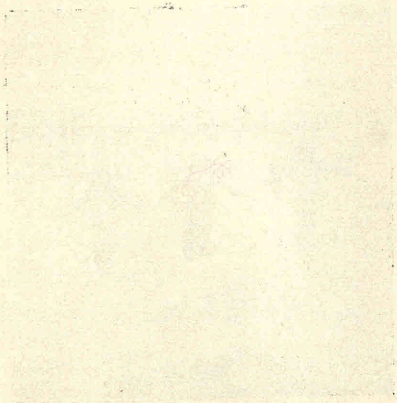
MOTHER'S LOVE

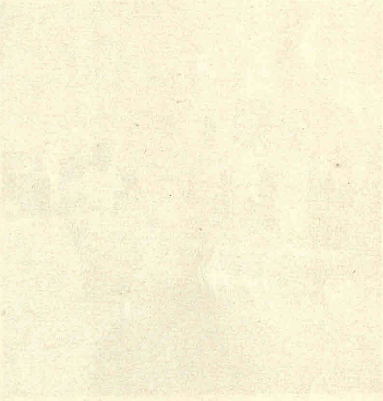
ರಂಗ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಒಬ್ಬನೇ ಮಗ. ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಬಿಸಿಲು ಬಹಳವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ರಂಗನು ಮನೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಹತ್ತಿ ಹೆಂಚನ್ನು ಕೈಯಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಆಗ ಆತನ ತಾಯಿಯು ಹೊರಗೆ ಬಂದಳು. ಉರಿ ಬಿಸಿಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮಗನು ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ತಾಯಿಯ ಕರಳು ಚುರಕ್ ಎಂದಿತು. ಅವಳು ಮಗನನ್ನು ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ ಹೇಳಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ರಂಗನು ತಾನು ಕೆಲಸ ಪೂರ್ತಿಯಾಗುವವರೆಗೂ, ತಾಯಿಯು ಎಷ್ಟು ಆತುರ ಪಡಿಸಿದರೂ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕಟುವಾಗಿಯೇ ನುಡಿದನು. ತಾಯಿಯ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಅಸಮರ್ಥನಾದನು. ಬುದ್ಧಿವಂತಳಾದ ತಾಯಿ ಸುಮ್ಮನಿರುವಳೇ ?ತನ್ನ ಮೊಮ್ಮಗನಾದ ಆರು ತಿಂಗಳಿನ ಹಸುಗೂಸನ್ನು ತಂದು ಬಿಸಿಲಿನಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಆಗ ಮಗನಿಗೆ ಕೋಪ ಬಂದು "ಏನಮ್ಮಾ ಆ ಮಗವನ್ನು ಏಕೆ ಬಿಸಿಲಿನಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟಿ, ನಿನಗೆ ಕರುಳು ಚುರೆಕ್ ಎನ್ನಲಿಲ್ಲವೇ?" ಎಂದು ಗದರಿಸಿದನು. ಆಗ ಜಾಣೆಯಾದ ತಾಯಿಯು, "ಮಗನೆ ನೋಡಿದೆಯಾ ! ನಿನ್ನ ಮಗು ಬಿಸಿನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ನಿನಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಂಕಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೋ ಹಾಗೇ ತಾಯಿಯಾದ ನನಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಮಗನು ಬಿಸಿಲಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರೆ ಸಂಕಟವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೇ ? ಎಂದಳು. ಅದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನಾಚಿದ ರಂಗನು ಕೆಳಗಿಳಿದನು.

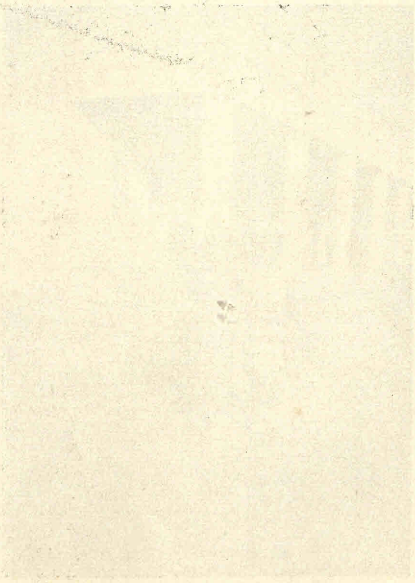
N. ANUSUYA PRABHA
VI Form A

St. Paul's High School,

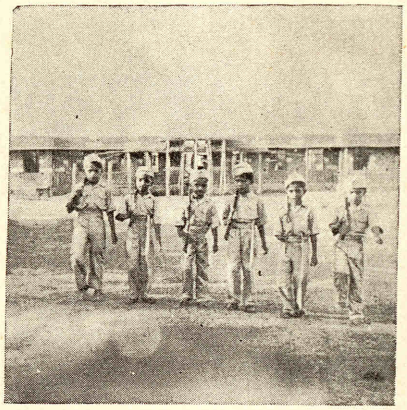
Davangere



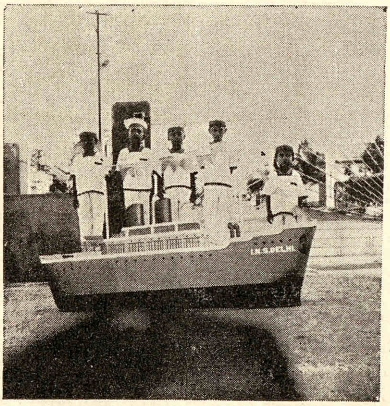




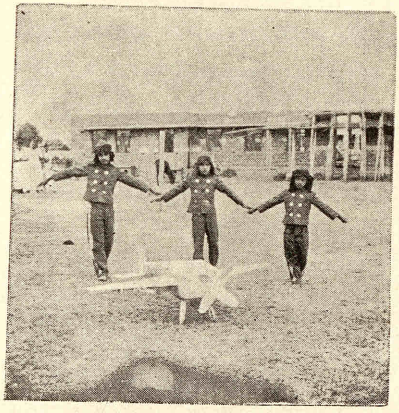
DEFENCE FORCE



THE ARMY



THE NAVY



THE AIR FORCE



MAY TAKES ANGEL TO SCHOOL

MY FAVOURITE HAUNT

There is a beautiful church in Davangere City. It can be seen from far and near. It is tall and white and very clean. It is spick and span both in and out. Around it is an open maidan, where the grass is green and it is used as a grazing ground by many a shepherdess. The church has a big bell, which calls us all to prayer, at morning, noon and night. The churchyard is very clean. It has no wall round it and is open to all. Many love to sit on the church steps at dawn and at sunset to enjoy the cool breeze and the church music within.

It is very pleasant to sit alone, in the portico before the facade of the church and listen to the sweet voices of the children, as they sing to God. The stars above also speak to us of God's love. The evening breeze blows gently and all is silent around. Not a sound is heard near the church. When the bell rings all the children go in, and no one talks and moves about outside. The fragrance of incense fills the air.

The church has a beautiful altar. It is well decorated with flowers and candles. There is a big statue of St. Thomas, Patron of India. Many go to visit the church and pray to God for all their needs. What a grand thing it is, to have a nice church in a grand city!

Alas! we have only one church in the whole of this large city! do come and step in gentle reader, and your joy will be filled, for it is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven!

S. MARY
S.S.L.C.



THE CONGO BELLE

A dusky maid fom Cochin's Shore,
To Brussels once did fly;
The Belgian urchins seeing her,
In wonderment did cry.

Her flowing robes—her saree blue
Her braids quite stiff and tight,
The maid did cut a figure quaint,
A really unique sight.

In Belgian bus, with children white,
Our Indian maid did speed,
When all at once at Brussels gate
While clapping hands—they yelled.

"O Congo Belle! O Congo Belle!"
For such they deemed her to be,
Our dreamy Indian lass perplexed
Stood in a roaring sea.

"O dearie me, what can this be?"
This Congo Belle did say,
"I wonder why they call me bell?
And why from Congo wild?"

Their teacher then, came up to her
And soon the cat was out—
Of Belgian Congo, they had learnt
And seen the pictures too.

Instead of brooding o'er her plight,
Why quarrel, fret or fight?
With smiling face and beaming eyes,
She cried "Tres Bien, Tres Bien—Cochin Belle."

S. P. C.

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

There are many beauty spots in the Mysore State. But the prettiest of these is the "Brindavan Gardens" at Mysore. There, Nature appears in her charming grace, amid lovely flowers and a shower of multi-coloured waters, a snow-white spray, and graceful foliage.

As the curtains of night fall, one by one the delightful gardens are lit up in the twinkling of an eye, and one feels that one is in fairy land.

The gentle stars peep at us. The evening breeze tosses the flowers in sprightly dance, and every one feels happy in such a delightful spot. Below the terraced gardens, the water flows ever on without stopping. The spray of the water seems like smoke. The falls are snow-white and very attractive, so that tourists even from distant America stand and gaze at this little bit of "Heaven." Down on the lake there is a fine boat in which people sail to and fro on pleasure trips beneath the fountains which play day and night.

Above these gardens there is a rail-road. Really one may say, that "a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever," and great is the God, who made this wonderful sight for man's enjoyment.

MISS D. TERESA
S. P. C.

——— *** ———

OUR TINY TOTS

First came May Paul sweet and bold,
She's ready to sing whenever told.

Then came Elsie slow and sure,
Her weakness for dance you cannot cure.

Next came Cyril from Bombay town,
He won a prize in a lady's gown.

Our Philo then stands fourth in rank
With fashions old and satin swank.

Our Angel is a timid child,
We hope she'll turn out meek and mild.

S. P. C.

MY CYCLE RIDE

One bright sunny evening in September, I set out with my pals on my new Hercules. A fresh wind was blowing. It was cool, and the golden sun was setting in the west. Many girls and boys had come out for a walk. Some grown-up lads were playing cricket and some small children were anxiously watching the match on the maidan. I remember that day very well. I was feeling mirthful as I rode with pride on my own bike, as the breeze wafted on my face.

This was my first experience of a cycle ride. I was very happy when some weeks ago my friend asked me to ride along with her.

Now I always feel like laughing when I remember it. My friend had the confidence to teach me to ride, without the help of any other person. But I was not ready, so to say, and I did not dare to depend only upon her. So I called my servant, and also my sister and asked them to hold the bike. But in spite of taking all this care, I started and tumbled down several times. I was hurt a lot. But more than the pain, I was very sorry and also disappointed when I saw that my neighbours had a hearty laugh at me. But I know that my fall was my own fault. After trying for about a week, I learnt to ride. However, I did not know how to use the brakes, nor how to get down from the bike. I always asked some one to run along by my side and to hold the bike whenever I wanted to get down. This would have continued for many days. But one day I rode alone, so I went straight into a ditch and hurt my knees and hand. The first thing I did was to look round, and behold ! there were so many eyes staring at me. My hair was tossed up, the sweets from my pocket were scattered about, the cap of my pen was broken, my blouse was ink-stained, and what was worse, my face was covered with mire and my precious bottle of hair oil was broken. What could I do ? I jumped up and tried to smile. I picked up my many belongings and tried to ride away, but I heard many voices asking, " Are you hurt ?" I said, "no, no" and I ran away. By this mishap I came to know the importance of using the brakes skilfully.

I was not satisfied with riding on a hired bike. So I asked my father to please buy me a new bike. How excited I was, when I saw a new Hercules in my room on my birthday. Then my Dad asked me to ride once in front of him. I did it in the wide compound of our house. It was a thrilling experience ! Everyday I take at least one round in our extension to have a peep at dear St. Paul's School. Now I am able to ride long distances on my bike, without falling off it and feeling embarrassed !

SUNILA, C. S.
VI Form

Holy Scenes & Happy Sights at St. Paul's —



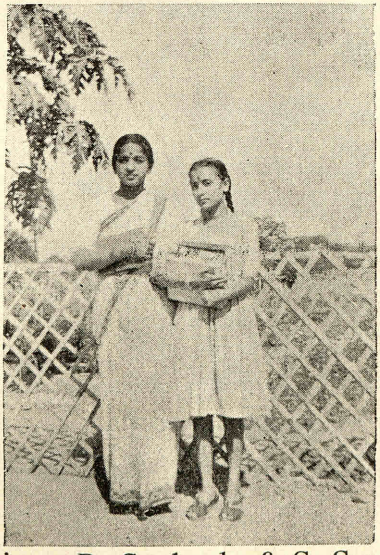
First Communion Group



At the Altar rails



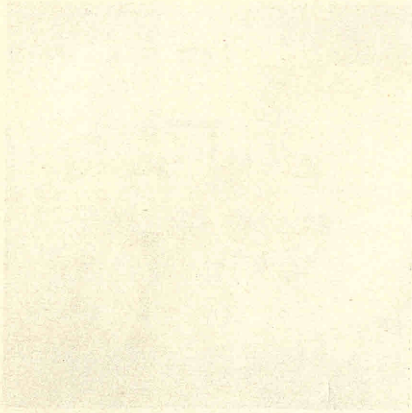
Our Mother's Nursery class

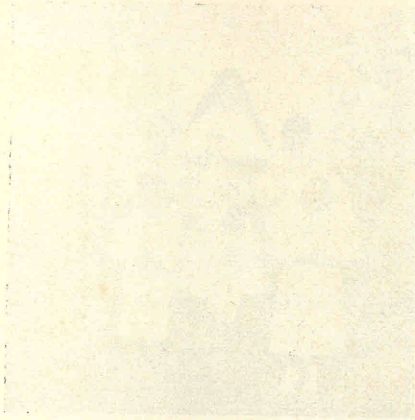


Misses R. Susheela & S. Sunila,
Prize-winners of the U.N.O.
Inter-School Debate '56



A Gujarati Frolic







TOMMY

Tommy's birth place is Bangalore. Packed in a small basket, he travelled 200 miles to reach our home. He was everybody's pet, and was prompt in obeying the refectory bell! If he found any seat vacant, he was sure to fill it. The Mother Superior was attacked daily, till a share was given him. Thus he became a nuisance in the end. So one day Mother Superior threatened him by saying "When Big Mamma comes, you will be sent away." True to Mother's warning he did give us the slip two days before Big Mamma's arrival. Many hearts are saddened by his disappearance—hence, this appeal to good St. Antony.

AN OPEN LETTER

ST. PAUL'S CONVENT
DAVANGERE.

December 1957

MY DEAR ST. ANTONY,

I am sorry to tell you that our pussy is lost. He is big and clean. He is one year old. I pull his tail sometimes but I don't hurt him. Please find our pussy as I want to play with him. It is one month since he went away. He is very pretty.

Thank you dear Saint.

With love

From LITTLE MAY

MEET NIRMALA!



Miss Mischief is my baby Sister.
She is three summers old.
She goes to St. Paul's Nursery school.
She can dance and sing too.
She is very naughty at home.
She likes to go to the cinema daily.
She is happy when she has coins in her hand.
She plays with her baby brother.
She keeps us lively at home.
She is my Dad's pet.
She is called Nirmala at school.
She is posing for a " shot " of the camera.
If you wish to see her, do come home dear reader.

JALAJA
II Yr. H. S.

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

JANUARY 1957

Number sent up :	....	**28**
Number of passes :	....	**23**
First Classes :	...	**5**
Percentage of Passes :	....	**82·1%.**

ವನಸ್ಪತಿ
VANASPATHI

ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ದಾವಣಗೆರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದು ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ತಿಂದು ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ಅದಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಊಟ ಬೇಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯ ಚಿನ್ನದಂತ ಬಣ್ಣ ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ಅದರ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ರುಚಿಯ ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವಡೆ ಗಿಡೆಯ ಮಾಡಿ ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯನ್ನು ಅಡಿಗೆ ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆದು ನೋಡಿ.
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯ ಜಾಮುನ್, ಜೀಲೆಬಿ ಮಾಡಿ ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯ ಲಾಡು ಗೀಡು ತಿಂದು ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯ ಕಡೆ ತಿರಿಗಿ ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯ ಕೊಳ್ಳದೆ ಹೋಗ ಬೇಡಿ.
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿಯ ಒಂದು ಡಬ್ಬ ತೆಗೆದು ನೋಡಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ತುಪ್ಪವನ್ನು ಕೆಳೆಗಿಳಿಸಿ
ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ವನಸ್ಪತಿ ನಮ್ಮ ನಗರದ ಖ್ಯಾತಿಯನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿ ||

S. P. C.

——— *** ———

ಫ್ಲೂ FLU

ಇಂಫ್ಲೂಯಂಜಾ, ಇಂಫ್ಲೂಯಂಜಾ ಮಹಾ ತಾಯಿ
ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂತವ್ವ ನಿನ್ನ ಸವಾರಿ
ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಇನ್ನೆಲಿಗೆ ಹೊರಡುವೆ ಫ್ಲೂತಾಯಿ
ಜ್ವರ ತಾಪದಿ ಕಬ್ಬಿನಂತಿದ್ದವರ ಕರಗಿಸಿದೆ
ಮೈ, ಕೈ ಭಾವೆಯಿಂದ ಭೀಮನಂತಿದ್ದವರ ಬಗ್ಗಿಸಿದೆ
ಜನರ ಮೊಗವೆನು ' ಮಷ್ಲರ್ ಮಹಾಶಯ'ನಲಿ ಅಡಗಿಸಿದೆ
ಫ್ಲೂ ತಾಯಿ ನೀಪ್ರ ವೇಶಿಸದ ಮನೆ ಯಾವುದು?
ಫ್ಲೂ ತಾಯಿ ನೀ ಹೋಗದ ಸ್ಥಳವಾವುದು ?
'' ಪೇಪರ್ " ತುಂಬಾ ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯ ತುಂಬಿಸಿದೆ,
ವಿದ್ಯಾರಂಗಕೆ ನೀಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿ ಶಾಲಾಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿ ದೊರಕಿಸಿದೆ
ಸಿನಿಮಾ, ನಾಟಕ ಮಂದಿರದಿ ನಿನ್ನ ತಾಂಡವ ನೃತ್ಯದಿ ಕದವನಿಕ್ಕಿಸಿದೆ
ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ರಾಜಕೀಯರಂಗದಿ ನುರಿತ ಮಿನಿಸ್ಟರ್‌ಗೂ ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರತಾಪ ತೋರಿದೆ
ಫ್ಲೂ ತಾಯಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಆಗಮನದಿಂದ ಡಾಕ್ಟರ್ ಮಹಾಶಯರಿಗೆ
" demand " ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸುವಂತೆ ನಮಗೆಲ್ಲ " command " ಮಾಡಿದೆ
ಆಸ್ಪತ್ರೆ ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲ ಹತ್ತದಹೊರತು ನಿನ್ನಿಂದ ಬಿಡುಗಡೆ
ಇಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಜಗಕೆ ಸಾರಿದೆ.
ಫ್ಲೂ ತಾಯಿ, ಮಹಾ ತಾಯಿ ನಿನಗೆ ಶರಣವ್ವ, ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಬೇಗ ಹೊರಡವ್ವ

MISS K. SUSHEELA

ನಾನು ಪ್ರಭಂದ ಬರೆದದ್ದು

How I wrote an essay

ಠಣ್ ! ಠಣ್ ! ಠಣ್ ! ನಮ್ಮೂರಿನ ಪ್ರೈಮರಿ ಸ್ಕೂಲಿನ ಘಂಟೆ ಹೊಡೆಯಿತು. ನನಗೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಕಾಫಿ ತಿಂಡಿ ಆಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೊಡೆತ ಬಿದ್ದರೂ ಬೀಳಲೆಂದು ಕಾಫಿ ತಿಂಡಿ ತಿಂದುಕೊಂಡೇ ಹತ್ತು ನಿಮಿಷ ಲೇಟಾಗಿ ಹೋದೆ. ಸದ್ಯ ನನ್ನ ಅದೃಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರೇ ಇನ್ನೂ ಬಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೋಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಹುಡುಗರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ನಾನೂ ಬೆಂಚಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೂತುಕೊಂಡು ಹರಟೆ ಹೊಡೆಯ ಹತ್ತಿದೆ. ನಾನು ಹೋಗಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತಾದ ಮೇಲೆ 'ಟಪ್' 'ಟಪ್' ಎಂದು ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯ ಸಪ್ಪಳ ಹೊರಗಿನಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ನಾವು ಎದ್ದು ನಿಂತುಕೊಂಡೆವು. ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರು ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಕುರ್ಚಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡರು. ಆ ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರು ಕನ್ನಡ ಪಂಡಿತರು. ಅವರಿಗೆ ಆದರಲ್ಲೂ ಕನ್ನಡ ಪ್ರಭಂದ ಎಂದರೆ ಬಹಳ ಇಷ್ಟ. ಆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಪ್ರಭಂದವನ್ನು ಕಂಡರೆ ನನಗೆ ಅಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅವತ್ತಿನ ದಿವಸ ಯಾಕೋ ಬಹಳ ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಬಂದಿತ್ತು, ಅವರು ಬಂದು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತಿನ ಮೇಲೆ " ಕಾಂಗರೂ " ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರಭಂದವನ್ನು ಬರೆಯಲು ಸಿಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿದರು. ನನಗೆ ಮೊದಲೇ ಪ್ರಭಂದವನ್ನು ಬರೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ " ಕಾಂಗರೂ " ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ, ನನಗೆ ಅದರ ವಿಷಯ ಎಳ್ಳಷ್ಟು ಗೊತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ- ನಾನೋ ಮೊದಲೇ ದಡ್ಡ. ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ 22½%, ನನಗೇಕೋ ಬಹಳ ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಹುಡುಗರೂ ಅವರಿಗೆ ತಿಳಿದಿದ್ದನ್ನು ಬರೆಯ ಹತ್ತಿದರು, ನನಗೆ ಏನೂ ಬರೆಯಲು ತೋಚಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕಣ್ ಬಾಯ್ ಬಿಡುವ ಹಾಗಾಯಿತು. ಆ ಪೀರಿಯಡ್ ಆಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂತು. ನನಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಧೈರ್ಯ ಬಂತು. ಆದರೆ ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರು ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಏನಾದರೂ ಬರೆಯಬೇಕೆಂದು, ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಂಗರೂ ವಿಚಾರ. ಸುಳ್ಳು ಸುಳ್ಳು ಬರೆಯ ಹತ್ತಿದೆ. " ಕಾಂಗರೂ ಒಂದು ದುಷ್ಟ ಪಾಣಿ. ಅದು ಮಾಂಸಾ ಹಾರಿ. ಈ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಯು ಮೈಸೂರು ಸೀಮೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹಳವಾಗಿ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದು ಮರಿಯನ್ನು ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯ ಮೂಲಕ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ, ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ, ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ." ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲೇ ಠಣ್ | ಠಣ್ | ಆ ಪೀರಿಯಡ್ ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. ನನಗಂತೂ ಆಕಾಶ ಕಳಚಿ ಬಿದ್ದಷ್ಟು ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಆ ಮೇಷ್ಟ್ರು ಸವಾರಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ಹುಡುಗರ ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಕೈಲಿ ಬೆತ್ತ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದಿತು.

ಅವರು ಏದ್ದಿದನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ನನಗೆ ಹುಲಿಯನ್ನೋ ಅಥವಾ ಸಿಂಹನನ್ನೋ ಕಂಡಷ್ಟು ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಆ ಮೆಷ್ಟ್ರು ಸವಾರಿ ಏಲ್ಲವೆನ್ನೂ ಸಿಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ, ಬರೆಯದಿದ್ದವರನ್ನು ಹೊಡೆಯುತ್ತಾ, ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಗೂ ಬಂದಿತು. ನಾನು ಯಾವತ್ತೂ ಅವರ ಕೈಲಿ ಹೊಡೆತ ತಿಂದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಡೆಗೆ ನಾನು ಧೈರ್ಯವಾಡಿ ನನ್ನ ಪುಸ್ತಕವನ್ನು ಅವರ ಕೈಗೆ ನಡುಗುವ ಕೈಯಿಂದ ಕೊಟ್ಟೆ. ಅವರು ಅದನ್ನು ಓದಿದರು. ನನ್ನ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಸಿಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ, ಈಶ್ವರನು ಮನ್ಮಥನ ಮೇಲೆ ಹಣೆಗಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟಂತೆ, ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಅವರು ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ದುರದುರ ನೋಡ ಹತ್ತಿದರು. ಕೈಯಿಂದ ಬೆತ್ತ ಮೇಲಕ್ಕೆದ್ದಿತು. ನಾನು ಹೆದರಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಚಿಟಾರನೆ ಚೀರಿಕೊಂಡು ಕಣ್ಣು ಬಿಟ್ಟೆ. ಆಗ ಆಗಲೇ ಬೆಳಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ನಮ್ಮನೆ ಜವಾನ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಗಳನ್ನು ಸುತ್ತುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ನನಗೆ ಆಗಲೂ ಹೆದರಿಕೆ ಅಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು ಮೈಮುಟ್ಟಿ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡೆ, ಸದ್ಯ ಏನೂ ಆಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ ನನಗೆ ಅದು ಕನಸೋ ಅಥವಾ ನನಸೋ ಎಂದು ತಕ್ಷಣವೇ ತಿಳಿಯಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಗ ಎದ್ದು ಕಣ್ಣುಜ್ಜಿಕೊಂಡು, ನೆಟ್ಟಗೆ ಅಡಿಗೆ ಮನೆ ಕಡೆ ಹೊರಟೆ. ನಿಮಗೆ ಯಾವಾಗಲಾದರೂ ಈ ತರಹ ಕನಸು ಬಿದ್ದಿದ್ದಿತೇ ? ತಿಳಿಸಿ.

K. R. MANGALA
S.S.L.C.

Schools of—

Holy Family Convent, Mariapura (Bangalore District)

St. Ann's Convent, Sidapur, Coorg

Our Lady of Victories Convent, Somwarpet, Coorg

LIFE IN A VILLAGE

It was about the middle of April that I received the news that I was to change my home at Our Lady of Victories to that of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The news no doubt gave me a shock as I was counting on spending another year on the hills of Coorg. But the saying " Man proposes but God disposes " was quite true where I was concerned. From that day forward I began to put all my affairs in order as I had to leave my mountain home very soon. I was no doubt sorry to leave as I was just starting my work here. I did not like to leave the burden for another as I knew well what it meant.

So now I am in my village home enjoying a quiet village life. The journey to this place is better imagined than described. The bus seems to stop for every passer-by and it took us over an hour to cover the 22 miles. At long last we arrived at the village gate, and from here to the convent there is a short walk of 3 miles through lanes and streams. It is real fun to pull off the shoes and wade in the water. The village children all came running to see us as we passed by. One is inclined to think that we are some curious animals as they stare at us. At 7-30 P.M. I was at the convent. The next morning, after Mass, we took a walk round the compound which took us not more than a quarter of an hour. The curious thing about this place is that it abounds in snakes. I wonder how " Longfellow " would like to see these long fellows. I had the good fortune of being embraced by one of them.

The village folk take great pride in celebrating their church feast. The whole village is out in doing its best to make it a great success. The place was quite transformed when it was lit up by electric lights. The children were seen running about screaming for joy when they saw their church electrified. The double bells peal the glad tidings of the approaching feast. The bells are very musical and they gladden the heart when you first hear them. These bells are rung whenever a visitor comes to the place. The tiny tots are seen hanging on to the bells to announce a visitor or an accident.

I would like you to pay a visit to our village and enjoy its pleasures. Many a thing loses its fragrance when expressed. So I am afraid the village life may lose its beauty if I go on further. So ere I conclude, I ask you all once more to visit the village and enjoy the beauties of a village life.

S M. L.

ಜಂಬದ ಕತ್ತೆ

PROUD ASS

ಒಂದೂರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಅಗಸನಿದ್ದ, ಅವನ ಬಳಿ ಒಂದು ಹುಂಜ ಮತ್ತು ಒಂದು ಕತ್ತೆ ಇತ್ತು. ಆ ಅಗಸನು ಒಂದು ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಗುಡಿಸಲು ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ವಾಸಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಒಂದು ಸಾರಿ ಒಂದು ಹುಲಿ ಕತ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ತಿನ್ನಲು ಬಂದಿತು. ಅದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಹುಂಜವು ಕೊಕ್ಕೊಕ್ಕೋ ಎಂದು ಕೂಗಿತು. ಹುಂಜದ ಕೂಗು ಕೇಳಿ ಹುಲಿಯು ಹೆದರಿ ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಓಡ ತೊಡಗಿತ್ತು. ಹುಲಿಯು ತನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಹೆದರಿ ಓಡುತ್ತದೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿ ಕತ್ತೆಯು ಅದನ್ನು ಇನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಹೆದರಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಅಟ್ಟಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಓಡ ತೊಡಗಿತು. ಹುಲಿಯು ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಭಯಗೊಂಡಂತೆ ನಟಿಸಿ ಮತ್ತೂ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಓಡಿತು. ಜಂಬದ ಕತ್ತೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಅರಣ್ಯದ ಒಳಗೂ ಅಟ್ಟಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಯಿತು. ಅರಣ್ಯ ದೊಳಗೆ ಬಂದ ಕೂಡಲೆ ಹುಲಿಯು ಇದ್ದ ಕಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ ಕತ್ತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿದ್ದು ಕತ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ತಿಂದು ಹಾಕಿತು.

UTHARI
IV Yr. Pry.

ನಗುವ ನಂದ ನಗುವ ಕಂದ

FLASHES OF FUN

ಲಾಯರು :— ಏನಯ್ಯ, ನೀನು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಮನುಷ್ಯರ ಮಗನಾಗಿ ಇಂಥಾ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಬಹುದೇ ?

ಅಪರಾದಿ :— ಏನ್ಮಾಡ್ಲಿ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಗ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಟ್ಟ ಫ್ಲಾನು ನೋಡಿ !

ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯ :— ನೀರು ಕುಡಿದಷ್ಟು ದೇಹಕ್ಕೆ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ

ರಾಮು :— ಶುದ್ಧ ಸುಳ್ಳು ಸಾರ್, ನಿನ್ನೆತಾನೆ ಸೆರೆಮನೆ ಸುಶೀಲ ಬಾವಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದು ನೀರು ಕುಡಿದು ಕುಡಿದು ಸತ್ತೇ ಹೋದಳು.

ಒಬ್ಬನು :— ಈಗ ಗಂಡಸ್ರೂ ಕೂಡ ಬೈತಲೆ ಬಾಚ್ಕೊತಾರೆಲ್ಲ ಕಾರಣವೇನು ?

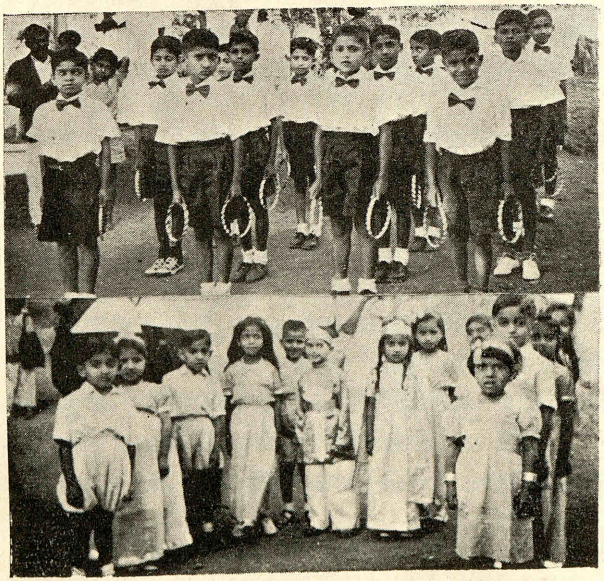
ಇನ್ನೊಬ್ಬ :— ತಲೆ ಬುರುಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂದ್ಲು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡ್ರೆ ಮೆದುಳಿಗೆ ಬೆಳಕು ಬೀಳೊಲ್ಲಾಂತ ಬೈತಲೆ ಬಾಚ್ಕೊತ್ತಾರೆ ?

S. DAVID
III Yr. Pry.

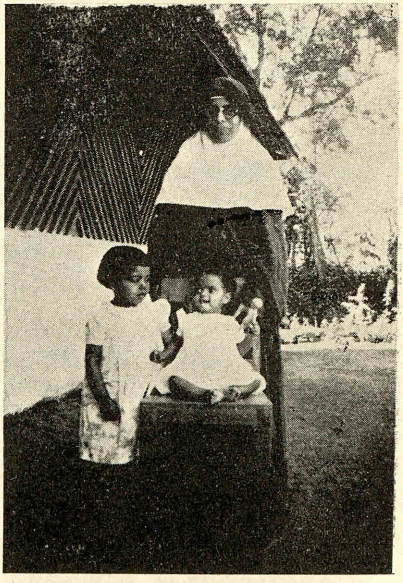
A HAPPY DAY!



Blessing of the new school by Most Rev. Dr. R. Feuga, Bishop of Mysore. The D.E.O., Mr. Kushalappa declared it open.



1. Ring Drill
2. "The Beautiful Princess" (Kannada Play)



Mother with the little ones. That's baby Anne, the tiniest and most charming inmate of St. Ann's!

ಕೊಡಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಅನುಭವ

My First Experience at Coorg

"ಕೊಡಗಿನ ಊರು ಸೊಬಗಿನ ಬೀಡು" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿ ಬಲ್ಲೆನಾದರೂ ನೋಡಿಯೂ ಬಲ್ಲೆನು. ಅಂತೂ ಆ ಸುಸಂದರ್ಭವನ್ನು ಕರುಣಾಮಯನಾದ ದೇವರು ನನಗೆ ಒದಗಿಸಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟನೆಂದರೆ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಕರವಾದ ಸಂಗತಿಯೇ ಸೈ! ಕನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಎಣಿಸದ ಸೌಭಾಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ತಂದೂದಗಿಸಿದ ದೇವರ ಮಹಿಮೆಯನ್ನು ಹೊಗಳಿಕೊಂಡೆನು, ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಹೊಸ ಊರಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಬಹುದೆಂಬ ಸಂತೋಷವೂ ಇನ್ನೊಂದೆಡೆ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಡಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಚಿಂತೆಯು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕಾಡತೊಡಗಿತು. ಅಂತೂ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನು ದೇವರ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ನಿಶ್ಚಿಂತೆಯಿಂದ ಮನೆಯವರಿಂದ ಬೀಳ್ಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಟೆನು.

ಅಂದು ಜುಲೈ ಒಂದನೇ ತಾರೀಖು. ಮಳೆಯು ಧಾರಾಕಾರವಾಗಿ ಸುರಿಯುತಿತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಮನೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊರಟು ೬-೧೫ಕ್ಕೆ ಮಂಗಳೂರಿನ ಬಸ್ಸು ನಿಲ್ದಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆನು. ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳು ಗೂಡಿನಿಂದ ಹೊರೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ತಮ್ಮ ಚಿಲಿಪಿಲಿ ರಾಗವನ್ನು ಹಾಡುತಿದ್ದುವು. ಸೂರ್ಯದೇವನು ತನ್ನ ಬೆಳಗಿನ ಹೊಂಬಣ್ಣದ ಕಿರಣಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರಥ್ವಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬೀರ ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದನೂ. ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಮಾಡಲಿದ್ದ ಜನರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬಸ್ಸ್ ನಿಲ್ದಾಣವನ್ನು ಸೇರಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನೂ ಒಬ್ಬಳೂ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಮಾಡುವವಳಾಗಿದ್ದೆನು.

ನಾನು ಹತ್ತಬೇಕಾಗಿದ ಬಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿ ಕೂತುಕೊಂಡೆನು. ಬಸ್ ಓಡಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ ಮಾಡಿತು. ಬಸ್ಸಿನೊಳಗೆ ಇನ್ನು ಕೆಲವು ಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಕರು ಕೂತಿದ್ದರು. ಮಂಗಳೂರು ಪೇಟೆಯನ್ನು ದಾಟಿದೆವು. ನಂತರ ಬಸ್ ಯಾವ ಅಡ್ಡಿ ಆತಂಕವೂ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಓಡಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿತು. ನಾನು ಒಂದು ಬದಿಯೆಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂತುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದುದರಿಂದ ಹೊರ ಬಯಲು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ನೋಡ ಬಹುದಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮಾರ್ಗದ ಒಂದು ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಶಾಲವಾದ ನೇತ್ರಾವತಿ ನದಿಯೂ ಶಾಂತವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುತಿತ್ತು. ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಭೂದೇವಿಯು ಹಸುರಾದ ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನುಟ್ಟು ನೋಡುವವರ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ತನ್ನಕಡೆಗೆ ಸೆಳೆಯುವಂತಿತ್ತು. ಗಾಳಿಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಾಡುವ ಆ ಬಳ್ಳಿಗಳು ಗಿಡಮರಗಳು ಮನೋಹರವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುತಿದ್ದುವು.

ಬಸ್ ಅಗತ್ಯ ಬಿದ್ದಲ್ಲೆ ನಿಂತು ಪ್ರಯಾಣವನ್ನು ಮುಂದುವರಿಸುತಿತ್ತು. ಬಂಟ್ವಾಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆವು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಜನರು ಆಕಡೆ ಈಕಡೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರತರಾಗಲು ಓಡಾಡುತಿದ್ದರು. ಇನ್ನು ಕೆಲವರು ಬಸ್ಸಿನೆಡೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಸಾಮಾನು ತೆಗೆಯಬಹುದೇ ಎಂದು ಕೇಳುತಿದ್ದರು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಮಾರು ೧೫ ನಿಮಿಷ ಬಸ್ಸು ನಿಲ್ಲಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿತ್ತು.

ಸಾಧಾರಣ ೭-೪೫ಕ್ಕೆ ಬಸ್ಸು ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಹೊರಟಿತು. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಪೇಟೆ ದಾಟಿದೊಡನೆ ಸಿಗುವುದು ಕಾಡು. ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಮನೆಗೆಳಿದ್ದುವು. ಕೆಲವು ಬೆಟ್ಟ ಗುಡ್ಡಗಳೂ ಇದ್ದವು. ಕೆಲವು ಗಂಡಸರು ಗದ್ದೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಉಳುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದರು. ಹೆಂಗಸರು ಬೀಜವನ್ನು ನೆಡುತ್ತಾ ವಿನೋದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಓಬೆಲೆ ರಾಗವನ್ನು ಹಾಡುತಾ ಇದ್ದರು. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮುಂದೆ ಬರುವಾಗ ಪಾಣೆ ಮಂಗಳೂರು ಪೇಟೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು. ಇದು ಒಂದು ಮುಸುಲ್ಮಾನರ ಕೇರಿಯೇ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಆಂಗನೆ ಇಂಗನೆ ಎಂದು ಮಾತಾಡುತಿದ್ದರು.

ಪ್ರಯಾಣವನ್ನು ಮುಂದುವರಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದೆವು, ಮುಂದೆ ಇಕ್ಕಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಕೆಲವು ಮನೆಗಳೂ, ಗದ್ದೆಗಳೂ, ಕಾಡುಗಳೂ ಇದ್ದುವು. ಜನರು ತಮ್ಮ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರತರಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಇದು ಕೆಲಸದ ಸಮಯವಾದುದರಿಂದ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಎಳ್ಳಷ್ಟೂ ಬಿಡುವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಆದರೆ ಕೆಲವು ಅಶಿಕ್ಷಿತ ಜನರು ಕಾಡು ಜನರಂತೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ತಿಂ ಹಲ್ಲುಗಳನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಬಸ್ಸಿನೆಡೆಗೆ ನೋಡುವ ನೋಟವು ಹಾಸ್ಯಭರಿತವಾಗಿ ತೋರುತಿತ್ತು. ಸಾದಾರಣ ಲ-ಖಿಂಕ್ಕೆ ಪುತ್ತೂರು ಪೇಟೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆವು. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ನೋಟವು ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸ ವನ್ನೀಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತೆಂದರೆ ಸಂಶಯವೇನಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಮಂಗಳೂರು ಪೇಟೆ ನೋಡಿದ ಹಾಗಾಯಿತು ನನಗೆ ಒಮ್ಮೆಗೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಗುಂಪು ಗುಂಪಾಗಿ ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಹೋಗುತಿದ್ದರು. ಕಛೇರಿಗಳೆಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುವವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ತೆರಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಕೆಲವು ಕೂಲಿಯಾಳುಗಳು ಬಸ್ಸಿನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದು ಸಾಮಾನನ್ನೂ ತೆಗೆಯುವುದಕ್ಕೂ ಹಾಕುವುದಕ್ಕೂ ಗಲಾಟೆ ಮಾಡುತಿದ್ದರು. ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಅರ್ಧ ಗಂಟೆ ಸಮಯ ಬಸ್ಸು ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತಿತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಬಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಇಳಿದು ಹತ್ತಿರದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಇದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ಕ್ರೈಸ್ತ ದೇವಾಲಯಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಕಟ್ಟಡದ ಸೊಬಗನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಮುಂದಿನ ಪ್ರಯಾಣವು ಶುಭಕರವಾಗಲೆಂದು ದೇವರೊಡನೆ ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥಿಸಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಬಂದು ಪುನಃ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಖವಾಗಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಕೊಂಡೆನು.

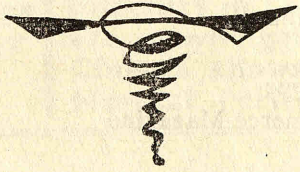
ಬಸ್ ಸರಾಗವಾಗಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಗತೊಡಗಿತ್ತು. ನನಗೆ ಹೊರ ಪ್ರದೇಶವನ್ನು ನೋಡುವ ಆಶೆಯು ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗ ತೊಡಗಿತು. ಬಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಇಣಿಕಿ ನೋಡುವ ಕಲಸವೂಂದೆ ನನಗಾಯಿತು. ಮಾರ್ಗದ ಇಕ್ಕಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡುವಾಗ ನನಗೆ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗುತಿತ್ತು. ದಟ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳೆದ ಕಾಡುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಜೀವಮಾನದಲ್ಲೇ ನೋಡದಂಥಾ ಮರಗಿಡಗಳು ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತಿದ್ದುವು. ಇವುಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡುವಾಗ ನನಗೆ ಸಂತೋಷವೂ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವೂ ಆಗ ತೊಡಗಿತು. ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲವು ಮನೆಗಳಿದ್ದುವು. ಜನರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಶ್ರಮಪಟ್ಟು ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಬಸ್ಸು ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋಗುವಾಗ ಬಹಳ ಕಷ್ಟದಿಂದಲೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಹೋಗುತಿತ್ತು. ಕಾರಣ ಜವುಗು ಪ್ರವೇಶದಿಂದ ಎತ್ತರ ಪ್ರದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಲಿತ್ತು. ಈದಾರಿಯು ಬಹಳ ಕಷ್ಟಕರವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ತಂಪಾದ ಗಾಳಿಯು ಬೀಸಿ ನಮ್ಮಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ತಂಪನ್ನುಂಟು ಮಾಡಿತು, ಗಾಳಿ ಜೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಬೀಸುವುದರಿಂದ ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ಹವೆಯು ತಂಪೆಂದು ಅರಿವಿಗೆ ಬಂತು. ಇನ್ನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋದಾಗ ರಸ್ತೆಯ ಎರಡು ಬದಿಯಲ್ಲೂ ನೆರಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಸಾಲು ಮರಗಳು ನೆಟ್ಟಂತೆ ದೊಡ್ಡ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಮರಗಳಿದ್ದುವು ಭಯಂಕರವಾದ ಕಾಡೇ ಕಾಡು ! ಇಂತಹ ಕಾಡನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ್ದು ಮೊದಲನೇ ಬಾರಿ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಕೆಲವು ಕಾಡುಗಳು ಸರಕಾರೀ ಕಾಡುಗಳೆಂದು ಮುಂದೆ ಇದ್ದ ಬೋರ್ಡನ್ನು ಓದಿ ತಿಳಿದು ಕೊಂಡೆನು.

ಹೇಗೂ ಮಡಿಕೇರಿಗೆ ಬಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆವು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬಸ್ಸು ಪೇಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೋಗಿ ನಿಂತಿತು. ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡಪೇಟೆ. ಬಸ್ ನಿಲ್ದಾಣದಿಂದ ಕೆಳಗೆ ನೋಡುವಾಗ ಕಟ್ಟಡಗಳೆಲ್ಲಾ ಒಂದಕ್ಕೊಂದು ತಾಗಿದ್ದು ಚಪ್ಪರದಂತೆ ತೋರುತಿದ್ದುವು. ನಿಜವಾಗಿ ಹಾಗೆ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದು ಎತ್ತರ ಪ್ರದೇಶವಾದುದರಿಂದ ಕಟ್ಟಡಗಳನ್ನು, ಮನೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಗ್ಗಿಸಿ ಕಟ್ಟಿದ್ದರೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯುತು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಚಳಿಯು ಜಾಸ್ತಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಬಂತು. ಹತ್ತಿರದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಹೋಟೆಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಬಿಸಿ ಬಿಸಿ ಕಾಫಿ ಕುಡಿದು ಬಂದೆವು. ಕೆಲವು ಮನೆಗಳ ಮುಂದುಗಡೆ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಹೂ ತೋಟಗಳು ಆ ಮನೆಗೆ ಚೆಲುವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿದ್ದುವು.

ಗಂಟೆ ಎರಡಕ್ಕೆ ಸಮೀಪಿಸಿತು. ಈ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸೊಬಗನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದ ನನಗೆ ಮುಂದಿನ ಪ್ರಯಾಣದ ಯೋಚನೆಯೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಗಲೇ ಸೋಮವಾರ ಪೇಟೆಗೆ ಹೊರಡುವ ಬಸ್ ತಯಾರಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಿತು. ನಾನು ಕೂಡಲೇ ಬಸ್ ಹತ್ತಿದೆನು ಬಸ್ ಓಡಲು ಸುರು ಮಾಡಿತು. ಕೊಡಗಿನ ಊರು ಸಮೀಪಿಸುತ್ತಲಿತು. ದಟ್ಟವಾದ ಕಾಡು. ತುಂಬಾ ದನಕರುಗಳು ಆ ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೇಯುತಿದ್ದುವು. ಒಂದು ಕಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಬೇಲಿ ಮಾಡಿ ಬೇಲಿಯ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಚಪ್ಪರದಂತಿದ್ದ ಗಿಡಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಗಿಡಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಗೊಂಚಲು ಗೊಂಚಲಾಗಿ ಬೀಜಗಳು ಕಂಡವು, ಇದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅರಿಯದ ನನಗೆ ಬೇರೆಯವರ ಸಹಾಯದಿಂದ ಇದು ಕಾಫಿ ತೋಟವೆಂದು ತಿಳಿಯಿತು. ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ ಕೆತ್ತಳೆ ಮುಂತಾದುವುಗಳ ಗಿಡಮರಗಳೆನ್ನು ಇಲ್ಲಿಯೆ ಮೊದಲಾಗಿ ನೋಡುವಾಗ ಸಂತೋಷವೂ ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವೂ ಆಯಿತು.

ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೊಬಗನ್ನು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಲು ಯಾರಿಂದಲೂ ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಇಂತಹ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ದಯಪಾಲಿಸಿದ ದೇವರ ಶಕ್ತಿಯು ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಹಿಮೆಯುಳ್ಳದೋ ಏನೋ. ಅಲ್ಪ ಮತಿಯಾದ ನನಗಂತೂ ಇದನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಇಲ್ಲಿಯ ದನ ಕರುಗಳು, ಎತ್ತುಗಳು, ಕೋಣಗಳು ಪುಷ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ಬೆಳೆದು ನೋಡಲು ಸಂತೋಷವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ೫ ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಇಳಿದು ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ನನ್ನ ವಸತಿ ಗೃಹಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದೆನು. ಇದು ಒಂದು ಕನ್ಯಾಮಠ ವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಕನ್ಯಾಸ್ತ್ರಿಯರ ಮುಖಗಳು ಶಾಂತವಾಗಿಯೂ, ಸಂತೋಷಮಯವಾಗಿಯೂ ತೋರುತಿದ್ದುವು. ಈ ಊರು ಹೇಗೆ ಬೆಡಗಿನ ಬೀಡೋ, ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಜನರು ಇದ್ದರು. ಕೊಡಗಿನ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ಬರೆದಷ್ಟು ಮುಗಿಯುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಲಿರುವ ಶಾಲೆಯ ಹೆಸರು 'ಅವರ್ ಲೇಡಿ ಆಫ್ ವಿಕ್ಟೋರೀಸ್ ಸ್ಕೂಲ್' ಎಂದು. ಈ ನನ್ನ ಕೆಲವೇ ಅನುಭವಗಳನ್ನು ಬರೆದು ಕೊಡಗಿನ ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಜಯವಾಗಲಿ ಎಂದು ಹಾರೈಸಿ ನನ್ನ ಲೇಖನಿಗೆ ಪೂರ್ಣ ವಿರಾಮವನ್ನಿಯುವೆನು.

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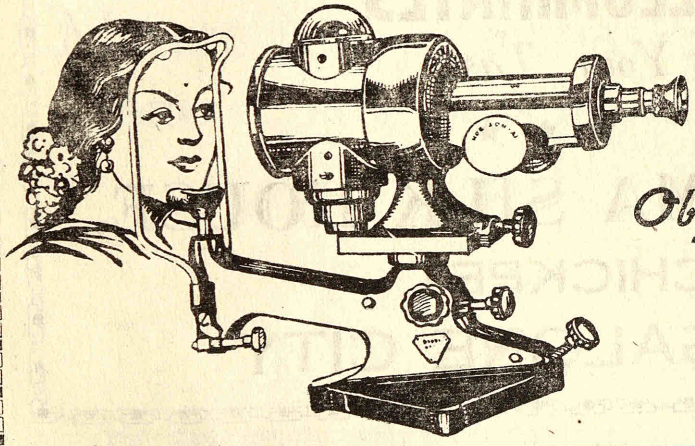
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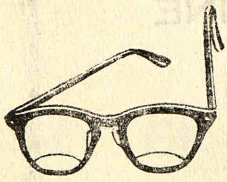
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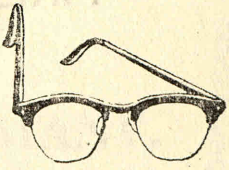
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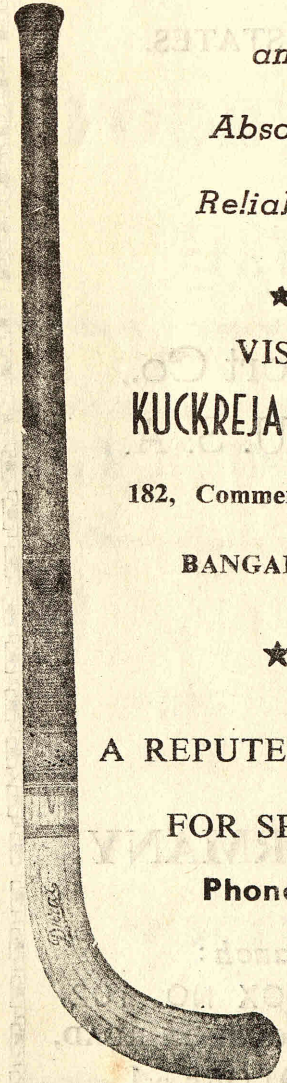
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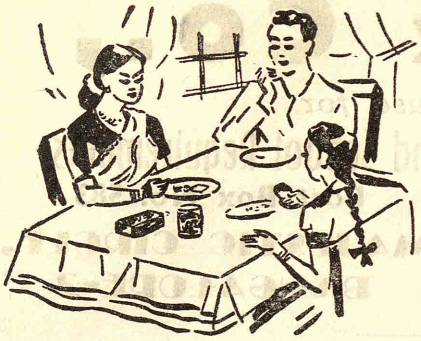
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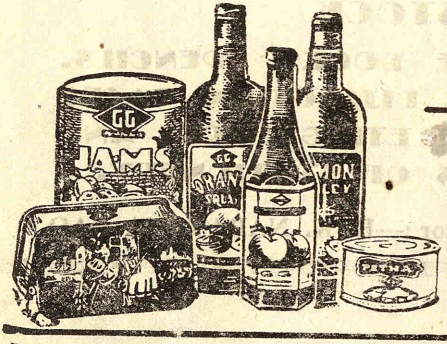
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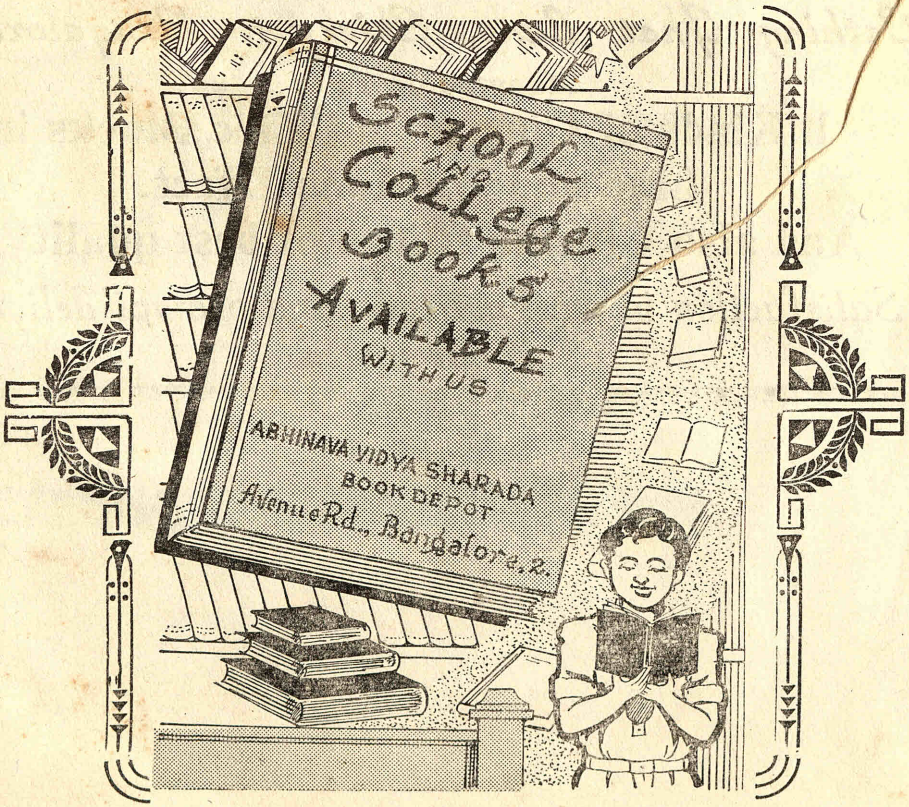
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