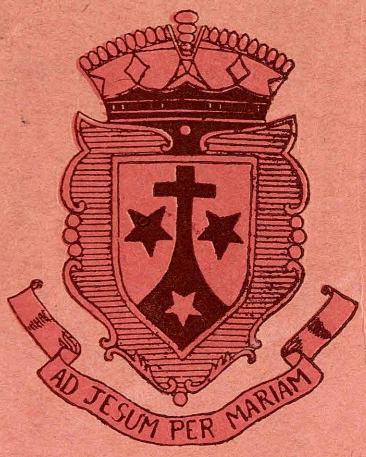


MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

BANGALORE

and

Schools in Mysore State

1960

VOL. 8

Usha Sarpeshkar

Annual of Mount Carmel College

Bangalore

A Girl's Prayer

Lord, choose for me, and, if it be
A lonely track across life's sea,
No comrade's hand to steer my barque,
No friendly voice in storm or dark,—
Lord, make me strong, and brave, and free,
To sail alone, and steer to Thee.

Lord, choose for me, and if there be
The crown of love awaiting me,
If one shall wake my soul from sleep
And yield his heart for me to keep,—
Lord, make me pure, and true, and sweet,
A lantern for his pilgrim feet.

Lord, choose for me, and, if it be
A little child upon my knee,
Grave baby eyes that look to me
In simple trust, as I to Thee,—
Lord, make me tender, gentle, wise,
To mirror Thee to baby eyes.

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

and

Schools in Mysore State

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

CONTENTS

Mount Carmel College Section	1
St. Ann's Convent, Sidapur—Coorg	
Our Lady of Victories Convent, Somwarpet—Coorg	
St. John the Baptist Convent, Kumta	
Holy Rosary Convent, Honavar	
Holy Family Convent, Mariapura (Bangalore Dist.)	94
Christ the King Convent High School, Mysore	95
St. Paul's High School, Davangere	107
Nirmala High School, Vontikoppal—Mysore	113
Avila High School, Vontikoppal—Mysore	117
St. Joseph's High School, Mandya	123

Donated to my Alma Mater
with Best Wishes
usha sarpeshkar

EDITORIAL.

Editor :
Sister M. Tarsilla

Associate Editor :
Sister M. Angelina

Student Editors :
Miss Pramilla Sarma
III B.A.

Miss J. S. Parvathi Devi
III B.A.



A perusal of this Magazine, which is an annual feature, will give the readers an insight into the curricular and extra-curricular activities of our College for the past academic year. In general, there is a Student-Teacher co-operation without which no tangible or lasting results will be achieved. Our students have brought credit to the Institution not only in the University examinations, but also in the field of Sports, Debates, Dramatics, Elocution Contests etc.

Picnics, and Excursions to Ootacamund, Madras, Bombay and Hyderabad were organised; the girls were accompanied by some members of the Staff.

The Staff and students were overjoyed to have so distinguished a visitor as Cardinal Agagianian to the College last November. This Prince of the Church with his kindly ways and gracious personality, endeared himself to one and all. May God bless His Eminence and grant him yet many fruitful years of labour.

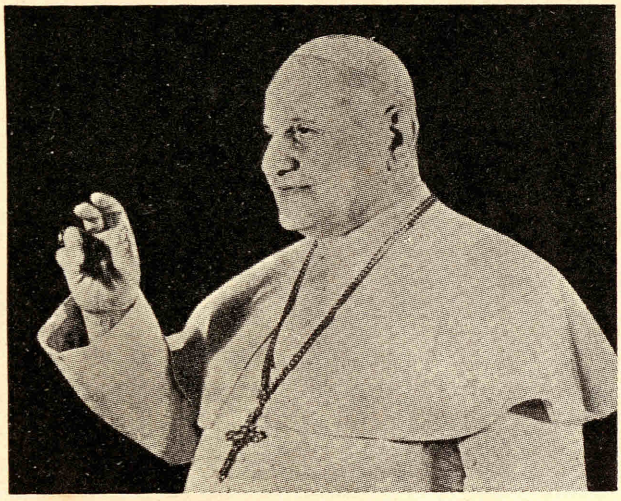
In July, our College won the Trophy (for English) in the All-India College Magazine Contest conducted by the All-India Literary Council, Chandigarh. Ten students were awarded certificates of merit.

We are happy to note that many students like to write literary articles for the College Magazine. They are encouraged to be original in their contributions, and so we have various and varied topics which reveal the views of, and impressions made on, these young minds. They would, to mention a few items, like you to share their "thoughts;" give you *their* opinions on education ; talk with justifiable pride of their country ; and last, but certainly not the least, we have the thought-provoking reflections of a wise teen-ager on Marriage !!

The Former Students also should contribute a few essays each year to their section of the Magazine. This gesture on their part will be very much appreciated since the Magazine is the proud possession of the Present *and* the Former students. It is one of the links that unites both to their beloved Alma Mater of whom we say—

" May the years bring her renown,
And her children be her crown.
" Amen " to that prayer."





Most Holy Father

His Grace Msgr Thomas Pothacamury,

Archbishop of Bangalore,

humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, begs the

Apostolic Blessing

for Rev. Mother Superior and the Community of Mount Carmel College, Bangalore.

Clemens Dominus benigne annuit precibus.

Datum ex Aedibus Vaticanis die 2 Februarii 1960.

✠ D. Valeri

Archiep. Adanen



usha sapeshkar

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

GUARDIANS' DAY 1960

(Under the Presidentship of Mr. S. R. Das Gupta, Chief Justice, Government of Mysore)

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1959–60

Sir, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are happy to present to you the Annual Report for the last academic year.

STRENGTH OF THE COLLEGE

The strength of the College was 650 at the commencement of the year and 642 at the closing.

EXAMINATION RESULTS — UNIVERSITY

Examination	No. appeared	No. passing in all parts at the first attempt	Percentage of full passes	No. passing in Parts Part I	Part II	Part III	Part IV
Pre-University :							
(a) Arts :	87	40	46	73.5	96.5	49.4	63.2
(b) Science :	202	81	40.1	79.8	89.9	46.9	66.7
Degree :							
B.A. (New Scheme)	57	32	56	71.9	80.7	87.8	87.8
B.Sc. (New Scheme)	28	17	60.8	75	75	78.7	92.8
B.A. (Old Scheme)	67	38	56.7	86.5	80.6	61	—
B.Sc. (Old Scheme)	35	12	34.3	65.7	97.1	40	—

DISTINCTIONS GAINED

	Part	Ranks	First Class	Second Class
Pre-University : Arts	—	—	5	18
Pre-University Science	—	—	2	25
B.A. Degree (Old Scheme)	I	1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th & 10th	1	15
	II	1st, 4th, 5th, 6th & 7th	14	13
	III	8th	—	9
B.Sc. Degree (Old Scheme)	I	8th & 10th	—	4
	II	1st, 6th & 10th	7	9
	III		—	1

	Part	Rank	First Cl.	Second Cl.
B.A. Degree (New Scheme)	I	10th	—	3
	II	3rd & 5th	2	5
	IV	1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th & 9th	6	14
B.Sc. Degree (New Scheme)	I	9th	—	2
	II	1st, 2nd & 10th	3	5
	IV		—	2

The College secured a total of 34 Ranks. It is a disadvantage to the Arts students of the Pre-University course that there is no separate ranking for Science and Arts students.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

First Year Degree

	Class Strength	No. Promoted	Percentage Promoted
B.A.	102	99	97%
B.Sc.	54	53	98%

EXTRA-CURRICULAR

The various Associations worked well, all things considered. Among the visits of distinguished personages we record with much pleasure that of Srimathi Indira Gandhi. The Associations were fairly well represented in various Inter-Collegiate contests, as detailed below :—

(a) Writing — Debate — Speech Contests

Rotary Club	Speech Contest	Nalini Menon — Third Prize
Law College Planning Forum	Debate	Nalini Menon — Third Prize
Mysore Provincial Co-operative Institute	Essay contest arranged by All India Co-operators' Day	Vijay Rao of the Pre-University Class — First Prize
City Y. M. C. A.	Sir C. V. Raman Cup Debate	Won by Nalini Menon and Margaret Nazareth
All India Literary Council, Chandigarh, Punjab	All India College Magazine contest (English Section)	The Trophy was awarded to this college, as well as certificates of merit to individual contributors

Several students and 3 lecturers also participated in a Social Service Camp for women under the auspices of Akhil Bharat Sarva Seva Sangh and Gandhi Smarak ; several students contributed to Planning Forum discussions and to the

U. N. O. Model Assembly conducted by the Youth Association of Asia ; students of the college also participated in a Quiz Programme for U. N. O. Day arranged by All India Radio, the interesting feature of which was that students quizzed members of the public !

(b) SPORTS

INTER-COLLEGIATE : INTER-UNIVERSITY : INTER-STATE

Madras Athletic Meet	The Team and Individual Championship won by this college
Prof. M. G. Sreenivasan Memorial Tournaments (Athletics & Games)	Won by this college
C. Prasannakumar Athletic Meet	Won by this college
Mysore State Olympics	Won by this college N. B : At all the above meets, Deanna Syme retained the individual championship
National Basket Ball	Six students of this college were selected, with Usha Reddy as Vice-Captain. Mysore players were runners-up to Bengal
All India Varsity Meet	At Kanpur. Four girls of this college were selected by the University. Deanna Syme and Margot Lasrado could not proceed. Durdhana Gill of this college won the individual championship
Triangular Meet at Ceylon	Deanna Syme, Margot Lasrado and Durdhana Gill were selected to represent the State. Deanna Syme won the 200 metre event
XIX National Games — Delhi	Deanna Syme representing the State, won the first place in the Broad Jump.

(c) NATIONAL CADET CORPS

June '59	All India Summer Camp. 19 cadets from this college and officer M. V. Leela attended. U/O. Chitra Pai was selected to attend the All India Camp at Dehra Dun.
August '59	8 cadets took the G 1 examination with success and 1 the G 2. In February '60, 3 cadets were successful
September '59	Gliding was started. 20 cadets of the college were selected for training at Jakkur Air Field.

December '59	....	Training camp for the junior and senior Divisions. Officers and cadets of Bombay, Kerala and Madras attended. 3 cadets of the college won prizes in Athletics. 2 cadets attended the camp at Secunderabad.
January 26, 1960	....	Republic Day Parade. U/O. Chitra Pai led. His Highness, the Governor, took the salute.
February 22, 1960	....	NCC Social in this college. Lt. Col. Somiah presided & Mrs. Somiah gave away the prizes. Asha Shimpi won the 1st prize for signals and Uma Doraiswamy for the best essay.

(d) EXCURSIONS & TOURS

Visits were made to Kanwa, Sivasamudram Water-falls and Hydro-electric works, to Bhadravathi Iron & Steel, Paper and Cement factories, to Jog Falls and Hydro-electric works and to the Sharavathy Project. There were also several visits to places and factories in the locality and district, including Hessarghatta Farm.

(e) SOCIAL SERVICE

The college is affiliated to the All India Social Service Organisation through the Mysore State Branch. Every student of the college is a member of the college Social Service League. The students are formed into groups and, with the staff members in charge, visit the houses of the poor and needy, rendering whatever help they could, including gifts of grain and milk powder, thankfully received from the U. S. A. through His Grace the Archbishop of Bangalore.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Is provided for Catholic students during the noon recess.

RESULTS
INTER-COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN RELIGION

(by the Xavier Board of Higher Education)

	Number appeared	First class	Second class	Third class	Percentage
Senior Degree	17	6	5	3	82.4
Pre-University	34	16	7	8	91.2

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Is provided for all other students of the college, once a week for each class or division. Periodical examinations are held and prizes awarded.

DEVELOPMENT & EXPENDITURE

(a) Scholarships, Free-studentships & other Fee concessions

(1)	Government and University Scholarships	51
(2)	Free-studentships	177
(3)	Free-Canteen	5
(4)	Help towards Examination Fees (from Rs. 100/- granted by the Catholic Association of Bangalore)	5
(5)	Help towards books and clothing (Provided by the College Poor Students Fund)	29

(b) EQUIPMENT

766 Volumes were added to the Library. The expenditure on books, science equipment and furniture, was Rs. 27,102, towards which a grant of Rs. 21,418 was received from the University, including Rs. 16,064.8 from the University Grants Commission.

(c) BUILDINGS

The Additional Block constructed mainly for the housing of the Home Science laboratories, was completed during the year. Towards the cost of this building amounting to Rs. 80,242.54, the U. G. C. contributed 50% and the University of Mysore 25%. Minor Building Works amounted to Rs. 15,092.

COLLEGE HOSTEL

The College Hostel accommodated 83 students of all communities. The general health was very satisfactory. A Lady Doctor visits the hostel at least once a week.

GENERAL REMARKS

We are happy to record that the starting of the Three-Year Degree Course in Home Science was approved by the University, following an inspection of the Home Science Department at the end of the year under report.

We are very grateful to you Sir, Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your patient attention to this Report. Your kind presence here tonight is a great encouragement to the Management, staff and students of this college.

Yours in service

(Sd). Sister M. Antoinette,
Principal for Management

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1959–1960

RELIGION

Pre-University — Gemma Pinto
Degree — Celine Sequeira

HOSTEL

M. M. Leelavathy

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Pre-University — C. N. Lakshmi
I Degree — Geetha Rani Kundoo
II Degree (New Scheme) — Nalini Menon
III Degree — Meena Kapoor

ENGLISH

Pre-University — Prabha Nambiar
I Degree — Monica Lalwani
II Degree (New Scheme) — Nalini Menon
III Degree — Bina Verghese

PART III — ARTS

Pre-University — Prabha Nambiar
I Degree — Monica Lalwani
II Degree (New Scheme) — Eleanor Boesinger
III Degree — K. Jayalakshmi

P. C. B.

Pre-University — Pramila Patel

C. B. Z.

Pre-University — C. S. Nalina
I Degree — Lalitha Hinduja
II Degree (New Scheme) — S. Ramamani
III Degree — Mary Mathew

HOME SCIENCE

Pre-University — Nagamani Iyengar

PART II (Languages)

SANSKRIT

Pre-University — B. N. Shubhamani
II Degree (New Scheme) — S. Ramamani
III Degree (Old Scheme) — V. Prema

TAMIL

Pre-University — R. Nalini
II Degree (New Scheme) — R. Hemalatha
III Degree (Old Scheme) — M. Bharathi

KANNADA

Pre-University — T. R. Shanta
N. Chitra
M. Vijaya

URDU

Qamar Taj
Baderunissa
Sayeeda Naseem

	HINDI	URDU
Pre-University	— Ena Sen Gupta	Sister Benedicta
II Degree (New Scheme)	— B. Devaki	Marie Clairon Huguette
III Degree (Old Scheme)	— Asha Chabia	Ranee Asirvatham

For an outstanding student at the University Degree Examination — Final

Bina Verghese

FOR RANK IN UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

B.A. Degree Examination

(Old Scheme)

Part I	Part II	Part III
1st Rank—Bina Verghese	1st Rank—Mohini Uberoi	8th Rank—Bina Verghese
3rd „ —Chitra Pai	4th „ —Anne Coelho	
6th „ Greeba D'Costa, Celine Sequeira	5th „ —Asha Chabia 6th „ —Anna Mary Vimala	
7th „ —Anna Mary Vimala	7th „ Deanna Syme, K. Jayalakshmi	
8th „ —Mary Joseph		
9th „ Meena Kapoor, Asha Chabia		

B.Sc. Degree Examination

(Old Scheme)

7th „ —Esmeralda Coelho	1st Rank—Esmeralda Coelho
9th „ —Homaira Begum	6th „ —Ranee Asirvatham
	10th „ —Gowri Pal

B.A. Degree Examination

(New Scheme)

		Part IV
10th Rank–Nalini Menon	3rd Rank—Eleanor Boesinger	Eleanor Boesinger
	5th „ —Nora Norris	
	4th Rank Nalini Menon, N. Chitra	
	7th Rank—N. Norris	
	9th Rank S. Manjula, M.S.A. Haseen Taj	

B.Sc. Degree Examination

(New Scheme)

9th Rank—R. Hemalatha	1st Rank—Marie Clairon Huguette
	2nd Rank—Margot Lasrado
	10th „ —Baderunissa

PRIZE ENDOWMENTS

1	Mr. Joseph Chowriappa	Prize :	Pre-University Science CBZ
2	Mr. B. G. Shantappa	Prizes :	(a) Pre-University Science PCB
3			(b) Senior Degree Science
4	Rao Bahadur S. L. Mathias and Sons	Prize :	Senior Degree Arts
5	Mr. K. J. Joseph	Prizes :	(a) Junior Degree Arts
6			(b) First Year Degree Arts
7	Mr. K. Srinivas Rao	Prize :	For an outstanding student at the University Degree Examinations
8	Mrs. & Mr. V. M. Mascarenhas	Prizes :	(a) Junior Degree Science
9			(b) Pre-University Arts
10			(c) First Year Degree Science
11	Dr. Miss D. M. Satur	Prize :	Pre-University Home Science



Guardians' Day Celebrated

"DECCAN HERALD"

BANGALORE, August 31

Mr. S. R. Das Gupta, Chief Justice, High Court of Mysore, paying tributes to Mount Carmel College as the best college in Bangalore, said that the missionaries were best suited for imparting pure education.

Mr. Das Gupta was presiding over the Guardians' Day of the Mount Carmel College on Tuesday night.

Sister M. Antoinette, Principal, presenting the annual report, said that the college secured a total of 34 ranks in University examinations.

Mrs. Das Gupta distributed prizes to the students of various classes for general proficiency during 1959–60.

Mr. Das Gupta at the outset said just as the administration of justice should be pure, honest, impartial and fearless, similarly education also should be imparted in as absolutely pure, honest and fearless manner. Mr. Das Gupta said if a nation had to be built up, the first requisite was to impart the best education to boys and girls and build up their character. This, he said, should be given the first priority in the national schemes.

Explaining that the fear of God would create character, Mr. Das Gupta said education should be imparted in such a way as to make the students God-fearing. The missionaries who were inspired by idealism were best suited to impart this type of education.

The students of the college gave a variety entertainment which included a Kannada comedy and two scenes from "King Lear."

INDIAN EXPRESS

BANGALORE, August 30

Presiding over the Guardians' Day celebrations of the Mount Carmel College this evening, Mysore Chief Justice, Mr. S. R. Das Gupta, urged the need for education being imparted absolutely in pure, honest and fearless manner as was the case in regard to administration of justice.

Mr. Justice Das Gupta, who paid glowing tributes to the Mount Carmel College as the best college in Bangalore, reminded the educationists that they should impart best education to the boys and girls of the country so that they would be worthy citizens.

Mr. Justice Das Gupta also stressed that the need of the country today was character. It was only through proper education that students might be made to imbibe good character.

Fear of God, he said, created character and they could not forget it. For this, the missionary institutions like the Mount Carmel and Ramakrishna Mission were best suited, as they served an ideal.

Mr. Justice Das Gupta remarked that the view he always held that the Mount Carmel College was the best in the city was confirmed by what he saw and read in the annual report.

Mrs. Das Gupta distributed prizes to the best students of the College in various subjects.

Sister M. Antoinette, Principal, presenting the annual report, mentioned that in studies and sports, the college had achieved very satisfactory standards. The results in the examination were very satisfactory and many of the students of the college came out with distinctions. The college associations were well-represented in various inter-collegiate contests and won several of them. Several students and three lecturers participated in a social service camp for women held under the auspices of the Akhil Bharat Sarva Seva Sangh and Gandhi Smarak. Every student of the college was a member of the College Social Service League.

An interesting programme of music, dance and drama was gone through.

A JUDGE EVERYWHERE

A judge is a judge wherever he is and he cannot shirk his responsibility of interpreting a situation due to practice.

Mysore Chief Justice Das Gupta faced this situation and without any difficulty gave his own interpretation of the situation at the function at Mount Carmel College.

A reserved person, His Lordship, seldom accepts invitation for public functions. But, there was an inducement for his accepting the Mount Carmel College invitation.

And that inducement, he himself confessed at the function, amidst laughter, was that the programme sent to him fixed the presidential speech from five to eight minutes.

But, a disappointment awaited him at the function. The programme produced before him at the function had removed the time limit.

Mr. Justice Das Gupta immediately became the judge and interpreted the removal of the timing in the programme to mean that his speech could be less than five to eight minutes also. He stuck to this interpretation, unlike other speakers.

He followed his interpretation with the advice that " the best speech one can deliver is by action." Mere speaking only made one " speech-crazy."

" NEW LEADER "

" Unless men and women are God-fearing, they cannot bear a sterling character. In order to make people of character, education has to be imparted in such a way that the students are God-fearing. For that purpose it is missionaries who are best suited to impart the best type of education, because they are inspired by a noble ideal and they come to serve the nation and to emulate that ideal constantly before them." So declared Justice Mr. S. R. Das Gupta, Chief Justice, Government of Mysore, in his presidential address on the occasion of the Guardians' Day celebrations at Mount Carmel College for women, Bangalore, on August 30th.

The delightful function was attended by a large number of parents who filled the auditorium of the college. Many distinguished guests, including priests and religious sisters, also witnessed the programme of vocal and instrumental music, two acts from Shakespeare's " King Lear," and a Kannada comedy in which Kumaris B. S. Ratna and M. K. Geethanjali displayed abundantly their latent histrionic talents. The tableau, " Raising to life of Lazarus," was the crowning event which was greatly admired by the audience.

The Principal of the college, Sister M. Antoinette, read the annual report which disclosed most gratifying results. In the Pre-University Arts examination, five First Classes were scored ; in the B. A. degree examination, as many as 14 under the old scheme ; and seven in the B.Sc., degree examination. The percentage of full passes in the University examinations reached upto 61 in the B.Sc. (new scheme). In essay-writing, debates, speeches and sports, the students of the college won many national and state awards. Mrs. Das Gupta gave away the prizes to those who distinguished themselves in their studies.

In the course of his speech, the Chief Justice said : " In all spheres of activity, the girls of this college have secured very high distinctions. I am convinced that this is the best women's college in our State. . . . I am always of opinion that speeches do not bear much fruit. The best speech one can make is one's behaviour in life. If you can show by your own actions to others how to lead a noble and humble life, and how to discharge honestly and conscientiously the duties entrusted to you, you will have contributed much more than what you can possibly achieve by making speeches. It seems to me that between the administration of justice and the imparting of education, there are many things in common. Just as administration of justice must be pure, honest, impartial and fearless, similarly education should be imparted in an absolutely pure, honest and fearless manner. It seems to me that we have not paid sufficient attention to the necessity of imparting pure education. We are more engrossed in other matters, but we forget that if a nation has to be built up, the first requisite is to impart the best education to our boys and girls. It is they who will be the leaders of tomorrow. Unless the education imparted to them draws out of them what is best, how can we expect them to be loyal and worthy citizens ?

I see that the motto of this college is ' *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom* '. I am glad that this is in keeping with the traditions already established by this institution. " — J.R.V.K.



VALUE OF X

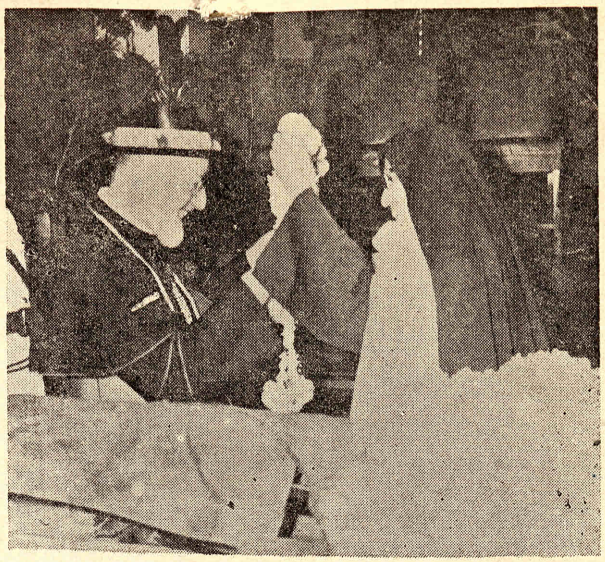
X in the Roman notation is ten,
X is the mark of illiterate men.
X means a crossing, as drivers may note,
X in a circle may count as a vote.
X is a quantity wholly unknown,
X is a ruler removed from his throne.
X'mas is for Christmas, a season of bliss,
X in a letter is good for one kiss.
X is for Xerxes, the monarch renowned
X marks the spot where the body was found.
Fickle as air or the capricious sex,
What a truly remarkable letter is X!

" QUOTE "

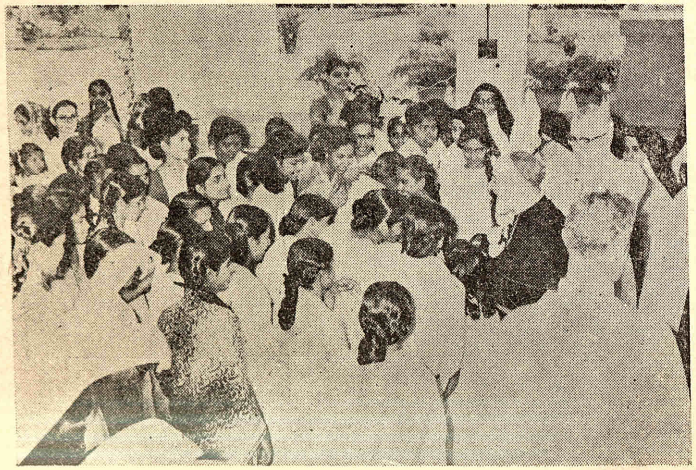
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL AGAGIANIAN VISITS OUR COLLEGE



His Eminence with the Inter-Nuncio, and the Archbishop of Bangalore



Mother Superior garlanding the Cardinal



Talking to the students

With our student Shakuntala who danced before him →





The Cardinal with some of the Sisters of M.C.C.

GUARDIANS' DAY



Our Distinguished Guests
Mrs. & Mr. Das Gupta (Chief Justice in Mysore)

What University Education Means to Me

It is with the greatest chagrin that one observes the none-too-palatable truth—that the subject "Student Indiscipline" has become the top-favourite with our statesmen and citizens, philosophers and politicians. In fact, it has provoked an unprecedented animus and eloquence among the public-spirited species all over the country. Even the most indulgent among the patriarchs today have thrown up their hands in consternation and labelled the student community collectively as a set of "perverted delinquents." Everywhere one hears the ancients and other sane thinkers growl their mounting displeasure at the deplorably evident prospect of the younger generation "going to the dogs."

Many have proferred numerous solutions to the puzzle. Some even advocate the drastic measure of closing down educational institutions, particularly colleges, for an indefinite period. Others claim vehemently that the university system in India requires a complete overhauling. In the midst of this chaos, the average onlooker finds himself reverting to the same old theme :— "What is university education ? What are its achievements, if any, for modern youth ?"

Perhaps no other term in the language has suffered so many (mis-) interpretations as the term "higher education." With most people the very word "collegian" conjures up visions with multi-coloureds shirts, sunglasses and lambretta-scooters, or alternately, scanty cholies, crooked coiffures and a grotesque gait. In both cases, the question of a minimum intelligence – quotient, does come up if one were being charitable. And with more solemn folks, university education suggests bespectacled pedagogues and harassed students peeping over amassed volumes of texts on Applied Economics, Graphic Statics and Avian Physiology. The onlooker in either case, is not far wrong. College students today fall into one of the two categories—those completely surrendered to frivolous pursuits or those impractically preoccupied with the quest for pure knowledge.

But basically the purpose of higher education is neither to train youth in the arts of sophistication, nor to stuff its mind with profound and none-too-original theories and abstract aphorisms. Education, as I see it, is the development of certain noble and humane traits, as well as the latent talents that comprise the personality. It is not merely to enlarge the mind but to also **ennoble** it and aid the projection of the "better self" in us.

The projection of every boy or girl from school into a university is a renewed hope for the salvation and regeneration of humanity itself. Because, on leaving the Alma Mater, the student enters the wide world, not as a mere addition to the ranks of the unemployed and under-employed, but as a potential Saviour. Therefore, life in a college is supposed to equip the youngster for the adventure of Life. Education also means the cultivation of those unfashionable virtues — Wisdom, Honesty and Tolerance. A university degree is just an added attraction.

College life provides ample field for the training of the citizen in the art of co-existence, since it is then that one confronts divers temperaments and characters. To put it simply—living up to the standards of those who approve of you, and shielding your morale from the barbs of those who do not, is an education in itself. What is more it is in college that one learns the rudiments of diplomacy, in one's dealings with professors, colleagues—even the crew at the canteen !

The " study " factor is a dominant theme in college life, though most thinkers give this only a secondary place in their estimation of the benefits accrued from 'varsity education. As Ernest Seton once remarked " Manhood, and not scholarship is the first aim of education."

But when one considers the subject-matter for instruction in modern colleges, one really wonders whether Seton's admirable maxim is still in force. The modern collegian is instructed in infinitely important subjects like Ecology, Petrology and Palaeontology. He has very precise information indeed as regards the eccentricities of the primeval trilobite, the number of satellites around planet Saturn, and the events leading to the downfall of the Holy Roman Empire. But he knows almost nothing of the man of today, the earthly environments in which he has to survive, the ideals and norms of a really good life, the science of human relations, the art of peaceful co-existence .....

University education, in this country at least, seems to lay more emphasis on superficial, ' bookish ' knowledge rather than the development of the individual personality. A university degree is now degraded to the level of a commonplace passport to eminent and remunerative posts. A glimpse into the hoary past of our country will reveal the existence of great citadels of learning at Ujjain and Nalanda, Benaras and Taxila, the time-honoured predecessors of the modern 'varsities. But those were not merely houses of erudition ; they were pulsating centres of life in its most sublime form, where qualities such as discipline, reverence and integrity were cultivated as well as a certain moral responsibility towards God and fellow-men. Unfortunately, the modern counterparts of those universities have little solicitude to spare for the **moral** well-being of students as a class—their chief concern is apparently in connection with the quantity and sometimes the quality of the stuff that appears on answer papers during public examinations every year.

Higher education then, is **not** the mere imbibing of obscure knowledge which one may or may not apply in real life ; nor is it a means with which to elevate oneself to lucrative posts. It is the nurturing of humane qualities, the creation of an intelligentsia with a better **moral** fibre who can also cope with the numerous dilemmas that confront the present day world.

Paradoxically enough education alone is no guarantee to greatness. One would not consider calling Helen Keller ' educated ' in the modern sense of the word. Abraham Lincoln never went to college, nor did Napoleon, nor did Buddha. Yet

the world has seen few greater souls. My grandmother who would'nt know a college if she saw one prompts my envy, with her bright philosophy of life and her courageous methods of overcoming its hurdles. She is ' great ' in her sphere.

Equally true is the fact that a brilliant academic career cannot really mitigate antisocial tendencies in certain people. Caryl Chessman who went to the electric chair with a series of crimes to his credit, was the possessor of a university degree. Nathuram Godse who assassinated Gandhiji was also educated. The example set by such **learned** savages is a slur on the very concept of ' higher education.'

Civilised man today, with his hates, prejudices and his general inhumanity towards fellow-men has evidently taken a backward step to primitivism though still under a veneer of civilisation. It will tax the ingenuity of the leaders of tomorrow to redeem the cult of world-brotherhood which is fast losing foothold today. With the modern university is vested the responsibility of creating upright leaders and social reformers, who constitute the sole hope for the salvation of human society.

NALINI B. MENON
III B. A.



Smart people speak from experience —
smarter people, from experience, don't speak.

Omaha World-Herald Magazine

The Attractions of Tanganyika

Tanganyika is quite a huge place and is one of the most colourful, varied and exciting countries in the world. The fallacy that Africa was the 'White man's grave' no longer darkens people's minds. Thousands of tourists visit Tanganyika every year and this makes it more popular. An oft-quoted proverb of the Arabs asserts that: "He who has once tasted of the waters of Africa, returns to drink of them again and again." What can be the subtle lure?

Tanganyika is divided into three climatic zones and during each season it has different appearances. During summer, people who seek the warmth of the sun go to Tanganyika to enjoy the sunshine. The irresistible impulse for sun-bathing has caught up all classes in its drift, drawing them towards the sunlit space of the earth. People can often be seen sitting outside their houses, where gold-tinted creepers cling to the weathered walls of the houses, twining round doorways and gables and casting late afternoon shadows across the diamond-paned, mullioned windows.

The other charms which this territory holds for travellers is the beautiful, magnificent, and unrivalled scenery ranging from tropical sea-shores with white beaches and waving palm trees to Kilimanjaro the highest mountain in Africa. The changing lights and sailing clouds over the snows of Kilimanjaro, is wonderful. The sparkling, clean waters of the lakes such as Nyasa and Tanganyika are even large enough for ships to sail on. From another lake, Natron, clouds of flamingoes rise like the mist of a rose-pink mirage. There are a number of waterfalls too. The Ripon Falls are noted for the velocity of its waters. The wonderland of the Ngorongoro Crater with its countless herds of game is very picturesque and often tourists from different parts of the world go there. There are also — a volcano which has been active within living memory, vast tracts of agricultural land, deposits of a variety of minerals, and the fine port of Dar-es-Salaam which is known as the Haven of Peace.

The best attractions of Tanganyika are the natives. They differ from one another, each having his own queer customs and dress. Some burn their bodies, some paint their bodies red while others pierce their upper lips and wear large rings. Their clothes differ from ours. The men usually cover themselves with skins of animals while the women have a square piece of gaudy-coloured cloth, called the Kanga, tied below their arms. They wear heavy brass, silver or bead rings on their feet. All the Africans have short, thick, curly hair which is left as it is on the men and done up into several little plaits with many partings, on the women. Although they look wild, they are very intelligent and friendly.

Many people who go to Tanganyika fall under the spell of its wild life. Some do not even feel like returning to their respective homes, and so settle there. Others who cannot do so, take back souvenirs so that they will always remember that wild, romantic and sunny country.

SUDHALINI IYER
I B. A.

LOVE

Two souls with only one thought,
To dream of perpetual love,
In that net they are caught,
Like all children of God above.
Two hearts that best beat as one,
Do not break in times of tears,
After the storm, peace is born,
Love does scare away all fears.
Among the roses thorns do grow,
To prick the soft pretty hand,
Sadness might prevail, blood flow,
But lasting love shall forever stand.
Love will triumph over pain,
Over chagrin, over parental bars,
Will make all hearts fain,
Will shine as do the stars.

★ ★ ★

CONTENT

Why should I crave for goods and wealth,
If I content may live ?
Enough for me are strength and health,
The best that Heaven can give.
With glad and thankful heart I raise
At morn and eve my song of praise.

ANNIE NICHOLSON
I B.A.

An Unforgettable Character

He was just a little ball of flesh and blood, with mischievous black eyes and a tuft of hair when first he opened his eyes to the world. As months went by, he developed into a chubby little toddler, the only words which his yet undeveloped tongue could manage being ' Mama ' ' Papa ' and ' Meena ' — that's me. If ever there was a mischievous little fellow ! His two-year-old brain was always active, contending some prank which he could play. Poor mother had long despaired of his ever improving.

Many a time on returning home from school, I would find the flower-pots in the garden overturned, and plants rooted out of their beds ; need you have any doubt as to who was responsible ? Then I would invariably find mother sitting and despairing over the destruction. " Mummy what has happened ?" I asked. " Oh Meena he has gone and p..poured milk over my n..new dress, a..and now he's sampling the c....cake I baked for tomorrow's party ! I....I really don't know what to do with him," said poor mother bursting into tears. Sometimes I sat and assisted mother in crying and at other times I went and spanked the naughty little devil, which to my disgust only produced worse results....Lest I forget, this " naughty little devil " possessed the name of Philip. At ten, Philip was the most notorious master of mischief not only at school, but even in our neighbourhood. One day he returned from school and said to me most triumphantly — " ....know what I did at school ?" " What ?!" I said, jumping up eagerly, hoping perhaps that for once he had done well in a test. " I kicked the master out of class," he said with an air of pride. " Y....y....you what ?" I asked in horror. " Just what I told you, " he said. " Oh no," I groaned and sank on the chair with a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach and stared at him with horror-struck eyes. " I'll tell you what happened. You see," he said seriously " I sprinkled powdered itch weed on the teacher's table, and when the master rested his hands on the table, the powder caught on to his skin. Then he rested his head in his hands, and so the powder affected his face too ! In about five minutes the poor fellow started scratching himself for all he was worth. Someone shouted out, " Sir, powdered itch weed !" Then I got up excitedly and said, " Sir, rub some mud on your face, for the itching to stop." He just stood there sullenly, and so I gave him one push out of the class and he barely saved himself from measuring his length on the floor ; and I kept telling him to go out and rub mud on his face. So, you see, he had to go out, and by jove, did we laugh ! " Is that all ?" I asked wearily. " Wasn't that sufficient ?" said Philip with great indignation. I merely sat looking at him in dumb horror, thinking of the consequences he would have to face. I shall leave it to you to guess the nature of the punishment meted out to him.

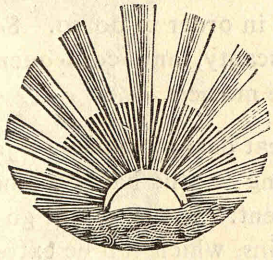
Philip was now fifteen — the age which we hoped would reform him. His voice was, undoubtedly under a process of change, with the result that it cracked very often, much to his chagrin. The voice which he prided in exhibiting was now

a subject for laughter ; and we gloated over the fact that for once we had a weapon to tease him with. If I had hoped for a change in his conduct, I was never more mistaken ! We often heard of a certain gang of boys who sneaked into everyone's orchard, and teased all the girls. As to the leader of this gang was there any doubt ? And so, the days passed, while Philip continued to be the same as ever ; and yet he was a most lovable person ; and even the old people who showed a stern exterior, were inwardly amused at his pranks, and had great affection for him. Indeed, he was the most popular boy of the neighbourhood.

It was at this time that the great blow fell. Philip died — just died ! and that is all there is to it. Could there be any description as to our feelings ? It was a fact which we could neither believe nor disregard. The stark realisation of the fact that our dear Philip was dead filled us with such heartrending sorrow, as cannot be described.

I must ask you dear reader to forgive this tragic ending, but that is how the life of a most unforgettable character — my brother Philip — came to an end.

MEETA V. GAMALIEL
I B.A.



Someone's got to stitch the golden threads into the grey,
Someone's got to make the music on a dreary day ;
Someone's got to clear the clouds and let the sunlight through,
Someone's got to brighten up the world. So why not you ?

PATIENCE STRONG

"Women and Music should never be Dated"

The words comprising the title of this article were uttered by Kate Hardcastle in Goldsmith's " She stoops to Conquer, " and are only too true. A woman can talk voluminously about everything under the sun but when questioned about her age she does a turtle act and comes out from under the shell only after the delicate topic has been forgotten. Or, if at all she cares to reply, it would be necessary to add ten years to her answer in order to be anywhere near her correct age.

A starlet in her early thirties was once asked her age by a movie director during an interview. She promptly replied that she was eighteen. He looked her over once and asked again " How many years ago ?" This incident displays the typical female tendency towards the revealing of age.

A woman is said to undergo seven stages in her life-span, namely — an infant, a child, an adolescent, a young girl, a young girl, a young girl and a young girl ! This proves that the majority of women loathe the idea of growing old. Nor do they like to look aged or be termed as "old ladies." In their frantic efforts at rejuvenescence they furtively dart into the nearest hair-dresser's to dye their hair as soon as signs of greying hair appear ; or they consult beauty specialists and sit for hours, like the sphinx, with packs on their faces or they undergo facial lifts by massage treatment, in the hope of appearing younger. They emerge from Beauty Parlours like butterflies from their cocoons — but little do they know that they look more like moths !

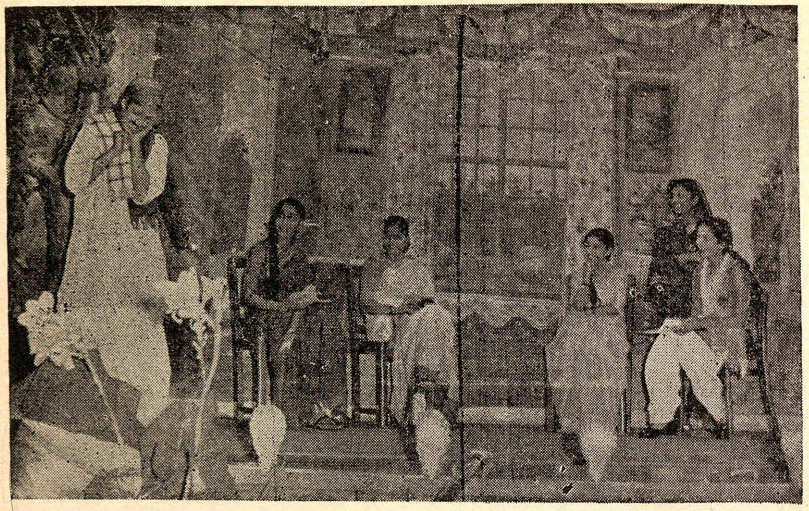
If they could drink from the mythical " fountain of youth " they would readily part with their fortunes in order to do so. Some women risk wearing wigs when their own hair is too scanty, and consequently live in mortal fear of being discovered at some inopportune moment.

Some women spend a great deal of money on perming their otherwise straight hair not knowing that in the long run the hair becomes coarser and begins to split by too much electrical treatment. But they will go to any lengths to look younger. They sleep with tight curling-pins, which can be extremely uncomfortable, in order to have a wavy hair-do in the morning. Some women have the queerest hair-cuts like the shingle, the page-boy and the pixie hair-do, in their efforts to look younger.

After a time they forget their own age having tried to conceal it for so long and behave like teen-agers once again. There are women who start dieting and starving to death almost, when they find they are putting on weight with age. They are tormented with the thought of growing old, obese and unwanted, and imagine they can remain young by acting young.

Thus we often see a couple of hags all painted and dolled-up prancing across the dance-floors with some young victims as partners, while attempting to keep the

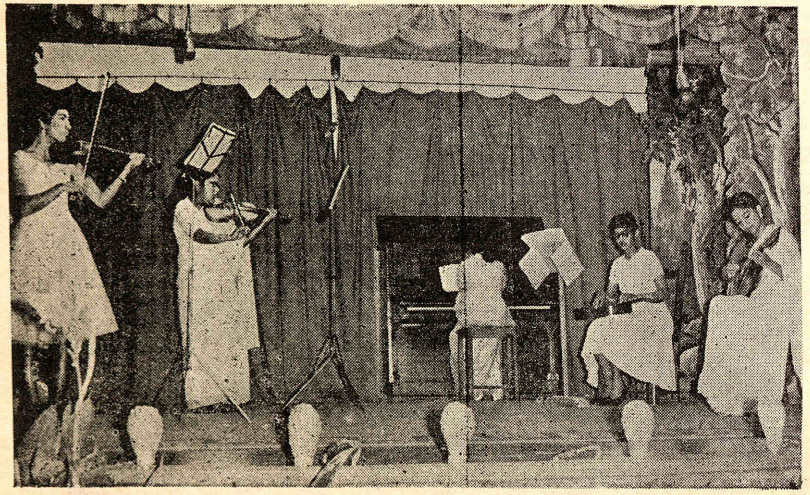
BENEFIT VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT



A Scene from the Hindi play " I wanted to be ...."



Song " Ring out wild Bells "



College Orchestra

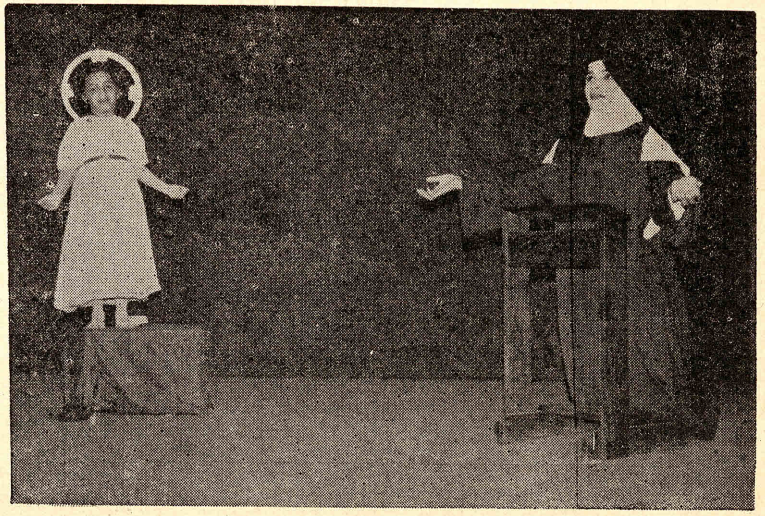
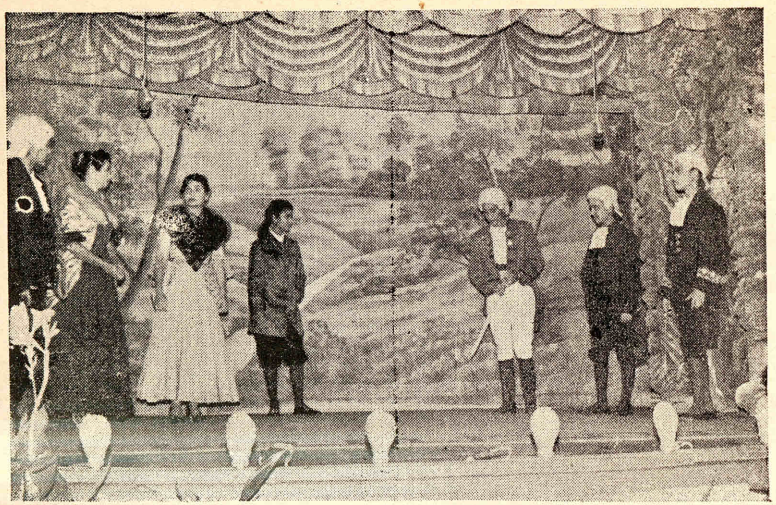


Tableau " The Vision of St. Teresa "

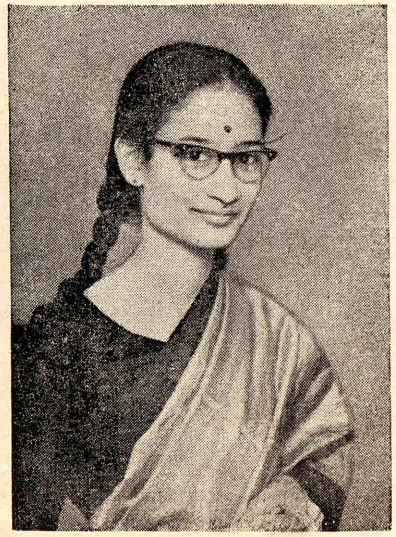


A Scene from Sheridan's " The Rivals "

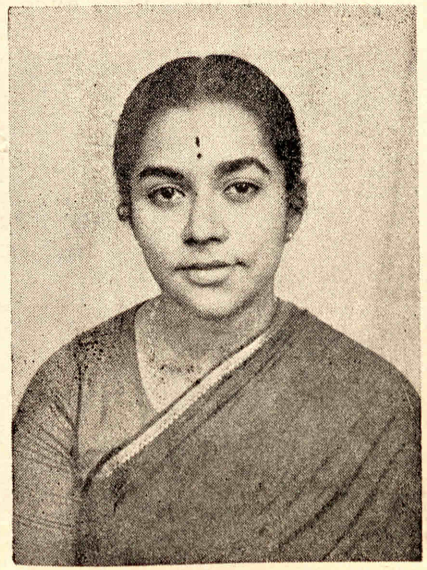


Harvest Dance

OUR STUDENT EDITORS



PRAMILLA SARMA
III B.A.



J. S. PARVATHI DEVI
III B.A.

wig in place and prevent the false-teeth from dropping out in the course of the exhausting gyrations. A most revolting sight, I assure you. But women are women and thus it follows that they should never be dated.

The same can be said of music, as well. Music can never be out-dated or out-moded. We have those perennial favourites like " La Paloma," " The Blue Danube " " The Ave Maria " besides the real classical tunes by those great musicians, Beethoven, Bach, Gounod and Strauss, the Father of the Waltz.

Now, we find the " oldies " have been revived and brought into the list of top-hits by putting in a new beat to the old time. So, " The Isle of Capri " " The Cuban Love Song " and " The Harry lime Theme " as well as other old songs have come into vogue by renovating them with the cha-cha rhythm. " Clementine " and " Chopsticks " and " The Blue-Tail Fly (now called " The Beatnik Fly ") have been put to the Rock'n Roll rhythm. Many more songs have come into the limelight by modern jazz techniques in the art of syncopation and harmony.

Modern songs come and go and are forgotten soon. But the good old folk-songs, like those of America, sung by the slaves on the plantations of the Southern States, with that depth of feeling and emotion in the words and the lilt will live on forever as the classics do. They tell us of the history of America, of the Civil War which resulted in the emancipation of slaves, of the Wild West and the expansion into the West by the brave and daring Pioneers. The words were composed in an impromptu manner by the Negro slaves while they toiled and sweated in the cotton-fields. " Old Man River," " Swanee River," " Poor Old Joe " and " Old Kentucky Home " are some of their contributions to the world of music, and still remain as age-old favourites.

The English, Irish and Scottish Folk-Songs as well as those of other nations are extremely popular. Bill Haley, the King of Rock'n-Roll music has renewed the popularity of " Comin' thro' the Rye " (an old Scottish folk-song) by putting it to the rock'n-roll rhythm and changing the title to " Rockin' through the Rye." There are myriads of examples to cite which can prove that music also should never be dated; but it would be futile to try and elaborate on this matter. So, without any further ado, I will conclude by stating that there is a vast amount of authentic revelation in the words of Kate Hardcastle that " women and music should never be dated."

MARGOT LASRADO
III B.Sc.

"Nili Gulmohur"

Spreading boughs of clustered flowers
Of violet – blue, scattering showers

Of blossoms on the browned grass:
A shadow of purple, as I did pass

It seemed at first to me —
A shadow of purple cast by the tree!

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'
I could not from such loveliness sever —

This glory of a summer's day,
Entrancing as I went my way,

Grateful for my oasis cool,
The tree amidst its purple pool.

S.M.A.

Jacaranda Mimosaefolia growing profusely in the beautiful parks and gardens of Bangalore, in the height of Summer. — **Ed.**

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS IN THE COMPETITIONS CONDUCTED BY THE VARIOUS ASSOCIATIONS DURING 1959–'60

ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION

Elocution Competition

Degree	Esme Coelho	—	1st Prize
	Keren Chib	—	2nd Prize
P. U. C.	Patricia Coelho	—	1st Prize
	Daisy K. M.	—	2nd Prize

Quiz Competition

Keren Chib Vijay Rao	—	1st Prize
Armaiti Tarapore Aruna Reddy	—	2nd Prize

HISTORY & ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

Degree	Pramilla Sarma	—	1st Prize
	Nalini Menon	—	2nd Prize
P. U. C.	Vijay Rao	—	1st Prize

PLANNING FORUM

Degree	Susheela Ramadhyani	—	1st Prize
	Geeta Appadorai	—	2nd Prize
P. U. C.	Lakshmi Devi N. S.	—	1st Prize
	Sharada H. S.	—	2nd Prize

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

Degree	Esme Coelho	—	1st Prize
	Rani Asirvadam	—	2nd Prize
	Gowri Pal	—	Special Prize
	(Presented by Mr. F. Pushpanathan)		
P. U. C.	Daisy K. M.	—	1st Prize
	Lakshmi C. N.	—	2nd Prize

SPORTS ASSOCIATION

Deanna Syme	—	Best Athlete in Sports
Usha Reddy	—	All-round ability in Sports

LANGUAGES ASSOCIATION

Kannada

Degree	Ratna B. S.	—	1st Prize
	Lalitha S.	—	2nd Prize
P. U. C.	Rama Devi B. S.	—	1st Prize
	Umashashi R.	—	2nd Prize
	Malathi B. N.	—	3rd Prize

Hindi

Degree	Subhadra A.	—	1st Prize
	Sunila C. S.	—	2nd Prize
P. U. C.	Saramma Mathew	—	1st Prize
	Droupathi K.	—	2nd Prize

Urdu

Degree	Malika Begum	—	1st Prize
	Zahara Banu	—	2nd Prize
	Maqbul Begum	—	3rd Prize
P. U. C.	Qamartaj Begum	—	1st Prize
	Naseema J. S.	—	2nd Prize

Tamil

Degree	Sr. Josepha	—	1st Prize
	Hemalatha R.	—	2nd Prize
	Saroja Bai S.	—	3rd Prize

Sanskrit

Degree	Geeta T. R.	—	1st Prize
	Ramamani S.	—	2nd Prize
	Jayalakshmi K.	—	3rd Prize
P. U. C.	Rama M. S.	—	1st Prize
	Lakshmi C. N.	—	2nd Prize

BEST ALL-ROUND STUDENT OF THE YEAR — Lakshmi C. N.
(Prize presented by Mr. Deenadayalu Naidu)

BEST PREFECT OF THE YEAR — Leelavathi M. M.
(Prize presented by the Principal)

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

" What platform for the westbound train ?" the old lady asked the porter.

" Turn left and you'll be right," he answered cheerfully.

" Don't be impertinent," she said.

" Oh, very well, then," retorted the porter. " Turn right and be left !"

* * * * *

A man rushed into a bar and asked the bar-tender, who was busy wiping the bar, if he knew anything that would stop hiccups. The bar-tender's answer was a slap across the man's face with the wet bar towel.

Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placating grin, the bar-tender replied: " Well, you haven't got any hiccups now, have you ?"

" I never had any," the man said indignantly. " I wanted something for my wife. She's out in the car".

* * * * *

A naval officer on watch aboard ship, hearing weird noises coming from below rushed angrily to the speaking tube and yelled: " Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube ?"

" Not at this end, sir," came the calm reply.

* * * * *

The new doctor was the only one available when Mr. Smith's wife was taken ill.

He went upstairs to the patient's room but came down in a few minutes to ask :

" Have you a cork-screw ?"

He took the tool and ran up the stairs a second time. Several minutes later he was back.

" Got a screw-driver ?" he asked the anxious husband.

He bounded up the stairs again and almost immediately he was back.

" A chisel and a hammer, quickly," he demanded. The distraught husband could stand it no longer.

" For heaven's sake, doctor," he begged, " what's the matter with my wife ? "

" Don't know yet," was the reply. " Can't get my bag open."

* * * * *

An angry woman telephoned her grocer.

" I sent my little boy to get three pounds of peaches and you sent me only two pounds."

" Madam," was the reply, " my scales are accurate. Have you weighed your little boy ?"

* * * * *

Nine-year-old Peter had been pawing over a stationer's stock of greeting cards for a long time when a clerk asked him, " Can I help you find what you're looking for, son ? B'day card ? Get-well card ? Anniversary congratulations to your mother and dad ?"

" Not exactly," said the little boy, shaking his head. Then wistfully, " you got anything in the line of blank report cards ? "

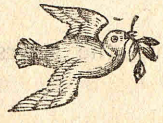
MACHINIST

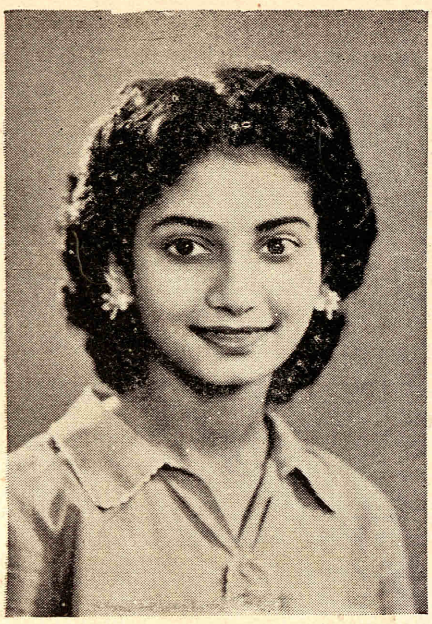
* * * * *

Mrs. Brown was complaining to the doctor that the bill was too high.

" You forget," he reminded her, " that I made four visits to the house when your son had the measles."

" And you forget, " she countered, " that it was he who helped your business by infecting the whole school."

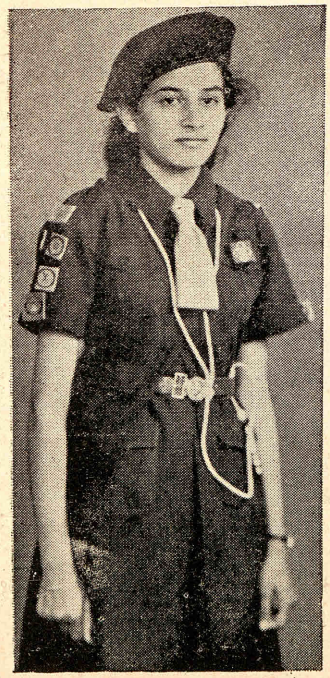


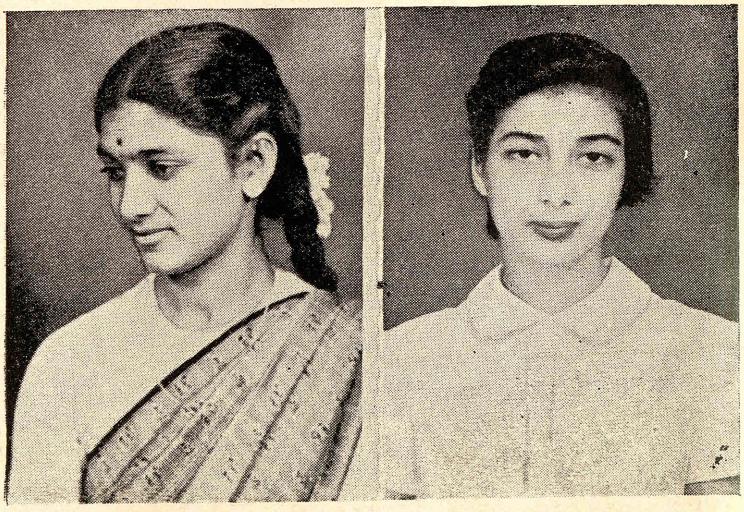


Vivette Alva, who won the First Prize at a C.S.U. Debate, held at St. Joseph's College, Bangalore.



Celine D'Souza who with Durdana Gill won laurels for the College and Mysore in the Basket-Ball tournament held at Jaipur





Umashasi who won two I Prizes, and Marcelle Cranenburgh who secured two III Prizes, in the M.G.S. Swimming Competition

→ Suraiya Mecci of I B.Sc. who attended the Golden Jubilee celebrations of Girl-Guides at Wembley, London.

Students' Choice !

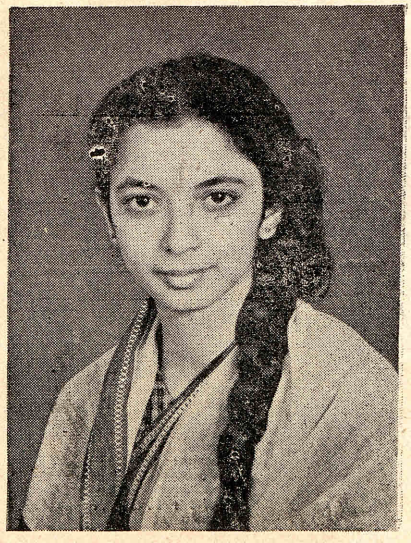
Given certain headings, a panel of 40 students was asked to register the names of students who **they** thought suited those headings. There are, of course, many students who come within the cgiven ategories, but these are the most popular choice.



INDIRA CHITTYANA
III B.Sc.
(Very attractive)



INDIRA MADAPPA
III B.A.
(Very attractive)



CHITRA SANADI
II B.A
(Always modestly dressed)



MARGOT LASRADO
III B.Sc.
(A charming hostess at any party)



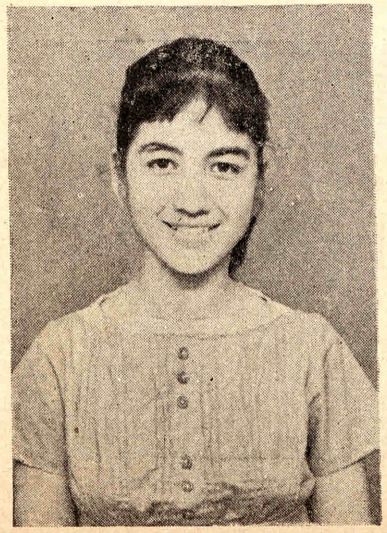
UMA DORAISWAMY III B.A.
(Most popular)



GEETHA APPADORAI III B.A.
(That bewitching smile !)



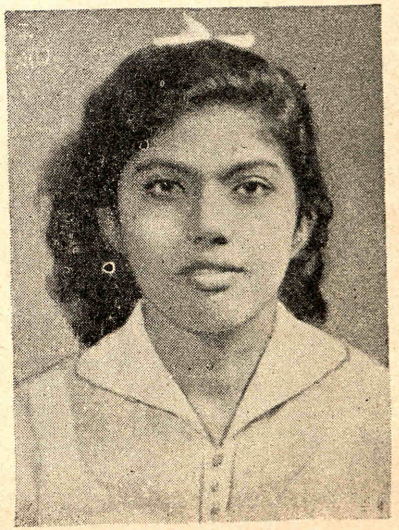
PARVEN FARUDI I B.Sc.
(Best actress of the year in English.)



CORINNE KUMAR
(Sweetest disposition)

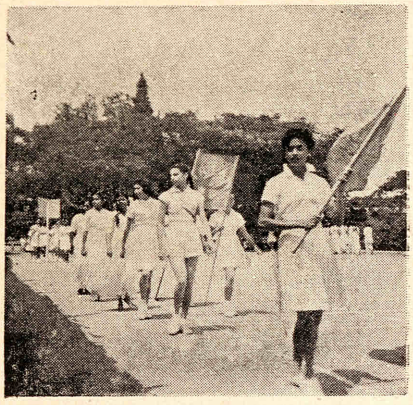


SHEILA SINGH
(Best Cadet of N.C.C.)

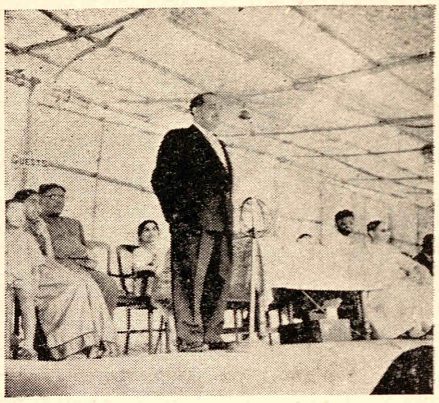


MARIA GOMEZ
(Most helpful)

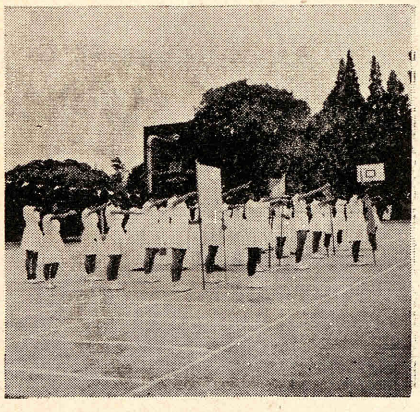
COLLEGE DAY SPORTS



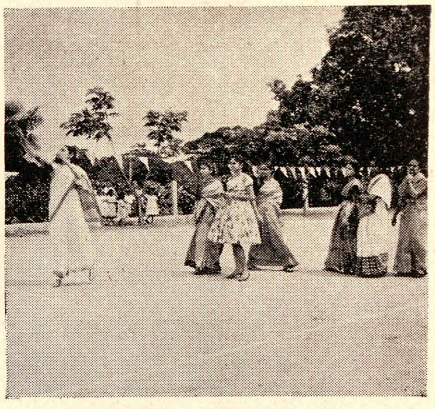
March Past



Mr. Hosali I.G.P. addressing the athletes



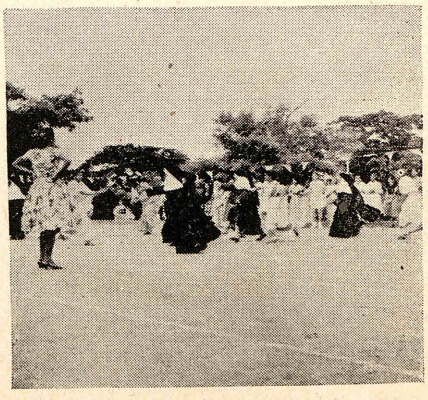
Taking the Pledge



Ball-Basketing



Competition for our Former Students



Staff race " Find your partner "

A Day to Remember !

A College-girl at last — that glamorous word! I was as excited as a debutante before her first dance. It was my entry into College and the minute I stepped out of bed, I could feel the tingle in me, mixed with a feeling of nervousness. I had heard so much about College life, and all the privileges that one can glory in ; such accounts from an older sister, while I was shooed away with " Oh ! You're only a school girl !" Now I was entering College at last and was full of happy anticipation. Maybe I was a little crazy too, for I found myself blithely smearing tooth-paste on my face, wearing different coloured shoes, buttoning my blouse the wrong way and helping myself to butter and jam on a turned-down plate ; then suddenly I pricked up my ears for the unmistakeable ' honk ' of the College Bus was beckoning to me and I ran with long legs and pig-tails flying in the air and then ' Thud ' I was kissing the dust for I tripped over a stone ; and fell in obeisance to the bus, as it were, while, all my Seniors yelled and booed and one cruelly called out ' Clumsy One.' And here I was all the time wishing to look dignified and sedate as a college girl should, or so I thought. Quickly picking up my books and packing up my muddy sandwiches, I got into the bus with knees giving way and my heart racing, wondering why of all the ' freshers' this must happen to me, who had set such a high standard for myself ! Though I dare not look into the faces of my mates, I could feel their amused glances and winks. At last we reached our College and I beheld groups of two's and three's assembled and the new-comers had a lost look, not knowing what to do with themselves. I, for one, having no friends from school, regretted having passed my school days, when a group of girls approached me and with the sweetest and kindest tones asked me my name, class and where I came from. Taking me under their wing, they led me to a class packed with students. No sooner did I find my place, than the lecturer walked in and there was complete silence, and the class began. Eagerly I started to take down notes when to my wonder, the lecturer started on Reptiles and Mammals, while I was only a Pre-U and doing Arts ! It was then that I realised I was only fooled by the group of ' friendly ' girls. My face was crimson when I excused myself and bolted from the class while I heard the laughter of the girls and the lecturer joining them. " College life is no fun " I said to myself, for I felt humiliated as I went down the steps to find my own class. Luck was on my side, but I congratulated myself too early for I was late for class ! But, putting on a brave front I managed to walk in and found a place for myself. Somehow the hour passed though not a word of the lecturer registered in my brain. Getting friendly with a few girls I went in search of another class, which was a novel experience. Was this day never to end ? I was longing for my bus to take me home while I vowed this was going to be my last day ! But, I did come back the next day and the next and slowly took a liking to life in College.

Now I'm looking forward to the day when I can be numbered among the Seniors so that I can have the privilege of ragging the new-comers.

College life is no fun, with exams and all the serious work one is expected to put in, but we have our compensations — picnics, socials and superiority over school girls ! and now I am in love with it wholly and entirely !

INDIRA CHITTYANA
III B.Sc.

Impressions of Dasara at Mysore

From the Palace the procession starts,
People crowd with joy – filled hearts ;
Moving along with elephants and horses,
In gay spirits, they join up forces.

They park themselves on roofs of buses,
And on the tree – tops too !
Straining eyes and craning necks
To secure a clearer view.

Spectators throng the pavements as well
Many hours in advance
To gaze at the majestic cavalcade,
Or merely get a glance.

From the Palace to the Banni Mantap,
Three long miles are lined
With folk drawn from far and near,
Happy in soul and mind.

Dressed in gorgeous and gay attire,
Specially for this occasion,
They look with wide–eyed wonder
At this delightful procession.

The Scouts, the Guides, the Palace Guards,
The N. C. C. and A. S. C.
March smartly in their uniforms, —
A splendid sight to see.

The celebrations last for ten days,
Resplendent with pomp and festivity ;
Pageants, tableaux, sports and games
Enliven this beautiful city.

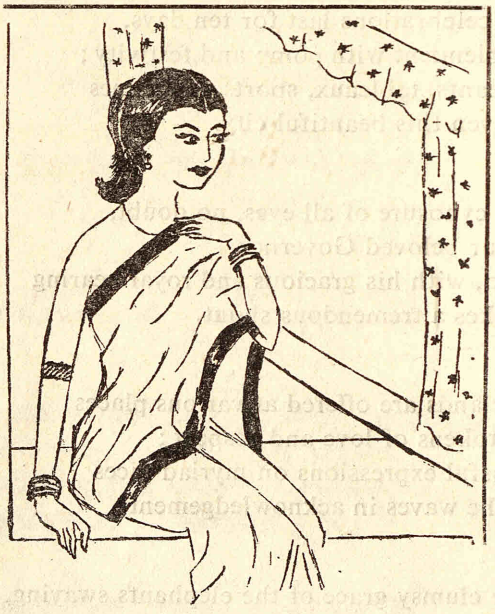
The cynosure of all eyes, no doubt,
Is our beloved Governor,
Who, with his gracious and royal bearing
Evokes a tremendous shout.

Garlands are offered at various places
As tokens of love and respect ;
Blissful expressions on myriad faces
As he waves in acknowledgement.

The clumsy grace of the elephants swaying,
The lilting tunes that the band is playing,
The cheering mobs their homage paying,
The colourful cavalry with horses neighing —
Ushers in the Dasara season.

MARGOT LASRADO
III B.Sc.

Sitting before your Window, what do you see, and what are your thoughts ?— Ed.



' Thank God for little mercies' — working in a large office, with a few small windows, I have come to appreciate this statement. The window, at which my desk is placed, measures approximately one foot across and three down.

When the monotony of office work weighs me down, physically and spiritually, I seek rejuvenation from my window. My tired eyes, smarting from the harsh glare of artificial light, are first of all soothed by the delightful yellow beams so eminently suited to them.

Now I am able to take stock of the little bit of world offered me through my window. I dare not gaze downwards — for there I would see thronging crowds, apparently jostling each other in a most inharmonious fashion, conjuring up visions of the brutal doings of man.

But looking directly before me, I see a few trees — ah ! yes, even in the heart of a modern city, Nature triumphantly raises her head. Why, I wonder, is Nature never thoroughly conquered ? Is it because, next to man, Nature is the best expression of the Divine Power above, whom man is so prone to relegate to the background of his mind ? Is Nature intended to be a reminder of that Something Greater before which all man's wondrous inventions are naught ?

Gazing upwards, a small patch of blue hits my eye with a hundred fond thoughts, which may be best expressed in Browning's beautiful lyric piece —

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world.

Even the clouds which so often blot out this little bit of heaven are unable to darken my now joyous mood, for they all have a silver lining and ' Hope, the balm of life, darts a ray of light through the thickest gloom. '

After a brief survey of these phenomena I am taken by ' thoughts that do lie too deep for tears. ' My eyes gradually descend, till they reach the window-sill, and then, oh, heavens ! — what do I see — a trail of infinitesimal creatures, busy as the day is long ; tiny ants which have the power of bringing me back to earth with a bang, to the normal, hectic, work-a-day world. My eyes fall on the papers scattered before me, and I am galvanised into action, though with a more serene spirit. Such wondrous effects does a small opening in a mighty wall produce. I wonder, if I really had a great big window, commanding an all-round view, would I gain the same blissful interlude ? I think not. Do you ?

ELEANOR BOESINGER
III B. A.

It was dusk. No one was at home and I was sitting at my window, deep in thought, when, passing before me, I saw a young couple doting on each other — arm in arm, and cheek to cheek. They were whispering endearments that I could not hear. I imagine the young man must have said, " Honey, I'll always love you, " etc. Well, if I was deep in thought, they were lost to the world ! I wondered how long this life of milk and honey was going to last, and when they would qualify for the following situation in life — "Before marriage, she did the talking and I did the listening. After marriage, I did the talking and she did the listening, and now ? ? We both do the talking and the neighbours do the listening ! ! ! "

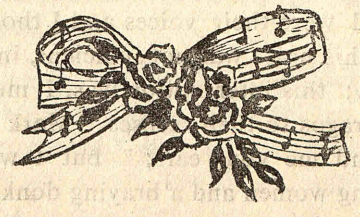
A few mintutes passed, and then the world seemed to topple around me. The cause was two women fighting — yes, I mean literally fighting; pulling each other's hair and boxing each other. Loud were their voices and I thought my ear-drums would burst at any moment. As if this noise was not sufficient, in addition to it was the loud, disgusting bray of a donkey; this interruption was, I must happily add, a timely one which brought the two viragos to their senses. Mark Antony had said " Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; " but I would definitely not like to lend my ears to two quarrelling women and a braying donkey !

FRENY IRANI
I B. A.

In Memory of St. Cecelia's Feast-day Concert in Madras 1959.

When all to the hall were let to file in
I took up my bow and my dear Violin!
A squeak I sent forth,
And aroused everyone's wrath.
Then a wrong note I played,
And in timing delayed;
So my long tongue came out
And made all laugh and shout.
I struggled through the piece —
And then the Stand did I seize,
And nearly ran from the room
Handling the Stand as though it were a broom.

NIRMALA VARMHA
I B.A.



Uses of Literature

What are the uses of literature ? When this question is posed it would appear at first that literature is abstract matter having only cultural value. But a closer examination would reveal that literature has exerted a profound influence on the ways of life, thought and the evolution of society.

Before discussing the uses of literature it is pertinent to know what literature generally implies. Literature is the interpretation of life, immortalised in language of enduring charm. The measure of its greatness is in the deep and lasting impressions it makes upon our minds, ideals and attitude to life.

Fiction is the main bastion of literature on account of its universal appeal but actually literature embraces within its fold poetry, belles-lettres, biography, drama and other types of non-fiction.

Each branch caters for a different purpose and influences us in a different way. Therefore reading must be organised and consist of diverse subjects.

Poetry has a cultural value and has been a source of endless delight ; entrancing because of its rhyme and metre pattern, it can open our otherwise indifferent eyes to the beauty in the world around us. However, poetry also deals with other themes and makes us alive to the most commonplace of incidents.

The poet, by his sensitiveness to surroundings, his capacity for emotion and its felicitous expression, can stimulate our sense of perception. In this age when our environment is becoming increasingly artificial, it is all the more necessary in the interest of our spiritual well-being that we should realise the kinship between man and nature.

Perhaps no other form of literature presents contemporary life and its problems like belles-lettres, popularly known as essays. Dealing with a variety of subjects and ranging from frivolity to vitriolic satire, they bring to light the social, political and economic conditions of the period to which they pertain.

Drama is more limited in its scope but is nevertheless a powerful medium of expression in the hands of a competent playwright. He has perforce to do without the aid of narrative and description. Characterisation has to be unfolded in the course of dialogue and action.

Drama is a slice of life itself, an actual replica of the situations and problems that arise in life, with the actors performing as in real life. The effect, therefore, on the audience is doubly powerful. Yet it is not merely a picture of life that a great dramatist depicts. His genius has portrayed man's age-old struggle with environment, convention and inexorable laws.

A class of literature which can serve as an inspiring example for us to emulate is biography. The lives of great men provide shining examples of how they have surmounted many obstacles in the face of odds. A great biography, besides being a human document, reveals the sterling qualities of the person which have contributed to his or her success and analyses their mainspring of power.

However the most popular form of literature is fiction. Nowhere else is there such a diversity of themes, analysis of the human mind and the nuances of emotion, which are the pivot of all human activity.

Historical works weighted with documentation and a mass of detail often fail to hold the interest of the reader ; whereas, literature, dealing with it, can capture the atmosphere and the spirit of the times. History owes a debt to literature for vitalising it.

Now-a-days science-fiction is a branch by itself. Though a figment of the imagination, it portrays the shape of life to come, as the author visualises it. Orwell's " 1984 " and Huxley's " Brave New World " satirise the future society, which the authors visualise as the logical outcome of the present day lack of spiritual values.

Cases are not rare wherein certain books have exerted a profound yet subtle influence on the reader. There have been books that have shaken the social system and paved the way for an upheaval. Such a book is " Uncle Tom's cabin " by Harriet Beeches Stowe. It depicts a heartrending picture, the plight of Negro slaves under the system of slavery. The book started a feeling of revulsion against the system of slavery — a feeling which finally culminated in the American Civil War. Even though slavery was instrumental in boosting up the phenomenal prosperity of the Southern states, and hence strongly entrenched there, it became a fugitive in the land of its birth.

Similarly Dickens' novels, especially " Oliver Twist " and " David Copperfield," pricked the social conscience of industrial England where child-labour was utilised in conditions of drudgery and squalor.

The field of non-fiction also consists of books which have exerted a profound influence on the course of history, culture and literature. In this context we cannot ignore works of philosophy as those of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon and Bertrand Russell or works of political theory and art by various authors.

Rousseau's ideas of " liberty, equality, fraternity, " in his " Social Contract " found a ready response in people down-trodden by social injustice. His hand lighted the flickering flame which soon blazed forth into a conflagration—the French Revolution.

" Das Capital " by Karl Marx is a controversial book which has changed the lives of billions of people. It was this book which became the bible of Communism under the leadership of Lenin.

Utopias are an index of man's idealism. The dreamers of today light the path for the pioneers of tomorrow. More's " Utopia ", Plato's " Republic " and Wilkie's " One World " all aim at making the world a better place to live in.

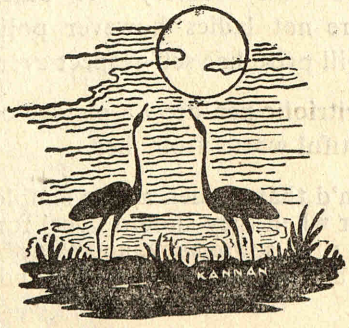
Thus books have not only altered basic beliefs and ways of thinking but even revolutionised the political structure and way of life.

In considering the uses of literature, even the joy of reading is of paramount importance, if only for its recreational value. Literature can relieve the monotony of everyday life and satisfy the urge for travel and adventure, though vicariously ; it can take us into the recesses of the human heart and probe the emotions and impulses which sway it. We get a deeper insight into human nature and behaviour and thus enrich our knowledge and experience.

Experience may be enlarged and clarified through reading. For it is in books that we will find many problems and situations like those which life will thrust upon us and many more we shall never experience. Literary experiences may seem relatively pale when compared to real life; but if we learn to absorb it, it often actuates us, to put into words, the thoughts and feelings it arouses. Only literature can jostle ideas out of stale inertia into articulate expression. It induces a questioning attitude of mind and leads to vigorous and independent thought and expression.

Literature is the concentrated wisdom of the ages and gives us variegated patterns for living. If properly absorbed it can help us to live wisely and well.

VIJAY RAO
I B.A.



My idea of a Lady

Opinions differ — and when it is the question of what a lady should be, they vary a great deal. Some think a display of wealth and luxury is necessary, others think the genealogical tree dating back for centuries is essential ; some others are of opinion that a lady has either to be the kith and kin of persons in rank and station or else be high up the rung in society. My idea of a lady differs.

Why should there be such restricted opinions ? I think a lady can be found in all walks of life. Some are born ladies ; some will never achieve a ladylike character however much they are educated. Some are born with a silver spoon in the mouth; they go about in cars, are smartly dressed but we do not see the lady in them. Some are less favoured, they feel the pinch of poverty and are not so well educated, yet we can see refinement and ladylike behaviour in such simple women.

To be a lady is quite simple. One must think of other people before one's self, in all places, at all times and in all circumstances. A lady weighs her words before speaking, does not make hasty remarks, considers her actions before executing them, and has the foresight to see the effects these will have on other people. She studies her fellow-beings and learns to speak, act and live without causing inconvenience to others.

One cannot be a lady overnight. Parents and teachers may be instrumental in forming a lady but above all it lies with the individual. It is not a thing that will come naturally like all best things of life. A girl has to begin to be a lady from her infancy, toil for its achievement and at last win. This can be done by a girl of humble parentage as well as by a princess, educated or uneducated. She can learn courtesy at home in her attitude towards her parents, brothers and sisters. She can offer her services and energy to those in need. She has to restrain her imposing will and curb her selfish desires. During her school career, respect to teachers and co-mates should be the trend of her behaviour. It is this attitude that will later blossom into a flower shedding sweet fragrance all around.

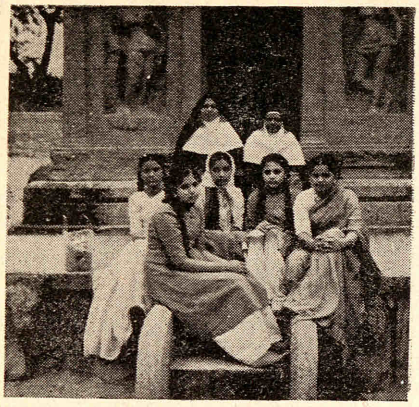
There are many women, rich as well as poor, who think that manners at home are not necessary. They are " all courtesy " to outsiders but their behaviour at home is unbearable. Such are not ladies however polished their manners be in society ; for a genuine lady will prize her self-respect everywhere.

Shakespeare with his vitriolic pen drew a picture of a shrew and before the play ends we hear these beautiful words from her, —

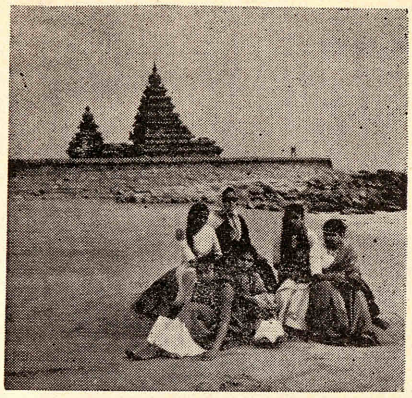
" I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war when they should kneel for peace
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway
When they are bound to serve, love and obey."

OBSERVER

MADRAS EXCURSION



Draupathi's Chariot, Mahabalipuram



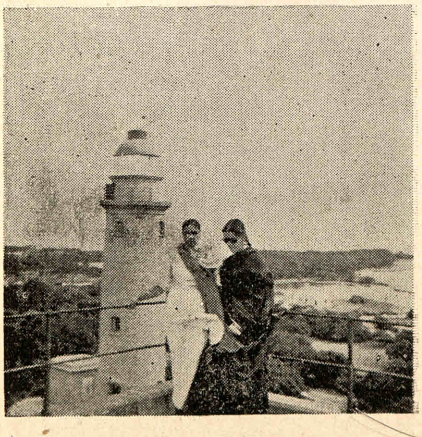
One of the pagodas of the Pallavas, Mahabalipuram



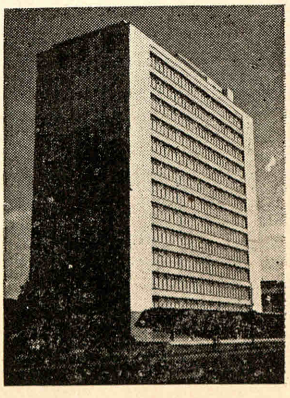
The Harbour



A boat on the Marina



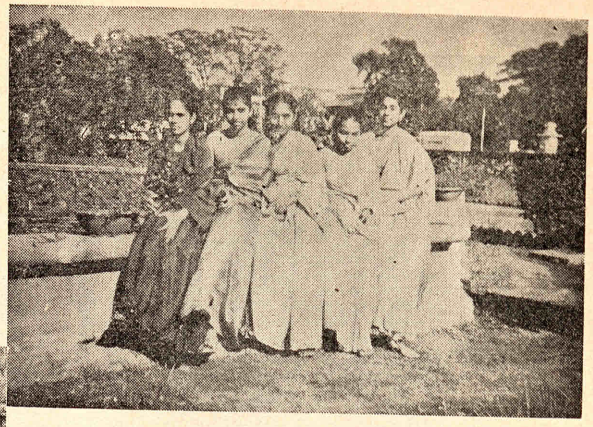
The Light-House



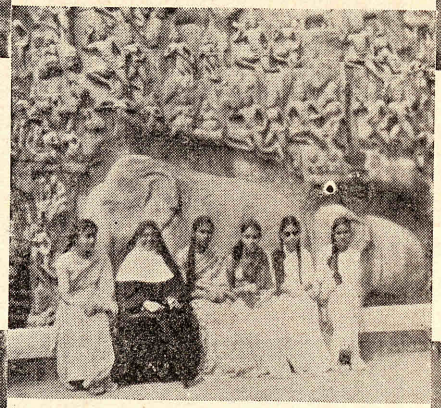
L. I. C. Building



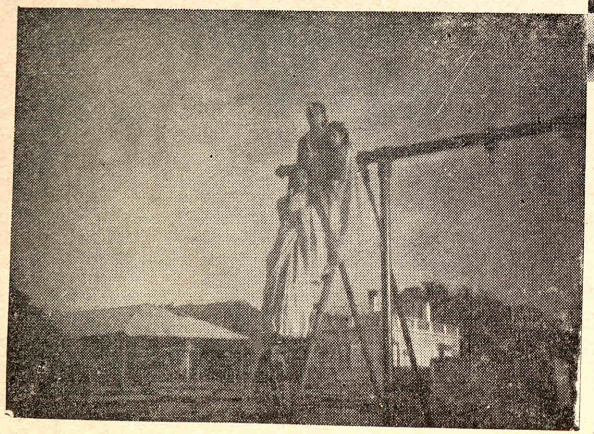
Don't you envy us ?

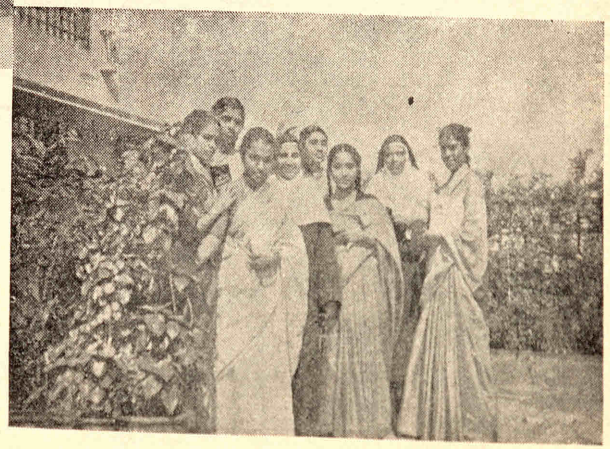


We enjoyed every minute of it !



At Mahabalipuram





CARMEL CALENDAR

'59 — '60

June 24th.

College re-opens for the Seniors. All vocal chords operate simultaneously ....after all, so many astonishing changes have taken place during the apparently ' short ' holidays.

July 1st.

Junior classes commence. Having at last rid themselves of the monotony of school uniforms, and with their mistaken notions about " college girls," students come in the most fanciful apparel. The Seniors of course seize the opportunity for fun and ' rag ' them in divers ways.

July 16th.

Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Patroness of our loved Alma Mater.

July 21st.

There is excitement as the first general Meeting for the election of Office-bearers is announced.

July 28th.

A fine group of students from the University of Los Angeles, California, visits us. This promotes good international relations and strengthens the bond between the two freedom-loving nations. The students discussed the differences in the life of the average Indian from that of an American, while carefully studying the similarities;— the peasant clinging to the soil and getting closer to Nature, the friendliness of the people, and of course the " charm" of the ladies ! They found out too, that the Indian students were much the same as students in their country. Students are the same all the world over ! ! !

July 31st.

The Inaugural Address is delivered by Smt. Grace Tucker, Deputy Education Minister, Mysore State.

August 26th.

Guardians' Day, at which our Chief Minister Mr. Jatti, presides. Shakespeare's " Othello " gets a loud applause, while there is all fun and excitement during the Kannada play " Meenu Maduve."

September 8th.

" College Day " comes, and with it comes all the enthusiasm and tension found in any sportsfield. The cheers from the spectators grow louder as each new item begins. But the girls get hoarse with screaming as the Staff-members come on to the field.

Sri Dinadayalu Naidu, Chairman of the Corporation Trust Board took the Salute at the March Past. He also gave away the prizes. Usha Reddy and Deanna Syme tied for the Individual Championship, and the " Josephians " won the Team Championship.

October 1st.

The beginning of quite a long period of Dasara holidays—the first break since College commenced, brings forth joyous exclamations from students;

more especially from the back-benchers who feel that it is more comfortable to sleep at home than on the hard desks meant exclusively for study.

October 18th.

College re-opens after Dasara.

October 24th.

It is U. N. Day and our students take an active part in the model U.N.O. conducted at the Town Hall.

November 20th & 21st.

The annual Benefit Variety Entertainment has come again. The Hindi play " The Gift " was amusing while Moliere's " Hypochondriac " acted in English, proved a feast. " Miracle at Cana" an Indian ballet, was superb with its gorgeous costumes and dances.

December 7th.

N. C. C. Day. It is gratifying to know that girls today are growing conscious of their ability to serve the nation even in the military fields.

On this day too there was a small function in Fatima Hall to celebrate the success of our Catholic students in the Inter-collegiate Examination for Religion conducted by the Xavier Board of Education. The Archbishop of Bangalore gave away the Medals and Certificates. Margaret Nazareth won the Gold medal, Philomena Mascarenhas—the silver medal. The pantomime "O Mother I could weep for mirth " was very ably executed by Patricia Coelho of the P. U. C. A tableau " The Immaculate Conception " brought the function to a close.

December 14th.

Holidays begin, (who doesn't like them ?) and the Christmas season is already in the air. It is undoubtedly a welcome calm after the storm of the strike by the Mysore and Bangalore students. (I am happy to relate that the students of our college took no part in this ridiculous, nerve-wracking, destructive demonstration !)

January 4th.

To-day, a New Year at College begins. Many are the resolutions made but many forgotten in the folly of youth.

January 18th.

A day we shall always remember —Mrs. Indira Gandhi visits our College. Her interesting and fascinating talk on the role of women in the domestic, social, and national spheres, is an encouragement to young women who aim at high ideals in life. At the same time she reminded them of the essential duties of, and inherent qualities in, a woman. But what does strike us most is her charming personality enhanced by her utter simplicity.

January 20th.

Mr. Elson of the United States delivers a speech on Dramatic Art. A theatre expert and once professor of New York's largest college for Women, his authoritative information was not only interesting but also indubitably useful. Rather than encourage Western style and subject, he stressed on the need for reviving the culture of India through the theatre and through open-air plays in villages.

February 13th.

The Sir C. V. Raman trophy is retained by our College. The first prize goes to Margaret Nazareth, and the second to Nalini Menon. We are justly proud of such students who eagerly participate in extra-curricular activities and bring glory to their Alma Mater.

February 21st.

The annual Sodality picnic. This time we go to Hoskote. The girls sing gaily and experience the genuine, sublime happiness in the company of Nature. There were competitions. The prizes for composing verses on the virtues of Mary went to Gemma Pinto and Eleanor Boesinger; while Joyce Saldanha and Celine Sequeira were the prize-winners for memorising verses on the Praises of Mary. In the hopping race, Patricia Coelho reaches the winning post, with all the others following her desperately.

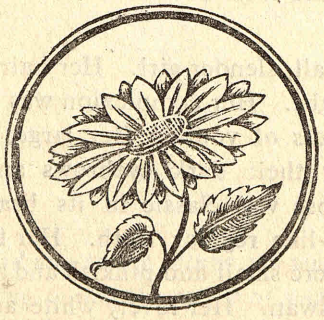
March 1st.

It is time to bid farewell to the Seniors, and so to-day, being "Graduation Day," there is a little programme got up in honour of the out-going students. The solemn pledge is taken by the Seniors, to carry high the flaming torch of Mount Carmel. The function comes to an end with the distribution of Souvenirs by Rev. Mother Superior.

March 3rd.

The College activities close for the year with the Valedictory Meeting. Mr. Bhagavantam of the Indian Institute of Science presided over the function.

PRAMILLA SARMA
III B.A.



BEAUTY

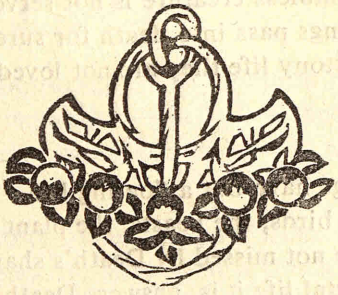
Sunrise : The cock crew and the first streak of grey appeared in the eastern horizon. Slowly the whole sky was diffused by a soft grey light. The stars grew pale and gradually disappeared. Life began to stir. The chirping could be heard of little birds leaving their nests and their tiny off-spring and flying away in search of food. The poor labourers had started going to work already, for their carts could be heard rumbling on the stony, uneven road. They had to spur on the oxen, which had not had enough rest, and which, weary at the beginning of the day, toiled their way to their destination, and returned home more weary. The yellow autumn leaves from the grass and from the sandy foot-paths had been swept away. The east was now tinted pale red. Then it became a darker hue with a few yellow streaks ; and this changed into a brilliant golden hue and suddenly there emerged — the sun ! the golden ball of fire appeared, flooding the " azure vault " with light ! Another day had dawned.

A moonlight night : The bright, silver disc of the moon, " Queen of the night sky " swept gracefully, slowly, imperceptibly over the heavens. There was a circle around her — a dim, white circle, whose outline was a thin ring, coloured red and yellow like a pencil of rainbow. The stars, which studded the sky, shone like silver dust thrown up by a child reflecting now blue, now red — verily like little diamonds lying on black velvet. Soft, fluffy, white woolly clouds moved fast across the sky sometimes veiling the moon's face, as if the queen had bashfully veiled herself in order not to dazzle man's eyes by her beauty ; but then had again withdrawn the veil to reveal herself more breathtakingly beautiful. Everything reflected the white light of the moon — the leaves of the trees, tremblingly holding on their surface a white shapeless mass of darkish silver ; the roads with their stones, which became crystal-like under the moon's gaze. It was as if a fairy-godmother had touched everything on earth with a magic wand and turned it to silver.

The girl : She was a tall, slender girl. Her hair streamed down in soft, silky jet black waves on to her thighs. Her complexion was fair. Her forehead was high, and unlined in the smoothness of youth. Her large, lustrous, innocent child-like eyes were overshadowed by their dark eyebrows and fringed by long eyelashes. Her thin, delicate, straight nose was classic in its beauty. Her luscious, red lips opened only to display pearl-like regular teeth. Her face ended in a chin — little, pointed and firm. Her ears were small and pinkish and adorned by diamond ear-rings. Her neck had the grace of a swan. Her lovely white arms had a disarming charm which was heightened by the gold bangles. Her long slender fingers were sensitive to the extreme. Her pretty little feet enclosed in little slippers, which did not hide their smoothness and softness, completed the picture. She was truly a Venus born on earth !

The old man : A bowed figure. White silvery locks drooping over his shoulders, seem to weep the fate of their owner. The broad forehead is furrowed with age. The eyebrows are white. The eyes, a light brown, stare at you dully, and uncomprehendingly. They seem to work for the goal not far off. The wrinkled cheeks are covered with parchment-like skin. The withered lips conceal a voice which had once poured sweet truths and great wisdom into his hearers' ears. The long white beard ; the thin neck in which the veins stand out clearly ; the even thinner hand, which is almost transparent ; the bowed back, the weak, oh so weak legs, kept from collapsing only by a thin stick — there is beauty in his whole appearance — the beauty of old age. Let us be respectfully silent as he passes by. Let us revere the old and wise.

S. CHELLA
I B.A.



Wishes will not lead you to the things you would possess,
Wishes will not bring to you the prizes of success.
But work and faith will surely get you where you want to be,
Effort and determination spell prosperity.

PATIENCE STRONG

LIFE AND DEATH

In a cottage a child is born,
A flower blooms but to wither away ;
Life has many a sharp thorn,
Death will come as sure as may.

In the darkness of the ocean deep
A tiny fish does swim about ;
Upon its form, ominous death does creep,
Life escapes not Death's shot.

A genius is born among the poor,
A limbless creature is not served ;
Such things pass into death for sure,
By stony life they are not loved.

All things have but a floating life,
The birds, the beasts, the plant and all ;
They are not missed by Death's sharp knife —
Mortal life it is, answers Death's call.

ANNIE NICHOLSON
I B.A.

I was wondering about — Marriage!!!



" His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian angel over his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

The above lines portray Samuel Rogers' views about a wife. A section of the community may be inclined to think that if this were the real state of married life we would not find so many happy bachelors. Most men consider marriage to be the end of their freedom — particularly their freedom of speech ! A happily, married man was once asked the secret of success in marriage to which he replied, " My wife goes her way and I go hers !"

Another of the male species of Homo sapiens was asked about his views on marriage to which he plaintively replied " Before I was married I lived happily — scattering my cigarette-ash like birdseed wherever I wished, and throwing my clothes haphazardly about the bedroom ; but now, I live in hygienic misery !"

Most men revel in untidiness. If their wives were to re-arrange the papers on their office-tables, or their shaving accessories or their collection of bric-a-brac, they would never be able to find a single article. Among the stacks of files piled here and there a man knows exactly where each important document lies. But once this chaotic mess has been cleared and shelved, he is at sea. This leads to annoyance which augments in degrees as time wears on until the final outburst of the storm — when papers rain down in all directions ; pens, pencils, paper-weights, ink-stands

and glue-bottles revolve around the room like a whirligig, accompanied by a series of swear-words — warning the well-intentioned wife never to intrude into the sanctuary of that office-room again !

This is the gratitude wives receive for trying to be helpful. It is no wonder then that the care-free career-girl adopts the watchword " where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."

The poor wife spends half the morning trying to cook her husband's favourite dish — cui bono ? — only to be discouraged by his words " what the dickens is this abominable hotch-potch ? Are you trying to poison me ?" In all probability he has had a bad day at the office — a major dissension with the boss or a grave miscalculation resulting in financial loss to the Company — which has caused the obvious loss of appetite. And so, the " little woman " bears the brunt of his ill-humour patiently and resignedly.

A man never realizes the worth of a wife until she is ill or away on a short holiday by herself in order to forget the cares and unrequited labour of the house. On these rare occasions he misses her madly — there is no one to fetch his slippers, or his pipe or his matchbox, or to see that his meals are served hot and on time, to keep his change of clothes in readiness, to stir his coffee at breakfast ; there is no one to shout at and order about to prove he is head of the house and " monarch of all he surveys" ; there is no sympathetic ear in which to confide his grievances and antipathies against the human race in general, his futile plans and vain ambitions. Life appears bereft of all comfort and warmth. He has grown so accustomed to these small, unnoticeable wifely acts, that then and only then does he long for the return of his " guardian angel " and appreciates the indispensable nature of a good wife.

Now, almost every young girl is nurtured with the idea that marriage is the end — the ideal, for which she has to sacrifice her life. She is taught the culinary arts, sewing, mending, knitting, cleaning and the other necessary qualities which make a good wife. She spends the most precious moments of her life beautifying herself and accumulating clothes, jewels and household *objets d'art* for her trousseau. She makes herculean efforts preparing for her wedding — the greatest day in any girl's life — and looks radiantly happy walking down the aisle leaning on the arm of her husband, with a smile as gorgeous as her lily-white garment and her exquisite bouquet of flowers. Her cup of joy is filled to the brim. But how long does this last ? Does disillusionment inevitably follow ? Does lack of appreciation and lack of understanding threaten to wreck the very foundation of her newly-acquired bliss ? This catastrophe can be easily averted if those self-centred, egotistic, tyrannical unsympathetic and ungrateful beings, called husbands, resolved to be more humane and thankful and eventually realize that " little things mean a lot. " A little gift occasionally, or an endearing term or sign, or a word of thanks, is sufficient to replace those stars in the " little woman's " eyes, which sparkled so brilliantly during the

first few years of marriage. A man should not take things for granted as married life wears on, but should continue to praise his wife and pay her compliments even if she does not look as sylph-like as she used to in former days. In order to retain the initial glamour of marriage he has got to remember that he has changed too (probably for the worse !) and that he is not perfect by any means ; that she tolerates his faults because " love is blind " or because " what cannot be cured has to be endured ;" that she is only human and susceptible to flattery and tenderness, even though " flattery is the food of fools."

Modern girls, they say, have a tendency to " wear the pants " after marriage, but woman was created from Adam's rib and is merely man's appendage. Therefore I feel that no matter how much a man appears to be hen-pecked, in reality, he always has the upper hand. We can never discover the secrets of the happy marriage between a shrewish woman and a timid man. But in all probability he is either amused by brow-beating or else he accepts it in order to gain the sympathy of his friends or else the inside story may prove quite the reverse. Privately, he must be having his own way even though she has the last word !

Rider Haggard has advised all mankind to " hold woman as the companion and partner not only of your joys and sorrows, but of your aspirations, your thoughts, your studies, and your efforts for social amelioration. Be together, you and she, the two wings of the human soul lifting it towards the ideal which we must attain. Her weakness is thy strength, her might, thy undoing. She is infinite as the ocean, variable as Heaven, and her name is the Unforeseen. Man, strive not to escape from woman and the love of woman; for fly where thou wilt, she is yet thy fate, and whatever thou buildest, thou buildest it for her. "

Even Ruskin has said, " no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion;" and I whole-heartedly agree with him, being a woman myself and consequently regarding marriage from a woman's angle !

MARGOT LASRADO
III B. Sc.

My Country and its People

Thrust away in the south-eastern corner of the continent of Asia, is Malaya, my country. It occupies the southern part of the Kra Peninsula and is bordered by Thailand on the North. Malaya, though not more than 51,000 sq. miles in area has a cosmopolitan population comprising various races — Malays, Chinese, Indians, Eurasians and Europeans, each with its own customs and religion.

Malaya like most tropical countries is a land of beauty and sunshine. The waves lapping gently against the shores, the beautiful beach fringed with coconut palms and the distant hills covered with green jungles, make Malaya a paradise. Moreover, unlike many other countries, its scenic beauty is not marred by ugly factories and industrialised towns.

A few centuries ago Malaya was but a land of dense jungles, inhabited by savages, and unknown to the West. But because of the spice trade of the 16th Century, towns sprang up along the west coast of Malaya. The English managed to obtain a few ports on the west coast. But because of the incapable Malay rulers at that time, Malaya came under the control of the English, until very recently, when she obtained her Independence — an achievement the Malays are very proud of.

As Malaya is only a few degrees north of the Equator, the climate is hot and wet throughout the year. The copious rainfall and constant sunshine give rise to dense jungles. From the air Malaya is but a desert of ever-green jungles, through which flow many short rivers twisting like snakes. A range of mountains runs from north to south dividing the country, and this is a barrier to communication between the east and west.

About 45% of the population are Malays. Most of them are engaged in fishing and in the growing of fruits and paddy. They, being a contented and happy race, prefer to live in kampongs.

The Chinese form about 35% of the total population. They own all the tin mines of the country and carry on most of the trade of Malaya. The Indians work mostly as Government servants, labourers, and tappers in the rubber estates. They are a very hard-working, God-fearing race and have helped greatly in the development of Malaya. The other races including Sahais and Aborigines are very few in number.

One thing which attracts and astounds the foreigner is the peace and harmony in which all these different races live.

ANNIE NICHOLSON
I B. A.

Graduation Day

The realisation that the College means so much and that, whatever petty wrangles there might have been, one can always find a friendly smile amidst the multi-coloured crowd so familiar here, is best expressed on Graduation Day. There is the superficial joy that Seniors feel of finishing the Degree Course 'at last,' of being independent and may be, of no more tedious study. But deep within is the pain of tearing away from teachers and friends — the sorrow that is inextricably bound up with parting, the loss of hundreds of familiar faces. And there is a big sigh that one can no more find so many human beings to share the joys, fears, hopes and sorrows of everyday life. The love and sympathy of true friends may not, and often cannot, accompany one all through life. So that on such an occasion of bidding farewell, the relative isolation in the outside world and the cutting silence away from the laughter and talk of hundreds of students, seem terrifying. There is that comfort and protection within the four walls of the institution. Studies and examinations seem relatively easy when one has to go out and face life as an independent individual. Independence may taste good, but one must be strong mentally and physically to digest it.

On March 1st. 1959 came the annual occasion of bidding the Seniors " farewell." The Hall was well packed and the cynosure of all eyes was the group of out-going students, dressed in pure white, with jasmine in their hair. One was struck with their serenity and maiden charm ! The curtain rose, and the whole College sang the College Song with zest. Then followed a musical item with Dorothy D'Silva at the piano, Patricia Mathias with her piano - accordion and Jayanthi playing on the mouth-organ. The Juniors' speech to the Seniors really showed how much the former were going to feel the departure of their elder ' sisters.' Next came a most breath-taking item — " Past, Present and Future " — a panoramic view of the activities (curricular and extra-curricular) of a M. C. C. student, and the Future that awaits her. Gasps of surprise were heard from the audience when, as the curtain was drawn, a lovely cardboard model of our College — the achievement of Rev. Sr. Angelina — met their gaze. The Graduation Song was followed by the farewell speech of the Seniors. They were going to leave their Alma Mater, but no matter where their different careers took them, they would always keep the flag of Mount Carmel flying high.

The significance of the occasion was the solemn pledge taken by the Seniors. It is a vow to act in a way that will ennoble them, and which will also help them to retain the high standard and reputation of the institution. " God will take care of You " was sung by the Juniors after which came the Principal's speech. The pleasant function came to a close with the distribution of souvenirs by Rev. Mother Superior.

It was in short, an occasion when differences were sunk, when the closeness of friends was stronger, and their prayers and hopes for a completely different, uncertain future were deeper and more sincere.

For, as one stands on the threshold of a new life and looks back longingly at the College, it is like watching a magnificent sunset at the end of a bright day, in an attempt to satiate the mind with joy before stepping into the darkness of night. It is the same when the comparatively easy, secure life in College ends, and one stumbles along the uneven road of life, until our heavenly destination is reached.

PRAMILLA SARMA
III B.A.

Dawn in Mysore City

This morning while at prayer
Low sounds of moaning filled the air,
So compelling in their sorrow,
So full of gentle despair,
All my pity they would borrow.

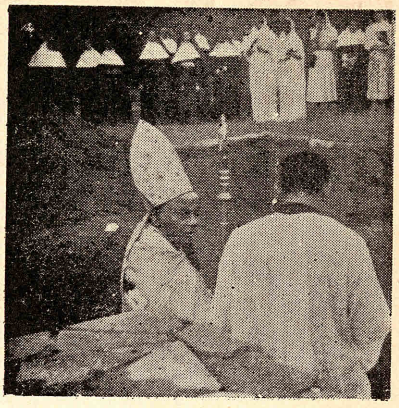
It was the creaking
Of slowly-moving carts,
Or, was it the hearts
Of the dumb creatures speaking
While they strained at the yoke?

Slowly onward they went
In service to their master
Goading them to go faster,
Beneath great burdens bent.
"Give man compassion" I prayed.

S.M.A.

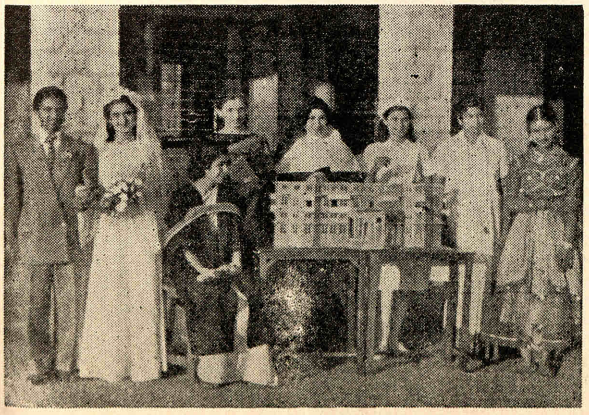


BLESSING
THE FOUNDATION
OF
THE NEW CHAPEL

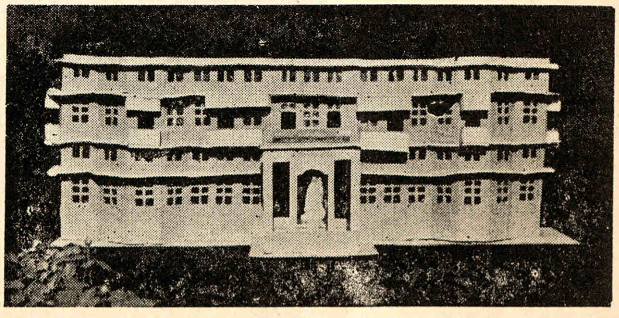




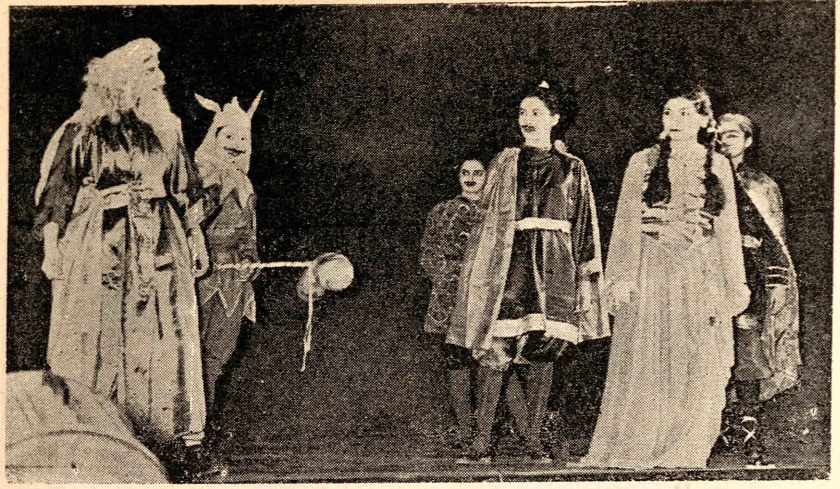
" GRADUATION DAY " — March 1960



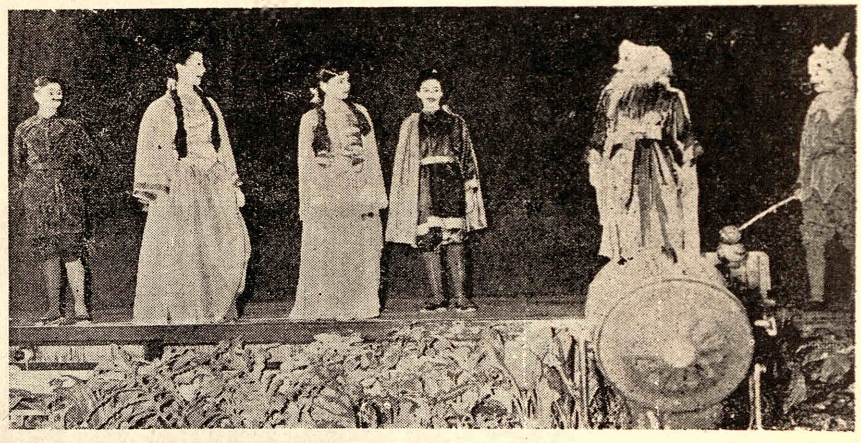
After graduation, which career will I choose ?



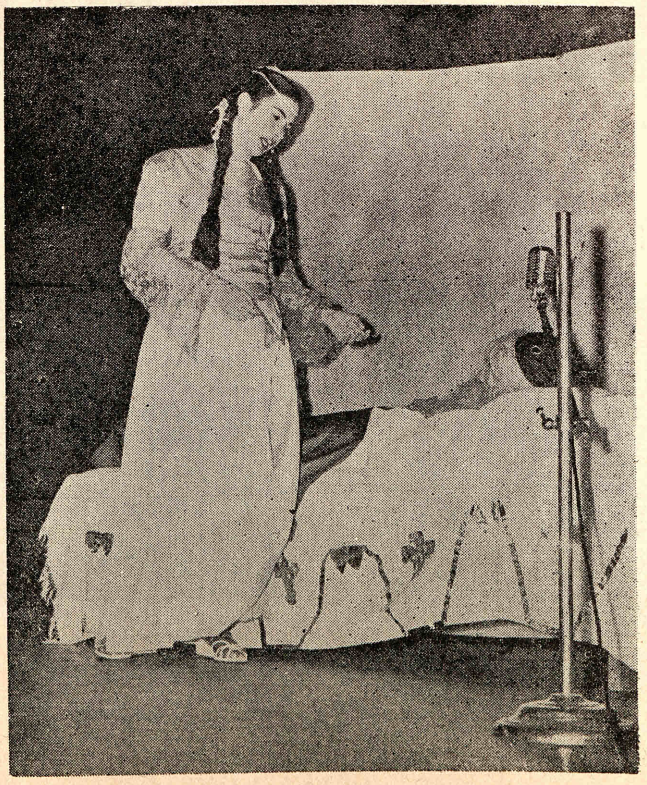
Model of our College
in connection with " Graduation Day."



Shakespeare's " King Lear " was enacted on Guardians' Day, and once again in the Town Hall, Bangalore



King Lear is utterly disillusioned in his evil daughters, Goneril & Regan



The demented king is restored to health by Cordelia

BEHIND THE SCENES

It is 7 p.m. — an hour before the curtain will be drawn to the first scene of the much-rehearsed and publicised play, on its grand opening night. In the auditorium, people are slowly taking their seats and eagerly looking forward to seeing the curtain drawn and the play started.

At the same time, the dressing-room portrays a scene of much excitement and great anxiety. There is a general commotion as the performers change into their various costumes. " Oh, this is just too tight for me ! " moans a girl from a corner of the room, trying vigorously to wiggle herself into a pair of close-fitting trousers. Succeeding, she slumps into a chair, exhausted.

Just inches behind her, another is frantically trying to fix on her feminine head a rather over-sized and out-dated man's hat without any good results. Finally admitting defeat, she calls for help which brings to her one of the stage-hands, who after minutes of pinning and tucking of hair inside the hat, eventually succeeds in fixing it firmly on the head. The " actress " hurries to the mirror, where she admires the finished work and keeps thanking the stage-hand profusely !

All of a sudden comes a very shrill voice asking for the immediate return of the new make-up set. Though this request has been very clearly announced, no one seems to be bothered to return the article or to even look around for it. The girl who had asked for it goes about in search of it, grumbling and muttering under her breath.

" Will this do ? " " Is it the right shade ? " " Do I need a darker rouge ? " and other such questions were being flung at one another at top speed as each one tries her hand at her own make-up. Tissue papers, lip-sticks, mascara and creams and powders of every sort were being very carelessly handled and thrown about all over the dressing tables. Everyone appears to be in great haste and finds no time to put back the used articles in their proper places on the tables.

The whole room presents a picture of dust and untidiness. There is not a corner which is spared of waste-paper, or an unwanted costume of some sort. Shoes lie about in abundance, while their owners walk around bare-footed, putting the finishing touches to their costumes in great haste.

In spite of all this chaos, one hears a very faint voice doing last-minute memorizing of her lines. There she goes again....." The handle towards my hand ? Come let me clutch thee : " At this part the voice is drowned by a sudden burst of laughter from a group of girls sticking on some formidable-looking moustaches and beards !

Amidst this confusion the producer tries in vain to bring peace and quiet into the room, shouting, " Less noise ! Work quietly, girls ! Surely, you don't want

yourselves to be heard in the auditorium, now, do you ? " Hearing this, everyone keeps silent, trying only to whisper ; but soon, the whispers turn to loud talking as the mouths work their way up and down in haste, bringing the noise in the room to its original tone once more.

Leaving the dressing-room in this state of affairs, let us take a peep into the stage which is equally engaged in its last-minute preparations. The stage manager, a very able-looking young woman, runs the whole show here.

At the very moment, she is occupied in the care-free checking of all the props with the help of her many assistants, as she slowly reads out the list — the daggers, the crown, the dining table.....etc.

Away from this group, at the switch-board, are seen two girls deeply engrossed in practising the switching on and off of the many different lights.

Just close by are pictured another two, working away at the mechanism of the huge curtain, making sure that it is oiled properly.

The whole atmosphere on the stage is that of peace and quiet unlike that of the dressing-room. Each one is very silently doing the piece of work assigned to her.

At that instant, the producer, announcing the time as 7-45 p.m., orders everyone to clear off the stage and those taking part in the first scene to assemble quickly on the stage. Only a whisper or two is heard now. Each " actor " and " actress " feels a sudden grip of fear overpowering her as the minutes tick by and the long needle of the clock travels slowly towards twelve, when the majestic curtains would be drawn open and the play started with its opening scene.

ANNIE VARUGHESE
I B. A.

" Music exalts each joy, allays each grief "

Music is perhaps the oldest of all the arts, and we can scarcely imagine a time when some form of singing or rhythm was extant. But it is also an art which has developed more rapidly in recent years.

Music exists as an art the world over ; it is, so to say, an international language, understood and appreciated by all. About the sixteenth century, emphasis was laid on harmony rather than on counterpoint; and instrumental music became more elaborate. Sonatas, Concertos, Symphonies were composed by great classical exponents like Mozart and Beethoven. Most of the world's best Operas were composed during this period. Later, Chopin, Schubert, Lizst etc., were inclined more towards emotional and individualistic music.



It is with absolute conviction that I venture to say that music is definitely on the decline. Primitive forms of music, in other words " jazz, " has been revived and given priority among most folk. Magnificent melodies which seem to uplift one spiritually, now lie in the background. The sublime harmonies of the great composers appeal to a very select few. The modern craze is towards " Rock'n Roll " — that form of noise (I will not call it music), which contains only one aspect of music, namely, rhythm. To-day, if we turn on the radio, we invariably hear a terrible howling where all that is discernible is an oppressive, monotonous beat in the screeching instruments and vocalists. The vocalist usually happens to be Elvis Presley who seems to weave a spell over teen-agers. Alas ! for the great Carusos of olden times — how they must be turning in their graves to hear music thus abused !

They say a dog is a man's best friend. I beg to differ. I hold that music is the greatest solace, comfort, hope and guide to man. Anyone who possesses the slightest " ear " for music, is able to derive great benefit from it; for good music it is, which is best suited to touch the soul of man and raise his thoughts above.

Even little children love music. A child may not have had practical lessons, for example, in music ; but do you notice how he runs to a piano when he sees one, and thumps upon its keys ? Those chords, discordant though they be, are his very own creation, and this gives him boundless joy. Music is all around us if only we pause to listen. It is in the wind singing through the trees ; it is in the sea, the brook, the meadow, — all things pertaining to nature or otherwise, are capable of evoking in us emotions which are best expressed by the powerful force of music. I conclude with the apt words of L. E. Landon who wrote :— " Music moves us and we know not why ; we feel the tears, but cannot trace their source. Is it the language of some other state, born of its memory ? For what can wake the soul's strong instinct of another world like music ? "

SHEILA HENDERSON
P. U. C.

ARTISTRY

Of what strange matter has God made the girl —
Elusive as the dews that shaggy hedges pearl
Before they melt within the kisses of the sun.
She is a golden dream but half begun,
A fairy leading through alluring ways,
With all the fragrant morning in her gaze.
She is the laughter of all noon-day skies,
The sudden mist of tears in evening's faded eyes.
She is a sigh from passing sadness sprung,
A song of life with all its lines unsung
She is the mother of a race to be,
The moulder of a nation's destiny.
She is a white seed prisoned in a stirring clod,
Spirit and earth — what whimsy in the mind of God
To make the girl and let her young hands hold
All flowers of love and life as they unfold.

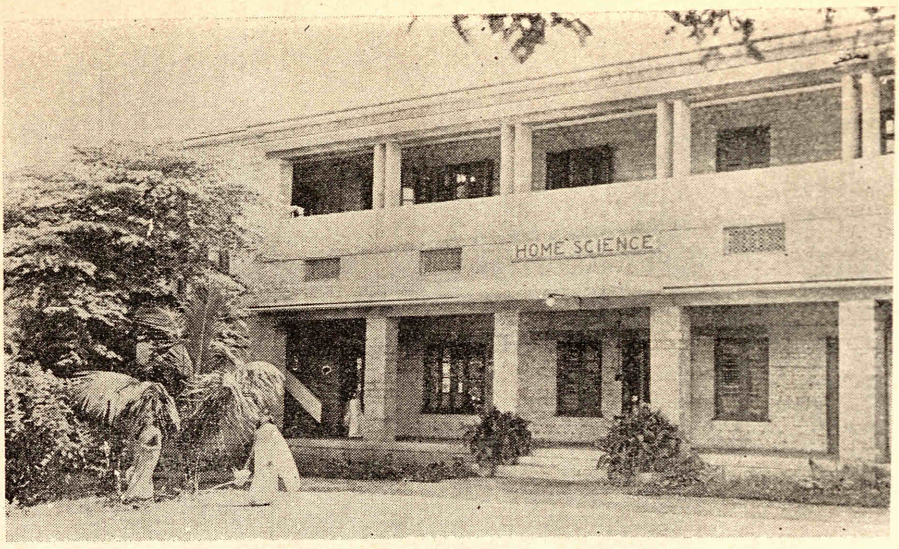
Sr. M. ELEANORE, C.S.C., Ph. D.
Indiana

SENIOR B.A. GROUP 1959—'60

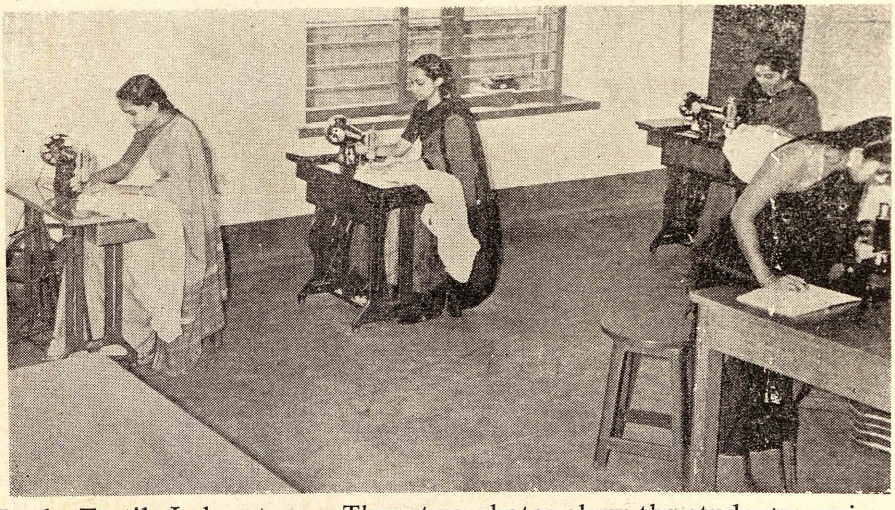


1st. Class & 1st rank in Part I — Bina Verghese (last row, second from Left)

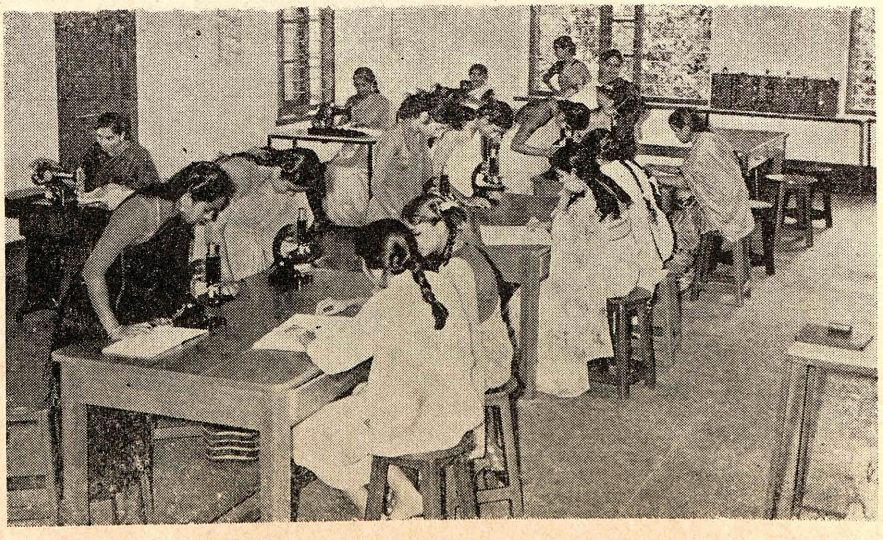
1st Class & 1st. rank in Part II (Hindi) — Mohini Uberoi (second row, third from Left)

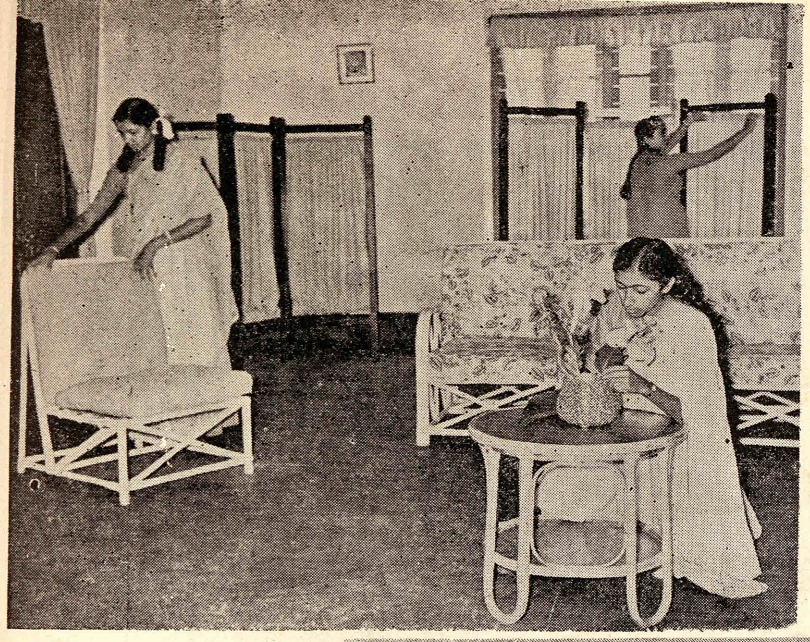


THE HOME SCIENCE BLOCK

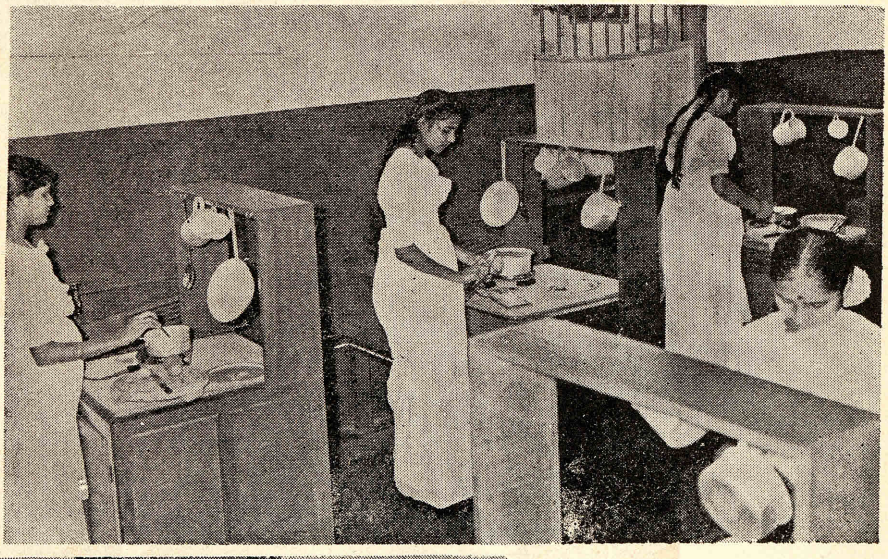


In the Textile Laboratory. These two photos show the students sewing, & observing the structure of textile fibres through the microscope





INTERIOR DECORATION
&
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT



IN THE
NUTRITION
LABORATORY



HERE YOU SEE THEM
LAUNDERING
AND
IRONING

SENIOR B.Sc. GROUP 1959 — '60



1st. Class & 1st rank in Part II (French) — Esmeralda Coelho (last row, second from Left)

The Concept of Home Science

Miss NIRMALA AHUJA

Home Science could be very simply compared to a coin with two faces — one is art and the other science. Each is incomplete with the exclusion of the other. Here some light must be thrown upon the difference between art and science. Art is a human skill like painting, music, and poetry. Harriet Goldstein and Vetta Goldstein, (in 'Art in Everyday Life') have very correctly expressed that art may be so much a part of our daily living that it will help us to do more beautifully the simple, homely, as well as unusual things of life. As we surround ourselves with beauty, art actually becomes a part of our life and personality. On the other hand, science is a systematized knowledge of facts, and aims at understanding the world. It is only in the Home that one practises most perfectly both the science and the art of living.

Home Science, though recently introduced in Indian schools and colleges, has become immensely popular. Unfortunately in this country, until recently, the meaning and the aim of this course has been misunderstood and misconceived. Often it has been criticised and condemned as being mere **commonsense** and consequently, as having no need to be taught in colleges. Perhaps this is due mainly to the lack of propaganda and publicity. Luckily, the popular concept that Home Science is mere cooking and sewing for the not-so-bright students is gradually disappearing. Surprising as it may seem to many, a Home Science student is required to know much more than the method of making puffs and pastries, bondas and bajies ! More and more national leaders, educators, administrators, parents, and women students themselves have begun to realize that Home Science is an academic programme with a study of all the aspects (physical, sociological, psychological, cultural, aesthetic and ethical) of home-making aimed at achieving better, fuller, and richer living for the people of India.

Even though Home Science has been recognized as an academic programme, there is much confusion as to the scope of the subject. It covers a vast field of knowledge as —

1. Food and Nutrition ; 2. Textiles, clothing and Related Art ; 3. Home-management ; 4. Mothercraft, child care and development.

To gain some depth of understanding Home Science it is necessary to have a broad-based knowledge of biological, physical and social sciences. Hence emphasis is also laid on — Chemistry and Physics, Physiology, Hygiene, Microbiology, Home-nursing and First Aid, Economics, Sociology and Family relations, and Psychology.

Let us now consider the scope in more detail. The main goal of ' Food and nutrition ' is to develop an understanding of the importance of nutrition to the physical development and health of the individual, the family and the community.

' Textiles and Clothing ' are important in their relation and service to the people. People have certain needs as regards health, comfort and psychological feelings and ' textiles and clothing ' serve these needs. ' Home Management ' teaches us to develop the ability and skill to utilize all the resources in the achievement of the family, community and national goals. Homes exist for the welfare of the people and the criterion in home-management is the understanding of the desires, comforts and needs of all the people in the house. ' Mothercraft and Child Development ' teach the development of the modern family. This knowledge helps an individual to make satisfactory adjustments in marriage, parenthood and such situations involving the relationship with family members. The knowledge of the growth and development of children, involving also their care and guidance, is important. Provision is made for students to work with and observe children in a nursery school.

It may now appear that Home Science is just a hotch-potch, making a student " a jack of all trades and master of none." Well this is not true, for without adequate knowledge of the basic scientific principles, specialization is not possible.

Considering the concept of Home Science, the role of our women in the scheme for national development cannot be overlooked. Home Science equips each one of us for making contributions in the various social welfare schemes, either through some employment (as Home Science teachers, research and publicity workers), or as a voluntary worker. One can also contribute by building up a ' solid Home ' which is the unit on which society is built and it is the pride of every woman to give the country healthy, happy and responsible citizens. One of the objectives of the education of Home Science is to foster an interest for continued educational growth by keeping abreast of new developments and research findings.

The major role of Home Science is to prepare a student for the important profession of home-making. Now, very often it has been questioned as to how home-making can be a profession. Well, no one can deny the fact that home-making forms the major part of the lives of many women. It encompasses manifold activities and responsibilities which require extensive preparation, planning and managerial skill. In fact, home-making does fulfil the aims, requirements and functions of a profession.

Well then, let us distinguish between home-making and house-keeping. This is clarified by MacDonald in " Home-making — A Profession for Men and Women " in the following sentences — " Home-making is a creative calling. House-keeping enters into it as words make up a poem, but house-keeping is no more home-making than the dictionary is an epic. It is quite possible, under these definitions, to keep house and not make a home. Where physical rest and comfort are the highest objectives, mere house-keeping is the result. Where the ideal is not to make life easier but to make life better, we have the dynamic work of home-making as a professional status. Hence an able home-maker must also be a house-keeper ' par excellence.' "

The modern generation thinks and talks very fashionably of Home-Science only in terms of pies and puddings, interior decoration and flower-arrangement. It has almost become a craze to associate Home Science with these. But these definitely do not make up the whole concept of Home Science. It must be understood that a house with extravagant embellishments but with an unsympathetic housewife is as useless as a lovely car with rotten machinery. Mere outward show and decoration alone cannot compensate for the happiness and harmony experienced through the unity and effort of the family members. On the other hand, the charm of home-life is enhanced by such unity and effort. Moreover, the ability lies in maintaining peace and joy in the home while retaining an attractive appearance. An ideal home is a storehouse, a sanctuary of important values like love, co-operation, satisfaction and tranquillity. This fact must be realised for it is the essence of the study, its core and its nucleus. Accordingly, Catherine E. Beecher in 'A Treatise on Domestic Economy,' says, " There is no period in a young lady's life when she will not find such knowledge useful to herself and to others." In conclusion, it would be apt to repeat Milton's words,

" Nothing lovelier can be found in a woman than to study house-hold good."

HOW TO BAKE A CAKE

It will be appreciated by all mothers.

" Light oven ; get out bowl, spoons and ingredients. Grease pan, crack nuts. Remove 18 blocks and 7 toy autos from kitchen table.

" Measure 2 cups of flour ; remove Johnny's hands from flour ; wash flour off him. Measure one more cup of flour to replace flour on floor.

" Put flour, baking powder and salt in sifter. Get dust-pan and brush up pieces of bowl which Johnny knocked on floor. Get another bowl. Answer doorbell.

" Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from bowl. Wash Johnny. Get out egg. Answer phone. Take out greased pan. Remove ¼ inch salt from pan. Look for Johnny. Get another pan and grease it. Answer telephone.

" Return to kitchen and find Johnny ; remove his hands from bowl ; wash shortening etc. etc., off him. Take up greased pan and find ¼ inch layer of nutshells in it. Head for Johnny, who flees, knocking bowl off table.

" Wash kitchen floor. Wash table. Wash walls. Wash dishes. Call the baker. Go and rest.

Author Unknown.

THE FORMER STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Under the auspices of the Former Students Association, a meeting was held on Thursday the 8th September 1960 at Mount Carmel College. It was proposed at the meeting, that some concrete steps should be taken to contribute to the funds of the Institution. Many suggestions were put forth towards the same. One of them was taken up as the most feasible and that was to organise a benefit picture-show. We hope this will soon materialise.

RUKMANI RAMACHANDRAN
Secretary, F. S. A.



We again ask all Former Students to keep in touch with their Alma Mater, and to send literary articles for the College magazine. We are always happy to hear from you, so please, sit down and write that letter **Now** !

Some former students are teaching, others have gone for higher studies, while many of course are married.

Teaching : Sr. Jeanne Francoise, St. Teresa's, Chamarajpet, (Bangalore)
Joyce Saldanha, St. Joseph's Convent, Kolar
Rani Asirvadam, Nirmala High School, Vontikoppal (Mysore)

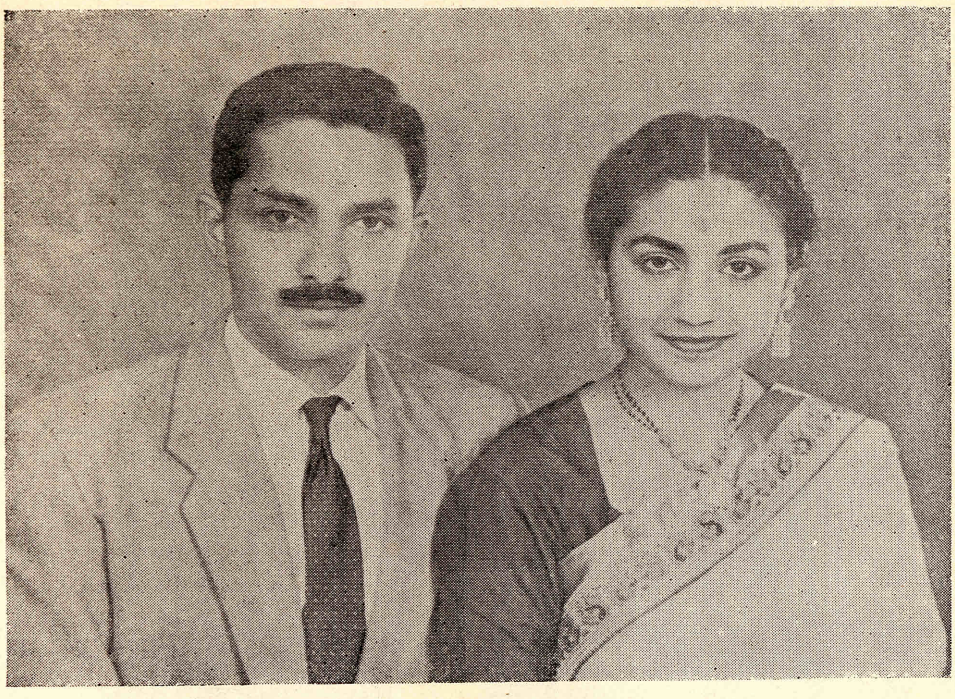
Commercial Course : Hazel Edwards, and Anna Mary Vimala (Madras)

Married : M. M. Leelavathy, Philomene David, M. S. Janaki, Uma Anan, Tahera Fazal, K. Jayalakshmi, Lily Pal, P. S. Sarcja, Jyotsna Kaikini, Jaweed Banu.

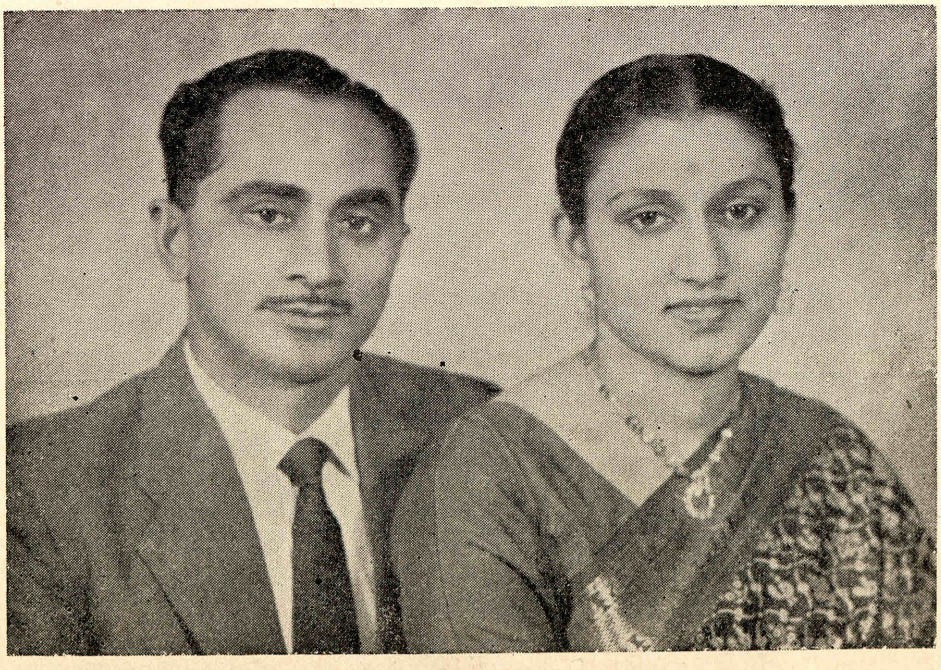
Working : Esme Coelho at the Glaxo Laboratories, Bombay

Studying : Deanna Syme, & Usha Reddy are doing their B.Ed. (Bangalore)
V. Prema, Economics M.A., (Mysore)

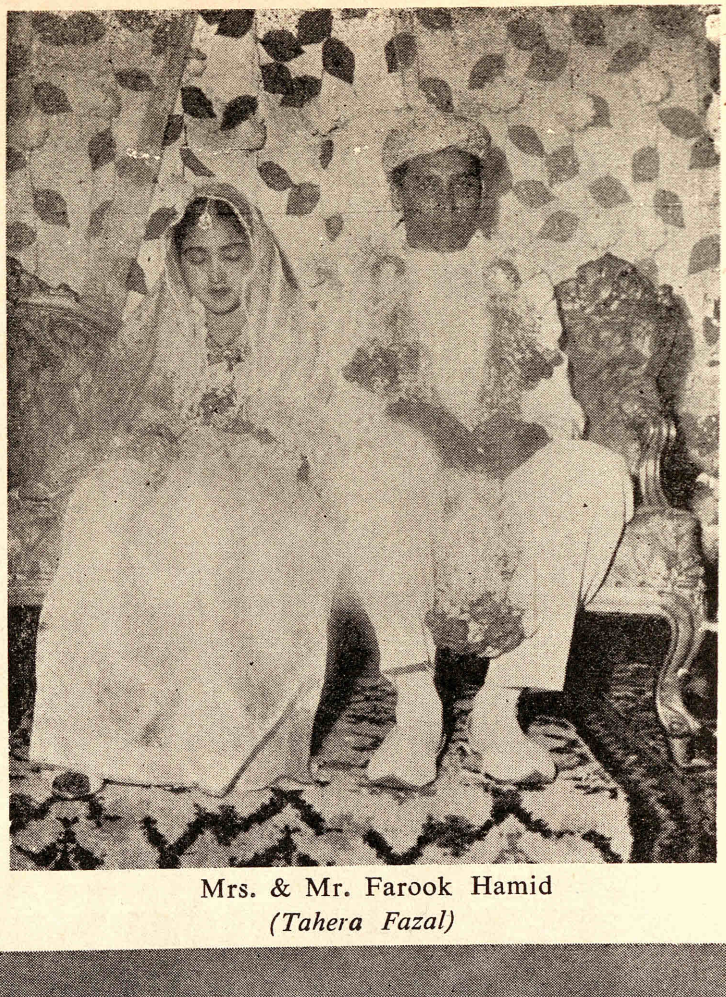
Congratulations, dear Students



Mrs. & Major B. C. Nanda
(Leela Madappa)



Mrs. & Major I. M. Appaiah
(M. S. Janaky)



Mrs. & Mr. Farook Hamid
(Tahera Fazal)

Mrs. & Mr. Taggarse
(Jyotsna Kaikini)

SHAKESPEARE ON HIS ILLS

Dissection : The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
(Julius Caesar)

Probing : He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
(Romeo and Juliet)

Wrong Operation : This was the most unkindest cut of all.
(Julius Caesar)

Specialists : When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.
(Hamlet)

Fever : One fire burns out another's burning ;
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.
(Romeo and Juliet)

Emergency Operations : Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved.
(Hamlet)

Surgery : There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
(Hamlet)

Visiting hours : A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
(Julius Caesar)

Contributed by — **M. S. SRIJAYA**
(Former Student)

Birds of India

It has been rightly said, that birds could exist without man, but that man would perish without the birds. The observation has been further amplified by the remark that "But for the plants the insects would perish, but for the insects the birds would perish; (and to follow the inexorable Laws of Nature), but for the plants the world would perish. " An impartial scrutiny of the facts shows that there is indeed little or no extravagance in either of the statements.

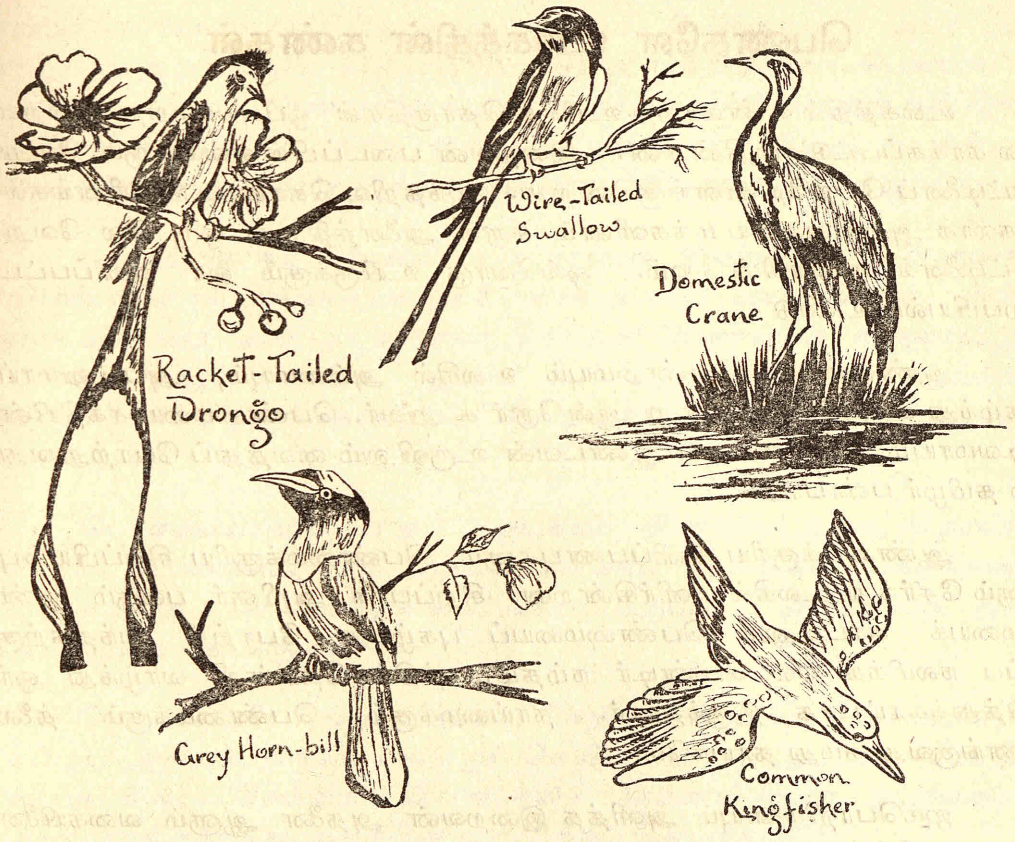
Birds are believed to have sprung from reptilian ancestors in bygone days. At first sight this appears a far-fetched notion. Cold-blooded reptiles seem to have little in common with our warm-blooded birds; but there is ample evidence and the studies of fossils too prove beyond doubt that such is the fact.

Birds are vertebrate, warm-blooded animals. The body temporature of birds, 100° F. to 112° F. is higher than that of most mammals. Birds can withstand great extremes of climate. Their rate of metabolism is greater than that of other mammals. The perfectly stream-lined spindle shaped body of a bird is designed to offer minimum resistance to the air and this goes a long way in facilitating friction-free aerial locomotion. The fore-limbs of birds have been envolved to serve as perfect organs of propulsion through the air. Of the senses, those of sight and hearing are most highly developed, that of smell is practically absent and that of taste is comparatively poor. In rapid accommodation of the eye, the bird surpasses all other creatures. As is popularly known, the eye of a bird can in a fraction of a second change itself from a telescope to a microscope.

For the safety of their eggs and young ones, birds build nests which may range from a single scrape in the ground, as of the Lapwing, to such elaborate structures as the compactly woven nest of the Weaver-bird. It is good always therefore, to bear in mind when studying birds, that their power of reasoning, their actions and behaviour cannot be judged by comparison with human standards and emotions.

There are various types of birds in India — Birds of the plains, Mountain birds and Migratory birds. The Indian home Crow is the most familar of the Indian birds. Another is the common House-Sparrow, whose noisy and incessant chirping is heard practically everywhere. The Wire-tailed Swallow is found in the Himalayas and in the Niligiris. We have also the Racket-tailed Drongo, the Jungle Babbler, the Tailor bird (a small restless olive-green bird), and the Koel which is famous for its sweet voice. The Owl and the Hawk Cuckoo are very rarely seen. Most of these birds feed on insects and fruits.

The Red-vented Bulbul and Red-whiskered Bulbul are found in hilly areas. The former is a fighter bird, while the latter is tame and confiding. A bird, brilliant yellow in colour with a jet-black head, is the Black-headed Oriole; it is arboreal by nature. This, and the White-eyed Baboona (a tiny square-tailed



greenish-yellow bird with a conspicuous white ring round the eye and a slender, slightly-pointed curved bill), are found practically throughout India, except in desert areas.

The subject of bird migration is one which is most interesting. These tit-bits —the so called unintelligent birds had solved the navigational problem which thousands of years ago were baffling man. The White Wag-tail arrives in September-October and departs in March or April. It breeds only in Kashmir and feeds on insects and gnats, its nesting season being from February to July. It is silvery white with metallic blue or black crest, with two long narrow ribbon-like feathers on the tail. A dainty grey bird is the domestic Crane. The brown-headed Gull is found in the Western and Eastern seas and in inland waters.

" The study of birds is most fascinating. It is shocking to realise how little a bird means to a common man. Today, with our minds wandering off to Science, Technology, submarines and Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles, we have but little time to spare for birds which are the most beautiful creatures of the earth.

'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush', that is how the famous saying goes, " but a bird in the bush is worth all the poetry and prose in the world ! "

PREM BHATIA
III B. Sc.

பெண்களே உலகத்தின் கண்கள்

உலகத்தில் எண்ணற்ற உயிர்த் தொகுதிகள் ஒப்புயர்வற்ற இறைவ னால் காக்கப்பட்டு வருகின்றன. இறைவன் படைப்பில் எவ்வுயிரும் வேறு பாட்டினைப் பெற்றே விளங்குகின்றது. ஐந்தறிவு கொண்ட உயிரினங்கள் முதலாக ஆறறிவுடைய மக்களினம் ஈறாக அனைத்திலும் ஒரு சில வேறு பாட்டினைக் காண்கின்றோம். ஒவ்வொரு உயிருக்கும் ஓர் தனிப்பட்ட சிறப்பியல்பு உண்டு

ஆண்மையும், பெண்மையும் உலகில் அம்மையும், அப்பனுமாய் திகழ்ந்து வருகின்றது என்று ஆன்றோர் கூறுவர். பெண்மையை சக்தியின் வடிவமாயும், ஆண்மையை ஆண்டவன் உருவிலும் வைத்துப் போற்றுவது நம் தமிழர் பண்பாடு.

ஆண்மைக்குரிய தனிப்பண்புகளும், பெண்மைக்குரிய சிறப்பியல்பு களும் சேர்ந்து உலகில் மிளிர்கின்றன. சிறப்பாக அறிஞர் பலரும் ஆண் மையைக் காட்டிலும் பெண்மையைப் புகழ்ந்து போற்றி வந்ததற்கு ஒப்ப நலமிக்க பல பெண்டிர் நம்தமிழகத்தில் தோன்றி வாழ்ந்து ஓர் எடுத்துக்காட்டாக இருந்தனர். தாய்மைக்கும், பெண்மைக்கும் தலை வணங்குவது நமது தாயகமே.

ஐம்பொறிகளையும் அளித்த இறைவன் அதனை ஆளும் வகையினை யும் அளித்தான். உறுப்புக்கள் அனைத்திலும் சிறந்தது கண்ணே. ஐம்புலன்களிலும் சிறந்தது கட்புலனே. அக்கண் வழிபெறும் அறிவே கருத்து வழியிற் சென்று, உறுப்புக்கள் அனைத்தனையும் செயலாற்றச் செய்கின்றது. அதைப்போலவே பெண்மை நலம் மிகுந்த பெண்டிரைக் கண்கள் எனக் கொண்டனர் நம் தாயகத்தோர்.

தாய்மையைப் போற்றிய தமிழ் முனிவர் திரு. வி. க. அவர்கள்,

" உலக மெல்லாம் உதிப்பிடந் தாய்மை
உதித்துத் தங்கி ஒழுகிடந் தாய்மை
கலையின் மூலம் கமழடந் தாய்மை
கடவுளர்பு சுரப்பிடந் தாய்மை " —

என்று இறைமையுடன் வைத்துப் பெண்மையைப் போற்றுகின்றார்.

பெண்ணை இழிவாகக் கூறுவோரிடம் திரு. வி. க. அவர்கள் கூறியவை .....

" பெண்ணைப் பேயெனப் பேசுதல் நன்றோ ?
பெரிய மாயை யென்றேசுதல் நன்றோ ? "

என்று பெண்கள் சார்பிலே வாதாடுகின்றார். பெண்மையை அவர் அவ் வாறு போற்றுதற்குரிய காரணம் எவையென சிந்திப்போம். பெண்மை — அமைதித் தன்மை, பெண்ணின் பெருமை தாய்மையால் வருவது என்கிறார். பெண்ணின் முடிந்த நிலை இறைமை என்கிறார். இறைமை என்றால் பொய், பொறாமை, அவா, சீற்றம், தன்னலம் இவற்றைக் கடந்து நிற்பது.

உலகத்தை நடு நிலையிலிருந்து காணும் இயல்புடைய வள்ளுவரும் "பெண்ணின் பெருந்தக்க யாவுள?" என்று கூறி வியக்கின்றார். இத்த கைய வியப்பை அவரிடம் விளையச் செய்தது பெண்ணின் உருவமன்று, பெண்மையெனும் பண்பே. இனிய பல அரும் பண்புகள் வாய்க்கப் பெற்றவர்களாக இருப்பதால்தான் பெண்கள் சிறந்தவர்களாகக் கருதப் படுகின்றனர்.

பெண்மையாவது யாது? அடக்கம், தியாகம், அழகு, தொண்டு என்பன. பெண்ணின் புற அழகை நோக்கிப் புலவர்கள் புகழ்ந்தனர் என்ற தவறான எண்ணத்தைச் சிலர் கொண்டிருப்பர். அது தவறு. இனி உள் அழகை நோக்குவம்.

தொல்காப்பியர், பெண்மையை செறிவும், நிறைவும், செம்மையும், செப்பும், அறிவும், திருவும் என்கிறார். செறிவு என்பது அடக்கம். நிறைவு என்பது நிறை. செம்மை என்பது மனம் கோணலின்மை. அறுவகைக் குற்றங்களைக் களைந்து அறத்தின் வழி நிற்கும் தெய்வீக நிலை.

செறிவு, நிறைவு, அருமை இம்மூன்றையும் கொண்ட பெண் யோகத் திலும், தவத்திலும் தன் மனத்தை அடக்கிய முனிவனை விடச் சிறந்த வள். செம்மை நெறி தவறாமல் தன்னைக் காத்து தன் மக்களைக் காத்து அனைத்தையும் ஆள்கின்றாள். அவளது ஆட்சிக்கு அரண் அவளது அரும் பண்புகளே.

"மங்கலம் என்ப மனைமாட்சி மற்றதன்
நன்கலம் நன்மக்கட் பேறு."

என்றார் வள்ளுவர்.

அறிவுடை மக்களைப் பெற்று, ஆளாக்குதல் தாயின் பொறுப்பே. மொழியை வளர்ப்பவளும் தாயே. தாய்மொழி என்று கூறுகின்றனரே அன்றி தந்தை மொழி என்று கூறுவோர் எவருமிலர்.

"கல்வியில்லாத பெண்கள் களர் நிலம்
அங்கு நல்ல புதல்வர்கள் விளைவதில்லை."

என்றும், புதல்வர்கள் விளைவதில்லை, புல் விளைந்திடும் என்றும் புரட்சிக் கவிஞர் கூறுகின்றார்.

பெண்டிரைப் பலர் கோழையர் என்று கூறுகின்றனர். "எல்லை நீத்த உலகங்கள் யாவும் என் சொல்லினுற் சுடுவேன்! அது தூயவன் வில்லின் ஆற்றற்கு மாசென்று வீசினேன்" என்று சீதை கூறிய பேச்சு கோழையின் பேச்சோ? பெண்மையின் சிறப்பு அறிந்தோர் அனைவரும் அதனைப் போற்றுவரே அன்றி தூற்றார். ஊனுடலை மட்டும் வளர்க்காது, உணர்வுடலையும் வளர்ப்பவள் அவளே.

தாயோடறு சுவை போம் தந்தையோடு கல்வி போம்
சேயொடு தான் பெற்ற செல்வம் போம்—தூயவுடன்
வந்தோன் மரிக்கில் செல்வம் போம் மனையெனிலோ
அந்தோ இவையெல்லாம் போம்"

என்பது நீதிநூற் பாடல்

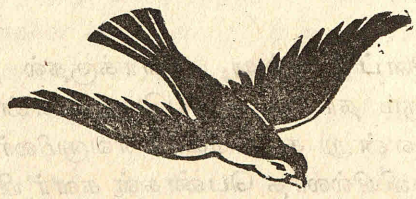
"அன்னை தையையும், அடியாள் பணியுமலர்ப்
பொன்னின் அழகும் புவிப் பொறையும் துன்னு மெழில்
வேசி துயிலும் விறல் மந்திரி மதியும்
பேசில் இவையுடையாள் பெண்."

என பெண்ணியல்பினைப் பலர் பலவாறு பாராட்டியுள்ளனர். ஆதலால் பாரதியார் கூறியது போல,

"பெண்மையாம் தெய்வீகமாம் காட்சியடா
விந்தையிலும் விந்தையடா"

என்ற தொடரின் பொருளைச் சிந்தித்து உணர்ந்தோர்க்கு, "உலகை வாழ்விக்கும் தாய்மைப் பெண்கள் உலகின் கண்கள்" என்பதில் சிறிதும் ஐயமே இல்லை.

C. R. RADHA
P.U.C.

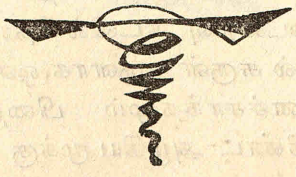


தமிழ்

கதிரவன் இன்னும் துயிலெழவில்லை. பறவைகள் விடுதலை கீதம் பாடி மகிழ்ந்து கொண்டிருந்தன. பூக்கள் பூத்து மலர்கள் மலர்ந்து வைரக் கற்களை யொத்த பனி நீரை தன்மீது தாறுமாறாக வாரியடித்துக்கொண்டு அழகு காட்டின. இனிய ஆற்று நீர் நீரை "தரமாட்டேன்" "தரமாட்டேன்" என இரைந்து கூறிக் கொண்டே ஓடின. மென்மைக்கும் தன்மைக்கும் விளக்கமாகிய பெண் பாவைகள் தண்ணீர்க் குடத்துடன் தோழிகள் புடை சூழ குளத்து நீரில் அமிழ்ந்து இன்பம் நாட எண்ணி வந்தனர். கலை மகளும் தோழிகள் புடை-சூழ குளித்தாள். பின்பு தூய்மையான வெண்ணிற பட்டை அணிந்து, தனது பிறை நெற்றியில் வண்ணச்சாந்தம் பொருத்தி, வண்டு விழிகளுக்கு மையிட்டு கெண்டை விழியாய் நீட்டி, காதுகளில் மின்னும் வைரத்தை கொண்டு செய்த தோடுகளையும், மாட்டல்களையும், அணிந்து கருமேகத்திடையே மின்னும் ஒளி வாய்ந்த மின்னல் போல் கருங்கூந்தல் நடுவே சுட்டியை அணிந்தாள். சுருள் கூந்தலை முடிந்து, வாச மலர்களை சூடினாள். கைகளில், முத்து, கோமேதகம் வைரங்களால் ஆன வளையல்களையும் கங்கணத்தையும் அணிந்தாள். இடுப்பில் ஒட்டியாணம் பூட்டி, காலில் சிலம்பு அணிந்து 'கலீர், கலீர்' என சிலம்பு பாட, காவியக்கண்கள் நாட்டியமாட, உடல் துவள இளங்கொடியென படைப்புக் கடவுள் தம் முன்னர் பணிந்தெழுந்தாள். அவர் கை, தலைமேற் செல்ல வாய் வாழ்த்தியது. அவர் இவளையும் வெல்லும்படியான அழகுடைய மகளை படைப்பேன் என உறுதி பூண்டார். "தேவர்களே வாருங்கள்" என விளித்து, உலகத்திலுள்ள இனிய பொருட்களையும், அழகிய பொருட்களையும் பார்த்து ஒவ்வொரு துளி எடுத்து வாருங்கள் என்றார். காற்றினும் கடுகி விரைந்தனர் தேவர்கள். யானையின் பிளிறல், குதிரையின் கனைப்பு, சிங்கத்தின் வீர முழக்கம், புலியின் கொடுமையான அழகு, கிளியின் மழலை, குயிலின் கூவல், மயிலின் ஆடல், தென்றலின் மென்மை, நீரின் குளுமை, மலரின் மணம், தேன், பால், முதலியவற்றின் இனிமை, அருவியின் இன்பம், மலையின் நேர்மை இன்னும் எல்லாவித இன்பங்களையும் சேகரித்து வந்தார்கள். இவற்றை யெல்லாம் திரட்டி, அழகுக்கடலில் இட்டனர். பின்பு அன்பு என்னும் மலையை மத்தாகக்கொண்டு, நீண்ட மென்மையான கொடிகளையும், மலர்க்காம்புகளையும் கயிறாகக்கொண்டு அழகுக்கடல் கடைந்தனர். தெய்வக் கன்னிகளே கடலை கடையும் பணியை மேற்கொண்டனர். சில நேரத்திற்குப்பிறகு ஓர் "அழகின் உறைவு" கடலில் தோன்றியது. அவளது நீண்ட கருங்கூந்தல் அலைகள் போல் சுருள் சுருளாக ஒளிரியது. அவளது நெற்றியும் நெற்றியிலுள்ள வண்ணச்சாந்தமும் பிறைத்திங்களையும் ரோகிணியையும் ஒத்தது. அவளது நீண்ட அழகிய மூக்கு அவளது விடுதலை மனப்

பான்மையையும், நுண்ணிய அறிவையும் எடுத்து காட்டும் ஓர் கருவியா யிருந்தது. அவள் செவ்வாய் அவளது இனிமையான தன்மையையும், அசைக்க முடியாத திட நம்பிக்கையையும் அறிவித்தது. தாழை மடல் போன்ற செவிகள் அழகை கூட்டின. வில்லை யொத்த புருவம் வீரத்தை காட்டியது. அவளது அகன்ற கண்களில் ஓடி விளையாடி இரு கரு விழிகள் காளையின் கர்வத்தையும் பசுவின் மென்மையையும், சாரலின் இனிமை யையும் கோபத்தில் படமெடுத்தாடும் கருநாகத்தின் அழகையும் ஒரே சமயத்தில் எடுத்துக்காட்டியது. தாழையின் தங்க நிறத்தையும், தாமரை யின் குருதி வண்ணத்தையும் கலந்த ஓர் அற்புத கலவை அவளது உடல் நிறம். நீண்ட காந்தன் மென்விரல்கள் ஒன்றை ஒன்று அணைக்க, தலை பண்பால் வணங்க, படைப்புக் கடவுள் முன்பு அவள் வந்து நின்றாள். படைப்புக்கடவுளோ, தன் கண்ணை தானும் நம்பாது வியப்புதோன்ற நின்றார். பின்னர் அவளை மலர்தூவிய பாதை வழியே கலைமகளிடம் அழைத்துச் சென்றார். கலைமகளோ இவ்வழகி கன்னியின் மென்மையும் இனிமையும் பார்வையிலேயே அறிந்து " தமிழே " என விளித்து அவளை ஆரத்தழுவினள். உலகமெங்கும் ஓர் இனிய சாரல் அடித்தது. தென்றல் மூழக்கம் செய்தது. பூக்கள் கை கொட்டி தலையாட்டி விளையாடியன. உலகமே ஓர் இனிய சூழ்நிலையிலிருக்கும் போது தமிழ் மகள், மக்கள் உலகத்தில் பொதிய மலைச்சாரலில் அகத்தியர் வாய் மூலம் வந்து நட மாடத்துவங்கினாள். கலைமகளைத் தழுவிய தமிழ்க்கன்னி யாதலால் அவள் தமிழை ஊன்றி, ஊன்றி, தமிழிலேயே அமிழ்ந்து படித்த புலவர்களுக்கே இனிமை என்னும் அவையை அளிப்பாள். ஆழ்ந்த நீரோட்டம் போலல் லாது, தமிழைக்கற்கும் எவருக்கும் அவள் இனிமை தரமாட்டாள். ஆத லால் தான் தமிழ் என்றாலே இனிமை என அறியாது தமிழைத் தவிர்த்து தாய் மொழியை விடுத்து பிற மொழியைக் கற்கும் பேய்த்தன்மை வாய்ந் தவர் நம் நமிழ் நாட்டில் கணக்கிலர். செல்வச் சீமாட்டி ஆன நம் தமிழ் மகள் இன்று தமிழ் அரியாசனத்தை இழந்து வாடுகிறாள். அவள் மீண்டும் அவளது பழைய நிலையை அடைய நாம்தானே வலிய உதவவேண்டும். அது ஒவ்வொரு தமிழனுக்கும் தமிழச்சிக்கும் கடமையாய கடமை.

R. KAMALA
P.U.C.



ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜಸಾಗರ ಜಲಾಶಯ

KRISHNARAJASAGAR DAM

ಆಧುನಿಕ ಮೈಸೂರು ನಿರ್ಮಾಪಕರ ಶ್ರೇಣಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಗ್ರಗಣ್ಯರಾದ ಶತಾಯು ಸರ್. ಮೋಕ್ಷಗುಂಡಂ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ಕೇಳದಿರುವವರು ನಮ್ಮ ದೇಶದಲ್ಲೇ ಏಕೆ, ಹೊರದೇಶದಲ್ಲೂ ಅತಿ ವಿರಳ. ೧೯೧೨ ರಿಂದ ೧೯೧೮ರ ವರೆವಿಗೆ ಈ ಸಂಸ್ಥಾನದ ದಿವಾನ್ ಪದವಿಯನ್ನು ಅಲಂಕರಿಸಿದ್ದಾಗ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರದ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ, ನೀರಾವರಿ ಕೆಲಸಗಳು, ರೈಲುದಾರಿಗಳು ಇವುಗಳ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿ ಕೆಲಸಗಳ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಇವರು ತೋರಿಸಿದ ಶ್ರದ್ಧೆ ಮತ್ತು ಉತ್ಸಾಹ ಚಿರ ಸ್ಮರಣೀಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಸಾಗರದ ಯೋಜನೆಯನ್ನು ' ಮೈಸೂರು ಹುಲಿ ' ಎನಿಸಿದ ಟಿಪ್ಪುವೇ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದನಾದರೂ ಅವನ್ನು ಕಾರ್ಯರೂಪಕ್ಕೆ ಅಂದು ತರಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರು ಅದನ್ನು ಬಹಳ ಸುಂದರ ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾರ್ಯಗತ ಮಾಡಿದರು.

ಸುಮಾರು ಐವತ್ತು ಚದರ ಮೈಲಿಗಳ ವಿಸ್ತೀರ್ಣವುಳ್ಳ ಪ್ರದೇಶವನ್ನು ಆವರಿಸಿರುವ " ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜ ಸಾಗರ " ಅದ್ಭುತ ಜಲಾಶಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೊಡನೆಯೇ ಎಂತಹವರಿಗಾದರೂ ಅದನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿದ ಮಹಾನುಭಾವರ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯ ವೈಶಾಲ್ಯವು ಎಷ್ಟೆಂಬುದು ಸೂಚಿತವಾಗದಿರದು. ಈ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾಶಾಲಿಯಾದ ಮಹಾಶಯರೇ ಸರ್. ಎಂ. ವಿ. ರವರು. ಈ ಸಾಗರದ ಅಣೆಕಟ್ಟು ೧೫೦ ಅಡಿ ಎತ್ತರವಿದೆ. ಇದರ ಒಳಗಡೆ ೪೧,೫೦೦,೦೦ ಘನ ಅಡಿಗಳಷ್ಟು ನೀರನ್ನು ಶೇಖರಿಸಬಹುದು. ಈ ಕೌಶಲ್ಯದ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಎರಡೂವರೆ ಕೋಟಿ ರೂಪಾಯಿ ವೆಚ್ಚವಾಯಿತು. ಜನರಿಂದ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಆಕ್ಷೇಪಣೆಗಳು ಬಂದರೂ ಅಳುಕದೆ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರು ದಿಟ್ಟತನದಿಂದ ಸಾಧಿಸಿದ ಈ ಕೆಲಸವು ಇವರ ಯಶಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಆಚಂದ್ರಾರ್ಕವಾಗಿರುವಂತೆ ಮಾಡಿದೆ ಎಂದರೆ ಅತಿಶಯೋಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಲಾರದು. ಈ ಮಹಾ ಪುರುಷನ ಕೆಚ್ಚೆದೆ, ಛಲ ಮತ್ತು ಧೈರ್ಯ ಸಾಹಸಗಳೇ ಭರತ ಖಂಡದಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮೊದಲಬಾರಿ ಅಷ್ಟು ದೊಡ್ಡದಾದ ಜಲಾಶಯವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿದ ಕೀರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮ ನಾಡಿಗೆ ತರಲು ಕಾರಣವಾದುವು.

ನಮ್ಮ ಮೈಸೂರು ದೇಶವು ಸರ್ವತೋಮುಖವಾದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿ ' ಮೂದರಿಯ ನಾಡು ' ಎಂಬ ಕೀರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯಲು ಸಹಾಯಮಾಡಿದ ಈ ಜಲಾಶಯದಿಂದ ಅಪಾರವಾಗಿ ಜನಸಾಮಾನ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಉಪಯೋಗವಾಗುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಈ ಜಲಾಶಯದಿಂದ ಆಗುತ್ತಿರುವ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವನ್ನು ಸೂಚಿಸುವಂತೆ ಇದರ ಕಟ್ಟೆಯ ಗೋಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಗೂಡು ಮಾಡಲ್ಪಟ್ಟು ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಬಹು ಚಮತ್ಕಾರವಾಗಿ ಕೆತ್ತಲ್ಪಟ್ಟು ಕಾವೇರಿ ಮಾತೆಯ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯು ಸ್ಥಾಪಿತವಾಗಿದೆ. ಆಕೆಯು ತನ್ನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಪವಿತ್ರವಾದ ಕಳಶದಿಂದ ಕಷ್ಟಪಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಜನಗಳಿಗೆ, ಬಹಳ ಕರುಣೆಯಿಂದ ನಿರಂತರವೂ ಅಮೃತದಂತಿರುವ ನೀರನ್ನು ದಯಪಾಲಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವಳು. ಈ ದಿವ್ಯಮೂರ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೊಡನೆಯೇ ಎಂತಹ ನಾಸ್ತಿಕನಾದರೂ ಆ ದೇವಿಯ ದೇವತಾ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ, ಕಾರುಣ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ತಲೆಬಾಗದಿರನು. ಇವರ ಅನಂತರದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಪದವಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ಸರ್. ಮಿರ್ಜಾ, ಎಂ. ಇಸ್ಮಾಯಿಲ್‌ರವರು ಈ ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜಸಾಗರದ ಉಪಯುಕ್ತತೆಯನ್ನು ದ್ವಿಗುಣಗೊಳಿಸಿದರು. ಸುಮಾರು ಎರಡು ಕೋಟಿ ರೂಪಾಯಿಗಳ ವೆಚ್ಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಇದರಿಂದ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯ ನಾಲೆಯನ್ನು ಏರ್ಪಡಿಸಿ ೧೨೦,೦೦೦ ಏಕರೆಗಳ ಭೂಸ್ಥಿತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ನೀರನ್ನು ಒದಗಿಸುವ ಏರ್ಪಾಡನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಇದರ ಪರಿಣಾಮವಾಗಿ ಅನೇಕ ಬೆಂಗಾಡು ಪ್ರದೇಶವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಪಚ್ಚೆಯ ಹಸಿನಂತೆ ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುವುದಲ್ಲದೆ ಉತ್ಕೃಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಕಬ್ಬನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆದು ಮಂಡ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಕ್ಕರೆ ಕಾರ್ಖಾನೆಯೊಂದನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸುವಂತಾಯಿತು. ಹೀಗೆ ಈ ನಾಲೆಯಿಂದ ಕೃಷಿ ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲದೆ ಕೈಗಾರಿಕೆಯೂ ಮುಂದುವರೆದು ಸಹಸ್ರಾರು ಮಂದಿಗೆ ಉದ್ಯೋಗ ಲಭಿಸಿತು.

ಈ ರೀತಿ ದೇಶದ ಸಂಪತ್ತನ್ನು ಅಧಿಕಗೊಳಿಸುವುದರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜ ಸಾಗರವು ರಮಣೀಯವಾದ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಕ್ಕೂ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದು ದಿನಂಪ್ರತಿ ನೂರಾರು ಮಂದಿ ಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷಕರನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುತ್ತಿದೇ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ ಜಲಶಯದ ಹಿಂಭಾಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನಯನ ಮನೋಹರವಾಗಿ ರಾರಾಜಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ಬೃಂದಾವನವೆಂಬ ಉದ್ಯಾನವನ. ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜ ಸಾಗರದ ತೂಬುಗಳಿಂದ ಬಹಳ ರಭಸವಾಗಿ ಬರುವ ನೀರು ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲು ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುತ್ತಾ ಬುಗ್ಗೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿಮ್ಮುತ್ತಾ, ಚಿಲುಮೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಗೆದಾಡುತ್ತಾ ಇರುವ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದೊಂದಿಗೆ ವಿಧವಿಧವಾದ ಬಣ್ಣದ ವಿದ್ಯುಚ್ಛಕ್ತಿಯ ಬೆಳಕು ನೀರಿನೊಳಗೆ ವರ್ಣನಾತೀತವಾದ ಸೊಬಗನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಿ ಮನೋಹರವಾಗಿ ಕಾಣುವಂತೆ ಯೋಜನೆಗೊಳಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಎಂತಹ ನೋಟಕರೂ ಒಡನೆಯೇ ಮುಗ್ಧರಾಗುವರು. ಈ ಚಿಲುಮೆಗಳಿಂದ ನೀರು ಎತ್ತರವಾಗಿ ಚಿಮ್ಮುತ್ತಾ ಪುಟ್ಟಮಕ್ಕಳು ಹೊಸ ಆಟದ ಸಾಮಾನಿನೊಡನೆ ಆಟವಾಡುವಂತೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಬೆಳಕಿನೊಡನೆ ಆಡವಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ಮೇಲಕ್ಕೇರಿದ ನೀರು ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು ಚುಂಬಿಸಲಾಗದೆ ನಾಚಿ ಪುನಃ ಕೆಳಕ್ಕೆ ಇಳಿಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಒಡನೆಯೇ ಮೊದಲಿನಂತೆ ಧೈರ್ಯಗೂಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಮರಳಿ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಪಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷಕರು ಮನಸೋತು ಇದು ಇಹಲೋಕದ ದೃಶ್ಯವೆಂಬುದನ್ನೇ ಮರೆತು, ನಮ್ಮ ಪುರಾಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬರುವ ದೇವೇಂದ್ರನ ನಂದನವನವೋ ಎಂದು ಭ್ರಾಂತರಾಗುವರು. ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಾಭಿಮಾನಿಗಳಿಗೂ ರಸಿಕರಿಗೂ ಈ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದೊಡನೆಯೇ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿಯುದಿಸಿ ಆಹ್ಲಾದಿತರಾಗುವರು. ಕಲಾಭಿಮಾನಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಲಾದೇವಿಯೇ ಮೂರ್ತೀಭವಿಸಿದಂತಾಗುವುದು. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಿಗಳೂ ಇದರ ನಿರ್ಮಾಪಕನ ಮೇಧಾಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಮೆಚ್ಚಿ ತಲೆದೂಗುವರು.

ಇದರ ಸೊಬಗನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಲಕ್ಷಾಂತರ ಮಂದಿ ಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷಕರು ಬಂದು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ವಿದೇಶಗಳಿಂದ ಬಂದ ಸುಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ ವಿದ್ವಾಂಸರಿಂದಲೂ, ಅನೇಕ ಗಣ್ಯ ಪ್ರಮುಖರಿಂದಲೂ ಈ ಜಲಾಶಯವೂ ಮತ್ತು ಬೃಂದಾವನವೂ ಗಳಿಸಿರುವ ಶ್ಲಾಘನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಪಾರವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. "ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜಸಾಗರದ ಬಳಿಯ ಉದ್ಯಾನವನ ಮತ್ತು ಜಲಯಂತ್ರದೊಡನೆ ವರ್ಸೇಲ್ಸ್ ನಗರದವುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೂಡಾ ಹೋಲಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ." ಎಂಬುದಾಗಿಯೂ "ಬೃಂದಾವನದ ದೃಶ್ಯವು ಮನಮೋಹಕವೂ, ಅದ್ಭುತವೂ, ಆನಂದದಾಯಕವೂ, ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯಕರವೂ ಆಗಿದ್ದು ಅದನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ನೋಡಿದರೂ ತೃಪ್ತಿಯಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ" ವೆಂದೂ "ಬೃಂದಾವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಶೋಭಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವ ಸುಂದರ ದೃಶ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಇಂದ್ರ ಜಾಲವೇ ನಿರ್ಮಿತವಾದಂತಿದೆ" ಎಂಬುದಾಗಿಯೂ ಹೇಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವ ಈ ಅಸಾಧಾರಣವಾದ ಕಲಾಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಹೊಗಳಿದರೂ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪವೇ ಆಗುವುದು. ಇಂತಹ ಅಪ್ರತಿಮ ಸಾಧನೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಂಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿರುವುದು ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರೆಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಒಂದು ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯ ವಿಷಯವಲ್ಲವೇ !

Y. UMA DEVI
II B.A.

ನಗೆಹನಿ

ಒಬ್ಬಂಡಿಗನಾಗಿ ಬಂದ ರೋಗಿ : ಸ್ವಾಮಿ, ನನಗೆ ಒಬ್ಬರು ಇಬ್ಬರಾಗಿ ಕಾಣಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ.

ಕಣ್ಣು ಡಾಕ್ಟರು : ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಮೂವರೇಕೆ ಬಂದಿದೀರಿ ? ಒಬ್ಬರೇ ಬಂದಿದ್ದರೆ ಸಾಕಿತ್ತಲ್ಲ !

M. K. GEETHANJALI
P.U.C.

ಮಧುರ ಪ್ರೇಮ

SWEET LOVE

ಅಂದು ನಲ್ಲೆ ನೀನು ಬರಲು
ಮನದ ಮುಸುಕು ಸರಿಯಿತು.
ಕಲೆಯ ಬೆಡಗ ತೋರಿ ನಿಲ್ಲೆ
ಬಾಳು ಬೆಳಗಿ ಮಿಂಚಿತು.

ನಿನ್ನ ನವಿಲ ನಡಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲೆ
ವನವನೆಲ್ಲ ಸುತ್ತಿಬಂದೆ
ನಿನ್ನ ಕಲೆಯ ರಾಗದಲ್ಲೆ
ಮನವನೆಲ್ಲ ಸೂರೆಗೊಂಡೆ.

ಬಳುಕಿಬಾಗಿ, ನಿರಿಯ ಚಿಮ್ಮಿ
ಬಳಿಗೆ ಬಂದು ನನ್ನನೆಮ್ಮಿ
ಬರಡು ಹೃದಯ ತುಂಬಿನಿಂತೆ
ಅರಿತು, ಮಧುರ ಪ್ರೇಮದಿಂದೆ.

R. N. PARIMALA RAO
I B.Sc.

ನಿಷ್ಪ್ರಯೋಜಕವಾದ ಜಲ

USELESS WATER

ನಾನೊಂದು ವಸತಿ ಗೃಹದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾರ್ಯಾಂತರವಾಗಿ ತಂಗಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಹತ್ತಿರವಿದ್ದ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಬಿಸಿ ನೀರಿನ ನಳದ ಬದಿಯಲ್ಲೂ "Useless Water" ಎಂದು ಬರೆದಿದ್ದರೇ ವಿನಃ 'Useful Water' ಎಂದು ಎಲ್ಲೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದ ಕಾರಣ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ ದೂರವಿದ್ದ ಮುಖ್ಯ ನಳದ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಹೋಗಿ ಬಿಸಿ ನೀರು ತರಬೇಕಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಸೇವಕನ ಬಳಿ ಇದರ ಕಾರಣ ಕೇಳಿದೆ. 'ಸಾಮಿ, ಅದು 'Useless Water'ರೀ ವಿನಃ 'Useless Water' ಅಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಜನರು ಈ ಚಳಿಗಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲದಕ್ಕೂ ಬಿಸಿ ನೀರನ್ನೇ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಾರೆಂದು ಈ ರೀತಿ ಬರೆದಿದೆ,' ಎಂದ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನಾನು ಮನದಣಿಯೆ ನಕ್ಕೆ.

K. PADMAKUMARI
P.U.C.

ಸವಿ ನೆನಪು

SWEET REMINISCENCE

ಹಲವು ವರುಷದ ಹಿಂದೆ
ನಾನೊಂದು ಹಸುಗೂಸು ಆಗಿದ್ದೆ.

ಜನ್ಮಜಂಜಡವ ಮನ ಅರಿಯದೆಯೆ
ಕನಸೆಂಬ ಕಾಡಿನಲಿ ನೆನಪು ಸುಳಿಯದೆಯೆ
ಸೂರ್ಯ ಚಂದ್ರರ ಸ್ನೇಹ ಹೊರತಲ್ಲದೇನೂ
ಕ್ರೂರ ಮೃಗ ಘೋರನರರ ಅರಿಯದೇನೂ

ನಾಬುವಿಗೆ ಬಂದೆ, ನಾಕಾಣೆನೊಂದೂ
ನನ್ನೆಳೆಯ ಹೊಳಪು ಕಣ್ಣು ವಿನುಗುತಿತ್ತು.
ತಾಯ ಮೊಗದೊಳು ನಗುವು ಅಲ್ಲದೇನು !
ಹಾಯಾಗಿ ಮಲಗಿರುವುದಲ್ಲ ದಿನ್ನೇನು !

ಕಷ್ಟವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ವರುಷ ಕಳೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲವೆ ಏನು ?
ನಷ್ಟ ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಕಾಣೆ ಹೆತ್ತವರಿಗಲ್ಲವು.
ಹಾಡಿ ತೂಗುವ ರಾಗೆ ಒಂದಲ್ಲದೇ
ರೂಢಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತೆನಗೆ ಬೇರಿಲ್ಲವು.

ಹಾಲುಹಣ್ಣಿನ ಪಾಲು ನನಗಲ್ಲದೇ
ಕಾಲ ಕಷ್ಟದ ಪಾಲು ನನಗಿಲ್ಲವು.
ಎಳೆಯ ಎಳೆ ನೆನಹು ಹಳೆಯದಾಗಿಹುದು
ಕಳೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆಯೆ ಇಳಿದು ನಿಂತಿಹುದು.

ಭಾವನೆಯ ಸೌಧಕ್ಕೆ ಭಂಗ ಬಂದಿಹುದು
ಭಾವನಾ ತರಂಗಗಳು ಬಳಿಯಿಲ್ಲದಿಹುದು.
ಸಾಕಲಿಲ್ಲವೆ ತಾಯಿ ತಂದೆಯರು ಎನ್ನ
ಸಾಕೆನಗೆ ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯ ಮೇರು ಮುನ್ನ.

M. R. SUGANDHI
P.U.C.

ಊಟಿ — OOTY

ಹೌದು ! ಹೌದು !! ನಿಜ, ದಿನ ಬಂದೇ ಬಂತು !!! ನಾವು ಹೊರಟಿವು. ನಾವು ಕುಳಿತಮೇಲೆ ಅದು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಸಿಳ್ಳು ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾ ಮುಂದೆ ಓಡಿತು. ಒಂದು ದಿನದ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಮುಗಿಯಿತು. ನಾನು ಮಲಗಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೆ. ' ಚಾಯ್ ಗರಂ ಚಾಯ್ ಗರಂ ' ಎಂದು ಕೂಗಿದ್ದು ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ಆಗಲೇ ಕೊಯಮತ್ತೂರು ಬಂದಿತ್ತು. ಸಂಭ್ರಮದಿಂದ ಇಳಿದು ಮುಂದಿನ ರೈಲನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿದೆವು. ನಂತರ ನುತ್ತೊಂದು ರೈಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಿದೆವು. ಅರೆ ! ಇದೇನು ? ನಾನು ಇಂಥ ರೈಲನ್ನೇ ನೋಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ ! ಮೂರು ಗಾಲಿಗಳಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿ ಪಲ್ಲಕ್ಕಿಯಂತೆ ಇತ್ತು. ಇಂಜಿನ್ ಹಿಂದೆ ಇದ್ದು ಗಾಡಿ ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಗುಡ್ಡವನ್ನು ಹತ್ತುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತುಮೂರು ಗುಹೆಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯದಿಂದ ಹೋಗಬೇಕು. ಆ ಗುಹೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಗುವಾಗ ಕತ್ತಲೆಯ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿನ್ನದ ಕಿಡಿ ಹಾರುವಹಾಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ರೈಲು ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಕಿಡಿಯನ್ನು ಕಾರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಮುಂದೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಾ ನಾವು ಭೂಮಿಗೆ ಬಹಳ ಎತ್ತರದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದೆವು. ಕೆಳಗೆ ದಟ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳೆದಿದ್ದ ಹಸಿರು ಎಲೆಯ ಕಾಡು. ಅದು ಭೂದೇವಿಯ ಮೈಮುಚ್ಚಿದ್ದ ದುಕೂಲದಂತಿತ್ತು. ಅಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಅರಳಿದ್ದ ಬಣ್ಣದ ಹೂಗಳು ಅವಳ ಸೀರೆಯ ಸೆರಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಣೆದಂತೆ ಭಾಸವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಇದೇನು ? ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯ ! ಬಿಳಿಯ ಸೈನೀಕರು ನಮ್ಮ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಧಾವಿಸಿ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ.! ಅವರು ಯುದ್ಧಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಿರಬಹುದೇ ? ಅಥವಾ ಊಟಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಬಂದಿರಬಹುದೇ ? ನಮ್ಮ ರೈಲು ಅವರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅವರೆಡೆ ಮುನ್ನುಗಿತ್ತು ; ನಮಗೆಲ್ಲ ಎಚ್ಚರಿಕೆ ಕೊಡಲೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಕಹಳೆಯ ಕೂಗು ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ನನಗೆ ಭಯವಾದರೂ ನಾನು ಅವರನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಲು ಸಿದ್ಧಳಾಗಿ ಕುಳಿತೆ. ಬಂದೇಬಿಟ್ಟರು ! ಇದೋ ! ನಮ್ಮ ಗಾಡಿಗೇ ನುಗ್ಗಿದರು. ಆನಂದದಿಂದ ಅವರನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದನೆಂದು ಮುಷ್ಟಿ ಬಿಗಿದು ' ಎಂತಹ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದೇನೆ ' ಎಂದು ಕೈ ತೆಗೆದೆ. ಆದರೆ, ಸೈನಿಕರು ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋದರು ? ಮುಂದಿನ ಗಾಡಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದರು. ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿ ನೋಡಿದೆ, ಆಗ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು — ಅವರು ಸೈನಿಕರಲ್ಲ, ಬಿಳಿಯ ಹಿಮ ಎಂದು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಲಿ, ಕೂಲಿ ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ನೋಡಿದರೆ ರೈಲು ಊಟಿ ತಲುಪಿತ್ತು.

ಹೋಟಿಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಊಟಮಾಡಿ ಊರು ನೋಡಲು ಹೊರಟಿವು. ' ಬೊಟಾನಿಕಲ್ ಗಾರ್ಡನ್ಸ್ ' (Botanical Gardens) ಆಹಾ ! ಎಷ್ಟು ರಮ್ಯ ! ನೆಲದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹಸಿರು ರತ್ನಕಂಬಳಿ ಹಾಸಿದಂತೆ ಬಿಗುರು ಹುಲ್ಲು ಹದವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳೆದಿತ್ತು. ಅದೋ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ! ಇದೋ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ! ಯಾವಕಡೆ ಮೊದಲು ನೋಡಲಿ ? ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಮನೋಹರವಾಗಿ ಬಣ್ಣ ಬಣ್ಣದ ದಳಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿ, ಕಂಪನ್ನು ಚೆಲ್ಲುತ್ತಾ, ಬಂದವರನ್ನು ತಲೆಬಾಗಿ ಸ್ವಾಗತಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದುವು, ಆ ಹೂಗಳು. ನಾನೂ ಸಹ ಹೂ ಆಗಿದ್ದರೆ ? ಆ ಸೌಭಾಗ್ಯ ನನ್ನ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಇಲ್ಲವೆಲ್ಲಾ !

ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಗುಡ್ಡದ ಮೇಲೆ ಆರು ಅಡಿ ಉದ್ದ ಇರುವ ತೋಡ ಜನರನ್ನೂ, ತೆವಳಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗಬೇಕಾಗಿರುವ ಚಿಕ್ಕದ್ವಾರದ ಒಂದೇ ಕೊಠಡಿಯ ಅವರ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಮನೆಗಳನ್ನೂ ನೋಡಿದೆವು. ಊಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಐದು ದಿನಗಳಿದ್ದು ನಂತರ ಬಳಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ಇರುವ ' ಕೂನೂರ್ ' ಗೆ ಹೋದೆವು.

ಕೂನೂರಿನಲಿ ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಉದಾನವನ ! ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಬಂಡೆಯ ಮೇಲಿನಿಂದ ನೀರು ರಭಸವಾಗಿ ಹಸಿದ ಸಿಂಹವು ಕುರಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಘರ್ಜಿಸುವಂತೆ ಘರ್ಜಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಬೀಳುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೀರಿದನಂತರ ಊಟಿಗೆ ಮರಳಿದೆವು.

ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆಯವರ ರಜ ಮುಗಿದಿತ್ತು. ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ಬರುವಾಗ ಆ ಹೂಗಳು ಮೊದಲಿನಂತೆ ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಬೀಳ್ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದುವು. ನನ್ನ ಮುಖ ಬಾಡಿತು. ಭಾರವಾದ ಹೃದಯದಿಂದ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿದೆ. ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದವಳು ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದೇ. ಮತ್ತೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗುವ ಸುದಿನ ಎಂದು ಬಂದೀತು ಎಂದು ಕಾದಿದ್ದೇನೆ.

K. GEETHA PAI
P.U.C.

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ಶ್ವಾನಾನುಭವ

A DOG'S EXPERIENCE

ಮಾತೃ ಉದರದಿಂದ ಹೊರಬಂದ ನನಗೆ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಎರಡು ದಿನಗಳು ಬೇಕಾದುವು. ನನ್ನೊಡನೆ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಸಹೋದರಿಯರೂ, ಒಬ್ಬ ಸಹೋದರನೂ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು ಒಬ್ಬ ಬಡ ನೇಕಾರನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ; ಆದರೂ ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಸುಖವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸಿದೆ. ಹಸಿವಾದಾಗ ಕೂಗುವದನ್ನುಳಿದು ಮತ್ತೇನೂ ನನಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಮ್ಮ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಒಂದು ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಲಗಿಸಿದಳು. ಕಾಲಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದು ಹಾಲೂಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಆಗಾಗ ನಮ್ಮೊಡನೆ ಆಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಐದಾರು ದಿನಗಳಾಗುತ್ತಲೇ ನನ್ನ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಸಹೋದರಿಯರ ನಾಪತ್ತೆ ನನ್ನ ಗಮನಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂತು. ಅವರ ಅಗಲುವಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ನನಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಕಳವಳವಾದರೂ ಸಹಿಸಿಕೊಂಡೆ. ಎರಡು ಮೂರು ದಿನಗಳನಂತರ ನನ್ನ ಸಹೋದರಿಯರು ನೀರಿನ ಪಾಲಾಗಿದ್ದರೆಂಬುದು ನನಗೆ ತಿಳಿದು ಬಂತು. ಒಂದು ತಿಂಗಳವರೆವಿಗೆ ನನಗೆ ತಾಯ ಹಾಲು ಹೊರತು ಇನ್ನಾವ ಆಹಾರವೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೂ ದಷ್ಟಪುಷ್ಟನಾಗಿ ಬೆಳೆದಿದ್ದೆ. ಕೊನೆಗೊಂದು ದಿನ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ವಾತಾವರಣವನ್ನು ತ್ಯಜಿಸಬೇಕಾಗಿ ಬಂತು. ಮಾತೆಯ ಅಗಲುವಿಕೆ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ವಿಶೇಷ ಪರಿಣಾಮವನ್ನುಂಟು ಮಾಡಿತು.

ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಹುಡುಗಿಯೊಬ್ಬಳು ನನ್ನೆತ್ತಿಕೊಂಡು ಒಂದು ಮನೆಗೆ ತಂದುಬಿಟ್ಟಳು. ನನಗೆ ಬಹಳ ದುಃಖವಾಯಿತು. ಬಂದ ದಿನ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನನಗೆ ಬಲವಂತವಾಗಿ ಸ್ನಾನಮಾಡಿಸಿದರು. ಚಳಿಯಿಂದ ನಡುಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ದುಂಡುಮುಖದ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಹುಡುಗಿಯೊಬ್ಬಳು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಒಲೆಯಬಳಿ ಕುಳ್ಳಿರಿಸಿದಳು. ಚಳಿಯಿಂದ ಚೇತರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗಲೇ ಬಿಸಿ ಹಾಲಿನ ಸರಬರಾಯಿ ಆಯಿತು. ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಕುಡಿದೆ. ಆಗಾಗ ಅಮ್ಮನ ನೆನಪು ಮರುಕಳಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು ; ವತಾನವಾಗಿ ದುಃಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಕ್ಷಣಮಾತ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮರೆಯುವ ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶ ಇಲ್ಲಿತ್ತು. ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಆದರದಿಂದ ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದರು. ಹೊತ್ತು ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ರುಚಿಕರವಾದ ಹಾಲು ಸಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಮೊದಲ ದಿನ ಸ್ಥಳಿದ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಯಿಂದಲೋ ಏನೋ ನಾನರಿಯೆ, ಇಡೀ ರಾತ್ರಿ ನಿದ್ದೆ ಬರದೆ ಮುಲುಗುತ್ತಾ ಮಲಗಿದ್ದೆ ; ಹಾಗೇ ಬೆಳಗಾಯಿತು.

ಈ ಮನೆಯ ಕೋಣೆಗಳ ಪರಿಚಯ ಇನ್ನೂ ನನಗಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಎಡವುತ್ತ ಬೀಳುತ್ತಾ ಅಡಿಗೆಯ ಮನೆಯತ್ತ ಸಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಅದೇ ಆ ದುಂಡು ಮುಖದ ಹುಡುಗಿ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಬೆತ್ತ ತೆಗೆದು ಒಂದೇಟನ್ನು ಬಿಗಿದಳು. ಹುಟ್ಟಿದಂದಿನಿಂದ ಅಂತಹ ಪೆಟ್ಟನ್ನು ಯಾರಿಂದಲೂ ಹೊಡೆಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ನೋವಿನಿಂದ ನರಳುತ್ತ ಹೊರಹೊರಟೆ. ನನಗೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಿರುಗಾಡುವ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯವೂ ಇಲ್ಲದಾಯಿತೆ ' ಎಂದು ಮರುಗಿದೆ. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ತಿಳಿದು ಬಂತು, ಅದು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಸ್ಥರ ಮನೆ ; ಅಡಿಗೆಯ ಮನೆಯನ್ನು ನಾನು ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸುವಂತಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು. ಆದರೆ ಬದರೆ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಇಲ್ಲದ ನಾನು ಪದೇ ಪದೇ ಅದೇ ತಪ್ಪನ್ನು ಮಾಡಿ ಏಟಿನ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆಗೊಳಗಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ.

ಸಂಜೆ ಅದೇ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಮಹಡಿಯ ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಳು. ' ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾ ' ಎಂದು ಬಾರಿ ಬಾರಿ ಕರೆದಳು. ' ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಈಕೆಯೇ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಹೊಡೆದವಳು. ನಾನೇಕೆ ಈಕೆಯ ಬಳಿ ಹೋಗಬೇಕು ' ಎಂದು ದೂರಸರಿದೆ. ಆಕೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಬಳಿಗೆಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಮೈ ಸವರ ಹತ್ತಿದಳು. ಎಂತಹ ಪರಿವರ್ತನೆ ! ಆ ಬಳಿಕ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಸಂಜೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕರೆದು ಮುದ್ದಿಸ ತೊಡಗಿದಳು. ನಾನಾಕೆಗೆ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡೆ. ಕೆಲವು ಸಮಯ ಸಿಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ ತುಳಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು, ಹೊಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಆಕೆಯು ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಅವೆಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಮರೆಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಮೂರು ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನಗಳು ಕಳೆದನಂತರ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಮನೆಯ ಹೊರಗೆ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕವಾಗಿ ಒಂದು ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿರಿಸಿದರು. ಏಕಾಂತವಾಸ ನನಗೆ ದುಃಖವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡಿತು. ಹೊರಗೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟಾಗಲೆಲ್ಲ ದಾರಿಗೆ ಓಡುವೆನೆಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಸಂಕೋಲೆಯಿಂದ ಬಿಗಿದಿದ್ದರು. ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣವೂ ಅದರಿಂದ ಮುಕ್ತಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ವಾತಾವರಣಕ್ಕೂ ಹೊಂದಿಕೊಂಡೆ.

ಈಗ ನಾನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ಆಡಲು ಕಲಿತಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ಹೊಸಬರನ್ನು ವಾಸನೆಯಿಂದ ಗುರುತಿಸಿ ಬೊಗಳುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಮನೆಯು ಸುರಕ್ಷಿತವಾಗಿರುವಂತೆ ಜಾಗರೂಕನಾಗಿರುತ್ತೇನೆ. ಮುಂಚಿನಂತೆ ಏಟು ತಿನ್ನುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬದಲಾಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ " ಟಾಮಿ " ಆಗಿದ್ದೇನೆ.

K. PADMAKUMARI
P.U.C.

ಅಕ್ಕ — ತಂಗಿ

ಆಗಲೇ ಎಸಳುಗಳು ಉದುರುತ್ತಾ ವಯಸ್ಸಾಗಿದ್ದ ಒಂದು ಕೆಂಗುಲಾಬಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ, ಭೂಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಆಗತಾನೆ ಕಾಲಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮೊಗ್ಗೊಂದು ಕಿಲಕಿಲನೆ ನಕ್ಕಿತು.

ಗುಲಾಬಿಯು ಅದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ, " ಏ ಮೊಗ್ಗೆ, ಏಕೆ ಹಾಗೆ, ಏಕೆ ಹಾಗೆ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಗುತ್ತಿರುವೆ ? ನಿನಗೂ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಈ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಬಂದೇ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ ತಡೆ ಎಂದಿತು.

ಮೊಗ್ಗು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯದಿಂದ " ಅದು ಹೇಗೆ ಸಾಧ್ಯ ? ನಾನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಗಟ್ಟಿಮುಟ್ಟಾಗಿದ್ದೇನೆ? ನಿನ್ನ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ನನಗೆ ಬರುವುದು ಎಂದೆಂದಿಗೂ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ," ಎಂದಿತು.

ಗುಲಾಬಿಯು ನಕ್ಕು, " ಏ ಮೊಗ್ಗೇ, ಕೇಳು. ಒಂದಾನೊಂದು ದಿನ ನಾನೂ ನಿನ್ನ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಇದ್ದೆ. ನಿನ್ನಂತೆಯೇ ನಾನೂಸಹ ಗರ್ವದಿಂದ ಮೆರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಶೈಶವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಹಸುರು ಕೋಟೊಂದನ್ನು ತೊಟ್ಟು ಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೆ. ನಿನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಗೆ ತಾನೇ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ ಮಗಳಾದುದರಿಂದ ಈ ಮನೆಯವರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಆನಂದಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಕೊನೆಯ ಹುಡುಗ ಪುಟ್ಟರವೀಶನಂತೂ ಬೆಳಗಾದ ಕೂಡಲೆ ನನ್ನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಓಡಿಬಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ತನ್ನ ಗೆಳೆಯರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಕೆಲವು ದಿನಗಳನಂತರ ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ಶೈಶವಾವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ದಾಟಿ ಬಾಲ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾಲಿಡತೊಡಗಿದೆ. ಆಗ ನನ್ನ ಹಸಿರು ಕೋಟು ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಮೂರು ಭಾಗಗಳಾಗಿ ಸೀಳಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಆನಂತರ ನನ್ನ ಎಸಳುಗಳು ಒಂದೊಂದಾಗಿ ಹೊರಬರ ತೊಡಗಿದವು. ಆಗ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಮುಗ್ಧರಾದರು ರವೀಶನಂತೂ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಕುಣಿದಾಡಿದ. ಅವನ ಸಂತೋಷ, ಸಂಭ್ರಮಗಳನ್ನು ವರ್ಣಿಸಲಸದಳ. ನಿಮಿಷಕ್ಕೊಂದು ಬಾರಿ ಬಂದು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನೇವರಿಸಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ದಿನಗಳು ಉರುಳಲು ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ಬಾಲ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿ ಯೌವನದ ಹೊಸ್ತಿಲಿಗೆ ಕಾಲಿಡ ತೊಡಗಿದೆ. ಆಗ ನನ್ನ ಎಸಳುಗಳು ಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ಅರಳಿದುವು. ನಾನು ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ಲಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿ ಮೆರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಜೀವನ ಸುಖಮಯವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ನಾನು ಯೌವನಸ ಳಾದರೂ ಸಹ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯಿಂದ ಬೇರ್ಪಡಿಸಲು ಈ ಮನೆಯವರೇಕೋ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಪಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಮನೆಗೆ ಬರುವವರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಹೊಗಳುವವರೇ ! ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನ ಬಳಿಗೆ ಬಂದು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತು ನಿಂತು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಈಕ್ಷಿಸಿ ನೇವರಿಸಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆಗ ನನ್ನ ಜೀವನ ಬಹಳ ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿತ್ತು; ಮೈದು ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಂತಿತ್ತು. ' ನನ್ನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಎಂದೆಂದಿಗೂ ಅಳಿಯದೆ ಶ್ವಾಶತವಾಗಿ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ ' ಎಂದು ಗರ್ವದಿಂದ ಮೆರೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ.

ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ದಿನಗಳುರುಳಿದುವು. ನನ್ನ ಯೌವನವು ಕಳೆದು ಮುಪ್ಪು ಕಾಲಿಡ ತೊಡಗಿತು. ನನ್ನ ಎಸಳುಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ಅಗಲಗಲವಾಗಿ ಸಡಿಲವಾಗಿ ಉದುರ ತೊಡಗಿದವು. ಆಗ ನನ್ನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಮಾಸ ತೊಡಗಿತ್ತು. ಅದೇ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ನೀನು ನನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಎರಡನೆ ಮಗಳಾಗಿ ತೋರ ತೊಡಗಿದೆ. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನನು ಉಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸಿ ನಿನ್ನಿಂದ ಆಕರ್ಷಿತರಾದರು. ಆದರೆ ನೀನೂ ಸಹ ನನ್ನ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಗರ್ವದಿಂದ ಮೈಮರೆತು ಮೆರೆಯಬೇಡ. ಈ ಯೌದನ, ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಈ ಜೀವನನೇ ಶಾಶ್ವತವೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಬೇಡ, ನನಗೆ ಈಗ ಬಂದಿರುವ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯ ನಿನಗೂ ಬರುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂದೇಹವೇನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ನೀನು ನಿರಾಶಳಾಗ ಬೇಡ. ಜೀವನದ ಸವಿಯನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸು. ನನಗೆ, ನನ್ನ ಯೌವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಂಗಸರ ಮುಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಥವಾ ದೇವರ ಶಿರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮರೆದಾಡಿ ನನ್ನ ಸೇವೆಯನ್ನು ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಹಂಬಲವಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅದು ನೆರವೇರಲು ಈ ಮನೆಯವರು ಅವಕಾಶ ಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೇವಲ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯೋಪಾಸನೆಯ ಮತ್ತು ವಸ್ತು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನದ ವಸ್ತುವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಭಾವಿಸಿದರು. ನನ್ನ ಆಯಸ್ಸು ಮುಗಿಯುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದಿದೆ. ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಎಸಳುಗಳೆಲ್ಲ ಉದುರಿಹೋಗಿ ನಾನು ಹೀಗೆಯೇ ಬಾಡಿಹೋಗುತ್ತೇನೆ. ನೀನು ನನ್ನ ತಂಗಿಯಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ನಿನ್ನ ಬಾಳು ಹಸನಾಗಲೆಂದು ಹಾರೈಸುತ್ತೇನೆ " ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿತು.

ಮೊಗ್ಗು ಅಕ್ಕನ ಗತ ಜೀವನದ ಪರಿಚಯವನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನೋವಿನ ನಿಟ್ಟುಸಿರೊಂದನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟಿತು.

K. R. SAROJA
P.U.C.



कहाँ से ?

कहाँ से है तू छेडती
मेरे हृदय वीणा ?
यहां से मेरे गीत के
मन्द स्वर को सुने बिना ॥

कहाँ से है तू कूकती
विरहिणी कोयल-कण्ठ से ?
मेरी इस कराहती
हृदय-ध्वनि को सुने बिना ॥

कहाँ से तू है बह आती
सुख सुगन्ध दक्षिणी-पवन सी ?
यहाँ तो मैं मुरझा जाता
हूँ खिलते मृदुल कलि-सी ॥

—प्रेम भाटिया

पुष्प से

ओह ! तुम क्यों मुरझाए
क्या सन्देशा है तुम ने छोडा
क्या सौन्दर्य का अन्त यही है
क्या प्रेम आनन्द यही है
नहीं नहीं तुम तो सब कुछ खोकर गिर जाते हो माँ की गोद में

ओह ! कहां गये वे तेरे मतवाले
क्या छोड़ गये तुम को निष्ठुर
क्या यही तुम्हारा मान था
क्या यही तुम्हारा गान था
नहीं नहीं तुम तो अनाथ बन कर पड़ जाते हो पथिक की पग धूल में

ओह ! कौन उठायेगा अब तुम को
क्या पडे रहोगे निर्बल से बनकर
क्या तुम अब भी प्रेम रहोगे करते
क्या उनसे ? जो सदा हैं ऐसा करते
नहीं नहीं तुम तो स्वयं दीन बन कर खो जाते हो आगन्तुक की दृष्टि में ॥

—प्रेम भाटिया

* मेरी चाह थी। *

धननाथ	इन्द्राणी के पिता
रतननाथ	धननाथ का पुत्र
कोंतू	नौकर
इन्द्राणी	धननाथ की पुत्री
अमल कुमारी	एक जमिन्दार की बेटी जिसके यहाँ धननाथ काम करता है
मोहिनी	अमीर घराने की लडकी; इन्द्राणी का सखी
रोश्नी	अमल कुमारी की सहेली
अंबुधी	नौकरानी

वार्डन और बालक

पहला दृश्य

[स्थाल–हास्टल का एक कमरा। समय–शाम के पाँच बजे–तीन विद्यार्थिनियाँ बातें कर रही हैं जिनके नाम इन्द्राणी, मोहिनी और अमल कुमारी हैं। इन्द्राणी बडी गर्वीली और मिथ्याभिमानिनी है। दूसरों के सामने अपने को बडा दिखाने की तीव्र लालसा उसीमें भरी रहती है। वह गरीब है, पर अपनी गरीबी दूसरे लोग न जान लें, इसके लिये भरसक प्रयत्न करती रहती है। सब कार्यों में और सब लोगों में कुछ न कुछ दोष निकालने की चेष्टा मानो उसके जीवन की संगिनी बन गयी हो। मोहिनी एक अमीर घराने की लडकी, इन्द्राणी की सखी है। अमल कुमारी के पिता एक जमिन्दार है, जिनके यहाँ इन्द्राणी के पिता काम करते हैं। अमल कुमारी बडी उदार मनस्क है। सब के साथ स्नेह-व्यवहार करने से सब विद्यार्थिनियाँ उसे चाहती हैं। उसे किसी चीज़ का अभाव नहीं। दूसरों के साथ उसका व्यवहार, वस्त्र-पहनाव सब सीधा-सादा है।]

इन्द्राणी – हास्टल में आकर चार महीने हुए, मानो एक युग बीत गया है। मुझे यहाँ बिलकुल अच्छा नहीं लगता।

मोहिनी – यहाँ पर तो सब कुछ मेरी रुचि के विरुद्ध है। पग पग पर नियम ही नियम है। उठना-बैठना, नहाना-धोना, खाना-पीना-सब कुछ। यहाँ तक कि श्वास लेना भी निश्चित समय पर करना होगा।

इन्द्राणी – हाँ, शायद श्वास लेने के लिये भी ये लोग निश्चित स्थान और समय बतायेंगे। स्वच्छंद जीवन यहाँ पर असंभव है।

अमल कुमारी – स्वच्छंद जीवन या उच्छृंखल जीवन, ठीक समय पर काम करने की आदत होना बुरा नहीं जिससे सब कामों के लिये हमें काफी समय मिल जायगा।

मोहिणी – (क्रुद्ध होती है) भाड़ में जाय नियम और नियमित कार्य। मुझे तो जीवन में खुशी चाहिए, संतोष चाहिए। विद्यार्थी-जीवन ही आनन्द मनाने का समय है। मुझे अपनी इच्छानुसार काम करने की आज़ादी चाहिए। कौन जाने आगे ऐसा अच्छा मौका मिलेगा कि नहीं ?

अमल कुमारी – उच्छृंखलता और स्वेच्छाचारिता से किसी की भलाई नहीं होती। स्वतंत्रता की भी सीमा होनी चाहिए।

इन्द्राणी – (क्रोध हो, किताब मेज़ पर पटकती हुई उठती है) सीमा; सीमा; नरक की भी सीमा है। इस जेल वास की भी सीमा है। देखो इस समय मुझे अपने कमरे में बैठकर उपन्यास पढ़ने की इच्छा है–न कि खेलन की। समय बरबाद करने के लिये अच्छा उपाय ढूँढ़ निकाला है। बाप रे बाप ! खेलने के लिये भी ज़बरदस्ती ?

(रोश्नी प्रवेश करती है)

रोश्नी – आप लोग इधर ही बैठी हैं ? मैंने आपकी खोज में कितना समय खराब कर दिया ? आप सब जानती होंगी कि हाल ही में पंगु बालकों के लिये एक पाठशाला खोली गयी है। उसके वास्ते चंदा इकट्ठा करने एक बालक आ गया है। इस महान कार्य के लिये हम सब अपनी अपनी

शक्ति के अनुसार कुछ न कुछ दे दें। वह भीख नहीं मांगेगा। बदले में कुछ गाना भी सुनायगा। मैं उसे अंदर ले जाऊँ ?

मोहिनी – हर दिन कोई न कोई चन्दा लेने आता है। सब बताते हैं कि अपना कार्य महान है।

अमल. – परवाह नहीं। हम जो कुच दे सकती हैं दे दें। हमें ऐसे लोगों की मदद करनी ही चाहिए। (रोश्नी से) वह आ जाय।

(रोश्नी बाहर जाकर बालक के साथ प्रवेश करती है। बालक सब को प्रणाम करता है और पीछे गाना शुरू करता है। गाना बन्द होने के पहले ही खेल का समय आ गया। घंटी बजती है। सब लडकियाँ बालक को पैसा देकर जल्दी बाहर जाती हैं। सिर्फ इन्द्राणी कमरे में रहती है।)

इन्द्राणी – (स्वगत) कितने साल से बोर्डिग हाउस में रहने की मेरी चाह थी। अब वह पूरी हुई। ओर मेरी दूसरी चाह ? अमीर बनने की। अपने गांव के सेठजी की लड़की रेवा को देख देख मेरी यह अभिलाषा ओर भी बढ़ती गई। इधर आने पर कितना आराम ! कितनी शांति। फिर भी मेरे मन में शांति कहाँ ? यह दुनिया मेरी दुनिया से तो अवश्य विचित्र है। मैंने सोचा कम से कम इधर मैं अमीरी की टाट-बाट से रहूँगी। क्योंकि इधर एक भी लडकी मुझे जानती नहीं; सब के सब अपरिचित हैं। सब पर अपना रोब जमा लूँगी। (कुछ चिंतित होकर) लेकिन कब तक मैं ऐसा रहूँगी ? पास पैसा नहीं। जो कुछ था सब समाप्त हो गया। पिताजी को लिखा पर आज तक कोई जवाब नहीं मिला।

(पुस्तक उठाकर पढ़ना शुरू करती है। वार्डन का प्रवेश। पुस्तक मेज के पीछे फेंककर सिर दर्द का बहाना करती है।)

वार्डन – क्या हुआ तुम्हें ?

इन्द्राणी – मुझे सिरदर्द है। अकसर मेरे सिर में पीडा हुआ करती है।

वार्डन – अभी तक क्यों नहीं कहा तुमने ? अच्छा मैं अभी एक पुडिया भेजती हूँ। उसे खाकर आराम कर लो।

इन्द्राणी – जी, मैंने (Aspirin) आस्पिरिन खा ली है।

वार्डन – तब तो आराम कर लो। भोजन कमरे में भिजवा दूँगी।

(वार्डन जाने लगी इन्द्राणी झुककर पुस्तक उठाती है। वार्डन देखकर उसे इन्द्राणी से लेती है। पुस्तक देखकर)

वार्डन – अच्छा ! यही बात है। अब समझी तुम्हारे सिर दर्द का कारण। अब मेरा विचार है कि तुम खेलने जा सकती हो।

(इन्द्राणी एक दरवाजे से बाहर जाती है और दूसरी ओर के दरवाजे से वार्डन भी बाहर निकलती है। तभी इन्द्राणी कमरे में लौट आकर जिस द्वार से वार्डन साहिबा बाहर निकली उसी दरवाजे के पास जाकर बाहर झांकती है; यह निश्चित रूप से जान लेने के लिये कि वार्डन वापस आयेंगी कि नहीं

इन्द्राणी – अच्छा हुआ वे चली गई। अब मुझे पढ़ने का अवकाश मिल गया (दूसरी एक किताब लेकर पढ़न लगती है)

अंबुधी – इन्द्राणी ...। अरे ओ इन्द्राणी ....

इन्द्राणी – कोन ?

अंबुधी – कोई आया है आप से मिलने के लिये।

इन्द्राणी – कौन है ?

अंबुधी – अपना नाम रतननाथ बताया।

(अंबुधी का प्रस्थान)

इन्द्राणी – (पीली पड़ जाती है। विस्मय और भय दोनों विकारों का सम्मिश्रण उसकी मुखमुद्रा से झलकता है।)

(स्वगत) रतननाथ ! मेरा भाई तो नहीं है ? वह क्यों आ गया ? (कुछ प्रसन्न हो कर) हाँ ! पैसा देने आया होगा। लेकिन इधर आने के बदले मणि आर्डर (Money order) से भेजते तो अच्छा होता। ईश्वर ! मेरी सहेलियाँ उसे देख न लें। (जल्दी से पुस्तक बन्द करके बाहर की ओर भागती है)

दूसरा दृश्य

[बाहर के एक कमरे में रतननाथ बैठा है। उसने आते ही अंबुधी से अमल कुमारी और इन्द्राणी को बुलाने की फरमाइश की थी। उनकी इन्तज़ार में बैठा है। अमल कुमारी का प्रवेश। रतननाथ उठकर]

रतननाथ – नमस्ते देविजी।

अमल कुमारी – धननाथ का बेटा ?

रतननाथ – जी हाँ। जब मालिक ने जाना कि मैं इधर आ रहा हूँ तो उन्होंने मुझसे आपकी खैरियत पूछने और यह देने के लिये कह दिया (एक पाकेट देता है) आप के यहाँ सब कुशल हैं।

अमल कुमारी – इधर क्यों आ रहे थे तुम ?

रतननाथ – अपनी बहन को देखने। आप लोगों की मदद से वह भी इधर पढ़ रही है। आप से यह भी कहने आया था कि आप उसकी देख भाल कर लीजिए।

अमल कुमारी – अच्छा। उसका नाम क्या है ?

रतननाथ – नाम इन्द्राणी देवी रखा है। इन्दू कहके पुकारते हैं।

अमल कुमारी – (विस्मय से) इन्द्राणी ! ! अच्छा, अच्छा मुझसे मिलने के बारे में अभी उससे कहने की जरूरत नहीं।

रतननाथ – ठीक है। नमस्कार देविजी।

(अमल कुमारी का प्रस्थान। दूसरी तरफ़ से इन्द्राणी का प्रवेश)

इन्द्राणी – नमस्ते भय्या।

रतननाथ – नमस्ते बहन। इन्दू ! तू कैसी है ?

इन्द्राणी – मैं ठीक हूँ। मुझे हास्टल जीवन बहुत पसन्द है। मैं इधर खुश हूं।

रतननाथ – इन्दू तू क्यों बार बार पैसे के लिये लिखती है ? पैसे से तू यहाँ क्या करती है ? हमारे लिये इधर कुछ जायदाद खरीदती है क्या ? नहीं बाबा। इतना बडा महल, इतनी बडी ज़मीन हमारे लिये नहीं चाहिए। इसी महीने में पच्चास रुपये भेजे थे। अब फिर क्यों माँग रही हो ?

इन्द्राणी – (बिगडकर) क्या तुम यह चाहते हो कि जब सब लड़कियाँ इज्जत से रहती हैं, तब केवल मैं अपनी गरीबी का आलाप करती फिरूँ। जब और लोग एक रुपया खर्च करते हैं तब मुझे कम से कम एक पैसा तो खर्च करना चाहिए या नहीं ?

रतननाथ – गरीबी से लज्जित क्यों हो जाय ? लज्जा होनी चाहिए पाप कर्मों से। गरीब लोग भी इज्जत से रह सकते हैं।

इन्द्राणी – आप लाये हैं ?

रतननाथ – क्या ?

इन्द्राणी – रुपया।

रतननाथ – हूँ। यह भी नहीं पूछती कि पिताजी कैसे हैं ? या माँ कैसी हैं ? सिर्फ रुपया।

इन्द्रानी – मुझे अधिक समय नहीं है। यह तो पढ़ने का समय है। जाने की जल्दी है। नियम तोड़ता मुझे पसंद नहीं।

रतननाथ – अच्छा तो तुम जाओ। मुझे वार्डन से मिलना है। उनसे बातें करूंगा और यह भी जान लूँगा कि-

इन्द्राणी – (भयभीत होकर) नहीं-नहीं, उनसे तुम नहीं मिल सकते। अब वे बहुत व्यस्त है। फिर वे हिन्दी नहीं जानती।

रतननाथ – तब तो तुम भी साथ रहो; अनुवाद करने के लिये।

इन्द्राणी – नहीं, नहीं, पहले सूचना दिये बिना उनसे मिल नहीं सकते।

रतननाथ – ऐसी बात है ? अच्छा ! आज ही उन श्रीमती जी से कहो कि मैं उनसे मिलने आया था। उनकी सुविधा के अनुसार मुझे सूचना दे। उनसे एक जरूरी कार्य पर बातें करनी है।

(इन्द्राणी की जान में जान आयी)

रतननाथ (पैसा देते हुए) इन्दू ! किफायत से पैसा खर्च करो। हम गरीब हैं। तुम्हारी यह तड़क-भड़क हमारी हैसियत के अनुकूल नहीं। यह साडी कितने में मिली ? तुम तो पढ़ी-लिखी हो। अधिक कहने की आवश्यकता नहीं। सबसमझने की शक्ति तुम में है।

(रतननाथ का प्रस्थान)

इन्द्राणी – (अकेली) अमीर लड़की का भाई यह ककाल ? (गदगद् कंठ से) हाँ, भय्या ठीक कहती हैं। मैं गरीब तो हूँ। लेकिन अब मैं क्या करूँ ? इतने दिन तक मैं अमीरी का स्वांग रचती रही। अब अचानक कैसे पीछे हट जाऊँ ? नहीं, ऐसा नहीं हो सकता। ऊँह ! वार्डन से मिलना चाहते हैं। नहीं नहीं, अभी से कुछ न कुछ उपाय जरूर करना होगा।

(अमल कुमारी और उसकी सहेली रोश्नी का प्रवेश)

रोश्नी – इन्द्राणी कौन आया था ?

इन्द्राणी – मेरा नौकर।

अमल कुमारी – तुम्हारा नौकर ?

इन्द्राणी – हाँ पिताजी ने उसके हाथ पैसे भेजे थे। मेरे भय्या तो है नहीं, इस लिये नौकर को भेज दिया।

(इन्द्राणी तेज़ी से प्रस्थान करती है)

अमल कुमारी – मालुम नहीं यह क्यों ऐसा स्वांग रचती है ? इसके बाप और भाई कितने अच्छे आदमी हैं ? मेरे यहाँ काम करते हैं।

रोश्नी – (आश्चर्य से) तुम्हारे यहाँ इसके बाप काम करते हैं ?

अमल कुमारी – हाँ ! दोनों बडे अच्छे हैं, ईमान्दार हैं; स्वाभिमानी हैं। पिताजी को उन पर बड़ा विश्वास है। दोनों बड़े सत्यसंध और कर्तव्यपरायण हैं। झूठ बोलकर कभी एक पैसा भी नहीं लेते। ऐसा विश्वस्त आदमी संसार में बहुत कम होते हैं।

रोश्नी – लेकिन यह कैसे ऐसी हो गयी ? मैं चाहती हूँ कि इसका गर्व चकनाचूर कर दें ! मोहिनी से भी कह दूँ ?

अमल कुमारी – नहीं, नहीं, किसी से कुछ नहीं कहना। केवल हम दोनों जानती हैं और देखना यह राज हम तक ही सीमित रहे।

रोश्नी – अच्छा, जैसी तुम्हारी मर्जी।

तीसरा दृश्य

इन्द्राणी के घर का एक छोटा-सा कमरा। फर्श पर बैठ के रतननाथ कुछ लिख रहा था। हाथ में एक खत लेकर धननाथ का प्रवेश।]

धननाथ – इन्दू की चिट्ठी आयी है। (खत देता है) लिखती है—वार्डन साहिबा हम पर दया करके कहती है कि जो कुछ उनसे बताना है, चिट्ठी द्वारा बतायें। सफर की तकलीफ से हमें बचाना चाहती हैं। कब तक ज़मिन्दार से सहायता लेते रहें ? उसकी फीस मुआफी हो जाय तो अच्छा होगा

रतननाथ – तब तो आज ही पत्र लिखें ?

धनताथ – इन्दू कहती है कि साहिबा का खत उसके लिफाफे में डाल दें। ताकि वह उनको समझा सके। लेकिन उनका खत इसके नाम कैसे भेजें ?

रतननाथ – मेरा भी विचार है कि वह ठीक नहीं होगा।

धननाथ – सीधा वार्डन के नाम जवाब लिखो। नमस्कार के बाद लिखना—'साहिबा का उत्तर पाकर हम अतीव कृतज्ञ हैं। आपसे मिलने की बडी अभिलाषा थी। आप काम में व्यस्त होने से इन्दूने मना कर दिया। हम कल शाम को आप से मिलने आ रहे हैं।'—अभी लिखके भेज दे।

चौथा दृश्य

[हास्टल का कामन रूम (Common room) एक एक करके इन्द्राणी, मोहिनी, अमलकुमारी, रोश्नी-सब उधर आकर बैठी हैं। अमल कुमारी कुछ सिलाई कर रही है। इन्द्राणी पढ़ती है। बाकी लड़कियाँ भी कुछ न कुछ करती रहती हैं। कौंतु का प्रवेश।]

मोहिनी – अरे अरे कोंतु को देखो ।

अमल कुमारी – अरे । तुमने यह क्या कर डाला ?

रोश्ना – मरूभूमि में अगर दो तीन घास उगती तो कैसी लगती वैसे ही उसकी खोपडी पर इक्के-दुक्के बाल खडे रहते थे । अब वह भी गायब ।

मोहिनी – शायद अपने साथियों को ढूँढने चले गये होंगे ।

इन्द्राणी – आखिर क्या हुआ ? बोलो तो सही । बाल के साथ साथ ज़बान भी चली गई है ?

कोंतू – बाल ? बाल तो मैं ने जला दिये ।

इन्द्राणी – क्या ? जला दिये ? या षेव (Shave) कर दिये ?

कोंतू – षेव ? हा, हा, हा, मैं क्षेव बन गया । उसकी खोपडी और मेरी खोपडी एक समान । असली बात यह है कि पहले जला दिये; फिर षेव कर दिये ।

इन्द्राणी – क्या बोल रहे हो ? होश में तो है ?

कोंतू – आजकल तो सब लोग बाल से फाशनेबल बनते हैं । जेंटिलमन लोग अपने बाल को लंबा होने देते हैं । लडकियाँ अपने केश कर्तन करके छोटा कर देती हैं, कोई कोई पेम करके छडी जैसे सीधे बाल को घुँघराले बनाते हैं । तो मुझे भी यह खाहिश हुई कि अपने बाल घुँघराले करवा दे दे ।

मोहिनी – कितने थे सिर पर ?

कोंतू – (अनसुनी करके) अखबार में पढ़ा कि ब्राह्मी तेल से बाल घुँघराले बन जायेंगे । एक बोतल मैंने भी खरीद ली । रात को मोमबत्ति जलाकर पत्नी के हाथ में दी । उसके पास बैठके तेल लगा रहा था । यकायक मुझे कुछ गरमी महसूस हुई । तेल लगाने से शीतलता होनी चाहिए, बदले में यह ताप कैसा ? देखने के लिये आइना लेने दौडा । तब तक एक तिहाई बाल जल चुके थे और मुझे सूझा मैं क्षेव क्यों न बन जाऊँ ? जो बाल बचे थे उसको भी निकाल दिया ।

इन्द्राणी – क्या बन जाय ?

कोंतू – क्षेव.....माने थरो षेव (thorough shave) । वह बुद्धि का लक्षण है जैसे जैसे बुद्धि तेज होती जाती है वैसे वैसे बाल दूर भागते जाते हैं । क्यों कि बुद्धि के बढ़ने से खोपडी में ताप बढ़ जाता है और बाल यह ताप सहन नहीं कर सकते । अब दुनिया भर में हम दो ही बुद्धि मान मनुष्य हैं । एक मैं और एक क्षेव ।

रोश्नी – लेकिन सावधान । नंगी खोपडी पर प्रेतों का साम्राज्य है । वे मार देंगे ।

कोंतू – नहीं जी, बीमा कम्पनी ने उसकी जिम्मेदारी अपने ऊपर ले ली है । मैंने अपने गांजे सिर का बीमा कराया है । ओह आप लोगों से एक बात कहने आया था । वह भूल गया । हमारे वार्डन साहिबा एक महाशय के साथ इधर ही आ रही हैं । मैं जाता हूँ ।

(वार्डन का धननाथ के साथ प्रवेश । सब लड़कियाँ उठ खडी होती हैं । धननाथ अमल कुमारी को देख प्रणाम करता है । तत्पश्चात् उसकी आँखें अपनी बेटी को खोजती हैं । इन्द्राणी भय और विह्वलता से पीली पड़ जाती है । उसकी घबराहट देख कर पिता उससे पूछता है ।)

धननाथ – बेटी ! तुम्हें क्या हो गया ? (इन्द्राणी लज्जा से सिर झुका लेती है । सब आश्चर्य से उसकी ओर देखने लगते हैं)

वार्डन – इन्द्राणी तुमने मुझसे पूछे बिना पिताजी को चिट्ठी लिखी ?

धननाथ – पर क्यों ? इससे तुम्हारा लाभ क्या ? बोलो बेटी ।

इन्द्राणी – (गद्‌गद् स्वर में) पिताजी मैं सब बताती हूँ । मैं आशा करती हूँ कि आप दोनों तथा मेरी सहेलियाँ मुझे समझने की कोशिश करेंगे और मुझे क्षमा कर देंगे । बहुत समय से मेरे मन में यह चाह थी कि मैं अच्छे अच्छे कपडे पहन लूँ और आराम की ज़िन्दगी बिता दूँ । इधर आने पर मैं इस इच्छा की पूर्ति का भरसक प्रयत्न करती रही । आगे कभी ऐसा न करूँगी ।

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S. C. M.

English Literary Association

The activities of the English Literary Association for the year 1959 — '60, commenced with an Election meeting on 21st July 1959 presided over by the Rev. Sister Principal, to elect the office-bearers for the various Associations. The following were elected office-bearers for the English Literary Association.

Vice-President	— Miss Shyamala Manel	
Secretary	— Nalini B. Menon	
Class Representatives	— Sayeeda Nazeem	— III yr. Degree
	— Jenny M. Cooper	— II yr. Degree
	— Manek Bharda	— I yr. Degree
	— Pamela D'Cunha	— Pre-University Class

The Inaugural meeting of all the Associations was held on 31st July and the Chief guest of the evening was Mrs. Grace Tucker. Mrs. Tucker's Inaugural address dealt with present day University life in general and was appealing in its wisdom and sincerity.

Under the auspices of the English Association, an Extempore speech contest was held on 18th August. Miss Nirmala Ahuja presided over the function. Pamela D'Cunha, Patricia Coelho and Margaret Nazareth were adjudged winners in order of merit.

On 8th November another Oratorical contest was conducted under the presidentship of Sister Carmelita. Margaret Nazareth stood first, Gita Appadorai second, and Sunila C. S. third.

Another interesting event was the Literary Quiz held on 8th February 1960. It was an inter-class Competition and Miss Shyamala ably filled the role of Quiz master. The II year degree class stood first, followed by the Pre-University Class who ran second.

On 24th February the Association sponsored a prize contest in English Elocution under the Presidentship of Shri Bharataraj Singh, Head of the Department of English, Central College. Mr. P. A. Nazareth, and Lt. Col. Somaiah were the judges. The President paid a handsome tribute to the conspicuous brilliance displayed by the contestants and the superior standard of English maintained by the Association. Esme Coelho and Keren Chib stood first and second respectively in the Senior Division, while the first and second place among the Juniors were annexed by Patricia Coelho and Daisy Mandanna.

A General Knowledge Contest was conducted on 2nd March, in which a good number of students participated. The winners were — Keren Chib and Vijay Rao who tied for the I place, and Armaiti Tarapore who tied for the II place with Aruna Reddy.

The activities of the English Association for the year concluded with this contest. The year 1959 — '60 has been both colourful and interesting. I wish the association equal success in the years to come.

NALINI B. MENON
Secretary

Choral & Dramatic Association

To elect its office-bearers for the academic year 1959 — 1960, this Association held a meeting on the 21st July. The following were elected.

Vice-President	— Rev. Sister M. Emmanuel
Secretary	— Eleanor Boesinger
Class Representatives	— III Year — Hazel Edwards
	— II Year — Geetha Manay
	— I Year — Yvonne Fonseca
	— P.U.C — Gemma Pinto

This Association conducted two variety entertainments to celebrate Guardians' Day on the 26th August, and for a public entertainment on the 20th & 21st November. We successfully staged scenes from Hamlet and Moliere, besides enacting a Kannada and Hindi drama. There were also both Indian and Western dances. Two splendid tableaux were staged.

On the 20th January, we succeeded in getting Mr. Charles Elson of U.S.A. a noted drama critic, to address this Association. He told us much about theatre-production and technique.

May the success of this Association make as rapid a progress in the years to come.

ELEANOR BOESINGER
Secretary

History and Economics Association

The following were the office-bearers of the History and Economics Association for the year 1959—'60.

Ex-officio President	— Principal	
Vice-President	— Miss S. Varalakshmi, M.A.	
Secretary	— Pramilla Sarma	
Class Representatives	— Ann Coelho	— III year Degree
	— Aruna Reddy	— II year Degree
	— Chitra Sanadhi	— I year Degree
	— Vijaya Rao	— P.U.C.

The Inaugural meeting of the various associations was held on 31st July 1959, when Mrs. Grace Tucker, the Deputy Minister for Education addressed the gathering.

On 21st August 1959 a Juniors vs Seniors Speech contest was held, presided over by Mrs. Bhagirathi. The subjects chosen were :—

" Co-operative farming is the only solution to the agricultural backwardness of India " and

" Democracy in India is passing through a crisis."

The I and II Year Degree classes were declared the best.

Both subjects having been raging current topics, the speeches were very comprehensive and emphatic in their criticisms.

On 23rd October 1959 a Quiz Competition to celebrate the 14th Anniversary of the U. N. was conducted by Miss. S. Varalakshmi. Miss R. Lalitha presided.

On 18th January 1960 our College was honoured by the memorable visit of Shrimathi Indira Gandhi. She gave an interesting talk on the role of women in society, maintaining that knotty problems are solved quicker wherever women are.

The prize Essay competition was held on Wednesday, 17th February 1960. The subjects chosen were :—

The Canal water dispute, Bifurcation of Bombay, the Berlin Issue, and the Sino-Indian border problem. Prizes were awarded to Vijaya Rao — Pre-University Class ; and Nalini Menon and Pramilla Sarma of II Year Degree.

Our activities all through the year have been highly instructive and the response from the students has always been enthusiastic. I wish the Association all success.

PRAMILLA SARMA
Secretary

Languages Association

The activities of the Language Association for this year began with an election meeting held on Tuesday the 21st, July 1959 to elect the Office-bearers.

The following were elected the Office bearers :—

Vice-President	— Miss H. Seethalaxshmi	
Secretary	— Meena Kapoor	
Class Representatives	— Halima Yusuf	— III Year Degree
	— Parvathi Devi, J. S.	— II Year Degree
	— Vasantha, V. J.	— I Year Degree
	— Asha V. L.	— P.U.C.

The Inaugural Meeting was held on the 31st July 1959 when Mrs. Grace Tucker presided.

11th August — A meeting held in Tamil to commemorate the birth anniversary of the Tamil poet Bharatiya when several of our talented students recited extracts from some of his famous pieces. It was presided over by Mrs. Manoharan.

15th January '60 — A Symposium in Hindi was presided over by Sister Clement Mary. Among the 1st Year Degrees, Saroj Mathur stood first, and Shantha V. B. second. In the Pre-University section Saramma Mathew and K. Droupathi got the 1st and 2nd places respectively.

14th February '60 — A debate was held on the highly controversial topic " Democratic form of Government is not suited to India and it is necessary to replace it by Dictatorship !" The Opposition won by virtue of their forceful arguments.

23rd February '60 — An essay competition was held in Tamil. Saroja Bai S. III Degree stood first in her class, Sister Josepha was first in the II Year Degree, and R. A. Hemalatha got the second place.

26th February '60 — A meeting consisting of Speech Contests was held simultaneously in Urdu, Hindi, Sanskrit and Kannada, the Hindi speech contest being presided over by Mr. Chhotu-Bhai Desai, our ex-Deputy Mayor.

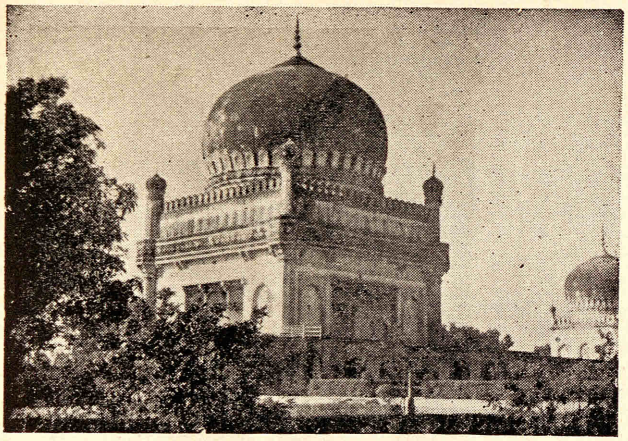
The following were the winners :—

Hindi : Subhadra 1st, and C. S. Sunila 2nd. from the Degree classes ; Saramma Mathew and A. Draupathi won the 1st and 2nd places respectively in the Pre-University section.

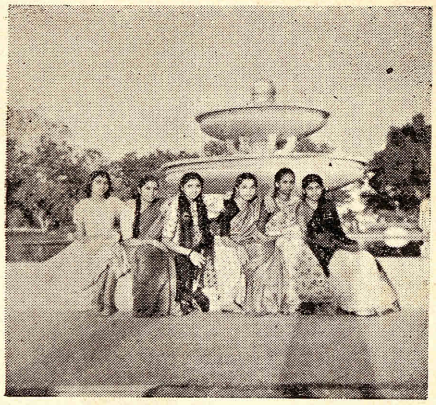
Urdu :

Malika Begum	— 1st	III B.A.
Zahra Banu	— 2nd	I B.A.
Maqbul Begum	— 3rd	I B.A.
Qamar Taj 1st Maryem Sultana 2nd	}	P.U.C.

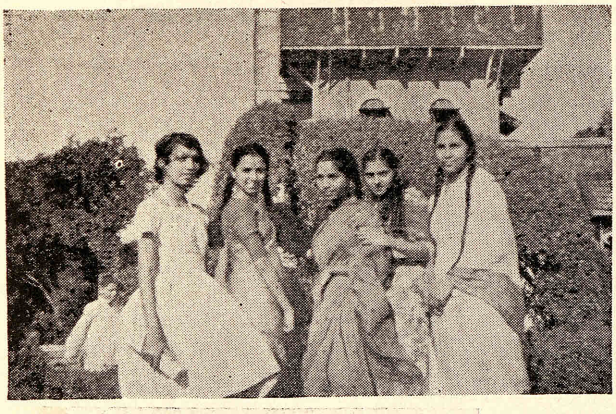
EXCURSION TO BOMBAY & HYDERABAD



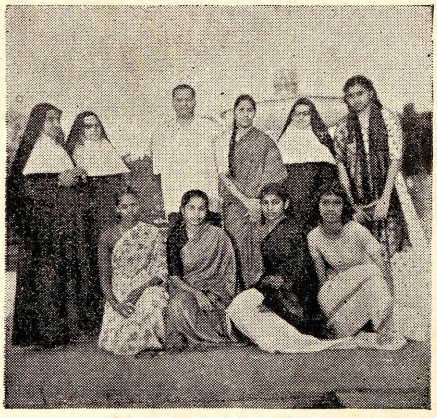
The Tombs — Hyderabad



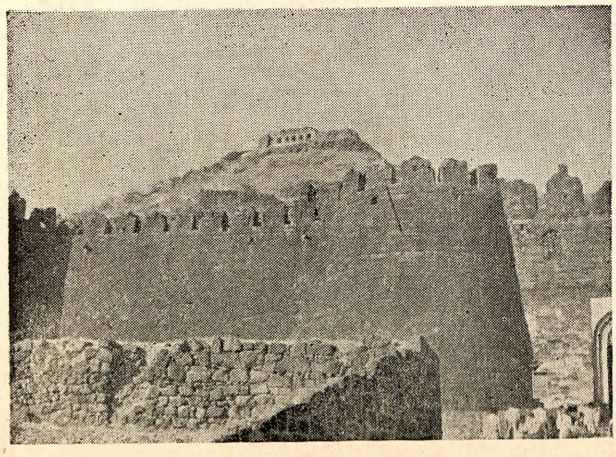
Public Gardens — Hyderabad



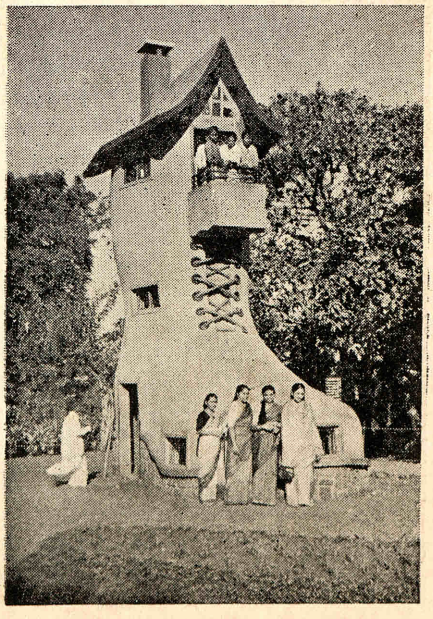
Hanging Gardens — Bombay



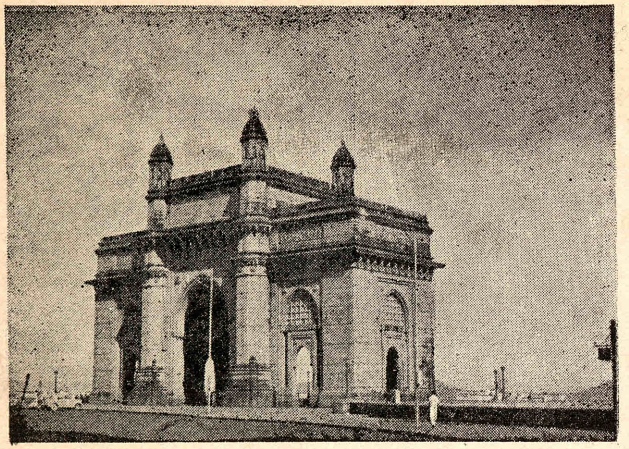
At the Public Gardens



Daulatabad Fort



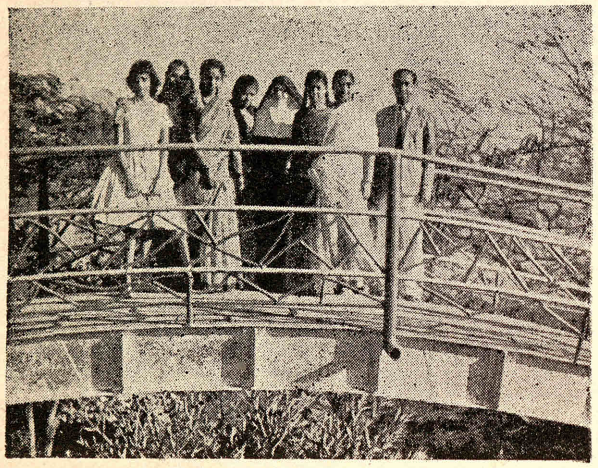
" Shoe House " — K. N. Park, Bombay



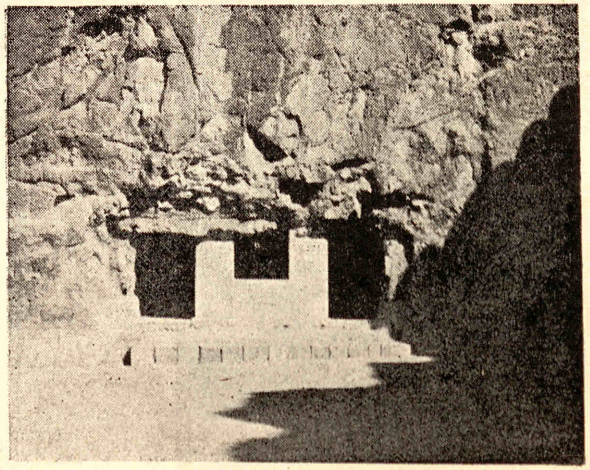
Gateway of India — Bombay



Osman Sagar (Hyderabad)



At Kamala-Nehru Park — Bombay



Ellora Caves

Kannada : B. S. Ratna 1st } Degree Section
S. Lalitha 2nd }

B. S. Rama Devi 1st }
Uma Shashi 2nd } P.U.C.
B. N. Malathi 3rd }

Sanskrit : T. R. Geetha } of II Year Degree tied for the 1st place.
S. Ramamani }

K. Jayalakshmi III Year Degree came second

In the Pre-University Section,
M. S. Rama got the 1st place and
N. S. Lakshmi came 2nd.

I wish the Association all success !

MEENA KAPOOR
Secretary

Science and Mathematics Association

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

Ex-Officio President	— The Principal	
Vice-President	— Miss R. Lalitha Shantha (M. Sc.)	
Secretary	— Huguette Clairon	
Class Representatives	— Maya Kripalani	— III year Degree
	— Joy Varughese	— II year Degree
	— Santosh Paherwani	— I year Degree
	— A. Rani	— P. U. C.

The Inaugural address was delivered on July 31st by Mrs. Grace Tucker. On the 4th of September, Professor A. Ramaswamy gave an enlightened lecture on " Biology and its Importance," followed by a projection of slides.

On the 25th of September the U. S. I. L. kindly consented to lend us a few documentary pictures on Alaska and the use of Radio Isotopes in medicine.

On the 13th of February an Elocution competition was held with Prof. B. A. Ghulam Ahmed and Prof. F. Pushpanadhan as judges. Different subjects were allotted to the Degree and the P. U. C. classes respectively.

The following were the winners :—

Esme Coelho III B.Sc.	— 1st.
Rani Asirvadam III B.Sc.	— 2nd.
Daisy Mandanna P.U.C.	— 1st.
Lakshmi C. N. P.U.C.	— 2nd

I wish the Association all the best for a very successful future.

HUGUETTE CLAIRON
Secretary

Sports and Games Association

The Inauguration of the various associations was held on the 31st July '59. Mrs. Grace Tucker, Deputy Minister of Education addressed the house.

Our activities for the year began with the M. C. C. girls winning the Team Championship and Deanna Syme the Individual Championship at the Madras State Open Meet in July '59.

The Annual College Sports was held on the 8th September '59. Mr. Deenadayalu Naidu, Chairman of the City Trust Board, presided and gave away the prizes. Usha Reddi and Deanna Syme tied for top honours while the Josephians won the Team Championship. Deanna Syme was also adjudged the " Best All-Round Athlete " of the College.

The Mount Carmelites, as a foregone conclusion remained the undisputed Champions in the M. G. S. Inter-Collegiate Games and Athletics held at Davengere and Tumkur respectively. They also maintained their athletic reputation at the C. Prasannakumar Athletic Meet held in December '59 and at the Mysore State Olympics held in January '60 ; at all these meets Deanna Syme retained the individual championship.

Six of the Mount Carmelites were selected to represent the State in the National Basketball held in Madras in December '59. Usha Reddi was chosen to be Vice-Captain of the team ; the other four were Miriam Thomas, Durdhana Gill, C. K. Saraswathi and Deanna Syme. Mysore were Runners-up to Bengal.

Four of the M. C. C. girls were selected to represent the University at the All-India 'Varsity meet held in December '59 at Kanpur. They were Usha Reddi, Durdhana Gill, Margot Lasrado and Deanna Syme — the last two mentioned did not make the trip due to unavoidable circumstances. Durdhana Gill won the Championship winning both 100 metres and 200 metres, and placed third in the Shot Put.

Durdhana Gill, Margot Lasrado and Deanna Syme were selected to represent the State in the Triangular Meet held in February '60 at Colombo, between Ceylon, Madras and Mysore. Deanna Syme won the 200 metres, came 2nd in the long jump and was placed 3rd in the 80 metre hurdles and the 100 metres. Durdhana Gill was placed 3rd in the Shot Put.

Deanna Syme was also selected to represent the State at the XIX National Games which was concluded in Delhi. Deanna won a gold medal in the Broad Jump, the only gold medal the State obtained ; a Silver medal in the High Jump and a Bronze medal in the 80 metre hurdles.

The last meeting of the Association was held on the 22nd February '60 in connection with the National Efficiency Test which was held on the 4th March '60 Mr. M. N. Ramanna addressed the House at this meeting.

Earlier, before the College began its Academic Year, the Mount Carmel Club entering in the State Hockey League were runners-up to the superior string of the Junior Blues ; while in the Christina Lawton Tournament, the Club won the cup, with the donor playing in the goal.

From this I may conclude that the M.C. C. girls have maintained their reputation in the field of Sports.

I thank the Principal and Staff for their invaluable help and encouragement and all those who helped us. I wish the Association a brilliant future.

DEANNA SYME
Secretary

Social Service League

The Social Service League started its activities right from the beginning of the year after the Inaugural meeting on 31st July 1959. The first term was devoted to the selection of a suitable field for work by conducting a survey of the families in the slum areas of Vasanthanagar and Miller's Tank. The latter place was felt to be more in need of aid and fifty families were chosen as deserving help from the League. Later, twenty five were added to the list. Special days were chosen for the different classes to distribute grain and milk-powder to the above mentioned families. In addition, articles of clothing were also distributed to them.

During the Dasara holidays, three lecturers — Miss. P. Sheila, Miss Susheela Gadgil and Miss Sreedevi Nayar, and ten students, attended a Social Service Camp organised by the Akila Bharata Sarva Seva Sangha. Our delegates participated in

the many and varied activities of the camp. The camp lasted for fifteen days from the 10th to 25th October. Some of the main events were the very valuable series of interesting lectures, digging a composite pit, spinning and shramdan. Visits were also made to the Home for the Aged and the Mental hospital.

The members of the League attempted some more manual labour by helping to level and clear the College Stadium.

The League thanks one and all who in any way encouraged and helped in its work, and hopes they will continue to evince interest in its services to the people.

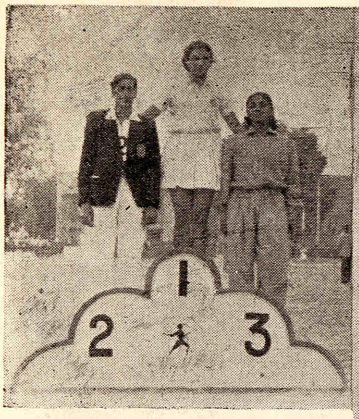
ANNA MARY VIMALA
Secretary

The National Cadet Corps

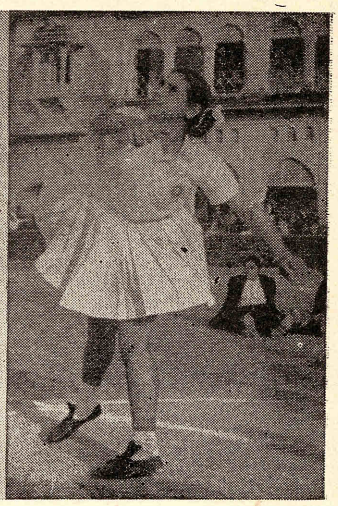
The Senior Division (girls) N. C. C. came under the air–wing from April 1959, so our Unit was under the 9th (Mysore) Air Squadron, the Officer-Commander being Sq. Ldr. D. I. Saragon. We started the activities of the N. C. C. from 1st July 1959. We recruited 37 Cadets as the strength of a troop was raised from 30 to 37. 15 Cadets took part in the Independence Day Parades at Brigade Grounds. Gliding was started for the girl Cadets in September; Bangalore is the first place to start gliding in the Mysore State. Cadets Sheela Singh and Shantha Sheela Hegde were sent to Secunderabad to attend the Inter-State Camp. Under Officer Chitra Pai was sent to Dehra Dun to attend the summer Training Camp, and two Cadets were sent to Tambaram to attend the summer Training Camp there. 33 Cadets took part in the 'N. C. C. Day Parade' held on the 6th of December 1959. The troop was led by Under Officer Chitra Pai. Thirty-five Cadets attended the annual Training Camp at Jalahalli for 14 days. They won the Cups in Throw-ball and Tenni-quoit. Three Cadets also won individual medals for a few other field events. 15 Cadets took part in the Republic Day Parade, at which the Governor of Mysore took the salute.

Lt. Col. Somiah presided over the N. C. C. Social functions and Mrs. Somiah distributed the prizes to the winners in the competitions in Signals, Essay-writing etc. Twelve Cadets attended the Social Service Camp at Gajanur for 12 days. We closed the activities of the N. C. C. for the year 1959–'60 after the Social Service Camp.

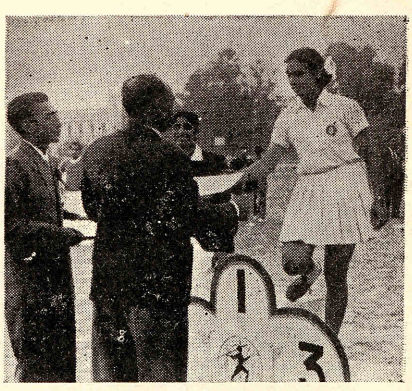
ALL-INDIA 'VARSITY MEET AT LUCKNOW



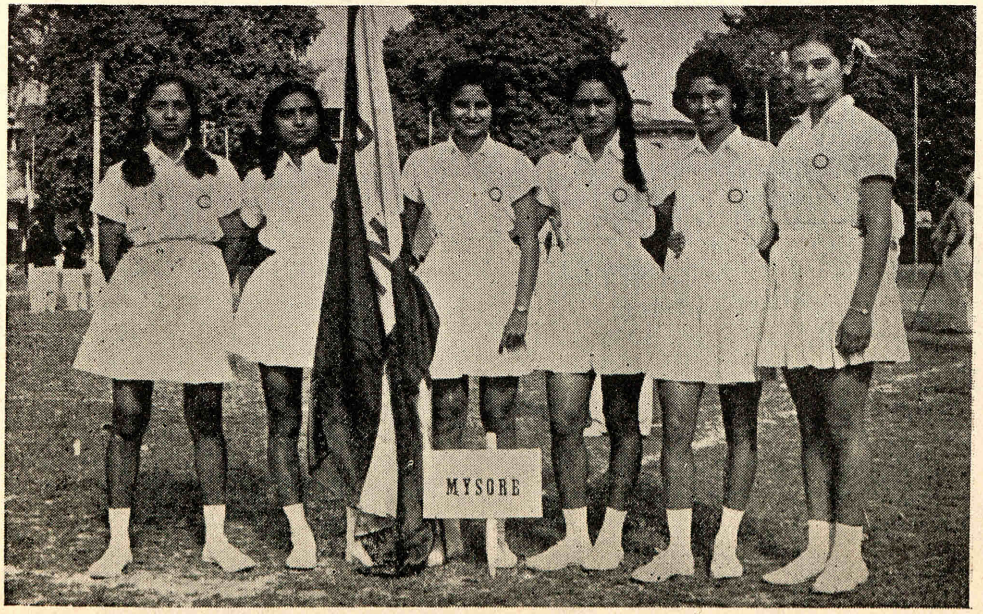




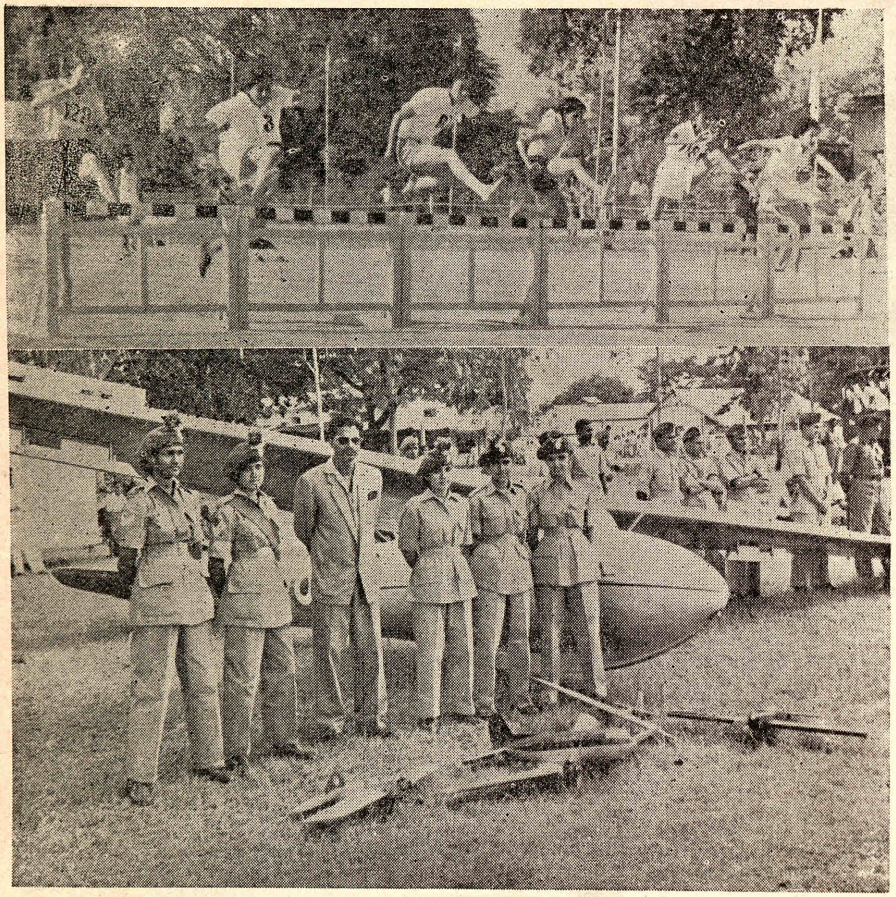
1. Farkhunda Khanum on the Victory Stand
2. Putting the Shot } by Farkhunda
3. Discuss throw }
4. She receives her Certificate



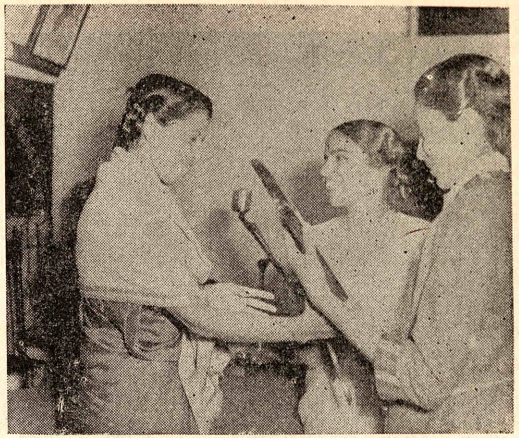
The Mysore team which participated at Lucknow.
Extreme right — Farkhunda Khanum
and Margot Lasrado of M.C.C.
Deanna Syme & Usha Reddy (our former students)
are also seen in the Photo



HURDLES AT LUCKNOW



Aero-modelling Demonstration on N. C. C. Day



At the Inter-Collegiate debate held at the Technological Institute, Mrs. Muliyil presents Margaret Nazareth and Nalini Menon with the Shield won for the first time by a Women's College



A group of the Hostelites with the Wardens, — Srs. Dorothy & Angelina

The Planning Forum

July 21st : The activities for the year commenced with an election meeting at which the following were elected office-bearers :

Vice-President	— Mrs. S. Bhagirathi	
Secretary	— Margaret Nazareth	
Class Representatives	— K. Jayalakshmi	— III yr. Degree
	— Armaithi Tarapore	— II yr. Degree
	— Padma Madhavan	— I yr. Degree
	— Sheila D'Souza	— P. U. C.

July 31st : The Inaugural meeting of the various associations was held. Mrs. Grace Tucker, Deputy Minister for Education delivered the address.

September 11th : The National Planning Day was celebrated with a symposium on ' The aspects of Planning in India.' An exhibition was also held, depicting the various projects undertaken by the government and explaining the advantages of a Planned Economy.

Delegates from various classes attended the seminar on Planning conducted by the Y. M. C. A.

February 24th : An essay competition was conducted and prizes were awarded to the winners. The essays certainly proved that the students were becoming more Plan-conscious than ever before. Vijaya Rao and Geetha Appadorai were adjudged the best.

The activities for the year closed with the Valedictory address delivered by Mr. S. Bhagwantam.

MARGARET NAZARETH
Secretary

The Sodality of the Children of Mary

The first Meeting of the Sodality was held on July 26th '59, with Rev. Sister Tarsilla in the chair, to elect the office-bearers for the year '59 — '60.

President	— Anna Mary Vimala
Secretary	— Mariamma Abraham
Counsellors	— Hazel Edwards
	— Joyce Saldanha
	— Celine Sequeira
	— K. A. Mammikutty
Librarian	— Celine D'Souza

July 16th : A procession in the convent, in honour of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament ; Scapulars were distributed.

October 28th : Our Annual retreat preached by Rev. Father C. A. Browne.

November 21st : Five aspirants were received into the Sodality today, the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady.

February 21st : The annual Sodality picnic. This time we go to Hoskote. The girls sing gaily and experience the genuine, sublime happiness in the company of Nature. There were competitions. The prizes for composing verses on the virtues of Mary went to Gemma Pinto and Eleanor Boesinger ; while Joyce Saldanha and Celine Sequeira were the prize-winners for memorising verses on the Praises of Mary.

Our heartfelt thanks to Rev. Sister Tarsilla, our Directress, who has guided our activities.

MARIAMMA ABRAHAM
Secretary

Catholic Students Union

The Office-bearers for the year were :—

President	— Anna Mary Vimala	— III yr. Degree
Secretary	— Joan Mascarenhas	— III yr. Degree

The activities of the Unit started with a general-body meeting at which the aims and functions of the Union were exposed for the benefit of the new members.

The Inaugural function of all the three local units was held at St. Joseph's College, at the end of July, and with this, the official activities commenced. Four delegates attended the Regional Camp at Mangalore together with our Spiritual Directress, Rev. Sister Dorothy.

To celebrate the feast of Christ the King, we participated in the annual pilgrimage to Christ the King Church, conducted jointly by all the local units.

Our unit did extremely well in the three inter-Unit debates conducted during the year. On the 11th November the General Chaplain of the A. I. C. U. F., Rev. Father Ceyrac S. J., visited our unit and gave a most inspiring talk. Later in the evening we joined the other Units at the reception organised for him at St. Joseph's College.

The Student Leaders attended the monthly meetings for the Leaders, held at St. Joseph's College, and co-operated with the other Units in planning the activities of the year. A " break-up " Social was organised on the 7th February by all the Units.

I wish the Mount Carmel C. S. U. all success in the year ahead.

JOAN MASCARENHAS
Secretary

Report of the Mother Mary Memorial Hostel

FOR THE YEAR '59—'60.

The Hostel had 87 students in residence for the current year. Their health was remarkably good. Medical treatment for a few cases of influenza was given and weekly visits made by Dr. (Miss) A. Mathias, M.B.B.S. In view of the many other activities like College sports and Guardians' Day, the hostelites were unable to have their usual concert, on Hostel Day, 12th September. However they enjoyed a special lunch and a half-holiday. In the evening a special prize was awarded to the occupants of the best-kept room. The recipients were Misses Esme and Petsa Coelho. Miss Celine D'Souza won the Treasure in the Treasure Hunt. One of the remarkable features of our hostel is the cordiality that prevails among its inmates. This is encouraged by the socials that they hold annually in the last term. The first was the Juniors " send-off " to their Seniors early in February. The " thank

you " gesture was a sumptuous party given by the Seniors to the Juniors two weeks later. Before the close of the year there was an excursion to Nandi. The girls sang their way to the hill on a cool, crisp morning and returned at sunset. Nandi is an ideal picnic spot and has some landmarks of historic interest too. The hostelites very loath to leave, boarded the bus at 3-30 P.M. They halted half way to play a few games and take some more snaps.

These " one day " excursions have their peculiar advantage. The students make the most of the short holiday at their disposal. Under ideal weather conditions nothing could be more enjoyable. There are no lagging moments to bore one or lead into mischief, as the entire day's programme can be planned in advance and no one thinks of relaxing till nightfall. We have tried to make a " talents evening " a regular monthly feature but have not yet succeeded. These, and three or four Hostelite versus Day-student matches would, I feel, enliven hostel life considerably and make the competitive spirit keen.

WARDEN



Kollatam
by B. V. Vimala
III B.Sc.



by Bhanu Reddi
I B.A.



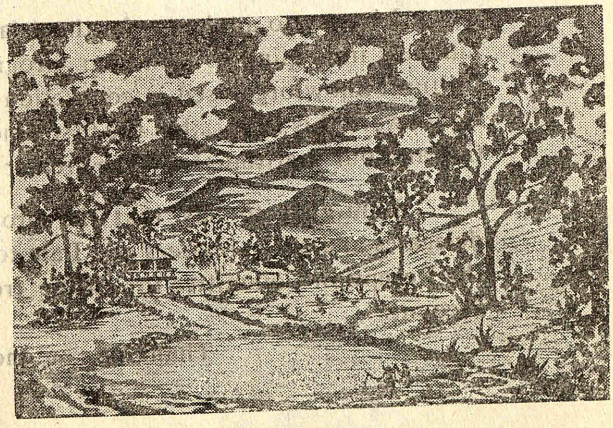
Jawaharlal Nehru
by R. Susheela
II B.A.



Folk Dance
by
B. V. Vimala



by
R. N. Parimala Rao



A Picturesque Landscape
by B. V. Vimala

IN APPRECIATION

I read the Annual Report and felt proud to note the progress as well as the grand achievements of our College students in the fields of writing, Debate, Speech Contest, and especially in Sports . . .

(Mrs.) LEELA RAJAN
Tirupathur (N. Arcot)

Thanks for sending us your College annual. I find it very interesting. This year I had it on view at our Vocation Exhibition in Glasgow.

FR. ANTONINE O.D.C.
Somerset (England)

I received the copy of the College Magazine which you were kind enough to send. I spent several hours over its pages, day after day. The articles were all quite interesting. Particularly interesting were the sketches of your students and the apt lines of verse cited by you to bring out their personal traits.

The get-up was good. The editorial work was excellent. It gave me much pleasure, because it was the product of much scholarship and artistic skill.

K. ANANTHARAMIAH M.A.,
Bangalore

Dear Rev. Mother,

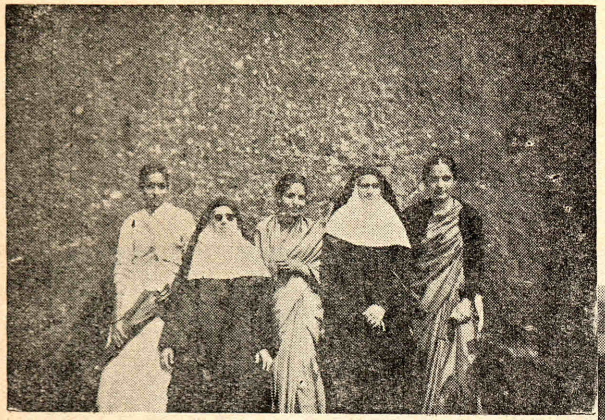
I hasten to apologise for the delay in acknowledging and thanking you for your kindness in helping us with your programme, " KING LEAR," during the recent Cultural Show organised in connection with the 7th Seminar on Irrigation and Power. I am aware this is possibly the first time you have come out to help a public organisation and our gratitude is all the greater on this account.

I am glad to say that the programme was very much appreciated by the delegates and other invitees and I am to convey to you once again the gratefulness of the Reception Committee for all the trouble you and your students took on this account.

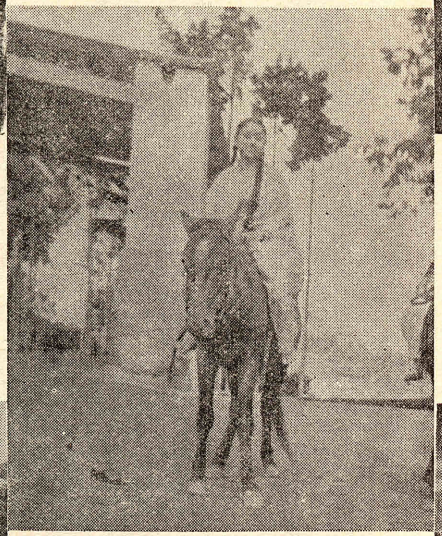
Thanking you once again,

Yours sincerely,
J. L. D'SA, B.E., B.SC., (HONS.) A.M.I.E.E.
Chief Engineer, Electricity,
Mysore State.

EXCURSION TO OOTACAMUND



Staff Members

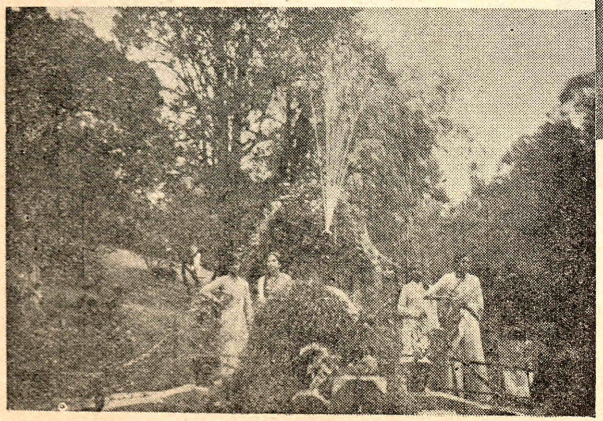


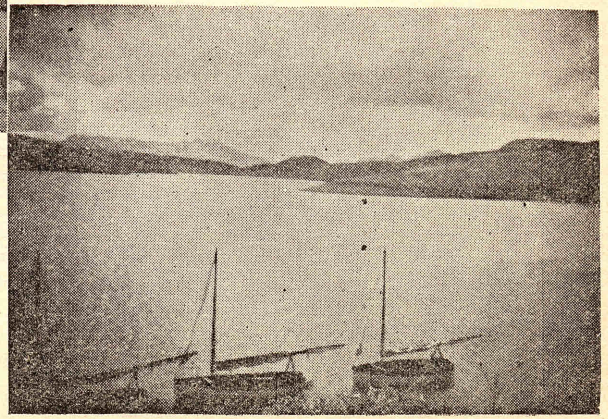
And who would
miss a pony ride ?



All smiles !

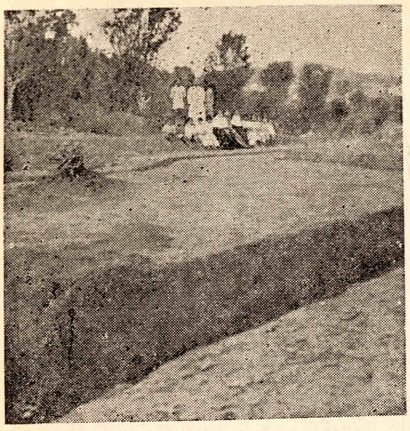
At the Botanical Gardens



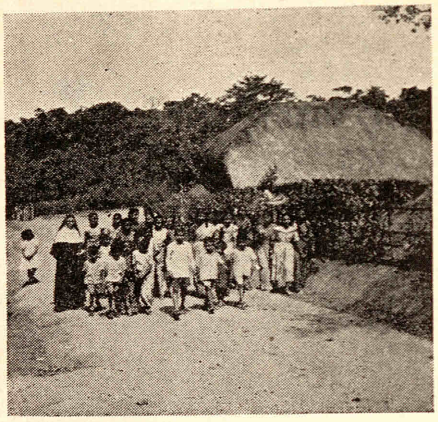


Ooty Lake

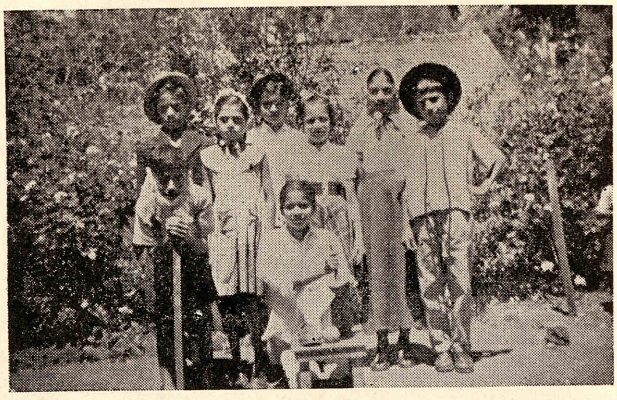
SOMWARPET



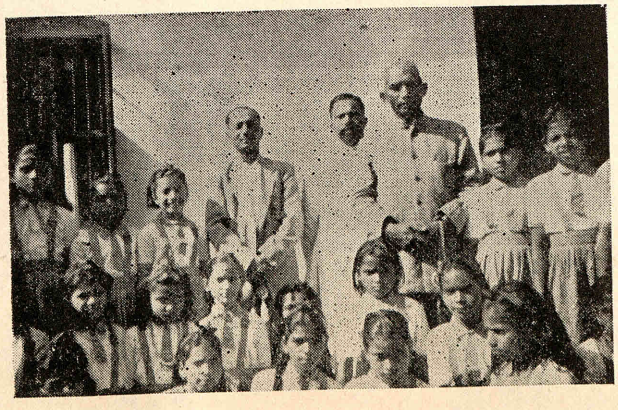
The ground is levelled and the work has been started for the new School building



Off to the near-by Village to attend to the needs of the poor



SIDAPUR — " Pudding Pan "



A cheery group

St. Ann's Convent, Sidapur, Coorg

Our Lady of Victories Convent, Somwarpet, Coorg

St. John the Baptist Convent, Kumta

Holy Rosary Convent, Honavar

Holy Family Convent, Mariapura (Bangalore Dist.)

Our Lady of Victories Convent School, Somwarpet

Our Lady of Victories Convent School was opened in Somwarpet in the year 1956. A Primary class was opened for the benefit of the neighbouring children, who were anxiously waiting for a school. In the first year, the strength was only ten. Now the children have increased in number rapidly and we have been permitted by the Educational Department to open the higher classes. Now we are glad to say that we have a Primary school, from the first standard up to the Eighth standard.

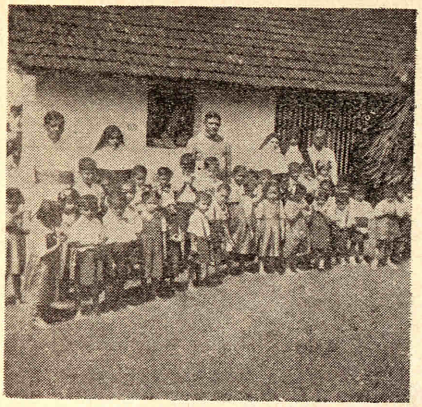
In the Public Entrance Examination held in March 1960, our children came out in flying colours, securing cent per cent passes. The benign Government has given a free site of five acres of land for a school and for a playground. A school building has already been completed but there is an urgent need for another building to accommodate the remaining classes. With the help of the generous public, we hope to provide better accommodation and facilities for our children.

Deputy Finance Minister Shri J. H. Shamsuddin on our School, Honavar

"Visited the school today. I was very much impressed by the performance of the children. This is a remarkable progress within a short period of 2 months. I congratulate the members of the Staff. This institution deserves help and encouragement.

I wish it success."

HONAVAR



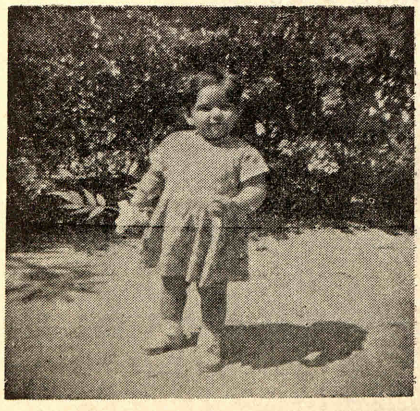
Children with the Dy. Finance Minister Mr. Shamsuddin, after distribution of milk





Shankar (6 years old), who read the Address on Father's Birth-day and also when the Minister visited our School

MARIAPURA



Meet Baby Agnes, the first foundling of Holy Family Convent, Mariapura

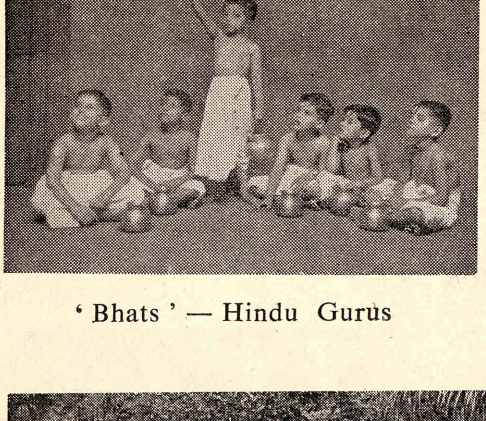


Indian Dance



St. John Baptist Convent— Nirmala School, Kumta. (Girls)

MOTHER SUPERIOR'S DAY



'Bhats' — Hindu Gurus



Harvest Dance

(Boys)

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General Manager.

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Christ the King Convent High School

— and —

Nursery School

THIS WAS MY DAY

Five P.M. sharp on a bright September day found me at the gaily decorated A I F A C S Theatre. It had been a hectic day for me getting ready for the evening for it was the prize distribution function of the Shankar's International Competition and Prime Minister Nehru was to distribute the Prizes.

The velvet cloak of winter had not yet covered Delhi. Summer was still lingering — lingering like an unloved guest. Cars of all shapes and colours studded the lawn. The parlour was filled with a galaxy of diplomats and men from all walks of life, little children in starched frocks and an array of women in all sorts of styles — narrow skirts, jeans, funny hairdo's, pencil-point heels and of all things, heavy make-up.

Little girls in blue led us to our seats in a brightly lit hall. On the stage was a table full of presents wrapped in colourful papers and gay ribbons. As I looked at them I felt happy for one of them was to be mine.

It was a function of children, by children and for children. Cameras clicked at the distinguished audience and for once, children were the V. I. P's. The audience was hushed to silence as Prime Minister Nehru was ushered in followed by his charming daughter Indira.

A child welcomed the guests and a child presided over the function much to the surprise of the adults. Children ruled the day.

Then Prime Minister Nehru distributed the prizes. The Ambassadors of sixty-five countries received the prizes on behalf of the children of their countries. There was much fun as the Ambassadors wished the Premier with the traditional " Namasthe " while still others were loaded with baskets full of presents.

Then came the children of India. It was surprising to see all the tiny tots of four and five shake hands with the Prime Minister with self-confidence as they embraced their presents with glee. Then came the teen-agers and my turn. I walked up nervously but the Premier assuredly stretched out his hand for a shake. He has a way with children which makes any child feel at ease with him. His happiest moments are with children, he said. He said that in the company of children he forgets that he is " terribly old " and that it is a very long time since he was a child. He told us that he would spend his birthday outside Delhi this year, but that was to be kept a secret. He confided that he had won no prizes as a child except a few books for coming second in a race ; and he had in vain tried his hand at painting but after six months he could barely draw a straight line !

A doll was then presented to him and we went in for tea where, as he put it, " only children under sixteen " were allowed. At tea he was jovial and nice and then we said good-bye to Uncle Nehru with heavy hearts.

Outside, the children were tearing wrappers to have a peep at their lovely presents. I got a lovely Sheaffer pen and an Encyclopaedia.

It was my red-letter day and will be green in my memory for ever. And when I grow up and go down memory lane, I shall remember the day I met a great man, a lovable man, and above all a sincere uncle to the children of the world. I had never dreamed that there would be such a day in my life nor that I would win our International prize. I owed everything to God, my parents, my teachers, and last but not least to my Alma Mater, Christ the King Convent.

As I mused that night, back came the words "Uncle Nehru belongs to the children of the world. We love him and he loves us."

Long live Uncle Nehru!

C. RATHI GANAPATHI

The Foreign Country I Would Like To Visit

I have heard it said that it is travel that makes education complete. After completing my studies I wish to visit a few countries; for travelling is an integral point of education. My friends and elders have been offering suggestions and some have advised me to visit America and some, Germany and France. But I stick to my decision to visit England. I would very much like to visit England in preference to any other country.

In choosing England I am not blind to the attractions of the other countries suggested to me. The lake regions of America and the sky-scrapers of New York are no doubt worth seeing, but that country is a long way off. France and Germany are no doubt nearer, but my ignorance of their languages prevents me from visiting those countries. I admit that France is the centre of fashion. Germany is famous for its beautiful scenery, but the fact that I do not know the languages of the two countries has deterred me from going there.

Having been educated under the English system of education and having read English History, I wish to acquaint myself with the country which has given us the present system of Administration. I realise that London is the great capital of the vast British Empire, a city known for its historic buildings, for its famous educational institutions, for its factories, which have made England the great industrial nation she is.

London is the city where the Houses of Parliament are located. The India House, the great building in which is located the Indian Office, is of particular interest to an Indian visiting England. If I visit England I shall have all facilities for my stay in the country for I have quite a number of friends there. The language of the country is English and when moving in the midst of the British I shall learn the correct pronunciation of various English words. Hence I have decided to visit England in preference to any other country.

I. SURRI UTHAYYA
III Yr. H.S. 'A'

How I Spent My Last Vacation

I am a student in Christ the King Convent and my home is in Bombay. I am practically cut off from home and family for nearly ten months in the year. Therefore when school closed on the 28th of March, I jumped for joy and sang as I packed my few things and waited for the journey home.

I started by the morning train and though I found the compartment crowded I did not feel uncomfortable because I was going home to meet my relatives and friends. The train appeared to move very slowly as I was impatient to reach home and at last it reached Victoria Terminus. My little brothers and sisters danced and shouted on seeing me. My elders welcomed me most heartily. After the first excitement had died away I handed round the various gifts I brought with me and gave them all the news of my school.

My brother advised me to discard my school books for a fortnight, so that my mind could have a rest. The first week I enjoyed myself by strolling about the garden, playing games and practical jokes. The first seven days flew past with amazing speed. The next week I resolved to read my books in order to improve in certain subjects.

In the middle of May I went on an excursion with some friends to Chaupati. We started at five o'clock in the morning by car and reached our destination in a few hours. We stayed in a boarding house for five days, and went sight-seeing and every evening we enjoyed ourselves swimming. We were rather sorry to leave the place on the sixth day. I spent the rest of my holidays visiting friends. The holidays were coming to a close. As the final day drew near I felt very sad at the thought of having to leave home. But I came back to school fresh and bright to begin the new term.

SUMITHA BANGERA
VIII Std.

It was in quite an exciting and happy mood that the group of girls from the High school classes assembled at the school, as early as 6 A. M. on 15-11-59. The specially chartered bus came to the spot on time and we, with six teachers assigned to accompany us, boarded the bus, after taking leave of the Mother Superior, other teachers, parents and our friends. The bus moved at 6-30 A.M. and reached Maddur at 8-30 A.M. for breakfast at the Railway Station Restaurant. The next halt was at Bangalore from where we procceded onwards to Mulabagalu for lunch. Leaving Mulabagalu, we reached Madras at 8-30 P.M., enjoying the journey all through, sharing fruits and sweets with one another, and singing and playing.

As pre-arranged, our stay in Madras was at " Our Lady's Centre." Though the journey was highly enjoyable, there was a feeling of tiredness that gave us a sound sleep after a delightful supper. The arrangements and facilities for boarding and lodging were very nice and comfortable indeed.

The next day we were ready by 7 A. M. and soon after breakfast began the sight-seeing trip in the city. The first place on the schedule was the Central Railway Station and the next was the General Hospital. Moore Market was the next attraction and most of us got ourselves engaged in making purchases — small gifts for our sisters or brothers and parents, and some articles for ourselves. We were then taken to the Government Museum, a very big building, with many equipments. The specimens were all well arranged and labelled and appeared to be self-explanatory. The visit was very valuable to us in learning Biology and History. The most interesting exhibit that attracted the attention of all of us was the skeleton of a whale, 6 ft. long and 16 ft. broad. On the whole, the museum was interesting and instructive.

Our next halt was at a hotel where we were supplied with the Madras type of vegetarian food. We had a little rest after lunch and we felt this rest was needed as the weather was very warm. The other places we visited that day were the Zoo, the Marina and the A. I. R. Station. Most of us did not find the Zoo very interesting as we felt the Mysore Zoo was very much better. We were unwilling and unhappy to leave the beach when so ordered, as the time appeared to be very short indeed. We returned to our camp and supper being over, we could not get sleep for a long time, as there were talks and discussions involving exchange of ideas and expressions.

The third day, being the last day of our stay in Madras, we had a heavy schedule of visits. The " Hotel Dasaprakhas " is owned Sri by Seetharama Rao, a Mysorean, who cordially invited us for a visit and we had a warm reception. Needless to add, that the ice-cream we had as guests was very delicious. The walls along the corridors were full of photographs showing our Maharaja and many distinguished Mysoreans. Then we went to Adyar, and after much struggle, got in to see the Theosophical Society and the great banian tree. Next, we passed on to the Aerodrome and a plane ready to leave for Bangalore and Cochin was there.

We were happy to be back at sea when we reached the harbour. There we were taken into a ship named ' Jalausha.' The several parts of the ship and its working were explained to us. The engine room was hot. While we were on board, a ship arrived from Denmark and this interested us because we had a Danish friend in our group. After this interesting experience we had our lunch in a near-by hotel by 2-15 P. M. In the afternoon we visited the Light House, Aquarium and the " Hindu " Printing Press. Climbing up to the top of the Light House was not an easy task though we enjoyed it very much. We next visited the aquarium where many kinds of fishes were kept. The visit to the "Hindu" Printing Press was a very interesting and instructive experience. We learned how they get news from different parts of India, about teleprinters, and how the news is printed in the paper.

We made a long halt at the China Bazaar buying things, and this was the last place of our visit that day. That whole night we were thinking of the things we saw and the journey that we had to make the next day. I must admit that it was too short a time to see all the places in Madras and we were very sorry the trip was coming to a close. We left the convent early in the morning on the 18th November and were so sad to leave the hospitable Sisters who had endeared themselves to us during our stay. On the way, we stopped at the Parthasarathy temple and proceeded on to Bangalore. We could not leave the place which had become so dear to us. We bade farewell to Madras and the several places of our visit, especially the beach and the harbour which all of us liked best. We reached Mysore at 10 P.M. The next day, another journey was awaiting me to Ooty and Coonoor.

Our grateful thanks are due to the Mother Superior for arranging this excursion and giving us an opportunity to see various places and add to our knowledge. We are deeply indebted to our Headmistress and other Sisters and teachers, all of whom took care of us and guided us in our visits. We enjoyed the trip immensely and it has left in our minds very pleasant impressions which we will always cherish. I hope such opportunities will continue to be extended by the school in future, and that the trips will prove to be increasingly popular, enjoyable and beneficial.

L. SATYAVATHI
H. S. III yr.

An Indian Conjuring Entertainment

Indian jugglers are famous, though as far as my experience goes, their skill is rather over-rated. Some of them are certainly clever, but not more than conjurers in other countries. And some of the famous tricks attributed to them like the much-talked-of ropetrick, seem to be mythical.

I will describe one of the conjuring entertainments I have seen. The juggler, an old man with a beard and naked except for a loin-cloth, chattered all the time in a shrill, sing-song voice, talking a queer mixture of Urdu and broken English. After a few minor tricks had been done with cards and a cup, he proceeded to the famous coffee-trick.

I had heard much of the coffee-trick and prepared to be impressed. At first he took some pieces of paper and closed them within his hand. He then shook it well and when he opened his folded hands, prepared coffee poured down from his hands into a glass kept under his hand ! It was indeed a clever trick which all cannot do.

The next was a basket-trick. A shallow round was produced and a young lad got into it and lay down and the lid was put on and the whole covered with a cloth. The conjurer then took an old sword and very carefully pierced the basket, always in the middle. The cloth was then removed and the basket was opened and it was empty. A few minutes later the boy came from outside of the crowd !

But the cleverest trick I saw was the mysterious disappearance of a ring. The juggler borrowed my golden ring. He tied this up lightly in the corner of a cloth and gave it to me to hold. I could feel the ring in the cloth and held it lightly between my finger and thumb. He then told me to let go the ring and shake the cloth, he all the time sitting down at some distance. I did as he told me, and when I examined the cloth, the ring had vanished ! He then came forward and picked up a loaf of bread which had been lying on the ground out of his reach, and told me to cut it open. I did so and there was the ring ! It certainly was the same ring, for I could recognise it. How the ring got out of the cloth and into the uncut bread is indeed a mystery !!

The Autobiography of a Pair of Boots

My life story is very interesting, for it is one of ups and downs. I am a very old pair of boots, much used and worn out and repaired several times and am now nearing my last days.

I was born about ten years ago in a shoe-maker's shop in London. My master, having brought me into existence, displayed me at his shop window for sale.

A gentleman soon appeared and after paying two coins, engaged me as his slave. He turned out to be a very kind and considerate master and frequently polished me. He used me only on special occasions.

After three years, this gentleman took me to India. What a pleasant voyage I had ! In India I was more frequently used. The climate in India being very hot, I aged rapidly. Then I was presented to my master's butler. He took me to a second hand dealer's shop and sold me there. Here I was treated badly, thrown about in the dirt and dust. How sad and miserable I was !

At last, about a year later, a new partner in this shop pulled me out, had me repaired and polished. Then I was placed in his window for sale again. Very soon I came into the open world. My new master was a careless young fellow who used me everywhere imaginable. He used me wherever he went, used me to receive hard knocks in football and hockey, made me walk in the mud and water, and also used me in killing scorpions and other insects. Only on Sundays he put me aside.

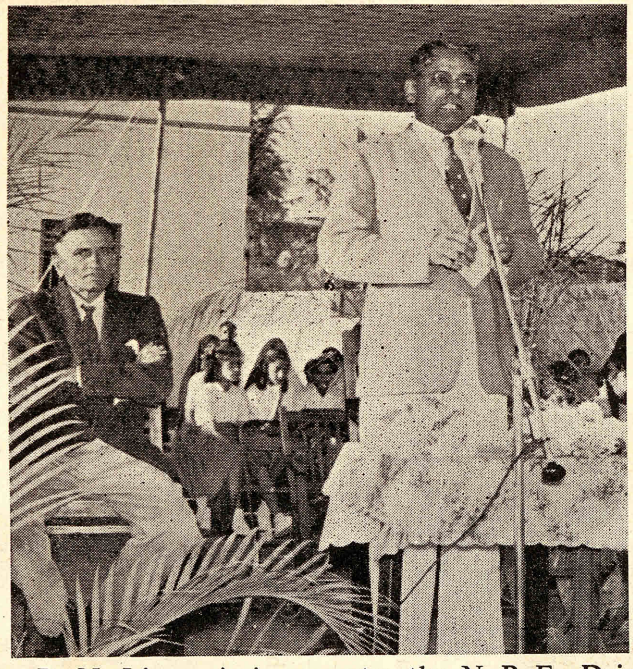
Soon he got tired of me and handed me over to a tramp. Of course he was a cruel man and never gave me a moment's rest. He never polished me and so I became dirty, sick and weary. After two years of suffering, I once more had a holiday. This tramp one day was sorely in need of money and he sold me to a second-hand, or rather third-hand dealer. This merchant repaired my broken bones and once more made me fit for human feet. Now I was employed by a poor but gentlemanly workman. I was sold for ten annas! How insulting it was. After about three years and eleven months, I was sold again to a second-hand dealer. The dealer restored my original beauty. I felt that I was destined to live for the rest of my life in this unsightly place.

Then came a surprise which I had least expected. A gentleman came in, examined me and then selected me. Who do you think the purchaser was? It was my old friend and master who had employed me many years ago when I first saw the daylight in the London shoe-shop. He treated me as kindly and considerately as he had done in the past.

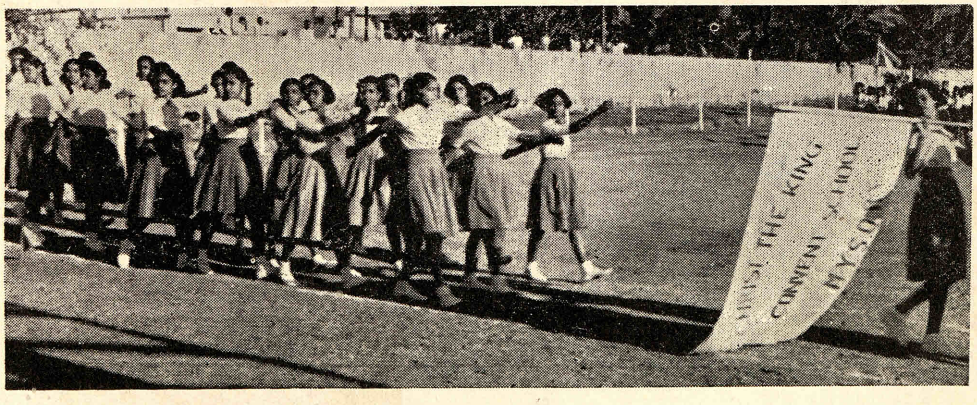
This is my life story up to date. As I first mentioned, I am now ten years old. My days are numbered, but I await my end cheerfully and patiently.

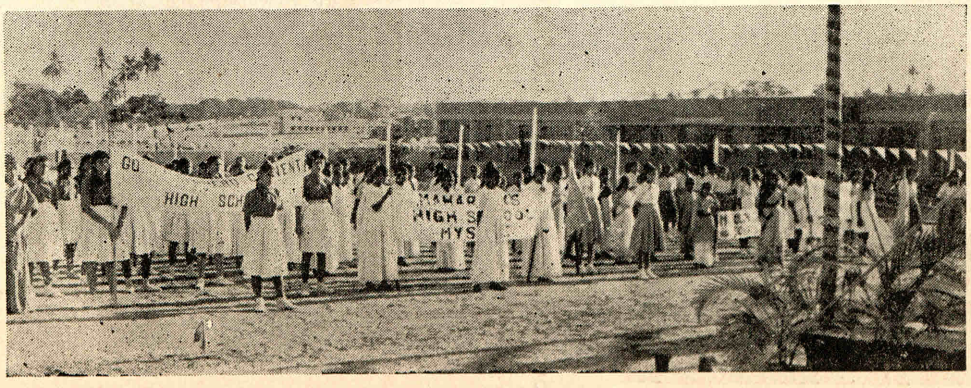
C. S. SHOBHA
II yr. 'A'

NATIONAL PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY DRIVE AT C.K.C. HIGH SCHOOL



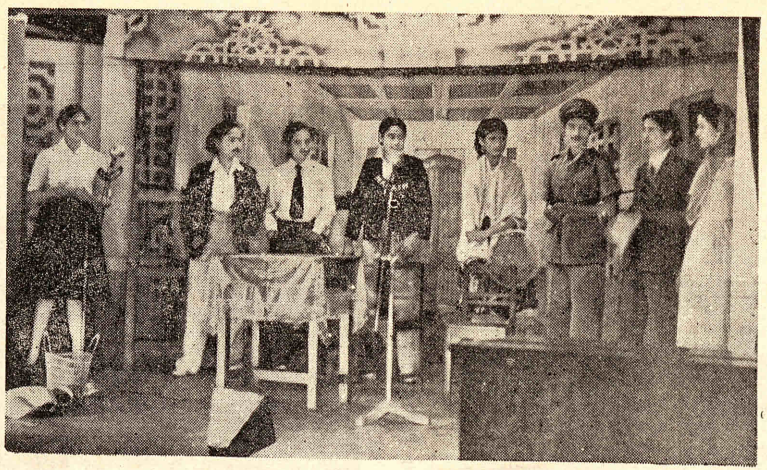
Dr. B. N. Lingaraju inaugurates the N. P. E. Drive







K. Jayalakshmi
Secured the 8th Rank in the State
in the S.S.L.C. Exam. 1960

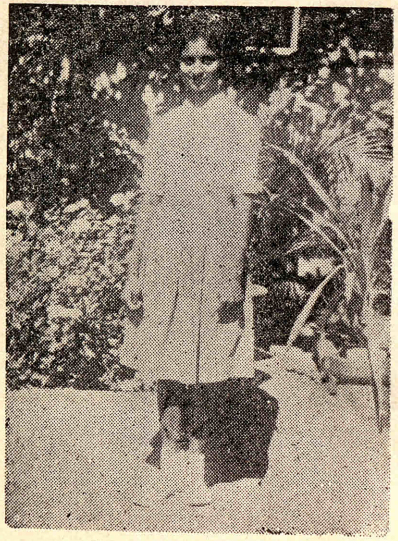


Scene from — " Spreading the News "



M. Harini
Winner of the coveted
Rotary Club Silver Medal

Our Athletes with their Trophies



M. N. Veena



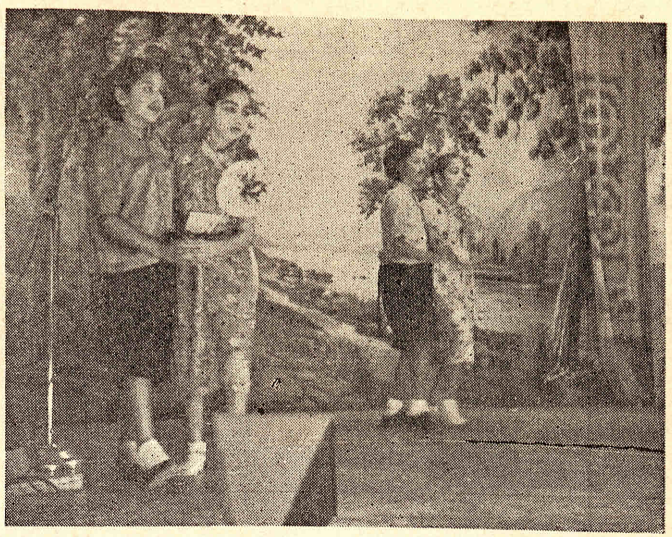
B. B. Chandamma



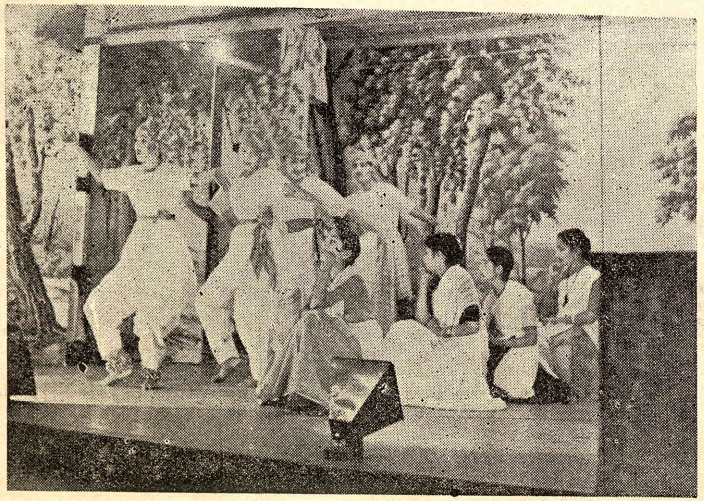
B. M. Gangamma



Primary (Boys)



Folks from China



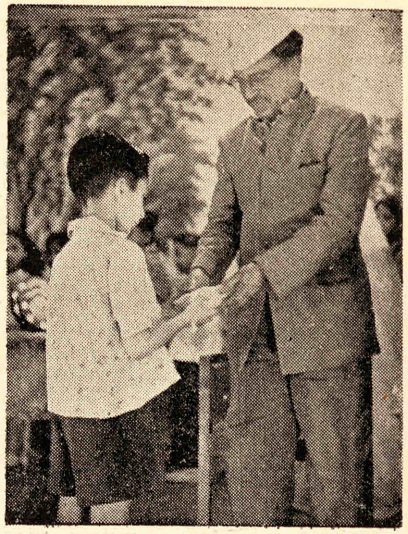
Harvest Dance



Fairy Queen's Garden

Our First Communicants with
Rev. Mother Superior →

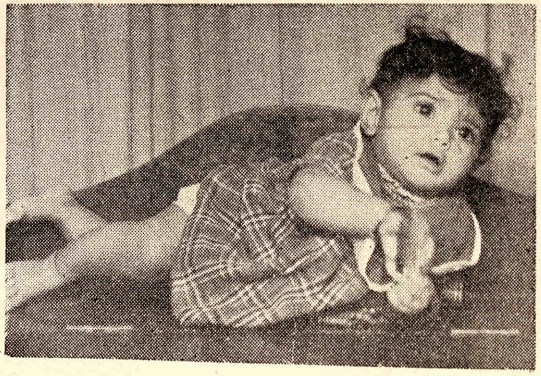




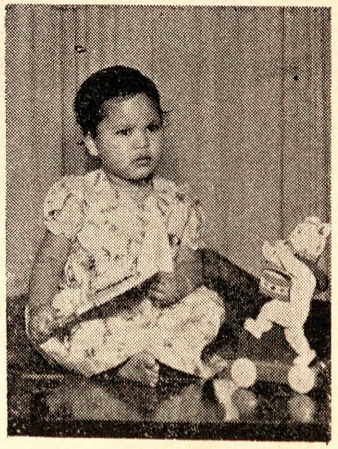
Prize-giving



Indian Dance



Baby Marguerite ready for a pose !



Jacinta in Wonderland

Vasudeviah Stresses Importance of Physical Education

The importance of physical education in building up the National stamina and efficiency was stressed by Mr. T. Vasudeviah, Deputy Director of Public Instruction, here on Wednesday night, 24th February.

Presiding over the Valedictory function of the National Physical Efficiency Drive at the Christ King Convent School, Mr. Vasudeviah expressed his happiness at the increased recognition being given to this aspect of education. Besides making provision for mid-day meals for children in the State's budget, the Government had recognised Physical Education as an intra-curricular subject to be taught during the working hours alone. The long-felt need for a Physical Education Training College was also fulfilled with its opening in Bangalore and he stressed the need for one such institute for women, locating in Mysore, which, according to him was ideally suited. He congratulated the Convent for the excellent way in which they conducted the Drive and pleaded for more support from the public for encouragement and development of sports.

Miss Grace Titus welcomed the gathering. In a report presented by her later, she gave an account of the Drive and said that response was encouraging, with as many as 426 students from various local High Schools and Middle Schools participating. Christ the King Convent won the highest number of stars. Miss Jaya proposed a vote of thanks. Later, an interesting programme of variety entertainment was gone through.

F. O. S. C.

A day in the life of a Dog

I am a dog and my name is Rover. My master John Brown is very kind to me. My daily programme is very simple and every day passes quickly. I will tell you all the adventures I had one day, This certain day of which I am going to speak, was a Saturday. I rose at sunrise and after stretching myself, I went to the river to bathe. Suddenly I heared strange cries calling for help. It was a child who had fallen in the bushes and hurt itself badly. Recognising her as our neighbour's daughter I took her home safely. After finishing my bath, I took some mad leaps into the air. Suddenly I heard a great deal of barking and shouting in the street. It was a thief and all the dogs and people were chasing him, so I joined in the chase. I helped the people in catching the thief. I was so hungry by this time and my master who knew about the chase, gave me an extra meal. As nothing happened after that, I slept. In the evening, I went to hunt with my master. I killed five rats, fought a cat, caught a rabbit for my master and when he lost his way, I led him back home. Just as we were returning we met our neighbour, the father of the child whom I saved. He spoke to my master and gave him a collar for me on which was engraved, "To faithful Rover as a keep-sake for saving my life." I became so proud and happy. That night I could not eat my food but at last I swallowed it. When my master went to bed I stood by his door watching his house so that he might not be attacked by robbers. Thus closed an eventful day of my life.

B. M. NEENA
H. S. II Yr. 'A'

RESULTS OF S. S. L. C. — MARCH 1960

No. appeared :	....	101
No. passed :	....	91
No. of First Classes	....	46
Percentage of Passes	....	90·1

ರಾಜಾಮಣಿ

ಕ್ಲಾಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾಠಗಳಿಲ್ಲ ಹುರುಪಿನಿಂದ ಆರಂಭವಾಗಿದ್ದುವು. ಹಾಜರಿ ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರತಿನಿತ್ಯವೂ ಹೆಸರು ಮಾತ್ರ ಕೂಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ' ಆ ರಾಜಾಮಣಿ ಎನ್ನುವವಳು ಪತ್ತೆಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ ' ಎಂದು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿನಿಯರಿಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಕಳವಳ. ರ್‍ಯಾಂಕ್ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿನಿ ಎಂದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರು ಬಂದಿತು. ಅವಳು ಬಂದರೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಸ್ಥಾನಕ್ಕೆಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಂದು ಬರುವುದೊ ಎಂಬ ಅಸೂಯೆ ಇದ್ದರೂ ಆ ರ್‍ಯಾಂಕ್ ಗಳಿಸಿ ಕೊಂಡಾಕೆ ಹೇಗಿದ್ದಾಳೋ ನೋಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಆಸೆ. ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಅಗಲವಾದ ಹಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಣ್ಣ ಕುಂಕುಮವಿಟ್ಟು ಎರಡುಜಡೆ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು; ಒಂದೇ ಜಡೆಗೆ ಒಂದು ರೋಜಾಹೂವನ್ನು ಸಿಕ್ಕಿಸಿ, ಎತ್ತರ ಹಿಮ್ಮಡಿ ಇರುವ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯನ್ನು ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡು ನೈಲಾನ್ ಸೀರೆಯುಟ್ಟು, ವೆಲ್ವೆಟ್ ರವಿಕೆ ತೊಟ್ಟು, ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಠಬಹುದೆಂದು ಊಹಿಸಿದ್ದ ಕೆಲವು ಹುಡುಗರು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಹೇಗೆ ಛಡಾಯಿಸ ಬೇಕು ಎಂಬುದನ್ನೂ ಲೆಕ್ಕ ಹಾಕಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿದರು. ಆಕೆ ರ್‍ಯಾಂಕ್ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿನಿಯಾದುದರಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ದಪ್ಪ ಪುಸ್ತಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಪಾರ್ಕರ್ ಪೆನ್ನಿನಿಂದ ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಲ್ಲದೆ ನೋಟ್ಸ್ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾಳೆ ; ಅವಳೊಡನೆ ಸ್ನೇಹ ಬೆಳೆಸಿ ಆಕೆಯ ನೋಟ್ಸ್ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಕಾಪಿ ಮಾಡಿದರಾಯಿತು ' ಎಂದು ಲೆಕ್ಕೆ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಮಂದಿ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಮಕ್ಕಳು.

ಹಾಜರಿ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವಾಗ ' ರಾಜಾಮಣಿ ' ಎಂದು ಕೂಗಿ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಬೆಂಚಿನಕಡೆ ನೋಡಿ ' a ' ಎಂದು ಗುರುತಿಸುವುದೇ ರೂಢಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು, ಉಪಾಧ್ಯಾಯರುಗಳಿಗೆ. ' ಆಕೆ ಏಕ್ಕೆ ತರಗತಿಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬುದು ನಿಮಗಾರಿಗಾದರೂ ಗೊತ್ತೆ ? ' ಎಂದು ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರ್ ಕೇಳುತ್ತಲೇ ಹುಡುಗಿಯ ರೆಲ್ಲಾ ತಮಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲವೆಂಬಂತೆ ತಲೆ ಅಲ್ಲಾಡಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಕಡೆಗೆ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರ್ ' ಆಕೆ ಏಕಾದರೂ ಒಂದು ಸೀಟನ್ನು ವ್ಯರ್ಥಗೊಳಿಸಿದರೋ ' ಎಂದು ರೇಗಿದ್ದೂ ಉಂಟು.

ಇಂದು ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರ್ ಪ್ರತಿನಿತ್ಯದಂತೆ ' ರಾಜಾಮಣಿ ' ಎಂದು ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಕಡೆಗೆ ತಿರುಗಿ ಆ ಹೆಸರ ಮುಂದೆ ' a ' ಎಂದ ಗುರುತಿಸಬೇಕು, ಅಷ್ಟರದಲ್ಲಿ ' ಹಿಯರ್ ಸರ್ ' ಎಂಬ ಗಡಸು ಧ್ವನಿ ಹುಡುಗರ ಬೆಂಚಿನ ಕಡೆಯಿಂದ ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಅವಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಆ ಕಡೆ ತಿರುಗಿದೆವು. ಖದ್ದರ್ ಪಂಚೆ ಯುಟ್ಟು, ತಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಂಬೆ ಹಣ್ಣಿನ ಗಾತ್ರ ಜುಟ್ಟುಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ಹಣೆಗೆ ನಾಮವಿಟ್ಟು, ಗಾಂಧಿ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿ ಧರಿಸಿದ್ದ ರಾಜಾಮಣಿಗೆ ಪ್ರೊಫೆಸರ್ ಪೆನ್ನನ್ನು ಬೀಳಿಸಿ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಏಕೆ ಹಾಗೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆಂಬುದೂ, ತರಗತಿಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ಮಕ್ಕಳು, ಗಂಡು ಹುಡುಗರು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬರೂ ಬಿಟ್ಟ ಕಣ್ಣು, ಬಿಟ್ಟ ಬಾಯಾಗಿ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಏಕೆ ಹಾಗೆ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆಂಬುದೂ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನ ಮುಖವೆಲ್ಲ ಎಣ್ಣೆಗೆಂಪಾಗಿತ್ತು !

T. N. RUKMINI
H. S. III yr.

ದಸರ ಜೊತೆ

ವಸ್ತುಪ್ರದರ್ಶನವನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ನಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿ ಇಷ್ಟಪಟಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ಕಡೆಯ ದಿನ ನಾನು, ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆ ಮತ್ತು ತಾಯಿ ಮೂವರೂ ಹೊರಟಿವು. ನಾವು ಸಾಹಸದಿಂದ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸೀಟನ್ನು ದೊರಕಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ವಸ್ತು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನವೆನ್ನು ತಲುಪಿದೆವು. ಒಳಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ವಿಶೇಷಗಳನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆವು.

ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಕಂಡ ಒಂದು ದೃಶ್ಯ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಆತ್ಯಾಶ್ಚರ್ಯಗೊಳಿಸಿತು. ನನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮ ಗೋಪಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಕೊಡಗಿನ ಬೆಡಗಿನ ಹುಡುಗಿಯ ಹೆಗಲಮೇಲೆ ಕೈ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಇದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಾವೆಲ್ಲ ಬಹಳ ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡು, ವಸ್ತು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನವನ್ನು ಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ನೋಡದೆಯೇ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟು ಬಂದೆವು. ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆಯವರು ತಗ್ಗಿಸಿದ ತಲೆಯನ್ನು ಎತ್ತಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಗರಬಡಿದವರಂತೆ ಮೂಕರಾಗಿದ್ದರು.

ರಾತ್ರಿ ಸುಮಾರು ಹತ್ತು ಘಂಟೆಗೆ ಗೋಪಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಬಾಗಿಲು ತಟ್ಟಿದ. ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆಯವರು, " ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ತೆಗೆಯಲೇಬೇಡ. ಅವನು ಅಲೇ ಬಿದ್ದಿರಲಿ " ಎಂದರು. ನಮ್ಮ ತಾಯಿ ಒಂದು ಮಾತನ್ನೂ ಆಡದೆ ಮೌನವಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಗೋಪಿ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತಟ್ಟುತ್ತಲೇ ಇದ್ದ. ಕಡೆಗೆ ನಾನು ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆಗೆದೆ ಅವನು ನಗುನಗುತ್ತಾ ಒಳಗೆ ಬಂದ. ಅವನ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಆ ಕೊಡಗಿನ ಹುಡುಗಿಯೂ ವಯ್ಯಾರವಾಗಿ ಒಳಗೆ ಬಂದಳು ! ಇದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆ ಕೋಪದಿಂದ ಕೆಂಡವಾದರು. ಅವರು, " ನಾಚಿಕೆ ಆಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲವೇ ಈ ಅವಸ್ಥೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನನಗೆ ಮುಖ ತೋರಿಸವುದಕ್ಕೆ ? ಈ ಕ್ಷಣವೇ ಮನೆ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೊರಡು. ನೀನು ನನ್ನ ಮಗನಲ್ಲ," ಎಂದು ಕೂಗಾಡಿದರು. ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಮೊದಲು ಗೋಪಿ ಏನೂ ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ತಬ್ಬಿಬ್ಬಾದ ; ನಂತರ ಸಾವರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು, " ಅಣ್ಣಾ, ಇವಳು ಯಾರೆಂದು ತಿಳಿದೆ ? ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ಶಂಕರ್. ನಾವಿಬ್ಬರೂ ಈ ದಿನದ ದಸರಾ ವಸ್ತು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನದ ಫ್ಯಾನ್ಸಿಡ್ರೆಸ್ ಸ್ಪರ್ಧೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಈ " ದಸರಾ ಜೊತೆಗೆ " ಮೊದಲ ಬಹುಮಾನ ಪಡೆದೆವು " ಎಂದು ನಗು ನಗುತ್ತಾ ಹೇಳಿದ. ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ನಾವೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಸ್ತಬ್ಧರಾದೆವು. ಈ ರಾದ್ಧಂತಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ ಕೇವಲ ಈ " ದಸರ ಜೊತೆ " ಎಂದು ಅರಿತಾಗ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ನಕ್ಕೆವು. ಇದನ್ನು ಓದಿದ ನೀವೂ ನಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೀರಿ ಅಲ್ಲವೆ ?

V. S. PRABHAMANI
H. S. II Yr.

ಒಗಟು

ಸತ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿರುವೆ ; ನಿಜದಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ
ರಕ್ತದಲ್ಲಿರುವೆ ; ನೆತ್ತರಿನಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ
ಸ್ವಪ್ರಕಾಶದಲ್ಲಿರುವೆ ; ಸ್ವಂತ ಬೆಳಕಿನಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ
ತಿಲಕದಲ್ಲಿರುವೆ ; ಕುಂಕುಮದಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ನಾನಾರು ?
ಉತ್ತರ : ಸರಸ್ವತಿ

M. N. PRAKASH
M. S. IV Yr.

St. Paul's High School

DAVANGERE

My Beautiful School

I first came to the convent on June 1st 1957. That day was a very pleasant one in my life. It was my first day in a Convent and so I got frightened, but when I saw my new companions smiling, my fright vanished, and I joined them. They also were happy to get a new friend and they were very kind to me. Mother, the Sisters and teachers explained the lessons very nicely.

There are two big buildings — one for the Middle and another for the High School. There are five gardens in front of the buildings. There are many roses, lilies, violets and asters. In our School we have sports and concerts. Everybody takes part in them very happily. We get many prizes. Our school is very popular in the whole city, and we have many children here. Every year we have an excursion. We all go with our Sisters and teachers. All the girls have fun and enjoy themselves heartily. We are interested in our lessons and try to be good citizens.

In our school all the teachers and Sisters teach us very well. So in the S. S. L. C. our school gets the best results always in this city. May God help us all to get a nice report even when we get to Heaven.

MANDAKINI VARTAK
H. S. II yr.

HARIHAR

Harihar is my home town !
A spot it is of fair renown.
River Tunga in it does flow,
It has a factory and a bridge below.
Hindu pilgrims from far and near
Wade in its waters without fear.
Restful nest at eventide.

MARY MATHEWS
H. S. III yr.

STARS

Myriads of beautiful diamonds are twinkling all over the canopy of Heaven. What do they speak to us when the curtains of night fall? They seem to be the sparkling eyes of angels watching us gently and keeping us from all evil. Star-light has a charm all its own. No one will be tired of gazing at Heaven, when millions of the silvery lights are switched on and the whole world looks bright and peaceful.

Sometimes electric lights fuse and the roads are in darkness, but the stars never wink for a moment; they remind us of God's fatherly love for us, which never wavers. Poets say that each little baby who opens its eyes to the light of day, has a star set up in Heaven. When each one dies her star falls from the sky. Be it a fact or fiction, the angels and saints watch over us as the bright stars do even while we are wrapt in deep slumber.

There are other different stars like those of our modern films. These stars appear on every screen. No doubt they dazzle the eye with their gold and glamour, but they do not shed any light beyond the theatre door. Their paint and polish and their careful make-up do not leave any lasting impression for good on the minds and hearts of the millions who spend so much precious time in these cinema halls.

Many clever men are trying to reach the stars in their rockets and sputniks but although these are great achievements, yet one can never reach the home of every star which " God Himself " has fixed up in the blue sky for man's pure delight.

MARIE MALONY
S. S. L. C.

MY MOTHER

Gentle and kind she ever was to me and to all who came to her. She was everything to me, as I was her only child. I had many sad dreams, but none of them could be half so sad as when all of a sudden, I lost her for ever.

My Mummy was tall, beautiful, and fair. The 28th of December 1959 was the saddest day of my life. On that day " God " called my darling " Mummy " home to Heaven and I was left a lonely child, to struggle by myself, as well as I could. No doubt all are good and kind to me, but none can ever fill her place. She had ruled over us as the queen of our home. All joy went out of my life when I saw her dressed in her best saree and laid out. My grief knew no bounds and I cried as I had no hope of seeing her again.

My darling Mummy, now as the days speed on, I have realized the meaning of a " motherless home " and I am trying to do what I can by myself. God bless and keep my mummy safe and happy, because I know that she will always love me and look after me as long as I live.

C. V. VASANTHA PADMA
S. S. L. C.

ಮಾತ್ಸರ್ಯನ ಫಲ

ರಾಮರಾಯರು ತಿವಮೊಗ್ಗದ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಸಾಹುಕಾರರು. ಅವರು ಸಾಹುಕಾರರಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಚಿಂತೆ ತಪ್ಪಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಲ್ಲದುದು. ಆದುದರಿಂದ ಅವರು ಒಬ್ಬ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಹುಡುಗನನ್ನು ಸಾಕಬೇಕೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಾಣ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತ ವಾಸುದೇವರಾಯರ ಹತ್ತಿರ ತಿಳಿಸಿದರು. ವಾಸುದೇವರಾಯರು ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಒಬ್ಬ ತಬ್ಬಲಿ ಹುಡುಗನನ್ನು ರಾಮರಾಯರಿಗೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿಸಿದರು. ರಾಮರಾಯರು ಆ ಹುಡುಗನಿಗೆ 'ಮೋಹನ' ಎಂದು ಹೆಸರಿಟ್ಟು ಸಾಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವನನ್ನು ರಾಯರು ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದರು. ಮೋಹನನು ತರಗತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗಿಂತಲೂ ಪ್ರಥಮಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಉತ್ತೀರ್ಣನಾಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಗೆ ಪಾತ್ರನಾದನು. ರಾಮರಾಯರಂತೂ ತುಂಬಾ ಸಂತೋಷ ಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಮೋಹನನು ಸಾಕುತಂದೆಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

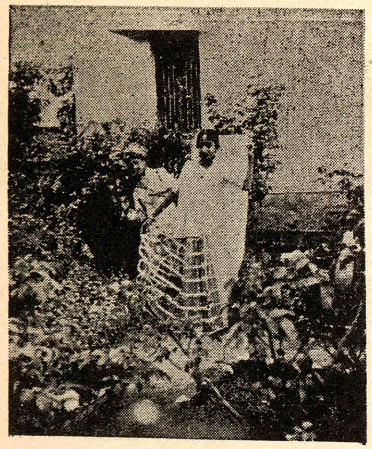
ರಾಮರಾಯರ ತಮ್ಮನ ಮಗ ಕಿಟ್ಟುವೂ ಮೋಹನನೊಡನೆ ವ್ಯಾಸಂಗ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಆದರೆ ಅವನು ತರಗತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊನೆಯವನಾಗಿದ್ದನು. ಮೋಹನ ಹೈ ಸ್ಕೂಲನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿ ಕಾಲೇಜು ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿದರೂ ಕಿಟ್ಟು ಇನ್ನು ಹೈಸ್ಕೂಲಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ. ಮೋಹನನ ಏಳಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ರಾಯರ ತಮ್ಮನು ಬಹಳ ಹೊಟ್ಟಿಕಿಚ್ಚು ಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಮಗನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಅಣ್ಣನ ಆಸ್ತಿ ಬರಬೇಕೆಂದು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಇಷ್ಟಕ್ಕೆ ಮೋಹನನು ಅಡ್ಡಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದನು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಮೋಹನ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದರೂ ಅವನ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೆಂಡವನ್ನು ಕಾರುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ಮೋಹನ ಈಗ ಬಿ.ಎ. ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗೆ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದನು. ತಾನು ಮೊದಲ ದರ್ಜೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತೇರ್ಗಡೆಹೊಂದಿ ತನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಸಂತೋಷಪಡಿಸಬೇಕೆಂದು ಬಹಳ ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟು ಓದಿದನು. ರಾಯರು ಈ ಸಂತೋಷ ವಾರ್ತೆಯನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಜನ್ಮ ಸಾರ್ಥಕವಾಯಿತು ಎಂದು ಕೊಂಡರು. ರಾಯರ ತಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ಇದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಸಂಕಟವಾಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಮೇಲೆ ತೋರ್ಪಡಿಸದೆ ತಾನೂ ಸಂತೋಷಪಟ್ಟವನಂತೆ ನಟಿಸುತ್ತ, ಮೋಹನನ್ನು ಕೊನೆಗಾಣಿಸಲು ಉಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು.

ರಾಮರಾಯರು ತಮ್ಮ ಮಗ ತೇರ್ಗಡೆ ಹೊಂದಿದುಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಒಂದು ಔತಣ ಕೂಟವನ್ನೇಪಡಿಸಿದರು. ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಯರ ತಮ್ಮ, ಎರಡು ಲೋಟಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡು, ಒಂದು ಲೋಟದ ನೀರಿಗೆ ವಿಷವನ್ನು ಹಾಕಿ ಆ ನೀರನ್ನು ಮೋಹನನಿಗೆ ಕೊಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ತಂದನು. ಆದರೆ ದೈವವು ಅವನು ಮಾಡುವ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಪ್ರತಿಕೂಲವಾಗಿತು. ವಿಷದ ನೀರನ್ನು ಮೋಹನನಿಗೆ ಇಡಲು ಮರೆತು ತನ್ನ ಮಗನಿಗೇ ಇಟ್ಟು, ಮೋಹನನಿಗೆ ಶುಚಿಯಾದ ನೀರನ್ನು ಇಟ್ಟನು. ಏನೂ ಅರಿಯದ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಕುಡಿದರು.

ಮೋಹನ ತನ್ನ ಗಳೆಯರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಆನಂದದಿಂದ ಹರಟೆ ಹೊಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ವಿಷದ ನೀರನ್ನು ಕುಡಿದ ಕಿಟ್ಟುವಿಗೆ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂಕಟವಾಗಲಾರಂಭಿಸಿತು. ಅವನು ತನ್ನ ಕೊಠಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದು ಮಲಗಿ ಕೊಂಡನು. ಅವನ ಪ್ರಾಣವಾಯುವು ಹಾರಿಹೋಯಿತು. ರಾಯರ ತಮ್ಮನು ತನ್ನ ಮಗನು ಅಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಕಾಣದಿರಲು ಅವನ ಕೊಠಡಿಗೆ ಬಂದು ಅವನು ಸತ್ತು ಬಿದ್ದಿರುವುದನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಶೋಕವನ್ನು ತಡೆಯಲಾರದೆ ಹೋದನು. 'ತಾನೊಂದು ಬಗೆದರೆ ದೈವವೊಂದು ಬಗೆಯಿತು' ಎಂಬಂತೆ ತಾನೇನೋ ಮಾಡಲು ಹೋಗಿ ಅದೇನೋ ಆದದ್ದನ್ನು ತಿಳಿದು ಎಲ್ಲರಿಂದಲೂ ಅಪಮಾನಿತನಾಗುವುದಕಿಂತ ಮೊದಲು ಸಾಯುವುದೇ ಲೇಸೆಂದು ತಾನೂ ವಿಷವನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡನು.

P. PREMABAI



A Dainty Pose

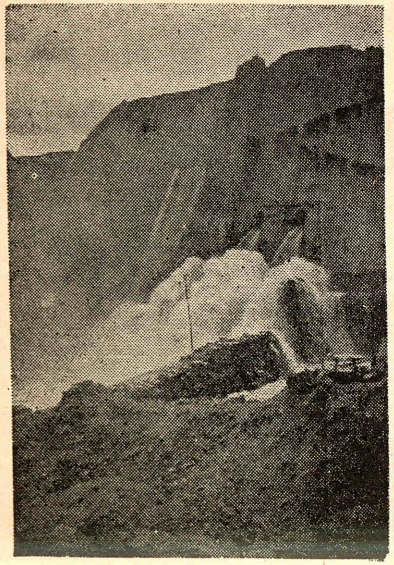
Our Beloved Benefactress



The late Mrs. C. V. Sunnada
(daughter of Mr. H. Ramsetty, Proprietor of
Davangere City Cotton Mills)



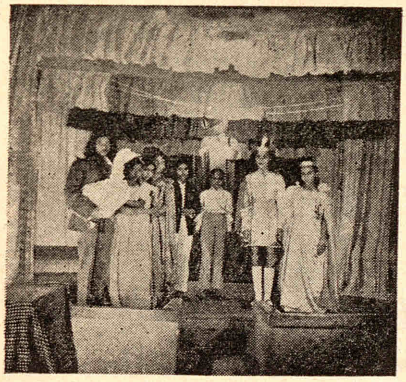
Social Service in School (St. Paul's garden)



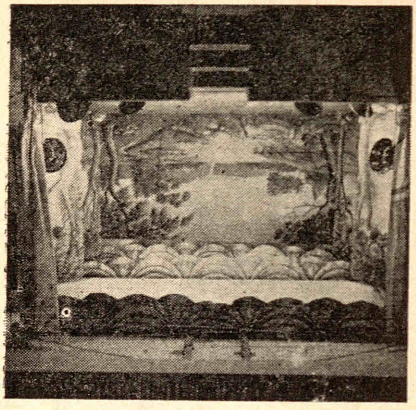
Jog " in fury "



All ready for a " Shot "



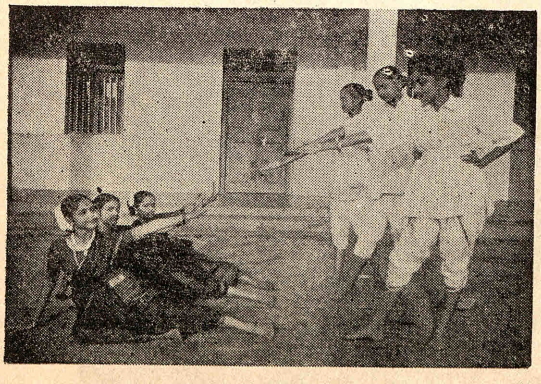
Budding Actors
(our old Stage)



Our new Stage



A. C. C. Troop



Folk Dance



Out on a Hike

ಶಾಂತಿ

ಓ ! ಶಾಂತಿ, ಶಾಂತಿ ನೀನಿರುವುದೆಲ್ಲಿ ?
ನಿನಗಾಗಿ ಲೋಗರು ಪರಿತಪಿಸುತಿಹರಿಲ್ಲಿ.
ಯೋಗಿಗಳ ಎಡೆಯೊಳು ಇಹೆಯೋ ?
ತ್ಯಾಗಿಗಳ ತಾಣದೊಳು ಇಹೆಯೋ ?

ಯೋಗಿಗೆ ದೇವನ ಸಾಕ್ಷಾತ್ಕಾರದ ಚಿಂತೆ ;
ತ್ಯಾಗಿಗೆ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹವ ತ್ಯಜಿಸುವ ಚಿಂತೆ.
ನಾನಾ ಚಿಂತೆಗಳು ಅವರಲಿ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಗೊಂಡಿಹುದು,
ಶಾಂತಿ ! ನಿನಗೆಲ್ಲಿ ತಾಣ ಅವರ ಹೃದಯದಲಿಹುದು ?

ಓಹೋ ! ರಾಜನ ಮನೆಯೇ ನಿನ್ನ ಬೀಡು ?
ಭೋಗಿಯ ಭೋಗದಲೋ ನಿನ್ನ ಗೂಡು ?
ಮಾತೆಯ ಮಡಿಲಲೊ ನಿನ್ನ ಹಾಡು ?
ನಿರ್ಭೀತರ ಮನೆಯೋ ನಿನ್ನ ನಾಡು ?

ಓ ! ಶಾಂತಿ ರಾಜಗುಂಟು ಪ್ರಜೆಗಳ ಕ್ಷೇಮದ ಚಿಂತೆ
ಭೋಗಿ ಗುಂಟು ಸುಖದಾಗರದ ಚಿಂತೆ
ಮಾತೆಗಿಹುದು ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಭ್ಯುದಯದ ಚಿಂತೆ
ಇಂತಿರಲು ನಿನ್ನನೆಲೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿಹುದು ಶಾಂತಿ ?

ಶಾಂತಿ ! ಶಾಂತಿ ! ನೀನೀಲೋಕದಲಿಹೆಯೇ ?
ಇದ್ದೂ ಲೋಗರ ಮೇಲೆ ನಿರ್ದಯೆಯೆ ?

K. SUSHEELA
S. S. L. C.

ಒಗಟು

ನಾನು ನಾಲ್ಕಕ್ಷರದ ಒಬ್ಬ ಮಾನವ
ಒಂದು ಮೂರನೆಯ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿದರೆ ದೂತನೆಂದಾಗುವೆ
ಒಂದು, ಎರಡು, ಮೂರನೆಯ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳೆನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿದರೆ ರಾಜಾಧಿರಾಯರು ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸುವೆ
ಒಂದು ವಸ್ತುವಾಗುವೆ.
ಎರಡು, ಮೂರನೆಯ ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿದರೆ ವೃಕ್ಷವೆಂದಾಗುವೆ.
ಮೂರು, ನಾಲ್ಕನೆಯ ಅಕ್ಷರೆಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿದರೆ ದ್ರವ ವಸ್ತುವಾಗುವೆ
ಒಂದು, ಎರಡು, ಮೂರು, ನಾಲ್ಕು ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿದರೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಪಸಿದ್ಧ ಕವಿಯೆಂದಾಗುವೆ.
ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ನಾನಾರು ?
ಉತ್ತರ ಚಾಮರಸ

H. JAYAMMA
S. S. L. C.

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Nirmala High School

VONTIKOPPAL, MYSORE

The Sky Above

The beautiful sky above — beautiful with its packed fleecy clouds by day ; beautiful with its starry pin-points by night. How much the sky may teach us !

Look up at the sky when you are feeling down—down in the dumps. It's clear and pure up there, and your soul will be soothed by the knowledge that the sun is in the heavens and the clouds are drifting by.

Look up and think of the boundlessness of space when you are angry. A glance upwards will make your pitiful little quarrel seem a very ridiculous and insignificant thing.

Look up when you are tired and hungry. One long glance will enable you to summon the last reserve of strength that will get you home.

Look up when someone says something hurtful and unkind. If you do, the harsh words will somehow lose their sting.

Look up when you are in doubt or difficulty. Try to get away from prosaic things—to find inspiration in the vastness of the heavens.

Look up ! The human brain seems to work better when the head is held high. Never moan and bury your head in your hands. If you do, you will only make matters worse, because you will keep your troubles tied down to earth instead of letting them escape and soar away into the blue.

MARGARET BERLIE
Class VIII

BE KIND

Kindness is infectious. One kind act leads to another. The greatest work which kindness does to others is that it makes them kind themselves. If we think upon it, kindness is but the result and exemplar of the divine precept " Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

There is nothing that we personally appreciate so much as kindness. We like others to think of us kindly, to speak to us kindly, and to render us kindly actions in a kindly manner.

Now we should know how to put ourselves in the place of others, and thus we should testify to them that kindness that we value so much, ourselves.

VICTORIA TANNER
Class VIII

MOTHER

For the way you care and understand,
For every word of reprimand,
For the tears you've shed
And the prayers you've said
To guide your wandering wayward child,
God Bless You ever Mother mine,
And shield you with His Love divine
Through toil and rest
Both night and day,
Guiding you on life's weary way;
Until at last your mission o'er,
You stand on the Eternal Shore —
Your crown to win,
Your God to see,
And dwell with Him eternally.

'ADRIFT'

S. S. L. C. RESULTS — MARCH 1960

No. sent up	....	22
No. of Full Passes	....	20
No. of First Classes	....	14
Percentage of Passes	....	90·9

Vulcanite

What is vu canite ? It is just crude rubber mixed with sulphur and heated at a high temperatu e. When produced, it is a hard substance that looks like ebony.

Vulcanite is useful in a host of ways. But the most interesting side of the story of its production lies in the fact that it was a development of the use of the crude material. Rubber was of very little use in its original form. Indeed, how to make any use of it at all, was a problem.

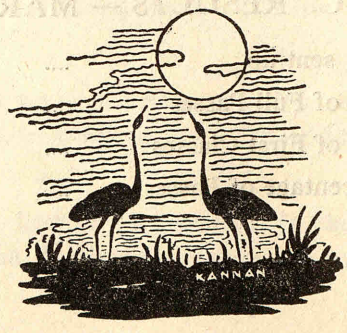
Until towards the end of the 17th century the fact that it could be useful as an eraser seems to have been its only realised virtue. Artists paid about three shillings for half a square inch of it.

Then a process was invented for covering cloth with it and so using it for waterproofing, but not very successfully. In 1823 Charles Mackintosh did attain a measure of utility when he produced his first waterproof coats, but they were still very unsatisfactory although they made his name famous. In hot weather they were sticky; in cold, they were stiff.

Inventors of course were all the time seeking improvements and in 1840, success was attained by the discovery that by heating powdered sulphur with the soft rubber, it lost its sticky character and became elastic, pliable and pleasant, and less affected by change of temperature.

That process was called vulcanising. Vulcanisation is the greatest advance in the development of the rubber industry. The making of vulcanite was soon famous with the discovery that by using more sulpur and greater heat, a hard black substance was produced. It was naturally called Vulcanite.

SHAILA
II yr. H.S.



AVILA HIGH SCHOOL

VONTIKOPPAL

Krishnarajasagar

The Krishnarajasagar Dam and the Brindavan Gardens are 12 miles by road and 9 miles by rail from Mysore and are about half an hour's drive by car. The Dam is ten miles from Seringapatam, and is about one mile from Krishnarajasagar Railway Station. The Dam is nine miles on the upstream side of Seringapatam and is built below the confluence of three rivers, — the Cauvery, the Hemavati and the Lakshmanathirtha. The Dam is 130 ft. high above the river-bed and is $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile long impounding 44,000 million cubic feet of water of the Cauvery, forming a lake with a water-spread area of 50 sq. miles.

The construction of the Dam was started in 1911 and completed in 1913. It was designed and constructed by the eminent Engineer Sir M. Visveswaraya and later, by the Dewan of the State. The construction is entirely of stone masonry with ornamental parapet and motorable road on the top. The objects of the construction of the Dam are to promote irrigation to provide a steady supply of water for daily usage to the electric generating station at Sivasamudram which is 60 miles from the Dam.

At the north end of the Dam is the Irwin Canal (Visveswaraya Canal) which is one of the biggest irrigation canals in India. The tunnel along the canal is the longest irrigation tunnel in India. We see many varieties of flowers, fruits and vegetables on the left bank of the river.

The beautiful Gardens are illuminated on week-ends, occasionally on Wednesday and on special occasions. The most striking and attractive of all is the exquisite Fountain garden below the Dam — the Brindavan. It is a place of joy, beauty and natural setting and is a theme for poets. " It is a fairy land," " Heaven on Earth " " If there is any paradise on earth, it is this." The electric lights in serried rows, the attractive fountains, the beautiful flower-beds, the wonderful, silvery cascades are all enchanting and of unforgettable beauty.

There is a grand three-storied, up-to-date Hotel for Visitors and Tourists.

In the pool of Krishnarajasagar we can go boating, shoot wild ducks, and go fishing.

AKILA BEGUM
H.S. III yr. 'A'

THE POSTMAN

The Postman is one whom we all welcome. He is a useful public servant. He distributes letters and parcels to us. He is a very hard-working man.

He wears a khaki dress and a belt around his waist. There is always a leather bag full of letters hanging from his shoulder.

He brings parcels, letters, telegrams and money orders for us.

His job is very difficult. He has to perform his duty even in bad weather. He has very few holidays. He must be always regular and do his duty smartly.

A postman has to work all the day long. But in spite of his hard work, he gets a small pay. He gets a poor pension after his retirement. He should be given a better salary as he works with a good heart.

T. S. GOWRI
II yr. 'A'

The Earthworm

I am a small creature. The farmers are indebted to me. They and many others depend on me for their work. I dig up the soil, and loosen it, thus making it ready for cultivation. I live almost everywhere in the soil. Ears and eyes I have not, but sensitive is my skin. This helps me to detect heat, light and sound. One day I came out of my dwelling just to eat something in the garden. Just then I heard the sound of slippers and shoes. So I went quickly and hid myself. As I was hurrying to slip into my house I received a wound. But there was no time to cry over it, as I was more anxious to find myself safe in my " Home sweet Home." Fortunately I got over my ailment in a day or two. I have many enemies. Once a bird caught me in its beak, but my body being slippery, I escaped from it, and quickly crawled to my house. Since that unfortunate mishap, I seldom come out during the day. See, how intelligent I am. Oh! the King of the day has arrived so I must be off. Bye-bye to all of you.

R. INDIRA
II yr. 'A'

POPULAR GEOGRAPHICAL EPITHETS

White man's grave	..	Guinea Coast of Africa
Yellow River	....	River Hwang-Ho
Blue River	....	River Yangtse-kiang
Blue Mountains	.. .	The Nilgiri Hills
Land of the midnight sun	.. .	Hammerfast
Playground of Europe	....	Switzerland
River in the Sea	....	The Gulf Stream
Never, Never Land	....	Prairies of Australia
City of the Seven Hills	....	Rome
Granite City	....	Aberdeen
Sorrow of China	....	River Hwang-Ho
Roof of the World	....	Pamir Plateau
Land of the rising sun	....	Japan
King of Indian Forests	....	Teak
The Sick man of Europe	...	Turkey
Key of India	....	Herat
City of motor cars	....	Detroit
Human equator of the earth	....	The Himalayas.

A. J. PRAMILA
II yr. H. S.

Dasara Exhibition

An Exhibition is held in Mysore during Dasara which makes the people extremely happy. The Dasara Exhibition is a thing of beauty.

There are lovely Cloth shops, Jewellery shops, Soaps, Silks etc. After we get a ticket, we go inside to see everything. To satiate the hunger and quench the thirst of the visitors, we have coffee clubs, bakeries, and sweet-drink stalls.

When the children go to see the exhibition they are happy. They buy Toys and Sweets. There is a Science section which includes preparation of acids and oxides and charts dealing with Physiology and Biology.

Only on one day does our Maharani come to the exhibition. That day gentlemen are not allowed to be present there. In the exhibition grounds, an elephant and horse are kept for the children's recreation.

At the end of Dasara the Exhibition Committee has to hand over the money to the government, because it is a government concern.

P. PRAMILA
H. S. III yr. 'B'

RADIO

What has Science not done for man? Take whatever field of life you want—discoveries, inventions, comforts of life, food, shelter, engineering, manufacturing, education, health, sanitation, transport, agriculture, amusement, or any other field you can think of. We will see how much science has contributed to man's advancement and made his life easier, happier and more prosperous. One of such contributions is the Radio or wireless. You switch on a button and turn a dial to adjust your receiving set and listen to music, speeches, news, market rates and other items.

The first steps towards the invention of the radio were made by many scientists in different countries. But it was Marconi an Italian scientist, who perfected the radio. In 1895 he invented an apparatus, and by 1901 the first message was transmitted successfully, between England and America.

The great practical value of the wireless is now realised by the public. Now-a-days many schools also have radios. Every rich man has a radio in his house. In Madras State there are three broadcasting stations — one is in Madras, another at Tiruchirapalli, and a third at Kozhikode. We can hear music and talks from these stations. There are many radio stations in our country, and many more all over the world.

P. PRAMILA
H. S. III 'B'

Small Appeal

You're about to cry over spilt milk,
My friend, I can sense it.
May I make this humble request :
Please condense it !

ಚಂದ್ರ

ಚಂದಿರ ನೀತಕೆ ಓಡುವೆ ನಮ್ಮಾ
ನೋಡಕೆ ಬೆದರಿಹನೇ ?
ಬೆಳ್ಳಿಯನೋಡದ ಅಲೆಗಳ ಕಂಡು
ಚಂದಿರ ಹೆದರಿಹನೇ ?
ಹೆಂಜಿದ ಅರಳೆಯು ಗಾಳಿಗೆ ಜೆದರಿ
ನೋಡಗಳಾಗಿಹುವೇ ?
ಅರಳೆಯು ಮುತ್ತಿ ವೈಯೆನು ಸುತ್ತಿ
ಚಂದ್ರನ ಬಿಗಿಯುವವೇ ?
ಮಂಜಿನಗೆಡ್ಡೆಯ ನೋಡವು ಕರಗಲು
ಚಂದಿರ ನಗುತಿಹನು
ಕರಗಿದ ನೋಡದ ಸೆರೆಯನು ಹರಿಯುತ
ಬಾನಲಿ ತೇಲುವನು.
ಚಂದಿರನೆನ್ನಯ ಗೆಳೆಯನು ಅಮಾ
ನನ್ನೊಡನಾಡುವನು
ನಾ ಓಡಲು ತಾ ಓಡುವ
ಚೆನ್ನಿಗ ಚಂದಿರನು
ಬಾ ಬಾ ಚಂದಿರ ಬೆಳ್ಳಿಯ ಚಂಡಿರ
ನಮ್ಮಯ ಮನೆಗೀಗ
ನಿನ್ನಯ ಬೆಳಕನು ಎಲ್ಲೆಡೆ ಚೆಲಿ
ಮನವನು ಬೆಳಗೀಗ.

N. RATHNA
H. S. I yr. ' A '

ದಳ್ಳಾಳಿ — ಈ ಎತ್ತು ಒಂದೇ ಓಟಕ್ಕೆ ಹತ್ತು ಮೈಲಿ ಓಡುತ್ತದೆ. ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ ಸ್ವಾಮಿ.
ರೈತ — ಬೇಡಪ್ಪ, ಈ ಹತ್ತು ಮೈಲಿ ಓಡೋ ಎತ್ತು. ನಮ್ಮೂರು ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಆರೆ ಮೈಲಿ.

V. SULOCHANA
H. S. III yr. ' C '

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St. Joseph's High School

MANDYA

The Birthday of our Very Rev. Mother General, Mother Alphonsus

Messages flashed along telegraphic wires, phone bells rang at midnight to find mothers and sisters of the different convents in the Mysore State speeding along by bus, train and car to find our beloved Mother in the outskirts of the Mysore State in distant Davangere. The 27th of March 1960 was a red-letter day in the annals of our Congregation. Our beloved Rev. Mother closed her sixtieth birthday. The joy was reciprocal for Mother and children. The parties arrived at different parts of the night and as the group gathered strength, it was dawn.

The parishioners were surprised to find a procession of nearly fifty nuns entering the church that morning. We sang the High Mass, the Celebrant preached an impressive sermon on the happy occasion, congratulating our Mother and calling down God's blessing on the work of her hands for the future. Returning home, we gathered round our Mother. With music and song we wished our Mother and offered our bouquets, spiritual and natural. The whole day was one of rejoicing. The Address presented was a brief review of our Mother's life and work, during the short span of nine years in her role as Superior General. The work done has been marvellous. Schools and new foundations were opened. Our Mother has evinced great interest in Education. The torch of learning has been borne even to the far-off North. All through her trials — the Kerala Education Bill looming large, her faith in God remained unshaken.

Our Mother's love for the Orphan is extraordinary. She will never crush the bruised reed. A homeless waif, a wayward child finds a place in our Mother's heart. Always thoughtful, always prayerful, 'tis wonderful how our Mother works. She guards and guides us, her children.

A head with golden ideals crowned
A heart in golden mercy drowned ;
A visage grave with ne'er a care-worn frown
E'en though wit, care, and woe be ground.

That's our noble Rev. Mother whose sixtieth birthday we celebrated. At the end of the programme, Mother's love and gratitude towards her children who had gathered round her, found expression in the touching vote of thanks. On this great occasion Mother blest each of us present. Long live our beloved Mother.

Very Rev. Mother Mary of Beloved Memory

Fair the dream, yet sad,
I spied a flower so fragrant and pure,
They live who saw her and knew her once,
They weep to see her gone.

She garnished once the field Christ on her bestowed,
She loved those who reaped and those who sowed ;
Manned the plough and sharpened the scythes
Of threshers and reapers, with a tender might.

At the Master's call, she sang in her heart,
She had done her work and played her part ;
Labourers were few, yet she strove
All through her life by her Master's trove.

Though gone for a decade, yet still she lives, this fragrant flower,
Beckoning us on to bind the sheaves — the harvest of love,
To meet the Master, the bridegroom we served,
And live with her in the realms above.

S. M. C.

Our Very Rev. Mother Veronica

Our dear old mamma Veronica, though she is gone, yet lives in our hearts. She often used to give us sweets and very often, scolding too. We loved to see her lovely blue Irish eyes look lovingly or reproachfully at us. Those powerful eyes, we still remember. Her motherly smile attracted us. How much our mother loved us, no one can tell. Orphans were the apple of her eye, the joy of her life. Old and feeble our mother grew, as age closed in upon her. In her feeble old age we were still her strength. Oh Mother loved, when could we see you again ? In heaven, high above, for having loved us so. Pray for your children here on earth, till we come to you to the celestial realms.

JOSEPHINE
H. S. III yr.

Bharatha Ratna Sir M. Visweswariah

The grand old man of the Mysore State celebrates his hundredth birthday. A hundred years old this 15th of September ! One hundred years young he is still, in spirit. Honour has been to whom honour is due. Very rarely is a man honoured in his own country. Our centenarian is the first Mysorean whose birthday has been celebrated at a State-wide level. Visweswariah has been a creator all his life.

Born in Muddanahalli, in Kolar District, of poor parents, he showed from his very infancy a remarkable love for Education. He was a Rank student and passed his engineering in the Bombay State. In 1912 he started his work in Mysore, with Sir Mirza as the Dewan. These two were halves of one apple in the making of the Mysore State.

As an Engineer mainly concerned with irrigation, he has increased the life-expectation of many people. He is the Father of the Krishnarajasagar Dam across the Cauvery, just as he is the Father of the Sukkur Barrage scheme in Sind ; both of which projects have helped the people.

Mandya specially, once a vast expanse of waste land thirsting for water, has been turned into a smiling garden of sugarcane and paddy owing to the famous Visweswariah canal. People bless him as the author of their wealth and prosperity.

The whole State rejoiced on the occasion of his hundredth birthday. In Mandya ten thousand poor people were fed. Each temple, mosque, and church was given a sum of ten rupees to pray for our centenarian. Mandya may rightly be called his gift.

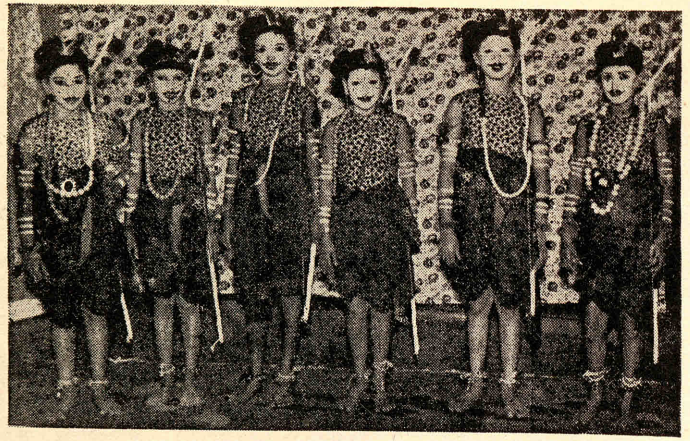
May he live many more years to enjoy the fruit of his labours.

Y. PARIMALA
H. S. II yr.

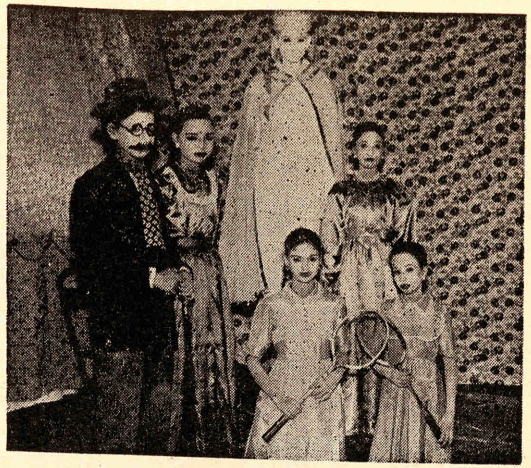
Our Auditorium

" A thing of beauty is a joy forever." I feel that way, when I look at our Auditorium. Passers-by, looking at it exclaim, " Superb ! The colour scheme is rare."

As a student of St. Joseph's Convent school I feel very proud to be the owner of such a lovely edifice. When you get in you feel you are in a real theatre. Spacious, a hundred feet long, and thirty-five feet wide, with a balcony all round, it holds all the eleven hundred students *en masse*. We have all our functions there.



HUNTERS' DANCE

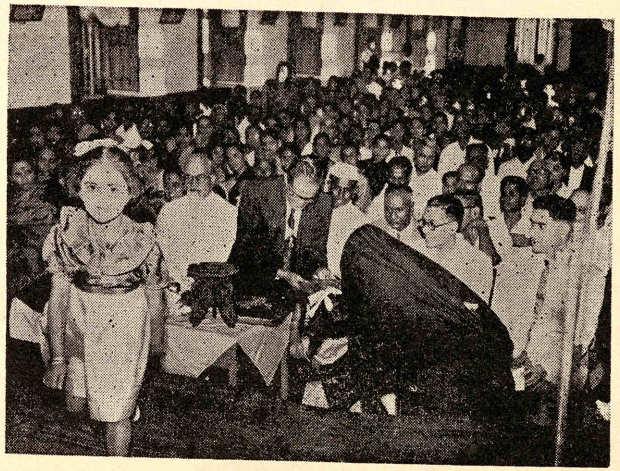


UNCLE JACOB'S STATUE

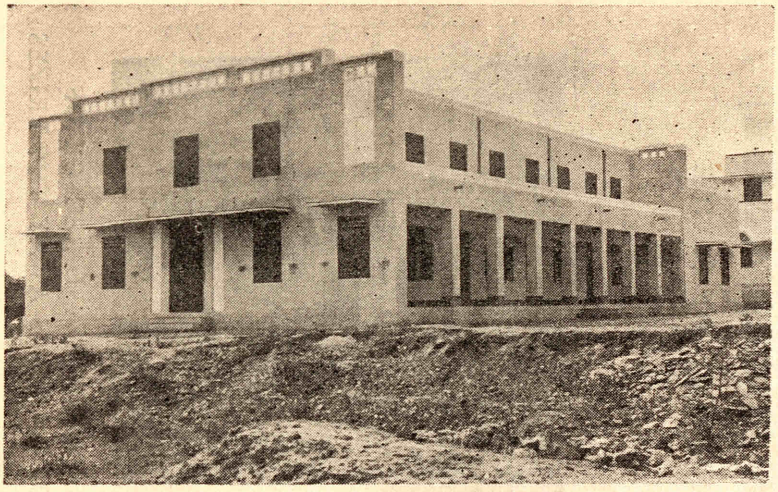
ON PARENTS' DAY



PRINCESS GOLLIWOG CHOOSES
A BRIDEGROOM



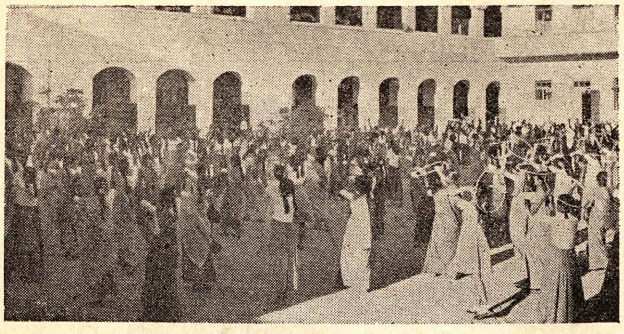
Mr. A. C. DEVAGOWDA, DIRECTOR OF
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION GIVES AWAY THE PRIZES



OUR AUDITORIUM

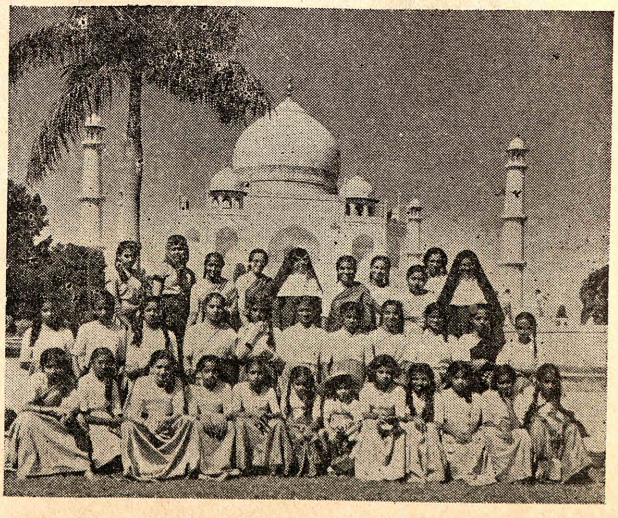
INDIAN DANCE





← AT PHYSICAL EXERCISES

OUR EXCURSION TO DELHI & AGRA →



What we enjoy most is the bi-weekly cinema shows in this hall. It is perfectly dark and throws out the films exquisitely. The other day we were shown scenes in Denmark in technicolour. We don't have to read from the books now about the industries of that place, the poultry farming, the piggery, the farmyard, because I know it to my finger-tips.

A novel thing about this building is that it is partly a target of our Social Service. Standing in long lines, we have passed bricks and stones to the spot. We have cleared the site, and done many a job to help the masons. We have spent all our leisure time there. Oh it has been great fun, and now we proudly own an auditorium. An auditorium ? Now we know what it means — a recreation hall. Sister explained that to us. Before that we thought it was a place where an auditor stayed !

Hurrah ! for our auditorium.

URMILA
Std. VIII H.S.

Our Excursion

Dasara holidays are doubly welcome. We look forward to that vacation with great hopes of enjoying the Dasara festival and the annual excursion. One would not believe that the humble rustic folk of Mandya would venture very far from their homes. We are living in a modern age and with our progressive-minded Sisters of the convent, we too are growing modern. It was announced that this year our excursion was to the capital city. How our hearts leaped with joy to think that history would be real to us. No matter what cost it would entail, a number of us volunteered to join the party. I for one, was most anxious. As days passed, my enthusiasm grew. At times I feared that something would happen and I would have to stay back. Anyway nothing happened. On the 6th of October, we left by the Bangalore Express. Each of us carried our own luggage. It was portable. Our parents bade us good-bye. By the time the train puffed out of the station, we were well settled in the compartment, singing merrily. We reached Bangalore at six, and then we hurried and scurried to find place in the train to Madras ! Rushing, pushing, shouting, lights out in the bargain, life was almost squeezed out of us when the Guard announced that a compartment was reserved for us. In a trice, once again we settled down peacefully in a large compartment with sleeping accommodation. Goodnight ! We rubbed our eyes in surprise to find ourselves in Madras early next morning. We spent some time at the platform, easing our limbs by running about. At 3-30 p.m., the Grand Trunk Express whistled out of the station carrying us quite

comfortably lodged in a large compartment. A very long journey it was. We passed important places during the night. They woke us to see the southern rivers. After two days and two nights we reached Delhi. The bus was ready at the station. It was a hard job to keep together and make our way through the seething crowds. We were housed in a palatial convent. We could waste no time. After a hurried wash and breakfast we jumped into the bus and were off sight-seeing. Ancient Moghul glory was exhibited in all the various mosques and tombs we saw, of the famous figures in history. A pang went through me as we stood by the Raj Ghat where our beloved Bapuji was shot. The solemn High Court and the majestic Parliament House filled me with awe. At the Rashtrapathi Bhavan we saw Rajendra Prasad and his family, along with his old sister wheeled about in a chair. At the Red Fort, we spent more time buying curios at the stalls than looking round the fort. Having eaten ice-cream and delicious fruit in plenty, we did not want much food of the ordinary kind. We went shopping. High prices, very high prices, did not prevent us from buying because it was from the capital city. Now and again we would meet some Mysorean and greet him with joy. The Kutab-Minar is a magnificent monument of Kutubuddin, towering into the air. We climbed to the top, every one of us, to have a bird's-eye view of the city. We came down safe. Dear me ! what a variety of folks we met there. Indians and foreigners all greeting one another with a smile.

Our spirits ran high when Sister announced that we were to go to Agra, the third day. I could not sleep. I had read so much of the famous Taj Mahal. The bus arrived at 3-00 in the morning. Sleepy heads rolled into the bus to keep nodding till it was broad daylight. By 10-00 A.M. we came to the place of my dreams. Necks were strained to see if we could sight the Taj. A little to the interior and there lay the Charm of Agra — immaculate, serene, majestic rose the structure on the bank of the Jumna. We could never tire looking at the marvellous tomb. It was a mausoleum worthy of the Moghul queen. Even now the picture is stamped on my memory, lovely by moonlight, with its reflection in the waters.

One very interesting or rather, laughable scene I could recall, was the scene at the Venue at the Taj. Toy-making out of paper pulp is one of the industries there. A line of shops meets your gaze. Guides surround you in a trice. You are almost dragged into the first shop. There the shopkeeper rattling away and vouching for the best and cheapest quality of his goods, with astounding rapidity spreads before you a variety of toys in boxes. You do not know which to choose. He succeeds in luring you into buying a good lot. You hardly get out, when two more fellows are by your side. " Memsahib, you are cheated; that fellow is a rogue — come and see our shop, how cheap you get your things." Definitely 50% cheaper. You are sorry for the previous purchases. You are forced to buy a second set. You hardly get out, when the same story is started "Madam you are robbed. Come and see. We have a factory of our own. The others buy from us wholesale madam—wholesale." From four rupees they come to less than half. We spent all our money at the stalls. On being

called away we got into the bus. At the next stop, bitter complaints were heard from all. The toys, almost all of them, had crumbled into bits. The costliest were genuine, the others all fake ; but the vendors sold their wares all right. Everything glitters in that street, but all is not gold.

Four days in the beautiful city of Delhi fled on the wings of time. The fifth day saw us puffing back to our homes. We would not have enjoyed a trip to Rome better !

SUJAYA PRABHA
H.S. III yr.



My Little Sister Renee

Our darling Renee, how fast she grows,
Barely two summers old how much she knows ;
She loves one and all, friends and foes,
Brings sunshine and joy wherever she goes.

For mischief rare she does allure,
For pains and aches she has a cure.
Mother's toothpaste a remedy sure
On hands and feet behind the door.

Anita her partner just ten months old,
Loves the pranks of her Renee bold ;
Frowns when Renee to be quiet is told,
And laughs at her sister's pranks untold.

MARINA JOSEPH
Primary VIII

The Golden Jubilee of Rt. Rev. Dr. Renee Feuga Bishop of Mysore

The bells of St. Philomena's Cathedral pealed a joyous melody, announcing the Golden Jubilee of our beloved Pastor. Far away in France our Prelate heard its strains in all the messages sent by sea, air and land. Fifty years of golden toil on foreign soil, a golden crown awaits him in Heaven.

Every one of his fold is familiar with our venerable, lovable, zealous father who has spent his life for our Lord in a foreign clime. The more we know him, the more we love him, this man of God. Bishop Feuga for us Christians, is another Visweswariah in the Mysore Diocese. Much of our success is due to the patronage of His Lordship. We have reaped abundantly of his charity and love and today His Lordship still guides every new activity of ours.

Wonderfully devoted to St. Philomena who is the charm of Mysore, His Lordship has lived to see the Saint's shrine consecrated into a basilica. Lately we despaired of losing our beloved Pastor but the good God has spared him to us.

Young and old, Christian and non-Christian know our bishop as a loving father. His Lordship has a special love for children, for orphans and for the poor. Whenever His Lordship speaks on this subject in his foreign Kannada, the fact is forcibly brought home to us. Only those who have heard him will understand what I mean.

Our Bishop is a great devotee of our Lady. To Jesus through Mary, he bids us go. He attributes the success of his mission to the Mother of God. A concrete proof of his love for the Blessed Virgin is the Shrine of Our Lady of the Poor by the side of St. Philomena's College.

Though aged, our beloved Pastor is still young in spirit. To build more churches, to open good schools, are his pet schemes. May our beloved pastor live many more years to see all his plans in God's service fructify.

A loving tribute of gratitude
from S.J.C.

The Basic Teachers' Training Institute

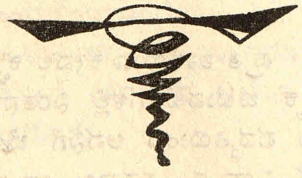
Each year, a fresh flower blooms in St. Joseph's choice garden of our Convent at Mandya. Last year, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, 16th July, saw the birth of Carmel Extension High School and Primary school. On July 15th 1960 the Basic Training Institute for S.S.L.C. teachers was inaugurated in the premises of the Convent. It is the first of its kind in our Congregation, a new scheme to train S. S. L. C. students as teachers of Primary and Middle schools, with a basic craft.

Education today, specially at the Primary stage, is at a very low level and it is confusion confounded when the modern S. S. L. C's, fit for no other job, having no other choice, turn out teachers *en masse*. An Inspector of schools remarked that teachers impart wrong information on subjects in place of correct notions that the students have. That is the primary teacher of today. The Central Government has indeed acted wisely in giving a prominent place to the training of teachers in our State. The lavish financial aid it offers is an incentive even for private factors to foster this scheme. Mandya District is specially lucky in this line in having three Training Institutions opened this year, one for women, and two for men.

Home Science forms the main craft. Without spinning of course the scheme could not be basic. Hats off to Bapuji. In addition to that, the students work at cardboard and paper work. The near-by villages afford scope for social service and the N.E.S. folk are always ready to co-operate. The students live in Community in the hostel attached. They learn to live a life of economy and usefulness. The cultural programmes in the night take off the ennui of the day. The students work in squads of a rotary fashion; so work is play. Of course the professional theory has got to be learned in the classroom, for the annual examination is not eliminated.

In a school of this type everything is basic. In practice-teaching, each teacher with her group of students learns to do something new and then talks about it. In this way learning by seeing and doing makes the pupils also happy and useful.

S. S. M.
St. Joseph's B. T. T. I.



ಮೂಲಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಪಂಚಶೀಲಗಳು

ಪಾಚೀನ ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂದಿನ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಅನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಕ್ರಮವನ್ನು ಉಚ್ಚ ಮಟ್ಟದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಭಾರತೀಯ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಗೆ ಅನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ಸತ್ಯ, ಧರ್ಮ, ಶಾಂತಿ, ಪ್ರೇಮದ ಆಧಾರದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕಟ್ಟಲ್ಪಟ್ಟ ಈ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಭಾರತದ ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ವಿಜಯೆದುಂದುಭಿಯನ್ನು ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ನಾಲ್ದೆಸೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಮೊಳಗಿಸಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಕಾಲ ವೈಪರೀತ್ಯದಿಂದ ಭಾರತವು ಆಂಗ್ಲರ ಆಳ್ವಿಕೆಗೆ ಒಳಗಾಗಿ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯವನ್ನೂ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡಿತು. ಆಗ ಆಂಗ್ಲರು ಭಾರತದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಗೆ ಹೊಂದದ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಕ್ರಮವನ್ನು ಜಾರಿಗೆ ತಂದು ಭಾರತೀಯ ಆಚಾರ, ವಿಚಾರ, ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳನ್ನು ಮಣ್ಣುಪಾಲು ಮಾಡಿದರು. ಅದರ ಪರಿಣಾಮವಾಗಿ ಭಾರತೀಯರು ಸರ್ವವಿಧದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಆಂಗ್ಲರನ್ನು ಅನುಕರಿಸಿದರು. ಇಂತಹ ಸನ್ನಿವೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣಕ್ಕೆ ಒದಗಿದ ದುರ್ದೆಸೆಯನ್ನು ನಮಗ್ರವಾಗಿ ವಿಚಾರಿಸುವ ವಿಚಾರಶಕ್ತಿ ಬಾಪೂಜಿಯವರಲ್ಲಿ ಜಾಗೃತವಾಯಿತು. ಅವರು ಉದಾತ್ತವಾದ ಮೂಲ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣವನ್ನು ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತಗೊಳಿಸಿ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಅರ್ಪಿಸಿದರು. ಈ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯನ್ನು ಐದು ಭಾಗಗಳಾಗಿ ವಿಭಜಿಸಿ ಮೂಲ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಪಂಚಶೀಲಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿದರು.

ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದನೆಯದು ಸಾಮುದಾಯಿಕ ಜೀವನ ಎಂದರೆ, ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ವಿಕಾಸದಿಂದಲೇ ಸಮಾಜದ ವಿಕಾಸವಾದ್ದರಿಂದ ಸರ್ವಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಏಕಭಾವನೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ಜಾತೀಯತೆಯೆ ಭೂತ ಅದೃಶ್ಯವಾಗಬೇಕು. ಮಾನವನ ಮೃದು ಕೋಮಲ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಉದಾತ್ತಗುಣಗಳು ಅಚ್ಚಳಿಯದೆ ನಿಲ್ಲಬೇಕು. ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಅಂತಃ ಶಕ್ತಿಗಳನ್ನು ಸಾಮುದಾಯಿಕ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ವಿನಿಯೋಗಿಸುವ ಅಭಾಸ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು. ಗುರುವಿನ ಪವಿತ್ರವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವದ ಪರಿಚಯವಾಗಬೇಕು. ಇದೇ ಸಾಮುದಾಯಿಕ ಜೀವನದಗುರಿ.

ಎರಡನೆಯದು ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆ. ಇದರ ಉದ್ದೇಶ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುವುದು. ನಮ್ಮ ನಾಡು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ನೆಲೆವೀಡು. ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಎಂಬ ಶಬ್ದದ ಅರ್ಥ ವಿಶಾಲವಾದುದು. ಶ್ರೀರಾಮ, ಬುದ್ಧ, ಧರ್ಮರಾಜ, ಗಾಂಧೀಜಿ ಮುಂತಾದ ಪುರುಷ ಸಿಂಹರು ಎಂತಹ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲೂ ಸತ್ಯ, ಧರ್ಮವನ್ನು ಬಿಡದೆ ಮಾನವತೆಯ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಶ್ರಮಿಸಿದರೆಂಬುದನ್ನು ಯೋಚಿಸಿದರೆ ಈ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ಅರ್ಥ ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಮಕ್ಕಳಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಆದರ್ಶಗಳು ಒಡಮೂಡುವಂತೆ ಮಹಾ ಪುರುಷರ ಜಯಂತಿ, ಸರ್ವಧರ್ಮ ಸಮನ್ವಯ ಪ್ರಾರ್ಥನೆ ಮುಂತಾದ ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಸುವುದು ಉಚಿತ.

ಮೂರನೆಯದು ವೃತ್ತಿ. ಮಾನವರೆಲ್ಲರ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಅರಿವೆ, ವಸತಿ ಅಗತ್ಯ. ಶಾಲೆ ವ್ಯಾಸಂಗ ಮುಗಿದನಂತರ ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗೆ ಮುಂದೇನುಗತಿ ಎಂಬ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆ ತಲೆ ದೋರಬಹುದು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ವಿದಾರ್ಥಿಯಾಗಿರುವಾಗಲೇ ಅವನು ಆರ್ಥಿಕ, ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ, ಶಾರೀರಿಕ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾನಸಿಕ ವಿಚಾರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಲಂಬಿಯಾಗಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಕಲಿಯಬೇಕು. ಹೀಗೆ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಶಾಲೆಯೂ ಉತ್ಪಾದನಾಕೇಂದ್ರವಾದರೆ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರದ ಒಟ್ಟು ಉತ್ಪತ್ತಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿದಂತಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಉತ್ಪಾದನಾ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ವೃತ್ತಿ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣವನ್ನು ಮೂಲಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ನಾಲ್ಕನೆಯದು ಸಮನ್ವಯ. ಪ್ರತಿ ಶಾಲೆಯೂ ಕೇವಲ ಕೃಷಿ ಅಥವಾ ನೇಯ್ಗೆ ಶಾಲೆಯಾದರೆ ಸಾಲದು. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯು ಕ್ರಿಯಾತ್ಮಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಿರತನಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಆ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಂಬಂಧಿಸಿದ ಜ್ಞಾನವನ್ನು ಸಮನ್ವಯ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯಿಂದ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಬೋಧಿಸುವುದೇ ಈ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗೆ ಅವಶಕವಾದ ಭಾಷೆ, ಗಣಿತ, ವಿಜ್ಞಾನ, ಸಮಾಜ ಜಾ ನಗಳು ಈ ರೀತಿಯಾಗಿ ಸಮನ್ವಯ ಸಿದಾಂತದಿಂದ ಬೋಧಿಸಲ್ಪಡುವುದು ಉತ್ತಮ.

ಐದನೆಯ ಸಂಗ್ರಹದಾಖಲೆಗಳು. ಈಗಿನ ವಿದ್ಯಾಭ್ಯಾಸ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಡೀ ವರ್ಷದ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನವನ್ನು ಸರ್ವಾಧಿಕಾರಿಯಾದ ಒಂದು ಕೊನೆಯ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆ ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಈ ಲೋಪ ಮಾಯವಾಗಲು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯ ದೈನಂದಿನ ಪ್ರಗತಿ ಯೋಗ್ಯತಾ ನಿರ್ಣಯಗಳು ಜಾರಿಗೆ ಬರಬೇಕು. ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯ ವಿವಿಧ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆ, ಬುದ್ಧಿಶಕ್ತಿ, ಅರ್ಹತೆ ಮುಂತಾದುವುಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿದಿನವೂ ಅಳೆಯಬೇಕು. ಈ ಸಂಗ್ರಹ ದಾಖಲೆಗಳು ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಯ ಸಂಗ್ರಹ ಶಾಲಾ ಚರಿತ್ರೆಯನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತವೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಆತನ ತೇರ್ಗಡೆಯನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಮತ್ತು ನೂತನ ಸಮ್ಮಿಶ್ರಣ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯಿಂದ ಭಾರತೀಯ ಜನ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಅನುಗುಣವಾಗಿ ಮೂಲಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಪದ್ಧತಿಯು ರೂಪುಗೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಈ ಪಂಚ ತತ್ವಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನವೀನ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸಾರಾಂಶಗಳು ಅಡಕವಾಗಿದೆ. ನಾವು ಈ ತತ್ವಗಳಲ್ಲಿನ ವಿಚಾರ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿಯನ್ನು ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ತಂದುಕೊಂಡು ನೂತನ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಕ್ರಮದ ಆಚಾರ್ಯಪುರುಷರಾಗಿ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರನಿರ್ಮಾಣದ ಮಹಾ ಕಾರ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸದಾ ತತ್ಪರರಾಗೋಣ.

M. S. GORUI
B.T.C.

ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕದ ವಿಶ್ವಕರ್ಮ

ಸೆಪ್ಟೆಂಬರ್ ಹದಿನೈದು, ಒಂದು ಸಾವಿರದ ಒಂಬೈನೂರ ಅರವತ್ತನೆ ಇಸವಿ. ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರ ಬಾಳಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಮಹತ್ವಪೂರಿತವಾದ ದಿನ. ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕದ ಇತಿಹಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುವರ್ಣಾಕ್ಷರಗಳಿಂದ ಬರೆದಿಡತಕ್ಕಂತಹ ದಿನ. ಕನ್ನಡ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿಯ ಸುಪುತ್ರನಾದ ಮೋಕ್ಷಗುಂಡಂ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರ ಶತಮಾನೋತ್ಸವವನ್ನು ನಾಡಿನವರೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಆಚರಿಸಿ ಸಂತೋಷ ಸಾಗರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗೆದ್ದ ದಿನವದು.

ಕನ್ನಡ ನಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೃಷ್ಣರಾಜಸಾಗರ ಮತ್ತು ಕನ್ನಡದ ನಂದನವನ ಬೃಂದಾವನವನ್ನು ನೋಡದವರು ಮತ್ತು ಅವುಗಳ ಹೆಸರು ಕೇಳದವರು ಬಹುಶಃ ಯಾರೂ ಇರಲಾರರು. ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ಬಂದ ಶಿಶುವೊಂದು, ಇಲ್ಲಿನ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಶ್ರೀಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಹಿಗ್ಗಿ ಹಿಗ್ಗಿ, "ಅವ್ವಾ! ಈ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ಸರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಭೂವಿುಗಿಳಿಸಿದವರಾರು? ನೀನು ಹೇಳಿದ ಕತೆಯ ಸ್ವರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ತಂದಿಟ್ಟವರಾರವ್ವ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದರೆ ಆಕೆ, "ಮಗು, ಇದನ್ನು ನಿರ್ವಿಸಿದವನು ಯುಗಾಂತರದ ಶಿಲ್ಪಿಯಲ್ಲ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರ ಹಿರಿಯೆಣ್ಣ. ನನ್ನ ಮತ್ತು ನಿನ್ನ ಸಮಕಾಲೀನ, ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕದ ವಿಶ್ವಕರ್ಮ ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ," ಎಂದು ಹೆಮ್ಮೆಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿಯಾಳು.

೧೮೬೦ನೇ ಇಸವಿ ಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಹತ್ವಪೂರಿತವಾದ ವರ್ಷ. ಭಾರತದ ಪ್ರಖ್ಯಾತ ಕವಿಗಳು, ರಾಜಕಾರಿಣಿಗಳು ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ ವರ್ಷ. ಅದೇ ವರ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೈಸೂರು ಮಾತೆ ತಾನು ನಾಯಕಮಣಿಗಳನ್ನು ದೇಶಕ್ಕೆ ಗೀಡುವ ಸ್ಪರ್ಧೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಂದುಳಿಯಬಾರದೆಂದು, ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರಿಗೆ ಜನ್ಮವಿತ್ತಳು; ಕರ್ಣಾಟಕದ ಸ್ಮಾರ್ತಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕುಟುಂಬದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನ್ಮತಾಳಿದರು. ಬಡತನದ ಕ್ರೂರದಾಡೆಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ್ದರೂ ಸಹ ಎದೆಗುಂದದೆ ಧೀಃ ಶಕ್ತಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಯಾವುದರ ಆಟವೂ ಸಾಗದೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸಿ, ಶ್ರದ್ಧಾಳುವಾಗಿದುಡಿದು, ಪದವಿಗಳ ಮಾಲೆಯನ್ನೇ ಧರಿಸಿದರು.

ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆ ಆದಿಶೇಷನಂತೆ ಸಹಸ್ರಮುಖಿ. ಆ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾ ವಾಸುಕಿ ಭಾರತದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಮೂಲೆಗಳೆಲ್ಲೂ ತನ್ನ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕಂಡುಕೊಂಡಿದೆ. ಅವರ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಫಲ ಪಂಜಾಬಿನಿಂದ

ಹಿಡಿದು ಮೈಸೂರಿನವರಿಗೆ ಅಮೃತವನ್ನೆರೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಅವರ ಕಾರ್ಯ ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಅಥವಾ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದು ಭಾರತದ ಹೊರಗೂ ತನ್ನ ಕೈ ಚಾಚಿದೆ. ಇಂದಿಗೂ ಅಮೆರಿಕದ ವರೇ ಮೊದಲಾದವರು ಯಂತ್ರ ಶಿಲ್ಪದ ಯೋಜನೆಗಳಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅವರ ಸಲಹೆಯನ್ನು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಏಡನ್ನಿಗೂ ಸಹ ತಮ್ಮ ವಿದ್ಯೆಯ ಮತ್ತು ದಕ್ಷತೆಯ ಮುಕ್ತಾಫಲಗಳನ್ನಿತ್ತು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೀರ್ತಿ ಸ್ಥಂಭವನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ನೆಟ್ಟಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅವರು ಮೈಸೂರಿಗೆ ಮಾಡಿರುವ ಹಿರಿಯ ಸಹಾಯಗಳನ್ನು ನೆನೆಯದೆ ಅನುಚಿತವಾದೀತು. ಆಧುನಿಕ ಮೈಸೂರಿನ ನಿರ್ಮಾಪಕರಾಗಿ, ದಿವಾನರಾಗಿ, ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಸಲಹೆಗಾರರಾಗಿ, ಮುಖ್ಯ ಇಂಜನಿಯರಾಗಿ, ಮೈಸೂರಿನ ಭವಿಷ್ಯವನ್ನು ರೂಪಿಸಿದವರಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲಿಗರು ಕನ್ನಂಬಾಡಿ, ಬೃಂದಾವನ, ನಾನಾ ಕಾರ್ಖಾನೆಗಳು, ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾ ನಿಲಯ, ಇಂಡಸ್ಟ್ರಿಯಲ್ ವರ್ಕ್‌ಷಾಪ್, ಮೈಸೂರು ಬ್ಯಾಂಕು ಮೊದ ಲಾದುವು ಅವರು ಮೈಸೂರಿಗೆ ನೀಡಿದ ಶಾಶ್ವತ ಫಲಗಳು. ವಿಮಾನ ಕಾರ್ಖಾನೆಯ ನಿರ್ಮಾಣದಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಅವರ ಸಲಹೆ ಇಲ್ಲದಿಲ್ಲ.

ಭಾರತದ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರವೂ ಸಹ ಈ ಹಿರಿಯ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಗೆ ಅಪರಿಚಿತವಲ್ಲ. ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಚಳು ವಳಿಯ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಉನ್ನತಮಟ್ಟದ ರಾಜಕೀಯ ಚರ್ಚೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಿ ಸೂಕ್ತ ಸಲಹೆಗಳನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಭಾರತದ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯನ್ನು ಗುರುತಿಸುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಜಗತ್ತು ತಡಮಾಡಿರು ವುದು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಕಂಡ ಐತಿಹಾಸಿಕ ಸತ್ಯ. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯ ಈ ವಿಚಾರದಲ್ಲೂ ಅದೃಷ್ಟಶಾಲಿ ಗಳು. ಇವರ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಯನ್ನು ಜಗತ್ತು ಬೇಗ ಕಂಡು, ಭಾರತದ ಕೀರ್ತಿ ಹಿಮಾಲಯದ ಮೇಲೆ ಅವರನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಷ್ಠಾಪಿಸಿದೆ. ಇಂದು ಕೈಸರ್-ಇ-ಹಿಂದ್, ಭಾರತ ರತ್ನ ಮೊದಲಾದ ಬಿರುದಾಂಕಿತರು ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯ. ಈ ಕೀರ್ತಿ ಶೃಂಗ ಇಷ್ಟುದೀರ್ಘಕಾಲ ಕಾರ್ಯ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯದ ಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಿರುವುದರ ರಹಸ್ಯ ವೇನೆಂದರೆ ಅವರು ಈವರೆಗೂ ಕಾಪಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತಿರುವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯದ ನಿಯಮಗಳು — ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿ ಯಾಗಿ ಮಿತವಾದ ಆಹಾರ, ತಕ್ಕಷ್ಟು ವ್ಯಾಯಾಮ. ಇದೂ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಅವರು ಅನೇಕ ಸುಗುಣಗಳ ಗಣಿ. ಕಾಲವನ್ನು ವ್ಯರ್ಥಮಾಡದೆ ಇರುವುದು, ಕೊನೆಯ ಕಾಸನ್ನೂ ಇತರರಿಗಾಗಿ ಖರ್ಚು ಮಾಡುವ ನಿಸ್ಪೃಹತೆ, ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾರೂ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರನ್ನು ಸರಿಗಟ್ಟಲಾರದು.

" ಕೈಗಾರಿಕೆಗಳನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆಸಲು ದುಡಿಯಿರಿ ಅಥವಾ ಮಡಿಯಿರಿ " ಎಂಬುದು ಅವರ ಸಂದೇಶ. ಇದರ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಯನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಲು ತಮ್ಮ ಇಳಿ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲೂ ಸಹ ಭಾರತದ ವಾಣಿಜ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಕೈಗಾರಿಕಾ ಕಾರ್ಪೊರೇಷನ್ನಿನ ಅಧ್ಯಕ್ಷರಾಗಿ ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶನ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಇಂದಿನ ಜನಾಂಗಕ್ಕೆ, ಇಂದಿನ ಪರ್ವಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯನವರಂತಹವರ ಯೋಜನೆ, ಸಲಹೆ, ಮಾರ್ಗ ದರ್ಶನಗಳು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಅವಶ್ಯಕ. ಅವರು ಉದಯೋನ್ಮುಖ ಭಾರತ ನಭದಲ್ಲಿ ನಳಿನ ಸಖನಂತೆ ಚಿರಕಾಲ ಬಾಳುವಂತಾಗಲೆಂದು ಜಗಜ್ಜನಕನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊರೆ ಇಡೋಣ.

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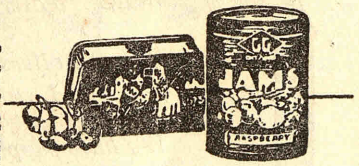
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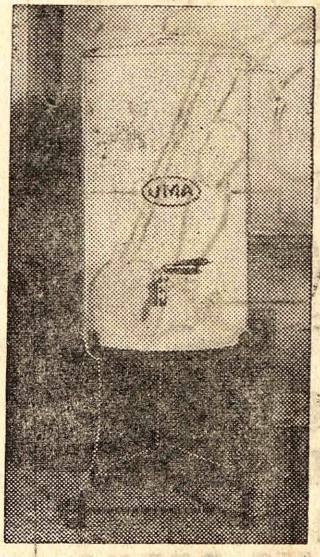
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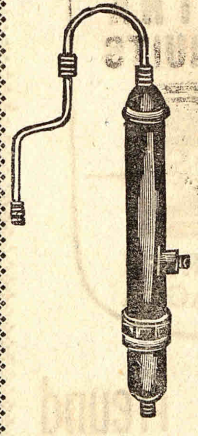
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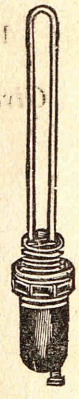
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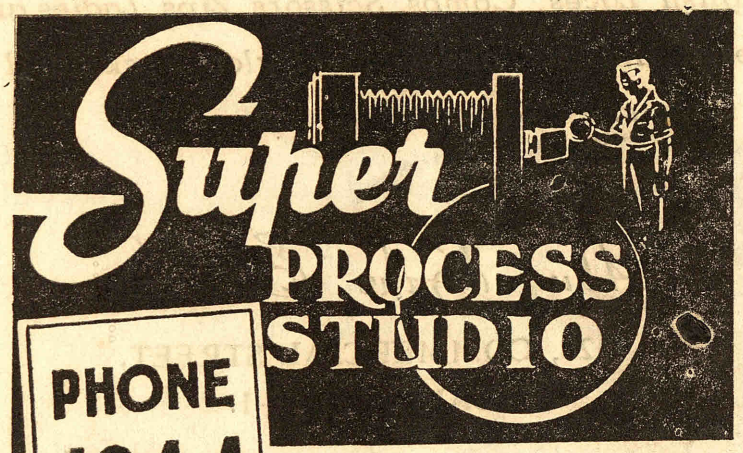
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