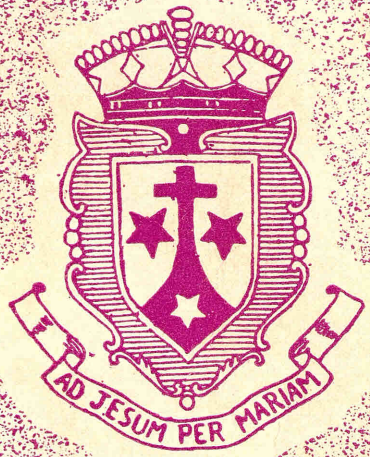


MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE

BANGALORE

AND

SCHOOLS IN MYSORE STATE

Vol 12 1964

Annual of Mount Carmel College

BANGALORE

Help me dear Lord

Help me Dear Lord each day to be
A little better than the day before;
If on occasion I should lapse a bit
Please urge me on — don't let me ever quit.

I don't expect to be ever a saint
But there's no harm in aiming for the best
And if each day I'm better than before
I'll have no trouble finding Heaven's Door.

Catherine M. Hunter.

and

Schools in Mysore State

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

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POPE PAUL VI

He Came !

"I yearn to meet the great and spiritual East
In hastening to the Eucharistic Feast.

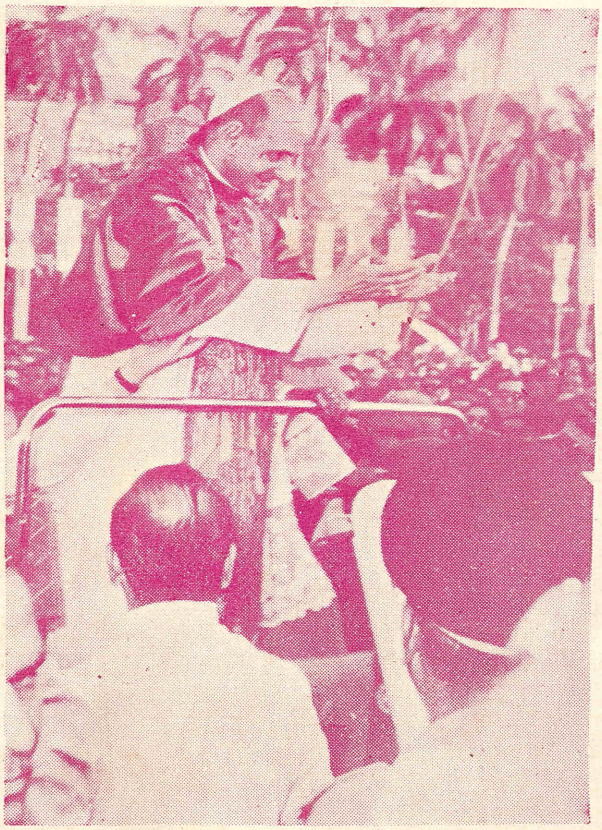
I yearn her teeming millions to embrace
All children of the Godly, human race.

I yearn, chiefly, India's poor to meet.
'Tis these, God's favoured, I would fondly greet."

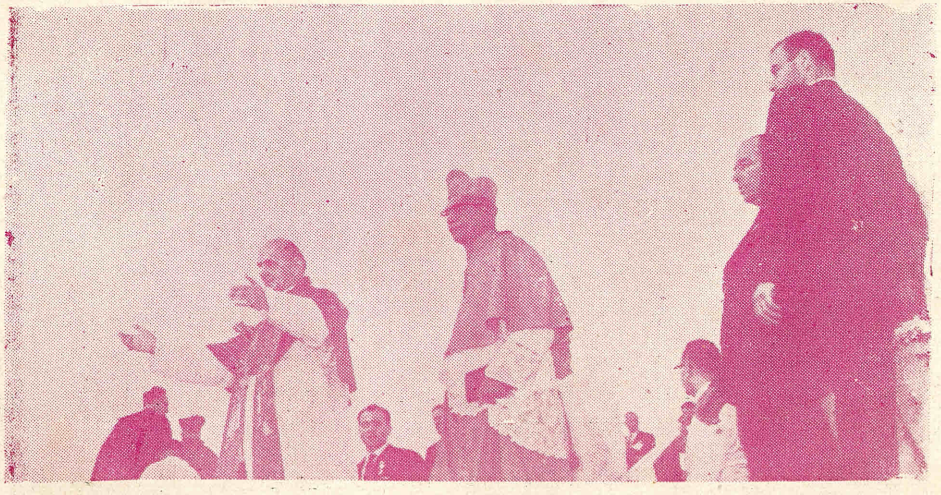
Surround him then, you poor of my land,
To you he stretches forth a father's hand.

S. M. A.

XXXVIII EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AT BOMBAY



His Holiness Pope Paul VI arrives at the 'Oval'



His Holiness Pope Paul VI is seen speaking to the people with His Eminence, Valerian Cardinal Gracias by the side of His Holiness at the Main Altar



From the Editor's Desk

As in previous years this Volume of our College Annual also is a reflection of the student mind and its achievements. With the inauguration of the Bangalore University this year we are expecting the College to expand into a centre of post-graduate learning for this State.

Our late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's sudden death on May 27th'64, before we started this academic year was a cause of great sorrow to one and all. As a tribute to him we have dedicated a rather modest section of this Magazine.

The celebrations in our College of the Quater-Centenary of that Immortal Bard—William Shakespeare began with the Entertainment on Parents' Day when our students chose to present Act V of 'The Tempest' as Shakespeare's most representative Play.

'The Tempest' seems to embody the highest conceptions of Shakespeare—the realization of God's Providence and the need for forgiveness of one's enemies. The Play breathes serenity and peace. As Ivor Brown writes — "He stood for mercy and toleration always. In one of his later plays 'The Tempest' the epilogue seems to be stating Shakespeare's own opinions about life, and he spoke for mercy in all human dealings."

Again, there was the Radio Broadcast by our students during the University Students' Programme on 19th Nov. when they sang two songs of Shakespeare — 'Where is Sylvia ?' and 'I know a Bank.'

Last but not least the Editorial Board of the College Magazine also have made their humble contribution towards commemorating the Quater-centenary in

as befitting a manner as possible by publishing a few articles on Shakespeare's Plays and the Characters in his Playsin by our students.

Coming now to participation in events outside the College — the activities have been various and varied. To mention but a few we have the World Association East/West Conference that was held at Delhi (26th Oct.—6th Nov.) Gita Mirjanker, a Ranger from our college was selected to attend same and had the honour of being interviewed by President Radhakrishnan. Rachel Roy represented the State for the Discussions and Recitation at the Youth Festival in Delhi which was inaugurated by Prime Minister Shastri. At the 38th International Eucharistic Congress held at Bombay (28th Nov. — 6th Dec.) our students were privileged to have an audience with Our Holy Father Pope Paul VI together with other students at Don Bosco's, Matunga.

In the field of Sports and Games we have fared marvellously well as usual, **especially in the Inter-Collegiate M.G.S. Athletics and Tournaments.** In the M.G S. Tournaments Finals that were held at M.G.M. College, Udipi (11th Dec.—14th Dec.) we were the winners **in spite of not** having played Basket Ball for unknown and unexplained reasons against Maharani's College, Mysore. So the Basket Ball Shield is a **dead** shield for the current year.

For the First All-India Ranger / Rover Ski-ing Course at Kufri (Near Simla) from Jan 21st — 28th ('65) conducted by our National Headquarters (Bharath Scouts and Guides) four were selected from the College Ranger Team—the Course actually being only for 6 Rangers and 6 Rovers from the whole of India.

Our N.C.C. Second Lieutenant (this time Miss Zarina F. Irani) and our Cadets have been selected for the Republic Day Parade at Delhi this year ('65).

While we now offer our warm heartfelt congratulations to His Grace, the Most Rev. D S. Lourdusamy D.D.,D.C.L. who has been appointed Co-adjutor Archbishop of Bangalore, we also sympathise with him as he has lost a most loyal, experienced, efficient and most conscientious worker — the late V. Rev. Msgr. Kurien Puthett who was Procurator of the Diocese for the past twenty years. The news of his death on the 28th Dec. was a shock to one and all since it was so sudden. The loss, I think is irreparable.

In concluding we extend our warmest welcome also to Mr. Laroia, and Mr. Mallika Arjunappa who are respectively Vice-Chancellor and Registrar of the Bangalore University. We have great hope and faith that under their able and vigilant care the University will take great strides in the field of development and progress.

Editor.



His Grace
The Most Rev. Dr. D. S. LOURDUSAMY, D D., D.C.L.,
Co-adjutor Archbishop of Bangalore

Inaugural Address

Six-point formula to become 'model College Students'

Extra-curricular activities of the Mount Carmel College, a women's institution in the City started with a bang of hopeful note with the inauguration of as many as 10 college associations on Friday, the 24th July '64.

Dr. (Miss) B. S. Lingaiah, Principal, Central Institute of Home Science, in her inaugural address, deprecated the tendency of the students in not participating in the non-academic activities of the college.

She prescribed a six-point formula for the students to become what she described as " the model college students." Enumerating them, she said things such as tastefully dressing, studying with a motivation of serving the country, hardworking, wasting no time in pointless prattling, striving for excellence and cultivating the spirit of adventure. All these would go to make their life in the college worth living. She called upon the students to measure up their student life to these standards instead of being just automatons scuttling through the corridors of the college.

HOW A COLLEGE GIRL SHOULD DRESS

College-going girl students should tastefully dress, but " should not overdress so as to make their womanliness conspicuous," so quipped Dr. Lingaiah. Giving a tip to girl students on how to dress, Dr. Lingaiah said girls' dress should speak of their womanliness which, she asserted, could not be acquired by mere dressing. They should cultivate the inner qualities such as good thinking which would give a graceful composure to their appearance. Dr. Lingaiah, disagreed with the modern fashionable ways of dressing which made them look as party-going girls rather than college students.

COLLEGE PRAISED

Dr. Lingaiah also commended the services of the Mount Carmel College in the field of women's education.

Earlier, Rev. Mother M. Antoinette, Principal of the college, introduced the chief guest.

Newly-elected secretaries of the Associations Bindoo Purnaiya (English Association), Meena Bose (Languages), Leenatha Reddy (History and Economics), Moyra Thompson (Planning Forum), Shaila Chinnappa (Science), Valerie Ward (Social Service), Heera Ramakrishnan (Choral and Dramatics), Clara Menezes (Sports), Indira Kumari (Guiding and Rangers) and Premila Govindan (Home Science) presented the reports.

The programme began with the college orchestra played by Usha Devi of Kotda Sangani on Piano, Yolande Pinto on Guitar, Christine Noronha on Accordion, Zarina Irani and V. Nirmala on Violin.

There was also a dance recital by Miss V. Prema. Miss Bindoo Purnaiya proposed a vote of thanks.

— Deccan Herald

The Eccentricities of the English Language

Oh! this awful English language,
It will prove to be my anguish.
There's an endless list of antonyms,
And what a waste of words are synonyms.
I wonder when I shall ever learn
Between the various meanings to discern.
'Remuneration', 'tip' and 'salary'
Could all so easily be confused with 'fee'.
The spellings of words are so difficult,
I never am satisfied by their result.
O–U in 'ought', 'soup', and 'dough',
Is varyingly pronounced as 'aw', 'oo', and 'oh'!
If n–y is 'nee', in 'destiny',
Then why isn't 'magnify', 'magni — fee'?
And I'll never understand why
There's a difference between 'bit' and 'bite'.
I could give countless such examples I am sure,
But it's impossible to mention any more here.
Still I'll say, English is learnt with ease
Compared to Latin, Greek and Japanese!

Jyoty — Sumita
II B. A.

MOUNT CARMEL COLLEGE, BANGALORE

PARENTS' DAY 1964

Under the Presidentship of

Dr. K. L. Shrimali

Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore

Report for the year 1963-'64

Dr. Shrimali and Mrs. Shrimali, Very Revd. Monsignors, Revd. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen, We present to you the Annual Report for the last academic year.

STRENGTH OF THE COLLEGE

The strength of the college was 970 at the commencement of the year & 955 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 :							
Arts	102	73	71.6	83	93	80	
Science	273	169	61.9	229	244	183	
Degree :							
B.A. 1st Examination	76	50	65.8	64	70	64	56
„ Final	65	45	69.2				
B.Sc. 1st Examination	87	57	65.5	67	80	81	80
„ Final	88	52	59.1				

DISTINCTIONS GAINED

	Part	Ranks	First Class	Second Class
Pre-University : Arts			16	30
„ Science			29	62
B.A. Degree :	I	5th & 7th	2	24
1st Examination	II	10th	6	22
	IV	4th (2 students)	6	22
		9th (3 „)		

	Part	Ranks	First Class	Second Class
B.Sc. Degree	I	4th	1	7
1st Examination	II		2	18
	IV		5	17
B.A. Degree Final				10*
B.Sc. „ „			2	14

* There were no First Classes in the University.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

First and Second Year Degree

	Class Strength	No. Promoted	Percentage Promoted
B.A. 1st Year	112	110	98.2
B.Sc. „	132	131	99.2
B.A. 2nd Year	78	68	89.5
B.Sc. „	87	85	97.7

EXTRA-CURRICULAR

The Associations, eight in number, had a year of fairly successful work.

(a) Writing — Debate — Speech & Cultural Contests

Indian Institute of Science Gymkhana	Debate in English	Malini Jairam & Bindoo Purnaiya won the First & Third Prizes respectively
Forum of Free Enterprise	All India 7th Essay Contest	Leenatha Reddy & Corrine Kumar won special prizes
National College	Kannada Debate	H. S. Sujatha was awarded a special prize as the "best spoken lady contestant", by Mr. Gulur Srinivasa Rao, B.A.,B.L., one of the Judges
Tata Institute of Science	Music Contest	S. Padma & T. R. Saraswathy were awarded the first and second prizes, respectively
Karnatak Tamil Sangha	— do —	— do —

"Bangalore Science Forum"	Speech Contest	Shaila Chinnappa won a First Prize in the Zoology Section and S. Gayathri a Second Prize in the Botany Section
College of Engineering	Debate	Alphine George won the Second Prize
The Botanical Society Central College, Bangalore	Lecture Contest (Junior Series)	1st Prize – S. Gayathiri 2nd Prize – Gloria Dawson
— do —	Essay Contest (Junior Series)	1st Prize – Uma Paramanand 2nd Prize – A. B. Chandra 3rd „ – Pushpam Joseph
Govt. Law College Planning Forum	Debate	Won by Malini Jairam and Shaila Chinnappa. Malini Jairam also won the 1st Prize.
Government of India Wild Life week Celebrations	Essay Contest (for Mysore University students)	Won by R. Malini, III B. Sc.
Mysore University	H. H. The Maharaja of Mysore Thevaram Prize	Won by T. S. Padma

PARTICIPATION IN OTHER EVENTS

" Inter – Collegiate Model Assembly ", conducted by the Law College	Our students participated
St. John's Ambulance Association First Aid Classes, conducted by Capt. K. Thimmappaiya & Dr. A. V. Subrayamanyam	138 students took the Examination in January, 1964 and all passed
Science Talent Scholarships, Govt. of India, conducted by the National Council of Education, Research and Training Department of Science Education.	11 Students were awarded Scholarships in Mysore State, 10 Boys & 1 girl. The girl was from our College — Mehrunissa Ali. Six candidates were awarded certificates of merit, including two girls, who also were from this college — S. Shantha Kumari (4th in order of merit and Lakshmi Nageswaran 6th

(a) GAMES and SPORTS

The College won, for the 14th year in sccession, the Team Championship in the Prof. M. G. Sreenivasa Rao Memorial Athletic Meet. The Individual Championship was won by Krishna Bramanandan. Five of our athletes participated in the Inter - University Athletic Meet, two in the National Championship Meet and four in the National Basket-Ball Championship. The college won in the C.P.M. Athletic Meet as well as in the Mysore State Olympics. Two of our athletes were selected for the Quadrangular Meet.

(c) NCC and NCCR

50 students were recruited to NCC. 43 cadets attended the annual training camp at Vidyanagar. The trophies for Drill and Line Dressing were won by our cadets. S/U/O Sundari was adjudged the best all-round cadet. She was selected to attend the Republic Day Parade at Delhi. Lt. M. V. Leela was selected to accompany the contingent. 19 cadets took the G-I and 1 cadet the G-II Examinations, successfully. During the year, Dr. Thimmappaiya gave the cadets a series of lectures in Hygiene and Sanitation.

The NCCR unit was raised in August '63. 57 cadets were recruited. Cadet Chimmaya Devi was selected to attend the Republic Day Parade at Delhi. Miss Shree Devi Nair and Miss Zarina Irani, Staff Members, were selected to undergo the Pre-Commission Training at Kamptee, Nagpur for 3 months. Miss Zarina Irani was adjudged the best Officer Trainee.

(d) RANGER COMPANY

The Ranger Company of 44 members worked and played enthusiastically ! 34 Rangers underwent a Rifle Training Course conducted by the Assistant Commissioner of Police. They also attended the St. John's Ambulance First Aid Classes and passed the examination at the end of the year. Three of our Rangers were selected for the Basic Training Course in Mountaineering, at Pachmarhi. Gita Mirjankar was awarded a Silver Axe, for her climb of 17,000 feet.

(e) SOCIAL SERVICE

Besides our work in our special village of Periar Nagar, we also visited the Cheshire Home and the Home for the Aged. Food, clothes and other useful articles, contributed both by the social workers and the college, were distributed. Our visits to the Cheshire Home and Home for the Aged especially, were rewarding. The students were deeply moved by the contentment and cheerfulness of the inmates and the latter expressed themselves surprised and happy that " so many young girls thought of us and came to visit us."

(f) EXCURSIONS and TOURS

There was a large ten day excursion by Tourist Bus, to Bombay and Goa, via Davangere and Poona, during the Dasara holidays. Besides, there were the usual small trips to places of interest, in our very interesting cities of Bangalore and Mysore, including the excursion by the Home Scientists to Mysore, where they visited the Dasara Exhibition — especially the Art and Medical sections — and the Food Technological Institute.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Religious instruction was provided for Catholic students during the noon recess.

RESULTS

INTER-COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN RELIGION

(Conducted by the Xavier Board of Higher Education)

Class	Number appeared	First class	Second class	Third class	Percentage of passes
Final Degree	16	2	7	7	100
Pre-University	51	12	7	18	72.5

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Moral Instruction was provided for other students, once a week to each class. Terminal examinations were held and prizes awarded.

DEVELOPMENT and EXPENDITURE

(a) Scholarships, Free-Studentships & other Concessions

		No. Aided
1.	Central Government Scholarships	3
2.	Government and University Scholarships	73
3.	Free-studentships	128
4.	Help towards books, free meals, special fees, transport, educational excursions and other expenditure (Provided by the Poor Students' Fund, aided by the University Grants Commission) : Total sum spent Rs. 3,910/–.	128

(b) EQUIPMENT

969 volumes were added to the Library. We are very grateful to the U.S.I.S. Bangalore, Madras and Delhi, and to the Regional Institute of English, Bangalore, for books, newspapers, pamphlets and periodicals received. Some books were also received from the Asia Foundation through W.U.S. and the Ramnarayan College of Commerce Book Distribution service. An additional librarian was appointed.

The expenditure on books, furniture, scientific and other equipment for the laboratories, amounted to Rs. 30,210.38, towards which a grant of Rs. 10,000/- was paid by the Government.

(c) BUILDING

The Non-Resident Students' Centre (a U.G.C. project, as was reported in last year's Annual Report) completely completed ! was opened in January of this year. Other minor works, were carried out, including the renovation of the college drives. Estimates for the construction of the Stadium Track and Pavilion were prepared, for the work to be commenced this year.

DEPUTATION OF STAFF MEMBERS TO CONFERENCES AND SEMINARS

Sister M. Liguori, M.Sc., and Miss N. Sumithra, M.Sc., Home Science, were invited to participate in a Seminar in Nutrition, conducted by the Lady Irwin College, Delhi, under the University Grants Commission " Summer Institute Scheme."

Miss N. Sumithra, M.Sc , Home Science, attended a Seminar in Home Science, at Hyderabad, conducted by the Home Science Association of India (Southern Zone).

COLLEGE HOSTEL

The hostel accommodated 105 students. The general health was very satisfactory. The Lady Doctor appointed, visited the hostel once a week and oftener, when necessary. There was an excursion by Tourist Bus to Ootacamund, via Mysore and Bandipur.

GENERAL REMARKS

We are very much averse to the strength of the college being beyond 900, which is 100 more than the ideal of the University Grants Commission. At the time of presenting this Report, the strength is 1,000. We are happy to inform you that the college has, since last year, been given permanent affiliation with the University of Mysore, for all the courses it offers — Pre-University and Degree, Arts as well as Science. We look forward, in the near future, to the introduction of Post-graduate courses, probably in English and Arts. We hope to serve the Country and Public as efficiently within the Bangalore University, as we have tried to do in the University of Mysore.

We are deeply grateful to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Mysore. Dr. K. L. Shrimali, for so kindly accepting our invitation to preside at the function, We are much honoured Sir, by your presence and look forward to the thoughts you will express to-night. We are also grateful to Mrs. Shrimali for so kindly distributing the prizes.

Before I conclude, I should like to allude to the two, very great events we are celebrating this year, both in India and the whole world. I refer to the 38th International Eucharistic Congress to be held at Bombay, and to the Quater-Centenary of Shakespeare. Of the essential message and meaning of the first, we have tried to give you glimpses, in a very brief pageant, which will presently follow. It fills us with joy that the Central Government and the Government of Bombay are providing such ample assistance as to help to make the event an outstanding success in the history of Man. May this celebration draw down Divine blessings on our cherished Motherland!

The Quater-Centenary of Shakespeare has been and is being celebrated all over the world. We are making our humble contribution to it in to-night's programme, by the enaction of the Fifth Act of "The Tempest", followed by a pageant.

Yours in Service
(Sd.) Sister M. Antoinette,
Principal for Management

PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE YEAR 1963'-64

HOSTEL PRIZE

WITHHELD

RELIGION

Pre-University	—	Alphonsa Thekkekara
Degree	—	Corrine Kumar

MORAL INSTRUCTION

Pre-University	—	R. Shantha	II Degree	—	Menaka Varathrajan
I Degree	—	K. B. Vatsala	III Degree	—	Rhoda Maneckjee

ENGLISH

Pre-University	—	Winnie Kuttappa	II Degree	—	Susan Joseph
I Degree	—	Pushpam Joseph			

Part III Arts

Pre-University	—	Sucheta Kamath	II Degree	—	Christine Noronha
I Degree	—	Chitra Ramani	III Degree	—	Manju Singh

Part III Science

Per-University	—	P.C.B.	—	Winnie Kuttappa

C. B. Z.

Pre-University	—	Celeste Wilson	II Degree	—	M. J. Hemalatha
I Degree	—	K. B. Vatsala	III Degree	—	S. Vasantha

HOME SCIENCE

Pre-University	—	Marina D'Sa
I Degree	—	Geetha Mehta
II Degree	—	Padma, K.
III Degree	—	Pushpa Appachu

Part III — Minor

History
Susan Joseph
Chemistry
Hemalatha, M. J.
Sociology
Malini Devi, M.
Household Chemistry
Padma, K.

Part IV — Social Science

II Degree — Valerie Ward

Part IV — General Science

II Degree — Prabha Nayak

Part II (Languages)

Sanskrit

Pre-University — Jyothi Holla

II Degree — K. Padma

Kannada

— Sister Angelina Marie

— R. S. Malathy

Tamil

Pre-University — T. S. Padma

II Degree — R. Meera Devi

Urdu

II Degree — Azmathunissa

P.U.C. (HEL) — Sharfunissa

Hindi

Pre-University — Savitha Goil

II Degree — Usha Bali

French

Lucy Campos

Louisa Santiago

FOR RANK IN UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

B.A. Degree Ist Examination

Part I

5th Rank — Malini Devi, M.

7th Rank—Urvashi Varatharajan

Part II

10th Rank — Christine Noronha

Prt IV

4th Rank — Susan Joseph & Pushpalatha Murthy, C. N.

9th Rank — May Elizabeth D'Silva, Sita Achia, Vathsala, M. C.

B.Sc. Degree Ist Examination

Part I

4th Rank — Shirley D'Silva

Principal's Prize for best Prefect

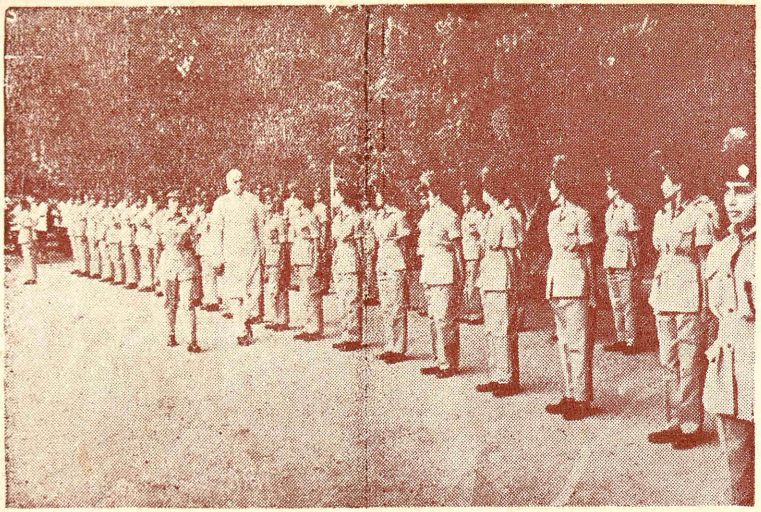
Premila Govindan — Ist Yr. Degree Home Science

Sister M. Antoinette,
Principal

PRIZE ENDOWMENTS

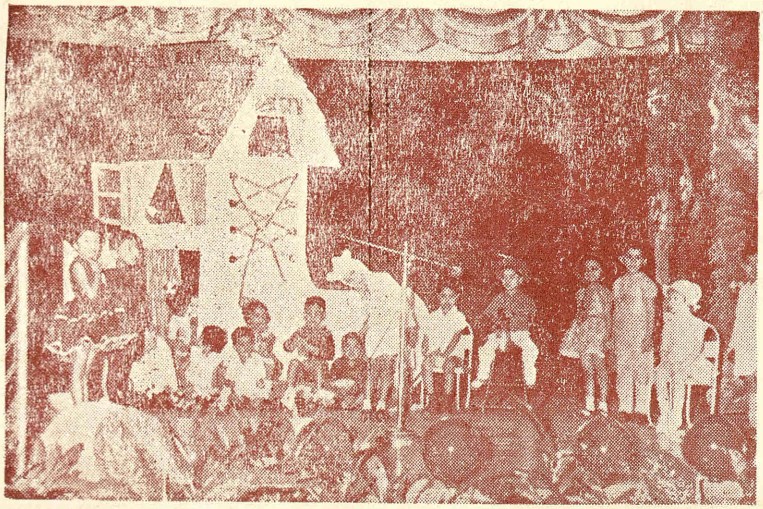
1.	Mr. Joseph Chowriappa	Prize : Pre-University Science CBZ
2.	Mr. B. G. Shanthappa	Prize : a) ,, ,, PCB
3.		b) Third Year Degree Science
4.	Rao Bahadur S. L. Mathias & Sons	Prize : Third Year Degree Arts
5.	Mr. K. J. Joseph	Prize : a) First Year Degree Arts
6.		b) Second Year Degree Arts
7.	Mr. K. Srinivas Rao	Prize : For an outstanding student at the University, Degree Examination — Final
8.	Dr. Miss D. M. Satur	Prize : Pre-University Home Science
9.	Smt. Rukmini Varma	Prize : History Minor
10.	Miss Christine Pinto	Memorial Prize : English, Second Year Degree Examination

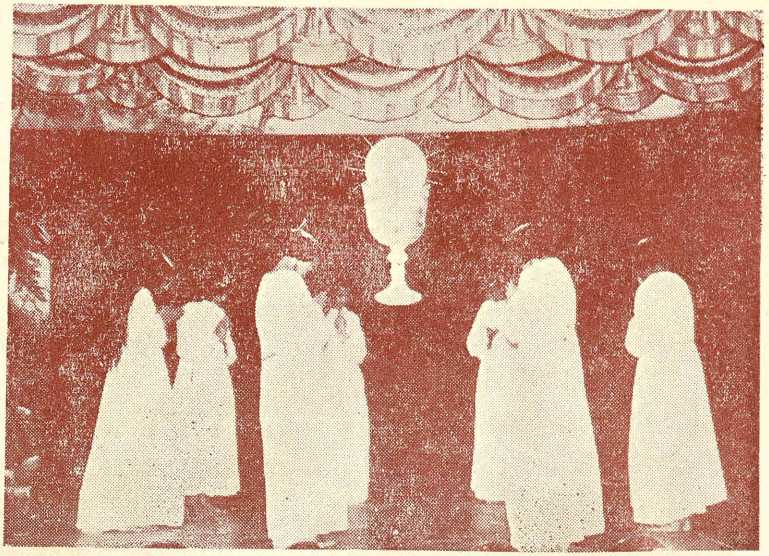
PARENT'S DAY





Guard of Honour by our Cadets of N. C. C. and Rangers







The trio with our Ex-Mother General
Rev. Mother Alphonsus



Miss Queenie Satur (A Postulant)

FORMER MOUNT CARMELITES



Sr. Josephette —
(Aloysia Nazareth)





Sr. Genevieve —
(Violet Asirvatham)

Sr. Marie Lucille — Miss Shirley Monteiro

Mount Carmel College
Bangalore
PARENTS' DAY

Presiding over the Parents' Day celebrations of Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, on 29th August'64 Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore, declared, " It is a well-known fact that the educational institutions run and managed in a missionary spirit do much better work than many of our governmental institutions. I hope that the girls going out of this College will develop visions of greatness. It is gratifying that this College is run by people who have a spirit of dedication and service, who believe that there is a spark of greatness in every student, and that all the teachers have to do is to find out that spark that is within them in order to bring it out for the fulfilment of the task of education ".

Soon after arrival, the Vice-Chancellor inspected, to the accompaniment of the military band, a guard of honour presented by the N.C.C. and the Girl Guides of the College, and was impressed by the smart turn-out of the cadets. The auditorium was filled to capacity with parents and relatives, prominent among whom was Mr. P. Medappa, former Chief Justice of Mysore. A large number of priests of the Archdiocese of Bangalore, including Fr. C. Browne and Fr. Terence Fransz, Diocesan Director of Young Christian Workers, were also present.

Diligently following the college motto, written boldly over the stage of the auditorium, " The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom ", the students have been making remarkable progress year after year since the establishment of the college in 1948, as was revealed by the annual report presented by Rev. Sister M. Antoinette, the Principal. Over 60% of full passes in all the University examinations with 16 and 29 first classes, and 30 and 62 second classes in the Pre-University Arts and Science groups respectively. Some of the distinctions scored in the extra-curricular activities of the students were, first and third prizes in the English debate conducted by the Indian Institute of Science Gymkhana, first and second prizes in the music contests conducted by the Tata Institute of Science and the Karnatak Tamil Sangha. All the 138 students who appeared, passe St. John's Ambulance First Aid courses. The only girl among the 11 Mysore students who were awarded the Central Government Science Talent scholarship was from Mount Carmel. It won the team championship in the M.G.S. Memorial Athletic Meet for the 14th year in succession. Miss Gita Mirjankar of the Ranger Company secured the Silver Axe of Mountaineering for climbing 17,000 ft. In the Inter-collegiate examination for Religion conducted by the Xavier Board of Higher Education, all the 16 final degree students who appeared, passed, with 2 first classes and 7 second classes. Four or 5 of the girls were selected during the past two years to join St. John's Medical College, Bangalore.

The Vice-Chancellor gave away the prizes to over 30 students who secured distinctions in various subjects, and mounted the stage to join hands for a photograph with a group of artistes enacting Shakespeare's "The Tempest", to mark the Quater-centenary of the great playwright. The tiny brigade of kindergarten children who staged an item, "Off to Nursery Land", was greatly applauded. The pageant symbolising the forthcoming International Eucharistic Congress at Bombay emphasised the supremacy of the spiritual values over the material, and the music to the tableau was based on Indian melody. The other items included pianoforte duets, a comedy in Kannada, a song from Shakespeare and Act Fifth from "The Tempest" in which Rachel Roy, as Ariel, carried away the laurels. — J. R. V. K.

"New Leader"
Madras

The Wonder of Words

Shanta Phillips
III B.A.

At some stage in the process of evolution, there was a transition from the state of having "no language but a cry" to that of using words. Words are the sounds representing thoughts, and it is very doubtful indeed if thoughts could exist without them.

There is always a feeling of wonder when one contemplates the vast vocabulary of man. How did man give names to the creatures around him, that flew, ran, walked or swam, or to obscure concepts — ideas of Heaven, hell, infinity, God? As W. J. Turner says:

It is strange that a little mud
Should echo with sounds, syllables and letters,
Should rise up and call a mountain Popacatapetl
And a green-leafed wood, Oleander.

The first words were probably of the echoic kind. Primitive tribesmen were most likely to name a bird or beast from its cry, just as a baby does when it calls a dog 'bow-wow'. Long before any speech, the cuckoo cooed 'cuckoo' as it winged its way through the woods. One day someone may have imitated him, and suddenly there was a word!

This imitating of natural sounds has produced some of the most expressive words in the language. A very good example is the word 'bubble'. To get the most of it one should chant with the witches in Macbeth, "Double, double, toil and trouble, Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

This may have led on to the coining of other kinds of words, where the sound of a word echoes its sense, so that the idea it conjures up is strengthened and enlarged. This is known as — Onamatopoeia; the very word sounds fascinating. An example of this is the word 'doom'. No other word could express as fully its fearful finality. Tennyson was one of the best users of Onamatopoeia.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

One can almost hear his brook.

In certain other words, a visual effect combines with Onamatopoeia in strengthening the meaning of a word. In the word 'zig-zag' for example the two vowels are set in opposition to express the idea of rapid changes of direction.

Sometimes a man may discover that there is no word in the language to express adequately some idea or emotion of his; so he goes ahead and coins one. Thus originated T. H. Huxley's invention 'agnostic'. He spent the later years of his life arguing against the literal truths contained in the Book of Genesis. Tired of being called an atheist, when he was not one, Huxley invented a new word, agnostic, (taken from the Greek word agnostos meaning unknowing) to describe people like himself who could not believe in God, but were not prepared to deny the possibility of His existence. 'Chortle' is an invention of that great inventor of nonsense words Lewis Carroll. It occupies so respectable a place in our present-day vocabulary, that we tend to forget that it is one of his "crazy hybridisations"— a mixture of 'chuckle' and 'snort'.

Then again people's names are taken by posterity and turned into common speech to fill a gap in the vocabulary. Little did the Irish land agent Captain Charles Boycott think that his refusal to reduce rents in accordance with his master's orders, would make his name immortal. The tenants' withdrawal of themselves from him has given rise to the present meaning of the word boycott — bringing pressure to bear upon a government with deplorable policies. As for Dr. Joseph Guillotin, he was only a humanitarian who thought decapitation by a machine a more merciful death than hanging. How ironical that his name should be given to that dreadful instrument that played so horrible a part in the French Revolution!

An honoured place among this gallery of people who have contributed their names for such worthy uses, must surely be reserved for Dr. W. A. Spooner. He had a very quaint habit which would often send his listeners into gales of laughter.

He would complain for instance of a blushing crow when what he meant was a crushing blow. But perhaps the best-known Spoonerism is his version of the opening line of a well known hymn :–

" Kinquering congs their titles take."

It is surprising to note the wealth of meaning that certain words used in everyday speech, have. A word possesses not merely its one or many meanings with its numerous shades of meaning, but also carries with it, its past use in the history of the language, as well as any associations it might raise up in the reader's mind. The word water, for instance has so many associations, that one is likely to think of anything from the King Over the Water and the Battle of Waterloo to Minnehaha, Hiawatha's " Laughing-Water ". The single word ' blood ' can signify so many different things — evil, murder, gruesome death, or birth and rank, or even youth and vitality.

There lie some interesting stories behind some of the words in our vocabulary. The word ' assassin ' has its origin in Arabic, where Hashashin means " eaters of hashish." It particularly referred to a set of Muslim fanatics, dedicated at the time of the Crusades, to killing Christians. The Sheikh of the sect, in order to make his men more blood-thirsty, administered the drug to them before he sent them out on their missions.

Another word with a queer history is ' tawdry ', really short for ' tawdry lace'— cheap showy stuff used for adornment by country girls during the 17th century. In the late six hundreds, when Etheldreda the daughter of the King of East Anglia, lay dying of a tumour in her throat, she believed that that was her punishment for the pleasure she took in wearing pretty necklaces. She died, was later sanctified and her name Anglicised to Audrey. At the annual fair held on St. Audrey's Day necklaces of ' fine silk ' were sold in her memory. These ' St. Audrey's laces ' soon gave their name to the poor quality stuff turned out by manufacturers, till by the end of the 17th century, ' tawdry ' was the name given to anything cheap and trumpery.

The word ' marmalade ' inspired one wag to make an enterprising guess at its origin. His story goes that Mary Queen of Scots when in a bad mood, refused to eat anything but a conserve of oranges. The preserve was nicknamed ' Marie malade ' which later became ' marmalade !'

Language is ever-changing and is in a state of continual flux. Changes affecting the language are going on all the time, usually too gradually to be noticeable. The word ' buxom ' did not always carry a sense of cheerful comeliness. It is a Germanic word meaning, vendable or obedient. Foxe in his ' Book of Martyrs ' writes of being " buxom and obedient to the Church of Christ."

Sometimes however the change occurs fast enough for us to have a glimpse at the transition. The word ' contemporary ' really means 'belonging to the same

time or period', but it is at present used as a synonym for 'modern!' In time to come the older meaning might even become obsolete.

Changes in the meanings of words, sometimes reflect a lowering of standards, a decline of tastes in ourselves. The word 'charity', originally meaning 'love', used so beautifully by St. Paul has now assumed an almost contemptuous significance. "I don't accept charity, thank you!"

Euphemism is very often the reason for words changing their meaning, and it generally springs out of shame. The totalitarians, ashamed of murder tried to make it respectable, by calling it 'liquidation;' and who could find it in their hearts to blame a book-maker for calling himself a 'commission agent!'

Icy Death

Oh Death! Uninvited you always come,
Terrifying us by the very tune you hum,
Why art thou so cruel and merciless
Bringing grief in your wake — veiling happiness?
True life's ship inevitably has to reach its shore;
But why hurry, knocking at the innocent babe's door?
Taking a small mite, barely allowing it to stay,
On God's lovely earth where it is bound to be gay, most gay
Oh Death! to steal life is your duty we know,
But why don't you allow a newly lit flame to glow?
We plead with thee, do take the withered and old
But leave the fresh flower, don't urge it to fold.

Meera Balarathnam,
I B.A.

William Shakespeare

What are you ? Mysterious Creature
Interred in the bowels of the earth, yet free
Live you still through words, through literature,
Live ? Yes live through all history !
Impassioned are your thoughts, your feelings
Aeons may pass, you are secure,
Men seek to shake you — you remain steadfast as before.

Serene, smiling, enigmatic you stand revealed
How is it your faceted countenance is yet a little concealed ?
A man you were, yet a mystery.
Kings, princes, poets have envied thee.
Ever a model for the world to perceive
Siren-like you have drawn many to your feet.
Peace — none have your throne usurped.
Enter — come to the Master you have adored.
Advance — come study him, come follow, come gaze
Retreat not, nor unthrone him — he is invincible, he is fated,
Ever to be read, admired and imitated.

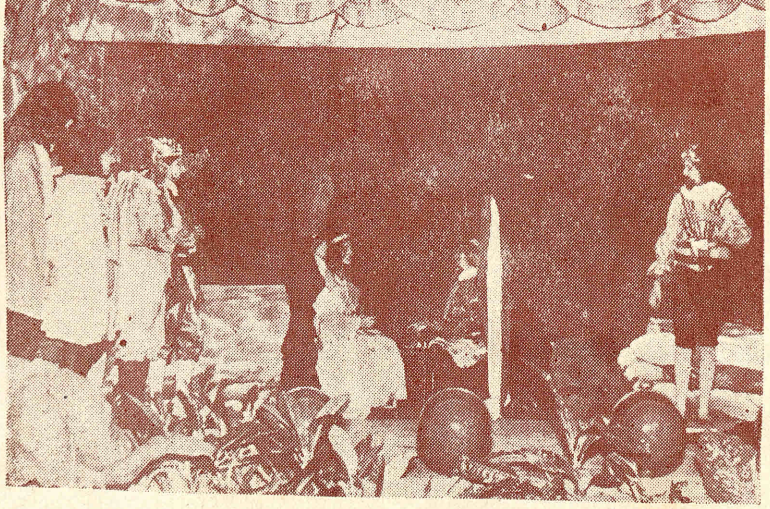
Menaka Varatharajan
III B.A.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

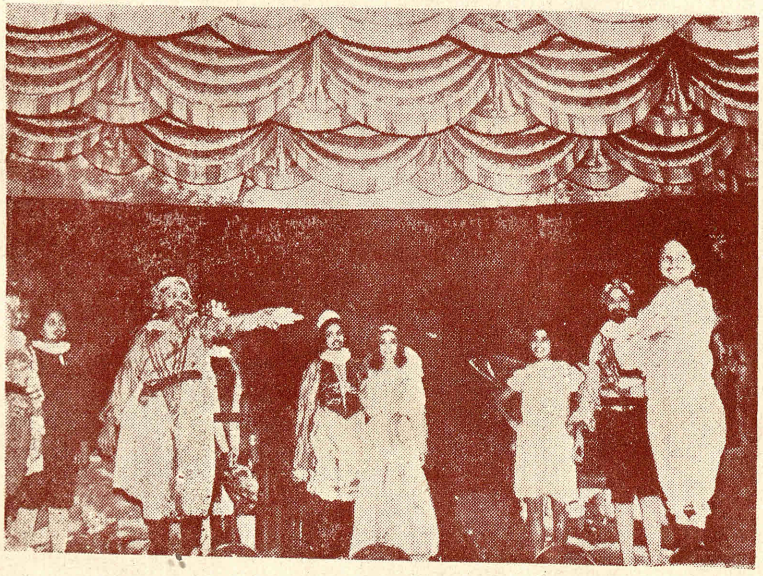
(1564—1616)

By Bindoo Purnaiya





PARENTS' DAY — Scenes from 'The Tempest' (Act V)





Dr. K. L. Shrimali (Vice-Chancellor, University of Mysore) raciously poses for a shot with our actresses
Tableau — 'The Tempest'

Shakespeare - The Man behind the Plays

Bindoo Purnaiya
III B.A. (Eng. Major)

" To poets he has always been the King of Poets " — so says Bradley of the genius that is Shakespeare. But perhaps it is an even greater tribute to his genius that, in all ages, many who have had no particular taste for poetry as such, have found in him their favourite reading.

Chief among the many reasons for this is, that the reader comes into contact with such an attractive personality, that after his first acquaintance, he is eager to continue the friendship. Shakespeare as we get to know him from the plays, seems to be gentle, shy, sensitive, bold, dashing and vigorous — all cast into one brilliant poetic mould.

Though he is the least personal of men, and rarely seems to think of himself, the tone of his mind at different stages in his life is reflected in his choice and treatment of his subjects. As this is so, a careful scrutiny of Shakespeare's plays reveal his outlook on humanity altered with the years, and how the high spirits of youth sank into the gravity of middle age, which again changed into the serenity of life's eventide.

The plays he wrote are so varied in themselves that they create a world of their own, and the people in them become almost real, so that we find ourselves discussing them as if they had an independent existence. But again behind the plays is the man who wrote them, and sooner or later he too becomes an object of absorbing interest. For, we cannot read Shakespeare without feeling that we have been brought into contact with a singularly magnetic personality. Although we regard him as one of the greatest of poets, we feel that he would come down to our level, without any conscious effort or the least trace of condescension. In fact, I'm sure he would be entirely human and very good company.

But as is often said we know practically nothing of Shakespeare; and in a sense this is true. We know little of his private life, his tastes or his daily habits. But in another sense, it is not true at all, for we know how he felt and what he thought; and to know these things tells us much more about a man than any record of his daily doings. Shakespeare like any other poet opens for us some of the doors in his own soul, and in doing so reveals to us many of the things which ordinarily we know about our most intimate friends.

Although it is unwise to read too much of Shakespeare in his plays and look in them for a record of his personal experiences, yet, there are occasions when a dramatis personae speaks obviously out of his part, and in that the poet is unconsciously expressing his own feelings. The following quotation from Twelfth

Night bears out the truth of this statement. Duke Orsino who believes himself to be passionately in love with the Countess Olivia sends the disguised Viola to protest his unshakeable fidelity to her, and then says to the same Viola

" . . . . . however we may praise ourselves
Our fancies are more giddy aud infirm
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won
Than women's are."

These are the sentiments, not of an infatuated lover, but of a disillusioned husband, and it is evident that Shakespeare is thinking for the moment, not about the Duke, but about Ann Hathaway, and his own unfortunate marriage. Incidentally, the words contain a handsome admission of his own shortcomings.

But quite apart from occasional glimpses nobody could reveal so much about life as Shakespeare does, without at the same time telling us a good deal about himself; for, the dramatist is a creator, as well as a critic of life and when he makes a man he is obliged to make him, more or less in his own image. Therefore, through the quality of heroism in his heroes and the baseness of his villains, through the problems which he chooses for his theme and the manner in which he treats them he inevitably reveals his own attitude to life. Shakespeare's plays, taken as a whole leave us with some very strong impressions, as for example, that vices in nature carry their own doom with them, that mercy is the most divine of human qualities and ingratitude the basest, that pride and vanity are incalculably dangerous flaws in character, and last but not least, that simple loyalties and natural affections are worth more than great ambitions. He could not have imposed these impressions on us if they had not been an integral part of his own convictions.

Yet another quality evident in Shakespeare's writings is his extra-ordinary balance of mind. Whether he is writing comedy or tragedy, a sure instinct keeps him always on the level of reality. He does not flinch from the ugliest facts of life, and does not distort them. His steadiness of vision is astounding; and remains the same whether it is on Falstaff or King Lear.

When we, therefore, put these qualities together we get a rather singular combination — soaring fancy and practical commonsense, a delicate sensitivity to beauty, and a businessman's appreciation of the value of pounds and shillings. Underlying all this was his wonderful unfailing sense of humour. For, pruned down to essentials, a sense of humour is a sense of proportion and this saved him from getting himself, his work and his imaginative moods out of perspective, and enabled him to make a practical success of life.

It would be extremely interesting to see how this unusual blend of qualities came out in his features and expression. We shall probably not be far wrong if we picture him as a " handsome, well-shap'd man " who at first sight is more attractive

than impressive. By nature he adapted himself easily to his company whether it consisted of clowns or courtiers, more interested in other people than himself, was a good talker and listener, with an infectious laugh and quick repartee, sociable, not contemptuous and never shocked. For only so could he have acquired that intimate knowledge of " low life " which is as much a feature of his dramas as their transcendent poetry.

He was in his own person as elusive as his Ariel or Puck. By far the larger part of what we know of him is arrived at by inference from his writings; but this we know, that Shakespeare — whatever the man might have been is " all mankind's epitome".

Shakespearean Tragedy

Sandhya Bhagavan
III B.A. (English)

In pagan and in Christian times, tragedy has been accepted as probably the noblest of poetic achievements. Amongst other races who have not known the artistic form which is now called tragedy, there is in the noblest of their poetry, a sentiment essentially similar to that which gives to tragedy its nobility. Shakespeare was and is still held to be the world's greatest dramatic poet and his tragedies have almost invariably been taken as his greatest achievement. In his conception, a tragedy is " a drama of elevated diction which illustrates the ruin of a great soul through some weakness or fault deeply rooted in an otherwise great character, adversely combining with hostile circumstances over which man had little control." In the cry of Othello " who can control fate " and in the pathetic observation of Gloucester in " King Lear ", " As flies to wanton boys, are we to God, They kill us for their sport," we feel the helplessness and cannot help admitting the presence of an inscrutible destiny.

A Shakespearean tragedy brings before us a considerable number of persons but it is, as Bradley says, " pre-eminently the story of one person — the hero, or at the most of two persons — the hero and the heroine as in the love tragedies, "Romeo and Juliet " and " Antony and Cleopatra."

Tragedy ends in death. No play at the end of which the hero remains alive is in the full Shakespearean sense, a tragedy. However, the fatal ending must not appear as an exhibition arbitrarily contrived by the dramatist. On the contrary, the hero's death is the inevitable outcome of intense suffering and calamity.

In the greater tragedies, Shakespeare's world is moral rather than metaphysical. Humanism and humanity hold him far more passionately than theology or religion. There is, for instance, in all Shakespearean tragedies, no admission of the Christian conception of immortality. In his greater tragedies as in Hamlet, after death, " the rest is silence." Further, Bradley has pointed out that tragedy with Shakespeare is always concerned with persons of " high degree; often with kings and princes; if not, with leaders of state like Coriolanus, Brutus, Antony; and in the least with members of great houses, as in " Romeo and Juliet," whose quarrels are of public moment.

Shakespeare occasionally represents abnormal conditions of mind such as insanity, somnambulism and hallucinations. However, these abnormal conditions are never introduced as the origin of deeds of any dramatic movement — Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking has no influence whatever on the events that follow it. Macbeth does not murder Duncan because he sees a dagger in the air; he sees the dagger because he is about to murder Duncan. Shakespeare also introduces the supernatural into some of his tragedies. This not only contributes to be action but becomes an indispensable part of it. Moreover, it is always placed in the closest relation with character and thus confirms such inward movements as the sense of failure in Brutus, stifled workings of conscience in Richard, horrified memory of guilt in Macbeth and suspicion in Hamlet.

In a Shakespearean tragedy, conflict can be easily conceived as lying between two persons of whom the hero is one or as lying between two parties or groups in one of which the hero is the leading figure. The tragic hero of Shakespeare need not be good though generally he is good. His characters are made of the stuff we find within ourselves and within the persons who surround us. What then is the power which influences so greatly the actions of tragic heroes? Bradley answers this question when he says that " through an intensification of life " which they share with others, they are raised above them and they are raised so high that we soon discover that their words and actions scarcely resemble those of real life. Some like Hamlet and Cleopatra have genius, others like Othello, Lear, Macbeth and Coriolanus are built on the grand scale. In almost all the characters there is a marked one-sidedness; a total incapacity to resist the force which draws in that direction and a fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object or passion.

The tragic irony in all Shakespeare's plays is often placed at just those points which demand the most careful scrutiny. The employment of the soliloquy and the repetition of certain words or phrases helps not only to give dramatic poignancy

but also to draw attention to features most important for the consideration of the drama as a whole. Shakespeare strove to display themes essentially stirring and often melodramatic and his characters are interwoven inextricably with the plot. On reading Shakespeare's plays one can discover a common conception underlying all his tragedies which are otherwise so widely different. There is a conflict of character with circumstances. There is an error of judgment in one, a weakness carried to excess in another or ruin brought about by the unhappy union of adverse circumstances with inherited or acquired virtues and vices. Yet each appears to be true to life.

It is generally agreed that the most consummate expressions of Shakespeare's tragic art fare to be found in the four great tragedies, " Hamlet " " Othello," " Macbeth " and " King Lear." Each of these plays is a symphony on some definite abstract theme. Thus " Othello " could be called a drama of deception and self-deception, "Macbeth," a drama of ambition, " King Lear " a drama of head-strong passion and false pride and " Hamlet," a drama of indecision. With this abstract atmosphere moves the inner conflict and this seems normally to have been confined to one figure in each drama. " Titus Andronicus," " Richard III," Richard II," " Romeo and Juliet " " Antony and Cleopatra " are great achievements but seem to be as Charlton says, "products of a Shakespeare whose hand has lost none of its cunning but whose inward eye is dimming ".

Shakespearean tragedy can be summed up in the words of Allardyce Nicoll as " the suggestion of fatal forces operating on the actions of mankind and placing men of power, nobility, strength and courage in just those situations with which they are incapable of dealing." The pivot of tragedy is — one may gain the world and lose his own soul.

Why I Like Shakespeare

Diana Minwalla
III B.A.

Shakespeare's name everywhere evokes a response little short of reverence. It is surely a very remarkable thing that a playwright should have so seized and held the imagination of the world. Ben Jonson hailed him as " the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !" and proclaimed that " He was not of an age but for all time." What is it that Shakespeare does consistently in his plays ? What is the element that makes him the supreme dramatist ? Shakespeare was born at the full tide of England's history and his genius matched the richness of the hour. Perhaps at no other period could it have reached such stature. This does not mean he was merely an echo or a reflection, more melodious than others ; he was absolutely, gloriously, magnificently, a man of his time; herein his greatness lies.

The value of drama lies in the aesthetic expression of man's experience at some period of his existence. The whole history of art is dominated and conditioned by the desire to keep the universal life, which at each moment escapes us, in an image that can define it forever. The theatre is a convention set in the very heart of poetry. Supreme art consists in making people believe that it is real, that the personages are free and pursuing their own purposes in complete independence of the dramatist. The most perfect dramatist is one who seems most at ease within the bounds; the purest is he who can be the most moving in the most sober language applied to the most universal themes. No one disputes Shakespeare's supremacy as a poet but there are those who cavil at his dramatic craftsmanship and find serious defects in his work while there has been no denying that Shakespeare was a great romantic poet. It still has to be established that he was also the greatest classical dramatist since the Greeks. Shakespeare's technique is his own and his supreme characteristic is his absolute freedom — his remarkable ease in employing the conventions of the theatre of his day. People have spoken of negligence in his construction, in the presentation of his characters, in the general structure of his last plays. But these show merely a sovereign acquiescence to the demands of his genius. His work is absolutely comprehensive, covering the entire scope of drama.

In Shakespeare we find the whole of his age. He is all his contemporaries at once, yet no confusion is possible: he is strangely detached, unique, supreme. In its broad line and major themes, a real artist's work reflects the deeper pre-occupations of its own day. The Elizabethan plays drew upon the whole range of human experience of that time. There was the first phase of the theatre when the plays of Greene, Kyd, Peele, Marlowe, and the young Shakespeare flowered. A radiant cult of life, a firm faith in man's conquests, an exuberance of mind, marked the drama. There was a marked taste for violence or for an exotic fairyland. It is now that we see the flowering of Shakespeare's brilliant comedies, in which realism and grace,

wit and emotion, combine convincingly in a closely-knit and swiftly moving plot. The comedies aimed at exploring the recesses of the human soul. This first phase was disturbed by no irritating spur of doubt; the tragic hero was not weighed down by his failure. But this phase gave way to a period of instability, confusion, and uncertainty. The Machiavellian character became one of the essential dramatic types, and Seneca served as a store-house of stage-properties. Everywhere crime led to crime, to blasphemy, to annihilation. Shakespeare also yielded to the strange attractive magic of evil. Hamlet's bitter arguments, the invectives of Timon, Lear's furious sarcasms, the sublime disgust of Macbeth — all this proceeds from the same mood. But Shakespeare could transform this incomprehensible universe. The heart is fretted in its very substance, nature's laws are turned upside down, a being is pulled up by the roots. This human malady attains superhuman proportions with Shakespeare; neither faith nor reason can survive it. Gradually, however, peace of mind replaced distress. The drama of life turned to tragi-comedy in which men skirted death without being caught up in it. The end of this age was indeed golden in colour. On Prospero's isle died dark waves of anger and despair, crime and treason. The wheel had now come full circle. The stage had achieved a miracle between Marlowe's joyous freshness and Ford's burning intensity; it had given living expression to a dynamic society. Under Shakespeare's tutelage drama in England had grown from infancy to maturity; from him it had received the greatest masterpieces it has ever known.

Shakespeare never invented an original story. But if he had done no more than re-tell a number of extant histories and fantasies, he would be no more important than the slave who recounted to the Sultan the 1000 legends of the Arabian Nights. His greatness lies in that he was gifted to a unique degree with the capacity to reflect the thoughts and emotions of a human mind and heart, and to express them in words absolute and unforgettable. What Shakespeare borrowed, he transferred, giving to old situations new range and depth, freshening the language and the presentation. Where Greene gives us a situation in two dimensional flatness, as it were, Shakespeare makes it stereoscopic, forcing us to see it from different angles. His imagination moves in wide open spaces and explores continents, seas, heavens, and the next world. He was free in the choice of incidents to pass from history to poetry, from the individual to the symbol, from realism to magic, from science to alchemy. We see him taking the familiar and transforming it to novelty. One did not suppose that any man had so much of blood in him or such abysses of spirit. He found themes wherever he cast his eyes. If there is one thing more certain than another it is his abounding fertility. Shakespeare's plays are the equivalent in our adult world of the nursery tales that can be repeated endlessly to children. They are eternal.

Throughout the ages critics have been chiefly concerned with extracting from Shakespeare's plays a gallery of idealized portraits. There has been the same eulogy in which the accent has been put on the natural, the credible, the richness,

the diversity, the "unique and inimitable" forms of his personages. Addison and Hazlitt even go into ecstasies about the ghosts and imaginary personages. His characters are called natural. But "natural" means the behaviour is foreseeable, and thus it means that the creative imagination must be clogged. But, the paradox with Shakespeare is that his characters are granted the supreme title to naturalness at all points. Even his most restricted portraits, the most extravagant or incredible, or colourless, give proof of an experience that cannot be reduced to their prototype. The automatic reflex of the class the character belongs to seems suddenly to be broken by some wonderful cry or gesture. It cannot be denied that Shakespeare has the right to incomparable superiority in the depiction of character.

To say, however, that his supreme distinction lies in creating a throng of different characters, is tantamount to supposing that character-creation is the dramatist's only business. A play attains its own particular beauty or greatness because of its style. The miracle lies in the transposition on to the aesthetic plane, of a human experience. It is by his choice of images that Shakespeare is the most remarkable of all the writers of his age. Gray declares — "Every word in him is a picture." The aim of imagery is to awaken the feeling of beauty, to provoke admiration or even adoration. Shakespeare practised the arts of musical poetry, decorative imagery, conceits, puns, like a virtuoso. But they are mere externals compared with the real dramatic expression to which he was hastening. He made no distinction between the poetic and non-poetic image. But his great novelty lies in his progressive advance from the purely decorative to the functional image. We have a metaphor in action which springs up suddenly and makes the idea spring up with it. With the riches of Renaissance in Europe came a need to plunder the vocabulary: to this Tom Tiddler's ground of verbal plenty came Shakespeare the greatest genius of imagery and word magic; whatever he picked up turned in his hands to gold and silver. The deca-syllabled line with its rhythmical possibilities and the disappearance of rhyme, was assured of a tremendous future. It is not surprising that Shakespeare's verse displays the utmost variety. Mastery of the language bears fruits only when accompanied by prosodic mastery, and the key to the celebrated psychological richness with which Shakespeare is credited, no doubt lies in his faculty for finding a form of expression for every form of sensibility. There is no canon of melody or language or vocabulary or rhetoric that he cannot subdue to the requirements of the dramatic situation and of the character concerned.

When Shakespeare came to London, the art and profession of the stage had hardly begun to exist. Comedy was farcical knock-about stuff, tragedy no more than blood-and-thunder melodrama. The characters were little more than puppets. There was a new fashion in elaborate word spinning and intricate, intellectual jokes. With Shakespeare we pass from academic rhetoric to organic rhetoric, from the set speech to the living metaphor, from the verbal or intellectual play of wits to the dialectic of the heart, from regular prosody to the tragic diversity of the

most personal and yet the most universal passions. It was by this vigorous multiplicity that Shakespeare surpassed all other dramatists. He breathed life into the convention and image, vitalizing the rhythms' power of music and language's power of expression, and found a perfect world for that sensibility, which it is the artist's duty to communicate, by what we call a work of art. Shakespeare's true personality is the one that is identified with his mysterious and omnipresent poetical power. It is the vibrant note of his voice, the quality of his image, the modulation of his rhythms; these make him unmistakeable — less dry than Jonson, a better lyricist than Marlowe, more vigorous than Webster, as smooth as the acknowledged love-poets.

The authority of Shakespeare among men of supreme genuis does not diminish nor is it brought to a standstill by time. Familiarity with his work does not reduce our wonder at its variety. Sophocles, Homer, Virgil, Plato, Chaucer Cervantes, Milton, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Shaw, Hardy and others, may have greater command over individual minds, but none of them has so much command over a multitude of minds. When all admissions of his defects have been made the judgment is that his supremacy remains : there is a loveliness in his writing and a human immanence in all his work which leaves him undeposable. He took all humanity for his friend. The reach of his mind was incredible — he could put himself into any character from Caliban to Verges, from Iago to Cleopatra. It is the reality of his figures that has made them last 350 years. The card-board figure and the manufactured joke do not last 350 days. Shakespeare is beyond the divisions and barriers of contention for there is singularly little hatred in his plays and infinite understanding. Homer broke as a sudden dawn through the darkness of the earlier ages, and sang the grandest of heroic songs. Dante towered up with his sad and solemn dreams and majestic love. Milton saw visions such as no man ever saw before or will see again. But they do not live in our heart of hearts, do not twine round our affections, do not satisfy our souls as Shakespeare does. He was the greatest and best interpreter of human nature, the poet of the widest sympathies, of the most delicate perceptions, of the profoundest knowledge of mankind, a greater sculptor than Phidias, a truer painter than Raphael. The realms of fancy would appear uninhabited without Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear and Othello. Shakespeare's mind endures and his creations are a portion of our intellectual possessions ever present to our daily thoughts. So long as man is on earth the truth of Shakespeare's works will endure.

My Favourite Shakespearean Play

Moyra Thompson,
II B.A. (Eng. Maj.)

Being a woman and perhaps a " Blue Stocking," I unhesitatingly choose " The Merchant of Venice " as my favourite Shakespearean play. In most of his plays, Shakespeare, the poet, like Shakespeare the Man, despises woman — Katharine is a shrew who needs taming; Lady Macbeth, an over-ambitious murderess; Hamlet's mother the Queen, an unfaithful poisoner; Lear has greedy and avaricious daughters and many more ; all bear out the sentiments he expresses in his words " Frailty thy name is Woman." In " The Merchant of Venice," however, the noble Portia portrays WOMAN at her best — loyal, learned, quick-witted, fearless, and all this in spite of having been . . . . . " a lady richly left,

> And she is fair, and, fairer than that word
> Of wondrous virtues."

Portia, though she bemoans her lot when she says, " Is it not hard Nerissa that I cannot choose one nor refuse none ? " is still so dutiful a daughter, that she abides by her dead father's will and goes through with a method of choosing a husband by lottery. Her ready wit and perception makes a " colt " of the Neapolitan Prince, a "weeping philosopher" of " The Count Palatine ", a " cheap boaster " of the French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon, a " dumb Show " of Falconbridge, The English Baron, a coward of the Scottish Lord, and a drunken beast of the Duke of Saxony's nephew. Portia braves through the ordeal in which the boastful princes of Morocco an Aragon choose wrongly but cannot help but exclaim . . . . . " Oh, the deliberate fools ! When they do choose, They have the wisdom by their wit to lose." She is overjoyed when her father's lottery method of choosing her husband proves to be not only discerning, but is in accordance with her heart's desire, and Bassanio, her personal choice, picks the leaden casket " which rather threatenest than dost promise aught." Though over-joyed, she in all humility offers herself to her lord as, " An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised ".

It is the same "unschooled, unlettered, unpractised " girl who bravely goes to the assistance of her husband's dear friend, Antonio. She boldly dresses up like a man and turns " two mincing steps into a manly stride ", and attends the court of Justice in Venice as a young and learned doctor, Balthazar. Her handling of the case in which Shylock demands his " pound of flesh " from Antonio who has failed to repay the loan of three thousand ducats within the stipulated time, is masterly. She first pleads with Shylock in a soul-stirring speech extolling mercy which she says is an " Attribute to God Himself ", and points out that if the Divinity was only just without the temperance of Mercy, " none of us should see Salvation ". Finding Shylock determined to show no Mercy because " the pound of flesh which I demand of him is dearly bought," Portia tells Antonio " You must prepare your bosom

for the Knife," much to Shylock's joy — " Oh noble Judge, Oh excellent young man ! " Then comes Portia's masterstroke . . . " Tarry a little : there is something else—

This bond did give thee here no jot of Blood ;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh !
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, Thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice". So much for Portia and Woman.

The Merchant of Venice abounds in philosophical truths uttered in words which are universally quoted and will be for all time. The irrepressible Gratiano demands that he be allowed to play the fool :

" Why should a man, whose blood is warm within sit like his Grandsire cut in alabaster;" Portia, on seeing the light of a candle gleaming in the darkness, exclaims : " So shines a good deed in a naughty world; " Shylock the Jew, whose people have suffered innumerable wrongs, refuses to suffer another " What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?"— Jessica exclaims "But love is blind and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that themselves commit." Her lover, Lorenzo, speaks of the Music of the Spheres:– "Such harmony is in immortal souls, But while this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, We cannot hear it. "

In The Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare skilfully interweaves plots within the main plot. The infidel Lorenzo steals away Jessica, the Jew's only daughter; the winning of Portia through lottery by Bassanio is a romance in itself, merrily assisted by the romance of Gratiano and Nerissa. The affair of the giving away of Portia's and Nerissa's rings by the grateful Bassanio and Gratiano to the learned Balthazar and his assistant, is a Comedy of Errors on its own.

Finally, the Playwright forces the sympathy of his audience for the pathetic Shylock, who robbed of his money, his only daughter, and his property, bears his punishment with patience : " For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." He leaves the court, where he has lost his all with the heart-rending words " I pray you give me leave to go from hence; I am not well ; send the deed after me And I will sign it. " Verily a man more sinned against than sinning.

My Favourite Shakespearean Character

Shylock

Kala Rangaswamy
II B.A. (Eng. Maj)

Shylock is one of Shakespeare's most intriguing characters because he defies classification. To classify him as a hero is nothing short of eccentricity, while dubbing him as a villain would stretch credulity too far. Herein lies his magnetism and can be summed up in the oft-quoted words of Lear: " I am more sinned against than sinning."

When Shakespeare sat down to write " Merchant of Venice," anti-semitism was in fashion. He, keeping in mind the success of Marlowe's " Jew of Malta " created another Jew in the " Merchant of Venice " — Shylock. He set out to write a comedy about a stage Jew involved in a grotesque story about a pound of flesh. But Shylock, to satisfy his author must seem to act as a recognizably human being would behave in the given circumstances. Shakespeare has humanized him to such good purpose that this comic Jew has become for many brilliant and sensitive critics, a moving, almost tragic figure. Some may even go so far as to exclaim of Shylock in his anguish :—

" O what a noble mind, is here o'erthrown."

Shakespeare in presenting Shylock has so artfully combined the necessities of the plot with the revelation of a character that is difficult, well nigh impossible to say of any single incident or speech which of the two purposes is better served. The man lives in every word he utters. He has a distinct language of his own and every syllable denotes his quality. His first words are of ducats which gives us an idea of the overwhelming passion of his life — Money. His introductory conversation with Bassanio is that of any usurer to his client.

" Three thousand ducats . . . . . for three months . . . . . Antonio is a good man . . . . . Yet his means are in supposition . . . . , three thousand ducats . . . . I think I may take his bond,"

There is nothing here that seems to serve any purpose than to present the comic Jew and get the story under way. Yet the man is already alive. We shall know him again as soon as he opens his lips — a man in whose speech there is no ease or warmth or levity, who hammers out his phrases and can find no means of varying them.

" Three thousand ducats . . . . . Antonio bound."

It is the utterance of a man whose mind is obsessed upon a narrow range of fixed ideas. Shylock has the trick of compulsive repetition characteristic of a man

who lacks imagination; who is incapable of humour and whose words will always precisely fit his meaning.

"..... there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates."

Such is the eloquence of Shylock. So literal is his mind that he must interrupt his recitation of the bleak hazards of trade to explain that by water-thieves, a phrase which strikes him as too picturesque, he means pirates.

His character has already been charted out. He plays true to type throughout the play till they culminate in those stubborn reiterated appeals to his bond, which he has artfully contrived under the guise of friendship.

When he curses Antonio and calls him a "fawning publican" he is displaying his comic side, the facet at which the Elizabethan audience could have a hearty laugh.

Later comes the first intimation that Shakespeare having undertaken to supply his audience with a comic Jew committed to barbarous enterprise, has already realised in imagination the significance of wearing the star of David. Shylock declares passionately :—

"I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimension ....."

This is a remarkable speech, for it suggests for the first time on the stage that the Jew has a case.

Shakespeare has made Shylock the epitome of the vices and virtues of the Jews. The strong money grabbing spirit, an almost fanatical love for his tribe and religion, and lastly a razor-keen intellect.

From the very beginning he displays a keen logical mind which frequently if not always, confounds his enemies. His logical defense of interest and his quotation from the Bible is far above Antonio's and Bassanio's heads who content themselves by contemptuously remarking

"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

He is possessive to the point of folly. It is always my home, my girl, my money, my ducats. The climax is reached when he hears of Jessica's elopement with Lorenzo.

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter
..... O my Christian ducats!"
Little wonder Jessica runs away for he declares
"the sound of shallow foppery shall never enter my sober house."

Yet this, cold, harsh granite surface surprisingly contains a small spark of sentiment and love. On hearing that Jessica has exchanged his dead wife's ring for a monkey, he moans

"I would not have exchanged it for a wilderness of monkeys."

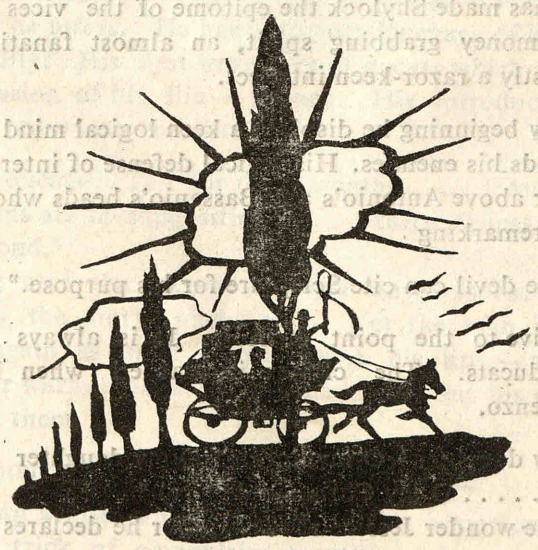
Circumstances such as the loss of Antonio's ships and Jessica's elopement with a Christian crystallizes his thirst for vengeance.

In the Trial Scene he rises to gigantic heights in his cold fury. He is the dominating character and even the arrival of Portia does not oust him from his supreme place. Nowhere else is his keen intellect more prominently shown than in the Trial Scene. Thus when Portia, a lawyer who by some queer coincidence also acting as a biassed judge wins by a mere quibble, a travesty of law, we cannot share the jubilance of Gratiano who cruelly mimics Shylock's words :

"A Daniel come to Judgment."

Our sympathy and pity towards him are further heightened when the Court not only deprives him of his lands, but also forces him to become a Christian. Shylock, the fanatical Jew forced to become a Christian, is one of the cruellest strokes of Shakespeare.

In the end one gets the feeling that Shylock is a truly tragic figure. He is truly human with his peculiar frailties, and when we see a statuesque figure fall we cannot but shed a silent tear for him. Perhaps this is why he is my favourite Shakespearean character.



By

B. N. Cauvery, II B.A (Economcis)

Shakespeare's Style

Christine Noronha
III B. A.

"About anyone so great as Shakespeare, it is probable that we can never be right; and if we can never be right, it is better that we should from time to time change our way of being wrong." Bearing in mind this wise remark by T. S. Eliot, one is filled with a sense of inadequacy in attempting to comment on the style of that great virtuoso in the history of English literature — a task, which by reason of its very scope, extent and variety, has evaded the mastery of even the most skilled critics of the ages. This article is therefore limited to re-stating the discoveries and comments of qualified men on the subject.

As a French admirer of Shakespeare has remarked, in the original works of that Master there is always something that cannot be rendered in a foreign tongue and it is precisely this essential quality that constitutes his style. Stendhal defines style as "the addition to a given thought of all the circumstances calculated to produce the whole effect of which the thought is capable." Style is a complete fusion of the personal and the Universal, and functions because a thought is never expressed in the absolute but in relation to an effect to be produced. Style, especially that of the dramatist, is directed to achieving a certain effect.

The Elizabethan dramatist's style is one of impassioned poetic rhetoric the two commonest functions of which are to persuade and to touch the emotions. The essential aim of the playwright is to persuade by argument and by emotion, so as to induce man to give a positive meaning to life. This calls for the use of a rhetoric which is dramatic and poetic. The appeal is, by turns or simultaneously, to the mind and the heart, until that closest fusion is experienced in which they are indistinguishable. Then occurs the miracle, which is always the dramatists aim: the transposition on to the aesthetic plane of a human experience, imagined or real, that is worthy of belief and admiration. Saintsbury calls this the 'Grand Style' and defines it as the perfection of expression acquiring such force that it transmutes the subject and transports the hearer or reader. It may persist or cease, or disappear and reappear, like a fixed or revolving light. Of its display in this fashion, no one can produce such constant, such varied, magnificent instances as Shakespeare. It is this increasing command of the style that transmutes the subject and transports the reader which is so characteristic of Shakespeare, joined as it is to a perfect readiness not to use it when he thinks it is not required. The 'Sonnets' are the great examples of this.

It is by his choice and use of images that Shakespeare is the most remarkable of the writers of his age. 'Every word in him' said, Gray, 'is a picture.' 'This unparalleled wealth of imagery shows itself, above all,' wrote L. P. Smith 'in that

royal use of the metaphor which is the most distinguishing quality of his style.' His first plays show him at ease among Classical imagery as well as traditional rhetoric. He was never to lose this wonderful faculty for making poetry something rich and rare within the frame-work of a convention, with the ordinary resources that the English language offered to him as to others. From 'Romeo and Juliet' to 'The Tempest' the following qualities will be found again and again, viz. an ear sensitive to even quarter-tones, a sense of inner movement accompanying the development of an image or an emotion ; soon he acquired additional powers as well. Musical poetry, decorative imagery, conceits, puns, the unilinear process of the analogy which subjects syntax to no violence—in all these arts Shakespeare was a master. He practised them like a virtuoso.

Shakespeare's achievement was to make his art express his own experience, and by his treatment, plots, characters and style faithfully to record the mind and movement of his age. It was to personal experience that he turned and consequently achieved a personal expression. His personal experience passes into the consciousness of the character, and the man Shakespeare disappears behind the man Macbeth, for example.

Shakespeare's great novelty lies in his progressive advance from the purely decorative to the functional image. Thought and emotion express themselves in terms of images in a simultaneous mental operation. The idea to be expressed needs the help of imagery to arouse an emotion more directly, for the pure idea is devoid of emotional content when expressed in the abstract. Images, however numerous they be, serve only to express a sensibility, in perfect unison with the situation and with the speaker. It is towards this point that the development of Shakespeare's dramatic style tends. The image, once incidental, now becomes indispensable, while admitting of infinite variety in quality, discretion, intensity and symbolical function.

It is by its rhythm as much as by its images that a verse is expressive. As T. S. Eliot says : " Few things that can happen to a nation are more important than the invention of a new form of verse." The transition from one kind of verse to the other had already taken place at the end of the 16th Century. With the disappearance of rhyme and the break-up of pure iambic rhythm, blank verse was assured of a tremendous future. Shakespeare in his work knew this development. His verse displays the utmost variety, ranging from the inflexible beat of the iambic pentameter to the verse-paragraph of 'The Winter's Tale', for example, where even the most practised ear would find it difficult to detect the original skeleton of the blank verse. This progress in blank verse, proceeded parallel to a progress in Shakespeare's experience and sensibility. Mastery of the language bears fruit only when accompanied by what must be called prosodic mastery. And the key to the celebrated psychological richness with which Shakespeare is credited lies no doubt in the marvellous mastery of expression. For him the one prosodic canon is the canon dictated by inner emotion when he is in full possession of his genius.

herself and her attitude would have been one of vociferous righteous indignation, I feel; nor would she have said — " This action I now go on (meaning her departure for the prison) is for my better grace" after she had just been unjustly accused of one of the greatest of crimes, as Hermoine did. Perhaps it is because the mental make-up of the women of the sixteenth century differs so much from that of their 20th century counterparts that I feel so in this matter.

Each heroine of Shakespeare's is but a presentation of one facet of his ideal women. They embody so many virtues in themselves that they seem ethereal, not "down to earth", slightly unnatural. They are a cut above the ordinary women of the 16th century and of the centuries that followed. But they are what each ordinary woman secretly wants herself to be. Each heroine of Shakespeare's, while being very similar to the other heroines has yet got that extra something which makes her so delightfully different. Just as Beatrice's sparkling wit and scintillating effervescence makes " Much Ado about Nothing " very titillating, so do the qualities which characterize each heroine, make each play of Shakespeare what it is.

Shadows

The candle light flings funny shapeless shadows on the wall — And when I put the candle out the queer moon — shadows fall — The sun casts shadows on the lawn when there are trees around— Like stripes of blackness painted on the green and shining ground . . . . . And in the country when a cloud obscures the blazing sun— across the golden fields of corn the dancing shadows run — And so it seems in daily life the shadows come and go — We cannot have the light without the shadow.

Mount Carmel (Bangalore)

COLLEGE DAY SPORTS

The annual sports of Mount Carmel College (for women) was held on their grounds, on 15th September '64 attended by a very large number of parents and students, including a large number of distinguished citizens. With three victories and two second places, Miss Krishna Brahmanandam beat Miss Clare Menezes in securing the championship prize, for the second year in succession. The latter however, bettered her own previous record in the Javelin Throw by creating a record distance of 107 ft. 4 in., and was awarded a special medal.

Brigadier C. E. James, M.B.E., Commander, Hq., Mysore Sub-Area, who presided over the function, congratulated the Principal and the staff for so ably conducting the athletic and other events, which exhibited the latent talent of the students on such limited space. In the new college stadium under construction, he hoped the meets would prove even more popular. The students of the college, who were to be the future mothers of the land, could be justly proud that they were " educated " in every sense of the term, because in the new India, educated mothers are essential for every home. Praising the high standard achieved in the field of sports, he congratulated warmly the winners in the various events. Mrs. James gave away the prizes, following a smart March Past of the athletes, to the accompaniment of the A.S.C. Band.

Sandhya Bhagavan, Secretary of the Sports & Games Association, proposed a vote of thanks, after which light refreshments were served to the guests, staff and the students.

Mr. J. C. Poulose of the Tracton Book Society, Bangalore, presented the College with a House Championship Shield, which was carried away by the Marians who secured 51 points, while the Josephians, Runners-up, scored 41 points.

The Scotch Reel performed by the students. with musical accompaniment by the A.S C. Band, was greatly appreciated. The Principal, Rev. Mother M. Antoinette, was the lucky winner in the event, " Pals and Pets." Some of the interesting events provided were, Slow Cycle Race, Nursery — Prize Picking, Trees in Hiding for former Students, and Musical Hunt for the staff.—J.R.V.K.

" New Leader "
(Madras)

"Ode to Basket--Ball"

M. N. Jayamangalam
II B. A. (Eco. Maj.)

Basket-Ball is a game sublime,
All other games by its lofty style excels;
A game played by two teams each numbering five,
On a wooden or hard court as the case may be.

On either end of the court of six and eighty feet length,
Situate a ring fastened fast to a board quite square and strong;
Projected to the front and supported by a post of firmness great,
The ring is above the earth in hundred-and-twenty-four
inches height.

Girdled by an entwining net,
Suspended a two feet with artistic grace;
At the end as slender as a fair maid's waist
Which receives the ball and slips it to the ground.

The game begins at the sound of the whistle,
As the referee throws the ball in the air;
And the rival captains jump
Up for the ball, first to reach.

Each team steers its way to its yonder goal
With a fusillade of passes and clever dribblings fast,
Escaping the attacks of the opponent team
That defend their goal in right earnest.
Till they are coerced by a stronger force.

The game is vivacious, and its beauties rise
By the various techniques and manoeuvres
Practised by the players skilled;
The kinds of passes are very many,
And the methods of shooting vary,
Adding to the game colour and thrill so great.

The tussle for scoring between the teams
is obviously great;
Yet a player does not feel his opponent's body
by any rude touch;
He only grabs the ball
from his inattentive opponent
And aloft flies with a zig-zag dribble so clever.

Each ball thrown into the basket
Fetches to the thrower points two ;
And if anybody touches his opponent
And disturbs him while a-shooting
That opponent will be awarded free-throws two
And the former will gain a foul.
If a fellow commits fouls five,
Out he marches off the game.

The duration of the game is forty minutes
With an interval of minutes ten;
There are many offence and defence plays
In this game which is techniques-strewn.

Fastest game it shines today
And yet 'tis most orderly and graceful a game;
Untouchability is the key-note of the game,
Though never at all 'tis anti-Gandhian.

It only makes it a gentleman's game
And provides scope for dextrous moves ;
Diana's aim and Atlanta's agility
Are needed for this gallant game.

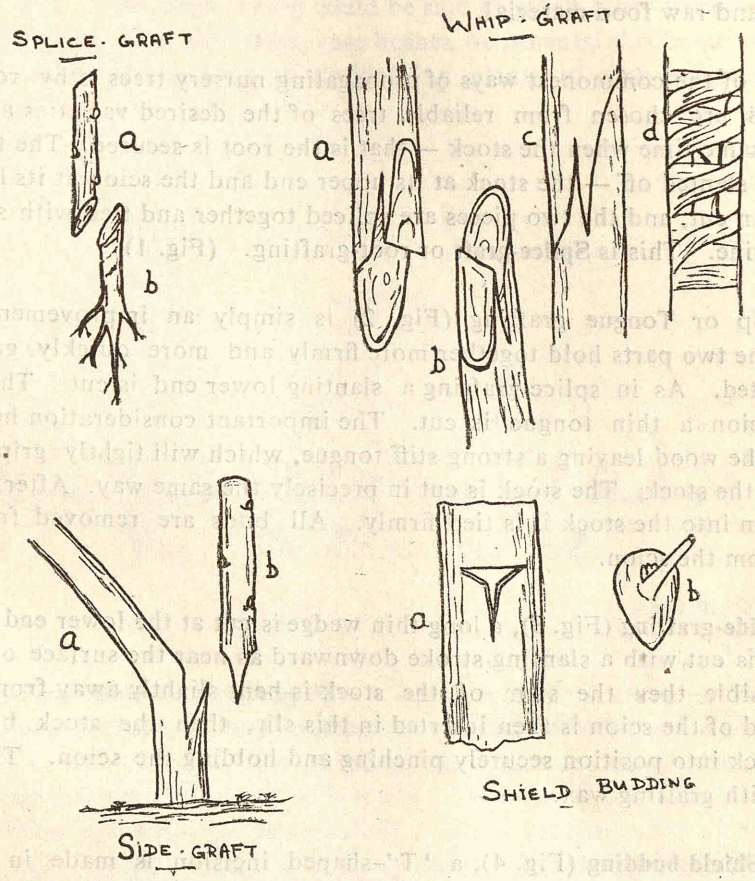
The top-scoring team wins the game,
And the losers cheer them thrice
With a spirit truly sportsman-like,
While the winners retort the same
with a hey and a ho
and a three times cheer.

To this game I am attached most,
Because it has semblance to the very game of life.

The five team-mates represent but one man
with five sense-organs;
And with such coordinance and cooperation,
Challenge life and yearn to shine above other lives:
The game holds up courage,
Although to prove
That healthy competence
Is the spice of life.

(Modern Poetry ?!—Ed.)

Propagation By Grafting



Almost all the plants we raise are seed plants. The commonest way of raising new plants is to plant seeds of the kinds of plants we want. But in some cases it is not possible to raise a seed plant from its seeds. The idea is rather startling, but true. And since the life of an individual plant is limited in duration, several artificial methods of propagation have been adopted.

Grafting or budding is one of the ways of plant propagation. Practically all fruit trees used in gardens or orchards are propagated by grafting or by budding. Grafting consists in inserting a small branch of a plant on to a rooted plant of the same species in such a way as to bring about an organic union, that is, fusion of the tissues between the two plants and finally to make them grow as one. The branch

that is inserted is known as the scion or graft, and the plant that is rooted to the soil is known as the stock. The scion grows retaining all its qualities, while the stock which may be of inferior quality but physically sturdy, supports it by supplying water and raw food material.

One of the commonest ways of propagating nursery trees is by root grafting. The scions are chosen from reliable trees of the desired varieties and are cut at about the same time when the stock — that is the root is secured. The two members are simply slanted off — the stock at its upper end and the scion at its lower end — with a clean cut, and the two pieces are spliced together and tied with soft cloth or grafting twine. This is **Splice-graft** or root-grafting. (Fig. 1).

Whip or Tongue grafting (Fig. 2) is simply an improvement in splicing, whereby the two parts hold together more firmly and more quickly grow together when planted. As in splice grafting a slanting lower end is cut. Then by reversing the scion a thin tongue is cut. The important consideration here is to **cut, not split,** the wood leaving a strong stiff tongue, which will tightly grip the similar tongue on the stock. The stock is cut in precisely the same way. After the insertion of the scion into the stock it is tied firmly. All buds are removed from the stock but not from the scion.

In **side-grafting** (Fig. 3), a long thin wedge is cut at the lower end of the scion. The stock is cut with a slanting stroke downward as near the surface of the ground as is possible then the stem of the stock is bent slightly away from the cut, the wedged end of the scion is then inserted in this slit, then the stock being released springs back into position securely pinching and holding the scion. The wound is covered with grafting wax.

In **Shield budding** (Fig. 4), a 'T'–shaped incision is made in the bark of the stock, preferably on the shady North side — and as near the surface of the ground as possible. The two lips of this incision should peel up smoothly from the wood beneath, so as to allow the easy insertion of the bud. The scion consists of a single bud cut shield-shape. This little shield is slipped downward in the opening made by peeled-up bark on the stock, and is then tied in place with a soft strip of raffia.

These are but some of the ways in which grafting is done. The main purpose of graftage is to reproduce a variety more accurately than it can be reproduced by seed. In recent years, grafting has become very familiar with especially the nursery-man. There is an interesting case of grafting which took place a few years ago. It seems a man took a scion from a tomato plant and grafted it to a Potato plant, and surprisingly enough, both the plants grew and later on started bearing tomatoes above the surface of the ground and potatoes below the surface of the ground!! So it was named A POMATO plant!

It has been said that there is really only one Golden delicious tree in the world. This saying is true in the sense that every Golden delicious tree except the first one came from a cutting of the first tree that was grafted on to the roots of some other tree. The same thing could be said of many other varieties of woody plants because many of the fruit trees, rose bushes, ornamental shrubs etc. are grafted. Grafting is an important help in multiplying plants of new varieties that are developed.

Is the Modern Girl Vain and Shallow? Yes "A Phone-yarn still"

Urvashi Varatharajan
III B.A.

Fancy, Prof. Bow-wow saying that a modern girl is vain, shallow, giddy-headed and bird-brained! Just because he is frightfully learned and pores over high-brow stuff until two in the morning, he takes it upon himself to pass judgment on the whole of the rib-of-Adam sex. Anyway I am an exception. . .Wow how Babli will be mad when she hears of this — he is her bete noir. I must go and ring her up. My! that number of hers! Hm . . . . . ya got it. Three, four, yes — thirty-four for Mom, one nine for Tinky though she insists upon calling herself " sweet sixteen "!

Hello, hellow three, four, waan, noine. Is that Mr. Jhunjhunwalla's residence? May I speak to Babli . . . . Hi Babli gal, Nina speaking. Why the French leave from College, sweet? Poor you! The battle-axe of an aunt again. Babli prepare yourself to hear some real shocking eye-openers. You know Bow-wow has gone on the war-path again. The poor dear — bless his heart — has simply refused to teach us. Yesterday he decided to give us a General Knowledge Quiz. We thought it was all about — you know — on fashions, latest trends in make-up etc. We were simply shocked to see the paper — all on international affairs, modern literature, classical music — all very-above-my-head-stuff. He, for his part was just aghast to see our answers! You know our G. K.! He raved and ranted for one solid hour because one of us brilliants filled in (weaker sex — man). In short he thought we were the silliest, shallowest, the most scatter-brained girls

he had ever come across in the whole of his estimable life. What? . . . . Oh! Babli don't fight with me! Go on and have a battle-royal with old Bow-wow himself.

Oh Babs, let's talk about a more pleasanter topic than Bow-wow. Babli — oh I forgot to tell you that I had an absolutely, fantastically fabulous trip to Delhi. Ooh! Babs you should have been there with me. It was simply glorious! It was just one mad, mad round of dancing, partying, picnicking and beautifying. Got myself a new hair-do too. Oh Babs it's just great. You should see it . . . . it really does things for me. And Babli hm . . . mm . . . I nearly hooked someone . . . but . . . well . . . . I just loved it there Bubbles. The people were simply marvellous and put me at ease like a shot. Delhi is the place girl! Compared to theirs, our coffee sessions are simply not worth attending. And Bubbles, the girls there wear the most outrageous blouses . . . how Bow-wow's eyes would pop out two feet from his sockets — we are most divinely modest compared to them. Hey Babs why don't we make one like that ? It will be a real eye-opener here . . . . Oh heavens! Babs don't be such a wet-blanket. So what if Aunty objects. Surely you can manage a 130 pound gal! My don't tell me Babs that you have reduced from 150 to 120 now. Don't tell me you achieved it through sheer will power and guts. But that's so thrilling. Why didn't you tell me before? I must tell Rita, Sheila and Pappu. My, how Sheila will gnash her teeth — you know her disease — she is furiously putting on two pounds every day. You know Sheila's sis-in-law gave birth to a most gorgeous looking hunk of mischief. Sheila rang up to tell me that he said "goo" . . . the poopsy woopsy little poochypie. He is so utterly divine and sweet. We must go and see him. Oh, by the way m'dear who is the unlucky guy ? — sorry gal, slip-of-the tongue. What ! . . . Oh Babs don't you put on the innocent act on your best and life-long friend. What I mean, my dear — dense — cocoanut-headed-pal is, when are you getting married? There is a rumour in the campus about a certain — young man ; tall, fair and an excellent Shaker. Not the pepper shaker — the dance — the Shake. . . . .Where have you been hibernating Babs ? Snap out of it. Oh . . . . everyone says it is nonsense to begin with, but dear girl one day the truth is bound to see the light of day . . . . Who I? No fears, Bubbles, I refuse to be tied down to the hearth-and-home at such a tender age as mine . . . . . of course . . . . . I am only eighteen. How dare you say that I subtract my age every year. I celebrated my nineteenth — no, eighteenth birthday two months ago. Oh Babs, talking of marriage, I met the most gorgeous looking specimens of manhood in Delhi. Oh gosh, aren't they frighteningly high-brow . . . . attend music conferences and read books by people like Sartre, Freud and Plato. (I can imagine Bow-wow patting his skinny back and saying "Oh you know, they must be my old students!") Don't tell me you have heard of them . . . You're telling me that your date for tonight is one of those terrible high-brows. Wish you the best, pal! I believe they talk of something like "Fundamentalism", or "Pantheism" — I suppose it must be something connected with the Beatniks — no not that — the

Beatles. It just staggers me as to how they can bear to bother about "classical music" and Freud. All said and done, Bubbles they are just tops when it comes to dancing. They know all the latest in dance-steps — the Bashed Tomato, the Monkey, the Bug and are now behaving like little tadpoles — Oh heavens Babs, didn't you know that just-the-very-latest is the Frog . . . . Oh no, no, no Babs. I just pity you closetted there. Twist is so simply old-fashioned now, nobody does it. And Babli can you believe it, one of those Adonais-like creatures (I thought they were positively Sphinx-like) actually asked me for a date. I promptly conjured up visions of eating tandoori chicken and drinking champagne in a ritzy night-club when the thunder-bolt fell. The poor sweet asked me to go bird-watching at 4 o'clock in the morning!! I thought that star-gazing would be more in the line at that unearthly hour! . . . Oh Babs do you credit me with only that much intelligence. Tut-tut, that would not have been the right approach. I made up my mind then and there, not only to have a wonderful time but side-by-side to impress him (instead of, him impressing me) with my knowledge of fowl and feather . . . . Of course I do. How dare you! I know more about hens, pigeons, drakes and ducks than you do. I am not all that ignorant you know. . . .O.K. now, silly listen! I crept out of bed at the crack of dawn and so determined was I that not even the fact that I'd have to wear my 'glad rags' instead of the lovely Varanasi saree could spoil the day. And Babs believe it or not — so earnest was I that I arrived a whole minute early . . . . Certainly not, I didn't get bored. I saw some gorgeous plumage . . . birds' feathers you know . . . Yes dope, on the birds of course. . . .Oh heavens, Ricky is not a Red Indian . . . Oh Ricky . . . that's his name (short for Rakesh) had warned me to keep perfectly quiet when he focussed his binoculars at any particular spot and just when (so he says) he had managed to get a close shot of a very rare bird some "Melopsittacus undulatus" (looked like an ordinary house sparrow to me), I happened to scream and scream. It was a perfectly natural reaction considering the fact that a fat, greenish blood-sucker was perched on a branch barely five yards away from me. In spite of this the trip was quite a success though I dropped him straight after. The poor dear was mortified. I simply refuse to be bored with "Virginianus undulatus, Serinus canarius," when I can learn the latest steps of the Bossanova and the Shake! Oh boy! you should see the Delhites shaking! It beats the "Voodoo doctor's — dance in the fire" hollow. I've pick up a few steps. If you like I'll teach them to you. What do you mean you have no time? Now look here, sweet, like you, I've got to take my B. A. exams too ..... Who says so ?.....sure I intend passing. I simply couldn't stand old Bow-wow for one whole year of 365 days. Oh heavens Bubbles, don't be a square and stop chanting. "Oh I've got to study." Absolutely—no one in our gang studies and you have to keep on harping on Symbolism..... Imagism and the Surrealist movement. What's come over you all of a sudden? Gone goody-goody! Hang on a sec.....I want to get a nimbupani.....this conversation is really making me thirsty. O.K. now where were we?.....this nimbupani is simply delicious.....
WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE NIMBUPANI..... are you nuts or what?

you must be ....look you must like a nimbupani ; that's the only thing to drink Try it with whipped cream and frosted almonds. Oh Babs did I tell you about the New Year's Eve Party I went to. Something awful happened. I had made the most stunning hair-do.....all my hair piled on top and it was sometime after eleven I felt a tickling sensation in the nape of my neck and Bubbles, to my horror I discovered that a strand of hair had strayed from my bouffant. It was terrible—simply horrifying. Everyone must have had a good snicker at my expense.....especially that catty Kavita — ya that one. As I rushed out of the room to make repairs I spilt a whole glass of Juice on my fabulous Kanjeevaram. I wished I could have dropped down dead!.....Which party are you talking about? .....who ?.....No.....? Is Ronnie really giving a ..... when ?..... not this Sunday?.....Oh Babs how can I come ? I can see a pimple coming up on my nose. I can't possibly go to a..... I simply CANNOT go. It would be just calamitous. O what shall I do ?.....

BEAUTY HINT

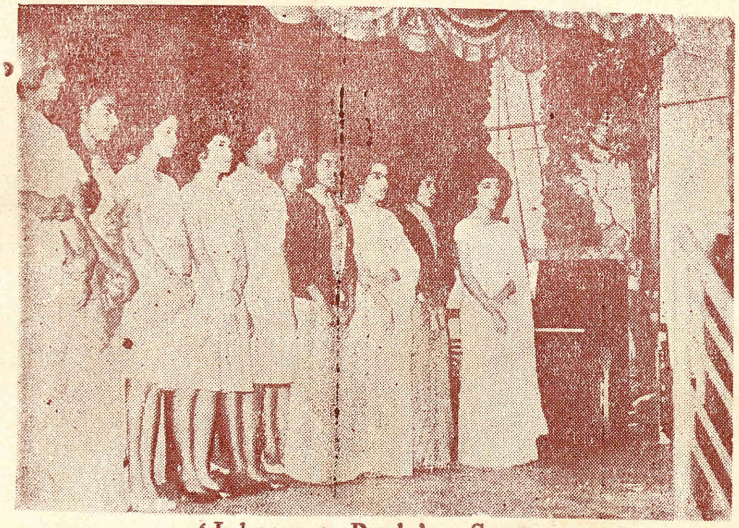
" We keep our shoes all spick and span (it's nice to see smart feet) — We always see that clothes are brushed — we must look trim and neat ! . . We have our shampoo once a week and keep the waves in place — we buy the latest creams and perfumed powder for the face — We do our exercises just to keep ourselves in trim, and cut out cakes and chocolates in the hope of getting slim ! — We spend our time and money keeping up that certain style — But none of it is any use, unless we wear a smile ! It's more important than the most expensive sort of hat — And strange to say it doesn't cost a bean — Imagine that !

P. Strong

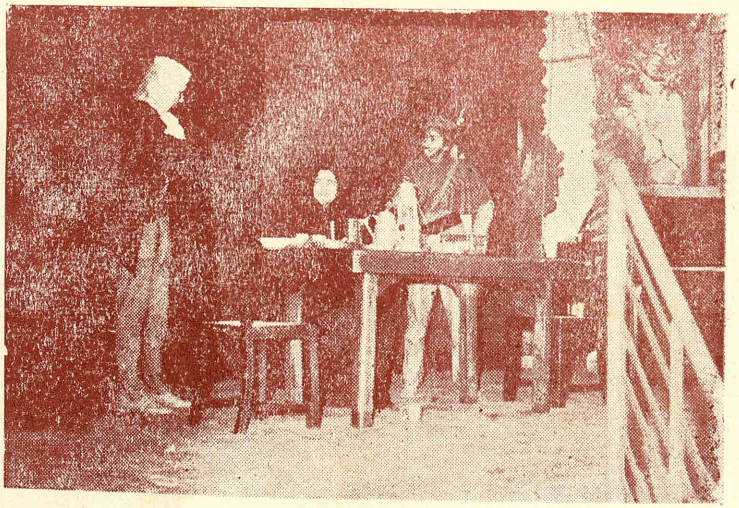


OUR LATE PRIME MINISTER JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

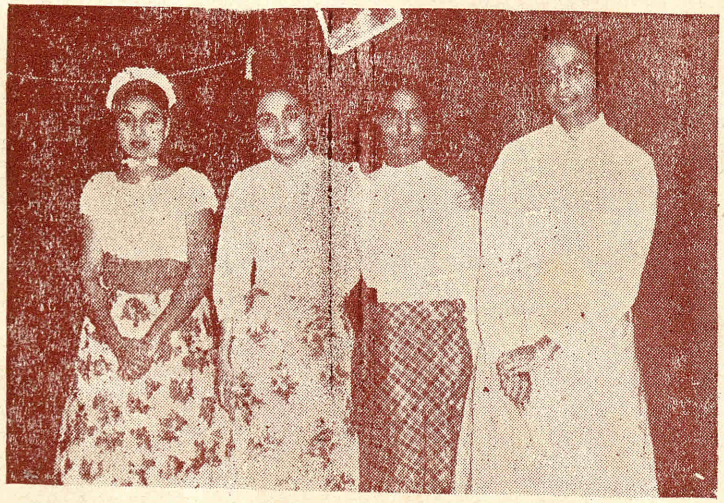
(Died : 27th May '64)



'I know a Bank' — Song



A Scene from 'Robinhood and His merry men'



A Scene from 'Bleak House'



'Rayara Radhanta' — Kannada One Act Comedy by Mr. Aswath Narayana Rao who was present at the Function.

Nehru – The Nation Builder

Gita M. D.
II B.A.

" Nation-builder, " how easily it rolls off the tongue, almost as lightly as " bridge-builder, house builder or boat builder " – but what a difference ! Many of us would be defeated by even a trivial form of such building, while others would pat themselves on the back for years, just for having tried a part of it. Yet the man we are judging to-day built a whole nation ! And what a Nation ! — With one of the largest populations in the world, as metro-lingual as the tower of Babel, not to speak of a caste system found nowhere else on earth.

Jawaharlal Nehru put a rose in his lapel, dreamt a big dream and took on the building of a nation. How far did he succeed ? Much of the result will of course fall into place only years from now, but the foundations can be inspected and the blue prints read.

The Nation that Nehru inherited was a docile sheep-minded one. His people know only to follow and not to herd. The more than one hundred solid years of British Raj had drained the country of all its self-confidence and of any spirit of self-generated enterprise. Nehru with his striking personality used every available ounce of his vitality to breathe confidence into his diffident countrymen. Whenever he did, he exhorted leaders in Art, Education, Industry, Government to go ahead.

Realising that the basic needs of man should be tackled and met first, he launched the first of his famous five-year plans in 1952. Food and Education were the most pressing of the needs. Therefore, he launched an enormous food campaign. " If you fail in agriculture you fail inevitably and consequently industrially also ". " Agriculture is the key and base of progress " he told the National Development Council.

Education was next on his mind. He realised that one of the biggest obstacles to progress that plagued this sprawling country of ours was the lack of minimum literacy. How could one communicate an idea, a plan or a method if the millions and millions to whom it had to be communicated did not read or write ? Added to this was the problem of the more urgent need to choose one among them to be the national language.

Nehru attacked these problems vigorously and in turn came under vigorous attack. But if one were to make a final analysis of India's development in Education under Nehru, one would find a gratifying picture. The picture of the food problem

however, is not so bright. As Nehru himself admitted " I often hang my head in shame when I think that a nation with 70% of its population in agriculture depends on foreign countries for its food requirements."

One of Nehru's main obsessions in his plan for a greater India was industrialisation. In fact his failure in providing the self sufficiency in food he promised, is attributed to over-callousness towards quick industrialisation. Plan after plan went whole hog for industry and more industry, until it was realised that in all this head-long rush there was not enough raw-material and that the bogey of foreign exchange deficit was not getting any smaller.

Amidst this turmoil, however, Nehru had emerged as an international image and with him came the international image of India. His own, foreigned was a great asset for it taught him to be suave, tactful and at home in any part of the world. Nehru's India became from a subject nation, a prestigious international power. The world took note of India and listened when she had something to say.

Yet no dogma intrigued the world as much as the Nehru approach to Internationalism. " Neutralism " he called it and the world dubbed him a " Fence Sitter ". Non-alignment " he declared and many nations scoffed at it. Yet when Nehru asked for help from both the free world and the Communist nations, fantastically enough, he got it. In fact at one point it seemed that the only subject on which the U.S.S R. and U.S.A. agreed was India !

The world watched fascinated, as this glamorous Man of the East took his country along the quiet and tricky roads of neutralism while the uproar of gun-ready nations thundered in his ears. What Nehru did not anticipate, alas was that on this road his best friend wanted to turn against him. Like Caesar he was stabbed in the back by his beloved " Bhai " China and the ' pettest ' of his pet schemes " The Panch-Shila " exploded. Jawaharlalji was demoralised. A nation which he had committed to ' unarmedness ' for war to the point of being unprepared even for minor aggression, felt betrayed. " How to keep peace by wishing ?" the world press sneered.

Thus, the last days of Nehru as a Nation-builder will go down in history as days of indecision and chaos. The celebrated plans for India's economic development of which Nehru had been so proud were left maimed by heavy defence budgets. There was disunity in his beloved Congress. As if this was not enough it seemed that Nehru could no longer count himself as indispensable to the leadership of his country. When asked to name his possible successor, he felt hurt and petulantly fore-told a long life for himself.

Then one day, a pain in the chest, a quip with the doctor and a rose wilted forever. Strangely enough it appears as if he fore-saw the limit of his tenacity and almost wrote his own epitaph when he summed up his " Discovery of India ".

" Perhaps it is the measure of the change that has taken place in me . . . . It is mine and not wholly mine as I am constituted today ; it represents rather some past self of mine which has already joined that long succession of other selves that existed for a while and faded away leaving only a memory behind ".

Nehru the nation builder did not perhaps succeed in building the nation of his dreams, but he did give it a status, style and tempo and most precious of all, confidence in itself. For this if for nothing else, the nation owes him monumental gratitude.

But he left behind a legacy — the concept of democracy. Almost every other nation with newly acquired Independence has sooner or later resorted to dictatorship. The fact that at his death his office was handed down to someone else without any political crisis or bloodshed — to someone who is his very antithesis at that, made many of his critics realise that whatever else he may have done, he had stuck to his ideal of democracy It is true that he inherited the cloak of Gandhiji, but one must admit that on no one else's shoulders could it have fallen more gracefully.

(This student won the first prize in the Essay competition on 'Nehru' for Colleges conducted by the Ganapathi Seva Mandale, Bangalore. — *Ed.*)

I Remember ... Chacha Nehru

Sarala, G.

Our late Prime Minister Nehru was always happy in the company of children. Children of all nationalities used to address Mr. Nehru as Chacha (Uncle). Once during his visit to Birchpuri, near Agra, a three-year old boy was disappointed at not receiving a share of garlands from Chacha Nehru. The child in sobs ran to Mr. Nehru and told him that he did not get a single garland out of the lot that had been thrown to the children. Mr. Nehru spent a few minutes consoling him. Meanwhile an official brought a garland which Mr. Nehru gave to the boy who then went away overjoyed.

On his sixty-eighth birthday there was a set of postage stamps issued of denominations 8 P. (Nutrition) 15 P. (Education) 90 P. (Recreation) to celebrate the Children's day. Ever after this, for every birthday of Mr. Nehru, a set of stamps were issued uptil his seventy-fourth birthday. He was also a friend of the poor and the rich alike and he served the nation for sixteen years.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST CHACHA NEHRU WAS —

A Lover of Animals

Among the world's statesmen there are few who are more fond of animals than our late Premier Mr. Nehru was. In spite of his heavy official burden, he used to manage to spend sometime every day with his numerous pets. Long years in gaol enabled him to understand the lower order of creation. When he was in gaol in Lucknow he used to spend his time reading with wrapt attention. It is said that a squirrel used to climb up his leg and sit on his knee and have a good look around. Then it would look into his eyes and realizing that he was not a tree would be seized with fear and scurry away. Besides reading, he also used to spend his time watching the various insects in his cell or in the yard outside and study them closely.

His choice collection of pets were the Bear Cat, the Tiger-Cubs and the Golden Retrievers. Being an excellent rider he had a great fascination for the Arabian steed, presented to him by King Saud of Arabia and another horse from Mongolia. He delighted in fondling his pets during his leisure hours.

Our Beloved Leader — Mr. Nehru

Sunbeam Matthews
I B A.

On that bright summer day in May,
He didn't tell us he was going away.
He's gone and left us so forlorn,
To that heavenly land of unending dawn.

Loved by millions big and small,
He'd hearken to their faintest call;
He strove so hard to establish peace,
He succeeded — we hope it'll never cease.

He was rightly called our Guiding Light,
He didn't believe that might was right,
For red and yellow, black and white,
All were equal in his sight.

A few nations though hostile still honoured him;
For they knew they could never outshine him.
Steadfast and persevering in all he did;
Our country from foreign invasions he rid.

He was honest, polite, dauntless and brave,
His utmost he did our freedom to save;
In all his achievements he was inspired from Above,
Throughout his Premiership his Motto was Love.

No longer is our beloved leader with us,
So continue his efforts our leaders, you all must;
We trust he'll guide us from that Distant Land;
This he can do with God's Powerful Hand.

The Future

All unknown the future lies,
Let it rest,

God who veils it from our eyes,
He knows best,

Ask not what shall be tomorrow,
But, content,

Take the cup of joy or sorrow
God has sent.

ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE VARIOUS ASSOCIATIONS '63—'64

INAUGURAL MEETING

INCREASING POPULARITY OF THE SPOKEN WORD

25th July '63

Prof. D. A. Smith, Director of Studies of the Regional Institute of English, Bangalore, addressed the Inaugural meeting of the Mount Carmel College Associations on Thursday evening. His topic was, the power of the spoken word in our country. It has practically gained pre-eminence everywhere. The talkie has outclassed the mere movie or silent film, however great the acting; the art of letter-writing is almost lost due to the telephone; the radio play, with its own skill and technique, is capturing attention instead of the stage play, as the radio talk does, over the essay; recordings of poems and plays, as they are spoken by the performers, have given new importance to the old-fashioned gramophone; the dictophone has superseded the draft and also the presence of the office Manager! With the advent of the B.B.C. we hear a new type of English " Mid-Atlantic ", while perhaps, the dialects of England will be smothered out of existence by the unifying effect of the radio. What is said of spoken English today, may be said also, of other languages, including the Indian.

Sister M. Antoinette, Principal wished every success to the work of the Institute of English. The Secretary, Miss Dhun Lal, thanked the Speaker for his informative talk " interspersed with so much humour ".

The English Association

Our activities for the year commenced with an election meeting held on the 18th July 1963. The Office Bearers elected were :

Vice-President	—	Miss Daphne Satur.
Secretary	—	Dhun Lal
Class Representatives :—		
III Degree	—	Veena Seshadri
II Degree	—	Susan Joseph
I Degree	—	Arti Hosali
Pre-University	—	Doreen D'Costa

The inaugural meeting of the English Association was held along with that of all the other associations on the 25th July 1963. Mr. Donald Smith, from the Regional Institute of English delivered the Inaugural address.

On the 5th August 1963, some of the students gave a performance of Maurice Baring's "The Rehearsal." The play was later staged before the delegates of the World University Service at the Indian Institute of World Culture.

A film on the life of Robert Frost was lent to the College by the United States Information Service and was displayed on the 7th August 1963.

On the 10th October recordings from Old, Middle and Modern English were played. They were accompanied by a commentary by Zarine Dalal. These recordings were very kindly lent to us by the British Council.

An annual inter-class **debate** was conducted on the 13th November. The subject — "These days intelligence is a greater asset to a girl than beauty". Mr. Glynn Wood, Officer-in-charge, U.S.I.S., presided. The three judges were Dr. Satur, Mrs. James and Mrs. Bhatia. The opposition won and individual prizes were awarded to Dhun Lal, Shaila Chinappa and R. Vasuda.

Our last meeting for the year was the **annual Elocution** contest held on the 30th January 1964. Mr. P. Kodanda Rao presided over the meeting and the Three judges were Mrs. Rikh, Miss Bala and Rev. Fr. L. Colaco. Prizes were awarded to Anjana Ganguli, Laxmi Varma, Geeta M. D., and Reba D'Souza.

In conclusion, I would like to wish the Association every success in the year that lies ahead.

Dhun Lal
(Secretary)

The History and Economics Association

The Office-Bearers for the Association, were elected onthe 17th July 1963, were :—

Vice President	—	Miss Vijaya Rajagopalan
Secretary	—	M. D. Gita
Class Representatives :—		
Pratima Purnaiya	—	III B.A.
Sabita Chakravarty	—	II B.A.
Anjana Ganguli	—	I B.A.
Aruna Kagal	—	Pre-University Arts.

The Inaugural meeting of all the Associations was held on the 25th of July 1963. Mr. Donald Smith of the Regional Institute of English who presided over the function gave an interesting talk on the power of the spoken word today. He also deplored the fast rate of disappearance of the written word.

An informal speech contest was held on the 14th of August 1963. Miss Satur, Miss K. Menon and Rev. Sister Angelina, were the judges and the topics discussed were :—

i) The Test-ban treaty of great powers.
ii) The Gold control Policy.
iii) The Compulsory Deposit Scheme.
iv) Foreign Aid and India.
v) A latest Historical development of importance.

Malini Jairam of the 1st B.A., Kala Rangaswamy also of the 1st B.A. came 1st and 2nd respectively, and Gita M. D. of the 1st B.A. and Shantha R. of the Pre-University Class tied for the 3rd place.

The **Annual prize debate** was held on 23rd January 1964. The topic — one of current interest — was : " In the opinion of the House, the Government is doctrinaire in its approach to the idea of Socialism." Mr. Chacko, Rev. Father Pinto and Miss Satur were the judges. **Malini Jairam** walked away with the **1st Prize** again. **Vasuda R. of the III Degree came 2nd** and **Alphine George from the Pre-University Class came 3rd.** Mr. Chacko in his presidential address gave us a few enlightening hints on the art of public speaking.

And now, while bringing this collegiate year to a close, I would wish that this association may gain in stature and achieve success after success as the years roll by.

Gita M. D.
(Secretary)

The Science Association

A meeting was held on the 18th July 1963, to elect the office bearers of the various associations. For the Science Association the following were elected :

Vice President	—	Mrs. E. Abraham
Secretary	—	Mumtaz Hayat
Class representatives :		
III Degree	—	S. K. Pramila
II Degree	—	Shaila Chinnappa
I Degree	—	Lorette Saldhana
Pre-University	—	K. Jayalakshmi

The inaugural address of the various Associations was held on the 25th of July 1963. Mr. D. Smith, of the Regional Institute of English, Bangalore, presided over the function and delivered the address. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary of the Literary Association.

Under the auspices of the Science Association a film show was held on Wednesday, 4th September '63 at Fatima Hall — "Hawaii". "Petrified river" and "Iiros, the weather satellite" proved to be of great interest to the students.

On Thursday 20th February '64, the Association held its **annual prize speech contest** in which an unusually large number of students participated. Prof. Shamanna, Head of the Botany department, St. Joseph's college presided over the function and was one of those on the panel of judges. The speech contest was a great success and the following were the **prize winners** :—

I Shaila Chinnappa	—	II B.Sc.
II Farkhunda Khanum	—	III B.Sc.
III Meena Bose	—	I B.Sc.

I wish this Association every success in the years to come.

Mumtaz Hayat
(Secretary)

Languages Association

An election meeting was held on the 18th July '63 to elect the office bearers of the various associations. This was followed by an inaugural meeting held on the 25th July. Mr. Donald Smith presided over the function.

A Speech Contest for the 1st Degree and Pre-University students was held on the 11th of October. The winners were :—

Pre-University	
Sabeeta Goil	1st
Mehrunissa	2nd
Naseem Nakat	3rd

1st Degree	
Arti Hosali, Jyotsna Kopper	1st
Gopi Gulabrai	2nd
Moyra Thompson, Poornima	3rd

On the 16th of October Mr. Bharathiramanacharya gave us a very informative talk on the well-known Hindi Poet, Mythali Sharan Gupta. Essay Competition

were held in Hindi, Urdu, Tamil and Kannada on Monday the 17th of February. The prize-winners were :—

Hindi (Degree Classes)	P.U.C.
I Usha Bali II B.A.	Kumari Kamala H.E.L.
II Manju Prasad II B.A.	Rupinder Kaur H.E.L.
III Geeta Mehta Padmakk I H.Sc.	Nakhat Nazreen

Urdu (Degree Classes)	P.U.C.
1st Anwarunissa 1st Year	1st Khutija Khatoon
2nd Sajja Shanaz 2nd Year	2nd Jamila Bai

Tamil (Degree Classes)	P.U.C.
1st Lourdes Mary II B.A.	Tripura Sundari P.C.B.
2nd V. Vishalakshi II B.A.	Usha R. H.Sc.
3rd Premchandraleela II B.A.	
4th V. Bhavani 1st B.Sc.	

Kannada Degree Classes	P.U.C.
1st Sujata, H. S.	Vimal K. M. 1st
2nd Jayamma, M. V.	Sr. Angeline Marie 2nd
3rd { Rema Devi, B. S. / Shanta, J.	Elveera Fernandez 3rd

I take the opportunity to wish the "Languages Association" success all through the forthcoming years.

Manju Prasad
(Secretary)

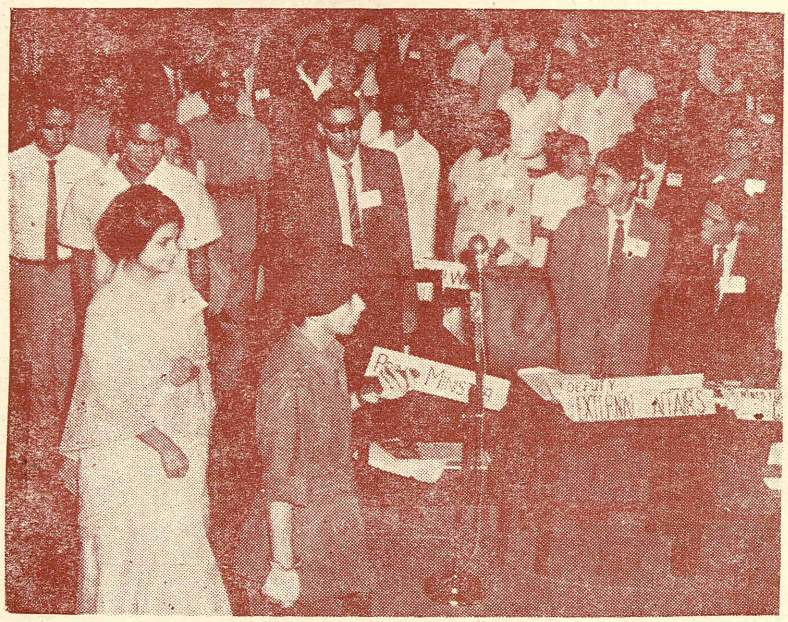
THE CHORAL AND DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

The elections were held on 18th of July 1963, and on the 25th of the same month the Inaugural meeting took place. Prof. D. Smith presided.

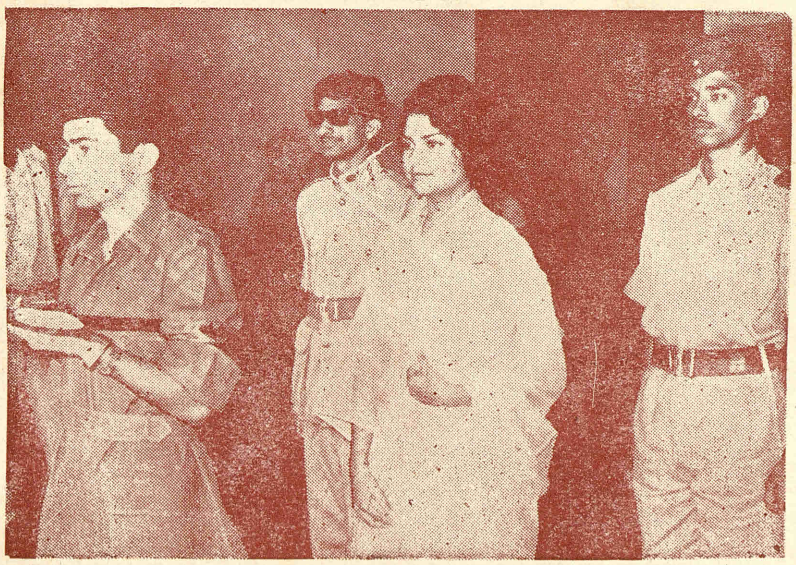
Rev. Sister Emmanuel is the Vice-President of our Association. The office-bearers chosen were :

Secretary	—	Zarine Dalal
Class representatives :		
Final Year	—	Narmada Rao
Second Year	—	Shirley D'Silva
First Degree	—	Moira Thompson
Pre-University	—	Bineeta Dutt

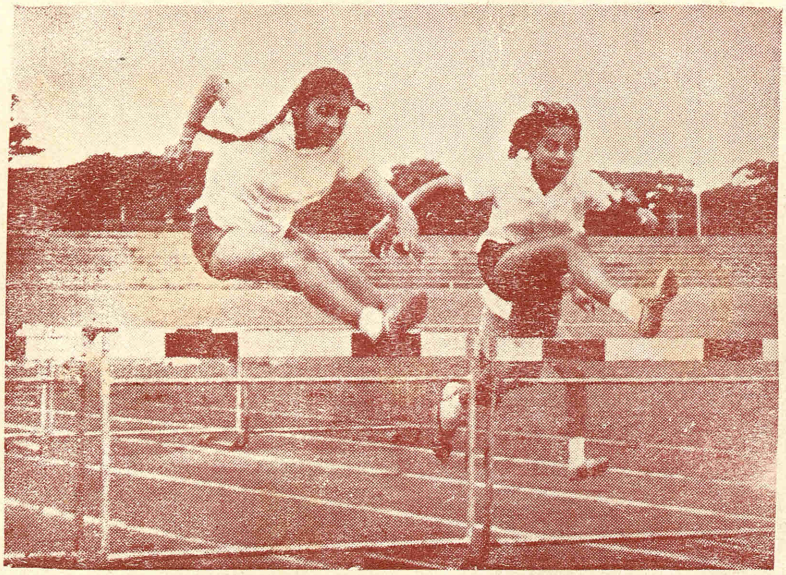
MODEL LOK SABHA (University Students)
at PUTTANNA CHETTY TOWN HALL



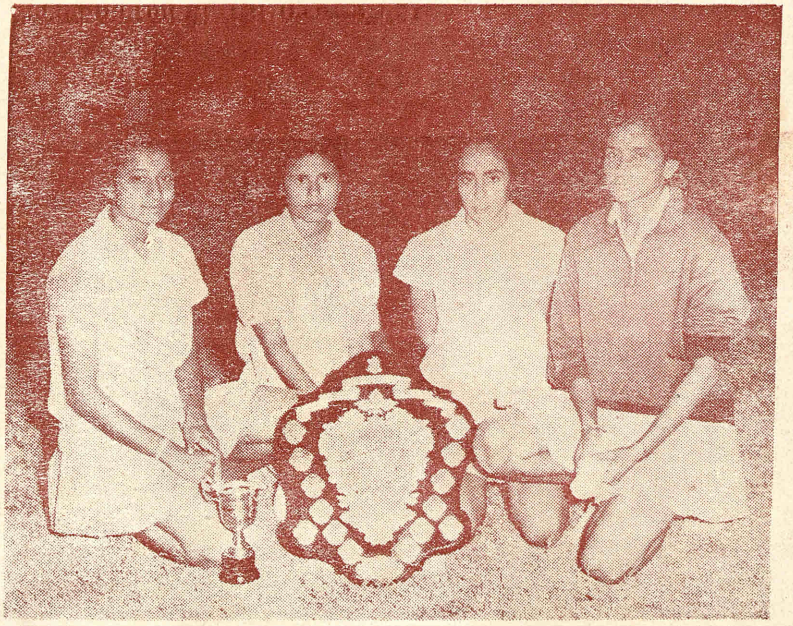
The President (Bindoo Purnaiya) arriving to open the Sessions of Parliament



M. G. S. ATHLETICS
AT KANTEERAVA STADIUM



Krishna Brahmanandam and Clare Menezos are
first and second respectively



Winners of the M.G.S. Athletics and Games!
Congratulations. We are proud of you. (Mt. Carmelites have been winners in the Athletics *ever since* we joined the event in 1950; and in the Games, of all these years we lost the Championship just twice — Ed.)

The Choral and Dramatic Association sponsored the annual Guardians' Day Entertainment. By far the most popular item on the programme was Moliere's " The Cit Turned Gentleman ". Nirmala Varma who took the leading role, proved to be a very talented newcomer, and was warmly praised in " The New Leader ".

The next occasion held under this Association, was the Public Entertainment which was very well attended and enthusiastically appreciated.

I hope the Choral and Dramatic Association, which has proved so able in sponsoring such annual occasions as the Public Entertainment will in the future extend their scope, and have many more occasions which will encourage the girls to a love and appreciation of staged drama.

I wish it every success in the coming years.

Zarine Dalal
(Secretary)

The Sports and Games Association

The first meeting of the Games and Sports Association was held on 18th July 1963, to elect the office bearers. Rev. Sister Principal is the ex-officio President of at the associations.

Vice-President	—	Rev. Sister Candida
Secretary	—	Farkhunda Khanum
Captains :—		
Throw Ball	—	Bharathi, N.
Basket-Ball	—	Krishna Brahmanandam
Badminton	—	Clare Menezes
Tennikoit	—	T. M. Prema
Tennis	—	Lalitha, S.
Soft Ball	—	Sundari, S.
Kho-Kho	—	Lalitha, S.
Athletics	—	Farkhunda Khanum

The Inauguration of all the Associations was held on 25th July '63 when Prof. D. Smith addressed the house.

The Games and Sports Association began its activities early in August '63 with the Inter-class and Inter-house matches in the various games. Following this was our Annual College Day Sports held on the 9th September '63, when the Ex-Mayor of Bangalore presided and Mrs. Nanjappa gave away the prizes. The Individual Championship went to Miss Krishna Bramhanandam, — the State's No. 1 high-Jumper, and the team championship to Teresian house.

At the Dasara Sports held here and in Mysore, our College team won the Championship for the Bangalore Division.

The M.G.S. Memorial Games Finals that were held at Bangalore found our College at the top with the highest number of points. We thereby hold on to the Championship for the 14th time in succession.

At the Inter-University Athletic Meet held at Trivandrum, five of our athletes were runners-up.

The Basket-ball team that was invited to Lucknow in February was not successful. Very unfortunate indeed!

Last of all, for the Nationals at Calcutta, three of our girls had been selected — Clara Menezes, Elaine Pinto and Farkhunda Khanum.

Our activities for the year are now at an end and I am happy to say that we have kept up the high standards of our College in this field. I hope with the help of God we will go on winning more and more laurels in the years to come.

I thank Rev. Sister Principal and the staff, and our Vice-president Rev. Sister Candida, for their help and encouragement and all my friends for their co-operation.

Thank You,

Farkhunda Khanum
(Secretary)

The Planning Forum Association

At an election meeting held at Fatima Hall, on the 18th of July, the following were elected office-bearers :—

Vice-President	—	Miss Kamala Menon
Secretary	—	Bindoo Purnaiya IIB.A.
Class Representatives :		
III Degree	—	Manju Singh
II Degree	—	Sita Achaiah
I Degree	—	Rajalaxmi, E. K.
III Degree Sc.	—	Mercy Pauline Chelliah

An Inaugural meeting of the various Associations was held on the 25th of July at which Professor Donald Smith of the Regional Institute of English presided.

To celebrate the National Plan Day, a meeting was held on the 9th of October. Fifteen students spoke on the various aspects of our Plans. Dr. B. V. Iyengar presided.

Mr. Venkoba Rao and Mrs. Sudha Reddy were the judges. The following were the prize-winners :—

Section A (Degree)

1. Bindoo Purnaiya
2. Dhun Lal

1st Degree

1. Malini Jayaram
2. M. D. Gita.

Pre-University

1. Alphene George
2. Rupinder Kaur

On October 14th, 25 Students accompanied by Miss Kamala Menon and Miss Vijaya Rajgopal, visited " Singasundra " a small village on the outskirts of Bangalore. The students conducted a survey of the living conditions of the villagers, to study the effects of the Five-Year Plans on them. Many requisite articles were distributed to the adults, and slates, books, pencils etc. were gifted to the village school by our students. The same procedure was carried out when our students visited another village.—" Konappana Agrahara " — situated at a distance of 20 miles from College, on October 17th. A consolidated report of both the villages will be submitted to the Government of India. These trips are very useful in helping to instil a sense of plan-consciousness in the students, and in bringing them closer to the realities of village life.

It is our sincere hope that our students will benefit by the opportunities the Planning Forum affords them.

May the Association carry on its constructive activities for many years to come. I wish it all the best in all its ventures.

Bindoo Purnaiya
(Secretary)

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

The activities of the year commenced with an election meeting held on 18th July 1963, to elect the office-bearers of the Social Service Association.

Those elected were :

Rev. Sr. Jane	—	Vice-President
Corinne Kumar	—	Secretary
Class Representatives :—		
Sheila Henderson	—	III Degree
Subbalakshmi	—	II Degree
Jayamangalam	—	I Degree
Usha Devi	—	P.U.C.

Mr. D. Smith of the Regional Institute of English, delivered the Inaugural Address, on 25th July '63.

Looking back over the past year one recalls with a certain amount of satisfaction, the various activities of the League. This last year, we are pleased to report that we have been able to extend our range of activity to include visiting the incurable, at the Bangalore Cheshire Home and to bring what little sunshine, we could to the inmates of the Home for the Aged. Each visit, each time being an experience in humanitarianism. Members of our Association also visited our adopted village of Periarnagar, at regular intervals.

On Wednesday, the 6th Nov.'63 Mrs. Laxmi Krishnappa, addressed the Social Service meeting, and elucidated the activities of the Red Cross Society.

To Rev. Sr. Principal, Rev. Sister Jane, and each and every member I would like to say a very special 'thank you' for their kind help and co-operation, during the past year. I would also like to wish the association every success in the coming year.

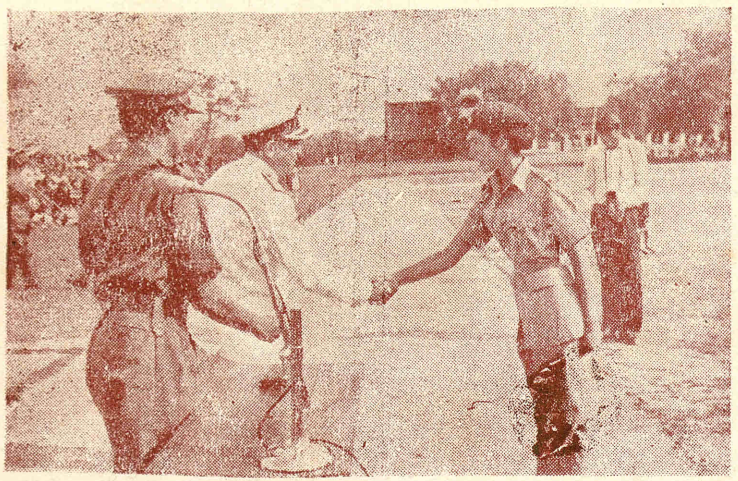
Corinne Kumar
(Secretary)

'Mount Carmel' Ranger Team

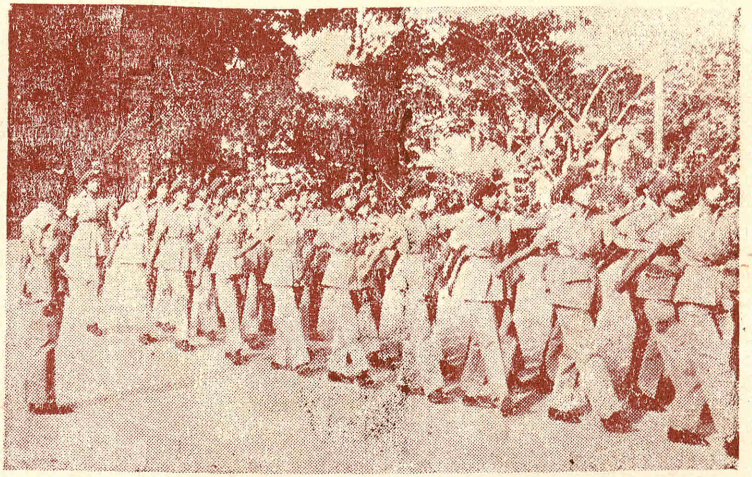
At the election Meeting on 18th July '63 the following Office-bearers were chosen. Sr. M. Angelina and Miss Pamela Bennet being our Ranger Leader and Asst. Ranger Leader respectively.

Secretary	—	Heera Ramakrishna II B.A.
Treasurer	—	Indira Kumari G. II B.A.
Ranger Mates	—	Sister Christabelle I H.Sc.
	—	Pushpendra Kaur I B.A.
	—	Heera Ramakrishnan II B.A.

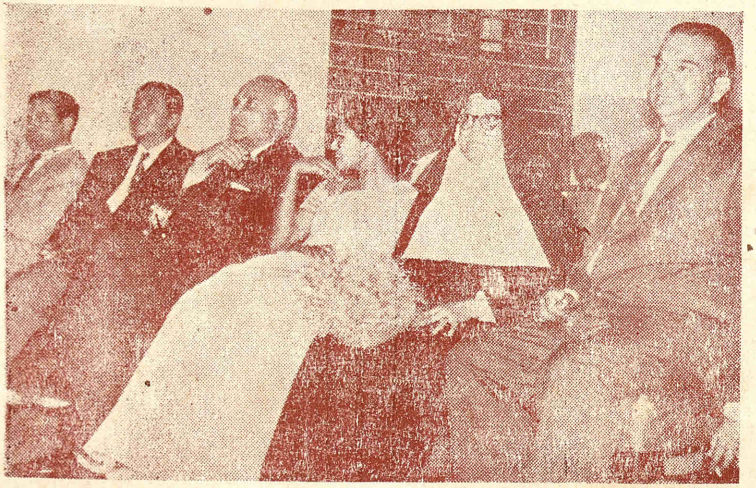
OUR CADETS OF THE N.C.C.



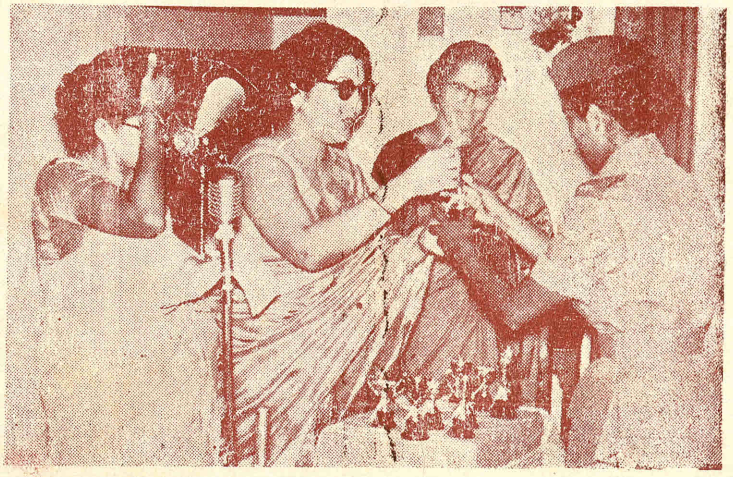
2nd/Lt. (Miss) Zarina Irani receives the best Officer Trainee prize at Kamptee



Practice Parade

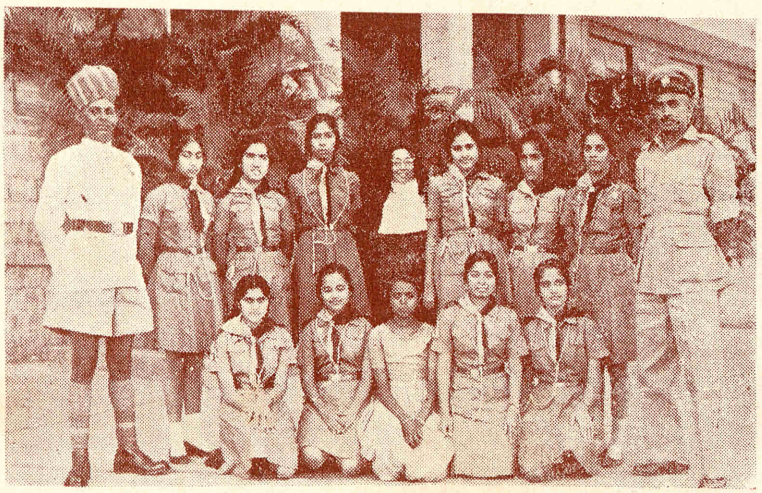


Air Commodore S. E. Bobb, the Director (N.C.C.) presides at closing Function of our N.C.C. Unit for the year

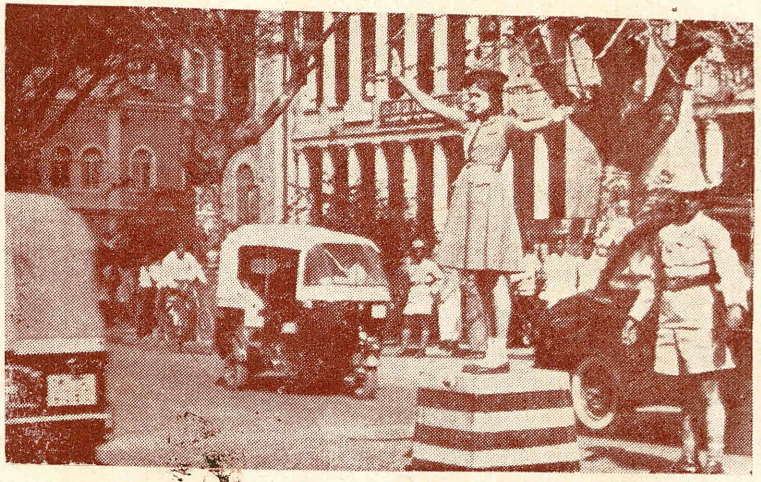


U/O Sundari is presented the best Cadet prize by Mrs. Bobb

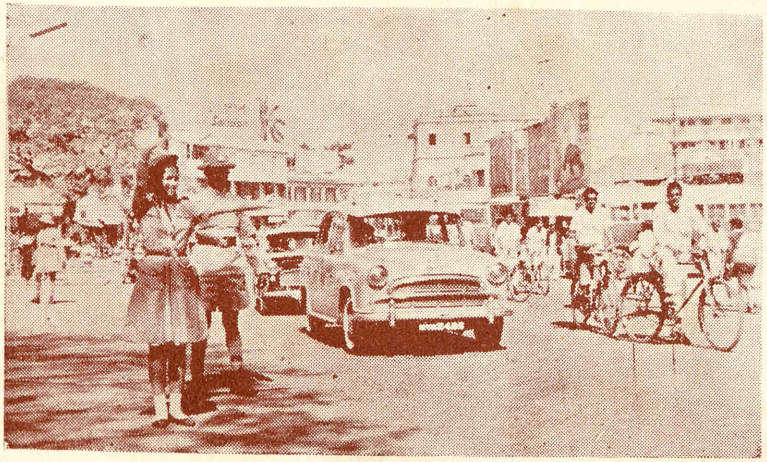
SOME OF THE RANGERS WHO HAVE UNDERGONE TRAFFIC CONTROL TRAINING

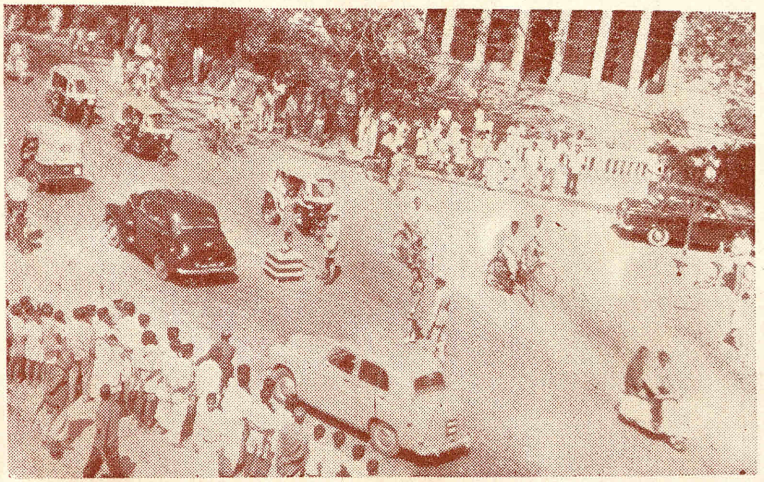


Rangers with their Ranger Leader and Instructors



Controlling Traffic





Rangers Controlling the Traffic on Kempe Gowda Road

The Rangers helped to organise a fete at guide Headquarters during the last week of August. We attended a Rifle Training Course conducted by Mr. Netscher (Asst. Commissioner of Police) and Mr. G. White in our College in September. K. S. Shantha passed with Honours while 11 Rangers secured first class certificates and the remaining 12 secured II class certificates. We also came out in flying colours in the St. John's Ambulance First Aid Classes held in November. From the 2nd — 11th Dec. our Leaders attended the Air Ranger Leaders' Training Course and both secured 'A' Grade in the Examination. This year again 6 of our Rangers attended the Mountaineering Course at Pachmarhi in December and Gita Mirjanker attended the Basic Mountaineering Course at Darjeeling also, and earned the Silver Axe for having climbed 17000 feet.

We had our week-end Camp at Doddaballapur from 31st Jan. — 2nd Feb. On 17th Jan. we contributed an item 'International Costumes' for the concert in honour of Mrs. Culmer, President of the Girl Scouts of America at Girl Guide Headquarters. We also took part in the Variety Entertainment held at the Town Hall on 23rd Feb. to raise funds for the construction of a Swimming Pool at Doddaballapur. We participated in the Thinking Day Programme on 22nd Feb. which the Bangalore Civil Area celebrated at Kamala Bai's School.

Our activities for the year were wound up with a Rangers' Social.

I wish our Ranger Team all success in the years to come.

Heera Ramakrishnan
(Secretary)

NCC & NCCR

Activities started from 1st July '63. 50 were recruited to the NCC. Regular parades on Saturdays and Sundays were conducted. Special Lectures by Dr. Thimmaiah were arranged in Hygiene & Sanitation for the Cadets. 13 Cadets took part in the Independence Day & the Promise Parade Day. Lady Officer, Lt. M. V. Leela had the Refreshers' Training at Kamptee for one month. 43 Cadets attended the Annual Training Camp at Vidyanagar. The Trophies for Drill Competition & Line dressing were won by our Cadets. S/U/O Sundari was adjudged as the best all-rounder. All the Cadets took part in the 'Solidarity Day' on the 20th of Nov. '63. S/U/O Sundari was selected to attend the Republic Day Parade at Delhi.

Lt. M. V. Leela was selected to accompany the contingent. 17 Cadets took part in the Republic Day Parade at Bangalore. The G-I and G-II Examinations were conducted in the 3rd Week of Feb '64 for 43 cadets. All got through. The Annual Social Function was held on 28 Feb '64. Air Commodore S. W. BOBB presided over the function and Mrs. BOBB distributed the prizes for various commpetitions conducted. Among the invitees Mrs. Cranenburgh and Maj. Fritchley (O. C. 65 Mysore NCC Rifle Bn) won the prizes.

The NCCR Unit was raised in August '63. 57 Cadets were recruited. Parades were held regularly on Saturdays & Sundays. Cadet Chinmaya Devi was selected to attend the Republic Day Parade at Delhi. Miss Sridevi Nair & Miss Zarina Irani, two members of the Staff were selected to undergo Pre-Commission Training at Kamptee, Nagpur for 3 months from 1st April 1964.

Former Students' Association



At the College day Celebrations on the 9th of September most of the Former Students met as usual. The members of the F.S.A. held the annual meeting of the Association and Rev. Sister Imelda (Vice-Principal) presided. Miss. A. Malathi (Librarian) and a former student was elected Secretary of the Association.

A. Malathi
(Secretary)

Dear former Students,

Don't you think it's high time you kept us informed of yourselves as we are interested in you. We do wish sincerely that you visit us more often or else write to us.

Yours truly
Editor.

And now here is news of some of our students :—

Dorothy D'Silva : Teaching in Calcutta — will be coming back to Bangalore in December.

Freny Irani: Working here in Bangalore.
Nirmala Varmha, Yolande Pinto : Final Year M. A. (Central College)
Clotty Lobo : Married to Mr. Raj (Stella Studio)
Philomene Mascarenhas : Married and in England.
Teresa Mascarenhas : Married and in Bombay.
Keyna D'Souza : Teaching in Vijayawada.
Meeta Gamaliel : Teaching (Part time) and doing M. A. in Private
Sudhalini Iyer : At home in Trivandrum.

Greba D'Costa, Married and here in Bangalore.
Zarina Irani : Lady Officer, N.C.C. 2/Lt in our College.

Saroj Verma : Librarian in our College.
Bina Issac: In Madras — Studying in the Cultural Academy
Rekha Raje : Higher Studies in the States.

Christian Service in the University

Once more we have come to the end of a very satisfying year. It is with a feeling of fulfilment that we can look back to the happy series of events — meetings, seminars, and camps that began, and ended an interesting year of the C S U.

With the election meeting held on the 8th Feb '63 began a new C.S.U. cycle. The following were the office-bearers elected for the year 1963-64.

President — Corinne Kumar
Secretary — Iris D'Costa

The Inaugural mass of the joint C. S. U. Units in Bangalore was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Volken on the 28th July '63 in Mount Carmel College Chapel. The first General Body Meeting was held on the same day. The new members were made welcome and plans for the activities of the year were discussed.

The activities of the C. S. U. began with the **Inaugural Mass of our Unit** held on the 14th July '63 which was celebrated by Rev. Fr. L. Colaco. On Sunday the 16th August '63 our students attended the Inaugural Social at St. Joseph's College and Brig. C. E. James delivered the Inaugural address.

Three of our students Alpheen and Merlyn George and May D'Silva, accompanied by our C.S.U. Directress Rev. Sr. Dorothy, attended the Local Leadership Camp held at Mangalore.

On the 15th Nov. we held an inter-Unit Seminar. The theme was the "Festival of lights" and two non-Christian students spoke to us on the subject and we then held a General Discussion in which many non-Christians participated. The non-Christians were very impressed and interested and asked that many more such Seminars be held.

With the other two local units, our unit took part in a Seminar in Oct. '63 at St. Francis Xavier's Convent. Mother Yvonne spoke to us on the theme and then a General Discussion took place. After passing a resolution to keep our culture alive through our personality the meeting concluded.

On the 3rd Nov.'63 our students attended Holy Mass at Christ the King Church at Malleswaram in honour of the feast of Christ the King. The Mass was followed by breakfast and a General Session which was a continuation of the one held on the 15th Nov.'63, the theme —" Festival of Lights " was further discussed with regard to the significance of " light "!

All our students attended the Annual closed Retreat from the 30th August to the 2nd Sept.'63. It was preached by Rev. Fr. Volken.

Several articles were collected from the students of our unit for the C.S.U. paper, " Clarion Call." One of our students, Shirley D'silva was editor of the paper. Another of our students sent in an article which was published in the New Leader.

A team from our College participated in the Talents Contest cum Quiz at the Catholic Club conducted by the Newman Association of Bangalore. One from our group won the third prize for the Quiz.

The final inter-unit debate for the Lourdes Centenery Shield conducted by our unit, was held at St. Joseph's College on the 16th Nov. '63 The coveted shield was won by St. Joseph's College Unit. One of our Students won the Inter-Collegiate Essay Competition held at St. Joseph's—the Subject being " How do the Sacraments help in making us good citizens of our country ".

On the 19th Jan '64 the inter-unit C.S.U. Social was held at St. Joseph's College. Lt. Col. and Mrs. F. J. Satur presided and Lt. Col. Satur delivered the Valedictory Address. A Vote of thanks was proposed by Moyra Thompson.

The activities of the year came to an end with the election of the office bearers for the year '64-'65. The new office-bearers being :—

President — Shirley D'Silva
Secretary — Flavia Mathias.

A Class Representative
(for) Secretary.

HOSTEL

The hostel opened on the 23rd of June as usual. There was a rush at the beginning, but a few left in the middle of the year to take their seat in the Medical Colleges or join their parents. They were very sorry to bid good-bye to our hostel Dr. (Mrs.) Manoraj who had become a very dear friend to one and all. This year the prefectships were held by Mariamma Thomas of the final B.Sc., and Flavia Mathias of II B.Sc., The hostelites maintained their high spirits and normal good health throughout the year. They chose the Niligris once more for their excursion and combined knowledge with pleasure visiting places of interest like Staff College, Wellington, the Pasteur Institute and the Silk farm. Great enthusiasm was displayed by the freshers in entertaining their seniors and the seniors were most lavish in the party they threw out to their younger sisters. They did go all-out through the year to befriend and help them though they could not refrain from a little good-natured ragging now and then, particularly at the Wrigglers' Party. It is fervently hoped that this healthy spirit of comradeship will continue to be the characteristic feature of this hostel down the years.

Warden

The Sodality of the Children of Mary

The first meeting of the Sodality was held on the 7th July with Rev. Sister M. Liguori in the chair, to elect the Office-bearers for the year '63— '64.

President :	Mariamma Thomas
Secretary :	Sheila D'Souza
Counsellors :	Mariamma P. M.
	Mariamma Abraham.
	Valerie Ward
	Silvina Antao
Librarians :	Flavia Mathias
	Sheila Henderson

On the 16th July the Rev. Fr. Mervyn Coelho presided over Our Lady of Mount Carmel celebrations. We had a procession followed by Benediction of the

Blessed Sacrament. after which Scapulars were distributed. The Tableau — Our Lady of Mount Carmel with the Infant Jesus in her arms, and presenting the Scapular to St. Simon Stock en route the **procession** was simply grand !

The Annual Retreat was held from the 31st Aug. to 2nd Sept. and it was preached by Rev. Fr. Volken S. J.

On November 21st eleven aspirants were received into the Sodality. Rev. Fr. Mervyn Coelho gave a very inspiring talk.

On January 25th the Sodalists had an afternoon outing. This time it was to our Novitiate House in Whitefield. It was a very enjoyable evening spent with the Novices and Postulants. After Benediction and tea we had various competitions and the winners were Silvina Antao, and Sheila D'Souza and Lucy Campos and Gita Joseph.

The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception was said every Sunday and on all Feasts of Our Lady. On the First Saturday and 25th of each month the Sodalists sang hymns at Mass and took an active part in the Dialogue Mass each day.

The Sister Moderator addressed the Sodalists twice a month, while our Mother Principal and Rev. Fr. Chaplain addressed them once a month.

The Sodality had a very successful year and our thanks are due to Sister M. Liguori, our Directress, who guided our activities.

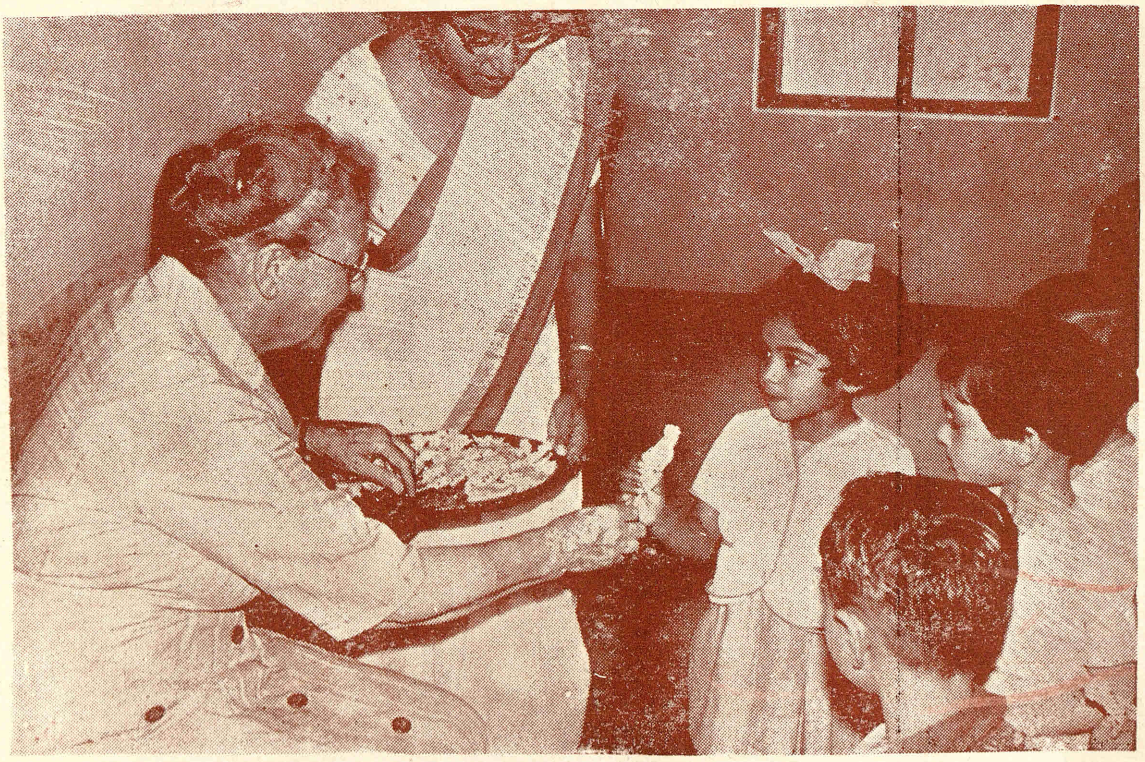
Sheila D'Souza
Secretary



Miss De La Hay — 1st Principal of QMC, Madras Visits us

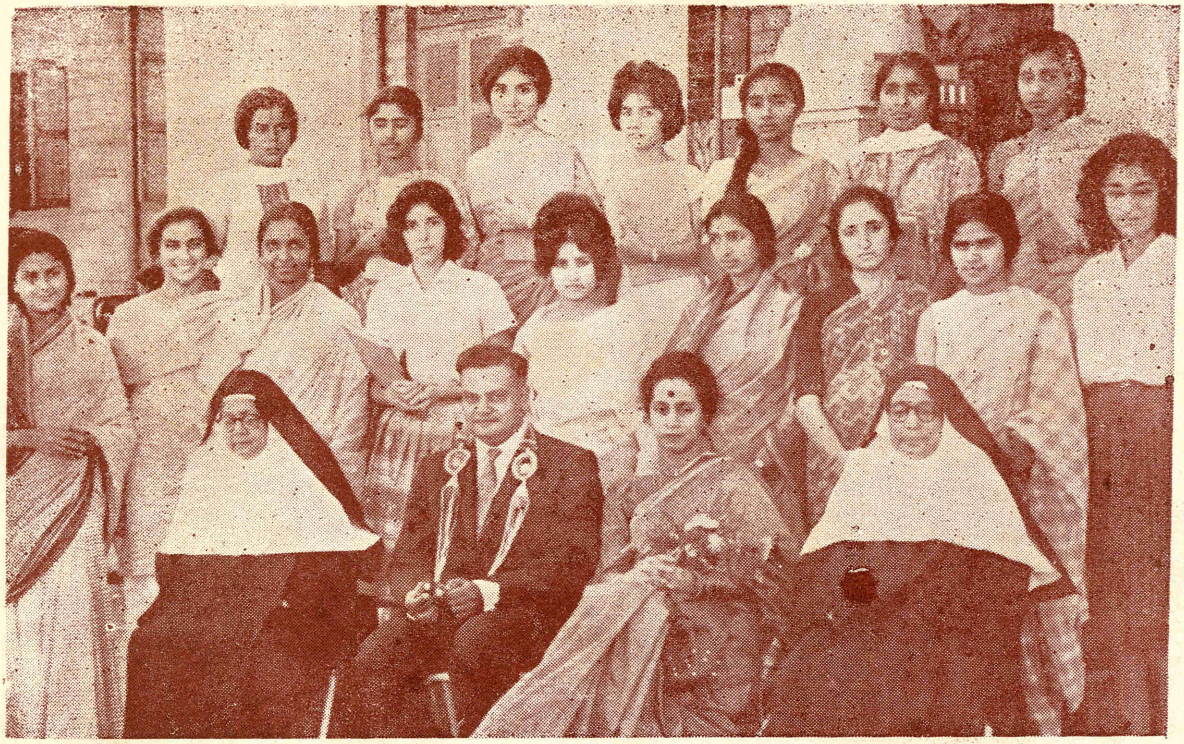


With our Superior and Principal and "Old Queen Marians"



— With our Nursery School Babies —

AFTER THE VALEDICTORY (Feb. 26th '64)



Mrs. & Mr. D. J. Balraj, I.A.S. Secretary to His Highness, the then Governor of Mysore, with our Principal, Secretaries and Prefects.



At the Inauguration of all the Associations (July '64) — with Dr. (Miss) S. Lingiah, Principal, Central Institute of Home Science. Bangalore

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Delivered by Shri D. J. Balaraj, I.A.S., Secretary to His Highness the Governor of Mysore.

Bangalore : 26th February 1964

Ceteris paribus this is what Mr. Balaraj said—" I must say how happy I am to learn that there are eight Associations in this College. A College Association is more than an extension of the class room ; it is an indication that a subject occupies the student's mind and interest beyond the strict curricular requirements. It is symbolic of an intelligent interest in the subject, quite apart from the examination, and a most welcome and healthy sign in a college. Mount Carmel College may well feel proud of having so many Associations, in particular the Planning Forum Association which, I understand, very few colleges have organised.

The Mount Carmel College, is a well known nursery of the fair sex in Bangalore, and out of its portals have emerged into the world, year after year, young women so highly accomplished and equipped that man's monopoly has been challenged and neutralised in many fields, and equality established.

Modern Education for Women in India began in 1820, when David Hare founded a school for Indian Girls in Calcutta.....Free India has moved a long way since those early days. In a sense, the establishment of the National Council for Women's Education in 1959 is a land mark in the progress of women's education in India. There has been a steady rise in the number of girls in the Primary, Secondary and University stages since then. Today we have in India, the Thackersey University for women with a woman Vice-Chancellor, staffed mainly by women and designed to meet the needs of women. It is expected that by the end of the 3rd Five Year Plan there will be 20 million girls and young women in our schools and colleges! It is gratifying that there has also been a steady increase in the number of women seeking admission into technical colleges.....

The students here represent three main groups. Those who have just entered the College and are about to complete the first year of education ; those that are about to leave it and are spending the last couple of months here ; and those who come between the two. I do not have much to tell those of you who belong to the first group, except to ask you to make the most of your sojourn here in curricular and extra-curricular activity. I would ask you to endeavour to build your character and personality, enrich and improve your minds, make yourselves healthy and strong. There is a malicious description of a Professor as one who talks in some one else's sleep. Let this not be true of your class. You will do well to remember Bacon's exhortation — Read not to contradict and compute, nor to believe and take

for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. In short, may the first year of your college equip your mind and spirit and body for what lies ahead.

Those of you who are in the middle years of the college do not need any words from me You have been seasoned by a year's experience here and know way about.

For the final year students there is no escape from a few serious words which I wish to say. Education is no more the process of making yourself fit for a job, — any job. It is no more a means of cramming a variety of information on all and sundry matters in your head.....

Education is now invested with a clear purpose a purpose linked to the service of the society in which we live. Its aims and objects are intimately connected with the needs and ideals of the society it is to serve. We look to education to formulate the ideals of a new order, and to give the nation young men and women who will lead the community towards these ideals. In an underdeveloped, but resurgent nation like ours, Education has a special importance. We need trained pioneers in every field — in evolving a new social order, in building up our economic and human resources, in bringing technological and scientific skill and knowledge to bear on the industrial and agricultural revolution which is changing the face of our land and the way of life of our people. We need leadership by men and women who have not only knowledge but also vision, men and women whose action is not merely competent but inspiring in its quality and tone !

The future of women's education lies not in obliterating their differences from men but in teaching girls how to grow into women and to revive in their lives the feminine graces which are becoming so rare .....

Those of you who are in the final years and are about to step out of college and into the world will feel grateful for the preparation you have had which will enable you to play your part worthily. What the college has begun, time and experience will complete..... Do not rest content with the cultivation of your minds. Cultivate your hearts as well, with fine emotions by learning the fine arts like painting and music, and reading imaginative and inspirational literature like poetry and romance. Romance is an ennobling thing. I do not mean the romance which has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love, but, rather, as Pope puts it, the romance of either admiring a fine thing or doing one. It has been rightly said that new worlds and new Stars are discovered by romance and that it is romance in life that kindles you to brave deeds and devoted service. Do not therefore be afraid of being romantic, so long as you have principles to keep you from seeing romance in doubtful and questionable things, and humour to keep you from sentimental folly. You will be all the better for it.....

I wish the College Association growing strength and importance, and its members increasing knowledge and opportunities for serving their beloved Alma Mater here, and their great country later.

Thank you.

The Transistor

Mrs. L. C. Manoharan

The transistor is a device having amplifying properties like those of thermionic valves. The main difference between a transistor and a valve is that the valve requires cathode power and the transistor does not. It is also believed that the life of the transistor is unlimited. Hence it is likely that the transistor will replace the valve in many electronic devices.

Transistors and crystal diodes are produced mainly from Germanium (a Semiconductor). Silicon is also being used now-a-days.

Germanium is obtained from Germanium-dioxide, coal ash and is also a bye-product in Zinc mining. By strongly heating germanium-di-oxide in a current of hydrogen, it may be reduced to metallic Ge. This is melted by strong heating and formed into ingots. Pure Ge called intrinsic Ge is obtained by placing the ingot in a special furnace of hydrogen atmosphere and heated by induction, starting at one end ; when that end melts the coil producing heat by induction is gradually moved towards the other end. As the coil is moved continuously and slowly the impurities tend to remain in molten mass rather than in solidified mass. Thus as the induction coil is moved from one end of the ingot to the other slowly, other impurity elements move along with the coil and are brought to the other end. This process is repeated till Ge is obtained nearly 100% pure. The Ge obtained this way is in poly-crystalline form, but only single crystal Ge is used for constructing transistors. To obtain single crystal Ge, the ingot has to be melted once more in graphite crucibles by the application of strong heat in an atmosphere of hydrogen. When the Ge is melted, a single crystal called " seed " by manufacturers is introduced and keeping the temperature constant, the seed is slowly withdrawn. The withdrawal is gradual. As a result of this withdrawal the 'melt' grows into a single crystal in the form of a rod from which numerous transistors may be made.

n-type and p-type Ge. Ge is tetravalent and if a very minute quantity of a pentavalent element such as Antimony Sb, Arsenic As, or Phosphorus P is present, the electrical property of Ge is altered. The pentavalent element has five co-valent electrons, and when it tries to fit into the crystal lattice structure of Ge with only 4 co-valent electrons the fifth bond is easily disrupted with as little energy as 0.01 ev. When such an electron is freed it is called an excess electron. The impurity element that contributes free electrons is called " Donor ". The Ge containing the desired quantity of pentavalent impurity atoms is called n-type Ge.

When the impurity is a trivalent element such as Indium In, or Aluminium Al, it has only 3 co-valent bonds and ∴ it snatches an electron from a neighbouring atom. When an electron is thus stolen, a hole is created in the atom from where

the electron is acquired. Since the Indium impurity atom acquires or accepts an electron, it is termed an acceptor. Ge containing the right amount of acceptor impurity is called p-type Ge.

Fig: (1)

n-type Ge

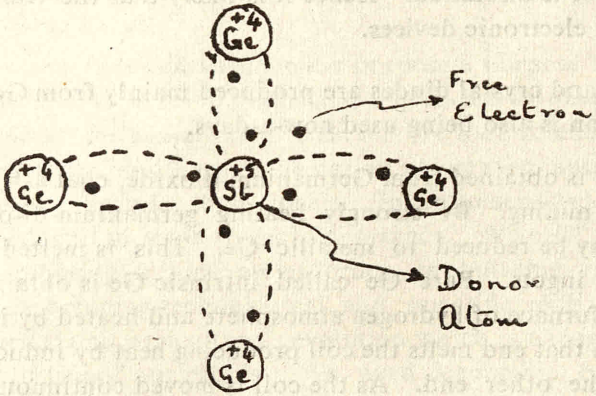
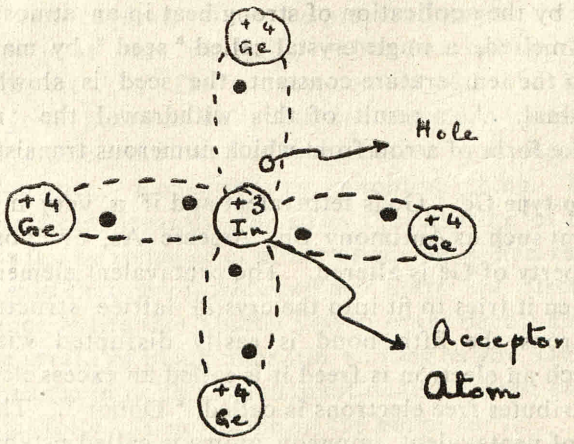


Fig. (2)

p-type Ge



Only a limited number of impurity atoms will make useful n-type or p-type Ge.

Types of Transistors. There are 2 types of transistors one is n-p-n and the other p-n-p.

FIG: (3)

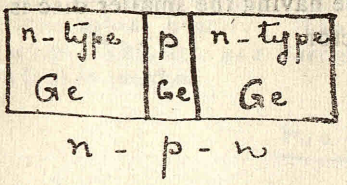
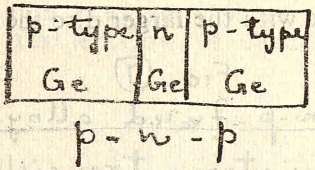


FIG: (4)



Transistors are also classified as junction transistors and point contact transistors.

Junction transistors. A single crystal is grown with alternate n-p-n layers or p-n-p layers. This is attained by adding the right quantity of impurity in the 'melt' at different states of crystal withdrawal. It is then cut perpendicular to the layers. After it is cut metallic contacts are soldered to which three leads are attached.

FIG: (5)

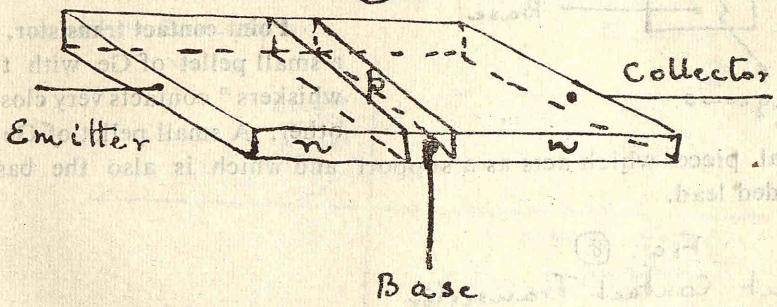
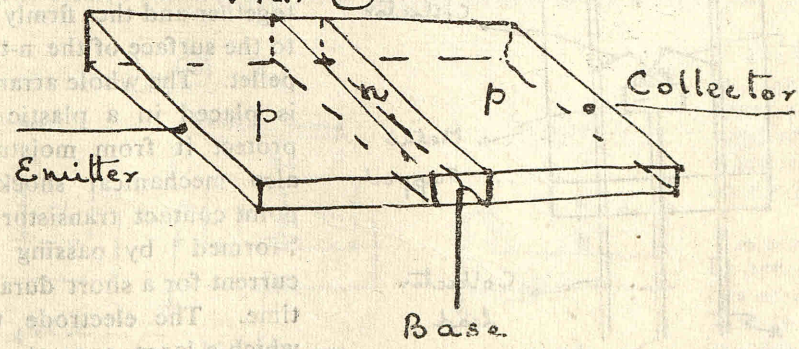


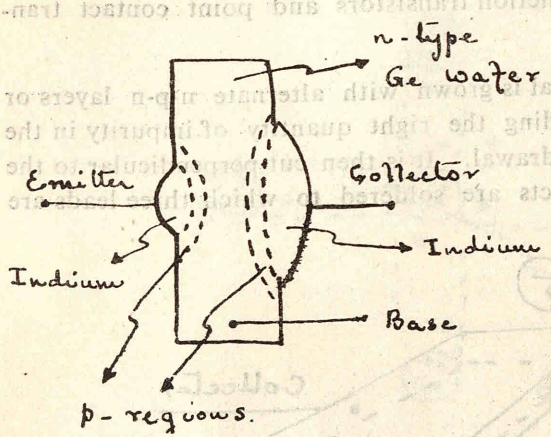
FIG. (6)



Another method is called alloying method and the transistor obtained is known as fused junction transistor or alloy junction transistor. For a p-n-p transistor a thin wafer of n-type Ge is taken and on either side of this wafer two thin discs of Indium are attached. This combination is then placed in a furnace and the temperature is raised to the melting point of Indium. The Indium discs melt and dissolve

Ge rather slowly. It is allowed to be at this temperature for an appropriate period after which it is allowed to cool. Ge recrystallises with Indium on either side forming p-regions on both sides. The side having the smaller disc is called emitter and the side with the larger disc the collector.

Fig. (7)
p-n-p fused alloy junction transistor

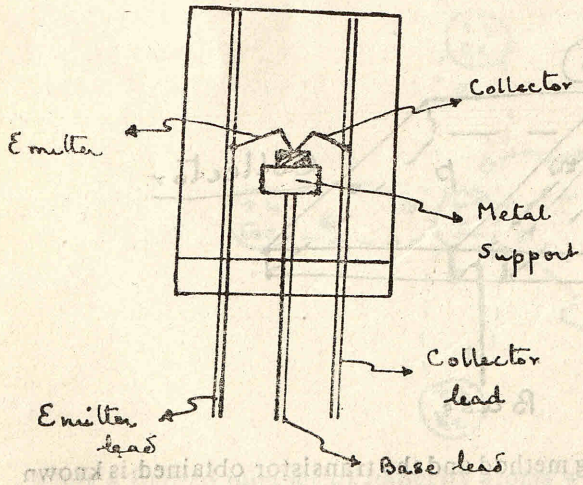


The construction of n-p-n fused junction transistor is similar to the construction of n-p-n transistor.

All the transistors so made except photo-transistor are well covered with plastic material and sealed well to protect them from contamination and also light effect.

Point contact transistor. This has a small pellet of Ge with two " cat whiskers " contacts very close to each other. A small pellet of Ge is soldered to a metal piece which acts as a support and which is also the base connection by a welded lead.

Fig. (8)
Point Contact Transistor

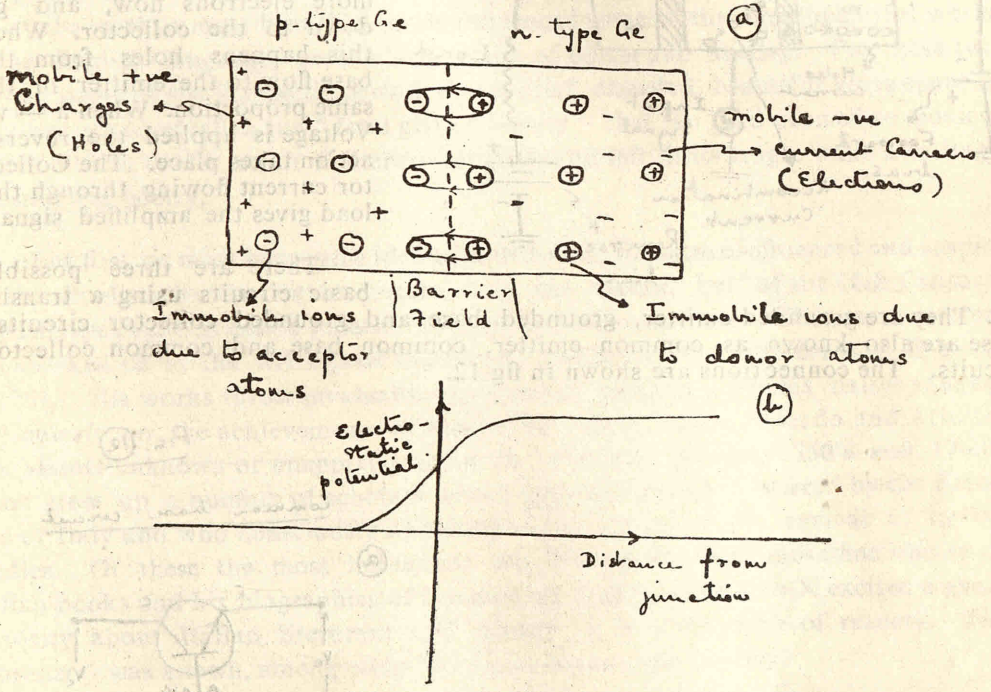


Two sharply pointed tungsten electrodes are placed very close together and then firmly pressed to the surface of the n-type Ge pellet. The whole arrangement is placed in a plastic case to protect it from moisture and also mechanical shock. The point contact transistor is then " formed " by passing a large current for a short duration of time. The electrode through which a large current pulse is sent acts as the collector.

Transistor action. When p-type Ge is in intimate contact with n-type Ge, it is called. p-n junction, n-type Ge has free electrons which diffuse in the crystal lattice

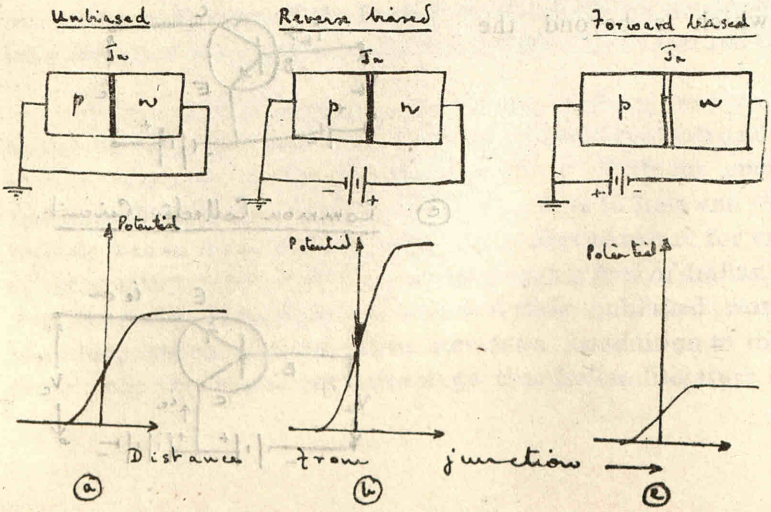
and p-type has free 'holes' which also wander through the crystal lattice. The mobility of free electrons is more than that of holes and hence at the junction more electrons diffuse into p-region than holes into the n-region. The result is that the p-region becomes more negative than n-region (i.e) an electro-static potential gradient is set up. This acts as a barrier for further flow of electrons or holes, when equilibrium is reached.

Fig: (9)



The electro-static potential or barrier field is altered when the p-n junction is biased.

Fig: (10)

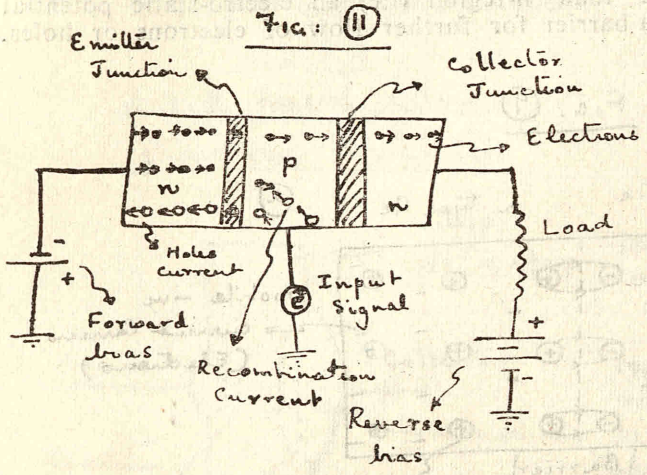


The barrier height is increased when reverse bias is applied and reduced when forward bias is applied.

A transistor could be arranged to amplify electric signals. The transistor may be considered as two diodes n-p & p-n in intimate contact. In using a transistor the n-p part is forward biased and p-n part reverse biased and the signal to be amplified is applied to the base. The Voltage due to the signal

alters the base Voltage and therefore the potential barrier at the emitter junction is altered. Since the collector side is reverse biased to saturation point the base voltage variation does not affect the collector junction barrier.

Fig: (11)



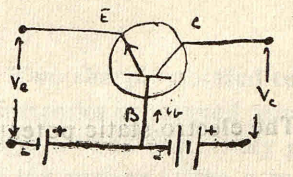
Only reverse current which is independent of Voltage flows. Suppose the signal Voltage applied to the base is +ve, the emitter junction potential barrier is lowered and there fore more electrons flow, and go down to the collector. When this happens holes from the base flow to the emitter in the same proportion. When a — ve Voltage is applied the reverse action takes place. The Collector current flowing through the load gives the amplified signal.

There are three possible basic circuits using a transistor. They are grounded emitter, grounded base and grounded collector circuits; these are also known as common emitter, common base and common collector circuits. The connections are shown in fig 12.

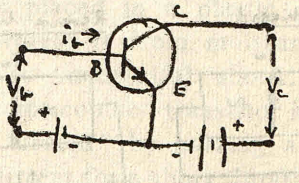
Fig: (12)

Common base circuit

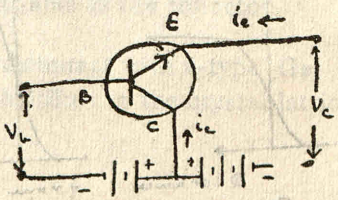
(a)



(b) Common Emitter circuit



(c) Common Collector Circuit.



The action of transistors will be better understood when it is considered as a four-terminal black box — which is beyond the Scope of this article.

The Influence of Italy on Byron and Shelley

Susan Joseph
III B.A. (Eng. Major)

Italy has always been the beacon-light of European culture and such great personalities as Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Dante, Boccaccio and Ariosto will forever shed lustre on the land of their birth. In this article we shall see how one of the world's most beautiful lands influenced some of the most beautiful works in the English language, particularly those of Byron and Shelley. For these two English poets of the Romantic period those brief, crowded, beautiful years spent in Italy was a period when the " fatal gift of beauty " that the land seemed to possess impelled them to the zenith of literary triumph and left in its tragic wake a heritage of matchless poetry.

But first we must have some idea of how Italian literature influenced and inspired the English Romantics in general. In the second half of the 18th Century, Englishmen began to take a renewed interest in Italian authors. This new interest was sparked off by the writings of Baretti, an Italian Scholar who came to England in 1751. His works throw invaluable light on the treasures of his native tongue, particularly on the achievements of Dante, Boccaccio, Pulci, Boiardo and Ariosto, then almost unknown or unappreciated in the country. In the 1750's and 1760's there grew up a number of scholars whose imaginations were stirred by the literature of Italy and who consciously undertook a campaign for the revival of Italian Studies. Of these the most influential was William Roscoe whose fine library of Italian books and his biographies of Lorenzo di Medicai and Leo X excited a great curiosity about Italian literature and history in a wide circle of readers. The 'Lorenzo' was known, among other works, to Byron and Shelley.

Another critic to lament " the neglect into which the literature of Italy appears to havefallen in England in the last Century " was Joseph Cooper Walker whose Memoirs of Alessandio Tassoni published in 1815 is of particular interest as one of the early signs of the English taste for the Italian comic-heroic poems which led a few years later to the production of Byron's Beppo and Don Juan.

Thus a critical interest in the Italian authors was already well established before the opportunities for a closer contact between Italy and England were renewed by the cessation of the Napoleonic Wars. With the opening of the European frontiers there was a sudden flood of travellers to Italy and the very fact of being in Italy was to many of these travellers, sufficient reason for examining the literature of the country. After 1815 there also began a flow of Italian Political refugees and a number of them by their teaching and their published works further stimulated the rising interest in their native literature. In addition to these external influences, there was the important advantage that Italian literature from Dante to Foscolo

contains a marked, romantic strain and the English poets and literary theorists could find support in some of the best-known Italian works.

Such then are the principal reasons for the significant increase of interest of Italian literature in England between 1815 and 1830. The extent of the Italian invasion and its significance in helping to mould the literary taste of the period are evident in the works of the greatest writers of the period including Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron, Keats and Shelley, all of whom made more or less careful studies of the Italian authors and nearly all are noticeably influenced by their studies. With this background in mind, we shall now trace the footsteps of Byron and Shelley into self-exile in Italia — " Beauty's home, Italia, heaven's reflex, Italia."

Those brief and dramatic years in Italy made literary history and forever enhanced the English language. Shelley, the aesthetic, open-hearted atheist and Byron, the hard-living and self-centred Christian were drawn to each other through the common circumstances of self-exile in Italy. Those tumultuous years in the " paradise of exiles, Italy," when Byron caroused in Venice and was finally reformed by his last and truest love and when Shelley endured the death of two children, saw the birth of some of the world's most beautiful poetry. For, as Shelley put it, " a poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth."

On a dark, stormy August evening in 1818, Byron and Shelley, reunited after a long separation, were drifting in Byron's Gondola between a Venetian lagoon and the open Adriatic, Byron carried on an animated monologue, praising the beauty of Italy and reciting the newest verses of Don Juan which he had written the night before. Byron's uninhibited joy at seeing his old friend again expressed itself in an invitation to the Shelleys to spend a holiday in ' I Cappucini ', a villa he had rented in nearby Este. Warmed by his friend's unpredictable generosity, Shelley drew on this visit in his poem ' Julian and Maddalo.'

Shelley wrote to his wife who was in Pisa at the time, to join him and Byron. But during her journey to Este with her little daughter Clara, tragedy struck. Clara was seized with a sudden illness and silently, painlessly, she died. The next day Shelley made another gondola trip. This time with a tiny coffin out to the Lido to bury his little daughter in the lonely sands by the Sea.

During the months that followed the tragedy, Shelley lived in Byron's villa where the soft and lovely vistas from the hillside helped to soothe his grief. Looking out on the Euganean hills and reflecting on the loss, Shelley wrote some of his most Italianate poetry.

Meanwhile, Byron was caught up in the hectic whirl of the social life of Venice. The warm-blooded, warm-hearted Venetian inspired him and served as an effective antidote to the glacially polite society that had driven him from England. At one point in 1817, he broke away from Venice for a journey to Rome where he

gained a clearer, overall impression of Italy as a country which is recorded in his famous fourth canto of Childe Harold.

> Italia ! oh- Italia ! thou who hast
> The fatal gift of Beauty, which became
> A funeral dower of present woes and past,
> On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame.

While Byron was enjoying life in Venice, Shelley left Este behind and travelled to Rome and Naples. In his evocative Ode to Naples with its echoes of his friend's Childe Harold, he described the empty, desolate, soundless City with the smoky fires of Vesuvius still glowering over the destruction the volcano had wrought. He made daily trips to the Bathe of Caracalla where he sat "upon the mountainous ruins" as he wrote his dramatic and mournful, yet triumphant masterpiece, Prometheus Unbound. Then, for the second time, tragedy marred his life; this time the death of his son, William. He turned for relief to a pleasant resort on the Mediterranean where the rolling countryside was a rich blend of green pines and red earth, together with the purple of ripening grapes. Blending the bitterness of his loss with the pleasantness of his new home, Shelley wrote his most lyrical poetry.

In 1821 began history's most famous literary gathering called the Pisa Circle of which the central figures were Byron and Shelley. This gathering came to an end when Byron lost his little daughter. The tragedy that seemed to stalk Shelley in Italy now stalked Byron too. For those who seek relief by the Sea, the world has fewer places more beautiful than the bay of Lerici. Here, by the softly rippling blue of the Mediterranean where the sun sets lights dancing among the beach cliffs, the little picturesque boats and the faded pink houses, Shelley who had accompanied Byron hither, wrote his Lines Written in the Bay of Lerici.

Then came the final act of the tragedy. Shelley himself perished as his boat ran into a violent storm off the coast of Lerici. Byron was almost beyond consolation. But with characteristic courage he turned his footsteps to Greece where he hoped to play a dramatic part in the battle for liberty. It was a challenge to take his mind off the tragedy and the beauty of Italy, the months in Venice and his memories of his little daughter and of Shelley.

So ended a prolific period in the history of English literature. Such was the impact of Italy on Byron and Shelley that the world owes to this beautiful land a debt of gratitude for some of its most beautiful poetry that has enriched the life of human-beings everywhere.

Those Fashion-Crasy Girls !!

Bangalore has set the fashion for girls,
Girls with cute little bobs and curls,
But some have such abominable hair-styles,
I wouldn't be surprised if many take them for tiles.

Hair-styles!! talking of the Coiffure and the Crow's nest,
While the bee-hives seem to be beating Mt. Everest,
Some look comical with a light little bun,
Hair-pins protruding from many a one.



The garments that are in vogue today,
I wonder what our grandmothers would say,
Blouses exposing backs and kameezes — skins tight,
Pencil pointed heels to add inches to height.

Teenagers spend hours on end before mirrors,
I pity the poor mothers tolerating such terrors,
I'm sure that a pig-tail or a neat little knot,
Would be embraced more that all this rot.

They look as if they have walked out from fashion books,
Their hair-styles, their garments, their supercilious looks,
Everything has a limit, even fashion ;
If you extend it, you make it a horrid passion.

Preya Jagdish
P.U.C. (PCB)

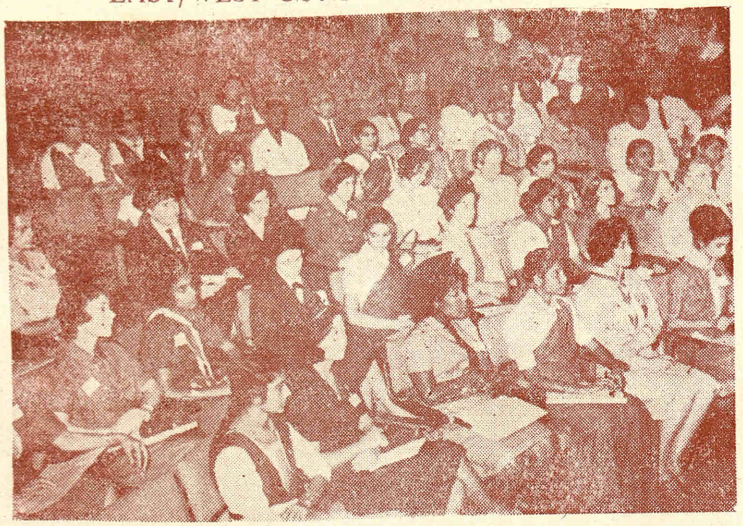
Ogden Nash

" Sure deck your lower limbs in parts,
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting
You look divine as you advance
Have you seen yourself retreating ? "



Reader's Digest

EAST/WEST CONFERENCE AT DELHI (WAGGS) ATTENDED BY GITA V. MIRJANKER (RANGER)



Listening to a Speech



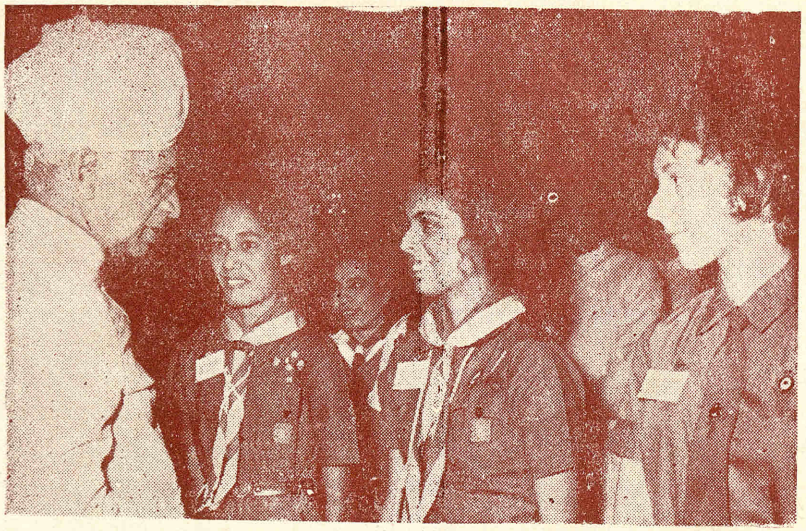
An Informal Discussion



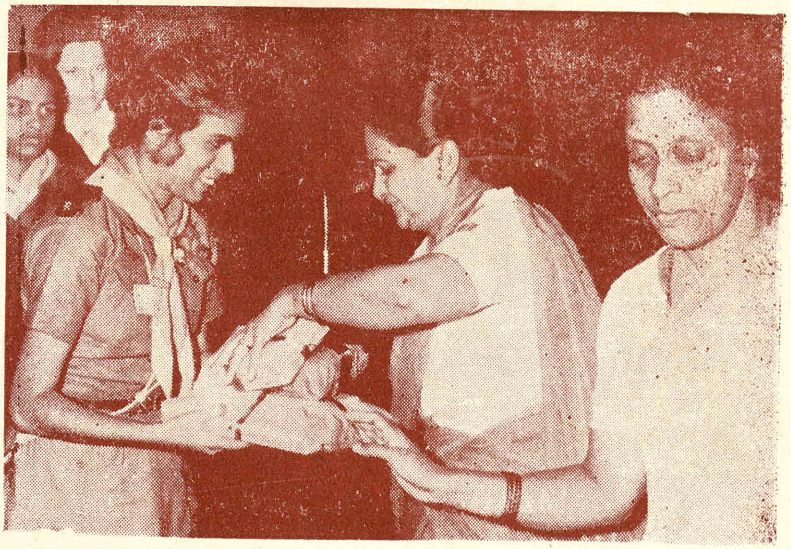
Cultural Programme — Costumes of India



The Participants in their National Costumes



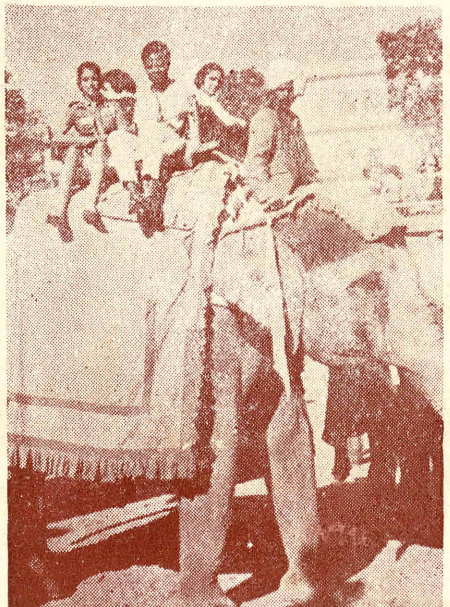
Interview with President Radhakrishnan



Receiving Souvenirs from our National Commissioner Mrs. Lakshmi Mazumdar



The Participants go sight-seeing with Miss Violet Caleb, our Joint National Organizing Commissioner (G)



← An Elephant Ride in Jaipur

"EEK!"

Pushpom Joseph
II B.Sc. (C.B.Z.)

It was at a dinner party that we first met Raju ; and my elder brother and he soon struck up a close friendship. I always held Raju in awe, as there was something mysterious about him, merging on the sinister. But I would not like to think of any friend of my brother's as being sinister, and I so concluded in the very first days of our intimacy, that he perhaps liked an air of gloom and mystery to pervade him.

Raju had any number of grisly tales to relate, and as we sat in a darkened room, enthralled, staring enrapt at his face, while he poured forth yet another thriller, I often wondered whether they were true or false, as, with Raju, guessing always tended to become an impossibility.

Anyway, one day, a really blood-curdling story was narrated, and with such realism, that, as my younger brother put it, in typical teen-age slang, we swallowed it. According to Raju, there was once a Fiji Island sailor, who was said to have certain powers over the devil and was hence much feared in his native land. A beautiful girl married him and very soon began to regret her folly. Soon after their marriage the sailor had to set off on a two-year whaling voyage. While taking leave of his wife, however, he showed her a beautiful ring, and drawing closer to her, he promised her, that if ever he should die at sea, that ring would return to her across the seven seas.

Of course, we frowned at this tale unbelievingly. But heedless of our scepticism, Raju continued " Well after a year, the sailor was pitched into the sea while battling with a sperm whale, and met his end. But not so his ring and the finger on which he wore his ring. Do you know !" murmured Raju huskily, " That ring went back to his wife in the Fiji Islands. And do you know what happened to the finger ?" he inquired of us.

" What ?" We choroused.

" I have it !" was his breath-taking answer.

Of course, our inner scepticism was freely given voice to, and so, to prove the validity of his word, Raju offered to bring it along the following day.

Quite a few eye-brows naturally shot up at this, but anyway, we decided to give him a fair chance. That night, at bed-time, we discussed the story and vetoed it false. So, when Raju did not arrive the following day, we declared our suspicions to be justly confirmed.

" Pooh," exclaimed my nine-year-old sister, in her most grown-up voice, "Imagine trying to make us believe such childish nonsense ! "

However, Raju turned up the day-after, — before we had time to declare him an inveterate coward. After a glance at our expectant, upturned faces, he grinned, and then slowly slid a match-box out of his pocket. During the minute he took to insidiously slide it open, not a breath was drawn. But the next moment the startling silence was atoned for in just as startling a manner, — the air was rent with piercing screams, as my younger brother and sister ran screaching in opposite directions. As for me, I was dumbfounded, but the velocity with which my sturdy legs moved, quite made up for my speechlessness.

Inside, lay a gory third finger, quite motionless. Gory, is hardly an adequate description for that finger, — it was more red than flesh-coloured. The fleeting glimpse I had of it, showed it to be deeply tanned.

" That's only reasonable, " I thought inwardly. " After all he was a sailor."

It was many a month ere, my elder brother described to us—the younger trio, the mirth Raju and he had given vent to when we made our abrupt and unceremonious exit. Seeing our puzzled and somewhat indignant faces, he explained.

" You see," he said with a somewhat sarcastic smile, " The gory finger you saw in that match-box was Raju's, almost completely soaked in mercurochrome. He very cleverly cut a circular hole through the bottom of the match-box and inserted his finger through the hole.

" Well, if the finger we saw was Raju's, no wonder it was tanned ", I exclaimed impulsively, and then felt rather foolish, when I noted another slow smile dawning on my elder brother's face and the belligerent looks of my younger brother and sister.

The Hakki Pikkies — Bird Catchers

(Rev.) Sr. M. Jane,
Lecturer in Sociology

On a cold, crisp morning in January 1962 I accompanied a group of social workers who were visiting a few projects sponsored by the Government of Mysore.

We were first taken to the Community Development Block at Anekal. Here we were given a rousing welcome by the officials and the villagers. The school children under their care gave us a variety entertainment of songs and folk dances. They also exhibited their handicrafts. There were beautiful baskets, bead-work, cushion covers to delight the lovers of the rainbow, plastic bags and wood carving.

Two jeeps were waiting to take us to the settlement of the Hakki Pikkies. These were simple tribal people living in a clearing in the heart of the forest. It was indeed a great feat to pass through the jungle and hair-pin paths to reach this spot. Our guides were Mrs. Rao — a Mysore State Social Welfare Officer, and Mrs. Muthana, the wife of the Special Officer in charge of the tribes of Mysore.

As the jeep sped onwards, Mrs. Rao told us how these people were given houses, and were supplied with seeds to cultivate the land given to each family. " Once, they were brought to the settlement they expected the Government to do everything for them " said Mrs. Rao. " If a shutter becomes loose they expect a carpenter to be sent to them to repair it."

At last we reached the village. Many of the women were out in the forest. So we first visited the schools for the small boys and girls. A lady teacher was in charge of the girls. She taught them to read, write, sing and play games. She remained in the settlement from Monday to Friday and spent the week-end in her house at Bangalore.

The boys were cared for by two men teachers. These children were very strong and sturdy. They were tall and handsome after a manner. But the saddest thing about them was that many of them were suffering from eye disease. It looked as if they were sufferihg from cataract. All the teachers told us that it was very difficult to get these children to be regular and interested in their studies. Many of them would stay away from school after coming to class for some days. The call of the woods was too enticing for them to resist. Their normal clothing appeared to be a loin cloth. When the boys entered the class room they were given shirts and pants. These boys were shy and timid when they saw us, but the little girls were quite friendly.

It was mid-day and the men and women were returning from the woods. It looked as if they were descendants of the early Dravidians with a strain of the stock. Their language was quite different from Kannada. It seemed to be a

mixture of Tamil, Telugu, Marathi and Malayalam. Being a regular slum visitor and an adept at signs and sounds, I was able to get much information from them. They gave me a vivid description of their life in the forest before they came under the influence of the Government. Centuries ago their forefathers lived in Gujarat and Maharashtra. But when there was trouble between the Hindus and Muslims, they were driven into the forest. Here they lived on roots, herbs, small animals and birds. Their shelter against rain and sun was a thatched contraption open at both ends. 0 0 They said that the covering over a bullock cart was the perfect example of their shelters. In this makeshift home, men occupied half the space leading to one entrance, women occupied the other half. No women could either enter the men's side of the shelter or even use their entrance. Men would not eat food cooked by women, nor would they accept anything touched by women. Men's heads were perpetually covered with a white cloth. They believed that their deity would be angry with them if they were to expose their heads. They never bathed. The only bath they allowed themselves was when they stood in the rain and were soaked to the skin.

In the house of one of the leaders, there was a huge hive-shaped object made of various lengths of silk. This was kept in a prominent place. Our guides had told us that they had never succeeded in coaxing these people to show them what the hive contained. The only answer they got was that it held their deity.

The men were friendly and took me round the house explaining various items. When I saw the mound of cloth, I asked them what it contained. Immediately, they began unravelling the cloth. Some strips of material depicted battle scenes, others displayed animals. When they reached a certain spot, they removed a gong and a sacrificial knife. At the end they took out a small gold image of Kali, the deity they worshipped. It was their custom to sound the gong and sacrifice some animals to her when the image was exposed.

They are a simple-hearted people who earn their living by catching birds and making cages. They love gaudy trinkets and enjoy their tribal dance. Women's arms were covered with ever so many glittering glass bangles. Our guides told us that they possessed many gold ornaments; but, as yet they had not become money-minded.

The Government has dug a well for these people, but this dries up during the hot season. They complained of having to walk a good distance to obtain drinking water

As my companions were eager to get to Bangalore since it was very late, I left these good people with great reluctance.

Two years have already sped by, and I keep wondering how much the Hakki Pikkies have benefitted by the social welfare schemes of the Government.

A 'TEST MATCH' IN MY DREAM

Sabitha Chakravarthy
II B.A. (Eng. Maj.)

India's Captain was Abbas Ali Baig
Australians were led by Ian Craig
Aussies won the toss and went in to bat
While all round them the restless crowd sat.
Australians were certainly doing very fine,
The new ball began to lose its shine;
Then Bill Lawry took a risk
And hit Little Desai for a six.
McDonald gave a grin
As if to suggest 'spin';
So Baig brought in Gupte
Who at mid on placed Apte.
Then there was a shout
'Cause Lawry was out
To the googly of Gupte
Caught by Arvind Apte.
Then came O'Niell who was really great
But the time had come to go for lunch break.
After lunch O'Neill was out for fifty
To which the crowd danced with gaiety.
After that came Harvey to take his chance
With Salim Durani who made him dance.
Then Harvey offered a catch which was hard
But it could not beat India's Gulam Guard.
The Bombay crowd were now full of glee
And the time had come to go for tea.
After tea Mackay came in and went out
Amidst great cheering, booing and shout.
Then wickets fell like nine pins
Against Chandu Borde's deadly spins.
It was 256 when Aussies were all out
The last man to go was Wally Grout.
Next day on the field were seen Ian and Co
Followed by India's openers to have a go.
But Arvind Apte did not last
'Cause Davidson was much too fast.
So he was caught

Just for a 'O'
Then came the next bat
'Twas good old Pat.
both he and M. L. J.
Made the Crowd go gay
With cuts and hooks
That were found in copy books.
Suddenly at 56 the shineless ball kicked;
Unluckliy for India Jaishima snicked.
It was very bad
'Cause the result was sad.
Now India was in a fix
Two for 56
On the entry of Skipper Baig
The field was re-adjusted by Captain Craig.
Indian skipper knew they were in a fix
So he stepped out and hit Kline for a six;
The crowd began to scream they wanted more
So with the next ball Baig hit a four.
But that was the end
'Cause there was sorrow round the bend,
For the bowlers of Craig
Were too good for Abby Baig.
Aussies' bowlers were really great
'Twas time for lunch break.
But **after lunch** Indian bats were good
They were really in a murderous mood.
Borde and Pat used all their stroke
Didn't care whether 'twas Davidson or Rorke
Then there was a " How's zat "
'Cause 'twas Pat
Who tried a leg glance
Taking a big chance finally — was out
A victim of Grout.
Then someone said " 'tis Durani I would like to see "
While the players were walking in to have their tea.
After tea India took the lead
Then the crowd of Bombay began to plead
" Come on, Durani and Borde have a go ! "
The batsmen were sporting and did so.
Simpson tried in vain to make the ball bump
Now the time has come to draw the Stumps.
Cricket **next day** had no shine,

Indians were all out for 509
Aussies really did their best.
Next day the players 'll have a rest.
On the **fourth day** when the match began
Aussies tried their luck again ;
But soon the wickets began to fall —
This time Umrigar was too good with the ball
Aussies were now slow and 'twas a big bore,
100 more runs to pass India's score
Then two quick wickets fell
To Desai's good spell.
So the last man was in
And Umrigar changed from medium fast to off spin,
Then Kunderan dived and took a spectacular catch
So India WON THIS GREAT TEST MATCH.

—o—

"On Choosing a Name"

Patricia Mathias
II H.Sc.

Intent on pleasing my new lecturer with the reference work assigned to me, I hurried to the library to seek help on the subject given. It is unforgivable of me I know, but I simply cannot resist a book with a curious title. So here was I with the real intention of doing research, when my eyes caught sight of a brightly covered book whose title read "The Book of Girls' Names". For the moment I was oblivious to the world around me as I sat in a comfortable chair devouring the contents of this enchanting book. As I turned page after page, I read fascinating accounts of the development, meaning and the history of girls' names in alphabetical order. I decided that had my cousin read this book, she would certainly have had plenty to say to her great aunt for having christened her " Fanny ".

I agreed with the author that names should be chosen with love and care, never in haste, because the owner of the name, is the one who suffers and not the chooser. Just imagine being called XANTIPPE.

The names were listed in alphabetical order. Audrey I learnt meant ' noble strength.' Audrey is the pet form of ' **Etheldreda** ' whom Shakespeare has introduced

in "As you like it." Antoinette I gathered was the feminine form of Antoine. It has a string of pet forms: Toinetta, Toni, Netta being the most popular. Several rare names were mentioned in the letter 'B'. 'Belle' which means beautiful has the Italian form Bella. It is the short form for Isabel.

The list ran on and I was now confronted with 'Caroline'. Caroline is of Latin origin, but the Italian Versions of this name are extremely pretty too — Carlotta, Carol, and Carolina are popular with the Italians. Carolina is further abbreviated to Carrie and Caddie. 'Daphne' is a flowery name and holds its own attraction. It signifies "Bay Tree" and is a Greek Word. Daphne Da Maurier is the famous bearer of this name. Elsa, I always thought was the abbreviation of Elizabeth but it has nothing to do with Elizabeth. Elsa means "Noble maiden" in German.

Several Scottish names begin with the letter 'F'. Fiona was created by a Scottish Author. It is commonly used as Finella.

Gillian, Helen and Irene are frequently used, but Ingrid is both rare and attractive. It is Scandinavian and gained its popularity in Europe through Ingrid Bergman the Swedish actress.

The French name 'Jacqueline' is Petite and Jacquetta we read of in "Love's Labour Lost."

Jennifer is the Cornish form of Guenevere the wife of King Arthur. Leila, Lorna and Louise possess an enchanting sound. Lord Byron was very fond of the name Leila. Lorna means "forsaken" and was created by the Author of "Lorna Doone." Melanie, Olivia, and Phillipa have always attracted me. Melanie is adorable, and Olivia the symbol of peace, Phillipa is the feminine form of Philip. Phillipa was the wife of Edward the III and dates back to 1328. I was so engrossed in the name Phillipa, that I failed to notice that my name was next in line, but surprisingly enough I learnt that my name was derived from the word "Patricus" which means 'Nobleman.' It has many pet forms Patsy, Patty, Paddy, Tricia, Tric being the most common.

Rosemary is a modern name and its has its French form — Rosemarie. Rosemary is a plant which is said to refresh the memory.

In Hamlet Ophelia says "There's Rosemary that's for remembrance, pray love remember". The list was so long that I cannot possibly remember all the names. But Vivien is one that is still quite fresh in my mind. It means 'alive'. 'Wendy' is theatrical while 'Winifred' is Welsh and signifies peace.

Yvette has developed from Yvonne and is a well-known name among the French. At long last I had come to the end of my book and there on the last page was the word Zoe which is another form of Eve, the mother of all living. I personally detest it but I must say it is far better than ZAMIRA or ZENOBIA.

The chiming of the clock revealed that it was six. I had spent a whole hour with my fascinating companion and my reference work lay there on the table undone

An Appreciation of John Milton (1608-1674)

Prabha Nayak
III B.A. (English Major)

John Milton has been called " the last and greatest figure of the Renaissance " and is also considered " the last of the Elizabethans." Whatever be the title conferred on him, none can deny the fact that he was the foremost literary figure of his time, and one of the pioneers of the English language.

Milton followed the Renaissance writers. He alone attempted to fuse into one, the spirit of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Milton is often referred to as " the poetical son of Spenser." Spenser had earlier tried the blending of the two viz. the classical spirit, and the romantic spirit but it only showed the incompatibility of the two subjects. Milton had felt the conflict of the opposing forces in his own person, namely that of Paganism and Christianity, religion and nature, and had himself arrived at a conclusion. He is the only poet who is so religious, and at the same time a versatile genius.

Milton was a Puritan by nature. But he was a Renaissance artist although a Puritan thinker. There are many elements of the Renaissance in his poetry. First and foremost, there is the love of beauty which predominates in his " Il Penseroso." A spiteful happy mood is seen in " L'Allegro " where he talks of rustic beauty and where we also come across names of Pagan Literature and learning. " Lycidas " which is the last English poem of his youth, is written in the pastoral elegy form. In this poem, under cover of lamenting the death of his friend, Edward King, Milton returns on himself. This untimely death of a young and gifted man, makes him raise the question ' what avails ? ' Why not give oneself up to easy pleasures, and ' sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ? ' But the call of fame resounds, and Milton, for the sake of honour and virtue, repudiates the invitations of pleasure.

Thus Milton wrote in the Renaissance strain and tradition, and this tradition is a classical tradition. Though he did not always imitate the classical forms, he took his themes from the classics.

Milton was the political speaker of Cromwell. Unfortunately for him, he was plunged in controversy as a result of which his temperament was embittered, and he lost his sight. The Restoration of 1660, in forcing him back into private life, allowed him to return to the high aims and aspirations of his youth viz. to be a great poet. From poverty, blindness and leisure rose his chief works : " PARADISE LOST ", " PARADISE REGAINED " and " SAMSON AGONISTES ". In these a new Milton is revealed to us. Personal unhappiness and a nation's agony had darkened his thought. Long and vehement controversies had given him a habit of dialectics from which he could not now break free. He felt something like disdain

for the lovely rhymed verse of his youth. Henceforth he turned to loftier harmonies, founded on rhythm and on the very articulations of the thought. He wrote in blank verse only, except in some choruses in " SAMSON AGONISTES." Blind he turned his back on the Renaissance as upon trivialities, to fix his inward sight on the Bible. He sang of the Creation, the fall of the Angels, the fall of Man, the reconquest of Paradise by Christ, or of the sacrifice of Samson who chose death that with himself he might destroy his country's foes.

" PARADISE LOST " is the most Hebraic of all English poems. It is in the form of a classical Epic. In this poem, Milton tries to justify the actions of God to man, but in executing the poem, does not show himself to be a complete poet.

Milton is sometimes referred to as a Puritan poet and this Puritanism restrained his Renaissance qualities, especially his love of art and music. But the elaborate descriptions and enormous similes in " PARADISE LOST " as well as other poems show a strong bent for the classics. Classical allusions run riot in all his poetry. " PARADISE LOST ", Hebraic in its subject is cast in an antique mould and has the look, the style and the divisions of the " Iliad " or the " Aenid".

Milton's style is noted for its dignity, precision and care. It has been called the " Grand style " or the " Miltonic style." He chose the blank verse for all his longer works but his blank verse is different from that of other writers. Milton's blank verse adapts itself to his thought, and his lines run along with his thought. In " PARADISE LOST " he makes full use of the liberty of the blank verse, and the " grandeur of style " with which it is written is in keeping with the grandeur of his thought.

In addition to the longer poems, Milton has also written a number of sonnets. The two most noteworthy among them are the " Sonnet On His Blindness " and the " Sonnet on the Late Massacre at Piedmont." He expressed both his personal and poetical feelings and thoughts in his sonnets. Hitherto, the sonnet was used only to express love and its various aspects. But after Milton it enclosed more general subjects within its scope.

Milton's Poetical genius lies not in his being a great innovator, but in his function of refining and making perfect. Every form he clutches acquires a finality of grace and dignity. In all his metres we observe the same ease, sureness and success.

Besides being a great literary artist, Milton was also a formative critic of the English language. Though in no case a ' spelling reformer ' he was keenly interested in spelling in his later life for aesthetic reasons. He showed his sensitiveness to pronunciation and interest in what we now call " phonetics " by seeking to indicate the syllabic ' — 'n as distinct from the sound ' —en ' by writing ' heaven ' and forbidden as ' heav'n ' and ' forbidd'n ' when he required the last syllable to be slurred and consonantal as against the fuller forms with vowel + consonant.

Milton was also sound conscious. He was the last great poet who deliberately composed verses to be recited or read aloud, rather than merely read. There is a deep tone in the music of his verse which he achieved by his choice of words.

However, Milton's more outstanding permanent influence on the English language is to be seen in his phrases and a few words of his own coining; and these are still widely used among those who have never looked into his works. For example, the now common word " pandemonium " was first coined by Milton to describe the palace built in Hell by the devils, from the Greek 'pan' which means " all " and 'daimon' which means " devil." This word has become commonplace in speech as well as in writing, but with a loosened and debased sense. It now means little more than " hell of a row." Milton also coined a number of phrases, which, taken from their contexts, have become familiar in all kinds of extended uses in the language. Indeed, very few outside the ranks of professional students are aware that in the expressions 'a heaven on earth' 'prove a bitter morsel' and 'confusion worse confounded', they are using phrases first used by Milton in 'PARADISE LOST."

Milton has been blamed by many critics for " corrupting the English language." On account of the eccentricities of his diction, he has also been blamed for having a baneful influence on the poets who followed him. However, the fact is that Milton's style is unique and peculiar to his genius. In violating the English language, he imitates nobody, and he is inimitable. If some of the later poets came under his influence, and made a mess of their language, Milton is not to be held responsible for it, and this fact does not in any way detract from the greatness of his style.

It was Milton's ambition to write what he called " Magnum Opus " which in Latin means " Great Work," and he has indeed fulfilled his ambition to the greatest extent. His work is the product of an egoism which is heroic, of a pride so high that it is often sublime; the product also of a matchless art, the delicate rhymed poems of his youth being equalled, with a difference by the mighty blank verse of his maturity. Compton Rickett has aptly remarked, " In loftiness of thought, splendid dignity of expression, and rhythmical effects, Milton has few peers, no superiors."

———o———

In Appreciation

THIS IS HOW WE DO IT

APOSTOLIC INTERNUNCIATURE
IN INDIA

NITI MARG, CHANAKYA PURI
NEW DELHI, 21
11th March 1964

The Apostolic Internunciature warmly thanks the Principal of Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, for the Annual so kindly sent.

———o———

THANKS FOR YOUR KIND THOUGHT

It was very nice of you to have thought of interesting me in the dear College in Bangalore.

Thank you very much .....

M. Gabrielle, A.C.

ST. TERESA'S CONVENT, CANNANORE.

.....

TRICHY–2
6–3–64

Many thanks for the Copy of your College Magazine which you so kindly, graciously and ever so thoughtfully sent me. I am sure it's going to be excellent literary reading for me as usual.

Yours affectionately,
Jaya Marie

———o———

IT WAS A PLEASURE — GONGRATULATIONS !

†
J.M.J.T.

CARMELITE MONASTERY
MARGAO—GOA
7–3–64

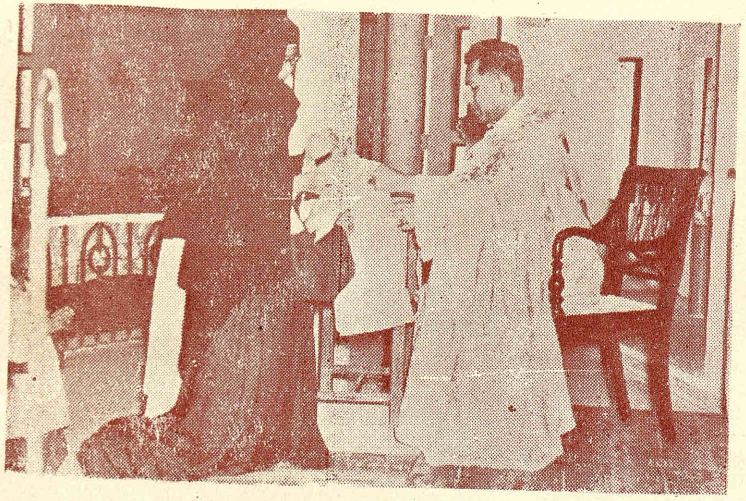
I thank you very much for your delicate attention in sending me your Annual of Mt. Carmel College. With great pleasure I went through the photos and some of the articles in it.

I was really surprised to note the great progress the College has made during a space of 15 years. I send my heartfelt congratulations to the staff and the students for the finest record in the ranks and classes at the University exams scored by the College.

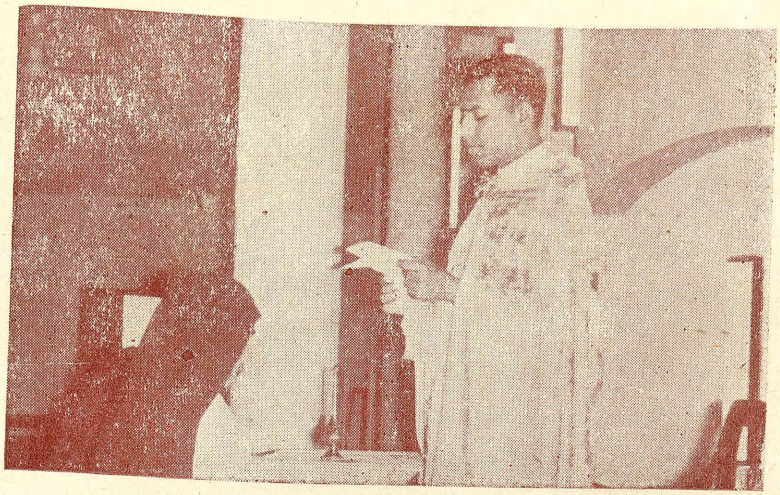
Fr. Lucas, O.C.D.

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PERPETUAL VOWS (SISTER M. ROSENDA)



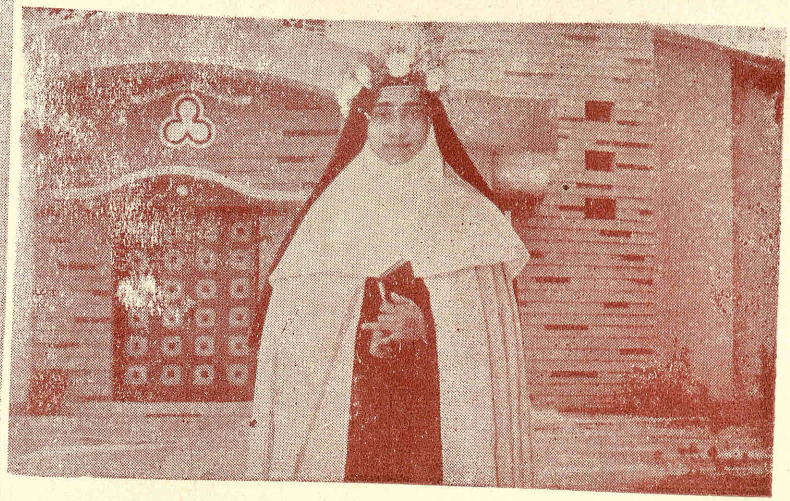
Being re-presented the Mantle



Blessing



Prostration (' The Deum ' being sung by the choir)



A Spouse of Christ (' You have not chosen Me but I have chosen you '

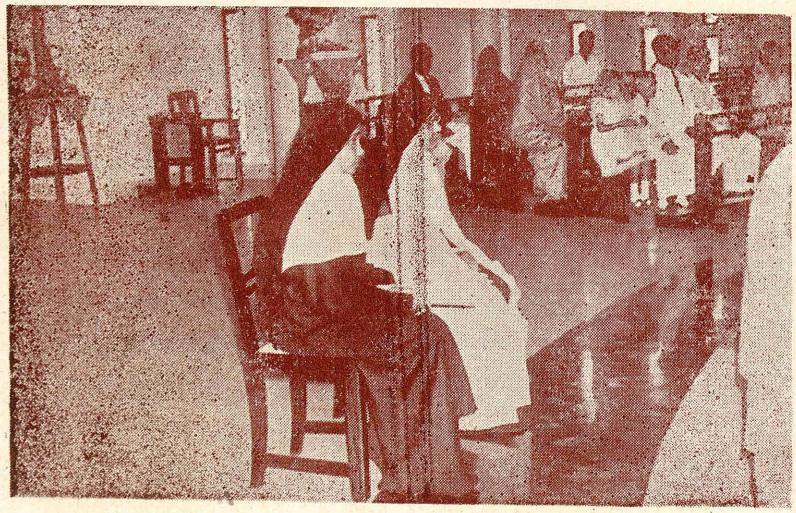
PERPETUAL VOWS (SISTER M. ROSENDA)



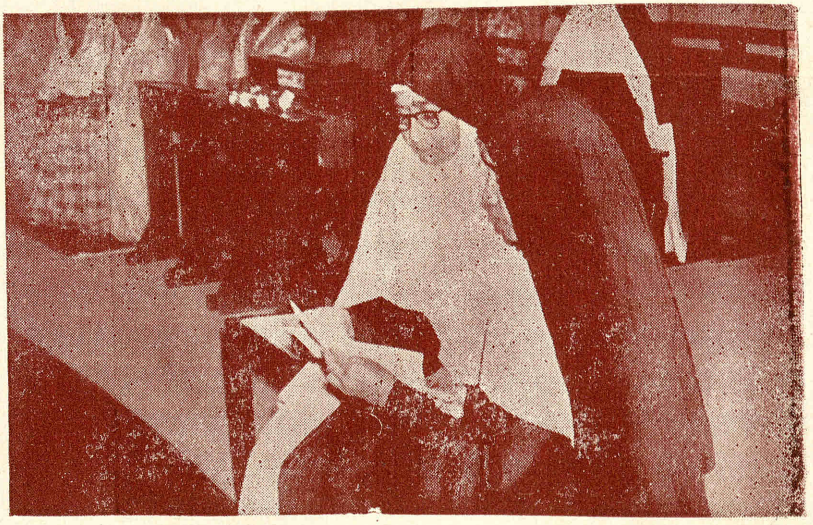
Procession (with cross) singing
' O Glortosa Virginum '



Entering the Chapel for the Ceremony



Sermon



Pronouncing the Vows (Perpetual)
' I Sister Mary Rosenda....make my Vows....& this for ever

28–2–64

Thanks for your College Annual you kindly sent to me. It is very impressive indeed. I am praying that your motto may ever become more a reality for many of your students.

INDIAN SOCIAL INSTITUTE
TRAINING CENTRE
DHARMARAM COLLEGE P.O.
BANGALORE.

With best wishes in Christ
Fr. Voelken

.....

MRS. M. KENDALL

"SHELMAUR"
5, PALM GROVE ROAD,
BANGALORE–7.
2–4–64

How very kind of you to have sent me a Copy of your College Annual.

Mrs. Kendall and I enjoyed every page of your College Annual ? Our congratulations to you on the fine get up and the carefully selected articles. It is evident that a great deal of pains has gone into compiling the Mount Carmel College Annual.

May God bless Mount Carmel College with centuries of good work.

Yours affectionately,
Sheila

———o———

REALLY THANKS TO YOU

PROJECT INDIA

Sr. M. Antoinette,

We would like to thank you for the co-operation and hospitality that we received at your College.

Our stay at Mount Carmel 27th — 30th July will remain in our thoughts as the highlight of our trip to India.

Thank you, again
Project India
1964

The " Nuisance " Next Door

Malini Devi
III B.A.

Pals ! do not get me on the wrong after reading this article and be under the impression that I am the most unneighbourly girl alive. Oh no ! I do not bear any aversion to living in the midst of a company of considerate, sensible neighbours. And Mummy usually makes the best choice, when the question of shifting to another house arises. But even the most perfect of women are bound to commit a blunder and this was one of them.

You know, to Mums this was the ideal place — our present house I mean. The market was only a few furlongs away, the temple was a stone's throw from the house and Dad's office too was just a few buildings away. Mums had certainly weighed all these conveniences but most unfortunately she had not bothered to enquire about the people whom we were to be surrounded by, in simpler words our neighbours !

Generally, I do not belong to that category of people who bear a great dislike for children. But after residing in our new house for a few weeks I am beginning to realize the value of family planning. There really ought to be a legislation to limit the neighbour's children to 2, so that one can enjoy a bit of privacy now and then.

You could have knocked me down with a feather, when one evening upon returning from College I beheld my neighbour's 7-year old hussy seated before my dressing table and happily smearing my latest " coral " lipstick most liberally over her lips and cheeks too into the bargain. And the havoc at the table where the cosmetics lay, Golly ! a cyclone would have caused less destruction, comparatively. And my heart bled to witness another brat using my terylene sari (on which I have spent a fortune) as a carpet on the floor upon which he was practising his acrobatic feats.

One can imagine the pranks of kids however wild they may be. But what beats me was our neighbour practising " Volley Ball " by throwing dead rats from inside their compound into the well in our house.

I am truly convinced of the fact that our neighbour's " better-half " possesses crime in her blood which has gone into the children's blood as well, (naturally, I suppose) or else how can I account for the missing "Recipe" page or the "Lolita " column in our latest Femina which the next door neighbour has managed to borrow the minute my back was turned and how could one explain the growth of a moustache on a charming coloured portrait of Liz Taylor with both her eyes neatly scraped off, in our new Filmfare.

Another rainy day, I saw to my horror the pages of my Politics Text in the shape of boats being sailed on the water accumulated in our garden by — yes you've guessed it — our neighbours' "Juniors" of course. This was absolutely beyond human endurance and was sure to make the most patient person tear her hair in rage. I, a purely sane person found myself on the brink of insanity. That night when I settled down to my studies, I heard what seemed to be the last cries of a strangled dog. When I peeped out of the window I was astonished to find that it was my neighbour's "wife" practising her vocal music. That was the last straw. I persuaded Mums to find another house immediately. Dame Luck was on our side and we were able to secure one, 4 miles away from the next door "nuisance". My joy knew no bounds when I perceived next day that our neighbours too were packing off on a holiday, bag, baggage and all. With a blissful sigh I settled down to enjoy the last week of our stay in this neighbourhood.

The D-day arrived at last and thankfully did we pack off, to our new home and to peace at last.

Everyone got off the car and rushed off to explore our new abode, while I stood by to see that the luggage was carefully removed from the dicky. I suddenly felt a chill down my spine when a too-familiar voice shouted to me from across the street "Namesteji, Welcome to you!"

Who do you think was there to greet me — none other than my "neighbour" next door. I could think of nothing better than to pass out — Bye! to peace and solitude!!!

The Rose – Queen of Flowers

Hema Satagopan
P.U.C. (H.E.L.)

"Roses so red, Roses so pretty,
How I wonder if you bloom in the city,
Who was your creator, and what is your history
Who was your keeper, and where is your destiny?"

The Rose is found in all the countries of the world and is a native of all except South America and the Tropics. Rose cultivation is as old as any other branch of horticulture. It is easy, in the history of the world, to trace the age of old civilizations but it is very hard to trace the age of Rose cultivation. But as

excavations were made in Harappa to know about the Indus Valley civilization so also you get abundant proofs of the esteem in which the Rose was held even in ancient times.

If not in our history books at least the Bible tells us of the Rose of Jericho and the Rose of Sharon; Even though these flowers have been discredited by modern writers, if we turn to the Book of " Wisdom " we find clear mention of the Rose in the following words :

"Let us crown ourselves with Rose-buds before they be withered." Just as one girl is chosen as May " Queen " from among thousands of young ladies so also Sappho the Greek poetess has selected and judged the Rose as the ' Queen of flowers '. Omar Khayyam another poet mentions the Rose as the fairest of all flowers. Even Shakespeare pays a tribute to the Rose in these words " As sweet as Pamask Rose " and " with sweet Musk Rose."

The Greeks were admirers of the Rose and so were the Romans. Nero is credited by a writer with having spent over £ 30,000 (Rs. 4,50,000) on Roses for decoration to entertain his guests at one of the feasts in his time. No doubt it was a heavy toll on the Rose Gardens of his day. But it is a testimony to the popularity of the Queen of Flowers. Stories of India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Spain are all replete with the mention of the Rose. Its medicinal properties have been handed down from generation to generation. Rosewater and attar of Roses have remained very valuable commodities in many countries.

The Rose became very prominent during the time of the Wars of the Roses. During this War, as history has it, the House of Lancaster chose the Red Rose while the House of York chose the White Rose respectively for their insignia. In 1435 on the marriage of Henry the VII with the heiress of the House of York, the Rose was adopted as the Royal Emblem of England. The 18th Century writers have written much about Roses and Rose cultivation. But it was the Empress Josephine who sent out messengers to every corner of Europe to secure every known variety of Rose and planted the famous Rose Gardens at the Palace of Malmaison and thus gave rose growing the final fillip; and today it enjoys wide popularity. Just as population increases in a country, even so varieties of Roses have been increasing. In 1829 there were 2,000 varieties. Ten years later the number had risen to more than 5,000. At present the number has grown enormously and there are more than 10,000 varieties. Year by year new varieties are being added to the existing ones.

The world as you know has different tribes and classes of people; Roses are also divided into a number of classes. I venture to name some of them even though it may seem uninteresting. — The Provence Rose — better known to the Public as the " Old Cabbage " on account of its shape; The Moss Rose introduced into England from Holland in 1596 was very highly prized. It has all the

characteristics of the former but is slightly perfumed. The **Damask** Rose is very hardy and free flowering. The **French** Rose as its name suggests is a native of France. It grows abundantly also in Italy and Switzerland. The White roses a natural Hybrid was introduced in 1597 and grows all over Central Europe. The blooms open rather flat but are most attractive.

Roses that like dry soil are the **Austrian Briar.** This group comes from Armenia, Persia and the Himalayan mountains as well as Southern Europe. The most thorny of all roses and found growing, wild in many parts of Britain is the Stotch Rose. The **Sweet Briar** is cultivated for hedge purpose. After a Spring or Summer shower it scents even the atmosphere. The White Rose introduced into China by Lady Banks is a very flowering Variety though rather delicate. Its name being Banksian Rose. Doctor Wichura discovered Wichuraiana in Japan and introduced it into Europe. This is found in manor Gardens in England. The Hybrid perpetual rose is the next on the list. The term 'Perpetual' is, in reality, a misnomer since most varieties only bloom intermittently after the first crop. There are still a great number of other types of roses which are difficult to enumerate here for lack of space and time. To the question, 'How popular is the Rose Today?' The answer is that it is so popular all over the World that no horticultural show is complete without giving pride of place to roses. I leave it to you to judge the popularity of the rose when I say that the National Rose Society of England has more than 40,000 members on its Rolls. Even in India we have a Society in Delhi which cultivates Roses and holds Rose Shows once a year.

Coming to roses of various hues. You have besides the Rose Colour, White, Deep Yellow, Light Yellow, Yellow Brown, Buff; Pink, Light Pink, Salmon Pink, Orange, Bright and Dark Red, Velvety Black, Scarlet, Crimson, Violet, Blue, Green and Ivory. There are other bi-colours and tricolours of roses etc. also for you to choose from for your own garden.

I am a rose-grower myself. I own a small garden with various flowers but especially roses of at least a 150 varieties blooming at different seasons of the year. The Principles and regulations regarding the cultivation of roses should be well known before one starts growing them. The better you look after them the better the results achieved.

———x———

FACT or FICTION

K. B. Vathsala
II B.Sc. (C.B.Z.)

Beliefs are endless, if you begin narrating them but quite a few are impressive and scientific.

Men are always after something to better their living — and prolong it too, if they could. Pressmen are the pulse of the people and their reports would be in tune with the changing interests of the people. Give a Pressman news about a centenarian living in some unreachable nook of a village and he would be there the next moment. The poor fellow might be experiencing daily deaths, uncared for as a liability, but that will not be reported. All that the columnist speaks of will be what he eats and drinks, all that he abjures etc., reducing his findings to a prescription for the benefit of his readers who may be groping desperately to find some formula for long living after the fashion of their ancestors who were in pursuit of the " Philosopher's Stone."

Judging by the wonder pronouncements at various times, synthetic research on longevity also seems to have been undertaken. These are either blind beliefs like alchemy or generalisations from individual cases, conveniently ignoring many facts that go against the proof. Life to a ripe old age is linked up with locusts and wild honey by some! As far as we know, locusts damage crops, bring starvation and endanger our very existence, while extracting wild honey with all the revengeful bees around is a near-to-death operation. Fresh air and vegetables, freedom from stress and strain are common substitutes as prescriptions for long-life. It is an established fact that the Hunzukuts succeeded in evolving a novel method to prolong their lease of life in this world — eating ' assorted ' rock pieces of rare mineral value. A still more novel finding by a psychiatrist as reported in the press is " crying in a cinema theatre." His conclusion is that a real ' tear-jerker ' brings a couple of months' extra life. But heartrending pictures are, however, rare now-a-days, all emphasis being laid on side-splitting comedies, probably because of the ' outmoded belief ' that ' laughing makes people live longer.' This has now to be re-written, if the psychiatrist's view is to be accepted. Besides, there may then be some sense after all in the term ' laughing oneself to death.'

Beliefs are not confined to a long-life alone. One is often told not to walk under a ladder (a paint pot might crash on your head!) Again do not let, of all things, a cat cross your path (chance of stumbling over it!) . . . . Three on a journey forebodes bad luck in the end (probably because there is a crowd and quarrels might arise!) . . . . A honey comb at the main entrance to the house is supposed to be a good sign — perhaps because, it will scare away unfamiliar and unwelcome visitors! . . . . Stepping accidentally on cowdung will lead one to partake of some

sweets in the near future, they say — may be a consolation of some sort for a not too pleasant experience! . . . . It is believed that once you fail in a venture, success comes not in the next but in the third attempt. This is analogous to poisoning by snakebites where even bites are supposed to negative the poisonous effects of odd bites . . . . 'Scratch your palm and you may well expect a windfall' is a popular belief. But we often find the one asking for monetary favours of another, invariably scratching his palm or the back of his head!! I wonder if that could be considered as a windfall!

Irritation in one's nose is a sure indication of some tender thoughts by a dear one situated far away . . . A crow by its persistent crowing forewarns the housewife of some unexpected guests from the direction in which its tail is pointing!! Guest-birds, like weathercocks, I should think!

Of all the beliefs, those concerning sleeping are interesting. One should not sleep directly in line with and under the central beam of the roof. . . . Then again sleeping with head pointing north was regarded as something to be ridiculed at. But it was left to a professor in Germany to go deep into it. He has discovered that the nervous system, like a compass needle rests only in a particular position in relation to the earth's magnetic field. Then only will sound sleep be possible. His own experience was bad dreams when he slept with his head to the east. He went so far in his theory as to attribute to this reason the greater rush of mental cases to clinics soon after a magnetic storm.

Does all this sound like a Cock and Bull Story? I pray you, let nothing but common sense be your guide if you would be practical men and women.

———x———

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

Baghya Lakshmi, G.
I B.Sc. (H.Sc.)

How and when the town of Cambridge came to be the home of a great University is not definitely known. Cambridge men, eager to prove that their University is older than Oxford, have often made wild claims. However, it is not until 1209 that there is any mention of a school in the town.

At first there were no Colleges at Cambridge. The first benefactor was Hugh of Balsham, Bishop of Ely, who founded Peter House in 1281, which became the first Cambridge College. Following the example of the Bishop, many others began to found Halls in Cambridge, so that they gradually grew in size and number. Thus from these humble beginnings the first Cambridge Halls developed and grew over the centuries to become the magnificent colleges which we see there today.

The most beautiful part of Cambridge is the stretch of the river Cam on which a row of colleges, from Magdalene to Queen's, is situated. This part of the University is called the Backo, and it is here that the two most famous colleges of Cambridge are to be found. These are Trinity and King's.

King's college was founded in 1441 by King Henry VI and begun by him when he was only 19 years old. At that time it was the grandest of the colleges, and the Chapel, built on the scale of a Cathedral, is one of the finest examples of Perpendicular Gothic architecture in England.

Trinity College was founded by King Henry VIII in 1546, the last year of his life. He wanted to establish a college that would be rivalled by no other college in the world in wealth and magnificence. In this he succeeded, for although Trinity has no chapel to compare with that of King's, it is the largest and most impressive of all the Cambridge colleges, and during much of its history has housed more than a fifth of all the students in Cambridge.

Many of the most famous men of Cambridge, were under-graduates at Trinity. There is Lord Byron, the poet, who brought a bear with him declaring that he intended the beast to " Stand for a Fellowship." Other famous Trinity names include Bacon, the lawyer and philosopher, Newton, the Scientist, the Poets — Dryden and Tennyson, the novelist Thackerey and the historians Macaulay, and Trevelyan.

Trinity is not the only college to have harboured famous men. Milton was at Christ's, Oliver Cromwell at Sidney Sussex, Pepys, the diarist, at Magdalene, William Pitt at Pembroke, and Harvard, the founder of the famous American University of that name, at Emmanuel.

The centre of the University Government is the Senate House, which is a fine building designed in the early 18th Century. The University has rules which apply to undergraduates of all colleges. Officers known as Proctors, each accompanied by two tough men called " Bulldogs " patrol the streets to see that students do not misbehave.

Another notable Cambridge building is the University Library. This was opened by King George V in 1934. Ever since the reign of Charles II the University has had the right to demand a free copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. In spite of its enormous size the library has difficulty in housing all its books.

With its old buildings and ancient traditions, Cambridge is a thriving University today and its standard of scholarship is world famous. The college system still survives, under which Fellows and undergraduates live a communal life in their own self-governing colleges. It is this system which makes Oxford and

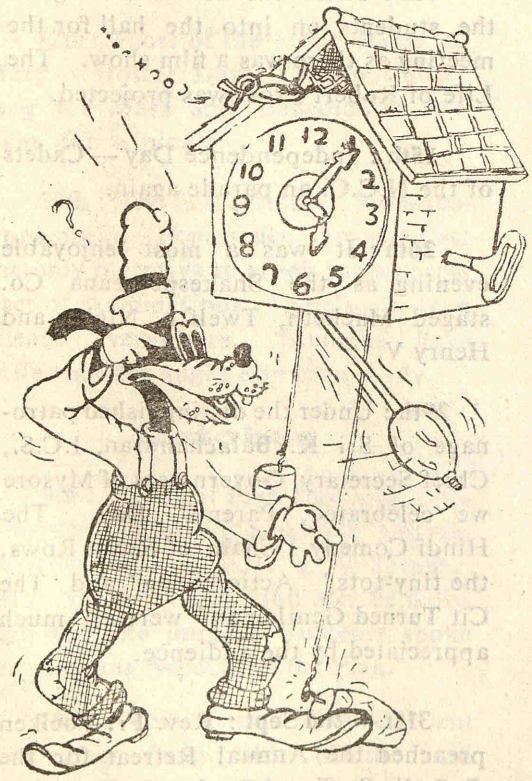
Cambridge different from all other Universities in the World. The undergraduates lead a very easy life and are not compelled to attend lectures, which are mostly organized by the University rather than by the colleges.

The activities of the students at Cambridge are by no means confined to their academic studies. There are for instance, numerous Societies embracing a wide field of interests; the most famous of these is perhaps the Cambridge Union Society. It has always been a breeding-ground for politicians; and many of today's M.P's were once eminent figures in the Cambridge Union Society.

Students also take part in varied athletic activities, and the annual Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge has become a popular national event.

(Our late Prime Minister Nehru too was a Cambridge University student — Ed.)

* * *



By Nalini, V. K., P.U.C. (H.Sc.)



By C. Catherine Louts

CARMEL CALENDAR

'63-'64

June

24th : The Senior Students throng the portals of the College for just half a day for a new academic year begins.

July

16th : Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel – Patroness of our College – The Sodalists join the procession as usual in the Convent compound. The Tableau of Our Lady of Mount Carmel presenting the Scapular to St. Simon Stock en route the procession by Sister M. Rosalind was beautiful.

18th : Election of Office-bearers, for it's time for the inauguration of the various Associations.

20th : Dr. (Mrs.) Achamma Mathai, Chairman of the Central Social Welfare Board inaugurating the First Aid classes stressed the need for imparting first aid and home nursing training not only to girl students but to women in general. Mr. M. P. L. Sastry, M.L.C. presided. Smt. M. R. Lakshamma, Deputy Chairman, Legislative Council hoped the training programme launched by M. P. C. C. Women's Department would spread as a movement.

25th : Prof. D. A. Smith of the Regional Institute of English, Bangalore delivering the Inaugural Address spoke on the importance of the " Spoken Word " and the fast disappearance of the " Written Word ".

August

5th : At the English Association Meeting "The Rehearsal" by M. Baring was enacted which was later staged before the WUS at the Indian Institute of World Culture.

7th : There was no need to goad the students on into the hall for the meeting as there was a film show. The Life of Robert Frost was projected.

15th : Independence Day — Cadets of the N.C.C. on parade again.

26th : It was a most enjoyable evening as the Shakespeareana Co. staged Macbeth, Twelfth Night and Henry V.

29th : Under the distinguished patronage of Sri K. Balachandran, I.C.S., Chief Secretary, Government of Mysore we celebrated, Parents' Day. The Hindi Comedy ' Chain of Seven Rows, the tiny-tots ' ' Action Song ' and ' The Cit Turned Gentleman ' were all much appreciated by the audience.

31st — 2nd Sept : Rev. Fr. Voelken preached the Annual Retreat for the Catholic Staff and Students.

September

3rd—12th: Thirty-five Rangers and others undergo the Rifle Training Course conducted by Mr. F. H. Netscher, Asst. Commissioner of Police and Mr. G A. White. Only one student, Shantha, K. S., a Ranger secures a distinction; of the remaining the majority secure first class and the rest second while just three secure third classes.

9th: The Ex-Mayor of Bangalore, Mr. Nanjappa presided at the College Day Sports. **Krishna Brahmanandam** walks away with the Individual Championship while the **Teresians** win the House Championship.

12th: Feast of the Holy Name of Mary — Hostel Day. The hostelites sang for Mass and Benediction and went for a picnic.

16th : The first terminal Examinations begin. Experience proves that the only incentive to study is the prospect of examinations. There's pin-drop silence everywhere. Students have little time for aught else than study.

October

9th : National Plan Day was celebratedby conducting a speedh Contest presided over by Dr. B. V. Iyengar. Mrs. Sudha Reddy and Mr. Venkoba Rao were the judges. Students spoke on ' Various Aspects of the Plan.'

10th: The British Council lent Recordings from Old, Middle and Modern English that were played for the benefit of the Students at the Association Meeting. Leenatha Reddy II B.A. wins the VII All-India Essay Contest conducted under the auspices of The Forum of Free Enterprise.

16th : Mr. Bharathiramanacharya speaks on the well-known Hindi Poet Mythale Sharan Gupta.

18th — 3rd Nov : Dasara Holidays at last! Our Athletes take part in the Dasara Sports held at Mysore and win the trophy for the Bangalore Division.

November

6th: Mrs. Lakshmi Krishnappa speaks to our students about the Red Cross Society.

13th: Mr. Glynn Wood officer-in-charge, U.S.I.L., Bangalore, presided at an interesting Inter-class Debate. The topic being 'These days intelligence, is a greater asset to a girl than beauty.

21st: The Enrolment of Catholic Students into Our Lady's Sodality.

22nd : Malini Jayaram and Bindoo Purnaiya win the Debate conducted under the auspices of the Indian, Institute of Science, Gymkhana.

26th & 28 : Benefit Public Entertainment — The Play ' Nicodemus ' and the Kannada Play 'Too Much Married' were much appreciated by the audience.

December

2nd — 11th: Our Ranger Leader and Asst. Ranger Leader attend the Ranger Leaders' Training Course and come out with flying colours.

9th : The Second Terminal Examinations commence at the end of a short but enjoyable term.

18th : College closes for Christmas holidays. Last minute shopping is done by the hostelites.

26th — 31st : Our Rangers represent the State at the Mountaineering Course held at Pachmarhi. Five of our Athletes selected for the Inter-'Varsity Athletic Meet at Trivandrum fare quite well.

January

7th : College reopens for the Third Term — Half Day only.

17th: Mrs. Culmer, President of the U.S. Girl Scouts is given a rousing welcome at Girl Guide Headquarters and our Rangers put on boards a very colourful item "International costumes" that was greatly applauded.

23rd : Mr. Chacko delivers a short speech on the Art of Public Speaking while presiding at the Annual Prize Debate held under the auspices of the History and Economics Association. Rev. Fr. I. Pinto was one of the judges.

25th : Sodality Picnic to Whitefield.

26th : Our Cadets of the N.C.C. with their 2nd/Lt. Miss M. V. Leela take part in the Republic Day Parade at Delhi and also win the Rifle Shooting Competition. S/U/O Sundari was adjudged the best shot.

30th : Mr. Kodanda Rao presided at the English Elocution Competition. Rev. Fr. Colaco and Mrs. Rikh graciously consented to be the judges.

31st — 2nd Feb : Our Rangers go off on a Week-end Camp to Doddaballapur.

February

6th — 8th : The Annual Fun Fair in aid of the Poor Students goes off without a hitch.

20th : Prof. Shamanna, Head of the Botany Dept., St. Joseph's College presides at the Annual Prize Speech contest of the Science Association.

22nd : World Thinking Day is celebrated at Kamala Bai's School in which our Rangers participate.

23rd : Rangers take part in the Variety Entertainment of the Guides and Scouts of Bangalore Division at the Town Hall. Shaila Chinapa and Malini Jayaram win the much coveted shield for the Debate held under the auspices of the Planning Forum in Law College.

26th : Valedictory Address delivered by Mr. D. J. Balaraj, I.A.S, Secretary to His Highness the Governor of Mysore.

28th : College Day Social.

March

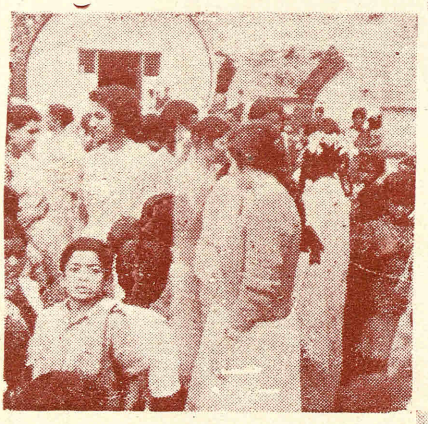
12th : Promotion Examination begins for the First Year Degree Students only.

31st : College closes for the Summe Vacation.

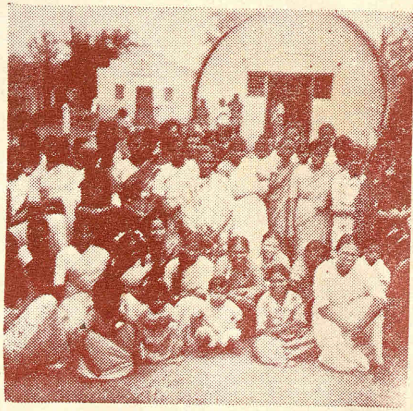
SOCIAL SERVICE IN THE SLUMS OF SRIRAMPURAM



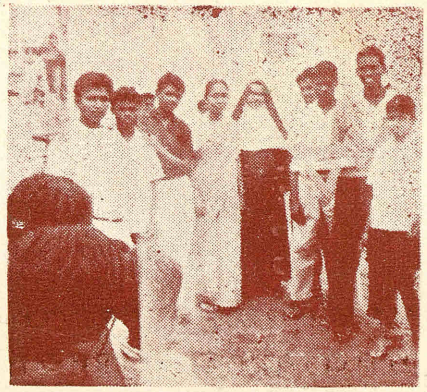
➔ On the way to the Creche



Watching the little Nursery Children out of the Creche who have been taught games by us



Members of — the Mothers' Club and our Social Service League after the days' work and discussion



Miss A. Kurian, Urban Community Project Organizer, Sr. M. Jane and members of of the Boys' Club who are working for the improvement of this Area

THEY HAVE WON LAURELS



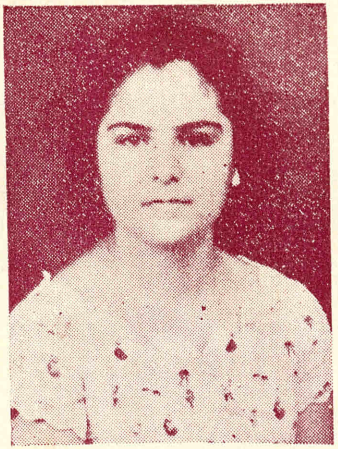
Krishna Brahmanandam
(Athletics)



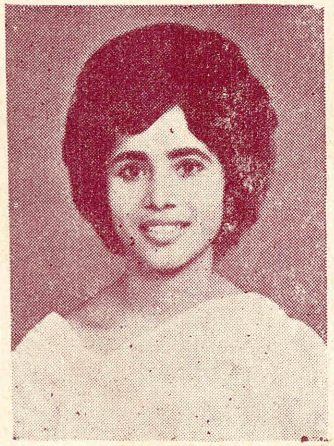
Gita Mirjanker
(Rangering)



U/o Sundari S.
(Best shot — Republic Day
Delhi)



Moira Thompson
(Eucharistic Congress
Essay competition-2nd prize)



Rachel Roy
(Selected for Elocution and Discussion for
Youth Festival at Delhi)



Vasudha Ramabhadran
(Best conduct prize)

ಭಿಕ್ಷುಕ

R. N. Parimala
(Former Student)

ಕಂಡ ಕಂಡವರ ಕೈಯೊಡ್ಡಿ ಬೇಡಿದೆನು—
ಒಂದು ಕಾಸದು ನನಗೆ ಗಿಟ್ಟಲಿಲ್ಲ.
ಆರಡಿಯ ದೇಹವನು ಮೂರಡಿಯ ಮಾಡಿದರು
ಒಂದು ಹಿಡಿ ಅನ್ನವದು ಹುಟ್ಟಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಮೈದಡವಿ ಉಣಿಸಿದಾ ಮಮತೆ ತಾಯಿನ್ನಿಲ್ಲ,
ಮನದಣಿಯೆ ಮೊಗದೆದುರು ನಲಿದ ಸತಿಯಿನ್ನಿಲ್ಲ,
ಕಷ್ಟದಲು ವಿಶ್ವವನು ಮರೆಪ ಕೂಸಿನ್ನಿಲ್ಲ,
ತೊರೆದು ಹೋದರು ಎಲ್ಲ, ನನಗಾರು ಇಲ್ಲ.

ಬರಡು ಜೀವನವೊಂದೆ ಇನ್ನು ಮೇಲಿನ ಜೊತೆ—
ಕ್ರೂರವಿಧಿ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯಲೆಲ್ಲರನು ತನ್ನ ಜೊತೆ.
ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಬೇಡವಿದು ಹೋಗಲೊಲ್ಲದು ಜೀವ
ಎಂಬತ್ತು ಸಂವತ್ಸರದ ಜೀರ್ಣದೇಹ.

ಕಾಲೂರಿ ನಡೆವ ಚೈತನ್ಯವಿನಿತಿಲ್ಲ
ಕಯ್ಯಾರೆ ಗಳಿಸುವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯುಳಿದಿಲ್ಲ
ಭಿಕ್ಷೆಯನೆ ಬೇಡುವ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯೆನಿತು ವಿಷಮ !
ಎನಿತು ಕಷ್ಟವು ಹಾ ! ಮಾನವ ಜನ್ಮ.

ಪುಟ್ಟಹಕ್ಕಿಯೊಂದನ್ನು ಕಂಡೆ

R. N. Parimala
(Former Student)

ಹಚ್ಚಹಸುರಿನ ಹೊಲದ ಜೋಳ ತೆನೆಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯೆ,
ಪುಟ್ಟ ಬಿಳಿಹಕ್ಕಿಯೊಂದನ್ನು ಕಂಡೆ.
ಹಾಲಿನಂತಹ ಬಿಳುಪು, ಕುಸುಮ ರೇಖೆಯ ನುಣುಪು,
ಸೂಜಿಗಲ್ಲಿನ ಕಣ್ಣ ಸ್ನಿಗ್ಧ ಹೊಳಪು.

ಕೋಗಿಲೆಯ ನಾದಕೂ ಇಂಪದರ ಪಲುಕು,
ನವಿಲ ಲಾಸ್ಯಕು ಪೆಂಪದರ ಮೈ ಬಳುಕು.
ಬಿಟ್ಟ ಕಣ್ಣಳ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಅದನೆ ನಿಟ್ಟಿಸುತಿದ್ದೆ—
ಭಾವನೆಯ ಸುಳಿಗಳಲಿ ಭಾವಪರವಶಳಾದೆ.

ಅರಸುತಿದೆ ಅರನ್ನೊ, ಇರಬಹುದು ತಾಯಿಯನೆ,
ಮಮತೆಯಾಲಿಂಗನವ ತೊರೆದು ಬಂದಿಹುದೇನೋ !
ತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡಿದೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಹಕ್ಕಿಯೆಡೆಗೆ—
ಕಂಡೆ ನಾನದರ ತಾಯ್ ಬಂದುದನು ಬಳಿಗೆ.

ಪುಟ್ಟ ಹುಳುಗಳ ತಂಡ ತಾಯ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿತ್ತು ;
ಚಂಚುವನು ಮುಂಚಾಚಿ ಗುಟುಕನದು ಕೊಡುತಿತ್ತು.
ಕಣ್ತಣಿವ ನೋಟವದು, ಮನಸೆಳೆವ ಚಿತ್ರ ;
ಪ್ರೇಮ ಬುಗ್ಗೆಯ ಚಿಲುವ ವಿಶ್ವನೈಚಿತ್ಯ್ರ.

ಬಾಷ್ಪಾಂಜಲಿ

(ದಿ॥ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿಯವರಿಗೆ)

C. N. Manorama
III B. Sc.

ಓ ಕತೆಗಾರ್ತಿ ! ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರಟಿ ?
ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರನು ತೊರೆದು ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರಟಿ ?
ನಿನಗಿಲ್ಲಿ ಏತರದು ಕೊರತೆ,
ನೀನೆಮ್ಮ ಒಲವಿಂದ ಹೊರತೆ ?

ನಿನ್ನ ಕಥಾಸಂಕುಲವನು ಎಷ್ಟು ಮೆಚ್ಚಿದ್ದೆ
ನಿನ್ನ ಕಾದಂಬರಿಗಳನು ಎಷ್ಟು ನೆಚ್ಚಿದ್ದೆ
ದಾರಿದೀಪವದಾಗಿ ನೀ ಹೊಳೆದೆಯಲ್ಲ
ಇಂದು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನಗಲಿ ನೀ ನಡೆದೆಯಲ್ಲ.

ಎನಿತು ನೋಹಕವಾಹ! ನೀ ಬರೆದ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕಥೆ
ಓದುತ್ತ ಓದುತ್ತ ನನ್ನ ನಾ ಮರೆತೆ.
ಅನಿತು ಭವ್ಯದೆ ಅಂದ ಚಂದದಿಂದೆ
ಬರೆವರಾರಿಹರಿನ್ನು ಭಾವದಿಂದೆ ?

ಕಣ್ಣೀರ ಚಿಮ್ಮಿಸುವ ಮನದಳಲ ಹೊಮ್ಮಿಸುವ
ಕೃತಿಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ಮುಗಿಯಿತೆ, ಕರ್ತೃಬಾಳ್ ಅಳಿಯಿತೆ ?
ಕನ್ನಾಡ ನಗಿಸುವ ಜನಮನವ ತಣಿಸುವ
ರಸಸೃಷ್ಟಿ ತೀರಿತೆ, ಜೆಲ್ಲುಬಾಳ್ ನಂದಿತೆ ?

ಸದಯ ದೇವನೇಕಿಷ್ಟು ನಿರ್ದಯನಾದ
ಕನ್ನಡಾಂಬೆಯ ನಲ್ಮೆಕುವರಿಯನು ಕಸಿದ ?
ತನ್ನ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೇಕೆ ಮಾಡಿದನು ನಷ್ಟ
ಕನ್ನಡ ಬಾಂಧವರಿಗೇತಕೀ ಕಷ್ಟ ?

ಕತೆಗಾರ್ತಿ ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿ! ನಿನ್ನ ಮರ ನಾಮವು
ವಿನಯ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸ ವಿನೋದ ತೀರ್ಥ ಸಂಗಮವು
ರಸಧಾರೆ ಹರಿಯುತಿರೆ ನಿರರ್ಗಳದಿ
ನಿನ್ನ ಲೇಖನಿಯ ಮಾಯೆಯಿನ್ನಿಹುದೆ ?

ಮನದಲೆಂದೂ ಮರೆಯಲಾಗದ ಮೂರ್ತಿ
ಮುಗಿಲಿನೆತ್ತರ ಮೆರೆಯುತಿರುವ ಕೀರ್ತಿ
ಜನರ ಮೆಚ್ಚುಗೆ ಗಳಿಸಿದ ನಿನ್ನ ಸ್ಫೂರ್ತಿ
ಹೃದಯದಾಳವನಾಕ್ರಮಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತೈ ಪೂರ್ತಿ

ನಮ್ಮ ಮೇಲೆಂದೆಂದು ನಿನ್ನೈರಕವಿರಲಿ
ನಿನ್ನ ನೆನೆವುದನವರತ ಮನ ಒರಲಿ
ತ್ರಿವೇಣಿ ತಾಯೆ ! ನೀನೆಲ್ಲಿಯಾದರು ಇರಲಿ
ನಿನ್ನಾತ್ಮಕೆಂದೆಂದು ಶಾಂತಿ ಇರಲಿ.

ಹಂಬಲ

H. S. Sujatha
II B.Sc. (C. B. Z.)

ಬಾಳನಾವೆ ತೇಲುತಿರಲು
ಮನದಿ ಮೋದ ಬಿಂಬಿಸಿರಲು,
ಮನಕೆ ಮುದವ ನೀಡಿ ನೀನು ಹೋದೆಯೆಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ?
ಚಿತ್ತ ಕುಣಿವುದಿತ್ತ ಬಾರೆ ನೀನು ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ

ಮೋಹ ಮಮತೆ ಕಳಚಿಕೊಂಡು
ಸ್ನೇಹಭಾವ ತೊರೆದುಕೊಂಡು,
ಪ್ರೇಮ ಪುಷ್ಪ ಅರಳುವಾಗ ಹೋದೆಯೆಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ?
ಮಧುರಕಾಂತಿ ಸೂಸುವಾಗ ಹೋದೆಯೆಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ?

ನಿನ್ನ ಹೊರತು ಬಾಳು ಬರಡು,
ಕಾಂತಿ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಮಸುಕು ಕುರುಡು,
ಮರಳಿ ನೀನು ಬಂದು ಎನ್ನ ಸೇರಲಾರೆಯಾ ?
ಮೊದಲಿನಂತೆ ಮುದದಕಾಂತಿ ಬೀರಲಾರೆಯಾ ?

ಪ್ರೇಮಭಾವ ಅಳಿದುಹೋಗಿ
ಕಾಂತಿ ಶಾಂತಿ ಒಣಗಿಹೋಗಿ
ಮಧುರ ಭಾವ ಮುದುರಿಹೋಯಿತೇನು ಈಗಲೇ ?
ಪ್ರೇಮಸುಧೆಯು ಇಂಗಿ ಹೋಯಿತೇನು ಆಗಲೇ ?

ಬಾಳರಂಗವನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಿ
ಅಚಲ ಸ್ನೇಹವನ್ನು ತೊಳಗಿ,
ಬದುಕು ಬಳಲಿ ಹೋಗುತಿರಲು ಶಾಂತಿ ನೀಡು ನೀ
ಭವದ ರೋಗ ದೂರವಾಡಿ ನಲುಮೆ ನೀಡು ನೀ.

ದೂರದ ಅಕ್ಕ

Jaya. V. Javali
P· U. C. (P. C. B.)

ದೂರ ದೂರದ ಅಕ್ಕನಿಗೆ
ತೌರಿನ ಸಿಹಿ ನೆನಪು
ಆದರೆ ಉಪಾಯವಿಲ್ಲ ;
ತಾಯಿಯಾ ಬಳಿ ಬರಲು
ಬಂಧನದ ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಯಿಲ್ಲ.
ಇದರ ಮೇಲಾ ಗಂಡನಾಜ್ಞೆ
ತೌರಿಗೆ ತೆರಳಕೂಡದೆಂದು !
ಹಬ್ಬ ಹಬ್ಬಕೂ ತೌರಿನಾಸೆ,
ಯುಗಾದಿಯಲ್ಲಂತೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನಾಸೆ.
' ಹೊಸ ವರುಷದಲಿ ಮಾವ ಆಳಿಯಂದಿರಲಿ
ಹೊಸ ಭಾವ ಮೂಡಬಹುದೆಂದು,
ತನ್ನ ತೌರಿನಾಸೆ ತುಂಬಬಹುದೆಂದು '
ಕನಸು ಕಾಣುತಲಿಹಳು ಅವಳು !
ಅವಳ ಕನಸು ಕನಸೇ, ನನಸಲ್ಲ !

III B.A. CLASS PICNIC



We're ready for a stroll



We just love water !



Let's have some snacks

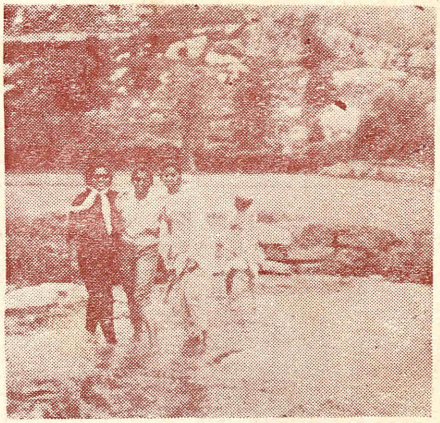


This is a lovely spot !

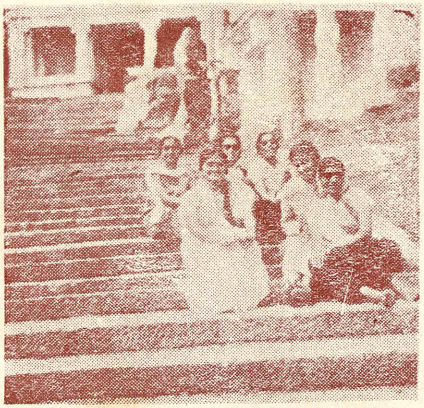
HOSTEL PICNIC TO SHIVAGANGA



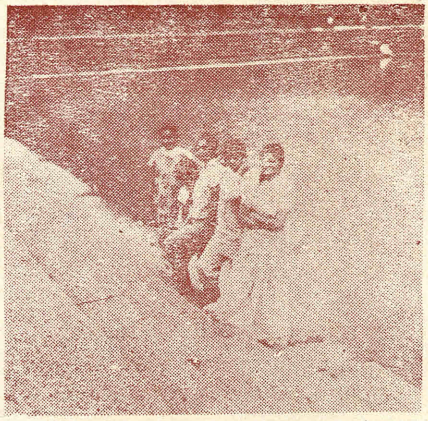
Among a field of Hyacinths



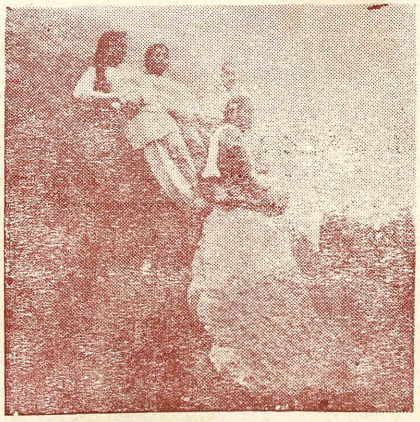
The Happy Wanderers



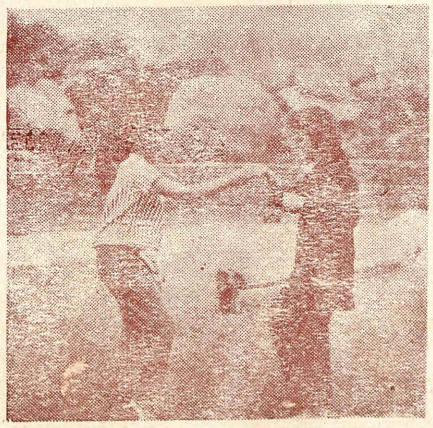
The way up to the Temple



The Temple Tank



It's lovely up here



Let's jive

ಭಾರತಜ್ಯೋತಿ

Vijayalakshmi Karle.
P.U.C. (P.C.B.)

ಕಂಬನಿಯು ಹರಿಯುತಿದೆ ಧಾರೆಯಾಗಿ,
ಕಾರ್ಮುಗಿಲು ಸೇರುತಿದೆ ಮೇರೆವಿಾರಿ !
ನಂಬಲಾರದೆ ನಂಬಿದೆ ಆ ಕರ್ಕಶ ಸುದ್ದಿಯನು.
' ಇನ್ನಿಲ್ಲ ನಮ್ಮ ಚಾಚಾ ' ಎಂಬ ಕಠೋರ ಸತ್ಯವನು,
ಹೃದಯ ಬಿರಿಯುತಿದೆ, ದುಃಖ ಉಕ್ಕುತಿದೆ,
ಕರಣ ಸೊರಗುತಿದೆ, ಮನವು ಮರುಗುತಿದೆ.
ಕಾಣಲಾರೆವು ಜವಹರರ ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ !
ಅಗಲಿ ಹೋದೆಯಾ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರನು ತಂದೆ ?
ನಮ್ಮನನಾಥರಂ ಮಾಡಿ ಪೋದೆಯಾ,
ನಮ್ಮ ನಡುನೀರಿನಲಿ ಕೈ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿಯಾ ?
ನಂದಿಹೋಯಿತು ಭಾರತಜ್ಯೋತಿ,
ಮಸುಳಿಹೋಯಿತು ಭಾರತದ ಕೀರ್ತಿ
ಓ ಜವರಾಯ ! ಏಕಿಂತು ನಿಷ್ಕರುಣಿಯಾದೆ ?
ನಮ್ಮನ್ನೇಕಿಂತು ಕೊಳ್ಳಿ ಹೊಡೆದೆ ?
ನಿನಗೀ 'ಜವಹರ'ವೆ ಬೇಕಾಯಿತೆ ?
ನಮಗೀ ವರರತುನ ಹೊರತಾಯಿತೆ ?

ನಮ್ಮ ನೆಚ್ಚಿನ ನೆಹರೂ

M. A. Ramadevi
III B Sc. (H.Sc.)

1964ರ ಮೇ 27ನೇ ತಾರೀಕು ಭಾರತದ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಅಸ್ತಮಿಸಿದ ಮಹಾ ದುರ್ದಿನ. " ಜವಾಹರಲಾಲ ನೆಹರು ಇನ್ನಿಲ್ಲ "— " ನಮ್ಮ ನೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಪ್ರಧಾನ ಮಂತ್ರಿ, ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಚಾಚ ಅಳಿದು ಹೋದರು."— ಈ ಹೃದಯ ವಿದ್ರಾವಕ ವಾರ್ತೆ ಕಾಳ್ಗಿಚ್ಚಿನಂತೆ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದ ಮೂಲೆಮೂಲೆಗೂ ಹರಡಿ, ಕೋಟ್ಯಾಂತರ ಭಾರತೀಯರನ್ನೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ, ಭೂಮಂಡಲದ ಅಗಣಿತ ಜನರನ್ನು ದುಃಖಸಾಗರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಳುಗಿಸಿತು. ನಂಬಲಾಗದ, ಆದರೆ ನಂಬಲೇ ಬೇಕಾದ ದಾರುಣವಾರ್ತೆ ಅದು. ಹೌದು, ಅವರು ಆಕಸ್ಮಿಕವಾಗಿ ನಿಧನರಾದ ಈ ಘೋರ ವಾರ್ತೆ ಕಠೋರ ಸತ್ಯವಾಗಿತ್ತು.

1889 ರ ನವೆಂಬರ್ 14 ರಂದು ಮೋತಿಲಾಲ ನೆಹರು ಮತ್ತು ಸ್ವರೂಪರಾಣಿಯ ಮಗನಾಗಿ ಜವಾಹರಲಾಲರು ಜನಿಸಿದರು. ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲು ಗಾಂಧೀಜಿಯವರ ಪ್ರಿಯಶಿಷ್ಯರಾಗಿ ದೇಶದ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವವನ್ನೇ ಮುಡಿಪಾಗಿಟ್ಟು ದುಡಿದರು. 1947ರ ಆಗಸ್ಟ್ 15ರಂದು ನಮ್ಮ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯದ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಉದಯಿಸಿದನಂತರ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ ಭಾರತದ ಮೊಟ್ಟಮೊದಲ ಪ್ರಧಾನಿಯಾಗಿ ಆಯ್ಕೆಯಾದ ಅವರು, ತಮ್ಮ ಕೊನೆಯ ಗಳಿಗೆಯವರೆಗೂ, ಆ ಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತು ತಾಯ್ನಾಡಾದ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕಾಗಿ, ಭಾರತದ ಜನತೆಗಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ತನು ಮನ ಧನಗಳನ್ನು ಮೀಸಲಾಗಿಟ್ಟು ದುಡಿದರು. ಭಾರತವನ್ನು, ಭಾರತದ ಜನತೆಯನ್ನು ಅವರು ಅಪಾರವಾಗಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. " ನನ್ನ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಏನಾದರೂ ಹೇಳುವುದಿದ್ದರೆ, ' ಭಾರತವನ್ನು, ಭಾರತದ ಜನತೆಯನ್ನು ಅಪಾರವಾಗಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯೊಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದರು ' ಎಂದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಜನ್ಮ ಸಾರ್ಥಕ " ಎಂದು ಅವರು ನುಡಿದಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ದೇಶಪ್ರೇಮಕ್ಕೆ ಈ ಮಾತಿಗಿಂತ ಬೇರೇನು ಸಾಕ್ಷ್ಯಬೇಕು ?

ಜವಾಹರಲಾಲರು ತಾವು ಬದುಕಿದಷ್ಟು ಕಾಲವೂ ಭಾರತದ ಐಕ್ಯತೆ ಸಾಧಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದರು. ಪಂಚವಾರ್ಷಿಕ ಯೋಜನೆಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ಭಾರತೀಯರ ಬಡತನವನ್ನು ಹೊಡೆದೋಡಿಸಿ, ಶಾಂತಿ ಸುಭಿಕ್ಷತೆಯನ್ನುಂಟು ಮಾಡಲು ಶ್ರಮಿಸಿದರು. ಅವರು ನಾಡಿಗೆ, ನಾಡಿನ ಜನತೆಗೆ ಸಲ್ಲಿಸಿರುವ ಸೇವೆ ಅಪಾರ, ಅದ್ಭುತ, ಅದ್ವಿತೀಯ. ಈ ಮಹಾವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ನಮಗಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿರುವುದರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ಹೇಳಿದರೆ ತಾನೇ ಸಾಕಾದೀತು? ನವ ಭಾರತದ ನಿರ್ಮಾತೃ ಶಿಲ್ಪಿ ಅವರು.

ನೆಹರೂರವರ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಮಾನವೀಯತೆ, ಸೌಜನ್ಯ, ದಯೆ, ಕರುಣೆಗಳ ಒಂದು ಮಧುರ ಸಂಗಮವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಮಾನವೀಯತೆ, ಶಾಂತಿ, ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸಮಾಜವಾದಗಳೇ ಅವರ ಜೀವನದ ಹಿರಿಯ ಧ್ಯೇಯಗಳಾಗಿದ್ದವು. ಸಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸಮಾಜವಾದಗಳ ಸಂಬಂಧವನ್ನು ಅವರಷ್ಟು ಸ್ಪಷ್ಟವಾಗಿ ಯಾರೂ ವಿವರಿಸಲಾರರು. " ಇವು ಒಂದರನಂತರ ಒಂದರಂತೆ ನಾವು ಕಬಳಿಸಬಹುದಾಹ ಲಡ್ಡುಗೆಗಳಲ್ಲ. ನಾವು ಎರಡೂ ಧ್ಯೇಯಗೆಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಏಕಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ದುಡಿಯಬೇಕು. ಘಟನೆಗಳ ಅನುಪೂರ್ವಿಯನ್ನು ಭವಿಷ್ಯತ್ತಿಗೆ ಬಿಡಬೇಕು." ಎಂದವರು ಹೇಳಿದ್ದರು. ಭಾರತದ ಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿಯಂತೆ ಬಾಳಬಹುದಾದ ಅವಕಾಶ ಅವರಿಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಅವರು ಜನತೆಯ ಸೇವಕನಂತೆ ಬಾಳಿದರು.

1954 ರ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣಿ ಕಾಂಗ್ರೆಸ್ ಅಧಿವೇಶನದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಲಕ್ಷಕ್ಕೂ ಮೀರಿದ ಜನ ಸೇರಿದ್ದರು. ಜನ ಜಂಗುಳಿ ನೆಹರೂರವರನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿರದಿಂದ ನೋಡಲು ವೇದಿಕೆಯತ್ತ ನುಗ್ಗಿತ್ತು. ಜವಾಹರರು ಲೇಶವೂ

ವಿಚಲಿತರಾಗದೆ, ನಗುಮೊಗದಿಂದ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ಶಾಂತಭಾವದಿಂದ ಜನರು ಸ್ಥಿರವಾದರು. ಜವಾಹರರು " ನೀವು ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಚಪ್ಪರದ ಈ ತುದಿಯಿಂದ ಆ ತುದಿಗೆ ನಡೆದು ಹೋಗುತ್ತೇನೆ. ನಾನು ಮಹಾಪುರುಷನೆಂಬ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು, ಯಾವ ನೆವದಿಂದಲೂ, ನನ್ನ ಪಾದಧೂಳಿಯನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಮಾಡದಿದ್ದರೆ, ನೀವು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಹತ್ತಿರದಿಂದ ನೋಡಬಹುದು " ಎಂದು ನುಡಿದು, ವೇದಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಕೆಳಗಿಳಿದು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಸ್ತಬ್ಧರಾಗಿ ಕುಳಿತ ಭಕ್ತಿಭರಿತ ಜನಸಮೂಹದ ನಡುವೆ ನಡೆದು ಹೋದರು. ಈ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಕರಣವೇ ಅವರ ವಿನಯ ಶೀಲತೆಗೆ ಕೈಗನ್ನಡಿಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ಜವಾಹರರ ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಪ್ರೇಮವಂತೂ ನಿಸ್ಸೀಮವಾದದ್ದು. ಅವರು ' ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಚಾಚಾ ' ಆಗಿದ್ದರು. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯೆಂಬಂತೆ ಅವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಜನ್ಮದಿನವಾದ ನವೆಂಬರ್ 14ನೇ ತಾರೀಕಿನ ದಿನವನ್ನು ' ಮಕ್ಕಳ ದಿನ ' ವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಆಚರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ತಮ್ಮ ಸಾವಿರಾರು ಕೆಲಸಗಳ ಒತ್ತಡದ ನಡುವಿನಲ್ಲೂ ಅವರು ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗಾಗಿ ಸಮಯವನ್ನು ವಿನಿಯೋಗಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರು ಮಕ್ಕಳ ನಡುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಮ್ಮ ನೂರಾರು ಚಿಂತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಮರೆತು, ಇಹ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನೇ ಮರೆತು, ಮಕ್ಕಳೊಡನೆ ತಾವೂ ಮಗುವಾಗಿ ಬೆರೆತು, ಅವರ ನಿಷ್ಕಲ್ಮಷ ನಗುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ಸಂಪರ್ಕದಿಂದ ಉಲ್ಲಾಸ ಮತ್ತು ನವಚೇತನವನ್ನು ಪಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಜವಾಹರರು ಕೇವಲ ಭಾರತಕ್ಕೆ ಸೇರಿದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿತ್ವ ಇತರ ದೇಶಗಳ ಮೇಲೂ ಆಳವಾದ ಪ್ರಭಾವವನ್ನು ಬೀರಿತ್ತು. ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದಾದ್ಯಂತವೂ ಅಂತರಾಷ್ಟ್ರೀಯ ಶಾಂತಿ, ಮೈತ್ರಿ ಮತ್ತು ಐಕ್ಯತೆಗಾಗಿ ಹೋರಾಡಿದರು. ಪಂಚಶೀಲದ ಸೂತ್ರಧಾರರಾದ ಅವರು ಶಾಂತಿ ಮಂತ್ರವನ್ನು ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೇ ಉಪದೇಶಿಸಿದ ಶಾಂತಿದೂತರಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಕೇವಲ ಭಾರತೀಯರ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ವಿಶ್ವದ ಜನತೆಯ ಸುಖಕ್ಕಾಗಿ, ಮಾನವ ಕೋಟಿಯ ಹಿತಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಕೈಲಾದು ದನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮಾಡಿದರು. ವಿಶ್ವಮಾನವನಾಗಿ ಬಾಳಿದ ಮಹಾವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಅವರು.

ಇಂದು ಜವಾಹರಲಾಲರು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಅಗಲಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಭಾರತರತ್ನ ಮಾಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅದರ ಜ್ಯೋತಿ ಇನ್ನೂ ಉಳಿದಿದೆ. ವಿಧಿಯ ಕರಾಳ ಹಸ್ತಕ್ಕೆ ಸಿಲುಕಿ ಸುಂದರ ಸುವಾಸಿತ ಕುಸುಮವೊಂದು ಬಾಡಿದರೂ ಅದರ ನವಿರಾದ ಸೌರಭ ನಭೋಮಂಡಲವನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ವ್ಯಾಪಿಸಿದೆ. ಭಾರತಮಾತೆಯ ನೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಪುತ್ರ, ಭಾರತೀಯರ ಹೃದಯದ ಕಣ್ಮಣಿ ಇಂದು ನಮ್ಮಿಂದ ಮರೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅವರ ಆತ್ಮದ ಕಾಂತಿ ಚಿರ ನೂತನವಾಗಿ ಭಾರತೀಯರ ಹೃದಯಗಳಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಉಜ್ವಲವಾಗಿ ಬೆಳಗುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅದು ಅವಿನಾಶಿಯಾಗಿ ಅಮರವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವರ ಮಾನವೀಯತೆ, ಶಾಂತಿಯ ಹಿರಿಯ ಧ್ಯೇಯಗಳ ಅನುಸರಣೆಯೇ ಅವರಿಗೆ ನಾವು ನೀಡಬಹುದಾದ ಅತ್ಯುನ್ನತ ಕಾಣಿಕೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. " ಯುದ್ಧವನ್ನು ಜೀವನದಿಂದಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಜನರ ಮನಸ್ಸುಗಳಿಂದಲೂ ತೊಡೆದು ಹಾಕಬೇಕು " ಎಂಬ ಅವರ ಬಯಕೆಯನ್ನು ಕಾರ್ಯರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ತಂದರೆ ಅದೇ ನಾವು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಕಟ್ಟಬಹುದಾದ ಉತ್ತಮ ಸ್ಮಾರಕವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಭರತಮಾತೆಯ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಪುತ್ರನ ಆತ್ಮಕ್ಕೆ ಭಗವಂತ ಶಾಂತಿಯನ್ನು ನೀಡಲಿ.

ಅಪೂರ್ವ ದರ್ಶನ

K. R. Premakumari
P.U.C. (P.C.B)

ಓಹ್! ಅವರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಅದೆಷ್ಟು ಜನ! ಇಡೀ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರೇ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ನೆರೆದಿದ್ದಂತೆ ನನಗೆ ತೋರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಯಾವ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಅವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಿದ್ದರು?

ನಮ್ಮ ಅಚ್ಚುಮೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಚಾಚಾ ನೆಹರೂರವರು 'ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯ ವಿವಿಧ ವಸ್ತು ಸಂಗ್ರಹಶಾಲೆ'ಯನ್ನು ಉದ್ಘಾಟಿಸಲು ಬರುವವರಿದ್ದರು. ಆ ಮಹಾಪುರುಷರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಜನ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಿದ್ದರು.

ಅಂದು ನಾವು 'ಸರ್ಕಸ್' ನೋಡಲು ಹೊರಟಿದ್ದೆವು. ಆದರೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ "ಇಂದು ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶನವಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದರು. 'ಬಂದಿದ್ದು ದಂಡವಾಯಿತಲ್ಲಾ, ಎಂದುಕೊಂಡೆವು. ಆದರೆ ಅದು ದಂಡವೇನೂ ಆಗದೆ ಮಹತ್ತರ ಲಾಭವೇ ಆಯಿತು.

ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗೋಣವೆಂದು ಕಾರು ಹತ್ತಿದೆವು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ನನಗೆ ನೆಹರೂರವರ ವಿಚಾರ ನೆನಪಾಯಿತು. ಇದನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆಗೆ ಹೇಳಿದೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆ ಒಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡರು. ನಮ್ಮ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಿಂದ ಬಂದಿದ್ದ ನಮ್ಮ ಅಜ್ಜಿಯೂ ಇದ್ದರು. ಅವರಿಗೂ ಒಂದು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಅವಕಾಶವಾಯಿತು.

ನಾವೆಲ್ಲಾ 'ವಿಶ್ವೇಶ್ವರಯ್ಯ ವಿವಿಧ ವಸ್ತು ಸಂಗ್ರಹಾಲಯ'ಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದೆವು. ಚಾಚಾ ಬರುವ ಮಾರ್ಗವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಜನಭರಿತವಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಸಂಗ್ರಹಾಲಯದ ಆವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಕಪ್ಪು ಬಿಳಿ ತಲೆಗಳೇ. ಆ ತಲೆಗಳ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ತಲೆಗಳೂ ಸೇರಿಕೊಂಡವು. ನಮ್ಮ ತಂದೆ ಮತ್ತು ತಮ್ಮಂದಿರು ಗಂಡಸರಿದ್ದ ಕಡೆ (ಹಿಂದುಗಡೆ) ಗೆ ಹೋದರು. ನಾವು ಮುಂದುಗಡೆ, ಎಂದರೆ 'ಚಾಚಾ' ಹೊರಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗುವ ಮಾರ್ಗಕ್ಕೆ ಅತಿ ಸಮೀಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತೆವು.

ನೆಹರೂರವರ ಚಿತ್ರವನ್ನು ನಾನು ಪತ್ರಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದ್ದೇನೇ ಹೊರತು ಅವರನ್ನು ಪ್ರತ್ಯಕ್ಷವಾಗಿ ನೋಡಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಅವರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಬಹಳ ಕುತೂಹಲಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಅವರು ಬರುವುದು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಬಹುದೆಂದು ಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಹಾಗಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ; ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಾಜರಾದರು ನಮ್ಮ 'ಚಾಚಾ'

ಅವರು ಬಂದಾಗ ನಾನು ಅವರ ಕಾರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಯಿತೇ ವಿನಃ ಅವರ ಮುಖವನ್ನಲ್ಲ. ನನಗೆ ಆ ಕಾರಿನ ಚಾಲಕನ ಮೇಲೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಬಂದಿತ್ತು.

ನಾವು ಮೂರುವರೆ ಗಂಟೆಯಿಂದ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾದಿದ್ದೆವು. ನೆಹರೂರವರು ಸುಮಾರು ನಾಲ್ಕು ಗಂಟೆಗೆ ಬಂದು ಒಳಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದರು. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಭಾಷಣಗಳೂ ಮುಗಿದು 'ಪಂಡಿತಜೀ' ಹೊರ ಬರುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಮಾರು ಆರು ಗಂಟೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಿತು. ಅವರನ್ನು ಮತ್ತೊಮ್ಮೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ನೋಡಲು ನಾವು ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದೆವು. ನನಗೆ ಆ ಎರಡು ಗಂಟೆಗಳು ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಗಂಟೆಗಳಂತೆ ತೋರಿ ಅದನ್ನು ಕಳೆಯುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಕಾಯಿತು.

ಅಗೋ ಬಂದರು. ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯನ್ನಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು, ಆ ಅಪಾರ ಜನಸ್ತೋಮವನ್ನು ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದರು. ಅವರು ನಾವಿದ್ದ ಕಡೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾಗ ನನಗೆ ಹೇಳಲಾಗದ ಸಂತೋಷವಾಯಿತು.

ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಬಿಳಿಯ ವಸ್ತ್ರವನ್ನು ಧರಿಸಿ, ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ತುರಾಯಿ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಆ "ಶಾಂತಿ ಪ್ರಿಯ" ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನನಗೆ ಅನರ್ಣನೀಯ ಆನಂದವಾಯಿತು.

'ಚಾಚಾ' ನಮ್ಮ ಮುಂದೆಯೇ ನಡೆದು ಹೋದರು. ಅವರ ಹಿಂದೆ ಮುಂದೆ ಪೋಲೀಸರಿದ್ದು, ಅವರ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬರಲೆತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಜನರನ್ನು ಚದುರಿಸಲೆತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಪೋಲೀಸರಿಗೆ ಚದುರದಿದ್ದ ಜನರು 'ಚಾಚಾ' ಕೈ ನೀಡಿದಾಗ ಅವರಪ್ಪಕ್ಕವರೇ ಜಾಗ ಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು; ಆ ಕೈಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಎಂಥೆಹ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಅಡಗಿರ ಬಹುದು! ಹೀಗೇ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ದರ್ಶನ ನೀಡಿ ಕಾರು ಹತ್ತಿ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಕಡೆಗೂ ಕೈಬೀಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಟು ಹೋದರು. ನಾನು ಅಷ್ಟು ಹತ್ತಿರದಿಂದ ನೋಡಿದುದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ, ಜನಜಂಗುಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ನೋಡಲಾಗದ ನನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮಂದಿರು "ಇವರನ್ನು ಮಾತ್ರ ಮುಂದೆ ಕೂರಿಸಿ ಗಂಡಸರನ್ನು ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ ತಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಎಂಥಹ ಕಾನೂನೋ" ಎಂದು ಗೊಣಗಿಕೊಂಡರು. ನನ್ನ ಸಂತೋಷದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನಿದ್ದೆ. ಅವರ ಮಾತು ಕೇಳಿಸಿದರೂ ಸಹ ಕೇಳಿಸದಂತಿತ್ತು.

ನಮ್ಮ 'ಚಾಚಾ'ರವರನ್ನು ನನ್ನ ಕೈಗೆಟುಕುವಷ್ಟು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಂತು ನೋಡುವೆನೆಂದು ಕನಸು ಮನಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಎಣಿಸಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು ಅಂದು ಅವರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿರದಿದ್ದರೆ ಮುಂದೆಂದೂ ನೋಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಮಹಾನುಭಾವನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ ಆ ದಿನ ಒಂದು 'ಅಪೂರ್ವ ದಿನ'ದಂದೆ ತೋರುತ್ತಿದೆ; ಅದೊಂದು ಅಪೂರ್ವ ದರ್ಶನವೆನಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾವಗೀತೆ

J. S. Parvathy Devi
(Former Student)

"ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣನೋಟದಿಂದ, ಅವಳ ನುಡಿಯ ಮರುಕದಿಂದ
ಅವಳ ಹೃದಯವೆನ್ನ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲೆತು ಹೋಯಿತು"—

'ಶ್ರೀ' ಅವರು ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಮುಗ್ಧಬಾಲೆಗೆ ಮನಸೋತರು. ಎರಡು ಹೃದಯಗಳ ಮಿಲನ "ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಗೀತೆಗಳ" ಜನ್ಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾರ್ಥಕ್ಯ ಪಡೆಯಿತು; ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ನವ್ಯ ಕಾವ್ಯದ ಕ್ರಾಂತಿ ಕಹಳೆ ಮೊಳಗಿತು. 'ಶ್ರೀ' ಅವರ ಪಾಂಚಜನ್ಯದ ಧ್ವನಿಗೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕವಿಗಳ ಸುಪ್ತಚೇತನ ಜಾಗೃತಗೊಂಡಿತು. ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಶರಣರು ತೋರಿದ ಸಂಕೀರ್ಣ ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಶ್ರಮದಿಂದ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಕವಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಸರಳಹಾದಿಯ ದಾರಿದೀಪವಾಗಿ, ಇಂದು 'ಭಾವ ಗೀತೆ' ಕಂಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿದೆ.

'ಭಾವಗೀತೆ' ಅನ್ವರ್ಥವಾದುದು — ಭಾವವೇ ಪ್ರಧಾನಾಂಶವುಳ್ಳ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ ಸ್ವಚ್ಛಂದ ಕವಿತೆಗಳು. ಈ ಕವನಗಳು, ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಭಾವೋದ್ವೇಗಗಳು ಒಂದು ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನಿಸಿ, ಸರಳವಾಗಿ ಹರಿದು, ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ನೇರವಾಗಿ ತಲಪುವ ಕಾವ್ಯಗಂಗಾಸಲಿಲ. ಇವುಗಳು 'ಹದಿನೆಂಟು ವರ್ಣನೆಗಳು, ಯಮಕ

ಗಳು, ಗಮಕಗಳೆಲ್ಲದೆ' 'ದಿಟದ ಕತೆಗಾಸಿಸುವ ಪಾಮರರಿಗಾಗಿ' ರಚಿಸಿದ ರಚನೆಗಳು. ಈ ಪವಿತ್ರ ಕಾವ್ಯ ಭಾಗೀರಥಿಯ ಪುಣ್ಯತೀರ್ಥ 'ಕಣಿವೆಯಿಳಿದು, ಬೆಟ್ಟವೇರಿ, ಸರುವ ದಾಟಿ, ಹಳುವ ನುಸಿದು' ಪ್ರವಹಿಸುವುದು. ಕಾವ್ಯದೇವಿ ವಿಶ್ವವ್ಯಾಪಿ.

ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕವಿತೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಮತ್ತು ಆಕೆಯ ಶಿಶುಗಳ ಜೀವನದ ವಿಲಿತಗಳ ಸುಖದುಃಖಗಳೇ ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಪಾತ್ರಧಾರಿಗಳು. ರಸಿಕಕವಿ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿದೇವಿಯ ಪ್ರೇಮಿ. ಕವಿಗೆ ಆಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಗಾಢ ಅನುರಾಗವೆಂದರೆ " like a lover, he knows her in all her moods, in all her changes and most intimate surprises " 'ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯಾರಾಧನೆಯೆ ಪರಮನಾರಾಧನೆ' ಎಂದು ಕುವೆಂಪುರವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಆರಾಧ್ಯದೇವಿಯನ್ನು ಆರಾಧಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಮಾತೆಯ ಬಗೆಗೆ ತಮಗಿರುವ ಗಾಢವಾದ ಅನುರಾಗವನ್ನು, ತಮಗೂ ಆಕೆಗೂ ಇರುವ ಮಧುರ ಬಾಂಧ್ಯವನ್ನು ತುಂಬು ಹೃದಯದಿಂದ ಹಾಡಿ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ದೇವಿಯ ಕೊರಳನ್ನು ಕವಿಯ ಭಾವಗೀತಾ ಮಾಲೆಯಿಂದ ಸಿಂಗರಿಸುವುದು ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕವಿತೆಯ ನಾನಾಮುಖಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು — ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿಬಿಂಬಿಸುವ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ ಮುಕುರದ ಒಂದು ತುಣುಕು ಆದು.

ರವಿ ಕಾಣದುದನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಾನೆ ಕವಿ. ಆತ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಮಾಯಾಕುದುರೆಯ ಬೆನ್ನೇರಿ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ಬೇಟೆಗೆ ಅಂತರಿಕ್ಷಕ್ಕೇ ಹಾರಿದರೂ ವಾಸ್ತವ ಜಗತ್ತಿಗಿಳಿದು ಆತನೂ ಜೀವನದ ಸಿಹಿ—ಕಹಿಗಳ ಉಣಿಸಿನ ತನ್ನ ಪಾಲನ್ನು ಭುಜಿಸಲೇ ಬೇಕಲ್ಲವೇ ? ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದ ವಿವಿಧಾವಸ್ಥೆಗಳು ಬಾಲ್ಯ, ಯೌವ್ವನ ಮತ್ತು ಮುಪ್ಪು. ಈ ತ್ರಿವಿಧಾವಸ್ಥೆಗಳನ್ನು ಕವಿಗಳು ಚಿಗುರೆಲೆ, ಹಸಿರೆಲೆ ಮತ್ತು ಹಣ್ಣೆಲೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೋಲಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಋತು ಬದಲಾದಂತೆ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ದೇವಿಯು ರಮಣೀಯತೆ ವಿವಿಧ ರೂಪಗಳನ್ನು ತಾಳುವಂತೆಯೇ ಮಾನವನ ಜೀವನದ ರೀತಿ, ನೀತಿಗಳೂ ಆಕೆಯಿಂದ ಪ್ರಭಾವಿತವಾಗುವುವು. ನಮ್ಮ 'ಅವಸ್ಥೆ'ಗಳನ್ನು ಕವಿಗಳು ಕಥನ ಕವನದ ಬಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸಹ ನೆಯ್ದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ಕವನಗಳು ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಜೀವಿಯಾಗಿವೆ ಎಂದರೆ " The naturalness is so absolute that a poem once read becomes in a moment a familiar friend."

ಯೌವ್ವನ ಮಾನವ ಜೀವನದ ಏಕೈಕ ವಸಂತ ಕಾಲ. ಋತುರಾಜ ವಸಂತನಾದರೆ ಕಾಲ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಸುಭಿಕ್ಷವಾಗುವುದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸಂದೇಹವಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಜಗತ್ತೇ ಒಂದು ಸುಂದರ ಕಾವ್ಯವೆನ್ನುವ ಭ್ರಮೆ ಮೂಡುತ್ತದೆ. ವಸಂತನ ಮಧುರ ಪುಂಗಿಯು ಮೋಡಿಗೆ ಸಿಲುಕಿದ ಪ್ರಣಯಿಗಳ ಜಗತ್ತು ವಸಂತನ ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದ ಪ್ರತಿಸ್ಪರ್ಧಿ. ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಪರಿಶುದ್ಧ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಲುಷಿತಗೊಳಿಸಲು ಆಸ್ಪದವಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಿಂದವರನ್ನೂ ಜೆಲುವಾದ ಭಾವನೆಗಳ ಗಣಿಯಾಗಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತಿಸಬಲ್ಲ ಮಂತ್ರದಂಡ — 'ಪ್ರಿಯರಿರುವರ ತನಿಗೊರಲಿನ, ಗಾನದ ಚಿಲುಮೆ. ಕನ್ನಡದ ಹಲವಾರು ಸುಂದರ ಕವಿತೆಗಳ ಮೋಡಿನಾದಕ್ಕೆ, ವಸಂತನ ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಸುವಾಸನಾ ಪುಷ್ಪಗಳ ಮಧುರ ಸುಗಂಧ ಲೇಪನದಿಂದ ಸುನುಧುರವಾಗಿ ಹಾಡುವ ಮರುತನ ಗಾನವೂ ನಾಚುವುದೋ ಏನೋ ! ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಚೆಲುವಿನ ಪೂರ್ಣತೆ ಕವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ 'ಜೆಲುವೆ ಬದುಕಿನ ಬೆಳಕು, ಪ್ರೇಮ ಲಹರಿ' ಎಂಬ ರಾಗ ಮೂಡಿಸಿತೇನೋ !

ಪ್ರೇಮ ಎಷ್ಟು ಪ್ರಭಾವಶಾಲಿಯೋ ವಿರಹ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿ. ಒಡಹುಟ್ಟಿದವರ ಅಗಲಿಕೆಯ ವಿರಹ ಒಂದು ಬಗೆಯಾದರೆ ಪ್ರಣಯಿಗಳ ವಿರಹದ ಕಾವು ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಬಗೆ. ಪ್ರೇಮಿಗಳ ರಾಜ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಸಿಲು ಬೆಳದಿಂಗಳಾಗಿ ತಂಪನ್ನಿತ್ತರೆ, ವಿರಹಿಗಳ ಒಡೆದ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳುದಿಂಗಳಿನ ಸುಧೆಯೂ ಬಿಸಿನೀರಿನ ವರ್ಷವಾಗಿ ಪರಿಣಮಿಸುವುದು. ವಿ. ಸೀ. ಅವರು ವಿರಹದ ದ್ವಿಮುಖಗಳನ್ನೂ ತಮ್ಮ 'ಎಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯಂಗಳದಿ ಬೆಳೆದೊಂದು ಹೂವಿ'ನ ಗೀತೆಯಲ್ಲೂ 'ವಿರಹಿ' ಕವನದಲ್ಲೂ ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿಯಾಗಿ ಚಿತ್ರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಈ ಬಗೆಯ ಅಗಲಿಕೆಯ ಗೀತೆಗಳು " Our Sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts " ಎಂಬ ಆಂಗ್ಲಕವಿ ಷೆಲ್ಲಿಯ ಉಕ್ತಿಗೆ ನಿದರ್ಶನಗಳಿನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ದುಃಖದಿಂದಾಚ್ಛಾದಿತವಾದ ಭಾವ ನಿರೂಪಣೆ ಇದ್ದರೂ ತಮ್ಮದೇ ಆದ ವೈಶಿಷ್ಟ್ಯದ ಮಾಧುರ್ಯವಿದೆ. " ಜೀವನದ ರಾಗದಿಂದ ಪ್ರೇರಿತವಾದ ತನ್ನ ಹೃದಯದ ಭಾವನೆಯನ್ನು ಓದುಗನ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿಸುವಲ್ಲೇ ಕಲಾವಿದನ ಕಲೆ ಬಿತ್ತರಿಸುವುದು." ರಸಿಕ ಕವಿಯೂ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠ ಕಲಾವಿದನೇ.

ಕವಿತೆ ಯಾವ ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲೇ ನಿರೂಪಿತವಿದ್ದರೂ ಸುಂದರವೇ. 'ಕಾವ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಧ್ವನಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀಗೆ ಲಾವಣ್ಯ ವಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆ' ಎಂದಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಶ್ರೀ ಎಂ. ವಿ. ಸೀತಾರಾಮಯ್ಯ ಅವರು. ಕುವೆಂಪು ಅವರ " ಅರಳಿತೀ ವನ ಸುವೇಪು ನಿನಗಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯೇ ತ್ವರೆಯಿಂದ ಬಂದದನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸು ದೊರೆಯೆ " ಕವನದಲ್ಲೂ, ಶ್ರೀ ಎನ್ಕೆರವರ ' ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುವೆಯಾ ದೇವ ಜೀವದ ಜಾವದ ಹುವ್ವ ' ಮುಂತಾದ ಹಲಕೆಲವು ಗೀತೆಗಳಲ್ಲೂ ಒಂದು ಬಗೆಯ ಮಾರ್ದವ ಧ್ವನಿ ಇದೆ. ಶ್ರೀ ಎಂ. ವಿ. ಸೀ. ಅವರ ' ಧ್ವನಿ'ಯನ್ನು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ವಿಶೇಷಣೆಯಿಂದ ' ಅಪೂರ್ವ ಧ್ವನಿ ' ಎಂದಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮಂಜಸವಾಗುವುದು. ಇವುಗಳ ದ್ವಂದ್ವಭಾವ ನಿರೂಪಣೆ ಕವಿಯ ಅಪೂರ್ವ ಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಡಾಗಿ ಹೊಮ್ಮಿದೆ. ಇವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಹೆಣ್ಣು ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಿಯತಮನಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರುವ ಆತ್ಮನಿವೇದನಾ ಭಾವ ಒಂದಾದರೆ, ಭಕ್ತ ಭಗವಂತನಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರುವ ಆತ್ಮಸಮರ್ಪಣಾಭಾವ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು. ಭಕ್ತಿ ಪ್ರೇಮದ ಮಧುರ ಸಮ್ಮಿಳನ ಗೀತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿದೆ.

ಇನ್ನು ಸಮರಗೀತೆಗಳು. ವೀರಗೀತೆಗಳು ಚೀಣೀಯರು ಭಾರತದ ಮೇಲೆ ದುರಾಕ್ರಮಣ ನಡೆಸಿದುದು ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕವಿಗಳ ಒಲವನ್ನು ಯುದ್ಧಗೀತೆಗಳತ್ತ ಸೆಳೆದು, ಸಮರ ಕಾವ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸಮೃದ್ಧಿಯ ಪಥದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಯ್ಯುತ್ತಿದೆ. ಈ ಕವಿತೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಖ್ಯಾತ ಆಂಗ್ಲಕವಿಗಳಾದ ಆಡೆನ್, ಲೂಯಿ ಮೆಕ್ನೀಸ್, ಸೆಸಿಲ್ ಡೇ ಲೂಯಿಸ್ ಮೊದಲಾದವರ ಕವಿತೆಗಳಷ್ಟೇ ಕಾವು ತುಂಬಿದೆ.

ದೇಹದಲ್ಲಿ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಅಳಿಯುವವರೆಗೂ, ಕುಣಿದಾಟ, ಹಾರಾಟ. ಜೀವನದ ವಿವಿಧಾವಸ್ಥೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನಾ ಭೋಗಗಳ ಅನುಭೋಗಾನಂತರ ' ಮಳೆಬಿಲ್ಲಿನಂತೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಳು ' ಕ್ಷಣಿಕವಾದುದು ಎಂದು ಅರಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಮಾನವ. ಆದರೂ "ಮಹಿಮೆಯೂ ಜೀವಿತವದು ಒಂದು ದಿನವಾದರೇನು, ಕ್ಷೀಣವಾಗಿಹ ಬಾಳು ಯುಗಯುಗಗಳಿದ್ದರೇನು "— ಎಂಬ ಜೀವನತತ್ವವನ್ನೇ ಪ್ರತಿಪಾದಿಸುವುದು, ಅನುಭವಿ ಕವಿಯ ವಾಣಿ.

ಬಾಳಿನ ಸಂಧ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾನವನ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಯಾದರೂ ಎಷ್ಟಿರಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯ ? ಆಗ ಜೀವನದ ಏಕೈಕ ಬಯಕೆ ಪರಮ ಪದವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದುವುದೇ. ಭಗವಧ್ಯಾನವೇ ಆತನ ಬಯಕೆಯ ಹಾದಿಗೆ ಏರಲು ಸೋಪಾನ ಭಗವಂತನ ಪೂಜಾರಾಧನೆಗೆ ಬಾಳಿನ ಬೆಳಗಾದರೇನು ಸಂಧ್ಯೆಯಾದರೇನು ? ಜೀವನ ಲೀಲೆ ಆತನ ಕ್ರೀಡೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಾದುದೆ. ಅವುಗಳೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ವಸ್ತುವಲ್ಲವೆ ? ಭಗವಂತ ವಿಶ್ವವ್ಯಾಪಿ ಎಂದು ಅರಿತ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಆತನ ಸ್ಮರಣೆಯನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಲಾರ. ದೇವನಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಆರಂಭಿಸಿದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯೂ ಆತನಿಂದಲೇ ಜನಿಸಿ, ಆತನನ್ನೇ ಸೇರುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆತನ ಒಂದು ಅಂಶವೇ ಆದ ' ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯೊಳ್ಮೈಯೆ ಮುಕ್ತಿಯಾನಂದ ಸಾಧನೆ '

ಜೀವನದ ನಾನಾಮುಖಗಳ ವಿಶ್ಲೇಷಣೆಯೇ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ. ಅದು ಪರಿಣಾಮಕಾರಿ ಆಗಲು ಭಾಷೆಯ ಸಹಕಾರ ಅತ್ಯಗತ್ಯ; ಅದರ ಪಾತ್ರ ಬಹುಮುಖ್ಯವಾದುದು. ' Every language has its own music ' ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾವ್ಯ ಭಾಷೆ ಕವಿಗೆ ಇಂಪು, ಮನಕ್ಕೆ ತಂಪು. ಕಾವ್ಯಪ್ರಪಂಚ ಸ್ವಪ್ನಲೋಕ, ಸುಂದರ ಲೋಕ. ಆಂಗ್ಲಕವಿ ಷೆಲ್ಲಿಯ " Poetry turns all things to lovelines " ಎಂಬ ಮಾತು ಕಾವ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಬಹು ಸಮಂಜಸವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇಂದು ಹಲವಾರು ಹಿರಿಯ ಮತ್ತು ಕಿರಿಯರ ಪ್ರತಿಭಾಸಂಪನ್ನತೆಯ ಪರಿಣಾಮವಾಗಿ ಸುಂದರ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕವಿತಾವಾಹಿನಿ ಅವ್ಯಾಹತವಾಗಿ ಸಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಪುಣ್ಯಗಂಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಿಂದ

ಕಾವ್ಯರಾಣಿ ಚಿರಯೌವ್ವನೆ. 'ಕಾವ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಪ್ಪಿಲ್ಲ, ಮರಣವಿಲ್ಲ' ಅದರ ಸಂಗೀತ ಟೆನ್ನಿಸನ್ ಕವಿಯ "The Brook" ನಂತೆ —

'men may come and men may go,
but I go on for ever'

ದೀಪಾವಳಿ ಅಂದರೆ ಇದೇನಾ !!

D. D. Shylaja
P.U.C. (P.C.B.)

ಆದಿನ ಏಕೋ ಏನೋ ಬಹಳ ಸೆಕೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ರಸ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯಲಾರದೆ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತರು ಕಾರುಗಳ ಮರೆಹೊಕ್ಕರೆ, ಬಡವರು ಛತ್ರಿಯ ಆಶ್ರಯ ಪಡೆದಿದ್ದರು. ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿರಲಾಗದೆ ಏರ್‌ಕಂಡೀಷನ್ಡ್ ಹೋಟೆಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ತಂಪಾದ ಪಾನೀಯಗಳನ್ನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು ಕೆಲವರು. ಆದರೆ ಇದಾವುದರ ಪರಿವೆಯೂ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಒಬ್ಬ ಮುದುಕ ಮತ್ತು ಒಬ್ಬ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಬಾಲಕ ಆ ಸುಡುಬಿಸಿಲಿನ ಮಟಮಟ ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೇಲಿನ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ತಾಪ, ಕೆಳಗಿನ ಮರಳಿನ ತಾಪಗಳನ್ನು ಗಮನಿಸದೆ ದಾರಿಯನ್ನು ಶ್ರಮಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಆದಿನ ದೀಪಾವಳಿ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ; ಉತ್ಸಾಹ ಆನಂದದ ದಿನ. ಮಕ್ಕಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹಲವರಿಗೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆದಿನ ಮಾಡುವ ತಿಂಡಿಯ ಚಿಂತೆ; ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಆ ದಿನ ರಾತ್ರಿ ತಾವು ಸುಡಬಹುದಾದ ಪಟಾಕಿ ಮುಂತಾದುವುಗಳ ಚಿಂತೆ. ಗೃಹಿಣಿಯರಿಗೆ ಬೇಗ ಅಡಿಗೆ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ದೇವಸ್ಥಾನಕ್ಕೆಂದು ಹೊರಟು, ತಮ್ಮ ಸೀರೆ ಒಡವೆಗಳೆನ್ನು ನೆರೆಯವರ ಮುಂದೆ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸುವ ಚಿಂತೆ. ಆದರೆ ಈ ಮುದುಕನಿಗೆ ತಾನು ಆ ದಿನ ನಿರೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿದಂತೆ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಅನ್ನ ಸಿಕ್ಕುವುದೇ ಎಂಬುದೇ ಬಹುದೊಡ್ಡ ಚಿಂತೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಪ್ರತಿ ದಿನದ ಈ ಚಿಂತೆ ಅವನನ್ನು ಜೀವಂತವಾಗಿ ಸುಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಇನ್ನು ಅವನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಮೌನವಾಗಿ, ಬಳಲಿ ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಬಾಲಕನಿಗೆ ದೀಪಾವಳಿ ಎಂದರೇನೆಂಬುದೇ ಗೊತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅಂದು ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ತಂದೆ ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಆಶೆ ತುಂಬಿ, 'ಇಂದು ದೀಪಾವಳಿ' ಎಂದದ್ದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿದ್ದ. ಕುತೂಹಲದಿಂದ "ಅಪ್ಪಾ, ದೀಪಾವಳಿ ಎಂದರೇನಪ್ಪಾ?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ. ಆದರೆ ತನ್ನ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಮಗ್ನನಾಗಿದ್ದ ಮುದುಕನಿಗೆ ಇದು ಕೇಳಿಸಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಬಾಲಕ ಎರಡು ಮೂರು ಸಾರಿ ಕೇಳಿ ಉತ್ತರ ಸಿಗದಿರಲು ಸುಮ್ಮನಾದ. ಅವರು ನಡೆದೂ ನಡೆದೂ ಬಳಲಿ ಬೇಸತ್ತಿದ್ದರುರ ಆದರೂ ಆ ದಿನದ ತುತ್ತು ಅನ್ನ ಸಿಗಬೇಕಾದರೆ ನಡೆಯಲೇ ಬೇಕು, ಬಳಲಲೇ ಬೇಕು.

ಊರಿನ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತರ ಬೀದಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತ್ತು 'ಇನ್ನೇನು ಕೆಲವು ಮನೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬೇಡಿದರೆ ಅನ್ನಸಿಗುತ್ತದೆ' ಎಂಬ ಆಶಾಕಿರಣ ಅವರ ಕಾಲುಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೊಸ ಚೈತನ್ಯ ನೀಡಿತು. ಅಂತೂ ಒಂದು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಮನೆಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಬಂದು ನಿಂತರು. ಅಡಿಗೆ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತಯಾರಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ತಿಂಡಿಗಳ ಕಮ್ಮನೆಯ ಪರಿಮಳ ಅವರ ಮೂಗಿಗೆ ತಾಕಿ ಅವರ ಹಸಿವನ್ನು ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿತು. "ಅಮ್ಮಾ, ಅನ್ನಾ ತಾಯೀ" ಬಾಯಾರಿದ

ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಧ್ವನಿಗೂಡಿಸಿ ಕೇಳಿದ ಮುದುಕ. ಆ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಬಾಗಿಲು ಅಲುಗಾಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲವು ಬಾರಿ, ಹಲವು ಬಾರಿ ಕೂಗಿ ಕರೆದು ಇನ್ನು ಕೂಗಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಸ್ವರವೇ ಇಲ್ಲವೆನ್ನುವಾಗ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆರೆಯಿತು. ಓಹ್! ಇನ್ನೇನು ತಮ್ಮ ಹಸಿವು ಹಿಂಗಿತು ಎಂದು ನೋಡಿದರೆ, ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡ ಮನೆಯೊಡತಿ ಕಣ್ಣು ಕೆರಳಿಸಿ ಕಠೋರವಾಗಿ "ದಿನ ಬೆಳಗಾದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕಾಟ ಇದ್ದೇ ಇರುತ್ತೆ. ದೀಪಾವಳಿಯಂದಾದರೂ ಅದು ತಪ್ಪುತ್ತೆ? ಮಾಡಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಬೆಟ್ಟದಷ್ಟು ಕೆಲಸವಿದೆ. ನಿನಗೆ ಭಿಕ್ಷೆ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾ ಇರ್ತೀನಿ, ನಡಿ ನಡಿ" ಎಂದು ರಪ್ಪನೆ ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ಒಳಗೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಪಾಪ! ಕವಳ ಸಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತದೆಯೆಂದು ಬಂದರೆ ಬೈಗುಳ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು.

ಬೇಡಿದ ಮನೆಗಳಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಇದೇ ಪುನರಾವರ್ತನೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಕಡೆಗೆ ಬೀದಿಯ ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಭವ್ಯಬಂಗಲೆಗೆ ಬಂದರು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದ ಒಬ್ಬ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಇಳಿದು ಮನೆಯೊಳಗೆ ಹೋದರು. ಮುದುಕ ನಿಗೆ ಅವರ ಗುರುತು ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು. ಹೌದು, ಅವರು ಈಗ ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅಂದರೆ ಇದು ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳ ಬಂಗಲೆ! ತಕ್ಷಣ ಅವನಿಗೆ ನೆನಪಾಯಿತು. ತಾನು ಕಾರ್ಮಿಕನಾಗಿದ್ದಾಗ ಚುನಾವಣೆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅವರು ತಮ್ಮ ಕಾರ್ಮಿಕರ ಸಭೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತಾಡಿದುದು: "ನೀವು, ನಿಮಗೆ ಕಷ್ಟ ಬಂದಾಗ ಯಾವಾಗ ಬೇಕಾದರೂ ಬನ್ನಿ. ನಿಮಗೆ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡಲು ಸದಾ ಸಿದ್ಧನಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ನಿಮಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಅನುಕೂಲತೆಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ಮಾಡಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತೇನೆ. ನೀವು ನಿನ್ನ ಮತವನ್ನು ನನಗೆ ಕೊಡಿ" ಎಂದು ಅವರು ಹೇಳಿದುದು. ಅವರ ಚಿತಾವಣೆಯ ಫಲವಾಗಿಯೇ ಮುಷ್ಕರವೊಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಿ ತನ್ನ ನೌಕರಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬೇರಾವ ನೌಕರಿಯೂ ಸಿಗದೆ ಭಿಕ್ಷುಕವೃತ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಈಗ ಆಸೆ ಬಲವತ್ತರವಾಯಿತು. 'ಇನ್ನು ತನ್ನ ಕಷ್ಟ ನಿವಾರಣೆ ಆದಂತೆಯೇ' ಎಂದು ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ, ಆದರೆ ದೈನ್ಯದಿಂದ "ಸ್ವಾಮೀ" ಎಂದು ಕರೆದ. ಆದರೆ ಆಕರೆ ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಕೇಳಿಸುತ್ತದೆ?

ಆಗ ತಾನೇ ಕಾರಿನಿಂದ ಬಂದಿಳಿದಿದ್ದರೂ ಐದು ಮೈಲಿ ನಡೆದು ಬಂದವರಂತೆ ಆಳಿಗೆ "Cool Drinks ತೊಗೊಂಡು ಬಾರೋ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಫ್ಯಾನುಗಳನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಾ ತಿರುಗಿಸಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದರು. ಆಳು ತಂದು ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಪಾನೀಯವನ್ನು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಕುಡಿದು ಮುಗಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಕೇಳಿಸಿತು. 'ಸ್ವಾಮಿ' ಎನ್ನುವ ಆ ದೀನಕರೆ. ಆದರೆ ಆ ಕರೆ ಅವನಿಂದ ಅರ್ಧಗಂಟೆಯಿಂದಲೂ ಬರುತ್ತಿದೆ ಎಂಬುದು ಅವರಿಗೇನು ಗೊತ್ತು!

ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಸಿಟ್ಟು ತಲೆಗೇರಿತು. ರಭಸದಿಂದ ಹೊರಬಂದರು. ಆಗ ಭಿಕ್ಷುಕ ಪುನಃ ಬೇಡಿದ "ಸ್ವಾಮಿ, ನೀವು ಆ ದಿನ ಕಾರ್ಮಿಕ ಸಭೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನುಡಿದಂತೆ ಸಹಾಯ ಕೋರಿ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೇನೆ. ದಯಮಾಡಿ ನನಗೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿಸಿಕೊಡಿ. ಇಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಈ ದಿನದ ಅನ್ನವನ್ನಾದರೂ ನೀಡಿ ಪುಣ್ಯ ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಳ್ಳಿ." ಮಂತ್ರಿಗಳೆಂದರು "ಓಹೋ ಯಾವಾಗಲೋ ಅಂದ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ಈಗ ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದೆಯೋ? ಏಮಾದ, ತಳ್ಳೋ ಇವನನ್ನು ಕತ್ತು ಹಿಡಿದು" ಮುದುಕ ಬೆಪ್ಪಾಗಿ ಹೋದ. ಇನ್ನು ಮಾದ ಕತ್ತು ಹಿಡಿದು ತಳ್ಳಲು ಬರುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ತಾನೇ ಹುಡುಗನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಹೊರಟ. ಅಯ್ಯೋ! ಅಂದು ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಉಂಡು ತಿಂದು ಸುಖ ಪಡುವ ದಿನ. ಬಡವರೂ ಸಾಲಮಾಡಿಯಾದರೂ ಹಬ್ಬವನ್ನು ಆಚರಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ದಿನ. ಇವರಿಗೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಮನೆಗಳನ್ನು ಸುತ್ತಿದರೂ ಒಂದು ತುತ್ತು ಅನ್ನ ಸಿಗದಿರುವುದು ಇವರ ಗ್ರಹಚಾರವೇ ಸರಿ.

ಕೊನೆಗೆ ದಿಕ್ಕುಗಾಣದೆ ದಾರಿಯ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಉದ್ಯಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಒಂದು ಹಣ್ಣಿನ ಮರದ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಕುಳಿತರು. ಆ ಮರಕ್ಕೇನೂ ಬಡವ ಬಲ್ಲಿದರೆಂಬ ಭೇದವಿಲ್ಲವಷ್ಟೆ? ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಗಿಳಿಯೊಂದು ಅಗತಾನೇ ಕಚ್ಚಿ ಬೀಳಿಸಿದ ಹಣ್ಣು ಆ ಬಾಲಕನಿಗೆ ಕಾಣಿಸಿತು. ಹಸಿವಿನಿಂದ ಕಂಗೆಟ್ಟಿದ್ದ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರೂರಿ ಆ ಹಣ್ಣನ್ನೆತ್ತಿ ಒಂದು ಚೂರು ತಿಂದ. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿದ್ದನೋ ಆ ಮಾಲಿ! ಓಡಿಬಂದು "ಓಹೋ ಇದೇನು ನಿಮ್ಮಪ್ಪನ ತೋಟಾಂತ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದೀಯೋ ಹಣ್ಣು ಕಿತ್ತುಕೊಂಡು ತಿನ್ನೋಕೆ" ಎಂದು ಅವನಿಗೆ ಎರಡು

ಬಾರಿಸಿ, ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಹಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತು ಬಿಸಾಡಿ, ಅವರನ್ನು ಹೊರದೂಡಿದ. ಊಟವೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ಅದರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿಗೂ ಅವಾಶವಿಲ್ಲವಾಯಿತು.

ಆಗ ಏನೋ ಶಬ್ದವಾಗಲು ತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡಿದಾಗ ಅದೇ ಮರದ ಕೆಳಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ಮಕ್ಕಳೂ ಅವರ ತಾಯ್ತಂದೆಯರೂ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದರು. ಮಕ್ಕಳು ಹಣ್ಣಿಗೋಸ್ಕರ ಕಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಇವರೆನ್ನು ಹೊಡೆದೋಡಿಸಿದ ಮಾಲಿಯೇ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಹಣ್ಣು ಕುಯ್ದು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಅವರು ಕಚ್ಚಿ ಅರ್ಧ ತಿಂದು ಉಳಿದುದನ್ನು ಮಣ್ಣಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಸುಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆ ತಂದೆ ಉದ್ಯಾನದ ವ್ಯವಸ್ಥಾಪಕನಾಗಿದ್ದ. ಮುದುಕ "ಆದೇಕೆ ನಮಗೆ ಈ ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಸ್ಥಾನವಿಲ್ಲ? ಬಡವರಾಗಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು ನಮ್ಮ ತಪ್ಪೆ? ನಮಗೇಕೆ ನೌಕರಿ ದೊರಕುವುದಿಲ್ಲ? ಭಗವಂತ! ಇದು ನ್ಯಾಯವೇ" ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಹುಡುಗ "ಅಪ್ಪಾ,ಅಪ್ಪಾ" ಎಂದು ಮುಟ್ಟಿದಾಗಲೇ ಎಚ್ಚರ. "ಏನು ಮಗೂ" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ, ಮುದುಕ. "ದೀಪಾವಳಿ ಅಂದರೆ ಇದೇನಾಪ್ಪಾ" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದ, ಮುಗ್ಧಬಾಲಕ.

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ಹ ವಾ ಯ್

B. N. Cauvery
II B. A.

ಹವಾಯ್ — ಸುಂದರ ದ್ವೀಪ. ಅದಕ್ಕಿಂತಲೂ ಸುಂದರ ಹವಾಯ್ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿ. ಇಂದು ವಿಶ್ವವ್ಯಾಪಿಯಾಗಿದೆ ಇಪ್ಪತ್ತನೆಯ ಶತಮಾನದ ಈ ವಸ್ತು. ಇದನ್ನು ಮೊದಲು ತಯಾರಿಸಿದವನಿಗೆ ನೋಬಲ್ ಪಾರಿತೋಷಕ ಕೊಡತಕ್ಕದ್ದೇ ಇದು ಬೌದ್ಧ ಭಿಕ್ಷುಗಳ ಚರ್ಮದ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯ ಆಕಾರವನ್ನೇ ಹೋಲುತ್ತದೆ. ಮೊದಲು ಮಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಜನ್ಮ ತಾಳಿ, ಬರ್ಮಾ ಇಂಡೋನೇಶಿಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾಲ್ಯಾವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿ, ಇಂಡಿಯಾ ಮತ್ತು ಪಾಶ್ಚಾತ್ಯ ದೇಶಗಳನ್ನು ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿತು, ಇದು.

ಹವಾಯ್ ಬಂದ ಹೊಸದರಲ್ಲಿ Bathroom ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯಾಗಿ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿತು. ಆಗಿನ್ನೂ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ ಹವಾಯ್ ಹೊಸದು. ನನ್ನ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತಳಿಗೆ, ಅವಳ ಭಾವನ ಅಕ್ಕನ ಮಗಳ ಗಂಡನ ತಂಗಿ ಹುಟ್ಟು ಹಬ್ಬದ ಉಡುಗೊರೆಯಾಗಿ ಕಳುಹಿಸಿದ್ದರು. ಅವಳು ಅದನ್ನೇ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ತೊಟ್ಟು ಬಂದಿದ್ದಳು. ನನಗೇಕೋ ಅದು ಬಹಳ Silly ಯಾಗಿ ತೋರಿತು. "ಥೂ! ಏನೇ ಬೆಳ್ಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಎದ್ದು ಹಾಗೆಯೆ ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಬಂದೆಯಾ?" ಎಂದು ಅವಳನ್ನು ಗೆಳತಿಯರ ಮುಂದೆ ಅಣಕಿಸಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಕೆಲಕಾಲಾನಂತರ ಹವಾಯ್ two-eight ಮಾಲಾಗಲು ಎಲ್ಲರಂತೆ ನಾನೂ ಸಿಲ್ಕ್ ಸೀರೆ ಧರಿಸಿ ಹವಾಯ್ ಮೆಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೆ. ಸರಿ 'ರಷ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಒಂದು ಕಾಲವಾದರೆ ಅಮೆರಿಕಕ್ಕೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಕಾಲ' ಎಂದ ಹಾಗೆ ಅವಳು ನನ್ನ ಮಾತನ್ನು ನನಗೇ ತಿರುಗಿಸಿದಳು. ನಾನು 'ಕಾಲಂ ಮಾರಿ ಪೋಚ್ಚು' ಎಂದು ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡೆ.

ಹವಾಯ್‌ಗೆ ಬಡವ ಬಲ್ಲಿದನೆಂಬ ಭೇದ ಭಾವಗಳಿಲ್ಲ. ಸಾಹುಕಾರ ಗಂಡಸರು Bathroom ನಲ್ಲಿ ಧರಿಸಿದರೆ ಸಾಹುಕಾರ ಹೆಂಗಸರಿಗೆ ಇದು 1961 Fashion ನ್ನು. ಇದಂತೂ ಬಡವರ ಬಂಧುವೇ

ಸರಿ. Bathroom ನಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು Ballroomವರೆಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲೂ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದು. ಷೂ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದಾದರೆ, ಸಮ್ಮರ್ ಷೂ, ರೈನಿ ಷೂ, ಆಟದ ಷೂ ಮೊದಲಾಗಿ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಷೂಗಳು ಬೇಕು. ಆದರೆ ಹವಾಯ್‌ಗೆ ಅದೆಲ್ಲಾ ಏನಿಲ್ಲ. ಒಂದು ಜೊತೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಸಾಕು. ಅದನ್ನೇ All purposeಗೆ All Season ನಲ್ಲಿ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಬಹುದು. ಬೇಕಾದರೆ ಒಳ್ಳೊಳ್ಳೆ ಬಣ್ಣಗಳಿರುವುದರಿಂದ ನೆಕ್‌ಟೈಗೇ ಆಗಲಿ, ಅಥವಾ ಸೀರೆ ಬಾರ್ಡರಿಗೇ ಆಗಲಿ ಮ್ಯಾಚ್ ಆಗುವಂತೆಯೂ ಉಪಯೋಗಿಸಬಹುದು.

ಬೆಲೆ ಕೇಳ್ತೀರಾ? ಇದು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಕಮ್ಮಿ ಎಲ್ಲ ಬೆಲೆಗಳಿಗೂ ಸಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತದೆ. Foot pathನ two-eight ನಿಂದ Caronaದ eight-eight ವರೆಗೂ. ಇನ್ನು ರಿಪೇರಿ. ಇದು ಸವೆಯುವುದೇ ಕಮ್ಮಿ, ಹಾಗೂ ಪಟ್ಟೆ ಕಿತ್ತರೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕೇ ಸಿಗುತ್ತೆ One - Fourಗೆ. ಆದರೆ ದಾರಿಯಲ್ಲೀನಾದರೂ ಪಟ್ಟೆ ಕಿತ್ತರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಗತಿಯಂತೂ " ಹವಾಯಿ ಹಸ್ತ ಭೂಷಣಂ "; ಆದರೆ ಹುಷಾರ್ ! ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅಕ್ಕಪಕ್ಕದವರು ಓಡಿಹೋದಾರು. ಅಂದ ಹಾಗೆ ಮೊನ್ನೆ ಮಾರ್ಕೆಟ್ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಸ್ಸಿಗಾಗಿ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆವು. ಇಬ್ಬರಿಗೆ ಜಗಳ ಶುರು ಆಯ್ತು. ಅವರಲ್ಲೊಬ್ಬ 'ಹೇಯ್! ಹುಷಾರ್ ಹವಾಯ್ ಮಾಡ್ಬಿಡ್ತೀನೀ' ಅಂದ; ಹವಾಯಿ ಬಿಚ್ಚಿದ. ಸರಿ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬನ ಕೈಗೂ ಹವಾಯ್ ಬಂತು. ಹವಾಯ್ ಯುದ್ಧ ಶುರುವಾಗಿ ನಮಗೆ ಬಸ್ಸು ಸಿಗೋ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಅವರು ಪೊಲೀಸ್ ಠಾಣೆಗೆ ತೆರಳಿದ್ದರು.

ಹವಾಯ್ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಪುರುಷರಿಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಒಂದೇ ರೀತಿಯದ್ದಾದರೂ ಈ Carona ದವರು ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ಭೇದ ಕಲ್ಪಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ವ್ಯತ್ಯಾಸ ಇಷ್ಟೇ: ಸ್ತ್ರೀ ಹವಾಯಿ ತ್ರಿವರ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಬೆಲೆ ಅಗ್ಗ; ಪುರುಷ ಹವಾಯಿ ದ್ವಿವರ್ಣ ಮತ್ತು ಬೆಲೆ ಜಾಸ್ತಿ. Bata ದವರು ಇದರಲ್ಲೂ high heeld ಬೇರೆ ತಯಾರಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಅಂದು ಎಗ್ಸಿಬಿಷನ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ high heeled ಧರಿಸಿದ ಹವಾಯ್ ರಾಣಿಯೊಬ್ಬಳು ಕೊಜ್ಜೆ ನೀರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜಾರಿ ಮುಂದಿದ್ದವರಿಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಸಾಷ್ಟಾಂಗ ನಮಸ್ಕಾರ ಮಾಡಿದಳು.

ಎಂಟು---ಹತ್ತು ಜನರಿರುವ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಸೈಜಿನ ಹವಾಯಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಸಾಕು, ಮನೆಯವರಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಪಾದರಕ್ಷೆಯ ಯೋಚನೆ ಬೇಡ, ಈ ಹವಾಯ್ ರಕ್ಷೆಯೇ ಸಾಕು. ಇದರ ಬಾಳಿಕೆ ಅಧಿಕ, ಬೆಲೆ ಅಗ್ಗ, Fasihonನ್ನೂ up-to-date! ಇಂಥ ವಸ್ತು ಆಧುನಿಕ ಕಾಮುಧೇನುವೇ ಸರಿ, ಜಾಡಮಾಲಿಯಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಮಾರವಾಡಿಯವರೆಗೆ ಧರಿಸುವಾಗ!

ಆಗ ಹೋಳಿ ಹಬ್ಬದ ಸಮಯ. ಟಿನೋಪಾಲ್ ಹಾಕಿದ ಬಿಳಿಬಟ್ಟೆ ಧರಿಸಿ ಹವಾಯ್ ಮೆಟ್ಟಿ ಸಿಟಿ ಮಾರ್ಕೆಟ್ ಕಡೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಬಟ್ಟೆಯ ಹಿಂದುಗಡೆ ಹಳದಿ ಮಿಶ್ರಿತ ಹಸಿರು ಬಣ್ಣದ ಚುಕ್ಕೆಗಳಿದ್ದವು. ನನಗಾರೂ ಬಣ್ಣ ಹಾಕಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆಮೇಲೆ ತಿಳಿಯಿತು ಹವಾಯಿ ಪ್ರಸಾದವೆಂದು, ಸಗಣಿ ಮೇಲೆ ನಡೆದಾಗ!

ಈ ಹವಾಯಿ ಬರುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಮೊದಲು, ಅಂದರೆ ತರಹಾವರಿ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿ ಇದ್ದಾಗ ಈಗಿನಷ್ಟು ಕಷ್ಟ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ನಮ್ಮ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಗಳನ್ನು ಹುಡುಕುವುದು. ಅಂದು ಸಂಗೀತ ಕಚೇರಿಗೆ ಹವಾಯಿ ಧರಿಸಿ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಸರಿ, ಅಲ್ಲೂ ನೂರಾರು ಹವಾಯಿಗಳು ಸುತೆ ನೆರೆದಿದ್ದವು. ಸಂಗೀತ ಕಚೇರಿ ಮುಗಿದಾಗ ಗೊತ್ತಾಯಿತು, ನಮ್ಮ ಕಷ್ಟ. ಅರ್ಧ ಗಂಟೆ ಹುಡುಕಿದರೂ ಸಿಗಲಿಲ್ಲ ನನ್ನ ಹವಾಯ್. ಹಾಗೂ ಹೀಗೂ ಹವಾಯಿ ಮೆಟ್ಟಿ ಬಸ್ ಹತ್ತಿದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕಾಲವಾದ ಮೇಲೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನನ್ನನ್ನೇ ಅಡಿಯಿಂದ ಮುಡಿಯವರೆಗೆ ನೋಡಿ ಮುಸಿ ಮುಸಿ ನಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನನಗೇಕೋ ಅರ್ಥವಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಕೆಲವು ಗಂಡಸರು ನನ್ನ ಮುಖವನ್ನೇ ದುರುಗುಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ನಾನು ಯಾವತ್ತೂ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಂತಹ ರಂಭೆಯಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಈವತ್ತೇನು ನನ್ನ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಂತಹ ಚೆನ್ನ ಎಂದು ಆಶ್ಚರ್ಯವಾಯಿತು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಹವಾಯ್ ನೋಡಿ

ದಾಗ ಗೊತ್ತಾಯಿತು. ಬಲಗಾಲಿನದು ಹಸುರು ಬಣ್ಣ! ಎಡಗಾಲಿನದು ನೀಲಿಬಣ್ಣ!! ನಿಯಾನ್ಸ್ ದೀಪದ ಬೆಳಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡೂ ಒಂದಾಗಿಯೇ ಕಂಡಿದೆ ನನಗೆ!

ಈ ಹವಾಯಿ ತೂಕ ರಹಿತವಾಗಿರುವುದು ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕಷ್ಟ. ಒಮ್ಮೆ 'ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ರಾಮಾಯಣಂ' ನೋಡಲು ನನ್ನ ಸೋದರತ್ತೆಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸೆಕೆಂಡ್ ಷೋಗೆ ಹೋಗಿದ್ದೆ. ಅರ್ಧ ಸಿನಿಮಾದಲ್ಲೇ ಹವಾಯಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಕಾಲು ಚಾಚಿ ನಿದ್ದೆ ಹೋದೆ. ಸಿನಿಮಾ ಮುಗಿದಾಗ ಅತ್ತೆ ಎಬ್ಬಿಸಿದರು. ನಿದ್ದೆ ಜೋಂಪಿನಲ್ಲೇ ಮನೆ ಕಡೆಗೆ ನಡೆದೆ. ಇಷ್ಟದ್ದಕ್ಕಿದ್ದ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ ಬಲಗಾಲಿಗೆ ಕಲ್ಲು ತಾಕಿ ನನ್ನ ನಿದ್ದೆ ಹಾರಿ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಆಗ ನೋಡಿದೆ, ಬಲಗಾಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹವಾಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲ! ಬರಿ ಎಡಗಾಲಿನದು ಮಾತ್ರವಿದೆ, ಸರಿ. ಪುನಃ ಥಿಯೇಟರಿಗೆ ವಾಪಸ್ಸು ಹೋದೆ. ಆದರೇನು? ಬಾಗಿಲೆಲ್ಲಾ ಹಾಕಿತ್ತು. ಕಸ ಗುಡಿಸುವವರು ನನ್ನ ಹವಾಯನ್ನು ಎಂಜಲು ಉಗಿಯುವ ತೊಟ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದರು.

ಈಗ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಯವರೆಲ್ಲಾ ಖಾದಿ ಗ್ರಾಮೋದ್ಯೋಗದ ಗದಗ ಚಪ್ಪಲಿಯನ್ನೇ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೇವೆ.

ನೊಂದ ಜೀವಿ

A. Rosa
P.U.C.(P.C.B.)

"ಅಮ್ಮಾ" ಎಂದು ಚೀರಿ ಕಣ್ತೆರೆದಳು ವಿಜಯ. ಅವಳ ಕೂಗನ್ನು ಕೇಳದಷ್ಟು ದೂರ, ಬಹು ದೂರ, ಎಂದೂ ಮರಳಿಬಾರರ ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಟು ಹೋಗಿದ್ದಳು, ಅವಳ ತಾಯಿ ಶಾರದಮ್ಮ. ವಿಜಯ ಎದ್ದು ಕುಳಿತಳು. ನೀಲಿ ಆಕಾಶದ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ತೇಲುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಚಂದ್ರನ ಪ್ರಶಾಂತ ಕಿರಣಗಳು ಹುಲ್ಲು ಗುಡಿಸಿಲಿನ ಗವಾಕ್ಷಿಯ ಮೂಲಕ ತೂರಿಬರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಗೂಡಿನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ದೀಪ ವಿಜಯಳ ದುಃಖದಲ್ಲಿ ತಾನೂ ಸಮ ಭಾಗಿಯೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಮಂದವಾಗಿ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅವಳು ಕಣ್ಣು ಹೊರಳಿಸಿ ಜ್ವರದಿಂದ ನರಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ತಮ್ಮ ಮೋಹನನನ್ನು ದಿಟ್ಟಿಸಿದಳು. ಅವನು ನಡುಗುತ್ತಿರುವುದನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ತನ್ನ ವತ್ತೊಂದು ಹರಕು ಸೀರೆಯನ್ನು ಮಡಚಿ ಅವನ ಕುತ್ತಿಗೆಯವರೆಗೂ ಹೊದಿಸಿದಳು. ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಂಡ ಚಿಂತೆ, ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕಡೆ ತಮ್ಮನ ಸಾವು-ಬದುಕಿನ ಹೋರಾಟದ ಚಿಂತೆ.

ವಿಜಯ ಮೋಹನನ ಬಳಿಸಾರಿ ಅವನ ಹಣೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಕೈಯ್ಯನ್ನಿರಿಸಿದಳು; ತಕ್ಷಣ ಕೈಯನ್ನು ಹಿಂತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡಳು. ಅಬ್ಬಾ! ಮೋಹನನ ಹಣೆ ಕಮ್ಮಾರನ ಕುಲುಮೆಯಂತೆ ಸುಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣಿನಿಂದ ಕಣ್ಣೀರ ಕೋಡಿ ಹರಿಯಿತು. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮನಿಗಾಗಿ ಅಳುವುದರ ಹೊರತು ಮತ್ತೇನೂ ಮಾಡಲು ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವನ ವಿಷಮ ಶೀತಜ್ವರವನ್ನು ಓಡಿಸುವ ಬಗೆ ಎಂತು? ತಿನ್ನಲಿಕ್ಕೆ ಅನ್ನ ಇಲ್ಲದ ವಳು ವೈದ್ಯರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಕರೆತರಬೇಕು. ಮೂರು ದಿವಸದ ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಶವಸಂಸ್ಕಾರಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದ ಸಾಮಾನನ್ನು, ತನ್ನ ಕಿವಿಯೋಲೆ, ಮೂಗುತಿಯನ್ನು ಮಾರಿದ್ದಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಇಡೀರಾತ್ರಿ ಮೋಹನನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೇ ಕುಳಿತು ಕಾಲ ಕಳೆದಳು ವಿಜಯ. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಬೆಳಗಾದುದರ ಅರಿವೇ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಭಾಸ್ಕರನು ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ಉದಯಿಸಿದ್ದನು. ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಆಹಾರಕ್ಕೋಸ್ಕರ ಗೂಡು ಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮರಿಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೊರಹೊರಟಿದ್ದವು. ಜನರು ತಮ್ಮ ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಗ್ನರಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಹುಡುಗರು ಕುರಿ, ಮೇಕೆ, ಹಸುಗಳೊಂದಿಗೆ ಹುಲ್ಲುಗಾವಲಿನ ಕಡೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆದರೆ ವಿಜಯ ಮಾತ್ರ ನೆಟ್ಟ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಿಂದ ತಮ್ಮನನ್ನೇ ನೋಡುತ್ತಾ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದಳು.

'ವಿಜಯ, ವಿಜಯ' ಎಂಬ ಕೂಗು ಕೇಳಿ ದುಃಖ ಸಮಾಧಿಯಿಂದ ಎಚ್ಚೆತ್ತು ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ತೆರೆದಳು. ಬಂದವನು ಮುದುಕ ಶಂಕರಪ್ಪ. ನಾಗಮ್ಮನವರು ಮನೆಯ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಬರಬೇಕೆಂದು ಹೇಳಿಕಳುಹಿಸಿದ್ದರು. ನಾಗರಹಾವನಂತಿರುವ ನಾಗಮ್ಮನವರ ಮನೆಗೆಲಸ! ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ ಮೂಡಿ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ತನಗೊಪ್ಪಿಸಿದ ಆ ಮನೆಯ ಕೆಲಸ!! ಕತ್ತೆಯ ದುಡಿತದಿಂದ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ನುಂಗಿದ ನಾಗಮ್ಮನ ಮನೆಯ ಕೆಲಸ!!! ಅಬ್ಬಾ! ಆ ಮನೆಯ ಕೆಲಸವು ವಿಜಯಳನ್ನು ಹೆದರಿಸಿತು. ಬಂದ ಶಂಕರಪ್ಪನಿಗೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಕೊಡಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಬದಲು ಅವಳ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು ತೇವವಾದುವು. ಶಂಕರಪ್ಪ ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಹೇಳಿ ಜಾಗ್ರತೆ ಬರುವಂತೆ ತಿಳಿಸಿ ಹೊರಟು ಹೋದನು. ನಾಗಮ್ಮನ ನಾಗರಕಾಟವನ್ನು ಶಂಕರಪ್ಪ ಹತ್ತು ವರ್ಷದಿಂದ ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದನು. ನಾಗಮ್ಮನ ಆಜ್ಞೆ ಸುಗ್ರೀ ವಾಜ್ಞೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ವಿಜಯ ಬಾಗಿಲನ್ನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿ ತನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮನನ್ನು ತಬ್ಬಿಕೊಂಡು ಗೋಳಾಡತೊಡಗಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಪಾಡು? ಥಿಗ್ಗನೆದ್ದು ಮಣ್ಣಿನ ಮಡಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ನೀರಿನಿಂದ ಮುಖ ತೊಳೆದು ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಡಲು ಸಿದ್ಧಳಾದಳು. ಅಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ ಮೋಹನ ಬಲವಂತದಿಂದ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳನ್ನು ತೆರೆದು ಬಹು ಕ್ಷೀಣಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಕ್ಕನನ್ನು ಕೂಗಿದನು. ಅವನು ಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಅವಸ್ಥೆಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ವಿಜಯಳಿಗೆ ಕರುಳು ಹಿಂಡಿದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಇತ್ತ ನಾಗಮ್ಮನ ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಮರೆತರೆ ಕುಡಿಯಲು ಗಂಜಿಯಿಲ್ಲ; ಗಂಜಿಗೋಸ್ಕರ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಹೋದರೆ ಮಮತೆಯ ತಮ್ಮನಿಲ್ಲ.

"ಅಕ್ಕಾ.....ಹಸಿವು" ಎಂದು ಮೋಹನ ಕ್ಷೀಣಧ್ವನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೇಳಿದಾಗಲಂತೂ ವಿಜಯಳಿಗೆ ಯಾರೋ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ಈಟಿಯಿಂದ ತಿವಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ ಭಾಸವಾಯಿತು. ಅವಳು ತನ್ನ ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯದ ಕಡೆ ದೃಷ್ಟಿ ಹರಿಸಿದಳು. ತನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮನನ್ನುಳಿಸಲು ಅದೊಂದೇ ದಾರಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅವಳು ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕೈ ಹಾಕಿದಾಗ "ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಬಾರಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾನವನ್ನು ಕಾಪಾಡಿದ್ದೀನೆ. ಹಿಂದೂ ಧರ್ಮವನ್ನು ತುಳಿಯುವಂತಹ ನೀಚ ಕೆಲಸವನ್ನು ಮಾಡುವೆಯಾ...." ಎಂದು ಒಂದು ಧ್ವನಿ ಕೇಳಿತು. "ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಿ ಓಡಿ ಹೋದ ಪತಿ ಇಂದು ಕಾಯುವನೇ?" ಎಂದು ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಧ್ವನಿ ಕೇಳಿತು. ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತರೆ ಮಾನಹಾನಿ, ಕೇಳದಿದ್ದರೆ ಪ್ರಾಣಹಾನಿ. ಇವೆರಡೂ ಭಾವನೆ ವಿಜಯಳ ಎದೆಯನ್ನು ಇರಿಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಕಡೆಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯವನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮನಿಗೋಸ್ಕರ ಕಿತ್ತು, ಅವನಿಗೆ ಕುಡಿಯಲು ನೀರು ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಬೀದಿಗೆ ಬಂದಳು.

ವಿಜಯಳಿಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿನದೆಲ್ಲಾ ನೆನಪಾಯಿತು. ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿ ವರದಕ್ಷಿಣೆಗೆ ಅಂಜಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಕುಡುಕನೊಂದಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಮದುವೆ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರವನ್ನು ಮುಗಿಸಿದ್ದಳು. ಅವನು "ಪುರುಷರು ಹಣವನ್ನು ಮದುವೆಯಾಗುವರೇ ಹೊರತು ಹೆಣ್ಣನ್ನಲ್ಲ" ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಓಡಿಹೋಗಿದ್ದನು. ಅಂದಿನಿಂದಲೂ ವಿಜಯಳಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯ ಆ ಬಡಗುಡಿಸಿಲೇ ಆಧಾರವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ತನ್ನ ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಕಳದುಕೊಂಡು, ತಮ್ಮನನ್ನೂ ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾದ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ ಒದಗಿತ್ತು.

ವಿಜಯ ಅಕ್ಕಸಾಲಿಗನಿಂದ ಮಾಂಗಲ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಬದಲಾಗಿ ಹತ್ತು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ಪಡೆದು ಕೂಡಲೇ ಓಡಿದಳು, ವೈದ್ಯರ ಬಳಿ. ರೂಪಾಯನ್ನು ವೈದ್ಯರ ಕೈಗಿತ್ತು ಅವರನ್ನು ಸಂಗಡವೇ ಮನೆಗೆ ಕರೆತಂದಳು

ಅವರು ಮೋಹನನನ್ನು ಪರೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿ ಅವಳ ಮುಖವನ್ನೇ ನೋಡತೊಡಗಿದರು. ಅವರು ಏನು ಹೇಳುವರೋ ಎಂದು ಕಾತುರದಿಂದ ಅವರ ಮುಖವನ್ನೇ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು, ಅವಳು. ಕಡೆಗೆ ವೈದ್ಯರು "ನಿನ್ನ ತಮ್ಮ ಇನ್ನಿಲನ್ಮ" ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ಹತ್ತು ರೂಪಾಯಿ ನೋಟನ್ನು ಅಲ್ಲೇ ಇಟ್ಟು ಹೊರಟು ಹೋದರು. ವಿಜಯ 'ಮೋಹನಾ' ಎಂದು ಚೀರಿ ತಮ್ಮನ ತಣ್ಣನೆಯ ದೇಹದ ಮೇಲೆ ಉರುಳಿದಳು. ಗಾಳಿ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಬೀಸಿತು. ಹತ್ತುರೂಪಾಯಿ ನೋಟು ಗಾಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರಾಡಿತು. ಹರಳೆಣ್ಣೆ ದೀಪವೂ ತನ್ನ ಒಡತಿಯನ್ನೇ ಹಿಂಬಾಲಿಸಿತು.



By
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हिन्दी भाषा के विकास का इतिहास

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हिन्दी भाषा का परिचय थोड़े से शब्दों में देना असंभव सी बात है। ११०० ई० से पहले भारत में अपभ्रंश पाली संस्कृत आदि भाषाएँ ही प्रचलित थीं। ११०० ई० के बाद ही हिन्दी भाषा का बिकास आरंभ हुआ और धीरे-धीरे हिन्दी एक परिस्कृत साहित्यक तथा संस्कृत भाषा बन गई। समाज की प्रवृति के अनुसार हम हिन्दी भाषा के विकास को तीन कालों में बाँट सकते हैं।

प्राचीन काल : ११०० से १५०० ई० तक।

इस काल में हिन्दी या हिन्दी की बोलियाँ का कोई निश्चित रूप नहीं था। हिन्दी पर अपभ्रंश भाषा का ज्यादा प्रभाव था।

इसी काल में मुसलमानो ने भारत पर चड़ाई की और इसका प्रभाव भाषा के विकास पर पडा। ११६१ में मुहम्मद गोरी ने पानीपत के निकट पृत्वीराज को हरा कर दिल्ली पर अधिकार कर लिया। अगले वर्ष इटंवा के निकट जयचंद की हार हूई। इस समय समस्त हिन्दी प्रदेश विदेशी शासकों का अधिपत्य हो गया। विकसित होती हूई हिन्दी भाषा के लिये ये बड़ा भारी धक्का था। इन सम्राटों की मातृ-भाषा तुर्की तथा दरबार की भाषा संन्कृत थी। इसी कारण शासकों की रुची हिंदी भाषा की ओर न थी अतः हिंदी भाषा का विकास न हो सका।

इस काल की भाषा का रूप शिलालेख, ताम्रपत्र काव्यों में या चारण काव्यो में या धार्मीक ग्रंथो में मिलता है। भारत पर विदेशी राज्य होने के कारण इस समय की एतिहासिक सामग्री बहुत कम उपलब्ध है। इन सब काव्यों की प्रमाणिकता में भी संदेह हैं। इसी कारण भाषा का ठीक तरह से अध्ययन नहीं हो सका। इस समय के ग्रंथों पर अपभ्रंश का इतना अधिक प्रभाव है कि ये ग्रंथ हिंदी भाषा के इस काल के अंतरगत नहीं रचे जा सकते।

मध्धम काल : १५९० ई० से १६०० ई० तक

इस काल की हिंदी भाषा पर अमभ्रंश का कोई प्रभाव नहीं था। हिंदी की विशेषतः अपनी बोलियाँ भी स्पष्ट रूप में थी जैसी बज-भाषा व अवधी। इस समय भारत पर मुगलों का

राज था। मुगल सम्राटों ने हिंदी के विकास में सहयोग दिया। इस काल में मुख्य ग्रंथ है जायसी कृत, पध्मावत १२४० ई० सूरदास कृत, सूरसागर तुलसीदास कृत राजाचरीतमानस और नददास कृत पंचाध्यायी।

पध्मावत में अवधी की बोलचाल की भाषा का प्रयोग है। सूरसागर में बोलचाल की ब्रज भाषा का प्रयोग है। तुलसी की मानस में अवधी का सहित्यिक रूप मिलता है तथा नददास पचाध्यायी में ब्रज भाषा का साहित्यिक रूप अधिकतर मिलता है। इसके बाद ब्रज भाषा का रूप दिन प्रतिदिन साहित्यक होता गया।

१५०० ई० के बाद देश की परिस्थिती में फिर एक बार परिवर्तन हुआ। १५२६ ई० के लगभग जब तुर्की सम्राटों के हाथ से शासन मुगलों के हाथ में गया तब कुछ समय तक देश में शांती रही। इसी कारण इस काल में साहित्यक चर्चा विशेष रूप से हूई। इस काल को वास्तव में हिंदी साहित्य का "सुवर्ण युग" कहा जाता है!

आधुनिक काल : १७०० ई० आज तक

इस काल में सबी बोली का प्रधान्य रहा है।

भारत में राजनैतिक परिवर्तन के साथ-साथ भाषा की धारा का भी परिवर्तन हुआ। ब्रज-भाषा साहित्यिक रूप ग्रहण करती गयी और अवधी क्षोण होती गयी। १७६४ ई० से १८५४ तक अवध और आस-पास के प्रांतों पर अंग्रेज़ों का पुर्ण अधिकार रहा।

इस राजनैतिक परिवर्तन के कारण उन्नीसवी सदी के आरंभ से ही मध्यदेश की अन्य भाषायें क्षीण होती गयी। जन साधारण की भाषा में परिवर्तन होता गया। दिल्ली के आस-पास की बोलियाँ या उप-भाषायें साहित्य में प्रयुक्त होने लगी। अंग्रेज़ों ने इसे अपनाया। यह नयी बोली ही खडी बोली के नाम से पुकारी जाने लगी। कनकत्ता के फ़ोर्ट विलियम कालेज़ के प्रोफेसर लल्लुलाल ने अंग्रेज़ों के सरक्षण में "प्रेमसागर" तथा सदस मिश्र ने "नासिकेतपारव्यान" की रचना की। इन प्रारंभिक खडी बोली के ग्रंथों पर ब्रजा-भाषा का प्रभाव है। भारतेन्दू हरिश्चंद ने इसका साहित्यिय क्षेत्र में विकास किया, धर्म क्षेत्र में इसका श्रेय स्वामी दयानंद सरस्वानी को है। ईसाईओं ने अपने धर्म प्रचार में इसका प्रयोग करके इसकी उन्नती में बड़ी सहायता की। अब तक जो ब्रजभाषा का प्रभाव खड़ी बोली पर धीरे-धीरे लुप्त हो गया।

मुद्रणकला के साथ-साथ खड़ी बोली हिंदी का प्रचार बहुत बड़ा। बहुत से अखबार निकने लगे। हिंदी का सबसे पहला अखबार "उदंत मार्तंड" सन् १८८३ में निकला।

द्विवेदी युग में खड़ी बोली का एक स्थिर रूप पाया जाता है। द्विवेदी काल में "हरिऔध" और "गुप्त जी" ने खड़ी बोली में महाकाव्य लिखे जिससे इसका रूप वैभवशाली बन गया। "प्रसाद" युग में खड़ी बोली में रसात्मकता तथा कोमलता आयी। धायावदी युग में यह सरल और मनोरम बन गयी और आजकल के प्रतिवाद में हिंदी इसी खड़ी बोली के रूप में हैं और वह अशक्त और सबल है। इस काल में हिंदी गद्य का भी विकास हुआ। तब हिंदी गद्य का क्षेत्र भी विशाल बन गया। हिंदी बहुमुखी भाषा बन गयी जैसे निबंध आलोचना, उपन्यास, कहानी, नाटक, एकांकी, वेदान्त आदि।

हिंदी की चुस्त, साफ प्रौद और निखरी हुई शैली का आना अभीशेष्ट है। आशा है शीघ्र ही हम उस लदय तक पहुँज जायेंगे।

गुरु – भक्ति

एन. कमल,
Ist B.A.

गुरु गोविन्द दोऊ खड़े, काके लागूँ पाय।
बलिहारी गुरुदेव की, गोविन्द दियो बताय॥

सचमुच गुरु की महिमा अपार है। हमारे माता-पिता तो हमें केवल जन्म देते हैं - मनुष्य जन्म पा जाने से ही हममें मनुष्यता नहीं आ जाती। हमें मनुष्य बनाने का श्रेय तो हमारे गुरु को ही है। वे हमारे अज्ञान रूपी अन्धकार को दूर कर हमें ज्ञान रूपी प्रकाश में लाते हैं। हमें मनुष्योचित सभी आवश्यक गुणों को सिखलातें हैं।

उपर्युक्त दोहे के अनुसार तो गुरु की महिमा ईश्वर से भी बढ़कर है। क्योंकि, गुरु ही हमें ईश्वर से मिलाते हैं। गुरु सचमुच धन्य हैं। हम जीवन में जितनी भी उन्नति करते हैं, उसमें उनका हाथ रहता है। हम फूलते हैं, फलते हैं, उनकी कृपा से और उन्ही के आशीर्वाद से।

गुरु से विद्या प्राप्त करने के दो साधन हैं। हम गुरु को रुपया देकर उनसे विद्या प्राप्त कर सकते हैं। उनके प्रति श्रद्धा दिखाकर उनकी सेवा कर तथा उनके आदेशों का पालन करके भी हम विद्योपार्जन कर सकते हैं। इसमें दूसरा साधन ही अधिक उत्तम है। जिनके पास धन का अभाव है, उन्हें तो दूसरा साधन अवश्य अपनाना चाहिये। वर्तमान संघर्षमय जीवन में

अगर विद्या पढ़ाने के लिए शिक्षक को अपने शिष्य से धन लेना ही पड़ता है, तो इसका अर्थ कदापि यह नहीं कि चांदी के चन्द टुकड़ों के लिये वे आत्म-सम्मान को बेचते हैं। जिस शिष्य में गुरु-भक्ति का अभाव होगा, उसके गुरु उसे कभी भी दिल लगाकर पढ़ा नहीं सकते। शिष्य में गुरु-भक्ति का अभाव पाकर शिक्षक स्वभावतः अपने शिष्य से असंतुष्ट ही रहते है।

अतः विद्या प्राप्त करने की इच्छा रखने वाले छात्र को अपने गुरु के प्रति अवश्य भक्तिभाव रखना चाहिये।

प्राचीन काल में हमारे देश में गुरु के प्रति विशेष भक्ति रखी जाती थी। बालक हो या बालिका, अपने माता-पिता से अलग होकर गुरु के ही आश्रम में रहते थे। वहीं वे गुरु की सेवा-शुश्रूषा करते थे तथा उनकी प्रत्येक आज्ञा का पालन कर उन्हें पूर्ण रूप से संतुष्ट रखते थे। गुरु के आश्रम में धनवान और निर्धन माता-पिता के बालकों में किसी प्रकार का भेद-भाव नहीं रखा जाता था।

गुरु लोग निर्धन माता-पिता के बालकों को उसी प्रकार प्यार करते थे, जिस प्रकार धनी बालकों को वे धन प्राप्ति के किसी प्रकार के प्रलोभन में नहीं फँसते थे।

किन्तु आज की अवस्था इसके प्रतिकूल है। आज तो गुरु को ही शिष्य के घर जाना पड़ता है। इस परिवर्तित स्थिति में भी वे ही छात्र विद्या सीखने में सफलता प्राप्त करते हैं, जो अपने शिक्षकों के प्रति भक्ति रखते हैं और उनकी आज्ञाओं का पालन करते हैं।

वर्तमान काल में भी देहातों में विद्या पढ़ाने का ढंग शहरों जैसा नहीं है। वहाँ शिक्षकों के प्रति शिष्य की विशुद्ध भक्ति और शिष्य के प्रति शिक्षकों का निःस्वार्थ स्नेह का दर्शन अब भी होता है। इसलिये विद्या प्राप्त करने का सर्वश्रेष्ट साधन, शिक्षकों के प्रति भक्ति दिखाना है। जब तक शिष्य गुरु-भक्ति रूपी अमृत का पान नहीं करता, तब तक उसका हृदय कठोर बना रहता है, उसमें सरसता नहीं आती। अच्छा शिष्य वही है, जो गुरु-आज्ञा को ईश्वरी आज्ञा और गुरु के उपदेश को वेद का उपदेश समझे।

गुरु-भक्ति द्वारा हम लौकिक और पारलौकिक दोनों का ज्ञान प्राप्त कर सकते हैं। लौकिक ज्ञान की प्राप्ति से हम अपने संसारिक जीवन को उच्च और सुखी बना सकते हैं। पारलौकिक ज्ञान से हमें संसार के संघर्षमय जीवन में शान्ति प्राप्त होती है। संसार में सच्चे गुरु-भक्त सदियों से होते आये हैं। एकलव्य ने हँसते-हँसते अपना अंगूठा काटकर अपने गुरु द्रोणाचार्य को दे दिया। शिवाजी की गुरु-भक्ति ने उन्हें इतना निडर बना दिया कि उन्हें अंधेरी रात के समय घनघोर जंगल में प्रवेश कर सिंहनी का दूध दुह लाने में तनिक भी भय न लगा! मर्यादा

पुरुषोत्तम भगवान राम की गुरु-भक्ति तो आदर्श है ही। जनकपुर में अपने गुरु विश्वामित्र के सोने के बाद वे सोते थे और उनके जागने से पहले ही आप उठ जाते थे। ऐसी थी उनकी भक्ति अपने गुरु के प्रति!

वास्तव में गुरु-भक्ति ही हमारी उन्नति का प्रधान साधन है। हम बिना गुरु-भक्ति के अपने गुरु के व्यक्तित्व से कदापि प्रभावित नहीं हो सकते। शिक्षक के व्यक्तित्व का प्रभाव शिक्षा से भी अधिक महत्व पूर्ण होता है।

अतएव हमें गुरु-भक्ति रखते एहु अपने गुरु के उत्तम आचरण, ज्ञान, सज्जनता आदि से प्रभावित होकर अपने जीवन को उन्नतशील बनाना चाहिये। गुरु-भक्ति के बिना ज्ञान प्राप्ति की आशा करना आकाश-कुसुम चुनने के प्रयत्न के समान है। किसी ने कहा भी है :—

"बिनु गुरु होय न ज्ञान।"

वर्षा का पहला दिन

गीता मेहता,
H. Sc.

ग्रीष्म ऋतु के गरम, सूखे दिन के बाद, वर्षा कितनी शीतल, प्यारी और सुहावनी पडती है। अपनी इच्छा की सफलता पर किसान हाथ जोड़कर आकाश की ओर सन्तुष्ट नेत्रों से देखने लगता है। वह दिन जिसके लिए वह रात दिन चिन्ता में बैठा रहता था, उसने आज अपना मुख दिखाकर चिन्ता को हवा में उडा दिया। बरसात की बून्दो का वह मीठे गान के सिवाय हमारे थके हुए हृदय, मन और शरीर के लिए और क्या दवा थी। बरसात के सबसे पहली बूंदे भगवान् के आर्शीवाद से भी अधिक महत्वपूर्ण थी।

गरमी के मौसम में पृथ्वी उजड़ मालुम होने लगी। पेड पौधे सूख जाने लगे। साथ-साथ जानवर और पक्षियों के जीवन भी सुस्त होते गये। चारो ओर धूल उडती हुई दिखाई पडती थी। सभी दिशाओ में स्त्रीयाँ घडे और मटके उठाकर हर एक नल के पास घंटों से खडे थे। दिन पर दिन, पानी की तकलीफ बढ़ती गयी। न धोने के लिए पानी था, न पीने के लिए। लोग पानी के लिए तरस रहे थे जिस प्रकार मछली पानी के लिए तडप उठती है। भयंकर लू चलती रहती थी और रास्ते उबलते मालुम पड़ते थे। मानव यह घोर गरमी से धीरे धीरे हार खाने लगा।

लोग दिन भर मेघराज से प्रार्थना करते थे कि "हे मेघ! तू पानी दे।" लेकिन उनकी प्रार्थनाओं का कोई उत्तर न मिला। कई बार बादल छा जाते थे, लेकिन बरसात न होती थी। लोगों का हृदय आशाविहिन होता गया। बडे, छोटे, बच्चे, गरीब, अमीर सब मृतवत् सारा दिन लेटे रहते थे। अचानक एक दिन उनकी प्रार्थना सफल हुई।

गगन में घोर बादल छा गये थे। और इसके साथ लोगों की आशा ऊपर उठने लगी। लोग अपने घर के द्वार और खिडकी के पास खड़े आकाश की ओर देख रहे थे कि कब उन काले, प्रिय बादलो में से वह जीवन देने वाला पानी गिरे।

वर्षा की टपके देखकर लोगों की खुशी को पार न रहा! ऐसा मालूम हो रहा था कि उनके हृदय का प्रेम, सुख, आनन्द जीवन, सब कुछ उन बून्दों में भरा हुआ था? बच्चे खुशी से चिल्ला रहे थे और जल्दी जल्दी कागज की नाव बनाने लगे। कई और, अपने कपडे उतार कर वर्षा में नहाने लगे। सब लोगों के मुख पर अतीव प्रसन्नता छायी हुई थी। ऐसा मालूम होता था कि वर्षा ने उनको एक नया जीवन प्रदान किया है। जानवरों और पक्षी भी आनन्द से ओत प्रोत हो गये। पक्षी डालियों पर बैठे बैठे नये नये गीत की रचना करके गाने लगे। वे अपने रंग बिरंगी पंखुडियों को खोल कर, द्रव्य में रंग भरने का काम करने लगे। बूढे, अमीर, बच्चे, गरीब सब के चेहरे पर एक सांक्रामिक मुस्कुराहट चमकती थी। सूखे हुए पेडों में भी एक नयी शोभा आ गयी। बरसात का गाना सुनकर वे नाचने लगे। उनकी डालियों पवन के झोंक से इधर उधर झुकने लगी। नदियाँ और तालाबों में पानी भरने लगा। उजड खेतियों में प्राण रूपी पानी गिरकर उसे उपजाऊ बना दिया। प्रकृति का निखरा हुआ रूप निराला हो गया।

सब लोग घर जाकर खुशियाँ मनाने लगे। लोगों के हृदय में जो चिंता घर कर बैठी थी उसे आज एक दम घर छोडना पडा। घर-घर में बच्चे खिलखिला रहे थे। बालिकाएँ गा रही थी और जवानी मतवाली और पागल बन गयी थी। सब जगह सुख, प्रसन्नता और आनन्द के चिह्न दिखाई दे रहे थे।

रात में जब वे पलंग पर जाकर गिरे तो थोडी ही देर वे स्वप्न की दुनियाँ में उडने लगे। वर्षा की सुगन्ध उसकी धीमी टपक लारी की तरह थी, जो इन चिन्ता वीहीन लोगों को एक दम नींद की शान्ति में डूबा रही थी। ऐसा मालूम पडता था कि इन लोगों के लिए इस हवा कि सनसनाहट, बादल की गरज, बिजली की चमक और वर्षा के सुन्दर मोती ही जीवन का सुख, आनन्द सब कुछ था।

हाँ, सचमुच वह वर्षा का पहला दिन कितना ही सुहावना और अच्छा प्रतीत होता था।

प्रकाश ओजल हो गया

विजयलक्ष्मी
II B. A.

हमारा महबूब चला गया ।
आँखों में सारा पानी भर गया ॥

क्या यह पानी से ही दुख मिटा देना है । यदि मिटाना भी चाहते हैं, तो यह नहीं मिट सकता ; क्योंकि वह हमारे अंतस्तल में पहुँच गया है । हर एक भारतवासी उनको एक अनोखे रूप से प्रेम करता था और करता है तथा करता रहेगा । वे एक समझदार नेता की तरह विचार करते थे कि आराम हराम है । जब तक उनकी जनता सुखी रही हैं । उन्होंने हमारे लिये अपने प्राण को भी न्योंछावर कर दिया, हमें भी उनके लिए अपने सुख का बलिदान कर देना चाहिए । कोई व्यक्ति इस गूढ़ नियम पर विचार जरूर करेगा कि जब नेहरू चाचा जिंदा थे आप खाओ पिओ और मौज उड़ाओ का नारा गाया करते, पर अब आप पंडित बन रहे हैं, पर यह बात उठती है कि आदमी अनाथ होने पर ही अपना रास्ता सोजता है । हम एक हीरे को खो बैठे हैं । हम अगर संयमी नहीं रह सकके—तो हमारे प्यारे नेता भी चैन की नींद नहीं सो सकते, तो क्या हमारे कारण उनकी आत्मा को दुख पहुँचना है, जिहोंने हमारे सुख के लिये अपने आप को न्योछावर कर दिया । यह कभी नहीं हो सकता—तो किस विधि को अपनाया जाय । एक छोटा बच्चा भी यह सुन अपने नन्हे मुन्ने शब्दों में कहेगा—मैं नेहरू चाचा के सुख के लिये एक घल खलीद दूँगा, मोटर खछीद दूँगा और बहुत चाकलेट के डिब्बो दे दूँगा । क्या, इस मासूम बच्चे की आशाएँ पूरी की जा सकती है । क्या इस नादान बच्चे का उछलता हुआ दिल चुप चाप बैठ सकता है । इस विषय पर विचार करते-करते में निद्रा देवी के कब्जे में आ गयी ।

थोड़ी देर बाद उठी, मन में यह शंका थी कि उस बच्चे की बातें पूरी की जा सकती है, पर यह किसी और तरह से है । यही सोचते घर से बाहर निकली, जब उस पोस्ट बाक्स के दाहिने ओर जो सड़क जाती थी वहाँ कुछ और ही था, उसके प्रारंभ होने की जगह दो खम्भे गडे हुए थे, और एक सफेद कपड़े पर सुनेहरे अक्षरों में कुछ लिखा हुआ था, पढ़ने पर ज्ञात होता था "सत्यमेवजयते" इतने में मेरी आँखों में अंधकार छा गया । मालूम पड़ता था कि वह रास्ता काँटों का था और दोनों ओर विशाल वृक्षों से भयानक सर्प लटकते हुए दिखाई दिए

और थोड़ी ही दूर पर "अंधकार" एक "राक्षस" का रूप लिए आगे बढ़ रहा था। मैं कुछ न सोच सकी। मालूम पड़ता था कि वह मुझे ही नहीं बल्कि सारी दुनियाँ को खा जायेगा। मैं पसीने से तर हो गई। आस-पास और कोई नहीं परंतु दिन जरूर था, फिर भी सूर्य भगवान उस अंधकार का नाश न कर पाया। जैसे ही वह राक्षस मेरे पास आकर मुझे पकड़ने लगा—मैं एक चीख के साथ साढ़े तीन फीट ऊपर उछली और गिर पड़ी—उस काँटो के रास्से पर। हड्डियाँ सब चूर-चूर हो गयीं। आँखे खोल कर जब मैंने देखा तो अपनी खटिया के नीचे ज़मीन पर हूँ। खिड़की से भास्कर की सुनेहरी सुन्दर किरणो मुझ पर पड़ रही थी। तो, यह सब कोरा सपना था।

जलपान के बाद सोचने लगी, क्या यह सच हो सकता है? हाँ, एक व्यक्ति सच्चे रास्से पर जाने को अवश्य हिचकिचाता है। उसे बहुत से लोभ छोड़ने पड़ते हैं, जब अंधकार बनके उसे डराते हैं। यह कोरा स्वपन नहीं है। इसमें अनेक गूढ़ विचार छिपे हुये हैं। हमें भी ऐसे कष्ट भोगने पड़ेंगे। पर हमें साहस रखना है। साहस ही एक दोस्त है जो समय पर मदद देता है। यदि हम इस सच्चे रास्ते पे चलकर अपने प्यारे नेता को सुख पहुँचायेंगे तो वह काँटों का रास्ता हमारे लिए गुलाब के फूलों से बना दिखाई देगा।

हमारे प्यारे नेता श्री पंडित जवाहरलाल नेहरू जी की आत्मशांति ही विश्वशांति, विश्व-बंधुत्व है। उसे पाने के लिए अपने प्राण का बलिदान भी यतकिंचित है।



بیحد متاثر ہوا اُسنے تشرمندگی کے عالم میں مدھومتی سے وعدہ کیا" مدھو دیدی میں آج سے آپ کو دیدی کہوں گا۔ اور اس کے ساتھ یہ بھی اقرار کرتا ہوں کہ میں پھر کبھی آپ کو نہیں بھولوں گا۔ پرسوں راکھی کا تہوار ہے۔ راکھی لیکر آنا میں گھر پر آپ کا انتظار کروں گا۔ یہ باتیں سُن کر مدھومتی خوشی سے نہال ہوگئی اور اس نے اُن دونوں کو اپنے گھر آنے کی دعوت دی ۔ ہفتہ کا سارا دن کاموں میں اور مہمانوں کی گڑبڑ میں گذر گیا۔ اتوار کا دن راکھی کا تہوار تھا۔ آج اُس کی آنکھیں باوجود تھکان کے جلد کھل گئیں۔ اور وہ جلدی سے اُٹھ کر شہاب کے گھر جانے کی تیاریوں میں مصروف ہوگئی۔ ہمیشہ کی طرح آج بھی اُس کی پلکیں پُرنم تھیں۔ مگر آج اُسکی آنکھیں خوشی کے آنسوؤں سے لبریز تھیں ——— وہ دس بجے کے قریب شہاب کے گھر پہنچی۔ راستہ بھر نہ جانے کیوں ایک انجانے خوف سے اُس کا دل بیٹھا جا رہا تھا۔ اندر قدم رکھتے ہی کسی کے رونے کی آواز کانوں میں آئی۔ ڈرائنگ روم کی فضا رنج و غم سے مخمور نظر آئی۔ یہ محسوس کرکے اُس کے سارے بدن میں ایک کپکپی سی طاری ہوگئی، مگر اس کی سمجھ میں کچھ نہیں آرہا تھا۔ اُس نے شہاب کی امّی کی بھیگی پلکیں اور غمزدہ صورت دیکھی۔ جو ایک پلنگ کے قریب بیٹھی تھیں۔ جس پر کوئی سفید چادر اوڑھے سو رہا تھا۔ مدھومتی کو دیکھتے ہی اس نامراد غریب کے صبر کا بند ٹوٹ گیا اور وہ بے ساختہ نالہ کرنے لگی۔ مدھومتی صرف اتنا سمجھ سکی کہ اُس کے آنے سے کچھ قبل موت کے فرشتہ کے ظالم ہاتھ الیکٹرک شاک کی صورت میں شہاب کو دبوچ لیا۔ وہ چکرا کر گر پڑی اور اُس کی مٹھی میں دبی ہوئی راکھی مردہ شہاب کے سینہ پر گر پڑی۔ جب اُس کو ہوش آیا تو اس کے لرزتے ہوئے لب اُس کے غم کی یوں ترجمانی کر رہے تھے :۔

"اُسے نیند یوں نہ آتی اگر انتظار ہوتا"

برق کوثر پریس بنگلور ۱

اور اس کی آنکھوں کے سامنے چند سال پیشتر کا وہ سماں پھر جاتا جب اُس نے پہلی دفعہ شہاب کو راکھی باندھ کر اپنی کمی برسوں پرانی لی تمنا پوری کی تھی۔ اُس کا یہ درد دو موٹے موٹے آنسوؤں کے سانچے میں ڈھل جاتا۔ وہ مخملی راکھی کو چوم کر پھر سے ڈبے میں بند کر دیتی۔ کیونکہ نہ اب اُس کے پاس شہاب تھا نہ اس کا پتہ۔ پھر اُس کے شوہر کا تبادلہ میرٹھ ہو گیا۔

کل اس کی بے بی اِرون دتی کا سال گرہ تھا۔ وہ شاپنگ کرنے میں مصروف تھی۔ دھوپ کی شدت نے اس کے حلق میں پیاس سے کانٹے اُگا دئے تھے جب وہ بہت بیتاب ہوئی تو نزدیک کے ایک ہوٹل میں گھس گئی۔ اس کی نظر سب سے پہلے ایک کمسن لڑکے پر پڑی۔ اُسے یہ چہرہ کچھ جانا پہچانا لگا۔ مگر اُسے یہ یاد نہ آیا کہ اس لڑکے کو کہاں اور کب دیکھا تھا۔ وہ کچھ سوچتی ہوئی آگے بڑھ گئی۔ اتنے میں کسی نے اُس کو پکارا جب اُس نے مڑ کر دیکھا تو حیران رہ گئی۔ کیونکہ اس سے کچھ فاصلے پر شہاب کی امّی کھڑی اُسے آواز دے رہی تھیں۔ اُنہیں دیکھ کر وہ خوشی سے بے قابو ہو اُٹھی۔ اُس نے سب سے پہلے شہاب کے بارے میں دریافت کیا۔ شہاب کی امّی نے اُسی کمسن لڑکے کی طرف اشارہ کر کے کہا "یہی تو ہے شہاب! اب تم اُس کی خیریت اُسی سے دریافت کرنا" شہاب کو دیکھ کر اُس کی آنکھیں پھٹی کی پھٹی رہ گئیں۔ اُس کے سامنے دو تین سالہ شہاب نہیں بلکہ گیارہ، بارہ سال کا ایک جاذبِ نظر لڑکا کھڑا تھا۔ اس نے شہاب سے کہا "مجھے نہیں پہچانا میں تمہاری مدھو دیدی ہوں" شہاب کو اس کی باتیں سُن کر تعجب ہوا۔ کیونکہ جہاں تک اُسے علم تھا اسکی کوئی بڑی بہن نہیں تھی کیونکہ وہ اپنے والدین کا اکلوتا بیٹا تھا۔ اُس نے مدھومتی سے بڑی سادگی سے کہا "معاف کیجئے میں نے آپ کو نہیں پہچانا" مدھومتی کو اُس کے یہ الفاظ سُن کر سخت صدمہ ہوا۔ یہ بات اسکے شان و گمان میں بھی نہ تھی کہ شہاب اُسے بھول گیا ہوگا۔ یہ سُن کر اُس کا دل بھر آیا۔

اُس نے شہاب کے سامنے اس کے بچپن کی اور اُس کی محبت کی ساری باتیں دُھرا ڈالیں۔ شہاب کے دل ہی دل میں بہت پریشان و پشیمان تھا۔ اُس نے اپنے ذہن پر لاکھ زور ڈالا مگر اپنی مدھو دیدی کی یاد ذہن کے کسی گوشے میں بھی نہ اُبھر سکی ——— لیکن وہ مدھومتی کی باتیں سُن کر اُسکے بے لوث پیار سے

بہت کم جاتا تھا۔ جب شہاب مدھومتی کی آنکھوں سے ایک لمحہ کے لئے بھی اوجھل ہوتا تو وہ بے قرار ہوجاتی۔ یہی حال شہاب کا بھی تھا جب تک وہ مدھومتی کو نہ دیکھتا یا اُس کے پاس نہیں جاتا تو بے چین ہوجاتا۔ مدھومتی کی ماں کو اس کی تعلیم زیادہ پسند نہیں تھی۔ اس لئے مدھومتی کو اپنی تعلیم کا سلسلہ ختم کرنا پڑا۔ اب تو اُس کا سارا وقت شہاب کی دیکھ بھال اور اُسے کھلانے میں صرف ہوجاتا۔ اگر شہاب کو کوئی تکلیف ہوتی تو یہ تکلیف مدھومتی شہاب سے زیادہ محسوس کرتی۔ وہ ہمیشہ شہاب کی امّی سے کہتی "انٹی مجھے شہاب کی پہلی تنخواہ میں سونے کے کنگن بنوا دینا! شہاب کی امی ہنس کر جواب دیتی "کیوں نہیں بنوادوں گی"۔

اِنہی دنوں مدھومتی کی شادی ہوگئی۔ اُس کا شوہر دہلی میں ملازم تھا اس لئے اس کو وہیں جانا پڑا۔ جاتے وقت وہ بہت پھوٹ پھوٹ کر روئی۔ اُسے اپنے والدین سے زیادہ شہاب کی جدائی کا خیال تھا۔ شہاب نے بھی اُس وقت اُس کے ساتھ بِلک بِلک کر آنسو بہائے۔ مگر اُسے یہ احساس نہ تھا کہ اس کی مدھومتی دیدی اب بہت دنوں تک اس کی نظروں سے دُور رہے گی۔ وہ تو صرف اس لئے رویا کہ اُس کی مدھو دیدی رو رہی تھی۔ مدھومتی کے جانے کے بعد اُس کے والدین کو سارا گھر سونا سا لگتا۔ شہاب کو چند دن اس کی یاد میں رونے کے باعث بخار آنے لگا، مگر چند دنوں کے بعد وہ ٹھیک ہوگیا۔ وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ مدھومتی کی تصویر اُس کے نازک ذہن سے دھندلی ہوتی گئی۔ اس اثنا میں مدھومتی کے خط برابر شہاب کی امی کے نام آتے رہے۔ چند روز کے بعد شہاب کے ابّا کا تبادلہ بمبئی ہوگیا۔ جس کے بعد ایک عرصہ تک دونوں خاندانوں میں کوئی تعلق نہ رہا شہاب اس مدّت میں مدھومتی، گاؤں وغیرہ سب کچھ بھول چکا تھا۔ اب وہ ننھا شہاب نہیں تھا بلکہ گیارہ، بارہ سال کا جاذب نظر لڑکا تھا۔

جب کبھی راکھی کا تہوار آتا تو مدھومتی کے دل میں شہاب کی یاد کروٹیں لینے لگتی

رفعت افزا گلنار
پی۔ یو۔ سی

"اسے نیند یوں نہ آتی"

اگر انتظار ہوتا" !!!

مدھومتی لکشمن سیٹھ کی اکلوتی لڑکی تھی۔ لکشمن سیٹھ اور اُن کی بیوی سرسوتی کی کُل کائنات ! مدھومتی یوں تو اپنی زندگی سے مطمئن تھی۔ مگر اُس کے دل میں ہمیشہ تنہائی کھٹکتی رہتی اور اس کے دل میں ایک بھائی یا ایک بہن کی تمنا شدت پکڑتی جاتی تھی۔ وہ ہمیشہ خُدا سے آنکھوں میں آنسو بھر کے یہ دعا کرتی "اے خدا مجھے صرف ایک ننھا سا بھیّا یا مُنی سی بہن دے۔"

ایک دن جب وہ اسکول سے واپس آئی تو اُسے یہ پتہ چلا کہ سامنے والی نئی کوٹھی میں نئے کرائے دار آئے تھے دو تین دن بعد اُسے یہ معلوم ہُوا کہ نئے کرائے دار کسی معزز مسلمان خاندان سے تعلق رکھتے ہیں۔ اور اُن کا خاندان صرف تین اشخاص پر مشتمل تھا۔ رفتہ رفتہ دونوں گھرانوں میں میل جول بڑھتا گیا۔ جب اُس نے پہلی بار دو سالہ شہاب کو دیکھا تو ایسا محسوس ہوا کہ بھگوان نے اس کی التجا قبول کر لی ہے۔ اور اُسے ایک ننھا سا بھیّا شہاب کے روپ میں عطا کر دیا ہے۔

مدھومتی شہاب سے بے حد پیار کرتی تھی۔ وہ بھی مدھومتی سے بہت جلد مانوس ہوگیا۔ وہ اس کا سارا وقت اپنی مدھو دیدی کے پاس گذارتا تھا۔ وہ اپنے گھر بھی بہت

کی جاتی پہیئے مٹی میں اُترتے جاتے۔ اس جیپ نے ہماری جیپ کا بھی راستہ روک دیا۔ اب ہم سب جیپ سے اُتر پڑے جیسے ہی قدم زمین پر پڑے، پاؤں زمین میں دھنسنے لگے۔ جوتے اُتار لیئے گئے اور قریب ہی ایک سبزپوش چھوٹا سا ٹیلہ تھا اس پر چڑھ گئے۔ میں اور میری بہن ایک دوسرے کے سہارے چڑھنے لگے تو پھسل کر نیچے آگئے۔ گھاس اور پودوں کو پکڑ کر بڑی مشکل سے اُوپر چڑھے۔ ہاتھوں کے بل اوپر چڑھتے دیکھ کر ایک دوسرے پر ہنستے تھے۔ مگر بُرا حال تھا۔ جب دونوں جیپ خالی ہوگئے تو دوسری جیپ پہلی جیپ کو پیچھے سے ڈھکیلنے لگی۔ جس سے پہلی جیپ تو نکل گئی لیکن اُسی جگہ دوسری جیپ پھنس گئی۔ اس جیپ کو بھی ڈھکیل کر کسی نہ کسی طرح نکالا گیا اور پھر ہم سب جیپیں میں بیٹھ گئے۔ یکایک سامنے جو نظر پڑی تو آنکھیں چمک رہی تھیں۔ راستے پر ہی ایک ہرن گردن موڑے ایسا کھڑا تھا کہ جیسے کوئی "پوز" دیتا ہو۔ پہلی جیپ والوں کا ایک فائر سنائی دیا اور ہرن اسی جگہ گر پڑا۔ نا اُمیدی کے عالم میں خالی ہاتھ واپس ہوتے وقت اس ہرن کے مل جانے سے ساری کوفت دور ہوگئی۔ اور ہرن کو جیپ میں ڈال کر جب گیسٹ ہاؤز پہنچے تو رات کے تین بجے تھے۔ بارش تھم چکی تھی اور چاند نے بے نقاب ہوکر حسین منظر کو حسین تر بنا دیا تھا۔

آواز بھی مل گئی تھی۔ ہر طرف اک شور سا سنائی دیتا تھا۔ بعض ساتھیوں کی رائے ہوئی آب واپس چلنا چاہیئے۔ لیکن ہم لوگ بغیر شکار کے خالی ہاتھ لوٹنے پر ہرگز راضی نہ تھے۔ جیپیں آگے بڑھتے گئے اور کچھ دیر بعد ہم لوگ انتہائی گھنے جنگل میں پہنچ گئے۔ یہاں گھاس بہت زیادہ اونچی تھی۔ اس لئے جیپ کا چلنا دشوار ہوگیا تھا۔ کچھ آگے بڑھنے پر ایک چیتل لمبی گھاس میں سے نکلتا نظر آیا۔ ہمارے ایک بھائی نے فوراً چیتل کو نشانہ بنایا۔ چیتل گھاس میں گر پڑا۔ اب سوال یہ تھا کہ لائیں کیسے؟ دو آدمی ٹارچ لے کر اونچی گھاس میں چیتل کو تلاش کرنے لگے۔ بارش سے زمین دشوار گزار بن گئی تھی۔ اونچی گھاس میں کبھی وہ دونوں نظر آتے کبھی غائب ہوجاتے۔ ہم سب امید و بیم کے عالم میں چیتل کا انتظار کر رہے تھے۔ جس جگہ چیتل گرا تھا اس سے ابھی چند قدم کا فاصلہ ہی تھا کہ قریب سے ہاتھی کی چنگھاڑ سنائی دی۔ جنگل کا مقام، اندھیری رات، ہوا کا زور بارش کا شور، بانس کے ٹکراؤ کی آواز، جھینگروں کی جھنکار اور ہاتھی کی چنگھاڑ۔ ایسا ہیبت ناک سماں تھا کہ کیا بتائیں؟ جیپ کے ڈرائیور بہت ڈر گئے۔ اور واپس چلنے کے لئے کہنے لگے۔ دوسروں کا بھی یہی خیال تھا کہ ہاتھی کسی طرف سے بھی یکایک نمودار ہوسکتا ہے۔ کیونکہ لمبی گھاس میں کچھ بھی نظر نہیں آتا تھا ہاتھی کی چنگھاڑ قریب سے قریب تر ہوتی جا رہی تھی۔ مصلحت اسی میں تھی کہ فوراً واپس لوٹ جائیں۔ چیتل ڈھونڈھنے جو گئے تھے وہ بھی واپس آگئے اور دونوں جیپ جنگل پار کرنے روانہ ہوئے۔ ہاتھی کی آواز بھی کہیں گم ہوکر رہ گئی۔ ہم سب کو اس چیتل کو چھوڑ دینے کا بہت افسوس تھا۔

بارش بدستور پڑ رہی تھی اور ہمیں ابھی بہت سا راستہ طے کرنا تھا۔ جیپیں بہت آہستہ آہستہ چل رہے تھے۔ کیونکہ ہر طرف نرم سیاہ مٹی کا کیچڑ تھا۔ آخر جس بات کا ڈر تھا وہی ہوا۔ پہلی جیپ ایک جگہ کیچڑ میں جو پھنسی تو پھنستی ہی گئی۔ جس قدر آگے بڑھنے کی کوشش

لئیق سلطانہ
بی۔ ایس سی

شکار

یوں تو ہم لوگوں کو ہمیشہ سے شکار کا شوق ہے۔ لیکن یہ شوق اس وقت اور بڑھ جاتا ہے جب حیدرآباد سے دونوں بھائی آجاتے ہیں ایک بار جب ہمارے دونوں بھائی آئے ہوئے تھے۔ شکار کے لئے بیروال جانے کا پروگرام بنا۔ دوسرے ہی دن ہم لوگ دو موٹروں میں میسور سے بیروال کے لئے روانہ ہوئے۔ غروب سے پہلے بیروال پہنچے۔ گیسٹ ہاؤز بڑا خوش منظر ہے۔ تالاب ایک جانب تو پہاڑیاں، وادی اور سبزہ زار دوسری جانب دلچسپی کے مقامات بنے ہوئے تھے۔ پورے طور پر اس سے لطف اندوز نہ ہونے پائے تھے۔ کہ شکار کو جانے کے لئے دو جیپیں آنے کی اطلاع ملی۔ بس پھر کیا تھا۔ اسی وقت ہم لوگ مختصر سی تیاری کے ساتھ جیپیں میں بیٹھ کر جنگل کی طرف چل پڑے۔ پہلی جیپ میں ہمارے بھائی اور دوسری میں ہم سب بہنیں وغیرہ تھیں۔ ہم لوگ جس وقت جنگل میں پہنچے کافی اندھیرا ہوچکا تھا۔ یہ بہت گھنا بانس کا جنگل تھا۔ جس کے بھنوؤں کے بڑے بڑے جھنڈ ایک دوسرے سے گلے مل رہے تھے۔ اور بہت اونچی اونچی گھاس (——————) اگی ہوئی تھی۔ اس جنگل میں ہاتھی بھی تھے۔ فارسٹ روڈ پر ہم لوگ کچھ دیر گھومتے رہے۔ مگر کوئی جانور دکھائی نہیں دیا۔ پھر ہلکی ہلکی بارش شروع ہوگئی۔ بانس کے ٹکرانے سے عجب طرح کی آواز پیدا ہورہی تھی۔ جس میں بارش کی رم جھم، جھینگروں اور جنگلی کیڑوں کی

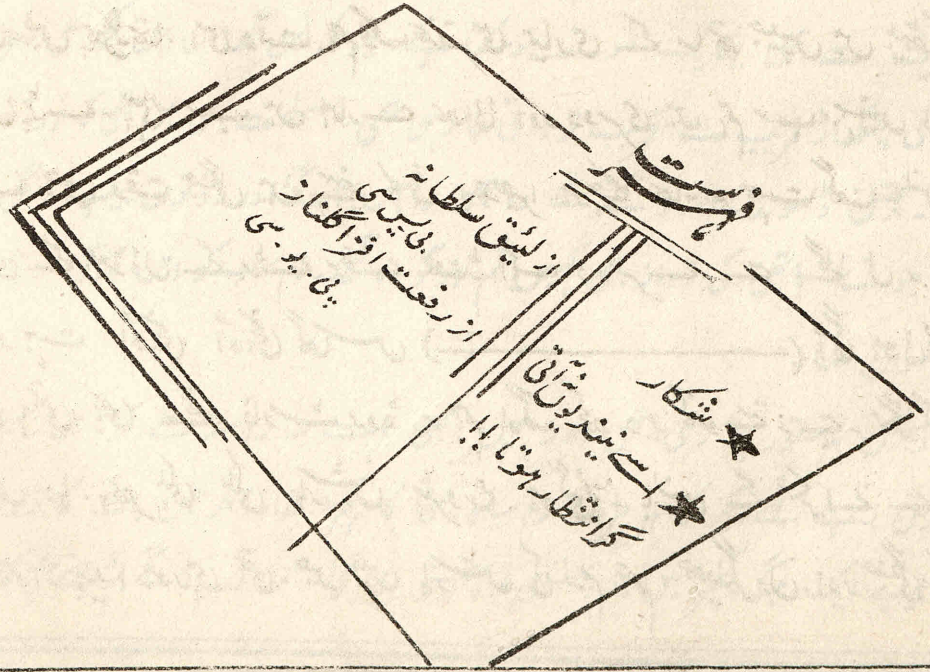
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مونٹ کارملس کالج

میگزین

(اردو سیکشن)

1964ء



கம்பர்

பூர்வீகக் கிரேக்கருக்கு ஹோமர், ரோமருக்கு வர்ஜில் இத்தாலியருக்கு டாண்டி, ஆங்கிலேயருக்கு ஷேக்ஸ்பியர், மில்டன், வடமொழிக்கு வால்மீகி, போல தமிழருக்கும், தமிழுக்கும் கம்பர் பெருமை கொடுக்கிறார். இவர்களெல்லாரும் பெருங்காப்பியங்கள் செய்த நூலாசிரியர்கள். பெருங் காப்பியங்கள் அந்தந்தக் காலங்கள், தேசங்களுக்குரிய பழக்க, வழக்கங்களையும், கருத்துக்கள், நோக்கங்களையும், அந்தந்த மொழிநடைக்கு ஏற்றதாய் இயற்றப்பட்டதாயினும், எக்காலத்தவருக்கும், எத்தேயத்தவருக்கும், எம்மொழியினருக்கும், எச்சாதியருக்கும், இன்பத்தையும் அறிவையும் கொடுக்கின்றன.

பண்டைக்காலத் தமிழருக்கு வீரமும், காதலுமே பொருள். ஏனையவெல்லாம் ஒரு பொருட்டாகக் கருதவில்லை, சமணமும், பௌத்தமும் பெரும்பாலும் ஒழுக்கத்தையே போதித்தன, ஒழுக்கம் உயிரினும் ஓம்பப்படும் என்றனர். வீரமும் காதலும் ஒழுக்கத்தால் மேம்பட்டன. கி. பி. ஏழாவது நூற்றாண்டு முதல் பத்தாவது நூற்றாண்டு வரை நம் தமிழ் நாட்டில் சமயக்கிளர்ச்சி உண்டானது. கங்கை நதி தீரத்திலுண்டான வடமொழி நூற்களை மிகுந்த ஆர்வத்துடன் தமிழர் கற்றனர். வீரமும், காதலுமே பொருளெனக் கருதிய தமிழர் ஒரே பரம்பொருளைக் கண்டார்கள். "இருள் கடிந்தெழுகின்ற ஞாயிறே" போல் அது தமிழரின் இதயத்தே உதயமானது.

ஒன்பதாவது நூற்றாண்டில் திருவழுந்தூரில் உவச்சர்குலத்தில் கம்பர் பிறந்தார். குழத்தைப்பிராயமுதல் திருவெண்ணெய்நல்லூர் சடையப்பவள்ளல் வீட்டில் வளர்ந்தார். "தேசங்கலந்த மறைவாணர், செஞ்சொல் அறிவாளர் என்றிம் முதலோர்" கூட்டத்திலிருந்தார். இருமொழியுங்கற்று அவைகளிலுள்ள கலைகளை ஆராய்ந்தார் தமிழர் நாகரீகத்திற்கும் நவீன உணர்ச்சிக்கும் ராமகாதை எவ்வளவு பொருத்தமென்று கண்டார். .... சுடர்க்கடவுள் தந்த தமிழ் "அளப்பருஞ் சலதி" அதை ஆழங்கண்டார் "தென் சொற்கடந்தான் வட சொற் கலைக்கு எல்லை தேர்ந்தான்" என்று கதாநாயனுக்கு ஏற்றிச்சொல்வது கம்பருக்கே பொருந்தும்.

"வாங்கரும் பாதம் நான்கும் வகுத்த வான்மீகி என்பான் தீங்கலி செவிகளாரத் தேவரும் பருகச்செய்தான்" அதை வடமொழி கற்றோர் மட்டுமே அனுபவித்தார்கள். தமிழரும் அதை உணரக் கம்பன் அழகு தமிழில் அறையலுற்றார்.

வீரம், காதல், ஒழுக்கம் இவைகளில் சிறந்த இராமனே கம்பரின் பரம் பொருள். இராமன் மிதிலையில் உலாவும் போது பார்த்த மாந்தர் :— தோள் கண்டார் தோளே கண்டார்,

தொடுகழற்கமல மன்னர்தாள் கண்டார் தாளே கண்டார் ;
தடங்கைகண்டாருமஃதே வாள்கொண்ட கண்ணுர் யாரேவடிவினை
முடியக் கண்டார் ;
ஊழ்கொண்ட சமயத்தனுன் உருவு கண்டாரை ஒத்தார் ;
என்று சொல்கிருர்.

கோதாவரியைக் கூறுமிடத் அதனை நல்லிசைப் புலவர் பாவிற்கு ஒப்பிட் டார்.

" புவியினுக்கணியாய் ஆன்றபொருள் தந் புலத்திற்ருகி,
அவையக்றைகள் தாங்கி ஐந்தினை நெறியளாவி,
கவியுறத் தெறிந்து தண்ணென்ருழுக்கந்தழுவிச் சான்ருர்
கவிநெனக் கிடந்த கோதாவரியினை வீரர் கண்டார்.

(சூர் ப. 1)

ராமனுடைய அம்புகளுக்கு உபமானமாக நல்லியற்கவிஞர் நாவிற்பொருள் குறித்தமர்ந்த நாமச் சொல்லெனச், செய்யுள் கொண்ட தொடையென, தொடை யை நீக்கி எல்லையில் செல்வந்தீரா இசையெனப் பழுதிலாத பல்லலங்காரப் பண்பே காகுத்தன் பகழிமாதோ!

(கும்ப 22)

கம்பர் குறித்த பாவின் தன்மைகளனைத்தும் அவர் நூலக த்தே உள்ளன. கம்பராமாயணத்தின் ஆன்ற பொருள் யாது? பால காண்டம் முதற் பாட்டிலேயே கம்பர் காவியத்தின் பொருளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு விட்டார். ஆடவரும் மகளிரும் மணந்த தமது கணவன் மனைவியாரிடத்தே அன்பு செலுத்தி இன்பம் அனுபவிப்பதன்றி, பிறன்மனை நயத்தல், பரபுருஷரைச் சேர்தல் என்ற தீச்செயலிற் செல்லாதிருக்கு மாறு தடுக்குந்தன்மையது கோசல நாடு என்ருர். இராமனின் பேராண்மையும் சீதாதேவியின் கற்பு நிலையும் சூர்ப்பநகை ராவணனின் நெறிதவறிய காமமும் அதனல் அவர்கள் குலத்திற் குண்டான நாசமும் காவியத்தின் முக்கிய பொருளாகும். "

விசுவாமித்திரர் கேள்வியைக் காக்க, ராமன் " கன்னிப் போர் " செய்து அம்முனிவரிடத்தில் படைக்கலமும் பெற்று மிதிலை நகரத்தெரு வீதியில் வருகிருன். ஜனகன் புத்திரி கன்னிமாடத்தில் மாதர்க்கூட்டத்தில் " மங்கையர்க்கினியதோர் மருந்துமாய் " நின்ருள். இருவரும் ஒருவரையொவர் பார்த்துக் கொள்கிருர்கள். " எண்ணரும் நலத்தினுள் இளைய நின்றுழி கண்ணெடு கண்ணினைக் கவ்வு யொன்றை யொன்றுண்ணவு நிலைபெருருணர்வும் ஒன்றின அண்ணலும் நோக்கி னுன் அவளும் நோக்கினுள் "

(மிதிலை 35)

" பருகிய நோக்கெனும் பாசத்தாற் பிணித்தொருவரை யொருவர் தம் முள்ளம் ஈர்த்தலால் வரிசிலை அண்ணலும், வாள்க்கண் நங்கையும் இருவரும் மாறிப் புக்கிதயம் எய்தினர்.

(மிதிலை 37)

இராமன் ஜனகன் கொடுத்த வின்லை ஒடித்து சீதையை மணக்கிறான் இருவரும " பூமகளும் பொருளும் போல வாழுகின்றனர். ஒன்றிய " போகமும், யோகமும் " ஒத்தனர்.

அயோத்திக்கு வருகிற வழியிலே கர்ச்சிக்கிற சிங்கம் போல் பரசுராமன் வருகிறான். இராமனும் எனதுயிரும் உனது அபயம் " என்று கூறித் தயரதர் நடுங்குகிறார். இராமனை அவன் கொடுத்த வில்லை ஒடித்து " வேதவித்தாய மேலோன் மைந்தனை மானபங்கப்படுத்துகிறான்.

" மழுவின் வாளினன் மன்னரை மூவெழு பொழுதின் நூறிப் புலவுறு புண்ணின் நீர் முழுகினன் தவம் மொய்ம்பொடு மூரிவில் தழுவும் மேன்மை " யை சீதாதேவி கண்களால் கண்டு களிக்கிறாள், அவள் மட்டுமல்ல, கன்னித்தமிழில் காணக்கிடக்கும் கம்பன் யாத்த ராமகாதையைப் படித்து தமிழர்கள் சிந்தை மகிழ்வுறுகிறது.

R. Bagayalakshmi
II B. Sc.

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தமிழரின் கடமை

ஆன்ரோர்கள் நம் அருமைத் தமிழ்மொழியை '' ஆயுந்தொறும்தொறும் இன்பந்தரும் '' தமிழ் என்று போற்றினர். முடிமன்னர்களும் சங்கமிருந்து தமிழன்னையைச் சிங்காரித்தனர். தமிழ் நாட்டில் பிறந்து தமிழைத் தனது மூச்சாக உணவாகக் கொண்டும் தமிழர்கள் தமிழைக் கற்பது தலைகுனிவு எனக்கருதுகிறார் கள். '' உதட்டு வாழைப்பழத்தை உள்ளே தள்ளண்ணே '' என்று கூறும் சோம்பேறியைப் போல இருக்கும் எண்ணற்ற இலக்கியங்களை காணமறுக்கிறோம். அது மட்டுமல்ல கொலைகாரர்களாக மாறி சித்ரவதை செய்கிறோம் எனில் மிகை யாகாது. '' வாழைப்பழம் '' என்ற சொல்லை வாளைப்பளம், வாயப்பயம் என்கிறோம். இருக்கின்றது என்ற சொல்லை இருக்கிறது, இருக்குது, இக்கீது, கீது என்று கூற நா கூசுவதில்லை.

இலக்கியங்கள் காலத்தில் அழியாதது அன்றும், இன்றும், என்றும் பயனளிக்கக்கூடியது. பஞ்சாங்கமோ, கல்கி, விகடன் நாளிதழ்கள் எக்காலத்த வருக்கும் இன்பம் பயப்பன அல்ல. இவற்றை ரஸ்கின் என்ற மேலைட்டாசிரியர், **Books for the hour** என்று குறிப்பிடுகிறார். படித்து முடித்தவுடனே வீசை என்ன விலை என்று பேப்பர்காரனை எதிர்நோக்குகிறோம்.

காலதேவனின் அடிச்சுவட்டில் அழியாது நிற்கும் இலக்கியங்களை யாத்த புலவனின் மனநிலையை நோக்குங்மால் ஓர் உண்மை தெள்ளிதின் புலப்படுகின்றது கீட்ஸ் என்பவர் பலகணியின் வழியாக சிட்டுக்குருவி ஜன்னலில் வந்தமர்ந்து சிறு கற்களைக் கொத்தும் போது நானும் கொத்த ஆரம்பித்து விடுகிறேன் என்று கூறுகிறார். முற்றுலும் உண்மை, சினிமா பார்க்கச் செல்லும் நாம் கதையோடு ஒன்றி அழுகிறோம், சிரிக்கிறோம், வெண்திரை என்பது தெளிவாகத் தெரிந்தும் இதற்குக் காரணம் நாம் அதில் ஈடுபட்டு விடுகிறோம். நம்மை பிரித்துக் கொள்ளாத வகையில் இதே மனநிலையில் தான் கவிஞனும் இருந்திருக்க வேண்டும். இல்லா விடில் தலைவனைப் பிரிந்திருக்கும் தலைவி, மாலைக்காலத்தில் மலரும் முல்லைப் பூக்களைப் பார்த்து, கணவனைப் பிரிந்த என்னிலை கண்டு தோழி முல்லை நகைக் கின்றது '' என்று புலவர் ஒருவர் பாடியிருக்க முடியாது. இயற்கையோடு இரண்டறக் கலந்து நிற்கும் புலவர் பெருமக்கள் உதிர்த்த முத்துக்கள் சாலச் சிறப்புடையது.

'' வள்ளுவன் தன்னை உலகினுக்கே தந்து வான்புகழ் கொண்ட தமிழ் நாடு '' என்றார் பாரதியார். தமிழருக்கு கதியாவார் கம்பரும், திருவள்ளுவரும். சான் ரோர்களைப் புகழ்வதோடு அமையால் அவர் வழி நடத்தல் நமது தலையாய கடமை யன்றோ ? ஐயிரண்டு திங்கள் சுமந்து அங்கமெல்லாம் நோகப் பெற்றெடுத்த தாயும், கற்றவர் சபையில் முந்தியிருக்க செய்ய முயற்சிக்கும் தகப்பனும் நம்

வாழ்வில் காணக் கிடக்கும் கண்கண்ட தெய்வங்களாகும். அவர்களுக்கும், நாமாற்ற வேண்டிய கடமை இப்புதல்வரைப் பெற என்ன தவம் செய்தனரோ என்ற புகழ்ச் சொல்லை அவர்கட்கு நாம் பெற்றுத் தரவேண்டும். தமிழன்னைக் கும், தமிழ் நாட்டுக்கும் பெருமை தேடித் தரவேண்டும். இது தலையாய கடமை. "தோன்றிற் புகழொடு தோன்றுக; அஃதில்லார் தோன்றலிற் தோன்றாமை நன்று" என்பது குறள். பிறநாட்டு நல்லறிஞர் சாத்திரங்களைத் தமிழில் கொணர வேண்டும். "சென்றிடுவீர் எட்டுத்திக்கும் கலைச் செல்வங்கள் யாவும் கொணர்ந்திங்கு சேர்ப்பீர்" என்ற தமிழ் மகனின் கட்டளையை நிறைவேற்று வதோடுமட்டுமன்றி, க்ஷேமமுற வேண்டுமெனில் தெருவெல்லாம் தமிழ் முழக்கம் செய்யவும் பின்னடையாது சேரவாரும் ஜெகத்திரே என்று ஒற்றுமைக்குடையின் கீழிருந்து ,, இருந்தமிழே உன்னில் இருந்தேன் " என்று தமிழ்க்கலைக் கோயிலின் திருப்பணிக்கு சிந்தனைச் செங்கற்களை வாரிக்கொடுத்து அறிவு சான்ற கொடை வள்ளலாக தமிழறிந்த ஒவ்வொருவரும் செயலாற்றினால் செந்தமிழ் நாடு சிறப்புற் றோங்குமன்றோ.

Old Student

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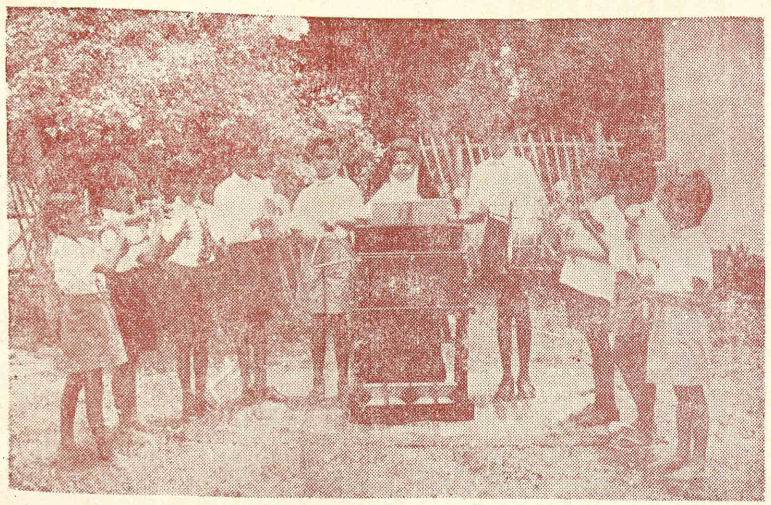
TAINADU-DAILY

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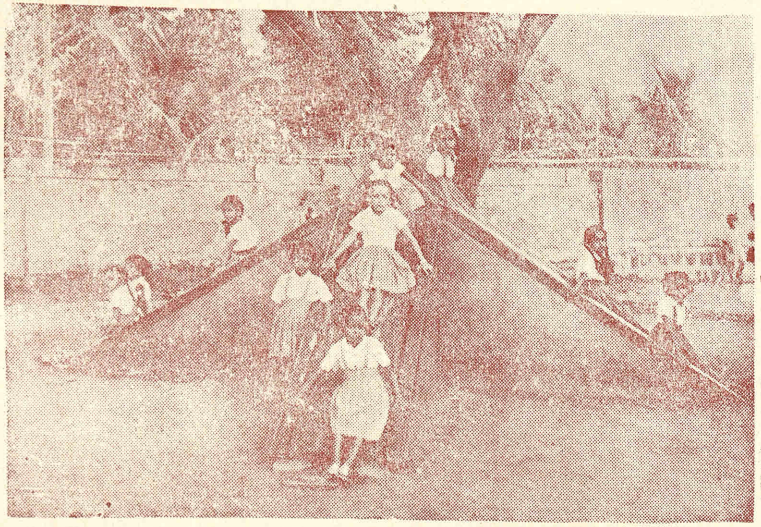
STENCIL PAPERS, DUPLICATING PAPERS, DUPLICATING INKS
MAPS & CHARTS, ARTISTS & DRAWING MATERIALS



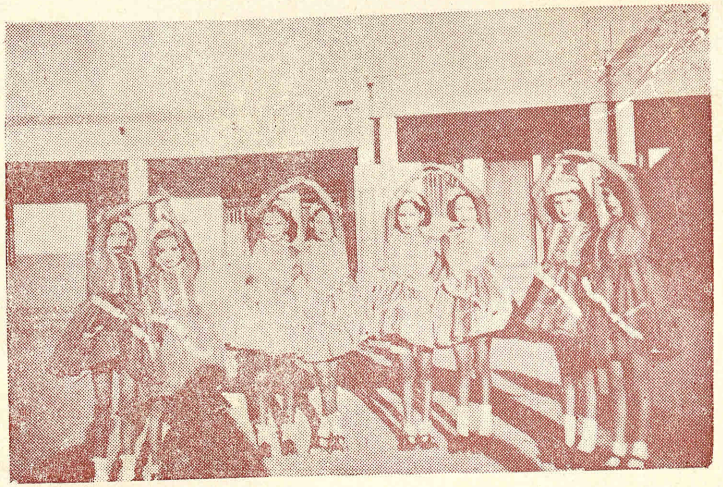
Junior Band



Bul buls (Middle School)

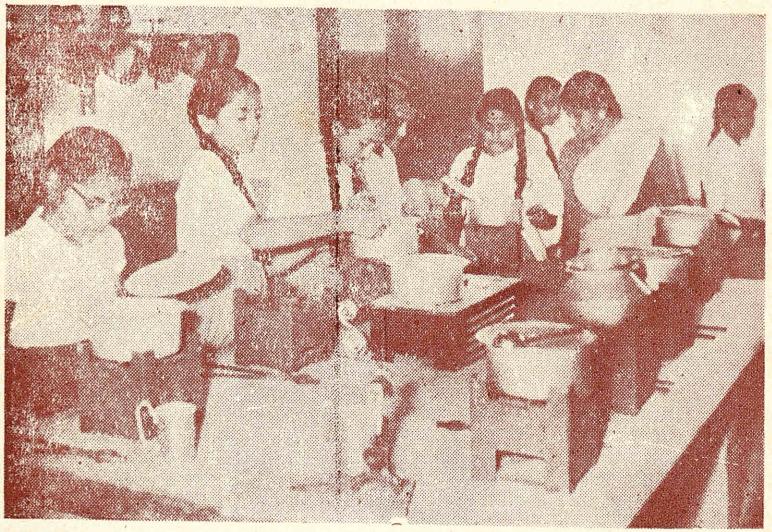


On the Slide (Primary)

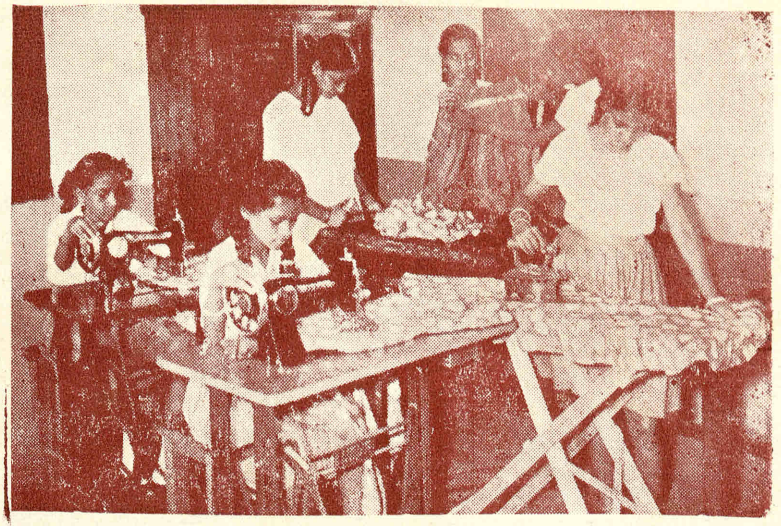


Dance (Primary)

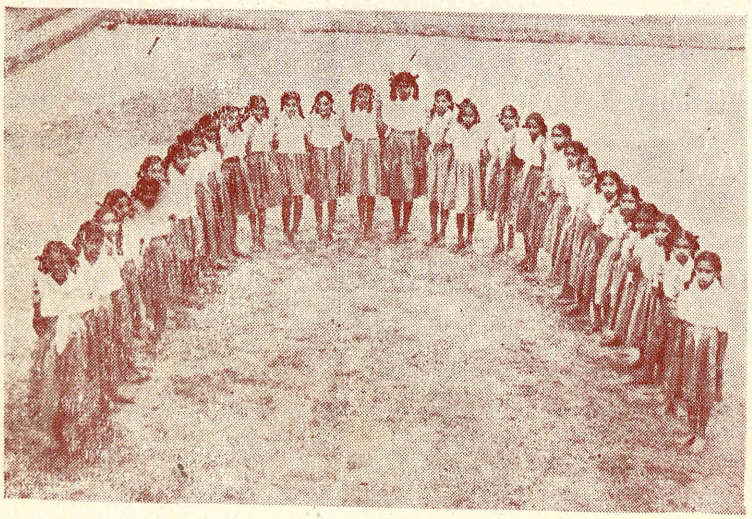
ST. PAUL'S CONVENT SCHOOL — DAVANGERE (High School)



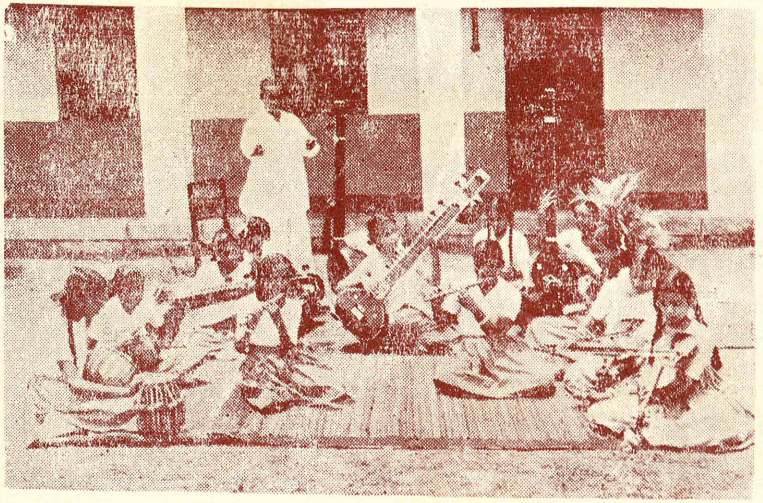
Cooking



Craft — Tailoring



Girl Guides



Music Class



Our Cha Cha Nehru

It is a pity that the most loved man in the world has left us. We, the children of India are very sorry that he is no more with us.

Nehru, when he became the Prime Minister, had great hopes in the children of this country. Wherever he went he used to meet the children, pat them, and talk lovingly to them. The children also loved him so much that they called him Cha Cha Nehru.

He not only loved the children of our own country but also the children of other countries. When he went to Japan the children requested him to send an elephant. He agreed and as soon as he returned to India he sent a baby

elephant to them. By this he thought that the children of Japan would always remember the children of India. In America he too used to talk with the children and help them.

So, though Nehru has left us, we will never forget him and his love for us.

The flower garlands which he received would always be given to girls. He always hoped that the good children of today would be the great fathers and mothers of the nation tomorrow. With this great hope he has left us.

Now it is our duty to see to it that our country, India, which he loved so much grows up to be the greatest of Nations by our loving and patriotic efforts. As students, we must be united and work for this common cause of our mother country unitedly and ceaselessly.

May the soul of Our dear Cha Cha Nehru rest in peace.

M. S. Renuka
Std. IX
S. P. C. (Davangere)

—o—

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

We all love flowers for their beauty and fragrance. Their presence chases away all gloom and depression and refreshes our mind. They radiate innocence and purity. Though born of earth they reflect something heavenly. They recall an invisible glory; they always point to Heaven.

But few of us know that they have a greater and more intimate appeal than that of beauty and fragrance. They have a language of their own which can be heard and felt by those who have developed the inner sense. They have a message for us, which is perennial and inspiring. They have the plasticity to receive a subtle spiritual influence and transmit it in all its purity.

In ancient times flowers were loved and used by spiritual men all the World over, not only because they titillated their sense of beauty, but because they hold a mystic secret in them and transmit it silently.

In India the high place of honour given in religious worship to the Lotus and the Hibiscus, the Lily and the Rose testify to the value of these flowers in the spiritual sphere.

Everywhere flowers have been always welcome and have been associated with the deepest feelings of the human heart. Each species of flowers has its own significance, and its own distinctive meaning and message to impart. Flowers are a joy not only to our senses but to our souls. Flowers—red and green, yellow and and violet, blue and pink and white of various shapes and sizes and species, collected from different parts of the country and abroad brighten and sweeten and atmosphere.

What is their language and what is their message ?

It is said that the flowers are the psychic expression of material nature. They represent what is pure and sweet and beautiful in it. They embody and mirror as it were something of the aspiration, love, devotion etc. which Mother Earth feels for the Divine.

Vijayalakshmi
IX Std.
S. P. C. (Davangere)

——x——x——

Society of Devils

My mother was in the kitchen and my father was upstairs reading the news paper. I had nothing to do as I was just convalescing.

It was X'mas holidays. My friends had gone to some place or other for their holidays. As I was feeling bored I began to read my ghost story book. I finished the first chapter .. I was unaware of what I did next.

After some time I found myself in a strange room of a very old house with no kind of entrance. I looked round. There was a broken stool, a broken chair and an old table and I was seated. There was no way to get in The dead silence made the place seem more mysterious

I was dazed by a sudden noise and instantly I found two strange beings inside the room. They were simply two masses of flesh. They looked at each other and looked at me and said that they belonged to the society of devils Coming near, they held my hand and asked me to be one like them. I shuddered with fear and screamed ' O God '-and I awoke to find myself on the easy chair with the open book. After a minute or two my parents came there panic-stricken only to find me seated comfortably and half asleep still.

M. G Elizabeth
IX Std.
S. P. C. (Davangere)

Madras as I saw it

On a chilly December morning my parents told me that I was going along with them. I was ready in no time ; and we were off to Madras for a week's visit. We had not gone far when our car started giving trouble. After having it repaired at Chitaldurg we started again.

We were going full speed and to our delight we came across monkeys making faces at us. We were quite excited at this as it was a strange sight for us. All through the journey I was absorbed in the beauty of the scenery on both sides of the road. We reached Madras in the night. Though it was a tedious journey and I was tired, all my tiredness vanished as soon as we entered the big city of Madras buzzing with activity. We went straight to the hotel where a room was booked.

The next morning we visited the Zoo. We spent a long time there watching the strange animals and birds. I was amazed to see the skeleton of a shark which was 81 feet long ; and the mouth is so wide that even a car can pass through it. To crown it all, we had a pleasant boat-ride in the pool maintained in the premises.

The next place that we drove to was the L. I. C. building with 14 storeys which stood majestically on Mount Road. We went right up by a lift. For a while I thought I was the Queen of the World. Because from that height, every thing below looked like toys. What delighted me most was the movement of these toy cars (as they seemed to me) of different colours.

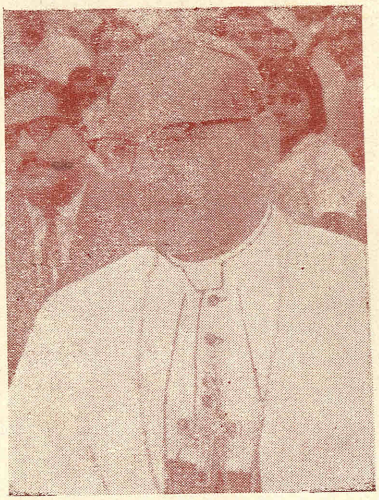
According to our programme the next place to be visited was the Marina beach. The time-worn truth, struck me that beauty is where you see it.

I had not seen such a scene before. How I wished I was staying in Madras City to enjoy this scene many more times. It was simply thrilling to see the rolling waves coming one after another — roaring like a lion bringing with them milk-like foam to the bank. My joy knew no bounds when I was allowed to play in the water.

As the time approached to leave the place I began to wish that the clock would stop working. The moment would pass I knew ; but I wanted it to last, as long as possible. But all in vain — the time came when I had to return to Davangere leaving that beautiful scene behind.

P. Sudha
IX-A Std.
S. P. C. (Davangere)

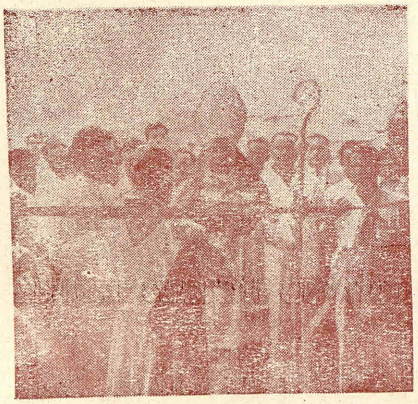
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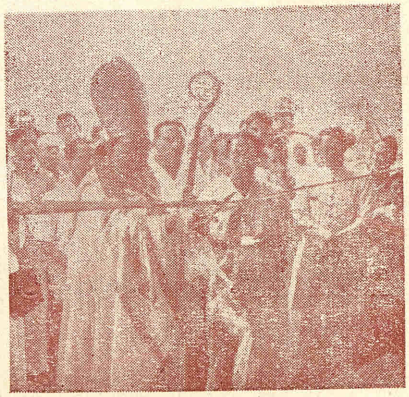
His Lordship

Rt. Rev. Dr. PAPAIAH, YEDANAPALLI O.F.M.D.D.

Bishop of Bellary



Prayer

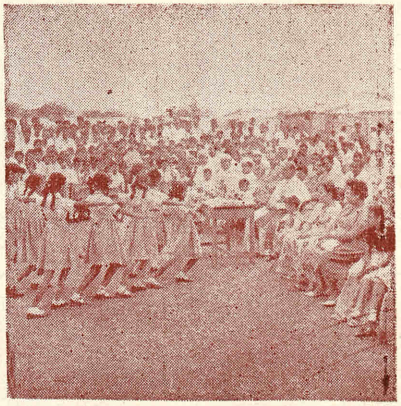


Opening Ceremony

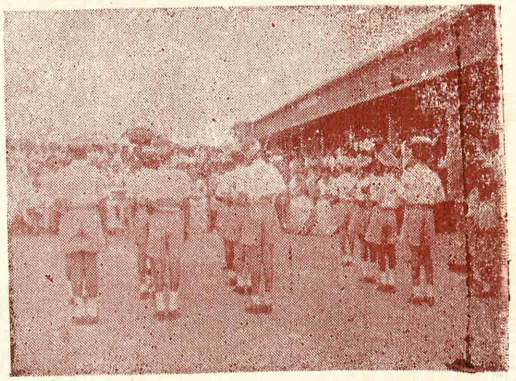
ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT SCHOOL – GULBARGA



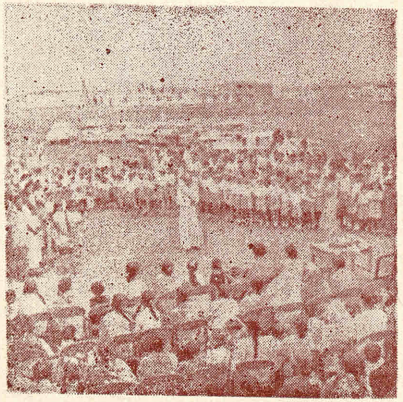
Greeting



Drill



The Awkward Squad



Speech



Vote of Thanks

GULBARGA

Gulbarga is a big town in Mysore State. It has a population of about a lakh. It is a big business centre. There are many oil and dhal mills. It has a textile mill too. Gulbarga is on the main Central railway between Madras and Bombay. It is the Divisional headquarters for Bidar, Raichur and Gulbarga Districts.

There are Arts and Science, Engineering, Law and Medical Colleges. There are many high Schools and middle Schools. There is one Polytechnic School. Hence Gulbarga town has many educational institutions.

There are two famous things in this town. One of them is Darga belonging to the Muslims and another is the Sarana Basaveswara temple of the Lingayat community of the Hindus. There is a big tank and an old fort in the heart of the city.

I am proud to be a native of this town.

Ram Prasad
V Std.
St. Joseph's Convent School
Gulbarga

———x———

MY SCHOOL

I am studying in St. Joseph's Convent School, Gulbarga. We have up to Std. VI Co-education is allowed in our school.

We learn three languages English, Hindi and Kannada. We play different kinds of games. We are taught not only lessons, but good manners, and also how to be disciplined.

The Mother Superior, Sisters and teachers are kind to us. We like them very much.

His Lordship Rt. Rev. Ambrose Papiah Yeddanapalli, O.F.M. D.D. Bishop of Bellary inaugurated our new school building. Ours is the only convent school in Gulbarga. I am very proud of my school.

Surya Kumar
V Std.
St. Joseph's Convent School
Gulbarga

PAINTING

My hobby is painting. I like to draw pretty pictures and paint them with bright colours. I love good pictures of sweet flowers, green forests and blue skies. I also like to see the birds, butterflies, peoples of all countries in colourful dresses. I take pleasure in coloured pictures; and to look at them often, gives me the greatest delight.

Sri Devi
VI Std.
S. J. C. Gulbarga

An Indian Village

Our Country has many villages. Our people live mostly in villages.

Every village will have a small tank. People wash their clothes in this tank. The village animals are also washed in this tank. The village well-water is used for drinking.

The village people till the land and grow crops. They lead a simple life.

Many of the villages have no electricity. They have no Industries. The villages have to be improved a lot.

Akmal Shakeeb
V Std.
S. J. C. Gulbarga

Collecting Stamps

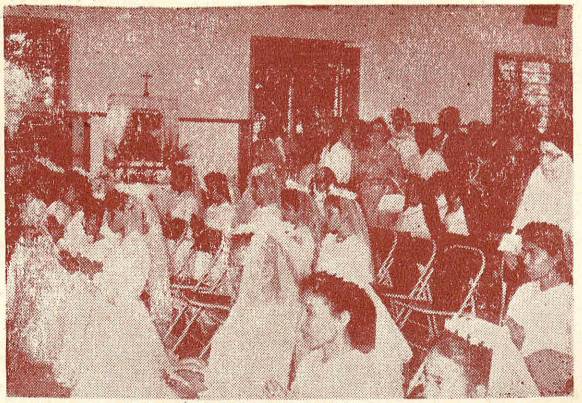
My hobby is collecting stamps. I feel happy to count them and to look at them daily. I like to collect stamps of every place. I like stamps from America best. I am gathering Nehru's stamps also. I like coloured ones better than plain ones. Stamps are good for Social-Studies too. When I look at Nehru's Stamps I think of him.

T. M. Prabha
VI Std.
. J. C. Gulbarga

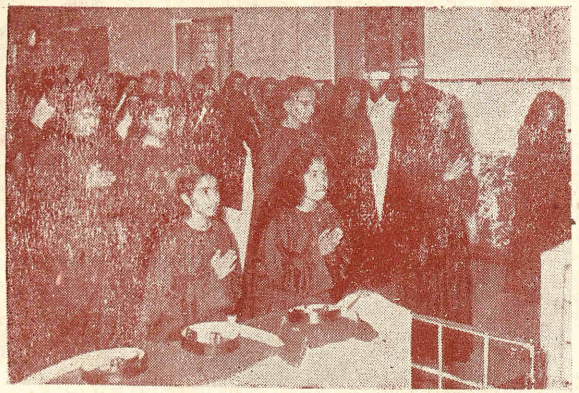
'VESTITION DAY' AT ST. TERESA'S NOVITIATE HOUSE -- WHITEFIELD



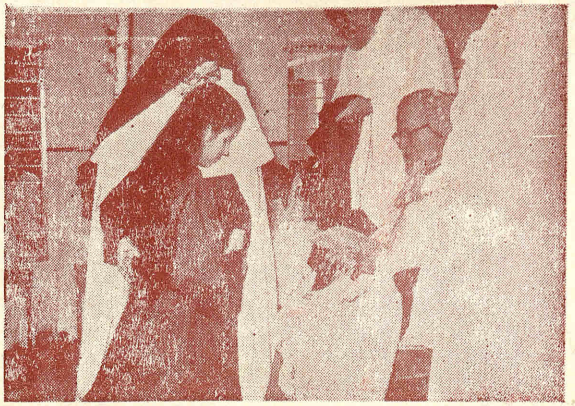
The Bridal Procession Wending its way to the Chapel singing 'O Gloriosa Virginum'



In Public we express our desire to embrace the Religious Life

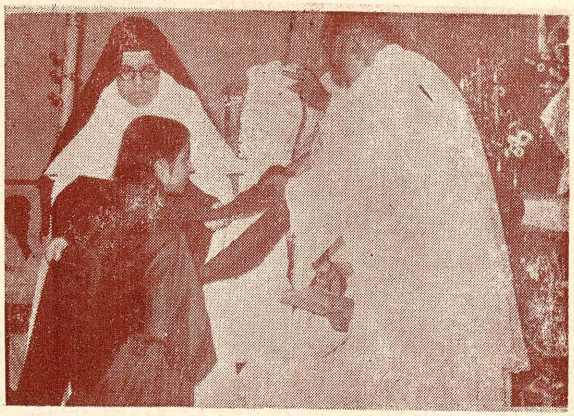


Eagerly we await to be clothed in the Religious Habit

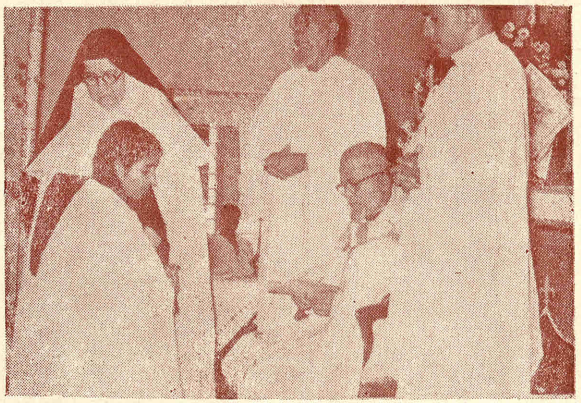


Receiving the Belt with Rosary attached

'VESTITION DAY' AT ST. TERESA'S NOVITIATE HOUSE — WHITEFIELD



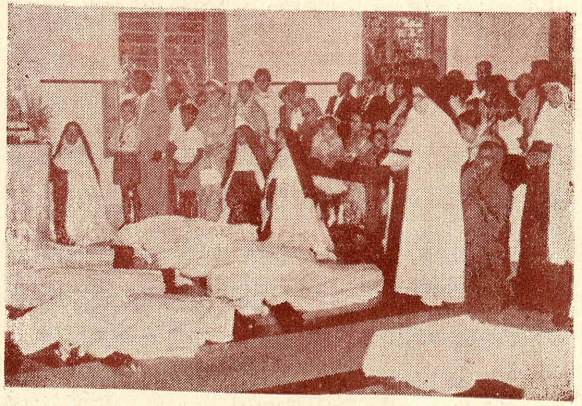
The Reception of the Holy Scapular of
Our Lady of Mount Carmel



Finally, the reception of the Mantle too



We are Novices at last



Prostration — 'Veni Creator Spiritus.'
is sung by the choir

'LINES FROM WISDOM'

Fear not, nor solicitous be for your life.
He, thy God, bids you trust not in worldly strife:
For with meat and raiment He provides every nation,
An undisputed statement since Creation.

Behold the birds of the air, and e'en the wildest beast!
God feedeth them down to the very least.
And the lilies rare — the roses too with their thorny shield,
Who clotheth them? these gorgeous queens of the field.

Forcible is each heaven-born incentive
For abandoning ourselves to His Providence with a trust retentive;
" Are not you of much more value than they "—
Why then should'st thou thy faith in the Omnipotent betray?

Yet, heed ye the voice of wisdom and warning
Thou must from life's early morning
Learn, in labour and sweat, to eat thy bread,
And oft the rugged road in this work-a-day world tread.

To you oh rich! Who immensely God's bounty do perceive,
He speaks — Let not thy wealth thy soul deceive;
Since freely thou dost receive freely give,
That so in peace and security thou may'st happ'ly live.

Dust thou art and unto dust must thou return.
What else may thy earthly treasures ultimately earn?
Wait not till then — Now is the acceptable time,
Thy goods to share, in fellow-love sublime.

S. M. D.
St. Ann's Convent
Sidapur, Coorg

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