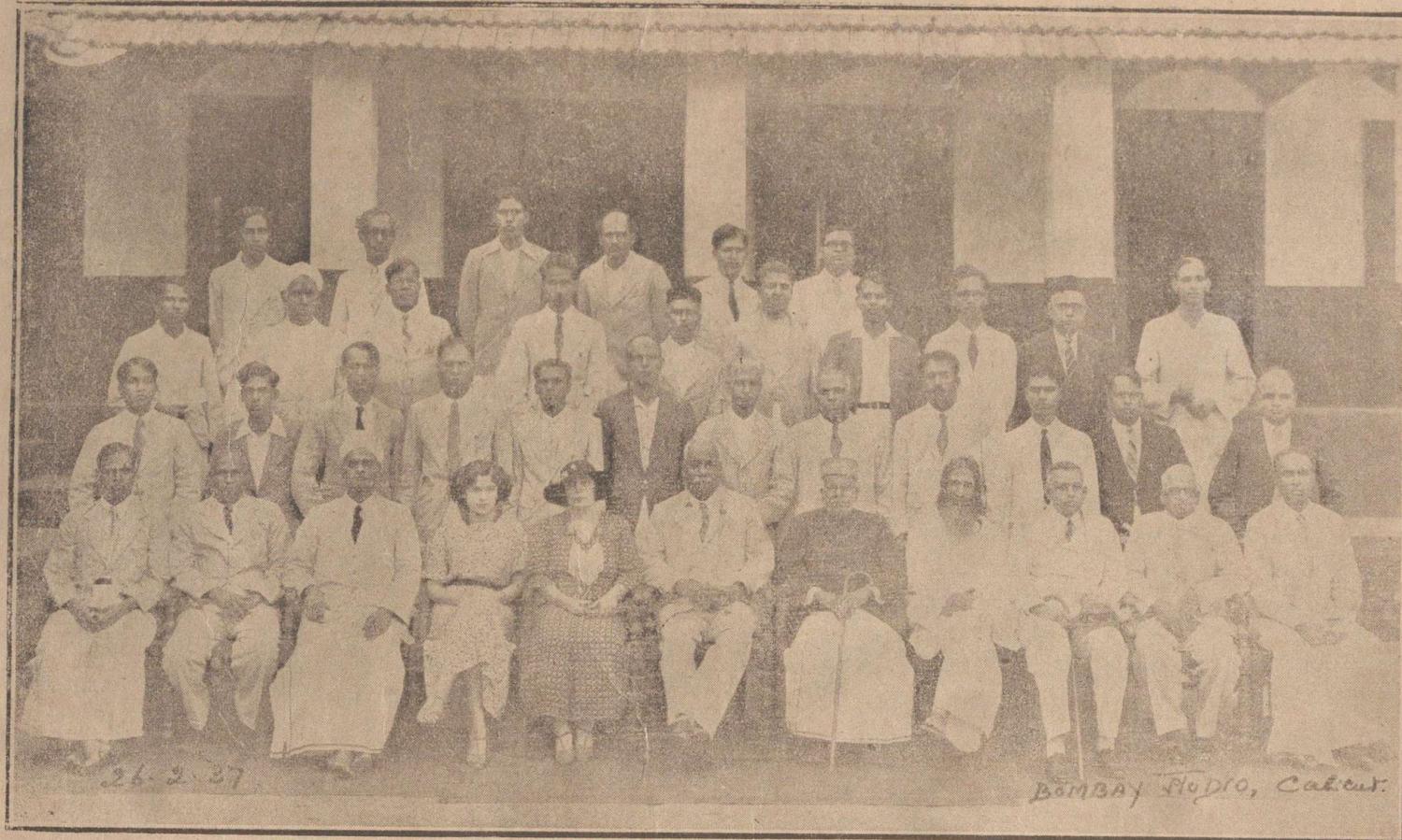


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Group photo taken when the College Prize Day was celebrated on 26-2-'37. Rao Bahadur Dr. T. M. K. Nedungadi who presided and Mrs. Nedungadi who gave away the prizes are seen seated at the centre.

The Zamorin's College Magazine.

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The College Prize Day, 26th February 1937.

What with the simple but tasteful decorations and what with the large gathering of ladies and gentlemen, of teachers and students, the college quadrangle presented a gay and lively appearance on the evening of Friday, 26th February, when the Prize Day was celebrated under the presidency of Rao Bahadur Dr. T. M. K. Nedungadi.

The president and Mrs. W. B. Nedungadi were received by the Principal at the Guruvayurappan Hall portico and garlanded and a group photo was taken. The function commenced with a prayer recited by one of the students, after which the Principal welcomed the guests. The president then made a few introductory remarks and the report on the working of the college during the past academic year was read by the Principal. This was followed by music, both vocal and instrumental. With S. Rangarajan of the Senior Intermediate class as the violinist and C. A. Narayanan of the Junior Intermediate class and S. Vasudevan of the Fifth Form as the vocalists, the performance was of a high order of excellence and was greatly appreciated. It is only on such occasions that the latent talents of our students are brought to light. A fancy dress competition which came next and in which the students who took part therein acquitted themselves very well, was really a source of amusement to one and all. Young folk are always good imitators and the fancy dress competitors were no exception. The prizes—and there was quite a large number of them—were then given away by Mrs. Nedungadi amidst acclamations. With the president's concluding speech, the proposal of cheers and the singing of the National Anthem, the pleasant function came to a close at 7 p. m.

Principal's Report on the working of the College during the year 1935—36.

Conformably to the long-standing practice, I have very great pleasure in placing before you, as briefly as possible, the most salient points in connection with the working of this institution during the year 1935—36. I am sure that, as the guardians of the present students and as the 'old boys' of this college, many of you who are present here will like to hear what I have to say. You may take it from me that I shall not tax your patience, as it is not in my nature to be long-winded.

<i>Strength.</i>	<i>March</i> 1933	<i>March</i> 1934	<i>March</i> 1935	<i>March</i> 1936	<i>Present</i> <i>Strength.</i>
College.	124	143	113	102	141
School.	727	738	796	825	882
Total	851	881	909	927	1023

It is curious that, while the 'school' strength has been very steadily increasing, the 'college' strength fell considerably in March, 1935 and 1936, but has unexpectedly increased this year on account of the large number of admissions into the Junior Intermediate class in June and July last. In the report which I presented at a similar function last year, I ventured to remark that the fall in the 'college' strength might be due to the decrease in the utilitarian value of University education and the increase of poverty in the country. Seeing that 86 students have been admitted into the Junior Intermediate class this year as against 62 last year, I am afraid I have to revise my opinion and say that these 'ups and downs' in strength mean nothing in particular and that perhaps it does not serve any useful purpose to try to account for these phenomena. I must, however, point out that a rush of students for admission into the college section does not appear to me to be a healthy sign, for many of them rush in, not because they consider themselves fit for a University course, but because they do not know, nor do their guardians, what else they could do. The fault is not theirs at all. It is entirely the fault of our present educational system which compels them to move in one particular grove without allowing them opportunities of exhibiting their latent talents in other directions. The whole question of educational reconstruction is now being seriously considered by the Government and it may not be long before wholesome changes are introduced which will enable our young hopefuls to get into various walks of life not thought of hitherto, without going in for higher University education for which many of them may have no liking whatsoever. It may also be that the changes to be introduced will help the solution of the unemployment problem and effectively prevent an increase in the number of 'learned beggars'.

The report which I placed before you last year referred to the possibility or rather the probability of a 'Natural Science Section' for the college department being opened in June next. I deeply regret to say that the idea has to be given up for the time being. There is no doubt that such a section will meet a long-felt want in this institution and increase its popularity and usefulness. There is no doubt also that the college is bound to have such a section ere very long.

Scholarships. 16 scholarships under the rules and the 'Chowghat Scholarship' were awarded. There were 10 Government scholarship holders. 41 poor and deserving students were granted full and half fee concessions. 4 boys of ex-military men and 32 boys of the Zamorin's family were free scholars. In this connection, may I take the liberty of suggesting that a fund may be raised for giving afternoon lunch to some of the very poor pupils who cannot afford to have even one square meal a day? I appeal to the philanthropic 'old boys' of this college to take the initiative, as a move in this direction will be real charity indeed.

Examination Results. 41 students appeared for the Intermediate Examination of March last. Of these, 17 passed in full, 8 of them in the First Class, while 16 passed in one or two of the three parts. The percentage of success in each of the various subjects was as follows :

English—51; Sanskrit—73; Malayalam 73; Mathematics—61; Physics—62; Chemistry—79; Logic—83; Modern History—86; Indian History—100; Ancient History—67. Also 2 students won distinction in Mathematics, 9 in Physics and 9 in Chemistry.

In the S. S. L. C. Public Examination, 39 students were declared eligible for admission to a University course of study, out of 94 who had appeared.

It is generally supposed that examination results are the only unerring tests of the efficiency of an educational institution, but, as I said in my report last year, our present day examinations are nothing more than memory tests. Speaking about the reorganisation of examination system at the 12th All-India Educational Conference at Gwalior, Mr. Ziaudin Ahmed, Vice-Chancellor of the Aligarh University said regarding examinations : "Their failure as means of school promotion, as tests of entrance to Universities, as instruments of selection to the professions, has been recently established in America and in different European countries..... In India hardly anything has yet been done. I earnestly appeal to all educationists to undertake serious investigations of the many aspects of the problem so that the element of chance may be eliminated and examinations may become effective measuring instruments." I do admit that examinations must continue to be part and parcel of our educational system and that they are a

'necessary evil', but unless healthy reforms are introduced, they cannot be relied on as infallible guides in efficiency tests. Those of you who are interested in the subject of examinations will do well to read the pamphlet, "An Examination of Examinations" by Sir Philip Hartog and Dr. E. C. Rhodes whose enquiries have clearly established the absolute unreliability of the marking system.

Library and Reading Room. 354 books for the High School were added to the library during the year. The introduction of "library periods" in the High School classes making extra reading during working hours compulsory, necessitated this addition. The 'library periods' are certainly good in theory but their practical utility remains to be seen. It is hoped that, with this innovation, love of books and love of reading books other than text books will revive among our students and enable them to improve their style and express their ideas clearly, forcefully and without mistakes of grammar and idiom. The disappearance of the reading habit mainly accounts for the present deterioration in the standard of attainment of school boys and these compulsory library periods may help some of them at least to cultivate the reading habit without which no improvement is possible.

39 books were presented to the College library by Miss Barber to whom, on behalf of the Management, I tender our heartfelt thanks.

The following newspapers and magazines were subscribed for :

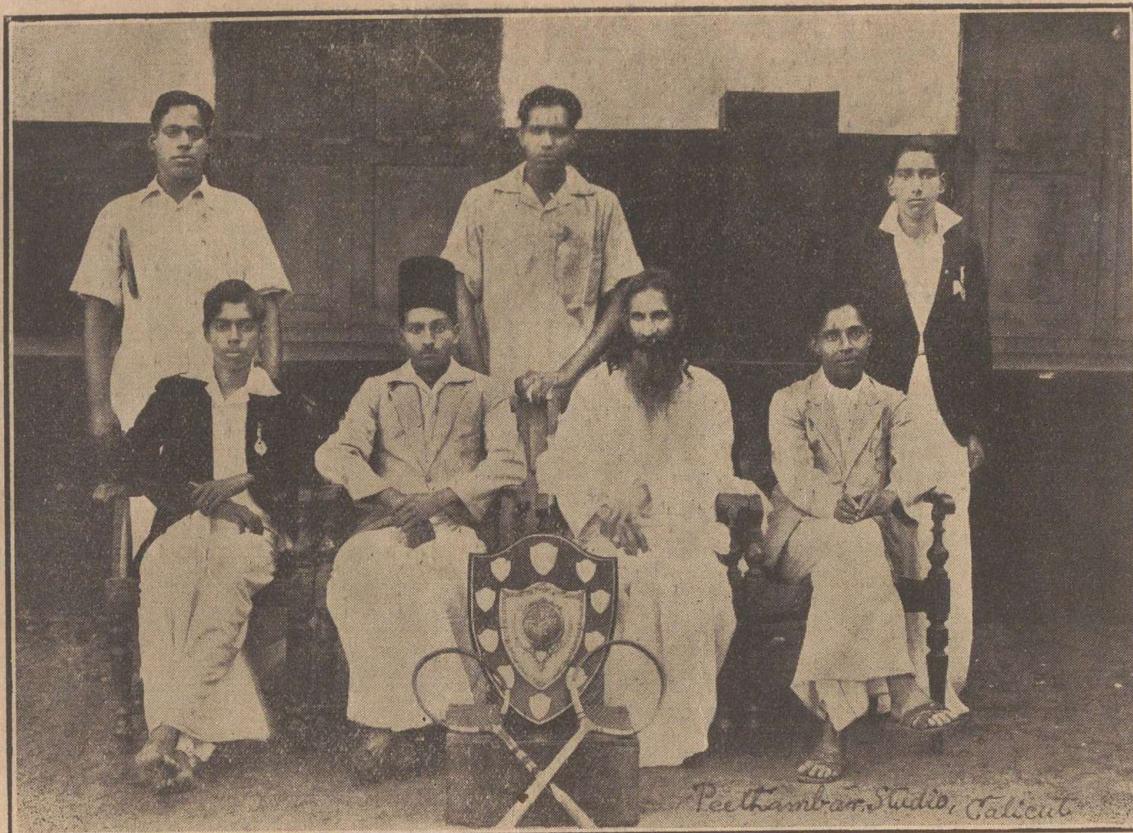
Newspapers:

1. The Hindu
2. The Champion
3. Kerala Patrika

<i>Magazines :</i>	<i>Foreign</i>	<i>Indian</i>
	1. The Illustrated London News	8. Educational Review
	2. Tit Bits	9. Modern Review
	3. The Strand	10. The Scholar
	4. Review of Reviews	11. Indian Historical Quarterly
	5. The Wide World	12. Journal of Indian History
	6. John O'London's Weekly	
	7. Scientific American	

In addition, several other magazines were received here in exchange for the College Magazine.

Debating Societies: The College and High School Debating Societies did their work satisfactorily during the year. Attendance at the meetings was made compulsory, as students usually fight shy of them, failing to realise the educative value and usefulness of such societies which, consequently, are, more often than not, thrown into the background.



The College Badminton Team
who won the shield in the tournament played at Kottayi on 1-11-36.

Sports and Games: Careful attention is paid to physical culture and the students are afforded ample opportunities of developing their physique. Several games are played here, even though the want of a good playground stands in the way of full scope being given for sufficient practice in games like football, hockey and cricket. The cricket team of this college won the cup in the 'Rukmini Memorial Cricket Tournament' played at Palghat on 20-2-'36. As ill luck would have it, the team got defeated this year and lost the cup. To wipe off the disgrace of this defeat, as it were, the badminton team scored a splendid victory and won the shield in the tournament played at Kottayi on 1-11-'36. As usual, the students took an active part in the West Coast Sports and Tournaments and acquitted themselves fairly well. They also participated in several other tournaments outside, including the Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament recently organised by the University of Madras. It is worthy of mention that in the latter, our football team came out successful, defeating the Mangalore team. It will thus be seen that every encouragement is given to our boys to improve their health. Even the girls here are not neglected. A Physical Instructress has been appointed to look after the girls who, I am glad to say, have now begun to evince a keen interest in physical activities. One novel feature of the college sports this year was the participation in them by the girls, some of whom are to receive prizes today for their athletic skill. I sincerely hope that this feature will be continued on a grander scale in the years to come and that the girls will prove themselves no whit inferior, if not superior, to the boys on the physical side as well. The games committee under the enthusiastic lead of the Physical Director, Mr. T. Sankunni Kurup, deserve all praise for their excellent work and I am specially thankful to them.

It may also interest you to know that an attempt has been made this year to bring together the 'old boys' and the new. Three or four items in sports were conducted for the 'old boys' alone and a well-contested football match was played between a team of 'old boys' and the college team in which the former won by three goals to two. The idea is quite a good one and I have every reason to hope that it will be not only given effect to hereafter but will also be considerably improved.

Hostel. There were only 15 boarders last year. The Hostel strength has been going down and even in spite of the increase in the strength of the college classes this year, there are at a present only 14 boarders.

Some College Functions. (1) *An Unveiling Ceremony*. A portrait of Mr. W. Erlam Smith, M. A., late Director of Public Instruction, who laid the foundation stone of the Guruvayurappan Buildings was unveiled in the Guruvayurappan Hall by Mr. A. R. MacEwen, I. C. S., Collector of Malabar, on 4-10-'35.

(2) *Prize Day.* The college Prize Day was celebrated on the 20—2—'36 in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering. Mr. W. K. M. Langley, M. L. C., presided and gave away the prizes.

(3) *Silver Jubilee of His Late Majesty King George V.* This was celebrated in the Guruvayurappan Hall on 6—5—'35.

Buildings. It was thought at the time when the 'Guruvayurappan Buildings' were in progress that the accommodation problem would be completely solved after the buildings were completed. Now that they are complete, it is found that accommodation is not enough, and three of the lower classes are held in the Guruvayurappan Hall. The strength of the institution is increasing steadily and it is necessary to build a few more class rooms. *Festina Lente.*

Tutorial Classes. For the first time in the history of this college, tutorial classes in English for the Sixth Form students and in Mathematics for the Senior Intermediate students were opened with the permission of the Board of Management. They were of very great help to the students concerned.

Staff Council. There were monthly meetings of the Staff Council and one of the important matters discussed was the starting of a Co-operative Store for the college. Thanks to the enthusiasm of the Staff, a store has been brought into existence and is now working satisfactorily under the name of "The Zamorin's College Co-operative Stores, Ltd." Students' requisites and other articles for college use are sold and the accounts are scrutinised by the Co-operative Department. The 'Staff Council' and the 'Co-operative Stores' are both conducive to a spirit of co-operation and mutual good will among the staff and the students whose combined efforts are so necessary for the smooth working of the college.

The College Magazine. Last year, I stated in my report that the College Magazine continued to be an 'ill-fed child'. This was but too true, for there was only one issue last year, the three numbers having been combined and published in March. The Editors, Mr. M. P. Sivadasa Menon and Mr. T. V. Rayarappa Kurup, having expressed their desire to be relieved of the editorial work, the Staff Council considered the matter and resolved to form two committees, one known as the 'Editorial Committee' consisting of 7 members, 2 being students, with the Principal as the *ex-officio* editor-in-chief and the other known as the 'Managing Committee, with the Principal as the *ex-officio* president. It was also decided that the magazine be issued twice a year, one in October and the other in March. The first number for this year has come out and the second is in the press. Let me hope that the magazine will thrive and prosper under the careful supervision of the Editorial and Managing Committees.

The Old Boys' Association. An attempt is being made to prepare an exhaustive list of the 'Old boys' of the college but this cannot be done satisfactorily without the help of the 'old boys' themselves, as it is very difficult to get the addresses of many of them. The Diamond Jubilee has to be celebrated towards the end of this year and it will be in the fitness of things if the 'old boys' join the association in large numbers and co-operate with us in making proper arrangements for a grand celebration worthy of the auspicious occasion. If the college is to grow from strength to strength, such co-operation is absolutely necessary, and I appeal to those of you who were students here, to do all that you possibly can for the uplift of your *alma mater*.

A word more and I have done. The working of the college was on the whole very satisfactory during the past year and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to tender my heartfelt thanks to H. H. the Zamorin Raja and the Board of Management for their timely help and guidance, and to the staff for their willing and active co-operation.

May God bless the College and bless us all!

Zamorin's College,
Calicut, 26—2—'37.

A. V. Kutti Krishna Menon.

Principal.



Prize Day Speeches.

Principal's Speech.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

On behalf of the staff and the students of this college, I have very great pleasure in extending to you all a hearty, cordial and loving welcome.

A distinguished and honoured citizen of Calicut, Rao Bahadur Dr. T. M. K. Nedungadi who has been kind enough to take the chair on this occasion, is so well known to you that it is unnecessary for me to introduce him. After an active life as a successful doctor for nearly half a century, he is now enjoying the dignified leisure of his retired life as 'Dwarakadhipa', residing as he does at 'Dwaraka'—the name of his bungalow—where perhaps spending most of his time in communion with Lord Krishna, the Lord of Dwaraka, he thinks he may not be so easily molested. I have, however, been able to draw him out of his seclusion and here he is this evening in response to my request to do honour to this institution, an institution of which he is an 'old boy' and in the management of which he took an active part for four or five years. I can confidently assert before you that, as a member of the Board of Management of this college, he was always liberal in his outlook and impartial in his decisions, ever ready to do justice and ever willing to do anything which would increase the usefulness and promote the welfare of this institution. Even after severing his connection with the Board, he has been evincing his interest in the college and his presence here today, in spite of much inconvenience, is ample proof of his love for his *alma mater*. To him and to Mrs. Nedungadi who has kindly undertaken to give away the prizes, I tender my sincere and grateful thanks. I am also thankful to the donors of the several special prizes to be awarded today and to all of you who have so readily responded to my humble invitation. Ladies and gentlemen, I should like you to remember that this year is an eventful one in the history of this college, for it completes the sixtieth year of its existence in June next and we have to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee. I take this opportunity of requesting all of you to render us every possible help in making that celebration a grand success, a success worthy of its reputation as the premier educational institution on the west coast. Let me thank you in anticipation.

President's introductory speech.

Mr. Principal, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I thank the Principal most sincerely for the honour he has done me by asking me to preside at the College Day Celebrations of this year. I am an old boy of this College and have served for some time as a member of its Board of Management. Perhaps these two facts have led your Principal to ask me to take the chair at this function. It is indeed a great pleasure as well as a privilege to me to have been able to come and meet you in this great gathering and to renew my association with my *Alma Mater*. As I stand here, recollections of my old school days crowd on my mind, but I am not going to trouble you by a description of what school life meant in those far off days, more than half a century ago. But this much I may say, that the happiest part of one's life is that spent in the pursuit of knowledge within the calm and secluded precincts of a College or a University and that the memory of academic distinctions won, of successes achieved in sports and games, of the friendships formed, will always remain precious and be a source of joy and gratification in later years. A College Day like this brings the old boys and present students together and helps to strengthen the bonds which unite them to their college and to foster its traditions. As there is a long programme to be gone through, I do not wish to detain you longer by my preliminary remarks. Whatever observations I may have to make touching your work and conduct will be reserved to the end when I have to make my concluding speech.

President's concluding speech.

Mr. Principal, Ladies and Gentlemen,

We have just listened to a very interesting report of the work done during the year and I am sure you will agree with me when I say that the report reveals progress in all directions. The results of the public examinations have been fairly good but the efficiency of an educational institution is not to be judged entirely by results which may be good or bad in a particular year according as the particular batch of students of that year is above or below the average. The extra-curricular activities have been well maintained and I take this opportunity of congratulating the Principal and the staff on the good work turned out during the year under report. I hope and pray that the college may continue to maintain the good record which it has already established and may grow from strength to strength in the years to come. I believe it is not out of place to point out that this institution which is now a second grade college, should be raised to the status of a first grade college in the near future, since I am of opinion that a first

grade college in Calicut, the capital of this district, is sure to serve a useful purpose in giving more facilities to many students whose means may not enable them to go elsewhere to continue their studies. The authorities may be good enough to consider the suggestion.

I congratulate the prize winners on their success in the examinations and the various competitions. To those who have not been lucky now to get prizes, I would say that they need not feel discouraged on that score, for success in an examination is not always a true measure of success in life and that there have been many examples of men who have risen high among their fellow-men without the aid of academic distinctions. The days are gone when every youth who came out of a college with the hall-mark of University degree could find a job ready to hand. The problem of unemployment stares him in the face now and the difficulty of earning a living, not to speak of a decent living, has increased to such an extent that many persons have come to regard the present system of education with a certain amount of prejudice and distrust. Several solutions have been proposed for this state of affairs. "Back to the land" is an advice which has little chance of appealing to the educated unemployed, because those who are already engaged in tilling the soil find it hard to wring a meagre subsistence out of it for themselves and their families. Going into an occupation which is already so congested as agriculture is not a paying proposition. Industry and commerce offer a wide opening to educated youth in western countries and provided conditions improve in this country, they are the only avenues open to young men. Government service and the learned professions to which most of the educated young men look up as the best means of earning a living are overcrowded and do not hold out any promise of absorbing more than a fraction of the hundreds of graduates turned out by the Indian Universities from year to year. I cannot pretend to offer any suggestions for solving the problem of unemployment which I believe had better be left to experts. All the same, it cannot but be admitted that the time has come to review the whole system of education as it exists at the present day and to reorganise it with such changes and modifications as will bring it into real adjustment with the vital needs of the country. This is a problem which deserves the close attention of the wisest brains in the country. Unless it is solved in a satisfactory way, the future of our young men will not be as bright as we all should wish it to be.

It is usual for the President on an occasion like this to address a few words to the young men assembled by way of counsel and encouragement. I would ask you, in the first place, to devote your full attention to your studies and games. Remember that your parents and guardians have sent you here at great sacrifice and that both duty and interest demand that you should do your work with diligence and

earnestness. You should remember that youth is indeed the golden season of life and that, if you waste it in unprofitable idling, you will have cause to repent later in life when the opportunities that were once within your grasp have passed never more to return. I would, therefore, ask you to make full use of your time to enrich your mind and develop your body to the highest degree possible. *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a healthy mind in a healthy body—was the ancient ideal, the truth of which no one can dispute. The ideal has held ground down to modern times and will continue to do so in the years to come. Any amount of intellectual development will be of little avail unless there is an adequate physical foundation for it. Intellectual development, at the cost of physical culture, is really harmful and as an instance, I may mention to you the following incident. Once when I was travelling from Tanjore to Madras, an elderly Brahmin gentleman got into my compartment with a young boy. He happened to be a casual acquaintance of mine and I asked him where he was going and who the boy was. He then told me that the boy was his grandson aged seventeen and had just passed his M. A. examination. This he told me with some amount of pride, as a boy of that age had passed such an examination. Looking at the boy, I found him of a stunted growth, thin and emaciated. I then told the old gentleman that, no doubt, the boy's intellectual attainments were great but he had neglected thoroughly the physical side of the boy's development. He then said that physical development would come in time as soon as he got an employment and began living a healthy life. He went away and about three months afterwards, I heard that the boy had died after two days' fever. This is what happens if young boys are made to do too much of intellectual work without proper regard for the physical side. I cannot over-emphasize the attention that we should pay to the physical side of our culture. If you turn your attention to the educational institutions of the western countries, for instance, Oxford or Cambridge, you will find that a boy who is clever in sports occupies a more prominent seat of honour and respect than would be given to him in this country. It is the bounden duty of all the educational authorities to make full and necessary provisions for a good physical training which should be attended to, every day, like other subjects. For a harmonious development of one's faculties which some regard as the true end and aim of education, you have to pay as much attention to games and physical exercises which promote and maintain your health as to the study of books and the training of your mental and moral sides. If you work hard, you can certainly achieve success in your studies. The famous Headmaster of Rugby, Dr. Arnold, has once said that the difference between one boy and another is not so much a difference in talent as in energy. If your constitutional force be less than another man's, you equal him if you continue it longer and concentrate it more. Mere genius

without labour may not achieve much, but labour, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius itself. Every boy, whatever his abilities, has really in him the making of a good useful citizen, provided he trains himself in the right way and takes full advantage of the chances that come in his way. As I told you some time ago, success in life is not always dependent on academic distinctions. Character counts for a great deal in the advancement of a man. It is character which wins for him respect and approbation of his fellowmen. The building of character is a slow process. The inherited qualities supplemented and strengthened by environment, that of the home, the school, the profession, go to build up the individuality of a man and it is this which goes by the name of character.

It is hard in these days to get suitable jobs and you should therefore be prepared to take up any work for which you feel you have a natural bent, however unattractive may be the pay and prospects. Whatever be your work, you must learn to be thorough in it. There is often a feeling that, because you do not get the pay or wages that you think you deserve, you are justified on that account in being slack in your work. This is a wrong view. You should do your best whatever line of work you may take up, and should try always to rise above your calling. By your steady devotion to your work, you are developing your personality and character which are indeed precious above everything else. Carlyle, the great philosopher and writer, has said, "Blessed is the man who has found his work. Let him ask for no other blessedness". Work sanctifies one's life. You should realise the worth and dignity of labour and should keep away from the delusion that it is beneath your dignity to accept work which involves physical strain or bodily labour. If you are true to yourselves and put forth the best in you, you can certainly hope to rise to the topmost place within your sphere.

I need not stress the importance of cultivating a habit of independent thinking. You should beware of taking other people's opinions in certain matters and believing them to be your own. From the facts presented, you should strive to form your own conclusions. Do not consider what other people say as gospel truth when you can yourself think, reason and judge to the best of your ability. Above all, have the courage of your convictions. If you are really convinced that a particular course is the right one, you should courageously follow it. But in doing so, you should not make yourselves offensive to those about you by your manner or behaviour.

It seems that in these days there is among the younger generation a tendency to flout constituted authority and evidence a spirit of indiscipline and rebelliousness. Perhaps the time element may have something to do with it, as also the particular social and political environments in certain places. But I cannot over-emphasize the fact that obedience to constituted authority is the basic

principle of an ordered life and unless the virtue is acquired and practised, you cannot call yourselves good citizens, anxious for the welfare and progress of your country. He who cannot obey is not fit to command. The sense of discipline and obedience to command was what marked the great Romans of ancient times and enabled them not only to found a great empire but also to leave to succeeding ages the great heritage of its achievements in the domain of law and government. Liberty should not be confounded with licence and independence with rebelliousness. The happiness of a country lies in ordered freedom or a harmonious combination of the conflicting claims of liberty and order. Obedience to constituted authority is a priceless virtue which you should cultivate while you are young, as it is the real mark of a true and good citizen.

I would have you realise the importance of high ideals in life even though some of them may not be fully attainable by you. An endeavour to approximate to those ideals in however modest a measure will of itself have a chastening and ennobling influence on your life. Cultivate various interests in life so that, whenever you are tired of the monotony of your work or have worries of any kind, you may have sources of rational enjoyment within yourself. I cannot place before you a grander or nobler ideal than that of love, service and sacrifice so far as your relations to your fellow-men are concerned. Service may take different forms, in each of which it will be of lasting good to the society of which you are a member. Be an upholder of every good cause and if you cannot give much practical support, lend your moral support to it which will no doubt be a great strength to it.

Lord Beaconsfield once remarked that the youth of a country are the trustees of posterity. The future of a country depends on how the younger generation are being trained and brought up. So long as you remain students, your chief concern should be so to equip yourselves with knowledge and trained skill that you may, on finishing your education, take up the work for which you are qualified and for which you have the aptitude. Take an interest in every thing that is taking place around you but do not take a plunge into the practical affairs of the world until you have made yourselves fit for it by careful study and training.

I am sorry to find from the Principal's report that the college hostel is not being utilised by the students to the full extent. The hostel is a most important thing and must be kept in excellent order and should attract students. If it is unpopular, there must be some cause for it which the staff should find out and rectify. Many students come from mofussil stations and they are of an age when they cannot be left alone without proper supervision. A clever warden can easily find out why students are not coming in and a small committee must

be formed to find out the defects and bring in more students. Calicut is a place where there are lots of temptations for young men, if they are not kept under control. The college authorities should, if necessary, compel students through their guardians to live in the hostel.

I do not wish to trespass upon the province of your teachers any further by offering you advice. If you follow carefully the counsel of your teachers, your parents or elders, and above all, the dictates of your conscience, you cannot go wrong.



BLIND MILTON DICTATING HIS IMMORTAL POEM



BY L. R. KRISHNAN.
VI FORM.

The bearing of the *Raghuvamsa* on the date of Kalidasa.

(K. V. KRISHNA AYYAR, M. A., L. T.)

IN spite of a century of research and discussion the problem of Kalidasa's date has not been satisfactorily settled. Of the many theories about it two alone deserve serious consideration. According to one he was a contemporary of Chandragupta II Vikramaditya of the Gupta dynasty (who, by the way, was not the pattern of kingly excellence as had once been supposed); according to the other he lived in the reign of King Agnimitra, son of Pushyamitra Sunga. Chandragupta II was reigning between 380 and 415 A. D. and King Agnimitra between 184 and 140 B. C.

The former is based on two *sloras* in the *Raghuvamsa*, canto iv:

Vinitadhava sramastasya Sindhutira vicheshtanaih
Dadhuurvajina skandhan Lagnakumkumakesaran.

(iv 67.)

Tatra Hunavarodhanam Bhartrshu vyakta vikramam
Kapola pataladesi Babhuva Raghucheshtitam

(iv 68)

"His horses having refreshed themselves by rolling on the banks of Sindhu shook off the saffron filaments stuck to their shoulders.

"The action of Raghu evinced such an amount of valour in respect of the husbands of Huna women that it brought a redness to their cheeks."

It is supposed that by 'Sindhu' Kalidasa was referring to the Indus and when he composed this *mahakavya* the Huns had settled on its banks. The Huns made their appearance in India at the beginning of Skandagupta's reign and conquered north western India before its close. Skandagupta was the grandson of Chandragupta II and succeeded his father Kumaragupta on the throne in 455 A. D.

Those who connect Kalidasa with Agnimitra take their stand on the *Bharatavakyam* of *Malavikagnimitra*:

Asasyam abhyadhidigamat prabhrti prajanam
Sampadyate na khalu goptari nagnimitre.

"Ever since the accession of Agnimitra the subjects had not all their desires unfulfilled."

It should be noted that here, in this *vakyam*, the poet refers to the king by his name. This stands in glaring contrast to the usual practice of referring to the king in general terms, no mention being made of the name of the king in whose reign the drama was composed or at whose court it was first produced. This departure from the beaten track makes it certain that the poet was intimately associated with Agnimitra, and wanted to pay him a compliment, which could not have any value had not the king been then living and reigning.

This in itself is sufficient to secure the rejection of all other hypotheses about his date. But critics and commentators had to bow before the tradition which makes Kalidasa one of the nine gems of Vikrama's court, and which is embodied in the historically misleading stanza of *Jyotirvidabharana* :—

*Dhanvantari Kshpanako Marasimha Sanku
Vetalabhatta Khatakarpura Kalidasah !
Khyato Varahamihiro nrpatessa bhayam
Ratnani vai Vararuchirnava Vikramasya.*

“Dhanvantari, Kshapanaka, Amarasimha, Sanku, Vetalabhatta, Khatakarpura, Kalidasa, renowned Varahamihira and Vararuchi were the nine gems of Vikrama's court.”

Many independent but converging lines of evidence point to the earlier as the true date of Kalidasa. Prof. Dasaratha Sarma says in *The Indian Historical Quarterly* (1935) that many passages and ideas in the *Kaumudimahotsva* are either drawn from or echoes of Kalidasa and the *Kaumudimahotsava* was composed to celebrate the glories of Kalyanavarman who won a grand victory over Chandragupta I, the grandfather of Chandragupta II.

The labours of Prof. Sten Konow have once for all dispelled the mists that had obscured the real origin of the Vikrama era, the initial year of which is 58 B. C. “The Vikrama era was instituted”, says he in his *Notes on Indo-Scythian Chronology* in the *Journal of Indian History* (1933), “by Vikramaditya after he had made an end to Saka rule in Ujjayini. I have not the slightest doubt about the existence of a Vikramaditya in Ujjayini about the middle of the first century B. C.” K. P. Jayaswal identifies this Vikramaditya with Gautamiputra Satakarni of the Andhrabhrtiya dynasty. Those who stand by the traditional Kalidasa-Vikramaditya association are not therefore on this ground alone compelled to assign him to the fourth century A. D. It is not impossible for Kalidasa to have lived before the Christian era and enjoyed the patronage of a Vikramaditya.

It is not from these external at the best indirect evidences that we are forced to reject the Kalidasa-Chandragupta synchronism. The internal evidence furnished by the *Raghuvamsa* against this is too strong to be refuted.

In the first place, the two *slokas* quoted at the beginning are not conclusive in favour of the later date. The reading "*Sindhu tire*" has itself been questioned. Even if it is retained it does not follow that the poet was referring to the Indus. In Kalidasa's time there were three *Sindhuses* in India. Could not there have been a *Sindhu* in central Asia? Further, if the indications given by Kalidasa as to direction are not merely imaginary, the Huns have to be located north of Persia. And it is not necessary to identify them with the White Huns who invaded India in the Gupta period, on whom the champions, of the later date anchor their arguments. They might have been the Black Huns, as Mr. K. Chattopadhyaya points out in his article on '*Kalidasa and the Huns*' in the *Journal of Indian History*, 1936.

In the second place, the political system of India as reflected in the *digvijaya* of Raghu and the *swayamvara* of Indumati lends considerable support to, nay conclusively establishes the earlier date based upon the *Bharatavakyam* of *Malavikagnimitra*. Raghu is said to have conquered the Suhmas, the Vangas, the Kalingas, the Pandyas, the Keralas, the Aparantas, the Yavanas, the Parasikas, the Hunas, the Kambhojas, the Utsavasamketas and Kamarupa. At the Vidarbha princess' wedding were present, besides Aja, the lords of Anga, Avanti, Anupa, the Surasenas, Kalinga and Pandya.

In the middle of the second century B. C. India consisted in the main of the political divisions mentioned by Kalidasa. In the east coast Kalinga and Pandya alone were important. Though little is known at present of Pandya we know Kalinga rose into prominence under Kharavela in c. 170 B. C. From the Hathigumpha inscription we learn that Kharavela in his eighth year (162 B. C.) "caused oppression to the king of Rajagrha" and in the twelfth year (158 B. C.) "made his elephants enter the Gangeya fort and made the king of Magadha, Brhaspatimitra (doubtless Pushyamitra, for, according to Hindu astrologers Brhaspati is the presiding deity of the *Pushya* asterism) bow at his feet. He also (caused) the king of Pandya (to bring pearls) and gems and *ratnas* in hundreds." It is noteworthy that Kharavela also, like Kalidasa, does not mention any kingdom between Pandya and Kalinga. It is impossible to suppose that this agreement between Kalidasa's account and Kharavela's inscription is accidental. The Andhras and the Cholas, mentioned in Asoka's edicts, must have sunk in importance as compared with the other two after the great Buddhist emperor's reign. It is not possible to say whether the passing mention of the Keralas was due to their political and commercial importance or the beauty of their women or both, for Kerala was even in those days the entrepot of the trade between the east and the west. Again, according to Kalidasa on the landroute from Aparanta to Persia (the country of the Parasikas) lived the Yavanas. It has been established beyond

doubt that the Punjab and Sind passed under the authority of the Indo-Bactrian kings in the first quarter of the second century B. C., and Magadha under the Sungas dominated Hindustan in spite of her faded splendour, and successfully repulsed their repeated assaults.

In the present state of our knowledge we cannot satisfactorily identify the princes and peoples of central India. We cannot say who the Kratha Kaisakas ruled by Indumati's brother were, whether they were identical with the Kasyapa Kshatriyas "in whose aid Kharavela destroyed the Mushika capital".

Our evidence is defective in one respect and it is a very serious defect too. Kalidasa does not even once allude to the Andhras or the Satakarnis. It may be that they had not come into prominence, or what is more probable in the lord of Avanti who was present at the *swayamvara*, Kalidasa was describing King Satakarni; for sometime at the beginning of the first century B. C. before the Saka inroads Satakarni made himself master of Avanti.

Thus it is clear that Kalidasa's description is not based upon mere fancy. If Kalidasa had been a courtier of Chandragupta Vikramaditya why should he show a special predilection for one of the most obscure periods in our history? It is certain that he could not have possessed such a detailed and accurate knowledge unless he had been living then.

Further there is absolutely no hint in Kalidasa of any knowledge of the period in which Chandragupta II lived. Chandragupta II's father, Samudragupta, was a mighty warrior; he might even be called a second Raghu. How comes it that Kalidasa does not make any reference to Samudragupta's exploits? There is nothing in common between Harisena's account of Samudragupta's victories and Raghu's *dig-vijaya*. The political system of India in the fourth century A. D. was utterly unlike anything that we know of in the second century B. C. Instead of the Kalingas Harisena gives us the names of twelve kings occupying the regions once lored over by them. Kanchi which has had an unbroken history since Kunara Vishnu conquered it from the Cholas does not seem to have been known to the poet. Central India was divided amongst a number of republics and north western India was parcelled out among innumerable Saka and Saka-Pahlava kingdoms, the Yavanas having given way to the Sakas in the first century B. C.

The absence of any reference to the Sakas by Kalidasa is also significant. The Saka invasions began in 75 B. C. and by 60 B. C. they had appeared in Central India. If Kalidasa had been alive at the time of the Saka irruption, the place taken by the Yavanas in the *dig-vijaya* would have been taken by them. The Saka invasions therefore enable us to approximately fix the date of Kalidasa's death. It must have taken place some time before 75 B. C.

If the traditional association of Vikramaditya with Kalidasa has any basis in fact it is easily explained. After the death of Agnimitra the Sungas fell on evil days. In 72 B. C. the last of them, the dissolute Devabhuti, was assassinated by Vasudeva Kanva. While the Sunga power was rapidly declining after Agnimitra's death, that of the Satakarnis was steadily rising. And Kalidasa must have transferred himself to the court of Ujjain and thus became an ornament of the court of the Vikramaditya who defeated the Sakas.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

B. C.

- 200—158. Yavana conquest of Punjab, Sindh and Madhyadesa.
- 184. Senapati Pushyamitra slays Brhadratha Maurya and places Agnimitra on the throne of Magadha.
- 175. The Yavana Menander attacks Pataliputra.
- 170. Accession of Kharavela.
- 168. Kharavela defeats Satakarni.
- 162. Kharavela invades Magadha.
- 158. Kharavela obtains the submission of Brhaspatimitra (Pushyamitra) and exacts tribute from the Pandyas.
- 140. Death of Agnimitra.
- 75. The beginning of the Saka invasions and the decline of the Yavanas in North-Western India.
- 72. Devabhuti assassinated by Vasudeva Kanva.
- 58. The Sakas defeated by Gautamiputra Satakarni who founds the Vikrama era.



Eat more Chops.

THE whole ceremony of getting myself enrolled as a University student, had been such a plain-sailing business, that, as I descended from the Principal's Office, my spirits ascended high above the normal. Depositing myself on a creakingly protesting, rickety, bench, on the veranda, I was on the look out for some one who would tell me the exact locality of the First Year University Class. That the college had many peons was amply proved by their constant procession to and from the Office. But every one was a busy-bee, and my entreaties and demands alike, for guidance, were wasted. The eccentricity of the authorities concerned, in picking out only those who could be deaf and dumb alike, at their own will and pleasure, as their employees, vexed me not a little.

The impertinence of these Mosquito Dictators of the college, had grown so unbearable, that even the cold Brahmin blood in me (reputed for its high boiling-point) began to boil out of sheer rage and desperation. Leaping out of my seat, I ambushed myself behind a pillar, to pounce upon the very next peon, who might turn up, and if necessary, extort the required information from him. But as luck would have it, my prey proved to be entirely harmless, being an age-worn leech-gatherer. I satisfied myself by rocking and shaking him by the shoulder, all the time repeating my querry, until his enfeebled hands made a feeble attempt at pointing at an uncertain object. I was entertaining high hopes of making out something from this old oddity, when, (who could have believed it,) the fellow gave me a violent push, and darted off at a tangent, to the Principal's Office, at a pace that left even me, his junior by at least half a century, gaping. For a long time I could do nothing but wonder at the power of that little tinkler, on the Principal's table, before which even the infirmities of old age appeared to vanish.

Arrived at my destination, I braced myself up, with a supreme effort, to face the ordeal of my presentation to my future fellow-students. Not that I was actuated by any lingering doubt in my bosom, as to my worthiness to be their associate. How could I, when, even after allowing a fair dividend for modesty, one of the most outstanding traits in my character, I could not but admit, that I was, at any rate in my opinion, all a model student should be. As I walked into the Lecture Hall, the consciousness of being the target of the critical scrutiny of all present, was a little disconcerting, and involuntarily my right hand went up to rub off the last traces of the holy ashes from my forehead, and adjust my pigtail at the correct angle. The fellow-feeling of the students manifested itself in several invitations of, '*Swami, sit here!*' with which the occupants of all the benches greeted me. But the idea behind their anxiety to secure me as their

bench-mate, became clear to me, when I heard the volley of questions, with which I was assailed, from all sides. I think I can easily describe my feelings of discomfort, by simply quoting a sample of the many disconcerting questions put to me. Somebody wanted to know the exact price per yard of my coat cloth. The real proprietor of that article of my dress, was my elder brother, (God bless his dear heart) who had transferred its ownership to me, on my last birthday ; and as such it was a sacred mantle to me, apart from all pecuniary considerations.

I was glad to have suddenly ceased to be the centre of attraction, when the bell rang, and the day's work began in right earnest. Though all attention was withdrawn from me, I was not perfectly sure, whether it was concentrated on the Lecturer. This fact became increasingly evident, when the lunch interval drew nearer and nearer. As if by an unseen force, all heads were pivoted to a particular corner of the Hall, where a gentleman was peacefully sleeping. His neighbour being prevailed upon to wake up the delinquent, by sundry pulls at his infant moustache, he simply raised up his hand, and opened out his fingers once. My neighbour, who was an adept in the art of chiromancy, translated it for my benefit, into the plain words "*only five minutes, Mister.*" By this time, the whole class was made acquainted with the same fact, by a series of wireless messages, and inside the desks the process of arranging the books, was in full swing. Slight though this fluctuation in the attention of the students was, it did not escape the notice of the Lecturer, but he wisely decided to bring his lecture to a sudden stop. As soon as the bell was heard, there was a mad rush for the door, and having captured this, the only exit from the Hall, the pace of the march out, slowed down to the proverbial snail's. As I was slowly borne out in this human tide, I chanced to glance back, and the rueful faces of the lady students, and the philosophic unconcern of the Lecturer, both amused and pained me. They were waiting for their turn, to come out, at least a quarter of an hour later.

I was hesitating outside the college gate, not sure which restaurant in the vicinity would undertake to appease my hunger, in exchange for the only coin in my possession, *a two-anna piece*, about the soundness of which I entertained very grave doubts, when one of my bench mates came along, and whispered those magic words, "shall we have tea ?" The fluent Tamil-Malayalam mixture, with which he followed up his invitation, determined me. A couple of minutes' walk brought us to the 'Rama Lunch Home'.

Tea having been ordered, I was debating in my mind, whether I would cast my vote for '*dhosai* or *idli*', when two covered plates were deposited before us, and the odour that penetrated my nostrils, as the covers were removed, brought my heart to my mouth. Though I had never set my eyes on the like of it, I

instinctively knew, that it was the very article, that the odious word *chops* designated. I leaped out of the chair, beat a hasty retreat towards the door, and made a sudden dive for the street, narrowly missing the plate of chops, that came flying after me. When I had placed a safe distance between my infuriated benefactor and myself, I turned back to see him shake his fists at me, shouting, "Have you the audacity to refuse the sweetest, daintiest dish that money can purchase? You Imp, you shall eat chops before this week is out." With that threat still ringing in my ears, I made the best of my way to the college.

The consciousness of impending evil had got on my nerves, and during the whole of that night, I dreamt of lambs and calves bleating from my belly. The next morning, as a safety—first—measure, I started off to college, equipped with a tiffin-carrier, containing cold rice soaked in butter milk, and some mango pickles. The rousing reception that was accorded to me, as I made an unsuccessful attempt to slip unseen into my seat, was clear evidence that the previous day's adventure had been given ample publicity, and the attitude of the students towards me was likewise modified. I shall not describe in full, the various stages of persecution, through which I had to pass in the course of the day.

The very first thing I noticed was a portrait of myself on the blackboard, done by some budding caricaturist. But what struck me as strange, was that my pigtail was represented in the act of being severed by a deft blow with a razor, held by some unseen hand. At once I resolved to voluntarily divest myself of the natural growth at the back of my head, rather than allow my classmates to stoop to this act of '*barberism*'. Even the Lecturer, who was a solemn personage and used to the artistic talents of the class, relaxed into a smile, may be at the sight of the extraordinary size of my nose in the portrait.

During prayer time, perhaps, I was the only one who prayed to the Almighty, to spare me. Some were deeply absorbed in the material of the rafters; others were giving finishing touches to their home-work and even the Lecturer was scribbling his thoughts on the table-top.

By the time it was the lunch interval, the fact was dawning upon me that, I must either revolutionise my whole life, or exchange the college for a Lunatic Asylum. My mind was all muddled up, and I was half-way through my meal when, suddenly, I was sensible of a subtle change that was taking place in my whole system. Every tissue in my body tingled with tremendous power. Under its influence, my backbone straightened up, and my head became poised erect. Like Budha under the Bodhi, I was conscious of the fact that a revelation had come to me, that a great responsibility had suddenly descended on my shoulders, and that I held the key to the success of all human endeavours. I felt myself growing, and

feeling that the tiffin-room would soon grow too small to hold me, rushed out of it and began to fly, not along the rough road but through thin ether, whither, I knew not,

'Rama Lunch Home', the signboard was staring at me. I stared back until the experience on my last visit there, rose to the surface of my memory. Drawn by an irresistible force, I found myself, the next instant, inside that establishment, at the very table from which I had fled so precipitately on the previous day, looking with complete composure at my former benefactor and a pack of his followers, all staring at me, as at an apparition, open-mouthed, bulging-eyed.

"Dear comrades, please keep your gaping mouths open, until I deposit something, the very name of which will fill it with water, into it. "Here waiter! Chops, for all. Damn you! hurry up, you cold-blooded seal."

My orders obeyed, it was only after I had despatched a couple of plates, that my comrades could bring themselves to touch their own dishes. The spell once broken, they could be relied upon to do ample justice to the food before them. My amusement and satisfaction grew so great, that for once in his life the waiter found his blood stirred up into active circulation. It was only when the cook poked in his dirty face, to announce that chops were exhausted, and he would prepare fresh ones in a jiffy, if only the gentlemen would wait, only to disappear the next instant, before a volley of bits of bones, that my enthusiasm abated a little. I jumped upon my chair, cleared my throat, and began in a stentorian voice:—

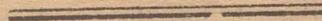
"Gentlemen, I stand before you as the champion of a sacred duty imposed upon me. This my right hand, sanctified with the delicious touch of chops, I most solemnly vow shall never know rest, until it has crushed down the superstitious abhorrence that the orthodox feel against chops—Chops, the King of all known, dainty dishes. If they can squeeze out the last drop of milk from the cow's udder, and starve to death not only the calf, but the cow to boot, what harm is there in fattening the calf, at least, on the milk, and cutting it up into dainty chops? Oh! I see they dote on milk, and they have a cattle-minded Government too, which carries on the "Drink more milk" propaganda. Simpletons, don't they know that milk is ninety percent water! Let them be all warned before-hand.

Don't think I am merely magnifying the merits of chops, simply because I have chosen to champion its cause. If the idea that the world rotates on the axis of the charka wheel sounds reasonable, does the theory that the whole world can feed from the chops 'plate sound less reasonable? Answer, please. And a word, in particular, to those of my brother students, who have the misfortune to stay in our College Hostel. I denounce the practice of starving promising youths

like you, on *Vendakai Sambar*, all the year round, as an atrocious injustice against the rising generation.

You can breed up a nation of sturdy-spirited patriots, on *Vendankai Sambar* and the water from the road-side drain, and the mid-town tank, sold in the name of butter-milk, no more than a voracious ostrich on burning coals. If such a nation does exist, the very threatening atmosphere of the existing International trepidation will choke the life out of it; so hark you all, the salvation of India, and of the whole world, must rest on *chops* and *chops* alone. They say that Imperialism is carrying on a ruthless exploitation of the suffering masses of the world, that socialism is the only key to a happy world, the only healing balm for the crushed, and the down-trodden. Supply them with *chops*, I say, and they shall grow too tough to be crushed under the pressure of a few money-bags. As far as I am concerned, henceforth, be assured, my head shall bow before no Imperialistic domination. The only one before whom I shall prostrate myself, is he, who has led me from darkness and danger, to enlightenment and power. I humbly place at his feet my sincere gratitude, for the great trouble that he must have taken in secretly mixing the contents of my tiffin-carrier with a plate of *chops*, perhaps prepared in this very restaurant. Lastly I exhort and entreat you all, to carry on a vigorous, "*Eat More Chops*" propaganda, and wake up the slumbering world with shouts of "*Arise! Awake! and eat nothing but chops,*" and, "*Chops-ki-jai*".

VIJAY,
(First Year Class.)







A fight for his life—stag and wolves.

The Auto-biography of a piece of Paper.

YIELDING to the coaxings and persuasions of my teacher, who always asked why we did not write articles for the Magazine, I sat down, one cloudy after noon, to write. The weather was gloomy, and there was a slight drizzle. I did not know what to write upon. A poet would have found some subject from nature. But I am not so gifted with powers of observation, nor can I find words suitable to describe, if I saw one. The Editor had remarked that students *simply fail to see that in the food they eat, in the clothes they wear, in the books they read, in the games they play, in the friends and acquaintances they meet with, and in their other daily experiences in the College and out side, there can be found enough matter for writing of any description-essay, biography, description, criticism etc.*" But I am quite blind to all such, for I have no *sympathetic heart*, nor an *observant eye*. - I began to think of something to write about, when the post-man knocked on the door. He gave me a letter. It was from London. I opened the envelope with feverish haste, for I am always impatient when the foreign mail comes. Having read the letter, I put it aside. I fell into a doze, and almost immediately I heard a clear voice hailing me. Then it seemed to me that the note-paper was speaking. It was narrating a story. I thought I would write it out, and publish it.

"I was born," said the paper, "in the coniferous forests a few miles to the north of Qubec, under the shadow of my parent tree. I belong to that class of trees called by the name *Spruce* or *Black Spruce*. But my first day on earth was, in no wise, a happy one. I heard about me groans, and sighs, and thundering crashes, as if there was a volcanic eruption. Frightened, I asked my mother what inferno was near, or what evil spirits were let loose. She did not answer me at first. On looking up, I saw tear drops rolling down her cheeks. On pressing her further, she answered in a whisper, that it was the death-cry of trees like herself, of trees which were being cut down mercilessly. She added that very soon, they would go to her also and cut her down. I grieved to think of my mother falling a victim to the merciless axes of the bronzed Canadians. Before I could ask her anything else, some men with axes, ropes, and other paraphernalia of lumber Jacks came near us, and one tied my mother to the ground with a number of cables. Their *faces* showed signs of resentment, and they chose my mother as the object on which to spend their wrath. They cut her down, and what a fall she had! I wished that I had gone down with her, but the bronzed men had seen to the fact that I was not in the way. After that, time went on and I grew accustomed to the groans and moans of the inhabitants of the Forest.

At last, one day, some men in blue overalls, carrying, a bucket with something red in it and some other things, I do not know what, were seen approaching our neighbourhood. Reaching my side, they turned to look at some rustling among my companions. They saw that it was a young tree trembling with fear. They pronounced that the tree was too young. I shivered when my turn came. They said that I looked good. Some one tapped me all over and said I would make good, that I looked good pulp. On hearing this another put a red band on me and every body went away. Four days later men with axes, saws, pulleys, ropes and all sorts of odds and ends, came and began felling us. Some four ruffians set upon me. But I did not yield so soon. I resisted with all my strength. To my dismay I found that the more I resisted, the harder became their blows. So, in the end, I had to yield and I measured my length on the ground. Then, the hard-hearted men had the audacity to cut me, and strip me of my foliage, roots, and branches. In this way I was dismembered. I, the trunk, bore the pain like a Spartan of old. Piling us up in a huge lorry, the wood-cutters took us to a river, and we were thrown into the ice-cold water. We began a race down-stream, but the merriment lasted only a few hours. When we reached an iron gate, our headlong career was put a stop to. Soon we were taken out, and stripped of our bark. Held tight in strong steel pockets, I was pressed against a large-surfaced revolving grind-stone. Because I proved too tough for this, and would not be ground easily, I was made into chips and pressed under powerful rollers. Mixed with water, in this process, I became somewhat pasty and passing under a pair of rollers, was well-mixed with the water, and I became '*pulp*'.

I was then taken to a room where I suffered a very severe pounding and kneading. Nor was I alone. I was mixed and pressed together with Messrs. Scotch Fir, Aspen, Hemlock and Silver Birch. We were thrown into large oval tubs known as *beaters*, in which are fitted revolving horizontal rollers, with a generous supply of knives fastened to them. Now, at this point, a '*Filler*'—sulphate of lime—was introduced. He filled up all the pores in our bodies, and made us heavier. Another gentleman who was introduced to us was *Mr. Resin*. At first we all hated him, for he played pranks by sticking us to one another. But now we like him,—at least, I do like him—for he has helped us by not allowing the ink, that cruel man uses, to percolate into our bodies. After the introduction of these two gentlemen, we were pushed through tubes into another vessel of the same kind, where we were purified and cleansed. We were beaten about by the cruel revolving knives. From the '*beaters*' we were carried to the *boiler*, over a screen of coarse wire cloth, which separated the dust of our travels from us, and we were bathed once more. Then came the greatest of tortures. Poured into a boiler, the name of which I learned later to be *Kitter-killener boiler*, we were

boiled, for about seven hours at 90°F, and under a steam-pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. *Soda* was added, as also Na_2O . The boiler was lined with lead. At the end of seven hours, we were thrown into a series of towers,—*Bleaching towers*—built of wrought—iron rods, and a special kind of cement.

From the first four towers water was reduced. From the fifth tower of the series, water was poured on us and we were again washed and cleansed. Na_2O , soda, excess of *Resin* and other impurities were removed. From the bleaching tower, we were poured into a big tank called the '*storage tank*'. We were mixed with water and were made to flow over brass plates, on to an apron of waterproof cloth, whence we were evenly spread on a belt of fine wire-cloth, which travels over a number of small rollers, through which water gradually drains away. A clever device gives the fine wire-cloth, which carried us on top, a sharp shake, thus causing the fibres which formed part of our body crosswise as well as length-wise. Now, at this particular stage, we were in the form of a thin, but moist and delicate web. We passed on our journey under big rollers called '*calenders*' which made us glossy and smooth, and gave the final touches. Then from the *calenders*, our way led us to huge iron rollers, on which we were wound up. From the '*storage tank*' to the *calenders*, the distance was about two hundred yards.

All the while, a lean, tall, clean-shaven man of forty-two was talking to a boy, who wore the colours and cap of his School. The man was well-dressed, in a tweed suit and wore a bowler hat. As he walked, he swung an ebony walking-stick very vigorously. I caught a part of their conversation, and what I heard astounded me. He was saying, "Forests to the extent of forty million acres are required to supply pulp for paper, used by us in one year. The paper made in one year, therefore would make a path, a mile wide, all the way round the world. If, on the other hand, all the paper were in the form of a tape an inch broad, it will cover about 1,860,000,000 miles, or twenty times the distance between us and the Sun. So you see, that we have to do hard work to keep the world supplied with paper, for its news-papers, books, for building houses, and for many other uses that are very obvious. Without us....." I could not hear what was said, for I was wound up on the roller, and could not hear. Then I felt myself lifted up, placed in a lorry and taken to an unknown destination. When I saw light again, it was to see myself opposite to a huge board, that had on it the following, in large block letters: '*CAXTON PRESS—Embossers, Engravers, Printers*' I was taken to one part of the building. I heard shrieks, and on investigating, I found them to be the cries emitted by my companions, because they were being cut. When my turn came I watched for the descending knife, and escaped danger, by the skin of my teeth. As I rushed through, I was trimmed up by two rotatory knives. Now I was the size of a note-paper. I was then put

under a huge plate with spikes on them—so it seemed to me. The spikes were wet with a sticky black substance. I saw the plate descend—Horror of Horrors! The plate fell on me, and its weight crushed me. When it did go up again, I was taken out, and inspected. The operator exclaimed that he was successful, and murmured that he would send all of us in time to Miss Ruby Keeler. After a few hours, I was taken up, and after being packed with many of my companions was sent to somebody. On the way we received many knocks on the head, which nearly killed us.

Miss Ruby was a blonde, with light chestnut hair, an oval-shaped face, red lips and blue eyes. She was about five feet-two inches in height, and had a slender but strong figure. She was dressed in a morning gown of sky-blue crepe, and had bedroom slippers on. She was about Sixteen years of age, and was brimming over with youth and joy. When she saw me, she whistled to herself softly, and all of a sudden, began to kiss and caress me. She called me *a lovely thing*. Then she took up an instrument with a sharp point, and with a violet liquid began making Tattoos on me. I said to myself, "Alas! how short-lived are any body's love and happiness. It was only a few minutes—nay a few seconds—ago that I had been the object of the love and caress of an angel. But now I am being wounded and treated as if I was a mere nothing. I was being tortured by that very person, who, in so many words, said that she, the angel of my admiration, loved me and liked me. This is *human nature*. Does she for a moment think that I was once a tree growing in Canada? This is fate. I thus reconciled me to myself. When I had been covered with scratches, the torture ended. Then some Attar of Roses was sprinkled on me. I did not know what to think. I was then sealed up in a cage, man calls it an envelope, and sent on wild journeys. When I woke from a long sleep, that had crept in on me unawares, it was to behold you covering me up with kisses and caressing me. You were saying, "You beloved thing! How pretty you look! What a nice odour you carry! How can I thank you, you little thing, for being the messenger of all that I have been wanting to hear, and which was in dear Ruby's heart? You look beautiful and are fit to carry such royal and secret messages." Now I do not know if you will do just what my mistress did to me. She caressed me a little and wounded me much. You caress me a lot, and I do not know what to expect. But I hope that you will keep me comfortable. Now I feel sleepy".

I woke up with a start and heard the rain pattering on the window panes, and the letter from London quietly reposing in the stationery rack.

Village Uplift.

INDIA is essentially an agricultural country; seventy-five per cent of her people are farmers, or field-labourers. If she is to become prosperous, her villages must be reconstructed, so as to make all her villages self-supporting. This alone will help her progress, for agriculture is always carried on in villages. India was once "flowing with milk and honey", and her past prosperity she owed to the importance that was attached to her villages as self-supporting political units.

We know that the Indian peasant cannot keep the wolf from the door, when once the harvest has been gathered, and he has consumed the modicum of corn that falls to his share, after paying his taxes and rents. He does not know how to utilize his leisure, and so keeps idle when he has no farming-work to do, with the result that he impedes the economic development of his country. If he could be taught how to spend his leisure-time in turning out some work, useful to him, and hence advantageous to his country, the present economic conditions of India would be vastly improved. For this village uplift is necessary, and so every educated young man in India should choose some village where he can effect some improvement, leaving the cities and towns of India, for the village of his choice.

There is a lot of talk about political freedom for India and the means to achieve it, at present; but it must be remembered that, if India is ever to take a place among the free nations of the world, her economic status should be improved. And Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is even now advising every one of us to effect this improvement, and to effect it soon. A great deal remains to be done that way, and it cannot be done without willing labour, and undissipated energy. This work is lying ahead of us, like a vast mountain impeding our progress to a happier, freer and more enlightened country; every one of us should obey this clarion-call of duty and patriotism; the sooner, the better.

We shall now examine what we can do to uplift our villages, and to teach, our peasants how to lead more useful lives. The squalid poverty of our villages is partly due to the ignorance of our villagers. This ignorance we can best remove by establishing good libraries in all our villages, and appointing able librarians to take care of them. These libraries might also be used as night-schools, and the librarians must hold the classes. It is not enough that the librarians do their best to teach those who attend the night-schools; they should create a desire for knowledge among the villagers, and induce them to attend the night-schools.

Removing the illiteracy of our villagers, is the first thing we have to do. Then alone can we proceed to improve their sanitary condition. Only then shall we be listened to by the hitherto superstitious occupants of our villages. For they should be able, first of all, to listen to our workers willingly. After they have been taught the three R's, they may be instructed how to utilize their leisure, and how to make use of the waste-products of their farms, how to spin yarn, how to use the charka, how to build more sanitary houses, and how to increase the produce of their fields, and the yield of their cattle.

The Village Reconstruction workers ought not only to preach, but to practise. They must themselves settle down in the villages, and do what they would have the villagers do. They must regard their work as a labour of love, and should be ready to sacrifice everything else, for the end they have in view. They must go into the fields, and show the peasant how to work. They must, regardless of the summer-sun, and the winter-floods, visit the villagers and give them wholesome advice. They must discourage the use of machine-made articles, and advise the villagers to support cottage-industries. They must tell the villagers that they should, as far as possible, use articles made in their own village. Then alone will the millions on millions of Rupees that we are now allowing foreigners to take away from our land be distributed among the poverty-stricken peasants of India. It is a noble work that lies ahead of us, and though the work is hard, the reward is all the more precious.

A. NARAYANASWAMY,
(First Year Class)





A THIRSTY TRAVELLER

Broadcasting.

SCIENCE which has ever been progressing with inconceivable speed may be said to have attained the highest point in this century of ours—this twentieth century, when such things are happening as would make our friends of the last century, stare at them with open mouths, and astonished eyes. These are days when we can have our morning ablutions and breakfast in Calicut, and can, sitting in our office-room, chat with our friend in Madras, with as much ease and convenience as if he were sitting in front of us. We can, if we like and if we can afford to do so, reach his side for lunch and that over, we can be at Bombay for tea and the theatre. Dinner over, we can gracefully float into dreamland upon the wings of melodious music, Indian, English, Italian, French or of any other country in this world of ours, played in the big cities of the respective countries. And for this musical entertainment, we have to be grateful to the broadcasting system, and the great soul that invented it.

In the days of our great grandfathers, it took months, and sometimes years, to send a message to the different parts of the world. Such messages were, in those times, sent by messengers who were not sure of reaching their destination, owing to the constant dangers they had to face. But when we turn our faces to these wonderful years we live in, we cannot believe our senses. We hear music played in the remotest parts of our world; we hear speeches delivered by the orators of the day at the Capitals of the world; we get news of the struggle going on in Spain, or the King's abdication in London, or again, of the result of the election of the President of the United States of America; we get the news at the same moment the people of the respective countries mentioned get them. Our late King-Emperor issued a proclamation on the occasion of the celebrations of his Silver Jubilee throughout the British Empire—audible alike in Canada and in Australia, in South Africa and in India, at the same time. The King-emperor could hardly have hoped to speak to his peoples scattered all over his vast empire, on which, we hear, the sun never sets, without the aid of the broadcasting system. And all the world knew simultaneously about his death with the aid of the broadcasting system.

Broadcasting helps the world in being up-to-the-minute in its information. Speeches on political questions, discussions on matters of international or of universal importance, are heard in every nook and corner of the civilised world, thanks to the broadcasting system. Turning our attention to one of the most, important of the recent events, the King-Emperor's abdication, we can realize how much benefit we get out of broadcasting. People all the world over,

were waiting eagerly for the announcement of the intention of the King. They had not to wait long. Like a bombshell came the news of the abdication of the people's King, to every part of the world, at the same time. All the world knew at the same time that a new monarch was thenceforward to sit on the British throne, a piece of information which could not have travelled with so much speed by any other method of communication.

The state of a world without broadcasting arrangements is almost inconceivable. News of events of universal importance do not reach the different parts of the world, as soon as they take place. To make all the world hear a proclamation, or a speech by a great orator, or the news of the happenings which are taking place in some particular part of the world, but which may affect the whole world, becomes a problem for which no other solution is possible. The world has indeed to be grateful to the great man who has made such a thing possible.

K. RAMACHANDRA MENON,
Second Year Class.





Backwater.

On Anything.

IT doesn't occur to me *how* I should start. Again, it doesn't occur to me *what* I should start with. Once again, it doesn't occur to me *why* I should start at all. But then, hark ! there is something in me, that echoes the reason why I should start. But I am not in a mood to let you, my gentle reader, know what that reason is, nor will you, perhaps, be so insistent on hearing it. Let me then start. But on what ? Shall it be with a description ? But my heart whispers, "you simpleton, what a pity ! You are not endowed with descriptive ability. So better give it up, think of something else." I was disappointed there. But fortunately, I am not easily disheartened. To tell you the truth—rather to exaggerate my character—I am very ambitious—ambitious to the highest degree. But my ambition is of a curious nature. I ardently aspire to the ability to carry out things of which I seem incapable. "There is nothing impossible for one in this world." That is my *motto*, and hence this ardent wish. That being so, I shall start with a description. Amateurish, I grant ; nevertheless a description.

* * * * *

The front room in my house. Chairs placed here and there, without any attempt at order. In one corner are the toys of my little brother—a doll's house with all the equipments and furniture ; but tables with no support, chairs with no seats, and funniest of all, dolls without some parts of their bodies, cars with their wheels loose on the axes, and other things—heaped together. An easy chair, too, was there, quite inviting—or to be more correct—attracting everybody towards it, as if by a magnet.

Before going further I should include a person, in this, in order to complete the first part of my task. Therefore I present myself, as idling in the easy chair, with an open book in my hands, only to escape scolding from elderly people, for idling away precious time. The time is about half-past three in the afternoon. Yet, complete silence prevailed, except for the shrill noise of my whistling a favourite tune of mine. All were taking rest, on account of the intensity of the heat. Before I had finished my song, I heard some one descending the stairs. At once I directed my eyes, unwillingly though, to the open book in front of me. Who can it be ? Ha ! there comes my sister active, and vigorous, which she seldom used to be. She must have something to disturb me with. But let me pretend to be seriously immersed in the book. Then perhaps she will leave me to myself.

There, she goes to the drawing-room, surveys the whole room in her usual dignified and majestic style. I thought I was saved. But then there comes the "Summons."

"Leela"!

I don't stir, nor do I reply. Aih! what a bother, there it comes again, in a more dissonant manner.

"Leela! Le-e-la, will your ladyship present yourself here for a few minutes? I want to tell you something".

So having no other course than obeying my wonderful sister, I had to go into the drawing-room, cursing sister, myself, and everything. I made my appearance in the room.

Out came the volley of reproach, though diluted with affection.

"Leela, I don't know what I am to do with you. How many times have I told you not to keep any of your books in the drawing-room? Mind you this is not the study. Here are some books, there, the ink bottle, the mathematical instruments box on that teapoy. What a bad impression will it make on visitors. As long as you study here I won't arrange the drawing-room. I have no personal gain by beautifying it. It is for everybody here."

I :—Why should we set apart a particular room for visitors, and that too in such grandeur? I don't see the necessity for it at all.

Sister :—You will see no necessity for anything! If you don't, I have to keep company with my friends, and so have to follow certain conventions.

I :—What harm do my poor books in that corner do to you. Do visitors come to inspect how others keep their drawing-rooms—noticing whether there are any books—or do they come to see people? Tell me that!

Sister :—You have always this bad habit of bringing forward all sorts of questions and arguments, whenever I ask you to do something. I am your elder sister, remember that please. It is not for your good that you cultivate such a habit. I warn you.

I :—Oh! sister, how soon you get excited. Now then, don't make your face ruddy like that. Here I am off with my books. You will never more see even a bit of paper that belongs to me in this blessed room. *Hai!* what a lot of confusion did they bring about?

So saying I picked up all my books, the ink bottle and everything that belonged to me, and disappeared from there for the time being; where to, do you want to know? To my sister's dressing-room, and spread all the books on her toilette table, thus creating an occasion for another quarrel.

Then I crept into the drawing-room, trying to assume an innocent and remorseful look, but I was sure, no other expression than that which indicated a guilty conscience played on my face. Anyhow, I stood at the entrance of the

drawing-room, silent, watching my sister hurrying about here and there, trying to match the colour of the cushion covers, table-cloth etc. with the surroundings. When she had finished arranging the room, I quickly asked her whether she would be kind enough to try my taste in beautifying the room, which to my great surprise, my sister granted.

At once I brought the black set (table cloth, teapoy cover etc.) arranged the room, and gave the finishing touch, by placing flowers of suitable colours, in the vase.

I eyed my smiling sister.

Sister :—Oh! you have satisfied yourself with your favourite black—black! The colour of mourning, an ill omen.

I :—An ill omen! Bright Black—“*staid wisdom's hue*”. Haven't you read “*Ill Pensero*?” There you will see described the story of black. Whatever that may be, don't you really feel that my taste is more wholesome? You may say *no*. But I am sure you admire my taste.

Sister :—I don't really think so, but as the hour is nearing four, I do not mean to change this. Even though it doesn't seem so satisfactory, I shall leave it alone. Only Nalini and Sarala are coming, two of my dearest friends.

To tell you the truth, the drawing-room looked so beautiful that I felt proud of my work.

I too wanted to see these visitors of that day, who must certainly be the ultra-modern type like my sister herself. So I obtained my sister's permission to sit in the room along with her.

Both of us were ready in the drawing-room, and in a carefully careless manner (which I didn't know at first, but my sister taught me that) we waited for about ten minutes.

I began to get disgusted. I happened to look at the fashionable wrist-watch on the pretty and slender wrist of my sister. It was so fashionable that I had to take great trouble to find out that it was already a quarter to five. Now, you see, these celebrated Nalini and Sarala were expected at 4-30. I could not suppress a laugh at the punctuality of my sister's fashionable friends. At once my sister asked me why I laughed. I was frank with her in my reply. I thought she was once again offended. What a world of difference exists between two sisters?

It was nearing five o'clock. I began to feel more and more of the mischief working in me, which made me sometimes laugh, but with a great effort, I suppressed it. My sister was utterly, deeply, annoyed. I took pleasure in her

vexation, but exposed little of it for the sake of peace. Perhaps the hour half-past four was yet to come to those friends. I don't know why, but the visitors didn't come that day. I won't be really honest if I say that I was not disappointed, for I felt some vexation, though not so seriously as my sister felt. The reason, you may know if you want. I wanted the visitors to see the drawing-room I had arranged. But this disappointment lasted only for a few minutes.

My poor sister took her seat on the sofa, perhaps weighed down by her disappointment. I too took my seat on the opposite one to hers. Both were silent, my sister looking somewhere away from the room, and I admiring my sister's pretty delicate figure. But I could not bear this sort of grim silence any longer.

I :—Oh sister dear, now that the visitors have not come, let us between ourselves enjoy the time. We shall talk about something.

She directed her eyes towards me and for the first time in my life, I saw in them a real liking for me.

Sister :—Leela, though mischievous, you are such a dear. You will have something or other to please others with. When I go to Madras I feel your absence very much.

What did I hear! was I dreaming? Was it be possible to hear such words from my sister's lips. Till now I hadn't received anything but scolding and teasing from my sister. So these sweet words (though of short duration) were like nectar to me. They were a revelation. I tried to be more pleasing in my sister's eyes. In this, I felt, I looked so funny that I turned away my face from her.

Sister :—You please begin on some topic.

I :—Why not "Laughing," then?

Sister :—You laugh too much, and hence this suggestion I think?

I :—Isn't it better than crying? One should be mad to do the latter; even at the imagination of a laugh, I feel ready to laugh. What a humorous sight, what a delightful sight, it is to see one laughing. You cannot help laughing at the mere sight of it. First, the eyes get small, lustrous, then they gleam, the cheeks rise up, the lips stir a little. The second stage is more beautiful, the lips withdraw a little, permitting the pearly teeth to expose themselves; and the last stage, the funniest of all, the throb of the whole body trembling as if in a fit of ague. And then the face gets broader. Just like the sunshine, first the rays just peeping out, making everything lustrous, and twinkling, then some bright rays: and lastly the brightest of rays forming the broad daylight. You seem not to approve of my description. What do you say?

Sister :—Laughter doesn't seem to me to be so wholesome as it does to you. It is not the fastion now-a-days to laugh aloud and heartily, as you do. The only

thing one should do is to smile. But in your case it is so different. Anything makes you laugh. No wonder you are getting plumpy day by day. There is a saying that laughter makes people fat. Try to laugh less, and get slim, for that is the fashion now-a-days.

I :—My dear sister, I don't want to be fashionable at all on such terms. I can't give up my pleasure to become fashionable. And after all, what happens? Get slim and be like a ghost, and for that, give up eating delicious foods, and my happiest mood *i. e.* laughing? Never, not even for the whole world! Now coming to the smile. The smile, please excuse me, seems to me to be brought about by paralysis. Why should you take so much trouble in directing the lips to one side, Oh! I forgot, that is the fashion. But I tell you, it is more comfortable to see the face in a symmetrical state, and not with one part of it going up, and other coming down, like what happens in paralysis.

My sister was trying to take a flower from the vase, placed on the table, when she tripped over the end of her saree and fell down. I began to laugh. Really, I was her sister, and loved her so much that I began to laugh at seeing this. (She who does not laugh at the sight of another falling, is not sincere to her.) As it was a harmless fall, and as nobody except myself (whom she didn't care much for) saw her fall she, as everybody does, soon got up, and laughed aloud in her silvery voice.

I :—Oh sister, you forgot the fashion! Why did you laugh so loud? What a pity; in the future, Nalini won't be your friend, for you have violated one law of fashion.

Sister :—Oh Leela, you are incorrigible. You give pin-pricks to people at the most awkward moment.

I :—My darling sister! hear me at least now. Don't be so much carried away by fashion. I tell you there are times when we won't be able to follow fashion rigorously you see, and then you will have to laugh broadly as I do. Enjoy all the pleasures the world will afford. There are not many in this world. Only when we live can we laugh, isn't it so? So enjoy it.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

T. M. MALATHY
Second Year Class.

The True Preceptor.

"Let your heart be a veritable mint of sparkling gems of pure emotions, diamonds of power, rubies of love, and emeralds of deep sympathy. Let your head be a silent lake wherein are reflected the grandeur of the mountain peak of knowledge, the foliage of logic and reasoning, and the clouds of understanding. Let your hands carry the lotus of duty, the rose of purity, the jasmine of faith, for no action which is not duty and which is devoid of faith is worthy of your handling."

These qualities can be seen only in a man or woman who has followed a true preceptor.

Teaching is the noblest of all professions. There is none nobler or holier than the true teacher. A good teacher may or may not be one who has a vast store of knowledge. One may have great knowledge, and not at all be capable of imparting it to others. Education does not mean putting information into a child's mind, but drawing out his faculties to the highest development, and this is a task which can be accomplished only by the possessors of great moral qualities. A man may be a great scholar, but quite unable to maintain discipline, because he lacks firmness and weight of character. His pupils do not respect him, and he has no influence over them.

The crowning qualification of a true preceptor is sympathy. He should love, and even reverence children, that he may have that genuine sympathy, which is quite essential for the correct understanding of his pupils. It is not enough if the teacher only cares how his lesson is imparted. He should also see how it is received by his pupils.

A teacher should know when his assistance is required; and when not required, it should not be given. As much as possible should be done by the children themselves. A good teacher does not think out the lessons for his pupils. Sympathetic imagination is required by teachers to note the difficulties of pupils from their point of view. It is not enough to repeat explanations.

After sympathy, the next thing that is most necessary in a teacher, is hope. Many teachers in the reports of their boys use the word *hopeless*. A boy cannot be called hopeless on any account. The teacher's creed should be that every boy is good for something. Let us take the case of James Watt. James Watt had an aunt. She thought he was an idle boy. One day when he was sitting near the tea-table, his aunt came to him and said, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy as you. Take a book or something useful. For the last hour you have done

nothing but hold a spoon in the steam from the tea-kettle. What good will it do, to count the drops of water as they fall?" It seemed indeed an idle thing to do. But the boy's mind was busy with the thoughts of the power of steam. He at last became the improver of the steam engine which has revolutionised industry and commerce.

The teacher should never lose his temper. His profession is one in which the maintenance of a cheerful, happy temper is most essential to success. Teaching requires patience, because the best results of teaching come only slowly.

He or she, who is not a student of human[nature], must fail as a teacher. Very great skill is required to teach young children. There are very few teachers who possess such gifts of mind and temper, as enable them to deal wisely with little children, so as to develop their intellect, and mould their characters. Infant education should be considered the highest branch of teaching. The worse the material, the greater the skill demanded of the teacher.

The true teacher should be the match that fires the train of his pupil's thoughts. His questions must be suggestive, asked not to confound, but to encourage. This requires considerable knowledge on the part of the teacher, else his mind would become incapable of kindling thoughts in others. A true and able teacher never thinks his education is complete, but is always seeking to add to his own knowledge. The Latin proverb says, 'If you would be wise, read; if more wise, study; if wisest of all, teach.'

PANIKKER,
First Year Class.

Justice Wins.

I

A shot rang out, clear and distinct, from Mr. James Anderson's study. Cynthia Drummond, the servant-maid, heard it, and rushed into the room. There Mr. Anderson was sitting on his chair, facing the fire-place. She thought that he was reading something, and asked him if he too had heard the shot. As there was no reply, she went nearer, thinking that he was sleeping. But, to her horror, she found that her master was holding in his hand a revolver, and that there was a bullet-hole on his forehead. She was so terrified that she ran out into the garden at the farther end, where Sampson, the gardener, was tending some plants. She told him what she had seen, and they both ran in towards the study. But Cynthia was so frightened that she stayed outside. Sampson soon came out, and assured her that their master, James Anderson, was stone-dead. Soon he telephoned the news to Scotland Yard, and Detective-Inspector Wilson was sent down to take charge of the case.

The Inspector reached the house very soon, and examined the body. He became convinced that it was not a case of suicide, because there were signs of a struggle, and the revolver was not held in such a position as to enable one to shoot oneself. Moreover, the Inspector could not find any trace of gun-powder on Anderson's hand, when he looked at it, through a powerful magnifying glass. So he concluded, that Anderson had not fired a pistol, and that it was a murder case, and not a suicide.

The Inspector then began to search the study, and all that was in it, very minutely. The window was ajar, and the blinds were drawn up. The Inspector went on his knees, and began to examine the floor which was carpeted. He found nothing remarkable except a silver match-case, on which were engraved the letters R. D., a cartridge shell, some loose sheets of blank paper, and two or three cigarette ends, which he put away in his pocket-book very carefully. Soon the Police Surgeon arrived, who, after examining the corpse well, said that the shot had been fired from that revolver, and that it was sufficient to kill him. Soon after the surgeon left the place, the ambulance came, with a stretcher, and removed the body to the Mortuary.

II

The Inspector once more searched the room very thoroughly. This time he found a small piece of broken glass, which he carefully stowed away in his pocket. Then the Inspector came out, and stationed one of his men at the door

of the room. He next walked into the opposite room, and asked a policeman to call in the servant-maid, Cynthia Drummond. He brought out his pocket-book, and began to make some notes in it.

Soon Cynthia walked into the room. He then began to question her searchingly. She was very nervous at first, but as he was very calm and self-possessed, she became less nervous presently, and answered his questions meekly. She told him how she had heard the shot, how she found that her master was dead when she entered the study, and how she communicated the news to Sampson, the gardener. Mr. Wilson asked her about the friends of her employer. She said that he had few friends, and that one of them had been with him sometime before the shot was heard. She had not seen the friend leave the place, nor did she know much about him: not even his name. She was soon dismissed and Sampson called in. Sampson, in answer to the questions of the Inspector, said that he got the news of the death of his master from the maid-servant. He had not heard the shot fired as he was in the garden, which was a little away from the house. It was he who telephoned Scotland Yard. He could give no additional information about his master. He was dismissed, and the Inspector also followed him out of the room, and enquired who their neighbour was. He was told that one Mr. Watson was living in the house next to Anderson's.

III

Later, after giving his assistants some instructions, Inspector Wilson interviewed Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson seemed to be a cunning fellow, but he said that he did not know much about Anderson, except that he was a very rich man. He also said that one of Anderson's friends was Ralph Darel, a respectable young man, who owed Anderson a lot of money. Watson continued that he had not heard the shot fired, as he was out shopping. He could not throw any further light on matters concerning Anderson. The time being dusk by now, the Inspector had to stop his enquiries till the next morning.

Next day Inspector Wilson appeared at the Yard and reported the steps he had taken to his chief, the Assistant Commissioner. The A. C. encouraged him, and he left for the Information Bureau, where he obtained the address of Mr. Ralph Darel. He directly taxied to Ralph's quarters, and sent in his card. He was soon ushered into the drawing-room by the footman.

Ralph, a bright young man, was sitting on his chair, deeply immersed in thought. He was very pale and haggard. He pointed to a chair for the Inspector to sit on. The Inspector, instead of beating about the bush, came directly to the point at issue. According to what Ralph said, Anderson was a very rich man, and Ralph owed him a large sum of money. Anderson was known to have enemies,

even though he was not a very popular figure. Anderson had a nephew, whom he had named his heir, somewhere in South America, and Anderson was known to have had no news about him for a very long time.

Anderson kept his money at the Central Bank, London. The Inspector could elicit no further information from Ralph about Anderson. Wilson then asked Ralph whether he had been to the deceased gentleman's house on the day of the murder, and was answered in the negative. Then the Inspector triumphantly took out of his pocket the silver match-case, on which were the letters R. D., and asked Ralph if it was his, and how it came to be in Anderson's study. Ralph was in a terrible predicament, and at last, confessed that he had been to Anderson's house on the day of the murder, and that they had quarrelled over the money he owed Anderson; but added, that they had patched up their quarrel before he left—half an hour before the alleged incident. Ralph could plead his alibi, but not convincingly.

IV

The Inspector left Ralph, and immediately taxied to the Central Bank. There he got more particulars about Anderson, and also about the bulk of his wealth. Anderson had a nephew, George Standish by name, and he was supposed to be in South America. Inspector Wilson, thanking the Bank Officials for supplying the information about Anderson, went out, and cabled to South America for information about Mr. George Standish. But Wilson was informed that he was not there, and that he was supposed to be in Australia. Wilson advertised for him in most of the newspapers.

The Inspector, as a police official, had to suspect and watch all persons concerned in the case. So he set plain-clothes men to watch Watson, Sampson, Cynthia, and Ralph. Matters were not developing rapidly, and the Inspector could not get relevant information about the persons concerned.

The usual inquest was held. But few facts were brought to light. The doctor said on oath, that he was sure, after the *post-mortem* examination, that Anderson had died owing to the shot he received on his forehead, and that he had died instantaneously. Ralph, Sampson, Watson, and Cynthia could furnish no more particulars than were already known to the Police. The Inspector asked the Coroner for a adjournment, to carry out his investigations fully. The Coroner knew that it would take much time before the real culprit was brought to Justice. At last the jury retired to think a little before giving their verdict. After a short deliberation they filed in, and the Foreman of the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

V

Some days passed, and yet no new facts were coming to light. One day the Inspector was sitting in his office pondering on the case. He was sure that a woman could have had no hand in it. Then Watson's alibi was perfect, and so after the elimination of these persons, (namely Cynthia and Watson) the list of suspects was reduced to Ralph and Sampson. Unofficially, Wilson could not think of either Ralph, or Sampson as a murderer.

He was sitting thus absorbed in thought, when, all at once, the telephone at his desk began to ring. He took up the receiver and listened. One of his deputies was speaking at the other end. He said that Watson had quitted his house with all his belongings, and that all his things had been sent to Dover, by rail. Watson had somehow escaped the watching eyes of the police. All at once the truth of it dawned upon Wilson. He soon got a search-warrant from his superior, went to Watson's flat, and made a thorough search of the place. He was about to give up his search, in disappointment, when he got from the drawer of a table a pair of spectacles with a small piece of glass missing. He took out of his pocket the small piece of broken glass that he had picked up from Anderson's study after the murder. The small piece fitted the Spectacles exactly. Now, it was proved who the murderer of Anderson was—Watson's alibi was a faked one and he had slipped through Inspector Wilson's fingers.

The Inspector quitted Watson's flat very hurriedly, telephoned the developments to Headquarters, and asked his Superior to send out some detectives to help him. He then taxied directly to Dover, where he met some of his assistants, who were waiting for him. They told him that they had made enquiries at the Shipping-Office, and that Waston had left for Australia on board the big passenger ship "*The Normandy*", which had left Dover two hours ago.

VI

Then Inspector Wilson got on board a Patrol Boat with some of his assistants, and followed the course taken by the "*Normandy*"—The Boat went at a very great speed and soon the 'Normandy' was sighted. They signalled to the passenger ship to reduce speed, and soon the Patrol Boat came up with the 'Normandy', and Inspector Wilson got on board the ship with his followers. Wilson enquired of the Captain of the ship about Mr. Waston, and the latter showed them Waston's cabin.

Soon they all went to the cabin very quietly, holding their revolvers in front of them. Waston was reading something, and he tried to take up the big Automatic which was lying beside him, when he heard someone enter his room. But before he could do so, the Inspector thundered that he would be shot down

if he did not lift up his hands. Thus the culprit was trapped. Otherwise Waston would surely have showed fight.

The Inspector handcuffed him, and conveyed him on board the Patrol Boat which took them back to Dover. From there they were taken to Scotland Yard in a Police van, and Waston was put into a cell. The Inspector then went to report to his chief, the Assistant Commissioner.

The next day, Watson was brought before a magistrate and was examined. An idea suddenly flashed across Wilson's mind. He got up quietly, yet quickly, and pulled down Waston's wig. It came off very easily, and lo! the person standing there was George Standish, the deceased Anderson's nephew.

Now, it was clear that the nephew had murdered his uncle to get his large fortune, immediately. Standish was deeply in debt, and so he could not get on in Australia—that was why he was in urgent need of his uncle's money. So planning all this, he had left Australia, and was living as his uncle's neighbour. When he got his chance, he finished off his uncle, and would have gone back to Australia secretly, and claimed his uncle's fortune from there, and, no doubt, got it had it not been for the enterprise of Detective-Inspector Wilson of Scotland Yard.

But for the genius of Wilson the real culprit would have got off Scott-free, and poor Ralph Darrel, an innocent gentleman, would have got into very serious trouble. However, in the end, Justic won, and the culprit was brought to book.

C. V. VENKATESWARAN,

(*Sixth Form.*)







The flames rolled on—he would not go
without his father's word.

The Trichinopoly Rock.

A voice is in the wind, I do not know :
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them ; that is God.

—George MacDonald.

To the pious Hindu, and to the pleasure-bent globe-trotter, the Rock at Trichinopoly is a great attraction, and very seldom does a tourist fail to get up to its crest, and take a panoramic view of the country surrounding it. This sacred Rock, which rises abruptly from a plain, is a peculiarly rounded one, so common on the banks of the Cauvery ; and these Rocks have given rise to numerous conjectures and fantastic stories. The legend here given is as old as the town itself, and is rather interesting.

Once upon a time, when the world was young, Lord Siva was in his seat on Mount Kailas. One day Bramah, Vishnu and Indra, accompanied by the deputy Gods, the Sun, the Moon, and other heavenly bodies, and also the minor deities and devotees, were waiting at the towered entrance to the God's Mount. While waiting, they all eulogised Adisesha, the bearer of the Seven Worlds, for his extraordinary strength. God Vayu, filled with envy, was highly incensed at this bestowal of praise, and began to belittle Adisesha, who, thereupon, challenged Vayu to a contest of strength, and said he could easily swallow him up, if he liked, but would not do so, then. Continuing, Adisesha remarked, that he would, however, cover up the whole Mount with his serpentine body, and his thousand-hooded head, and that Vayu should exercise his powers to loosen the hold, and let the air in. Both agreed. The contest began. Not a spot of the sacred Mountain was visible, so complete was the embrace of Adisesha. Vayu, the God of winds, raised the most powerful tornado to defeat his foe, Adisesha. The Mountains of the world flew about like the sparks in a smithy. Large uprooted trees floated in the sky. The Sun went astray. The Moon looked like a dull, dark, disc. The Stars lost their lustre. Oceans became dry. Great was the havoc done to the whole world, but firm was the hold with which Adisesha clung to the mountain of Lord Siva. The God of winds felt beaten, and stung to the quick, at his shameful defeat, carried off in revenge all the life-breaths into the nether world. The whole creation became lifeless. Lord Siva, in his great mercy, came to the rescue, and asked the great serpent to slacken his grasp a little bit, so as to allow the crest-fallen Vayu some chance for displaying his might. Three of the snow-clad

peaks were torn off the sacred Mountain. They fell in three different places in the South of India. The first splinter was the 'Thirukalati Rock, the modern Kalahasthi. The next to be blown down, was the famous Rock of Trichinopoly, the third being the Trincomalee Rock, in Ceylon. I shall deal now with the second, the Rock of Trichinopoly.

The eastern part of this Rock, when viewed from the south, looks like a bull couchant, with his head lifted up, as if to hold up the small shrine dedicated to God Ganesha. The whole Rock is known as '*Virushapachalam*' (*Virusha-bull; achalam-mountain.*) The common folk always speak of the rock as 'Uchi Pillaiar Malai', meaning, the rock having on its summit a temple of Lord Ganesha.

The summit of this famous Rock is about 273 feet above the street level, and affords a position of vantage for getting an admirable view of the whole town, and the surrounding country. When the town was besieged by the French, in 1751—54, the English stationed a man there, with a telescope, to watch the movements of the enemy. The ascent to the rock is by a covered stone staircase, the entrance to which is on the south side of the Rock. At the head of the first flight of steps, a street runs all round the rock, by the side of which something like two thousand houses have been built. At the head of the last flight of steps, there is a temple dedicated to Lord Siva. Though the entrance to this is from the east, the idol itself faces the west, which is contrary to Hindu custom. Close to this there is a cave temple. After this, some distance higher up, to the right, there is a sixteen-pillared Mantapam, built about 1630, by one Thalavai Mudaliar. Before turning to the left, for the Pillaiar Pagoda on the summit, there is on the right side the Bell Tower. The bell is four feet in height and approximately two and a half tons in weight, having a diameter of four feet at the base.

How the temple came to be built on the summit of the Rock will be clear from the following legend. In the great war between Rama and Ravana, Vibheeshana, forsaking his brother, Ravana, came over to Rama, and helped him in the destruction of Lanka, and the winning back of Sita. After the War, Vibheeshana accompanied Rama to Ayodhya, and witnessed his Coronation. Before Vibheeshana returned to Ceylon, Rama presented him with an image of Siva to be taken to Ceylon, with definite instructions, never to let it touch the ground, lest it should get fixed to the place. Vibheeshana, while halting on the island of Srirangam, had given it to the Pillaiar to hold for a moment. But he betrayed the trust and placed it on the ground. Then the Pillaiar went up to the crest of the Rock, to escape being caught by Vibheeshana. Vibheeshana on returning from his ablutions, found the idol of Lord Siva fixed. In great fury and despair, he sought for the Elephant-faced God, and finding him on the top, gave him a knock

on the head, such a knock that it caused a depression, which is shown even now to the visitors to the shrine. After this incident, the Elephant-faced God remained there. The construction of the temple was undertaken by the early Pallava and Chola rulers of South India. It was not done in a short period by a single ruler, but slowly and gradually, by many.

Men have come, and men have gone, but the Rock stands for ever, in all its glory and beauty."

N. SUBRAMANIA RAO,
Sixth Form.

The Autobiography of a Cotton Plant.

DURING my sojourn in the southern districts, I chanced to see amidst the vast and numberless cotton-growing areas, a forlorn plot of ground, on which stood a solitary plant, craving sympathy of every passer-by. Day was just breaking. Every living thing seemed aglow with a new light. Birds rent the air with their merry songs. And trees and plants danced in delight. But this poor broken stem of a plant, with its emaciated twigs bedewed with tears, portrayed a perfect picture of misery. This moved my heart. I went to it with an air of great concern and enquired, "why these womanish tears, Old one? What ails you? Tell me the story of your woe". In an agony of joy, it stood stunned for a while, and as the stream of tears relieved it a little, began to move its lips and sob. "O! Angel of grace. What gift of solace dost thou shower on me! I cannot be sufficiently thankful for these kind enquiries. I feel highly flattered, now that there is one at least of the living beings of the world, who hails the existence of such a dumb little thing like me. The story of my woe is the story of my life. Hence, however unpleasant my history might prove, I shall venture to narrate to you the incidents and experiences of my life, as they present themselves to me in my fading memory.

"I confess I am pitifully in the dark about my grand and proud parentage. How I wish I had that divine vision of the saints and the sages, that I might lift out of the bottomless abyss, the whence, the why, and the wherefore of my birth. But like every other autobiographer, I have to rest content with the incompleteness common to such works—a limitless blank on either side.

The first time I came to consciousness, I remember, was in the vast and sunny fields of Tiruppur, where in the swing of a waving floweret, I was enjoying the bright daylight in happy company. Fed by my mother's milk, and clothed in soft spotless white, my early days, among a circle of friends, brimming with life, were most pleasant. But days grew hard with me when, against the wishes of the whole of my company, we were transferred from there to a rather crammed environment, there to be beaten and thrashed for no offence, known to our innocent selves. We suffered, and suffered all this in dumb submission, till, by the grace of God, a violent blow of a rod sent me whirling yards away into a well—ploughed corner of a field. As for my friends, I am ignorant of their fate. But I remained in the field, unknown, and unnoticed, in unmolested peace for days together. Gradually I began to feel choked by the pressure of the clods of earth, that seemed to envelop me all over, heating me at times to intensity, and cooling me at other times to freezing degree. I then decided at last to break open the dark shell, that restrained my freedom. I broke open the walls and was ushered into the broad

sunlight, I so eagerly longed for. I smiled at the sight of the vast and wonderful region of bliss, that greeted my eyes, and bowed to that Power that brought me into being. Now setting my foot aground, and pressing the air with my outstretched arms, I tried to rise higher and higher. The beams from that flood of light above invited me. And encouraged by the hand that nourished and brought me up, I continued my adventure further towards the Celestial Kingdom, that looked all but reached.

All of a sudden, a hand stayed my progress ; " *Thus far and no further* ", rang loud in my ears, and I had to cry a silent halt.

Now all my ambitions to rise above my kindred creations had perished, but an inner craving for the pleasures of the senses, began to creep in. The cells of my being seemed stirred up with a new urge. The warm rays of the morning sun, the cool breath of the evening breeze, and the soft touch of the moon-beams, all tickled me up into flowery smiles. These smiles, pregnant with prolific progeny, cost me not a little, as days went on. They warped me, little by little, and in the course of a few years, I began to feel that my life's waters were almost drying up. Being used to hard days, no thorn however sharp, could prick me long. But the thought of those that had the springs of life from me, too often set me off the balance, and shook my frail frame into a sudden crash. O, Philosophy ! What soothing balm do you spread over bleeding hearts. Yet born among many, living among many, to be left alone in the wide world, worn out and broken, awaiting the merciful hands of the reaper *Death*,—the very thought sends a chill over me. With a calm composure that life's ills alone can teach, I am bearing these passing pains with due resignation. But the canker that eats into me, the news I hear of the hardships some of my children are made to suffer, is there. I know, the harder and more adventurous ones would force their way into independent existence somehow, but the softer ones are ever exposed to all sorts of pressure from heartless human arts and crafts. Out of reach of all natural help, of what avail could parental affection, however ardent, be to them ?"

Here the narrative stopped abruptly. Tears and sobs prevented further speech, and as it was getting very late, I left the place, silent pity filling my heart.

R. C. V.

The Zamorin's College Senior Debating Society.

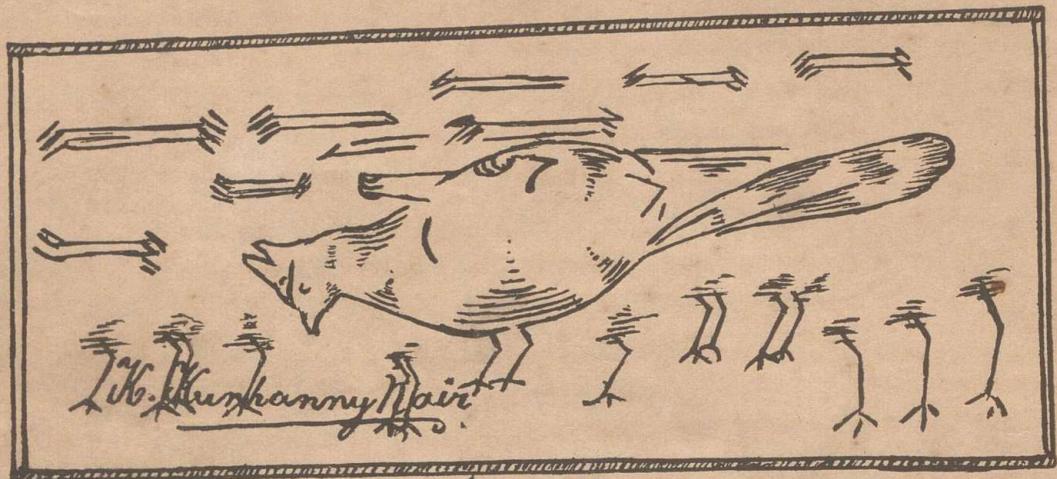
Only three meetings were held in this term. At the first meeting, Professor V. P. Joshi M. A., of the Arya Samaj, addressed the house on "*A living faith in God.*" He spoke, earnestly and with conviction, on the supreme directing Force of the Universe, and the necessity to believe in It.

At the next meeting, Mr. B. C. Verghese, an old boy of the College, delivered a lecture on *Socialism*. He spoke to the effect that Socialism was necessary for the improvement of society, and for an all-round progress of a nation.

The validictory meeting of this year was held on the 27th of January. The Principal was in the chair. On the occasion, Mr. Kollengode P. Gopalan Nair delivered a lecture, in Malayalam, on "*Modern Education*". The learned Lecturer analysed very lucidly the numerous drawbacks in the modern system of Education, and pleaded for reforms in the right direction.

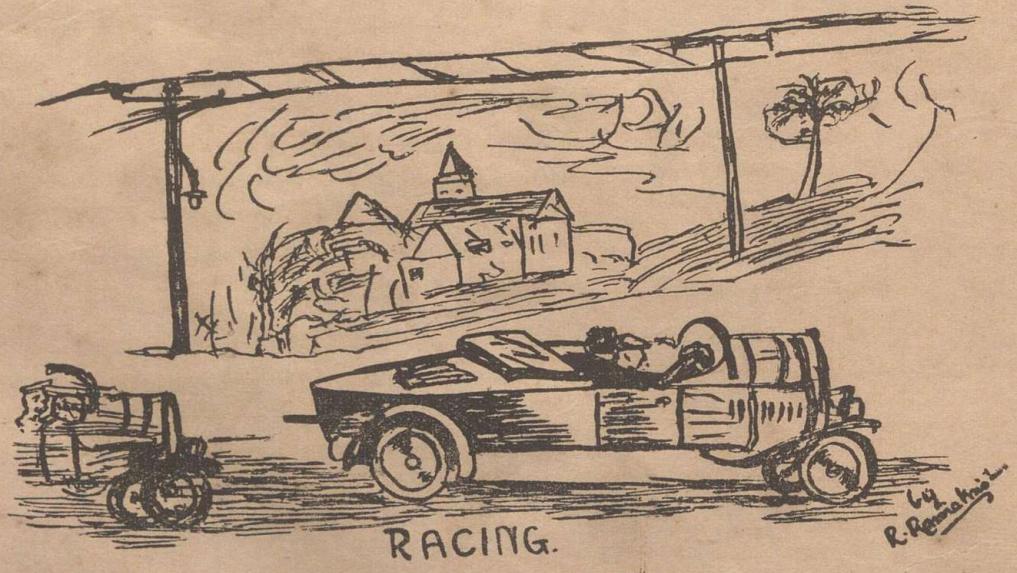
The year began with the inaugural address delivered by the great poet of Kerala, Mahakavi Vallathol, and ended with an address by one of the greatest prose-writers of Malabar. We have the supreme satisfaction of having done very useful work during the year, and our success was largely owing to the kindness and co-operation of the members of the Staff of the College. To them, and to my colleagues, I tender my sincere gratitude.

M. VASUDEVAN NAIR,
Secretary.



Bird

When you turn this upside down, what do you see?



RACING.

The Zamorin's College, Calicut.

PRIZE DAY.

Friday, 26th February, 1937.

PRESIDENT: RAO BAHADUR, DR. T. M. K. NEDUNGADI.

NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS.

General Proficiency.

<i>Senior Intermediate</i>	1. K. Kochukrishnan. 2. P. S. Ramaswami
<i>Junior Intermediate</i>	1. S. Rangarajan 2. V. M. Govindan Kutty Menon
<i>Sixth Form</i>	1. M. Narayana Menon. 2. P. V. Damodara Menon
<i>Fifth Form</i>	1. P. K. Seshadrinathan 2. E. Ahammad Koya
<i>Fourth Form</i>	1. N. Gopala Pillai 2. C. S. Sivaramakrishnan
<i>Third Form</i>	1. K. Radhakrishna Menon 2. P. Seetharaman
<i>Second Form</i>	1. K. Madhavan Kutty 2. T. P. Kunhiraman
<i>First Form</i>	1. N. K. Subhadra 2. P. K. Mohanadas
<i>Fifth Class</i>	1. C. A. Venketeswaran 2. E. P. Kochukrishnan
<i>Fourth Class</i>	1. M. S. Sivasubramanian 2. M. Vasudevan
<i>Third Class</i>	1. G. K. Vasudevan 2. Abdul Lateef
<i>Second Class</i>	1. M. S. Sudereswaran 2. M. D. Seshadri

Special Prizes.

English Essay
Senior Intermediate

Junior Intermediate

Sixth Form

Malayalam Essay
Senior Intermediate

Junior Intermediate

Sixth Form

English Elocution
Senior Intermediate

Junior Intermediate

Sixth Form

Malayalam Elocution.
Senior Intermediate

Junior Intermediate

Malayalam Elocution
Sixth Form

English Essay on
Life Assurance
Junior Intermediate

Malayalam Versification
Senior Intermediate

Mathematics
Senior Intermediate

K. Ramachandra Menon
(Donor: Rao Bahadur A. V. Govinda Menon)

A. Narayanaswami
(Donor: Rao Bahadur A. V. Govinda Menon)

P. Subramanian
(Donor: Rao Bahadur A. V. Govinda Menon)

M. Vasudevan Nair
Donor: Mr. E. Narayanan Nair.

K. P. Ramunni Menon
(Donor: Mrs. C. Gopalan Nair.)

V. Gopala Menon
(Donor: M. R. Ry. P. Sreemanavedan Raja Avl., The Fourth Raja of Calicut)

M. Vasudevan Nair
(Barlow Prize)
M. Narayanan Nambudiripad
(Donor Mr. V. K. Eradi)
P. Subramanian
(Donor: Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon)

M. Vasudevan Nair
(Donor: Mr. E. Narayanan Nair)
M. Narayanan Nambudiripad
(Donor: Mr. V. K. Eradi)

E. Ahammed Koya
(Donor: Mrs. C. Gopalan Nair)

A. Narayanaswamy
(Donor: Mr. B. S. Shenoy)
V. M. Govindankutti Menon
(Donor: Mr. T. M. Kovunni Nedungadi in memory of Vidwan Kovunni Nedungadi)

S. Rangarajan
(Donor: Rao Bahadur T. M. K. Nedungadi)

Junior Intermediate	A. Narayanaswami (<i>Rai Bahadur Krishnan Nair Prize</i>)
Sixth Form	P. K. Seshadrinathan (<i>Donor : Mr. N. Venkatarama Iyer</i>)
Fifth Form	S. Narayanaswami (<i>Donor: Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon</i>)
Sanskrit	
Senior Intermediate	S. Rangarajan (<i>Donor : Mr. Kollengode P. Gopalan Nair</i>)
Junior Intermediate	A. Narayanaswami (<i>Donor : Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon</i>)
Hindi and Santhkrit	T. V. Anantaraman (<i>The College Literary Association Prize</i>)
Junior Intermediate	
Physics	P. Narayana Menon (<i>Donor : Mr. M. Rajangam Iyer</i>)
Senior Intermediate	
(1935—36)	
Chemistry	P. V. Damodara Menon (<i>Donor : Mr. P. K. Sreeveerarayyan Raja</i>)
Sixth Form (1935—36)	
Good Conduct	D. Sankaran Nambudiripad. (<i>Sreeveerarayyan Raja Prize.</i>)
Senior Intermediate	
Junior Intermediate	V. P. Raman. (<i>Donor: Mr. K. C. Unnianujan Raja</i>)
Sixth Form	K. Krishna Desan. (<i>Donor : Mrs. P. Madhava Menon in Memory of Mr. C. V. Narayana Menon</i>)
Proficiency in History	K. Muhammad Naha. <i>Donor : Mr. A. K. T. K. M. Guptan Nambudiripad</i>
Senior Intermediate	
Essay on Civics and Citizenship	K. Ramachandra Menon (<i>Donor : Mrs. P. Madhava Menon in memory of Mr. C. V. Narayana Menon</i>)
Senior Intermediate	
Drawing	
IV Form	P. K. Perumal
III Form	P. K. Karunakaran
II Form	T. A. Balakrishnan
I Form	K. Balakrishnan
5th Class	C. R. Saraswathi
4th Class	O. Achuthan

Manual Training
Fourth Form

P. K. Perumal
(*Donor: Mr. T. J. Anthony*)

Do. Special Prize
Fourth Form

M. Raman Menon
(*Donor: Mr. T. J. Anthony*)

Needle Work
Sixth Form

D. M. Rukmini
(*Donor: Mrs. W. B. Nedungadi*)

Girls
Captain Ball

{ 1. Devi Kunنانath
2. M. P. Visalakshi
3. V. Bagirathy
4. C. K. Madhavi Kutty
5. M. M. Madhavi Kutty
6. V. Meenakshi Kutty
7. C. C. Sarada

Badminton

{ 1. M. P. Visalakshi
2. M. Bagirathy

Ring Tennis

{ 1. M. M. Madhavi Kutty
2. A. P. Lakshmi Kutty

Juniors.

{ 1. K. C. Ravunni Menon (Captain)
2. S. W. Stephen
3. T. Ramachandra Kurup
4. T. Kamara Kurup
5. M. Balasubramanian Pillai
6. K. Sami Kutty
7. P. C. Cherianujan Raja
8. K. G. Bhaskaran
9. P. P. Narayanaswamy

Football (Third Form)

{ 1. K. C. Ravunni Menon (Captain)
2. K. Sami Kutty
3. P. C. Cherianujan Raja
4. P. C. Ettan Raja
5. V. T. Kunhiraman Nambiar
6. V. K. Balakrishnan
7. K. Balakrishnan
8. K. Damodaran
9. M. Krishnan Unni

Volley ball
Third Form

{ 1. K. Balakrishnan
2. S. W. Stephen

Badminton
Third Form

{ 1. P. K. Karunakara Menon
2. V. N. Venkatakrishnan

Ring-tennis
Third Form

Games.

Playground Ball
Third Form

{ 1. V. Vinkiteswaran (Captain)
2. K. C. Ramunni Menon
3. T. Ramachandra Kurup
4. T. Kamara Kurup
5. Raman Unni Menon
6. S. W. Stephen
7. M. Balasubramanian Pillai
8. C. N. Sreenivasan
9. U. C. Divakaran
10. A. Balagopalan

Seniors
Football
Sixth Form

{ 1. V. Radhakrishna Menon (Captain)
2. K. Ravunni Kutty Nair
3. L. A. Ramachandran
4. Sankaran Kutty Menon
5. C. V. Rajan
6. S. V. Govindaswamy
7. L. K. Balasubramanian
1. M. P. Balakrishna Menon
(Captain)
2. P. Subramanian
3. C. V. Rajan
4. K. Sankarankutty Menon
5. S. V. Govindaswamy
6. K. Krishnadas
7. K. Ravunni Kutty Nair

Playground Ball
Sixth Form

{ 1. C. V. Rajam (Captain)
2. K. Ramaswamy
3. K. Ravunni Kutty Nair
4. P. Subramanian
5. M. P. Balakrishna Menon
6. C. R. Sivaramakrishnan
7. S. V. Govindswamy
8. P. K. Seshadrinathan
9. K. Sankaran Kutty Menon
10. T. S. Krishna Moorthi

Basket Ball
Sixth Form

{ 1. L. A. Ramachandran (Captain)
2. C. V. Rajam
3. S. V. Govindaswami
4. L. K. Balasubramanian
5. P. Subramanian

Volley Ball
Sixth Form

{ 1. L. A. Ramachandran (Captain)
2. C. V. Rajam
3. K. Ravunni Kutty Nair
4. V. Radhakrishna Menon.
5. K. P. Ali
6. P. Subramanian
7. P. C. Kunhianuji Raja
8. K. E. Ramachandran
9. M. Muhammad

<i>Badminton</i>	1. S. V. Govindaswamy
<i>Sixth Form</i>	2. P. P. Krishna Iyyar
<i>Ring Tennis (Doubles)</i>	1. A. Venugopalan Nair
<i>Senior Intermediate</i>	2. M. Vasudevan Nair
<i>Ring tennis (singles)</i>	1. M. Vasudevan Nair
<i>Special Prize For Football</i>	1. Venugopalan Nair (S. Inter.) (Donor: Rao Bahadur M. Narayanan Nair, Avl.)
	2. P. K. Perumal (Fourth Form) (Donor: Mr. S. V. Goplakrishnan)
	3. P. Subramanian (J. I. Class) (Donor: Mr. A. K. Sivaramakrishnan)
<i>Special Prize for Basket ball</i>	C. V. Rajam Donor: Mr. R. Ganapathy
<i>Special Prize for Hockey</i>	1. G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.) (Donor: Mr. A. K. Sivaramakrishnan)
<i>Special Prize for Volley Ball</i>	C. Bhaskara Menon (S. Inter. Cl.) (Donor: Mr. P. Gopalan Nambiar)
<i>Special Prize for Tennis</i>	S. V. Govindaswamy (Sixth Form) (Donor: Mr. K. Vasudevan)

SPORTS.

<i>Girls.</i>	<i>75 yards</i>	P. V. Lalitha (Second Form)
<i>Seniors</i>		P. S. Chellam (Fifth Class)
<i>Juniors</i>		
<i>Candle Race</i>		V. Meenakshi Kutty (IV Form)
<i>Seniors</i>		S. Alamelu (First Form)
<i>Juniors</i>		
<i>Skipping the Rope</i>		T. Padmavathy (Jr. Intermediate)
<i>Seniors</i>		K. Thankam (Fifth Class)
<i>Juniors</i>		G. P. Lalitha (First Form)
<i>Sub-Juniors</i>		
<i>Thread and Needle</i>		K. Rugmini (Third Class)
<i>Sub-Juniors</i>		
<i>Musical Chairs</i>		G. P. Lalitha (First Form)
<i>Sub-Juniors</i>		P. V. Lalitha (Second Form)
<i>Three pillars</i>		
		1. T. M. Malathi Kovilamma
		2. C. K. Madhavi Kutty
		3. V. Vimala Bai
		4. Devi Kunnanath
		5. V. Bhagirathy
		6. A. P. Lakshmi Kutty
		7. P. Lakshmi Kutty
		8. C. Koumudi Devi
		9. V. Meenakshi Kutty
<i>Tug of War</i>		

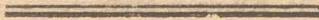
<i>Boys Sub-Juniors</i>	
<i>75 Yds</i>	A. K. Sreedharan (Second Form)
<i>Three-Legged Race</i>	{ K. P. Vasudevan (Third Form) V. Sreekumaran (Third Form)
<i>Juniors</i>	
<i>75 Yds</i>	K. K. Sundara Rajan (First Form)
<i>Potato Race</i>	V. K. Ramachandran (Third Form)
<i>Egg & Spoon Race</i>	S. S. Krishna Rao (First Form)
<i>Wheel Barrow Race</i>	{ V. R. Parameswaran and (First Abdul Sathar Shah (Form)
<i>Candle Race</i>	T. S. Ranganathan (Fifth Class)
<i>Eating the Loaf</i>	T. Narayanan Kuiti Nair (Fourth Class)
<i>Problem* Race</i>	P. J. Subramanian (First Form)
<i>Musical Chairs For Children</i>	R. Ramachandran (Second Class)
<i>Juniors</i>	
<i>50 Yds. Dash</i>	T. Govindan (Fifth Form)
<i>100 Yds. Dash</i>	T. Govindan do.
<i>220 Yds.</i>	T. Govindan do.
<i>440 Yds.</i>	C. N. Balakrishnan (Fifth Form)
<i>Hurdles</i>	C. V. Venkiteswaran do.
<i>Chatty Race</i>	C. V. Venkiteswaran do.
<i>Three-legged Race</i>	{ 1. A. Sankaranarayanan Nair) Fifth 2. C. Karunakaran Nair) Form)
<i>High Jump</i>	T. Govindan (Fifth Form)
<i>Long Jump</i>	C. V. Venkiteswaran (Fifth Form)
<i>Pole Vault</i>	P. K. Seshadrinathan (Sixth Form)
<i>Hop, Step and Jump</i>	K. V. Ramakrishnan (Fourth Form)
<i>Throwing the Cricket ball</i>	K. P. Gopalakrishnan (Fourth Form)
<i>Kicking the Football</i>	U. Gopalankutty Menon (Fourth Form)
<i>Relay Race</i>	{ 1. C. V. Venkiteswaran 2. T. Govindan 3. C. N. Balakrishnan 4. O. V. Raju
<i>Seniors</i>	
<i>50 Yds. Dash</i>	G. K. Balakrishnan Fair (J. I.)
<i>100 Yds. Dash</i>	K. Ravunnikutty Nair (Sixth Form)
<i>220 Yds.</i>	G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.)
<i>440 Yds.</i>	G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.)
<i>880 Yds.</i>	P. K. Achuthan (S. I.)
<i>Hurdles</i>	P. Subramanian (J. I.)
<i>Chatty Race</i>	K. Kesavan Nair (S. I.)
<i>Three-legged Race</i>	{ G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.) and P. Subramanian (J. I.)

<i>High Jump</i>	C. Bhaskara Menon	(S. I.)
<i>Long Jump</i>	A. Venugopalan Nair	(S. I.)
<i>Pole Vault</i>	C V. Rajam,	(Fourth Form)
<i>Hop, Step and Jump</i>	P. K. Perumal.	(Fourth Form)
<i>Shot Put</i>	K. Ravunnikutty Nair	(Sixth Form)
<i>Throwing the Cricket ball</i>	K. Ravunnikutty Nair	do.
<i>Kicking the Football</i>	K. Ravunnikutty Nair	do.
<i>Cycle Slow Race</i>	A. Karthikeyan.	(Fourth Form)
<i>Relay Race</i>	<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="flex: 1;"> <p>1. K. Kesavan Nair</p> <p>2. M. Vasudevan Nair</p> <p>3. A. Venugopalan Nair</p> <p>4. P. K. Achuthan</p> </div> <div style="flex: 1;"> <p>1. K. Ravunnikutty Nair</p> <p>2. L. A. Ramachandran</p> <p>3. P. P. Krishna Iyer</p> <p>4. M. V. Subramanian</p> <p>5. M. A. Sekharan</p> <p>6. P. Subramanian</p> <p>P. K. Perumal</p> </div> </div>	
<i>Tug of War</i>	<i>Donor : Rao Bahadur T. M. K. Nedungadi.</i>	
<i>Sixth Form</i>	<i>Donor : Rao Bahadur P. K. Wariar.</i>	
<i>Championship Cup</i>		
<i>Scouts</i>		
<i>Old Boys</i>	P. M. Krishnan	
<i>220 Yds.</i>	P. M. Krishnan	
<i>Long Jump</i>	<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="flex: 1;"> <p>P. M. Krishnan</p> <p>P. Govinda Menon</p> <p>P. Govinda Menon</p> <p>V. Kesava Menon</p> <p>V. Konthunni Menon</p> <p>K. Vincent</p> <p>T. K. Damodaran Nair</p> </div> <div style="flex: 1;"> <p>P. Govinda Menon</p> <p>V. Kesava Menon</p> <p>V. Konthunni Menon</p> <p>K. Kumaran</p> </div> </div>	
<i>Tug of War</i>		
<i>Football</i>		
<i>Old boys Vs. present Boys</i>	1. P. M. Krishnan	(Captain)
<i>Winners Old Boys</i>	2. T. Achuthan Kurup	
	3. V. Konthunni Menon	
	4. T. Balakrishnan Nair	
	5. S. V. Gopalakrishnan	
	6. K. Sekharan Nair	
	7. K. Kumaran	
	8. K. E. Madhavan	
	9. V. P. D. Damodara Nambiar	
<i>Winners in the Inter-collegiate</i>		
<i>Football Tournament—</i>		
<i>(Mangalore Zone)</i>		
	1. G. K. Balakrishnan Nair	(Captain)

2. A. Venugopalan Nair
3. M. Vasudevan Nair
4. K. P. Vasudevan Nair
5. P. K. Achuthan
6. S. Pundareekan
7. P. Madhava Menon
8. K. C. Kuttianujan Rajah
9. P. Subramanyan
10. Vijayaraghavan
11. C. R. Krishnan

Fancy Dress

1. V. K. Ramachandran (III F.)
(*Donor: Mr. K. C. Unnianujan Raja*)
2. P. Subramanian (J. I.)
(*Donor: Mr. K. C. Unnianujan Raja*)
3. V. Sukumaran Nedungadi (VI F.)
(*Donor: Mr. K. V. Sivanarayana Ayyar*)



Our Competition Page.

The 'Ferry-Boat Problem' in the last issue has, curiously enough, attracted the attention of many students, including five girls, and I have received as many as 39 solutions. P. V. Damodara Menon of the Junior Intermediate class is entitled to the prize, as the first correct solution, free from grammatical and spelling mistakes, examined by me was his. I am glad to find that many of the competitors have taken care of their English, perhaps on account of the condition that I laid down regarding grammatical and spelling mistakes. Most of the solutions are therefore quite correct and I have very great pleasure in tendering my congratulations to the following students.

Senior Intermediate.

1. M. M. Madhavikutti.
2. P. Ramunni Menon.
3. T. Peethambaran Nedungadi.
4. M. Vasudevan Nair.
5. V. K. Bhavadasan.
6. M. C. Bhaskaran Unni Nair.
7. K. R. Parameswaran.

Junior Intermediate.

1. M. Bhageerathy.
2. T. M. Janaky.
3. T. Padmavathy Kovilamma.
4. P. V. Damodara Menon.
5. G. K. Balakrishnan Nair.
6. E. P. Kesavan Kutty.
7. O. Damodaran Nambudiripad.
8. O. Sankaran Nambudiripad.
9. S. Viswanatha Shenoy.
10. T. V. Anantaraman.
11. M. Kochukrishnan.
12. P. Radhakrishna Menon.
13. K. S. Padmanabha Ayyar.
14. M. Chithrabhanu Nambudiripad.
15. P. Kumara Menon.
16. V. P. Rajagopalan Nambiar.
17. V. Venketachalam.
18. P. C. Raman.

Sixth Form.

1. C. N. Thangam.
2. P. P. Kailasam.
3. C. R. Sivaramakrishnan.
4. G. Sivaswami.
5. P. K. Seshadrinathan.
6. K. R. Ramanathan.
7. K. Ravunni Kutty Nair.
8. C. V. Venketeswaran
9. P. N. Subramanian.
10. M. A. Damodaran.
11. K. Gopalakrishna Menon.
12. K. V. Vasudevan.
13. P. Subramanian.

Fifth Form.

1. K. S. Subramanian.

An Amusing Problem.

Mr. K. V. Vasudeva Ayyar, Headmaster, Kiliyanad Municipal school, Calicut, and an 'old boy' of this college, has sent me the following 'amusing problem' (as he calls it) for solution and has promised to give a prize to the first correct solution examined by him.

The problem is this:—"I sent my sixteen sons to market with Re. 1/-, Rs. 2/-, Rs. 3/-,Rs. 16/- respectively, requiring that all of them should buy and sell the same articles at the same rates and yet return home with equal sums of money. How could they do this?"

I hope that my students here, at least some of them, will be clever enough to send me correct solutions, the last day for the receipt of which will be the 7th June. The competition is open only to the present students who buy copies of this issue of the magazine.

Reviews and Notes.

(By P. K. S. R.)

The South Indian Teacher.—The December issue of this magazine is a modest volume of 36 pages. Except for the short editorial notes and the news, it contains only three articles of which two are mere reproductions. Consciously or unconsciously the volume faithfully reflects the state of those whom it claims to represent. A fat volume, richly illustrated and beautifully got up, would have given a false impression of the lean, hungry fraternity who discharge their noble mission uncared for and unnoticed by the more favoured of other professions. We are sure that there is no dearth in the profession of eminent persons fully qualified to write on educational topics. But they seem to take no live interest in the magazine. We all the more deplore their indifference and inactivity at a time when our Elementary and Secondary systems of education are in the melting pot.

The Government has recently announced its policy in regard to Elementary Education. The place of honour in the *South Indian Teacher* is rightly given to a masterly analysis of that policy by Prof. M. S. Sabhesan. The problem of Elementary Education is really the problem of mass education. Its aim is to make the masses permanently literate, its methods should be efficient and economic and in all civilized countries it is the first charge on public revenues. The Government communiqué lays too much stress on wastage in Elementary Education and ignores all other aspects of this big question. The Government even propose to stop wastage by weeding out the uneconomical and ineffective schools. This closing down of existing schools would not only adversely affect the tardy policy of expansion pursued by the Government till now, but would in the next few years bring down even the present low percentage of literacy in the Province. We agree with Prof. Sabhesan that the Government, instead of confining their attention to the question of wastage, should have come forward with a general comprehensive policy of expansion and improvement of Elementary Education.

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The Government Brennen College Magazine. The December Issue of this magazine is a special number. It is a well got up volume containing a number of readable articles and fine illustrations. The magazine opens with the first instalment of an interesting and instructive article on "What Science Has Done For Warfare—Both Ancient And Modern" contributed by Major T. S. Connor. In his lucid survey of the development of weapons he shows that all the great political conquests of history have been made possible by the adoption of either new weapons or new modes of fighting.

'Leprosy And I' describes the tough fight between Mr. P. Sankunni and that fell disease extending over a period of seventeen years—now one winning and now the other. In 1925 the monster seemed to have won when after two separate examinations by two Medical Boards composed of some of the best known doctors in Madras he was compelled to give up the post of the Vice-principal, Teachers' College, which he then held and to retire into enforced idleness and unmerited oblivion—heartlessly forsaken even by his 'most intimate summer friends'. It was a terrible blow—a sad and abrupt ending to a brilliant career. A less valiant man would not have long survived; but not so Mr. Sankunni, the brave fighter that he always has been. He persisted in the struggle with commendable patience and endurance until at last in 1936 after a thorough and careful examination at the Chingleput Institute he was declared to be 'negative'. Thus he has won. It may now be too late for him to re-enter the fields where he had won such laurels in his earlier days. We wish him a life of peace and happiness in future.

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The College Cooperative Store.

Founded on March 19th 1936 the Zamorin's College Cooperative Store has just completed the first year of its useful existence. Though the store was a bit late in stocking books and articles of stationery and putting itself into a working order, the volume of work done exceeds Rs. 3000 which clearly testifies to the active interest our students are taking in the institution. Though a large number of students joined as associates we have only three student members. We hope the year's experience would make them realise that it is to their advantage to buy their requirements from the store. So we expect to see a large increase in the number of associates and members in the new year. The store should also benefit by its experience and stock articles in right time without giving the profit monering bazaar men an opportunity to tempt the unwary to their shops. Let us also not forget that with the young pupil quality and attractiveness count as much as low price. The store should expand in another direction—we mean it should increase the variety of articles dealt in.

Mr. V. Sankaran Nair, B. A., L. T., the energetic secretary of the store, more than any one else, deserves to be congratulated for the great success that the store has proved to be. Though quite new to this line of work his unobtrusive enthusiasm and genuine sincerity enabled him to overcome the intial handicaps and difficulties. Let the store live as long as the college does.

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Athletic Activities.

Mr. T. Sankunni Kurup, B. A., L. T. has justified the creation of the post of Physical Director and his appointment to that. Ever since he took charge of the physical activities of the college the number of boys taking part in the annual competitions has been on the increase from year to year. The boys have begun to take a real interest in sports and games and their physique has visibly improved. Our only regret is that in the inter school competitions we don't meet with as much success as is warranted by our athletic activities in the college. One novel feature of this year was the large number of girls who took part in sports and games. Till now Mr. Kurup was rather handicapped in organising and supervising games and sports for girls. The appointment of Srimathi Narayini Kutti Kovilamma provided him with an assistant who could move freely among the girls and persuade them to come out of their purdah of shyness and physical inactivity. Now that the ice has been broken for once, we hope more and more of them will come forward.

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Malabar Teachers' Guild.

The Sixth Annual Conference of the Malabar Teachers' Guild was held in the Zamorin's College on 27th February 1937. We congratulate the Principal and the members of the staff for making the function the grand success that it was. It is right and proper that the Zamorin's College, being the premier aided educational institution of Malabar, should take an active and leading part in such movements. We don't deceive ourselves by cherishing false hopes that all the resolutions passed by the conference would be given immediate effect to. For the present their cry may be a cry in the wilderness. The way may be long and tedious before they attain a position which could be considered to be satisfactory economically and socially. But only a crying child gets milk. If you don't ventilate your grievances before those who have the power to redress them, your grievances are likely to remain unredressed for long. Few reforms come unasked for and over night.

Such conferences have other values of their own. They provide a common meeting ground for those engaged in the noble profession of teaching and help to promote a feeling of brotherhood. They beget in us self-confidence and self-respect. This year's annual conference was particularly fortunate in having as its President Mr. C. Mathai, the Retired Director of Public Instruction, Cochin. One could not sufficiently admire him for the affable yet firm and business-like

manner in which he conducted the proceedings. His lucid and masterly address shows his ripe experience and his thorough and intimate knowledge of the educational problem in all its aspects. Let the Malabar Teachers' Guild, grow from strength to strength.

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The Elections.

The heat, dust and hubbub of the general elections is over. For more than one reason we could not stand out and be totally unaffected by it. Quite unexpectedly a Government Order forced the authorities to keep the college closed for about ten days. Holidays are always welcome ; especially ten days at a stretch make a short vacation which enables the staff and students to retire for a while to their country homes—away from the dust and mosquitoes of Calicut. But when it comes so unexpectedly and when we are close to the Public Examinations one may not be inclined to regard it as an unmixed blessing.

Secondly it meant distraction—distraction from the peaceful pursucation of their usual avocation, both for the teacher and the taught. It was impossible to remain aloof. Elections there have been before this and keenly contested ones too ; but none of the same sort and magnitude as the one witnessed recently. The wall posters and the pamphlets, the noisy processions and the ill composed songs, the endless meetings, hootings and shoutings the canvassing, persuasion and coercion and the criticisms, caricatures, condemnations and enlogies in the press made it impossible even for the deaf, the dumb and the blind not to be distracted, not to be interested.

But we had a more personal interest in the elections. Mr. M. P. Sivadasa Menon, M. A., English Lecturer was one of the three contesting candidates from the Calicut constituency. Mr. Menon must be quite familiar to our readers as the talented Ex-Editor of this magazine. It is only very rarely that the poor teacher, unknown to name and fame and ignored and neglected by the public, thinks of stepping into the lime light and taking up the gauntlet. We congratulate Mr. Menon for his courage and pushfulness. But the fight was an unequal one. It was an individual struggling against a mighty institution—an institution having ramifications throughout the length and breadth of India and hallowed by the names of the illustrious Indians associated with it in its long history of fifty years. Nominally he stood for the Justice Party but to his voters his party and its programme were even less known than himself. Every body was for the Congress the congress which promised them reduction of land rent, free and universal education, a valiant fight with the bureaucracy and an interlude of deadlocks leading to complete independence with a 40 hour week and all the rest of it. The congress topped the polls. His other rival was the redoubtable Mr. Manjeri

S. Rama Iyer, the leader of the criminal bar. Both secured between one and two thousand votes. We hope Mr. Menon would not be disheartened and we wish him better luck next time. With his fluent tongue, ready pen and an outlook which is often refreshingly new he would have been a real asset to the legislature—especially when dealing with educational matters.

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The Kerala University.

One cannot but admire the supreme astuteness of Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer. Now for a number of years the arguments for a Pan—Kerala University have been dinned into our ears in season and out of season. It used to be the theme of every Sahitya parishat. All the eminent educationists of Kerala swore by it. The vernacular press of Kerala supported it. We heard so much about the essential unity of the three political units comprising Kerala—the cultural and historical unity, the geographical similarity, identity of educational aims and needs, ethical unity and what not? Meetings were held, resolutions passed and deputations formed though all this failed to convert Mr. S. Satyamurthi.

Then one fine morning the great Sachivothama of Travancore pricked the bubble. The chimera vanished as at the touch of a magician's wand. One by one the erstwhile protagonists has begun to wonder at their own past stupidity and to ridicule the very idea of a Pan-Kerala University—to which they had clung so long and so tenaciously.

Now they realise that a Kerala University is not within the range of practical politics. If you are not able to comprehend this simple truth it is none of their fault. Of course they look down upon you with sympathy, being till recently sharers with you of your delusion.

We are told that the question of control and the question of financial contributions are sure to be sources of perpetual wrangling between the three governments. Yet the three governments solved these questions in the case of the Cochin Harbour. The all India Federation too, is thought to be quite within the range of practical politics. The question of location is mentioned as another bone of contention. It is better to have no university if we cannot overcome our childishness—shall we say narrow provincialism.

And you have still to make out a case for a Pan-Kerala University even if it were within the range of practical politics. "All that can be done by a Kerala University", says Mr. Malloor Govinda Pillai, "can be done by a Travancore University since Travancore represents all that is best and foremost in Kerala. Much that is extent in Malabar by way of art and culture is what has been

contributed by Travancore". Is there a Travancorean who does not agree with these words? If you are not a Travancorean you may course your stars but a University is only for the best and the foremost.

Cochin too, as not representing the best and foremost in art and culture, will not be consulted. But she is promised admission if she of her own accord knocks at the door of her more fortunate elder sister who represents all that is best and foremost in Kerala.

Good-bye to Pan-Kerala University. The three units are three units. They hated and warred against one another till Britain made them stop. The narrow provincialism still lay dormant in their bosoms. Fair Kerala! thou shalt never be one.

* * * * *

The Laboratory Fire.

27th December 1937 was a Sunday. Sunday is a day of rest. It was the day on which God rested after creating this beautiful universe. It was a day of rest for Christ, the prophet of peace and love. It is a day of rest for the millions who call themselves after that holy messenger. Nay it has come to be a day of rest from toil for practically the whole of mankind. But not so for the monster who wrought mischief in the laboratory.

The satan got in—we don't know how. May be with the help of a duplicate key—or through the roof—or by some other means of which we are unaware. All that we know is that he did not enter the laboratory the way that gentlemen do. He escaped by the black door like a thief in the dark.

A look into the desecrated laboratory gave one a true picture of the culprit's inside. Beautiful balances placed in attractive glass cases have been spoiled—their beams bent and their knife-edges blunted. Books containing the gems of knowledge and wisdom—knowledge and wisdom which has made the world what it is to-day—these books were torn and strewn around. Books in which pupils in quest of knowledge had recorded the results of their practical work in the laboratory—books which to them are treasure houses to be opened on the eve of the examination had shared the same fate. The chair on which the teacher used to rest after labouring to dispel darkness and ignorance from this world had been set fire to. Many more things were done but let then remain undescribed. Enough has been said to give us a peep into his ugly and unholy inside.

The culprit has not been caught. Witnesses have not come forward. So he remains undeducted by the police and unpunished by the Criminal Courts. But still his action has had a witness. The all-pervading God has witnessed him

working havoc in the laboratory. For the time being he remains unpunished—priding himself for his cleverness. But he shall not do so for ever. Has he not destroyed his own peace of mind and happiness? Will his conscience give him rest?

Born of respectable parents, he has re-named himself the monster. His conscience murmurs to him 'you are a monster; you are a monster'. He is listening to sweet music but the music dins into his ears 'you are a monster; you are a monster'. No boy could whisper to his friend but to him the whisper is 'you are a monster'. Even the shadows, pillars and rafters of the College seem to point him out as the monster. He hopes to forget the incident by breaking his association with the college.

He marries and settles down. Still the memory of the mischief troubles him. There is a secret chamber in his heart which he could not open to his loving wife. He feels that being a monster he is not worthy of her who is pure and sinless. He loves his innocent children but he remembers with a pang that their father is a deprived monster thoroughly unworthy of them. He makes detailed enquiries of his children about those articles in the laboratory which are standing monuments to his wickedness. He fears that the wondering children suspect him. As the long years pass by he finds it increasingly difficult to put up with and suppress that haunting and tormenting memory of the shameful deed wrought by him.

He is now an old man, bald, gray and wrinkled. The evening of his life is closing up on him. But that agonizing memory is more active than ever before. That is the one reality that relentlessly torments him every minute of his existence. We see him bending forward over his grand-children. To him their sparkling, joyful eyes seem to whisper 'you are a monster.' We see him stretching out his palsied hand to stroke their hair. But he draws it back lest the hand that wrought the unholy deed should defile them and drive away the divine within them. What see him spending most of his time in darkness and under shadows.

He knows that his end is near. He is terribly afraid to face his creator who he knows had witnessed him. He has a mind to confess and make a clean breast of it, but his courage fails him. We see him lying awake in the still midnight hours. He is painfully conscious of the fact that he is the only monster in that abode of peace, purity and happiness. We see him getting more and more restless day by day. We see him calling his wife to his side to tell her something. He suppresses and lies that he forgot. His mind suffers more agonies. He has neither the courage to confess nor to conceal. Tormented beyond endurance to the children grouping round him he shouts as a mad-man would do. 'I am a

monster. I am a monster. Don't touch me. I am a monster." The scared children run off. With tears running down his sunken cheeks he tells his story in a faltering voice. The startled family gaze in amazement. Having made the secret known he feels that his impure self has no place in that home. He dare not even look at his wife and children whom he had deceived so long. He feels out of his element. Just then he hears the old familiar college bell ringing. He falls down and dies.

* * * * *

The All-World Educational Conference.

As we go to press we hear that the South Indian Teachers' Union has authorised our Principal, Mr. A. V. K. Krishna Menon to represent the Union at the 7th biennial All-World Educational Conference to be held at Tokio, Japan, from 2nd to 7th August next. We congratulate the S. I. T. U. on the excellent choice that they have made. We are sure that there will be consensus of opinion among South Indian teachers that Mr. Kuttikrishna Menon is eminently suited to the task that he has undertaken. He is one who has devoted his wholetime and energy to the cause of education. In him we have one of those few teachers who hold that a teacher's duty does not end with the mere impartation of knowledge but that he, by his life and teachings, should perpetually strive both in the class room and out of it to exercise a healthy spiritual influence on the plastic, young mind placed in his hands so that the moral character may be developed to perfection. Of course Mr. Krishna Menon wants his students to pass their examinations, but he also wants them to become gentle, truthful, helpful and God-fearing citizens of our motherland. With him these qualities count much more than university Decrees. The S. I. T. U. in honouring Principal Krishna Menon has honoured the College also.

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EXCHANGES.

We have pleasure in acknowledging with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines :—

- 1 The Scholar.
- 2 The Maharaja's College Magazine.
- 3 The Magazine of St. John's College.
- 4 Indian Ladies' Magazine.
- 5 The Hindu Theological High School Magazine.
- 6 Government Victoria College Magazine.
- 7 The Old College Magazine.
- 8 Magazine of the University Students' Union.
- 9 The D. J. Sind College Miscellany
- 10 The Indian Educator.
- 11 The Elphinstonian
- 12 Carmela.
- 13 The Madras Law College Magazine.
- 14 The Muslim Training School Magazine.
- 15 Govt. Brennen College Magazine.
- 16 The St. Joseph's College Magazine.
- 17 The Kishori Raman Inter College Magazine.
- 18 The Barrovian.
- 19 The National College Magazine.
- 20 Blue and white Magazine.
- 21 Malabar Christian College Magazine
- 22 A Government College Miscellany.
- 23 St. Aloysius' College Annual.
- 24 Loyola College Annual.
- 25 Vedanta Kesari
- 26 My Home Magazine.
- 27 The South Indian Teacher.
- 28 St. Thomas' College Magazine.
- 29 Pudukotta College Magazine.
- 30 Pachayappa's College Magazine.
- 31 Ravi.
- 32 Annamalai Nagar Miscellany
- 33 Kumbhakonam College Magazine
- 34 The Theosophical College Magazine,
- 35 Madras Christian College Magazine
- 36 Mahila.
- 37 Prabhudhabharatham

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness ; to an opponent, tolerance ; to a friend, your heart ; to your child, a good example ; to a father, deference ; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you ; to yourself, respect ; to all men, charity.

—Francis Maitland Balfour.

വിനയപിടകത്തിലെ ഭാഷ.

(തൃം.)

“ബാമസവാദോനാമദശമി ആകാരേറി ബാമസതി. ജാതയാപി നാമേന ചി, ശ്രോതരനപി, കമേനപി, സിപ്പേപി..... ജാതിനാമ, ദേപജാതയെ ഹിന്ദുവജാതി, ഉക്കെട്ടംവ ജാതി. ഹിന്ദുനാമജാതി ചണ്ണാവജാതി, വേണജാതി, രമകാരജാതി, ചുക്കാസജാതി, ഏസാഹിനാനാമജാതി, ഉക്കെട്ടംനാമജാതി വത്തിയജാതി, ഖുഖമണാജാതി എസാ ഉക്കെട്ടംനാമജാതി....

“സിപ്പാമ, ദേപസിപ്പാനി, ഹിന വശിപ്പം, ഉക്കെട്ടം വശിപ്പം, ഹിനാമസിപ്പം നലക്കരിസിപ്പം, കംക്കാരസിപ്പം, പേസകുംസിപ്പം, ചമ്മക്കര സിപ്പം, നഹാപിതസിപ്പം, തേസു, തേസുവാ പനജനപദ്ധതി ബന്ധതാതം, അവ തെതാതം, ഹിലതം ചരിത്രതം, അച്ചവിത്തികതം, ഏതംമേന്തം നാമസിപ്പം, ഉക്കെട്ടം നാമസിപ്പം മദ്ദാ, ഗണനാ, ലേവാ തേസു തേസുവാ പനജനപദ്ധതി അനേന്തതാതം, അനവത്തെതാതം, അഹിലതം, അപരിത്രതം, ചിത്തികതം എതം ഉക്കെട്ടംനാമസിപ്പം” ഇതാണ് വിനയപിടകത്തിലെ ഭാഷ.

മേൽ എഴുതിയ ഉദാഹരണത്തിൽനിന്നും പാലിഭാഷയുടെ സ്വഭാവം വായിക്കുന്നവക്ക് ഗ്രഹിപ്പാൻ കഴിയുന്നതാണ്. ഈ ഭാഷ സംസ്കൃതത്തിന്റെ അമാവാ വൈദികഭാഷയുടെ അപദ്രാംഘമാണെന്ന് സ്ഥിജിമാണ്. എന്നാൽ ഈ ഭാഷക്കു പാലി എന്ന പേര് ഉണ്ടാവാൻ കാരണമെന്നെന്ന് ചിലാർ ചിന്തിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. ചില യൂറോപ്പൻ പണ്ഡിതരും “പ്രാത്ര” എന്ന വാക്കിന് പലേ മുറാജാളം വന്ന് ഇങ്ങിനെ പംബി എന്നായതാണെന്നും പറയുന്നു. മറ്റ ചിലർ “പ്രാലോഹ” എന്ന വാക്കിന്റെ അപദ്രാംഘമാണെന്നും പറയുന്നു. സ്ഥിജിമായ ഈ വഴികൾ രണ്ടം അസംഭവ്യമാണ്. “കർണ്ണസ്യ ലളിതാപാലി” എന്ന ശാഖപത്രക്കോശത്തിൽ കാണുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് കർണ്ണസ്വമായ ഭാഷ എന്നത്തിൽ പംബി എന്ന പേര് കൊടുത്തതായിരിക്കും. പിന്നെ ആലൃത്തതെ ഭാഷയാണെന്നത്തിൽ ഹിന്ദിയിൽ ‘പഹം ലി’ ഭാഷ എന്ന പരിത്തത് പാലിയായി തീന്ത്തായിരിക്കും. പഹം ലി എന്ന വാക്ക് ഉച്ചാരണത്തിൽ ‘പഹി’ ആകുന്നതു വളരെ സാധ്യാരണമാണ്. ആലൃത്തതെ പ്രാത്ര ഭാഷ പാലിയുമാണ്. പക്ഷേ ഭാഷാപണ്ഡിതരാം ഈ അത്മം പരിത്രക്കാണുണ്ട്. ഭാഷാപ്രാഥാണികക്കാർ പരിത്തിട്ടേണ്ടോ എന്നറയ്ക്കുത്തമില്ല. ഇനി പു

ലികിലം, പ്രാഥുതതിലം, ഉള്ളി സംസ്കാപണംജാളിടുന്ന ഭേദങ്ങളെ കാണിപ്പാണ്
വില ഉണ്ടാവണ്ണുന്നു ഇവിടെ രകാട്ടശാം,

സംസ്കാരം	പാലി	പ്രാഥുതം
വയുഃ	വയ	വയ
അണി	അണി	അണി
അരത്മ	അരത്മ	അരത്മ
പിയ	പിയ	പിയ
ത്രക്ഷഃ	ത്രവോ	ത്രവോ
മഹം	മഹം	മഹം
പ്രക്രി	പ്രക്രി	പ്രക്രി
പ്രവം	പ്രവം	ജ്ഞം
മെത്ര	മെത്ര	മെത്ര
സഞ്ചാ	സഞ്ചാ	സഞ്ചാ
ഉപാശ്മായ	ഉപാജിഷ്യായ	ഉപാജിഷ്യായ
ആചാരം	ആചാരിയ (ആചേര)	ആചേര
ഭിക്ഷ	ഭിക്ഷ	ഭിക്ഷ
ഒന്നസ്ത്രീക	നിസ്ത്രീക	—
പ്രയുംഖിനുഃ	പ്രഥിത	—

മേൽകാണിപ്പ് ഉണ്ടാവണ്ണുന്നുക്കൊണ്ട് ഇപ്പോൾക്കുണ്ടാണ് പ്രാഥുത
ഭാഷകളും, നാട്ടിഭാഷകളും (ഭാവിഭാഷകളും ശിഥിം) സംസ്കാരത്തിൽനിന്ന് ഉ
ണ്ടായവകൂണണ്ണ വ്യക്തമാക്കണമെന്ന് എന്നാൽ വൈദികഭാഷയായ സംസ്കാരം
എത്തായ ഭാഷയെ സംസ്കരിപ്പിക്കാക്കിയതാണെന്ന് വ്യക്തമാക്കുന്നതില്ല. അ
പികം ആപ്രേഡങ്ങളും, വ്യാകരണസംഖ്യമായ വൈദികമുഖ്യങ്ങളും, പ്രയോഗങ്ങളും
ഉള്ള സംസ്കാരം പുരാതനകാലത്തായിരുന്നു മാനുഷസംസ്കാരത്തിന്റെ ഒരു
ഖിംഗമായുമിരിക്കുന്നു. സംസ്കരിപ്പിച്ചകൂടിയിരുന്നു അപ്രാംഗവശിയിൽ ആ
കുതങ്ങളാക്കുന്നതാണിന്നെന്നുണ്ട് ഇന്ന് ലേവനംകൊണ്ട് അറിവാണ് കഴിയുന്നതാ
ണ്. ഭാഷാവിഷയത്തിൽ ശ്രദ്ധപണം ചെയ്യാൻ സാധിക്കാതിരിക്കുന്നവക്ക് ഇന്ന്
ലേവനം ഒരു പതിയ അക്കാദമിക്കുകളെന്ന വിശപസിപ്പിക്കുന്നതാണ്.

കുറങ്ങാംട് തുള്ളിന്നായാം,

ശർവ്വഗമനം.

മഹിതൻ തുന്നകേണ്ട പാണ്യവന്നാർ
കിരുവാംശം മുഴുവൻ മുടിച്ചുമേശം
രേതേംച്ചിഭരിച്ച നിതിപുരും
വിരകാലം സുവമായ് വസിച്ചുപോന്ന.

1.

നിജബാഹുവലം നിനച്ചു ഗത്തം
വിജയനംകൂടിച്ചാലിക്കയാലാരിക്കൽ
പരപ്പയശനോര്ത്തനിയുമിച്ചാ-
നതുനീക്കാരതകന മാന്ത്രംമേകം.

2.

രൈനാളുവനൊത്തു വാസുദേവൻ
പരിചോടവാസ്യേജ കനകേരി മോഡോൽ
നിരവല്പവനാന്തഭഗവനോക്കി-
ക്കരളും ക്രൂരുക്കൻ കളിത്തവാന്നോൻ.

3.

പ്രതകാന്തിക്കും മുകുംഡുപാം
സിരിരാജോപാലിവാലസിച്ചിരിക്കും
അരിശം കരതിച്ചിന്നേശനേപുരം
ഗഗനംവിച്ച മാത്തിതാഴിതന്നിൽ.

4.

അനിലൻ പല പുഞ്ചവാടി തേടി-
പുത്രസൗര്യത്രം കവൻ മുഖം
അതുക്കണ്ണ, വിരിഞ്ഞപുഞ്ചാലം
തലയാട്ടിപ്പലവേപ്പു കാട്ടിനിന്ന.

5.

പബമാന, നട്ടത്തുക്കണ്ണ ക്രൂണം-
തിരുമേനിക്ക മനം കളിക്കമാറായ്,
നിജത്തുപ്പുത്തി മുടിവെപ്പും
പായക്കരും പരിവച്ചുവെള്ളുമണം.

6.

പല നമ്മുള്ള തുണ്ണും തന്ന-
സവിയാം പാട്ടിനുമെടുച്ചെന്നേനു
ങ്ങ മുഖപതംഗമാണിരിക്കു-
നന്ത്രക്കണ്ണയവരാട്ടി സംഭവിച്ചു.

7.

ചതുപ്പുവിരിപ്പുണ്ട് വാസുദേവൻ
പരിപൂർണ്ണിച്ച മുഖസ്പർത്തിലേവും,
“അന്തനാശരഹാടിത്തിവള്ളുമെന്തെ
മരണം പാത്തിയ മന ! വാണിജനു ?”

8.

വിനയംപിതനായ് പതംഗമദ്ദു-
ളമേച്ചാനാ, “നയി ! തുണ്ണു ! ദീനവ്യന്തം !
ഭവിരൂപവരാവണാധവത്തിൽ
നിണമിപ്പിച്ചതമാൻവനകാലം,

9.

സുവര്മായ് നിവസിച്ചു, പ്രോത്തനിൽ
പലമട്ടണ കളത്തുമിതജ്ഞാലം
സരസം കളിയുടിവാണു, ചീയും
തവമന്നതാജിച്ച തുണ്ണിനേടി.

10.

(യുശകം)

രൂതരാജുജരേട് പാണ്ഡവമാ-
രൈരുലോരാധവമത ചെയ്തിട്ടംപോത
അനുകരുടക്കം ധരിച്ചവാനേൻ
ചിരകാലം കയണാനിയേ ! തുപാതമൻ !”

11.

മഹത്കേട്ടിനത്താം പറത്താൻ
വസുദേവാതമജ—“നന്ത്രചിത്തമോത്താൽ
ഭവിഭാരതയുംവും വിശ്രഷ്ടാൽ
കയവംരസമിതിയും പാംകഴിത്തു.

12.

കലവില്ലമെടുത്താളനില്ലോ
മഹാത്മൻ പലവിനുമജംകംടി;
നാഡാലുകമെലി ധർമ്മപുത്രൻ
പരമീനാട്ടിലോച്ച വാണിജനാ.

13.

“അയി ! കുഞ്ഞി ! വോനിതെന്തുചാൽവു
നിണമിപ്പാത്തായയുംമോ ? വിചിത്രം !
അണികാർമ്മുകമെന്തുമീ മഹാനോ
രണ്ണമുരം ? തവമായമോ നിന്മച്ചാൽ ? ”

14.

ഇതിനാന്തമുരച്ച പക്ഷിയപ്പോൾ
ഗഗനംതനിലുടൻ ചരന്മമെല്ല ;
ഭരമംകുതിയള്ളിലാളിതെപ്പോം
തരസം വിട്ട കിരിടി വന്നുതീരൻ.

15.

വി. എം. ഗോവിന്ദകുമാർമേനോൻ
സീനിയർ വില്യാമ്പി.

അര കാരണങ്ങൾ മത്തിന്റെ അനന്തരാമലം.

.....

ഹ്രസ്വൻ തന്റെ പ്രാഥമികവിഭ്രംശാസം പുത്തിയക്കിയതു സ്വന്തം ഗാമതിഖ്രം ഒരു ഭോർഡ് സ്ക്രൂളിൽവെച്ചായിരുന്നു. അവിടം ഒരു കരാമ മായിരുന്നതിനാൽ പട്ടണപ്പറിജ്ഞാരതിനാണും പ്രവേശം ലഭിച്ചിരുന്നി സി. തന്മീതം ഹ്രസ്വൻ നാടൻമട്ടിൽത്തന്നെ തന്റെ ജീവിതം കഴിച്ചുവന്നു. ഹ്രസ്വൻ കട്ടാബരതിൽ റണ്ടുവായിരും ഉഡ്പുകയുടെ സ്വന്തംഭായിരുന്നു. എങ്ങനെന്നെങ്കിലും തന്റെ മകൻ വിഭ്രംശാസം ചെങ്കു ഒരു ദിവസമനും തിരിരുട്ട് എന്ന വിചാരിച്ചു അയാളുടെ പിതാവും, അബ്ദുൽവഹിം, മകനു അട്ടത പട്ടണതിഖ്രം മെമ്പ്രേസ്സിൽ കൊണ്ടുപോയി ചേർത്തു.

ഹ്രസ്വൻ പട്ടണത്തിൽ കരച്ചുകാലം താമസിച്ചതോടുകൂടി അദ്ദേഹത്തി നെറു മട്ടാക്കേ മാറി. അദ്ദേഹത്തിനെറു സഹപാർക്കുന്ന ധനവാന്മാരായ പവ കട്ടികളും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അവർ യുറോപ്പൻ സന്റുലാനാതിഖ്രം വേഷം ധരിച്ചാണ് സ്ക്രൂളിലേക്കു വന്നിരുന്നതു്. ജടക്കാരിയും കാറിലോ അപ്പാരത അവൻ സ്ക്രൂളിൽനിന്നും വിട്ടിലേക്കു പോവുകയില്ല. ദിവസേന സിനിമാഹാളിലും ഹോട്ടലുകളിലുമായി വളരെ പണ്ണം അവൻ ചെലവഴിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു.

ഹ്രസ്വൻ ഇത്തല്ലാം കണ്ണ, തന്റെ തവാട്ടിലെ ധനസ്ഥിതിയോ ഇത്തരം പ്രവൃത്തികളുടെ അനാശാസ്ത്രതയോ അദ്ദേഹത്തിനെറു ചിന്തക്കു വിഷയമായി സി. തന്റെ സഹപാടികൾ 'സുഖം കോട്ട്'മായി വരുമ്പോരം താൻ വെറും ഒരു മണം ചെട്ടുമായി സൂംസ്സിൽ വരുന്നതു പോരാച്ചുയാണെന്നും അയാൾക്കു തോന്തി. തന്റെ സ്ക്രൂളിതന്നും തണ്ടുടെ സമയം സിനിമാശാലകളിലും മറ്റൊരുമായി കഴിച്ചു കൂട്ടുവേം താൻ മാത്രം തന്റെ മറിയിൽ പസ്തുകപാരായണം ചെങ്കുകൊണ്ടിരി കുന്നതിനെറു ഒച്ചിത്തും അദ്ദേഹത്തിനും മനസ്സിലായില്ല. പഠിച്ച വലിയ ഉള്ള ഗസ്യമനുകളിൽത്തീരേണ്ട താൻ ഇതു എളിയ നിലയിലുള്ള ഒരു ജീവിതം നൽകിക്കു യോ? ഇതു വിധാ നടക്കുന്ന തന്നെ ആർ സ്ക്രൂളിതന്നുമായി ശനിക്കും? തനിക്കു തന്റെ സഹപാർക്കുന്നപുരാലഭയാക്കു ആയിരത്തിരേണ്ടുമെന്നും അയാൾ തീച്ചു പൂട്ടുന്നു.

തനിക്കു പഠിപ്പിനു കരുയ്യിക്കും പണ്ണം ആവത്രുചുണ്ടുനിന്നും അരുതുകൊണ്ടു മേഖാൽ കുട്ടത്തു സംഖ്യ അയക്കേണ്ടുമെന്നും വിട്ടിലേക്കുംതി. വിട്ടിൽ നിതു പുത്തി കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടുന്നതുനെ വളരെ ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടിട്ടായിരുന്നു. എങ്ങനെന്നെങ്കിലും, തന്റെ മകൻ പഠിച്ചു ഒരു ഡിസ്ട്രിക്കും ജീവിയെ മറ്റൊരു ആയിരത്തിരുട്ട് എന്നു

குத்தி அரயாத்திட பிராவு பளம் கடம் வாணிக்கூலிலும் மகனம் தூக்காட்டு கொள்கின்றன.

உரையின் கை யூரோப்புங் யபாயுடை மட்டித் தூக்கித் தோயிறுத்துக்கூலி. தன்ற செயிவுபுமதமயிக்கவும் ஸினிமாவூலிலும் நாடகஶாலக்குலமாயிரும்போல் கஷித்துக்கூடி. பாப்பித் தலைக்கவூங் அரயாத்திட ஸமயமில்லாதாயிரும். அன்றை வெள்ளும் கொலூம் யூந்தித் தந்தா. அரயாத் ஏன்றின் மடிக்களை? கடம் வாணிக்காலைக்கிலும், தனிக்காவனுமத்திட பளம் விடித்தினின் அரயத்துக்கூலைப்பு; அதூங் பெட்டு பாட் அல்லான்பே அரியுக்குத்து.

ஏன்றினேரை பரியுன. (கொலூம் வெள்ளுங்காலி) ஏப்பூ். ஏப்பூ். ஏத். ஸி. பரிக்கூலை கஷித்து. நூனி பரிக்கூலை அரித்திட மகன் வஷ உலோ ரவும் வாணிக்காட்டுக்களைமொன் அவைத்துவரிம் விசாரித். ஏங்கால் பரிக்கூலை பரிக்கூலை அவக்காரத்துவாக்கன தாத்திலாலுக்கூலை. ஏக்கிலும், வஷ பளமியும் கிடிக்கூலை அவக்காரத்துவாக்கன கல்லுமகிலும் தீக்காலை ஏன் அது ஸாயு பிராவு விசாரித் தெளினாலி பல ஸமலத்தும் பாற்று ஸோக்கிரைக்கிலும் கூனம் மலப்புட்கிலும். மகன்ற விலுாலுாஸாநுவம், ஒவாயிரதோலும் உடப்பிக்குத்து புற்று மாதுகூடாயின்ற தாவாட்டித் தாலுக்கும் உடப்பிக்குத்து கடமாயிரும். ஏங்கால் அதுகொள்கூடமாயிலும். உரையின் யூரோப்புங்மட்டித்தென ஜீவிதம் நிதிக்களை. அது ஸாயு மதைபிராக்கைால் அதினின் வேள்ளும் பளம் அவக்காரக்களை கெட்டுக்கூல். பளம் கொட்டக்காதித்தென்கால் அவன் மாதாபிதைக்கூரை ஶக்காரிக்கூல். விடித் தலைதொகை ஏடுத்து விருது தென்ற ஹஜுங்போல புவத்திக்கூல் துட்டுக்கூலி. மகனை விலுாலுாஸம் செழுக்கைநோய்க்கூலைத்திட மாதாபிதைக்கைால் பழுவுத்துப்பித். ஹதானம் அதூங்கிக விலுாலுாஸத்தின்ற பல மூன் அவன் தீந்த்துப்புட்டத்தி. மகன் யிலூக்குஞ்ஜவூயக்கைமொன் கொதித்துவின் மாதாபிதைக்கைால் ஹஜுங்கம் அவன் ஏண்ணென்றைக்கிலும் அவிடெனின் போயிகிடியால் மதித்தென்போலும் விசாரிக்கவூங் துட்டுக்கூலி!

கடக்கார் வனம் முதலுக்கூலூரை விருதுகொள்கூலோயி. கடம் பிரெயும் வாக்கியாயித்தென நினம். தலைத்து பாக்கவாங் கை புரைக்குவில்லாதாயிரும். ஜீவுபுமதமையைத்தென கை மாத்துவுமில்லாதாயிரும். மானமாயி காலம் கஷித்துபோன அவன் ஜீவுபுமதமையைத்து பிவுபுமதமையைக்கூலைத் தாந்தமில்லான மனம் யிரும்பும். அரவோ! வியிவெவபரிதும்; அங்குக்களைமுடித்தின்ற அங்குத்தபோலம்!

கெ. முஹம்மத் நம,

ஸினியல் விலுாத்துமி.

“നാം ദൈവത്തെ അംഗിയും നെത്തെന്നും?”

ദൈവത്തെ നാം എങ്ങനെ അംഗിയും? അപൂർവ്വരായസുജീകരക്ക് സന്ന്ദർഭം ആവിശ്വാസം അംഗിയും സാധിക്കുമോ? സാധിക്കുന്ന പദ്ധതി, അതെ അംഗനും? ഈ പ്രശ്നത്തിനു ഒരേ മതവും സമാധാനം പറയുന്നു. ഹിന്ദുമതവും ക്രിസ്തവും, ഇസ്ലാമമതവും ദൈവത്തെ അംഗിയുന്നതിനു മാർക്കേറ്റിക്കുന്നു.

ദൈവത്തെ മുന്നതരത്തിൽ അംഗിയും സാധിക്കും. യുക്തി, അനുഭൂക്തി എം എവഴിപ്പും എന്നിവകളാണ് പ്രസ്തുത മംഗളങ്ങൾ. യുക്തിക്കാണ്ടി നാം അംഗിയുന്നതും കാണുന്നതുമായ ചില സംഗതികളിൽനിന്നും നാം ഒരു തീരുമാനം ഉണ്ടാക്കാം. എങ്ങനെയെന്നാൽ പുകകാണ്ടാണോ അതിനു സമീപം ദാനവിഭാഗത്തിനെയും അഥവാ അംഗിയുണ്ടായിരിക്കുന്നതെന്നും നാം തീച്ചപ്പെടുത്തുന്നും. അപ്രകാശമാണ് ദൈവത്തെക്കറിച്ചു നമ്മുടെ അംഗിയും. നമ്മക്ക് ദൈവത്തെ അവിടെത്തെ നിലയ്ക്കുന്ന സരിച്ച് കാണുവാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നില്ല. ദാനവപ്രഭാവരിക്കേണ്ട അടയാളങ്ങൾ എങ്ങും നിരത്തുകാണുന്നതിൽനിന്നും, ദൈവമരണിനും, ഈ അത്ഭുതങ്ങളെ വിവരിക്കുവാൻ ആ വിശേഷിപ്പുകൾക്കായി ആരു നൃയിക്കുന്നുമെന്നും നമ്മക്കറിയാം. ആരു തുകരമായ ഭരണമരിയും സംഘടനയും വിശപ്രതിൽ നമ്മക്ക് അനുഭവപ്പെടുന്നു. വിശപ്രതയിൽ ഈ അചാലവും അന്തുനും ആരു ഭരണമരിക്കേണ്ടും സുജീച്ചു ഒരു ശക്തിയെ നമ്മക്ക് നിശ്ചയിക്കുവാൻ നിപുണതയില്ലാതെവരുവോക്കും, നമ്മുടെ ദൈവവിശപ്പാസം പ്രസ്തരായിഭവിക്കുന്നു.

അനന്തമായ ആകാശത്തിൽമേഖല ആജ്ഞാതിമ്മണ്ണഘടകങ്ങളും സംരക്ഷിക്കുന്ന ഒരു പ്രഭാവക്കായിരുന്നുവെങ്കിൽ അവ അനിയന്ത്രിതമായി അസം ഘടിതമായി, തീരുമാരുതുമെന്ന് എന്ന നമ്മക്ക് അനുമതിക്കും. പദാർഥമോക്കത്തിന്റെ നിയന്ത്രിതമായ ചലനങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ഒരു അമാനസിക്കക്കതിയുടെ ആസ്ഥിക്കുത്തത നമ്മക്ക് സ്ഥാപിക്കുവാൻ പ്രയാസമില്ല. “ഈത്താനതിലിംഗം അത്ഭുതകരണങ്ങളായ ജ്യോതിശ്രൂഷകളേയും ആരു തുകരമായ ഭ്രമിയെയും നിമ്മിച്ച് ദൈവത്തെക്കറിച്ചു നിശ്ചയിക്കും വല്ല സംശയവും ഉണ്ടോ” എന്നതു വുർജ്ജന്റെ ചോല്ലം ചിന്തകമായെടുത്തിരിക്കുന്നു.

രെഡിവൈറ്റ് അററിയുന്നതിൽ യുക്തി നാശം സഹായിക്കുന്നു. തെലവിക് അംഗീനത്തിന്റെ മരിയുൽപത്രതിസ്ഥാനം നമ്മുടെ അന്ത്യക്രാന്നമാണെങ്കിൽ, നമ്മുടെ അററിവിനേയും വിത്പാസത്തേയും അവ വലമാക്കിത്തീക്കിന്നുതു അന്ത്യക്രാന്നമാകുന്നു. വികാരങ്ങളും അതശകളും നമ്മുടെ ആര്ഥാവിൽ കൂപ്പുംവരുത്തുവോടു മാത്രമാണ്" സംശയം ജനക്കണ്ണാം. അല്ലെങ്കിലും, അന്ത്യക്രാന്നത്തിന്റെ ധ്വനി എപ്പോഴും വുക്കവും രക്കവും ആയിരിക്കും,

യുക്തിക്കണ്ണം അന്തിക്കരണത്തിനും പുരുഷ മുന്നാമത്തോടു വഴിയുള്ളതാണ് വെളിപ്പാട്. യുക്തിക്കാണ്ടം അന്തിക്കരണംകാണ്ടം മനഷ്യൻ ദൈവത്തെ സമീചിക്കണമോ വെളിപ്പാട് കൊണ്ട് ദൈവം മനഷ്യരാറു സമീചിക്കുന്നു. ദൈവസാമിപ്പത്തിനു യുക്തിയും അന്തിക്കരണവും നമ്മൾ അനേകം കവാടങ്ങൾ തുറന്നതെന്നു ദൈവം സിംഹാസനസ്ഥിനും, മനഷ്യത്തെ വേലകളെ അനുജ്ഞാത്തെന്നോക്കിരക്കാണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നവെന്ന പറയുന്നതിൽ ശാത്രംമില്ല. മുളകാതെ കുടിത്തിൽനും നമ്മുകാത്തരകാണ്ടിരിക്കുത്തെക്കു കുറയുള്ളവന്മാല ദൈവം. അവരുടെ തന്നെ ഭംഗവരായ സ്പൂഞ്ചികൾക്കു സഹായമങ്ങളും തന്നെ മഹാസിംഹാസനത്തിൽനും മുറഞ്ഞേണ്ടിവരും.

யാകുർ വീശ്രൂഢാമകാഗ്ര ഇം ആര്യരത്ത തന്റെ ഒരു കവിതയിൽ അതിനുണ്ടായി പ്രതിപാദിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. രാവണത്ത അറിവാനുള്ള മനസ്സ് എൻ നിഷ്കമ്പിയപ്പെട്ടാണുണ്ടുകു രാവണം പ്രതിഫലിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. ടാഗ്രൂർ പാട്ടിനാം:—നീ നിഞ്ഞ സിംഹാസനത്തിൽ നിന്നിരുണ്ടി എൻ്റെ കടിലിഞ്ഞ പടി വാതില്ലെങ്കിൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. തോൻ എകാകിയായി അതിഞ്ഞ മുലയിവിക്കുന്ന ഗാനം ചെയ്യായിരുന്നു. ആ സംഗ്രഹിതം നിഞ്ഞ കല്ലണ്ണല്ലിൽ കടക്കു. നീ എൻ്റെ കടിലിഞ്ഞ വാതില്ലെങ്കിൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. നിഞ്ഞ ഗാനഭാവയിൽ ഗായകരാർ അണെ കമുണ്ട്. അവിടെ എത്തു നേരത്തും ഗാനംമുഴുവുന്നു. എന്നാൽ ഇം പരിമുഖവമായ സംഗ്രഹിതലുപനി നിഞ്ഞ മേഖലത്തിൽ വന്നതാണ്. ഒരു മുഖ്യമാം ലോകമഹാ സംഗ്രഹവുമായി സമേചിച്ചു. നീ എൻ്റെ പാട്ടിനു സമ്മാനം നല്കുന്ന ഒരു ആധ്യമായി എൻ്റെ കടിൽവാതില്ലെങ്കിൽ വന്നുനിന്നു.”

ஹைகோர்ட் வெளிப்பாடிலுக்கன். வெளவுத்த அரியுள் தின் நிலைப்படிக்குத்தீடு கண் உபகரணமான் யுக்தியும் அளவுக்கரணமும். ஏ நாள் மூவு, ஸ்ரீகாலைப்பால் அவையின்மாக்கன். வெளவுத்த ஸம்஬ந்஧ித் துறையினர் அவர்கள் சில மின்கணங்கள் மாறுகிற அவும் நம்முக காணித்துக் கொடுக்கிறது. நாம் வெளவுத்த அவையின்மாயின் அரியுள்ளதின் பலஜிதரங்கள். யுக்தி கொள்கின்ற அளவுக்கரணமாக்கும் வெளவும் உள்ளெல்லாதை, வெளவும் ஏதுமென்று கொள்ள வேண்டும் என்று அரியுள்ளது.

ഒദ്ദും നമ്മുടെ കൂഴ്ത്തിൽനിന്നും മറന്നതിരിക്കുന്നു. അവരെ നാം യു കരിക്കുണ്ടാം അന്തേക്കരിഞ്ഞാംകുണ്ടാം അനേപാച്ചിക്കുന്നു. ആത്മാവിന്റെ വെള്ളി പുട്ടിൽ ഒദ്ദും നമ്മുടെ മുന്നിൽ മണ്ണീങ്ങി സന്നിഹിതനുകരേഖാദി, ഏതുകൂടുതൽ കാരണത്തിന്റെ ഫലം നാം പ്രാപിച്ചുകഴിയുന്നു.

എം. വി. മെരുള്ളി,

4-ാം ഫെബ്രുവരി.

അനന്തര ഭാരതം.

ഈ ഭാരതത്തിനു കൈ വസന്തകാലമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ആ വസന്തകാലത്തിലെ പുലരിയിൽ അനവധി കോകിലക്കാരും ഭാരതമാത്രവിന്റെ സ്വന്തസമുദ്ദിരു പാടിക്കാണ്ടിരുന്നു. അവരായിരുന്നു വൃഥമീകി വ്യാസൻ, മതലായവർ, ആ അവസരത്തിൽ ഭാരതാംബികയുടെ സ്ഥിതി ഇന്നത്തേപ്പാബലയല്ലായിരുന്നു. ഇന്ന് അവർ പാരതത്രുത്തിൽ പെട്ട് എററുവും നികുത്യുമായ കൈ ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്നവളാണ്. അന്ന് അവർ സന്ധൻസമുദ്ദിണ്ടുകൂടിയിരുന്നു കൈ നായിക്കാരിനാം തന്നെയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു.

കൈ കാലത്ത് ഭോതം മറുപ്പുള്ള രാജുക്കാശഭൂക്താം സന്ധൻസമുദ്ദിണ്ടുകൂടിയിരുന്നു. അന്ന് ഭാരതിയർ സകല കലകളിലും നൈപുണ്യം സന്ധാരിച്ചുവരുമ്പായിരുന്നു. നമ്മൾ ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ചരിത്രത്തിലൂടെ ഒരു ക്ലേണ്ടാടി ആദ്ദോക്കിയോരു നമ്മൾ കുണ്ണാവുന്നതാണ്, പുരാതനകാലം മതല്ലു തന്ന ഭാരതം വിഭ്രാംയിരുന്നു. ആകുമണ്ണത്തിനു പാത്രിവേച്ചിരുന്നു എന്നു. അവർ നമ്മൾ രാജുത്തെ ആകുമിച്ചിരുന്നതു, നമ്മുടെ രാജുത്തിന്റെ സന്ധൻസമുദ്ദി കണ്ടിട്ടു കിരുന്നു. മഹമല്ലസിനി മതലായ ആകുമികൾ നമ്മുടെ രാജുത്തിന്റെ കോട്ടക്കോപ്പായ ധനത്തിനു കുറു കണക്കുമില്ല. അന്ന് ഭാരതാംബികയുടെ മക്കളായി അനവധി രാജുത്തരു ഉണ്ടായോ, വീരയോദ്ധാക്കളും, ശായകമായും തില്ലികളും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ധാരായാണ് മതലായ വിഭ്രാം ഇന്ത്യയെ സന്ധാരിച്ചതിന്റെ ഫലമായി എഴുന്നിരുന്ന വിവരണങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു നമ്മൾ അന്നത്തെ സ്ഥിതി മനസ്സിലംകാവുന്നതാണ്.

ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞപ്പറ്റി നോക്കുന്നതായാൽ അന്ന ഭാരതിയർ എപ്പറ്റി ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞപ്പെട്ടിരുന്നു. ജ്ഞാനത്തിലും, മീമാംസ, വേദാന്തം, വൈദികം ഇവ യുടെ ഇരിപ്പിടംതന്നെ ഭാരതമായിരുന്നു. തവന്നൂർ ആളും ഈ ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞരും പഠിച്ചത് ഇന്ത്യയിൽനിന്നുന്നു. അങ്ങനെ അവർ വഴിക്കാണ് യൂറോപ്പുമാണ് ഈ ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞിൽ അറിവു കിട്ടുവാൻ മുട്ടായത്.

ആദ്യാത്മികമായി നോക്കുന്നതായാലും ഭാരതാ മനസ്സിനിൽ നിന്നുണ്ടായ ഒരു രാജുമായിരുന്നു. ഹിന്ദുമതം, മൈനമതം, ബുദ്ധമതം, മതലായവയുടെ ജന്മമുണ്ടായാണ്. ഈ മതസ്ഥാപകമാണെല്ലാം വലിയ തത്പരിക്കമായും സംസ്കാരവും യൈനമായിരുന്നു. ഭാരതം അനവധി ഔഷിപ്പം ദാവുമാരുത്തു

മായിരുന്നവെന്നും പുരാണങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും മറ്റും തെളിയുന്നു. ഈ ഫൂഷിക്കൈ പ്ലാം വള്ളരെ മനസ്സിലുംപ്പാരു സിലബിച്ചവരായിരുന്നു.

സാഹിത്യപരമായി നോക്കുന്നതായാഥും ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ സ്ഥിതി ഇന്ന് വരുത്തുക്കൂടാം വള്ളരെ മികച്ചതായിരുന്നു. വാഹ്മികി, വ്യാസൻ, കാളിഭാസാഭികൾ എഴുത്തുകൂടി മുതഖ്യവാദം മാത്രപും വഹിക്കുവാൻ ഭാഗ്യം സിലബിച്ച ഭാരതമാ താവും ഭാഗ്യവത്തിനുന്നയായിരുന്നു. വാഹ്മികിരംമായെന്നും, ഭാരതം, രാക്ഷസളം മുതഖ്യവാദം സാഹിത്യശിഖരത്തിലെ അപൂർവ്വതനാഭൂതം. പ്രാചീന കാലത്തിലെ രാജാക്കന്നൂർ കവികൾക്കു സമ്മാനങ്ങൾ കൈഞ്ഞത്തു അവരെ ചുങ്കക്കു അല്ലെങ്കിൽ പ്രാസംഗിപ്പിച്ചിരുന്നു. അന്നത്തെ രാജാക്കന്നൂർ വിലപാന്നായും അവരുടെ അരമനകൾ അനവധി വിലപാന്നാരാണ്. അലംതുവമായിരുന്നു. ചരിത്രം വായിച്ചുട്ടിട്ടിവർ വികുമാഭിത്രുമഹാരാജാവിനെയും അഭ്യർത്ഥിന്റെ അരമനയിൽ താമസിച്ചിരുന്നു നവരത്നങ്ങളും പറ്റി കേട്ടിട്ടിണ്ടായിരിക്കും.

അന്നത്തെ രാജുഭരണവീതി ഇന്നത്തെക്കാം പതിനെട്ടും നല്ലതായിരുന്നു. അന്നത്തെ രാജാക്കന്നൂർ പ്രജകളുടെ ക്ഷേമത്തിനുംയായിരുന്നു രാജും ഭരിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ സ്വാത്മഭൂമികളായിരുന്നുണ്ട്. അവർ രാജുതന്ത്രനിപണമായി, ദേശാട്ടം, വിലപാന്നായമായിരുന്നു. ചാണകുന്നെപ്പോലെയുള്ള ഒരു ഭരണതന്ത്രജ്ഞനു ഇന്നു കാണാംവാൻ സാദ്ധ്യമല്ല. ചന്ദ്രത്തും, അശോകൻ, റഹ്മൻ മുതഖ്യവാദ രാജാക്കന്നൂരുടെ കാലത്തെ ചരിത്രം വായിച്ചുനോക്കുന്നതായാൽ അന്നത്തെ ഗവൺമെന്റു ഇന്നത്തെക്കാം മികച്ചതായിരുന്നവെന്നു മനസ്സിലാക്കാം. അന്നത്തെ പ്രജകൾ രാജാവിനെ ബഹുമാനിക്കുകയും, ഭയപ്പെടുകയും ചെയ്തിരുന്നു. അന്നത്തെ രാജാക്കന്നൂർ സപ്തദ്രോഹികളും, തൃംഗികളും, ഫൂഷിപ്പാനവ മന്ത്രരഥയും തിരസാഖാമാനിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ ജനങ്ങളെ ഭരണവീതി അഭ്യസിപ്പിക്കുവാനായി ദാരോ ഗ്രാമങ്ങളിടെയും ഭരണം പ്രജകളെ ഏല്പിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ മനസ്സുക്കം, മുദ്രക്കംഡക്കം, ആര്യുതികൾ സ്ഥാപിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ നിരത്രകൾ ഉണ്ടാക്കിയിരുന്നു. നിരത്രകളുടെ ഇരുണ്ടാഗത്രു നടക്കാവുകൾ വളരുക അതലായി മനസ്സുന്നും അതുന്നാഫേക്കുതിനുള്ളായ കംബുങ്ങളും ലെപ്പും നിരത്രം വ്യാപുതരായിരുന്നു. ജനക്ഷേമത്തിനുത്താവശ്യകങ്ങളും തൊഴിലുകളിലും മറ്റും മുൻമായ നികത്തി ചുമതലിയിരുന്നുണ്ട്. അവർ ഭാരതീയസംസ്കാരത്തിലും, ഭാരതീയ വ്യവസായങ്ങളും പ്രാശിപ്പിക്കുവാനും, പോഷിപ്പിക്കുവാനും നോക്കിയിരുന്നു.

അന്നത്തെ സമുദായജീവിതം, ഇന്നത്തെക്കാം എത്രയോളുന്നതെന്നു ലായിരുന്നു. ജനങ്ങൾ അനുകരണാദ്ദേശമില്ലാത്തവരും, പ്രയത്നിലെമായും, സത്യസന്ധാരമായിരുന്നു. അവർ വില്പാവിഹീനമാരായിരുന്നുണ്ട്. അവരുടെ വി

ழும്പுஸ்திரீந்தி உடேறுவும் பரிணாமவும் மன்ஸூப்பூரம்பையிடும். அவர்கள் ஆய்யாலும் கீலித்திடும். அவர்கள் பூர்வேஸ்மவும், ராஜுகெதியும், மூலங்களையிடும். அவர்கள் சாரிதவதிக்கூடும், விடுதிக்கூடுமாயிடும். அவர்கள் யமாகும் பயிர்கள், விழுதுங்களைவும் கீலித்திடும். ஒர்வேத்திரீந்தி பில அவியராஜாக்கூக்கு ஸ்ரீபத்யாலிகரும் உண்டிடும்பெரும் பரியும். ராஜுத்திரீந்தியும் யம்த்தி என்றியும் கைக்கூம் சாரிதுங்கள்கூடுதிடும்பேஷி போக்குத்திலிருப்பார்ஸ் ஸ்ரீ புதையூர்கள் கைபோலும் பல ஸ்ரீபத்யாக்கூத்திடும். வுவஸாய்நிலங்காலம், சில பிவேக முதலாய்வதிர்க் கிழவுபூர்மாய்மாயிடும். ஜனங்கள் அதுவருமிழுத்தி ஸ்ரீயானங்களிலூபார்தி அவர்களையிடும். ஒரு குறுத்து லாரத்திரீந்தி உண்டிடும் பட்டுவார்தார்து பாஷுபதுரகுடி அதுத்தபவர்வர்தாக்கிடும். சில பிவேகக்கலூபும், கொறுத்தபள்ளிக்கலூபும் லாரதிரீந்தி விலாபுரமாராயிடும்பெருங்குத்தி இன் காலங்கள் பழைய கேசு தசைத்தும் அமரமங்கக்கூடும் லக்ஷ்மீங்கள். அது கிடையிடும் தாஜ் மஹால் முனைதை பரிசூதபோக்கத்திருக்குடி விஸ்திரிப்பிக்கூடும்.

എന്നാൽ അതു സുവർണ്ണവസ്ത്രങ്ങളിലൂം കഴിതെന്നോയി. “അന്നത്തോരത്”മല്ല ഇന്ന് നാം കാണുന്ന ഭാരതം. ഇന്ന് ഭാരതീയർ വിഡിയത്രെതിരിച്ചിൽ കിടന്ന് തിരിത്ത്, ഭാരതീയസംസ്കാരത്തെ തിരു മറന്ന്, പാശ്വാതു യന്ത്രപ്രംബന്തത്തിന്റെയിനരായി തീരെ അവത്രനാരായ് കിടന്നശുക്രയുണ്ട്. ഭാരതത്തിന് ഇന്തിയം പണ്ടംതെ സ്ഥിതി കൈവരിക്കുവാൻ ഭാരതീയരെല്ലാം നിരക്കും പരിഗ്രമിക്കേണ്ടതാകുന്നു.

സി. പി. ക്രൈസ്തവനായർ,
സിനിയർ വില്യാക്കമി.

ബുന്നക്.

—:***:—

(എം. വാസുദേവൻ നായർ, സിനിയർ വില്യാമ്പി)

1. വേദങ്ങളുതോയ മഹസ്ത തിരഞ്ഞെടുന്ന,
ജാതാഭം മനികളും രാത്രികളും,
തരതാളിയം മഹിമയേതിനു, തന്റെ സ്വപ്നപ്രാപ്തിയും മോത്താദ്വാനം കരികാതമജനനാരിക്കൽ.
2. അതുന്തരീ പ്രതരമായ തപസ്സിലാണി—
ക്രിത്യാഗമായ നില നേടിട്ടുവണ്ണു മതിന്ന്;
കൂരുംഡി, രാജുസുവദ്ദേശമിവററാക്കവി—
ക്രിത്യാഗം തുപതിയാൻ തപസ്സു നേരാണ്.
3. രാജഷ്ഠിതന്നടെ മഖം സ്വാദിച്ചേരുന്നു
രാജിച്ചുനേരുമടനിന്തുമഖം കരിതെന്തു;
ചന്ദ്രകാരി, നാകസുവദ്ദേശസ്വരാംഗനാഡി
പോയിട്ടുമെന്നു നിന്നവാൻ വിരുദ്ധിത്തേപ്പാഡി.
4. അതുന്തമൻ മനിയെ മോഹിതനാക്കിടാനും
ചവിതത്തിലേംത്ത് സുരനാമ്പനുരച്ചുമും
'പൊതുത്താർത്ഥാനുടയ കോമളമാംതിട്ടേവ
മത്രാപരാതി തരണം മര മേനകേ ! നീ.'
5. മണംഹസിച്ച സുരനാമ്പനെന്നും വഴി—
പ്രൂണംഭട്ടൻ ധരയിലേക്കുമെ മോഹനാംഗി,
മണം നടനു തലയും മലയും തുളിയി—
ചുനിഞ്ഞേക്കുത്തുകമുടൻ നടനു തുടങ്ങി.
6. "വിശ്വർപ്പാടലാധരി വുമാ കബളിക്കവാൻ നീ
വൻപാടുപട്ട വലരെയാലു നമ്മുനീയോ
മണ്ണപാവയാണു മരയത്രു കടന്നപോ നിന്നു
വൻപൊന്നമീചുനിയൈഞ്ഞാവുകയില്ല തുനാ!"
7. എന്നോതി രാജമനിതൻ മഹനീയദേശജ—
രസ്സാനും വിള്ളഞ്ഞിയ മവത്തിലെഴുന്നമാസം;

അന്നാക്രമിക്കണമുള്ള രംഗമന്നാ-
മന്നാമനിക്ക മനമെം്കു മുല്ലത്തില്ല.

(യുറക്ക)

8. നേരുള്ളതു പിരക്കത്തിരിയുന്നുനും
തന്മുപാംഗമുടനും മിത്തൻറ മാറിൽ
ചെന്നേരുവൈകിലുമതിനായതിന്റെ ചിത്ര-
മാന്നായ് മയക്കിട്ടവതിനു കഴിത്തതില്ല.
9. നീരുള്ളതു നത്തനും, മരങ്ങ
ഡാരുമായ് പൊഴിയുത്തമൾനിതവും മാ!
വായറു രാജമുനിതൻ യമധാടിരെല്ലും-
മാരാത്തരത്തുവതിനായ് പില കേരളുക്കി.
10. ഹേമാംഗി വോകമവിലം വരുമായിട്ടംമ-
ടംമരജാതമുലയില്ല നടില്ല പോതിൽ
മേളത്തിലം മുടലമം കളിപ്പുകൊണ്ടു രണ്ടും
താളുംപിടില്ല, മനിതൻ മനവും പിടില്ല.
11. അതു മരജവാണിയിത്താന്തരം മെന്നുന്നുണ്ടി
വ്യാമോഹനങ്ങൾ പല പാട്ടുകൾ പാടിയുടി
കാമൻജയില്ല, യമിമേനക്കയപ്പുണ്ണന്നാൻ
കാമംലഭില്ല സുരനാമനമാണുന്നതിൽ.



“ആ ത പ ഭാവം.”

തന്മുള്ളിലുള്ള നത മാതൃകാഗ്രീ
സംപ്രവിക്കമാരം പണിപ്പുട്ടന്.
വിഭദ്യന്നും തില്പിക്കരതിലേലും
മുഭണ്ഡമൊന്നത്തമന്ത്രപമാക്കാൻ.

സുരമുമാരേ മഹനിയമാരേ
സുഭർഖംഡാമുഖ്യമാരുത്തുപം.
പ്രതിക്ഷണാംകാംമതു തില്പിചിന്താ-
പ്രയതിവാഴും പകത്തിട്ടന്.

ഉഭരമാം ക്ഷേത്രമതൊന്നരകട്ടി-
പ്രചക്ഷവാനോപ്പ് വനിണ്ണലെന്ന
ഉയർത്തിട്ടന്നതിവരം മരിക്കം-
വരക്കുകയതിച്ച വിയത്രതിലാളം.
ആസപാലുമാമത്രത ദർന്നത്താൽ
സുരിക്ഷിതം കിരുനന്പുകാവും
സ്ത്രീശ്രദ്ധം കാലവുയമെന്നമോക്കം-
തലക്കുമായ് തീപ്പ് മഹാകവിന്റെ.

വെണ്ണക്കല്ലുതക്കന്നപോം, ഇവിരമ്മാംചിത്രംപരം മാനത്തുപോം,
ക്ഷേത്രം കാലവാശാവടിത്തു പൊടിയാജ്ഞാജ്ഞാക്കമന്നല്ലേഹോ
ഭിവുകാവുവും ദിന്തിയാബാര ശതാബ്ദത്തോളമത്തിട്ടമെ
സ്പംതോല്യാതന്നരില്ലവേവയത്രതാനവുംകലം ശാസ്ത്രം
കാലത്തിന്നവിഡേയമായി വിമലോൽക്കുള്ളിനിലേഡാവഹി
ചൂതേമാദിജ്ഞപലം ലഭിക്കുമുഖിയിൽ പാലിച്ചത്തിജിവിതം
ഭോക്തരതിനു പകത്തിവാനതക്കമാറാഭർഭംഭാക്കവാൻ
തീവിക്കണ്ണായറില്ലിയാണൊവരുമെന്നാക്കണ്ണമല്ലാവരം.

ഇംതതപംപാക്കിലെമമട്ടികരമമിയന്നന്നതഗ്രൂപ്പയാൻം
ഹാഞ്ചാനയുംകിന്നസംപ്രാർമ്മനമിവയോടുമീ നമ്മര ജീവിച്ചതനെ
എന്നാളും നില്ലുമാറ്റുംപതവിപുലകലംകൈശമലം നേടവാനായ്
നന്നായ് യതികയൈണ്ണത്രമമുകപരിഗ്രാംശംഗംഗാസ്ത്രംഗാസ്ത്രം.





THE BLACK OR NEGRO RACE



THE BROWN OR MALAYAN RACE



THE RED OR NORTH
AMERICAN RACE



THE YELLOW OR CHINESE RACE

(DRAWN BY) L. R. KRISHNAN.
VI FORM. A

കളളംന്നുടിച്ച കംടകൾ *

ചെട്ടിത്തെവ്വേ മരിരാഡി നഗരത്തിൽ മനോഹരങ്ങളുായ സ്ഥലങ്ങളിലോ നാണ്. രോധിന്റെ ഇരുവശങ്ങളിലും വിവിധം പുകളും ഓംഗരിയുള്ള കെട്ടി ഞങ്ങളും സ്ഥിതിചെയ്യുന്നുണ്ട്. മുഴുമാളിലോന്നിൽ ആനന്ദവംതു എന്നവേ രായി ഒരു സേറ്റ് തന്റെ ഭാത്രാധാനിച്ചു താമസിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവരുടെ കുടാടു ഒരു വിത്പന്നയായ ഭാസിയും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ആനാണപ്പാൽ ഒരു ബേജുട്ടിനുമന്ത്രിയിരുന്നു.

ഒരു ദിവസം രാവിലെ ലാഭിന്റെ ഭാത്രാധാനിച്ചു അവരുടെ വിട്ടിൽ പോയി. അടുത്ത വീട്ടിലുള്ള ഒരു വന്ന ലാഭിന്റെ വീട്ടിലെ പണി യൈസ്റ്റാം കഴിച്ചു സ്വന്ന്യയും ഒന്നുപോയി. അയാളുടെ മുഹമ്മദിൽ ലാൽ തനിച്ചു തി. മണി ദൈത്യച്ചുപ്പേഡാം ലാൽ തന്റെ മരിയിലെ വിളക്കു കെട്ടതി, കട്ടി വിനേക്കു ചെന്നകിടനു ഏരോനു പിന്തിച്ചുവകാണ്ടിരുന്നു. സമയം രണ്ടുമണിയായിട്ടുടരുന്നു ലാൽ ചിന്താമന്ത്രാധിതനെ കിടന്നു.

പെട്ടുനു നാടുത മരിയിലുണ്ടായ ഒരു രഘും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ഗുംബാ യെ ആകുമ്പിച്ചു. തശമയം ലാൽ തന്റെ കൈത്തോശകടത്തു രഘുകിന്താഡി കിലേക്കു ചുണ്ടിക്കൊണ്ട് “ജീവനിൽ കൊതിയിണ്ടജീവി കൈപൊന്തിക്കും, നീ ഏതിനിവിടെ വന്നു” എന്ന ഗജിച്ചു. രഘും ഉണ്ടായ സ്ഥലത്തു നിന്നിരുന്നു ദയവൻ തന്റെ കൈകൾ പോതിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് “ക്ഷമിക്കുന്നും, അബദ്ധത്തിൽ വന്നുപോയ തെററാണു്” എന്ന പറഞ്ഞു. ലാൽ ചോദിച്ചു “നീ ഏതു വഴിക്കും വന്നതു്” കിഴക്കുഭാഗത്തുള്ള വാതിൽ തുറന്നകിടക്കുന്നബേജുനും അതിൽനുടക്കാണും അകത്തു വന്നതെന്നും കൂടുന്ന പറഞ്ഞു. ലാൽ മുഖേത്തപ്പോവെ തോക്കം പിടിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് പറഞ്ഞു “ചെട്ടിത്തെവിൽ 144-ാം നന്ദു്” വീട്ടിൽ വെച്ചു ഒരു കൂളിനെ പിടിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ഒരു പോലീസ്സുകാരനെക്കിലും കഴിയുന്ന വേഗത്തിൽ ഇവിടെ എത്തുന്നും. വീട്ടിന്റെ കിഴക്കുഭാഗത്തുള്ള വാതിൽ തുറന്നിട്ടും ഏറന്നല്ലോ നീ ആ ചെലിപോണിൽ പോലീസ്സുജനിലേക്കു പറയുന്നും, ഇല്ലകിൽ നിന്റെ കമ കഴിയും. കൂളിനു ആലുമൊക്കു മടിച്ചുവെക്കിവും ലാഭിന്റെ ഭീഷണിക്കെട്ട് അപുകരം പറഞ്ഞു.

ലാൽ തോക്കംപിടിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് നില്പാണി. പരത്തപതിനും മിന്തു കഴി തെപ്പോഡാം ഒരു കാർ പടിക്കൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. അതിൽനിന്നു മുമ്പ് പോലീസ്സുകാർ

★ ഒരു ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് ഭാസികയിൽനിന്നുള്ള ഓക്സറേ താഴ്വരു.

പൊട്ടന്നനവെ മറിയാൽ പ്രവേശിച്ചു. ലാലിൻറെ അപേക്ഷിപ്പക്കാം പോലീസുകാർ വിളക്കേക്കാളുത്തി. അപ്പോൾ കണ്ണ കാഴ്ച അവരെ ഏവരെയും അത്ര തപ്പരത്തുരാക്കി. അപ്പോഴാണ് ടാൽ ക്രിടനാണാന കള്ളിന മനസ്സിലായതു. ഉടനെ പോലീസുകാർ കള്ളിനെ അറിയും ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടപോയി.

ബി. സി. പോൾ.

ന കുച്ച ത അ റ സ .

(റീ ത ക 0)

[ശാമ]

വിശ്വിലെ മിന്നാമിന്നഞ്ചുക്കാളം പോൻ
മിന്നിതിളം താരകാംഡം,
സന്ധ്യാക്കനാഴിയിലും തതരിച്ചുള്ള
വെള്ള കണമിളം മാഞ്ചിരിയും .

സുരനാം സൗഖ്യപിണ്ഡം തിന് വണ്ണം അം
രാക്കപോടിക്കാളും നക്ഷത്രം അം
യാമിനികാമിനിഹാരാതാക്കാളിന്
കോമളും തേജസ്സുകലാശം കോ.

മാരംശമുഖ്യതമസ്തുകരിച്ചവാൻ
മാനമുദിച്ചിക്കം ദീപജാശോ .
അപ്പാലും വാലും തന്നു കണ്ണിന് തെരുക്കം
തെള്ളാലും ചെണ്ണിടം വാസ്തവം ഞാൻ

വിശ്വേപം ക്രതിയാവാകാം കൊള്ളുന്ന
കോരം മയിൻകോരകം താരകമാം .

എം. വിത്രഭാന നന്ദുതിരിപ്പുട് ,

(കുച്ചിയർ വില്പാത്മി)

ഒരു പരിഹാരം.

‘മരംപുരം മരംപുരംപുരാലെ പെരുമാറണം’ എന്നുള്ള അനന്തവത്തപുതാത്തയാണ് സമ്പ്രതപ്പേഖ്യകളും പേരാശിക്കണ്ടതും അതു നെയ്യാണ് ജീവിതത്തിലെ അധികാരം മരംപുരം. നാം സഹജിവികളുടെ ദ്രോഹ ചരിപ്പും പെരുമാറേണ്ടതു അവയ്ക്കും ആവശ്യമാണ്. നമ്മുടെ ഒരു സഹോദരനോടു നാം ദ്രോഹം പ്രാംശുക്കിക്കണിപ്പുകിൽ, പരമാർ നമുക്കു ദ്രോഹിക്കാതിരിക്കാതെ നമ്മുടെ പരിഭവിക്കാനവകാശമില്ല. നമ്മുടെ എഡന്റാക്കളിൽ സമസ്യി ദ്രോഹമില്ലത്തവണ്ണം ബുദ്ധിമൂല്യകടാരങ്ങളെ നിയന്ത്രിക്കണ ആ ആഡി, നേതാവിനു നമുക്കു സംബന്ധിച്ചുടങ്ങുമ്പോൾ ദയതില്ലെന്നു കരാതി ക്രൈസ്തവതിലും നമ്മുടെ സങ്കടപ്പെട്ടവരും അവകാശമില്ല. നാം നമ്മുടെ സഹജിവികളെ സൗഹ്യം ചുരിപ്പും വിക്രിണം ചെയ്യാതിരുന്നാൽ നമുക്കു ജഗദ്ദിനേരം കരണ്ണംമസ്തന്ത്രങ്ങൾ കൂടാക്കിച്ചുന്നതുവികസക്കാം. ആത്മതുകൊണ്ട് നാം സദാ പരോപകാരത്തിലും സഹജിവികളിൽ സഹാത്യപദ്ധതിക്കരായിരിക്കേണ്ടതു് ആവശ്യംതെന്നുണ്ടു്!

എന്നാൽ നമ്മുടെ ഇടയിൽ ഇപ്പുകാം സൗഖ്യാദിം നിവനിപ്പിച്ചുനണ്ണോ? നമ്മുടെ ശ്രോവനിയസ്ഥിതി സമ്പ്രിഗ്രാമങ്ങളിലും മാറ്റവാലിക്കുള്ളൂണ്ടും. ഇപ്പുകാരമായാലും അതു നമ്മുടെ അഭിമുഖ്യികരിക്കുന്നില്ല. അതുതുള്ളതും! നമ്മുടെ ഇടയിൽ സംശ്ലോഭ്യത്തിൽനിന്ന് അഭാവമാതൃ പ്രശ്നാഭിക്കുന്നതു. പരക്കു ആ പ്രശ്നം എന്നും ഒരു ദിവസമായ കൂഴുത്തെന്നയാണ്. അസുരക്കാണും അന്യായായി, സ്വന്തമായെങ്കിൽ ചുണ്ടിൽനിന്നില്ലെങ്കിൽ പരസ്യരം കുഖ്യവിച്ഛു തന്നെത്താൻ ആവശ്യതു തലയിൽ വലിച്ചിട്ടും നാം നയിക്കുന്ന ജീവിതം ഏതൊരു ഏഭയത്തെന്നയാണ് നാക്കുന്നതെങ്കിലും കണ്ണുറിപ്പാക്കാതിരിക്കുക. ഒരു സംബന്ധിയടങ്കുന്ന ഘസിക്കുന്ന ആ മണ്ഡാസം അപരം നീറു മുവരുതെ അസുരക്കാണും മുളാനമാക്കിത്തീക്കുന്നും; സ്വന്തമായി സഭ്യാപരി ലാഭസിക്കുന്നു. ഇതുമുതൽ നമ്മുടെ ദയനിയസ്ഥിതി! ശ്രോവന്മായ കൂഴു! സ്വന്തമായി അസുരാഭക്കളായി ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്ന മുഗ്രായനുംരുതു ആഭിജാതുമായി ഒരുവർ! ഇവരുടെ ഉന്നതകലജാതരാനും പെല്ലാശിക്കുന്ന ക്ഷേത്രാരോമണികൾ! സ്വന്തം സഭ്യാദാനും അധിക്ഷേപിച്ചു അവരുടെ നാകിപ്പിക്കുന്നവരുടെ വേദാന്തം ഗ്രഹിച്ചവർ!

എറഡ്വു മഹത്തായ നാജക്കും ലഭിച്ചിട്ടുള്ള അധിക്കരണ പേരിൽ അറിയപ്പെട്ടുന്ന ആ വർക്കാർഡ് മനസ്സിലെപ്പോലെ നടക്കവാൻ പാടില്ലപ്പോലും.

സംഘം, ഭക്തി, അശ്വയന്നം ഇവാശവക്ഷ പാടിപ്പുവോലും. ഒരുപാടിവയമ്മത്ത കൂക്കപ്പുട്ടത്തുന്ന ഇതിപ്പിശാവേ! നിന്നെ തുരത്തുവാൻ തുടങ്ങിപ്പോയി. ഇനി നിന്നെന്ന പ്രചരാട്ടമാസം മഴക്കിപ്പു; ഇനി മെത്ത നിന്ന് മഞ്ചനം നില്ലും. അധിക മുത്തുകൾ അവയ്ക്കുന്ന അവീഡവും അരതിയടയണ്ണമെങ്കിൽ ഇതു മാതിരി മാർക്ക ക്കും തന്നെ നാമവംബിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു. അനുബയി അവയ്ക്കുന്ന ക്കും വശം വദരായി ദൈനന്ദിനം മാഴുന്ന അധികുത്തുകൾ ജാതകം അല്ലകാലത്തിനിടയിൽ തിരുത്തുമെന്ന തോന്നുന്നു. അന്യഥാമിസ്രമായ പരിസരത്തിന്നെന്നു കോണ്ടുകളിൽ എത്തോ ഒരു ദിവ്യവൈത്തന്നും തല പോന്തിക്കുന്നണേ.

യാമാസമിതിക്കപം നിറങ്കര ക്കോത്തതിൽ ജനിച്ചു, ആദിജാത്മാദിമാനാ ചിക്കളുകുന്ന പ്രോഷകദ്വൈക്കാളുതിച്ചു, അന്യവിശ്വാസമാക്കന്നതാട്ടുടെ വള്ളൻ പ്രോന്ന നമ്മകൾ അധികുത്തരോട് നാമരിയാത്തനെന്ന ഒരു വെള്ളപ്പു തോന്നുന്നും അല്ലോ മതിള്ളുതനെന്ന അവരെ നാം മുഗ്ധക്കല്ലുക്കാരം താഴുന്ന ഒരുത്തരം ജാതുക്കളും യിക്കുതിപ്പുണ്ണ ആ ചിരപരിചയമായും നമ്മുടെ ഇന്നു മുഗ്ധിയസ്പദാവരതിനു കുറഞ്ഞും. അതുകൊണ്ടുതന്നുണ്ടാണ് എത്തുയായാലും നമ്മകൾ അസ്ത്രാലൂരു സ്വർണ്ണക്കവാനന്നു കുച്ചുത്ത്; അതുതന്നുണ്ടാണ് അവയ്ക്കുന്ന യഥേഷ്ടം സന്ധകൾ ചെയ്യാനിടയില്ലെന്നും. നേരു ആദിജാത്മാമന്ന ഭാദിമാനം ഇനിയും വിശ്വാസിത്തിട്ടി പ്പു. ഒരു ചെറിയ ശത്രുവാനാം ജനം മാത്രാ അവയ്ക്കു ഉന്നതവില്ലാഭ്രാസത്തിന്നെന്നു ഘവമായി ഇതു മാതിരി അന്യവിശ്വാസങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു വിമുക്തരായിരിക്കുന്നു. പരക്കു ഭ്രിപ്പക്കം ഇന്നും ഇന്നു മറ്റു സന്ധത്തുകളുപ്പോലെ വില്ലാസവത്തും ഇ സ്ഥാതനവരാകുന്നു. ജാതിപ്പിശാചിന്നെന്നു മഞ്ചനത്തിൽനിന്നു വിമുക്തരാവേണ്ണമെങ്കിൽ ഭാദിമാനമുദ്ദേശ്യത്തെ ശിപ്പിക്കേണ്ണമെങ്കിൽ—വില്ലാഭ്രാസമാന്തരിക്കുന്ന തതനെ നാമാനുയിക്കുന്നും. സ്ഥിതിസമ്പ്രവാദമാകുന്ന ജ്യോതിസ്സ് നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സുകളിലെഴുതി ഇതു അശ്വതാനാസ്യകാരത്തെ റീച്ച്യായും പദ്ധക്കരത്തും.

മുപ്പകാരമിള്ളു സ്ഥിതിസമ്പ്രവാദം നമ്മുടെ എല്ലാത്തലിൽ വേദന്നുണ്ടിച്ചു വള്ളൻവരാനുള്ള എക്കവള്ളമായും വില്ലാഭ്രാസം. അധികുത്തുകൾ അവയ്ക്കുത്തുകൾ അവയ്ക്കുന്ന പ്രമാഖ്യാനം നമ്മുടെ വാല്ലാഭ്രാസമാണെന്നു ചരിയുവോരും സപാർമ്മാണിതു മെന്ന ചിലർ ചരിയുമായിരിക്കും. പരക്കു അല്ലമാലോചിച്ചുകുച്ചുത്തു ഇതാണു എററു വും ഉത്തമമായ പരിഹാരമെന്നു നമ്മകൾ പൂർണ്ണമായി ബോശ്യമാവും. നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സുകൾ പരിപ്പുത്തങ്ങളായാലെ അവക്കു അല്ലെങ്കിൽ വഴിയെഴുതി. നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സു തീരെ നിജുള്ളക്കാളായാൽ മാത്രമേ അധികുത്തുകൾ ഉന്നതിക്കു മാർക്കുണ്ടാവുകയെഴുതു. പ്രഥമേന്നുതല്ലവാണും നമ്മുടെ കരോറച്ചിത്തങ്ങൾ പദ്ധകാന്തക്കല്ലുകളായി ദയാ പദ്ധക്കേരുവയക്കുവോളുതു അധികുത്തർ ആനുഡാമുത്തത്തിൽ ആരാട്ടുക. അന്നത്തെ

ഭാരതത്തെ ഒരു സുഖിനം അഭിമുഖികരിക്കുക. അന്നത്തെ ഒഹംവഡ്യമം സുരക്ഷിച്ചു നുണ്ടാക്കിയുമായി ഭാതത്തിൽ ലാഭസിക്കുക. അന്നത്തെ മിഥുകളും വിലം ഒരു ചണ്ണലയിലെ കുള്ളികളുടുംലെ ഇന്നങ്ങി നിൽക്കുക. അന്നത്തെ അധികുതിയുടെ ചാളകൾ മന്ത്രിയുമായുള്ളിട്ടും മാറ്റുക. അപ്പോൾ അവക്കം തങ്ങൾ മന്ത്രം രേണു കയറ്റി പ്രവർത്തിക്കുവാൻ ഒരു നവമായ ആര്വവശമിണ്ടാവും. നാം അവരെ സ്വന്തം സഹായികരണാരുള്ളുവെ പരിഗണിച്ചു അവയമായി നിരുചരിച്ചു, പാനിഭോജനം, മിത്രവിവരം മുതലും ആരംഭിച്ചാൽ നമ്മുടെ കുള്ളപട്ടണംക്കി കുറവും പ്രവേശിക്കുന്ന ആ 'അംഗമംഗലവുമുംഗനാല'വും അന്ന നമ്മുടെ ചുറ്റും പ്രാപിക്കാവുന്ന ആ സൗഖ്യവും ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ദിനത്തുക്കാളും അഭിമുഖിക്കുന്ന ആരു ശ്രോദ്ധയും ആരുഭരതരാത്രാസ്പദിക്കുവാനിടയ്യാൽ തന്നെ ഭാഗത്തിന്റെ പരിപക്പതയുണ്ടി. ആരു ആരുഭേദനയാൽത്തന്നെ നമ്മുടിൽ ആനന്ദം തോന്നുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ യഥാ നമ്മായി നാം അവ ആസപദിച്ചു തുടങ്ങുന്നോളവിക്കാവുന്ന ആ നിസ്ത്രാലംനാഡും സാക്ഷിച്ചു പാഠംനാം !!

ശ്രീ ഭാ. കു.

ദയാകുതപ്പുണ്ണി.

“സ റ യ മി ല്ലി നി .”



(അന്നനട)

കഴിതെപ്പോയും നിന്ത കിഴക്കു തോണിപ്പു
തുന്നപോയുംപ്പുതിൻ കവാടവും
പുലാറിതൻചിലവൈബിപ്പോലെ പല
പറവക്കൊള്ളുന്നുനും പാടനും.

ഉദയഭാനവേ വിളിച്ചു കുക്കന
ചിറകവാലുവും മിക്കിപ്പുകോഴി.
പകലവവനെയും വന്നാക്കിയോരോരോ
മുഗ്ഗും മാളും വെടിത്തിരേതെടി.

മനഷ്യ ! നീരയന്തിപ്പുലരിദേവിതൻ
മനോഹരയുപമന്നന്നകാണ്ണില
നിനക്കുമുള്ളപോതു ചിലതു ചെണ്ണുവാൻ
നിന്നുകുകയതിൽ പരിനുമുക്കുക.

കഴിതെകാലംതെത്തിരികെ കിട്ടാമാം
കഴിതെതാകയും കഴിതെതല്ലരയും
കഴിയും ജീവിതം തൊടിയിടക്കാണ്ട്
വിഴുങ്ങും നമേയും മന്നാരക്കുസി.

വിരെതു മണ്ണനു മനജനായുണ്ണും
വയന്നിതു ജീനരകളും കുമാർ.

ഇതെത്തുരകമൊന്നുനെകു വേഗം

വരിക ഭാരതതനയ ! ചുഞ്ച !

“സപരാജ്ഞസേവനാം നരൻറെ ധമ്മം മെ-
നമുലുമന്ത്രം നീയുങ്കുഴിക്കുക.
സപമാത്രംവിക്കായും ബലികൊടക്കു നിൻ
മനോജ്ഞജീവിതം സുഡിരി ! ധീംമായും

പ്രയതിച്ചീടു നീ തുതുതുനാകാൻ
മയക്കം കൈവെടിത്തുനെകു വേഗം.

മുഖം വിളിരാത കണ്ണ തള്ളിരാതെ
മനം കല്പണാതെ ക്ഷേമ വെച്ചിയാതെ
ഹോടിക്കലൻ്റെനിടയിൽക്കെട്ടിയീ—
യടക്കളുതിലേക്കിരഞ്ഞു മാനവ!
യുവസഹജ! നിൻ നവവിജയത്തിൽ
തിവണ്ണമാം കൊടി പറക്കേട്ട വാനിൽ
മടിച്ചിരിക്കാലാ മനജവീര! നീ
മരിഞ്ഞപോയ് കാലം “സമയമില്ലിനി”

പി. റിവരമൻ,

4-ഓഫോറ്റ വില്യാത്മി.





SLEEP BABY SLEEP!

(G. B. March aman Mednagard)

“ഒരു അന്ത്യാവാദശാഖ.”



അസുമയസുത്തിൽ തന്റെ തങ്കക്കുതിരും അനും ആ ഗ്രാമത്തെ ചെ
ഡായമണിയിച്ചു യാത്രചെയ്യുക. മനമാത്രത്ത് സുഗന്ധവാഹിയായി സന്ധ്യാ
ദേവിയുടെ ആനന്ദത്തെ സൂചിപ്പിച്ചു. വിനാലമായ ആകാശത്തിൽ മഴക്കാറു
കും മനവായുവേറു സന്ദരിച്ചിരുന്നു.

ഈ മണിയമായ പ്രക്രിയിൽ പുളക്കംകുളിംതവർ ആരഞ്ഞായിരി
ക്കണ! വളരെ നേരം തോൻ ഈ പ്രക്രിയയോക്കി വിസൂചിച്ചു. മതിമയങ്ങി
സമയംപോയതിരിഞ്ഞില്ല. നിശ്ചാനാമൻ ആകാശത്തിൽ മിന്നിത്തിള്ളാണിരുട്ട്
ങ്ങിയിരുന്നു. തോൻ കുറഞ്ഞിരുന്നിനും വിട്ടിലേക്കെ മഞ്ഞുകയായിരുന്നു. എൻ്റെ
ഭവനം അട്ടത്തല്ലായിരുന്നതിനാൽ വളരെ യുതിയിൽ നടക്കേണ്ടിവന്നു. വഴി ഒരു
കന്നിൽച്ചുവിൽക്കുട്ടിയായിരുന്നതിനാൽ കാട്ടുഗഞ്ചിംതനിനു ദേവം ഇല്ലാതി
രുന്നില്ല.

വിവാഹപരവരകളും അലതല്ലുന്ന എൻ്റെ എഴുപ്പാഴം
സ്വന്തമായിരുന്നില്ല. അതെ എക്കാത്തയിൽ മനപ്പുറ്റുംയും ഒരു പരിവർത്തനം
സന്ധാരിക്കം. അതു ബലവത്താവുമായിരിക്കം. അതിലാണ് അവൻ്റെ വിജയം
നിക്ഷേപിക്കുപ്പട്ടിട്ടുള്ളതു്.

ഉടനെ എൻ്റെ എഴുപ്പത്തെ ഭേദിക്കമാറു, ദയനിയമായ ഒരു നിലവിലി
കുട്ടി. തോൻ സ്നേംഭിച്ചുനിന്നപോയി. അസമയമായിരുന്നതിനാൽ അപാരമായ
ഭയം എന്നു അഭ്യന്തരപിടിച്ചു. തോൻ ചുറുപാടംനോക്കി. ധാതോനംകണ്ണില്ല.
തോൻ വീണ്ടും നടന്നപ്പോരാ കുറ അധികം ആളുകൾ എൻ്റെ അക്കാശ ലക്ഷ്മീ
ഭവിച്ചു. തോൻ നേരെ അവിടെ ചെന്നുത്തി. ഹാ! എത്ര ദേഹം! ഒരു ശവ
ശരീരം മരക്കാണും തുഞ്ചിക്കിടക്കുന്നു. തോൻ ഇപ്പുകാരം തന്നെത്താൻപറഞ്ഞു.
“മനോഹരസ്ത്രീരത്നാമ! ലാവണ്യവതിയായ നീ ഇതു ചെരുപ്പത്തിൽ—അതെ
അവർക്കു കവിത്താൽ പതിനാറുവയസ്സു പ്രായമെ ആയിരുന്നുള്ള—ഈവിധം
പ്രവർത്തിക്കാനിടയായതു ദയനിയംതന്നു. മനപ്പുലോകത്തിന്റെ ഭംഗവതയും നി
സ്ത്രാധാരണമിതിയും എത്രയണ്ണും ഇതിനാൽ പ്രത്യക്ഷമാകുന്നു!”

ആര്യമത്രചെയ്യു, ആ നാരിനിരോമണി ഒരു ഭ്രാമണക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. കേവലം പ്രായാധിക്രമതാൽ അന്യനായിത്തീന്നിരുന്നു ഒരു മുല്ലഭ്രാമണം
നും അവരുളു എന്നേന്നുക്കുമായി മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാർ ഉഴിഞ്ഞെക്കാട്ടരു. അതെ—

അവർ എൻ്റെ ഒരു സഹപാഠിനിയായിരുന്നു. കുറി ! ബാലുകാവത്തിൽ തമി തു തല്പിയിരുന്ന ആ ഭാമനക്കരങ്ങൾ എൻ്റെനേതുമായ് നിശ്ചയങ്ങളുായി. എഴു തത്പൂണ്ടോടു തല്പകിട്ടുവോരു എൻ്റെ മുത്രുനോക്കി തേങ്ങിക്കരഞ്ഞിരുന്ന ആ ചെമ്പുഞ്ചകൾ ഇനി എങ്ങനെ ചലിക്കും ? ഏവക്കൊലിയിൽക്കിടന്നു മുത്താടിയിരുന്നു ആ കോമുളരീരു നിശ്ചിതമായിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു. അതെ അവർ എൻ്റെ മുത്രു ലോകത്തോടു യാത്രപറഞ്ഞു.

ചിന്തുമശനായി നിന്നിരുന്നു എൻ്റെ മുത്രയത്തിൽ പലു വികരങ്ങളും അടിച്ചുകയറി. “അതെന്നാണ് ? ഒരു കത്തതാകിടക്കണും. ഇതു ഇതു പരിശേഷി തു ആരു കണ്ണില്ലെന്നോ ? തോൻ ഉടനെ അതു ചെന്നുട്ടതു ഭാവസാഹത്തിൽ നിമശാശ്വതിയിരുന്നു. ആ തെങ്കുട്ടം മുലാമുരുമ്പാതുക ഇടയിൽനിന്നുകൊണ്ടു മുച്ചത്തിൽ വായിച്ചു.

“പ്രിയസഹോദരമാരും,

കേവലം പതിനാറുവരല്ലുമാതം പ്രായമുള്ള എന്ന മുലായ-പോരാ പോരാ എൻ്റെ പത്രവയല്ലു പ്രായമുള്ള ഒരു മുഖനുണ്ടുണ്ടു എൻ്റെ ജീവിതം പാഴാ കവാൻ വേണ്ടി വിവാഹം ചെയ്തുകൊടുത്തു. ഹാ ! മുലാമുരുമ്പാതുക കരോരമുള്ളയം എന്ന ചുക്കാവിലേക്കുന്ന നിലയിൽ ചടലക്കുള്ളത്തിലേക്കു ആന്തിച്ചു. എൻ്റെ പിവാഹം കഴിത്തു് നാലും ദിവസം വരാൻ കാലത്തില്ലുപാപിച്ചു. തോൻ വിധവയായി. തോൻ മനസ്സുവർദ്ധിക്കിയനിനു പതിതയായി. മേലാവൈക്കിലും എൻ്റെ സഹോദരമാർ സ്കീക്കളും കൊല്ലുംതെ കൊല്ലുത്തെനു പ്രാതമിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു, എൻ്റെ ജീവകാലത്തെ, മുഖമണാകലവത്തിന്റെ കൂളിമിഴിയെന്തുകാണിവാൻവേണ്ടിയുണ്ടി ഇതു ബാലികഴിക്കുന്നു.”

ഹാ ! കന്നുകാരത്തോടെ, നിന്റെ ഇംഗ്ലീഷുപത്രം നിന്റെ സഹോദരീ സഹോദരമാർക്കിണ്ടാവാൻ പോകുന്ന അതിയകവിന്തെ ത്രണങ്ങളുടെ അടിസ്ഥാനമായ് പരിവസിക്കുക.

എം. രാമൻ മേനോൻ
നാലാംഫോറും വില്ലോത്മി.



ന ക്രോ ദ യ സം ശ ര ദ .

1. അക്കണ്ണവല്ലാം നത്പാ അച്ചുതവനവാസിനിം അമാനവേദസ്ത്രത്തേ ശ്രീ നശ്രാഭയസംഗ്രഹം.
2. പുരാഭ്രവിംശേനാവേം നിഷയേഷ മഹീപതിഃ നശ്രാഭിഡാനോ യസ്യാസീ അഭ്രാകീവിത്രതഃ സുതഃ
3. സന്ധ്രസ്ത്രാജലക്ഷ്മീകേ ദതേ പിതരി കാനനം പ്രത്രാസമഹിം സത്ര്യാമയം സന്ധക്രൈവിഭഃ
4. അമൈപകദഃ നരപതിഃ സഹാമാത്രപ്രഭാവിതഃ പദർ ദ്രോദായാനം നാരദം മനിച്ചംഗവം.
5. ദ്രശ്വപവ തം സാത്യായ ഭ്രജാനിസ്ത്രപ്രഭാവിതഃ പ്രതുല്പരയ മനിത്രേശുമർഹ്യപാല്പാദിശ്രൂഢിഃ
6. സാദരം ഗ്രഹമാനീയ നിവേദ്യ കനകാസനേ വിനയാവനതോ രാജം വിഡിസുനമഭാഷ്ട.
7. അഭ്രമേ സവിലം ജന മനേ ചൃതംശ്വര മതഗ്രഹഃ അഭ്രാക്കനേന ഭവതസ്ത്രമാതപര്പദപാംസുഭിഃ
8. തുനം പവിത്രികത്രം മാം നിരപേശസ്ത്രപ്രമാഘമഃ അപിചേമം നിയോഗനേ തൃതാത്മയിതുമാസി.
9. ഭാഷിതം രൂപത്രേവമമുതദവസമിതം നിംബു സസ്തിതം ഭ്രമാ ഷസ്ത്ര മനിസത്രമഃ
10. സാധു രാജനാിം തേജു വചനം വിനയോജപലം വിരശേനസ്യ സദ്വിശിഷ്ടപമമിതെഞ്ജസഃ
11. കലാദിസപ്തക്ഷേപക്രോ വിഹനി വിനയം രൂണാം സമഭായാസ്ത്രസ്യാദ്യ വിനയക്രൈശ്രൂത്താവഹഃ
12. അമരാജനാശയോജം പ്രജാനാം കർശം തവ സുഞ്ചു തപതി കു വാത്താ തമസാമാക്രമം പ്രതി.
13. അഗ്രഹംനാസ്ത്രപംന ശാംഗമ്പ്രമിഭം നവബ സാരുതം പത്രസ്ത്രമഹിഭാരാഃ പിതരങ്ങേ വനം ദത്വഃ

14. തവ ചേരും നവം രാജൻ വികസൽക്കുമോപമം
ക്ഷണവില്ലപ്പംസി ച ഗതം പുനർന്നയാതി യൈശ്വരനം.
15. അന്തോധർത്തി വോന്തു പ്രിയാരത്മ തവ സ്പർശിയാ
ദമയന്ത്രം തയാരാജന്നായിപ്പാത്രം ഗ്രംസ്യതാം.
16. നാന്നുമുമ്പായ്ക്കി രാജേദ്ര ! സംഡിതവുമിഹ ത്രപ്യാ
വീരചത്രി വോയുഷ്മൻ മുത്രുകപ്രാന്തഭ്രംബേ മനിഃ
17. ഗതേ ദിവ്യമുന്നേശ തസ്മീൻ കിഴ തദ്വചനാലുപനാ
ദമയന്തി സ്വപ്യം പ്രാപ നള്ളമാവാസമഞ്ചിരം.
18. നിരത്വാവസരേ കാമ : സൈശവത്രം ത്രിതുമത്രം
അമോഹന തദ്വന്നേശൻ വിനിജ്ഞത്രമിരൈഷ തം.
19. വസന്തം പ്രേഷയാമാസ സ്വപ്യമുമ മരമാഃ
പികാഡിസൈസ്യസമിതം മിതം യുദ്ധവിചക്ഷണം.
20. നഞ്ചാപി മംഗലം താപം ശ്രദ്ധിത്രം താവദക്ഷിമഃ
ഇരൈശോപവനം ഖാധ്യം സദ്ധൃക്ഷണാമനോരമം.

(തുടക്കം)

പുസ്തകിലൂടെ.

ജീവിത തീനം

സ്പാഡാവമരത്ര അലക്കാറം.

‘സാദ്ധ്യ മുണ്ടാം കാഡുനമാണു യന്തി’ എന്ന ആളുവാകുത്തെ അല്പമൊന്നു മാറ്റി കാഡുനത്തിനു പകരം സ്പാഡാവമാക്കിയാലും വലിയ കററമൊന്നും സംഭവിക്കുന്നു; തൊത്തിനു ഒരു പരിജ്ഞാനം സിലിച്ചുമാതിരിയെ ആവുകയുള്ളൂ. കാഡുനത്തെ സംബന്ധിച്ചുടതേതാലും കാൽം ശേതികളുണ്ടാക്കാണിണ്ണുന്നത്. എന്നാൽ സ്പാഡാവത്തെപ്പറ്റി പറയുകയുണ്ടാക്കിയെ അത് ആദ്യാത്മിക മുണ്ടാക്കിയും സംബന്ധിച്ചുവയ്ക്കാണുവേണ്ട പറയാൻ.

നമ്മുടെ അന്തർജ്ജത്തിലെ അന്നസരിച്ചിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ നമ്മുടെ ചേഷ്ടകളും. ദൈവൻറെ ചേഷ്ടകളും അടിസ്ഥാനമാക്കിയാണുപ്പോൾ നാം അവൻറെ സ്പാഡാവനി ഫീഡിം ചെയ്യുന്നത്. അതിനാൽ ദൈവൻറെ വിചാരത്തെ അന്നസരിച്ചിരിക്കും അവൻറെ സ്പാഡാവവും, അവൻ അതുകൂടുള്ളജ്ഞാനായ ആശയങ്ങളിൽ നിമിശനായ രിക്ഷകയാണുകിൽ അവൻറെ പ്രവൃത്തികൾ ഉൽക്കുള്ളജ്ഞാനിത്തനെ പരിണമിക്കും. നേരെ മറിച്ച് ദൈവൻ കമ്പാദിയും ഭർവിച്ചാരത്തിൽ ആശവനം ആരാനുണ്ടും വിചാരിക്കുക. എന്നാൽ അവൻറെ കൂർക്കാദ്ദോന്നം ക്രസിതങ്ങളും വകുങ്ങളും ആയിരിക്കും. സ്പാഡാവത്തെല്ലാമായ മനസ്സാണുണ്ടാവിക്കിയെ അതു മനസ്സും സഭാവാരതല്ലരൂപയിരുത്തെന്ന പരിണമിയുണ്ടുണ്ട്.

സ്പാഡാവത്തിന്റെ ആകംഖ്യനീയതയേക്കാഡിച്ച അസ്ഥാവിക്കയാണുനു വിരകിക്കിൽ ഇതു ആകംഖ്യനീയമായി നമ്മകൾക്കും വേറെ ഒരു വസ്തുവുണ്ടാണെന്ന സംശയമാണ്. ദൈവൻ അതിസൂഖ്യരൂപയിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ, അതി ധനവാനായിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ, അതി പ്രഖ്യാപനയിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ അവൻ ഭരാചാരതല്ലരൂപാണുകിൽ മറ്റൊരു മുഖ്യാദ്ദോന്നും എല്ലാം പ്രയോജനമുണ്ടോ? ഒരു കാട്ടിൽ അനന്വധി സുഗന്ധിപ്പുക്കൾ, മരങ്ങൾ, അരുമകളുായ മുഗങ്ങൾ, മുഗങ്ങൾ മതലായവകാണ്ടുകൂടി, അതിൽ ഒരു ഭാവാഗ്രഹി ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുകിൽ വുക്കുങ്ങൾ, മുഗങ്ങൾ മതലായവകാണ്ടുകൂടി എന്നെങ്കും പ്രയോജനമുണ്ടോ? നൊടിയിടയിൽ നിബിഡാരണ്യം ഒരു മരങ്ങമിയായി മാറുകയില്ലെന്നു—അതേപുകാരത്തിൽ ദൈവനിൽ അനന്വധി സർത്തുണ്ണാണും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുത്തുകൂടി, അവൻ ഒരു സത്രസ്പാഡാവിയല്ലെങ്കിൽ അവൻറെ ജീവിതം ശ്രദ്ധമായിരിക്കുന്നു. ഒരു സുപ്പീരിയാണുവാനിയാണ്, ആഡിജാതുകളുാണ്, അതി ബുദ്ധിമതിയാണ്, തന്മുഖരണങ്ങൾ കുടക്കുന്നിയാണ്, പേരുകേട്ട ഒരു സംഗ്രഹിതത്തെപ്പണ്ടുമഴുകുന്ന വനി

തയാൻ, പക്ഷെ ആ തയാൻിക്കു ഒരു ദോഷമണ്ഡി; അവരും ഒരു വൃഥിചാരിനായാണ്. ഈ ദൈഹിന്മാലിനും അവരുളു ലോകദ്ദേശിയിൽ താഴെനവള്ളുകൾ മാറി. ലോകത്തിൽ സ്വപ്നവമാജാർ റിഡോപക്കാരം, ധനം, സൗഖ്യം, പ്രതാപം ഇവയല്ല എന്ന ഇരു ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ധാരാളം വിശദമാക്കുന്നണം. 'മനി ചുട്ടകിലും സൃഷ്ടി മന ഭീഷണമല്ലയോ' എന്ന നാം നല്ലവല്ലം ആലോചിക്കുന്നും. ഭൂതാജ്ഞാരം ഏതു പ്രകാരം വെരുപ്പിനു പാതമാക്കുന്നവോ അതേപ്രകാരം സർത്താജ്ഞാരം പ്രതാപംക്കു പാതമാക്കുമെന്നതും ഇവിടെ സുരാണിയമാകുന്നു. മഹാ ഗംഗിരജലാദയമാകുന്ന സമുദ്രം ഏതു ധീരൻറെ മനസ്സിനെ ദന്തിക്കാതിരിക്കുന്നും? അതിൽ അനേകത്തരം ഭൂചിജ്ഞരുക്കൾ, വലിച്ച പാനുകൾ, പംഖതത്തല്ലക്കാളായ തിമിംഗിലജ്ഞരം ഇവയല്ലാമെണ്ട്. മനസ്സും അതിൽപ്പെട്ടാൽ ഗംഗിരാത്രമാരായ സ്രൂവ് തിമിംഗിലും മുതലായവ അവനെ ക്ഷുക്കാതെ വിട്ടുകയില്ല. ഏ നാഥും അതിൽ രതാജ്ഞരം, മത്രകൾ മുതലായവയുണ്ട്. അതു മനസ്സിനെ ആകർഷിക്കുന്നു. ജീവൻ പണ്ടംവരുക്കുന്നെന്നവനാഥും തനി ആ രതാസവയങ്ങളുള്ള കുറ സ്ഥമാക്കുവാൻ മനസ്സും എത്ര ഉത്സാഹിക്കുന്നു! ഇതേ പ്രകാരത്തിൽ ഒരുവനും ചില ഭൂതാജ്ഞാജ്ഞാരായാലും തനി അവൻറെ സർത്താജ്ഞാരം നമ്മെ ബലാദാകൾക്കിടക്കുന്നു.

സംസ്കർത്തന അന്നസരിച്ചും സ്വപ്നവം വൃതിചലിച്ച ഭജിക്കുകയും നന്നാക്കുവും ചയ്യുന്നുണ്ട്. 'ആമവാരിയാൽ ചാണകംനാടം, ചന്ദനംവാരിയാൽ ചന്ദനമണക്കം' എന്ന പഴമൊഴി എററുവും അത്മവത്തായ ദന്താണ്. നാംകുറമുഖ്യ' ഭരാചാരതല്ലരുത്തമായി മുടപഴകിയാൽ കുമ്മേന ആ പകത്ത്‌വുംഡി നമ്മേഡിം ബാധിക്കും. നാം എത്രക്കുടി മോശക്കാരനായിതന്നാഥും വേണ്ടില്ല സജജ്ഞങ്ങളുമായി സന്പർമ്മണാധികാരിയും 'മുപ്പുബാടിയേരു കിടക്കം കല്പിനമണ്ണാമൊരു സെശണ്ട്രം എന്ന പറത്തപ്രകാരം നമ്മളം അല്ലും പരിപ്പൂരണവാനിടയുണ്ട്. നല്ല സ്വപ്നവമുണ്ടാക്കിലേ ലോകം നമ്മെ മാനിക്കയുള്ളത്. നല്ല സ്വപ്നവം കരസ്ഥമാക്കാൻ സജജ്ഞസന്ധിക്കും എററുവും ഉത്തമമാണ്. ആയതുകൊണ്ടു നാം ലോകത്തിൽ മാനുരാധി ജീവിക്കാൻ വിച്ചാരിക്കുന്നവക്കിൽ, സജജ്ഞസന്ധിക്കും അവരും ആവശ്യമാണ്. സ്വപ്നവമാണു എററുവും ചലിയ അലക്കാരം എന്ന പറത്തതിനെന്ന സാരവും ഇതല്ലാതെ വേറെയൊന്നുമല്ല.

സ്വപ്നവരചചിത്രം ലോകത്തെ റാംഭാക്കഷിക്കുമെന്നതിനു നമ്മും മുഹക്കളോടു പെത്തമാറുന്നതുനും ഒരു വലിയ ഉദാഹരണമായിക്കണ്ടാം. പ്രത്തിയിൽത്തനു കുറതയുള്ളവയും മറിഞ്ഞ ഇപ്പോക്കനാവയുമായ മുഹക്കളും നാം മേഖലിക്കാരോ പോററിവുള്ളതാരോ പത്രിവില്ല. പക്ഷെ റാംപ്രതിയോടുകൂടി

യ മാൻ, മധ്യ മുതലായവയെ നാം എത്ര കണ്ണിക്കുകയും പോരാറിയാളുന്തുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. നമ്മുടെ നായ പത്ര മുതലായവയോടുള്ള ഒരു അതിരററ വംശം പുഖും അവയുടെ സർസ്പാവാംസുലമാണെന്നു സബ്രയ്യും പറയും.

സർസ്പാവി മംത്രമേ ധന്യൻ എന്ന പേര് അർഹിക്കുന്നുള്ളത്. അവരുണ്ടാണ് വേംകതരതീൽ റിസ്റ്ററാർ എന്ന നാമത്തിൽ അറിതെന്നുപോരുന്നവർ, അവർ മാത്രമാണ് തുറവാണ്ടുകരംകു ശ്രേഷ്ഠവും ലോകത്തിൽ പ്രസിദ്ധിയോടെ അമരരായം വഴിയുന്നത്. അവർ മരിച്ചുവരുത്ത്, തലമുറക്കാർ, തലമുറക്കാർ അവരും സുരിച്ച അവരുടെ സൂതിച്ചുംകുണ്ടു ഗീതങ്ങൾ ചാട്ടും, അവരുടെ ജനകിനും ചരമഭിന്നി മുതലായവ ആരോഗ്യിക്കുന്നു. അവർ ചെയ്ത പരിപാവനങ്ങളായ കാര്യോക്തിയിൽ കൂടുതലും ചരിത്രത്തിൽ സ്പണ്ണലിപികളിൽ കുറിക്കുന്നു. നാവർ എന്നും വേംകതരതിലെ ആളംപുരാഡാരായിത്തനും പ്രശാഖിക്കുന്നു. സർസ്പാവികരം മംത്രമേ വേംകതരതിൽ ത്യാത്മത്തിൽ ചിരംജീവികളുണ്ടി വര്ത്തിച്ചുപോരുന്നുള്ളത്.

നാം നമ്മുടെ പുരാണങ്ങളിലെ യശസ്വിംഡങ്ങളായ മഹാശിവത്തുന്നാരയും ഭാസ്പരന്മാരിൽക്കു തുല്യമാരായ ചക്രവർത്തികളേയും സഖാദമാനം സുരിച്ച പ്രോത്സാഹിക്കുന്നു അവരുടെ പ്രചരപ്രതാപം മുലമല്ല; അവരുടെ അന്നകണ്ണിങ്ങളായ സർത്താപരവരകരംമുലം മാത്രമാണ്. പ്രശ്നിവാസമാരായ വാദ്യമീകരി, വസിജ്ഞൻ ഗൗതമൻ, മുതലായ നിവാസി മഹാത്മാക്കൾ നമ്മുടെ കാർമ്മക്കു വരുന്നതും അവരുടെ ആളംപോരുമ്പരമായ ജീവിതം കാരണമാണ്. രഘു, ഗ്രീരാമൻ, മഹിശു ദ്രുതി, ശിഖി മുതലായ ചക്രവർത്തികളും വിസ്താരങ്ങോടിയും തുള്ളുവാൻ ഒരു ദി തുവിനും സുസാല്പുമല്ല. രഘുവിന്റെ വിരപ്പം, ഗ്രീരാമൻറെ പ്രജാവാസല്പം മഹിശുദ്രുവിന്റെ സത്രനിശ്ച ശിഖിയുടെ അന്നകവ ഇവരെല്ലാം നന്നെ കൊടംമ കിർ കൊള്ളുകുന്നു. അവരുടെ ജീവിതസന്ധാരണനേതരും തുരുനിശ്ചയും അടിസ്ഥാനമാക്കി നാം ജീവിതം നയിക്കുവാൻ ബഹുക്കണ്ണരക്കുന്നു. ഇതിലുംനിന്ത ആ പരിഷയേക്കാരികരംകു എത്രോരുവക്കാരമാണ് വേണ്ടത്. നാം അവരു തിരോവക്കാരങ്ങൾക്കു തുല്യമായി കരുതുന്നു. ഇതിനെല്ലാം കാരണം അവർ തുടർന്നിരുന്ന സഹായ്യവൈരിജ്ഞ്യം ഒന്നമാത്രമാണു. ഇതു കാരണമാണു സ്പാവമാണു ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഏററവും ഉത്തമമായ അലങ്കാരം എന്ന പറഞ്ഞതു.

ചരിത്രപ്രസിദ്ധമാരായ പുതൈമീരാജ്, അക്കബർ, തിവജി എന്നീ ചക്രവർത്തിമാരം, ബുദ്ധൻ, നാനാക്ക, ക്ഷേത്രചാത്രൻ, അലുപരാഖവിന്റുകൾ മുതലായ തത്പരിനക്കുന്നം, പ്രസിദ്ധിയെ പ്രബിച്ചുതു അവരുടെ പ്രതാരം മുലമേ, കൂടുതുലമേ അല്ല; പരിക്കു അവരുടെ സർസ്പാവം ഒന്നുകൊണ്ടുമാത്രമാണ്. ഒട്ട മുൻ, ഒരംഗാസവി മുതലായ ക്രൂരചക്രവർത്തിമാർ ഇതു നിജുംബാധി പരിണമിച്ച

അം അവരുടെ ദുസ്പാദാവംകൊണ്ട് മാത്രമാണ്. അവർ ഒരു പേരും എത്രയോ പ്രതാവികളായിരുന്നു, എത്രയോ യുദ്ധവിഭാഗങ്ങാണെന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. പക്ഷേ സഹായത്തിനുവരിൽ 'കണ്ണികാഖ്യാനം ഭർപ്പുഭരണനാം' എന്നായിരുന്നു. മഹാ പ്രതാവിയായിരുന്നു ദിപ്പസൂത്രത്താം അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കുറസ്പാദാവത്തിനുനിന്നും നമ്മുടെ വൈദ്യുതിനാഭവിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. ഈ ലോകത്തിലില്ലെങ്കിൽ പരലോകത്ത്.

ഈന്നതെത്ത് സുപ്രസിദ്ധരേഖയാം ക്രപ്രസിദ്ധരേഖയാം നമ്മുടെ വിമർശക്കാം. ലോകത്തിൽ കോഡാന്തർ എത്ര പ്രകാരം ഏററെയും ഉത്തമമായ രത്നമാകന്നരോവോ ബ്രിട്ടൻ എത്രപ്രകാരം ഏററെയും വല്ലതാന് സാമ്രാജ്യമാക്കുന്നതോ, സോഷ്യലിസം എത്രപ്രകാരം ഉത്തമമായ ഭരണവിത്തിയാണോ അതേപ്രകാരം തന്നെ ഗാന്ധിജി പ്രോക്രതിൽവെച്ച ഏററെയും മഹാന്നായ ഒരു ദേഹമാത്ര! അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു കോധി നീറിനേക്കാം പ്രഞ്ചം; ബ്രിട്ടീഷ്‌സാമ്രാജ്യത്തെക്കാം വലിയ ഒരു ലോകസാമ്രാജ്യ രത്ന അദ്ദേഹം ഭരിക്കുന്നു; അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു സോഷ്യലിസത്തിനേക്കാം സഹായത്തിനുകൂടം അദ്ദേഹം ലോകത്തിലെ ഏററെയും വലിയ മഹാത്മാവാണെന്നും അതുതെ മനായ തത്പര്യിനുകൂടം സമ്മുഖമായാണ്. മിത്രക്ക്ലോട് അസുരങ്ങു ടിരുത്തു ചായ്യാത്രങ്ങുട്ടി അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മഹിമയെ സർച്ചിരക്കും സമ്മതിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ഈ ആദ്ദേഹിനേപ്പോം അദ്ദേഹം പാതമായതെങ്ങനെന്നെന്നും വെച്ചും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അപ്പുസ്ഥിതിക്കുത്തുമായ ജീവിതരീതികൊണ്ട് സർസ്പാദാവം കൊണ്ടാംമാത്രമാണ്. ഈനു യുറോപ്പിലെ പ്രധാനത്തപ്പെടിനുകന്നായ ബെൻഡാഡ് പ്രാവും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ആദ്ദേഹത്തോന്തരം സുരക്ഷയോഗ്യമായ സർസ്പാദാവംകൊണ്ട് മാത്രമാണ്‌പ്രസിദ്ധിനേടിയിട്ടുള്ളത്. ഈനു റഷ്യയിൽ ലെനിനിനെ പുക്കളി സീതെങ്ങും പാട്ടുണ്ടും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സഹായത്തിയും പ്രജാക്ക്ഷേമതല്ലെന്നും കാരണമാണ്. ഈ തേ കാരണത്താൽ തന്നെന്നായാണ് പുജ്ജനായ ദംഗോർ മിതലായ പുത്രപ്രകോപരിക്കുള്ളം നമ്മുടെ ആദ്ദേഹവിനു അർഹനാശയി ഭവിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളത്.

നേരേമരിച്ച പ്രസിദ്ധരാണന്നലിമാനിക്കുന്ന ഹിറ്റ്‌ലർ, ഒപ്പുംളിനി മിതലായ ഡിക്ക്രോറോഫർമാർ നമ്മുടെ കണ്ണിൽ എത്രക്കുള്ള ബഹുമാനത്തിനും പാതീവിക്കുന്നു. അവർ അവരുടെ ബംഗ്രാഹവലം കൊണ്ടെത്ര സാമ്രാജ്യങ്ങളെ ഭരിക്കുന്നതു. അവർ സ്ഥാനാത്ത മുൻനിന്ത്തി മറ്റു പേരെ നിംബും ദണ്ഡിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. അവർ തമാംവിരുദ്ധം മാനുഷ്യങ്ങളും. സർസ്പാദാവംകൊണ്ട് ലോകം കീഴിട്ടു നിവന്നതു ധന്തുരിൽ ധന്തുരി! അവൻറെ പേരുമാത്രമേ തുറന്നുണ്ടുകൂടംകൂടി ചുണ്ടാക്കുന്നും വിളംബക്കുന്നു!

നമ്മുടെ ഈന്നതെത്ത് സ്ഥിതിരൈന്നാലോ ചിക്കകയുണ്ടെന്നുകിൽ നാം ഈ തുടി നിന്നെങ്ങുകും തീരെ മാറിയാണ് ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്നതെന്നു പ്രത്യക്ഷിക്കാക്കം. നാം

ആധാബരലീകരണരാക്കണ. പരിജ്ഞാരമെന്ന പ്രേരിക്കുന്ന നമ്മുടെ ബാധിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന ആ ഭേദവത്തെ നാം ബഹുമാനിച്ചു അതിന്റെ ബന്ധനത്തിൽക്കിട്ടുന്ന പിടക്ക നം. താഴ്വാലികാലങ്ങളാത്തിൽ ആക്കുന്ന. നമ്മക്ക് രാത്രപത്രവും സന്നാതനവുമായ അവക്കാരത്തെപ്പറ്റി യാതൊരു വിച്ചാരവുമില്ല. നമ്മക്ക് സഭാചാരത്തല്ലരാക്കണ മെന്നല്ല ആരുരും. മോക്കരതു മയക്കുന്ന പരിജ്ഞാരമോഹിനിയിൽ രമിക്കുവാനും! രാന്തസുഖരമായ ആ സഭാചാരമാക്കുന്ന അമ്മയുടെ മട്ടിയിൽ ആ സപ്രീയ മായ താരാട്ടക്കേട്ടിനകാണ്ട ഉറങ്ങുവാനല്ല നമ്മക്കാറുമാ. ആ പരിജ്ഞാരവുംഭിച്ചാരി സ്ഥിരിൽ നാം മനസ്സുംപിച്ചിട്ടുവരും!. നാം കഴുതുറക്കുവാൻ വൈകി. സപാവ മാണം ജീവിതത്തിലെ അവക്കാരം, താഴ്വാലിക സുവാദമോ ക്ഷേമമോ അല്ല എന്നി തത്പരം നാം പഠിക്കേണ്ട കാലം വൈകി. അതു നല്ലവല്ലോ പഠിച്ചു ഭാരതത്തി ന്റെ ഉന്നമനത്തിനായി പ്രവർത്തിക്കുവാൻ നമ്മക്ക് ഇതുണ്ടായിരുന്നതിനുകൂടു!!

എം. വാസുദേവൻനായർ
(സിനിയർ വിഭ്രാത്മി.)

*രാജരക്തത്തിയുടെ കൂദ. പ്രത.

വാരിപ്പാട്.

(പി. കെ. എട്ടംബിത്തനുരാൻ, പുൽവില്ലാത്മി)

1. ഹരിക്കുന്ന വരിഞ്ഞവിപ്പുരമിട്ട് “ഡാമാക്കാ”കും ധരിതിന്റെ മണവാളും മണത്തുട്ടുടരതായ , അലയ്ക്കുന്ന നരങ്ങതററം മഹാബ്ലിവം, സേവകനാർ നിലകൊണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ടും നഘതിയ്ക്കു ചുറ്റം.
2. ഉച്ചിതായവർ റൂപഖലപ്രതാപാദികളെ- പ്രം വാഴ്ത്തിക്കൊണ്ട് “വലജലയേ! രാജൻ! അവിടത്തെ മഹിമയെന്നോ! പെത്തുകടൽകുടി- യവിതക്കം വേദാജ്ഞതയുണ്ടാവാം.”
3. പറത്തതില്ലതിനോരുത്തരവുമെന്നാലും ചുരിത്തുടന്ന കടലോടിത്തരം കമ്പിച്ച് “അടക്കായും കിഞ്ഞവരിട്ടം മഹോദയേ! തവ ജല- മകരുക റൂപതി ഞോൻ കല്പിച്ചീടുന്നും.”
4. എക്കിലുമണ്ണത്തിട്ടുണ്ടും മനോഭ്രംഖതനുണ്ടും ആലം പ്രകിയന്നരകാണ്ട് വേദയ്ക്കിരുട്ടുണ്ടും, പത്തതുയൻ്റെള്ളുണ്ടും തിരുമാല, തന്ത്രോധനത്തിൽ ക്ഷുണ്ടിയവചരണത്തുകളില്ലിട്ടിക്കുന്നു.
5. അനന്തരം തിരിത്തു തന്റേവക്കരുട്ടുവെയ്ക്കു ഇന്പതി “വിണ്ടം മമ ശ്രൂതികൾക്കിത്തും സൂതിവചനങ്ങൾക്കുവാദം മാറ്റുവെന്നോ! പാം- മിത്രവീക്കട്ട നിജാദംക്കും മകാരയുണ്ടും.
6. അരചക്കുമരചനായവകക്കളിലുക്കമാനം നിരന്തരമാരത്തനുണ്ടാവാം നിവിലാധികാരങ്ങൾക്കം ശക്തികൾക്കം പ്രളവാരം- നിഗമമുത്തിയേ മാത്രം ഒക്കുള്ളിട്ടുവിന്നു.

* അംഗീകിംഗനിന്നും രംഗപ്പുട്ടന്തിയതു്.

7. അവന്തേ ധരിതിനന്നടിക്കള്ളു പാവിയത്തു-
മവന്തേ ഭരിപ്പതീയപദമാഴി,
അതിക്രമിക്കയെതനനായ് നിജലിവ്യന്യനംകൊ-
നഭവന്തേയതിനു സ്ഥാതിരിട്ടും.”
8. അന്നമുതലാന്നരേഞ്ച് മണിമയമകടത്തത-
തനന്നുടെ തലയിലേതുമണിഞ്ഞിപ്പില്ലതെ
“ദ്രോജ്യനാകം ചിന്യനാഴിത്തു കിരീടമണിവാൻ
യോഗ്യനായിട്ടുമില്ല” നാവനരച്ച.

ശ്രദ്ധം.

ങ്ങ വിള്ളാരംഭി:—കവനക്കുമ്പി ഇല്ലാതായതു മലയാളികൾക്കു വലിയോര നഷ്ടം
തനെ. എത്രയെത ബംബകവികൾ അതിനെ ആരുത്തിച്ചു കവികളുംയി
തതിന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്.

മരറയാമി:—അതിനെന്ത ? സാമുതിരിക്കേണ്ണേജ് മാസികയില്ല ?

മാറ്റി ലുഡോ!

I

പുത്തനാംപാറിഷ്ടാരലുംബും നടക്കുള്ളിൽ
കത്തുന കാമാസക്കിക്കാണോടിനടന്നിടം,
വിത്തമോഹനമാക്കം വേഷ്യാടിയും വാക്കി-
ഭത്തുസാരസ്വതം നിറയും “വിജയനിൽ,”
കണ്ണതിലും വേരെയോന്നമേയുണ്ടായ-
ഡിഡാക്കം വ്യമരയെന്നു കരാമയ് “മൃണംഖിനി”
സുന്തമാം പ്രഭത്തതിൽ പക്ഷികൾനാംജോടിക-
ളേളുന തുഡാന്തരം മാതമായ് കണ്ണക്കുള്ളിവരം;
നിത്യം പ്രണയമോടെന്തും കപോലത്തിൽ
ചിത്രമാംവിധം തുടക്കുറിട്ടംട്ടിൽ സുത്തൻ,
ചുംബിച്ച തക്കലേപമത്തിൻ ദാർശ്യത്തെ വെളിവാക്ക-
മമഹാപ്രമാഖ്യായമാന്നതാൻ ദർമ്മച്ചവരം;
കണ്ണതിലും കാമുസഗ്രിതം പോഴിച്ചുണ്ടും
വണ്ണകളോരോ എഴുംതോരും പോയിരിപ്പതും;
കംബത്താപുച്ചാരയേ വരിച്ചിട്ടുംവെന്നാൽ
വാങ്ങീസക്കന്നായി സ്ഥാപ്തനക്കൊള്ളിപ്പതും !!

II

“പട്ടണപ്രദേശത്തിലുള്ള ജീവിതംതനി-
ത്തിമം—അവിടത്തിൽ കൊള്ളില്ല വസിക്കുവാൻ”
ഇത്തരം വുമാ വാക്കുൽ പഴിച്ചുനാക്കുമാ-
ഥത്തമന്നാളിൻപുറത്തത്തിയാ യുവാവുപോയ്
സംഖ്യവാം തുഷീവലക്കുകയൊരുത്തിയെ—
സാരമാം സെസംഗ്രംത്തിൻസന്നാനസുവല്ലിയെ—
തന്നെവാക്കാൽ, പെരുമാറത്താൽ, വാദാനത്താൽ
നിംഗ്യോദ്ധരമനവൻ പ്രേമഭക്താക്കാമന്നായ്
ഉന്നിച്ചാ നെന്മല്ലത്തിൻമംഗലപ്രതിമയെ—
പിന്നു നേരനെന്നേതെല്ലാ—താഴീ മാ! തമിസ്യത്തിൽ.