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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> | March 1933 | March 1934 | March 1935 | March 1936 | Present Strength. |
|------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|----------------------|
| 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 groove 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

Magazines :

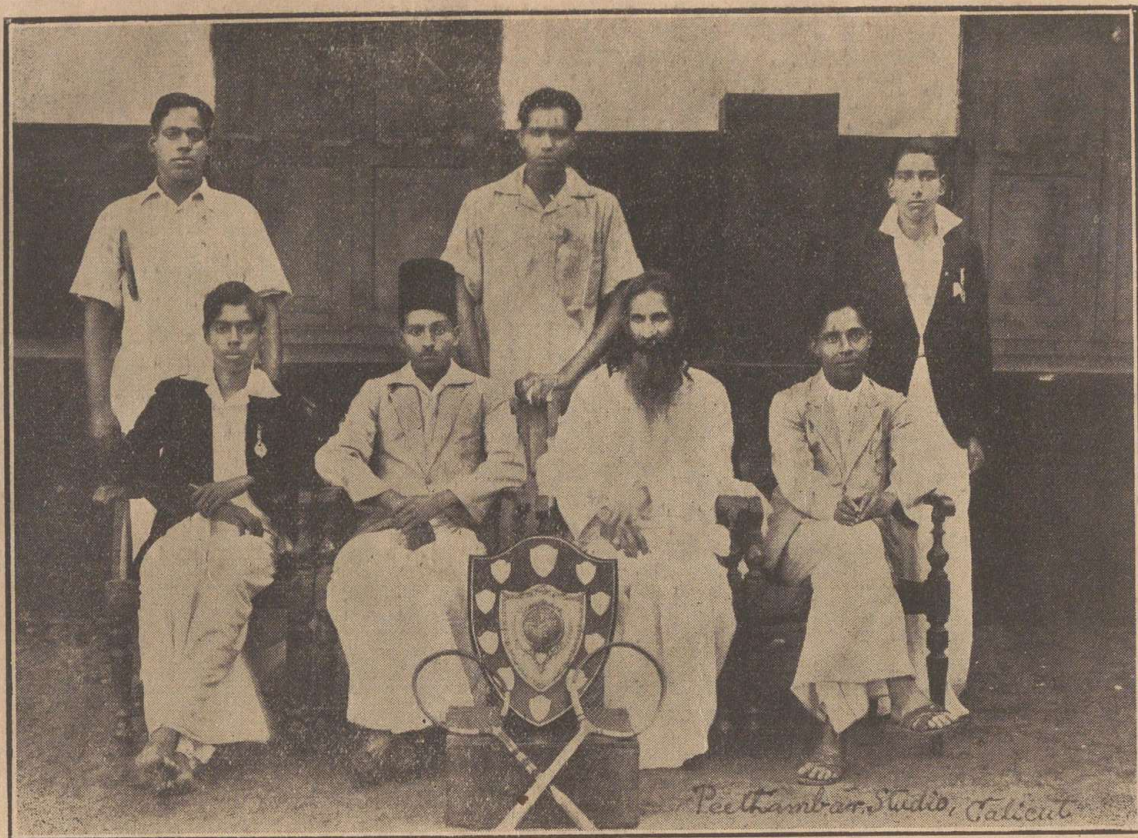
Foreign

Indian

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 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' requisities 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.

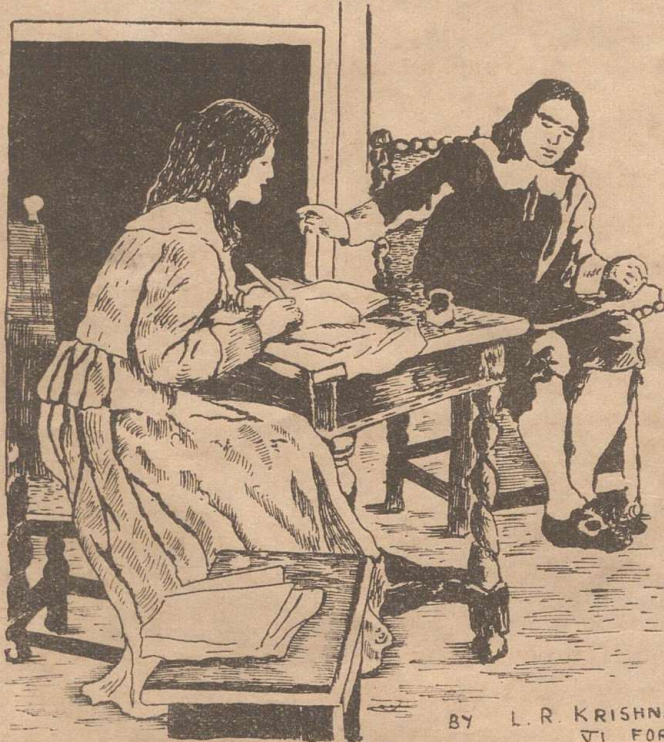
I am sorry to find from the Principal's report that the college hostel is not being utilised by the students to the full extent. The hostel is a most important thing and must be kept in excellent order and should attract students. If it is unpopular, there must be some cause for it which the staff should 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 *slokas* in the *Raghuvamsa*, canto iv :

Vinitadhava sramastasya Sindhutira vicheshtanaih
Dadhuvurrajina 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 abhyadhigamat 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 Kshapanako Marasimha Sanku
Vetalabhatta Khatakarpara Kalidasah !
Khyato Varahamihira nrpatessa bhayam
Ratnani vai Vararuchirava Vikramasya.

"Dhanvantari, Kshapanaka, Amarasimha, Sanku, Vetalabhatta, Khatakarpara, 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 *Kaumudimahotsava* 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 or 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 *Sindhus* 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 *swayamivara* 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 lorded over by them. Kanchi which has had an unbroken history since Kumara 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.
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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 query, 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 merri-ment 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.

P. SUBRAMANIAN,
(Sixth Form.)

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 Penseroso*?” 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 fashion 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 an 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 Scot-free, and poor Ralph Darrel, an innocent gentelman, would have got into very serious trouble. However, in the end, Justice 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 Sri-rangam, 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 pitiable 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, briming 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 one 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.

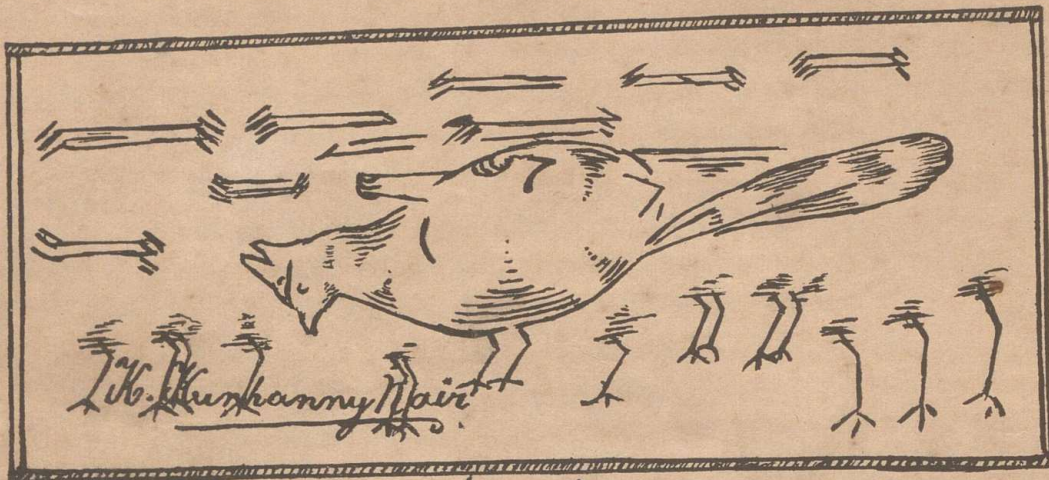
Only three meetings were held in this term. At the first meeting, Professor V. P. Joshi M. A., of the Arya Samaj, addressed the house on "*A living faith in God.*" He spoke, earnestly and with conviction, on the supreme directing Force of the Universe, and the necessity to believe in It.

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.

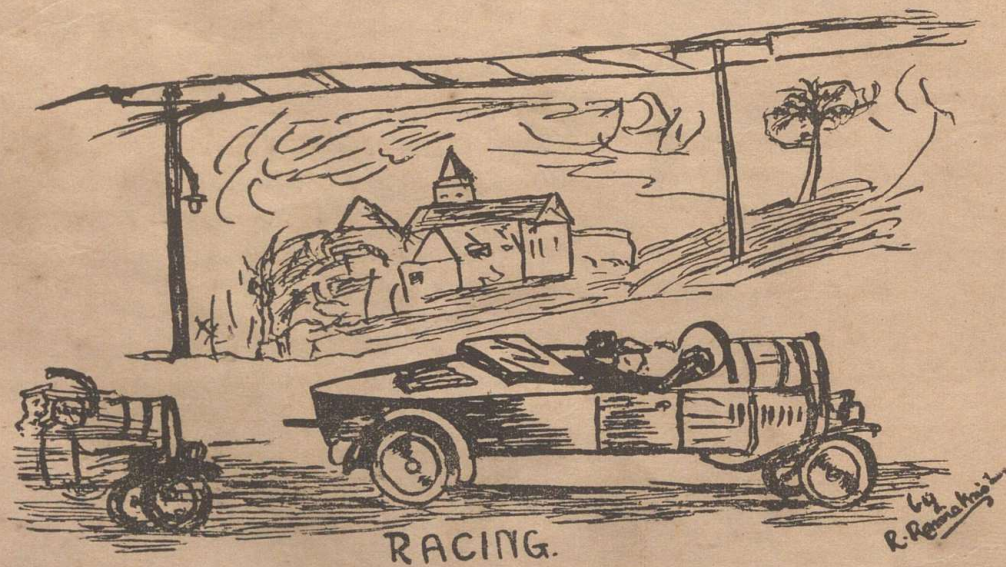
The year began with the inaugural address delivered by the great poet of Kerala, Mahakavi Vallathol, and ended with an address by one of the greatest prose-writers of Malabar. We have the supreme satisfaction of having done very useful work during the year, and our success was largely owing to the kindness 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?



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

K. Ramachandra Menon

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

Junior Intermediate

A. Narayanaswami

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

Sixth Form

P. Subramanian

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

Malayalam Essay

Senior Intermediate

M. Vasudevan Nair

Donor : Mr. E. Narayanan Nair.

Junior Intermediate

K. P. Ramunni Menon

(Donor : Mrs. C. Gopalan Nair.)

Sixth Form

V. Gopala Menon

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

English Elocution

Senior Intermediate

M. Vasudevan Nair

(Barlow Prize)

Junior Intermediate

M. Narayanan Nambudiripad

(Donor Mr. V. K. Eradi)

Sixth Form

P. Subramanian

(Donor : Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon)

Malayalam Elocution.

Senior Intermediate

M. Vasudevan Nair

(Donor : Mr. E. Narayanan Nair)

Junior Intermediate

M. Narayanan Nambudiripad

(Donor : Mr. V. K. Eradi)

Malayalam Elocution

Sixth Form

E. Ahammed Koya

(Donor : Mrs. C. Gopalan Nair)

English Essay on

Life Assurance

Junior Intermediate

A. Narayanaswamy

(Donor: Mr. B. S. Shenoy)

Malayalam Versification

Senior Intermediate

V. M. Govindankutti Menon

(Donor: Mr. T. M. Kovunni Nedungadi in memory of Vidwan Kovunni Nedungadi)

Mathematics

Senior Intermediate

S. Rangarajan

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

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|--|---|
| 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>) |
| <i>Sanskrit</i> | |
| Senior Intermediate | S. Rangarajan (<i>Donor: Mr. Kollengode P. Gopalan Nair</i>) |
| Junior Intermediate | A. Narayanaswami (<i>Donor: Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon</i>) |
| <i>Hindi and Santkrit</i> | T. V. Anantaraman (<i>The College Literary Association Prize</i>) |
| Junior Intermediate | |
| <i>Physics</i> | |
| Senior Intermediate (1935—36) | P. Narayana Menon (<i>Donor: Mr. M. Rajangam Iyer</i>) |
| <i>Chemistry</i> | |
| Sixth Form (1935—36) | P. V. Damodara Menon (<i>Donor: Mr. P. K. Sreeveerarayan Raja</i>) |
| <i>Good Conduct</i> | |
| Senior Intermediate | D. Sankaran Nambudiripad. (<i>Sreeveerarayan Raja Prize.</i>) |
| 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>) |
| <i>Proficiency in History</i> | K. Muhammad Naha. <i>Donor: Mr. A. K. T. K. M. Guptan</i> |
| Senior Intermediate | Nambudiripad |
| <i>Essay on Civics and Citizenship</i> | |
| Senior Intermediate | K. Ramachandra Menon (<i>Donor: Mrs. P. Madhava Menon in memory of Mr. C. V. Narayana Menon</i>) |
| <i>Drawing</i> | |
| 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)

Games.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| Girls | { | 1. Devi Kunnanath |
| | | 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 |
| Captain Ball | | |
| 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 | { | 1. K. Balakrishnan |
| Third Form | | 2. S. W. Stephen |
| Badminton | { | 1. P. K. Karunakara Menon |
| Third Form | | 2. V. N. Venkatakrishnan |
| Ring-tennis | | |
| Third Form | | |

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. Ravunnikutty Nair
3. L. A. Ramachandran
4. Sankaran Kutty Menon
5. C. V. Rajan
6. S. V. Govindaswamy
7. L. K. Balasubramanian

Hockey
Sixth

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. Kunhianujan Raja
8. K. E. Ramachandran
9. M. Muhammad

Badminton

Sixth Form

Ring Tennis (Doubles)

Senior Intermediate

Ring tennis (singles)

Special Prize For Football

Special Prize for Basket ball

Special Prize for Hockey

Special Prize for Volley Ball

Special Prize for Tennis

{ 1. S. V. Govindaswamy

{ 2. P. P. Krishna Iyyar

{ 1. A. Venugopalan Nair

{ 2. M. Vasudevan Nair

1. M. Vasudevan Nair

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)

C. V. Rajam

Donor: Mr. R. Ganapathy

1. G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.)

(Donor: Mr. A. K. Sivaramakrishnan)

C. Bhaskara Menon (S. Inter. Cl.)

(Donor: Mr. P. Gopalan Nambiar.)

S. V. Govindaswamy (Sixth Form)

(Donor: Mr. K. Vasudevan)

SPORTS.

Girls. 75 yards

Seniors

Juniors

Candle Race

Seniors

Juniors

Skiping the Rope

Seniors

Juniors

Sub-Juniors

Thread and Needle

Sub-Juniors

Musical Chairs

Sub-Juniors

Three pillars

Tug of War

P. V. Lalitha (Second Form)

P. S. Chellam (Fifth Class)

V. Meenakshi Kutty (IV Form)

S. Alamelu (First Form)

T. Padmavathy (Jr. Intermediate)

K. Thankam (Fifth Class)

G. P. Lalitha (First Form)

K. Rugmini (Third Class)

G. P. Lalitha (First Form)

P. V. Lalitha (Second Form)

{ 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. Kourudi Devi

{ 9. V. Meenakshi Kutty

Boys Sub-Juniors

75 Yds

*Three-Legged Race**Juniors*

75 Yds

*Potato Race**Egg & Spoon Race**Wheel Barrow Race**Candle Race**Eating the Loaf**Problem Race**Musical Chairs For Children**Juniors*

50 Yds. Dash

100 Yds. Dash

220 Yds.

440 Yds.

*Hurdles**Chatty Race**Three-legged Race**High Jump**Long Jump**Pole Vault**Hop, Step and Jump**Throwing the Cricket ball**Kicking the Football**Relay Race**Seniors*

50 Yds. Dash

100 Yds. Dash

220 Yds.

440 Yds.

880 Yds.

*Hurdles**Chatty Race**Three-legged Race*

A. K. Sreedharan (Second Form)

K. P. Vasudevan (Third Form)

V. Sreekumaran (Third Form)

K. K. Sundara Rajan (First Form)

V. K. Ramachandran (Third Form)

S. S. Krishna Rao (First Form)

V. R. Parameswaran and (First
Abdul Sathar Shah (Form)

T. S. Ranganathan (Fifth Class)

T. Narayanan Kuiti Nair (Fourth
Class)

P. J. Subramanian (First Form)

R. Ramachandran (Second Class)

T. Govindan (Fifth Form)

T. Govindan do.

T. Govindan do.

C. N. Balakrishnan (Fifth Form)

C. V. Venkiteswaran do.

C. V. Venkiteswaran do.

1. A. Sankaranarayanan Nair) Fifth

2. C. Karunakaran Nair) Form)

T. Govindan (Fifth Form)

C. V. Venkiteswaran (Fifth Form)

P. K. Seshadrinathan (Sixth Form)

K. V. Ramakrishnan (Fourth Form)

K. P. Gopalakrishnan (Fourth Form)

U. Gopalankutty Menon

(Fourth Form)

1. C. V. Venkiteswaran

2. T. Govindan

3. C. N. Balakrishnan

4. O. V. Raju

G. K. Balakrishnan Fair (J. I.)

K. Ravunnikutty Nair

(Sixth Form)

G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.)

G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.)

P. K. Achuthan (S. I.)

P. Subramanian (J. I.)

K. Kesavan Nair (S. I.)

{ G. K. Balakrishnan Nair (J. I.) and

{ P. Subramanian (J. I.)

High Jump
Long Jump
Pole Vault
Hop, Step and Jump
Shot Put
Throwing the Cricket ball
Kicking the Football
Cycle Slow Race
Relay Race

C. Bhaskara Menon (S. I.)
A. Venugopalan Nair (S. I.)
C. V. Rajam, (Fourth Form)
P. K. Perumal. (Fourth Form)
K. Ravunnikutty Nair (Sixth Form)
K. Ravunukutty Nair do.
K. Ravunnikutty Nair do.
A. Karthikeyan. (Fourth Form)
{ 1. K. Kesavan Nair
2. M. Vasudevan Nair
3. A. Venugopalan Nair
4. P. K. Achuthan

Tug of War

{ 1. K. Ravunnikutty Nair
2. L. A. Ramachandran
3. P. P. Krishna Iyer
4. M. V. Subramanian
5. M. A. Sekharan
6. P. Subramanian
P. K. Perumal

Sixth Form

Donor : Rao Bahadur T. M. K. Nedungadi.

Championship Cup

Scouts

Donor : Rao Bahadur P. K. Wariar.

Old Boys

220 Yds.

Long Jump

P. M. Krishnan

P. M. Krishnan

{ P. M. Krishnan
P. Govinda Menon
P. Govinda Menon
V. Kesava Menon
V. Konthunni Menon
K. Vincent
T. K. Damodaran Nair
K. Kumaran

Tug of War

Football

Old boys Vs. present Boys

Winners Old Boys

{ 1. P. M. Krishnan (Captain)
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

Winners in the Inter-collegiate
Football Tournament—

(Mangalore Zone)

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)
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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. Chithra-bhanu 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.

Zamorin's College,
13th March 1937.)

A. V. KUTTIKRISHNA MENON.

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 communique 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 mongering 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 initial 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.

* * * *

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 bureaucray 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 extant 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.

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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 them 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.

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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 beimial 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 emergy 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.



EXCHANGES.

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

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

(തുടർച്ച.)

“ഓമസവാദോനാമദശമി ആകാരേമി ഓമസതി. ജാതയാപി നാമേന പി, ശോത്തേനപി, കമ്മേനപി, സിപ്പേനപി..... ജാതിനാമ, ഭേദജാതയൊ മിനാമജാതി, ഉക്കട്റാമ ജാതി. മിനാനാമജാതി ചണ്ഡാലജാതി, വേണജാ തി, രഥകാരജാതി, പുകസജാതി, ഏസാമീനാനാമജാതി, ഉക്കട്റാനാമജാതി വത്തിയജാതി, ബ്രാഹ്മണജാതി ഏസാ ഉക്കട്റാനാമജാതി....

“സിപ്പുനാമ, ഭേദസിപ്പാനി, മിന തുസിപ്പു, ഉക്കട്റം ചസിപ്പു, മി നന്നാമസിപ്പു നലകാരസിപ്പു, കാരകാരസിപ്പു, പേസകാരസിപ്പു, ചമ്മകാര സിപ്പു, നഹാപിതസിപ്പു, തേസു, തേസുവാ പനജനപദേസു ഓഞ്ഞാത്തം, അവ ണ്താത്തം, മീലുതം പരിഭൂതം, അചിത്തികതം, എതംമീനം നാമസിപ്പു, ഉക്കട്റം നാമസിപ്പു മുദ്രാ, ഗണനാ, ലേഖാ തേസു തേസുവാ പനജനപദേസു അനോഞ്ഞാ തം, അനവഞ്താത്തം, അമീലുതം, അപരിഭൂതം, ചിത്തികതം എതം ഉക്കട്റന്നാ മസിപ്പു” ഇതാണ് വിനയപിടകത്തിലെ ഭാഷ.

മേൽ എഴുതിയ ഉദാഹരണത്തിൽനിന്നും പാലിഭാഷയുടെ സ്വഭാവം വാ യിക്കുന്നവക്ക് ഗ്രഹിപ്പാൻ കഴിയുന്നതാണ്. ഈ ഭാഷ സംസ്കൃതത്തിന്റെ അഥ വാ വൈദികഭാഷയുടെ അപഭ്രംശമാണെന്ന് സ്പഷ്ടമാണ്. എന്നാൽ ഈ ഭാഷക്കു പാലി എന്ന പേർ ഉണ്ടാവാൻ കാരണമെന്തെന്ന് ചിലർ ചിന്തിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. ചില യൂറോപ്യൻ പണ്ഡിതന്മാർ “പ്രാകൃത” എന്ന വാക്കിന് പലേ മററങ്ങളും വന്ന് ഇങ്ങിനെ പാലി എന്നായതാണെന്നു പറയുന്നു. മറ്റു ചിലർ “പ്രാലേയ” എ ന്ന വാക്കിന്റെ അപഭ്രംശമാണെന്നു പറയുന്നു. ക്രിഷ്ണമായ ഈ വഴികൾ രണ്ടും അസംഭവ്യമാണ്. “കണ്ണസ്യ ലളിതാപാലിഃ” എന്ന ശാശ്വതകോശത്തിൽ കാണു ന്നതുകൊണ്ട് കർണ്ണസ്യലമായ ഭാഷ എന്നർത്ഥത്തിൽ പാലി എന്ന പേർ കൊടു ത്തതായിരിക്കാം. പിന്നെ ആദ്യത്തെ ഭാഷയാണെന്നർത്ഥത്തിൽ മിന്ദിയിൽ ‘പഹ് ലി’ ഭാഷ എന്ന പറഞ്ഞത് പാലിയായിത്തീർന്നതായിരിക്കാം. പഹ്ലി എന്ന വാക്ക് ഉച്ചാരണത്തിൽ ‘പാലി’ ആകുന്നതു വളരെ സാധാരണമാണ്. ആദ്യത്തെ പ്രാകൃത ഭാഷ പാലിയുമാണ്. പക്ഷെ ഭാഷാപണ്ഡിതന്മാരാരും ഈ അർത്ഥം പറഞ്ഞുകാ ണുന്നില്ല. ഭാഷാപ്രാമാണികന്മാർ പറഞ്ഞിട്ടുണ്ടോ എന്നറയുന്നതുമില്ല. ഇനി പാ

ലിയിലും, പ്രാകൃതത്തിലും, ഉള്ള സംസ്കൃതപദങ്ങൾക്കുള്ള ഭേദങ്ങളെ കാണിപ്പാൻ ചില ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളെ ഇവിടെ കൊടുക്കാം,

| | | |
|-------------|---------------|----------|
| സംസ്കൃതം | പാലി | പ്രാകൃതം |
| വധുഃ | വധു | വഹു |
| അഗ്നി | അഗ്നി | അഗ്നി |
| അത്ഥ | അത്ഥ | അത്ഥ |
| പ്രിയ | പിയ | പിയ |
| രൂക്ഷഃ | രൂഖോ | രൂഖോ |
| മുഖം | മുഖം | മുഹം |
| ഏക | ഏക്ക | ഏക്ക |
| ഏവം | ഏവ്വം | ജ്വ്വം |
| മൈത്ര | മെത്ത | മേത്ത |
| ശത്രു | സെജ്ജ | സെജ്ജ |
| ഉപാദ്ധ്യായ | ഉപാജ്ജായ | ഉപാജ്ജായ |
| ആചാര്യ | ആചാരിയ (ആചേര) | ആചേര |
| ഭിക്ഷു | ബിക്ഷ | ബിക്ഷ |
| നൈസർഗ്ഗിക | നിസർഗ്ഗിക | — |
| പ്രായശ്ചിതഃ | പാച്ചിത്ത | — |

മേൽകാണിച്ച ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളെക്കൊണ്ട് ഇപ്പോൾക്കാണുന്ന പ്രാകൃത ഭാഷകളും, നാട്ടുഭാഷകളും (ദ്രാവിഡഭാഷകളെ ഒഴിച്ച്) സംസ്കൃതത്തിൽനിന്ന് ഉണ്ടായവകളാണെന്ന വ്യക്തമാകുന്നുണ്ട് എന്നാൽ വൈദികഭാഷയായ സംസ്കൃതം ഏതൊരു ഭാഷയെ സംസ്കരിച്ചുണ്ടാക്കിയതാണെന്ന വ്യക്തമാകുന്നതുമില്ല. അധികം രൂപഭേദങ്ങളും, വ്യാകരണസംബന്ധമായ വൈഷമ്യങ്ങളും, പ്രയോഗങ്ങളും ഉള്ള സംസ്കൃതഭാഷ പുരാതനകാലത്തുണ്ടായിരുന്ന മനുഷ്യസംസ്കാരത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ലിംഗമായുമിരിക്കുന്നു. സംസ്കരിച്ച ഭാഷകളിൽനിന്ന് അപഭ്രംശവഴിയിൽ പ്രാകൃതങ്ങളുണ്ടാകുന്നതെങ്ങിനെയെന്ന് ഈ ലേഖനംകൊണ്ട് അറിവാൻ കഴിയുന്നതാണ്. ഭാഷാവിഷയത്തിൽ ഗവേഷണം ചെയ്താൻ സാധിക്കാതിരിക്കുന്നവക്ക് ഈ ലേഖനം ഒരു പുതിയ ജ്ഞാനമുണ്ടാക്കുമെന്നു വിശ്വസിച്ചു ഞാൻ വിരമിക്കുന്നു.

കോങ്ങോട്ട് കൃഷ്ണൻനായർ,

ഗർവശമനം .

ഹരിതൻ തുണകൊണ്ടു പാണ്ഡവന്മാർ
കുരുവാശം മുഴുവൻ മുടിച്ചശേഷം
ഭരതോച്ചിഭരിച്ചു നീതിപൂർവ്വം
ചിരകാലം സുഖമായ് വസിച്ചുപോന്നു.

1.

നിജബാഹുബലം നിനച്ചു ഗർവ്വം
വിജയനുള്ളിലുദിക്കയാലൊരിക്കൽ
പരപുരുഷനോത്തനിശ്ചയിച്ചാ-
നത്രനീക്കാനതകന്ന മാഗ്ദമേകം.

2.

ഒരനാളവരൊത്തു വാസുദേവൻ
പരിചോടൊക്കെയും കുന്നുകേറി മോദാൽ
നിരവളവനാന്തഭംഗിനോക്കി-
ക്കരളം കണ്ണമുടൻ കളിത്തുവാണാൻ.

3.

പുരുകാന്തിയെഴും മുകൾരൂപം
ഗിരിരാജോപരിലാലസിച്ചിരിക്കെ
അരിശം കുരുതിട്ടിനേശനപ്പോൾ
ഗഗനംവിട്ടു മറഞ്ഞിതാഴിതന്നിൽ.

4.

അനിലൻ പല പുഷ്പവാടി തേടി-
പ്പതുനസൗരഭ്യഭരം കവൻ ഗ്രാമം
അതുകണ്ടു, വിരിഞ്ഞപുഷ്പജാലം
തലയാട്ടിപ്പലപേജു കാട്ടിനിന്നു.

5.

പവമാന, നടുത്തുകണ്ടു കണ്ണൻ-
തിരുമേനിക്കു മനം കളിക്കുമാറായ്,
നിജതസ്സരവൃത്തി മുടിവെപ്പാൻ
പുരുഭക്ത്യാ പരിചയ്ക്കുവെക്കുന്നു.

6.

പല നമ്മമുച്ച കൃഷ്ണൻ തൻ-
സഖിയും പാർവ്വതമൊട്ടുചെന്നേരും
ഒരു വൃദ്ധപതംഗമങ്ങിരിക്ക-
ന്നതുകണ്ടായവരൊട്ടു സംഭവിച്ചു.

7.

പുതുപുഞ്ചിരിപൂണ്ടു വാസുദേവൻ
പരിപൂർണ്ണിച്ചു മുദസപരത്തിലേവം,
“അശനാശവെടിഞ്ഞിവണ്ണമെന്നേ
മരണം പാർത്തിഹ ഹന്ത ! വാണിടുന്നു?”

8.

വിനയാനപിതനായ് പതംഗമപ്പോ-
ളമൊചെന്നാ, “നയി ! കൃഷ്ണ ! ഭീനബന്ധോ !
ഭൂവിരഘവരാവണാഹവത്തിൻ
നിണമിപ്പുറുതമാൻവന്നകാലം,

9.

സുഖമായ് നിവസിച്ചു, ചോരതന്നിൽ
പലമട്ടനു കളുതമിതജാലം
സരസം കളിയാടിവാണു, ചീയും
ശവമന്നെതളുജിച്ചു തൃപ്തിനേടി.

10.

(യുഗംകം)

ധൂതരാജുജരോടു പാണ്ഡവന്മാ-
രൊരുലോരഹവമത്ര ചെയ്തിടുംപോൽ
അതുകാത്തുടലും ധരിച്ചുവാനേൻ
ചിരകാലം കരുണാനിധേ ! കൃപാത്മൻ !”

11.

ഇതുകേട്ടുടൻതരം പറഞ്ഞാൻ
വസുദേവാത്മജ—“നൈതുപിതമോർത്താൽ
ഭൂവിഭാരതയുദ്ധവും വിശേഷാൽ
കുരുവംശസ്ഥിതിയും പരംകഴിഞ്ഞു.

12.

കലവില്ലമെടുത്തുതുനില്ക്കും
മമപാർവ്വതൻ പലവിക്രമങ്ങളുകൊട്ടി;
നരപാലകമൗലി ധർമ്മപുത്രൻ
പരമീനാടുഭരിച്ചു വാണിടുന്നു.

13.

“അയി ! കൃഷ്ണ ! ഭവാനിതെന്തുചാൽവു
നിണമില്ലാത്തൊരുയുദ്ധമോ ? വിചിത്രം !
അണികാർമ്മുകമേന്തുമീ മഹാനോ
രണത്തുരൻ ? തവമായമോ നിനച്ചാൽ ? ”

14.

ഇതിശാന്തമുറച്ചു പക്ഷിയപ്പോൾ
ഗഗനംതന്നിലുടൻ പറന്നുമെല്ലെ ;
ദുരഹംകൃതിയുള്ളിലുള്ളതെല്ലാം
തരസാ വിട്ടു കിരീടി വന്ദ്യശീലൻ.

15.

വി. എം. ഗോവിന്ദൻകുട്ടിമേനോൻ
സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.



അനുകരണദ്രമത്തിന്റെ അനന്തരഫലം.

ഹസൈൻ തന്റെ പ്രാഥമികവിദ്യാഭ്യാസം പൂർത്തിയാക്കിയതു സ്വന്തം ഗ്രാമത്തിലുള്ള ഒരു ബോർഡ് സ്കൂളിൽവെച്ചായിരുന്നു. അവിടം ഒരു കുഗ്രാമമായിരുന്നതിനാൽ പട്ടണപ്പരിഷ്കാരത്തിനൊന്നും പ്രവേശം ലഭിച്ചിരുന്നില്ല. തന്നിമിത്തം ഹസൈൻ നാടൻമട്ടിൽത്തന്നെ തന്റെ ജീവിതം കഴിച്ചുവന്നു. ഹസൈന്റെ കുടുംബത്തിൽ രണ്ടുമൂവായിരം ഉറപ്പികയുടെ സ്വത്തുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. എങ്ങനെയെങ്കിലും തന്റെ മകൻ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം ചെയ്തു ഒരുയന്ത് ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥനായിത്തീരട്ടെ എന്നു വിചാരിച്ച അയാളുടെ പിതാവു, അബ്ദുൽഖാദിം, മകനെ അടുത്ത പട്ടണത്തിലുള്ള ഫൈസ്കൂളിൽ കൊണ്ടുപോയി ചേർത്തു.

ഹസൈൻ പട്ടണത്തിൽ കുറച്ചുകാലം താമസിച്ചതോടുകൂടി അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മട്ടൊക്കെ മാറി. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സഹപാഠികളായി ധനവാന്മാരായ പല കുട്ടികളും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അവർ യൂറോപ്യൻ സമ്പ്രദായത്തിലുള്ള വേഷം ധരിച്ചാണ് സ്കൂളിലേക്കു വന്നിരുന്നത്. ജടക്കയിലൊ കാഠിലൊ അല്ലാത്ത അവർ സ്കൂളിൽനിന്നു വീട്ടിലേക്കു പോവുകയില്ല. ദിവസേന സിനിമാഹാളിലും ഹോട്ടലുകളിലുമായി വളരെ പണം അവർ ചെലവഴിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു.

ഹസൈൻ ഇതെല്ലാം കണ്ടു, തന്റെ തറവാട്ടിലെ ധനസ്ഥിതിയൊ ഇത്തരം പ്രവൃത്തികളുടെ അനാശാസ്യതയൊ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ചിന്തക്കു വിഷയമായില്ല. തന്റെ സഹപാഠികൾ 'സൂട്ടും കോട്ട്'മായി വരുമ്പോൾ താൻ വെറും ഒരു മുണ്ടും ഷർട്ടുമായി ക്ലാസ്സിൽ വരുന്നതു പോരായ്മയാണെന്നു അയാൾക്കു തോന്നി. തന്റെ സ്നേഹിതന്മാർ തങ്ങളുടെ സമയം സിനിമാശാലകളിലും മറ്റുമായി കഴിച്ചു കൂട്ടുമ്പോൾ താൻ മാത്രം തന്റെ മുറിയിൽ പുസ്തകപാരായണം ചെയ്യുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതിന്റെ ഒരുചിത്രം അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്നു മനസ്സിലായില്ല. പഠിച്ചു വലിയ ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥനായിത്തീരേണ്ട താൻ ഇത്ര എളിയ നിലയിലുള്ള ഒരു ജീവിതം നയിക്കുകയൊ? ഈ വിധം നടക്കുന്നതന്നെ ആർ സ്നേഹിതനായി ഗണിക്കും? തനിക്കും തന്റെ സഹപാഠികളെപ്പോലെയൊക്കെ ആയിത്തീരേണമെന്നു അയാൾ തീർച്ചപ്പെടുത്തി.

തനിക്ക് പഠിപ്പിന്നു കുറേയധികം പണം ആവശ്യമുണ്ടെന്നും അതുകൊണ്ടു മേലാൽ കൂടുതൽ സംഖ്യ അയക്കേണമെന്നും വീട്ടിലേക്കുഴുതി. വീട്ടിൽ നിത്യവൃത്തി കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടുന്നതുതന്നെ വളരെ ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടിട്ടായിരുന്നു. എങ്ങനെയെങ്കിലും തന്റെ മകൻ പഠിച്ചു ഒരു ഡിസ്ട്രിക്ട് ജഡ്ജിയൊ മറ്റൊ ആയിത്തീരട്ടെ എന്നു

കരുതി അയാളുടെ പിതാവ് പണം കടം വാങ്ങിയെങ്കിലും മകനായപ്പുകൊടുത്തു കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു.

ഹുറസൻ ഒരു യൂറോപ്യൻ ധാരയുടെ മട്ടിൽ സ്കൂളിൽ പോയിത്തുടങ്ങി. തന്റെ ഒഴിവുസമയമധികവും സിനിമാഹാളിലും നാടകശാലകളിലുമായി അദ്ദേഹം കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടി. പഠിപ്പിൽ ശ്രദ്ധിക്കുവാൻ അയാൾക്കു സമയമില്ലാതായി. അങ്ങനെ രണ്ടുമൂന്നു കൊല്ലം ധൂർത്തിച്ചു നടന്നു. അയാൾ എന്തിന്നു മടിക്കണം? കടം വാങ്ങിയിട്ടാണെങ്കിലും, തന്നിക്കാവശ്യമുള്ളതു പണം വീട്ടിൽനിന്നു അയച്ചുതരുന്നില്ല; അച്ഛൻ പെടുന്ന പാട് അച്ഛനപ്പേ അറിയുകയുള്ളു.

എന്തിനേറെ പറയുന്നു. (കൊല്ലം രണ്ടുമൂന്നായി) എസ്സ്. എസ്സ്. എൽ. സി. പരീക്ഷയും കഴിഞ്ഞു. ഇനി പരീക്ഷാഫലം അറിഞ്ഞിട്ടു മകന് വല്ല ഉദ്യോഗവും വാങ്ങിക്കൊടുക്കണമെന്നു അബ്ദുൽഖരീം വിചാരിച്ചു. എന്നാൽ പരീക്ഷാഫലം അവർക്കുശയ്യയുണ്ടാകുന്ന തരത്തിലായിരുന്നില്ല. എങ്കിലും, വല്ല പണിയും കിട്ടിയെങ്കിൽ അവനെക്കൊണ്ടുള്ള ശല്യമെങ്കിലും തീരുമല്ലോ എന്നു ആ സാധു പിതാവ് വിചാരിച്ചു അതിന്നായി പല സ്ഥലത്തും പാഞ്ഞു നോക്കിയെങ്കിലും ഒന്നും ഫലപ്പെട്ടില്ല. മകന്റെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസസമൂഹം, മുമ്പായിരത്തോളം ഉറപ്പികയുടെ സ്വത്തു മാത്രമുണ്ടായിരുന്ന തറവാട്ടിൽ നാലായിരത്തിലധികം ഉറപ്പിക കടമായി. എന്നാൽ അതുകൊണ്ടുമായില്ല. ഹുറസനു വീട്ടിലും യൂറോപ്യൻമട്ടിൽതന്നെ ജീവിതം നയിക്കണം. ആ സാധു മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാർ അതിന്നു വേണ്ടുന്ന പണം അവനെന്നങ്ങനെ കൊടുക്കും. പണം കൊടുക്കാതിരുന്നാൽ അവൻ മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാരെ ശകാരിക്കും. വീട്ടിൽ കണ്ടതൊക്കെ എടുത്തു വിറ്റു തന്റെ ഇഷ്ടംപോലെ പ്രവർത്തിക്കാൻ തുടങ്ങി. മകനെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം ചെയ്യിക്കാനൊരുങ്ങിയതിൽ മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാർ പശ്ചാത്തപിച്ചു. ഇതാണു ആധുനിക വിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തിന്റെ ഫലമെന്നു അവർ തീർച്ചപ്പെടുത്തി. മകൻ ഡിസ്ട്രിക്ട് ജഡ്ജിയാകുമെന്നു കൊതിച്ചിരുന്ന മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാർ ഇപ്പോൾ അവൻ എങ്ങനെയെങ്കിലും അവിടെനിന്നു പോയിക്കിട്ടിയാൽ മതിയെന്നുപോലും വിചാരിക്കുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി!

കടക്കാർ വന്നു മുതലുകളെല്ലാം വിറ്റുകൊണ്ടുപോയി. കടം പിന്നെയും ബാക്കിയായിത്തന്നെ നിന്നു. തങ്ങൾക്കു പാക്കുവാൻ ഒരു പുറയിടവുമില്ലാതായി. ജീവസന്ധാരണത്തിന്നു ഒരു മാർഗ്ഗവുമില്ലാതായി. മാനമായി കാലം കഴിച്ചുപോന്ന അവർ ഭിക്ഷയെടുത്തു ദിവസപ്പത്തി കഴിക്കുകയല്ലാതെ ഗത്യന്തരമില്ലെന്നു മട്ടായി. അഹോ! വാടിവൈപരീത്യം; അനുകരണഭൂമത്തിന്റെ അനന്തരഫലം!

കെ. മുഹമ്മദ് നഥ്,

സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.

“നാം ദൈവത്തെ അറിയുന്നതെങ്ങനെ?”

ദൈവത്തെ നാം എങ്ങനെ അറിയുന്നു? അപൂർണ്ണമായ സൃഷ്ടികൾക്ക് സമ്പൂർണ്ണമായ സ്രഷ്ടാവിനെ അറിവാൻ സാധിക്കുമോ? സാധിക്കുന്ന പക്ഷം, അതെങ്ങനെ? ഈ പ്രശ്നത്തിനു ഓരോ മതവും സമാധാനം പറയുന്നു. ഹിന്ദുമതവും ക്രിസ്തുമതവും, ഇസ്ലാമതവും ദൈവത്തെ അറിയുന്നതിനു മാർഗ്ഗങ്ങൾ നിർദ്ദേശിക്കുന്നു.

ദൈവത്തെ മൂന്നുതരത്തിൽ അറിയുവാൻ സാധിക്കും. യുക്തി, അനുഭവം എന്നിവകൊണ്ട് എന്തിനെന്നു ചിന്തിക്കുകയാണ് പ്രസ്തുത മാർഗ്ഗങ്ങൾ. യുക്തികൊണ്ടു നാം അറിയുന്നതും കാണുന്നതുമായ ചില സംഗതികളിൽനിന്നും നാം ഒരു തീരുമാനം ഉണ്ടാക്കുന്നു. എങ്ങനെയെന്നാൽ പുകക്കാരന്മാർക്കു അതിന്നു സമീപത്തെവിടെയെങ്കിലും അഗ്നിയുണ്ടായിരിക്കണമെന്നു നാം തീർച്ചപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു. അപ്രകാരമാണ് ദൈവത്തെക്കുറിച്ചു നമ്മുടെ അറിവും. നമുക്കു ദൈവത്തെ അവിടുത്തെ നിലയ്ക്കു സമീപം കാണുവാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നില്ല. ദൈവപ്രഭാവത്തിന്റെ അടയാളങ്ങൾ എങ്ങും നിറഞ്ഞുകാണുന്നതിൽനിന്നു, ദൈവമുണ്ടെന്നും, ഈ അത്ഭുതങ്ങളെ ചിലരിക്കുവാൻ ആ വിശിഷ്ടശക്തിയെ ആശ്രയിക്കണമെന്നും നമുക്കറിയാം. ആശ്ചര്യകരമായ ഭരണമുറയും സംഘടനയും വിശ്വപതനിൽ നമുക്കു അനുഭവപ്പെടുന്നു. വിശ്വപതേയും ഈ അപര്യവേഗവും അനൂനവും ആയ ഭരണമുറകളേയും സൃഷ്ടിച്ച ഒരു ശക്തിയെ നമുക്കു നിഷേധിക്കുവാൻ നിവൃത്തിയില്ലാതെ വരുമ്പോൾ, നമ്മുടെ ദൈവവിശ്വാസം ദൃഢതമായിത്തീർന്നു.

അനന്തമായ ആകാശത്തിൽമേവുന്ന ജ്യോതിർമണ്ഡലങ്ങളെ സംരക്ഷിക്കുന്ന ഒരു അനുപമശക്തിയില്ലാത്തതെന്നുവെങ്കിൽ അവ അനിയന്ത്രിതമായി അസംഘടിതമായി, തീരുമായിരുന്നു എന്നു നമുക്കു അനുമാനിക്കാം. പദാർത്ഥലോകത്തിന്റെ നിയന്ത്രിതമായ ചലനത്തിൽനിന്നു ഒരു അമാനുഷികശക്തിയുടെ ആസ്തികൃതത നമുക്കു സ്ഥാപിക്കുവാൻ പ്രയാസമില്ല. “ഇത്തരത്തിലുള്ള അത്ഭുതകരങ്ങളായ ജ്യോതിർഗോളങ്ങളേയും ആശ്ചര്യകരമായ ഭൂമിയേയും നിർമ്മിച്ച ദൈവത്തെക്കുറിച്ചു നിങ്ങൾക്കു വല്ല സംശയവും ഉണ്ടോ” എന്നുള്ള ചോദ്യത്തിന്റേ ചിന്തകന്മാരുടെ ഉള്ളിൽ തറയ്ക്കാതിരിക്കയില്ല.

ദൈവത്തെ അറിയുന്നതിൽ യുക്തി നമെ സഹായിക്കുന്നു. ദൈവിക ജ്ഞാനത്തിന്റെ മറ്റൊരു പത്രിസ്ഥാനം നമ്മുടെ അന്തഃകരണമാകുന്നു. നമ്മുടെ അറിവിനേയും വിശ്വാസത്തേയും അചഞ്ചലമാക്കിത്തീർക്കുന്നതു അന്തഃകരണമാകുന്നു. വികാരങ്ങളും ആശങ്കയും നമ്മുടെ ആത്മാവിൽ കഴുപ്പുവരുത്തുമ്പോൾ മാത്രമാണ് സംശയം ജനിക്കുന്നത്. അല്ലാത്തപക്ഷം, അന്തഃകരണത്തിന്റെ ധ്വനി എപ്പോഴും വ്യക്തവും ശക്തവും ആയിരിക്കും.

യുക്തിക്കും അന്തഃകരണത്തിനും പുറമെ മൂന്നാമതൊരു വഴിയുള്ളതാണ് വെളിപാട്. യുക്തികൊണ്ടും അന്തഃകരണംകൊണ്ടും മനുഷ്യൻ ദൈവത്തെ സമീപിക്കുമ്പോൾ വെളിപാട് കൊണ്ടു ദൈവം മനുഷ്യരെ സമീപിക്കുന്നു. ദൈവസാമീപ്യത്തിനു യുക്തിയും അന്തഃകരണവും നമുക്കു അനേകം കവാടങ്ങൾ തുറന്നുതരുന്നു. ദൈവം സിംഹാസനസ്ഥനായി, മനുഷ്യരുടെ വേലകളെ അനങ്ങാതെന്നോക്കിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നുവെന്നു പറയുന്നതിൽ അർത്ഥമില്ല. ഇളകാതെ ഒടിഞ്ഞിരുന്നു നമെ കാത്തുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കത്തക്ക കൃത്യതയുള്ളവനല്ല ദൈവം. അവനു തന്റെ ദുർബ്ബലരായ സൃഷ്ടികൾക്കു സഹായമരുളുവാൻ തന്റെ മഹാസിംഹാസനത്തിൽനിന്നു ഇറങ്ങേണ്ടിവരും.

ഡാക്ടർ രവീന്ദ്രനാഥടാഗ്രർ ഈ ആശയത്തെ തന്റെ ഒരു കവിതയിൽ അതിസുന്ദരമായി പ്രതിപാദിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ദൈവത്തെ അറിവാനുള്ള മനുഷ്യന്റെ നിഷ്കന്മഷപ്രയത്നങ്ങൾക്കു ദൈവം പ്രതിഫലംനല്കുന്നു. ടാഗ്രർ പറയുന്നു:—നീ നിന്റെ സിംഹാസനത്തിൽ നിന്നിറങ്ങി എന്റെ കുടിലിന്റെ പടിവാതില്ക്കൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. ഞാൻ ഏകാകിയായി അതിന്റെ മുമ്പിലിരുന്നു ഗാനം ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. ആ സംഗീതം നിന്റെ കണ്ണുകളിൽ കടന്നു. നീ എന്റെ കുടിലിന്റെ പടിവാതില്ക്കൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. നിന്റെ ഗാനശാലയിൽ ഗായകന്മാർ അനേകമുണ്ട്. അവിടെ ഏതു നേരത്തും ഗാനമുഴങ്ങുന്നു. എന്നാൽ ഈ പരിമുഖമായ സംഗീതലാപനി നിന്റെ സ്നേഹത്തിൽ വന്നുതറച്ചു. ഒരു മുദുഗാനം ലോകമഹാസംഗീതവുമായി സമ്മേളിച്ചു. നീ എന്റെ പാട്ടിന്നു സമ്മാനം നല്കാൻ ഒരു പുഷ്പവുമായി എന്റെ കുടിൽവാതില്ക്കൽ വന്നുനിന്നു."

ഇങ്ങനെ സംഭവിക്കുന്നത് വെളിപാടിലാകുന്നു. ദൈവത്തെ അറിയുന്നതിന്നു നല്ലൊപ്പട്ടിട്ടുള്ള രണ്ടു ഉപകരണമാണ് യുക്തിയും അന്തഃകരണവും. എന്നാൽ ഇവ, സൃഷ്ടികളെപ്പോലെ അപൂർണ്ണമാകുന്നു. ദൈവത്തെ സംബന്ധിച്ച അപൂർണ്ണമായ അറിവിന്റെ ചില മിനുക്കങ്ങൾ മാത്രമെ അവ നമുക്കു കാണിച്ചുതരുന്നുള്ളൂ. നാം ദൈവത്തെ അന്വനമായി അറിയുന്നതിൽ പരാജിതരാകുന്നു. യുക്തികൊണ്ടും അന്തഃകരണംകൊണ്ടും ദൈവം ഉണ്ടെന്നല്ലാതെ, ദൈവം എങ്ങനെയാണെന്നു ശരിയായി അനുഭവിക്കുവാൻ നമുക്കു കഴിയുന്നില്ല.

ദൈവം നമ്മുടെ കാഴ്ചയിൽനിന്നു മറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. അവനെ നാം യുക്തികൊണ്ടും അന്തഃകരണംകൊണ്ടും അന്വേഷിക്കുന്നു. ആത്മാവിന്റെ വെളിപാടിൽ ദൈവം നമ്മുടെ മുന്നിൽ മറന്നിരിക്കി സന്നിഹിതനാകുമ്പോൾ, ഏതൽപ്രതീതിയുടെ ഫലം നാം പ്രാപിച്ചുകഴിയുന്നു.

എം. വി. മൊയ്തൂണി,

4-ാം ഫാറം.

അന്നത്തെ ഭാരതം.

ഈ ഭാരതത്തിനു ഒരു വസന്തകാലമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ആ വസന്തകാലത്തിലെ പുലരിയിൽ അന്നവധി കോകിലങ്ങൾ ഭാരതമാതാവിന്റെ സമ്പൽസമൃദ്ധിയെ പാടിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. അവരായിരുന്നു വാല്മീകി വ്യാസൻ, മുതലായവർ, ആ അവസരത്തിൽ ഭാരതാംബികയുടെ സ്ഥിതി ഇന്നത്തെപ്പോലെയാണായിരുന്നു. ഇന്ന് അവൾ പാരതന്ത്ര്യത്തിൽ പെട്ട് ഏറ്റവും നികൃഷ്ടമായ ഒരു ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്നവളാണ്. അന്ന് അവൾ സമ്പൽസമൃദ്ധിയോടുകൂടിയ ഒരു നായികാരത്നം തന്നെയായിരുന്നു.

ഒരു കാലത്ത് ഭാരതം മറുഭൂമി രാജ്യങ്ങളെക്കാൾ സമ്പൽസമൃദ്ധിയോടുകൂടിയ ഒരു രാജ്യമായിരുന്നു. അന്ന് ഭാരതീയർ സകല കലകളിലും നൈപുണ്യം സമ്പാദിച്ചവരായിരുന്നു. നമ്മൾ ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ചരിത്രത്തിലൂടെ ഒന്നു കണ്ണോടിച്ചുനോക്കിയാൽ നമുക്കു കാണാവുന്നതാണ്, പുരാതനകാലം മുതൽക്കു തന്നെ ഭാരതം വിദേശീയരുടെ ആക്രമണത്തിന് പാത്രീഭവിച്ചിരുന്നു എന്നു. അവർ നമ്മുടെ രാജ്യത്തെ ആക്രമിച്ചിരുന്നതു, നമ്മുടെ രാജ്യത്തിന്റെ സമ്പൽസമൃദ്ധി കണ്ടിട്ടായിരുന്നു. മുഹമ്മദ് ഗസനി മുതലായ ആക്രമികൾ നമ്മുടെ രാജ്യത്തിൽനിന്നു കൊണ്ടുപോയ ധനത്തിന് കയ്യും കണക്കുമില്ല. അന്ന് ഭാരതാംബികയുടെ മക്കളായി അന്നവധി രാജ്യതന്ത്ര മന്ത്രന്മാരും, വീരയോദ്ധാക്കളും, ഗായകന്മാരും ശില്പികളും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ഫാഹിയാൻ മുതലായ വിദേശീയർ ഇന്ത്യയെ സന്ദർശിച്ചതിന്റെ ഫലമായി ഏഴുതിയ വിവരണങ്ങളിൽനിന്ന് നമുക്ക് അന്നത്തെ സ്ഥിതി മനസ്സിലാക്കാവുന്നതാണ്.

ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളെപ്പറ്റി നോക്കുന്നതായാൽ അന്നു ഭാരതീയർ എല്ലാ ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളിലും വിദഗ്ദ്ധന്മാരായിരുന്നു. ജ്യോതിഷം, മീമാംസ, വേദാന്തം, വൈദ്യം ഇവയുടെ ഇരിപ്പിടംതന്നെ ഭാരതമായിരുന്നു. യവനന്മാർ ആദ്യം ഈ ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ പഠിച്ചത് ഇന്ത്യയിൽനിന്നാണ്. അങ്ങനെ അവർ വഴിക്കാണ് യൂറോപ്യന്മാർക്കു ഈ ശാസ്ത്രങ്ങളിൽ അറിവു കിട്ടുവാൻ ഇടയായത്.

ആദ്ധ്യാത്മികമായി നോക്കുന്നതായാലും ഭാരതം മുന്നണിയിൽ നിന്നിരുന്ന ഒരു രാജ്യമായിരുന്നു. ഫിതുമതം, മൈനമതം, ബുദ്ധമതം, മുതലായവയുടെ ജന്മഭൂമി ഭാരതമാണ്. ഈ മതസ്ഥാപകന്മാരെല്ലാം വലിയ തത്ത്വചിന്തകന്മാരും സംസ്കൃതപ്രഭയരായിരുന്നു. ഭാരതം അന്നവധി ഗുഹിപുറവന്മാരായ അലങ്കൃത

മായിരുന്നുവെന്നും പുരാണങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും മറ്റും തെളിയുന്നു. ഈ ഋഷികളെ പ്ലാം വളരെ മനസ്സംസ്കാരം സിദ്ധിച്ചവരായിരുന്നു.

സാഹിത്യപരമായി നോക്കുന്നതായാലും ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ സ്ഥിതി ഇന്നു ഐതര്യം വളരെ മികച്ചതായിരുന്നു. വാല്മീകി, വ്യാസൻ, കാളിദാസാദികൾ ഏഴുത്തർക്കൻ മുതലായവരുടെ മാതൃതപം വഹിക്കുവാൻ ഭാഗ്യം സിദ്ധിച്ച ഭാരതമാ താവ് ഭാഗ്യവതിതന്നെയായിരുന്നു. വാല്മീകിരാമായണം, ഭാരതം, ശാകുന്തളം മുതലായ ഗ്രന്ഥങ്ങൾ സാഹിത്യഭണ്ഡാരത്തിലെ അപൂർവ്വഗുണങ്ങളാണ്. പ്രാചീന കാലത്തിലെ രാജാക്കന്മാർ കവികൾക്കു സമ്മാനങ്ങൾ കൊടുത്തു അവരെ പുസ്തകങ്ങളെഴുതുവാൻ പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിച്ചിരുന്നു. അന്നത്തെ രാജാക്കന്മാർ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം അവരുടെ അർത്ഥനകൾ അനവധി വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം അലംകൃതവുമായിരുന്നു. ചരിത്രം വായിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളവർ വിക്രമാദിത്യമഹാരാജാവിനെയും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അർത്ഥനയിൽ താമസിച്ചിരുന്ന നവരത്നങ്ങളെയും പറ്റി കേട്ടിട്ടുണ്ടായിരിക്കും.

അന്നത്തെ രാജഭരണരീതി ഇന്നത്തെക്കാൾ പതിമടങ്ങ് നല്ലതായിരുന്നു. അന്നത്തെ രാജാക്കന്മാർ പ്രജകളുടെ ക്ഷേമത്തിന്നായിരുന്നു രാജ്യം ഭരിച്ചിരുന്നത്. അവർ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യമുദാഹരിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ രാജ്യതന്ത്രനിപുണന്മാരും, യോദ്ധാക്കളും, വിദ്യാഭ്യാസരസരസരായിരുന്നു. ചാണക്യനെപ്പോലെയുള്ള ഒരു ഭരണതന്ത്രജ്ഞനെ ഇന്നു കാണുവാൻ സാധ്യമല്ല. ചന്ദ്രഗുപ്തൻ, അശോകൻ, ഹർഷൻ മുതലായ രാജാക്കന്മാരുടെ കാലത്തെ ചരിത്രം വായിച്ചുനോക്കുന്നതായാൽ അന്നത്തെ ഗവർണ്മെന്റ് ഇന്നത്തെക്കാൾ മികച്ചതായിരുന്നുവെന്നു മനസ്സിലാക്കാം. അന്നത്തെ പ്രജകൾ രാജാവിനെ ബഹുമാനിക്കുകയും ഭയപ്പെടുകയും ചെയ്തിരുന്നു. അന്നത്തെ രാജാക്കന്മാർ സ്വദേശസ്നേഹികളേയും, ത്യാഗികളേയും, ഋഷിപുരസ്കാരം ശിരസാബഹുമാനിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ ജനങ്ങളെ ഭരണരീതി അഭ്യസിപ്പിക്കുവാനായി ഓരോ ഗ്രാമങ്ങളുടെയും ഭരണം പ്രജകളെ ഏല്പിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ മനുഷ്യർക്കും, മൃഗങ്ങൾക്കും, ആസ്പത്രികൾ സ്ഥാപിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവർ നിരന്തരം ഉണ്ടാക്കിയിരുന്നു. നിരന്തരകളുടെ ഇരുഭാഗത്തു നടക്കാവുകൾ വളർത്തുക മുതലായി മനുഷ്യന് അത്യന്താപേക്ഷിതങ്ങളായ കാര്യങ്ങളിലെല്ലാം നിരന്തരം വ്യാപൃതരായിരുന്നു. ജനക്ഷേമത്തിന്നുത്സാഹകരമായ തൊഴിലുകളിലും മറ്റും ദർശനമായ നികുതി ചുമത്തിയിരുന്നില്ല. അവർ ഭാരതീയസംസ്കാരത്തെയും ഭാരതീയ വ്യവസായങ്ങളെയും നശിപ്പിക്കുവാനല്ല, പോഷിപ്പിക്കുവാനാണ് നോക്കിയിരുന്നത്.

അന്നത്തെ സമുദായജീവിതം, ഇന്നത്തെക്കാൾ ഏതൊരു ഉയർന്ന തരത്തിലായിരുന്നു. ജനങ്ങൾ അനുകരണഭ്രമമില്ലാത്തവരും, പ്രയത്നശീലന്മാരും, സത്യസന്ധന്മാരായിരുന്നു. അവർ വിദ്യാവിഹിനന്മാരായിരുന്നില്ല. അവരുടെ വി

ഓട്ടോസത്തിന്റെ ഉദ്ദേശ്യവും പരിണാമവും മനസ്സിലാക്കുമായിരുന്നു. അവർ ആയുധാഭ്യാസം ശീലിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവരുടെ സ്വഭാവസ്തൈർമ്മ്യവും, രാജ്യഭക്തിയും, ധ്യാനനിയമാണ്. സൂര്യകർക്കും സമുദായത്തിൽ നല്ലൊരു സ്ഥാനമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അവർ ചാരിത്രവതികളും, വിദ്യാധികളുമായിരുന്നു. അവർ യഥാക്രമം പയറും, വിദ്യാഭ്യാസവും ശീലിച്ചിരുന്നു. ഔഗ്വേദത്തിൽ ചില ഭാവിധരാജാക്കന്മാർക്കു സൂര്യപടയാളികൾ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുവെന്നു പറയുന്നു. രാജ്യത്തിന്റെയും ധർമ്മത്തിന്റെയും രക്ഷയ്ക്കും ചാരിത്രസംരക്ഷണത്തിന്നുംവേണ്ടി പോർക്കളത്തിലിറങ്ങാൻ സൂര്യപുരുഷന്മാർ ഒരുപോലെ സഭാ സന്നദ്ധരായിരുന്നു. വ്യവസായശീലന്മാരും, ശില്പവേല മുതലായവയിൽ വിദഗ്ദ്ധന്മാരുമായിരുന്നു. ജനങ്ങൾക്ക് ആവശ്യമുള്ള സാധനങ്ങളെല്ലാം അവർ തന്നെയുണ്ടാക്കിയിരുന്നു. ഒരു കാലത്ത് ഭാരതത്തിൽ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്ന പട്ടുവസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ പാശ്ചാത്യരെക്കൂടി അതൃപ്തപരവശരാക്കിയിരുന്നു. ശില്പവേലകളിലും, കൊത്തുപണികളിലും ഭാരതീയർ വിദഗ്ദ്ധന്മാരായിരുന്നുവെന്നുള്ളതിന്നു് ഇന്നു കാണുന്ന പഴയ ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളും അരമനകളും ലക്ഷ്യങ്ങളാണ്. ആഗ്രയിലെ താജ് മഹാൾ ഇന്നത്തെ പരിഷ്കൃതലോകത്തെക്കൂടി വിസ്മയിപ്പിക്കുന്നതാണ്.

എന്നാൽ ആ സുവർണ്ണാവസരങ്ങളെല്ലാം കഴിഞ്ഞുപോയി. “അന്നത്തെ ഭാരത”മല്ല ഇന്നു നാം കാണുന്ന ഭാരതം. ഇന്ന് ഭാരതീയർ വിധിയന്ത്രത്തിരിപ്പിൽ കിടന്ന് തിരിഞ്ഞ്, ഭാരതീയസംസ്കാരത്തെ തീരെ മറന്ന്, പാശ്ചാത്യ യന്ത്രപ്രഭാവത്തിന്നധീനരായി തീരെ അവശന്മാരായ് കിടന്നുഴലുകയാണ്. ഭാരതത്തിന്നു് ഇനിയും പണ്ടത്തെ സ്ഥിതി കൈവരുത്തുവാൻ ഭാരതീയരെല്ലാം നിരങ്കുശം പരിശ്രമിക്കേണ്ടതാകുന്നു.

സി. പി. ശേഖരൻനായർ,
സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.

മേനക .

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(എം. വാസുദേവൻ നായർ, സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി)

1. വേദങ്ങളേതൊരു മഹസ്സ് തിരഞ്ഞിടുന്നു,
ജാതാദരം മുന്നികളാരെയണഞ്ഞിടുന്നു,
തന്മാദൃശം മഹിമയേതിനു, തത്സ്വരൂപ-
മോർത്തങ്ങളുവാണു കശികാത്മജനെന്നാരിക്കൽ.
2. അത്യന്തതീ പ്രതരമായ തപസ്സിലാണ്ടി-
ട്ടത്തുഗമായ നില നേടിടുവാൻ മുതിൻ;
കൃത്യങ്ങൾ, രാജ്യസുഖഭോഗമിവററകൈവി-
ട്ടത്യാദരം ഗുപതിയാൻ തപസ്സ് ഹേലാരം.
3. രാജപിതന്നുടെ മുഖം ബഹുശോഭയോടെ
രാജിച്ചനേരമടനിന്ദമുഖം കരിഞ്ഞു;
പരകാരി, നാകസുഖഭോഗസുരാംഗനാദി
പോയിടുമെന്നു നിനവാൻ വിറച്ചിതപ്പോരം.
4. അത്യന്തമൻ മുന്നിയെ മോഹിതനാക്കിടാനായ്
ചിത്തത്തിലോർത്തു സുരനാഥനരച്ചമന്ദം
'പൊൻത്താർശരണയ കോമളമാന്തിടവേ
മത്താപശാന്തി ശരണം മമ മേനകേ ! നീ.'
5. മന്ദോഹസിച്ച് സുരനാഥനെയും വഴങ്ങി-
പ്പോന്നാളുടൻ ധരയിലേക്കഥ മോഹനാംഗി,
മന്ദം നടന്നു തലയും മലയും തുളുവി-
ച്ചുനിറുകെതുകമുടൻ നടന്നു തുടങ്ങി.
6. "വിൺപാടലാധരി വൃഥാ കബളിക്കുവാൻ നീ
വൻപാടുപെട്ടു വലയൊല്ല നമുക്കുനീയോ
മൺപാവയാണു മറയത്തു കടന്നുപോ നിൻ
വൻപൊന്നുമീമുന്നിയൊടാവുകയില്ല എനും"
7. എന്നോതി രാജമുന്നിതൻ മഹനീയതേജ-
സ്സൊന്നായ് വിളങ്ങിയ മുഖത്തിലെഴുന്നൊന്നാസം;

അന്നാകഭൃഷണമുഖച്ച നഭംഗമെന്നാ-
ലന്നാമുനിക്കു മനമൊട്ടു മുഖത്തെതില്ല.

(യുഗം)

8. ഒന്നങ്ങുതു പിറകെത്തിരിയുന്നനേരം
തന്നല്ലപാംഗമുടന്നായമിതന്റെ മാറിൽ
ചെന്നേറുവെങ്കിലുമതിനയതീന്ദ്രചിത്ത-
മൊന്നായ് മയക്കിടുവതിന്നു കഴിഞ്ഞതില്ല.
9. നീരാളഗാത്രിയുടെ നന്തനവും, മരണം
ധാരാളമായ് പൊഴിയുമുത്തമഗീതവും ഹാ!
വാരൂറ രാജമുനിതൻ യമധാടിയെല്ലാ-
മാരാൽതരത്തുവതിനായ് ചില കോപ്പുകൂടി.
10. ഹേമാംഗി ലോകമഖിലം വശമായിടുംമ-
ട്ടാമജ്ജുഗാത്രമുഖയിച്ചു നടിച്ചു പോതിൽ
മേളത്തിലാച്ചുടലമരം കളിർകൊങ്ക രണ്ടും
താളംപിടിച്ചു, മുനിതൻ മനവും പിടിച്ചു.
11. ആ മജ്ജുവാണി'യിതുതാൻതർമെന്നുനണി
വ്യാമോഹനങ്ങൾ പല പാടുകൾ പാടിയാടി
കാമൻജയിച്ചു, യമിമേനകയെപ്പണന്നാൻ
കാമംലഭിച്ച സുരനാഥനമക്കുന്നത്തിൽ.



“ആത്മപ്രഭാവം.”

തന്നുള്ളിലുള്ള നന്മ മതുകാശ്രീ
സ്ഫുരിക്കുമാറതെ പണിപ്പെടുന്നു.
വിഭജനം ശിഷ്ടികരത്തിലേലും
മുദ്രണമൊന്നത്തമരൂപമാക്കാൻ.
സുരമ്യമായോ മഹനീയമായോ
സുദർശ്യഭാഷയ്ക്കൊരഗ്രരൂപം.
പ്രതിഷ്ഠണംകാണെതു ശിഷ്ടിചിന്താ-
പ്രയത്നവാക്യാൻ പകർത്തിടുന്നു.
ഉദഗ്രമാം ക്ഷേത്രമൊന്നൊക്കെട്ടി-
പ്പടുക്കുവാനോപ്പവനിണ്ടലൈന്ദ്ര
ഉയർത്തിടുന്നശിഖരം മരിക്കും-
വരൈക്കയതിച്ചു വിയത്തിലോളം.
ആസ്വാദ്യമാമതുത ദർശനത്താൽ
സുശിക്ഷിതം കിഞ്ചനനവ്യകാവ്യം
ക്ലേശങ്ങൾ കാലവ്യയമൊന്നുമോക്കാ-
തലക്ഷ്യമായ് തീർപ്പ് മഹാകവീന്ദ്രൻ.

വെണ്ണക്കല്പതകൻപോം, രുചിരമാംചിത്രംപരം മാഞ്ഞുപോം,
ക്ഷേത്രം കാലവാശാലടിഞ്ഞു പൊടിയാഴ്ചോഴ്ചോക്കമന്നല്ലമോ
ദിവ്യംകാവ്യവുമേറിയാലൊരു ശതാബ്ദത്തോളമെത്തിട്ടുമെ
സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യോദ്യോതനശിഷ്ടവേലയതുതാനവ്യാകുലം ശാശ്വതം
കാലത്തിന്നവിധേയമായി വിമലോൽകൃഷ്ടാനിദേശംവഹി
ച്ചാത്തോട്ടിഷ്ടഫലം ലഭിക്കുമവിതം പാലിച്ചുതൻജീവിതം
ലോകത്തിന്നു പകർത്തുവാനതകമാറാദർശമുണ്ടാക്കുവാൻ
ശീലിക്കുന്നൊരുശിഷ്ടിയാണവനുമെന്നോക്കേണമല്ലാവരും.

ഈത്തതപംപാക്കിലെമ്മട്ടധികശമമിയന്നുനന്മയൊന്നും
ഹാർദ്ദാന്തര്യംസംപ്രദംനമിവയൊടുമീ നമ്മൾ ജീവിച്ചുതന്ന
എന്നാളും നില്ല മാശ്ശാശ്വതവിപുലകലാകൈശലം നേടുവാനായ്
നന്നായ് യതിക്കൊന്നത്തമരൂപരിശുദ്ധാന്തരംഗാവ്യനായി.

ആർ. സി. വി.





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

കള്ളനെപ്പിടിച്ച കുരുടൻ *

ചെട്ടിത്തെരുവു മദിരാശി നഗരത്തിൽ മനോഹരങ്ങളായ സ്ഥലങ്ങളിലൊന്നാണ്. റോഡിന്റെ ഇരുവശങ്ങളിലും വിവിധപ്പാപ്പകളും ഭംഗിയുള്ള കെട്ടിടങ്ങളും സ്ഥിതിചെയ്യുന്നുണ്ട്. ഈ ഗ്രാമങ്ങളിലൊന്നിൽ ആനന്ദചാൽ എന്നപേരായി ഒരു സേട്ടു തന്റെ ഭാര്യയൊന്നിച്ചു താമസിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവരുടെ കൂടെ ഒരു വിശ്വസ്തരായ ഭാസിയും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ആനന്ദചാൽ ഒരു ബേങ്കുമസ്ഥനായിരുന്നു.

ഒരു ദിവസം രാവിലെ ലാലിന്റെ ഭാര്യ ഭാസിയൊന്നിച്ചു അവരുടെ വീട്ടിൽ പോയി. അടുത്ത വീട്ടിലുള്ള ഒരു സ്ത്രീ വന്നു ലാലിന്റെ വീട്ടിലെ പണിയെല്ലാം കഴിച്ചു സന്ധ്യയ്ക്കു മുമ്പുപോയി. അയാളുടെ ഗ്രാമത്തിൽ ലാൽ തനിച്ചായി. മണി വെട്ടിച്ചപ്പോൾ ലാൽ തന്റെ മുറിയിലെ വിളക്കു കെടുത്തി, കട്ടിലിനേൽ ചെന്നുകിടന്നു ഓരോന്നു ചിന്തിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. സമയം രണ്ടുമണിയായിട്ടുകൂടി ലാൽ ചിന്താമഗ്നനായിത്തന്നെ കിടന്നു.

പെട്ടെന്നു അടുത്ത മുറിയിലുണ്ടായ ഒരു ശബ്ദം അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ശ്രദ്ധയെ ആകർഷിച്ചു. തത്സമയം ലാൽ തന്റെ കൈത്തോക്കെടുത്തു ശബ്ദമുണ്ടായ ദിക്കിലേക്കു ചെന്നുകൊണ്ടു “ജീവനിൽ കൊതിയുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ കൈപൊന്തിക്കൂ, നീ എന്തിനിവിടെ വന്നു” എന്നു ഗൗജിച്ചു. ശബ്ദം ഉണ്ടായ സ്ഥലത്തു നിന്നിരുന്ന ഒരുവൻ തന്റെ കൈകൾ പൊന്തിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു “ക്ഷമിക്കണം. അമ്പലത്തിൽ വന്നുപോയ തെറ്റാണ്” എന്നു പറഞ്ഞു. ലാൽ ചോദിച്ചു “നീ ഏതു വഴിക്കാണ് വന്നത്.” കിഴക്കുഭാഗത്തുള്ള വാതിൽ തുറന്നുകിടക്കുന്നുണ്ടെന്നും അതിൽകൂടിയാണ് അകത്തു വന്നതെന്നും കള്ളൻ പറഞ്ഞു. ലാൽ മുഖേതെപ്പോലെ തോക്കും പിടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു പറഞ്ഞു “ചെട്ടിത്തെരുവിൽ 144-ാം നമ്പ് വീട്ടിൽ വെച്ചു ഒരു കള്ളനെ പിടിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ഒരു പോലീസ്സുകാരനേകിലും കഴിയുന്ന വേഗത്തിൽ ഇവിടെ എത്തണം. വീട്ടിന്റെ കിഴക്കുഭാഗത്തുള്ള വാതിൽ തുറന്നിട്ടുണ്ട് എന്നെല്ലാം നീ ആ ടെലിഫോണിൽ പോലീസ്സുസ്റ്റേഷനിലേക്കു പറയണം. ഇല്ലെങ്കിൽ നിന്റെ കഥ കഴിയും”. കള്ളൻ ആദ്യമൊക്കെ മടിച്ചുവെങ്കിലും ലാലിന്റെ ഭീഷണികേട്ടു അപ്രകാരം പറഞ്ഞു.

ലാൽ തോക്കുംപിടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു നില്പായി. പത്തുപതിനഞ്ചു മിനുട്ടു കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ ഒരു കാർ പടിക്കൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. അതിൽനിന്നു മൂന്നു പോലീസ്സുകാർ

പൊട്ടുന്നനവെ മുറിയിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ചു. ലാലിന്റെ അപേക്ഷപ്രകാരം പോലീസ്സുകാർ വിളക്കു കൊളുത്തി. അപ്പോൾ കണ്ട കാഴ്ച അവരെ ഏവരേയും അത്ഭുതപരതന്ത്രരാക്കി. അപ്പോഴാണ് ലാൽ കരുടനാണെന്ന കള്ളൻ മനസ്സിലായതു. ഉടനെ പോലീസ്സുകാർ കള്ളനെ അറസ്റ്റ് ചെയ്യുകൊണ്ടുപോയി.

ബി. സി. പോൾ.

നക്ഷത്രങ്ങൾ .

(ഗീതകം)

[ഗ്രാമ]

വിണ്ണിലെ മിന്നാമിനുക്കുകളെന്നപോൽ
മിന്നിത്തിളങ്ങുന്ന താരകങ്ങൾ,
സന്ധ്യാക്കനാഴിയിലൊഴുകുന്നതെരിച്ചുള്ള
വെള്ളക്കുമിളകളായിരിയ്ക്കാം.

സൂരനും സൗവർണ്ണചിന്ധത്തിൻ ഖണ്ഡങ്ങൾ
രാക്ഷപാടികളൊ നക്ഷത്രങ്ങൾ
യാമിനീകാമിനീഹാരതങ്ങളിൻ
കോമളതേജശ്ശകലങ്ങളോ.

മാനുഷമൗഢ്യതമസ്സുകരറിടുവാൻ
മാനമുദിപ്പിക്കും ദീപങ്ങളോ.
അല്ലല്ലീബാലൻതന്നുൾക്കണ്ണിൻ തെരുകൾ
തെല്ലല്ല ചൊല്ലിടാം വാസ്തവം ഞാൻ

വിശേഷഭക്തിയാലാകാശം കൊള്ളുന്ന
കോദമയിർക്കോരകം താരകമാം.

എം. ചിത്രഭാനു നമ്പൂതിരിപ്പാട്,

(ജൂനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി)

ഒരു പരിഹാരം.

‘മനുഷ്യൻ മനുഷ്യനോടു മനുഷ്യനെപ്പോലെ പെരുമാറണം’ എന്നുള്ള അനർഘതത്വം തന്നെയാണ് സർവ്വതത്വബോധികളും ഘോഷിക്കുന്നതും അതുതന്നെയാണ് ജീവിതത്തിലെ പ്രധാന രഹസ്യവും. നാം സഹജീവികളോടു സ്നേഹപുരസ്സരം പെരുമാറേണ്ടതു അവശ്യം ആവശ്യമാണ്. നമ്മുടെ ഒരു സഹോദരനോടു നാം സ്നേഹം പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുന്നില്ലെങ്കിൽ, പരന്മാർ നമ്മെ സ്നേഹിക്കാതിരുന്നാൽ നമുക്കു പരിഭവിക്കാനവകാശമില്ല. നമ്മുടെ ഹൃദയങ്ങളിൽ സമസ്തപ്പിസ്തേഹമില്ലാത്തവക്കും ബ്രഹ്മാണ്ഡകടാഹങ്ങളെ നിയന്ത്രിക്കുന്ന ആ ആദിഭൂതനോട് വിന്ന നമ്മെ സംബന്ധിച്ചേടത്തോളം ഭയമില്ലെന്നു കരുതി ഒരുവിധത്തിലും നമുക്കു സങ്കടപ്പെടുവാൻ അവകാശമില്ല. നാം നമ്മുടെ സഹജീവികളെ സൗഹൃദപുരസ്സരം വീക്ഷണം ചെയ്യാതിരുന്നാൽ നമ്മെ ജഗദീശ്വരൻ കരുണാമന്ദനങ്ങളായ നയനങ്ങളാൽ കടാക്ഷിച്ചുനഗ്രഹിക്കുകയില്ല. ആയതുകൊണ്ടു നാം സദാ പരോപകാരതല്പരരും സഹജീവികളിൽ സഹതാപമുള്ളവരുമായിരിക്കേണ്ടതു് ആവശ്യംതന്നെയാത്ര!

എന്നാൽ നമ്മുടെ ഇടയിൽ ഇപ്രകാരം സൗഹൃദം നിലനില്ക്കുന്നുണ്ടോ? നമ്മുടെ ശോചനീയസ്ഥിതി സർവ്വദിഗന്തങ്ങളിലും മാറ്റംവരികൊള്ളുന്നു. ഇപ്രകാരമായാലും അതു നമ്മെ അഭിമുഖീകരിക്കുന്നില്ല. അത്യന്തമേ! നമ്മുടെ ഇടയിൽ സാഹോദര്യത്തിന്റെ അഭാവമത്രെ പ്രശോഭിക്കുന്നതു. പക്ഷെ ആ പ്രശോഭനം ഒരു ഭയങ്കരമായ കാഴ്ചതന്നെയാണ്. അന്യയുകൊണ്ടു അന്ധരായി, സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ മുൻനിർത്തി പരസ്പരം കലഹിച്ചു തന്നെത്താൻ ആപത്തു തലയിൽ വലിച്ചിട്ടു നാം നയിക്കുന്ന ജീവിതം ഏതൊരു ഹൃദയത്തേയൊന്നു നരകത്തെ അനുസ്മരിപ്പിക്കാതിരിക്കുക. ഒരുവൻ സംതൃപ്തിയടഞ്ഞു ഹസിക്കുന്ന ആ മനോഹാസം അപരന്റെ മുഖത്തെ അന്യയുകൊണ്ടു മ്ലാനമാക്കിത്തീർക്കുന്നു: സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം സർവ്വാപരി ലാഭപ്പെടുന്നു. ഇതത്രെ നമ്മുടെ ദൈനീയസ്ഥിതി! ശോച്യമായ കാഴ്ച! സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യതല്പരരായി അന്യയാലുക്കളായി ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്ന മൃഗപ്രായന്മാരെ ആഭിജാത്യമുള്ളവർ! ഇവരെ ഉന്നതകലജാതരെന്നു ഘോഷിക്കുന്ന ഭക്തശിരോമണികൾ! സ്വന്തം സഹോദരന്മാരെ അധിക്ഷേപിച്ചു അവരെ നരകിപ്പിക്കുന്നവരത്രെ വേദാന്തം ഗ്രഹിച്ചവർ!

എന്നാലും മഹത്തായ നരജന്മം ലഭിച്ചിട്ടുകൂടി അധഃകൃതരെന്ന പേരിൽ അറിയപ്പെടുന്ന ആ വർഗ്ഗക്കാർക്കു മനുഷ്യരെപ്പോലെ നടക്കുവാൻ പാടില്ലപോലും.

സമാധാനം, ഭക്തി, അദ്ധ്യയനം ഇവയെക്കുറിച്ച് പാടില്ലാത്തതും. ഹൈന്ദവധർമ്മത്തെ കളങ്കപ്പെടുത്തുന്ന ജാതിപ്പിശാചേ! നിന്നെ തുരത്തുവാൻ തുടങ്ങിപ്പോയി. ഇനി നിന്റെ പ്രചാരാഭിമാനം മുഴങ്ങിപ്പോയി; ഇനി മേൽ നിൽ മട്ടം നിസ്സാരം. അധഃകൃതരുടെ അവശതകൾ അഖിലവും അർത്ഥരഹിതവുമായതായി ഈ മാതിരി മാറ്റങ്ങൾ തന്നെ നാമവലംബിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു. അനവധി അവശതകൾക്കു വശം വദരായി ദൈവനാമം മാത്രമേ അധഃകൃതരുടെ ജാതകം അല്പകാലത്തിനിടയിൽ തിരുത്തുമെന്നു തോന്നുന്നു. അന്ധതാമിസ്രമായ പരിസാരത്തിന്റെ കോണുകളിൽ ഏതോ ഒരു ദിവ്യചൈതന്യം തല പൊന്തിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്.

യാഥാസ്ഥിതികത്വം നിറഞ്ഞ ക്ഷേത്രത്തിൽ ജനിച്ചു, ആഭിജാത്യാഭിമാനം ദികളാകുന്ന പോഷകദ്രവ്യങ്ങളെപ്പോലെ, അന്ധവിശ്വാസമാകുന്നതാരാദനം വളർന്നു പോന്ന നമുക്കു അധഃകൃതരോടു നാമറിയാത്തതെന്ന ഒരു വെറുപ്പു തോന്നുന്നു. ആദ്യം മുതൽക്കു തന്നെ അവരെ നാം മുഗ്ദ്ധങ്ങളാക്കുവാൻ താഴ്ന്ന ഒരുതരം ജന്തുക്കളായിക്കരുതിപ്പോന്ന ആ ചിരപരിചയമത്രെ നമ്മുടെ ഈ മുഗ്ദ്ധസംസ്കാരത്തിന്നു കാരണം. അതുകൊണ്ടുതന്നെയാണു് എത്രയായാലും നമുക്കു അസ്പഷ്ടമായ സ്പർശിക്കുവാനാരു കൂട്ടൽ; അതുതന്നെയാണു അവരുമായി യഥേഷ്ടം സമ്പർക്കം ചെയ്യാനിടയിലുള്ളതും. നമ്മെ ആഭിജാത്യമെന്ന ഭാഭിമാനം ഇനിയും വിട്ടൊഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടില്ല. ഒരു ചെറിയ ശതമാനം ജനം മാത്രം അവരുടെ ഉന്നതവിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തിന്റെ ഫലമായി ഈ മാതിരി അന്ധവിശ്വാസങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു വിമുക്തരായിരിക്കുന്നു. പക്ഷെ ഭൂരിപക്ഷം ജനങ്ങളും ഇന്നു മറ്റു സമ്പത്തുകളെപ്പോലെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തെയും ഇല്ലാത്തവരാകുന്നു. ജാതിപ്പിശാചിന്റെ മട്ടത്തിൽനിന്നു വിമുക്തരാവേണമെങ്കിൽ ഭരഭിമാനദ്വേഷത്തെ ഒഴിപ്പിക്കേണമെങ്കിൽ—വിദ്യാഭ്യാസമാന്ത്രികനെന്ന നമ്മുടെ നാമാന്ത്രയിക്കുന്നു. സ്ഥിതിസമത്വവാദമാകുന്ന ജ്യോതിസ്സ് നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സുകളിലുള്ള ഈ അജ്ഞാനാന്ധകാരത്തെ രീച്ചുതെയും പമ്പകടത്തും.

ഇപ്രകാരമുള്ള സ്ഥിതിസമത്വം നമ്മുടെ ഹൃദയങ്ങളിൽ വേരൂന്നി തഴച്ചു വളർന്നുവരുന്നതുകൊണ്ടു വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം, അധഃകൃതരുടെ അവശതകൾക്കുള്ള പ്രഥമപരിഹാരം നമ്മുടെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസമാണെന്നു പറയുമ്പോൾ സ്വാഭാവികമാണിതു മെന്നു ചിലർ പറയുമായിരിക്കും. പക്ഷെ അല്പമാലോചിച്ചാൽ ഇതാണു ഏറ്റവും ഉത്തമമായ പരിഹാരമെന്നു നമുക്കു പൂർണ്ണമായി ബോദ്ധ്യമാവും. നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സുകൾ പരിഷ്കൃതങ്ങളായാലേ അവർക്കു അഭ്യർത്ഥത്തിന്നു വഴിയുള്ളൂ. നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സു തീരെ നിഷ്പക്ഷങ്ങളായാൽ മാത്രമേ അധഃകൃതർക്കു ഉന്നതിക്കു മാർഗ്ഗമുണ്ടാവുകയുള്ളൂ. പാഷണ്ഡതയുള്ളതായ നമ്മുടെ കഠോരചിന്തകൾ ചന്ദ്രകാന്തങ്ങളായി ഭയാചന്ദ്രികയോരുകമ്പോളത്തെ അധഃകൃതർ ആനന്ദാമൃതത്തിൽ ആറാടുക. അന്നതത്രെ

ഭാരതത്തെ ഒരു സുദിനം അഭിമുഖീകരിക്കുക. അന്നത്തെ ഹൈന്ദവധർമ്മം സുരഭി
 ലവും സുശോഭിതവുമായി ഭാരതത്തിൽ ലാലസിക്കുക. അന്നത്തെ ഹിന്ദുക്കളെങ്കിലും
 ഒരു ചങ്ങലയിലെ കണ്ണികളെപ്പോലെ ഇണങ്ങി നിൽക്കുക. അന്നത്തെ അധഃകൃത
 രുടെ ചരളകൾ മണിഗൃഹങ്ങളായി മാറുക. അപ്പോൾ അവർക്കും തങ്ങൾ മനുഷ്യ
 രെന്നു കരുതി പ്രവർത്തിക്കുവാൻ ഒരു നവമായ ആവേശമുണ്ടാവും. നാം അവരെ
 സ്വന്തം സഹോദരന്മാരെപ്പോലെ പരിഗണിച്ചു അവരുമായി നിത്യപരിചയം, പ
 ണിഭോജനം, മിത്രവിവാഹം മുതലായവ ആരംഭിച്ചാൽ നമ്മുടെ കണ്ണുപടങ്ങൾക്കു
 കം പ്രവേശിക്കുന്ന ആ 'അഭംഗമംഗല്യമുദംഗനാഭം' എന്ന നമുക്കു ചുറ്റും വ്യാ
 പിക്കാവുന്ന ആ സൗരഭ്യവും ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ദിഗന്തങ്ങളെ അഭിമുഖീകരിക്കുന്ന
 ആ ശോഭയും ആരാഞ്ഞറിഞ്ഞാസ്വദിക്കുവാനിടയായാൽ തന്നെ ഭാഗ്യത്തിന്റെ
 പരിപകപതയായി. ആ ആലോചനയാൽത്തന്നെ നമുക്കിതു ആനന്ദം തോന്ന
 ണമെങ്കിൽ യഥാർത്ഥമായി നാം അവ ആസ്വദിച്ചു തുടങ്ങുമ്പോഴുണ്ടാവിക്കാവുന്ന
 ആ നിസ്സമാനഭരത സാക്ഷാൽ പരമാനന്ദം!!

❧ ശ്രീ ഭം . ❧

രധഃകൃതപ്രണയി.



“സ മ യ മി ല്ലി നി.”



(അന്നന്ദ)

കഴിഞ്ഞുപോയ് നിശ കിഴക്കു ശോഭിപ്പു
തുറന്നുപോയുഷസ്സതിൻ കവാടവും
പുലരിതൻ ചിലമ്പൊലിപോലെ പല
പറവകളെല്ലാമുണർന്നു പാടുന്നു.

ഉദയഭാസവേ വിളിച്ചു കൂകുന്നു
ചിരകവാളവും മുഴക്കിപ്പൂക്കോഴി.
പകലവനെയും വണങ്ങിയോരോരോ
മൃഗങ്ങൾ മാളങ്ങൾ വെടിഞ്ഞിരതേടി.

മനുഷ്യ ! നീയെന്തിപ്പുലരിദേവിതൻ
മനോഹരരൂപമുണർന്നുകാണീല
നിനക്കുമുണ്ടുപോൽ ചിലതു ചെയ്യുവാൻ
നിനയ്ക്കു കായതിൽ പരിശ്രമിക്കുക.

കഴിഞ്ഞകാലത്തെത്തിരികെ കിട്ടാമോ
കഴിഞ്ഞതൊക്കെയും കഴിഞ്ഞതല്ലയൊ
കഴിയും ജീവിതം ഞൊടിയിടകൊണ്ടു
വിഴങ്ങും നമ്മെയും മരണരാക്ഷസി.

വിരഞ്ഞു മണ്ടുന്നു മനുജനായുസ്സൊ
വരുന്നിതു ജരാനരകളും ക്രമാൽ.

ഇതെന്തുറക്കമാണെന്നുക വേഗം
വരിക ഭാരതനയ! പുരുഷ!

“സപരാജ്യസേവനം നരന്റെ ധർമ്മമെ-
ന്നമുല്യമന്ത്രം നീയുരുക്കുക.

സപമാതൃദേവിക്കായ് ബലികൊടുക്ക നിൻ
മനോജ്ഞജീവിതം സുധീര! ധീരമായ്.

പ്രയത്നിച്ചിട്ടു നീ കൃതകൃത്യനാകാൻ
മയക്കും കൈവെടിഞ്ഞുണരുക വേഗം.

മുഖം വിളരാത കരം തളരാതെ
മനം കലുഷാതെ ക്ഷമ വെടിയാതെ
ചൊടികലർന്നിടയിൽക്കെട്ടിയി-
യടക്കുത്തിലേക്കിറങ്ങു മാനവ!
യുവസഹജ! നിൻ നവവിജയത്തിൽ
ഗ്രിവാസ്തമം കൊടി പറക്കട്ടെ വാനിൽ
മടിച്ചിരിക്കാലാ മനുജവീര! നീ
മറിഞ്ഞുപോയ കാലം “സമയമില്ലിനി”

പി. ശിവരാമൻ,

4-ാം ഘാറം വിദ്യാത്ഥി.







Dr. S. S. S. S.

SLEEP BABY SLEEP!

(V. Ananthan Narayanan)

“ഒരു അന്യോപദേശം.”



അസ്തമയസൂര്യൻ തന്റെ തക്കക്കതിരുളാൽ അന്നും ആ ഗ്രാമത്തെ ചെഞ്ചായമണിയിച്ചു യാത്രപുറപ്പെട്ടു. മന്ദമാരുതൻ സുഗന്ധവാഹിയാടി സന്ധ്യാദേവിയുടെ ആഗമനത്തെ സൂചിപ്പിച്ചു. വിശാലമായ ആകാശത്തിൽ മഴക്കാടുകൾ മന്ദവായുവേറു സഞ്ചരിച്ചിരുന്നു.

ഈ രമണീയമായ പ്രകൃതിയിൽ പൂജകൾക്കൊള്ളാത്തവർ ആരുണ്ടായിരിക്കും ! വളരെ നേരം ഞാൻ ഈ പ്രകൃതിയെനോക്കി വിസ്മയിച്ചു. മതിമയങ്ങി സമയംപോയതറിഞ്ഞില്ല. നിശാന്നാഥൻ ആകാശത്തിൽ മിന്നിത്തിളങ്ങിത്തുടങ്ങിയിരുന്നു. ഞാൻ ദൂരദിക്കിൽനിന്നും വീട്ടിലേക്കു മടങ്ങുകയായിരുന്നു. എന്റെ ഭവനം അടുത്തല്ലായിരുന്നതിനാൽ വളരെ ദൂരത്തിൽ നടക്കേണ്ടിവന്നു. വഴി ഒരു കുന്നിൻചരുവിൽക്കൂടിയിരുന്നതിനാൽ കാട്ടുമൃഗങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു ഭയവും ഇല്ലാതിരുന്നില്ല.

വിചാരപരമ്പരകളാൽ അലതല്ലുന്ന എന്റെ ഹൃദയസാഗരം അപ്പോഴും ശാന്തമായിരുന്നില്ല. അതെ ഏകാന്തതയിൽ മനുഷ്യഹൃദയം ഒരു പരിവർത്തനം സമ്പാദിക്കും. അതു ബലവത്താവുമായിരിക്കും. അതിലാണ് അവന്റെ വിജയം നിക്ഷേപിക്കപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുള്ളത്.

ഉടനെ എന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തെ ഭേദിക്കുമാറ, ഭയനീയമായ ഒരു നിലവിളിക്കേട്ടു. ഞാൻ സ്തംഭിച്ചുനിന്നുപോയി. അസമയമായിരുന്നതിനാൽ അപാരമായ ഭയം എന്നെ ആഞ്ഞുപിടിച്ചു. ഞാൻ ചുറ്റുപാടുംനോക്കി. യാതൊന്നുംകണ്ടില്ല. ഞാൻ വീണ്ടും നടന്നപ്പോൾ കറെ അധികം ആളുകൾ എന്റെ അക്കിഴക്കു ലക്ഷ്യം ഭവിച്ചു. ഞാൻ നേരെ അവിടെ ചെന്നെത്തി. ഹാ ! എത്ര ഭയങ്കരം ! ഒരു ശവശരീരം മരക്കൊമ്പിൽ തൂങ്ങിക്കിടക്കുന്നു. ഞാൻ ഇപ്രകാരം തന്നെത്താൻ പറഞ്ഞു. “മനോഹരസ്മിതനാമ ! ലാവണ്യവതിയായ നീ ഇത്ര ചെറുപ്പത്തിൽ—അതെ അവൾക്കു കവിഞ്ഞാൽ പതിനാറുവയസ്സ് പ്രായമെ ആയിരുന്നുള്ളു—ഈവിധം പ്രവർത്തിക്കാനിടയായതു ഭയനീയംതന്നെ. മനുഷ്യലോകത്തിന്റെ ദുർബ്ബലതയും നിസ്സഹായസ്ഥിതിയും എത്രയുണ്ടെന്നു ഇതിനാൽ പ്രത്യക്ഷമാകുന്നു.”

ആത്മഹത്യചെയ്ത ആ നാശിശിരോമണി ഒരു ബ്രാഹ്മണകന്യകയായിരുന്നു. കേവലം പ്രായാധിക്യത്താൽ അന്ധനായിത്തീർന്നിരുന്ന ഒരു വൃദ്ധബ്രാഹ്മണൻ അവളെ എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായി മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാർ ഉഴിഞ്ഞുകൊടുത്തു. അതെ—

അവൾ എന്റെ ഒരു സഹപാഠിനിയിരുന്നു. കഷ്ടം ! ബാല്യകാലത്തിൽ തമ്മിൽ തല്ലിയിരുന്ന ആ ഓമനക്കുറുപ്പും എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായ് നിശ്ചലങ്ങളായി. എഴുത്തപ്പനോടു തല്ലുകിട്ടുമ്പോൾ എന്റെ മുഖത്തുനോക്കി തേങ്ങിക്കുറഞ്ഞിരുന്ന ആ ചെമ്മുണ്ടുകൾ ഇനി എങ്ങനെ ചലിക്കും ? വൈക്കോലിൽകിടന്നു കൂത്താടിയിരുന്ന ആ കോമളശരീരം നിഷ്പ്രഭമായിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു. അതെ—അവൾ എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായ് ലോകത്തോടു യാത്രപറഞ്ഞു.

ചിന്താമഗ്നനായി നിന്നിരുന്ന എന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ പല വികാരങ്ങളും അടിച്ചുകയറി. “അതെന്താണ് ?” ഒരു കത്തതാകിടക്കുന്നു. ഇതു ഈ പരിഭ്രമത്തിൽ ആരും കണ്ടില്ലെന്നുണ്ടോ ? ഞാൻ ഉടനെ അതു ചെന്നെടുത്തു ഭുജസാഗരത്തിൽ നിമഗ്നനായിരുന്ന ആ ഒരു കൂട്ടം വൃദ്ധബ്രാഹ്മണരുടെ ഇടയിൽനിന്നുകൊണ്ടു ഉച്ചത്തിൽ വായിച്ചു.

“പ്രിയസഹോദരന്മാരെ,

കേവലം പതിനാറുവയസ്സുമാത്രം പ്രായമുള്ള എന്ന വൃദ്ധനായ-പോരാ പോരാ എൺപതുവയസ്സു പ്രായമുള്ള ഒരു ബ്രാഹ്മണന എന്നെ ജീവിതം പാഴാകുവാൻ വേണ്ടി വിവാഹം ചെയ്തുകൊടുത്തു. ഹാ ! വൃദ്ധന്മാരുടെ കറോരഹൃദയം എന്ന പുകുവിലേക്കെന്ന നിലയിൽ ചുടലക്കുളത്തിലേക്കു ആനയിച്ചു. എന്റെ വിവാഹം കഴിഞ്ഞ് നാലാം ദിവസം വരൻ കാലഗതിപ്രാപിച്ചു. ഞാൻ വിധവയായി. ഞാൻ മനുഷ്യവർഗ്ഗങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു പതിതയായി. മേലാലേക്കിലും എന്റെ സഹോദരന്മാർ സ്ത്രീകളെ കൊല്ലാതെ കൊല്ലരുതെന്നു പ്രാർത്ഥിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു, എന്റെ ജീവകാലത്തെ, ബ്രാഹ്മണകുലത്തിന്റെ കണ്ണുമിഴിഞ്ഞുകാണുവാനുവേണ്ടി ഇതാ ബലികഴിക്കുന്നു.”

ഹാ ! കന്യകാരത്നമെ, നിന്റെ ഈ ഉപദേശപത്രം നിന്റെ സഹോദരീ സഹോദരന്മാർക്കുണ്ടാവാൻ പോകുന്ന അതിരുകവിഞ്ഞ ഗുണങ്ങളുടെ അടിസ്ഥാനമായ് പരിലസിക്കട്ടെ.

എം. രാമൻ മേനോൻ
നാലാം ഫോറം വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.



നളാഭയസംഗ്രഹം.

1. ശ്രീകണ്ഠവല്ലഭാം നതപാ ശ്രീമുതവനവാസിനീം
ശ്രീമാനവേദസ്തനതേ ശ്രീനളാഭയസംഗ്രഹം.
2. പുരാഭൂപീരസേനാഖ്യോ നിഷധേഷ മഹീപതിഃ
നളാഭിധാനോ യസ്യാസീ ത്രിലോകീവിശ്രുതഃ സുതഃ
3. സന്യസ്തരാജലക്ഷ്മീകേ ഗതേ പിതരി കാന്നനം
പ്രശ്നാസമഹീം സർവ്വമയം സന്യതോവിദഃ
4. അമൈകദാ നരപതിഃ സഹാമാത്യപരോഹിതഃ
ദദേർ ദൂരദയാന്തം നാരദം മുനിപുംഗവം.
5. ദുഷ്ടോപവതം സമുത്ഥായ ഭൂജാനിസ്സപരോഹിതഃ
പ്രത്യുദ്യയേ മുനിശ്രേഷ്ഠമർഹ്യപാദ്യാഭിഭിസ്സധീഃ
6. സാരദം ഗൃഹമാനീയ നിവേശ്യ കനകാസനേ
വിനയാവനതോ രാജാ വിധിസുന്ദരമഭാഷത.
7. അദ്വൈതേ സഫലം ജന്മ മനേ പൂതശ്ച മൽഗൃഹഃ
ആലോകനേന ഭവതസ്തഥാതപൽപദപാംസുഭിഃ
8. ന്തനം പവിത്രീകന്തും മാം നിരപേക്ഷസ്തപമാഗമഃ
അപിചേമം നിയോഗേന കൃതാത്മയിതുമഹസി.
9. ഭാഷിതം ഗൃപതേരേവമമൃതദ്രവസമ്മിതം
നിശമ്യ സന്ധിതം ഭൂപമാ ഹസ്ത മുനിസത്തമഃ
10. സാധു രാജനീദം തേദ്യ വചനം വിനയോജപലം
വീരസേനസ്യ സദാഃ സുതസ്തപമമിത്യജസഃ
11. കലാഭിസപ്തകേഷപകോ വിഹന്തി വിനയം ഗുണാഃ
സമുദയാസ്സദസ്യാദ്യ വിനയകന്യേതൃതാവഹഃ
12. അഥരാജന്നാനയോജ്യം പ്രജാനാം കുശലം തവ
സുശ്രേ തപതി കാ വാർത്താ തമസാമാക്രമം പ്രതി.
13. അഗൃഹ്ണാസ്തപന്ന ഗാർഹസ്ഥ്യമിദം നഖല സാസ്ത്രതം
പത്മസുതമഹീഭാരഃ പിതരന്യേ വനം ഗതാഃ

14. തവ ചേരേ നവം രാജൻ വികസൽകസുമോപമം
ക്ഷണവിധപംസി ച ഗതം പുനർനായാതി യൌവനം.
15. അതോഹതി ഭവാനദ്യ പ്രിയായൈ തവ സൃഷ്ടയാ
ഭമയന്ത്യാ തയാ രാജനധിഷ്ഠാതും ഗുഹസ്ഥതാം.
16. നാനൃന്ദമാസ്തി രാജേന്ദ്ര ! സാധിതവ്യമിഹ തപയാ
വീരപത്നീ ഭവായുഷ്ഠൻ ഇത്യുക്തപാത്ഥ്യേ മുനിഃ
17. ഗതേ ദിവ്യമുന്യേ തസ്തിൻ കിമു തദ്ദാചനാലാപനാ
ഭമയന്തീ സ്വയം പ്രാപ നളമാവാസമന്ദിരം.
18. തത്രൈവാവസരേ കാമഃ സൌന്ദര്യോക്തമത്സരഃ
അമോഘേന തദന്യേണ വിനിഷേജതുമിത്യേഷ തം.
19. വസന്തം പ്രേഷയാമാസ സ്വബന്ധുമഥ മന്ദമഃ
പികാദിസൈന്യസഹിതം ഹിതം യുദ്ധവിചക്ഷണം.
20. നളോപി മാനഥം താപം ഗ്രഹിതം താവദക്ഷമഃ
ഇത്യേഷോപവനം ബാഹ്യം സർവ്വേഷണമനോരഥം.

(തുടരും)

പൂർവ്വവിദ്യാത്മി.

ജീവിതത്തിന്നു സ്വഭാവമത്രേ അലങ്കാരം.

‘സദ്യേ തുണാ: കാഞ്ചനമാശ്രയന്തി’ എന്ന ആപ്തവാക്യത്തെ അല്പമൊന്നു മാറ്റി കാമ്പനത്തിന്നു പകരം സ്വഭാവമാക്കിയാലും വലിയ കുറ്റമൊന്നും സംഭവിക്കയില്ല; രത്നത്തിന്നു ഒരു പരിഷ്കാരം സിദ്ധിച്ചാതിരിയെ ആവുകയുള്ളു. കാമ്പനത്തെ സംബന്ധിച്ചേടത്തോളം കാര്യം ഭൗതികഗുണങ്ങൾക്കാണിണങ്ങുന്നത്. എന്നാൽ സ്വഭാവത്തെപ്പറ്റി പറയുകയാണെങ്കിൽ അത് ആദ്ധ്യാത്മികഗുണങ്ങളെ സംബന്ധിച്ചവയാണെന്നുവേണം പറയാൻ.

നമ്മുടെ അന്തർഗ്ഗതങ്ങളെ അനുസരിച്ചിരിക്കുമല്ലോ നമ്മുടെ ചേഷ്ടകളും. ഒരുവന്റെ ചേഷ്ടകളെ അടിസ്ഥാനമാക്കിയാണല്ലോ നാം അവന്റെ സ്വഭാവനിർണ്ണയം ചെയ്യുന്നത്. അതിനാൽ ഒരുവന്റെ വിചാരത്തെ അനുസരിച്ചിരിക്കും അവന്റെ സ്വഭാവവും, അവൻ അത്യുൽകൃഷ്ടങ്ങളായ ആശയങ്ങളിൽ നിമഗ്നനായരിക്കുകയാണെങ്കിൽ അവന്റെ പ്രവൃത്തികൾ ഉൽകൃഷ്ടങ്ങളായിത്തന്നെ പരിണമിക്കും. നേരെ മറിച്ചു ഒരുവൻ കബുദ്ധിയും ദുർവിചാരത്തിൽ ആണ്ടവനും ആണെന്നു വിചാരിക്കുക. എന്നാൽ അവന്റെ കൃത്യങ്ങളോരോന്നും കത്സിതങ്ങളും വക്രങ്ങളും ആയിരിക്കും. സ്ഫടികതുല്യമായ മനസ്സാണെന്നു വരികിൽ ആ മനുഷ്യൻ സദാചാരതല്പരനായിത്തന്നെ പരിണമിയ്ക്കുന്നു.

സ്വഭാവത്തിന്റെ ആകർഷണീയതയേക്കറിച്ചു പ്രസ്താവിക്കയാണെന്നു വിരികിൽ ഇത്ര ആകർഷണീയമായി നമുക്കുചുറ്റും വേറെ ഒരു വസ്തുവുണ്ടോ എന്നു സംശയമാണ്. ഒരുവൻ അതിസുന്ദരനായിരിക്കട്ടെ, അതിധനവാനായിരിക്കട്ടെ, അതിപ്രബലനായിരിക്കട്ടെ അവൻ ഭാഗ്യചാരതല്പരനാണെങ്കിൽ മറ്റു ഗുണങ്ങളേക്കൊണ്ടു എന്തു പ്രയോജനം? ഒരു കാട്ടിൽ അനവധി സുഗന്ധവൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ, മരുന്നുകൾ, അരുമകളായ മൃഗങ്ങൾ ഇവയുണ്ടാകട്ടെ, അതിൽ ഒരു ഭാവഗ്നി ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ, മൃഗങ്ങൾ മുതലായവകൊണ്ടു എന്തൊരു പ്രയോജനം. നൊടിയിടയിൽ നിബിഡാരണ്യം ഒരു മരുഭൂമിയായി മാറുകയില്ല—അതേപ്രകാരത്തിൽ ഒരുവനിൽ അനവധി സൽഗുണങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടായിക്കൊള്ളട്ടെ, അവൻ ഒരു സൽസ്വഭാവിയല്ലെങ്കിൽ അവന്റെ ജീവിതം ശുഭഭമായിരിക്കയില്ല. ഒരു സ്ത്രീ അതിലാവണ്യവതിയാണു, ആഭിജാത്യമുള്ളവളാണു, അതിബുദ്ധിമതിയാണു, തക്ഷ്ഛ്യാകരണങ്ങൾ കടുകട്ടിയാണു, പേരുകേട്ട ഒരു സംഗീതനൈപുണ്യമുള്ള വനി

തയാണു, പക്ഷെ ആ തരണിക്കു ഒരു ദോഷമുണ്ട്; അവർ ഒരു വൃദ്ധിചാരിണിയാണ്. ഈ ഒരൊറ്റ മാലിന്യം അവളെ ലോകദൃഷ്ടിയിൽ താഴ്ന്നവളാക്കി മാറ്റി. ലോകത്തിൽ സ്വഭാവമാണ് ശിരോലങ്കാരം. ധനം, സൗന്ദര്യം, പ്രതാപം ഇവയല്ല എന്നു ഈ ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു ധാരാളം വിശദമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. 'മണി മുടകിലും സപ്പ് ഫന്ത് ഭീഷണമല്ലയോ' എന്നു നാം നല്ലവണ്ണം ആലോചിക്കണം. ഭർത്താക്കൾ ഏതു പ്രകാരം വെറുപ്പിന്നു പാത്രമാകുന്നുവോ അതേപ്രകാരം സൽഗുണങ്ങൾ പ്രശംസിക്കു പാത്രമാകുമെന്നതും ഇവിടെ സ്മരണീയമാകുന്നു. മഹാഗംഭീരജലാശയമാകുന്ന സമുദ്രം ഏതു ധീരന്റെ മനസ്സിനെ ഒന്നിച്ചുക്കാതിരിക്കയില്ല? അതിൽ അനേകതരം ഭൂഷണങ്ങൾ, വലിയ പാമ്പുകൾ, പൂർത്തുല്പന്നങ്ങളായ തിമിംഗിലങ്ങൾ ഇവയെല്ലാമുണ്ട്. മനുഷ്യൻ അതിൽപെട്ടാൽ ഗംഭീരഗാത്രനായ സ്രാവ് തിമിംഗിലം മുതലായവ അവനെ ഭക്ഷിക്കാതെ വിടുകയില്ല. എന്നാലും അതിൽ രത്നങ്ങൾ, മുത്തുകൾ മുതലായവയുണ്ട്. അതു മനുഷ്യരെ ആകർഷിക്കുന്നു. ജീവൻ പണയംവെക്കണമെന്നുവന്നാലും ശരി ആ രത്നസഞ്ചയങ്ങളെ കരസ്ഥമാക്കുവാൻ മനുഷ്യൻ എത്ര ഉത്സാഹിക്കുന്നു! ഇതേ പ്രകാരത്തിൽ ഒരുവനു ചില ഭർത്താക്കളുണ്ടായാലും ശരി അവന്റെ സൽഗുണങ്ങൾ നമ്മെ ബലാഭാഷിക്കുന്നു.

സംസ്കൃതത്തെ അനുസരിച്ചും സ്വഭാവം വ്യതിചലിച്ചു ഭവിക്കുകയും നന്നാകുമ്പോഴെഴുന്നള്ളുന്നുണ്ട്. ആലചാരിയാൽ ചാണകംനാറും. ചന്ദനംചാരിയാൽ ചന്ദനം മണക്കും എന്ന പഴമൊഴി ഏറ്റവും അർത്ഥവത്തായ ഒന്നാണ്. നാംകൂറന്മാരു് ദുരാചാരതല്പരരുമായി ഇടപഴകിയാൽ ക്രമേണ ആ പകർച്ചവ്യാധി നമ്മേയും ബാധിക്കും. നാം എത്രകണ്ടു മോശക്കാരനായിരുന്നാലും വേണ്ടില്ല സജ്ജനങ്ങളുമായി സമ്പർക്കമുണ്ടായാൽ 'മല്ലപ്പുവെടിയിന്മേലേ കിടക്കും കല്പിതമുണ്ടാമൊരു സൗരഭ്യം' എന്നു പറഞ്ഞപ്രകാരം നമ്മളും അല്പം പരിഷ്കൃതരാവാനിടയുണ്ട്. നല്ല സ്വഭാവമുണ്ടെങ്കിലേ ലോകം നമ്മെ മാനിക്കയുള്ളൂ. നല്ല സ്വഭാവം കരസ്ഥമാക്കാൻ സജ്ജനസമ്പർക്കം ഏറ്റവും ഉത്തമമാണ്. ആയതുകൊണ്ടു നാം ലോകത്തിൽ മാനുഷരായി ജീവിക്കാൻ വിചാരിക്കുന്നുവെങ്കിൽ സജ്ജനസമ്പർക്കം അവശ്യം ആവശ്യമാണ്. സ്വഭാവമാണു ഏറ്റവും വലിയ അലങ്കാരം എന്നു പറഞ്ഞതിന്റെ സാരവും ഇതല്ലാതെ വേറെയൊന്നുമല്ല.

സ്വഭാവമെന്തിനും ലോകത്തെ ഹാദാഭാഷിക്കുമെന്നതിന്നു നമ്മൾ മൃഗങ്ങളോടു പെരുമാറുന്നതുതന്നെ ഒരു വലിയ ഉദാഹരണമായിക്കരുതാം. പ്രകൃതിയിൽതന്നെ കൃത്യമുള്ളവയും ഹിംസ ഇല്ലാത്തവയുമായ മൃഗങ്ങളെ നാം സ്നേഹിക്കാറോ പേററിവളർത്താറോ പതിവില്ല. പക്ഷെ ശാന്തപ്രകൃതിയോടുകൂടി

യ മാൻ, മുയൽ മുതലായവയെ നാം എത്ര കണ്ടു സ്നേഹിക്കുകയും പോറ്റിവളർത്തുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. നമുക്കു നായ പശു മുതലായവയോടുള്ള ഒരു അതിരറ്റ വാത്സല്യവും അവയുടെ സൽസ്വഭാവമുലമാണെന്നു സദയവും പറയാം.

സൽസ്വഭാവി മത്രേമേ ധന്യൻ എന്ന പേർ അർഹിക്കുന്നുള്ളു. അവ രാണു ലോകത്തിൽ ശിഷ്ടന്മാർ എന്ന നാമത്തിൽ അറിഞ്ഞുപോരുന്നവർ, അവർ മാത്രമാണ് തുറന്നുണ്ടുകൾക്കു ശേഷവും ലോകത്തിൽ പ്രസിദ്ധിയോടെ അമരരായു വരുന്നതു. അവർ മരിച്ചാലൊന്ന്, തലമുറക്കാർ, തലമുറക്കാർ അവരെ സ്മരിച്ചു അവരെ സ്തുതിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു ഗീതങ്ങൾ പാടുന്നു. അവരുടെ ജന്മദിനം ചരമദിനി മുതലായവ ആഘോഷിക്കുന്നു. അവർ ചെയ്ത പരിപാവനങ്ങളായ ഓരോ കർമ്മങ്ങളും ചരിത്രത്തിൽ സ്വർണ്ണലിപികളിൽ കുറിക്കുന്നു. അവർ എന്നും ലോകത്തിലെ ആദർശപുരുഷന്മാരായിത്തന്നെ പ്രശോഭിക്കുന്നു. സൽസ്വഭാവികൾ മാത്രമേ ലോകത്തിൽ യഥാർത്ഥത്തിൽ ചിരജീവികളായി വർത്തിച്ചുപോരുന്നുള്ളു.

നാം നമ്മുടെ പുരാണങ്ങളിലെ യശസ്സുഭങ്ങളായ മഹാഷിവർണ്ണനാരായണ ഭാസ്വരനക്ഷത്രങ്ങൾക്കു തുല്യനായ ചക്രവർത്തികളേയും സഞ്ചാരിമാനും സ്മരിച്ചു പോരുന്നതു അവരുടെ പ്രമുഖപ്രതാപം മൂലമല്ല; അവരുടെ അനുകരണീയങ്ങളായ സൽഗുണപരമ്പരകൾമൂലം മാത്രമാണ്. ഋഷിവർണ്ണനായ വാല്മീകി, വസിഷ്ഠൻ ശൗതമൻ, മുതലായ നിരവധി മഹാത്മാക്കൾ നമ്മുടെ ഓർമ്മയിൽ വരുന്നതും അവരുടെ ആദർശോഗ്രമായ ജീവിതം കാരണമാണ്. രാഘ, ശ്രീരാമൻ, ഹരിശ്ചന്ദ്രൻ, ശിബി മുതലായ ചക്രവർത്തികളു വിസ്മയകോടിയിൽ തള്ളുവാൻ ഒരു ഹിന്ദുവിന്നും സുസാദ്ധ്യമല്ല. രാഘവിന്റെ വീരത്വം, ശ്രീരാമന്റെ പ്രജാവാത്സല്യം ഹരിശ്ചന്ദ്രന്റെ സത്യനിഷ്ഠ ശിബിയുടെ അനുകമ്പ ഇവയെല്ലാം നമ്മെ കൊറുക്കുന്നതിൽ കൊള്ളിക്കുന്നു. അവരുടെ ജീവിതസന്ധാരണത്തേയും കൃത്യനിഷ്ഠയേയും അടിസ്ഥാനമാക്കി നാം ജീവിതം നയിക്കുവാൻ ബലകൗതുകമുണ്ടാകുന്നു. ഇതിലുംമീതെ ആ പുരുഷകേസരികൾക്കു എന്തോരലങ്കാരമാണ് വേണ്ടത്. നാം അവരെ ശിരോലങ്കാരങ്ങൾക്കു തുല്യമായി കരുതുന്നു. ഇതിനെല്ലാം കാരണം അവർ തുടങ്ങിയിരുന്ന സന്മാർഗ്ഗവൈശിഷ്ട്യം ഒന്നുമാത്രമാണു. ഇതു കാരണമാണു സ്വഭാവമാണു ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഏറ്റവും ഉത്തമമായ അലങ്കാരം എന്നു പറഞ്ഞതു.

ചരിത്രപ്രസിദ്ധന്മാരായ പൃഥ്വീരാജ്, അക്ഷബർ, ശിവജി എന്നീ ചക്രവർത്തിമാരും, ബുദ്ധൻ, നാനാക്, ശങ്കരാചാര്യർ, അബ്രഹാംലിൻകൻ മുതലായ തത്വചിന്തകന്മാരും, പ്രസിദ്ധിയെ പ്രാപിച്ചതു അവരുടെ പ്രതാപം മൂലമോ, കൃതമൂലമോ അല്ല; പക്ഷെ അവരുടെ സൽസ്വഭാവം ഒന്നുകൊണ്ടുമാത്രമാണ്. ടൈമൂർ, ഔറംഗസെബ് മുതലായ ക്രൂരചക്രവർത്തിമാർ ഇത്ര നിഷ്ഠരായി പരിണമിച്ചു

തും അവരുടെ ദുസ്ഥഭാവംകൊണ്ടു മാത്രമാണ്. അവർ രണ്ടു പേരും എത്രയോ പ്രതാപികളായിരുന്നു, എത്രയോ യുദ്ധവിദ്യാലാഭമായിരുന്നു. പക്ഷെ സഹാനുഭൂതി അവരിൽ 'കണികാബാണം ദുർല്ലഭമെന്നാ' എന്നായിരുന്നു. മഹാ പ്രതാപിയായിരുന്ന റിപ്പബ്ലിക്സൽത്താനും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കൂരസ്ഥഭാവത്തിന്നനുസരിച്ചു നമ്മുടെ വെറുപ്പനുഭവിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. ഈ ലോകത്തിലില്ലെങ്കിൽ പരലോകത്ത്.

ഇന്നത്തെ സുപ്രസിദ്ധരേയും കപ്രസിദ്ധരേയും നമുക്കൊന്നു വിമർശിക്കാം. ലോകത്തിൽ കോഹ്നാൻ എത്ര പ്രകാരം ഏറ്റവും ഉത്തമമായ രത്നമാകുന്നുവോ ബ്രിട്ടൻ എത്രപ്രകാരം ഏറ്റവും വലുതാക സാമ്രാജ്യമാകുന്നുവോ, സോഷ്യലിസം എത്രപ്രകാരം ഉത്തമമായ ഭരണരീതിയാണോ അതേപ്രകാരം തന്നെ ഗാന്ധിജി ലോകത്തിൽവെച്ചു ഏറ്റവും മഹാനായ ഒരു ദേഹമത്രെ! അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്നു കോഹ്നാൻററിനേക്കാൾ പ്രഭുക്കൂടും; ബ്രിട്ടീഷുസാമ്രാജ്യത്തേക്കാൾ വലിയ ഒരു ലോകസാമ്രാജ്യത്തെ അദ്ദേഹം ഭരിക്കുന്നു; അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്നു സോഷ്യലിസത്തിനേക്കാൾ സഹാനുഭൂതികൂടും അദ്ദേഹം ലോകത്തിലെ ഏറ്റവും വലിയ മഹാത്മാവാണെന്നും അത്യുത്തമനായ തത്വചിന്തകനാണെന്നും സർവ്വസമ്മതമാണു. ഫിനൂക്കളോടു അസൂയകൂടിയുള്ള പാശ്ചാത്യരുംകൂടി അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മഹിമയെ സശിരഃകമ്പം സമ്മതിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ഈ ആദരവിനെല്ലാം അദ്ദേഹം പാത്രമായതെങ്ങനെയെന്നു വെച്ചാൽ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അഹ്ലസ്ഥിതയായ ജീവിതരീതികൊണ്ടും സൽസ്ഥഭാവംകൊണ്ടുമാത്രമാണ്. ഇന്നു യൂറോപ്പിലെ പ്രധാനതത്വചിന്തകനായ ബെർനാഡ് ഷാവും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ആദർശോഗ്രമായ സൽസ്ഥഭാവംകൊണ്ടു മാത്രമാണ് പ്രസിദ്ധിനേടിയിട്ടുള്ളതു. ഇന്നും റഷ്യയിൽ ലെനിനിനെ പകുത്തീ ഗീതങ്ങൾ പാടുന്നതും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സഹാനുഭൂതിയും പ്രജാക്ഷേമതല്പരതയും കാരണമാണ്. ഇതേ കാരണത്താൽ തന്നെയാണു പുഷ്പനായ ടാഗോർ മുതലായ പരമപ്രഭുക്കൾക്കു നമ്മുടെ ആദരവിന്നു അർഹമായി ഭവിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളതു.

നേരെമറിച്ചു പ്രസിദ്ധരാണെന്നഭിമാനിക്കുന്ന ഫിറാൾ, മുസ്ലീമിനി മുതലായ ഡിക്റ്റേറ്റർമാർ നമ്മുടെ കണ്ണിൽ എത്രകണ്ടു ബഹുമാനത്തിന്നു പാത്രീഭവിക്കുന്നു. അവർ അവരുടെ ബഹുബലം കൊണ്ടത്രെ സാമ്രാജ്യങ്ങളെ ഭരിക്കുന്നതു. അവർ സ്ഥാനത്തെ മുൻനിർത്തി മറ്റു പേരെ നിർദ്ദയം ദണ്ഡിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. അവർ യഥാർത്ഥവിരന്മാരും മാന്യന്മാരുമല്ല. സൽസ്ഥഭാവംകൊണ്ടു ലോകം കീഴടക്കുന്നവനെ ധന്യരിൽ ധന്യൻ! അവന്റെ പേർമാത്രമേ നൂറ്റാണ്ടുകൾക്കുശേഷവും വിളങ്ങുകയുള്ളു!

നമ്മുടെ ഇന്നത്തെ സ്ഥിതിയൊന്നാലോചിക്കുകയാണെങ്കിൽ നാം ഇതിൽ നിന്നൊക്കെ തീരെ മാറിയാണു ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്നതെന്നു പ്രത്യക്ഷമാകും. നാം

ആഡംബരപ്രിയന്മാരാകുന്നു. പരിഷ്കാരമെന്ന പേരിൽ നമ്മെ ബാധിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന ആ ഭട്ടേവതയെ നാം ബഹുമാനിച്ചു അതിന്റെ ബന്ധനത്തിൽകിടന്നു പിടക്കുന്നു. താല്ക്കാലികാലങ്കാരത്തിൽ ഭൂമിക്കുന്നു. നമുക്കു ശാശ്വതവും സനാതനവുമായ അലങ്കാരത്തെപ്പറ്റി യാതൊരു വിചാരവുമില്ല. നമുക്കു സദാചാരതല്പരരാകണമെന്നല്ല ആഗ്രഹം. ലോകത്തെ മയക്കുന്ന പരിഷ്കാരമോഹിനിയിൽ രമിക്കുവാനത്രെ! . ശാന്തസുന്ദരമായ ആ സദാചാരമാകുന്ന അമ്മയുടെ മടിയിൽ ആ സ്വർഗ്ഗീയമായ താരാട്ടുകേട്ടുകൊണ്ടു ഉറങ്ങുവാനല്ല നമുക്കാഗ്രഹം. ആ പരിഷ്കാരവൃദ്ധിചാരിണിയിൽ നാം മനസ്സുറപ്പിച്ചുവരത്രെ! . നാം കണ്ണുതുറക്കുവാൻ വൈകി. സ്വഭാവമാണു ജീവിതത്തിലെ അലങ്കാരം, താല്ക്കാലിക സുഖമോ ക്ഷേമമോ അല്ല എന്നിതത്വം നാം പഠിക്കേണ്ട കാലം വൈകി. അതു നല്ലവണ്ണം പഠിച്ചു ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ഉന്നമനത്തിനായി പ്രവർത്തിക്കുവാൻ നമുക്കു ജഗദീശൻ ശക്തിനൽകട്ടെ!!

എം. വാസുദേവൻനായർ

(സീനിയർ വിദ്യാർത്ഥി.)

*രാജശക്തിയുടെ ക്ഷൗഭ്രം.

വന്ദിപ്പാട്ട്.

(പി. കെ. ഏട്ടുനൂണിത്തമ്പുരാൻ, പൂർവ്വിദ്യാത്മി)

1. ഇരിക്കുന്നു വരിഷ്ഠവിഷ്ണുമിട്ടു “ഡൻമാക്കാ”കം
ധരിത്രിതൻ മണവാളൻ മണൽപ്പറത്തായ,
അലയ്ക്കുന്നു നരഞ്ഞെററം മഹാസ്സവം, സേവകന്മാർ
നിലകൊണ്ടിടുന്നു നരപതിയ്ക്കു ചുറ്റും.
2. ഉരച്ചിത്തായവർ റൂപബലപ്രതാപാദികളെ-
പ്പരം വാഴ്ത്തിക്കൊണ്ടു “ബലജലധേ! രാജൻ!
അവിടുത്തെ മഹിമയെന്തുമോ! പെരുകടൽകൂടി-
യവിതക്കും ഭവഭാജനയനുസരിയ്ക്കും.”
3. പറഞ്ഞതില്ലതിന്നൊരുത്തരുമെന്നാലരപൻ
തിരിഞ്ഞുടൻ കടലോടിത്തരം കഥിച്ചു
“അടുക്കാൻ കിടന്നുവെട്ടും മഹോദധേ! തവ ജല-
മകരുക റൂപതി ഞാൻ കല്പിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടേൻ.”
4. ഏകിലമണഞ്ഞിടുന്നു മുന്നോട്ടേക്കുതന്നെ ജലം
ഹുകിയന്നുകൊണ്ടു വേലയ്ക്കു ടികൂടുന്നു,
പതഞ്ഞുയന്നുരുളുന്ന തിരമാല, തൻതോയത്തിൽ
ക്ഷിതിധവചരണത്തെക്കളിപ്പിക്കുന്നു.
5. അന്നന്തരം തിരിഞ്ഞു തൻസേവകരോടുകൂടെ
ജനപതി “വീണ്ടും മമ ശ്രുതികൾക്കിതഥം
സ്തുതിവചനങ്ങൾമൂലമഴലേറീടാത്താൻ പാഠ-
മിതുവേക്കട്ടെ നിങ്ങൾക്കോർമ്മക്കായെന്നും.
6. അരചക്ഷമരചനാരൂപകളാകമാനം
നിരന്തരമാരെത്തന്നെയനുസരിച്ചു
നിഖിലാധികാരങ്ങൾക്കും ശക്തികൾക്കും പ്രഭുവാര-
നിഗമമുന്തിയേ മാത്രം പുകഴ്ത്തിട്ടവിൻ.

7. അവനത്രേ ധരിത്രിതന്നടിക്കല്ലു പാവിയതു-
മവനത്രേ ഭരിപ്പതീയലരമാഴി,
അതിക്രമിക്കരുതെന്നായ് നിജദിവ്യനയനംകൊ-
ണ്ടവനത്രേയതിന്നു നല്ലതിരിട്ടതും.”
8. അന്നുമുതലാനരേന്ദ്രൻ മണിമയമകുടത്തെ-
ത്തന്നുടേ തലയിലേതു മണിഞ്ഞിപ്പൂതെ
“ശ്യാംപ്രസാദം ചിന്മയനാശിഞ്ഞു കിരീടമണിവാൻ
യോഗ്യനായിട്ടാരുമില്ലെ”ന്നവനുരച്ചു.

ശുഭം.

ഒരു വിദ്വാൻ:—കവനകൗമുദി ഇല്ലാത്തതതു മലയാളികൾക്കു വലിയൊരു നഷ്ടം
തന്നെ. എത്രയത്ര ബാലകവികൾ അതിനെ ആശ്രയിച്ചു കവികളായി
ത്തീർന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്.

മറ്റൊരാൾ:—അതിനെന്തെ ? സാമൂതിരിക്കോളേജ് മാസികയില്ലെ ?

മാറമില്ലയോ!

—:***:—

I

പുത്തനാമ്പരിഷ്കാരപ്രഭവം നടിച്ചുള്ളിൽ
കത്തുന്ന കാമാസക്തികൊണ്ടോടിനടന്നിടം,
ചിത്തമോഹനമാകും വേഷധാരിയും വാക്കി-
ലത്യന്തസാരസ്വവും നിറയും “വിജയനിൽ,”
കണ്ടതില്ലല്ലോ വേറെയൊന്നുമേയനുരാഗ-
മുണ്ടാക്കും വ്യഥയെന്തേ കുറമായ് “മുണരളിനി”
ശാന്തമാം പ്രഭാതത്തിൽ പക്ഷികൾതൻജോടിക-
ളേതുന്ന ശുദ്ധാന്തരം മാത്രമായ് കണ്ടുള്ളവരും;
നിത്യവും പ്രണയമോടെട്ടിതൻ കപോലത്തിൽ
ചിത്രമാവിധം തുടുപ്പേറ്റിടുംമട്ടിൽ സൂര്യൻ,
ചുംബിച്ചു തൽപ്രേമത്തിൻ ദാർഢ്യത്തെ വെളിവാക്കു-
മമ്മഹാപ്രേമാദ്ധ്യായമൊന്നുതാൻ ഭരിച്ചവരും;
കണ്ടതില്ലല്ലോ കാമ്യസഗീതം പൊഴിച്ചെണ്ണും
വണ്ടുകളോരോ പഷ്പന്തോരും പോയിരിപ്പതും;
കാലതാഴ്ചപ്പാശയേ വരിച്ചിട്ടൊട്ടുചെന്നാൽ
വാരുണീസക്തനായിസ്സൂര്യനങ്ങൊളിപ്പതും !!

II

“പട്ടണപ്രദേശത്തിലുള്ള ജീവിതംതനി-
കൃത്രിമം—അവിടത്തിൽ കൊള്ളില്ല വസിക്കുവാൻ”
ഇത്തരം വൃഥാ വാക്കുൽ പഴിച്ചന്നാകുമൊ-
മുത്തമനാളിൻപുറത്തേത്തിയാ യുവാവുപോയ്
സാധുവാം കൃഷീവലകന്യകയൊരുത്തിയെ-
സാരമാം സൗന്ദര്യത്തിൻസന്താനസുവല്ലിയെ-
തന്നുടൈവാക്കാൽ, പെരുമാറ്റത്താൽ, വാദാനത്താൽ
നിട്ടുയോദ്യമനവൻ പ്രേമഭാക്കാക്കാമെന്നായ്
ഉന്നിച്ചു നൈമല്ലത്തിൻമംഗലപ്രതിമയെ-
പിന്നെ ഞാനെന്നോതേണ്ട—താഴ്ന്നി ഹാ! തമിസ്രത്തിൽ.

Dehnan

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