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THE MALABAR CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE
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1945-'46

Editor of the
English Section } Victor G. M. Pavamani

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Editor's Notes

The stage is reached in the slow march of human progress when warfare has to be abandoned as an outmoded method of settling disputes between nations. The atom bomb has made it clear beyond the shadow of a doubt, that, if mankind desires at all to continue to inhabit the earth, there shall be no more wars; because another world war will mean the total destruction of the human race. "Cain can no longer murder Abel without murdering himself. And who then shall claim the birthright about which the quarrel began?" That, we should think, is a sufficiently powerful threat to keep nations from waging war upon one another. Where nobler considerations and lesser threats have failed, the threat of extermination should succeed, because self-preservation is one of the primary human instincts.

Leaders of nations are thinking hard to devise a machinery whereby enduring and universal peace might be insured. The first condition of the success of their efforts will be the establishment of justice and fair-dealing for

all people and states, large and small. "We live in a world where the sovereignty of no nation, not even the most powerful, is absolute. There is no such thing as complete freedom of decision for any nation". There can no longer be such a thing as a big nation; nor can a nation be any longer described as a power. 'Big' and 'power' are obnoxious words, suggestive of the inhuman forces of destruction symbolised by the atomic bomb. In the new era that has dawned force of arms is an irrelevant factor. It is an era of international co-operation based on faith, tolerance and good will.

Although war has ended, we have not had peace as yet. The world is still in a state of chaos and turmoil. Political unrest, economic inequality and social injustice still continue to afflict mankind. After six long years of trials and terrors such as it has never experienced before, mankind waits longingly for peace. How good if the reign of peace were hastened! The delay serves to add to the existing unrest. Moreover, we the living owe it as a sacred duty to those

who died in the war that we might live in peace, to see that peace is soon restored to mankind by the speedy eradication of those political, economic and social factors which now stand in its way, and by the advancement of those conditions which promote it. If this is done, the dead will not have died in vain.

'Thank you Sir'

The first article in the present number is from Rev. A. Streckeisen, president of the Basel Mission in India. Besides his official interest in the College he has yet another bond of attachment to it. He was once its principal. And that explains the readiness with which he consented to write for us, when the request was made, in spite of heavy pressure

of work. We are grateful to him for the excellent article.

We understand that Mr. Streckeisen is shortly leaving on furlough. We wish him and Mrs. Streckeisen and children 'bon voyage' and a time of rest and quiet.

Paper shortage still continues to be as acute as during war time. However, certain restrictions which we had introduced as a measure of paper economy have been relaxed. This fact accounts for the inclusion, in the present number, of "Salute to Youth" by Mr. M. K. Thomas, also an ex-member of the College staff. The article was written at our request, though the choice of the subject is the writer's own. We thank him for the article. We have no doubt that our students will profit by reading it.

To each is given a certain inward talent, a certain outward environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of capability.

Thomas Carlyle.

Virtues Worth Cultivating

- SILENCE ... Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
- ORDER ... Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
- RESOLUTION ... Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
- FRUGALITY ... Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
- INDUSTRY ... Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
- SINCERITY ... Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.
- JUSTICE ... Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
- MODERATION .. Avoid extremes, forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.
- CLEANLINESS ... Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.
- TRANQUILITY ... Be not disturbed at trifles.

Benjamin Franklin.

"I Am the Good Shepherd"

Thou shalt not want life....."*I give unto them eternal life*"

Thou shalt not want food....."*I am the bread of life*".

Thou shalt not want drink... *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*"

Thou shalt not want for- *The Son of man hath power*
givenness. ... *on earth to forgive sins*".

Thou shalt not want *I am the way, and the truth,*
guidance ... *and the life*".

Thou shalt not want rest "*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

Thou shalt not want com-
panionship. "*Lo, I am with you always*".

Quoted.

The Secret of Success

One of the most attractive figures in the Old Testament is the prophet Elijah. What an upright, manly, courageous figure he is! He stands up when nobody dares to stand; he speaks when everybody keeps silent; he holds his ground even when nobody follows him and all others flee.

At once that scene comes to our mind, when he meets king Ahab and tells to his face the words of punishment God has put into his mouth. How daring all this was, is apparent from the fact, that he is advised at once to go "underground" after delivering the message.

And then there is the second meeting with the king after the three years of drought are over. The king in his rage greets him with the words: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" And without hesitation he replies: "Not I-but thou!" And then he delivers to him the message that God had given him.

But best known of all is the scene when this lonely prophet on the heights of Carmel pleads with the people to return to the worship of the one true God.

How uneven is the contest! On the one hand fourhundred-and-fifty priests of Baal, sure of their overwhelming majority and encouraged by the presence of the king. And on the other hand, Elijah, alone, nobody siding with him. Yet he stands his ground, and the end of the day sees him victorious.

These incidents will be sufficient to show us the characteristics of the man. He is one who fights corruption and wrong in any form. He is strong enough also to be unpopular and to stand alone, though he is attacked from many sides. He has the courage to speak the truth, irrespective of consequence. And though having to live in hiding for many years he never gives in until he has completed his work.

What is the secret of this extraordinary strength of character? Elijah himself reveals it in the first words that are recorded of him, when he says to king Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand..." The source of his outward greatness lies in his innermost depth: in his fellowship

with God. That he stands before God means that he has not only heard about Him but known Him personally. It further means that he does not listen only occasionally, but stands continually to hear His voice. Last but not least, it means that he stands before Him as His servant, ready to carry out His will. He has surrendered his life to God and allows God to make use of him when and how He pleases. It is not in his own strength that he performs his great deeds; it is because he has allowed God to be master over his whole life so that God can prove His own mastery over all obstacles and temptations through him.

The strength of our own character is in direct proportion to our personal surrender to and fellowship with God. We cannot stand for truth, we cannot fight for right unless we have first allowed God to conquer untruth, wrong and sin in ourselves. It is not enough that we make some pretence in keeping up outwardly a certain standard and know at the same time that our own life within is full of defeat, weakness and wrong. No-

body can bring order into outward disorder, unless he has allowed God to put his own life in order. And although we hope for a new India and a new world, in which there reign righteousness and peace—we shall be able to work for it ourselves only if righteousness rules our own character and peace our hearts.

But how can we learn this secret of greatness? It is by doing as Elijah did: by standing before God. It is by listening to His Word devotionally and sincerely. It is by surrendering our will to His and obeying what He tells us. It is by allowing Him to point out our weakness and sin and to free us from it. In the measure our life is dependent upon God's daily presence and fellowship, in that measure does it become independent of other influences. We remember the verse written in bold letters on the wall of the College Hall: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." This is so, because the fear of the Lord makes us free from the fear of men, from the fear of evil talk, from the fear of the "invincible" power of temptation, from the fear of what any earthly

The Secret of Success

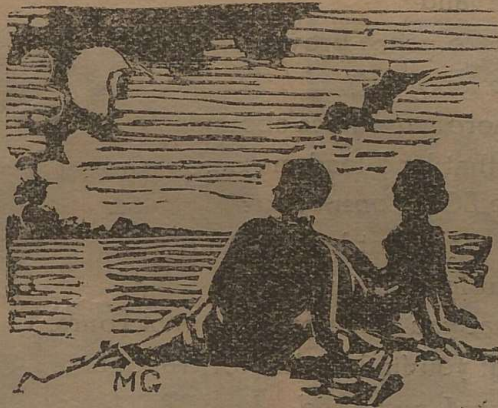
power can do to us. The fear of the Lord sets us free from all this because it teaches us to count upon one supreme reality only: the reality of God. This is

the secret of the greatness of the prophet Elijah. This secret can become ours too.

A. STRECKEISEN.

Nothing is so fatal to religion as indifference which is at least half infidelity.

Edmund Burke.



A PRAYER

O LORD,

Lead me to the land,

The land

Where deceit is deceived,

The land

Where mockery is mocked,

The land

Where difficulties are destroyed,

The land

Where defeat is defeated.

The land

Where service reigns supreme,

The land

Where peace prevails,

The land

Where happiness abounds,

To that land lead me on.

The LORD answered :

My man, that land is yours,

That land is you ;

What you make of this life of yours,

That you find in the world about.

Then I answered,

Kneeling on my lowly knees ;

I pray Thee to hear my humble prayer :

Nothing but Thy grace can save

This weakling kneeling before Thy Altar.

Herbert Samuel.



The College Dancer: A. K, VIJAYAN, Class I.

Annual Report, 1945.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

College Day is a great annual event looked forward to with eagerness and enthusiasm by the present students of the College as well as by its old students. The celebrations used to be in November every year, but on account of the difficulties experienced during the last two years, arising out of the uncertain weather, we had to postpone this year's function to the third term. The year under report was not one of expansion and new enterprises but one of serious effort to maintain our standard of work and efficiency under difficult conditions. We lift up grateful hearts to God for helping forward our work of training the young men and women entrusted to our care and fitting them for the service of God and man. India needs at present, above all, men and women of trained intellect and unselfish spirit in order to guide her destiny and render service essential to her welfare. We pray that the students who pass through this College may go out strengthened in charac-

ter as well as enlightened in mind. This is the highest contribution that we can make to our country.

The strength of the College has reached the figure of 240 beating all past records. Many of the parents present here know what great difficulty was experienced by me in the matter of admissions and how many students had to be refused admission. One noteworthy feature of the increase in strength is that the number of women students has gone up to 55 and special permission had to be obtained in order to admit five more than the number allowed by the University. The strength of the School has also increased, the total number on the rolls of the institution being 1580 against 1497 of last year. The Government have decided to reorganise secondary education by the introduction of bifurcated courses for the S. S. L. C. and have called for proposals from Managements

The idea is to have two sets of classes, one preparatory, leading to universities and the other technical, leading to Polytechnics or higher technical institutes. In the Preparatory High Schools a greater emphasis will be placed on academic study, while in Technical High Schools, studies in technical subjects will be encouraged with a background of academic subjects. This, it is hoped, will help to control the rush to the University classes.

The year under review saw some changes in the staff. I have to announce with great sorrow that three of our teachers died last year, Mr. M. P. Cheeran in March, Mr. M. K. Thomas in August and Mr. C. V. Iyyakku in September. All the three teachers had put in long and faithful service and were noted for their enthusiasm in the discharge of their duties.

Mr. R. Ramachandran, B. A., Assistant Lecturer in Malayalam resigned on account of ill-health; in his place Mr. K. Divakaran, B. A. was appointed. Mr. A. K. Raman, the Demonstrator left us to take up work elsewhere and was succeeded

by Mr. C. N. Subramanian, B. Sc. Mr. E. J. Edona, B. A., L. T., Lecturer was transferred to the Mission High School at Badagara as Headmaster. In the High School, Miss P. Shanthi, and Messrs. K. Sankaran Nair, Mathai Karunakaran and G. P. Selvam resigned. The following new appointments were made: Miss. I. Philips and Messrs. P. V. Raghava Variar, P. V. Narayana Panicker, P. Govindan Nair, K. Chappa Panickar, P. V. Damodaran Nambiar, M. C. Krishna Kurup and N. V. Krishna Iyer. Mr. S. E. Selvam was transferred from the Mission High School at Tellicherry to the College High School.

Examination results are by no means a perfect test of success of an educational institution, but to the popular mind they form the only tangible test of efficiency. Out of 79 students sent up for the Intermediate examination, 39 passed completely. 10 were placed in the first class. Out of 101 pupils presented for the S. S. L. C. Public examination 43 were declared eligible for the University course. I take this opportunity to appeal to the parents and guardians of our students to take greater

interest in the quarterly progress reports sent to them and to take steps to remove the defects pointed out therein. The co-operation of the guardians with the authorities of the institution, I feel, will help a great deal in improving the number of passes at public examinations

The other sides of College life have not been neglected. The Literary Societies, both of the College and School, have functioned with regularity and success. The athletic life of the institution continues to be satisfactory and ample facilities have been offered, on the playground, for developing the beauty and strength of the body as well as the virtue of team spirit. The games are conducted under the supervision of the Physical Director and instructors helped by some other members of the staff. For the first time in the history of the College, about 40 women students went on an excursion to Shree Shaila, near Tikkoti, where they were the guests of Mr. K. B. Prabhu for two days.

During the year 1945, on an average 60 boys were given a free meal every

working day, and the total amount spent was Rs. 1200. The funds required have been raised by an annual cinema show. The show this year will be held on the 22nd instant. I take this opportunity to thank the Management of the Crown Theatre for giving us the Benefit Show again this year and our teachers and students to whose enthusiastic labours the success of this function has been entirely due.

The Students' Christian Association, the College branch of the Student Christian Movement, has shown signs of active life. There were prayer meetings every week and special study classes once a month. The School Christian Union has met regularly under the guidance of a member of the staff. The Junior Red Cross Group has done very good work under the directions of its able leader.

The College Hostel which can accommodate 52 became full within a few days after the re-opening of the College in June, and a few of our boys had to seek admission in the Y. M. C. A. Hostel. A few of our women students stay in the Y. W. C. A. Hostel and some in the B. E. M. Girls' Boarding Home.

It is my pleasant duty to thank the Old Students for the hearty co-operation they have extended to the College in its varied activities and for the lively interest they have taken in the welfare and progress of the institution. In my last report I referred to the decision of the Old Students' Association to celebrate the centenary of this institution in 1948, in a fitting manner and also to do something substantial and lasting to mark the unique occasion. The Centenary Celebrations Committee has made rapid progress in the matter of collecting funds and an appeal is going out signed by the following distinguished Old Boys in addition to the local Committee members:

1. P. A. Gopalakrishna Esq., O B. E., M. A., I. C. S.,
2. Dr. George Mathai, M. A., Sc. D (Cantab) Hon. D Sc. (Punjab) F. R. S E, F Z S, F. N I, I. E. S., (Retd).
3. K. Zachariah Esq., O. B. E., M. A., I E. S., Director of Public Instruction, Bengal.
4. K. M. Gopalan Esq., B. A. B. L., Retired District & Session Judge.
5. Lt Col. George Verghese, C I. E., I. M. S., Deputy Director-General, Indian Medical Service, New Delhi.
6. Rao Sahib M. R. Bengara, B. A., B. L., Collector, Kurnool District.
7. E. Kannan Esq., M.L.C., Calicut.
8. K. P. Velu Pillai Esq., Deputy Agent, South Indian Railway, Trichinopoly.
9. Dr. D. V. G. Muthu, M. B. E., B. A., M. B. B. S., Superintendent, Sri. Padmadevi Tubercular Sanatorium, Baroda.
10. Rao Bahadur G. T. J. Thaddaeus, B. A., General Secretary for India, Boy Scouts Association, New Delhi.
11. Rao Bahadur K. M. Ananthan, M. B. B. S., Civil Surgeon, Coonoor.
12. P. T. Koman Nair Esq., B. A. B. Sc., (Tech) Director of Industries, Central Provinces.

Principal's Annual Report

I have to thank the Old Students' Association also for the grant of a scholarship. My thanks are also due to the following gentlemen who have awarded scholarships of Rs. 50 each: Mr. U. K. Sankunni, Mr. L. S. Jones, Mr. K. Kelukutty, all our Old Boys and Mr. K. Chekutty, a friend and well-wisher of the College. I have great pleasure to announce that Mrs. Benjamin Pavamani has instituted two prizes of Rs. 25 each in memory of her husband, to be called "Benjamin Pavamani Memorial Prize". They are to be given in the form of books to (1) the student who joins the Mathematics group of the Junior Intermediate class after passing out of the College School with the highest number of marks in optional Mathematics in the S. S. L. C. Public Examination and (2) the student who passes the Intermediate examination having obtained the highest number of marks in Mathematics.

I should like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to the Headmaster and to my other colleagues on the staff for their hearty co-operation in all that promotes the welfare of this Institution, and also to acknowledge the uniform courtesy and willing obedience on the part of my students, both of the College and school. I am grateful to all those who have worked so hard to make this evening's function a success, especially to our Old Boys who are contributing an item in the entertainment and to our volunteers. I have to thank the Old Boy who will propose the toast of the College, for associating himself with us in this celebration. I thank in particular Mr. P. Crombie for his goodness in so readily consenting to preside this evening and to give away the prizes. I thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for kindly responding to our invitation by your presence.

Happiness is neither within us nor without us; it is the union of ourselves with God—

Salute to Youth

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The early flowering of youth is not an uncommon phenomenon in the history of the world. Van Dyck was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke as a master painter when he was nineteen. Correggio painted "The Virgin Enthroned", at twenty. Rembrandt was twenty-one when he attempted that masterpiece "The Anatomist". Shelley published "Queen Mab" at twenty-one, while Milton, at twenty-four, wrote "L' Allegro", and "Il Penseroso". Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" at twenty-five. Keats died at twenty-five and Chatterton at eighteen. Pitt was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four. Joan of Arc was only seventeen when she rode forth in arms as the saviour of France. Alexander the Great was just twenty-three when he defeated

Darius and considerably changed the course of world history.

When one thinks of the six tragic years, during which young men and women of the entire world were flung into the fiery furnace of a Second World War, the sharpest pang must be caused by the thought of the immeasurable wealth of genius and talent that was expended so prodigally. No one has yet taken a census of all the gifted young people who perished—some in fighting in the air, on land, on the sea or under the sea; others at the hands of the executioner, in concentration camps or of simple starvation. To say, as some people do, that this sacrifice of most precious lives was entirely vain, is to wrong the living and the dead. But, one thing is certain. The world is the poorer for the passing of those who would have been true Leaders of Men. It behoves, therefore, those who are left to gird up their loins and essay the difficult task of helping humanity to reach the next milestone in

its weary march on the long, long road leading to its destiny.

It is given, however, to only a few to serve as torch-bearers to humanity. Many truly great men, on the other hand, had to live laborious years of preparation before they were called upon to serve their country or their kind. The vast majority of us, it must be confessed, will never become leaders in any field or heroes for whom nations will mourn. But, what then? Are we to be only mouths to be fed or hands to tighten a few screws at the assembly lines in a factory or, at the best, to be cannonfodder? I am sure that we have a nobler destiny than this. It depends very largely on ourselves whether we are to be "getters" or "givers"; whether we think more of duties to the community in which we are privileged to live, or our rights. At the present moment the tendency is to emphasize one's Rights and to forget the Duties. Blotting paper is a very useful article, but you do not go even to the most ink-stained paper in the hope of getting ink. The function of the blotting paper is to absorb and never to give. I

am thinking of the duty cast upon every citizen of a democratic state, the duty of helping to shape public opinion aright—to modify the herd instinct to follow the bell-wether blindly and stupidly. To shout "Slogans" and lead "Jathas" one may have to be a hero of a sort, but educated young men and women have surely a less spectacular but more onerous duty laid upon them—to lead not merely in the Forum and the Senate but also in the quiet places where most of us spend our uneventful lives. "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it," said Thomas Paine. It seems less fatiguing for many young people to carry a tommy-gun than to study, think or reflect.

Freedom from foreign domination does not of itself make a country free. It is the people who, by their sleepless watchfulness and continual striving, make their country free and keep it free. The alertness and sacrifice demanded of "Fire-watchers" during the Battle of Britain was nothing compared with what is demanded of a good citizen of a

democratic country if it is to remain free and democratic in anything but name. The illusion that freedom is something to be won once for all and that, thereafter, you have nothing to do but continue to enjoy what you have won is on a par with the idea which prevails among many people, who ought to know better about getting an education. They imagine that passing examinations and being labelled B A, or M. A., finishes the business and, thereafter, all that one has to do is to draw the dividend from this wonderful gilt-edged investment called University Education. The fact, as you are aware, is that this is only the first step or initiation in getting educated. Thus it is with freedom too. Once you accomplish your freedom you begin the task of remaining free.

If one is to discharge this civic duty aright he has to prepare himself during the years society has wisely set apart, at considerable expense to itself, for the training of the young. This preparation, to be successful, cannot begin too early. Like the Spartan youth who dedicated their days and nights

to the training of their bodies to make themselves fit soldiers for the service of their country, modern youth must prepare themselves to discharge their duty not only to their country but to the world at large. "Why all this blether about young men doing this and doing that," some impatient young man may be tempted to ask—if any one takes the trouble to read these stray thoughts of a sexagenarian whose ideas—in the opinion of youth at all events—are quite outmoded. There are several reasons why young men and young women should take a deep interest in the welfare of their country and the peace of the world. In the first place they have not yet become set in their ideas and do not owe allegiance to any individual or party. The partiality which they feel for any leader or association is of the nature of "calf love" and cannot be compared to the loyalty or prejudice, call it what you will, which is at the root of the actions of older people. They should, therefore, be thankful for the chance to study the problems confronting their country and the world, away from the heat and the dust

in which their elders have to strive. When their turn comes to enter the political arena they will find that, even if they lack experience, their freshness of outlook, their capacity for generous enthusiasm, their faith in men and things and their general optimism give them certain advantages which experience alone can never give. The second reason is that the world is theirs to make or mar for, the older actors must, willy-nilly, soon quit the stage to make room for the new cast. The last and the strongest reason is that it is youth that will have to pay the piper if somebody else is permitted unchecked to call the tune. Whatever your ideas about the future of the world, the consequences of any mistake must inevitably fall on youth. The most fatal attitude is to behave as if nothing terrible will happen and, so, why worry! That many terrible things can happen the exploits of Fascists, both Eastern and Western, showed us, pretty clearly. We had a narrow escape from the fate they had planned for us. The next time we may not be so lucky. It is a great pity that Indian youth should be gulled into the belief that

there was no danger to us at all and that with Fascist help India could have won freedom. This kind of juggling with truth would be impossible were young people better instructed. The duty, then, to "Shape Things to Come" instead of passively waiting for "The Shape of Things to Come" to unfold itself, is cast on those who enjoy the benefits of a liberal education. It is regrettable that students should avoid, with a certain amount of contempt, the study of History, Politics and Economics, as if these are subjects best left to those "misfits" who stray into the University, ill-equipped for their work and intent only on acquiring the hall-mark of University education. Planning is very much in the air now. Why not take the "Four-Year Plan", under which University students are supposed to work, more seriously? Fit yourself by serious study and discussion to become free citizens of a Free Commonwealth. You will then become signposts to guide others instead of weather vanes deflected this way and that by every passing wind. From shouting slogans and catch-words—the Jerichos

you want to capture are not to be won in this manner, as Mahatma Gandhi recently warned you—we are coming to throwing brick-bats and empty bottles in order to convince our opponents of the soundness of our arguments. You should serve as the spear-head of every movement for the betterment of humanity. This is the glory of youth. But you should be guided by knowledge and sympathy. And, above all, you must have discipline if you are to achieve anything worth while and to become an asset to the cause you espouse instead of a liability. Do not be in haste to label yourself; you should not be red-shirts, brown-shirts or black-shirts. Be content for the moment to wear the "White shirt of blameless youth".

The part the young can and should play in the New World, is indeed, a glorious one. The day about to dawn is the day of International Co-operation, instead of Nationalism, whether rabid or merely selfish. The chief barrier to co-operation between communities within one country, and also between nations, is lack of clear understanding of the difficulties under which each

other is suffering and the aims and ambitions of other groups or nations. You should not expect bureaucrats or professional politicians to dissipate international misunderstandings. They make excellent servants if you are efficient masters. It is for youth, therefore, to explore the possibilities of International amity, to be bridge-builders between suspicious nations, to be 'adventurers' of a new type, not inflicting wounds but solicitous to heal, not seeking to loot helpless people but ready to bestow the treasure of understanding, of friendship. There is the trumpet call for volunteers to scale the heights which give you, as it were, a Pisgah-sight of the Promised Land from which fear has been for ever banished.

I shall conclude with a quotation (taken at second hand from a paper) from a new book.* by Dr. C E. Joad.

"In what, then, I want to know, do men differ from and excel the beasts? In swiftness and ferocity the deer and the lion have us beaten every time; in size and strength we must give way to the elephant and the whale: sheep are more gentle; nightingales more

Salute to Youth

meoldious; beavers more diligent; and I suppose, ants run the Corporate State much better than any Fascist In what, then does our superiority consist? Wherein are our distinctive excellencies to be found? I venture to suggest in three qualities: (1) in our reason; (2) in our sense of beauty; (3) in our sense of right and

wrong. Now it is one of the most distinctive characteristics of our age as it is also one of the most humiliating, that we have grown up to pride ourselves not upon excellence in respect of these distinctive characteristics of mankind, but upon those characteristics that I enumerated a moment ago in which the animals are our superiors."

No evidence can affect convictions which have been arrived at without evidence.

J. A. Froude.



Sankara Narayanan.

Man's Place in the Universe.

Three thousand years ago, on a cold winter night, a young shepherd boy, keeping watch over his sheep, lay on the ground at the top of a hill, gazing thoughtfully at the sky overhead. The night was cloudless. A young moon hung low near the horizon, and the stars shone in the sky in all their brilliance. As he lay there and watched the stately march of the stars across the sky, his thoughtful mind was forced to exclaim "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

David—that was the boy—probably saw not more than one half of the three thousand stars visible to the unaided eye. With the rest of the mankind of that time, he believed that the earth was the centre of the Universe and that the sun and the stars went round the earth. His universe was a very small one, for his knowledge was limited. And yet, in comparison with that

universe, he felt that man was nothing at all.

With the aid of the mighty telescopes and the powerful spectroscopes of the present day we have gained a great deal more of knowledge regarding the magnitude of the Universe. We know that there are countless millions of stars beyond the reach of the unaided human eye; that many of these are far greater than our own sun; that probably most of these are huge solar systems in themselves, with planets like our own earth and the other members of our solar system circling around them, on some at least of which there probably exists life similar to that known to us on earth; that these millions of suns together form one mighty galaxy, to traverse whose bounds light which travels with the incredible speed of 186,000 miles a second, light which is at least one and a half million times faster than our fastest aeroplane, light which takes just about eight minutes to cover the vast distance which separates us from the sun, takes probably thousands of years.

Man's Place in the Universe

And then a frightening thought. Modern astronomy tells us that there is evidence to believe that there are countless thousands of these galaxies, sunk in the depths of limitless space.

A present-day David, looking up into the heavens and seeing the stars in their silent procession across the sky, just as David saw them in those early days, but also seeing with his mind's eye the infinitely greater universe that modern science has revealed to him, will be inevitably led to exclaim with David,—but with vastly greater significance, "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Our present universe is infinitely greater than the universe that David saw, and therefore man today, in terms of this universe, has dwindled into an equally greater insignificance, than David thought he had.

And yet we know that God has given him an intellect which is able to comprehend within itself this mighty universe, and a spirit which makes him superior to everything material.

With David then we can also say—again with much greater significance, "For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and power. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth "

GEORGE THOMAS,

V Form.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.

Cardinal Newman.

THE WATER WAS SO COLD

Gopal frantically searched the Honours results in The Mail. The numbers danced before his eyes and his hands were so unsteady. He went through all the numbers. No, number 57 was not there. He couldn't believe it. It might have been a mistake in printing. Throwing down the paper he rushed to his friend who at the sight of him began awkwardly, 'I am so sorry.....' But he did not wait to hear what his friend had to say. It was no time for a jovial tete-a-tete. Gopal's face had paled and his fists were clenched so that the knuckles were white. Everything on the platform swam before his eyes. Gopal wished to escape from this crowded platform before any of his acquaintances asked embarrassing questions. He couldn't think properly. As he was hurrying along he heard Venu a friend of his call out "Hullo Gopal, did you secure a copy of the paper?" Gopal swore under his breath and rushed forward as if he did not know Venu from Adam. Good God! he had at last managed to get into the street. As he walked along

to the hostel, he tried to collect his shattered thoughts. He had failed in the Honours exam. That was the plain cold fact. He felt desperate. How was he to break the news to his parents and relatives? He knew that all were expecting nothing short of a first class from him. He himself had, in all modesty, been sure of at least a second class. His lecturers also had high hopes, he was sure of that. And here he had failed. There wasn't even a second chance offered to him. He shivered to think of facing his people. His father might even turn him out. By the time he had reached his room his knees were giving way under him. Once in his room he confessed to himself that he was afraid to take his failure bravely. He was feeling desperate. He had staked everything on his success in this exam. On the spur of the moment it struck him that he could do away with his life. That should be easy, considering the number of suicide cases one read in the papers. Gopal turned it over in his mind. He felt that it was the only

The Water was so cold

solution for the problem. Before night he had even decided which form it was to take. The same night he would drown himself in the sea. In spite of himself his whole body shook at this thought. He even saw with his mind's eye the next day's Mail with the glaring headline "Student commits suicide". He would become quite famous. Yes, that was the only easy way out of the situation.

It was past ten o'clock when a dark figure was seen crossing the college grounds and going out into the streets. It was Gopal going to take his fatal plunge. Once out in the streets Gopal didn't feel the same confidence as he had in his room. It was dark and he had an empty feeling in his stomach. He had left a letter in his room explaining everything. An owl hooted from somewhere near. Gopal started violently. Despite his firm determination not to do so, he could not help wishing in his heart of hearts that he was in his warm bed fast

asleep. But it wouldn't do to go back again. He steeled himself and tried to increase his pace. But his feet were like lead. At the sight of the lonely beach and the roaring waves Gopal's courage took wings. His heart seemed to have stopped beating. By the time he had reached a few yards of the sea his strength gave way and he was half-dead with fright. He hadn't imagined that suicide was so difficult. How could people bring themselves to do it! Gopal shut his eyes. He would count three and then jump immediately. One..... Two ... but the three refused to come. He began to tremble violently. He set his teeth firmly and set his foot in the water. Ugh! it was so awfully cold. Gopal turned and fled. He hadn't expected the water to be so icy. cold, he comforted himself. He couldn't bear to get drowned in cold water. Gopal couldn't stop running till he had reached his room. He tore the letter he had prepared and jumped into bed muttering all the time "The water was so cold".

ANNA GEORGE,
Class II.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

"Turn gentle Hermit, and guide my way to yonder light. I am a forlorn traveller who has lost his way in the wilds which seem to lengthen as I go. Weary with walking and longing for rest I seek your help."

The Hermit replied: "My son, yonder light is a phantom and if you follow it, you will die. Here is my cell, always open to the poor and the forlorn and though I have not much to give, what I have I give with good-will. So spend the night with me and partake of my frugal fare which, since I do not kill animals, will consist of herbs and fruits brought from the mountain's side and water from the spring. After you have finished your meal, you shall betake yourself with my blessing to a bed of rushes and there sleep in peace and comfort. Do not hesitate to accept my hospitality. Turn your steps and banish your cares, for all earth-born cares are wrong.

"Man wants but little

below

Nor wants that little

long.'

The gentle accents of the Hermit fell on the way-worn traveller soft as the dew descends from heaven and the modest stranger turned and followed the Hermit to his cell. This lonely mansion which lay in the heart of a wilderness was a refuge to the neighbouring poor and to strangers who had lost their way. Its wicket, opening with a latch, admitted the harmless pair. The Hermit seated his guest by the side of the fire and placed before him his vegetable store which he pressed him to eat. The kitten played around them, the cricket chirruped in the hearth and the burning faggot crackled and flew; but these could not cheer the guest who looked sad and pensive. Grief seemed to be heavy in him heart and tears began to flow from his eyes. The Hermit tried to soothe the stranger's woe by telling him stories from legend and song: but he did not succeed.

'Whence, unhappy youth' cried the Hermit, "do your sorrows proceed? Are you miserable because you have lost your fortune and been rendered homeless or be-

cause a friend has proved unfaithful? Or is your sorrow due to disappointment in love? If so, let me tell you, young man, tha fortune and its joys are trifling and they who prize them are more so. As for friendship, it is but a name. If you have wealth or fame, friends will follow you like your own shadow; but when you lose these, you are left to weep alone. And love is an even emptier sound than friendship. Modern women jest with it. It does not exist on earth, or if it does, it is seen only in nests of birds, not among human beings. So, my young friend, drive all thought of women from your mind. Treat them with contempt and forget your sorrow."

At these words colour returned to the face of the stranger. The blush and the bashful look betrayed him. It was now clear that it was no man, but a maid in all her charms.

The maid then begged forgiveness of the Hermit and told him the story of her life thus; "My father was a wealthy lord who lived beside the Tyne. I was his only child and all his wealth was marked as mine. This wealth of my father, however,

attracted many suitors who praised my charms and told me how well they loved me. But it was my father's wealth and not me that they loved. Young Edwin, however, was different from these. He was clad in simple dress and had neither wealth nor power. Wisdom and worth, however, were his and these were the only things I cared for. And when he sat beside me in the dale and sang songs of love, his breath gave fragrance to the wind and music to the grove. His mind was purer than the fresh-blown blossom, purer, too than the dews of heaven; but alas! the more he sought my love, the more I pretended not to care for him. I was vain and fickle and while I loved him in the heart, I vexed him by my cruel indifference until at last, he left me in disgust and sought the solitude of the forests where he died. The fault was mine and I will pay for it with my life. I will seek the place where he died and when I find it, I will stretch me down by his side and die".

"Heaven forbid it," the Hermit cried and clasped her to his breast. The maid turned to chide him for his

conduct but found that the Hermit was none other than his own Edwin. "Turn Angelina," said he "turn to see your long-lost Edwin restored at last to you. Let me thus hold you to my

heart and forget every care and may we henceforth never, never part."

Thus the long-separated lovers were re-united at last and love was no longer an empty sound.

(Goldsmith's story retold by George Cherian)

IV Form.

We must be willing to pay a price for freedom, for no price that is ever asked for it is half the cost of doing without it.

H. L. Mencken





M. P. VIJAYARAGHAVAN,

College "Senior" Champion
"Senior" Champion in Grigg memorial sports
(College Section)

THE PRINTED WORD!

Mr. T. Wordsworth will no doubt go down in history as the man who actually believed everything he read. As far as he was concerned the printed word could not lie. The camera, the films, the wireless, yes—but the printed word never! Thus when an article appeared advocating the use of raw fish as a cure for indigestion Mr. Wordsworth took to eating raw haddock. Another time he read that water rotted your diaphragm. Mr. Wordsworth immediately stopped drinking water.

Yes, Mr. Wordsworth was a difficult person to live with. But he was a decent soul, for all that, good to his wife and even kind to his neighbour's cat. As to what he looked like, well, picture a man some forty years of age, small in stature, poor of sight, complete with a flat hat, spats, umbrella and toothe-brush moustache and there you have Mr Wordsworth almost in the flesh.

His wife, too, was nothing out of the ordinary. Perhaps a little taller than her faithful spouse, mousy haired, pleasantly proportioned and long

suffering. They liked each other, of course, but their relationship was not of the type great love stories are written about. Say, rather, they were fond of each other in a placid, tolerant sort of fashion.

And then it happened. Mr. Wordsworth read another article. This was no ordinary article. It dealt with the fundamental things in life. Namely, "Do you take your wife for granted?". It shrieked at him. Nine out of ten marriages, the article went on; and in 99 cases out of a 100, it is the husband's fault. Why? Because he fails to entertain the girl. That was the crux of the whole matter. "Women are sentimental and romantically inclined. Compliment her on her cooking, how well she manages the household work. Buy her little presents, Take her to the theatre every night. Give her a good time. Do this my friend and your lot will be a happy one. Marital bliss such as you never dreamed possible will bless your days on earth".

Mr. Wordsworth thought back, with the result he re-

pented for not doing any one of the abovesaid. The time had come to remedy all that. Wordsworth thanked the lucky stars for having read the article in time. That evening on his way home Mr. Wordsworth brought a large bunch of flowers that his 6 annas could buy. His wife received them most gratefully. Thus encouraged, he splashed out to the extent of taking her to the cinema the following Saturday. Throughout the days that followed he made a great point of complimenting his wife on the way she boiled water. She was suitably delighted. And yet there were times when he thought she looked troubled and even a trifle unhappy.

He redoubled his efforts. Instead of taking her to the pictures once a week, he took her twice. Instead of buying her flowers he bought her cosmetics. But these were of no avail. She grew more despondent as the days crawled by.

What could it be? Mr. Wordsworth cracked his sorely overtaxed brain, but no solution was forthcoming. He couldn't understand it. Could it be that she

expected more of him? The following Sunday they went out in search of romance, he took her for a row. The next day he promised to take her to the Museum.

But the plans of mice and men like Mr. Wordsworth, go, oft, astray. He returned after a hard day's work to find, instead of his supper, a note awaiting him. It was from his wife.

"I cannot stand it any longer". It read. "I am going away. For ten years I have slaved to make you happy. And now, after utilising the best years of my life you have taken up with another woman! Little did you think I would find it out so soon—you worm in the grass! Little did you think that I would realise the true significance of the sudden change in your attitude towards me during the last few weeks. I knew right away that you had taken to another woman; and you are feeling a trifle guilty about the whole thing. I can only hope she blights your life as you have blighted mine.

Yours hatefully,

DAISY.

P. S. Chandramathi,
Class II.

A Noble Sacrifice

Rajan was a youth of fifteen years and a pupil of the IV form of the only High School in the town. He loved sports and out-door life much better than his studies and was, therefore, seldom at his books, with the inevitable result that he always failed in his examinations.

In course of time Rajan reached the School Final Class, not because of his merits but because his teachers who loved him very much, gave him promotion. In the S.S.L.C. examination the love of his teachers was of little avail to him and he failed woefully. He was for discontinuing his education for he felt that nature had not designed him for a scholar, but his father, who was the District Munsif of the town, would not let him have his own way in the matter. He was sent up for the examination the next year and again for the third and the last time, but with no better result. When the results were announced a gloom fell over Rajan's home. His father was in a fury, his mother in

tears; the only person unaffected by the event was Rajan himself.

In spite of his being so hopelessly poor at studies Rajan was extremely popular, with his teachers as well as schoolmates; for, not only was he the sports champion of the town but possessed a striking personality and a most cheerful nature.

Rajan had already developed a great love for the Harijan village of Pulayadom about four miles from the town, which he frequently visited. When his education was stopped, his visits to the village became more frequent and prolonged. He covered the distance on his bicycle which was his constant companion. He had attached to his cycle a device of his own invention which emitted a musical sound when the pedals worked. This sound announced the approach of Rajan sooner than the cycle could be sighted, and people paused from their work or from their talk to see the jolly good fellow pass by.

Rajan's association with the Harijan village of Pulayadom gave his father very great anxiety, and so he decided to remonstrate with his son. He asked Rajan why he persisted in visiting the village, and his reply was that he had been elected secretary of the Harijan Seva Sangh of the locality and his duty consisted in reforming the villagers. This reply added fuel to the fire and Rajan's father went into a towering rage. He told Rajan that caste was a system instituted by the wise men of old, that every caste was assigned a distinct place in the social order and that to upset it was to weaken the solidarity of Hinduism itself. He also pointed out that by losing the last chance at the S.S.L.C. Rajan had already shattered his hopes; and was he bent upon bringing shame and disgrace as well, on the whole family by associating himself freely with the untouchables? Rajan's two brothers, both younger, were the most brilliant students of their classes, one of whom would go for the I.C.S. Besides his sister Leela, was fast approaching maidenhood, and would she get a good husband if people came to know with whom her

brother was mingling? When his brothers brought wealth and honour to the family, where would Rajan be with all his Harijan friends? Rajan heard his father in silence and at last answered that he had already made up his mind and that nothing could dissuade him from following the dictates of his conscience. He pointed out that the Harijans had as much right to freedom and equality as they had to enjoy the smell of flowers, the music of birds and the sight of woods and rivers. Indians claimed equality with Europeans because they saw no difference except in the pigment of the skin. What right, then had they to deny the freedom and equality to the Harijans that they themselves claimed? There was not even the difference of skin pigment in their case. The potential energy of the millions of Indian's untouchables remained locked up awaiting release by the quickening touch of freedom. It was the duty of every patriot to hasten the day of freedom that would transmute that locked-up energy into action. All these arguments of Rajan, however, fell on deaf ears and he was promptly turned out of home

A Noble Sacrifice

with an injunction never to pollute it again by his presence. This incident instead of making Rajan despondent only made him the happier, for he felt that he was passing out of the narrow limitations of his father's home into a wider life. The whole world was now his home, and the whole down-trodden humanity his family. How rich in possessions and how varied in relations had he suddenly become!

On his way out of home, his mother beckoned him to the back of the house and there assured him, amidst sobs and tears, that in spite of what had happened and what might happen in future, he would always be her dearest Rajan, dearer to her than her life itself and that even if he turned out a robber or a murderer, which she was sure he would not, she would not love him a whit less. Oh mother's love! How sweet! How pure! It forgets. It forgives. It lays no conditions. It seeks no return.

Rajan went straight to Pula'yadom, deciding to make the village his future abode. It was the economic condition of the inhabitants that affected him most, and he set to work on its improve-

ment. The Harijans were farmers growing vegetables which they sold to Moplas who paid cash on the spot, carried them to the vegetable shop-keepers of the town and sold them at very high profit. The Moplas even advanced money to the Harijans at exorbitant rates of interest. The land of the farmers belonged to the high caste Hindus of the town who exacted very high rent. When the rent and interest on advances were paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the farm produce, the balance left was not enough for the maintenance of the farmers who, therefore were in a state of chronic poverty. Rajan's aim was to sell the farm produce direct to the consumers who were the caste Hindus of the town. So he decided that the Harijans should rent out a shop in the town and sell their produce from there. But no caste Hindu shop owners would give their shop to the Harijans, for they could not tolerate a Harijan shop-keeper in their midst or have any direct dealings with him for fear of pollution. So Rajan himself had to rent out a shop and put a Harijan youth in charge of it. But caste Hindus would not buy

anything direct from the hands of the Harijan youth. The shop, in consequence failed to command any business and as vegetables were perishable the farmers began to suffer loss. But Rajan succeeded in inducing a caste Hindu friend of his, one of his former High School Foot-ball Eleven, to take charge of the shop, and as a result, the situation soon improved.

After the economic condition of the Harijans was placed on a better footing, Rajan turned his attention to the wiping out of the illiteracy prevalent in the village. He opened two schools, one an Elementary School for the children and the other a night school for the adults. In about three years there was hardly a child or an adult who could not read and write. With the advance of education, sanitation and cleanliness naturally followed, and in every respect the improvement in the life of the Harijan population of Pulayadom was amazing.

In the fourth year, however, a heavy blow fell upon the village. Pulayadom, being fields for the most part, was in a low situation. The very heavy floods

of the year inundated the whole village. The mud huts of the villagers collapsed one after another, burying beneath their ruins all the worldly possessions of their unfortunate occupants. Homelessness and distress were widespread. But the caste Hindus of the town regarded the miserable plight of the Harijans with callous indifference.

Rajan's father who occupied a snug cottage in the town was wondering if he should shift his family to a house in the adjacent hill. His only thought was the safety of himself and his family. The plight of the Pulayadom villagers never entered his mind. When the collapse of the Harijan huts was reported to him he only said with indifference "After all they are Harijans. They have been used to privation and misery from time immemorial. A little more won't make it worse "

When suffering was as its worst, the Government deputed an officer to distribute relief in the affected area. He promptly went to the village and was consulting Rajan, when they saw the detached roof of a house floating down the stream

A Noble Sacrifice

with three Harijan children clinging to it for their dear life. The sight excited the sympathy of Rajan who at once jumped into the water and brought back to the shore one of the children. His next attempt was equally successful in saving another child. By this time Rajan was thoroughly exhausted, for he had had no rest or enough food since the floods started. He was about to make another attempt, when the officer tried to dissuade him, for he clearly foresaw that Rajan's strength would not stand the strain, but Rajan waved his hand saying "That child has a body and soul as great as mine, perhaps greater in the sight of God." He straightaway plunged into the water, and by sheer will power swam back with the child to the shore. Outstretched hands snatched the child, but Rajan missed their hands and he slipped and fell, and the angry waters, as if taking revenge for depriving them of their victims, bore him swiftly away. It was growing dark and search was abandoned. Early next morning Rajan's corpse was found entangled in the shrubs that grew on the banks of the stream which had prevented

its floating down into the sea. It was promptly carried to Rajan's father who made arrangements for its cremation.

To the cremation ground went several of the Harijans whom Rajan had helped one way or another. Foremost were the children whom Rajan had saved the previous day. There were also present several persons whom Rajan had nursed back to health in their sickness. Then the pupils of his schools, both young and old, stood there in a neat array. The sorrow of all of them was genuine and touching. In their primitive manner the Harijans gave expression to their grief in loud lamentation.

As Rajan's father watched the fire consume his son's body conflicting emotions rent his conscience. Had he been just to his son? Was not, after all, Rajan right in his estimate of the Harijans? Had they been given liberal education and opportunities now denied to them by the prejudice of man-made caste, to what height would they have not risen? Man to man he could not find any difference between them and himself. True himself he was an honest man and as a

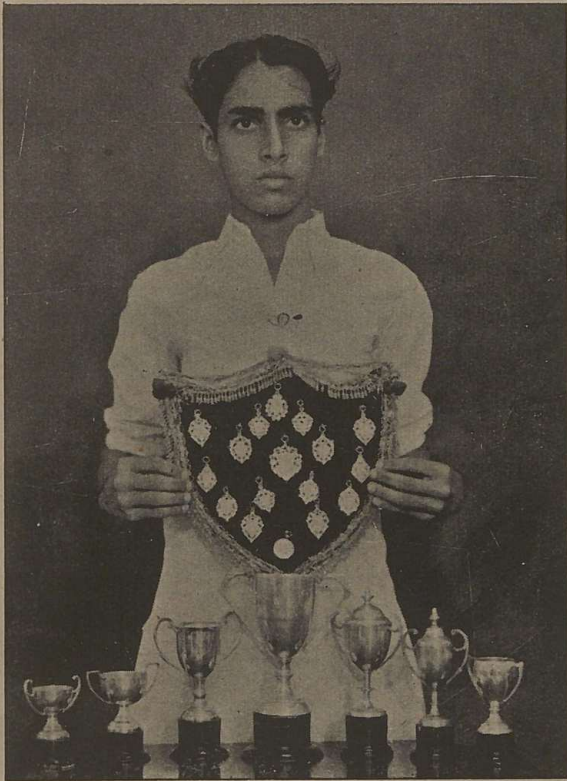
judge, his impartiality had extorted the admiration of even those against whom his judgment went. As a man what did he do for his neighbours, especially for the down-trodden Harijans? Absolutely nothing. Oh! he had been heartless and selfish to the core.

Rajan's father returned home chastened and purified. Each tongue of fire that licked the body of his unfortunate son had gone home straight to his heart. The night began to advance, but no sleep came to his rescue. He kept awake counting the hours. A dead silence pervaded the house, broken only by the sobs of Rajan's mother. Slowly he got up and went to his wife, and placing his hand gently upon her shoulder said "Radha, it has pleased Providence, whose ways are inscrutable to take away our first born before us. But I am sure of this - that our Rajan did not live and die in vain. His noble soul triumphed over caste and other prejudices, and he saw in all human beings the same life throbbing. There is no high and low in the sight of God. My time for retiring comes next year, and I am not going to

apply for extension of service, because I have decided to devote the rest of my life to the uplift of the Harijans of Pulayadom and to follow in the footprints of our beloved son."

The death of Rajan was an irreparable loss to the Harijans of Pulayadom. The revolutionary change that he had brought into the social and economic life of the simple villagers came to stay. Both his life and his death stirred them profoundly and inspired them with the determination to follow his worthy example. They paid homage to his memory by gathering the ashes and bones of his body, which they deposited with deep reverence and genuine sorrow in the centre of their village above which a stone was placed bearing the inscription "Here lie the ashes and bones of Deenabandhu Rajan who dedicated himself to the uplift of the Harijan community of Pulayadom and during the flood which laid waste the village, saved the lives of three Harijan children and in doing so, sacrificed his own on the altar of love."

ADELINE PAUL,
Class II.



K. P. KRISHNANUNNI NAIR,
School "Sub Senior" Champion.

"Madame Curie"

"Art is art and science is science and never the twain shall meet", has been a very popular saying. But they did come together in a soul-stirring way in the cinema "Madame Curie".

Produced on the sets of the Metro Goldwyn Mayer, directed by the hero of many an academy contest, Mervyn LeRoy, with a cast headed by frontrankers like Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon it could not help being a remarkable picture. James Hilton from whose facile pen flowed 'Good bye Mr Chips' and "Lost Horizon", both equally famous as books and pictures, wrote the scenerio and narrated certain portions of the story.

Every scene is a masterpiece. No amount of words can capture half the emotional appeal of any scene. The life of Marie as a student in Paris, her dreams of holding "stars on her finger tips" meeting with Dr. Pere Curie; the laboratory where Cupid irreverently shot his shafts; the elephantine ways of making love by a professor who knew little else than

mathematics and physics, the tumultuous wooing at midnight; the whispered assent, a dream honeymoon, pedalling along the lovely scenes of France; the resolve made on the deck at twilight with landscape sliding by; the relentless search after truth; the unbelief and contempt of the wisecracks; the long, long battle against nature, doubt, fear and self; the undreamt of success, the rightful acclaim of the world; a page of happy married life; a tragedy that swept Pere off the face of the earth; the last tender tribute to his beautiful lady, the triumphant acclaim of the world twentyfive years later; these are scenes that once seen will be imprinted in any mind "for ever and a day."

Any comparison with pictures made in India, brings home with a sickening jar a sad contrast. Certain points that are sadly lacking in our own pictures are the highlights of "Madame Curie". The humour, though subdued, draws as much laughter as the antics of a Hardy or a Charle in a four-

anna crowd, but it so fine that palates accustomed to more boistrous fare, completely miss it.

Nothing human can be perfect. Perhaps the characterisation in the story is not perfect; but it is effective. The absent-minded doctor and his obstinately beautiful wife charm every heart. There is no lingo to throw "a spanner in the works". But that love story of two young hearts that "hitched their wagon to a star" is more appealing to the 20th century mind than all the emotional outbursts of an Othello or the sentimental sorrows of an Ophelia.

The best part of the picture was the acting. Every actor was weighed to the last iota of his or her histrionic talents before he or she was assigned a role, be it the title role or something humbler. The harmony thus achieved makes me view with anguish the pitiable attempts of my own countrymen. To choose and match a cast is a labour which though difficult gives dividends in the end.

Many an Indian picture tries to draw our attention in a more or less marked man-

ner to some moral or other. But thanks to the patience of the creators of this masterpiece, they have achieved the same results in an admirable way. No blatant saying repeated over and over again; but by the harmony of the acting and conversation a few home truths are driven in and no one the wiser for it! I am sure many a young student of science who saw this picture, will forget the imperfections of teachers and aim at achieving a greater ideal than a mere B. A. To many a love-lorn youth, who has been sadly believing that the course of true love never ran smooth, here is a happy instance of one that did run smooth, perhaps because they stopped worrying about it and started gathering grey hairs over things more noble and useful.

But the greatest message of the picture is to woman-kind. In Madame Curie we see a sublime example of how a woman could be equal to man or better. But how did she set about it? Not by shouting slogans or starting any movement, instead she got married—a very prosaic thing to do! Not by wearing bloomers and canting a cigarette at a rakish

"Madame Curie"

angle in her mouth; instead she remained to the end a beautiful wife and loving mother. She realised the true role of every woman as the queen of the home. Then, hand in hand with her 'guide, philosopher and friend', she explored the dark vaults of scientific mystery, following a faint ray of light till she found "stars on her finger tips" Man and woman can be equal but they achieve their greatest stature sharing everything in life and sharing alike.

I would like to go on about the admirable photography, the clear sound, the lovely settings, the tender background music; and so many other things, but limitations of space forbid me. In concluding let me tell Mr. Editor that I would like to see this published, and not thrown into his waste paper basket!

A G.

Class II.



Our Trip to Tikkodi

For over a fortnight the promise of a picnic had been dangled before the women students. But so many unexpected obstacles kept cropping up. Our hopes, were almost extinct, when one day, a notice from the principal created a babel of joy and exclamations from the women-students' room. The long awaited trip to Shree Shaila at Tikkodi was fixed once and for all for the 17th of November.

The period of waiting was fortunately not long and on the 17th morning a batch of girls, forty strong, were assembled at the platform all keyed up with excitement. Some of the girls had actually arrived at the station two hours before time. Evidently they were not prepared to take any risks that day. After what seemed ages to us the morning train swept in and there was a scramble for seats. But the compartments were actually so overflowing with occupants that in spite of vigorous pushing and squeezing several could not secure even a foothold. The railway authorities came to our res-

cue and a compartment was attached for us.

Thanks to the station master, our first journey was really enjoyable. There were only a few other people in the compartment. Everyone was in a hilarious mood and we had no end of fun with an upcountry fellow traveller in the train. Very convincingly we told her that we were congress workers going on an election campaign and the poor woman readily swallowed it. The journey was not for long. When the train came to a stop at the Tikkodi station there was another scramble. Thanks to the frenzied efforts of Peter master, we got down with all the luggage, one of the suitcases being thrown out of the moving train. Shree Shaila was a mile off but we were prepared for an early morning walk. Mr. Prabhu was ready at the foot of the hill to welcome us to Shree Shaila. By the time we had scrambled up the hill to his home we were sorely in need of some rest. Mrs. Prabhu and children were ready with coffee. After having forti-

PICNIC PHOTOGRAPHS



Mr. K. B. PRABHU, our host at
Shree Shaila



Some of the Picnickers resting
under a tree



The Picnickers who went down for a sea-bathe posing
for a photograph.

Our Trip to Tikkodi

fied ourselves with a cup of coffee we turned to get a closer acquaintance with the new place. The scenery was worth looking at. We were too tired to attempt another walk outdoors in the blazing sun. Mr. Prabhu placed a violin and a harmonium at our disposal. Everyone had a try at them and Mr. Prabhu and the rest must have had a mortifying time listening to the hideous noise which we thought was 'Lydian airs'. The more restless among us wanted something more exciting. We worked out a plan to scare everyone. One of the girls (it wouldn't be fair to give out the name) volunteered to fall down in a faint while the rest would be absorbed in attending on her. So when she fell down everything went all right except for the fact that several of the girls fled precipitately from the room for fear their giggles would betray them. News spread that one of the girls had fainted and when the Principal, Mr. Prabhu and Mr. Pavamani hurried to the spot they were genuinely alarmed. Mr. Prabhu brought a jug of water and dashed it on her face and the Principal and Mr. Pavamani advised that she should be

given more air. But the joke had gone far enough and the secret was let out. Everybody had a hearty laugh over it.

That evening we set out to see the Tikkodi light house. It was a long walk but we were determined to have a climb to the very top of the light house. We went up in three batches and came down safe. The return walk in the moonlight was exhilarating. After a good dinner we sat in the moonlight and Peter master contributed a large part of the fun. Several girls sang songs and we would have preferred to sit out there for a long time more but the idea was ruled out by the Principal and Mr. Prabhu. We broke up for the night. But if we were forced to go to bed, they couldn't make us sleep. We were all in one big room and as soon as the lights were dimmed began the real fun. There was a scramble and quarrel for blankets and when finally all had secured a place many of the girls started talking in their sleep (as they called it). There was such a babel of voices that it was humanly impossible to get a wink of sleep. But a few slept even in such awful noise. They must

have had awfully good conscience. The talk went on till past midnight when one by one all fell asleep.

The next morning however we woke up early and after a hurried toilet went to the sea shore. Nobody had thought of a sea bathe but the sight of the shallow water was tempting And more than half the number of girls got drenched to their skins. It was impossible for them to walk back home in their wet clothes and so they had actually to go behind the rocks and get their clothes dried. Quite reluctantly we had to go back because it was getting late for breakfast. After a substantial meal we began to stroll about the whole place. Time passed quickly until a warning from the principal brought us back to pack up our things and start for the station. We thanked Mr. and Mrs. Prabhu and the children for their hospitality and when everything was ready we started on our way back home. We had to wait

for about three fourths of an hour at the station and in the meantime the Principal was kind enough to supply each one of us with a drink of tender coconuts.

In the end however the train came but to our disappointment we found that the compartments were packed to capacity. We could not help it and so we rushed in to get a foothold somewhere. We were scattered about in different compartments and so our journey back was rather uninteresting. In spite of it we had a very jolly time in the train. It was rather late when we reached Calicut and taking back our things and bidding goodnight to one another we dispersed. Undoubtedly we had a very happy time. We can never thank Mr. and Mrs Prabhu and children adequately for their lavish hospitality. The joyous moments spent together at Shree Shaila will ever remain fresh in our memory.

A. V. Leela.

Class II.

COLLEGE HOSTEL

Our hostel re-opened on the same day as the College. There was quite a flood of applications for admission to the hostel. But the warden with the best will in the world could not have done justice to every applicant. So it happened that many of our friends whom we would have liked to have as our hostelmates were forced to seek admission in the Y.M.C.A Hostel. On account of the very limited accommodation available even the common room had to be thrown open for residence. The strength of the hostel this year is 52, against 48 of last year

Within a fortnight of re-opening, the elections of office-bearers took place. Mr. M. K. V. Menon was elected Secretary of the Hostel. Messrs M. K. Nambiar (New Block), T V Chandrasekharan (1st Block) and H S. Menon (2nd Block) were elected block monitors

Mr. Julius Theophilus, our warden, is one of the most

genial of men and an able warden. He is kind and considerate to everyone of us. The principal, who is the superintendent of the Hostel is a strict disciplinarian and under his vigilant care and supervision the hostel continues to maintain its reputation for order and discipline.

We have a library and reading room attached to the Hostel, well furnished with interesting reading materials

The hostel seems to be the favourite abode of the College sportsmen. The captains of the College hockey, badminton, and volleyball teams are residents in the hostel.

The life of the hostel during the year under report has been a very pleasant one. The senior students who will shortly be leaving us, I am sure, will carry with them happy recollections of their life in the hostel.

M. K. V. MENON,

Secretary, College hostel

Our Tour to Ernakulam

The College Hockey and Foot Ball teams were on tour this year to Ernakulam. Most of us met at the Railway Station on the evening of 12th October, 1945 to catch the local destined for Jalāpet.

Soon the train arrived on the platform and seemed ready for our journey. But for a few passengers, we had a compartment all for ourselves and we left Calicut at 6.45 P. M. with hearty cheers to the Station Master and the M C. College.

The journey on the whole was in no way an unpleasant one, for we were singing, or cracking stale yarns or eating plantains! We had dinner at the Shornur 'Ganesh' and all parted in gangs for strolls in the night, but for a few who lounged about on the platform.

Next morning after breakfast, we left Shornur for Ernakulam and reached Ernakulam at about one in the noon. As already arranged we went to the Maharaja's College, where three history lecture rooms and a verandah were allowed for our

use. After a refreshing, cold bath under the tap, we had our meal at an adjoining Brahmin Hotel and as we had no fixture on that day we set out in parties sight-seeing. In the late hours of the night we returned to our lodgings. Some slept peacefully, some others spent their time at cards and in idle talks while two others entertained the remaining with their beautiful dance!

As expected a bright day dawned forth and before ten all were out in the town for a stroll. In the evening at 5.30 the hockey match was played against the Maharaja's College team at their grounds. Though they scored the first goal, we were in no way discouraged. Our forwards soon struck form and scored four goals. Our defence with Suku, Purushu, and Vijayan, was impregnable and up to the mark as usual and we won the day by a comfortable margin (4-1).

Having won the game we returned to our lodgings with uproarious joy. After a

Our Tour to Ernakulam

refreshing bath and change of clothes we dined at the 'Bombay Hotel' famous for 'biryanis' and soon broke into parties for night strolls. A short but comfortable winking of the eye saw morn

As we had no fixture in the morning we took the ferry to Cochin. After visiting every nook and corner of Cochin we had our lunch at the 'Harbour Hotel' and at four we were back at Ernakulam, to play Foot-Ball against the same college team. But we had sheer bad luck this time, they scored three goals and we lost the game by 3-0. We returned to our lodgings dejected, having thus met a reverse. After change of clothes, we dined at a 'Brahmins Hotel' and soon we were all at the 'Menaka Talkies' to see Mumtaz Shanti in all her splendour and glory in SAWAL.

Next morning we left Ernakulam for Alwaye by the Cochin Express. We had a jolly time in the train. Only those who were willing to share our fun were allowed to enter our 'reserved' compartment.

At noon the Cochin Express suddenly came to a halt. It was Alwaye! All

of us alighted from the train and headed towards the Union Christian College. The U. C. C. is about an hour's way from the Railway station. The day was exceedingly fine, but suddenly the sun which had shone steadily all day drew the clouds about its face and rain came down in torrents. What could we do? We marched on shivering in the rain and water trickled down from our hair and the clothes clung to our body. At last we reached the U. C. C. quite cold and shivering. After a change we messed at the College Hostel.

This was not an interesting place and only those of us who had a Wordsworthian turn of mind and could appreciate the beauty of nature cared to spend their time in strolling; for others, the place was all so lonely. That evening we played Foot-Ball against the U. C. C. team and Venu in the goal post stopped a few brilliant shots. But just a minute before the finish they scored a goal. At this, poor Peter Master almost fainted!

All of us rather dejected returned to our hostel. After dinner, A. K. Vijayan

and M N Achutan entertained us with their beautiful dance and Gandhi Balan with his magic lantern. It was all so fine.

Next morning the hockey match started at 7-15 Everything went on smoothly, only the dewy grass made everyone fall. Our boys grew tired very soon on account of the continuous strain and gave way to the opponents. Poor Prabhakaran was like a sentry at the goal post with stick in hand. They scored four goals in quick succession and we lost the day. The high standard of our game was highly appreciated by all. With a 'three cheers' to the U. C. C. team we departed. This was the last match of our tour. After the match we went round the U. C. C. compound and bathed in the tranquil waters of the Alwaye river.

As the college was to

reopen on the same day, we had to quit the place with our baggage to catch the Cochin Express bound for Shornur. All of us entrained for Calicut. The Station Master was cheered by us and with his kind permission the engine pulled us along.

The journey was full of fun and entertainment. At Shornur we had our tiffin and most of us wanted to spend the night there. But owing to the ill-health of two boys, we were forced to leave Shornur by the evening local. By ten we arrived at Calicut and our train refused to go any further, though Balan and Suku wanted it to proceed as far as West Hill.

Thus ended our glorious tour this year. Though we lost more matches than we won, what excellent fun we had!

M. P. V. R.

Class I.

Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.

Oscar Wilde

OUR VISIT TO THE POOR HOME AT WEST HILL

On the evening of a holiday in February a merry gang of college students—enthusiasts in social work—met at the college hostel, to go on a visit to the Poor Home at West Hill. We were about twenty in number and were accompanied by Mr. Pavamani. The walk to West Hill was interesting and pleasant in spite of the blazing heat of the evening sun. The clouds of dust raised by every car or bus that passed by elicited from us an endless volley of critical comments on the Calicut Municipality. Joking, yarning laughing, we reached West Hill and did not feel the tedium of the long walk.

From the West Hill railway station the Poor Home is just about a giant's stone throw in the south-western direction. As we entered the colony the first sight that met our eyes was that of a knot of half naked urchins vociferously at play. Our visit seemed to interest them little, for they continued their games supremely indifferent to the latest invaders of their colony. From the air of nonchalance with which they

regarded us, we concluded that they were quite accustomed to seeing such visitors in their colony.

Just as we were trying to make friends with the children, we found them run like mad towards a person who now entered the colony. Short and small-made, bespectacled, clad in spotlessly white trousers and shirt he was none other than Mr. Kurup the honorary secretary of the Poor Home. The delirious joy with which the children greeted him was most touching. The children, all grins and smiles, now flocked round Mr. Kurup.

Mr. Pavamani introduced us to Mr. Kurup as a batch of students from the Christian College who were interested in social work, and had come to see for themselves the work that was being done there of which they had heard a lot. At this Mr. Kurup's face beamed with a smile; but we could also detect an expression of surprise on his face. "I never thought that students were interested in social work," said Mr. Kurup, "They always

want to do something spectacular. Social work is least so" (What an erroneous verdict on students! Let Mr. Kurup wait and see)

Mr. Kurup now took us round the colony explaining things to us, and replying to the incessant volley of questions that were shot at him. "That" said Mr. Kurup pointing to a small block of building, "That is the 'sick ward' where every new comer is placed as soon as he is admitted. Very often people bring with them infections of diseases. Until they are free of such infections they are isolated here". At the time of our visit there were two people awaiting discharge Mr Kurup then took us to the "Disabled and Destitutes' Home" The inmates here, we found either too old to do any work, or suffered from some physical disability or other. We saw here a young man who had falling eye-lids and so had to keep his eyes open by means of a rubber band tied round his forehead. In another part of the same block there were two dumb women occupying the same room. It was touchingly amusing to see the two talking to each other. It was such a pathetic sight to see

one of these women burst into tears, all on a sudden, on seeing one of us, who, she made us understand by means of elaborate gestures and violent play of features, resembled her long-lost son

We were next taken to the Orphanage, a solid-looking, two-storyed building. The boys occupy the down floor and the girls the top one. The rooms are airy and spacious as well as neat and tidy. The children attend a school in the neighbourhood. They are taught some handicraft or other, such as weaving, spinning, coir-making, mat-making. At one word from Mr. Kurup the children drew themselves up in two long lines. The alertness and the smartness with which they "fell in" would have done credit to any platoon of soldiers. The children then shouted out their names, one after another, at the pitch of their voice. And then they entertained us with their songs. Of course not all of them were good singers, but everyone sang with "full-throated ease". After the singing was over, we distributed among them sweets which we had taken with us. How happy they were to get

Our Visit to the Poor Home at West Hill

them. But the givers were happier than the receivers. The children then gave us a demonstration of country dancing. Mr. Kurup had some interesting stories to tell us of some of the boys. Some of them had been brought by the police in a van some came of their own accord seeking food and shelter, some others were picked from the streets. "That one", said Mr. Kurup, pointing to one of the smartest urchins, "That one was actually pulled out of a dust-bin."

We next went to the Destitute's Home for women. The inmates looked happy and contented.

The able-bodied among the inmates of the colony do some work or other in the colony. They husk paddy or make pappadams,; some help in the kitchen while others weave towels. No one is forced to labour, but tempting inducements are provided to get them to do some work. In the case of a good many people an extra cup of black coffee, we were told, was sufficient inducement for a good day's work!

Experts are employed by the Poor Home Society to

teach its inmates handicrafts, weaving, pappadam-making etc. Mr. Kurup showed us the place where pappadams are made and we saw for ourselves the hygienic conditions under which they are made.

The Society maintains a dispensary also in the colony. It is centrally situated and has a doctor attached to it.

There is a matron to help Mr. Kurup in his work. By means of her genial temper and motherly ways, she also helps to bring sunshine and joy into the lives of the destitutes and orphans in the settlement.

What struck us most about the life in the colony was the atmosphere of peace, joy and contentment that prevailed there, in sharp contrast to "the weariness, the fever and the fret" that characterise life outside. Every face was lit with a smile, a smile that told its own story. The inmates belonging as they did to different castes and creeds and backgrounds, lived together in perfect amity and concord, just as God expects mankind to live. No "narrow domestic walls" divided brother from brother in the colony;

they have neither Hindustan nor Pakistan. They live as a family of God's children.

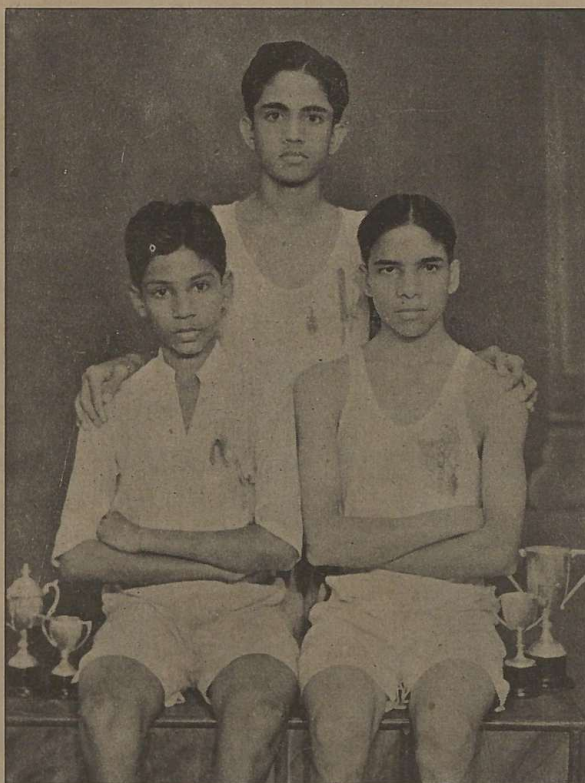
Mr. Kurup—May his tribe increase!—deserves our warmest congratulations on the splendid work he is doing. As he told us, social work is not spectacular in the least. It means self-denial, sacrifice and exacting labour, all these and more. Mr. Kurup devotes all his spare time and energy—of the latter he has plenty—to the work of the Poor Home. He expects no reward. The only reward he receives is the gratitude

and affection of the poor souls he tries to serve.

It was getting dark. We bade Mr. Kurup Good Night, and left the colony to return to Calicut. The visit to the Poor Home was an inspiration as well as a challenge. It challenged us with the opportunities of social service all around us. As we walked back that night we resolved to form a Social Service League in the College next year, to help our suffering fellowmen.

M. P. MITHRAN,
Class I.





C. J. HARRY,
"Sub Junior" Champion—Grigg Memorial Sports.
K. RAVIDASS,
School "Sub Junior" Champion,
A. I. FURTADO,
School "Junior" Champion.

Our College Parliament

Considering the number of meetings we have had and the lively spirit with which debates and discussions were conducted we may be justly proud of the work of the Parliament this year.

The election of the office bearers was held in the first week of July.

Mr. Victor Pavamani
President.

Sri C. Ryru Nayar,
Secretary.

Mr. K. U. Joseph, Class I
Asst. Secretary,

Miss. P. V. Sarojini,
Class II
Asst. Secretary.

Miss. K. N, Gouri, Class I
Asst. Secretary.

The inaugural meeting of our Parliament was held on 25-7-45. with Mrs. O. T. Sarada Krishnan B. A. in the chair Divan Bahadur K. V. Suriya Naryana Ayer B A.B.L. spoke in English on "International peace". Sri K. A. Damodara Menon B. A. B. L. D T. gave an eloquent address in Malayalam on "Path of progress" I trust that the following list will give a brief

account of the debates and other meetings we conducted in the course of the year.

8-8-45.

The I Ordinary Meeting
Subject :— "The medium of instruction should be the mother tongue".

Speaker :—
Miss. V. G. Thaddeus,
B. A. (Hons.)

Mover :—
Sri. P. N. Pillay (Class II)

Opposer :—
Mr. K. C. Mohamed
Meeran. (Class II)

The motion was carried by a large majority.
25 - 9 - 45.

II Ordinary Meeting.
Subject :— "The more inter marriages are encouraged in India the sooner will India become a united nation"

Speaker :—
Mr. Herbert Samuel
B. A (Hons.)

Mover :—
Sri M. Govinda Raj
(Class II)

Opposer :—
Sri M. S. Das. (Class II)
The majority of the stu-

Our College Parliament

dents supported the resolution.

30-10-45.

III Ordinary Meeting.

Mr. Victor Pavamany spoke to the students on how to conduct a mock-parliament."

2-11-45.

IV Parliament Meeting

Resolution: "ഇന്ത്യയുടെ ഭരണഘടനയെക്കുറിച്ചുള്ള സാമൂഹിക പ്രശ്നം"

Speaker :-

Mr K C. Mohamad Meeran,
(Class II).

Leader of the Moving party. Mr. M. Karunakaran.
Class I

Leader of the Opposition Mr. Narayana Variyar (Class II.)

The motion was carried

V Under the auspices of the College Literary and debating society an extraordinary meeting was held on 12-11-45 at 10-15 A. M.

Sri V. V. Giri addressed the students on the present political situation in India Sri K. Madhava Menon B. A. B. L. presided on the occasion

23-1-46

VI Ordinary Meeting.

Subject :- "പാർലിമെന്ററി സിസ്റ്റം"

സ്പീക്കർ :-

Speaker :-

Miss. K. N. Gouri (Class I)

Mover :- Sri K. Raghava Paniker (Class I)

Opposer :-

Janab. P. A. Hassan Saheb (Class II)

As a large number of our members spoke, the debate was continued on Tuesday the 24th January. The majority of the students supported the resolution.

The valedictory meeting of our Parliament was held on 18th Feb. 1946 with Mrs. P. J. Varughes M. A. L. T. in the chair. Mr. Krishna swamy Ayangar M. A. L. T. Principal Govt. Brennen College Tellicherry spoke in English on "Research in Literature" and "In praise of Shakespeare". Vidwan V. V. K. Nambiar spoke in Malayalam on "Poetry and the fine arts" (കാവ്യശാസ്ത്രം).

Before I close, the report I tender my sincerest thanks to our Principal, Mr Pavamany, our President. my other Colleagues and to every member of the Parliament for the kind help and co-operation that they have cheerfully extended to me.

C. RYRU NAYAR.
Secretary,

Basket-Ball

We had a strong Basket-ball team this year. We kept ourselves in form by playing a number of practice matches. Our vice-captain M. P. Vijayaraghavan was a pillar of strength and inspiration for us. In the West Coast Tournament we were beaten. Although the game went against us, every one of us did his best. The excellent team spirit and the

high standard of discipline that we displayed throughout the year are a matter for self-congratulation.

I thank the members of the team for the hearty co-operation they have extended to me all through the year. I wish them every success in their examination.

O. J. ABRAHAM,
Captain.

The basis of democracy is the belief that on broad moral issues, the instinctive wisdom of the simple in their millions is more likely to be right than any panel of professors that could be assembled.

Lord Elton.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection, must finish him.

John Locke.

College Hockey

Our hockey team began its career in a spirit of confidence. Though eight of our best players had left the college at the beginning of the year, their places were taken by others equally good. In the keen competition among new admissions for places in the college team only six succeeded, these being Sumitran, Vijayan, Vijayaraghavan, Narayanan, Prabhakaran and Balakrishnan. Chinnakuttan and Karunakaran of the Senior class were two other new admissions into the team.

In most of the practice matches we played we were

the victors. During the Dasara vacation, we went on a tour to Ernakulam. A report of this tour will be seen elsewhere in this magazine.

In the Inter collegiate Tournament, we defeated the Zamorin's College team in the first round by five goals. But in the second round we were beaten by the Brennen College by a single goal. In the West Coast Tournament we won the cup by defeating the Zamorin's College.

R. HARISANKARAN,
Captain.

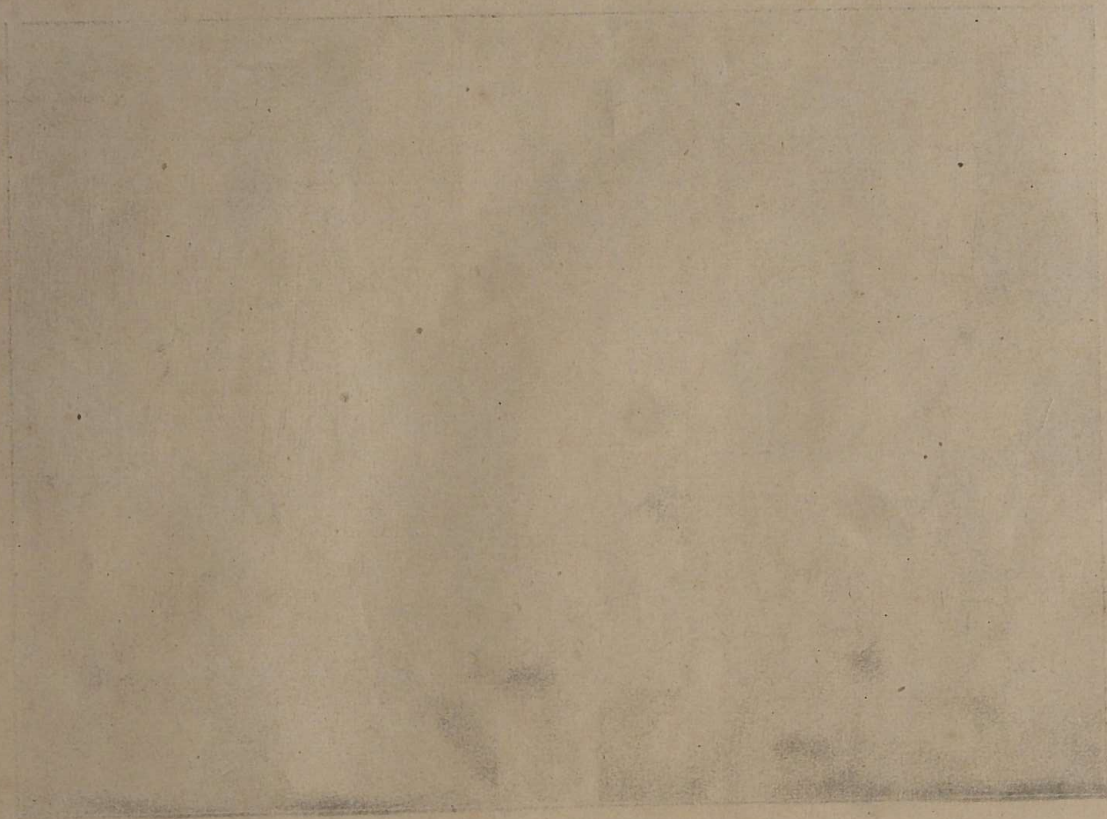
If we had no faults we should not take so much pleasure in noticing them in others.

La Roche-Foucauld.



Winners of the West Coast Inter Collegiate Hockey Cup

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Foot-Ball

The College Football Eleven this year, though weak as a team could still boast of a few veterans of outstanding ability. Hard luck has been on the whole our lot this year.

We played nearly thirty practice matches in all. In most of these matches which were played against our old boys or friendly institutions we were the winners. This fact was a source of encouragement to our team and we had hopes of winning laurels in tournaments! But as I said already, sheer bad luck seemed to be dogging us everywhere. A combined College and School team that went to Ernakulam returned after losing more matches than they won!

We took part in the West Coast and the Inter-Collegiate tournaments. In the West Coast Tournaments we were beaten by the Victoria College Team by one goal to nil after an

hour's tough fight. We however, bore the defeat like sportsmen. In the Inter-Collegiate Tournament we won the first match and reached the semifinals when we had to play against St. Aloysius College Team. Luck seemed to smile on us in the beginning, for soon after the game commenced we scored a goal. But the tide soon turned against us and when the game ended we had lost the match by a goal.

I thank the members of the College Eleven for the excellent team spirit they have shown throughout the year. After all it matters very little whether you win a match or lose it. What really matters is that you play the game. And we did play the game. Concluding, I wish members of the team success in their examination.

P. S. RANGANTAHAN,
Class II.

TENNIS

Our Tennis Court which woke up last year after a few years enforced slumber showed signs of active life during the year now closing. Indeed we had to face the ball famine this year too. Yet we were able to secure a sufficient number of balls which enabled us to continue the life of our club throughout the year without break.

At the end of the year tournaments were conducted and a good number of teams, both for doubles and singles, took part in these. Mr. O. J. Abraham of Class II won the Singles Cup and Messrs O. J. Abraham and Soma Sundaram of class I won the doubles cup.

O. J. ABRAHAM,
Captain.

It is when a man ceases to do the things he has to do and does the things he likes to do that his character is revealed.

Lin Yutang.

Baron Rothchild's Maxims.

- Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right ; fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvements.
Vacillate not.
Whine not.
'Xtend to everyone a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labour for the right and success is certain.

മലബാർ
കൃഷ്ണൻ കോളേജ്
മാസ്സീൻ.

1946

മലയാളം സെക്ഷൻ

പത്രാധിപർ:

വിലാസം — സി. എസ്. എഴുത്തടം.

സ്രീതപത്തിനു പിന്നിൽ

“ആവു ദൈവമേ”—ചാണ്ടി, ഏയേവേദനയടക്കുവാണെന്നോണം രണ്ടു കൈകളും നൊമ്പിലേയ്ക്കു മർത്തി. ആ നീണ്ടുവിടന്ന് കണ്ണുകൾ പ്രകാശമാനങ്ങളായിരുന്നു. പ്രതികാരേച്ഛയുടെ കരിനിഴല്ലാട് അവയിൽ പ്രതിഫലിച്ചുകാണപ്പെട്ടു. അല്ലി വസങ്ങൾക്കു മുൻപ് ദീവാവലികളാൽ പ്രശോഭിതങ്ങളായിരുന്ന അമ്മമ്മദ് നഗരവീഥികളിലേയ്ക്കു അവളുടെ ദൃഷ്ടികൾ ചാഞ്ഞു. ഇടിഞ്ഞുതകന്ന് വെണ്മേടകളുടെ ശിമിലാംശങ്ങൾ അതതിടത്ത് കൂടിക്കിടന്നിരുന്നു. ഒരൊറ്റ നഗരവാസിയെപ്പോലും പുറത്തുകാണുകയുണ്ടായില്ല. ഉടപ്പണിഞ്ഞ ചുരുക്കം ചില യോദ്ധാക്കൾമാത്രം അവിടവിടെ കാവൽനീന്നിരുന്നു.

കുറൊഴിഞ്ഞ ആകാശത്തിൽ പെരുണ്ണമിച്ചുനൂർ ഉയർന്നുപൊങ്ങി. മോടിയ്ക്കുവേണ്ടി വെണ്മോടത്തിന്റെ തിണ്ണയിൽവെച്ചിരുന്ന പുരച്ചുടികളിൽനിന്നു ഒരു നേരിയ സുഗന്ധം അവിടമെങ്ങും പരന്നു. പ്രകൃതിസൗന്ദര്യം ആസ്വദിച്ചാൻ തക്ക ഏയേശാന്തത ചാണ്ടിയ്ക്കു നുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. പാതിയോളം നിലംപൊത്തിയ കോട്ടമതിലിൽ മാത്രമായിരുന്നു അവൾ ദൃഷ്ടിപതിപ്പിച്ചിരുന്നത്. വിശ്വാസഘാതകന്മാരായ തന്റെ സേനാനികളുടെ ദുഷ്ട്യുത്തിയുടെ ഈ ഫലം അവളെ നിരാശയിലേയ്ക്കു പിടിച്ചുതള്ളിയിരിയ്ക്കണം. ഭാവിയിൽ വരാനിരിയ്ക്കുന്ന സംഭവങ്ങളുടെ ഭയങ്കരതയെക്കുറിച്ചാലോചിയ്ക്കുമ്പോഴല്ലാം അവൾ നടുങ്ങുമുണ്ടായിരിയ്ക്കണം. എന്നാൽ അതായിരുന്നില്ല വാസ്തവസ്ഥിതി ഓരോ പുതിയ ദുർഘടങ്ങളും പ്രോത്സാഹജനകങ്ങളായിട്ടാണ് അവൾക്കുണ്ടാവപ്പെട്ടത്.

അരുണോദയത്തിനു മുൻപ് ഒരു പക്ഷെ ശത്രുക്കൾ കോട്ടയ്ക്കു കയ്തു പ്രവേശിച്ചേയ്ക്കാമെന്ന് ചാണ്ടിയ്ക്കു പ്രബല

മായ സംശയമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അത്രയ്ക്കു ശോചനീയമായിരുന്നു കോട്ടമതിലിന്റെ സ്ഥിതി.

ചാണ്ട ഇതികർത്തവ്യതാ മൃഗ്യയായി വെണ്മാടത്തിൽ അങ്ങോട്ടുമിങ്ങോട്ടും നടന്നു. കോട്ടമതിലിലേയ്ക്കു നോക്കും തോറും ആ വിശ്വാസപാതകികളുടെ നിഴലുകൾതന്നെ നോക്കി പരിയാസപ്പച്ചിരി തൂകുന്നുണ്ടെന്ന് അവൾക്കുതോന്നിത്തുടങ്ങി. ദൂരേണിനും പീരങ്കിവെടികളുടെ ഭയങ്കരശബ്ദം ചാണ്ടയുടെ കണ്ണുകളിൽ വന്നലച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു അവൾക്കറിയാം തനിയ്ക്കുവേണ്ടി അനേകം ചേർ ജീവത്യാഗംചെയ്യാൻ ഒരുക്കമുണ്ടായിരിയ്ക്കുമെന്ന്. പീരങ്കിയിൽനിന്നും പുറപ്പെടുന്ന ധൂമപലം നോക്കിക്കാണാൻ അവൾ വെണ്മാടത്തിന്റെ ഉയർന്നതിണ്ണയിൽ കയറിയിരുന്നു. അക്ബർ ചക്രവർത്തിതന്നെയും അഹമ്മദ് നഗരത്തേയും നാശഗർഭത്തിലേയ്ക്കു ആഴ്ത്തിയ പ്ലാതെ മടങ്ങുകയില്ലെന്ന് തുടരെത്തുടരെയുള്ള ആക്രമങ്ങൾ കൊണ്ട് ചാണ്ട മനസ്സിലാക്കിയിരുന്നു.

പീരങ്കിവെടികളുടെ ശബ്ദം നിലച്ചു. തന്റെ പക്ഷത്തിലുള്ള മധുവൻ പേരും ഒടുങ്ങിക്കഴിഞ്ഞിരിയ്ക്കണമെന്നു അവൾ ഉറച്ചു. നിശ്ശബ്ദതയിലാണു നിമിഷങ്ങൾ നിലച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞു. ചന്ദ്രൻ കാമേന്ദുലങ്ങൾക്കിടയിൽ മറഞ്ഞുകഴിഞ്ഞു.

പടകഴിഞ്ഞുവരുന്ന ഒരു വിജയിയായ യോദ്ധാവിന്നൊത്ത പ്രശസ്തിയോടുകൂടി ഒരാൾ കോവണിയിൽക്കൂടി വെണ്മാടത്തിലേയ്ക്കു കയറിച്ചെന്നു. അയാൾ വിനീതഭാവത്തിൽ നിലംതൊട്ട് ചാണ്ടയെ വന്ദിച്ചു 'എന്തായി' ചാണ്ട ഉൽക്കണ്ഠാകലമായ സ്വരത്തിൽ ചോദിച്ചു. 'ശത്രുക്കൾ തോറ്റോടി', ചാണ്ട എഴുന്നേറ്റുനിന്നു ആ ഇടിഞ്ഞ മതിൽക്കെട്ടിലേയ്ക്കു മൂണ്ടിക്കാണിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അവൾ പറഞ്ഞു. 'കുറേ ഭടന്മാരെ വരുത്തി ആ വിടവുകൾ കെട്ടിയടപ്പിയ്ക്കൂ'. അതൊരു സ്രീയുടെ അപേക്ഷയല്ല. ചാണ്ട ബീബിയുടെ കല്പനയാണെന്ന് അയാൾ

ക്ക് അറിയാമായിരുന്നു. താമസമുണ്ടായില്ല അയാൾ കോവ
ണിപ്പടിയിറങ്ങി താഴെ അപ്രത്യക്ഷനായി.

അവൾ പൂർണ്ണസ്ഥിതിയിലിരുന്നു പുറത്തേയ്ക്കു നോക്കി. വ
ലിയ കുരിങ്കൽകുപ്പണങ്ങൾ തലയിലേറിക്കൊണ്ട് ഭടന്മാർ
മതിലിന്ന് സമീപത്തിലേയ്ക്ക് അണിയാണിയായി നടകൊ
ണ്ടിരുന്നു. ചാണ്ട സന്തോഷാശ്രുക്കൾ നിറഞ്ഞ കണ്ണുകളോടുകൂ
ടി നോക്കിയിരുന്നു താമസമേറെയുണ്ടായില്ല കോട്ടമതിൽ
പൂർണ്ണസ്ഥിതിയെ പ്രാപിക്കുവാൻ.

ചാണ്ട ദ്രവനിശ്ചയത്തോടുകൂടി കോണിയ്ക്കുലേയ്ക്കു നട
ന്നു. 'അതേ' അവൾ തന്നത്താൻ ഉരുവിട്ടു, "ഭാരതസാമ്രാട്ടി
ന്ന് സ്രീതപത്തിനു പിന്നിൽ ഒളിഞ്ഞിരിയ്ക്കുന്ന ആജ്ഞാശ
ക്തിയെക്കാണ്മൻ കണ്ണിപ്പായിരിയ്ക്കാം. ഞാൻ കാണിച്ചു
കൊടുക്കും ഒരഞ്ചലയ്ക്ക് എത്രകണ്ട് പ്രാബല്യവും, സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യ
വ്യക്തിയുമാണെന്ന്. എനിയ്ക്കു ദ്രേഹത്തോട് ഏറെക്കാലം മ
ല്ലിട്ടുനില്ക്കാൻ കെല്പില്ലായിരിയ്ക്കാം. എന്നാലും ചാണ്ട കീഴട
ങ്ങുകയില്ലെന്ന്, പ്രജകളെ ഉയിരുത്തേണ്ടതോളംകാലം നാഥ
നില്ലാതെ വിട്ടേയ്ക്കുകയില്ലെന്ന് അദ്ദേഹം മനസ്സിലാക്കട്ടെ."

കോണിപടിയിൽ ശക്തിയിൽ കാൽവെച്ച് ശബ്ദമു
ണ്ടാക്കിക്കൊണ്ട് അവൾ താഴോട്ടിറങ്ങി. ഒരിയ്ക്കൽക്കൂടി പീ
രങ്കികളുടെ കൂട്ടത്തോടുകൂടിയുള്ള ശബ്ദം അന്തരീക്ഷത്തിൽ മാ
റൊറാലിക്കൊണ്ടു. ആ കോട്ടയ്ക്കുളളിൽനിന്നുമുള്ള ആയുധങ്ങളു
ടെ ഝണ ഝണ ശബ്ദം ചാണ്ടയുടെ കണ്ണങ്ങളിൽ പിയ്യുഷം
വെച്ചിട്ടു.

ഭടന്മാരെല്ലാം ഉടുപ്പണിഞ്ഞത് അണിനിരന്നു. കൊട്ടാര
ത്തിന്റെ പ്രധാന വാതിൽകടന്ന് ചാണ്ടവീമ്പി പുറത്തേയ്ക്കു
വന്നു. ഈ ചുരുക്കംനേരംകൊണ്ട് അവൾ ഒരു യുവഭടനായി
പരിണമിച്ചിരുന്നു. പടയാളികൾ ആനന്ദതൃന്ദിലരായി ജയ
ഘോഷം മുഴക്കി. അവൾ കോപ്പണിഞ്ഞ കതിരപ്പുറമേറി.
മന്ദംമന്ദം ഒഴുകുന്ന ഒരു നദിപോലെ പടയാളികൾ കോട്ടവാ

തികളിലേയ്ക്കു നീക്കി. ചാണ്ടയും അവരോടൊപ്പം കോട്ടവാതിൽ കടന്ന് ഇടതുനാണിപ്പുറം വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾക്കിടയിൽ അപ്രത്യക്ഷയായി.

സംഭവബഹുലങ്ങളായ മാസങ്ങൾ മൂന്നുനാല് ഉരുണ്ടു പോയി. വിജയം പ്രമാണിച്ച് അഹമ്മദ് നഗരവാസികളുടെ ആഘോഷങ്ങൾ പൂർത്തിയാക്കിയിട്ടുണ്ടായിട്ടില്ല. സ്ഥിരമായിത്തന്നെ പരാക്രമിയുമായ ആക്ബർ അന്ത്യപരിശ്രമത്തിനു കാഴ്ചകെട്ടി. ചാണ്ട വിവരം അറിഞ്ഞിരുന്നിട്ടും പരിഭ്രാന്തപിത്തയായില്ല. മൂന്നുമാസങ്ങൾക്കു മുൻപെന്നപോലെ അവർ മുഗ്ഗിലപ്പാളയത്തിലേയ്ക്കു ഉററുനോക്കിയില്ല. കോട്ടയ്ക്കുളളിലെങ്ങും ചാണ്ടയെക്കാണാനുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. നായകനിലാത്ത ജനതയെ ആജ്ഞാശക്തികൊണ്ട് അവർ കീഴടക്കിക്കഴിഞ്ഞിരുന്നു. പക്ഷെ അഹമ്മദ് നഗരത്തിന്റെ സമസ്തശക്തികളും നഷ്ടപ്രായങ്ങളായിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു ഉത്സാഹത്തിനോ പ്രോത്സാഹനത്തിനോ അതിനെ വീണ്ടെടുക്കുവാനുള്ള കെല്പില്ലായിരുന്നു.

ഇരുളടഞ്ഞ ഒരു രാത്രി കുറുത്തപക്ഷത്തിലെ കരിംകൂരിരുട്ടിൽ അഹമ്മദ് നഗരം ശൂന്യപ്രായമായിക്കിടന്നിരുന്നു. ഉത്സാഹശീലന്മാരായ മുഗ്ഗിലഭടന്മാർ മുന്നേറ്റോടെ പീരങ്കി വെടി മുഴക്കി.

പ്രഭാതത്തിൽ കിഴക്കുനിന്നും എത്തിനോക്കിയ അക്ബർ അഹമ്മദ് നഗരത്തിലെ താറുമാറായ നഗരവീഥികളേയും ഉന്നതസൗന്ദര്യങ്ങളേയുമായിരിയ്ക്കണം കണിക്കണ്ടത്. ചാണ്ട എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായി തന്റെ കീഴ്ത്തിയെമാത്രം ഈ നഗരപ്രഭോകത്തിൽ വിട്ടുവെച്ച് വീരസേനാമുഖന്മാരുടെ ആ സംഭവത്തിനുശേഷം ഒരു സ്രീയുടെ കർത്തവ്യനിഷ്ഠ എത്രകണ്ടുണ്ടെന്ന് ആക്ബർ മനസ്സിലാക്കിയിരിയ്ക്കണം.

വി. പത്മാവതി,
[Class II.]

സ മ ര് ച ള ന മ

ആ വൃദ്ധൻ ഏഴുനേരറിയുന്നു. “ഒരു ഗ്ലാസ് വെറും കൂടിതാ രമേശ്’ രമേശ് തോണി തുഴയാൽ നിർത്തി. തിളങ്ങിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന മദ്യം ഗ്ലാസിൽ നിറച്ചു അപ്പുറം കൊടുത്തു “അപ്പുറം നിങ്ങൾ ഇന്നു വളരെയധികം മദ്യപാനം ചെയ്തിരിക്കുന്നു” രമേശ് പിറുപിറുത്തു.

വൃദ്ധൻ. “എന്ത് ഞാൻ അധികം മദ്യപാനം ചെയ്തുവെന്നോ? ഹൂം! നിനക്കു ശരിയായ മദ്യപാനത്തിന്റെ യാതൊരു വിവരവുമില്ല. ഇത് നിന്റെ കാര്യം കാരണം നീ ഇതുവരെ കപ്പൽയാത്ര ചെയ്തിട്ടില്ല. “പ്ലീഡ്” എന്ന കപ്പലിൽ യാത്രചെയ്തു അവസരത്തിൽ ഞങ്ങളെല്ലാവരും നാമിഷംപ്രതി ബ്രാണ്ടിതന്നെ കുടിച്ചു വന്നിരുന്നു. ശരി എന്നാൽ ഇനി ഞാൻ കുടിക്കില്ല. ഇത് എന്റെ അവസാനത്തെ കുടിയായട്ടെ”

ആ വൃദ്ധൻ മകന്റെ വർത്തമാനം പിന്നെ ഒന്നു ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചില്ല. കാരണം അദ്ദേഹം എന്തോ ഒരു ചിന്തയിൽ മുഴുകിയിരുന്നു. രമേശ് തോണിതുഴയാൻ തുടങ്ങി. അപ്പുറൻ ഇടക്കിടക്കു ആകാശത്തേക്കു നോക്കുന്നതും വളരെ വ്യസനഭാവത്തിൽ ഇരിക്കുന്നതും രമേശ് കണ്ടു. “അപ്പുറൻ എന്താണ് ഇന്ന് യാതൊരു ഉന്മേഷവും ഇല്ലാതെ ഇങ്ങനെ ഇരിക്കുന്നത്? വയസ്സനായ ജഗദീശ തലക്ഷുച്ഛി പാഞ്ഞു “ഒന്നുമില്ല” അദ്ദേഹം ഒരു നെടുവീപ്പിട്ടു രണ്ടുമൂന്നു കണ്ണുനീർത്തു തുടികൾ അയാളുടെ വസ്ത്രത്തിൽ ഇറുരവീണു. “അപ്പുറൻ എന്നിൽനിന്ന് എന്തോ മറച്ചുവെയ്ക്കുന്നു അത് എന്താണെന്ന് എന്തോ പാഞ്ഞു തരില്ലെ”

ജഗദീശ് തന്റെ കപ്പായക്കീഴയിൽനിന്ന് ഒരു ടൈഗ്രാം എടുത്തു രമേശന് കൊടുത്തു അതിൽനിന്ന് ഏതോ

ഒരു 'മിസിസ് കമല ജഗന്നാഥ്' അന്തരിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നുവെന്ന് രമേശന് മനസ്സിലാക്കുവാൻ സാധിച്ചു.

"കമലാജഗന്നാഥ് ആരായിരുന്നു" രമേശ് ചോദിച്ചു.

"മിസിസ് ജഗന്നാഥ്"

"മിസിസ് കമലാജഗന്നാഥ്?"

"നീ കമലയെപ്പറ്റിയല്ലെ ചോദിച്ചത്?...അതെ, ഞാനും അവളും ഒരിക്കൽ.....പക്ഷേ അവൾ എനിക്ക് സഭാ എഴുത്തുകൾ അച്ചിയിരുവെങ്കിൽ കൂടിയും ഞാൻ അവളെ അനവധി വർഷങ്ങളായി കണ്ടിട്ടില്ല.

കുറച്ചുനേരത്തേക്ക് നിശ്ശബ്ദമായിരുന്ന വൃദ്ധൻ പിന്നെയും തുടർന്നു.

"നീ എന്റെ മകനല്ലെന്ന് നിനക്കറിയാമോ, രമേശ്?"

രമേശ് ഇടിയേറെ മരംപോലെ നിശ്ചലനായിനിന്നു.

"നിങ്ങളുടെ മകനല്ലെന്നോ, എന്താണു്ളാ പറയുന്നത്?"

ജഗന്നാഥ് തലകുലുക്കിപ്പറഞ്ഞു. "ഞാൻ വിചാരിച്ച നല്ല ഈ ഇരുപതു കൊല്ലമായി ആ സ്വകാര്യം ഞാൻ നിന്നിൽനിന്ന് മറച്ചുവെച്ചു. ഇനി എനിക്ക് അതുപറയാതെ നിവൃത്തിയില്ല നീ എന്റെ മരിച്ചുപോയ സ്നേഹിതന്റെ, സാറട്ട്ബോസിന്റെ ഏകപുത്രനാണ്."

വൃദ്ധന്റെ നയനം കണ്ണനിർകൊണ്ടു മുടി. അയാൾ വീണ്ടും തുടർന്നു.

"കമല നിന്റെ അമ്മയുമായിരുന്നു"

"കമല എന്റെ അമ്മ....."

"ഞാൻ നിന്നോടു സകലതും പറഞ്ഞുതരാം. ശ്രദ്ധിക്കൂ; സിങ്കപ്പൂർ, സയിഗോൺ, ഫോഷ്കോങ്ങ് വഴിയായി കൽക്കത്തയിൽനിന്ന് സേൻലൂൺസിസ്കോവിലേക്കും മറ്റുമായി കച്ചവടം നടത്തിയിരുന്ന ഫ്ലീഡിലെ ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥനുമായിരുന്നു ഞങ്ങൾ ഒരിക്കൽ ഞങ്ങളുടെ കപ്പൽ സയിഗോണിൽ

നങ്കൂരമിട്ടപ്പോൾ ഞങ്ങൾ ഇരുവരും പട്ടണം ചുറ്റിക്കാണുവാൻ തെരുവിലേക്ക് ഇറങ്ങി. ഞാൻ അവിടത്തെ ആ വൃത്തി കെട്ടത്തെടുത്ത് ഇപ്പോഴും ഓർക്കുന്നു. അവിടന്ന് എന്ന് ഒരു പ്രാണികടിച്ചു. ഞാൻ കപ്പലിലേയ്ക്ക് മടങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ മറ്റുള്ളവർ എനിക്ക് ആ പ്രദേശത്തെ ഒരു രോഗം ബാധിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നതായി പറഞ്ഞു."

"കപ്പൽ എന്ന് കൂട്ടാതെപോയി. ഞാൻ ആസ്പത്രിയിൽ കിടപ്പായി. മൂന്നുആഴ്ചയോളം ഞാൻ വേദനകൊണ്ടു നിലവിളിച്ചു കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടി അലിവുള്ള ഒരു നർസിന്റെ ശ്രദ്ധയോടെ എന്റെ സുഖക്കേടു വളരെ ഭേദമായിത്തുടങ്ങി. അവർ ഒരു ഹിന്ദുപ്രളയന്റെ പുത്രിയായിരുന്നു. എന്റെ കപ്പൽ വരുവാൻ പിന്നെയും വളരെ താമസമുണ്ടായിരുന്നതിനാലും എന്റെ വശം തീരെ പണമില്ലാതിരുന്നതിനാലും എനിക്ക് ആ നർസിന്റെ കൂടെ കുറച്ചുകാലം താമസിക്കേണ്ടിവന്നു."

"ഞാൻ അവളുമായി അടുത്തു പെരുമാറിത്തുടങ്ങി. ക്രമേണ ഞങ്ങൾ 'വിവാഹം' കഴിക്കുമെന്ന ഘട്ടത്തിലായി."

രമേശ്: "ഞാൻ തോണി പിന്നോക്കം തിരിക്കട്ടെയോ?"

വൃദ്ധൻ: "എന്താ! ഇപ്പോൾ സമയമെത്രയായി."

രമേശ്: "വെട്ടുമണിയായി. ഈ രാത്രി വളരെ ശൈത്യമുള്ളതായിത്തോന്നുന്നു."

വൃദ്ധൻ: "ശൈത്യമോ! എനിക്ക് തീരെ ശൈത്യം കോന്നു ന്നില്ല."

സീ തോണി പിന്നോക്കം തിരിച്ചോ. ഞാൻ നിന്നോടു് ഞങ്ങൾ ഇരുവരും വിവാഹം കഴിക്കുമെന്ന ഘട്ടത്തിലായി എന്നു പറഞ്ഞോ.

രമേശ്: "ഓ: പറഞ്ഞു"

"ഞാൻ കമലയെ വിവാഹംകഴിക്കണമെന്ന് ഉദ്ദേശിച്ച ഒരു മാസത്തെ കല്പനക്കു എഴുതി ഒരു വൈകുന്നേരം ഞാൻ

കമലയുമായി സംസാരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന അവസരത്തിൽ, സാറട്ട്ബോസ് ചെട്ടെന്ന് തെങ്ങുകളുടെ മുറിയിലേക്ക് കടന്നുവന്നു: അദ്ദേഹം തെങ്ങുകളുടെ ഇടയിൽ വന്നതിൽ ഞാൻ അത്യന്തം സന്തുഷ്ടനായി. ഞാൻ കമലയെ സാറട്ടിനു പരിചയപ്പെടുത്തി. പക്ഷെ ഞാൻ അവളെ സ്നേഹിച്ചിരുന്നവെന്നു ബോസിനോടു പറഞ്ഞില്ല.

അപ്പോഴേക്കും തോണി അവരുടെ ഭവനത്തിന്റെ അരികിലെത്തി. അവർ വീട്ടിലേക്കു പോയി.
രമേശ് - "ഭക്ഷണംകൊണ്ടുവരുവാൻ പറയട്ടെ."

ജനദീൽ - "ഞാൻ പറയാനുള്ളതു മുഴുവൻ പറഞ്ഞുകഴിഞ്ഞു എന്ന് ഞാനറിയാം."

"ഒരു രാത്രി ഞാൻ നടക്കുവാനായി കടപ്പാത്തേക്കു പോയി. എന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ പലവിധ വികാരങ്ങളുണ്ടായി. എന്റെ വിവാഹത്തിനു രണ്ടുരണ്ടുദിവസം മാത്രമെ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുള്ളൂ."

"ഞാൻ മടങ്ങിവന്നപ്പോൾ എന്റെ മുറിയിൽ കണ്ട കഴുപ്പായൽ ഞാൻ അമ്പരന്നു"

"അവരിരുവരും.....ഹാ!.....അതെന്തിനാലാചിക്കാൻ വയ്യ!"

"സാറട്ട്ബോസിനെ കുറുപറവാൻ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. ഞാൻ അദ്ദേഹത്തോടു കമലയോടുള്ള സ്നേഹം അറിയിച്ചിരുന്നില്ല. പക്ഷേ കമല....ആ ചോരകി... അവൾക്കറിയാമായിരുന്നു."

"സാറട്ട് ചെറുപ്പക്കാരനും ധനവാൻമായിരുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹം കമലയെ വിവാഹം ചെയ്യുവാൻ ചോദിക്കുന്നുണ്ടെന്ന് എന്നോടു പറഞ്ഞു "

"കാലവിളംബമെന്യേ സാറട്ടും കമലയും ദമ്പതികളായിത്തീർന്നു. ഞാൻ ഉടനെത്തന്നെ അവിടുന്ന് പോയി. "പ്രീഡി"ലെ കേപ്റ്റനായിത്തീർന്നു. എനിക്കു റേക്റ്റിൽനിന്നു സാറ

ട്ടിന്റെ കത്തുകൾ ഇടക്കിടക്കു കിട്ടിയിരുന്നു. രണ്ടു വർഷങ്ങൾക്കുശേഷം അവർ ഒരു പുത്രൻ ജനിച്ചുവെന്നറിയാൻ സാധിച്ചു."

"കാലചക്രം ഭൂതഗതിയിൽ തിരിഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. ആറുവർഷം പിന്നെയും കഴിഞ്ഞു. ഒരു ദിവസം എനിക്കു സാറട്ട്ബോസ് ഉടനെ ചെല്ലണമെന്ന് ഒരു കമ്പി അടിച്ചു. ഞാൻ ഉടനെ പുറപ്പെട്ടു രണ്ടു ദിവസത്തിനകം ബോസിന്റെ മരണശയ്യയുടെ അരികിലെത്തി."

അയാളുടെ സമീപം നേർസുമാരോ ഡോക്ടർമാരോ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ഭേദം നീലനിറമായി തീർന്നിരിക്കുന്നതായി കണ്ടു; കാരണം അദ്ദേഹം പറഞ്ഞു അതെ, ആർക്കുവേണ്ടിയാണോ ഞാൻ ഇത്രത്തോളം കഷ്ടമനുഭവിച്ചത്, ആ രാക്ഷസി പൈശാചികത്വം മുതീകരിച്ച ആ മൃഗേവി ബോസിനു വിഷംകൊടുത്തുവെന്ന്.

"രമേശ് ഇതിൽനിന്നെല്ലാം നീ ഒരു പാഠം പഠിക്കണം. സ്രീകളെ ഒരു കാലത്തും വിശ്വസിച്ചുപോവരുത്. അവർ പുരമേ വലിയ ദയാലുക്കളാണെന്നു നടിക്കും. പക്ഷേ അവരുടെ ഹൃദയം ചതിയുടേയും കഠോരതയുടേയും സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെയും ഇരിപ്പിടമാണ്. ഇങ്ങിനെയുള്ള തരണീമണികളെ ആശ്രയിച്ചതിനാൽ എത്ര എത്രപേർ അധഃപതിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടെന്നു എനിക്കറിയാം. ഈ ലോകത്തിൽ എനിക്കുള്ളതായ ഭാഗം ഞാൻ നടിച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞു. ഇനി നിനക്കാണ് ജീവിതനാടകത്തിൽ പലവിധം രംഗങ്ങൾ അഭിനയിക്കുവാനുള്ളത്. എന്റെ അവസാനത്തെ ഉപദേശമാണ് ഇത്. അതെ...എനിക്കറിയാം. ഞാൻ സൈഗോണിൽ വിദ്യാർത്ഥിയായി ജീവിക്കുന്ന കാലത്തു എന്റെ സ്നേഹിതന്മാർ, അവർ കാംക്ഷിക്കുന്നതായ തരണികളുടെ പുഞ്ചിരികാണുവാൻവേണ്ടി എത്രയെത്ര തൃഗങ്ങൾ ചെയ്തുവെന്ന്. അവരുടെ മല്ലുമൊട്ടു പോലെയുള്ള പല്ലൊന്നു ചെളിക്കൊണ്ടിച്ചു പുഞ്ചിരിച്ചാൽ

അതുതന്നെ വലിയ ഭാഗ്യമായെന്നു കരുതിയ ആ സഹപാഠികൾ, വെറും വിഡ്ഢികൾ കൂടാതെ അപരോരോരുത്തരും ഇന്നു നഭവിക്കുന്ന പരമസങ്കടങ്ങളും എനിക്കറിയാം. ഇതിനെല്ലാം കാരണമെന്താണെന്ന് നിയക്കാറിയാമോ രമേശ്? അതെ “സ്രീ” എന്ന ആ നാമമാണ്. ചതിയുടേയും, ഹിംസയുടേയും, ധിക്കാരത്തിന്റേയും പര്യായമായി ആ “സ്രീ” എന്ന നാമത്തെ കണക്കാക്കാം. അതുകൊണ്ട് നീ ഇത്തരം ജന്തുക്കളെ ഒരിക്കലും വിശ്വസിച്ചുപോകരുത്.”

കമല ഇത്ര കഠിനമായ പ്രവൃത്തിചെയ്തിട്ടും സാറട്ടിനു വ്യസനമുണ്ടായില്ല. അദ്ദേഹം പറഞ്ഞു. “ഞാൻ ഏറ്റവും സ്നേഹിച്ച രോഹിണി എന്ന സ്നേഹിക്കാതെയിരുന്നാൽ മരണമാണ് നല്ലത്.” സാറട്ട് മരണപത്രമഴുതി, അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സ്വന്തം എനിക്കുതന്നെ, നിന്നേയും എന്നെ ഏല്പിച്ചു. അന്നു മുതൽ നീ എന്റെ രമേശായി വളർന്നു.”

രമേശ് ഒരു ദീർഘനിശ്വാസമിട്ടു. ഒന്നു രണ്ടു കണ്ണുനീർതുള്ളികൾ അവന്റെ വസ്ത്രത്തിലിറുവീണു. “പിന്നെ എന്തുണ്ടായി” രമേശ് ഇടയിരസ്വരത്തോടുകൂടി ചോദിച്ചു.

“സാറട്ട് രണ്ടുദിവസത്തിനകം മരിച്ചു. ഞാൻ മരണപത്രം വായിച്ചപ്പോൾ കമല ബോധഹീനയായി. കറുത്തുകഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ സാറട്ട് എന്നോടു പറഞ്ഞതെല്ലാം ഞാൻ അപലോട് പറഞ്ഞു. അതെല്ലാം വെറുംകളവാണെന്നു അവൾ പറഞ്ഞു. പക്ഷെ അറളുടെ വിളരിയ മുഖം സകലതും വെളിവാക്കി പറഞ്ഞിരുന്നു.

“ഞാൻ അപലോട് എനിക്ക് സാറട്ട് ബോധിന്റെ പണമാവശ്യമില്ലെന്നു അവരുടെ പുത്രനെ അതെ നിന്നെ എനിക്കു മതിയെന്നു പറഞ്ഞു. അവൾക്കു നിന്നെവിട്ടു പിരിയുന്നതിൽ സന്തോഷമാണുണ്ടായത്.”

രമേശ് അവന്റെ അമ്മയുടെ കഠിനഘോഷത്തക്കുറിപ്പോൽ ആശ്ചര്യപ്പെട്ടു. ജഗദീശ് തുടന്നു “സാറട്ടിന്റെ മര

ണശേഷം കമലക്കു വളരെ ഭർത്താക്കന്മാർ വന്നുപോയും ഇങ്ങനെയൊരു പക്ഷേ സ്നേഹം എന്ന ഒരു വസ്തു അവർക്കു തീരെയുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. രമേശ് നിന്റെ മുഖം വിളറിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഭക്ഷണം കൊണ്ടുവരുവാൻ പറയൂ."

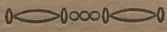
രമേശിനു ബാക്കിയെല്ലാം മനസ്സിലായി. കമലയുടെ അന്നത്തെ ഭർത്താവ് ജഗനാഥ് എന്ന ഒരു വർത്തകനാണെന്നും കമല ഇപ്പോൾ പരലോകപ്രാപ്തയായെന്നും.....

വേലക്കാരൻ ഭക്ഷണംകൊണ്ടുവന്നു. അവരിരുവരും സുഖമായി ഭക്ഷണംകഴിച്ചു. ജഗദീശ് പറഞ്ഞു "ഒരു ത്രികോണത്തിന്റെ രണ്ടു ഭാഗങ്ങളും നശിച്ചുപോയി ഇനി മൂന്നാമത്തെ ഭാഗം എപ്പോഴാണ് നശിക്കുന്നതെന്നാണറിഞ്ഞു."

ഉറങ്ങുവാൻ പോകുന്നതിനുമുമ്പായി ജഗദീശ് ഇടറിയ സുപരത്തിൽ പറഞ്ഞു. "ഇരുപതു കൊല്ലം!!! ഇതിന്നിടയിൽ ഒരിക്കലേങ്കിലും ഞാൻ അവളെ കണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. എങ്കിലും ഞാൻ അവളെ ആദ്യം സ്നേഹിച്ചിരുന്നു. പക്ഷേ അവൾ ഇപ്പോൾ പോയി."

പിറ്റേന്നു രാവിലെ രമേശ് മാത്രമെ ഉണരുകയുണ്ടായുള്ളു.

By M. ഇന്ദ്രനാഥൻ,
ക്ലാസ്സ് ii.



അബ്ദുൾകാദിമാൻ—ഏതൊരു കേരളീയന്റെയും ഹൃദയത്തെ അഭിമാനംകൊണ്ടു തുടപ്പിക്കുന്ന ഒരു പാവനമാണ്. അനുകൂലമായ ഒരു ജന്മത്തേയും ഉൽകൃഷ്ടമായ ഒരു ചിന്തകനും മരണമല്ല മരണമല്ലാത്തതെന്നു കരുതുന്നതിനും അധർമ്മത്തിനെതിരായ സമരത്തിൽ ആവേശംകൊള്ളിക്കുന്ന ഒരു പോരാളിയും കൂടിയായിരുന്നു ആ ധീരന്മാർ. ഭാരതീയർ വിശിഷ്ട കേരളീയർ അനുഭവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന ദാരുണങ്ങളായ ദുരിതങ്ങൾക്കു പരിഹാരം തേടുന്നതിനും ദൃഷ്ടാന്തമായ പാരതന്ത്ര്യത്തിൽനിന്നു ഭാരതമാതാവിനു മോചനം സമ്പാദിക്കുന്നതിനും നിവൃത്തിക്കും ആ മഹാത്മാവു പോരാടി; അക്രമങ്ങളോടും അന്യായങ്ങളോടും ആജീവനാന്തം അടരടി; അവസാനം ഭാരതംബയുടേ മടിത്തട്ടിൽ ആ പുണ്യന്മാരു നിത്യശാന്തിയടഞ്ഞു!.....

മഹാത്മാഗാന്ധിയുടെ നിസ്സഹസ്രപ്രസ്ഥാനവും, വിഖ്യാതപ്രക്ഷോഭങ്ങളും ഭാരതീയ ദേശഭീമനത്തേ ആവേശഭരിതമാക്കിയപ്പോൾ കേരളീയരുടെ ചുളിഞ്ഞ ഞരമ്പുകളിൽ ചുടുകതം പകർന്നു കൊടുത്തു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിനു കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടുണ്ട്. എന്നാൽ കലാപകാലത്ത് സ്വജീവനെപ്പോലും വിസ്തരിച്ച് കേരളീയരെ ആകമാനം സ്തുത്യപാമായ സേവനംകൊണ്ട് അധ്യക്ഷനായ അധികാരസ്ഥത്തിൽനിന്നു ആത്മീയപ്രാഭവംകൊണ്ടും ധീരമായ ത്യാഗംകൊണ്ടും രക്ഷിക്കാൻ ഈ മഹാത്മാവിനു കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടുണ്ട്. കണക്കില്ലാതെ പോന്തിവന്ന ലാത്തികളുടേയും ബയനറുകളുടേയും പ്രയോഗങ്ങളുടേയും മധ്യമേധിയുടെ സഹായത്തോടെ ആസാധിച്ച സാമന്തപ്രഭുക്കളെ സഹായമായ പോരാട്ടത്തിൽ ആത്മാവിയേയും ഹൃദയത്തേയും സ്വന്തം ജന്മത്തേത്തന്നെയും ധൂളിയുളിയായി പാർത്തി സ്വന്തം ജന്മഭൂമിയിൽ ചെങ്കുഴലായും സാഹോദര്യവും പ്രതിഷ്ഠിക്കുകയും ആത്മത്യാഗഭരണവും സേവനസഭഗവും വീഴ്ചവിചിതവുമായ ഒരു ജീവിത മാതൃക കേരളത്തിനു കാണിച്ചുകൊടുക്കുകയും ഉത്തേജകമായ സന്ദേശങ്ങൾ ഭാരതത്തിനു നൽകുകയും ചെയ്ത ഈ മഹാത്മാവിന്റെ നാമം എന്നും ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ ആകൃതിയായ ആദരവിനു വിഷയീഭവിച്ചുകൊണ്ട്

വാരാജിക്കമാറകട്ടെ!.....

കെ. പി. ബാലകൃഷ്ണൻനായർ.
കുസ്സം I

മത്തായിയുടെ മോണിങ് വാക്ക്

അഥവാ പ്രഭാത സഞ്ചാരം

മത്തായി ആൾ സുന്ദരനല്ലെങ്കിലും വിരൂപനല്ല. കണ്ണുകൾനിണ്ട് ചെന്താമരളംപോലെയാല്ലെങ്കിലും ഏതാണ്ട് ഒരുപി ആവൽമുട്ടത്തിന്റെ മറയ അതിനുണ്ടു. ആൾ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസസമ്പന്നനല്ലെങ്കിലും നിരക്ഷരകക്ഷിയല്ല. എ. ബി. സി. ഡി. ഇത് അവന്നറിയാം. ആകപ്പാടെ മത്തായി ആൾ ഒരു സിന്താബാദ്കാരനാണ്.

കണ്ടംകളമാണ് മിസ്റ്റർ മത്തായിയുടെ ജന്മഭൂമി എന്നാണ് ഐതീഹ്യം. കാരണം മഴയുമുള്ള ഒരു പ്രഭാതത്തിൽ കണ്ടംകളത്തിനടുത്തുള്ള ഒരു ചവറുകൊട്ടയിൽ നിന്നാണ് മത്തായി ലോകത്തിന് പരിചയപ്പെട്ടത്. മാതാപിതാക്കന്മാർ ഇന്നും അജ്ഞാതരായിത്തന്നെയാണ് കിടക്കുന്നത്. പട്ടിയാണ് രക്ഷിതാവ്. കേട്ടു സ്വന്തമില്ലെങ്കിലും ചിലപ്പോൾ മത്തായി കോട്ടിട്ടുകളയും. സൂട്ടിടുന്നത് മത്തായിക്കൊരാറ്റാമമാണ്.

'ഇങ്കുലാബാദാണ്' മത്തായിയുടെ മുദ്രാവാക്യം. ഹൈദരാബാദാണ് പാമലക്ഷ്യം. "മൂന്നേക്കറാ"ണ് ജീവിതാദർശം. ഇംഗ്ലീഷു പറയുവാൻ മത്തായിക്കൊരു ഭൂമമാണ്. മത്തായി എപ്പോഴും മത്തായിതന്നെയാണ്. എന്നാൽ ആൾ ഒരു വിരതനാണ്. മത്തായി എന്തെ വിളിച്ചാൽ ആൾക്ക് ഭ്രോഷ്യമാണ്. സ്റ്റോഫർ മത്തായിയുടെ ഒരു പരിചിസ്താണ് (പരിചിതൻ). രണ്ടാളുകളും ഒന്നായി കാരുകൊള്ളുവാൻ പോകുന്നത് കണ്ടാൽ, ഒന്ന് കൊയിലാണ്ടി മൈസ്രോട്ടാണ് മാറൽ കൊച്ചിയിലെ തൃക്കിടിയണെന്ന് ആരും സംശയിച്ചുകളയും.

ബ്ലേക്ക്മാർക്കറാണ് മത്തായിയുടെ തൊഴിൽ; എന്നാൽ അതൊട്ടല്ലതാനും. പേരിന് ഒരു കമ്മനി കൺട്രക്ടറാണ്. എന്നാൽ എവിടന്നും മത്തായി, മത്തായി ആയി

തന്നെ കരിഞ്ചന്ത നടത്തും. “നാച്ചോ നാച്ചോ” എന്ന പാട്ടാണ് മത്തായിയുടെ മാസ്റ്റർ പീസ്.

രാവിലത്തെ നടത്തം മത്തായിക്ക് ഒഴിച്ചുകൂടാ. അതിന് ഒരിക്കലും ഒരിക്കലാബ് സംഭവിക്കാറില്ല. മത്തായിയുടെ കമ്പനി മാനേജർ മത്തായിയുടെ വലത്തെകയ്യിലാണ്. ഭായ് ഇടത്തെകയ്യിലും. പോരെ മത്തായിക്ക് പിന്നെത്തും കളിച്ചുടെ. ഓ! രാവിലത്തെ നടത്തത്തെപ്പറ്റി പറഞ്ഞില്ല. കരിഞ്ചന്തയുടെ ഒരു വലവീശലാണ് രാവിലെ ആ കരിപ്പിടിക്കുമ്പോഴുള്ള മത്തായിയുടെ നടത്തം. വേറെയും വല വീശാറില്ലെന്നില്ല. ചിലപ്പോൾ കുടുങ്ങും ചിലപ്പോൾ കുടുങ്ങിയില്ലെന്നും വരാം.

ഇങ്ങിനെ ഒരു ദിവസം പ്രഭാതത്തിൽ മത്തായിയും പര'ചിസ്റ്റ് സ്റ്റേഫും കക്കോടിമുക്കിൽ ഒരിടവഴിയിൽ വെറും ഒരു ബനിയനാ ഇട്ടു കിതച്ചുനില്ക്കുകയാണ്. കരിഞ്ചന്തയുടെ ഒരു ഹിമാലയമാണ് കക്കോടിമുക്ക് എന്നാണ് ജനങ്ങൾ പറയുന്നത്. മത്തായിയുടെ അടുത്ത് ഒരു പഞ്ചാരച്ചാക്കുമുണ്ടു. പ്രഭാതകാലത്ത് ഈ ഇങ്കലാബുകാർക്ക് വിയർന്ന മെക്കിൽ പണി ഏതായിരിക്കണം. മൂന്നാഴിക് ദൂരമാണ് ആ ബ്രഹ്മാഡംപോലത്തെ പഞ്ചാരച്ചാക്ക് മത്തായിയും സ്റ്റേഫും എടുത്തുകൊണ്ടുവന്നത്. പിന്നെ പറയണോ അവരുടെ അലപാനം. അതാ അഞ്ചുനിമിഷത്തിനുള്ളിൽ കഞ്ഞാലി പ്രത്യക്ഷനാകുന്നു. അവന്നാണ് ഈ പഞ്ചാര. കരിഞ്ചന്ത വിലാസാണ്. കഞ്ഞാലി - ബെലപറയിൻ കോയാ.

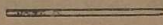
മത്തായി - ന്നാരയിന്റ ത് ഉറുപു.

കഞ്ഞാലി - അളോ.

മത്തായി - എന്താഞ്ഞാലി. ഇനിക്കീതിന് ഇരന്തറല്ല. പക്ഷെ കഞ്ഞാലി ആൾ ഒരഞ്ചാംപത്തിക്കാരനാ. മുപ്പൻ ഒരു കനുഷ്ടബുദ്ധയും കൂട്ടാവുന്നത്. പറഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ കനുഷ്ടബുദ്ധ് ഒളിവിൽനിന്നും പുറത്ത് ചാടി.

മത്തായി ഒന്ന് കണ്ണു മിഴിച്ചു, സ്റ്റോഫറു ഒന്ന് തിരിഞ്ഞുനോക്കുമ്പോൾ ഒരു ഫർലോങ്ങ് ദൂരത്താണ് അവനെക്കണ്ടത്. മത്തായി പായറൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. കനേഷേബളൊരൊരപ്പിടുത്തം. മത്തായി അവിടെ ഇരുന്നു. പച്ചാര കുഞ്ഞാലിയും കനേഷേബളും ഇങ്കുലാബാക്കി. മത്തായി ജയിലിലും. അങ്ങിനെ മോണിങ്ങ് വാക്കിന് പോയ മത്തായിയെപ്പറ്റി ആർക്കും ഒരു വിവരവുമില്ല രണ്ടരക്കാഴ്ചം കഴിഞ്ഞാണ് മത്തായി ജയിലിൽനിന്നും പുറത്ത് വന്നത്. പിന്നീടാണ് ഈ കുരിഞ്ചന്ത ഗുലുമാലിന്റു കഴിയില്ലെന്ന് വിചാരിച്ച് മത്തായി ഒരു സ്ത്രീപിറയുണായി ചേർന്നത്. എന്നാൽ ഇപ്പോഴും മത്തായി മോണിങ്ങ് വാക്കിന് പോകാറുണ്ടു. അത്സാനഫലം എന്താണെന്ന് പടച്ചോനേ അറിയും. മത്തായി — സിത്താബാദ്.

യം, കെ. നമ്പ്യാർ.



പ്രതിജ്ഞ



മാതാവേ! ജീവദാത്രി വിശാലേ! മനോഹരേ!
മാനസപ്രമോദിനി! അനന്തനമസ്കാരാ!
താമസമെന്യെ നിന്റെ കാരുണ്യകടാക്ഷത്താൽ
തപ്തമെൻമനം സാന്ദ്രശീതമായിടുന്നു,
ഞാനൊരുരമ്യഹർമ്മ്യ പൂമച്ചു 'പുകിടുന്നു.'
ഞാനറിഞ്ഞീടാതൊരു നിവൃത്തിതേടിടുന്നു,
നിന്നുടെ ശുശ്രൂഷക്കായിശപരൻതന്നജന്മ
മെന്നുമേതുപ്പാദത്തിലപ്പണം ചെയ്യുമമ്മേ!
നിന്തിരുവടിതന്റെ വാത്സല്യദൃഷ്ടിമുഖി-
ലെന്നൊരു കാണിക്കൊൻ കാഴ്ചയായ് 'വെച്ചിടേണ്ടി!'
ഒന്നു ഞാൻ പരഞ്ഞീടേമെന്നുടെ കരൾതിങ്ങു
മുന്നതഭക്തിയെന്നു മമ്മയിലെനിക്കുണ്ടു്
അമ്മയെചൊല്ലി ഞാനെന്നയിരു പേണ്ടിരുന്നാൽ-
സമ്മാനിച്ചീടുവാൻ ഞാനീശപരൻ സാക്ഷിയായി-
മക്കളെപ്പോലെത്തന്നെ മകളെക്കൊതുക്കൊണ്ടു്
തൃക്കഴൽ സേവിപ്പാനായുണ്ടവകാശം പർത്താൽ.

M. KALLIYANI KUTTY

IV Class.



പരിഷ്കാരയുഗം

“ഇതു പരിഷ്കാരയുഗമാണ് - അപരിഷ്കൃതരുടെ പൊടിപോലും ഇനി കാണില്ല. ഇതു ഇരുപതാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടാണ് - കാലം മാറിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു.”

ഇതെല്ലാം എന്റെ ഒരു പരിഷ്കാരിയായ സ്റ്റേഫിതൻ കോഴിക്കോട്ടെ കടപ്പാത്തുവെച്ചു എന്നോടു പറഞ്ഞതാണ്. ഞാൻ കോളേജിൽ ചേർന്നിട്ടു അന്നേക്കു അധികം ദിവസങ്ങൾ കഴിഞ്ഞിരുന്നില്ല. വല്ല സ്റ്റേഫിതന്മാരേയും കാണുമോ എന്നു ചിന്തിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു കടപ്പാത്തുക്കൂടെ അങ്ങോട്ടു മിങ്ങേട്ടും സഞ്ചരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുമ്പോഴാണ് പാശ്ചാത്യരീതിയിൽ വസ്ത്രധാരണം ചെയ്ത ഒരു സിഗറാറ്റ് വലിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു അതിന്റെ പുകയുടെ ഭംഗിനോക്കി ഉല്ലസിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു നിൽക്കുന്ന ഒരു പരിചിതൻ എന്റെ ദൃഷ്ടിയിൽപ്പെട്ടത്. അയാളെ തലേദിവസം ഞാൻ കോളേജിൽ വെച്ചു കണ്ടു ഒന്നു രണ്ടു വാക്കുകൾ അന്വേഷിച്ചും സംസാരിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. വലിയ പരിഷ്കാരിയാണെന്നാണ് അയാളുടെ നാടും, ഏതായാലും ഞാൻ അയാളെ തന്നെ സമീപിച്ചു.

യാതൊരു മുഖവുരയും കൂടാതെ നമ്മുടെ പരിഷ്കാരി ഒരു സിഗററ്റെടുത്തു എന്റെ നേരെ കാട്ടി. “സിഗറാറ്റ് വലിക്കു പതിവില്ലെന്നും, തല്ലാലും ചേർന്നെന്നും ഞാൻ പറഞ്ഞു. ഇതു കേട്ടപ്പോൾ അയാൾക്കു വല്ലാത്ത ദേഷ്യം വന്നു. പുറം സെത്തിൽ എന്റെ നേരെ നോക്കി പരിഷ്കാരി പറഞ്ഞു “കുറച്ചൊക്കെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം സിദ്ധിച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞ നിങ്ങൾ ഇനിയും ഒരു പരിഷ്കൃതനായി കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടുന്നത് അതൃപ്തമാണ്! നിങ്ങൾ ഒരു കോളേജ് സ്കൂൾ ഡിറക്ടർല്ലെ.” തുടർന്നുകൊണ്ടു അയാൾ പരിഷ്കാരത്തെപ്പറ്റി ഒരു ചെറിയ പ്രസംഗം തന്നെ നടത്തി. അയാളുടെ പ്രസംഗത്തിലടങ്ങിയ ചില ഭാഗങ്ങളാണ് മേലുദ്ധരിക്കപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുള്ളത്.

ഈ സംഭവം കഴിഞ്ഞു വീട്ടിലേക്കു മടങ്ങുമ്പോൾ ഞാൻ ആലോചിച്ചു. “സിഗരറ്റ് വലിക്കുന്നതു വലിയ പരിഷ്കാര ലക്ഷണമാണോ? ഒരു കോളേജ് സ്കൂൾ ഡൻറായതുകൊണ്ടു സിഗരറ്റ് വലിക്കണം എന്നു പറയുന്നതിന്നു എന്തർത്ഥം ഉള്ളത്? ഒരു കോളേജ് സ്കൂൾ ഡൻറ് ഇത്ര വലിയ ഒരു വിസ്ഫിരണം പറഞ്ഞുവെന്നത് എന്നെ വല്ലാതെ ലജ്ജിപ്പിച്ചു-അയാൾ ഒരു പരിഷ്കാരിയാണു് പോലും. കഷ്ടം!

മരോരാജദീവസം ഞാൻ എന്റെ പരിഷ്കാരിയായ മരോരാജ സ്റ്റേമിതന്റെ വീട്ടിൽ പോകുകയുണ്ടായി. ഞങ്ങൾ ഓരോ കാര്യങ്ങളെപ്പറ്റി സംസാരിച്ചതിന്നുശേഷം വൈകുന്നേരത്തെ നടത്തത്തിന്നു പോകാൻ തീരുമാനിച്ചു. അപ്പോൾ 4 മണിയായിരുന്നു. എന്റെ സ്റ്റേമിതൻ ഉടനെ കളിച്ചുപരാമെന്നു പറഞ്ഞു ധൂതിയിൽ അകത്തുപോയി. മണി 4½ ആയി, 4½ യായി 4¾ ആയി 5 ആയി എന്നിടും ഉടനെ വരാമെന്നു പറഞ്ഞുപോയ സ്റ്റേമിതനെ കണ്ടില്ല. കാത്തിരിക്കാമെന്നു പറഞ്ഞു അവിടെ ഇരുന്ന സ്വീതിക്കു അയാൾ വരുന്നതിന്നുമുമ്പു പോയ്ക്കുളയുന്നതു് ഉചിതമല്ലെന്നു കരുതി ഞാൻ അവിടെ തന്നെ ഇരുന്നു. ഒടുവിൽ 5¼ കഴിഞ്ഞു 5 മിനുട്ടുകഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ ഒരു ധ്വജവേഷത്തിൽ നമ്മുടെ സ്റ്റേമിതൻ പ്രത്യക്ഷനായി. ഞാൻ ചോദിച്ചു “എന്താ ഇത്ര താമസം”

അയാൾ ആശ്ചര്യത്തോടെ ചോദിച്ചു “ഞാൻ ഇത്രക്കു താമസിച്ചുപോയോ? പരിഷ്കൃതരീതിയിൽ ജീവിക്കുന്നവരെപ്പറ്റി വിവരമില്ലാത്തതിനാലാണു് നിങ്ങൾ ഇങ്ങിനെയാക്കെ പറയുന്നതു്. ഞാൻ കളിയിൽ വളരെ ശ്രദ്ധയുള്ളവനാണു്. അതിനാൽ ഇരുപതു് മിനുട്ടു് അതിന്നുവേണ്ടിവന്നു. എന്റെപ്പുറു് ഇസ്രിഖെച്ചതായിരുന്നുവെങ്കിലും അല്പം മുച്ചിപ്പുള്ളിതൊക്കെ ശരിപ്പെടുത്താൻ പത്തുമിനുട്ടു് പിടിച്ചു. ഫേറേയലിന്റെ കപ്പി, കുട്ടികളോ മരോരാ എടുത്തു എവിടെയാ കൊണ്ടുവെച്ചു കളഞ്ഞതിനാലാണു് കൂടുതൽ താമസം

പോയത്. വാസ്തവം പറയട്ടെ - തികച്ചും ഇരുപത് മിനുട്ട് അങ്ങിനെ പോയി. എന്നിട്ടും കിട്ടാത്തതിനാൽ മുടിചീകുന്ന തിന്നും കൂടുതൽ സമയം പിടിച്ചു. സാധാരണ പത്തുമിനുട്ടു മാത്രം അതിലേക്കു ചിലവഴിക്കുന്ന എനിക്ക് ഇന്നു പതിനഞ്ചു മിനുട്ടിലധികം വേണ്ടിവന്നു. സ്റ്റോവും പൌഡറും മറ്റും തേക്കുന്നതിന്നു 10മിനുട്ട് എങ്ങിനെയാവാം വേണം. ഇങ്ങിനെ പരിഷ്കൃതരീതിയിൽ ജീവിതം കഴിച്ചു വരികയെന്നുള്ളത് എളുപ്പപ്പണിയെന്നുമല്ല" - അയാൾ പ്രസംഗം അവസാനിപ്പിച്ചു. ഞാൻ ഇതു മുഴുവൻ സശ്രദ്ധം കേട്ടതല്ലാതെ യാതൊന്നും പറഞ്ഞില്ല. ഇത്തരക്കാർക്കു ഓടോക്കു എന്താണ് പറയേണ്ടത്?

ഞാൻ ഫൈസ്കൂളിൽ പഠിക്കുന്ന കാലത്തു് ഒരു അസാധാരണ പരിഷ്കാരിയുമായി പരിചയപ്പെടാനിടയായി - ഇയാൾ പെറിയോസ് (Peria) കഴിയുമ്പോഴും അടിക്കുറുത്തു ബെല്ലിന്റെ ശബ്ദം കേട്ടു ഉടനടിയെന്ന ക്ലാസ് വട്ടം ധൃതിയിൽ പുറത്തുപോയി വരാത്തയുടെ അറയ്ക്കു ചെന്നു പോക്കറ്റിൽ നിന്നു ഒരു ചെറിയ കണ്ണാടിയും, ചീപ്പും വലിച്ചെടുത്തു മുടി ചീകി മിനുക്കുക പതിവായിരുന്നു - ഒരിക്കലും ഈ സമ്പ്രദായത്തിന്നു അയാൾ ഉപേക്ഷിക്കുന്നില്ല. എപ്പോഴും ചീപ്പും, കണ്ണാടിയും ഒന്നായി കൊണ്ടു നടക്കുന്ന മറ്റു അനവധി ആളുകളെ ഞാൻ കണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ടെങ്കിലും ഇത്ര കണിശമായി അവയെ ഉപയോഗപ്പെടുത്തുന്ന മറ്റൊരാളെ ഞാൻ വേറെ കണ്ടിട്ടില്ല.

എന്റെ ഒരു സ്റ്റേജിംഗിൽ ഒരിക്കൽ രസകരമായ സംഭവം പറയുകയുണ്ടായി - അന്നു അയാൾ സിനിമയും കണ്ടു മടങ്ങുകയായിരുന്നു. സമയം 10 1/2 മണിയായിരുന്നു - മാനാഞ്ചിറയുടെ തീരത്തുള്ള ഒരു റോഡിൽ കൂടെ അയാൾ നേരെ ധൃതിപ്പെട്ടു വീട്ടിലേക്കു നടക്കുന്ന സമയത്തു് പിന്നിൽനിന്നു കുതിരകളോ മറ്റോ വരുന്നതുപോലുള്ള ശബ്ദം കേട്ടു അയാൾ റോട്ടിന്റെ ഒരു വശത്തു തെങ്ങിനിന്നു - കുറച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോഴാണ്

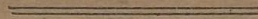
അരധസൻ സ്ത്രീകൾ അടങ്ങിയ ഒരു സെറ്റിന്റെ എഴുന്നള്ളത്തിന്റെ കോലാഹലമാണ് താൻ കേട്ടതെന്നു അയാൾക്കു മനസ്സിലായത്. എല്ലാവരും ഒരു ജാതി കുതിരക്കളമ്പുള്ള ഷൂസ്സായിരുന്നു ധരിച്ചിരുന്നത്. എല്ലാവരും ഒരേ രീതിയിൽ ഒരേ നിറത്തിലുള്ള വസ്ത്രങ്ങളാണ് ധരിച്ചിരുന്നത് - എന്റെ സ്നേഹിതന്റെ മുവിൽകൂടെ അവർ കടന്നുപോകുമ്പോൾ ഭ്രമികൾക്കുണ്ടെന്നതുപോലെ അയാൾക്കുതോന്നിപ്പോയി എന്നുകൂടി അയാൾ പറയുകയുണ്ടായി.

അങ്ങിനെതന്നെ വിവിധതരക്കാരായ മറ്റനവധി പരിഷ്കാരികളേയും നാം കണ്ടുവരുന്നു. യഥാർത്ഥത്തിൽ ഇവരെല്ലാം പരിഷ്കാരികൾതന്നെയാണോ? ഇതുതന്നെയാണോ പരിഷ്കാരം - എന്തോ - ആരറിഞ്ഞു? ഇതു 20-ാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടല്ലെ! പരിഷ്കാരയുഗമല്ലെ!

By

എം. കെ. സി. എസ്.

Class I.



“ഉണരിനെഴുന്നേല്പിൻ”

കേക

“അയ്യ! യിക്കണ്ണില്ലാത്ത കരുടന്നൊരുകാശു
കയ്യച്ചേകിയാലു മേഴ്ത്തൻ മഹാപാപി;
ഇന്നലെമുഴുവനും പട്ടിണികിടന്നേൻ ഹാ!
ഇന്നിത്രനേരം തുള്ളിവെള്ളം ഞാൻ കണ്ടിട്ടില്ല”

ആരിതുകേൾപ്പാനാണു! കേട്ടാലും കേട്ടുഭാവ
മാരിലുംകാണാനില്ല! കാലമേമാറിപ്പോയി!
മന്തിദേവനും ശിബിചക്രവർത്തിയും മറ്റു
മെന്താിഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു! കാലത്തിൻകരുമാലി!
മാത്രമല്ലുന്നതേക്കാളിന്നൊതു പരിഷ്കാരം
മാത്രകുറുതോരും മാറിമാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു
സൂര്യനസ്തമിക്കാത്ത നാട്ടിൽനിന്നല്ലേ നമ്മൾ
കായ്മാ “യെററിക്കൊരും, ഹാഷനും”പകർത്തുന്നു!
പുത്തനാംപരിഷ്കാരം വാർത്തിടുമവിടത്തി
ലിത്തരം “ബഗേഴ്സിനെ”യെങ്ങുമേ കാണില്ലതൊ!
അവിടുന്നവരെല്ലാം വിട്ടുതുസതുമാവാ
മിവിടങ്ങളിലവ കൊടുമേക്കാമമില്ല;
അഥവാ ഭാരതത്തിൻ കനിവാലവരിന്ന
മിവിടെപ്പൊരുകുന്നു പെരുകിക്കൊണ്ടുതന്നെ.

കരുടൻവടികൊണ്ടു തപ്പിയും തടഞ്ഞുംകൊ
ണ്ടുതവം ‘ബഗ്ലാവി’ൻറെ ‘ഗേയ്ററി’ നോടടുക്കുന്നു
“ഒരുകാശൊരുകാശെജമാനന്മാരെ! നിങ്ങളു-
ള്ളൊരുനേരത്തെച്ചിലവീന്നൊരു പൈകുറച്ചുലും!
ഇന്നലെമുഴുവനും പട്ടിണിയെന്നപ്പനെ!
ഇന്നിത്രനേരമിറുവെള്ളം ഞാൻ കിട്ടിച്ചില്ല
മക്കളെപ്പൊറുതായേ! അമ്മമ്മ! പാശനിയേ!

നില്ക്കുവാൻപോലും മേലാദൈവമേ! ഗതിനീയേ!
 എടുത്തുനടക്കാനായാവല്ലിപ്പൊരും ഭാഷ്യം,
 മടുത്തു; തുള്ളിക്കഞ്ഞികൊടുത്താൽ പോതുമമ്മാ!
 പോരമപ്പണ്ണുംപോരും ഘനവാങ്കളേ! യേശൈ
 പ്ലാരുങ്കരും; കണ്ണുരണ്ടും തിരിയാമയാപാപി;
 പെട്ടെന്നങ്ങിടിവെട്ടും മട്ടിലായ്ക്കു രച്ചൊര
 പട്ടിമുന്നോട്ടുപാടിക്കടിച്ചു പാവത്തിനെ;
 പ്രാണവേദനയോടെ യച്ചത്തിൽ വിലപിച്ചാ
 ക്കാണൻ തൻ വടികൊണ്ടു പട്ടിയെടിച്ചപ്പോൾ,
 സായിപ്പുപാടിയെത്തി ചട്ടിയെത്താലോചിച്ചു,
 കിട്ടിയവടികൊണ്ടാക്കരുടൻ തലമണ്ട,
 പൊളിയത്തക്ക ചണ്ണമടിച്ചതകത്തിട്ടു
 വെളിയിൽ തച്ചുവിട്ടാൻ ധീരശംഭീരത്തുരൻ!
 “അരിയുതിന്നുപിന്നെ യാശാരിപ്പെണ്ണിനേയും
 കടിയുംകൂട്ടി നായ മുന്നോട്ടുകുതിക്കേണോ!”
 അഥവാ ദൈവമാർക്കു നമ്മുടെ നാട്ടുകാടെ
 യവർതൻനായ്ക്കുളേക്കാൾ മോശമെന്നാകാംഭാവം!
 ഇത്തരമഴിമതിയിനിയും വെച്ചുകൊണ്ടി-
 ഞ്ഞത്ര നാൾപൊരുപ്പിക്കാംസോദരന്മാരെ!നമ്മൾ!
 ഉണരിൻ; എഴുന്നേല്പിൻ! സേല്ലാധികാരിതപത്തിൻ
 പിണമീനാട്ടിൽനിന്നു കടലിലൊഴുകേണം
 അണിനാനംനിരക്കേണം, പണിനാമൊടുക്കേണം;
 പിണിനാമൊഴിക്കേണം; പണയാതിരിക്കേണം.

കെ. രാഘവപ്പണിക്കർ
 (ജൂനിയർ.)

മാവേലിയുടെ വാഴ്ച



മാവേലിനാടുവാണീടും കരലം
ഭൂവീകളെങ്ങും സുഖജീവിതം
സന്തോഷസൗഭാഗ്യസാനന്ദവും
സന്താനസമ്പത്തും നിർവൃതിയും

ആസൂത്രയെന്നൊരു ഭാഷമില്ല
വാസുരിയെന്നൊരു വ്യാധിയില്ല.
കോളരയെന്നൊരു രോഗമില്ല
ആളുകളെ ക്ഷോഴിയാക്കലില്ല.
ഭേദില്ലാ ധർമ്മസത്യമില്ല
വെള്ളത്തിനുള്ളിൽ നടക്കലില്ല.
കള്ളന്മാർവക്രമൊരേടത്തില്ല
കള്ളുകടിയവർ കണ്ടിട്ടില്ല.
തോക്കില്ലാ ടാങ്കില്ല ബോംബുമില്ല
കാക്കയെപ്പോലെ പറക്കലില്ല.
അച്ചികളെത്രയെങ്കിലുമില്ല
പച്ചപ്പരിഷ്കാരം തീരെയില്ല.
ഏഷണി മോഷണം ഭീഷണീകരം
റേഷണിക്കെന്നൊരു ഭാഷയല്ല.
അപ്പുമീശയില്ല ക്രോപ്പുമില്ല.
പാപ്പായാമെയും കാണാറില്ല.
ഭക്ഷണത്തിന്നു ഭയപ്പാടില്ല
കക്ഷിനിറയാത്തക്കക്ഷിയില്ല.
ആക്ഷേപമെന്നുള്ള മൂന്നക്ഷര
മിക്ഷോണിതന്നിലാകയില്ല
പാഠശാലകൾ പഠിയ്ക്കാനാണ്
നാടകം കാണുവാനുള്ളതാണ്.
ലേഡികൾ മോടിയാണെന്നുവെച്ച്

പെരുന്താൽ തുമുഖം ചീത്തയാക്കാ.
 പാർട്ടിപ്രസംഗം പ്രമേയവും ടി-
 പ്ലിംഗ് കൈകടക്കലും കാണാറില്ല.
 വിദ്യാനടനത്തിൽ കൂടെയേതൊ-
 രല്ലൊപകരണം പറയലില്ല.
 പൊന്നിൻറമീതെ യിരുന്നെന്നും
 തന്നുടെ ഭാഷയെ പറ്റിക്കിട്ടില്ല
 എത്ര ജനങ്ങൾക്കു തെറ്റുപറ്റി
 പത്രാസുസൂട്ടിലാണെന്നുവെച്ചു.
 പ്രാപ്തമാക്കിലു മാരുമാരും
 വ്യാപ്തമാക്കുന്നു ഭരിയ്ക്കലില്ല
 ഇങ്ങിനെവാണാമാവേലിച്ചേട്ടൻ
 മുങ്ങിനാൻ ഭൂവികൽനിന്നൊരുന്നാൾ.

കോട്ടോലം.



മിന്നുക



മിന്നുക, മിന്നുക ബാല നക്ഷത്രമെ,
 നിന്നെയോഞ്ഞത്ര ഞാൻ വിസ്മയിപ്പിച്ചു.
 ഭൂവിൽനിന്നത്രയൊ ള്ളരയായ് വാനത്തിൽ
 വൈരക്കല്ലെന്നപോൽ മിന്നിയാലും!
 കുത്തിജപലിക്കു മരണനണഞ്ഞെങ്കി-
 ലിത്തിരിയുഷ്ടാ കുറഞ്ഞുകണ്ടാൽ
 ഹാ! നിന്റെ കൊച്ചുവെച്ചിച്ചു പ്രകാശിപ്പിച്ചു,
 മിന്നുക മിന്നുക രാവുതോറും
 അന്ധകാരത്തിലെ പാമ്പൻ ഭിദ് മൃഗനാ
 യങ്ങിങ്ങലഞ്ഞു തിരിഞ്ഞിടുമ്പോൾ,
 നിൻകൊച്ചുഭിപ്പിയെ സപാശതംചെയ്യുന്ന
 സന്മാർഗ്ഗർഷിയായ് തീൻമൂലം
 നീലിമപുണ്ടു ഗഗനത്തിൽനിന്നു നീ-
 യെത്തിനോക്കുന്ന ജനലിലൂടെ.
 അംബുജബാധവൻ ശോഭിച്ചിടുവോളം.]
 നീ കണ്ണടക്കുന്നതില്ലയല്ലൊ.
 സപല്ലമെന്നാകിലു മുജപലമാകുംനിൻ-
 കാന്തിയാപാമ്പന്നാശപാസമേകി.
 നീയാരാണെന്നെന്നിക്കജ്ഞാതമെങ്കിലും
 മിന്നുക മിന്നുകെൻ താരമെന്നീ.

എ. വൈ. കെ. മുഹമ്മദ്

ക്ലാസ്സ് i



മാസകവത-നമ്പർ 1

നരിയമ്മാന്റെ ആത്മഗതം

‘നരയായിങ്ങിനെ—’ മട്ടിൽ പ്രസ്തുത നരിയമ്മാൻ വി
പാരിക്കുകയാണ്.

നരിയായിങ്ങിനെ ജനിച്ചുഭൂമിയിൽ
നരകീടന്മാർ തൻ നടുവിൽ ഞാൻ
തിരിയാനും, മയ്യോ, മറിയാനും വയ്യാ-
തെരിപൊരിക്കൊണ്ടിങ്ങിതുവിധം
പെരിയകാരിരുമ്പഴികളാൽ തീർത്ത
മരണക്കൂടൊന്നിൽപ്പെടുവാനായ്
ദുരിതമേതാനോന്നറിയിച്ചെയ്തതായ്
കരളിലോപ്പീല ഹര ശംഭോ !

കഴുതകളെത്ര വളരെയുണ്ടത്ര
പഴുതെ റീഴ്ചകൾ മുതുകേറി
തെരുവിതിൽതെണ്ടിത്തിരിയുന്നൂ, ശംഭോ,
കരയുന്നു കാമം സഫിയാതെ !

പറയാമെന്നാകിൽ പല ജാതിയില്ലേ
പറന്നായ്കൾ പാരിലലയുന്നു?

പരിഹാസ്യംപാരം പരദാസ്യം തീരെ-
പ്പരിപയിക്കാതെങ്ങാരു കാട്ടിൽ
നരിയമ്മാനെന്നെ വിരട്ടും കൈക്കൊണ്ടു
മരുവുമ്പോഴല്ലീ, ഹര ശംഭോ !

കഴുവേറിക്കൂട്ടം കെണിവെച്ചിങ്ങിനെ
കഴിയിൽച്ചാടിച്ചതിവനേയും!

ഒരു ദീർഘംചേന്നാലിവരൈൻറെ പിന്നി-
ലൊരുമാത്രപോലും പിരിയാതെ
അതുമിതുമോതിപ്പകലും രാത്രിയും
പതുരന്മാർ ചുറ്റിച്ചുറയില്ലേ?

പേരില്ലാപ്പരാതി (സ്വർഗത്തിലെ ഒരു സംഭാഷണം)

മാരകാകളി

“മനമരേ,യെന്തെടി നമ്മുടെ പോരൊരാൾ
മണ്ണിലും വിണ്ണിലുമെങ്ങും
നാരിമഃഷാഹന്ത! നൽകി നാം കാൺമീല-
ക്കാരിയംപിന്തിച്ചുനോക്ക!”

കൈകേയിചൊല്ലുകയാണിതു, തന്നുടെ
കൈകാത്രക്കാരിയെ നോക്കി.

മനമരചൊല്ലിനാ—“ഛെന്തെന്റെ സ്വാമിനി
പിന്തിച്ചു ദുഃഖിപ്പതേവം?

കന്തിക്കു നല്ലൊരു പോയിരുന്നില്ലേ?

കാന്തിക്കു വല്ല കുറവും

ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നവോ? തന്നാമമിന്നുകൈ-

ക്കൊണ്ടവരാരുണ്ടു പാരിൽ?

“എന്തെടി, ഭ്രാന്തി! നീ ചൊല്ലുന്നു? തെല്ലൊന്നു
പിന്തിച്ചുരച്ചുകൊണ്ടാലും!

കന്തിയും കന്തിയുമെങ്ങോ തുലയട്ടെ-
ഹന്തകൈസല്യതൻ നാമം

മാന്തളിർമേനിമാക്കേതൊരു രാജ്യത്തു
പന്തമായേ കിടാതുള്ളൂ?

അത്രയുമല്ല, സുമിത്രയുമെത്രയു-
ണ്ടത്ര നീ കണ്ടില്ലേ ചേടി?”

കാമിനി! സ്വാമിനിയേവം പറഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ
ഭാമിനി മനമരചൊന്നാൾ

“എന്തിന്മേനി! കേൾ നിന്തിരുവുള്ളത്തിൽ
 സന്താപംവേണ്ടൊരു തെല്ലും;
 ഉണ്ടിങ്ങനമ്മുടെ പാണക്യനായാളെ-
 ഷണൊന്നു നമ്മൾക്കു ചൊല്ലാം;
 അല്ലെങ്കിലിങ്ങുണ്ടെക്കേതരവമാതുലൻ
 മെല്ലെപ്പോയ് ചോദിച്ചുനോക്കാം.
 ആട്ടിയ, മിട്ടിയ, മിട്ടിച്ചിരിപ്പെണ്ണും
 കുട്ടിപ്പെണ്ണമ്മയും, പോരാ,
 നൊട്ടിയ, മിട്ട്യാതി, കുട്ട്യാതക്കട്ടിയ-
 മേട്ടിയുമെന്നല്ല പിന്നെ
 കുങ്കമ്മ, കുമ്മിണി, തൊട്ടുള്ള കൂട്ടരും
 ചങ്കമ്മ കൂടിയുമത്രാ!
 ഉല്ലാലല്ലാസം വാഴ്കെ, നാമിങ്ങിനെ
 വല്ലായ്മ തേടേണ്ടതുണ്ടോ?”



അമ്പർ 3

“ഒക്കെക്കൂടി നിരൂപിയ്ക്കുമ്പോൾ”

(രാട്ടൻ തുള്ളൻ)

കിഞ്ചിൽ സാഹസമാണെന്നാലും
 നെഞ്ചിൽകിഞ്ചന ഭക്ത്യാദരമൊടു
 കുഞ്ചൻതന്നുടെ ചേവടിയിണയി-
 നെഞ്ചിത്തത്തിൽ ധ്യാനിച്ചുകൊ-
 ണ്ണൊരുകഥ കഥനം ചെയ്തിടാനാ-
 യുത്തരകതുകം ഭാവിക്കുന്നു
 സഞ്ചാതാദരമിതിലിന്നവൊടു
 സഞ്ചയ! തവമിഴി കളിയാടേണം

[അയ്യോ, നമ്മുടെ മിഴിയിൽ കസ്യതി-
 ത്തിയുണ്ടെന്നൊരു ഭൂഷണമുണ്ടേ ! പി. എസ്സ്.]
 പരിണതഫലമിന്നോർക്കുന്നേരം
 പരിണാമാഹപയ വാദം വ്യർത്ഥം
 തലകീഴായി മറിഞ്ഞു മറഞ്ഞോ,
 നിലയിൽനിന്നു പിഴച്ചു കഴിഞ്ഞോ,
 എന്തോ, ഏതോ ധർമ്മാധർമ്മം
 ചിന്തിപ്പോരെക്കാണാനില്ല
 തന്മയം തരവും തോക്കിപ്പലവിധ
 വഞ്ചന വഞ്ചകർ ചെയ്തിടുന്നു.
 നഞ്ചകൾ പുഞ്ചകൾ പണിചെയ്തിടും
 കിഞ്ചനഫലമതു കാണാനില്ല.
 പഞ്ചകൾ വിളവു കുറഞ്ഞിടുന്നു
 പഞ്ചംഭിന്നമനുക്രൂടീടുന്നു.
 അഞ്ചോ പത്തോ വല്ലവരോടൊ
 കെഞ്ചിക്കേട്ടാൽ കിട്ടുകയില്ല.
 വരുതി വളർന്നു, ചൊരതി തളർന്നു
 വെറുതെക്കുസ്യതികളിങ്ങു നിവർന്നു,
 മുറി മീശക്കാരേറി വരുന്നതു,
 മറിമായക്കാർ കൂടിവരുന്നതു
 നെറിയും നേരും പോയിമറഞ്ഞു,
 തെറിയും തെറുകുളുരുകഴിഞ്ഞു
 ധർമ്മമഴിഞ്ഞു ശർമ്മമിഴിഞ്ഞു
 കർമ്മത്തിന്നൊരു തൃഷ്ണകുറഞ്ഞു
 ഭർമ്മതിവീരന്മാരൊരു കൂട്ടം
 നിർമ്മരിയഃഭം കാട്ടീടുന്നു
 കലിയുടെ കണ്ണു തുറന്നുതുടങ്ങി
 ഫലമതു പലതും കണ്ടുതുടങ്ങി
 ശപാവിച്ചു കൊമ്പു മുളച്ചുതുടങ്ങി,
 സ്വാവിന മീശ കിളിൻതുടങ്ങി,

ഭോഷ്ക സഖാക്കൾ പറഞ്ഞുതുടങ്ങി,
 മുഷ്കകളിങ്ങു കവിഞ്ഞുതുടങ്ങി
 മുഷ്കരവരുടെ മുക്കരക്കൊണ്ടി
 ഭിക്ഷകളൊക്കെ മുഴങ്ങീടുന്നു
 ഉള്ളതുപറയുകിലാറപിടിക്കും
 ഉള്ളിൽ കലവറ വേറെവെയ്ക്കും
 കള്ളത്തരവും പിള്ളക്കളിയും
 കള്ളിക്കിങ്ങു പുറത്തായെങ്കിൽ
 ചുണ്ടുചിറക്കും, ശുണ്ണിപിടിക്കും
 മൂണ്ടിയവീരലിന് നേരെച്ചാടും
 ചിമോത്തും ചിലർ ചീറിയടക്കും
 പുരയിൽച്ചെന്നു കുറച്ചുതുടങ്ങും
 ഫീകീലാബും സിന്ദുബാദും
 മുർദുബാദും ബൂർഷാദേവു-
 മൊക്കക്കൂടി നശിക്കാനായി
 നക്കിത്തുപ്പാൻ വകയില്ലാതായ്;
 പണ്ടൊരുകാലം ഭാരതധരണിയി-
 ലുണ്ടായോരു കണക്കിഹവേണ്ടും
 ദനുജകലേതദവ നീചപ്പരിഷകൾ
 മനുജന്മാരുടെ വേഷംപൂണ്ടു
 ഉഴററക്കാരെന്നങ്ങു നടിച്ചിഹ
 മുറുഭൂമി മുടിച്ചീടുന്നു
 പൊന്നുകൊതിച്ചും മണ്ണുകൊതിച്ചും
 കൊന്നുമുടിച്ച് സഫജീവികളെ
 വിക്രമമെന്നു നടിച്ചും പലതര
 മക്രമിന്നു നടത്തിടുന്നു!
 ധിക്കാരികളവർ വക്കാണത്തിനു
 തക്കംനോക്കി നടന്നീടുന്നു.
 എന്തിന്നധികം ഭാഷിക്കുന്നു?
 താന്തോന്നികളീയുലകിടമഖിലം

വന്നുപിറന്നു നിരന്നു പരന്നു,
ഖ്യാനതപാലം പാരിൽ വളർന്നു.
കൈകൂടി നിരൂപിയ്ക്കുമ്പോ-
ളിക്കഥ മുഴുവൻ വിവരിപ്പാനായ്
കാലമതിയാവില്ല,തിനാൽ തൽ-
ക്കാലം ഞാനിതു മതിയാക്കുന്നു.
ശേഷം പിന്നീടാവാം — ഞാനോ!
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