

## DESHBANDHU COLLEGE KALKAJI, NEW DELHI



## DESHBANDHU COLLEGE <br> KALKAJI, NEW DELHI

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# Editorial 

Viraf Writer<br>B A. (Hons), English, III year

"In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures, life may perfect be."
-Ben Jonson

It is long since these words were first uttered. Today, everything is thought and done "en masse". No small proportions and no short measure. Any small problem balloons into a national problem. It is a pity that this is not the case for things that are good and proper.
"No; But you see, we cannot do a thing to prevent this unrest. The size of the problem is such that it can only be taken up at the University level."
"Yes, I entirely agree with you, but if you or I were to say anything nobody would heed us. It is up to the Authorities to find out a way to check this corruption."

Reader! Statements like the above are heard time and again round every nook and corner. Students are seen striking; politicians are seen leading demonstrations; petty thefts, bribes, blackmail, black marketing and other like trivial incidents of thoughtless irresponsible behaviour are experienced every moment of our lives, and yet the mute spectator shrugs his shoulders and mutters: 'It has become a national problem. I can do nothing about it."

Reader, if your heart is in the proper place and if you sit back and ponder
a while THIS NATIONAL PROBLEM, it will soon break up into pieces, into tiny units until you come down to the fundamental unit of the society: and then visions of an Uncle Tom or Sir Thomas More or Sir Phillip Sidney or a Lincoln, or for the matter of fact the hero or heroine of any novel of literary standing; visions of all these will glide before you and in all these, only one thing will emerge-the individual in the society. You will see the little sacrifices that the individuals have made, the little ways in which they have contributed to their nations, you will see the little parishes, the pretty cottages, the solitary chapels, the separate workshops and the intimate pubs and inns in which these individuals have lived and worked for the betterment of the society.
Take, for example, an institution like our college. You and I must think not of improving the whole University. Our college is only a small family compared to the University. There is a sort of confused complex prevailing in the atmosphere of this family unit. The individual student of this college thinks that whatsoever he does, it will be insignificant, because, there are so many other students who may either undo or hoot him down.

Again, I have seen students, while choosing a book from the library stacks, just dump the unwanted book or books anywhere and anyway. One day, I saw an interesting drama being played out. Two boys, apparently friends, were selecting books. . After one boy had made his choice he began replacing the books he did not want in their respective places.."Hurry up" urged his friend. "You make a big fuss of putting things back while the authorities concerned are not bothered at all. Your placing one or two books is not going to help, when no book in the library is kept in proper order." "I know that, but then why don't you help me ?', was the cool reply, as the boy began to straighten out the pile of books, his stock of unwanted books having finished.

Reader; It is my belief and faith that we can make our own college a legend in years to come, if you and I will do our little duties, make our sacricfices, irrespective whether we are alone in the field or with friends.

I have heard some students of our college say that discipline must be enforced. I am against this. Are we not mature enough to impose restrictions on ourselves? Take but a small task. If each student were to decide not to talk above a whisper in the corridors, what a reduction in noise there will be. What an achievement!
Reader ! There is something called the Public School Spirit. This is quite a new term even for many of the public school students. What is this "Spirit"? In brief, it means, "I am the school and I am proud of it." Our students lack this. There is no "we" feeling, a feeling that "we" are all members of one family and that $I$ as an individual am subser-
vient to the college. I have often wondered why this "we feeling" is lacking in such a high degree in us, and whatever reason I tried to ascribe as the cause, I always felt behind every reason the absence of one and one thing only-that is "Tradition". Traditions are living examples and records of the past handed down from generation to generation. And we have no "Tradition", which means that the students who join this college do not inherit anything of the glorious past, which dies year after year, never to be kindled again. Traditions are glowing embers of a crackling fire which only needs a puff to set ablaze the new faggots. It is for the senior lecturers and the Heads of Departments to keep these embers glowing and add fresh tinder year in and year out. But it pains me to see the boys and girls and the dons of our college all wandering about in little worlds of their own. In all my three years' stay in this college, I have yet to see the teachers, the boys and the girls sitting out on the lawns or in canteens engaged in informal talks or discussions over a cup of tea. It is always that the girls are either seeking the seclusion of their common room or their canteen, that the lecturers are too busy in the staff room or class rooms or, as in most instances, not to be found anywhere, while the boys stroll about the corridors when not attending classes.

I have also become aware of a distinct class distinction between the Honours, B. Sc. and Pre-Medical students on the one hand, and the B. A. (Pass) students on the other. And, here is where the matter ends. This is, indeed, a sad plight because all the mischief in the college is at once heaped upon those unfortunates without once realizing that we must treat them as members of one family and that
where the name of the college is concerned the rest of the college is equally responsible for whatever mischief is done. We have to take everything in the light of the college. It all the more becomes the responsibility of the serious students to work harder and set new records which the other students will envy and strive to outdo the more serious group and thereby engage themselves in more fruitful activity.

I well remember, in school, we had Houses. Houses are nothing, but the division of the school into four or six groups of students under the charge of some teachers who belong to the respective Houses. Every House was a small family and was constantly in competition with the other Houses. Every House had a House Caprain and all the House Captains came under the School Captain. "But school is different from college", they say. I say "No." There are colleges where this system of division exists. You will find it at St. Stephen's College, the University of Burma and in the women's colleges. There is a kind of division of some type even in our college. It is the Tutorial System. But it has not been fully developed. It has not been given the status of an established traditional group body -a House. If these Tutorial Groups could be made more elaborate, then the present class distinction of a serious class of students and a gay and wayward class will fade out and students wll begin to feel responsible to their Houses and when students feel that they belong to a part of the college, they will understand what it means to say, "I hail from Deshbandhu College".

Now suppose we, the Deshbanduians -the lecturers and the students-were to sit down and think how we could make an elaborate tutorial system that could be implemented and function smoothly; how we could set up some useful practices that would become "Traditions", then I think, we would be making a major contribution to our college in our own little way. We would be laying the foundation of a legend-the Deshbandhu College.

As a member of the English Literary Society I have always striven to set up traditional practices in the Society. It is unfortunate that we do not know the date of birth of this Society but, I hope, that my colleagues will determine the date that could be celebrated year after year, as the English Literary Society Day. I wish the other Societies would do the same. The other sort of Traditions that we could make for ourselves, if I may suggest, are :-

1. The celebration of the College Day with a function;
2. The staging of an Annual Day;
3. The holding of daily Morning Assemblies etc., etc.,

To conclude, I would say that it is high time that our lecturers and students started stirring and building a character for our college and a heritage.

Last but not least, your editor thanks all contributors of articles who have helped to make this issue a success. It was heartening to see that the rules for presentation of the articles were strictly adhered to by them without a single exception. This is, indeed, promising.

# Role of Indian Universities 

An extract from the Convocation Address delivered by Prof. S. Nurul Hasan, Minister for State for Education, Govt. of India, at the Forty-ninth Canvocation of the University of Delhi.

It has become necessary, more than ever before, that the Universities should inculcate, among our young men and women, a true appreciation of the processes of Indian culture so that they ore imbued with its dynamic spirit. This calls for a rejection of obscurantism, superstition and backwardness. Above all, it means ideological struggle against the evil forces of communalism and against discrimination between man and man on the ground of religion or caste or race or language. To be true to their name, Universities must stand for universal values, for humanism, and enlightenment, for as pirit of free enquiry and largeheartedness, for tolerance and for adventure for ideas. I have no doubt that our Universities will successfully discharge this ideological responsibility.

From the early years of freedom, Jawaharlal Nehru realised that investment in science, research and education was necessary to put the country on its feet, and to overcome the backwardness of the days of colonialism. The massive effort that was made during almost a quarrer of a
century has taken us a long way towards the realisation of his dreams of India of the future. But to become truly self-reliant, the Nation will have to make a more determined effort to inculcate the spirit of self-confidence among our people, and to generate the capacity to organize production according to the highest technological and scientific standards. In achieving this national objective, the Universities must play a vital role. The vestiges of colonialism will have to be shaken off from intellectual life. Our Universities should no longer look to the advanced nations of the world for guidance in the matter of academic or technological developments ; they will have to make a far greater contribution to research and technology than they have made hitherto ; and they must establish far more intimate relations with the actual processes of production and problems of life than they have done so far. While the Universitities must continue with the quest for knowledge for its own sake, obviously this cannot be the only or even the primary principle guiding the research policy in our Universities. Research and

[^0]Development have to be increasingly directed to the problems facing our society.

The Universities thus have a great social responsibility to discharge. They must directly contribute to the emergence of new social values based on justice and higher morality. The present society, which is based on exploitation and gross inequality of opportunity, can no longer be tolerated. The overwhelming majority of our people are determined to transform this society and to march towards socialism. The Universities have an extremely important part to play in this process of social transformation. For this, the courses of study, the pattern of instruction and indeed the whole system
of education must undergo a radical change so as to make it more responsive to the new needs and urges of the people. It must provide our young men and women with the intellectual tools to bring into being the new type of society they want. The class composition of the academic community must be transformed and the numerical dominance of the children of the 'haves' must end. There must be a genuine equality of opportunity for the children of the have-nots. Let us realise that, unless adequate facilities are provided for the most socially deprived sections of our population and equality of opportunity is established, the country will not move rapidly towards its cherished goal of a socialist, secular and modern society.
"Every man shall count for one, said Bentham, and not more than one ; that is the maxim of democracy. Every man shall count for one, and not less than one-that is the maxim of education. The whole issue of development of true human personality lies in that slight change of phrase."
-Cyril Norwood
"No one acquire for another-not one, Not one can grow for another-not one, The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him, The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him."
-Walt Whitman

# Relevance of History* 

Can we know the past without prejudice, that is as it was without any imposition of a pattern of thought and understanding dictated by the present? In a way the past is dead and gone with an utter finality. What existed is no more, the moment of existence is beyond capture, the larger life of which it was a part is only vaguely discernible from new perspectives, and the viewer in time and space is himself bound by the limitations and compulsions of his own situation. The past can only live in the present and each generation creates its own myths from its own understanding of the past as its dreams are derived from its projections of the future from the present. Often the dreams shape the myths as well as the memory of the past. Historical myths will live, die, and rise again in new forms as long as man is moved by causes, ideals, passions and dreams.

Prejudice and myth are implicit in the nature of historical truth, which is assembled and known by the tools and methods of science, but acquires form and meaning only as an art. Fragments of historical knowledge can partake of the nature and spirit of science; but the larger pattern of thought and vision,
arising from synthesis and interpretation, cannot escape the claims of contemporary ideologies, and are often dominated by these isolated events, can be known and established by historical research, constantly enriched by improving techniques and methodology derived from science; but the weaving of meaningful and synthetic patterns from such fragments of knowledge will always be motivated and conditioned by ideas and beliefs which prevail to satisfy the needs and aspirations of the individual and the social ego at specific points in time and space. Events and ideologies are inextricably mixed up; past and prejudice live together.

The myths of today will be replaced by others of tomorrow. The image of racial purity may give way to some new notion of people's solidarity as caste and privilege wane away or, what is more likely, wear new garbs. Pride in the spirituality of India may be replaced by a new belief in the persisting achievement of a worldly order that caters adequately to the mind, the senses and the spirit in a harmony of thought and action. The myth of puritanism and high morality could be easily dispelled by the discovery of a remarkable absence of inhibition of sex or any consciousness of originst

[^1]sin. Another generation infested by the fear of nuclear war and realities of pollution and over-population may glorify the traditional sloth and inaction of Indian societies as an epitome of practical wisdom and the art of living. One can visualize other myths born of different needs, unknown fears and new hopes, emerging from a view of the past seen from other perspectives. There seems to be no end to myth-marking in history.

If this be so, one may ask what is the use of history. Has it enough credibility as an intellectual discipline or sufficient value as a guide to action?
The question is in a way irrelevant, even meaningless, for we can no more dispense with history than with life itself. The craving for history arises from man's possession of memory and sense of time which distinguishes him from other species. Memory gives depth and subtsance to mere existence and the sense of time links us with the past and the future. No one can live in the moment ; the past is for ever with us and it must always travel with us into the future. Man's personal life as well as his cultures and civilizations are moulded by history.
I believe that no intellectual discipline has greater value and deeper relevance than history in the quest for values and quality of life. The method and appioach
of history is essential to the understanding of any problem. A problem is not what it appears but how it has become, and the historical method is essential to its solution. The sense of history and its wonder are the essence of humanism and the basis of the values and attitudes which lead to wisdom and serenity. If suspense of judgment is the hall mark of a liberal culture, the awareness of suspended truth is the most valuable lesson of history. If history creates myths it also makes it possible to suspend belief in the truth of myths and subordinate transitory myths to the eternal spirit of man, which it must nurture and illuminate. Dogmatic religion tends to impose absolutism because basically it rejects history and the movement and change inherent in the historical process. The sense of wonder and the qualities of humility and humanity engendered by the study of history partake of a truly religious spirit which can be shared by all who love life and believe in that limitless potentialities of man, and also in the abiding mystery which moves us to know ourselves and the Creator of all that exists. The historical spirit and the discipline of history may well contribute significantly to the emergence of a new religion for all mankind, uniting man and creation in an unending process of time.

# Happy Delerium 

Viraf Writer<br>B.A. (Hons), English III year

It was His birthday-the New Year's Day. The framed picture of Zoroaster hung from the wall. We were celebrating the day. A floral necklace was put across the door of the house and nice dishes were prepared.

That morning when I arose something told me I must wipe the dust from the picture of our Prophet. I had just then washed my hands to eat breakfast. "I will do it afterwards or else my hands will be spoiled again," I said to myself. But pity me, the breakfast was such a long time-for today there were three courses instead of the usual two,-that I clean forgot about the dusting and got ready to go to college. At college I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to clean the frame, but I was helpless just then, for I had two more lectures still to attend. The fear that I had not paid the necessary reverence to God by doing my little duty for Him, began to grow.

College was over, I came home, ate my dinner and got ready, with good clothes on, for the evening. But when I was fully dressed and had just stepped out of the house, a sudden terror gripped me. The comparison of myself neatly clad, to the dusty, unadorned picture on the wall, struck a bolt straight on my heart. I felt mean and selfish. But no sooner did I feel like this, than I felt ashamed of
myself and rebuked myself for being so stupid as to be shaken up by a mere picture in a wooden frame, in spite of being acquainted with all those theories of philosophy and theology and all those learned conceptions of right action, right virtue, right thoughts and so on which we learnt from literature and science. This latter thought consoled me, and the voice that told me that I had committed myself to laziness, and pride in my learning, gradually died away and I got the better of my emotions as I talked and joked with my friends. Sometimes, the thought came in the height of my entertainment with my friends, but I soon pocketed it, by saying to myself that the day was over and whatever was done was done. Now, there was no need to make much ado about spilt milk.

Days passed; a week was over now. Three dawns more and it was to be my own birthday. The morning was very chilly and I had washed myself early with cold water. No sooner was the bath over than l perceived an itching sensation in the throat. I knew what this meant, because this Itch, together with all his companions that went with him, had been such a sincere and devoted friend all through my life, that I could recognize his approach. I have always felt very obliged to this companion of mine because


The Union President and Secretary with Dr. Sarup Singh and Shri R.K. Sud, Acting Principal


Dr. Sarup Singh with students


Shri Khazan Singh, President Students' Union reading the address of welcome at the Inaugural Function


The audience at inauguration of the Union
he always made me wiser each time he visited me, but damn me !-however much I wished that he were not so frequent in visiting me he was always there with a new excuse. So the old man 'Mr. Cold' was my only companion for the next three days and the same voice, that had troubled me before, told me on this occasion that Mr. Cold had been sent by God to greet me with 'A Happy Birthday'. The events of the day one week back, flashed across my mind. I smiled as I said to myself, "God is Great." I just could not help feeling amused at the way God had taught me a lesson. And as my fear increased I felt more and more amused and as I laughed to myself over the moral, my parents standing around my bed must have thought for sure that the fever was making me delirious.

The day of my birthday saw me in my bed with my companion 'Mr. Cold' and his friend 'Mr. Centigrade' who had
brought with him 103 sermons to preach to me. I got up from my bed, pulled up a stool, got the picture down and cleaned it with a soft cloth. Putting the picture back on the nail, I garlanded it and asked for no boon because my head was so full of the Greatness of God that I could not find words to express myself. I only felt an intense, secret joy, and I felt pity that I could not share the ecstasy with my parents who were angry with me for having exerted and taken all that dust into my nose in spite of my cold, to which I responded by a sneeze. The mercury in the thermometer began to drop by the afternoon and my temperature was under control two days later.

It was on the third day after my birthday that I was fit to have a hot-water bath and put on the new dress that was for my birthday. And even to this day when I think of it, I cannot help smiling.
"Saints and wicked men are alike; both cause pain but with a difference. The absence of the former is like the pain of death, the latter torment us by their presence."
"Evil association makes smoke into soot but the same may be made into fine ink and used for writing a Purana; and the same smoke, when combined with water and fire and air, becomes a world-reviving cloud."

# The Contemporary Indian Youth 

Partha Sarathy Sen<br>B.A. (Hons), History (Final)

The life of an individual is primarily divided into three stages : infancy, adolescence and adulthood. Though each stage of this animate existence occupies an important role, it is the youth which haunts our minds and to some people, creates problems for them. To the idealist this 'five-lettered word' means a lot; a ray of hope, the citizens of the future out of whose hands the country would be moulded and shaped into something new ; the conservative adult looks upon the youth with contempt and hatred, though he does not realize that he had to pass through this stage once; the liberal idolizes him ; the politician (of the modern age) waits for an opportunity to use him as a pawn on his "political chess-board" and the writer portrays him either as a frustrated lover or a dashing hero in his works. In fact, the very word "youth" has a magnetic charm for all.

An analysis of the Indian youth would reveal that he is an amalgam of virtue and vice. The latter has become prominent with most of the people because the Indian youth is the most maligned and has not been able to adjust himself properly to the society, with the government and the authorities. It is a matter of common experience that if a child does not get the proper love and affection at home, he is unable to adjust himself to the family and
thereby becomes a nuisance. The same is the case with our young people who have become the symbol of rudeness, insolence and destructiveness. Of course, I do not subscribe to the view that he should be given a (VIP) treatment.

The dual word "youth unrest" which has its genesis in the recent years is due to the fact that the Indian youth is a maladjusted lot. The alienation of our youth from the society is the cause of all maladjustment, which if unchecked, may erupt like a volcano in the near future.

Let us take the society first. In society the youth has a chance of rising to the full stature of his being, of achieving the happiness of a balanced, harmonious life ; in short, of self-realization. But the greatest defect in our Indian society is that it has not been able to give the due place to our youth which they deserve. In an average middle-class Indian home, often we find youth has no voice in the affairs of the family; he has no representation in the university administration (leaving apart certain universities) he is debarred from exercising his franchise, since he is considered to be immature as compared to an uneducated person of twenty one years. He is told to cultivate the habit of patriotism, but considered to be a vagabond if the takes part in politics ;
though it is an accepted fact that the two terms "Politics" and 'patriotism" are interrelated and not contradictory to each other. Probably all these are due to the reason that our elders are highly authoritative and they do not want to limit their authority or invite questions and criticism. The non-recognition of our youth has either led to frustration among them and consequently the production of a species called NAXALITES, or it has prevented the youth from taking part in the affairs of the nation. The youth who throws a bomb is necessarily not a bad chap ; but he is incited to it in the name of revolt and revolution by his political boss to suit the needs of the latter. I have seen many of our youth helping an old person to cross the streets or offering a seat in a crowded bus to a lady. This shows that our youth, if given proper training and guidance by the parents at home, the teachers in school and by their national leaders, would come out in bright colours. What we lack at the present moment is a true national figure capable of leading our youth. Neither we have a Swami Vivekananda nor a Lenin to inspire our youth. The people who condemn our youth do not seem to realize that they are condemning themselves, because it is out of their hands the present youth has been shaped. Khudiram and Bhagat Singh were condemned as "Law-breakers", as "Lunatics" during our freedom struggle, but we have come to realize today that they played an equally important role to extrciate British Imperialism from India. The future generation may similarly laud our "so-called misguided youth" which we now look upon with shame. The courage and the idealism of some of our extremist youths need to be praised by all rational people; only we have to see that the
boundless energy and vigour of our youth is channelized in a proper direction for the welfare and progress of the country. Hence our youth must be recognized as individuals and they should be made to feel that their presence is necessary.

The government and the educational authorities are equally responsible for the maladjustment in our youth. A student after passing out from school thinks of becoming a doctor, but he ends with the life of a clerk. His dreams are shattered and a certain sense of despondency grows in him. It is also found that the offspring of the favourite manages to secure a job, while the really deserving candidate fails to get one. Our national character has been coloured by patches of red-tapism and corruption and our leaders are in no mood to change this status quo. In such circumstances how can we expect our youth to adjust themselves properly with the government.

The educational authorities have done a great deal to contribute to this maladjustment in our youth. Plainly speaking, our teachers do not command the same respect and esteem as was prevalent in the olden times and even during our independence. Paradoxically it may also be mentioned that many uninterested students join the colleges to escape from the immediate realities of life. They do so without any purpose or aim. Education today is in doldrums with the mind of the teacher encircling around his bonus and other allowances and the teaching centres have become mere business shops. The teacher comes to the classes and delivers a lecture which might be a mere note while he was in college and the student as a passive listener naturally feels no interest at all. This breeds discontentment
and he searches for something which may rightly be termed anti-social. A couple of days back, I saw a student throwing glasses in the canteen and on my asking him the reason for it he smilingly replied, "I get joy out of it.' So all anti-social activities committed by our youth are the result of maladjustment.

The writer's intention in this article is not to paint our youth as lilies and the the elders as authoritative and hypocritical. It must be admitted that our youth has the aims of the adult but the foolishness of a child. He professes to be a liberal while at college, but turns out to be a reactionary and a conservative when the question of dowry comes in his marriage. Our youth do not still have the courage to stand against blackmarketing and corruption which is so
rampant in our society. Many of our young people have no knowledge about the struggle in Bangla Desh ; on the other hand thousands of American students parade their street to protest against 'American Imperialism' in Vietnam. They memorize some quotation of Mao and Che Guevara and claim to be revolutionaries ; they utter more but do less. Can't they think independently and not be mere agents of their self-seeking leaders? Let the youth today start a revolution which must be sincere and honest ; let not their follies become the vices of mankind and disgrace of old age. The duty of the older generation is to tell them not to misuse 'youth'. We have to understand their desires and interest and guide them properly so that they can serve as a model for the next generation.
"There is nothing like heaven and earth. Speaking truth is heaven, and untruth is earth."
"To think of caste is like yearning for darkness with the light in hand! The only high caste is that of the peerless devotee of God."
—Sri Basaweswara

# The Accident 

Neeru,
B.A. (Hons), English, III year

## 'Excuse me, please'

She heard the voice but just ignored it. 'Excuse me, please, madam!' He repeated. She kept walking.
'Excuse me, Miss Vibha, please,' He said again. Instantaneously she turned her head and the next moment her startled glance met a pair of disturbed and nervous eyes. For a couple of minutes, they both kept looking into each other's eyes, but the moment they realised it, both of them dropped their eyes and the spell was broken.

Since he wasn't saying anything, Vibha turned to go but as she turned she heard the same anxious voice again : 'May I, may I, know your name, please.' And she could not help smiling. And looking into her eyes Deepak felt she smiled more with her eyes than with her lips and he thought he had never seen such a pure and lovely smile. By this time he had realized his mistake and said: 'Oh, I am sorry. All I wanted to say is that I have found your identity card. I have been searching for you for the last one week and I was so anxious to meet you,' said Deepak.
'Oh, how nice of you to take so much trouble for me.' I am really a very careless girl. I am so glad, I have found it. I
am really very thankful to you. I was too much worried about it, thinking it might be found by some stupid boy, and you know, he could have misused it. But pray, why were you so anxieus to see me'.
'I just wanted to confirm if the owner of this photograph was really so very attractive and now, on seeing you, I am rather disappointed,' replied Deepak.

At this Vibha looked at him with her dark questioning eyes with a look of disappointment in them and kept quiet. Deepak just smiled amusedly at her and said,
'Do you know why?'
Vibha lowered her eyes and he continued, 'because your snap is nothing in comparison to your real self. I never expected you to be so very charming with those captivating eyes of yours.'
'Thank you, you need not exaggerate, Mr....' 'Deepak' he completed the sentence and laughed. Vibha too joined him. This was their first encounter. And then, being in the same college, they came closer and before they knew what was happening to them, they realized, of course when it was too late, that they were desperately in love with each other....

One day when Vibha was waiting for Deepak in the library, Ajit, one of Deepak's friends, came to her and informed her that Deepak had met with an accident while coming to the college in his black Ambassador car and was in the hospital in a critical condition.

Vibha nursed Deepak day and night and prayed to God for his health and welfare. Deepak took almost about two months to be normal again and then they worked hard and helped each other in their studies and passed the examinations. Deepak joined his father's factory and now everything was all right. They were very happy, even their marriage date was fixed up. But alas, fate, that mighty force, had destined it to be otherwise.

One day, as Vibha was going to Connaught Place in a three wheeler to meet Deepak, all of a sudden the brakes of the scooter failed and before she knew what was going on, she was unconscious. Her head had struck against a huge stone. The Scooter-driver escaped with
minor injuries and the moment he observed her head bleeding profusely, he tried to stop a black Ambassador which was passing by just then. But the young man in the car seemed to be in a greater hurry than the scooter-driver and so did not stop. Since it was afterroon, it was after about ten mintues that the driver could get a taxi and by the time he reached the nearest hospital everything was over.

And next day while reading the newspaper, Deepak was almost stuck at one place. He read : "A young girl, age 22, identified as Km. Vibha, died in an accident yesterday while travelling in a three-wheeler. According to the scooterdriver the girl could have been saved, had a black Ambassador car, happening to be passing by, just at the moment, stopped and taken the wounded to the hospital..." and he could not read further. He had been in a hurry to meet Vibha in a restaurant but he missed her on the way.
"In prayer we seek to augment our finite energy by addressing ourselves to the Infinite source of all Energy."

Alexis Carrell

*     *         * 

"I would prefer death to life without liberty, without the right to dissent, without the right to rebel against oppression and injustice. My experience so far has taught me that Life is meaningful and blissful only when lived in that Light which illumines the mind and sets the heart aflame."
H.V. Kamath

# East and West 

Namita Sen, English (Hons), III year

"East is East and West is West And never the twain shall meet" said Kipling years ago never dreaming how wrong he was. Not only have they met but are also trying to keep up with each other ; and goodness alone knows where it will end.

All around we see youngsters dressed in mini-skirts, bell-bottoms and bikinis. The young girls have taken enthusiastically to facials and beauty-aids of the Western style. The young ones prefer to dine out at expensive places which offer continental dishes and cabarets. They like to go for English movies rather than Hindi ones. This is the reason why Hindi Film producers and directors introduce songs and dances which are a mixture, if not a true copy, of the Western style. Instead of mastering their own culture they grope in the semi-dark world of the foreigners. But certainly this is not something to be proud of ! So much for our East.

Westerners, on the other hand, are
trying to become Indians with heart and soul. The young people move about in Guru shirts, Kurtas, and Kolhapuri chappals. Anklets, ghungroos and rudraksha beads are becoming their favourites. Even the nose ring is being loved by them. The beauty of Bharat Natyam and Indian music has captured and thrilled the young minds of the West. The Sitar has become very popular there. Indian singers and dancers are in great demand in the Western countries, especially in America. Most popular of all, however, is Yoga. There are certainly more schools of Yoga abroad than there are in India, its land of origin. "Krishna consciousness" has developed in their minds. The saffron-robed young Americans are seen in the street chanting "Hare Rama, Hare Krishna."

This is really a funny mixed-up world. Is it not? And I would like to round up my passage with a modified quotation of Kipling :-
"East is West and West is East And ever the twain shall meet".

# God and Bribe 

S.K. Kalpana, B.A. English (Hons), III year

There is no right without duty, no liberty without law, so also no God without Bribe in this present-day world. A child was heard saying in a temple, "Oh God, as I daily pray to you and give you some money, what will you give me in return? This one-sided business is not fair." God is seen as a Being with whom they can exchange things. 'Bribe God and get things done' is the policy followed by people of today. People offer God fruits, flowers, and money, with a view to get their fill. If they succeed in life, they thank God, otherwise God is to be scoffed at. As Bacon said, "It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him."

Who is God? Where does he reside? If only people cared to ask these questions, God resides in your heart, in your mind, in your self. God can be seen in your actions. If you are good, you are good to God as well. Give alms to the poor, help the weak, and be kind to others. You have then done everything for God. God will be much more thankful to you if you give one hundred rupees to the needy than offer the same amount to Him in the temple. It is not for bribing but by good actions that you are rewarded by God.
There was once a married woman who was expecting a child. She visited the temple daily, offered God fruits and money and prayed to Him to give her a son. After a month she got a baby and
unfortunately it was a girl! The poor lady, no wonder, was very much perturbed. And it was told that she had turned an Atheist after this incident. It is really a pity, that the lady thought God to be a mere tool. Because she had been going to the temple regularly and offering God fruits and money, she was sure God would bless her with a son. Instead of thanking God for gifting her with a beautiful girl (surely much better than a boy !) she was annoyed with Him.

All students are prone to the 'Examination Mania.' During this period the students turn religious and start visiting the temples. God is given the responsibility of passing them. The same was the case of a boy, who also had the idea that God was the ultimate solution to all problems. He started visiting the temple regularly and had even promised to break a coconut for God if He made him pass. So, naturally, he did not strain himself on studies and left the whole task to God. He took his examination and was confidently expecting his results. Unfortunately, as the examiners were no Gods, he failed. Had only the boy known that even God cannot help the lazy...!

God would really shed tears to see people who think of Him so lightly. It will be nice if people soon get over this idea of 'Bribing God' and start praying to Him with real devotion !


Col. B.H. Zaidi, Chief Guest


Col. B.H. Zaidi delivering his presidential address.
Shri R.L. Kakar is seated on the dais.


Shri D.S. Mann receiving the prize from Col. B.H. Zaidi


Col. B.H.Zaidi giving a prize to a girl student. Shri V.N. Khanna is standing behind the Chief Guest

# India's Vanishing Wild Life 

Eklavya Chauhan,*

B.Sc. 'B' III year

We are all aware of the fact that the wild Life on our earth is declining rapidly; that is to say, it is on the verge of extinction. Particularly in India, we come across numerous such examples of animal species that are now extinct, but could have been preserved, if proper care had been taken.

Well, nobody can deny the fact that wild animals have the same right to be protected and cared for, as other historic and cultural treasures of mankind.

Two advertisements, which were recently published in the newspapers to help preserve wild-life, caused great anxiety in the minds of people like you and me. These advertisements disclosed the number of birds and animals that are close to extinction.

They tell us that there are only 17 tigers left in Rajasthan, only 60 exist in the great Orissa Jungles, and about 90 in Bihar. Still more startling results were found by the systematic observations of the Indian rhinos and lions. In India there were only 405 rhinos and the stock of Indian lions had dwindled to well below 200 .

It was further revealed by these observations that only 50 years ago there were
as many as 40,000 tigers in India. If the figures quoted above are somewhere near reality, then one may think we have probably lost the chance of saving the tiger.
Apart from the tiger, even several other species of India's magnificent fauna, which are commonly believed to exist in large numbers, have either become extinct or are gravely endangered.
The live-stock was counted in a number of India's reservations on behalf of the World Wild Life Fund and the I.U.C.N. and the figures were announced at their 1969 International Conference in Delhi. Only a few days back, that is in September, 1971, the World Wild Life Fund celebraated its 10th Anniversary at a meeting in Delhi. It was estimated at this meeting that India's animal world had decreased by $90 \%$ in the past 25 years and it would not survive the next 25 years, if drastic measures were not taken immediately.

Now let us have a look at the Gir forest of Gujarat, which is probably the only area in India where the lions are still existing. Perhaps you know that the lions at one time freely roamed about throughout the entire West Asia from Greece to North and Central India. And now only 177 lions are left in a small area of some 1200 sq . miles.

[^2]The Asiatic lion, which is also our national emblem, is leading a very precarious existence because the semi-stable ecological system of the Gir forests has been violently upset by human interference.

Ecological studies in the Gir forest reveal an extraordinary fact that vultures and the people living on the outskirts of the forest both deprive the lion of its natural kill. This factor may be playing an important part in the steady depletion of the lion population in recent years. In a larger area the lion could survive these pressures but in a restricted habitat of the Gir forest, which is eroding year by year, and where $20 \%$ of the lion population is fed on domestic buffaloes as a spectacle for tourists, their life has become most unnatural.

The number has been reduced due to one other reason also. After the indiscriminate cutting of forests, we hoped that our lions and tigers and other fauna will find place in game sanctuaries and national parks. This has, unfortunately, not proved right. For a poacher, there is nothing as easy as killing his tiger in a sanctuary or on the outskirts of one. In a jungle a wild animal has every chance to survive, but not if it has become a docile animal living in a sanctuary. Let us not, therefore, set up more national parks and sanctuaries which virtually become death pots for the wild animals.

Now here is the last survivor of a very diverse group of animals that once flou-rished-Rhinoceros-a creature which has evoked world-wide interest among naturalists. At the beginning of the century the rhino population had declined so drastically as a result of killing for the alleged aphrodisiac properties of its
horn, that in 1910, rhino hunting was totally prohibited by law, and army assistance was taken to deal with the poachers. These measures helped to quite an extent in preserving this rare animal and the Great Indian Rhinoceros, once so seriously threatened, is now out of danger.

How about taking note of the living representatives of the age of Dinosaurs, who have occupied the same ecological nitche for over 170 million years ? I mean, of course, the Crocodiles. But again, the irresistible temptation of earning $£ 40$ per raw skin of the crocodile really induces the poacher to indiscriminately exterminate the animal. Unless this inducement is removed, these animals will definitely fail to survive in the modern world. The "Gharial" or Marsh Crocodile is restricted almost to the Ganges and its tributaries. This rare amphibian sometimes attains a length of 30 feet and the reports about its low population are quite alarming and a matter of serious concern.

Now, the biggest dent in the wild population is caused by the desire to get rich by export of the skins of tigers and leopards of various species. In this skin race, the most sought after, the most hunted, most valuable wild animal in the world, is the magnificent Indian tiger. Even the experts on this subject doubt whether it will in fact be possible to save the big cats in view of huge profits made through their destruction. In addition to the tiger, his cousins, namely the clouded and the snow leopards, are also facing a similar situation, because of the relatively great attraction of their skins for coats.

Although the export of the skins and the products of these skins have been
banned, and the tigers can no longer be legally shot (note the word LEGALLY), yet somehow their numbers continue to diminish. The tragedy is that lack of action on the part of the Government, is hastening this process, for the internal trade in the skins of protected animals is still allowed and one can see that the shops are well stocked. Fresh skins continue to pour in. No laws can touch them. As tiger and leopard become more and more rare with the passage of each successive season, and their values soar, the shelves of the shops continue to display the remains of the last of our nation's great Big Cats.

Today as many as 4000 to 5000 skins are exported per annum. Even if this estimate is erroneous by say $25 \%$, it is quite frightening to think that 3000 to 3500 tigers and other allied species are being killed each year to provide someone the egoistic pleasure of making up stories of how he shot the tiger or the lion, which now lay in the form of a rag or decoration piece in his drawing room.

The Government should immediately seize all the stocks of skins from the shops and build a skin lending library for the persons of this kind, so that whenever the urge to display affluence or daring is very strong in them, a quick visit to the library might enable them to borrow a couple of skins to enliven their otherwise dreary dinner parties.

Apart from India, other countries of the world are facing a similar problem. In Africa, big game shooting has become a luxury and thus a very profitable business is flourishing for the safari societies which organize such entertainment for the wealthy tourists. As a consequence, even the rich fauna of Africa is declining.

When all is said and done, it has to be admitted that in view of the growing human population of India, wild life can survive only in sanctuaries and national parks in future. So India will have to concentrate on a few big national parks. The number of domestic animals in the game reserves must be continuously reduced. The wild life stands to survive only if the wild animals be immediately placed under strong protection in all the Indian states, for at least 5-7 years. Moreover, the demand of agriculture has naturally taken a heavy toll of the many grasslands India had. This cannot be helped but surely a few square miles reserved for grasslands is not going to make all that difference, and would give a wonderful chance for the survival of our fauna.

Serious steps have to be taken and that too soon, or else the lion shall roar no more. The crocodiles will simply become a topic for stories, and the image of the Creator in Nature would vanish for ever.

# Aspects of Shelley's Poetry 

Onkar Singh,
B.A. (Hons) II year

Shelley's poems may be grouped under two heads-personal and impersonal. These two groups reveal two contrary moods of the poet. While on one hand his poetry bears the impression of his eager spiritual nature, on the other, of his wrecked, peaceless life. Where he talks of himself, he sings in a despondent mood. He conceived of himself as cut off from society- "A phantom among men, Companionless." The grossness of reality with all its ugliness, cruelty and injustice, pained his soul, and he, with his idealistic temperament, could not adjust himself to the hostile facts of lifeand he cries out :
"Oh! lift me as a leaf, a wave, a cloud! I fall upon the thorns of life; I bleed'"

Shelley is pre-enimently the poet of emotion and his emotions carried him to the extremes, both of sadness and of hope. The mood of sadness is pathetically reflected in 'Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples? The poet is sitting alone upon the seashore and he sings:
"The sun is warm, the sky is clear, The waves are dancing fast and bright, Blue isles and snowy mountains wear The purple noon's transparent might'.
But the bright and beautiful spectacle of nature cannot bring any consolation
to the sad heart of the poet and he turns to give voice to the miseries of his life:
"Alas! I have nor hope nor health
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found"
He goes on to say:
"And walked with inward glory crowned-
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,
Others I see whom these surround, Smiling they live and call life pleasure, To me that cup has been dealt in another measure".
In his mood of dejection, the poet laments that the Spirit of Delight rarely comes to him:
'Rarely, rarely comest thou
Spirit of Delight,
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away".
Shelley's personal life was full of many vexations, and his sadness breaks forth in pathetic accents:
''Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight,
Fresh spring and summer and winter hoar,

Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight,
No more-oh, never more."
Shelley's dejection again arises from his sense of frustration. He calls himself 'a dying lamp, a falling shower', and cries 'like a tired child' because his message is not understood by the world, and because his eager idealism is thwarted by the ugly realities of life.

But when Shelley sings of mankind his tone changes. "He has a clear and sublime vision of the hope of mankind. He wishes to see the world freed from all the enslavements of the brain and from the sloth that besets the heart and the imagination. He imagines an age of mental light with the law of love and beauty for its principle". When he sings of this age of mental and spiritual enlightenment, he is no more "a dying lamp, a falling shower", but a trumpetvoice of hope and undaunted optimism!
"The words great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream"
(Hellas)

The 'Ode to the West Wind' reveals both his rooted melancholy and invincible hope. The poet, seeing the fierce strength of the West Wind, remembers that he was once tameless, swift and proud like the West Wind, but heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed his spirit. This makes him feel that he has fallen upon the thorns of life. But as he rises from his ownself to the contemplation of the future of mankind, he is another man. He invokes the help of the West Wind to drive his dead thoughts over the universe so as to quicken a new birth. His words are no longer words of 'sorrow and leadeneyed despair', but the trumpet of a prophecy:
> "Be through my lips to the unawakened earth
> The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind, If Winter Comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Thus there is a kind of dualism in Shelley's poetry. Both sides of it can be traced in more or less separate development. The prophetic vision of a new world has its own history from 'Alastor' to 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'Hellas'. The mood of melancholy and dejection can be traced from the date of his first individual lyric to the last poem.
"For public good, men have to suffer hardships even to the point of death."

# Good old days 

Sneh Prabha<br>B.A. (Hons) English III year

The other day I went to mv friend's place and it was a chance that he was out. I was received by his old father staying in the house when all others had gone out. While talking a bit to him I had thought of returning. I remarked just casually, "Your furniture seems old," "Oh, yes, I bought it when I was young ; how lovely were those days really," and as if something was stirring within him, he continued, his eyes in some dreamland, ' Oh , those days were lovely, this furniture, these curtains, electric-fittings, windows and doors (moving and touching everything tenderly) how familiar they are to me. Really those were the most beautiful times and see now these grown up sons want to change all these dear things, always telling me, "Father, these curtains have gone shabby now, we'll get some of new fashions. These boys cannot imagine what a pain I feel to think of parting with all these familiar things." I could only sympathise and patiently listen to him and so I did. When he continued, "Such a joy it was to be in those days! Mr. S lived in the neighbourhood and almost daily he took our Hindi newspaper while he got an English newspaper at his place and you know what he said when I once asked him why he should do like that and why does he not buy the Hindi one for himself, he said, 'It is a
sort of pride to have an English Newspaper on your drawing room-table and my life! How we laughed after he had gone. Now I was enjoying dear, dear uncle's table of his past days, and I don't know why he looked one moment happy and the next moment sober, while he kept talking and gradually, something like a bright look coming to his old eyes, finding in me a good listener started again talking, "And you know when I was quite a school boy, I had so many friends here. All have scattered now. We used to play football, hockey and sometimes even with those small glass balls and I remember it so well as if it were only yesterday. Once a big boy, we used to play with, came and took away some of my fine glass-balls and even slapped me on my face, because once I had gone to his mother and told her that I had seen a piece of cigarette in his hand (because we could do only this thing against him, as he was a strong and healthy boy and we could not fight him) and his mother and father had scolded him badly and would let him come out to play even, now I went soberly to my father, by the time father came out he had fled away, though he became friendly to me afterwards, and my father, that old man, dead years back, how he loved me and we used to respect him with awe and can you imagine, young man, we never
could speak much in his presence and these young gallants of today singing those dirty film songs in front of us (I felt a bit angry at the old man but looking at his face, I could not help liking him) ; any way big changes have come, these children think I am an old, withering man, why I should bother about anything they do and always want me to rest quietly in my room but they cannot realize how active I used to be in my youth, and I, in fact, pity them (at which I pitied the poor old dear) ; anyway I have to keep quiet and leave them to their
fate and to themselves (alas! what else the poor man could do)'". Now I wanted to go ; so I stood up. But he hurriedly took hold of my hand and said, "Don't be in a hurry, wait a little more and your friend will be back soon. We never used to be in a hurry, you know. We used to talk so much among ourselves.

And on the way to my house, I was thinking of my future. If I will live long, I also might talk in the same way and some young man perhaps will like or not like to talk to me as I had done now.

## Janmabhoomi

"This world of ours, full of wealth, food and flowers, Therein lies a land better than all the others.
She is made out of dreams, full with reminiscence,
Nowhere else one will find a land like her
She is the Queen of all the lands
She is my Motherland, my Motherland.
Where else the moon, the sun, the planets and the stars are so bright!
Where else the lightning plays in clouds so dark !
Where music of the birds lulls one to sleep, and awakes him too!
She is the Queen of all the lands
She is my Motherland, my Motherland.
Nowhere else one will find a land like her
Oh Mother ! I hold thy feet on my chest,
Where else the rivers are so spakling, the hills clothed in such grey clouds !
Where else such lush green fields spread to the horizon !"

## Bangla Desh

(Result of exploitation and religious fanaticism)

B.K. Pal,<br>B.Sc. III year Group 'B'

Bangla Desh is striking the minds of each and every individual nowadays. A.I.R. is also propogating the liberation struggle of Bangla Desh on a large scale. The main newspapers of the world published a lot about Bangla Desh and their fight for freedom, democracy and socialism. Our Foreign Minister visited so many Capitals of the world to demand relief aid and strict action against Yahya regime of Pakistan. Progressive mankind was shocked to hear when Yahya troops struck with modern weapons and started to drop the bombs on the innocent and exploited people of Bangla Desh. Millions of people started to flow from East Bengal towards Indian territory for protection and for saving the lives of their young and old ones. But power-hungry politicians and rulers of Pakistan were not afraid of it, they were trying to rule both the wings of Pakistan under the barrel of of gun but people protested and objected to it. But what happened to Pakistan, founded on the basis of religion, that is in the name of Islam. Why it bappened and what were the causes behind the creation of Bangla Desh and who created it and for whom it has been created? These are the few questions which will be answered below:

The present struggle of Bangla Desh is a struggle against military rulers supported by capitalists and monopolists of Pakistan. It is a struggle arising out of the exploitation of millions by the handful of people. The story of exploitation of East Pakistan takes on tragic proportions when compared to that of the plight of the people of Baluchistan. With 55 percent of the total population of Pakistan living in the East wing, an explosive situation had been building up there over the last 20 years as one tyrant's rule gave way to another's in Rawalpindi and all the hopes and promises of democratic sharing of power and national interests were belied and flouted.

## East Pakistan-a colony

East Bengal was a colony of Pakistan as in the past India was the colony of England. But we were exploited and ruled by foreigners and they were exploited and ruled by their own countrymen for their personal ends. For example, about one to two percent of the total income of of East Pakistan was being transferred every year to the West. Allowing for the due share of East Bengal in foreign aid and loans and foreign exchange obtained for the whole country which the


A view of the guests - Shri L.R. Sethi, Shri Labh Singh, Shri S.P. Kapur,
Shri R.K. Sharma, Mrs. R.K. Parshad and Mrs. N. Bava are seated in the front row.


Annual Prize-giving Function 1971-72
Manglacharan


Col. B.H. Zaidi at the tea party with Shri B.S. Puri, Shri V.N. Pasricha, Shri Labh Singh and Shri D.S. Mann


Col. B.H. Zaidi and Shri L.R. Sethi are being escorted by Shri Labh Singh, Shri B.S. Puri; Shri Krishan Kumar,

Shri A. Royánd Mrs. N. Bava

East wing had never received, this annual transfer of resources rose to 5 percent per annum. In spite of this the people of East Pakistan were subjected to heavy taxation and received 40 percent of plan outlays under the false excuse of lack of resources potential. As a consequence the proportion of unemployed persons to the total labour of East Bengal had risen from 25 percent to 33 percent compared to about 8 percent in West Pakistan. According to statistics the disparity in per capita incomes between West and East wings rose by 29 per cent during the first two plan periods at constant prices. Estimated at the current price, this figure could be about 60 per cent. This would be clear from facts that the prices of essential commodities in East Pakistan were nearly double those obtaining in West Pakistan.

## Poverty and Prosperity

The wide gulf between the per capita consumption between the two wings was much higher. As an average West Pakistani citizen was estimated to consume about 19 times as much of electricity, eight times as much of tea and petrol, about 6 times as many cigarettes, about 3 times as much of cloth and sugar and about twice as much paper and coal, and buy about 10 times as many cars and about seven times as many radios as an average East Pakistani citizen. The wide gulf between them did not stop there, it went further from railway wagons up to hospital beds. All these disparities were allowed to grow and maximum effort was made to make West Pakistan prosperous by taking out resources from East Pakistan. The Awami League Chief, Sheikh Mujibur Rehman in his book "Friends Not Foes" describes how Gen. Ayub Khan's regime, which promised much, ended up by perpetuating a pyramid-like structure at
the top of which sat about 20 rich families (including Ayub Khan's sons and relations) resting entirely on the millions of landless and jobless, underpaid labour and the middle classes denied most economic and social benefits. Most of these millions lived in East Pakistan.

## Lust for Power

The people of Pakistan have been exploited right from the beginning and only for this cause the division of India was done by interested parties in the name of religion. President Iskander Mirza in his presidential proclamation of 7 October, 1938, spoke of ruthless struggle for power, extensive corruption and shameful exploitation of the simple, honest, patriotic and industrious masses and the prostitution of Islam for political ends. Gen. Mirza took over the administration to clean up the mess and to fight large scale corruption but he failed to do so. Soon Gen. Ayub Khan, trusted lieutenant of Mirza, could not resist the temptation of power in such a land. He ousted Mirza and took over himself.

In the beginning he appeared to succeed in purging the corrupt administration to an extent and won the support of a section of the people. But the hunger for power which he developed fast deprived the people of their constitutional right to elect a democratic government. Slowly and slowly people saw with their own eyes and experienced the democratic set up of Ayub. They lost their faith in government and Ayub failed to suppress the struggle for democracy and freedom. Basic democracy collapsed and with the people looking forward to an elected democratic regime Ayub was forced to hand over power to another army despot, Yahya Khan.

All these experiences of people led them to think of autonomous units of Pakistan. They lost all their hopes and aspirations and felt that there was no future if they were tied to the rulers in Pindi.

## Struggle

Limitless patience was not enough to fulfil the demands and intolerable administrative measures brought the peoples of Pakistan into streets. They fought and lost their lives for their aims supported by the majority of people. At last elections were held and people voted for the Awami League-the party dedicated to secularsim, socialism, autonomy and standing for good neighbourly relations with India. Political autonomy meant for them not only a greater say in political set up but as Mujibur Rehman defines it "a philosophy and a way of salvation out of limitless and fathomless poverty, illiteracy, disease and other physical, mental and social disabilities which were not only legacies of the old colonial rule of exploitation but inevitable and cumulative results of 20 years of exploitation pursued systematically in the name of one state and one centralized government and to the detriment of over all interests of East Pakistan." The demand for autonomy was denied, movement suppressed, its leaders put behind bars and tortured and a graveyard-like peace brought to the land. A ray of hope arose when the Awami League won the election to the National Assembly but unfortunately the right of Mujibur Rehman to form a government was denied by the Yahya regime.

These are the facts which led to the creation of Bangla Desh. The freedom fighters under the collective leadership of different political parties were determined to liberate their country from the hands of Yahya, who had taken away the lives of their innocent brothers and sisters.

## A Lesson

Mass murder, arson, looting and killing of innocent peoples including Bengali Muslims have destroyed the two-nation theory created by religious fanatics. The happenings in East Pakistan have shown that religion can never be accepted as the basis of nationhood. What binds and preserves the national integration is economic, political, cultural factors and not religious fanaticism. The theory of two nations on the basis of Hindu and Muslim no more exists. It is a lesson to all those elements in India who think in terms of religion and tried to link politics with communalism. Creation of Bangla Desh is a recent example in front of communal politicians of our country. It has also strengthened our faith in secularism which we have wisely chosen. But there is a warning that secularism can not be preserved for long till the aspirations and problems of minorities and majority will not be paid proper attention. In order words, secularism can only be preserved when socialism is established in our country. Secularism and socialism must go side by side in order to serve the great ideals founded by great men of the past in which our future lies.

## The Art of Buttering

Ashwani Kumar, Pre-Medical

The art of buttering is known to men since ages and if we take the reference of history, we can have a due amount of proof that even in the 'Moghul' and the 'English' periods also the big bosses like 'Nawabs' etc. used to have what are called 'Chamchas' and these 'Chamchas' as they are called had to do nothing but to appreciate even the silliest possible action of their Lords who could ruin them. And this action of Chamchagiri' has been passed on to us from our forefathers as a heritage.

Although surprising, yet it is a fact that the technique of buttering remained in its original form for quite a long period and no material improvements were added, but we must bow in honour of those (of course, unemployed) who devoted the most precious days of their lives in advancing the theories and the techniques of buttering down to the simpler forms which we encounter today. And most of the additions seem to have been made in the later decades of the century.

The word 'buttering' has become so popular that it has the meaning even for a layman but no body knows about its origin. In my view the phenomenon of buttering conforms to the phenomenon of oiling which is done for a smoother and easier movement of mechanical parts and oil being a crude material, no body would
like to apply or to be applied oil and therefore the people found butter as the material easiest to get (from the breakfast) and most suitable for having a smoother go with the person concerned by pleasing him and hence the name buttering.

Mainly, there are two methods of buttering :-

1. Single action method.
2. Double action method.

The first method consists of pleasing someone only by the actions whereas the double action method approaches the vocal sense also along with the action and it has been found that previously the people liked to use the first method which is also reflected by the fact that even the pupils had to stay with their 'Guru' and do all sorts of work to please him. Whereas nowadays, the second method is in vogue because it is fast and easy and the effect can be seen just after the dose.

These days there are innumerable forms of buttering of which the students buttering their teachers is the most common.

For success in the type the points to be noted for a butterer are :-

1. Should have a girlish smile.
2. Must ask question in the class (naturally, idiotic).
3. Must go to the teacher's room after the class to ask for the reference books etc.

It is only through the application of of these points that the teacher feels that he is someone important (relatively, of course) and it is the perfection in these qualities which distinguishes the class of butterer.

Till now we have seen that generally we have to butter the person whom we want to please and get our work done, but there are some exceptions also the example of which can be encountered in offices.

Buttering in offices is also one of the forms commonly heard of an army subordinate has to please his boss. But here if we go deep into the phenomenon then we find that it is not only the officer who is to be buttered but it is the wife also who has to be buttered and for this the old man has to attend her birthday with a heavy gift box (of course, bought with
his pocket money) and it is the effect of this that he gets promotion a year or two before his retirement.

Now the butterer has to be aware of all the conditions which include the time and place while buttering. Thus the method adopted goes along with the sort of effect we want. Sometimes, buttering in a wrong manner can also lead the butterer to the black-book of the person and under these circumstances it is the experience and the skill of the butterer that comes into play which can be acquired by buttering different types of people at different places.

Thus being a necessity of life, the department of buttering must invariably be introduced in the institutions of higher learning. However, for ready reference the books like "Buttering without Tears" and "Sure Success in Buttering" may be read.

Best of Luck to the butterers as well as non-butterers!
"Other's faults are easily seen, but not one's own; a man scatters other people's faults like chaff before the wind, but his own he hides, like a gambler his losses."
"The fool who knows his folly is wise at least so far; but a fool who thinks himself wise, is a fool indeed."

From Dhammapada

# University Teachers and Educational Reform 

Vinod Kumar Tyagi, B.A. Final

No other aspect of our educational life has received more publicity than the problem of student unrest. With the new academic year just started in the Indian Universities after a long summer break, the Universities and its various Colleges will once again become a scene of student unrest which is becoming both widespread and violent.

Student unrest in India has its own peculiar characteristics and is certainly rooted in the nature of higher education. Prominent educationists of the nation believe that the most effective treatment for this "epidemic disease" lies in overhauling the present syllabii and revising the examination system. This implies that present courses need to be revised into more purposeful and pragmatic course i.e., the basic principle in formulating courses should be their usefulness in day to day life. Much has been said by many about this defect in our educational system but unfortunately little has been done in this direction.

We feel that the most aggravating cause of student indiscipline and the most neglected too-is the lack of proper academic institutions where excellent academic atmosphere prevails and indiscipline poses no problem at all. We flnd that well-financed
and prestigious institutions rarely have cases of student indiscipline, simply because these institutions can maintain better academic excellence and teacherstudent relationship.

We are confident that if our Universities can create a proper academic atmosphere in the Colleges, the problem of student indiscipline will vanish in due course of time to a large extent. Experience shows that the failure of lecturers in the class rooms to mould character and give a proper inspiring vision of knowledge to the student is the primary cause of the lack of academic atmosphere in our academic institutions. Pupils are often heard saying that they are 'frightfully bored" by the teaching of boring teachers. But the pupils are ignorant of the fact that their poor teacher himself labours under certain handicaps and frustrations. The last few years have witnessed agitations and strikes from men of this pro-fession-the people who were regarded as ideals. A teacher in our country is at the bottom of society where money is all in all. His remuneration is not sufficient enough to enable him to have a good living. He cannot afford to buy journals and have books to enhance his knowledge in his field. Growth
of various Teachers' Welfare Associations in the recent pass sufficiently makes the fact crystal clear that teachers' lot is very bad in our country. Maltreatment and inadequate remuneration for university teachers also means that the best persons do not adopt this profession. Consequently, the second rate enter the profession which ought to be the place of high intellectuals. This adversely affects teaching standards. Irreparable damage has already been done to the nation by neglecting the teaching community by Government of States or Centre). The concept of education as a 'gateway to wisdom" has been lost. The educational system had badly failed to realize the four universal characteristics which jointly constitute the aim of education :-vitality, courage, sensitiveness and intelligence. The cultivation of intelligence is the particular aim of university education. Intelligence demands an alert curiosity, a genuine love of knowledge. Here the university teacher has to play a prominent role to develop this faculty of the students. It is high time to give an economic face lift badly needed by this profession. The need is to create an atmosphere in which the teacher will feel secure and respected in the society which will inspire him to give his best. Bertrand Russell rightly asserted that the teachers should not be
asked to teach for more than two hours a day and be provided with sufficient leisure so that they could do research in their field. He further said that "what is important for the university teacher is knowledge of his subject and the current research being done in his subject. For that purpose, every seventh year the teacher should be granted leave in order that he may spend his time in some foreign university advancing his knowledge or research."

The private sector is not going to give an economic face-lift and the necessary privilege to this profession. The Govt. Attorney General, Shri M.C. Seetalvad remarked: "Unless the Union Government took such steps so as to be able to give a proper direction to higher education, all the efforts in the direction of development and progress are bound to be handicapped". Plato also said, 'To develop the character is the most important function of the State." Education should be made a central subject and Indian Educational Service should be created on the lines of the I.A.S. to attract the best talents to the educational field. We should know that eventually it will be the teachers who will have to be depended upon to bring educational improvements and reforms in the country.
"What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?"
T. Campbell

## Luncheon

Vijay Kumar Malhotra, Econs. (Hons) II year

The phone bell rang. I picked up the receiver.
"Who is there?" I asked.
"It is Soju", came the reply.
I was suddenly surprised. Soju was my Japanese pen-friend, How could she call me at this moment?
I thought.
"It is Vijay this side." I replied at once, "but how are you here? You never informed me about your visit here."
"I had no time to inform you. The visit was quite sudden. My father has come here on a business trip and I am accompanying him. Please tell me, can you spare a few hours for me? My father has gone on some visit and I am alone".

How could I object? "I will come within half an hour. But where are you staying?"
"I am staying at the Ashoka Hotel in room number 167 ", she said. I was at the hotel in an interval of half an hour. The bearer led me to the room. I rang the door bell. The door opened and I saw her clad in her traditional dress, kimono. She was looking elegant. For a moment we both stood still and stared into each other's eyes as if we were spell-
bound. A moment later our spell broke and she asked me to come in. I entered into the room. The suite was an expensive one. We both asked about each other's country. It seemed as if our talk would never come to an end.

I was worried only about one thing that I had very little money and I wanted to give her a luncheon at my own expense. I was the host and she was my guest. When I started from home I had taken all the monthly allowance which I get from my father as my pocket money amounting to rupees fifty only.

To end our talk I interrupted her and asked "Have you taken your lunch?"
"No, not yet," she replied.
"Come on then. Let us take our lunch. I am feeling hungry. Aren't you?"
"Me too is feeling very hungry. Come on, let us go to the dining hall."

We came into the dining hall and sat on a corner table.

A bearer came to us and asked for the order.
"What do you want to take first?" I asked her. I was praying to God that she might ask for a cheaper thing.
"I would like to have Saya Chicken chow soup first," Sojo said. The bearer
served the soup on the table. It was looking quite hot. Steam was coming up from the plates. We drank our soup slowly. It was quite tasty and thick. Slowly the soup was finished.
"Shouldn't we take canape?" she asked after the bearer had come to clear the table. How could I object to her and moreover, I was not a quite-perfect menureader.

I did not have much confidence in that job. I ordered two canapes.

Canapes were served soon after. They were prepared by two slices filled with cheese, caviar and spiced meat. That was tasty stuff. That must be very expensive, I thought. Moreover, we were sitting in one of the costliest hotels in India. But I could not help that. Moreover, she was looking very winsome. Her personality had impressed me quite a lot. Her kimono had given her an exquisite look. I felt silly on my part to choose anything myself. I left the whole thing to her.

After finishing that, to show my hospitality, I said to her, "Anything you want to take, you may order yourself and to be very frank I am not quite perfect in reading the menu." On hearing this, I thought, she got a little encouraged. On the one hand I was encouraging her to order more and more and on the other hand my heart was sinking.

She ordered Pizza, which too tasted good with cheese, tomato pulp, shredded ham with a large flat piece of bread. Along with pizza the bearer had served the world famous ceasor salad which is a very popular salad in Europe. Things were being ordered and ordered. Sometimes I too used to give suggestions.

In the mean time she asked to be served her favourite Japanese preparation Sukiyaki. That too was a good item in between our lunch.

I was amazed at her freedom. How could she order so many things. Perhaps, she was thinking that she would pay the bill and really she could afford that. This I could guess. She was the daughter of one of the top executives from the northern part of Japan. After that she ordered sweet asparagus. This too was a tasty item.

I was thinking that the bill must have exceeded Rupees 80 . I was just worried ahout the payment of the bill. It was below my dignity to ask her to pay.

The next item she ordered was napolean, a dessert, prepared with pastry having three layers filled with cream. This dish was named after the name of Great Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now I told the bearer that I would pay the bill at the counter. She started to pay for the bill but I stopped her. She insisted a lot but I did not agree. I went to the counter. The bill was lying there in a plate. I saw the bill. It was for Rupees 95. I talked to the Manager and told him my difficulty. I told him to accept my golden studs costing about 60 Rupees. He took my studs and fifty rupees after hesitating for a while. I went to Sojo and asked for permission to leave. I told her I was already late for home and promised her a visit and asked her to come to my house. She agreed and I came back home with all my monthly allowance, and above all my golden studs gone which were the birthday gift from my father.


Dr. Sarup Singh at the tea party


Winning team of the one-act play competition


A scene from 'Khoon ki Aawaaz'

# Need for Examination Reform 

Sudhir Kumar Chaudhry, B.A. (Pass), I year

The main purpose of education anywhere is to help students develop to the best of their ability and find a suitable and satisfying vocation. Examinations are primarily a means of judging how far that purpose has been served. They thus occupy a very important place in any system of education. In a country like India where a degree is valued more as a passport to a job than as evidence of academic attainments, they acquire added importance. The word "qualifications" inserted in advertisements of job vacancies is generally taken to mean degrees or diplomas earned through examinations.

We inherited the system of examinations now prevalent in India from the pioneers of Western education in the country. Though there has never been any dearth of people who criticize it, yet no suitable alternative has been developed and, with all its failings, it went on working smoothly for more than half a century. But the rapid increase in the number of candidates sitting for various examinations year after year has magnified and brought to light discrepancies in it. Once examinations used to be solemn occasions. Candidates appearing th them worked long and sincerely to get through. But lately they have become unwieldy affairs. When the examination season is on, newspapers almost daily carry stories of
indiscipline and violence indulged in by students at examination centres.

There is hardly any system devised by man which can be called perfect. Our examination system is no exception. In fact, it has more than its share of defects. For one thing it has become outmoded and obsolete. But as long as a more satisfactory method of sorting out of the capable and the incapable has not been envolved, we have to try and reform the existing system.

The most valid point made against the prevailing examination system is that however competent an examiner may be, it is hardly possible for him to judge more than a year's work of a student in a few minutes. It is also wrong that the fate of a candidate should be decided in an allcomprehensive examination extending over a nerve-racking week or fortnight. Examinations at present are at best a test of memory only, and there is a technique of making the grade in them. Those who have mastered that technique secure good marks even without any preparation or deep knowledge. After all the aim is just to secure paper qualifications which should enable one to stand in the queue for a job.

If it is to be a real test of an individual's qualities of head and heart, an examination
must test his ability to think creatively, comprehend quickly, judge accurately and express clearly. But our examinations have an entirely different orientation. They are mostly crude essay-type memory tests. There is in them a premium on parrot-like memorization at the cost of reason and intelligence. Even in the highest examination it is subject-centred note-learning which counts. Original thinking is at a discount. Instead of being encouraged to think for himself, the student is often punished for it. A candidate taking an examination in English literature is safe as long as he confines himself to quoting famous critics. But as soon as he ventures to express his own opinion, he is on dangerous ground. Chances are that the examiner who is himself incapable of original thinking and has all his life taken pride in being able to quote a hundred critics from memory will treat the candidate's attempt as a piece of sheer arrogance and penalize him for it.

The mischief does not end there. After the candidate has answered the question papers, he is at the mercy of the examiner. The examiner's predilections can also cause distortions and play havoc with a student's career. After all, the examiner too is a human being and as fallible as anyone else. But the mistakes he makes are costly. They can cause acute mental agony to candidates on whom he delivers wrong judgement. And yet he presumes to stamp a student a failure, or give him a third, second or first class just in about seven or eight minutes. How unreliable this method of testing a candidate's ability can be, has been amply demonstrated time and again. Different examiners evaluating the same answer books have given assessments varying from each other to a surprising degree. To obviate this sort of
distortion, some universities have instituted a system whereby studens can get their answers re-evaluated by paying a prescribed fee if they have a doubt that their performance has been wrongly assessed.

There can be no two opinions about the urgent need for reform in the examination system. If nothing else, the high percentage of failures every year should make us sit up and take notice. It involves a colossal waste of time and money. But more than money that it does incalculable damage to those who are branded failures. The word "failure" has a demoralizing effect on any individual in any walk of life. When a student gets that label, it dampens his spirits and he falls a prey to frustration. He begins to labour under a sense of defeat and turns into a rebel. The prevailing student unrest can be traced, in a large measure, to this sort of induced frustration which is a by-product of our examination system.

Recently, the Calcutta University set up an Examination Reforms Committee which is to submit its report within a year. In some others States also, educational authorities are thinking along the same lines. Boards of Secondary Education in the States are said to be examining some recommendations made by a Conference of their Chairmen and Secretaries for rationalization of examinations. We do not know whether and when the recommendations made by these commissions and committees will be put into effect. But there are some basic points which need to be kept in view. Examination reform is inseparably linked with reform of the educational system as a whole. It can be effectively undertaken only after curricula and the methods of teaching have been suitably improved
to make them serve the real purpose of education.

But that is not surely all that needs to be done. Universities have to adopt other measures also to improve their educational standards and techniques of testing the candidate. First of all they must take steps to reduce the number of failures. There is no virtue in a candidate's being able to get through all subjects in a single comprehensive test of a brief duration. Everyone should be allowed to reach the
goal at his own pace The universities must not make light of throwing young people out of the game of life simply because they are not able to pass an examination in the prescribed period of time. The student must also be allowed to choose a vocation and provided facilities to acquire the necessary skills to follow it so that when he leaves the portals of his Alma Mater he is well-equipped to face life and does not feel like a babe in the wood.

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word
That yields a scent to sweet, As gives a power to faith to tread, All falsehood under feet.

# What is Youth and How to Make Use of Life 

Jasbir Duggal<br>B.A. (Pass Course), I Year

Youth is not a time of life but it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees. It is a matter of will, a quality of will, a quality of imagination and a vigour of deep springs of life. Youth means the predominance of our age over timidity, of adventure over the love of ease. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. But we grow old by deserting our ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt.

It is not luck but labour, that makes man. Luck, says an American writer, is ever waiting for something to turn up but labour, with a keen eye and a strong will always turns up some thing. Luck relies on chance and labour on character. Luck slips downward to self-indulgence whereas labour rides upwards and aspires to independence. Our success in life depends on hard work.

Make the best use of life because if you make a bad use of it you will be doomed for ever. Place the best possible examples before yourself. Let the best minds of the world mould your life and form your character. Try to set a good example for others. Let your actions be such that people should remember you after your death. Thus your future depends on the
use you make of this life. If you use it well, you will live for ever in a heaven of just affection, but if you use it ill, you rot for ever in a hell of just condemnation.

Life is a big and golden opportunity. It will never again be offered. Make, therefore, the best use of it. As we know that the trees give shade for the benefit of others, and while they themselves stand in the sun and endure the scorching heat, they produce the fruit by which others profit. The character of a goodman is like that of trees. What is the use of this perishable body, if no use of it is made for the benefit of mankind ?
Sandalwood-the more it is rubbed, the more scent does it yield. Sugarcane ———the more it is peeled and cut up into pieces, the more juice does it produce. Gold---the more it is burnt, the more does it shine. Similarly, the men who are noble at heart, do not lose these qualities even in losing their lives. Life itself is unprofitable to a man who does not live for others. To live for the sake of one's life, is to live the life of dogs or crows.
It is not ease, but effort———not facility, but difficulty that makes men. There is perhaps no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure
of success can be achieved. Those difficulties, however, are best instructors, as our mistakes vform our best experience.

Man is the architect of his own fate. If he makes a proper division of his time and does his duties accordingly, he is sure to improve and prosper in life but if he does otherwise he is sure to repent when it is too late and he will have to drag-out a miserable existence from day to day.

To kill time is as culpable as to commit
suicide, for your life is nothing but the sum total of hours, days and years. Youth is the golden season of life. In youth mind is pliable and soft and can be moulded in any form we like. If we lose the morning hours of life, we shall have to repent afterwards. Morning hours were called by Carlyle 'the seed of life.' If we sow a good seed, we shall reap a good harvest when we grow up. Therefore to make the best use of life, make the proper divison of time.

It lies not in our power to love or hate, For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
Christopher Marlowe

## Mr. Bignoise

Kulwant Kumar
B.A. (Pass), I year

You might, perhaps, think that I am going to give you a detailed description of something noisy. No ; that is not my intention. But because you are also a student the topic is of considerable importance and interest to you.
"Noise." I place the word in inverted commas to show that I mean not the noise in the generic sense of the word but the 'organized noise' that distracts. What nightmare vision the word 'noise' evokes ! Although I would not like to be in a 'pin-drop-silent-world' yet like every man and woman of sense and good feeling I abhor and abominate noise--I stress the word 'organized'. It is the noise that you hear blaring forth from a loud-speaker, a radio or any other juke box. And if I endeavour to assert that if a research scholar were to take up an enquiry into the noiselevels prevailing in peace time in different countries of the world, he will perhaps come up with the conclusion that the noisiest country in the world is India. Our fondness for noise and the skill in producing it leads one to think that noisemaking is our national hobby. He will find nocturnal calm disturbed by holding
long session of mass-singing to the accompaniment of drums and cymbals sounded over loud-speakers with little regard for the right of other people to enjoy undisturbed sleep. With the first light congregational songs, very often in croaky voices, start blaring forth much to the annoyance of a student who has got up early to prepare for his examination or a sickman just to doze off after spending a restless night. He will find few parallels in the world for the spectacle of colour, sound and music that we make of a wedding and the musical and poetical talent displayed by our street hawkers and shopcriers in a busy shopping centre. The endless processions taken out daily, since independence, are led by professional noise makers who employ a new technique known as siapa hai-hal. He will find our these national ethos reflected in the legislative chambers where the representatives of our people gather to make law and that these lagislators have not failed us in this matter. In fact, we regard noise-making as one of our unwritten fundamental rights and love playing Mr. Bignoise whether at home or outside.

# The Etiquette of Conversation 

Miss Jasbir Duggal

B.A. (Pass), I year

Conversation is a valuable gift and a priceless art. It is the most perfect way of giving and receiving instructions.

Man is a social animal. In order to live in society and become a popular figure, the art of conversation is necessary. He who talks well in company, wins the good will and admiration of all, but he who does not know the art of conversation cannot impress and win the heart of others.

Speech is the only medium to convey our ideas and thoughts to others. Speech is a great blessing, but it can also be a great curse for while it helps us to make our intentions and desires known to our fellows, it can also, if we use it carelessly, make our attitude completely misunderstood.

A slip of tongue, the use of an unusual word, may create an enemy, where we had hoped to win a friend. So it is heaven's high gift for the happiness and success of man.

As painting or dancing is an art, so conversation is also an art and a useful art. But it cannot be mastered in a few days or in a careless or haphazard manner. He who wants to cultivate this must observe certain rules and avoid certain pitfalls.

In the first place he should have a thorough knowledge of the subject he is speaking on. The subject of conversation should be a matter of general interest, so that all who are present may understand and appreciate the conversation. In conversation always try to talk of serious and important matters. Avoid frivolous tittletattle and time-killing brainless chatter.

Always try to turn the conversation into useful channels. The standard of social conversation is a good criterion of the culture of a group. Talk about politics, economics, art, literature, religion, history, poetry and other interesting topics. Never try to monopolize the conversation as some brilliant talkers do.

A good conversationist should avoid speaking ill of others, nor should he hurt the feelings of others. A gentleman should never use profane language because it proves harmful to his character. No one is more unwelcome than a talker who continues to repeat the same stale topics at the table. In order to become a successful conversationist he should have a fresh source of information. His talk must have warmth and freshness.

A conversationist should not try to put on an air of superiority. He should shake off all shyness. He should not lose temper
but he must be polite, sweet, courteous and accommodating in his talk. Give everyone a chance of saying something Talking too much in social gatherings is one of the worst signs of selfish temperament. It is unwise for a conversationist to speak about himself. As far as possible a conversationist should be witty, but his wit should not create bitter enemies. He should not make parade of his knowledge and superior learning. Purity of thought is also essential. Polite conversation is a test of good breeding. Never sit silent all the time. If you see some person is talking too much, you should particularly ask some guest to express his opinion and in this indirect way, you can save the company from the tyranny of valuable vanity.

To be admitted to a good society every one of us must learn the art of conversation. It can also be learnt by mixing in good society and by keeping ourselves informed of current topics. Conversation is a great source of pleasure and mastery over it cannot be achieved without watchfulness. Conversation can turn a friend into an enemy and an enemy into a friend.

In this democratic age the art of conversation is so essential to achieve success in life. Even an ordinary person can become the Prime Minister if he knows the art of conversation. Tone of the voice lends force and weight to argument. How useful the art of conversation is !

# I Heard the Cry of the Water 

Viraf Writer<br>B.A. (Hons) English, Third Year<br>Land or water, water or land I cannot say where I did stand But I heard the cry of the Water.<br>Grey was the sky, and grey the ocean I cannot say where lay the horizon<br>But I heard the cry of the Water.<br>Water, water on every side<br>I could not find a place to hide<br>But I heard the cry of the Water.<br>I stood alone on a lonesome water<br>My feet upon the waves did patter<br>But I heard the cry of the Water.<br>I stood agog for a voice to hear<br>I lingered for a voice of cheer<br>But I heard the cry of the Water.<br>"Saviour! Damn not this soul of mine!"<br>I cried. I prayed for Light Divine<br>And Red was stained the Water.



A scene from 'Akhbari Vigyapan'


## Inter-class One-act Play Competition



A scene from 'Khoon ki Aawaaz'

## The Temple of the Living God

Arun Kumar Dua

B.A. (Hons), English, I year
'neath a jungle tree
Lay he,
In rags of Hell.
It was dusk.
The dark and the gloom,
Frost and cold wind
Made the trees to sing;
For the poor soul
Hungry and shivering.
Lashed him they
The beasts of Hell
Fed him filth;
For he was a Number.
Despised by all
Pitied by none,
For killed he hath
His own people.

He was poor.
Being killed by his own
Was he,
When the beasts of Hell
Chained him,
To starve to death.
Escaped he had
The smaller Hell,
But the bigger was facing,
No crumbs even
To give back life ;
For he was a murderer.
Lay dead,
The poor soul;
The body,
The temple of the living God.

## 'Ignorance’

Uday K. Goyal
B.A. (Hons.) English II Year

## A sweet smile

Meant to change
Your thinking style
For something strange.
You are ignorant
Of meaning hidden
Which are arrogant
Though differently bidden.
This, your ignorance
Keeps you unaware
Of the occurrance
Aimlessly you stare.

Realize the facts
And stay posted
Ignorance won't last
Knowledge isn't wasted.
To be ignorant
Is to be a fool
You seem a peasant
Though you attended school.
Poverty is a crime
Ignorance is worse
Things don't rhyme
As nurture and nature.

## Poems

# Galaxies in the Universe 

Shri V.N. Pasricha

The universe is stupendously vast in dimensions and fantastically queer in behaviour. It consists of billions of galaxies which are the units of which the universe is made of. A galaxy is an aggregation of a vast number of stars separated by large distances. Galaxies themselves are separated by immese distances, but are found in clusters. To understand a galaxy, let us consider our own Galaxy, the Milky Way. It consists of nearly $100,000,000,000$ stars of which the sun is a very ordinary star. It is one of the twenty galaxies which make a cluster. The nearest galaxy M31, in the Andromeda Constellation, is very similar to our Galaxy.

The Milky Way is a flat type of galaxy with a bulging central nucleus. It is nearly 100,000 light years in diameter, the nucleus being 15,000 light years thick. A light year is the unit of distance in astronomy and is the distance travelled by light in one year. Light travels nearly 186,000 miles in one second. A light year, therefore, is nearly $6,000,000,000,000$ miles or six million million miles.

To have further understanding of the distances, the sun is only 864,000 miles in diameter, equivalent to $4 \frac{1}{2}$ light seconds. The earth, which is a tiny satellite of the sun, and which is our home, is nearly 8,000 miles in diameter. In our Galaxy, there are stars smaller than the size of the earth, as well as giant ones, 2,000 times bigger than the size of the sun. The
nearest stars to the sun is $4 \cdot 2$ light years away. This gives us a rough idea of interstellar distances, and of sparsity of stars.

The interstellar distances may perhaps be understood better by the following simple example. If a star is, on an arbitrary scale, the size of a pea, then on the same scale, distance between two stars will be the distance between Delhi and Calcutta.

The sun is an inconspicuous star in our Galaxy. It is situated in one of the spiral arms of the Galaxy at a distance of 30,000 light years from the centre of the Galaxy.

Our Galaxy is surrounded by highly concentrated groups of stars called globular clusters. Nearly one hundred such clusters exist. Stars in a cluster are tightly packed, still not less than thousand million miles apart. Galaxies themselves occur in clusters. A cluster may have four to five to a thousand of galaxies in it. Then there are clusters of clusters of galaxies !

## Elliptical galaxies

Hubble classified galaxies into three types ; elliptical, spiral and irregular. Elliptical galaxies are very smoothly organized systems of stars. They are very old undisturbed galaxies in which nothing spectacular has happened for a long time, and nothing much is likely to happen for a long time to come. These galaxies contain 'red stars' which means they are
old ones because younger stars are blue. Moreover, they do not contain gas clouds or dust which are the raw materials for the evolution of stars. This imports that no new stars are being formed and that the system is in a 'relaxed state' and is so old and stable that traces of the initial conditions and original shape have completely been wiped off. They are not less than a billion years old.
The intensity of light given out by elliptical galaxies decreases outward from the centre in a nice smooth unbroken curved line, and it is remarkable that this curve is exactly the same for all elliptical galaxies. The stars in an elliptical galaxy orbit round the centre of mass mostly in elliptical orbits and a few in circular orbits. Depending upon their geometrical appearance, Hubble has further divided elliptical galaxies into eight groups, viz $E_{0} E_{1} \ldots \ldots, E_{7}$. Galaxies of the type $E_{0}$ are circular whereas the type $\mathrm{E}_{7}$ are most eccentric.*

## Spiral galaxies

Spiral galaxies are the most spectacular and beautiful objects and are very thin and flat except for the bulging centre which is just like an elliptical galaxy containing old stars. The rest of the spiral galaxy consists of arms or spirals, having a flat distribution of stars. The spirals have entirely a different structure from the centre. They have a very non-uniform stars distribution and are gas rich, containing materials which have not condensed to stars. The general flatness of the galaxy is due to fast rotations, the angular velocity of rotation being different at different distances from the centre, because the
rotation is unlike that of a solid rigid body. The stars and clouds are not held together rigidly and the gravitational pull that causes them to revolve is not just in the centre of the galaxy but is scattered all around.

Most spiral galaxies have two arms which are sometimes highly branched. Some galaxies have very tightly closed arms ; others have very open arms. Nobody knows why these arms exist, but it is speculated that they have something to do with strong magnetic fields which are lined up along the arm. Clouds of invisible neutral hydrogen extend over the entire arm structures and are responsible for energy emission in the radio frequency range (called radio emission). The arms contain, in addition to very old stars, some very young stars (as young as a million years or less), gas and dust. There are turbulent glaring giant clouds of gas, whereas the dust shows up as dark blobs of matter, obscuring the stars behind it. Young stars show up very clearly as bright blue stars in the nearer galaxies. These arms are the locus of stars formation in galaxies and we expect that stars will go on forming in these arms for a long time to come. Our galaxy, the Milky way is also a spiral galaxy.

Hubble has classified spiral galaxies into 8 types, viz $\mathrm{S}_{0} \mathrm{~S}_{\mathrm{a}} \mathrm{S}_{\mathrm{b}} \mathrm{S}_{\mathrm{c}} \ldots \ldots$. . . etc. $\mathrm{S}_{0}$ galaxies have little dust and no real arms. $\mathrm{S}_{\mathrm{a}}$ galaxies have more tightly wound arms than $S_{b}$ galaxies. A few spiral galaxies do not have a simple nucleus that looks like an elliptical galaxy. Instead, there is a nucleus and a "bar". The 'bar' is a very peculiar, long, narrow structure, bright and straight, and centered on the nucleus.
*Eccentricity of an ellipese $=\mathrm{b} / \mathrm{a}=$ ratio of minor axis to its major axis. For any $\mathrm{E}_{\mathrm{n}}$ galaxy, $n=10 \frac{(a-b)}{a}$. For $a$ circle, $a=b$, therefore $n=0$. For $E_{7}$ galaxy, $e=0.3$

The arms emanate from the ends of the 'bar'. Barred spiral galaxies are denoted
as $\mathrm{SB}_{0}, \mathrm{SB}_{\mathrm{a}}, \mathrm{SB}_{\mathrm{b}}, \ldots \ldots$ etc. How and why a bar exists is still an enigma.


Evolution of galaxies (from left to right)

## Irregular galaxies

Irregular galaxies are similar to spiral galaxies but their arms are not well defined and there is seldom a clearly identifiable nucleus, though sometimes there is a bar. They often contain many star clusters, more than spiral galaxies of the same total population of stars. The outstanding feature of irregular galaxies is their "youth". There are only few old stars, and mostly young stars, gas and dust in turbulent motion and fast rotation, but some how the formation of spiral arms is absent.

## Galaxies in distress

Recently, galaxies have been discovered, in a large number, which may or may not be bright visibly, are sprouting out tremendous amount of energy in the radio range of the spectrum. These are called radio galaxies, emitting radio waves of wave lengths between 1 cm and 100 meters. Something catastrophic seems to be happening inside these galaxies. It is considered that these galaxies, with billions of stars in them, are exploding.
It is fantastic to consider a galaxy exploding as a whole. An ordinary star in a
galaxy might explode partiaily giving as much energy as $100,000,000,000,000,000,000$ volcanoes burning for nearly a month. This is called a 'nova'. A supernova is a more powerful explosion. It is equivalent to 10,000 novas, and is the explosion of an entire star in which the star is destroyed. All the gaseous material that built up the star is thrown out into space in the form of an immense, rapidly expanding cloud. (This cloud consists mainly of protons and electrons, trevelling at nearly the velocity of light. The cloud, passing through a strong magnetic field, gives out what are called synchrotron radiation, at radio wave lengths). Then we may have a super supernova, as powerful as a million supernovas. An explosion of an entire galaxy can be equivalent to 50,000 super supernovas.

## Quasars

Discovery of quasi stellar objects or quasars in 1961 has altogether baffled the astronomers. They look like ordinary galaxies but are very much smaller in size than a galaxy though possessing very high densities and masses. They are very strong sources of radio energy. In fact, a quasar gives out as much energy as
obtained by complete annihilation of a billion suns! Nuclear processes that are taking place in stars (synthesis of helium from hydrogen) cannot explain this much output of energy. There appears to be a similarity between exploding galaxies (radio galaxies) and quasals though the latter may be only a few light days across in dimensions as compared to 100,000 light years diameter of a galaxy. Physicists believe there may be a new powerful force, still undiscovered, and new physical laws operating in quasars but not experienced anywhere else.

Gravitational collapse can account for so much energy being emitted by quasars and pulsar (pulsating neutron stars in our Galaxy). It is free fall of matter (or matter collapsing) on itself and condensing, converting efficiently mass into energy. This phenomenon is observed on the earth or in our solar system where masses are not very huge. More observations of quasars and their correct interpretation is needed to explain the mysteries surrounding the universe. We know the universe is full of surprises and certainly we have not seen the end of them.
"The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur, for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our ideas of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion, as makes it impossible on ordinary occasions to reckon them. This gives them the advangtage of a sort of Infinity."
-'Burke
**
The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

## AMAR SONAR BANGLA

Mrs. T. Chakravarti

Rabindranath originally composed this song in September, 1905. The song has stanzas and lines. At a recent meeting of the Bangladesh cabinet, the first ten lines of the song have been chosen as the National Anthem of Bangladesh.

The occasion for the song arose when in 1905 Lord Curzon, the then Governor General, had ordered the Partition of Bengal. The Partition was not an administrative device, but a political one. In effect, the two Bengals, that the order had purported to create, were considered to be Muslim-Bengal and Hindu-Bengal.

The resistance offered by the Bengalis was strong enough to force the British government to withdraw the order. Language and culture constituted a major part of the resistance psychology. While the organized political groups had given expression to the political overtone of the resistance movement, Rabindranath, as a poet, had articulated the love for the motherland in its concrete living form. For the first time in the history of our national movement patriotism came to be defined not as an abstract semi-metaphysical category but as love for man and nature within a visible local habitation.
$\bar{A}_{\text {mār Sonār bangla, āmi tomāi bhālobāsi }}$
Cirdin tomār ākās, tomār bātās, āmār prāne bājāi bāsi

Omā, phālgune tōr āmer bane, ghrāne pāgal kare
(Mori hāi hāi re)
Omā, aghrāne tōr bharā khete, kī dekhechi madhur hāsi
kī Sobha, kī chāyā go, kī sneha kī māyā go,
kī ācal bichāyecha baler mūle, nadir kūle küle

Ma, tōr mū kher bānī āmār kāne lāge Sudhār moto
(Mori hāi hāī re)
Ma, tōr badenkhani malin hole, āmi nayan jale bhāsi

My golden Bengal, I love you.
This sky of yours and this breeze of yours Raise a music in my heart.
Oh mother ! in Phalguna, the odour of your mango grove maddens me,

I find your sweet smile on the harvest fields of Agrahayana.

What a sight it is, What a rest it brings.
How deep your Love! How beautiful all this!
Oh Mother, your affectionate hand stretches out

To the shadow beneath the bat, on the banks of thy rivers.

Thy words I hear, I drink.
My Mother, I weep to see the agony on thy face.

## Scenes in an examination hall

By Shri S. Narayanan

I take you to a hall on the examination day, When students feel it's their doomsday, To have a view, close and fair, of the scene Such, I am sure, you would have never seen.

The first bell rings, into the hall they all enter
Exchanging wishes, clearing doubts in a noisy chatter.
The second bell rings; it is the bell of warning
Examinees, one and all, are told to stop talking.
The clock seems to tick with a peculiar sound;
Many hearts palpitate like that of a racing hound.
Ding, dong, ding! the final bell is heard
With hushed lips, anxious looks, like a hunted bird.
Students gaze at the distributed, open question paper
Some wonder ; some depair ; reactions vary and differ.
Some call the standing waiter, ask for a glass of water.
They took life sweet and easy the 'paper' was crazy.
Thinking it to be rotten stuff, some go out for a 'puff' A few startled eyes compete with invigilator's paces, Look this way and that off 'paper' and shrink like a wafer. They wonder if absence from exam had't been far safer.

Those with good preparation start writing without hesitation, Faces beaming with happy smiles, knowing not least trepidation. Time moves on and in rhythm the 'staff' pace up and down ; Silence prevails, neither broken by laughter, nor frown.

Thirty minutes over-those who had aimed at 'zeroes, Give blank answer-books and go out like veteran heroes. One near a window is heard complaining of intense heat ; Shouting exasperatingly demanding to change his seat.



A scene from 'Teen Farishte'


The cast of the play: 'Teen Farishte'

His request, though simple, is refused with firm decision, Frustrated he sits down grumbling, his head in hand crumbling. His eyes turn round looking in vain for someone to guide A thoughtful face ; sorrow-feeling finds solace in the ceiling.

Ther's one who looks at his companion with a wink ; The ever-watchful invigilator does suspiciously think.
When asked what prompted him to thus squint or wink Complaisant was the reply : 'I wanted a little ink'

One asks for a 'scale' ; and one for a sheet of 'blotting' One a 'rubber', while another on the sly's busy 'copying'. 'Ninety minutes over !-'Half the time is over!' From the superintendent comes this in crackling shower.

Stands up in his seat the same who had complained of heat ; His face glowing now with joy, as if he were the best boy.
Came up with majestic walk to the invigilator to talk ;
'Felt the call of nature' ; plea irresistible accepted with a gesture.

He went out to see the hidden books he had borrowed.
Had never thought he would be by an invigilator followed,
He cursed his Fate awry ; in his face you read a dismal story.
He combed and patted his hair to be free from the sly stare.

Three hours coming to a close the bad-cold-wala asks for sheets With as much haste and speed as the sprinter of athletic meets. Another asks for a piece of thread, tho' last sheets he hadn't read. He had kept his nerves till now but the last moment he did dread.

Our twice-defeated hero gets a chance to copy with a glance ; Scribbles with terrific speed as if to others he would give lead. The closing bell strikes 'time's up' ; the command : 'Stand up' ! Some are hurriedly scribbling ; others with threads are fumbling.

The examination at last is over ;
Enough for the day the evil thereof !
Who won? students or the supervisor?
Till the judgment day await decision thereof.*

[^3]
# Gene-The Basic Unit of Life 

## Prahlad Chand,

B.Sc. II Year 'B'.

Plants and animal bodies are composed of numerous microscopic, independent chambers or units, surrounded by a wall and filled with a hyaline substance. These structural units look like the cells of a beehive honeycomb and are units in the same sense as bricks are units of a brick-building. The hyaline substance, called protoplasm, inside the vital functions such as growth, nutrition and reproduction etc. are carried on by it. Lying embedded in the protoplasm is the nucleus. It is surrounded by a membrane and contains nuclear-sap, which has a network of delicate threads. The latter contains a number of small granules called chromatin which break up, at the time of cell-division, into a definite number of irregular segments or filaments called chromosomes. The number of chromosomes is always constant for a particular species of plant or animal. Each chromosome carries in it a number of particles (chromomeres) which, in turn, have hundreds and thousands of elementary units of heredity called genes. These genes are responsible for the passing over of parental characters to the offspring.

The elements of heredity or genes postulated by Gregor Mendel in 1866 are known to be made up of DNA (Deoxynibo Nucleic Acid) and RNA (Ribo Nucleic

Acid) molecules. RNA acts as a bridge for the transfer of the coded genetic information of DNA and tells a cell how to form and what function to perform. The chemical structure of DNA was elucidated by James Watson and Francis Crick in 1953 at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, England. It was found that DNA is a long-chain-polymer made up of alternating phosphate and nitrogen base-substituted sugar residues. The sugar is D-2 deoxyribofuranose, and each residue is bonded to phosphate group by way of ester links involving the 3-and 5- hydroxy groups.


Each of sugar residues of DNA is bonded at the 1 -position to one of the four bases : Adenine, Guanine, Cystosine and Thymine through an N -glycosidic linkage. All the four bases are derivatives of ether pyrimidine or purine types. These phosphate esters of sugar-base derivatives are known as Nucleotides. The order of arrangement of these four nucleotides, being specific, is responsible for reproduction of particular characters in
animals or plants. The genetic information inherent in DNA appears to depend on the arrangement of above mentioned bases (abbreviate as A.T.G. and C) along the phosphate-carbohydrate backbone. Thus the sequence A-G-C at some point may convey a different message than G-A-C would.

The base sequence in DNA can be modified chemically in vitro (outside the cell) or in vivo (inside the cell) with nitrous acid which converts amino group of $A, C$ and $G$ bases ( $T$ base has no animo group) to hydroxy group and thus changes the genetic messages. Obviously, thus, if one knew the sequence of these four nucleotides in the gene one could, in principle, synthesize the particular gene in the test tube by arranging the nucleotides in the known sequence. Experiments were started in this direction in the fifties at the University of British Columbia, Canada. They were continued by an Indian scientist, Dr. Khorana, at the Institute of Enzyme Research, Wisconsin University, U.S.A. He with his collaborators devised methods to link together the four nucleotides in the desired sequence. Then they attempted the synthesis of double-stranded DNA molecules. Synthesis involved preparation of a strand of predetermined nucleotide sequence and thus constructing a partner strand of the complementary nucleotide sequence. The double stranded DNA thus created then was duplicated in the test tube with the aid of DNA polymerase, an enzyme isolated from bacteria. It was with the aid of these DNAs of repeating nucleotide sequences that Dr. Khorana solved the formidable problem of deciphering the genetic code for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1968.

A new break-through in the chemical synthesis of a total gene, alanine transfer-

RNA of a yeast cell has been recently (on 3rd June. 1970) announced by Nobel laureate Dr. Khorana. The synthesis was carried out at the University of Wisconsin and this did not use any natural gene as a model in the reaction mixture.

The creation of first man-made gene by Dr. Khorana has been hailed as a landmark in Science, as a conquest of Mount Everest in molecular biology. The synthetic creation of gene which put Dr, Khorana in the fore-front of the world's greatest discoverers in the realm of biochemistry, was a challenge to chemists. Renowned geneticist J. Lederberg of Stanford University had alluded to this specific challenge in his Nobel Prize lecture in 1959 by saying that-"I predict that the construction of an artificial molecule having the essential function of primitive life would fall within grasp of our current knowledge of Organic Chemistry". Dr. Khorana's choice to select the synthesis of alanine transfer-RNA was due to relatively short sequence of 77 nucleotides. The synthesis was achieved by building up the sequence of 77 nucleotides in several short fragments of a few nucleotides, followed by the synthesis of several complementary but partially overlapping fragments of the partner DNA strand. The fragments of both strands were paired together by mixing. The chemical joining of the adjacent fragments on both the strands was achieved with the aid of a bacterial enzyme, DNA ligase. The synthesized DNA molecule consisting of 77 nucleotides in each of two partner strands was an equivalent of the natural gene for alanine transfer-RNA. Like the natural gene, it can duplicate itself in the presence of appropriate enzymes and other components.

To make even the most elementary type of life such as the lowly bacteria calls for synthesizing thousands of genes. The genetic material in the nucleus of a single human cell has 6000 million links (Nucleotides) compared to 77 in the gene synthesized by Dr. Khorana. The vast difference illustrates the distance science must advance before human genes can be made in laboratories.

With this Dr. Khorana's momentous feat the prospects of 'Genetic Engineer-
ing" have become bright and it is hoped that in near future it will be possible for the geneticists to hit at the root of several inherited metabolic disorders, hormonal imbalances, neural malfunctions and mental diseases. It will bring about desired qualities in humans and plants. Insulin, for intance, could be synthesized and incorporated into genome of pancreatic cells of diabetic patients. Such manipulative biology is, however, still a very, very long time off. The work is in a very elementary stage.
"We are the voices of the wandering wind, Which moan for rest and rest can never find ; Lo ! as the wind is so is mortal life, A moan, a sigh, a storm, a strife."

Edwin Arnold——'Light of Asia'
"And say without our hopes, without our fears, Without the home that plighted love endears, Without the smile from partial beauty won, Oh ! what were man ?-a world without a sun."

Compbell_-'Pleasures of Hope'

## About Ourselves

We do not know if we owe an apology to our readers for late publication of the present issue of Desh. We, however, have serious apprehension whether regular publication of Desh within the session even once a year will be possible. We do not receive articles for publication before the end of December, notwithstanding repeated notices, requests and even cajolings. This time we got them after the winter recess.

Our patrons do not want to write articles. They want to read what they know some of them are sure to write-those who have the writing-itch. If articles are received late, news from societies and associations are not received at all. They have to be obtained.
We live in the hope that our readers will sooner or later-sooner than later-realize their duty.

## Staff

Principal K.S. Thapar retired on 17 th of June, 1971. He was at the helm of affairs for about 5 years. The boundary wall, the tube well and the rose garden will always remined us of him. We wish him peace and happiness during his well-earned retirement.

Shri R.K. Sud is working as Acting Principal. The appointment of Principal has not been made so far.

Dr. A.S. Saxena, Lecturer in Botany went on study leave. He has gone to the States on a lecturer-cum-research assign-
ment. He is expected to return in July, 1972.

Shri H.S. Kakar, Lecturer in English, was granted leave for one year with effect from 22nd October, 1971 and allowed to retain his lien. He has joined the Post Graduate Evening Institute, University of Delhi, as a Lecturer in English. We hope he will finish his research during the period of his leave and return to us.

The following joined the staff :-
Department of English
Shri S. Malhotra
Mrs. Geeta Sinha (Part-time)
Mrs. Jasbir Kaur
Department of Zoology
Dr. B.P. Saxena
Shri N.S. Sital
Miss. Shalini Bhargava (Part-Time)
Department of Botany
Dr. P.S. Srivastava
Miss. Vidya Joshi (Part-time)
Department of Economics
Shri R.R. Umesh
Department of Hindi
Dr. Ram Swaroop Sharma

## Weddings

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Dr. Pushpa Verman and Shri S. Malhotra on their happy weddings. We wish them long lives full of conjugal bliss.

## College Office and Library

Shri M.M. Seth, P.A. to Principal, was allowed leave and lien on his post for one year with effect from 8.12 .71 to join as Superintendent (Administration) in Kalandi College, East Patel Nagar, New Delhi.

Mrs. Kamlesh Trehan, Senior Library Assistant, was granted leave and lien on his post for one year with effect from 5.2.72 to join Shivaji College, Karampura, New Delhi.

## Extension Lectures

The Extension Lectures Committee arranged a number of Extension Lectures for the benefit of the staff and students. Swami Vandananda of the local Rama Krishna Mission, gave a talk on The Relenance of Swami Vivekananda's Teachings to the Present Day World, on the 23rd of October, 1972. Swami Ji's exposition was very lucid and illuminating. He emphasized the importance of leading purposeful lives, simple and dedicated to sevice of our less fortunate brothers.

Dr. Kunwar Raj Singh, Director, Department of Tourism, Government of India, New Delhi, spoke to staff and students on The Role of Tourism in India's Development on 22nd Nov. 1971. The lecture was delivered as the Deshbandhu Memorial Lecture, 1971. Dr. Singh explained to the audience, consisting of staff and students, how tourism has fast developed into an industry that not only earns foreign currency for our country but also establishes ever-widening contacts with other nations of the world. He emphasized that in order to attract foreign tourists, we must create a proper climate and accord them hospitality of our traditionally hospitable country. We must make their visit a stay worthwhile.

Dr. A. Thomas Rush of Los Angeles, California University, delivered a lecture on the 12th Feb. 1972, on the Growth of Socialism in India. He traced the essential principles of socialism in the ancient village-system in India and its development in the nineteenth century due to the contact between the Indian leaders : Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Dadabhai Noroji, M.N. Roy and socialistic thinkers Robert Owen, Heinmann and Annie Besant. In his opinion, Gandhi was a genuine socialist. The Five-Year Plans in India aimed at 'national socialism' rather than Marxism socialism. The learned discourse was followed by a stimulating discussion.

## College Union

Election to the offices of President, Vice President, Secretary, Asst. Secretary and Class representatives of the Deshbandhu College Union and to the office of SupremeCouncillors, were held on the 14th of August, 1971. The following is the list of candidates who were successful :-

## President :

Khazan Singh Dalal
Vive-President :
Umesh Mehta
Secretary :
Parmod Kumar
Asst. Secretary :
Ramesh Goyal

## Class-representatives :

(i) Rajinder Pall, B.A. (Pass) I Yr.
(ii) B.S. Gandhi, B.A. (Pass) II Yr.
(iii) Manphool Singh Dagar, B.A. (Pass) III Yr.
(iv) Mitipal Singh, B.Sc. I Yr.
(v) Vinod Kumar Bansal, B.Sc. II Yr.
(vi) Kailash Chand, B.Sc. III Yr.
(vii) Miss. Rashmi, Pre-Medical

## Supreme-Councillors :

(i) Rajan Malik
(ii) Inderjit Singh
(iii) Umesh Mehta
(vi) Anil Kumar
(v) Didar Singh
(vi) Chander Punjabi
(vii) Miss Usha
(viii) Anil Chopra
(ix) Vijay Kumar

All members of the College Union took the Oath-of-office on the 20th of August, 1971, at 11 a.m. in the College Hall. The Oath was administerted by Shri R.K. Sud, Acting Principal of the College.

The inaugural function of the College Union was held on the 23 rd of September, 1971. Dr. Sarup Singh, Vice-chancellor of the Delhi University, delivered the inaugural address. The Union Cultural Programme then followed.

Student representatives to various committees were nominated by the students' Union President. They are as follows :-
(I) The Canteen Committee :
(i) Manphool Singh Dagar, B.A. (Pass) III Yr.
(ii) Balvinder, B.A. (Pass) III Yr.
(II) The Library Committee :
(i) Satish Nayyar, B.A. (Pass) III Yr.
(ii) Parmod Kumar, B.A. (Hons) II Yr.
(III) The Book-Bank Committee :
(i) Manphool Singh Dagar, B.A. (Pass) III Yr.
(ii) Virender Kaur
(IV) The Students' Aid Fund Committee :
(i) Rajiv Kohli, B.Sc. III Yr.
(ii) Khajan Singh Dalal, B.A. (Pass) III Yr.

An open debate, contested in English was held in the College Hall on the 15th of November, 1971. The topic was-'In the opinion of the house, the Government of India should recognize the Government of Bangla Desh'. The prizes were bagged by the following.
I Prize : Parthasarthy Sen, B.A. (Hons.)
History III Yr.
II Prize : Miss S.K. Kalpana, B.A. (Hons.) English III Yr.

III Prize : Miss Gitasree Nandi, B.Sc. I Yr.
An open debate, contested in Hindi, was held on the Ist of December, 1971, in the College Hall. The topic was-‘इस सदन के मत में, भारत सरकार को, बाँगला देशा सरकार को तुरन्त मान्यता दे देनी चाहिये ।' The winners were,

I Prize : Ashok Vermani, B.A. (Hons.) II Yr.
II Prize: Tara Chand Gupta, B.A.
(Hons.) II Yr.
III Prize : Anil Kumar, B.A. (Pass) II Yr.
An inter-class debate, contested in English/Hindi, for the 'Lal Bahadur Shastri Trophy', was held in the College Hall on the 21 st of December, 1971. The topic was-
'In the opinion of the house, the present day system of education is the cause of the present day national problems'.
'इस सदन के मत में ग्राधुनिक रिक्षा प्रखाली ही वर्तमान राष्ट्रीय समस्याश्रों का मुख्य कारा है 1

The trophy was won by the team representing the B.A. (Hons.) III year class, which consisted of :
Parthasarthy Sen : B.A. (Hons.) History III Yr.

Miss S.K. Kalpana : B.A. (Hons.) English III Yr.
The individual prizes went to :
I Prize : Parthasarthy Sen
II Prize : Ashok Vermani
III Prize : Miss S.K. Kalpana

## The History Association

A meeting of The History Association was held on the 30 th November, 1971 in which the following four students read the following detailed papers on the different topics concerning History :
(1) Rajiv Bhatnagar, B.A. (Hons.) I Yr.

Topic - 'The Impact of British Rule on India'.
(2) Dhruv Das Munshi, B.A. (Hons.) II Yr. Topic: 'China under the Manchus'.
(3) Anil Sidana, B.A. (Hons.) I Yr.

Top ${ }^{\circ}$ c: The Impact of the French Revolution on British History.
(4) Parthasarthi Sen, B.A. (Hons.) III Yr.

Topic; 'Gandhi As The Architect of India's Freedom'.

The paper reading was followed by a lively discussion and light refreshments.

## The Music Society

The Music Society held a College Evening Programme, in the College Hall, on the 11 th of November, 1971. The 'Jolly Orchestra' was invited to give performances, and the student singers and instrumentalists also contributed to the show. The function was a great treat, and went off successfully.

The hall was jam-packed and much damage was caused to the hall furniture. The organizers must restrict the number of invitees from outside if the function
is to be held in the college hall which is too small for public performances.

## The English Literary Society

'The English Literary Society' started its activities for the academic year 19711972, with an enthusiatic and encouraging Welcome-Party to the first year students of English Honours. Shri R.K. Sud, Principal of the College, addressed the newcomers and in a very frank and encouraging speech, put forward to the students how they could make the maximum use of college life and what the college expected from them. He also enlightened them about the aims and functions of the Society and how an active participation in the activities of the Society could help in the development of the personality of the students. To make the new students feel familiar and welcome, games were arranged and two prizes (Hudson's 'An Outline History of English Literature', and the other, A.C. Bradley's book on 'Shakespearean Tragedy') were given. Of these, the prize for the most sporting person was given to Harjinder Singh and the prize for the wittiest comment was given to Gulshan Vir Singh, both of the I year English Honours. This party was given on the 7th of July, 1971.

On the 6th of August, 1971, the following were elected and appointed officebearers of 'The English Literary Society', for the academic year 1971-1972.

## Adviser :

Shri V.P. Bahl of the English Department.

## President :

Viraf Writer, B.A. (Hons.) English, III Yr.

## Secretary :

Onkar Singh, B.A. (Hons.) English, II Yr.


A scene from the play: 'Teen Farishte'


A scene from 'Teen Farishte'


A scene from the play: 'Teen Farishte'


A scene from the play: 'Teen Farishte'

## Joint Secretary :

T.C. Gaur, B.A. (Hons.) English, I Yr.

The 'August Meet' held on the 18 th of August, 1971, was the first meeting held under the advisership of Shri V.P. Bahl. In this meeting, Shri V.P. Bahl, talked on the role of discipline in the making of the Society. This was followed by T.C. Gaur reading out a paper on 'Dicken's Concern for Fallen Women'. Then an interesting poem entitled 'Mood', written and read out by the budding poet Uday, Goyal, heightened the attraction of the meeting. Finally, Viraf Writer read out his essay on 'The Role of English Literature in Modern Life'.

The 'September Meet', held on the 15 th of September, 1971, had an additional attraction of the hearing of a tape-recorded recitation of S.T. Coleridge's famous poem: 'The Ancient Mariner'. The students followed up the poem from their textbooks as the tape was played. After this, Shri V.P. Bahl, Adviser of the Society', lectured on the poem and its critical appreciation. Then Viraf Writer read out three of his own minor poems entitled,
(1) 'My soul is in that star'.
(2) 'A storm is Raging in My Heart' and
(3) 'Stars, or Pluto's Den ?'

This was followed by a paper read out by Onkar Singh, entitled, 'The two aspects of Shelley.'

The 'October Meet' was held on the 29th of October, 1971. In this meeting Miss S.K. Kalpana read out a paper on 'A thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever'. This was followed by another long paper read by Viraf Writer on 'British Universities' with special reference to the 'Media-
eval Universities, Oxford and Cambridge.
On the 8th of November, 1971, 'The English Literary Society' gave a 'Good Luck Party' to Shri H.S. Kakkar of the English Department who had proceeded on long leave for the purpose of doing his Doctorate. On behalf of the society, Viraf Writer, President of the society, presented to Shri H.S. Kakkar a book of criticism on George Eliot written by Barbara Hardy. The actual price of the book was Rs. $40 /-$, towards the collection of which amount all the members (staff and students) of the Society generously contributed. In his speech, Shri V.P. Bahl, Adviser of the Society, commented upon the genius, scholarship and merit of Shri H.S. Kakkar, and wished him, on behalf of all the members, all success in getting his doctorate.
'The English Literary Society' is one of the progressive societies of our college. The number of students taking an active part in the society's meetings has shown an explosive increase this year. The quality of the articles and papers read out in the society's meetings, by the students, has also improved considerably. It was healthy to notice that articles and speeches read in the society meeting were relevant to the subject of English. This shows that the students have developed a healthy taste for English Literature.

But still, compared to the lofty aims of 'The English Literary Society', the Society has not been a complete success. There is yet a lot of room for improvement and correction.

One important factor which has hampered the smooth functioning of the society and created a lot of confusion and grievances in the minds of the students
has been the time factor. Timings of the I, II and III year classes always clashed and it was very difficult to arrange the date, time and place for a meeting. A temporary way out of the problem was adopted by holding the meetings at the very inconvenient and odd hour after college hours. We hope that a feasible and lasting solution to this problem will be worked out in the next academic year.

## The Sanskrit Parishad

The following members have been nominated to the various offices of the 'Parishad' for the year 1971-72.

## President :

Kiran, B.A. (Hons.) Sanskrit, II Yr.
Vice-President :
Usha Sharma, B.A. (Hons.) III Yr.

## Secretary :

Tripati Ghosh, B.A. (Hons.) I Yr.

## Asst. Secretary :

Rameshwar Dayal, B.A. (Pass) I Yr.
The following have been nominated classrepresentatives to the 'Parishad'.
B.A. (Hons.) I year \} Dewan Chand B.A.
B.A. (Pass.) I year $\}$ (Pass) I Yr.
B.A. (Hons.) Hindi, II year $\}$ Rashmi V.
B.A. (Pass.) II year. $\}$ Tungare B.A.
(Pass) II Yr.
B.A. (Pass.) III Yr. $\}$ Raj Kumari, B.A.
B.A. (Hons.) III Yr. $\}$ (Hons.) III Yr.

## The Sindhi Literary Society

The following were elected office-bearers of the Society for the year 1971-72 :
Adviser : Shri S.M. Jhangiani
President : Ramesh Kumar Samvedi
Vice-President : Gokal Chand Keswani

Secretary: Kuldip Kumar Virwani
Joint Secretary : Hiranand Purswani

## Class representatives :

Ashok Kumar Dudani<br>Pushpa Ballani<br>Satish Jetwani<br>Kailash Malkani

An essay competition was held on 20th Dec. 1971. The competitors were asked to write an essay on any one of the topics announced on the spot.

1. The story of Bangla Desh
2. India's Foreign Policy
3. The Future of Sindhis in India vis-a-vis Recognition of Sindhi.

Satish Jethwani and Hiranand Purswani were adjudged first and second prizewinners respectively.

On 18th Jan. 1972, Shri Hemraj Nagwani, Dramatist and Short-story writer, gave a talk on 'Sindhi Theatre-past and present'. He traced the history of Sindhi Theatre and threw light on its development after the partition in with particular reference to Delhi. Principal R.K. Sud thanked the guest and offered all financial assistance to students who might write original plays in Sindhi for 'Desh' or even good translations.

Consequent upon the Secretary's leaving the College, Gul Advani took over the charge on 18.1.1972.

## The Biological Society

The Biological Society started its activities in August, 1971. The following office-bearers for the year 1971-72 were nominated by the adviser Dr. P.A. Shiromany:

President : Eklavya Chauhan, B.Sc. III yr. Vice-President : Davender Vermani, B.Sc. III Yr.

Secretary: Satish Kumar Gupta, B.Sc. II Yr.

Joint Secretaries : Harsh Bhalla, and Anil Sharma

The Society was formally inaugurated on 18th Sep. 1971. by Shri K.S. Shankhala, former Director of Zoological Park, Delhi, a very eminent naturalist and recepient of the Nehru Fellowship for his research on Ecology of the Indian Tiger. He spoke on 'Tiger and Me' and gave a comprehensive account of his experiments and experiences with the tiger. The lecturer stressed the problem of wild life conservation and gave information about the minutest details of the habits and habitat of the tiger with the aid of photographs and transparencies.

On 24th Sept. 1971, a film show was organized with the co-operation of the film library of the Canadian High Commission. The films were purely scientific and were of great academic value to the students. The audience enjoyed cocacola after the film show.

On 12th Nov. 1971, a lecture on 'Genetics and Green Revolution' was delivered by Dr. H.K. Jain, Head of the Genetics Division, Indian Agricultural Institute Pusa, New Delhi. He discussed the role played by genetics in improving the nutritional and economic progress of the country. He answered the questions of students and illustrated his interesting and informative talk with the help of slides. He discussed the latest advances and trends in genetics and their application in India by our farmers in improving cropproduction. After the lecture Shri R.K.

Sud, Principal, Deshbandhu College, expressed his appreciation and thanks.

Another film show was held on 23 rd of Nov. 1971 and films by the German Democratic Republic were screened. The films like the "Zoological-Gardens of Berlin'" were of great interest.

For the first time in the college the Society started its own library. Some of the books were presented to the Society by the students and lecturers. Some of the very essential books were purchased from the Society membership fee. At present the lending library of the society has 20 books which are a great help to Biology students. It is proposed to increase the number of books gradually. The library is of benefit to every member of the Society.

A biological excursion party of 38 students and staff went to Dehra dun and Mussooree for a week, to collect plant and animal specimens At Dehradun the students visited Sahstra Dhara and the Forest Research Institute. This Institute added to their knowledge of biological sciences. At Mussooree the characterstic flora of that region was collected and the students visited places of interest.

Another excursion party was organized for the Pre-Medical class to Faridabad. They enjoyed this trip to their utmost.

The Society intends to organize an Interclass essay-writing competition. The main purpose of doing so is to induce and inculcate Biological interest among the students. Prizes in form of books are intended to be given to the winners.

## The Bengali Literary Union

In the first General Body Meeting held on the occasion of Welcoming the Freshers
to the college, following persons were selected office-bearers :

Adviser : Mrs. Tapati Chakravarty
President : Shri Amalendu Roy
Secretary : Arpa Roy Chaudhuri
Jt. Secretary : Swapan Sarkar
Treasurer : Krishna Das Gupta
Class Representatives :
Ranjit Ghosh, B.A. III Yr.
Nandita Nandi, B.A. II Yr.
Ruma Bandopadhyaya, B.A. (Hons.) II Yr.

Sudipta Maiti, B.A. I Yr.
Gitashri Nandi, B.Sc. I Yr.
On 12th November the Annual Cultural function was held. Mr. Radha Krishna Sud, Principal of the college, presided over the function. Rabindra Nath Tagore's dance-drama "Shyama" and Ranjit Ghosh's "Oder Kaj Noi" were presented by the students. They were liked by the audience.

The members participated in the Intercollege contests arranged by the University Department of Bengali.

## The Hindi Parishad

The following were nominated as the office-bearers :

Adviser : Dr. R.D. Varshney
President : Usha Sharma
Vice-President : Vijay Kumar
Secretary : Anil Kumar Wadhwa
Jt. Secretary : Rajendra Pal
The Hindi Parishad arranged an open debate. Various classes took part and the following students were awarded prizes :

Ashok Virmani, B.A. (Hons) II yr.
1st Prize

Tara Chand B.A. (Hons) III yr. 2nd Prize

Anil Wadhwa, B.A. (Pass) II yr. 3rd Prize

The Hindi Parishad held a Story Competition in the month of January, 1972. The following participants were awarded prizes :

Ganga Ram Maurya B.A. (Hons) II Yr. lst Prize

Shiv Shankar Awasthi B.A. (Hons) II yr. 2nd prize

Usha Sharma B.A. (Hons) III Yr. 3rd Prize

In February, 1972 the Parishad arranged an Essay and Poetry Competition. The following were awarded prizes :

Usha Sharma, B.A. (Hons) III Yr. 1st Prize
Surya Kant Sharma, B.Sc. II Yr. 2nd Prize

Manju Khera, B.A. (Hons) I Yr. 3rd Prize
Poetry Competition :
Usha Sharma, B.A. (H) III Yr. 1st Prize Braj Bhushan Bhatia, B.Sc. III Yr. 2nd Prize

In the month of February, 1972, the Parishad held an Inter-College Debate. The trophy was won by the team representing Shri Ram College of Commerce and the individual prizes went to the following students :

## Shri Manoj Kumar . . (Hans Raj College)

 1st PrizeShri Satish Arora. (Shri Ram College of Commerce) II Prize

Shri Vijay Mehta, (Shri Ram College of Commerce) III Prize.

## The Dramatic Club

Patron : R.K. Sud
President : V. Verma
Vice-President : Tara Chand
Secretary: Devendra Verma
Joint Secretary : S.K. Kalpana
The Dramatic Club organized the Inter class one-act play competition on 24th, 25th, and 27th, Nov. 1971.

Three one-act plays were presented in the competition. B.A. (Hons) presented 'Qatal Ki Havas', Pre-medical and B.Sc. (Gen) presented 'Akhbari Vigyapan' and B.A. (Pass) staged 'Khoon Ki Aawaaj'.

The Play 'Akhbari Vigyapan' was adjudged the best play and the running trophy was awarded to Pre-medical and B.Sc. (Gen) classes for the same. Shri Kaushal Kumar Soni of B.A. (Pass) was awarded prize for the best actor and Miss Vinod Sharma of B.Sc. (General) for the best actress.

The Dramatic Club also staged a fulllength Hindi play 'Teen Farishte' at Lajpat Bhawan on 24th and 25th Jan. 1972 in aid of Students Welfare Fund. The entire proceeds of the two shows was credited to the S.W.F.

The cast of the plays is given below :

## Qatal Ki Havas

by Nadira Jahir
(An Adaptation from Lust-to-Kill
by Tewfik-El-Hakim)
Cast
Agent : Davendra Varma
Shohar : Ramesh Goel

Biwi : Namita Sen
Seham : S.K. Kalpana
Advisers : Mr. R.S. Vats
Mr. Ramesh Chander

## Akhbari Vigyapan

by Charanjit
Cast
Madan Mohan : Ashwani Kumal
Durga : Vinod Sharma
Pandit Ji : Ramesh Sharad
Father of Girl : Umesh
Manager : Ravi
Advisers : Mrs. D.K. Bajaj
Miss S. Sarin
Khoon Ki Aawaaz
by Ram Kumar Bramhar
Cast
Kasim : Kaushal Kumar Soni
Mohammad : Virinder Bhalla
Farukh : Tara Chand Baria
Rafique : Jagdish Chander
Usman : Baldhir Singh
Dogra : Vinod Kumar Tyagi
Inspector : Chander Kumar Bajaj
Salma : Usha
Advisers : Miss Pushpa Chhabra Mr. L.M. Sharma

## Teen Farishte

An adaptation of Albert Husson's 'La Cuisine des Anges
Produced by V. Verma and directed by
J.K. Jain

Cast
Satya Dev: Ramesh Shard
Bimla : Saroj Paharia

Tai : Sabina Duggal
Bela : Mohinder Kaur
Jagannath : Kaushal Kumar Soni
Ilyas : Vikas Gupta 'Tara'
Kartar : Virender Bhalla
Hukumat Rai : Davendra Varma
Anil : $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { Umesh } \\ \text { Jagdish Chander }\end{array}\right.$
Lieutenant : Shashi Bhushan

## The Social Service League

Convener : Shri V.P. Girdhar
Secretary : Vinod Kumar Tyagi
Chief social service workers :
Debjani Roy
Jayasree Basu
Rakesh Kumar Rana
Subhash Gupta
Ombir Singh
Braham Sarup Rana
The Social Service League, as usual, remained active in social welfare purposes. Our social service workers raised funds for the welfare of children and for the relief of blood victims in Orissa. Our students also made collections for the National Defence Fund during the recent national emergency.

## The National Cadet Corps

NCC in our College has been going on very smoothly from its beginning in the College i.e. 1960.

Enrolment both of boys and girls in NCC in the year 1971 has gone down slightly. We stress on quality now and hope that we shall again catch up soon. There is hardly an Infantry Brigade in the Army where we do not find some officers from Deshbandhu College.

Twenty-Five Cadets of our College took part in the Independence Day Celebrations held at the Red Fort on 15 August, 1971.

The Annual Training Camp for Girl cadets was held at 'Gora' near Solan.

Our girl Cadets brought a number of prizes. S.U.O. Miss Balwinder Kaur attended the special Camp No. 4 held at Gwalior and was declared the Best Cadet of the Camp.
S.U.O. Devendra Verma attended the All India Advance Leadership and Rock Climbing Course held at Pachmari (M.P.) and brought a good report.

The following cadets were selected for N.C.C. Republic Day Contingent for 26th January, 1972.

Sgt. Raghbir Singh<br>Sgt. Miss Usha Sood<br>Cpl. Miss Pushpa

During the Indo-Pak war our cadets rose to the occasion and managed two siren posts and one telephone messenger duty post.

They worked very hard and some of them did not find time to sleep for three/ four days continuously.

Annual Training camps for Army Wing and Naval Wing cadets were to take place in December holidays but had to be cancelled due to the war.

## Department of Health and Physical Education

We entered our teams for Inter-College Competitions for Hockey, Foot-ball, Cricket, Athletics, Badminton، Tabletennis, Basket-Ball, Lawn Tennis and Kho-Kho. Our Cricket, Kho-Kho (girls) and Tennis teams gave a good account of themselves.

We have been playing a number of friendly matches in various games against local and visiting teams. Now a Tubewell has been installed in the College and we hope to convert our grounds into grassy lawns by the next session. Levelling of grounds is also a big task. We hope to take it up as early as possible.
We hope to make at least one pucca/ cemented Bajri tennis court next year.

Inter-class tournaments are being played on the league systum almost in all games. It has created interest in sports among our students and given a chance to a good number of students to take part. The main competition is between B.A. and B.Sc. classes.

Annual sports of the College were held on Friday and Saturday, the 4th and 5th Feb., 1972. Sports Prizes were awarded in the College Annual Function.

## Physico-Medical Examination

Students of the College were given thorough Medical check-up by Dr. S.P. Rustogi and Dr. Mrs. Oommen.

## The Revivals and the Happy Function

It was, indeed, a very happy decision of the Staff Council to revive two Annual Functions in the College : to distribute degrees to the Graduates of the Year and the Prize-giving to distinguished students. Both the old students and the present felt delighted. We hope that these two functions will become once again regular anual features of the College and be eagerly awaited and celebrated with proper dignity and eclat.

Degrees were distributed to the Graduates of the year in a function held
on the 4th of March 1972, in the college hall. The distribution of degrees was followed by an Address of Welcome which was read out by Shri R.K. Sud, the Acting Principal. It was an inspiring address worthy of the occasion. The speaker sought to lay stress upon what constituted true, real and complete education of an individual and how it helped him to lead a life, meaningful useful, rewarding and assimilate its points and integrate the same with his day-today living.

The College played host to the Graduates after the function.
The Annual Prize-giving Function was held on the 14th of March, 1972. The Sports and the Societies Prizes were given away along with the Academic Prizes. Col. B.H. Zaidi, Chairman, Board of Administration of the College, was the Chief Guest and gave away the prizes. The Annual Report of the Principal was read out by Shri R.L. Kakar, Senior Lecturer in Mathematics, in the absence of the Principal, who was ill. The Report highlighted both the shortcomings and achievements of the College during 1971-72. Whereas the shortcomings were glaring, the achievements were humble. On the whole, there was a note of optimism in the Report.

The function ended with a tea party to which the guests and staff were invited. It was quite sumptuous and well arranged.

After these functions the College Union celebrated its Annual Happy Function. We had choice items from our cherished performers. It was a happy close to the activities of the year.

## 20th Annual Athletic Meet, 1971-72

RESULTS

Men's Events
High Jump :
Surinder Singh B.A. III yr.
Gurdip Singh Bedi B.Sc. II yr.
Putting the Shot
Suresh Arora B.Sc. II yr.
Surinder Singh B.A. III yr.
800 Metres Race :
Kartar Singh B.A. (P) II yr. Ranjit Ghosh B.A. (P) III yr.

Discuss Throw :
Surinder Singh B.A. III yr. Suresh Arora B.Sc. II yr.

100 Metres Race :
Amiya Banerjee B.A. Pass II yr. Kamal Kapur B.A. Pass II yr.

400 Metres Race :
Ranjeet Ghosh B.A. III yr.
Kamal Kapoor B.A. II yr.
1,500 Metres Race :
Kartar Singh Chaudhry
B.A. Pass II yr.

Azad Singh B.A. Pass II yr.
Broad Jump :
Gurdip Singh B.Sc. II yr. Yad Ram B.A. II yr.

10,000 Metres Race :
Kartar Singh B.A. (P) II yr. First Azad Singh B.A. (P) II yr. Second Rameshwar Singh B.A. (P) II yr. Third

First Pole Vault :
Second
Ashok Sharma Pre-Medical Jayant Kumar B.A. I. yr.

First Second

Hammer Throw :
Bhisham Dev Sharma
B.A. Pass II yr.

First
Rattan Prakash B.A. Pass I yr. Second
200 Metres Race :
Kamal Kapoor B.A. II yr.
First Second

Jav lin Throw :
Surinder Singh B.A. III yr. First
First Second

First
Second

First
Second

First Second

Surinder Singh B.A. I yr. Second
5,000 Metres Race :
Kartar Singh B.A. II yr. First
Azad Singh B.A. II yr. Second

Rajinder Singh B.A. I yr. Third
Hop, Step and Jump :
Hardev Singh B.A. II yr
First
Kamal Kapoor B.A. II yr. $\}$ Second Amiya Bannerjee B.A. II yr. $\}$

Best Athlete out of Boys-Kartar Singh B.A. Pass II year.

## Annual Sports



Obstacle race


Discuss Throw



Broad Jamp
Bandana Mukerjee

Discuss Throw

## Women's Events

## Broad Jump :

Bandana Mukerjee B.A. Pass II yr. First Indu B.Sc. III yr. Second 400 Metres Race :

Sheela Banerjee B.Sc. III yr Leela B.Sc. II yr.

## High Jump :

Bandana Mukerjee B.A. II yr. Indu B.Sc. final

Putting the Shot:
Mani Lata
Chandra Mukhi B.A. III yr.
800 Metres Walking :
Anitâ Chaudhry
First
Man Mohni Bhatia B.A. II yr.
Discuss Throw :
Chandra Mukhi Arora B.A. III yr. First Sheela Banerjee B.Sc. III yr.

Second
100 Metres Race :
Bandana Mukerjee
B.A. Pass II yr.

Rashmi Tungaree B.A. II yr.
Javelin Throw :
Chandra Mukhi Arora B.A. III yr First Pushpa B.A. III yr. Second

200 Metres Race :
Bandana Mukerjee B.A. II yr.
Usha Sood B.A. III yr.
Best Athlete out of girl students :
Bandana Mukerjee B.A. II year.
Gymkhana Events
Wheel and Barrow Race (Men)
Vinod Bansal and Sushil Kumar Davender Verma and
V.P.S. Narang

First
Second

Spoon Race (Women)
Gurbash
First
Leela
Second
200 Metres Subordinate Staff Race
Satu Ram
First
Ram Kalap Misra Second
Potato Race (Men)
Gurdeep Singh B.Sc. II First
Davender Verma B.A. II Second
Three-legged Race (Women)
Bandana Mukerjee and Indu First
Rashmi and Gurbash Second
Chatti Race (Women)
Asha B.A. II yr. First
Pushpa B.A. (H) $\Pi$ yr. Second
200 Metres Race (Administrative Staff)

1. Jagdish Chander First
2. Harish Chander Sharma Second

Obstacle Race (Women)
Rashmi B.A. II yr.
First
Mithlesh B.A. II yr.
Second
Leap and Frog Race (Men)
Ram Vir and Partner,
Ratan and Partner
Devender Verma and Partner Second
Staff Musical Chair Race
Shri D.S. Mann
First
Shri D.S. Chaudhry Second
Relay Race (Women)
Bandana Mukerjee, B.A. (Pass)
Rashmi Tungare,
First
Gurbash Kaur, Usha Sud.
Relay Race (Men)
Amiya Banerjee B.A. (Pass) II yr. First
First Rattan Prakash I yr.
Ramvir II yr.
Second Kamal Kapoor II yr.

## ACADEMIC PRIZES

## Academic Roll of Honour

1. Miss Madalsa Thadani
2. Sukhdev Sharma
3. Dinesh Kumar Sharma
4. Miss Ambika Bali

First in the University in B.A. (Hons) Examination in Political Science, 1967.
First in the University in B.Sc. (Gen)
Examination, 1968.
First in the University in B.Sc. (Gen) Examination, 1969.
Second in the University in the PreMedical Examination, 1970.

Prizes on the basis of University Examinations, 1971

## Pre-Medical II Year

1. Yogesh Chandra Mittal
2. Devalina Gupta
3. Ratna Rao
4. Surinder Jit Singh
5. Madhu Chadha
6. Suveer Sharma
7. Hemant Kumar

- B.A. (Pass) Final Examination

1. Hemant Kumar
2. Raman Kapoor
3. Manjula
4. Sarla Devi
5. Satish Kumar
6. Vinod Kumar Kapur

| Aggregate | I |
| :--- | :--- |
| Biology | I (Br) |
| English | $\mathrm{I}(\mathrm{Br})$ |
| English | $\mathrm{I}(\mathrm{Br})$ |
| English | $\mathrm{I}(\mathrm{Br})$ |
| Physics | I |
| Biology | $\mathrm{I}(\mathrm{Br})$ |
| Chemistry | I |

Aggregate I
Hindi I

Economics I
English I
Hindi Elective I
Sindhi I
Pol. Sc. I
Sanskrit I
B.A./B.Sc. (Hons) Final Examinations

1. Rajinder Kapil
2. Jai Shri
3. Rekha Ingle

Hindi Hons I
Pol. Sc. Hons I
English Hons I
4. Man Mohan Kumar
5. Nirmal Kumar
B.Sc. (Gen) Final Examination

1. Abha Rani Mehrotra
2. Anil Kumar Datta
3. Rakesh Kumar
4. Sudesh Kumar
5. D. Padmaja
6. Vimal
B.A. (Pass) II Year Examination
7. Kshama Shankar Singh
8. Jasbir Singh
9. Bajinder Mohan Singh
10. Jagdish Chander
11. Ramesh Kumar
12. Harbans Kaur
13. Mina Das Gupta
14. Brijesh Kumari
15. Kiran Prabha

History Hons I
Mathematics Hons I

| Aggregate | I |
| :--- | :--- |
| Mathematics | I |
| Physics | I |
| Chemistry | I |
| Botany | I |
| Zoology | I |

B.A. (Pass) I Year Examinations

1. Raj Kumar Jotsinghani
2. Arvind Kumar Singh
3. Surendra D. Bakhsi
4. Anjushri Chatterji
5. Bhagchand B. Khatwani
6. Sunil Chaudhry
7. Anand Prasad Dhyani
8. Dharam Pal Gaur

| Aggregate | I |
| :--- | :--- |
| English | I (Br) |
| Economics | I |
| English | I (Br) |
| Hindi | I |
| History | I (Br) |
| Bengali | I |
| Sindhi | I |
| History | I |
| Political Science | I |
| Hindi Elective | I |

B.A., B.Sc. (Hons) I Year Examination

1. Raj Kumari
2. Lakhpat Ram Jatav
3. Susham Bala
4. Maya Obrsadl
5. Anita Kumari Uppal
6. Kiran Mala
7. Rakesh Kumar Marwah

Hindi Hons I
Pol. Sc. Hons I (Br)
Pol. Sc. Hons I (Br)
English Hons I
Economics Hons I
Sanskrit Hons I
Mathematics Hons I
B.Sc. (Gen) I Year Examinations

1. Satish Kumar Gupta
2. D.L.N. Rao
3. Sudhir Kumar Mittal
4. Dinesh Kumar Anand
5. Vinod Kumar Panchal
Aggregate I

Zoology I
Botany I
Mathematics I
Physics I
Chemistry I

## UNION PRIZES

1. Parathasarthy Sen
2. Miss S.K. Kalpana
3. Miss. G. Nandi
4. Ashok Virmani
5. Tara Chand
6. Anil Wadhwa

| English Debate | I |
| :--- | :---: |
| Open Debate | I |
| Best Speaker of the Year |  |
| English Debate | II |
| Open Debate | III |
| English Debate | III |
| Hindi Debate | I |
| Open Debate | II |
| Hindi Debate | II |
| Hindi Debate | III |



High Jump


800 metre race
Ranjit Ghosh


## 




200 metres race
Bandana Mukerjee


Pole Vault


## विषय सूचि

| सम्पादकीय | ... | $\ldots$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| निदर्शन-राजीव भटनागर | $\ldots$ | ... |
| हम कॉलिजियेट-बृंजभूषण भाटिया | $\ldots$ | $\ldots$ |
| जलता दीप-लता रानी | $\ldots$ | $\ldots$ |
| सृष्टि डिटोल और फिनाइल-उषा शर्मा | ... | ... |
| एक और चककर-ओमबीर fिंह | $\ldots$ | . |
| शरीफ बदमाश-अनिल चोपड़ा | . | ... |
| निशा मिलन-प्रहलाद चन्द | $\ldots$ | ... |
| दो अधुनिक परिभाषाएँ-रेखा | ... | $\ldots$ |
| सूनी राह-विनोद कुमार त्यागी | $\ldots$ | ... |
| मौहब्बत का अंजाम-चन्द्रकुमार बजाज | ... | ... |
| विखरे सुमन | $\cdots$ | $\ldots$ |
| पावस की एक शाम-प्रमोद जैन | $\ldots$ | ... |
| आकर्षंक लगने के लिए क्या अवश्यक है-सुधीर कुमार चौधरी | $\ldots$ | $\ldots$ |
| महिमा-औंकार fिंह | ... | $\ldots$ |
| मकान की तालाश—तनवीर कृष्ण वर्मा | $\ldots$ | ... |
| हैसना मना है-दर्शनलाल नागपाल | ... | $\ldots$ |
| भूल-राजकुमारी | $\ldots$ | ... |
| छू ले आकाश-सन्तराय वार्शशष्ट | $\ldots$ | ... |
| सच्चा प्यार | $\ldots$ |  |
| जीने का गीत-कर्मंसिंह तँवर | $\ldots$ | $\ldots$ |
| मिलन की रात-गंगाराम मौर्य | $\ldots$ | . |
| शान्ति की प्रतिमा-महेन्द्र कौर | $\ldots$ | ... |
| ढुलकते अँसू-गंगरराम मौर्य | $\ldots$ | $\cdots$ |
| अரध्याॅमवाद से ही सच्ची शान्ति सुलभ है भोतिकवाद से नहीं-उषा शर्मा |  | $\ldots$ |

## सम्पादकीय

प्रिय सहपाfठयो !
इसे संयोग कहें या परिस्थिति 'देश' का यहु अंक एक वर्ष के बाद निकल रहा है। अतः देर से ही सही, हम इस शैक्षणिक वर्ष में नव-प्रविष्ट छात्र-छात्राओं का 'देश' की ओर से अभिनन्दन करते हैं। वस्तुत: विद्यालयजीवन को पार कर महाविद्यालय-जीवन में प्रविष्ठ होने पर हर विद्यार्थी के मन में एक बड़प्पन का भाव अनायास ही आ जाता है। वह महाविद्यालय जीवन के अनेक सुनहरे सपने देखता है। लेकिन प्रवेश के पहले दिन ही ‘रींगंग’ उसके सपनों को ठेस पहुँचती है। विरोषकर उस समय जबकि ‘रैरिंग’ का ढंग बहुत अशोभनीय हो उठता है । इसके अतिरिक्त उस समय भी उसकी स्थिति बड़ी विचित्र हो जाती है जब छोटी-छोटी बातों का बतंगड़ बनाकर हड़तालें होने लगती हैं। परिणाम यह होता है जिन सीनियर्स और संस्था के प्रति वे सम्मान का भाव लेकर आते हैं उसे आधात पहुँचता है।

प्रश्न उठता है कि शिक्षा का उद्दे श्य क्या है ? क्या उसका उद्दे श्य उच्छॄं खल एवं अनुशासनहीन व्यक्तित्व का निर्माण करना है। इसका एक ही उत्तर होगा—नहीं। वस्तुतः शिक्षा का उद्दे श्य व्यक्ति को सही अर्थों में मानव बनाना है। उसमें क्षमा, दया, विनय एवं सरिह्णुता जँसे मूल्यों की प्रतिष्ठा करना है। लेकिन क्या शिक्षा ऐसा करने में सफल हो रही है। इसका भी एक ही उत्तर है-नहीं। जब विद्यार्थी पढ़ना चाहते है, समाज उन्हें पढ़ाना चाहता है, राष्ट्र ने उनके लिये ववद्यालय, महाविद्यालय तथा विश्वविद्यालय खोल रखे हैं और उनमें यथासम्भव योग्य शिक्षक भी नियुक्त कर रखे हैं, फिर त्रुटि कहाँ है ? उत्तर सरल और एक टूक नहीं है। आआओ ! हम सब इस पर गम्भीरता पूर्वंक विचार करें तथा शिक्षा को दूषित एवं अर्थहीन होने से बचाए"।

बंगला देश के संदर्भ में यह वर्ष मानवता पर अत्याचार का वर्ष तो रहा ही है साथ ही भारत की शरणागत वत्सलता एवं सहायता द्वारा बंगला देश की मुक्ति का वर्ष भी है। देश का नेतृत्व और सेना इसके लिये बधाई के पात्र हैं। इन ऐतिहासिक क्षणों में विद्यार्थी वर्ग का सहयोग भी कम नहीं रहा है यह भी हर्ष की बात है। पुष्ट समाचारों के अनुसार बंगला देश में पाकिस्तान बर्बरों ने बड़ी संख्या में बुद्वि-जीवियों की हृत्या का जो नृशंस अपराध किया है उसके लिये हम भारत और बंगला देश की सरकार से माँग करते हैं किअपराधियों को कठोरतम दण्ड दिया जावे ।

और अन्त में हमें अपने विद्यार्थी लेखकों और पाठकों से भी कुछ कहना है । हर्ष का विषय है कि हमारे पास इस वर्ष रचनाएँ बड़ी संख्या में आई हैं। उनके स्तर को देखकर हम भविष्य के प्रति अधिक आशावान हैं। कई विद्यार्थयों ने दो-दो तीन रचनाएँ दी थीं और वे सभी अच्छी थी किन्तु स्थानाभाव के कारण प्रायः उनकी एकएक रचना ही ली जा सकी है। जिनकी रचनाएँ नहीं छपी हैं उनको भी हतोत्साहित होने की आवश्यकता नहीं है क्योंकि जब अनेक रचनाओं में से कुछ के चयन की बात हो तो ऐसा होना स्वाभाविक है। वे अगले अंक के लिए अपनी रचनाएँ तैयार रखें उन्हें स्थान मिलेगा ।

अन्त में हम उन सभी के प्रति अभारी हैं जिनके सहयोग से 'देश' का यह अंक अपके पास तक पहुँच सका है।

## निदर्शन

—राजीव भटनागर अर्थशासत्र आनर्स प्रथम वर्ष

सुना था कभी अनजाने में
इतिहास दोहराता है अपने आपको ।
मुनासिब नहीं समझा यक़ीन करना
कौन याद रखता ऐसी बेपर की बात को ।

> लेकिन आज बंग देश के
> निरपराध निहत्थे पुतले पर
> कत्लेअाम से वहशी खेल की
> ऐसी दानवता देखकर
> कानों के पर्दे फाड़ दिये
> यादों के अंधे कुएँ से धवनि तरंगों ने निकलकर ।

वारिसे नादिरशाह का ख़ं रंग ले आया
भोले-भाले बच्चों-
माँ-बहनों-
हमज़ातों के सीनों पै ।
इस्लाम ने ख़ुद-बखुद थू करके मुँह फेर लिया
पाक की नापाकी पै ।
देख रही परिचम पर आँखें
गहराती जाती कालिख कों
फूट पड़ी हैं दबी सिसकियाँ, समझ रहा हूँ लड़खड़ाहट को ।
जलधि की लहरों में दीखते हैं
दम तोड़ते घायल ।
सूनी आँखों, प्यास में पानी को घूरते-और
क्षण में जीवन शेष करते ।
ख़ं भी तो फण्वारे सा उफ़ननता देखा
चन्द लमहों में ज़िन्दगी का आख़री क़तरा लिये निकलता देखा ।

चील कौओं को उड़-उड़कर
लाशों पर चीथानोचन करना
हैवानियत की वीभत्सता दिखा रहा है-क्या है मरना !
धुंध में सड़क पर सड़ती, बेनकाब लाशों की दीवारों को
फौजी ट्रकों का रास्ता बनाने की धुन में
संगीनों के बल पर दीवार हटाते
देख रहा हूँ हमज़ातों को ।
क्या इनमें भी अट्मा है ?
मैं मौन हूँ।

## हम कॉलिजियेट

-बूजमूषण भाटिया बो० एस सी० तृतीय वष्ष
हम कॉलिजियेट, हम कॉलिजियेट, पढ़ने से हम करते Hate, हम कॉलिजियेट, हम कॉलिजियेट।

पढ़ना तो हमको सुहाता नहीं, बिन पिक्चर के रहा जाता नहीं, दूसरे शो तक करते नहीं हम Wait, हम कॉलिजियेट, हम कॉलिजियेट।
नये फँशन के दीवाने बने जाते हैं,
आधुनिकता को अपनाये चले जाते हैं, Dress अपनी में होते हैं रंग Eight, हम कॉलिजियेट, हम कॉलिजियेट।
बिना टिकट के सफर करते हैं हम, माँगं टिकट जो उस पर बरसते हैं हम,
चाहे बस हो D.T.C. की चाहे Private, हम कॉ्णिजियेट, हम काॅिजियेट।

नई माँगें बनाया करते हैं रोज,
अधिकारियों को सताया करते हैं रोज, हड़ताल को कभी करते नहीं Late,

हम कॉलिजियेट, हम कॉलिजियेट।

# जलता दीप 

-लता रानी बी० ए० अनमं (हिन्दी) दितीय वर्ष

शीतल मन्द पवन से वृक्षों के पत्ते दोलायमान हो रहे ये । बादलों के बीच से झाँकता हुआ सूर्य प्रकृति के सौन्दर्य पर मुग्ध था। इसी मौसम में तरु खेत में कार्य-रत अपने प्रीतम राजन का दोपहर का भोजन लेकर, लम्बी पगडंडी पर ऐसी आतुरता से बढ़ी जा रही थी मानो यह उसके प्रथम मिलन की बेला हो । उसे अपनी ओढ़नी तक ठीक करने की सुध न थी ।

तरु अब पगडंडी से हरी-भरी दूब पर चल रही थी । उसने सुदूरवर्ती खेतों में अपने प्रिय राजन को काम में व्यस्त देखा। वह मन ही मन भगवान् को धन्यवाद देने लगी, जिसने उसे राजन जैसे परिश्रमी और सहृदयी पति की बलिष्ठ भुजाओं में अश्रय दिया। राजन ने भी जैसे ही तरु को अपनी ओर आते देखा वह अपना काम छोड़, अपनी जीवनसंगिनी तरु की ओर उसका भार लिवा लेने के लिये बढ़ा। अवेग और प्रेमावेश के कारण वह पगडंडी की ओर से न जाकर घनी झाड़ियों में से बढ़ने लगा। उसकी नजरें झाड़ियों भरे मार्ग पर नहीं अपितु तरु के मुखमण्डल पर केन्द्रित थीं। तरु भी एकटक दृष्टि से निहारते राजन की श्रोर बढ़ रही थी । सहसा तरु की नजरों ने देखा । राजन नीचे की ओर झुका, कुछ लड़खड़ाया और एक वेदना मूलक स्वर के साथ धरती पर गिरता गया। फूली हुई साँस के साथ तरु जब उसके पास पहुँची तो उस की खुशी गायब हो चुकी थी । राजन का शरीर नीला पड़ने लगा था। तरु भाँप गई विषधर उसका सौभाग्य उससे छीनकर लिए जा रहा था। भाग्य के आगे उपचार कुछ न चल सका या कहिये उपचार का अवसर ही न आने पाया। विस्तृत संसार में तरु एकाकी थी । था

तो केवल उसके राजन की निशानी, साँत्वना का प्रतीक, उसके अंचल का फूल नन्हा 'दीप'।

पति के न रहने पर, अपने आंचल में, पति की एकमात्र निशानी और कुल के दीपक 'दीप' को लिए तरु शोकातुर हृदय से अपने पूर्वजों के गाँव को छोड़कर शहर में आ गई। कहीं काम न मिलने पर अन्त में उसने एक कपड़ा सीने की मशीन, अपने पति द्वारा छोड़ी हुई कमाई से, खरीद ली और कपड़े सीकर अपना तथा अपने दीप का गुजर करने लगी ।

पास ही के स्कूल में उसने दीप को भरती करा दिया। अर्ाथक दशा शोचनीय होने पर भी उसने दीप को किसी भी प्रकार का कष्ट और पिता का अभाव अनुभव न होने दिया।

एक बार दीप अपने धूल-धूसरित हाथों से माथे पर आई बलखाती लटों को हटाता हुआ माँ के पास आया और बोला-‘अम्मा' हमको बताओ हमारे पापा कहाँ गए हैं ? हमने तो उनको कभी नहीं देखा, हमारे दोस्त हमसे पूछते हैं कि तुम्हारे पापा कहाँ गए हैं ? उसकी इस प्रकार की बातों को सुनकर तरु अपना अतीत याद कर, आँसुओं को छिपाती हुई मुख पर कृत्रिम मुस्कुराहट लाते हुए बोली 'बेटा' तुम अभी बच्चे हो कुछ और बड़े हो जाओ, तब हम तुम्हें बतायंगे । दीप बोला 'अम्मा' तुम नहीं बताओगी तो हम खाना नहीं खायंगे और तुमसे कभी नहीं बोलेंगे। हमें बताओ हमारी अच्छी माँ ! तरु को अब अपने पुत्र का मन रखने के लिए सब कुछ बताना पड़ा, बताते-बताते उसकी अँखें सावन-भादों की तरह बरस पड़ीं। दीप माँ की बात बहुत ध्यान से सुन रह्र था ।

अपनी माँ के दु:खों को समझते हुए बोल० 'माँ' तुम किसी बात की चिन्ता न करो मैं पढ़-लिखकर नौकरी करूँगा और तुम्हारे दु:खों का अन्त करूंगा ।

दीप ने अपनी प्रतिज्ञा का पालन किया। खेल-कूद की दुनिया से मन हटाकर पढ़ाई में लग गया, वह् माता का दु:ख नहीं देख सकता था। जब सारी-सारी रात उसको काम करते देखता तो मन ही मन बहुत रोता। उसने दिन-रात एक करके हायर सैकेण्डरी की परीक्षा में प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त किया, इससे उसके स्कूल के अध्यापक ने उसे अागे पढ़ने की सलाह दी परन्तु अर्तथक स्थिति ठीक न होने के कारण उसने अध्यापक को वास्तविक स्थिति से अवगत करा दिया, इससे उसके अध्यापक ने उसे स्वगं एक कालेज में प्रत्रेश दिला दिया। अव दीप बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष का छात्र था वह मन ही मन बहुत प्रसन्न था क्योंकि उसके पिता की एकमात्र इच्छा पूर्ण हो गई थी कि उसका वेटा पढ़-लिखकर अफसर बनेगा।

जल में कमल की भाँति दीप भी कालिज के वातावरण से परे अपनी अलग ही प्रतिभा लिये हुए था। दीप केवल पढ़ाई में ही अच्छा नहीं बल्कि एक महान् गायक भी था। सौम्यमुख, प्रशान्तबुद्धि और उच्चचरित्र को धारण किये वह अपने कुल का ही दीप नहीं बल्कि भारत माँ का भी दीप था।

अधिक परिश्रम करने के कारण तु का शरीर दिनप्रतिदिन शिथिल पड़ता जा रह्र था फिर भी उसने अपने पुत्र को अपनी बीमारी का तनिक भी अभभास न होने दिया। एक दिन जब वह अपने दीप को भोजन परोस रही थी कि बेहोश होकर गिर पड़ी, दीप भागता हुआ अपनी

माँ के पास अया और उसे पलंग पर लिटा दिया। डॉक्टर से निरीक्षण करवाने के बाद पता चला कि उमे क्षय रोग है अत: आराम की बहुत आवश्यकता है ।

दीप ने माँ को काम करने से मना किया और स्वयं पढ़ाई छोड़कर नौकरी की तलाश में निकल पड़ा । बहुन धूल छानने के बाद भी नौकरी मिली तो वह भी एक पहरेदार की । सारी रात लोगों को 'जागते रहो, जागते रहो' कहकर सचेत करते रहना। दीप ने अपनी माँ को यह् तो बताया कि नौकरी मिल गई है पर यह नहीं बताया कि पहरेदार की मिली है, इससे उसको बहुत सदमा पहुँचता।

दिन बीतते देर न लगी तरु बीमारी से ठीक होकर जब अपनी पूर्वववस्था में आई तो उसने सोचा ऐसी कौनसी नौकरी है जो उसकी ग्र्रँखों का तारा दीप सारी रात गायब रहता है, और एक रात वह अपनी शंका का निवारण करने के लिए निकल पड़ी। 'जागते रहो' की आवाज सुनकर वह चकित हो गई क्योंकि वह आवाज किसी और की नहीं उसके बेटे की ही थी। वह आवाज की ओर अन्धेरे को चीरती हुई, धीरे-धीरे बढ़ने लगी । सम्भवतः क्षय का रोगग्रस्त शरीर इस अघात को सह न सका। उसका सर चकरा गया। कदम डगमगा गये। दीर्घकाल से संचित उसका सुन्दर स्वप्न टूट गया। वह पुत्र के समीप पहुँचने से पहले ही एक पत्थर से जा टकराई। धड़ाम से गिरी और वातावरण को बेधती हुई एक चीख मानो उसकी चेतना को अपने साथ लेकर अनन्त आकाश में लुप्त हो गई। ऐसी गिरी कि फिर न उठ सकी और इस अन्धकारपूर्ण, तथा स्वार्थों के विस्तृत संसार में अपने दीप को सदा-सदा के लिए एकाकी जलता हुआ छोड़ गई।

## सच्चा प्यार

'‘नाओ वी हैव टू पुट दी वैल्यू ऑफ 'J' इन दी गिवन इक्वेशन $\cdots \cdots . . .{ }^{\prime \prime}$ मिस्टर वर्मा की रौबदार आवाज कमरे का प्रत्येक कोना भर रही थी। सभी विद्यार्थी बड़े ध्यान से सुन रहे थे; मगर एक को छोड़ कर। वह था सुरेन्द्र। सुरेन्द्र के कानों पर तो एक दूसरी ही आवाज ने घेरा डाला हुआ था। वह आवाज जो उसके दिल से निकल रही थी और रह-रह कर पुकार रही थी "वीना $\cdots \cdots$......वीना-'

वीना उस की क्लासफैलो थी जो सिर्फ क्लास में ही नहीं, क्लास के बाद भी उसी के साथ रहती थी पर आज उसे न जाने क्या हुआ था जो अभी तक न अा पाई थी। खुद उसे ही नहीं उसके साथियों को भी बड़ा अजीब लग रहा था, उसे अकेला देख कर। तभी तो रवि ने आते ही पूछा था "क्यों आज चन्दा की चकोरी कहाँ गयी" और सुरेन्द्र बजाय नाराज होने के मुस्करा कर रह गया था। सच ही तो है कितना चाहते हैं वे एक दूसरे को। और उसने तो सब कुछ तय कर लिया था। बी० एससी० पास करते ही वह अपने पापा के बिजनेस का पार्टनर बन जायेगा। काठमाँडू वाली ब्रान्च वह खुद सम्भाल लेगा और फिर एक दिन वीना उसके सपनों की रानी छम-छम करती हुई उसकी जिन्दगी में हमेशाहमेशा के लिए आा जायेगी। फिर उसे किसी का डर नहीं रहेगा। न लेक्चरर्स के देख लेने का, न दोस्तों की उन दोनों को घूरती हुई निगाहों का। उसे कोई रोकने वाला $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ अचानक सुरेन्द्र को लगा कि कोई उसके पीछे बड़ी देर से खड़ा है। उसने धीरे से गर्दन घुमाई तो उसका दिल धक से रह गया। पता नहीं मिस्टर वर्मा कितनी देर से उसके पीछे खड़े होकर उसके चहरे पर

आते जाते भाव पढ़ रहे हैं। अचानक सारी क्लास एक साथ हँस पड़ी। सुरेन्द्र का घबराहट के मारे बुरा हाल हो रहा था। मुँह सूखा जा रहा था और वह उसे थूक से गीला करने की नाकामयाब कोशिश कर रहा था। मिस्टर वर्मा उसके करीब आये और धीरे से बोले 'देखो सुरेन्द्र अगर तुम्हें नहीं पढ़ना तो फिर माँ-बाप का पैसा खराब करने से क्या फायदा। आराम से घर बैठो। क्लास में अने की तकलीफ क्यों उठाते हो।" और फिर खीझते हुए बोले मुझे समझ नहीं आता तुम बैठे-बैठे सोचा क्या करते हो तुम्में कोई तकलीफ हो तो मुझ बताओ मैं उसे दूर करने की कोशिश कहँगा।

तभी पीरियड खत्म होने की घन्टी बजी। सब लोग उठकर बाहर जाने लगे। अगला पीरियड खाली था पर सुरेन्द्र वहाँ से उठा नहीं। वह् बैठा-बैठा मिस्टर वर्मा की बात याद कर रहा था। "तुम्हें कोई तकलीफ है तो मुझे बताओ मैं उसे दूर करने की कोशिश करूँगा........." वह मन ही मन मुरकराया और अपने आप से बोला मेरी तकलीफ का कोई इलाज नहीं मिस्टर वर्म। अप जानते हैं मेरी तकलीफ क्या है ? $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ प्रम $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ ।

और वह एक झटके से उठकर बाहर चला गया।
'"क्यों भाई साहब ये मजनू सा चेहरा लिए कहाँ चले" बरामदे में से गुजरते हुए उसके कानों में यह आवाज पड़ी। मुड़ कर देखा तो सुधा का हँसता हुआ चेहरा नजर अया।

बस जरा बस स्टाप तक ।
क्या अगला परियड अटैण्ड नहीं करना ?
मैं घर नहीं जा रहा।

फिर ?
एक दोस्त को देखने जा रहा हूँ अभी तक नहीं आया ।

कौन सा दोस्त ?
तुम उसे नहीं जानतीं । सुरेन्द्र ने पीछा छुड़ाने के लिए कह दिया। मगर सुधा भी कुछ कम नहीं थी।

मैं जानती हूँ कौन सा दोस्त है वह ।
कौन है ? सुरेन्द्र ने डरते हुए पूछा ।
वीना ! क्यों ठीक बताया न ? और सुधा जोर से खिलखिला पड़ी ।

सुरेन्द्र के पास सिवाए झेंपने के कोई चारा नहीं था । इस समय वे दोनों बरामदा पार कर चुकं थे और लान में इस समय इन दोनों के सिवा कोई नहीं था। वह बिना कुछ कहे आगे बढ़ने लगा परन्तु सुधा ने उसकी बाँह पकड़ कर उसे रोक लिया। सुरेन्द्र को बहुत बुरा लगा वह गुस्से में कुछ कहने ही जा रहा था कि सुधा उससे पहले ही बोल पड़ी 'मेरी काली सूरत के कारण तुम तो क्या कोई भी मुझ से बात करना नहीं चाहता और इसीलिए तुम भी मुझे इस समय टालने की कोशिश कर रहे हो । तुम्हारी नज़र में मैं कुछ भी नहीं परन्तु तुम मेरी नजर में बहुत कुछ हो । मैंने तुम्हें, अपने भाई को, इस तरह एक आवारा लड़की के हाथों में खेलते हुए नहीं देख सकती। वह सिर्फ पैसे से c्यार करती है तुमसे नहीं। मैं एक लड़की हूँ और इसलिए तुम से अधिक उसे जानती हूँ।

कौन ? सुरेन्द्र ने दाँत पीसते हुए पूछा ।
वो $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ ! टड़ाक्। पता नहीं कब सुरेन्द्र का हाथ उठा और तड़ाक से सुधा के गाल पर पाँच मदानी उगलियाँ छप गयी ।
"अववारा वह नहीं तुम हो ।" सुरेन्द्र ने यह नहीं सोचा कि उसे क्या कहना चाहिए क्या नहीं। उसके मुँह

से शब्द अपने आप निकल रहे थे । भाई के पवित्र रिरते को मेरे और अपने बीच लाकर तुम सिर्फ अपने बुरे वासना भरे मतलब पूरे करना चाहती हो । तुम मुझ से और वीना से जलती हो । तुम $\cdots \cdots$..."

परन्तु अब तक सुधा उसकी गालियां सुनने के लिए वहीं नहीं खड़ी थी ।

सिनेमा हाल से निकलते हुए सुरेन्द्र से वीना ने पूछा "कैसी लगी ?"
'थथी तो अच्छी पर सुधा की बच्ची ने आज सुबह ही सुबह मूड अफ कर दिया कि फिल्म देखने का मजा ही नहीं आया। ।"

मुझे भी यह समझ नहीं आता कि वह हम दोनों से जलती क्यों है ? काली बिल्ली कहीं की।

क्योंकि उससे कोई बोलता नहीं इसीलिए। वह यह भी नहीं देख सकती कि कोई किसी से बोले । तुम से तो खास जलती है।

क्यों ?
क्योंकि तुम क्लास की सबसे सुन्दर लड़की हो।
सच ! वीना के गाल शर्म से लाल हो गये ।
पन्द्रह दिन अनुपस्थित रहने के बाद अचानक सुरेन्द्र सोलहवें दिन जब कालेज आया तो उसका हुलिया ही बदल गया था। दाढ़ी बढ़ी हुई थी, मैले सूखे बालों ने उसके अधे से खधिक माथे को ढक रखा था। आँखें गड्ढे में धंसी सी लगती थी । पूछने पर मालूम हुआ कि नये बजट के कारण शेयरों के भाव बाजार में गिर गये और उसके पिता को भारी हानि उठानी पड़ी । यहाँ तक कि वे कर्जदार बन गये । सहपाठियों ने सुरेन्द्र को हिम्मत से लेने की सलाह दी तथा सहानुभूति जता कर चले गये । परन्तु वीना जिसे सुबह से उसकी अखें खोज रही थीं उसे अभी तक दिखाई न पड़ी । उसे खोजता-खोजता जब वह पार्क के पास पहुँचा तो उसे वह देखने को मिला जिसे वह

कभी स्वप्न में भी नहीं सोच सकता था। वोना और राकेश, वही राकेश जिसकी बुराई वह हर समय किया करती थी। उन दोनों की हैसी की आवाज सुरेन्द्र के कानों में पिघले हुए लोहे की तरह पड़ी। उसने सोचा कि वीना को एक तरफ बुलाकर उससे पूछे।पर क्या पूछे ? रह ही क्या गया था पूछने के लिए और वह होता भी कौन है उससे कुछ पूछने वाला ? वह एक दम पीछे मुड़ा।

सुरेन्द्र! यह आवाज सुधा की थी जो उसकी यह हालत देख कर उससे बात करना चाहती थी।

परन्तु सुरेन्द्र ने आवाज अनसुनी कर दी और आगे को बढ़ गया। अब वह किसी से नहीं मिलना चाहता था। अब वह इस दुनिया में और जीना नहीं चाहता था जीये भी तो किस तरह जिसके सहारे रह़र वह अपना दुख भुलाना चाहता था वह ही $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ वह वहाँ से निराशा भरा मन और कुछ लड़खड़ाते से कदमों के सहारे चल पड़ा । जाना कहाँ था यह उसे स्वयं नहीं पता था। वह सोच रहा था कि वीना को उसी दिन यह सब कुछ पता लग गया होगा जिस दिन उसके पिता के घाटे की

खबर बड़े-बड़े अखबारों में छपी थी। अब उसे कोई और धनवान का बेटा तो ढूंढ़ना ही था सो उसने ढूंढ़ लिया। कितना झूठा था उसका प्यार कितनी झूठी थी वह बुद । और तभी उसके कानों में सुधा का वह स्वर गूँज उठा "मैं तुम्हें भाई समझती हूँ और इसीलिए मैं तुम्हें एक आवारा लड़की के हाथों में खेलता हुआ नहीं देख सकती" और याद अया वह तमाचा जो उसने ये शब्द सुनकर सुधा को जड़ दिया था। किन्तु अाज वह वीना के व्यवहार रूपी तमाचे से तिलमिलाकर रह गया था। सहसा उसे पीछे से ये शब्द सुनाई दिये। '"कायरों की तरह तुम जिंदगी से भाग तो नहीं रहे हो ? पुरुषों का काम fिंदगी से लड़ना होता है fिंदगी से पलायन नहीं आज जिस तरह पैसे के लिए वीना तुम्हारा साथ छोड़ गयी है क्या उसी तरह तुम भी आज पिता जी को एकाकी छोड़ कर तो नहीं जा रहे हो ? उठो ! और एक अच्छे कल की उम्मीद से पिता जी का साथ दो।" सुरेन्द्र ने मुड़कर देखा सुधा पीछे थी। वह नीची नजरें किये उसे देखता रहा। आँखें आँसुओं से डबडबा आईं। किन्तु ये आँसू नए उल्लास के आँसू थे जो नए कल के सूचक थे ।

## जीने का गीत

一कर्मंसहत तँवर हिन्दी ऑनसं, तृतीय वर्ष

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गिरता हूँ,
    पड़ता हूँ,
    खड़ा हो जाता हूँ,
        और चल पड़ता हूँ जीवन के पथ पर।
            लगते हैं काँटे होती है चुभन,
            खाता हूँ टोकर गिर पड़ता हूँ धरनि पर।
                        चोट अती है कराता हूँ इलाज।
                        कग्ता हूँ इन्तजार ठीक उसके होने का।
                जम ही पाई है घाव पर पपड़ी अभी,
                        भूल कहूँ या पागलपन,
                            चल पड़ा उसी कटीले-पथरीले मार्ग पर तभी।
                                चुभ गए काँटे और लग गई ठोकर ।
                                    फूट पड़ा घाव वही फिर हरा होकर।
                    करता हूँ प्रतीक्षा फिर आयेगी वह घड़ी।
                                    ठीक हो जाऐंगी ये चोटें बड़ी-बड़ी।।
                                    चल फिर पाऊँगा पथ अपने पुराने पर ,
                                    गिर चाहे जाऊँगा पुनः ठोकर खाने पर।
                                    चोट खाना और करना इन्तजार।
                                    ठीक उनके होने का।
                                    बन गया है गीत यही,
                                    अब तो मेरे जीने का।
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## मिलन की रात

—ांगाराम मौर्य हिन्दी ऑनर्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

हुदय के शून्यकक्ष में -
उठ रही है संकार
चूड़ियों की संझावात
वहीं विरह की
उठती हुई बातों की श्रंबला, करवटे बदलती है दिन रात।

थिरकती है चाँदनी भी
पर मन विभोर नहीं होता।
बुझा दें आकाँक्षाओं की उठी
तीव्र ज्वाला में-
प्रज्वलित होती विरह की अग
मधुर ख्वप्नों में तुम्ही झूमती हो
रात्रि में तुम्ही चूमती हो
उठ शैया से -
जब खोजता हूँ हर जगह पास पाता नहीं

तुम्हारी मनभावन छवि को उद्विग्न हो जाता है मन

व्यथित हो जाता है तन याद आती है रह रह कर वही मिलन की रात ।

## शान्ति की प्रतिमा

—महेन्द्र कौर
हिन्दी आनरर्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

दुर्भाग्य के हाथों का खिलौना बनी शान्ति केवल अपने बच्चे के पालनार्थ जी रही है। क्या उसका त्याग प्रशंसनीय नहीं है। उसको इसी त्याग के बदले ही भगवान की प्राप्ति हो जाएगी। यह शान्ति हमारे घर में बर्तन साफ करती है। एक दिन मैंने उससे पूछा "शान्ति! तुम्हारे पति क्या काम करते हैं तुम काम के समय पप्पु को साथ क्यों ले अती हो। क्या पीछे घर में कोई और नहीं है ?"

ऐसा सुनना था कि शान्ति की आँखों में आँसू आ गए। अन्यन्त दु:ख भरे ख्वर में वह बोली "बीवी जी । इस विषय में मेरी अपनी एक कहानी है। आज से पन्द्रह वर्ष पहले मेरा विवाह हुआा था। उसके दस वर्ष बाद उस पप्पु ने जन्म लिया। तव हर्षोन्माद से मैं झूम उठी। इसके पिता की खुशी में चार चाँद लग गये। लड़का क्या था चाँदी सा सफेद। पर मेरी सास के हृदय पर साँप लोटने लगा। उसे अब यह श्रम हो गया था कि मेरा लड़ा रमेश अब मेरे वश में न रह्कर अपनी पत्नि के वश में रहेगा! इसी कारण ही वह बात-बात पर मुझ से खीझ उठती और फटकारती रहती। लेकिन उसके ये अध्याचार मैं प्रसन्नता से सहन करती रही क्योंकि वह मेरी माँ के समान है।" मेरा मन शान्ति के जीवन की बंद पुस्तक को पढ़ने के लिये उत्सुक हो उठा। मैंने उसी दिन उससे सारी कहानी सुनाने का अग्रह किया लेकिन उसे घर भी शीघ्र पहुँचना था अतः विवश होकर एक दिन रुकना पड़ा।

अगले दिन जब वह आयी तो मैंने उसे सबसे पहले अपनी कहानी सुनाने को कहा। वह तो पहले ही अपने

दिल का बोस हल्का करना चाहती थी। इसलिए उसने आगे बताया "इसके कुछ दिनों बार मेरे पिता मेरे लिए कई साड़ियाँ और बच्चे के लिए सोने का हार लेकर आये। मेरी खुशी का तं। पारावार न था पर मेरी सास ने जो किया मुझे उसकी भी संभावना न थी। जब वे कपड़े और हार इत्यादि मेरे पिता जी ने उसको दिये तो पिता जी के मुँह पर मारते हुए कहा '"ले जाओ इन्हें हमें नहीं चाहिए तुम्हारा कुछ भी।" उस समय मेरे हृदय पर क्या बीती होगी यह कहना कठिन है।

यह सुनकर मुझे लगा कि वह स्त्री कभी सुख पा सकेंगी ? शायद नहीं। जो व्यक्ति दूसरों को सुख नहीं देता वह खुद भी सुख प्राप्ति का अधिकारी नहीं।
"'शायद तुम्हारी सास ने यह सोचा होगा कि अगर कपड़े इत्यादि रख लिये तो यह हर वक्त अपने मायके की संपन्नता जताते हुए रौब जमायेगी" मैंने शान्ति से पूछा ।
"हाँ बीबी जी। ऐसा सोचा होगा तभी तो।" शान्ति ने दु:खी स्वर में उत्तर दिया।
"इसके बाद क्या हुआ।।"
"इसके बाद मेरे पिता जी ने मुझे "दो-तीन साड़ियाँ दी और चले गये। उसके बाद मेरे पति व सास ने मुझे पोटा और घर से निकल दिया। मैं अपने बच्चे को लेकर निकल पड़ी।"
"क्या तुम्हारे पति ने भी तुम्हारा साथ नहीं दिया।" "‘हीं बीबी जी ! वे अपनी माँ का कहना मानते

हैं ।" ऐसा कहकर आँसू पोंछते हूए वह बोली "अच्छा बीबी जी अब मैं कल आऊऊँगी !"

इसके बाद वर्षों बीत गये शान्ति नहीं आई। वह हमारे घर से काम छोड़ कर चली गई थी। पर मैं ननरन्तर उसके विषय में पता करती रही ।

एक दिन अचानक ही वह मिल गई। एक सुन्दर सौक्य युवक के साथ टैक्सी में बैठकर जा रही थी। मैं बस-स्टाप पर खड़ी थी। उसने मुझे देख लिया और टैक्सी रोक कर बड़े तपाक से मुझसे मिली।
"कहो शान्ति ! पप्पु का क्या हाल है ? तुम्हारे पतिदेव कैसे हैं ?" मैंने पूछा । यह सुन कर वह हँसी और बोली '‘बीबी जी ! पप्पु तुम्हारे सामने ही है, अब्र यह रमन बन गया है। चलो रमन ! दीदी के पैर छुओ" मैंने रमन को अर्शीवाद दिया और उनके कहने पर उनके घर गई। वहाँ पर मुझे पता चला कि रमन अब एक सफूल में अध्यापक है और अच्छा वेतन पाता है। यह समाचार सुनकर मेरा मन मयूर नाच उठा।

कई दिन व्यतीत हो गये । मैंने सोचा आज शान्ति के घर जाया जाए। ज ब मैं वहाँ पहुँची तो देखा शזन्ति, रमन व एक वृद्ध चाय पी रहे हैं। मुझे भी सम्मिलित होना पड़ा । बूढ़ा व्यक्ति कौन हो सकता है यह उत्सुकता मेरे मुख पर झलक रही थी। शान्ति ने उसे समझते हुए कहा 'बबीबी जी ! एक दिन रमन कहीं जा रहा कि एक वृद्ध अचानक एक कार से टकरा कर गिर पड़ा । रमन ने सहानुभूति पूर्वक उठाया और घर ले आया। घर लाने पर मैंने जब उसे देखा तो विस्मृत घटनाएँ ताजा हो गई बीस वर्ष पूर्व की सौम्य मूरित मेरे समक्ष साकार हो उठी । मैं उनके चरणों पर गिर पड़ी । दबा हुआ प्यार आँखों के रास्ते प्रकट होने लगा। मुझे धीरज देते हुए उन्होंने कहा 'शान्ति तुम सचमुच शान्ति की प्रतिमा हो। तुमने अपने नाम की सार्थकता सिद्ध कर दी है। मुझे क्षमा कर सको तो क्षमा कर देना शரन्ति ।" इतना कहकर वे बालकों की तरह फूट-फूट कर रोने लगे ।

बीते जीवन की कड़वाहट धुल गई और अब हम साथसाथ रहते हैं।

# कहानी प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम पुरसकार प्राष्त कहानी <br> ढ़लकते आँसू 

—गंगाराम मौर्य
हिन्दी ऑनर्स, द्वितीय वर्ष
"बीबी जी, बाबू जी खाने की मेज पर आपका इन्तजार कर रहे हैं।" नौकर ने लिली के कमरे के दरवाजे के पास अकर कहा।
"में अभी आई" लिली ने चारपाई से उठकर कहा। लिली की आँखें कुछ सूजी हुई सी दिखाई दे रही थीं। शायद रात भर उसे नींद नहीं आई। लिली जल्दी कपड़े पहनकर बड़े हाल की तरफ बढ़ी। लिली ने वहाँ पहुँच कर देखा कि कमल, सामू, जालपा और बाबू जी सब खाने की मेज पर उसका इन्तजार कर रहे हैं । लिली भी खाने की मेज के पास एक खाली कुर्सी पर बंठ गयी। सबने खाना आरम्भ किया। बाबू जी ने खाने खाते हुए कमल की तरफ संकेत करते हुए कहा-"बेटा, जरा रेडियो तो चला दो।"

कमल बाबूजी का सबसे बड़ा लड़का था। कमल बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष में पढ़ता था। लम्बा-कद, गेंहुआ रंग, गठा हुआ बदन और जिद का पकका था। घर में इतना पैसा होने पर भी वह अपना वही खद्दर का कुर्ता और धोती पहनता था। बाबू जी के कहने पर उसने रेडियो चला दिया।
........यह अकाशवाणी है। अब सुनें आप मन चाहे गीत ।
$\cdots \cdots \cdots$ गरीबों की सुनो, वह तुम्हारी सुनेगा।
तुम एक पैसा दोगे वह दस-लाख देगा।
गरीबो की सुनो

रेडियो पर गाना आ रहा था। बाहर से रामू हाँफता हुआ हाल में आया। उसकी साँसें चढ़ रही थों। उसने अपनी धड़कन कम करते हुए कहा, " $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ बाहर अ $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ आँगन में एक $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ नौ-नौजवान लड़का $\cdots$ अचेत पड़ा है।" यह खतर सुनते ही सब बहार आँगन में आ गये। सब के सब उसे अइचर्य की दृष्टि से देखने लगे। गोरा रंग, छोटे-छोटे बाल, लम्बा-कद और शरीर पर फटे हुए वस्त्रों को देखकर बाबूजी के मन में दया का सागर उमड़ा और उन्होंने नौकर के साथ मिलकर उस युवक को अपने बिस्तर पर लिटा दिया। शरीर पर हाथ लगा कर देखा तो वह बिल्कुल ठंडा था। बाबू जी को कुछ भय होने लगा कि कहीं यह चल न बसे। डाक्टर मेहता को फोन करने के लिए कहा। कमल ने डाक्टर मेहता से फोन मिलाया।
...........と-0-0-२-ц.........टर्न-टर्न-टर्न $\cdot \cdots . . . . .$. उधर घंटी बज उठी।
"हैलो, में डाक्टर मेहता बोल रहा हू"'.........उधर से आवाज आई ।
"मैं कमल बोल रहा हूँ, बाबू जी ने आपको जल्दी बुलाया है
"अपके बाबूजी बीमार हैं क्या ? $\cdot \ldots . .$. "
"नहीं ........."
"फिर कौन बीमार है ?"

# पावस की एक शाम 

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प्रेत के साये से
रबड़ के कच्चे धागों से, बिचते, फैलते, गए
धुएँ के गुब्बारे
शाम को
चपला चमकी
पर तभी
सिमट गयी
इन काले भूतों की
विशापित,
भुजाओं में
चल पड़ी
तीव्र
शाप-हवाएं
यत्र-
तन्र一
सर्वत्र-
मच्छरों की भनभनाहट
केंचुओं का भय
कि, पैर धरने को
जगह नहीं
इधर यह विशाल, गगन
अस्नानी धरती के वक्षस्थल पर
मानो सारी
कीचड़ उंडेल गया है
और, उधर
किसी प्रेमी का मन
खिचा खिंचा
विवश सा
किसी की स्मृति में
घुट गया है।
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?4

## आकर्षक लगने के लिए क्या आवश्यक है

सुधीर कुमार चौधरो बी० ए० प्रथम वर्ष

शीर्षक देख कर आप चौंक तो जरूर गये होगें और सोच रहे होगें कि क्या आकर्षक दीखने के लिए कुछ वरना भी आवश्यक है। कई लोगों का कहना है कि आकर्षक तो वही दिखेगा जो खुद सुन्दर होगा मगर कुछ ऐसे लोग भी होते हैं जो सुन्दर होने के बावजूद भी सुन्दर नहीं दिखते और कुछ ऐसे लोग होते हैं जो सुन्दर नहीं होते मगर फिर भी सुन्दर दिखाई देते हैं। उदाहरण के लिये वे व्यक्ति जिनके दाँत पीले या पान की लाली से रंगे हुए होते हैं जूतों पर धूल चढ़ी हुई होती है तथा नाखून मैल से भरे हुए होते हैं सुन्दर होने पर भी आकर्षक नहीं लग सकते । दूसरी ओर हुए ऐसे व्यक्ति भी होते हैं जो शरीर की सफाई की ओर तो पूरा ध्यान देते हैं पर गन्दा कालर, कमीज की फटी हुई बाँह या विचित्र काट की, ढीली-ढाली या बहुत तंग पोशाक उनके सारे किए-किराये पर पानी फेर देती है। यह भी हो सकता है कि उनके कपड़े, जूते आदि निर्दोष हों, शरीर भी साफ-सुथरा होता है पर १िष्टाचार के अभाव के कारण उनका सिक्रा नहीं जम पाता हो । उसके भोंडेपन से या अशिष्ट व्यवहार से लोग बिदक जाते हैं। एक अन्य तरह के लोग भी होते हैं जिनमें ये सभी बातें तो होती हैं पर जो किसी की आंखो में अंखे डालकर बात नहीं कर सकते । वे बातचीत करते समय इधर उधर देखते रहते हैं मानो नज़ र छिपाना चाहते हों। एसे व्यक्ति भी दूसरों को प्रभावित और आक्षष्ट नहीं कर पति ।

आप शायद कहेंगे कि यह सब तो ठीक है पर अकर्षण पैदा करने के लिए पूँजी की आवश्यकता होती है । बिना पैसे के भला ठाठ-बाठ कहाँ सम्भव हैं। पर सच मानिए बहुत कम व्यक्ति इतने गरीब होते हैं कि वे साफसुथरे न रह सकें या-ढंग के कपड़े न पहन सकें। सस्ते

कपड़े भी ढंग से पहने जा सकते हैं। अच्छे मधुर स्वरूप या व्यवहार के लिए धन की आवश्यकता नहीं होती। मैंने ऐसी अनेक स्त्रियों को देखा है जो कीमती कपड़ों औ० जेवरों से लदी रहती हैं किन्तु आकर्षक नहीं बल्कि भह्टी लगती हैं। बहुत-सी लड़कियों को भी नए से नए ढंग के फैशन के कपड़े (जैसे लुँगी, स्लैक्स व बैल-बॉटम) पह्टन देख कर भी हंसी आती है । उनकी तुलना में अच्छी सिली हुई, सस्ती पर सुरुचिपूर्ण वस्त्र पहनेवाली स्त्री या लड़की अधिक आकर्षक लगती है। साधारण, सस्ती व सूती छपी हुई साड़ी और अच्छा सिला हुआ ब्लाउज़, मंहगी औ० भर्दे ढंग से बाँधी हुई बनारसी साड़ी की अपेक्षा कही अधिक मोह्क लगते हैं। कभी-कभी हमें इस भद्देपन की कीमत भी चुकानी पड़ती है । अनेक बार ऐसा देखा गया है कि योग्य होने पर भी अच्छी वेश-भूषा और व्यवहा के फूहड़जन के कारण कई युवक अच्छी नौकरी या अवस से वंचित रह् जाते हैं। गरीबी को हरदम बहाना नही बनाया जा सकता, क्योंकि फूहड़पन को दूर करने के लिए पैसे खर्च नहीं होते । बहुत से युवक अपनी इन कमियों के कारण किस्मत को दोष देते फिरते हैं जो ठीक नहीं।

मैं जानता हूँ, आप जोर देकर कहेंगे-‘अरे ये तो छोटी बातें हैं। भला इनसे भी किसी आदमी का मूल्य आंका जाता है ? बाहरी दोष चाहे इससे भी बढ़-चढ़कर हों, भीतर के असली व्यक्तित्व को पहचानना चाहिए ऐसा कहना बिल्कुल सच है; पर यह भी सच है, कि साधारण लोग इन्हीं बाहरी बातों से एक-दूसरे को तोलते हैं। जैसा होता है उस से हमारा वास्ता अधिक है, जैसा होना चाहिए उससे कम नहीं !

## महिमा

सूर्य अस्त था, हो चला,
गगन भी कुछ लाल था हो चला, लालिमा से लाल, था जल

संसार को भुला।
नदी किनारे था मैं खड़ा
पड़ी नजरें जल में
बिम्ब सूर्य का दिखलाई पड़ा।
लाल था जल, लाल था गगन
लाल था स्थल, लालिमा में ही था मैं खड़ा पहने थे नदी ने लाल तटीय कंगन भर गया हो लाली से जैसे प्रकृति का आंगन ।

देखते देखते प्रकृति का यह दृश्य मनोहर
न जाने कब साँझ ढली और रात हो आई, सूर्य के ही सदृश,

चाँदनी ने भी मोह लिया हृदय।
सुहावनी रात में मन्द-मन्द थी पवन बह रही
पहन कर इवेत परिधान, लगा कर आँखों में कालिमा आकाश मार्ग से चाँदनी थी आ रही

चाँदनी में नदी भी थी नहा रही।
देख उसका चमकता रूप महकता दमकता चेहरा

देख कर उसके सौन्दर्य को
बहक गया चंचल मन मेरा ।
देख साँस की लालिमा, और रात की कालिमा
सफेद मोहनी चाँदनी, और जल की नीलिमा, जाने कौन दिखलाकर, यह सब प्रगट कर रहा था अपनी महिमा ।

## मकान की तालाश

नौकरी मुझको मिली
जब आगरा में,
जाना पड़ा घर-बार सारा छोड़ऋर्र
काटने मुझको पड़े
चवकर कड़ं।
किन्तु रहने को मिल नहीं पाया
मुसको घर।
थक गया था
मात पर न खाई थी सोज जोरों से मैंने जारी रखी !
दूर पर सारे शहर से
मुस्नको दिखा एक बंगला
लोग जाकर देखते उसको
मगर ले न सके
होंगे वे कंगला
मझको जरूरत खास थी
पैसे की कुछ भी न बात्र थी।
मुलिया से मैंने बात की
कि क्या यह बंगला आपका
खाली है किराये पर।
हो गए हैं दिन कई
खोजते हुए कुजको घर
इरादा हो तो बताइये
किराया जो ठीक हो
शीद्र फरमाइये ।
सूरत हमारी देखकर
अप मत घबराइये !
लकड़ो का काम नहीं
मैं कोयले जलाऊँगा
बच्चों का काम नहीं
बस बीवी को लाऊँगा
रेडियों भी साथ है
पर धीरे बजाऊँगा।

झगड़ा करूँगा
पर शोर न मचाऊँगा।
माँस मछली क्या
मैं प्याज भी न खाऊँगा।
चीज घर में जो भी बनेगी
मैं आपको चखाऊँगा।
रोज रात को दो बजे से
पूर्व लौट आऊँगा।
देर हो गई कभी
तो तुमको न जगाऊँगा।
रेन्ट हर महीने मैं
कचहरी में चुकवाऊँगा।
सुन के मेरी बात वह
एक दम डबल पड़ा
क्या बात आप कहते हो।
लगता है आजकल
पागलखाने में रहते हो।
लौटकर पृछा मैंने-
एक आदमी से
कहीं बंगते वाला
पागल तो नहीं
लेने आये हैं हम बंगला
किराये पर
पर देता ही नहीं !
क्या! अजी वह तो नहीं
आप ही हैं शायद पागल,
रहने को रेन्ट पर
जो माँग रहे हैं "ताजमहल"
सुनकर ताजमहल
मौन खड़े रह गए
वापस तब लौटकर,
जहाँ रहते थे बस वहीं
पर रह गये।

## हँसना मना है

—दर्शनलाल नागपाल
बी० एस सी० ऑनर्स प्रथम वर्ष
१. एक बहुत मोटा व्यक्ति बस की 'क्यू' में खड़ा था और उसके आगे एक पतला-सा व्यक्ति था। पतले व्यक्ति ने शिकायत करते हुए मोटे व्यक्ति से कहा, '‘आप धकका क्यों दे रहे हैं ?" मोटा व्यक्ति बोला "धकके कहाँ मैं तो साँस ले रहा हूँ।"
२. 'कलीय रेन्स सेल' का बोर्ड एक दुकान के बाहर लगा था। वहाँ बहुत बड़ी लाइन लगी थी। सुबह का समय था और दुकान अभी खुली नहीं थीं। लोग अधीर हो रहे थे। इतने में छोटे कद का एक व्यक्ति लाइन को तोड़कर आगे बढ़ने की कोशिश करने लगा। लोगों ने उसे पीछे धकेल tंदया। वह फिर आगे बढ़ा, लोगों ने फिर उसे पीछे धकेल दिया। ठिगने व्यक्ति ने झुँझलाकर कहा, 'मारो धक्का' मैं भी अब दुकान नहीं खोलता। (असल में वही दुकान का मालिक था)

## अनिल चौपड़ा

 बी० ए० तृतीय वर्ष३. मजिस्ट्रेट महिला ड्राइवर से "जो आदमी आपकी कार के नीचे आकर मर गया है, उसको बचाने के लिए आपने कोई प्रयत्न किया था ?"

महिला ड्राइवर (खुशी से) —जी, जब वह कार के नीचे आने लगा तो मैंने आँखों को दोनों हाथों से बन्द करने हुए जोर से चीख मारी थी ।
४. बसं रूकने पर भीड़ को देखकर कन्डक्टर; Please ladies first।"

एक पंजाबी मोटी औरत, "लेडियाँ नूं मार गोली, पहले तो मैं चढ़साँ ! "

पुलिसमैन सीटी बजाकर आवाज देते हुए "ए साइकिल सवार तेरी साइकिल में लाइट नहीं है, रक जाओ ।

साइकिल सवार साइकिल चलाते-चलाते '"ए दरोगा जी पीछे हट जाओ इसमें ब्रंक भी नहीं है ।

महिन्द्र कौर
बी० ए० ऊनर्स हिन्दी द्वितीय वर्ष
y. एक बार स्कूल में इन्सपैक्टर साहब आये, उन्होंने दूसरी कक्षा कं एक विद्यार्थीं से पूछा--'"मेरे पास दो गायें हैं, और दो ही गायें तुम्हारे अध्यापक के पास हैं, अगर हम दोनों अपनी-अपनी गायें तुम्हें दे दें तो तुम्हारे पास कुल कितनी गायें होंगीं ? विद्याथी ने उत्तर दिया-‘छछ:" इन्सपैक्टर ने तड़ाक ते उसके गाल पर तमाचा जड़ दिया और बोले—‘दो और दो चार होते हैं या छ: ।' विद्यार्थी ने मुस्कुराते हुए कहा-‘सर' दो गायें पहले से भी तो मेरे घर में हैं।

कर्मसंसह तंवर
बी० ए० ऑनर्स (हिन्दी ) तृतीय वर्ष
६. एक व्यक्ति (दूसरे से) —यदि कोई व्यक्ति किसी को पीट रहा हो और तुम उसे बचाओ तो यह तुम्हारा कौन-सा प्रेम होगा ?

दूसरा व्यक्ति : भ्रातृ-प्रेम ।
पहला व्यक्ति : तो चनिये, धोबी सामने गधे को पीट रहा है, उसको बचाइये।

मनोहर और महेश एक प्रतिषिठत परिवार में उत्पन्न हुए थे। उनकी अयु ऋ्रमशः २य और २२ वर्ष थी। बड़ा लड़का मनोहर फौज में नौकरी करता था, किन्तु छोटा बी० ए० पास कर अभी नौकरी की खोज में था। उनके पिताजी वन-विभाग में रेंजर थे । अब वे अवकाश प्राप्त कर चुके थे। उन्होंने संयमपूर्ण जीवन व्यतीत किया था यही कारण था कि ६० वर्ष की उम्र होने पर भी उनके चेहरे पर रौनक और प्रसन्नता थी।

रेंजर साहब ने परिवार के पालन-पोषण में कोई कमो न छोड़ी थी। गाँव के लोग भी उन्हें बड़ी श्रद्धा की दृषिट से देखते थे, क्योंकि वे गाँव के दु:खी जनों के दु:ख-सुख में बराबर हाथ बँटाया करते थे, और इसमें उन्हें बड़ा सन्तोष मिलता। इतना अवश्य था कि परिवार की जिम्मेदारी प्राय: खत्म हो चुकी थी। अब उन्हें केवल एक ही काम करना था और वह था महेश का विवाह, किन्तु वे महेश की नौकरी लगने की प्रतीक्षा में थे।

महेश को नौकरी मिलने में अधिक समयन लगा। उसने कलकत्ता में एक प्राइवेट कम्पनी में ३०० रु० महावार पर सहायक की नौकरी प्राप्त कर ली थी। रेंजर साहब ने जब यह खुश-खबरी सुनी, तो उन्होंने सोचा कि जिस धूमधाम से मनोहर की शादी की थी, उसी तरह महेश को भी इस पवित्र बंधन में बाँधकर अपनी जिम्मेदारी निभाएंगे।

जब नजदीक के गाँवों में यह चर्चा फैली कि रेंजर साहब का छोटा बेटा महेश विवाह के बाजार में आ गया है, तब दसियों गाँवों से महेश को दामाद बनाने वाले ससुर रेंजर साहब से बातचीत करने लगे। रेंजर साहब के पास तो हीरा था, किन्तु उन्हें डसका अभिमान न था। वे तो सन्तोषी प्रकृति के मनुष्य थे। उन्हें लोभ तो छू तक

न गया था। हाँ, कन्या के सुशील एघं लाजवन्ती होने की माँग वे अवश्य करते। अन्त में अवकाश-प्राप्त नायब सूबेदार की पुत्रो अनीता के साथ महेश का शुभ विवाह होना निश्चित हो गया। शादी बड़े धूम-धाम और चहलपहल से हो गयी। गाँव वालों का कहना था कि रेंजर साहब के वड़े लड़के मनोहर की शादी से भी अधिक चहलपहल थी महेश की शादी में।

रेंजर साहब की मनोकामना पूर्ण हुई। अनीता सचमुच ही सुशील थी और वह अपने सास-ससुर की भी बड़ी भक्ति से सेवा करती अपने किये पर मन ही मन सन्तुष्ट हो रेंजर साहब बड़े खुश रहते । अब उन्हें कुछ भी करने को रोष न रह गया है। हाँ कुछ था, तो यह कि दादा बनने का स्वप्न देखते। उनकी एकमात्र यही हार्दिक अभिलाषा थी।

महेश शादी होने के पन्द्रह दिन पश्चात् ही अपनी नौकरी पर लौट गया। वह अनीता को अपने साथ रखना चाहता था, किन्तु अभी वह कलकत्ते के वातावरण से न पूर्ण रूप से परिचित था और न ही उसे वहाँ रहते के लिए अच्छा-सा कमरा मिला था। अभी तो उसे सिर्फ नौकरी ही मिली थी। वैसे वह एक अच्छा-सा मकान तलाश कर रहा था; जिसमें एक परिवार आराम से रह सके। महेश कभी-कभी उस सुखद स्वप्न में खो जाता जब वह अनीता को अपने साथ रखकर सुखमय जीवन व्यतीत करेगा।

विवाह को अभी दो-तीन महीने ही हुए थे कि महेश को अपने घर से एक पत्र मिला। उसने पत्र बड़ी उत्युकता से खोला। पत्र इस प्रकार था-
"प्रिय पुत्र,
शुभाशीष। तुम्हें यह जानकर प्रसन्नता होगी कि तुम्हारे घर में एक सुन्दर पुत्र का जं्म हुआा है। परमात्मा ने मेरी झुभकामना को अति शीव्र ही सुन लिया है। मेरी हर्टादक अभिलाषा अज पूर्ण हो गई है। अवसर मिले, तो घर आना। हम प्रतीक्षा में रहेंगे। अन्य सब ठीक प्रकार से हैं। शिशु के बारे में चिन्तित न होना, वह बिल्कुल ठीक है। तुम्हारा पिता।"

पत्र पढ़कर महेश को लगा जैसे उसे साँप सूंघ गया है। जसे कि उसके रक्त की गति रक गयी हो और प्राण सूख गये हों उसने गौर से फिर उस पत्र की ओर देखा जिस पर कि उसे बार-बार कोध और सन्देह हो रहा था। उसकी सारी इज्ज़त अज मिट्टी में मिल गई थी। उसने सोचा कि शायद उसके साथ किसी ने मजाक किया हो, और एक बार फिर उसने पत्र को देखा : पर पत्र उसके पिताजी का ही लिखा था। वह यह न समझ सका कि अधिर पिताजी ने उस पत्र को भेजकर कौन-सा शुभ कार्य किया। क्या ही अच्छा होता कि वह पत्र उसे न मिलता। वह सोचने लगा कि वह किसी के सामने कैसे मुँह दिखाएगा ? अभी तो उसकी शादी हुए तीन ही महीने हुए और उसका बच्चा …..

महेश सोचता, काश ! उसकी शादी न हुई होती। उसके उज्ज्वल भविष्य पर काले बादल मँडराने लगे। उसे अब अपने जीवन पर भी संदेह् होने लगा। उसे अपने पिता पर भी झुँझलाहट होती थी। वह सोचने लगा था कि हर बड़ा अपनी बला जल्दी से जल्दी टालना चाहता है, अपने बच्चों के भविष्य के बारे में माता-पिता को कोई चिन्ता नहीं रहती । उसकी उदास सूरत देख उसके साथी कारण पूछते, पर वह टाल जाता। अनिता के प्रति घृणा से उसका रोम-रोम जल रहा था। उसने अपने ससुर को एक पत्र लिखकर उनकी लाड़ली बेटी के काले कारनामों का वर्णन कर जीवन में कभी भी उसका मुंह न देखने की

प्रतिज्ञा की। पत्र उसने लिख तो लिया, किन्तु कुछ सोचकर उसे डाक में नहीं डाला।

ऐसे अपमानपूर्ण एवं लांछनापूर्ण जीवन से तो मर जाना बेहतर था। वह रात-भर सोचता रहा कि इस परिस्थिति से छुटकारा पाने का एकमात्र उपाय है—आतमहत्या !

दूसरे दिन महेश अपने कार्यालय में भी न जा सका। उसके दिमाग में एक ही बात घूम-फिर कर आ जाती जी कि अभी मेरी शादी हुए तीन महीने हुए और मेरा पुत्र……यह कैसा उपहास ! फिर जले पर नमक छिड़का उसके पिता ने, जिन्होंने उक्त घटना के फौरन बाद ही पत्र भेजा। इस कलंक को वह सहन न कर सका और उसने पक्का इरादा किया कि रात के अंधेरे में वह गाड़ी के नीचे आकर आत्म-हत्या कर लेगा। अब उसे यह दुनिया दुष्ट व पापी नजर आने लगी। उसे लगा कि सब उसके साथ धोखा कर रहे हैं। अच्छा है, इस धोखे से वह दूर चला जाय। तभी पोस्टमैन ने आकर उसके नाम एक पत्र दिया। पहिले तो वह् लिफाफा नहीं खोलना चाहता था, क्योंकि पत्र भी उसका दुरमन था जिसने कि उसे यह अगुभ सूचना सुनायी थी। अनायास ही उसने पत्र खोलकर पढ़ लिया और पढ़ते ही उसके मन का कुहासा एक दम ही छंट गया। उसमें लिखा था :-

प्रिय महेश,
तुम्हें पिताजी के पत्र से समाचार मालूम हो गए होंगें। किन्तु भूल यह हुई है कि पिताजी ने मेरे लिए लिखा पत्र तुम्हारे नाम के लिफाफे में रख दिया और तुम्हारे लिए लिखा पत्र मेरे नाम के लिफाफे में भेज दिया। तुम्हारे पत्र को में इस लिफाफे में भेज रहा हूँ। आशा है तुम भली प्रकार समझ गये होगे कि तुम्हारे भतीजे ने जन्म लिया है।

तुम्हारा भाई, मनोहर

## छू ले आकाश

—सन्तराम वशिष्ट
बी० ए० ऑनर्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

पंछी ! उड़ छू ले आकाश, तेरे पंखों में है पगले—एक सबल विशवास, पंछी उड़ छू ले आकाश। छोड़ धरा की झूटी माया,
यह वृक्षों की काली छाया, खुले गगन में भर उड़ान, बादल में कर बास, पंछी उड़ छू ले आकाश ।
बटुत दिनों तक तू है सोया, उड़ने का हर अवसर है खोया,
नींद झटक नयनों से अब तो कर आलस का नाश, पंछी उड़ छू ले आकाश । सपने नये निहार नभ में, उठ उनको साकार कर ले, झोंका बने पवन का तेरा अब तो एक-एक सांस, पंछी ! उड़ छू ले अकाश । तेरे पंखों में है पगले एक सबल विरवास, पंछी ! उड़ छू ले अकाश ।

## सच्चा प्यार

"नाओ वी हैव टू पुट दी वैल्यू ऑफ 'J' इन दी गिवन इववेशन $\cdot \ldots . . .$. " मिस्टर वर्मा की रौबदार आवाज कमरे का प्रत्येक कोना भर रही थी। सभी विद्यार्थी बड़े ध्यान से सुन रहे थे; मगर एक को छोड़ कर। वह था सुरेन्द्र । सुरेन्द्र के कानों पर तो एक दूसरी ही आवाज ने घेरा डाला हुआा था। वह आवाज जो उसके दिल से निकल रही थी और रह-रह कर पुकार रही थी "वीना $\cdots \cdots$. वीना-"

वीना उस की क्लासफैलो थी जो सिर्फ क्लास में ही नहीं, क्लास के बाद भी उसी के साथ रहती थी पर आज उसे न जाने क्या हुआा था जो अभी तक न आ पाई थी। खुद उसे ही नहीं उसके साधियों को भी बड़ा अजीब लग रहा था, उसे अकेला देख कर। तभी तो रवि ने आते ही पूछा था "कयों अज चन्दा की चकोरी कहाँ गयी" और सुरेन्द्र बजाय नाराज होने के मुस्करा कर रह गया था। सच ही तो है कितना चाहते हैं वे एक दूसरे को। और उसने तो सब कुछ तय कर लिया था। बी० एससी॰ पास करते ही वह अपने पापा के बिजनेस का पार्टनर बन जायेगा। काठमाँडू वाली ब्रान्च वह खुद सम्भाल लेगा और फिर एक दिन वीना उसके सपनों की रानी छम-छम करती हुई उसकी जिन्दगी में हमेशाहमेशा के लिए आा जायेगी। फिर उसे किसी का डर नहीं रहेगा। न लेक्चरर्स के देख लेने का, न दोस्तों की उन दोनों को घूरती हुई निगाहों का। उसे कोई रोकने वाला $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ अचानक सुरेन्द्र को लगा कि कोई उसके पीछे बड़ी देर से खड़ा है। उसने धीरे से गर्दन धुमाई तो उसका दिल धक से रह गया।पता नहीं मिस्टर वर्मा कितनी देर से उसके पीछे खड़े होकर उसके चहरे पर

आते जाते भाव पढ़ रहे हैं। अचानक सारी क्लास एक साथ हँस पड़ी। सुरेन्द्र का घबराहट के मारे बुरा हाल हो रहा था। मुँह सूखा जा रहा था और वह उसे थूक से गीला करने की नाकामयाब कोशिश कर रहा था। मिस्टर वर्मा उसके करीब अये और धीरे से बोले "देखो सुरेन्द्र अगर तुम्हें नहीं पढ़ना तो फिर माँ-बाप का पैसा खराब करने से क्या फायदा। आराम से घर बैठो। क्लास में आने की तकलीफ क्यों उठाते हो।" और फिर खीझते हुए बोले मुझे समझ नहीं आता तुम बैंठ-बँठे सोचा क्या करते हो तुम्हें कोई तकलीफ हो तो मुझे बताओ में उसे दूर करने की कोशिश करूँगा।

तभी पीरियड खत्म होने की घन्टी बजी। सब लोग उठकर बाहर जाने लगे। अगला पीरियड खाली था पर सुरेन्द्र वहाँ से उठा नहीं। वह् बैठा-बैठा मिस्टर वर्मा की बात याद कर रहा था। '‘तुम्हें कोई तकलीफ है तो मुझे बताओ मैं उसे दूर करने की कोशिश करूँगा•
वह मन ही मन मुर्कराया और अपने आप से बोला मेरी तकलीफ का कोई इलाज नहीं मिस्टर वर्म। अप जानते हैं मेरी तकलीफ क्या है $\qquad$ - प्रम $\qquad$
और वह एक झटके से उठकर बाहर चला गया।
"क्यों भाई साहब ये मजनू सा चेहरा लिए कहाँ चले" बरामदे में से गुजरते हुए उसके कानों में यह आवाज पड़ी। मुड़ कर देखा तो सुधा का हँसता हुआ चेहरा नजर अया।

बस जरा बस स्टाप तक ।
क्या अगला परियड अटैण्ड नहीं करना ?
मैं घर नहीं जा रहा।

फिर ?
एक दोस्त को देखने जा रहा हूँ अभी तक नहीं अया।

कौन सा दोस्त ?
तुम उसे नहीं जानतीं । सुरेन्द्र ने पीछा छुड़ाने के लिए कह दिया। मगर सुधा भी कुछ कम नहीं थी ।

मैं जानती हूँ कौन सा दोस्त है वह ।
कौन है ? सुरेन्द्र ने डरते हुए पूछा ।
वीना ! क्यों ठीक बताया न ? और सुधा जोर से खिलखिला पड़ी।

सुरेन्द्र के पास सिवाए झेंपने के कोई चारा नहीं था । इस समय वे दोनों बरामदा पार कर चुकं थे और लान में इस समय इन दोनों के सिवा कोई नहीं था । वह बिना कुछ कहे आगे बढ़ने लगा परन्तु सुधा ने उसकी बाँह पकड़ कर उसे रोक लिया। सुरेन्द्र को बहुत बुरा लगा वह गुस्से में कुछ कहने ही जा रहा था कि सुधा उससे पहले ही बोल पड़ी "मेरी काली सूरत के कारण तुम तो क्या कोई भी मुझ से बात करना नहीं चाहता और इसीलिए तुम भी मुझे इस समय टालने की कोशिश कर रहे हो । तुम्हारी नज़र में मैं कुछ भी नहीं परन्तु तुम मेरी नजर में बहुत कुछ हो । मैंने तुम्हें, अपने भाई को, इस तरह् एक आवारा लड़की के हाथों में खेलते हुए नहीं देख सकती। वह सिर्फ पैसे से ट्यार करती है तुमसे नहीं। में एक लड़की हूँ और इसलिए तुम से अधिक उसे जानती हूँ।

कौन ? सुरेन्द्र ने दाँत पीसते हुए पूछा ।
वो $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ ! टड़ाक्। पता नहीं कब सुरेन्द्र का हाथ उठा और तड़ाक से सुधा के गाल पर पाँच मर्दानी उगलियाँ छप गयी ।
"अभवारा वह नहीं तुम हो।" सुरेन्द्र ने यह नहीं सोचा कि उसे क्या कहना चाहिए क्या नहीं। उसके मुँह

से शब्द अपने आप निकल रहे थे । भाई के पवित्र रिरते को मेरे और अपने बीच लाकर तुम सिर्फ अपने बुरे वासना भरे मतलब पूरे करना चाहती हो । तुम मुझ से और वीना से जलती हो। तुम $\cdots \cdots \cdots$."

परन्तु अब तक सुधा उसकी गालियां सुनने के लिए वहीं नहीं खड़ी थी ।

सिनेमा हाल से निकलते हुए सुरेन्द्र से वीना ने पूछा "क्सी लगी ?"
'‘थी तो अच्छी पर सुधा की बच्ची ने आज सुबह ही सुबह मूड अफ कर दिया कि फिल्म देखने का मजा ही नहीं आया ।"

मुझे भी यह समझ नहीं आता कि वह हम दोनों से जलती क्यों है ? काली बिल्ली कहीं की।

क्योंकि उससे कोई बोलता नहीं इसीलिए। वह यह भी नहीं देख सकती कि कोई किसी से बोले । तुम से तो खास जलती है।

क्यों ?
क्योंकि तुम क्लास की सबसे सुन्दर लड़की हो।
सच ! वीना के गाल शर्म से लाल हो गये ।
पन्द्रह दिन अनुपस्थित रहने के बाद अचानक सुरेन्द्र सोलहवें दिन जब कालेज आया तो उसका हुलिया ही बदल गया था। दाढ़ी बढ़ी हुई थी, मैले सूखे बालों ने उसके अधधे से खधिक माथे को ढक रखा था। आँखें गड्ढे में धंसी सी लगती थी । पूछने पर मालूम हुआ कि नये बजट के कारण रोयरों के भाव बाजार में गिर गये और उसके पिता को भारी हानि उठानी पड़ी । यहाँ तक कि वे कर्जदार बन गये । सहपाठियों ने सुरेन्द्र को हिम्मत से लेने की सलाह दी तथा सहानुभूति जता कर चले गये । परन्तु वीना जिसे सुबह से उसकी आखें खोज रही थीं उसे अभी तक दिखाई न पड़ी। उसे खोजता-खोजता जब वह पार्क के पास पहुँचा तो उसे वह देखने को मिला जिसे वह

कभी स्वप्न में भी नहीं सोच सकता था। वोना और राकेश, वही राकेश जिसकी बुराई वह हर समय किया करती थी । उन दोनों की हँसी की आवाज सुरेन्द्र के कानों में पिघले हुए लोहे की तरह पड़ी। उसने सोचा कि वीना को एक तरफ बुलाकर उससे पूछे। पर क्या पूछे ? रह ही क्या गया था पूछने के लिए और वह होता भी कौन है उससे कुछ पूछने वाला ? वह एक दम पीछे मुड़ा ।

सुरेन्द्र! यह आवाज सुधा की थी जो उसकी यह हालत देख कर उससे बात करना चाहती थी ।

परन्तु सुरेन्द्र ने आवाज अनसुनी कर दी और आगे को बढ़ गया। अव वह किसी से नहीं मिलना चाहता था । अब वह इस दुनिया में और जीना नहीं चाहता था जीये भी तो किस तरह जिसके सहारे रह्कर वह अपना दुख भुलाना चाहता था वह ही $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ वह वहाँ से निराशा भरा मन और कुछ लड़खड़ाते से कदमों के सहारे चल पड़ा । जाना कहाँ था यह उसे स्वयं नहीं पता था । वह सोच रहा था कि वीना को उसी दिन यह सब कुछ पता लग गया होगा जिस दिन उसके पिता के घाटे की

खबर बड़े-बड़े अखबारों में छपी थी। अब उसे कोई और धनवान का बेटा तो ढूंढ़ना ही था सो उसने ढूंढ़ लिया। कितना झूठा था उसका व्यार कितनी झूठी थी वह खुद। और तभी उसके कानों में सुधा का वह स्वर गूँज उठा "मैं तुम्हें भाई समझती हूँ और इसीलिए मैं तुम्हें एक आवारा लड़की के हाथों में खेलता हुआ नहीं देख सकती" और याद आया वह तमाचा जो उस़ने ये शब्द सुनकर सुधा को जड़ दिया था । किन्तु आज वह वीना के व्यवहार रूपी तमाचे से तिलमिलाकर रह गया था। सहसा उसे पीछे से ये शब्द सुनाई दिये। 'कायरों की तरह तुम fिंदगी से भाग तो नहीं रहे हो ? पुरुषों का काम जिंदगी से लड़ना होता है fंजदगी से पलायन नहीं आज जिस तरह पैसे के लिए वीना तुम्हारा साथ छोड़ गयी है क्या उसी तरह तुम भी आज पिता जी को एकाकी छोड़ कर तो नहीं जा रहे हो ? उठो ! और एक अच्छे कल की उम्मीद से पिता जी का साथ दो ।" सुरेन्द्र ने मुड़कर देखा सुधा पीछे थी । वह नीची नजरें किये उसे देखता रहा। आँखें अँसुओं से डबडबा आईं। किन्तु ये आँसू नए उल्लास के आँसू थे जो नए कल के सूचक थे ।

## जीने का गीत

—कर्मंसिह तँवर
हिन्दी आँनसं, तृतीय वर्ष

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गिरता \({ }^{-}\)हूं,
    पड़ता हूँ,
        खड़ा हो जाता हूँ,
            और चल पड़ता हूँ जीवन के पथ पर ।
                लगते हैं काँटे होती है चुभन,
                खाता हूँ ठोकर गिर पड़ता हूँ धरनि पर ।
                चोट अती है कराता हूँ इलाज ।
                    कग्ता हूँ इन्तजार ठीक उसके होने का ।
                    जम ही पाई है घाव पर पपड़ी अभी,
                        भूल कहूँ या पागलपन,
                    चल पड़ा उसी कटीले-पथरीले मार्ग पर तभी।
                                    चुभ गए काँटे और लग गई ठोकर ।
                                    फूट पड़ा घाव वही फिर हरा होकर।
                                    करता हूँ प्रतीक्षा फिर आयेगी वह घड़ी।
                                    ठीक हो जाऐंगी ये चोटें बड़ी-बड़ी।।
                                    चल फिर पाऊँगा पथ अपने पुराने पर ,
                                    गिर चाहे जाऊँगा पुनः ठोकर खाने पर।
                                    चोट खाना और करना इन्तजार।
                                    ठीक उनके होने का।
                                    बन गया है गीत यही,
                                    अब तो मेरे जीने का।
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## मिलन की रात

> -गंगाराम मौय
> हिन्दी आनसं, द्वितीय वर्ष

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हुदय के शून्यकक्ष में -
    उठ रही है संकार
        चूड़ियों की झंझावात
            वहीं विरह की
                उठती हुई बातों की श्रृंखला,
                करवटे बदलती है दिन रात ।
                    थिरकती है चाँदनी भी
                    पर मन विभोर नहीं होता।
                    बुझा दें आकाँक्षाओं की उठी
                                    तीव्र ज्वाला में-
                                    प्रज्वलित होती विरह की अग
                                    मधुर स्वप्नों में तुम्ही झूमती हो
                                    राशित्र में तुम्ही चूमती हो
                                    उठ शैया से -
                                    जब खोजता हूँ हर जगह
                                    पास पाता नहीं
                                    तुम्हारी मनभावन छवि को
                                    उद्विग्न हो जाता है मन
                                    व्यथित हो जाता है तन
                                    याद आती है रह रह कर
                                    वही मिलन की रात ।
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## शान्ति की प्रतिमा

—महेन्द्र कौर
हिन्दी आनर्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

दुर्भाग्य के हाथों का खिलौना बनी शान्ति केवल अपने बच्चे के पालनार्थ जी रही है। क्या उसका त्याग प्रशंसनीय नहीं है। उसको इसी त्याग के बदले ही भगवान की प्राप्ति हो जाएगी। यह शान्ति हमारे घर में बर्तन साफ करती है। एक दिन मैंने उससे पूछा "गान्ति! तुम्हारे पति क्या काम करते हैं तुम काम के समय पप्पु को साथ क्यों ले आती हो। क्या पीछे घर में कोई और नहीं है ?"

ऐसा सुनना था कि शान्ति की आँखों में आँसू आ गए। अत्यन्त दु:ख भरे ख्वर में वह बोली "बीवी जी। इस विषय में मेरी अपनी एक कहानी है। आज से पन्द्रह वर्ष पहले मेरा विवाह हुआा था। उसके दस वर्ष बाद उस पष्पु ने जन्म लिया। तब हर्षोन्माद से मैं झूम उठी। इसके पिता की खुशी में चार चाँद लग गये। लड़का क्या था चाँदी सा सफेद । पर मेरी सास के हृदय पर साँप लोटने लगा। उसे अब यह श्रम हो गया था कि मेरा लड़ा रमेश अब मेरे वश में न रहकर अपनी पतित के वश में रहेगा! इसी कारण ही वह बात-बात पर मुझ से खीझ उठती और फटकारती रहती। लेकिन उसके ये अत्याचार मैं प्रसन्नता से सहन करती रही क्योंकि वह मेरी माँ के समान है।" मेरा मन शान्ति के जीवन की बंद पुस्तक को पढ़ने के लिये उत्सुक हो उठा। मैंने उसी दिन उससे सारी कहानी सुनाने का अग्रह किया लेकिन उसे घर भी शीघ्व पहुँचना था अत: विवश होकर एक दिन रुकना पड़ा।

अगले दिन जब वह आयी तो मैंने उसे सबसे पहले अपनी कहानी सुनाने को कहा। वह तो पहते ही अपने

दिल का बोझ हल्का करना चाहती थी। इसलिए उसने अगे बताया "इसके कुछ दिनों बार मेरे पिता मेरे लिए कई साड़ियाँ और बच्चे के लिए सोने का हार लेकर आये। मेरी खुशी का तं पारावार न था पर मेरी सास ने जो किया मुझे उसकी भी संभावना न थी। जब वे कपड़े और हार इत्यादि मेरे पिता जी ने उसको दिये तो पिता जी के मुँह पर मारते हुए कहा "ले जाओ इन्हें हमें नहीं चाहिए तुम्हारा कुछ भी ।" उस समय मेरे हृदय पर क्या बीती होगी यह कहना कठिन है।

यह सुनकर मुझे लगा कि वह स्त्री कभी सुख पा सकेगी ? शायद नहीं। जो व्यक्ति दूसरों को सुख नहीं देता वह खुद भी सुख प्राप्ति का अधिकारी नहीं।
"शायद तुम्हारी सास ने यह सोचा होगा कि अगर कपड़े इत्यादि रख लिये तो यह हर वक्त अपने मायके की संपन्नता जताते हुए रौब जमायेगी" मैंने शान्ति से पूछा।
"हाँ बीबी जी । ऐसा सोचा होगा तभी तो।" शान्ति ने दु:खी स्वर में उत्तर दिया ।
"इसके बाद क्या हुआ।"
"इसके बाद मेरे पिता जी ने मुझे . दो-तीन साड़ियाँ दी और चले गये। उसके बाद मेरे पति व सास ने मुझे पीटा और घर से निकल दिया। में अपने बच्चे को लेकर निकल पड़ी।"
"क्या तुम्हारे पति ने भी तुम्हारा साथ नहीं दिया।" "'नहीं बीबी जी! वे अपनी माँ का कहना मानते

हैं ।" ऐसा कहकर अँसू पोंछते हूए वह बोली "अच्छा बीबी जी अब मैं कल अऊऊँगी !"

इसके बाद वर्षों बीत गये शान्ति नहीं आई। वह हमारे घर से काम छोड़ कर् चली गई थी। पर मैं †नरन्तर उसके विषय में पता करती रही ।

एक दिन अचानक ही वह मिल गई। एक सुन्दर सौम्य युवक के साथ टैक्सी में बैठकर जा रही थी। मैं बस-स्टाप पर खड़ी थी। उसने मुझे देख लिया और टैक्सी रोक कर बड़े तपाक से मुझसे मिली।
"कहो शान्ति! पष्पु का क्या हाल है ? तुम्हारे पतिदेव कंसे हैं ?" मैंने पूछा । यह सुन कर वह हँसी और बोली '‘बीबी जी ! पप्पु तुम्हारे सामने ही है, अव्र यह रमन बन गया है। चलो रमन ! दीदी के पैर छुओ" मैंने रमन को अार्शीवाद दिया और उनके कहने पर उनके घर गई। वहाँ पर मुझे पता चला कि रमन अब एक स्कूल में अध्यापक है और अच्छा वेतन पाता है । यह समाचार सुनकर मेरा मन मयूर नाच उठा ।

कई दिन व्यतीत हो गये । मैंने सोचा आज शान्ति के घर जाया जाए। जब मैं वहाँ पहुँची तो देखा शान्ति, रमन व एक वृद्ध चाय पी रहे हैं। मुझे भी सf्मिलित होना पड़ा । बूढ़ा व्यक्ति कौन हो सकता है यह उत्सुकता मेरे मुख पर झलक रही थी। शान्ति ने उसे समझते हुए कहा '‘बीबी जी ! एक दिन रमन कहीं जा रहा कि एक वृद्ध अचानक एक कार से टकरा कर गिर पड़ा । रमन ने सहानुभूति पूर्वक उठाया और घर ले आया। घर लाने पर मैंने जब उसे देखा तो विस्मृत घटनाएँ ताजा हो गई बीस वर्ष पूर्व की सौम्य मूर्ति मेरे समक्ष साकार हो उठी । मैं उनके चरणों पर गिर पड़ी । दबा हुआ प्यार आँखों के रास्ते प्रकट होने लगा। मुझे धीरज देते हुए उन्होंने कहा 'शशान्ति तुम सचमुच शान्ति की प्रतिमा हो । तुमने अपने नाम की सार्थकता सिद्ध कर दी है। मुझे क्षमा कर सको तो क्षमा कर देना शान्ति ।" इतना कहकर वे बालकों की तरह फूट-फूट कर रोने लगे ।

बीते जीवन की कड़वाहट धुल गई और अब हम साथसाथ रहते हैं।

## कहानी प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम पुरसकार प्राष्त कहानी

## ढुलकते आँसू

—गंगाराम मौर्य हिन्दी ऑननर्स, द्वितीय वर्ष
"बीबी जी, बाबू जी खाने की मेज पर अपका इन्तजार कर रहे हैं।" नौकर ने लिली के कमरे के दरवाजे के पास अकर कहा।
"में अभी आई" लिली ने चारपाई से उठकर कहा। लिली की आँखें कुछ सूजी हुई सी दिखाई दे रही थीं। शायद रात भर उसे नींद नहीं अई। लिली जल़्दी कपड़े पहनकर बड़े हाल की तरफ बढ़ी। लिली ने वहाँ पहुँच कर देखा कि कमल, सामू, जालपा और बानू जी सब खाने की मेज पर उसका इन्तजार कर रहे हैं । लिली भी खाने की मेज के पास एक खाली कुर्सी पर बैठ गयी। सबने खाना आरम्भ किया। बाबू जी ने खाने खाते हुए कमल की तरफ संकेत करते हुए कहा-"बेटा, जरा रेडियो तो चला दो।"

कमल बाबूजी का सबसे बड़ा लड़का था। कमल बी॰ ए० प्रथम वर्ष में पढ़ता था। लम्बा-कद, गेंहुआ रंग, गठा हुआ बदन और जिद का पदका था। घर में इतना पैसा होने पर भी वह अपना वही खद्दर का कुर्ता और धोती पहनता था। बाबू जी के कहने पर उसने रेडियो चला दिया।
$\cdots \cdots \cdots$ यह आकाशवाणी है। अब सुनें आप मन चाहे गीत।
........गरीबों की सुनो, वह तुम्हारी सुनेगा।
तुम एक पैसा दोगे वह दस-लाख देगा।
गरीबो की सुनो ${ }^{\circ}$

रेडियो पर गाना आ रहा था। बाहर से रामू हॉंफता हुआ हाल में आया। उसकी साँसें चढ़ रही थों। उसने अपनी धड़कन कम करते हुए कहा, "..........बाहर...... अा $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ आँगन में एक $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ नौ-नौजवान लड़का $\cdots$ अचेत पड़ा है ।" यह खत्रर सुनते ही सब बाहर आँगन में अा गये । सब के सब उसे अाइचर्य की दृष्टि से देखने लगे। गोरा रंग, छोटे-छोटे बाल, लम्बा-कद और शरीर पर फटे हुए वस्त्रों को देखकर बाबूजी के मन में दया का सागर उमड़ा और उन्होंने नौकर के साथ मिलकर उस युवक को अपने बिस्तर पर लिटा दिया। शरीर पर हाथ लगा कर देखा तो वह बिल्कुल ठंडा था। बाबू जी को कुछ भय होने लगा कि कहीं यह चल न बसे। डाकटर मेहता को फोन करने के लिए कहा। कमल ने डाक्टर मेहता से फोन मिलाया।
..........と-0-0-२-ц........टर्न-टर्न-टर्न $\cdot \cdots . . . .$. उधर घंटो बज उठी।
‘हैलो, में डाकटर मेहता बोल रहा हू"’.........उधर से आवाज आई।
"‘मैं कमल बोल रहा हूँ, बाबू जी ने आपको जल्दी बुलाया है।........"
"आपके बाबूजी बीमार हैं क्या ? $\cdot \ldots . . .$. "
"नहीं ${ }^{\prime . . . . . . . . " ~}$
"फिर कौन बीमार है ?"

कमल असंमज में पड़ गया कि वह उस युवक को क्या कहकर बताये। अचानक उसे ध्यान आया कि कह दूँ "भाई" बीमार है। उसने डाक्टर मेहता को कह दिया कि मेरा भाई बीमार है। डाक्टर मेहता ने कहा कि मैं अभी अपके मकान पर पहुँच जाऊँगा।

मरीज उसी अवस्था में पड़ा रहा; उसने आँखें नहीं खोली। लिली ने मरीज को दूसरे कपड़े पहनाये और उसके ऊपर कम्बल डाल दिया। मरीज की हालत देखकर सब के प्राण सूखे जा रहे थे । तभी रामू एक बेग लिए अया और उसके पीछे डाकटर ने हाल में कदम रखा। डाक्टर को देखकर चेहरे खिल उठे। लिली अपने आप को न रोक सकी और डाक्टर को देखते ही कहा-"'डाकटर साहब, अब अप इन्हें बचा लीजिए।" इतना कहकर लिली के आँखों से आँसू ढुलकने लगे । डाक्टर ने मरीज को अच्छी तरह देखा और उन्होंने दो इन्जेक्सन लगा दिये। एक खाली कुर्सी मरीज की चारपाई के पास खींचकर डाक्टर बैठ गया।
'"हालत बहुत ज्यादा खराब है। बचना मुरिकल है, परन्तु देखो अगर बच जाए तो कोशिश तो पूरी करूँगा"कहकर डाक्टर मेहता ने अपनी सिगरेट निकाली और उसे सुलगाने लगा।
"‘के भी हो डाक्टर, अाप इसे बच़ा लीजिए"बाबू जी की करणा फूट पड़ी और भंराये हुए स्वर में कहा।

कुछ समय परचात मरीज ने अपने शरीर को हिलानाडुलाना शुरू किया। सब के मुरझाये चेहरे फिर खिल उठे। मरीज ने आँख खोली और अपने अप को एक नरम बिस्तर पर पाकर सुख का अनुभव किया। युवक इन मुस्कराते हुए चेहरों को देखकर आइचर्य करने लगा ।
"'मैं कहाँ हूँ, $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ अप-अप $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ कौन हैं।" मरीज ने पूछा। डाकटर ने दिलासा देते हुए कहा, "अब तुम जल्दी ठीक हो जाओगे। तुम्हें आराम की अवइयकता है।"

बाबू जी ने मरीज की चरपाई पर बैठकर स्नेल-युक्त स्वर में पूछा, "बेटा, तुम्हारा नाम क्या है।"
"दिलीप"—कहकर मरीज उठ बैठा।
"‘काँ रहते हो बेटा, तुम्हारे माँ-बाप का क्या नाम है ?"
'"गली में घूमकर, पटरी पर लेटकर, न मेरा कोई घर, माँ-बाप, न मेरा ईइवर, मेरा कोई भी नहीं $\cdot$........ मेरा कोई भी नहीं $\cdots \cdots \cdots$...... दिलीप की आँखों से आँसू ढुलकने लगे और वह फूट-फूटकर रोने लगा।

बाबू जी ने उसे चुप करते हुए कहा—"‘ेटा, ऐसा नहीं कहते । ईइवर सबका है। क्या हम तेरे कुछ नहीं लगते ? $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ अच्छा बेटा, यह बताओ $\cdots \cdots$ क्या जन्म से कोई नहीं है ?"
"ऐसी बात नहीं है। $\cdot$....... बाप को मेरी आँखों के सामने गोली से उड़ा दिया गया। माँ को आग लगा दी और बहन ने अपनी इज्जत बचाने के लिए आट्महत्या कर ली। सब मुझे इस दुनिया में अकेला छोड़कर चले गये $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ मुझे बेसहारा बना गये $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ ।" टप-टप-टप $\cdots \cdots \cdots$ आँखों से आसूस ढुलके। लिली ने सब जानने के लिए दिलीप से आग्रह किया। लिली की बात में सबने हाँ मिलायी। और दिलीप ने कहना आरम्भ किया।
"रामपुर गाँव में एक रामसहाय नाम का जमींदार रहता था। उसके तीन बच्चे थे। दिलीप पहली सन्तान थी, कमलेश दूसरी और एक दो-साल का बच्चा पवन आखरी सन्तान थी। रामसहाय का गाँव में बड़ा रौब था, उसके बराबर खेत गाँव में किसी के पास भी नहीं थे । दिलीप इस समय दस-वर्ष का था। एक दिन की बात है कि दिलीप रात को सो नहीं सका। इसलिए वह सुबह जल्दी नहीं उठ सका।

राम सहाय ने दिलीप की चारपाई के पास आकर कहा,—"अरे, ओ दिलीप, अबेर हो गई, अभी तक उठा नहीं। इक्सूल कब जायेगा, जल्दी कर।"

दिलीप ने लिहाफ हटा कर देखा तो सचमुच उसे देर हो गई थी, क्योंकि घर में सभी उठ चुके थे। पवन भी उठकर चूल्हे के पास अग तप रहा था। माँ भी बाबू के लिए नाइता तैयार कर रही थी। दिलीप ने उठकर हाथ-

मुंह धोये और चूल्हे के पास आा बैठा।
कमलेश ने बर्तन माँजते हुए रामसहाय से पूछा, '"बाबू आज कौन-से खेत में काम करोगे।"
"नीमवाले खेत में जहाँ शिबचरण के खेत हैं।"—कहकर रामसहाय ने बैल खोले और खेतों की तरफ चल दिया। सूरज अभी निकला नहों था, इसलिए धुन्ध अभी छाई हुई थी। सर्दी के दिन थे, सब अपने-अपने घरों में छिपे बैठे थे। रामसहाय ने नीमवाले खेत पर जाकर बैल रोक दिए और उपले पर रखी अग सिलगाने लगा। जब आग सिलग गई तो उसने चिलम भरी और पीने लगा। रामसहाय चिलम पीकर खेत जोतने लगा। दोपहर तक वह खेत जोतता रहा। पसीने से लथ-पथ उसके शरीर पर खेत की मिट्टी उड़कर जमने लगी।
"बबापूडऽ $\cdots$...कलेवा कर लो।"-
"अया बिट्टयाडs $\cdots$.....आग के पास रख दो।"
कमलेश ने कलेवा सिर से उतारकर रख दिया और आग के पास आकर बैठ गई। रामसहाय ने बैल रोक दिये और पसीना पोंछते हुए अग के पास आा बैठा। रामसहाय ने कलेवा खोला और खाने लगा। कलेवा करके रामसहाय ने पानी पिया और चिलम भरकर पीने लगा। रामसहाय अराम कर रहा था कि अचानक उसे किसी औरत की चीख सुनाई दी। रामसहाय चीख सुनकर उसी तरफ भागा।

ईंख के बड़े खेत के पास से रमियाँ अपने बापू को कलेवा पहुँचाने जा रही थी। रमियाँ मंगलू की सब से बड़ी लड़की थी उम्र कोई सत्रह वर्ष की होगी। शिबचरण को यह् अवसर अच्छा जान पड़ा और वह भी उसके पीछे-पीछे हो लिया। जब रमियाँ ईंख के खेत के पास आ गई तो शिबचरण उसके अगे खड़ा हो गया और उसे जाने से रोक दिया। रमियाँ ने शिबचरण को ढकेलते हुए कहा-"'हट कमीने, मेरा रस्ता क्यों रोक रहा है ?"
"रमियाँ, क्या थोड़ी देर मुझ से बात नहीं करोगी।"
"मुझे अपने बापू को कलेवा पहुँचाना है।"
शिबचरण ने उसकी एक न सुनी और उसका हाथ पकड़ कर खींच लिया रमियाँ ने अपना हाथ छुड़ाते हुए शोर मचाना शुरू कर दिया,—"छोड़ मुझे .........बद-

माश कहीं के .........." रामसहाय चीख सुनकर घटनास्थल पर पहुँच गया और शिबचरण को डाँटता हुआ बोला—"शिबचरण, छोड़ दे बिटिया का हाथ।"
"काका, तुम अपना काम करो।"
"तुम्हें शर्म नहीं अती कमीने।"
"काका, तुम बीच में मत बोलो नहीं तो बहुत बुरा होगा।"
'"गाँव की इज्जत अपने हाथ से उतार रहा है नीच, में तेरी बोटी-बोटी अलग कर दूँगा $1 \cdots \cdots \cdots$ निर्लज्ज कहीं के।"

शिबचरण रामसहाय की परवाह किए बिना रमियाँ का हाथ खींचने लगा। रमियाँ चचल्लाने लगी,—"काका, बचालो मुझे $\cdots \cdots$.....इस नीच से बचालो। मैं कहीं की भी नहीं रहूँगी। काका ….....।"

रामसहाय रमियाँ का चिल्लाना सहन नहीं कर सका और उसने दौड़कर शिबचरण की गर्दन पकड़ ली। राम सहाय ने गर्देन में ऐसा झटका मारा कि शिबचरण चारों खाने चित्त पड़ा। रमियाँ शिबचरण से छूटकर काका रामसहाय के पीछे खड़ी हो गयी। उसका शरीर डर से काँपन लगा। मंगलू और रामू जो इस खेत के पीछे ही खत में काम कर रहे थे, आवाज सुनकर उसी तरफ चल दिए।

शिवचरण फिर खड़ा हो गया और बदन से मिट्टी झाड़कर फिर रामसहाय पर झपटा। रमियाँ अवसर पाकर भागी और बापू को आवाज लगानी शुरू कर दी। रमियाँ की आवाज सुनकर मंगलू और रामू भी घटना-स्थल पर पहुँच गये। रामू ने शिबचरण के बाल पकड़े और उस घसीटकर काका रामसहाय से अलग कर दिया। शिबचरण अलग हो गया, परन्तु हार नहीं मानी। उसने कमर से चाकू निकाला और रामसहाय पर वार करना चाहा ; परन्तु रमियां अगे अा गई और चाकू रमियां की छाती में लगा। शिवचरण चाकू मारकर भागने लगा परन्तु रामसहाय ने टाँग अड़ाकर गिरा दिया। रामसहाय ने रमियां की छाती से निकलते हुए खून को रोकते हुए कहा "बिटिया, यह तुमने क्या किया ?"
'‘काका, तुमने मेरी इज्जत बचायी । क्या मैं इतना भी नहीं करती कि तुम्में बचा लेती। रामसहाय के हाथ खून से लथ-पथ हो गए। रमियाँ की सांस धीमी होने लगी और उसकी पलकें बन्द होने लगों। मंगलू रमियां की हालत देखकर फूट-फूटकर रोने लगा। रमियां ने आखरी बार आँखें खोलकर सबको देखा और फिर सदा के लिए आँखें बन्द कर लीं ।"

लिली की आँखों से आँसू टपकने लगे। उसने निःइवास खींचकर कहा,—"फिर क्या हुआा ?"

दिलीप ने गले पर हाथ फेरते हुए कहा,-"मुझे एक गिलास पानी दो।" कमल ने गिलास भरकर पानी दिया। दिलीप ने पानी पीकर फिर कहना श्रुरू किया। "उसके बाद शिबचरण रामसहाय का जानी-दुईमन बन गया। पुलिस ने शिबचरण को बन्द कर दिया। उसको एक साल की सजा हुई। सजा काटकर वह रामसहाय से बदला लेने का प्रयत्न करने लगा।। एक दिन की बात है कि रामसहाय खेतों पर काम करने चला गया। दिलीप और कमलेश बापू को कलेवा पहुँचाने चले गये। घर में दिलीप की माँ शान्ति ही रह गई थी । शान्ति घर का सारा काम समाप्त करके पवन को लेकर आँगन में धूप सेकने लगी। अचानक बाहर का दरवाजा खुला और शिबचरण के साथ चार-पाँच अदममयों ने घर में कदम रखा। शान्ति यह देखकर घबरा गई। शिबचरण ने एक आदमी को कुछ संकंत किया। उस आदमी ने बढ़कर शान्ति की आँखों पर पट्टी बाँध दी और पवन को उससे अलग कर दिया। शान्ति कुछ न कर सकी और उन्होंने उसे घर के अन्दर डाल दिया। शिबचरण ने घर में मिट्टी का तेल डालकर आग लगा दी। आग की लपटें अपना कर्त्तब दिखाने लगीं। शिवचरण पवन को लेकर भाग निकला। आग को देखकर सारा गाँव आग बुझाने के लिए दौड़ पड़ा। परन्तु जब सब कुछ जलकर राख हो गया। रामसहाय को जब पता चला तो वह दिलीप और कमलेश को लेकर घर की तरफ दौड़ पड़ा। रामसहाय ने जब भस्म हुए घर को देखा तो उसे शரन्ति के जेवर दिखाई दिए और वह उन जेवरों को निकालकर जोर-जोर से रोने लगा। 'हाय

शान्ति, नुम भी चली गईं। मैं कितना नीच हूँ जो तुम्हें बचा भी न सका। हाय मेरा तो घर लुट गया।"

दिलीप और कमलेश अपने बापू को विलाप करता देख उसके गले से लिपटकर रोने लगे। लोगों ने दिलाशा दी और रामसहाय को समझाया। शिबचरण घर से लापता था, उसके बारे में किसी को कुछ नहीं मालूम था। पुलिस आई और उसको न पाकर चली गई। शिबचरण अब एक डाकू बन गया। उसने अपना गिरोह बनाना शुरू कर विया।

दिलीप कहानी सुनाते-सुनाते गुस्से से भर गया। उसकी आँखें लाल हो गई और शरीर काँपने लगा। लिली को लगा जैसे कि वह वास्तव में वही दृरय देख रही है। कमल हाथ की मुट्ठियाँ मलते हुए बोला, "अगर में होता तो उस शिबचरण के बच्चे को जिन्दा न छोड़ता।" दिलीप ने कमल की बात पर मुस्कराते हुए फिर कहना शुरू किया।

रामसहाय का मन उदास रहने लगा। वह अपने आपको कायर समझने लगा। किसी भी काम में उसका दिल नहीं लगता था। खेतों पर भी अनमना-सा होकर काम करता था। अज भी वह सुबह से खेतों पर हुक्का पी रहा था। काम करने को उसका मन नहीं करता था। हुक्का पीते-पीते वह कुछ सोच रहा था। अचानक कमलेश ने उसका ध्यान खींच लिया। कमलेश ने रामसहाय को एक पत्र दिया और कहा-‘‘बवूू, यह खत मुझे मंगलू काका ने दिया है। कहने लगे किसी आदमी ने दिया है, तुम्हारे बापू का है।"

रामसहाय ने पत्र लेकर अपनी जैकेट की जेब में रख लिया। रामसहाय पढ़ा हुआ नहीं था। दिलीप आया तो उसने वह पत्र निकाल कर दिलीप को देते हुए कहा'बेटा, देखो इस खत में क्या लिखा है ? जरा बाँचकर तो सुनाओ।"

दिलीप ने पत्र पढ़ना आरम्भ किया $\quad \cdots \cdots$ कमीने रामसहाय, यह खत शिबचरण का है। $\cdots$ घबरा मत, जरा ध्यान से पढ़। तुम्हारे काम की बात है। तुम्हारा लड़का मेरे पास है। $\cdots \cdots$ जब्दी मत करो। पता नहीं क्यों तुम पर मुझे दया आ रही है। $\cdots$ ध्यान से सुनो।

अगर तुम अपने बैंटे को पाना चाहते हो तो $\cdots \cdots$ याद रखो किसी को भी खबर मत करना। अगर तुमने पुलिस को सूचना दी तो $\cdots \cdots$ जानते हो क्या होगा $\cdots \cdots$ तुम्हारी आँखों के सामने तुम्हारे लड़के का सिर धड़ अलग $\cdot \cdots \cdot$ घबराओ नहीं। समझदारी से काम लेना। जानते हो क्या करना होगा $\cdots$ अ••अपनी सारी जमीन मेरे घरवालों के नाम करा दो और सारे कागजात लेकर $\cdot \cdots$ जानते हो कहाँ मिलोगे $\cdots \cdots$ दिल की धड़कन बन्द करो $\cdots \cdots$ पुराने मकबरे के पास $\cdots \cdots$ सायं के पाँच बजे $\cdots \cdots$ आज से पाँच दिन बाद…..याद कर लो $\cdots \cdots$ एक बुड्ना घास खोदता मिलेगा $1 \cdot \cdots$ बस…...अागे मिलने पर ।"....... रामसहाय खत सुनकर स्तब्ध रह गया। उसके हाथ से हुकका छूट गया। उसकी समझ में नहीं आा रहा था कि वह क्या करे। तभी वहाँ काका मंगलू भी आ गये और खत के विषय में पूछने लगे। दिलीप ने खत दुबारा पढ़ कर सुना दिया। मंगलू ने खत सुनकर रामसहाय को सहारा दिया और घर ले आया। रामसहाय ने अपने बेटे पवन को पाने के लिए अपनी सारी जमीन उसके नाम करा दी और कागजात इकट्ठ कर लिए। रामसहाय ने डर से पुलिस को भी खबर नहीं करी। रामसहाय पुराने मकबरे के पास चार बजे ही पहुँच गया। मंगलू और दिलीप अपने आप को न रोक सके और वह भी चल दिए। कुछ देर बाद रामसहाय को एक बूढ़ा घास खोदता हुआा नजर आया। वह उसी तरफ चल दिया। रामसहाय उस बूढ़े के पास जाकर खड़ा हो गा। । उस बूढ़े ने रामसहाय से कागजात लिये और चल दिया। रामसहाय भी उसके पीछे-पीछे चल दिया। मंगलू और दिलीप भी रामसहाय को जाता देख उसी तरफ चलने लगे। रामसहाय पहाड़ी रास्ते से उस बुड्ढे के साथ शिबचरण के अड्डे पर पहुँच गया। शिबचरण रामसहाय को देखकर कड़वी हैसी हैँसता हुआ बोला-‘काका, अब तुम बहुत जल्दी सब बन्धनों से मुक्त हो जाओगे ।" रामसहाय का गुस्सा गर्म पानी की तरह उबल उठा और जोर से गरजता हुआ बोला"कमीनेऽs…"मुझे अपने बेटे का मुँह तो देखने दे ।"
"तुमने पाप किया है काका।"
'‘हाSS $\cdots \cdots$. मैंने पाप किया है। आज ईरवर भी जानता है कि मैंने समय पर पहुँचकर बिट्टिया रमियां की

इज्जत बचाकर पाप किया है $1 \cdots \cdots$ तुम मुझे जो चाहें सजा दे लो, लेकिन उस बच्चे ने तुम्हारा क्या बिगाड़ा है? उस निस्सहाय बच्चे पर तो रहमकर…न नीच...... हतन्यारे, पापी $\cdot \cdots$ दुर्गन्ध के कीड़े ।"
"काका, जबान पर लगाम लगाओ। यह गाँव नहीं है। अब तुम शरीफों की महफिल में हो $1 \cdots \cdots$ काका स्वर्ग में बैठी हुई काकी तुम्हारा इन्तजार कर रही है। पवन $\cdots \cdots$ तुम्हारा पवन मेरे साथ रहकर डाकू बनेगा और तुम्हारी बिटिया हमारे यहाँ आकर रहेगी। तुम्हारा बेटा दिलीप भी तुम्हें स्वर्ग के मार्ग में मिलेगा । हा-हाड......
'‘खबरदार कमीनेडs…'अअगर तूने मेरी बिट्टिया को कुछ कहा"——दाँत-पीसते हुआ रामसहाय गरज उठा ।
''भौंदू, जाओ इनकी बिट्टिया और दिलीप को घर से पकड़कर ले आओो। जो वह भी अपने बापू को तड़फता देखे ।"
"जो आज्ञा सरकार"——कहकर भौंदू घोड़े पर सवार होकर रामसहाय के घर जाने लगा। रामसहाय ने घोड़े की लगाम खींच ली और घोड़े के सामने खड़ा हो गया ।
"काका, हट जाओ। देर मत करो।" कहकर शिबचरण ने अपने एक आदमी को आदेश देकर रामसहाय को घोड़े से अलग कर दिया। उसे एक पेड़ के सहारे रस्से से बाँध दिया। रामसहाय चिल्लाता रहा परन्तु उसका रोना वास्तव में वन में रोना था। मंगलू और दिलीप यह सव दृरय एक झाड़ी की आड़ में छिपकर देख रहे थे । अधा घण्टे बाद भौंदू घोड़े पर खाली हाथ लौटा। शिबचरण भौंदू को खाली हा़ देखकर शोर की भाँति गरजता हुअा बोला, "भौंदू क्या बात है। खाली क्यों लौटे ?"
'स रकार, वह लड़की बड़ी हरामजादी निकली। जब मैं उसे लाने लगा तो उसने अपनी अात्महत्या व र ली और दिलीप वहाँ नहीं था।"

शिवचरण नि:रवास लेकर बोला, '‘अच्छा हुआ, अपने आप बिदा हुई और दिलीप को तुम खोज निकालो। जहाँ भी मिले फौरन मेरे हवाले कर दो ।" शिबचरण ने

## जीने का गीत

—कर्मसिसह तंवर
हिन्दी ऑनर्स, तृतीय वर्ष

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\mathrm{ गिरता" हूँ,}
    पड़ता हूँ,
        खड़ा हो जाता हूँ,
        और चल पड़ता हूँ जीवन के पथ पर।
            लगते हैं काँटे होती है चुभन,
                खाता हूँ ठोकर गिर पड़ता हूँ धरनि पर ।
                    चोट आती है कराता हूँ इलाज ।
                    करता हूँ इन्तजार ठीक उसके होने का।
                        जम ही पाई है घाव पर पपड़ी अभी,
                                    भूल कहूँ या पागलपन,
                            चल पड़ा उसी कटील-पथरीले मार्ग पर तभी।
                                    चुभ गए काँटे और लग गई ठोकर।
        फूट पड़ा घाव वही fफर हरा होकर।
        करता हूँ प्रतीक्षा फिर आयेगी वह घड़ी।
                ठीक हो जाऐंगी ये चोटें बड़ी-बड़ी।।
                                    चल फिर पाऊँगा पथ अपने पुराने पर ,
                                    \mathrm{ गिर चाहे जाऊँगा पुनः ठोकर खाने पर ।}
                                    चोट खाना और करना इन्तजार ।
                                    ठीक उनके होने का।
                                    बन गया है गीत यही,
                                    अब तो मेरे जीने का।।
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काका रामसहाय को एक बार पवन से मिलाया और सदा के लिए उससे अलग कर दिया। दिलीप और मंगलू यह देख रहे थे। मंगलू दिलीप को बचाने के उद्देरय से दिलीप को लेकर बड़ी सावधानी से भाग निकला। मंगलू ने दिलीप को शहर पहुँचा दिया। दिलीप ने बताया कि वह चार दिन भूखा रहा और रात-दिन चलता रहा। उसको यही भय था कि कहीं शिनचरण के आदमी उसको देख न लें । आज सुवह जब बाबूजी के घर के सामने पहुँचा तो भूख-तड़फन और सफर की थकान इतनी बढ़ गई कि दिलीप आगे न चल सका। उसकी आँखों के आगे अँधेरा आने लगा और सिर चकराने लगा। वह संभल न सका और वहीं पर गिर पड़ा।" बाबूरी दिलीप की दुग्रभरी कहानी सुनकर बोले-"वेटा, अब तुम्हें शिबचरण कुछ न कहेगा। आज से तुम मेरे घर में मेरे बेटे की तरह रहोगे।" बाबूजी की आँखों से आँसू की लड़ियाँ बहने लगीं। दिलीप बाबूजी के गले से लिपटकर कहने लगा"बबापूडs… अापको पाकर मुझे ऐसा लगा कि मुझें खोया हुआ बापू, माँ, भाई और बहन सभी मिल गये और उसके साथ-साथ मुझे अज ईरवर भी मिले । अपपने मेरे ढुलकते हुए आँसुओं को रोक दिया। एक बेसहारा को आपने नई

जिन्दगी, नई स्फूर्ति और सब कुछ नया दिया।" इतना कहकर दिलीप की आँखें इस प्रकार बहने लगीं जैसे बहुत वर्षों से सूखी हुई नदियाँ बह निकली हों। बाबूजी का वात्सल्य साकार हो गया और उन्होंने दिलीव का माथा चू मते हुए कहा-"हाँ बेटा, तुम मुझे बापू ही कहकर बुलाया करो; कमल तुम सब भी मुझे बापू कहकर बुलाया करो। कितना प्यारा शब्द है, लगता है कि सारे सुखों का अनन्द इकट्ठा करके इस बापू शब्द में भर दिया हो।" बाबूजी के परिवार के सब सदस्यों ने दिलीप को प्यार से गले लगा लिया। दिलीप को लगा कि उसके ढुलकते आँसू मोती बनकर उसीके गले में हार बनकर गिर रहे हों। तभी रेडियो में गाना आ रहा था। सभी का ध्यान उसकी तरफ गया।
$\cdots \cdot$ गिरना नहीं है गिरकर सम्भलना है जिन्दनी।
चल चल रे राही चल....................... $\mid "$
बाबूजी गाने को सुनकर दिलीप की तरफ मुस्करा दिये। एक बार फिर प्यार से गले मिले। दिलीप को लगा कि उसे जीवन दान मिला है।

## निबन्ध प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम पुरक्कार प्रात्त निबन्ध

## आध्यात्मवाद से ही सच्ची शान्ति सुलभ है भौतिकवाद से नहीं

—उषा शर्मा

हिन्दी आनर्स, तृतीय वर्ष

भारत अपनी चेतना के उषाकाल से ही आध्यात्मप्रवण देश रहा है। अध्याटम शब्द का श्रवण करते ही मन में वेद, उपनिषद, ब्रह्मसूत्र, गंगा और हिमालय का स्मरण हो आता है। कहने की आवइयकता नहीं कि वे सभी वस्तुएँ अध्यातिमकता के आदि स्रोत, अगाध भंडार और अजस्र प्रवाह हैं। यदि आज भी विरव के गहननतम अध्यातिमक आदर्शों एवं सिद्धान्तों की खोज करनी है तो समस्त संसार वेद, उपनिषद और गीता की ओर उन्मुख होता है। यह सम्पूर्ण वाङ्मय अज भी सच्ची शान्ति का अमोध औषध स्वीकार किया जाता है। देवी भौतिकता के महाप्रसाद से अविच्छिन्न पाइचात्य भूप्रांगण अभी तक शान्ति की एक किरण भी नहीं खोज सका इसका क्या कारण है ? मनुस्मृति में स्पष्ट कहा गया है-
"यइचैतन् प्राप्नुयात्सर्वान यइचैतन्् केंवलांस्त्यजेत् । प्रापणात् सर्वकामानां परित्यागो विशिस्यते ।"

आध्यात्मिकता के सम्बन्ध में स्वामी विवेकानन्द जी के विचार उल्लेखनीय हैं, "यदि मनुष्य के पास संसार की प्रत्येक वस्तु है पर अध्यानिमकता नहीं तो क्या लाभ ? इस भौतिक सृष्टि के मूल में वह सत्य और दिव्य आटमतत्व निहित है जिसे कोई पाप कलुषित नहीं कर सकता कोई दुर्वासना गंदा नहीं कर सकती। जिसे अगिन जला नहीं सकती तथा जल गीला नहीं कर सकता, मृत्यु मार नहीं सकती ।"—स्वामी विवेकान्द्ध उनकी दृष्टि में मनुष्य की यह परा प्रकृत्ति आत्मा उतनी ही सत्य है जितनी एक पाइचात्य व्यक्ति के लिए ऐन्द्रिय सुख । अज भी यह

राष्ट्र जीवित है और राष्ट्र के भयंकर से भंयकर विपत्ति के दिनों में भी आध्याटिमकता को और अधिक बढ़ावा देने के लिए महापुरुष उत्पन्न होते हैं। हजारों वर्षों के कष्टों के उपरान्त भी यह हिन्दू जाति नष्ट क्यों नहीं हुई ? भारत-राष्ट्र अमर है जब तक उसके लोग आध्यात्मिकता नहीं छोडेंगे ।

इस विवरण से स्पष्ट है कि सच्ची शान्ति आध्याधिमकता से ही सुलभ है भौतिकता से नहीं। इस तथ्य की समुांच स्थापना के लिए अध्यातिमकता, भौतिकता और सच्चीशान्ति अनि शब्दों पर गम्भीरता पूर्वक विचार करना आवशयक है। जहाँ तक अन्यात्मिकता का सम्बन्ध है :-
"धर्म और ई₹वर की श्रद्धामय और निष्ठायुक्त भावना को ही अध्यात्मिकता कहा जाता है। यही हिन्दु संस्कृति की अधधरर शिला है। उससे सब कुछ है उसके बिना कुछ नहीं है।"
—स्वामी विवेकानन्द

## सच्ची शान्ति व भौतिकता :-

दाँडियायन अपनी त्रण कुटीर के सम्मुख संसधु तट पर बंठे हुए अरूणोदय के समय सन्ध्या कर रहे थे । उसी समय विशवविजेता सिकन्दर उनके सम्मुख आया और बोला कि मैं विशव विजय के उल्लास में लोगों को मुँहमागी विभूति दे रहा हूँ माँगो तुम क्या माँगते हो! दाँडियायन ने उसकी वात को नहीं सुना और फिर सिकन्दर के बार-

बार उसी प्रश्न के दुहराने तथा अपनी सन्ध्या समाप्त हो जाने पर कहा "मेरी धूप छोड़ दो।" सिकन्दर को आइचर्य हुआ। उसने अपने में अनन्त वैभव के उपरान्त भी एक अशान्ति को और दाँडियायन में निपट अंकिचनता के साथ भी अशान्ति को देखा। आध्यातमवाद व भौतिकवाद का यही अन्तर है।

ऐथेन्स की सारी शक्ति एक व्यक्ति को अपने पथ से द्रटाने में लगी थी किन्तु अपने को असफल देखक रउसने व्यक्ति को जहर का प्याला पीने के लिए मजबूर कर दिया। उस हलाहल का पान करने के उपरान्त भी फक्कड़ के चित्त पर महान शान्ति व सुख था। शिष्यों द्वारा रहस्य पूछे जाने पर सुकरात ने जो उत्तर दिया उसे प्लेटों ने अपनी कलम के दायरे में बाँध लिया। अाज भी इतिहास प्रसिद्ध उन कथनोपकथनों को पढ़कर सुख शत्ति का सच्चा श्स्य समझा जा सकता है। भौतिक शक्ति के अथाह आगार परिचमी समाज ने एक निरीह प्राणी को फाँसी की सज़ा सुना दी । फाँसी ही नहीं 'क्रूसीफिकेशन' की उस यातना के क्षणों में भी उस पुण्याट्मा ने बड़े शान्त भाव से गाया-
"ओ फादर फोरगिव दैम फोर दे डू नोट नो दाई ड्यूटी" यह गायक अध्यात्मवादी ईसा के सिवाय और कौन हो सकता था। भारत के शिवि, दधीचि, हरिचन्द्र और कौन थे ? चीन के कन्प्रूशियस ईरान के मन्सूर इत्यादि की गौरव गाथाऐं अध्यातिमकता की ही गौरव गाथाएं हैं।

## भौतिकता श्रोर श्राध्यात्मवाद में भूठ श्रौर सच :-

आकाश और पाताल, अणु और हिमगिरि का अन्तर है। एक संग्रह और सम्प्राप्ति को अपना आदर्शा बनाता है है तो दूसरा त्याग और कष्ट सहिष्णुता को। एक भोग को चिरतम लक्ष्य मानकर चलता है तो दूसरा त्याग को, एक ‘ॠण कृत्वा घृतम् पिवेत' की रट लगाता है तो दूसरा "भोगान भुक्ता" की ओर ध्यान करता है। एक ने सुई से लेकर चन्द्रयान तक कि उपलब्धि की है और दूसरे ने आँख मूंदने से लेकर समाधि तक की।अन्तर केवल इतना है कि

एक का हृदय अशान्ति की ज्वाला में धूं-धूं कर रहा है तो दूसरा शान्ति और सुख की परम निस्पृह कोड़ में बैठा अनन्द सरिता का अवगाहन कर रहा है।

शान्ति का रहस्य है निस्वार्थ प्रेम तथा निस्वार्थ प्रेम स्वार्थ का त्याग करता है। त्यागी के साथ कभी किसी का झगड़ा होने की संभावना नहीं होती क्योंकि वह किसी का कुछ लेता नहीं। अधध्याट्मवाद के क्षत्र में जो जितना त्यागी होता है उतना ही महान है। दूसरी ओर जिसके पास भोग के सबसे अधिक साधन विद्यमान हों वही बड़ा है और क्योंकि संसार में भोग की वस्तुऐं तथा प्राप्ति के साधन अन्यन्त सीमित हैं उन सीमित साधनों को विशव के प्राणियों की संख्या से बाँटने पर जो भजनफल आता है वह शूंन्य की निकटवर्ती संख्या ही है। इस शून्य की स्थिति से जो ऊपर उठता है वही महान है। सबसे अधिक धनी के सास सबसे अधिक उपयोग की वस्तुएँ हैं। और मैं यदि यह कहने का साहस करूँ कि वह धनिक संसार के अन्य व्यक्तियों का भाग स्वयं उपभोग कर रहा है तो वह महान कहाँ अट्युक्ति नहीं। इस प्रवंचना के आगे जहाँ मुँह खुलता है बहीं युद्ध और अशान्ति की भूमिका बन जाती है।

तथ्य यह है कि जहाँ भौतिकता होगी वहाँ भोग होगा, वहाँ स्वार्थ होगा जहाँ स्वार्थ होगा वहाँ दूसरों का भाग (हक) छीना जाएगा जहाँ हक छीना जाएगा वहाँ अशान्ति उत्पन्न होगी ही। अतः भौतिकता का अन्ववार्य परिणाम भोग और स्वार्थ में, भोग और.स्वार्थ की अंतिम परिणिति है अशान्ति। जितना विस्तृत भोग का क्षेत्र होगा उतनी ही बड़ी अशान्ति की परिधि होगी। इसलिए पररवार समाज और राष्ट्र की जितनी अधिक इकाइयाँ आध्यात्मिकता का जीवन निर्वाह करेंगी उतना ही यह संसार निस्वार्थ, शान्ति की ओर बढ़ेगा। तथा जितना भोग बढ़ेगा उतनी छीना-झपटी होगी जिसकी परिणिति है अशान्ति ।

भारतीय सभ्यता और संस्कृति का सारतत्व अध्यातिमकता है। इसीने भारत को अमर बना दिया। भारतीय

जनता के अन्तः बाह्य सभी कार्यों का यही मार्ग दर्शक सिद्धान्त रहा है आहार, विहार, परिधान, स्रान और निद्रा आदि सामान्य कार्यों में भी भारतीय संस्कृति ने आध्यातिमकता भर दी है। गीता के सवहवें और अडारहवें अध्याय में, तप, आहार, दान, त्याग, कर्म आदि के विविध भेद बताकर यह समझाया गया है कि किस प्रकार वे सब कर्म भी अधध्यात्मिक जीवन के परम लक्ष्य बन सकते हैं। अध्यातिमकता के बल पर ही नो अरवपति ने चुनौति दी थी कि मेरे राज्य में कोई चोर, डाकू, व्यभिचारी, कपटी, मघ्यप नहीं है।

क्योंकि लोगों का धर्म में, नैतिक आचरण में, आध्यात्मवाद में पूर्ण विशवास था। इस सम्बन्ध में "वाल्मीकि रामायण" के एक-दो उदाहरण देना अप्रासंगिक न होगा। जाबालि ने राम का बनवास हो जाने पर कहा कि आप आज़ा स्वीकार न कीजिए। तब राम का उत्तर था-
"'सत्यमेवानृशसं च राजवृत्तं सनातनम्
तस्मात् सत्याह्मकं राज्यं सत्ये लोकः प्रति:षिठत।

अाज के भारत में पुनः अध्यात्मवाद पुर्नस्थापना के आवइयकता है। हमारा समाज, हमारा राष्ट्र पाइचात्य देशों का अन्धानुकरण करता चला जा रहा है और सोचता है कि इन धर्म व अध्यात्मवाद की व्यर्थ की बातों में क्या है ? लेकिन पाइचात्य देशों की हिप्पी भीड़ क्या भौतिकत की अथाह उपभोग की ऊब नहीं ? जोकि भारत में सच्ची शान्ति प्राप्त करने के लिए घूमती दिखाई दे रही है ।

इस तथ्य से स्वतः प्रमाणित है कि सच्ची शान्ति भौतिकवाद में नहीं आधयात्मवाद में है। उस आध्यात्मवाः में जिसमें भोग से अधिक तप, त्याग को, स्वार्थ से अधिक परोपकार को, शरीर से अधिक आटमा को तथा धन मे अधिक चरित्र को महत्त्व दिया जाता है-
"ईईा वास्यमि दां सर्वयात् किंच्च जगत्यां जगत ।
तेन त्यक्तेन भ्ंजीथा मा गृधः कस्य सिद्धनम् ।"

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## मीयाट्र ：

गुठउठत fिंu भंठमी भैम．दे．
fिटिभraधी मेयाटа ：
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＂今ेन वला 巳ा मुइ सामां
fिंनठ గ़ उत्रयापे， मुमउ वठम दिच यfৈहठउठ ऐे，

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\begin{aligned}
& \text { नीहत-उुठम हसाप्टे।" } \\
& \text { - घיזা घম }
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## fिटिभान्घी मरपाद又

## भाठमी

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| ३．पढउादा（वכاट才） |  | 8 |
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## बाठचठत fिंस भाठमी

मे भवा－प̆उठी，लट एट घहही， ऐ̀ भेठी＇चं छिठट मठгे， मेव भवाठ टा मiंड ठ मबटी， भंता भंगा ममउो，ठठठं माठे；
 वमिटरणउ से भॅघे हिसिभ मूप्य गं！ बँट नारम 亏ं غेम भवार टा ऐे मेठी के मेब गैछाटिभा， गठ जु भात घुञादट से एटी दिम ठे लॅष लॅष यपय वमाटिभा， उठН－साल टी घृटडी घृट चे भाट्ट सा मी मर बठमाटिभा， दठतिउ ढल षा，भाटम मेवी

 मानाठ उल सिभामे वँल भाषिभा， वम्मेदद डे भवारी उघ रे भेभ उंइद ठाँ ठठाटिभा， そंदें पूँे वाटे महठवों
 हिठ वी मी Јठ ठदें सरम टिध हिगोध भाट्टम，छिगनध भवारी，

 भॉगा टा बैम Эै，एट लट घম
 वॅँ स्मिंयन जीउ भापटो ঋवाई—मठपटी गठटH हइठர， ठ वि भापटे मेब त्रे मfす मfि，



 भराह उं मॅनव चॅवड छबनाटी।

घेमे लटी उं लँच－ठतन दिच भवार उं सुतां तुतां ¡ं पापट，
 बैध मेठी fिध भfवaट टाले हूल सा सेवठ घाप ठढीं コै，


 ठुठ से यठटे भீ भुत एू चे，
 नं भटलूंडे घेघम ढूल खा， fिठतब घटर゙ चै fितराठी，
 भगार गभेकां गी भथवापट， भवार उां ЈठЕН बै नी यापट।
 भाटН－Ч̆ड रे नैटवे भाते； में भगारी Јँची हिवघ्घमी，
 मेटट दाला जैउठ घट गाटी।

 उत भापटे ही चिद्धा घुझापे।
 निम वूष fिच भमउा टी भवाठी， मे वूध भवारी घंझ ठा नीदे， मे वृध कितघंनी का घीदे । भवार उं Јठटम रेम उंइसी। भठार उं मॅसब वॅरउ छँचाही। में भॅवा प्रॅउनी लट एट घूटी，
 मेख भाठ ए मंड ठा मवटी भंग भंवा ममठी ठाठi माने।



## यहアア!

## बूल दే3



























 fिछ गी छिमटी फॅध एॅवा वही।













 गी ता'हेगी" Өिडे ठठों भठटा।













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 मावे में बाहे।

मदेउ





## घिव दानी उi भिम ॠा

 भॉन धिवग ही म३ं रहो नुता घी亏े। गठ यल थौइ गैहाृी गुछ चौडे।
 ए＇न हिमर सी युलां चुप चुथेडे।

 fि又 दावी उं fिष सा तूषष घी亏े।
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## भमउ ऊँ દांशী भমমা

## भถनी3 व๊ग भस्ञ














































## उागउ भां सी भाटात्र

घून्न ब्ञमत उत्टीभा घी．भิम．मी．（डीना मएल

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\begin{aligned}
& \text { छाठउ ग्ञभी प्रवन्टी। } \\
& \text { ऐेध वे मैठां स्मुमट ही }
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& \text { fिम पठउी ही 甘1उठ ऐेษे } \\
& \text { यूг्ट fिडे ठיटी ञiभी। } \\
& \text { fघ̀े पिढ्बे उi उठाउ fिய ही, } \\
& \text { चโिभ मी Јॅन वे हांभी। } \\
& \text { उूमी* दी भमो ट्यटा 今ै भॅँ, } \\
& \text { एवे के पूए्टां ही घन्जी। }
\end{aligned}
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\begin{aligned}
& \text { छुवउ मां ही ष्षाउठ रहीभभा, } \\
& \text { छैटां भापटे दौन fिडे। } \\
& \text { एাन वॅषट ही ष्षाउठ दिमटी, }
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\begin{aligned}
& \text { उाठउ भां ही माठ ही। } \\
& \text { ऐेध वे मैरा Еुम्मभट ही, } \\
& \text { ฮावउ भां दृश्ञां भाउEी। }
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## व్వघי्री

## fिंटबनी० मिंय







 खठపे चल पही।











 विभा मी!

















 मउंटी छुठ वीउ पद्ध ले सी मी।


 मेढी उं ऊॅनसे रमठ दी ट्ट वाधी।







 च्वट Пiँची चै।









 याटी हिठ विभा मी। Өिमटी भfिउत यठग्ही च वाही मी।







मेठी रिभान्वी बेट भातिउा ！



 मึंब लेख्ञ।

ЗַЈア『 すə
भािए।







 बैट भft̄उा గ్ర ？＇













## सेम सिभाठ

## गउघ́म वँठ घी. पे. (डीवा मיस)


































































 रॉिす़ לे fिव देठं विग मी :-















fिमeे fिल fिद्ध हेम सा रतe कै ठวो
में उे रांगा Өु丁 घितमए गो ठठों












```
        किद्ट में बॅटां fिंसठी,
            fिर उेवी जएँ मगने ।
```





```
                        दीगिटे य'टीभां सा केउ
                                    fa मिं मर्टे रे
```




```
                                    あॅчं गउテ
                                    भंयें घटीभां नितुiं टीभां
                                    (98)
                                    मउ यू युउां।
```


## 

## 













"वन्नही! मृट 亏े मЈी !"






"घ'gू ती! छिच उां चस्री वाटी।"











## 

## 













"бनڭถी! मूट डे मЈी !"




"गं घ'g్ नी !" fिर घूँЕे भाए















 वَदिभां विJ ।"












 तुों, में भापे गो चलो सांटी गं ।"






 Өिव बमला तबाठ मठादे रमठा हं: ₹ हिध वfिची नै।"





## गठभी3 fिंय पीव घी. घे. डोमवा माल








 छिम हो
































 भंखल गी लो।


 Øुटगुटांटा Ji: -


 सीहर से गीउ ही रफी घट वाही ने।

## देश



सम्पादक : संतदास भांगियायी सहायक : प्रेम टेकचन्दारी

| सात्ण : ? ¢ | मार्च | १८७२ |  | \#ंग्रंकु : ? |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | त्रंदर | $\hat{H}$ |  |  |
| लेखु |  |  |  | सुप्हो |
| १-पंहिंजी पचार | -•• |  | -•• | 2 |
| २-जागु, सिंधी पयारा... | $\cdots$ |  | - . | 8 |
| ३-सुहिएी, न सताइ न रुलाइ | -•• |  | -•• | \% |
| ४-मूं बि लिखी श्रा कहायी ! | -•• |  | -•• | ¢ |
| $\chi$-बंगला देश जो मसइलो | -•• |  | -•• | 5 |
| ६-बर्थ डे पार्टी | -•• |  | -•• | 20 |
|  | -•• |  | -• | १२ |
| द-मुंखे सुहिएी ज़ाल खपे ! | -•• |  | -•• | 98 |
| $\varepsilon$-सूरज खे पाएी दियो ! | -•• |  | $\cdots$ | 2६ |

## पंहिंजी <br> पचTर

सिन्धी साहित्य सभा : साल १६ง२-१₹ง२ लाइ हेठियां उहिदेदारार चूंडिया विया :

| सलाइकाक | संतदास भांगियाएी |
| :---: | :---: |
| प्रधान | रमेश कुमार सामवेदी |
| उपप्रधान | गोकलचन्द केसवाएी |
| मन्त्री | गुल ग्रादबाली |
| सहायक मन्न्री | हीरानन्द पुरख्वाएी |
| कारोवारी कामेटीश्य | श्रशोक कुमार दूदाएी |
| जा मेग्बर | पुष्पा बेलाए़ी |
|  | सतीश जेठवानी |
|  | कैलाश मलकाएी |

समा जे सहारे हेठि २० डिसम्बर १६७१ ते मज्मूननि जी इनामी चटाभेटी रखी वेई, जंटिमें मागु वठंदड़नि खे हेठियनि मजम्नूननि मां हिक्ु लिखएा लाइ चयो वियो :
(१) बंगला देश जो मसइलो
(२) भारत जी परदे ही नीती
(३) सिन्धयुनि जो ग्राईंदो-बोलीश्र्र जे तर्लीमीज्र खां पोइ।

सतींश जेठवानीत्र ऍ हीरानन्द पुरख्वालीग्र खे पहिरिये ले विएं इनाम लाइ हक्रदार ठहिरायो वियो।
(

१ॅ जनवरी शृ७२ ते सिन्धीश्र जे मशूरु अ्यदाकार ए कहासीकार श्री हेमराज नागषाएीप्र्य खे सिन्धी नाटक ते गुल्हाइए लाइ धुरायो वियो। सिन्धी नाटक जे इ्रतहास ते रोशनी विभंदेदे हुन बुधायो त सिन्धी नाएक खे केतरे न मुश्कुतु वक्त्त मां लंचलो पियो हो। ज़ालुनि जा पार्टर मर्देनि खे करणा पवंदा हुग्रा। टिकेटुनि विकएया जो मसइलो नाटक जे तरकीस्र्र जे राह में रंडक हो। श्रदाकारनि खे भ्रदाकारीश्र सां गदो गदु टिके ुुनि त्रिकएाए जो कमु वि करालो पचंदो हो। पर साहित्य, बोलीक्र ऐं संस्कृतीश्र सां ध्यारु रखंदड़नि खे सिंधोंत्र जी मशाल जलाए रखली पवंदी हुई।

प्रिन्सीपाल सूद महमान जा शुक्रया श्रदा कया एँ सिन्धी नाटक खे हिमथाइया लाइ इनामनि जी पधराई कई। सुठे नाटक लिखंदड़ खे $९ 00$ रूपया इनामु ऐं सुठनि तर्जमनि करएा वारे खे $२ ०$ रुपया इनामु दिया जो एलानु कयो । सिन्धी शार्गिदनि खे इन्हीप्र श्भाब जो पूरो फ़ाइदो बठणु घुरजे।

कुलदीप कुमार बीरवाएीज्र्र जे कालेज छदे बना करे गुल श्रादवाएीक्र खे सभा जो मनत्री मुक़र्र कयो ठ्यो।

खुश थी भाग्रान !
छो जो तुंहिजा श्रग्रवान
तुंट्रिजे रोवा जो र下क्तु हासुल करा लाइ
पैसो पाएीश्र वांगुरु बहाए रहिया भ्राहिनि-
चूंडूं लड़ी रहिया अ्याहिनि!
हेढो खर्चू - ही पना, पत्रा, जीपूं ए भंडा,
फाड़ीनि था मथा हली हिक बिए खे दंडा
तुंहिंजे शेवा लाइ!
-गुल श्रादवाएी
बी० ए० पहिरियों सालु

## जागो, सिंधी व्यारा-......

रेडियो तां हिन राप
"जागो, मोह्न ध्यारे....."
कयो मूंखे सुजाज,
घ्रंदर मां श्यायो श्रावाजु-
जागो, सिंधी प्यारा $\cdots \cdots$......।
हा, जाग्रो सिंधी व्यारा
बोट दियया जा बरी भ्राया बारा।
प्रांतनि जूं सरकारयूं ठहंदियूं-
पार्टयूं चढ़ंददयूं, पार्टयूं डहांदियूं
पर सिंधी सापिया रहंदा
न वीभंदा कड़ंहि न बधंदा
छो त, किथे वि सिंधी उन्मोदवार
बीहा खां ग्राहे लाचार
ए न वरी सिंधी होशयार,
खेसि वोट दिया़ लाइ भाहिन तयार!

नतीजो सफ़न सका ज़ाहिर श्याहे
भ्भसांजो न धसी, को गोसांई भ्राहे ।
खांऊं था धिका, खाऊं था थाबा
छो त श्रसां में बधी नाहे ।
हरि को समुमे थो ज़ुु कमु वियन जो श्राहे-
मुंहिंजो छाहे, पूंहिंजो नाहे
पर इन में ध्राहियूं भुल्यल अर्सीं
खड़ा करियूं जे पंहिजा सिंधी
करे सघंदार्सीं समनी खे सुखी ।
-मोती लाल बालाएी
बी० ए० पहिरियों सालु

## (2) <br> सुहिणी, न सताइ, न रहाइ

हुनजो इन्तज़ार कंदे राति जा बारहां वगा। हुन भ्रजु़ ताईं मूंखे दोलो कोन दिनो हो त अ्ञजु इएं छो ? हुनजो इन्तज़ारु कंदे मां थकिजी पियो होसि। वधि में वधि त हूत्र साढे दहें ताईं श्रची वेंदी हुई। मां सोचियां पियो त हूग्र श्रजु छो न श्राई ? इएं सोर्चींदे साढा यारहां थी विया। मुहिंजी बेचैनी वि वधी वेई। पलंग तां उथी घर खां बाहिरि निकिरी अ्रायुसि। मां बाग़ में हुनजी गोल्हा लाइ धुमए लगुसि। पर कुब्ठ कोन मिलियो। घरि बनी थधे पाएीश्र जा ब गिलास पीतमि एँ वरी पलंग ते पइजी रहियुसि। साढा बारहां थिया हुग्रा। श्यचु मुहिजी प्यारी त मां तोखे पहिजे व्यार जे भ्रागोश मे अ्यायो हिन दुनिया खे भुतिजी वना। पोई मां तू हिकु थी बजू। तो बिना मां बदीएं बि नथो रही सघां। जे तूँ न ईंदींभ्र्र त हींश्र सुहानी राति कींग्र कटिजंदी ? यारो, तठ्हीं छा जाएयो त हुन विना जीउ कींश्र न मांदो थींदो भ्ञाहे। हहो त हिकु प्रेमी ई थो ज़ायो त जे प्रेमिका बक्त ते न गदिजे त पोइ घक्तु कींअनन वधी पवदो भ्राहे। रखी रखी थो वाच में दिसां एं उमेद रखां त हूश्र इभो घ्याई। थी सचे थो त मूंसiं मसखर्री कंदी हुजे। सायो करे तंगि कंदी हुजे। श्रा मुंहिंजी मिठिड़ी राएी, श्रचु हायो। तुंहिजा रंग बि भ्रजी习 भ्राहिनि। दिसु मां तुंहिंजा केदा गुए वियो गाइयां। नुं हिंजी हिक भ क लाइ मुहिजु अ्रखियूँ हैरानु श्याहिनि ऍ दिल परेशानु भ्याहे। मां तुहिंजी कहिड़ी बदाई क्याँ? जेको तोसां हिक राति बिताए हिंनजी हालति ई न पुन्ड। वेचारो बरी तोसां बग़लगीरु थियया जी तमना रली पियो इन्तज़ार करे। तुंहिंजा लाद बदा घाहिनि। पई लिक छिप रांदि रमी। कड्ञहि त कुर्शानु बनी ल̣ कद्धिं त पहिंजे इन्तज़ार में जाग़ाए जिंदु कढीं। मूमल, हायो बसि करि ए श्र्यनु।

मां हुनजो इन्तज़ार कंदो रहियुसि त मुंहिंजी मिठिड़ी श्रचे। मूंखे ख़र ई कोन पेई त मूंखे हुनजो केतिरो इन्तज़ारु करिएो पियो ऐं कंहिं महिल हूभ्य भ्याई। यारो, तन्हीं सोचींदा हूं दा त हूश्य मिठिड़ी केर हुई जंहिं मूंखे एनिरो तड़फायो। हूश्य हुई मुंहिंजे जीश्र जो ज्यापो-निन्दिया राया $\cdots$ !

## ( छ ) <br> मूं बि लिखी श्रा कहाराी !

 श्याहिनि। सुहिंजी बि दाढी दिल थींदी भ्राहे त का सुहिएी अ्राखाएी लिखां पर पहिरियों त को plot दिमाग़ा में कोन ईं दो श्याहेएँ जे श्रचे बि त लिख्या वक्ति सभु हवा थी वेंदो श्राहे।

भ्यसांजे कालेज जे मरूज़नि लाइ सिन्धीश्भ में कहाशियूं वगैरहह घुरायूँ वेयूं। मुंतिंजे दिल में वि धायो त का सुठी ध्राखाएी लिखां सो मी कहाएी लिख्या जे मोर्चे ते ज़मी वियुसि ।

हिक दींहु सुबुह जो २ बजे उथी वेठुसुस ऍं काग़ज़ ते पेन रखी वेही रहियुस। बुधो होमि त शान्तीश्र में वेह्या सां को न को plot दिमाग़ में श्रचीई वैंदो भ्राहे पर शायद मुंहिंजे भूसे मरियत्न दिमाग़ा में घ्यचणु कहिं वि plot खे मंज़ूर न हो। शायद जगह बाकी न हुई।

पर कुब्डु त लिखियो हुयमि सो पेन खएी लिखए वेठुसि "हिक्ु हो राजा, हिक हुई
 त मूं घशियूं ई सेनेमाऊं द़िठियूं भ्राहिनि सो कंहिं पिक्चर जहिड़ी भ्याखाएपी छो न लिखां ? उहोई पुराएो तुस्खो-हिक्जु श्यददु Hero, हिक्रु श्रददु Heroine उन्हनि जे विच में हिकु श्र्दु Villain ऍं उनजा कुबु चमचा एे कहाली तैयारू! पर द्न लाइ वि को plot खंपंदो हो। पहिरियाईं प्यारू पोई लड़ाई। लड़ाई! लड़ाई !! लड़ाई !!! अ्यड़े श्रची वियो idea, अ्भची वियो। छो न मां लड़ाईश्र ते कहाएी लिखां। सो मां तैयारु थियाए लगुसु कंट्हि लड़ाईश्य लाइ। कंहिसा लड़ाई करया न पर कहिंजी लड़ाई दिसए लाईं एँ उनमां कुछ points गुल्क्ट्या लाइ। ऐ मग्वान मुहिंजी इच्छा पूरी कई ।

घसांजे भरि वारे घर में हिक माई पंहिंजी नुंहु सां लड़ए लगी। मां भहि खुद़ ते चढ़ी विपुसु ऍ हुननि जे लड़ाई尹्य जूं points नोट कराल लगुसु । लंड़दे ? जो माश्रीश्र जी नज़र मथे पेई त वाको करे चयाई, "मुभ्रा, तूं मथे छा वेठो करीं ?" मूं चयो, "भ्रमां, मुखे

हिक प्राखाएी लिखिएी धाहे सो तठ्हांजी लड़ाईल्र मां मूं कुळ्रु points थे नोट क्यू"। "हेठि श्रचु, पाइनट्स जा पुट, त मज़ो चखायांइ"। सो मूँ ग्राखाएीष्र वारा पन्ना त उते उछ्छिलिय। एं ईंश्र भगुसि जीЯश्यं खारीश्र्र हेठां कांड।

शाम जो घर में दांह मिली एं मार बि! मार खाई ध्रहिड़ी हालति थी जो मूं तोवहि कई कहागी लिखाया खां !!

घनशाम मदनायी बी० ए० (पास) पर्हियो सालु

इनामी लेगु -

## बंगला ढ़श्शा जो मखइलो

चालबाज़ श्रंगरेज़ लगभग टिनि सड्दियुन ताईं भारत मथां राज़ु कराए बैद, महात्मा गांधीन्र जे श्रगुनानीत्र हेठि हलायल श्राज़ादीश्र्र जी हलचल सबत्र मजबूर बएाजी मारत खे श्राज़ाद करे हितां लद्दींदे ? सियासी चाहे मज़ह्बी घ्रशांतीन्र्र जो जेको बिजु छ्रटे विया हुश्रा, बंगला देश जो मसहलो उन्हीभ्र बिज माँ फुटलु हिक्कु सलो ज्राहे।

ॠ्रंगरेज़न घ्राज़ादी त दिनी पर भारत जी श्रंख़्ज़ा खे नासु करे उनखे हथरादू हिस्सन में विरहाए विया-हिक हिससे खे मारत ए बिए खे पाकिस्तान जो नालो दिनो वियो। मारत खे हिक तर्क जेका घ्राज़ाद थियाए जी ख़ुशी हुई बिए हिक तर्क टुकरी श्यलग थियाए जो दुखु मी हो ।

पाकिस्तान जो विजूद ई ग़लत्रत उसूलनि जे बुन्याद ते विधो वियो। उनजी बनावट बाबत त छा चइजे ? हिकु हिस्सो अ्रकबर त वियो मकचर ! हिकु हिस्सो श्रोल्ह में त बियो उनखा १६०० कि.मी. दूर श्रोमर में ! वई हिस्सा तहज़ीब एं तमदुन, बोलीश्र ए रीति रवाजन में भी श्रलग अ्रलग हुन्रा पर घ्रंगरेज़न उन्हनि खे धर्म जे कच्चे धागे में बुरी पाकिस्तान खे विजूद में स्रांदो।

श्राज़ादीस्र खाँ पोइ, क़ाविल ग्रगुताननि जी रहबरीत्र हेठि भारत जल्दु ही हिकु ग़र मज़हबी मुल्कु ठाहे पंहिंजो बुन्यादु प干को करएा में लगी वियो लेकिन पाकिसतान खे एहड़ी प्रगुणानी नसीब न थी। इनकरे हुते सियासी तूफ़ान ईंदा रहिया एं भ्राज़ादीत्र जे काफी भ्रर्से खां पोइ मी हुते जटादार छालतूं क़ायम न थी सघयूं।

एहड़ियुनि हालतुनि जो फ़ायदो वठी, हथयार बन्द फ़ौजुनि, जनरल श्रयूब खाँ जी सरपरस्तीक्र हेठि साल $q \varepsilon \sum \zeta$ में हकूमत् जूँ वागँ पंहिंजे हथ में वरितियँ। सजे मुल्क में मार्शल ला क़ायम कयो वियो एँ जनता खे उन्हनि जी जोड़-जकी लाम खाँ महरूम रखियो वियो उन्हनि खां हर तरह जी श्राज़ादी खसे वरिती वेई।

पाकिस्तानी फ़ौजुनि में घएाई पंजाबी एं श्रोल्ह पाकिस्तानी मुसलमाननि जी हुई। हालतुनि जो फ़ाइदो वठी हू सवड़ि पहिंजे तर्क सेरींदा विया एँ च्रोभर पाकिस्तान जे बंगाली मुसलमाननि खे उन्हृनि जी इचन्छान्म्रून खाँ महरूम रखियो वियो।

मुल्क लाइ कमाइप वारो परदे ही सिक्को (Foreign exchange) जेको ज्रोमर पाकिस्तान जी ज़रई पैदावार एे माल मताश्र करे वसूल थींदो वियो उहौं श्रोल्ह पाकिस्तान ते वधीक ख़रचु थियाए लगो। तरक़ीत्र लाइ जोड़ियल योजनाउन में भी श्रोल्ट्ट पाकिस्तान खे वधीक तवजु दिनो वियो।

वियो त बंगाली साहित्य एं बोलीत्र खे ख़तम कराए लाइ उन्हनि ते उरद्र मढ़ी वेई इनकरे सजे श्रोमर पाकिस्तान में नाराज़पे जी लहर डोड़ी वेई।

फ़ौजी हुकुमुरान जे खिल्लाक बिन्ही मुल्कनि में काफी दंगा फ़साद थिया। लगु भगु हिक साल ताई एहिड़ियुनि हालतुनि जो मुक़ाबलो करा बैद, हारजी श्रयूब खाँ हकूमत जूँ वाग्रूँ जनरल याहा खाँ खे सौपियूं। गदी वठंद्ये ई हुन ऐलान कयो त माँ जल्द ही मुल्क में भ्राम चूंडूं कराईदुसु ऐ हकूमत जी वाग जनता जे चूंडयल माएिहुनि खे दुंदुसिसि । दिसम्बर $₹ \varepsilon ง ०$ में पाकिस्तान में भ्राम चूंडूू थियूं जंहिंमे घएाईई शेख मुजीब अ्रल रहमान जी ध्रगवानीज्र हेठि हलायल पार्टी श्रवामी लीग खे हासिल थी।

थियशु इऐ घुरजे हा त मुजीब ت्रल रहमान खे सरकार ठाहिएा दि नी बजे हा।पर श्रोल्ह पाकिस्तान में पीपुल्स पार्टीत्र्र जो चेयरमैन ज़ुल्फकार अ्रली भुट्टो ईहो न पियो चाहे। हू खुद सरकार ठाहिएा पियो चाहे।

जनरल याह्या खाँ सोचियो हो त चूंडुन में काफी पार्टियू चूंडजी ईंदियूं। उहे पाएा में ही लड़दिंयूं रहदिंयू एं हकूमत फ़ौजी, हुकुकुमुरान वट ई रहंदी। हुन भुट्टे जी कमज़ोरीश्र जो फ़ाइदो वठी ईहा घोषएा कई त ت्रवामी लीग एं पीपुल्स पार्टी बई मिली सरकार ठाहींदियू ।

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इहा गाल्ह पंहिंजो पाएा में उसूल जे खिलाक हुई । श्रवामी लीग में नाराज़पे जी लहर उथी एँ सजे ت्रोभर पाकिस्तान में बग़ावत करएा जूं तैयारियूं थियडा लग्रियूं।

जनरल याह्या खाँ ठाह कराएलाइ मुजीब घ्रल रहमान सां ज्योभर पाकिस्तान, मिलएा श्रायो पर उते पंहिजी दाल न गरंदी दिसी, इन बगावत खे दबाइएा लाइ श्रोल्ह पाकिस्तान जूं फौजूं अ्रोभर पाकिस्तान में धुरायूं।
₹४ मार्च जो च्रोभर पाकिस्त।न में शेखन मुजीब न्रल रहमान खुली बग़ावत जो नारो हंयो। २४ माचँ जी राति जो शेख़ मुजीच खे गिरिफ़्तार करे ल।यलपुर भ्रांदो ठयो। मगर श्राज़ादीत्र जा दीवाना कदुहिं पुठियां थियया वारा न्याहिनि ? सजे श्योभर पाकिस्तान में बंगला देश जो नारो गूंजजी ठ्यो।

श्राख़र हू सफल थिया। उन्हनि पाकिस्तानी फ़ौजुन जो मुक़ाबलो करे बंगला देश खे च्राज़ाद कराऐ वरतो ।

सतीश कुमार जेठवानी
बी. ए. पहिरियों सालु

न अंज़ादीत्र कदूहिं ज़ालिम श्रतियां गद्देनि भुकाई श्रा, श्रहंसा जे हथनि में मी भरियल बंदूक श्राई श्रा । (गोवर्धन मारती)

विज्य श्र्रसांजी श्राख़र थींदी इएं ई चाहे थो विर्धाता, जय जवान, जय बंगला बन्धु, अय जय जय जय मारत माता नोल गगन ताईं पहुचायो लाल लाल श्रंगारन खे शान्यस दियो शह्बाज़न खे प्रजु, शाबस दियो शहसवारन खे। (प्रभु ‘वफ़ा')

जीत्र्या जो वक़तु श्रायो श्रा, मरएा जो वक़त्तु ग्रायो क्रा, वतन लइ जानि जी बाज़ी हएएा जो चक़तु भ्यायो श्रा, पुकारियो श्राहि जिनि सिंधियुनि त घुरजे सिंधु सिंधियुनि लइ, उन्हनि खे श्याहि सदु, श्रज़ु कुकु कर एा वो वक़तु ज्यायो श्रा। (कषणु राही)

## बर्थ्य डे पार्टी

अर्गु सिन्धु में कंहिं बर्थ डे बुघो वि कोन हो पर हींश्भर दिसो त गंगूश्र टोपएा जा वि बर्थ डे पिया मल्हाया बननि। हं ग्र त मां कंहिं जे बर्थ डे ते बेंदो बि कोन आहियां पर रमेश समिनी खां पको दोर्तु हो सो उन पंहिजे पुट जे जन्म दिन जे पार्टीञ्भ जो नोतो मोकिलियो एं पाए दाढो ज़ोर मरे वियो सो सोचियो त वनियो बि ज़रूर पवंदो पर बजूं बि त प्रेज़न्ट (Present) कहिड़ी खएी वझू ? श्रीमतिजी खां पुछ्छियोसीं त चवएा लगी त फाक खसी बनोसि पर चयोमांसि त छ्छोकरी न पर छोकरो भ्याहे त वरी उन ते चयाई त बुर्शटट वठी वबोसि पर मूं चयोमांसि त सिर्फ बुर्शट नथी ठहे।त चयाईं त शचछछा फुल ह्रेस वठी बनोसि। फुल ह्रेस जो नालो बुधी करे मुं हिजे मुंह ते जींद्रं मुर्दनो छांइजी वेई। पोई वरी पंहिंजे टिन्ही पुटनि खे सदु करे चयुमि त म्न हू का सर्ती एँ सुहिएी सलाह यां Present बुघाईनि त को चवे त दादा फांऊटेन पेन वठी वनोसि। को चवे त दादा किलो श्रमरुद बठी वनोसि त को चवे त दादा, दादा, हिकड़ो टाकियुनि जो द्वबो बठी वझोसि । खैरु जेतिर। मुंहु हुग्रा भोतिरियूँ गाल्हियूं बुचियूंसीं । हून्यं त मां भ्ररिथमैटिक एं ग्रालजबिरा में तमाम तेज़ होसि। को बि सवाल मिलंदो हो त भटि पटि उन खे सले वठंदो होसि पर हीउ त बर्थ डे Problem हुश्भो सो श्रची फाध्रुसि।

सतें बजे शाम जो बर्थ डे पार्टीभ्भ जो टाईम हो। घड़ियालु छहनि जा ठका पियो हये उहे ठका घड़ियाल में न पर ज़यु मुं हिंजे दिल में ठौशां वियो हाये। श्रीमति ज्याई त चयोमांसि बाबा दिल में श्रलाजे छा थो थिये। थोरा ज़ोर त दींमि। उन ते चयाई सांई बर्थ डे जो टाईम थो थियेव हलियो कोन श्रथव छा ? तदूहि चयोमांसि त चङो तूं हली त्यार थी त मां उथां थो। मुंहिजी ज़ाल ज़रा हुई नवति ऱ्यालनि जी सो हूं्र त हिक मिन्ट में टिप टाप थी करे भाई एँ जीन्रं न राएी पेई लगे। मां वि पह्हिजो चोवहीनि इन्चनि पाचनि वारो सूटु ऍ खादीश्र जो कोट मथां पातो। हुन जद्रिं दिठो त चयाई तठ्हां त काका था लगुो ऐं चोदाएनि इन्चनि पाचनि वारो सूट पायो। 'काका' श्यरखरु बुधी ज्रगर वियो कोई मर्दुंहुजे हा त ज़रूर

बेहोश थी बने हा पर मां बेहोश त न थियुसि ऍ पायु सम्भाले करे चौदइएनि इन्चनि वारो सूटु पातो ऍ खादीश्र जो कोट लाहे करे टैरेलीन जी ख्रमीस वि पातमि ऍ बेल्ट बधी ऍ टिप टाप थी करे बाहिरि निकतासी त श्रीनति फरमाइश पेई करे त पर्धि न पर टार्गें में था हलूँ। हिकड़ो टाफ्कियुनि जो पैकेटु कि वरहुमि ऍ टांगे में विहाए लगासीं त हिकु अ्यजीबु भावाज़ु निकतो। खबर वियमि त उहो अ्राबज़ु बियो किया न पर मुहिंजे सूट मां निकतो हो। जहिड़ो तहिड़ो करे उते पहुतासीं त मुहिंजे दोस्त भ्राजियां लाइ हथुश्र गियां बघायो। मां बई हथ त पुठियां फाटल सूट ते रखिया हुग्रा! मिड़ई जहिड़ो करे हथु मिलाऐ श्रन्दर बनएा लगुसि त उते गानो पियो हले "जाम दिया जाऐ यां मार दिया जाऐ, बोल तेरे साथ क्या सलूक किया जाए"। मूं सोचयो मरी त पहिरियो ई चुको भाहियां हायो दिंसू त जाम कहिंड़ो था पियारीनि। अंदर पहुच्या सां बजी दिठुमि त हिक टेवुल ते घया। रांदीका पिया हुश्रा । चयुमि शायदि यार दुकानु खोलियो श्राहे पर श्रीमतित्र बुचायो त इहे सभु Presents अ्रायूं भ्राहिनि। सो श्रसां बि पंहिंजो द्बो वनी उते रखियोर्सी। मूं चयो त बार जो नालो छा ॠ्राहे 'त ख़नर पेई" बोबी नालो भ्राहे । मूं चयो त बोबी बि कोई नालो भ्याहे त मुहिंजीश्रं ज़ाल बराएायो त तह्हां जे पुटनि जा नाला टिदूं टोवश्यु गंगू वरी नाला ठहनि था कोई। बैरु उन खां पोइ मोमक्त्यू विसाऐ करे केकु कटियो वियो। सभिनी चयो त Happy birthday to you। पोइ प्लेट में दिनाऊं हिकु केक जी दुकिड़ी हिकु संबोसो, थोड़ी मिक्सचर एँ चंांहिं जो कोपु पीतो सी त राति जा बगु दह । बाहिर निकतासी त टागे बारा चारि रुपया पिया बठनि। सो चारि ऊुपय। टांगे बारे खे दे ई करे घरि पहुतार्सी। बुख वि तमामु घली लगी हुई सो घरि ईंदेई बारनि खां पुद्धियोसीं त कुनु खाईएा लाइ श्राहे ? त टिन्ही बारनि हिक ई भ्रावाज़ में चयो त मनह करे विया हुग्रा। सो राति जो बुखियो ई सुम्हिएोो पियो। सुबह जो श्रची करे हिसाबु लगुायुमि त टिन महिननि जे बजेट में फेरो श्रची वियो हो एं पोई समुमी वियुसि त बर्थ डे में मुंहिजे दोर्त पंजह्तरि खर्चु करे 900 कया। पोइ समभो त ही वि हिक्ु शराफक वारो घन्धो ज्राहे।

## श्राशा मुश्की रही स्रांहे !

शांय ! शांय !! शांय !!! चमड़े जो चाबुक खाई वि कैदी शान्त हो। मुखे हैरानी थी ऍ होदांदु सिपाही हुनजी चमड़ी उडेंड़े रहियो हो ल हू चई रहियो हो, "मा को वि कमु न कंदुसि। मां को दोहु कीज कयो श्राहे। मुखे टुकर टुकर करे छदियो पर मां कमु नं कंदुसि। मुखे जानि खां मारे छद्रियो, हिन दुनियां में मां रही छा कंदुसि। मुखे श्ञाशा कोठे रही श्राहे। मुखे जानि खां मारे छदियो, मारे छदियो।"

मां थोड़ा दींह पहरीं न\#्य जेलरो थी हिन जेल में भ्रायो होसि। मां पहिरीं चकां चङां मुड़िस दिठा हुश्भा जे थोरीश्र मार ते कीकड़ाईंदा ऍ रोश्रदां हुग्रा पर ही शरुसु $\cdots \cdots$
"बसि करि" मूं सिपाहीज्ञ खे हुकुमु दिनो जेको श्रजा ताईं चानुकु बसाईंदो थे रहियो। सिपाही हिक पासे सिधो थी बीही रहियो एे मां वापसि श्रची पंहिजीत्र कुर्सीक्र ते वेतुसि। जंहिं महिल मां चांहि घुराए पी रहियो होसि तदूहिं मुंहिजे मन में केतरा ई वीचार थे भ्राया, हिन कैदीश्र्र कहिड़ो दोहु कयो घाहे ? अ्याशा केर श्राहे ? ए छिगा बीचार थे अ्याया। मां पहिरीं हनजे रिकाडुं खोले पढ़्यु थे चाहियो पर वरी रूयालु श्रायो त कैदीश्र खां बो न पुन्ञां। मां हुन जे श्रगमरो वियुसि एं उनखे चयो "‘ुर्हिंजो नालो बा श्याहे ?"

हु खिली पियो एँ व्यंग सां चयांई "जेलर साहिब कैदीश्र जो वि कंदहि नालो थींदो आाहे ? केदी सिक्के नम्बर ते हकुर रखंदा ध्याहिन ऐं मुंहिजो नम्बर ३३ ज्राहे।"

मां खेसि समुभायो, "मां तोसां हिक जेलर जे नाते न पर इन्सान जे नाते गाल्द्धायां थो। तू थोड़ी देरि लाइ पाएा खे कैदी न पर मुले पहिंजो हमदर्दु संमभु।" हुन वरो खिलियो ऍ चयांई" जेलर साहिब, कैदियुनि जो वि को हमदर्दु थींदो भ्राहे ?"

मूं गुल्हि बदलाईदे चयो, "तूं जो चईं थो ततू को वि दोहु कीन कयो श्राहे सो मला कीस्यं ?" इएं लगो ज्यु कहि उनजे दुलियल रग खे केड़ियों हो। हू रोई उथियो ऍं चवा लगो, "मां दुनियां जी नजरुनि में दोही צ्माहियां पर-पर मां जेको कुन्बु कयो सो श्राशा लाइपहिंजी नढीश्य भेयु लाइ। मां चोरी कई रुपयनि जी न पर दबाउनि जी। मुँदिजी मेगु खे हैज़ो थी पेई हई। मूं वटि पैसा कोन हुग्रा दबाउनि लाइ त न पर खाइएा लाइ बि कोन हुश्रा। मां हर दबाउनि जे दुकान ते बनी दबा जी भीख घुरी पर कंहिखे मूंते तरसु कोन ॠायो। राति जो मुहिंजी मेगु जी हालत तमाम ख्बराब थी वेई। मजबूर थी मां उनखे बचाइए लाइ चोरी कई पर.…पर मां पकड़ियो वियुसि ऐं मुखे हिति ख्नघर पेई त ॠ्राशा मूले छदे हली वेई ! हायो तनहीं बुधायो त मां दोही अ्याहियां? मूं मरशु थे चाहियो पर मुले हिक साल जी सख्तु सज़ा दिनी वेई।"

इएं चई हू ज़ोर सां उत्र्या लगो। ही जहोई कैदी हो जेको चाबुक मार ते चुपु हो हागो गोढ़ा गुरे रहियो हो :

मां खेसि श्राथतु दिनो, "तूं दिल न हार, तोखे जीश्राएा खपे। तूं जेन मां छुटी वजी मेहनत कजि जंहिमां तूं ग़रीबनि जी मदद कजंइ। अ्याशा मुई कीन्हे ! अ्याशा मुई कोन्हे। भ्राशा जहड़ियूं तुंहिजिगूं घऐई मेनरू भ्याहिन, तोखे उन्हनि जी मदद कराी स्याहे।" "जेलर साहिब" हुन बद़ो वाको करे चयो, "ग्राशा मुश्की रही च्याहे! ग्राशा मुश्की रही भ्याहे ! मां जीत्र्ंदुसि, मां जीन्यंदुसि, " इएं चई हू पंहिजा होश हवास गुम करे ज़मीन ते लेटी पियो ।

मां पंह्जिजी कुर्सीन्र्र ते ग्रची वेकुसि तद़हि मुं हिजे घ्रयियुनि में ग्रांसू हुग्रा।
—गोर्धन करनाग्री
बी० ए० पहिरियो सालु

## हिन जो नालो सनाजवाद ग्राहे !

भारत सरकार पंहिंजनि मुलाज्मनि खे श्रना बि चइन वर्गन में विहाएए रही भ्राहेपहिरिएं दर्जे में बदा वद्वा ग्राफीसर, बिएं दर्जे में घटि पघार बारा अ्याफ़सर, टिएं वरग में बाबू लोक एं चोर्थ क्लास में चपरासी, माल्ही वग़ैरह। जुदा जुदा हंध जिते मथियनि वर्गन जे मुलाज्मनि खे रह्एा लाइ जायूँ दिन्यूं वेयूं अ्राहि नि तिचि जा नाला वि श्रहिड़े नमूने में रख्या श्राहिनि, जींन्र्र त (१) शान नगर (२) मान नगर (३) विन्य नगर एं (४) शेवा नगर। हीप्र्र च्राहे ت्रसंजी Classless समाज !

पहिरिएं एँ चोथें दर्जे जे पधारनि एं साल्यानी वाधि में ज़मीन एं भ्रम्मान जो फ़क़ष श्राहे । हिकिड़नि खे सौ त बियानि खे साल में फ़क़त हिकु रुपयो ! कींत्र्र भ्राहे न समाजवाद में हिकजहिड़ाई !
-हीरानन्द पुरख्वाली
बी० ए० पहिरियों सालु

## मुंखे सुहिएी ज़ाल खपे !

मिटन माड्टन वटि को छठि छ्रमाहीत्र बन्ुु थींदो ज्रथमम, उह्रो बि कंस्हिं कम सागे । तंहिं दींदं चाचीत्र जे घर वनणु थ्यो संदस पाड़ेसिड़ियाएी गोपाल माउ छि उते वेठी हुई। गोपाल जी माइटी च्याई हुयसि सो चाचीप्र सां सलाह् मुसलह्त करा च्याई हुई। गोपाल लाइ द्हन हज़ारन जे द्वे तो लेतीच्र जी च्राछ थी हुगसि पर ह्रोकिरी ज़रा सांवरी हुई। सुहिएी छ्रोकिरीश्र जे हालत में वरी दे ती लेती जां तां घटि थे मिल्यसि । वेचारी करे सो करे छा ? हिन दुकर जे ज़माने में दु ती लेतीत्र जी ज़रूरत पाएा चवःक शे महिसूस थी जो हिक पासे गांे भग्रा ख़र्च लग्रा वया भ्राहिन त ब्ये पासे नौकरियुनि जो को चाढ़ो न थो दिसिजे। पंज पंजून्र वारा खुटा ई प्या च्राहिन। एँ शादी करा सां ख़च में इज़ाफ़ा स्मचियो बजे-ज़ाल जो हिक तर्क त ईंदड़ श्रोलाद जो ब्ये तर्की। इन्हीत्र करे गोपाल माउ च्रहिड़ी न्रोकिरीत्र जे तलाश में हुई जा सुहिएी बि हुजे त पाएा सां नाऐो जो ढिगु चि साली 尹्रचे। गोपाल माउ हिक घक सां बु पखी मारणु थे धुर्या। भला ब गिदिरा चि कद्र हि हिक हथ में त्रची सबंदा ? हूँ"्प्र त गोपाल माउ ञ्रायल माइटी खली क़नूलु चि करे पर खेसि इहा श्रोन चि हुई त जे सांवरी कुंबार जे सूरत जो न्र्रसरू बारनि ते प्यो त खासि करे धींत्रहतन जो त्रघामशु मुशिकल थी पवंदो।

होदांह गोपाल खे वि सुहिएी ज़ाल खपंदी हुई । संदसि सभिनी दोसतनि खे परिगुनि जहिड़ियूं ज़ालूं मिलयूं हुयूं त हुन वरो कंत्रिंजी चिली मारी हुई न्रा जो वेसि दिल पसंद फ़ंबार न मिले ? हुन खे नफ़कत गोरी गुजर खपंदी नुई पर माडने, अ्यवटु डेंट, रापु नाचु ज़ाएढड़
 जाएादी हुजे त सुठो न तत नायोजी थेल्ड़ी दिए त कमु हली बदो ! मतिलनु त गोपाल खे भिति जी भूरी खपंदी हुई जा रुपयनि जी छिम छिम सां नचंदी अ्रचे, वात मां टाफ़ियुनि (मिठास) जी वर्खा कंदी हुजे $\cdots$

गोपाल माड जे वातां संदसि कल्पना वारी नुंहु जे ल्याकतुनि जो विस्तार बुधी मुं हि्जि त वातु फाटी ठयो! गापाल माउ खे नुंहु खपंदी हुई कीन बैट्रीश्भ ते हलंदड़ गुदी !! दिल में

भायुमि त सुपर बज़ार जो दुसु दियांसि त रंदीकनि जे विभाग् मां बजी बठे पर पोइ रुयालु श्रायो त थी सघे थो त गोपालु पाएया वि श्रहिड़ियुं ल्याकतूं रखंदो हुजे जेतोलीक श्राजनूदे मां खानिरी हुयमि त गोपानु उनजे उचतर हूंदो। हूंश्य चि शादी अ्याहे हिकु सौदो जो तद़ं हिं ठहंदो जद् हि कुंवारेता ए घोटेता श्रघ (दे ती लेती) में ठहंदा। कुंवारेता थोरी दे ती लेतीज्र खां शुरु कंदा एं घोटेता बदो चकु विभंदा। नेठि कसु कसर करे सौदो ठहंदो। ख़ैरू। म्ं गोपाल जे श्रफहालन जो घ्रंदाज़ो त अ्रगु में ई लगाए घद्वियो हो पर पक कराए जी उसु तुयु श्रदंर में हुयमि। मुंहिंजो धुको सोरहां भ्राना (सौ पैसा) सही हो !

गोलालु रंग जो पको हो जहिड़ो शीशम जो काठु। मुंहु हूंग्र त लसो होसि पर चित्री केले वगुंरु माता जा दाग़ हुश्शसि। उम्र जो नंढो हो पर माइटन जी श्रढ छिकएा स习习 मथे जा वार चांदीज्र जे तारून ज्यां चिमफंनड़ हुग्रसि। शराब खे हूंग्र त हथु चि न लाईंदो हो पर हक्ते बी दोस्तन सां गदु पीश्र्ययोप पवंदो ई होसि। चेन ₹मोकर हो को त रमी रांद खूः खेलींदो हो एँ खटएा लाइ दिमाग़ लाइ लड़ाइए जी ज़रूरत पवंदी ग्राहे। महिने मे हिक्रि श्रधु भेत घोड़न जे डोड़ ते शर्तु वि लग ईंदो हो रिग्र भ्रामदनी वधो सचे । पढ़ियलु चि घएांद होएम० पी० हो एम० पी० यानी त मेट्रक प्लकड! पघारु बि चङो चोलो होसि-सजा सारा चार सौ बीह! गोपाल माड सचु थे चयो त हिन ज़माने में गोपाल ज़हिड़नि होकिरन जो मिलगु मुशिकल हो एे क्लैक में वठिसा थे प्या !

मुंखां त जंत्रि कम सां भ्रायो होसि उहो विसिरी ठ्यो लें कंधु लटिकाए बापस घर श्राथुसि ।
—्रो० संतदास भांगियायी

अ्रघियो काश्रो कचु, माएिकनि मोट थी पलइ पायो सचु, श्याहींदे लज़ मरां ।
(शाहु)

## सूरज खे पारीी ढ़ियो !

मुंतिंजी माउ जो नेसु अ्राहे त श्रसुर जो उथी, दं दगुप्राएी करे, सूरज खे पाखी दई ई, पोइ ई नेरएा कंदी श्राहे। तंहि दींहिं सूरज खे पाएी दे ई रही हुई जो उतां के होर्रोकिरियूं घ्रची लंघियूं जे शायद धुमएा (Morning Walk ते) निक्तित्यूं हुयूं । मुंड्रिजी माउ खे पाएी दींदो डिसी रिल्लए लग्यूं।

हकीक़त में इहा हिक अभुकुल जी गुल्हि अ्याहे ऐं न वेवक़कीज्य जी एं न वरी इन जो धर्म सां को वास्तो अाहे। पुरायो ज़माने में माखहुनि जो धर्म में श्यट्रू विश्वासु हूंदों हो जंहिं करे हर नेम ऐं गालि खे मापरुनि में मबता दियारएा लाइ धर्म जो सहारो वर्तो वेंदो हो। तनहां खे खबर भ्राहे त नज़र तेज़ करा लाइ डाकटर साए गाह ते पेरन उघाड़ो घुमया जी सलाह दींदा श्राहिनि एं श्र्यखिति जे अ्रापरेशन खां पोई साई पटी बंधादा श्राहिनि।
 सूरज खे पाएी दींदा हुग्रा। सुनुद्र जो सूरज जा किरूा थधा हूंदा श्राहिति पें लोटे मां पायी
 भ्रसरु पवंदो भ्राहे ऍ जोति वधंदी भ्राहे।

一प्रेम टेकचन्दाशी
बी० ए० फ़ाईनल

साईयमि ! सदाईं करीं मथे सिन्धु सुकार, दोस ! मिठा दिलिदार! श्रालमु सभु ग्राबाद करीं।
(शाहु)
( $2 \xi)$

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1. Place of Publication
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Nationality and address
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6. Name and address of individuals
who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders

Kalkaji, New Delhi-19
Bi-Annual
Radha Krishna Sud-Indian C/o Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi

Radha Krishna Sud-Indian
C/o Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi-19

Same as (4) above

Deshbandhu College, Kalkaji, New Delhi-19

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Revered Colleagues, Ladies and Gentlemen,
It was out of deference to the wishes of my revered Colleagues that I agreed to their suggestion to address you, the Graduates of the last year. this morning, It is a great honour, indeed. I am obliged to them for it. I am not very sanguine if I shall acquit myself to their satisfaction.

I extend a hearty welcome to you and congratulate you on behalf of my Colleagues and myself. Your labour has been rewarded in varying degrees. You have been awarded Degrees by the University of Delhi to certify your success in the different examinations. Had you been privileged to receive these Degrees in the University Convocation, you would have got them in an atmosphere of gaiety and exuberance. The present occasion, I am afraid, may not enthuse you to the same extent. We, on our part, wish to assure you that we regard the function of today no less important and sanctified. We are judged by your success in the examinations, by the marks and the division you obtain and by your position in the merit list. That is not all; we shall be judged by your performance in the bigger examination of life. Not by the success, professional, vocational and financial but by the manner and way in which you conduct yourselves in the process of achieving that success. You will recall the words of Sir Richard Livingstone: "We should cease to think that we go to school or college to pass examinations or to secure degrees or diplomas or to satisfy our teachers, though these may be and are incidental and limited objectives. We should have brought order into our education by realizing its true aim and we should have deepened in our minds through practice the sense that a worthy purpose in life is the desire for excellence, the pursuit of the first-rate,"

Nature has endowed you with physical, mental, artistic and spiritual faculties. With their aid you are expected to pursue the first-rate in the various spheres of your activities. Education, in more than one way, equips you for the attainment of excellence all round, Your teachers deserve your gratitude for initiating you in the pursuit that matters the most in human life and that differentiates man from beasts. Education is both an end in itself and a means to an end. The former is called 'Liberal Education' and the latter 'Vocational Education". The operation of Liberal Education is imperceptible; whereas the operation of the Vocational Education is perceptible. The latter we measure by what we achieve; whereas the earlier we realize through what we become. In the present-day world we care more and more for tangible gains and less and less for imbibing values and ideals that enrich our characters and sweeten our lives. We get the most from our education if we integrate the two processes and correlate them. I hope you clearly understand your responsibilities in this regard and will prove yourselves true to the calls and challenges of life, as and when they come. and meet them full in the face with strength, faith and confidence. This is the purpose of holding the function today: it is to remind you that by virtue of the Degrees, that have been awarded to you, you are duty-bound to prove yourselves worthy of them. In this temple of learning you are called upon today to take the solemn pledge that in your thoughts, words and deeds you will always be found worthy of being called 'educated'. I was not wrong when I said, a little while ago, that the present occasion was important and sacred.

You may ask yourselves what it is to be called 'educated'. Or in other words. what higher education in the college has done for you. Or again, what you will have lost if your education had stopped at the school stage. Higher education is usually associated with the universities. Degree classes are a part of a university. The first purpose of university education is to excite and satisfy the natural urge in all of you to know the truth of things within and around you. The 'why'. the 'wherefore' and' 'how' of things you must know. The more you know them, the more you wish to know. You
will remember that this is the spirit of Tennyson's Ulysses : "strong in will To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." The most important part of knowledge is to know yourself in relation to everything else. How does a university help you in this respect? John Henry Newman explains this in his well-known book: 'The Idea of a University,' a book which has stocd the test of time so far. In a University you see different teachers and students engaged most earnestly in different disciplines of study, every one trying to find the truth in his own particular domain of knowledge. They thus create an 'atmosphere of thought' which all students at the university breathe. They 'apprehend the great outline of knowledge, the principles on which it rests, the scale of its parts, its lights and its shades, its great points and its little, as they otherwise cannot apprehend them'. By and by they are impressed with the idea that all knowledge is one and also that knowledge is infinite. In due course of time, a habit of mind is formed which lasts through life, of which the attributes are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation. and wisdom........" This Newman calls the 'philosophical habit'. Exercising your Reason upon knowledge and transmuting it into Wisdomthis is the first gain of your stay at a university. 'Man's intellect has a natural pride in its own aristocracy, which is the pride of its culture. Culture only acknowledges the exccellence whose criticism is in its inner perfection, not in any external success." (Tagore)

Another equally important gain of education is that it lays the foundation of your characters. In the case of those of you who have had the benefit of good paternal guidance and a sound school teaching, the university education strengthens the foundation laid earlier. The atmosphere in a university is not just one of enquiry but also of assimilation of the noblest thoughts and ideals which are enshrined in the world's greatest books in its library. "A good book, said Milton, is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit. embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life'". There are good books and there are bad books. According to John Ruskin there are books of the hour and there are books of all time. Books of the hour give us information which
is useful and helpful. But the author of a book of all time 'has something to say which he perceives to he true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may, clearly at all events.' By reading these books of all time you acquire a taste for reading the best and rejecting the second or third best. In other words, you acquire the faculty of discrimination or criticism. The function of criticism, in the oft-quoted words of Matthew Arnold, is "to know the best that has been said, and thought in the world". This in turn constitutes Culture: "which means to know the will of God and make it prevail", or which lies "not in having but in becoming." The world's culture lies before you and if you have the will you can have it. This aspect of university life is highlighted in the opening stanza of Southey's poem: "My days among the Dead are Passed";

My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold.
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With them I converse day by day.
The world's greatest books deal with the eternal verities and fundamental truths of life. In the ranking list books about religion. literature, history, and philosophy stand higher than others. In literature tragedies, epics, poetry and biography-(history being the essence of innumerable biographies) come first. If great tragedies, epics and poetry give us great thoughts, great biographies present before us living models of those ideas and ideals. In them we find "goodness and greatness" combined inseparably. In the words of Sir Richard Livingstone, we must read the biographies not passively but with questioning understanding. If we do that, we are sure to become wise. According to Bertrand Russell the two attributes of Wisdom are 'comprehensive vision' and 'emancipation from the tyranny of the here and the now'. May I add to these the emancipation from the 'tyranny of the self and
selfishness'. Breadth of vision and broadmindedness are, in fact. the two distinguishing traits of an educated man's character. The beastly mind is governed by consideration of 'meum and tuum'一that is, this is 'mine and this is yours'. But the educated mind is cosmopolitan in its outlook and free from all prejudice and the taint of intolerance, fanaticism, and narrowness. As the oft quoted text from the 'Hitopadesha' says :

ग्रय निज: परोबेति गराना लघुचेतसाम् ।
उदारचारतानां तु व्रसुधेच कुटुम्बकम् ॥।
The above shloka means : "This is mine and this is another's-this is how a narrowminded man thinks. To the broadminded the whole world is one family."

To quote John Henry Newman, liberal education makes the gentleman. "It is well to be a gentleman", he says,"it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind. a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life; these are the con-natural qualities of a large knowledge; they are the objects of a university...' In the words of Rabindranath Tagore, according to the ancient Indian system "the best function of education is to enable us to realize that to live as a man is great, requiring profound philosophy for its ideal, poetry for its expression, and heroism in its conduct."
"Mind long deprived of its natural food of truth and freedom of growth develops an unnatural craving for success $\qquad$ .."
"A noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life . ..." necessitates that you dedicate yourselves to a worthy cause. What cause can be nobler than working for the upliftment of the poor, for the strengthening of democracy, for fostering amity and goodwill among the nations of the world, for promoting national integration, secularism, equality, and socialism. for the spread of literacy and for eradication of the so many ills from which our poor, unfortunate brothers still suffer. Swami Vivekananda; the apostle of Dradiranarayana, gave us the call in clear, unambiguous terms thus: "So long as the millions live in hunger and ignorance, I hold every man a traitor who having
been educated at their expense, pays not the least heed to them..."And again, $h \geq$ said. " Every duty is holy, and devotion tc duty is the highest form of the worship of God..." Do thy duty, said Thomas Carlyle. "Therein lies not only happiness, but also blessedness.' In labour lies dignity; in frustration lies despair. It is nowadays almost fashionable to talk of the frustration of our youth and attribute it to more than one cause and suggest a complex system of remedies. To my mind the best and the surest remedy for ending the feeling of frustration is to fight it and by fighting end it. Your education has equipped you to fight it. Your sense of duty, devotion and service should go a long way to enthuse you to lead a useful and thereby a very happy life. Possessions and desire for them and even cravings for a successful living may not be enough till you adopt a purposeful and meaningfuI life. Gandhiji very rightly remarked:" Man's ultimate aim is the realization of God, and all his activities, social, political, religious, have to be guided by the ultimate vision of God. The immediate service of all human beings becomes a necessary part of the endeavour, simply because the only way to find God is to see Him in His creation and be one with it, This can only be done by service of all. I am part and parcel of the whole, and I can not find Him apart from the rest of humanity .. .." This is Gandhiji's explanation of the famous doctrine of Renunciation of the Gita. Need I draw your attention to the College Motto : कर्मण्येताधिकारस्ते which is a part of the oft-quoted Verse :

कमणयेवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन ।
मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भू मी ते संगsसत्तकर्मरिा ।।
The above verse means: "Your duty is but to act, never to be concerned with results; so let not the fruits of action be your motive. Do not let yourself be drawn into the path of non-action."

Lest life should become or tend to be mechanical, you should cultivate your creative faculties and develop aesthetic appreciation of Nature's beauty and sublimity, of beauty of things of art, of delight and transport of literary works and of loveliness of innocence in animal and human faces. Pursuit of material objects is sure to deaden your fine susceptibilities and dry
up in the springs of your hearts their life-giving feelings. The sense of wonder, the sense of worship and the sense of love are in reality one and the same. "Satyam. Shivam, Sundram" are manifestations of the Eternal Reality, Truth, Goodness and Beauty keep you in proper gear for service and work. Your short stay in the College afforded you ample opportunities for all these. It was upto you to avail yourselves of them. If you did not, you need to make up the loss by acquiring them in the years to come; and in any case before the world enmeshes you in its toil and moil or in what has been so aptly called "the madding crowd's ignoble strife" and "the handicap race for three-penny pieces."

Life for an educated man is thus both a trial and a challenge; a test of his abilities and capabilities and opportunity of bringing out his potentialities, mental, spiritual, creative and physical. Education seeks to make you a complete man. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting from Rabindranath Tagore once again. He wrote : "Its aim should lie in imparting life-breath to the complete man, who is intellectual as well as economic, bound by social bonds, but aspiring towards spiritual freedom and final perfection." These words sum up the Wisdom of the East and the West. Universities and colleges are seats of learning. They are most suitably called Alma Mater. meaning the Bounteous Mother, from whose perennial springs we, teachers and students alike, drink and tire not.

In a growing democracy، like our own، the educated community has to provide the mould for casting the destiny of the nation. From their ranks the leaders of tomorrow are to come. The more enlightened they are the more dedicated they will be. The more enlightened and dedicated they are, the surer and brighter will be the future of India. You leve your Motherland. She does so much for you. You must do something in return for her sons and daughters. Before you can do that you must have a clear picture of what her needs are. Education, said T. S. Eliot, must not be discussed in a void. It must have relevance to the social, economic, and political problems.

You are now in a position to consider how to utilize your knowledge for promotion of the greatest good of the greatest number. Here is a noble task for all of you. Go ahead with good cheer! Have full faith in your destiny and march ahead! The college has placed the stamp of its Motto upon your personality. Be true to it. In that shall lie the worth of your Degrees and your own worthiness.

Addresses on occasions like the present award of Degrees usually end with a bit of advice: the Deeksha from the Gurus. Why should you be deprived of it. Here it is, सत्यं वद ! धर्म चर! Speak the truth! Do your duty righteously !' May you bring credit to yourselves, to your college and to your country! May God bless you!

I thank you very much for your kind indulgence and patient hearing.

Date :-4th of March, 1972
Padka Krishna And



[^0]:    *The evils which so beset and bedevil us in the wider socio-economic political arena are imbued in our hearts. The germ has a very simple name : meaninglessness. We have lost our direction and have been caught in the grip of aimlessness. The main reason is that we have lost a sense of belongingness.

[^1]:    *Reproduced from The Sunday Statesman, New Delhi, 6th of February, 1972, with the kind courtesy of the Editor.
    Dr. P.N. Kirpal is Ex-Chairman of the Board of Administration of Deshbandhu College.

[^2]:    *President Biological Society

[^3]:    *Shri Narayanan's poem lay in cold storage for over a year. No wonder it has come out in a new garb like a frog after the period of hibernation. We hope the readers will enjoy it and read it in the same spirit in which it has been written by Shri Narayanan.

