

MADRAS TELEPHONE DIST.
1955

02

January 12, 1955

This is the third issue of the "Telephone Operators' Forum". The first issue having gained good appreciation from all and the second following suit, I would be very happy if the third will be more livelier than the previous two issues so that an impression of a Stereo-typed issue of the Forum may not find a place in the minds of the readers. Hence, this Forum may be compiled in such a manner, that the readers should have an impression that there is something new in this issue. I wish the Forum all success and always find some new things or other to interest the readers.

V. Rajagopal
District Manager
Telephones, Madras District

January 27, 1955

I have great pleasure in congratulating again the operating staff of Madras Trunk and Local Exchanges and lady members of the clerical staff on the 2nd birthday of the "TELEPHONE OPERATORS' FORUM", which is a medium through which the lady members of this organization can express their abilities, talents etc. It is a well known fact that we are fortunate enough to have with us a number of talented persons who took part in various Departmental contests and came out with flying colours for the Telephone District. They are an asset to us.

I wish a very happy and prosperous future for the "TELEPHONE OPERATORS' FORUM" and, I am sure, with the co-operation of all the members, the Editor will maintain a high standard for this publication, which is appreciated by all the colleagues throughout India.

K. V. Rao

Executive Engineer
Telephones, Madras District



On the River Cooum



Picture taken at the Telephone House, Madras
on the occasion of Fourth Annual P. & T. Sports Festival in February, 1954.
Seated in the centre is the Hon'ble Minister, Sri Jagjivan Ram, (Minister for Communications)

EDITORIAL

Our Reading Room for vocal talent and an annual publication of the "TELEPHONE OPERATORS' FORUM" for recorded Talents!

Readers of our FORUM may remember the story contest announced in the previous issue. There were good attempts but not a hearty response. I wish them and myself success in the future! I am sure that you will relish the published articles of this issue.

The issue contains many articles on varied subjects, covered by our young writers. I wish them all good and continued progress.

The appreciation and encouragement by our departmental heads, with the co-operation and enthusiasm of our members, contributed to the success of FORUM. I thank our superiors and officers for their encouragement and blessings.

It is our intention to publish articles in regional languages; we still await the emergence of such a budding author!

The readers may appreciate the pictorial section of this issue. I assure you, dear readers, the next issue will splash cartoons and articles in regional languages.

This issue contains as customary, MESSAGES, HOME NEWS BULLETIN etc.

The price is now ANNAS TWELVE, though get up is more attractive and costly by pictures. I look forward to your continued co-operation and goodwill.

JAI HIND

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A PRISONER

Kumari T. JAYALAXMI

Time: An afternoon of the Winter Season.

Place: Room of a prison with its door open to the verandah. We can see through the window of that room the great walls of the prison and white clouds over the mountain cliffs.

Person: The occupant of the room is a special-class prisoner. He is dressed in a long white Khadi shirt and a light pyjamas. He was wearing a waist coat over his shirt. Everything is pure Khadi. We can count the silver grey hair on his head. He was pacing up and down the room indicating his mental mood.

Prisoner: (Coming close to the bar, he spoke to the Warder) Did you get leave, Warder?

Warder: (With a heavy sigh) "Yes..but..only after a week, I got it. When I reached home I found her in her last breath. As soon as she saw me, she shed her last tears in my lap if I had gone in time.." (The speech stopped and tears rolled down.)

(Suddenly the prisoner went near the window. It was to hide his tears, yet his eyes became red.)

Prisoner: But Warder, why did you return to this job? Perhaps to show your loyalty? You should not serve the people who have taken your wife's life.

Warder: I wish I throw stones at these people but my poor stomach?

Prisoner: Stomach, the wretched stomach! What a fine stomach our people have. But Warder, have you got any children?

Warder: I have

(A Constable brings a telegram)

Prisoner: Have you read the telegram?

Constable: Yes.

"This cable came from Switzerland. Your wife's state of health has worsened. What will happen now?"

Prisoner: What will happen? What can a man in irons do? The penalty of slavery is not sweet.

Constable: Yet?

Prisoner: You are so childish. What can we do? Nothing.

Constable: (He was stunned for a minute. He murmurs and then speaks in a low voice) You are above us. You are an angel. You never care for your self. You almost enjoy the difficulties for the sake of the country. We cannot find such a hard-heart even in our Rishis.

Prisoner: Angel! What a fancy it is? Who knows how weak I am? If I can fly and go near Kamala? (He fixes his eyes on the white clouds) Kamala, are you calling me? I am in a helpless state (Taking hasty strides) Shall I go and beg for mercy from the Government? Will you like me then? You are a brave woman. You are dying beyond the seven seas, bit by bit (he rests on the cot and hides his face on the pillow.)

(The door opens. An old woman and a girl of eighteen enter the room, accompanied by a constable.)

Old Lady: Did you cry, my son?

Prisoner: Wipes his eyes and hugs his mother.

Old Lady: (Tears in her eyes) my son..(Prisoner balances himself and makes his mother sit on the chair).

Old Lady: My daughter-in-law is in a dangerous state and you.....
Prisoner: (interrupts his mother and says) "what can we do mother?"

Old Lady: I have sent the copy of the cable to the Viceroy and so many leaders have requested him to release you.

Prisoner: This is what I am telling you now. What can a slave people do except plead with the Government?

Old Lady: Why are you so hard-hearted, my boy? My daughter-in-law is expecting death every moment. You never seemed to worry about her. Whenever you come, you enter the house just like a guest and go away. (She begins to cry.)

Prisoner: Mother, you know her well. Tell me whether she likes me to nurse her sitting by her side all through the day.

Old Lady: What I don't know? I know her fully well, my boy. (wipes her tears.) Even in the state of delerium, she used to tell me that she prefers death when you are beside her. But yet she feels happy when you are away in prison!

Prisoner: See.....

Girl: Brother, if you go and see her, her health may improve.

Prisoner: Where is the way?

(Warder brings a telegram.)

Warder: Mother, God is Great; Viceroy has released your son. Now he is free. Let him go by air and reach Switzerland soon (He cannot speak more by sheer joy.)

Girl: Brother, I will accompany you. Kamala likes my dance.

Mother: God is gracious (She looks at the prisoner.) Why are you still standing? Why don't you make arrangements? (Prisoner throws away the telegram. Then he says,) God is not gracious. I am still a prisoner.

(His face was red with anger. Everyone was bewildered. The old lady looks at the prisoner. The Girl looks at the telegram.)

Old Woman: What happened? What is in this telegram?

Prisoner: Shame, I am released, on condition. I should not associate myself with any political organisation. I should not address people and I am imprisoned in Switzerland. That is, I should not leave Switzerland. I should not see. I should not hear. I should not walk. I should not breathe the free air. Pure nonsense.

(All the people were stunned.)

Old Lady: What is there in it my son? Your term is only for a little while. Where have you got time to leave Switzerland? You nurse my Kamala and then there is France, England, your Congress and your farmer.

Prisoner: You don't understand me, mother. The Government is playing tricks with me. They want to crush our self-respect. They want to use this opportunity.

Girl: I don't understand at all. What is there in it wounding self-respect?

Prisoner: You are all very sentimental. To accept the condition is to disrespect my dear country. It is part of a coward. But, mother, whatever else may be your son, he is not a coward.

Old Lady: Poor Girl! her destiny? You must die all alone in the distant part of the world. There is no one in the world with you now... No soft-heart for you. There is no one by your side who can pat you. No one in the world, who can hear your sigh. Die my girl, die all a-l-o-n-e.

(Suddenly she begins to sob.)

Prisoner: Don't make me weak. I am trying to control myself. Under no circumstances I want to come out as a prisoner: I like to remain within the prison..To depend on mercy and to beg. No, no, my ancestors did not beg.

Girl: Brother, is my sister-in-law's life so cheap? Have you got no duties towards her? Will you kill her yourself? Can you imagine your life without her? Hard like a stone you are? Day and night she is calling you. Can you hear her?

Prisoner: (He was so excited and took his sister's hand.) Kamala, are you crying for me? Your eyes have gone red. Your lips have dried.

You are really calling me. I am coming. No, No. I have come. (he presses his sister's hand and tears roll down his eyes.)

Girl: Brother, start at once.

Constable: Saheb, please go.

Prisoner: What did you say *Warder*? (He balances himself for a minute) Are you making me mad? I am getting madder, This is a disrespect for my nation and not for me. Send a telegram to your Viceroy that I don't want to be released on this condition. Yes, you can go....All of you..Go..

Constable: Prathap, Maharana Prathap has come.

Mother: Son.

Girl: Brother.

Prisoner: (Trying to control himself) I am telling you Go....Don't make me mad.

Old Lady: Son, hear me....

Prisoner: Mother, pardon me. You too go mother. I want some rest. You can do whatever you want. It is a matter of respect. Really, I belong to you. Yet, I belong to my dear India. Kamala's life is dear to us but a nation's respect is still more dear, For a single life we cannot sell the self-respect of thousands of people, however dear that life is to us. I want rest now....Go.... (he goes near the window and merges with the clouds).



MY SISTER'S WEDDING

Kumari M. J. SWAENNA

A wedding grand it was and fine
With noise and feast and people gay
The rains had blessed, the sun did shine,
It truly was a glorious day.

The bride she sat with face so sweet,
The lovely princess of the day,
Prepared she was the groom to meet
Who came to bear her far away.

With reverent prayer we all did stand
The service passed ; " I will " was said ;
The wedlock tied and hand clasped hand
The words divine were duly read.

Is marriage merely fun and feast ?
Nay, nay it is two hearts made one,
It means so much to say the least,
Its happiness is truly won.

Delightful 'twas to see her bright
And lovely face lit up with pride
His face did beam with a joyful light,
As sideways glanced he at his bride.

Her joy was mine it's very true
Was that alone my case of cheer ?
Not so, I'd got a brother new
I thank God for that, brother dear.

KAMALA, MY FRIEND

Kumari K. MARY

We were waiting half-an-hour at the bus stand. In fact, buses were plying often fully packed and so we were not able to get in. As at Bethastha only the mighty one who seized the foot-board first may enter; the other unfortunate and meek ones were left behind. We had to be at our School at 9-15 and 9-30. We were still at the bus stand. Just then our class-mate Nita sailed past us majestically on her new bi-cycle.

“Lucky one”, sighed Kamala and added “why should not we too ride a cycle?” “Why shouldn’t we?” I foolishly echoed her, tired of waiting.

“Because you silly, neither of us know cycling and.....” Vimala’s voice trailed away as the rattling of a coming bus was heard and we prepared ourselves for the ensuing battle. The bus came nearer and nearer and then stopped. With desperation and bravado and with one elbow here and one there, we found ourselves actually inside the bus!

Then began the circus. With books piled upto our chin on one arm and the tiffin box in the other we did quite a feat in balancing. The gentlemen, of course, were too courteous and chivalrous to deny themselves a free circus. So they pretended not to notice us. Some actually closed their eyes in meditation! oh the vagaries of Road Transport!

One old lady who was sandwiched between two fat gentlemen grabbed Kamala, the nearest one and asked her to sit beside her in the bit of space between her and a gentleman in deep meditation.

Knowing fully well that she could shrink her body like Alice in wonderland with nothing on earth, Kamala politely refused the kind offer. In her eagerness to help a fellow suffering creature, the old lady pulled Kamala to the seat. The bus lurched in protest at this aged politeness; losing her precarious balance, Kamala crash-landed on the gentleman. Luckily the bus reached our stop, and so before the man could collect his scattered wits or scold her, she made a hurried exit. We too followed.

“This settles it”, she almost choked, “I would never again get into that old tin. I am going to learn cycling and you, Vim, please forget this incident”.

She was so pathetic to look at, that we suppressed our laughter with difficulty and Vim promised silence which she promptly broke at recess. For the whole month, all of us teased poor Kamala about her live cushion!

About a week later, Kamala informed us that her father had bought her a bicycle and was going to teach her cycling. Unfortunately he had to go out of the city for two months. So Kamala decided to surprise her papa when he returned by learning cycling all by herself. But we wouldn’t hear of her struggling all alone to master the art of balancing on two wheels and offered our help. It was decided that we should practise daily on Nita’s bike.

From that day onwards, morning noon and evening we practised cycling. Vimala and I would hold the cycle firmly while Kamala would ascend the seat and place her feet gently on the pedals. Then with Vimala holding the handle-bar and myself behind we would push and pull and Kamala would sit like a queen with no effort on her part. After practising thus for half-an-hour, only Vim and I would part like wild horses but she would get down as fresh as a daisy. Things went on thus for a month until one day we were infuriated by Kamala singing.

• •

“ Oh how nice it is to ride a bike,
Have you ever noticed this my Mike ?
To sit like a queen while others do push,
To smile and sing with many a pretty blush,
Oh, how nice it is to ride a bike ”

“ Is it ? ” muttered Vimala between her teeth and that evening we both conspired together to get rid of an unpleasant duty. The only course open to us was to make Kamala learn cycling quickly. Then we need not push her along ! We made quite a research as to how one really learns cycling. Every suggestion of mine was pushed rudely aside by Vim and every suggestion of hers was ridiculed by me. Then at last we had the right solution to our pushing problem. In fact the idea was put into our heads by an amusing anecdote we once heard. It was about a thief who in trying to escape the police grabbed a cycle and made away with it. Only after he was well out of danger did it occur to him that he did not know cycling and at once he fell down. If we mortally scare Kamala, she would soon know cycling as the thief did. Now the point was how to scare her.

We know fully well that she was afraid of lions, leopards and rats, but how to get a lion or leopard ? We know no one who owns a circus. Even the authorities of the Zoo wouldn't lend them. The only creature we could lay our hands on was a rat. But this again presented another problem. Who was to throw the rat at Kamala ? We were both equally afraid of even dead rats, let alone a live one. After wasting hours, Vim got a brain wave. She would borrow the toy mouse of her brother. All arranged, we set the date for the scare.

That evening everything went on smooth. As usual Kamala got on to the seat after much fuss and we patiently pushed her around for a few minutes. Then at a signal from Vim, I threw the rat at Kamala. At this point something we had not foreseen happened. With a shriek Kamala passed out. It took fifteen minutes for us to revive her. Our plan was a failure, we could do nothing but go on instructing her in our gentle way. Kamala however made quick progress after this and was able to ride the cycle with one foot on the ground. She was quite happy and contented until one day her father returned and began to test her ability. He was amused at her method of cycling and asked her whether she was planning to cycle to school in that way. Then he did some magic and in three weeks made Kamala a champion cyclist. She wouldn't tell us how he taught her, but the deep cut on her knee and the scratch at her elbow told their own story. !

After a month, Kamala was given permission to come to school on her cycle. She was very excited and asked me and Vimala to wait at the bus stop to see her pass. We promised not to board a bus till she passed and

accordingly we were at the bus stop at 9-15 sharp. 9-20, 9-25 and 9-30 and still no Kamala. At last at 9-35 we saw her coming and at once guessed the reason for the delay. She had been decorating her bike with flowers! The bright red of the Bougan-Villa could be seen from two miles off! She was flustered a little because two boys were cycling behind her making odious comments but nevertheless she managed to wave to us. In so doing she lost control and the cycle headed straight to the traffic constable. Poor man! unaware of the fair one on the two wheeled monster charging him from the rear, he was blissfully directing the traffic. The cycle missed him by an inch but Kamala threw out both her arms and got hold of him in an effort to stop the cycle. Down went the cycle and with it Kamala, dragging the policeman with her. Horrified, we rushed to the spot, but Kamala was up in a second and was off like a shot before we reached her. Only the crushed flowers and the bruised constable stared at us. Later at school, she told us that she only pushed the man out of her way but the man lost his balance and caused her fall! We do believe her, but those awful boys still shout 'police' whenever Kamala passes them.

I think it is her fate to be in fun always. She once caused a furore in our hostel. It was the custom of our hostel girls to throw a party yearly and invite their non-resident friends. The party would progress till mid-night. After one such party, we three stayed with some of our friends. That night we planned to have another party of our own and decided to hold it on the terrace. We began to talk about the coming exams and from there on the talk turned to pictures and Hollywood. Hollywood reminded us about America, America about atom-bomb, atom-bomb about the end of the world and the end of the world about ghosts. Suddenly everyone was talking and telling others about their view of ghosts.

“We don't have ghosts here in our School. Do we?” asked Vimala.

“Of course, we have”, said one impressively and we involuntarily drew together.

“Why, of course?”

“Because this ground was the execution ground in the days of the Company. Have you ever noticed those long nails nailed to the trees? Well on each tree, there haunts a ghost but only one has so far ventured to come inside the ho-tel”.

“What was it like?” Kamala wanted to know.

“Oh. it was wearing white robes and carried something big and bulky. It walked with a jingling sound and. . .”

The little awe-inspiring speech was ruthlessly cut short by the matron who ordered us to go to bed at once.

All of us were frightened and no one was willing to sleep near the staircase as we thought that the ghost would come up only that way! Discussion ensued as to who should sleep near the entrance and at last Kamala, who wanted to impress on us her courage, agreed to sleep there.

After saying our prayers, we settled down to sleep. We were so huddled together that two mats near the entrance were empty. Even then Kamala built a little wall of pillows between herself and the entrance and after fortifying herself with all the keys, stretched.

Kamala, who could not sleep because of the change of place and mainly because of fear lay awake listening and trembling at every sound. Suddenly she was aware of the "jingle" from downstairs. Her heart leaped to her mouth, when that sound was nearing. She fixed her eyes on the entrance and saw with horror a figure in white carrying something big. She was screaming wildly.

The girl who entered was frightened by the scream and throwing down the bed she instinctively ran towards us but she was tripped by Kamala's protecting wall and fell flatly on her stomach and began to scream too. In her fear, Kamala thought that the ghost was trying to squeeze life out of her and her screams grew louder. We were just asleep and so joined in the duel. Soon it was caught up by those below and the whole hostel was screaming hysteria.

The matron who was timid by nature thought that the end of the world has come and grasping her bedsheets went under the bed and covered herself with it! The watchman who was having a quiet doze was rudely brought to life by the screams and came running to investigate. His repeated knocks assured the matron that the world had not ended yet and she came out of her hiding. Between themselves, they quietened her charges. She was furious with us for starting the scream, she could not punish us: our resident-friends were severely punished to sweep the hostel for a month.



OUTWARD TICKET

Srimathi SHARADHA BAI JAGADISHAN

*Read but don't ride
Think but don't blink
Guess my name.....*

I belong to a decent PAPER FAMILY, my poor parents were hoping I will be an earning member and look after my youngster at home. One happy day, luck knocked at my door; to my surprise a postman brought good news that I am appointed in CTX from January 1, 1945.

Next day, I got up early and imagined my work, my designation and my pay. Then started and reached office at 8-30 a.m. on January 1, 1945. A man wearing Khaki uniform and red bordered side cap took me straight to a room! I thought I was going to interview D.M. That youngman said "sit here till 10 'O Clock". Exactly at 10 'O Clock a lady clerk came and said "peon take this fellow to extra operators, let them check him before he goes to CTX". Fear haunted me. I was wondering what would happen to me; luckily she checked me in no time and declared me correct and fit to enter CTX.

In a few minutes, peon dragged me to a lady operator, said I am MS2150 to CG122PP! I was pushed to another lady operator who viewed me from tip to toe and said "you are ordinary, sit here in the ordinary pigeon hole". Few minutes later, she pulled me and said "you are made urgent". "Shift your quarters from ordinary to urgent pigeon hole. I will try and push you soon to Chittagong."

At about 12 'O Clock, the operator pulled me down by my legs and said "now, I will push you into the Calculograph trap upto your shoulder, lie down without moving nor shaking; otherwise, you will be held up for discrepancy". I obeyed her.

Suddenly I had a strong blow on my head. Then I came out, she did the necessary first aid and put me in effective pigeon hole, I stayed in a small room with many other friends upto 00-00 hours. After 00-00 hours the peon carried me and left me in the ticket room as I was very tired. I slept till 9-30 a.m. next day. The Lady clerk came and woke me up at 10 and said "go for checking again". A commanding voice said "ticket work finished; he should be sent by 3-30 p.m. Hurry up and finish".

Lady operator called me and stamped on my face and body as urgent P.P. Pakistan with deep carbon marks. I was sent to another lady operator who held me for discrepancy stating "no controlling operator's signature and register time omitted". Again I was driven back to the same operator who took me to the monitor for "please attest him". She attested me by putting her beautiful signature!—in Scrawls.

Finally I was rolled and covered by a brown paper and was sent to TRA Section, Mount Road. I was glad I was going away once for all from the lady operator. How sad, I could not go home to see my worried parents.

My further experience will appear in next forum. Good-bye sisters, all of you will be anxious to know my name well!! My name is - Mr. OUTWARD TICKET. ‘

KNOW THE MAN

Kumari M. S. VIJAYAM

*“ Reading maketh a full man,
Conference a ready man and
writing an exact man ”*

This saying of Bacon, is now a proverb.

Reading makes a full man, that is, it equips man with knowledge of various branches. Man's mind is a receptacle which holds everything he learns, whether it is good or bad. Without reading, he is intellectually barren. It ennobles a man's character, being inspired by lofty ideals. A man who has not the habit of reading is illiterate and is seldom capable of high thinking; books of great men enrich our mind; when we read the lives of noble men, we are at once filled with high and noble thoughts and inspiration. By reading, our ignorance is dispelled. Brains gets sharpened by the knowledge acquired.

But mere reading makes a man theoretical. He may be full of thoughts, ideas and information and yet he lacks the power of systematic logic. He may read without understanding. He is incapable of putting his ideas into practice. These defects will get cured only when he converses or discusses with others. He can cultivate ready intellect only by debates. Conversation with other people turns our book knowledge into practical knowledge. Alterness is gained only by conference. A man may go on reading the same book without grasping the author's point of view but in conversation with others, he achieves clarity.

Too much reading tends to confuse a man. Intellectual weakness is caused by incoherence of thoughts. When one's mind is heaped with thoughts, he becomes weak and is not in a position to express them in words. So if he does not reduce his reading into writing, his thoughts are ill-formed, diffused and incoherent. By writing, he lines up his thoughts. The irrelevant portion is rejected and relevant one takes shapes.

So, in order to derive the full benefit of reading, we must not only read, but converse with others and write. Writing alone gives precision. Lord Bacon says

“ Read not to contradict and confute;
Nor to believe and take for granted;
Nor to find talk and discourse;
But to weigh and consider ”

WORSHIP AND LOVE

Srimathi A. G. SARADA

Tales with a moral were best valued in ancient days. It is not to be inferred however from this that there existed then no stories of love. What is the Ramayana, the greatest of all epics, if it is not thoroughly a love episode? Rama abandoned the kingdom and all the pleasures of life, no doubt in order that his father may be true to his word. But does that fact enter our hearts with greater poignancy than the love which bound Rama and Sita together, or the misery and anguish they had to undergo in being separated from each other? None can deny that it is a love so pure and divine as to lift high, and ennoble life.

Poets have glorified only such a love and have breathed into the songs of immortality.

In the West, during the Middle Ages, poets and writers were never tired of singing the praise of love. We read how in those days a brave youth succeeded in doing noble and daring deeds in order to win the heart of the maid he loved. He would risk his very life, if only the lady of his love would smile sweetly on him. Love, in short, was made so much of, the belief grew that "it was better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

If we take Shakespeare's play, "Romeo and Juliet," what do we find except love from first to last? The readers are carried away by that great tide of love which was the undoing of Romeo and Juliet. Nothing seems to exist apart from love.

Let us take the days of the Rajputs in India. How many stirring tales there are of deeds of valour and heroism which a Rajput youth would not shrink from, if but those deeds won to him, the lady of his heart!

One sees, however, that there is a world of difference between the love of that age and the love depicted in the stories of the present day. According to the theory of the eternal triangle in Western literature, two men and a woman, or two women and a man, are considered to be essential for the construction of a novel. The young man and the young woman, the central figures of the story, meet and fall in love. In strict adherence to the saying, "the course of true love never runs smooth," a second man or woman is brought in, to throw obstacles in the path of the lovers. The end is invariably determined by the mood of the author. Either it may be the wedding bells peeling forth joyously or the gloom of death and sorrow darkening the concluding pages. We may depend upon ninety per cent of the stories ending one way or the other.

In modern days, the freedom with which men and women mix is responsible for the demonstration of love between the sexes, and also for the rivalry and jealousy which invariably follow. Hence it is quite natural that the public is provided with a goodly number of such stories. Love stories should rather be regarded as an aberration from a true depiction of social conditions, in any country where custom does not allow much mingling of the sexes.

Personal love is always bound up with jealousy, selfishness, the idea of possession and anxiety. There will be a constant worry to guard that love. When you love one with your mind, and not with your heart, love gets polluted. It becomes personal, limited and ends in tears. In other words, when love is bound up with individuality, it must be limited and hence it will create in one's mind the fear of losing that person, or of that affection being transferred. When one can transcend that love, one becomes capable of loving every one.

Love does not depend on persons or things; love is independent and impersonal. Only in true impersonal love can one attain supreme happiness when all objects become part of one's self. In this state, a lover does not seek anything from outside, for he has already attained inward completeness. A true lover is ready to suffer others rather than live in a heaven of his own. Here is an old story to illustrate the point.

Sage Narada was a great devotee of Lord Krishna, but he became proud and felt there was none in Heaven or Earth equal to him in worship of the Lord.

One day Lord Krishna made a pretence that He had a very severe head-ache and rolled about in bed. Narada came to see the Lord and found Him in this condition. He immediately summoned Dhanvantri and other doctors of Devaloka, but no treatment was of any use and the agony of the Lord continued unabated. Narada then asked the Lord as to what should be done and declared that he would do anything to alleviate the Lord's suffering.

The Lord then advised that there was only one medicine which could cure him. Narada begged him to mention it at once, saying that he would fetch it immediately. The Lord said that if the dust off the feet of any one of His true devotees were applied to his forehead, the pain would subside. On hearing this, Narada closed his eyes and ears and said "Oh Lord! the very hearing of your words is enough to doom one to eternal hell, not to speak of complying with your request". He then began to chant the names of the Lord to expiate the sin of having heard such words.

After a pause, the Lord said that if no devotee around Him or in any part of Swargaloka were willing to part with the dust of their feet, perhaps there would be somebody on earth who may oblige; and he requested Narada to proceed at once to earth and try particularly in Brindavan. But Narada made a wry face and queried how he could undertake such a job and how he could mention to anyone that the dust should be collected and who would be willing to give him the dust and made many such pleadings.

Finally the Lord said: "Look here, Narada, "I am dying of pain. Won't you help me?"

With great reluctance did Narada start from Vaikunta for Brindavan with the conviction that it would be impossible to get what the Lord wanted.

As soon as he arrived at Brindavan, the Gopies ran to him and surged around him for news of the Lord. Sage Narada told them that he had come with very sorrowful news, but that he disliked even the idea of giving expression to it. The Gopies, however, persisted in demanding him to give out the

Lord's news at once. At long last Narada gave out the news and added with a sigh "who will be willing to give the dust of feet to the Lord? The very thought is a great blasphemy"!

Immediately and without heeding the words of Narada, the Gopis took some dust from off their feet and offered it to Narada, hastening him to rush back to Vaikunta and heal the Lord as quickly as possible.

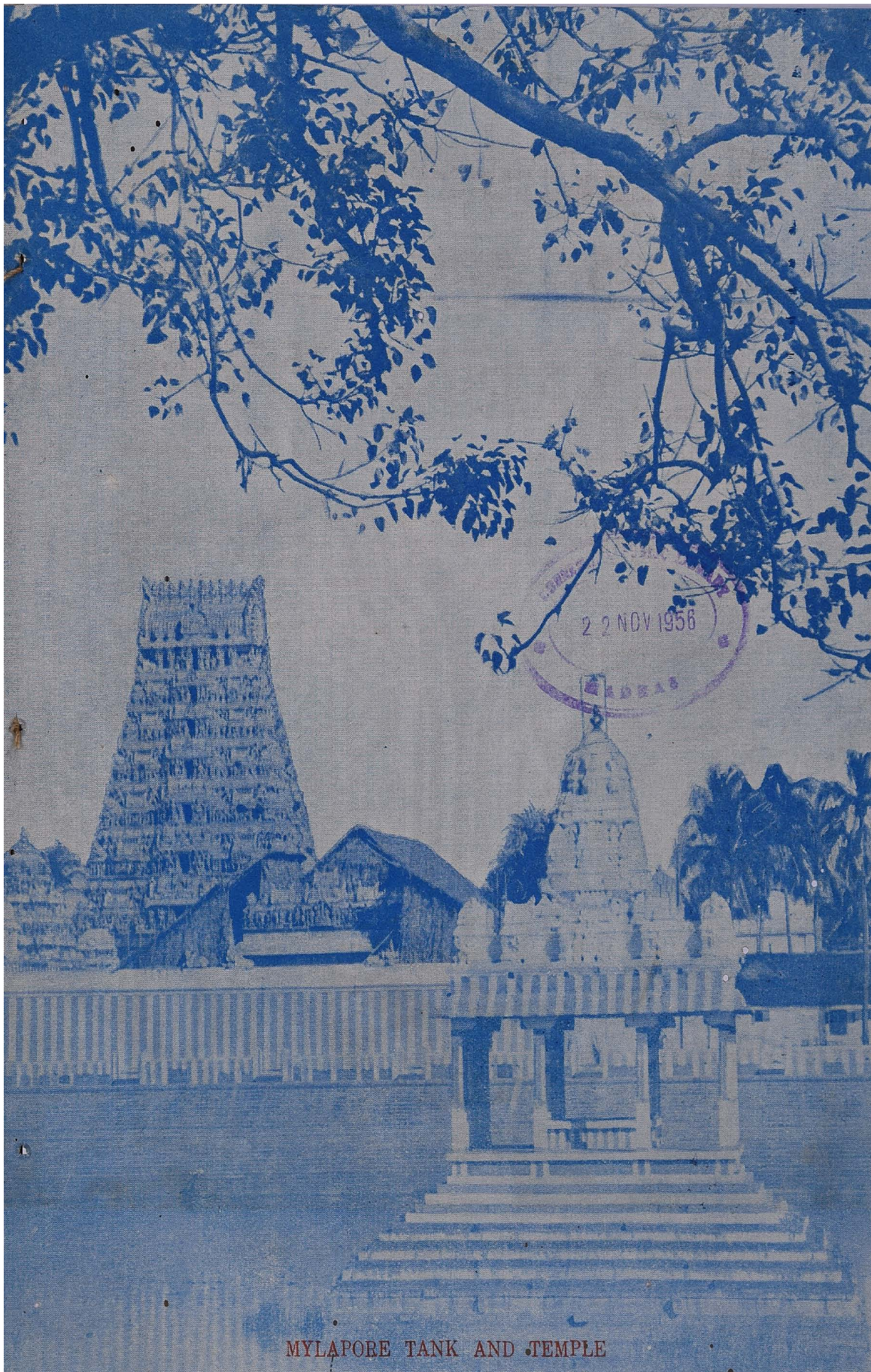
Narada was bewildered and said: "Do you realise you will have to go to eternal hell and suffer all pangs by such an act?" The Gopis taunted him in one voice: "What if we go to hell and suffer? We would gladly do so, if we help relief of our beloved Lord"!

Illumination dawned on the sage, as he gauged the depth of love of Gopis for the Lord.

Loving worship is the supreme emotion and which, yet is calmness itself. It gives a perfect balance to reason and emotion. Reason gives eyes to love and love gives warmth to reason. Reason makes love impersonal. Love prevents reason from passing into indifference.

True love and worship are neither unbalanced emotion, nor mere sentimentalism, nor indifference.





MYLAPORE TANK AND TEMPLE



A view of an artistic pillar - 'Sarabhoji' Palace, Tanjore

THE BLANK HORIZON

Kumari S. INDIRA

It was the hour of dawn. The birds in the trees began to chirp and sing notes of joy. Bustle of Life was on, as the inmates of the houses perform their daily duties. But in Raghunath's quarters, all were just asleep, except himself, who was seated in reverie, as was his habit.

Raghu was a bright lad in his early twenties. He matriculated from the City school and distinction marked his career throughout. He did not take up higher studies, as he failed in mathematics. This necessitated his study of the subject at home, and in the following attempt passed. But then he was handicapped by finance and could not even dream of a regular college education. His heart sank ; he very often wept as he found no solution.

A few months later Raghu secured an appointment as a clerk. Dame fortune was smiling on him and he was happy for sometime, but soon found a clerical career detestable. He had not his intellectual equals in his office. The work was unintelligently boring. He cursed himself in being tied to this routine. He failed to know if he was the only one who thought in that strain or that he had gone crazy over something unachievable. He read for the M.A. Degree in literature, appearing in private for he had a mastery over English. This again proved hard as his constitution did not permit him to read books, besides his office work. He met with frustration at every stage and he was disappointed.

One day it so chanced that while he was returning home at dusk he was taken by surprise when some one exclaimed, "Excuse me ; Aren't you Raghunath ; What are you doing ?" Raghu could not stand the surprise as he recognised Shanta, his colleague. Words failed him. "Why are you aghast" She remarked. "If you don't mind, I'll give you a lift. Where are you going" she inquired. Raghu's mind was reflecting on his failures and his heart beat fast. Though he was ignorant of her, yet he had learnt that she was a new-comer in Final B.A., having done her first year in a mofussal college. He little knew that she was rich to own a car. They had hitherto never met. It was a novel meeting and Raghu felt embarrassed and tried to put her off by saying "No ! Don't worry ! I prefer walking". But finding Shanta to be insistent, felt he could not refuse Shanta's offer. "There it is", she said and paced to the car. Raghu followed her. She occupied the rear seat while he sat next to the driver wondering at it all Buick, the looks and the manners of Shanta. Any question from her relating to his studies would have upset Raghu, for she was a brilliant student.

Shanta could be said to be a paragon of intelligence and feminine charm. An account of Shanta would not be complete without mention of her unique character. She made no fuss or show of shyness common to girls, though she was reserved at the bottom. She was curt with audacious boys, who talked to her on some pretence. She knew them to be of wrong type and placed them correctly. Her conception of an ideal youth was quiet-going, not boisterous and flippant. Therefore she never lost her heart to any 'Don Juans' of the day. They might get enamoured of her, but it was all one-sided. She entertained high ideals of 'Varsity life and loathed scenes' the prestige of the college should be heightened by winning honours for the institution.

Even as a girl, Shanta felt that persons must perform the specific duties of respective age. A child at play, a school-goer at study, those in profession at integrity and hard work, a lover at his house of love and so on. If these activities were ill-timed, they became quite out of place and ugly.

Shanta knows Raghu as the boy who topped in English and won a Medal. Her conscience prompted her to pick him up and inquire his whereabouts. There was a slight betrayal of blush on her face. Overlooking his failure in Part III, she heartily congratulated him on his splendid success in English. But Raghu denouncing the compliment replied - "How does brilliance in one Part help acquisition of a Degree at first attempt? My endeavour on the educational side is all a failure and vexation. I suppose you don't require me to say more on the subject" he concluded. "These are just trifles when compared to life's disappointments which are varied and many" she observed.

There was a pause. Shanta waited for him to follow on but he expected her to continue! Time thus passed between them with a conflict of ideas and emotions in their hearts. They reached the High Road, where Raghu wished to get down. He thanked her and departed. Shanta liked his reserve immensely and was greatly impressed.

Shanta was all alone in her bungalow and on such occasions she often day-dreamed. She was led to think that her coming to the city forbode ill: her father died in an accident the only cord that tied her to the world snapped. She was unable to dispel the gloom that surrounded her and was like a caged bird. It was not restriction or imposition that was an impediment to her movemet with friends and neighbours as much as her general dislike to make herself unduly conspicuous. She had nobody in the wide world to care for her. She was driven to the necessity of choosing herself a partner in life. She had therefore to get about it to achieve that end. Consequent on this she called on Raghu to arrive at a decision. The evening found Shanta in Raghu's house. The latter was taken aback at her sudden appearance. He was however glad, his father was not present. Jaswant, for that was his father's name, was dead against any such association of a boy and a girl. Son is not to wed an educated girl. However much Raghu might say that Shanta was an exception he knew it would only fall on the deaf ears of his dad.

Shanta opened the conversation enquiring, "where are your people? I hope you are not the sole survivor like me, the unfortunate" "No," replied Raghu. "There is my father who is out on a stroll-And why say, you are lonely?", he queried. "It is all a tragic tale, listen", she said. "I lost my mother in my tenth year. She had named me 'Asha' and I being the only issue was the pet of my parents and brought up in the lap of luxury. After my mother's death, my father did not marry, I am his everything in life. He gave me the best of learning and brought me up on good lines and I rose to his expectations. But fate intervened. He was not spared the time on earth to see his ambitions fruitified". "Most tragic, what was it all due to?", he interrupted. "A mishap-Did you not read in the papers of Mr. Hussain's death in an accident. "The renowned Engineer, Abdul Hussain, you mean", he recollected. "yes", she continued. "He was a kind and loving father to me-his only daughter". She sobbed and Raghu noticed there was tremor in her voice. Tears rolled down her fair cheeks. She seemed to enlist a world's sympathy, it appeared. He did not know how best to console her. He was mute for a while. "Don't tell me, you are a Muslim?" he stammered. "I am", she answered.

“Soon after my father’s demise I took a different name altogether for the former appellation ‘Asha’ reminded me of my beloved parents often. My Hindu friend in the other college loved to call me ‘Shanta’ which I adopted without giving much thought to it”. She paused when Raghu remarked, “No wonder, you are a winsome lady”. Heedless of the praise she continued, “I am left the heiress of large property but desolate”. Silence followed and Shanta summoned enough courage to say, “I am putting you a straight question now. Do you think you’d like to marry me?” It was not a shock to him, as he anticipated it from the trend of the conversation. He hesitatingly said “I’d love it”. But tell me truly if you like me as otherwise the question never arises and I’ll go my way”, Shanta’s words were quite appealing. “Now Shanta”, Raghu interrupted. “Don’t argue, You are priceless in my estimation. It is only religion that matters. My aged father would never favour this alliance”. Even then, Shanta wished to think aloud the lofty ideals, she had in her mind. She quoted Wordsworth in explaining that human love was given to man for ultimately acquiring divine, platonic love pertaining to Heaven and the Gods. “It is only a guide” she said “and is sacred. It teaches concentration and perseverance”. “Your religion favours polygamy, I hear”, remarked Raghu. “I know not that. To me all Religions and God are one. See, I don’t wear Purdha. Besides I read in co-educational institutions I view things different and obey my conscience. If you agree with me in all my sayings we will become proverbial and may pave the way for Hindu-Muslim unity”, she argued.

Shanta’s argument displayed her abundant knowledge from the books. But it was a problem for Raghu. He would drive his father to death if he acceded to her request. His thoughts flew back to the past when his studies were impeded by hard luck. And now a career was taking shape. He would never have loved but for Shanta. He had hitherto imagined that life was one stretch of barren desert devoid of pleasure. But now came Shanta to refute his sad notions. She had kindled love in him. What was to be done? His youth of instinct sympathised with the girl, who sought his protection. He was in a dilemma. He promised to decide after consultation with his father. She left.

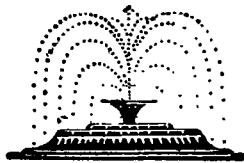
Fortunately for Raghu, Jaswant arrived late at night after attending a religious discourse in temple. Raghu spent the night in thought and suspense; when the matter was brought to his father’s notice the following day, he was aghast. His downright denial to permit such “misbehaviour” did not provoke Raghu. As a result, within a month’s time he was wedded to Sumati, his distant relative, for fear of his elopement with Shanta. Strict control by Jaswant denied Raghu any chance of communicating with Shanta. The latter waited long enough and put her plans into action.

Years passed. Raghu had a daughter. His father was dead and as ill-luck would have it, his wife developed a strange disease and died. There was no one at home and he went to Shanta to atone for the past. But her bungalow presented a new appearance, with unknown faces, who were unable to give him any news about her. He inquired in the neighbourhood and gaining no intelligent news, ceased enquiry.

His daughter, at her fourth year, was keen on school going. He wished to admit her. He was awaiting the Principal in the Visitor’s room and

whom should he see there to his utter surprise - Shanta who came to him and said he will have to wait for an hour when the Principal would be free to see him. "Excuse me", Raghu spoke, "aren't you Shanta, late Mr. Hussain's daughter?". "Yes", she answered. "May I know who you are?" she questioned trying to recall to her memory the past. "I am Raghu, your classmate" he revealed. "I see", she exclaimed and seemed to be jubilant over their meeting, when hastily Raghu put her the anxious query. "Why are you in this garb? What could have led you here?" Shanta's expression changed. Her momentary smile and excitement vanished and grief took its place. "Don't ask of me? But tell me how you fare" she said. Her words breathed modesty and sincerity still. Raghu narrated briefly how his marriage with Sumati, his cousin, was forced on him by his father, who was no more and of his wife's premature death leaving behind a daughter who was now with him. Shanta noted with a sense of sorrow that hardship was his lot in life. Finally he asked "why have you joined the order of Nuns leaving home and hearth? Shanta. We are now both free and can build a home. How do you relish the idea?" he observed. The word 'home' seemed to carry a sting with it. "God forbid that I should return home! I have endowed my property to this Convent", she said solemnly, when Raghu remarked - "why you are yet young and fresh and have a whole life time before you; your graces go to the grave if you do not avail of this chance to leave behind you a trail of your pattern of excellent nature. Nothing now stands in our way of progress". "But you killed my love when I was out to seek the honey of life and I entered a Convent, I have risen to tragic height. Remind me not of the past" she said with a heavy heart; learning his child was brought for admission she promised to do her very best. "I shall sustain myself to educate your offspring as a token of my love", she concluded. This was more than Raghu could bear. He left abruptly. He joined as a tutor in his college and rose to the professor's rank. He thus perpetuated what he considered best in life. It offered him relief from the tedium of life and its bonds, in service.

The sun set and twilight was lingering. Darkness was stealing over the land, as Shanta stood watching the retiring figure of Ragunath the hero of her heart, visible in the hazy light, pass out of the distant convent walls. He was out of sight and the horizon was blank.



A PROMISE

Srimathi M. D. WHITNI

Nalini was then studying in Annamalai University, Chidambaram. She was of a shy and retiring type and she was always at a distance from the other students.

One day, she went to the Laboratory early to complete an experiment left incomplete the previous evening. When she almost neared the Lab. doors, she saw Mr. Suresh standing at the entrance. She thought it was time to ask him if he had promised his vote in the election for the College Union Secretaryship. So thinking, she approached him saying, "Mr Suresh I was waiting for you last evening in the Library till about 5 'O Clock". Suresh was taken aback and his feeling was strange. "Have you promised to any one" Nalini queried. After a few seconds, Suresh gave a negative answer. Then she said, "if so, why not for me?" He nodded assent with a smile and walked away. Suresh felt an unusual lightness in his step. Nalini's words echoed and re-echoed in his ears !!

. That evening Suresh went out all alone for a walk near the canal. The first sight of water made him forget himself, and he said within him "I will be the wave and she will be the strange-shore and I shall roll on and break on her". He started comparing the red evening sky to her blushing cheeks. From his heart came out and danced before his eyes the image of his own desire. Nalini's maddening eyes made him conjure delicate visions !

Just then, he felt some gentle hands closing his eyes from behind. He thought them to be those of Nalini's. Removing those hands he turned back with eager eyes. But he was thoroughly disappointed to see just his mere friend Kumar. Suresh thought that he could secure the help of Kumar in his design. He passed his cigarette and Kumar helped himself to one. Suresh endeavoured to bring him to an apt mood of seriousness to open his subject, but Kumar was drifting on various themes from weekly tests to the week-end morning show. He was puffing rings. When Suresh advised him to throw away, his fag, "The last puff of a cigarette is sweeter than a virgin's kiss". Both laughed.

In the end Suresh narrated the morning request. He ended by seeking Kumar's advice as to what he should do next. The latter laughed and laughed aloud, till it made Suresh restless. Then Kumar said "My dear fool, she asked you to promise your 'vote' and not your 'heart', she is contesting the election for the College Union Secretaryship". Suresh's face grew pale. He looked at the waters and felt as if it was mocking at him.

MORNING IN MYLAPORE — EVENING IN PARRYS

Srimathi SHARADHA BAI JAGADISHAN

1. The clock wakes me early morning at five,
Like busy bee's who come out from their hives
Quick ! quick ! I finish my work at home
To get the bus early, thinking I won't roam.
2. Group of men and women I see,
Standing and running along with me,
My spirit and courage is not to miss the bus,
But to my surprise red lady is loaded from Luz.
3. Some are seen with one foot up and the other hanging down,
Dressed in different colours like the forest clown,
Then start my comrades to dance in the sun,
Some are seen actually enjoying the fun.
4. I think deeply nothing but my fate,
Forgetting the office question why so late ?
One by one then appears the bus,
With conductor who waves out like a well-trained puss.
5. Says he no room, no place, no seat,
By the time my feet and the head absorb the heat,
At last like Robert Bruce get in my poor self,
Prepare to receive the scoldings which I can't help.
6. Parrys Corner, my comrades proceed to walk and talk,
Along with them I too start to walk,
Turn to left, towards the Telephone House,
Running like a pussy after the mouse.
7. Up I go climbing on Tirupati Hill,
Which is nearly quarter to Himalaya Hill,
Gasping for breath, as if returned after swing,
Hear the rest room phone starts its ring.
8. It says now nine-thirty, please hurry up,
Immediately present myself with equipment up,
Boldly I walk right into the exchange,
Holding for coffee two annas change.
9. On the honourable chair I sit,
Leaving aside all jokes and wit,
Eyes in alert ! Fingers dialing in haste,
My subscriber's number without even a minute to waste.
10. Clearing the traffic soon in time,
Without any delay in the position of mine,
P.M. drives A.M. Away,
Spirit of joy comes, hurry ! hurry !
11. Evening exactly at five sharp,
I jump on my heels to relieve sharp,
Away ! Away ! to Parrys Corner,
When I am seen standing in honour
12. With hands together and toes apart,
Till my Red Lady appears smart
Quick again rush. push, go on. and come on,
My Red Lady horns and moves on,
Back to my home, my happy home,
Among the members of my sweet home.

A FARCE IN A MILITARY TRAINING CENTRE

Kumari K. RAJESWARI

During Second World War, all recruited for service. In each District of the then Presidency of Madras, military training centres were formed to train at least a thousand young men every six months. Officers were sent to recruit able-bodied youths from all the Districts. Each recruit was to be 20 to 25 years of age. The general educational qualification required was Third Form-the minimum. They should be certified to be physically fit for war service by a Government Medical Officer not below the rank of an Assistant Surgeon.

Samayavaram, a village about three miles from Trichinopoly Town, was one such training centre. In the surrounding villages of Samayavaram, many maravars lived. They belong to the warrior class. They are all tall well-built and sturdy. Especially, the male members of that community are stalwart, bold and daring. In times of peace, they carry on agricultural operations. They also serve as watchmen and cart-drivers under Mirasdars and Zamindars. In times of War, they are usually recruited for service abroad.

At this village, a military camp was opened, on the extensive open fields. There drills, shooting, boxing and other military preliminary exercise were held without any hindrance. According to prescribed age, education and physical fitness, young men were selected, Some were given free food only. Others were provided with boarding and lodging. A captain was in charge, Under him, there were subordinate officers also. Owing to paucity of qualified young men, others with a good, stalwart appearance were chosen as recruits. Some of them were good sportsmen and athletes.

The Area Commander lived at Fort St. George, in Madras City. He used to visit every quarter these military camps in person to find out the progress of training and recruiting.

It was announced that the Area Commander in Madras would visit Samayavaram centre at 7 a.m. on the 15th day of September 1940. During his visit, invariably he used to ask these recruits three questions. They were (1) How old are you? (2) How long have you been in the training camp? and (3) Do you get food only or food and clothing?

Some of the recruits were ignorant of English and the Area Commander knew not Tamil, the Regional Language! So the officer in the Camp taught those recruits who did not know English, to answer in English these three questions in their order. They were (1) 21 years, Sir, (2) 5 months Sir and (3) Both, Sir. The simple recruits committed these answers to memory and were able to repeat them accurately.

On the morning of the 15th September 1940. the Madras Area Commander arrived at Trichinopoly by train and motored to Samayavaram. 400 trainees were drawn up in lines 10 feet deep and they presented arms to the officer on his arrival. They displayed drill, shooting and other military

exercises. The officer was very much pleased with the smart turnout and display. He was glad, therefore, complimented the officers who were responsible for their training, in such a short-period.

Before leaving the camp, he wanted to enquire about the welfare of some of the recruits. The training officer at once called for Ramaswamy, one of the recruits. He stepped forward from the line and saluted the officer. At first he put him the question (1), How long have you been in this training camp? His ready answer was "21 years, Sir". This reply stunned the officer. Next he queried him, "How old are you"? "5 months, Sir", was his stout reply. Immediately without losing even a moment, the officer suddenly questioned him, "Are you a fool or am I a fool"? "Both, Sir". There were peals of laughter everywhere. Ramaswamy laughed. The Commanding Officer also laughed heartily. After the instructor explained to the officer, the circumstances of the case, the officer tapped Ramaswamy on his back, cheered him up and departed in good humour.



GENERAL HORTICULTURE

Kumari S. RAJALAKSHMI

Though I am not a Horticulturist I write an essay on Horticulture! I am much interested in it and this induced me to write a few lines. What is Horticulture? It is the art of rearing gardens and in simple word Gardening.

Gardening is of good value from the human point of view. It is really wonderful to sow the seed and watch it grow under your eyes day by day, be it a vegetable plant or a flower or the sappling of a tree. Day by day it grows and you look forward to the day when the first flower blooms and the first fruit appears. It is gardening which cultivates the habit of a patient mind because it is through patient observation and careful tending that there are best results. It is gardening again which shows one most clearly, how nature takes its own course; and with all the trials of nurturing a young plant, the fruits or the flowers do appear: then, the joy of the Horticulturist is to be imagined.

I remember the case of a German lady who invited all her friends to a grand feast to celebrate the occasion of a plant sprouting flowers - a plant which she had been nursing for the last fifteen years and which comes to blossom only once in its life-time. This may show very clearly how those who are in Horticulture take the greatest delight in the tending of young plants and look after them in the same way as they look after their own children.

Now let us have a clear and concise treatise on general horticulture.

THE HORTICULTURAL INDUSTRY: This is an extensive and vast industry in the general field of agriculture. It has to do with the growing, handling and use of fruits, vegetables, flowers and ornamental plants. It also includes the nursery business which consists of the propagation and growing of plants for commercial purpose.

REQUIREMENTS EXACTING: The production and handling of horticultural crops to-day, is a well-defined business. Further more, it can only be carried on successfully by those who make a careful study of the industry and apply the very best methods in growing, harvesting, processing and handling. Failures may be due to such factors as a lack of knowledge in a particular region or a poor selection of location or varieties. •

REQUIREMENTS FOR A GOOD GARDEN: The elements necessary for a good garden are the lay-out, the colour scheme and the cultivation. Garden is a source of pleasure and every inch of space should be skilfully utilised. Tidiness of the garden is a striking feature. A small garden exquisitively neat deserves a tribute. There should be a certain grace in the style of arrangements. Considerable attention should be paid to propagation and raising of plants. The vegetable garden should be intensively cultivated to produce good results. Lastly there is activity all round the year.

Bernard Shaw says,

“The best place to seek God is in a Garden,
You can dig for Him there.....”

and Francis Bacon in his Essays of Gardens says,

“ God Almighty first planted a garden,
And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ”

whereas Tennyson Says,

“ Come into the garden, Maud,
for the black bat, night, has flown ”

DIVISIONS OF HORTICULTURE: There are four divisions or co-ordinate branches of Horticulture, namely,

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| Pomology | - Fruit Growing ; |
| Obriculture | - Vegetable Gardening ; |
| Floriculture | - the Growing of Flowers ; |
| and Landscape Horticulture | - the design, construction and maintenance of ornamental horticultural plantings for home and public grounds. |

Hence we see that besides affording other joys in life, **GARDENING IS A HOBBY** which makes **MEN MORE HUMAN AND HUMANE.**



QUOTATIONS ON SHAKESPEARE

Kumari N. S. PADMAVATHY

“Shakespeare! - to such names sounding, what succeeds fitly as silence?”

Robert Browning

“Shake was a dramatist of note;
He lived by writing things to quote”

H. C. Bunner

“Subtract from many modern poets all that may be found in Shakespeare, and trash will remain

C. C. Colton

“But Shakespeare’s magic touch could not copied be;
within that circle none durst walk but he”

Dryden

“I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penn’d) he never blotted out a line My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thousand”

Ben Jonson

“Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy’s child,
Waste his native wood-notes wild”

Milton

“What needs my Shakespeare for his honour’d bones,
the labour of an age in piled stones,
or that his hallow’d reliques should be hid
under a starry pointing pyramid?”

Milton

“Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine! the matchless! what you will),
For gain, not glory, wing’d his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite”

Pope

“Shakespeare is a savage with sparks of genius
which shine in a dreadful darkness of night”

Voltaire

“There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers,
that with his TYGERS HEART WRAPT IN A PLAYERS HIDE
Supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke
verse as the best of you; and being an absolute JOHANNES
FACTOTUM, is, in his own concert, the only Shake-scene in a
countrie.....”

Robert Greene

MIND KNITTING

Srimathi SHARADHA BAI JAGADISHAN

1. (a) Our family represents a station, we possess all good qualities because we live in the holy place. Don't miss to see the secret of our place: start to-day. **STUDY US BEFORE YOU START.**
(*Ans.* Child, Daddy, Mummy - CDM Chidhambaram)

(b) Where does a Charming Delicate Lady live?
(*Ans.* At Cuddalore - CDL)

(c) Where can you find Mr. Nehrujee and his Democracy ?
(*Ans.* At New Delhi - ND)

(d) Some call me Cha-Cha, some say Daddy, some say Pappa, why because I am in Cuddapah.
(*Ans.* CDP)

(e) Kings Nationalist's and Lords establish me as the Capital of Andhra.
(*Ans.* Kurnool - KNL)

(f) Our District Manager is more than our Daddy, Mummy. We spend night and day under his kind custody in the Exchange.
(*Ans.* DM)

(g) I saw two Kitten and a Dog sitting close, to my surprise they never fought.
(*Ans.* Karaikudi - KKD)

(h) First a Girl then a Lady nowhere but in Guntakal.
(*Ans.* GL)

(i) Where can you see walking Belly God ?
(*Ans.* At Bangalore - BG)

(j) Terrible Rats at Trichy, if you visit that place go with cats.
(*Ans.* Trichy - TR)

2. I am a man of strange birth, My height is 3 ft. 6 ins. I have no hands and legs. I have rectangular face of 2 ins. by an inch with double rows each 2 inches long, I possess spinal columns. Who am I ?
(*Ans.* REPEATERS)

3. I come in and go more than thousand times a day. When I am in, the operator is busy, when I am out she is Kushy! Who am I ?
(*Asn.* BUSY LAMP)

4. We are the negro soldier, our O.C. and Captain are two Red Indians, our faithful sentry is Mangolian, our Military Camp is on T. 43 Switch board. Who we are ?
(*Ans.* Speak key, Ring and Dial Key, Position Key.)

EXPERIENCE WITH GHOSTS

Kumari MARY JAYAMMAL

All of us have heard about ghosts but few of us believe in them! Still very few of us have had any experience with a ghost!! I hope it will be interesting to hear about my experience with ghosts?

It was a mid-April-night. My friend and myself were staying in a double room in the college hostel. The ten-fifteen bell rang (that bell is called the silence bell, because the girls are supposed to be silent in their beds after that bell), lights will soon be off. As soon as we heard the bell, we put out the lights, closed the doors and went to bed. We were not sleeping, because our minds were filled with terrible fear of the approach of examinations!

At about eleven O' clock, we heard a continuous knock at our door. The upper halves of the doors had iron bars and the lower ones were of wood. We could see anybody standing outside on the verandah from inside the room itself. But we could see no one. The knock was repeated. Who could it be, except the ghosts? I got frightened. I summoned all my courage and asked who it was. But there was no answer. Then I heard somebody laughing. It was my friend. Perhaps she was wondering how anyone could get into the compound when a peon was keeping watch at the gate. I was getting frightened, because I could see no one, but the knock was persistent. Suddenly it stopped for sometime but again it could be heard. Intermittently the noise was there. Sometimes louder and sometimes softer. I wanted to go near the door and see who was behind the door. I was imagining a ghost of a dark man with thick moustache and big black eyes with a knife in its hand. So I was afraid to go and see. I could not go to sleep because the knock was still there. My curiosity about the knocking ghost was growing more and more. I was frightened even to get up from the bed to switch on the light. Though there was a staff member living very close to our room, we could not go and call her to our help because we had to pass through the door to get at her room! It was past midnight. The knock was still there. It was becoming louder and louder. Both of us got up from our beds, went to the place where the switch was. We put on the light. We opened the door holding our breathe. We were ready to run back into the room, if necessity arises. In the end we opened the door. What did we see? The GHOST!

Our ghost was an old dog. It was lying very close to the door curling itself. Its body was bent into a semi-circle, the head nearly reaching its tail. It was shivering with fear. Whenever it shivered, the door was shaken. The sound it made was just like a man knocking at the door. We could not help laughing at ourselves.

Next year four of us were staying in the same hostel, (Ghosts like visiting only ladies you see). There was one more cot vacant in that room. After six months, one of the non-residents students became a resident. She shared our room. We were all sleeping peacefully. In the middle of the night we heard some noise coming from one of the corners of our room. It sounded like a buffalo! I woke up from my sleep. The sound was frightening. I woke up my friends; we were all much frightened. We began praying and crossing ourselves. Still that noise did not stop. We wanted to

switch on the light. But alas the switch was situated in that corner of the sound! In the end all of us got together. Arm, in arm, we went together and switched on the light. We saw our new room-mate sleeping peacefully snoring away. She had inflammation of tonsils which was choking her breath and she was breathing with difficulty, making such terrible noise !!

These are the ghosts I had. I hear so many other stories about ghosts, which are supposed to haunt our telephone house dormitory also. I hope to meet them one day. Then I will tell you all about them.



DREAM

Kumari M. S. VIJAYAM

It was a summer evening in the month of June in India. Just at the time of setting of that glorious luminous body, my heart yearned to return to my beloved home, with my mind partly inclined towards my study and partly towards my sweet sleep. My mother was expecting me, was standing at the threshold of my little house after having done her laborious domestic duty. My return was welcomed by her with a fond chiding for my late return. She served me delicious but simple food.

When I was at dinner, I wished to please my mother by narrating funny stories which I read, but my next day's school work worried me and beckoned me to the study desk. Abruptly I left the dinner table and proceeded direct to the study table which was just under the bookshelf neatly arranged with so many books big and small, fiction, drama but mostly of stories of the experiences of daring pilots vividly photographed in colour, this attracted my attention and I forgot my next day's duty. I was gazing at the photograph of an aeroplane in the blue sky, portrayed in agreeable colours. While my eyes were there for a sufficiently long spell, they could not withstand the strain any longer and closed.

I fell asleep and my mother, I came to know afterwards, removed me to my soft bed and went away. I was in dreamland.

The aeroplane was flying over the dome of my brain. I was seeing it with my eyes. Its speed and noise were enormous. Its pilot, a hefty tall man of sportsmanlike form was guiding it but whereto I could not exactly know. There was a deep sea beneath and a blue starry sky above. In between the two, it was completely empty. It was going far away into the region of the deep sea. I was following the aeroplane. To my surprise it went up and up till my eyes could scarcely see it and my ears could hardly hear its fading sound. Perhaps, he was crossing the sound barrier. But I stood wondering at the marvellous journey of the plane. Suddenly I saw a huge mass of something floating in the middle of the deep which just looked like an abandoned thing. Now I was in the far off south near the Antarctic. My nerves were on edge. In a flash the air monster came down just over my head with a straight swoop. I sank down. I lost my breath and cried.

A fish-like heavy material came down with lightning speed from the plane. It struck at the floating mass and my head was about to be broken, to smithereens, the ear-splitting noise and then the disappearance of the float — A huge flame of rare dimensions soaring high in the air upto the skull of my soft head. A canopy of dark smoke clouded the entire area and closed all escapes - my nose, eyes, ears and mouth. I was awestruck and reeled in my bed. The journey came to an end.

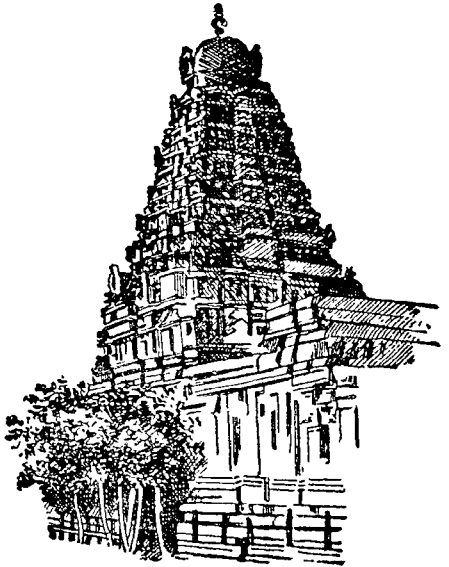
It was day dawn. My body felt like being fried and burnt. I was thrown from my cot with that burning sensation. Owing to the transfer of my body from a higher level to a lower level, I had to open my eyes. To me it was day. Sun came and its scorching summer rays pierced the

tender skin of my body. What a pilot! What a tragic sight! What a destruction! What an age! The whole universe under the whims and fancies of that fish-like object!

It was an age of Atomic Bombs. Thank God, my head was saved. My body was saved. My kind mother's tears were spared and she lived to breathe.

Immediately, I approached my bookshelf with a tremulous hand: slowly but steadily I drew out that book with the coloured photograph and ran quick to put it in the fire of our kitchen and ended with it for ever.

Never more was I haunted with that. When this was related to my friends, we all joined together in a hearty-laugh of pure and innocent simplicity,



Mrs. SHAMALA SEKAR - MY WIFE

Srimathi SHARADHA BAI JAGADISHAN

One evening when the sun was diving into the ocean of running clouds its golden rays were inviting to the eyes. Mr. Sekar was lying comfortably in the easy-chair, admiring the golden beams and nature around.

Suddenly his eyes pointed out the ripe cocoanuts like balloons in the hands of a buffoon. The cocoanut trees were singing the evening chorus, swimming gently round and round. This particular scene called back the sweet memory of his childhood at Malaya in Palm Grow Estate.

He thought that it is time to cut all the cocoanuts for his (only) daughter's grand wedding. Suddenly some fear haunted him, how his daughter's life would be with her husband: a man of wealth with some defects in his character or poor man of pleasant nature and good character: and he felt the tears of joy and sorrow in his worried eyes.

Nut! Nut! Nut! he heard some noise from the stairs and saw his wife Sharala with coffee and tiffin; he smiled at his wife, who saw some change in her husband's face, and queried him why? Then he spoke his thoughts and ideas.

Her face became pale: still she thought fit to discuss Shamala's marriage with her brother Sekar. She said "why not our Shamala be married to Sekar? Good personality, grand post, clever, active, wealthy; True he is a bit quick-tempered, a thing to be rooted out by our Shamala".

"Oh! no! no!! that will never happen: he is a very rude and obstinate fellow, he will have his own wishes, I am sure he will never suit sweet Shamala".

Sharala was silent and thought of her late father's word, "Let your daughter marry my son Sekar and let not my property be shared by any stranger. Even if your husband says no; convince him and try to fulfil my last word"; she bursted out crying.

Sekar returned from his office early that evening and found no one in the house. He hurried up and found his sister and brother-in-law speaking. "What Sekar, how is it early to-day". "No, mama I came early to send car for Shamala, hope she will come early at least to-day doing no overtime so that all of us can go to a Dinner" Sekar heard the horn and hurried down to receive Shamala.

Late at 11'O Clock all of them returned from Dinner. Next day Shamala hurried back to office, saying "don't know how many times I am late this month: whenever the 7-30 or 8-00'O Clock duty comes, I am never in time". Sekar went away at half past ten.

Elder Sekar called his wife and said, "I think they both make a good match, let us fix the marriage. But Sekar will not let Shamala work after the marriage, whereas she will never resign the post. Why worry about that now?" "It is their lookout" said Sharala to her husband.

Grand wedding was arranged with invitations to friends and relatives, in plenty.

Wedding was over. Shamala Sekar was very happy. Sekar took Shamala one day to Marina. Left home, quarter to five in the evening and reached Marina at 5-30 p.m. Sekar stopped the car and asked his wife, if she desires to learn driving. Shamala smiled a sweet 'yes'.

An Ice Fruit Seller came near the car and said "Ice Fruit, Sir", Sekar asked him, "what are the kinds of Ice Fruits you have", "Rashburrys, Almond, Chocolates, Lime, Orange and Milk Ice Fruits, costs only two annas each". Sekar asked his wife, "which one you fancy" "No, please, You have some, if you want" His face revealed strange feelings.

"Come here: have some peas hot to chew". "Excuse me, please. I don't like this" Sekar asked what is wrong with her? "Is your stomach out of order?" "Oh! No! You have mistaken me please, please don't worry" said Shamala.

Sekar grew tired of her. Finally called her to go the shore: even this she refused. "No, Mr. Sekar, please excuse me: it is better to sit in the car and watch the fun. Don't be angry please". Sekar was tired of 'half-dozen please' and quarter dozen sorry with a beg a pardon in between. Both reached home at about 8 'O Clock. Sekar's mood changed, angry with his wife. Shamala went to sleep. Sekar was reading some magazine. At about 12 'O Clock he heard Shamala saying "excuse me please, I will ring you back within few minutes, as you are third in the urgent list please. At present Delhi is engaged immediate traffic. Then again said beg a pardon, alright please. I will see to it".

Sekar was wild with Shamala. His ears were tired of hearing the standard expression. He tapped her gently and said "what is wrong with you?" Where are you? To whom are you talking? Turn back and go to sleep. Shamala opened her eyes and found her husband speaking to her and recovered.

*Next morning Shamala brought him coffee. He refused to drink or breakfast; I must hurry up to my office, don't disturb me, Shamala. "Now it is 8-10 Why so soon?" "What do you want me to do at home, nothing but your 'chorus'-sorry, beg a pardon, please-in the car, in the beach even in the dream. It is time for me, I am going".

"Mr. Sekar, you have mistaken me. You had better use the same standard expression in your office, you will find sudden change in you and your office staff". Sekar reached his office. His peon rushed to open the door and wished him good morning; Sekar replied, "very good morning to you".

The peon kept all the files on the table. He saw somebody coming up, rushed immediately and found the head clerk of the establishment section. He pressed the calling button. Sekar replied, "come-in please". Murthi

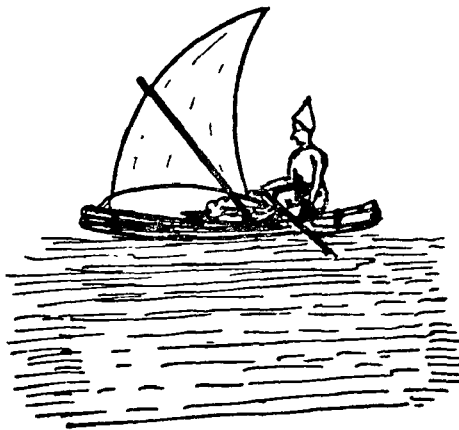
walked in with a bundle of files. "Good morning sir, would you please sign this, as I have to despatch them to-day".

"Oh! is that so? Sit down. I will finish up soon, please don't worry," Mr. Murthy got shock of surprise to see Mr. Sekar in such a pleasant mood. Murthy wished Mr Sekar and went away. Again came another clerk trembling with fear and said, "good morning sir. My wife is seriously ill. There is none to attend to her. I should like to admit her in the Hospital. Will you please grant me two hours permission or a day's casual leave". Sekar looked at him with pity and said "take your seat please. Don't worry. Take two days Casual Leave and attend on your wife".

"Shall I take leave from to-day sir". "Beg a pardon", "what do you want? Oh! it is alright. Take leave from to-day. Hurry up and attend on your wife". Prasad said, "thank you very much sir". "Don't mention please".

Prasad was wondering what change has taken place after Sekar's marriage. He seems to be very kind to the staff and told his friends how he felt when Sekar was so kind to him. Some believed, some laughed at him, some made fun of him. They went to Mr. Sekar on some errand just to note the change in him.

Oh! what a hub! hub! everywhere in the office. "Sekar the Traffic Manager" - - blessings to Mr. Sekar and good wishes for their traffic manager.



NATURE & NURTURE

Srimathi MARJORIE JOB

An interesting and important branch of knowledge called psychology concerns itself with the mental activities of individuals but always in relation to their environment. An individual comes to be what he is because of his particular heredity and the way he responds to the environment he finds himself in. So intricate is the interplay of heredity and environment that they can scarcely be considered separate.

But the problem is whether individual fixations are due more to heredity or environment. If superiority or inferiority complex is due only to heredity, then the best hope for the future of mankind lies in improving the breed or in eliminating the tendency to racial deterioration. On the other hand if it lies in the environment alone, all human efforts may well be directed towards better physical and social environmental conditions. Shall the gardener pin his hopes on careful cultivation of the soil, or on the selection of the best seed? Both are essential. However rich the soil may be, it cannot grow a good crop from poor seed nor can a good crop be, on poor soil. What is true for the plant kingdom is true for the animal kingdom as well, so that neglect of either heredity or environment in human welfare is sheer folly.

An individual starts his life as a single microscopic cell which holds minute living particles called genes which are the transmitters of hereditary character from parent to offspring. Almost exactly half of these are derived from the mother and the other half from the father, so that the offspring carries the traits of parents. However since different assortments and combinations of parental genes make up the offspring there is considerable diversity of hereditary traits in children of the same parentage even though they may be less alike in many respects when compared to other children. Therefore each heredity is individual and unique.

Differences in heredity have been successfully exploited in the evolution of improved breeds of animals or economically productive strains of plants by experimenting with the genes of suitable heredity. By crossing the sugarcane with the bamboo or maize plant and selecting the right kind of hybrids, an extremely productive and useful variety of sugarcane was evolved in South India. The farmers in a foreign country have almost done away with fencing problems by evolving certain breeds of sheep which have very short legs and hence are unable to jump over fence. Similarly mixed breeds of cattle known for high milk production have also been evolved. In seeking matrimonial alliances, it is well-known that mental deficiency, diabetes, and such conditions are inevitably brought up for careful consideration by the contracting parties and thereby the issue of heredity is brought to the fore. Therefore an individual must have the right kind of heredity to grow and live a normal life which no amount of wealth and the environmental comforts can bring, or provide.

On the contrary a number of interesting examples can be given to show that environment has an equally important role to play in the life of an individual. The classic example known as 'Crews Hen' is one where a hen whose reproductive organs were affected by disease, gradually changed its sex

and became a normal cock, and the father of healthy chicks. Apart from this exceptional case it is literally true that an individual who starts life as a microscopic cell attains his stature several million times magnified from the food he buys in the market, the air he breathes, and the energy the sun so generally supplies the world he lives in. Deficiency in anyone of these, such as vitamins or minerals in the food can cause permanent damage to the individual's growth or function however normal his heredity may be. An individual therefore needs a proper environment for normal development.

Psychological investigations have substantiated the role of heredity and environment in the growth and development of an individual. Identical twins, or those which start from a single fertilized egg have a common genetical background. But it is well-known that their attainments in life and in other physical capacities seldom show any likeness. The differences may be attributed in a large measure to differences in the environment, and the different responses it had called forth from the twins.

At birth, the child executes a varied assortment of movements and this is followed progressively by organized movements such as crawling and walking, in which parents have no part. This uniform sequence of events suggests a process of maturation rather than of learning. If development depended on learning alone, then the order of stages could be changed, by alternating the environmental stimuli and could be accelerated by intense training. But experiments carried out with identical twins-one trained when a month old and the other left to natural development showed that the trained child could attain remarkable skill in all the specialized activities. But it also showed clearly that the training did not hasten the development or the sequence of events in the trained child. Likewise fish living in dark caverns develop normal eyes, but in the absence of the light stimulus and consequent disuse, they possess in the adult functionless ill-developed eyes.

Thus development of an individual is a spontaneous unfolding process of his inherited characteristics, in which the environment plays an equally important part, by providing the means for development and expression of the hereditary characteristics. Nature and nurture are both complimentary to each other ; well-born is only one half of the story, being well is the other.



ON SEEING A LIBRARY

Kumari M. J. SWARNA

The library with all its store
With books of present and of yore
Do ever catch my eager eye
And swift to them do bid me fly.

The books so ranged in order all
In wooden shelves and cup-boards tall ;
The table in the centre lies
And chairs around of every size.

Alluring books and papers there
Enlighten me and drive all care ;
Now thoughts arise of poets bold,
And authors great men of old.

The room so filled with books all grand
Doth tell us news of every land,
Reveals to us the ages past
And points to years still coming fast.

It calleth on and all who pass
To see the truth as from a glass ;
And knowledge will for aye endure
And noble thoughts will us make pure.



A VISIT TO MARS

(CONTRIBUTED)

It was a dark night. There were no stars in the sky. It was pitch-dark everywhere. The cold wind that was blowing made me shiver. There was dead silence which indicate that it was midnight. My eye lids were heavy with sleep and my warm and cosy bed made me increase my pace. At this speed I hoped to reach my hostel in another ten minutes.

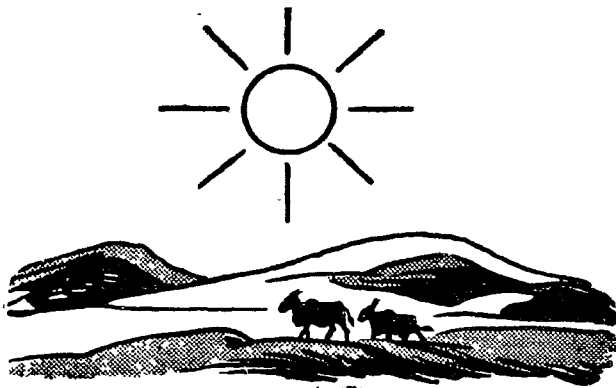
Suddenly I saw a luminous object flying at a great speed in the sky. I wondered what it could be. Can it be a shooting star? Quite impossible! This is flying steadily in the air. Can it be an aeroplane—the shape doesn't suggest one. Now it has come into view and looks like a disc floating in the air. A thought flashed upon my mind, why shouldn't it be the flying saucer, which is getting wide publicity. Now I remembered what my father very often used to say (He used to say that I would become very famous one day.) I fancied my photograph in the front page of every leading newspaper, and pressmen swarming around me to get first-hand information about the flying saucers, and my friends congratulating me and asking me many questions; I was in the seventh Heaven of delight.

While I was thinking about this, I saw it was coming near me. I was in a dilemma whether to run away or stay. But before I could come to a decision it landed in front of me. A very tall man about 8 ft. in height emerged from that. He was fair in complexion with long curly hair which was tied round his head in a strange fashion. His nose was like that of a parrot's and his eyes were sparkling like two torches in the darkness. His lips were painted red. His dress was made of a dark green material with yellow flowers on it. He wore a black coat over it. He beckoned to me with a friendly smile. I was fascinated by his sweet smile and charming personality and went near him. He jumped round and round clapping his hands which mad me wonder. Then he said in a sweet voice, "Well, is this the planet called Earth. Thank God my efforts have not been wasted". I asked him who he was; he told me he was a MAN from MARS. In a little while, we both became friends.

I asked him to tell me about his country which is supposed to be more advanced in everything. He told me that they had completed 500 Five Year Plans and now their country is full of Dams, Dykes Reservoirs etc. He told me that their country is very advanced in industry and agriculture and that their country overflowed with milk and honey. Their people were free and independent, and they were at liberty to do any job they considered suitable to them. Their country was self-sufficient and everybody knew all kinds of work. For instance a man washed his clothes, cooked his food, looked after his field and went to work in an office as well! After telling me all these things, he asked me to tell him about our country.

I told him he has set his foot on a Holy Country named BHARAT which is centuries old. Here one can find many kinds of religion and languages. The complexion of the people range from pitch dark to pretty fair. I told we have successfully completed one Five Year Plan and have started the second one and that our country has greatly improved in Industry and Agriculture with rise in our standard of living.

I told him that I would very much enjoy a trip to Mars. He readily agreed and asked me to get into his plane. The seats were covered with velvet cushions. It flew at a very rapid speed and changed its shape while flying. It turned and twisted with ease. Suddenly it landed on firm ground. There were about 100 people who surrounded us and greeted us. I looked enquiringly at my friend, who told me that these people were the members of the reception committee, to guide any stranger, who landed on their planet. They could very easily find out the approach of any stranger by means of mechanical equipment. There were huge buildings everywhere. My friend took me into one of them. In the main hall many people were eating and drinking, sweet music was on and on a stage in front 7 girls each attired in different colours with costly jewels, were dancing. The dance was like a mixture of Bharatha Natyam, Kathak and Manipuri. I enjoyed it very much. A lady came to us with a tray full of eatables and drinks and I found the eatables were of different colours and tastes, the drink was nice. It made me drowsy. A bell rang from somewhere; the music and dance stopped, and everybody began to leave the place. My friend led me by the hand and made me sit in a new kind of vehicle which moved like wind. Suddenly there was a crashing sound and I was heading downwards. I shouted for help. A hand was holding me, when I opened my eyes, it was none other than my room-mate, Suresh and found that I had fallen from my bed. Through the window I could see the sun shining brightly. I saw my friends all dressed and hurrying to class. I glanced at the clock and found that it was 9 O'clock. Suresh laughed loudly and said 'you lazy lamp', enough of your dreaming, get yourself ready for college'.



MY TRIP TO 'NANDI'

Kumari M. K. RAMASUNDARI

You have heard of the famous 'NANDI HILLS', about 5,000 ft. above sea level. It is about 45 miles from Bangalore and it is the summer resort of middle-class people of Madras and Bangalore. It is called the 'Poorman's Ooty'.

Nandi Hills is a good place for excursion, picnic etc. There are many places of interest in Nandi. The natural scenery around is the main attraction. During nights, we have a very good view of all the illuminated areas like Chikballapur, Nandi Village leaving an everlasting impression in our memory.

Now, my trip to 'Nandi' was adventurous. My uncles, aunts, my cousins e.c. all of us decided to go to 'Nandi'. As one of my uncles has visited 'Nandi' often, we requested him to be our guide. Now there is only one bus service to 'Nandi' i.e., the bus leaves Bangalore at 8-15 a.m. arrives at its destination at 11-30 a.m. and returns from 'Nandi' at 3 p.m. the same day. Since my uncle visited Nandi so many times, he got bored with it and said that there is not much to see at Nandi; all of us could return from Nandi the same day he said. But, we were of a different opinion. As it is our first visit, we wanted to spend atleast a day there. But we did not express it openly. For the time being, we kept quiet. But, each one of us was contemplating some excuse to stay at Nandi.

Our uncle fixed an appointment with us on a Sunday that he would come and join us at the mofussil bus stop at Bangalore exactly by 7-30 a.m. as the Bus is scheduled to start only at 8-15 a.m. and he advised us to board 6-45 Bus from our place to reach the mofussil bus stop. But the others at home heard it otherwise. They mistook that our uncle had promised to meet us at the mofussil bus stop exactly at 6-45 a.m. as the bus is to start at 7-30 a.m. So, all of us got up very early in the morning and went to bus stand at 6-15 a.m. and waited from 6-15 a.m. to 7-30 a.m. My goodness! We waited and waited for our uncle. Our uncle used to be very punctual and as he did not make his appearance even at 7-00 a.m., the elders in our group decided he would not turn up and were at the point of postponing their trip. But, my cousins and myself were adamant and bent on the trip of that day, even if our uncle failed to come. But at last, we saw to our great relief our uncle, who scolded us neat for having worried ourselves.

The bus did start punctually at 8-30 a.m., but before it reached the boundary of Bangalore, it met with an accident, i.e., our bus hit a cart loaded with tiles drawn by a man and as a result some of the tiles were broken to pieces and the cartman was slightly injured. He shouted like anything and demanded compensation for his loss: crowds gathered and in due time, the police arrived. First, the constable then Head Constable, then the Sub-Inspector etc. in their order of priority and with an air of importance and examined the bus for the brakes. As a result, our bus was delayed by more than two hours and our uncle was impatient. But, we secretly welcomed that delay which might afford us an opportunity and excuse to stay back at Nandi; our Bus started at 10-10 a.m. and reached Nandi at 1-30 p.m. As it reached the foot of the hills. it takes a different route, runs for more than five miles to go to Nandi Village and from there it picks up the passengers

and again by running in the same route it reaches the foot of the hills and then begins to ascend. It wastes more than an hour.

As we reached Nandi, we expressed our determination to our uncle to stay back at Nandi for the night: he consented. The bus stops at a certain height and from there we have to climb up the hill to reach the hotel or the bungalows. We first visited the hotel and informed the manager that we would be staying there for the night. We were served hot meals which we relished as we were hungry. The hotel was unusually crowded as many came for picnic on that Sunday.

Then, we went to 'The Glentill', where we were to be accommodated that night. There were big halls and rooms fully furnished with attached bathrooms and provided with all facilities and comforts. There were two servants and a separate kitchen. Then, we started off to go round the place. It was pleasant cold, chill weather and it was pleasant to see the children playing. We were entertained by music by people who were amusing themselves. It is a grand sight on the valley down and the precipice on the other. The chief plantation in the Nandi Hills is the Eucalyptus. By evening, all people cleared out and once again it became a deserted and lonely place. But, the calmness, peace and chillwind of the place brazed us.

We were in the hotel at Tiffin and I heard some sound underneath the bench I was seated on. I stooped down and to my horror, two big monkeys were grinning at me. I screamed and all gathered around me to find the cause. We began our stroll by visiting the bungalows at different heights and hence we had to go up and down the hills. First, we visited the 'Gandhi Nilayam' formerly called the Cunningham Bungalow. Then we visited the room where Gandhiji was staying and offered our prayers. We visited Cubbon Bungalow and Brown Bungalow which are all fully-furnished in style. The gardens were very beautiful and worth-seeing. Artificial decorations competing with natural scenery compels admiration.

It was getting dark and it was a grand sight to see the lighted areas from the top of the hill. Then we returned to our Bungalow for dinner. As it grew darker, it became cooler and we completely rolled ourselves in blankets and slept.

The next morning, we visited places, like Anjaneya temple, Agastya peetah and the 'Basavanna' which is otherwise named the 'Nandi', i. e., the bull, and hence, the name. We wasted more than an hour in mounting the Basavanna, (which is nearly as large as Chamundi Hills) To visit this Basavanna, we had to walk through a narrow path which is dangerous and slippery. We performed Pooja in Anjaneya Temple.

Then, we visited the 'Tippu's Drop' one of the most important places to visit in Nandi. This is supposed to be the place whence (during Tippu's reign) the English used to give a push down to the soldiers from the gaps in the parapet wall from such a height. This was one of the severest punishments at that time. If we look down the steep gorges, we feel giddy and may fall down, what a dreadful spot, this!

After finishing lunch, we started for Bangalore at 3-00 p. m. Thus ended my 'NANDI TRIP' and I felt so very sorry to leave 'Nandi' especially that 'Glentill' Bungalow. 'Nandi' Hills is worth a visit.

THE NATIONAL FLAG

Kumari T. JAYALAKMI

We are proud of our National Flag. The respect for the flag indicates the discipline and freedom of the people. Every free people love and respect their flag. They honour it; it is dearer to them than life and sacrifice their life to preserve its honour. The flag denotes bravery, culture and ideals.

In olden days of Mahabarat, Pandavas used a flag with Hanuman symbol on it. Rana Pratap used the red flag which denotes the bravery of the lion. In the past two centuries, we did not have our flag as we were not free.

Mahatma Gandhi presented a Congress Flag. It is in three colours—White, Red and Green. To disclose the equality among all, each colour was assigned the same area. The symbol of Charka was printed in the Centre. Charka represents our village and cottage industry. India cannot be industrialised on Western lines. The majority of us are poor and live in villages. So we must foster cottage industries. If our cottage industry is encouraged, we can be economically independent and live well—all of us.

The Flag Satyagraha: Our old rulers did not like our flag as it symbolised nationalism and fostered a fight for freedom. The British made laws and punished the people severely who upheld the flag. The more they punished, the more the wave of national spirit swept the country. In the year 1913, the famous Nagpur Flag Satyagraha took place. Men and women, old and young, boys and girls took part and happily courted jail. The police lathi charged, as the flag was in procession.

The red colour indicates sacrifice, the green faith and bravery and white, truth and peace. The flag is made of Khadi, handspun and hand woven.

In 1947 there was a change in flag design. The Charka was replaced by Ashok Chakra. The length and breadth was in the ratio of 2 : 3. While hoisting the flag on the Red Fort, our Prime Minister Nehru made an impressive speech. He said, "We should be proud that the flag flying above us is not flag of imperialism. It does not want to establish its sway over other nations; it is a pure one. It is the flag of the free people, who have won their freedom after so much sacrifice and so many difficulties, and so it will respect the freedom of the other peoples of the world. The ships in which our flags are flying will reach so many places, showing our good will for all and our respect and sympathy for their freedom. It is a friend of the people, struggling for freedom and waves our message of sympathy in their struggle. We will forget the hatred which other people have had towards it and us. It is a flag of love, sacrifice, goodwill and friendship. Ashok Chakra denotes our ancient culture and spreads a message of goodwill, tolerance and the universal love which our Great Ashok, followed and sent that missions and message all through the world".

In August 1947, India became a free Country. We are a free people. Difficult days are gone. We respect our flag—it is our BREAD—it is our LIFE. We must honour it properly and be ready to uphold its honour.

A TEST FOR YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. John Gutenberg is the inventor of ?
(a) Oil Painting (b) Printing (c) Dynamite (d) Telescope.
2. Yalta. Site of the famous war-time conference of the same name, is situated on ?
(a) The Black Sea, (b) The Caspian Sea, (c) The Adriatic Sea, (d) The Mediterranean Sea.
3. Sir Winston Churchill's ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, fought at the battle of ?
(a) Bunker's Hill, (b) Blenheim, (c) Waterloo, (d) Arcot.
4. "The Mind has a thousand eyes
And the Heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When the love life done"
Who wrote this ?
(a) Wordsworth
(b) Shelley
(c) Francis Bourdillon
(d) Pope.
5. In which country was Oil Painting invented ?
(a) Holland, (b) Flanders, (c) Spain, (d) Italy, (e) France.
6. A "dilettante" is
(a) One who pursues art or literature for amusement, (b) a discriminating critic, (c) one who is recklessly extravagant, (d) a dealer in works of art ?
7. How far is the Moon from the Earth ?
(a) 12,900 miles approx.
(b) 80,000 "
(c) 240,000 "
(d) 750,000 "
8. Prince Charles bears the title ?
(a) Duke of Cornwall, (b) Duke of Connaught, (c) Duke of York, (d) Duke of Windsor.
9. Who invented the Pendulum ?
(a) Sir Isaac Newton, (b) Leonardo da Vinci, (c) Bruno, (d) Galileo.
10. A "Misogynist" is one who
(a) Hates women, (b) Hates children, (c) Hates everybody, (d) Hates himself.
11. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds and net result misery"
Thus observed Dickens' famous character :
(a) Mr. Micawber, (b) Mr. Pickwick, (c) Mr. Sam Weller, (d) Mr. Barkis,
12. The island of Bombay was given as a dowry by the king of Portugal to ?
(a) James I, (b) James II, (c) Charles I, (d) Charles II.
13. Which was the home town of Hans Christian Anderson ?
(a) Ostend, (b) Odense, (c) Odessa, (d) Copenhagen.
14. When speaking of President Wilson's Fourteen points which statesman cynically remarked :
"God has only ten" ?
(a) Marshall Foch, (b) Lloyd George (c) George Clemenceau, (d) Senator Lodge.

(Answers on page 51)

SMILE AWHILE

1 ONE BETTER

A Scot and an Englishman were discussing the "Speed of Trains" in their countries.

English: "Last time I entrained at London, when I thrust my hand out of the window to pay off the porter, I found the train had moved and the recipient of the cash was a college-girl standing at the end of the platform".

Scot: "Oh! that's nothing. When once I was off from Edinburgh I put my head out of the train-window to kiss my wife good-bye; but what do I see, I was kissing a porter in the next station."

2 THE RIGHT CURE

Having attended first-aid lectures, the young wife was quite pleased when hubby came home looking and feeling seedy. Proudly producing her thermometer, she proceeded to take his temperature. The result so stratled her that she scribbled a note to the doctor and sent her maid dashing off with it.

"Please come at once," the note ran. "My husband's temperature is 136 degrees." Soon came the reply: "The case is beyond my skill. Send for fire engine."

3 THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE

Not long ago the Canadian High Commissioner's Office in London was telephoned by someone who asked: "Can you please give me the name of the Governor-General of Canada?"

The full name and address at Ottawa were given.

"Ottawa is the capital of Canada, isn't it?" was asked and the inquirer was set right on that too.

"Are there eight or nine provinces in Canada, and what are their capitals?"

The patient Canadian official gave the correct information and asked: "By the way, who am I speaking to?"

The voice said: "Harrison, Sir—I'm doing my home lessons."

4 BOOMERANG

The incorrigible Shaw has scored many hits on unfortunate victims, but sometimes he got as good as he gave. Once, when Cornelia Otis Skinner, the famous American Actress revived *Candida*, Shaw sent her a wire; "Greatest, excellent." Modest Cornelia wired: "Undeserving such high praise." To which Shaw said: "I meant the play." Cornelia had the last word: "So did I."

5 SHERLOCK HOLMES' DISCIPLE

Conan Doyle arrived in Paris from London and took a taxi to a hotel. As he paid the fare, the cabbie bowed low and said,

“ Thank you, Monsieur Conan Doyle.”

“ Why, how did you know my name ?” said the astonished author.

“ Your general appearance and the cut of your clothes told me you were from England, Monsieur, and by the intelligent look in your eyes I knew you are a great man.”

“ Marvellous !” said the creator of Sherlock Holmes. “ You had no other evidence ?”

“ Well,” said the cabbie, “ I also saw your name on the luggage.” !!

6 OF WHAT

A schoolmaster was lecturing to a class on circulation of blood.

“ If I stand upon my head,” said he. “ the blood will run down to my head, will it not ?”

“ Yes, Sir, “ assented the boys.

“ Then,” said the master, “ Why doesn't the blood run into my feet when I stand on my feet ?”

There was a pause for a few minutes, when a bright youth replied, “ Please, Sir, it's because your feet ain't empty.”

7 PATRIOTISM

Recently an eminent surgeon told his class that he had just been made the King's Surgeon, whereupon the class stood up and sang GOD SAVE THE KING.



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

A COLLECTION OF FACTS ON ECONOMIC PROGRESS OF INDIA

1. *Agricultural*: Except Jute and Tea, production of main crops improved during the current year - Rice by 20 % ; Wheat 8 % ; Sugar-cane 2 % ; Cotton 26 %.
 2. *Industrial Production*: Except steel ingots and jute manufacture, a continuous rise was witnessed and an increase from 1952 to 1953 in cotton piece goods was 1 % , cotton yarn 3 % ; cement 10 % : sulphuric Acid 13 % ; Iron and Steel 2 %.
 3. *Power and Fuel*: Coal raising in the 1st. quarter of 1954 increased by 3 % compared to the monthly average of 1953. There was 16 % increase in electricity produced in 1953 but 6 % reduction during the 1st. quarter of 1954.
 4. *Mineral Production*: While there was a decrease in the case of iron ore by 10 % , and mica by 25 % , there was an increase in the case of manganese by 13 % in 1953.
 5. *Inland Transport*: Indian Civil Aviation and freight traffic on Indian Railway in 1953 remained the same as in 1952 but a 4 % increase has been registered on monthly average of wagons loaded.
 6. *Foreign Trade*: The monthly average in 1953 of imports was 28% lower than that of 1952: Exports also fell by 14%. A sharp increase of Rs. 59 crores in the surplus of current account was a noticeable feature. There was an investment of Rs. 59 crores abroad.
 7. *Money and Banking*: Money supply with the public recorded a sharp rise of Rs. 94 crores in 1953-54. in contrast to the decline of Rs. 40 crores in 1952-53. Nett deposit liabilities of scheduled banks recorded a rise of Rs. 16 crores in 1953-54. During busy season the advances by banks went as high as Rs. 87.7 crores as against Rs. 84 crores during previous years.
 8. *Prices*: Considering 1939 as 100 the general wholesale index of prices in 53-54 witnessed 4.4 % increase over 1952-53. All India consumer price—index during the year showed an increase by 3 % ; while during the 1st. quarter of 1954 there is a decline by 4 % . Loans sanctioned by Industrial Finance Corporation rose by 2.6 % .
 9. *National Finance*: The revised estimates for 1953-54 placed revenue at Rs 414 crores and expenditure at Rs. 431 crores thus showing a deficit of Rs. 17 crores. The year 1954-55 is expected to show a deficit of Rs. 26 crores on revenue account with revenue standing at Rs. 441 crores and expenditure at Rs. 467 crores.
 10. *Bullion*: Due to virtual isolation from the world market, the year 1953-54 saw fluctuation mainly due to domestic factors.
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UNITED NATIONS

Kumari KUSUMA

By the end of the Second World War in 1945, Nations realised the necessity for a world body to maintain Peace and Security in the world so that the future generations should escape the horrors of War; The result is "UNITED NATIONS".

United Nations has its headquarters in New York.

The Chief Divisions of United Nations are (1) The General Assembly, (2) The Security Council, (3) Economic and Social Council, (4) Trusteeship Council, (5) International Court of Justice and (6) Secretariat of the United Nations.

The General Assembly The General Assembly consists of all members of the Organisation; and it meets annually. It can also be called into Special Session by the Secretary General at the request of the Security Council, or at the request of the majority members of United Nations.

This General Assembly may discuss any question within the scope of the United Nations Charter. The General Assembly may discuss any matter regarding International Peace and Security, brought before it by any member of the Organisation; or by the Security Council; In such cases, it may make recommendations with regard to any such question to the state or states concerned or even to the Security Council or both.

The General Assembly is to promote International co-operation in the Economic, Health, Social, Cultural and Educational fields of the world. It has to suggest, advise and recommend ways and means for peaceful adjustment of any dispute.

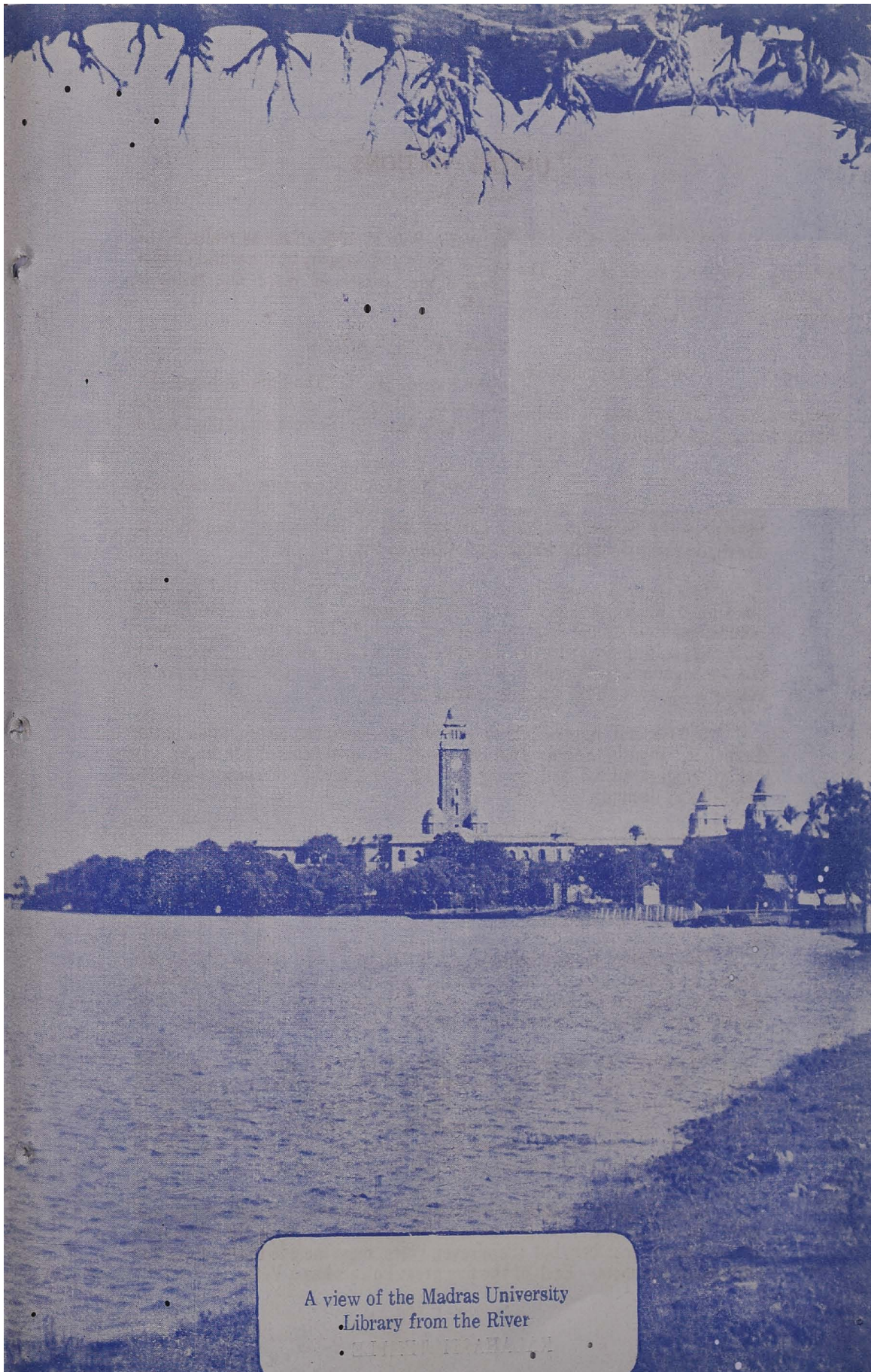
It has got 65 Nations in its organisation.

Security Council The main responsibility of this Council is to maintain peace and security. All the members of the United Nations are bound to respect its decisions.

The Security Council consists of five members - the United States, the United Kingdom, France, the U. S. S. R and China, and six other members elected by the General Assembly for a period of two years. The functions of the Security Council are laid down in Article 24 of the Charter as follows:

"In order to ensure prompt and effective action, by the United Nations; its members confer on the Security Council primary responsibilities for the maintenance of International Peace and Security and agree that in carrying out its duties under this responsibility the Security Council acts on their behalf. In discharging these duties the Security Council shall act in accordance with the purposes and principles of the United Nations".

In any matter brought before the Security Council; it will discuss and vote. In voting, and if the motion is to be carried, it requires the affirmative votes of seven members but these seven votes must include those of the five permanent members. Each of the five great Powers has a Veto.



A view of the Madras University
Library from the River

LIBRARY



The President of the Security Council holds his office only for one month and the next takes his place according to the alphabetical order of the name of the Country.

Economic and Social Council This is considered to be one of the most important organs of U.N. ; as it was specially designed to remove inequalities in the Economic and Social Fields, among different countries ; (which are the root cause of International unrest and dispute.) United Nations tries to promote international co-operation by solving the economic, social and cultural problems.

The Council consists of 18 members elected by the General Assembly with office expiring at the end of three years.

Trusteeship Council: The League of Nations was wound up. When the United Nations came into existence, all the territories which were formerly governed by the League of Nations under the mandate system, were handed over to the United Nations under the new style and name at "Trusteeship". This Trusteeship Council let those territories be administered by the same powers, which were administering them, under the mandate of the League of Nations. There were two territories, i.e., Nauru and Pacific Islands which were formerly administered by Japan. But at present Nauru is governed by the joint responsibility of United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand ; while the Pacific Islands are under the control of U. S. A.

The U. N. wishes, that the countries which are governing these trust territories should promote the political, economic, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants of the trust territories. and encourage respect for human rights, and for the four freedoms,

International Court of Justice: As a judicial organ of the United Nations, the International Court of Justice came into existence. They have to comply with its decisions, in cases in which they are parties.

The Court can either deliver judgement on any controversial issues or it may tender advisory opinion on legal questions.

There are fifteen independent judges, whose term of office is for nine years. The Court conducts its business in English and French. The questions are to be decided by the majority of the Judges present. Its decision has no binding force except on the parties to the dispute and there is no appeal on the decisions of the Court.

The Secretariat: The Secretariat of the United Nations comprises a Secretary-General and the staff to carry on the work of its specialised organs. The Secretary-General will be appointed by the General Assembly upon the recommendations of the Security Council. The present Secretary General is Mr. Dag Hammars-Kjold. He is the Chief Administrative Officer of the U. N. The Secretary-General has the power to recruit officers on the administrative side. He is held responsible for carrying out the decisions of the General Assembly, Security Council and various other organs of the U. N. He acts as Secretary at the meetings of the main organisations of the U. N. The Secretary-General is empowered to bring to the notice of the Security Council, any matter, which he considers may threaten the maintenance of International Peace and Security.

A FRIEND-IN-NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED

*(Story for the 1954 Contest by Kumari M. K. RAMASUNDARI, B.Sc.,
First Prize Winner)*

We are all familiar with the proverb that "A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED". Now let us define what a true friend is. A FRIEND is - Faithful, Rare, Interesting, Entertaining, Nearest and Dearest.

F — Faithful
R — Rare
I — Interesting
E — Entertaining
N — Nearest
D — Dearest

Now a friend is one who always stands by us through thick and thin ; but who doesn't boast of his good deeds ; he must care a pin for praise. That is a true friend. We know that Friends seldom visit us in adversity ; but come without invitation in prosperity. Now, let us narrate a story stressing "FRIENDSHIP" and also which conveys that even the little thing that is helpful makes a 'Friend'.

Renuka and Devaki were college mates ; both were studying in Junior B.A. at Trichy. They were best known in the college for their friendship and were an example of good friends. Everyone in the college referred to them as the 'Inseperables'. But how friendship started between them is a great wonder and problem to all in the college. For, Renuka's father was a Minister of Madras Government, and a rich landlord. She was the only daughter of her parents and hence the sole heiress to her father's property. Needless to say, she was petted and brought up in luxury. On the other hand, Devaki was the eldest daughter in the family ; her father was an assistant in a shop on poor wages. Devaki had to look after eight members, (i.e. her brothers and sisters, all younger to her) since her mother was sick. The whole burden of the household was on her shoulders. But, she never felt unhappy and never shirked her duties, She was ever active and a brilliant student too. By scholarship she was able to prosecute her studies. On the very first day, when Renuka met Devaki in the College, she took a liking towards her and remained friendly. Renuka also was equally intelligent and stood second to Devaki in the class. This is rare indeed, as girls brought in luxury do not read well !!

Days and months passed, and their friendship developed. But one thing which surprised Renuka was that Devaki never uttered a word about her family ; neither did she invite Renuka to her house nor did she go to Renuka's. But, Renuka was not keeping quiet ; she discreetly enquired about her and came to know of her difficulties. She was determined to help her friend by all means. But, she knew that Devaki's self-respect and dignity would not allow her to accept any help. Hence, if Renuka were to help Devaki she must to do so in an indirect way. She devised a plan of her own. She would make Devaki come to her house of her own accord.

Renuka began to talk about the arrival of a new friend in her house.

She said: "Look, Devi, the new friend of mine is very obliging and keen on helping me always. If I don't accept her help, she gets wild. She needs just few minutes to fulfil my wish". Renuka, then added with a smile: "Look, Devi she even outbeats you in friendship"

Devaki was surprised to hear this and desired to see that friend; but Renuka asked her to wait.

One morning, all of a sudden, fire broke out in Devaki's house and all bundled out in fear. The neighbours gathered around; neither water nor sand was near at hand to put out the fire at once. Renuka conveyed a message to the Fire Brigade; and in a short while, the fire engines arrived and the fire was extinguished.

Devaki thanked Renuka for her timely help. But Renuka shrugged her shoulders and said: "No, my dear, the credit goes to my new friend"

"Won't you then introduce her to me?" appealed Devaki. "Wait" said Renuka smiling mischievously.

Devaki's father was seriously ill and he had to be admitted into the hospital at once. Delay meant death. Devaki was at a loss what to do. But with the help of the new friend the Ambulance arrived to shift the patient to the hospital. Devaki's anxiety and eagerness grew more and more and she remarked: "Look here, Renu, I won't be doing justice if I don't thank your friend in person for all her help".

Renuka remarked, trying to control her laughter, "It is enough if you convey your thanks to the new friend through me".

Devaki felt hurt by being helped by an unknown person! What a shame! What a disgrace!! In anger she told Renuka, "What on earth are you laughing at? Am I not worthy of introduction to your new friend? You know my nature, Renu; why should I accept any help either from you or from your so-called worthy new friend? Why should you hurt my pride? Well, I see, because I am poor, you feel ashamed of introducing me to your new friend; but at the same time, both of you want to help me out of pity; I will never be pitied". So saying, she burst out into tears.

Renuka was shocked to hear this and soothed her saying, "No, my dear, don't I know you? We are not helping you in the way you feel, but we are just doing our duty as friends ought to, when there is danger or need. So please don't mistake me. My new friend is of an obliging nature to each and everybody and how could I prevent her from being so? But, one thing you must bear in mind, my dear Devi; my new friend is black in complexion. Hence she feels shy and so confines herself to a room; besides she can't listen to praise or applause. But still, I shall introduce her to you one day"; so saying, she went off.

But Devaki was not convinced. She felt as though Renuka was gliding away from her to the new friend. She was wondering to herself: "Well,

does this new friend want to help me because of Renuka? Or is she really interested in me? If so, why should she not meet me? Is she planning to separate Renuka from me!" Oh! the very thought of separation from Renuka was unbearable to her. Her anxiety to see the new friend and the respect for her, began to develop into a sort of jealousy and dislike.

She even went to the extent of accusing Renuka by saying, "Oh! Renu, nowadays you never seem to care for me. You seem to be wholly engrossed in your new friend!"

But Renuka denied it and said: "Oh! dear, what the devil is working in you? Don't trouble yourself till trouble troubles you; I dare say our new friend cannot snap our friendship. She would rather encourage it; so much I am sure", Renuka guessed what was passing in Devaki's mind. She soothed her by asking her to be patient; Devi shouted in anger; "Don't say OUR NEW FRIEND!! It is YOUR NEW FRIEND!"

Days passed. Devaki's mother fell sick and turned critical; everyone feared her end was near. On her death-bed, she expressed a desire to see her only brother at Kashmir. "How is it possible?" was the problem of Devaki's family. At least, it would take three days of travel. When Devaki conveyed the wish to Renuka, she consoled her and promised to bring her uncle soon, with the help of her new friend. She kept her promise!

Devaki was taken aback at this and cried out in joy! "Renu, is your friend endowed with magic powers? How was it possible for her to get my uncle so soon!! I wonder!! Please tell me the truth. I must see her at any cost".

Renuka, said smiling, "Sure my friend is endowed with supernatural powers; she has promised to get you a job in her office in a month. But, you must see her only on the day of interview". Devaki's joy knew no bounds on hearing this.

But she still asked Renu doubtfully: "But I can't believe it; how... How was it possible for her to get my uncle here at such a miraculous speed. I demand an explanation".

"There lies the magic! No explanation, Sorry". So Saying Renuka went off, with that same cunning, mischievous smile.

Devaki could not conceal her excitement, "well I can wait no longer," said she to herself; I must see her new friend and find out the truth; I must follow this Renu and find out, who her new friend is. There is some mystery.

So saying she started off to Renuka's house.

But Renuka was not surprised at her visit; she anticipated this. "Hullo, Good Morning, Devi; come and sit down here", exclaimed Renu in joy. Devaki said curtly, "well, Renu, I have come to see your 'NEW FRIEND'; unless I see her, I am not in peace".

'Oh yes, with pleasure, I will introduce her to you' said Renuka and took her to the adjacent room. And there she introduced to Devaki her NEW FRIEND on the table! Devaki, to her greatest surprise, found it was a "TELEPHONE"!!

She gaped in wonder while Renuka burst out into a laughter, and said "This is how I made you visit my house of your own accord"

Hence, we say, that TELEPHONE IS OUR TRUEST FRIEND since it helps us in 'Hospital, Fire-Brigade, Police, Home, Business, Trunks and Office'. So, those WHO HAVE TELEPHONES in their houses, can't but have true friends as a TELEPHONE IS THE DEAREST FRIEND OF ALL.

A TEST FOR YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

ANSWERS

1. Printing (b)
2. The Black Sea (a)
3. Blendheim (b)
4. F. Bourdillon (c)
5. Flanders (b)
6. One who pursues art or literature for amusement (a)
7. 240,000 (c)
8. Duke of Cornwall (a)
9. Galileo (d)
10. Hates women (a)
11. Mr. Micawber
12. Charles II (d)
13. Odense (b)
14. George Clemenceau (c)

AN INURY FORGIVEN IS BETTER THAN AN INJURY REVENGED

(Story for the 1954 Contest by Kumari M. S. VIJAYAM — Second Prize Winner)

Chandru insisted on going to the Mill. He implored his father to let him go. But his father remained resolute.

“Dear Chandru, Dont go”, he pleaded, “I fear some mishap; please Chandru, lend your ear to an old man and father”, he said with tears in his eyes. His mother embraced him. “Chandru, you are our only son, and if something unexpected happens to you, who will help us. You are the only hope of our lives”, she said. His mother feared that the workers in the mill would do something in their fanatic rage. She also revealed her fear to her son, But Chandru paid no attention to his mother’s words. He promised his mother that he would return home after supervising conditions in the mill. He got their consent at last and went away on his motor cycle. The parents sat with tears in their eyes and they heard the exhaust sound of the cycle as it left a cloud of smoke in its trail. That was their last look of their son.

The events related above may seem abrupt. Hence it is good to explain. Mr. Sankaran was the proprietor of the “Sankaran Mills” and earned a high reputation among the workers. He had a very kind heart and endearing in manners. He was always ready to help the workers and to redress their greivances. The workers too, revered him until some alien influence broke into them. Some mischief maker entered their group, and poisoned their minds. This stranger who ended the happiness of the workers and spoiled the good relations between labour and capital was one Mr. Madhu, one of the communists of South India. He completely twisted their minds away and instilled in them the idea that capitalists were making large sums of money at the expense of labour, without paying them even a fraction of fabulous profits. Fanned by these ill-advised and wrong notions, the workers began to lose their respect they had for Mr. Sankaran and served strike notices on the Management and demanded all things. Even when Mr Sankaran assured them that he would do everything for their betterment, they remained adamant. Hence the strike was on and continued; production ceased, business slackened and the mill was closed and police guarded the premises. But Mr. Madhu was ever active and was the chief of the movement. The workers, being completely poisoned by the bitter snake, surrounded the mill and destroyed whatever they saw. But the police intervned and the mill was rescued.

It was at this moment Chandru arrived on the scene. The workers heard the sound of his cycle at a distance and as Madhu was on the scene, a sinister idea found its way through his head. He ran away and hid himself behind a tree awaiting the arrival of Chandru.

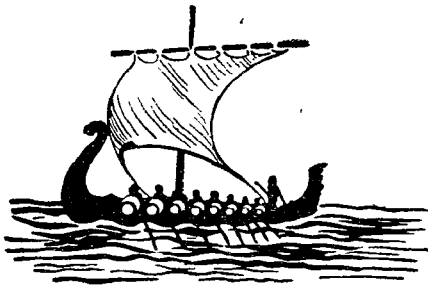
All of a sudden, the police heard a shot and ran to the spot where they saw Chandru’s body lying in a pool of blood. Three bullets had pierced his heart. But Madu had disappeared from the scene.

The unfortunate parents heard the shocking news of the sudden death of their only son. But alas! no one to console them. Both of them bereaved at their son's death, had vacated Madhurai and went to a remote village to live in, far from the madding crowd. A very high price was set on Mr. Madhu who remained underground. Many years passed.

Rainy season was on. The season began with the furies of thunder and rain. It was a wintry night and dark black clouds gathered in a threatening manner; clock chimed 12 and rain broke in with great fury, and in torrents.

There was a gentle tap at the door, and Mr. Sankaran's keen ears caught it. He went with a kerosene lamp to the door and enquired. But there was no response and once again a tap was heard. Mr. Sankaran opened the door and to his surprise he found a middle-aged man, bearded and a square face and poverty stricken eyes. At the very first look, he recognised the man-he was Madhu-murderer of Chandru. Mr. Sankaran lost his power of speech and was struck dumb. His son's murderer at hand!! His instinct told him not to miss the chance of taking revenge. He flushed. But he recaptured his original serenity and enquired about his needs. But the poor man did not recognise him. He told him only of his adverse conditions and sought help. Mr. Sankaran was moved by the grim spectacle. Ah! a fugitive from justice! His instinct told him, "Don't expose a person, who has sought your protection". He went to the kitchen, brought some food and clothes and gave them to the poor man. Mr. Sankaran was in deep confusion and conflicting thoughts, all the while.

Forgiveness overcame the first thirst for revenge. He thought of Jesus Christ and Buddha. He came to a conclusion. All of a sudden he ordered the poor man to take the things and get out of his house. The poor man trembled at his command. But Mr. Sankaran was obdurate. He cried at the top of his voice. "Get out, you poor fellow. Don't stay a second more, lest I change". The wretched creature-not the old Madhu-the top communist leader-but the worn out poverty stricken fugitive escaping from law was terrified at this altered situation. He ran out in the pouring rain. Mr. Sankaran stood looking at the vanishing figure and went in, with a serene and peaceful mind; he said "BE THOU GONE - GONE FOR GOOD of you".



AN INJURY FORGIVEN IS BETTER THAN AN INJURY REVENGED

(Story for the 1954 Contest by Kumari T. RAMBAI — Third Prize Winner)

The Goddess of fortune smiled on Dr. Raman. He was the eminent doctor of the village of Parvathipuram. All his patients were healed. His fame spread far and wide. Many came from even distant places ; with fame, money poured in ; and with money, its inseparable companion, greed set in, with longing for ease of life !

One evening, Dr. Raman was just ready for the club, when he heard a knock on the door. It was an urgent and pressing knock. From the sound of the knock, the doctor understood that a patient had come. He did not like to be disturbed at that hour. He cursed his profession, the patients, the world and at last himself. He thought to himself, "People have no sense. They are mannerless and selfish. When a man after working so hard is just going out for some recreation, they come and worry. They must realise that the doctor is also a human-being. Can they expect him to work like a machine day in and day out? Even a labourer has some rest in the evening after a day's hard toil! Am I worse than a labourer?" The knock at the door grew louder and louder. At last the doctor had to go and open the door. He saw an old man, with a boy patient. The old man was clothed in rags. Anxiety and worry were writ large on his aged face. His eyes were pleading. The patient was a young boy of 14 or 15. He was breathing hard. As soon as the old man saw the doctor, he prostrated before the doctor on the ground and pleaded in the most pathetic tone, "Doctor, you are my God. You must save my only son. I lost 7 of my children. This is 8th child. He is my only solace. I am prepared to lay down my life for him. Please have mercy". The doctor's heart was hard. The case might have been different, if a 'green note' were in his hands. Does entreaty melt a modern civilised heart? Doctor shouted at the old man saying, "you fools come to disturb me at this time of my rest. I have no time now to treat your son. You can bring him in to-morrow morning". The doctor was unaware that death does not wait. Turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of the old man, the doctor left the bungalow for the club. The old man stood like a statue. He hoped that the doctor's heart may melt and he may return. But he was disappointed.

At last, when the old man returned to his dying son, life was extinct. The body lay motionless and still. The old man instead of shedding tears and lamenting over his irreparable loss, sat near the corpse and began to think. "Is this what we call modern civilization? This doctor cares more for his recreation than a dying person. Oh, God! Why have you spared me? Can't you take me also from this wretched world?" The old man was brooding over various things and sat there for a long time. At last, he got up and carried the corpse.

Years rolled on. Dr. Raman was celebrating his only son, Bhuvan's 17th birth day with great pomp and show. His mansion was flooded with guests, and friends. Bhuvan, surrounded by his collegemates, was playing on his flute. When he stopped for a while, one of his collegemates asked him.

“Bhuvan, you have a wonderful hobby. Why not show us the snakes?”, Bhuvan's friend Ramesh felt uneasy and an unknown fear gripped him. A true and sincere heart feels the danger ahead. He said, “Let us not see the poisonous snakes on this happy day. Let us come some other day for that”. Another friend mocked “Bhuvan is afraid of his own pets: we do not like to force him”. Bhuvan could not stand this mockery. He said, “I am no coward. I will not only show you the snakes but also play with them”.

Bhuvan took his friends to the place where the snakes were kept. He opened the cages one by one and began showing his extraordinary pets to his friends. He took one poisonous snake and put it round his neck. He took the other and kept it on his lap. He held two snakes in both his hands. They were like his children, meek and humble. The audience was wonder-struck and awe-stricken. Ramesh wanted to run away from that place. He did not then want to see his friend playing with the poisonous snakes. How to trust these fearful creatures? He was often saying, “that is enough Bhuvan. Leave the snakes alone”. But Bhuvan's vanity was up with every moment. He took one venomous snake and said to the spectators. “This is the most poisonous snake of the African Jungles. Science with all its marvellous discoveries, has not yet discovered a cure for the bite of this snake. Usually I do not meddle with this. But to-day seeing your enthusiasm, I am taking it out”. Bhuvan took the snake out and was beating it playfully. But how can a snake understand the feelings of human beings? The snake was wondering why its master was so cruel to-day! When Bhuvan kept his hand in its mouth to show the teeth to the audience, the snake, which was angry, bit him. Bhuvan dropped the snake down and hurried his friend Ramesh to tie a cloth. Ramesh rendered first aid, shouting for his father. Before the doctor could come, Bhuvan fainted. Doctor began to try all the modern medicine. He phoned the specialists. But all in vain. News spread like wild fire in the whole house. The guests crowded round Bhuvan, lying motionless. The father lost all hopes. The mother, helpless woman, began to weep. Night fell. There was death-like silence, in the house. The doctor was walking up and down like a mad man. Bhuvan's birth, his young days, his college days, all flashed in the doctor's mind. What high hopes he had about him! How cruel God is! He has snatched away his only son. He was prepared to gift his whole wealth to the man who could bring back his son to life. He made an announcement in the village that he would give his entire property to any person who could restore his son to life.

There is a small hut in the outskirts of the village. There is a flickering oil lamp in one corner, struggling hard to drive away the darkness. An old woman is sleeping on a torn mat in one corner. The old man is smoking hookah in the other corner. The conversation between them was:

Old man: Have you heard the news, darling? (the old man still calls his wife darling.) Dr. Raman's son is bitten by snake, I believe. The boy is unconscious since evening. Every one believes he is dead. Even a doctor believes it!

Old Woman: Why talk of that enemy of ours at this peaceful hour? Let him suffer. It is God's punishment. The man will realise his mistake; only after the loss of his son, he will feel for the sufferings of others.

Old Man: Bhuvan is his only son. Poor doctor! I pity him.

Old Woman: What! Pity! No! No! It is a sin even to utter that word. Are you not ashamed to say that word? Have you forgotten that day when you took our only son to him and he, not caring even to look at him, went away to the Club caring more for his RECREATION than the life of our beloved. Did he care then for our dying son? Did he stop a while to listen to you? Did he realise then, that a day may come when he may have to face the same predicament? God is just. He never fails to punish the wicked. This is God-sent. Who are you to prevent it? Our wrong will now be revenged. We must rejoice now.

These words had their effect on the old man. He thought to himself, "What my wife says is true. We must take revenge now. We should pay the doctor in the same coin. Why should I go now and try to remove the effect of the poison by chanting manthram? No. I must not go. Let the doctor's son die. Then only the proud doctor will realise how he wronged me. Why should I repay bad by doing good?"

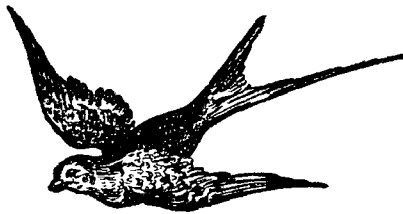
Every moment was precious. Every minute was bringing death nearer and nearer to Bhuvan. The old man knew this fact. But a war was raging inside him between his mind and heart. His mind said, "you must not go to help your enemy. Remember the dying face of your son. Let the doctor suffer the pangs of separation. Wrong should be repaid by wrong." His heart said, "what do you gain by taking revenge? Do good even to your enemy. What has Christ said? "If a man smites you on your left cheek show your right cheek also". Even Buddha said so. Mahatma Gandhi's memory is evergreen in our minds. Have you forgotten his teachings?"

The old man was struggling to decide. Though he was poor, he was rendering service to the people free. Not one died of snake bite in that village. Only the well-wishes of the poor people! He never cared for money; when he heard that a person is bitten by snake, he ran to him and saved him from the cruel hands of death. He never thought for a moment about his FEES, as Dr. Raman did. He rendered selfless service. His was open to all. This is the first time he was debating whether to go or not. The thought of revenge was foremost. How to cross this mountain? The old man thought of his son. His eyes became wet and his heart hardened. He lay down in a corner to sleep. Sleep refused to descend on his disturbed mind. Where was sleep?

The old man got up again. Without knowing what he was doing, he came out. It was pitchdark. The cold wind, was blowing. He imagined, he heard the helpless cry of the father for his dying son, Bhuvan. At the same time he saw his own son's face. He went back; lay down; he could not sleep. He got up without making any noise, lest the old woman wake up and prevent him from going; he opened the door and began to walk towards the house of Dr. Raman. Forgiveness won the battle. He decided to help to the doctor, by saving Bhuvan's life. Why should he allow the doctor also to undergo the torture? By doing so, will he get back his dead son? He felt Gandhiji was leading him. Even while dying, people read from his calm face that he pardoned his assasin.

The old man at last reached the house. He saw the dim light burning, He knocked at the door. The doctor himself opened the door. The old man asked the doctor to take him to his son Bhuvan so that he could try to save him by his manthrams. The doctor took him to the room where the son was lying still without sign of life. The old man saw the innocent face. He examined him and found out that the poison has not had its full effect as yet. Seeing a ray of hope, he began to chant manthrams. He ordered pots of water to be poured on the boy.

As the day dawned the boy showed signs of life. The doctor jumped with joy. The boy got up, as if from a long sleep. The whole house was plunged in happiness. After sometime when they searched for the old man, he was not to be seen. Some one said that he had seen some old man going out through the back door unnoticed. The old man never even waited for thanks. He did not care for the property of the doctor. He did his duty and rushed back to his hut. The doctor recollected now the face of the old man and made sure that he was the same old man who brought his dying son to him one day. He was ashamed of himself. The doctor said: "He has opened my eyes. All these years I was greedy and hoarded money. But to-day I realise the truth. I will, in future, dedicate my life to the service of the poor. Though I harmed the old man, he did me a good turn. What a noble heart !!! By such sages is the world ennobled ; by such sages are beings like me turned into MEN".



AN INJURY FORGIVEN IS BETTER THAN AN INJURY REVENGED

(Story for the 1954 Contest by Kumari S. THIRUPURASUNDARI — Highly Commended)

It is difficult to form the habit of forgiving an injury ; and so it is no wonder that human mentality is revengeful. Of course there are exceptions. Great saints are born often in the world to keep this torch of forgiveness burning. We were fortunate enough to live in India, when one such saint was born. He is "MAHATMAJI" the FATHER OF THE NATION.

Ramanathan was an accountant in the Collector's Office, Salem. He found it difficult to meet both ends on his salary, as he had to feed a family of two sons and a daughter, besides his wife and mother. The sons Srinivas and Ravi were aged 17 and 7 respectively ; Nalini, his daughter, was a baby.

Seenu had just finished his intermediate course in the local college and wanted to pursue the studies, as his ambition was to become an Engineer. His father, considered it an uphill task to pay for a period of five years of Engineering College. But he decided to stint himself for his eldest son, hoping that he may help the rest of the family after appointment. He sent him to the Engineering College at Guindy. Seenu came out creditably from the Engineering College. Fortune favoured him at this stage ; he was selected by the Government of India for advance study in the United States. On his return to India, he was appointed as a Deputy Chief Engineer in the Railways.

Seenu, by now was 25 and many rich fathers flocked round him to pick him as a son-in-law ! Manjula, who is a daughter of an I.C.S. Officer, was fortunate enough to marry Seenu.

Years rolled by. Ram, by now aged and retired from service. His son wanted his father to spend the rest of his life with him and insisted that the entire family move to Madras. Ram agreed.

In the beginning life was pleasant. Ravi was admitted in the Christian College at Tambaram for his Intermediate and Nalini, in II Form in a local school.

Ram was industrious by nature and hence he could not keep idle. He started a small business, to spend his time and earn some money on his own. Year-and-a-half passed and the business did not thrive. He lost even his capital but he was not worried.

Manjula felt that she had to forego many pleasures, because of her father-in-law and his family, and gradually began to assert herself as the "Lady of the House". She began to ill treat her in-laws. Ramanathan was unaware of this, but as days passed, he began to notice the difference in treatment meted out to his grand children and his own. Seenu too was changed. He thought that his father was wasting money and began to treat him with veiled contempt. This came to light, by a conversation, between Srinivas and Manjula, which Ram happened to hear.

Manjula: "The Collector's wife was in, in the afternoon. Nalini joined with dirty clothes on, in her presence; she is a very ill-mannered girl".

Seenu: "Why even my father does not know how to behave in the midst of my friends. I feel it is no good to keep them here".

When Ram heard this he decided to quit. He paused a moment and pondered over his having spent all his resources on the education of his eldest son to the detriment of his other children. He recalled to his memory, how wise his friends were in advising him not to spend his all on one child.

Ram found a small cottage in the City and began once again his old humble life. This was a "blessing in disguise" to the couple.

Months rolled by. Ravi finished his Intermediate Course and wanted to continue in College but as the financial position of Ram was in a miserable state, it was not possible. Poor Ravi was very much dejected with his brother's mode of life, and his father was also helpless in the matter. Ravi tried for a Scholarship as he had passed brilliantly, but poor boy could not succeed as in the present day world everything depends on recommendation and not on merit.

His love for further education was strong enough to drive him to his brother for help. Next day, he went to his brother. Nobody paid any heed to his arrival; all were engaged in conversation amongst themselves. Ravi wanted somehow his purpose to be fulfilled. He approached his brother and told him the purpose of his visit and wanted his help, even if it be as a loan. His appeal was in vain. Seenu bluntly told him that if he is not in a position to study further, he may seek employment on his present qualification. Ravi pleaded with him, stating that he should not forget that but for his father, he could not have attained this position.

Seenu got infuriated and told, "Ravi, you are a great nuisance to me. I have got my own difficulties. I can't help you in the matter: please get out". Ravi became desperate and hunted for a job. But he realised soon that with his qualification and without an introduction, he can't secure a job. Fortunately World War II broke out and many joined the Army. Ravi got an easy selection in the Army and he was asked to report at Dehra Dun. At first, his father did not agree to his joining the Army but Ravi persuaded him.

Ram and family were able to maintain themselves at Madras in spite of rising cost of living with the family allotment of Ravi as well as his pension. Nalini was then reading in V Form. Ram by now became very old. More than that, his many worries made him sick. The family had to meet heavy medical bills. This was the turn of Nalini to approach her brother Seenu for assistance but she was not even admitted to the house.

Nalini was good at studies and was acquainted with her Principal. Nalini sought his advice. The Principal got Ram admitted in General Hospital under the care of the eminent, Dr. Roy, his personal friend. Dr. Roy was acquainted with the full facts of the case and as he was a sympathetic person, he took personal interest in the case.

By now war was over ; Ravi was discharged from the Army and he returned home with great joy.

He got an appointment as an Inspector of Post Offices.

Ravi was happy to be in the midst of the family to help his old father. One day Nalini and Ravi were returning from a Cinema. Their bus dashed against a cyclist, who was thrown off. A crowd collected. The Police were at once on the spot. They could not identify who the boy was. However Nalini identified him as Neelu, her brother's son. They at once took him to the General Hospital. Ram and Seenu were informed of the accident by phone. In no time, they were there.

Dr. Roy had by now examined Neelu and told Ram that there was heavy loss of blood because of the accident and that without blood transfusion he cannot survive. Seenu's blood was tested and found not suitable. Manjula was on the family-way and so she was out of the question. When parents were in a fix, Ravi suddenly came forward and offered his blood. His blood was found suitable and at once the transfusion was completed. Nalini was at his bedside throughout and nursed him. Neelu was recovering steadily. Dr. Roy was on his morning rounds.

He examined Neelu and said he can have his discharge soon, and proceeded to the next patient. Everybody was joyful on hearing this, except Seenu, because he listened to the conversation of Dr. Roy with his colleague regarding the treatment accorded by a son to his father and by a brother to his nephew. He felt ashamed of himself ; he and his wife fell at the feet of his parents and mutely sought their forgiveness.



HOME NEWS
OFFICE BEARERS FOR 1954-55

Staff Welfare Committee :

Sri V. Rajagopal - District Manager	..	Ex-Officio President
Kumari C. Pramela	..	Vice-President
Kumari M. K. Ramasundari	..	Secretary
Kumari T. Ram Bai	..	Treasurer

Entertainment Committee :

Kumari A. Mallick
„ P. Fernandez
„ T. Sarojini
„ S. Susheela
„ C. N. Chandra Bai
„ Thahir Unissa Begum
„ C. Rangammal
„ Kusuma
„ M. Kumudavalli
„ T. Jayalakshmi

Excursions Committee :

Kumari V. N. Pankajam
„ V. N. Bhagirathy
„ M. Herft
„ C. Kalpagam
„ S. V. Yukthimallika
Srimathy Saraswathy

EXCURSIONS IN 1954 :

I. *Visits to Hindu Office:* in four batches. February 28th, March 7th, March 14th and March 21st.

II. *Excursion to Poondy:* April 11th.

III. *Excursion to Thirupathy Hill:* July 18th.

ENTERTAINMENTS:**I. Pongal Day Celebrations (13-1-1954)**

Prayer	Miss T. Saraswathy
Kummi	Miss T. Leelavathy
	Miss T. Saraswathy
	Miss Ramasundari
	Miss Sakunthala
Music	Miss N. S. Padmavathy
	Miss N. S. Rajalakshmi
Folk Song Duet	Miss Ramasundari
	Miss T. Saraswathy

II. Ice Cream Party to the Women Athletes who participated in the P & T Fourth Annual Sports Festival—14th February 1954**III. Tamil New Year's Day (13th April 1954)**

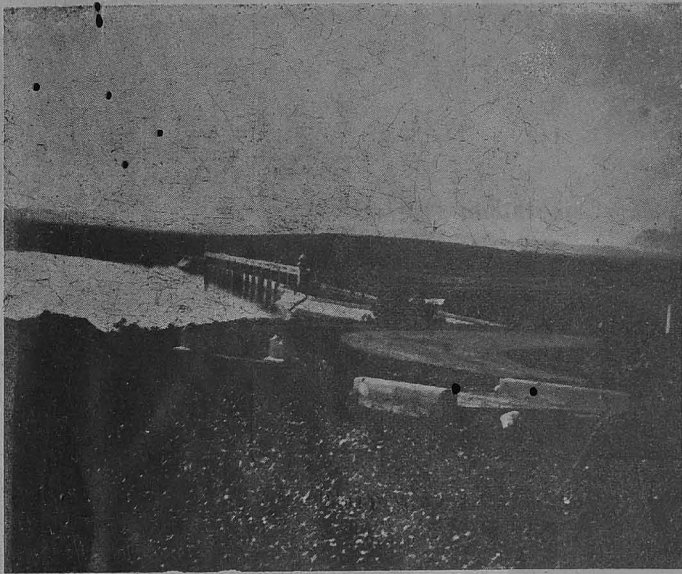
Music	Miss C. Kalpagam
	Miss Parvatham
	Miss T. Rambai
	Miss Thaher Unissa Begum
	Mrs. Hirudayanathan

**IV. Third Anniversary of the "Reading Room", Ladies Section
11th September 1954**

"Very Busy" - Farce	Miss S. Thirupurasundari
	Miss T. Leelavathy
	Miss B. Chatterton
"Apple Cake" - Farce	Mrs. A. P. Issac
	Miss Martin
	Mrs. Bhuvanewari
Music	Miss C. Kalpagam

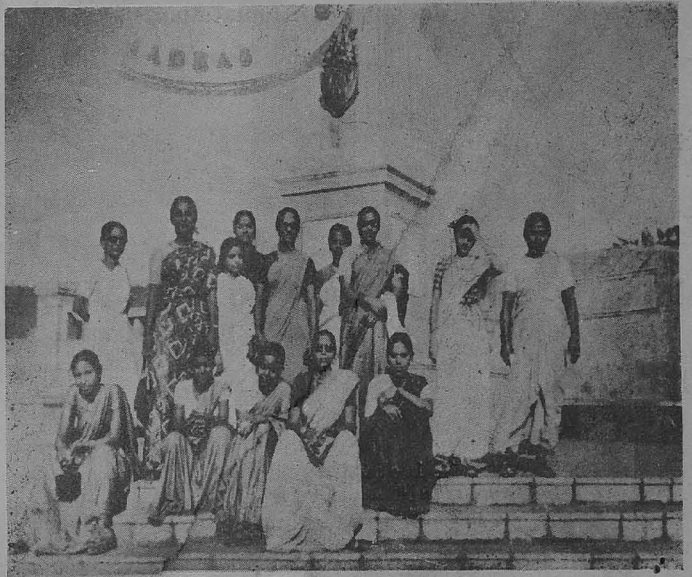
Prize Winners in Fifth Regional Sports Festival conducted on the auspices of the P & T Fifth All India Sports Festival**Tournament - Carrom Singles - Ladies :**

Winner	Miss C. Rangammal
Runner-up	Mrs. Hirudayanathan
75 metres Race :	Miss M. Smith III Prize
Three-Legged Race :	1. Mrs. A. P. Issac and Miss M. Smith (1st Prize)
	2. Miss D. E. Florence & Miss Pankajam (3rd Prize)
Sack Race :	Mrs. A. P. Isaac (II prize)
	Miss M. J. Swarna. (III prize)
P & T Zonal cultural meet, Madras 1954-55	Miss C. Kalpagam (1st prize - Carnatic Light Music)



A view of the
Poondi Reservoir

Members of the Excursion Group
to Poondi Reservoir
on 11th April, 1954



Members of the Excursion Group
to Tirupathi on 18th July, 1954



Miss Kusuma and Miss Rangammal - Carrom Doubles
Rolling Cup winners 1954



Miss T. Leelayathi
Prize winner in Musical Chair
and Fancy Dress



Miss Yukthimallika
First Prize
Catch and Pass



Miss M. K. Ramasundari
First Prize winner in 1954
Story contest



Miss M. S. Vijayam
Second Prize winner in 1954
Story contest



Miss T. Rambai
Third Prize winner in 1954
Story contest

SPORTS:**Prize Winners**

Indoor Games conducted under the auspices of the 3rd Anniversary of the "Reading Room" Ladies' Section in August-September, 1954.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Carroms Doubles | Rolling cup won by |
| | Winners { Miss C. Rangammal |
| | { Miss Kusuma |
| | Runners-up { Miss P. Martin |
| | { Mrs. V. Asirvadam |
| 2. Carroms Singles : | |
| Winner | Miss C. Rangammal |
| Runner-up | Mrs. V. Asirvadam |
| 3. Musical Chair | Miss T. Leelavathy |
| 4. Catch and Pass | Miss Yukthimallika |
| 5. Threading the beads | Mrs. Bhuvaneshwari |
| 6. Fancy Dress | |
| 1st Prize | Miss T. Leelavathy |
| 2nd Prize | Mrs. A. P. Isaac |

WEDDING BELLS:

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Kumari Vimala Sampson | to Sri J. W. Asirvadam on 20-1-54 |
| 2. Kumari S. Gnanamani | to Sri M. Kannan on 21-2-54 |
| 3. Kumari M. D Henry | to Sri I. J. Whitin on 5-5-54 |
| 4. Kumari V. Vanajakshi | to Sri K. G. Veeraraghavan on 9-9-54 |
| 5. Kumari K. N. Dakshayani | to Sri K. K. Nair on 10-9-54 |
| 6. Kumari P. Martin | to Sri Ronald Spencer D'Monte on 28-12-54 |

Prize Winners in the Story competition announced in the 1954 Telephone Operators' Forum

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1st Prize : Gold Medal | Miss M. K. Ramasundari |
| | "A friend in need is a friend indeed" |
| 2nd Prize : Silver Saffron container | Miss M. S. Vijayam |
| 3rd Prize : Silver Saffron container | Miss T. Rambai |
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