

The

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# Parashuramian



MARCH  
1945

EDITOR :  
S. G. HULYALKAR



The  
**PARASHURAMJAN**  
Sir Parashurambhau College Magazine

MARCH 1945

**EDITOR :**

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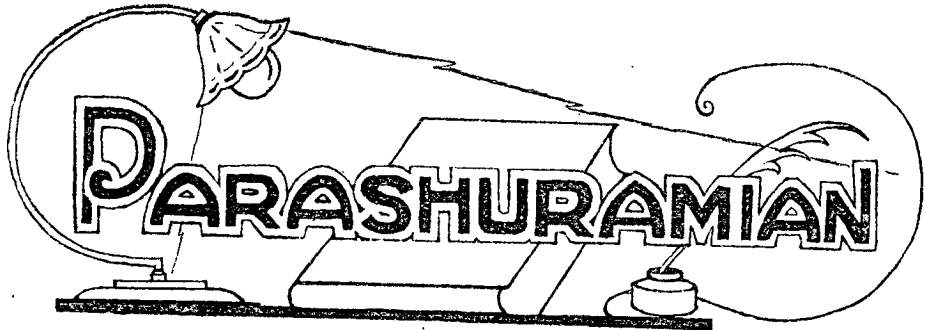
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The



Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's  
The God's and Truth's.

*Shakespeare.*

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[ No. 1

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## EDITORIALS

### Ourselves :

Poor Parashuramian, is growing 'lean' day by day. The Paper Control (Economy) Order 1944, came to us like a bolt from the blue. That order of the Central Government, as modified very recently, necessitates a reduction of sixty per cent. of the total number of the pages of our magazine. We, thus, regret that certain usual features have to be deleted in this number. Reduction of pages we hope, will not affect its popularity amongst the student-clientele. We are very sorry indeed, to refuse a good many articles this year, both Marathi and English, as our Parashuramian is fighting for its 'lebensraum'. We can picture the reader's anxiety to receive the issue in its usual size and 'full-blooded' form. Cheer you, Parashuramian, wish you a speedy recovery !

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### College News :

The college opened on the 20th of June in lively spirits for the new academic year 1944-45. Professor B. D. Sattigiri, one of the senior life-members on the staff, gave an inaugural address, welcoming the new students as well as the old ones to the *Alma Mater* and impressing on their minds the need of a serious devotion to their studies particularly in the present discontents that are spread all over the globe. He also stressed the value and importance of how to "earn and learn". Prin. R. D. Karmarkar presided on the occasion.

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### Number and Results :

What appeared to us last year as a change—the morning working hours has become a normal feature, this year. We have as many as 1680 students studying in

the undergraduate and post-graduate classes. We recall our readers that last year the number was only 1350. The growing strength of our College demands an urgent satisfaction of many wants of our students, as for example, a special building for Physics Laboratory, good facilities for day and night library arrangement, more accommodation in Boys' and Ladies' Hostels etc. We can only assure our readers that the College authorities have always kept a vigil on the needs of the students, and in our post-war plans they will be satisfied. Until then, we ask our students to stand and wait and see. The results of the various University examinations are satisfactory. At the M.A. examination, Mr. S. Y. Limaye gets 1st class and the Sir Lawrence Jenkins Scholarship and Mrs. Shanta Shelke gets the N. C. Kelkar Prize in Marathi. At the B.A. the Khan Bahadur Dastur Prize is awarded to Mr. P.V. Patel and as many as five students get 1st class in different subjects. At the B.Sc., Mr. H. N. Shah gets 1st class with Distinction, and in all ten students get 1st class, out of whom, eight are from the Chemistry group. That speaks for the work that is being done in that department.

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#### **Additions to the Staff :**

There are few additions to the staff. Miss Sindhu Gokhale, (M. A. class II) the recipient of Ellis Prize at the B. A. in 1942; Mr. S. Y. Limaye and Mr. R. M. Gokhale, M. A., LL. B., are appointed lecturers in English, Mathematics and Economics respectively. The last two lecturers are thorough Parashuramians. Messrs R.M. Marathe and N. V. Patankar are appointed part-time lecturers in English and Geography. Dr. G. R. Gogate, one of the few D. Sc.s in our Province, is appointed a professor of Chemistry. The addition of these members has certainly strengthened the respective departments. We wish them a brilliant career.

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#### **Our Fellows :**

We welcome Messrs R. V. Modak, R. N. Gaidhani, P.V. Patel, S. V. Kale. H. K. Paranjpe and H. N. Shah as our Fellows, and heartily congratulate them on their distinction. The fellowships are a prize and recognition of the merits of our students. Such appointment raise their status from students to staff. Normally five fellowships are offered but we had to increase them by one this year. Mr. H. K. Paranjpe's case has to be treated specially for his distinction — first class Hons. in Economics for the first time in the history of our College. Mr. Modak is in charge of the Boy's Hostels, as Superintendent; Mr. Paranjpe, of the Gymkhana, as a General Secretary; and Mr. Kale, of the Parashuramian, as the Assistant Editor. Our fellows form a nice set of workers with a fair pledge for further activities.

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#### **“Learn and Earn” :**

A part of inaugural address had a topical interest and raised the problem for discussion : “Learn and Earn”. Prof. Sattigiri admitted that the best arrangement is that a student should be a “whole-time” student, without any worries, and should devote all his energies to the ‘education’ he receives in the College; and this education includes not merely studies but even other cultural and liberal activities — the activities which are the salt of College Life. But if for financial reasons — on account of the poverty of the guardians or otherwise one has to serve and earn, one should not give up education, but should earn and learn. It is normally seen that such students whose

appetite for knowledge is thus whetted by the circumstances bring a seriousness which is lacking in those who go to College as a routine or are even 'sent' to the College by their guardians. Hence it may be said for this new class of students that they should seek the proper advice, whether they should merely get through and save a year or whether they should spend two years and get the class they deserve. No general advice can be adequate; yet the students forced to earn and learn should have self-respect, and plan their life with care, and make the most of their difficult circumstances. The present arrangements, when the College is held in the morning, have been thus a favourable phenomenon, and have opened the doors of the College to many. The danger of the situation is, however, in the case of the other students, who become slack when they find the atmosphere about them not properly keyed up. But it is too early for us to pronounce any judgment on the experiment, thus forced by circumstances. But on the whole, it promises to be better than one could have imagined from a speculative discussion of its dangers.

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### Retirement and Resignation :

It is with mixed feelings that we refer to Prof. H. V. Tulpule's retirement from our College and incidentally from the S. P. Mandali. We feel an aching sense of separation, though we are pleased to note that after an unstinted service to the Mandali and the College for a period of twenty eight years, he is now free to enjoy his well-earned and well-deserved rest. His profound love for the Mandali and its institutions has been the most shining quality which has radiated his personality and it gives a chance to some to call him "*S. P. Mandali-Complex*". Even after his retirement, wherever and whenever we meet 'Haribhau' we feel, we are standing before a sturdy Champion of the Mandali and his beloved College. His is an example, worthy of an ideal.

Prof. Haribhau, the grand old man, took part in the varied activities of the College in different capacities. His profound sympathy and generosity of heart were unbounded. He has helped a great deal in shaping the careers of many a needy and struggling scholar. His sense of justice and love of truth have on many occasions stirred in him righteous indignation. But, his thundering expostulations soon gave way to words of sympathy and the culprit went away smiling. How highly his past and present students think of him was demonstrably shown in glowing tributes paid to him at a special function, when an address was presented to him under the presidentship of Rt. Hon. Srinivas Sastri. Members of the staff also signalled their respect and love for him at a special tea party given, on the eve of his retirement.

We can only promise him that the torch of noble and worthy ideal which he has enkindled in our hearts will be kept burning and when our task is done, handed over to the next generation. His students and colleagues miss him very much and he too *feels the change*. We pray the Almighty to give Haribhau a long life of happiness and ease!

Professor V. P. Patwardhan—one of the life-members retired from the service after fulfilling his pledge. He served in the Mandali's institutions in different ways always doing credit to himself—as a professor of Logic and Philosophy for a long time in S. P. College, as the Head Master of the H. D. High School, Sholapur etc. He had a distinguished academic career and had he desired, he could have got a cosy Government job very easily. But he chose, voluntarily to wear the ribbon of poverty

for ever and to serve in a missionary spirit the Mandali and its institutions. It is the great work of these little men in the field of education, making greater sacrifices that accounts for the development of our institution. The history of the private educational institutions in Maharashtra, means the life-work of these noble souls that have gone down into history.

A farewell address was given to Prof. Patwardhan by his students—past and present, when glowing tributes were paid to him. We wish him a long and happy life in his period of retirement.

Prof. S. V. C. Aiya—one of the Life-members resigned services in the beginning of the second term. Prior to his resignation, he was on study leave for two years. He was enrolled as a life-member of the Mandali in 1938. He had brilliant academic qualifications, both Indian and Foreign, and it was due to his untiring efforts that our School of Radio Physics and Electronics developed into its present stature and strength. His resignation is indeed a loss to our Radio School and it will take a long time to forget his associations with the Mandali. Once having thrown his lot with us, we thought he would not break the bond so soon. But we regret . . . . Destiny willed it otherwise! However, we wish him the best of luck in his 'research' job.

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### Revision of Scales :

The "Big" news of this year is the revision of scales of the Life-members and the Collegiate staff. Normally there is not much to say about such periodic revisions. But we feel that we ought to record our impressions on such an issue, that it may give others a clear perspective. For the last three years, our Mandali has, we are proud to note, adopted a very liberal policy—easily the most liberal of all institutions, in the payment of dearness allowance to all its members and servants. As the cost of living has, during the war time, gone considerably high, the old scales are naturally felt to be extremely inadequate. And it was also pointed out that in considering the larger interests of the college, the present generation should not be starved, and, the scales should be adequate enough to attract good men. Private educational institutions, which have to depend on their own resources, cannot afford to pay quite adequately; yet the consciousness that everything possible has been done, would always go a long way to keep men contented. Here in lies the moral triumph of the society. We, thus, entirely approve of this policy, and feel proud to record that other institutions are seriously considering how they should follow us.

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### Achievements of Our Colleagues :

We congratulate very warmly our colleague, Dr. G. R. Gogate, on his splendid achievement of the D. Sc. Degree of our University. He is one of the few D. Sc's in our province and we are proud of his success. We are very happy to note that Prof. Bhide, Dr. Phalnikar and Dr. Miss Paranjape have turned out very valuable research work in our Chemical laboratory. As many as six papers of first rate importance have been published (as can be seen elsewhere) during the last year, and they have given our Maharaja Pratap Sinha Chemical Laboratory a very high place among the research laboratories in India.



Prof. N. A. Gore continues to be the Editor of the Poona Orientalist and under his care that journal has maintained its past traditions and popularity. We are glad that Prof. Gore has been elected a member of the All India P. E. N. Society.

We congratulate Principal Karmarkar on his being elected as a member of the Board of Studies in Sanskrit and also in Marathi. Of the latter Board he is the Chairman. We extend our congratulations also to Prof. Karve, and Dr. Watave on being co-opted as members of the Board of Studies in Zoology, and Marathi respectively, and to Prof. Deodhar on being co-opted as a member of the Board of Sports.

We note with pleasure that Prof. R. V. Oturkar, Dr. K. Gopalachari and Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar are recognised as Post-Graduate teachers for the M. A. Degree in Economics, History Group-A and C and Philosophy respectively.

It is learnt with pleasure that Prof. R. V. Oturkar attended the Seventh Political Science Conference held at Jaipur. Prof. V. G. Sahasrabudhe went to Delhi to attend the Indian Economic Conference. Dr. K. Gopalachari attended the Indian History Conference at Madras and read two papers—'The Akola Coins' and 'The Chezarla inscription,' and both of them were very well received by the scholars present. Dr. Watave attended the Sanskrit Conference held at Bijapur and took prominent part in it.

As we go to the press we learn with pleasure that Principal R. D. Karmarkar has been invited by the G. H. Q. Delhi, to work as a Civilian member on the Selection Board at Lonavla. We congratulate very warmly Principal Karmarkar on this distinction, which is not only personal but also an honour done to our College. Principal Karmarkar has gone on six months' leave and has joined his new duties from the 31st of January 1945. It is for the first time, since he accepted the Principalship of our College in 1933, that he has gone on long leave. It is but natural that we *feel* his absence very much. We wish him all success in his new appointment.

We are glad to note that during the leave period of Principal Karmarkar, Prof. J. N. Karve—our Vice-Principal, has been appointed Officiating Principal of our College by the Board of Life-members, and Prof. Sattigiri—Officiating Vice-Principal. We wish them success.

We sincerely thank Dr. G. S. Khair for his talk, to the members of the staff, on the Post-War Educational developments in India. The talk was followed by a delightful discussion and delicious tea.

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### **Social Gathering :**

The major event of the second term, which was somewhat sensational as it came after three years, was our 22nd Social Gathering. It was celebrated in the third week of December. We had a man of Principal D. G. Karve's calibre as the guest of honour on that occasion. He gave away the annual prizes of our Gymkhana and in his short and sound address, stressed the need of a healthy combination of 'work and play'. The whole Social came off smoothly and successfully under the guidance of Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar — the Chairman of the Gathering Managing Committee. Due to War conditions, a number of usual items had to be dropped from the programme which was spread over four days. Thus, the variety entertainments and the dramatic performances were the only important items of interest. In the former, there was *really a variety* and it was *all entertainment*, and the latter were much appre-

ciated by all present, leaving on their minds an impression of first rate qualities of "born actors".

It should be noted with pleasure that an innovation has been made to bring the students and members of the staff together in the management of various departments. Every secretary was helped and advised by a member of the staff. This team spirit worked very well and it promises a better understanding between the teachers and taught, on such occasions.

We incidently note with pleasure that our distinguished guest, Principal D. G. Karve, has been elected as the President of the Indian Economic Conference to be held at Lucknow in December 1945. We heartily congratulate him on this much coveted distinction, and wish him all success.

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### **Around the U. O. T. C. :**

The Annual camp was held this time at Moshi from 22nd October to 5th November 1944. It came off successfully and our young 'soldiers' fared well both in sports and military exercises. We congratulate the Officers and Cadets of our platoons who took part in a special scheme of 'attack' entrusted to the 'C' Coy. H.E. the Governor of Bombay observed our two platoons in action right from start to finish and expressed his satisfaction.

Our college has at present two and a half platoons. It is high time that we were given a full company of three platoons, looking to a large number of students who are eager to have military training and yet, who have to be refused admission every year. We, therefore, earnestly request once again, our authorities and the C. O. of the 2nd Bombay Bn. Lt. Col. R. D. Karmarkar to make some move in the matter. May we hope to have a Company of our own, in the next year ?

We congratulate very warmly Prof. S. K. Kulkarni on his receiving the Senior Grade Commission in the U. O. T. C. We also congratulate our officers, Lt. D. B. Ranade and Lt. U. K. Kanitkar on having successfully completed their special course of the higher military training at Mhow, and Captain G. N. Chapekar for having snatched away the Company and platoon efficiency trophies for his 'B' Coy.

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### **Inter Collegiate Sports :**

The Inter-collegiate sports were the major events of the second term. In the cricket-festival, though our College XI were composed of veteran players with local repute, still they could not win the finals against the Wadia College XI. The tough fight between us and the Wadia College was most sensational, right from the beginning, and for three days most of the schools in Poona had to be closed as all the boys went out to the 'field' to see the game and in the end our glorious defeat. Cricket is, after all, a game of chance and the luck prevailed upon our adversaries. Success went to them, and our boys also took their defeat most sportively. Good luck, next time, to all our cricketers.

We heartily welcome the inclusion of Messrs Shinde, Chandorkar and Rege in the team to represent Maharashtra in the cricket championship of India. We congratulate Messrs Shinde and Rege on their brilliant performance in two matches, that were played.



Mr. Brahme has once again qualified himself as an undoubted champion in High Jump. This time he has broken the Poona Inter-collegiate record, by registering 5'-7" to his credit. The Volley-ball championship again goes to us and it has been monopolized by our College for the last so many years. We congratulate all our sportsmen on their distinction.

In the Ladies' sports, we are once again on the top, and we have thrills of joy — one, two, three and all. Most of the team and individual events have been all won by our lady students—of whom special mention may be made of Miss Shakuntala Patwardhan, Vimal Limaye, Deodhar Sisters, Malati Joshi, Madalasa Phatak, Leela Joshi etc. The general championship goes to our College for the fourth year in succession — indeed, a most covetable distinction — and the individual championship goes to Miss Shankuntala Patwardhan. We heartily congratulate all our lady students on their wonderful achievements in sports, which have brought honour to our College. We have no doubt that these 'mile-stones' will go a long way to establish a healthy tradition in our college.

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### Post-War Education :

The last year would be regarded as a land-mark in the history of Education in India for the publication of Sargent Report on post-war educational developments. It is a comprehensive and courageous effort to establish a *national system of education* in India—national, in the entire connotation of the term, so as to enable the Indians "to lead full, free and happy lives." The scheme is spread over a period of more than 40 years and is going to cost several crores of Rupees. When the scheme is fully worked out, as envisaged in the report, it would place India on an equal footing with other civilised countries. Considering the cost and the period, we honestly believe that the scheme appears to be ideal rather than practicable. In spite of its drawback, it is praiseworthy in its conception and comprehensiveness. That part of the report, which deals with the University education, recommends the abolition of the Intermediate Course in the College and also the four-year Degree-course as at present. This means a complete transfer of the former to the High Schools and the latter will be only a three years' Degree-course after Matriculation. But the Vice-Chancellor of our University has warned us in his convocation address (Feb. 1944) that it would be a mistake to abolish the Intermediate Examination. It is necessary "as a stepping-off ground for those who wish to take up one of the professional courses."

We are glad to note that the present defects of our University education are boldly stated and to some extent provision is made to get over them. On the whole, the report deserves a very serious consideration by all concerned.

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### Frankly Speaking :

Social Gatherings in general, *without any reference to our recent Gathering*, call for a remark or two. It is our firm conviction that a Social Gathering with more than thousand students becomes a nuisance, as most of the elected secretaries are generally inexperienced, if experienced, they have, more often than not, false notions of their rights, and a good many students *naturally* behave on such occasions like a mob. However, the difficulties can only be overcome, provided that the students in general

cooperate with the authorities. Sometimes, the G. M. C. is a house divided against itself, each group threatening the other. At other times, even the whole 'house' threatens the authorities. On the whole the Gathering results in creating an atmosphere charged with hatred, anger and disrespect for any authority. In short, it is *a tale "made" by an idiot full of sound and fury.*

Do these so-called 'Social' gatherings serve any useful purpose, except that they give a free scope to some, to ventilate their, otherwise, 'suppressed' desires which are called 'complexes' in modern psychology? A chance, is thus given to many to go 'back to nature'. We honestly think that nothing is served by them. Neither the students are pleased, nor the authorities, for, what is now celebrated as Gathering is a mob demonstration or a party warfare. It fails, in its ostensible purpose of creating a life of harmony, jollity, gaiety and merry-making amongst the students. Once a Committee is formed, the members should really pull together as one *team*. But, the idea of unity or even the higher interests of the College fail to appeal to these 'leaders'. Against this, it may be maintained that do not such occasions give the students, a training in their civic life? Are they not required, in later life, to exercise their rights; or are they not allowed to control large public funds etc.? Yes, but it is a *bad psychology* which states that students learn *because* they are given opportunities. They can do so if they *mean to learn* and *not* because opportunities are offered to them. We conclude, that the institution of Gathering has outgrown its utility and sooner the money, time and energy spent on it, are diverted to more useful channels the better. We only hope that the College authorities should be firm on the point that there should be no Gathering at all until the present system of management is changed or unless there is a change in the Student-world. If this is done, the general tone of the College will be immensely improved.

If no Gathering, what next? Is it desirable, in any degree, that the students should be deprived of the social life in a College? Are they to lead only one life—the life of work? No, certainly not. The spirit of Socials, enjoyment and merry making we do not propose to 'kill.' It can find its vent in the 'class gatherings', group picnics or hiking trips etc., all of which being managed on a small scale, can be celebrated in proper and dignified social 'spirit'. We are violently in favour of such activities. This year we appreciated very much the Social Gatherings of the Inter Arts 'B' division, History and Economics group, Philosophy Association, World History group etc.—where there was only *one* voice *one* spirit and *all* enjoyment of *all*. The authorities would be proud to encourage such types of functions for they ensure the social harmony and dignity of the College. We conclude with a sanguine hope, that the mass Socials will be replaced by the class or group ones, in the times to come.

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### **An Earnest Appeal :**

We feel like making an appeal to our students, like our predecessor, that when they pass their respective examinations, they should kindly present their books to our College Library for the use of the succeeding batches. We would particularly welcome, such books of a permanent nature as those in Logic, World History, Geography, Mathematics, Civics, Physics, Chemistry etc. More often than not, such books are either given to their friends or they are lying idle at home. If such books are presen-

ted to the Study Room they would be made use of to the utmost by all. They would also satisfy the urgent needs of the poor students who form a bulk of our College.

We feel certain that our devoted students would respond to our appeal. Donations in the form of books will be accepted with thanks, by our Library.

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### Visitors to the College :

Many distinguished persons paid a visit to our College. The Rt. Hon. Dr. B. R. Ambedkar showed much interest in our Library and also in our Mimamsa Vidyalaya. Prof. Ranganathan, of the Madras University Library, gave us a delightful talk on Library facilities in the East and West. Seth Ramniwas Ramanarain Ruia and Seth Ramdas Anandilal Podar—the Vice-presidents of the S. P. Mandali—were taken round the premises of our College by Principal R. D. Karmarkar during their brief and first visit to our College since their associations with the Mandali. We are grateful to all our guests for having expressed satisfaction for the smooth work and progress of our College.

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### Never More Will Be :

We are sorry to record the sad death of Sir Prafulla Chandra Ray at the ripe age of 83. His death removes from our country one of the illustrious sons of India. He was a celebrated scientist and a pioneer of chemical industry in India. His monumental work is to be found in the present Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works. He was an educationist of the first order, a social reformer, a philanthropist and a patriot. Many educational institutions in Bengal and poor students, owed their existence to his munificence and charities. We conclude in the words of Mahatmaji that "His spartan simplicity was a pattern for all but more especially for the student world." His revered memory will, no doubt, *immortalize the mortal* Sir. May the departed soul rest in peace!

Coming nearer home, we are much pained to note the sad demise of Mr. 'Hirakaka' Gandhi of Sholapur—one of our patrons and donors. Our H. D. High School at Sholapur is a monument of his generous donation of Rs. 27000. He had great love for education and took active interest in the progress of the S. P. Mandali. His departure is a great loss to our Mandali and in particular to H. D. High School. May his soul rest in quietude.

Death laid its icy hand on one of our devoted lady students, Miss Kusum Wagh and took one more toll in her. Her friends and parents mourn over her loss, at a premature age. To perpetuate her memory, her loving father donated to the College a small sum of Rs. 135 to be given to a poor and deserving lady student for her College fees; and also a sum of Rs. 25 as a prize to a Lady student standing first in Marathi voluntary. We offer our hearty condolences to the bereaved family and pray for tranquility of the quitted soul in its *unknown region that crosses the Bar*.

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**Old Boy's Corner**

We congratulate Mr. G. K. Kulkarni on his being appointed as one of the popular ministers in the executive Council of the Sangli State. We record this fact with pleasure as he is one of our devoted past students. We wish him all success and hope he will ably serve the Prince and the people whose confidence he commands.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. D. P. Joshi and Dr. M. N. Natu—our past *alumni*, on their having successfully completed 25 years' social service in the Boy-scout movement in Maharashtra. We wish them a long life and success in their 'Mission'

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**Prizes to Contributors :**

Three prizes of Rs. 5/- each were awarded to the following students for their best articles in this *issue* :—(1) Miss Sushi Patel ( F. Y. Sc. ) (2) Mr. L. N. Gokhale, ( Sr. B. A. ) and (3) Mr. Ugale, ( F. Y. Arts ).

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**Thanks :**

We thank all the members of the Editorial Committee and our colleagues without whose co-operation, help and guidance this *number* would not have seen the light of the day.

15-2-45



**“DEATH OF A HERO”**

By—K. R. SHIRWADKAR, (INTER. ARTS 'A').

Sleeps he here ! be silent comrades,  
 Who fought on this field and was killed ;  
 Who tried not for triumphs, nor heroic deed,  
 Nor was a warrior, had no ambition indeed !  
 Greatness and glory he denied through his life,  
 Obscurity preferred and rejected the light.  
 But when Humanity was stabbed, rushed from the dark,  
 When truth was suppressed took a desperate dart.  
 Sweet infants he left ; his darling with tears,  
 His family frustrated ; faded were the flowers.  
 Like an insulted lion he fought in the field ;  
 Like a desperate tiger—never to yield.  
 Well did his duty whilst bleeding was the breast ;  
 Ceased not his sword till Death gave him rest.  
 Unseen and unsung sleeps he here,  
 Though no man or woman will stop and wait.  
 “The sparrow has fell—” our history may gibe  
 But “Death of the hero,” let me describe.



**Publications of the Members of Staff :**

Prof. N. A. Gore has edited the following books :—(1) '*Rjulaghvi of Pūrṇasarasvatī*', (Poona Oriental Series no. 83) published by Oriental Book Agency, Poona 1943. (2) '*Āryāśataka of Appaya Dikṣita*'—with an Introduction, a Sanskrit com. of Dr. V. Raghavan and an Index, published by Prof. N. A. Gore, Poona, 1944. (3) '*Svapnavāsavadatta of Bhāsa*', published by Good Companions, Baroda, 1944. He has also written the following papers :—(1) '*One of the oldest Mss. of the Padyāvali of Rūpagosvāmin*', published in *Prācyavānī*, Vol I no. 2. Calcutta, April, 1944. (2) '*On the Āryāśataka of Appaya Dikṣita*', published in the '*Poona Orientalist*' Vol. VIII nos. 3 and 4, Poona, 1943. (3) '*The author in India*', published in '*The Indian P. E. N.*' December 1944.

Dr. Miss Paranjpe, Dr. Phalnikar, Prof. Bhide and Prof. K. S. Nargund have jointly published the following papers :—(1) '*Synthesis of Cantharidine and Desoxy-cantharidine*', published in the '*proceedings of the Indian Academy of Sciences*, 1944, 19, 385. (2) '*Synthesis of Compounds related to Santonin*', published in the '*proceedings of the Indian Academy of Sciences*, 1944, 19, 381. (3) '*Synthesis of Lactone of 3 methoxy-2 Hydroxy cyclohexyl acetic acid*' published in the '*Journal of the University of Bombay*' XIII, Part 3, 1944. (4) '*In vitro observation on the anthelmintic acid of some synthetic Lactone and Compounds allied to santonin*'—published in the '*Journal of the Indian Medical Association*' January 1945, XIV 65. (5) Dr. Phalnikar and Prof. Bhide have published a paper in '*Heat Polymerization of oils*' in the '*Journal of Indian Chemical Society*', 21, 313, 1944. (6) And lastly, Dr. Phalnikar and M. M. Shah have published an article, '*Synthetic Anthelmintics Part X Synthesis of Lactones analogous to Angelica Lactones*' in the '*Journal of the University of Bombay*' XIII, Part 3, 20, 1944. A new plant larvicide from Akalkara to be used in Malaria control has been patented by Prof. Bhide, Dr. Pendse and Dr. Gokhale. Dr. N. L. Phalnikar was elected an Associate of the Royal Institute of Chemistry, England.

**OUR EXAMINATION RESULTS**

	Number appeared	First class	Second class	Pass class	Total
M. A. ... ..	15	1	3	8	13
M. Sc. ... ..	3	...	1	1	2
B. A. ... ..	124	5	25	77	107
B. Sc. (Principal) ... ..	90	10	43	30	83
B. Sc. (Subsidiary) ... ..	125	...	...	102	102
Inter Arts ... ..	268	...	26	113	139
Inter Science ... ..	179	3	19	58	80
F. Y. Arts ... ..	228	10	63	133	206
F. Y. Science ... ..	221	23	42	92	157

## THE CONCEPTION OF DHARMA

By—Prof. A. G. JAVADEKAR, M. A.

The human mind has conceived nothing more comprehensive as well as subtle than what this monosyllabic word dharma stands for. It is the object of this essay briefly to elucidate the conception of dharma.

Dharma is derived from dhri which variously means to hold, to sustain, to exist, to preserve, to support, to restrain, to assign and to owe. All these meanings are germane for the conception of dharma. Dharma is that which helps to hold or preserve the whole creation, including humanity. It is that which makes the very existence possible. It is that which sustains and supports by restraining and assigning some laws. All that is owes its existence to it. And in order to be, everything is under the obligation of dharma.

But what it is to be or to exist? What constitutes existence? There is no meaning in mere being as such. To be is to be active. That really is which does; and it does what it is capable of, and is meant for. That truly exists which is capable of growth, and does actually grow. To be, then, is to do, to grow, to evolve according to the law of one's own nature. Dharma, construed in this light, means so to exist as would bring forth the latent potentialities of anything according to the law of its own nature. Any thing or any action that inhibits this process of evolution is contrary to dharma.

But what is the nature of anything? The nature of a thing is revealed in what a thing is capable of becoming. A thing cannot become anything if it was not in its nature to become that. It cannot evolve in the absence of that quality in its constitution. There is not a single thing in this manifest universe which is too poor to grow even in a meagre manner.

Whatever view we may accept of the evolution of the astronomical universe, there is no doubt that it has its own laws of development. An absolutely static existence is surely inconceivable. Mountains appear to be static. But evidently the whole physical Nature, apart from its imperceptible yet certain changes, grows at least in time. It becomes aged, with the consequence that a present moment is a resumé of the infinite past. None can question the growth of vegetable kingdom. So too the evolution of animal species has become an old story.

When we come to the nature of human existence, the idea of evolution is far more significant. Being on the highest rung of the ladder of evolution, his nature has become very complex. On the plane of body he is identical with the whole of physical existence. On the plane of life, he is identical with the whole of biological existence. On the plane of mind, he is identical with the whole of humanity. On the plane of spirit, he is truly himself, and is thus identical with the whole of Reality. These planes are such that the higher

includes the lower. The lower plane is also a means to the higher. Biological existence is not possible without the physical, mental without the biological, and spiritual without the mental. For man, then, to be truly himself is to be spiritual over and above the lower levels.

Such an existence is the privilege of man, not only because he stands highest, but specially because he is conscious of what he is. And "man partly is and wholly hopes to be." That is, he is what he is capable of becoming. What he hopes to be, looks after and pines for is an index to his real nature. With consciousness comes an obligation, the conception of which is not possible on the lower levels. He may be the resume' of the past, but unlike animals and the merely corporeal, he is conscious of this present as well as the future that infinitely stretches before him and is rooted within him.

Now being conscious of himself with his infinite potentialities, he is to act in such a manner as befits his total self including the four-fold aspects. So to act is to follow dharma, not otherwise. He must make a study of this four-fold self with a view to employ his knowledge for the sake of his spiritual development in which consists the significance of his true self. He must understand the laws sustaining the physical nature which is the lowest aspect of his total self. These laws are revealed in Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Agriculture, Meteorology, Engineering, Medicine etc. He must understand the laws sustaining the biological existence which is the second aspect of his total self. These laws are revealed in Physiology, Hygiene, Genetics, Embryology, Eugenics, Neurology, Botany, Zoology, Anthropology, Dietetics etc. He must understand the laws sustaining the mental existence which forms the third aspect of his total self. These laws are revealed in Psychology, Sociology, Politics, Economics, History, Education, Logic, Ethics, Aesthetics etc. Finally he must understand the laws of spiritual existence which forms the highest aspect of his total self, and with which he is truly identical. These laws are revealed in theology, mysticism, yogic psychology, etc.

It is obvious that every individual cannot become conversant with the details of all these sciences. But it is incumbent upon man's nature that he must so live as to make a conscious progress in the direction of the realisation of his spiritual self through the knowledge of his total self. For this he may not know the details of these sciences. He is directly concerned with the final results of these sciences at a given time. These enter into his whole life. It is for philosophy to systematise the final findings of these sciences with a view that these may be put to use by each individual for the sake of progress. Philosophy, in short, is wisdom of the world. Dharma is, then, a wisdom put to action. Man should so act as to be consistent with the injunctions of philosophy. In line with physical injunctions one should endeavour to become physically perfect. But mere physical perfection or efficiency makes man a machine. And yet one who is not even physically efficient, one who lingers and idles, is as good as a stone. A stone, no doubt, grows, but only in time; and likewise a man grows temporally aged, remains temporarily so and at last, unlike the stone, dies. In line with biological injunctions one should endeavour to become biologically perfect i. e. full of life.

vigour and strength. He should take scientific exercise, scientific food and prevent himself from diseases. One who does not take exercise, control his palate, abstain from keeping late hours and degenerating habits is acting inconsistently to dharma. But here too mere physiological and hygienic perfection would make man an animal like a lion or an elephant at the best. One, who is not even physiologically perfect, is no better than an amoeba if not a pig or a sheep. In line with psychological injunctions one should endeavour along with the whole humanity to become humanly, i. e. socially and morally perfect. He should try to achieve economic and political order which would enable him and the whole society, to progress peacefully in the direction of higher values of rational existence viz. Truth, Beauty and Good. That social life of man which hinders all such progress is inconsistent with dharma. But even here mere social or moral perfection would produce at the best a Socrates, a Newton or a Milton. One who is not even humanly perfect is at the best an economic or a political animal, but an animal after all. He is a human biped with one foot balanced in the animal pan, and does not totally fall down only because his another foot is in the rational pan compensating that fall. Man is what he is capable of becoming. He can become more than man, superman, God. Man is not truly himself so long as he fails to become superman. This is the province of what is ordinarily called religion. Here man attempts to take an immediate and immense leap into the infinite and spiritual ocean of peace and bliss, and so to become identical with the Ultimate Reality or Brahman.

In brief, to act up to dharma is to act up to the laws of physical efficiency which is a means to physiological perfection, which, on its part, is made a means to moral perfection, which again, in its turn, is but a means to spiritual perfection. Dharma is thus, far more comprehensive than religion. Dharma is at once an individual and universal matter, religion is a part of dharma in its individual and spiritual aspect. Dharma, again, is wider than morality, in that the former is universal and individual while the latter is essentially social. Dharma is more comprehensive than even the metaphysics of Brahman or the Ultimate Reality; for while the latter deals with absolute reality only, the former wants it as an ideal to be spiritually realised by means of the laws of apparent phenomenal existence. In such a comprehensiveness is the index of its subtlety. No human action bodily, verbal or mental - however subtle in itself is free from the implication of dharma. In fact, man would be preserved *if* he preserves dharma.

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## ON POSTMAN

By—MISS SUSHI PATEL, (F. Y. SCIENCE.)

Next to getting letters yourself, nothing could be funnier than to bring letters to others. That is the Postman's office and his privilege. Tired with the sad task of reading interminable books, my heart goes out to him in a long-



ing for mild adventure, as scarlet-turbaned and with stick in hand he passes before my door on his daily rounds through the winding streets of the city. If I were to start life on my own, I feel I could begin as a postman and keep one a long time.

For look at it—he comes like the messenger of Fate delivering joy and pain, good news and bad with a calm serenity. Nothing is too great or too small for him. With a perfect unconcern he will deliver to you the 'notice' of a desperate creditor, the invitation to a marriage feast or the grateful acknowledgment of a trifling present. You are expecting a money-order, you predict that you would get it at ten o'clock and at the hour there appears the brown uniform and the red turban and the good old pen sticking out over the right ear—rusty and ink-stained. You feel a sense of personal gratitude. Are you expecting a love letter? There he is again—Cupid's messenger, O, sweet messenger of love, kindest of men on earth! Perhaps there is no statistics of the ages which postman attains, but if blessings could prolong a man's life, surely the blessings of separated lovers whom a post-man reunites in a bond of letters, must ensure him a long lease. How soon he knows about it all! The address written in a suspiciously feminine hand and the same hand repeated in your letters with a definite regularity, and he can put two and two together. He does not need to notice the suppressed excitement of your face as one day he chances to give you the letter personally. He knows about it, knows that you are in love, and thanks to the post-mark that your beloved lies at Bombay and concludes that the letter has led you to a paradise of bliss.

For these and many such things in your life there are clues for him to 'infer from, so that however coy or secretive you appear to others, there is at least one mysterious being who knows a good few things about you. And not about you only, he knows about me too, and about a dozen others who live within his beat. This is the 'romance' of his life.

Now there are two ways of delivering letters; the old and the picturesque one, generally practised in India when the post-man comes and gives a call and delivers the letter personally and the modern, the prosaic and the unobtrusive way in which you either cut a hole in your door, for letters to be dropped in, or hang a miniature pillar box in the entrance to serve as a receptacle for your correspondence. In the latter case the human touch is lost. This is the accepted method in Europe. The postmen of the West, therefore are less romantic.

Apart from this exceptional situation all else is full of fun and adventure. The post-man gets up early in the morning, puts on his uniform, trusses his puttees like a Field-Marshal, slings the bag across his shoulder, saunters out to the city post office to equip himself with a rich harvest of letters and parcels and then starts on his regular mission of delivering messages. And in this way until mid-day, when his leather case gets empty, now to be employed for purposes for which it was never intended. He goes to the market and stuffs it with fresh garlic to season his meals and a few guava for his children's delight. This would conclude the day's work unless a spot more

was to be done in the afternoon. In the evening he comes out in civilian clothes and I have never seen a more damaging change in my life. This imposing and be-putted man of morning, who could almost be said to have worn the livery of Fate, now appears lean and shrunken, a mere shadow of his former self. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that the next morning will restore him to his glory again.

This together with gratuities on festive occasions from those he has so imperatively served roughly represents the life of a postman in the city.

All this is very romantic and perfectly true; only, alas, it is not the whole truth. It does not say, for instance, what the post man himself thinks of the job as he comes back home at mid-day having weathered the dusty and searching winds of June, and terrific downpour of July in places like Bombay.

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## FROM GUNS TO PLOUGHSHARES

BY—HINDUMAL SHAH, (Sr. B. A.)

War economy does not silently make way for the peace pattern. The transition will be a painful and long drawn-out process. It is not simply a matter of turning the makers and users of guns into producers of food and ploughshares. The entire machinery, now used for producing war materials, will have to be switched on to the manufacture of goods for civilian needs. There will also be the problem of demobilization of the personnel engaged in military and civilian war work and of capital equipment. The transitional period will also raise the possibility of cyclical fluctuations of price and productive capacity. At the termination of hostilities the inflationary forces that are kept in check during the war will result in a price boom. Several countries, will find themselves crippled in respect of capital and raw material and the process of re-equipment and rehabilitation will take a considerable time. On the other hand the war savings will be largely converted into current income, the deferred pay and the demobilization bonuses would also help in swelling the purchasing power of a majority of the people. This will result in the rush of a demand on the part of the people for instrumental goods of all kinds, for repair and renewal of machinery and for reconstruction of buildings. The supply of these goods however will not be sufficient to cope up with the heavy rush in demand. In the consumption trades also, people will try to regain their pre-war level of real consumption. The eagerness of the dealers to build up peace-time norm of the stock of goods will further increase the demand. Here also the supplies in consumption goods would fall short of the heavy demand. The result of all this would be a jumping up of price levels above their war time ceiling.

Boom conditions will thus begin to set in both the consumption and instrumental trades. Once allowed, they will feed on each other until at last they will envelop the entire economy. If inflation takes place, the

consequential danger of a price collapse and depression would have to be reckoned with. The experience of the last post-war period amply bears out this possibility. The foregoing problem would raise the issue regarding decontrol. It will be necessary to retain some of the economic controls in the transition period for it is justly feared that immediate decontrol will fan the inflationary potentialities and render the consequential collapse inevitable.

The character of the transition period in India is likely to be radically different from that of the industrial countries of the West. In India though there will be an enormous backlog of demand at the end of war, it is very unlikely to be backed up by an adequate purchasing power. The large majority of subsistence farmers along with the agricultural labourers gained almost nothing from the inflationary rise in prices. The same can be said of industrial labour. Even the inflationary profits that a small class will accrue are not likely to be piled up because of the lack of strict economic controls, the proverbial habits of improvident spending of our peasants. The large funds locked up in precious metals will lose much of their value with the almost certain crash in the prices of gold and silver at the end of the war. The traders and speculators, though they will be in a position to satisfy their pent up demands, have not any such demand. There are rigid limitations upon the 'effectiveness' of the pent-up demand of the industrialists as the volume of foreign exchange (necessary for buying instrumental goods) arising out of current trade will be only small. Coming to the character of the Indian money market, its prospect also is one of continued depression. Again the demand for Indian raw materials is not likely to be heavy for a long time after the war ends.

In these circumstances the prospect of a fall in the prices of agricultural goods and the consequent fall in the incomes of the peasants can now be taken as fairly established. The result will be a slackening of demand for industrial goods which, if allowed to develop, will mean a severe depression. The state of the rupee sterling exchange is likely to aggravate this tendency towards a depression. The development is likely to be strengthened and accentuated by the emergence of depressed areas, a result of the termination of war contracts and the closing down of a large number of Government factories and by the demobilization of the enormously expanded Indian army.

To avoid this undesirable development the policy of the transition period must aim at achieving a 'Synchronization of the unwinding of our war economy and the unfolding of the Government's plan for expenditure.' Agricultural prices shall have to be stabilized to prevent a collapse with the aid of existing controls. The present control measures must be continued even after the war. The monetary policy, to be adopted must be one of controlled deflation and the fiscal policy one of high taxation and active borrowing. The present level of economic activity must be maintained with a gradually decreasing scale of state expenditure. The problem will be one of division and of the sealing down of cost structure and the immediate policy, before the war ends, shall have to be one of avoiding inflation and of the tightening and integrating of all economic controls. A revision

of the economic system to peace time requirements will 'entail friction, loss of time and loss of income.' Suitable jobs must be found for all the demobilized men at the end of the war. A highly organised system of unemployment Insurance (as the one recently advocated by Prof. B. P. Adarkar) will have to be instituted to safeguard the interests of the disengaged and underengaged war earners. It must be stressed that no state will succeed in finding solutions by purely independent actions. The concerted actions of all the powers—big and small are necessary for an all-out recovery from the ravages of war. Until the sword of Damocles hangs over the nations of the world, we cannot hope for more than brief periods of prosperity.

But any amount of preparation for peace is bound to be futile unless we know the *nature* of the peace we are going to face. Recent events—if they are any indication of these to come—have left us disappointed and disillusioned. Bretonwoods has not even given us cold comfort. The sterling assets—the fruits we have amassed after terrible suffering, starvation, and death—have only a remote prospect of attaining multilateral convertibility in the near future. The cardinal problem will be to see that the vested interests do not have their way. They are casting their nets wide, starting new companies, covering a wide range of different lines and learning to master the technique of manufacturing everything—including public opinion through syndicated process. Outlook of this country is dark owing to the insecurity of our political feature. Our position is less hopeful but we are, to use Wilkie's phrase, living in our world and it is possible that even in this country the transition of war to peace may bring us into line with march of events all over the world i. e., it may become a creative phase in our economic life and release forces which will in earnest aim at raising the standard of living of our people in the real sense, their standard of life.

## TWO DREAMS

By SHARADKUMAR, R. DUNAKHE (INTER. ARTS A).

"Dream by dream shot through her eyes and each  
Out shone the last that lightened."

How very unexpectedly was I going to experience the truth lying in those marvellous lines of Swinburne, as I leisurely drank in to my heart's content, the beauty of the evening scenery in some distant village in Konkan. The huge mass of water that lay stretched before me presented a scene of unique grandeur and sublimity. The hills that surrounded me gloried with a warm violet tint as through fairies were lighting tiny bonfires on their summits. The tiny waves of the sea gently touched my feet as if they thought me some holy saint. Even the trees seemed to have lost themselves in the sublime art of nature—so very quiet they stood. Here and there the figure of some man would be seen against the background of the towering blue, thus enlivening the picture of nature. The whole scene might well have passed as the much-sought-after-dream of some imaginative poet. And there I sat, a solitary observer, a statue, nay—a part of the very picture.

And then suddenly the calmness of the whole place was broken by a voice that rippled on in a stream of melody. The wind abruptly stood still and the churping birds lowered their twitterings. I looked here and there, but, to my utter amazement, the unknown vocalist was nowhere to be seen. What was this then? Was it some kind of witchery? The link of my thoughts was suddenly broken as once more the hidden magician of music charmed the whole atmosphere with those sweet and enchanting notes, as if to break the earthly bonds of my soul and to lift it up to some unknown



ethereal region. The song ended. It was immediately followed by a silverly laugh—all innocent and child-like. It certainly was the laugh of the unknown singer at my bewilderment. The whole mystic atmosphere became unbearable for me. And then once again I received a pleasant shock. For, rising on the surface of the sea, was a beautiful fairy without stretched wings, on whose lips there played a mischievous smile. The very next instant and she was up in the air, driving her way towards me. The unexpectedness of the whole situation had considerably bewildered me and the approach of a fairy towards me stocked me to death. The fairy seemed to enjoy my agitation for alighting with a princely gait before me, she spoke in a musical voice.

“O mortal being, I intend to show you today my little kingdom. Are you willing to accompany me?”

She waited not for my assent, and took my silence as the very positive answer of her question. Immediately I know not how, I was lightly lifted up in the air by some invisible force. With the fairy queen guiding me I followed her through the air, and through the sea, to the little kingdom of hers of which she was the supreme ruler.

Once at the bottom of the sea, we halted for a while. A little later we started on our delightful journey. All the roads were constructed of precious gems and the houses were carved out of big shells. The fairy-queen walked by my side and enthusiastically introduced me to every nook and corner of her little capital. Wherever I glanced, I saw nothing but sunshine and laughter. Not a single soul did I see that displayed on its countenance, anxious thoughts or sorrowful ideas. Automatically I could not but think of the huge world of mine, where laughing is regarded as a great sin. My thoughts might have indirectly found their reflection on my face, for turning to me, she spoke in that same musical voice of hers—

“I know what you are thinking now. You are, I am pretty certain, surprised to see my subjects in such a jovial state of mood. But listen to me, O mortal being, laughing is an essential factor in our lives. Teach thy brethren how to laugh and then their foes will take to their heels!

I simply stared at her! I could not believe that a beautiful form like hers should also be capable of housing such brilliant thoughts in her head. But I was to see many more, during the little time that I was destined to spend with her.

Her palace was constructed of a huge sapphire and even though it was now night-time, it needed no lamps. Once outside the palace and it appeared a huge pyramid of fire, simply to be appreciated with astonishing eyes. What astonished me more, was the lack of servants which this royal palace experienced. Not a single soul could be found washing the dishes or dusting the furniture. The queen herself attended to all my needs. She seemed to understand my surprising glances in every direction, because, once more, she said to me.

“I know that you are searching for servants. But servants are there in thy kingdom, where envy, jealousy, disease and fear reign. My kingdom needs no servants. Everybody is his own servant and everybody is his own master.”

What a noble piece of advice, I then received!

She then took me to their temple where they believed that a sinful person could never force an entrance. My heart throbbed rapidly with some unknown fear. I shrunk back. But then the queen was accompanying me and it would have been looked a bit awkward, if I, her honoured guest, had asked her to drop the idea. With a weighty mind I accompanied her. No sooner did I enter in the temple of their Divine One than a miracle happened,

Some invisible force seemed to pull me back and a kind of mist danced before my eyes. I lost my senses. Everything became dark and fierce in nature.

And there I was, lying half-awake on my own bed, with 'Thelma' lying near by. Neither had I been in Konkan nor had I been in the beautiful kingdom of the fairies. Both were pleasant dreams. I laughed, took once more that great Romance—'Thelma'—and again read those two lines.

"Dream by dream shot through her eyes and each  
Outshone the last that lightened."

## GYMKHANA NOTES

The G. M. C. consisted of the following members, representing the departments shown against their names:—(1) Prof. D. B. Deodhar (Chairman), (2) Mr. H. K. Paranjape (General Secretary), (3) Mr. M. G. Datar (Cricket), (4) Mr. V. K. Page (Indian Games), (5) Mr. Rege (Ball Games), (6) Mr. S. G. Shinde (Hockey), (7) Mr. V. G. Pundalik (Debating Union), (8) Mr. A. G. Athalye (L. T. M. Library), (9) Mr. P. N. Gadre (Students' Library), (10) Mr. D. N. Godse (Minor Games), (11) Miss Yamu Chitale (Ladies Department). The following is the brief report of the working of the various departments:—

**1 Cricket:**—In the Northcote Shield matches we won the first round against the Engineering College but lost the semi-final to the N. W. College, after a tense fight. Three of our players Mr. Shinde, Mr. Chandorkar and Mr. Rege had the honour to represent the Maharashtra side in the Ranji Trophy matches. Messrs Rege and Shinde deserve special mention for their splendid achievements there.

**2 Indian Games:**—Mr. Brahme deserves a special mention, as he outdid his last year's achievement and broke the Poona I. C. record for high jump by registering to his credit 5' 7". Messrs Deshpande, Kolhatkar and Shinde are to be congratulated for their success in wrestling, and Mr. Pendharkar for his polevault. Mr. V. V. Deshpande won the individual championship in the College sports and Mr. A. G. Vartak stood runner-up.

**3 Ball Games:**—Our basket-ball team gave a very good account of itself though it lost the match with the Fergusson College after a tense fight. The Volley-ball championship has been, as it were, monopolised by our College. We won it this year also.

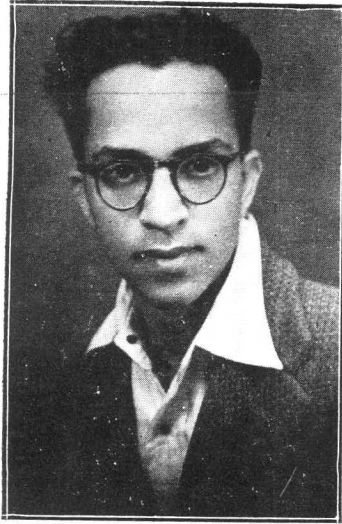
**4 Hockey:**—The department worked well throughout the year.

**5 Debating Union:**—This year, the Union worked quite well. Many discussions and debates were arranged, the most notable being:—(i) 'Scientific and Technical Education is the need of the hour.' (ii) पाकिस्तान and (iii) मुंबईवाद्. Thanks are due to Mr. S. L. Karandikar, Prof. Ranganathan, Dr. P. G. Sahasrabudhe and Mr. Gopinath Talavalkar for their valuable lectures. Two of our students—Messrs Pundalik and Pai—were sent for the Inter-University Debating Competitions held at Delhi.

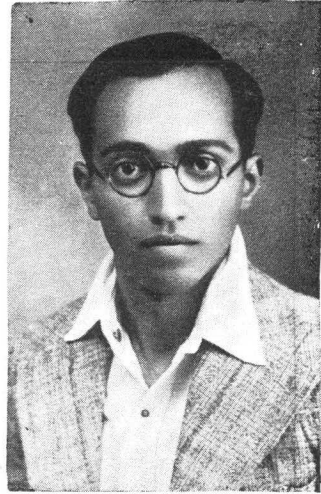
**6 L. T. M. and Students' Library:**—The 'Tilak Day' was celebrated, as usual, on the 1st of August. The speciality of the function lay in our distinguished guest, Dr. Shyamaprasad Mukerjee, who gave a thoughtful and brilliant address. Many valuable additions were made to both the libraries. Books were issued even on Sundays and in Diwali and Christmas holidays.

**7 Minor Games:**—The department worked right from the beginning of the year. Messrs Kanetkar, A. G. Vartak and Purandare deserve congratulations for their success in Inter-Collegiate Boxing. Many students and members of staff participated in the Badminton tournaments of the College.

**8 Ladies' Department:**—The department has to be specially congratulated, as they have won great honours in the Inter-Collegiate sports. The



**S. Y. Limaye, (M. A.)**  
Sir Lawrence Jenkins Scholarship  
at the M. A. 1944.



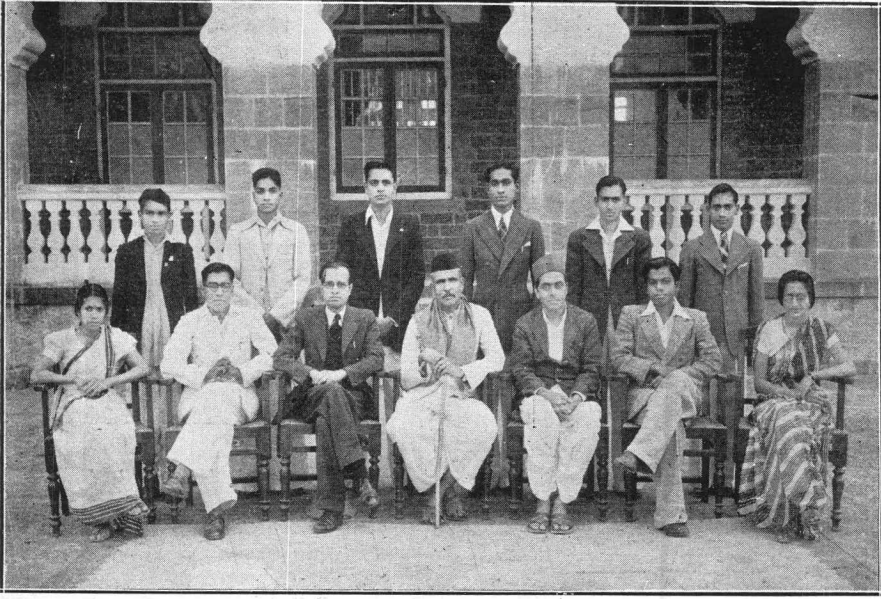
**P. V. Patel, B. A. (Hons.)**  
Khan Bahadur F. M. Dastur Prize.

**Miss Shakuntala Patwardhan**  
Individual Champion



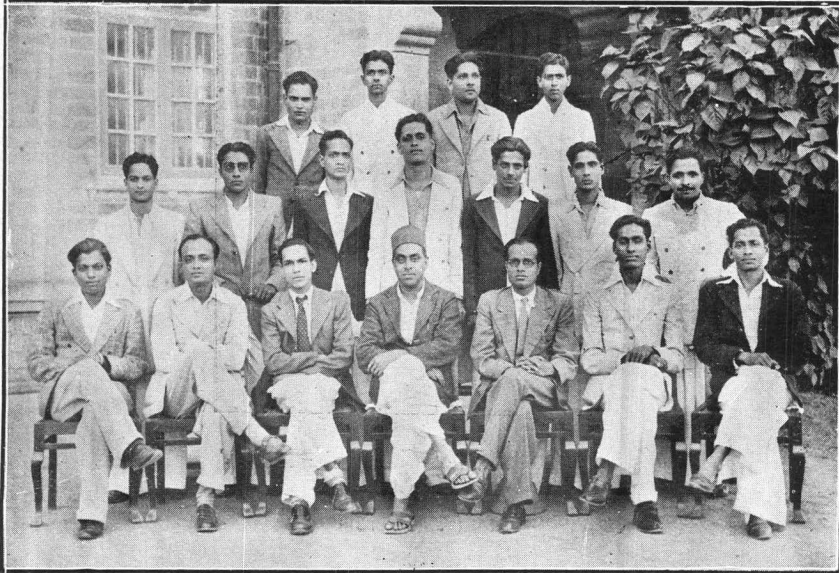
*Poona Inter-Collegiate-Ladies'*  
*Sports*  
( 1944-45 )

Gathering Managing Committee.  
(1944-45)



*In Chairs* : Miss Shakuntala Patwardhan ; Mr. H. K. Paranjpe ; Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar (Chairman) ;  
Principal R. D. Karmarkar ; Vice-Principal J. N. Karve ; Mr. Pawaskar ; Miss S. Deshpande.  
*Standing* : Mr. Gadre ; Mr. Parande ; Mr. Datar ; Mr. Mane ; Mr. Mahajan ; Mr. Ghatpande.

—: 'वंदेभारतम्' मध्ये भूमिका करणारे विद्यार्थी :-



Ladies won the General Championship for the fourth successive year. Miss Shakuntala Patwardhan won the individual championship. We came with flying colours both in team-events and individual events. All our players deserve congratulations. Special mention may be made of Deodhar Sisters, Vimal Limaye, Malati Joshi, Madalasa Pathak and Leela Joshi.

Thanks are due to all the Professors who worked as consulting Professors to all the departments. I must also thank Mr. M. G. Phadke, Mr. Patankar, Mr. Mohoni and Mr. Marwadi for their help in coaching our students. I must thank my colleagues in the G. M. C. for their hearty cooperation.

H. K. Paranjape,  
G. S.

### **P. T. Department (Ladies).**

The Ladies 'P. T.' was as usual conducted by the 'Indira Sevika Pathak'. We started our work immediately after a short course for the Instructors in July. Two special batches 'St. John Ambulance Batch' and 'Scout Batch'—have been formed with a view to give intensive training to them. Lectures on 'First-Aid' were delivered by Dr. Potdar to both of these batches, while instructions in 'Band' were provided for the 'Scout Batch'. The girls are now enthusiastically participating in Inter-batch competitions.

Suman Abhyankar,  
P. T. Organiser.

### **P. T. Department.**

As usual, the department started its activities with the training of the Instructors in various games. There are in all 18 instructors, who are in charge of 19 batches, the Head-instructor being Mr. M. D. Gurjar. The notable feature during the second term was a Mass—Parade and a Guard of Honour arranged in honour of Prin. D. G. Karve, the Guest of Honour on the occasion of the 22nd Social Gathering of our College. Thanks are due to Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar, the Chairman of the G. M. C., for giving me an opportunity to arrange this demonstration. Inter-batch competitions are now in full swing and rolling trophies will be awarded to the efficient and successful batches. Certificates will be issued to the Efficient Instructors and the most regular students on the P. T. Day. Sincere thanks are due to Prof. D. B. Deodhar, Messrs. Gurjar, Jawadekar, Potdar and all other instructors for their cooperation and help in making the departmental work smooth and successful.

Fresh P. T. Instructors' Training Course for the year 1945-46 will be conducted in the month of June, the details of which may be had from the P. T. Office.

Z. P. Marwadi,  
P. T. Organizer.

### **History and Economics Association**

A number of important functions were held during the first term. The most notable among them were the opening address delivered by Rao Bahadur K. N. Dixit who spoke on 'Roots of our Ancient History,' an interesting talk by Prof. G. D. Parikh on "Why Socialism?" Prof. Vibhakar's lecture on 'The Problem of Modern Civilization' and last but in no way least, Prof. S. S. Marathe's lecture on 'Economics of Agriculture.' Brevity of space forbids us from mentioning the several papers read by our students. A special feature of this year was the unique co-operation between the S. P. and Fergusson History-Economics Associations. A series of lectures are being held under their joint auspices. On the 4th of September, we visited the Hadapsar Co-operative Society. It was really a day well-spent. Our annual trip to Lonavala was also a grand success.

We congratulate Mr. H. K. Paranjape, who for the first time in the history of our Association, obtained a First-class with Economics Honours at the B. A. examination. We sincerely thank the President and the Vice-President for their able guidance and our friends for their kind assistance on all occasions,

P. S. Walvekar  
N. R. Mane  
Tara Modak  
Hon. Secretaries.

### Our 22nd Social Gathering

I am very proud to record that we have carried out our Social most successfully.

The G. M. C. was formed rather late and so all the Gymkhana Secretaries were co-opted to work in the G. M. C. Due to war-time conditions and controls many usual items had to be dropped, except the dramatic performances. Two plays were enacted, "*Vande Bharatam*" by Gents and "*Graha-Daha*" by Ladies. They had to enact themselves in a very short time but still the performances were marvellous. Mr. Sharad Talwalkar as "KALYAN", and Mr. Baburao Tamhankar as "SOMESHWAR" highly distinguished themselves. Miss Shama Deodhar, Miss Vijaya Dhadaphale and the rest also spared no pains to make the Ladies' drama a success. Thanks are due to Mr. Joshi, Mr. K. Narayan Kale and Mrs. Sudhabai Apte for their kind help in coaching the students, and to Mr. Ganpatrao Godbole for his direction in music.

Variety entertainment was another important item, which consisted of excellent imitations, physical feats, Indian Dancing, etc. Special mention must be made of the orchestra, which provided good entertainment. Thanks are due to Mr. Shete who directed the orchestra.

Sports also were a major feature in the programme. The art gallery which was opened by our Honourable guest, contained a number of exhibits which came up to a very high standard. To add glory to our Social, we were very proud to have Principal D. G. Karve as our guest of honour.

I thank our Chairman Prof. Hulyalkar for his sincere help in all our work. I must also thank my colleagues in the G. M. C. and the members of the staff who have given me their kind help and guidance. All students also deserve thanks for co-operation.

S. P. Pawaskar,  
Hon. General Secretary.

### Philosophy Association

An unforgettable gusto characterised the activities of the Association. The inspiring inaugural address by Prin. S. V. Dandekar on 15th July 1944 was followed by a number of important functions with little breaks. In his lecture on 27th July 1944, Prof. P. B. Sathye expounded the great movement of '*Psycho-analysis*' in all its aspects; while the paper read by Mr. S. V. Kale touched the central problem in Philosophy — '*Sense vs. Reason*'. The most unique occasion, however, was the touching send-off to our retiring Professor, V. P. Patwardhan, on 27th August 1944, by past and present, members of the Association. Weather *not* permitting, we ventured a hiking trip to the Empress Gardens on 17th September 1944 and it met considerable success. '*Religion and Morality*' was subject of the Essay announced for the Salvekar Prize competition, the results of which are yet to be out.

We owe more than what can be expressed in words to our President Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar, for his kind help and guidance.

MANIK DADARKAR,  
Hon. Secretary.

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### JKD State Students' Association

The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. N. G. Damle of the Fergusson College, Poona. We had also the honour to have a lively discussion with Dr. Khair, the great educationist of Poona, on 'the Subjects Remotely Concerned with the Student-life'. Our heartiest thanks are due to the President and Vice-President for their valuable guidance and to the members of the Association for their active co-operation.

P. S. WALWEKAR (Sr. B. A.),  
G. T. TANPANI (Inter-Science),  
Hon. Secretaries

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### Shikshana Prasarak Mandali

(1) The Mandali has received Rs. 2000 (two thousand) from our Vice-President, Shet Ramnath Podar, Rs. 1000 (one thousand) for a prize in Science to the Nutan Marathi Vidyalaya High School student in the name of Prin. Dr. V. K. Bhagvat and Rs. 1000 (one thousand) for a bust of Mr. N. C. Kelkar, our Chairman. The Mandali is thankful to Podar Shetji for his generous donation.

(2) The General Body sanctioned the Managing Council's recommendation to extend the Managing Council by increasing the number of members by 3, one for Bombay, one for Sholapur and one more Life-Member. The elections took place in November 1943 and the new Council came into existence from 5-12-1943.

W. M. DABADGHAO,  
Secretary.

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### School of Radio-Physics and Electronics

From this year research work on "Atmospherics" is being carried out under the guidance of Dr. M. W. Chiplonkar, M. Sc., D. Sc. For Radio Servicing examination 25 students were sent up (six remained absent) and 15 passed. For the Junior year of the Advanced Radio Communication Course, 8 were sent up and 6 passed. For the Senior year of the Advanced Radio Communication Course, 7 were sent up and 6 passed (3 with II class and 1 with I class). For M. Sc. (Wireless) examination 5 were sent up (4 remained absent) and 1 passed.

Mr. N. Sreenivasan and Mr. S. V. Shelolikar two of our past students have passed the II Class WT Operators' Examination in Sept. 1944. Special mention must also be made here of Mr. V. S. Telang who passed the M. Sc. (Wireless) Examination in the coveted 1st Class with distinction.

Special feature of this year was the Exhibition of numerous Wireless Experiments and the Tea Party arranged on the 28th Dec. 1944, in honour of the delegates of the Joint Meeting of the two Science Academies of Bangalore and Allahabad, held at Poona during the last week of December 1944. It is enough to say here that all people immensely liked the Exhibition and highly appreciated the various demonstrations.

M. W. CHIPLONKAR,  
Superintendent.

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### Tilak College of Education

Once again the war affected our enrolment adversely and our number fell this year from 77 to 62. This necessitated a reduction in the staff, Professors Phatak and Walimbe reverting to the N. M. V. High School.

Of 62 students who appeared for both parts 53 passed in both and of 10 students who appeared for only one Part, 9 were successful. Mr. N. T. Vartak brought honour to the College by topping the list of candidates and securing distinction. Prof. B. V. Bapat, another of our brilliant students of the last year, is now a member of our staff.

We arranged a number of excursions and lectures by experts. Among the institutions visited, the Reay Industrial Museum, the M. E. Society's Montessori School, and the Yervada Industrial School deserve special mention. Messrs. K. N. Kale and T. P. Attarde and Professors Chiplunkar and Ranganathan delivered instructive lectures on 'Educational Films,' 'The Primary Act and its Working,' 'The Wireless Telegraphy,' and 'The Place of Libraries in Education,' respectively. Mr. J. P. Naik gave a series of lectures on 'The History of Primary Education' and a lecture on the 'Sargent Scheme.' The Annual Social Gathering held on the 23rd and 24th December 1944 was also a very successful function, though its festivities were marred by the regrettable absence of our Principal owing to illness, an absence which was very deeply felt.

M. S. Godbole,  
Principal.

### Ramnarain Ruia College, Matunga.

The strength of Ramnarain Ruia College increased by 350 this year, there being 1747 students on the College roll. The University examination results were highly satisfactory. Messrs. Patke and Jog snatched away the (a) N. C. Kelkar Prize-Vishnushastri Chiplunkar prize and (b) the Tarkhadkar Prize, at the M. A. and B. A. respectively. Messrs Gadgil, Gharpure and Araokar secured first-class in Sanskrit, Mathematics and Philosophy respectively. At the B. Sc., Mr. T. M. Vithalrao secured first class with distinction and Messrs. Kokradi and Shanbag stood in I Class. In the Inter-Collegiate sports, R.R.C. not only maintained the trophies it had won last year, but also won fresh laurels. The Badminton championships were easily retained by us. The Foot-ball XI came off with flying colours this time, bringing home the shield which had eluded us last year. In Mr. Y. B. Palwankar, R. R. C. has an addition to its sports-world of which it may well be proud. Mr. Palwankar established a new University Sports record by throwing the Javelin 163 feet. He represented the Bombay XI in the Ranji Trophy Tournaments, with 66 not out and two brilliant catches to his credit. Mr. Palwankar has been selected to represent the Bombay University in the Inter-University Cricket Matches.

A month before the beginning of this year, Dr. V. K. Bhagwat went on leave as he was invited to work as Indian member of No. 6 G. H. Q. Selection Board. During his absence till November 1944, Prof. S. V. Dandekar and Prof. B. B. Deshpande worked as Officiating Principal and Vice-Principal respectively. During this year Dr. Bhagwat was elected as the Dean of the Faculty of Technology and subsequently as a member of the Syndicate. Among visitors to this College, specially to be mentioned are men of eminence like Dr. Khansahib of N. W. F. Province and Prof. Ranganathan of the Madras University Library, who expressed full satisfaction with the efficient work being done by the Library Department of this college. Prof. N. R. Phatak was elected as the President of the Marathi Literary Conference held at Baroda in the second week of January 1945. The 8th year in

the history of Ramnarain Ruia College has thus been a year of all-round progress.

V. K. Bhatwat,  
Principal.

#### **R. A. Podar College of Commerce & Economics, Bombay.**

The total number of students in the college, this year, exceeds 1000. The results of the University Examination were satisfactory. Mr. G. R. Kulkarni obtained Sir J. Begbie scholarship at the Inter Commerce Examination. Principal L. N. Welingkar received his commission in the 1st Bombay Bn. U. O. T. C. (I. T. F.) while Professor N. D. Godbole was promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant. The Annual Camp was held at Marve near Malad. The College Platoon was one of the winners in the interior economy competition. L/cpl. P. N. Fernandes won the Boxing cup in Bantam weight. The Platoon Commander passed the Military Certificate A2 Examination and 8 cadets passed the AI examination.

The Friends of the Soviet Union held their exhibition in the College during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. N. C. Kelkar, Chairman, Managing Council, Shikshana Prasarak Mandali, was good enough to pay a visit to the College on 30th August 1944 and addressed the students. The Board of Life Members, S. P. Mandali, held their meeting in Bombay on 19th November 1944 and the Chairman, Secretary and several other Life Members visited the College. The Vice-Chancellor Sir (then Mr.) Bomanji J. Wadia visited the College on 19th December 1944. Among other distinguished guests who visited the College were Mr. W. Hussain, Deputy Governor, Reserve Bank of India, Principal D. G. Karve, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, Prof. G. C. Banarjee and Prof. Colaco.

L. N. Welingkar,  
Principal.

#### **Institute of Commerce**

The present strength of the Institute is 14 for the G. D. C. ( Government Diploma in Commerce ) course and 1 for the G. C. C. ( Government Commercial Certificate ) course.

Our Examination results during the last year were satisfactory. Special mention must be made of Miss Nalini Samarth, the first lady student, who secured the coveted Diploma, at the first attempt. Our congratulations to her.

Prof. G. M. Marathe, M. Com., F. R. G. S. ( London ) left the Mandali's entire services from 8-7-1944 to better his prospects. We regret very much for the departure of this sincere and efficient staff-member. We wish him success in his future career. We are pleased to announce that the Government of India Department of Labour has recognised our Institute as one of the 3 centres in Bombay Presidency, for training the Recruits under Technical Training Scheme for clerks posts. The centre started functioning regularly from 1-11-1944 both in the morning and in the evening i. e. 8-11 a. m. and 2-5 p. m. A new batch will be taken up for training from 1-3-1945 when the present batch will be tested by the Government Authorities concerned.

G. N. CHAPEKAR,  
Superintendent.

### N. M. V. High School, Poona

Our academic record during the year under review is highly satisfactory and holds a promise of a worthier future in days to come. Thirteen of our candidates at the Matriculation Examination have the 500-mark high-jump to their credit. We are happy to note the fourth successive victory of our Junior cricketers, led this year by that chip of the old block, the veteran cricketer's only son—Master Sharad Deodhar who thereby earned the distinction of leading the Poona Schools' combined XI against the Bombay Boys at Brabourne Stadium, where by scoring a fast and flawless century, he left no doubt in the minds of the press reporters that another Deodhar was in the making. We also won the Senior School League Matches of the Maharashtra Football Federation. In the drawing examination 101 candidates out of 142 passed the Elementary Examination and at the Intermediate 59 out of 98 were successful. Eight budding artists from our school distinguished themselves by winning prizes at the Inter-School Art Exhibition organised by the Maharashtra Chitrakala Mandal. In the Inter-School Elocution Competitions our boys bagged the Runner-up Trophy. Our boys are keen on competing at the open competitions for school boys and the editors of 'The Pranijag' and 'The Vidyan' (magazines run by boys) and Master Mahabal, who won the second prize in the 'Sakal Competition,' deserve special mention. Dr. Sahasrabudhe, one of our teachers, presided over the first Secondary Teachers, Conference, Poona, and his address was well received in the Marathi Press. Mr. Patil, who is not a mere Drawing Teacher but an Artist of a superior strain, had his pictures displayed at the various Art Exhibitions. In a Poona Exhibition under the auspices of the Bombay Art Society, he secured the first prize. His 'Label design' for the Art in Industry Exhibition was declared to be of the International Standard and is selected for display in England. We are sorry to note the sad demise of Mr. Dani, our senior clerk, whose devotion to duty endeared him to all with whom he came into contact. Our condolences to the bereaved family.

W. M. DABADGHAO,  
Superintendent.

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### U. O. T. C.

This year, the training programme was intensive and cadets were trained for war certificate 'A' and 'B' Examinations. The Annual training camp was held at Moshi from 22nd October to 5th November 1944. The Honorary Colonel of the Battalion, H. E. The Governor of Bombay visited the camp. In Bn. sports, our platoons distinguished themselves as the best boxing Coy; and we congratulate Sgt. Dubhashi, Cpls. Vartak, Kanetkar, Paranjpe and Cds. Purandare and Shinde in this respect. Cds. Chirate and Shinde did well in wrestling. In cross country, our platoons were qualified. Our Coy finished the special obstacle course in the shortest possible time.

#### Examination Results

**War Certificate 'B'**—Cdt. R. Q. M. S. V. B. Ukidwe Sgt. Dubhashi.

**War Certificate 'A' Part II**—Cds. Paranjpe, Vartak, Oke, Kanetkar, Chandorkar and L/cpl. Barve.

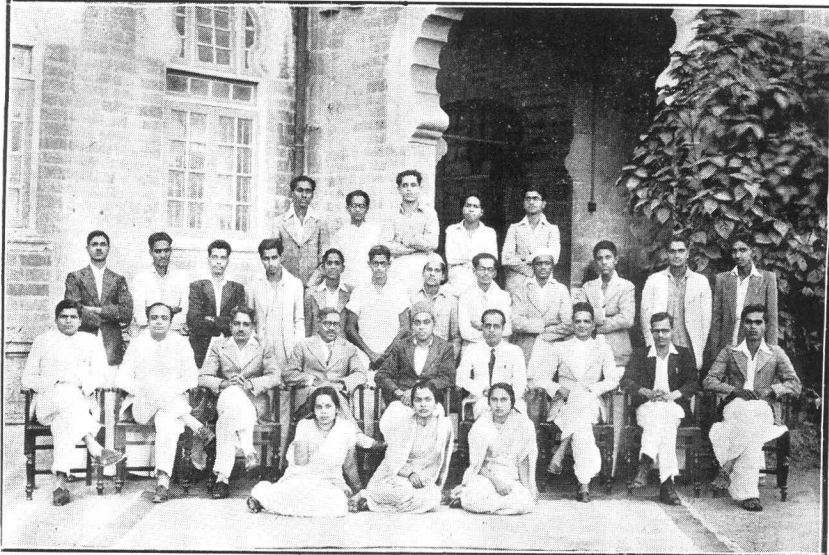
**War Certificate 'A' Part I**—Joshi S. G., Date B. M., Sathe V. B., Gokhale Y. S.

Our cadets who are attached to B Coy helped a great deal in snatching away Company and platoon efficiency trophies for 'B' Coy.

G. N. CHAPEKAR,  
Captain.

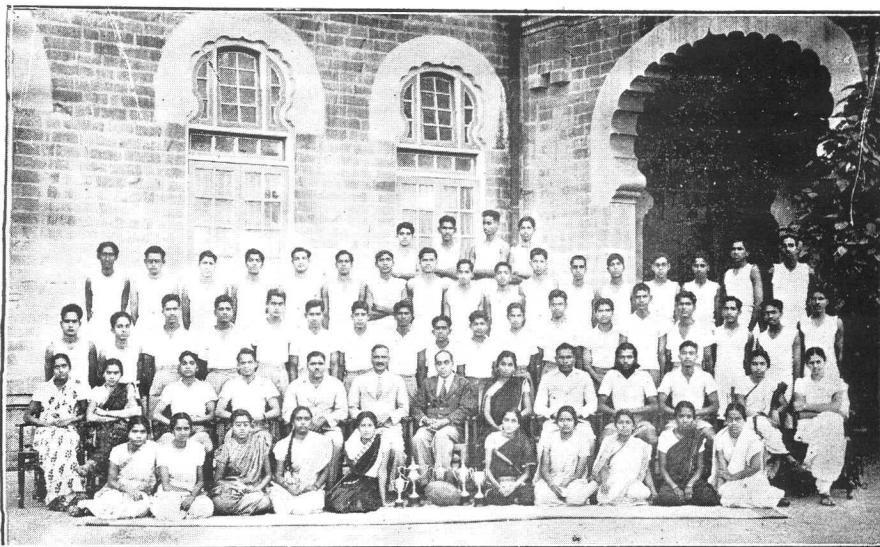
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Contributors to 'Parashuramian'  
(1944-45)

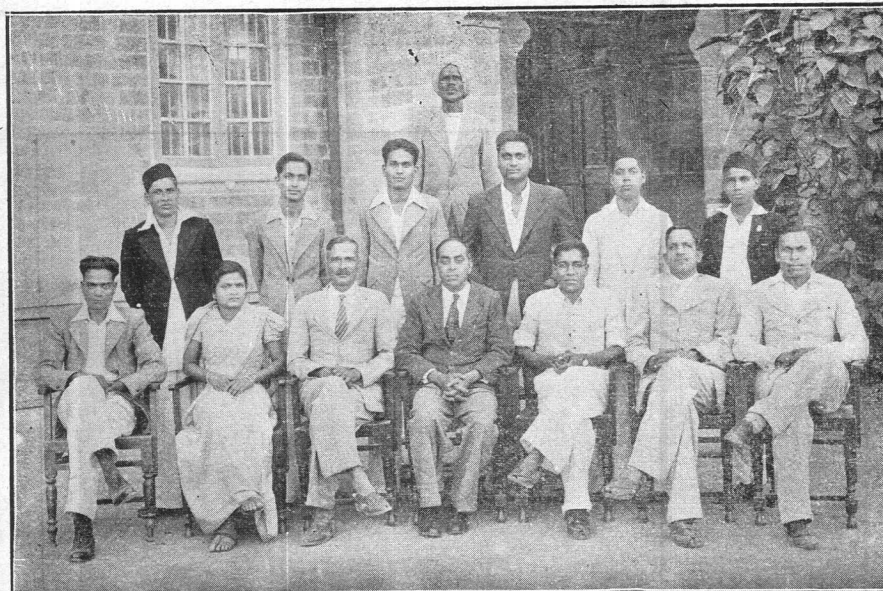


In Chairs (from left to right) :—S. V. Kale, ( Asst. Editor) ; Prof. Malegonkar ; Prof. Ranade ;  
Vice-Principal B. D. Sattigiri ; Prin. J. N. Karve ; Prof. S. G. Hulyalkar (Editor) ;  
Prof. Watve ; Prof. Javadekar ; P. N. Joshi, (Students' Representative).

P. T. Instructors & Efficient Batches.  
(1944-45)



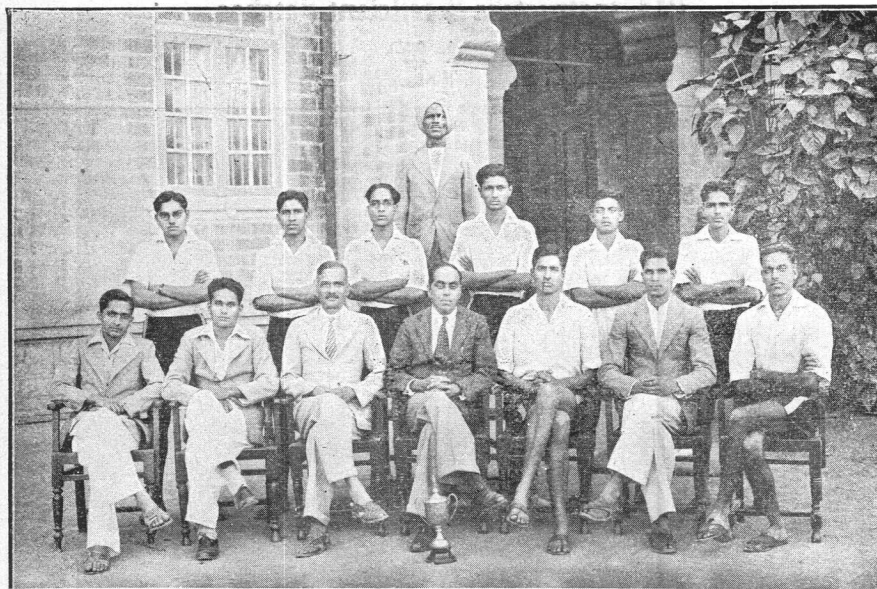
G. M. C.  
1944-45



**In Chairs:**—1 Mr. S. G. Shinde (Hockey Secy.), 2 Miss Yamu Chitale (Ladies' Games Secy.), 3 Prof. D. B. Deodhar (Vice-President), 4 Prin. J. N. Karve (President), 5 Mr. H. K. Paranjpe (General Secy.), 6 Mr. B. J. Mohoni (Gym. Clerk), 7 Z. P. Marwadi (Gym. Organiser).

**Standing:**—8 Mr. A. G. Athale (L. T. M. Library Secy.), 9 Mr. V. G. Pundlik (Debating Union Secy.), 10 Mr. M. R. Rege (Foot-ball Secy.), 11 Maruti (Peon), 12 Mr. D. N. Godse (Minor Games Secy.), 13 Mr. V. K. Page (Indian Games Secy.), 14. P. N. Gadre (Students' Library Secretary.)

**Our Volley—Ball Team.**



**In Chairs ( Left to Right ):**—(1) V. G. Pundlik, I. C. S. R. (2) M. R. Rege, Secretary. (3) Prof. D. B. Deodhar, Vice-President. (4) Prin. J. N. Karve, President. (5) D. J. Purandhare, (Capt.) (6) M. G. Phadke, (Coach). (7) O. G. Kundalkar.

**Standing ( Left to Right ):**—(1) V. N. Ekbote (2) S. D. Janorkar (3) G. M. Sukhatme (4) K. D. Wagh (5) B. S. Wadekar (6) M. G. Bhalerao.



हैं सारस्वताचें गोड । तुम्हीचि लाविलें जी झाड ।  
तरी अवधानामृतें वाड । सिंपौनि कीजे ॥

## रातराणी

[ छन्द : देवीवर ]

रातराणी बहरली । बाई माइया अंगणांत आणि गोड सुगन्धानें । दरवळे आसमन्त	१
पौर्णिमेचें चांदणें हें । शुभ्र शीत पडलें मन्द वाहतात वारे । सुगन्धानें भारावले.	२
वाऱ्यावर तरंगती । रातराणीचे उच्छ्वास माइया अन्तरंगीं सख्या । तुझ्या भेटीची रे आस	३
गुच्छ नाजूक हिरवे । चिम्ब जाहले दंवानें माझे नेत्र ओलावले । सख्या तुझ्या वियोगानें.	४
येतां झुळूक जोराची । थरथरे रातराणी कांहीं चाहूल लागतां । हुरहूर माइया नीं	५
सारी रात्र अशीच मी । येथें बैसलें जागत प्रिय सखी रातराणी । मला करिते सोबत	६

मादक या सुगन्धानें । गेलें वेडांवून चित्त तुझ्या भेटीसाठी माझा । जीव तळमळे येथ	७
पण नाही रे निर्दया । झालें तुझें आगमन खिन्न वारे भोंवतीं हे । करितात आक्रन्दन	८
चन्द्र फिकट पांढरा । गेला कधीच अस्ताला आला पश्चिमेचा वारा । उठवाया जगताला	९
रातराणीचा सुगन्ध । गेला रात्रीसंगें दूर माझें चित्त निराशलें । नयनांत अश्रुपूर !	१०

— शान्ता शेळके, एम. ए.

## देवाची पूजा आणि प्रेताचा शृंगार—

जेरुशा रुबेन,  
ज्युनिअर बी. ए.

एकाच डहाळीवर मुग्ध आनंदानं डोलणारीं तीं दोन फुलें! जणूं जुळीं भावंडेंच तीं; एकमेकांना विलगून मंद वायूच्या हिंदोळ्यावर तीं दोघें झोके घेत होतीं. निर्भर आनंदानं हंसत होतीं! आपल्या कोमल, नाजूक शरीराचा एकमेकांना स्पर्श करतांना जणूं तीं म्हणत होतीं—देवानं दोन शरीरं निर्माण केलीं पण त्यांत एकच हृदय ठेवलं आहे!—कुणालाहि हेवा वाटावा इतकं त्यांचं एकमेकांवरील प्रेम होतं!—मरणाच्या दारांतहि आपण दोघें एकत्रच प्रवेश करूं असंच जणूं तीं आपल्या मोहक हास्यानं सुचवीत होतीं!

एक वृद्ध घाईघाईनें त्या दोन फुलांजवळ आला. त्यांतील एका फुलाला तो त्याच्या जिवलग मित्राजवळून तोडून नेणार इतक्यांत तें फूल दीनतेनं म्हणालं, “कशाला रे मला असा निर्दयतेनं खुडतो आहेस !”

“देवाच्या चरणांवर मी तुला वाहणार आहे. देवाची पूजा करायला मी तुला नेणार आहे.” तो वृद्ध किंचित् हंसून म्हणाला.

“देवाची पूजा! देवाची पूजा!!” अत्यानंदानं त्या फुलाला स्वर्ग दोन बोटें उरला!

“ने! ने!! ने मला लवकर. देवाच्या चरणांवर मला वाहून माझ्या जीवनाचं सार्थक कर” त्या फुलाला आपल्याला विलगून आपल्या हृदयावर विश्वस्तपणें मान टाकणाऱ्या त्या दुसऱ्या फुलाची विस्मृतिच पडली होती.

वृद्ध त्या पहिल्या फुलाला खुडत असतां तें दुसरें फूल केविलवाणी मुद्रा करून म्हणालं,

“मित्रा, मला सोडून एकटाच चाललास! मलाहि ने ना रे तुझ्याबरोबर. देवाच्या चरणीं वाहून घ्यायची मलाहि इच्छा आहे रे !”



गवानं उन्मत्त झालेलं पहिलं फूल तुच्छतेनें हंसलं.

“देवाच्या चरणांवर जीवन वाहायला भाग्य लागतं !”

तो वृद्ध त्या पहिल्या फुलाला घेऊन लगवगीनं गेला खुद्दां—

“भाग्य !” तें दुसरं फूल खिन्नपणें पुटपुटलें.

थोड्याच वेळांत एक तरुण मन्द पावलांनीं त्या दुसऱ्या फुलाजवळ आला. त्या तरुणाची म्लान, दुःखी कष्टी मुद्रा पाहून त्या फुलाचं कोवळं अंतःकरण थरारलं. अन् त्या तरुणाच्या हातीं पडूं नये म्हणून त्याच्यापासून दूर दूर जाण्याचा निष्फळ प्रयत्न करूं लागले. त्या तरुणानं एक दीर्घ निःश्वास सोडला. तो तें फूल खुडणार इनक्यांत तें फूल कळवळून ओरडलें,

“तरुणा, कां मला तोडतोस ? देवाच्या पायांवर मला तूं वाहणार आहेस असं तुझ्या हिरमुसल्या चेहऱ्यावरून तरी दिसत नाही—नको रे माझ्या जीवनाचा नाश करूं—देवाची पूजा करून माझ्या आयुष्याचं सार्थक करायचं आहे मला !... निष्ठुर होऊं नकोस रे !”

तो तरुण अधिकच कष्टी झाला न् म्हणाला,

“देवाच्या चरणांवर मी तुला वाहणार नाही...”

त्याला पुरतें बोलूं हि न देतां तें फूल थरथरत उद्गारलं,

“मग काय करणार आहेस तूं माझं !”

“एका प्रेताचा शृंगार !” धीरगंभीर ध्वनि उमटला.

“प्रेताचा शृंगार !!” वज्राघातच झाला त्या कांमल पुष्पावर ! त्याचं हृदय त्या शब्दांनीं शतशः विदीर्ण झालं !

“प्रेताचा शृंगार !!! देवाची पूजा !!!” कोण परस्परविरोधी शब्द हे !

“माझ्या फुला, इतका कां दचकलास ! प्रेताचा शृंगार करणं इतकं कां तुला असत्य होतं !”

तें फूल स्तब्ध होतं—त्याच्या हृदयांत ते दोन परस्परविरोधी शब्द धिंगाणा घालीत होते—प्रेताचा शृंगार न् देवाची पूजा !!! सुन्न झालं त्याचं मृदु न् कोवळं मन !

तो तरुण पुढें म्हणाला,

“आपल्या गांवाचा तरुण पुढारी आजच आपणां सर्वांसाठीं मृत्युमुखीं पडला—छेः—त्याला मरण नाही आलं—तो या नश्वर जगांतून गेला परंतु आमच्या हृदयांत शाश्वत झाला आहे—माझ्या अंतःकरणांत तो अमर झाला आहे !—माझ्या चिमकुल्या वेड्या फुला, त्या दिव्य पुरुषाच्या चरणांची शेवटची पूजा मला करूं दे ! त्या महान् पुरुषाच्या चरणीं मला तुला वाहूं दे” —त्या तरुणाला पुढें बोलवेना—दुःखाच्या उमाळ्यानं त्याचा ऊर दाटून आला—आसवांनीं तुडुंब भरलेल्या नेत्रांनीं त्यानें त्या फुलाकडे एकवारच पाहिलं.

—“त्या दिव्य, उदात्त पुरुषाच्या प्रेताचा शृंगार ! अन् निर्जीव देवाच्या चरणांची पूजा !!” त्या फुलाचं सर्वांग थरारलं—भीतीनें नाही ! आपल्या जीवनाचं खरं सार्थक होणार या आनंदमय जाणीवेनें !

“तोड ! माझ्या मित्रा, त्या उदात्त पुरुषाच्या चरणरजाचं वैभव माझ्या शरीराला लाभूं दे !” किती अधीर झालं होतं तें फूल !

तो तरुण तशाहि स्थितींत हंसला. न् त्यानें त्या फुलाला एकवार वंदन केलें !

—त्याच क्षणीं त्या फुलाला त्याच्या सन्निध विकसलेल्या फुलाच्या शेवटच्या वाक्याची स्मृति झाली—“देवाच्या चरणांवर जीवन वाहायला भाग्य लागतं !”

तें फूल हंसलं.

“भाग्य !! निर्जीव दगडाच्या देवाची पूजा करण्यापेक्षां आपलें अमूल्य जीवन देऊन अमर झालेल्या खऱ्या देवाची पूजा करण्यांतच जीवनाचं खरं सार्थक आहे !”

दुकल !—

★

मा. वा. पाळंदे,  
इंटर आर्ट्स ' ए '

त्या दोघांची अगदीं दुकल होती—

आणि तशीच आमची दोघांचीहि एक दुकल होती.

आमच्या फुडच्या बाकावर त्या दोघी बसायच्या आणि त्यांच्या मागच्या बाकावर आम्ही दोघे बसायचे.

त्यांची दुकल पाहून सान्या मुलांना मोठे आश्चर्य वाटायचं आणि आमची दोघांची दुकल पाहून सान्या मुलींना मोठे कुतूहल वाटायचं.

त्या दोघांचे सर्वच बाबतीत अगदीं सारखे असायचं. एखादा दिवशीं त्या अगदीं आजीबाई-सारख्या येतहि तर एखादे दिवशीं अगदीं एखाद्या नटीप्रमाणं नटून येत. एक पोषाख, एकच आवड. इतकंच काय पुस्तकांना पुढेहि एकाच रंगाचे घालून. गांवांत हिंडायचं झालं तरी दोघीहि जोडीनं हातांत हात घालून हिंडत. कॉलेजांतहि त्या एकाच खोलीत रहात होत्या, कधी कधी त्यांना सायकलीवरून हिंडायची लहर आली की दोघीहि सायकली घेत. आणि मग सान्या गांवभर चकरा मारीत हिंडत.

आणि आमचं दोघांचंहि तसंच होतं. एखादे दिवशीं आम्ही दोघे कोट-टोपी घालून यायचेहि नाहीतर एखादे दिवशीं नुसताच सदरा घालून यायचे. कॉलेजांतल्या एकाच खोलीत आम्ही रहात होतो. आणि एखादे दिवशीं सायकलीवरून गांवांत हिंडूं लागलो की नेमकी त्यांची आमची गांठ पडून त्या गाळांतल्या गाळांत हंसत आणि मग आम्ही तसेच करीत असूं.

वर्गांत त्यांना पाहिलं की आम्हांला बरं वाटायचं व आम्हांला पाहिलं की त्यांना बरं वाटायचं—

अशी ही त्यांची दुकल होती.

आणि अशी ही आमची दुकल होती.

आणि ती कधीच फुटली नाही.

पण एक दिवस—

मी एकटाच जरासा लवकर मागल्या दारानं वर्गांत शिरायला आणि पुढच्या दारानं त्यांच्यापैकी एकजण आंत शिरायला एकच गांठ पडली. वर्गांत आमच्या दोघांशिवाय कोणीच नव्हतं. तेव्हां जागेवर पुस्तकं ठेवात क्षणभर आम्ही दोघांनाहि एकमेकांकडे मोठ्या आश्चर्यानं पाहिलं—

हळू हळू वर्ग भरला आणि तासहि सुरू झाला. पण सान्याच जणांना आणि जणींना एकच आश्चर्य वाटत होतं की, आज आम्ही एकएकटे कसे !

तास संपून गेलेला होता आणि दुसरा तास नसल्यामुळं वर्गांत तिच्याशिवाय व माझ्याशिवाय तिसरं कोणीच नव्हतं. ती पुस्तकांबरोबर कांहींतरी खडबड करीत होती, म्हणून मीहि तसंच करू लागलो. इतक्यांत—

“आज तुम्ही एकटेच !—” ती.

“हो. आणि तुम्ही !—” मी.

“हो.” परत ती.

थोडा वेळ आम्ही असंच कांहींस बोलत होतो आणि मग तसेच बोलत बोलत वर्गाबाहेर पडलो. इतक्यांत जिना उतहून सारलीं येतो तर तिला आणि मला एकदमच आश्चर्याचा धक्का बसला.

कारण तिची मैत्रीण आणि माझा मित्र ही अशी नवी दुकूल समोहन येत होती. पण आमची दुकूल पहातांच तेहि जरा दचकलेच आणि माझ्या मित्रानं मला विचारलं, “ अरे चोरा, म्हणून माझ्या आधीं कॉलेजांत आलास काय ! -”

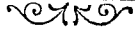
“ आणि म्हणून तूं सुद्धा उशीरा येईन म्हणालास काय ! -” मी.

“ मला वाटलं नव्हतं कीं तूं असं जमवशील म्हणून !-- ” ती.

“ मला तरी कुठं माहीत होतं कीं तूं असें जमवशील म्हणून !-” तिची मैत्रीण.

आणखीहि आम्ही एकमेकांस खूप खूप बोललो आणि शेवटीं झालेल्या गमतीमुळं खूप खूप हसलो. दुसऱ्या दिवसापासूनहि आमच्या दुकूली कायम राहिल्या. पण त्यांतील माणसांची अदलाबदल झाली होती जराशी. इतकंच काय ते !

## लेनिनग्राडच्या आघाडीवर--



बाळ टिकले,

सी. बी. ए.

थंडी इतक्या कडाक्याची पडली होती कीं, जाड ऊबदार हातमोजे घालून देखील ती हातांना शौंचत होती. तो निरुंद नि उंचससल रस्ता सांचसळ्यांनीं भरलेला होता. त्याच्या दोन्ही बाजूला सोलगत खंदक होते नि ते बर्फानं भरलेले होते. भोंवतालचं जंगल इतकं घनदाट नि रानटी वृक्षांनीं सचलेलं होतं कीं त्यांच्या फांद्या त्या निरुंद रस्त्यापर्यंत येऊन त्यावर लोंबकळत होत्या नि त्या जणूं तो रस्ता व्यापणारसं दिसत होत्या. एखादी मालवाहू मोटार रस्त्यावरून चालली कीं, प्रत्येक खेपेला झाडांच्या फांद्या त्याच्या वरच्या भागाला घासल्या जाऊन त्यांना चिकटलेल्या बर्फाची ड्रायव्हरच्या केबिनच्या वरच्या भागावर वृष्टि होई आणि तेलाच्या टाकीच्या दोन्ही बाजूला त्यांच्या खुणा रहात.

थोड्या दिवसापासून त्यानं खूप रस्ते पाहिले होते, पण असला विचित्र रस्ता काही त्याच्या दृष्टीस पडला नव्हता. आणि याच रस्त्यावर तर त्याला आतां थोड्यासारखं काम करावं लागणार होतं. त्याचा हल्लींचा मुकाम आघाडीवरच्या एका खंदकांत होता. कामावरून परतल्यावर आपल्या इतर थकल्या-भागलेल्या कॉन्व्हिडसमवेत ओलसर, कमी उजेडाचा नि खूप माणसांनीं गजबजलेला अशा त्या खंदकांतल्या जमिनीवर त्यानं आपलं अंग किंचित् टाकलं न टाकलं तोंच कुणीतरी येई नि परत त्या रस्त्यावर त्याला कामाला जायला सांगे. शौंच काय नंतर घेतां येईल. आतांची ही वेळ कामाची होती. तो रस्ता त्याला आवाहन करीत होता. ‘ थोड्या वेळानं तें काम सांगा, आतां काय आहे एवढी घाई, असं सांगतांच येत नसे त्याला. घाई तर होतीच होनी पण शिवाय म्हत्वाची गोष्ट म्हणजे मोटार हाकतांना त्याला अतिशय जागरूक राहायला पाहिजे होतं; नाहीतर कोणत्या क्षणीं ती शेजारच्या खड्ड्यांत पडेल त्याचा नेम नव्हता. आणि जर समजा चुकून ती खड्ड्यांत पडलीच तर तिला वर ओढून काढायला कांहीं कॉन्व्हिडसना मदतीला बोलवावं लागणार होतं; कारण तें एकट्याच्या हातून होणं शक्यच नव्हतं. नि धुकं ! तें तर मारी इतकं पडलं होतं कीं जणूं रहदारीवर देखरेख करण्यासाठीं उत्तर्धुवच या जंगलांतल्या रस्त्यावर उतरला होता !

कधीं घनदाट दहिंवर पडे, तर कधीं शेजारच्या ‘लाडोगा’ तळ्याच्या दिशेनं वाऱ्याचे असे कांहीं शोत येत कीं, ज्यांचा अनुभव त्याला चापूवीं कधीं आला नव्हता. बासांगाला तर थंडी वाजेच वाजे, पण

शिवाय तिची तीव्रता इतकी असे की, शरिरातील हाडामधल्या चरबीपर्यंत देखील तिचा शिरकाव होत असे. कधी कधी बर्फाचा संज्ञावान सुरू होई, मग अशा वेळीं आपल्या समोर दोन याडींच्या अंतरावर काय आहे, हे देखील ओळखणं त्याला अशक्य होई. चाकाच्या धावा तरी लोखंडाच्या होत्या म्हणतां काय, तर तेंही नाही. त्या आतां फार जुन्या झाल्या होत्या नि खराच होण्याच्या मार्गावर लागल्या होत्या. ... .. पण तें काहीं असलं तरी एकच गोष्ट अतिशय महत्त्वाची होती. अन् ती म्हणजे मोटारीतलं भरवण अगदीं वेळेवर ठरलेल्या स्थळीं पोंचविणं, ही होय.

बोल्शाकोव्हनं मोटार थांबविली. तो केबिनमधून बाहेर आला नि सांचलेल्या बर्फातून चालत तेलाच्या टाकीकडे गेला. वर चढून त्यानं पाहिलं तों हिवाळ्यांतल्या अंधुरु प्रकाशांत गोठलेल्या धुक्याचीं पुटं चढलेल्या एका भागांतून पेट्रोल क्षिपत असल्याचं त्याला दिसलं. त्याबरोबर त्याचं अंग शहारलं. टाकीच्या सांधलेल्या भागांत भेग पडली होती, त्यांतून पेट्रोल गळत होतं.

त्या ठिकाणीं थांबून त्यानं त्या रुश प्रवाहाकडे पाहिलं. तो कशानंच थांबणार नाहीसा दिसत होता. रस्त्यावरच्या इतक्या संकटांना तोंड देऊन जायचं तें काय निव्वळ रिकामी टाकी पोंचवायला ! आजपर्यंत आपल्यावर कोसळलेल्या सगळ्या संकटांची त्यानं आठवण केली, पण आंतांच्यासारखं संकट कधीं कोसळल्याचं त्याला आठवलं नाही. शेंबणाऱ्या धुक्यांनं तर त्याच्या तोंडाचा चेंदमंदा चालविला होता. अशा स्थितींत नुसतं त्याकडं पहात खूप वेळेपर्यंत उभं रहाण्यांत काहींच अर्थ नव्हता.

छातीपर्यंत सांचलेल्या बर्फातून चालत परत तो केबिनकडे आला. केबिनमध्ये कातडी जाकाटाच्या कॉलरमध्ये थंडीनं थिजलेलं आपलं नाक दडवून राजकीय शिक्षक बसला होता.

बोल्शाकोव्हनं त्याला हाक मारीत म्हटलं,

“कॅम्प्रेड ! तुम्हांला त्रास घाता लागेल थोडा मला !”

“काय झालं ! नजीक आलं का ठिकाण !” त्यानं उठत विचारलं.

“असं दिसतं, पण पेट्रोलच्या टाकीला भेग पडली आहे ! काय करावं त्याकरितां !”

अगदीं मेटाकुटीनं राजकीय शिक्षक केबिनच्या बाहेर आला. त्यानं आपले डोळे चोळले. आलेलं संकट पाहिल्यावर त्यांतून मार्ग काढण्यासाठीं विचार करीत त्यानं आपले थिजलेले हात घांसायला सुरवात केली.

थोड्या वेळानं तो म्हणाला,

“नजीकच्या स्टेशनवर चल ! तिथं आंतलं तेल काढूं नि भेग सांघून घेऊं ! तुला काय वाटतं !”

“तें ठीक आहे, जर हें पेट्रोल लेनिनग्राडच्या आघाडीवर जाणार नसतं, दुसरीकडं जाणार असतं किंवा आघाडीवर न्यायची घाई नसती तर तुम्ही सुचवतां तो मार्ग रास्त ठरला असता ! पण हें आघाडीवर जाणार असल्यामुळं त्या मार्गाचा काहीं उपयोग नाही. !”

“मग काय करणार तूं !” क्षिपणाऱ्या पेट्रोलच्या ओघाकडं पहात त्यानं विचारलं.

“तुमची हरकत नसेल तर मी प्रयत्न करून पहातो !”

त्यानं आपल्या हत्याराची पेट्टी बाहेर काढली. त्याक्षणीं ती हत्यारं दारुण चातना देणाऱ्या साधना-सारखीं नि तप्त लोखंडासारखीं दिसत होती. थंडीनं त्याचे दांत वाजत होते. कधील, हातोडा नि दगडासारखा दिसणारा सावणाचा तुकडा एवढें साहित्य बरोबर घेऊन तो वर चढला. त्याच्या हातांवर पेट्रोलच्या धारा ओघळत होत्या. किती चमत्कारिक होतं तें ! विस्तवाप्रमाणें हातांना त्याचे चटके बसत होते. हातमोजे नि बंडीच्या बाह्या पेट्रोलनं भिजून चिंब झाल्या. निराशाजनक मनःस्थितींत धुंकून त्यानं टाकीला पडलेली ती भेग बुजविली नि वरचा भाग सावणानं घासला. पेट्रोल गळावचं बंद झालं !

सुटकेचा निःश्वास टाकीत तो परत आपल्या केबिनकडं आला. अद्मासें दहा किलोमिटर अंतर गेल्यावर त्यानं पुन्हां मोटार थांबविली. टाकी पहायला तो मागच्या बाजूस गेला. सांधलेली भेग पुन्हां उघडली गेली होती नि त्यांतून टाकीच्या गोलाकार पृष्ठभागावरून पेट्रोल क्षिपत होतं. आतां त्याला मागच्या प्रमाणं

पुन्हां एकदां सारं करावं लागणार होतं ! पुन्हां त्यानं हत्याराची पेटी बाहेर काढली; पुन्हां आंतलं कथील बाहेर काढलं; पुन्हां त्याचे हात क्षिरपणाच्या उष्ण पेट्रोलमुळं भाजायला लागले नि पुन्हां एकदां ती भेग सांधून त्यानं सावणानं वरचां भाग घासला. पेट्रोल गळायचं बंद झालं. समोर पसरलेला रस्ता आतां कधींच संपणार नाहीं, असं त्याला वाटलं.

केबिनमधून आपण कितीदां खालीं उतरलों नि टाकीच्या गोलाकार पृष्ठभागावर कितीदां चढलों, हें मोजण्याचं त्यानं बंद केलं होतं. भाजणाच्या हातामुळें होणाऱ्या वेदना त्याला आतां होत नव्हत्या..... घनदाट जंगल, सांचलेल्या बर्फाशी, हातांवर क्षिरपणारं पेट्रोल..... आपण एकाद्या भयंकर स्वप्नांत आहोंत, असं त्याला वाटलं.

अंदाजें किती अमोल पेट्रोल क्षिरपलं असेल, याचा ह्मिंशेच करण्याचा त्यानं प्रयत्न केला. त्याच्या अंदाजाप्रमाणें चोवीस ते पन्नास लिटरपर्यंतच्या बाहेर कांहीं-पेट्रोल क्षिरपलं नव्हतं सास. पण याप्रमाणंच जरा त्याला दहा दहा बीस बीस किलोमिटरवर मोटार थांबवून भेग सांधीत बसावं लागलं तर त्याच्या कामाचा कांहींच उपयोग होणार नव्हता. म्हणून काळवेळेचं मान हरपलेल्या माणसाच्या चिकाटीनं तो परत कामाला लागला.

तो इतका थकलेला होता, कीं आपण अजिबात हालचाल करित नसून एकाच जागेवर चिकटल्यागत उभे आहोंत, असं त्याला वाटलं. दर चाळीस मिनिटांगणीक तो ती भेग सांधीत होता, पण जणूं त्याच्याकडं नि त्याच्या भगीरथ प्रयत्नांकडं उपहासानं हंसून ती भेग पसरतच होती.

एकाएकीं रस्त्याच्या एका वळणावर विलक्षण भासणारा उजाड भूभाग त्याच्या दृष्टीला पडला. तो अफाट नि धवलवखानं विभूषित असा दिसत होता. या पुढचा रस्ता बर्फावरून गेला होता. त्या प्रचंड तळ्यावरचा वारा एकाद्या राक्षसाच्या क्रूरतेनं त्याच्या अंगावरून वहात होता; पण तो कांहीं मुर्च्छीच डगमगत नव्हता. एकदांचें जंगलाच्या शेवटास आलों, या विचारानं आनंदित होऊन मोठ्या विश्वासानं त्यानं मोटार हाकायला सुरवात केली. मधून मधून त्याचं डोकं स्टिअरिंगवर आदळत होतं पण तो झकन् स्वतःला सावरित होता. क्षोपेनं तो इतका पेंगुळला होता, कीं जणूं त्याच्या पाठीमागें निद्राराक्षस उभा होता नि हातमोजे घातलेल्या त्याच्या दोन्हीं हातांमध्ये त्याचें डोकें नि दोन्हीं खांदीं दावण्याचा तो प्रयत्न करित होता. मोटार तर धांवतच होती. त्याचं सारं अंग गोठून गेलं होतं नि तो भयंकर दमून मृतप्राय झाला होता तरी उमाप नि गूढ आनंद देणाऱ्या फक्त एकाच गोष्टीनं त्यानं स्वतःला सावरलं होतं. ही मोटार आपण योग्य स्थळीं नेऊं, अशी त्याची बालंबाल खात्री होती—

—नि त्याप्रमाणं त्यानं नेलीहि ! नेमलेल्या स्थळीं त्यानं मोटारींतलं भरवण खालीं उतरवलं.

तो खंदकांत गेला. डॉक्टरानं त्याचे निचर हात नि विरूप बोटे यांची आश्चर्य व्यक्त करित तपासणी केली नि त्याच्याकडं प्रश्नार्थक मुद्रेनं पाहिलं

“असें कां झालेच हात हे !” त्यानं विचारिलं.

“कॉन्ट्रिड डॉक्टर ! मला एक भेग सांधायची होती !”

दुःखातिरेकानं दांत घट्ट दाबित त्यानं उत्तर दिलं.

“मग रस्त्यांतच कां नाहीं थांबलास ! तूं कांहीं लहान मूल नाहींस. नि असलं दाट धुकं पडलं असताना पेट्रोलनं भिजलेल्या हातांनीं आपण जाऊं शकत नाहीं, हें तुला कां समजत नाहीं.....”

“पण रस्त्यांत थांबणं अशक्य होतं !”

“कां ! कसली होती एवढी घाई ! कुठं नेत होतास तें पेट्रोल !”

“लेनिनग्राडच्या आघाडीवर—” सारा खंदक निनादून जाणाऱ्या आवाजांत त्यानं उत्तर दिलं.

“अऽस्सं s s s.....” त्याच्या तोंडांतून सावकाशीनं उद्गार निघाले. “लेनिनग्राडच्या आघाडीवर ! आल्या लक्षांत साऱ्या गोष्टी ! आतां कसल्याच प्रश्नांची जरूरी नाहीं ! तुझ्या हातांना पट्ट्या बांधल्या पाहिजेत आतां ! तुझ्यावर उपचार करायचेतू मला !”

“एवढ्यांतच कांहीं घाई नाही त्याची ! ज्यां पहटेपर्यंत करा सावकाश ! ..... मग मी पुन्हां त्या रस्त्यावर जाईन ! ..... हातांना ऊबदार पट्या बांधल्यावर मोटार हांकायला बरं पडेल नि वेदना-बद्दल म्हणाल तर माझ्या दातांत मी त्यांना असें चिरडीन—”

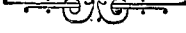
[ निकोलाइ तिस्रोनोव्ह याच्या Raw Hands या कथेचा अनुवाद. ]

## हृदयाच्या चोरीपूर्वी

तो—	नेत्र चोरिलें	मृगाकडून
	नाक चांप्याचें	घेशी मागून
	गौर ही कांति	त्या केतकीची
	चाल चोरिली	गजराजाची
	लुटशी गाल	गुलाबापाशीं
	रंग केसांचा	त्या भुंगापाशीं
	“हृदय” माझे	बिचारें दीन
	सराईत तूं	नेशी चोरून
ती—	नाहीं ग बाई.	व्हायचें असें
	हृदय आधीं	चोरीन कसें ?
	अजून नाही	सांगते गडे
	“डोकें” चोरिलें	गाढवाकडे !

—स. न. आठवले, ज्यू. एम्. ए.

## स्वातंत्र्यदेवीचे स्मरण—



अच्युत फणसळकर,

एफ. वायू. सायन्स.

देवी ! विसरलों आम्ही तुला ! आणि म्हणूनच आज राष्ट्रांचे हे हिडीस स्वरूप आम्हांला पहावे लागत आहे. ज्या रायगडावर संध्याकाळच्या समयी नौवती झडून आसमंतांतील प्रदेश दुमदुमून टाकत त्याच जागी आज मात्र मल्लूंची ओरडणीं ऐकू येतात. काय हा दैवदुर्विंटास ! त्यावेळचा प्रत्येक मावळान् मावळा आपल्या रक्ताचा थेंबन् थेंब ओतून आणि हाडांचीं काडे कळून महाराष्ट्राच्या गालावर यशास्वितेचा व अभिमानाचा रक्तिमा चढवीत असे. पण आज.....!

क्रित्येक देवांचे स्मरण कार्यांभापुरतेच असते. क्रित्येकांचे स्मरण फक्त संकटकालींच होतें. सांसारिक प्रवृत्तींमधून निवृत्त झाल्यावर क्रित्येकांची आठवण होतें. पण देवी ! तुझे स्मरण मात्र अखंड ठेवावयाचें असतें. क्षणभरहि तुझे विस्मरण झालें तर अनर्थांची मालिका शिरावर कोसळलीच म्हणून समज. पंचमार्गांना ज्याप्रमाणें विसरून चालणार नाही त्याचप्रमाणें हे देवते, तुलाहि विसरून आमचें निभणार नाही.

आम्हांला मिळणारी शक्ति ही आमच्या अन्नांतून आम्हांला मिळत नाही, तर ती तुझ्या आशीर्वादांतून मिळते. आमची बुद्धि शिक्षणानें, अनुभवानें परतली जात नाही, तर तुझ्या अखंड ध्यानानें ती प्रभावी बनते. आम्हांला हवी असलेली शांती कोणाचीहि शरणागति मागून मिळणार नाही, तर तुझ्या अविरत उपासनेच्या तेजामधून फांकणाऱ्या प्रमेपासूनच ती आम्हांला प्राप्त होणार आहे.

परंतु दुर्दैवानें तुला विसरून आम्ही स्वार्थांच्या मार्गे लागलों; तुझी उपेक्षा करून सुखाची व शांतीची आराधना केली; तुला अवगणून आम्ही वेड्यासारखे समृद्धीच्या मार्गे धावलें. देवी ! चुकलों आम्ही. आड मार्गानें गेल्यावर इच्छित मंदिर कसे दिसणार ! दक्षिणेकडे जाऊन कैलासावरील त्या शंकर प्रभूचें दर्शन कसे घडणार ! आम्ही ज्या गोष्टींच्या मार्गे धांव घेतली, ज्यांच्या प्राप्तीकरतां तुझी अवहेलना केली, त्या गोष्टी आम्हांला प्राप्त तर झाल्या नाहीतच. उलट तुझा कोप मात्र आमच्या पदरीं आला.

आम्हीं आमचें स्वत्व विसरलों. आमची स्मृतिदायक स्थाने नष्ट करून आमच्या राष्ट्रीय भावना मारण्यांत आल्या. आमची क्षात्रवृत्ति नष्ट झाली. धर्मावर घाला पडून आमची संस्कृति नष्ट होण्याच्या मार्गाला लागली.

परंतु वाईट वाटतें कीं इतकें असूनहि भारताला गतकालीन वैभव प्राप्त करून देण्यासाठीं सर्वांचे हात एकदिलानें वर उचलले जात नाहीत. आतां तरी आमचे डोळे उघडूं देन. आमचें सर्वस्व तूं आहेस ही भावना आमच्या हृदयांत उचंबळूं दे. तुला विसरून जाऊन इतर गौण गोष्टींकडे आमचें लक्ष वेधूं नये अशी संकल्पशक्ति तूं आम्हांला दे. तुझ्या प्रभावी तेजाचें आम्हांला अखंड स्मरण राहूं दे. कारण आमचें सर्वस्वच मुळीं तूं आहेस.

तुझ्याशिवाय आतां आम्हांला कसलाच आधार उरलेला नाही. या अफाट विश्वसिंधून तुझ्यावांचून आम्हांला कोण थारा देणार ! कोण दिशा दाखविणार ! तुझ्या सेवेशिवाय आम्हांला दुसरी कोणतीच लालसा आतां उरलेली नाही.

मग पुरवशील ना भक्ताची येवढीशी इच्छा ! देशील ना तिला मान ! ! देवी !



## “ मोत्या, शीकरे अ-आ-इ. ”—



प्रह्लाद नरहर जोशी, साहित्य विशारद,  
ज्यु. बी. ए.

कांहीं कारण नसतांना एसाद्या व्यक्तीचद्वल आपणांस प्रेम वाटू लागनें. तिचा सहवास जास्त घडावा, तिची भेत्री अखंड टिकावी असें अकारणच मनांत येते. ही गोष्ट जर खोटी म्हणावी तर जनाबाईचा इतका लळा आम्हांस कां लागावा ! ‘जनाबाई’ ‘जनाबाई’ करून आम्ही मुलें तिची पाठ कांहीं सोडीत नसूं. आणि तिचेंहि आमच्या विना धकत नसें. तसें पाहिलें तर ती कांहीं आमच्या नात्यांतील नव्हती, किंवा आमच्या वयाची तर नव्हतीच नव्हती. भांडीं घासणें, धुणीं धुणें इत्यादि वर कामें करणारी मोलकरीण होती ती. आपलें काम चोस आणि सचोटीनें करणें एवढेंच तिला माहीत होतें. तिचें वागणें आणि बोलणें सहवासानें जवळ जवळ ब्राह्मणी झालेलें होतें. मला आणि जयंताला पहिल्यापासूनच ती फार आवडायची. आमच्याशीं गप्पा मारण्यांत तिलां ब्रह्मानंद होई. जणूं विविध माहितीचा अजब संग्रह तिच्याजवळ होता. नानातऱ्हेचे प्रश्न करून त्यांतील एक एक चीजा आम्ही आपल्याशा करीत असूं. सर्वंध दिवसभर आमच्या घरींच रावत असे ती. ‘जनाबाई ! तुमच्या घरीं दुसरे कोणी नाहीं !’ एकदां मी तिला विचारिलें. त्यावेळीं ती गप्प बसली. डब-डबलेले डोळे लपविण्यासाठीं तिनें तोंड फिरविलें. माझ्या प्रश्नानें तिला त्रास झाला. मी पुनः तसली गोष्ट तिच्यापाशीं काढली नाहीं.

एक प्रसंग मला जस्ताच्या तस्ता आठवतो.

“ विज्जया ऽऽ ” जनाबाईनीं मला हाक मारिली. मी तिच्यावर थोडी रागावलों. शंभर वेळां सांगितलों तरी माझं नांव तिला उच्चारतां येत नव्हतें. बाकी सर्व बोलणें थुडू होतें तिचें. तेव्हां मी तिला रागांतच म्हटलों,

“ जनाबाई ! माझ्या नांवांतील ‘ज’ जयश्रींतील असून तुम्ही जनाबाईतला कां म्हणता हो ! ”

मी काय म्हणत आहे हें आपणाला पूर्ण समजलें आहे असें दाखविण्यासाठीं ती म्हणाली,

“ बरं बरं विज्जयाबाई, तू सांगतेस तसंच म्हणून हं—पण हें पहा तुला गोष्ट ऐकायची ना ! ”

जनाबाईनें पुनः तीच चूक केली होती. पण गोष्टीचें नांव निघाल्याचरोबर माझें तिकडे दुर्लक्ष झालें जयंताहि आपल्या सोंगड्यासह हजर झाला.

“ हं विज्जया ! पहिल्या प्रथम गाणें बरं कां. आज कोणतं म्हणणार ! ”

मी गाणें म्हणायचें आणि नंतर जनाबाईनें गोष्ट सांगायची हें ठरलेलें होतें. फारसा वेळ न दवडतां सकाळींच बाईनीं शिकवलेली कविता म्हणूं लागले मी. “ मोत्या शीकरे अ-आ-इ- सांगू किती तरी — ! ” माझी नजर सहज जनाबाईकडे गेली. मी चटकन् गाणें थांबविलें. जनाबाईचा चेहरा चावरा झाला होता. तिच्या डोळ्यांच्या कडांतून पाणी क्षिरपत होतें.

“ जनाबाई ! तुमच्या डोळ्यांत पाणी हो कसलें ! ” मी विचारलें.

ती सावध झाली.

“ छट्ट वेडे. हं म्हण. कोणतें गाणें म्हणत होतीस ! ” जनाबाईनें लपवालपवी सुरू केली. जास्त लक्ष न देतां मी गाणें म्हणून जनाबाईची गोष्ट ऐकू लागलें. जनाबाई सांगत होती.

“ — राही नांवाची एक गरीब म्हातारी होती, एकुलत्या एक मुलीखेरीज तिला मायेचें असें कोणी नव्हते. मोठ्या प्रेमानें रमाचें पालनपोषण राहीनें केलें. गरीबांची झळ बिलकूल रमाला लागू दिली नाहीं तिनें. रमा मोठी झाली. आतां लाडकी रमा आईजवळ कशी राहणार ! तिचें लग्नीन नको करायला ! राही याहि काळजांतून सुटली. चांगल्या कर्त्या इसमाशीं रमाचें लग्न झालें. रमा सुखानें संसार करूं लागली. राहीबाईला

एकटें एकटें वाटें. मधून मधून ती रमाच्या घरीं येई. अशीच एकदां जावयाच्या घरीं राही आली होती. लेकीचा संसार पाहून ती धन्य झाली. पुढें रमाला मुलगा झाला. राहीचा आनंद काय विचारावा ! नातवाला क्षणभरहि झालीं ठेविलें नाहीं तिनें.

“आई ! नांव काय गं ठेवायचं याचं ! ” रमानें प्रश्न केला.

“रमा, मला म्हातारीला ग काय विचारतेस ! हें तुझें सोनं मोती आहे. तुला वाटेल...”

“हां. हां. आई, मोतीच नांव ठेवायचं हं. छान आहे अगदीं ” रमा म्हणाली.

मोती वाढूं लागला. आईप्रमाणेंच गोरापान आणि देखणा होता तो. त्याला आजीचा लळा फार लागला.

“रमा ! आतां मी माझ्या बरोबरच घेऊन जाईन हं चाला ” राही सहज म्हणाली. थोड्याच दिवसांत तिची वाणी खरी ठरली. एकाएकी आजार होऊन रमा देवाघरीं गेली. म्हाताच्या राहीवर आकाश कोसळलें. मोतीला घेऊन राही घरीं आली. आवडत्या बायकोच्या मृत्यूनें मोतीचे वडील जवळ जवळ वेडेच बनले. राही गरीब होती. पण मोतीचें पोषण ती काळजीनें करी. तळहाताच्या फोडाप्रमाणें त्याचें जतन चालविलें तिनें. मोती शहाणा व्हावा, त्याला लिहायला यावें, वाचायला यावें असें तिला वाटे. पांच वर्षांचा मोती शाळेंत जाऊं लागला. गरीब मोती पाठीपुस्तकाला पैसे कोठून आणणार ! आपल्याकडून शक्यतो राही पुरवीत होती. पण दगिद्री मोतीच्या हुषारीचें तेज दडपलें गेलें. मास्तर एके दिवशीं त्याला म्हणाले,

“तुझ्यासारख्यानें कां शाळा शिकावी ! दगड फोडणारा दगड तूं ! जा. तुला कांहीं चायचें नाहीं. स्वतःचें पुस्तक नको आणायला ! ”

मोतीनें शाळा सोडली. शिकणें आपलें काम नव्हे. पोटासाठीं पैसे आर्चापासून मिळविले पाहिजेत. ही गोष्ट मोतीनें जाणली. त्यानं आठव्या नवव्या वर्षापासून रावण्यास सुरुवात केली. म्हाताच्या राहीच्या आकांक्षा कोठें गेल्या !—

जनाचाईनें गोष्ट संपवून पदरानें डोळे पुसले.

× × × ×

पुढें चार दिवसांनंतरची गोष्ट. मी शाळेंतून घरीं येत होतें. रस्त्यांत एक गोरोगोमटा मुलगा रडत उभा होता. पायली दीडपायली जोंधळ्याचा डबा त्याचे पुढेंच लवडलेला दिसत होता. नकळत मी त्याच्या-जवळ गेलें.

“मुला ! रडायला काय झालें ! जोंधळे सांडले म्हणून ना ! हात्तिच्या. मी भरून देतें चल. ”

माझ्या बोलण्यानें त्याला आनंद झाल्यागत दिसला. दाणे भरीत असतां मी विचारलें.

“तुझें नांव काय रे ! ”

“मोतीराम ”

“मोती ! ” चमकून मी विचारलें. तो माझ्याकडे पहातच राहिला. “मोती, तुझ्या घरीं कोणकोण आहे ! ” मी पुनः विचारलें.

“घरीं फक्त आजी आहे. जनाचाई तिचं नांव. आता... ” मोतीरामला मी पुढें बोलूं दिलें नाहीं. त्याला घेऊन घरीं आलें.

चार दिवसांपूर्वीच्या गोष्टींतील राही म्हणजे जनाचाईच ही गोष्ट समजल्यावर किती आश्चर्य वाटलें आम्हांला ! आपल्या नातवाच्या शिक्षणाबद्दल ती आमच्याकडे अगदींच कसं बोलली नाहीं ! इतका भिडस्त स्वभाव तिचा कां झाला ! जाऊयात त्या गोष्टी. त्या दिवसापासून मोती आमचेकडेच राहूं लागला. आपल्या हुषारीनें तो सर्वांना भिय झाला. आतां तो इंग्रजी पढिलीत आहे. कधीं कधीं आम्ही मुलें त्याला चिडवितो—

“मोत्या, शीक रे ए. बी. सी. ”

## निर्झर, मेघ आणि सागर—

बा. वि. पोतदार,  
इंटर आर्ट्स

झरा दिमाखानें वहात होता.

वाळूतून वहाणारें त्याचें पाणी स्फटिकाप्रमाणें निर्मल दिसें. आणि लहानशा कड्यावरून त्यानें उडी मारली म्हणजे त्याचा ओघ दुधाप्रमाणें पांढरा स्वच्छ भासे. खडकावर आपटून पाणी फुटें तेव्हां मोठा फेस होई. आणि शिलांवर आपटून पुन्हां जे असंख्य तुषार वर उडत ते कोंवळ्या सूर्यकिरणांत मौक्तिकाप्रमाणें चमकत.

त्यांचा निर्झरास भागी अभिमान वाटत असे.

लहानसे पक्षी झऱ्याजवळ घेत. दोन चार वेळां माना वाकड्या करून एखादा थेंब चोर्चित घेत आणि भुरंरकन् उडून जात.

झऱ्यास वाटे—“ केवढा आपला उपयोग ! केवढा आपला मोटेपणा !! ”

—आणि मेघानें जेव्हां गंभीरपणें गर्जना करून आपण आल्याची वार्ता दिली तेव्हां निर्झरानें त्याचें स्वागत केलें नाहीं. वर्षाव करण्यास उत्सुक असलेल्या मेघाची पर्वा निर्झरानें केली नाहीं. त्याच्या वृष्टीनें आपला प्रवाह रुंदावेल याची कल्पना त्यास आली नाहीं. मेघाच्या रुष्णप्रभेकडे पाहून झरा गर्वानें हंसला. मेघानें आपली वृष्टि कष्टानें आवरली आणि तो शांतपणें पुढें निघून गेला.

—अथांग सागर. सामर्थ्यशाली पण उदात्त. गंभीर आणि प्रशान्त. असंख्य जलचरांस त्यानें जागा दिली होती. शेंकडें जहाजें त्याच्या पृष्ठभागावरून डोलानें फिरत.

पण त्यास कधीं अभिमान उत्पन्न झाला नाहीं.

“ केवढा आपला उपयोग ! ” असें त्यास कधीं वाटलें नाहीं.

आपल्या हृदयांतील रत्नांचें त्यानें कधीं दिमाखानें प्रदर्शन केलें नाहीं.

आणि दूर क्षितिजावर मेघ दिसला तेव्हां लाटा उंच उभारून त्यानें त्याचें स्वागत केलें. विस्तीर्ण उद्धाला जलाची थोडीच जरूर होती ! पण मेघाची त्यानें पूजा केली. मेघानें प्रेमभरानें टपोऱ्या थेंबांची वृष्टि केली आणि सागरानें शुर्कांच्या अंजलींत ते थेंब अलगद शेलले.

आणि बऱ्याच काळानंतर त्यांचें सुंदर, तेजोमय मौक्तिकांत रूपांतर झालें.

या वेळां निर्झराचा प्रवाह आटला होता. मौक्तिकाप्रमाणें असणारे त्याचे अवसळ तुषार बाष्पीभूत झाले होते. सुंदर चित्रविचित्र पक्ष्यांनीं स्थलांतर केलें होतें.

आणि मेघहि क्षितिजावरून नाहींसा होऊन बराच काळ लोटला होता.

## नकारघण्टा नको नको !--

ल. ना. गोखले,  
सीनियर बी. ए.

थोर पुरुषांच्या अंत्यविधीसाठी पुण्याच्या ओंकारेश्वराजवळील दहनभूमीवर उपस्थित रहाण्याचे प्रसंग अनेक वेळा घेतात. प्रथम प्रथम ही संधि मी मोठ्या हौसेने साधत असे. मोठ्यांचे मोठेपण कशात आहे, त्यांना आपला जीवितहेतु कसा साध्य करून घेतला व कोणत्या सद्गुणांनी त्यांच्याशी शेवटपर्यंत सोबत केली इत्यादि महत्त्वाच्या गोष्टींचे सम्यग्दर्शन घडण्याचे ठिकाना हेच आहे, असे मला वाटे, कारण त्यांची ही सारी वैशिष्ट्ये,--आपल्या प्रिय मित्राला तिलांजलि देण्याच्या निमित्ताने व मनातील भावनांना वाट देण्या, साठी--त्यांचे मित्र व चाहते येथेच भाषणरूपाने सांगतात.

अलीकडे अलीकडे नेमका हा प्रसंग टाळावा असे मला वाटू लागले आहे. याचे कारण तेथे होणारी भाषणे ठराविक ठशाची होतात, मृताची केवळ स्तुतीच केली जाते, किंवा ती भाषणे म्हणजे भावनाशून्य बडबड वाटते, अशा तऱ्हेचे मुळीच नाही. थोर पुरुषाची थोरवी गातांना ज्या एका ठराविक वाक्याने बोलणे संपविले जाते, हे वाक्य अत्यंत हानिकारक व अनवश्यक असते असे माझे म्हणणे आहे. मृत व्यक्ति एक सुखसिद्ध कवि आहे असे समजू. " यांच्या मृत्युपुढे होणारी हानि कदापीहि भरून निघणार नाही. " " इतका श्रेष्ठ कवि भविष्यकाळांत होऊ शकणार नाही. " अशा वाक्यांना त्यांच्या संबंधीचे बोलणे संपविले जाते.

आणि याच अर्थाची वाक्ये त्यागी देशभक्त, उद्योगधंद्यांतील महापुरुष, श्रेष्ठ कलावंत व अनुभवी शास्त्रज्ञ इत्यादि समाजाग्रणींच्या मृत्युसमयी उच्चारली जातात, तेव्हा भावी सामाजिक प्रगतीच्या दृष्टीने यांत मोठीच चूक होत आहे असे राहून राहून वाटते. नकळत किडके बीज पेरले जात नाही काय ?

अशा पुरुषश्रेष्ठांचे मृत्युलेख पढा. त्यांतून त्यांचा मोठेपणा, अंगीकृत कार्यांतील उच्चता या सर्व गोष्टी चांगल्या प्रकारे सांगितल्या जातात, हे खरे, पण वरील प्रकारचे वाक्य तेथे बहूशी आढळणारच. त्यांत एक-प्रकारे सामाजिक कर्तव्यगारीला प्रतिबंध केला जात नाही काय ?

इच्छाशक्तीचे अलोट सामर्थ्य सारेच मान्य करतात. पण समजून मात्र अशी असते की सव. सामान्य व्यवहारांत त्याचा काय संबंध ? त्या सामर्थ्याचा उपयोग वा दुरुपयोग त्यासंबंधी सल्लो अभ्यास केलेल्यांनाच ठाऊक असणार ! किंवा दुना ऋषी-महर्षि यांच्या या शास्त्रांशी आपणां पामरांचा काय संबंध ?... .. आणि या कल्पनेपायीच दैनिक व्यवहारांत कितीतरी घोटाळे आपण निर्माण करून देतो. सार्धी सार्धी कामे आमविश्वासाच्या अभावी होत नाहीत. दुसऱ्याच्या मनाची पकड अनेक व्यवसायी मंडळींना घेतां येत नाही म्हणून त्यांचा उद्योगधंदा ढासळतो ! सुखदुःखाना पेलतां न येऊन कित्येक आपल्या जीविताचे मातेरे करून घेतात !

वास्तविक आपला दैनिक व्यवहार विविध इच्छांच्या सूत्रांनी बांधलेला असतो. मनःसूचनांच्या (Mental Suggestions) कैचीवर आपणां सर्वांची जीविते उभारलेली असतात, हे कोण अमान्य करील ! राग, लोभ, प्रेम या मनोविकारांचा दुसऱ्याच्या मनांत अविष्कार जो होऊ शकतो तो या इच्छाशाला-कांनीच. लहान सहान गोष्टींपासून तीं राष्ट्रारष्ट्रांतील महान् अशा युद्धांपर्यंत विविध घटनांमध्ये या मनोधर्माचा

भरंपूर उपयोग केला जातो. म्हणून त्यासंबंधीचे ज्ञान अगत्याचे. निदान या नियमनाच्या विरोधी अशी गोष्ट, आपल्या हातून न व्हावी. पण मोठ्यांचा मोठेपणा सांगण्याच्या भरांत न कळत आपण अशी चुक करतो. धास्तविक जशा सामाजिक इच्छा प्रगट केल्या जातात, तसा समाज बनू लागतो. तशी विशिष्ट निर्मित करता येते.

ही गोष्ट खरी आहे की ज्याप्रमाणे कावळ्याच्या शापाने गुरे मरत नाहीत, त्याप्रमाणेच केवळ एखादी गोष्ट व्यक्त केल्याने होतेच असे नाही. त्याबरोबरच हेहि खरे की जी गोष्ट व्हावी असे आपणांस निश्चय-करून वाटते ती गोष्ट अद्याहासाने आपण प्रतिपादिली पाहिजे. त्याचा अनेकाना ध्यास ध्यावयास लाविला पाहिजे व त्याविरोधी काहीहि होणार नाही असे कटाक्षाने पाहिले पाहिजे.

समाजांत मोठ्या लोकांची परंपरा जी कित्येक वेळा राखली जात नाही त्याचे कारण असे नाही की ती निर्माण करावयाच्या प्रयत्नांची मूळेच दूषित केली जातात ! त्यांना निराशेचे पाणी दिले जाते !.... “दत्तोपंत आपट्यासारखा इतिहासतशोधक पुन्हा निर्माण होणार नाही”; “वामनराव जोशी, यांच्यासारखा चिकित्सक तत्त्वज्ञानी गेल्याने मराठी साहित्याची झालेली हानि कदापीहि भरून निघणार नाही”; “वासुकाका जोशींच्या अभावाने उद्योगधंद्यांचे क्षेत्र ओस पडणार” किंवा “नभःभागणांत पुन्हा असा तारा उगवणार नाही”—अशा तऱ्हेचे वाक्यसमूह उद्योगानुसृत मनावर चांगला परिणाम खचितच करणार नाहीत. यासाठी अशा या थोर व्यक्तींचे गूणच वर्णन करू नयेत किंवा व्यक्तिस्वरूपाच म्हणजे अगदी तशाच व्यक्ति निर्माण होऊं शकतात असेहि म्हणणे नाही. “साले बहु, होतील बहु—परि यासम हा ” हे जरी खरे असले तरी म्हणण्याचा आशय येवढाच की, थोर माणसांच्या तोडीची माणसे निर्माण होऊं शकतात, निर्माण करिता येतात. फक्त तसा प्रयत्न हवा.

कित्येक राष्ट्रांत ही परंपरा प्रयत्नपूर्वक राखली जाते. नवीन पिढीवरती तसे उच्च संस्कार केले जातात, जे व्हावयास पाहिजे त्याची भव्य आशादायकच चित्रे सतत डोळ्यापुढे उभी केली जातात व मग आपण म्हणतो—“लेनिन नंतर स्टॅलिन आला पण कोठेच काही कमी नाही” चेबरलेन गेला काय न् चर्चिल आला काय राष्ट्र पुढेच गेले ! आणि अशी कितीतरी उदाहरणे नाहीत का की, ज्यामध्ये केवळ जोपासनेमुळे, निव्वळ सुसंधी दिल्यामुळे, तसतसे वातावरण बुध्द्या उत्पन्न केल्यामुळे अगदी सामान्य वाटणारी माणसे कर्तृत्ववान् ठरतात, असे आढळते !

आपल्याकडे कित्येक क्षेत्रांच्या अग्रस्थानी केवळ एखादुसरी व्यक्ति आहे, त्यांच्या शेजारी कोणीच नाही असे आपणांतील काहीना वाटते म्हणून ते म्हणतात—“लोकमान्य टिळक तर गेलेच व सावरकर व गांधीजी यानंतर त्यांच्या तोळाचा देशसेवक कोण !”; “जगदीशचंद्र बोस, सी. व्ही. रामन् यांची परंपरा कोण राखणार !”; “रविंद्रनाथ टागोर किंवा किंवा हरिभाऊ आपटे आमच्यांत पुन्हा कोण होणार !”—अशा तऱ्हेच्या प्रश्नचिन्हांनीच आपण फार बोलतो. पण कर्तव्यगार माणसे जबरदस्त इच्छंतूनच निर्माण होतात हे नाकारून कसे चालेल ! मात्र त्यासाठी नकारधंद्याच्या निनादांचे नावहि नको ही पहिली सावधगिरी आता आपण पाळणार आहो, होय ना !

## “जीवन-पतंग”

उडव उडव जीवन-पतंग

अनंत आकाशाचे अंतरंग ॥

पिवून मोक्यात वारा

जावू दे वर भरारा

पाहू दे वैभव, होवू दे दंग ॥ १ ॥

निळ्या नभाचा सुरम्य नीलिमा

चढला माझ्या आशा उमेदीना

भरांत भरलें चढला रंग ॥ २ ॥

स्वर्गाची सूतानें निर्मिली वाट

खंत न कशाची आशा अफाट

स्वप्न सामर्थ्याचें राहो अमंग ॥ ३ ॥

बोटावरी नाच तुझ्या नाचून

जगाच्या शिरावरी मिरवीन

बंधनीं तुझ्या असंगा न संग ॥ ४ ॥

—द. गो. दसनूरकर, ज्यु. बी. ए.

## त्याचा प्रयोग—



अ. प. थत्ते,  
ज्यु. बी. ए.

केवढी अजस्र शिला होती ती ! लोक सांगत, ‘उल्कापाताचें तें फळ आहे’ कोणी म्हणत कीं, भूगर्भांतून ती वर आली होती.

तो एक शास्त्रज्ञ होता. कितीतरी दिवसांपासून तो एक प्रयोग करित होता. पण अत्यंत कठीण असें भांडें त्याला हवें होतें. गांवोगांव तो वाचकरितां फिरत असे !—

अन् आज तो या गांवाला आला. लवकरच त्याला त्या दगडासंबंधी बातमी समजली. “आहे, त्यावर घण मारून देखील कुटणार नाही, इतका कठीण आहे तो.”—एकाने आपला अनुभव सांगितला.

“सुरंच !”—त्याचा आनंद गगनांत मावेना. तो धावतच निघाला. दैव त्याला अनुकूलच होणे, कारण त्या दगडाला चांगला फूटभर सोल असा दोन इंच लांबीक्षंदीचा खळगाहि होता. “आतां माझा प्रयोग सफल होणार ! मी हिरे बनविणार ! !” तो ज्याला त्याला सांगत सुटला. पुष्करांनी त्याला वेडा ठरवलं. पण त्याची त्याला पर्वा होनी कुठे !

तिथल्याच एका झोंपडींत आपल्या मुलीला घेऊन त्याने प्रयोगशाळा उघडली. खळग्यांत अनेक रसायनें भरून वर कसलासा जळजळीत रस ओतून त्याने त्याचे तोंड बंद केले आणि एक मोठी भट्टी पेटवून त्यांत त्याने तो दगड टाकला.

त्या गोष्टीला दोन महिने झाले. एवढ्या काळांत रात्रंदिवस भट्टी पेटत राहण्याची त्याने पराकाष्ठा केली होती, व आतां तो दगड निवत ठेवला होता. अजून प्रयोगपूर्तीला एक महिना होता. त्याच्या-जवळची बहुतेक पुंजी संपत आली होती.

असाच एक महिना गेला. आज त्याच्या प्रयोगाचा निकाल होता. मोठ्या आनंदांत तो छिन्नी हानोडी घेऊन अंगणांत गेला. तमासगिरांची बरीच गर्दी जमली होती. टऽऽण ! त्याने खळगा बंद केलेल्या जागीं घाव घातला, पण नितक्याच जोरानें छिन्नी वर उसळली. तो मनांत चरकला. त्यानें निरखून पाहिलें. पण छे !—एका क्षणांत आशेचा चूर झाला. एवढासा चरा देखील पडला नव्हता त्या जागीं. संगतिदोषानें कीं काय कोण जाणे पण ती जागा त्या दगडाहून कठीण झाली होती. “म्हणे आम्ही हिरे बनविणार ! तोंड पहा,” लोकांच्या उपहासानें वाट काढली. एकऽ, दोनऽ, तीनऽऽ तो सारखे घाव घालीत होता. पण वज्राहून कठीण झालेलें तें तोंड कांहीं केल्या फुटेना. आंत असंख्य हिरे संपत्ति होती. पण कवडीची सुद्धा तिची किंमत नव्हती. लोकांची गर्दी हळूहळू पांगली. त्यानें सभोंवार पाहिलें. निराशा मात्र त्याच्याकडे पाहून सिद्धत होती.

दैवानें केव्हांच पाठ फिरविली होती. अन् आतां तर तें हात धुवून त्याच्या पाठीस लागलें होतें. जवळचा सर्व पैसा संपला. कोणी मदतीला उरलें नाही. आजारी पडलेल्या मुलीच्या औषधपाण्याला कवडी देखील उरली नाही त्याच्याजवळ.

बाहेर मुसळधार पाऊस पडत होता. “बाबाऽ” मुलीची हांक त्याच्या कानांवर आली. तिची स्थिति पाहून त्याला भडभडून आलें. दोन हातांवर इतके हिरे असून कांहीं उपयोग नव्हता त्यांचा. केवळ पैशावांचून पोर हातची जाणार ! त्याला रडूं कोसळलें. देवाजवळच्या निरंजनांतील ज्योतीनें फुरफुरून त्याला सांथ दिली.

‘सूऽऽ’ बाहेर वाऱ्यानें एक कर्णकर्कश शब्द घातली. अन् तिथल्या दोन्ही ज्योति मालवल्या. बेभान होऊन तो अंगणांत आला. एकवार त्यानें वरून पाणी ओघळत असलेल्या त्या शिलेकडे पाहिले आणि—

रात्रभर पाऊस वेड्यासारखा कोसळत होता. कडाडकन् जवळच कुठेंतरी वीज पडल्याचा कान-ठळ्या बसवणारा आवाज झाला. व क्षणार्धांत एक झगझगात विद्युल्लोळ त्या दगडांत शिरून जमिनींत दिसेनासा झाला.

दुसऱ्या दिवशीं लोकांची त्याच्या झोंपडी भोंवतीं गर्दी जमली होती. ‘त्याचा प्रयोग’ यशस्वी झाला होता.

— तो दगड फुटून सभोंवतालच्या चिखलांत लहान मोठ्या हिऱ्यांचा खच पडला होता — आणि त्यांतच डोकें आपटून प्राण दिलेल्या त्या ‘वेड्या’ चें प्रेतहि लोळत होतें.



## कला आणि जीवन—

अशोक उगले  
एफ. वायू. आर्ट्स बी.

अद्वितीय अशी कलाकृति निर्माण केल्यानंतर कोठला कलावंत अहंकाराने भारला जाणार नाही?—  
त्याचेंहि तसेंच झालें—

तो त्या मातीच्या चित्राजवळ आला. चित्रावरील निळसर आणि झरझरित आच्छादनाकडे पाहतां पाहतां, मुळांतच गंभीर नि शांत असलेल्या त्याच्या चेहऱ्यावर स्मिताची लंकेर झळकली.

जशी कांहीं शांतशा समुद्रावर आलेली इवलीशी नाचरी, हंसरी सुंदर लाटच.

हलक्या हातानें त्यानें त्या चित्रावरील सुंदर आच्छादन काढलें. चित्राकडे लागलेली त्याची स्थिर दृष्टीच जणू म्हणत होती—

“जीवनांतूनच सुंदरशा, नव्हे, सर्व जगाला मोहविणाऱ्या कलेची निर्मिती होत असते. नाहीतर नुसत्या मातीचें, भरपूर चाळसें असलेलें, नि डाव्या पायाचा अंगठा चोखीत असणारें असें हें बालक निर्माण होतें का ! म्हणून जीवनच श्रेष्ठ आहे हें सिद्ध करावला आणखी कोठला पुरावा पाहिजे—”

“जीवन !”—

कुणीतरी एक प्रेमळ नि मोहक हांक मारली. पण तो त्या चित्राच्या विचारांत इतका गर्क झाला होता कीं आपल्याला कुणी हांक मारली आहे याची सुद्धां त्याला जाणीव झाली नाही.

“जीवन”—पुन्हां तीच प्रेमळ नि मोहक हांक.

आणि या हांकेनेंमात्र तो भानावर आला. दरवाजाकडे पहात तितक्याच प्रेमळपणें तो म्हणाला—

“काय कला ?”—

रमणीयतेनें शृंगारलेल्या त्या दिवाणखान्यांत ती येत होती. ती जवळ येतांच तो म्हणाला—

“कला ! जीवनाच्या अभावीं कलेच्या रमणीयतेला दुसरें उगमस्थानच नाही—”

तीहि हंसत हंसत म्हणाली—

“छे ! उलट कला हीच जीवनाला फुलविणारी फुलवेल आहे.”

दोघांची नजर एकाच वेळीं त्या चित्राकडे गेली. चित्राच्या सौंदर्यानें तीं दोघे इतकीं भारावलीं गेलीं होती कीं कुणाच्याच तोंडून शब्द फुटूना—

अत्यंत मधुर असे स्वरालाप ऐकतांना भयंकर नागसुद्धां इतका गुंगून जात नसेल—

रोज असेंच चाले त्याचें—

जीवन श्रेष्ठ कीं कला श्रेष्ठ या विषयावर दोघांचाहि मोठा वाद होई. दोघेहि आपापलीं मते मोठ्या कौशल्यानें एकमेकांपुढें ठेवीत. पण चित्राकडे नजर जातांच दोघांनाहि आपापल्या मताविषयीं शंका येई.

आणि अशा स्थितींतच प्रदर्शनाचे दिवस जवळ आले. “जनताजनार्दनाचा न्याय हाच सारा न्याय—” असें वाटून दोघांच्चाहि संमतीनें तें चित्र प्रदर्शनांत ठेवावें असें ठरलें.

“कांहीं झालं तरी आपलाच विजय—” या विचाराच्या गुंगीत तीं असतांना प्रदर्शनाचा दिवस उगवला—

लोकांच्या हुंडीच्या हुंडी आपल्याच चित्राकडे आकर्षिल्या जातात, हें ऐकून दोघेहि तेथें गेले. मोठ्या कष्टानें त्यांना चित्राजवळ जातां आलें. चित्राकडे नजर जातांच दोघांनाहि आपापल्या जयाबद्दल सान्नी आली.

कुणीतरी मोठ्याने बोलत आहे हे ऐकून त्यांची नजर त्या तरुणाकडे गेली—

“कलेची कल्पनाच नसती तर जीवनला इतकं सुंदर चित्र निर्माण करता आलं व नसतं. म्हणून कल्पनेची साम्राज्ञी कलाच श्रेष्ठ आहे.”

पुष्करांनी या म्हणण्याला हंसत हंसत संमती दिली—

दोघांनी एकमेकांकडे पाहिले—

जीवनचें आशाकमल निर्मल्यवत् होत चाललें तर कलेचें मुक्तकमल विजयानें फुलूं लागलें.

आणि दुसऱ्याच क्षणीं कुणीतरी उपहासानें म्हटलें—

“मूर्तिकारच जर तयार नसला तर साधनतामुषी काय रडेल ! छे ! कलेला मूर्तस्वरूप देऊन जगाला सौंदर्य आणि सुख मिळवून देणारें जीवनच श्रेष्ठ.”

हंसत हंसत याहि म्हणण्याला लोकांनी माना डोलविल्या.

पुन्हां दोघांनी एकमेकांकडे पाहिले.

एकमेकांच्या मनाचें प्रतिबिंब एकमेकांच्या डोळ्यांत दिसलें म्हणूनच कीं काय तीं दोघे घरीं परतलीं.

पण डोळे बोलके झाले म्हणून चेहरा थोडाच मुका राहतो. आशा आणि निराशा यांचें इतकें मोहक नि सुंदर मिश्रण त्यांच्या चेहऱ्यावर विलसूं लागलें कीं उषा आणि संध्या यांनासुद्धां त्यांचा मत्सर वाटावा.

आणि थोड्याच दिवसांत त्यांच्या मतांना सजीव मूर्तस्वरूप आलें—

त्यांचें बाळ—

पाहिलें बाळ आणि हें दुसरें बाळ. जवळ जवळ सारखेंच, किंवाहुना दुसऱ्याचें सौंदर्य कांकणभर जास्तच.

मात्र बाळाच्या सौंदर्यामुळे दोघांच्याहि मनांत आशेचा एक किरण चमकूं लागला.

जणूं कांहीं पावसाळी संधि-प्रकाशांत चकाकणारा रविकरच.

बाळाकडे पाहतां पाहतां दोघांचीहि अंतःकरणे फुलून जात. त्या सुवासाच्या मधूर धुंदीत—‘बाळ माझाच’ असें प्रत्येकाला वाटे. पण—

नेहमीप्रमाणें दोघेहि पाळण्यांतल्या बाळाकडे पाहूं लागली कीं, बाळाचे इवलेसे हात त्यांना पकडण्या-करितां वर होत—

एकदां कला तन्मयतेनें बाळाकडे पहात आहे असें पाहून जीवन हलकेंच म्हणाला—

“बाळ तूं माझा ना !”

कलेनें जीवनाकडे पाहिले. बाळाचा नाजूक हात जीवनाच्या तोंडाजवळ होता—

आणि दुसऱ्याच क्षणीं तिनें म्हटलें—

“बाळ माझा ना तूं !”

आतां बाळाचा दुसरा हात कलेच्या गालाभोंवतीं सेळूं लागला होता—

बाळाच्या चेहऱ्यावरील स्वर्गीय संगीताकडे पाहतां पाहतां त्यांना वाटलें—बाळच आपल्याला म्हणतो आहे कीं—

“छायाप्रकाश यापासून जसं सुंदर चित्र तयार होतं तसंच एकमेकाला पुरक असणाऱ्या जीवनें—कलेचं पुष्प आहे मी !”

## “ कोपरावरचा गूळ ”—

‘बापू’

ज्युनिअर बी. ए.

आतां तो प्रसंग आठवला कीं वाटायला लागतं “ कितीही मोठा विद्वान त्या प्रश्नाकरितां मी भाड्याने घेतला तरी त्याला उत्तर जमणार नाही. ” कारण प्रश्नच तसा होता. म्हटला तर फार अवघड, म्हटला तर नितकाच सोपा.

ती ‘गंमतच’ तशी झाली—

असंच एका नाताळांत आम्ही घरचे सर्व आमच्या वडिलांच्या खेद्याकडे चार दिवस मजेंत गेलों होतों. ( त्या वेळीं ‘रेशनिंग’ नव्हतं बरंका ! ) साहजिकच दोन घरचीं मुलं एकत्र जमलीं. बालवर्गांचं शिक्षण घेयारापासून तों एम्. ए. च्या ‘टर्म्स’ भरणारीं मुलं-मुली आम्ही एकत्र आलों होतों. त्यामुळं गप्पाना वैचिच्य बरंच होतं.

मराठी चवथीतली नलू तिच्या भावंडांना “ मास्तरणीची नकल ” करून दाखवत होती. धाकटी तारा फोनो लावून “ लमला कुथें ग कान्हा ” ऐकत होती. आम्ही महाविद्यालयीन मुलं-मुली प्राध्यापकांचे “ स्पूनरि-झम् ” एकमेकांना सांगत होतो, कोणी प्राध्यापकांची नकल करण्याच्या प्रयत्नांत होते. एकंदरीत गप्पा रंगत चालल्या होत्या. इतक्यांत—

धाकटी तारा, तिचं ध्वनिमुद्रिका ऐकणं झाल्यावर केस सांवरित दुडकत येत होती. मला तर ती जोशुओं रेनॉल्डस्ची साक्षात् “ एज ऑफ इनोसन्स ” च वाटली. ती गुणगुणत येत होती “ मंजुल सूळ, घुमनो काड कोथे दूळ - लागेऽ जिवा हुलहूल— ” आणि तिचा मोहरा माझ्याकडे वळला. तिनें उजवा हात माझ्या मांडीवर टेकला, व डाव्या हातानं माझ्या शर्टच्या गुंड्या हाताळत तिनें मला प्रश्न केला, “ ए, कायले, अवलेना फुतला पान्हा, म्हंजे काय ? ” मला तर तो आकस्मिक हल्ला वाटला. त्या लहान पोरीचा तो जिज्ञासू-पणा पाहून - नव्हे - ऐकून मी बावलों ! माझ्याच बरोबरीचीं महाविद्यालयीन मुलं-मुली तो प्रश्न ऐकून माझ्या बावलेल्या नजरेकडे पाहूं लागलीं. पलीकडेच “ केसरी ” वार्चात बसलेल्या माझ्या वडिलांच्या स्नेह्यांनींहि - आप्पा नांव त्यांचं - हा प्रश्न ऐकला. ते चष्म्यांतून आमच्याकडे, विशेषतः माझ्याकडे पाहूं लागले.

माझी वाचा बसली !! विचारांची त्रेधा उडाली. ताराचा मात्र “ सांग ना म्हंजे काय नें ” असा आग्रह, व त्याच वेळीं माझ्या शर्टच्या बटनांशीं चाळा चालू होता.

मी मनांत म्हटलें “ काय कार्टीची जिज्ञासा आहे रे ! ”

लहानपणीं मराठी पांचवीत शिकलेल्या “ कफोणि गुड न्याया ”ची मला आठवण झाली. त्यावेळीं स्वैपाकघरांत आम्ही भावंडांनीं कोपरावरचा गूळ साण्याची शिकस्त केली होती. गूळ पाहून तोंडाला पाण्याहि सुटलें होतें. पण सर्वजण अयशस्वी झालों होतो.

मी त्यावेळेइतकाच आतांहि अयशस्वी झालों. छोट्या ताराला मी उत्तर देऊं शकलों नाहीं. पण—

एक गोष्ट मात्र मी ठरविली आहे कीं, ही मुद्रित केलेली आठवण मी ताराला दाखविणार आहे. अर्थात् ती महाविद्यालयीन शिक्षण घेऊं लागेल तेव्हां. माझी सान्नी आहे कीं, ती ‘महाविद्यालयीन तारा’ आपल्या बालपणाचा ‘प्रताप’ वाचून एक उच्चार अवश्य करील.

‘अच्याऽऽ’

## माझे ध्येय—

[ १७-१८ वर्षांच्या आरोपीला सजा देतांना न्यायाधीश त्यास विचारीत आहे. “ बाळ, भावनेच्या भरांत हें कृत्य तुझ्या हातून झालं. तुझं वय केवढसं ! काय ध्येय ठरवलं होतंस तू ? ” यावर त्या तरुण क्रांतिकारकानें दिलेलें उत्तर ]

“ ध्येय जीवनाचें पुसतां सांगतो खुशाल ।  
पाहुनि घिटाई माझी मग नको म्हणाल ॥ ध्रु० ॥  
भोग भोगणारे असती किडे या जगांत ।  
त्यांतलेच एक न व्हावें ठरविलें मनांत ॥

पाशवी तुझ्या सत्तेला ठरविलेंच फोल ॥ १ ॥

जाणिवेंत केले सारे मुक्त भू कराया ।  
घोडदौड केली तक्त हस्तगत कराया ॥

कृती फोल ठरली, असली उद्यां तीस मोल ॥ २ ॥

सात पुत्र मारिले जरी आठवा मुरारी ।  
उद्यां जन्मुनी फुंकील भारती तुतारी ॥

मुक्त जननी होता पुरती हृदयीं खदखदेल ॥ ३ ॥

जाहलें उद्यां मी मुक्त—पुन्हां तो दरारा ।  
आडवाचि जो जो येई कापुनी करारा ।

म्हणा बंडखोरी त्याला म्हणा जा खुशाल ॥

पुनः पुनः सांगिन माझे ध्येय हें विशाल ” ॥ ४ ॥

— गजानन बेहेरे

## आभाळांतलीं सगळीं विमानं खालीं यायला हवींत—

दत्ता अभ्यंकर,  
एफ. वाय. आर्ट्स.

विमानांची घरघर जेव्हां जास्त स्पष्ट ऐकूं येऊं लागली तेव्हां मी पुस्तक मिटलं आणि गॅलरिंत येऊन उभा राहिलों.

ससाण्यासारखी पळेदार क्षेप घेत व साऱ्या दिशा आपल्या भयंकर आवाजांनं थरकापवून सोडीत एक पांढरं शुभ्र विमान अगदीं खालून चाललं होतं.

मी खालीं पाहिलं. अंगणांत चाचा लोकांनीं मारे गदीं केली होती. जो तो आपले चिमुकले हात वर करीत त्या विमानाला उद्देशून काहींतरी बडबडत होता. पण त्या विमानांच्या कर्णकटु घरघरीपुढें मात्र त्यांची बडबड कानावर येणं शक्यच नव्हतं.

पण एकदोन मिनिटांतच तें विमान लांब गेलं. त्याची घरघर अस्पष्ट होत होत विरून गेली आणि मग बाळगोवाळ भंडाळीची बडबड स्पष्ट ऐकूं येऊं लागली.

मी खोलींत वळलों. पण माझीं पावलं मात्र दारांतच थक्कलीं.

“ तें विमान अगदीं खालीं, अगदीं जमिनावर यायला पाहिजे नाहीं ! मग किती गंमत ” एक भुरभुरत्या केसांचा मुलगा म्हणाला.

“ आभाळांतलीं सगळीं विमानं खालीं यायला हवींत. मग तल किती गंमत ” एक बोवडा जीव बोलला.

मला त्या वाक्याची मोठी गंमत वाटली. “ आभाळांतलीं सगळीं विमानं खालीं यायला हवींत. ” विमान म्हणजे जणू प्राजक्ताचीं फुलं, कीं तीं झाड हालवतांच टपटप खालीं यावीत. अजाण बालकाच्या त्या बालिश कल्पनेचें मला हसूं आलं.

मी खुर्चींत अंग टाकलं व पुस्तक पुन्हां उघडलं. पण मघाचें तें वाक्य मात्र पुन्हां पुन्हां माझ्या कर्णपटलावर आदळत आहे असं मला वाटलं. “ आभाळांतलीं सगळीं विमानं खालीं यायला हवींत. मग किती गंमत. ”

आणि एकदम माझें मन चरकलं. मला वाटलं सारी मानवताच त्या बालकाच्या तोंडून तें वाक्य कळवळ्यानं उद्गारली नसेल ना !

सरंच, त्या बालकांना हंसण्याचा आम्हांला काय अधिकार आहे ! आणि अजाण असलींच तर तीं लहान बालकं नसून आम्ही स्वतःला मोठीं समजणारीं माणसेंच अजाण नाहींत काय !

आज स्वतःला प्रतिष्ठित समजणारीं जगातील सारीं राष्ट्रें युद्धांत गुंतलीं आहेत. खून चढलेल्या माणसाप्रमाणें माहूंक किंवा मरूंक या इर्षेनें लढत आहेत.

पण तेथील विचारवंत माणसांना एक प्रश्न रात्रंदिवस सारखा भेडसावीत आहे कीं, आजच्या होमकुंडांत अनेक लोक ठार होत आहेत, अनेक अर्भकं मृत्युमुखीं पडत आहेत. परंतु ह्या युद्धाच्या खाईंतून वांचलेल्या अनाथ, अपंग, निराधार अर्भकांचें काय करावचें ! त्यांचें पालनपोषण कुणीं आणि कसं करावचें ! त्यांना स्वतंत्र राष्ट्रांचे एक नागरीक म्हणून कसं बनवावचें !

युरोपांत असं एकहि शहर आज शिळक राहिलं नसेल कीं ज्याचें आकाश विमानांच्या भेसूर निनादानं भरून राहिलं नाहीं. ज्याच्या दिशा बाँब्सच्या कर्णकटु किंकाळ्यांनीं आणि स्फोटांनीं भरून राहिल्या नाहींत. आणि ज्याचे रस्ते मनुष्यरधिरानें न्हालेले नाहींत.

त्याच रक्ताच्छिन्न रस्त्यावर उघड्या पडलेल्या बालकांच्या तोंडून हृदय हलवून सोडणारे उद्गार निघत असतील “ देवा, तू दयाळू ना ! मग आण रे तीं सारीं विमानं खाली. त्यांचे पंख कापून टाक, त्यांना परत उडतां येणार नाहीं असं कर. ह्याच विमानांनीं माझा खेळ उध्वस्त केला. ह्याच राक्षसांनीं मला आईच्या अंगावर धड पिकंढि दिलं नाहीं. ह्याच दुष्ट गिधाडांनीं माझ्या वडिलांना माझ्यापासून हिरावून नेलं. आण तीं खाली. आण अगदीं कायमचीं खालीं आण. ”

ज्या थोर शास्त्रज्ञांनीं मनुष्याला अतिमानुष बनविणारा हा शोध लावला त्यांच्या डोळ्यापुढें किती स्वप्नं तरळलीं असतील, किती कल्पना स्फुरल्या असतील कीं आम्ही आज मानव जातीला सुखी केलं, मनुष्याचं जीवन सुखकर केलं.

पण आजच्या हाःहाःकाराची त्यांना थोडी जरी कल्पना असती तर त्यांनीं ह्या अतिमानवी कल्पनेला मुळांतच नस लावलं असतं.

मनुष्याला आकाशांत संचार करतां येऊं लागला. मन मानेल तिथं वायुवेगानं जाता येऊं लागलं. त्याला मोठा गर्व झाला. मी मानव केवढा मोठा. आज मीं निसर्गावर सुद्धां जय मिळविला. निसर्ग म्हणजे माझा दास.

पण त्याच वेळेस भवितव्यता हंसली असेल, अगदीं छद्मीपणानें हंसली असेल व म्हणाली असेल: “ वेड्या मानवा, आज हंसतो आहेस पण उद्या रडशील. हाच तुझा लाडका शोध उद्या तुला तुझीं स्वतःचीं पोरं वाधिणीप्रमाणं खायला लावील. ”

आज भवितव्यतेचे ते शब्द खरे झाले आहेत. नुसता वृक्षच नव्हे तर अंकूरहि चिरडून टाकावा म्हणून प्राथमिक शाळांच्यावर, अनाथ अर्भकालयांवर, लहान मुलांना दूर सुरक्षित स्थळीं नेऊन पोचविणाऱ्या जलनौकांवर, दिवसा ढवळ्या बाँक्स टाकले जात आहेत.

आणि म्हणूनच राष्ट्राची ही उघडी पडलेली संपत्ती कशी वांचवायची व त्याची जोपासना कशी करायची असा प्रश्न विचारवंतांना पडला आहे.

आईबाप असलेल्या अर्भकांचें कौतुक कोणीहि करतें. त्यांना झेलण्याला कुणाचेहि हात पुढें होतात. त्याचा पापा घेण्यासाठीं कुणाचेहि ओठ जुळले जातात.

पण आईबापविहीन अनाथ बालकं ! त्यांच्या कौतुकाबद्दलचे शब्द कितीसे उच्चारले जातात ! त्यांना बाहूंत घेण्यासाठीं कितीसे हात पुढें होतात ! आणि त्यांच्या आवाळ झालेल्या मलीन गालांच्या पापा घेण्यासाठीं कितीसे ओठ जुळले जातात !

नुकतांच “ जर्नी फॉर मार्गरेट ” ह्या नांवाचा चित्रपट आला होता. त्यांत अशा लहान मुलांचा प्रश्न फार हळुवारपणें सोडविला होता. व शेवटीं नायक अशा दोन अनाथ लहान मुलांना आपलीं स्वतःचीं मुलें मानून घरीं घेऊन जातो अस दाखवलं होतं.

पण अशीं भाग्यवान अनाथ अर्भकं जगांत कितीशीं असतील !

माझ्या मनांत वरील विचार किती वेळ चालले असते नकळे. पण मद्याच्या त्या विमानानं माझं लक्ष पुन्हा वेधून घेतलं. मी गॅलरींत येऊन उभा राहिलों. एक मोठी चक्कर मारून तें विमान परत चाललं होतं. मद्याचेच बाबालोक त्याच्या स्वागतासाठीं उभे होते. व त्यांची पूर्वासाःखांच बडबड चालू होती.

तें विमान लांब दूर जातांच मी अंगणांतल्या मुलांना उद्देशून म्हणालों “ खरंच, आभाळांतलीं हीं सगळीं विमानें खालीं यायला हवीं नाहीं ! मग किती गंमत ! ”

माझ्या त्या वाक्याचें त्या चिमुकल्या मंडळींना मोठें आश्चर्य वाटलें असावें, व एवढ्या मोठ्या माणसाचें मतहि आपल्यासारखेंच असावें ह्याबद्दल त्यांना आनंदहि झाला असावा.

पण—

पण माझा कंठ मात्र कसल्या तरी अगूढ भावनेनं रुद्ध झाला होता.

# लढाई संपली आणि ?—



वसंत गोपाळ निंबवीकर  
ईटर आर्ट्स

[ युद्धानंतरची ही कांहीं लोकांची विचारसरणी तुम्हासही खचित चिंतनीय व मनोरंजक वाटेल ]

- ( १ ) व्यापारी— अरे आतां माझ्या काळ्या बाजाराचें काय होणार !
- ( २ ) शेटजी— लढाई खलास. बाकी चांगला झाला—साला दोनचार ' शेवलेट ' घेईल आतां.
- ( ३ ) रेट्गेगार्ड—सुटलो बुवा या रोजच्या चातांतून, नाहींतर युद्धकाळांत (पुणें ते देहूगोड) रोजचा अपघात अन् रोजची गाडी लेट—
- ( ४ ) दुकानदार— लढाईचा सारा ताप आम्हां दुकानदारांना—फायदा कवडीचा अन् हिशोब कोटीचा.
- ( ५ ) रेशनिंग ऑफिसर— लढाई संपली काय अन् पुन्हा दुसरी सुरू झाली काय— दोन्ही आम्हांला सारखेंच, आणि त्यांतून आमचें सातें सरकारचें लाडकें—
- ( ६ ) कम्युनिस्ट— हाय, हाय, आतां आमच्या पक्षाचे पुरे बारा वाजले अन् ' लोकयुद्ध ' तर गहाण पडलाय.
- ( ७ ) बेकार नवऱ्याची पत्नी—अहो—अहो—लढाई संपली अन् तुमची नौकरी पण खलास झाली. असे शुभासारखे उभे कां ? या चार पांच पोराना आतां काय साऊं घालणार बोलाना !
- ( ८ ) नोकरीला हपापलेली आजकालची तरुणी—इश. हें काय बाई भलतेंच झालें. आधीं कधीं आम्हांला स्वतंत्रता मिळत नाहीं. पण—आतां कसली नौकरी अन् कसलें काय ! शाळेंत मास्तरीण म्हणूनसुद्धां आपल्याला कुणी घेणार नाहीं. आतां गेले ते दिवस—
- ( ९ ) ज्योतिषी—माझें भविष्य म्हणजे भविष्य अन् त्यांतून मी होरारत्न— मी म्हणत नव्हतों, युद्ध संपणार म्हणजे संपणार— पण लोकांना विश्वास पाहिजे ना.
- ( १० ) वार्ताहर— सगळा सच्यानाश झाला. आमचें मोठें भांडवल गेलें—आतां कसली डोमल्याची वार्ता, अन् काय, लढाईच्या दिवसांत जें पाठवूं तें संपादक डोळे झांकून छापित, पण आतां—
- ( ११ ) चित्रपटगृहाचे चालक— आतां आमची सारी फॅमिलीसर्कल्स ओस पडणार—अन् ५ आण्यांचें तिकीट १५ आण्यांला विकणंहि बंदच—
- ( १२ ) एक पेन्शनर—अहो नाना, लढाई संपली आतां— आतां एकादा सत्यनारायण करायला हरकत नाहीं.
- ( १३ ) आजीबाई— अगवाई संपली मेली एकदांची ती लढाई का पडाई— आतां कथापुराणाला जायला कांहीं हरकत नाहीं. आतां तो पोंगा नाहीं अन् मेलें दुसऱ्याच्या घरांत शिरणें नाहीं.
- ( १४ ) नाटाळ सैनिक— अरे वॉर खलास— आतां माझा पराक्रम मी कुणाला दाखवूं—!
- ( १५ ) एक शेतकरी— लई बेस झालें—या लढाईज् जीव कसा हैरान झाला व्हता बघा. जें पेरारें तें वाऱ्यानें उडुनश्यानी जावं. लेकरावाळाला घरचा दाना असूनश्यानी खायला मिळेंना— जय इट्टला ! फिरून लढाईच नांव काढूं नकोस बग—

## पेन्शनर—



कृ. वा. अत्रे  
सी. बी. ए.

हेच ते गृहस्थः नाहीतर इतक्या सकाळीं थंडी मी म्हणत असतां कुडकुडत बाहेर पडणागी माणसं दुसरीं आहेत कोण या पुण्यांत ! त्यांचा तो डोकीस बांधलेला फाटलेल्या जरीचा फार दिवस न धुतल्यानें घामट बनलेला रुमाल, त्यावर मफलरची अगर गळपट्टीची कानपट्टी, आंगांत असाच एक घामाचा वास येत असलेला सदरा, त्यावर पार्शी फॅशनचा किंवा मुलाचा वापरून जुना झालेला कोट, त्यावर पायघोळ मळकट ओव्हरकोट, कोटाच्या मागून फडकत असलेलें धोतराचें किंवा उपरण्याचें निशाण; पायांस थंडी लागूं नये म्हणून पायमोजे व त्यावर बिनपॉलिशचे बूट; शरिराला आधार मिळण्यासाठीं व चालीला लयबद्धता येण्यासाठीं डाव्या हातांत धरलेली कांठी व प्रकाशाचा त्रास होऊं नये म्हणून सदासर्वदां भिवयांवर उभी राहिलेली तळहाताची कमान. अशा धाटांत कांठी टेकीत टेकीत चालणारे गृहस्थ पेन्शनरशिवाय दुसरें कोण असणार !

त्यांचा तो एके कालचा करडा आवाज, भेदक नजर, रागीट चेहरा हीं फारच पडलीं असून त्यांचा हल्लींचा चेहरा राजकीय विभाग दाखविण्यासाठीं भरलेल्या रंगावर समान उष्णतामान दर्शविणाऱ्या रेघोट्या ओढल्यासारखा झाला आहे व हातापायांनीं आपला ताल सोडून ते नृत्य करूं लागले आहेत. मरणोत्तर उप-योगी पडण्यासाठीं त्यांनीं आपले दांत यापूर्वीच पाठविले असून हळू हळू ते कान व दृष्टि यांचीहि रवानगी करण्याच्या विचारांत आहेत.

पेन्शनर व पुणें यांचा अगदीं जिव्हाळ्याचा संबंध आहे. उभ्या आयुष्यांत शहाणपणानें व काटक-सरीनें वगून केलेल्या संचयावर यांनीं एखादा बंगला उभारला असला पाहिजे. हे एखाद्या वेदशास्त्रोत्तेजक, संस्कृतिसंरक्षक किंवा तसल्याच कसल्यातरी संस्थांचे सभासद असलेच पाहिजेत. देवळांतून देवदर्शनासाठीं, कथाप्रवचनासाठीं यांची गर्दी असलीच पाहिजे किंवा विश्रान्तिमंडळें स्थापून जगाला ताळ्यावर आणण्याचा महाप्रयत्न चालू असला पाहिजे. यांनीं आपल्या प्रभावानें पराक्रमी व अचपळ माहतीला 'पेन्शनर' करून टाकिलें आहे.

यांचा रोजचा कार्यक्रम अगदीं ठरलेला. एक वेळ सूर्य उगवण्यास कंटाळेल, पण हे आणि यांची काठी, अगदीं अचूकपणें सकाळींच फेरफटका करण्यास बाहेर पडण्यास चुकायचे नाहीत. वय झाल्यामुळें लोक यांच्या फिरण्याला फेरफटका न म्हणतां 'फेरफटका' म्हणतात, त्याला यांचा नाइलाज आहे ! पण हा फेरफटका दोन दिवसांत सारें पुणें फटकारून टाकतो. टांगेवाला कधीं यांच्या वाऱ्यालाहि उभा राहाणार नाही. त्याला माहीत आहे कीं, हें गिन्हाईक कांहीं आपलें नव्हे. उतार वयांत काठीच त्यांची सहचारी बनली आहे व त्यांचेहि काठीवर तितकेंच प्रेम आहे. घटकाभारहि त्यांना तिच्याशिवाय होत नाही. तिच्यांत जरा नरमपणा आला कीं, हे तिला रजा द्यायला अगदीं तत्पर ! नौकरीच्या काळांत हाताखालच्या माणसाला रजा देणें म्हणजे यांना कोण प्राणसंकट ! पण त्यांना आतां माहीत झालें आहे कीं, काठीला रजा देण्यांत हयगय झाल्यास आपणास कायमची रजा घ्यावी लागायची ! !

आतां हे १०-११ वाजेपर्यंत असेंच फिरत राहतील. रस्त्यांत लागणाऱ्या एखाद्या वाचनालयांत शिरले कीं, तासाभराची निचिंती ! तेथें सुद्धां एखादें वर्तमानपत्र यांच्या हातांत पडलें कीं, दुसऱ्याला तें लक्षकर मिळण्याची आशा नको ! ज्ञानाचें चर्वण अन्नाप्रमाणेंच सावकाश चालावयाचें.



भोजनोत्तर जरा आडवे होणे हाहि नित्याचाच कार्यक्रम आहे. लेखन होईलच असे सांगता येत नाही. मरणाच्या आधी पुष्कळ दिवस जगण्यापेक्षा मेल्यानंतरहि काहीं दिवस जगण्याची ज्यांची इच्छा त्यांचा हा उद्योग. मोठा मुलगा कर्ता झाल्यामुळे यांना आतां प्रपंचाचीहि फारशी काळजी नाही. फक्त जास्त दिवस जगायचें कसं एवढाच कायतो प्रश्न ! यमाजी भास्कर यांना ओढीत असले तरी हे इकडे सरकारला ओढीत असतातच. दुपारी चार नंतर पुन्हां आपली यांची काठी आणि हे, पडलेच बाहेर म्हणून समजावें. आतां यांचा मोर्चा एखाद्या जाहीर सभेकडे किंवा देवळाकडे असावयाचा. शक्तीने सोडले तरी उत्साहाने नाही अं ! पेन्शन-मुळे मिळकतीत निम्मेपणा आल्याबरोबर खर्चातहि निम्मेपणा आला. संध्याकाळचें जेवण पचेंतासें झालें व रात्रीचा चहा बंद झाला. सारीच काटकसर ! !

पण यांच्याकडे पाहून हंसूं नका काहीं. ज्ञानाच्या साखरपाकांत अनुभवाचे मोरावळे घालून मुरलेला हा मोरावळा आहे, चालण्यांत जरी संथपणा वाटला तरी तरुणांच्या क्रांतिकारक तर कधी उच्छृंखल वृत्तीच्या तारवाला भडकून नये म्हणून हा नांगर आहे. लहान बालकांचा प्रेमळ मित्र, बोलण्यांत हेकड व दिसण्यांत रागीट पण मायेचें पांयरूप घालून व प्रेमाचा उबारा देऊन तुम्हांला ते ताजेतवाने करतील व भावी आयुष्यांत उपयोगी पडणारी अनुभवाची शिंदोरी बांधून देऊन आनंदाश्रूंनी आशीर्वाद देण्यासहि विसरणार नाहीत.

## अभिप्राय

“ मानवी प्रवास ” ( लेखिका:— कु. सरोजिनी बाबर, स. प. कॉलेज, पुणे २. क्रि. ४ आणि )

आपल्या कॉलेजांतील एका उद्योगमुक्त लेखिकेने छोट्या वाचकांकरिता लिहिलेल्या या छोट्या पुस्तकाचे आम्ही आनंदाने स्वागत करितो. मानवप्राणी जन्माला आल्यापासून संस्कृतीच्या विविध टप्प्यांनी प्रवास करित शेवटी त्याने निसर्गावर मात कशी केली हा विषय मुळांतच अद्भुतरम्य आहे. पण त्यांतील अद्भुतता बालपनावर ठसविण्यासाठी जें कौशल्य लागते तें लेखिकेने अत्यंत सहजरम्य भाषेत व गोष्टीरूपाने विषयाची मांडणी करून दाखविले आहे. केवळ ‘ पुस्तकलेखनाचा पहिलाच प्रयत्न ’ म्हणून नव्हे तर त्यांतील वाङ्मयगुणांमुळेहि या पुस्तकाचे सर्वांकडून कौतुक होईल असा विश्वास वाटतो.

संपादक.

## हिंदी भाषा प्रेमीमंडळ.

ऑगस्ट १९४४ मध्ये झालेल्या परीक्षेत १६ विद्यार्थी बसले होते. त्यांपैकी सर्वच्या सर्व उत्तीर्ण होऊन अपेक्षेपेक्षा जास्त पहिल्या व दुसऱ्या श्रेणीत आले. फेब्रुवारी १९४५ मध्ये होणाऱ्या राष्ट्रभाषा परीक्षेसही बरेच विद्यार्थी बसणार आहेत. मंडळातर्फे चालविलेल्या वर्गास ज्या हिंदी भाषाप्रेमी मित्रांनी विनामूल्य शिक्षण देऊन सहाय्य केले आहे त्यांना मी मंडळातर्फे हार्दिक धन्यवाद देत आहे.

द. गो. दसनूरकर.  
मंत्री

## इंदिरा सेविकापथक.

पथकांत २९ सेविका आहेत. दरवर्षीप्रमाणे श्री. गणपत्युत्सव साजरा केला. सौ. इंदिराबाई देवधर यांनी सुभाष्य कीर्तन केले. सेविकांना बँडवादन, सेंट जॉन ॲन्ब्युलन्स कोर्स इ. चें शिक्षण दिले आहे. डॉ. पोतदार यांनी ॲन्ब्युलन्स कोर्सवर व्याख्याने दिली. तसेच बी. जे. मेडिकल हायस्कूलच्या व्यवस्थापकांनी ॲनॉटर्मी हॉल पहाण्याची परवानगी देऊन व डॉ. भडकमकर यांनी सर्व माहिती सांगून आम्हांस उपकृत केले आहे.

लेडीज पी. टी. चंदाही पथकाकडेच आहे. पी. टी. मध्ये निरनिराळे उपक्रम सुरू केले आहेत. सेवा करण्याची संधि दिल्याबद्दल चालकांची आभारी आहे.

## कार्यवाहिका

### मराठी-साहित्य-सेवा-संघ.

डॉ. वाटवे यांच्या नेतृत्वाखाली संघाच्या कामास व्यवस्थित सुरवात झाली. युनिव्हर्सिटीची पारितोषिके मिळवणारे रा. जोग, बी. ए., रा. पत्की, एम्. ए., सौ. शेळके, एम्. ए.; आणि कॉलेजचे पारितोषिक मिळवणारे रा. आफळे आणि कु. जोगळेकर यांचा सन्मान श्री. तात्यासाहेब केळकर यांच्या अध्यक्षतेखाली मोठ्या थाटांत साजरा झाला. या वर्षी प्रो. मा. का. देशपांडे, गोपीनाथ तळवलकर, प्रो. शेजवलकर, रा. श्री. जोग, य. गो. जोशी, वि. सी. गुर्जर, इत्यादि विद्वानांच्या व्याख्यानांचा लाभ विद्यार्थ्यांना बराच झाला आहे. श्री. नी. शं. नवरे यांच्या अध्यक्षतेखाली 'मोरोपंत व मुक्तेश्वर' या विषयावर झालेली चर्चा फारच उपयुक्त होती. चंदाच्या सहलीचा कार्यक्रमहि फार बहारीचा झाला. ॲनर्स लायबरीचें काम रा. एस्. व्ही. ताम्हनकर यांनी समाधानकारक रितीने केले आहे.

कृ. वा. अत्रे  
प्र. न. जोशी  
कार्यवाह

लेखन-शाखा वरील संघाच्या या शाखेचें हें पहिलेंच वर्ष. त्या मानानें चंदा झालेले कार्य निश्चित आशादायक आहे. एकूण ३०-३५ लेखांवर आतांपर्यंत चर्चा झाली आहे. गेल्या सहामाहीत प्रो. जोग, श्री. हृदय आणि डॉ. वाटवे यांनी चर्चा कशी करावी याचें प्रात्यक्षिक करून दाखविलें.

या सहामाहीतील लघुकथांची चढाओढ मोठी चुरशीची झाली. कु. मालती धोपेश्वरकर, कु. कमला नातु, रा. य. बा. उमराणीकर आणि रा. द. स. अभ्यंकर या विजयी विद्यार्थी मित्रांचें अभिनंदन. 'कथा-समस्या-पूर्ती'च्या स्पर्धेत प्र. न. जोशी यांना बक्षिस मिळाले आहे.

डॉ. वा. भा. पाठक आणि गोपीनाथ तळवलकर यांनी स्पर्धेसाठी आलेल्या कथांचें योग्य परीक्षण करून दिल्याबद्दल शाखा ऋणी आहे. तसेच रा. मा. वा. पाळंदे, बाळ टिकले, गजानन बेहेरे इत्यादि मित्रांची चिकाटी उल्लेखनीय आहे. छोटीशी सहल काढून साजरा केलेला बक्षिससमारंभ फार बहारीचा झाला. त्यावेळी वाचण्यांत आलेली 'चक्रकथा' फारच यशस्वी ठरली.

प्रह्लाद जोशी,  
सरोज के. बाबर

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