

about

“ FAROOK ”

...I AM VERY HAPPY TO BE PRESENT HERE AT THIS COLLEGE AND I AM INSPIRED BY THE NAME OF THIS COLLEGE BECAUSE IT IS ASSOCIATED WITH THAT OF HAZRATH OMAR FAROOK WHO IS AN EMBODIMENT OF JUSTICE. I AM REMINDED ON THIS OCCASION OF AN INCIDENT IN HAZRATH OMAR'S LIFE. KHALIF OMAR AND HIS SERVANT HAD TO GO TO A PLACE TO NEGOTIATE A TREATY. THEY HAD ONLY ONE CAMEL. OMAR DECIDED THEY SHOULD RIDE THE CAMEL BY TURNS. WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT TO REACH THE DESTINATION, IT WAS THE SERVANT'S TURN. HE TURNED TO HIS MASTER AND SAID, THAT AS IT IS THE END OF THE JOURNEY HE SHOULD CONTINUE TO RIDE. OMAR REFUSED TO HAVE AN UNEQUAL ADVANTAGE AND INSISTED ON THE SERVANT ENJOYING HIS TURN. THIS SHOWS OMAR'S SENSE OF JUSTICE AND THE ISLAMIC SPIRIT OF EQUALITY. I AM VERY GLAD THAT THIS COLLEGE IS ASSOCIATED WITH HIS NAME. I HAVE GREAT ADMIRATION FOR HIM AND HE IS A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION.....

- From the speech of
Dr. B. Ramakrishna Rao,
Governor of Kerala
on the occasion of the Farook College Day
on 11th January 1957.

. A. Khalid

'ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS'

All is not gold that glitters,
pleasure seems sweet, but proves
a glass of bitters"
Goldsmith holds so,

Ah! it is hell", cries the dweller in this "heli"
and then he takes rest
whose heart leapt up when he beheld
a rainbow in the sky —
Wasn't he weaving a golden dream?

the wine-bibber's Castles in Spain
and the pipe-dreams of the starry-eyed idealist
are of a piece with the bubbles
of the Heliconian springs ...

Meanwhile, let my body reign
and catch time by the forelock,
and sing my cursory song.

Yes, I the chicken-hearted poltroon
will proclaim like a comic muse:
"All is not gold that glitters"
but evade the query, 'what's gold?'

Are these many faces I see
real or fake?
Masked or bare?

Tired of this rush,
wait here for
I know not what

Let me sink in my thoughts,
and forget myself

Close encounter of a third type

Insan

Being very punctillious in ordinary matters I make it a point to pay a visit to my psychiatrist once a week. I rise very early (at 10,0' clock), throw a last wistful look at the bed, brush my teeth and go off to meet the keeper of my psyche to cry on his shoulders and weep away a week's load of worries. Occasionally he confides to me the intricacies of the human mind. Once he opened up the doors of a great law of nature. Men, he said in a pious whisper, are chiefly of two kinds. One is the go-getter, the aggressive extrovert who conquers the earth; the other the meek introvert who consoles himself that he shall inherit heaven. I told him that I thought as much, that there ought to be some such simple explanation. My loony consultant drew up closer. He flashed his glasses, and like one who hath drunk of the milk of paradise, told me in hushed tones of the greatest mystery of all: the Third Type.

The Third Type seeks fame and recognition with single-minded devotion. He traverses life chasing the lengthening shadows of his ambitions. But show him the direct why of a public rostrum, and he becomes Jack the Evasive. He would rather that greatness were thrust upon him, that one fine morning he should wake up and find himself popular. But he cannot speak in public. His idea of pease and nirvana is being a hundred miles away from a public stage. Even if you give him the most obliging audience, and ask him simply to walk up to the podium at Lupercal and start bowing to the applauding millions, you will not find him anxious to play the hero he wants to be. He mumbles some excuse about granduncle dying without notice, and sneaks away. You could as well get an eell to say 'cheese' before a camera. That is the Third Type. An introverted Quixote, if you will, or a rather outspoken Bertram wooster. In a nutshell, myself.

So you know me now. Never a pigmy, but no Colossus either. In a soccer team, look for me at left half, On stage, the fellow who offers coke to the chief guest. I prefer to be but a Wandering Voice. At meetings I would rather be a dumb proxy. A dummy,

When my parents decided that they had no use for a mere background artist, and that they could do without all those whose role is not to do and die but to make reply and reason why, I was presented to that haven of loafers, the college. My career as a dandy had a brilliant start on the third day of my arrival.

The teacher had begun getting entangled in the romantic aspirations of the second cousin of King Fin Lee IV of the Third Sing Song Dynasty of China. It was then that something told me that all was not right with his (the teacher's not Fin Lee's) outer trappings. My sharp eyes at once saw it: his collar was a half inch too small. Though I did not scream 'eureka!'; a close observer might have discerned a feverish excitement in my eyes. After all, a discovery is a discovery and if Archimedes's genins lay in water in a tub, my speciality happened to be apparel that oft. proclaims the man. What I mean is, I had every right to whip out a dozen eureka's but I desisted. Now why did I desist? For one thing I didn't know that formula then, and secondly I could not ignore the etiquettes of a class room.

So as I say, I did not shout. It would have been a Jaffe. But in half a jiffy I was pointing out this serious blemish on the part of the teacher to half the class. I did not shout, mind you, for no one has greater regards for savoir-faire than myself. Fortunately I have nimble fingers, very plastic lips and

expressive eyes. It was a titter from an ungentle fourth-bencher that culminated in the teacher's own discovery of one of my compromising labial postures.

One doesn't like to dwell on one's agonizing spiritual sufferings. So I will not elaborate on the painful scene that ensued. Enough to mention that the teacher expended on me a whole string of telling adjectives that Fin Lee's second cousin must have employed to describe his first cousin. Very unpleasant.

Now I knew where my genius lay. I may not be quick at cerebral functions but I was so dress-conscious that the best Parisian tailor could take his correspondence course from me. I now formed plans for setting up a sartorial consultancy; and for editing The Fashion World which would commence publication as soon as I got Aladdin's convenient lamp. Apart from these public utility schemes I started research on The Decline and Fall of the Bell-bottom. My great perseverance in my own personal turnout earned me the name of Fashion Fop.

Life was too good I ought to have known it couldn't last. Snuggled up in the cosy petals of ease I failed to notice the Snake as it sneaked up.

The Snake was well-disguised. I remember him very clearly: a T-shirt after last season's fashion 80-model glass frame, the super-star hair-cut.

"Good morning", said the Snake-opening the proceedings, I noted, with the mid-century greeting.

"Hey-ee," I retorted, anxious to update things. "Haudee?"

"The Executive has decided that in view of the-

"Waitaminute! What's all this? Subject? Reference? What Executive?"

"The SLU-Student Loafers' Union-has decided to put you up as a candidate for the elections. Our great cause--"

"Hold it! I can't. For a thousand reasons. One, I'm not a member of your blasted S L U."

"But you are! you're a student, you're a loafer, you are the Fashion Fop, the girls' favourite, the sure winner, the..."

I wished our teacher of the Sing Song Dynasty had been around to hear those qualifications.

Life is a bundle of compromises, as Shakespeare

said—at least, he should have, being so clever at pulling such gags. You aim at being a Collector, and end up collecting stamps. If you start running for the 5000 metres race you make at least the first lap; but aim at the first lap, and you're lucky if you finish warming up and start at all. If you persist in turning out in the Amitabh style you will at least make the Kamalahasan grade. Naturally, Snake had to be satisfied with my agreeing to be his dummy for the election. But I had a nasty feeling that he was contented. No man would wink in that we-will-see manner unless he was sure he could have things his own way.

Not that I was dissatisfied. Far from it. Nothing could have been better. At the expense of no public speech I was getting to be on the right side of popularity. Pure velvet—that was what I was on.

Somebody said somewhere something that means Fate has always a card up his sleeve; and, watching his unsuspecting victims, he laughs up his sleeve. If it is all right with that overworked sleeve, I don't complain. And if Fashion finds such splendid uses for the sleeve, it shall not find me demur. But I do chafe at being used by Fate for his amusements. That is bad taste, and I draw the line right there.

Here was I, thoroughly enjoying my dummyhood. And there was Snake, the party's real candidate. All on a sudden, as unexpected as the '65 low-waist craze, comes a thousand-tonne bomb. Technically, I know, it is called the rejection of Snake's nomination and acceptance of mine. But that's just a euphemism for the calamitous somersault of the world around me. I found myself, as shy and nervous a stammerer as ever shunned the limelight, being pushed centrestage.

Of course, there is nothing I like better than to be appreciated by all and sundry. I like that look of approval which tells me my buttons are the right colour and the heels of my shoes just the height that makes all the difference. But I like to take my fans severally. It may be something to do with my DNA or whatever it is, but I cannot stand being looked at by more than three pairs of eyes. I still shudder when I recollect how hundreds of eyes were glued to me at a college sports carnival. Someone had sprinkled my gleaming white shirt with scandalous colours. Though I own it was a tactical error to want to wring the neck of a first-rate sprinter along the public tracks, one does not easily forgive a colour scheme on one's own facade that catches the eye

ten miles away.

And now comes another occasion to be ogled at by screaming primitives, to speak to packs of wolves. It took eight of the stoutest gangsters to subdue me and put me on to a stage.

Coming back to our phychiatrists—something I do often to the immense relief of my purse—there are two kinds of them: (a) those who tell you, when you are tense with stage-fright, to count upto 100; and (b) those who tell you to count upto 200. I did not take chances. I did 300. But after that where are you? I mean, where was I? Centrestage, spotlit, being goggled at by half the world. I was about to do another 300 when I felt the audience was not interested in arithmetic. I distinctly heard something like a Red Indian battle-cry. By the time I got to "Friends, Romans, countrymen", the long awaited orgy was in full swing.

And so from class to class. I was like a guinea-pig on whom my primitive friends, wallowing in the worldly enjoyment of booing, tried out their vocal performances. If you think I would ever forget the voter, half my size, who seemed to be living for pleasure alone, you can have two more guesses.

But everything has an end, even an election campaign. I now saw the silver living. How could I ever have missed it? True, I had popularized myself, as the leading mime. But my rival was a good orator, whose words used to rob the Hypla bees and leave

them honeyless. Judging by this, I expected my voters to desert me. Result—I would lose the election. My defeat was the most welcome thing. It would save me from oglers.

Yet now the pessimist in me reared his ugly head. An eerie feeling crept on me: supposing my appearance had blinded the voters to my defects? My feverish imagination almost heard the whisper go about—"What Dear Dummy loses on the consonants he makes up upon the creases." I suppressed the fear. Surely, in these civilized times an educated community couldn't prefer appearance to real worth, could they? The Voice of education ought to tell the voters to see through my glitter and to elect my opponent. I waited for the results, pinning my whole faith on education. I am not sure, but, in my confidence of a defeat, I think I hummed a tune. I am sure I smiled—a good thing, too, my friend Bertie tells me, since that was my last chance.

If my diary is ever published you could read one of the most heartrending entries on 30-2-82, the day the election results were announced. Here are some pre-publication snatches:

"Our education does not serve its purpose, It fails to instruct students on The Art of Seeing Through Good Looks. They are unable to recognize merit but are easily dazzled by fashion. Otherwise how could I ever have won?"

"P. S.— Should remember to punch Snakse, nose tomorrow." ☺

Abdul Salam T. K.

Corruption

Corruption has nowadays become a way of life. Since corruption is attributed to the ill will of individuals, the form of government has only a secondary role in preventing corruption. Considering the fatal danger caused to the society, even this secondary role is significant.

Being a democratic country, India offers equal rights and privileges to her citizen. By favouring certain persons with privileges, corruption violates the concept of 'One man, One vote, One opinion'. A majority of Indian citizen, especially the lower class is said to have their fundamental rights and opportunities just because the constitution states so. This majority never has the chance or means to vitiate things on the other hand the "influential minority" applies wrong means to turn the tables in their favour.

Politics seems to be the most favourable ground for corruption. The so-called "Statesman" are never hesitant to cross-jump or even to topple an elected administration for personal games. The frequent scandals and party splits are all part of a shameful game. These "patriots" even receive bribe from foreign agencies, ignoring the security of the nation.

Another flagrant giant is govt. services. It is now well-known that the movement of files and records

needs the backing of money. Govt. appointments and contracts directly involve bribery. It has been moved that corruption in important fields like education, judiciary, etc. is capable of destroying the good prospects of the coming generation.

Corruption has spread its roots in the public life deeply. The privileged upper class employ corrupt means and reap maximum benefits. One good example is the role of black money in elections. But there is another side to the shield. In order to have their rights and primary needs fulfilled an ordinary citizen has to bribe the persons or factions concerned. So the upper class is inducing corruption to the majority of the lower and middle classes.

The above mentioned "induction" is increasing rapidly and if things are progressing this way the living comforts of individuals will soon depend upon how far corrupt he or she is. It is impracticable to abolish bribery and corruption constitutionally, because such actions would raise the question of denial of fundamental rights in our democratic set up. So the best way to wipe out corruption depends on whether the people are willing to stay away from employing corrupt means.



S. P. Vaseem

Cricketing days are here again!!

There is a time when flock becomes cricket-lovers, all on a sudden. This love of cricket springs up on the eve of a test between India and other cricket playing countries. After the test or series, this love of cricket just vanishes into thin air, or go underground. This passive mood may be compared to the hibernation of certain creatures like “frog”. As these creatures go underground during “hostile” seasons, these lovers too goes underground when the test or series ends. This period is considered by them as a black one.

Some like only the commentary part of the game because in these people, the main intention is to show off their sleek, mod looking pocket transistors. (Some carry even stereo sets bigger than themselves.) They just pretend that they follow every bit of the game. When one asks these people about the score or something regarding the match, they try to slip away telling that at present, the commentary is in Hindi or excuses like rain, bad light, spectators invasion etc. etc. on one such occasion the reply was even more funny — that “Mrs. Indira Priya Darshini Gandhi” is arrested — (that woman was arrested only once) and this was told in January 82.

Frankly speaking, it was on such an occasion (when the home team played Aussies at Kanpur) that I too became a “sudden” fan of this wonderful game. That test was my debut. (Remember G. R. Viswanath started playing tests for India from that particular test onwards). But then, (or even now), I didn't make a fuss by carrying a transistor or rather “big sets” along with me wherever I went. My debut was rather humorous than disastrous. One after reading “this” fully might say its combination of both. It was on the opening day of the Kanpur test. Aussies were batting. My dad and my cousin brother were busy listening the commentary. Inspiration from my cousin earlier made me go closer to the radio and listen. I heard the commentary for some while. At that time I heard the

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man “inside the radio” (commentator) announce that “Bedi was bought into the attack, from the demen end”. I was puzzled over the Bedi I hadn't heard such a name and I concluded that this “Bedi” would be “some thing” like our “Beedi”. To clear my doubts, I asked my father who this ‘Bedi’ was? The glare from him made me go out. And I thought that I was not big enough to listen to that commentary. I concluded that this cricket is an “adults only game”. I couldn't stay out for long and so I stepped in. The moment I stepped in there was a great roar. I could hear the faint voice of the commentator “Lorry has hit Bedi over the sight screen!” I screamed with fear (and imagined the sight of lorry and a bus crashed together). Thinking that it was an accident, I asked my cousin, after a short while, about the number of human beings died and injured in the crash. He said it's not an accident. Bill Lawry has scored six runs. Eh? I repeated the question. He said “If the ball... ..It's a Sixer. (Now sixers and boundaries are all silly. Now even the SBI is hitting boundaries, not mere boundaries. But “International boundaries”)

My father gestured to me to quit the room and I obliged.

As during former situation I couldn't wait outside for long. I came back. Enquired about the progress Cousin told me that, “after Bedi is over Prasanna came and bowled maiden to Red path. Neither I could understand who this maiden was nor could I ask what that meant.

So many things happened before, I was able to clear my doubts (about maiden) only after 48 hours. After that Prasanna's maiden over, Bedi was removed. The announcer announced, “Chandra has been bought into the attack and he has—a long leg, a deep fine leg, a short fine leg, a square leg and a forward short leg.” I had been counting the legs when he told that. After hearing about the 5th leg that many legged man had, I could not stand it any longer — I fainted. Even me,

in my key days had only 4 legs". I was hospitalized. Everything from drips to oxygen was given when the doctor's enquired about the cause. My father said "It all happened while listening to the commentary". Was there anything special? The doctor asked. My cousin said "he fainted because Vishwanath got out for a duck in the 1st innings". It took long 48 hours for me to regain consciousness. And when it came the first news I heard was (from the doctor) "your Viswanath was scored a century in the IInd innings. Eh! What Viswanath — my Viswanath — IInd innings? I was puzzled,

I was about to say aloud that those things were not in my possession. I starred at the doctor. The

doctor was worried. Seeing his worried face, just to paccify him I started laughing. It was only later that I realised, that, the strange laughing would have landed me in some lunatic assylum. The doctor even asked my parents whether any one in our family had this disease (lunacy). The doctor was about to divert the treatment. Realising the danger, my dad discharged me from the hospital without waiting for the doctor to do it.

All I could say after the vast experience, when the next series started was "Ah cricketing days are here again for me! My cousin (Byloo) quipped: is really cricketing days that are here again. ○

Electronics Through the Decades

This is the age of Science, and today electronics is the leading branch. Every field requires the help of electronics. "Electron" is the 'magician' playing tricks through electronics.

What is an electron? It was assumed to be one of the fundamental particles in the early part of the 20th Century. A British Physicist, J. J. Thomson first detected electrons towards the end of the 19th Century. After the discovery a classic series of experiments took place in the opening years of the 20th Century.

How do these things function? We know that when a metal is sufficiently heated it will emit electrons. This phenomenon is known as "Thermionic emission". Making use of this property Sir John Ambrose Fleming, a British Scientist, made a vacuum tube with two metal electrodes. In a particular sense, this vacuum tube or valve was one of the important components of electronic industry. Marconi as well as J. C. Bose used valves for making radio. Invention of radio was the first notable step in electronics. But the major developments were to take place at the time of World-War II.

By the end of the war, the U.S.A., and more particularly the U. K. had built up massive industrial resources for the production of electronic equipments. In addition to this, the invention of transistor in 1948 provided a small, cheap and simple substitute for the vacuum tube, which facilitated an easier development of the industry. Soon after the invention of transistor, electronics showed its greatness through the invention of computers, micro circuits and then of integrated circuits in the 1960s.

In another decade it became one of the largest industries in the U. S. and a major industry in several other countries. By the end of the century it may well become the largest industry in the world. In the U. K. electronic output has arisen by 80% since 1961 and the electronics industry is now overtaking all other leading

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industries. But at present Japan is the leading horse in the electronics race.

Industrial concerns can utilise electronics for easy work. For instance machines of different kinds can be designed by utilising the direction of a digital computer. Here the programmer of the computer converts the design data into a series of numbers representing the co-ordinates of section through the solid components together with instructions for feeding. The numbers are coded on punched tape in the form of instructions to the machine tool. The tape is then fed to the electronic control unit. Errors in the working of machine are automatically corrected. By using these types of electronic items, the time, cost of skilled machinists etc. for a good machine can be saved.

Communication is one of the important fields electronics is employed in. Sound and television broadcasting covers most of the earth's surface. Nowadays artificial satellites are used for the world-wide communication through telephone, television etc. The first of such satellites was put into orbit in 1957. Any way developments have come so fast that the major problem is how the society can adopt them.

Medicine is another area in which electronics saves the society. In this field of medicine it has brought a great change through Oscilloscopes, E. C. G's., Blood-cell Counters, Radiation Detectors etc.

In India, we have to draw a different picture about the developments of electronics. The annual production of electronic goods in our country is about Rs. 10,000 million. But it is only about 0.034 per cent of the world's production. Due to this low production we have deficiency of so many equipments. For example, we need computers in the fields of education, science, technology etc. for a better future. But we have only a limited number of computers. Of the

available computers a lion's share is owned by private firms.

We do not have enough skilled technologists for making complicated electronic equipments. But we have an 'Electronic Corporation of India' run by the Central Government. The only function of this Corporation is importing electronic goods. In the Last year India imported electronic equipments worth Rs. 7000 million. But the Corporation of Kerala (Keltron) and Maharashtra (Meltron) gave better results within a short period of time. Bharath Electronics Ltd. (BEL), Bangalore is a similar establishment worth mentioning.

Last year we put a Communication Satellite in the orbit. Still most of the states cannot enjoy the fruits of electronics through T. Vs. and videos. The

situation is entirely different in other countries, even in poorer countries. They watch their familiar colour televisions; Nevertheless Indians are still waiting for Black and White T. Vs. We hope that 'INSAT', the proposed Communication Satellite would solve our problem.

We have to take a further step though we are, seems, a little bit late. The Government has to relax its licencing policy. This will be an incentive to start major and cottage industries in the private sector. Once this happens, the electronic industry in our country not only would accelerate its production, but offer employment opportunities to thousands of young man and women. Indians are waiting for the lucky future designed by electronics.

Involvements

Richard Keene looked at the picture in the 'Life' magazine he had in his hand and then across the yard at his foster daughter Sara. That was the first ever photograph he had taken of her. Apart from the Mongolian features, this going girl of fifteen did not bear any resemblance to the little ten year old, clad in short black pajamas and a shapeless blouse, tightly Leegging an old woman, her cheebly little face all creased up in crying.

The magazine dated back to the earlier days of the Vietnam war. Keene was a freelance photographer and had come to Vietnam in the hope of getting good pictures, unmindful of the risk involved. No, was he disappointed. In his enthusiasm, the naked cruelty, starvation and helplessness the people had

to fear did not affect him much at first. Besides, all the natives seemed to look alike with their common Mongol features. Somehow he could not associate their pain with that felt by other people. That is, until he encountered Sara.

He went along with the American soldiers, ever pressing towards the south. The routes were long and tiring with risks of ambushes by the Viet-cong at any time plus the usual scarcity of rations. People got on each other's nerves and tempers often flared high.

On one such trip the company of soldiers was led by Lieutenant Harvey Reed characterised by his intense hatred of communists especially 'chinks'

(Chinese) and contempt for the Vietnamese in general. They come to a small village and after having it surrounded, it heed started asking the people whether any Viet-cong were hidden there. Most of them were too frightened to answer and a few shook their heads. "Smoke them out!" barked Reed. This meant that the thatched dwellings were to be set on fire.

Keene stated photographing and one scene he had photographed caught his attention. Directly in front of him some six feet away an old woman was sitting at the open doorway of a hut which was burning. She held on to a little girl who was hugging her and crying loudly. The old woman made no response though part of her skirt had caught fire. The hut would collapse any moment and yet the old woman made no attempt to protect either herself or the child.

On coming closer Keene saw that the old woman was dead though possibly the child did not realise it. She would not let go of the old lady and kept calling out "grandmother" Keene tore the child away and ran with her to the safety of the jeep. One of the privates in the jeep yelled "are you thinking of taking along every chick you come across?" For the first time in his life Keene bunched up his fist and landed one squarely on the man's chin. It was not

much as far as blows went, but he got his message through. He then pulled up the girl to the jeep and waited. Later when they were on their way, he turned to the private and said "you can call her Sara."

Keene took Sara with him to the States soon after and handed over the photographs he had taken along with an article to the 'Life' magazine highlighting the atrocities and needless cruelty inflicted by the American soldiers. Following the publication of the article there were protests and anti-war propaganda marches taken out mainly by students.

Sara has been brought up with Keene's other two children but she does not romp about with the same exuberance of spirits like them. Keene and his wife had to work patiently at first to win her confidence. But it paid off in the end and Sara has quite adjusted to the American way of life.

"It is," thought Keene glancing at the magazine "our part towards the easing of a nation's conscience."

by

N. LAKSHMI
B. Sc. Physics



ORA ET LABORA

OUR MOTTO

“The faith of the Mussalman is concentrated in a single word, Islam, devotion, resignation of our own will to the Supreme decree. That word was not limited by Mohammad to his own followers; it was used ungrudgingly of his Judaic and Christian predecessors. There is no fitter word for the religion of the human race. If there is any one word in western language which can translate it fully, it is the word ‘religion’ itself; and that word need interpretation for ears untrained in Latin speech. The word Islam unfolds itself for us, as for the followers of Mohammad, into the two great and inseparable aspects of life — prayer and work. ‘Pray and give alms’, said Mohammad alms-giving in his wide interpretation of it, conceived with admirable wisdom relatively to the simple wants of his time, covering the whole field of doing good to men. ‘Pray and work,’ said the medieval saint; pray as though nothing were to be done by work: work as though nothing were to be gained by prayer.

In different ways and under every possible variety of language and symbol, the same thing is said by every spiritual leader of men in every age and country. I find it in Confucius, the founder of the faith that has kept Chinese society together for five and twenty centuries: I find it in the ancient theocracy of Hindostan: I find it in the monuments of Egypt as their secrets are gradually revealing themselves to modern learning: I read it in the premature, effort of Pythagoras, premature, yet profoundly fruitful of momentous result to discipline of life upon a human basis: and last of all, I find it where most men think a monopoly of such knowledge is to be found, in the Hebrew and Christian Bible.

Islam, then, or in the English tongue, devotion — the devotion of our life to the highest: the bringing of our own will into accord with the Supreme will; this is the word that sums up the lives of pious men in every age and every country. They have framed for themselves an ideal, a model, a pattern of what their life should be. They have done their utmost to make that ideal a reality. In other words, they have prayed, and they have worked.”

From ‘Discourses on Positive Religion’

by Dr. J. H. Bridges as quoted by

Dr. Syed Abdul Latif in “The Mind Al-Qur’an Builds.”

P. P. S.

RESIGNATION

Under neath the evening sky,
In the shade of a banyan tree,
She stood
Her looks were cool and soft
Like the kiss of libiscus blooms in summer
(When, oh my love when?)
Innumerable petals invisible and near intengible
Floated around my head,
And soul - soothed
Yesterday's wounds

"I am waiting for the stars" she said
But the red - feathered flocks on the western sky
Were lovely enough, I found
By the gleaming water of the silver stream
I sat down,
And waited

Roy P. Iype

Stray Thoughts on Important Trivialities

Everyday, especially on working days from morning to evening, the college campus becomes extravagantly romantic with rollicking scholars attired in their meretricious apparels. Certainly these garishly clad adolescents contribute an added beauty and glamorous appearance to the campus atmosphere.

Dress gives man a fair and nice appearance. From long past, wearing sumptuous clothes was considered most to be admired and intimated. Dressing is an art. People are always fond of looking smart in plushy dresses. They are intensely interested in being attired in the latest fashion. People look for gorgeous clothes that are most fit to them. They are eagerly desirous to invent new designs and models, which are covetable to the changeful civilization of humanity.

But today most of us are running after the newest variety of clothings and blindly imitating fashions, regardless of either the good or bad in doing so.

If not who could be bold enough to say it was not blind imitation that prompts people to wear clothes that are too unfit to the climate?

In our educational institutions, there are restrictions on certain modes of their scholar's dress. These measures are necessary to keep up a sense of equality and etiquette among pupils. But quite often it fails to hold good as the dire aspiration of human nature for imitation stands like a stumbling block before the execution of the regulation.

The over affection for style in dressing is advanced today that we see many dandy clothed himself in the newest suitings. Fops are eager to shine among others. For that they pay too much attention to their clothes and personal appearance. These fellows will not be tired to footle away hours, contemplating their figures in mirrors, still sceptical of the perfection. These people wear georgette garments for others; nevertheless may have the least desire to spend money on such wears; considering it as a necessity of their own. These 'dressy' people indeed have no care for the suitability of their clothings, if conspicuous, too baggy or tight fitting. All that those men long to have is to show much flamboyance and thus to win the appreciation and admiration of others.

But we cannot help this utterly deplorable condition of being ignorant of what they do as merely derogatory to their reputation. After all) these cat-witted people may not be persuaded to abandon those defrauded thoughts and conjectures as they are firm enough to their infirmity.

It is a relieving fact that fashions in men's wear change less frequently than fashions in women's. In olden times these had been certain distinguished qualities for women's attires from that of men, suitable to their femininity. But at present damsels seem to be more fascinated towards men's dress. Probably, in the coming years, only one type of sartorial art may be sufficient to cope with the dressing needs of men and women. A new fashion arises one fine morning grows to the zenith, wins the recognition of mankind and finally becomes antique, giving way to newer ones.

It is a common experience that at places where people are gathered — in crowds in public gatherings

and in colleges — there are people in dishabille. Ladies are more advanced in this matter, — yes, I can vouch for this, for I myself had stood astonished on many occasions when I happened to see ladies in night gowns at a time when the sun was exactly above their heads, others who were more economical wore clothes, which were just sufficient to keep its label of 'clothing'.

But, beyond dispute. dressing is an art. Excellent dressing is exquisite and it gives genuine dignity to the wearer. But when you put dresses on, take care not to imitate blindly what others do, rather than that you should pay attention to yourself — whether it is suitable for you. In choosing dress materials. in getting it stiched, etc. You must think of how it suits you.

Be well dressed — particularly when you are out — but assure yourself all apparels that you put on agree well with you. Apparel, said Shakespeare, oft proclaims the man. And Don't Disguise Yourself. ○



The late K. M. Seethi Saheb, who was the Secretary of the College Managing Committee till his death in May, 1961 traces the genesis and growth of the College in this article.

THE FAROOK COLLEGE - a Glimpse into its Genesis and Growth*

The establishment of a College in Kerala on the lines of the old M. A. O. College, Aligarh, which is now the Aligarh Muslim University has been the aim and ambition of the leaders of the Muslim Community for a quarter of a century. The Kerala Muslim Aikya Sangham which rendered signal service for the social and cultural awakening of the Muslims of Kerala for more than a decade appointed a Kerala Muslim College Committee as early as 1923.

The Committee strove to found a college on the land at Alwaye that had been granted to the late-lamented Shaik Muhammed Mahin Hamadani Thangal for opening an Arabic College by the Travancore Government during the diwanship of Sir P. Rajagopalachari. As the times were not propitious the committee did not succeed in its object though the wave of awakening and enthusiasm it could create was to a great extent responsible for the springing up of a few Muslim High Schools in different parts of Kerala, in which secular and religious instruction used to be imparted side by side.

It was the wise and liberal policy of encouraging the starting of private colleges initiated and energetically pursued by the Madras University under the inspiration of its sagacious and dynamic Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Sir A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar that gave the immediate urge to the Moplah community to establish the Farook College with the sympathy, help and blessings of all the communities in Kerala and outside.

I think it was sometime in September 1947 that I went to the office of the Director of Public Instruction to meet the Director about some matters connected with Muslim education. On going there I found that Dr. Savor, the Director, was away from the office just then. While returning I made a courtesy call on

Dr. Abdul Haq, who was then one of the Deputy Directors. Dr. Haq whom I met in his room at the D. P. I.'s office devoted the major part of his conversation with me to an exposition of the advantages of establishing a college in Malabar in accordance with the policy of the University and pointed out the instance of the opening of the Usmania College, Kurnool. He made an impressive appeal to me to move in the matter without any avoidable delay

I told Dr. Abdul Haq that I would immediately consult my friends and Colleagues and explore the possibility of starting a College on the new premises of the Rawzathul Uloom Arabic College at Feroke which had been endowed by Janab Haji P. Abdullakutty Sahib to which the College was to be shifted from Manjeri. I returned to the Government House hostel, Mount Road, where I was residing for attending the session of the Legislative Assembly. I lost no time in broaching the matter to Mr. M. V. Hydross Sahib, M. L. A. who was also in the Government House then. As the Secretary of the Rowzathul Uloom Association he was taking an active interest in the affairs of the Rowzathul Uloom Arabic College and its transfer to the new premises at Feroke. Mr. Hydross Sahib who had even spoken to me a couple of days back about the possibility of having a First Grade College as an adjunct of the Arabic College accorded a hearty welcome of the idea. We immediately decided to write to Moulavi Abussabah Ahammed Ali Sahib, the founder and President of the Rowzathul Uloom Association and Principal of the Arabic College about the matter and sent a letter to him that very day. Moulavi Sahib had only to receive the letter to start for Madras with his characteristic energy and optimism. It was Moulavi Abussabah's cherished ambition to have a college under the Rowzathul Uloom and he naturally jumped at the idea. On this arrival in Madras we had hurried consultation with Janab M. Mohammed Ismaili Sahib, M. L. A., the President of the Indian Union Muslim League, and

* Reprint of an article by this late K. M. Seethi Sahib published in the Farook College magazine 1951.

Mr. B. Pocker Sahib and the application for the opening of the Farook First Grade College was filled in the month of October, 1947 with faith in God and optimism about the success of the scheme as the only capital and equipment that we had then. The great encouragement given to us by Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar the Vice-Chancellor, before the filing of the application, was of invaluable help to us at that stage as also at all subsequent stages. Soon after the application was made there was a meeting of the prominent Moplah gentlemen who were then in Madras at the business premises of Mr. N. V. Ummer Sahib. Mr. Mohammed Ismail Sahib, M. L. A. presided at the meeting and a Committee to promote the college scheme was formed with Mr. Mohammed Ismail Sahib as the President. Mr. Mohammed Ismail Sahib issued an appeal exhorting the public, especially the Muslim public, to extend all possible help to the college.

The syndicate of the University was good enough to appoint a commission to inspect the site and premises of the college and to report on our application for affiliation. The commission was very much impressed with the site which it characterised as admirably suited for the establishment of a college and made a sympathetic and helpful report to the syndicate. Within a couple of months we had to find one lakh of rupees to make up the initial instalment of the endowment demanded by the University. Through the zeal and enthusiasm of the members of the Finance Committee and the managing committee which was formed overnight and registered the next day and the generous support of a number of friends we could and did make up that one lakh. The construction of the main college building was taken up and vigorously pursued by the stalwarts of Feroke under the lead of the late-lamented Mr. K. Ismail, the treasurer of the Committee. In July, 1948, the syndicate was pleased to grant temporary affiliation to the college. The college classes were opened in a private building at Feroke generously placed at the disposal of the committee by Mr. Ismail and the college was kept going by the energetic Principal Mr. Syed Mohideen Shah with the zeal and sincerity of a true missionary. The subsequent events in the history of the growth of the

college from strength to strength are too well known to the public from the official reports and other sources to need recapitulation by me. Looking back to the history of the college, the dramatic suddenness with which it sprang into existence and attained its present stature within a remarkably short time, my heart is full with reverential gratitude to that All Merciful God who made it possible for us to have such an institution. The existence of a beautiful mosque built and dedicated by Mr. K. Avaran Kutty Haji of Feroke and the Rowzathul Uloom Arabic College within the precincts of the college lend a spiritual and cultural background to the institution and it was a spontaneous and perhaps, prophetic feeling that the late-lamented Mr. Rama Swamy Gounder, the Principal of the Salem College, expressed when he said on the occasion of his visit to the college as a member of the University Commission, that he foresaw for the Feroke College the future of a Muslim University in the South. Nevertheless, the college is a broad-based one attended by and catering to the needs of students of all communities and admirably served by a staff made up of Muslims as well as non-Muslims. The management is deeply indebted to the Education Minister of the Madras Government, Sri. K. Madhava Menon whose interest in the college is as sincere as it is warm and to Sri. P. S. Kumaraswamy Raja, the Chief Minister of Madras who presided over the last college day celebration. Its gratitude to the generous public who warmly responded to the call of the college is unqualified. The college expects every help from the government and the public in future to make it a full-fledged institution with additional groups of Science.

The Moplah community who form one third of the population of the District and one third of the entire Muslim population of the Madras State is proverbially backward in the matter of education in general and higher education in particular and especially so in the area in which the Farook College is situated. May this institution prove a beacon of light and learning to that community in particular and the people of Malabar in general!

The Role of the Library in Higher Education

The word 'Library' is derived from the Latin 'Liber.' It means "a book" Library may be roughly defined as "a collection of graphic, acoustic and holi-stic materials, such as books, periodicals, newspapers, manuscripts, maps, charts, filmstrips, microfilms, pho-nograph records etc. all designed for use." Library is the most useful of all social institutions which democ-ratize knowledge. It is born in civilized, 'literate', so-ciety, grows and develops in response to social condi-tion and needs for equipping the people with the neces-sary proportion of accumulated knowledge and prepar-es them for co-operative social life.

Modern educational structure to tally depends up-on a well-equipped and well managed librabry. This importance of library in education can be appreciated properly and precisely only if we try to understand the changing concepts of education today. Education and library service are inter-related and one cannot live apart from the other.

The main aim of modern education is to develop a think-ing individual. This can be achieved only through mastering a vast mine of knowledge con-tained in the wares of library i. e. books, periodicals and other kin-dered materials. A teacher's task is to impart formal education. A librarian is concerned with the stupendous work of introducing self-education without much sp-oon-feeding. A librain's main job is to guide the readers how and were to locate the materials. The library consists of the trio i. e. the books, the readers and the librarian. the librarian is properly called the match-maker of the beautiful bride-the book and the curious bride-groom-the

reader, with the help of the Five Laws of Library Sci-ence, enunciated by padmasree. Dr. S. R. Ranganathan Father of Indian Libraiains. These may briefly be mentioned as follows:

- 1 Documents are for use (not for preservation);
- 2 Every Reader his/her book;
- 3 Every book its readers;
- 4 Save the time of the readers; and
- 5 Library is a growing organism

Importance of Libraries in Higher Education :

A Library's role in higher education in much more prominent than in elementary and secondary education. It would not be an exaggeration to say that a library is an essential pre-requisite for successful implimentation of higher educational programmes. For knowing the



latest trends in knowledge books and periodicals are the sure media. No educational programme can be taken to fruition without the help and ready co-operation of a library.

Library is the heart of an institution. Maximum utilisation of its library facilities will lead an institution to achieve its aims and objectives. In India many commission, have been appointed to study the importance of libraries in higher education. Calcutta University Commission (1917-'19) recommended: "It is right and proper that the university should provide great libraries and great laboratories of research with great scholars to direct them." The Commission further emphasized: "The University Librarians ought to be a functionary of great importance, ranking with University Professors and having a place in the supreme academic body of the "University." The Kothari Education Commission (1964-66) has pointed out that "nothing could be more damaging to a growing department than to neglect its library or give it low priority. On the contrary, the library should be an important centre of attraction on the College and University Campus."

A College Library functions in order to fulfil the aims and objectives of its parent body i. e. the college. Each of these functions is not wholly discrete and may be dealt with from the point of view of both the college and the college library. Education is a life long process and libraries are proper agencies for providing requisite reading materials to one and all for attaining proper education throughout one's life time. It may be safely concluded that the importance of a library in education cannot be over-emphasized. From the cradle to the grave and from the primary stage to the highest stage of learning, the library serves an unflinching companion.

Farook College Library - An Introduction :

The important sections of the college include a General Section, a Text Book Section, Eight P G Sections, a Map Section, a Manuscript Section, an Audio-Visual Section, A Reference Section, a Research Section, and two Reading Rooms (one each for men and women students). An over all idea of these sections is given below.

General Section : The General Library has, at present, a collection of 40, 426 Volumes, (as on 1-5-82)

including texts and general books, bound periodicals, manuscripts and maps.

Text Book Section : It has a collection of 3,654 books. (as on 1-5-82) Out of these about 2,500 books are issued every year.

Periodicals Section : The total number of periodicals now subscribed for is 116, of which 62 are bound and preserved every year. Bound periodical Sec. has a collection of 1046 volumes. (as on 1-5-82)

Manuscripts Section : There are 17 manuscripts in Arabic Language which are preserved scientifically in the library.

Map Section : It has a collection of 96 maps

Audio-Visual Section : The Audio-Visual Section has a collection of one record player, 160 records 3 tape recorders, 14 tapes, 45 film strips and one radio.

Reference And Research Section : Many valuable reference books are available in this section of the college library. Encyclopaedia of Islam, Encyclopaedia of Britanica, Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, etc. are some of these.

Post Graduate Sections : Eight Post Graduate sections are maintained in the library. They provide sufficient number of standard books and periodicals in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Zoology, English, Arabic, Islamic History and Commerce.

Reading Room : The library is maintaining two separate Reading Rooms for men and women students where a good number of periodicals for light reading is made available to the readers

Classification and Cataloging : All the library collections have been classified and catalogued (card catalogue) according to Colon Classification and classified catalogue code respectively.

An organization to be run successfully and efficiently has to be built upon sound principles and procedures which must be followed by its members. so that the desired results and objectives are achieved. Some rules are laid down in our College library too, since otherwise, the books instead of being put to proper use, may be misused by some there by depriving the rightful users the very services of a precious library. It will therefore be appreciated that if a college library is to function efficiently and smoothly, it needs the whole-hearted co-operation of all its users.

The Willing Bonds

Short Story

It was a warm October evening. The sun was going back to its den after the days strenuous work, in spite of the cold wind blowing the park was growded with all sorts of people, bubbling with excitement:

[The world is full of happiness and misery with bleeding reins in the hands of fate!]

Though, fate was prejudiced against Sudhir, he was gloomy, sitting in the far corner of the park throwing pebbles into a puddle, whiling away his time-like a stray dog who had lost its master. It was the happiest day of his life. He was a full-fledged doctor. But,Sudhir looked into his heart, was he happy? No, It was too ironic! he missed his mother too much. She had been his inspiration. He did not want to go back to his house where her memories were looked" to face the hard reality that his mother was not there to wipe his tears. Thoughts of her swept Sudhir into the whirling sea of memories.

Sudhir was born in a poor family. He had never seen his father, but his mother used to say that he was extremely handsome and wished to make his son a doctor. She had also told him that all their savings were spent on his treatment. His death was an unbearable blow to his mother. From the day he had opened his eyes he had seen her in white as a symbol of purity, love and tenderness. After his father's death, life had not been easy. His mother had to work terribly hard to provide him with the necessary things. She wanted to make him a doctor. She used to say.

"I will fall ill only when my son could come and treat me."

Sudhir was good at studies; he passed his Pre-degree with high marks. He wanted to continue his studies but he understood his circumstances and wanted to get a job to help his mother. But when she had been told of his intentions. She had become terribly angry. She even slapped him—for the first time, After that she had wept badly and told him that he had disappointed her as she had lived only to see him as a doctor so that his father's soul would lie in peace. She had compelled him to study for medicine. He had believed that love affection and all good qualities were personified as mother. He could only compare her to a candle she burned and melted her life to brighten his life—

Sudhir's heart ached for her carasing hands to console him at all difficult situations. When sudhir was confined to bed with an attack of typhoid. She had gone though hell.

She sat by his bed and refused to eat, drink and sleep. Once in the midnight he woke to see her praying. Her prayers had snatched him from the claws of death.

She entered dutely all sorts of suffering. While he was at the medical college she sent him money and letters telling him. She was doing well but he failed to understand all this time she was starving to death.

Sudhir was sad that he could not look after her.

He always wished to give her all the comforts of the world. But she was his.....,mother; how could he he feel her heart!

Yesterday, Sudhir received his degree and specialization certificate. He ran home to show her his degree! But.....! Ramuraka, their loving neighbour received Sudhir and told him that his mother had gone for eternal rest a few days back Alas! She could never rest in her life, he continued. She was suffering from tuberculosis—the rest was lost in his sobs.

Oh God, Sudhir was thinking..... what was the

use of his degree. He had specialised in it. How unlucky he was!

Tears were streaming down Sudhir's face as though washing away all the memories.

Suddenly some one louched his back and a voice said, "Aren't you going home, It is terribly late." It was the park's choukidar. Instinctively Sudhir walked towards the gate staggering like a drunrard!

SUDHA NAIR

I B. Sc. (Botany)