

ছাত্ৰী জিৰণি কোঠা

মই হতবুদ্ধি হৈ পৰিছোঁ ।

আমাক “বোগে” ভালকৈ পাঠিছে । নহলে নো
মাকাতাৰ যুগৰে প্ৰচলিত নিয়ম-নীতিৰ মাজত সোমাই
কাৰ্য্যকাল শেষ কৰাটো এটি ‘বোগ’ নহয় জান কি ?

আৰ্য্যবিদ্যাপীঠহেঁম মহাবিদ্যালয় এখনৰ সেৱা
সপ্তাহ আবন্ত হৈছিল আৰু মই সেই উপলক্ষে মোৰ
বিতাগত হোৱা সকলোবোৰ খেল যিমান সম্ভৱ খুব
সাধাৰণভাবে চলাই নিছিলোঁ ; অ ! ভুলকৈ মূৰুজিব,
সাধাৰণভাবে চলাই নিয়াৰ অৰ্থ হল ল'ৱাৰ চৰে এঙোৰ
কাপোৰ লোৱা আৰু বহুতো কৰা নহয় মোৰ বিভাগ-
টোৰ কিছুপৰিমাণে মামৰ শুচোৱাই অলপ উন্নত
কৰা । নতুন একো প্ৰতিযোগিতা বা লাইব্ৰেৰীত
বিহাৰি নোপোৱা কাকত, আন্দোলনী ছোৱালীসকলে
যোগান ধৰিবলৈ নোৱাৰিলো কাৰণ নতুন দুই-এপদ
বস্ত্ৰ-বেহাৰী যোগান ধৰোতে মোৰ টকাৰ সৰু ভৰালটো
উদং হৈ গৈছিল । সেয়েহে মই কাননা কৰো মোৰ
পিছৰ সম্পাদিকাই উক্ত আৰু নতুন কাম কৰিব
পাৰে ।

এইবোৰৰ উপৰিও উল্লেখযোগ্য আৰু খুব প্ৰয়ো-
জনীয় কথা হ'ব, যদি হয় যদি নহয় সচাকৈ গুণনীৰ আৰু
লক্ষ্যসমকৰ পাত্ৰ হব । শুনিছিলোহে—অধ্যক্ষ
(প্ৰিন্সিপাল) ধৰে আমাৰ বাবে এটি অধ্যাপক
পৰিণ শৰ্ম্ম ছাবক মুম্বাই হিচাবে লৈ কেইজনমান
সদস্যৰে এটি Well Fair নামৰহে (কানৰ নহয়)

কমিটী গঠন কৰিছিল আৰু নামতহে আমি জীয়াই
আছিলো । গতিকে অহা বছৰ উক্ত কমিটী অৱশ্যে
নতুন হব লাগিব আৰু নতুন সম্পাদিকাৰ সহায়-
সহযোগত নিৰ কাম হব লাগে ।

১নং, আমাৰ ছাত্ৰী অমুযায়ী কমটো তেনেই সৰু,
তাতে আৰ্কা ভেটিলেখন নাই বুলিলে ভুল
কোৱা নহব, সেয়েহে দিনটো একাৰ ।

২নং, নিচেই ওচৰত থকা প্ৰসাৰণাটোৰ পৰা অহা
এক উগ্ৰ নাকত ধৰা অপ্ৰীতিকৰ গোন্ধে আমাক
(ছাত্ৰীসকলক) বহিবলৈ অৰ্থাত ‘এক্টোপ’লজি’
বিভাগৰ বাবেগাত ধিয় হবলৈ বাধ্য কৰায় ।

৩নং, উক্ত ১নং আৰু ২নং কাৰণত বাবেগাত ধিয়
হৈ ছোৱালীবোৰে বাস্তাৰ পাণদোকানৰ মাহু-
বোবলৈ চাই চাই নিজৰ বেহ-কপ দেখুৱাত ব্যস্ত
হৈ পৰে । আৰু অফ পিৰিয়দতটো কথায়
নাই ।

অধ্যক্ষদেৱে হয়তো ভাবিব পাৰে যে, সন্মুখত
বতাহ অহাযোৱা কৰিব নোৱাৰা কপ কপীয়া ‘ওৱাল’
আছে কেনেকৈনো দেখে, কিন্তু নেজানিলে যে আমাৰ
কমটো ওৱালৰ ওপৰত । এয়াহে দেখিছো ছোৱালীৰ
জিৰণি কোঠা (Girls Common Room) বাস্তাৰ
পদুস্তিত । আমি বাস্তাৰ পিনে নেচাওঁ কিন্তু আপোনা-
লোকে বাধ্য কৰাইছে । বৰ লাজ লগা কথা ।

গতিকে এই কোঠাটো অতি শীঘ্ৰে স্থানান্তৰ কৰিব লাগে; স্থানান্তৰ কৰিলে ১নং, ২নং এনেয়ে নোহোৱা হব।

শেষত মোৰ বিভাগৰ ভৱাবধায়ক অধ্যাপিকা পূৰ্ণিমা দাস বাইদেউক মোৰ আন্তৰিক শ্ৰদ্ধা আৰু কৃতজ্ঞতা জ্ঞাপন কৰিছোঁ। আৰু যিসকল ছাত্ৰছাত্ৰীয়ে মোক সহায় সহযোগ কৰিছিল তেওঁলোকলৈ মোৰ

মৰম থাকিল।

সৰ্বশেষত উচ্চ শিক্ষাৰ বাবে মোক এৰোজ পোহৰলৈ আঙুৱাই নিয়া তথা অসংখ্য ন-বন্ধু-বান্ধৱীৰ সৈতে পৰিচয় কৰি দিয়া মোৰ মৰমৰ আৰ্য্যবিদ্যাपीঠ মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ উজ্জল ভৱিষ্ণুত কামনা কৰি মোৰ প্ৰতিবেদন সামৰিলোঁ।

কুমাৰী লক্ষী দাস

সম্পাদিকা,

“ছাত্ৰী জিৱণ কোঠা”

দ্বিতীয় বাৰ্ষিক কলা

১৯৭৩-৭৪ চন।

সমাজসেৱা বিভাগ

১৯৭৩-৭৪ চনৰ মনোনীত সমাজসেৱা বিভাগৰ সম্পাদক হিচাবে মই মোৰ প্ৰতিবেদনখন আৰ্য্যবিদ্যাपीঠ মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ সমূহ ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী বন্ধু-বান্ধৱী সকলৰ ওচৰত দাঙি ধৰিলোঁ।

মোৰ প্ৰতিবেদনৰ দুৱাৰ মুকলি কৰিয়েই প্ৰথমে মই আন্তৰিক ধন্যবাদ যাঁচিছোঁ—যি সকল বন্ধু-বান্ধৱীয়ে মোক সমাজ সেৱাৰ গুৰুভাৰ বহন কৰিবলৈ সুযোগ দিলে।

যোৱা বছৰ আমাৰ মহাবিদ্যালয় চৌহদত বৃক্ষ ৰোপনৰ যি এক বৃহৎ কাৰ্য্যপন্থা হাতত লোৱা হৈছিল, ১৯৭৩-৭৪ চনৰ সম্পাদক হিচাবে কাৰ্য্যভাৰ গ্ৰহণ কৰিয়ে প্ৰথম কাম হিচাবে ইং ১১।১১।৭৩ তাৰিখ বৰিবাবে ৩২ জন লৰাৰ সৈতে উক্ত আঁচনিৰ কাম আৰম্ভ কৰা হয়। ১৮।১১।৭৩ তাৰিখে বৃক্ষ ৰোপণ কৰা হয়। অধ্যক্ষ শ্ৰীযুত গিৰিধৰ শৰ্ম্মা দেৱ, আৰু

অধ্যাপক শ্ৰীযুত পবীন শৰ্ম্মা দেৱে দুয়োপা গছপুলি ৰোপণ কৰি মূল উদ্দেশ্যৰ দুৱাৰ মুকলি কৰে। (বৃক্ষ ৰোপণৰ আঁচনিখন হাতত লোৱাৰ উদ্দেশ্য হ'ল মহাবিদ্যালয় চৌহদৰ সৌন্দৰ্য্য বৃদ্ধি কৰা) তাৰ পাচত ছাত্ৰ বন্ধুসকলে সম্পূৰ্ণ ৰূপে গঢ় দিয়ে। ইয়াৰ বাহিৰেও খেলপথাৰ মেৰামতি আৰু চৌহদ পৰিষ্কাৰ আদি নানা কামত অংশ গ্ৰহণ কৰা হয়।

ইং ১৬।১২।৭৩ তাৰিখৰ পৰা ২৩।১২।৭৩ তাৰিখলৈ আৰ্য্যবিদ্যাपीঠ মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ পঞ্চদশ বাৰ্ষিক মহোৎসৱ আৰু সেৱা সপ্তাহ আৰম্ভ হয়।

এই মহোৎসৱ আৰু সেৱা সপ্তাহত মই মোৰ কৰ্তব্যৰ প্ৰতি অকনো হেলাবোধ কৰা নাছিলোঁ।

প্ৰতি বছৰে এই সমাজ সেৱা বিভাগৰ পৰা N.S.C ৰ শিবিৰ পতা হয়। কিন্তু এইবাৰ N.S.C ৰ ফালৰ পৰা টকা আহি নোপোৱাত শিবিৰ পাতিব পৰা নহল।

সমাজ সেৱা বিভাগৰ শিবিৰ বুলিলে কিছুমানে অৰ্থ কৰে কোনো এখন গাওঁলৈ গৈ বাতি থাকি সেই গাওঁৰ আলি-পতুলিৰ কিছু উন্নতি সাধন কৰা। কিন্তু উক্ত বিভাগত থকা ধনেৰে এদিনীয়া শিবিৰ পাতি কোনো গাওঁৰ উন্নতি সাধন কৰা অসম্ভৱ।

আমাৰ এই মহাবিদ্যালয়খনৰ চৌহদ, প্ৰস্ৰাৱ ঘৰ আদি চাফ-চিকুণকৈ ৰখাৰ বাবে প্ৰতি মাহে এজন ইৰিজনক ধনৰ টোপোলা আগবঢ়োৱা হয়। তথাপি প্ৰস্ৰাৱ ঘৰৰ উভকং গোক, অপৰিচ্ছন্নতা আদি কথা বোৱলৈ লক্ষ্য কৰিলে সঁচাকৈ লজ্জাকৰ কথা।

সম্পাদক হিচাবে বহুতো কিবা-কিবি কৰিম বুলি ভাবিছিলো। কিন্তু এবিয়ান বন্ধু-বান্ধবীসকলে ভবাৰ দৰে মই কিমান দূৰ সক্ষম হলো সেইবিধিও আপোনা-লোকৰ বিচাৰৰ বিষয়।

সামৰণিত মোৰ তহাৱধাৱক অধ্যাপক শ্ৰীযুত অমৃতা চৌধুৰী দেৱলৈ, অধ্যক্ষ শ্ৰীযুত গিৰিধৰ শৰ্ম্মদেৱ, আৰু অধ্যাপক শ্ৰীযুত পবীৰ শৰ্ম্মদেৱলৈ মোৰ শ্ৰদ্ধা ভবা কৃতজ্ঞতা জ্ঞাপন কৰিলো।

যি দুজনৰ অগ্ৰপ্ৰেৰণা, সৰ্ব্বাঙ্গীন সহায় সহযোগ পায় আহিছো সম্পাদক হোৱাৰ পিছৰে পৰাই, সেই দুজন অতি সবল, মিৰ্ত্তীক আৰু কৰ্ত্তব্যপৰায়ণ এই মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ প্ৰাক্তন ছাত্ৰ মহেশ দা আৰু দিনেশপৈ শৰ্ম্মা ও মৰমেৰে সোঁৱৰিছো। ইয়াৰ উপৰিও মনত থাকিব মোৰ অতিকৈ আপোনাৰ আৰ্য্যবিদ্যাপীঠ মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ ছাত্ৰ বন্ধু সকলৰ প্ৰতি। তেওঁলোকে আগ বঢ়োৱা সহায় সহযোগৰ প্ৰতি মই চিৰকৃতজ্ঞ।

আৰ্য্যবিদ্যাপীঠ মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ শুভ কামনাৰে।

শ্ৰীফনৌদ্ৰ কুমাৰ দাস

সম্পাদক, সমাজসেৱা বিভাগ।

দ্বিতীয় বিভাগ (বিজ্ঞান)

১৯৭৩-৭৩ চন।



শ্ৰেষ্ঠ বেড্‌মিণ্টন খেলুৱৈ
ওজন শক্তি কৈ



মিঃ এৰিয়ান
খনোৰজ্ঞান দাম



দীৰ্ঘতম শ্ৰেষ্ঠ দৌৰবীৰ
শুজিওকুমাৰ বগ



শ্ৰেষ্ঠ তাৰ্কিক
হিবককাণ্ডি মেন

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✓
SHAKESPEARE'S

FOOLS"

Jogesh Goswami

3rd year BA.

An outstanding feature of Shakespeare's plays is the character of the wise fool. But this was not his own invention.

The character and the paradox of his behaviour are at least as old as Socrates. When he laughed at learned impostors,

Socrates implied that wisdom was to be found in fools. The paradox satisfied Shakespeare and so he embodied it in his plays. But as he was a practical dramatist he sought for his prototype in the fool of popular tradition. Garbed in motley coat and a cockcomb this fool was a bandy entertainer, a privileged critic and sometimes an ironical observer of folly. He exhibited the gaiety of the minstrel, the impudence of a medieval vice, and the candour of a child. But one thing has to be remembered. Shakespeare's fools are not personified abstractions, nor are they merely theatrical types. They are individuals with marks of complexity and have their own personality. Shakespeare is well conversant and on best terms with the tradition of the fool, but he succeeds in reaching a greatly higher level. Therein lies his originality.

This fool is not the outcome of any imaginative speculation. It is a traditional figure and at some time in the early middle ages the custom of keeping household fools was accepted by a considerable portion of Europe. This custom of keeping natural fools or dwarfs may be traced back to Roman times when people sometimes kept monstrous imbeciles as pets much as ladies of a latter day kept monkeys. These mental defectives were purchased at public auction in the monster market. The more foolish they were, the higher was the price

they brought to their masters. This practice of maintaining fools for the sake of amusement they afforded was strongly favoured during the medieval period when it became a fashion for kings nobles and princes to assume the guardianship of these deformed and defective creatures. Even a person like Sir Thomas Moore was not an exception to the practice of getting amusements from his domestic fool, Pateson. Elizabethan England did not lag behind in cultivating this popular habit. Gelasimus in Grimald's Archpropheta was perhaps the first fool, in cap and bells to appear in the English theatre after this there could be no play without a fool. But fewer could deserve the epithet 'wise' and besides this, they were no match for Shakespeare's fools either in the pungency of their wit or in the warmth of their feelings. Fools in Shakespeare and his contemporaries are characters in the plot, and not the relevant entertainers who wander across the stage at will. The question crops up whether Shakespeare was inspired into introducing these fools in his plays. We get its answer when we become acquainted with Shakespeare's dramatic career. He came into contact with comic actors who left such a deep impression on his mind as to emerge as characters in his plays.

Richard Tarleton was the first of these. After he came will Kempe, the

man of Shakespeare, who acted the role of Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing* and Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*. and who might have acted Touchstone, Feste, Launce and the Grave digger in *Hamlet*.

Shakespeare's plays give us two classes of fools—the wise fool and rustic fools. Touchstone stands as the shining example of the Shakespearean wise fool. His aim is to keep his masters diverted by criticism under the garb of foolishness. A professional fool, he uses his folly as a stalking horse. Under his nonsensical words there is the hint at deepest truths. His professionalism comes out when he is brought face to face with the banished duke and he analyses 'the quarrel upon the seventh cause.' It sounds less like spontaneous sally than one of the stock jokes with which he amuses his patrons. By describing a version of his own nonsensical wooing of Jane, he makes Rosalind's romantic love a very ridiculous thing. Touchstone is Shakespeare's representative who laughs at man's absurd pretensions and affectations. He laughs at romance in the land of romance and ends by taking romance seriously. In the words of John Palmer, Touchstone's wisdom lies in viewing things as they are but without malice. "The astringency of his wit is both his strongest asset and his liability. His mocking humour capacitates

us to laugh at pretensions and vulgar folly, but it cannot open our eyes to the true yet transitory loveliness of the Arcadian dream. Another of the class but devoid of the mental alertness of Touchstone is Feste of *The Twelfth Night*, the fool who possesses a mellifluous voice in which he can sing love-songs and songs of good life, comic jigs and melancholy dirges. In fact he is a wise fool among the foolish wise. Here is a speech from Feste which indicates his wisdom: "wit, an't be thy will put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that I am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a wrily fool than a foolish wit!" True it is that without Feste, the whole of *Twelfth Night* would fall to pieces. Lavache, the ribald and scurrilous jester is merely the voice of vulgar cynicism. He is no dreamer, but a realist. His reason for marrying Isabel sounds suspiciously like Touchstone's excuse for marrying Audrey: 'My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.' He uses himself and his mock love-affair as the means of commenting ironically on the behaviour of his betters. This oldjester is always providing entertainment and edification and delighting in grotesque

similies.

Count. will your answers serve fit to all questions ?

Cloun. As fit as ten groat is for the hand of an attorney as your trench crouw for your taffety punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-Day. as a nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knove, as a nun's lip to the friar's mouth, may, as the pudding to his skin

But more important and intimate is the relationship of the fool in King Lear with the development of the plot than has been with lavache, 'Besides providing relief from tragic intensity by his half-comic and half-serious comments, this tool has also rendered much in carrying pathos to the highest pitch. It is for him that we get well acquainted with the pitiable weakness of the king and the irretrveable consequences. Though he has been discarded midway through the play, we are made to recognise the importance of the character. He stands between us and the full force of tragedy just as teste stands in a like relation to comedy Bottom is a transcript from real life, translated into dramatic creation, the natural leader of his

crew, and the most romantic of romantic-the one with whom skakespeare has attained splendid achievement. He may be a fool for the fairy-king or Thesens or "he the shallowest thickskinned of that barren sort" in the view of puck, but there will be none to oppose that Bottom is a man of genius. The qualities of a lunatic, a lover and a poet are all finely embodied in the person.

Among the rustic clouns, the names of Dogberry and verge come to the fore front. Launclot follows closely. The latter is just a contrast to the shakespearean wisefools and the comedy of his vanity lies in constant blundering and misuse of words.

Shakespeare delights in placing malcontent satirist and bitter buffoon in Jaques and Antonio, who use severe or scurrilous tone for the targets of their ridicule. Again the all-licensed fool frequently acts as a critic of contemporary life, Courtly and ecclesiastical. To take for example, the cloun's words after in All's well That Ends well.

Cloun. Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt. It will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

A Spirit of self mockery and light, ironical humour is especially suited to satire on literary forms and fashions. Touchstone's bantering voice or say, his whim-

sical wooing of Jane Smile, lays bare all the delicious absurdity of pastoral pretence: “..and I remembor the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and giving her them again, said with weeping tears “wear these for my sake. We that are true lovers run into strange copers.....” This impudent fool proves himself a clever parodist of both the style and substance of pastoral verse.

However it has been unanimously agreed by most critics that shakespeare's

fools are possessed of higher. Qualities than what they seem to have. They have also the power of repartee. Each of them has a peculiarity of his own. A realist in truth, Touchstone carries it even into the romantic forest and by this he seems to have embodied the Aristotelian virtue of truthfulness. Feste seeks moderation in love affairs and also in the act of loughing. But the supremely wise fool must be Lear's fool who gives vent to his heartfelt devotion poscordelia.



EMERGENCE OF THE SPIRITUAL SELFIST

Surajit Das
3rd yr. B.Sc.

Spiritualism, reigns in a person's intellect, whether it be the out come of his directly objective experiences, or whether it be a selection from his subjective explorations, of the various limitation of human life. The above point needs explanation as the word spiritual is to a certain extent ambiguous,

What do we basically mean by the term Spiritual? What is the common view possessed by various schools of Spiritual thinkers? It is possibly, or truly, the coining of an absolute being, the formation of an absolute platform of human or rather Divine values, which are said to hold for time immemorial. All Spiritual thinkers, be they of oriental or occidental origin negate the relativity of values and firmly tend to encircle about a common

point of sempiternality.

In other words, an EGO is formed. In the commonly materialistic view, of spiritualists, an EGO, resting upon the platform of a Godhead is constructed. If we however attempt to extend the definition of the word EGO, we are bound to conclude that anything EGOistic is purely Spiritual.

An EGO expresses the I, or something which is perfect to the SELF. Though expressed quite circumlocutiously an EGO is a GODHEAD. THE GODHEAD expresses the citadal of truth in a persons mind and since each person believes his EGOistic proceedings to be absolved of all evils, he is thus a believer of a personal and particular GODHEAD. This might seem contradictory to the

common beliefs about the purity of the human mind, but it is obvious that every person views his own proceedings to be perfect or RIGHT. Otherwise, his own and very personal sense of guilt would drive him mad.

Certain moments surely appear when a person consciously undertakes some activities which he believes to be wrong, but at a later moment, he provides multitudes of excuses attempting to absolve himself of the actions his ego or GODHEAD views to be criminal. If his theoretical excuses fail to subdue the tormenting ego or conscience he has to, and does succumb to his GOD and says 'forgive me'. According to Dr. Radhakrishnan, this is the point at which the Godhead emerges, when the human intellect realizes its own limitations. The source is possibly more basic, the Godhead emerges with the womb delivering the foetus to the exterior.

Anything right is personally Divine. May it be the right of a criminal, or May it be the right of a child at play. It is our sense of the right or truth which is the ego, the self, the conscience or the soul expressing the Godhead. A person calling himself a staunch materialist is not really free of the Godhead. Yes, he does believe in God, as soon as he utters the word 'should'. The Godhead or the Divine spirit persists as long as the ego persists and no more,

If we now wish to pursue the sources which yields the ego, we can classify ourselves as objective, or the subjectively objective. A child, growing up to a stable personality gets his ideas about good and bad (normally) initially from his parents, and next from his society & environment. Habit teaches him to cherish these views. If the boy is quite docile, his acceptance of the social views may be said to be quite an objective approach. If on the other hand, he is slightly disobedient, (which every person is), he is bound to explore the various values and views in his mind before he is independantly able to say this 'should' be, and this 'shouldnt' be. In other words, the particular ego grows to be quite stable and with the appearance of good or bad, the Godhead appears. This is to a certain extent subjective, and thus it appears, that the self or ego is formed out of either objective or subjective realizations.

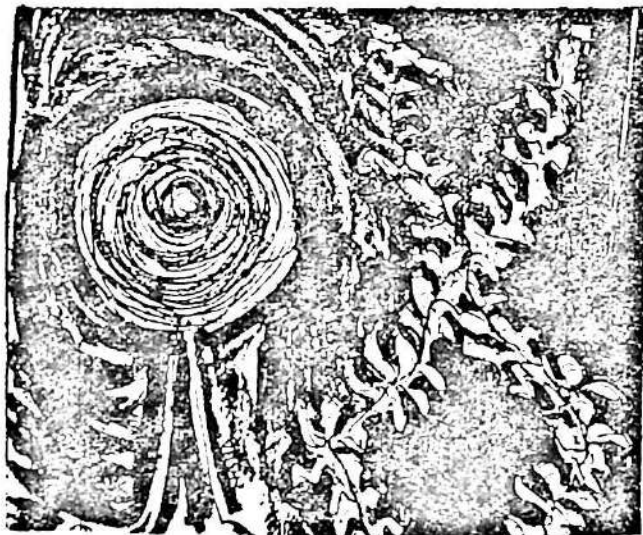
All this appears rather dubious, but the apparent duality can be unified by realizing the omnipresence of objective thoughts in both objective as well as subjective pursuits of the human intellect. A person cannot possess subjective thoughts without objective sources of experience. It appears thus, that objective realities and the material aspects of life hold the upper hand, This seems to obviously contradict the spiritual statement

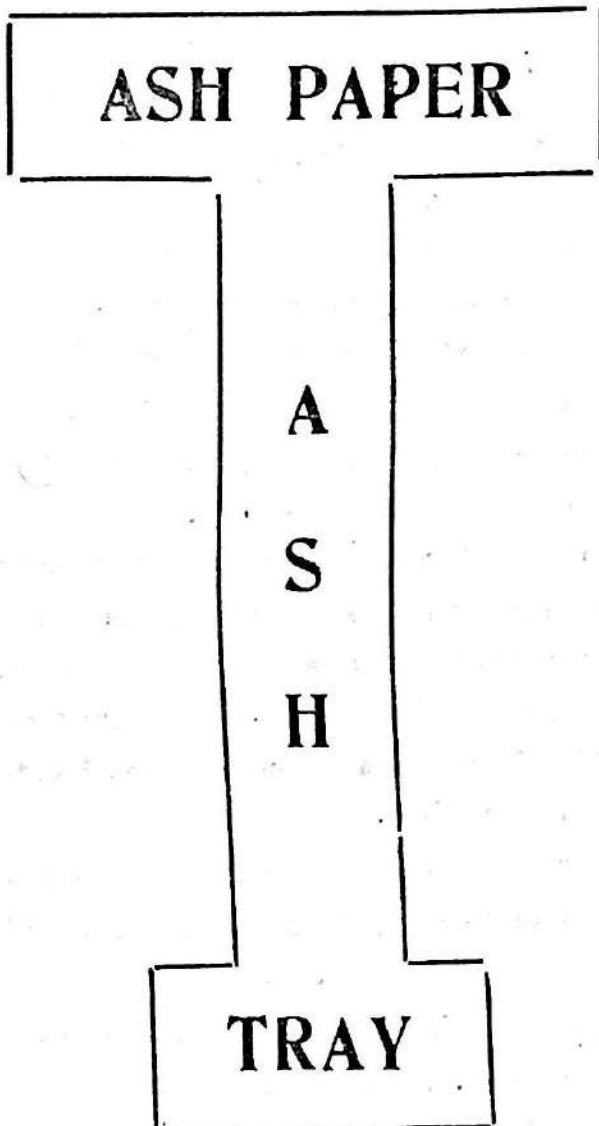
about the 'soul' or 'atman' being basic, and therefore supreme. This is incidentally the basis of all intellectual skirmishes which occur between the two main spheres of human thought, 'materialism' and 'spiritualism'. Unbiased insight however is sure to view the contradiction as needless.

To spiritualists, the spirit forms the egoistic self (although potentially free from all 'human' indignities). To materialists, matter forms the ego. Spiritualists say,

'the spirit forms matter', and materialists say 'matter forms the spirit'. Ironically however, both 'matter' and spirit' present similar behaviours to the five senses, to which humans are painfully limited.

The contradiction seems to be rather fallacious, and 'matter' and spirit' appear to be synonymous; their flawless identity being best expressed by the statement, 'Spiritualism spiritualizes the matter, and materialism materializes the spirit'.





Hirak Kanti Sen
P.U. 2nd yr. (Sc.)

Youth made of dazzling colours,
strong and windy wild.

Why then rust down?
Concealed in the dust.

Lighting a cigar—
Reminding of birth,
Glowing prejudice, glowing anticipation.
Smoking and puffing—

Existence continues
Ashes and Papers
— Rivals to each other
So the running of your fate
Like the burnt out ends of paper.

Blowing and puffing
When papers breathe their last—to ashes.
So different from all preconceptions and
prejudices

Driving a car
Someone dashes against it
Falling into unexpected trouble
And the papers breathe towards a
return—to ashes.

Life is really intermixed with variations,
and the papers reducing towards ashes.
Only the ash-tray seems to remain.





Just near the beach was a large tourist lodge called 'HOME'. The lodge was very attractive being near the beach. Rooms were booked each summer before the end of winter. Even then many people had to be disappointed and look for places elsewhere. All the rooms faced the playful sea making them airy and fresh. Like other years this year also there had been a great rush at this place.

One evening a man and his wife came into one of the rooms. They

checked in when the night clerk had just come in for duty. They brought with them only two bags which the porter carried for them. The clerk told them to send a call if they needed anything but they said that they were tired and would go straight to bed.

The next day in the morning the waitress knocked at the door with the morning tea. No one answered. Thinking that they were still asleep she pushed the door and went in. The curtains were pulled across the windows and the room was still dark. She looked at the bed and saw that it was empty. The next thing she saw startled her she dropped the tray and ran down the stairs screaming. What had she seen? —The body of a woman dumped at the foot of the bed.

The police station was telephoned and soon the investigators arrived. The room was untouched. The two bags the couple had brought stood at one corner of the floor. A garment was flung across the chair and the girl dumped near the bed upside down.

One of the men turned her up and saw several marks of a knife on her chest. Besides these several other marks should signs of brutality. However there were no signs of conflict between the two. Nothing in the room gave a clue to the culprit. The clothes in the bags

were absolutely new, In one there were the mans under clothes and a towel and in the other the womans. They were brand new with no laundry marks to give a start to find the killer.

The night clerk was called and questioned about the couple. He said that they had signed in, in the evening as Mr and Mrs Wilson for a week. All they brought was two bags. The girl was young about 21 and fair and prerty. The man was slightly older. The clerk said that the man had a scar across his right brow and two fingers from his left hand were missing. This was the only information he could give. By this time the 'doctors' report came in but it had nothing new. The face or rather half of it was distorted and so could not be identified.

The police were at a loss, They did not know where to start. The killer had swept clean all traces that might lead to him. The only clue was a man with a scar over his right brow with two fingers of his left hand missing.

A network of uninvestigators started looking into every street and lane for that man. Days and then weeks dragged on with no news of the killer. No calls came to the police-station about the girl also. Looked as though the girl had no one or that no one cared about her.

In one of the pubs in a far off lane the manager said that he might be able to say who the girl was. The investigator took him to the girl. He looked at her thinking deeply and said that she might be Anju. Yes, she might be, but who was this Anju? The manager said that she was a regular customer at the pub but for some days she had not come, She was a stage dancer with no relatives. She had a few friends.

The police then began tracing each of her friends only to be disappointed. No one could say anything of importance. The last person on the list was Raj. A drastic search went on for him and at last they found him having beer with some friends. He was annoyed at being questioned about Anju, At first he denied knowing her but at last he was co-operative. He told them that he was her boy-friend and and that they had had some dates together. On being asked when he had last seen her he answered that about an hour ago they had had coffee together at 'GREEN CLOVE'. The police were shocked to hear this and thought he said this to cover something. Since they wouldnot believe him he agreed to take them to her, and there she was quite alive and enjoying life. She was wild to find these men intruding upon

her.

This was the end of one of the many drastic searches for this killer, By this time about a month had passed and the men at work gave more stress to finding the man, But to no purpose. All they did was they always seemed to follow men with scars on the right brow with no fingers missing or men with fingers missing but no scars There just seemed to be no man with both these two things together.

Just when things were reaching a climax and the brains of all the men had almost stopped working Mr. Robert came in to say that he had been on tour the last two months and on returning found his wife missing, He added that she was seen with a young man by some people. On being shown the dead body he stated it was his wife's.

In the meantime one of the men found a bundle of blood-stained clothes under some bushes by a pond. The bundle contained a man's shirt, pants and a small knife. All these things were blood stained and dirty. He immediately took the clothes to their head quarters. The clothes had laundry mark and for the first time, in the case, they were really getting at something. Another furious search started for the laundry which used that mark.

After a great lot of trouble they located the laundry. On asking the man there whether he recognised the clothes he said they belonged to Mr. Burns of 17 Park Lane.

Three investigators immediately went to the house and knocked. The door was opened by a frail woman. She looked ignorant and rude. In her eyes she had some fright. On seeing those people at the door she said—"I knew something was wrong. Sometime or other I knew you would come. I suppose you want him. Day by day I'm getting more scared of him. He's just gone to buy the newspaper. He can't be very far."

The three hurried down the pavement. A man was buying the evening newspaper. He was short and his left hand was inside his pocket. After paying for the paper he proceeded towards his lodgings. As he came nearer the scar across his face became visible. The police arrested him. Only then did he take out his hand from the pocket, and the hand had two fingers missing. By this time the lady came and stood by us. The man stared at her. She became nervous and said, "I'm sorry Jonny, I couldn't help it. I was so scared. I felt you would kill me some day or other. You had no peace and you didn't give me any."

This lady was his sister. People

around said that she was a bit mad. Sometimes she had fits and spoke all sorts of rubbish. She spilt the whole story on being asked what she knew.

She said, "One night he returned home after midnight. His clothes, shoes everything soaked in blood. He wouldn't say anything and I knew it would be wise to keep silent. He changed his clothes and cleaned his shoes. He then made a bundle and hid it under the bed. One night some days later he took the bundle and threw it away.

From that day he has given me no peace. He does not leave the house nor does he allow me. He holds on to my arm when we go out to buy food and newspaper. He never lets me out of sight fearing I might tell someone. All he did was read papers—when one finished he got another and thus he spent his time. Sometimes he would talk to himself, sometimes laugh and sometimes cry. Even in his sleep he held on to my arm.

His actions made me feel terrible of knew that one of these days I would go mad. How was I to live like this. He wouldn't listen if I wanted to say anything and neither would he say anything I've been literally mum for the month. All he would say was—

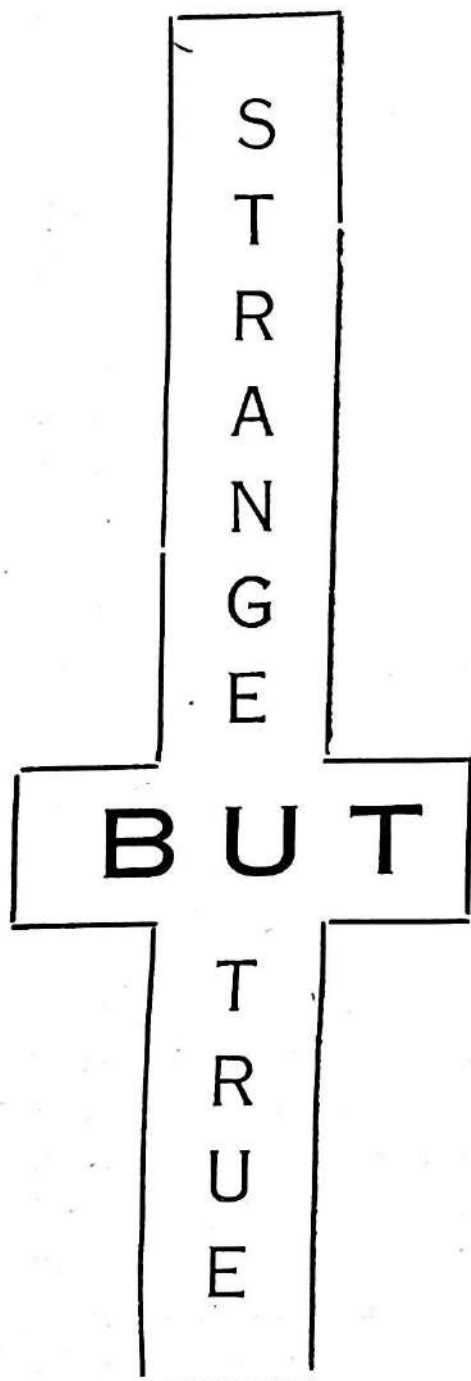
I can't let you go. Who knows, when you'll let your blessed tongue loose."

Jonny was asked many questions but he wouldn't answer them. On being asked why he had killed the girl he said, "I never intended to kill her. I don't know why I did it. I don't remember anything. After entering the room at 'Home' everything went black. The next thing I remember was that I was at home soaking with blood."

The strain of the whole affair was too much for him. He was losing his memory. He was slowly going mad. A few days after his arrest he was taken to the state asylum, completely mad. When anyone looked at him all he said was, "I knew I shouldn't have let her alone for a second. I knew she would tell someone and have me caught. Lord, why didn't I get rid of her also. In future I'll never, never trust a woman."

The police still worked on the case on different lines to find out why Jonny had killed his girl friend. But they could not get very far—the man who knew the answer was Jonny and only Jonny—and now may be even Jonny had forgotten why he had killed her—the question remained unanswered.





Kumar Mahendra Saikia
3rd Yr. B.Sc.

In my college days I generally teased each and every girl. It didn't matter I was alone or in company. It will not be correct if one thinks that I didn't happen to face any critical moments for this eve-teasing.

I'll never forget one event related to eve-teasing. Because it unlocked some chapters in my life.

That was a winter morning and we were (I with my pals) sitting in the sun. Then a girl in "white clothes" was about to cross us. She was pale blood and depression was permanent on her face.

"H...e...l...o, why so disheartened sweetly?" I remarked, and Mrinal who's quite dirty said. "Wah 36-24-36!" hiding himself behind me. The girl glanced back and saw me but not Mrinal. It was our English professor Mr. Gupta who also heard our "dialogue" and saw me. That's why I hesitated to attend his class. I knew well that Mr. Gupta was a very good punster. He knew how to irritate a boy or a girl with a smiling face.

But all my pals urged me, as a result of which we filled in the last benches in the class room. I tried to hide my face from Mr. Gupta. But Mr. Gupta won the game in seeking me.

"Roll two-fifty," he called out twice.

"I'm present, sir," I pronounced standing as I had no other alternative. The class was about to finished, so he questioned us. Most of them were critical as well as boring and finally he asked me, "You Mr. Long sideburn," I stood up, "Can you tell me the vital statistics of....." All the students of the class burst out laughing as Mr. Gupta uttered the name. Then that class was over.

I rushed for the next class. "Please excuse me." said a girl behind me. It was the girl I teased in the morning. I made an about-turn and asked, "Why, what for?" "It's me for whom you have been laughed at in the class, is it not?" I was smart no doubt but at that moment I struck dumb. I couldn't find a reply for her. I could have replied, yet something stopped me from replying. I noticed her. Her face was full of ideas, not hers, mine. I barely managed to answer, "It's me who should apologise first." I found something good in her, I mean in her behaviour.

That night I began to think about that girl. No girl whom I teased in the college hours was able to make me think about her at bed time, except this one. I remembered, while talking with her I felt she was my elder sister, I felt as if I was talking with my own

sister. So before having dreams I decided not to tease any girl, any more.

The next day in front of the library I met her. When my eyes met hers, she said, "I come to know that your pet name is Joon, isn't it?"

I nodded my head.

"Will you please tell me where you live?"

"I put up at Chandmari with my uncle. Where do you?" I asked.

"My home is at Santipur, I think you know Dul I mean Durlove your friend,"

"Yes I do," I nodded.

"Please come to our house with him, any day you like."

"I'll try my best, thank you."

The next moment I tried to trace Dul out, to ask about the girl. But I failed in my search.

It was night by the time I found Dul in Hotel Nisha. I couldn't understand his yankee-slang when he got drunk, I came to know from Sankha that he had been jilted by his girlfriend.

"Let that parky filly go to hell, who cares. She's crazy, she's a pest, she's.."

"Hay Dul, let's go home," I said.

"No man, I'm not going home. I have got no vim now."

He threw away his cigarette-end, "Pooh, what a gasper, you go to heel too,

with my fillyshe'll surely have her gruel

It's quite impossible to get any information from Dul when he's out. So I left him there with Sankha and others.

The next morning I reached "Bless-tabode," Dul's house. I hurried to Dul's room, where he was fast asleep.

"Hello Dul, good morning!" I cried.

He groaned sleepily. He opened his eyes and shot out of bed. He left me to brush his teeth. I was eyeing the room and I found one album in a bookshelf. I, an ardent lover of photography, couldn't resist myself from looking into the album. I began leafing the pages carefully. Single, group, bust, scenery there were so many of them. Suddenly my eyes were glued on a couple photograph.

Just then Dul entered with a bath towel around his neck. Before he could utter a word, I asked, "Who is this girl, Dul? Is not she our class-mate?"

"Let me see," he said, "O yes, this is Jita I mean Aparajita. Yes, you have guessed correctly, she's now our class-mate. But what on earth are you worrying about?"

"Dul, this girl you call Aparajita, is she... is she married?"

"Yes Joon and she's widow!"

"Widow! But, but, why, how?"

"She's my cousin-sister and was married to a manager of a tea-garden in Upper Assam, and there's the pathos. On seventh day after marriage, her husband met with a fatal car accident."

"Can you name the tea-garden or her husband's name?"

"Suntok Tea Estate and Amitabh.."

"Stop it Dul, for God's sake stop it. Aparajita is my sister-in-law and Amitabh was my elder brother."

"Wh..what Joon?"

"Yes Dul, my father married twice. Amitabh was the son of his first wife and I was born of the second wife. My mother quarreled with my father, left home with me to stay with her brother. After few months my mother died of an incurable disease and as I was out off from my father I was unconscious of all consequent happenings."

"U-n-b-e-l-i-e-v-a-b-l-e Joon, quite unbelievable!"

"Even for me, Dul, but it's a fact." I held my nose with my kerchief and thought, "Should I tell him I have been invited by Aparajita to their house or should I disclose all these to her, Aparajita, my sister-in-law."

I took the photograph and kissed the face of my brother and decided to go to Suntok to meet my father.





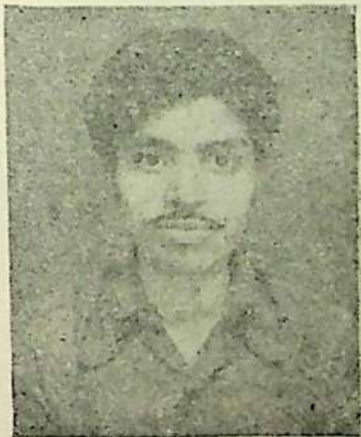
Aminnul Haque

Won a Gold Medel and
a Silver Medel as a first
and third Prize in Oil
Painting and
Water Colour (G. U.)



Best Actor

Khaleque Choudhury



Ghanashyam Choudhury

Best Organizer
(College Magazine)



Tarun Kr. Sarkar

P. U. 1st yr. (Sc.)
Best Athelet



Biren Kalita
Best Poet in
1973-74



Rajendra Prasad Das
Best Social Worker



Subhendu Gupta
Best Director
(Janma mritu Janma)



Jitendra Lahkar
Best Short Story
writer in 1973-74

NIGHT FALL

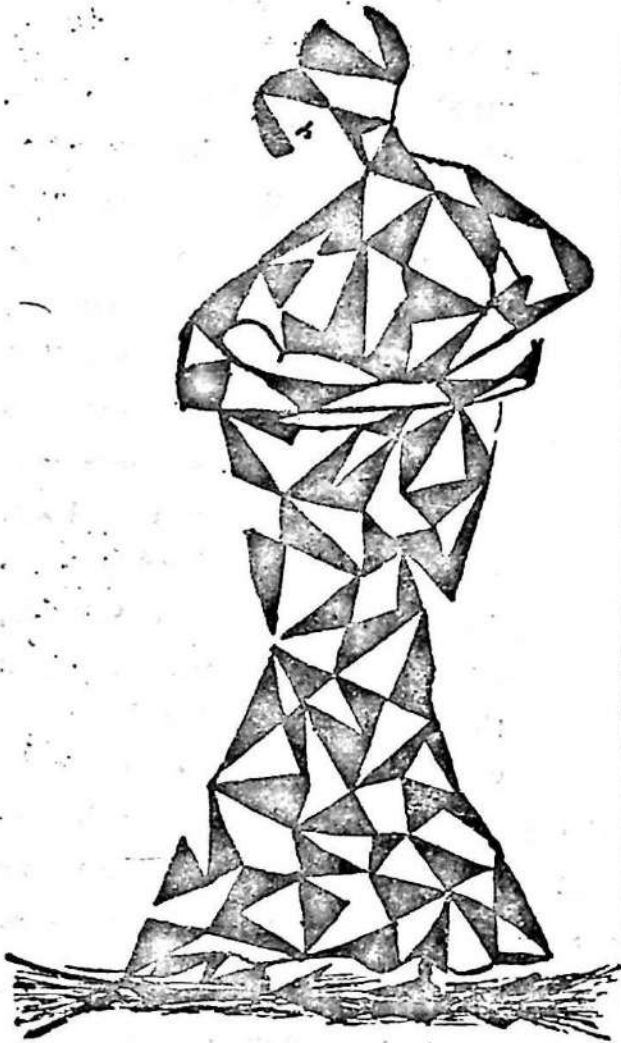
Jagdish Pandit
2nd year B.A.

The fatigued Sun bids farewell,
The vault of heaven sheds heat,
Darkness approaches over the world.
Leaving me dijected here.

Clouds in the West
Bath, in the departing lustre
Smile in a bashful, delicate manner
And make a nebulous cloudy fun.

Nature with (nodding) eyes
Shoots gloom to extreme height
Then a terrible deak; but the poet remains
To welcome the peace.

• • •





Pipe Dream

Prashant Goswami

2nd yr. B. A.

.... **A**ssamese - Bengali,
America - Vietnam, Marxism-
Gandhism, Congress-Communist,
rich-poor, smoke-fire,
bullet, blood, OH ! Stop—
stop—stop. Why can't you people
remain a bit silent ? Why must
you guys be so restless always ?
Why.. why....why ???

....You call me 'Prashant'
... you have branded me an
'Assamese'But, by heaven,
I never wanted to be called
Prashant.....I never wanted to
be branded an assamese,.....
not even as an Indian, I am
a man of this world...A human.
Just call me that...I wonder,
why can't you people cross
these narrow limitations,.....
christ ! ...when mankind steps

on the moon and man's horizon
broadcast out why should one think
in terms of a suffocating room
with four walls.

Ugh, I poured the whole bottle,
raw, down my throat.....Am I,
all boozed up..... No. I don't
think so.....I would rather like
to be boozed up....so that I can
forget this crazy world, at least
for a few seconds.

.....It is 12:00.....there is
screaming sunshine outside.....
Just as my brain is burning at
this moment....I have to go

home.....But why should I ? I can go on well without going to that bloody prison called home.....Why on earth should one go home. There is plenty of place outside, and plenty of people without a home tooAm I hungry ? But what do I care for thatlook at that kid, all like a skeletonperhaps he is also hungry, but I don't think he cares much for that what difference does it make when even a full feast can't fill that aching void inside

.....O poor, silly, Kaberi. I loved once, perhaps I do love you abit still.....
.....But why should I marry you I love you, but that dose not mean that I have to marry you..... ..why should a man marry the girl he loves, or love the girl he marries. But then.....what is marrige after all, except perhaps lovewhen all the money in the world can't being hearts together.....Does the imagination dwell the most on the wo-

man lost of the woman ? Yeats said that. O' ! the agony and ecstasy of communing with creation.....with shakespears. How can the artist in me rise up and kick away the world. Oh ! charm music,—when will my heart sing ?

O ! I am bored—yes bored by this rotten world and I long for something new whats news ?I don't know exactly perhaps a new world —with the rich wideness of the blue sky and all the wet, wet green of velvet meadows.

.....You only live once one life is too short a time to waste away in struggles and vain promises of pleasures which suck one dry. Some where ages from now perhaps, I'll be aching to be back in these wretched old shoes again perhaps I too, will drain out all my presumptions in the light of each setting sun and then—that will be the saddest sound in the world.



POT-LUCK

Dear Readers..... Just a minute—

Momentous tides of change have swept over the whole world. In seventies of this most lousy all our minds are always perplexed with new though problems and complex ideas. We have less time now and do more. But why should we spend more and enjoy-less. It is an open secret that we hate reading a long article even when it is found to

leisure. For me such articles hold many advantages. In going through such articles one need not sit long until one finishes it, one can stop at any place one wants to, one may pick and choose a book to suit his mood i.e. either a Tragedy, Comedy, History or Biography. Here below you are most welcome to turn to any portion of this miscellaneous article, which I hope, would certainly offer you a refreshing variety. So here goes. But the final verdict depends on

Romen Deka

2nd Yr. B. A.

be most interesting. Therefore, today we feel that articles should be precise, more enjoyable, and contain different types of ideas and thoughts. So that we can forget the wearise of routine life. I think such articles would satisfy our curiosity and make best use of our

gentle readers to judge if I am correct and successful.

WHEN YOU FALL IN LOVE.....

Comedy of Errors :—

One gift I knew my girl friend wanted, was a medallion. But when I

got to the shop, I found that I'd forgotten what it was called. Luckily I spotted a young girl who had a medallion hanging around her neck from a chain. So I went up to her and asked "What you call those things and where do you buy them. "Help!" she cried I am raped"

Barometer of Love:—

A great many youths would like to know if they are falling in love. So that they may decide whether to continue or to stop. There is a simple test. The first symptom is a tendency to stare into vacancy and the second and final is when a boy discovers himself talking to a girl who is just not there.

That's what life is like

During the last annual college week my girl friend and me watched the final of the mixed doubles table tennis championship. I congratulated the good looking winner Miss Elora.

"How do you happen to know her name?" my girl friend asked me.

I explained that it was announced after the game.

Her next question was unexpected—which I could not answer.

"And hey dear" she asked "What was her partners name?"

1. Q. during 70's

During college excursion one of my

intimate friends asked his girl if she had visited Simla.

"I do not know. Daddy bought the tickets" she replied with her nose in the air.

o o o o o

Speech that can be painted:—

When you see a man opening the door of a car for his wife, you can be sure that either the car or the wife is new women let their minds go blank but never forget to turn on their sound Life does not begin at 40 for one who has gone 60 when he is 20.... .. conversation died as if someone had lifted the needle from a record.

o o o o o

Do you ever not minutely that.... ..

When teenagers like us come home late at night we are bound to find a parent burning in the window instead of a light.... .. What you do not know takes a lot of explanation to the children.... .. Health is wealth—and it is tax free Time is the most precious coin in your life. So it needs great care in the spending... .. To arrive quite alone in a strange town is one of the pleasantest sensations in the world. You are surrounded by adventure. You have no idea of what

is in store for you, but you will, if you are wise and know the art of travel, let yourself drift go in the stream of the unknown... ..
... .. People who did not get enough sleep last night always seem obscurely proud of the fact. It is a matter of very common experience. You will find yourself proving it... ..

o o o o o

Laugh a while now.

"What is your name sir" the bank clerk asked politely.

"Don't you see my signature?" Snapped the customer "Yes sir, that is what aroused my curiosity"

o o o o o

"We send our boys to boys school and girls to girls school" told a foreigner to his Indian friend "Do you have such system in your country too" added the foreigner.

"No," the Indian replied proudly "We need not to correct them. They themselves know what they are"

o o o o o

"Have you ever driven a Car?" The lady applicant for a licence was asked.

"One thousand and twenty thousand miles" put in her husband and never had a hand on the wheel.

o o o o o

Sales had been going down, until

finally the manager Summoned Sales men from all branches to come to the head office for a meeting.

All right" he shouted at them, "we are going to have a Sales Contest and the man who wins it keeps his job."

Open your eyes—

Within the atoms, electrons revolve round their nucleus several thousand million times a second. Each electron has as much room to move within the atom as a bee has to move in a modern cinema hall.

o o o o o

A typical hurricane expands more energy in a minute than the United States uses in electricity in 50 yrs. And energy released in one second is greater than that produced by several atomic explosions.

Fresh ideas—

One of my friends, who is not over fond of girls was invited to a birthday party at one of his girl friends. He had been working hard to earn enough to buy a coveted camera. So when he discovered that he had to dip into his savings to buy his girl friend some flowers, he became gloomy, Suddenly he brightened. "What have you decided crony?" I asked.

"Give her some seeds and tell her

it is a do it yourself," he replied happily,

o o o o o

At an eight year old's birthday party, the adults rushed frantically keeping the party going—originating games, treasure hunts etc. In the midst of the confusion, one little boy asked: "When this is all over, can we play!

o o o o o

WORD CARTOON

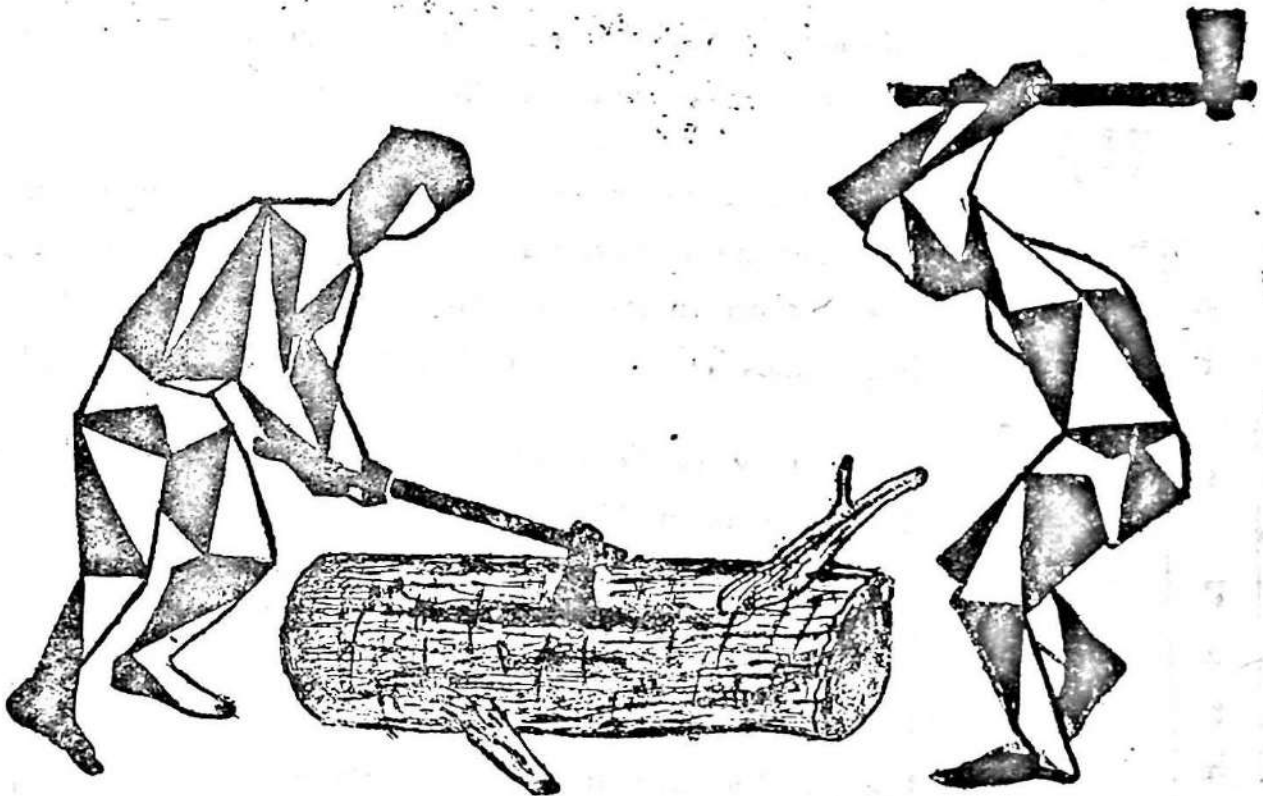
Fat women in a cafeteria—I sometimes wish mother had warned me about banana splits instead of men.

o o o o o

THATS ENOUGH FRIENDS—

MORE NEXT TIME.

• • •





THE TEARS

A
j
i
t

P
a
t
h
a
k

2nd yr. B.Sc.

How lovely the tears that come from your eye
As the two flows of Ganga Jamuna that neverdry.
While you wails in solitude between the light
As it drizzles in winter in the mid of the night.

The bare trees are standing as the spring is going
The bloomy flowers are falling as the tears are dropping.
The cuckoo losses her tune, the songs become dull
Her babies cry in the nest but she is fooled to lull.

The thirsty swallow remains opened her bill to the sky
The pale moon hides herself behind the cloud as a spy
The benign peries of fairyland lament to see thy
Midst the Malini, while flow the tears from your eye,

The minkin fawn as strains your apron in emolion
The pensite creeper as if embraces you in passion
To console you while knees the lion too on the lawn
The poet then in Topoban, lacks how to make expression.



RESULTS OF THE ANNUAL COLLEGE COMPETITIONS

Outdoor Games Competition

Results of the Annual College Week Festival : 1975-74

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Best Boys Athletic :—
Tarun Sarkar I yr. P. U. Sc. | 5. Best Long Distance Runners :—
Sujit Kr. Roy II yr P. U. Com. |
| 2. Best Girls Athletic :—
Tripti Baruah II yr. B. Sc. | 6. Best Jumper :—
Traun Sarkar I yr. P. U. Sc. |
| 3. Best organiser :—
Dharani Sangma II yr. P. U, Arts. | 7. Best Thrower :—
Tarun Sarkar I yr. P. U. Sc. |
| 4. Best Short Distance Runners :—
Ramanl Baruah II yr. P. U. Sc. | |
| 1. Boys 10,000 M Race :—
1st—Sujit Kr. Roy II yr P. U. Com.
2nd—Dilip Dutta II yr B. Sc.
3rd—Atul Ch. Kumar II yr P. U. Sc.
4th—Mahendra Deka I yr P. U. Arts.
5th—Abu Sayed Choudhury P. G. Class. | 2. Boys 5,000 M Race :—
1st—Sujit Kr. Roy II yr P. U. Com.
2nd—Dilip Dutta II yr B. Sc.
3rd—Samir Dutta II yr P, U. Sc.
4th—Tirtha Nath Sarma II yr B. Sc. |

3. Boys 1500 M Race:—

1st—Sujit Kr. Roy	11 yr P. U Com.
2nd—Samir Dutta	11 yr P. U. Sc.
3rd—Amit kumar	1 yr P. U. Arts.

4. Boys 800 M. Race:—

1st—Ramani Baruah	11 P. U. Sc.
2nd—Sujit Roy	11. P. U. Com.
3rd—Amit Kumar	1 P. U. Arts.

5. Boys 400 M Race:—

1st—Ramani Baruah	11 P. U. Sc.
2nd—Tarun Sarkar	1 P. U. Sc.
3rd—Santanu Biswas	—do—

6. Boys 200 M. Race:—

1st—Santanu Biswas	1 yr. P. U. Sc.
2nd—Ramani Baruah	11 yr. P. U. Sc.
3rd—Altaf Hussin	11 yr. P. U, Arts.

7. Boys 100 M. Race:—

1st—Ramani Baruah	11 yr. P. U. Sc.
2nd—Santanu Biswas	1 yr. P. U. Sc.
3rd—Tarun Sarkar	—do—

8. Girls 400 M: Race:—

1st—Akani Das	11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Tripti Baruah	—do—
3rd—Jaba Dey	11 yr. B. A.

9. Girls 200 M. Race:—

1st—Akani Das	11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Tripti Baruah	—do—
3rd—Jaba Dey	11 yr. B. A.

10. Girls 100 M. Race:—

1st—Akani Das	11 yr. B. Sc.
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2nd—Tripti Baruah	—do—
3rd—Jaba Dey	11 yr. B. A.

11. Boys Swimming:—

a) Free stil:—

1st—Muzibur Rahman Mandal	11 yr. B. A.
2nd—Abdul Khalek	1 yr. P. U. Sc.
3rd—Ranjit Kr. Choudhury	11 yr. P. U. Sc.

b) Back strock:—

1st—Abdul Khalek	1 yr. P. U. Sc.
2nd—Sanjib Malla Buzar Baruah	P. G. Class.
3rd—Ranjit Kr. Choudhury	11 yr. P. U. Sc.

12. Boys Discus Throwing:—

1st—Tarun Sarkar	1 P. U. Sc.
2nd—Sukumar Das	11 yr. B. Sc.
3rd—Jayanta Singha	—do—

13. Boys Javeline throwing:—

1st—Dilip Dutta	11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Deben Deka	11 yr. B. Sc.
3rd—Tarun Sarkar	1 yr. P. U. Sc.

14. Boys Short Fet throwing:—

1st—Sukumar Das	11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Tarun Sarkar	1 yr. P. U. Sc.
3rd—Ramani Baruah	11 yr. P. U. Sc.

15. Boys Hummer throwing:—

1st—Tarun Sarkar	1 yr. P. U. Sc.
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2nd—Sukumar Das 11 yr. B. Sc.
3rd—Girin Thakuria 111 yr. B. A.

16. Girls Discus Throwing :—

1st—Manjuri Das Gupta 11 yr. B. A.
2nd—Tripti Baruah 11 yr. B. Sc.
3rd—Mandhir Kumar 1 yr. P. U. Arts

17. Girls Javeline Throwing :—

1st—Trilochan Kumar 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
2nd—Tripti Baruah 11 yr B. Sc.
3rd—Kalpana Das 1 yr. P. U. Arts.

18. Girls Short Fet Throwing ;—

1st—Tripti Baruah 11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Kalpana Das 1 yr. P. U. Arts
3rd—Mina Baro 11 yr. P. U. Arts.

19. Boys Long Jump :—

1st—Tarun Sarkar 1 yr. P. U. Sc.
2nd—Madhab Baruah —do—
3rd—Mitra dev Talukdar —do—

20. Boys High Jump :—

1st—Chintaharan Patgiri 11 yr. P. U. Com.
2nd—Sukumar Das 11 yr. B. Sc.
3rd—Mahendra Deka 1 yr. P. U. Arts.

21. Boys Hope Stape Jump :—

1st—Tarun Sarkar 1 yr. P. U. Sc.
2nd—Santanu Biswas —do—
3rd—Sukumar Das 11 yr. B. Sc.

22. Boys Pole Volt Jump :—

1st—Mahendra Deka 1 yr. P. U. Arts.

2nd—Deben Deka 111 yr. B. Sc.
3rd—Chintaharan Patgiri 11 yr. P. U. Com

23. Girls High Jump :—

1st—Mandhir Kour 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
2nd—Lakbir Kour
3rd—Trilochan Kour 1 yr. P. U. Arts.

24. Girls Long Jump :—

1st—Akani Das 11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Mandhir Kour 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
3rd—Tripti Baruah 11 yr. B. Sc.

25. Girls Hope-stap Jump :—

1st—Tripti Baruah 11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—Hema Prava Pathak 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
3rd—Akani Das 11 yr. B. Sc.

26. Girls Three leg race :—

1st—A. Java Dey 11 yr. B. A.
B. Mandhir Kour 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
2nd—A. Akani Das 11 yr. B. Sc.
B. Amar Kumar Malakar
11 yr. B. Sc.

27. Girls Music Chair :—

1st—Hama Prava Pathak 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
2nd—Manjuri Das Gupta 11 yr. B. A.
3rd—Amar Kumari Malakar 11 yr. B. Sc.

28. Volentears 100 M. Race :—

1st—Munin Das 11 yr. B. Sc.
2nd—A. Jayanta Singha —do—
B. Ranjan Medhi —do—
C. Basher Ali 111 yr. B. A.

3rd—A. Bipul Choudhury
B. Dharani Sangma 11 yr. P. U. Arts

29. Go As You Like :—

1st—Nripal Barman
2nd—Deben Deka & Arup Barthakur
111 yr. B. Sc. & 1 yr. P. U. Sc.

3rd—A. Dibya!ochan Das 11 yr. P. U. Sc.
B. Arup Sarma

Consulation Prizes :—

1. Kalpana Das 1 yr. P. U. Arts.
2. Woada Begum —do—

Minor Games Section

**Result of the Inter Class
Volley Ball Competition :**
'1973-74 Session

Championship—

B. Sc. Second year (Dayshift)

Runners-up—

P. U. Second year Science (Dayshift)

Best Man—

Mr. Munin Das, 2nd year B. Sc.

Runners-up—

Mr. Bhuban Handique 2nd yr B. Sc.

Mr. Monindra Bhattacharya,

2nd yr B. Sc.

Girls (Single)

Champion—

Miss Akani Das 2nd yr B. Sc.

Runners-up—

Miss Navrit Sarma 3rd yr B. Sc.

Mixed Double.

Champion—

Mr. Bhuban Handique. 2nd yr B. Sc.

Miss Bhanu Das, 2nd yr B. A.

Runners-up—

Mr. Eliazur Rahman, 3rd yr B. Sc.

Miss Anila Sarma, 3rd yr B. A.

Best man—

Mr. Bhuban Handique, 2nd yr B. Sc.

Best Organizer—

Mr. Himangshu Thakuria.

Mr. Deben Deka.

**Result of the Badminton Competition
1973-74.**

Boys (Single)

Champion—

Mr. Bhuban Handique, 2nd yr B. Sc.

Runners-up—

Mr. Ramani Barua, 2nd yr. P. U.

Boys (Doubles)

Champion—

Mr. Eliazur Rahman, 3rd yr B. Sc.

Mr. Rabin Sarma, 3rd yr. B. Sc.

Results of the Literary Association

Result of the short story competition.

- 1st—Jiten Lahkar 2nd yr B. Sc.
2nd—Jogesh Baruah 3rd yr B. Sc.
3rd—Jogen Kalita 3rd yr B. Sc.

Result of the modern poem competition.

- 1st—Biren Kalita 3rd yr B. A.
2nd—Rupali Devi 2nd yr B. A.
3rd—Aminul Haque 2nd yr B. Sc.

Result of the English recitation.

- 1st—Prasanta Kumar Goswami
2nd yr B. A.
2nd—Paritosh Bhattacharjee
3rd—Anuj Bhattacharjee.

Result of the Assamese recitation.

- 1st—Arsana Sarmah 3rd yr B. A.

- 2nd—Nareswar Deva 3rd yr B. A.
3rd—Raheswar Rava 3rd yr B. A.

Result of the Bengali recitation.

- 1st—Prabhat Ghosh.
2nd—Arsana Sarma 3rd yr B. Sc.
Manisha Sarkar 2nd yr B. A.

Result of the Hindi recitation.

- 1st—Anila Sarmah 3rd yr B. A.
2nd—Navarit Sharmah 3rd yr B. A.
3rd—Paritosh Dev 1st yr P. U. (Science)

Result of the Hindi modern poem.

- 1st—Anil Sarma 3rd yr B. A.
2nd—Navarit Sarma 3rd yr B. A.
3rd—Ramesh Deb Choudhury 2nd yr B. Sc.

Result of the meet-together Competition

Pencil Drawing.

- 1st—Aminul Haque.
2nd—Anil Kalita.
3rd—Nil.

Embroidary.

- 1st—Nil.
2nd—Miss Pritishree Choudhury.
3rd—Miss Phulu Kalita.

Result of the Fine-Arts Competition

Oil Painting :-

- 1st—Aminul Haque.
2nd—Nil.
3rd—Dulal Biswas.

Pestel :-

- 1st—Aminul Haque.
2nd—Nil
3rd—Nil.

Collage :-

- 1st—Nilim Goswami.
- 2nd—Nil.
- 3rd—Nil.

Water Colour :-

- 1st—Aminul Haque.
- 2nd—Hiranya Barman.
- 3rd—Nil.

Pencil drawing :-

- 1st—Prafulla Singh.
- 2nd—Sidheswar Sarmah.
- 3rd—Nil.

Sketch :-

- 1st—Anil Ch. Kalita.
- 2nd—Subhash Pual.
- 3rd—Aditya Prakash Sarmah.

Black & White :-

- 1st—Ajit Kr. Das.
- 2nd—Subhash Pual.
- 3rd—Sidheswar Sarmah.

photography :-

- 1st—Pronab Sharma.
- 2nd—Jiten Lahkar.
- 3rd—Jagannath Kalita.

Embroidary :-

- 1st—Mis. Bharati Baroowa.
- 2nd—Mrs. Saroj Khemka.

- 3rd—Miss. Lakhbir Kour.

Crochet :-

- 1st—Mrs. Saroj Khemka.
- 2nd—Miss. Pranita Hazarika.
- 3rd—Pritoshree Choudhury.

Cross stitch :-

- 1st—Mrs. Saroj Khema.
- 2nd—Miss. Phlu Kalita.
- 3rd—Lakhbir Kour.

Weaving :-

- 1st—Miss. Pritishree Choudhury.
- 2nd—Miss Kalpana Das.
- 3rd—Nil.

Woolen works :-

- 1st—Miss. Navrit Sarmah.
- 2nd—Miss. Saroj Khemka.
- 3rd—Miss. Anila Sarmah.

Fabric painting :-

- Consolation prize—Miss Phulu Kalita.

Poster colour :-

- Special prize—Prafulla Singha.

Philately :-

- Special prize—Nilim Goswami.

Best organigers :-

- Mr. Nirendra Mohon Goswami.
and
Mr. Jiten Deka.

Annual Result of Indoor Games

Carrom (Single)

- Miss. Mahamaya Biswas. 3rd yr B. Sc.

(Double)

- Miss. Tripti Baruah. 2nd yr B. Sc.
and her partner
Anupama Hajarikr. 2nd yr B. A.

(Mixed Double)

- Mahamaya Biswas. 3rd yr B. Sc.
and her partner—Chitta Singh.

Table Tennis (Single)

- Miss. Elora Baruah 3rd yr B. Sc.

Double (Not allow)

- Mixed double (Boys common room)

