



Annual Number 1973

Vitasta

**Dedicated to the sacred memory
of our valiant Soldiers who lost
their lives in the 1971 War.**

VITASTA

Annual Number

OCTOBER 1973

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Editorial Office :
166/15, Lake Gardens,
Calcutta-45.

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भारत के उपराष्ट्रपति के मन्त्रि
नई दिल्ली
SECRETARY
TO THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF INDIA
NEW DELHI

August 16, 1973.

Dear Sir,

The Vice-president is glad to know that you are bringing out the Annual Number of the monthly publication 'Vitasta' in the month of October, 1973. He sends his best wishes for the success of the publication.

Yours faithfully,
Sd/. V. Phadke.

Shri P. N. Kaul,
Editor,
Kashmir Sabha,
166/15, Lake Cardens,
Calcutta-45.



ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNOR
WEST BENGAL
RAJ BHAVAN
CALCUTTA.

D. O. No. 3953-G

18th August, 1973.

Dear Sir,

I am desirous to say that the Governor is glad to learn that the Kashmir Sabha, Calcutta, will bring out the annual number of its monthly publication, 'Vitasta', in the month of October, 1973, in memory of those who fell in War in 1971.

The Governor sends his good wishes on the occasion.

Yours faithfully,
Sd/ A. K. Banerjee
Asstt. Secretary to the Governor,
West Bengal.

Shri P. N. Kaul,
Editor,
Kashmir Sabha,
166/15, Lake Gardens,
Calcutta-45.



PERSONAL SECRETARY TO THE CHIEF MINISTER
WEST BENGAL

September 14, 1973.
15

D. O. No. 42343 PCM

Dear Sir,

I am directed to convey the good wishes of the Chief Minister to Kashmir Sabha on the occasion of their bringing out their Annual Souvenir.

Yours cordially,
Sd/ Kumari Brinda Mukerjea.

Editor,
Kashmir Sabha,
166/15, Lake Gardens,
Calcutta-45.



ADDL. PRIVATE SECRETARY TO
पर्यटन तथा नागर ब्रमानन मत्री
MINISTER OF TOURISM & CIVIL AVIATION

No./904/TCAM(I)/73-APS

15. 8. 1973.

Dear Editor,

Please refer to your letter No. V/4 dated the 7th August, 1973 addressed to Dr. Karan Singh Ji, Minister of Tourism & Civil Aviation. The minister is glad to know that the Kashmir Sabha is bringing out the annual number of their publication 'Vitasta' in the month of October 1973. He sends his good wishes on this occasion.

Yours faithfully,
Sd/ G. C. Katoch

Shri P. N. Kaul,
Editor,
Kashmir Sabha (Regd.),
166/15, Lake Gardens,
Calcutta-45.

OUR JAWANS

U. KAUL

This Annual of our monthly Vitasta is humbly dedicated to our Jawans who fell for the cause of motherland in 1971 war. In doing so we honour ourselves perhaps more than we do the jawans, and, in a way, imbibe something of the greatness and of the dedication for which our jawans are famous.

What can in the entire world compare our jawan's faith which makes him stake his very life for what he considers his duty, in a plan of a campaign of whose logistics he has no idea. The fact that sometimes he does not know of the very cause he is fighting for makes his devotion poignant and purer. Our jawan's approach is verily epitomised in those famous lines.

"Ours is not to reason why, ours is but to do and die".

And to such jawans, can a grateful nation and those of us who sit in the comfort of our homes pay adequate homage ?

Our jawan inherits the tradition to fight for a Dharma. Once a call comes there is no going back whoever it be he has to fight against. On the battlefield when Arjuna hesitated to fight his Kith and Kin, and his very Gurus Dhronacharya & Bhishma Pitama who had taught him the very art of fighting, the Lord admonishes him and shows him where his duty lay. Arjuna had to fight, irrespective of the fact whether, in doing so, he would live or die. Whether alive or dead after the fight, he would be a winner, like the result of the flick of a coin where the norm would be "Heads I win, tails you lose".

हतो वा प्राप्स्यसि स्वर्गं जित्वा वा भोक्ष्यसे महीम् ।
तस्माद्दुत्तिष्ठ कौन्तेय युद्धाय कृतनिश्चयः ॥

"Slain, thou wilt obtain heaven ; Victorious, thou wilt enjoy the earth ; therefore, stand up, O Son of Kunti, resolved to fight"

That is the tradition, that is the approach that our jawans have repeatedly owned, and shall own.

Jai jawan, Jai Kisan.

THE SOLDIERS

BY ECHKAY.

They are sometimes just pawns on the chess-board of high level politics, manipulated not always for noble reasons but not unoften for devious purposes, by shrewd and calculating minds.

And that is where one's heart goes out to them. It is terrible that young lives full of hope and ambition should have at times uncomplainingly to give up their invaluable lives for other shrewd peoples' purposes.

But the dedication and selflessness, and the courage with which they do it compels admiration. They set before us examples of obedience and duty.

URDU POEMS OF ZINDA KAUL

A. N. Raina

Zinda Kaul know "Masterji" is a name in the literary history of Kashmiri. As the first poet in Kashmiri to receive the sahitya Akademy Award in 1956, Zinda Kaul became known in India. "The Swan Song" by N. C. Cook; the "Kashmiri Lyrics" by professor J. L. Kaul brought Zinda Kaul's poetry to prominence through translations in English. It is beyond doubt that in the line of mystic poets from Yogeshwari Lalla to Parmanand the name of Zinda Kaul is a landmark, so aptly summarised by N. Cook in her "Song of the Gita". It is not as a poet in Kashmiri but in Urdu and Persian that we shall introduce "Masterji" to the reader.

The collection of 60 poems (Ghazal and Nazm) with 10 poems in Persian contained in the "Deewan-I-Sabit" that the poetic talent of "Masterji" comes

for the first time before the reader, "The wind of genius bloweth where it listeth," applies to Zinda Kaul whose Urdu poems have been Praised by no less a poet than "Josh" Maliabadi who finds the songs of "Masterji" saturated with deep philosophic thinking and the scenic loveliness of Kashmir.

His poems begin as usual with a prayer :

तुझ से आगल की इब्तिदा., तुझ से अबद की इन्तिहा,
मैजूद हैं तुज से अयां, मैदूम फिर तुझ में निहं

Tuj se azal ki ibtida
Tuj se abad ki intiha
Mojud hai tuj se ayan
Modum phir tuj men neha.

With you the begining. And the him it of eternity,
Pervading through all, Containing everything.

The burden of his song is sad. Helplessness pervades throughout and the quest for God becomes intense.

इब्तिदा में तू हुआ है मेरी मुक्ति का काफील्
बैदा उस अपनी मुरबत का वफा कर आज
रहम कर रहम कर, तौफीक हमें दे यारव
मुस्सहक रहम के हम को भी बना ले यारव

If tide men tu hua mere mukti ka kafeel,
Vida us apni murvat ka vafa ka raja
Rahm ker Rahm ker, tofik hamen de yarab,
Musthak rehm ke hum ko bi banale yarab,

His *Ghazal* is simple and spontaneous. It has a wide field touching humanity at large. There is nothing personal like a true artist.

हुआ मेरी नहीं, सारा जहां दे मुझ को

जहां तमाम हो मेरा, वह जान दे मुझको

Dua mere nahi sara jahan de mujko
Jahan tamam ho mera vah gyan de mujke.

I pray not to own this world
But Wutentment and Ielise

And a teeling
To hath nothing yet hath all.

Zinda Kaul expresses his failings and craved for non-existence.

बना के मुझ नावकार को क्यों जमीन की मिटी खराब कर दी
निजामे आल्म का क्या बिगडता जो मुझ को दी तूने जानन होती ।

Bana ka muj nabkar ko kyon jamin ki mati kharab kar di
Nizam-I-alm ke kya bigadta jo muj ko di tooni jan na hoti

You spoiled the clay
which gave me body,
Nothing should have happened,
If no life was given to me.

तुम्हारे लिए हमने पाया था दिल को
तुम्हारा न हो तो हमारा नहीं है
This heart was tamed for you
You own it not
I too disown it.

Lord Krishna with flute, Lord Ram with his ideals,
beautiful flowers with their fragrance and running
brooks in high Himalayas fill his urdu verse.

His Nazm is serious in thought and the subjects
chosen cover a wide field of philosophic thinking.
Some poems are full of humour as the one on
"Clerkee" in these poems it is interesting to see
how the mood of the poet changes :

यह क्या कम कि अनपेड से पेड भी है
तरकी की उमीद इक शेड भी है

व फजले खुदा तीस का ग्रेड भी है
मिनष्टर से क्या है कमी दो सिफर की

Yah kya kuni ki unpaid se paid be hain,
Taraki ki umed ik shade be hai.
Ba fazali khuda thees ka grade be hai,
Minister se kya hai kami do sifar ki.
From apprenticeship to a Paid job
Is a leap indeed,
And then the grade of thirty,
Only two ciphers less than the Minisher's Ray.

The range of subjects is varied but there is very
little continuity, perhaps, because "Masterji" realised
very late that his diction and style in urdu was of
a reasonable literary standard. Unfortunately it was
too late for him to concentrate otherwise a rich
contribution in philosophic thought should have been
made available to the reader.

His persian poems though few have been appre-
ciated for the use of idiom and choice words.

It is shortly expected to have a volume of his Urdu
and persian poems tranliterated in Devnagri script
for the readers in Hindi.

With Compliments from :

G. L. KAUL

Address : 4, ACHAMBIT GHAT ROAD,
CALCUTTA-21
Hastings

A HYMN

By Abhinava Gupta

(Translated By MASTER JI (Zinda Kaul))

ओं शिवचामरस्तुति

ॐ व्याप्तचराचर भाव विशेषं, चिन्मयमेकमऽनन्तमनादिम् ।

भैरवनाथमऽनाथ शरण्यं, त्वन्मयचित्त तया हृदि वन्दे ॥१॥

Great God, prevading all existing things
That move about or do not seem to move
Pure spirit, one, eternal, infinite.

Thou refuge of all waifs, Thou awful one,
With my mind filled with Thee I worship Thee
Within the sanctum of my loving heart.

त्वन्मयमेतदऽशेषमिदानी, भाति मम त्वदऽनुग्रहशक्त्या ।

त्वं च महेश ! सदैव मभाऽत्मा, स्वाऽऽत्ममय मम तेन समस्तम् ॥२॥

Today by grace of Thee the universe
Appears to me Thy self ; and Thou art ay
My *atma* ; ergo, all This is myself.

स्वात्मऽनि विश्वगते त्वयि नाथे तेन न संसृतिभीतेः कथाऽस्ति ।

सत्स्वपि दुर्धरदुःखविमोह, त्रासविघ्रायिषु कर्मगणीषु ॥३॥

The world thus being filled with Thee, and Thou
My Self, I fear not in the least the wheel
Of births and deaths-although past *Karma* heaped
Bring gnawing pains and fears, and fainting fits.

अन्तक ! मां प्रति मा दृशमेना, क्रोधकरालतमां विदधीहि ।

शङ्कर सेवनचिन्तनधीरो भीषण मैरवशक्तिमयोऽस्मि ॥४॥

Cast not at me that dreadful angry look,
O Death,—for, thinking of and serving S'iv,
I'm strong and weild dread Bhairav's mighty power

इत्थमुपोढ भवन्मय मंविद्बोधितिदारित भूरितमिस्रः ।

मृत्युयमान्तककर्मपिशाचे, नाथ ! नमोऽस्तु न नातु विभेमि ॥५॥

The veil of darkness being torn away
By sun-rays of God-consciousness, which now
Is mine, the petty bogies—*Karma*, death,
'Controller', 'Ender'—cannot frighten me.

प्रीदित सत्यविबोधमरीचि, प्रेक्षित विश्व पदार्थसतत्त्वः ।

भावपराभृतनिर्मरपूर्णं, त्वय्यऽहमाऽऽत्मनि निवृतिमेमि ॥६॥

The light of knowledge of the Truth has dawned ;
The Being in all things is well discerned,
I fined true peace in Thee my highest Self,
Who brimmest over with *amrit* of Love's joy.

मानम गोचरमेति यदैव, कलेशदशाऽतनुताप विधात्री ।

नाथ ! तदैव मम त्वदऽभेद स्तोत्रपराऽमृतवृष्टिरुदेति ॥७॥

No sooner does distress invade my heart
And there cause scorching, burning fevers, pains,
Than hymns of oneness with Thyself of me
Cause *amrit*—Pouring clouds to rain on it.

शङ्कर ! सत्यमिद व्रतदान, स्तानतपो भवतापविनाशि ।

तावकशास्त्रपराऽमृतचिन्ता सिन्धति चेतमि निवृतिधाराः ॥८॥

Great vows, rich gifts, austerities and baths
In holy streams, no doubt, annal the pain,
The fever, of rebirths ; but merest thought
Of they great S'tras nectar-sweet, will pour
A steady stream of bliss upon the mind.

नृत्यति गायति हृष्यति गाढं, सविदियं मम भैरवनाथः ।

त्वां प्रियमाऽय सुदर्शनमेकं, दुर्लभमऽन्यजनैः सम यशम् ॥९॥

Great S'iv, my soul rejoices, dances sings
When she finds Thee, her Love-the one, the Good
Whom few non-S'aivas ever find with ease,
Who knows His own good time (to grant His grace)

वसुरम पाँषे कृष्णदशम्यामऽभिनवगुप्तः स्तवमिदमकरोत् ।

येन विभूर्भवमरुमन्तापं शमयति ऋटिति जनस्य दयालु ॥१०॥

It was the tenth of paus 'a's dark fortnight,
"Eight—nine" (?) when *Abhinav* composed this hymn,
Which, if recited by a pious man,
Moves S'iv, the marcfiful to nullify
The 'heat' of this world's desert in a trace.

BHARAT MATA

Extract from the Discovery Of India

Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru

Often, as I wandered from meeting to meeting, I spoke to my audience of this India of ours, of Hindustan and of *Bharata*, the old Sanskrit name derived from the mythical founder of the race. I seldom did so in the cities, for there the audiences were more sophisticated and wanted stronger fare. But to the peasant, with his limited outlook, I spoke of this great country for whose freedom we were struggling, of how each part differed from the other and yet was India, of common problems of the peasants from north to south and east to west, of the *Swaraj* that could only be for all and every part and not for some. I told them of my journeying from the Khyber Pass in the far north-west to *Kanya Kumari* or Cape Comorin in the distant south, and how everywhere the peasants put me identical questions, for their troubles were the same poverty, debt, vested interests, landlords, money-lenders, heavy rents and taxes, police harassment, and all these wrapped up in the structure that the foreign government had imposed upon us—and relief must also come for all. I tried to make them think of India as a whole, and even to some little extent of this wide world of which we were a part.

I brought in the struggle in China, in Spain, in Abyssinia, in Central Europe, in Egypt and the countries of Western Asia. I told them of the wonderful changes in the Soviet Union and of the great progress made in America. The task was not easy; yet it was not so difficult as I had imagined, for our ancient epics and myths and legends, which they knew so well, had made them familiar with the conception of their country, and some there were always who had travelled far and wide to the great places of pilgrimage situated at the four corners of India. Or there were old soldiers who had served in foreign parts in World War I or other expeditions. Even my references to foreign countries were brought home to them by the consequences of the great depression of the 'thirties.

Sometimes as I reached a gathering, a great roar of welcome would greet me: *Bharat Mata ki Jai*—'Victory to Mother India!' I would ask them unexpectedly what they meant by that cry, who was this *Bharat Mata*, Mother India, whose victory they wanted? My question would amuse them and surprise them, and then, not knowing exactly what to answer, they would look at each other and at me. I persisted in my questioning. At last a vigorous Jat, wedded to the soil from immemorial generations, would say that it was the *dharti*, the good earth of India, that they meant. What earth? Their particular village path, or all the patches in the district or province, or in the whole of India? And so question and answer went on, till they would ask me impatiently to tell them all about it. I would endeavour to do so and explain that India was all this that they had thought, but it was much more. The mountains and the rivers of India, and the forests and the broad fields, which gave us food, were all dear to us, but what counted ultimately were the people of India, people like them and me, who were spread out all over this vast land. *Bharat Mata*, Mother India, was essentially these millions of people, and victory to these people. You are parts of this *Bharat Mata*, I told them, you are in a manner yourselves *Bharat Mata*, and as this idea slowly soaked into their brains, their eyes would light up as if they had made a great discovery.

Bhageeratha

And The Story

Of Ganga

Extract from RAMAYANA

C. Rajagopalachari

King Sagara waited in vain for the return of the princes who had gone in search of the sacrificial horse.

After some days he called his grandson, Amsuman, and said: "I am anxious to know what has happened to the princes who went to **Paataala**. You are brave; go thither, well-armed, find out what has happened and come back crowned with success."

Amsuman went closely following the path of the princes and reached the nether world where he saw and paid salutations to the mighty elephants standing guard at the four quarters. These guardians of the quarters uttered encouraging words and said he would succeed in his mission.

When in due course Amsuman entered and went round **Paataala** he was delighted when he found the sacrificial horse grazing contently there, but was perplexed and distressed when he saw heaps of ashes all over the place. Could they be all that remained of his valiant uncles?

Garuda, the bird-king, brother of Sumati, Sagara's second wife, who chanced to be there told Amsuman: "Those ash-heaps are all that is left of the sixty thousand sons of Sagara who were consumed by the wrathful glance of Sage Kapila. Dear child, take the horse and complete the **yaaga**. If these ashes are to be watered according to custom so that the souls of the princes may rest in peace, Ganga should be drougth down here from the land of the Devas."

Amsuman rushed home with the horse and told the king all that he had found and learnt.

Sagar was immersed in sorrow at the fate that had overtaken his sons. However, the horse having been brought back, he completed the **yaaga**. Grieving over his lost sons and despairing of ever bringing Ganga down to the nether world, he died disconsolate.

According to the **Raamaayana**, Sagara lived for 30,000 years, Figures like 30,000 and 60,000 need not confuse us; 'thirty-thousand' may mean either a very large number or just thirty. If we so like, we may take these figures literally.

Amsuman succeeded Sagar as King of Ayodhya and was, in turn, succeeded by Dileepa. Bhageeratha came after Dileepa.

Amsuman and Dileepa, though happy and blessed in other respects, died grieving that they were unable to bring Ganga to **Paataala** for the salvation of their forefathers.

Bhageeratha was a valiant king. He was childless. Desiring progeny and hoping to bring Ganga down, he left for Gokarna for performing penance, leaving the kingdom in the hands of his ministers.

Bhageeratha went through severe austerities. With fire on all sides and head exposed to the hot sun, and taking food but once a month, he

continued his **tapas**. Bhageeratha's name has come to signify great perseverance in any good cause.

Brahma, pleased with the **tapas**, appeared before Bhageeratha and asked : "What would you have ?"

Bhageeratha told him two wishes : "If you have pity on me, bless me with a child to continue the line of my forebears. Secondly cursed by Kapilamuni, my ancestors lie a heap of ashes in **Paataala**. The ashes should be washed by the waters of Ganga so that their souls may ascend to heaven. May you be pleased to order Ganga to go down."

Brahma replied : "The Devas are pleased with your **tapas**. Your wishes are granted. But there is one difficulty. The earth cannot withstand the force of Ganga's descent ; Siva alone can stand it. Therefore direct your penance and prayers to him."

Bhageerath renewed his **tapas** and continued long without food or water, and at last won Siva's grace. Siva appeared and said to Bhageeratha : "I shall fulfil your wish. I shall receive Ganga on my head. May her grace be upon you."

When Mahaadeva promised help to Bhageeratha, Ganga began her descent as ordered by Brahma. In her arrogance, she thought she would fall on Mahaadeva's head and sweep him away towards **Paataala**.

The three-eyed God decided to teach Ganga a lesson. And the moment he willed it, the flood of waters that fell on his head were held by his matted hair as in an infinite receptacle. Ganga tried her best but not a drop could emerge from the tangled maze of Siva's matted locks.

This was a lesson to Ganga to be sure, but a heart-breaking dis-appointment to Bhageerath. There was nothing for him but to propitiate Siva with **tapas**. This he did to such good purpose that Siva took pity on him and gently let out the waters of Ganga in **Bindu Saras** from where they flowed down in seven small separate streams.

Three of them flowed west and three east ; and the seventh river followed Bhageertha who was full of joy at the approaching salvation of his ancestors.

Ganga followed Bhageeratha's triumphal chariot : the waters danced and shone like lightning flashes as the river made its course and the Devas and Gandharvas assembled above to witness the grand sight. Sometimes slow and sometimes fast, now sliding down and now jumping up the river went on dancing behind Bhageeratha's chariot and folk of heaven enjoyed the sight all the way.

On her course, Ganga damaged the **yaaga** platform of a rishi by name Jahnu. The rishi took the entire flood in his palm and sipped it off. Ganga disappeared again and Bhageeratha was sorely perplexed.

The Devas and other rishis approached Jahnu and begged him to forgive Ganga and allow Bhageeratha to reap the fruit of his great austerities and perseverance. The sage relented and let Ganga out through his right ear. The Devas were glad and blessed Ganga thus : "Coming out of the rishi's body as out of your mother's womb, you are now Jaahnavi, Jahnu's daughter."

There was no further hindrance or mishap and Ganga reached **Paataala** through the ocean. With the holy waters, Bhageeratha performed the funeral rites for his ancestors and secured for them their entry to heaven.

Bhageeratha's efforts having brought Ganga down, she is known as Bhaageerathi.

After concluding this narrative, Viswaamitra blessed the princes "The sun is setting," he said. "Let us say our evening prayers in the waters of Ganga whom your ancestor brought down to this world."

Those who bathe in the holy waters of Ganga or read or listen to this divine story with devotion, will be cleansed of sin and endowed with virtue, strength and unflagging zeal.

DEVAVRATA

Extract from MAHABHARAT

C. Rajagopalachari

"You must certainly become my wife, whoever you may be." Thus said the great King Santanu to goddess Ganga who stood before him in human form, intoxicating his senses with her superhuman loveliness.

The king earnestly offered for her love his kingdom, his wealth, his all, his very life.

Ganga replied : "O king, I shall become your wife. But on certain conditions—that neither you nor anyone else should ever ask me who I am, or whence I come. You must also not stand in the way of whatever I do, good or bad, nor must you ever be wroth with me on any account whatsoever. You must not say anything displeasing to me. If you act otherwise, I shall leave you then and there. Do you agree ?

The infatuated king vowed his assent, and she became his wife and lived with him

The heart of the king was captivated by her modesty and grace and the steady love she bore him. King Santanu and Ganga lived a life of perfect happiness, oblivious of the passage of time.

She gave birth to many children ; each newborn babe she took to the Ganges and cast into the river, and then returned to the king with a smiling face.

Santanu was filled with horror and anguish at such fiendish conduct, but suffered it all in silence, mindful of the promise he had made. Often he wondered who she was, wherefrom she had come and why she acted like a murderous witch ; still bound by his word, and his all-mastering love for her, uttered no word of blame or remonstrance.

Thus she killed seven children. When the eighth child was born and she was about to throw it into the Ganges, Santanu could not bear it any longer.

He cried. "Stop, stop, why are you bent on this horrid and unnatural murder of your own innocent babes ?" With this outburst the king restrained her.

"O great king," she replied, "you have forgotten your promise, for your heart is set on your child, and you do not need me any more. I go. I shall not kill this child, but listen to my story before you judge me. I, who am constrained to play this hateful role by the curse of Vasishtha, am the goddess Ganga, adored of gods and men. Vasishtha cursed the eight Vasus to be born in the world of men, and moved by their supplications said, I was to be their mother. I bore then to you, and well is it for you that it was so, for you will go to higher regions for this service you have done to the eight Vasus. I shall bring up this last child of yours for some time and then return it to you as my gift." After saying these words the goddess disappeared with the child. It was this child who later became famous as Bhishma.

This was how the Vasus came to incur Vasishtha's curse : they went for a holiday with their wives to a mountain tract where stood the hermitage of Vasishtha. One of them saw Vasishtha's cow, Nandini, grazing there. Its divinely beautiful form attracted him and he pointed it out to the ladies. They were all loud in praise of the graceful animal, and one of them requested her husband to secure it for her.

He replied : "What need have we, the devas, for the milk of cows ? This cow belongs to the sage Vasishtha who is the master of the whole place. Man will certainly become immortal by drinking its milk ; but this is no gain to us, who

are already immortal. Is it worth our while incurring Vasishtha's wrath merely to satisfy a whim?"

But she was not thus to be put off. "I have a dear companion in the mortal world. It is for her sake that I make this request. Before Vasishtha returns we shall have escaped with the cow. You must certainly do this for my sake, for it is my dearest wish." Finally her husband yielded. All the Vasus joined together and took the cow and its calf away with them.

When Vasishtha returned to his ashrama, he missed the cow and the calf, because they were indispensable for his daily rituals. Very soon he came to know by his yogic insight all that had taken place. Anger seized him and he uttered a curse against the Vasus. The sage, whose sole wealth was his austerity, willed that they should be born into the world of men. When the Vasus came to know of the curse, repentant too late, they threw themselves on the sage's mercy and implored forgiveness.

Vasishtha said: "The curse must needs take its course. Prabhasa, the Vasu who seized the cow, will live long in the world in all glory, but the others will be freed from the curse as soon as born. My words cannot prove ineffective, but I shall soften the curse to this extent." Afterwards Vasishtha set his mind again on his austerities, the effect of which had been slightly impaired by his anger. Sages who perform austerities acquire the power to curse, but every exercise of this power

reduces their store of merit.

The Vasus felt relieved and approached the goddess Ganga and begged of her: "We pray you to become our mother. For our sake we beseech you to descend to the earth and marry a worthy man. Throw us into the water as soon as we are born and liberate us from the curse." The goddess granted their prayer, came to the earth and became the wife of Santanu.

When the goddess Ganga left Santanu and disappeared with the eighth child, the king gave up all sensual pleasures and ruled the kingdom in a spirit of asceticism. One day he was wandering along the banks of the Ganges when he saw a boy endowed with the beauty and form of Devendra, the king of the gods. The child was amusing himself by casting a dam of arrows across the Ganges in flood, playing with the mighty river as a child with an indulgent mother. To the king who stood transfixed with amazement at the sight, the goddess Ganga revealed herself and presented the child as his own son.

She said: "O king, this is that eighth child I bore you. I have brought him up till now. His name is Devavrata. He has mastered the art of arms and equals Parasurama in prowess. He has learnt the Vedas and the Vedangas from Vasishtha, and is well versed in the arts and sciences known to Sukra. Take back with you this child who is a great archer and hero as well as a master in statecraft." Then she blessed the boy, handed him to his father, the king, and disappeared.



Names and Addresses of Kashmiris Living in Eastern India

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Ballygunge, Circular Road,
Calcutta-20.
2. Baqaya, K. N.
Indian Oil Corporation Limited,
1, Shakespeare Sarani,
Calcutta-16.
3. Bamru J. N.
751A, P Block, New Alipore,
Calcutta-53.
4. Bhan A. S.,
NICCO Residential Compound,
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5. Bakaya K. K.,
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6. Bhan J. N.
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8. Bhat, M. L.
K. F. S. Limited,
P. O. Kumardhubi, Dist.
Dhanbad, Bihar.
9. Bhan H. N.
53, Theatre Road, First Floor.
Calcutta-16.
10. H. N. Bhan
146/D/652 Lake Gargens,
Calcutta-45
11. Bhan P. S.
18/B, Justice Dwarkanath Road,
Calcutta-20.
12. Bhan P. K.
162/25, Lake Gardens,
Calcutta-45.
13. Bhushan K.,
12/2, Hindusthan Road,
Calcutta-29.
14. Chaku A. N.,
23, Central Government Officers Flats,
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Calcutta-27.
15. Abhinov Dhar,
56, Dr. Sundari Mohan Avenue, Flat 11
Calcutta-14.
16. Ashoke Dhar,
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17. Dhar Gopal,
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18. Dhar Jay,
L. I. C. Quarters, Tollygunge,
Calcutta.
19. Dhar P. N.,
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P.O. Garifa, 24 Parganas,
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20. Dhar P. N.,
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22. P. L. Dhar,
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New Alipore.
24. Ganju R. N.,
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Calcutta-19.
25. Ganju H. N.
6/1B, Kyd Street,
Calcutta-16
26. Haskar A. N.
27-B, Raja Santosh Road,
Calcutta-27.
27. Haskar S. Subhadra,
6, Mayfair Road,
Calcutta-19.
28. Hukku, V. L.
295, S. N. Roy Road,
Calcutta-38.
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15, Rishi Bankim Chandra Road,
Calcutta-28
30. Chand Kachroo,
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36. Kaul B,
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