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1000 FOR "RHYME-WORDS"

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

MADRAS, 15th FEBRUARY 1934.

No. 4.



THE ALL-ROUNDER

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THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Published on the 1st & 15th of Every Month

SUBSCRIPTION

	Inland	Foreign
Annual ... Rs.	2 4 0	Rs. 4 0 0
Half-year ... "	1 4 0	" 2 2 0
Single copy ... "	0 2 0	" 0 3 0

Subscriptions to the Merry Magazine may be paid from any month onwards, but are payable in advance by M. O. or B. P. O. Subscribers changing their addresses should intimate the change before the 8th and 23rd of every month.

Quote the subscription numbers always. This is marked on the right-hand top corner of the wrapper.

ADVT. TARIFF

Full Page per issue ...	Rs. 40 0 0
Half " ...	" 20 0 0
Quarter Page " ...	" 10 0 0
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No. 2/140, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Telegram: "VIKATAN" Madras. 'Phone No. 3311.

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Sparks from Our Anvil

The *Daily Telegraph* emphasises the 'transparent honesty' of the British latest and last effort for disarmament.

And the French Press declares that it can see through it!

The general comment on the Australian Test Team for England is said to be: 'Well-done Selectors.'

For the present, we can only ask the question: 'Well, Don?'

Lord Sankey says that one of his strangest official duties was to write to himself.

If the 'National' Government lasts much longer, there's every danger of his lordship and his chief talking to themselves!

Things which might have been better expressed: 'The Advocate-General said that it was his most unpleasant duty to bring to their lordship's notice the sad and untimely death of.....'

Our felicitations to Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri on the occasion of his Shashtipoorthi.

Our only regret is that it has not been marked by retirement from or to Office!

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar says: 'There were two classes despised in India. One was the brahmin, and the other was the moderate in politics. Unfortunately some of them combined both.'

The moral would seem to be that if you wish to be a moderate, avoid, if you can, being a brahmin!

'If you wish to keep lamp-chimneys very bright, never wash them!'

The recipe is infallible in the case of children also.

Sir Henry Page-Croft complains: 'The edict of the brahmins has gone forth declaring the men who support British rule in India to be untouchable.'

We thought that some of them were only unspeakable!

There is no foundation for the rumour that they are appealing to Mahatma Gandhi to espouse their cause also.

Mr. Satyamurti exhorts the party in power to resign, and seek re-election on the issue of Land Revenue reduction; and assures them that he would not oppose them.

We understand that the Justice party is willing to treat the suggestion as having been acted upon.

Sgr. Mussolini defines the League of Nations to mean a League of the Nations of Europe.

President Roosevelt cordially agrees.

In the course of the debate on the bill to abolish Taluk Boards, the Chief Minister declared that it was a step in the right direction.

That is exactly the complaint of the left

Referring to the motion carried in the Assembly for the circulation of the Anti-Untouchability Bill, a contemporary remarks that nothing better could be expected from the present Assembly.

We shall be content if somebody could assure us that it has done, or would do, nothing worse!

Mr. C. S. Ranga Aiyar says that unemployment swelled the street processions of the Congress.

We have not forgotten how he slipped away from the crowd at the psychological moment.

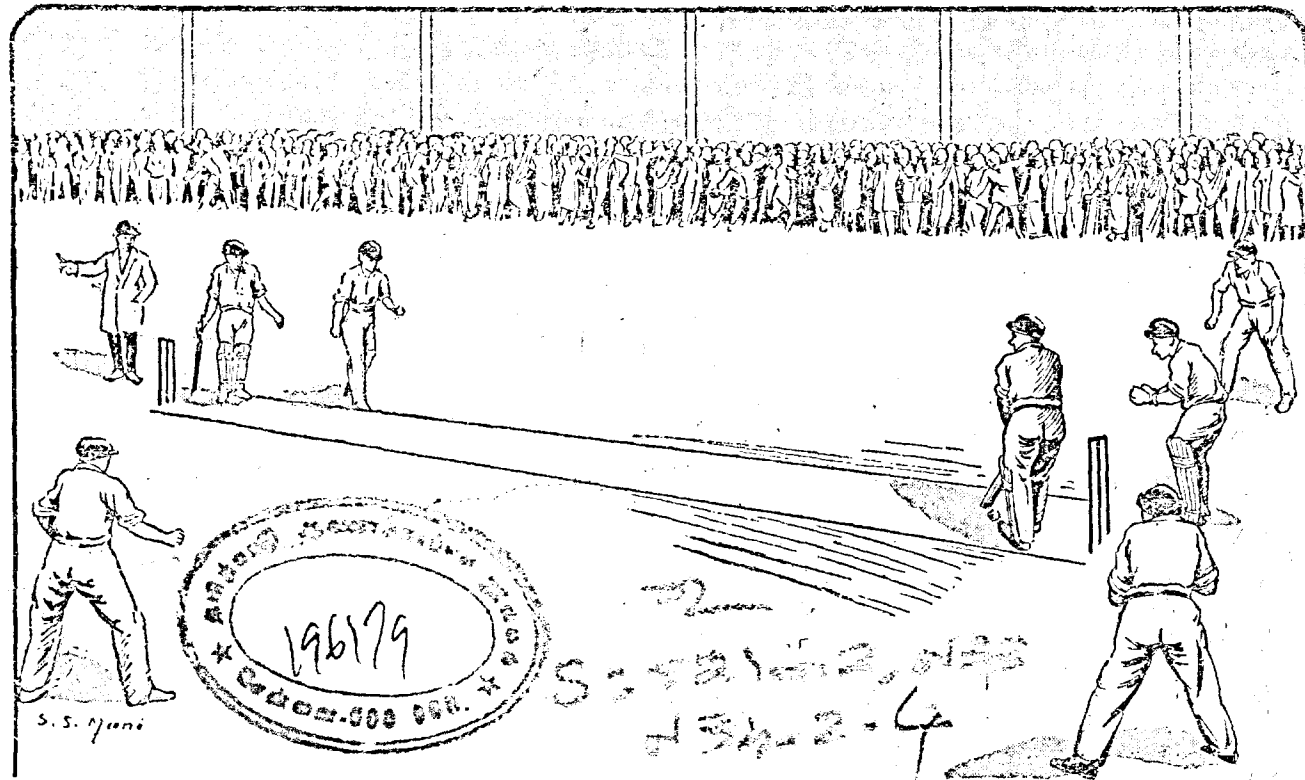
'A notable feature of Indian women's gatherings now-a-days is the scarcity of gold jewels.'

This is a topical reminder of the renowned flight of gold.

The Dollar is falling: So is the French ministry.

FEVER CRICKET

P. P. SAMUEL



L. B. W. ?

THE third Test Match between England and India was in full swing. Naidu had won the toss and elected to bat.

The little man on my left sucked an orange with obvious relish.

"Great lad!" he applauded, pointing to the diminutive batsman at the pavilion end who was all pads and gloves.

"Naommal? Oh, he's quite a stump! But the lad looks a shade shaky today. Probably his old L. B. W. complex."

Nichols sent down a genuine cranium cracker. Naommal ducked out of the ball's way and the harmless leather hurtled high, as poetic pressmen playfully put it.

The orange turned to me with a gurgle.

"Is that Leg Theory?" he asked.

"No," said I, "it's Head Theory. If you doubt it ask Dilawar Hussain over there. He ought to know."

In the meantime things were beginning to happen. Dilawar adjusted his bags, expanded his chest, tried his best to look like a baby elephant performing a trick, and faced the nippy bowling. Then (hey, presto!) with a sudden lunge he became incredibly dynamic and scored a veritable six off Verity, leaving the fieldsmen in the silly positions looking a trifle sillier. With all the force of two hundred and eighty pounds behind it the

ball whizzed clean over the boundary before you could say "Jardine."

Well played, sir! Mighty six! Dilawar for ever! Beauty! Beau-u-u-nty!"

The man on my right spat and preened his tuft.

"Phew!" he sneered. "This is nothing. You ought to have seen M. J. Gopalan punishing the Eccentrics bowling last Saturday. That was batting—plu-perfect! The Hindu gave him full fifteen lines, you know."

Having had his say, the Triplicane enthusiast started preening his tuft again, looking extremely dissatisfied with the world in general and the game in particular.

Jardine tightened up his field. Silly mid-off and silly mid-on were sent a couple of steps forward, ready to pick the ball right off the bat of the little Karachi player.

"Shame!" exclaimed the orange, swallowing a few pips in his excitement. "The umpire has given him out L. B. W. It's all wrong! You see how the batsman is looking back to see if the umpire is going to call him back. This L. B. W. business has got to go. Do you know that in the match between the M. C. C. and the Secunderabad team with the unpronounceable name there were 5 L. B. W.'s in one innings?"

"Six," I corrected.

Fever Cricket

"Very well. Six, then. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"Stick it, I fear. If there is no L. B. W. batsmen would dig themselves in before the wicket until they are removed in stretchers by Boy Scouts or an Ambulance Corps. And a match would take a couple of months to finish unless you change the rules of the game until it is no more cricket. And that won't do, because, if there is no cricket how could Colonel Jackson (ex-Governor of Bengal) ask Indians to 'Play cricket'?"

"What a shame!" he cried, sucking away at his orange like a dredger. "Who goes in next?"

"C. K. Naidu, I think. I had better be going and putting my pads on. I go in sixth wicket down."

"You? Who the.....Who are you?"

"Well, you had better guess, big boy. Surely you have seen my photograph....."

I didn't have to complete the sentence; my friend wasn't listening to me. With his orange held firmly between his teeth he was clapping away like mad.

Dilawar was joined by India's captain amidst ringing cheers. And, as pressmen love to put it, the Indore batsman opened his account with a splendid drive for a sterling three.

The tuft sat up and began to look interested.

"C. K." said he, "knows how to handle the willow. He is almost as good as Gopalan. But in the matter of fielding and bowling M. J. can give points to him."

Dilawar Hussain greeted his captain in a spectacular manner. Dilating his nostrils he jumped up from his crouching posture and whirled his big arms with such terrific force that he scattered the fieldsmen standing close in and shattered his own wicket. He stole a glance at the devastated wicket, adjusted his bags and, holding his bat as Gama holds his mace, stalked back to the pavilion.

Amarnath went in next—young, dapper, dynamic. He had still the halo of the brilliant Test Century round his boyish head, even though he had failed on many an occasion since. "Will he do it again?" was the one thought in the minds of the thousands in the stands. He was young Panjab—handsome, calm, efficient, defiant! It was he more than any one else who put India definitely on the cricket map in the fateful first Test.

The atmosphere was electric when India's hope faced the fusillade of Nichols. Each Indian heart was pounding away when Nichols sent down a bumping long-hop in the direction of the leg-stump. A little deft footwork, a turn of the wrist, and the ball flashed to the boundary.

"I say!" said I, to the orange, "Amarnath is asking for trouble. If he continues to do this sort of thing he is sure to excite proposals of marriage from half the 'modern' college girls in India."

At the other end India's captain began playing to the gallery. Naidu on the defensive is a great player, no doubt, but he is positively brilliant only when he inflates his chest and lets himself go. "Sixer," demanded the mob. "Here you are," Naidu seemed to say.

"That's the card, my boy!" piped an old man. "You are a real captain, Major. Keep it up and we win the third Test, instead of merely saving the game as we did in the second."

The crowd grew suddenly delirious. Somebody was hurt, it seemed. The players crowded round him; the men in the gallery stood up and craned their necks. The frail structure groaned, swayed, collapsed! Good God!

"How's your fever?" asked my wife, as she came in with a steaming cup of coffee and a smile. "Have you slept it off? Do try to get better; otherwise we will miss the Test Match, dear!"

Blazers of Yesterday

O where! O where are blazers blue
Of glorious yesterday?
O tell me, tell me is it true
They're out of date today?

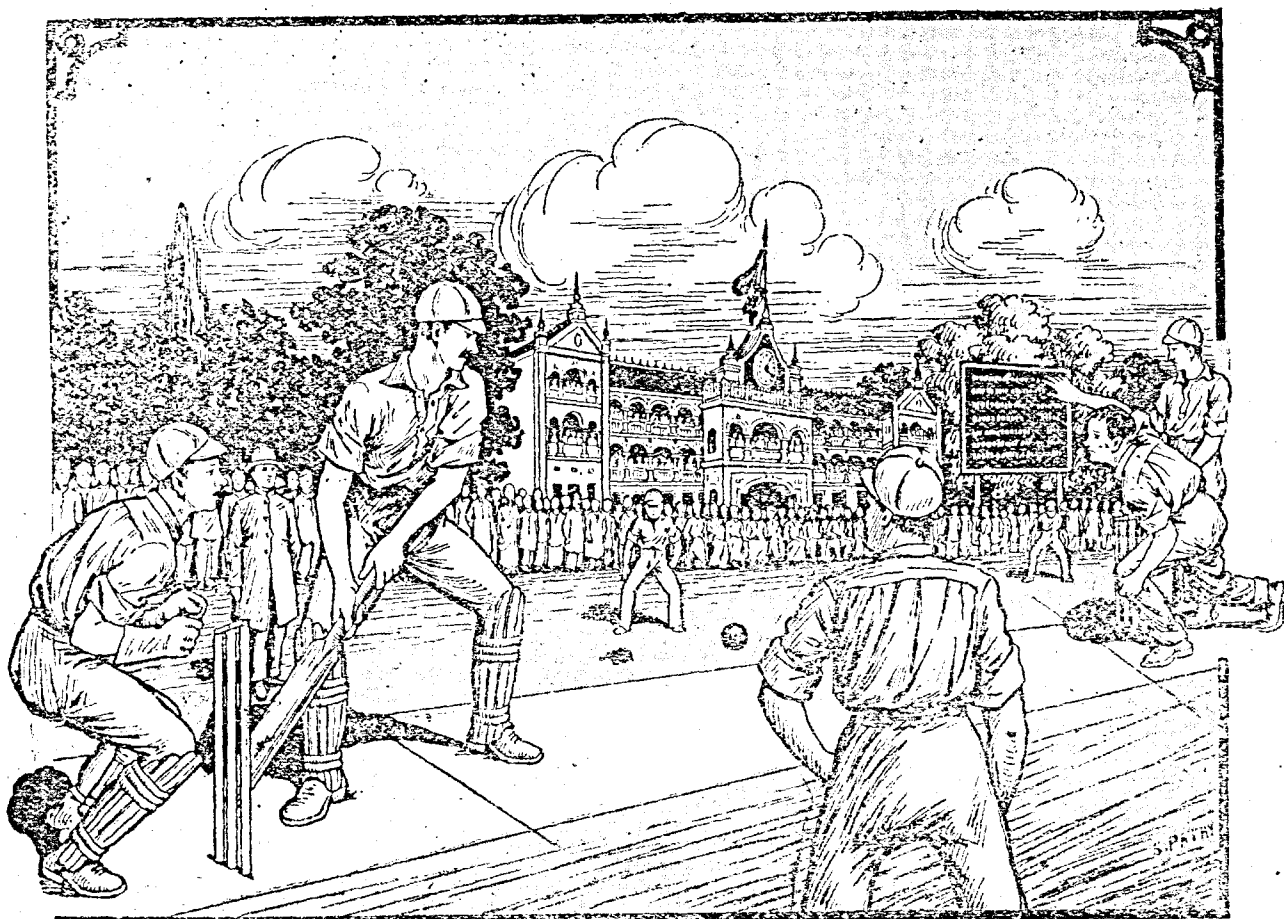
Have blazers green and blazers brown
And ditto ultra-red
Usurped "Dame Fashion's Fickle Crown"
(As poet chaps have said)?

The blue has had a long, long run,
It seemed to last for aye;
So I too had one made—for fun—
But may I wear it pray?

Ed., is it true the Beau Brummels
Of New Madras in red
Take blue-clad blokes for old fossils
And sniff and cut them dead?

And do you think the 'Varsities
Of Cambridge and Oxford
Would sock their Blues of centuries
To glorify the Red?

I'll wait and see what Naidu
And Amarnath put on;
If they come clad in blazers blue
By Jove! my Blue I'll don.



'Dasarp' began to hit out.

"TWO more to go!" cried the umpire as Prasad took guard for the second time. It was the Finals in the Crescent Memorial Tournament, the contesting teams being the Hearts Recreation and Spade Athletes (Local team).

The score was:—

Hearts Recreation.
1st innings—200
2nd innings—402

6:2

Spade Athletes.
450 for 7
declared.

The Spade Athlete required 152 runs for a draw or 153 for a win. 7 good wickets were already down for 72 runs and the chances of making the required runs to win seemed very remote. Yet Prasad, their hero was there. He had scored 112 runs in his first knock. What was to prevent him repeating the performance now? The crowd cheered him as he took his place at the crease. A veritable hero and crack batsman was

Prasad. His square-cutting, leg-glancing and drives were superb to watch. Even his opponents applauded him. He celebrated his century with a hefty six, the like of which had not been seen for many a day. Everything depended upon Prasad. The crowd swayed to and fro, bubbling with enthusiasm.

"Splendid!" "Keep it up!" "Well played!" "Steady please!" were the cries that greeted Prasad's ears as he blocked the fifth ball of the over, which broke dangerously in from the off, and threatened to hit the leg stump.

"How?" cried the bowler. "How?" echoed the fieldsmen as Prasad fumbled with the sixth ball which was bowled to him. "Not out, not out, he has played the ball!" was the cry that issued from ten thousand throats. The umpire's fatal finger, however, went up and Prasad was adjudged L.B.W.

Excitement ran riot. The irate crowd was vehement in its protest. "Prasad is not out," they said, "he played the ball, and if the umpire is uncertain, the

laws of cricket demand that the benefit of the doubt should go to the batsman." But the umpire was adamant. Equally so was the skipper of Heart Recreation. Not for worlds would he give a chance to Prasad to bat again. He shook his head vigorously. "Umpire's word is law and should be obeyed," he declared solemnly. Poor Prasad; he looked the very picture of despair. With downcast looks he returned to the pavilion.

Lakshman Raj was the next batsman in, and the score board showed 72—8—0. Two more wickets in hand and 80 runs to make. The task seemed indeed superhuman, but undaunted Lakshman Raj wielded the willow splendidly, stepping out and hitting loose balls and taking no chances with well-pitched and good length ones. The crowds which were on the point of dispersing when Prasad was adjudged LBW, slowly resumed their seats. Lakshman Raj faced Ambunath and opened the score with a four through the covers and pulled the next one to the leg boundary amidst deafening cheers. He had a life in the third when Ambunath dropped a hot return. A groan went up the galleries when Lakshman Raj stole a single and narrowly missed being run out. Raghuvir faced Ambunath and gave a tame catch at point (81—9—4). One more wicket! The Heart Recreation were jubilant. Their prospects of success were rosy. How could it be otherwise? Only a miracle could save the Spade Athletes from defeat. A miracle indeed should happen.

The last batsman stepped out. Holding the bat under his arms he pulled his cap down to his ears, concealing his features. He walked with measured steps, his face grim and set. A small moustache adorned his upper lip. He looked every inch Prasad the crack batsman but for the moustache. He beckoned to Lakshman Raj and said something in a whisper. The last ball of the over was sent down which the stranger steered between cover and point, for a four. The stroke was masterly, effortless, elegant. The crowd wondered why it was that such a good batsman should be sent in last. Some thought it was a fluke shot. The stranger,

however, calmly and steadily began piling up the runs. They came off his bat at every stroke. Sixes and fours galore!! The tail wagged vigorously. The crowd demanded to know the name of the unknown. "Dasarp" was the answer.

"Well played Dasarp!" "That's the stuff to give them!" "Splendid, mister!" "Keep on!" were the encouraging words uttered from one end to the other as Dasarp executed a wonderful late cut for four. Lakshman Raj did the stone-walling, leaving Dasarp to pile up runs. 100 was telegraphed, 110, 120, 130 in quick succession. 22 more for draw and 23 to win. The spectators cheered on, keeping up a continuous cry of encouragement. The skipper of the Heart Eleven looked crestfallen. He rang the changes in the bowling; he rearranged the field; he set a leg trap; but all to no purpose. The batsmen were in a merry mood and punished the bowlers mercilessly. 150 went up and it was Dasarp who scored the winning stroke by jumping out and lifting a half-volley clean over the ropes.

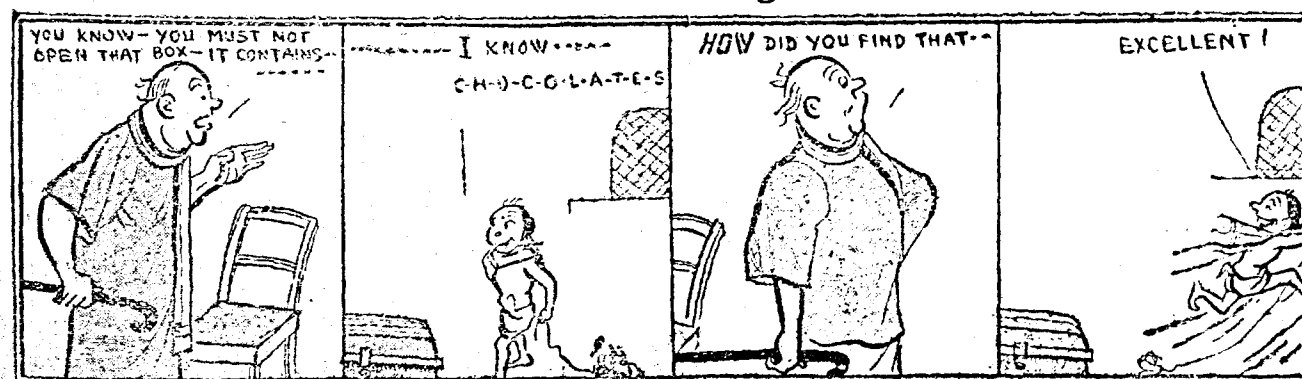
The match was won.

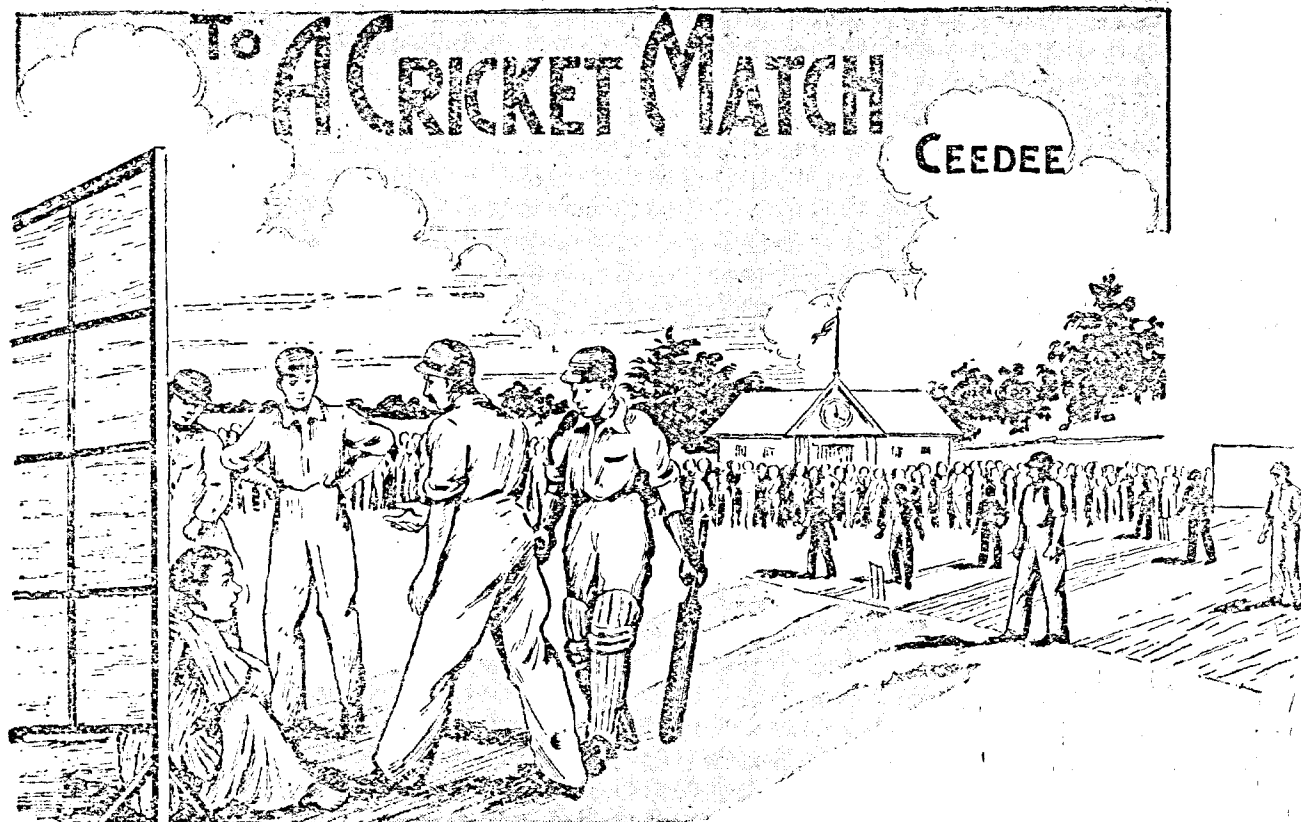
Cups and medals were presented to the winners and runners up. Dasarp, the hero of the day, however, was missing. He seemed to have vanished into thin air. His cup was entrusted to the keeping of the Captain. Some thought that Dasarp was no ordinary mortal but one specially dropped from the heavens to save the local team from defeat and that his mission having been accomplished had disappeared.

Whatever it is, gentle reader, you do not of course hold this view. A moustache did the trick and if you will reverse the name 'Dasarp' you will be able to establish the identity of the unknown.

After all, all is fair in love and war. Why not in sport also? What Prasad did was tit for tat. He was adjudged LBW, under doubtful circumstances, and the laws of cricket gave him the chance of re-play. When it was denied to him, he had his own way, anyway, and he did profit by it. Don't you think what Prasad did was right? (No, we don't. Ed.)

The Taste Lingers.





".....Get away from the screen....." said one player.

So much has been said and written about cricket that I could not resist the temptation to watch a match myself. An urchin of eight or so living next door used to come and tell me what present day cricket is. I was surprised to hear him reeling off the genealogical tables of the players, their temperaments, their special likes and dislikes and many such other things. I wonder whether such a minute study of individuals is possible from merely watching a cricket match.

I have played a little cricket in my younger days and well remember that not far off time when we used a municipal lamp post for wickets. We used to prepare our ground, which by the way was a deserted lane and water it with as much care as Martin would to protect the 'Oval' wicket. We used to have regular knocks in the evenings and would decide the batting order by tossing a coin. I am reminded of a burly neighbour of mine who would lie down across the pitch and arrest further progress of the game if the luck of the toss went against him. It was strongly rumoured though not seriously believed, that the late Jagannathan practised bowling by throwing stones at the wayside dust bins. This tip we had all taken from him and we were quite proficient in fielding.

I have not seen much of present day cricket but how long could one in whose blood cricket was running

keep out of the game? So I resolved to see a cricket match.

I entered the Marina ground one Sunday at 11-30 A. M. and even at such an early hour there was a large crowd on the ground. I was just gazing at the crowd when there came a voice 'Sir Umbrella!' I could not make out what it was, and every thirty seconds the voice repeated itself with greater effect. I was wondering whether it could be anybody's name or a term in cricket. Just then there was an unkindly shower of pebbles at me. Many things revolved within my brain in a short time. I was not prepared to believe any of them. I slowly turned to the place from which the stones had come. I was shocked to see a couple of howling faces staring hard at me and thundering curses. Why on earth should they address me 'Sir Umbrella', I could not guess. A kind friend next to me told me that I had been obstructing their view with my umbrella and had not moved despite their protests. Before I could realise this, there was a volley from my right: 'You think you're transparent?' I clumsily apologised and hoping to find a secluded corner, hurried farther on. At intervals 'Hurry up', 'Hurry up' was dinned into my ears and I knew the reference was to me. To avoid a repetition of the first incident, I doubled my pace and hurried on. I congratulated myself on having found a spot where I could sit as I pleased and enjoy the game. There was not a soul near by and my only companion was a huge wooden board which gave me a little shelter from the hot sun.

(Continued on page 6)

INDIA IN CRICKET

(K. G. JAGAM)

Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram.

WHO will may be at the helm of affairs, but Indian cricket owes a lot to the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram. A great enthusiast, the Maharajkumar has rendered yeoman service to the cause he has sponsored. But for him, we would be still where we were a few years ago. That we sent a successful touring side to England in 1931 and that we play our third official test stand witness to his wonderful spade work. The place of honour in Indian Cricket goes to him.

An able captain and a vigorous bat, he can be depended upon to score sixty if he is not dismissed at six. In form he is a bright bat and Roshnara has seen some of his lusty hits.

The Maharajkumar has achieved what others have failed to do. It is, therefore, apt that to him has fallen the honour of scoring the first victory over the M. C. C. team and putting a check to their triumphal progress. Peculiarly interesting to recall in this context is that the last M. C. C. side that visited India had an unbeaten record and the present tourists were having their own way until they suffered a reverse at the hands of the Vizianagaram XI at Benares. The Maharajkumar well deserves the honour. Albeit unofficial, the Benares fixture was practically a test and its result is eloquent of the possibility for our men to repeat the performance at Madras under the leadership of Major Naidu.

Major C. K. Naidu.

Major Naidu is a master. Who is not intimately familiar with the magnificent achievements of this splendid all-rounder Rajalingam Garu and the Modi Club of Kamptee are rightly proud of their offspring. Naidu's eminence in the game beats all description; he is a cricketer *par excellence*; his spirit is of a piece with his performance.

Lt. Wazir Ali.

Not all can take the strike against the opening bowler with such confidence as Wazir Ali, a stayer, not the type that steps in and walks out. He does not lapse into pyrotechnics; playing to the gallery is alien to him. Even when it means the sacrifice of brilliance he avoids fancy strokes. Braces and singles he would seem to prefer to sixes and fours. Wielder of a straight bat, it would be hard to detect an unworthy stroke in his bag. His cover and straight drives are admirable. He is a finished bat: out at forty or four, he keeps his wicket intact a fair time. A very difficult man to dislodge when settled, Wazir Ali has often kept picked teams of English cricketers stewing in the sun for hours on end while he has hit the bowling to chalk up India's score. How can one cite his excessive caution against him? For, after all, is it not rather a virtue in an opening bat?

The Yuvaraj of Patiala.

Very few can look back upon their record against the present tourists with such satisfaction as the Yuvaraj of Patiala. A cricketer of great calibre, it is a pity he was not taken for the last two tests. Tall and agile, he can stand up to any bowling and hit as vigorously as the next man. His splendid foot-work in executing his graceful and easy-powered drives are a treat to watch. Slow spinners and "snotters" have no terrors for him. Not very spectacular on the leg-side he is very forceful on the off and his placing ability is superb. With a variety of strokes which bear the stamp of the highest class, the Yuvaraj is a reliable field. The selectors have done wisely in bringing in the dare-devil Prince who can be safely depended upon to pull his weight in his test debut. Truly a chip of the old block!

J. Naoomal.

Naoomal is a stoic. Always reposeful, he opens as though for a Marathon race, content to wait and choose his ball without easily succumbing to temptation. Hobbs has appropriately called him a "great watcher," for he gets his nose over the ball and follows the dictum "take care of your wicket, runs will take care of themselves." A sound, defensive batsman with neat strokes, a brilliant cover-point, a successful "keeper" and a useful change bowler, Naoomal is a fine all-rounder. As India's ideal No. 1 bat he has never let his side down. By a strange disposition of luck he did not strike form so as to be chosen for the first test. Nevertheless, he has played well in the second, and confounded the critics. Will he succeed at Madras?

V. M. Merchant.

For cold perfection in straight bat method Vijay Merchant has few equals in the country. He failed unaccountably in the test trials and it was generally thought that he would be "out of it." As luck would have it, he played brilliantly against the M. C. C. in Bombay and chose himself. He was still considered a "dark horse" though there was no longer room for such doubt. He got into his stride at once and is perhaps the only man in the test side who has done well consistently. He neither over-rates nor under estimates the M. C. C. attack—he simply plays confidently and takes his toll. Jardine is said to have heaved a sigh of relief when Merchant was dismissed in the second test. It is creditable to have put Jardine in that position. What is more, Merchant has proved that with a few more men like him, the tables could have been turned on the M. C. C. But that he is a somewhat indifferent field at times, Merchant is an asset.

Amarnath.

It is a big thing to jump from college cricket to the Indian test side, but Amarnath, the 'Kapurthala Kid' did it all right. He was "ducked in his first outing against the tourists," but later he played so well that he

walked into the test team. Not satisfied with his first century off the tourists at Amritsar, he scored a brilliant 118 in his test debut, a proud record. Big things were expected of this nineteen-year-old lad at Calcutta, but he woefully failed for 0 and 9. Since the first test his play has been most disappointing. The run of "ducks", which this youngster has been experiencing provokes the inquiry if it is the natural reaction of his meteoric rise. If, however, the "babe" is to justify the confidence placed in him, he ought to exercise slightly more care than he has apparently been doing of late.

Dilawar Hussein.

That burly character behind the stumps with those colossal pads refuses peace to the man at the crease and laughs at the fierce deliveries which come shooting like rockets. By no means a smarter stumper than Navle, Dilawar Hussein, the test wicket-keeper for India, thoroughly justified his inclusion in the Calcutta test; he was the top scorer in both the innings. Though he was ruthlessly barracked, hit on the head by a sharp bumper and had a torn nail, he incontinently trounced the M. C. C. bowlers. His is not the straight orthodox method. Good stance, elegant strokes and short runs may not be his forte. But "what's he care as long as he score?"

Amar Singh

Amar Singh belongs to a class by himself. Quite as fast as Clark *minus* his run of "no balls," his unerring accuracy, length and knowledge of batsmen and wickets have made him a front rank bowler. To keep one end in a test match, bowl nearly 56 overs, concede just over one hundred runs and bag five wickets is no mean thing. His endurance is unique. He can send down good length stuff without losing the sting for days if needed. In short he is a bowling machine relieved by capital intelligence. A merry but not a sound bat with a penchant for big hits, Amar Singh has a contempt for paltry scores. If he is not bowled the first ball you can see him in the region of fifty. An interesting episode about him is worth narrating. Once he made a mighty swipe and a thunderous noise resulted, moving the spectators to visions of a boundary. Amar Singh himself started running and not until he had completed the second run did he awaken to the surprise of his life: the off stump lay flat and the semaphore hand was up.

TO A CRICKET MATCH—(Continued from page 6)

Although I had not played much cricket I had read about the theoretical side of it. All the literature I had read about cricket rushed up and here was an opportunity for me to ruminate over what Charles Dickens had written about this glorious game. As I looked at the moving white figures the high philosophy of the game was brought home to me. Suddenly I realised that the game had stopped. All eyes were on me, or so I imagined. The batsman waved his bat at me. I confess I could not claim his acquaintance. I looked back to see if there was anybody known to him whom he was greeting. There was not a soul. A thousand thoughts rose within me. Are they taking me for somebody else? Perhaps they are short of players and are requisitioning my services. In

Mohamed Nissar.

The tall well-built man who runs towards you in a threatening fashion as if determined to see the last of you and sends down a lightning snorter is Mohamed Nissar, India's fastest bowler. To dislodge a bail silently is sad enough—to shatter a man's wicket and send a stump flying is overwhelming. Nissar has many outstanding performances to his credit. He is at times a useful bat also; he has made several scores including six centuries. But it is not as a bat he has entered the team—so he can be excused if he fails to connect when trying a big hit and gets bowled in the bargain. In a recent match Nissar lashed the M. C. C. bowlers right and left, the fielders ran for their lives but the ball went where the batsman himself least expected it to go. As a fielder, well, "the mountain will have to come to Mahomed." When all is said and done, Nissar is a bowler of remarkable talent—a real find.

Nazir Ali.

A forceful bat, Nazir Ali takes great delight in every stroke he makes. He is never in two minds. When in an aggressive mood, he demoralises the attack and his hard ground shots beat the smartest field by sheer pace. Tall scoring is not out of his line. A high class medium-fast right-hand bowler, he has taken ten wickets three times for the Indian Gymkhana in London and also enjoys the distinction of being the first and only Indian to capture Don Bradman's wicket. A seasoned all-rounder.

C. S. Naidu.

Coming of a family of cricketers, young C. S. Naidu has a bright future. Nimble and alert, he is a brilliant field and did not disappoint the selectors. He proved an ideal No 8 bat though he went in to strengthen the bowling.

C. S. does bowl well at times. That he puts a lot of spin often and produces a "googly" now and then does not necessarily mean superlative merit. According to his mother, however, C. S. is the 'best bowler in the country to-day.' He is bound to become one in future, but at present his lack of experience is somewhat noticeable. But still C. S. is very intelligent and on a matting wicket has few rivals.

which case how am I to conceal my ignorance and how to get my favourite umpire? It all seemed absurd. Mustering all the courage I could, I waved back acknowledging their greetings. Something told me however that all was not well. I saw the whole crowd numbering a couple of thousands looking at me. Well, why should they? I grew nervous and had the shock of my life when a few players rushed at me with angry looks. I stood still and a minute later the scripture came into my thoughts: "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I shall deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." "You, there! Get out of the screen! How is the batsman to play?" said one of the players and I realised that I had been making an ass of myself.

That day, I died a thousand deaths.

THE FACULTY OF CRICKET.

RAJARAM



Master Dwajastamba Scoring.

THE whole thing began, as usual, with a 'letter to the Editor.' A retired Professor of a Madras college, a cricket enthusiast all his life, "invited" the attention of the public to the growing importance of cricket in India as an ethical, social, and athletic necessity, and "humbly" asked if it was not high time the University instituted a "Faculty of Cricket" and gave its official imprimatur to its popularity. Letters then came in their dozens, revealing all possible angularities of opinion. The Editor of the paper wrote a leading article, with a careful sprinkling of Latin, and a characteristic conclusion that quite defied understanding. The Cricket Clubs hummed with excitement; prominent cricketers gave uncompromising interviews; Mr. Jardine considered it a "dangerous innovation;" the Senate discussed the matter and referred it to the Academic Council; and the Academic Council referred it to a Select Committee; the Select Committee co-opted Naidu, Wazir Ali and the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram as 'experts' and a 'report' was published. With fortythree amendments the Academic Council passed it; and with eighteen further amendments the Senate accepted it. Everything was made easy, and from 1935-36 the new Faculty came to function. The newspapers, with a sigh of relief, passed on to discuss other problems—notably the Genius Circumlocution Scheme of the Education Department.

His Excellency the Governor and Chancellor of the University (a former Kent and England Test Cricketer) was elected Dean of the Faculty. Other members included Prof. C. K. K. Pillai, Rao Bahadur S. Varadachariar, 'Bill' Hitch, M. J. Gopalan, P. E. Palia, and

X. Y. Kenworthy. To begin with, only the M. A. course was started under the auspices of the University. 'Bill' Hitch was head of the Department and he was assisted from time to time by international players, as and when they passed Madras. The Board of Studies in Cricket decided that the final M. A. Examination should consist of three parts: viz. Theory, Practical and Viva Voce. All graduates of the University were eligible for admission to the Course, and they had to attend 185 lectures, 85 demonstrations, and personally take part in 35 matches within the two years of the course.

The Theory papers were to be four in number: 'History of Cricket', 'Batting and Bowling', 'Fielding and Captaincy' and 'Essay.' In the 'Practical' there was to be a match in which the Examiners on the one part and the Examinees on the other should engage in a three-day match. The minimum for pass was 10 runs and one wicket; 50 runs and five wickets would qualify a candidate for a second class; a century (in either innings) or a bag of ten wickets (in both innings included) would give a first class. In the viva voce any question might be asked, and must be answered properly.

On March 10th 1938, the first M. A. degree examination in Cricket began.

The Theory paper setters were all in England: Jack Hobbs was the Chairman and the other members were James Langridge, Maurice Tate and Nevil Cardus. In the essay paper, the candidates were asked to write an essay in three hours on one of the following subjects:—

1. The Ethics and Aesthetics of Stone-walling,
2. The Ideal Wicket-keeper,
3. Cricket in Modern Literature,
4. Statistical Accuracy in evaluating authentic Cricket talent,
5. The Future of Cricket.

The paper on the History of Cricket was pronounced rather difficult by most of the candidates. Here are some of the questions:

1. Discuss the part played by the Hambledon Club in the progress of Cricket.
3. Write short notes on ten important cricketers of England who flourished in the Victorian era.
7. Trace the history of Cricket in Madras from the turn of the present century to our own day.
8. "Bombay is the Mecca of Indian Cricket." Discuss.
9. What is your opinion of the tactics adopted by the M. C. C. Captain in the 1932-33 tour in Australia. Do you think Bradman then made a better batsman than ever before, in spite of his poorer scores?
11. Assess the importance to the progress of the game of the following players: William Ward, Aylward, W. G., Lumpy, Collins, Ranji, Grimmett, and Archie Jackson.

No doubt the really 'tough' papers were the remaining two. shall quote them in full.

M. A. EXAMINATION IN CRICKET.

Paper III. Batting & Bowling.

N. B. Diagrams must be given wherever possible.

- I. How will you play at a ball pitching rather short of a length on the off-side of the wicket?
- II. How will you stop a length ball straight to the wicket? How do Major Naidu and Jai accomplish this?
- III. Do you think there is any distinction between leg-theory bowling and body-line bowling? How was this perfected by Larwood and how did Bradman master it?
- IV. Give three ways of playing a ball that pitches on the inside of the leg-stump and never leaves the ground.
- V. Discuss the appropriateness of the following piece of advice:
"Ye bowlers, take heed, to my precepts attend,
On you the whole fate of the game must depend,
Spare your vigours at first, now exert all your strength,
But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length."
VI. Account for the paralysis on the minds of English cricketers produced by Grimmett during his English tour.
- VII. Write a note on 'The limits of blocking the ball.'

Paper IV. Fielding and Captaincy.

N. B. Examples, scores, and diagrams should be given at all times.

- I. Which among the following positions would you give (a) a shortish man and (b) a very tall man:—
(1) Long field.
(2) Short slip.
(3) Silly point.
Give exhaustive reasons.
- II. What are the qualifications of a wicket-keeper?
- III. Who makes a better Captain: the professional or the amateur?
- IV. Emphasise the importance of the following positions:
(1) Long (deep).
(2) Long field to cover the middle wicket and point.
(3) Long slip.
- V. "If you bring forward a fast bowler as a change, contrive, if fortune so favour you, that he shall bowl his first ball when a cloud is passing over because as this trifling circumstance frequently affects the sight of the striker, you may thereby stand a good chance of getting him out." Discuss the utility and morality of the above procedure.
- VI. Arrange the following captains in order of their competence, and append a commentary of reasons: Woodfull, Chapman, Jardine, Naidu, Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram, and Valentine.
- VII. "It is best a Captain is not quite brilliant." Criticise or substantiate this statement.
- VIII. Mention some sensational 'catches' of recent months in International Cricket.

By an odd chance only eleven candidates appeared for the examination in the first year. The practical examination was held in the Madras M. C. C. grounds on March 20th, 21st and 22nd. The Examiners' XI met the Examinees' XI respectively led by Prof. Tanguie and Master Ramasami. The result was a draw. Master Dwajasthamba made 122 (not out) in the first innings, and Master Komalee took five wickets for six runs and six wickets for seven runs respectively in the two innings. The Examiners were evenly mediocre, and neither got ducks nor did any score over 25 runs or an average of 1 wicket for 30 runs.

Then came the Viva Voce. There were sharp encounters between some of the examiners and the

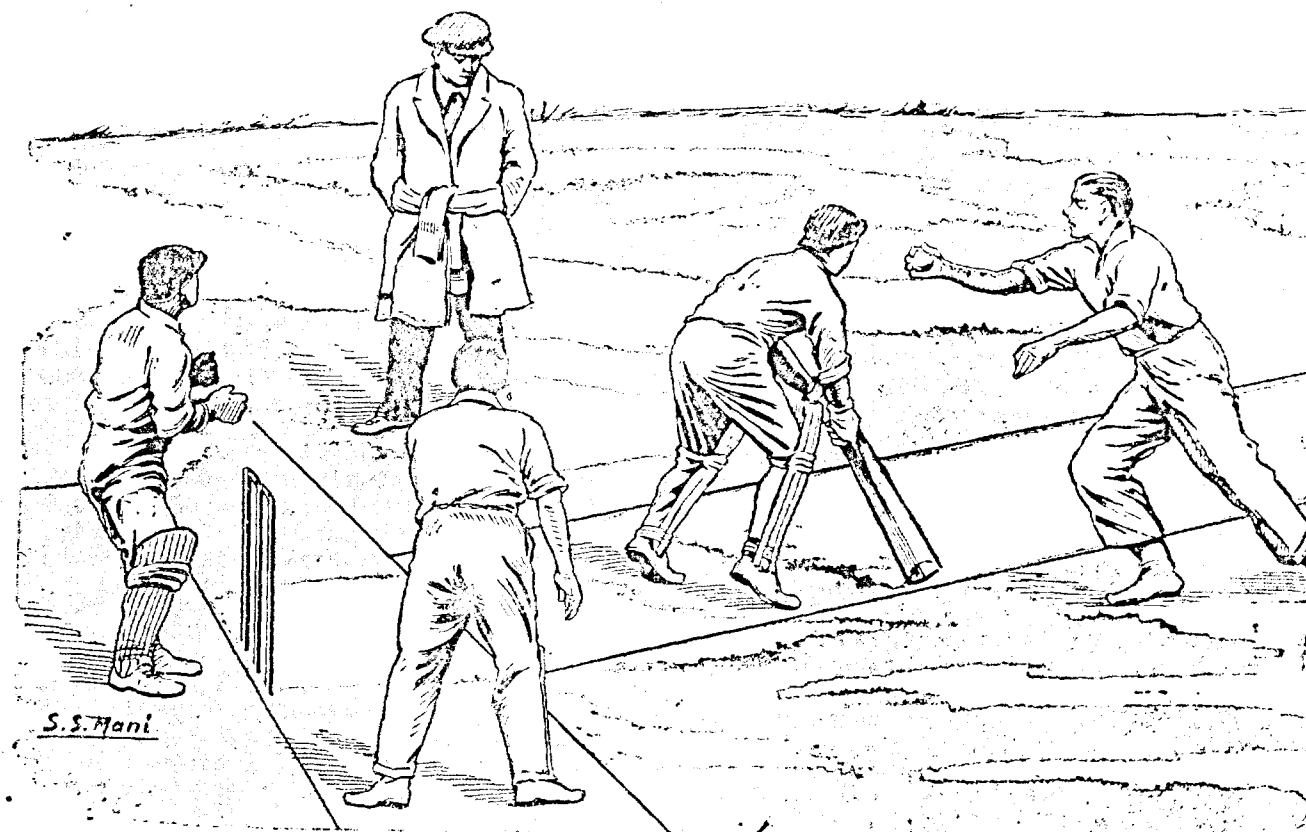
candidates. For instance, when the Chairman, Mr. Kittappa, asked Master Ramswamy, "How not to play to stop a ball dropped short of a length, and which rises as high as the bail?", the fellow promptly answered: "The way you played so often during the practical match." Mr. Kittappa was sorely wounded. Another member asked Master Sundaram: "Do you think old age impairs a cricketer's powers of movement?" Sundaram answered: "Oh yes: not only powers of movement but even elementary common sense. It was all evident in the play of the Examiners' XI."

At last, the results were announced. Three were placed in the first class, 6 in the second class, 1 passed and 1 failed. Ramaswami got the Patiala Medal for Able Captaincy. Dwajasthamba got the Willingdon Medal for Quick Scoring and Komalee was awarded the Beatrix Stanley Scholarship to prosecute higher studies in Cricket in England under Nichols and Walters.

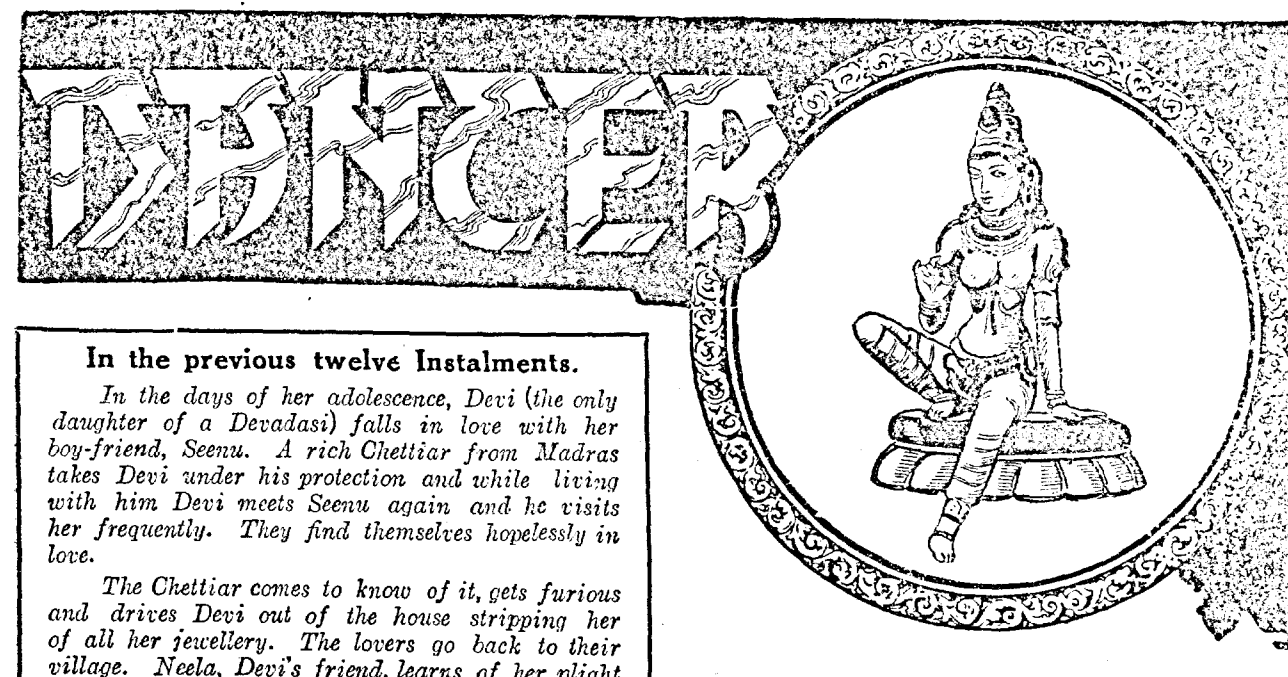
The annual Convocation Address was, fittingly enough, delivered by the Maharaja of Porbander, who once captained an All-India Team in England, with great success. There was a paragraph in the inspiring address on 'cricket' which we reproduce below:

".....And I make bold to say that your University has made history by instituting a special Faculty of Cricket, and thus stealing a march over England and Australia, the great umbral and penumbral homes of Cricket. When I see around me the lucky ten who have just now received at the hands of His Excellency the Chancellor, the M. A. diplomas in Cricket, my heart runs to them for sheer joy. I have thought and felt and sworn that Cricket is no mere game like Hockey or Foot-ball, but a wholesome attitude to life, a rich philosophy of action and adventure, an intensive intellectual study that makes humanities chime with harmony and exhilaration with athletics, yea! a new branch of learning that is like gymnastics fused with music. That this University has taken this wise lead in giving Cricket an honourable academic status speaks volumes and libraries to the intuitive perceptions of the educationists of this province. I congratulate you all from the unfathomable recesses of my heart....."

(In some Western countries, there are Ministers of Fine Arts and Ministers of Sports. We are not yet advanced enough for that, so why not a Faculty of Cricket.)
—Editor.



..... An Examiner stopping a short pitched, rising ball.....



In the previous twelve Instalments.

In the days of her adolescence, Devi (the only daughter of a Devadasi) falls in love with her boy-friend, Seenu. A rich Chettiar from Madras takes Devi under his protection and while living with him Devi meets Seenu again and he visits her frequently. They find themselves hopelessly in love.

The Chettiar comes to know of it, gets furious and drives Devi out of the house stripping her of all her jewellery. The lovers go back to their village. Neela, Devi's friend, learns of her plight and takes charge of her. She tells Seenu that the claims of whoever is able to find Rs. 5,000 for Devi immediately, would be considered favourably. Seenu returns to Madras disgusted with life and determines to end it by cutting his throat. Meanwhile, Neela opens up negotiations with the Zamindar of Valavanur who was at one time interested in Devi.

Seenu, reads a report in a newspaper about a windfall on the race-course to a Beedi-roller by profession and resolves to try his luck also on the race-course. Strangely enough he gets Rs. 7,000 on a two-rupee investment.

Story By Devan
Pictures by Sekar.

SEENU PUTS PAID TO THE ZAMINDAR'S ACCOUNT

"You must look your very best to-day, Deva! The Zamindar is coming!"

"I hate him and I wish there was some other way!"

"Now, do be sensible, my dear! How can you judge of a man whom you haven't even seen?"

"I saw him once, in the temple, when mother was alive. One look at him was enough! Ugh!"

"My dear, dear, girl! You were young then, your mother was bringing you up like a prude and naturally you didn't like him then. I wish you would erase from your mind any prejudices you might have formed against the man. You know very well the present position. I am not trying to force the man on you. Let us receive him and be pleasant to him. I promise you that I will not definitely commit myself to any one particular course of action. After seeing him, if you still feel you cannot tolerate him, we will think of some other way out. Is that agreed?"

"Quite, Neela, and you are a gem!"

"Uncut!" snapped Neela and pinched her friend's cheek.

As the day passed, the girls were all agog with excitement. Sattai was kept busy, running hither and thither. Neela took great pains in dressing Deva and drilled her like a Sergeant-Major. "Walk!" "Sit!" "Stand!" "Smile!" "Not that way! You look as if you have had a dose of country castor-oil. No! You are grinning like a baboon! A sweet, sunny smile! Like this! and when you smile, look at



the man with the corner of your eyes like this, head slightly bent down!"

Deva couldn't repress the fit of laughter which was choking her. "I can't act, Neela," said she.

"Oh, you can't, can't you? What about the *Bhava* in your *Natyam*?"

"That is different."

"How, may I ask?"

"I can't explain, but, when I sing and dance they come so naturally. You know that song, 'This isn't the house of the girl you visited yester-night.' Well, if you ask me to sing that song in his presence to-day, you can see how much of anger and scorn I could put into those words."

"Thank you! I won't ask you to sing nor shall you sing even if he asks you. Give me some time to dress."

Neela was a good-looker. But for an emaciated pale face, she would have attracted attention even in a bevy of beautiful girls. "How do I look?" asked Neela, her hands on her hips.

"Lovely!" said Deva and added, "If you would only put on a little more flesh, Neela, you would be the most beautiful woman in Devipatam!"

"Let us fix this Zamindar first. Only money can improve my health. Let us therefore first get hold of the money."

"Is he very rich?"

"Who? The Zamindar? Oh, yes! Let's land him. Then you can see for yourself how clever your Neela is at gold-digging."

Sattai burst on them, hot and excited and gasping for breath. "The Zamindar!" said he in a hoarse whisper.

"Where?"

"He is coming here in a double-bullock cart!"

"You go away, Sattai, and leave us alone! Now then, Deva, get into that room and don't show yourself till I call for you."

Sattai and Deva scampered away. Neela sat cross-legged on the carpet and taking a fan, gently swayed it to and fro, looking shyly at the door.

A man entered and looked all round the place. "I am a servant of the Zamindar. He wants to know if he may come in."

"Certainly: ask him to come in," said Neela.

The Zamindar walked in swaggering. Neela rose, joined her hands and bent low. The Zamindar sat on the carpet and cleared his throat.

"You are Neela, aren't you? I have heard all about you. Now, what's the matter with this girl from Madras—What's her name?"

"Deva."

"What a name! Now, what's exactly the matter with her?"

"Nothing. She is hale and hearty."

"I mean, why did she come back to Devipatam?"

"It is the usual story. Gentlemen in the City tire so easily and the girl wasn't trained enough to hold her man."

"Sit down! Where is she?"



.....stood still like a statue

"She isn't dressed yet."

"Sit down I say! Why do you keep standing?"

"May I sit down?"

"Certainly. Don't be so formal."

Neela threw him one of her well-trained smiles, gathered together the folds of her saree and sat demurely, facing him.

"The girl has no relations?"

"None."

"How are you interested in her?"

"Haven't you heard about it?" Neela deliberately closed the door of the room in which Deva was listening to their conversation.

"I mean, do you expect to make any money out of this?" asked the Zamindar. "I was told you had no permanent engagements."

"Need we now go into the details, when you haven't even seen her?"

"I saw her once in the temple; now, of course she must have grown."

"The growth, Sir, has been all to her advantage."

"What a story! Who told you this one?"

"A friend at a club in Madras."

"My Naidu used to tell me that some of the tallest of tall stories could be heard only in clubs in Madras. But, let us leave fiction aside and come down to facts. She must be ready by now. I don't want to discuss any of the details in her presence: she is so sensitive. It is true that to-day she hasn't a single copper coin. I want Rs. 5,000 cash down for her."

"Five thousand Rupees!"

"Yes: Five thousand Rupees. To buy her jewellery and clothing to start with. The rest is a matter of adjustment."

"I think I'll be going."

"Please take some *Pan* and betel. And if you are going this way any other time, remember me and drop in."

"But look here! Why do you want 5,000 Rupees cash?"

"I told you already. I have to buy her everything down to a nose-screw."

"But, surely, you don't expect a man like me to keep a girl, unadorned? I'll look to all that!"

"Excuse me, but I am very particular on this point."

"In other words, you want me to go."

"No no, not at all," smiled Neela mischievously. "On the other hand, I will be the proudest of Dasis in Devipatam if I could keep you here."

"What do you mean?"

"Now that Deva has been considered by you above your means, I was wondering what other attraction could keep you here?"

"You aren't so bad, after all, you know!"

"If that is a compliment, I am properly grateful."

"Come near," whispered the Zamindar.

Neela feigning extreme shyness, moved closer to him. "500 Rupees for you," the Zamindar whispered. "I'll look after the girl and treat her decently. Say 'Yes.'"

"Nothing doing—thank you!" said Neela smiling archly at him.

"Seven-fifty," said the Zamindar.

Neela shook her head vigorously.

"All right—a Thousand!" said the Zamindar and caught Neela's hand.

Gently, yet firmly, Neela took away his hand and laid it on his lap.



before the Zamindar.....

You liked her then. You will like her now more than ever."

"How do you know?"

"I know. That's all that matters."

"I also know one or two things. Do you know of a Brahmin boy on whom this girl of yours was sweet in her younger days?"

"And what else?"

".....and that the affair went on even when your girl was in Madras. As a matter of fact, it was this secret *liaison* that made the Chettiar kick your girl out of his house."

"Sir," said she melodramatically. "Your touch has thrilled every fibre in this frail frame. I am honoured. My gratitude knows no bounds and as a small token of my gratitude, let me show you the priceless treasure about whose price you would feign bid like a bidder at an auction!"

She went and opened the door of the room. "Are you ready, Deva dear? The Zamindar has been waiting."

But Deva wouldn't come out. She beckoned to Neela who had to go inside the room.

"What's happened?" asked Deva in a whisper.

"What could happen? Come out and let the man see you."

"You have been talking to him so long! What did he say?"

"Come on dear! I'll tell you everything later."

Very timidly and shyly Deva came out of the room followed by Neela. Without any trace of emotion on her face, Deva stood still like a statue before the Zamindar. His eyes narrowed and his hands gripped the cushion on which he was leaning. Neela watched Deva closely and then turned to the Zamindar.

"Sit down both of you," said the Zamindar and added turning to Neela, "you are right. She has grown and as you said, it is all to her advantage."

"May I therefore assume," asked Neela smiling, "that you are not going to bargain."

"I think I must revise my opinion in the matter. In any case, the figure you mentioned is entirely out of the question."

Neela reached for the betel-nut plate. "Deva, dear, give the Zamindar betel and nut."

"No, no!" interrupted the Zamindar. "The proper thing would be for me to give her betel and nut as an earnest of my intention to maintain and protect her."

"Very well then: why don't you do so?" asked Neela.

"I want to do so and that's why I am here. But you laid down certain conditions..."

"Only one if you please," corrected Neela.

"Couldn't you possibly revise it?"

"I can't. I have already requested you not to discuss the details in her presence. See, how it hurts her!"

"Why doesn't she speak?" asked the Zamindar.

"Why don't you say something?" asked Neela of Deva.

Deva smiled, a sick, wan smile. "You do all the talking, Neela. What am I expected to say?"

"Something like this: 'Welcome to this humble cottage, my lord and master! I have been pining for you for ages: a moment without you looks like an eternity. I fall at thy lotus feet! Help me, protect me and if you can, love me!'"

Deva and the Zamindar burst into laughter at this burlesque of a speech.

"And what am I expected to say?" asked the Zamindar of Neela.

"Oh you? You will say something like this 'Relentless ravisher of my heart and fortunes! Your beauty intoxicates me! Your eyes are limpid pools, your lips chiselled coral, and a string of pearls are your teeth! The swan bends its head in shame at the grace of your movements: the cuckoo competes with your voice and the gazelle with your eyes! Ah, me! How I have lived for this day to hear your sweet voice which is music unto my soul! Come near, my darling and whisper into my ears how much you love me.'"

The toot of a motor-horn outside and the grinding of brakes was followed by Seenu bursting on them, covered with dust, hot and excited.

Deva rose up with a startled cry: Neela looked at Seenu with amusement and the Zamindar was annoyed.

"What's going on here?" asked Seenu, sensing something untoward.

"Who the devil are you?" asked the Zamindar angrily. Neela poured oil over troubled waters. "Get into that room, Deva, and wait for me there," she said, gently pushing Deva away and then she turned to Seenu.

"Well?"

"I would rather talk to you alone."

Neela turned to the Zamindar, "This gentleman is known to me. Will you excuse me for a moment? I expect he has some important news for me."

"Alright! Do you want me to wait?"

"Please! Only for a moment!"

Neela beckoned to Seenu and they both went in into another room.

The Zamindar sat for a minute wondering who the intruder could be. Then he called out: "I say Deva! Come out of that room here. He has gone!"

As there was no response to his call, he rose and went near the room and peered into it. He found Deva, lying on a bed and sobbing. He went inside and gently patting her said: "There, there! Please don't cry so! It all comes out of trying to put through a deal through a third party. Don't get disheartened! I'll take you and protect you all your life. Don't listen to that Neela woman. She wants to make money out of you. Now, dry your tears, get up and seal our contract with a kiss."

He was about to catch her by the shoulders and lift her, when Seenu's voice rang out like a thunderclap behind him:

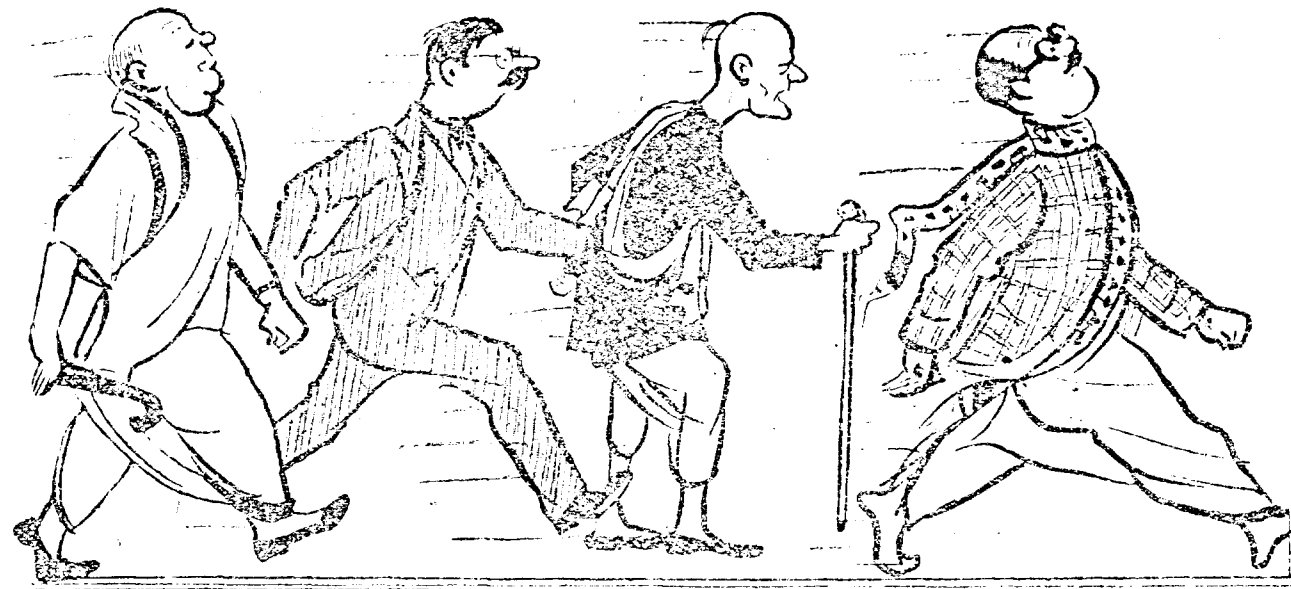
"Take your hands off her, you scum!"

"Yes: please do," pleaded Neela sweetly. "He has paid Rs. 5,000/- for her!"

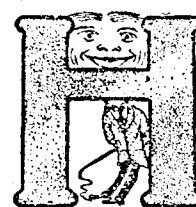
Before the astonished eyes of the Zamindar, the inert form of Deva suddenly sprang into activity and gathering momentum rushed to Seenu and hugging him, bestowed on him, a resounding smack of a kiss.

MYSELF

NERA



Walking does show the character of the walker.



HAVE you heard this one before? What is the difference between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man walking? The answer is this. The Oxford man walks as if the whole world belonged to him; the Cambridge man walks as if he did not care to whom the world belonged.

There is something after all in this walking business. Walking does show the character of the walker. Nothing interests me more than to sit quietly near an open promenade and watch people walking and try to guess by their style of walking, their tendencies, their occupation, and their character. Sort of Sherlock Holmes-ing, you know. There is the slow and measured walk of the great man well past his middle age, content with himself and the rest of the world; there is the quick and uneven walk of the restless man of ideas and actions. Here is the gentle, faltering walk of the old man who can only look inwardly on his past life: there is the sharp, hurried walk of the nervous man trying to catch up with himself. Here is the strut of the self-conscious man of fashion; there is the steady trudge of the physical culturist. Here is the wobbling gait of the man who tries in vain to see his own toes, another who turns in his feet and swings his arms across his front crossways, yet another who turns his feet outwards in unconscious imitation of Charlie Chaplin. There goes a man pinching and squeezing his waist with his hands as if he felt something inside him might get undone. Here is another who walks like an agitated sparrow.

It is even more interesting to watch groups of people walking together. Why is it that some people always, and subconsciously, walk in step when in company, with a close, steady, rhythmic fall of feet; while others can

never walk in step with others but are either too fast or too slow or too far apart? Does it indicate differences in individual, nay even national, character and mental make-up? If one cannot even walk in step with a companion, how can one act in co-operation with another in the greater things of life? I do believe that people haven't paid sufficient regard to walking, its theory and practice. There is the 'safety first' pedestrian point of view, an increasingly important one at the present day with all the mechanical devices to prevent walking. There is the 'health first' physical culturist point of view which regards walking as the panacea for all ills that flesh is heir to. There is the 'character indication' point of view that I have sketched above. Undoubtedly there is great and growing need for a Society for the Protection and Encouragement of Pedestrians (S. P. E. P.).

But to get back to my first observation, and apply the idea in a somewhat different way, it looks to me that when we are young we have very much the *world-owning* mentality; when we are old we have very much the *world-disowning* mentality.

As young boys I well remember that we took great exception to the often repeated but wholly incorrect maxim that children should be seen and not heard. Well, why only seen and not heard? Why not seen and heard? At any rate we fully believed and acted upon the idea that children should be seen *and* heard. We couldn't see the necessity for this world to exist, if it were not created for our special benefit and pleasure. If we couldn't own this world, well, who else could? Look at the way the elders, who think that *they* own this world, have managed its affairs or rather mismanaged them.

What have we got after years and years of management of this world? Everybody who has got

nothing wants something. Everybody who has got something wants some other thing. Nobody is satisfied with anything he has. No one wants to be himself. Every one wants to be some other person. It is a hopeless world of misfits. It is time that either women, or better still, children took their hand at this world-managing business.

We as youngsters had better ideas of how to manage this world. A number of us formed a society for the reformation and amelioration of this world and called it the Boys' Own Society. Our motto was—The World for the Boys and the Boys for the World. Of course, we wanted a world without the elders. But we couldn't help the elders being in this world. However, in our opinion, that was all they were entitled to, to be in this world. They could also supply us with money.

We had weekly debates on the really important things of this world, e.g., tiffin is a necessary item in daily life, a mixed diet is more beneficial than a monodiet, ten cigarettes a day are better than none, and so on. We were keen on games, football and cricket being the favourite ones. But when funds fell short—and they did fall short frequently even in those pre-retranchment days—we were content with playing leap-frog or hide and seek. We carried on our correspondence in code. The method employed, as far as I remember, was as follows. The letters of the alphabet were represented diagrammatically thus: a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z. Each letter was represented by a sign, e.g., a by a circle, b by a triangle, c by a square, and so on. In order to write a word, the signs for each letter were put together in the order in which the letters occurred in the word. Thus, the word "cat" would be represented by a circle, a triangle, and a square. The signs for each letter were also used to represent numbers. Thus, 1 was represented by a circle, 2 by a triangle, and so on. This system was used for all our correspondence, and it was very convenient. We could write long letters without being discovered by the elders. It was a great help to us, and we were very proud of our code.

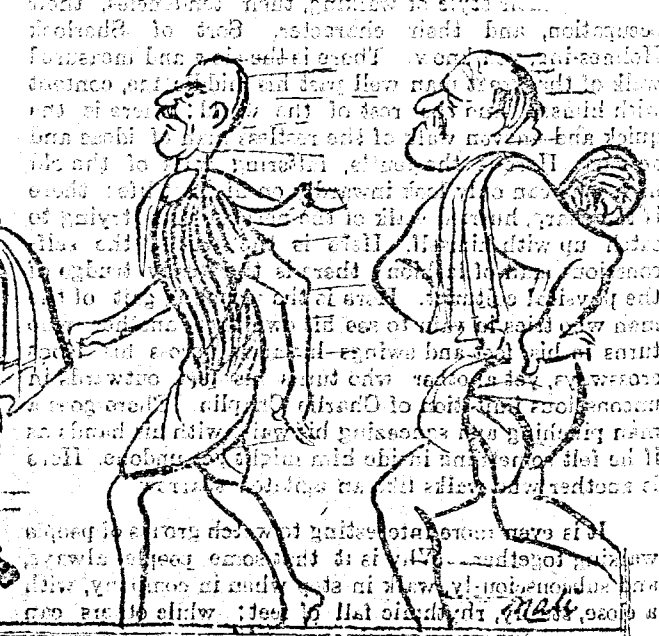


More Character—Or Characters?

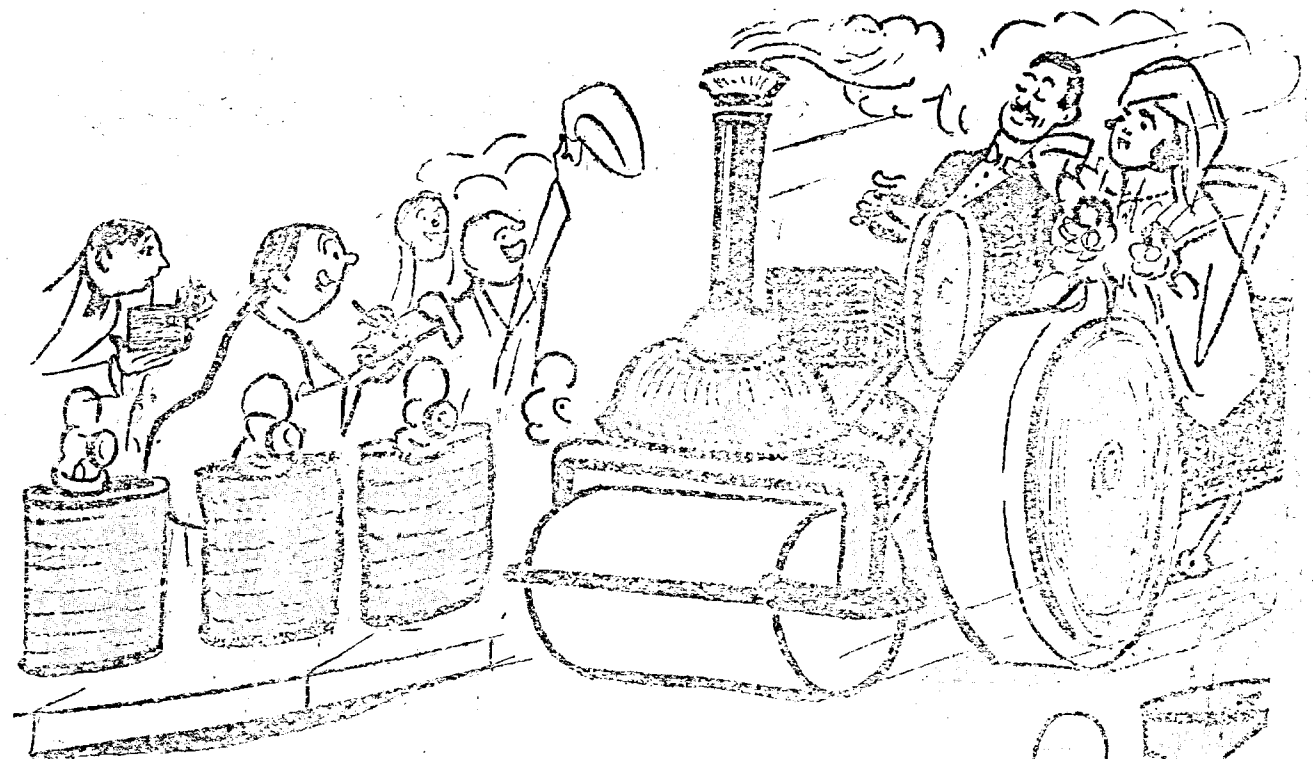
to mystify the elders we used to vary the order of the letters on a secretly agreed basis. In the world as arranged by the elders we had to attend school on week days. We hoped some day to be able to abolish the schools altogether. Meanwhile we had only Sundays left to devote to the real business of the world. Between one Sunday and another we had unfortunately to do some school work.

On Sundays however—eagerly looked for on other days—we left our house early in the morning. It was important we had to get outside the town before sunrise and before the elders were up and about. We met at the foot of a neighbouring hill. The hill was about one thousand feet high. We went up the hill and made a good breakfast of plantains and milk purchased locally. Then came the real business of the day—cooking our food. Each would have brought from his house his contribution to the general store of provisions and cooking vessels. Three to four hours would be spent in collecting firewood and preparing the various delicacies as only boys who camp out know how to. After a thoroughly well-earned and enjoyable lunch we would play cards till evening. Some would prefer to sing lustily, if somewhat inaccurately. Others would prefer just to lie down on the grass, metaphorically chewing the cud. Still others might roam about collecting botanical and geological specimens. The business meeting would close with biscuits and nice, hot, steaming cups of coffee. Fatigued with the labours of the day, we returned home, late in the evening, to rest and sleep.

We wanted, and each succeeding generation of youngsters will want, a world of such Sundays. But our elders thought otherwise. We too as we become elders think otherwise. Oh, the irony of it all! Why do people forget they were themselves youngsters at one time?



More Character—Or Characters?



Leaving the wedding in a steam-roller.

A MAN OF WEIGHT

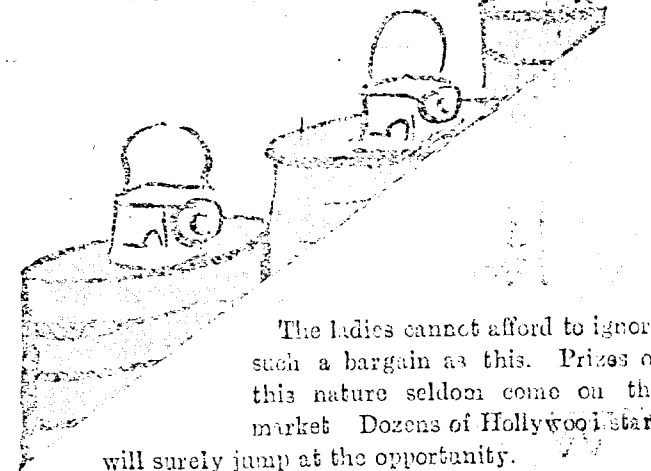
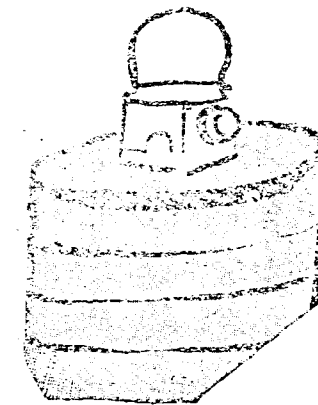
(LESLIE LATTER)

IT has given me great pleasure to read that a young man, advertising for a job as a steam-roller driver, offers to marry, if required.

His ingenuous overture manifests a frank and generous outlook on life's little problems, which bodes well for his future employers. Happy will be the Corporation whose roads are flattened out under his supervision and loving care.

That the gentleman has stolen a march on the leap year aspirants to make such a proposal, shows a determination and foresight, which should penetrate the ruttiest of tracks and discover the most illusive of pot-holes. I can imagine him setting out on a two-mile trek from Madras with a spirit of adventure and a well-filled knapsack.

At the present moment, however, he will most probably be intensely immersed in business with the several secretaries, engaged to deal with his voluminous correspondence and to grade the passport photographs.



The ladies cannot afford to ignore such a bargain as this. Prizes of this nature seldom come on the market. Dozens of Hollywood stars will surely jump at the opportunity.

Consider the pleasure and publicity of a smiling couple, leaving the wedding ceremony in a nicely groomed steam-roller, down a path tastefully decorated with red lanterns and empty tar drums. What a delightful picture for the illustrated press, as they pass out of the compound with happiness imprinted on their faces and the best part of the gate on their spare wheel!

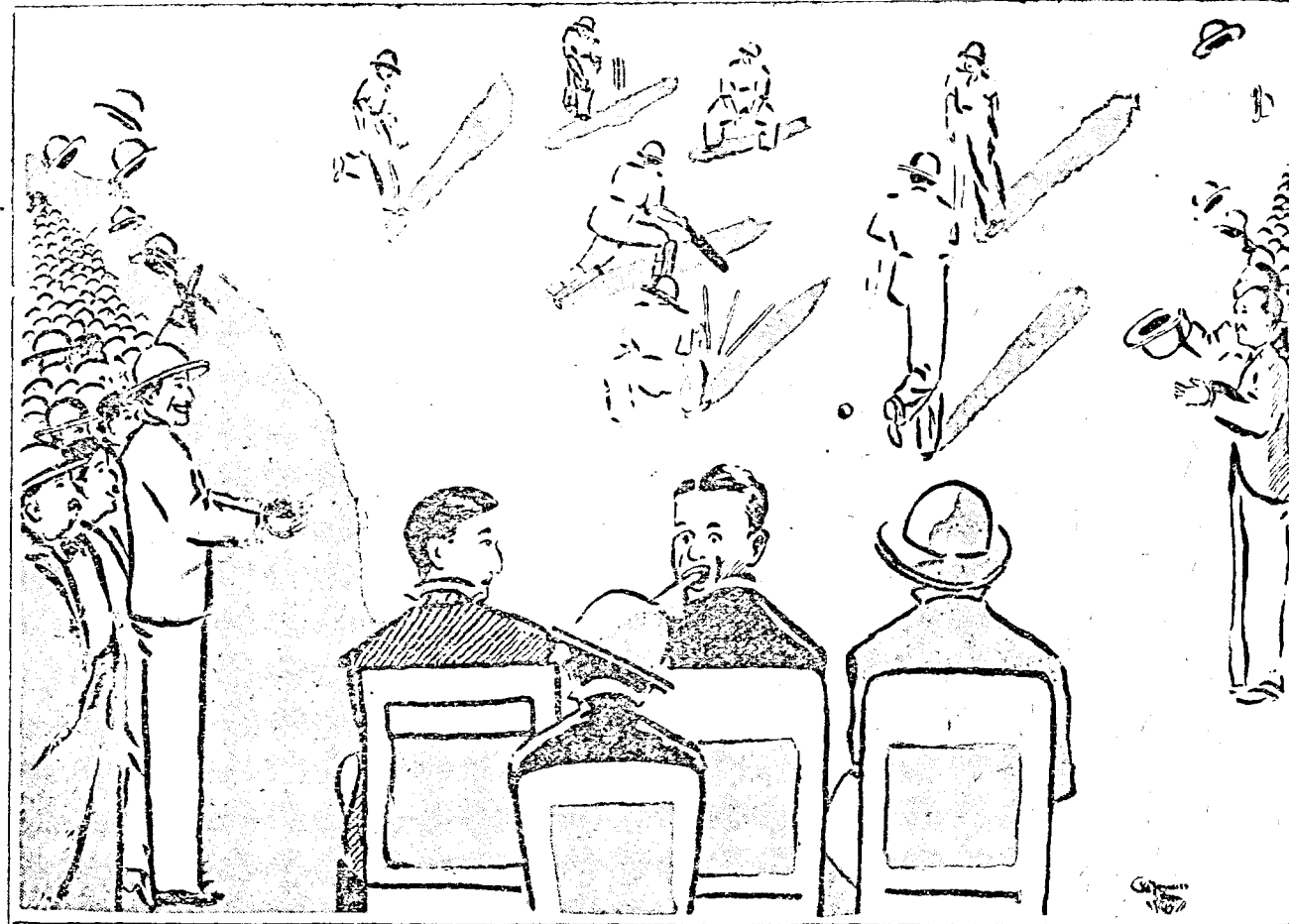
Snappy paragraphs would appear from day to day in the papers, as the bridal pair proceeded triumphantly on their honeymoon trip, stopping here and there to do an odd spot of rolling in return for a free pass to the pictures or a buckshee tin of metal polish.

Balloon-carts dashing round corners unexpectedly would report on the bridegroom's daring in leaving so

(Continued on page 22)

THE WAILS OF A CRICKET REPORTER

(T. K.)



Missed the moment when something really "happens" in cricket.

“WHO can fail to sympathise with the Lawn Tennis reporter in the limited scope he enjoys for picturesque description?” wails a writer, who sets forth how writers in Wimbledon have come to despair of ever seeing a century scored or a ball hit over the pavilion on to the top of a passing bus. A record of a tennis game is one dreary monotony of volleys, dropshots and never-ending baseline rallies, and one has to wait in vain for any equivalent of an offstump being knocked clean off the ground. For such exhilarating descriptions of details, it is said, the cricket reporter holds a relatively superior position in the field.

My first impressions of a cricket reporter also had been on the same lines. I had thought of his work in much the same glowing terms as the above writer would have one believe; but since taking that enviable job for a Daily in the city, my views have considerably changed. And if after reading this, your views do not agree with mine, well then, *you* are indeed born for the detestable job!

Reporting cricket is itself wretched, for one thing. One has got to be on the spot all the time, one's eyes skinned and glued to every turn of the bat and the ball. Like the unwanted guest, you have to put in a sort of "perpetual presence." This can, of course, be eliminated by resorting to a "post mortem" examination of the scoring-book the next day. But the latter method has its own limitations.

A report after this manner must obviously be lacking in any elaborate description of the game. There can be, for instance, no graphic description of the fieldsmen "who ran forty yards to hold the catch just above the ground," or the dazzling picture of the bowler "who jumped up and held a full-blooded drive one-handed." Flashy streamer headlines as "Studdy Saves Side," "Triplicane Tail Wags," "Heroic Stand by Hendry and Henley," "Foulham Force a Draw" etc. are not possible. One should always go by the statistical notes and deceive oneself into believing them to be a true index of merit. His is always the best display whose luck it has

been to score more runs than others. Again, this method will not do in the case of big games. The progress of big matches has to be detailed the same day so that the papers can be sold on the grounds where the match is being played and to the very persons who are witnessing the match. A day's delay may make all the difference in such cases and if the news is to have any "scoop value," the least delay has to be avoided. Obviously, hence, a cricket-writer cannot depend on the "post mortem" method.

The task of coming to the ground before the customary toss is no easy matter and has probably cost you your breakfast at home. I always sacrifice my morning meal on such occasions. And imagine one's agony, when, during the progress of the game, on turning a bit this side to return a greeting or on peeping into the Scorebook just to help your obtrusive co-reporter of a quarter-anna Tri-weekly out of a mistake, you hear a round of applause or a yell of shouting, and you learn to your mortification that you have missed one of those rare moments when something really "happens" in cricket. I missed Jagannathan's wonderful over this way. Runs a ditty, "What is all thy glory worth, If thou saw not me." Having missed the minute that was of importance, I, waiting, watching and scoring withal, felt as though I had wasted all the time. Another time, you miss a grand six hit by the eleventh man. He is the last man expected to make any runs for his side, and, reasonably enough, you take the receiver in your hands to phone your Sports Editor the final scores. And how annoying it is to hold on to the set hopelessly waiting for the blighter to get out and the whole office at the other end of the wires keeping on shouting "Hallo, hallo, the scores."

And what after all is the reputed freedom of the cricket writer? A descriptive report of a cricket match is always in this manner. One can but say "Johnstone had been playing for 34 minutes under 4 hours for his 97 runs and had in all hit 2 sixes, 1 five (all run) and 11 fours;" or that "Ganapathi bowled 46.2 overs of which 14 were maiden overs and bagged 3 wickets giving away 116 runs." If the occasion demands that one should be more critical, the above can be amplified thus, "At one stage, Ganapathi had taken 2 wickets in 9 overs conceding only 14 runs" or that "taking into account bad fielding, only 103 runs could be said to have been given away by him" or again, "of the 278 balls bowled by Ganapathi, 143 were maiden balls." A clever reporter in such times always speculates upon what would have been Ganapathi's analysis, had not three catches off his bowling been dropped, or

The Wails of a Cricket Reporter

had not Ward hit him for 3 sixes, twice off good balls. And then there is the rate of scoring by the batsmen, how Johnstons who entered 4 down raced Stephenson who opened the innings and as to who ultimately annexed the lead and how.

The language of Higher Cricket runs on much the same lines. When Hobbs is foolish enough to make a hundred in the Tests, one is told how it is Hobbs' 197th century of his "career," how it is his 14th in the "tests," and the 3rd of the 1933 Test "Series." If Hammond makes 455, we are told how by this, Hammond has aggregated the highest score of his "life" beating so many previous records (mentioning a few), and how thus Hammond has completed the 10,000th run of his career and the 1000th of the Season (4th time in succession). To know the highest scores made on a particular ground or against a particular side, to learn how many yards Colah's balls flew after Tate hit his stumps, and to think of these partnership records from one down to so many wickets, ugh, they are enough to make anyone mad.

I have been lately poring over the records of my old reports and the results of my observations were very pleasing to me. With me, reporting cricket had been reduced to a system. I had always made it a point that the actual report of a big cricket event should be preceded by the publication of some (vague) "Prospects of the Match" and followed by a few (more definite) "Lessons of the Game." But I confess my actual report of the match generally fell flat on the public. The public seemed to know just a bit more than I do!

My nephew knows nothing about cricket but is quite tantalising to my cricket sense. It may only be a pretence of being dense on his part; but on learning that "Pataudi, owing to a small misunderstanding with Wyatt, cut short his promising career," he exclaimed "Oh, the villain!" There is also the story of how he burst into tears on hearing somebody read aloud the evening's latest news which ran thus, "Sent cleverly disguised an ugly snorter, to which T. K. succumbed." His present task consists in putting me innumerable questions on grammar and diction and convincing me that current sporting phrases, like "Act of Suicide," "Career cut short," "Ward's Double Life," and "Well Played," cannot be said to be well expressed. There were grave risks of being misunderstood by anyone who reads them and is not conversant with cricket. A few cuttings that he showed me were also to the same purpose. Ran one notoriously thus:

away for good, and every time she finished a scene she was full of admiration for the brilliance of the man who was not only directing her, but playing the role of her lover as well.

Wallace Beery is Difficult.

Wallace Beery as a lover is very disconcerting, Fay Wray has found. She acted with him quite recently in "The Bowery," which is the first gigantic production made by the new Twentieth Century Company. Wally Beery has a trick of never learning the words the authors have given him to speak!

He looks at his part for a few minutes, gets hold of the sense of the scene, and then acts it in his own way, making up most of his lines as he goes along. Cues vanish, and he is very difficult to follow because no player knows exactly what he is going to say, or when they are expected to break in. In "The Bowery" he realised that his inability to learn his part made things quite difficult for Fay Wray during their love scenes.

"I'm sorry, Fay," he said to her one day, "but that's the only way I can act at all. If they make me learn a lot of fixed words I'd be too terrible for anything! I can only be natural this way—so try to keep

up with me, honey, will you, and I'll help you all I can."

Her Most Dangerous Lover.

Of all her lovers the most dangerous was "King Kong," whose fingers were made of rubber. They were fixed round her body, but after a time they would start to relax, and she thought that at any minute she would fall. The crew had to watch very carefully for this relaxing of the monster's rubber fingers, and the scene had to be stopped and re-started whenever it happened. Her flash-and-blood lover in the same film was young Bruce Cabot, who is intelligent and extremely good-looking. She enjoyed all her scenes with him perhaps because they were such a safe contrast to the embraces of the monster "King Kong" himself.

Fay Wray has a list of labels she likes to apply to the various stars who have been her screen husbands. Clive Brook is repressed; Jack Holt is intensely masculine and rather cruel; Richard Barthelmess is reliable and restful; Neil Hamilton is one of the most understanding and sympathetic of all actors; Phillips Holmes is charming, but a head-in-the-clouds dreamer; Richard Arlen is boyish and impulsive.

With such a list of romance-makers in her life, what girl could fail to be thrilled? —Answers.

FEBRUARY LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME

THE EDITOR OFFERS

Rs. 100

FOR 20 WINNING NUMBERS

20 numbers have been chosen at random and kept in a sealed envelope which will be opened on 1-3-34

So Keep Your Copy

ON CHILDREN AND PARENTS

PRAKASH



Kamakshi's usual splitting headache—the children administer comfort to her.

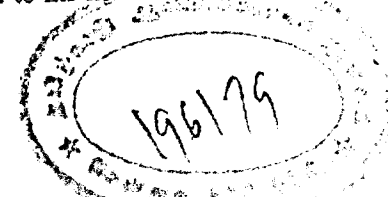
THE air is so full of the talk of birth-control that the time has come to write about children. After all, birth control enthusiasts are anxious to ensure the perpetuity of their race. There used to be a choleric old man in my village whose wife had to endure his constant exercise of abusive language. His favourite expletive was 'widow.' The wife asked him calmly once, "What will you dine on in the other world?"

Have you noticed the soft accents with which parents refer to their children? Whether these accents are always the truest in practical fulfilment is quite another matter, and difficult to determine. 'I was anxious to get really good oranges for the children,' 'the children must have fresh sea air,' 'the children must be protected from the mosquitoes,' 'the children must not starve on the long journey,' and so on and so on, the language is not unfamiliar to us. Most fathers want to be regarded as martyrs in the cause of the upbringing of their progeny. Yet there are philosophic fathers who entrust their children to the care of God only, and ensure uninterrupted peace for themselves. It happens that God, in the form of charitable relations and neighbours, generally performs the tedious job of washing and clothing and feeding them. Ganapathi Aiyer and his spouse Kamakshi Ammal are an enviable couple with eight children to their credit. They stand

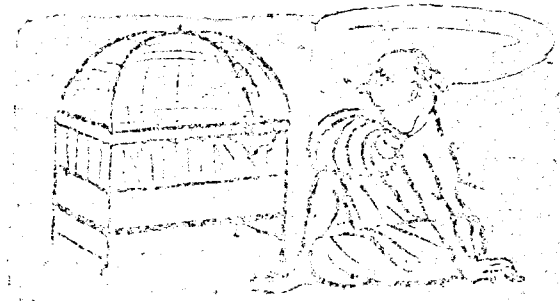
for the triumph of nature in its prolific aspect. People have a foolish notion that he who marries must be able to maintain his wife. Ganapathi allowed his instinct free play. It was in the long vacation of his first year at college that he and his young wife first came together. Kamakshi being in the family way was itself such an auspicious circumstance that the arranging for the confinement looked a trivial matter. A cousin of the third remove lived in the big town of Vaidyapuram, and he was too full of courtesy to refuse to receive Kamakshi in his home. Kamakshi made herself very comfortable in the cousin's home, and consented to the hospitable cousin's suggestion to continue in his house for a couple of months after the baby's birth. But I am afraid the



The four-year-old who climbed up window-slutters. cousin has not thought it fit to encourage the idea of Kamakshi's visit to his home for the birth of the next child.



If you look at Ganapathi's household and observe his children, the truth dawns at once upon your mind that children are an invaluable asset to the family.



The nights keep him often awake.

Dear reader, you are probably thinking of children as the support of their parents in old age. But Ganapathi's children demonstrate to you that children can be useful to parents almost from the time they are able to walk. When poor Kamakshi gets her usual spitting headache, it is a sight to see the children of varying ages administering comfort to her. When the mother falls ill, the children take over all her suffering upon themselves. The children are useful again in running errands, usually to borrow some one or other household necessity from the neighbouring houses—sugar, salt, dhal, ghee or oil. The great advantage in this is, as Ganapathi puts it, that the children develop pluck of a remarkable kind. You may easily imagine the faces of reluctance which neighbours put on when fresh coffee powder or fragrant ghee is asked for as a loan. The children take this resignedly and concentrate on the one great end of carrying out the mother's behest. Ganapathi's children are forced into precocity, but I am not willing to credit a scandal that Kamakshi employs her children to steal money and gold pieces in homes where the mistress is apt to be careless in locking rooms and boxes.

We human beings deal invariably in half truths. Ganapathi's children are an asset to the family. But this cannot be said of Vasudevan's home. There the appropriate phrase, like the name of a Tagore story, is "My Lord the Baby." When one child in the house needs quite incessant care the condition of things when a second child came, may be imagined.

Ganapathi and Vasudevan are a study in contrast. Vasudevan would not set up house till he began to earn his living. Now he is a prosperous man and lives in the greatest comfort, and yet his wife Meenakshi did not for long present him with a child. She paid frequent visits to lady doctors and kept a bottle of patent medicine always in the house. At last a baby was born, and Vasudevan and Meenakshi made much ado about bringing it up. Vasudevan has since completed a special study of the subject of baby-clothes and has imported new ideas into it. He has also enabled a tradesman to take a patent for a new device by which children may sleep for long hours in the cold season without spoiling their clothes. Recently Vasudevan published a little

book marked, 'For Private Circulation only', on the 'right method of fastening mosquito-curtains on different types of cradles.' He has also written on "Babies' Rattles and Bibs." When the child grew up to be able to walk, Vasudevan was busy teaching her habits of cleanliness. Before a feed, the child washed her hand and let it dry, fulfilling the standard of surgical cleanliness.

For Vasudevan the days are crowded with labour and service for the children. The nights keep him often awake. While in his office Vasudevan's eyes would betray sleepiness and languor born of the previous night's watchfulness. His neighbour in the office would rally him on having been to a play.

'When did the curtain rise?'

'At about eleven.'

'How long did the performance last?'

'Four hours.'

'How was the acting?'

'Fascinating, and expressive both of pain and joy'

The curtain meant for Vasudevan the mosquito curtain round his baby's cradle. The performance consisted in her keeping awake for the most part of the night. The single actress was the baby crying and laughing.

Vasudevan and his wife have forsworn the theatre the circus, and the cinema for years now. They have some times paid for music performances and dances from which they were obliged to depart just when the music or the dance began to be attractive.

Would you say that Vasudevan lives in a fool's paradise, if I tell you that he thinks himself happy?



He feels proud of them.

After the second child, a boy, had been born, Vasudevan indulged frequently in a set catechism with his elder child.

"Who is the prettiest little boy in the world?"

"My brother."

"And who the prettiest girl?"

"Myself," and she would run away to hide her blushes.

Vasudevan owns of course to a different kind of experience as well. When the baby gets fever following upon a cold and there is a suspicion of pneumonia, Vasudevan's mind is in chaos all through the night. Early morning he takes himself to the doctor's residence and waits at his door in resigned patience, while the unfeeling doctor conducts mysterious rites within and persistently refuses to show himself to his clients. When the baby is restless during illness, Vasudevan takes his turn with his wife at home in holding the baby or in rocking the cradle.

Ganapathi and Vasudevan are not however all the types of fathers. Their common relation Srinivasan is distinct in his ways. His cardinal principle in life is that charity begins at home. The grand phrase, 'For God, Crown and Country,' must be re-written for him, 'For husband, wife and children.' Half a dozen children came to him quite quickly, and he feels proud of them. He buys large quantities of fruits and eatables, and considering their relative ages, it

THE CORKER



"An Aquarium," replied the little man and silenced the braggart.

was natural that the father's share should be larger than that of all the children put together. Special consideration is due naturally to the head of the family who labours hard from morning to evening and how could he help bursting into a rage sometimes with his children? The one-year-old would pull at the leaf on which his dinner was set, the four-year-old would climb like a monkey up window-shutters and threaten to scatter the cobwebs from the ceiling.

"For my sins in the past life, God has punished me with numerous children now!" the father would exclaim like a true Hindu. Of course the children are too young to take this as an insult. It seemed amusing to them perhaps. If their subconscious understanding received impressions which would react on their conduct in later life, that is a matter to be analysed by authors like Samuel Butler in books like "The Way of All Flesh."

What then is the remedy for the problem of children? Birth-control is too drastic. If only fully developed men and women could be born into this world like Pallas Athene, all our troubles will be at an end. Or is it better that children are born as at one year or five years? We must take a plebiscite on this burning question.

Every other passenger in the railway compartment was bored to death with the commercial traveller's long winded expositions of the secrets of the commercial world. Finally when he switched on to the subject of the preservation of rare fish, the little man in the corner stirred himself.

"Why, that's nothing," he broke in apologetically, "In my concern we keep them fresh for as long as you like."

"I suppose you use one of those freezing machines?" asked the commercial with a knowing smile.

"No, we don't resort to any such artificial process at all," was the reply.

"Impossible," exploded the knowing one, "I know of every process in vogue; and even vacuum has its disadvantages. But pray," he queried provokingly, "What is this wonderful concern you work in, Mister?"

"An Aquarium," replied the little man. And for the rest of the journey the braggart busied himself in his newspaper to the immense relief of the compartment.

MRS. K. MAHADEVAN, Pamban.

HUMOURS OF THE CRICKET FIELD

With acknowledgments to Mr. John Aye.

Hold on!

By no means the club's best player had just gone out to bat when there came a ring at the pavilion telephone. "Can I speak to Mr. Missum?" was the query. "Sorry, but he's just gone out to bat." "Very well," replied the caller, "I'll hold the line."

In good time.

It was a well-known fact in the cricketing world that the Old Man (W. G.)—as in his later years he was affectionately called—strongly objected to making a duck. In one match he had achieved this feat in the first innings, and before going in the second time he said to the bowler, "Now I've got to have a nice full pitch to leg to-day first-ball; none of those spectacles. I'll get out afterwards." As it happened, the first ball was of this description, and Grace hit it for four. Then he commenced to settle down and enjoy himself by hitting the bowling all over the ground. Seeing how matters were going, the opposing captain thought it time to remind the batsman of his promise, and accordingly said, "Come on, Doctor, you said a full pitch to leg and then you'd get out afterwards." "Quite so," replied the veteran, "but afterwards hasn't come yet, you know," and with that he proceeded to make over two hundred.

Precocious!

Grace at another time was passing a village green on which some small boys were playing cricket. After watching them for some time, he ventured to give them a few hints, but with no great success. "Go away and leave us alone, can't yer?" said one of the small players, "wot's an old bloke like you know abaht cricket?"

Too Bad.

"W. G.", a very big man, was wont to perspire somewhat heavily. One day he was making a big stand and runs were coming freely. Murdoch, who was the next to bat, after some time began to groan in a most melancholy manner. "What's the matter, Billy," asked a friend, "Are you ill?" "No," was the reply; "but isn't it just my rotten luck? Look at the old man and how he's perspiring. I shall have to bat on a wet wicket again."

The Short Cut.

The match was one of three days between Middlesex and Somerset, and was Trott's benefit. Strange to say, he achieved the almost unique feat of twice doing the hat trick in Somerset's innings and thus, bringing the match quickly to an end, deprived himself of the last

day's gate receipts. "Why Trott, whatever are you doing?" asked a brother professional at the close of the innings.

"Bowling myself into the workhouse," answered Trott with a grin.

The Darlings.

Many of cricket's leading men have been of generous proportions, but others have been the reverse. The mighty "W. G." was an example of the former type while Briggs of Lancashire was a good representative of the second. These two, in a match between England and Australia, went to the wickets together. "Daddy," said a little girl, "who is that big man?" "That's Doctor Grace, my dear." "And who is the little one?" "That's Briggs, darling." "Daddy," said the little one after reflection, "is Briggs Dr. Grace's baby?"

Hard Lines.

The captain of a certain county team was caught at the wicket when he had made only five, and evidently he did not appreciate the decision. The next ball, as it happened, was bowled on the leg side, and the batsman, turning round, hit the ball hard on to the wicket-keeper's shoulder, from which it rebounded and went to the boundary. No sooner had this happened than there came a shout from the pavilion, "That's right, kill the little devil."

The Saviour.

For the most runs scored in one hit we have to go to Dundee on an occasion when the town cricket team were playing the local asylum with one wicket to fall, Dundee required thirty-three runs to win. The incoming batsman just nicked his first ball and commenced running. It was at once followed by the fielder, an inmate, but unfortunately at that moment the poor fellow had a return of his malady, and picking up the ball ran away with it. He was not captured for half an hour. In the meanwhile the Dundee men ran the necessary runs.

Chase the Leather.

The batsman struck the ball, which went spinning upwards and then dropped inside his open shirt, being held at the waist by his belt. He then realised that until the ball was fielded he could run, which he at once commenced to do. At the same moment the bowler awoke to the fact that if he could secure the ball, the batsman would be "caught," while, on the other hand, he was not at liberty to obstruct him in any way. Consequently the strange sight was witnessed of the batsman running between the wickets as hard as he could, followed, in the hope that the ball might fall to the ground, by the whole field.

THE LETTERS OF - PRIVATE JOYFULL, IX

Madras, 15th February 1934.

DEAR MOTHER,



It seems strange to read that you are having snowy weather in England. Out here, they do not have any winter, except when one is announced in Station Orders. On such occasions the Brigadier has a consultation with the Chief Astronomer at the Observatory, and between them they decide when it is going to be. This year we had winter on a Thursday, and all the fans were switched off for twenty four hours. The electrician said it was a good thing, as most fans are not constructed to run all the year round without a stop. We have very good fans; they seldom break down, and when they do, you can push them round with a stick. But they all make a squeaking noise on account of over-work, and in the distance the barracks sounds like a cote of tree-squirrels.

I do not think there is a skiing club in Madras, but all the same it appears that City Fathers have winter sports. I read the other day that some of the corporators had been skating on thin ice, and in consequence were in it up to their necks. The report said that they were feeling a draught, and some of them were going to catch a cold. From this I gather that the municipal legislators have some secret resort in which to practise these pastimes; perhaps in Ice House Road.

This is just like the Government of India, but the Government has its winter sports in the summer. All the Great White Chiefs go to a place called Simla, and there they disport themselves by playing snowballs and fishballs and State Balls. The fishballs are passed



Believed in the same principle and had a donkey. round in despatch-cases from office to office, and besides this there are events involving billiard balls, polo balls, tennis balls, and all sorts of balls.



The air is very rarefied in Simla, and only the most eminent persons can breathe it. On one occasion a member of the Depressed Classes got into the place by mistake, and a week later was discovered in tears on the steps of the Secretariat, making gibbering noises and begging the pigeons to speak to him.

In Simla they have a home for the aged and destitute. This is a thoughtful provision for those persons who come to the Capital with a petition to Government, as sooner or later they are destined to be overcome by old age and poverty while waiting for a reply. There is also an institution called the Charitable Purse, organised by the Burra Sahibs to assist deserving cases. Unfortunately, the last time they opened the purse, a moth flew out. Petitioning the Government is an all-the-year round sport in India. It is a harmless pastime for those possessed of ample means and unlimited leisure, who do not mind a lottery in which the prizes are all blanks.

Simla is a very good place for Burra Sahibs. The aloof tone of the neighbourhood encourages self-esteem, and corrects that tendency to humility which is so marked a feature of the Icy S. Simla is also arranged to encourage firmness in potentates who have to meet delegations that come asking for inconvenient concessions. Thanks to the beautifully planned inaccessibility of the place, the delegates are exhausted before ever they reach the conference-room, and suitably chastened by the rarefied atmosphere of the Seat of Government. They just say "Yes, Sir", a few times, and "Quite so", and sign on the dotted line. After that, they are rushed out of the sacred precincts and down the hill in a special train, and only come out of their daze when they

find themselves covered with garlands in a railway-carriage, with Simla disappearing in the distance.

This is a very good scheme, because it enables the Icy S. to continue its famous policy of Masterly Inactivity. Masterly inactivity means running about with a lot of balls, and not doing anything. It is quite a nice system. I knew one man who practised it, and he never used to open his correspondence, but pushed it all under his blotting-pad. He said that correspondence was a waste of time, because all the letters were about things that did not matter; and if you ignored them, the efflux of time would solve the problems they contained.

What he said was quite true, and the only letter that ever let him down was the one announcing his dismissal. He did not open it, and went on working several months without pay, before he discovered that he had been abolished.

There was another man who believed in the same principle, and he had a donkey. He thought it would be a good idea to introduce measures of economy, so he started by training his donkey to go without food. The idea was brilliantly successful; but just when he had got the donkey perfectly trained, it went and died.

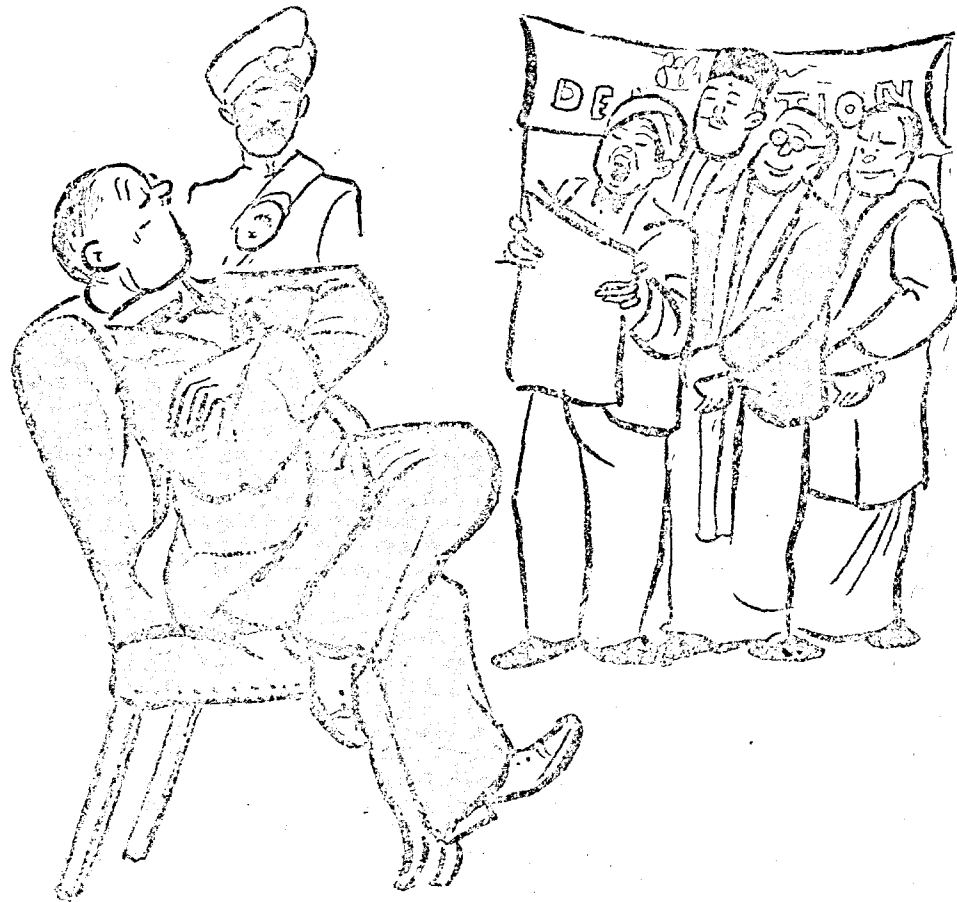
I haven't told you of a funny thing that happened when our team was returning from the boxing tournament. When we were getting into the train, we noticed that the carriage was different to the one we had on the outward journey. I asked one of the ticket-collectors, and he said the coach belonged to a foreign railway. However, it looked just like an ordinary Indian railway coach to me.

Anyhow, we all got on board, and immediately began to discuss who should sleep on the top shelves. There are shelves in these carriages, and in the daytime people load the shelves with all sorts of things, and other people hit their heads on the shelves and make rude remarks.

We made the Human Bean have one shelf, because he is a socialist, so we said this was his chance to demonstrate the Brotherhood of Man. We call him the Human Bean because he is always saying he is one, and that a Human Bean has his rights. So Boggins said it would be right for him to have a top shelf.

We gave Tiny Hopkins the other shelf because he is religious; and besides, he is so big that his feet stick out at one end of the berth, and everyone falls over them. He is our cruiser-weight champion, and we thought that if we put him up out of the way, he could read his holy books and not be shocked by our ungodly talk. He was inclined to argue about our choice, but Boggins reminded him that the meek shall inherit the earth, and in this case the interpretation of the scripture was that Tiny Hopkins inherited the top shelf.

Well, just before the train started, we heard a hissing under the carriage, and the guard came and



Delegations come asking for inconvenient concessions.

looked, and said that the blooming vacuum-valve was still leaking. However he said that the coach did not belong to his railway, and the train would have to go.

We were awake most of the night, talking and playing cards and reading. Sometimes the Human Bean sat up on his shelf and talked, and sometimes got down and joined the rest of us. We had a very broken night because the train kept on stopping in the middle of the jungle and the guard came and hammered under our coach, and then the train went on again. At last the train stopped at a little station, and remained there for two hours, while a gang of men kept hammering at the leaking valve.

The last time the train had a breakdown the Human Bean remarked. "Isn't it peculiar? Every time I get into bed, the train stops!"

"Well, come down and play this hand," I said.

The Human Bean played only for a few minutes, and then said he would get some sleep while the train remained stationary. He began to climb up again, and I suddenly cried out, "Don't pull on that handle!"

"Hell's Bells!" I shouted going all hot and cold. "Give me air! Do you know what it costs you to get into bed like that?"

"No," said the Human Bean, looking silly.

"Fifty rupees a time!" I said, and an awful hush fell over the carriage. We worked it out, and we reckoned that the Human Bean had had about three hundred and fifty rupees' worth.

There was fearful consternation in the compartment so I swore everyone to secrecy, and got out and talked to the guard.

"What's the matter?" I said.

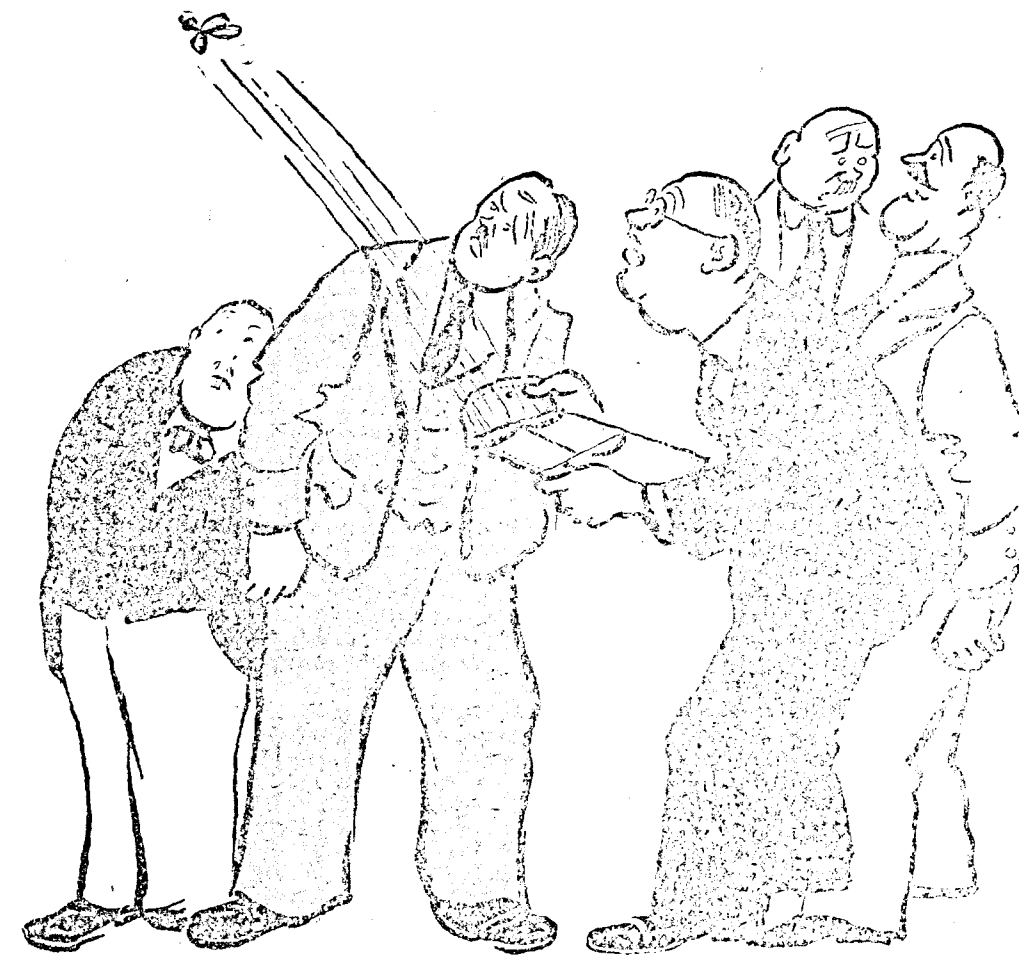
"Vacuum-brake defective in this coach," he answered.

"Oh, is that why the train keeps stopping?" I asked innocently.

"Yes," he said. "The valve leaks, and ever so often it works right open, and stops the train."

"If a passenger pulled the chain," I said, "wouldn't that open the valve too?"

"Yes," replied the guard, "but we knew there was no need to go looking for a pulled cord. This valve was leaking, when we started."



The last time they opened the purse a moth flew out.

Why?" said the Human Bean.

"Because it's the alarm signal."

"Don't be silly," said the Human Bean. "Look, it's placed just conveniently to help you to climb up. Besides, I've used it every time I've got into bed."

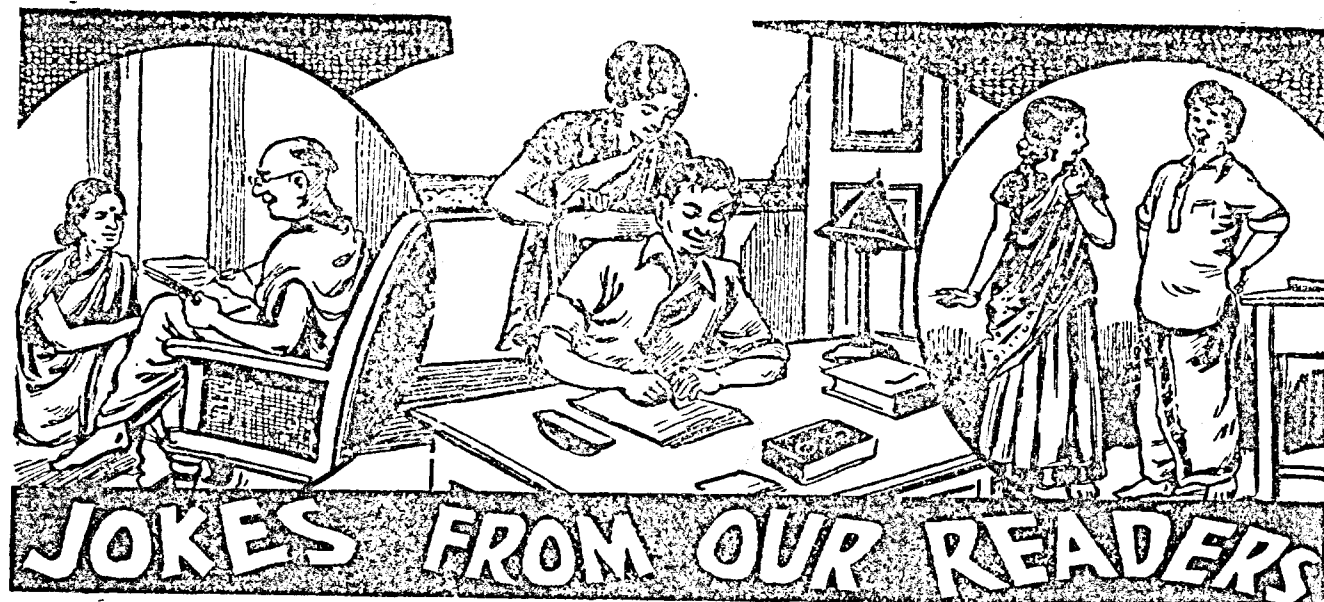
"WHAT!" I howled. "And did that chain come down every time you pulled on the handle?"

"Why yes," he said "It is loose, and comes down a few inches."

"Thank you," I said. "I hope you soon get it mended," and I mopped my fevered brow and got back into the carriage, and told the fellows it was all right. The train did not have any more unexpected stops, and we were very thankful to hurry out of the station when we got to our destination.

In the canteen that night we had a ceremony, and presented the Human Bean with a tin medal, inscribed, "For eminence in undetected crime." We said it was a feat that deserved recognition. Single-handed, he succeeded in making the Night Mail five hours late—and got away with it!

Your Loving Son,
OREAN JOYFULL.



The new recruit passed by an officer without saluting.
"Here, my man!" called the officer. "Do you see this uniform I'm wearing?"
"Yes," replied the recruit, as he came forward and inspected the smart dress of the officer. "And just look at the thing they gave me!"

—E. M. Somasundaram, Pallatur.

Father:—(lecturing to his would-be son-in-law) "You see, I commenced my career with nothing and at twenty-three I was my own master."

Daughter:—(absent minded) "And then you married mother, didn't you, dad?"

—M. D. Narayanan, Bangalore City.

A certain gentleman called at the Post Office and asked the postman if there was any letter for him. The postman asked for his name. The gentleman grew angry and said, "What the devil makes you so impertinent as to ask a gentleman's name? Give me my letter and that is all you have to do."

—S. M. Sundaram, Sivaganga.

Ramu:—"Say, Somu, daddy gave me an addressed envelope and wanted me to post it to his friend whom I do not like. You know what I did? I posted it without affixing stamps."

Somu:—"Oh! that is nothing when compared with what I did. I posted a letter to one of my enemies without addressing it."

—V. R. Govindasamy Naidu, Madras.

"What we want now in this crisis," said the orator in a meeting to the anxious crowd, "is solidarity, solidarity!"
"Wrong," disagreed an evidently thirsty soul; "it is liquid-arity."

—J. Rajamball, Tinnanur.

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate Professor of his class.

"No," came the answer in chorus.
"Well," insisted the Professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

—Miss M. T. Susilamani, Bangalore.

Professor:—(explaining to students):

Matter is a microcosm of innumerable and, it may be, immaterial notes, and the apparent vacancy of space is a plenum of ether that vibrates throughout like a solid.—Do you follow that, Tom?

Tom:—I, sir? Oh, absolutely, sir. Nothing could be simpler than that!

—K. Parthasarathy, Madras.

One day a well dressed Chinese lady came to see the Headmistress to ask for free education for her child. The Headmistress called the teacher who had her room nearest to the office to do the translation. When the Headmistress heard what the lady wanted she told the teacher to tell her that she couldn't do anything for her child. She said, "If she can afford to dress so well she can easily pay fees for her child." The teacher being a Chinese, herself, dared not translate the exact words of the Headmistress for fear of hurting the Chinese lady's feelings. She said, "Since you are here to ask for help, you should not have come in such fine clothes and such expensive diamonds. Naturally the Headmistress thinks you are rich and don't need any help." The Chinese lady said, "The Headmistress is a big person and if I appear in rags she may feel insulted, so I borrowed all these from my friends to meet the Headmistress." The Headmistress sent her away with these words, "If your friends can lend you diamond jewellery they can easily lend you 2 dollars every month for your child's school fees."

—Miss Kamala, Penang.

She:—"We've been married twenty years to-morrow. Shall we kill a chicken for dinner?"

He:—"Why punish the poor birdie for something that happened to us such a long while ago?"

—C. A. Padmanabhan, Madura.

A punster was asked to make a pun in a second. "Upon what subject?" asked the joker. "The King," answered the other. "Oh! Sir," said he, "the king is no subject."

—N. Nammalwar, Tinnevely.

"Where were you yesterday, Ramu?" asked his master.

"Please, sir, I had toothache."

"Oh, and has it stopped now?" asked the master.

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know?" asked the amazed master, "whether your tooth has stopped aching or not?"

"No, sir, because the dentist's got it!" said Ramu.

—M. A. Isaac, Poona City.

An Inspector of Schools visited a school and put a question to the students. None could answer it.

Inspector:—Why don't you answer the question, isn't it easy enough?

Student from a corner:—Yes it is.

Inspector:—What is it that embarrasses you then?

Student:—It's the answer, Sir.

—A. G. S. Rao, Bombay.

Teacher:—(to new boy) "What is your name, my little fellow?"

New boy:—Raman.

Teacher:—"Always say 'sir' when you are speaking to a master."

New boy:—"Sir Raman."

—S. P. Agarwal, Dehra Dun.

REVENGE? [FINISH THIS STORY AND WIN Rs. 20]



.....a shot rang out.....

(K. A. P.)

THE conjuror was not of the usual run. He had a beautifully trimmed beard, very clean clothes, but no medals nor those appendages which are generally worn by the ordinary set of jugglers and performers to haw off their worth. Again, there were no sham speeches in between the interesting and amusing pieces of his inexhaustible repertoire and trick followed trick a quick succession interspersed with very well-worded introductions to the finer tricks. There was nothing of the vulgar magician in him. The small crowd which collected at first began to swell very fast. In a few minutes the corner was overcrowded and it was all he could do to make the on-lookers sit down. He was half-way through his entertainment when a policeman interrupted him.

"You are blocking traffic and I give you one minute to clear out," he declared, brandishing his baton and threatening to use it if the conjuror did not obey him.

The juggler begged of him to allow him just a quarter of an hour; he would show them his select ones

and be done with it. Otherwise he would have to go hungry. But the policeman wouldn't hear any of it; he was obdurate. With an oath he advanced towards the juggler and raised his hand to strike him a blow. And a snake was dangling from his hand. Panic-stricken, he ran away from the crowd, trying frantically to divest himself of the vile reptile, but it was clinging to his wrist by a leather strap—the same as that of his baton. When he was a few yards away from the crowd he found in his hand his baton instead. Dismayed, he turned in the direction of the juggler and found that all the people were laughing at his discomfort. He cursed the conjuror and beat a hurried retreat to the place of duty. A quarter hour of this entertainment passed and the juggler was about to claim his reward from the spectators: as soon as he had finished the last but one piece.

"Gentlemen," began the extraordinary juggler, "my name is Sankar and I was born in Madura. Ten years ago, run down by misfortune and floored by destiny

This fortnight the Prize of Rs. 3/- is awarded to MISS M. T. SUSILAMANI, Bangalore.

I ran away to the Himalayas. I was trained by the yogis there in the art of magic. My needs are small but even to satisfy these needs I want money. What little you can spare from your purse, you can give me after I have shown you the last and the best of my pieces. In performing that, as in keeping my body and soul together, I require your help. I won't detain you any longer. How would you like to take aim at me with a gun? I have a gun here which I shall presently pass on to you to see if it contains live cartridges or not."

So saying, he passed on to the audience a fully loaded gun. It was all right.

"Which one of you will shoot at me,—say through my left shoulder?"

All the spectators quailed at this question. After all he had come there to earn his living and if the aim should go wrong they dreaded to contemplate the result to the poor conjuror. But Sankar was insistent.

"You need not be afraid of my chances of surviving. If you want, you can first test your aim, shooting through my extended arm and, if you are satisfied then with the accuracy of your aim, you can say 'Ready' and shoot at my shoulder. No harm will be done. Come along, gentlemen, help me with the best piece in my bag."

This was an extremely eccentric juggler and, one by one, the on-lookers began to disperse, throwing their gifts in his outstretched cloth. But he protested and called them back.

"No, gentlemen, you should not desert me in this fashion. Whether you give me money or not, you might at least give me the pleasure of showing you the best of my turns."

The doubtful ones, however, stayed on but nobody offered to shoot.

Then, a bearded shikari stepped forward.

"Thank God!" declared Sankar. "After all, someone has come forward to my help. Here, please, you hold this and march ten paces back. First take aim and shoot at my arm to make sure and then you will find it easy to adjust the next aim to my left shoulder. Here, go ahead." He handed the loaded gun to the shikari.

"What's your name?" Sankar asked.

"Raghunath," he replied.

"If that is true, you are all right," he said.

Raghunath and Sankar stood ten yards apart. The aim was taken and the trigger pulled. A bang, a cloud

of smoke and a spark of fire ran through Sankar's elbow. The shikari was a crack-shot, there was no mistaking it. On the elbow where the shot had passed, there was just a small mark but not a streak of blood nor even the slightest damage.

"Now then," said Sankar, "take aim at my shoulder and fire."

Raghunath took aim but while doing so, a smile crossed his face—a gleam of satisfaction. He set his lips. There was a grim look in his eyes which he at once suppressed. Sankar, however, noticed this and looked straight at Raghunath as though there arose a sudden suspicion in his mind. He waved his hand as if to stop him from shooting and to say something but, before he could do so, a shot rang out and Sankar fell down, dead. His face in death was a mark of interrogation.

Was it an accident?

If Sankar had not shown signs of recognition and Raghunath the gleam of satisfaction before shooting, it might be passed on as merely an untoward incident. Further he was apparently an accurate marksman and it is impossible to imagine that his shot missed the mark and entered the heart. The aim had obviously been taken deliberately at the heart. It is clear also, that both of them had recognised each other just before the fatal shot.

Then, what could have made them such enemies as to force Raghunath to take revenge in this fashion?

Write what you consider the most probable or plausible explanation of the mystery. Be brief.

The Editor will give a prize of Rs. 20 for what he considers the best entry. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon. You may send in as many entries as you like.

Address entries to:—

The Editor, Problem III,
Merry Magazine,
2/140, Broadway, Madras.

Closing date: 20th March 1934.

PROBLEM COUPON III.

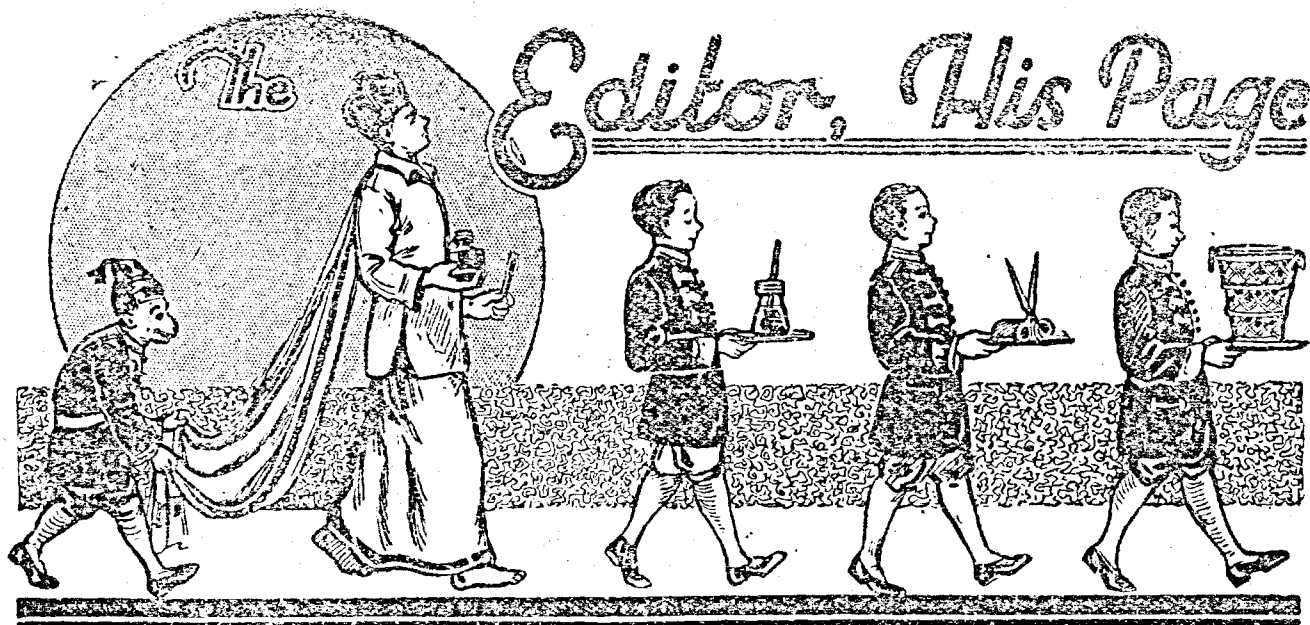
Name.....

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Miss 1934





Death of Mr. A. Rangaswamy Iyengar.

MR. A. Rangaswamy Iyengar Editor of the 'Hindu' has died and his death marks the passing of an epoch in Indian journalism. The profession of a journalist in India has been a hazardous one; forcible criticism of Government action involved bureaucratic displeasure and its attendant inconveniences while the role of apologist for the rulers invariably evoked the displeasure of readers. The last few years in Indian history have by no means been peaceful, there have been alarms and excursions in plenty and to have kept one's balance has been an exercise calling for the greatest skill and judgment. It is one thing to have the courage of one's convictions; it is entirely another to possess the further courage to translate one's faith into speech and action. Mr. Rangaswamy Iyengar whose connection with journalism is as long as it is honourable assumed full charge of the 'Hindu,'—a daily paper whose place in Indian journalism to-day is unique—a few short years ago. The task of piloting his charge safely between the arid deeps of unconstructive and unthinking opposition to all Government measures and programmes and the shallows of a policy of drift along the line of least resistance was one which might well have dismayed a man of lesser calibre. The brain of the Congress Executive, the trusted lieutenant and adviser of that prince among men and politicians, the late Motilal Nehru of blessed memory, a master of the science of politics, an acknowledged authority on questions of Indian Finance and the Indian Constitution, Mr. Rangaswamy Iyengar was more than equal to his task. He discharged his difficult duties with an unostentatious ease and aplomb which must have been the envy and admiration of many of his less gifted compeers. His

advice and assistance were eagerly sought by Government, which thankfully availed itself of the counsel which he so willingly gave. It is the usual tragedy of India that she loses her worthiest sons when they are most needed. Mr. Iyengar was not an old man when he died. His health, however, was never robust, successive attacks of a painful illness had ravaged his physical body and a final attack, the pain and agony of which he bore with his usual patience and fortitude, has deprived his country of his physical presence. We, in India have no Westminster Abbeys of marble and stone in which to inurn our honoured dead, but the men who have deserved well of our land—their memories live in our hearts. Mr. Rangaswamy Iyengar's physical presence is no longer with us, but he will be remembered for many a long, long year as a supremely great journalist, politician, constitutionalist and man of affairs. To the paper which has lost the services of an Editor who is irreplaceable, and to the members of his family, we offer our sincerest and heart-felt condolences.

The Agony of Bihar.

It is fortunate that many of us are not gifted with great powers of imagination. It is not easy to visualise scenes which have been presented us merely framed in words. All of us know about present conditions in Bihar. A visit to two of our local Cinema houses will bring home to the spectator the extent of the damage caused by the earthquake. The call for help, Madras has met in praiseworthy fashion, but much more has to be done.

He gives twice who gives quickly; all that we can spare must be sent to succour our homeless brethren. A small donation from one of you may save one human

The Editor, His Page

being from death by starvation. This is not the time for garden-parties or tamashas; functions to congratulate officials and others on the bestowal of honours on them may well be postponed by the snobs and the seekers after official favours. This is the time for self-denial, self-sacrifice and humane generosity. A nation is in agony, let it not be said that there is one man amongst us who is deaf to the call of the hungry and the homeless.

Cricket in Madras

has not been particularly bright these days. The three day match between the M. C. C. and an All-Madras XI must have filled the spectators with misgiving. Not one of our team seemed able to stand up to fast bowling and the way that Clark was able to skittle out many of our players can easily serve as an object lesson on how not to play fast bowling. Johnstone, of course, was an

honourable exception; he showed that first class bowling can be played and what is more, can be punished. But then it evidently needs a first class batsman to do it. Bharat Chand shaped promisingly and Mahomed Hussain has the root of the matter in him. When we have said that, we have said everything. There is still the last Test. We think India will be beaten; we hope she will not be disgraced. We shall be very glad indeed, to discover that we are false prophets.

Tidings

from Tribunals have been unavoidably held over and will be reported in our next issue.

January Lucky Numbers.

The correct list of Lucky Numbers in the January Scheme is given below.

JANUARY LUCKY NUMBERS

On page 40 in the last issue, a list of Lucky Numbers for January is given. The numbers given on that page are incorrect. The figure 2 before each number has been inadvertently omitted. (We have to thank the printer's devil.) The list below is the correct one. Please verify and send your copy to this office and receive the prize money. All claims should be preferred before 5-3-34—Editor.

No. 219191 Rs. 50

No. 218926 Rs. 5

No. 219123
Rs. 5

No. 220731
Rs. 5

No. 221722
Rs. 5

No. 220159
Rs. 5

No. 221945
Rs. 5

No. 220234
Rs. 5

No. 221818
Rs. 5

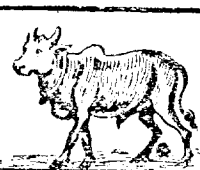
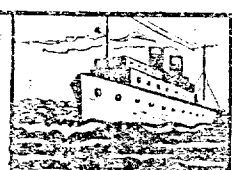
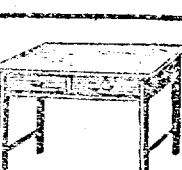
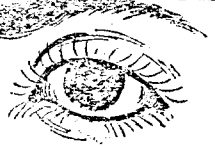
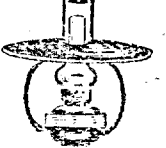
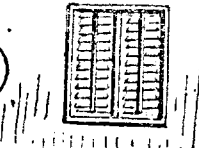
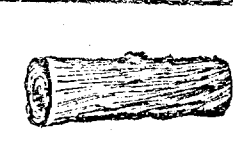
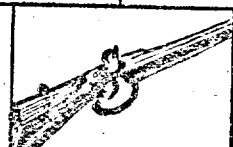
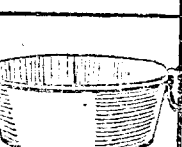
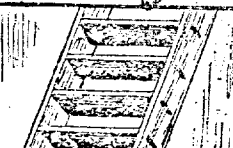
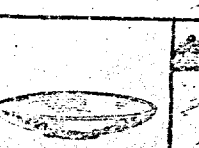
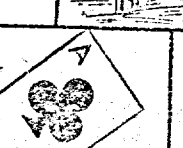
No. 220377
Rs. 5

No. 218976
Rs. 5

Rs 1000

CASH MUST BE WON.

IN "RHYME-WORDS" COMPETITION

RHYMES WITH MOIST ①			I		
RHYMES WITH EYES ②					
RHYMES WITH FRAME ③					
RHYMES WITH HILL ④				L	
RHYMES WITH RIGHT ⑤		I			
RHYMES WITH FLOG ⑥					
RHYMES WITH FLIP ⑦			I		
RHYMES WITH NEWS ⑧	M	VOWEL			
RHYMES WITH STRAIN ⑨					N

THE "RHYME-WORDS" COMPETITION

SENSATIONAL PRIZE OFFER

HOW TO SOLVE 'RHYME-WORDS'

Each row of pictures represents a simple word. To help you, in front of each row is given a word with which the solution *rhymes*. The solutions are formed by taking the initial letters of the objects, etc., illustrated in the pictures, and adding the given letter or letters where they occur. For instance, look at the first row of pictures. You have to find a word which rhymes with MOIST. There is a Horse which gives you H, Ox which gives you O, I, Steamer which gives you S, and Table which gives you T. So the Word represented in that Puzzle is HOIST. All you have to do is solve the other puzzles.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Solutions must be filled in on the coupon printed in the next column. Any number of solutions may be sent but an entrance fee of *annas eight* must accompany every entry submitted. Where copies of the Merry Magazine are not available, competitors can send in their solutions on ordinary paper but an entrance fee of *annas ten* is payable with each entry thus submitted. All entries must be received by last post on 9-3-34. Any received after this date will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors will be received in person at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. The first prize of Rs. 500 will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 300 to the solution with one error, and the third prize of Rs. 200 to the solution with two errors. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the one in the Editor's possession. Failing an all-correct solution, the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of ties, the prize money will be equally divided. The Editor reserves the right of pooling the first, second and third prize amounts and distributing them among the competitors according to the number of all correct solutions received. In this competition, a competitor who wins a prize amount of more than Rs. 100 will not be eligible for any other prize. No correspondence can be entered into nor interviews granted. Persons connected with the Merry Magazine and its associated journals are not allowed to compete.

Coupons must be filled in legibly and sent intact along with the M. O. receipt issued by the Post Office. The office will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit. All entries must be addressed to:—

THE EDITOR, 'RHYME-WORDS' COMPETITION,
The Merry Magazine Office,
2/140, Broadway, Madras.

1st Prize Rs. 500
2nd Prize Rs. 300
3rd Prize Rs. 200

In case of ties, prize amounts will be equally divided.

Entrance Fee As. 8 only.

Closing Date 9-3-'34.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE "Rhyme-words" Competition Coupon

1. H O I S T

2.

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9.

In entering this Competition I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Name.....

Address.....

3 READERS SHARE THE FIRST PRIZE OF Rs. 600

RESULTS OF "SING" COMPETITION

The correct solution is:

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1 SUPPOSING | 4 REPOSING | 7 HISSING |
| 2 CONDENSING | 5 IMMERGING | 8 ADDRESSING |
| 3 ABUSING | 6 REFUSING | 9 REVISING |

The following three competitors have submitted all-correct solutions. The first prize of Rs. 600 has therefore been divided equally among them.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. Abdulla Dawood Khan, Mistry Building, Dockyard Road, Bombay, 10. | Rs. 200 |
| 2. Shanmugasundara Mudaliar, Meenambakkam, Pallavaram Post | Rs. 200 |
| 3. K. V. Krishnan, 34, Hanumarkoil Street, Karur | Rs. 200 |

16 COMPETITORS SHARE THE SECOND PRIZE OF RS. 400

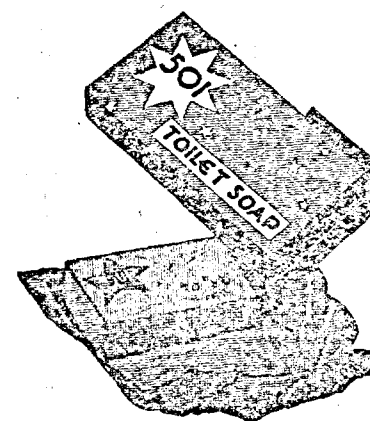
The following 16 competitors have submitted entries containing one error each. The second prize amount of Rs. 400 has therefore been divided equally among them, each getting Rs. 25—0—0

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1-2. B. D. BOOVARIWALA,
Chowpathy Road, Bombay, 7. | 9. T. A. JEEVENDRAM,
Clerk, Office of the Madras
Services Commission,
Teynampet P. O., Madras. |
| 3. ABDUL REHMAN M. MUNSHI,
9, Gunpowder Road, Mazgaon,
Bombay, 10. | 10. K. RAMADORAI,
s/o K. KALIANASUNDARAN IYER,
Engineer, Pallavaram. |
| 4. VITHAL VISHNU ORPE,
Sadashiv Peth H. No. 252/10,
Vishnu-Bhuvan, Poona City. | 11. P. K. SUBRAMANIAN,
Assistant, Hindu Middle School,
Vaniyambadi. |
| 5. M. H. BEARD,
Freeland House, Hazari Bagh,
Ajmer. | 12. M. KRISHNAMOORTHY SASTRIGAL,
Mirasdar, Vedaraniyam. |
| 6. S. RAMACHANDRIAH,
Mochampet Teacher,
Cuddapah. | 13. Mrs. PATTU RAJAGOPAL,
c/o V. R. RAJAGOPAL, A. T. S., S. I. Ry.
Trichinopoly. |
| 7. W. S. NARAYANA NAIK,
Shanbegue, Udma,
P. O. Bekal. | 14-15. E. R. KUPPANA RAO,
14, Hanumar Koil Street, Karur. |
| 8. E. N. SREENIVASA RAO,
c/o E. K. Krishna Rao,
Post Office, Robertsonpet. K. G. F. | 16. C. V. V. SUBBIAH CHETTIAR,
16, Oppanakara Street,
Coimbatore. |

All the prize amounts will be remitted to the respective competitors on 15-2-34.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS

5 DELIGHTFUL TOILET SOAPS... SOOTHING REFRESHING, ECONOMICAL

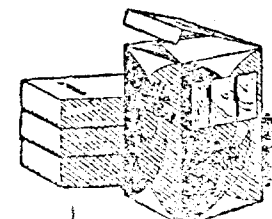


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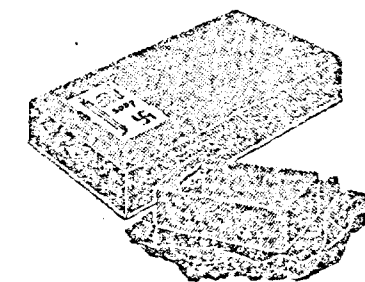
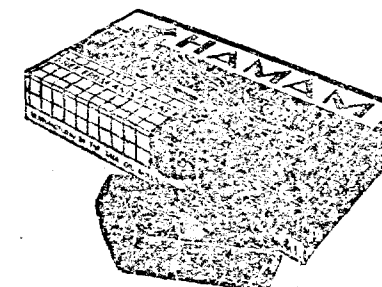
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This is a delightful series of fine toilet soaps daintily packed in cartons of threes and twos. Six delicate perfumes to choose from —Khus khus, Fougere, Lavender, Henna, Jasmine and Carnation.



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A pleasantly scented soap for the bath. Gives you a feeling of delightful freshness and helps to keep the skin cool and healthy throughout the day. Sold in boxes of three extra large tablets, each weighing 1 lb.

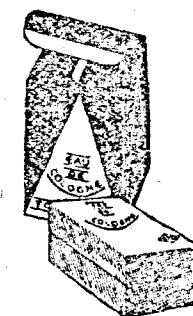


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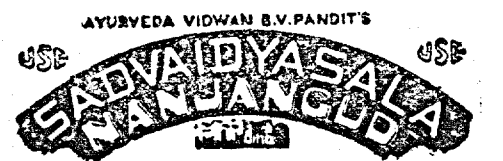
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The Merry Magazine

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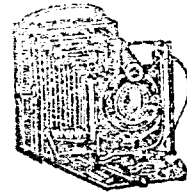


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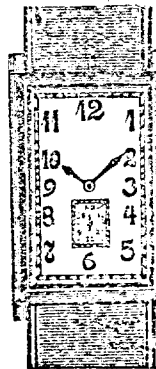
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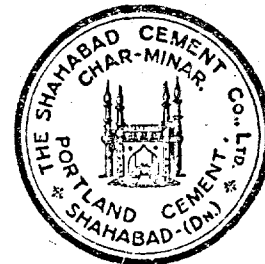
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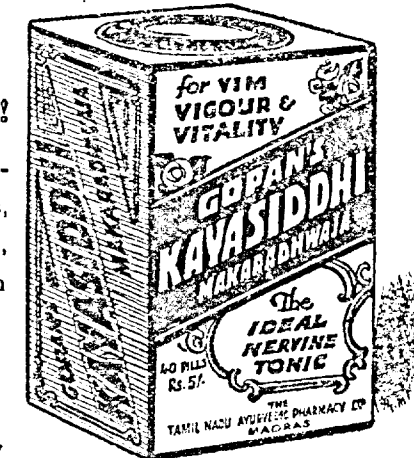
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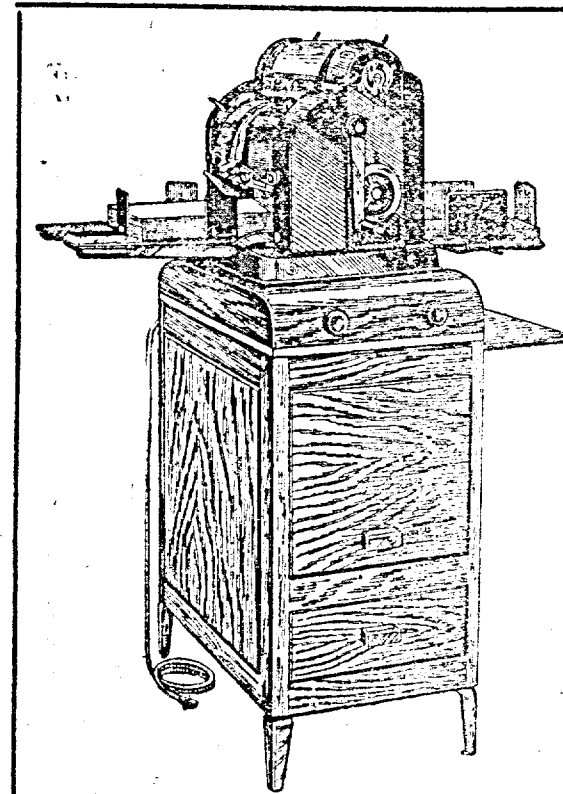
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THE MERRY MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS



A prize of Rs. 1000 will be awarded to the best humorous sketch or short story submitted before 31st March 1934.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. NO LIMIT TO THE NUMBER OF ENTRIES.

1. All Indians and Anglo-Indians residing in India, Burma, Ceylon, Straits and F. M. S. are eligible to compete. 2. All entries must be typewritten. 3. Two copies of Mss must be sent. 4. Only humorous sketches or short stories are wanted. 5. Mss may be about 3000 words long. 6. The closing date is 31st March 1934. 7. The copyright of winning Mss as well as of others used by the Editor will vest in the Editor of the Merry Magazine. 8. The Editor reserves the right to divide the prize if it is found that the entries finally selected are of equal merit. 9. Others Mss used by the Editor will be paid for at the usual rates. 10. Mss will not be returned. 11. The Editor will undertake no responsibility for Mss lost or damaged in transit. 12. Competitors submitting entries must in all cases, sign their Mss. with a pen-name. Along with their Mss. they must send a sealed envelope containing their full names and addresses and their pen-names. 13. All entries must be addressed to Editor, All-India Merry Magazine Literary Competition, Merry Magazine Office, 2/143, Broadway, Madras.

The following gentlemen have consented to sit on the Committee of Judges which will award the prizes in

THE ALL-INDIA MERRY MAGAZINE LITERARY COMPETITION

The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar, P.C. (Chairman of the Committee.)

Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, B.A., B.L.,

Sometime Judge of the High Court, Madras.

Mr. M. A. Candeth, M.A., BAR-AT-LAW, I.E.S., M.B.E.,

Dy. Director of Public Instruction, Madras.

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Mr. P. Seshadri M.A., Principal, Government College, Ajmer.

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Mr. V. Saranathan, M.A., Principal, National College, Trichinopoly.

Mr. K. Swaminathan, M.A., Professor of English, Presidency College, Madras.

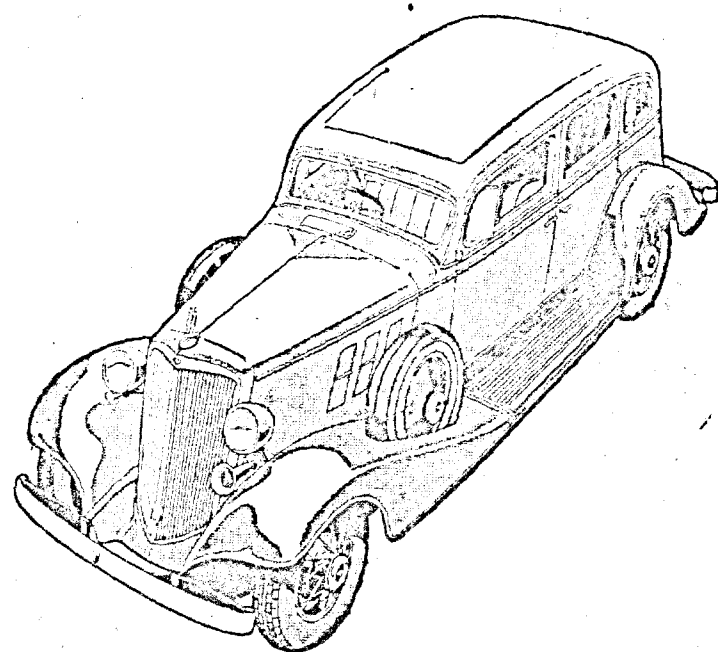
Mr. P. Mahadevan, M. A., Principal, Madura College, Madura.

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