

MERRY

MAGAZINE



John A. Henry

•
Chattopadhyaya



August 3
1935

Emb us que

•
— Chappie —

MYSTERY OF THE



MISSING BLONDE—'RAM'

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Published
from Madras

Every
Saturday

The Editor of the Merry Magazine will be glad to consider Mss. offered for publication, but no Ms. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. The Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts lost. Payment for accepted manuscripts will be made at our 'usual rates'. Letters should be addressed to: Editor, The Merry Magazine, 2-140, Broadway, Madras.

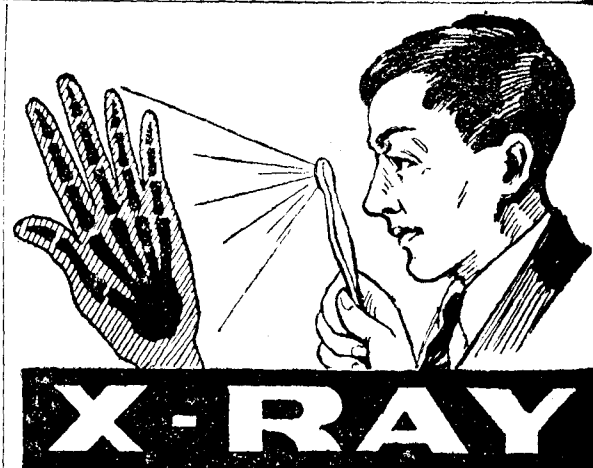
The Editor does not always share the views expressed by contributors to this Magazine. Characters depicted herein are all imaginary and no reflection is intended to be cast on any person.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

12 months	Inland Rs. 6	Foreign	Rs. 10
6 months	" 3	"	5
Single copy	" As. 2	"	As. 4

Subscriptions are payable in advance either by M.O. or B.P.Os. and may commence from any week.

Subscribers are requested to intimate to the Subscription Department any change of address and to quote in all communications the Subscription Number found on the face of the addressed packet.



The Marvel of the Age

A mysterious scientific illusion
—A Six-in-one X-ray which
makes you see

The lead running
through a pencil.

The Rubber Tube in
a Fountain Pen.

The Bones, joints etc.
in your hands and
fingers and the interior
of a pipe stem, etc.

Includes—

Reading glass,
Ophthalmoscope,<

The MERRY MAGAZINE



CONTENTS

Cover Design by Mali City Types No. 1

SPECIAL

Cartoon of the week	PAGE
The Misfortunes of Meena—'Deisvi' Serial	...
Eleventh Instalment—The Burning of Lanka	...

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	...	...	...	3
The Editor, His Page	...	...	...	4
The Letters of Private Joyfull	...	...	...	25
60. Some Regimental Characters	...	...	...	
Auntie Awful	...	...	...	39
Do you know?	...	...	...	40
Fun For All	...	...	...	41

POETRY

The Indian People to A Certain Party	By I. P.	...	8
The Farmer and The Feasters	By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya	...	45



THE EDITOR HIS PAGE

Long, long ago, a battle was fought near the Boyne in Northern Ireland between Catholics and Protestants, in which, as history books tell us exultingly, the Protestants came out victorious. Since then, both Protestants and Catholics (in Northern Ireland) have vied with one another in celebrating the event annually, and with unflinching zest. Belfast is the venue of these demonstrations which commonly result in miscellaneous damage to life and property. A few houses are wrecked, some heads are broken, and the streets littered with brick-bats. And then business resumes its normal course, and Protestant and Catholic go back to the monotonies of their daily existence—with added memories!

Lahore is the capital of the Punjab, and in addition to a river, is famed for its Gurdwaras and mosques. Two of these had got so mixed up for more than a century that people were doubtful whether the mosque belonged to the Gurdwara, or the Gurdwara to the mosque. The two nestled together side by side in undisturbed amity as a unique symbol of an aspiration, of a harmony that might be evolved out of difference. But, suddenly, the goddess of mischief stirred from her uneasy repose, and infected with fratricidal rage the simple hearts of the simple folk of Lahore. The mosque was demolished; and Lahore became, in the twinkling of an eye, an Eastern Belfast with broken windows, broken heads and littered streets.

Alas, that religion should broaden, instead of bridging differences! Who was it said that the Punjab was the Ulster of India? Heavens forbid!

* * * * *
The House of Lords has disposed of the India Bill. The passage of this

measure through both houses reminds me of the progress of the rake, who seeks to undo the consequences of a life-time of sinning, by an elaborately contrived death-bed repentance, and is allowed to die in the odour of sanctity. The Lords have kicked it down-stairs with a bewildering shower of good intentions and pious hopes for its future well-being. But the under-current of pessimism runs through all utterances, both of those who support and of those who denounce the Bill. Lord Zetland averred that it was not the contents of the Bill that mattered so much as the spirit behind them. If that were so, he could have saved a lot of time, trouble and money by giving us a dummy bill, and cart-loads of good intentions with which to fill up the blanks! Lord Snell spoke sanctimoniously, and proved, to his own satisfaction, that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Horny-handed labour seems also to be getting woolly-headed; but then, it's more its affair than ours. What should be of interest to us is the psychology of British imperialism that hopes to weaken national energies by providing us with scapegoats of indigenous creation. British imperialism is at the cross-ways. It is fighting against time; and it knows that it is fighting a losing battle. If the Bill has, as it is claimed, the seeds of automatic growth, the liquidation of our political and economic troubles will be gradual and painless. If, on the other hand, it

Accepted—With Thanks!

by 'Jan'

THE conversation at the Club had turned on Journalism and Freelancing and the Divine Rights of Editors.

"Talking about Journalism," Sam Smithers began—Sam was ever on the look out for openings like this to barge in with his everlasting reminiscences, "reminds me of that last interview of mine with the editor of *Spitfun*. It is a long story—"

"Cheer up, boys!" Fred Feling interrupted, "I'll be moving along, I think."

"And I too—got an appointment to keep," Joe Brush muttered. Saying which he made a bee-line for the door.

"You'll do no such thing, young men!" Sam retorted with heat. "You will hear my story first."

That about settled the matter for us. Sam was a senior member of the Club, and when he said a thing he meant it. Somehow, we could never make up our minds to disregard his wishes. Our eagerness to leave the room was only natural. We had already heard over a dozen times of Sam's famous encounters with local editors. We had hardly any appetite for more.

The bare fact is that Sam has somehow got the notion that he has got the makings of a journalist in him. He has been making strenuous efforts to push himself into print, and has by now quite a file-ful of rejection slips and editors' regrets. So, when he once more came back to his pet subject of 'Journalism', we knew it was going to be yet another of his many tales of woe, yet we restrained our impatience and heroically braced ourselves for the ordeal.

"It happened just about a month ago," Sam went on; "in fact it was on the 13th of last month—"

"Unlucky number!" Fred snorted. "I hate Thirteen." Fred, you see, was in a state of frenzy bordering on madness.

"Keep your hates to yourself, Fred, darling," Sam hit back; "and by the way, it's my thirteenth contribution to the Public Press."

"Or, to be more exact," Joe Brush corrected, "to the Waste Paper Basket of the Public Press."

"Not this one Joe, not this one—but, but, but I am anticipating. I had submitted an article to *Spitfun*, the humorous monthly, you know, and as I had not received a reply for over a fortnight, I decided to ring up the editor. Up to that time all my dealings with editors were through the medium of the post

The Indian People to A Certain Party

It is owing to Congress, you tell us,
That Safeguards were frightened.
The British, those helpless weak fellows,
By Congress were frightened;
Of our rascally claims they grew jealous
And, fiscally, frightened!

If you had the power, then the British
No safeguard would want.
They would not feel nervous or skittish,
They can trust you. (We can't.)
More British you are than the British
And to them complaisant.

If you were the Party that mattered
With the Goods on your hand to deliver,
Not *their* hopes but ours would be shattered,
Not they, but ourselves, would then shiver!
For you love ev'ry nation but us;
You would laffi us and would hammer us,
But not give us a penny.
We then should be clamorous
For safeguards strong and many;
No, we shall not trust you, we shan't;
If we did, we should perish of want.

Oh fie, we say, oh fie on
The servant of the lion
Who sweetly sings "I am, sirs,
The friend of the poor lamb, sirs!"

I. P.

The MISFORTUNES of Meena



In the Previous Ten Instalments.

Ramathilakam, a pretty young woman of the labouring class alarmed at the depravity of her drunken husband, determines to put an end to her life. She travels without a ticket to Chingleput and attempts to drown herself in the big lake that adjoins the Railway Station. Railway Police Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer rushes into the waters and rescues her.

He takes her over to Madras to restore her to her husband from whom she has fled, but finds that the husband had been locked-up for stabbing his Maistry in a drunken brawl. As Ramathilakam has nowhere to go, Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer leaves her under the care of an old quack-doctor at Saidapet. Sometime later, Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer has to return to the doctor for treatment. While staying at the doctor's house he falls in love with Ramathilakam.

A year later, Ramathilakam gives birth to a girl-baby and dies. Head

This Bridge Game

by 'Aloe'

"JOHN," said Jane over the breakfast coffee one morning, "I want you to teach me Bridge."

"Oh!" I said uneasily. And then a little later, "Ah!"

"What did you say?" snapped Jane.

"I suppose," I asked despairingly, "I suppose you wouldn't like me to teach you Ludo instead? Or buy you a sewing machine or something?"

"No," she replied uncompromisingly. "I want to learn Bridge. We'll start to-night after dinner."

Now Jane, as I knew only too well, has absolutely no card sense. They just mean nothing to her. Deal her a hand, and all thirteen cards are of the same playing value to her. Except trumps and court cards. In these she takes a naive and unconcealed delight, and plays them with a bland disregard of time or suitability. Out they all come, one after another. She'll trump her partner's ace, and smile at him with disarming pride. "Just take a look at it!" her smile seems to say.

And now Jane, whose only excesses previously had been an occasional game of family whist, was determined to play Bridge. And that was that.

The lessons started. Every night after dinner I expounded upon the mysteries of valuing, of ruffing and discarding and vulnerability. I explained and cajoled and demonstrated. I dealt and played incredible numbers of model hands. I hardly ever lost my temper.

And Jane would shake her head from time to time, and smile knowingly, and say 'Ah!' and 'Ooh!' and 'Yes, I see'. I began to think that Bridge, far from being the disruptive element it was said to be, was really admirably conducive to conjugal bliss. Certainly, never in two years of married life, had Jane hung on my lightest word with such respect and sweet humility.

At last I almost began to believe, against my better judgement, that Jane might one day learn to

play passable Bridge. I thought that practice, sheer usage and reiterated explanations, would in time balance her inherent disabilities. I began to pride myself on my patient and untiring tutorage.

Then dressing for dinner one night, Jane said with elaborate carelessness, "

Enter Bear, Hare and Wolf

Bear

Well, here I am, true to my vow,
And brought the honey-comb, somehow,
Pilfered from Mr. Farmer's bough.

Hare

And here I am, white-coated elf,
Returned with my delicious pelf,
A cabbage larger than myself!

Wolf

And here I am, and here I am
Without the proudly promised lamb.

Together Bear and Hare

You're trying to sham, you're trying to sham!

Wolf

O no, my story is a strange
Story. I've undergone a change!
My heart is changed, through what befell me.

Bear

I pray you tell me.

Hare

Pray you, tell me.

Wolf

Remembering it I grow pale,
But I will try and tell the tale.
You see, I went towards the place,
The Farmer's yard, and seeing no face
At the yard-gate, I ventured in,
When suddenly I heard a thin
Persuasive voice, as clear as fate,
Call out from there, behind the gate,
"Wife, bring the water-pot at once!"
But I was such a damned dunce
That I could not explain them, and,
I could not even understand
Just at that moment, being bent
Upon a theft, just what they meant.
But when I entered, lo, there cracked
A boiling-water cataract
Over my hide, and that is why
You see my hide that's hardly dry,
Scorched redder than a sunset-sky!

A RARE TREAT TO MUSIC LOVERS



Nadhaswaram is a difficult instrument to play and few possess mastery over it; Vidwan RAJARATNAM PILLAI is an acknowledged master in this branch of music. Stray records of his, however good in themselves leave you with a feeling of dissatisfaction. To obviate this, a set of five Records covering the range of an actual musical concert is now released for the first time. Hear him at his best at your leisure.

C. A. 916 to 920.



SARASWATHI STORES

Mount Road

-

Madras

