

305

MERRY MAGAZINE

2550

IN THIS NUMBER

DIANA DON

(Ask Auntie)

ARTIJI

(.....Life of a Scientist)

JYESHTA

(Wedding That Didn't Come Off!)

EMBUSQUE

(The Disobedient Jellyfish)

Vol IV No 5

11th April 1965

ANNA1 TWO

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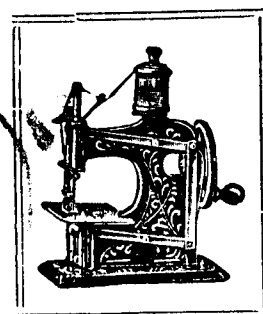
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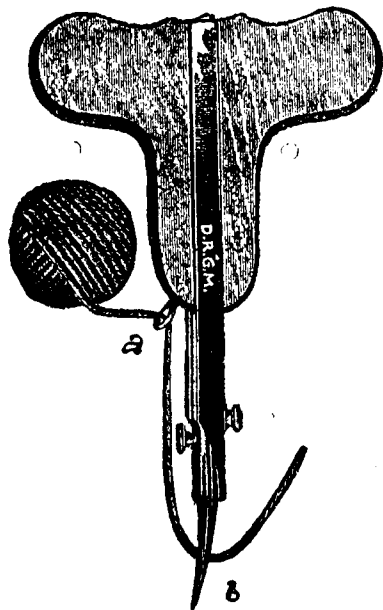
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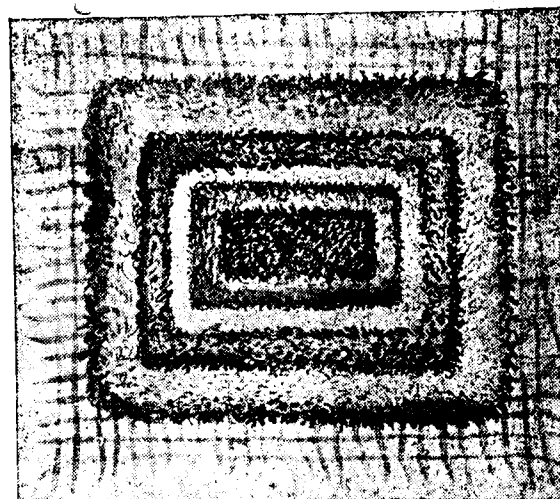
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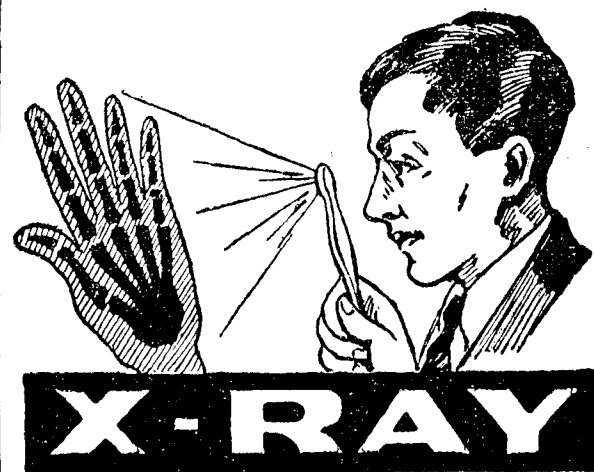
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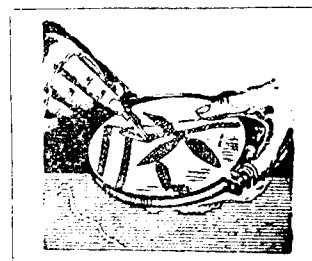
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DAILY 3 SHOWS

The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, April 11, '36

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Diana Don

The Ostrich & The Rabbit

There is a ring of grim allegory in this simple great story. The theme touches the present-day lunatic welter of European political hatreds, astonishingly close. Don't miss it on any account.

A. A. Roland

So That Was Calcutta!

This Second City of the Empire, this City of Palaces, this gem set not in the sapphire sea but on the banks of the muddy Hoogly, brought before your noses. There is a subplot, too, of particular interest to the girls.

Sheikh Iftikhar Rasool
My Past

Just his past. Nothing to do with either palmistry or astrology.

P. P. Samuel

How To Succeed At Cric. ket

Our cricket ambassadors are on the high seas. We expect them to do big things. If you have any cricket ambitions you cannot miss this. If, on the other hand, you think, as we do, that cricket is a silly game, read it still. You will find points of contact between you and Samuel.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Commenting on the recent elections in Germany, a Nazi leader says that it proves that Germany is Hitler.

This, we think, is merely begging the question!

Despatches from Addis Ababa indicate that the Ethiopians have no hope of assistance from Europe, since it is all mere talk there.

And very tall talk at that.

English papers are full of indignation at the Italian use of poison gas against the Ethiopians.

They now realise that Mussolini is capable of something worse than mere 'gas'.

There is an interesting discussion in certain English newspapers as to whether the churches should pray for erring Cabinet Ministers also.

We wonder what Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's views on this question are.

Italy has assured the Foreign Office that British treaty rights in Ethiopia would be respected.

This has not however allayed anxiety in regard to the loss of British prestige in the East.

A cricket writer points out that South Africa, New Zealand and, of course Australia, have beaten England in Test matches.

It only remains for India to come into line with the other parts of the Empire!

Commenting on a snap vote against the Government in the House of Commons, Mr. Baldwin declared that they need not be distressed over it, since it happened on the 1st of April.

We wonder, if for the same reason, the Oriyas and Sindhis tempered their jubilation at the inauguration of their respective provinces on the same day!

Mr. Butler referred to the Madras Council vote on the Delimitation proposals as reflecting the public opinion in the province.

We are sorry that it should have also proved a reflection on Mr. Butler's intelligence!

In the course of a farewell message to the Indian Cricket Team which sailed for England, H. E. the Viceroy says that he would be there with them.

As twelfth man?

At the Muslim Conference, Seth Abdulla Haroon, the President, pleaded for the removal of duties on matches and kerosene in the interests of the poor.

This, we think, is a very inflammatory proposal.

It is said that Sir Sikhander Hyat Khan is prepared to resign

the Deputy-Governorship of the Reserve Bank, and enter the Punjab Council if such a course would be helpful to the province.

—Or, in the alternative, to Sir Sikhander!

In the course of the Ottawa debate, Sir Frank Noyce said that he did not share Dr. Bannerjee's optimism that Britain would not be so foolish as to impose duties on Indian raw materials.

Well, he ought to know his countrymen better than we do.

He further added: "Ceylon could supply England with tea, Kenya with coffee and West Africa with ground-nut."

But would those countries provide for the I. C. S., the 'home-charges', and the Army?

Mr. Jinnah remarked that the Government picked up a delegation to Ottawa.

Surely he must have meant to say, *packed*.

He further remarked: "The Government's body was in Delhi, its heart in Downing Street, and its head in Westminster."

This unfortunately throws no light on the question of where its *soul* is!

The Coming Congress Session

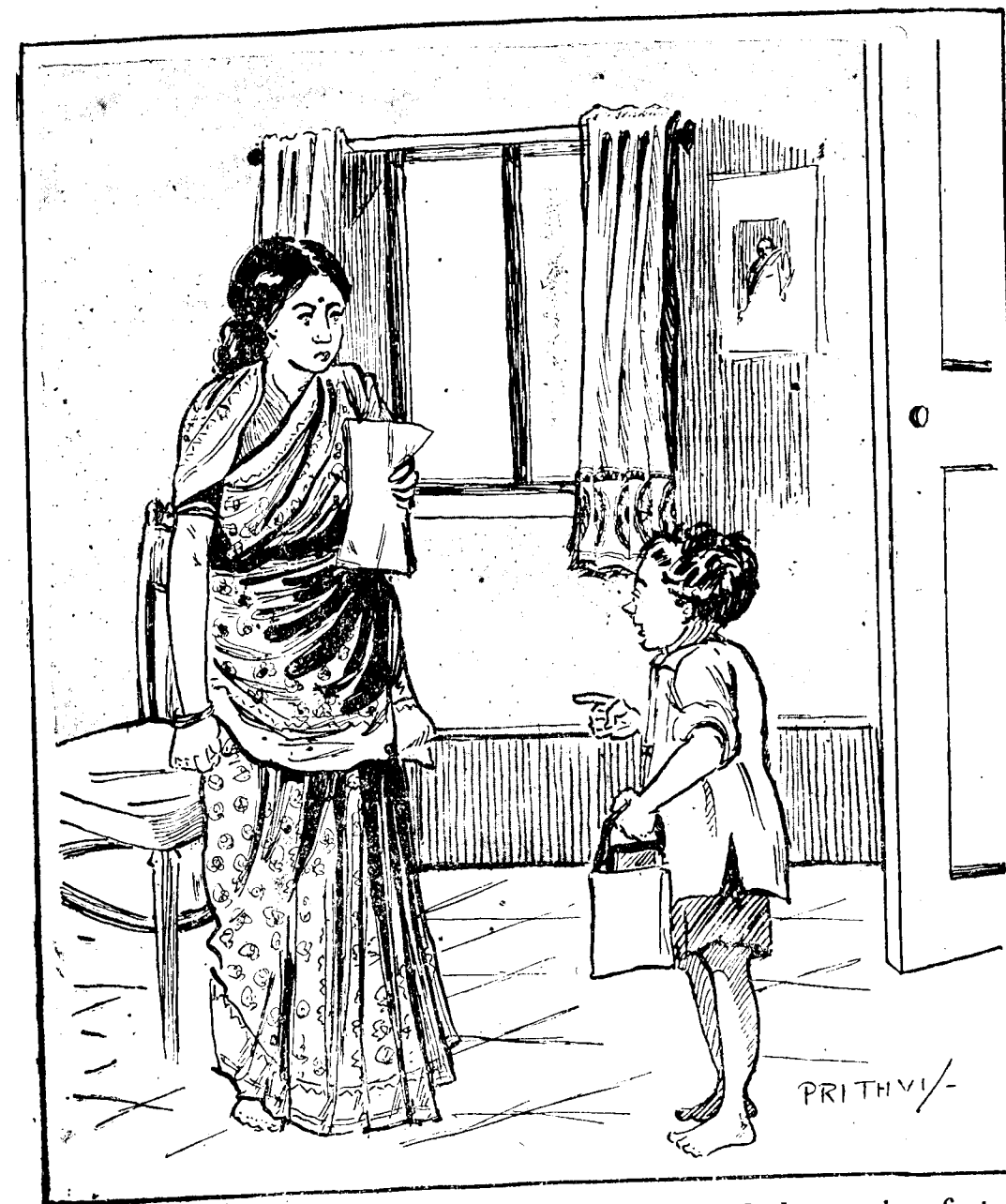
The big issue before the country is 'To accept or not to accept' office under the new constitution. The arguments *pro and con* have so often been stated that a recapitulation of them is needless. The apparently simple issue is complicated by considerations of national psychology which render it impervious to purely rational utilitarian arguments. It is, of course, by now, a well-established, almost notorious fact that more mischief has been caused by unrepresentative ministries than by the unrepresentative bureaucracy. The latter with all its vices has been maintaining standards in certain directions which have tended to suffer as the result of the gradual inroads of popular government. There is a well-grounded apprehension in Congress ranks that the idealism of Congress in Opposition is apt to be destroyed in the muddy realities of office and patronage. Secondly, the Congress is aware that the transfer of power is so negligible as to make efforts at radical improvement almost impossible. The question therefore is, whether it is better for the Congress to sojourn in the wilderness a little longer, and come in only after a more satisfactory and enduring solution of the national problem has been achieved by consent. It can only be by bringing to bear on our rulers a degree of pressure such as is not provided for in the new constitution. Till then, it would be politic for the Congress not to identify itself with the present order of things, thereby saving its prestige with the masses at large. For instance, there are disquieting indications of internal weakness among Congressmen themselves, to judge from the way the recent elections to local boards developed. There is no denying that the left-wing section of Congressmen are prepared for a further trial, whenever it should come. To them, office in the present circumstances has no

lure. On the other hand, it may well be that the Congress will allow itself to give qualified support to its moderate section in the hope that the strategic points may be held by Congressmen, who may certainly be expected to be more progressive than other parties. In other words, if office acceptance is decided upon, it would only be for purposes of propaganda, and for keeping national consciousness, so recently roused, from going to sleep again. It is a difficult choice before the Congress; its all-India, national character, an asset in Opposition, is an embarrassing virtue in office. Its reactions will be inter-provincial, and the sins of one section might well react disastrously on the rest. In the circumstances, one need not be surprised, if even such a clear-eyed realist as Jawaharlal should be anxious to seek a formula which is likely to cause more disappointment than unanimity.

India's Ambassadors

We have just shipped a group of sixteen up-standing, young men to play cricket in England, and act as our ambassadors to that country. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, a single philosopher, but a host in himself is going to Oxford on the same mission, but on a higher plane. Here is a happy association of brain and brawn that surely redounds to the credit of the country also. We hope that India's promotion in international sport will establish abroad the worth of this ancient country's highest message as it has been so eloquently expressed by the Professor. It is a historical fact that the greatness of a country flowers forth simultaneously in more than one department of life. It was so with Elizabethan England; it is so with India under the Gandhian inspiration. He was the pioneer; the others merely paraphrase him in their different ways.

Unselfish



Mother: Last year you pleased me very much by getting first prize at school.

Son: Well, I thought I'd let somebody else win this year and let him please his mother.



In a recent number of *Dharmarajya*, over the inspiring caption **Work Before The Sanatanists**, Mr. R. Thirumala Ayyangar, Secretary, All India Brahmana Mahasabha, Madras, writes: "...There was a time in her (India's) annals when she was the mistress of all other nations and countries. Due to irony of fate her present condition is so deplorable that even her sons begin to despise her not knowing fully well her grand past and her still grander future....."

Oh these 'Sanatanists! A prayer rose to my lips: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they say." The prayer died on my lips, because my father is dead. I grant (who will not!) that India was the mistress of all other nations in the past, though it must have been pretty awkward for her to play the mistress to so many chaps. But I am sorry to hear that her sons are despising her these days. Give me their addresses, Mr. Thirumala Ayyangar; I'll go into training and sock them for you or give them a piece of my mind, if you are a votary of *ahimsa*. I am glad to hear, however, that the daughters of India don't despise her. It would gladden your heart to know, dear friend, that I don't belong to that blighted, despising gang. I know "fully well" her grand past and I dream of her fast approaching grander future. I dream of the day when the Harijans don't entertain any silly ideas of equality with us pure *Savarnas*. I yearn for the day when cow-dung will be restored to its pristine glory in Hindu homes. Puffing at a cigarette and letting out the smoke out of my not bad-looking nose, I lose myself in an ecstatic trance, seeing

visions of cremation grounds, Hindus male corpses burning on funebrial pyres, and the wives of the said corpses immolating themselves on the said pyres with a smile on their lips and a song in their hearts. Excuse me, girls, I cannot go on in this strain. There is a lump rising in my throat. I don't like lumps in my throat, unless it is a lump of sugar.

"When I contemplate the labours and anxieties ahead and the weight of responsibility always resting on the Viceroy, my heart is, indeed, humbled. Yet I am



sustained and encouraged by the kindness of friends here and in India and by the belief that I enjoy the confidence of my countrymen and, dare I hope, of the Princes and peoples of India—" Thus Lord Linlithgow, our Viceroy-designate, at the Hotel Victoria, London, at a farewell-dinner given in his honour by the combined Empire Societies.

How delightfully humble and charmingly modest his Lordship is! I cannot say anything on behalf of the Princes of India. If any flippant man says: "Why not?" I say with a look of lordly

The March

by The Man

scorn: "Don't be silly; I am not a Prince." But I can speak for the peoples of India because I am one of the peoples of India. I assure his Lordship that he has our confidence. Speaking for myself, his Lordship has my unbounded confidence and goodwill. Lord Linlithgow has strong agricultural affinities; so have I. My nativity happened in bucolic surroundings. But for my Aunt monkeying with my upbringing, today I should be gathering cow-dung, ogling the grass girls of my village, and worrying myself over the chilli and ragi crops. Come along my lord; let our caravan pass.

Sir Richard Paget has drawn wide notice to himself by contributing an article to *The Spectator*. He is in revolt, as I am, against all this 'lunatic welter of languages that the world is confounded in. He surveys the merits of Esperanto and Basic English and drops them out as unworthy of our notice. He wants the world to adopt a universal Sign Language.

Commenting on this idea *The Hindu* waxes sarcastic. I am really sorry to see this staid, respectable journal lapsing into flippancy. However, I take com-



of Events

On The Move

fort in the thought that no prophet was honoured in his own time. Sir Richard Paget and I are pioneers, and we are prepared to take a pioneer's licking from uncharitable critics.

What is there funny in this Sign Language? It was G. K. Chesterton who, I think, first canvassed its possibilities in a fine story. When I fell in love for the first time, I employed the mute language of gestures to express my bubbling emotions. The sequel of this silent amatory adventure is not germane to the discussion on hand. But what I say is as a conservator of energy, think of the enormous possibilities of this Sign Language. Take the case of a young man and young woman sitting on a bench in the park making love to each other. The young man twiddles his thumb which might mean "Oh, darling, I shall love you to Eternity" or "Oh, honey, you are so beautiful that your beauty gives me a pain, a pain in the neck." To which she would reply by wrinkling her darling nose, meaning "Oh, naughty!" or "What an adorable ass you are!"

A correspondent of *Roy's Weekly* of Delhi, interviewed a Prince over Jawaharlal Nehru's drastic ideas about the Princes' place in an independent India. And this is what the Prince says (among other things): "I admit the Nehrus were princes, in their own way, and have embraced poverty. Is it an impossibility for the Princes to do the same? But where is the incentive?..... We are not despots at all. We are

bejewelled prisoners in gilded cages."

As a rule I do most of my reading in tram-cars. When I read that bit, I was dazed. I thought I was dreaming. To find out if I was really awake, I asked a stout woman who was sitting next me to pinch my ear. The poor woman thought that I was suggesting something bad and promptly punched my nose, with disastrous results to my nose. But it established one thing. I was not dreaming.

Where is the incentive to embrace poverty, asks His (incognito)



Highness. The secret is in the Nehru family, and His Highness can always drop in at Anand Bhavan for a cup of hot *cha* and ask Jawaharlal to pass him the tip. I am sure he'd oblige.

I always liked the Princes. And I am grieved to hear they are prisoners in gilded cages. I am prepared to play Sidney Carton to any Prince and give His Highness my liberty and myself get inside his cage. Why are we born, I want to know, if we are not to



help one another, once in a while?

In a farewell message to our noble band of cricketers which is now on the high seas, England-bound, His Excellency Lord Willingdon says: ".....I shall be there in England myself before long, but meantime I wish Vizzy and his men every possible good luck....."

'Vizzy' of course is the skipper, the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagaram. What a lovely pet name for that noble, blue-blooded young man! I don't notice that the other members of the team have any short-and-sweet pet names. I suggest we give each a suitable name and send the names to Vizzy by radiogram. I am sure this gesture from the old country would cheer up Vizzy's men no end.

If you remember, I fell in love, with nobody in particular, during the initial stages of the Italo-Ethiopian War. I fought down that mad impulse by resorting to a special diet of goat's milk and margosa leaves. Once again today I feel it coming on. The same old, crazy desire to kiss somebody or bust. A friend in whom I confided advises me to go tiger-hunting in Africa. I don't think tigers' lips and cheeks are good for kissing. So will some kind friend advise me what I had better do.

Fun For All



"And if I refuse you, Cecil, will you commit suicide?"

"Well, that has been my usual custom."

* * *

"What model is your car?"

"It's not a model, it's a horrible example."

* * *

The manager of a cinema was interviewing an applicant for the position of attendant. After asking the man several questions as to his suitability for the job, he finally demanded: "What would you do in case of fire?"

"Oh," said the applicant, "don't worry about me, I'd soon get out."

* * *

A tramp asked the owner of a circus for a job. He was told that he could become a lion-tamer and that all he had to do was to walk into the cage and make the lions eat out of his hand.

He was assured that the secret was in forcing the lions to believe he wasn't afraid of them.

"No," said the tramp, "I don't think I'll take the job. I couldn't be so deceitful."

* * *

He was at his club, and he had talked politics for an hour and a half.

"That's the situation in a nutshell," he declared at the close.

"Heavens!" exclaimed a member to his neighbour. "What a nut!"

* * *

Dawn found an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scot, three survivors of a shipwreck, drifting helplessly on a raft.

Night came and still no sign of rescue.

When things looked hopeless, the Irishman knelt in silent prayer. Quickly the Englishman snatched off his hat as a mark of respect, and the Scot took a flying leap into the sea.

He thought the Englishman was about to make a collection.

A man, struggling in the doorway with a piano, welcomed the offer of assistance from a passer-by.

A fresh struggle began, and after about half an hour's pulling and straining, the owner of the piano remarked:

"At this rate it will take us hours to get the blinkin' thing out."

"Out!" cried the helper. "Why didn't you say you wanted it out? I've been trying to push it in!"

* * *

"Well, me boy," said the Captain to the new Midshipman. "The old story, I suppose? Fool of the family sent to sea!"

"Oh, no, sir!" replied the youth, "that's all changed since your day."

* * *

At the meeting of the local Council there had been a discussion regarding the type of milk which should be provided for the school-children.

To conclude the debate, the Chairman of the Health Propaganda Committee rose portentously to his feet. "Gentlemen," he declared, "what this town needs is a supply of clean, fresh milk, and the Council, as one man, should take the bull by the horns and demand it!"

* * *

The vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence, he wished to be relieved of his duties for the week-end. So he sent the following message to his Bishop:—

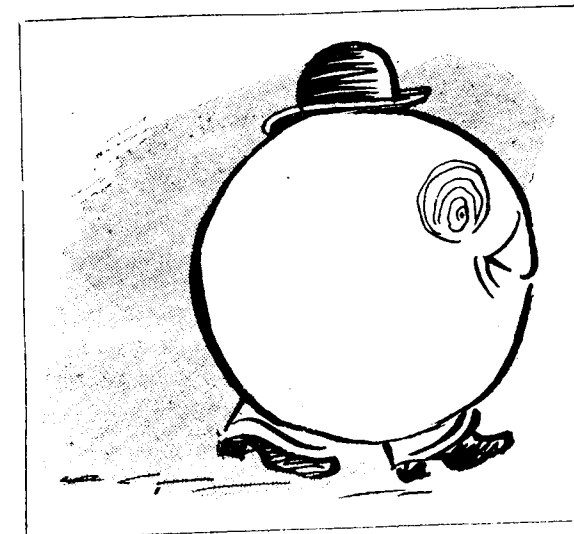
"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the week-end."

Admonitory Tales

(The Disobedient Jellyfish)

Reading Time

About 2 Minutes



by

Embusque

ONCE there was a young jellyfish that lived in the sea near the harbour breakwater. He swam among the waves without a care in the world, rippling lazily on the surface of the water, or propelling himself with an umbrella-like motion. But that kind of existence, he thought, was too tame for an ardent young jellyfish. He wanted to get out of the ocean, and see the world. "Can't I go on the beach, mother, just this once?" he asked, plaintively.

"Certainly not," replied his mother, who was a wise old jellyfish. "I absolutely forbid you to go on the beach, especially on a sunny day like this. Why aren't you content to stay in the water, and sting the nice juicy bathers, especially now the new moon is about to appear? If you go on the beach, you will regret it. Come along, and be a good boy."

But the young jellyfish was absolutely determined to go on the beach. He took his best hat and shoes, and stepped boldly on to the sand. "Ah!" he said, quivering delightedly in the fresh sea breeze. "How grand it is, to be a citizen of the larger world! My!" he added, a moment later. "How hot it is! I must seek a damper patch of sand." And he went farther up the beach.

However, the sand did not seem to be any damper farther up. His best shoes began to stick; he was unable to move. "Oh, it is dreadfully hot!" he groaned. "I feel as if I were turning to water." And indeed, he was rapidly liquefying.

Meanwhile, his anxious mother was looking for him everywhere. "Where is that naughty boy gone?" she cried, anxiously. "Surely, he has not been so disobedient as to go on the sands, after my warning?"

"What is the matter, madam?" said a gruff voice from the sea-floor. It was a retired crab, who had been a schoolmaster in his younger days.

"I cannot find my son anywhere, and I am afraid he has gone on the beach in the sun."

"I will go and look for him, and bring him back," said the old schoolmaster, gallantly.

But, search as he would, all he found was a slimy mark on the sand, and a jellyfish's hat, and a pair of new shoes.

And the moral of the story is that young people should obey their parents, especially on a sunny day.

THE END

2-11-4-36

Ask Auntie—

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

FREDDY Boop was a motor-car salesman. His assets consisted of an Oxford accent, some choice gents' suitings, and a rather sparse portion of grey matter. He existed on remittances received at irregular intervals from a doting uncle in Australia. The commissions he earned in the motor-business just sufficed to keep him in socks and ties.

Freddy rather prided himself on his resemblance to Ralph Lynn, the film-actor. He adopted the mannerisms and the monocle of the super-ass of the screen; and he did it rather well.

Gloria Gumshoe was the daughter of Admiral Sir Hector Gumshoe, K.C.M.G. (retired). She was a charming young thing, with only one defect. She imagined she was like Greta Garbo.

On the day of the Film Charities Garden-Party, Gloria Gumshoe donned her favourite grey cloak, a wide-brimmed hat, and an air of mournful, glamorous secretiveness. She lengthened her eyelashes, practised some languid poses in front of the mirror, and set out for the garden-party. She felt so happy that she tripped along, a care-free girl. But she remembered in time, and entered the scene of the party with the gloomy stride of a Woman Who Has Paid.

Gloria was aloofly examining a specimen of hand-made lace, when some

strange premonition caused her to sweep her sombre eyes towards the toffy stall. Her heart leapt. There, buying mint-humbugs with every circumstance of asinine geniality, stood Ralph Lynn!

Of all the imposing figures in the flickering world of the cinema, only one was capable of moving the heart of Gloria Gumshoe. That one was a duck, a pet, a darling, and a poor dear. His ineffable stupidities touched Gloria's romantic soul. His boyish rogueries appealed to something tender and maternal in the depths of her shapely bosom. Ralph Lynn was the man of her dreams.



And there he stood! Regardless of maidenly modesty, and careless of her studious Garboesque poise, Gloria rushed towards her hero. "Oh, Mr. Lynn!" she burred.

"Ah? Eh? What?" said Freddy Boop, adjusting his monocle.

Then he, too, experienced a cardiac shock, something that his bewildered senses diagnosed as carbu-rettor-trouble. And the reason? Freddy was a dumb, devoted adorer of Greta Garbo.

Dazedly, he took the proffered hand, and neglected to release it. Miss Gumshoe seemed unaware of the fact. Like somnambulists, they went towards a secluded part of the garden. Still entranced, they sank on a seat which they hardly perceived to be there. They gazed at each other.

"My Greta!" murmured Freddy.

"My Ralph!" whispered Miss Gumshoe.

Two hours later, Freddy Boop gulped, and clutched at the hand of his goddess. "Er, I say, old thing," he stuttered. "What about us getting married, what?"

"Oh, Ralph!" cried Miss Gumshoe, falling into his arms.

"Call me Freddy," insisted the adored one, firmly. Removing the young lady for a moment, he put his monocle in a place of safety, took the Garbo hat from Gloria's head, and opened his arms. An expression of fatuous contentment spread over the faces of the soul-mates.

Presently, Gloria sat up, and became severely practical. "Do you know my daddy?" she enquired.

"Eh, what?" cried Freddy. "Your jolly old parent? I can't say I've met the old bean."

"He is an Admiral," said Gloria, sadly. "He—he objects to young men. He thinks they are fools and idiots. He says I must marry a man of strong character and first-class mind. I—I don't think he would like you, darling."

"Pooh! I'll show him who I am!" boasted Freddy, expanding his undersized chest.

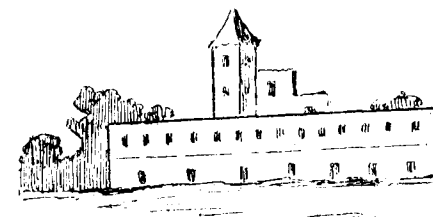
"You dear!" murmured Gloria, fondly. "But my father is also dead set against fortune-hunters. The man I marry must have plenty of money. Have you any money, darling?"

"Oh, yes," replied Freddy, in the tone of a millionaire discussing chicken-feed.

"That's lovely," cried his sweetheart. "How much, darling?"

"Fourpence," said Freddy, after examining his pockets.

Gloria kissed him rapturously, but sadly. "It is no good, light of my soul," she sighed. "Daddy will never consent."



"Then we will elope, what?" suggested Freddy, brightly.

"I couldn't do that," replied Miss Gumshoe, gravely. Despite constant attendance at the cinema, she was a very proper young lady.

"Then we are up a tree, what?" said Freddy.

"Oh, darling, I love you so," murmured Miss Gumshoe. "You look like a fish, with your mouth open like that."

There was a long silence. Gloria was pondering, and Freddy was sucking the knob of his walking-cane. "There must be some way out," she said. "I know. I will write to Auntie Myopic."

Auntie Myopic conducted the correspondence-column of the *Fortnightly Flickers*. She could tell you the weight, measurements, favourite breakfast-food, previous husbands, and alleged age of any film-star. She also solved the heart-aches of the fans. No problem was too difficult for Auntie Myopic.

Gloria concocted a letter to Auntie, and signed herself 'Twin Soul'. And the lovers waited in patience for Auntie's reply.

My dear Twin Soul, said Auntie Myopic in the magazine, a few weeks later, A father often expects absurdly high qualities in his son-in-law, and raises violent objections against any candidate who appears. The best way to overcome this difficulty is for the young man to present himself, not as a suitor, but as a crony. Is your father devoted to any sport or pastime? If so, let the young man become his companion in that pastime. The young man should flatter the old chap, and permit himself to be out-classed. Thus he will win the old gentleman's friendship and affection. When this has been achieved, the young man can confidently propose himself as a son-in-law, whatever his personal shortcomings.

"How clever!" cried Gloria, delightedly. "I knew Auntie would fix it. Let me think. Daddy is mad about golf. Can you play golf?"

"Golf?" bleated Freddy. "I say, I'm rather good at golf. I took the silver medal last month."

"Good!" enthused Gloria. "Can you join daddy's club, and get to play with him regularly?"

"I'll have a smack at it, don't you know," replied Freddy, valiantly.

The following week found Freddy hunting the verandah of the Admiral's golf-club. The Admiral came often, but always with a partner. Sir Hector was a shockingly bad player. He invariably returned to the club-house in a furious temper. Once he broke

all his implements, and danced on the pieces, swearing he would never play the beastly game any more. But the following afternoon he appeared again, with a new set of clubs. He had no partner.

"I say, don't you know," began Freddy, ingratiatingly. "Would you like a game, sir?"

The Admiral surveyed the asinine Freddy with pursed lips. "I suppose there is nobody else," he growled, offensively.

Sir Hector's play was dreadfully bad. He fozzled every shot. Freddy had the greatest difficulty in letting the old gentleman win a hole here and there. However, by doing violence to all his feelings as a golfer, the love-stricken young man managed to keep the score even. At each success, the Admiral's spirits rose higher. By the time the pair reached the eighteenth green, Sir Hector was in high good humour. His sardonic comments were almost companionable.

Freddy was delighted. "Dear old Auntie Myopic," he mused. "How well she understands human nature! When I get married to Gloria, I will send Auntie a present to express our gratitude!"

The jubilant young man achieved a miraculously bad putt, which gave the Admiral the hole and the match.

"Congratulations, sir," gushed Freddy, as they re-entered the club-house. "You played a fine game. I hope I shall often have the pleasure of going round with you. What about tomorrow?"

"A fine game, hey?" roared the Admiral, still in the best of spirits. "That is the first game of golf I have ever won in my life. If you think I am going round any more with a damned brainless puppy who plays golf even worse than I do, you are blasted well mistaken!" And the door slammed behind him.

There was silence in the club-house. "Buck up, old man," remarked a sympathetic fellow-member, after an interval.

"He said I played golf even worse than he did!" bleated Freddy.

"You mustn't mind that old fire-eater," said the talkative member. "I don't suppose you know him. He is Admiral Gumshoe. A queer old chap. You'd be surprised at something I could tell you about him."

"Ah?" moaned Freddy.

"To look at the Admiral," continued the garrulous member, "you would never believe how he spends his time. Do you know what he does? He writes advice for girls in some film-magazine. He calls himself Auntie Myopic."

THE END

"The Birds of the Season!"

(Godspeed, Nayudu!)

[A Delhi news states "that Major C. K. Nayudu has accepted the invitation to join the Indian Cricket Team to tour England."]

Hello! C.K.! Godspeed! To you!
So, you're off to the homeland of Cricket!
Hail! Champion, gallant, and true!
Why, we'll watch "the ways of the wicket!"

Three of us, here, also go with you—news!
How bad the chill and snow of "past season!"
The sky is now bright, for the sporting muse,
To whistle and sing to "the birds of the season!"

You are still our best known "bat."
"C. K." is, with us, a house-hold name;
(Major! Will you like a "le-e-t-l-e" fat!)
A name that illumines the ways of the game.

"Nayudu remains a great sportsman."
Of course, he is; he always was.
Go! Godspeed! Your Motherland's heartsman!
Go, and return, in Cricket's Cause!

—G. K. Pillai



WELL, dear girls and boys, here we are, one week older than we were last week. How time does fly!

I promised to tell you about a person I knew beyond the astral plane, who I think is called George Bernard Shaw these days. I noticed him quite often outside the embattled rainbow walls of heaven moving about in disreputable company. Though he did not possess one congenitally, he would sport a long tail, obviously to spite us good girls and boys on the other side of the wall. He used to call us tinsel saints and unsocial socialists. He would brush the ends of his eyebrows up, to impart to his otherwise pleasant face a sardonic effect—and he succeeded. This wicked mannerism, by sedulous indulgence, acquired the dignity of atavism in his later avatars. That undoubtedly is the origin of his present-day Mephistophelian looks.

However, as I said, I may be mistaken in the identity of the man. He may not be G. B. S. after all.

One of my past births I remember vividly was—can you guess, my chickabiddies? You never can guess even if you went on guessing till you were grandmothers and grandfathers. You remember the epic, sable beauty who flits through the pages of *Maha Bharatha*, puzzling the pundits with the bewildering phases of her life. Yes, I was that same Draupadi. A hot reminiscent blush mantles my cheeks as I write this. My, what hectic times they were! What the *Maha Bharatha* says of me is substantially correct. There

are, of course, a few interpolations, which I ought to edit. But the pundits wouldn't believe me if I told them that I was the wife of the Pandavas. Perhaps some of my dear nieces would want to know how it felt to be the wife of five he-men simultaneously? Well, all I can say is, it was not exactly a bed of roses. Of the five brothers, I liked Arjuna best, but his philanderings were a bit irksome to me. Bhima, with his incredible strength, fascinated me. There were times when I loved him better than I did Arjuna. Yudhishtara, with his eternal talk of Dharma and non-violence, bored me stiff. But, good wife that I was, I used to hear him with respect. My fourth and fifth husbands, though delightful boys, were small fry.

It has been recorded that I went into the battle-fields in the nights on the sly and ate the dead soldiers. I protest against this legend. I was not the *Shakti* I was supposed to be. I was just a normal girl, except that I was the wife of a joint-stock company of five share-holders. I did go of nights into the battle-fields after each day's cessation of hostilities. But I went there only for a breather, to enjoy the prospect. It was hard lines on a girl to be married to five brothers who were always on the jump, and go smiling through, don't you think?

My heart misses a beat when I remember the occasion when that wicked man Dussasan wanted to make me look like Lady Godiva. But Krishna was a darling. Oh, what a time I had!

College Girl (Madura): "What is the book in existence in which the greatest number of characters appear?"

The telephone directory, dear boy.

Inferiority Complex (Jullundhar): "Whom do you call a leader of men?"

Well, dear chap, it is rather a ticklish question. I should say a leader of men is he, who sees which way the crowd is going, and then goes in front of it.

Newlywed (Nuwara Eliya): "Oh, Auntie, my wife is a pearl!"

I am glad to hear it, my dear. But what about the mother of pearl?

Distressed (Bangalore): "Great God! Here is another bill in two months! What does my wife want with ten new silk saris?"

Ten new silk blouses, of course.

Good Son-in-Law (Mhow): "I got a parrot for my mother-in-law."

Not a bad exchange, my dear chap.

Doctor (Lyalpur): "Some patients are very insulting. One of my patients called me a pelican. Where is the sense in that? I don't resemble a pelican."

What the poor man meant was that you sent him a big bill.

Anti-Dictator (Salem): "What exactly is behind all these Black-shirts, Green-shirts and all the blessed shirts of these dictators?"

I should say the textile dye-manufacturers.

To Sun-bathers in England, naked,
A Madras said: "Your joys are faked
"You must do so in June,
"In Madras at noon,
"To taste the true joys of being baked."

Millionaires were once so rare
That men stood in awe to stare:
But now their skyscrapers,
And their fortune in papers,
Give neither a thrill nor a scare.

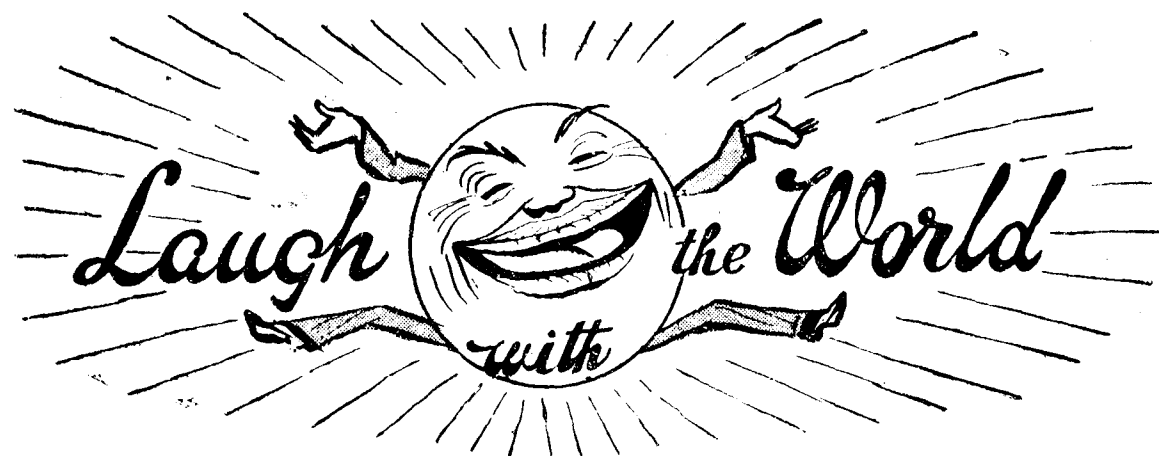
A patient dieted on Conjee,
Yell'd for his servant named Ranjee
And, to him said:
"Serve me food instead
"Or into the 'Cooum' I'll plunge ye,"

"Covet not thy neighbour's wife" read Blotter
"Nor his oxen shalt thou slaughter,"
And mused: "It is no sin
"Then, to woo, or win,
"Or covet, my neighbour, thy daughter."

For the dexterous use of the eyes,—
None better than Woman I surmise:
And when she dos't link,
A smile with a wink,
What powers on earth she defies.

'Getting on' is a very simple name
For the world's most exciting game;
Despair and hope
Alternate in its scope,
And, only the rich find it tame.

—Limericus.



Farmer: I cannot give you money but I can employ you to dig potatoes.

Workshy: But it would be better to employ the man who planted them.

Farmer: Why?

Workshy: Because he knows where they are.

—*Moustique Charleroi.*

Judge: You say you only gave the plaintiff a light tap—he says that it is not true.

Accused: How can he know when he was unconscious after the first blow?

—*Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung (Prussia).*

Lady in Car (to man she has bowled over): It was your own fault entirely. I have been driving a car for ten years, and I am thoroughly experienced.

Pedestrian: I am not a beginner, either. I've been walking for fifty years.

—*Vancouver Province.*

Old Gruffe: I wonder why so many of you chaps call here trying to sell me things?

Caller: Well, sir, there is a School for Salesmen round the corner, and you're Lesson Number Three: *The Hard Nut.*

—*Pearson's Magazine.*

Teacher: Give me three collective nouns.

Tom: Fly-paper, waste-basket and garbage-can.

—*Boys' Life.*

"An optimist," says a writer, "is a fellow who believes that whatever happens, no matter how bad, is for the best." The pessimist is the fellow to whom it happens.

—*Hidden Treasure.*

Boy: Aren't you driving rather fast, father?

Father: You don't want to be late to school, do you?

Boy: (Thoughtfully) No-o-o. But I'd much rather be late than absent!

—*Teaching World (Amsterdam).*

Manager (paying salary in very dirty notes): I hope you are not afraid of microbes, man!

Disgruntled Clerk: Oh, no, sir. I'm sure no microbes can live on my salary.

—*Labour Leader (Chicago).*

One of the features of the Ethiopian War is that each seems to be allowed to keep its own score card.

—*Campbellford Herald.*

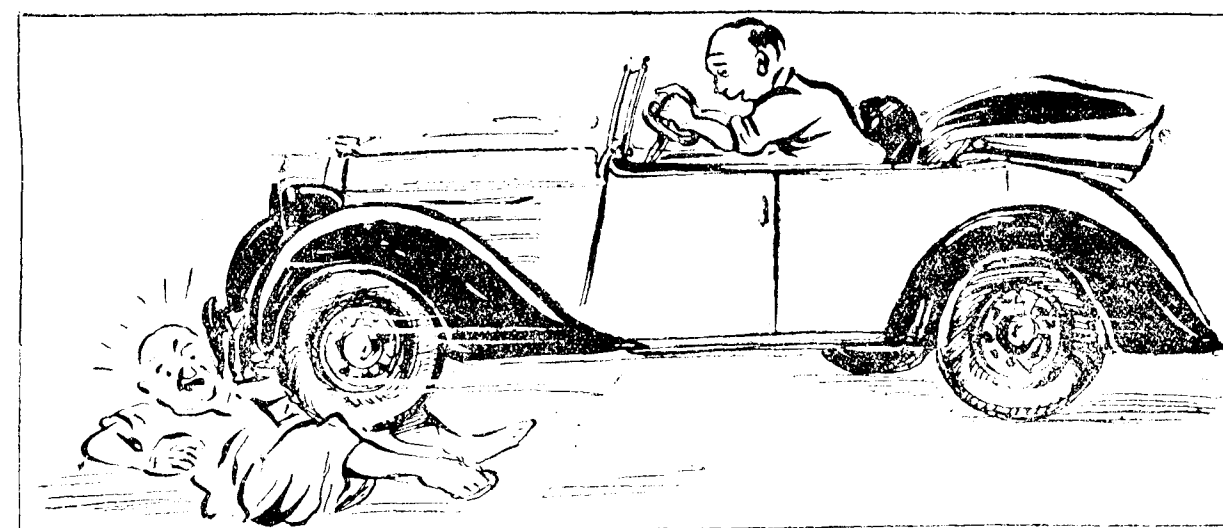
What a game it would be if the players on the football field were half as tough as the people who usually have our seats.

—*Life.*

A centenarian who lives in an Essex village attributes his long life to breathing deeply.

And, of course, continuously.

—*Humorist (London).*



A Day in the Life of a Scientist

by Artiji

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

AT 6-15 A.M. (Indian Standard time) on February the twenty-ninth in the year of our grace A. D. 1936 I abandoned the repose of comparatively peaceful slumber. The sun had just poked his rubicund countenance over the horizon in the approximate direction of the Tropic of Cancer. The day was calm. The sky was cloudy. The thermometer indicated 72 in the shade and the earth spun round at '00053 revolutions per second.

I dressed myself, gulped down a pint and a half of water and ate a breakfast consisting of boiled beans, baked potatoes, and three eighths of a rotten banana. With a final tug at my tie and collar I settled down to the exigencies of more lucrative business. My car had been cleaned and lubricated and in it I proceeded at a velocity of 26 m.p.h. N.N.E. of the lateral meridian. The wind was gentle and to the immediate South—the road a safe enough mixture of asphalt and macadam. Under these circumstances and with a due appreciation of the lack of pedestrian traffic, I abandoned the exhausting process of keeping my eyes on the highway and resigned myself to meditations on the nature of the stars.

My philosophies were rudely interrupted by the sight of a pedestrian about to cross the road. With

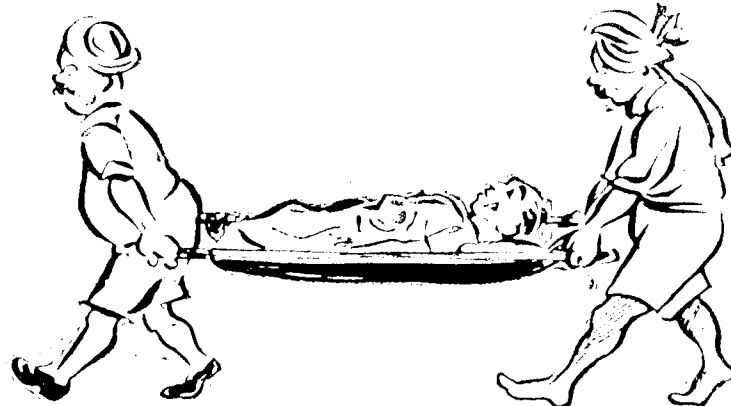
that superb instinct which invariably marks the scientist, I anticipated disaster. Pulling my mathematical tables from my pocket I made a lightning calculation and exerted a braking force of nineteen million dynes, calculated to bring the vehicle to stop $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches before the oncoming gentleman's proboscis. All would have been well if the latter had not deviated from his original course. Unfortunately he did, and the results were to say the least appalling. I attempted to estimate the extra force required but the task was too much for even my trained imagination. The car hit the pedestrian at eighteen feet per second. It hit him, to be more precise, upon the nose. The human nose is a notoriously inelastic organ and this particular specimen failed to regain its original shape. A crowd of passers-by gathered to see the damage I had inflicted. An officious and unintelligent policeman put me a series of ridiculous questions which I answered to the best of my ability. I proved that the accident was entirely due to the victim's change of direction. I argued that I could not be expected to make complicated calculations in a fraction of a second. I pleaded, I deduced, I theorised and I swore. I cited in my defence the permanence of matter. The shape of the gentleman's head was altered, but neither its size, composition or volume was materially affected. The

carbohydrates were exactly as before. The granular structure had been distorted, but not destroyed. The victim was in any case an idiot and dead idiots are better than living fools. The policeman was deaf to my inspired floods of rhetorical science. The policeman charged me with contempt of the law. The policeman said I was a disgrace to human society. The policeman is not a scientist. The policeman is an ass.

Of course as a man of some financial standing I was able to bail myself out. But that does not affect the point in question. Is justice to continue on its blind pedantic course? Are the honour, the principles, the ideals of a man of science, the ambitions for which he slaved, the dreams he sought to build on, the results he fought to establish, to be surrendered at the bequest of an insular and dull-witted mob, a mob that seeks sensation before sincerity and condemns the slightest departure from an age-old and useless tradition? It cannot and shall not be. A policeman who cannot understand dynamics has no right to discuss the rationals of collisions. A judge without a due grasp of the properties of matter is unfit to condemn a person of my capacity, a person who has spent years in scientific research, and who understands to a nicety the behaviour of billiard balls, lead shot, and bolting horses. I am, if you would like to know it, an M. A., an M. A. from Oxford, an M. A. with a list of additional titles which makes the encyclopaedia look like a scrap of paper, and what I say about the force required to stop a body in a given period is completely, invariably, and absolutely right.

I drowned my sorrows at a tennis match that evening.

The contestants were Mr. Roderick Penzel of Albania and Mr. Georges Letsasher of Central Europe. Penzel won after a protracted struggle. The standard of play was disappointing. More so from players of international repute. Penzel in the first place made a radical mistake in coming on the field without his tables. Tennis, as someone has very wisely indicated, is a science, less of force than of intelligence, and a science is inevitably precise. It is not enough to judge the velocity of a ball. You must KNOW



it. Art may condemn vagueness but commonsense decides it. To equip the ball with a speedometer would be to surrender instinct to the postulates of reason. I can think of no saner, more original thought. We have had enough of unreasoning tennis played by blind, unscientific madmen. The game of the future will be an education besides an experience. A bad scientist will never make a champion. A good one despite his deficiencies cannot and will not be disgraced. Perfect tennis will be played not from the baseline or from the centre but with theodolites and sextants. I use a *sine a cosine* and half-a-dozen tangents—the application of the force at the correct point and in the correct direction. It is a combination no opponent can resist.

I mentioned as much to Roderick Penzel but that worthy refused to accept my statement. Instead he burst into a long diatribe on the demerits of enthusiasm over experience. My efforts to school him met with undeserved derision. My theories were ridiculed, my conceptions battered, my arguments held to the moribund limelight of generally witless opinion. I stood it as well as I could but even a scientist has his limits. In a hoarse voice I informed Mr. Roderick Penzel that I intended to apply a force of two million dynes to his solar plexus and that under the prevailing conditions he would hit the ground at 46 feet per second.

The succeeding events were not very distinct. There was a scream, a rush, a roar and the vision of a giant arm descending. There was the crunch of breaking jawbones and a thousand stars across the heavens. The battered edifice of the senses swayed for a moment and then surrendered. Darkness approached—and then oblivion.

Roderick Penzel hit me. He hit me in the correct place, at the correct time, and in the correct direction. I struck the ground with an angular velocity of ninety feet per second. Had I fallen from a height of twenty feet the force of the impact would have been doubled. If I had slipped from the moon it would be six million times as much.

I went home in a stretcher at the end of a perfect day.

I have decided not to be a scientist any longer.

[But what happened to the other fellow whose nose you hit at eighteen feet per second?—*Ed.*]



THE WEDDING

That Didn't Come Off!

by Jyeshta

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THREE hundred years ago Rajputana had a bewildering number of principalities, some owing allegiance to the Rana, and some independent. Two such principalities lay adjacent to each other. The chiefs who ruled these principalities were great friends. One was Vikram Singh, the other Prithvi Singh. These two worthies loved and respected each other so much that they entered into a pact.

The pact comprised two clauses. Clause one said that in times of war the one should stand by the other. Clause two said that if ever one of them had a daughter and the other a son they should be married.

In the fulness of time Vikram Singh produced a son. Three years later Prithvi Singh quite obligingly produced a daughter. They called the boy Thrivikram Singh and the girl Lakshmi Bai. While they were yet children the betrothal ceremony was performed with great eclat.

The whirligig of time whirled past nineteen years. Thrivikram developed into a young giant. He was tall and strong and handsome. Lakshmi Bai bloomed out into a little woman of sixteen, with a tiny pair of pink lips, large, black, wondering eyes, wavy hair reaching far below her hips, tall as a queen, beautiful as a goddess.

Prodigal tales of her beauty travelled in all directions. Many a high-placed suitor sought her hand, but her father, true Rajput that he was, reserved her for Thrivikram Singh, per contract.

Vikram Singh visited his friend one day. They embraced each other, and settled down for a quiet smoke on the *hookha*. Prithvi Singh called his daughter, who, after great persuasion and pushing forward by unseen hands, came forward and touched her would-be father-in-law's feet. Vikram Singh looked fondly at the girl and heaved a sigh of supreme satisfaction.

"We are not growing younger, Prithvi Singh," said he, looking speculatively at his friend.

"Indeed, no!" laughed Prithvi Singh.

"I was thinking we ought to see these two children settled happily. I hear trouble is brewing in the North-East. We may be called away any moment to meet the enemy."

"Strange! I was also thinking on the same lines."

"That is fine! Shall we say next month?"

"Why, yes."

It was all settled. Preparations for the wedding were well under way. At this time the Rana sent couriers to all tributary princes to mobilise their armies and meet the main army in the capital. Their enemy was advancing. They stayed the wedding preparations, and gathering their small armies, left for the capital. Thrivikram Singh also went with his father. The war commenced. It was a war of attrition. They fought for one year. The enemy was

bored stiff at the mountain-tactics of the Rajputs and retired in very good order. The heroes returned home, tired but happy.

Startling news awaited Prithvi Singh at home. His wife whispered something in his ear. He dropped his jaw and stared stupidly at his wife for a time. "I don't understand!" he growled. "How can such a thing happen?"

"That is God's will," said his wife, simply, and smiled in spite of herself.

Prithvi Singh sent word to his old friend. Vikram Singh came post-haste. To him Prithvi Singh passed on the startling news. The former looked foolish.

"What an extraordinary thing!" he said.

"Yes, I never heard of such an awful thing."

Vikram Singh returned home and told his son that the wedding was called off. Thrivikram was a young fellow of spirit, and he carried a hot head on his shoulders.

"Why?" he asked.

"Yours is not to question. I am your father. I say you are not marrying Lakshmi. That is all."

"But are we to take this insult lying down, father?"

"There is no insult, my son. I am not forgetting that I am a Rajput. Don't take it to heart, my boy. I shall find you a wife."

Those were days when sons obeyed their fathers. Thrivikram bowed his head and touched his father's feet.

Six months later Vikram Singh died of a mishap in a boar-hunt. His son waited for a month for the prevailing grief to subside. One fine morning, unattended, he rode furiously over the few miles that separated him and his one time betrothed wife. Arrived at Prithvi Singh's house he demanded an immediate audience with him. He was received with great love and respect.

"Well, Thrivikram, this is an honour and pleasure I have not hoped for," said the old man.

The young man laughed mirthlessly. "You are a Rajput. So am I. Come, sir, I want an explanation."

The old man knew, of course, why the young man had come to him. But he parried. "What explanation, Thrivikram?"

(Continued on page 22)

Points Of View—

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

by Mrs. Kamala

MY point of view, your point of view, his point of view, Sanger's point of view, Gandhi's point of view, Bobbili's point of view, Hammond Committee's point of view, Eden's point of view, Hitler's point of view, Sir Miles Lampson's point of view, Garbo's point of view, and Ambedkar's point of view, never agree or can agree with the Editor's or Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma's point of view of the whole matter of the world.

From your view-point this introductory sentence may be stupidly and vexatiously unedifying. Hold with me for a while, but. My point of view for diving into the subject at once so brightly is I am going to spill ink through the tip of my pen over the 26 letters of the alphabet arranged to sense to mean something on this matter.

"Into our modern age there is a point of view creeping," writes an earnest young person who never studied mathematics long enough to reach geometry. If a point has no dimensions, what arrangements has it for creeping? A university professor recently had a more subtle idea, suggesting a beneficent dumdum bullet. "There is a kind of momentum about a point of view once mastered," he wrote, "which makes it go on developing in the mind." "A fuller and more balanced point of view," is advocated by a newspaper; and dozens of well-meaning people tell us to broaden our point of view. Points of view have so magnified their office that no one nowadays attempts to adopt views, or express views; we merely take a point of view, or a 'concrete standpoint', as one journalist advises, and we rest satisfied. Seldom a thump of a lawyer is dissociated with 'The point is, my lord'.

Trying to find out more about these necessities of life, we learn from a freshman discussing college traditions that "there are view-points which grow up in a place," whereat a literal-minded listener feels himself to be surveying the grounds of the college from something very like a toadstool. *Plato's Republic* has already informed us that "there are many points upon which it is excellent to camp, and chief among them the nature of the good." So we get back to the broad point of view so frequently mentioned. It may seem

be broad enough, if it is the nature of the good, to serve as 'the home stretch toward the unattained' of which a Sanatanist recently told us.

During the early days of the War and after a woman was assembling her point of view. Many others were presumably at the same task, and when they finished the assembling they sat down in a way calculated to hold the mosaic together and to weld its various elements beyond breaking. The other day a colleague of mine told me of buttressing her point of view by careful investigation. Not yet have I heard of an upholstered point of view, but I am only waiting; already we are treating the spot like a divan. The United Kingdom, according to a journalist 'bolstered the French view-point' on the question of the violation of Lacarno, and vice-versa on the Ethiopian question and in doing so 'paved the way for agreement'. Would not 'carpeted' be a better term than 'paved', especially as the whole thing was 'on the carpet'? National points of view have often 'clashed', in these international parleys, and there has often developed, between two opposing points of view, 'a great deal of friction'.

The moving points of view beloved of writers of descriptive literature do not always creep; they are so likely to run away that their owners positively need to tether them. I have read of a person who "pursues his point of view with no thought of others' welfare." The book reviewers have a special gift of noting the strange habits of points of view. One of them says of a certain author: "He brings to his present undertaking a rich and racy point of view." Anything to do with Guindy? I don't know myself. Please explain, *Ed.* (Alas, I am not a punter, Madam—*Ed.*) And another tells us that "to write truthfully of pots, brothels, felony and murder in their relationship to universal sorrow requires the objectivity of a released view-point." A shifting point of view, even with its halter dangling, is, however, an easier conception to form than that suggested in the following passage from a recent magazine article: "It is all right for every man to have his own view-point, but dangerous in adapting a view-point the way a

house adapts paint—over dirty cement blocks (Italics mine)—by having someone lay it on.”

Perhaps these spacious and agile points of view, defying mathematical orthodoxy in their versatile performances, harmonise after all with the newer laws of physics and mathematics. After reading a few expositions of relativity, of the latest quantum theory, and of space-time, one no longer demurs when a radio fan remarks: “I got a new point of view this morning, listening in. Just look at the education we get through our ears! Thinking of the first time I heard Big Ben telling the London hour to listeners-in, I am ready to say that one does hear a new point of view every once in a while.” This is a favourable moment for physics to tell us that our everyday world is as truly four-dimensional as any Utopian playground of H. G. Wells.

But still I feel a little uneasy about these points of view on which we perch so airily. From their vantage we look at something and everything in a way that commits us to nothing. Their advantage to

the leader-writers of the world is incalculable. What was once a fact, a bold assertion, has now always disappeared into a point of view. We can safely tread upon any controversial field with only one arrow in the quiver ‘the point of view’. When got hold of by the collar and shaken out of wits, we can safely eel out of the nasty hole by saying: “It is my point of view, who can prevent me from holding my own viewpoint?” We have no courage to say: “That is all right, Mr.—you forget these are democratic days and I will hold my opinion.” Ah! I also forget for a moment, we are citizens of India.

Some such notion as this must lie behind the increasing vogue of the phrase. Naturally the phrase begins to seem weak, and one English advertiser has already felt moved to proclaim that he is offering “values powerfully interesting from any standpoint of view.” We are tempted to reflect that, with the multiplying of points of view, less and less is seen from them.

THE END

THE WEDDING THAT DIDN'T COME OFF!—(Continued from page 20)

“Why did you refuse to give me your daughter? Am I not worthy of her?”

“You are more than worthy, my boy,” smiled the old Rajput.

“Then, what other reason can you possibly have to offer me this insult?”

“God is my witness, Thriwikram, it is no insult. I told your father all. I cannot repeat it to you.”

“I will not have it. Explain, or draw your sword.”

“You don’t know what you are saying, boy. Go in peace,” begged Prithvi Singh.

The young hot head drew out his sword, advanced towards the old man, and hissed: “Draw, coward and fight!”

Somebody giggled behind Vikram. He hove round, his face livid with savage passion. Before him stood the loveliest girl he ever saw.

“Lakshmi!” gasped the insulted man.

“Yes, Thriwikram, I have come to explain.”

Meanwhile the old man quietly slipped out of the room. He closed the door as he went out.

Lakshmi explained to the young man with a shame-shy face why she could not marry him, in three sentences.

“What!” howled the young man. He ran his desiring eyes over the lovely person of the girl before him. He brought them to rest over her face. “I don’t believe it. Oh, Lakshmi, what a wicked lie you are telling me. I would go through hell to possess you.”

“Very well,” said Lakshmi, wearily. “You will believe me presently.”

“Are you mad?” screamed the young man averting his eyes.

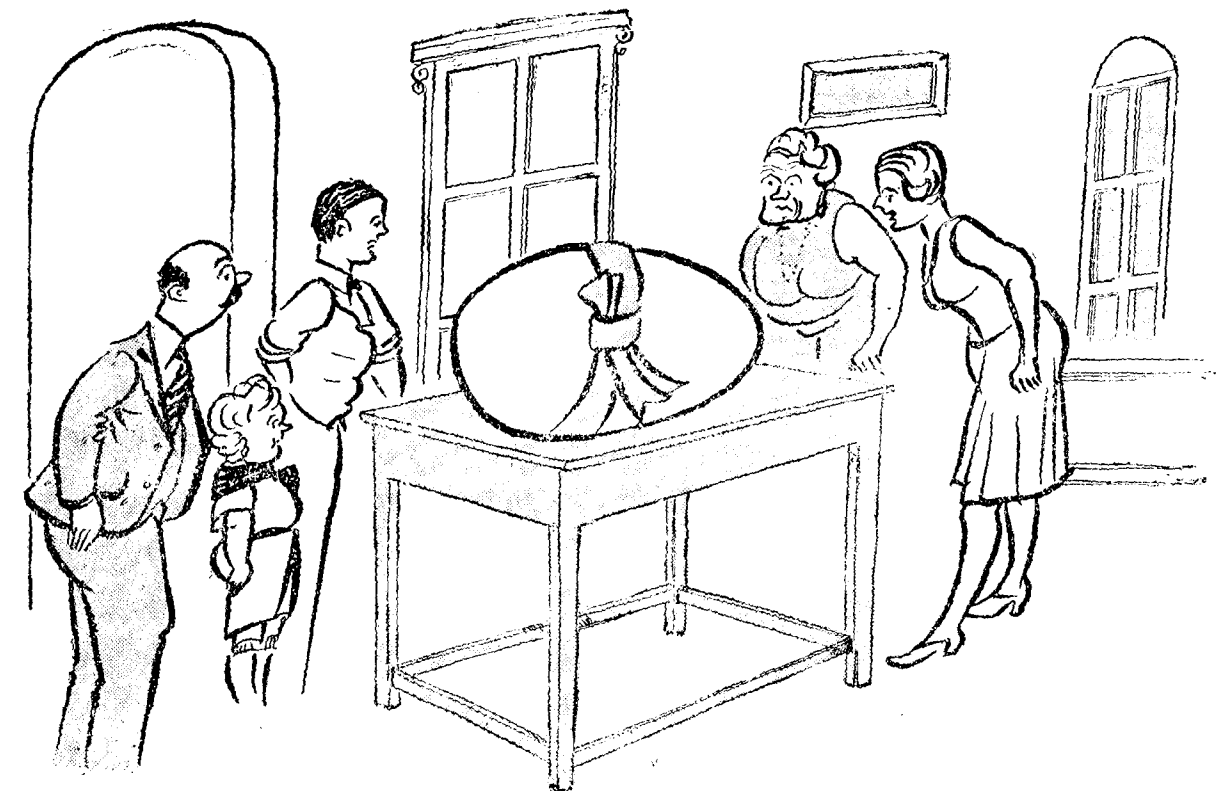
“No, I am just proving my statement. Look at me,” insisted Lakshmi.

He watched her with a horror-struck face.

Five minutes later, smiling rather foolishly, Lakshmi and Thriwikram Singh came out of the room, arm in arm. They sought the old man.

“Yes, Thriwikram,” said the old man, “it is a strange case of sex-changing. It happened while we were away fighting the enemy.”

THE END



Easter And Eggs

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

EASTER awakens in the contemplative mind associations of hot buns and eggs. In fact, it is to Easter we owe the Egg. (Not to the bird? *Ed.*) It is the longed-for occasion to go all out on an orgy of buns and eggs. Tcherowsky, a great Russian philosopher of the Single-Stream-Of-Consciousness School, says somewhere in his immortal work, *The Ultimate Cognitive Coefficient of the Inner Inchoate Subconscious*: “One can no more dissociate eggs from Easter than perception from sense, Darby from Joan, Indian railways from pedigree bugs, *iddilies* from *sambhar*, *puri* from potato mash, Tweedledum from Tweedledee, and fong-fong-fong from fong-fong-fong.”

History has it that when Maximus Fluvius (or was it Minimus Fluvius?) reigned over Rome, eggs dipped

in all sorts of juices were offered to *Eostre* (Aurora), the Goddess of Dawn. Animated by the festive spirit of the occasion, the Roman citizens made use of the surplus offertory eggs in tapping one another as a form of greeting. Quite naturally, some ova got broken in the impact and, those unfortunate, besmeared citizens did the next tapping with a greater amount of blood-pressure than was requisite. Gradually egg-tapping became one of egg-throwing, with the result, as Tacitus so vividly informs us in his *Kindergarten History of Rome*, that even *ballistae* were pressed into service for hurling the ova.

As we look down the corridor of Time, we see the evolution of egg-throwing from its crude elementary stage to the degree of becoming a refined art, requiring a lot of skill, finesse, accuracy and training for

the practice of it. We now find the self-same ova continually bobbing at the most unexpected places and complimenting us, especially those who are taking a promenade in the public eye, at all sorts of angles and tangents.

While egg-throwing was gradually developing into an art, the artistic urge of mankind also simultaneously burgeoned. Egg staining gave place to artistic adornments and by and by, artists got busy on the shells in arabesque, Renaissance, Rococo, Dutch, Romantic, Florentine, Moghul, Bengali, Cubist and Neo-post-Georgian styles of decoration. Hence, it will be no wonder if you receive Easter-eggs that show in parts the art of Raphael, Leonardo de Vinci, Gainsborough, Titian, Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Dame Laura Knight, Nandalal Bose, H. M. Bateman and David Low! Henceforth, instead of art pictures, collect Easter-eggs.

Golly! What shapes and sizes! Time was when to present egg-shaped eggs were *de rigueur*, the correct thing and all that. Now you get any shape and any size—cubiform, spherical, rhomboid, sigmoid, convoluted, reniform, cardioid, crescentic, cylindrical, pyramidal, fungiform, campanulate, anguilli—(Enough *Ed.*)

You wouldn't believe, last Easter, I received a bedaubed, bedecked, bespangled, beribboned and beperfumed egg, fashioned of marble, which was six sizes too large for the Willingdon Statue of Delhi and whose shape defied geometrical definition. As I was badly in need of a scarecrow, I wanted to swap it for one of the superfluous statues of Delhi but the city-fathers wouldn't hear of it, evidently their motto being: "More the statues, greater the city." It now ingloriously adorns my table as a paper-weight!

As our gift-complex will be unduly put to a strain at the forthcoming Easter, the following suggestions will be found helpful.

Addle eggs: Make a present of them to those whom you consider vacant in the upper storey.

Wind eggs: Give them to those who gas prodigiously. For instance, big game hunters, sailors, anglers,

club bores, windbags, etc.

Crocodile's eggs: Present them to those who are perpetually tearful and to those who go into hysterics without giving the customary notice. A generous thought materially expressed!

Cuckoo's eggs: Gift them to those who are habitually indolent and to those who take life easily. As I write, I hear cries of protest from motorists. Well, my dear motorists, if the cap fits you, wear it.

China eggs: These are generally placed in nests, but, for this happy occasion, give them to the stay-at-homes and to the matrons who have not been blessed with offspring. A kindly gesture symbolically expressed!

Duck's eggs: Give them to cricketers.

Ant eggs: Offer them to busy-bodies and those whom you consider officious.

Gull's eggs: Those members of your family who have been gulled times without number, will appreciate this handsome gift.

Cormorant's eggs: Are there any gluttons in your family? No present could be more acceptable.

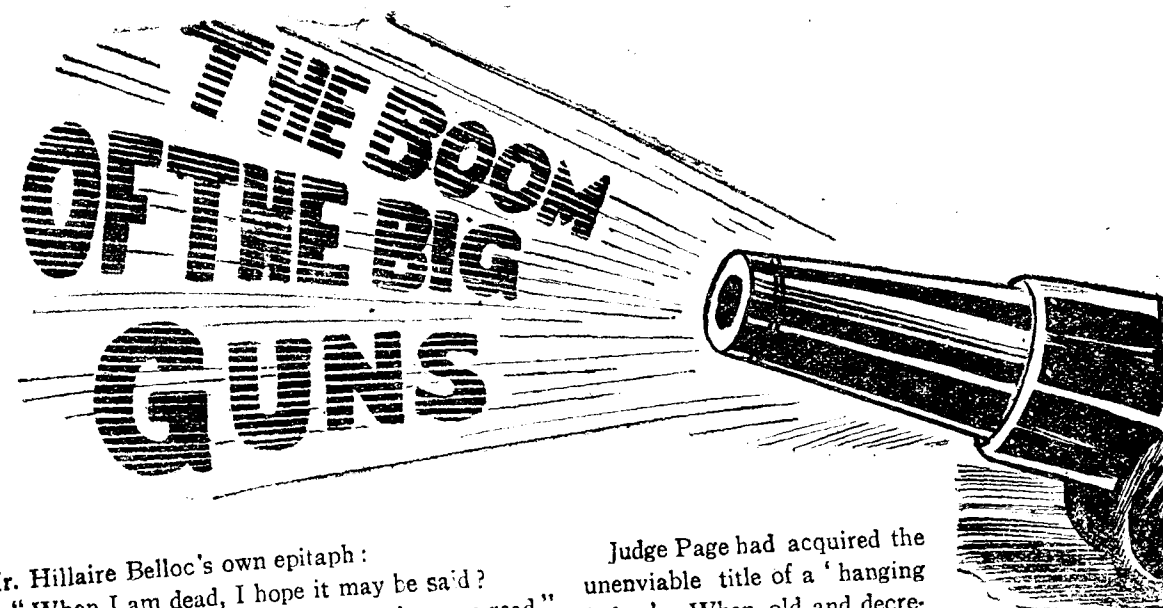
Dodo's eggs: Make a present of them to those who are always architecturally employed in building castles in the air.

Fire-bird's eggs: Proffer them to fire-eaters, of course!

The reader, of course, is at liberty to choose eggs of birds, other than those mentioned above, as his medium of expression, but, whatever he does, let him not say it with the eggs of a dromedary!

I am all agog with grog, wondering what delightful gifts this year's Easter-mail will bring me. As an anticipant of your gift-eggs, I take this opportunity to wish one and all my readers a Bright Easter, hoping earnestly that you won't forget to send me the eggs—preferably streamlined—of the phoenix.

THE END



Mr. Hillaire Belloc's own epitaph:
"When I am dead, I hope it may be said?
His sins were scarlet but his books were read."

Some years ago, a man, dressed as a clergyman, haunted the West End, whispering in people's ears such remarks as: "Are you saved? or Hell is waiting for you!"

One night, as Henry Irving was walking towards Bond Street, this individual stepped suddenly out of the darkness and whispered in the great actor's ear: "Have you found the Lord?"

"No," said Irving. "Have you lost him? Because, if you have, I shall be delighted to join you in the hunt."

A court case concerned the valuation of a certain field. No less than three valuers came into the box in turn and gave its fair annual rent as £10-15-2. Lord Carson concluded there was something remarkably coincidental about this testimony, and began to pull the leg of the third:

Carson: Ye said ye went over the field carefully, by yourself.

Witness: Yes.

Carson: What a sort of a field did ye find it?

Witness: It had a wall all round it: I noticed everything about it.

Carson: Did you notice any coincidences about the field?

Witness: Yes, indeed: I didn't rightly recall it at first, but now that you come to remind me, there was a little heap of them lying upon a corner of the field by themselves.

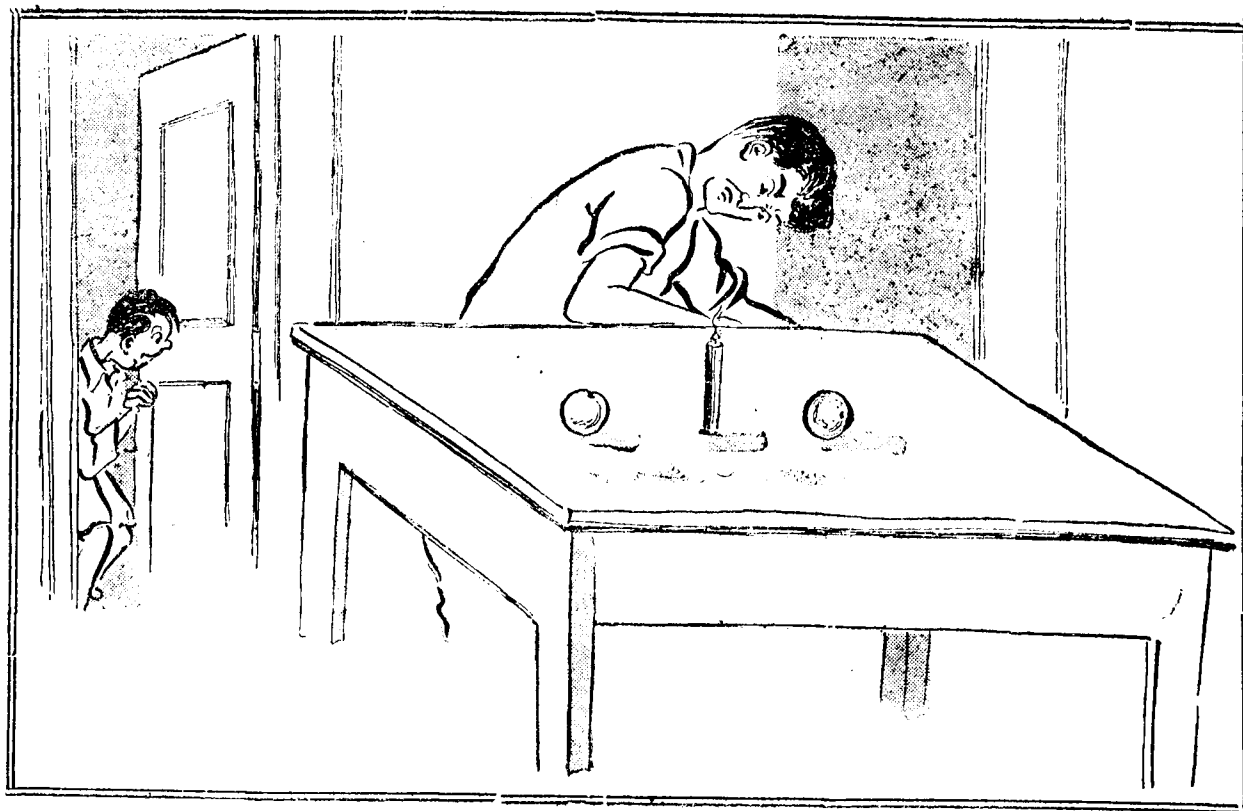
Judge Page had acquired the unenviable title of a 'hanging judge'. When old and decrepit, he was accosted as he shuffled out of court one day, by a friend who enquired after his health. "My dear sir," replied Page, "you see I keep hanging on,—hanging on."

The composer, Serpette, knew only a little English. Mr. Boosy, author of *Fifty Years of Music* remembers his pathetic voice saying: "What a funny country; I could not get a shave this morning. Everybody say, 'God shave the Queen', and nobody shave poor Serpette!"

Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, had been examining a girl's school and advising them to read widely and variously. "Do not take an example from me," he added, "since I have been a Bishop I have only read one book. Do you know what that is?" No one replied. "It begins with a B," rejoined the Bishop, in an encouraging tone, whereupon several of those present called out "The Bible". "No," said the Bishop, "Bradshaw."

In private life, John D. Rockefeller, who has broken all donation records by his gift of £25,000,000 to American institutions, is by no means the morose recluse he is sometimes thought to be. He is a man of careless, cheerful and humorous demeanour. His pet aversion is having his portrait taken.

"I wonder why you don't get Sargent or Abbey to paint your portrait," suggested a lady. John D. smiled. "Oh, no, madam," he said, "that would never do. You see, I have never yet been *done in oil*, and I don't want to spoil the record."



Eclipses—

by Mariann

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

ON the nineteenth of June we are going to have an eclipse of the Sun. I made this discovery after three days of acute wrestling with mathematical-cum-astronomical-cum-give-you-a-terrific-pain-in-the-headical calculations, and a surreptitious glance at the calendar. I don't know just how much this discovery means to you, but it means quite a lot to me.

The last solar eclipse I saw was fifty-two years ago. The sight impressed me very much. Now please don't write and tell me that there was no solar eclipse in the year 1884 and that I am just a shameless spinner of yarns. If it was not fifty-two years ago, it may have been fifty-three or fifty-one or any other number that solar eclipses find it convenient to occur in, and what am I paid for if not to tell yarns?

It has always puzzled my uncommonly sound intellect how eclipses occur. I remember I was told something very lucid and full of illustrations in the Geography class long ago but the only thing I remem-

ber about that class is that I didn't at all like the teacher and that he didn't exactly go out of his way to win my love when he did what he did everyday to my quite unoffending trousers-seat with his cane. Of course, there must be some reason why eclipses occur, and when I say 'reason', I mean scientific reason, not merely superstition. And what is this scientific reason?

I will explain. In order that you may best understand what I have to say in the following few chapters, you must furnish yourself with two apples and a candle. Paint one apple a deep marine tint and call it the Moon. Place the other apple on the table and out of the reach of Junior who is lurking around with a suspicious glint in his eyes. Call this second apple the Earth.

Now produce a match-box and light the candle. Keep a close eye on the Earth, and if possible tell Junior point blank to get to heck out of here, you thieving brat or you would tan his skin for him, you

would, so there. Such language is permissible in the circumstances, as you are engaged in an important scientific experiment which may revolutionise the whole of astronomy and cannot be bothered with a greedy and irresponsible offspring.

When you have lit the candle and chased Junior out of the room, place it (the candle of course) on the table exactly six inches away from the first apple which must be by now familiar to you under its pet cognomen, the Moon. If you find that the table is too small to allow for the six-inch intervening space, get a new table. Place the Earth on the other side of the candle and throw a book (a heavy, tome-like Chamber's Dictionary is very much to be preferred) at that infernal urchin who's come back and is peeping in through the window. Collect the broken fragments of the jar you hit, because the little beast dodged, and put them away behind the sofa where your wife is least likely to notice them. Come back to the candle.

You will discover that it has gone out and there is no course left to you except to light it again. Now shut all doors and windows in order to exclude all light, and creep back to the table. If you break your shins against a chair on the way it's your own fault. Whatever you do, do not scream. You must remember how scientists behave. You are a scientist and scientists do not scream until they have made some startling discovery. Rotate the Earth on its axis (a darning needle stuck lengthwise makes quite a good

axis) and let it travel slowly round the sun. (The candle, I forgot to mention, is the Sun.) Rotate the Moon also on its axis with the other hand and let it travel slowly round the Earth. This manoeuvre is a trifle involved and in the beginning you are apt to twist yourself into an unrecognisable mass of limbs. But do not let this discourage you. After about an hour, you will suddenly want to go out and pour yourself a stiff whisky and soda. And then, of course, you won't bother any more about the causes of eclipses. Which is a good thing, if you ask me.

From very early times, eclipses have been regarded as of evil omen. I am, of course, not superstitious, but I make it a point never to look at a Lunar Eclipse through my legs, or at a Solar Eclipse after sunset. A complete Solar Eclipse affords an extraordinary sight, but as complete solar eclipses occur once every two hundred years (or so I calculate) it is not given to everybody to see one. However, the exhilaration of witnessing a solar eclipse can be synthetically duplicated. All you have to do is to invest in a bottle of Scotland's best and try and get someone to purchase

the empty bottle back from you as soon as possible. This will not only be an ideal way of passing an odd half hour (if you take more than half an hour to down one bottle, you should get something done to enlarge your gullet), but it will also teach you in a very practical way all the facts about the rotation of the earth which you learnt long ago at your school, and forgot soon afterwards.

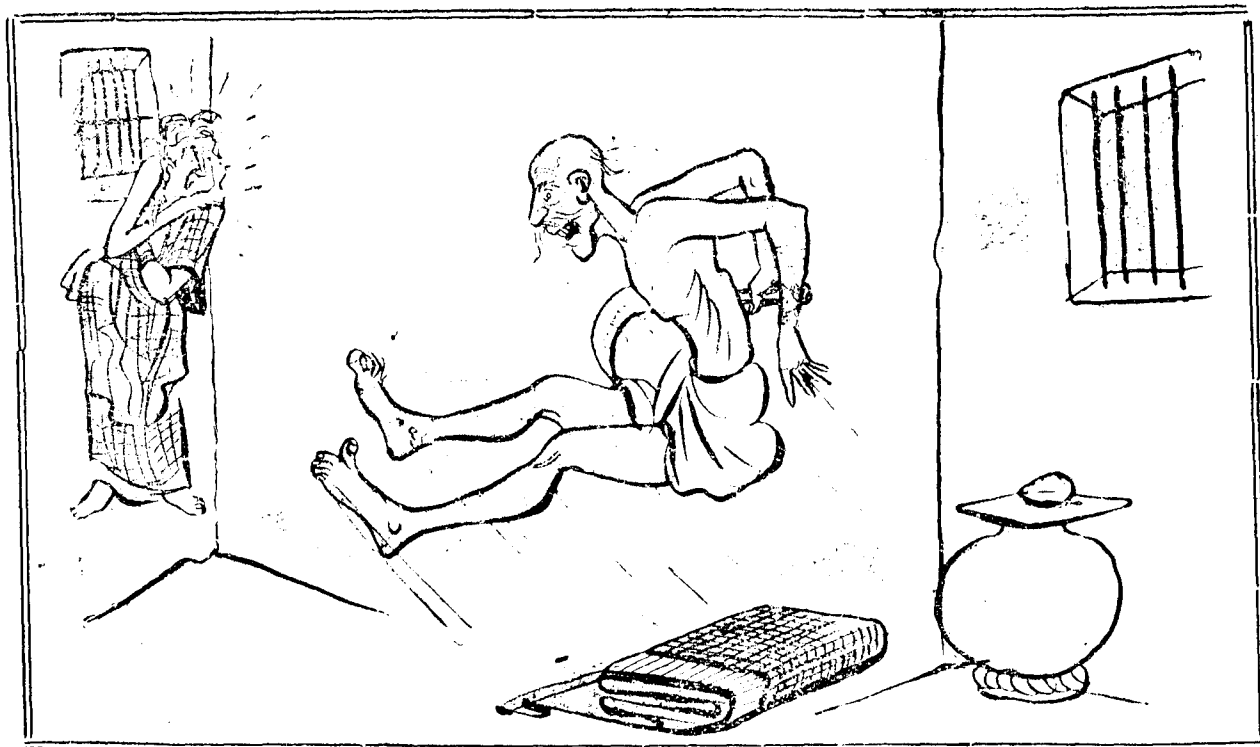
DO YOU KNOW?

1. How fast can a drop of rain fall?
2. Which of Sir Walter Scott's novels did he consider his best work?
3. What is the oldest organised College sport in the U.S.?
4. For what alleged reason did the mandarins of China wear buttons on their hats?

Answers on page 29

THE END





The Saree

by P. S. Sha

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

It was a thin revealing *saree* with a shabby rent on the borders that Amritham drew tight around her slim, brown figure as she came out of her hut into the dimly lighted street.

The street smelt of fried fish, onions and cheap rotten fruits. Little children played in the street, raising a volume of hot dust. The wayside shopkeepers cried their wares hoarse behind big, naked oil lamps which emitted thick, curly smoke. An old woman, all jowl and wrinkles, squatted near the gutter, chewing tobacco and shooing the insistent flies off a wooden tray. She sold boiled potatoes, beans and bits of sugar-cane.

Amritham heaved a sigh of distress. She hated all this filth. She hated the gloomy surroundings. She wanted to shift to another hut. A hut more presentable, more respectable. She fretted and fumed. After all Kuppan, her husband, could afford better lodgings; but he was adamant. Kuppan was a mill-hand, earning a ten-anna wage, and he was disgustingly economical. Stingy to meanness. She spat spitefully into

the gutter and made for Ramsingh's clothes shop down the street. She stood still, admiring, aching to possess the multi-coloured *sarees* that dangled on a line before the shop. She cast a pair of greedy eyes on a green *saree*.

"Flower borders!" she lisped happily.

"Surely, it couldn't cost much! Not more than a couple of rupees. What a delight to possess it! A brand new, green, beauty of a *saree* with flower borders! But of course, Kuppan—Oh! If only Kuppan understood." She dug her hands into the resilient flesh at her sides, and hissed for sheer pleasure. "I want it—want it so. And Kuppan needn't know."

"Flower borders!"

Amritham imagined herself already in that green *saree*. But Kuppan? She frowned at the thought of him. He had never understood a woman's soul. It was always thrift, thrift, thrift with him. "Miser!" Her mad longing for the *saree* struggled with her fear of Kuppan. In her hungry eyes lurked fear but the

shadow of fear was lit with a flame of desire for possession. She knew her husband only too well. For a while a battle raged in her, fear of Kuppan pitted against desire for the *saree*. Desire won. Amritham fingered the *saree* caressingly. "Rupees two and a half, *Amma*," quoted the salesman as though he was offering it for nothing.

"Knock the annas off, Singhji," said Amritham.

A brief higgling ensued.

A minute later, she slipped into the street with a neat bundle tucked under her arm. Amritham cautiously tiptoed into her hut. An oil lamp flickered faintly in the darkness, casting bloated, grotesque shadows. Kuppan had not arrived yet. She heaved a sigh of relief. He needn't know of the purchase. Gently she opened her tin-box and placed the neat bundle in it.

A huge shadow flitted across the room. Amritham's slim figure stiffened in terror. Kuppan stood in the door-way. His eyes were pools of fire. He was shaking with red rage. In the dim light, he looked big and ugly. Amritham instinctively shrank back from the menacing figure. She cowered before him.

"Hand me that bundle, will you?" he thundered.

Amritham leaned on the wall for support and stared wild-eyed at him. Words failed her.

With a vicious grin Kuppan snapped open the strings of the bundle and glared.

"A *saree*!" he shrieked. "I slave, stint and save, and what happens?" He shook his fist at her. "And you cur of a woman, you go and buy *sarees*!"

He wrenched the white label from the folds of the *saree*. His eyes spat fire as he read it. "Eight rupees! A fortnight's wages!" he screamed. His mind flew back to the mills, the mills that whirled and roared in an eternity of maddening toil. The browbeating foreman's figure flitted across his mental

vision. Death lurked in the monstrous machinery that he tended for ten annas a day. He had very nearly been mangled that very evening...Playing with death for ten annas...ten annas!...*sarees* that cost eight rupees! And she wanted to gad about in a *saree* bought out of the sweat of his brow—maddening thought—perhaps to please a lover. A lover! That's why she was hiding it, was she? The bitch! He hurled the *saree* on the floor with a hoarse cry. "I'll kill you for this!" he shrieked in unutterable rage, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"No, Kuppan," pleaded Amritham, "it costs only ..."

But Kuppan wasn't hearing. The sharp shining blade of his knife flashed in an arc as he rushed at her like a maniac.

"Eight rupees! My hard-earned money!" he shrieked and struck.

She dodged. The force of the unconnected blow carried Kuppan down. The knife got in the way and cut his side. He lay panting in a pool of blood.

Amritham smote her head and wailed. "Kuppan, dear Kuppan, it wasn't eight rupees. It costs only two. You held the label

wrong side up. It was the yarn number you saw. Kuppan, my Kuppan, it isn't eight rupees; it's only two rupees."

Kuppan was convalescing in hospital. The doctor and nurse stood by his bed. Amritham was on the other side of his bed.

"So you wanted to kill yourself?" said the doctor; good humouredly. "And such a peach of a wife, too!"

"Yes, sir," said Kuppan. "She is indeed a peach. I nearly killed her and myself too, before I could understand a woman's soul."

THE END

YES, I KNOW

Answers to Questions on page 27

1. Twenty-six feet a second.
2. Guy Mannerling. It was written in six weeks—more rapidly than any other of Scott's novel.
3. Rowing.
4. To indicate their rank.

Laughter Among Legislators

by C. H. Thakore

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

“YOU will find the House of Commons a very dull place—with its brilliant moments,” said Disraeli to a young member, the brilliant moments being the historic speeches and the flashes of wit that have flared against the dull background of Parliamentary piffle. “A jest in the House of Commons,” remarks another well-known M. P. “like a jest in the Law Courts, gains in effect by reason of its sombre background, and a sense of humour there is looked upon as a priceless possession.”

Mr. Winston Churchill must be accorded the palm for the authorship of the most sarcastic and biting retort made in Parliament during recent years. Rising to reply to the wandering speech by a member of the opposition, Mr. Churchill said: “The noble Lord who has just spoken is one of those persons who, before rising in his place has not the slightest idea of what he is going to say, who while he is addressing the House, has not the slightest idea of what he is saying, and who, when he has sat down, has not the slightest idea of what he has said.”

Members who are fond of asking questions on every subject under the sun, frequently suffer at the hands of some colleague blessed with a sense of humour. In the course of a speech introducing a Bill for the abolition of capital punishment, he turned to his opponents and asked in passionate tones: “Would any of you be prepared to act to-morrow as a hangman?” The effect was ruined and the House rocked with laughter, when someone quietly but meaningfully answered: “Depends who was to be the victim.”

One readily remembers the flashes of Tim Healy, known as ‘Tiger Tim’. To that quick-witted giant we owe the splendid example of how a speech can be ruined by one sentence. At a time when the Irish question was much in the limelight, Mr. Joe Devlin, a plump figure with a spluttering method of speech,

had delivered a grave indictment against existing conditions, and was evidently carrying the House with him. No sooner had he finished his speech than Tim jumped to his feet and catching the Speaker’s eye, with one sentence sent the House into peals of laughter. “We have,” he said, “listened to the explosions of this duo-decimo Demosthenes.”

Lord Palmerston, who was a past-master in the game of crushing a speech in a few words, once destroyed the effect of an impressive speech with a single sentence. The speech in question was delivered in a highly theatrical vein, accompanied by many violent gestures, so much so that the attention of the House was equally divided between the verbal flow and the gymnastic exercises that accompanied it. Rising to reply, Lord Palmerston began by thanking the speaker for his admirable effort, declaring that it was “the best speech he had ever seen.”

As might be expected, Irish members were not, to use an Irishism, backward in coming forward in producing smashing retorts and smart repartee. It was really very unwise of Sir Charles Lewis to attempt to poke fun at the Irish members. In supporting a Bill he expressed the hope: “That the vote before the Committee will not prove another fly in the ointment to spoil the digestion of the honourable gentlemen sitting on the Opposition Benches.” The thrust was more than counterbalanced by the devastating parry, when Mr. Delahunty rose in his chair and declared: “We may have many peculiarities in Ireland but we don’t eat ointment.”

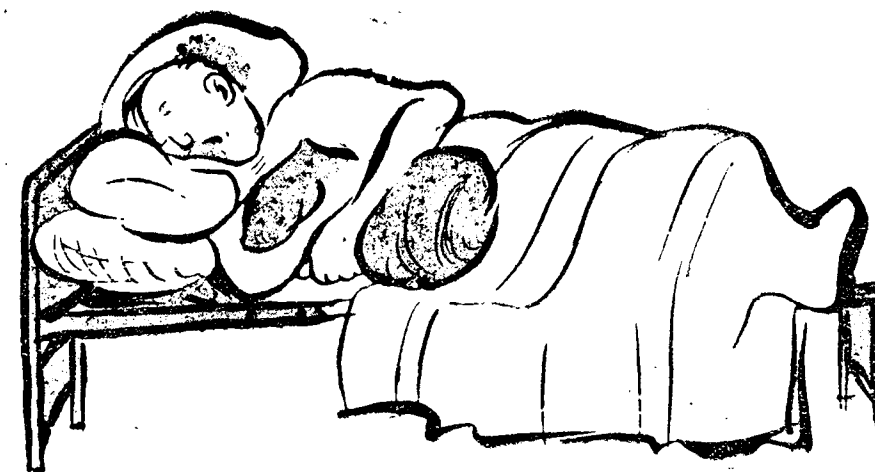
Some Irish members have also produced crushing rejoinders, though seldom disturbing Parliamentary decorum. One may cite the case in which that great Irish orator, Curran, received a nasty stab at the hands of the almost equally illustrious Major Boyle Roche. On one occasion the former had declared in

(Continued on page 32)

Sleep

by P. K. N.

Reading Time
•
About 5 Minutes



WHEN the Editor asked me to write an article, he said: “Just write on the subject nearest your heart, old man.” However, finding that I could say nothing about my shirt, except that it wanted washing, I considered awhile, and produced this effusion on the state in which I most commonly find myself—sleep!

Sleep is life and love and food to me. All I ask of existence is peace and calm, a chair or sofa and blissful dreams.....To wake suddenly in the early morn, to hear the milkman’s call or the distant rumble of the early tram and then to smile and sigh, to snuggle closer and snore again, until sheer necessity forces me into the hard, cruel world in general and into the lecture room (late as usual) in particular, and then to sleep once more.

I have slept on chairs, on divans, on hearth-rugs, beneath many strange roofs and often on turfy beds beneath the stars. To me sleep is not so much an occupation as an obsession, and it amazes me to learn that there are actually people who have difficulty in wooing this gentle state. However, to those people who do suffer from insomnia I would say that sleep may be produced in many other ways than that of counting sheep or bashing your head against the bed-post. For instance, by judicious use of a sledge-hammer, chloroform, morphine or more simply by attending a college lecture.

I think that the worst thing about being shot at dawn, is the dawn. If I ever find myself in that predicament, I’d say to the firing squad: “Hi, play the game! You can’t go musking about with my health like this. I never get up until a quarter past nine. I don’t mind being shot so much, but, dammit, let’s have it at a respectable hour,” Just think of it!

I’d be lying there, ever so cosy and comfortable, blissfully unconscious, deep in the arms of sleep, and then a crowd of rude, low, soulless warders would drag me forth with rough hands, unceremoniously into the early morning air, just to be shot! Bah! Sleep leads us to beds, beds to clothes, and clothes ultimately to—but perhaps we had better let it rest there.

How some people do sleep! I had a disturbing experience not two months since. Edwards, a friend of mine—nice fellow but awfully quiet, shy and retiring—invited me to spend the week-end at his home at the Cape. His sister also was to take some friends home, and so Edwards and I had to sleep together.

We retired to bed reasonably early on Friday evening, Edwards being somewhat fatigued, while I, of course, was merely tired, as usual.

I have never had, before or since, and pray that I never have again, such a night as I had then. Who would have thought that shy Edwards would, as soon as his head touched the pillow, become the incarnation of everything in the Universe that is untamed, restless and pugnacious? The experience was terrible.

At one moment I had no room, the next moment I had almost all the room; Edwards tossed here; Edwards tossed there; Edwards flung his feet, his arms and at times, his whole body into the air. One moment I was frozen, the next boiling; one moment smothered, the next being over-ventilated. Many times I was kicked down to the floor. I got sick and tired of crawling back into bed.

And dreams...such dreams he had! None of your common or garden-kind, but dreams with a real penny-Blood, Edgar-Wallace atmosphere, which Edwards

(meek old Edwards) lost no time in translating into action.

"Ah—ah, so you would, would you?" hissed Edwards, grasping my throttle with both hands, digging his right foot into my stomach, trying vigorously to work a modified form of the half-Nelson on me with his left, and endeavouring, between the mumbles, to chew my left ear with the only weapon of offence left at his disposal. "The documents, traitor, or one of us dies—"

"Hi! I say. Half a sec. Steady on," I murmured feebly. But it was of no use. As far as I could gather from his mutterings, I am a desperate anarchist, a cunning, bold, deep-eyed Bolshevik, possessed of certain documents, the publication of which would deal a devastating blow at the British Empire and threaten the resources and imperil the lives of millions of British citizens. Edwards, of course, was the Secret Service Agent who, by sheer intelligence, pluck and grim doggedness, had tracked me down and on whom alone devolves the task of saving the

country. "It was to be a fight to the finish." "One of us must die."

Finding myself in extreme danger of suffocation, to say nothing of being twisted and torn from limb to limb, I exerted myself, and after a desperate struggle, managed to hurl him from the bed. Whereupon he woke up, drowsily asked what the trouble was and on my retorting breathlessly, "You have been murdering me, old chap," said curtly, "You're dreaming," and crawled back to bed, lay his head on the pillow, closed his eyes and the next moment he was a toreador and I the bull.

And soon the grey dawn, creeping through the window, found me wild-eyed, white and haggard, curled, spent and exhausted, on the wash-stand. I could have slept better on the window-ledge outside, even suspended by my feet from a hook in the ceiling.

Sleep—but you have anticipated me and are already deep in slumber. I will follow your example.

THE END

Laughter Among Legislators—(Continued from page 30)

the course of a speech that he was "the guardian of his own honour." Hardly had he resumed his seat when the latter rose to reply. "Mr. Speaker," Roche said, "the honourable gentleman says he is the guardian of his own honour, but on other occasions I have heard him boast that he is an enemy of sinecures."

Equally pointed was the rejoinder which David Plunkett gave to Sir George Campbell, when the latter interrogated him during question-time apropos certain carved beasts that were introduced in the Westminster Hall. Sir George asked if the honourable member was responsible for "those fearful creatures." "No, sir," came the reply. "I am not responsible for those fearful creatures in Westminster Hall or in the House either."

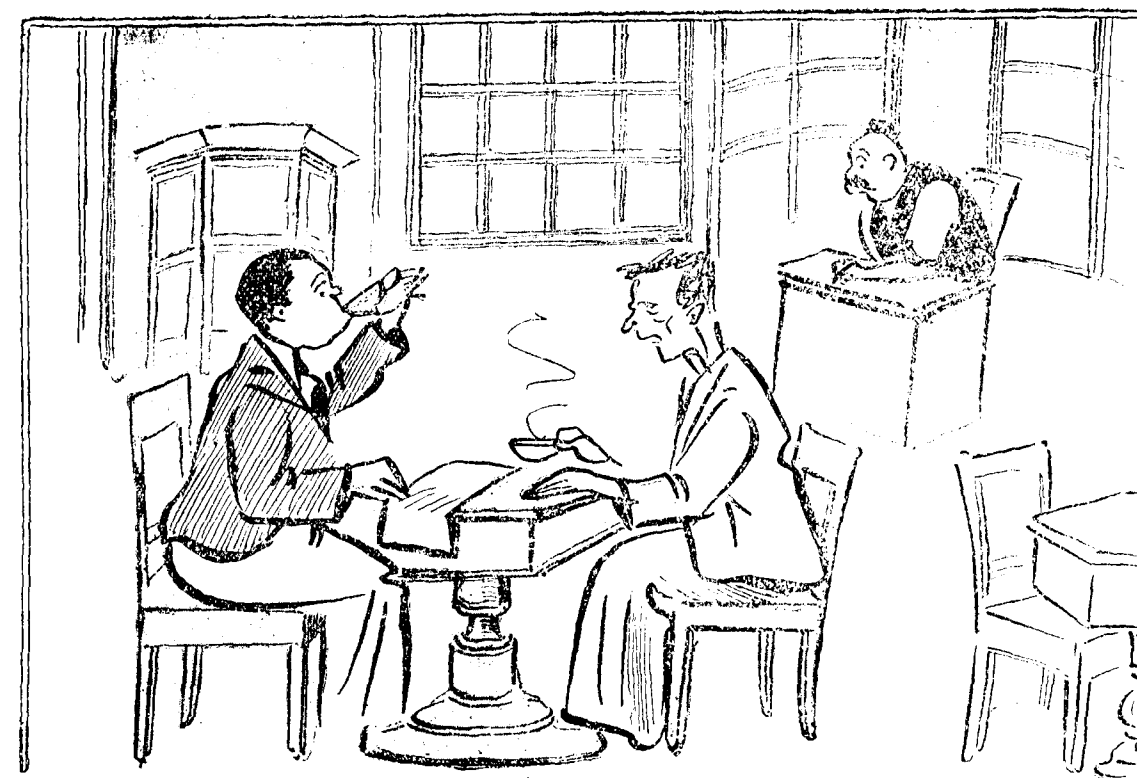
Even more shattering was the celebrated retort of Sir Robert Peel in 1848 to Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist leader. A Bill for the greater security of the Crown was under discussion and in his speech O'Connor had alluded, apparently in bad taste, to the possible event of Beelzebub being Sovereign of England. "In such a case," came Sir Robert's suave reply, "I feel sure that the honourable member who has just spoken would certainly enjoy the confidence of the Crown."

It is a matter for regret that sometimes retorts take on a personal note, exhibiting an absence of good taste. Evidently they lose much of their point and brilliance. Ben Turner, who had long been the Chairman of the National Association of Mines, had for many years been associated with the woollen trade. An expansive beard was his distinguishing trait. Speaking in 1924 in the course of a debate on the conditions of work in factories he announced in his speech: "I am a weaver."

"No," came a shout from someone on the Opposition Benches, "you mean beaver."

Retorts that have no sting of malice in them are also readily appreciated by the House. Wit, by itself, is a sufficient attraction. A good example of this occurred in a debate on the Budget when the taxation proposed was being toughly resisted by the other side of the House. Rising to defend the taxation Mr. Robert Lowe put the whole assembly in a good humour when he informed them: "It is the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to distribute a certain amount of human misery, and the man who distributes it most equally is the best Chancellor."

THE END



What A Pity!

by A. M. Menon

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

WHEN I was last in Bombay, I came across a man, whom we shall call Harin.

I can never forget Harin. No one can, once the features and personality—a something strong and indelible about him—have stamped themselves in one's consciousness.

Harin frequented the same Irani cafe where I invariably studied the 'Situations Vacant' columns of the *Times of India*, in the mornings, over a cup of Irani tea.

The tea was only a blind. Like many others, I paid the nine pies every morning for the accompanying privilege of studying the 'Wanted' columns of the daily newspapers.

But it must be clearly understood that I was by no means what you would call a completely 'down-and-out' chap. I had a little private means which

certainly promised to look me through a reasonable length of time.

One morning Harin crossed over to my table and appropriated the newspaper after I had done with it—a thing which he had never done before. He was generally so reserved and listless. He seemed to have lost all hopes in life, and seemed just to drag on an inevitable existence.

"Would you mind if I just have a glance?" he essayed, in very refined and subdued accents.

"Oh, no," I said, rather taken off my guard by this unusual sociability on his part. "The paper is for all of us—besides, I've done with it."

"I see you have been looking at the—er—"

"—advertisement columns," I put in. "Yes, I am after a job."

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"Hard times. Yes, very hard times," said Harin, with an unexpected note of sympathy in his voice.

I was strangely affected. Here I was, not so badly off, being in a way patted on the shoulder by a man whom I wanted to pity, and help, if possible.

It was impossible to resist a desire to help Harin if you saw him, even for once. He had a gait which was dignified and aloof, to a degree, yet which carried with it the stamp of a nameless and helpless martyrdom.

"I am interested in the stage," he said, in a stately burst of confidence, as an Ambassador might talk of his interest in some lofty phase of statecraft.

"Very," he said, and I involuntarily thought of a certain character in *Pickwick Papers*.

I noted that he was reading some article about 'Modern Drama And Its Relation To The Stage.' As he read, I took in his gaunt, almost emaciated lines, somewhat like a carving in bronze, reminding one of bygone heroes who lived lives of sordid want and epic manliness.

"Ha!" said Harin when he had finished reading. "This fool knows nothing of the stage." It was plain that he was deeply moved.

I called for two more cups of tea. He hesitated only a second, but I was sure that the opportunity to talk to me of the stage was too tempting, even for his aloof and proud nature.

For twenty minutes, over several cups of tea, Harin talked to me about the stage, ancient and modern. He belonged, I gathered, to the Ancient Stage, where trod the Gods of Meru—the Titans who are blurred by the lenslight.

"So you don't care much for the—er—" I began.

"Talkies? No. Not as they are. No, I don't care."

He was all worked-up. Looking into his eyes, I imagined I was talking with a quivering, pulsating and masterly combination of all that was great and wonderful in the noble art of acting. In his emaciated, pent-up eyes, I saw the vision of the Actor par-excellence.

We shook hands and parted.

A week or so later, I was surprised to see my friend again. He had not put in an appearance at the shop during the week.

I called for tea.

"No, I will play the host now," he said, in what seemed to me a changed tone. In fact, he looked completely different. He was jauntily dressed and looked more well-fed than usual. The irresistible tension of his make-up—well, it was there, but in a lesser degree.

"I got a job," he said suddenly, "in a film. The Director is mad about me. He says I am just the man for the part of the Old Man in *Little Nell*."

I understood at once. No wonder the Director was mad. Harin was *the* man for it.

* * * *

Three months later, when I had decided to quit Bombay, I once again came across Harin. He was looking prosperous. But there was a glum, stricken look in his eyes.

"My dream is gone phut, my dear fellow!" he said.

"What happened?"

"Well, the Director wanted me as I was, before I started living on five square meals a day. My so-called personality is gone. I am no longer what I was. I can earn, but I can't eat a square meal. He is casting me for parts where I must look starved."

THE END



Caution!—Wet Paint

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

OLD Miss Surabai loved the Qudsia Gardens in Delhi. She could sit on one of the green benches and dream and watch the happiness of the young lovers who sat on the luscious green grass or wandered about, arm in arm, completely wrapped up in their own selves. Besides the Gardens, Miss Surabai loved young people. And, perhaps because she had never been able to find a real mate in life for herself, she loved young lovers most of all.

One Sunday afternoon in winter she sat in the warm sun, her favourite bench affording her her usual view of most of the young couples who were making the most of a holiday afternoon and doing their best to prove that lovers could love not only in the Spring.

Miss Surabai's thoughts were on dashing young sheikhs with dreamy eyes and strong right arms. She felt a little sorry for herself, but her short-sighted eyes smiled behind their glasses, and her wrinkled old face

was wreathed in its almost habitual, kindly look as she took consolation in watching and thrilling while the couple on the bench twenty yards to her left kissed and squeezed, oblivious, in the exquisite grip of Love, to the glances of all and sundry.

Twenty yards or so to the right of Miss Surabai there was another green-painted seat, and Miss Surabai divided her attention between its occupants and those of the left-hand bench, both couples being, to her, her favourite lovers. She had watched them, without actually distinguishing their features, every Sunday afternoon, for the last two months.

At last she thought it was time she went home for her tea, and, as she rose from the bench, she felt a sudden qualm of uneasiness. For, her *sarce* came away from the bench with a sickening, sticky sort of sound and feel. Looking round at it, Miss Surabai gave a little gasp of dismay as she saw that broad

green stripes of wet green paint adorned her once immaculate silk garment.

Slightly annoyed, for Miss Surabai was never very angry for very long, she made her slow way from the seat and round the red gravelled pathways in her usual wide detour towards one of the exit gates. She took the detour so that she could get a few last minute glimpses of the lovers who were not her favourites, but for whom she felt her heart go out in good wishes. It was quite a long detour, and Miss Surabai gasped suddenly as she looked at the back of a young man walking along in front of her. For his coat and trousers were striped with green paint!

It wasn't the stripes of green paint that made Miss Surabai gasp, but the fact that the young man looked like one of her favourite lovers. He *was* one of her favourite lovers—she felt quite sure of that as she looked more keenly at his back. Broad back—head erect and proud—yes, she couldn't be mistaken. And he was walking *alone*.

Miss Surabai felt unhappy, and the sun seemed to shine a little less brightly. One of her couples had had a quarrel. There was no doubt about that. Those green stripes proved that he had been sitting on one of the newly painted benches in the garden. And then—proof positive!—Miss Surabai's gaze was somehow drawn to a girl who walked on the other side of the pathway, level with the young man. Her chin was in the air—and the back of her *saree* was striped with green paint! And, without doubt, she was the young man's sweetheart. They looked perfectly angry, not even glancing at each other as they walked along.

Miss Surabai's romantic heart beat a little faster. Her mind was made up in a moment. She had determined to use her brains and get these favourite lovers of hers together again!

"Young man!" she called softly, and the young man stopped and turned. Miss Surabai crooked a finger at him.

"Please, may I have your name and address?" she asked, pleadingly.

"Why!" he laughed, "certainly madam—if it pleases you." It was plain that he thought the little old girl was slightly mad, but Miss Surabai thanked him profusely and jotted the name and address down in her notebook.

It was rather awkward to stop the young man's sweetheart without his noticing, but, by dint of a cunning little manoeuvre, Miss Surabai managed it.

The girl, sweet-faced and dimpled, although she still looked angry, gave Miss Surabai her name and address in half-smiling astonishment and passed on after wishing the old lady good evening.

Miss Surabai jotted the girl's name and address down in her notebook with satisfaction and a thrill at her plan, and then, as she looked up, she nearly fainted away. For, to left and right of her, a boy and a girl passed. And both had green stripes on the backs of their clothes! And they looked—no—Miss Surabai was positive—they *were* her other pair of lovers—the ones who sat on the left hand bench. They too, had their noses in the air and an angry look about them.

With her heart beating fast at this double opportunity of doing good, Miss Surabai went through the same procedure and met with the same success. When a foolish-looking old lady, a stranger, asks a man or girl for his or her name and address without any warning, the very harmlessness of it all is amusing, and young people have a habit of trying to humour foolish-looking old people.

Miss Surabai patted her notebook and went home.

She wrote the letters, four of them, during tea, and made sure that they did not get mixed up. Young Baloo, who wrote stories in the room above hers, would type them for her.

"Beloved sweetheart," ran each letter, "Beloved—" and here Miss Surabai put the first name of each girl and boy in accordance with the benches she knew they sat on together, "my soul is in hell because of this quarrel. Can't we bring the sun back to the sky and the moonlight to the darkness? Never again will I let there be any unpleasantness between us. If you love me, darling, I will be on the bench that is to the —" here Miss Surabai filled in 'right' or 'left' in accordance with her own idea of the benches, "of the funny-looking old lady's bench—the old lady who sits there every Sunday. Don't meet me before then—this is imperative!"

Miss Surabai hoped that they would keep to the imperative part of the letters because she didn't want everything spoilt for her by their meeting anywhere where she could not see them kiss and make up. She left the letters unsigned, for an obvious reason—her handwriting would look far too suspicious.

Baloo typed the letters with a smile. He loved old Miss Surabai. She was always so romantic!

"Helping someone, mother?" he asked. He always called her mother, and Miss Surabai felt exquisitely pleased with him for his term of endearment.

"Yes, dear Baloo," there was a misty look in her eyes. "I'm trying to teach some foolish young people that Love is the most wonderful thing on this earth and that it should not be slighted through the paltry dictates of pride. It is only those who have loved and lost and never found again that know what the real gloriousness of Love is."

She sent the letters off and waited impatiently for Sunday, praying that mischance would not let the lovers meet before they got her missives.

One o'clock on Sunday afternoon found Miss Surabai on her bench. The green paint had dried now, and Miss Surabai blessed the man who had painted it so opportunely. If it hadn't been for that paint—the stripes of which had been so blatant, her short-sighted eyes would never have picked out her favourite lovers. She waited without any qualms whatever now, for on the benches to the left and right of her sat a young man—one on each bench, each of them gazing impatiently down the pathways and looking as if they felt nervous of the approaching make-up.

Miss Surabai was in a better position than the young men and therefore, just after one o'clock, she saw what the young men could not see—namely—their sweethearts creeping up *behind* them with the obvious intention of giving their men a surprise. Miss Surabai's heart beat faster than ever. How sweet of the girls to think of this! Her heart seemed to stand still awhile as, prompted, apparently by some strange psychological trick of Cupid, each girl clapped soft hands over the eyes of her man.

Ah! Now it wouldn't be two seconds before they were in each other's arms!

And then Miss Surabai rose tremblingly to her feet as she saw something was wrong. Somehow each couple had looked across at the other, and the attitudes of all were plainly antagonistic.

It seemed that it was only a matter of seconds before the little patch of green grass between the two benches was a battle-field! The two young men struggled with each other in a most determined manner, and the girls were doing their best to pull each other's hair out by the roots.

Miss Surabai had never moved so fast in all her life.

She was in the midst of the Philistines in a few pattering little strides.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop!" Her breathless cry made the combatants draw back, panting.

"It is all my fault," said Miss Surabai. It was obvious that in the heat of the moment none of them recognised the seemingly mad little old lady who had taken their names and addresses.

"Your fault!" said one young man angrily. "How can it be, when my girl is stolen—or goes of her own unfaithful accord to a stranger?"

"And mine to you!" accused the other young man ferociously.

"And my man to this minx!" each girl said almost together.

"B—but it *is* all my fault!" Miss Surabai almost wailed. "I—I sent you those letters. I must have got you all mixed up. I should have said 'Meet me on the *same* bench!' Then it would have been all right. I *hate* to see young people quarrelling and unhappy. And I've wanted your happiness for so many Sundays! And I think I see it all now! When you passed me down the pathway last Sunday—you were not with each other. What I mean is—I was mixed up then, apparently. You, Ramu, were walking along with Gopal's girl on the other side of the pathway, level with you—and *vice versa*. The wet paint must have got me all confused. I—I—"

But they weren't listening to her any more. The free fight had obviously taught them more than Miss Surabai's plan, had it gone right, would have done. Miss Surabai made her happy way back to her own bench and sat down and watched her correct favourite couples on their correct benches once more.

"Wet green paint," mused Miss Surabai as she dreamed of dashing young sheikhs with dreamy eyes and strong right arms, "is rather a dangerous thing to start assuming things on! But I'm glad they paint these benches at least twice a year. Who knows—the next time may bring another little job for me!"

THE END





This Common Cold

by Omega

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

HAVE you never suffered from common cold? Believe me, it is one of the smaller tragedies of human life. Coleridge has defined genius as "commonsense in an uncommon degree." I am curious to know what name he would have given to my trouble which is "common cold in an uncommon degree." For the penalties of this nasal complaint read the following vivid description given by a Bolton sufferer in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*:

"A cold lowers dignity, severs friends, parts lovers, begets contempt until begotten, lessens the omnipotence of the powerful, quietens the voice of the roaring lion, makes pessimists of optimists and egoists of pessimists: like wealth is conferred on the deserving but mainly on the undeserving, and brings the worst in both sexes—bad temper in man and a red nose in woman."

When I read this I felt—here is a fellow-sufferer, a kindred soul. I am also a chronic patient with this all too common ailment and how good it would be if we could form a society of sufferers from common cold! What a wide and brilliant assemblage it would be—comprising people of both the sexes, of all ages, of all ranks and of all climes. The wails of such a representative body would ring the welkin and

pierce even the ears of the Almighty Father. But meanwhile let me harp on my solitary tune.

Nothing proclaims so strongly the condition of the winter as does the condition of my nose. As the cold season sets in, my nose too begins running. For about four months I am an abject slave of this ailment. My cold is not an evanescent thing. It is not like other people's distemper which comes and goes speedily. I have never appreciated the indecent hurry with which some people shake off their cold like the dust from off their feet. I believe in oriental hospitality and my guests stay with me as long as they choose. You can at once detect from my face and talk that I have provided a warm welcome to common cold.

My conversation acquires a nasal twang and all the time I am sneezing which makes my company absolutely ominous to my friends. Winter makes me feel the importance of 'nose' in human anatomy. All the time you will find me manipulating my nose with the help of a handkerchief which is steeped in bacteria and is, according to doctors, a potent carrier of infection here, there and everywhere. I look upon the

human nose as a mere gateway ready open to receive germs of all descriptions. Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that. I wonder why God has devised this curious machinery which has brought such untold misery to the world.

And this brings me to the prophecy of a certain eye-specialist who has declared that "in the course of countless ages" (alas, matters cannot be expedited) "the bridge of the nose will ultimately diminish and sink and disappear." As a result of this I have read more than one obituary notice in honour of the olfactory organ which distinguishes itself like a towering peak in the facial landscape. Others may shed tears over it but I, for one, am not disposed to regret the threatened extinction of this mischievous organ which has hung a 'To Let' notice for every passing germ or microbe.

In a recent number the *British Medical Journal* confesses the absolute impotence of the medical profession to combat the ubiquitous germs of cold. It is said that the whole atmosphere is saturated with germs which are looking for an opportunity to enter into a hospitable nose. And once they get in, they display an amazing capacity for multiplying. The only remedy is prevention, in support of which a witty writer has suggested that a potential ruler like Mussolini or Hitler ought to issue a decree for the compulsory wearing of nosebags by the people, the nosebags being filled with some sterilising substance which would keep out bacteria. A more drastic suggestion is that all human noses ought to be amputated and should be replaced by beautiful artificial noses well-stocked with disinfectants. I think that pending the fulfilment of the eye-specialist's prophecy this latter method should be given a fair trial. The best way of preventing mischief is to cut it at the root.

I am really a very unhappy man. Can nothing save me from this annual visit or visitation of common cold? I have tried all possible prophylactic and curative measures. I always carry a bottle of Mistol or a tube of Nostroline in my pocket. And as for my throat which is said to provide the seat for these germs, I am always gargling it with potash permanganate or common salt or this or that. And still, in the picturesque language of my friend, my nose is running like the Niagara and my throat is choking like the Sahara. In drugging I have now lost all faith. I have also tried that saying "Feed the cold and starve the fever" with disastrous results. Expecting to nip the trouble in the bud I

enjoyed well-seasoned and rich plates at the onset of this disease in faithful pursuance of the proverb. But, as if tempted by my hospitality, the cold persisted in staying longer than usual and showed no inclination to go. What was, however, more objectionable, it summoned its other boon companions such as cough and fever. I maintained that it was bad manners and a glaring abuse of the rules of hospitality, but there was no answer. Then the truth dawned upon me. I had misunderstood the proverb. The meaning was—"If you feed the cold, you will get fever and then you will have to starve. You should be very sparing in your meals during colds." But, what a pity, cannot these doctors say things in a plain language? Must they use the language of riddles even in prescribing for common cold?

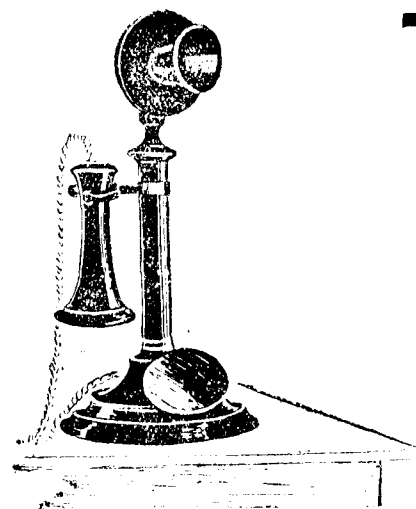
I am told that the modern method of fighting the disease is to give warmth and rest to the patient. But how long, my friend, how long shall I do it? Is it not a notorious fact that the attentions of this disease are confined rigidly to the rich and well-to-do people? Persons who take hundred and one measures to ward off cold get them. They live in well-furnished rooms from which all cold blasts are excluded; they are heavily clothed in woollen pullovers and tweeds and serges; they eat rich food, steaming hot from the stove. But what is the result? Is cold a luxury reserved only for the rich? Why does not the rustic who goes with bare feet and a thin jacket on his body, carolling like a lark, on the open field in mid winter evenings get it?

But, you see, every cloud has a silver lining. Even the common cold has its compensations. And I drew real comfort when I read these musings of a Chesterfield contributor to an English magazine:

".....A cosy bed-room, shaded lights, fat pillows—and me in the throes of common cold.....For three, perhaps for four, days I shall lie undisturbed by household worries; my appetite tempted by the blackest of grapes, my meals daintily served—and Oh! Bliss—prepared by other hands. What though my nose be like Niagara, and my throat like the Sahara, surely this be a small price to pay for the days of glorious idleness a common cold brings."

Really, short spells of common cold are an interesting affair. But frequent visitations all the winter round are a nasty business. However, winter is now going and I shall enjoy a long, long holiday. Hurrah!

THE END



Telephone - Talks

by Cross S. Devasahayam

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

FROM the Tahsildar who hurriedly put on his turban when called upon to answer his boss on the telephone, down to the sweet young stenotypist who pinned an enclosure to a 'phone message, people have from time to time done their mite to lend a certain liveliness to the Hullo service.

Endless amusement is known to have been derived by people getting wrong numbers if and when making the call from a borrowed instrument.

It is highly gratifying to be able to talk, at somebody else's expense, to an unknown voice at the other end, without even a formal introduction. You feel rather highly elated to divine from the other fellow's chagrin that you have had summoned him probably away from his bi-monthly bath just in the middle of it or, more tragic still, caused him to prematurely put down his stenographer from his lap so as to unhook the receiver, and answer your blasted ring. You gloat over the happy thought of it all.

The real subscriber, on the other hand, who knows the relativity of a wrong number to his dear old pocket, does not put on a pleased smile when he gets at the other end of the wire an interfering Chinese dentist interested in the state of lower dentures, instead of a delightfully voiced Mona or Girija whom he wanted to interest in the state of his heart. He is more likely to snap the receiver off than to dance with joy at the privilege of listening to a dentist's back-chat in Pidgin-English.

To the Wall Street financier as well as to the private detective whose telephone rings invariably at the opening lines of the short story, talks-over-the-wire are a matter of business routine. He considers them as an indispensable nuisance, which he must needs put

up with so long as he has got to find the money for his wife's round-the-world-cruise with her boy-friend.

Editors, too, I am told, eye the instrument on their tables balefully whenever a ring suggests to them the possibility, at the other end, of some author of a rejected article, who might be wanting to fix a duel with them. This, by the way, explains all the mystery about the admitted inaccessibility of Editors to ordinary contributors—except of course, by phone.

The fear on both sides is certainly mutual and hence neither can find a safer medium for calling each other what they like, than the Hullo service.

For the same reason, the Telephone can be used with advantage by the office-boy to inform his manager explicitly what he would do to the latter's monkey-face, if given the chance, and by the Parson to explain to his Bishop the deficit in the parish funds, which had rather suspiciously succeeded the marriage of his (the Parson's) 28 year-old daughter.

"Be wary in your choice of words," said a sage once. This applies also to a telephone talk—especially if the ear at the other end happens to be that of your (or anybody's) girl.

Just one incautious word and the next moment a voice with a catch in it may exclaim: "Oh, dear, this is so sudden!" And for the rest of his life, the male may have to be writing letters to the Editor of the local daily, subscribing himself as 'Father of Five'.

The otherwise perfectly admirable Telephone system, therefore, you see, is not without its dangers, which is what we set out to prove in this article, I think.

Or was it something else? Anyway, Q. E. D., which is a Latin contraction for—"I don't mind if I do." Or am I wrong again? (You are—Ed.)

Merry's Filmfolio

Droupadi Vastraharan (Telugu)

Producers : Saraswati Talkies, Bezwada

Showing At : The Kinema Central, Madras

Reviewed by Kino

This is a moving picture of Droupadi in distress, and Lord Krishna coming to her rescue. Dharma putra begins a *Rajasuya Yagnam* and trouble brews for the Pandavas. At the *Yagnam*, Sisupala creates a row over Krishna being given the place of honour and loses his head. Duryodhana gets jealous. To add to this, the elders always join Pandavas' side on all questions, to Kauravas' discomfiture. The last straw is the laughter of Droupadi when, in the 'Palace of Illusion' Duryodhana trips over an imagined pool of water. He swears to get even with her—to disgrace and dishonour her in public.

A game of dice between Pandavas and Kauravas is arranged with high stakes. Enter uncle Sakuni, the villain of the piece, playing the intelligent villain to a nicety. The gamble begins. Dharma stakes his all—kingdom, wealth; and finally the personal freedom of the Pandavas. Then comes the situation when he pawns even Droupadi and loses her.



Miss Kannambha as Droupadi

Droupadi lets out a loud appeal to Sri Krishna. Her appeal is heard. Sri Krishna is playing dice with Rukmini and Satyabhama. His *Sudarsanam* precedes him from Dwaraka. The length of her saree which Dushasan tries to pull out is as long and endless as her wail of woe.

(Continued on page 43)

Droupadi, protesting, is dragged from her chamber and pushed into the Durbar hall by Dushasan. He starts to strip her.

The elders, Bhishma, Vidhura and Drona, who grace the Durbar leave it in protest.

Now arises the interesting question from Droupadi, whether it was fair to pawn a wife, a chaste, blemishless wife, in a gamble when the husband himself is a slave!

Even if so, was it just to bow down your head and leave the villain to disgrace a woman in public! There is no answer. Not having their freedom, the Pandavas meekly look down. Bhima finds it impossible to control himself, fretting with impotent wrath.

Nothing doing among her own,

Garuda Garva Bhangam

(TAMIL)

Producers: ORIENTAL FILMS, MADRAS
Showing At: The Broadway Talkies, Madras

Reviewed By K. A. P.

THIS is a surprise show in many ways. For one thing, it is not one of those pictures which drag on 'For ever'. It begins where the story begins, runs exactly for two hours and, like a shot, ends where it ought to, leaving us wanting to see more of it. This picture literally sings its way through. This is a sincere attempt to give the filmgoers real value for their money. All the characters try their best to come out of their shell and live the parts they play. But if they have not been quite successful, never mind; better luck next time, and congratulations all round for a brave effort!

Then again, this seems to me the finest sound-recorded Tamil talkie. The camera effects are clever and the settings too leave nothing to be desired. The plot for the story of the film, beginning after the *Bharatayuddham*, is flimsy and fragile. *Garuda Garva Bhangam* is Sri Krishna's design to bring three of his 'own' to a truer sense of their proportion—to administer a snub to their vanity, shortly and effectively. *Garuda*, his *Vahanam*, *Balaram* his brother and *Satyabhama* the haughty wife, are the subjects. To bring this about, *Narada* is employed, and the butt is *Hanuman*.

The show ends on a high note of surprise. Krishna threatens to bore us with his *Dasavathars*—a very regular pest in all *Puranic* pictures—but happily, actually doesn't.

The best portrayal is given by Parthasarathy as *Hanuman*. He establishes, in a supreme manner, the oneness between the actor and the part. He is a real find of which our screen must be proud; apart from his excellent voice, he is a natural actor of compelling personality. Parthasarathy has, barring accidents, a brilliant future. His *Hanuman* was the best I had seen acted.

Why *Mohanambal*, the heroine, has not been in our talkies before is difficult to understand, but we should see a lot of her now. Her speaking voice and singing are attractive and her acting too is full of promise.

Serukalathur Sama is a fine singer and he appears as a polished Krishna with the right touch to comedy.

The editor's scissors have done their work well.

The singing is of a very high order.

But my opinion of the acting is, I believe, something like a *Minority Report*.

The Director shows intelligence, picture-sense and ingenuity. But thanks to his anxiety to placate those



with the song-complex, I could not find out what was happening for quite a quarter hour, in the middle of the story.

Here are where I think he has been caught napping.

Garuda rides on Horseback when going to fight *Hanuman*. (This has since been cut out). This is as much a puzzle to me as his using a fishing tackle to catch fish! What about his beak!

Balaram's lips are painted grotesquely.

The strangest model of *Naradha* makes his appearance here, with thick, black beard and bushy whiskers.

You saw *Poppaea* enjoying her donkey-milk bath in *The Sign of the Cross*! Here, too, there is a near thing. *Satyabhama*—my eye, it was a close shave!—undresses and treats you to a similar sight, only you see less here.

An awkward situation arises where *Narada* stands plump before *Krishna* and sings his praise for full five minutes. *Krishna* has to stand, stolidly, acknowledging the praise appreciatively, retaining the smile and the expression exactly as when the song started. This is hard lines even for *Krishna*!

Mohanambal frequently turns to her audience, breaking her conversation, as if to see what they think about it all. Whether it is camera-shyness or establishing contact, it is not done—on the screen.

DROUPADI VASTRAHARAN—(Continued from page 41)

Then arrives *Sri Krishna* and ends *Duschanas* and the story.

It is magnificently made, magnificently acted and is exceptionally thrilling entertainment. It provides exciting glimpses of *Pandavas* and *Kauravas*—all characters played with keen insight. The whole atmosphere exudes a charm that is rarely seen on our screen.

The director has chosen, wisely, I think, to treat this great and difficult subject episodically—a method which allows the significant events of the lives of *Pandavas* and *Kauravas* to receive adequate emphasis and the less important to be skirted or ignored. The film opens with a symbolic love-making between *Sri Krishna* and *Satyabhama*. But after this the events are treated as their importance in this dramatic story merits. The director's ability to use crowds and suggest tremendous action appears triumphantly to be blended with an effective use of sound. Some of the outdoor scenes and the splendour of the *Durbar* settings with period appointment are more full of life and action than any I have yet seen.

Though this is an unsavoury story, it is well-told and all the main characters—there are over a score of them—are so brilliantly acted that it strikes a note of highly psychological interest.

Scenically it is a gorgeous production. Photographically, it is marvellous. Its settings are bewildering. Sound recording is successful mostly but for a few lapses here and there.

The singing occupies nearly two hours of the picture which runs for 2½ hours. All the actors and actresses have excellent voices. But I must protest against the *Padyams* which oust the legitimate dialogue for nearly an hour. This spoils, by its monotony, a masterpiece. The dialogue is given small scope but what is left is apt.

Among the cast, *Yadavalli Suryanarayana* (*Duryodhana*) takes the palm; while *Gaggiah* (*Sisupala*), *Suryanarayana* (*Bhima*), *Nagarajarao* (*Sakuni*), *C. S. R. Anjaneyulu* (*Krishna*) command respect for their acting in the above order.

Suryanarayana goes for the part straight and hits it correctly with unerring accuracy. He never makes a mistake and when he takes a vow to exterminate the whole *Pandava* lot, I really trembled in my shoes. I was on their side! He is admirable.

Kannambha as *Droupadi* gives a remarkable performance. Her voice has melody in it, thrill in it, and, if you please, allure in it. And she is a charming figure too! When she prays, when she talks to her lord and master, when she at last sings in supplication, one sheds an honest tear or two, touched at the emotional heights to which she takes one! She is worth watching. About *Ramathilakam*, when I say she uses her melodious voice creditably, I have said everything.

I had almost forgotten to mention the dancing of *Roshanara*. For the full five minutes she does *Natyanam*, I was charmed and—what a nice figure she has!



Hot from Hollywood

by Yankee

The Film That Is 'Coming'!

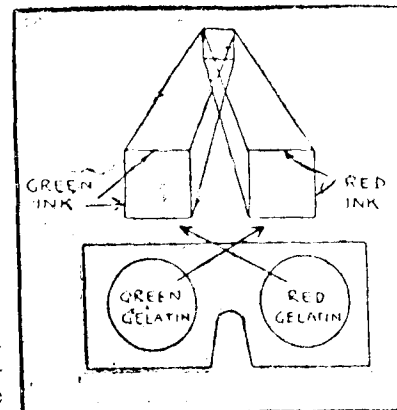
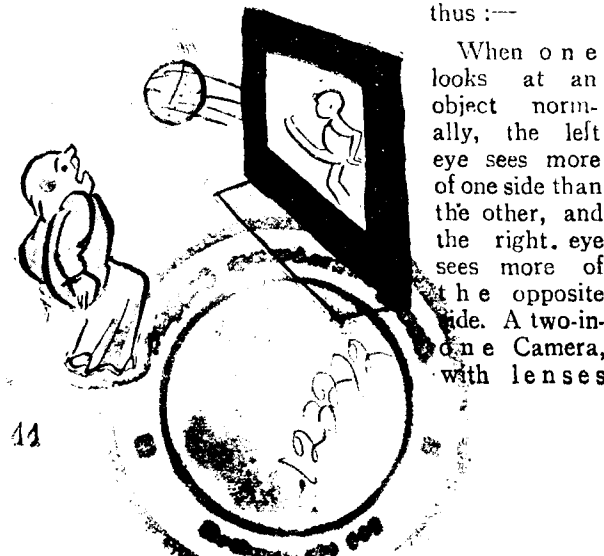
Exactly ten years ago, a new short film was shown in a leading theatre in Madras. A street urchin was shown throwing a brick from the screen. The audience, the four anna section in particular, ducked under the benches. A rhinoceros leapt facing the audience. Women shrieked. When a huge python started creeping out of the screen, the front row started screaming and scrambled. That was called the Plastigram, a screen which gave the impression of coming out of the picture. Now, we will be seeing "Audioscopiks," produced by The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the latest experiment in the production of stereoscopic films—creating the illusion of depth to pictures on the normal flat screen.

A football thrown by a man on the screen—or one all-in wrestler throwing away the other—seems to be coming on straight at you! A ladder toppling over or a mother-in-law, (or a nice-looking girl, if you like) stepping over a banana peel, will be coming dashing and crashing for you! That sounds funny, but not when you see it.

The Illusion

As in the case of the Plastigram, each member of the audience will be given a pair of inexpensive gelatine spectacles, one lens red and the other green.

The illusion of the third dimension is created thus:—



This diagram shows how a log, photographed by the stereoscope camera, would be transformed by coloured spectacles from a double image to a "three dimensional" picture.

taking the place of the human eyes, is used to photograph the stereoscopic film subject. Then the two views are merged on one print. The result to the naked eye is a blue like the effect of squinting. Then the two views are eyed on the print in green and red-ink.

Through the coloured spectacles, the green gelatine cancels out the green ink and sees only the red print. The eye looking through the red gelatine sees only the green ink.

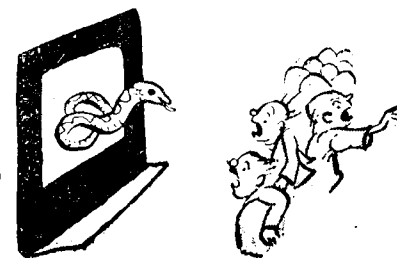
In this manner, each eye has a different vision and the result is equivalent to the human eye looking at a real three dimensional object instead of a two-dimensional photograph of it. Extraordinary effects are produced, as in the case of the falling ladder, by moving the objects while they are being photographed.

Chaplin's Triumph

Chaplin's 'Modern Times' is the most 'disliked' picture this season. Germans dislike it because Charlie is not pure Aryan; the highbrows, because Chaplin laughs at them; politicians and capitalists because they fear it has got communistic tendencies. But to the filmgoer it is capital entertainment, a Chaplin triumph. But Chaplin likes it and thinks it is his best.

The whole idea is, to quote the comedian-producer himself, "To show the helplessness of an ordinary, simple-minded person in a preposterous situation he cannot understand. He doesn't ask much of life. All he is trying to do is just to get along. Then he meets a little girl who wants nothing more than just a decent little home to live in. The story is about the crazy things that can happen to plain folk who mean no harm."

THE END



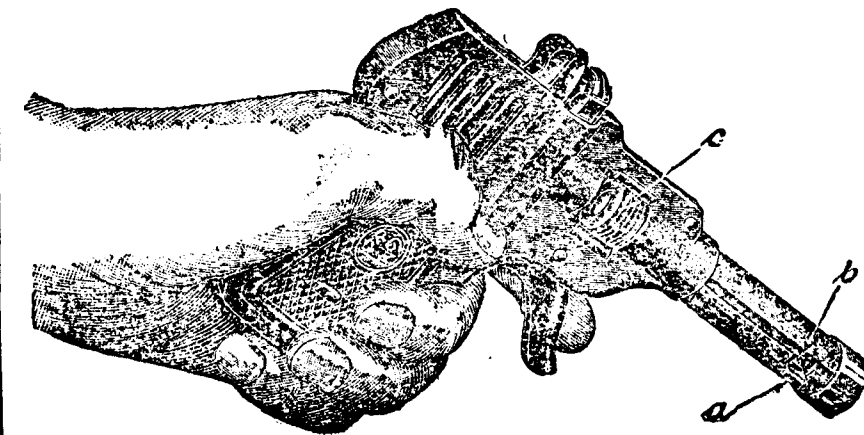
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