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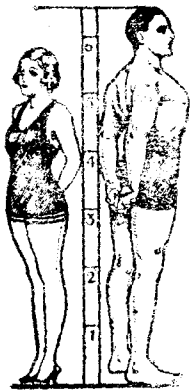
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SHORT STORY COMPETITION RULES & CONDITIONS

1. This Competition is open to all the readers of *My Magazine of India* irrespective of age, sex, colour or creed.
2. The total amount offered for this Competition is Rs. 300/- only.
3. There are three categories of prizes, viz., First Prize, Second Prize and Third Prize.
4. The value of the First Prize, Second Prize and the Third Prize is Rs. 100/- each.
5. There is only one First Prize and this will be awarded to the Short Story adjudged to be the best received by the Committee of Judges.
6. There are 2 Second Prizes of Rs. 50/- each and these will be awarded to the 2 Short Stories adjudged to be entitled to the prizes by the Committee of Judges.
7. There are 4 Third Prizes of Rs. 25/- each and these will be awarded to the 4 Short Stories adjudged to be entitled to the prizes by the Committee of Judges.
8. A Committee of Judges of not more than 4 eminent men will be constituted and their names will be published in due course.
9. A Competitor can send any number of stories but each story must be accompanied by the declaration referred to in Rule 15.
10. Those who send Short Stories for this Competition must abide by the decision of the Committee of Judges. No reasons will be given regarding the selection or rejection of the Short Stories submitted for this Competition nor will any correspondence be entered into in this connection.
11. Short Stories sent for this Competition should not exceed 3,500 words in length.
12. Short Stories submitted for this Competition should have preferably an Indian background and a romantic theme.
13. Short Stories having crime detection, scientific fiction, and adventure as the main theme will not be eligible for consideration in this Competition.
14. The Short Stories must be written in English and must not be translations of Short Stories published in any other language.
15. Each Short Story must be accompanied by a written declaration about its originality and its previous non-publication in any other paper, journal or periodical.
16. The Short Stories must be typewritten (in double spacing) on one side of a white foolscap paper.
17. Each Short Story sent must contain the name and full address of the sender in block letters. Sufficient Postal Stamp should be enclosed to ensure return of the Manuscript not selected for the Prizes by the Judges.
18. Copies of the Short Stories sent must be kept by the writers to safeguard against possible loss or damage during postal transit.
19. To ensure safe receipt, the Short Stories should be sent by Registered Post.
20. The Last Date for receipt of Short Stories for this Competition is 30th April, '55. Full details regarding the Prize-Winning Stories will be published in the 1st June, '55 Issue.
21. Covers containing Short Stories should be addressed to: "Short Story Competition," *My Magazine of India*, 32, Broadway, Madras 1.



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Almost daily, lots of unsolicited opinions pouring in our files from different parts of the world.

FORMULA FOR YOUR HEALTH

Sage who showed the Way

(A TRUE EPISODE)

(The readers must have read with interest the details of the process of Kayakalp recently practised on Shri Pt. Malaviyaji, which has established beyond doubt the supremacy of our indigenous medicines and Ayurvedic system of treatment. We give below the prescription of another such general tonic that has been equally praised by Doctors, Vaidas and Leading Businessmen equally efficacious in summer and winter for Male and Female. The readers are advised to read this article carefully.)

Sometime ago, "Desh Upkarak" informed its readers, about a recent conversation of Pt. Thakur Dutt Sharma Vaid Bhushan with Khalifa Hayat Mohammad Khan the father-in-law of H.H. the Nawab of Bahawalpur, wherein the latter told Sharmaji, that an old milk man took at a time by mistake a few doses of a medicine granted to him by Mahatma Ratnagiri of Qallati Hills. The result was that he felt strong enough to set up home again and lead a family life milk man contracted three marriages. Hearing this Sharmaji approached the said Mahatma succeeded in acquiring the formulae of this medicine. We too prepared this medicine "Maha Shakti Data" according to the formulae and tried it on thousands of hopeless patients.

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We strongly advise the readers to drop away all misgivings and suspicions and use "Mahashakti Data" for 40 days with the utmost confidence.

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All the names and characters appearing in the stories and skits in this Issue are entirely imaginary and any reference to living persons is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. — Ed.

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Andhras Vote For Congress

THE Andhra elections provided for a real trial of strength between the democratic forces and the Communists. Not only India but also the Western Nations were aware that Andhra was virtually the stronghold of the Reds. In the previous general elections Communists had scored victory after victory and Congress strength in the composite legislature was considerably reduced. The infant State fought shy of Red influence and located its capital at Kurnool though Vijayawada, Guntur and Vishakapatnam had more facilities to offer.

Congress was far from self-confident when general elections were announced after the fall of the Prakasam Cabinet. The Communists were cock-sure and predicted sweeping success at the polls. They had set up as many as 170 candidates. But those parties that were democratically inclined — the Congress, the Krishikar Lok Party and the Praja Party — sensed the menace and decided to form an electoral alliance and challenge the enemy. Thus was born the United Front under Congress auspices.

While the Communists talked of expropriation of property and free distribution to their supporters, Congress leaders pointed out the solid benefits that would accrue from the implementation of the Avadi resolutions. They promised to ameliorate the lot of farmer-tenants with a minimum guarantee of tenure for five-to-ten years. Their manifesto underlined their earnest resolve to speed up the work of village reconstruction and this appeal caught the imagination of the electorate. There

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were other factors meriting notice. The sixtieth session of the Congress at Avadi had just then concluded; it had done a good deal to electrify the atmosphere and turn the tide in favour of the United Congress Front. Pandit Nehru's personal magnetism, the new Congress President's last-minute tour and Sri S.K. Patil's propaganda completed the rout of the Communists even in constituencies where they had been firmly entrenched.

More voters turned up at the polling booths than ever before and the masses showed unmistakably that they were loyal to the Congress creed and the Gandhian ideals. To the Assembly of 196 only fifteen Communists have been returned. The United Congress Front has won a thumping majority; it will have a total strength of 146 members, comprising 22 seats for the K.L.P. and five for the Praja Party.

Another interesting development that has paved the way for greater political stability is the merger of the Krishikar Lok Party with the Congress. Professor N.G. Ranga, President of the K.L.P., acknowledging the lead given by the Congress at Avadi in the matter of agrarian and other reforms, voiced the Andhra peasants' desire for the unity of democratic forces and emphasised that their decision to return unconditionally to the Congress fold was irrevocable.

Thus Congress has been vindicated in the South. In the words of Prof. Ranga, the people of Andhra State have definitely rejected Communists and Communism. That is not to say, however, that the Communists are a spent force or that they have lost their capacity for mischief. It must be remembered that they have polled 30 per cent of the total number of votes and they are still a power to reckon with.

Congress would do well to concentrate on the immediate task of consolidating its victory and canalising the enthusiasm of the people towards promoting the State's prosperity. The Congress will most certainly not forget those allies who fought shoulder to shoulder with it against the common foe, and the new coalition Ministry will fulfil general expectations by working in a team spirit. Internal bickerings should be a thing of the past and the youngest State, we hope, will set a better example to the rest of India. Well done, Andhras!

News and Notes

Burdens for All

To cover a budget deficit of Rs. 30.17 crores, the Union Finance Minister has come out with new taxation proposals. Customs duties on certain articles are to be increased and there will be new excise levies. Sugar and cotton cloth, so vitally necessary for the common man, will cost more. Imports of certain commodities hitherto banned will be permitted on a liberal scale but duties will be levied on these.

The new changes in the slabs and rates of income-tax will entail great hard-hip and suffering for the middle classes. "The tax proposals," remarked Sri D.C. Kothari, President of the Hindustan Chamber of Commerce, "will come heavily on the middle classes and the lower middle class. The substantial increase in the excise duty of cloth and sugar will affect to some extent our cost of living index. The increase in the income-tax rates in the slabs of income ranging from Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 10,000 will also tell upon the middle-class incomes."

So, for every viss of sugar one has to pay nearly two annas more and for every yard of cloth half-anna more in addition to the special cess of three pies indirectly, of course, for the development of the handloom industry. There will be a levy of excise duty of ten per cent *ad valorem* on woollen fabrics, sewing machines, electric fans, bulbs, batteries, paper (other than newsprint) paints and varnishes.

While married persons are to be exempted from income-tax up to Rs. 2,000, the ceiling limit for bachelors has been reduced to Rs. 1,000. This discrimination against unmarried persons does not seem to be justified. But the Union Finance Ministry is keen on raising as much money as possible to implement the Five-year-Plans and expects everyone to make a sacrifice. It is not a pleasant prospect, though, as it will take long for the benefits of the development schemes to materialise.

Nehru's Warning

Addressing the 28th annual session of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry at New Delhi, the other day, Pandit Nehru asked businessmen to adjust themselves to the spirit of the times. He added that they should not be scared by the oft-repeated phrase, "socialistic pattern of society." Congress had been thinking and planning for it for many years; it was no new surprise sprung upon the people. The change contemplated was in tune with the spirit of the times. In short, they were all well on the road to the Social Welfare State.

"By adopting this ideal and working for its fulfilment," the Prime Minister told businessmen, "you will serve the country and benefit yourselves. But you will have to change your mental attitudes. It is good they have changed and are changing and no doubt will change." He then went on to explain the role of the two

sectors in the future. To his mind, it appeared, there need not necessarily be any conflict between the two. He agreed that the private sector should be given a great deal of scope but he insisted that it must fit in with the State Plan. Of course, agriculture, small enterprises, small-scale and cottage industries would be earmarked for the private sector. But, in regard to big industry, the Prime Minister did not rule out the private sector altogether. It should, however, come within the compass of the Plan and should not function in any unregulated way.

But the feeling among the industrialists, gathered at New Delhi, was that Government's attitude towards private enterprise needed more clarification. A more precise definition of official policy was apparently called for.

New Vice-Chancellor

On assuming office as Acting Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University, last week, Dr. P. V. Cherian received the plaudits of educationists and students alike. We have no doubt that under his able stewardship the young University will make more rapid strides and broaden the basis of its research and special studies.

When he was Mayor of Madras City, Dr. Cherian made a notable contribution to the civic administration and added to the dignity of the Mayoral Chair. His sense of fairplay and impartiality as Chairman of the Madras Legislative Council has earned for him the regard and esteem of both Government and the public. We offer our felicitations to him on this new assignment.

Dr. B.V.N. Naidu

We extremely regret to record the death from heart attack, at Rajkot, of Dr. B.V. Narayanaswami Naidu, one of the foremost economic experts of the country. In his capacity as Chairman of the Forward Markets Commission, Government of India, he had been on an official tour of Saurashtra and came by a sudden end in the midst of his duties.

The world of commerce is the poorer for the loss. Dr. Naidu was a distinguished scholar and an authority on Economics. He completed his studies at Edinburgh and served the Annamalai University on his return for a time. Later on, he became Principal of Pachayappa's College and put it prominently on the educational map of India. He was largely responsible for starting the B. Com. course in that college. But he soon transferred himself to a wider field of activity. He was appointed as a Member of the Indian Tariff Board and later on as Chairman of the Forward Markets Commission. Governments, both State and Central, valued his advice and guidance on many an important economic issue.

The Madras Budget

The Madras Budget for 1955-'56 contains notable features that are bound to cheer up the common man. Up to the middle school stage, poor pupils need not have to pay fees. From the next academic year free education will be provided up to Third Form for children whose parents earn less than a hundred rupees per month. This concession will cost the Government nearly Rs. 50 lakhs.

Priority has been accorded to the rural water supply scheme which, when completed, will open up a well for each village or major hamlet.

New taxes include a surcharge of two annas in the rupee on land revenue, a levy on tobacco and all its derivatives. Even cheaper cigarettes come within its scope and the consumer is not likely to be pleased at this prospect. However, onions, potatoes, betel leaves and plantain leaves are to be exempted from sales-tax. That is something to be thankful for.

Sri C. Subramaniam has presented a deficit Budget of Rs. 166 lakhs though a deficit is not unwholesome on that account. He has shown courage and imagination in tackling the problems of the State but he has not gone far enough. We wish hospitals and rural medical relief had received more liberal allotments.

A Great Leader

In the death of Sri A. Vaidhyanatha Iyer Tamil Nad has lost a great leader who commanded the respect and affection of all sections of the people. For nearly thirty-five years he served Congress and the country with selfless zeal and devotion. A right-hand man of Sri C. Rajagopalachari, he took a prominent part in the freedom struggle and courted imprisonment during the salt satyagraha and "Quit India" movement.

An able lawyer, Sri Vaidhyanatha Iyer built up a lucrative practice in Madurai and both the Bench and the Bar admired his integrity and professional honesty. He was a member of the Madras Legislative Assembly for a term from 1949

and his speeches, brief and to the point, left a deep impression both on the Ministry and the Opposition.

Sri Vaidhyanatha Iyer was as great a reformer as he was a political leader. He was President of the Harijan Sevak Sangh and his ceaseless endeavours in the cause of that downtrodden community will be gratefully remembered. Sri J. Sivashanmukham Pillai, Speaker of the State Assembly, paying a tribute to the silent and unostentatious work of the late leader, disclosed that Sri Iyer had been "educating in his house a number of Harijan children." To him also goes the credit for taking the initiative in throwing open the great Meenakshi Temple of Madurai to Harijans.

Pavement Dwellers

Nearly 21,000 people are living on platforms and pavements in Madras City. This information was given by the Health Minister during question hour in the Madras Legislative Assembly, the other day. Sri Shetty explained Government's proposals for providing house-sites with sanitary amenities for these dwellers.

To the question of a Member whether pavements which were intended for pedestrians would be cleared with the co-operation of the Corporation no direct reply was given. Pavements in the City are put to various uses. Taxis are parked on them. There are stands for rickshaws. Cyclists actually ride on them. In important congested areas the pedestrian is being pushed into the vehicular stream on the road as the pavement is crammed with vendors, hawkers

and beggars besides the habitual dwellers.

Even if colonies of houses and huts are built for the benefit of the families that occupy pavements, where is the guarantee that more people will not take their place? Sanitation in the City will suffer so long as pavements are not cleared. The first duty of Government is to ensure the safety of the pedestrians by removing all impediments and encroachments on the pavements. The Minister's statement would seem to imply that the problem is not likely to be solved for some years.

English or 12 Languages

Dr. Alagappa Chettiar, Chairman of the Elementary Education Committee, has advised the Madras Government to proceed cautiously in the matter of introducing Tamil as the medium of instruction in colleges. He suggests that a small effort or experiment may be made in this direction and the results have to be carefully assessed before taking the next step. Anything hasty is to be deprecated as it may cause regret and it may be difficult to undo what has been done.

Speaking on the occasion of the Madurai College Anniversary, Sri

S. Govindarajulu Naidu, Vice-Chancellor of the Venkateswara University, warned that any step that imperilled the medium of instruction in the colleges would only endanger the oneness — the essential unity — of the country. If English was given up, he said, they would have twelve different languages as media of instruction in the country. "Secondly, in this competitive world, they should have knowledge as good as that of anybody else in the world, and this knowledge could not possibly be acquired if they gave up the English medium."



Mr Hubert Rance, Governor of Trinidad, seen reading his address of welcome to Princess Margaret after her arrival at Piarco Airport, Trinidad, during her recent tour of the Caribbean.



Hon. C.D. Deshmukh,
Minister for Finance,
Govt. of India,
New Delhi.

Honourable Budget Boss,

Distance and my ever-empty purse keep me from rushing at once to the Capital and hugging you straightaway, despite Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh, for I cannot better express my extreme appreciation of that part of the Budget presented by you to the Lok Sabha wherein you have made provision for bachelors within the Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 1,500 income group to be taxed.

Being a henpecked husband of long standing and the bread-winner of a large family, I have always felt that Government apathy in regard to these bachelors, who are always out for rights without responsibilities, was unjustified.

You have caught quite a number of these queer fish in your income-tax net, but what about the very many who are beyond the pale of the tax-collector just because they are managing to earn less than Rs. 1,000 per annum?

The bachelors and the spinsters, the two species of the unmarried biped genus, in the Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 1,500 income group will now be forced to make common cause by preferring each other's company, inside the secure walls of matrimony, to that of the income-tax collector! You are some wizard!

I would request you not to be annoyed by those beastly letters you would be getting from the very many bachelors and maids. Hence, my prayer: "Father of Govt. Finance, forgive them (the aforementioned bachelors and maids) for their sins, for they know not what they do."

You are, I suspect, none else but good old Cupid for you are doing your busiest best to keep together what God had not meant to be kept asunder.

But, Budget Boss, don't hesitate to claim the pound of flesh by bringing the Rs. 1,000 and below income-earning bachelors also to stand in the queue for tax paying, for it is well-nigh impossible for us, married men, and the henpecked especially, to put up patiently with the taxing bachelors.

Yours miserably married,
MYWALLAH.

Mr. & Mrs. Mackey,
Indianapolis,
U. S. A.

Dear Yanks,

Your attempts to solve the mystery of the appearance of the "ghost" said to be the image of Mrs. Mackey's grandfather who died last April and which persists in appearing on your T.V. screen are bound to fail.

The fact that the set was dismantled and re-assembled and yet the image was still there wearing the clothes in which the grandfather was buried should arouse you two to the realities of the situation.

In the pre-T.V. era, it is said, the ghosts of writers, actors, singers, artists, etc., etc., used to turn in their graves whenever their works were roughly handled or altogether butchered beyond recognition.

Mrs. Mackey's grand-father was probably a writer or actor. Or, he must at least have been an ardent fan of a great writer or actor. That is why, whenever the T.V. deals rough justice to Mrs. Mackey's grand-father's memory or to the memory of the actor or writer whose fan the grand-father was, the grand-father's ghost makes an appearance on the T.V. screen. Having died in the height of the T.V. era, the grand-father prefers a modern version of the "ghost turning in the grave" custom.

Do something to investigate the angle and you are sure to thank me.

Yours spectrally,
MYWALLAH.

HEARD THIS ONE? "Friend, you're getting old when you see a girl who looks like someone you used to know and turns out to be her daughter."

Dear Readers,

This is the sixth Issue of *My Magazine of India* for this year that you are reading. Please let us have your opinion on the changes made all round as also suggestions for alteration of the present reading matter or addition of new features. A fine gift article will be awarded to the best letter received.

— Editor.

Bone-Setting Without Knife!

SURGERY today, it is claimed, has made tremendous progress. The discovery of powerful aids like penicillin has made sepsis, the dread of surgeons till recently, a minor complication that could be easily controlled. The discovery and use of X-ray has made possible a quick understanding of the task facing a surgeon. Operations that were looked upon as serious risks are minor things today. Orthopaedics or bone surgery, it is now claimed, has become almost a fine art. This is one aspect of the miracle that is modern medicine and surgery, it is asserted.

Sri Rachakonda Chengal Raju, now residing in Chintadripet in the City of Madras, is smashing to smithereens the tall claims of modern bone surgery! Broken bones do not need an orthopaedic surgeon nor X-raying, according to him. He has saved hundreds of men, women and children from amputation of one or the other of the limbs declared to be absolutely necessary by eminent surgeons of the allopathic system.

Surgical knives, lancets, stitching needles and thread are never needed by him for treating the patients that come to him. Skilled massaging, healing herbal oils and pastes are the things he uses—with incredible success.

Down in the South, he is better known as the Puttur Bone-setter or doctor. But this "doctor" does not have such imposing titles

like M.R.C.S. or F.R.C.S. He is not Vienna returned. He is the sister's son of the late Sri Kandala Gopala Raju who first discovered the treatment and cure of fractures and dislocation of bones by the use of certain herbs and oils. Late Sri Kandala Gopala Raju first practised at Karvetnagar and Rachapalli. Puttur is the nearest railway station. It is about 70 miles from Madras City on the Madras—Bombay railway line and is in Chittoor district in what is now the Andhra State.

His bone-setting was so successful and cheap that people from far and near used to travel to Puttur for the treatment. He died, leaving his sister's son, Sri Chengal Raju, to carry on the noble mission. The nephew kept up the tradition even more vigorously till, owing to the pressure of his friends and well-wishers, he occupied a house in the Chintadripet Division in Madras City and commenced his practice. Government was not blind to his extraordinary gift and, in 1943, appointed him an honorary surgeon to be in charge of the Bone-setting section of the hospital attached to the Govt. College of Indian Medicine in Kilpauk, in the City.

In the hospital and at his residence Sri Chengal Raju continued his mission of mercy till the overwhelming demand of his patients calling at his place forced him to give up the honorary surgeonship at the Hospital.

In his work Sri Chengal Raju is assisted by his two sons, Sri R. Krishna Raju and Sri R. Raghava Raju.

THE fame of Sri Raju's art spread to distant Moscow even and that was the reason why two eminent Russian doctors, Dr. Prof. Obrosof and Dr. Skorniakova, who were in India recently, wished to meet Sri Raju and see him treating the patients. The Govt. of India's Ministry of Health arranged for their visit to Sri Raju's place. Along with the Russian doctors, several other distinguished surgeons also called and what they heard from ex-patients and from those actually undergoing treatment astounded

them. They felt personally satisfied that what they were seeing was nothing short of a medical miracle, according to their Western standards.

Apart from these two reputed Russian doctors' expressed admiration, Sri Chengal Raju has on file the written appreciation of many eminent citizens of our country. We relate a few instances in this connection and leave the readers to judge Sri Chengal Raju's gifts.

THE 60-year old aunt of Hon. Sri Justice Somayya, of the Madras High Court, had a fall and her knee-cap was badly fractured. The allopathic surgeons could not

promise a cure even in six months. Sri Chengal Raju treated her and in four weeks the old lady was able to walk freely.

The late Sri Alladi Krishna-swami Iyer sustained a fissure in his leg and Sri Raju set the bone right within a few days.

Mrs. E. Marion Lavender, a Press Agent and Publicity Officer of London, had a Collis fracture followed by complications which were not discovered until five months after the fracture. An orthopaedist she consulted wished to break down the obstruction under anaesthesia. This was not considered advisable and she finally came to Sri Chengal Raju who effected a cure in no time!

THERE are hundreds of cases of patients who had come to him quite a long time after the fractures because they chose to go to hospitals or private surgeons first and spend months there only to learn that they might have to undergo an amputation. Having finally come to Sri Chengal Raju, they not only escaped amputation of the limbs affected but were completely cured.

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Seen in the photo are (seated, left to right): Dr. Srinivasulu Naidu, Dean of the Govt. College of Indian Medicine, Madras; Dr. K.G.K.E. Raja, Ministry of Health, Govt. of India; Pavillin Chenko, interpreter; Dr. Skorniakova; Dr. Prof. Obrosof; R. Chengal Raju. Standing are (left to right): Dr. Natesan, Asst. Director of Medical Services (Drugs); R. Raghava Raju (son of R. Chengal Raju); Dr. A. Pattabi; R. Krishna Raju (son of R. Chengal Raju); Dr. Perumal Raju (Retd., Govt. Ry. Doctor); Dr. B. Balakrishnan, Govt. Hospital of Indian Medicine, Madras.

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BHARAT AUSHADHALYA, 6W/29, NEW DELHI-12

REMEMBER! 'BHARAT' IS THE HALL-MARK OF PURITY & EFFICACY!

LEELA and her little brother Manu alighted from the evening Mail train at Shahpur Railway Station. The station was deserted, almost empty save for a porter and the station master, who wearily dragged his huge bulk back into an improvised cabin marked "Station Master," after signalling the train off.

Leela looked about the length of the platform and beckoned to the porter, who was eyeing her with an expectant look. Manu, her young brother, seemed to dislike the quietness of the surroundings as he unceremoniously lowered the small leather bag beside the suitcase. The porter came along and led them through the station gate and along the narrow, dusty road towards the big mansion which stood a couple of hundred yards down the road.

Though "Shah Mahal" was Leela's ancestral home, she was visiting it for the first time. Her father, who was running a lucrative business in the city, passed on the entire estate to the care of a cousin. Leela, who had long since been nurturing a hope to visit the place of her ancestors, decided on spending a fortnight of her vacation at this lovely countryside mansion.

At the house they were greeted by a middle-aged man, her uncle, a distant one of course, who now managed and looked after the estate.

The evening was cool and breezy as the guests were ushered into the dim interior of the huge house. The tall coconut trees were swaying

majestically around the huge red-stoned structure. The house, a double-storey dwelling, was a fine specimen of the aristocratic Hindu mansions of the time. The wooden frame-work, which was so abundantly used in its construction, bore the fine workmanship of the Shahpur carpenters. The exuberant prosperity of its owners was clearly discernible through its mute magnificence though now, due to lack of care and habitation, it looked bleak and silent. Yet, the rural quietness held a charm for Leela, who hated the din and dust of the city.

THE young guests were accommodated in the spacious upstairs-room overlooking the countryside of lush greenery and lovely vegetation. Before her eyes lay a wide expanse of paddy fields, fresh and full, blooming with tender corns. Here and there stray cattle were grazing lazily on the upper regions where grass meadows were fenced off the paddy fields. After dinner, Leela

took some time off to exchange a few pleasantries with her aunt before finally retiring to bed. Her aunt and uncle were greatly impressed with Leela's simplicity and charming manners.

In the mornings Leela went out for walks to enjoy the bracing climate of the countryside. The farmers who were up and about early gave her a respectful bow while their womenfolk stood, admiring her exquisitely chiselled features and charming personality. She went among them and made pleasant enquiries or gave them a

cheerful smile as she passed them by. In a couple of days she became very popular and endearing to the simple village folk.

ONE evening, Leela went out for a walk along the bank of the small rivulet that served as the boundary between the "Shah-Mahal" property and the one that was adjoining it. Listening to the boisterous brook below and enjoying the lovely scenery etched against the beautiful background of an everchanging horizon, with the sun slowly sinking down behind the distant hills into the sea, Leela was completely enraptured with the beauty of the surroundings as the cool evening breeze softly caressed her silken-white skin. It was a panorama of unusual magnificence to Leela who was born and brought up in the city and had seen very little of the rural grandeur.

She felt exhilarated as she inhaled the fresh scent of the damp fields and went into the small wooded sanctuary that lay a little distance away. The thickly wooded forest flanking the fields was abounding in animals and birds. Rabbits, deer and antelopes were plenty in this forest, which used to attract many shikarees from nearby towns. In the past, the owners of "Shah-Mahal" themselves were great hunters and used to organise shikar expeditions though the present owners, being not so adventurous, hardly ever went on a shikar.

But Leela was by nature a lover of birds and animals and kept a number of birds as pets at her home in Bombay. She never liked hunting. Nor did she approve the psychology behind it. She had even thought of discussing this subject with her uncle so as to stop anyone from hunting in their estate.

LEELA, oblivious of the time, repaired towards a clump of trees on the outskirts of the forest beside the stream. She sought a place which commanded a fine view of the village below and was about to settle down when her attention was drawn by a shuffling sound



behind her. Turning round, she saw a man in tight breeches, taking aim at a couple of partridges with his long-barreled gun.

Leela abruptly exclaimed, "Oh...!" which sounded rather louder than usual.

THE man immediately lowered his gun and peered at her through the dim twilight. "Hello!" he called out. "You almost knocked me down, young lady. What do you mean by butting in on shikaris?" he asked, as he came in her direction.

She did not answer immediately. She waited as he strode up to her.



He was young, tall and slim with square shoulders. An intelligent though care-free look was writ large on his face.

"Excuse me for the intrusion, but should you be shooting down those lovely birds?" she asked in her sweet, mellow voice when he came closer.

He was embarrassed. The tone of her voice intrigued him. For a while he was unable to answer this well-directed question of the charming young lady.

"Well," he said at last. "You see, it is only a sort of recreation; but, believe me, I don't consider you as an intrusion, though."

Leela smiled at the young man's embarrassment and apologetic tone.

BOTH were silent for a long while. Leela looked at her watch. "Oh, it is time I got home," she said, failing to find a better subject to break the embarrassing silence.

"By the way, may I know where you live?" he asked, in reply.

"Shah-Mahal," said Leela. "I came down on a holiday. Leela is my name. But you haven't told me anything about yourself!"

She found herself getting interested in the young man.

"Rattan Kumar," came the reply. "I am on a week-end visit to my sister's place on the other side of the river." He pointed a finger at a red-tiled roof across the water.

"I see," was all that Leela said as she stole a few quick glances at his handsome face

as he casually retrieved the live cartridge from the gun.

They began walking towards the house in silence until they came to the place where they had to go in different directions. They simply wished each other "Good-night" and parted.

LEELA'S mind was full of the evening's incident. She felt she was fascinated by the young man. His tall, athletic build, his care-free, intelligent attitude and his embarrassment as he answered her question regarding hunting—all these came to her mind as she lay in her bed that night. How different was he from those of her college friends? she thought. She saw in him some eminent quality which she found missing in her city friends. He seemed distinctly different to them in that he did not try to conceal his thoughts. He was so frank and innocent in his speech. Leela was impressed with his simple, straightforward attitude. There was nothing vague or uncertain about him, she thought. She smiled as she lay in her bed that night. Silly, she thought, why should she worry about a chance acquaintance anyway? Yet, much as she tried she could not get rid of the young man's handsome face from her mind's eye, till she finally fell asleep towards the small hours of the morning.

The next evening, again, Leela went to the same spot beside the stream, earlier than the previous day and was reading a novel, reclining under the shade of the tree.

It was some fifteen minutes before Rattan Kumar greeted her with a cheerful "Good-evening." He was attired in a *jibba* and pyjamas and looked refreshingly handsome.

"Oh, good-evening," said Leela, looking up. "Not hunting today?"

"Not today. Last night I had a good catch of a couple of hares, you see,"

"Oh! Please, don't tell me that you are proud to shoot down a couple of harmless creatures," said Leela interrupting him in his narration.

He looked quizzically at her. "I am sorry," he said. "But does it offend you in any way?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

"Please, Rattan, tell me why must you shoot down those helpless things?" she asked in a pleading tone, for the first time dropping the formalities and addressing him as plain 'Rattan.'

He said nothing. Instead, he stood gazing down at her wistfully.

"LOOK, Leela, I don't know what you mean by that," he said after a long while. "Let us get this straight—why should you feel so soft about those creatures and birds?"

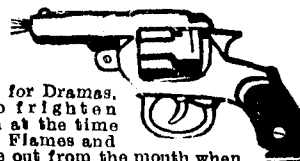
"Aren't they harmless and lovely little creations of God? Why should people go about killing innocent creatures? That is what worries me," she answered.

"Oh, you are such a soft-hearted girl! My God!" he shrugged his square shoulders.

(Continued on page 106)

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You see an insurance agent or a subscription-wallah in the opposite house. Any moment he may barge into your residence. But you feel confident that you could manage him. A wriggler doesn't take such chances. Why take the bull by its horns when one could easily escape it? The wriggler gets into the kitchen and asks his wife to tell all visitors that he has gone out. It is no new experience to the lady and she successfully complies with her husband's instructions and dodges the visitors and their visitations.



... hiding in the kitchen ...

Much more so does a dodger wriggle out of a creditor's clutches. If he catches sight of him at one end of a street, half a mile off,

the wriggler dashes diagonally into the first lane that he might catch sight of and flies off to a remote corner, alone, unfriended, melancholy, and so on.



... dodging the creditor ...

The British often speak of wriggling like an eel. The expert eel-wriggler wriggles out of situations by not only physically slipping out of them but also by practising an elusive, enigmatic language capable of much equivocation, more round-aboutness, much more slippery castor-oil cliches, all moving in a sort of hazy, sugary void.

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himself on you when you don't need him at all.

His diametrical opposite is the stiff-neck, the man who talks in a cut-and-dried manner, who affirms when he means to affirm and negates when he means to negate. With him we know where we are. With others we are simply in a wilderness.

job for the boy I recommended?" demands the stiff-neck.

"I might have or I might not have, for it all depends on whether there are vacancies or not," replies the arch wriggler.

"Do you deny your word, then?"

"I don't. I simply said I might have or might not have."

"You deny there are vacancies?"

"I don't."

"May I take it there are vacancies?"

"If there were vacancies, I would have said so. I never said so."

"Then what is it that you say?"

"If vacancies arise and the boy is found suitable, other considerations remaining normal, then the boy will be given a chance, you may depend on it."

"If the Bay of Bengal doesn't overflow inland soon, if the sky does not topple down, if immortality is thrust on your head, you will do it. When are you going to say something definite? Yes or no?"

"As you say, it shall be both yes and no," remarks the wriggler and walks off with a smile.

... promise and performance ...

An eel-wiggler and a stiff-neck are often engaged in conversation like the following:

"You have then no idea of fulfilling your promise?" asks the stiff-neck of the eel-wiggler, who is the boss of a firm.

"Promise, eh? What promise, I would like to know?"

"Did you not give your word that you would provide a clerk's

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Michael Redgrave:

Schoolmaster Into Leading Actor

SOME actors fill a part with the glamour of their own personalities; others get "beneath the skin" of their roles and it is the character rather than the man that one remembers. Only rarely is a handsome star so absorbed in the art of acting that he will tackle any part, however unsympathetic, so long as it gives him scope to test his powers.

Such a one is Michael Redgrave now at, 46, the height of his powers, and one of Britain's finest players both on stage and screen. Visitors to Startford-on-Avon in 1951 will remember his elegant, effeminate Richard II, his virile, rough-tongued Harry Hotspur, his unusual Prospero. Filmgoers watching *The Browning Version* at about the same time and being touched perhaps by the ageing, ineffectual schoolmaster who was its principal character would find it hard to recognise in him the talented Shakespearean. And thus it has always been with this most versatile actor.

Shortly after playing the light-hearted hero in Anthony Asquith's film of Oscar Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest*, Redgrave was seen at the St. James's Theatre, London, as a bloated, drink-sodden old "pro" in Clifford Odets' *The Country Girl*. During the long run of this play, he appeared in weekly instalments of "Horatio

Hornblower" on the radio. He also delivered the series of Rockefeller Lectures at the Department of Drama at Bristol University which have since been published in a book entitled "The Actor's Ways and Means." They are a penetrating study of the art of acting.

In 1953, Redgrave returned to Startford, playing Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and King Lear. "Antony and Cleopatra" was subsequently presented in London and Paris. He recently completed his 24th film — *The Night My Number Came Up* at Ealing Studios, and will

—BY—

JOAN LITTLEFIELD

CRITIC AND FEATURE WRITER
MEMBER OF THE LONDON
CRITICS' GUILD.

shortly have a singing role, as Eisenstein in *Oh, Rosalinda*, a film version of the Strauss operetta, "Die Fledermaus." He has a good baritone voice and once sang Captain Macheath in "The Beggar's Opera" for the Glyndebourne Opera.

Of his elderly, bearded French lawyer in *The Green Scarf*, completed last year, a studio worker said, "It was impossible to recognise the Redgrave we know, except by the voice, so completely absorbed was he in the character."

Michael Redgrave began his acting career in Australia at the age of two, when he was carried on stage by his mother (Margaret Scudamore) then on tour in that country. He continued to act, as



Michael Redgrave, one-time schoolmaster, now ace actor.

an amateur, when he was a school-boy, an undergraduate and a schoolmaster but, he says, he was never stagestruck. His first ambition was to be a writer. When he left Clifton School, Bristol, he got a job on a local paper. He soon gave this up, however, to study languages in France and Germany. Then he won a choral exhibition to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he edited "The Cambridge Review" and founded another paper called "The Venture." He left the University in the slump years of the early 1930s when it was hard for any young man to make a

living as a journalist; so he accepted a post as junior modern languages master at Cranleigh School in Surrey. Here, he set about reviving the school's dramatic society. In three years he produced and acted in "As You Like It," "King Lear," "Hamlet" and "The Tempest," Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore," in which he sang the part of Ralph Rackstraw.

At the age of 26, although he was told that he was too tall for the stage—he is six feet three inches—he decided to seek an audition with Lilian Baylis at London's famous Old Vic. She offered him £3 a week. He then

went to the Repertory Theatre in Liverpool and applied for a job there. He was told that the next season's cast list was almost complete, but that he "would be hearing from them." He replied that he hoped he would hear soon since he had an Old Vic contract in his pocket. Surprised that any young actor should prefer Liverpool to London, the theatre's director at once offered him £4 a week which he promptly accepted.

Within six months he was playing leading parts, and when he returned for a second season he

took with him a young actress, Rachel Kempson, fresh from an early triumph as Juliet at Stratford, who had recently become his wife.

From Liverpool, Redgrave and his wife went to play juvenile leads at the Old Vic. He was Laertes to the Hamlet of Laurence Olivier and Orlando to the Rosalind of Edith Evans. Then John Gielgud engaged him to participate in a repertory season in London's West End in the winter of 1938/39.

It was at about this time that he made his first film, Alfred Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes*. He also played a leading part in an early Carol Reed picture, *The Stars Look Down*, based upon A. J. Cronin's mining novel, and gave a fine performance in the title role of H.G. Wells' *Kipps*.

Redgrave's first visit to the United States was during World War II when, as an Ordinary Seaman in Britain's Royal Navy, he was sent to join the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* then refitting in Norfolk, Virginia. A year later, invalided out of the Navy, he returned to London to act in and direct plays. His films at that time included *The Way to the Stars*, *Thunder Rock* and *Dead of Night*.



It is impossible to recognise the Redgrave we know, except by the voice, in the elderly bearded French Lawyer role (seen above) played in *The Green Scarf*—so completely absorbed is he in the character.

In Hollywood, Redgrave worked on a film with Fritz Lang, who became one of his close friends. He also played Orin in the *Mourning Becomes Electra*, the mammoth film version of Eugene O'Neill's classic, for which he was nominated for an Award by the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

In 1950, Redgrave fulfilled a long-standing ambition to be leading man in an Old Vic season. His Hamlet, one of the best of recent years, will be remembered by visitors to the Zurich and

Holland Festivals and, most notably, at Elsinore, Denmark, where the play was given in the courtyard of Kronberg Castle. He returned to the Holland Festival in 1951 to give some one-man Shakespearean readings.

MR. AND MRS. REDGRAVE, a very happily married couple of the English stage, live in a fine 18th century house on the banks of the Thames at Chiswick, in West London. They have three children, Vanessa, 17, Corin, 15 and Lynn 12. Here they entertain poets, writers, painters and musicians as well as actors. A well-known London journalist — the late Ian Mackay — once wrote, "This house is a beautiful, living thing, full of rich growing loveliness of happy, cultured minds." Of Redgrave, he wrote. "A man of gracious mind who would have been very much at home strolling

with David Garrick and Dr. Samuel Johnson in the cedar avenues of Chiswick Park."

IN 1952, in Queen Elizabeth II's first Birthday Honours List, Redgrave was awarded the C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire) for his services to the English stage.

Father's Grouse

"I've spent nearly £5,000 on that girl's education," complained the aggrieved father, "and here she goes and marries a fellow with an income of only £500 a year."

"Well," said the friend of the family, "that's ten per cent on your investment. It's more than you can reasonably expect in these times."

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A World So Different

THE bullock cart was moving at a snail's pace on the hilly road, rising and dipping into the many ups and downs. But the bullocks seemed to know their business very well and moved on steadily.

The occupants of the cart were in deep slumber, the creaking sound of the wooden chassis and the jolt from side to side, forming a sort of lullaby. The lad sitting in front and the bullocks he was driving were equally sleepy. The night was silent except for the noise made by the wheels with the peculiar music of the insects in the background. But before long, another sound, that of horses' hoofs, could be clearly heard. As these approached nearer and nearer, the driver became alert and tried to wake up the occupants of the carriage. None, however, woke up, when the riders surrounded them.

"Stop! We are the police!" they announced.

The Mounted Police of the State were a famous band of horsemen who rounded up hordes of dacoits in a matter of days and unearthed theft and murder cases in a few hours after the commission of the crimes. Their very name struck terror among all law-breakers; it was no wonder that our lad, who at last succeeded in waking up his sleeping kinsmen, was bathed in sweat in spite of the chill night.

To the surprised half-a-dozen gypsies who shuffled out of the carriage, the head policeman, leader of the raiding party, ex-

plained: "We want to search the carriage for stolen property." Without much ado they went ahead with that task. The minions of the law, who had now dismounted, helped their chief in emptying the carriage of all its contents — mostly provisions, some tin containers, utensils, clothes of all hues, coloured beads, tents used for camping, etc. But not one item of any valuable article or costly jewel could be found. There was really no stolen stuff.

AFTER the fruitless search, the head of the riders questioned the occupants, who were of a nomadic tribe, gypsy-like in travelling, camping, dressing and other

~~~~~  
**By K. T. C.**  
~~~~~

habits. Only one thing provoked suspicion, and that was the presence of a male child of three or four years who, although carefully dressed and tattooed like one of their brood, was definitely out of tune with the general set-up. The reason that he had been orphaned recently and was later adopted by them could not be believed and was not convincing. So the whole group was arrested and taken to the nearest police outpost, about eight miles away, where they were remanded to custody.

The next day saw them charge-sheeted for kidnapping a child. Then they were produced before a magistrate. He held that the child must have been abducted from

somewhere. The crime seemed to him to be of a very serious nature and he ordered that the gypsies should take their trial at the Sessions Court.

Several days later, Sekhar, a defence lawyer, had talks with them. He noticed that Nira, one of the accused, appeared to be acting in a singular manner. Not only did he appear to understand English but also the legal procedure. But his dress, which consisted only of a shabby *lungoti*, his blackened teeth, the coloured beads around his waist and neck, his unkempt hair—all confirmed his primitive upbringing.

Sekhar, for all his legal acumen, could not reconcile the savage and the civilized which seemed to have blended so nicely and made up Nira's personality. Sometimes he thought that he might be a man of the town acting like a nomad. But he either could not or would not reveal his past. Whenever the matter was broached, he appeared to blink, his face registering a blank far-away look. All the clever means adopted by Sekhar to ascertain the real identity of Nira failed. But he thought, one day he should unravel the mystery with the help of the only clue available—a small scar on his forehead.

THE trial commenced, witnesses were questioned, and finally the accused were examined. Now, it was Nira's turn. For some time he was answering all questions in his own dialect, a corrupted form of Hindi. When the counsel cross-examined him, he suddenly began to speak in perfect English and continued to do so till the end. All were amazed at his fluency. The judge and the jury

were astonished at his knowledge of the law. Everyone came to the conclusion that he must have been a practising lawyer. But Nira denied that he had had any such past. His associates stoutly rejected any suggestion that Nira was not one of their tribe.

Due to the doubtful identity of Nira, the case was further adjourned. But the judge refused bail to the accused. Counsel pleaded eloquently but in vain.

JUDGE Debnath was one of the famous criminal lawyers of the time, before he donned the judge's robes. His eldest son, Ravinder, who followed in his father's footsteps, qualified himself creditably and was called to the bar at the early age of twenty-five. By constant attendance in court and in his father's chambers, he developed extraordinary legal acumen and powers of cross-examination. In a few years, Ravinder, who had secured his Master of Law degree, became one of the ablest lawyers in the city. It was needless to say that Debnath was proud of his worthy son, and he looked forward to a more glorious career. So was his beautiful wife, Vimala, who entertained grand expectations.

The court had closed for summer recess, and Ravinder, accompanied by Vimala and his family members, went on a holiday tour to a distant district where the river Nabada flowed violently. The first few days were spent in picnicking, play and amusement. Vimala noticed that her husband was unusually happy, and, as the spate. Ravinder would jump and days went by, his rapture grew to unbridled proportions. They used to go to the river which was in

swim in the river, against his wife's pleadings. Vimala used to watch him anxiously until he came back to the shore safe.

That day also they went to the river. Vimala requested him not to go near the eddies and whirlpools which, she had heard, had drowned many a man. But her warning proved of no avail. Fate had laid its trap well enough, and Ravinder, who had jumped into the water, did not come up at all. The pretty face of Vimala was contorted with agony. All the vigorous searches proved futile. Fabulous sums were promised to those who could fish out his body. None could find it. Debnath, who had hurried thither, became a nervous wreck. All believed Ravinder had died.

THE court was crowded to capacity, and in the public gallery sat the retired Judge Debnath and his daughter-in-law. Both watched Nira's face with the scar without batting an eye-lid. He in turn was also staring at them. Memories stirred in the three minds.

Suddenly it happened. Nira cried, "Vimal, don't you know me? Father, look at me!"

Simultaneously Debnath whispered, "My son, Ravinder! So you are alive! May you live long!"

Vimala's emotions were too overwhelming to allow her to speak. She embraced Ravinder and quietly cried, leaning on his shoulder.

During the family re-union celebration, Ravinder told how he had been saved by the gypsies and was subsequently adopted by them and how he had lost track of the past owing to the shock received when he hit a stone under the whirling waters he had jumped into and about his subsequent life until the court scene.

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SUN STOVE IS IN ACTION NOW!

IT was November and the air was cold, but the sun was bright. The guests at a small luncheon party, gathering on the terrace of one of the buildings of New York University, were cheerful. They were also curious.

Everyone wondered whether the food would be well cooked, but the hostess, Dr. Maria Telkes, spoke reassuringly. "It's good cooking weather," she said. "Feel the warmth of the sun."

This was fortunate, for the success of the luncheon depended on a clear day. Dr. Telkes, a research associate in New York University's College of Engineering, was demonstrating her invention, a sun stove. She was cooking

the lunch there on the terrace, in an aluminium stove heated by the rays of the sun.

THE sun stove isn't a gadget, Dr. Telkes explained to her guests. It is so practical that when the present experimental model is replaced by a perfected one it may be possible for millions of people to use it in many parts of the world. "Just now, however, we're interested in today's lunch," Dr. Telkes said, and she turned to the stove.

It had the general shape of a cube. Its top consisted of flaps that opened upward and outward. The flaps, like the body of the stove, were of glistening aluminium

and were designed to reflect the rays of the sun into the stove.

With the flaps up, there was a flat surface beneath them that covered the top of the stove. This was painted black to absorb the rays reflected by the flaps. Inside, the stove was insulated with glass wool. At the back there was an insulated door.

DR. TELKES opened the door. Her guests crowded around. They looked inside and saw sizzling hamburger steaks, onions, green peas and rice, and toasted rolls. They had been cooked by the sun's rays reflected by the aluminium flaps into the stove, which really was an oven.

Everything was ready and, as the guests ate appreciatively, Dr. Telkes explained that New York sunshine, even in summer, can't compare with the heat of the sun that is common in the Far East and Near East.

"Usually when the temperature is under 70 degrees," she said, "the stove develops about 300 degrees. In stronger sunshine 400 degrees should be possible."

The stove, she said, seems well adapted to cooking staple foods used in many parts of the world,

such as rice lentils and all kinds of green and dry vegetables. With a very cheap chemical inside, it can retain heat for an hour after sunset.

Cooking time depends on the food, said Dr. Telkes. The hamburgers, for example, took only 35 minutes. "We've roasted chicken in it," she said. "Broiled fish, too, and baked bread and cake and made soups and stews. All very good."

THE stove is not entirely perfect. Dr. Telkes, long a leading authority on solar energy, wants to do more research on materials and construction. She believes that the stove, when mass produced, must sell for \$5 or less to be within the means of the millions of people to whom it will be most useful.

The Ford Foundation is now giving its support. It recently granted \$45,000 for development of the stove during 1955 and for an economic study of its uses. ♦♦



Since Arthur Wint retired from athletics with his farewell lap of honour at the White City two years ago, after captaining London against Paris & Brussels, he has concentrated only upon his career as a doctor at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. During this time, he has become as popular with staff and patients at the hospital as a doctor, as he was with thousands of his followers as an athlete. Now he is making another farewell, for he is returning to his home in Jamaica to continue his career as a doctor in his own country. Arthur Wint is seen here in one of the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, shaking hands with Matron Loveridge, as he says his "farewells."



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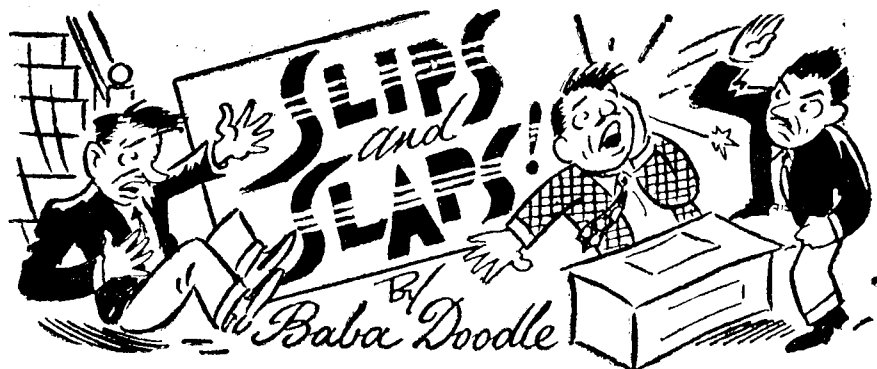
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What is the next Jubilee's name? we are asked.

"The Glorious Jubilee," we answer.

"The greatest man of the World today," that is how the former Minister of Ceylon calls our Pandit Nehru.

I am not sure that the Leaders of some of the Parties in India, would say, "Amen."

That doesn't matter: Nehru is *facile princeps* and the foremost Indian.

Russia claims to be better armed than U.S. in every detail of military equipment.

Why not give a proof practical?

Perhaps Pandit Nehru stands in the way: Is that a bit of spoilsport?

So Sri. T.T. Krishnamachari, the Industries Minister for Central Govt., continues in office.

The Madras Ministers did not know what to do with such a big gun in their midst. Now they can breathe freely.

President Rajendra Prasad presents a red rose to Pandit Nehru as soon as he landed at Delhi.

Is it symbolic of the fact that prospects are quite rosy in the Andhra and Travancore-Cochin States?

"Tamil must be made the medium of instruction in colleges at one stage or other," said Mr. C. Subramaniam, Minister for Education, Madras.

That is just like a politician; for when you note his phrase "at one stage or other," it looks as if the present medium, i.e., English, is quite safe.

Who says Indians are not keen about politics and elections? Just look at the election clashes in the Andhra State. Just look at the clashes and be wise.

Politics has got into the system; nay, on the nerves.

It is just like the private who had learnt to read and write. The Mayor asked the Sergeant whether the men in his company who are taught writing are progressing well.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "they are learning to write and can sign their names. In fact, one of them has signed the names of 3 others and drawn their pay."

"Walk out" from Assemblies! What does that mean?

Is it a political act? Or, is it a drama played for the mere nuisance value it creates in the Assembly and the publicity it gives the incident?

How can absence from the hall help the opposition or the member who "Walks out?"

Physical Labour and Brain Labour should be treated or paid equally, is the opinion of Acharya Vinoba Bhave. He wants a Minister to work 4 hours in the field and 4 hours at his desk.

Excellent advice to uphold the dignity of Labour. But the revered Bhave should be pleased to note that if a Minister acts according to his advice, the field and the office will both suffer.

Dr. P. Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh, says that the Southern States should each devote a lakh of rupees for the encouragement of the regional languages and literature.

Which is more healthy: Patronage of the Reading Public or Patronage by the Governments which is more often coloured by political and other considerations?

Save Language and Literature from Govt. patronage!

Kalidas, Tiruvalluvar, Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, etc., had nothing to do with Govt. patronage.

"Garco" is the latest Robot, the mechanical man which can do so many things; but then the the human is being already faced with unemployment, why then the "Garco"?

"China can never attack Formosa," declares Sir John Kotelawala, P.M. of Ceylon.

How true: Ignorance is bliss when it is folly to be wise.

Pandit Nehru was not against admitting the Chinese Nationalists to attend the International Conference on Formosa.

The *Pravda*, the Soviet Communist Party paper, thinks that Nehru was influenced by Mr. Churchill. But the *Pravda* does not realise that Nehru would first listen to the opposed view first and then to his own men.

Of 2,657 candidates declared eligible for degrees by the Madras University, as many as 1728 candidates, more than half, received their degrees in absentia. What better gesture that the show of Convocation is not cared for, or known for what it is worth?

When will this farce end?

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because, with an old broom, she wanted to sweep back into the sea the pestiferous waves which were beating against her cottage on the sea-shore.

Rajaji today declares from Madras that the World has a right of protection against Atomic test and its use.

Quite right, and more: but President Eisenhower, you may be sure, cannot hear Rajaji, perhaps because he is deaf.

On the other hand, Pres. Eisenhower opines that the very dreadful effects of H Bomb, as revealed by a Report on its effects, will ensure peace by striking terror.

Only a small hitch between the viewpoint of Rajaji and Pres. Eisenhower.

A standing shame to Indian culture are the Rickshaws and the Rickshawallahs, The Madras Legislative Council member, Sri Purushottam drew attention to this National disgrace.

Uplift plans for villagers, Harijans etc are announced; but not for Rickshawallahs. Mr. Purushottam had the courage to stand up against this practice in the land of Buddha's Love of all living beings and Mahatma's Ahimsa.

More challenges are daily sent to Sri Nehru to enter into a smoking competition. Mr. Nehru replies that his programme for the next six months is over-crowded and announces that he is ready for the smoke bout thereafter.

GAMBLERS' WIVES



AFTER the first race we were somewhat elated.

A good thing happening after a bitter disappointment is doubly welcome. We had confidently taken Majid's tip, he being a veteran race-goer and reputed to be in the know of things. So when we saw No. 7 forging ahead in front of the stands a neck in advance of our No. 3 our spirits drooped. We had prudently taken Place tickets also, and so we trooped dejectedly to take our meagre return at the pay-out side. Then suddenly the siren blared out.

"Danger!" said Majid.

"Objection!" said Devesh.

"Don't," I said to Prasad who was about to tear up his Win ticket.

An expectant wait followed, and then there was the cry "Upheld!". It appeared that No. 7 had bored or bumped No. 3 causing the latter to lose his lead, the upshot being that No. 3 was declared winner.

Our satisfaction, however, was short-lived. The next horse we took with great confidence in Majid's prescience did not turn up in the first six. When the next one also let us down badly our spirits sank, and also cash in our hands was at a low ebb. Majid had disappeared, and our coalition was faced with the imminent risk of disintegration. But hope rose

By O. Kunhircaman

again in my breast when I saw Mr. Dhanaraj at the railing.

"There he is," I said, "a veteran racing man. He is an officer in the Guindy Bank and comes across a good many trainers and jockeys. If anyone can put us right, it is he."

"Good-afternoon, good-afternoon," I said, as we reached with-in hailing distance.

"Good-afternoon," said Dhanaraj. "But, all the same, it is a very bad afternoon," he added.

"What may be yours for the next race?" I asked.

"SEE, my friend, misfortune never comes single. I was reliably informed that 'Frisky Fanny' was a dead cert, and I might put my shirt on it. My fancy was leading in front of the stands; you saw it as also how the malefactor who rode 'Black Blizzard' came up whipping his mount, and my horse was pipped on the post."

"What about the next race?" put in Devesh.

"It is a scandal how they maltreat these dumb animals," continued Dhanaraj, ignoring the interruption. "What are the Stewards doing? Where are the S.P.C.A. people?"

"What is a good one for the next race?" I enquired.

"Do you know what happened yesterday?" he went on as if in answer. "I had not gone to office, and for some reason I had forgotten that it was pay-day. A peon brought my salary home in the evening."

He paused as if recalling to mind some grave mishap. We waited listening; it was clear that he was leading up to something exciting and tragic.

"My wife happened to be sitting on the verandah. The silly ass gave the whole thing into her hands. She took it inside and counted carefully. She is an awful one for taking care of the pies. 'Oh, so much!' she said, adding, 'I never knew till now!' All the care I had taken these several months had gone for naught by that fellow's thoughtlessness. Where I am to get the funds for the next race day, Heaven alone knows!"

And he walked slowly away biting his nails.

"I have heard that he used to keep part of his salary in his office drawer," said Moorthy who had listened to the monologue.

THE financial crisis reduced us to the necessity of taking Place tickets in the next race, and "Artful Bob" ridden by the champion jockey obliged, so that the bottom did not actually fall out of the market for us.

Returning to watch the board we espied Mr. Lokanath sitting thoughtfully at the tea-stall. There was an untasted cup of tea before him. He was a regular racegoer, and during the off-season he used to study the news at other

centres and invest a little money in the illegal bucket shops, so rumour said.

"Hullo! Hullo!" I said. "How goes it?" taking a jocular line. It did not cheer him up a bit.

"These gossiping women are the curse of humanity," he said, after taking a sip from his cup, "discussing their husbands' affairs and comparing notes. What business have they other than that of minding the children and the work at home?"

"Got a good one for the next race?" I asked.

Mr. Chari of my office came up just then, and Lokanath got up and went away as if he had remembered something he had forgotten.

"HE is not in funds today, my friend," Mr. Chari remarked. "You see, Arogiaswamy is a neighbour of his, and Mrs. Lokanath paid a social call on Mrs. Arogiam. Their husbands are in the same office and drawing the same salary. My wife happened to be there, too. Mrs. Lokanath was bewailing her lot, saying what trouble they were put to, trying to make both ends meet with a hundred and sixty rupees a month, the house-rent being what it was and books and fees for the two boys going to school. 'What!' said Mrs. Arogiam. 'One hundred and sixty, did you say? It is a good deal less than what he gets, less than half. My husband has the same salary, so I know.'"

"Mrs. Loka was struck dumb for some time as if she could not believe her ears. 'Is that so? Is that so?' she said at last. 'That is why I am so shabbily dressed

and you are so smart! I have a right to know where the money goes—or on whom he spends it!' That sounded the death-knell of Mr. Loka's racing days."

MR. RAMDAS of the Central Office had joined us when Mr. Chari was telling us about Lokanath. We went together to take tickets, when we saw Kannappan with his back to the ticket windows soliloquising with great bitterness.

"The sooner this racing is abolished the better for everyone!" he said. "This is the worst possible kind of gambling. I came here with a full wallet and now there is nothing in it. Fortunately I bought a return ticket when I got into the Race Special. Otherwise I should have been stranded here. Hullo, Nathan, how are you faring?"

"So, so," said Nathan, "and how is your luck?"

"Hard luck," said Kannappan. "A paltry hundred or a hundred and fifty, that is all I made. They are partners now, you know," pointing to Nathan who was with a friend named Michael, "Nathan had lost money at the races. To gain money here is bad; it is sinful money. He went into partnership with Michael, and they are doing very well in business, earning honest money now; doing nicely in the textile branch of the Black Market."

Coming round the building to the Tote side, we practically ran into Chandru who was staring at the board showing the results of the double and treble events. There was no four-figure amount on it as on former occasions. We did not attract his attention, but Hansa who was with him told us

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CHITRA

Maharani Rd., INDORE CITY (M.B.)

how lucky Chandru was to have won the treble.

"Lucky dog!" said Prasad. "See how he is beaming!"

So far from beaming Chandru was looking pretty sorry for himself.

"Go on, rejoice, you lucky one!" said Prasad, but Chandru walked away gloomily.

"See, my friend," said Devesh, "we who have lost a little money are downcast, but here is one who won the Treble but looks miserable. A psychological phenomenon, eh?"

The treble dividend on the board was Rs. 54/-.

"I do not believe in telling lies to the wife," said Mr. Ramdas, taking off his hat, "although a wise man in enumerating the persons to whom a lie may be told heads the list with one's wife. It is not fair to the little woman. Mine got into the evil habit of checking the cash in my purse just before my setting out for the race course. A re-checking would follow on my return. Very awkward on most days. The pain of losing money is nothing to the pain of seeing her face change. So I hit upon a good way of avoiding that." And he proceeded to take a couple of notes from behind the inside flap of his hat as he went with us to buy tickets.

BEFORE the last race a middle-aged man with a ragged moustache and haggard look who was standing beside me facing the Tote suddenly turned to me and said, "Sir, please tell me a good one, anything you fancy. I came from my village this morning and was fortunate enough to dispose of my produce for a good profit. My misfortune led me to this place, and I lost nearly all I had. My wife will harbour the worst suspicions about me."

"I have not fared better," I said. "God alone knows what is going to win."

"Never mind, sir, I shall take whatever you select."

I had been observing that No. 9, that good horse "Make-it-Easy", was neglected. It was a largish field, and "Make-it-Easy" was about 30 to 1 on the Win side and nearly 7 to 1 on the Place side. "You may try your luck on No. 9," I said to my villager acquaintance.

"It is a good horse and will pay very well if it wins, but take a Place ticket also."

"I shall do as you say. *Namaste,*" he said, and went straight to the ticket windows.

It occurred to me that I might do worse than take a Place ticket on No. 9, and went and did accordingly.

"Make-it-Easy" won by lengths.

IN the crush at the exit the policeman on duty had a hard job to prevent the riff-raff outside rushing in and trying to snatch our race books. We three were again together there.

"Take care of your purses," I warned. "I have been saved by a Place ticket."

"So am I," said Devesh. "Just got back what I lost."

"I can honestly tell my wife I have made a profit," said Prasad. "Do you know how much? Eight annas—to play the devil with!"

A Racehorse trotted up to the Tote window and neighed: "I want a ten shilling ticket on myself in the 3.30."

"What?" screamed the man behind the window.

"Surprised to learn I can talk?" asked the horse.

"No," said the ticket seller. "I just don't think you've got an earthly chance of winning."



THE story dates back to the time when I was just out of my teens. My parents were worried. My mother was often saying that a girl of my age shouldn't stay unmarried too long and my father was hunting for a groom.

It was not that there was any dearth of young men to woo me. The trouble was otherwise. It was that my father was always unable to decide whether to give me in marriage or not to the man with whom negotiations for it had gone on. He would first see him, approve him, talk to his father and when almost everything would reach completion and the marriage appear to be a certainty, he would change his mind. He would find fault either with him or with his family and at the eleventh hour cancel all talks. Mother used to taunt him with this hesitancy and say that that way he would never be able to find a son-in-law. But he was helpless. The young men fell short of his standard but, to save his face, would tell mother, "Marriage is no ordinary bargain. On it depends the question of a whole life. I have, therefore, to think seven times before making up my mind."

Mother would laugh and say, "All right, do as you please. I am only worried about the daughter's advancing age."

He would comfort her, saying, "Why do you worry? I am there to look to it."

THUS the matter would end. In this way Father rejected so many offers that came for my hand. There was, for instance, the doctor's son who wished to marry me and my marriage with him was almost settled. But then Father said that the boy was not handsome and, therefore, not worthy of his beautiful daughter. Then there was the lawyer's son, quite good in all respects. But Father managed to find one fault in him also and it was that he was shortly to leave for England to study law and this, as he told Mother, was not good as he did not like me to remain alone all the time the son-in-law would be away in England for studies. This was irritating to Mother. She was upset. I also became impatient of Father's indecision.

Under such circumstances a friend of Father's talked to him about one more match for me. This young man was an

By R.P.S.

M.A. and a lecturer in a Government College. He was advised not to miss him. Anxious, Father soon extended an invitation to him to go to our place for a day. He came promptly. Mother was very glad to see him. I had also cast a timid glance at him through the door. He was very attractive, tall, well-built and appeared quite smart in his Western dress. He wore a pleasing and intelligent expression and there was refinement in his speech. I saw him and liked him.

But when he was gone, Father said he could not approve him as he was twenty-seven years of age while I was only twenty. Mother said that it did not matter much. But he said that he preferred a still younger boy. Mother protested that the marriage should be settled but he was again unable to come to a decision. He said, "I am writing to his father that the proposal is off."

TEARS came into my eyes when I heard those words. My temper was aroused. I did not like Father to come into my way any more. I had found my match and I was determined to marry him. But neither could I open my mind to him nor take any action in the matter myself. I was much shocked. Life seemed to me so wretched then



FOR days together Mother kept on pressing but Father was wavering. My patience was exhausted. Since the day I saw the lecturer I had longed to be his. What a magic spell he had cast on me! Day and night I dreamt of him. But Father's indecision almost broke my heart. All the while I had busied myself devising a plan whereby I could bring about the marriage but had failed. I thought furiously again. And the more I thought the more I found that I could do nothing. Father's intentions I knew were good, but I could no more leave

the initiative in his hands. I knew I must act.

THEREFORE, finding no other way out, I decided to write to the lecturer himself. I knew it was not a proper course and full of risks, too. I feared what would happen if Father knew of the letter. Supposing the lecturer foolishly sent the letter back to Father! Father would punish me. The lecturer might well regard my act as unmaidenly and even ignore me. But I was satisfied that under the circumstances there was no other

course open to me but to write to him. So I decided to take the risk. In the solitude of the night, with trembling hand I wrote to him that I loved him and would marry none else but him and it was left to him to devise ways and means to bring about our union. Next day Kamla, my friend, posted the letter and my heart was in a flutter.

THE lecturer proved really wise. On the fourth day after my letter had gone Father received from him a letter in which he wrote that,



while at our place, he lost his handkerchief and probably some one took it out from the breast pocket of his coat. This kerchief, he mentioned, was of silk and light blue in colour and in its centre was embroidered in black cotton his own name Rajendra Kumar. He further made it clear that he would not have troubled us for such a thing as a handkerchief but as it was a gift from one of his very dear friends who was no more he would not like to part with it under any circumstances. And so, he added further, he would be much obliged if a search was made for it in the house and restored to him. He was, he wrote, passing through our station on Sunday afternoon *en route* to Allahabad and he would, therefore, much appreciate it if the kerchief was handed back to him at the station on that day.

ON knowing of the letter and its contents, I was immediately assured that the entire talk about the handkerchief was pure fiction as I was positive that he had left no such thing at our place. It, therefore, did not take me long to



Husband (to wife): "They must be film critics, I guess!"

realize that the talk of the kerchief was only part of the plan that I had asked him to devise to bring about our marriage. From his letter, then, I got two clear hints. First that he wanted the handkerchief to be found with me and, second, that he wanted it to be returned to him at the station so that my parents might be convinced that the kerchief really belonged to him but I had purposely taken it out from his pocket. Thus they might be convinced of my love for him and might then be compelled to reconsider the question of our marriage. I was delighted beyond measure.

FATHER lost his temper and shouted at all of us obviously because he could not bear the idea that some one of his house should steal so petty a thing as a handkerchief. He questioned every one in the house about it but all pleaded ignorance. Last of all, I was questioned but I also denied all knowledge about it. Even so, suspicion revolved round me and the whole house believed that it was I who had pinched the handkerchief. But of all the people Mother suspected me most. She asked me several times in private but each time I firmly nodded my head in denial. She even wanted to see my box but I refused to open the same with a view to strengthening her doubt still further!

For our machination, a handkerchief was necessary and Rajendra had already given the particulars for me to manufacture one. So the next day the first thing I did was to call for a piece of faint blue silk from the market. Kamla helped me in this. I cut it into a handkerchief and embroi-

dered in its centre in black cotton the name of my lover. Mother wanted to examine my box; so I put the kerchief into my box and locked it, intending to open it on Sunday so that the article might then be discovered and sent to the station to be handed there to Rajendra.

THERE were three days to go for Sunday. I, however, liked it to come earlier. Father prepared to go to the station to see him and tell him that the kerchief could not be found but Mother who had not till then come across my box told him, "It does not look proper to tell him plainly that the kerchief could not be found. We shall have to give him another kerchief in return to compensate his loss. So ask him to get down here for a day so that this may be done." Father agreed to this course, went to the station and brought him home.

I availed myself of another opportunity to peep at him again through the doors. The same charm, the same attractiveness, the same intelligence on the face turned me mad with delight. Meanwhile, Mother came across my box, suddenly opened it and found the handkerchief. Veenu, my naughty younger brother, snatched it from her and, holding it in his hand, ran into the room where Father was sitting with him, crying, "The kerchief has been found out, Father."

Father was astonished. He enquired, "Where was it?"

"In Sister's box," Veenu shouted at the top of his voice. "The box was unlocked, so Mother got a chance to look into it and she found it there."

I had seen the lecturer blush at it. But Father was confused. He asked Veenu to return it to its owner. Veenu obeyed. I saw Rajendra tucking it into the breast pocket of his coat. How lovely it looked there then!

Father came inside and asked Mother, "Why did she not tell us before that the kerchief was with her?"

"How could she?" Mother replied. "Can't you understand this? You have seen now that she likes him. So I say, the marriage can no more be delayed."

"It seems so," Father said and went out again.

WHAT happened afterwards is not necessary for the purpose of this story. Suffice it to say that Father agreed to give me in marriage to the lecturer and soon after we were happily married. But whether I had really taken out the kerchief from Rajendra's coat has even to this day remained a mystery to my parents. That kerchief is still with me. I owe my marriage to it. It is therefore even dearer to me than all my jewellery. ♦♦



BOSS (to friend): "I am dis...mi...ssing th...the steno. He...he...is...too sl...ow to ta...ke down my wo...rr...ds!"

I WAS travelling by the Nilgiri Express to Madras. My mind was full of gloomy thoughts, because my daughter was seriously ill and I was suddenly called to Madras by telegram. Throughout the journey I was having a sort of vacant look through the window of the train. I almost lost count of time. I got into the train at Coimbatore and it was at 11 P.M. that I realised that we had reached

conversation which was rather humorous and most entertaining, especially for a worried mind.

One of these two young men was wearing a pair of trousers and a bush coat. The other had a simple dress, namely, a dhoti and *jibbah*. They were very lively and they were mirthful. They were chattering away all the time.

"I say, Bob, what a lark? What

mercilessly with their college lecturers. I was a silent but interested observer. It was nearing midnight. The train was slowing down towards Bommidi. On either side of the railway line there were forests. The night was very dark, it being a new-moon day. My watch showed that the time was twelve. I was startled by a weird noise on the left side of the railway line. I saw a ball of fire and heard a wailing cry as if from a person in extreme pain. It was just a split second.

I turned to the young men near me. "Did you not hear that weird cry? Is it not unearthly?" I asked.

The man in bush coat replied, "Yes; I heard the cry. It must be that of some frightened wild animal."

His companion said, "How do you account for the fiery ball? It must be some spirit roaming in the forest."

"**N**OT unlikely," explained the other. "Do you remember some years ago there was a railway disaster near Bommidi? A number of lives were lost. Those ill-fated passengers were mostly sleeping or dozing off when the accident occurred at about midnight and there were terrible screams at the time of the accident. It is quite possible that some disembodied spirit is hovering near the scene of

Salem Junction. Our compartment was almost empty except for a happy couple at the other end of the compartment. They looked like a newly married pair and they were talking in whispers and seemed to be in ecstasy. At any rate, their looks showed that they were the happiest souls on the earth.

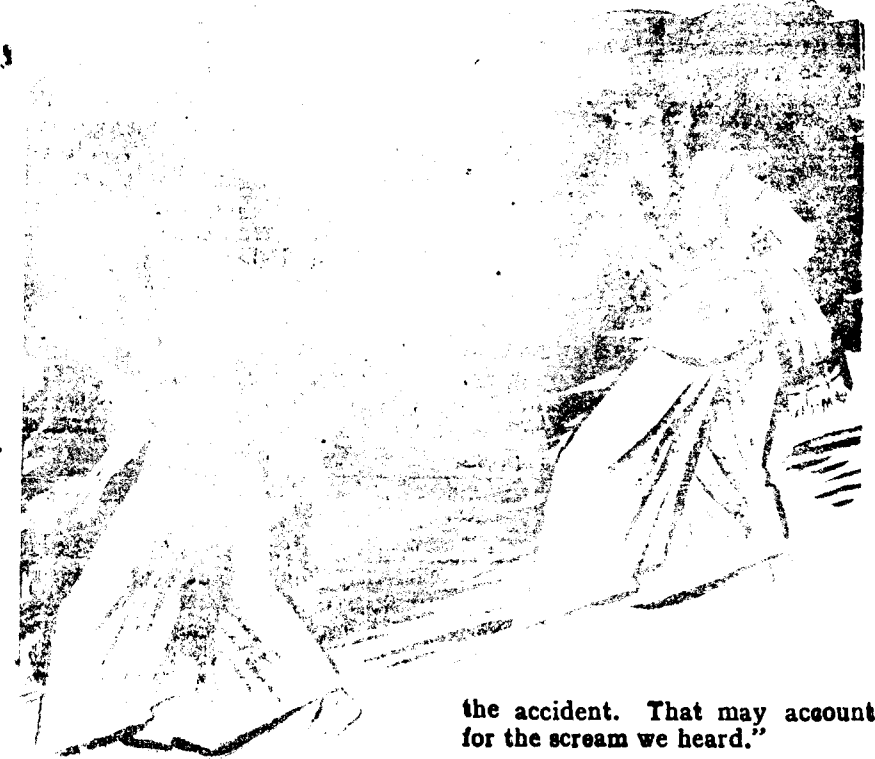
Two young men who looked like College students got into my compartment at Salem Junction and they were seated near me. They were in high spirits and were talking incessantly on all sorts of things. For a time they were making comments in undertones about the happy pair at the other end. They tried to draw me into conversation but they gave up the attempt as I answered them in monosyllables and as I was looking out in a manner that made them understand that I wished to be left alone. All the same, I could not but listen to their

is the world coming to? Do you see the drama? Is it courting after the marriage or before?" said the man in bush coat in a loud whisper to his companion. He almost winked and turned his eyes in the direction of the couple at the other end.

"Why do you talk about marriage? It is plainly a case of courting without contemplating matrimony," replied the other fellow. I heard these remarks and just smiled.

THAT seemed to tickle those young men. These words could not have reached the ears of the happy young man at the other end of the compartment. But somehow he turned his eyes in the direction of the two young men and his stare seemed to convey unspoken words of resentment and that was sufficient to put an end to their light-hearted comments.

For some time they were talking on politics and then they dealt



the accident. That may account for the scream we heard."

"Do you believe in spirits? Are they real? Or are they figments of imagination?" I queried.

"I cannot deny the existence of spirits. I have seen one in my life," remarked the young fellow in bush coat.

"Yes. I too, have had a weird experience in actual life. I believe there are spirits which make themselves visible to some people on some occasions," supplemented his companion.

"Well," I said, "that would be very interesting to know. Would you care to recount your experience?"

"Most willingly," shouted both at the same time.

THE young man in dhoti began reflectively, "Well, it was a curious experience of mine. When I try to recapture the incident, it makes my flesh creep."

He looked like a frightened deer and was having a fixed stare. He was so tense for a few minutes.

"Don't imagine for a moment," he resumed, "that I am a chicken-hearted fellow. Far from it. I am generally supposed to be a lad of courage. I can walk for miles in the dark without any company. Once as a boy I won a bet by going to a Kali Temple on the outskirts of the forest in pitch dark and remaining there for three hours. In fact, I used to make fun of people who talked about spirits and ghosts. I used to pooh-pooh such people until I had this weird experience. Without beating about the bush I shall tell you in simple words what sort of experience I had of the supernatural."

By this time he became calm but he continued to be thoughtful.

"It happened this way, I was a student of the Mission College in Palamcottah and was residing in the hostel. I was particularly fond of having my daily bath in the Tambaraparani river very early in the morning. Once I asked a fellow student who was residing in the next room to wake me up at 5 A.M. the next morning. I am a sound sleeper. I was awakened by my friend and I reluctantly got up, gathered my towel and toilet requisites and came out of my room.

"My friend was waiting at the door. He wished me good morning and I returned his greeting and said that I felt sleepy. He replied that it was time to go to the river and sallied out. I followed him. We came to the main road. All the time he was saying something or other. But I was not much interested in his remarks. He was going ahead of me, three or four paces before me. We must have been walking for about half an hour. We came near the Church at Palamcottah. It was there that I noticed for the first time that nobody was about. Usually at about 5 A.M. there would be movement of people in that part of the town. The deserted appearance of the road roused my suspicion. But my friend was going in front of me and I was following him.

"I was watching him more intently. By that time I had shaken off my drowsiness. I had a feeling that it was wrong to go to the river at that early hour. My suspicion was confirmed when

(Continued on page 78)

INDIA'S CABLE FACTORY

WITH the expansion of communications envisaged in the Five-Year Plan, the need for self-sufficiency in production of cables became an immediate necessity. The expansion of telephone service depends on cables which are needed not only for installation of new lines but also for their maintenance.

India's first cable factory, which went into production last September, has been built at a cost of nearly Rs. 130 lakhs, to supply Rs. 1 crore worth of cables every year. India's growing telephone cable requirements, which are met entirely by imports now, will be fully supplied by the factory.

The factory is situated at Ruppainpur, near Chittaranjan—140 miles north-west of Calcutta. In August 1952, Government of India took over the assets and liabilities of the telephone cable factory and constituted a private limited company which is owned and financed entirely by the Government and functions under the over-all control of the Ministry of Production.

Laid out in the most modern style, it is equipped with the

latest type of plant, machinery, and testing equipment. It is designed to produce seven varieties of cables, paper insulated, lead, copper, protected, armoured local, or exchange area cables, long distance audio-frequency cables, and carrier frequency cables. The principal raw materials needed for manufacture of telephone cables are copper, paper cellulose string, lead bitumen, jute and hessian steel tape or galvanised wire. With the exception of lead, paper and steel tape which are at present imported, the factory will be drawing entirely on indigenous sources for other raw materials.

It is expected that in the first year of its production the factory will achieve 75 per cent of the target and reach full production from the second year. Six Indians, now working in the factory, were sent to the United Kingdom in 1952 for technical training and have specialised in various departments of production of cables.

To house the factory's employees already 85 quarters have been built and another 140 will be built shortly.

T.B.

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Hints On Sadhana

By H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

WHEN your house is on fire, how daringly you enter it to take your child out who is sleeping in the room. Even so you must be very courageous in the spiritual path. You must be absolutely fearless. You must not have the least attachment to your body. Only then can you attain Self-realization quickly. Timid people are absolutely unfit for the spiritual path.

If there are mangoes on the top of a big tree, you do not jump all at once to pluck them. It is impossible. You gradually climb up the tree by getting hold of different branches and then reach the top of the tree. Even so you cannot jump all at once to the summit of the spiritual ladder. You will have to place your foot on each rung of the ladder through the practice of the various modes and stages of *Sadhana*. Only then will you reach the goal.

If the chicken and fowls run hither and thither to eat various sorts of rubbish, what does the owner of the poultry do? He gives a slight tap on their heads and throws before them some grains to eat. Gradually they leave their dirty habit of eating filth. Even so, when the mind runs hither and thither towards filthy sensual objects, give a tap on its head, and make it taste gradually the spiritual bliss through study of holy books, repetition of the Divine Name, reflection, contemplation and meditation.

Maya is like the huge saw. Lust, anger, greed, delusion, pride, jeal-



Founder-President,
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

ousy, hatred and egoism are the teeth of this huge saw. All worldly-minded persons are caught up in its teeth and are cut to pieces. But those who are endowed with purity, humility, love, dispassion, devotion and spirit of enquiry, escape this saw through the grace of God.

SOME aspirants do *Sadhana* in a mild manner; some do intense *Sadhana* for two hours in the morning and two hours at night for a few months, and then become indolent. If you want to attain Self-realization quickly, you must do intense and constant *Sadhana* for a protracted period.

When you sit down for meditation, you want to get up soon. not

on account of pain in the legs, but on account of impatience. Conquer this undesirable, negative quality by developing patience gradually.

An aspirant writes to me: "Somebody tapped at my door at 3 a.m. I woke up and opened the door. I saw Lord Krishna with a crown on His head. He disappeared soon. I went through the lane in search of Him. I was not able to find Him out. Then I came back to my house and sat in front of my door till day-break to see Him again."

CASES of somnambulists or sleep-walkers are not uncommon. They dream even while standing and walking, too. The above incident might have been a pure case of somnambulism. You will have to be very careful in ascertaining the true nature of your spiritual experiences. God-realization is not so very cheap. Aspirants are often mistaken.

Then there are the cases of listening to the Divine Voice and seeing the Vision of Vishnu or Christ and so on. Does that mean that you have realized God? No, it cannot be so. When the mind develops a certain amount of concentration by constantly thinking of a particular subject or an object, a vision of it is projected before the mind's eye, or a voice pertaining to it is projected by the subconscious to the sense of hearing. It does not mean God-realization. No doubt, such experiences are very very good. But it will be a serious folly if one deludes oneself to be a realized soul by merely seeing the vision of one's mind or hearing the voice of one's mind.

Lamps do not talk, but they shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, beats no gong—and yet far over the waters the friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So also let your actions shine out your religion, let the sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct. —O.H. Spurgeon.

God-realization is a life-long process almost an endless, arduous task. Ask yourself: Do you have the slightest trace of lust, greed, anger, dislike, evil thoughts, vanity and egoism in yourself? Does your mind remain unruffled if someone hurts you? Do you have to exercise a voluntary restraint over any of your senses? Are you always balanced in all circumstances? Do you have the same attitude as you have to yourself towards all? Do you enjoy the spiritual bliss when you have no food for three days? These are, indeed, the mere preliminary tests for judging whether you have attained Self-realization. If you pass these tests over and over again, then you can say that you have caught a glimpse of the Eternal Truth.

WAKE up friends! Sleep no more. It is *Brahmamuhurta* now. Open your heart to God. Surrender yourself unto Him. Pray to Him fervently. Repeat His Holy Name. Meditate on his Divine Attributes. Concentrate your mind on Him. Again and again try to focalise the divergent rays of thought on Him. Now you have begun the day well. Let all your actions be conducive to purity, love and truth. Let all your efforts be directed to the cultivation of virtues, good-will towards all, to the service of the needy and promotion of amity, understanding and peace, wherever you are. Remember God always. That is the best *Sadhana* you can perform. Do your duty well in a spirit of detachment and non-expectation of anything from anyone. That is the best way you can live in the world.

For Aspirants:

Forty Golden Precepts

By H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

(Continued from previous Issue)

13. Cut all connections with the world. Don't write letters to anybody.

14. Avoid drugging as much as possible. Take recourse to Nature's help by fasting, dietic adjustment, walking, baths, purgatives, exercise, *Asona*, *Pranayama*, prayer, etc.

15. Energy is wasted in 4 channels, viz., by too much talking, loose thinking, unnecessary worry and vain fear. Observe *Mouna* (silence) for one week in a month. Talk a little (*Mitha Bashan*). Talk sweetly. Cultivate thinking of God. Have perfect trust in God. Find out the tricks of mind. It will lurk like a thief when you are on the alert.

16. Later on you can put up a hut in a place on the banks of the Ganges or Jumna a mile off from a village.

17. Never build *Ashrams*. Never make disciples. Lead the glorious life of a *Parivrajaka Paramahansa Sannyasin* (wandering mendicant), the absolutely independent monarch of the whole world, in the later part of your life after *Siddhi* (perfection). Or you can preach in your own *Kutir*. Bees will perch by themselves on blossoming flowers. You need not send them invitations.

18. Never care for *Siddhis* (psychic powers). Shun them ruthlessly. They will bring your downfall.

19. Don't care for the results. But simply go on with your routine *tapas* and meditation. Develop active habits. Develop humility, asinine patience, leech-like tenacity (application) in *Sadhana* (spiritual practice), perseverance and adamant will. Arm yourself with the triple weapon of *Viveka* (discrimination), *Vairagya* (dispassion) and *Sraddha* (faith).

20. Remember "*Om Soham*" ("I am He"). "*Aham Brahma Asmi*" ("I am God). Remember death every moment. Remember Saints, *Jnanins* (realisers of the truth) daily. You will get inspiration. The world is a long dream (*Deergha Swapna*). Be established on the one idea—" *Aham Brahma Asmi*." Deny body and the world.

21. You must have very active habits. If *Tamas* (laziness) tries to overpower you, you must begin to do some sort of active work or other as drawing water from the well, gardening, digging the earth, removing the weeds, etc., around your place. Give up idle talk and gossiping.

(To be continued)

Readers who wish to contact H.H. the Swamiji should address their letters to:
H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati, Founder-President,
Divine Life Society, Sivanandanagar P.O., Ananda Kutir, Rishikesh, U.P.

Dolls For The Little One



By N. GOPALKRISHNA

NARAYAN was a well-to-do man. He had two boys and two girls. He was an upright citizen and believed in earning his livelihood with the sweat of his brow. He was a busy salesman. He had travelled the length and breadth of India.

Narayan had some thousands of rupees and his charming wife a few more than him. His first son Ram had got through college and

took his B.A. degree. He was employed as a stenographer in a firm earning nearly two hundred rupees. His salary would be given to his mother, the full amount minus one anna for revenue stamp. But the father gave him liberal pocket allowance. The second son was still in school. He was a jolly good fellow, Gopal by name, but all of them called him Goofy. He was a very talkative lad and was popular with his class-mates.

The third daughter, Sheila, was in school and was pretty and modest. She was quiet and devoted to her parents.

The last and the best was the youngest girl. Her name was Leela. She was just seven and shed light and sweetness in her home. She was charming, and her smile pleased everybody. She was very witty and clever, too.

NARAYAN used to send fruits and sweets to his children. The youngest loved the father very much but the other three were afraid of him. If Leela did not get anything she wanted, she would warn her brothers that she would tell about their mischief to Father. Every time Leela used to tease her brothers she would say, "If you do not give me, my papa will give me." She liked toys, flowers and fancy dress. She would never buy anything from the hawkers. She would get things direct from the bazaar. She would scold others if they ate anything on the road. She had imbibed this habit from her father.

Whenever Narayan came from his tour she would greet him and tell him, "Daddy, you will get that sweet-meat, won't you? Do not get it for Sheila as she scolds me." She would look pompously and smile patronisingly at others when her father got the knick-knacks she wanted.

The other juniors and cousins—visitors from the neighbouring town—allowed themselves to be led by this little 'tyrant.' The mother never bothered about this, but only smiled.

But Leela was loved by one and all who visited her house. The children of the street always trooped in to play with her.

It was the moonsoon month. The skies had opened up a veritable deluge. It looked as if the rains would never stop and the town would be cut off by floods and isolated.

One day Leela was caught in the rain on her way to school and was drenched. She caught cold and fever. Her condition gradually worsened. The doctor diagnosed her case as double pneumonia. Her mother, brothers, sister and cousins were all alarmed.

Narayan was on tour far away in the south. He got the news of Leela's illness and he at once rushed back to see her. When he was lonely he used to think of his family, and especially Leela was in his mind every time. By recollecting her prattles he would forget the drabness of his surroundings. Her smiling face haunted him even in his dreams.

Leela tossed restlessly. Delirium had set in but she did not forget to call for her daddy.

Narayan had promised to buy her dolls of Radha and Krishna from Madurai where he was camping. She had asked him to bring the dolls for her, so she could stage a drama with her pals. Narayan had bought them, while he was on the way home.

The father came home and saw all the people mourning in the house, for Leela had just then

passed away. He could not believe what he saw and he ran towards the bed and shouted, "Leela, oh, Leela! I have brought you your favourite dolls. Get up, dear, and see them. I won't give them to your brothers, you may be sure. I will get you anything, darling. Won't you speak to me or smile once more?"

He began weeping like a child.

Then he asked his wife what Leela had said when she died.

"The sweet little one said, 'Ask papa to keep the dolls for me. I feel a bit sleepy.'"

And they all wept—the forlorn parents, the grief-stricken brothers and the miserable sister.



Waz: "Don't get excited, dear. I did want to buy those two ties you wanted but seeing the expenses on my purchases were high, I dropped the idea of buying those things for you."

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Secured Job: I am selected as Revenue Inspector out of 41 applicants. The petty amount I spent for your Gayatri is nothing when compared to the wonderful Blessings. I won. —M.V. Sripati Row, Mangalore.

Won Rs. 1787: I won Rs. 1787 in Crossword Puzzles. I am free from debts and my financial position is very much improved than before. Your Charm is really Great and Divine.
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THE MESMERIST
MESMERIC HOME, MASULIPATAN

The Joys Of Science!

A FEW days ago I went by invitation to attend the inaugural function of a great exhibition in the City of Madras. A Minister of Government had come to open it. As usual, I found a mike on the main table. That was the C-in-C. Two tall stalwart mikes cocking their single mammoth eyes at the speakers stood on both sides of the main table. They could become dwarfs or giants by a miraculous manipulation according as the orator was a dwarf or a giant.

The dais was full of superior persons. The auditorium in front was full to overflowing.

Then the proceedings began. A charming maiden stood before one of the mike soldiers — the one who stood to the right of the central table. The mike was duly reduced to a lower height. She sang a charming song but the dour, unchivalrous mike refused to take it up. We heard it on the dais but the auditorium folks could not hear it and looked sullen. Then the Chairman of the Reception Committee who was a six-foot giant and fat in proportion came to the mike.

The mike suddenly rose to its full height and became a giant and stood at attention. The Chairman was not only a giant but he had the voice of one. He could easily have rivalled Bipin Chandra Pal of the last century who addressed audiences of tens of thousands on the Madras Marina with a never-failing voice which could out-roar the roaring waves.

The Chairman was new to mikes and screwed his mouth to the mike and roared his oudest. The result was that those on the dais could not hear a word of what he said, while the unfortunate denizens of the auditorium were maddened by a terrific volume of sound which impinged upon their tympanums like cannonballs and almost deafened them.

It looked as if cannon volleyed and thundered in front of them, behind them and above them. The hearers were too uncomfortable to sit and too well bred to get out. The performance was at last over and we were rid of an intolerable infliction.



Then the reader of the messages, sent to be read on the occasion of the great function, approached the mike-soldier who stood to the left

of the central table. His tone was habitually low or he was in a state of stage fright. The result was that those on the dais could not hear any of the grand messages and had to wait for the next day's newspaper to read them.

BY the bye, writing for messages is a fine art; sending them is a finer art; and reading them is the finest art of all. It is a modern civilised custom to ask for messages while being resolved not to read out most of them. It is an equally modern civilised custom to send messages, the senders of such messages knowing well enough that their messages will never be read out and being content with their names appearing in print with the words. "Among those whose messages were read out were A, B, C, X, Y and Z."



But sometimes the newspapers will only say: "There were also other messages" just as the newspapers often say in regard to speeches: "A, B and C also spoke on the occasion," or even "Many others spoke on the occasion." The messages of the President, Rajpramuks, Ministers and High Court Judges alone are read out. If they are numerous some of these are omitted pursuing an inverse order in regard to the abovesaid high-placed personages.

The few messages which were read out then out of the many and duly classified messages were not heard at all.

LATER came the supreme event of the evening viz. the speech of the great inaugurator of the exhibition. The central mike upon the central table was hitherto solemn, serious and silent. But when the inaugurator began to speak it adopted new tactics. It began to utter word after word clearly and as the speaker spoke slowly and deliberately and in a dignified manner befitting himself and the great occasion, a clear and powerful echo flung back each word.

Each succeeding word was bombed and blurred by the echo of the preceding word. Any speaker would have succumbed to such persistent cross-firing. But the inaugurator had brought an excellent written speech and bravely struggled on against tremendous odds. Sometimes the mike struck work. As soon as it

H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

went into action, the echo-words were hurled as a broadside at the advancing armies of new words read out from the speech.

The result was that both the persons on the dais and in the auditorium were maddened by a medley of mutually destructive sounds and could not follow the speech at all.

DR. NESAN was sitting by my side. When he saw me in a state of mingled disgust, consternation and amazement, he merely smiled and said: "Ramu, you must accept equally the sorrows of science along with the joys it gives. Yesternight I attended a dinner party given by our mutual friend Mohan. Just in the middle of the dinner when the sweets were served the electric lights went out and all the guests were left in utter darkness."

I laughed and said: "It was not only an inconvenience but also a bad omen."

Dr. Nesan retorted: "Never mind the omens. There were no hurricane lights kept ready as a stand-by. The *Kuthuvilakku* (the beautiful brass lamp) kept burning near the pooja room, had to be brought in to do duty."

The fact is that the new civilised (I) life also is as odd a mixture

of gain and loss as its predecessor. After the mike came in the human voice began to lose in volume and power. Gladstone was able to address audiences twenty thousand strong. But the orators of to-day cannot face an audience two hundred strong without a mike.

I have heard with delight the rich strong vibrant voices of some of the musicians of the last generation. The voices could glide with ease and power through three octaves. To-day the musician will break down and crash without the mikes as his science-given ally. Those of the last generation wrote a beautiful hand almost until the time of their death. But to-day the men belonging to the generation of typewriters get cramps in their fingers if they write and what they write with difficulty is a miserable and illegible scrawl!

THE cosmetics brighten and spoil the skin at the same time. The cigarettes continually affect the lungs. The tinned viands and the tea and coffee potations corrode the stomach. The much-advertised patent medicines spoil our health and empty our purses. After the advent of the new and quick means of transport, terrible crashes and smashes have been on the increase. The joys of Science are many but the sorrows of Science are even more.

MY MAN 'DAMS'

BY "DILLAG"

DAMS is my new boy. He takes the place of the boy who has left us to try his luck at the pictures. Dams is a pretty active, bright-looking, fellow but the wife does not like him.

His name Dams, if I am not mistaken, seems to be Dam with the sibilant tacked on, Dam itself being the worn out or rubbed out remnant from Damodar. But I do not vouch for the etymology of or philology of it, for the simple reason that I know nothing of such things.

"Dear, look here, dear," the wife came running to my room.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Look at what your Dams has done. It is not even two days he has been with us. He is simply impossible. That is what it is," said the wife.

"But, madam, you haven't said a word about —"

"What he has done, you ask? Our Sundars have come. They do not know whether to laugh or to growl at Dams' absurd behaviour."

"What is it?" I again asked.

"Why, he goes to our Sundar and her daughters and laughs away for all he is worth. And what do you call that, sir?" asked the wife.

Dams just came in.

"Dams, what is this your laughing at the young ladies and their mother?" I caught hold of Dams and shook him.

"Yes, sir, I laughed."

"Why?"

"Master, sir, you said when I came here that there should always

be a smile on my face and laughter on my lips whenever ladies or gentlemen come. So I went to each lady and laughed so that they might see it properly," was the reply.

"My good lady, there you are. Dams somewhat overdid the order. A little too much of a good thing. A few days and some guiding will set him right, I am sure," I consoled the wife.

I know the wife was not quite pleased. But as I was speaking there was the ring on the 'phone.

I sent Dams to give my number as some friends want it and asked him to let me know if the wife or children or I was wanted.

A minute or two I waited.

I heard Dams telling, "Sir, with respect I am telling you that you are the mad man, not I."

I RAN to the 'phone, snatched the receiver and there was Sowri bellowing at me. "Where did you pick up that blooming idiot?"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"You know my habit. I asked for the number and he gives 18 as yours. I asked him whether you were at home. He replied that you were. I told him that 18 was not your number. He tells me that I should not speak if I do not know arithmetic. I told him that he was a stupid and arrogant fellow. He says that I am the same and so on when you barged in."

I could not understand what it all meant. So I asked Dams.

"Sir, I gave him our number."

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"But 18 is not our number; it is 26415. How do you make 18 out of it?" I asked.

"I simply totalled it. When you engaged me, sir, you asked me whether I could add. Does not our number make 18? Why all that long string of numbers?" was Dams' reply.

I WAS getting ready to go out. In ran my little daughter Rajamani. "See, Daddy, what Dams has done with my poor doll, Lakshmi."

"What has he done, Rajamani?"

"Look here, he has pulled out the teeth and got off more than half the hair from the head. How would my Lakshmi have felt, Daddy?"

Dams was helping with my suitcase, etc. I looked at him. He looked so satisfied with himself. I could see that from his looks.

"Dams, you did that?"

"Master, it is true I did it last night."

"Why?"

"Master, our child Rajamani puts the doll to bed when she goes to bed. So, I pulled out the teeth as I saw you take out your teeth and put them in that solution when Master goes to bed. I saw Mother take away from her head much of her hair and put it carefully in the drawer under the mirror. I saw it all when doing the beds. I helped our Rajamani to put the doll to bed."

THE wife, too, was watching the whole trial. She was absolutely unprepared for such extremely personal matters to be spoken aloud and that by a servant. Such personal matters about my wife, I did not discuss because I was not sure how the wife would take it. For my own part, the dental publicity did not make such assault on my feelings though I admit that very few even of my intimate friends knew the truth about my dental sets.

"For one thing," I told the wife, "please do not take a very severe view of it all. You see, my dear, there is absolutely all good faith and goodness and a brainless

eagerness to make himself as useful as he can. Rajamani, I will get you another doll from the very shop where you got your Lakshmi. And now, Dams, where are the letters I left on the table?"

"Yes, sir, letters on Master's table, I posted them all..."

"Dear me, posted them? They are the ones I got. They were written to me."

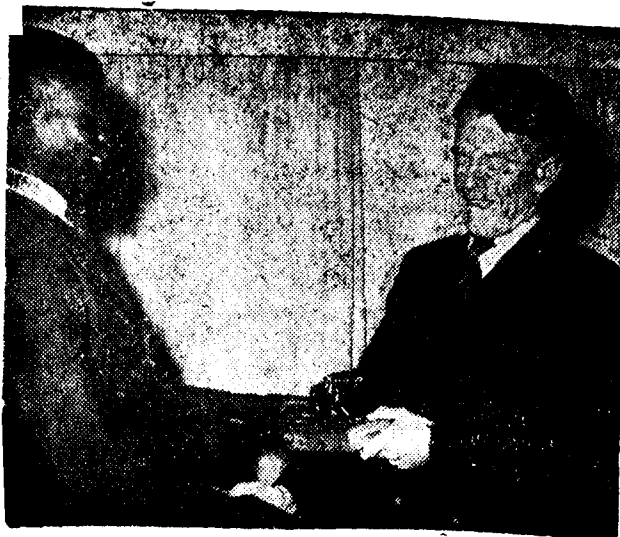
"To you or anybody, it does not matter. Master's address was there. I am sure they will come to you. But you ordered letters to be posted two days back," replied Dams.

I had read them. But I hadn't replied. I should have liked to have them when replying. "Dams, look here, don't do anything unless I tell you to do it. You understand?" I said.

"Surely, Master."

IN the evening I came home. The wife ran in with tea, etc. As I was sipping and eating, the wife began, "Dear, your Dams, the moment you left this morning, he went to the cook and ordered his breakfast. He then went to the verandah and was enjoying the sleep of the very angels whose feathers are such a downy bed. I roused him, but he refused to do anything because, he says, you asked him to do nothing till you returned home. That is your Dams, dear!"

Dams was right because I recollected what I told him, and the wife too was right because Dams was faithfully obedient to the very letter of my instructions. So I was in a fix. Dams was a good boy and that was the trouble! ♦♦



Chris Chataway, Britain's famous three-miler, receives a carved ebony lion from Kenya's top athlete, Nyandika Maiyoro, as a token of appreciation from the Kenya Amateur Athletic Association. The gift was a surprise for Chris, who received it when his plane stopped at Nairobi airport on the flight from Johannesburg to London. Nyandika, a 28-year-old veterinary scout of southwestern Kenya, contributed greatly to Chataway's record-breaking three-mile run at the White City last year by leading the field for the first five laps at a pace which astounded sports commentators.

BRING SOUND SLEEP

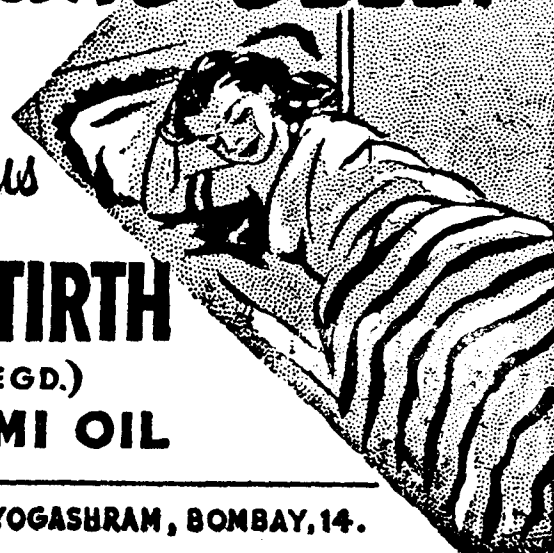
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The Final Coup

FOR months he had planned his coup with great care. He had paid the most meticulous attention to the smallest detail and had bestowed the greatest thought upon this particular venture. He had infinite patience and had waited for months for the opportune moment when he could strike without fear of failure. In the meanwhile, he had not been idle for had he not by judicious questioning and secret tippings gathered much information conducive to the success of his plans?

He did not know Seth Chandulal personally but he had an accurate description of him from one of his cronies. He knew that the Seth had not much faith in banks but more confidence in his own specially-made to-order steel safe which was housed in the wall of a room. It was opposite to the servants' quarters which were ever alive and busy, serving the double purpose of being an impediment in the way of burglars and also a guarantee of safety. For the Seth's servants were not only faithful through long service but, if new, were picked with the greatest care and on the strongest recommendation.



And so, at last, his opportunity had arrived. The Seth's bungalow was brilliantly lit with a glorious array of multi-coloured electric bulbs, twinkling like stars from the distance. It was the wedding day of the Seth's daughter and all the Marwaris and magnates of the town were assembled to partake in the festivities. In addition to the music from the orchestral band

BY
LALITA RAJAMONI

vessels of cut glass and plates of silver.

The intruder seated near the dimly-lit corner of the garden wall espied the whole scene unobserved and noted with satisfaction that the servants' quarters were more or less deserted and the room, housing the Seth's all-too-valuable safe, was enveloped in darkness. His mind worked rapidly. Now, he told himself, is the opportunity for which you have waited and watched so long. The bustle and excitement, the all-absorbing festivities are all in your favour. No man, not even the super-wary Seth Chandulal would ever expect a burglar to be bold enough to attempt robbery when the whole house is teeming with men and women and bursting with noise.



THE burglar acted swiftly. He cleared the compound wall in a trice and dashed straight for the safe

under the ceremonial *pandal*, there was the blare from the loudspeaker, relaying gramophone records. The resultant crescendo of noise was exquisitely mingled with the merriment and laughter emanating from the guests in the hall. Servants in their best uniforms were in constant attendance on the invitees, bearing refreshments and delicacies in dainty

in the room. A key from his bunch of assorted tools opened the door and he entered the deserted room without the least noise. Flashing his torch upon the safe, he felt desperate. He realized that it was no small task. Instrument after instrument he discarded with little avail. With sweat streaming down his face, he extracted his last tool, a small strong curved hook and

breathing a prayer to the gods of his profession, he skilfully used it. With a sharp wrench he pulled the door out and gazed with greedy eyes into the interior of the safe.

The sight of the amassed wealth, the jewels, coins and currency notes therein dazzled him but he swiftly stuffed his pockets and satchel with whatever his hands could grab hold of. So intent was he on his task that he failed to hear the door gently pushed open. Someone had entered.

"HERE, you! What the devil are you doing there?" growled an angry voice and the man intent upon the robbery stood on his feet with a yell of terror. Facing him was the Seth himself. There was no mistake. His crony had given an exact description of the owner of the house. The thief thought of all his wasted labour and his first idea of begging for mercy gave way to anger and murderous thoughts. The Seth, quick to note the change on the man's face, whipped out a revolver and said menacingly: "Move one more step and you will bite the dust. You know the law permits me to shoot you in self-defence?"

The trapped burglar begged for mercy. "Let me go, master. I was

driven to this deed by my starving family, especially my blind baby."

"Let you go, indeed! Please do take pity on a poor soul," snapped the Seth, "and give you another chance to rob me, eh?"

"Seth Sahib!" pleaded the man. "Give me but this one chance and I'll start life afresh. I will turn over a new leaf, I promise you."

The Seth paused to consider the appeal. Then he relented. "Here, take this five rupee-note," he said, handing him the money. "I give you this chance because of my conviction that punishment should be of a reformatory nature. Don't continue this life of shame. Remember, I shall be watching your career. Beware!"

No further exhortation was necessary for the thief to fly from the spot as if a legion of devils were behind him.

NEXT day the papers flashed the sensational news that Seth Chandulal's residence had been burgled, the safe emptied of all its valuable contents by a man who had posed as a Seth and whom everybody had taken to be one of the wealthy relatives of Chandulal from Bombay but whom afterwards nobody could identify!

♦♦

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COULD YOU DISBELIEVE THESE TESTIMONIALS?

R. F. Wyatt, The Dugout Club, 235, East 52nd Street, New York, America:— Dear sir, congratulations to you because of your true prediction of President Roosevelt's re-election. This forecast you made in a letter to me 18 months before the voters went to the polls shows by subsequent events that you accurately discerned the public mind of America.

A. C. Williams, Empire Paper Mills, Greenhithe, Kent, England:— Without any prejudice, I hereby certify that the predictions in my entire Life

Reading given to me by Pandit N. Amirtananda Sahab turned quite accurate so far. He predicted on 29th September, 1950, that I will get a son about January, 1951. I really got a son on 21st January, 1951.

Fred Andrew Murcutt of Messrs. V. Petervoschi, Valadivastoc, Russia:— I have occasion to consult Pandit N. Amirtananda, the Royal Astrologer of Mylapore, Madras, and also have my entire Life Reading. I was very favourably impressed with his vast erudition and keen penetration and no less by his genial courtesies.

State birth details or Letter writing time.

PANDIT N. AMIRTANANDA

1ST FLOOR, 31, NORTH MADA ST., MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4

son. "Is Colin staying for supper?" "Shall I make you both some tea or coffee?" "Do you want any money for cigarettes, my son?" She almost plagued her son with questions like these every time Colin came home and, no manner what time of the day or night it was, she was at all times willing to be of any small service to them.

With her motherly intuition she sensed danger for her son as a result of what he said about the Anglo-Indian Association and she derived some relief from the thought that, no matter how great the danger, Brian could count on at least one good friend to stand

by him to the very end. She was too simple a woman to understand what her son was about or to question his actions. Often, she had pleaded with him to give up "these things," as she termed them, which made him unpopular with his friends but she did so more through concern for his safety than through disapproval of his actions.

Colin was a model young man so far as his attitude towards his friend was concerned. Admittedly he did fall in with Brian's ideas on most things in general and, once he had arrived at a conclusion, it was not an easy task to shake him from it; but, unlike Brian, he kept his convictions to himself and, as a

result, made few enemies and gained more friends. In an argument he was always willing to listen to the other fellow's point of view. He was not vociferous in expressing his own opinion but was prepared to tolerate those discrepancies and irrelevancies in life which he felt just had to be. He was genial in conversation and quiet in behaviour. In short, Colin was liked by everybody who knew him, but it was in Mrs. Lacey's home that he was welcomed most as one of the family. The little attentions he paid to Priscy were genuine and sincere, with no ulterior motives.

Mrs. Lacey received the scarf from Colin with undisguised admiration, holding it up against the light and saying, for the tenth time, "My! How lovely! Did you really paint this yourself, Colin?"

PRISCY was at that moment in her own room, straining her ears to listen to the conversation going on in the hall. She felt a strange sense of shyness then. On the previous occasion when she had come out of school she had greeted Colin without feeling embarrassed in any way, but now she felt different. She knew she couldn't run out into the hall and stand with her arms akimbo and say, "Hullo, Colin! And how are you?" as before. She knew she shouldn't exclaim this time, "My! Colin's grown a pair of whiskers—like Clark Gable!" She shouldn't say anything to him this time—not even a couple of words like "Hullo, Colin!" She didn't feel equal to the task. It would be for him to make the first approach, and she wondered what he would say to her and what would be her answer. Perhaps he wouldn't say

anything at all, she wondered. Perhaps he would wait for her to greet him.

"WHERE'S Priscy?" she heard him ask her mother, and then she sensed a change in him, too. The high-pitched tone of his voice had disappeared. He had asked for her, not in the familiar and light-hearted manner which she knew only too well (as a grown-up would ask for a little child) but in a suppressed tone of voice, as if, in doing so, he was taking a liberty to which he had no right.

"Priscy!" she heard her mother shouting, and when she answered, "Coming, mummy!" her mother shouted back, "Come on quick, daughter girl. Come, see what Colin's brought you!"

Then she heard her mother addressing Colin, "She'll go mad about this, Colin, I'm sure. She

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY and **COLIN ANDREWS** are close friends. Colin who was in love with Philo was jilted by her. Brian also fell in love with **ANGEL** who reciprocated his feelings equally but her parents, whom Brian interviewed to ask for her hand, spurned him and forbade her to see him again.

Brian had another shock when he read in the papers an announcement regarding the engagement of Angel to one Joseph de Brass and about their trip to Bombay.

Brian's going to the Convent to bring his sister Priscy home for the holidays, the way the young men of the locality treated him when he attended the christening of a neighbour's child and his conversation with Mr. Recontre, the Secretary of the Anglo-Indian Association, confirmed his doubt that he was intensely disliked by his community.

COLIN called to see Brian the following evening, and brought with him a blue head-scarf, painted with pansies, for Priscilla. Mrs. Lacey, who was by nature kind and cheerful, always treated Colin with motherly affection for the simple reason that he was her son's best friend. Her only anxiety in life was the welfare of her two children. Quite naturally, therefore, she clung to anything and everything which contributed to their happiness, and knowing only too well that her son had found in Colin a sincere friend, she welcomed the younger boy's visits with the same degree of eagerness as that evinced by her

could wear it for Christmas. Oh, Brian! We *must* try and raise some money, my son. Christmas is not far off, you know. That fellow Samuel promised me fifty rupees but he told me yesterday that it will take another week. One anna for the rupee is what he wants as interest. Anyway, it's better than paying two annas for the rupee to these Pathan fellows." And then, turning to Colin she went on, "You, too, didn't get a bonus for Deepavali this year, Colin? Even Brian didn't get any bonus, mind you, and I believe his Company made a profit of—er, how much did you say it is, Brian?"

"Twenty lakhs, mother."

"My! Twenty lakhs! Twenty lakhs, and not a single pie's bonus, mind you! Well, how much will be twenty lakhs, I wonder!"

"Two million rupees, Mrs. Lacey," Colin replied.

"Two million! Just think of it! And they can't give the employees one month's pay even. My! What a world, surely! Brian's fellow workers are going to strike, isn't it, Brian? But I told Brian to be careful, Colin. Those men will make him do all sorts of things and then, when the time comes, they will wash their hands off and Brian will have to take all the blame. Oh! here's Priscy. Look, daughter girl! Here's Colin's



present for you!" And she stopped speaking and held up the scarf for Priscy to see.

But Priscy did not look at the scarf first. She looked at Colin instead, and Colin looked at her and said, almost in a whisper, "Hullo, Priscy." "Hullo, Colin," she answered, not knowing whether to smile or to keep serious.

"I've brought you a little present, Priscy—it is painted by me. I hope you'll like it."

SHE went up to her mother and, taking the scarf from her, exclaimed breathlessly, "My! What a beauty!"

"Put it on, daughter girl. Let us see how you look with it," her mother suggested.

"I'll try it on inside, mummy," Priscy answered, rather shyly.

"No, no, try it here," Mrs. Lacey commanded. "Here, come, come close!" And, snatching the scarf from Priscy's hands, she fastened the broad corner of it on to the top of her hair, adjusted it with a loose knot below the chin, and stood back to see the effect.

Priscy blushed visibly. She wanted to run away from her mother, from Colin and from Brian to save herself from being embarrassed further, but she knew her mother would call her back sternly and chide her for being so "old-fashioned." Mrs. Lacey was a strict mother, even though she doted on her two children.

"Turn, daughter girl," she commanded, and when Priscy turned, her eyes met Colin's. He stood staring at her, speechless with amazement. To him Priscy looked

exceedingly pretty and very much different from the little girl whose cheeks he used to pinch playfully. Brian, watching, was a little surprised at the absence of the old familiarity between the two and the change which had taken place.

"It suits you, daughter girl!" Mrs. Lacey said, with pride written all over her face. "Aren't you going to thank Colin, dear?"

"Thank you, Colin," Priscy said, playing with the corners of the scarf which hung below her pert little chin.

"I'm glad you like it, Priscy," Colin replied. "It took me a week to paint it. I knew you liked pansies."

"Well, go in and admire yourself, Priscy," Brian said, smiling.

And Priscy and her mother left the hall together.

"LET'S go inside, Colin. I've something to show you," Brian said. "You could give me your advice on it."

"What is it? An article?"

"Not exactly. It's the gist of a speech I am going to deliver at the Union Meeting tomorrow evening."

"Let's see it, Brian. I'm certainly interested."

When they went into the room, Brian handed him three typewritten foolscap sheets. They contained only detached sentences—the subject matter for the speech he was going to deliver. Colin read through this carefully in silence and, when he had finished, he asked, "How many belong to

(Continued on page 97)



THE morning had dawned in the tiny hamlet in Bihar State. The inhabitants were peaceful people who minded their own business. They were rustic but respectable. They preserved their traditions and family pride strictly.

"Pratima, go and milk the cows," came the voice of a woman from the cottage.

"Yes, Ma," a shrill voice answered and a young well-built girl with two pails in her smooth sturdy hands set out towards a thatched cowshed. A pair of well-fed cows lounged in the shed, chewing hay. One of them lowed loudly when it saw Pratima.

"Calm down, Rani," Pratima said. "Your turn will come presently."

Soon she was on her way back to her house. She delivered the pails of milk to her mother. Just then her keen ears caught the sound of a motor car. She came out running. A motor car was a rare sight for the simple villagers. Already a few had gathered on the other side of the dusty road. As the motor car sped by, a few children gave out a joyous shout as if to greet the visitor.

A woman glanced questioningly at her husband who shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Their eyes followed the motor car until it came to a stop before a small house.

The woman turned to her husband and said: "It has stopped in front of Ranjanbai's house. Is it her brother or her son?"

PRATIMA had also seen the car stop and, being innocent and child-like by nature, she ran along with the kids after the car. They all crowded around it. They passed their filthy hands on its smooth shining body. One of them pressed the horn which emitted a loud blaring sound to the delight of the others. Pratima peeped in and saw a young man dressed in the western style. He emerged from the motor car, carrying a suitcase. Pratima felt herself much smaller before his tall figure. The clip-clop of his shoes made her gaze at the shining pair on his feet. Then she looked at her own bare feet covered with mud and cowdung.

Pratima retraced her steps towards her house and informed her mother that a *bara sab* had come to Ranjanbai's house and this man had a motor car of his own.

Two days passed. Everyone in the village had come to know by now that the *bara sab* was none other than Ranjanbai's own son come from Calcutta. His name was Anand. He had come all the way from the city to see his mother who was suffering from tuberculosis. The terrible disease had reduced her to a frail figure consisting of nothing but skin and bone. Anand had begged his mother to let him take her away to Calcutta and keep her under the treatment and care of the best doctors there. But she had refused to leave the village where she had spent her life ever since her childhood.

ONE evening Anand came out. His eyes scanned the surroundings. A smile danced on his handsome face as he was enraptured by the beauty of Nature. He had heard from his mother that there were beautiful waterfalls in the hills. He wanted to see those falls. As he was walking along the road with his hands in his trouser-pockets, he sighted Pratima returning from the fields. He beckoned to her and asked her about the direction to the falls.

She looked at him with startled eyes and said, "The waterfalls?"

Anand nodded.

"They are very far away from here, about seven miles," she said. "However, I shall show you the way. You go straight along this road for about five miles where it ends. Then you turn right and you will see a small hill. On its top are a pair of trees. You climb the hill and come to the trees. There you will see a footpath along which you go for about a mile or so. Turn right and go on.

Then another beaten track on the left side takes you to the falls."

"Suppose I get lost?" Anand asked grinning.

Pratima returned the grin and said, "That's why I told you it is very far away."

"Do you know the way? Are you accustomed to going there often?" Anand asked.

Pratima nodded.

"Then come with me," Anand said, "We can go along the road in my car to the foot of the hills."

She looked at him for some moments and then said, "I shall tell my mother and come."

SOON they were on their way towards the falls in Anand's blue Cadillac. Anand was equipped with a torchlight, a camera and also a licensed pistol in case of emergencies.

At the end of the five-mile road, Anand stopped the car and they both got out. Pratima pointed to a hill on which stood two trees.

"We are to go that way," she said.

As they were nearing the top, Anand lost his foothold on the pebbles. Pratima grabbed his hand with all her strength and pulled him to safety. She was experienced in mountaineering and she had a firm hold on the pebbles with her bare feet. At last they reached the waterfalls.

Anand took many snapshots of the falls, the surroundings and also of Pratima with his pocket

(Continued on page 98)

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A BRIDE had four umbrellas given to her as wedding presents, and decided she would change one of them, the gift of a Scot friend, for a walking stick for her husband. She took the umbrella to the shop whence it came, and asked that it might be changed. The assistant said she was afraid it could not be done.

"But why?" asked the bride. "The name of your shop is on the label."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but that's a label for re-covering."

Such Low Value

Patient: "It is a painful thing to mention, but my wife thinks the fee you charged for my operation was far too high."

Surgeon: "But, my dear sir, surely you do not set the same low value on your life as your wife does?"

Father-Satan!

The daughter of a lay preacher had attended a dance, much against her father's wishes. When she appeared for breakfast the next day he greeted her: "Good morning, daughter of Satan!"

To which the girl promptly replied: "Good morning, Father."

Told the Truth

The boy was not suited to the job.

"You told me when I engaged you that you were very handy," his employer said.

"So I am, sir," replied the boy. "I live just opposite."

HERE'S FUN!

"GOOD Heavens! How terrible!" cried the professor as he finished reading the note left behind by his daughter who had run away.

"Why, whatever's the matter, dear?" asked his wife.

The professor handed her the letter.

"So she's eloped with that officer," was the wife's calm comment. "Well, I can't say it's a complete surprise."

"But she's spelled 'eloped' with two l's!"

Wanted A Home!

Mabel arrived home with an engagement ring on her finger.

"What kind of fellow is the man to whom you are engaged?" asked her father.

"Well," Mabel explained, "he says he has always wanted a home—and he likes ours very much."

Cats All

"Cats, my dear!" said the spinster. "I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot and some cat got that. I had an adorable fiance once, and—oh, don't mention cats to me!"

Out of Shape

"That's Mrs. Wippleton. She's had her face lifted."

"Has she? Well, the lift must have been out of order!"

AS the maid placed the breakfast things on the table, her employer noticed that she was looking happier than usual.

"You seem pleased about something, Jane," he said. "What is it?"

"I went to a dance last night," she explained, "and became engaged to a window cleaner."

"Congratulations!" said the employer. "What's his name?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, rather haughtily. "One can't begin straight off asking personal questions like that!"

With a Lamp

One very dark night an old man carrying a hurricane lamp boarded a country bus. The conductor eyed it curiously; passengers sniffed at it.

Half an hour later the old man rose to get off.

"Make way for Aladdin, please," called the conductor.

SMITH assured his wife that he could repair the broken window. He took the measurements and went to buy the glass.

"Quite a simple job," the shopkeeper told him. "You simply pull out the glass, put in the new, fill in the putty, and there you are."

In less than an hour Smith returned to the shop.

"Same size again, I suppose?" was the shopkeeper's greeting!

The Proof!

A man and a woman were talking about letter-writing.

"Ah," said the man, "you women can never write a letter without a postscript."

"Oh, yes, we can," she replied. "I'll write one to you and let you see."

A few days later the man received a letter from her, and at the end was written: "P.S.—What did I tell you?"

THE woman lecturer was going strong.

"Yes," she cried, "women have suffered in a thousand ways."

She paused for effect.

"I can think of one way in which they have not suffered and never will," murmured a meek little man in the front row.

The lecturer fixed an unbelieving eye on him.

"What way is that?" she demanded.

"They have never suffered in silence."

Indignant Reply

Counsel had just asked a question but the accused did not grasp the meaning.

"Counsel means that you should tell the court exactly what happened," said the judge.

"Indeed I won't!" was the indignant reply. "What d'you think I pleaded 'Not guilty' for?"

AT one time the Dublin police had to spend a great deal of valuable time removing obscene slogans chalked on the outer walls of Trinity College by dispossessed Irishmen who took a violent dislike to that seat of learning. The Chief of Police was talking about it to the Dean of the College.

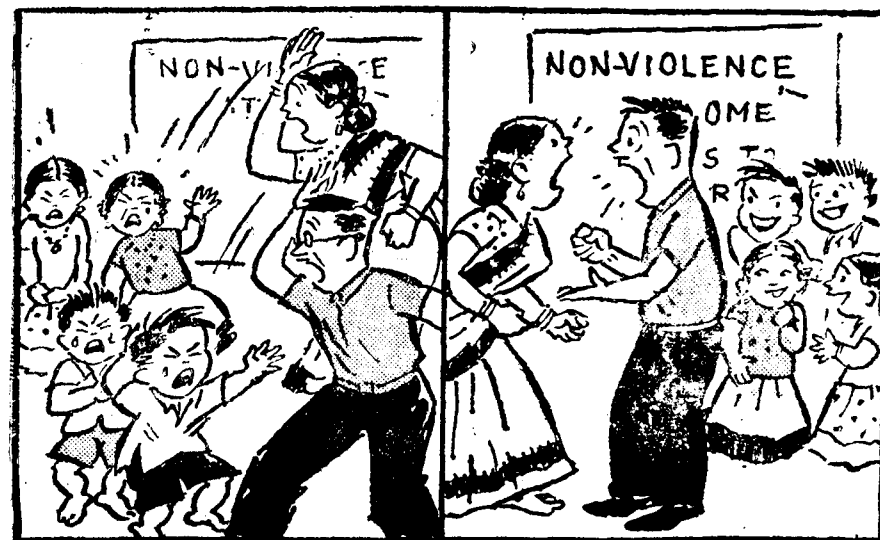
"Elementary education will put an end to that sort of thing one day," he remarked.

"Elementary education," replied the Dean, "will simply mean that the words will be rather better spelt and much nearer the ground."

His Ancestors!

The teacher pointed out to his class that a surname often indicated the trade of the ancestors of those who bore the name. He gave the obviously simple examples of Smith, Taylor and Baker. Then he asked one of the boys: "What were your ancestors, Webb?"

"Spiders, sir!"



Missing Lady

[IN THE PREVIOUS ISSUE: Sitamma, a young widow, is suddenly found missing from her house in Vepery as also very valuable jewels. Her two brothers-in-law are frantic at the prospect of scandal and the loss of the jewels. They approach an Anglo-Indian Inspector of Police to help them unofficially. The Inspector's suspicion is thrown on Bakthavathsalam, as Sitamma's brothers-in-law positively feel that he is the villain of the piece. Through the chance information given by one Gangamma, the Inspector is able to locate Sitamma's hiding place at Velappan Chavadi. Sending ahead four constables in mufti and his own informer Cholay, he visits Velappan Chavadi in the guise of a *pandaram* (mendicant singer) and is able to get Sitamma and others to come out into the open and hear his song. NOW READ ON:]

DOWN went my drum and the next instant I held Sitamma by the wrists. She screamed and the uproar that followed rent the very air. The women shrieked in indignation and terror, the children fled crying and the men, when the first shock of astonishment and fear was got over, loudly threatened to butcher me. The poor old *pandaram* simply fled for his very life. His cap was turned the wrong way and his garment streamed in the wind.

It would take long to tell all that happened, though the whole drama was compressed into a few fleeting minutes. "Hold her!" I shouted to the Head-Constable, handing the girl over to his charge. Addressing his three men, I said, "I am an Inspector of Police. Use your *lathis* if necessary to prevent a rescue."

Courageous enough in having none but the villagers and their womenfolk to deal with, they stood their ground and kept back the crowd. This gave me time to call my man with my dress bundle.

"Quick, get me my uniform," I said. "You see," I said to the crowd, donning the uniform. "I am a Police Officer and I have come here to arrest this girl, who has run away from her family with a lot of jewels. No interference, therefore, please. Otherwise there will be unpleasant consequences for all of you."

The crowd was stunned but quietly allowed me to lead Sitamma out and dump her into the *jutka* with the Head-Constable. The other men I sent to Madras with the young *pandaram*.

WHEN fairly on our way, I said, "Sitamma, please do not cry. I am not taking you to jail. Look upon me as your friend. I have come from your brothers-in-law, who have not ceased to grieve from the day you came away, and who are most anxious to have you back again. You acted very foolishly in leaving a home where you were happy. Be a good girl and nothing will be said, I promise you."

For some time her hysterical condition prevented her from understanding what I said but later on, when I praised her beauty and the devotion of her brothers-in-law, she calmed down.

TAKING advantage of her composure, I questioned her about the events of the past few months. She then told me that she had secretly carried on correspondence with Bakthavatsalam and how when her brothers had both gone out one day, she had eloped with him. "The evening I left," she proceeded, "we went to a dancing girl's house in Black-town, where he dropped me and went to his home. I stayed for two days there and on the third day he took me to Velappan Chavadi from where I did not move, till like a thief you stole me as you did."

== BY B. L. R. ==

She asked me how I found her out.

I explained the nature of my investigations and the plans I had worked out. She was amazed.

"Sitamma," I demanded, "where are the jewels you were wearing when you left home? There is nothing now on your person."

"Oh! They are with the dancing girl," she said. "They were taken at once, to be kept in safe custody for me."

"Can you tell me what kind of jewels they were and how many?" I asked.

She gave me a list. She also told the address of the dancing girl. I knew the woman.

By the time we reached Madras, it was dark and I asked the *jutka* driver to proceed to the brothers' house. Arriving there, I told the young men that I had brought their sister-in-law. Out they sprang and brought her in, and in the midst of their rejoicings, I quietly slipped out.

THE Police compelled the dancing girl to return the jewels to Sitamma. And in the course of six months, through my intervention, Bakthavatsalam was made to marry Sitamma under the Brahmo Samaj regulations, though there was bitterness and resentment in the community. The brothers, after a time, reconciled themselves to the inevitable.



"I assure you, Warder Sir, there is a thief in this jail. You see, somebody has stolen my cap."

GHOSTLY ENCOUNTER *(Continued from page 48)*

the Church Tower clock proclaimed that it was only 2 A.M. I was much rattled. My friend was quietly going in front of me, as if quiet innocent of my agitation. In fact he was increasing his pace. I was wondering why my friend was not walking by my side and why he was always going in advance, his head covered with a towel. I tried to overtake him.

"BUT somehow he kept himself in advance. It was then that I noticed a curious circumstance. My friend's feet were not touching the ground. It looked as if he was walking on air. I have heard people say that only spirits walk without touching the ground. It dawned on me that some spirit had for some unaccountable reason assumed the guise of my friend and was enticing me to the river, perhaps for my destruction. You can imagine the state of my mind. A sort of wild fear gripped me. I was perspiring in profusion. I was in a fix. I was afraid that if I retraced my steps that malignant spirit might turn against me and wreak its vengeance. On the other hand it would be sheer madness to follow that evil spirit.

"At that time I remembered my grandmother's advice. She was a devout Christian. She used to say that evil spirits take to heels at the sign of the Cross. She was fond of saying, 'Simply make a sign on the Cross and utter a word of prayer to the Lord and all the evil spirits will disappear.' This advice came to my mind at the nick of time and I simply made a sign of the Cross and said a prayer. Lo! my friend was not there! He had dissolved into thin air. You can imagine my

feelings in this perplexing situation. I hurried back to my hostel and to my bed.

"Before I reached my room I satisfied myself that my friend of the next room was sleeping soundly and that the door of his room was bolted inside. I could not sleep the rest of the night. When I got up in the morning I asked my friend, who occupied the next room, whether he had woken me up but he said that he had not got up earlier than 7 A.M. and that he forgot to get up at 5 A.M. as promised. Then I narrated my experience to my fellow students who heard my story with much amazement."

"A VERY nasty experience!" I broke out. "There is no knowing what would have happened if you had followed that spirit in disguise to the river."

"I shudder to think about it. Thank God, I escaped that danger!" said the man in dhoti.

His companion in bush coat observed, "My experience was of a different kind. I shall satisfy your curiosity if you will listen to me without interruption. I shall be brief."

"Pray proceed," I assured him. "I am all attention."

"I was spending a summer vacation in my uncle's home in a remote village," he narrated. "My uncle and my father (brothers) have a coconut grove near the village. One day, at about noon, I went to that grove for an aimless stroll. There was nobody in there at that time. Everything was quiet. It was a hot day. As I was wandering among the coconut trees, I became aware of the presence of a dark

man with a bill-hook in his hand. This chap was seen to be lurking behind a tree, about a distance of hundred yards from me. He had a ferocious appearance and he was trying to conceal the bill-hook. He was coming nearer to me every time he was trying to seek a cover behind a tree. This fact made me uneasy and it led me to believe that he was trying to harm me.

"I WAS trying to get away from him, but he was following me. After a few moments of anxious thinking, I could not get rid of the idea that he was a mad man armed with a weapon. I sensed danger. I quickened my pace as I wanted to get out of the grove and reach the clear open ground on the south. But this dangerous man followed me openly, raising the bill-hook in a threatening manner, crying, 'Stop!' I was in a state of abject terror. Here was a mad man with a bill-hook and I was quite unprotected. I had to decide on a quick course of action. It was impossible to obtain any instrument for my self-defence and face the pursuing lunatic.

"I ran for life. After a few minutes, I turned back to see whether the fellow was following me. To my consternation, he was coming after me in hot pursuit. I got out of the grove and again turned back and saw the man pausing on the boundary of the grove. There was a clear distance of about 200 yards between me and the lunatic and he was gesticulating with the bill-hook. Still I thought it safe to be away from him and so began running towards another grove of ours. As I was nearing that mango grove, I almost collided with a man whom I found to be an old servant of our family.

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"He was surprised at my break-neck speed and asked me in a good-humoured way whether I was practising for the mile race. At the sight of that old fellow, I became calm and told him what had happened. He merely laughed and said that my pursuer was not a lunatic but the ghost of a climber who fell from a tree and died a few years ago. It was he who told me that there was a belief in the village that the ghost of the climber used to appear periodically in that grove, though nobody had come to harm on account of those visitations.

"To demonstrate that there was actually no lunatic and that it was the appearance of a ghost, that servant took me back to the same grove. We went round and round but we could not see any trace of that man. We saw my footprints, but not the footprints of my pursuer with the bill-hook! After that, we came back to our house. I narrated the incident to my uncle but he did not express any surprise. He only said that he had heard similar stories from others about the appearance of the dead man's ghost. He, however, assured me that he would do some thing to appease the disturbed spirit."

"AN amazing incident! I hope you were not having any after-effects, following this horrible chase," I commented.

"Not at all, not at all," replied the young man calmly.

By this time our train had reached Jalarpet Junction and my two companions got out of the compartment to catch the Bangalore Mail.



GOOD FOR A CHUCKLE!

SITTING on a platform, waiting for a train, three university professors were so absorbed in thought that they failed to notice its arrival.

Suddenly they sprang forward as the train started, but only two of them caught it. A porter consoled the third. "At least two of you made it," he said. "I know," replied the professor, "but they only came to see me off."

He could have been the same absent-minded professor who said to his biology class: "I'm now going to show you a dissected frog—I've a splendid specimen in this parcel" Unwrapping the paper he found it contained a sandwich and some fruit. He stared in bewilderment. "That's funny," he muttered. "I've already eaten my lunch..."

Wife's Hit

We all love a good laugh: but how many of us appreciate the science and technique of popular comedy? "It's paradoxical that we who spend so much time in the pursuit of humour should know so little about it," says Evan Esar. And he sets out to remedy this in his excellent and most amusing book, "The Humour Of Humour"

classifying all things comic into various categories, says a writer in *Tit-Bits*.

The above stories are, of course, in the Absent-minded Professor class. He's always good for a chuckle. Even his wife comes into it. She's supposed to ask him before he leaves for college each morning: "Wait, Henry. Are you sure you've forgotten everything?"

Licked Her Hand

Then there's the drunk as a figure of fun. Like the one who put a shilling into one of those automatic food machines. Out came a cheese sandwich; so he inserted another bob and got another sandwich. After he'd spent a pound and collected a pile of twenty sandwiches, the restaurant manager approached him. "Don't you think you've got enough?" he asked. "What!" cried the drunk. "You want to stop me in the middle of a winning streak?"

Another drunk who was not too far gone to size up a tricky situation was creeping into bed at dawn when his wife stirred in her sleep and started to pat his head, murmuring: "Down, Rover, down!"

She had obviously taken him to be their little dog, which used to slip into bed with them on cold mornings. So the drunk promptly licked her hand—and she dozed off again.

Expert's Innocence!

A great butt for jokes in recent years has been the efficiency expert, the man who visits factories and offices to streamline work and cut out waste.

The efficiency expert, one critic observes, will tell you that if a farmer's hired hand can pick six quarts of cherries in an hour, and a girl five quarts, the two of them together will pick eleven quarts. But any farmer knows that when together they won't pick any at all!

There's an amusing report on an efficiency expert who approached two clerks in a government office. "What do you do here?" he asked one of them. The clerk, fed up with red tape, forms — and particularly efficiency experts — retorted: "I don't do a thing!" Making a note of it, the expert turned to the other clerk. "And what's your job?" Taking his cue from his colleague, the clerk said: "I don't do anything either." The expert's face

lit up. "Hmmm," he murmured triumphantly. "Duplication!"

Double Insult

Another target of modern satire is the exaggerated use of trade names based on baby talk. A man went into a big store and asked for a package of breakfast cereal.



The pioneer of jet propulsion Sir Frank Whittle talking to more than 400 boys at the Royal Institution, London, on the "Products of Petroleum" introduced 22-year-old model Miss Joy Vergette to them. Miss Vergette wore a flowered summer dress, navy shoes, a necklace and bracelet—all of them by-products of petroleum. The dress which Miss Vergette is seen wearing in this picture is made of Terylene, and will be shown at the 1955 British Industries Fair to be held simultaneously in London and Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, from May 2 until May 13.

"Sorry," said the assistant, "we're out of Krunchies. How about Oasti-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Spicy-Riceties or Eatum-Wheatums?" "I'll take Eatum-Wheatums," said the customer, moving towards the butcher's counter. "Dot to det some meat now."

The insult comes under repartee. Two girls are talking. One says: "I refused to marry Bob three months ago and he's been drinking ever since." The other smiles: "That's what I call carrying a celebration too far."

There's also the double insult. At a luncheon party an actress noted for her jealousy looked significantly at Beatrice Little and said: "I dread to think of life at forty-five." "Why?" asked the nimble-witted comedienne. "What happens then?"

Call For Attention

A deadly shaft concerns the famous wit Dorothy Parker. When a friendly enemy said to her, "I'm so sorry, I completely forgot your party last night," Miss Parker feigned surprise. "Oh, weren't you there?" she asked.

Then there's the attention-getter, a classic example of which concerns the senior schoolgirl who got engaged. All next day she wore her ring but to her dismay none of her school friends noticed it. The following morning, when they were all round her, she got up suddenly. "It's awfully hot in here," she exclaimed. "I think I'll take my ring off."

We've all met the man who must brag about his home town or county—like the Texan who had travelled East to attend the funeral of a friend who was thoroughly

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disliked in his community. The minister was new to the parish so he called on someone to say a few words about the deceased. In the dead silence that followed the Texan got up. "Well, since no one has anything to say about our departed brother," he drawled, "I'd like a few minutes to tell you folks about Texas."

Most Amusing

Women drivers are a great butt for jokes. "I had on a brown beret and a tweed suit," murmured one, when asked what gear she was in at the time of her accident. Another thought stripping the gears was the best way to cool the engine. Or again, on a country road, a fair motorist turned to her companion when she noticed a couple of repair men scurrying up a telephone pole.

"How absolutely absurd!" she exclaimed. "They must think I've never driven a motor car before."

"Mr. and Mrs. William Bates will entertain at open house Sunday from three until tight"..... "The bride was dressed in white lace and the bridesmaids' gowns were punk." Typographical errors like those can be most amusing. So are some *height* quips. The height of injustice is when a man who hasn't kissed his wife in years shoots a man who does. Or the height of illegibility: a doctor's prescription written with a post office pen in the dicky seat of a second-hand car.

Wanted—40,000 Wives!

Sound the bell—send the call! Forty thousand males in New Zealand are likely to remain bachelors unless good, home-loving girls in Britain and North-West

Europe elect to become their spouses. The authority for this statement is an expert on social problems in that country, Dr. O.C. Mazeugarb, writes Anne Fisher in London's *Evening News*.

It would be interesting to hear the reaction of unmarried New Zealand girls to this. Many of the hundreds at present on holiday in Great Britain openly state that they are wondering what they will do for escorts when they get back home.

I only hope, too, that the girls who elect to answer the call will not expect to have their men handed to them on a plate when they arrive.

Nor can I imagine that there are so many that the newly-arrived girl in search of a husband would be able to play the game "eeny meeny miny mo, that's my man."

New Way of Life

What do I know of the life there? Well, I was one of the so-called war-brides who caught her great big surplus New Zealand male when he was in England during the War.

New Zealand has been kind to me and it can be kind to future arrivals, but they must go out with an open mind ready to accept an entirely new way of life.

They must not expect it to be like "home," and, if they marry one of the many farmers, must be prepared to give up their city way of life and accept a life of plenty—plenty of money and plenty of work. They will find there neighbours more neighbourly than in the majority of English towns and cities.

They will also find that they will have to accustom themselves to

walking to the end of the drive to collect their mail from a letter-box, and sometimes their bread.

These are only little differences, but I personally found that it was the little differences that were the most difficult to accept.

Housing Shortage

New Zealand shares a shortage of houses with many parts of the world, and the newly-married couples do not find it easy to rent homes.

They can, however, buy one, but how many young men have the necessary capital, even in New Zealand, where the rates of pay are much higher than in Great Britain?

This high rate of pay, though, enables the average New Zealand family to enjoy at least one and sometimes two annual holidays. But of course the New Zealanders think of a holiday in a different way from the accepted one of going to a good hotel.

The majority of my friends, who represent a good cross-section, prefer to rent a beach house, where they relax completely.

Five-Day Shops

The New Zealand home is very much the focal point of the way of life, but New Zealanders are essentially outdoor folk, and all wives must expect to hear the cry on a Saturday or Sunday morning: "Let's pack up some food and go for a picnic."

The shops are closed Saturday and Sunday. There's a five-day week and the housewife must plan accordingly. A refrigerator is a must in the sunny sub-tropical North Island.

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R. K. Madhav, Masulipatam

The girls who go out, though, must not expect to find their husbands within a matter of weeks. They may have to work for quite a time to keep themselves. This does not pose any problems in a country where there are twenty jobs for every person.

Wonderful Beaches

Some disgruntled returning immigrants have stated that they found no entertainment in New Zealand — they missed the theatres, they missed the pubs. But did they stop to find their entertainment in another way?

New Zealand abounds in the variety of sport played, and during the long summer months there can surely be no better entertainment than enjoying swimming or lazing on the wonderful beaches.

The lakes in the north have the advantage, too, of offering warm water pools and streams around shores where even on a mid-winter holiday it is possible to go swimming.

Long Way Back!

Yes, New Zealand is a country that has much to offer — not only its excess of males but also one of the easiest and most carefree lives in the world. Always, of course, provided that the new arrival is prepared to give up an old way of life and accept a new one.

A word, though, to the girls who might contemplate answering this new "call": Remember it isn't easy to run back to Mum if everything doesn't go according to plan.

It's a long way back — 12,000 to 13,000 miles, with a minimum journey of four weeks and a fare that costs over £100.

On Tight-Wire For 27 Hours!

When Allan Lundberg, a Swedish farm worker, was six he surprised his parents by showing uncanny skill in balancing himself on the family clothes-line.

They were proud of his skill, but they could never have guessed that in 1954, at the age of thirty, Allan would become world-famous by standing on a wire for twenty-seven hours, three minutes, which is believed to be a record.

During five of those hours on the tight-wire, Allan was being drenched with rain. The rain caused the wire to become as slippery as ice, but he continued to stand there stoically thirty feet above the ground.

Asleep in Mid-air!

He estimates that he has now spent at least 2,500 hours walking or standing still on tight-wires. Thanks to this intensive training, he believes he could fall asleep in mid-air and still not lose his balance.

Lundberg hopes to continue his high-wire feats for many years and become a modern Blondin. Perhaps one day he will achieve what a German tight-rope walker did in 1948, a walk across a 200-yard wire stretched over a 3,000-ft. abyss on Germany's highest mountain, the Zugspitz. The German was delayed by fog and high winds and took four and a half minutes to cross, writes a London periodical.

Facts for Farmers

Making Eggs Last Longer

Villagers engaged in the egg trade suffer heavy losses, especially in the hot weather, due to the eggs going bad in transit. This happens because of the development of the embryo inside them. Eggs will not go bad as quickly if they are treated with lime water, it has been found at the Indian Veterinary Research Institute, Izzatnagar. Lime water is prepared by mixing freshly slaked lime with plenty of water diluting it to form a thin white wash. Stir it frequently for two or three days, and then pour off the thin milk of lime suspension.

Eggs are kept completely immersed in earthen-ware or similar containers holding the thin liquid. The excess lime which settles down to the bottom will serve to keep up the strength of the solution. Water is added as it is lost by evaporation from time to time and the eggs are kept completely submerged. By this method eggs will remain good in Northern India for up to four months in the winter and up to about ten days in the summer, depending upon the intensity of the heat. The shell pores are sealed in eggs stored for a day in lime water. This improves keeping quality.

New Uses For Tobacco Seed

Research has found many uses for tobacco seed which is generally allowed to waste. India annually produces about 5,000 tons of this seed. Among some of the new uses, research has shown that if ground into a fine paste a good cattle feed can be prepared out of tobacco seed. The feed does not contain nicotine or any other harmful substance. Tobacco seed oil, like the seed, can be used for culinary purposes and as a semi-dry oil for paints and varnishes. The oil is better than linseed oil because it does not turn yellowish on keeping. The oil burns readily, giving a mild and smokeless light. It is also a deterrent, to a small extent, to white ants.

The oil cake is cheaper than other cakes. It is good as a feed for cattle and horses or

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for manuring sugarcane or rice. Like the seed, tobacco dust and waste have been shown to be useful in other ways. The dust when applied to the tobacco crop over a basal dose of groundnut cake increases yield and makes the crop mature early. Applying the stem dust to the field increases the organic matter in the soil.

Influence of Spacing on Potato Crop

Farmers are aware that the quantity of seed required for sowing and the yield of potato depend, to a certain extent, on the spacing adopted. Planting too close increases the quantity of seed tubers required while too wide a spacing reduces the yield.

Experiments conducted at the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, New Delhi, showed that spacing had to depend on the variety used for planting. Varieties, like *Phulwa*, which spread out, require wider spacing, while varieties like the *Simla special*, where tubers are formed close to the stem require a narrower spacing to give good yields. The experiment pointed out that for the former type of varieties a spacing of 2 feet between rows was the best, while for the latter it was 1½ feet.

Spacing in the row also influences yield and economy in seed. Too close or too wide a spacing reduces yield. Generally speaking, a 9-inch spacing is the best from the point of view of yield and net profit.

Rapid Cure for Foot & Mouth Diseases of Cattle

A rapid cure can be effected in cattle suffering from Foot and Mouth disease, if the lesions in the mouth and the feet are treated with antiseptics. Foot and Mouth is one of the most common diseases affecting cattle in the country, and spreads very fast.

The common antiseptics recommended for treating lesions in the mouth are potassium permanganate solution in the proportion of 1: 1000 or three per cent alum solution and for the lesions in the feet a mixture of coal tar and copper sulphate.

Infected premises should also be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected with 1-2 per cent caustic soda or 4 per cent washing soda, and as far as possible, all contaminated material should be burnt.



Kumar, Alipuram

Q.—Why God created woman?

A.—I am unable to think that the great good God would have done it deliberately. He must have been busy creating the worlds, etc., the first six days of the week and must have been feeling awfully tired and sore with the job. And at the fag end of the sixth day He must have made a slip and created the first woman. Before He could grasp the full implications of what He had done to poor man, the Sabbath intervened and He just had to rest. After that, it was too late. In the inevitable argument that must have followed, the woman must have had the last word and thus forced Him to stop any more of the creation business. This is the truth, so help me God — from the woe (- of -) man!

Nandlal D. Datta, Indore

Q.—Have you ever had a windfall?

A.—Yes ——— and that was when the girl I was almost all set to get married to, saw the error of my ways and firmly told me to forget the very idea. Seeing subsequently the plight of the guy who did marry her, I know now what I have missed and thank God for the slip!

K. V. G. Krishnamurthy, Guntur

Q.—What is your opinion of Vauhini's *Malleswari*, the Telugu picture with the exquisite songs and story of a sculptor's love?

A.—*Malleswari* is a memorable movie masterpiece, a classic in celluloid, the screen's superb show of realism in restraint.

N. Lakshminarayana, Guntur

Q.—Mention some countries based on the constitution in which people are having sufficient basic needs.

A.—Wait till the Atom, Hydrogen and Cobalt group of bombs have done their work. Then alone is an answer possible.

Mundoli Hassan, Feroke

Q.—What is the end of Love?

A.—Matrimony, by Jove!

Ram P. Battiya, Calcutta-9

Q.—Can you tell me why girls like me although I dislike them?

A.—Distance has probably lent enchantment to their view. Familiarity on the part of a guy like you is sure to ensure contempt, Mr. Pride and Prejudice.

Surjit Kumar, Jullundur

Q.—What is the value of dreams?

A.—They exercise the imagination and put on edge the emotions — be the man a beggar even.

Chatti Narasimha Rao, Narsapatnam

Q.—Is God existing?

A.—He does, I bet. And He seems to be subsisting on the different offerings made by men and women whose various wishes like prayer for a child to the winning of a horse at the races have to be granted!

P. Dhananjaya Patro, Berhampur

Q.—Who are your sweetest songsters in Bombay and Madras film fields?

A.—Latha and Leela who, between them, have made film music a real feast for the ear.

G. Rama Rao, Ahmedabad

Q.—When does a man become a *Nastik*?

A.—The moment he stands for the election on the Communist ticket and gets votes in the recently demonstrated Andhra way.

Prema Dutt Fund

An appeal was made by Prema Dutt of Shillong for financial help as he is suffering from T.B. I promised to appeal to you all to help him and request you to send your mite. Remittances may kindly be sent to: The Manager, *My Magazine of India*, 32, Broadway, Madras-1. Mention that it is for Prema Dutt.

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Book Review

Are Your Troubles Psychosomatic? (By J.A. Winter, M.D. Published by Popular Library, New York. Price Rs. 1/8/-).

That a healthy mind is possible only if there is a healthy body is a fact most of us know. But many do not know that an unhealthy mind can be the cause of an unhealthy body. The human body is subject to certain physical ailments which can be best described as "structural" troubles. In this book the learned doctor-author emphasises the importance of the mind-body relationship and this kind of viewing is called psychosomatic theory. Illnesses arising out of this mind-body link are psychosomatic troubles. As the author puts it: "A psychosomatic illness is one in which changes in function predominate over changes in structure. This is not to say that there cannot be any changes of structure in a psychosomatic illness. We consider an ulcer of the stomach to be a typical example of a psychosomatic illness and there certainly are structural changes with this condition—change which are observable by means of the X-ray, the gastroscope or at the time of surgery. The structural changes seem to follow the functional changes, however; the change in function seems to occur first, and this, in turn, seems to give rise to the alteration of structure." Here is an illustration of this point: "Supposing that someone were to hit you on the head with a baseball bat; the chances are excellent that you would develop a headache shortly thereafter. This would be an example of an adequate stimulus followed by an appropriate response..... But suppose that

someone said to you, 'You're stupid!' and that you thereupon developed a headache. In this case the stimulus is inadequate... yet making a response."

Thus this author presents to us in this remarkable book an extraordinary array of facts, examples, arguments and conclusions which it is impossible to take notice of here adequately. Hence, we content ourselves by merely giving to our readers the Headings of the Chapters and Sub-Sections in the book. They are: 1. What Is Psychosomatic? 2. The Importance of Being Ill — (a) Why We Get Sick, (b) Why We Stay Sick, (c) Why We Repeat Our Illness, (d) How to Overcome Patterns of Illness. 3. The Importance of Making Mistakes — (a) The Mistake As a Basic Learning Pattern, (b) The Mistake As the Foundation of the Inferiority Complex, (c) The Mistake As a Basis of the "Guilt Complex", (d) How to Make the Most of Our Mistakes. 4. The Body Is Part of The Mind — (a) The Character Pattern of Anxiety and Nervous Tension, (b) Origins of Anxiety, (c) The Purpose of Anxiety, (d) How to Make the Most of Anxiety. 5. The Sexual Side of the Picture — (a) Why Impotence? (b) Why Frigidity? (c) Why Homosexuality? (d) How to Make the Most of Sex. 6. The Inside Story of Allergies, Ulcers and Glands — (a) Respiratory Diseases—Asthma, the Common Cold, Sinusitis, Hay Fever, etc., (b) Diseases of the Gastro-Intestinal System, (c) Glandular Diseases, (d) Musculo-Skeletal Diseases, (e) Other Diseases. 7. The Language of Living. 8. How to Use What You Learn.

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Diary

Plastic Cover bound Diary with page for each week and exquisite photographs of Venice facing each diary page from Ente Provinciale Il Turismo Venezia, S. Marco, Assisone, N. 1300.



The Call Of Glamour !

WOMEN don't interest Marilyn Monroe very much. She says quite frankly that men are "my only friends."

Does her own sex return the compliment by loathing the sultry, curvaceous heroine of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* soon to be seen in *There's No Business Like Show Business*. Being women, they have no illusions about how the famous Monroe technique works. They might even be forgiven for feeling a trifle jaundiced that one small, blue-eyed blonde should be so endowed with Nature's gifts and so admired by all the men they know. But they don't, writes Alison Barnes in *Tit-Bits*.

On the contrary, it was a woman, Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, who reported on her return from an official trip to Korea that what "all the troops out there really want is Marilyn Monroe!"

And for every lonely G.I. impressionable male Briton or bored husband who writes to Marilyn for a pin-up picture, some half a dozen letters reach her — from women. In one day recently, her fan mail included a letter from a Greek girl who compared her own

figure with Marilyn's, a request from a small girl that she should play Cinderella, and hundreds of other letters from women of all ages congratulating her on her looks, her acting, her voice and, most of all, her sex appeal!

The sumptuous Rita Hayworth might be regarded with some justification as "a man's girl," but she, too, turns out to be a great favourite with her own sex. Thousands of girls from all over the world write to Rita telling her of their dreams of getting into films, asking her advice about their love affairs, the current fashions and how to make themselves more attractive.

A French-Canadian schoolgirl in Quebec wrote saying she would run away from home and go straight to Hollywood the moment she received Rita's promise to help her on arrival.

Glamour All The Time

It's the same in Britain as in Hollywood. The girls in the audience go for glamour all the time. Women may not be unduly keen on competition in private life. On the screen they like nothing better than to see the kind of woman they wish they were, going into

action and finally getting the sort of man they dream about but never meet.

No girl goes to the cinema to see someone just like herself. She wants to admire someone better-looking, cleverer, richer and far more beautifully dressed — and maybe pick up a few tips.

Dinah Sheridan's popularity skyrocketed when she got her first real chance to be glamorous in *Genevieve*. Before that she'd been too much like "the girl next door." She really went over big with every woman (married or unmarried) in the audience when she tried on that ridiculous hat with a pair of pyjamas and flirted a little guiltily with her husband's raffish boy friend. Many women would welcome the chance to do either.

No girl can afford to turn down a chance to study the polished technique of the glamorous Kay Kendall, or the innocent, kittenish and brilliantly studied charm of Glynis Johns.

Audience Take Careful Note!

When Diana Dors sways her hips and tosses her mane of blonde hair, or Joan Collins pouts and flutters a flirtatious eyelash, it's not only the men who are lost in admiration. Their wives and girl friends in the audience are also approving — and taking careful note of just how it's done.

There isn't a woman living who (if she's honest) wouldn't give her eyebrows to be able to inflame a man's heart with a single glance as Ava Gardner can; who wouldn't love to indulge in the displays of

fiery temperament so characteristic of the lovely red-haired Susan Hayward; who doesn't wish she could move as sinuously and alluringly as the arch-bad girl of Hollywood, Gloria Graham.

Glamour is one of those qualities it is impossible to conceal. Long before she had even been seen in her first small parts in films, the sultry Simone Silva was achieving terrific popularity from pin-up pictures. And when she was cast in *The Weak and the Wicked*, she smiled merrily at sight of the shapeless prison uniform she had to wear before the cameras.

"I've always wanted to wear a sack in a picture just to try and prove that it doesn't really matter about the clothes," said Simone. Well, she proved it. The sack hasn't yet been devised through which Simone Silva's glamour wouldn't shine.

The Art Of Being A Woman

Audrey Hepburn was receiving a huge volume of fan mail, almost entirely from women, months before her first really important picture, *Roman Holiday*, was shown here — and we saw Audrey using the full battery of feminine wiles on Gregory Peck.

All of which seems to amount to this: the woman who gets the most wolf-whistles also receives the loudest feminine applause.

Surprising? Not really. After all, if you are a boxing enthusiast you like to see the champions in the ring. For exactly the same reason a woman likes to watch the woman who is an expert in the business and the art of — being a woman.

Which would appear to have brought us back to where we started. To Marilyn Monroe.

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Tasting the cup that cheers are the Kerala Sisters, well-known dancing trio of the South, at the Tea Pavilion put up by India Tea Board on the grounds of the All India Khadi & Industrial Exhibition held recently in the City. Standing behind are (left) the pretty assistant at the Pavilion and Sri Ramaswami, Officer-in-charge of the Pavilion.

The Film Seminar

The compact, de luxe auditorium of the National Physical Laboratory at Pusa Road in New Delhi was the scene of a memorable event — the recently held Film Seminar, the first of its kind ever held in our country. The Seminar was inaugurated by Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister. It was sponsored by and held under the auspices of the Sangeet Natak Akadami of the Ministry of Education. Pandit Nehru exhorted the representatives of the film industry present to produce children's films and added that if they failed to do so the Government will enter the field to produce such films. He also defined the Government's outlook towards films and touched on some of the more important problems of the film industry like censorship, entertainment tax and influence of the cinema. He also paid a handsome tribute to those "who have built the film industry without any assistance, from scratch" and praised especially the considerable technical progress made so far.

Sri P. V. Rajamannar, President of the Sangeet Natak Akadami, explained the object of the Seminar and remarked it was of happy augury that the Prime Minister had consented to open the Seminar. Said he about Nehruji: "From Formosa to Film Seminar is certainly a far cry and you only could devote time to both. I welcome you, sir, as the director of one of the greatest films in history — the film of New India's destiny."

Sri B. N. Sircar was the Chairman of the Film Seminar. Mrs. Devika Rani Roerich and Prithviraj Kapoor were the directors of

the Seminar. Sri Nithyananda Kanungo was the Chairman of the Steering Committee of the Seminar. The Zonal Secretaries were: Dr. R.M. Ray (Bengal), Messrs. M.A. Fazalbhoj and David (Bombay), Miss Nirmala Joshi (Delhi) and Sri R.M. Seshadri (Madras).

The delegates who attended the Seminar were: *Bengal*: Debaki Bose, Ajit Bose, Suprova Mukherjee, Dr. R.M. Ray, Pasupati Chatterjee, Prabodh Kumar, Sanyal, Ahindra Choudhury, Namita Sinha, Pankaj Mullick, Modhu Sil and Souren Sen. *Bombay*: Nargis, Raj Kapoor, Durga Khote, Kishore Sahu, Dilip Kumar, Bimal Roy, M.A. Fazalbhoj, Anil Biswas, Keki Modi, K. A. Abbas, M.R. Achrekar, Baburao Pai, B.M. Tata, Dewan Sharar and David (Shantaram could not attend). *Delhi*: Uday Shankar, M. Bhavnani, Jagat Narain, R. Ranjan, Narendra Sharma, J.P. Jalani and C.V. Desai. *Madras*: S.S. Vasan, B.N. Reddy, R.M. Seshadri, N.C. Sen Gupta, V. Ramaswamy and Marcus Bartley (K. Ramnoth could not attend).

Twenty-one papers on all aspects of the cinema as an industry and as an art were read at the Seminar by as many delegates. Discussions were initiated by other members.

All-India Premiere of "Azaad"

Pakshiraja Films' *Azaad* (the Hindi version of its Tamil box-office hit *Malaikallan*) had its all-India premiere at Calcutta. Dilip Kumar and Meena Kumari have done their roles excellently in this picture. Sri S.M. Sriramulu Naidu, the producer-director, has certainly added another feather to the cap of Hindi productions from the South.

CHILD OF DESTINY (Continued from page 69)

the Union, Brian, and how many don't? I would like to know that first."

"Well — there are about 1200 employees, including clerks and executives. Only 10 out of about 120 clerks are members of the Union — I am one of them, of course — and out of the balance of about one thousand and odd labourers, 600 are members, though many of the others would like to join up but for their fear that they would be victimised by the Management."

"YES, the usual thing," Colin replied. "Well, Brian, if you want my frank and sincere advice, it is this. Don't make this speech. No! don't stop me. Listen! From the few points you have jotted down here I can see that the consensus of opinion is all in favour of a strike. I've heard you speak before, Brian, and I could guess that you are counting on being able to convince them by sheer force of eloquence that it would be futile for them to strike. Your arguments are sound and you are perfectly right in the advice you mean to give them. But you are not dealing with educated people, Brian. The majority of these men must be illiterate and they will never listen to a person who advises them against doing something they are bent on doing. They want to strike work, they are going to strike work, so....."

"Let them ruin the Union, Colin?" Brian asked. "They'll destroy the Union if they strike. The Directors have vowed that they will break the Union, and

this is just the thing they are waiting for. It isn't going to be a strike at all. I know how pig-headed these Directors are and though this itself may seem a point in our favour I know the men, too. I know that all non-members without exception and some members, too, will go to work for fear of losing their jobs or a week's wages. And I know that ninety per cent of those who strike will go back to work one by one once their stomachs begin to pinch. The strike will steadily peter out and the Directors will then be in a position to dictate the terms and we will have to accept them.

"The question is, Colin, shall we who foresee defeat acquiesce in the men's determination to strike? Even though I know that my voice will not be heard, must I not raise it and warn them of defeat?"

COLIN pondered over this question for some time. Then he said, "Yes, what you say is true, Brian. But don't be too forceful in your speech. Don't let yourself be carried away by your own conviction. Talk to them calmly, reason with them, but don't put too much heat in your speech. They may misunderstand you. They seem to be in an ugly mood. And you know what labourers are. You never can tell what they will do when they get too excited over anything."

"You're right there, Colin," Brian answered, "I'll take your advice."

(To be Continued)

THE ACCUSED! (Continued from page 71)

camera. Pratima was very friendly and she chatted with him all the way back. When they reached the village it was well past seven. The village looked simply bewitching in the soft moonlight. As Pratima alighted from the motor car the moonlight fell full on her face. Anand gazed at her beauty until she turned away blushing.

The next evening Anand invited her for a drive in his car to the countryside. She agreed. Thus they went every day for the drives. People in the village said that Anand and Pratima would make a handsome couple.

It is needless to say that the young man and the young woman fell in love with each other but they were too shy to admit it to themselves.

Two weeks later Anand had to go back to Calcutta to extend his period of leave. He promised Pratima that he would write to her and also send her something from Calcutta.

"I don't want you to go," she protested. "I only want one thing from Calcutta and that is yourself," she made bold to say.

Anand laughed. When he left Pratima felt the parting keenly.

The postal runner came to the village twice a week. And the villagers would crowd around him as he called out the names and delivered the letters to the respective persons. Pratima was also one of the crowd, eagerly expecting a letter. But she received none and was disappointed. The postal runner came for the

second time, yet she had no letter from her Anand. At last she did get a cover which contained a long letter from her lover and also the snapshots taken at the Falls. And the news that pleased her most in his letter was that he would be coming to the village very soon.

Accordingly, very soon did Anand come to the village. Pratima was waiting for his car to come with him. Far away a speck was seen amidst a great cloud of dust. Gradually the speck became larger until it formed itself into the shape of a familiar car—Anand's car. Pratima ran towards it and Anand stopped the vehicle. It was a happy re-union for both.

THREE days later the landlord visited Pratima's cottage. He threatened to drive them out if they did not pay the rent they owed, within the forthcoming week. Pratima's mother pleaded for a month's time. But the landlord was stubborn and allowed them only a week's time and left. When Pratima returned home she found her mother weeping. Distressed to see her mother in tears, Pratima tried to pacify her.

"Let's sell our jewels, mother," Pratima said.

"No, dear. We haven't any jewels left. I sold the last pair of gold bangles we had, three months ago," her mother sobbed.

Abruptly Pratima's mother stopped weeping and looking at Pratima said, "Child, you are friendly with Anand. He is rich. Please ask him for money and he will gladly give you."

Pratima was shocked to hear her mother and disgustingly turned her head away.

"Mother, how could you say such a thing? I could never ask him for money.....besides it is begging, and we are respectable."

Pratima's mother nodded her head slowly as she realised the truth in Pratima's words.

"Yes, dear," she said, "don't ask him. The Almighty Lord will help us."

Pratima came out. She thought of going to the landlord's house and persuade him to extend the time he had given them to pay the rent. He was alone in the house.

When he saw Pratima, he asked harshly, "What do you want?"

"Please, sir, couldn't you kindly extend the time given to one month? A week's time is so short," Pratima said timidly.

"No!"

The landlord looked at her for sometime, then said: "I could let you have one month's time but on one condition only....." He whispered his condition.

Pratima who was innocent enough to fail to understand the full consequences, agreed and he let her have one month's time to pay the rent.

FROM the next day onwards she went out for drives with Anand as usual. They were supremely happy in each other's company. Thus a few months passed.

Pratima was to become a mother soon. The news spread in the village like wild fire. Who was

the father of the child to be born? This question was asked by everyone in the village. They blamed Anand. Pratima and Anand became the talk of the village. Their names were tossed about in gossip. Anand was surprised and he flatly denied the accusations flung at him by the villagers. Meanwhile Pratima's mother hara-sed her to reveal the name of the person.

"Is it Anand?"

"No, Mother. Please don't....." Pratima pleaded.

"Then who is it?"

"I can't tell, Ma, please!"

"You are a fine daughter!" Pratima's mother sneered. "You tell me not to beg from your Anand and you commit this deed which is more disgraceful."

Pratima broke down and wept.

HER mother shook a threatening finger and spitting in the corner said, "What will people say about us? You have dragged our good name into the mire."

Pratima shut her ears with her palms and cried out. "Will you let me die in peace?"

"I would like to strangle that child you will bear, with my bare hands....." her mother shouted.

Anand stayed with his mother most of the day. He dared not go out lest he should get the hot abuse from the villagers. His mother came to know of this and she wept and said, "Son, I never even dreamt that you would do this to bring disgrace upon us. Our family pride is gone forever."

"But, Ma," Anand vainly protested. "I didn't do it. I really didn't do any such vile act, please believe me."

Ranjanabai did not believe him. She said, like everyone else, that Pratima was seen in his company most of the time and how could they believe in his innocence?

Ranjanabai's remaining life slowly ebbed away in her sorrow. Suddenly she had a convulsion and she knew she was dying.

"Son," she said, gasping for breath, "I forgive you the great wrong you have committed..... God bless you....." And she breathed her last.

THE news of Ranjanabai's death spread in the village and the villagers now found a new excuse to find fault with Anand. They blamed him for his mother's untimely end. Anand was helpless. One of his most loved ones had passed away and the other was forbidden to see him. He wanted to flee away from that village but he had to clear his name from disgrace. So Anand *had* to stay on.

Pratima's child was still-born. So her mother could not have the opportunity of straggling it! Pratima was lying in a state of semi-consciousness. She was yet harassed by her mother in addition to the labour pains under which she weakened considerably. Anand came to know of Pratima's weak condition and, determined to see her, came out of his house.

The villagers tried to stop him from entering Pratima's house. Anand's temper rose and he pushed them aside with his powerful hands. Inside the house the

womenfolk tried to prevent him but in vain. He entered the sick room and did not heed the curses and abuses that were flung at him by Pratima's mother. He went up to the girl's bed. She opened her eyes and when she saw Anand, a cheerful smile lit up her pale face. No longer was she well-built and strong.

"You have come at last.....!" she whispered, tears trickling down her face.

"Pratima, please tell me who is the wretched person that forced this upon you. You know, I am blamed by every person in this village. My own mother did not believe me and she died a broken hearted woman," said Anand.

Pratima stared at Anand with a scared look.

"It is.....it is.....that landlord of ours..." she whispered.

Her mother who had stooped down to hear her gave out a cry as if in mortal pain.

"Oh, that wretched son of a she-devil! Now I know why he allowed us a month's time....." Pratima's mother said and began to curse the landlord.

ANAND did not stop to hear more.

He swiftly walked towards the landlord's house, followed by a crowd of villagers. . . .

Anand banged his fists on the bolted door and shouted: "Open the door, fool, or I shall break it open!"

But the door did not open. Anand put all his weight of a hundred and sixty pounds of muscle and gradually the door

weakened under his weight. When Anand entered the house he searched the room one by one — and found a trembling landlord crouched in the last room in a corner. Threateningly Anand advanced towards him.

An hour later Anand came out, his mission with the landlord over. The villagers went in and found the old man sprawled on the floor with a bleeding nose, swollen eyes and a broken jaw. One of them found that he was still alive. Anand had spared the landlord's life.

THE young man returned to Pratima's house. She was sleeping peacefully and now her mother and other womenfolk were attending on her with all care and love. Anand called Pratima's mother and, handing over a paper to her, said, "I have punished the wretched landlord for his vile act. This house is no longer his. I have bought it. Here is the signed receipt which you shall keep until the deed is registered. You need not worry about him any more." He pointed to Pratima and said, "She is not to blame because he forced it upon her and she did not know what he was doing to her. Probably she had been drugged. I intend to marry her as soon as she gets well. Today itself I am taking her in my car to Calcutta where she will receive good treatment from the doctors there. Do you agree? Won't you accompany us to the city and stay there until we are married?"

Pratima's mother stared at him.

In her eyes Anand read her permission, gratefulness and peace.

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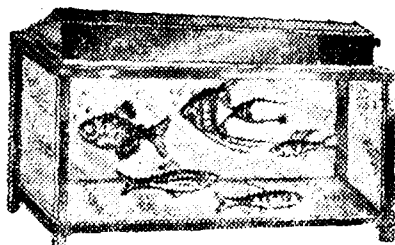
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Quaint Fishes Of Tropical Waters

THE exploration of the living habits of innumerable members of the animal kingdom has proved difficult although man has tried for many centuries in all parts of the world to place on record his experiences. Most of our knowledge concerns mammals and birds. Among the insects, those which cause damage to crops have been investigated more or less thoroughly as is also the case with those animals which are either noxious to man or from whom he derives some benefit. But even of these we may have merely a superficial knowledge. The same applies to fish; only since fishkeepers have studied their habits has the mysterious veil been lifted and many a secret brought to light, particularly of species considered previously as "utterly useless". That has given the layman a wealth of remarkable and astounding facts he would never have suspected, writes Dr. Werner Ladiges of Hamburg in *Waterlife*, a British publication.

Like every other living being, fish have been shaped into their present variety of forms by a long and hard struggle for survival. Nevertheless they are by no means passive objects of a blind fate; they are a living and tangible proof of an unfathomable creative idea which has been, and still is, responsible for the multiplicity of form, the immense number of individual species and—last but not least—their future development.



Aquarists' Corner

The majority of living beings have far from reached the end of their journey. Sometimes they may be doomed to extinction because they prove unfit to cope with the hardships of life, or they may succumb to newcomers fitted with better properties or to sudden changes of natural environment. On the other hand, there do exist very conservative creatures, particularly among fish, which have retained their archaic appearance since times immemorial.

As many thousands of fish of the most varied shapes and forms from all parts of the world have passed through my hands—and aquariums—in the course of years I want to select a few for discussion here.

FIRST let me cover *Abramites microcephalus*, an extremely interesting member of the Family *Characidae*. It was first described by that famous ichthyologist of the British Museum, the late Mr. J. R. Norman. *A. microcephalus*, being a denizen of water courses in the primeval forests in the Amazon basin, displays properties which are rather strange, but

its wild environment. Many other fish in this habitat have similar characteristics. On account of the colouring of the fish, which consists of alternating brownish and olive stripes blending into one another, and its slow-motion "swimming style," it is extremely hard to distinguish from a wilted drifting leaf. The fish float along with the head pointing downwards. When they get alarmed they rush away to hide beneath submerged roots. Their food consists mainly of vegetable matter.

OF late, this species has repeatedly been imported into Germany. It shows an extreme shyness when first placed in an aquarium. As soon as other fish accustomed to aquarium conditions are introduced, however, *Abramites* quickly loses its timidity and affords a beautiful sight with its attractive colour pattern and graceful swimming movement. It is likely to do a lot of damage to plants placed in its tank, particularly by nibbling off the shoots of Amazon Sword Plants. If it is offered fresh greenfood regularly in a secluded spot, however, it grows fond of it and stops destroying the hardier aquarium plants.

Pantodon buchholzi is a native of African forests where it lives in brooks and creeks. It is called the Butterfly Fish because the person who first located the species, Mr. Buchholz, had been told by natives of the region that it was capable of leaving the water and flying about like a butterfly to hunt insects. As a matter of fact, *Pantodon* is known to be a skillful jumper, and apparently its large pectoral fins may aid it a lot in gaining the necessary

the story is nothing but a myth. The surface of the fins, large as it may seem to be, would never suffice to support the heavy body. *Pantodon* is a surface fish which gives the impression of being suspended from the surface waiting for its prey to get near enough. Again the large fins may help it to remain close to the surface.

This fish gets along quite well in captivity and attracts attention



This unusual aquarium is the proud possession of Patrolman Russel Rosen, of the New York City Police Department. It is entirely hand-carved from teakwood and holds approximately 100 gallons of water. The aquarium was made in the Far East and is now valued at \$1,000. This is reproduced by kind courtesy of The Aquarium of the U.S.A.

by its odd shape and strange appearance. It quickly grasps all kinds of insects thrown on the water but also gets accustomed to other types of food. As soon as the cover glass (which is essential) is lifted the fish darts to the spot to get its food which it soon learns to take from the owner's hand. Breeding attempts have succeeded on several occasions. The young fry very soon assume the strange shape of their parents and are very pretty.

WHILST natives shun eating the

Butterfly Fish, and even Caymans refuse to have anything to do with these hard and bony fellows, another fish which I want to mention, *Osphronemus goramy*, is highly appreciated throughout the tropics an account of its savoury flavour. The Generic name is derived from the Greek meaning "excellent smeller" because the man who first described it had mistaken its supplementary breathing organ, the so-called labyrinth, for an over-developed olfactory apparatus. Like many other fish fitted with such an organ *Osphronemus* is able to breathe atmospheric air so that it is independent of the oxygen content of the waters it lives in.

With growing age this fish attains an enormous size and weight. Chinese gourmands sometimes put it into a large wooden tube in which it is fattened like a pig in its sty. The fish lives principally on vegetable matter. In Asia *O. goramy* is usually fed on rice. When young they are very attractive but soon they turn extremely pugnacious and quarrelsome. Some specimens may get eye inflammation and lose their

sight after a while. Close observation of such specimens showed that they must be endowed with a highly adapted sense of some kind which seems to be well developed and highly efficient as even the blind fish were obviously well able to "smell" and to find sufficient food on which to live. This sense seems to be located in the filiform ventral fins.

A similarly sensitive organ, designed to aid the fish in their search for food, is found in Catfish of the African Genus *Synodontis*. Their sense-carrying appendages consist of many individual, finely ramified branches on the barbels. These night-feeders search the bottom of the waters they live in by combing the fine sludge mud for insect larvæ, their main food. *Synodontis schall* grows to a considerable size. Some species swim upside down and most of them hide in dark shadowy places and the cracks and crevices of drifting logs. Even the old Egyptians knew this fish and portrayed it on the walls of their temples. The small species *Synodontis nigriventris*, found in the Belgian Congo, is well suited for small and medium-sized aquariums.

ANOTHER fish family which comprises a large number of odd representatives is the *Mormyridæ*, an archaic form which possesses slightly developed electric organs. *Gnathonemus petersii* is most remarkable on account of an outgrowth underneath its chin which bears a queer resemblance to the pointed beards of the ancient Pharaohs. The fish uses this as a tool to dig out food, e.g. *Tubifex*, from hiding places in the silt. Other members of the *Mormyridæ*

have trunks of a considerable length whilst still others have well-rounded pug-like faces. To add to the many strange properties, these fishes possess a comparatively well developed brain (cerebral system). When in aquariums, they often command the attention of the aquarists by their antics, for instance when they cheerfully play cat and mouse with a piece of wood or the like.

ONE of the strangest creatures I have ever come across is *Phractocephalus grandius*, a medium-sized fish found in silted sweet water courses of tropical Africa. Because of its high susceptibility to all kinds of troubles it is one of the rarest fishes in our aquariums. The strong and scaly armour and the peculiar structure of the fins remind one of the *Latimeria* (Coelacanth) species. The location of the mouth on top of the head is unique; it is nothing more than a narrow slit through which the fish pushes out a soft and very flexible "trunk" to gather and gulp down its food. Algæ and other growths are thoroughly licked off the surface of stones or aquatic plants and detritus of all kinds seems to be considered a special treat. To reach remote spots the fish assumes whatever position is required and then swims without changing that posture at all. One should never touch it as that seems to affect it adversely, and even slight wounds or injuries trouble it considerably. Attempts at accustoming older specimens to life in aquariums seem bound to fail. I succeeded once in rearing a very tiny specimen only 3 cm. in length (less than 1½ in.); it grew at a very slow rate in an aquarium where I had put a deep layer of

peat dust. This type of fish still offers a lot of riddles awaiting a solution.

The species of *Mastacembelus*, domiciled in both African and Asiatic waters, also like to spend their lives in muddy surroundings. One of such type, *Mastacembelus laevis*, has an elongated nose subdivided into several sections with which the fish is able to thoroughly search the silted bottom for food. As it forces, so-to-speak, the lower half of its body through the mud layer at the bottom of aquariums, exactly as it might have done in its native haunts, it clouds the water very quickly and is, therefore, unsuited for normal tanks. Scientists, on the other hand, appreciate the fish as objects for study. These fishes like darkened corners and thrive on *Tubifex*.

MODEST as this selection of remarkable specimens may be it will nevertheless suffice to convey a good idea of the great variety of shapes and forms found in the realm of fish and of the many yet unsolved mysteries awaiting solution by patient and imaginative aquarists. ♦♦

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"Oh.....! But for people like me?" he queried mischievously.

"Mean what?" asked the girl. It was her turn to express amazement.

THE next moment she was in his arms. She remained there till the partridges which she had saved the previous evening chirped merrily above them, as if to acknowledge the union of two young hearts. ••

Permuted Entries from Competitors are now accepted. The Competitors, however, should clearly mention on the Entry Form the Bankers and the Clues which are permuted. For example, if a Competitor wishes to send Entries for 6 Clues fully permuted then he should mention the 4 Bankers clearly in the Entry Form and mark the 6 Clues he is permuting and state that he has permuted those 6 Clues in 64 Entries. Competitors who are unable to get our Entry Forms can send the Entries (indicating permutation or fully working it out) on a plain sheet of paper. Competitors should please note that Entries sent permuted are fully covered by the permutation. For full permutation we give below the number of Entries to be sent :

	Clue fully permuted	Words Bankers	...	Entries
1	Clue fully permuted	(9	...	2
2	Clues	(8	...	4
3	"	(7	...	8
4	"	(6	...	16
5	"	(5	...	32
6	"	(4	...	64
7	"	(3	...	128
8	"	(2	...	256
9	"	(1	...	512
10	"	No Bankers	...	1024

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CLUES

1. Few people realise how difficult it is for a newcomer to the film field to make a — (BIT or HIT?)
2. It has now become imperative for statesmen to ensure a worthwhile — in the world if humanity is not to be wiped out. (PEACE or PLACE?)
3. If some men behave like this with women it is because they think they will best attract their attention that way only. (BOOB or BOOR?)
4. Person who can be easily — cannot be a success as a businessman. (GALLED or GULLED?)
5. Man whose wife is — usually has to bravely face embarrassing situations. (DOLL or DULL?)
6. People in our country seem to give greater attention to this now than ever before. (DRESS or PRESS?)
7. The future can never appear to be — to person who has a practical nature. (BLACK or BLANK?)
8. This person is seldom a success in life. (DREAMY or DREARY?)
9. The rather aged person who has married a second time would find it difficult to — the young wife. (ABUSE or AMUSE?)
10. If many adolescents experience a longing to — romantically it is to a great extent due to the influence of the films they see. (LIVE or LOVE?)

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KEY SOLUTION. The Sealed Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 41 which is in the custody of the Madras Branch of The Punjab National Bank Ltd., will be opened in the presence of the Manager of the Bank on the day following the Closing Date. It will be published in the 15th April, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*.

PRIZE LIST. The List of Prize Winners (which may be abridged) will be published in the 1st May, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*. The First Prize and Runners-up (1 and 2 Error) Prize amounts will be sent on or before 11th May, 1955.

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ENTRY No. 1.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	I	T	A	C	E																			
	P	B	O																					
	G																							
	D																							
	R	E	S																					
	B	L	A																					
	D	R	E																					
	A																							
	L																							

How to Fill Up: Each line of 10 Blank Squares top to bottom constitutes one Entry. Above are Blanks for 24 Entries. In each only the apt letter which completes the word should be filled up.

I have read the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition and agree to abide by the same and also to accept the Competition Editor's decision in respect of this Competition as final and legally binding.

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ACROSS

7. "Alas! ability to — a lot often causes us to be less popular." **EARN, YARN?**

The mark of exclamation clearly spoils the case for *Earn*. The ability to *Yarn*, to tell nice stories, should help one to become popular but in fact it often makes a man to be less popular than he would be without that ability. Enter **YARN**.

8. "The more house-proud a woman the more likely she is to — inefficient servants." **HATE, RATE?**

The word *Hate* is too strong a word to use here. Besides, it does not tell us of any action taken by the house-proud woman. The more proud of the tidiness of her house, etc., the mistress of the house is, the more will she be likely to *Rate*, abuse, scold, inefficient servants. Back **RATE**.

11. "We're apt to think less of people whom we find easy to —" **RILE, RULE?**

By virtue of official status or financial position, one can either *Rile*, abuse, scold people as easily as they can *Rule* them also. The Compiler does not give us any definite pointer for preferring one word only. So, permute both **RILE** and **RULE**.

12. "Often, the — a man's outlook on life the less popular he is with women." **WIDER, WISER?**

The *Wider* a man's outlook on life, the more will he be tolerant of women's shortcomings and will therefore be very popular with them. The *Wiser* the man is, the more will he see through their shallow nature and avoid them or tell them the truth and will thus be less popular. **WISER** wins.

13. "Employer is usually loath to engage inexperienced man who

apparently isn't — **EVEN, EVER?**

"Is usually" in the Clue suggests exceptions. Inexperienced man who isn't *Even* well will never be engaged. But the man who isn't *Even* well might be engaged by the employer on account of recommendation by others. This is the exception suggested. Vote for **EVEN**.

14. "Man with little head for business might well feel gratified carrying on without making — **LOSS, LOTS?**

Even though the man has little head for business, he will still feel if he suffers a *Loss*. But the fact that he is able to carry on without making *Lots*, huge profits, will make him feel gratified at the small margin of profit made. Back **LOTS**.

15. "What many people regard as innocent pleasure some call —" **VICE, VILE?**

Surely there cannot be such a wide difference as to make one set of people regard as innocent a pleasure which the other set of people regard as a *Vice*. What many people regard as innocent pleasure may be regarded by certain others as a *Vile*, cheap, worthless pleasure. Enter **VILE**.

16. "Her parents are apt to be very relieved when — girl gets married" **LONELY, LOVELY?**

The girl's character should not be a concern here. A *Lovely* girl will have many suitors and the parents can never have any anxiety over the prospects of her marriage. Either because of her own nature or appearance or poverty a girl may not get offers of marriage. When such a *Lovely* girl ultimately gets married, her parents are apt to be very relieved. **LONELY** scores.

BY "SPOTTER"

17. "People who are very much — often get on well together." **ALIKE, ALIVE?**

Those who are very much *Alive*, active, do not necessarily get on well together as they may have different likes and dislikes. The aptness of *Alike* needs no explanation. Bet on **ALIKE**.

DOWN

1. "When success goes to his head man often tends to — his former pals." **ABUSE, AMUSE?**

Swollen head caused by success might cause the man to become indifferent to his former pals but not to tend to *Abuse* them for no reason at all. The manner in which success goes to his head and the puer and silly ways in which he behaves, etc., would surely *Amuse* his former pals. Back **AMUSE**.

2. "When dealing with door-to-door salesman it often pays to seem —" **BOOR, POOR?**

To seem *Poor* can never deceive the door-to-door salesman who knows every type of customer. The only way to deal with him is to seem *Boor* even if you are in fact not a boor for it is such apparent gruffness that will scare him away. Bet on **BOOR**.

3. "Knowing what people — usually gives us good insight into their character." **DREAD, DREAM?**

It is neither wise nor possible to judge a man's character by the kind of *Dream* he is accustomed to experience. Knowing what people *Dread* fear, dislike to the point of hate, can help us to get a good insight into their character. Vote for **DREAD**.

4. "As a rule, men are more likely than women to make — of it when their plans come to nothing." **BEST, JEST?**

When their plans come to nothing both men and women are bound to make the *Best* of the situation and their sex has nothing to do in influencing them. Men, unlike women, are more broad-minded and have the sporting spirit. So, when their plans fail, they will tend to make a *Jest* of it, unlike women who will cry and the way to nerve. **JEST** scores.

5. "Even the most optimistic tends to become less so when the future seems —" **BLACK, BLANK?**

If the future appears *Blank*, uncertain, unknowable, then there is room for hope for something good happening and the optimist will not become less cheerful. It is only when the future appears to be absolutely *Black*, hopeless, that even the most optimistic person will tend to become less optimistic. **BLACK** wins.

6. "Boss might well be called sympathetic who makes detailed enquiries after learning that employee has suffered bad —" **SPELL, SPILL?**

Any boss will make detailed enquiries about employee who has suffered bad *Spill*, fall. This is not enough to show the boss is sympathetic. No boss usually cares for the bad *Spell*, misfortune or troubles, that might plague an employee. So, when boss does enquire in detail about employee's bad *Spell*, he might well be called sympathetic. Go in for **SPELL**.

9. "Even fond wife tends to be irritated with hubby who makes — friends easily." **FEW, NEW?**

The ability of hubby to make *Few* friends only should please the fond wife instead of irritating her. It is when he makes *New* friends that she will get irritated for she realises that he is spending his time more with others than with her. **NEW** should win.

10. "Sensible people usually show appreciation of advice given them even though they don't — it." **HEED, NEED?**

To *Heed*, listen to advice need not be an admission of inferior intelligence. Hence, sensible people will *Heed* advice. Besides, how can appreciation arise if it is not heeded? They listen to and appreciate advice though not in *Need* of it. Vote for **NEED**.

11. "Children who — in school may well go far in life." **REBEL, REVEL?**

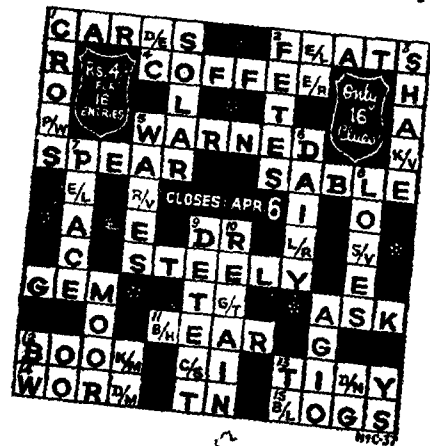
One who is rebellious in school proves to be a success in life because of his independent and fearless nature. So also will one who used to revel in school, be merry, high-spirited, and succeed in life because of his push and cheerfulness. So, better permute both **REBEL** and **REVEL**.

Second Thoughts:

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY'S COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD No. C-37

Closing Dates: For LOCAL ENTRY BOXES, 5-4-'55.
POSTED ENTRIES, 6-4-'55.

This Square is for Practice only.



ACROSS

1. Previous choice of CARDS is confirmed.
2. FLATS still holds good.
4. For reasons already explained, COFFER is the better word.
11. It is better to permute both BEAR and HEAR.
12. BOOM is a better bet.
13. The mark of exclamation clearly clinches the issue in favour of TINY.
14. Sheer commonsense points to WORD only.
15. Back BOGS.

DOWN

1. Back CROPS.
3. SHAVE is too flippant. So, vote SHAKE.
5. It is better to permute both WAJ and WAVES.
6. "Quality" is what we expect from good Dairy. The "reliability" in the C can best refer to DAILY only.
7. Place implies a selfish aim. PEA alone is apt.
8. LOSES should be a safe bet.
9. It is better to permute both DETE and DETEST here.
10. Previous choice of RETAI confirmed.

The Advance Pull of Illustrated Weekly's C.C. No. C-38 was not received till the moment of our going to Press. Hence, we are publishing Second Thoughts of C.C. No. C-37 as the Closing Date is 6th April, '55.

Comments on C.C. No. C-38 will be published in the 1st April, '55 issue.

160128

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY P.K. VINAYAGAM
AT MY MAGAZINE PRESS, 32, BROADWAY, MADRAS 1.

on the playground?

They, too, wait for a chance to show their prowess. But you must find a job suited.

tion Overlooked?

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About Examinations?

Failure was not your fault. The way is, surely, not to put next examination.

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It is to convince your beloved that you are another? Follow the path to make your love all the more.

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Not later in any business; and sell at a profit. It is a simple task.

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Speculation is a wheel of fortune. It is a game of chance. It is a game of chance. It is a game of chance.

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"My spirits revived that there is one in the world to help me out of my uncounted difficulties after I have tried all the world over and failed. You are my earthly Saviour under whom I have taken refuge. I received your fatherly sympathy and All Purpose Navagraha. Herewith my photograph. Have it placed in the Chief Devotee's Consecrated Praying Room. My connection with you will be life-lasting. How could I express myself for the unspeakable joy that has filled my heart. I stood speechless for a while. May Almighty Bless you." — (Sd.) His Lordship Bishop D.Q.A., L.Th., (London)

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