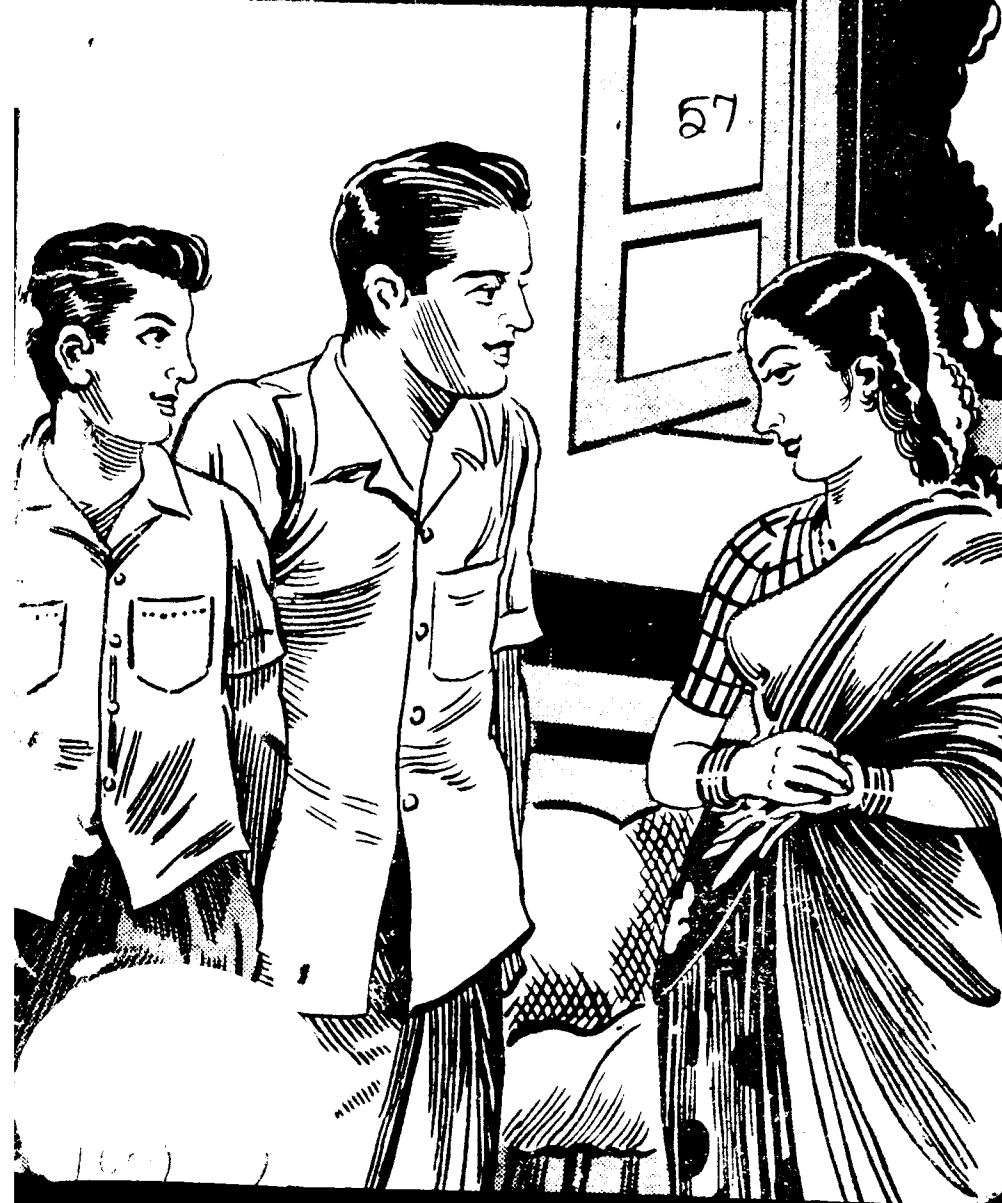
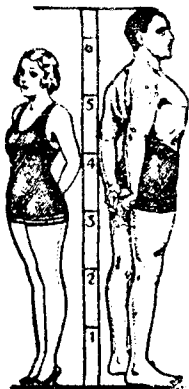


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OF INDIA
1ST MAY '55 4-ANNAS





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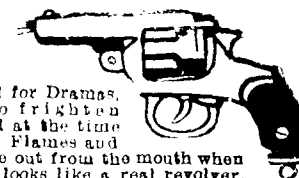
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CLUES

1. One is not likely to forget the experience of a first — in a plane. (FLIGHT or FRIGHT?)
2. The prospect of having to stay awake late into the night might — some people. (ALARM or CHARM?)
3. Election speeches are bound to have partisan — (FERVOUR or FLA-VOUR?)
4. Blind faith in — has made many a man to suffer unnecessarily (RELATIVES or SEDATIVES?)
5. Wife would be at a loss to know where she stands with husband who's — (ARTFUL or FITFUL?)
6. If text-book provides very dull reading, school-boys are apt to — over it. (BROWSE or DROWSE?)
7. Young man in bus is apt to feel very self-conscious to see the young girls inside — at him. (GIGGLING or GOGGLING?)
8. During heated discussion on Bill, Minister's — statement that the Government will not be worried whether the Opposition is going to support it or not will raise a stormy scene. (BALD or BOLD?)
9. Young men seem to have more — these days. (NERVE or VERVE?)
10. To conduct a — is not as easy as people seem to think it is. (CAFE or CASE?)

Entry Form of MYWORDS No. 43 will be published in the 15-5-'55 issue.

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1929 **MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA** **1955**

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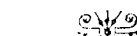
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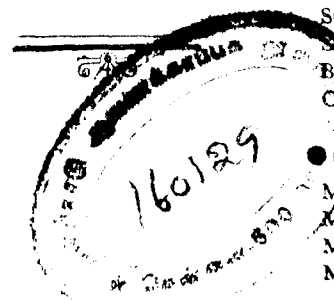
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All the names and characters appearing in the stories and skits in this Issue are entirely imaginary and any reference to living persons is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor.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





MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

The Asian-African Conference

HISTORY was made when twenty-nine free and independent countries of Asia and Africa met at Bandung in Indonesia. The Conference was sponsored by the Colombo Powers to extend the area of peace and promote greater co-operation and unity among the Asian and African nations. In his fine opening speech, the Chairman, Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo, stressed the importance of co-existence if peace was to be permanent. Elucidating the other principles of "Panch Shila," he said that mutual respect for national sovereignty and territorial integrity, abhorrence of aggression and non-interference in each other's internal affairs would eliminate all causes of tension and friction. He regretted that the Western nations were deliberately misrepresenting and misinterpreting these principles because they came from the East. He warned them that stockpiling of atomic weapons would inevitably lead to war and total destruction.

Subjects on the agenda included among other things racial discrimination, colonialism in Asia and Africa, economic development of backward areas and inter-regional trade. It was noteworthy that China, which had remained in isolation from the rest of the world, was one of the chief participants. For obvious reasons, South Korea, the Formosan Government, Israel and South Africa were not invited. South Korea is a puppet of the U.S.A., while Chiang Kai-shek does not represent his people and Formosa must have been part and parcel of New China. Israel and the Arab States are in a state of war and the latter regard the former as an intruder. So a concession was made to Arab sentiment.

The resolution on colonialism was probably the most significant and must have been passed unanimously. It was a clear warning to the Western Powers to keep out of the two continents and leave them well alone. "Colonialism," stated Dr. Soekarno, "has also its modern dress in the form of economic, intellectual and physical control by a small but alien community within a nation." In a sense, it would be

colonialism brought through the back door even if a country chose to lease military bases to another nation.

Vexed at the presence of China, Ceylon and Pakistan denounced Communism as a new form of colonialism. Sir John Kotelawala was at great pains to make out that the Communist countries of Eastern Europe were the colonies of Soviet Russia. It was an irrelevant point altogether. Eastern Europe is far away from Asia or Africa and Sir John evidently laboured under exquisite confusion. He should have asked himself whether China was an imperialistic power and whether there were countries in the East, subject to her control and exploitation. Pakistan herself acquitted China of this charge.

Mr. Chou En-lai displayed a conciliatory attitude throughout the proceedings and promised to look into the question of Chinese nationals living in Thailand, Malaya, Indonesia and elsewhere, and made a good beginning by coming to a ready understanding with the Jakarta Government. On the issue of Formosa the Premier expressed the Chinese Government's willingness to enter into negotiations with the United States. This certainly is a great, magnanimous gesture that is bound to evoke the appreciation of even the Americans. By persuading China to come out of her self-chosen seclusion and sit with her neighbours and well-wishers round a table and move and speak on a footing of equality, Pandit Nehru has scored a great diplomatic victory and added another feather to his cap. From the various pronouncements of Mr. Chou it is clear that China has considerably mellowed down in her attitude to the outside world. Welcome was his assurance that China had no aggressive intentions or expansionist aims.

Addressing the concluding session of the Conference, Pandit Nehru emphasised the desire of Asian and African countries to co-operate with Europe and America but warned that they should not be dragged into their wars. Timely was our Prime Minister's appeal to Australia and New Zealand to come closer.

There will have to be many such meetings before the problems facing the two continents are satisfactorily solved. But what has been achieved is encouraging enough and even those who scoffed at the beginning have had respectfully to revise their opinion.

News and Notes

Serious Handicap

That tuberculosis is yet to be brought under effective control is admitted on all hands. Every year, in India, the disease takes a toll of 500,000 lives. Yet, speaking in Delhi, the other day, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur stated that many sanatoria were being closed down. Her reason was that rich people had stopped seeking treatment in them. The easy availability of anti-biotic drugs and the importance of home treatment had led to a fall in the demand for institutional treatment from the well-to-do.

But as Dr. Sangham Lal, the Madras Director of Medical Services observed, in the course of a speech at Kumbakonam recently, tuberculosis is a poor man's disease. It is, therefore, the duty of both Central and State Governments to give more facilities for sufferers from the low-income groups. They must immediately provide funds and arrange to re-open the sanatoria and set them in working order. The general impression is that it is only in a sanatorium that a poor man has any chances of complete recovery. A bed there assures him freedom from petty worries and the stuffy atmosphere of the tenements. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming Conference of Sanatoria Superintendents will consider the financial aspect of their administration and eliminate all possibilities of a breakdown.

The Union Health Minister's over-all picture was somewhat encouraging. On the preventive side, she said, the B.C.G. campaign was gaining momentum. The number of clinics was also on the increase. Under the Second Five-Year Plan, she envisaged a marked advance in various directions in the anti-tuberculosis field. But, as experts have often pointed out, the disease can be contained only when the standard of living is raised. That, indeed, is a very remote possibility.

New Risks on City Roads

Roads in Madras City are in a deplorable state. Pot-holes, deep pits with heaps of earth and metal strewn up here and there make the bare-footed pedestrian skip and stumble. Heavy vehicles like buses bump and jolt and perform daring feats that involve serious risks to passengers. It is a common spectacle for one squad of workers to repair a road and make it smooth and rutless. No sooner are their backs turned than another squad comes in, cuts up this very road deep, throwing up mounds of earth. Obviously these are mechanics and labourers of the Madras Electricity System, engaged in cable-laying operations. When their work is over, they leave the spot in a hurry to dig up another road elsewhere. For days the scars on the road remain unattended.

The City Council has done well to pass an urgent resolution requesting the Government to issue instructions to the authorities concerned to even up the surface of the road in a proper manner when the underground work is over.

One is constrained to remark that the Corporation, too, is at times not altogether blameless. Roads share the same fate when defects in water supply or drainage system have to be set right. On both sides of a narrow road we often see the foot-paths blotted out by piles of metal that are to be used only after weeks or even months. These cause as much of inconvenience to the public as the thoughtless action of the M.E.S.

Punjab National Bank's Diamond Jubilee

The recent Diamond Jubilee celebrations of the Punjab National Bank helped to focus public attention on the great progress that the country has made in the field of banking and finance. In the good old days people hoarded their savings in gold and silver underground. They were easy prey to thieves and dacoits. During journeys it was hard to carry any money. From those unsettled times to the present day it is indeed a far cry.

A pioneer to take part in the building up of the credit structure of the country and generate confidence in the investing public is the Punjab National Bank. It had its humble beginnings sixty years ago in the town of Lahore with a small capital of Rs. 20,000. The Bank is now bestriding the financial world like a giant. Its working capital has reached the staggering figure of Rs. 100 crores

and it has 313 offices in several parts of the country.

If the Bank's record of the past sixty years is remarkable, its future holds promise of a still brighter one of more broad-based service and achievement. In the extension of rural credit facilities and the general economic development of the country the Bank can play a truly notable part. In its new General Manager, Sri B. N. Puri, it has a talented executive head who has real organising ability, and in fostering amicable employer-employee relations, he has shown consistent sympathy, tact and understanding.

The Madras Branch of the Bank in Armenian Street is lucky in having Sri C. Raghavachari as its Manager and is going from strength to strength under his fine guidance and efficient supervision.

"More Milk Day"

"More Milk Day" was celebrated in Madras State with much enthusiasm. Cattle-owners and Co-operative Societies supplied milk to many children on that day. An exhibition in this connection was held in Madras City on the S.I.A.A. grounds and visitors had a good view of fine cattle and a wide variety of dairy products.

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There was also a picturesque procession of cows, camels and an elephant.

The Chief Minister, speaking on the occasion, referred to the scarcity of pure milk. Though we had a large number of cows and buffaloes, lack of sufficient care accounted for the fall in milk production. He regretted the widespread practice of adulteration which was injurious to public health.

Sri A. B. Shetty, Health Minister, emphasised the need for improving the breeds of cattle and feeding them well. Under the Second Five-Year Plan, he stated, attempts would be made to increase the number of good cattle, develop the dairy industry and make wholesome milk available in plenty.

Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam, Minister for Agriculture, who sponsored the new scheme, expressed the hope that the enthusiasm, roused among the people by the celebration of the "More Milk Day," would be sustained.

One speaker at the meeting called upon the Government to control the import and sale of milk powder to prevent adulteration by milkmen. We would readily endorse this suggestion. In Madras City, for instance, considerable quantities of milk powder are bought on the sly by milkmen for this nefarious purpose. To sell six measures of adulterated stuff, a milkman needs one measure of fresh milk, three pounds of powder and four measures of water. He often passes this off as genuine cow's milk after adding to it a small lump of sugar and some pinches of fine turmeric powder. The majority of the citizens quietly submit to this hoax. The Corporation should bestir itself and put an end to this atrocious trade. Hotels and eating houses corner



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nearly 80 per cent of the pure milk available in the City. Part of this must be diverted for the use of householders.

Panicky Mood

In his hatred of the non-whites, Mr. Johannes Strydom, the South African Premier, is more fanatical than Dr. Malan. He is clinging to the hope that Africa will ever remain the dark continent, that the original inhabitants will continue to be hewers of wood and drawers of water and that white supremacy will be maintained for ever. The Bandung Conference seems to have pricked the bubble of his vanity. His latest speech in the Union Parliament reflects a panicky mood.

Mr. Strydom stated that the main purpose of the Bandung Conference was to eliminate European influence from both Asia and Africa. Europeans in all parts of the world, he warned, should not be indifferent to the implications of this move. Their position in Asia had been greatly weakened by the withdrawal of the British from India, Pakistan and Ceylon and of the Dutch from Indonesia. "However, it was the determination of the South African authorities, with the help of other greater and stronger nations of the Western community to maintain themselves as white men and to uphold their civilization."

The creation of the Arab bloc in the Near East was another disturbing trend, according to Mr. Strydom. Being outside the sphere of Western influence, the nations in this group might pursue a neutral attitude in the event of a general conflagration. He con-

fessed to being upset by Lt.-Col. Nasser's recent statement that Egypt and Sudan would together make their influence prevail over Africa. Mr. Strydom appeared to pin his pathetic faith on the United States which he described as the protector of all Western countries. It was clear that he had lost his confidence in the ability of Britain to come to South Africa's rescue.

What, however, did not strike Mr. Strydom was the possibility of inter-racial amity and co-operation. Probably, the very idea was repulsive to Malan's successor.

Einstein

With the death of Dr. Albert Einstein, a great light has gone out from the world of science. Fifty years ago, he came out with his Special Theory of Relativity, which marked the beginning of the atomic age. A wizard in the field of mathematics and theoretical physics, his mind flew to regions and heights far beyond the reach or ken of the average man.

The great scientist did not, however, isolate himself on a peak as great scholars generally do. He took a live interest in the developments of the work-a-day world. Towards India especially, he always displayed a sympathetic and friendly attitude.

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CHILD OF DESTINY

By
E.T. FERNANDEZ

CHAPTER FOUR

ON their way home Colin took Brian to his own house where he was greeted profusely by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews who kept on reminding him for the whole time he was there that it was ages since they had seen him. Mr. Andrews immediately plunged into a discussion on the progress of the war. Brian never, as a rule, offered his own opinion on any topic which formed the subject of conversation between the old gentleman and himself but he now listened as best as he could. Mr. Andrews mistook this for a burning desire on the boy's part to learn all that

he himself had to impart by way of knowledge based on ripe experience, and he was often heard to say that Brian was an exceptionally clever boy. It must be noted here that this congenial atmosphere was prevalent only when Duncan and Frank, Colin's two elder brothers, were away from the house. Their presence at home always had the effect of dampening the spirits of the whole household. Brian was aware of this and, judging from Mr. Andrews's present mood, noted with some relief that the boys were evidently not at home.

There was nothing remarkable or unusual in the appearance of Mr. Andrews except that his hair had begun to get gray long ago. Mrs. Andrews, it appeared, had decided to keep time with her husband in this regard. Whatever money the old man had was the reward of his faithful service in the Company where he had worked for forty years and more. He had retired only recently and was now enjoying the fruits of his hard labour. Had it not been for the constant grumbling and complaining on the part of his wife to the effect that his two elder boys were going to the dogs, he would have been blissfully content with his lot, oblivious of everything else

which tended to mar his happiness. Such was the extent of his indifference to the members of his household.

Mr. Andrews claimed no share of the credit in his wife's management of his home. He was used to being mothered ever since he was a child and had not outgrown it or made any attempt to do so. But in order to satisfy his ego, he had taken to the study of newspapers (especially those of the yellow press), probably because this represented to him an undisputed field of mental activity into which his wife would never dare to enter.

ABOUT this time, two major events claimed Mr. Andrews's attention, namely, the War and the Congress fight for Independence, and about the outcome of both these events Mr. Andrews had long ago made up his mind. First, he broadcast to all who cared to listen to him that, notwithstanding the fact that the Allies had rallied round and were now trouncing the German and Italian armies on the one side and the Japanese on the other, the Axis nations were just giving a long rope and would soon launch an offensive which would stagger and stupefy these would-be conquerors in such a degree as to end in the latter's sudden and crushing defeat. Second, the fate of India, and more especially of the Congress, was sealed and the victorious Axis would march into the country with complete ease and exterminate

Gandhi and the whole lot of his followers with a single stroke of the sword, helped to a large extent by the fifth columnists in the country.

"THESE communiques in the press are all propaganda," said Mr. Andrews to Brian this evening. "All lies! The Allies may be winning here and there but that is the plan of Hitler. He is trying to get them in different positions and when he has got them there he will suddenly surround them and kill the whole lot. Don't believe a word of what some of these papers say. Another month or two, and you'll see the German armies victorious. Hitler is not an ordinary man, believe me. After all, he was only a Corporal

(Continued on page 78)

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY and **COLIN ANDREWS** are close friends. Brian is in love with **ANGEL** whom he, however, had to lose owing to her parents' dislike of him.

Brian gathers through his sister **PRISCY'S** talk and his visit to a christening party that he is disliked by his community.

Colin warns his friend not to air his views in public. But Brian believes his community should identify itself with the local people. Colin feels his community should have a colony of its own, cut off from others.

The workers of Brandon & Co., in which Brian, is an employee, decide on a strike. Brian advises them against it but his interview with the Works Manager is mistaken by them and they try to harm Brian. Colin suddenly appears and saves his friend. Brian lodges a complaint at the police station. NOW READ ON.

COVER PAGE STORY:

MY parents, relations and discerning neighbours all thought that I would become somebody, land a big job, live in lush comfort and be invited to all posh parties. I agree they might have all thought well, but they thought wrong! The landslide in my career began with my standing first among those who were left behind after a competitive examination. And thus, ultimately, I became an insurance agent.

Most hateful job, if you ask me — but then you never would bother to ask; as a matter of fact no one wants to talk to me once he suspects who I am, trying to avoid me like the plague. Life is so uncertain, with death ever prowling round to pounce on unsuspecting victims — and yet people behave, in the grip of 'Maya,' as if their rosy dreams of youth would be everlasting.

Among the few who ultimately realised the importance of insurance is my friend Suryakant. For fear of breaking the moral code of decent behaviour, I must admit that I have given him a pseudonym so that people might not spot him.

Suryakant was taken to be a very lucky man. A Bengali proverb which says that the unlucky lose their horses and the lucky ones their wives, justified the view. He had married and received a rich

dowry, but soon lost his wife. He married again, but the second wife fared no better than the first. Surya married a third time. It was during this marriage that I first met him. And when I gathered from envious neighbours the obliging disposition of his wives for leaving him at regular intervals, I promptly put to him the suggestion to insure this one heavily. He gave a knowing smile and made me understand that each new wife brought a new dowry and this one, after all, might not die. We laughed, and I did my best to hide my chagrin, for I was not doing well just then.

SURYA, however, lost his third wife and with it his fervour to marry again. To begin with, parents were frightened to trust the life of their daughter with him. Some of his friends started calling him 'Monseieur Verdeux'. But, alas! such is the condition in our great country that maidens have to marry and Surya received many offers. But this time he would not yield. He had loved his wives, and each one at parting took something out of him, leaving now a desolate heart which he hardly deemed fit to offer to another girl.

Thus months passed and he was counted out as a confirmed widower. But Surya was still young and the empty house began to pall. He had been so used to a wife

that he began to miss them. A gnawing emptiness began to assail him as he retired each night to his bed, no one beside him, only the spectres of the three departed wives filling the room with memories, filling his heart with solitude. He began to pine for a mate, but dared not reveal his desire to marry again. But God, the Omniscient, came to his aid.

A MARRIAGE broker approached him with a woeful story. Prabha, the grown-up daughter of a respectable family, could not get married. The family was very respectable, but its respectability was no longer backed by a fat bank balance. Hence, there was

Surya felt all the thrills of a first marriage, looked forward with great anticipations to banish his irksome loneliness. But after a while, when Prabha served food and sat fanning him, pressed his clothes, brought hot water for his shave and came shyly to bed at night, he felt near him not one but all the four wives. Old memories were revived and stunning loneliness was shattered at the onslaught of this group. If he had sickened at being alone, he now felt nauseated in this crowd. He wanted to be nice to Prabha, to give her all the love that was her due, but he always felt uncomfortable, always wilted under the strong impression that he was being

Lucky is the man who loses his wives, so goes an ancient adage! True to this, Suryakant was a much-married man; his three wives dropped out one by one. And when the fourth bride came into his life, he was positive he would be a widower soon. With uncanny instinct, he had her life heavily insured until one dark, cold night....

no enticing dowry to attract desirable grooms!

"Disgusting!" shouted Surya, his heart bleeding at this social tyranny. "But as long as I live, no such social injustice shall be perpetrated; no girl is going to die a spinster. I will marry her without accepting even a copper pice!"

Thus my friend turned extreme necessity into professed virtue. Prabha was married and her father, emblem of impoverished respectability, felt on Surya's neck and shed warm tears of gratitude for saving the family from shame and indignity.

watched by his former three wives. Thus fostered anticipations of love turned to bitterness. He found that he could never love the girl.

Prabha came to her new home imbued with the great sense of paternal gratitude. She knew how this wonderful man had broken his vow to save the family, and she would always worship him, adore him.

ONE evening Surya came to me. I found that he was struggling to tell me something. I offered him tea and bided my time.

(Continued on page 87)

MAN-MADE DIAMONDS!

REAL diamonds, just like those that nature takes millions of years to produce, have been made in minutes by scientists of the General Electric Company, a private U.S. concern in Schenectady, New York.

The laboratory diamonds are reported to be indistinguishable by all known tests from natural diamonds, nature's hardest and most glamorous substance. Their genuineness has been positively confirmed by X-ray inspection, chemical examination, and hardness tests. When tested for hardness, the diamonds proved to be the first man-made substance able to scratch other diamonds.

However, the man-made diamonds produced up to now are not gems. They are the smaller, commercial grade of diamonds, which are used primarily in industrial tools for cutting and polishing.

Dr. C. Guy Suits, General Electric director of research, told a recent press conference that the new diamond-making process constitutes a landmark "in man's search for knowledge about his world." He warned, however, that "any conclusion that we are about to make diamonds of a size and quality suitable for gem use is

decidedly premature." Diamonds for jewellery must have special characteristics of size, colour and crystal perfection.

The largest diamond made by the new process, in which a material containing carbon is subjected to high temperatures under very high pressure, measures 1/16 of an inch at its longest dimension.

THIS small diamond, the first made by General Electric Company scientists, took 16 hours to make. The research that produced it cost the company "many hundreds of thousands of dollars." Since the production of this first diamond, other batches of diamonds have been made, usually "in a matter of two or three minutes."

The chamber in which the diamonds are made is approximately the size of the top half of a lead-pencil eraser. The chamber is so constructed that it is possible to maintain in it, for the first time in history, temperatures above 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit, or half as hot as the centre of the sun, at pressures in excess of 1,500,000 pounds per square inch. This pressure is roughly equivalent to the "squeeze" that scientists compute for points 240 miles beneath the earth's surface.

Sudha's Choice

By R.P. SHRIVASTAVA

HEADMISTRESS Sudha was in a quandary. On the table right in front of her lay two letters simultaneously received, one from Suresh and the other from Ramesh—both her old college friends. Even without having opened and gone through them she knew what their contents were. It was not for the first time that they were there to irritate her; she had been receiving the like of them in an unbroken regularity for a whole year past and every time they contained but one note—a proposal of marriage accompanied with an enunciation of the writer's own merits and the superiority of his claim over that of the other.

It was not that she was declining to marry. She was willing. She was almost thirty and knew very well that she could no more delay the call of matrimony. But the trouble lay the other way. Both Suresh and Ramesh were pressing for her hand and she was finding it hard to deny it to one and deject him and offer it to the other and please him, both being her admirers and old class-mates while at the college. She had then both in equal regard. Although she did not dislike either, yet she did not like the one more than the other.

True, each had his own good points. But if she admired the

one for one thing, she did also admire the other for another thing. Both were handsome and healthy. Both were highly educated and held the same degree. Both were her close friends. If at the college Suresh had helped her in her studies, Ramesh had played badminton with her. Both had good jobs, too. If Suresh was a civil judge, Ramesh was an officer. Talking of obligation, both had equally obliged her. If one summer Suresh had taken her to Vrindhab, next summer Ramesh had taken her to Pachmarhi. And, above all, both loved her and wished to marry her!

Great was the fix she had found herself in every time she received their letters and for this reason had made it known to them that she wished to remain single. But they proved persistent and persuasive and much so that she was compelled to give up that stand. She then wrote to them to come to an agreement between themselves, enabling thereby one to withdraw willingly in favour of the other leaving her no room for choice. But no one could express a definite willingness to do so, leaving her to decide for herself, of course in his favour. She had wrote to ask whether her judgment would be strictly adhered to. To this each one replied that he would, provided it was not

unjust to him. Tired, she totally stopped writing and talking about the matter. But their letters continued though she never read them thereafter. Truth to speak, she did not even care to open their letters.

that they appeared similar. She then invited a neighbour's daughter. After chatting with her in a gay mood, she asked her to pick one of the folded slips and hand it over. And the little girl laughingly obliged. When Sudha hastily open-



HOWEVER, the letters were there again. She was this time very amused and thought of cutting the Gordian knot. She took out a piece of paper and cut it into two, then wrote Ramesh on the one and Suresh on the other, folded each piece alike four times so

ed the chit that the girl had given, she read the name of Suresh written on it. She smiled but forgot to end the joke there and then. She carried it to her suitors and wrote to them both that she had decided. She would wed Suresh as the lot was in his favour.

Suresh was overjoyed. He took the first train to arrive at her residence to congratulate her on her decision and himself on his good luck.

"You are really a judge, Sudha, dear," he told her. "How you have separated the milk from the water! I had quite forgotten to tell you that I have a far superior intellect to Ramesh's. You know the gold medals I won as a student!"

This time she found he had a special fascination for her. "I know you are a great scholar and I have always thought of you as a genius, Suresh," she told him warmly.

"Thank you, dear," Suresh replied. "You will feel still more delighted if I tell you what the Chief Justice has to say of me as a judge. He praised me before all the lawyers."

She was enchanted. Eagerly she wished to know. "What does he say?" she asked.

"That Suresh is an asset to the judiciary of this state. 'Though young, his judgments smack of the profoundest wisdom. His intellect knows no confusing and he has almost an uncanny gift of sorting out the wheat from the chaff,'" Suresh repeated verbatim.

She had never felt more fond of Suresh as she did on hearing these words. She was so charmed and so overwhelmed with the thought of Suresh, his gifts and his grace that she did not then know what more he had said and that he left her residence. The only

knowledge she had was of the fact that she had lost herself to him.

But now it was Ramesh's turn. He felt bitter at Sudha's decision. He, therefore, took the earliest opportunity to arrive at her residence and protested that his fate could not be decided merely by drawing a lot.

Sudha was polite but firm. She told him, "You forget, Ramesh, that he was a gold medalist at the College."

"Right, but I also won colours for the College in sports. So, if he has been a scholar I have been a sportsman."

"But I prefer the scholar," Sudha murmured.

"For his few gold medals?" Ramesh asked, indignantly.

"No, not for the medals but for the merits that brought him those medals. Do you know what the Chief Justice said of him?"

"Have you ever cared to know what the Chief Minister said of me? 'An officer of the type of Ramesh,' he observed, 'is the pride of this State. I only wish that all others were like him.'"

SUDHA was bewildered. She could not help laughing at the unique similarity of her suitors. But she no more liked to be confused. She knew her weakness and was resolved to stick to her choice.

"But, Ramesh," she told him, "between an officer and a judge, my preference is for the latter."

"Is this then final?" he demanded.

"Absolutely, and you should not feel dejected. Even though I am rejecting your suit I have the same regard and affection for you. You are my great and dear friend and we shall ever remain so."

"So, do you mean to abide by the result of the lot?" he queried.

"Certainly not," was Sudha's reply, "I have always been admi-

ring Suresh for his learning and this was the cause of my inclination towards him. The lot has only strengthened that inclination."

"I wish you good luck then," Ramesh said.

Sudha asked him to give her a promise.

"What sort of promise?" he asked, puzzled.

"You have always been a sportsman," she said. "Promise

me then that you shall take even this affront, if you call it, so-sportsmanlike."

HE had said nothing then. But he really took it all as a sportsman. On their wedding he gave both Sudha as well as Suresh very costly presents and there was no trace of bitterness in what he did or said. He received the guests on behalf of the couple and cracked his inimitable jokes on the occasion. ♦♦



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WHAT IS INTUITION?

By H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

INTUITION is an active, inner awareness of the immortal, blissful Self within. It is the eye of wisdom through which the sage perceives in everything the unseen Presence.

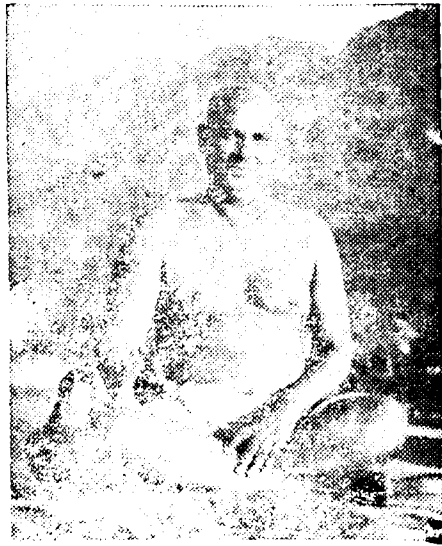
Instinct is present in animals, intellect in human beings and intuition in illumined seers. To free the mind from sensuous perception of the world of phenomena, the *Yogic* method of developing intuition is adopted through concentration, meditation and super-consciousness.

The goal of life is intuitive realisation of the Self, which is the substratum of everything, which is the cause of everything and which is the soul of everything.

Both intellect and intuition are faculties of the same mind. There is no break of continuity between them. Intuition does not contradict reason. It fulfils it. They are exclusive of each other. Intuition gives the cognition of the whole. Intellect has direct knowledge of the whole. Intellect gives us analysis of parts.

Pure reason takes the aspirant to the door of intuition. The eye of intuition opens when the heart is purified through the practice of self-restraint and self-discipline and when the mind, intellect and the senses become as tranquil as the surface of a clear lake devoid of ripples.

Intuition or intuitive discernment is the only touchstone of philosophy. The method of intui-



Founder-President
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

tion is the only method of discerning the Truth. Ultimately, intuition is the method and realisation of the Self is the goal. Without intuition, the intellectual man remains imperfect and blind to the Truth behind appearance.

Intuition is clear perspective of complete knowledge, immediate and direct. It involves no guess, no conjecture, no inferences. Intuition opens up new and novel regions of the subconscious mind.

There are also lower forms of intuition. Really they are not intuition. The creative power of the unconscious mind is such that sometimes the rational activity of the mind will go on below the subliminal level. It will go on

far below the threshold of consciousness in dream and deep sleep very often. It will yield ready forms of rational thought. These activities do not permit conscious willing except in the limited forms in which they manifest. Also they brook no encroachment of reason. But intuition as developed by spiritual science widens the scope of reason and makes conscious willing possible in the highest degree in every direction.

The ultimate source of all proofs is direct apprehension alone. The scriptures and the teachers cannot show us God. It is the Self alone which sees itself when the mind is calm and pure.

Veena Vidwan Honoured

FROM the bank of the holy Ganga reverberated the sweet melody of Veena, on the night of the 13th April, when a famous Veena Vidwan, Sri L. Subramanya Sastri of Shermadevi, gave a performance at the Sivanandashram at Rishikesh. After taking part in the A.I.R. National Programme, Sri Sastriar went over to Rishikesh, to have the *darshan* of H. H. Sri Swami Sivananda and to receive his blessings.

The three-hour performance that he gave at the world Headquarters of the Divine Life Society was attended by Sri Swami Sivananda and all his Sanyasin-disciples, as well as by the delegates from all parts of India who had gone to the Ashram to attend the Yoga-Vedanta Conference which had taken place there between the 8th and 11th April.

Swami Sivananda conferred the titles of *Vaineeka Vidya Parangata* on Sri Subramanya Sastriar,

Veena Gana Visharada on his son Sri S. Venkataraman, and *Sangeeta Sudhakara* on Sri Swaminatha Bhagavathar of New Delhi; the two latter musicians also gave their performances. In a brief speech before conferring these titles on the recipients, Swami Sivananda eulogised the mastery that Sri Subramanya Sastriar had over the Veena and over Carnatic Music generally, and said that Sri Sastriar could be regarded as *Vaineeka Samrat* or *Vaineeka Bhupati*. A number of Sri Sastriar's songs were tape-recorded by the Divine Life Society.

At Arogya Asramam

Srimad Bhagavad Gita Pravachana Puthi Mahotsavam was celebrated in Arogya Asramam, Gandhi Nagar, Adyar, Madras, recently under the presidency of the Honourable Sri Justice A.S.P. Ayyar of Madras High Court. The series of discourses on *Gita* being delivered by Sri K.S. Ramaswami Sastriar for the past two years concluded that day. Sri Ramaswami Sastriar was awarded the title of *Sastra Ratnakaram* and presented with a Shawl on the occasion.

Photographs of Swami Sivananda Saraswati of Rishikesh and Sri K.S. Ramaswami Sastriar were unveiled in the Nityananda Mandir by Swami Vibhuti Jyoti Nityananda Kavishwar Maharaj. Messages wishing the function success were received from Jagadguru Sankaracharyas of Kamakotipeetam and Sringeri, Swami Sivananda of Ananda Kutir and others.

Addresses were delivered in different languages by Mr. A.J. Sabesaiyar, M.A., (Secretary, Legislative Council), Sister Lalita Devi, Mrs. Wilding, Prof. T.K. Venkateswaran (Govt. Arts College), Sri S. N. Sarma (Imperial Bank), Prof. T.S. Krishnaswami Iyer, M.A., Sri A. Srinivasachari (Christian College High School), Sri K. Ramaswami Bhagavadar of Bombay, and others.

Sri Justice A.S.P. Ayyar, in his presidential address, advised the large number of ladies and gentlemen present to put into practice the high ideals contained in the *Gita* and also complimented the authorities

(Continued on page 24 bottom)

For Aspirants:

FORTY GOLDEN PRECEPTS

By H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

(Continued from previous Issue)

30. Tread the path of Truth, the path of Realisation. Live in OM. Live in Truth. Remember OM. Feel His Presence always, everywhere. Don't get out of the way, *Siddhis*, name and fame will tempt you in a variety of ways. Be always on the alert. Never miss the goal. Never care for little things. Never get satisfied with *alpam* (lower realisation of some sort or other). Get *Bhuma*, the highest realisation which is ONE always,

31. You are never alone. God is always with you in the heart. He is very close to you. He cares for you more than you care for Him. He is stretching His hands to lift you up, to embrace you. He is waiting in the heart to welcome you gladly. Lift up your eyes. Prepare the vessel to receive the Divine Light. Further, the whole spiritual world, host of astral helpers, *Nitya Siddhas*, *Amara Purushas*, *Chiranjeevis*, *Jivanmuktas* are ready to back you up, to push you up. Leave off then all anxieties and fears.

32. Plod on. Push on. Don't look back. March straight to the goal. Don't think of the past. A bright, glorious future awaits you. Delay in realisation is actual death for an aspirant. You are the best judge of your own mind. Study its ways carefully.

33. When you live in a town amidst householders, live in a garden which is situated outside the town limits. Give interviews for householders in the evening only between 4 and 5 p.m. Talk on *Atma* only. Have no worldly topics with householders. Don't mix much. If you can't get a garden live in an isolated room. Don't talk in the morning. Morning is meant for pure meditation only, for your inner spiritual development.

34. Whenever the mind runs towards beautiful ladies with evil thoughts, have a definite, clear cut photo in your mind of the flesh, bone, urine and faecal matter (these 4 mental images). This will induce disgust and *Vairagya* (dispassion) in the mind. You will not commit again the sin of unchaste look at woman. It takes, no doubt, some time.

(To Be Concluded)

At Arogya Asramam—(Continued from page 23)

of Arogya Asramam for doing such a tremendous work under the guidance of Swami Sivananda and other Mahatmas.

Swami Venkateswarananda welcomed those present and Dr. M.K. Mani proposed a vote of thanks.

Earlier, there were *Veda Parayanam* by Sri M.R. Visvanatha Sastri, *Gita Parayanam*

by Sri K. Ramachandra Sastri, *Bhajan* by Sri T.K. Subramanian (Presidency College), and *Divya Nama Sankirtan* by Sri D. Kulathu Iyer and Party.

An attractive booklet entitled "*Body and Soul*" in English and Tamil was specially brought out on the occasion for free distribution.



met the Mathematics Professor. She greeted him with folded hands and passed by him with respect. On her way she stopped

THE sheer eloquence of an early monsoon spread a neat charm over the beautiful hilly range. Though late in the morning, the sky was cloudy and the sun was not to be seen. A continuous shower added a nauseant note to the mist that accumulated in the stillness of a narrow expanse between two hills. Despite the rain, the *durwan* of the Imperial Bank climbed to the top-road to take up his duties in time. A boy from a European school with his stiff collar and coloured neck-tie strolled along, followed by a peon, and a poor college student with heavy strides walked past the green leaves and the high trees around him.

Dampness of the weather or the ticklishness of the cold did not prevent Subadhra Kumari from getting up early as usual. When her brother was still in bed, feeling too lazy to start the day, she was immersed in her lessons. And when it was time she was out in the Cartroad on her way to the College. She walked gracefully like a dove and a sparkling smile played on her lips. A sharp wind reddened her cheeks and there was some mischief in her eyes.

By the time she reached the college the weather had cleared except for a few wandering clouds which made the sun less warm. The students started arriving from all directions. On the corridor inside the College Subadhra Kumari

to gaze at the College notice board. There was a new notice which attracted her particular attention. That was from the Secretary of the College Union, Kanti Lal. It announced that the College Day that year was going to be celebrated on the 25th of that month. "Yes" she nodded, muttering. "There are three weeks left."

WHEN she turned she saw Uma who smiled at her with warmth. Subadhra and Uma were great friends. It was the year before they got acquainted when they danced together for the College Day celebrations and that dance was applauded as the best item of that year's programme. Ever since, they kept up their friendship. From that day they talked about what they were going to put up together next.

"Uma, College Day on the twenty-fifth," said Subadhra.

"Kanti told me yesterday," admitted Uma.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Subadhra demanded angrily. She was very displeased with Uma.

"Why, you went away before I came out from the laboratory!" Uma had her excuse.



Subadhra was more apologetic as she walked towards the ladies' common room. "When I came out I thought that you were gone."

THEY went into the ladies' common room. Inside Subadhra placed her books on the table and removed her rain-coat. Then she sat on a chair and looked grave for she had something important to tell her friend. "Now, Uma, tell me

Subadhra and Uma as the first item in the concert of the College Day.

"I was thinking of it also. I think we had better sing for we danced last time," suggested Uma.

My dear, I have an idea," said Subadhra.

Once she said this she started blushing. It was the blush of a

explaining her plan. "One of us will act as the goddess of art and the other a poet. The goddess of art will stand like this." So saying, she took the posture of the dancing Saraswathi looking up to heaven. She struck a singular form in that posture. Her beauty and charm did give the illusion of a goddess, done by the Eternal Artist Himself.

"REMAIN unmoved while the poet sings a song of devotion. After the song the goddess turns to glance at the poet and gets down from the platform to bless him with another song. Thereafter, both sing and dance in great joy."

Uma shot up with enthusiasm. "I will act as the poet and will make love to you!"

At this both burst out laughing. Uma added, "Anand would feel



what we are going to put up on the College Day?" she enquired.

That was something Uma was also serious about. She was thinking of that only ever since Kanti told her that he expected something very good from

novice. Subadhra was too shy to put forward her 'idea' though she was thinking of it for a long time. It had taken root in her imagination and she was afraid that other people might make fun of it or laugh at her. Soon she threw off her constraint and started



jealous of me." And she laughed teasingly.

Subadhra, not the one to withdraw, asked "If you make love to me, what will Kanti think?"

THEY could not proceed further with this teasing and joking for just then the bell went for the classes to start. In great hurry they took their books and went to the Chemistry Lecture Hall. The Professor of Chemistry started his lecture. But Subadhra was still thinking how her plan would materialise on the stage. "Yes," she thought. "Uma liked it. It should look nice." Her joy at such a thought was reflected in her face in the form of a bright smile.

All of a sudden, the Professor asked a question for immediate

answer. Subadhra was afraid for she did not listen to what he was asking. She sighed with relief when he pointed to another corner for an answer.

The Professor got angry when the answer was not forthcoming. He said that if they drifted on like that they would all fail. He reminded them that there were only two months left for the 'finals' and warned them that he would show no mercy.

"Yes," Subadhra thought. "I should start revising. There is only one month left after the College Day. I would arrange combined studies with Uma for Mathematics. She is very good at it. I would go to her house. I went there only once. Her brother is so nice....."

HER thoughts went on and her schemes flew high like a kite on a smooth windy day. She knew that the period was over only when Uma who was by her side gave her a pinch to bring her to the realization of the next class at hand, for the Mathematics Professor had already entered the hall.

At the noon-break, Subadhra and Uma came out to the College garden to enjoy the fresh air. Kanti met them there for he had to ask them



Young Man (to marriage broker): "When you said she was quite an eye-ful, I had a different idea, I tell you!"

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Charles D'Lagatte, Police Pay Officer, Line Barracks, Port Louis, Mauritius:— Dear sir, as for your predictions and cordial advice, I am to tell you that what you told me actually came to pass. I am sorry to inform you that I had eleven children and I took them to Quetta to my brother's house along with my wife and returned to Secunderabad leaving them behind. I was quite shocked to experience that as was predicted by you all of them have been perished at Quetta during the earthquake.

Dahyabhai M. Vyas, c/o Barclays Bank (D.C. & O.), Tonga, T.T., B.E., Africa:— I have much pleasure in

giving you this certificate of your high knowledge in preparing the Life Reading, which you forwarded me some months ago, which has proved true; and I have watched the results which are to my utmost satisfaction. Moreover, I have found you the only Astrologer of the type who takes keen interest into the affairs of his clients.

Liew Ohoon Meow, Temiaug Road, Seremban, Malaya:— Dear sir, I am glad to inform you that I have passed the examination with big success as was foretold by you in my Life Reading.

State birth details or Letter writing time.

PANDIT N. AMIETANANDA

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

a favour, "Both of you should come with us to the Collector to invite him to preside over the College Day celebrations."

"I have to get permission from my father," said Uma.

"I, too," Subadhra put in, for she showed an inclination to agree with anything that Uma said.

WHEN Kanti was gone they sat on the grass under the shade of the banyan tree and started chatting about their future.

"Uma, this year we will go for the picnic after the College Day. Last year you did not go. That was why I too stayed away," remarked Subadhra.

"This year we will both go, to be sure," stated Uma.

"Then that would be so nice," Subadhra giggled.

Uma leaned against the trunk of the tree and began talking about her uncle's house in the plain where she would go for the winter. Subadhra listened with eagerness.

Some girls came in search of Subadhra Kumari. Her father had

come to see her. "Father!" Subadhra could not understand what it could be for. Yet she went to the visitors' room while Uma made her way to the common room.

When Subadhra came back to the common room Uma asked her what her father had come for.

"My uncle has come to my house. He wants to go back today. So Father has come to take me home. Uncle must have brought me some presents. He always does." So saying, Subadhra started collecting her books. While she was hurrying like this, she excused herself. "My father is waiting at the gate. To-morrow I will come earlier. We have to settle our item for the College Day. Will you come early too?" she asked.

"All right; show me what your Uncle has brought for you. Won't you, dear?" asked Uma.

"By all means!" So saying Subadhra left Uma to herself.

SUBADHRA and her father walked side by side. On her way she told him that she was going to dance for the College Day. But she thought it extraordinary that her father did not show much interest in knowing about it. He simply said, "You are a big girl now and should not be playing like a little child."

Subadhra did not understand this dryness on the part of her father. She thought him to be worried and did not tell him anything more about her plans.



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JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA

31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4

When they neared the house Subadhra ran to the verandah to meet her uncle. But she turned back when she saw a stranger with him, a young handsome man, with regular features and a round pleasant face. Her Uncle, seeing her turning back, called her to his side. She felt very shy, for she noticed that the young man was looking at her. Her Uncle told her that he had come only to see her. That was his usual way of teasing her—to see the *Burra Memsahab*. Subadhra did not speak, but only giggled and sent a quick glance towards the young man who was watching her so closely. Soon she escaped to the interior of her house.

FROM her room she could hear her father and Uncle speaking. The young man was shy and gave short answers to the questions that were put to him. She listened. "His voice is charming," she thought.

Her mother was preparing a grand tea for the guests. When she got a chance she enquired. "Who is that man with Uncle?"

"He is going to marry you," her mother replied gently.

"Marry me?" she almost shouted. She was happy at the prospect of marriage. But on second thoughts she was confused about its implications. "So soon?" she asked herself. She succumbed to thoughts that were conflicting.

The guests left. Her father followed them up to town. When he came back Subadhra heard her father telling her mother that the young man was very pleased with her. She really liked to hear the

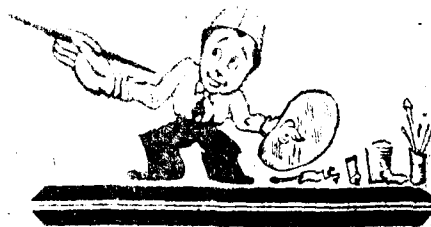
compliment. She understood he was an officer in the Army. After dinner her father told her, "Tomorrow we will all go to town to buy everything for your marriage. It is going to be on the next full-moon day. He has only one month's leave and he is going to take you with him to Dharmasala where he is posted. You liked him, eh?"

Subadhra only giggled. "I will take leave for the afternoon just like today," she replied.

Her father did not like this. "There will be no more College for you. That is final," he said.

Subadhra kept dumb for she did not know what to say. She was very sad for a moment.

BUT when her father had finished his speech she was very excited. In her bed she tried to think about her future. A new life was opening before her, a life of which she could not know anything. "No more College for you!" She pictured Uma waiting for her in the morning with fresh suggestions for the College Day concert. She sighed in deep sorrow when she realized that that sort of life was at an end. Slowly, very slowly, her broken chain of thoughts vanished like clouds from a Himalayan peak. Her eyes were closed, her legs involuntarily straightened and the young girl slept in peace.



MACTAVISH had a dog, of whom he was very fond. But one day it got lost and, finally, MacTavish went to the local newspaper to insert an advertisement offering a reward for the finder of his dog. Ten minutes later, he began to regret his hasty action, and returned to the newspaper office.

"Can I speak to the gentleman to whom I gave my advertisement?" he asked.

"I am sorry, sir, but he has just gone out."

"Well," said MacTavish, "can I see his assistant?"

"He is not in, either," said the office boy.

"Well," said MacTavish, "can I see his chief?"

"Out, sir."

"Well, how about the manager?"

"Not in, sir."

"Well, then, the editor?"

"Also gone out, sir."

"Gracious!" said MacTavish.

"Where have all these people gone?"

"They are all in the street looking for your dog."

"My Room Mate"

Voice on Telephone: "Peter is sick and can't attend class today. He requested me to notify you."

Teacher: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my room mate."



A YOUNG Navy officer was discussing arrangements for his wedding. His mother, who was anxious to make a good show, exclaimed: "Tom, don't forget when the cake is cut you must help the bride to cut it with your sword."

"But," said Tom, "I haven't a sword—only a revolver."

"Well," said his north-country father, "I can see naught else for it, lad. Tha'll ha' to shoot it!"

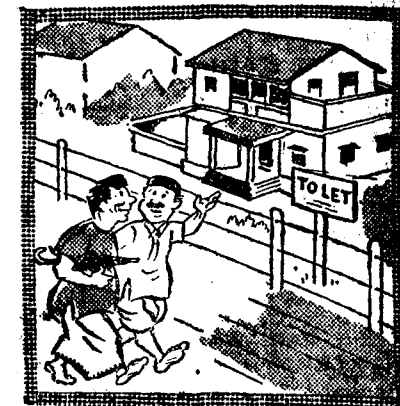
Good Reason

Father: "Your mother says that I am to give you a good spanking."

Son: "Then that makes us quits, dad."

Father: "What d'you mean, makes us quits?"

Son: "Well, I got a hiding at school this morning for that home work you did for me last night."



"Better you pay the first month's rent and settle down in that house. You needn't worry about payment afterwards, and the Rent Control Office is there to help you!"

THE new manager of a bank was given much publicity, and photographs of him were reproduced in local newspapers. All were not printed attractively.

A depositor wandered in, walked up to the manager, produced one of the photographic reproductions, and asked: "Is this your picture?"

The manager assured him that it was.

"Are you the manager of this bank?"

The other admitted that he was. "Well, give me my money back!" ordered the depositor.

Mistaken Identity

"It was the sweetest hat," gushed Mrs. Penn, "and when the milliner told me I could have it for a mere song I ordered it at once."

Her husband said nothing until he saw the bill. Then he spoke.

"A case of mistaken identity," he said, quietly. "The woman evidently thought you were a famous singer."

Horse Returned Early!

Jim: "I've just been out riding."

Joe: "Horseback?"

Jim: "Yes, he got back two hours before I did!"

Unlucky Thirteen

"I'd like to know how many girls you made love to before you met me," said the wife during a quarrel.

"Twelve," groaned her husband. "But I forgot to count them until it was too late."



"Hello, is that the Telephone Office? The rope at this end is too long for me to manage. Can't you pull it back towards your side a little?"

THE railway porter looked searchingly at the three girls waiting on the platform.

"Aren't you the crooning trio who sang on television to-night?"

"That's right," one of them told him. "We were making our debut."

"And where are you bound for now?"

"We're just off to the North of Scotland."

The porter sniffed. "H'm," he remarked. "I suppose that's as good a place to hide as any!"

Matter for Shame

A merry party was going on in one of the rooms of a hotel when the festivities were interrupted by an attendant, who said: "Gentlemen, I've been sent to ask you to make less noise. The guest in the next room says he can't read."

"Can't read?" replied the host. "Well, tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was five."

A PARSON decided to go on a deep-sea fishing expedition. Embarking in a small rowing-boat, he was taken out into the bay by a boatman. After half an hour or so a violent squall got up, and it seemed as though the boat might soon be swamped.

"I wish," groaned the boatman, rowing hard, "that I had been a better man!"

The parson smiled. "And I wish," he said, "that I had been a better swimmer!"

Dropped a Brick!

A mother had been telling her small son some of the "facts of life," and when she finished she said: "Now, my boy, are there any questions you would like to ask? Anything at all; don't be afraid."

After a little heavy thinking the boy replied: "Well, yes, there's something I've been wanting to know for a long time. Just how do they make bricks?"

Very Polite

"My little boy is very polite," said Robinson, jovially. "Only the other day in the bus he pointed out an empty seat to a dear old lady and then raced her for it."

THE wife of an almost bankrupt business man said at breakfast: "Will you post this letter for me, dear? It's to the jeweller, countermanding my order for that £1,000 necklace. You'll be sure to remember?"

The eyes of the harassed business man lit up with joy. He seized a skipping rope that lay with some dolls and toys in a corner and said to his wife: "Here, tie my right hand to my left foot so that I won't forget."

No Good Asking

"So you want leave so that you can get married and go on a honeymoon? How long do you want?"

"Well, how long do you suggest?"

"No good asking me. I haven't seen the girl!"

Moose and Rat

A Scotsman on a visit to Canada noticed the mounted head of a bull moose hanging in the hall of the house where he was staying. He asked his host what sort of animal it was.

Host: "Oh, that's a moose."

Scotsman: "A moose! Eh, mon, what are your rats like over here?"



CITY SCENE

THE PROOF

By Dawood Adam

THE clock on the wall struck five, but the sun was still hot. Hanif Khan slowly rose to his feet and prepared to leave the desk at which he had been sweating away impatiently. The other members of the staff of "Sunrise," the renowned English daily, were leaving their desks, too. For a moment Hanif Khan stood shuffling his feet irresolutely. Taking a casual sideways glance, he was surprised to see his colleague Ravinder pointing at him and exchanging meaningful glances with Ramnath and Madhav. Hanif Khan was well aware of the significance of this glance-exchanging business. He knew what was brewing. They would collar him the moment he stepped out of the office premises and start making him cough up. But he was not going to. Not if he could help it. He had already thought out a plan to outwit these fellows. He waited until they had passed out at the door.

"Hullo, Hanif," said Ravinder, waylaying him as soon as he came out of the office. He was presently joined by Madhav and a host of others of the staff.

"Well, Mr. Hanif," said Madhav, "I suppose you already know what we want to speak to you about. That Club, you know."

"What Club?" Mr. Hanif wanted to know, trying to look as innocent as a babe.

"You know," explained Ramnath, "that we are collecting funds from members of the staff for setting up a Bachelor Staff Recreation Club."

"So what?" put in Hanif.

"You jolly well know what," said Madhav. "You must make a contribution. Say, twenty-five rupees."

"But I don't want to be a member of the Club."

"That's your look-out," Ravinder informed him. "However, that's not going to help you any way." Knowing him as he did (although Mr. Hanif hailed from a very distant place) Ravinder had counted on some such subterfuge from that worthy. In fact, it was the unanimous opinion of the staff of "Sunrise" that in spirit Mr. Hanif really belonged somewhere in the fifteenth century and that Nature had made a grave blunder in inflicting him on mankind in this H.-Bomb era. For one thing he was too old-fashioned to fit in with the modern set-up.

THERE was a rapidly growing school of thought which held the view that Mr. Hanif must belong to some society or league for the suppression of motion-pictures. No one had ever seen him at a cinema. But, another school of thought strongly supported the theory that Mr. Hanif's

aversion to motion-pictures must be attributed to his stinginess rather than to a decayed mind. However, the latter theory had come to gain greater popularity. A close and careful examination would have convinced an impartial observer of the absolute impossibility of finding a parallel to Mr. Hanif in the matter of unalloyed parsimony. Indeed, Shylock could have taken his correspondence course from Hanif.

"Well, then," said Ramnath. "When do you propose to make your contribution?"

HANIF saw that now was the time to spring that plan he had thought out.

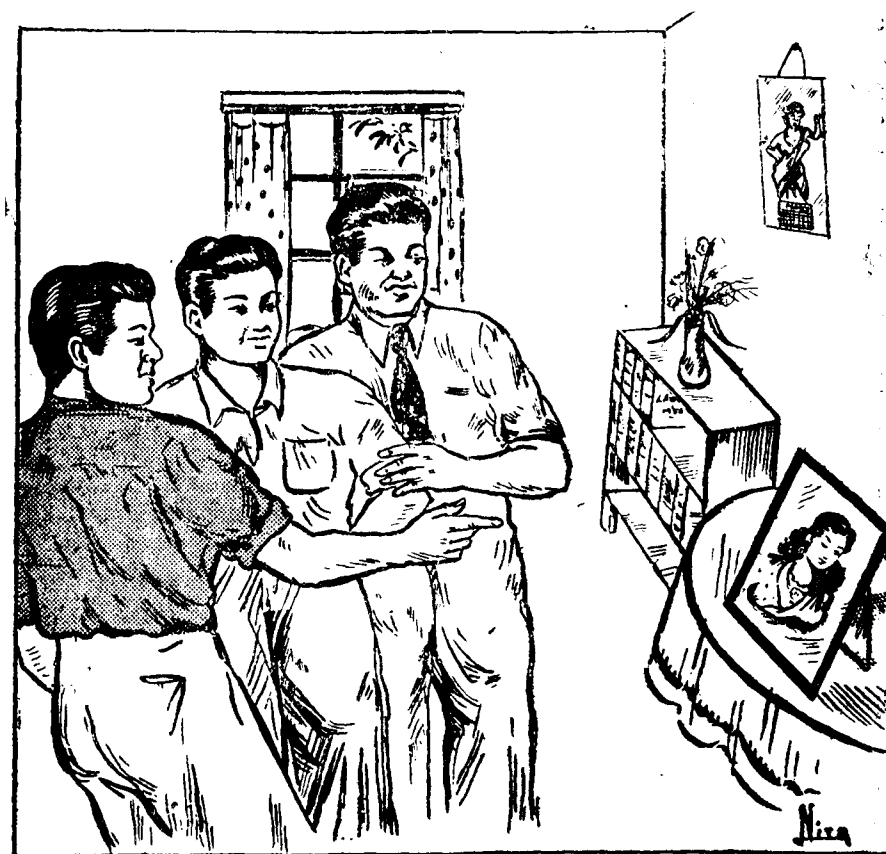
"But why should you force me to make contributions to a Bachelors' Club? I am a married man, don't you know?" he asked.

It seemed to have gone home.

"Married!" cried Madhav.

"Is it true?" exclaimed Ravinder. "I can't believe it!"

"Well, knock me down with a tooth-pick, that's what you could do!" announced Ramnath.



Hanif was tickled. It should be the easiest thing in the world to pull wool over the eyes of these blighters. But the very next moment the wind was knocked out of his sails.

"Perhaps he is trying to pull a fast one," put in Madhav.

"There is something in that," agreed Ramnath.

HANIF KHAN goggled. He didn't like the turn the conversation was taking. He had never thought that his statement might be called in question. He must try to convince these fellows, anyway, he decided, or they would make him shell out the twenty-five chips.

"If you really are a married fellow, you must have a photograph of your wife with you," suggested Ravinder.

"That's right," supplied Madhav. "Can you show us a photograph of your better half?"

"Why, yes, of course!" blurted out Hanif, and the next moment he regretted it, for the truth of the matter was that Mr. Hanif's existence had not yet been enumerated by the addition of a wife to it.

"Well, then," Ramnath declared, "we'll drop in at your room in the night and have a peep at the photo of your dear little woman. We're off to the movie now."

With that they all left Mr. Hanif, who was now feeling very much like a man who has grasped the tail of a tiger. But he did not remain long in this tail-grasping condition, for presently he got a brain-wave. He suddenly remembered that he had a slight acquaintance with a fellow who was a

regular fiend for photograph-hunting. He kept an album for the collection of snaps of pretty girls. He had once told him so. It would be worthwhile to look in at this fellow's and try to grab a snap of some good-looking girl. The thought of this absolutely ripping scheme did much to restore Mr. Hanif's spirits. Feeling frightfully cheered up, he immediately set out for this fellow's room.

"A fine collection you've got here," said Hanif, looking over the album.

"Fine collection is right," said the fellow. "I collect only the finest snaps, you know. I'll show you another one."

THE man turned to his bureau-drawer, and Hanif proceeded to make the most of this opportunity. He detached from the album the photograph of a pretty girl and quickly transferred it to his trouser-pocket. When he looked up again he saw a spectacle that sent cold shivers down his spine. His companion was bearing down on him with what looked like a miniature Himalaya of albums. Hanif trembled, not physically, but spiritually. The fact of the matter was, he now saw his companion for what he really was—a crashing bore. And Hanif always dreaded bores, especially crashing ones.

"I have classified my collections into four groups, you see," began the bore in great enthusiasm.

"I am afraid I must....." Hanif tried to edge in.

"The first group of the collections is contained in four albums marked 'women.' The second..."

"I am in a hurry. I must..."

"The second group of my collections....."

HANIF groaned. It was plain to him now that he had unwittingly delivered himself over into the clutches of a fiend who had probably been pining away for someone on whom to pour out his wealth of stored-up bits of wisdom. Presently his tormentor paused to take breath and Hanif Khan grabbed the chance to get in a word.

"I must rush now," he said, rising.

"Now I am going to narrate to you how I came by these collections. First of all..."

"There is no time," said Hanif, rushing to the gate.

"Let me tell you," persisted the bore, bounding after the victim. But his heart sank as he came out into the road and witnessed Hanif in action. The latter was giving a fine display of what feet could do when in mortal dread of persecution.

It was nearly ten O'clock in the night when Hanif heard a knock at his room-door. And the next moment two of his colleagues came in. Half a dozen colleagues were waiting quietly outside the room.

"Well," said Ravinder, "let's see what your little woman looks like."

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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. —Miss Karanth, Bombay.

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THE MESMERIST
MESMERIC HOME, MASULIPATAN

Hanif pointed to the snap he had pinched from the bore's. It was placed, framed, on a small table.

"Isn't my wife pretty?" he said, feeling very much triumphant. All the others crowded round Ravinder and peered at the photograph. And the next moment the room shook with wild guffaws of laughter proceeding from the company. Hanif stood and looked on stupefied while his companions practically rolled on the floor with uncontrollable mirth.

"You'd better dig up the contrivance, Mr. Hanif," Ravinder advised him. "There's nothing else for it."

"This," observed Madhav, "is what comes of being too economical. You must see an occasional movie."

"Yes," agreed Ramnath entering. "If you had gone to the movies now and then you would not have made a mistake like this."

"What," Hanif Khan asked, "are you fellows talking about? Are you not convinced that I am a married man? Don't you believe that this is the photograph of my wife?"

"Not unless you have married a cinema actress," laughed Ravinder, "and in that case we should have read of it in the papers."

"Eh?"

"For your information," explained Madhav, "this happens to be the photograph of one of the most famous film actresses of the Indian screen today."

Completely abashed, Hanif took out his purse and paid up without a whimper.

Gleanings

Cobra Sat On His Chest!

HOW deadly is the bite of a poisonous snake? It depends which type gets its fangs into you. Cobras, mambas, rattlesnakes and the like are exceedingly poisonous and capable of causing death within the hour, writes Philip Street in *Tit-Bits*.

How quickly a victim dies if not within reach of proper treatment depends, too, upon where he is bitten. If the murderous fangs penetrate and discharge their fearful venom into a vein or an artery his life may be reckoned in minutes, otherwise death is slower but no less agonizing.

The terrible potency of snake venom is well illustrated by an early experience of Frank Buckland, a distinguished naturalist and writer of Victorian times. When quite a young man Buckland got hold of a rat that had just been killed by a cobra and proceeded to skin it. To get some of the flesh away from the skin Buckland scraped it with his nails.

Poison through Crack

About an hour before he had been cleaning them with his pen-knife and in doing so had slightly separated one from the quick.

The crack was sufficient to allow only a minute amount of the cobra venom to enter his bloodstream, but this was enough to make him so ill that for some time his chances of recovery were in doubt.

In Buckland's day no effective cure for snake-bite was known, and indeed some of the curious and extravagant methods of treating a victim would have been more likely to hasten his end than to postpone it. To-day, however, no one need die of snake-bite if treatment is given promptly, thanks to the pioneer work of a Brazilian doctor and naturalist, Dr. Vital Brazil, based on the idea of using the snakes themselves to cure their own bites.

Famous Snake Farm

Dr. Brazil's idea was to produce a serum which could be injected into the patient to neutralize the effects of the venom, in the same way as specially prepared serum is used to fight the poisons or toxins produced by diphtheria and other disease-causing bacteria.

To prepare serum requires a regular supply of venom. So Dr. Brazil set up his famous snake farm six miles outside the city of San Paulo. Here hundreds of

deadly snakes are kept, the collection representing all the poisonous types found in Brazil, and venom is always to hand when required.

Every few days the snakes are "milked" of their venom, an operation requiring both skill and courage. The snake is first gripped firmly by the back of the neck so that it cannot reach its captor with its fangs. A small glass with a covering of sterilized gauze across the top is then brought towards the snake, the gauze being held nearest it. When it strikes, the long sharp hollow fangs pierce the gauze; a few drops of venom, forced through the cavity of the fangs, drip into the glass.

How Serum Is Made

The venom is then diluted, minute amounts being injected into horses or other animals which are used in the preparation of the serum. Repeated injections, gradually becoming stronger, over a period of some months stimulate the animals' blood to produce substances that neutralize the venom.

Once an animal has built up a good concentration of these substances it becomes a blood donor. It is, of course, a very valuable animal and every possible care is taken of it. From now on it lives a life of comparative leisure, on the fat of the land.

Every so often a portion of its blood is withdrawn, the valuable serum being separated from the other contents, sterilized and sealed in small tubes, each containing sufficient for the treatment of one snake-bite victim. These tubes are distributed to hospitals and first-aid centres, landowners and doctors, so as to be readily

available in any part of the country when required.

The Limitations

Each snake venom produces a serum effective only against bites from a type of snake. Unfortunately in countries like South America, South Africa and India there are many different kinds of dangerous snakes. Having first produced separate sera for each of the poisonous snakes of South America, Dr. Brazil then turned his attention to producing a universal serum which would be effective against any of them. To produce this serum is a long and tedious process, since it is necessary to give the animal producing it a graded series of injections of each venom in turn. The complete course of injections may take anything up to two years.

The value and effectiveness of Dr. Brazil's work is unquestionable. In the state of San Paulo alone the annual death-rate from snake-bite used to average 250; nowadays such a death is a rare occurrence. One of the doctor's earliest and most spectacular triumphs occurred in New York, where he had gone to deliver a lecture explaining his work and its purpose, taking with him sample tubes of serum to illustrate the lecture.

Zoo Keeper Bitten

While unpacking a rattlesnake newly arrived at New York Zoo, a keeper was severely bitten on the hand. Despite immediate first-aid, the man was in a very serious condition by the time he had been rushed to hospital. Fortunately, the hospital authorities remembered that Dr. Brazil

was in town, and in response to frantic telephone calls he hurried to the hospital, bringing with him his precious demonstration tubes of serum.

One glance at the patient was sufficient to tell him that death was not far off. Without losing a moment, the doctor injected a full dose of serum. Within the hour the keeper had begun to improve and eventually made a complete recovery.

Cobra's Habit

Some people have the idea that in a snakey country you are always running into snakes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In fact it is possible to live for years in such country without setting eyes on a snake. Those you are most likely to see are the ones that come into houses; and the greatest menace among these is the Indian cobra, which likes to come indoors and hide away in cosy corners.

Many accidents have occurred through people unknowingly disturbing these cobras in hiding and there have been some miraculous escapes. The necessity for a cool head was never better demonstrated than some years ago by an Army officer serving in India.

Sat on his Chest!

One day, while workmen were busy inside his bungalow carrying out repairs, he was lying on the veranda with shirt open reading a book. It was a hot afternoon and soon he fell asleep. Waking up later in the afternoon, he felt something cold lying on his chest under his open shirt. To his intense horror he saw that it was a cobra, curled up and apparently asleep.

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To move or shout for help meant almost certain death. With tremendous courage and self-control, he decided that the only thing to do was to lie perfectly still and hope that the snake might eventually glide away.

For what must have seemed a lifetime he waited. Eventually he heard footsteps approaching. One of the workmen was coming out to speak to him. The cobra took fright and slithered away, leaving the officer rather shattered in nerve, but otherwise unscathed!

One Bullet—Two Lions!

An African police constable near Lake Nyasa, in Central Africa, recently accounted for two lions with one shot, according to a British press report.

A requisition for one round of .303 rifle ammunition from the lonely police post of Chipoko, on the edge of Lake Nyasa, to the district commissioner, revealed the story.

The village headman in Chipoko had built a twelve-foot deep pit to keep wild animals away from his crops. When two prowling lions came by at dusk, the female lion fell into the hole and lay on her back, unable to stand upright because of the sloping sides.

The male lion jumped into the hole to help his mate, and their roars attracted the attention of the villagers, who summoned an African policeman.

Hit Brain & Heart

At the same moment as the policeman peered over the edge of the hole, the male lion tried to jump out. Startled, the African squeezed the trigger of the rifle he was holding, and both lions fell dead.

The bullet had passed through the brain of the male and then through the heart of the female.

The skins were sent as confirmation to the District Commissioner, and the crackshot policeman was presented with one as a memento of his feat.

Hand-bag Mystery!

This is one of those announcements that intrigue the reader. It appeared in a leading French newspaper, comments a London periodical.

What, one wonders, were the exact circumstances behind the plaintive appeal? What domestic drama was played out before the person who inserted the advertisement felt forced to rush into print?

We shall never know, but here, without further comment, is the text of the announcement:

"A lady's handbag, left in my car while parked in the Bois de Boulogne, can be recovered by the owner against payment of the costs of this advertisement. If, however, the lady in question is able to furnish my wife with a plausible explanation of how this handbag came to be in my car, the restitution will be made free of charge."

Ex-convict Warns Criminals!

A man who is alleged in his time to have stolen many thousands of other people's money has warned criminals that crime doesn't pay.

Herbert Emerson Wilson, one-time "king of the safecrackers," has issued his warning in a letter

to a Vancouver, Canada, newspaper. The letter is directed to Vancouver's underworld in an attempt to stem the current crime wave sweeping the city.

At 73, Wilson, a native of Wyoming, Ontario, admits to a lengthy string of prison terms. He now lives in retirement at Courtnay on Vancouver Island.

The ex-convict tells Vancouver criminals he has learnt from experience that there is no escape from the law for a criminal who continues a life of crime.

"Don't continue to be a chump," Wilson warns in the letter. "If you stay in the racket the law will catch up with you. Take that from one who knows."

Mastered the Science!

"The law is too well organised for puny individuals like you and me to outsmart it all the time. Just when you least expect it, something will happen, and you wind up in the can."

Wilson, who left a career in the ministry as pastor of a Baptist church in San Diego to take up a life of crime, says he is convinced crime does not pay, despite having organised some of the biggest safecrackings in United States history. He claims to have studied burglary as a science, and to have mastered it, but he was still unable to avoid the law, reports the London *Answers*.

Grandma's Adventure!

Everybody throughout Australia is on the look-out for "the hiking great-grandmother," 66-year-old Mrs. Susanne Martin, who says she will make the circuit of the Commonwealth.

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Steno House Agency, AMRITSAR.

"People everywhere have been wonderfully kind and helpful," she has written of her travels. At one railway station on the trip from Meekatharra to Cue, in Western Australia, the considerate guard offered to delay the train so that she could "hop up to the pub and get a cool drink."

Great-grandma Martin travels by truck, train, car, and "many, many miles on foot." She learned to ride a horse two years ago, so feels well equipped for any emergency form of travel round a continent, according to a British magazine.

Mrs. Martin travels for pleasure, delving into the historical and geological backgrounds of the places she visits. While in Central Australia she went for a "joy ride" on a camel.

Dog Foils Suicide Bid

An elderly man living in one room in Vienna recently decided to end his life. He had no friends, no relatives—only an old sheepdog which had been his faithful companion for years.

The man patted the dog, fed him and then pushed him gently through the door into the street. Then he lay down by the open door of his gas oven and turned on all the taps.

But the dog's instinct had told him his master's life was threatened. He ran up and down the street howling piteously until neighbours followed him into the house after breaking down the door.

The man's life was saved. Thanks to his dog he thinks no more of suicide and is now happily installed in a charitable institution. The dog goes for a walk with him every day.

Heart Disease Doesn't Bar Motherhood

Many young women with heart illnesses are beset by a fear of pregnancy. This may be prompted either by the belief that the child will somehow be affected by the mother's weak heart, or that pregnancy is "too much to bear" under such circumstances.

Neither belief is valid, according to the American Heart Association. In a newly published booklet titled "Heart Disease and Pregnancy," it is pointed out that providing adequate medical attention is received, many women with heart disease can go through pregnancy without ill-effects, writes a Sydney periodical.

"Heart disease itself is not inherited," the booklet states, "but the occasional occurrence of rheumatic fever among several members of a family suggests that the tendency to develop this illness may be inherited. As for the effect of pregnancy on a heart patient's lifespan, studies have shown that mothers with rheumatic heart disease live as long as rheumatic heart patients who remain childless." The key to safety, the Association points out, is to see a doctor—as soon as possible. In fact, the booklet states: "If you have been told you have heart disease, it is best to see your doctor even before you become pregnant."

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Better Vegetables

Experiments in research stations show that very good crops of vegetables can be obtained if the seed-bed is properly prepared.

A well sifted mixture of four parts each of sandy soil and leaf mould and one part of well-rotten farm manure has been found to be the best for the seed-bed. If sowing has to be done on the ground, make small beds raised a few inches above ground level. This will provide a good drainage. Before sowing, water the beds thoroughly to make the soil settle down firmly. Work up the topsoil for one or two inches after two or three days and then sow the bed. In sowing, it is advisable to sow in two or three lots rather than one. This will ensure a uniform supply of fresh vegetables.

Avoid thick sowings. The depth of sowing depends upon seed and type of soil. As a general rule, the covering should be three to five times the diameter of the seed. The sowing should be a little deeper in heavy soils.

Early Blight of Potatoes

In the plains of northern India, where the bulk of potato is cultivated blight disease makes its appearance from time to time. The disease occurs late in the season so that the early planted main crop is not affected.

Affected plants show brown spots with concentric rings on the leaves. The spots enlarge and merge together, killing the entire leaf. Yields get reduced whenever there is blight disease attack. Timely spraying with Bordeaux mixture, 'Perenox' or 'Diathane-D-14' has been found to effectively control the disease and is being recommended to all potato growers.

Good Hatching Results

With some attention to feeding and care, a brooding hen can give good hatching results. The hen requires a good amount of grain feed and water before sitting. During the sitting period, she needs plenty of cool water also. When taken out of the

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nest she should be given whole grains like wheat, maize or jowar. The grain should preferably be scattered so as to give her some exercise. Sloppy food such as bran, green or mash or rice should be avoided because they cause loose droppings which soil the eggs. The bird should never be fed or watered when she is in the nest.

The brooding hen should be set towards the evening and not disturbed till the following evening for feeding. She should be let out once a day at a fixed time for food and water. She should be also gently handled by putting one hand underneath her and the other on her back, so that the eggs are not damaged. It is always good to remember that a few eggs may get concealed in her wings.

Record Yield of New Sweet Potato

F.A. 17, a white Chinese variety of sweet potato, has been out-yielding local varieties grown by the farmers in the north as well as the south. Extensive trials conducted by the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, New Delhi, over a variety of soil and climatic conditions showed that the variety yielded from 125 to 255 maunds per acre. F.A. 17 White combines a high-yielding capacity with all the qualities of a good table variety. When cooked, the flesh is moist, less fibrous and very sweet.

Right Flavour in Papaya

The practice of plucking papaya fruits in an unripe condition and allowing them to ripen in storage is not a desirable practice. This results in the fruits losing in their flavour and taste. The right time for plucking these fruits is when they have just developed some yellow spots. The fruits should be plucked with the hand and stored in a dry place, covered with a gunny bag or in straw. It is advisable that the fruits are kept in a single layer.

To get fruits of a good quality and uniform size, farmers should thin out the fruits on the tree in the early stages. At the most, 15 to 18 fruits should be retained on a tree. Carefully packed fruit will stand long journeys well and remain fresh. Ordinary bamboo or cane baskets can be used, and a bedding of straw may be spread in the basket as well as between layers of fruits. More than three layers in a basket are not advisable. Large-sized fruits should form the bottom layer. The basket may be covered with a gunny and stitched.



UMA got up to answer the call bell. Could it be Romesh? No, he did not come before six, while it was only quarter to five. She opened the door. It was Ramu, her five-year-old son. He looked downcast. She knew something had happened but she pretended not to notice it. She loved her child but had not spoilt him.

"You have come early, Ramu," she asked.

Ramu hesitated and looked at his mummy. Her smile reassured him.

"Please, Mummy, buy me a new car like Shammi's," he pleaded.

"But you have one already," she suggested.

"That's a toy," he said. "Shammi's car is real. His daddy brought it to-day. Says it cost fifty rupees."

Here he paused for a moment and then rolling his eyes he went on to describe it.

"It's fine and very big. Shammi can sit in it and pedal it. Goes very fast — phur, phur. Has lights, too. You can turn it any way you like. Should see it, Mummy. You'll like it. It's nice."

"I shall see it tomorrow," she said. "Now, you go and play with Shammi."

"I won't!" He shook his head. "He won't let me touch his car."

So that was the trouble.

"He would, if you leave him alone for a day or two," she advised.

"He's selfish," added Ramu. "He has been playing with his car for hours but he won't let me try for a second. When he comes to my place I won't ask him to play with my things."

"That's not right, Ramu," she tried to correct him. "You are a good boy. Aren't you? Good boys always share their playthings with their pals. I know you always do that; and I am proud of my Ramu."

"And Shammi is a bad boy."

"Who says he is?"

"Then why can't I drive his car? He is keeping it to himself all the time."

"Because it is a new thing"

"Don't we play with new models?" he interrupted.

"Well, you see, children generally have a great attachment

for new things. They consider them very precious, so long as the feeling persists. But I tell you, it's a passing phase. It wears off soon. Shammi is no exception. You mark my words, he would invite you tomorrow or it may be earlier. He is not selfish. Only, you don't ask him for his car till he himself shares it with you."

"All right, Mummy," said Ramu.

"That's like a good boy." She kissed him lovingly. "Now, run off to the park and play there till six. Wait a minute. Take some sweets."

Ramu thanked her, pocketed the two toffees she gave and went away.

SHE followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight. She stood there thoughtfully for a minute and then went to the balcony facing the Children's Park. There were many children. Some were playing; others talking and laughing; some just watching the fun. Now, where could Ramu be? She shaded her eyes to single him out. She found him on the see-saw and heaved a sigh of relief. She went in and busied herself in tidying up the room.

Ramu had obeyed his Mummy but his mind was wandering; his thoughts were elsewhere. See-saw did not interest him long. He got down and contented himself to be a mere onlooker. He felt bored. Nothing seemed to please him there. Not even the sweets in his pocket, which he kept turning in his hand. He found it difficult to divorce the car from his thoughts. It possessed him. How he longed for it! Only, if

he could have it for a while—just for a second. What a lovely car it was! How fast it went! How proud was Shammi! He pictured himself pedaling it and smiled inwardly. But the vision was short-lived and he was left to face the reality. He found himself still in the park. He felt depressed. The very thought oppressed him till he could bear it no longer; and he found his legs carrying him to Shammi's place as fast as they could. He kept thinking all the way. Suppose Shammi denied him the pleasure? Ramu knew he would not. They were good pals; they always played together, sharing their joys and little secrets. But, then, Mummy had said something about the attachment children had for new things. In case he refused, he would offer him both the toffees; and he felt them in his pocket.

It was not long before he reached Shammi's place and found him still playing with the car. Daddy was reading a newspaper. Shammi's Mummy was doing nothing particular. She had observed Ramu's approach and gave him a nodding smile. She always felt happy when Ramu was around. She had a great liking for the boy, who was quite a favourite with her. She marvelled at his intelligence, inquisitiveness, tact and resourcefulness. Ramu liked her, too, and called her auntie.

Shammi's daddy looked up from his paper, as Ramu entered. After paying his respects to Shammi's daddy, he went straight to his pal, who gave him a wink and a smile. Shammi tried to show off and drove the car still faster, looking at his friend mischievously, as he went to and fro. Ramu's

eyes were fixed on the car. At last, Shammi brought it to a standstill. He came out of the car and invited Ramu to take his turn. Ramu was about to seat himself when he was stopped by Shammi's daddy.

"That will do for to-day, Ramu," he said. "Shammi, you had better leave the car in your room."

SHAMMI looked at his daddy, somewhat amazed. He quietly gathered his car and took it to his room. Ramu was hurt; it was a shocking experience but he managed to hold back his tears. He was taken aback. So was Shammi's mother. Her heart went out to Ramu, who beat a hasty retreat. Before she could



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stop him, he was gone. She called after him but he paid no heed. She was very sorry for Ramu. She remonstrated with her husband.

"That was too bad. You have broken his heart. He is such a nice boy, so sweet and well-mannered. Above all, he is Shammi's neighbour and his best pal. I don't see any difference between the two. What will Uma say? She is so kind to Shammi. She would think us petty-minded. And Ramu"

Here she broke off and hid her face in her hands.

SHAMMI'S daddy had realised his mistake but he did not wish it to be pointed out to him.

"I am sorry, Rekha," he sulked. "I never meant that. I only wanted the car to be sparingly used, and that was all. It's quite an expensive toy and it should not be treated as a common plaything."

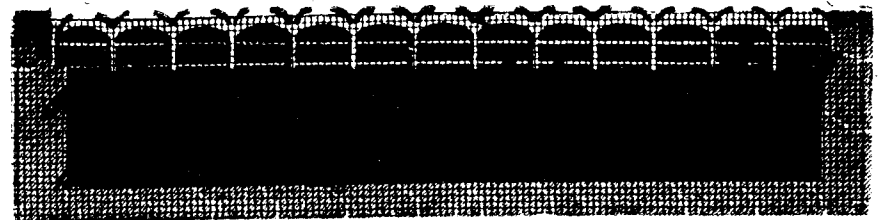
Rekha had overcome her emotion by now.

"Well, toys are toys," she said, "expensive or otherwise; and children don't make distinctions. For them they are just playthings, to be shared and enjoyed. Personally, I don't favour expensive toys. They promote ill feelings and petty quarrels. Above all, they spoil the possessor, make him or her vain, overbearing and conceited."

"All right, you win, my gem," he said. "Now, are we staying in, this evening?"

"Of course not," she replied.

(Continued on page 77)



By **K.R.S.**

N. Lakshminarayana, Guntakal

Q.—What is your opinion upon the entertaining picture *Missiamma*?

A.—Vijaya's *Missiamma* in Tamil and Telugu has no idle pretensions. It is produced to entertain and does it ably. There's fun without vulgarity, suspense without the miraculous, music that is melodious and not the rigidly classical. And, more than all these, you see beaming faces, smiling lips and merry eyes coming out of the theatre after the show. There is already too much sorrow since man was born and every attempt to make people smile, even if it be for a minute, is a grand job. And Vijaya's *Missiamma* has done it superbly.

Rukmini Kumar, Alipuram

Q.—Women say men are faithless. Men say women are faithless. What is your opinion?

A.—Why waste words? Let's have action in proof thereof!

M. S. Narayana Rao, Madras-12

Q.—Why does a girl feel shy when she looks at a man?

A.—To ensure her matrimonial prospects.

K. V. G. Krishnamurthy, Guntur

Q.—What sort of a thing is your civilization, I ask you?

A.—Pretty much the same as yours, I tell you.

R. Jagannadha Rao, Cuttack

Q.—How far is our educational system responsible for the present unemployment problem?

A.—In direct proportion to the extent to which the employing requirements insist on mere degrees without aptitude or efficiency. Talents are often stifled in the dry atmosphere of routine and regularity.

Chatti Narasimha Rao, Narasapatnam

Q.—Can I enjoy life if I marry a cine-star?

A.—I can't see why you should not. A cine-star is not only a woman but a very alluring one too. The extent to which you can "enjoy" such a "life" will depend on how you will view the demands her profession will make on her.

Aaremyon, Bombay

Q.—I am a handsome youth. So I like all the girls of my age but not even a single girl among them likes me. So, what is wrong with me?

A.—Not your looks, but the way you look — at them.

N.V. Goyal, Indore

Q.—What is the development of love?

A.—It is born in the eyes, nourished in the heart and moulded in the mind.

N.V. Sitaram, Howrah

Q.—What do we understand by seeing a baby in a cradle?

A.—That one more piece of humanity has to weep and laugh at the thing called living.

Miss Sheila Kapur, Ambala

Q.—Explain sound and shadow?

A.—The shrew and her hubby.

Prema Dutt Fund

Even though the Fund was closed as announced in our last Issue, we have received contributions from the following. The amount will be sent to Sri Prema Dutt. —K.R.S.

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Saha P.M., Inst. of Eng. & Technology, Jorhat	... 1—8—0
X.Y.Z.	... 1—0—0

YOU ASKED FOR IT! should be mentioned on top of the letters intended for this column. The views of columnist K.R.S. do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. The queries decide the answers—serious, frivolous or informative. And if the answer irritates you, remember YOU ASKED FOR IT!



YOUNG TALENTS

QUITE recently, I visited "Mos-film" which is one of the largest motion picture studios in the Soviet Union. The enormous pavilions which were full of scenery hummed with unusual activity. Everything there was unexpected: now a medieval knight in armour would be chatting with a girl dressed in a costume, reminding one of a modern, Moscow student; now a group of operators, in search of the best angle for the objectives, would be bustling about their cameras; now a stage director, performing instantaneous reincarnations, would be giving final instructions to the cast....

But, I believe, I saw the most interesting thing of all, when I was about to leave the studio. The whole enormous hall of the cloak-room was full of juveniles—boys and girls. By their swarthy faces and jet-black hair, it was not hard to guess that they were inhabitants of Central Asia, writes G. Alexeyer.

"I beg your pardon, but...how did you get here?"

"Very simply. They're shooting a film called *Saltanat*, and we're taking part."

This article should make our producers and directors aware of the fact that they need not hunt for talent far away for it is right around them—among our own school children and college students.

"And...where are you from?"

"From Tashkent."

"Have you come expressly to the Moscow studio?"

"Oh, no, not expressly. We came to Moscow to attend the review of labour-reserve amateurs, and the producer of the film found out about us from the papers and, well, invited us here."

"And the day after tomorrow, we'll perform in the Bolshoi Theatre of the USSR," a little girl interposed briskly.

I returned to the pavilion, where *Saltanat* was being filmed. Soon my young friends came there too.

They were no longer dressed in the strict, dark costumes of the vocational schools' pupils but in the light, multicoloured national costumes of Uzbekistan. The stage director in charge of the folk dances of Central Asia, which were being skilfully performed by these youngsters, exclaimed from time to time: "Fine kids!...Wonderful!...These shots are a real find!"

In the interval he told me: "Do you know why this is so valuable? Because they're amateurs. They're the people. They combine elements of good professionalism and living spontaneity, and that's very important in art."

Labour reserves in the USSR, is a system of schools for preparing workers of the mass professions for work in industry, building, transport, and machine-and-tractor stations. Juveniles between the

ages of 14 to 18, Sir W. Chay, while studying in Moscow. While studying, they enjoy full state maintenance, gain a qualification of turners, smelters, mechanics, chemists, metallurgists, miners, railway workers, builders, tractor drivers, and combine operators.

In the schools of the labour-reserve system, the future workers enjoy all the conditions necessary for their all-round cultural development, including the development of their artistic inclinations and aptitudes in various branches of art.

Each labour-reserve school has a club in which singing, dancing, dramatic, and other art circles function. These circles are conducted by experienced teachers,

(Continued on page 91)

The Yugoslav National Ballet and Opera Company had a three-week "season" at the Stoll Theatre, Aldwych, London, recently. Nevenka Tanhofer-Bidjin (left), and other members of the corps de ballet are seen during rehearsal. This Zagreb Company of 240 artistes included a ballet of 50, a chorus of 70 and the 70 musicians in the National Opera Orchestra. Their repertoire included Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" ballet, Borodin's opera "Prince Igor", Gotovac's comic opera "Ero the Joker", Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Baranovic's ballet "Gingerbread Heart".



Positive degree: Quit India

Comparative: Quit Asia

Superlative: Quit Afro-Asia

Taught by Lokamanya Tilak, methodised by Mahatmaji, and now perfected by Pandit Nehru.

**

'Temple prayers in Tamil,' is the new idea which is suggested to Temple Archakas.

But, is not the very mysticism of the unknown language of the prayer to God something that tunes the mind to the Unknown and Unknowable?

Have not absolutely ignorant souls realized the Supreme without the knowledge of prayers of any kind whatsoever?

**

London's newspaper strike has given the needed rest to the Readers.

News-dry London is a welcome change after the cloying surfeit of hourly news service.

Dr. Ambedkar will embrace Buddhism on the occasion of the 2,500th anniversary celebrations of the Buddhist Era.

7 - 1st May '55.

Is it the hoary and long years that have drawn Dr. Ambedkar or the tenets of Buddhism?

Surely, the latter.

**

Bandung is reported to be a pretty cool place where the Afro-Asian Conference is meeting.

It is having its effect upon Eisenhower. That is why President Eisenhower has begun to be cool about U.S.A. defending Formosa and has given hints to poor Chiang Kai-shek that his best safety lies in self-safety.

**

"A gesture of friendship" is the way in which the Post, Telegraph and Telephone Services in Tibet, which belong to India, are handed over to China without any compensation.

Indeed, it is more than a gesture; it is a gift.

**

Mr. J. S. Cooper, the new Ambassador to India from the United States, speaking about the Socialist pattern towards which India is working, admitted that "different problems and different circumstances in different countries may

have different solutions, though the U.S.A. believed in private enterprise."

But how peaceful would the world's political outlook be if U.S.A. held the same view about the Communism of Soviet Russia?

Epic Poem on Mahatmaji has been suggested by the Chief Minister of Mysore, to be called Gandhi-darshan.

Excellent and sublime is the theme; but poetry is not to be a command performance.

Was Valmiki or Vyasa commanded to celebrate the Raghus or Pandus?

Eureka! Found out at last!

After a fortnight's intense introspection and *post mortem* examination, the Communist Party of India has arrived at the obvious conclusion that its debacle in the Andhra elections was primarily due to the superior organisation and tactics of the Congress.

So, Congress is entirely to blame.

"British youths give up smoking," it is announced.

The tobaccoists are determined not to permit it. Premier Baldwin and his pipe, Churchill and cigar are great national exemplars. Nor did they smoke in vain.

To Churchill, premiership may go but the cigar never.

At long last, Sir W. Churchill retires!

Call him the greatest Englishman of today, or the greatest Statesman and what not. Yet, his resignation did not come too early or too gracefully either. We know only too well his faith in the Divinity of the white man. We, in India, know how to value Churchill.

"Exodus to Ooty" was condemned in the days of British Rule in India and so it was stopped in 1937.

The majority of the Madras State legislators want it back.

We can only shout, "O tempora! O mores!" which means, what sad times, what dreadful doings!

Blows were exchanged over the election of the Chairman for the Madurai Municipality, it is reported.

That is civic conscience roused to active physical force, instead of vocal struggles ending in streams of inky press reports.

Pandit Nehru opposed free servants' passes for members of Parliament because it is against the dignity of man to make him serve one who can and ought to serve himself.

Are not members of Parliament the Servants of the People of India? How can servants have servants? asks the democratic-minded Panditji.

"People now eat too much as our stocks of food have exceeded our expectations," announces Mr. Panjabrao Deshmukh, Food Minister at the Centre.

Is that why beggars get no alms?

"No man who has more than one wife will be eligible for appointment," runs an Order of the Hyderabad Govt.

But, has not the polygamist husband to feed more mouths than the monogamist?

We only say, "Poor Second and Subsequent wives!"

Rocket to the Moon in '65: Seats can be booked to avoid disappointment as the flight is sure and certain.

The only hitch is, who is to build the aircraft?

Atom bomb saves the world from Atom bombs, says a Publicist; yes, that is why perhaps all wise nations are getting Atom Bombs ready.

Earl Bertrand Russell, the philosopher, said that the only alternative to a World Government was universal extinction.

Only a philosopher can invoke such dire calamities if his advice is not taken.

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R. K. Madhav, Masullipatam

Poor Queen Cinema!

THE cinema is a great art, a great public recreation of an almost global type, and a great industry as well. But while the Western film producers have rationalised the industry and have reduced all the overhead charges in a reasonable, prudent and business-like manner, India alone pursues a happy-go-lucky way and the film industry in India is in a sorry mess.

Let us first take the story element. At one time, even after the (silent) movies were pushed out of existence by the talkies, the Puranic films were the rage of the day. The mythological mine was completely worked-out and is now almost empty. The social films have captured the public fancy and have practically pushed the Puranic films out of existence.

Romantic curtains, grand royal costumes, shining (paste) jewellery, grandiloquent speeches, melodious songs, radiant goddesses and slightly less radiant gods have been sunk in the bottomless depths of the rolling waters of Lethe.

But what are the facts about the social films which are the rage to-day? The social theme is a hotch-potch of box office successes through sex-appeals and scenario stunts all over the world. The script is not a lovely, artistic creation from an artist's brain but a mere medley of miscellaneous, ill-assorted stunts. It is often

changed in the course of shooting to suit the fleeting fancies of directors and stars and even casual bystanding critics and connoisseurs.

Next to the stories come the stars. Naturally stars are far above the terrestrial level and have to be paid much. To quote a popular rhyme:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky!"

The result is that a film will, like the firmament, be gloomy and ugly without the stars, and hence the stars make exorbitant and extravagant claims and must be and are propitiated and satisfied.

THERE is cut-throat competition among the producers in regard to the stars. While they are spoon-fed and overfed, the 'extras' and 'bit' characters are given contemptuous, contemptible starvation allowances. Stars should get a monthly wage with a reasonable maximum—say, Rs. 10,000—for a picture. Why should a "star" be better paid than the President or the Prime Minister of the Indian Republic? I have known stars who have been paid lakhs for a picture! Some stars have many simultaneous contracts and shine in many skies simultaneously! Many of them dislike rehearsals!

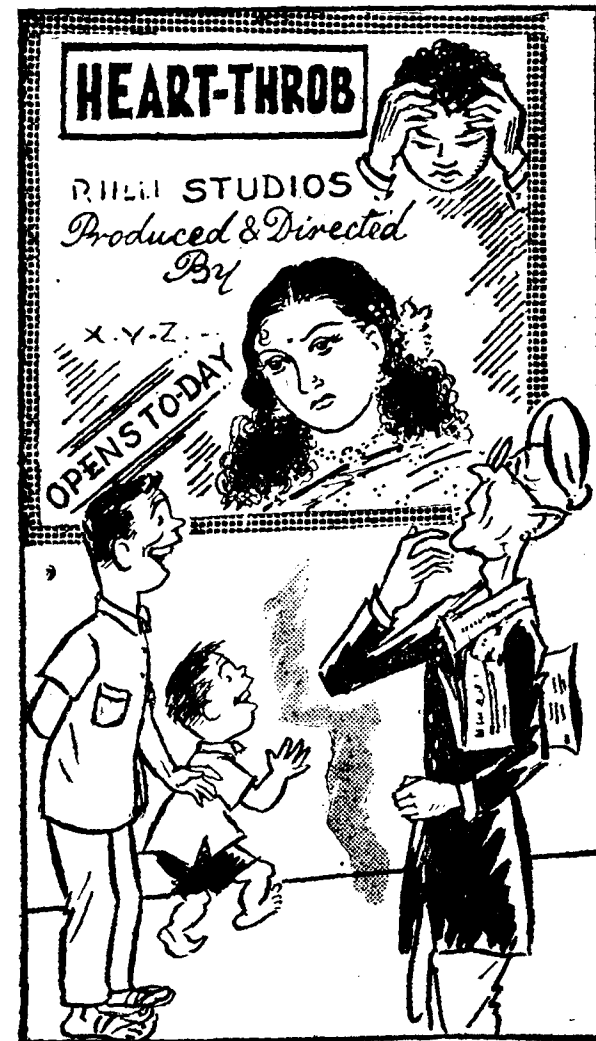
What about the music racket in the film industry? There are many music cliques that exploit and fleece the producers. The famous lines of Dean Swift are appropriate in this context:

"So, naturalists observe a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite
And so proceed *ad infinitum*." [cm;

them for their work. It is no doubt true that their productions to-day have more naturalness and verisimilitude than in the brave days of old but that is because all forms of extravagant hyperbole and barbaric crudeness are now generally taboo everywhere and not because their business has been consciously

The recording of a song which is expected to be a box-office hit costs Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 10,000! The orchestra is a bawling devil. The noisy American jazz music has invaded India and the Yankee drum has silenced the Indian flute. The singers have playback howlers and all are over-paid. The songs are mostly a rehash of pre-existing popular tunes and works.

THEN comes the make-up-artist and the costume-designer who account for about much extravagant expenditure and wastage. It is not that they have had any artistic training or aesthetic idea. They have grown up more or less like weeds in a jungle and there is no institution anywhere, training



BY H.S. Ramaswami Sastri

nurtured and developed as a lovely art.

THEN comes the director who is very often the producer himself. Scenes are shot and re-shot without any plan or purpose. No director directs. He is so called because he is directed by other interests. Properly speaking he should be called the directee. He takes out of the available money the biggest slice next to the star. He is the liaison officer among all the diverse film interests and is the lynch-pin of the industry.

He must no doubt be paid well but is really very much over-paid and has helped, along with the stars, the film industry to reach the breaking point. The camel's back is not merely loaded with the last straw but with a heavy pile of last and final straws! Some director, like some stars, work for many pictures at the same time!

We have then to bear in mind the studio owner. He is in a highly advantageous position in comparison with the hirer-producer. If the same person is the producer as well as the studio owner, there will be a saving of much money. Further, many studios are not up-to-date in the matter of equipments. What is the use in the producers seeking to rival Hollywood while being very deficient in equipment and having no ideal conditions in regard to light and sound, acoustic deficiency being rampant?

We see now a new craze. Each producer is trying to bring out versions in other languages. Many of the latter are naturally flops and failures. The translations have

all the defects of the stories and the songs in the parent version and very many more.

There are many other snags and shortcomings. There is a tremendous wastage of raw film because of inadequate rehearsals and also on account of many takes and retakes, shots, super-shots and super-super-shots. Further, most studios are not self-contained and hence producers have to become peripatetic. The editing charges are extravagant. The camera and lights item in the film bill is staggering.

The sound technician's bill also is an equally heavy item. More sets are produced than are really needed and without proper storage facilities. More copies than are really needed are printed. There is no planning whatever in regard to overhead charges. There have been instances of cine technicians such as cameramen, sound engineers and others demanding and getting extravagant terms.

THE publicity aspect is the last to be considered. Publicity is the life-breath of the film industry. But far too much is spent to-day on wall posters, banners, etc. The chief publicity medium is the encomium or condemnation campaign of the cinema 'fans'. There are too many cinema mags about and many of them boost or burst this or that film super-singer or star.

The result is that we have something like an election campaign day after day. Elections, terrible as they are while they last, come once in a period of years and last for a comparatively short time. But the cinema campaigners are

abroad, afoot, and about day after day, for ever and ever.

In addition to all this, there is the heavy burden imposed by the State in the shape of an entertainment tax. The film people say that it is a sin to tax entertainment. It is strange to find concepts of sin nowadays when there is no concept of God's commandments at all. The tax is collected really and eventually from the public. One wonders what will happen when the current craze for cinema-going ceases to exist or at least subsides to a large extent.

As Industrial Tribunal some time ago, I had occasion to look at the problem of distributors, theatre-owners and their employees. If the distributor buys the picture straightaway, certain bad results follow. It would perhaps be better to let the producers, the distributors and the theatre-owners share in the profits reasonably. But a reasonable attitude for the rational benefit of all is the last thing that we can expect in a modern society which is fast becoming a regular pandemonium of conflicting interests and cut-throat competitions.

The nett result is that Queen Cinema is neither shining on the throne nor sitting in the parlour eating bread and honey but has come into the pushing, hustling, heartless market-place and is in a bad way, indeed. If all her servants who are the workers in the various branches of the Cinema industry are loyal to her, if Government lessens the tax burden on her and if the public become cultured and discriminating supporters of her rule, her heyday may yet return.

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Secret Of A Lover

RETIRED Jail Superintendent, Martin, eyed his hosts, George and Stella, incredulously. He became suddenly excited.

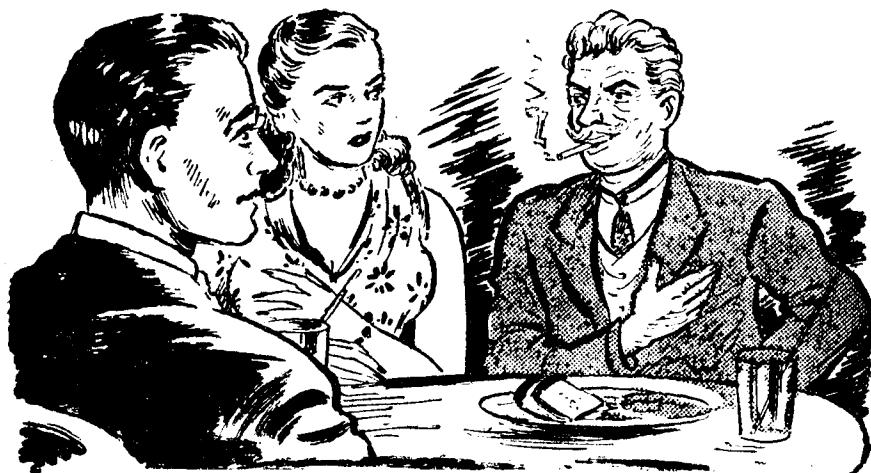
"Impossible!" "he exclaimed. "Do you seriously mean, Stella, that the man entering the house is your *fiance*?" He pointed an accusing finger at a personable young man who had just stepped into the drawing room. "Why, he was a jail bird once. He served two years in the Central Jail, some time back, for theft!"

George dropped the book he was holding in his hand and stared at Tony, the young man who had just entered the room. "Oh, God!

engaging smile, had now stopped short at the door and had undergone a curious change of expression. He stood there deathly pale, seeing the trio in the room, Martin, George and Stella, with a blank look.

STELLA sat crushed in her chair. Tony, the man she was engaged to, was a thief, a common thief! Was it conceivable? Oh, God! She loved him so ardently, so deeply!

"I won't believe it!" she cried out, jumping from her seat and rushing to Tony. "Tony, speak up! Say it's false! Oh, Tony, for God's sake!"



"Martin, you don't mean..." he began.

But Martin interrupted. "I've not gone mad, George, but this man, here, was convicted for theft, five years ago. I was the Jail Superintendent, then."

The man, thus pointed out, who had entered the room with an

engaging smile, had now stopped short at the door and had undergone a curious change of expression. He stood there deathly pale, seeing the trio in the room, Martin, George and Stella, with a blank look.

●=====BY=====●

Edward S. Devasigamony

"I'm afraid, Stella, I can't refute the charge." Tony's voice was slightly vibrant, but quite steady.

"Oh!" A soft cry of acute agony escaped from Stella's throat and immediately Tony's face softened for a minute.

"Forgive me, Stella, I ought to have known. A man with such a past could never have built afresh."

George now stepped up to Tony. He was visibly shaking with uncontrollable emotion.

"Oh, miserable man!" he exclaimed. "Then it is true—true that you had been to prison?"



"It's true," said Tony calmly. "quite true that I had once been in prison—for stealing a necklace!"

"And you shameless man," George thundered, "you had the audacity to come into my house and propose marriage to my sister? Oh, you wretch! Could you not have spared me this humiliation?"

"Yes, George, I see it now," said Tony in level tones. "I was wrong, yes, wrong to think that a man could completely wipe out his past. I thought I could rebuild afresh. But it has proved a false hope. George, forgive me."

He turned round and stepped out of the room and slowly walked across the portico and then out into the street where darkness finally enveloped him.

Stella was now living in a world of utter misery and gloom. George and her sister-in-law, Rita, tried in vain to console her and get her out of the lethargic inactivity into which she had slowly drifted.

A week had passed by. Now that the first shock had passed off, Stella was struggling slowly back into a broader and more tolerant outlook. She was ready to forgive the past. What hurt her most was Tony's utter lack of trust in her. If only he had confided his secret to her! She would have felt it acutely no doubt, but she would have forgiven him. After all, this mean crime was committed years before, perhaps, in a moment of weakness.

But why had he not told her? Yes, why? And then, how could he manage to look so calm and serene when the accusation was levelled at him? Was he so utterly devoid of the feeling of shame?

Glimpses of the past came fleeting back to her memory. In the early days of her association with him, he had seemed reluctant

to cultivate her friendship. When she questioned him about his strange attitude, later, he explained that he had undergone misery and acute pain because he had trusted a woman before.

What did he mean? She had, of course, resented his attitude and had told him that he was doing injustice to her. "Pardon me, Stella," he had said, "pardon me, if I am doing you wrong. Surely, one who has suffered injustice as I have done should know better."

What had he meant? Was it that justice had somehow gone astray? Oh, if it was so, then it would explain everything—the reason why he had not told her anything about his past and why he could not refute the charge when he was so suddenly accused.

Now, the whole thing was becoming clearer. Tony had been to prison for a crime he had never committed! Oh, what a fool she had been not to have guessed it before!

And yet, why had he not attempted to clear himself?

SUDDENLY, a light of understanding sprang into her eyes. He had not attempted to clear himself, because he was shielding another! By clearing himself before her and her brother he would be involving someone else. And honour forbade him to do this—that honour which made him forfeit love and happiness and all that made life worthwhile, rather than betray another! Oh, the nobility of it all!

There was silence in the dimly lit garden—silence only broken by the crackling of old twigs in the branches and the quaint cry of the

birds as the wind blew trembling among them.

Presently Stella came back to the realities of the situation. Tony had left her house, condemned and humiliated. What must have hurt him most was that even she, who should have known better, had taken him for a thief. What an unutterable fool she had been to have misjudged so noble a man! "Oh, God!" she prayed silently, "bring him back to me."

SHE was pleasantly surprised to see Tony coming towards her. He had come merely to ask her forgiveness for the pain he had caused her. But Stella forestalled him.

"Oh, Tony!" she cried, "why didn't you tell me? Why did you hide the fact that you were innocent?"

Tony was taken aback. "Tut, tut, Stella, what do you mean? It is true I was in prison, charged with theft."

"But, Tony, you didn't commit the theft, I feel sure."

Tony threw up his hands with a gesture of impatience.

"Why rake up all that again, Stella? I was arrested with the stolen necklace on my person and was convicted by a court of law."

"I won't take that, Tony," Stella persisted. "I don't care if you were in prison or not. All I ask you is if you actually stole that necklace. Answer me 'yes' or 'No'."

Tony hesitated.

"I can't answer your question," he said slowly.

"I knew that," cried Stella triumphantly, "You were convicted for a crime you never committed. Now, tell me all about it, Tony. And don't hide anything. I have a right to know—the right of a woman who loves you."

Tony wavered. He looked at her thoughtfully for a full minute and then decided on the disclosure.

THIS happened five years ago, Stella. I was in love with a girl, then, or at least I thought I was. We were both at a friend's house. During one of those desultory walks through the unfrequented portions of the bungalow, the girl had found a diamond necklace lying on a small table. She took it up obviously with the intention of returning it to our hostess, for she guessed it belonged to her. She looked at the necklace turning it over in her hands and she was enthralled by its sheer beauty.

"Of an impulse, she tried it round her neck. Meanwhile, the owner had missed her precious jewel and a hue and cry was raised. The girl was now in a predicament, for she could not return the necklace to our hostess without actually raising her suspicions. I was by her side and when I learnt of her serious trouble, I took the necklace from her hands promising to hide it in some nook or corner where it could be found later. But at that very moment the police had entered the scene. Everyone was searched and I was arrested on a charge of theft."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Stella. "What a terrible plight! But why didn't you deny the charge?"

"Stella, how could I? How could I try to escape at the cost of

(Continued on page 73)

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"WHAT a country!" breathed Spike, staring about him. "The cops call you 'Sir,' and none of the banks have armed guards. Why, it's gonna be a push-over! Why didn't we think of comin' to Australia before?"

"Because we were doin' O. K. where we were," came the sour retort from 'Legs' Maloney. "Till they caught up with us."

"Never mind, boss," Spike brought out commiseratingly. "It won't take us long to get another mob together."

"If you'll take a tip from me you'll go right back where you came from," advised Luis, proprietor of the Pitt Street cafe in which they sat and to which they had come on arriving in Sydney owing to Luis being Spike's cousin.

"We're not goin' back. We've come to fix some races," Maloney said coldly. "Where's the next big meeting being held?"

Michael Hervey

"At Randwick next Wednesday. But I still think you would be wise to keep your noses clean while

you are over here."

"What would you have us do?" sneered Maloney. "Start a restaurant?"

"You could do worse," Luis said without rancour, as he saw them to the door.

MALONEY and Spike lost no time in finding their way to Randwick, for two days weren't long in which to fix a race.

They soon found that there was only one horse in it so far as the racing fraternity was concerned, "Shining Star," an odds on favourite.

"Spread the word around that there's a rich American stooge in town who's anxious to lose his dough and who is offering five to one on 'Shining Star'," Maloney instructed Spike.

"Any limit?" Spike asked.

"No limit. Take all you can get."

BY Tuesday night Spike had collected a small fortune in bets, Maloney having noised it about that he had deposited fifty thousand dollars in the safe of the hotel where he was staying to cover all bets which was perfectly true.

"Now to fix the jockey," announced Maloney.

"Shining Star" was owned by Charlie Whentler, the Wool King, according to the papers, and he had engaged the services of none other than Tommy Arnold, the greatest jockey of his day.

"We'll have to watch our step," remarked Spike. "Can't approach this guy in the open"

"Who said anything about approaching him in the open?" interposed Maloney. "We're going to pay him a visit to-night at his hotel after everyone's gone to bed. He's staying at the 'Australia,' Room 206. I've been doing a little checking-up while you've been collecting the bets."

THEY had little difficulty in entering the back of the 'Australia' Hotel that evening and making their way to Room 206 without being detected.

They had no compunction in waking the sleeping jockey.

"What do you want?" squeaked the diminutive occupant of the bed.

"We'd like you to lose the race to-morrow," Maloney said, fixing him with a menacing stare.

"Now, look here" began the jockey.

"We're looking, bud," Spike smiled in the most friendly fashion as he sighted down the barrel of his gun. "You look awfully pretty from where I'm standing."

"Everyone has his price, over here just as much as in the States," Maloney remarked. "Your price will be a thousand pounds, not a penny more."

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," the jockey protested.

"Your name's Arnold, ain't it?" inquired Maloney.

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"Yes, but"

"And you're riding at Randwick to-morrow, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am, but"

"That'll be enough butts for one night, bud," Spike spoke force-

"That's more like it," approved Maloney. "You play ball with us, and we'll see you all right after the race. Just make sure there ain't any slip-ups, otherwise"

"I'll lose the—the race," gulped their victim.



fully. "Either you lose that race to-morrow or we'll drill you so full of holes people will take you for a fishing net."

"I'll do as you say," agreed Arnold after a moment's hesitation.

MALONEY and Spike slipped out of the hotel the same way they had made their entry.

"Who said you couldn't fix a race over here!" crowed Spike. "It's as you said just now, just a matter of price plus a little sales

talk from my little pal here." He patted the bulge under his armpit.

THEY found the crowd at Randwick the following day more than a little overpowering, and finally chose a hillock some way from the course as an observation post.

"They're off!" Maloney announced, watching through his glasses.

All Spike could make out was a fast-moving blur in the distance.

"Who's winning, boss?" he clamoured, tugging at Maloney's sleeve.

"Can't tell," came the terse retort. "They're all bunched up. Wait a minute! There's someone moving up!"

"Let's have a look, boss," Spike began, only to be silenced by a push in the face.

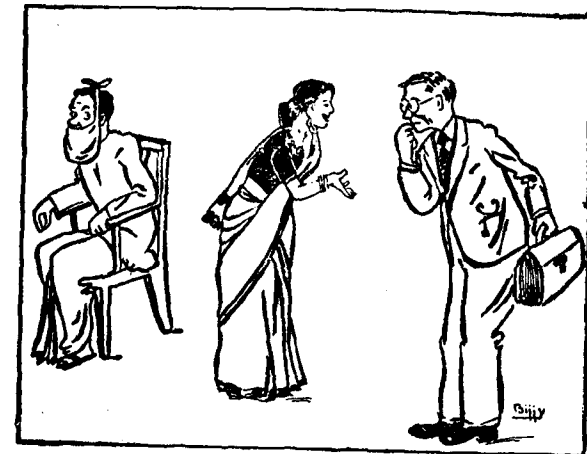
By the time he regained his feet

the race was over, and Maloney was grimly checking the rounds in his .38.

"What's the matter, boss?" Spike inquired. "Anything gone wrong?"

"OH, no!" grated Maloney, leading the way back to the car they had hired for the occasion. "We've been double-crossed, that's all."

"You mean..."



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"'Shining Star' won," Maloney finished for him. "We're now going to give Mr. Arnold what's coming to him."

THEY confronted the jockey in the stable, Spike swinging him round.

"Now you little—I" mouthed Maloney, tightening his finger on the trigger of his gun.

His jaw suddenly dropped as he realised they had apparently got hold of the wrong man.

"What's the big idea?" Maloney wanted to know. "I thought Arnold was going to ride 'Shining Star'?"

"That's correct," the jockey nodded. "I'm Arnold. What can I do for you?"

"Who was that in your bed last night?" Maloney flung at him.

"You mean at the hotel? Why, that was my brother. He was

called in at the last minute to ride some broken-down nag. I think it fell down dead half-way round the course. It so happened Charlie Whentler asked me to spend the night at his place, so naturally I turned over my room at the hotel to my brother. There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"Come on!" choked Maloney, grabbing Spike by the arm. "We've got to get to the hotel before the mob does, otherwise it's good-bye to my fifty thousand dollars!"

THERE was another little surprise in store for them at the hotel in the shape of two extremely polite C.I.B. officers who had seemingly got wind of the fifty thousand dollars Maloney had deposited in the hotel safe, and wanted to have a little chat with him in the hope that they might persuade him to invest the same in Government Bonds. At least, that was what they gave the manager of the hotel to understand!

Secret Of A Lover—(Continued from page 67)

involving a girl—a girl whom I thought I loved?"

"And the girl? Did she not try to clear you?"

TONY snorted. "No! She was thanking her stars that the necklace was transferred to my hands at the crucial moment. And when I came out of the prison two years later, I found she had already married some other man. But that is immaterial, for my love for her had died the moment I knew that she was selfish and callous and that she had not had any love for me from the beginning."

"Oh, poor Tony! You endured all this pain and humiliation for a woman who little deserved your sacrifice! I'll spend my life trying to make your life happy and care-free. Come on, we will both see my

brother. He will be so sorry he was rude to you..."

"No," said Tony, catching her by the wrist. "No, you will do no such thing. The woman who betrayed me is still living and is happily married. Having taken her crime on my shoulders, I must go on facing the consequences. I gave her life back to her then. I will not take it away from her now."

"Oh, how wonderful you are, Tony! But you need have no fear. My brother will keep the secret. No harm will come to the woman. Let us go in and find George."

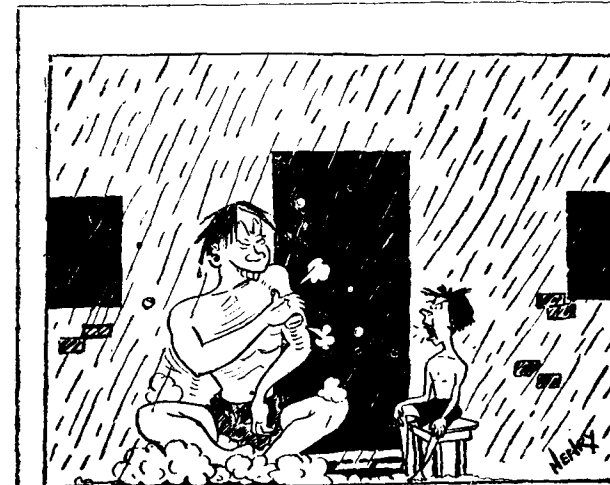
"Stop! It's impossible."

"Why, Tony?"

"Don't ask me, Stella. The fact is I can't tell your brother. Oh, Stella, I see it well, a marriage between us is impossible!"

"Tony!" cried Stella in acute agony. "Is it that you no longer love me?"

"Oh, Stella! You have not lost my love or confidence. But as I said already, it is impossible for me to clear myself ever before your brother, and I



BOY: "Go on, hurry up with the soap, dad, before it stops raining."

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know your brother would never allow you to marry a jail bird."

"Tell me, Tony, tell me what obstacle there is to your confiding in my brother? If you don't tell me, how can I help thinking that you do not love me?"

Tony groaned.

"Perhaps you are right. I will tell you." Tony looked full at Stella and continued: "Stella, the woman who took the necklace five years back and for whom I shoulder the guilt is Rita...Yes, your sister-in-law! Now, do you see how impossible it is for me to clear myself before your brother, the husband of the guilty woman?"

"Rita...Rita...my brother's wife!" Stella uttered the words mechanically.

SHE stood motionless as if some hard blow had deprived her of her power of movement. She saw clearly the insurmountable barrier that would separate her and her lover for ever. For, to expose Rita before George would be impossible. It would wreck her brother's life. She would not build her happiness at the cost of her brother's. Then, what of her future, hers and her Tony's?

"Tony..." She looked about her. Tony had already left her and was walking blindly away in the distance, almost reeling as he went.

STELLA stood there, motionless, looking at the retreating figure of Tony. Tears welled up in her eyes, and slowly glided down her cheeks, down her neck and finally disappeared beneath the folds of her dress. The young woman began to sob.



TEACHER: "Who won the First World War?"

STUDENT: "I don't know, sir. I was away until the beginning of the Korean truce!"

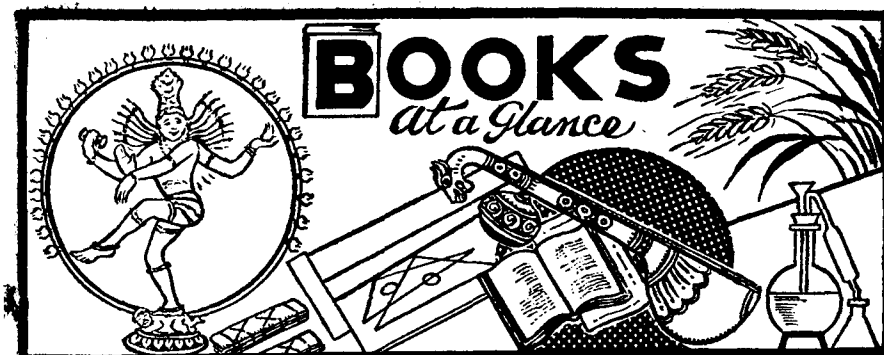
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A Treasury of Wisdom & Inspiration (Edited by David St. Leger. Published by The New American Library of World Literature Inc., 501, Madison Avenue, New York 22, U.S.A. Price, 35 Cents).

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Friendship—these are the chapters. Under these headings are found passages of prose and verse.

This will be a valuable book to everyone who has anything to do with the English language—be he a student, teacher, writer or politician. The publishers have rendered a signal service in bringing out a pocket book to suit even the poorest pocket.

The sole distributors for this book in India are: M/S India Book House, 44, Cawasji Patel St., Fort, Bombay 1.

Accept The Challenge

(By Naresh Ch. Ganguli. Price, One Anna.)

The author is an advocate of the Calcutta High Court and is also the convenor of the National Association of Indian Lawyers. He points out the very many tasks to be carried out in our country and states that the legal profession has a great and important role to play now and hereafter. He rightly states that it was the legal profession that gave us Mahatma Gandhi, C.R. Das, Motilal Nehru, Jawaharlal Nehru, Sardar Patel, C. Rajagopalachari, etc. The legal profession should

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live up to this tradition by giving more such stalwarts to serve the country.

He then points out that the legal profession can exist and function only in a democratic state bound by rule of law and shows the position in Communist countries by quoting a passage from *Collected Works of Lenin*: "Lawyers should be strictly restrained. They should be constantly watched for this intelligent scum is dangerous."

The author draws our attention to the forming of the "All India Association of Democratic Lawyers" on Sept. 27, 1954, and warns that it is a Communist organisation. He gives us details regarding the International Association of Democratic Lawyers founded in Paris in 1946 by well-known Communist lawyers and states that the Indian counterpart is a direct off-shoot of that Association. He mentions by name Daniel Latifi of Bombay and S.K. Acharya of Bengal, both lawyers, as the Secretaries of this Association. We are then given exhaustive details regarding the kind of law and justice obtaining in Communist countries.

The author says that the National Association of Indian Lawyers alone is the *real* democratic organisation and that we should accept the challenge of the Communist-led All India Association of Democratic Lawyers.

In view of the facts given and the challenge made, it is for the All India Association of Democratic Lawyers to disprove the charges. Failure to do so can only mean that the author's charges are only too true. Those who wish to get a copy of the pamphlet may write to the author, P-528, Aswini Dutta Road, Calcutta-29.

BEYOND HIS REACH (Continued from page 52)

After leaving Shammi's house, Ramu went straight to his Mummy and narrated the incident. His tone was sad. Uma listened to him dispassionately. She felt sorry for Ramu, but she refrained from expressing her feelings.

"But I told you not to go to Shammi's place for a day or two," she said.

"I am sorry I went, Mummy," replied Ramu, "but I simply could not help it."

He paused for a moment and then added, "Mummy, why can't I have a car of my own? Can't we afford it?"

"No, that's not the point," she said quietly.

"I tell you, Mummy, I don't want anything else. You don't give me new clothes or sweets. I would forgo my meals even. Only let me have the car. Say you will, Mummy."

"There, there. You are talking like a small child," she said. "How can you live without food? And clothes? You must have them. You don't want to go about naked, do you?"

He shook his head.

"Now as to the car," she went on, "we can get you one. But I shall be spoiling my Ramu. Pining for things which others have is not a good habit. It is wasteful. It makes children fretful and stubborn. They often lose their appetite and grow weak in body and mind. Nothing seems to please them in life. They just sulk and worry their parents. Again, all parents can't afford to buy

things their children's pals have. We may, but there are others who can't. So good children don't worry their parents. They content themselves with what they have and derive pleasure from sharing them with others. And when they grow up, they become good citizens. Won't you like to be one?"

"I will, Mummy," replied Ramu, emphatically.

Uma smiled and hugged him fondly. Then looking at her watch she said, "It is past six. Your daddy will be here any moment. Go and wash your face."

Ramu went out of the room only to be confronted by Shammi.

"Come to my place, Ramu," he almost whispered. "We shall play together."

"You will let me play with your car?"

"Yes"

"And your daddy?"

"He has gone out with Mummy. But please don't tell him; he will get cross. We shall play with the car when he is away."

Another child in Ramu's place would have jumped at the offer but not he. No doubt, the temptation was there and it meant the fulfilment of the desire, which had agitated his mind that evening. But the manner in which it was proposed to be fulfilled did not appeal to him.

"I think that's not fair," said Ramu. "All the same, I will ask Mummy first." And he led Shammi by the hand to the kitchen.

CHILD OF DESTINY—(Continued from page 12)

in the last war, but see what he is today! Wavell and Montgomery are just kids compared to him."

"And what about the Russians?" Brian asked, just for the sake of saying something.

"Ah! there it is. There's the secret!" Mr. Andrews flung his cigar away and jerked himself up in his easy chair. "Brian, I tell you, the Russians are playing a cunning game. Remember the treaty Hitler signed with Stalin? Remember? Do you think it's a

sham? No! Hitler must have promised Stalin a big share in his victories. Suddenly you will find that Russia will join Germany and Japan and Italy and then nothing will save England and America. And once Germany, Russia and Japan win, Germany will attack Russia on one side and Japan will attack her on the other side. As for Italy, Hitler's armies will walk over her any day. Mark my words!"

"Then, only Germany and Japan will remain," Brian observed.



"That's right!" Mr. Andrews encouraged him. "Then, do you know what will happen? Japan will just sweep across the remaining parts of Russia with the Chinese armies and invade Germany. From there it will be easy for her to invade America from both sides—on the Atlantic and on the Pacific. And then at last the yellow race will rule the world—just as the Bible says!"

HAVING delivered himself of this masterful explanation of power-politics linked with Biblical prophecy, the old gentleman sat back in his chair and proceeded to light another cigar.

"What about India, dad?" Colin asked. He had come in

after having spoken to his mother in the dining-room and had been listening with amusement written all over his young and handsome face.

"India?" said Mr. Andrews, in a tone of contempt. "Well, what about India, son? She just won't have a chance against Japan on the one side and Germany on the other. The yellow race will rule the world! Remember that! India is not a yellow race, is she?"

"No! She's a brown race—or a black one."

MR. ANDREWS sat up and turned in his chair only to see his wife, standing on the threshold of the dining-room, knitting. Nobody had seen her until then.

"I didn't know you were listening, my love," Mr. Andrews said apologetically. "The Congressmen are not a fighting lot, my love. They run when they see blood. Look at their leader Gandhi, for instance. He denounces violence of any kind."

"But that is a policy called non-violence, dad. Just as our Jesus Christ preached....."

"Don't you believe that story!" Mr. Andrews cut him short before he had hardly commenced speaking. "He's a coward all right. He's just bluffing the public."

"No, dad, I'm telling you..." Colin began to say.

"Yes, yes, Gandhi is afraid of open, real fight," the old man asserted testily. "You haven't read....."

"Congressmen are all rogues!" said a voice.



setting up new standards for themselves, but you may be certain that things will right themselves sooner or later, whereas they will just end in the destruction of the social life of our community were we to remain aloof and maintain the vices which we have taken from Western society after leaving out its virtues.

"No, Colin, there's no use of trying to talk of culture and environment and so forth. We've just got to face the facts and admit them. The only trouble with us is that we are doing it so darned slow!"

Colin remained quiet and attentive throughout, and he answered almost in a whisper, "Yes, Brian, I can see that you're right there. My! What a mess we've got ourselves into!"

THEY passed the next two or three minutes in silence, engrossed in deep thought, and then Brian asked, "Did you tell your mother what happened this evening?"

"Yes, I told her as soon as we went in. She asked me not to mention it to dad. You know his nature, Brian, don't you?"

"Yes, I know," confirmed Brian.

WHEN they reached home, which was a little after half-past-nine, they related to Mrs. Lacey what had transpired at the station. She seemed a bit relieved and thanked Colin sincerely for being of such help to her son. Priscy had also been sitting up, and she had undone her hair and knotted it in two plaits which made her look ever so much more pretty. Sydney was at hand to buy a jug of tea. As the four of them conversed between sips, Sydney puckered his brows and nodded his head several times, grinning now and then. When they had finished, Colin left in haste and Sydney devoted his immediate attention to the tea which had been left for him in the jug.

(To be Continued)

Such A Bore!

"Why don't you like Watson?"

"Well, he's one of those fellows who, if you asked the time, would start to tell you how to make a watch."



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MOTHER'S love! Certainly, unhappy is the being that has not enjoyed it. Still, there is something even more ecstatic: the love of your mother's mother.

Be you President of the Republic! be you the Prime Minister with your name on the lips of the civilized world and your photo printed half a dozen times in each issue of every daily paper, or be you somebody equally well-known. Yet to your grandmother, you are the tiny darling. Aryaraj's grandmother, after many years, came from the village to see her daughter's son. She had heard so much and so often about him. She cared not for her 65 years. When she reached her daughter's house, the first thing she did was to see her grandson.

"Arya, my darling boy!" Granny ran up to him, caught hold of his neatly combed head and kissed him till he could feel his head wet with her gushing love.

"Ma," called out Vasantha, Arya's mother, "do come and have a look at your grandson's things. Look at these silver cups, ma."

Vasantha opened out, one after another, the glass cases and drew out the cups which Indra had scored in Cricket, Hockey and other games.

Grandmother for the first few moments could not make out what silver cups had to do with a boy whose duties were with his books. Vasantha explained how Arya secured these trophies. Grandmother next scrupulously wanted to know what each silver cup ex-

actly weighed and cost. Vasantha, finding that Grandmother insisted upon the information, gave her own idea of what each cup might weigh and cost.

BY DILLAG

"What a pity! What a pity! Vasantha, you are the same little girl that you were thirty years ago. Still after playing with household vessels! You have not grown in wisdom or care for your home. What a pity, Vasantha," exclaimed Grandmother as she glanced at the dozens of polished silver trophies arranged in the glass cases.

"WHY, Mother, what have I done that you should be displeased? I have not so much as touched these cups since. Arya brought them home. His father too never takes these cups out; he only shows them to friends when they insist upon seeing them," answered Vasantha.

"That is exactly my complaint. Your husband is as innocent a child as you yourself are. Why, whenever you come to the village, you complain that your silver vessels are not enough when a dozen guests come together. Yet, here are so many cups, some so large, and you are not making any use of them! They are easily worth more than Rs. 5,000. And those medals too; so many sovereigns! What for medals? To be stored away in those leather boxes? Why not our girls have them with chains?" That was the wonder of Grandmother.

Vasanthha could hardly answer. She made an apology of an answer when she said, "Mother, these cups and medals are not for daily use. They are presented for being kept with us to show how clever our Arya is in games."

GRANDMOTHER was hardly convinced; she looked round and her eyes caught the row of shoes of various patterns arranged on the rack. She stood looking at them for a minute or two.

"Vasanthha," called out Grandmother, "whose shoes are these and so many of them, too?"

"Mother, they are all Arya's."

"All Arya's! All for one boy! Why, Vasanthha, your father has a pair of *chappals* these four years, yet he has been looking after our lands in the villages, but you say these shoes are all for one boy? Is he a centipede with ever so many legs?"

"Not so, ma, Arya uses his shoes according to his needs. You see, Mother, he uses a pair for his football and another pair for cricket and another for his office," Vasanthha tried to explain. But the fact was that the explanation only left Grandmother the more confused; so much so good

Grandmother began to suspect there was something seriously wrong with the sanity of her daughter's family including her son-in-law.

Vasanthha took Grandmother to the hall where there were group photos of Arya's. In some of them there were girl champions who sat next to him. This was a fresh shock to Grandmother.

"VASANTHA! Who is this girl sitting next to our boy here in this? And who is that girl sitting next to him in that photo? How can these girls sit next to our boy? He is an innocent boy! I can swear that any day, anywhere! How can you allow this, Vasanthha? Did you ever see these girls? How



dare they hold the same cup with him like a wedded wife?" protested Grandmother.

"Mother, I have seen these girls, not once or twice, but ever so often. They come over to our house, and have tea with us. Some of these girls are college mates of our Arya. And they also play tennis with him."

"Are they married?"

"They are, some of them, mother."

"Do their husbands allow these girls to sit with Arya and come out for tea and not mind their household work?"

VASANTHA knew that her good mother had lived all along in the village, but yet she was not prepared for such colossal innocence of the rapid strides that women's movement had taken in towns and cities.

"Mother," said Vasanthha, "girls here go to colleges; they pass examinations and they get jobs suited to their training. As students they take part in outdoor

games. Some of them do very well. They come out at the top in many of these games; and when they outbeat the rivals, they are given medals and cups just as Arya was given. If they get these prizes when playing with boys, then it is their joint prize. They hold them with the boys as you see in the photo."

Grandmother was far from pleased or convinced. Girls, colleges, jobs, trophies, cups and medals lying idle and parents of girls allowing such out-of-the-way things! All these only struck the poor Grandmother dumb, till after recovering from her wonder, she could only say, "God bless me, I never brought you up as these girls are."

The *coup de main* was yet to come.

SANGAMA and Ranjani, the two college mates of Arya, came rushing in. They took violent hold of Arya's hands. "Look here, Arya, you are a queer bloke, you are!" they began.

Grandmother could not stand this. She shouted violently, "Vasanthha, Santha, come here, look at this! Did ever any one see such atrocities? Leave him, girls! What has he done that you women should catch him and pull him as if you would wrench his arm?"

"Arya, who is this old bug?" asked the girls.



"THAT's granny from the village. Don't stare at her! You don't know what she might say or do. Already she is shocked at the photos where we hold those tennis trophies; she wants those cups to be used for domestic purposes and the medals to be melted or some such thing," explained Arya who did not know how to move between his Granny on the one side and these care-free rollicking and swaggering girls.

Arya called for tea for his friends and taking them to the drawing room in front, he managed to leave

poor bewildered Grandmother to herself.

GRANDMOTHER, for her part, shut her eyes. She was absolutely speechless. She could only lean on her daughter Vasantha who led her to her bedroom and comforted her as best she could for the atrocious assaults on her feelings of what was dignified and becoming in her own family and village.

Nothing strange that Grandmother left Vasantha by the earliest available train.



HUSBAND (to wife): "I was not feeling bored, dear. Only I was not listening to you at all!"

THE BEST POLICY! (Continued from page 15)

"There is something — rather personal — I wish to discuss with you," he said at last.

"I am discretion personified!" I added hastily, with a smile.

"If I couldn't believe you, I wouldn't be here. The fact is that I want Prabha to be insured, preferably for the highest amount possible!"

"This is a triumph for me! If you remember, I proposed it on the eve of your espousing the third wife. And..."

"I REMEMBER and that is why I have come to you. You see, somehow I have not been able to accept Prabha the way I accepted the others. I felt I could never love her in the real sense. There is always a queer conflict in my mind, a strange contrition all the time about the death of my former wives. And then, last night, something happened."

He stopped and sipped his tea.

"Last night, I suddenly found myself wide awake in the middle of the night. Prabha lay by my side, an arm flung towards me. I felt a little cut up. She had left her near and dear ones for me—she slaved for me, tried in every little way to please and serve me—and I could not be even a little tender towards her.

"I got out of bed and turned up the wick of the lamp on the table. There she lay, peaceful in sleep, young, healthy, beautiful. I crept near, wanting to caress her chubby cheeks. But my stretching arm suddenly froze in space;

I stood still, stunned. A shocked realisation pierced my heart. She looked so calm, relaxed. Before my eyes passed the spectre, one by one, of the three wives thus lying still in their last sleep. And then as suddenly the strange spell was broken. I became aware of the other wives crowded in the bedroom, mocking me, enjoying my discomfiture and making me realise that they would never let this one survive the winter even. You know they had all died in winter. Oh, it was a horrible feeling. A strange dread came over me, a certain premonition that Prabha would not live long. I quickly turned down the wick. Leaping darkness wiped away Prabha's face, plunged the room into inky darkness—but a strange feeling of horror, the uncanny helplessness of being watched by the spirits of the dead wives persisted. I crawled into bed but could not sleep, could not chase away the thought that Prabha was bound to follow the others this winter!"

He wiped his face and then suddenly turned to me.

"Why should I be destined to lose my wives? What had Prabha and the three before her done to merit death in their youth? How could this happen?"

EVERYONE in distress poses this question. It is not for me to unravel the mysteries of birth and death, pain, suffering or bliss, but to help provide for some measure of economic security in the event of sudden death. I advised Surya to take a realistic view of the

matter. If Prabha was to die, then he had every justification in treating the insurance money as a compensation—just as displaced persons and princes have done! This made him feel better. Being an insurance man makes you a good psychologist, and you learn that even a murderer wants to be told that the committing of the crime was justified!

Prabha was insured for a pretty high amount, and Surya began to count the days when she would die. He felt sure that destiny would strike once more during the winter which was almost on. With great difficulty Surya paid the premium for the the quarter and hoped for the best.

As December drew to a close, Surya became more excited and observant. One evening at meals he kept looking at her, holding the morsel poised in the air.

"What is it?" she asked, discomfited. "Is there anything the matter?"

"No, no!" said Surya, beginning to eat fast. She looked puzzled and to allay her suspicions, he enquired how she felt.

"Oh, I feel as fit as a fiddle. If anything, I have put on more weight. All the old blouses have become tight!"

He felt a twinge of pain. Poor Prabha! She did not have the faintest suspicion of how mercilessly death was stalking her. And his surmise proved correct when, two days later, he found her in bed, down with fever and pain all over the body.

Knowing how futile it had been in all previous cases, he still went

and brought a doctor. The doctor scribbled a big prescription. At parting he turned to Surya and asked him not to worry. Surya smiled back; he had long given up worrying; and was only waiting for the inevitable end.

When he returned with the mixture, Prabha had fallen asleep. He unwrapped the phial and smelt the mixture. It had a horrid smell. He looked at the lovely innocent face of the girl and his heart ached at the thought of making her swallow this medicine. He went to the kitchen, poured the mixture in the sink and filled the phial with chlorinated corporation water. Why torture the girl who was bound to die after all?

THE next day, her temperature rose. He felt convinced that on the last day of the year she was sure to expire. He tried to hide his feelings as he sat near the girl. Prabha looked at him through her large, feverish, eyes.

"I feel so bad!" she spoke softly. "It is awful your having to be at home to look after me. Oh, it is for me to serve you..." Her voice choked. Tears glistened in her eyes.

Surya was touched. He told her that her father would soon be there.

"But why?" she asked, surprised. "I will soon be all right. You brought a doctor for me and I am regularly taking the medicine. Oh, I am sure I will be all right tomorrow."

"Yes, yes!" agreed Surya, a forced smile playing on his haggard face.

"I will never forget what you have done for me!" she muttered. "I only wish I could mean a little more to you, but perhaps you could never love me. I must be lacking the qualities 'they' had—but if you give me a little chance....."

She began to sob. Surya tried in a detached way to console her. Destiny could at times revel in cruel jests. But what could he say? He now knew she would not survive the night.

He wanted to keep awake, but all the physical exhaustion and mental tension seemed to press down his eyelids. He dropped asleep.

It was nearing dawn when he awoke, shivering with cold, breathing hard. He went and closed the window and then went to his wife. She lay quiet, peaceful in her sleep. He softly put his palm on her forehead and a chill ran over his body. She was cold. He gave a quick look round the room, pulled the rug over the girl and ran out of the room.

I found him all trembling and completely shaken as he woke me up.

"Come quick, she is dead! I knew she would never live through the night!"

We ran back to the room and then both of us stood dumbfounded. There was no one on the bed! We were both seized with the same superstitious dread.

"I should never have left her body alone! This is terrible! The spirits of the others....."

Just then the nearby door creaked open. Prabha, pale and weak, stood there.

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"Oh, God! Must their ghosts always haunt me? I left you cold and now....."

SURYA could speak no more. He seemed to try and claw the air and then staggered. With a cry Prabha ran towards him as he collapsed. I ran to her help and then found that Surya had high fever. Prabha began to cry. I tried to console her as I carried Surya to the bed and covered him up. Then I asked her to lie down and not to exert. She looked at me angrily.

"I have no fever—and even if I were dying, I could not let him suffer."

And then I realised how Surya, in a raging fever, had found her cold and mistaken her for dead, for that was how he had expected to find her.

THOSE of you who are indulgent enough to read so far will wonder why I have written it. The reason dawned on me when I went to see my friend after convalescence, back from my village. He had caught cold and been down with double pneumonia.

He told me how Prabha had dragged him back from the jaws of death. She blushed and ran to make tea for me. With a mischievous twinkle, he turned to me.

"My first instinct is always correct. I was always against insuring!"

"Whatever your first instinct might have been, your second was better—by insuring Prabha you saved her life—and indirectly your own!" I said.

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SOUND AND SHADOW—(Continued from page 56)

artists, and composers. The amateurs give concerts for their school-mates and also in "grown-up" clubs and theatres. Reviews of labour-reserve amateur art are held periodically all over the Soviet Union, beginning with the school club and ending with the summing-up concerts of the best performers, which are held in Moscow.

2,000 Participants!

The last, the fifth, review of labour-reserve amateur art has recently ended. The review lasted a whole year. The local juries heard and saw two hundred thousand boys and girls—future workers who, besides acquiring one of the industrial professions, are keen on one of the various branches of art. Two thousand young labour-reserve amateurs took part in the final concerts of the review in Moscow. They represented all sixteen of the Union Republics of the USSR and scores of nationalities.

The Uzbekistan ballet group, which I met in the "Mosfilm" studios, also made a great hit.

Prominent masters of art participated directly in preparing the summing-up part of the review. This speaks of the attention which is devoted in the Soviet Union to the amateur art activities of the young reserves of the working class.

Narayanan Co.'s Folklore Story

Kanavane Kankanda Daivam is the title of the folklore story being produced in Tamil by Narayanan Co. A few scenes of this picture

were shot in Gevacolor at Mehboob Studio in Bombay recently. In this particular sequence can be seen Nagiah, Anjali, Gemini Ganesan, Nambiar, Muthulakshmi, and Lalitha. A blind King (Nagiah), his daughter (Anjali), her lover (Gemini Ganesan), a temptress from *Nagaloka* (Lalitha) who attempts in vain to win over the princess' lover for herself are the main characters in the picture being directed by T.R. Raghunath.

Chandrika Productions' Maiden Picture

Avane Kadavul ("He is God") is the impressive title of the maiden picture being produced at Film Centre Studio in Madras by Chandrika Productions. "He who doesn't care for his own happiness and dedicates his life to serve those who depend on him is the real God" is the grand theme of the story. K.R. Ramaswami, Kumari Rukmini, Sudhakar, Swarnamala (new faces) are in the cast. Direction is by S.K. Vasagam. P. Chinna Raj, who was in the A.I.R. for a long time, is producing the picture and also playing an important role in it.

R.S. Mani's "Maman Magal"

The love-birds are none other than Gemini Ganesan and Savithri in R.S. Mani's *Maman Magal* ("Uncle's Daughter") making brisk progress at Neptune Studios in the City. C.K. Saraswathi, Baliah, Chandrababu, Durairaj and others are in the cast. Direction also is by R.S. Mani.

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A.V.M.'s Super Entertainer

Delightful songs, thrilling dances, hilarious comedy and good acting are all offered in A.V.M.'s *Chellapillai* ("Pet Son") now fast progressing under M.V. Raman's direction. Kannamba, Savithri, Pandari Bai, K.R. Ramaswami, B.R. Panthulu, Baliab, Thangavelu and others are in the cast.

Vikram Productions' Bilingual

Tenali Raman is the next production in Tamil of Vikram Productions. Sivaji Ganesan as Tenali Raman, N.T. Rama Rao as Krishnadeva Raya, Nagiah as Appaji, Nambiar as Tathachari, Bhanumathi, Balasaraswathi and Jamuna as Krishna, Kamala and Radha will greet the fans in this picture. In the Telugu version titled *Tenali Ramakrishna*, Nageswara Rao will play the title role. Direction and photography are by B.S. Ranga.

Jupiter's "Silambu"

To be produced in Tamil, Telugu and Hindi is *Silambu*, a Jupiter Pictures' production. It will be produced in Gevacolor. *Silambu* is the same story which was produced by Jupiter Pictures as *Kannagi* in Tamil nearly fourteen years ago.

"Miss Nirmala"

Triveni Pictures, a co-operative concern of cine technicians, have finally christened their picture under production as *Nirmala*. In this maiden venture are Madhuri Devi, Manohar, Sahasranamam, Thangavelu, Friend Ramaswami, Chellam, Kumudini, and others. A new face will also be introduced to the screen by N. Krishnaswami, who directs the picture.

Other Productions

Vijaya Films' *Neethipathi* ("Judge") is being shot at Revathi Studios. Directed by A.S.A. Swami, the picture has in its cast K.R. Ramaswami, Baliab, Kuchalakumari and others.

Velai Kali Illai ("No Vacancy") is the title of Asoka Productions' second picture. With P.S. Govindan playing the main role, Velsami will write the story and dialogue and also direct the picture.

Forward Arts Films next is *Annan Thambi* ("Brothers") to be shot at Central Studios, Coimbatore. Story and dialogue will be by S.D. Sundaram and direction by S.A. Natarajan.

Yaar Payyan? ("Whose Son?") will be the title of the picture to be produced by T.K.S. Brothers. This is an adaptation of a well-known Marathi story. K. Ramnath is likely to direct the picture.

Nates Art Productions who produced *Anbu* ("Affection") will now produce *Aasai* ("Desire"). K.R. Ramaswami, Raja Sulochana, Nagayya, P. Santhakumari and others will be in the cast. Dialogues will be by Ilangoan.

"Discovery of India"

Producer-director Bimal Roy has it is reported, succeeded in obtaining the permission of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to produce a film version of his book "Discovery of India." It would be produced as a feature-cum-documentary film.

"Shiv Bhakta" To Be Released

A.V.M.'s superb mythological movie *Shiv Bhakta* will be ready for release on May 6 at Delhi, Calcutta and Nagpur and on May 13 at Bombay. Directed by H.L.N.

Simha, the picture has in its cast Padmini, Sahu Modak, Pandari Bai and others.

Nigar Sultana Turns Producer

Actress Nigar Sultana has taken to film production also. She has floated a concern called N.I. Films. The maiden picture will be a fantasy, it is stated. It will be directed by Vidyathath who was till recently an assistant to producer-director Sohrab Modi.

Recent Bombay Releases

Vachan, Goel Cine Corporation's picture, is drawing a good house. Directed by Rajshree, the picture has in its cast Geeta Bali, S.K. Prem, Radhakishen, Balraj, Rajendra Kumar and others.

Ehsan, produced by Mohla Films, was premiered recently. Prithviraj, Munawar Sultana, Shammi Kapoor, K.N. Singh, Gulab, Roopmala, Baby Naaz, Kamal Kapoor and Rajan Kapoor are in the cast. It was directed by Rajendra Sharma.

Title Conferred

The title of *Mellisaiyani* ("Goddess of Mellifluous Voice") was conferred on Kumari K. Rane, the well-known playback singer of the South Indian film field, by the Exhibition Committee of the Ninth All India Industrial Exhibition held at Virudhunagar recently when she sang for two dramas written and produced by S.V. Rajagopalan. Kumari K. Sarojini Iravathi, who is in the film field, played the main feminine roles in both the dramas. Kumari K. Prabhavathy also gave a good performance as a vamp. Sarojini and Prabhavathy are the sisters of Rane. Sri K. Kamaraj Nadar, Chief Minister of Madras, witnessed *A Day In Life*, one of the two plays.

FILM REVIEW

Amar—Good Acting and Pleasing Photography

Mehboob Productions' *Amar*, released at Star Talkies in the City, had nothing new to offer in the way of a story. It is the age-old eternal triangle, but the story-writers have made the rich girl sacrifice her love to let a village girl get her lover and that's the only change in the usual theme.

Lawyer Amar (Dilip) unexpectedly meets Sonia (Nimmi), a pretty milk-maid who falls overwhelmingly in love with him. He, however, is not and gets engaged to Anju (Madhubala) a social worker. Sankat (Jayant), a bad character of the village who almost upsets Anju's plan to hold a fair, is in love with Sonia. In trying to escape his wrath, Sonia flees one night and seeks shelter in Amar's room where he seduces her. Sonia refuses to marry Sankat even though the marriage has been arranged. Later, owing to an accident, she has an abortion but flatly refuses to reveal who had seduced her. Sankat vows vengeance on the unknown seducer. Anju manages to learn who Sonia's lover is and decides on sacrificing her happiness so that the wronged girl might get social justice. Amar, who had attempted to strangle Sonia so that he could be happy with Anju, finally yields to the

pricks of his conscience and marries Sonia — after himself telling the truth and clearing Sonia of the charge of the murder of Sankat who, in fact, killed himself accidentally in attempting to kill Amar.

Directed by Mehboob, the picture attempts to give the fans what may be called a "psychological" picture. The director has not succeeded in showing Amar's conflict of conscience convincingly except during the court scene. In all other incidents, interest palls.

Grand photography by Irani gives the picture a uniqueness that neither the story nor direction offers. Dilip Kumar seems to be a somnambulist through the greater part of the story. Madhubala has done well. Ulhas as Madhubala's father has a silly role. Nimmi has done remarkably well. Jayant as the villain does send down our spine an occasional shiver.

Except for good acting and pleasing photography (the outdoor, especially), there is nothing else remarkable about the picture. *Amar* is thus just average. That four persons should be credited with the treatment of this very ordinary story is, however, remarkable!

Pennarasi—Pleasing Picture for Classes and Masses

The story of a Queen's Court and the intrigues therein, good dances, pleasing music, fine sword-fights, flawless acting, crisp dialogue and able direction have combined to make M.A.V. Pictures' *Pennarasi* in

Tamil click at the box-office. It pleases the masses and the classes.

Vikraman (A. P. Nagarajan), the general of Mahendrapuri, defeats the army of Swarnapuri, a neighbouring state. Marthandavarman

(P. S. Veerappa), the defeated general, vows to avenge his honour and plots, through the help of Vijayasimhan (M. N. Nambiar), a minister of Mahendrapuri, to get Vikraman disgraced and dismissed. The Queen (P. Kannamba) unwittingly plays into the hands of Vijayasimhan till she finds herself a prisoner. Through various incidents, the Queen is set free and all the plotters are killed. Vikraman turns out to be none other than the Queen's son believed to have died immediately after birth. Interwoven cleverly with the main story is the one about the general's body-guard, Veeran and his sweetheart.

Nowhere does the story drag. There are no unnecessary songs. Nor are there any vulgar scenes or crude humour. There is dignity in the dialogue and imagination in the conception of the story.

P. R. Sulochana as Jeeva, the girl who eggs on Marthandavarman and Vijayasimhan to commit all the misdeeds, has given a very good portrayal of her role. Her Bharathanatyam piece and another dance are quite good.

K. Suryakala is neither good nor bad, but she has not impressed.

A. Karunanithi and R. Pakkirisami as Veeran and Alakalan, the body-guards of Vikraman and Vijayasimhan, have done exceedingly well.

A. P. Nagarajan has written the story and dialogue in a commendable manner. He has already to his credit the stories and dialogues of three other pictures—*Naalvar*, *Mangalyam* and *Nallathangai*.

Director K. Somu has reason to feel proud he has directed a picture that pleases not only the masses but the classes too. He would have done well not to have shown Veeran lying on the sofa covered with pillows and Vijayasimhan sitting on the sofa. Veeran could have been shown hiding in a more convincing corner.

This 15430 feet picture was shot at Central Studios, Coimbatore. If the photography had been better, the picture which has very good settings, would have been more pleasing on the eye.

Porter Kandan—Weak Story and Disappointing Direction

Narasu Studios' seventeen thousand and odd feet Tamil film *Porter Kandan* disappoints the fans in all respects. The story, credited to one Chengiah, is full of improbabilities and suffers terribly at the directorial handling. The word "Porter" misleads one into expecting the picture to depict the everyday activities, problems and plights of the railway porter. The film does nothing of the kind, except to show Kandan as a porter

in the beginning of the story. He could as well have been a tailor or cobbler or postman!

Porter Kandan (M.K. Radha) leads a happy life with his wife Valli (G. Varalakshmi) and son Rangan (Master Baji) till his brother Veerappan (M.K. Mustafa) associates with a gang of robbers and dacoits. The attempts of the gang to blow up the railway bridge near the Ponniam station where

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Kandan works so that they could
derail the Mail and loot it is foiled
by the boy Rangan who stops the
Mail. Eventually Kandan is dis-
missed by the railway officer for
being the porter of the man who is
a member of the gang. Kandan
leaves the village to come to
Madras City with wife and son and
is exploited by two bad characters
Sami and Sampath (T.S. Durairaj
and M.N. Nambiar). He is finally
driven to live on the pavement,
helped by a "mad" pavement
dweller (S.V. Subbiah). Veerappa,
Kandan's brother, escapes from
jail and accidentally sees his
brother, sister-in-law and the boy.
His attempts to help his brother
only end in everybody getting
arrested. The quarrel between
Sami and Sampath and Sami's wife
(T.P. Muthulakshmi) help in getting
Kandan and his family acquitted.
The evil-doers are, of course,
punished.

The extraordinary length of the
film is unjustifiable. It is really
too much to expect a big railway
officer would personally air his
suspicions of Kandan's complicity
in the blowing up of the bridge
and dismiss him on that score.
Why was the police not shown
questioning Kandan? Even when
the station-master and the porter
do not know that Rangan has saved
the train from disaster, all the
passengers, even little children
are seen congratulating Rangan
and talking about the blown up
bridge! Rangan is able to re-
cognise the little girl who gave him
a necklace as a present for saving
the train a long time after the
incident but is shown as failing to
recognise the maid-servant of the
officer's house hold with whom he
and his father had many bitter
experiences! There are numerous

such incidents. The director, K.
Vembu, at least could have tried
to fill-up the gaps and tone down
the improbabilities. He has hand-
led it in a very detached manner,
evidently.

M.K. Radha, G. Varalakshmi,
Durairaj. M. N. Nambiar, T. P.
Muthulakshmi, D. Balasubra-
maniam and Master Baji give good
performances.

Songs are mediocre and the
dialogues average. The dance
sequence showing the dacoit gang
and a girl associate (who never
reappears anywhere later in
the picture) tends to be rather
vulgar.

Porter Kandan could have been
a tremendous film if the story and
direction had been more imagina-
tive and convincing.

PERMUTED ENTRIES

Competitors can send any number of Entries to MYWORDS Competition.

Competitors who wish to absolutely permute all the 10 Clues in 1024
Entries need not show the full permutation worked out. It will be enough if they
write on the Entry Form or on a plain piece of paper: "All the 10 Clues fully
permuted in 1024 Entries."

Competitors who wish to send a lesser number of Entries permuting the
alternatives of a few Clues only must show the full permutation worked
out on the Entry Forms or plain piece of paper. Entries received from such
Competitors not showing the permutation will be disqualified.

Competition Manager, MYWORDS, 32, Broadway, Madras-1

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43 Winners Share First Prize!

RESULT OF MYWORDS No. 41

In MYWORDS No. 41, the Competition Management received Rs. 2,811-15-0 by way of Entry Fees. In conformity with the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition Rs. 937-5-0 being 33 & 1/3 per cent, was deducted from the amount received. The nett amount of Rs. 1,874-10-0 was again divided: Rs. 1,405-15-6 for All-Correct winners and Rs. 468-10-6 for One-Error and Two-Error winners on a 75 and 25 per cent basis to be in conformity with the amount originally fixed as the target, viz. Rs. 7,500 and Rs. 2,500. Printed on Page 10 is the Chartered Accountants' Certificate regarding the actual amount received as Entry Fees.

Thus, 43 Competitors who were able to submit All-Correct Entries share the First Prize Amount of Rs. 1,405-15-6, each getting Rs. 32-11-0.

38 One-Error solvers and 1610 Two-Error solvers share the Runners-up amount of Rs. 468-10-6. Each One-Error solver gets Re. 0-12-0 and each Two-Error solver gets Annas 2.

Appearing below are the full names and addresses of the All-Correct Solvers. For want of space, full addresses of the 1-Error solvers are not given. Instead, their names and places in alphabetical order are published. Two-Errors winners' list is not published for want of space. The number shown in brackets indicates the number of shares won by a Competitor. Two-Error winners need not send any Scrutiny Claims now. Their prizes will be sent on the due date.

The Last Date for receiving Scrutiny Claims is 9th May, 1955.

Scrutiny Claims received without the Scrutiny Claim Fee will be ignored. (See page 90 for Scrutiny Claim form.)

The First Prize and Runners-up Prize Amounts will be sent to the Competitors on or before 11th May, 1955.

ALL-CORRECT SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 32-11-0.

ABRAHAM EAPEN, Munduchirackal-Kiliroor, KOTTAYAM, T.C. State.
ADDANKI AUDILAKSHMI (Mrs.), w/o A.V. Raghavarao, Typist, Revenue Divisional Office, MARKAPUR, Kurnool District.
ANAND SWAROOP VERMA, Tracer, D.E.N.'s Office, Drawing Section, W.R.V., AJMER.
BANSIIDHAR MALL, District Agriculture Office, SAMBALPUR, Orissa.
BETHEL TOPPO Kathar Toly, Church Road, P.O. RANCHI, Bihar.
BHANU R.C., c/o Messrs. United Diary, 26-B, Gokhale Society Lane, Parel, BOMBAY-12.
CHANDRASHEKAR NARONE, 835/36/37, Bagadpati, AHMEDNAGAR.
DURUPADI MANGHARAM KIRPALANI (Mrs.), c/o M.P. Kirpalani, 193-E, Timarpur, DELHI-8.
EDWARD R.S., 41, Perumal North Car Street, PALAYAMCOTTAI, Tinnevely Dist.
GOPU KALAVATHY (Miss), c/o Gopu Adinarayana Gupta, Screening Plant Contractor, Singareni Collieries, P.O. YELLANDU, Dist. Khammameth.
GURUDATT GROVER, Head Clerk, Telephones, 45, Telegraphs Square, New DELHI.
HAKIM RANGILAL JAIN, Sadar Bazar, Gurgaon Cantt., Dist. Gurgaon, Pb.
HARISH S., c/o Ansooya Devi, 282, Marredpalli, Secunderabad, Dn.
INDIRA S. (Miss), c/o Dr. P.S. Srinivasan, 7/29, Tilaknagar, KANPUR, U.P.
JANAKIRAM COWKUR, c/o Sri C. Subba Rao, 46, Car Street, Triplicane, MADRAS.
JAYARAMAN, 102, Coral Merchant Street, Mannady, MADRAS-1.
JESWANI A.T., Senior Rent Collector, Sardarnagar, AHMEDABAD.
KHADILKAR PURUSHOTTAM DAMODAR, 196/8, Sadashivpeth, Dadhe's Bungalow, Tilak Road, POONA-2.
KOTNIS A.B., P.O. MALEGAON, Nasik.
MADANAGOPALAN T.R., 24, Venkatachala Naicken Street, MADRAS-21.
MOHAN GUPTA J.P., 3/62, Lawley Hospital Lane, COONOR R.S., Nilgiris.
MUKHERJEE R.P., DSK's Office, General Stores, E.Rly., KHARGPUR, Midnapur Dt.
MURDESHWAR B.M., Beam Wireless Station, POONA-6.

NANAPPAN V.A., c/o Assistant Security Officer, Central Railway, JHANSL.
NARAYANA V.L., Load Surveyor, Office of the Superintending Engineer, Rayalaseema Power System, ANANTAPUR.

PARESH CHANDRA DEB Lumparing, New Colony, SHILLONG.
PREM M.K., Professor of English, Modi College, Modinagar, U.P.
PREM NARAIN NIGAM, 19/31, Ram Narain Bazar, KANPUR.
PREM NARAIN R.S., Via Bikanoor R.S., Hyderabad, Dn.
RAMAREDDY A.V., Teacher, Bibipet, P.L. "P" Coy. C.M.P. Centre & School, FAIZABAD.
RAN BAHADUR, No. 5434093, 13, P.L. "P" Coy. C.M.P. Centre & School, FAIZABAD.

RANGASAMI NAIDU T.V., 15, Chinna Kolam St., TIRUPATUR, North Arcot.
RAZAK S.A., 82, Mannady, Madras-1.
SAVITRI RAI (Mrs.), c/o R.S. Rai, 30, Katghar Road, ALLAHABAD.
SITARAMA RAO K., Clerk, Statistical Branch, General Manager's Office, S.Ry., MADRAS-3.

SEKARAN C., 9, Parthasarathy Pettah Street, Madras-6.
SORAB CAWASJEE POONAWALLA, c/o M/s D. Sorabjee & Co., 189, Civil Lines, BAREILLY.

SRINIVASAN A., 4, Ponnagar, Adambakkam, MADRAS-16.
SUSHILA DEBI (Mrs.), w/o Shri Ram Bali Lal, No. B1/62, Assi, BANARAS City.
TEJINDER SINGH DHINDSA, c/o District Agricultural Officer, KARNAL, Pb.
VASUDEVA RAO D., Accountant, C.I.D. Office, KURNOOL.
VEERAMANI P.V. c/o P.V. Balakrishnan, P.E.S.C. Ltd, PONNAMARAVATHY P.O. Trichy Dist.

VENKATESWARAN N.V., Radio Electrician, A.S.A. Police, VISAKAPATNAM-6.
YUSUF H. MADRASWALLA, 20, Errabalu Chetty Street, MADRAS-1.

ONE-ERROR SOLVERS. Each Awarded Re. 0-12-0.

BRAHAM Eapen, Kottayam; (6) Addanki Audi Lakshmi (Mrs.), Markapur; Addanki Venugopal, Markapur; Addanki Vijayaraghava Rao, Markapur; Agarwala S. (Mrs.), Allahabad; Allareddy Jayarami Reddy, Kota, Nellore; (10) Anand Swaroop Verma, Ajmer; Antony E.J., Madras-27; Appalachary D., Devupally, Visakapatnam Dt.
BABY Indira (Miss), Nizamsagar, Hyderabad; Balasubramaniam K.V., Cochin-3; (4) Banshidhar Mall, Sambalpur, Orissa; (4) Bethel Toppo, Ranchi, Bihar; Bhambhani, R.jkot, Saurashtra; (3) Bhanu R.C., Bombay-12; (2) Bhatia J.L., New Delhi; Bhattacharya R.N., Chintadripet, Madras-2; Bharagula Oza (Miss), Baroda-2; Bidyotprova Curtis (Mrs.), Hatigarh, Balasore; Borwankar P.B., Bombay-1.
CHANDRASEKHARA Rao C.H., Kurupam, Srikakulam; (8) Chandrasekhar Narone, Ahmednagar; Chimanlal C., Ohhatriwala, Surat; (2) Chopdantiwar V.V., Nagpur-2; Cyrilvas, Surat.
DAS J.A., Tanjore; D'Cruz, E.M. (Mrs.), Tellicherry, N. Malabar; Deo Gopal Dattatraya, Sholapur; D'Silva, E.F., Lumding, Assam; (2) Durupadi Mangharam Kirpalani, Delhi-8.
(10) EDWARD R.S., Palayamcottai, Tinnevely Dt.
FERNANDEZ O.S., Cochin-3.
GANESH PRASAD SRIVASTAVA Kanpur; Gangadhar Annaji Kulkarni, Belvanki, Dharwar; Garga P.L., Gurgaon; Gaur S.L., Ajmer; Geo Joseph, Bangalore-1; (4) Ghanshyam Das Saxena, Mathura, U.P.; Ghosh L.M., Gaya; Gokal Prasad Mathur, Surgaon, Punjab; Gopalakrishnan A.K., Erode, Jn.; Gopal L. Keswani, New Delhi-5; Gopalsami Naidu T.C., Vellore; (9) Gopu Adinarayana Gupta, Yellandu, Khammameth Dt.; (3) Gopu Kalavathy (Miss), Yellandu, Khammameth Dt.; Gundu Rao B., Maddur, Mandya Dt.; (10) Gurudatt Grover, New Delhi.
(8) HAKIM RANGILAL JAIN, Gurgaon Cantt.; Hardikar B.P., Ujjain; Hardikar P.K., Ujjain; (6) Harish S., Secunderabad, Dn.; (2) Heero J.M., Bombay-11; Hilda C. Bhakta (Mrs.), Kasaragod, S. Kanara.
(3) INDIRA S. (Miss), Kanpur.
JAGADHISWER RAO R., Vizianagram City; Jagdish Chander, 56 A.P.O.; Jaini M.D., Delhi; (10) Janakiram Cowkur, Triplicane; (2) Javadkar M.M., Nagpur; (3) Jayaraman Mannady, Madras; (6) Jeswani A.T., Ahmedabad; (3) Jeswani I.A. (Miss), Ahmedabad; John Portugal, Bombay-27; John S. Thomas, Mannantoddy, N. Malabar; Jose Mario Ribeiro, Bombay-20. (Continued on page 102)

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MYWORDS COMPETITION No. 42

RS. 10000

CLOSING DATE IN MADRAS 9-5-55

FOR 102 ERRORS
RS. 2,500
SUBJECT TO RULES & CONDITIONS

CLUES

1. Those who depend on hotels for meals usually have plenty of grouses about their — (FARE or FATE?)
2. Mention of this island usually appeals only to those men who have the romantic spirit. (PLEASURE or TREASURE?)
3. — will be bit of a problem, indeed! (LOSER or POSER?)
4. The more bulging the — of a man in a crowded bus, the more uneasy will he be. (PACKET or POCKET?)
5. Ability to — his manners will stand a young man in good stead. (MEND or MIND?)
6. Man in love is apt to exaggerate the — of his rivals. (DEFECTS or DEFEATS?)
7. Business bosses are not likely to give a man an executive post unless his — is reliable. (WORD or WORK?)
8. The more crowded a city is with factories the more is this likely to be there. (CRIME or GRIME?)
9. Farmer is bound to feel quite vexed when — is thoroughly wet when it shouldn't be. (DAY or HAY?)
10. How admirable is mother who hides her — from her children so that they may not get worried! (FEARS or TEARS?)

Competitors' attention is drawn to the fact that the prize amount due to them in a Competition or any other amount which may be in their credit in other transactions with us will not be adjusted in respect of Entry Fees etc., of this and subsequent Competitions.

Mywords No. 42:

KEY SOLUTION. The Sealed Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 42 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 May, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*.

PRIZE LIST. The List of Prize Winners (which may be abridged) will be published in the 1st June, 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 June, 1955.

ADDRESS your Covers containing Entries to:— MYWORDS No. 42
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ENTRY No. 1.	Closing Date 9-5-55	MYWORDS Competition No. 42
1	A	E A S U R E
2	L	R E A S E R
3	O	S E R
4	P	C K E T
5	M	N D
6	D	E F E
7	W	R
8	R	I M E
9	A	Y
10	E	A R S

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.

{ Enclosed P.O. or M.O. Receipt or Cash Voucher No.

MYWORDS
No. 42

FULL NAME (in Ink)
and Block Letters) } Mr. / Mrs. / Miss

No. of
Entries

FULL ADDRESS

Amount
Sent

ONE-ERROR SOLVERS — (Continued from page 99)

KAMAL Bose, Darbhanga; Kasturi Lal, New Delhi-1; Kesapragada Appalanaresimham, Kakinada; Keshava Bhat M., Manjeshwar, S.K. Dt.; Keswani Raj, Udaipur, Rajasthan; Khadilkar Purushottam Damodar, Poona-2; Kodi Annayya Sheregar, Bombay-24; Kokatamgangi Reddy, Kalabasti, Chittoor Dt.; (2) Kotnis A.B., Malegaon; Kulkarni R.N., Bombay-16; Kulkarni Vithal Vasudeo, Mangalwedha; Kumaran A.G.S., Bombay-16; Kundeshwar Bhagat, Ranchi, Bihar; Kuppusami V.L., G.T. Madras.

LAKSHMI S. (Mrs.), Kancheepuram; Lakshminarasimhan M., Mamballi, Mysore State; Lal H.M., Kairana, Muzaffarnagar Dt.; (2) Lal T.K. (Mrs.), Nagpur-1; (2) Laxman Deorodake, Ahmednagar; Lobo Marcel, Mangalore-4; Louis Pitchai S., Udumalpet, Coimbatore Dt.

(10) **MADANAGOPALAN T.R.**, Madras-21; Madavan Nambiar A.K., Mundalur, N. Malabar; Meenakshi Ammal C.V. (Mrs.), Coimbatore; (2) Mehra, Calcutta-2; Mohana Rao, Addanki, Guntur Dt.; (6) Mohan Gupta J.P., Coonoor, R.S.; (2) Moorthy S.K., Tellippallai, N. Ceylon; Morris H.P., Quilon; (5) Mukherjee R.P., Kharagpur; (7) Murdeshwar B.M., Poona-6.

NAGARAJAN S., Madras-14; Nanappan V.A., Jhansi; Nanjundiah H.N., Erode; Narayana Menon, Kozhikode-7; Narayanan R., Delhi; Narayanan Nambiar A.K., Mundalur; Naveen Chandran P.S., Madurai; Nayudu K.B., Guntur-1; Nepali P.S., Tallital P.O., Nainital; (2) Nirmal Singh, Chandigarh, Punjab.

PADMA REKHA V., (Miss), Adoni; Parameswaraier N., Ramnagar, Coimbatore; (2) Paresh Chandra Deb, Shillong; (2) Parimala Bhai (Miss), Madras-3; Patel P.N., Ahmedabad; (2) Patnaik H.K., Cuttack-1; Patnaik L.V.N., Vizianagaram City; Ponnamma P. (Mrs.), Trivandrum-1; Prahallada Rao V., Hospet; (10) Prem M.K., Modinagar, U.P.; Prem Narayan Mathur, Delhi; Prem Narain Nigam, Kanpur, U.P.

RABINDRA LAL, Bhagalpur, Bihar; Rahaman S.A.M.M.H., Calcutta-17; Rajagopalan A., Madras-3; (2) Rajagopalan R., Madras-23; Rajam P.S., Bhiknoor, Hyderabad, Dn.; (2) Rajamanickam M.P., Calcutta-21; Rajan G.P.S., Cuddapah; Rajan T.K., Cannanore; Ramanatha Rao A., Gooty, Andhra State; Ramareddy A.V.,

Hyderabad Dn.; Ramdas V.K., Mahe; N. Malabar; Reddy P.S., Telaprolu, Kistna Dt.; Reddy P.S. (Mrs.), Telaprolu, Kistna Dt.

SAKUNTALA Rajagopalan (Mrs.), Madras-17; (2) Samy G.M., Mayavaram; Sankarankutty Menon, Malampuzha Dam, S. Malabar; (2) Santiba G. (Miss), Erode Jn.; Santram Chopra, Lucknow; Saran Caprihan, Beul; Saroja (Miss), Madras-2; Sarojini Devi P.K. (Miss), Madras-15; Satnam P.S., Lucknow; (2) Satyabhama Jajodia (Mrs.), Calcutta; Savant S.H., Dahanu, Thana Dt.; (10) Savitri Rai (Mrs.), Allahabad; Selvaraj Thomas F., Red Hills, Hyderabad; (3) Seshadri G., Kanpur; Shailaja Madhav Airc, Bombay-11; Shanbhog G.N., Vandae, S.K.; Shankarappa C., Castle Rock, Karwar Dt.; Shanti Devi Mehra (Mrs.), Moradabad; Sharada N.K. (Mrs.), Hyderabad, Dn.; Sharma P.D. (Mrs.), Simla-4; (2) Shekher S.R., Madras-5; (2) Shivaganga Bai Narone, Ahmednagar; Sitarama Rao K., Madras-3; (4) Sorab Cawasjee Poonawalla, Barcilly; (10) Srinivasan A., Madras-16; Subbaraya Setty, Kollegal; Sundaram P.S., Bombay-4; (10) Sushila Debi (Mrs.), Banaras City.

THANGAMANI G.M. (Miss), Madras-8; Tridibkumar Bhattacharya, Shillong.

VARANASI VYKUNTAVASULU, Jey-pore; Veerabhadra K.S., Sandur, Bellary; Veerapur Khaja Hussain, Hospet; (2) Venkataramana Iyer A.V., Coimbatore; Venkatasubramanyan V., Kollegal; (10) Venkateswaran N.V., Visakapatnam-6; (2) Venugopal T., Kothapalli, Karimnagar Dt.; Vydyanathier N.S., Sengalipuram, Tanjore Dt.; Vyravale G.M., Uthamapalayam.

WAHAB NOORANI A., Vizianagaram.

YOGENDRA VITHALDAS VED, Adoni; (10) Yusuf H. Madraswalla, Madras-1.

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ACROSS

2. "We're apt to have little confidence in man who seems always to have — worries." FEW, NEW?

A man who has a Few worries or one who has Few worries (that is, no worries) is apt to be admired by us. There is no question of having little or great confidence in such a man. We're apt to have little, no confidence in man who seems always to have New worries for he obviously lacks self-confidence. NEW wins.

6. "His having very strict parents sometimes tends to make a youngster seem —" GRIM, PRIM?

Just because a youngster has very strict parents, that need not necessarily tend to make him appear Grim. The stern discipline at home might make him appear Prim even though he may really not be so. Back PRIM.

7. "Often, the more timid people are, the more they —" DREAD, DREAM?

Even Freud with his theories did not state that a man's timidity or courage had anything to do with his dreams. So, reject Dream. The brave man is ready to fight for his things, to grapple with problems. But the timid Dread more what may happen even before anything happens. Go in for DREAD.

10. "We don't often have much time for people who make a fuss about their —" DEFEATS, DEFECTS?

What kind of Defeats is not stated. Hence, reject Defeats. When a man has a real tendency to fuss, to bother unnecessarily about his Defects, shortcomings, which may really not be so bad after all, we don't often have much time to listen to such people. Back DEFECTS.

13. "Old-fashioned people are often astounded by the — of the modern miss." ABILITY, AGILITY?

It is not correct to state that modern miss alone has agility and that the young

women of the past weren't agile. Reject Agility. It is true that the modern miss has been able to show her Ability in several spheres like sports, science, aviation, etc. The women in the past could not for lack of opportunity. The performance of the modern miss does astound old-fashioned people. ABILITY scores.

14. "We're usually quicker to criticise people who are not of our own —" SET, SEX?

Even though a person may be of our own Sex, we will still criticise him or her if he or she does not belong to our Set, group. For instance, the Set of young people keen on seeing films will criticise those who aren't and so on. Vote for SET.

15. "Knowing that acquaintance is in — financial difficulty tends to make us steer clear of him." SOME, SORE?

"Some financial difficulty" may mean financial difficulty not of a very serious kind. When such is the case, why should we try to steer clear of friend in such a strait? Sore means acute. The acquaintance is in very bad difficulties and will demand any and every kind of help. Hence, we will tend to steer clear, keep away from such a person. SORE should score.

18. "We're apt to envy man who can take in his stride news that will mean — of money for him." LOSS, LOTS?

It is possible for a man to take in his stride news that will mean Loss of money for him. Such calmness might make us admire his nature. But man who can take in his stride, in his busy activities, news that will mean Lots of money for him, seize the opportunity to make money, will certainly make us envy him. Enter LOTS.

19. "We're less likely when we're young to take much notice of person who is —" CRUDE, PRUDE?

It is as easy to take notice or fail to take notice of person who is Crude or a Prude. Hence, permute here both CRUDE and PRUDE.

By "SPOTTER".

DOWN

1. "—In a woman is apt to be considered unwomanly by some men." **HANDINESS, HARDINESS?**

I don't think that a woman can be considered unwomanly for the quality of being always available and willing to do things. Reject *Handiness*. A woman must look graceful and charming. Except the labouring class, others do not like a woman to have an appearance of *Hardiness*. They would like her to look frail, lean, etc. Back **HARDINESS**.

3. "We're apt to lose patience with people who seem always to accept our suggestions ——" **WARILY, WARMLY?**

No sane person is likely to lose patience with people because they happen to always accept his suggestions *Warmly*, enthusiastically. He should feel encouraged, instead. When practically every suggestion of ours is received *Warily*, in a conservative, cautious manner, we are apt to lose patience at such obvious lack of response. Enter **WARILY**.

4. "The more troubles a man has the more likely he is to ——" **HEED, NEED?**

Between heeding and needing advice, there is vast difference. *Need* emphasises the fact that advice is deliberately sought whereas *Heed* clearly shows it may be had asked or unasked. In view of this difference, **HEED** is worth backing.

5. "It usually takes much courage to do something for which we expect our friends to ——" **HATE, RATE?**

"Much courage" indicates an action that may cause a lot of unpleasantness. *Rate*, meaning abuse, is not such a strong reaction as to make a man hesitate to do something. But to do something knowing such an action will make our friends *Hate* us certainly requires great courage. Vote for **HATE**.

8. "The less gullible a person the more likely it is that our best efforts to convince him will be ——" **WANTED, WASTED?**

The efforts will not be *Wasted* because the person is not a fool and can know the right from the wrong. But to convince such a person, best efforts will be wanted. Go in for **WANTED**.

9. "It's apt to be big strain working with colleague who is extremely ——" **JEALOUS, ZEALOUS?**

Only the idler will find it a strain to work with an extremely *Zealous* colleague. But any one will find it difficult to work with a *Jealous* colleague. Enter **JEALOUS**.

11. "Often, workers have only themselves to blame if boss suddenly begins to ——" **TIME, TIRE?**

There is no other choice than to permute both **TIME** and **TIRE** here.

12. "Criticism intended to make workers ——" on giving of their best often defeats its purpose." **KEEN, KEEP?**

Keen implies eagerness or willingness on the part of workers. *Keep* suggests coercion. This coercion will meet with defeat. Vote for **KEEP**.

16. "Modest applicant for job often tends to feel flattered when better qualified applicants ——" with him for the job." **TIE, VIE?**

To see them merely *Vie*, compete, cannot be such a surprise as that he should *Tie*, be bracketed, with such rivals. **TIE** wins.

17. "As a rule, the lazier a man the less likely he is to ——" for job that calls for hard work." **DO, GO?**

Necessity may force even the lazy man to *Go* for job that calls for hard work but he is not likely to *Do* actually such work. Be on **DO**.

COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD No. C-40

As the Advance Pull of C. C. No. C-40 was not received till the moment of our going to Press, comments on it could not be published in this Issue. Full comments on C. C. No. C-40 will be published in the 15th May, '55 issue.
—"Spotter"

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