

My Magazine of India

15th May - 1955

vol-26

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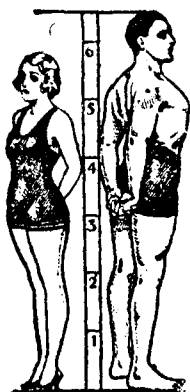
MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA

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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.





NEED FOR POLICE ACTION

THE crisis in Goa is deepening every day. The struggle for liberation is going on. A mass satyagraha has been planned towards the end of the month. The outcome of this non-violent invasion of Goa will be awaited in the rest of India with interest and sympathy. But the painful fact has to be admitted that the Portuguese Government in Goa is armed and powerful, and has had an accession of new military strength. It has faith neither in the people nor in the police. One wonders whether the people are evenly matched. Of course, the justice of their cause will impart to them fresh energy and great moral strength. It is creditable in itself that they have stood up to the challenge of an alien Government that is determined to crush out all opposition.

In France we had a totally different type of opponent to deal with. Being lovers of liberty, the French realised their folly in clinging to a few strips of territory to which they had no right whatever. When the agitation of the people in the Settlements reached its climax, there appeared on the French political scene a Liberal statesman, M. Mendes-France. The new Premier immediately started negotiations with the Delhi Government and succeeded in effecting a *de facto* transfer of power.

It is well to remember that Dr. Salazar is Portugal's all-powerful dictator who scoffs at freedom and democracy and who sings in praise of colonial empires. He claims with inordinate pride that Goa is part of Portuguese territory and shouts that it would be sheer impertinence on Delhi's part to interfere in the internal affairs of another country. In Goa, today, all civil liberties have been suppressed. Even sympathisers with the pro-merger move are roughly handled and cowed down. Satyagrahis are slapped, kicked and beaten and some of them are said to have been deported to Portuguese East Africa.

In the course of a statement laid before the Lok Sabha, Prime Minister traced the recent developments in Goa and voiced the Government of India's deep concern over the situation there. A strong rumour had gained currency that over thirty satyagrahis had been whisked away to Africa. Pandit Nehru could neither deny nor confirm it. But there is no doubt Goa is comparable to a seething cauldron.

Since the inception of the Satyagraha movement on 15th August, 1954, the Portuguese authorities have displayed an attitude of open aggression, and with the aid of newly imported military personnel have let loose a reign of terror. In the first week of April when the open session of the Goa National Congress was scheduled to be held in Mapuca (inside Goa) the Portuguese Government staged a show of force to break the back of the people's resistance. There was a parade of the army and even tanks and artillery were brought out to be turned against the demonstrators. Many arrests were made and even some girls were taken into custody. Although the open session could not take place, Shrimati Sudha Joshi read out part of her presidential address and courted arrest along with a band of satyagrahis. Even the lady president was not spared. "She was abused and ill-treated during the interrogation. Three of the male satyagrahis were beaten in public."

Since different diseases require different remedies, the Government of India should think of some device to cut the Gordian knot. The Portuguese Government is very well aware of India's non-violent policy and has shed all fear of military action from our side. As a result, the campaign of repression and suppression is going on merrily. When the notorious Razvi threatened to split India into two, did not Sardar Patel take 'police action' against Hyderabad? Did not India rush her men and material to Kashmir to stem the Pakistani flood of aggression? No sane country (except Portugal) will accuse us of aggression if we go to the rescue of our own fellowmen suffering untold horrors in a part of our territory. No question of international prestige will be involved if we re-adopt Sardar Patel's tactics and pack up the Portuguese on board a steamer. Quick action is of the essence of the situation.

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News and Notes

The Marriage Bill

The Lok Sabha has passed the Hindu Marriage Bill, a most controversial measure of recent times. It has three essential features. It enforces monogamy, approves inter-caste marriage and allows for easy divorce. Not all sections of the Hindu community are pleased with the provisions of the new Act. Some wonder why a more comprehensive law for the benefit of society as a whole was not thought of. The reasons for such lop-sided legislation are obvious. Muslims do not believe in monogamy, and Catholics who form a powerful section of the Christian community abhor the very idea of divorce.

Critics of the Bill argued pointedly that Hindu marriage is a sacrament, and not a contract. According to the Shastras, not even death can sever the matrimonial tie forged before the holy fire. Even here, the ancient sages who laid down the Code, made divorce permissible under certain (abnormal) circumstances.

These arguments have been brushed aside and the car of Juggernaut has moved along. Official spokesmen stated that the fathers of the Code who had lived more than 2,000 years ago, could not have foreseen present-day conditions. Pandit Nehru, speaking during the third reading, endorsed all the changes in the Hindu Law, as embodied in the Bill. Hindu Law, he claimed, had a capacity

for changing with the changing times and therein lay its dynamic strength. He said it would be absurd to imagine that women would turn immoral as a result of the changes brought in. And glowing and well-merited was the Prime Minister's tribute to them: "I can say with considerable confidence, expressing my own feeling, that womanhood of India is something of which I am proud. I am proud of their beauty, grace, charm, shyness, modesty, intelligence and their spirit of sacrifice. I think if India can be truly represented it can be done by the women of India and not by the men."

Language Controversy

Pandit Pant's announcement of a Commission on Hindi with Sri B.G. Kher as Chairman once again focuses public attention on the issue of the national medium. In the non-Hindi-speaking States, especially in the South, there is a feeling of bitterness and resentment at the growing fanaticism displayed in the North. It is stipulated in the Constitution that English should be replaced by Hindi within fifteen years. Already five years have rolled by, and the Hindi enthusiasts want to force the pace.

Is it a practical possibility? What are the actual facts? Even in States where Hindi is the administrative medium, clerks and officials are groping and fumbling for the correct equivalents of technical terms in English. Pandits, of

can be pompous and learned can claim perfect mastery of the language. But, for the work-a-day world their language is of little use. Hindi cannot be effective as the medium of instruction in the colleges, either. It is yet to develop. Fear of its being thrust on the Universities is forcing non-Hindi-speaking States to think of adopting the regional language.

Timely was Sri Kamaraj Nadar's warning in this connection. He said that the stipulated period was all too short. Practical experience

had shown the need for an extension of the time limit. Any attempt to force the pace of replacement, he declared, would greatly inconvenience Tamil Nad and other non-Hindi-speaking areas. The Madras Chief Minister emphasised that any decision taken by the Government of India would be largely shaped by the majority verdict in the South.

We shall be frank enough to admit that the South is far from ready to adopt Hindi. If the fanatics of the North imagine that



H.M. Queen Elizabeth II peers intently into an instrument known as a synoptophore during her visit to the Moorfields Branch of the Moorfields, Westminster and Central Eye Hospital in London. Her Majesty's visit was on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the Foundation of the Moorfields Hospital. The synoptophore is used for detection of irregularities of the eyes. By manipulating pairs of slides illustrated with pictures the operator can either put a mouse into a trap or a car into a garage, or make two swings coincide. The Queen chose the swings.

it can be thrust down our throats, they are in for serious disillusionment. Such a move will jeopardise our national solidarity, which, to some extent, has already been weakened by the linguistic State movement. Each State is putting up strong fences about it to keep off the neighbours. Let not the question of national medium alienate the non-Hindi-speaking people. It should also be recognized that no language unified the country and welded us into a nation so effectively as English did. The Constitution must be amended to extend the time-limit for replacement by another fifteen years or even more. The Hindi Commission seems to be a superfluity in the face of such unpreparedness in the South. "We have said before," writes the *Deccan Herald* of Bangalore, "and Mr. Kamaraj in effect insists now, that the menacing Clause in the Constitution should be amended to scotch the 15-year stipulation and to introduce the formula of 'as soon as maybe.'" As a Tamil daily pertinently asks: "Are people intended for a language, or is a language intended for them?"

T.V. Sundaram Iyengar

In the death of Sri T.V. Sundaram Iyengar Tamil Nad has lost

an industrial wizard. It was due to his business acumen and strenuous efforts that the automobile industry in our State has made such phenomenal progress. The career of this self-made man would make inspiring study. He had no fancy for any Government job as he feared he would end up as a typist. Eardley Norton's advice to young men to strike new lines of business was ringing in his ears. He engaged in timber business but it had little attraction for him.

Two years before the outbreak of the First World War he operated a bus service in partnership with Khader Nawaz Khan. Verily could one describe him as the "pioneer of Time and Fare Schedule bus in India." To-day the T.V.S. Bus-Lorry Fleet is considered the best and most efficient, and impartial observers have conceded that in several respects it excels the nationalised Government Transport in Madras City. On the routes that T.V.S. buses ply, this remark is common; "It is 3-35 p.m. now. See, the bus has arrived." Not only the staff but the driver and the conductor have been trained to treat the passenger with due courtesy and attention.

Sri Iyengar built up the automobile industry in the face of many

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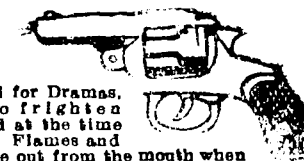
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ies and handicaps. He fitted tyres, tubes and machines the assembly. His six sons of whom Sri T.S. Rajan is the eldest picked up knowledge and gathered experience under the expert and watchful eye of their father. There is no doubt that they are eminently qualified to carry on the business in the best traditions set up by the late Sri Iyengar.

Coinage Reform

Hasty reform in the present coinage system in India is not

advisable. For decades the uneducated millions have been accustomed to transactions in terms of annas and pies. In small villages, illiterate men and women keep their savings in the form of small coins. The Government of India's proposal to re-divide the rupee into hundred cents may reflect a legitimate desire to fall in line with neighbouring countries like Ceylon but confusion, especially in the remote rural parts, is likely to be caused by the elimination of the annas, the quarter annas and the pies. It is even possible that speculators and sharpers will try

to take advantage of the situation by buying up the old coins for far less than their value. And where no banks or post offices function and new coins are slow to arrive, innocent folk are apt to get panicky if Dame Rumour gets busy. Will Government forestall this possibility and make arrangements for the change-over? Anyhow, new values in such a vital matter as the country's coinage are certain to disturb economic trends in non-urban areas and Government will have only themselves to thank if people are confused or show a lack of readiness to re-adjust themselves to the changes introduced. It would be far better if the reform were postponed until the attainment of country-wide literacy.

Sad Loss

We regret to record the death in Madras City of Sri N.V. Rama Rao, Andhra Agriculture and Food Minister. Strong and well-built, he was only forty-one years and was admitted to the General Hospital for treatment of heart trouble. He came by a very sudden end. The Minister's body was taken to Vajrapudi, near Rajahmundry, and cremated there with due honours and ceremony.

A prominent Congressman, Sri Rama Rao took part in the Civil Disobedience Movement in 1930 and the Individual Satyagraha in 1942. He cheerfully courted imprisonment twice. He was keenly interested in the Co-operative movement and strove in various ways to promote the welfare of the peasant and the farmer. During the recent disastrous floods in Andhra Desa, he organized quick relief for the victims. A career so full of promise was cut short.



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Far's Call

At the A.-I.C.C. session at Berhampur, President Dhebar called on Congressmen to implement the Avadi resolutions without delay. Unemployment must be eliminated within ten years. The people's standard of living must be raised by doubling the per capita income within fifteen years. A strenuous endeavour must be made towards the creation of equal opportunities in both the social and economic spheres, he explained.

Shri Dhebar said that lack of training and the absence of a properly integrated ideological approach caused confusion within the ranks and a fall in our standard. He expressed the need for an army of disciplined and selfless workers, "clear in their aims and objectives and wedded to the philosophy which has guided our movement for the last forty years."

Reverting to the problem of unemployment, the President emphasised that the sovereign remedy lay in greater production. There should be immediate expansion of the large-scale and village industries sector. "We have a great stake—the fulfilment of our pledge to provide employment, and fuller employment to every citizen in the country within ten years," he reminded his listeners. "We cannot transfer the whole responsibility to the Government."

Deploring certain malpractices within the Congress organization, Shri Dhebar spoke of the greed to secure positions of vantage to push one's candidates at the forthcoming general elections. The Parliamentary Board, he warned, would not accept the recommendations of any Election Committee about whose *bona fides* there was reasonable doubt.

Short Story Competition

The Closing Date of the Short Story Competition has been extended to 31st May, '55 to satisfy the overwhelming demand from Readers for such an extension.

— Manager.

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Who has scored best in Bandung?
Chou En-lai or Nehru?

Chou En-lai heeded no scoring;
Nehru needed no scoring. Yet,
Chou En-lai did the best justice to
cream cakes at Bandung.

The chemist whose shop a troop
of monkeys entered and drank
syrups, intoxicating drugs and
broke some of the bottles, etc. has
lodged a complaint of burglary
against the monkeys.

But, does the Criminal Code
object to the occasional excesses
of the followers of Hanuman?

Nationalist China calls Commu-
nist China the Soviet puppet;
Communist China calls Nationalist
China, the American Puppet.

Perhaps both are correct.

Thanks to the good luck of Chou
En-lai, Premier of China, both Sir
John Kotelawala and Mr. Moham-
med Ali now think better of the
Chinese leader.

But, how would this change of
opinion be treated by Eisenhower?

Both did their best at Bandung to
please Eisenhower.

The Honour System, conducted
by the Allahabad Intermediate
College, does away with invigilating.

That is the right direction, for
Trust begets Character; Suspicion,
begets Crime.

To suspect your own Students
is a self-condemnation. Why not
the example be followed?

Dr. Ambedkar proposes to lead
2,50,000 of his followers among the
Scheduled Castes to Buddhism.

Dr. Ambedkar has every right
to do what he likes as a citizen
of the Republic.

But, the doubt is: is the mass
movement a religious one or other-
wise?

Another snag is: what about the
privileges these 2,50,000 now enjoy
as members of the Scheduled
Castes, which they may lose after
conversion?

The man on the 20th flat of a
skyscraper asked one who was

falling from the 32nd flat, how he
was getting on.

The reply was: Safe so far.

That is exactly the safety that
the U.S. feels because anti-Bandung
powers think that the Bandung
Conference is not dangerous up to
this moment because the 29 Powers
assembled were not unanimous.

The U.S., in its terror-stricken
mind catches what straw it can
grasp.

"Peace through strength," was
the formula of Sir W. Churchill,
by which, says Nehru, only
Strength ousted Peace.

Mr. Mohammed Ali is said to
have declared that if the United
States launched on a World War,
Pakistan would not be involved
in it.

But only a few weeks back,
Eisenhower declared that the arms
dumped in Pakistan were not for
any military purposes in which
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DOMESTIC FLARE-UP

THE alarm time-piece rang shrilly and Meera was startled into full wakefulness. She peered through the window and sighed wearily. Four O'clock in the morning was an unearthly hour to get up, she reflected. Her body felt heavy from inadequate sleep. She lay still for some time, willing herself to get up, and then threw back the covers.

Vikram, her husband, snored on peacefully in the other twin bed. He held a job with regular office hours and was home every day at the dot of five. Meera in her capacity as news-reader at the local broadcasting house had to work by shifts.

She tiptoed out of the room praying that Baby Anup would not choose that moment to wake up and set up a clamour for his feed. She went into the kitchen and groaned aloud at the sight of the pile of dirty dishes in the sink. The kitchen was warm and odorous. It reminded her freshly of the fact that her cook was on leave and would take another six days to resume work. She lit the stove and prepared coffee with unaccustomed hands and took in a cup to her husband.

Vikram jerked out of sleep with a start. "What is it? Coffee?

Good heavens, Meera! It is not even five yet."

"I have to be at the station by five," Meera reminded him gently. "I thought I could save you the bother of making your own coffee."

"Oh, damn the coffee!" Vikram said irritably.

"Very well," Meera said curtly. She turned to go.

"Wait. I may as well drink it since you have prepared it."

He accepted the cup ungraciously and sipped at it.

"I have left the milk in readiness for Anup. Please see that he takes it. The ayah will be here by eight," Meera said.

VIKRAM nodded assent. He had gained his good humour by now. He eyed her with interest.

"Are you off already? Well, cheerio! Do hand me the newspaper before you go."

And while she was handing it to him he pulled her close and planted a kiss on her ear. "The bright career girl," he murmured with his lips against her face. "Smart and bright as a new pin."

By RAMANI MUTHANNA

2 - 15th May '55.

...broke away from him. He is the staff car come to pick me up. I must go now."

VIKRAM rang her up at the office at ten O'clock, "Is that you, Meera?" he demanded. "We are in an awful fix. The ayah didn't

turn up for work today. She is down with something or other. There is no one to mind the baby. I haven't left for office as yet and I am getting frightfully late. How soon can you get here?"

"But I can't come," Meera cried. Vikram had interrupted her in the middle of a staff meeting. She couldn't walk away just like that.

"Meera! Are you there?" Vikram sounded impatient.

"Yes. Look, can't you get the neighbours or some one to hold the fort till I reach there?"



I have tried them already and I can't get anyone. You have got to be here before I leave; otherwise I will bring the baby and dump it there!"

AND with that he hung up. Meera returned to the meeting fretting and fuming. How could he treat her like this? Imagine him suggesting that she should walk away in the middle of her duties as though the work she did was of no importance. He wouldn't dare bring the baby here, she thought. Why, it would make her the laughing-stock of the whole

office. She ran to the car again and rang up her friend Usha, who stayed just a few furlongs away from her house. She explained the situation to her and begged her to go and take charge of young Anup.

SHE had reduced the house to some order and got the dinner going when Vikram returned from the office.

"That is splendid!" he remarked approvingly as he saw his favourite dishes on the table. "I am simply starving. I worked right through the lunch hour to make up for the delay in the morning."

Reproach was latent in his voice. Meera maintained a tight-lipped silence. It was funny the way he acted as though he was the injured party. And if he expected her to apologise, he had another guess coming.

After tea she repaired to the kitchen while Vikram sat in the lounge playing with his son. He might have offered to help her with the cooking, raged Meera. Not that I would have allowed him but he might at least have offered lip service. After all, I, too, have had a hard day at the office, she told herself.

She was not afraid of hard work. But what piqued her was Vikram's lack of appreciation and the way he took her services for granted. He was utterly callous and ungrateful. Didn't she do a man's job outside and earn her share of money? Then why shouldn't Vikram do his share of housework? Why must he sit there, taking his ease and lording it over her?



was almost ready to drop bed when Vikram suggested that they go to a picture.

"What!" Meera exclaimed. "And lose half the night's sleep? You forget that I have to be up at four."

"Sorry," Vikram said. "You are extremely hard worked, aren't you? Cheer up, the cook will be here in another six days."

Meera bridled. She hated his assumption that she disliked housework and yet it was true to some extent. Apart from the most perfunctory supervision, she took no interest in housekeeping.

SHE sat by herself, aloof and sulking, while Vikram fiddled with the radio knob. He listened intently to a song that was being broadcast and nodded appreciatively.

"A good voice," he commented.

Meera looked up.

"That is Rajni Chaya, our latest find. We are shortly going to record some of her songs."

Vikram listened with interest and Meera found herself telling him the day's gossip and confiding in him her fresh worries. Soon they sat side by side talking avidly.

Their idyll was broken abruptly by the sound of Anup's crying. They rushed to his bedside and found him restless and tossing in bed. He was running temperature also. Meera turned to her husband with dismay. Here was a fresh problem.

"Whatever will we do now?" she asked him.

"Couldn't we engage another ayah?"

They could but she pointed out to him that good ayahs weren't to be had for the mere asking.

"Couldn't you get a couple of days' leave? You know I can't."

She had exhausted all her casual leave during Vikram's recent illness.

"Then the only thing to do is to give up your job."

MEERA gasped. He couldn't mean it. She had held her job for the past eight years and couldn't give it up just like that.

"Impossible!" she asserted vehemently.

"And pray, why not?" Vikram's tone was sarcastic. "Is a job more important to you than the baby?"

"You don't understand," Meera cried. "If I throw up the job, I may not get an equally good one again."

"And if you lose the baby, you can easily have another. Is that what you are driving at?"

"Oh, Vikram! How can you say such a thing?" Meera cried. Tears stung her eyelids.

"There is no need for these dramatics," Vikram said sternly. "I am merely stating things as they are. It is evident that you place more importance on your job than on anything else. You wouldn't like to jeopardise your career in any way but you don't mind if the house goes to the dogs and Baby is uncared for!"

(Continued on page 91)

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CHILD OF DESTINY

By
E.T. FERNANDEZ

CHAPTER FOUR

INSTEAD of going to the police-station the next morning, to be escorted to work from there, Brian went straight to the office as he disliked the idea of having to be guarded by a policeman. At the factory gates he saw a small group of workers gathered there, staring at him with mild surprise. He knew one or two of them but, instead of looking directly at them, he walked right in and was greeted at the door of the Factory Offices by two of the clerks who showed him by the expression on their faces that they were really glad to see that no harm

had befallen him. A minute later an office-boy handed a note to him which Brian read immediately. It was a note from Jayaraman, the Secretary of the Union, asking Brian to see him as soon as he came to office. Jayaraman was at that moment in the Workers' Canteen and Brian joined him there. The Secretary of the Union greeted him with a forced smile.

"Please sit down, Lacey. I'm glad to see you back in office today. How did you get home last night?" he asked.

"Oh, I managed all right," Brian answered him. "I had to lodge a complaint with the police, of course. But that was absolutely unneces-

sary as the police had already arrested two of the men."

"That was unfortunate, really unfortunate—I mean your going to the police. You know the men are in an ugly mood now. As a matter of fact, my reason for wanting to speak to you is to request you to go on leave to stay away from office for some time until everything has settled down. As it is, the men are pretty hostile towards you. What do you say, Lacey?"

"My answer is this, Mr. Jayaraman," Brian said decidedly. "I am not going to be intimidated by

whatever the workers may threaten to do. I am going to attend office no matter what happens."

"In that case, I must ask you to resign from the Union, Lacey," Jayaraman said.

"That goes without saying, I suppose, but I shall send you a formal letter by this evening."

Jayaraman said nothing in reply and Brian left it at that.

AT ten O'clock that morning, Brian was called in by the General Manager. As he took the seat offered to him Mr. Fulham said, "Mr. Goulding has been telling me about yesterday's incident, Lacey. It was lucky for you that you escaped unhurt. I've just had a 'phone call from the police Sub-Inspector asking if you had reported for duty. You reported the matter to them, I suppose? They promised to send a constable to escort you here?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was a wise thing to do. But why did you come along?"

"I didn't like the idea of being escorted, sir."

"I see. And how did the men behave towards you this morning, may I ask? Hostile?"

"No, sir. They just glared at me—that's all."

"H'm! Things don't look too bright for you, Lacey." And, as an after-thought, Mr. Fulham asked, "And do you intend to remain a member of the Union after what has happened?"

"I've decided to withdraw my membership, sir, purely because I feel that my convictions are not

in accordance with those of other members."

"I see. But that makes matters worse for you, doesn't it? I suppose you have thought over these things?"

"I have, sir," Brian answered simply.

MR. FULHAM remained silent for some time. He could not but admit to himself that there was more courage in this boy than he himself would have credited him with at any time—if, indeed, he had ever thought about him.

Most bosses are often tempted to confide in their employees or to

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.

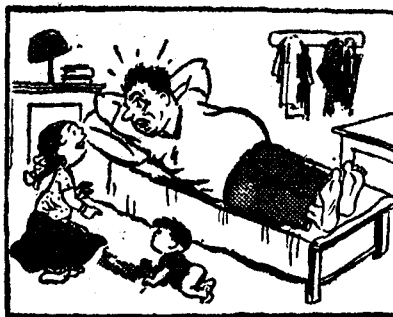
Colin warns his friend not to air his views in public. But Brian believes his community should identify itself with the local people. Colin feels his community should have a colony of its own, cut off from others.

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.

After an interesting talk with Mr. Andrews, Colin's father, during which he is told that Japan will fight Germany and ultimately America and rule the world, Brian tells Colin that he is convinced there is no future for his community unless it merges with the other communities. Colin also shares Brian's views. NOW READ ON.

struggle with them the difficulties which they encounter in carrying out the duties of their office. Bosses are human, after all, with hearts that are moved to compassion and pity for the sufferings of their fellowmen. And Mr. Fulham was certainly human. Above all, he was a man with a stern sense of justice and equity, desiring more than anybody else that the fruits of hard labour should be shared in some small measure by those who had given of their best in the service of their employers.

TIME and again he had approached the Board of Directors with the request that some sort of encouragement should be given to the men, at least in the way of a general increment, but he had always received the same reply: "So long as the men continue to be influenced by Communist elements, so long must they continue to go without any encouragement." It was useless for him to try to persuade the Directors that what the men asked for was quite reasonable. On one occasion, the Directors told him: "Mr. Fulham, we are doing our best to bring these workers to their senses and



GIRL (to her father): "Papa, can I walk on your tummy up and down like a soldier? See how baby will laugh!"

we expect you to co-operate with us." That answer was tantamount to saying that if Mr. Fulham persisted in speaking on behalf of the employees, he would lose the position to which he had been appointed. There was one saving grace however in all this — in the large organisation which consisted of twelve companies, its bosses were treated like princes.

As Brian Lacey sat before him in his spacious and finely-furnished office, Mr. Fulham was tempted to tell him that he had spared no efforts to make the men contented. But, like most bosses, he dismissed the idea instantly. He had to maintain the dignity of his office. However, he had something important to say to Brian, and he said it now, much to the boy's surprise.

"We have a vacancy in our Bangalore Branch for an Assistant, Lacey. It carries a salary of twice as much as what you are getting now, including allowances. If you are prepared to accept it, I could offer it to you and you can join duty there in a fortnight's time. Are you interested?"

IT took some time for Brian to make sure that he had heard Mr. Fulham correctly. He could hardly believe his ears. He had a sense of misgiving as to the sincerity behind this offer. Was it made with any ulterior motive behind it or was it genuine? After all, even now his boss spoke with a rasping voice, as if he took pleasure in teasing him with sweet words that belied the expression on his face. In any case, he could not give a definite answer at the moment. He had to have time to find out of how his mother would take it. He thought of his sister Priscy and her schooling. He

certainly could not think of accepting the offer without having had a chance of discussing it with his friend, Colin.

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for offering me this promotion," he told Mr. Fulham, "but I would like to have a few days' time to think it over. I have to consult my mother about it and there are so many other domestic matters to be considered."

"Come to me next Tuesday and let me know. Will that be sufficient time?" Mr. Fulham asked.

"Yes, sir. And thank you very much, indeed."

As he turned to go, Mr. Fulham said, "Lacey, I think it would be advisable for you to go home immediately and to stay away from office until things boil over. One can never be too sure."

"I would prefer to come to work, sir," Brian interrupted him hastily.

"No!" Mr. Fulham seemed to lose patience. "You had better go now. I shall tell Mr. Goulding that I have given you leave of absence."

BRIAN thanked him confusedly and, a couple of minutes later, left the factory. It was lucky for him that he did go home. His long interview with the General Manager had inflamed the anger of the workers against him and filled their minds with strange ideas. From then onwards he was looked upon as a potential enemy of the Union and at least five of the men had decided to harm him that evening.

The first thing he did was to look up Colin in his office on his way home and related to his friend

what had transpired in his view with the General Manager.

"I'm glad you've been given leave, Brian," Colin said. "I was going to wait for you at the factory this evening — just in case. Anyway, I'll come straight to your place this evening and then we shall talk it over."

NO sooner did her son break the news to her than Mrs. Lacey began to cry without being able to say what she was crying about. Her mother being thus occupied, it was left to Priscy to ask her brother for details as to what had transpired since he left for work that morning. As Brian's narrative proceeded, Mrs. Lacey's weeping became less and less audible until she had sufficiently composed herself to ask, "But how are you going to manage in Bangalore, son? Besides, the dhobi hasn't brought your clothes as yet and Christmas and New Year are so close."

"I haven't decided whether to go or not, mother, and it is left for you to say yes or no," Brian consoled her. "Mr. Fulham has given me until next Tuesday to think it over and a fortnight after that to report for duty. So I will really spend Christmas and New Year with you."

These words of Brian seemed to upset his sister from whose lips there burst forth a single note of exclamation so violent that it made Brian jump from his seat and ask her what was the matter.

"Nothing," replied Priscy non-committally. "I didn't know you had already made up your mind to go away, Brian."

"But he's not going, Priscy," her mother almost shouted. "How could he go?"

"That's what we have got to do now, mother. This is a promotion, you know."

"And if he doesn't go, the men may do something to him, mamma!" Priscy added.

CURIOUSLY enough, this possibility had not occurred to Mrs. Lacey. The police force represented to her a powerful protection and the assurances given to her by Brian and Colin the previous night, though made in good faith, to the effect that there was really nothing to worry about, now appeared to crumble to the ground, thus exposing her son to very grave danger.

"What's that you say? Oh, Brian, I told you so many times to keep away from all this but you just wouldn't listen!" she wailed in great distress.

"Don't get excited, mother," Brian said impatiently. "You're only imagining things, that's what's wrong with you all. And I'm accepting this job not because I am afraid of what the men might do," he added defiantly, looking at Priscy with a look of reproach. "I'm accepting it because it means a promotion for me. I will be accepting it only if you agree to it, mother. If you don't agree, then we'll give up the idea and I can tell Mr. Fulham that I cannot accept it."

"And will he give back your job, Brian?" his mother asked him.

"Of course, he will. What do you mean 'give back'? I'm only on leave, ma. I can go back even tomorrow."

"But the men might do something to you when you go back, Brian," Priscy said.

"Oh, well, there's nothing to worry about really. Anyway, I've asked Colin to come over this evening and then we can all discuss it."

"What did Colin say?" Mrs. Lacey asked.

"Nothing. He said we'd discuss it this evening, that's all."

"All right. Let's wait for Colin and see what he has to say. Perhaps he knows somebody in Bangalore who'd be able to board Brian."

There was a lot more said between Mrs. Lacey and her son the rest of the day, though it all boiled down to the fact that Mrs. Lacey said she *did* want her son to go to Bangalore and that she *did not* want her son to go to Bangalore! She made up her mind one way this minute and change it the other way the next. Priscy relapsed into silence all that afternoon. Her mind was troubled and she seemed to feel her heart crushed and a lump sticking in her throat. Twice that afternoon she opened her album and turned over its pages quickly, looking for a few photographs of particular interest. At the table during tea-time she refused the plate of banana chips which her mother passed round, pleading a headache. As evening wore on, she remained in her mother's room and tried to do some embroidery, but without success. Her mind was too distracted for work.

AT a little after five o'clock, she was startled by the ringing of a cycle-bell which she recognised as Colin's. She heard Brian say, "Come in, Colin. Bring your cycle in. Mother! Colin's come!" And

she heard Colin say, "Yes, I think it will be safer inside. Good-evening, Mrs. Lacey. I've come straight from office, Brian. Is Sydney anywhere about?"

Brian answered, "No. He hasn't been in since this morning, isn't it, mother? But don't worry, Colin. Mother has prepared tea—plenty of it, too."

"Not that, Brian," Colin answered. "I haven't brought any cigarettes with me."

"Just a minute. I'll ask Priscy where she's kept mine. I bought a packet this morning. Priscy!"

THERE was no response to Brian's call, but a few seconds later Priscy stood in the doorway and said, "Yes, Brian?"

"Where's that packet of cigarettes I gave you this—What's up? You've been crying! For heaven's sake, don't be so silly, Priscy!" Her eyes were stained with tears and there were dark circles round them.

"She's been like that since this morning when you told us about going away to Bangalore, Brian," her mother explained not without a feeling of pride to think that she had trained her two children to love each other dearly, as a brother and sister should.

"I'm not leaving you and mummy forever, Priscy!" Brian consoled her. "As soon as you get your holidays, you will come to Bangalore with mummy."

"Then you've really decided to go, Brian?" his mother asked him with great concern.

(Continued on page 89)

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SWEET SLUMBER!

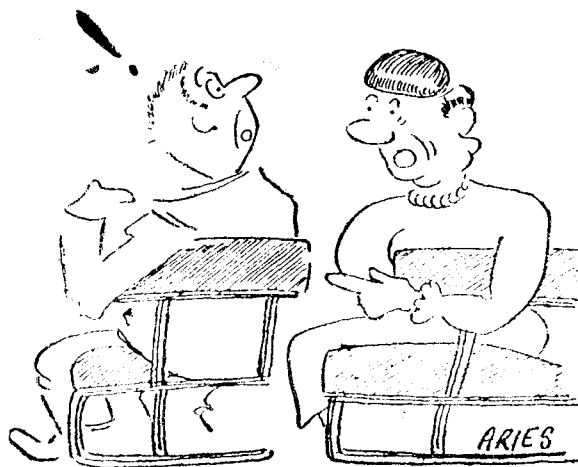
"I SLEEP in my birthday suit," By ARIES

the ultra-modern old lady confided with not a trace of a blush or giggle.

We were seated together at a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Sound Sleep and the common bond that had drawn us there that evening broke down the barrier of reserve that is usual between two such strangers.

The eloquence of the speakers might also have induced that stern, multi-chinned matron to lean the bulk of her 250 pounds of avoirdupois across the arm of her chair and make me a secret of her recipe for sweet slumber.

I looked at her and those cartoons in which an impish male mentally undresses a female companion came to mind. I hastily hid a blush behind my khaki, all-purpose handkerchief.



"It's nothing to blush about, young man," she admonished, giving her chin a work-out that reminded me of a muscle-control artiste rolling his abdomen.

"Yes, ma'am," I said weakly.

"How do you sleep?"

"In my...er...underwear."

"Pshaw!" she snorted. "Terribly old fashioned and unhealthy."

"Is it really necessary to sleep in the...er...absolute?" I asked.

"Certainly!" she replied.

"But isn't it cold in winter?"

She snorted again, her chin doing a triple roll.

"Sleep with the windows open," she said, "and let the body get bags of fresh air!"

I THOUGHT of the drill sergeant during my days in the army barking: "Chin in, chest out, shoulders back, bags of swank!"

And thinking of those days in uniform, my mind dwelt on the nights spent in barrack-rooms when I first discarded my heliotrope striped pajamas that had crept up my shins since leaving school.

Except for a winter in Quetta,

when I crept into bed in my blue worsteds, overcoat, balaclava and two pairs of socks, and which Himalayan outfit I did not remove till I was posted to Delhi a couple of months later, I had long since been a singlet and shorts sleeper.

I wondered what the old lady would have said if she knew of that period.

"Shortly before my dear husband died, ten years ago," she continued, "I switched to the new way of sleeping—he didn't use a blanket."

"Pneumonia?" I asked.

"Certainly not!" she cried, forgetting that there were others in the audience. "We had a full-length mirror in a cupboard that faced the bed," she explained. "And when he woke up that first morning and looked at himself in the raw—well, the shock was too much for him."

I sympathised with her.

"Now I use a blanket," she went on.

"But isn't that the same as sleeping in pyjamas?" I wanted to know.

"The blanket is over the mirror, young man."

THE meeting came to a close and she gave me her name and address and insisted that I should call over for tea the following afternoon when she promised to relate the history of sleeping without encumbrances and give me a list of political celebrities and socialites who, she knew for certain, turned in as she did.

"Kerr-choo!" I sneezed as she opened the door after I had

been pounding on it for a fifteen minutes.

"Ach-oo!" she greeted. "Do come in. I've been in bed with a—kerr-choo!—nasty cold."

I followed her into the sitting-room.

"My initial venture in pyjamaless sleep," I explained, blowing into the khaki all-purpose, "can hardly be described as successful."

"I can't understand it," she said. "For years I have—kerr-choo!—slept without so much as a night cap and now I come down with this beastly—kerr-choo!—cold."

She was a picture of abject dejection over tea. So much so that she forgot the purpose of my visit.

"WELL," she said, "I suppose this is the end. One of these days I will be called to the arms of my Maker and, while I have no objection to sinking into the arms of Morpheus in my birthday suit, I would hate the people up there to see me in the raw."

I thanked her and went home, stopping on the way at a general store to pick up a woollen nightie and a bottle of sleeping tablets—for my insomnia.

Polite Enquiry

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the village shopkeeper. "That's three hot-water bottles, two bottles of cough mixture, one large tin of bath mustard. I'll send them round right away. All quite well at home, I suppose?"

BACHELOR IN A FIX!

RAM and Rani had known each other since their childhood. Ram was a shy lad and rarely visited Rani's house. Not that he did not like her. He liked her immensely for her simple ways and amiable behaviour and more particularly for the characteristic attention she paid to all those who came to her father's house. Then why did he not go to hers? In his heart of hearts he had visualised that his would-be wife should possess all that Rani had. Yet never once had he fancied her in that capacity.

The passage of time saw Ram fixed up in Government service. No longer so shy, he used to pay a visit to Rani's house, when-

ever he came to his native town. He did not find any change in her—a change that is inevitable when girls attain adolescence. One day when he was relaxing in his room, his brother brought him the news about Rani's betrothal. Ram received it with a sudden sense of agitation, though he had cherished no special thoughts about Rani. He himself did not know why he was moved by the news. Without betraying his feelings, he told his brother, "Yes, it is time she got married. Her father is ailing and would naturally prefer to arrange marriage as soon as possible."

"Yes," agreed his brother. "But Father has written that you

should also be married soon. After all, you are fixed up now and Mother has already started a vigorous search for her *chhoti bahu*. The other day she saw a girl in the temple singing devotional songs in praise of Lord Krishna and, being herself a staunch devotee of the Lord, she has started negotiations with the girl's parents."

Quick came the reply from Ram, "But I do not wish to marry so soon."

AND, immediately after, he wrote to his father discouraging any proposal in this connection.

His letter was resented by the orthodox parents who were emphatic that their son's marriage was

solely their concern. Besides, his mother had already given "the word". So came the reply that it had all been finally settled. This was too much for Ram to tolerate. In a fit of temper, he wrote back saying that if his marriage was none of his business, they could very well celebrate it without him! His retort was a bombshell that set the old parents thinking. "At least such things never happened in our time," said the old man. "Our betrothal was fixed up when we were ten," rejoined Ram's mother nodding her head.

Soon after, Ram proceeded to Simla on a permanent transfer. The fact that he was now able to

shift for himself, coupled with the usual attractions of a hill station, brought about a complete change in him. He was no longer the old moody, quiet and happy-to-be-alone type he had used to be once. Instead, he turned out to be a gay and energetic youth. He soon became a familiar social figure there.

ON a fine morning, while reposing outside his tiny cottage, he was absorbed in nature's vagaries of sunshine on one side and rains on the other, a phenomenon not infrequently seen on hills and was watching the clouds chased by the wind. His attention was suddenly diverted by the postman who brought an Express Delivery letter. His companions who had by now come out of the cottage were surprised to see the sudden change in his facial expression as he hurriedly went through the letter.

"What is the matter?" asked Madan.

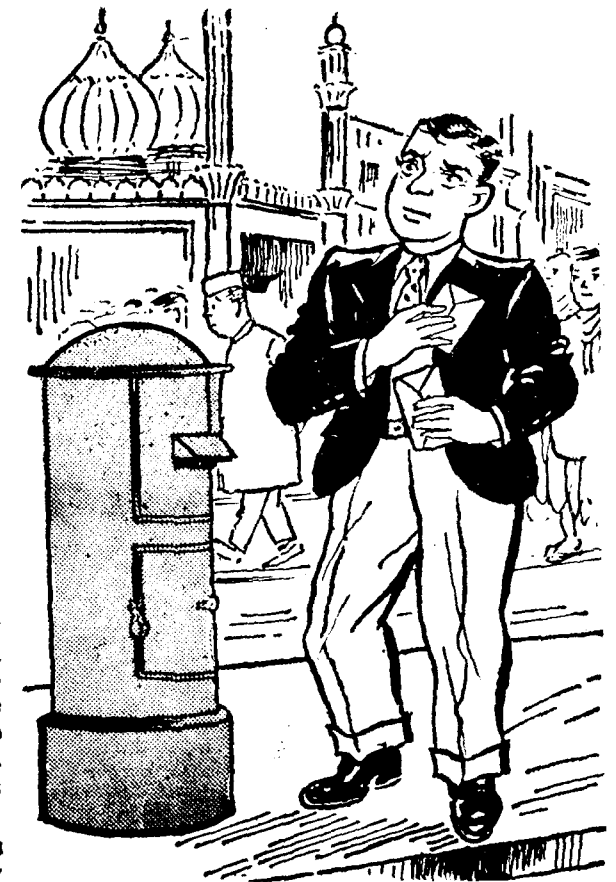
"Nothing new. My people at home seem to be getting round my neck. I do not know how far I will be able to ward them off. Here is a letter from my father again, with a marriage proposal. It has become a constant headache to me. But I will see the question settled once for all."

So saying he got up angrily. Hardly

had he stepped into his room, he found another letter lying on the floor. This time it was from his brother.

"DEAR RAM, For certain reasons which I will explain to you fully when we meet, Rani's engagement has been broken off. This happened when all preparations for marriage were complete. On account of his precarious health her father desires that her marriage should not be postponed and the choice has now unanimously fallen upon you. I know your views about marriage, but in the light of these facts, I hope you will change your opinion and give your consent."

"I need hardly add anything about the girl whom you have seen quite often. I



may reply by return of post. Yours
Prem."

As he went through the letter, a queer change was noticeable on his face. "How could it happen?" he wondered. He was bewildered and did not know what to do. He had known Rani for more than a decade. She was alluring and winsome, well-behaved and cultured. Suddenly her tall and luscious figure with finely-chiselled features emerged in his mind and he could visualise for a moment all her feminine charms. But soon his mind was engulfed by conflicting thoughts. His self-imposed notions were standing in his way while the magic influence of Rani's personality was too tempting to resist.

THE more he tried to resolve the conflict the more was he confused. Finally he chose to stick to his previous decision and wrote to his father and brother, rejecting both their proposals. He took both the letters to the post-box and began to hesitate. His conscience questioned the wisdom of his decision. "Am I wise in rejecting the proposal? Marry I must, sooner or later. I was only against marrying a girl whom I had never seen or heard of. Moreover, where is the guarantee that I shall have a better or even as good a companion as she? I have known her for the past so many years. If I miss this opportunity, I may be prevailed upon to marry any girl according to the whims of my mother. But then, if I agree to marry Rani, will it not worsen the already-strained relations with my parents? Not that they are against it...far from it. They had, in fact, on many occasions highly appreciated the good qualities in Rani but they

may not approve now because I did not agree to their earlier proposals!" He then put the letter to his parents into the post box and retained the letter to his brother.

THE following night, Ram could not sleep peacefully. He felt as if he was on the verge of a great crisis. The sweet and charming personality of Rani came before his mind's eye every now and then. He repented for his thoughtless past decision. Why had he imposed restrictions upon his free will? Surely, his parents would be only too happy to know of his decision. For them it did not matter as to who the bride was so long as she came of a good family. They would be only anxious to see him married. His mind was restless with conflicting emotions and confusing thoughts and he did not know how to overcome the situation.

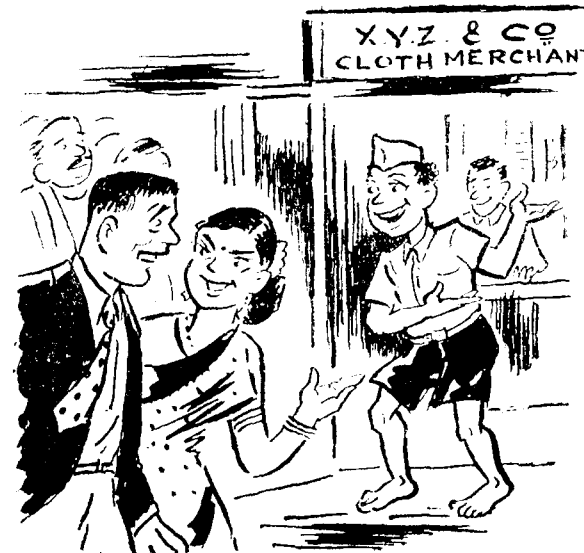
At last, an idea occurred to him. He got up and wrote another letter agreeing to his brother's proposal and kept both the letters together. He then took out a coin and said, "Well, let this tiny little coin decide my fate. Heads, I marry Rani. Tails, I shall marry the girl of my parents' choice. Anyway, marry I shall!" He threw the coin in the air and anxiously looked for the result. It was "heads"! He heaved a sigh of relief and immediately posted the letter he had written last.

Even long after the marriage, Ram was still ashamed to tell Rani that theirs was a marriage by toss.

"Too hot for words, isn't it, old man?"

"I hope so—I promised to meet the wife an hour ago."

SHOPPERS AND SHOP-ASSISTANTS!



are in good luck. The first shop has the polite type. He bids us good-morning like an old and respected friend of long standing. Respectfully inclining his head, he says, "Please sit down. Won't you have a drink now?" Our ego is well pampered with all this attention. It is not at all necessary that one should be a valued customer with the credit running into four or five figures.

SHOP-ASSISTANTS and salesmen can be classified largely under three categories—the Polite, the Indifferent and the Rude.

As a rule, the shop takes on the air of the salesman and reflects his moods and manners. The moment you enter a shop you can easily guess what sort of a reception you are about to get.

Let us take a trip to one of the shopping centres where there is a fairly good collection of the above-mentioned species—namely, the shop-assistants. The small boy stationed on the steps of the shop has a whining, wheedling voice and beckons to you. All that we may want is a quarter yard of orange crepe to match a piece we have at home. Just watch how the salesman inside receives us. Ah! we

As a matter of form, the drink is offered and usually declined. Then the moment we state our needs, he will proceed to show us all sorts of things, except what we wanted, but in such a way that he will make us feel that we would be conferring a great personal favour on him by buying the goods. Unless we have quite a good quota of sales resistance, he would make us buy plenty of other things than what we originally came for.

WHEN our fancies have ceased to wander, he would automatically detect the danger signals, and remind us, before we tell him, that we came to buy a quarter yard of orange crepe and would we be pleased to see 'it'? After we had answered in the affirmative, he would call an urchin, without whom no successful shop is complete and

By Sudha Ranganathan

in a low whisper to go and fetch it from somewhere inside the deep hidden dens, behind the counter.

If we protest saying that the bit on the counter will meet our needs, he will smile deprecatingly, fold his hands, slightly incline his head forward, and tell us confidentially, "It will no doubt do for others, but not for you." We leave the shop with our head in a whirl and our once fat wallets bearing a striking resemblance to a well-ironed empty pocket.

LET us go to another shop, thinking to compare prices, to see whether the Polite One had bluffed us. And lo! it is the Indifferent One who stares vacantly at us when we enter. It is a good thing that we had decided beforehand what we want, or else we would have left the shop still in a con-

fusion. We notice with a shock that he does not greet us, much less invite us in. Unless we take the initiative and ask him to show us the things, he simply will not budge whereas the Polite One had offered us suggestions for a good buy.

WE find the Indifferent One is absolutely quiet and passive. Even when we manage to catch his attention and ask him, he will reply that he does not know. He will repeat our question to a fellow salesman in an utterly bored voice, and would not care to repeat the reply he had elicited from the other man. We just leave the shop with our ego torn to shreds.

And the next shop we enter—ah, my! we meet the Rude One. If we ask for something more than what is on the counter, he will bark gratingly, "That is all." If we ask him to take down some-

thing from the top shelf, he will grumble that it is not what we had asked for. If we still insist, then he will fly into a fury, fortunately suppressed because of the present law governing criminal activities, and turning to the urchin, comment in a loud 'aside' that people come to buy a pie's worth of things and behave as if they are millionaires and want bales. He has, besides, a very disconcerting way of staring at you whether you enter or leave the shop. You can almost hear his disgruntled thought, "Oh, lord! there is another customer."

PERSONALLY speaking, whenever I feel depressed or let down, I always try my best to meet the Rude One. He jerks me out of my blues with a shake and a bang. Besides, I can also vent my spleen on him with a light conscience.

Why, even by the bills they send they can easily be distinguished. The Polite One will be writing something like this:

Dear sir, We hope you won't take this amiss. The auditors are looking into our accounts and therefore we would like the small amount of Rs. 350-6-8 outstanding in your account since last October to be paid soon.

Please convey our regards to your family. Excuse any inconvenience arising from this request.

The Indifferent One's note would be brief and business-like:

Sir, There is an amount of Rs. 350-6-8 long over-due from you since October '52. Please let us have your cheque by return, as we are closing accounts for the annual stock-taking.

And, here is a specimen from the Rude:

Sir, You opened an account with us last October, for purchases in connection with the marriage of your daughter. We learn that you have become a grandfather also. Still, our account of



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350-6-8, has not been settled. If an immediate settlement is not made, we will be proceeding against you in a court of law.

So much for the salesman. There is something to be said for their attitudes and reactions also. Look at the types of people they have to meet. They can be classed largely into three groups—the Vague, the Curt and the Critical.

The Vague is a delightful person to meet at a party, but at the counter,—Heaven preserve us!

"No, no, not that one. There, that one at the top. No, no, not that either!" she would go on saying.

"If madam would please indicate the colour?" comes the respectful voice of the salesman.

"See that brown one with the mauve flowers, and yes, that one also, the pink with orange stripes..." she trails off.

Here her friend intervenes. "But, Kusum, mauve will not suit you, and besides you do not have a saree in that shade," she asserts.

"No, Prem, it is not for me. I took it for Nalini, my brother's wife."

"Oh, when did she come here? You did not tell me at all! Anything in the wind?"

"Why? Didn't you know...?" and more and more of family history, heated discussions about personal affairs, till the salesman picks up enough courage to cough and remind them that they wanted some voiles.

"Oh, you haven't yet cut it? I want three quarters in one and one and a quarter in the other."

"Is it three quarters and one and a quarter, madam?"

"No, no, half a yard will do in each. It is for a baby" and in a low giggling 'aside' to the friend, "I did not want to tell him it is for a half choli."

At last, the bill is made out, the cash counted out thrice, the bill added to on fingers, over and over again, and with a remark, "If you give the change, it will be all right," and a final parting giggle, the pair vanish, leaving silence to reign supreme till the next arrival.

THE salesman ducks, but is caught and held by the purposeful gleam. It is the Curt Type. "Have you got salmon pink crepe of the Tearell fabrics?"

"No, madam, but let me offer you an equally good stuff."

"No, I will not have it. I want only that particular variety. My children have been clothed in the products of that company for so many years."

"But Andi's fabrics are equally good material and wear well. The Tearell products are not available as the import licence has been cancelled," comes the meek reply.

"If you do not stock it, say so. I will go to some other shop. Don't tell me all those stories!"

With an outraged look flung at the quaking salesman, out marches the Curt.

WHEN he has recovered from the effect of this onslaught, he looks up to find, oh, horror! the Critical One, the terror of salesmen. The worst nightmare that a salesman can have is to be caught up alone in a crowd of this type.

SHE has started on her queries already. "Have you got corduroy stuff in any known make?"

"Oh, yes, madam. Here they are on the counter."

"No, I would rather have a look at the piece on the top shelf. But I want to see only that piece. Ah, yes, what is the price?"

"The price is Rs. 2-4-0 a yard."

"You have increased the price, is it? The shop opposite sells it for Rs. 2-3-6."

"It must be different material, madam."

"Oh no, it is identical. And last month, I bought a yard of dark green crepe from you and it has faded now."

"I am sorry to hear about it. But I am afraid I cannot say anything without having a look at the stuff."

"Oh, don't try to cheat me. I have got the bill with me."

"I see. Does Madam want to see some sarees?"

"Of course, I did not come here to dawdle. Let me see some Mysore crepes, Coimbatore cotton sarees and some fine Bombay voiles."

"Yes, madam."

And after an hour of ransacking and turning the whole place upside down, she leaves saying, "There is nothing good here."

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Jonas E. Salk:

Discoverer Of Anti-Polio Vaccine

TO millions of American parents, the name of Dr. Jonas E. Salk now means freedom from an annual summer-time worry: Is there danger of my child contracting poliomyelitis this season?

The announcement last month that the vaccine developed by the 40-year-old University of Pittsburgh researcher is 80 to 90 per cent effective has brought comfort to people throughout the world. Regarded as the first great advancement in the fight against the crippling disease, the Salk vaccine is also being hailed as "one of the greatest events in the history of medicine."

What of the man behind this momentous discovery? Jonas Salk was born in Manhattan, New York City, in 1914, the eldest of three sons of a women's wear manufacturer. He was a precocious youngster with unusually neat and tidy habits and equally precise ways of classifying ideas. At 16 he graduated from Townsend Harris High School and at 19 from the City College of New York.

After a period of internship, which followed his passing from New York University's Medical School, Salk was already so interested in research that he did not even consider going into routine practice. Instead, he won a National Research Council fellowship for work on viruses, and went to the University of Michigan to work under his one-time professor, Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr. It was Dr. Francis who was in charge of

evaluating the success of the mass Salk vaccine tests made last summer.

In 1947, Dr. Salk, with his wife and two young sons (there is a third now), went to the University of Pittsburgh to start a virus laboratory. For the first few months he stuck to his first love, the influenza virus; but soon he decided to "look into this polio problem" to see what it was about.

UNDER a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Salk started work in 1949 classifying the various known strains of polio virus. The task took three years and cost \$1,370,000. And by this time Salk and other scientists had found that all known strains of polio virus could be classified into three types, which meant that any successful vaccine would have to protect against three different viruses.

Of great value to Dr. Salk's research was the earlier work done by Doctors John F. Enders, Thomas H. Weller and Frederick C. Robbins, who had found a way to grow polio virus in non-nervous tissue kept alive in flasks and test tubes. This discovery brought the three scientists the 1954 Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology.

Step by painstaking step, Dr. Salk made experimental vaccine and tested them in monkeys. In June 1952, he was satisfied he had a vaccine safe enough to be given to human beings. Still, for utmost safety, he decided that the first

subjects should be those who had already recovered from polio. Thus they should be immune to further disease, but he could measure a rise in their antibody level if the vaccine produced, as he expected, a booster effect. It did.

Salk's vaccine consists of viruses of all three types of paralytic polio, with a solution of formal-desyn to make them harmless. When injected, the vaccine induces the human body into setting up a defence against polio virus invasion by producing antibodies.

In 1953, Dr. Salk described his encouraging results in a nationwide radio broadcast, and—though fellow scientists were still sceptical—by this time he had gained the confidence of the officials of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

THE National Foundation last summer financed the gigantic project, involving altogether approximately 1,830,000 American school children. Of this number 440,000 were actually inoculated with the Salk vaccine, the remainder being given injections of a placebo (which has no effect) or merely serving as controls.

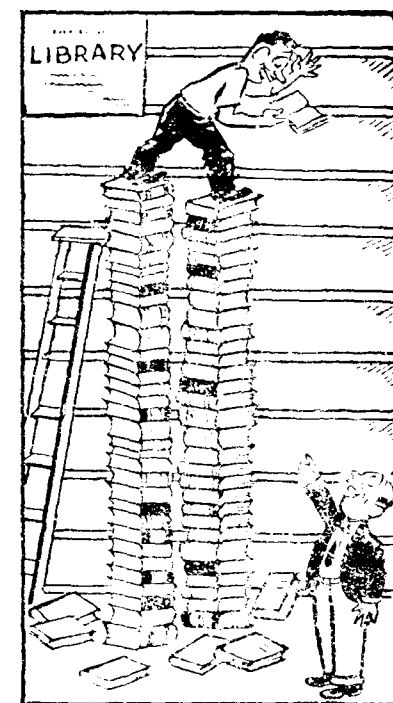
In all, there were 113 cases of polio among the vaccinated children, with 71 of the cases resulting in paralysis. One child who had been inoculated died of polio, but it was found that there were special and unusual circumstances in this case. Among the children under observation, but not vaccinated, there were 750 cases of the disease, of which 445 involved paralysis.

The evaluation report on the mass tests revealed that even

when paralytic polio struck, severity of paralysis was lessened by the vaccine and chances of complete recovery were improved.

DR. SALK himself said the tests showed him how to make the vaccine even more effective—by giving the third "booster" shot seven months after the first two injections, instead of giving all three in a five-week period as was done in the tests. He believes the booster injection should have the effect of extending polio immunity for an indefinite period, perhaps years.

The success of the anti-polio tests sets in motion a U.S.—



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wide programme of immunisation
against the disease, which will
inoculate nearly 60 million Ameri-
can children. Already six U.S.
pharmaceutical firms have started
distribution of the vaccine, and
the U. S. Government announced
that validated export licences will
be granted for shipping the vaccine
overseas. One pharmaceutical
firm has announced that it plans
to export 10 per cent of current
production of the vaccine through
established commercial channels.

While the National Foundation,
which has a Salk vaccine stock-
pile for 9,000,000 vaccinations,
will carry out an extensive immu-
nisation programme in 1955 in
U.S. schools, its participation in
the production, distribution and
administration of the vaccine will
cease after this.

It is well to remember that the
entire cost of developing and
testing the Salk vaccine was paid
by the American people through
their voluntary contributions to
the National Foundation's annual
"March of Dimes" fund-raising
campaign.

To Dr. Salk, his success brings
no near-fortune, as the vaccine
is an unpatented product. His re-
ward is the satisfaction of serving
mankind. But to the man who,
when asked why he devotes his
life to research, said "Why did
Mozart compose music?" this is
reward enough.



SURESH slumped dejectedly into
the chair, and threw the
long cover despondently away.
As another letter containing
familiar words "We regret to
inform....." Of course, they did
regret anything. Not by a
chalk. Still it seemed to be
polite way of refusing your
wishes. Poor Suresh. He was
of the growing army of the
employed.

Suresh gnashed his teeth as he
thought of the strenuous years he
had spent in cramming knowledge
into his cerebrum and cerebellum;
the hours spent in hanging on
to professors' words, very much
like drowning sailors to a mast;
of the midnight oil he had burnt;
of the panic and chaos that surged
in his heart on the doorsteps of an
examination hall. All these had
been for naught.

Suresh sighed again. Looking
for a job was like looking for the
proverbial needle in the stack,
and a very large stack at that.
When he first began his hunt for a
job, it had not seemed quite a
necessity to him. After all, he
had a substantial legacy, left to
him by a father who had been
prosperous. But thanks to his
innumerable friends, all the money
had petered out in no time. Not
only had the money dwindled, but
even the friends had disappeared,
leaving him in the lurch. Now, it
was vital to Suresh that he should
land a job soon, in order to stave

the wolf in his
door. There were
jobs in plenty, to
judge from the
'situations vacant'
columns, but only
when one applied

for them, they seemed to be in
El Dorado, not in one's own world.

He leant forward, and took up
the day's paper. His practised
eyes scanned the 'Wanted'
columns. A good column and a
half. But Suresh knew better now
than to entertain false hopes. His
eyes, however, fell on an adver-
tisement that stood by itself.

"Wanted a cook-cum-personal attend-
ant for an elderly gentleman living by
himself. Only everyday meals to be
prepared. Smartness preferred."

A DEVILISH idea came into
Suresh's mind. A cook? Why
not? It was better than being a
loafer. And he was fast heading
towards being one. Beg, borrow,
steal—these were the three courses
open to him. Beg he could not.
Borrow, he could if only there was
anyone willing to be a creditor.
Steal—it was an art he, unfor-
tunately or fortunately, had not
cultivated. Only now did Suresh
know, what it was to be between
the devil and the deep sea ...

Suresh removed the lid from
the steaming pot. He tasted the
contents. He made a wry
face. "Heaven help my poor
master!" he muttered to himself.

Thousands of dollars he puts up with
 concoctions I dole out to him.
 I honestly believe the poor man is
 somehow prejudiced in my favour.
 But I am learning. My *iddalis*
 and *dosais* are passable. Maybe
 in time, I will learn the trick of
 the art."

In time—did he really think of
 being a cook for life? It was an

irony of fate, that when he applied
 for jobs for which he was qualified,
 he should have been unsuccessful.
 But now the job he had least ex-
 pected was handed to him! Fate
 was a jester, too.

SURESH had accepted the job in a
 spirit of recklessness the decid-
 ing factor being that the gentle-
 man was old and lived alone, in



an out-of-the-way place. His
 new residence was miles away from
 his home. In these parts, there
 was no one to recognize him.
 Anyway it had been imperative

that he should take on this
 at least on a temporary basis.
 Though he did not know much of
 the culinary art, Suresh was not
 quite incapable, as men go. Living
 by himself, he had taken his meals
 from a nearby hotel. But
 occasionally he prepared
 meals for himself over a kero-
 sene stove, which though not
 very palatable, would still be
 good enough to eat.



...was this elementary knowledge that helped to install him in his new job. Added to it was the fact that his master was not very particular about food. What the old man apparently needed was just someone about the house to enliven the loneliness. So, though a cook in name, Suresh was a rung further up.

Suresh laid the table for his master's lunch. The old man sat down, and before falling to, he perused a letter he had received. He read it silently, then looked up at Suresh.

"Look here, Ram (of course, Suresh went under a false name), I know you are under the impression that I am an unmarried man," said the old man. "And it seems no one has enlightened you. But I am married. My wife had gone to her parents' home, as she was not keeping fit. She has written to say that she is coming back by Tuesday."

The master looked at him, and coughed a bit uneasily "It has been plain sailing for you, Ram. But now you must look sharp. See that you don't muddle any more dishes, and be careful not to put too much chillies in the curry. Ahem... the 'missus' does not err on the side of leniency."

Suresh's heart turned turtle. A woman in the house would be a nail in the coffin. Being a cook had been fun, if nothing else. Anyway he had not had to go on an empty stomach. A mutual attachment had sprung up between the master and himself. Now Nemesis was at hand. He had better bestir himself for another job. Suresh bit his lips as he thought of it.

"No, sir. I shall try to please the mistress."

"Yes, see that you do. I hope you get into her good books, and don't rub her the wrong way."

It was Tuesday. As Suresh bustled about the kitchen, his heart was in his mouth, so to speak. Everything must be got ready by twelve noon, at which time the mistress was expected. And today everything seemed to go wrong. As he lifted the boiling kettle, it slipped from his hand, scalding his knees, and making a mess on the floor. He swept the floor clean, and began chopping the vegetables. As he worked he pondered what the mistress would be like.

His master's words had not helped to make a favourable picture for him. He visualised a

(Continued on page 100)



"Brother, would you let me have a close look at that wonderful axe of yours?"

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

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

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

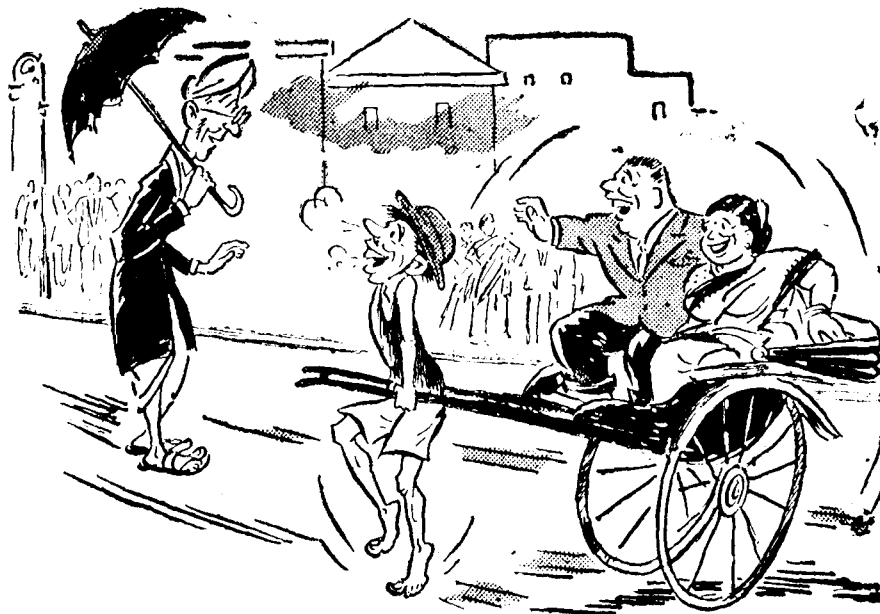
Fred Andrew Murcutt of Messrs. V. Petervoschi, Valadivastoc, Russia:— I have occasion to consult Pandit N. Amirtananda, the Royal Astrologer of Mylapore, Madras, and also have my entire Life Reading. I was very favourably impressed with his vast erudition and keen penetration and no less by his genial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

State birth details or Letter writing time.

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

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in hi
fr

AVOIDING THE RICKSHAW



I DISLIKE going in rickshaws. Many people have many unaccountable pet aversions. One such of mine is that I always fight shy of these man-drawn vehicles. There were no rickshaws when I was young. In some mysterious way they landed here like meteoric stones. They came from Japan. The dictionary tells us that *rickshaw* is an abbreviation of *jinrickshaw*. A "jinrickshaw" is defined as a small two-wheeled hooded carriage drawn by a man or men. The word *jinrickshaw* is a Japanese word. *Jin* means man, *riki* means power and *sha* means carriage.

Science tells us about horse-power as a unit of energy. It was reserved for the Japanese to teach us about man-power as a unit of energy.

SOME years back Japan flooded Indian markets with *Jintan* which is an aromatic pill to give a nerve-thrill and keep in the human mouth a desirable smell. The Japanese were and are advertisement experts. A smart soldier in uniform, walking smartly as if he were a world-conqueror like Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer, shone upon our eyes

H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

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(Sd.) Dr. H.V. RAO, L.M.S., Principal, Madras Dental College, Madras.

The Wonderful Tonic Food.— Your "BHEEMA-VEER" is really a wonderful tonic food. The third day I began taking this I had free bowels and felt very much relieved. Fifth day the body regained much of its lost strength. Seventh day all wasting diseases vanished. On the tenth day all the itches in my body disappeared and the skin became healthy and rosy in appearance.

(Sd.) R. BABU NAIDU, Traffic Manager's Office, Rangoon, Burma.

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(Sd.) Dr. P.V. GIRI, M.D. & C.M., M.R.C., O.G., Retired Superintendent, Raja Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliar Hospital, Royapuram, Madras.

JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA
31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS—4

—it was "bird 'Jintan'. Japanese edge the all dashed cheap. I do in know how they sell them so cheap—probably even below cost price.

SOME years back Japan flooded English markets with very cheap silk stockings—far cheaper than the English variety and almost as cheap as cotton ones. The English factory girls, teachers, nurses and other middle class girls went in for them in millions. Lancashire swore and stormed. But the shower of Jap silk stockings continued unabated. Talking about rickshaws, Madras, like Bombay and Calcutta, began to specialise in rickshaws. Thousands and tens of thousands of agriculturists flocked to those happy centres of civilisation to earn plenty of money and incidentally render a new form of social service. The rickshaws were cheap and hence became popular. The owners of the older forms of transport like bullock carts and jutkas stormed and protested in vain. The rickshaws won the battle.

"Rickshaws to right of them,
Rickshaws to left of them
Rickshaws in front of them
Ran swiftly and with grace."

The rickshaw-wallahs put on hats purchased at some store of second-hand goods and shirts and shorts or loin-cloths and looked smarter than bullock-cart drivers and jutka drivers.

The bullocks shook their horns in disapproval and the jutka horses neighed in scorn. But the rickshaw-wallahs disdained to take notice of protests and multiplied fast in numbers.

After the evacuation in 1942, the metropolitan rickshaw-wallahs

dispersed to the towns in the mofussil, though a fairly bewildering percentage of them continued to ply in the City. The reader will remember that this dispersion also was due to Japan. In April 1942, the Japanese navy began to enter the Bay of Bengal.

ONE day, the news was flashed that the Japanese men-of-war were making for Madras. I remember the consternation of Madras-wallahs. The Banks were specially opened on a Sunday to enable the local heroes to draw their moneys from the Banks and flee! There is an old joke about a war correspondent telling a king how his army behaved in battle. He said: "Maharajah, our troops ran. The enemy troops pursued. But our troops were expert runners and ran so fast that the enemies could not overtake them. In this way we won the battle."

The rickshaws which went to the mofussil towns have continued

(Continued on page 97)



Young Lady (to salesman): "I want this tin at the bottom second row!"



Five Years' Jail For Kissing!

KISS a pretty girl in any of the cinemas of Turin, Italy, and you may find yourself in trouble with the police. For plain-clothes police have for some weeks been mixing with audiences in the city's cinemas and pouncing on ardent couples who kiss in the dark, writes Norman Inglis in *Tit-Bits*.

On a single evening, in four hours, detectives pounced on thirty-five kissing couples. The unlucky lovers were taken out of the cinemas and sternly warned that by kissing each other they were breaking public decency regulations. Then they were sent home.

Even when, some time ago, an engaged couple were tempted to kiss each other while waltzing in a romantically-lit ballroom in Italy, they found themselves in trouble.

Appeal to Gallantry

The music was stopped, the pair arrested. They were arraigned before a criminal court.

"It was only just a very little kiss," pleaded the young man. Then, seeing the magistrate was unimpressed, he decided to make an appeal to his gallantry.

Pointing to his fiancée's beauty, he said: "That, sir, is my sole defence." And the girl, pointing

5 — 15th May '55.

to the war decoration in the lapel of the man's coat, murmured: "And that, sir, is mine."

The magistrate dismissed the case, remarking that no real offence against public morality had been committed.

Any time was kissing time in Central Park, New York, until a certain Irish policeman chanced to walk through one sunny spring morning in 1925. He was shocked (he said afterwards) to see an auburn-haired girl of seventeen being passionately kissed by a young man as they sat on a park seat.

Thing That Shocked

The policeman told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They told him to go and mind his own love-affairs.

The patrolman pondered for a moment, and as he could not remember any law that specifically mentioned kissing, he decided that anything that shocked a New York policeman must be disorderly—and arrested the couple.

He admitted to the magistrate that the girl did not seem to object to being kissed in public, and that the couple were engaged.

edge "You are wasting my time. In here is no law to stop an engaged couple kissing in the park," retorted the magistrate, dismissing the charge of disorderly conduct.

Last year undergraduates and co-eds, who were innocently kissing each other good-night outside a college in Michigan, were constantly disturbed by a voice which boomed these words through a megaphone: "Stop kissing that girl! Kissing is immoral and improper!"

Club Disbanded

It was found that a secret group of super-puritans were responsible, it being their avowed aim to "end all kissing and courtship on college territory." They failed, for the kissing continued and the megaphone warnings ceased.

In Britain a lenient view is usually taken of kissing, but now and again somebody objects to public kissing. In 1950, for instance, a London suburban club for young people put on an amateur play in which there was a kissing scene.

One of the owners of the club premises chanced to see it. He was shocked and complained. Those stage kisses led to the disbandment of the club.

Police Manifesto

All Geneva laughed over drastic police measures against kissing which were enforced some years ago its annual Fete de la Vierge, when the city gives up to fancy-dress balls and parades.

"It is forbidden," said the police manifesto, "to kiss a woman by surprise or force in the streets, or to chase her into side alleys or to take her round the waist — reprehensible acts against which public opinion protests."

Although threatened with heavy fines, the masqueraders ignored the ban and there was even more kissing that year. No kissers were fined.

In some towns in Brazil kissing in public is only permitted during the hours of darkness — and it is also laid down that even then the couple must be not less than fifteen yards from a street lamp.

A man who ventured to kiss a lovely brunette when they were standing four feet inside the prohibited area was jailed for a week.

Heavy Sentence

Longest term of imprisonment ever served by a lover was imposed on a Chinese. He was seen embracing his sweetheart so rapturously that he was hauled off to court and sentenced to five years in jail. Although he pleaded that his lips "had merely touched" the girl's, the plea was ignored.

A French commercial traveller who had been away on business for a month exchanged kisses with

This new portrait of H. M. Queen Elizabeth II by Signor Annigoni, was commissioned by the Fishmongers' Company in the City of London. It shows Her Majesty wearing the robes of the Order of the Garter, the rich dark blue velvet mantle, with white satin lining. The gold collar of the Order passes over the left shoulder and above it is a flowing bow of white satin. The Queen stands against a rather pale blue sky. Low down in the picture, to the left, is a small lake on which is seen a fisherman (said to represent the painter himself, though the figure is too small to recognise) in a boat. The portrait is to be submitted to the Royal Academy for the Summer Exhibition.



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edgebite and pretty fiancée in a restaurant where they met for lunch.

As the young man was saying tender things to the girl, he suddenly noticed a stranger at the next table who was staring rudely at them. He uttered a sharp protest, condemning the stranger's rudeness.

Nine Hours' Ordeal

The stranger presented his card. He was the Commissary of Police. "You have been kissing each other publicly," he snapped. "I am going to charge you with indecent behaviour. Such kisses should not be exchanged in public."

The indignant commercial traveller was handcuffed and taken to the police station by two policemen. His fiancée was curtly ordered to follow.

For nine hours the pair were under arrest while the judicial authorities argued about their kisses. Then they were discharged.

The commercial traveller then brought a charge against the Commissary for illegal detention. The case came before the Minister of the Interior, who not only dismissed the Commissary but ordered him to go before a disciplinary court.

Malaya's Coconut Monkeys!

Some folk seem to make a living in curious ways, but I doubt whether the most out-of-the-way jobs that people do are more unusual than some occupations for which animals have been trained.

Take plant-collecting monkeys. The tropical forests of Malaya

abound in rare and interesting plants, but unfortunately for the botanist who wishes to collect and study them, many of them grow on the uppermost branches of tall trees. It is quite impossible for him to get at them, unless he fells the trees—rather a drastic procedure to obtain perhaps one small plant growing on the crown, writes Philip Street in a British weekly.

Words of Command

In recent years, however, the problem of collecting these apparently inaccessible plant treasures has been solved by employing trained pig-tailed monkeys. In the East Indies these monkeys have always been used in harvesting coconuts. With long hemp ropes attached to their collars, they are taken to the coconut palms and sent aloft, where they proceed to twist off the nuts and let them fall to the ground, where they can be gathered. By means of various words of command they can be guided in their efforts so that they pick only ripe coconuts.

These coconut monkeys, as they are sometimes called, are captured when they are a year or two old, and considerable patience is required to train them. After they have got used to the collar and long lead, they are taught to twist off young coconuts from low-growing palms. At the same time, they learn to obey the necessary words of command, so that when they begin their real work their efforts can be directed from the ground, which may be 200 feet below them.

Females Not Allowed!

It takes anything up to six months to produce a fully-trained coconut monkey, which is then

of considerable value to its owner. Males are generally preferred to females because they are stronger, and twisting the tough stalks of coconuts is certainly a man's work.

Monkeys to be used for plant collecting are first of all trained by Malays on coconuts. They are then taken over by the botanists, who give them a further period of training.

A well-trained monkey shows considerable initiative and can

respond to many different commands. Once at the collecting ground the monkey, attached to a 200-foot rope, is given its first order—in Malay—"Gi ata," which means "Go up." Quickly it climbs the tree. "Go up higher," and it responds, until it reaches a branch on which the botanist has spotted something interesting. "Out on that branch," followed by "Pick that" or "Pull that off," and the specimen is secured.

Especially designed and manufactured for the United States Government by a Middlesex firm, the world's fastest "camera" was flown from Britain to New York. The camera is known as a "sequential image converter," and is the first of its type in the world. It consists of two large cabinets—the power unit and the optical unit. In this picture two technicians are seen at work on the camera part of the unit. At the top can be seen the photographic plate holder. The "camera" has been devised, developed and constructed to enable photographs of one ten-millionth of a second exposure—light travels 30 yards in this time—and at one half-millionth of a second intervals to be taken, six at a time. This is at least 25 times as fast as any other photographic method. The camera is now being used at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, one of America's major weapon-testing centres. Manufacturers: Winston Electronics Limited, Hampton Hill, Middlesex, England.



That is the only specimen gathered from this tree, so edge, "Come down," or alternatively, "Jump across," if there are interesting plants on the next tree. And so it goes on, all day long.

Good Reward!

The monkeys seem quite content with their lot, for the work carries its own rewards. In these high tree tops there are multitudes of tempting caterpillars and spiders, luscious fruits and even occasional lizards and birds' eggs for them to feast on.

As they move about among the crowded trees, many of them festooned with giant creepers, the rope becomes something of a liability. But the monkeys soon learn to move about, keeping an eye on the rope to ensure that it doesn't get caught up. They become expert, too, in unravelling accidental knots, and display remarkable patience in straightening out the most complicated tangles.

Fortunes Won and Lost!

The saying that anything can happen on a race-track is very true, for it usually does. Fortunes have been made and lost in a matter of minutes. And Arnold Rothstein is reputed to be the man who made the most money from a single race.

On July 4th, 1921, at Aqueduct, in America, Rothstein went to the track with about £25 in his pocket. By late afternoon he had won the equivalent of £7,000, by backing rank outsiders, writes J. S. S. in a British periodical.

He seemed to have a Midas touch. Then, when the final race

was run, Rothstein picked on a two-year-old horse named "Sidereal," running at 50 to 1. He staked every penny he had on the horse, dividing the bets among the bookies.

The horse romped home and Rothstein collected a total of over £350,000.

One of the greatest racehorses of all time was the famous "Man o' War." This horse won twenty out of the twenty-one races it ran and by the time the fifteenth race came along, punters had to stake £10 in order to win £1.

Extraordinary Finish

On the very last race the horse ran, a punter, Joseph Schmallman, wanted to put down a sizeable bet but could not get a bookie to take him on.

Eventually one bookie agreed to take a bet. Schmallman had to lay down £25,000 in order to win £250. "Man o' War" romped home and the punter took his winnings.

"Man o' War," known as "Big Red," was bought by Samuel Riddle for £1,250 at a Saratoga auction. The horse had shown no promise of becoming a racer, but under the care of his trainer, William Harbutt, "Man o' War" netted his owner just over £500,000 in prize money and stud fees.

The strangest ending ever to a horse race happened in Australia, when "Brampton," an even money favourite, was racing well ahead of the field. About sixteen feet from the finishing line "Brampton" stumbled and as the other horses came tearing along, the favourite went sliding forward, the jockey grimly hanging on. Still on its

feet, the horse skidded past the post just ahead of his rivals.

This extraordinary finish was perfectly legal as the jockey was still in the saddle!

Spent 26 Winters In Bed!

It was in the autumn of 1910 that twenty-eight-year-old Arthur Gehrke, an inn-keeper in Watertown (U.S.), made a discovery.

Tired of long and dreary winters, he tried staying in bed for days on end, and discovered not only that it was a most comfortable way of passing the wintry days, but also that the rheumatic pains which always started with the cold weather didn't trouble him in bed.

He thereupon decided to close the inn and spend the entire winter in bed. He told his wife of this decision—and thus began a long series of "battles" between them. Naturally, the decision meant that his wife had to do all the household work, and naturally she rebelled, according to a New York report.

Yet all efforts and schemes to get him out of bed were unsuccessful. Physical effort, even with rolling pins, could not match Arthur Gehrke's strength. Threats of not giving him his meals were no use, either, since the substantial sums of money earned by the inn during the summer months were banked in Arthur's name. It was simple—no meals, no money! Nagging and pestering, female wiles, womanly charms—all failed.

Sightseers Galore

Then Arthur decided to go to bed every winter. For twenty-six

years he hibernated with a regularity.

Disaster struck in the early spring of 1937. His wife, worn out with looking after him, became ill suddenly and died.

Dismayed, Arthur was forced to get up to attend to the funeral and other matters. The tasks accomplished, he went back to bed, leaving a new maid in charge. But he had not allowed for the publicity which followed the disclosure that his wife had died looking after a lazy husband who spent all winter in bed. Soon his inn was packed with sightseers who, agog with curiosity, wanted to glimpse the "human hibernator."

Eventually, some of them stormed into his bedroom—and only when the irate inn-keeper launched himself in his nightshirt at a raucous group of women did the uninvited guests depart—hurriedly.

Then Arthur summoned the maid, and gave her instructions to bar the doors. This done, he returned to bed to finish his interrupted six-months' "nap."



MOTHER (to visitor): "We tried all stratagems to make Baby talk. But it is a headache now how to stop him talking!"

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FACTS FOR FARMERS

Shark Liver Oil for Cows!

Milk cows and buffaloes produce milk rich in vitamin A, if shark liver oil is included in the daily feed, research has shown. Cows get vitamin A in the form of carotene through green fodder. To ensure that vitamin A rich milk be produced even in the season when green fodder is not available, feeding shark liver oil is recommended. Cows and buffaloes fed with ten grams of shark liver oil per day per head along with dry roughage during the dry fodder period gave milk rich in vitamin A content, experiment showed. The flavour of the oil was not noticed in the milk produced.

New System of Potato Planting

Planting potato tubers at one inch depth from the soil surface in two rows six inches apart on the ridge is getting popular with farmers in the Punjab. The system, recently evolved, consists of growing two rows of potatoes on ridges 2 1/2 ft. to 2 1/2 ft. apart, instead of a single row on ridges 1 1/2 ft. to 2 ft. apart as is the practice.

After planting the seed tubers in double rows on the ridge, it is recommended that fertilizer is applied in a band in the middle of the rows, an inch deeper than the seed. Similarly, fertilizer is also applied in bands two inches away from each row on the outer sides of the ridge. The seed and the fertilizer are later covered with two to three inches of earth taken from the outer side of the ridge to make one ridge over the two rows of seed potatoes.

For Higher Yields of Cardamoms

Using longer rhizomes for planting increases cardamom yields, experiments at the Cardamom Research Station at Singampatti have shown. Planters generally do not use sufficiently long rhizomes for planting. For the experiments, the planting of mother rhizomes eight inches long was compared with the planting of short ones of an inch in length. With the same care given to both, it was found that where long rhizomes were planted, the crop began bearing about six months earlier and gave an increase in yield of cardamom.

HERE'S FUN!

ONE cold morning two friends went out duck shooting. A flask full of hot coffee kept one of them warm, while frequent nips at a bottle of whisky kept the cold out of the other.

There was no sign of duck for several hours, when suddenly a lone bird appeared overhead. The coffee drinker raised his gun, fired and missed. His companion put down the whisky, raised his gun and brought down the duck with one shot.

"Good shooting," commented the first.

"Easy as pie," said the other with a hiccough. "When a flock like that comes over you're bound to hit one of them."

Learnt Late

"Bobby, how old is your sister?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five? She told me she was just twenty."

"Oh, I expect that's because she was five before she learned to count."

The Two Talk

Brown: "So you have just got another parrot?"

Smith: "Yes, my wife had one, so I thought I'd get one."

Brown: "Do they talk?"

Smith: "Rather! My wife's says, 'You have dropped some ash on the carpet,' and mine says, 'The bacon is burnt again.'"

A DE. girl on or eight years one day before closed gate. A gentleman passed.

The dear little girl turned and said to him: "Will you please open this gate for me, mister?"

The gentleman did so, then he said kindly: "And why, my child, couldn't you open the gate yourself?"

"Because," said the little girl, "the paint's not dry yet."

Compliment

"Have you any cream for restoring the complexion?" asked the faded spinster.

"Restoring, miss? You mean preserving?" said the assistant, heartily.

He sold her ten shillings' worth!

How Much?

"—and at the end of the meal he made the best after-dinner speech I have ever heard."

"What did he say?"

"Waiter, how much for the lot?"

Easy to Identify

"Why did you engage that man as cashier? He squints, has a crooked nose and outstanding ears."

"Of course. He will be so easy to identify if ever he absconds."

Clean Answer

Teacher: "You all know what a mirror is for. Now, Jackie, where do you look if you want to know if you are tidy and clean?"

Jackie: "At the towel, sir."

WAGGE, flustered woman, dragging a small boy, sailed edgewise through the station barrier and approached her waiting husband.

"Hullo," said the man. "You're late."

"Oh, don't talk about it, Alf," said his wife. "I never 'ad such a time! What with young Bill 'anging on me, and me 'anging on to the luggage-rack, the train 'ung up in a tunnel, and you hanging about in the station for me, I've been in a regular state of suspense."

No Longer Young

"I wonder if John will love me when I'm old?"

"You'll know pretty soon now, dear."

Must Be Thankful

Bride: "I wash, sew, clean and cook for you and get nothing for it."

Husband: "Be thankful for that. I have got indigestion."

Pardon Sought

Bumpious Young Man: "Yes, I'm a thought-reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."

Elderly Man: "In that case, I beg your pardon."

Easy to Guess

"Mummy, who invented barbed wire?"

"Probably a manufacturer of boys' trousers."

Too Plain

"Which teeth does a person get last?"

"False ones, teacher."

IT was the duty of Jane, the maid, to tie up Jeff, the house dog, every night before she retired.

One night she failed in her duty, and next morning found Jeff loose and having played havoc with the contents of the larder.

When the mistress heard the news she inquired: "Has he eaten much, Janet?"

"Every blessed thing except the dog biscuits!" replied the maid.

Mercy!

"Here comes the parade, and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

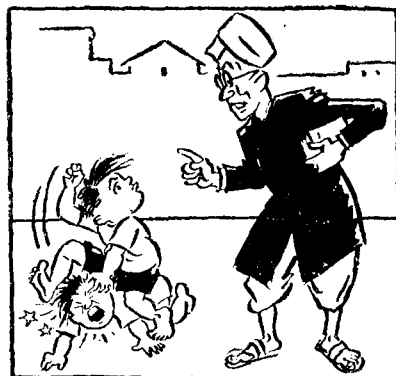
"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"

Logical Query

Lover: "I am a rich man, and if you will marry me you shall have my money, horses, jewels, my yacht — my house —"

She: "Very good — but what will you do?"



OLD GENTLEMAN: "Do you not know Gandhi has taught us to love even our enemies?"

LITTLE BULLY: "He is not my enemy, sir. I am only beating my brother!"

A DOCTOR and a dentist in Aberdeen were intimate friends, but neither knew the age of the other.

At last the dentist died, and the doctor thought he would now be able to ascertain his friend's age.

He attended the funeral, approached the coffin, and looked at the brass plate. This is what he read:

"Angus McLeod: Dentist. (Hours 10-4)."

Pretty Bad Time

"Mothers have a pretty bad time."

"Why?"

"Well, they're always afraid that some girls will marry their sons and that some men won't marry their daughters."

Then and Now

"You look tired."

"Yes, I get no sleep — my wife wakes me up every time she hears a noise in the night in case it is burglars."

"But burglars make no noise."

"I told her so and now she wakes me up every time she does not hear a noise."

Poser!

"Well, my father has another wife to support now."

"How's that? He's a bigamist?"

"No, but I just got married."

Which One?

"What has become of the young man who was engaged to you last summer?"

"Which one?"

THERE is a certain London which makes a practice of sending a handsome wreath to the funeral of any member who happens to die.

A Scottish member went to see the secretary, and intimated that as he was prepared to forego flowers at his funeral he would take the cash for his wreath now.

"Oh, no," replied the official, courteously, "we could not think of depriving ourselves of the pleasure of sending the usual floral tribute when the happy occasion occurs."

Taxi for Him!

At an all-in wrestling contest the main bout was between a giant German and a Scots champion. The M.C. announced the German first, and on to the stage strode a giant figure, clad, not in the usual dressing-gown, but in a resplendent brass-buttoned general-cum-commissionaire's overcoat. He raised his hand aloft in salute.

It was an effective entry, but it was speedily spoiled by a loud voice from the gallery shouting "Taxi!"



ROWDY: "Bosh! You are imagining things! It is not a knife, man. I only cut my finger this morning!"

Conquest Of The Mind

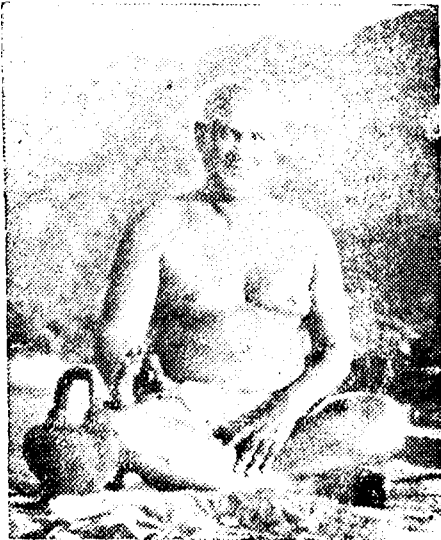
By H.H. Mahamandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

THE mind can be controlled by *Abhyasa* and *Vairagya*. *Abhyasa* is constant effort to fix the mind on God or *Atma*. *Vairagya* is dispassion or non-attachment to sensual objects.

Enquire 'Who am I?' Do *Vichara*. Do mental *Japa* of *OM* and meditation on *Atma*. All thoughts will die by themselves. You will rest in *Satchidananda Atma*. Sit alone and watch the *Vrittis* of the mind. Be indifferent. Remain as a *Sakshi*. Don't identify yourself with the *Vrittis*. The mind will then be under your control.

Destroy the fuel of desire, and the fire of thought will be extinguished. With the annihilation of *Sankalpa*, the reality of *Brahman* will shine. Cultivate Divine qualities such as friendliness, mercy, gladness and indifference towards happiness, pain, virtue and vice. You will get absolute peace of mind.

Don't think of the past. Don't plan for the future. Do not allow the mind to build images. Live in the solid present. Do a thing which the mind does not want to do. Do not do a thing which the mind wants to do. Don't try to fulfil your desires. Don't hope. Don't expect anything. Destroy the vicious desires through virtuous desires and destroy the virtuous desires also through one strong desire for "Liberation." Practice of *Pranayama* destroys *Rajas* and *Tamas*, makes the mind steady and one-pointed. Study of religious books, *tapas*, charity and



Founder-President
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

Satsang with *Mahatmas*, *Sadhus* and *Sannyasins* overhauls worldly vicious *Samskaras* and paves a long way in the control of mind.

Japa of any *Mantra* and *Upasana* destroys the impurities of the mind, makes the mind turn inwards, induces *Vairagya*, helps concentration and eventually leads to control of mind and attainment of God-consciousness. In this *Kali-Yuga*, the easiest way for controlling the mind and attaining *Moksha* is *Kirtan* or singing the Name of the Lord. Food has a lot of influence over the mind. *Sattwic* food such as milk, fruits, etc., calms the mind. *Rajasic* food (meat, alcohol, etc.) excites the mind. Take *Sattwic* food.

Have *Mithahara* (moderation in diet).

Destroy evil habits by establishing new good habits. Control the lower instinctive mind through the higher *Sattwic* mind. Constant selfless service with *Atma-Bhav* is highly efficacious in purifying and controlling the mind.

Don't wrestle or struggle with the mind. Be regular in your concentration and meditation. May Peace, Joy, Bliss and Immortality abide in you for ever! ❖❖

7th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

The 7th Anniversary Celebrations of the Divine Life Society Branch at Virudhunagar, S. Ry., came off on a grand scale on the 24th April, '55. Smt. S. Gnanasoundari Ammal presided over the function. Smt. Sivananda Vijayalakshmi of Madura delivered a lecture on "*Sanmargam*."

Summer Training Camp Sri Munshi's Suggestion

H. E. Sri K. M. Munshi, the Governor of Uttar Pradesh, met H. H. Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj during the 3rd week of April, and spent a couple of hours with the Swamiji discussing how best to promote Hindu culture among the modern Indian youth.

The Governor was received by Sri Swamiji Maharaj on arrival. Major-General, A. N. Sharma, Director-General of the Sivananda Medical Organisation, who was present, explained the aims and objects of the Organisation to His Excellency who took a keen interest in the furtherance of this medical mission.

His Excellency explained at length to Sri Swamiji Maharaj the appalling faithlessness that was prevalent among the educated youth of to day, all over India, and felt that it did not augur well for the future, as these very people would be the future leaders and administrators of the country. He felt dissatisfied with the mode of propagation of spiritual ideas adopted by some religious organisations who preached the same old doctrines in the same old way. "This does not evoke the sympathy and the response of the youth of today," said H. E. What he felt was that the Indian scriptures like the *Gita* and the *Yoga Sutras*, etc., should be re-presented to the youth of today in a language that they could understand and appreciate, and in a

way that would appeal to them. What the youth wanted was to know how these spiritual truths could solve the day-to-day problems that faced them.

At that stage, General Sharma remarked that through all the journals and the books published mostly in English by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University, Sri Swamiji Maharaj was doing just this very work, and H. E. replied: "I know; and that is why I have come here."

Sri Munshi, therefore, suggested that the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University might hold a Summer Training Camp every year to give intense theoretical and practical training to persons desirous of undergoing such a course of training. He felt that if teachers were specially invited to attend such a course, the cultural revival that he envisaged would be ensured.

Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj expressed his keen appreciation of H. E.'s views and, while pointing out that the Forest University was already imparting such training to visiting students from all parts of India and from foreign lands, too, he said he would certainly arrange to have an Annual Training Camp conducted under the auspices of the Forest University.

Details in this regard will be announced after Sri Swami Sadanandaji, Professor of Yoga in the University, meets H. E. the Governor at Naini Tal, during this month.

FORTY GOLDEN PRECEPTS

By H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

(Continued from previous Issue)

35. Don't do the *Namaskar* (prostration) like a drill. Do it gently with *Bhav* (feeling). Feel you are prostrating actually before Lord Narayan or Siva when you touch the feet of others. Do *Shastanga Namaskar* always. The ordinary *Lowkika Namaskar* is meaningless. Touch the feet of all, be he a Parsee, a Mohammedan or Christian. This leads to easy Self-realisation. *Namaskar* has six advantages. It removes egoism, infuses humility, produces *Samadrishtitwa* (equal vision). It fills the heart with *Bhakti* (devotion). It draws all hearts (*admavasya*). It eventually leads to the attainment of God-consciousness.

(To Be Concluded)



A portrait of H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati was unveiled by Smt. H.K. Valam, B.A., President of the Kalai Kazhagam of Poona, at the Sri Rama Mandira Mahamantap, Kirkee. Smt. Valam is seen seated on the right. Capt. A.V. Rajagopal (standing) of Poona delivered a lecture on *Now Is The Hour*.

THE ABSENT-MINDED HUSBAND

—By Ramesh Nayak—

SUNDER was employed as principal salesman in Hilton and Hamilton Company, one of the big and reputed firms of Nagpur. Young and handsome, he was winsome in manners and polished in his speech. He was very energetic and diligent, and his boss was thoroughly pleased with his work and demeanour which were above reproach. He discharged his duties with utmost sincerity and perseverance. Though incorruptible, the one drawback of his life was his poor memory. Anything said now would be completely forgotten at the very next moment.

His astounding forgetfulness marred and spoiled a happy and harmonious life between himself and his wife, Sheila. She was very resourceful, vivacious, fastidious and ultra-modern. Her sharp, razor-edge memory power drew his constant admiration. At home, she dominated and Sunder was more or less a henpecked husband. When arguments and controversies raged in the house, he would quietly submit to her views and opinions. Sheila being a fashionable lady, he had to budget more than half of his salary for her luxury and clothing needs. They were not blessed with any baby and were leading a life of ease and comfort with the decent salary which he was drawing.

The summer was at its severest in Nagpur; there was a record

rise in temperature. The city was in the grip of a heat wave. Sheila suffered terribly and was fretting and fuming all the day.

"It is awfully sultry here. Why should we not go to a hill station for a change? Moreover, it will give you the much needed rest," Sheila suggested one day to Sunder.

"No, dear, I can't. These days I am very busy. I can't avail of leave at present," grumbled Sunder.

THAT was a stark lie. He had so much of leave accumulated to his credit that he could go on holiday at any time but to him office work seemed to be the be-all and end-all of life. That was enough to make her flare up.

"I knew that you would refuse!" She began to cry. "Oh, God! I don't know why I am destined to suffer at your hands. When most of my friends, Kamala, Leela and others with their families, are packing off for some hill stations, I am shut up within the four walls of the kitchen to slave and struggle. Men like you don't have love and affection for their wives.

"When you return from the office, you are served with sweet and delicious dishes and you don't realise how I prepare them and with what difficulty and suffering. No—no—I can't bear your despotism." Tears were profusely

redispire down her cheeks, followed intermittent sobs and shrieks. He was very much distracted and annoyed and tried his best to pacify her.

"I can't understand why you should make all this fuss. You are just like a cat on hot bricks, jumping at every thought. As a matter of fact, I never disapproved your idea. I just told you about the difficulty in my way. But I think I can persuade my boss to relieve me for at least a month. Today is Sunday, so tomorrow I shall apply for leave of absence for a month. We shall go to Delhi by air and after staying there for a week, we shall proceed to Kashmir by car. What do you think of that idea, my love?"

That had the necessary effect; it cooled down her tumultuous fury. She even began to smile.

"That's splendid. How nice and loving you are! I never intended to upset you. I shall make all preparations for our pleasant trip," beamed Sheila.

How fickle-minded these women are, thought Sunder.

NEXT morning, before going straightaway to his Office, he proceeded to the Indian Airlines Office and booked two tickets in advance. When he reached his Office, more surprise and shock were in store for him. The boss called him in and asked in a rasping voice, "Mr. Sunder, did you accept the order for two tons of pepper from James Company which I had mentioned to you on Saturday afternoon?"

He was dumbfounded and his head began to reel. Yes, he had completely forgotten to carry out

the order. His body was quaking from head to toe. He knew that he would be sacked for his negligence and apathy because his boss was a strict disciplinarian. He stood there with his head hung down, and slowly but humbly he pleaded, "Sir, I beg your pardon. I forgot it completely. I assure you that hereafter I..."

His reply was cut short by the boss. "Well done, Mr. Sunder!" he interrupted. "You couldn't have done a far greater service to the firm than this. Today, do you know the price of pepper? It has gone up by hundred and fifty rupees per candy. If you had accepted that proposal we would have lost a major slice of our profit. You have acted like a shrewd businessman. Hence, in appreciation of your acumen and service, I am raising your salary by twenty rupees from this month onwards."

Sunder was non-plussed and couldn't believe his words. He did not know whether he was in this mundane world or floating in some dream-land.

IN the evening he returned to his house with great joy and éclat. His face was wreathed in smiles. Never was he seen to be so happy and mirthful in the house as on that day. He simply danced like a little child.

"What on earth has happened to you? Have you turned a mad-cap? Why are you laughing like a lunatic?" screamed Sheila.

When he saw Sheila he became more and more noisy and hilarious and narrated the whole story.

"Well, have you brought the tickets for our trip or forgotten

them, too? If you haven't, you are not going to gain anything here unlike in your office."

"Do you think I am such a fool to forget these little things? In point of fact, the boss has granted me one month's leave from tomorrow."

So saying, he thrust his hands into the pockets. To his chagrin, he found them empty. He searched and searched, pulled them inside out, but it was of no avail. The tickets were not there.

"Are you trying to make me a laughing-stock or what?" shouted Sheila at the top of her voice. "What, is your head stuffed with mud that you should forget even to buy tickets? You can't tease or bamboozle me everytime!" Curses and invectives one after the other poured from Sheila's mouth in an endless stream.

"Sheila, my darling, excuse me for my absent-mindedness. I forgot to bring the tickets which I had kept in my office drawer," supplicated Sunder. But no amount of apologies could quiet her down.

"I have no peace or happiness here. I don't know why I should live any longer," Sheila cursed herself.

NEXT day when he finished his tea, he tuned in the radio to listen to the morning news. His attention was suddenly arrested by the tragic announcement: "The plane which left Nagpur for Delhi in the early hours of the day crashed about two miles from the airport owing to engine trouble. All the eleven passengers and the crew of four died instantaneously....."

6 — 15th May '55.

"Listen, my dear.....now and horrible it is. Now, why do you blame....er....er....curse my memory? Are you dumb? Why, we would have been by this time in the other world but for my excellent and retentive memory power!" Sunder emphasised.

But nothing would daunt or ruffle Sheila.

"To hell with your memory!" she shouted and quickly disappeared into the kitchen.

SUNDER, stupefied at her nothing-serious demeanour, watched her with his eyes wide open till she slammed the door. "These women are strange and queer phenomena ever created by God, and their ways and manners are always mysterious and capricious!" he muttered to himself. Then he turned his thoughts in prayer to God. ☸

Looking for Club

Two golfers were annoyed by a slow couple in front of them. At one hole there was a particularly long wait. One of the offending players dawdled on the fairway, while his companion searched industriously in the rough.

At length the couple waiting on the tee could contain their patience no longer.

"Why don't you help your friend to find his ball?" one shouted indignantly.

"Oh, he's got his ball," the man replied blandly. "He's looking for his club."



•—————By K.R.S.—————•

S.V. Nathan, Madras-17

Q.—What is Russian policy?

A.—An endowment one, in insurance parlance. The comrades "insure" their lives by pursuing the Cominform policy and making endowment for Moscow to be the beneficiary.

C.S. Lakshmi, Delhi

Q.—What do you think about Babu Rao Patel of Filmindia?

A.—He's the Socrates of Screenland.

Miss Kaushalya, Bangalore

Q.—What is prudery?

A.—Mental Untouchability.

Dega Radhakrishna Naidu, Nellore

Q.—Why are we so poor?

A.—Because we are so rich with non-enterprise.

Kannai Lal Basu, Darbhanga

Q.—What is heavier than the world and higher than the clouds?

A.—The thoughts of a disappointed lover.

P.V.S. Vasan, Madras-2

Q.—Are women more sensitive than men?

A.—Depends on the place, purpose and person.

S.L. Vaid, 56-APO., New Delhi

Q.—I want to be a regular subscriber to your Magazine. Please let me know everything about it?

A.—Send Rs. 6/- or Rs. 3/- by M.O. as subscription amount for one year or 6 months, respectively. Mention in the M.O. coupon that it is for yearly or half-yearly subscription. You need do nothing more. Copies will reach you regularly.

N. T. R. Rao, Mysore

Q.—Don't you think that 2 annas is not a worthwhile prize for 2-Error winners in MYWORDS Competition?

A.—As the Competition Management also feel the same thing, they have done away with 2-Error prizes. From MYWORDS No. 43, the prize amount will be shared by the All-Correct and 1-Error winners only. There will be no 2-Error prize.

Shyam Bhadra Medhi, Gauhati

Q.—What is the most essential thing in the world?

A.—Freedom from poverty to ensure safeguarding of self-respect.

B. C. Gokhale, Ahmednagar

Q.—What would be your argument with an east wind?

A.—Waistward ho!

R. Kamakshi, Madras-14

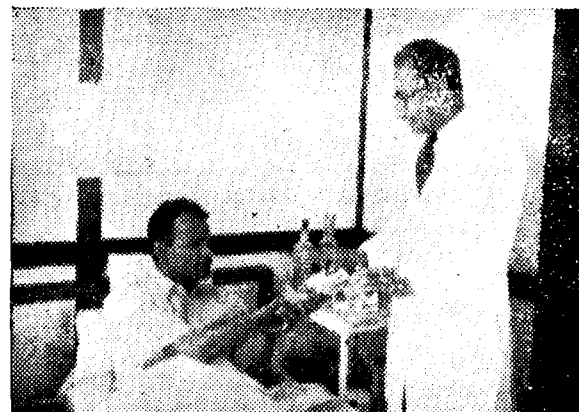
Q.—Is a thing of beauty a joy for ever?

A.—Yes, till you don't have to pay anything for the "thing of beauty."

G.R.N. Choudary, S.R.R. Puram

Q.—I wondered at the price of the Magazine. Only four annas—with such beautiful stories and fine features. Why don't you increase the rate?

A.—It is fine of you to rate the Journal so high. But we feel that increasing the rate may make other readers irate!



Sri Prema Dutt is seen in the photo receiving from the Doctor-Superintendent of the Reid Chest Hospital, Shillong, the money so generously and voluntarily contributed by the fans of this feature. In a letter written by him, Sri Prema Dutt has expressed his gratefulness to all those who have so unhesitatingly responded to the appeal. I also take the opportunity to express my deep sense of obligation to you all for responding so well to my appeal.

— K.R.S.

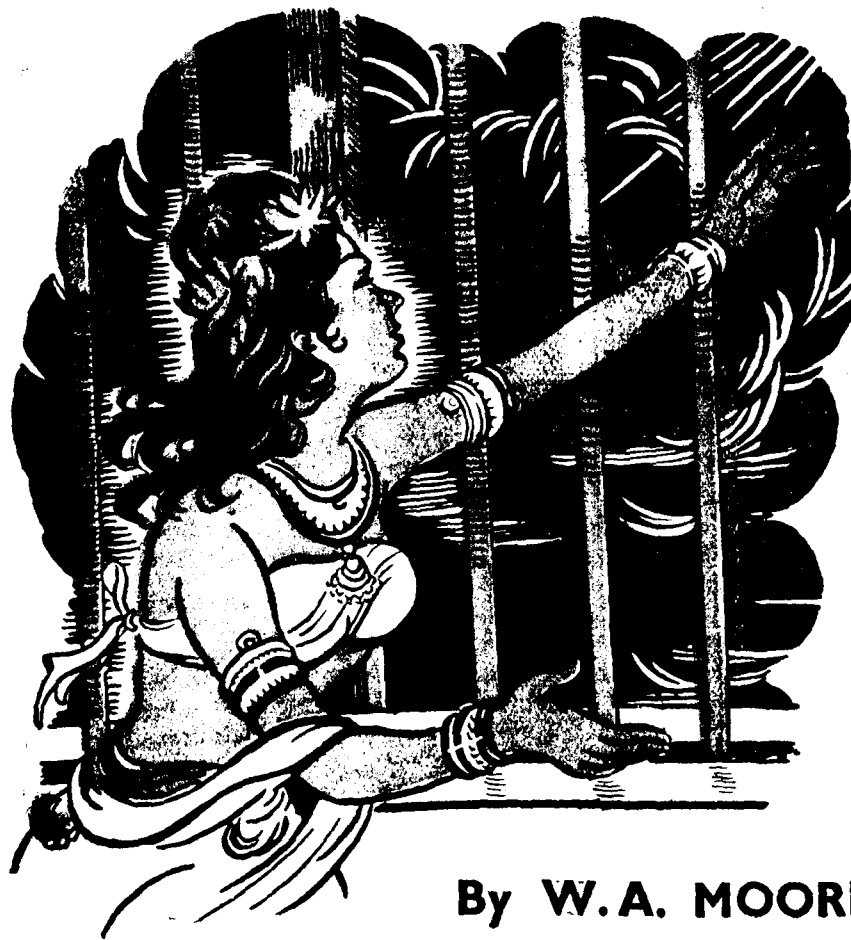
END OF A DAY

It was early morning when Supriya, with her vacant looks fixed on the vast azure sky outside, stood amazed by the side of a window facing the east.

The moment Supriya had got up, she left the bed and took her stand by the window. Her long dishevelled hair that was as black as a bumble-bee, got busy enough to

play with her well-shaped hip. Her right hand was resting on one of the iron bars of the window.

Her elegant beauty, her voluptuous physical curves, her style of standing — they all combinedly created such a picturesque atmosphere that any intelligent artist would surely make use of her as his model.



By W.A. MOORE

Supriya, with all the artistic inspiration of a model, stood silent as a statue till the oppressive rays of the sun were too much for her. She took a turn, moving her slender neck a little and saw that her husband, Abani, was still busy giving finishing touches with his brush to the portrait on the canvas.

"OH, no! Please do keep up the pose, Su! Please!" grumbled the artist, rubbing the brush again on the canvas all the while.

"Bah!" said Supriya. "How then can I manage to prepare your morning tea, office meal and all that if I thus confine myself?"

"Hang them all!" retorted Abani. "I may not have another opportunity in getting you as my model with such picturesque background. So, for my sake, Su, move your neck to its previous position and let me finish the portrait."

Moved by the touching entreaty of her husband, Supriya reassumed her position by turning slightly her neck and in a very feeble voice she complained. "But....."

"Now, now," Abani murmured impatiently, giving a few more strokes on the canvas, "there are no buts in it, darling! So long, like a fool, I had been wandering here and there in search of a perfect model for my drawing. But at that time I seldom realised that the best one was at my own place! So, please have a little more patience, dearie."

The eulogies of her husband sounded to Supriya as those of a lover to his lady-love. So she surrendered meekly to Abani's fancy, standing firmly like a model.



Only the grating sound of the painting brush was audible amidst the artistic tranquillity of the room.

TIME moved on. Within a few minutes Abani managed to finish the portrait with several more touches and announced joyously, "Ah! at last, my work is done. Supriya, now you are free."

At this, Supriya withdrew herself from the side of the window and, coming near to her husband, remarked, "What a funny idea you have, my dear! Just see how far the day has advanced."

"I see," said Abani in a compromising tone, "you get angry with me, Priya! But see how nicely I have drawn this portrait. And I tell you, Supriya, that this portrait will get my name permanently recorded in the history of

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the renowned artists of the world. It is no way inferior to those immortal artistic creations. Have a look, dearie!" With these words Abani brought forward the canvas before Supriya who, with her eyes fixed on the portrait for a few seconds, said, "But what have you done?"

Abani could not get at her meaning. Somewhat perplexed, he replied like a fool, "What! It doesn't please you, Su?"

Bursting into loud laughter Supriya said, "I didn't mean that, dear. The portrait resembles me. Just imagine how our relations and friends will view it!"

"I see where the shoe pinches you, darling!" remarked Abani with a faint smile on his lips. He seized both her shapely hands, within his own and remarked, "Well, I shall change the face of the portrait provided you give me the word that in all my future drawings you will stand as my model. Won't you, darling?"

WITH her dark eyes fixed on Abani, Supriya gave her consent, nodding her swan-like neck a little, when he gathered her tenderly into his arms and cooed, keeping his mouth very close to her ears, "I knew you would agree, darling."

Supriya did not care to free herself from the embrace of her husband, and clung to his broad chest. "What makes you all artists take women as models instead of Nature?" she asked with a charming smile.

"Simply because woman represents Nature. And that's why for the last thousand years class artists

(Continued on page 83)

The Busy Wife

THE busy wife!

There is a moral lesson in it. You don't talk of beauty or fashion or the latest styles; busy activity—the idea in the words commands your respect, though you are yourself the life-partner of the Busy Wife. You feel that you are in the presence of a lady who takes life seriously and goes through her duties in a spirit of earnestness.

That is my impression of the Busy Wife. But this is my experience of Bhushan, my busy wife.

I was busy putting into shape the statistics concerning the homeless, slum-dwellers, road-side dwellers and floating or roaming mendicants in the town. I was not quite satisfied with the facts, figures and findings of the official statements. My figures were leading to conclusions almost just the opposite of the official conclusions and, without hasty condemnation of the official version and without undue reliance upon the non-official one, I was trying to find out the hiatus.

It was about 9 A.M. Bhushan rushed into my study. "Why, sir," began Bhushan, "you wouldn't help me a bit though I do not know how I can get over this mess. There is Sirisha in my room; she wants me to attend a morning show of 'The Virtuous Wife' though I have promised your sister to go round with her for some shopping before she leaves for the Hills."

"I dare say you can attend to both, can't you?" I asked.

"Dear, dear, are you dreaming? Both? How can I sit at the pictures and go round shopping?"

"I mean one after the other," I explained, though, to confess truth, I hadn't the least idea of what I replied.

"No, no, that is not possible; poor girl Sirisha swears that she is determined to forego the picture if I don't come; and your sister said she would expect me at 10-30, because she knows I cannot be ready in the morning before 10," said Bhushan.

"Suppose you 'phone up sister and fix up the shopping in the evening?" I suggested.

"HULLO, what is this? Come in, Bhagirathi, what brings you so suddenly?" called out Bhushan.

"Just step into my car. We have no time to lose. And I shall tell you all about it on the way," said Bhagirathi, taking hold of Bhushan and dragging her to her car.

"I cannot," protested Bhushan, "I am already on the horns of a dilemma and don't make the twin into a trine."

Poor Bhushan! She looked the picture of helpless imbecility. I couldn't help remarking in my wife's ear that the best way out of the quandary would be for all of them to go to the picture and in the picture house make out their plans. (Continued on page 86)



Sound SHADOW

"SHAKUNTALA" STAGED AT SACRAMENTO

AN amateur theatre group of Sacramento, California, recently caused quite a stir in U. S. theatre circles with the presentation of *Shakuntala*, the great work of India's famed playwright Kalidasa.

The play, written 1,500 years ago, was staged by the Sacramento Civic Repertory Theatre, a non-profit group with volunteer actors and directors. It played to capacity audiences and received rave reviews from the California press.

Great as it is, *Shakuntala* is not familiar to most American audiences. This marked the first time it had been produced in the 100-year old history of the Sacramento theatre.

"We have wanted to do *Shakuntala* for a long time," explained Anthony Reid of the Civic Repertory, "because it is a very charming play. Finally the opportunity came. We decided to stage it as a special extra event of this season as part of the International Theatre Month proclaimed by the United Nations Educational, Scientific & Cultural Organisation."

"It turned out to be very successful," he went on, "both the presentation and financially."

Miss Marie Willett, who directed the play, said the cast was highly enthusiastic about the production. Their ambition, she said, was to capture the rhythmic attitude of the Indian dance and drama and the romantic idyllic feeling of the play. To do this Miss Willett chose stylised theatre. The actors moved throughout the presentation with the slow and formal grace of the Indian dance.

Since Indian plays are not often produced in America and not much is known about them, the players had to do a great deal of research before producing the drama.

In this connection, S.K. Banerji, Indian Consul General in San Francisco, 80 miles away, and his staff proved extremely helpful. They supplied books, recordings and films of classic Indian dances which the cast studied avidly. The consulate also offered technical advice.

The theatre group made their own costumes which they copied from drawings of the Indian originals. The crown for King Dushyanta, one of the lead parts, for example, was prepared by a young Sacramento artist from pictures of early Indian royal head-dresses.

"He spent a great many hours," explained Miss Willett, "on making this crown very detailed and he did a beautiful job."

Miss Willett told of another obstacle soon overcome. "We had trouble getting a script of the play in a good English translation," she said. "But finally we located one in the library at the University of California."

The stage settings were designed by another local artist who, as the Sacramento *Bee* review put it, created "stunning" effects.

The review continued: "Dunbar Beck has designed some monochromatic set pieces painted to simulate sculptured stone and they are not only beautiful to look at but used in various ways to effect some striking stage pictures. In addition, a gray tone makes a fine setting for the quiet richness of the colours of the costumes and the glittering head-dresses and jewellery of the characters stand out arrestingly from the whole."

Following the production, Consul General Banerji and his wife honoured the cast and theatre staff at a reception in their San Francisco home.

Good Beginning

"I must tell you," Consul General Banerji said, "that we are very thrilled to know about your performance in Sacramento. We feel it is a kind of tribute to India."

The Indian diplomat pointed out that although Western plays by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw and O'Neill are popular in India, Indian plays are little known in the West. "Your films," he added, "are extremely popular with us, too. But until recently this flow of culture has been more from you to us than from us to you. With Independence, we are forging ahead, trying to create a modern theatre dealing with modern problems, and soon the flow, we hope, will be more equal in both directions. We feel that your Sacramento production of *Shakuntala* can be part of the beginning of that."

Americans Acclaim Indian Dance And Music

Yehudi Menuhin, famous violin virtuoso, who visited India on two invitation concert tours, paid glowing tributes to Indian artists Shanta Rao, Ali Akbar Khan and Chatur Lal who are currently presenting dance and music performances in the United States.

In a cabled message to an Indian friend in New Delhi, Menuhin said: "Television programme was a great success. Shanta Rao was brilliant, magnificent. Ali Akbar Khan and Chatur Lal were superb. The whole group was overwhelm-

ingly charming and has won everyone's heart."

The music and dance of India was presented in a series of special programmes at the Museum of Modern Art, one of the best known institutions of its kind in the United States, in a special feature entitled "The Living Arts of India." Earlier the Indian artists were featured in a nation-wide television programme sponsored by the Radio-Television Workshop, an independent educational activity supported by the Ford Foundation.

The performances at the Museum were, as an eminent art critic put it, "a resounding success." Dance and music connoisseurs vied to shower tributes on the Indian artists. Howard Taubman, in the *New York Times* wrote: "Even if one had no background in Indian music, one would have been last

night that these performers were masters of their art. One did not grasp it all, and yet one was repeatedly enchanted by the rhythms, colours, sonorities and melodic bits. One was specially impressed by the power of this modest ensemble speaking an exotic tongue to reach out and say something to another world."

A special performance was arranged for ballet stars and art critics. They experienced a new aesthetic feast and were indebted, as one of them remarked, for "the beautiful, exciting and thoroughly overwhelming evening."

The performances have been filmed and will be sent to India through the courtesy of the Indian Consulate General. One copy of the film will be a gift to Prime Minister Nehru. The film was produced by Charles Eames.

Arrangements are under way by a leading broadcasting company to avail itself of the presence of these artists to

engage them to do a new musical score and a short dance performance to dovetail into a big one and half hour television programme colour spectacular extravaganza on India scheduled for next fall.

Commenting on her present experiences Shanta Rao said that she finds New York's cultural activities measure up to everything she had "heard and dreamed" about America. She added, the ballet, the symphony and the opera and the museums are "beautiful and exciting." She said she was particularly pleased because the dances of India were shown for the first time to millions of Americans.

Wide Screen & Eye-Sight

The Film Fans' Association of Madras has communicated the following resolution, passed by the Executive Committee, to the Government of Madras. "That this Association requests the Government to enforce a rule by which wherever cinema-scope and wide screen pictures are shown in theatres, seating is arranged in such a way that persons seated in front rows will not find it inconvenient or uncomfortable to witness the show. The Government should examine this question immediately, so that the

eye-sight of the persons witnessing cinemas may not be affected."

Shakila Became A Statue!

Glamorous Shakila was petrified, turned into a statue of stone, in a thrilling sequence in producer Wadia's Gevacolor *Hatamtai*. Babubhai Maistri, special effects expert, gave of his very best in picturising the sequence at the spacious set in Wadia Studios.

Brisk Progress of "Taksaal"

Hemen Gupta Productions' *Taksaal* ("The Mint") has made very brisk progress at Famous Cine Studios. In the cast are Balraj Sahni, Nirupa Roy, Om Prakash, Nadira, Radha Kishen and others. Music is by Roshan and direction by Hemen Gupta.

Alhad Chitra's 4th Anniversary

The production of three new pictures was announced by Datta Dharmadhikari on the occasion of the celebration of the fourth anniversary of Messrs. Alhad Chitra. The three pictures will be *Sudarshan Chakra* and *Master Bundal* in Hindi and *Gophangunda* in Marathi. The occasion was solemnised by Shree Satyanarayan Puja recently at Deccan Studios in Poona.



A delightfully devoted pair, Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh are always at their best when they are together—just as they always give of their best when they are playing together on the stage. In their next double appearances at Stratford-on-Avon they are to be Malvolio and Viola in "Twelfth Night" (two characters who have very little time for each other); Macbeth and his Lady (who murder their royal guest); and Titus and Lavinia in the rarely-seen "Titus Andronicus".

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Five-Men Orchestra for Santoshi's "Garama Garam"

Garama Garam, the musi-comedy offering of Santoshi under the banner of G. M. Pictures, has been making steady progress since the commencement of its shooting on the 11th April at Ranjit Studio, Bombay. Up-to-date work on 3 sets has been completed, accounting for the appearance of all the characters, viz., Nadira, Agha, Krishna Kumari, Anwar, Rajni, Haroon, Gope, Om Prakash, Sunder and Maruti.

Music Director Vinod has already recorded a nine-minute *Qawali* to the accompaniment of a 65-piece orchestra with Raffi, S. D. Batish, Asha Bhonsle, Shamsbad and 6 chorus singers contributing the

voices. Arranging such a big orchestra and so many play-back artistes proved a formidable task to recordist Minoo Katrak but he managed it without much anxiety by employing 6 microphones. Another song recorded on the same day was a 6-minute comedy song for which voices have been contributed by Durrani, Asha Bhonsle, A. R. Oza and 4 chorus singers.

The first piece, a comedy song, for which voice was lent by Asha Bhonsle, is to be sung on the screen by Nadira. The other song, a romantic one, is a dance composition meant for Krishna Kumari who plays the vamp in *Garama Garam*.

The picturization of Krishna Kumari's dance-cum-song took place at Ranjit Studios.



The Jubilee Singers, acknowledged to be the world's greatest interpreters of Negro Spirituals, gave a performance in Bombay on April 27, in Poona on April 30 and in Madras on May 2. Their visit to India is part of a larger Far Eastern tour jointly sponsored by the American National Theatre and Academy and the U.S. State Department. The Jubilee Singers have also performed in New Delhi and Calcutta.

The highlight of one piece of music recording was the use of an innovation by music director Vinod called *Biryani-Tarang*. And do you guess what it could be? A stringed instrument? No..... Just an aluminium *degachi* played as a tabla!

Santoshi has planned to complete *Garama Garam* by the end of June.

Dilip, Dev Anand and Bina Rai in "Insaniyat"

The three towering personalities of the Hindi screen, Dilip Kumar, Dev Anand and Bina Rai, will be cast together for the first time in Gemini's *Insaniyat*. Shooting of the picture has already commenced and it is expected to be completed for release in September.

Obscene Pictures Seized

Lesson for the Young Wife and *Secrets of the Female Body*, two pictures produced by a Japanese concern, have been seized by the Tokyo Police on the grounds of their being obscene and tending to excite the base feelings of sexual craving of men.

Bull Fight in "Pahi Sepoy"

One bull, six tigers and four lions will be cast in Y. P. Productions' *Pahi Sepoy* to provide thrilling sequences. Ranjan, the hero of this Hindi film, will fight all these animals! The bull is being specially brought from Spain and the tiger and lions hired from a circus. A professional bull-fighter will fight the bull as a "double" for Ranjan.

"Chandra" Well Received in U.S.A.

Gemini's *Chandra*, the English version of its Hindi *Chandralekha*,

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has met with a warm reception at Washington and other cities in the United States. Leading film critics have given excellent reviews of the film. S. S. Vasan has rendered a signal service in raising the reputation of Indian films to a new and enviable height.

Brisk Progress of "Kismet-Ka-Khel"

Kishore Sahu's *Kismet-Ka-Khel* has made brisk progress. A realistic set of a slum area provided the background for a sequence shooting at Famous Studios. A terrific quarrel is the high-light of the sequence. Sunil Dutt, Vyjayantimala, Yashodhara Katju and Begum Para are in the cast. Kishore Sahu directs.

Amemba Films' Maiden Production

Aan-Baan is the title of the maiden production of Amemba Films, a new Bombay concern. The *muhurt* was performed at Central Studios by Nimmi, Roopmala will play the heroine. Ranjan, Johnny Walker and others are in the cast of the story said to be an Arabian "fantasy."

Indian Films for London Festival

Parineeta, *Baiju Bawra*, *Biraj Bahu*, *Mayurpankh* and *Ratnadeep* are the five Indian films that will be shown at London during the Indian Film Festival opening at Scala Theatre on June 21. The Countess of Mountbatten will declare open the Festival which is being held for the first time in London.

Bombay Releases

Mr. & Mrs. '55, was premiered at Swastik, Bombay. A light social

comedy, it was produced and directed by Guru Dutt. In the cast are Madhubala, Guru Dutt, Lalita Pawar, Johnny Walker, Cuckoo, Agha, Al Nasir and others.

Ganget Ghoda Nhala is the title of the Marathi picture released at Majestic and Plaza in Bombay. Direction is by Raja Paranjpe. The picture is a hilarious comedy.

Jai Mahadev, K. Pictures' mythological, was released at Central and Chitra in Bombay. Nalini Jaywant, Trilok Kapoor, Mahipal, Jeevan, Meenakshi and others are in the cast. Direction is by Ramchandra Thakur.

Rukhsana, Taiwar Films' newest, with story set against the colourful background of old Arabia, was released at Novarty. Produced and directed by R.C. Talwar, the film stars Meena Kumari, Kishore Kumar and Amar.

Haseena, Shabab Productions' latest, was premiered at the imperial. It was produced and directed by J.P. Advani and stars Shyama, Amarnath, Jairaj, Meenakshi, Krishna Kumari, Durga Khote and others.

"Lakshathipathi"

Janatha Productions' *Lakshathipathi* ("Millionaire") in Tamil is ready for release. N. T. Rama Rao, Nageswara Rao, Doraiswami, Savithri, Balasaraswathi and others are in the cast. T. S. Prakash has directed the picture. Dialogues are by Sridhar.

"Rangoon Radha"

Sivaji Ganesan and Bhanumathi will play the lead roles in *Mekala Pictures'* Tamil *Rangoon Radha*, a story written by C. N. Annathurai.

The screen adaptation and dialogues will be by M. Karunanidhi. N.S. Krishnan and T.A. Mathuram will provide the comedy in the picture. Direction will be by Kasilingam and the picture will be shot at Newtown Studios.

Madhuri Devi's New Picture

Pudu Yugam ("New Age") is the title of the picture being produced by Madhuri Devi under the banner of Srimathi Pictures. In the cast are Madhuri Devi, A. P. Nagarajan, T. R. Ramachandran, Raghuveer, Ezhumalai, A. Karunanidhi, P. R. Suloचना, M.S.S. Bhagyam and others. The shooting of the picture was going on at Central Studios at Coimbatore for some time. Now, under G. R. Rao's direction, the picture is being shot at Film Centre Studio, Madras. A dance performed by Vimala was recently shot there.

Nawab Rajamanickam To Stage Plays In Bombay

Nawab Rajamanickam, the veteran actor and stage producer, will be delighting Tamilians in Bombay with his famous plays like *Krishna Leela*, *Kumara Vijayam*, *Ayyappan*, etc.

Tamil Version of Telugu Hit

Gunasundari Katha in Telugu produced by Vijaya Productions a couple of years ago proved a hit. It is a slightly modified story of *King Lear*. A Tamil version of the same picture has made considerable progress at Vaubini Studios. Laxman Prabha, T. P. Muthalakshmi and Savitri act as the first, second and third daughters of the old king. A. Karunanidhi, M.N. Nambiar and Madhavan play the roles of the husbands of the three sisters. Direction is by Kameswara Rao.

Mercury Films' Second Production

The "muhurt" of Mercury Films' second Tamil picture was performed recently in the presence of the Raja of Ramnad, Minister of P.W.D., Madras. Mercury Films' first picture was titled *Pona Machan Tharumbi Vanthan*. The story and dialogues of the second picture will be by A.V.P. Asaitambi and songs by Udumalai Narayana Kavi. Sivaji Ganesan, Sri Ram, G. Varalakshmi, P. R. Suloचना and others are in the cast of this picture. Direction will be by Kasilingam.

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Azaad—Excellent Entertainment

Producer-director, S. M. Sri-ramulu Naidu of Paksbiraja Films who has several South Indian box-office hits to his credit has scored an even more signal success in producing *Azaad*, his first venture in Hindi, as an excellent entertainment.

It will not be an exaggeration to state that *Azaad* is the best Hindi film produced by a South Indian concern so far. Deft direction, brilliant acting, exciting story, tuneful music and dazzling dances are the highlights of *Azaad*. The producer has not made the film with any idle pretensions. He has offered an excellent entertainment and that is what every cine fan wants. There has been no resorting to slapstick comedy or vulgar actions or dialogues with double meaning. *Azaad* is a clean picture that can be thoroughly enjoyed by the old and the young, the sophisticated and the ordinary.

Azaad is the Hindi version of the Tamil picture *Malai Kallan* produced by S. M. S. Naidu. The Telugu version was titled *Aggiramudu*. The story was written by Namakkal Ramalingam Pillai, the Tamil poet-laureate of Madras State.

Shobha (Meena Kumari), after the death of her parents, is brought up by Charandas (Badri Prasad) and Shantha (Achla Sachdev), a wealthy couple of Bhopur. Sunder (Pran), a prominent person of the same village, plans the kidnapping of Shobha with the help of his henchmen Chander (S. Nazir) and Jagirdar (Murad). But *Azaad*

(Dilip Kumar), talked of as a dacoit and murderer, rescues Shobha from the kidnapping gang and takes her to his abode in the hills. There, Shobha is surprised to discover that Azaad and his people are highly cultured and are not what the people said they were. Azaad falls in love with her and she reciprocates the feeling.

Khan Saheb, believed to be a friend of Azaad, escorts Shobha back to her place. The police think Azaad is her kidnapper. Sunder vows vengeance on Azaad and manages to get Charandas kidnapped and threatens him to consent to the marriage of Shobha with himself (Sunder). By tricking his own fiancée Janki (Shammi), Sunder brings Shobha to his place and attempts to molest her. But Azaad rescues both Charandas and Shobha.

Khan Saheb gives the police Sub-Inspector (Raj Mehra) and his Head-Constable (Om Prakash) all the tips to prove that Azaad is not the culprit but Sunder and his henchmen are the villains. The police arrest the culprits and announce Azaad is a free man. Finally, it is found that Khan Saheb is none other than Azaad and Azaad in turn is none other than Kumar, the son of Charandas, who was lost when a baby and was believed to be dead. Azaad marries Shobha.

Dilip Kumar in his triple role of Azaad the bandit, Azaad the lover and Khan Saheb gives an unforgettable performance.

Meena Kumari as Shobha easily steals the picture. Bewitchingly beautiful in her role and dazzling in the dance sequence she moves and acts in an exquisitely exciting manner.

Pran as the villain Sunder does full justice to the role and Om Prakash as Head-Constable 441 gives an inimitable comic portrayal of a limb of the law who is as chicken-hearted as he is portly in appearance.

Sai and Subbulaxmi treat the fans to thrilling dances. Their dance to the song "Apalam chapalam" will remain vivid long after seeing the picture.

Kanavane Kankanda Deivam

Folklore Packed With Mass Appeal

Narayanan Company's Tamil picture *Kanavane Kankanda Deivam* ("Husband is Visible God") has a fantastic story to delight the masses. Except to teach the great truth that to a woman her husband is a visible God and however ugly or bad he might be she must cheerfully serve him because that is the *dharma* of a *pathivratha*, the film has nothing new in the matter of direction, treatment or technical qualities. As it is claimed to be a folklore story, we have to willy-nilly accept all the impossible and miraculous incidents.

King Surasimha (Nagiah) has lost his sight owing to a snake-bite and all attempts to restore his sight fail. Being told by a holy man that the king's eye-sight could be restored if any one could bring the "Naga Jothi" ("Light of the Snake") from Naga Loka (Serpent-land), Nalini (Anjali), the king's daughter, persuades her

C. Ramchandra's music, Rajendra Krishna's dialogues and lyrics and Lata and Usha Mangeshkar's play-back singing are, indeed, of a high order. Sailen Bose's photography is pleasing. Jeeva's sound recording, Achrekar and Chelliah's art and Hiralal's dance direction are quite good.

Incidents like the wild boar's fight with the leopard, the bear's fight with the tiger and the wrestling between one of Azaad's men and a tiger could have been avoided but they are meant for the masses. They do not mar the story, however.

father to offer a reward to anyone who would bring the Naga Jothi. The king proclaims he would give anything asked for to the person who would bring the Naga Jothi.

Vijayan (R. Ganesh), the son of an ex-commander of the king, comes to the palace to seek employment and is favoured. He falls in love with Nalini and she with him but Veerasenan (M. N. Nambiar), the king's commander-in-chief, exposes their relationship to the king who, enraged, orders Vijayan's imprisonment.

Vijayan, with the help of Singan ('Friend' Ramaswami), escapes from custody and through the help of a Naga Kanya reaches Naga Loka where he meets Nagarani (Lalitha), the princess. She falls in love with him. Vijayan's stealing of the Naga Jothi enrages her and she curses him. He becomes a horrible dwarfed creature.

Returning to the king's palace, he restores his sight, marries Nalini in spite of the king's unwillingness and, finally, through his young son's bravery and his devoted wife's attempts, gets rid of his curse and regains his original form. And all are happy.

Direction by T. R. Raghunath is good for he is in his element in this type of picture.

Thrilling sword-fights, miraculous incidents, lavish sets, gorgeous costumes, spectacular dance sequences in Gevacolor all combine in ensuring unlimited appeal to the masses and the theme will make every woman (her children, therefore) see the picture at least twice!

R. Ganesh has given a good portrayal. Anjali has kept up her

standard. She is seen in all her appeal in the dance sequence in Gevacolor.

M.N. Nambiar has tended to become stereotyped in his acting as the villain who is also the commander-in-chief.

Lalitha has done a fine snake-dance. Her acting is quite convincing.

T.P. Muthulakshmi and Friend Ramaswami help to give the comic relief to the story. Their roles are cleverly interwoven with the main story.

Music and songs are average. The picture was shot at Vauhini, Revathi and Narasu Studios in Madras. The Gevacolor sequence was shot at Mehboob Studio at Bombay.



The Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, presented the 1955 Awards of the Sangeet Natak Akadami, at a ceremony held recently in New Delhi. The recipients of the Awards were Srimati Balasaraswati for Bharata Natyam; Sri Narayan Rao Rahans and Sri Gubbi H. Veeranna for acting; Sri Maharajapuram Vishwanatha Iyer for Karnatic vocal music; Sri Rajaratnam Pillai for Karnatic instrumental music; Sri Shambhu Maharaj for Kathak dance; Sri Anant Manohar Joshi for vocal Hindustani music; and Sri Govindarao Burhanpurkar for instrumental music. Photo shows Sri Govindarao Burhanpurkar receiving the Award from Dr. Radhakrishnan.

END OF A DAY *(Continued from page 70)*

have been preferring women as their best models," he replied.

"Please let me go now to arrange for your morning tea, dearie," she pleaded.

Abani freed his wife, Supriya, from his embrace and let her go to make tea for him. Then he began to spray the necessary colours over the portrait.

ONE full month elapsed since

Abani had sent one copy of the finished portrait of Supriya to Italy to compete in the International Art Exhibition and had kept the original hung on the wall of his bed-room without making any changes, as desired by his wife.

A good many female neighbours, mostly of her age, while calling on Supriya, had the chance of seeing the portrait in which Supriya with all her alluring curves and expressions was delineated. They gossiped over this and sometimes they cut jokes with Supriya and went away. She was determined to remind her husband of the need to change the face of the portrait but every time she failed. Her husband, too, forgot to keep his promise to his wife, because of

heavy pressure of work in his office. So the portrait remained, unchanged, on the wall.

ONE afternoon Supriya was engaged in embroidery work in her bed-room when Nistarini, an old widow of the locality, who was notorious as a scandal-monger, came straight there and asked, "Where's your mother-in-law, Supee? I haven't found her in her room downstairs!"

"Ma?" Supriya rejoined. "She may have gone to the temple of Madan Mohan. Do you want her, Auntie?"

Nistarini was called by all her neighbours as 'Auntie'.

"It would have been better," continued Nistarini with a pause, "if she were here. However, I am glad I have seen you, Supee."

"Then," said Supriya very politely to Nistarini, "tell me what I can do for you, Auntie?"

The old woman's eyes strayed over the wall of the room. Then she asked, "Will you please lend me a few bowls of rice? Of course, I shall return the same positively by to-morrow morning."

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That was the last day of the ration week when there was a general shortage of rice in almost all the middle-class families. Incidentally there was shortage of rice in her family, too. So, without the least hesitation Supriya confessed, "We, too, are short of rice, Auntie. Let me see if my husband brings it in the evening. In that case, I shall bring you a share before nightfall."

Nistarini wouldn't believe her. With a crooked smile on her thick blackish lips she said, "You think that your Nistarini Auntie will not give back your rice. Is it not so, Supee?"

SUPRIYA was dumb-founded at this unseemly remark of the old lady. In a few seconds she, however, managed to muster courage and contradicted, "I could not even dream of hearing such remarks from you, Auntie. However, you are at liberty to check our store-room if you have no belief in my explanation. Come on down."

"No, I am not interested, Supee!" retorted Nistarini, shaking her horse-like head. And with her glances cast askance at the portrait of Supriya, she cut in, "I see, this is your portrait, is it not, Supee?"

"Yes, Auntie!" Supriya reluctantly confessed. At the same time she tried to plead her innocence, saying, "He rather forced me to stand as his model and I couldn't help listening to his entreaty, Auntie."

"I see, you are the garland of love for your husband, eh?" remarked Nistarini as she made her exit from the room. While going down the stairs with her thumping

steps she remarked loudly, "Fie on such love! We were never such shameless creatures at our age. Oh, what audacity!"

Each and every word of Nistarini's stabbed Supriya's heart. She was horrified, imagining the possible reactions of that hag's vile propaganda throughout the locality.

What Supriya apprehended came immediately true as the news spread from one corner to another like wild fire, resulting in the visits of a few vicious elderly women of that locality to the room where Supriya was sitting. They came there, inspected the portrait on the wall and left the place, passing some saucy remarks just as Nistarini did.

Supriya, however, cared very little for all those spiteful comments of the vicious hags but was seriously startled when her mother-in-law who, on her way back from the temple of Madan Mohan had happened to hear the story from Nistarini, took her to task saying, "This is awfully bad that you stand as the model of my son, Bouma (daughter-in-law). I won't tolerate all such disgraceful things so long as I am alive under this roof. Do you understand what I say?"

HER mother-in-law having departed from the room, Supriya, with her patience fully exhausted, decided to end all this broil by disfiguring the face of the portrait as she looked upon the same as the source of all evils.

She pulled down the portrait from the wall and placed it on the table. No sooner had she besmeared the face of the portrait with ink than her husband Abani

rushed into the room and, taking his stand behind her, announced joyously, "Hello, good news for you, Supriya! Just now I have received a cable from Italy asking me to send immediately another copy of the portrait as it has been selected as one of the best drawings by the Committee. So I want to..."

ABANI reluctantly stopped as he was interrupted by Supriya who, turning sharply to him, burst out, "Hang your international recognition! Your people here do not like the posing of a wife as model before her husband and even your mother has strong objections to it. So I have changed the face of the portrait with ink, you see!"

Abani was stunned. His face went pale. "Alas! What have you done? My dream! My dream!" he shouted.

Reeling, he came near the bedstead and sat thereon mechanically with his eyes fixed on Supriya. He presented a picture of abject misery.

Supriya, growing more hot, said, "I have done no wrong to you. Why did you not change the face of the portrait in time as promised to me? Why should I put up with the insult flung by your mother, eh?"

She paused for a while, growing more angry as no rejoinder came from her husband in spite of his being attacked so vehemently. Then she went near to her husband and shook his shoulders. But the body was cold. Death had already laid its icy hand on him.

SUPRIYA began to tremble. She dropped down over the feet of the artist and shrieked, "Oh! I will never do this again, my love. Please speak to me! Oh, speak to me!"

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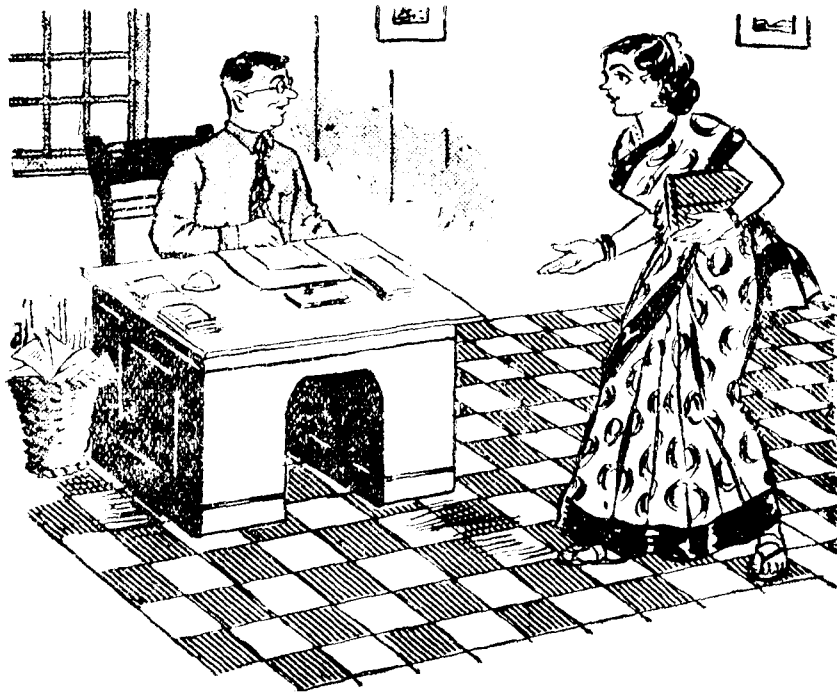
THE BUSY WIFE (Continued from page 71)

Luckily for my work, Bhushan liked the idea so much that she thanked me for the help, got into her room, gave the finishing touches to her toilette, pulling Sirisha and Bhagirathi into her car. Bhushan asked the chauffeur to steer straight to my sister's.

I had put the Slum notes into some reasonable shape and, on

"You thanked me for my suggestion, Bhushan, and now you are angry with me. Why, what has gone wrong?" I asked.

"WHY, everything has gone wrong. We were like four mad women let loose from Bedlam. You see, Sirisha, Bhagirathi and I went to your sister. She was ready. We got her into my car.



careful scrutiny, found that the official tables were more clumsily got up than erroneously.

It was just past noon; Bhushan got out of the car and with a sardonic smile greeted me. "Look here, dear, you just wasted this whole forenoon of mine."

We went straight to 'The Virtuous Wife.' It was one long reel of weeping and wailing; the husband goes wrong everytime and the wife weeps — never saw anything so dolorous. We cleared off in about twenty minutes. Then Bhagirathi wanted to attend a prize-giving to some girls by Smt. Badami Devi;

we found none in the place as we learnt that the function had been postponed as Smt. Badami Devi had to leave for New Delhi suddenly. And when we go to the shops, the men are fast asleep as the new Shop Assistants' Act compels the Assisants to be sound asleep during the noon time. But for your idea, we should have done the shopping. As it is ...," she didn't finish it but left me as it was getting late for her noon drink of fruit juice.

It was now the turn of my sister to come over. It was hardly four; Bhushan had not come out from her noon nap.

My sister was a woman who would not be put off. So, she dashed into Bhushan's room and made her get ready because she had hardly any time to spare; she was leaving the town by the evening train.

BHUSHAN, poor girl, had to hurry through and she had hardly time to whisper to me, "Look here, dear, at this rate I shall certainly die; sure, I shall die; I was so tired; and there is your sister. She has hardly any idea of how busy people are more often over-worked. I do not know how I can attend the Garden Party to the Lady Minister in charge of Art, Dance and Music in our Khet-Khana this evening. I shall see; if I do not meet you here, I shall join you at the Club for our Bridge."

I could not help pitying my poor Bhushan.

It was seven in the evening when Bhushan joined us in our Bridge; she looked so tired that I forced on her a couple of iced oranges. I recommended some light repast.

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She looked surprised.

"Have you forgotten the dinner we have to attend at 9-30? With this rubber, dear, we clear off."

Bhushan had a trying and exhausting series of duties to go through before she could let herself think that he was in a fit state to attend a dinner.

It was only fifteen minutes to the Party; our man had to take us as fast as man and car could. I could see how tired Bhushan was though; such was her genial nature and natural cheerfulness of temperament, that every one at the dinner remarked upon the charm and cheerfulness of Bhushan. But Bhushan couldn't help it. She was born to lead a busy life and planned her whole life accordingly.

It was near 10 O'clock when we reached home. Bhushan jumped out; off like a flash she disappeared with just a loving lisping sentence to me "Wait, dearie, in the car," and in 10 minutes she came back for the last item of the day, to go to an English picture, though a bit late.

Not that Bhushan was a passionate picture fan — far from it. Bhushan had promised her friend Nellium to see it and Bhushan was never in the habit of going to bed before midnight.

Her promise to Nellium need in no way bind me; but I had to follow Bhushan to escape the charge of want of co-operation in her multitudinous and exacting and exhausting engagements.

Indeed, a busy wife does carry responsibilities along with the privileges of such companionship.

CHILD OF DESTINY—(Continued from page 2)

"Why, no, mums! Of course, I haven't decided," the boy quickly answered. "Come, let's see what Colin has to say."

BRIAN'S assurance to Priscilla that she would soon be with him for her midsummer holidays failed to brighten her up in the least. She hung her head down and played with her finger nails, betraying only too clearly her apparent lack of enthusiasm. Slowly, she sat down on a chair and looked out into the street so that neither her mother nor the two boys could observe the emotion which overtook her at that moment.

If Priscy herself had attempted to find a reason for the melancholy which had come over her, she would not have been able to find a definite answer. She was acutely conscious of the danger which threatened her dearly beloved brother. Admittedly, she was used to being away from home for nine months in the year, locked up within the four walls of a convent, along with other girls like herself, but she could at least look forward to the visits of either her mother or her brother every penultimate Saturday of each month, whereas,

if Brian went away to Bangalore and took their mother also with him, she would have to wait for another five months before seeing them and this was a prospect too far off to contemplate with any appreciable degree of satisfaction. Added to this was the distance which would separate them from her. They would be too far away for her to reach them or for them to reach her quickly enough in the event of any eventuality and yet, it was really not because of this alone that she felt this strange sense of depression which weighed heavily upon her.

THERE was something else gnawing at her heart which was a new experience to her. She had never felt like this before. Her childhood days had always been happy and contented, wrapped up in the love of her mother and brother, whether at home or in school. She had a sweet and trusting nature, nurtured by a loving, but careful, mother. Now that she had grown out of her childhood she was passing through those moods of depression and despondency, so peculiar to well-brought-up girls. Brian's contemplated move to Bangalore had precipitated a crisis

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ade her young heart feel sorrowful.

Well, what have you decided, Brian?" Colin asked his friend in a voice which showed that he, too, was deeply affected by this impending change in the friendship which had grown so dear to both boys.

"I CAN'T say I've decided one way or the other, Colin," Brian answered. "There are so many things to be considered, you know. What I mean is, I don't want to give the impression that I am afraid of what might happen to me if I stayed; but this means a promotion to me and I wonder if it would be wise to refuse it. There's also the problem of accommodation to be considered. I don't know anybody in Bangalore and, even if I go as a boarder I would have to take mother up some time later. That means finding a house and that's difficult now-a-days. As for Priscy, she could go back to school and we could take her up for the holidays. But what is your suggestion? Have you any ideas?"

"If you are keen on accepting this offer, I could fix you up with my uncle there, Brian — my mother's brother. I'm sure he will take you on as a boarder, just for our sake, on a nominal charge. He'll also be able to find you a house. He's pretty influential there, I may tell you."

"Well, mother, what do you say?" Brian said, turning to his mother.

Mrs. Lacey gave her reply with a sigh of relief. "All right, Brian. If it's for your good and if Colin

says he could arrange for your boarding, I won't stand in your way, my son. What do you say, Priscy?"

Priscilla was caught unprepared. As she turned to give her answer they noticed that she was more or less on the verge of tears. But the girl controlled herself with a supreme effort and answered, "All right, mamma. It is all right."

Colin, observing her minutely, could not but admire in his friendly way that she was very pretty to look at. How happy and proud he would have been to have owned a sister like her, he mused.

AFTER much further deliberation and discussion, during which Mrs. Lacey vacillated between decision and indecision, raising new problems and new bogeys as touching upon Brian's comfortable stay in Bangalore, it was eventually decided that the boy should accept the offer of Mr. Fulham and that his departure should take place between Christmas and New Year, subject to confirmation being received from Colin's uncle that he was agreeable to board and lodge Brian. Colin reassured Mrs. Lacey that there was no need to fear that his uncle would not accommodate Brian and with this to console her, the old lady left the two friends, to attend to her work in the kitchen.

(To be Continued)



DOMESTIC FLARE-UP (Continued from p.

"Are you accusing me of being a bad housewife?"

"I am not accusing you of anything. I just want to say that you shouldn't have got married in the first place if you did not fancy yourself cut out for a domestic role. You could have devoted yourself to your job with a single-minded purpose. As it is, I feel cheated and let down. The baby is starved for affection. Marriage hasn't turned out as I expected it to be."

MEERA seethed with anger. She longed to hit back at him and retaliate with equally scathing words but she just stood there gulping down the sobs that rose to her throat. She sensed that Vikram disapproved of her job but he had never been so outspoken before. God knew she had married him with the best of intentions. In fact, she was a working girl when she met Vikram and he hadn't been averse to her job then. Even now the extra money that she earned eased their monetary problem and helped buy many amenities that they couldn't normally have afforded. She said as much to Vikram.

"That is pure bunkum. Why don't you be honest and admit that you hold on to the job because it bolsters up your ego? It gives you a sense of power to lay down the law to a certain set of people. To the outside world you are a smart career girl who is efficient to her finger tips and knows all the answers. You like to be the centre of attraction. You are the most egotistic, most selfish person I have ever come across."

And with that he turned and walked away.

Meera cried herself to sleep that night. She had forgotten to set the alarm and woke up with a start to find Vikram shaking her.

"The staff car is at the door. Aren't you going to the office today?" he asked.

"Oh!" Meera sprang up and started dressing with feverish haste but suddenly she stopped.

"How can I go?" she asked with her eyes on young Anup.

"Don't worry. I am taking the day off today."

Meera felt relieved. The imminent problem was solved anyway. She hoped that by the evening they would succeed in finding someone to look after Anup.

WORRY nagged her throughout the day. She couldn't concentrate on her work. Vikram had almost issued her an ultimatum. Job or marriage? She would have to choose one of them. Wherein lay her calling? Within the four walls of her home or in the business world? She literally stood at life's crossroads.

From as long as she could remember Meera had wanted to attract attention and impress others. It wasn't in her to take the back seat to anyone. Perhaps the desire to distinguish herself had taken root in her at an early age because she was the only child of her parents and they had been sorely disappointed over her being a girl.

sorrow-sisted all their attempts her married and took up a We" with the All India Radio after her graduation from college. She still remembered the day she had received her first pay packet and the accompanying feeling of triumph and fulfilment. Her mother was bursting with justifiable pride at her achievement. Meera's estimation had gone up by leaps and bounds in her eyes.

Even after her death Meera had continued with her job for the sheer love of it. And then along came Vikram with his wit and dash, his charm of manner. He swept her off her feet by his whirlwind courtship and they were married soon after.

MEERA sped homewards with some trepidation in her heart. Vikram must be in a terrible mood, she thought; his patience must have been worn to threads by Anup.

She heard sounds of laughter from the living room and stood stunned. The scene that met her eyes was very different from what she had anticipated. Vikram was down on his fours on the carpet with young Anup astride his back. And Usha stood in one corner applauding them!

The latter turned to Meera with shining eyes.

"Oh, Meera! There you are! We have been having such fun! Your hubby sent me an S.O.S. sometime in the afternoon and I hurried down. Anup had proved too much of a handful, it seems."

Vikram rose to his feet and asked, "Care for some tea, Madam?"

"I'll get it," Usha said with alacrity and went towards the kitchen.

Meera sank into a sofa and Vikram plumped down beside her.

"Had a hard day?" he asked commiseratingly.

"Yes. I am completely worn out," she admitted.

"I had a busy day, too. I had no idea a young child entailed so much work. It is lucky Usha came to my succour. She gave me some lessons in cooking, too. I must say I had some rather quaint ideas about cooking."

"Really!" was all Meera could manage to say.

"She was simply wonderful with young Anup," Vikram continued. "One minute he was howling at the top of his voice and the other he was docile like a lamb, drinking his formula out of her hands. I must say Usha has a way with children."

MEERA agreed with him but she felt far from happy. The way Vikram was eulogising Usha's virtues didn't forebode any good to her. Any woman could look after a child and run a home. Woman was a born home-maker. What was so wonderful about it then? It seemed to her that Vikram was making much of Usha's abilities. Men were funny creatures, she mused. They were blind to the most obvious things in a woman but would rave mad about trivial things like a well darned pair of socks or a nicely cooked dish.

But there was no getting away from the fact that Usha, during her short stay, had completely cast a spell over Vikram. Even Anup seemed like clay in her hands. This was hardly to her liking. She would rather have come upon a

disgruntled Vikram and a disordered house than this!

LONG after Usha had gone, Meera lay in bed, wakeful and restless. She knew she would have to decide soon between her job and her family. It would be a wrench to give up either of them. She tried to picture her life without her husband and child and shuddered inwardly at the bleak prospects. No, she couldn't imagine an existence without her family.

She silently shed tears into her pillow. Suddenly she found Vikram bending over her with an anxious look on his face.

"What is the matter, Meera? Why are you crying?" he asked.

"I am giving up my job," she sobbed out.

"Do you really mean it? Darling, this is the best news I could hear from you. You will call me selfish but believe me I love you too much to see our marriage going on the rocks."

He drew her close and kissed away her tears.

"I know it is quite a sacrifice on your part but I will make it up to you in all ways. Besides, the A.I.R. can easily get another newsreader but I cannot do without you."

"Liar!" she said to herself softly but her heart danced with joy.

"Vikram," she said sometime later. "Don't you think a girl like Usha could make you more happy?"

"Nonsense! You are the only girl in my life and you know it!" he said, and the look in his eyes confirmed the statement.

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Hobbies For Pleasure & Profit (By Horace Coen. Published by New American Library of World Literature Inc., 501, Madison Avenue, New York 22, U.S.A. Price 35 Cents.)

Charles Goodyear was in the hardware business. And he liked to improve things in his spare time, so became interested in elastic gum and finally ended in the rubber business as a great manufacturer. It is this urge to do something different from one's usual professional pursuit during the leisure hours that has led many a person to invent or discover things that have changed not only living conditions but the very face of the earth. This doing something during leisure hours is called a hobby.

A hobby can be either pursued purely for pleasure or for profit or for both. To be thoroughly satisfying a hobby must be self-directed — it must be tailored for you to fit your personality, to answer your basic needs. A hobby helps a man also to express his talents which would otherwise merely be known to none. For instance, a henpecked husband can express himself by entertaining strangers with magic.

Modern conditions of living have tended to rob man of all initiative, imagination and freedom. He is becoming more and more regimented, a victim of the clock, a prey

to the hustle and bustle all around him. A hobby is the right thing to help him keep his sanity among the tense frenzies of modern life.

Not only can a person in a family take to a hobby but the whole family also. There is a family in Wisconsin, father and sons with mother and daughter helping building a model rail-road, the author tells us. "Whole families are enthusiastically adopting hobbies which supplement each other; for instance, building and furnishing summer homes. The men in the family do the carpentry, the women the upholstery. The boys construct the swimming pool or tennis court while the girls start flower or vegetable gardens."

Children show their aptitude by starting to collect things. Watch them, urges the author. He adds: "The make-it-yourself mania may mean that your child will be a builder, a contractor, or a craftsman. If he insists, permit your child to start a newspaper; he may become a publisher."

Even in our own country, hobbies have spread. Philately, photography, old coins, match labels, indoor aquaria, etc., are now very common hobbies. But there should be a great many more such hobbies and that is possible only when the elders encourage the youngsters and thereby help to well utilise leisure hours that may otherwise be merely idled away or spent in mischief.

Under the section "Profitable Hobbies," the author answers the question "What hobbies are profitable for you?" and gives details regarding Home Handicrafts, Pin-Money Hobbies, Photography, Leathercraft, Carpentry, Farming, Interior Decorating, Upholstery.

Hobbies are treated under two heads — Indoors and Outdoors. The author discusses and gives details under the "Indoors" section about the following: Collecting; Antiques; Dolls, Puppets & Marionettes; Tropical Fish & Other Pets; Music; Bridge & Other Indoor Games; Cooking; Ship Models; Stamps & Coins; etc. Under the "Outdoors" are treated: Painting; Gardening; Fishing; Sailing; Archery; Flying; etc.

Under "Hobbies For The Mind", the author writes about: Writing; Daydreaming; Science & Mathematics; Philosophy; Chess; Natural History.

Book lists and other suggested reference materials follow the individual hobby sections. The innumerable cartoons included in the book are as humorous as they are thought-provoking.

This book is literally a window which affords us all a really useful and informative peep into the highly absorbing world of hobbies.

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

Our Messiah (By S. Ramachandran. Price Annas 6).

This booklet is stated to be a second edition and contains light poems on Mahatma Gandhi and others. Also included is a poem "My Earthly Paradise or Paradise Lost" which was published in this

Journal in July, '42. There are also several jokes, anecdotes, and jottings of the author's visit to various places of interest. It is not understood why the author has put all these things together. It is certainly incomprehensible why he has been at pains to publish the very many letters he has received (not unsolicited) from well-known public men. Surely, no one is going to be impressed by those letters except the author himself!

Those who wish to have a copy of the booklet may write to the author, 16/45, Krishna Villa, Brett's Road, Salem, S.Ry.



Miss Lillian Smith, authoress of the famous *Strange Fruit*, arrived in Bombay from the U.S.A. on a four-month tour of our country. She has already met Pandit Nehru, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Sri Morarji Desai, Sri Jayaprakash Narain and others. She also visited in Bombay the show-rooms and offices of India Book House, distributors of her books in our country. In the photo she is seen having in her hand her latest book, *Now Is The Time*, a Dell first edition. Speaking about her book she said, "I have tried to condense in a compass of 120 pages, in a simple, helpful manner the non-violent, creative steps everyone of us should take now to eradicate evils of Segregation, either of colour, creed, differences or nationality."

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List on other subjects will be sent free.

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The N

(Edited by P.C. Sarkar. Published by S.C. Sarkar & Sons Ltd., 1-C, College Square, Calcutta 12. Price, Rs. 3/4).

Just as most people eagerly hunt for calendars on the eve of the New Year, so also very many students, teachers, journalists, etc., etc., eagerly await the latest edition of the book we have received for notice. This eagerness is caused by the certain conviction that dependable and latest facts and figures about practically all the worthwhile subjects will be given. The book received is the Twelfth Edition and commemorates the 12th year of its first publication.

389 pages full of vital facts and figures give more than enough in return for the price paid for the book. In this issue 68 pages, comprising many altogether new sections and enlargement of some old sections, have been added. World economic and sociological data and fuller information about various aspects of Indian economic problems and activities have been incorporated for ready reference. This book is an indispensable aid for widening our general knowledge.

9,690 new books were published in the United States, in 1954, according to *Publishers Weekly*. Fiction headed the list with 1,512 titles, followed by juveniles and biography.

Manuscripts of more than 50 of Fritz Kreisler's compositions and a collection of his medals and citations have been donated to the Library of Congress by the famous violinist, who recently celebrated his 80th birthday.

to be there. The mofussil bullock-cart drivers and jutka-drivers protested in vain. But the rickshaw-wallahs carried the day.

DEAR Reader! You can now easily understand my anti-rickshaw mentality and my vow to boycott it. I can offer only that form of civil resistance. I am not heroic enough to start a fast. Nor am I so politically powerful as to decree successfully that rickshaws must cease to exist. Yesterday morning at 6 A.M., to my surprise, Dr. and Mrs. Nesan came in a rickshaw to see me and have a talk with me and take me in a rickshaw to their house as they had invited a mutual friend of ours who was an M.L.A. and had come from the mofussil for *chotah* and coffee.

I thanked them for their invitation and took my umbrella and began to walk. They endeavoured in vain to engage a rickshaw and put me into it. I refused point-blank.

Dr. Nesan said: "Ramu, we know of your objections. But can you not relax now and then?"

I said: "No, Dr. Nesan. It is a matter of conscience with me."

Mrs. Nesan said: "Let him have his way."

We all then reached Dr. Nesan's house. I was very glad to meet there our old friend Sabhesan who had become an influential M.L.A. and was marked for a ministership. After we sat down and began to taste and enjoy the delightfully sweet and fragrant coffee brewed by Mrs. Nesan, Sabhesan said: "Ramu, I know of all your irra-

tional prejudices against rickshaws. Did you read what happened at the Legislative Assembly yesterday?"

I said: "I did not notice the item."

He said: "A legislator asked: 'Is it not *infra dig* for a man to pull a rickshaw in which a woman is seated?' The Minister cautiously replied that he was not aware of any such view."

Dr. Nesan flared up and said: "The rickshaw-wallah must have deemed it to be a great and unique honour to pull that rickshaw."

Mrs. Nesan discreetly smiled and kept quiet.

I LOST my temper a little as I felt that my leg was being pulled. I observed: "I do not know if it was *infra dig* or not. I know that it was unkind and unbecoming on the lady's part to have sought to use human beings as draught-oxen."

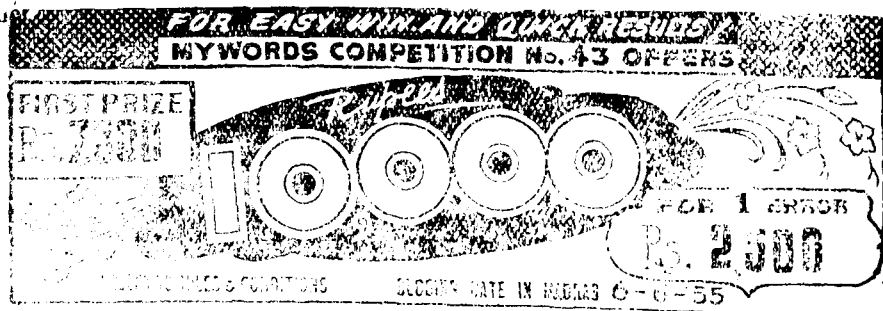
They laughed at my remark, treating it as one made by a crank. ♦♦

Courtesy Reserved

An American film producer asked an English friend to look at one of his "society" films to see that everything was all right.

After watching it for a while, the Englishman asked: "Why does that man keep his hat on when he's talking to a lady in the drawing-room?"

"Sure," said the producer, "he can't take it off. Another lady's coming in presently and he's got to raise his hat to her."



CLUES

- One is not likely to forget the experience of a first — in a plane. (FLIGHT or FRIGHT?)
- The prospect of having to stay awake late into the night might — some people. (ALARM or CHARM?)
- Election speeches are bound to have partisan — (FERVOUR or FLAVOUR?)
- Blind faith in — has made many a man to suffer unnecessarily (RELATIVES or SEDATIVES?)
- Wife would be at a loss to know where she stands with husband who's — (ARTFUL or FITFUL?)
- If text-book provides very dull reading, school-boys are apt to — over it. (BROWSE or DROWSE?)
- Young man in bus is apt to feel very self-conscious to see the young girls inside — at him. (GIGGLING or GOGGLING?)
- 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?)
- Young men seem to have more — these days. (NERVE or VERVE?)
- To conduct a — is not as easy as people seem to think it is. (CAFE or CASE?)

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. 43:

KEY SOLUTION. The Sealed Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 43 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 June, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*.

PRIZE LIST. The List of Prize Winners (which may be abridged) will be published in the 1st July, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*. The First Prize and 1-Error Prize amount will be sent on or before 11th July, 1955.

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B	L	D																						
E	R	V	E																					
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How to Fill Up: Each line of 10 Blank Squares top to bottom constitutes one Entry. Above are Blanks for 24 Entries. In each only the apt letter which completes the word should be filled up.

I have read the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition and agree to abide by the same and also to accept the Competition Editor's decision in respect of this Competition as final and legally binding.

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Enclosed P.O. or M.O. Receipt or Cash Voucher No. }

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WORDS 43

MAIDEN ATTEMPT — (Continued from page 44)

woman with a sour tongue and sharp eyes. Suppose she was like his aunt Kumadhi? He quailed at the very thought. A smell of burnt cabbage assailed his nostrils, even as a carriage drew up at the door. Hastily he scraped the burnt vegetable away, and dashed the contents of the vessel into a bucket of water. Then, wiping his hands on his shirt sleeves, he ran up to the carriage to lift the boxes.

FURTIVELY, he glanced inside, and knew that he was doomed. The carriage creaked and groaned as a portly woman got down. She gave Suresh a once-over such as a sergeant gives a new recruit. Over her ample shoulders Suresh met the master's eyes, and pitied him. It must have been a relief to the poor horse and carriage to unload so much of flesh and blood.

The meal was served, and Suresh waited behind his master's chair. The mistress served the food for herself. A good helping of rice, that three mouths could have done justice to. Then she poured the chutny over it, and mixed them with her fat hand. As she made the first ball of it, the size of a good orange, and took it to her mouth, Suresh's heart beat fast.

"Eh, man! What do you call this stuff you have prepared? Chutny? My foot! If this is what you have been preparing, there is no wonder your master has lost his weight."

Suresh looked sheepishly down. He did not know that his master had lost any weight. Anyway, the mistress had enough of weight for the two of them.

"And this water is supposed to be *rasam*? You are being paid for such work, is it?"

It was the end of Suresh's halcyon days. Not a day passed without the mistress heaping coals on his head. And all that he could do was to murmur that he would do better next time.

"Next time, indeed! What is the use of locking the stable after the horse has run away? You spoil the things and waste money, and then say that you will do better next time. At this rate, take care that you are not given the sack. That is what will happen next time!" she shrieked.

Suresh bore up with all her bickerings as best as he could. But the day came when he was at the end of his tether.

"LOOK here, Ram!" the mistress ordered in her shrill voice. "Get a pound of mutton today, and prepare *kurma*."

Suresh scratched his head. He knew neither the alpha nor the omega of how to prepare that stuff.

"I do not know how to prepare it, *Amma*."

The mistress lost her balance and began to abuse the cook.

"You stand there and tell me, you obstinate fool, that you do not know how to prepare *kurma*? It is what any one can prepare, and you who call yourself a cook say that you do not know it. It is just your laziness. You know only to eat well and sleep well. That is what you are paid for. You good-for-nothing..."

Suresh felt the time had come for his exit.

"I am sorry, *Amma*, that I have displeased you all along and that I have eaten too much. Allow me to leave to-day."

Thus Suresh left the house, and began once again the nerve-racking hunt for a job.

TWO months had rolled by. In his new room, Suresh adjusted his tie and straightened his collar. As he darkened his moustache with a faint pencilling of eye-tex, he whistled happily. Fate had at last decreed that Suresh should get a good job. Fortune had begun to smile once again on him. Not only fortune, but even a dame, had smiled. A smile that was leading Suresh to the altar of matrimony. In short, Suresh was in love. To-day, for the first time, he was going to meet the girl's parents. Was there any wonder, then, that Suresh was striving to look his best?

As they drove through the country-side, Suresh had his arms round the girl's shoulder. He smiled contentedly, watching the wind playing with the tendrils of hair on the nape of her neck.

"Shantha, I hope that your parents approve of me," he said. "You do not know what it means to me to lose you. Dear, whatever happens you won't throw me over, will you?"

Shantha only smiled happily. "Oh, come now! Why be a wet blanket? What parent will disapprove of you? Aren't you smart and healthy and good-looking? Isn't your job a decent one? I know you are being pessimistic to put these words into my mouth."

As Shantha walked up to house, her cheeks were flush, and she looked prettier than ever. Was she not bringing home her would-be groom? Suresh was visiting the parents, not as a future son-in-law, but as a friend of Shantha's. The pair had decided that when Suresh, by gradual visits, became familiar with her parents, they could slowly announce their intentions. As Shantha opened the door, a sense of foreboding pervaded his mind.

"Is that you, Shantha? Your father insisted on waiting for you before drinking his tea. It must have gone cold."

Suresh's knees actually shook under his suit for that unpleasant voice was one which he would not forget till his death. Before he could decide whether to turn round and make good his escape, the door opened and the fat figure of Suresh's one-time mistress appeared, holding a cup of tea. At the sight of Suresh she let go the cup and stared at him.

"Ram, what are you doing here? And, Shantha, what business have you bringing him down? If this is not the height of all his cheek!"

Hearing the commotion, Shantha's father appeared from an adjoining room. At the sight of Suresh, he stood non-plussed and gazed in a puzzled way at his fine clothes. Poor Suresh, he felt like a stag at bay! He wished that he could have vanished into thin air. It was Shantha's clear voice that cut in upon them.

"What is the matter with him? Why do you two stare at him as if he is a performing bear? And why call him Ram? I know him as

and he never told me that — had any alias."

"Yes, Ram, you must do some explaining. How is it you come here in my daughter's company and in such clothes?" the old man asked. His voice was soft as usual.

SURESH cleared his throat, which had become parched. "If you must know, it is like this. My name is Suresh and not Ram. And I am not a cook, and have never been one except when I worked for you. My father was a doctor. He left me a good legacy. Unfortunately I played ducks and drakes with it. I had to find a job soon or starve. And in looking for it, it seemed that even my university education was not going to stand me in good stead. There seemed to be no niche anywhere for me. It was thus, while in a dejected frame of mind, that I came across your advertisement. And, in a spirit of recklessness, or call it what you will, I applied for it. The rest you know."

A good-humoured smile twitched the old man's lips.

"Yes, I know. The taste of your dishes still lingers in my mouth. But you haven't told us what happened after you left us."

"Well, I began again the hunt for a job. Luckily, this time, I got a good appointment. But when I met Shantha I never knew she was your daughter. And when I came here, I didn't know I was coming to your house. I didn't know you had changed your residence. I am sorry for my presumption. Let me leave now."

He turned and looked at Shantha with a world of misery in his eyes. But she stepped forward with a

dazzling smile. "Why, Suresh, there is no reason why you should leave like that!" she said. Then, turning to her father, she told him in an unhesitating voice, "Dad, what do you say to your daughter marrying a cook? I am a lucky girl, indeed, to have a husband who will always get me my cup of tea!"

She laughed and then blushed. The old man extended his hand to Suresh.

The young man looked apprehensively at the mother. But, curiously enough, though there was resentment in her eyes, she seemed to be tongue-tied!

SURESH's wonder was that such a mother could have bred so good a girl: then he breathed a sigh of relief when he learnt that she was only a step-mother. The old man loved Shantha and, however much he suffered at his wife's hands, he would not brook any interference in Shantha's affairs.

Nevertheless, Suresh never entered his wife's home without feeling that he was once again the servant and Shantha's mother was the mistress once more!

After That

An employer of a large industrial concern was given an important paper to sign.

"Lots of reading on it," he observed, as he perused the text.

"Yes," remarked the clerk with the paper. "I'll bet you didn't read your marriage licence as carefully as that."

"Maybe not," was the reply, "but ever since I signed that I'm reading everything!"

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ACROSS

1. "Person who plays cricket expects others, too, to play the —"

GAME, SAME?

"To play cricket" is an expression meaning to behave in a sporting, fair manner. But here the wording "person who plays cricket" is too literal to allow of the choice of *Same*. One who plays the Game of cricket will naturally expect others also to play the Game. Bet on GAME.

2. "Memory of having accepted bribe may — honest man throughout life." DAUNT, HAUNT?

Memory of having accepted bribe may *Daunt*, frighten, discourage honest man immediately after the incident and not "throughout life." Being an honest man who had once given in to temptation, the memory of it may *Haunt* the person throughout life. Back HAUNT.

5. "Even when we hate to go to a function, we often have — go!" NO, TO?

We will have *No* go, no option, than *To* go! It's absurd to try to select the apt word. So, permute both *No* and *TO*.

7. "Contemptible indeed is the rake who gloats over the — in his life!" LAPSES, LASSES?

Lapses, even on the part of a rake, may be minor ones as well. Gloating over such *Lapses* by him need not upset us. *Lasses*, girls or women, in his life definitely indicate many immoral acts and his gloating over the incidents is, indeed, contemptible. Go in for LASSES.

12. "When partners of firm can't pull together, prospect can only be —" BLEAK, BREAK?

The result of such disagreement among partners may *Break* up the firm but the word "prospect" is ill-suited in connection with *Break*. The situation can make prospect only *Bleak*, dismal, gloomy. Back BLEAK.

1/G/S	A	M	E	T		2/D/H	A	U	N	T	3
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13. "Guilty person tends to be — when on the point of being exposed." SHIFTY, SHIRTY?

When he is not fully and finally exposed, there is no reason for guilty person to tend to be *Shirty*, ill-tempered. As he does not know he is going to be exposed, even though when on the point of being so, the guilty person will be likely to be *Shifty*, evasive in his replies. He will be so in the hope he can escape being exposed. SHIFTY scores.

15. "Yellow journal will publish almost anything, if you're prepared to pay the —!" PAPER, PIPER?

The expression "pay the Piper" means "to meet the expense." Here, there is no question of meeting the expense. One has to merely pay some amount. Hence, enter PAPER.

16. "Strong — may make a clean sweep of everything before it." SIDE, TIDE?

What kind of a *Side*? A sports team or debating team or what? Strong *Tide* may make a clean sweep of everything before it, surely. Back TIDE.

BY "SPOTTER"

V_P [illegible]

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