

MY Magazine of India

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no-23



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MY MAGAZINE

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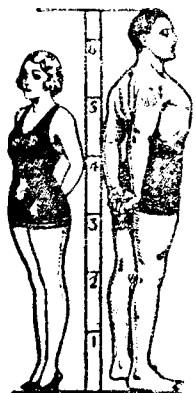
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(A TRUE EPISODE)

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

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

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MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

26th Year of Publication

MISSION OF FRIENDSHIP AND PEACE ²⁹

AT 2-30 P.M. on Nov. 18, the Soviet Plane IL-14 landed at the Palam Airport in Delhi and out of it stepped N.A. Bulganin, Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U. S. S. R., and N.S. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Communist Party. And they might be said to have stepped right out of the so-called Iron Curtain into the wide-open spaces of the world for public scrutiny and unbiased appraisal.

These two great leaders of the Soviet World had come to India on a great and unique mission — of friendship and peace. This visit is unique, for it is the first time that two such great leaders of Soviet Russia had ever visited any country till now. That they had chosen to visit an Asian country first shows Soviet Russia's recognition and espousal of Asia's importance and its cause in general and the open acknowledgment of India's leadership in the Asian sphere and its great contribution towards promoting and sustaining peace among men and goodwill on the earth.

The distinguished Soviet leaders have declared unequivocally several times and at several places that their visit to this country has no political motives behind it, that they accepted Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru's invitation to them to visit India so that they may get acquainted with the people of this country and convey to them their sincere belief in the principles of *Panch Sheela* and to declare in person their willingness to offer to them economic, scientific and other aids to help them in the great nation-building activities in which they were so zealously engaged.

But these declarations have been given different interpretations by the American Press. Some U. S. newspapers have even expressed overwhelming solicitude for the future of India on account of this new link being forged in the chain of Indo-Soviet friendship and have warned the Indian people to beware of the Russian Red (Communist) Bear.

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In his characteristic manner, Khrushchev, who had noted these comments, called the bluff of American concern for the Indian masses by criticising Western (that is, American) scepticism and asked the West: "If you want to compete in making friends with India, why don't you do so?"

Neither Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's recent tour of the U. S. S. R. nor the visit of these two Soviet leaders to India can mean that India is becoming more and more markedly pro-Soviet. It is merely another triumph for Shri Nehru's purposeful policy of dynamic neutrality and an application in actual practice of the *Panch Sheela* principles of mutual respect towards territorial integrity and sovereignty, non-aggression, non-interference in the internal affairs of each other on any pretext, whether of an economic, political or ideological nature, on the basis of equality and mutual benefit, and also on the basis of peaceful co-existence.

The same affection and spontaneous welcome of the people of this country will undoubtedly be offered to the President of the U. S. A., should he choose to visit India. That the Soviet leaders have been the first to visit should not be a ground for either suspicion or irritation on the part of the people of U. S. A.

The Russian people had overthrown the tyranny of the Tsarist rule through a national revolution, though violent, and the Indians had also overthrown Britain's autocratic colonial rule by a non-violent revolution to become a free nation. Hence, the great attraction of the two peoples of India and the Soviet for each other and their growing friendship.

If the Soviet leaders had only seized the opportunity of their visit to our country, had been possessed of India's genius which had brought about the "Geneva Spirit", to publicly announce the dissolution of the Cominform, they would have laid low once for all the dreaded ghost of International Communism. It is likely that such an announcement may be made ere long, thanks to their brief stay here, and that would undoubtedly be the greatest contribution India would have ever made to the world.

Indo-Soviet friendship could be a great force in ensuring world peace. We would like to say, in Khrushchev's own words: "*Hindi Rusi Ek Hai* — Indians and Russians are one. *Hindi Rusi Bhai Bhai* — Indians and Russians are brothers."

Indo-Soviet friendship *Zindabad!*



Agreed to Disagree!

The eyes of the world, bright with hope, were watching anxiously the meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four Powers last month at Geneva. The hearts of men were confident that the Geneva Spirit would infect these leaders and bring about a sufficiently changed attitude in them to agree with each other on the thorny problems of German unification and European security, disarmament and improving East-West contacts, which they were to discuss. But, alas! the trend of daily events and the proposals made by the Soviet Foreign Minister on one side and the Foreign Ministers of the three Western democratic Powers on the other foretold the inevitable deadlock. It was more than clear that the Spirit of Geneva seemed to have taken a holiday to by far sunnier climes, for it was evident that the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four had come to the Conference having already agreed to disagree. The quickness with which the Four Foreign Ministers reached their

first major agreement of their 3-week-old Conference on issuing the text of a final communique supports this suspicion of ours that they had mental reservations even before their arrival at Geneva.

Distinguished Visitors

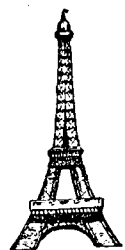
Far more promising and genuinely friendly were the arrival in our country last month of distinguished visitors like N. A. Bulganin, N. S. Khrushchev, Lester Pearson and the King of Nepal.

The King and Queen of Nepal had come to have a closer contact with India, a friendly and helpful neighbour. They never spared an occasion to remind us of the ties of geography, religion and culture that so closely bind together the people of the two countries.

Canada's Foreign Minister Lester Pearson gave proof of the friendship of his country for India by his pleasing announcement of three new Canadian Projects for India and a contribution of 100,000 dollars for the relief of flood victims in India and Pakistan.

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He said that Canada will give India generating sets worth three million dollars for supplying power to rural areas, that his country will carry out an aerial magnetometer survey of mineral resources, particularly for petroleum, in Rajastan, and will also supply two Canadian air-craft to be used for controlling crop pests. The automatic research reactor which will be set up will be like the plant in Ontario in Canada and was one of the largest models found available for atomic research and has been in operation in Canada for years. After seeing the Mayurakshi project in which we had honoured Canada by naming it after his country, he felt that the Colombo Plan was a reality.

The reality of the growing bonds of friendship and a collective striving together for peace between our country and the U. S. S. R. was amply emphasised by the arrival in our country last month of Marshal Bulganin and N. S. Khrushchev. The ovation accorded to them was spontaneous and the splendour of it was unprecedented. It was the biggest event, nay, the most exciting and sensational event that our people have ever known within living memory. The Capital of India presented a festive appearance and the Government spared no pains to accord to these two visitors the most magnificent welcome ever. The general public, too, showed an unprecedented eagerness and

enthusiasm to extend to the visitors the traditional hospitality of India, famous through the ages.

But there were a few American correspondents who could not take kindly to the great public welcome to the Communist leaders and sent despatches home stating that the people were officially inspired to offer such a welcome. It is a pity that these correspondents are yet to know what Indian hospitality is! The misfortune is theirs, undoubtedly.

We would like to give in this context a brief biographical sketch of the two leaders.

Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin, a member of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U. S. S. R., is an outstanding leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Soviet State. He was born in 1895 in an office-clerk's family in the town of Nizhni-Novgorod now known as Gorkey. After the February Revolution of 1917, he became a member of the Communist Party and, since then, his entire life has been unseverably linked with the Communist



Party. At the outbreak of the Second World War, he was sent by the Party to assume high posts in active service. On Feb. 8, 1955, the Second Session of the U. S. S. R. appointed him Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U. S. S. R. He has been a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union since 1934. For his services to the country and for the successful accomplishment of tasks set by the High Command during the Second World War, he was conferred the title of "Hero of Socialist Labour" and decorated with the Order of Lenin, the Order of Red Banner,

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the Orders of Suworov, both First and Second Class, two Orders of the Red Star, and several other medals.



Nikita Sergsyevich Khrushchev is an outstanding leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Soviet State, a member of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, First Secretary of the Supreme Soviet of the Communist Party and a member of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. He was born on April 17, 1894, in a working class family in the village of Kalinovka, Kursk Gubernia.

Khrushchev, whose father was a miner, had to go to work at an early age; he worked as a shepherd and later as a fitter in the factories and mines of the Donbas. He joined the Communist Party in 1918. He was elected First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Party at the plenary meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in Sept., 1953. On the occasion of his 60th birthday, the title of "Hero of Socialist Labour" (which carries with it an award of the Order of Lenin and of Hammer and Sickle Gold Star) was conferred upon him by a Decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., dated April 16, 1954, in recognition of his outstanding services to the Communist Party and the Soviet people.

Sixty-Sixth Birthday Of India's Hero

The people of India celebrated the sixty-sixth birthday of their beloved Prime Minister, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, on Nov. 14. Children's rallies were held at the Capital and all over the country to celebrate the birthday. Greetings from heads of various countries of the world and from all the leading statesmen poured in on the happy occasion. This



is only a fitting recognition of the matchless service rendered in the cause of peace by our peerless Prime Minister. It would have

been a grand thing, indeed, if the visit of Bulganin and Khrushchev could have been so arranged as to have coincided on this glorious day. But then officialdom's imagination is proverbially dull. We avail ourselves of the opportunity to wish Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, Bharat's beloved hero, many happy returns of the day.

President's Sojourn In The South

The Deepavali Day, which is one of bright lights and laughter, new clothes and social calls, was particularly richer this year by the presence in the City of Madras of our President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad. In pursuance of his new policy of spending short spells in

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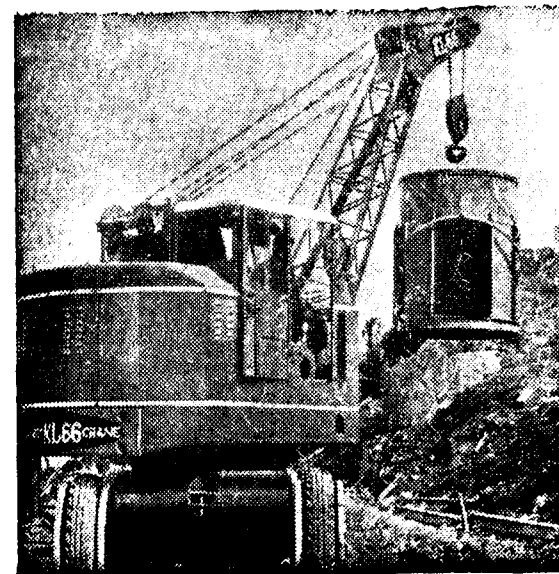
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One prominent feature of British participation in the Indian Industries Fair was the display of engineering equipment by well known United Kingdom firms. Much of this equipment will come within the category of "contractors' plant"—the machinery and equipment which is essential to all civil engineering projects such as roads and railways, ports, reservoirs and dams. This picture shows a Jones KL66 mobile crane manufactured by an English firm. It has been in production for three years and tested throughout the world on all kinds of lifting jobs within its six-ton capacity. Capable of travelling long distances with a full load, the crane is available on five different types of mounting and with various alternative jibs.

the South, the President decided to celebrate Deepavali in Madras City. His stay in the City included numerous public engagements and meetings. He also inaugurated the Sanskrit Viswa Parishad at Tirupati and visited Pondicherry where he was given a civic reception. Pondicherry, described by President Dr. Rajendra Prasad as "a jewel in India's garland," celebrated on Nov. 1, its first anniversary of the de facto transfer of power over the former French possessions in India from the French Government to the Government of India.

Voice Of The Walking Saint

The report of the States Re-organisation Commission appointed by the Govt. of India has produced in a few places rather unnecessary controversy and even expressions of ill-will. In Bombay City, a number of private vehicles and premises were damaged, 8 public transport vehicles and 2 police chowkies were burned, 10 people killed and 300 persons

injured in the one-day strike attempted to be enforced by interested elements in connection with the agitation for the inclusion of Bombay City in the new State of Samyukta Maharashtra demanded. How wrong it is to have behaved so is forcefully explained by Acharya Vinobha Bhave in an article published in the following pages. The Voice of this Walking Saint of India should be heard and respected by all so that there will not be further repetitions of the kind of breakdown of public morale recently witnessed in Bombay.

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Soaring price of news-print and increasing cost of production has necessitated our decision to convert this favourite Fortnightly Journal of our readers into a Monthly. We would like to assure our readers that we would change-over again into a Fortnightly the moment conditions are favourable. Till then, we would earnestly solicit the continued patronage of our readers in the same measure in which we had been fortunate enough to receive it till now.

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LINGUISTIC STATES AND SOUL-SEARCHING

By ACHARYA VINOBHA BHAVE

WE should realise that ours is not a country which is tottering in its early childhood. We have at our back a solid and enlightened experience of nearly ten thousand years. I see the true picture of this country of ours when I come across in my studies the description of *Atma*—the Soul. Our Scriptures speak of the Soul as "*Nityashashwata*", meaning that the Soul is eternal and immortal. That is equally true of *Bharat*—India. There is, as has always been throughout her long history, something peculiarly characteristic and singularly noteworthy and attractive about India that the eyes of the world are perennially focussed to it.

A far reaching voice rose and rang up in this country: "Humanity is One!" We read in the *Vedas* "*Pratigrihni ta manavam sumedha sah*"—which, when construed literally means: "Oh, the Talented One! Recognise the Individual and his Dignity, and be humane and humanitarian!" In this way, India has sung with éclat the Song of the Glory of Humanity. Nothing short of humanity or humaneness at its highest has ever been acceptable to or congruent with the culture of this ancient country. The learned and the blessed in this country have always aspired and endeavoured to reach levels higher than and beyond the ones of humanity—to transcend it and to thus extend the very horizon of their true Love and Respect and Compassion as far and as wide as possible.

It is precisely on these premises that the cow, for instance, is

loved and respected in this country and finds a definite place in our social structure. Quite so often we have elucidated that we, in India have our own (highly specialised) form of "*Samajwad*"—the ideology and philosophy of Equalism or the sense of Equality or Oneness with All. This is being practised every day in our country in respects more than one. What we ordinarily call and understand by "*Samajwad*" is a thought of the Western origin and is termed "Socialism". It stands for the concept and social philosophy that *all men have equal rights*. The "Socialism" of India, however, goes several steps further ahead and proclaims in unequivocal terms that the Cow (a representative of Life other than human) shall have, and has, her place of pride and position in the framework of human society and that she shall be entitled to as much protection as the human being is. This is no ordinary vow. It is, in fact, the broadest concept of Socialism or, rather, Socialism *par excellence*.

THE philosophy of the Social Science and Socialism of the West is lacking in the most distinguishing and characteristic mark of the same of our concept. The best word conveying the loftiest idea of human virtue of compassion in their language is "Humanity", whereas the one in ours is "*Bhooldaya*." The former means, at best, benevolent compassion and pious pity, kindness and sympathy which, in their broadest outline and farthest limits, have reached the ideal:

"Greatest Good of the Greatest Number of Men." Only thus far and no further. They do not aspire or aim at "*Sarva-manavodaya*", i.e., total well-being of all men, but only "*Adhikatama-manavodaya*", i.e., well-being of the greatest number of men. We have gone further than that. We have linked our faith and belief in the ultimate goal of the total well-being of all. Not stopping there, we have taken still greater strides. We say: "*Sarvabhootohite ratah*" — great humanitarians whose humaneness, knowing no bounds, has compassed in its orbit the highest good of the entire Life, every Soul, on this earth.

BUT we have to prove ourselves true to those highest and noblest concepts of Equalism or Oneness with All and the Total Well-being of All. Unfortunately, to-day in this country, we witness a painfully strange state of affairs. It is in respect of the reorganisation of the States on linguistic basis, consequent to the Commission's Report and its recommendations thereon.

People of this Country have to-day compartmentalised themselves into the people of particular Provinces, some magniloquently calling themselves Andhras, some Kanarese, and still some others as Bengalis, etc., etc.

A country whose people not long ago used to say "*Soham*"—I am He, the One who is all pervading, omnipotent and omnipresent—have now stooped to believing that they are of this caste and that class, of this group and that province! Those who transcended the heights of humanity have now reduced themselves to believing to be something short of and separate and distinct from *Bharatiya*, the Indians! Surely, we are presently witnessing a farce when, on the publication of the States Reorganisation Commission's Report, the people of one province have been dancing with joy while those of the other are drowned in dejected moods. What pleases one has become the eyesore to the other. Such a one, if any, is definitely not a Sarvodaya Scheme.

ALL the Bengalis—and I do not know if there are any exceptions amongst them—are enthused over the recommendation that Manbhoom district should merge with West Bengal. And under this uniform demand and unanimous opinion are inundated all of them including the Congressmen, the Communists, the Socialists, the Hindu Mahasabhaitees, the Jan Sanghwallas and others. The only snag causing them headache is that they got much less than what they

had coveted. And for the self-same reason, the Biharis, on the other hand, feel themselves so utterly unhappy, defeated and lost because Manbhoom district would be gained by the Bengalis and be thus lost to them! Really, this depicts a regrettably pitiable condition of this country. After all Manbhoom is going to remain within the boundaries of India.

In fact, the aim and motive behind this reorganisation of the States on linguistic basis is to ensure smooth, easy and practical administration of the provinces concerned. But what we see behind all this turmoil and tension are the (crabbed minds and) the illiberal hearts.

WHEN I refer to Manbhoom, I do so as an instance in point. I can cite many more of such typical instances where the same heartburning is evident. In Orissa, some people, highly stung by the S.R.C. Report, burnt off a copy of it! What was wrong with the Report? The Commission had made certain recommendations and advanced some suggestions, to accept or reject which could have been settled better by putting the heads of all together or by the Parliament and the Government. But, in their heat and frenzy, they reduced the Report instead to ashes. What was it that Orissa stood to lose any way? Their demand that Sadhilkha and Sarasua should be conceded to Orissa was not met with. The Report had disclosed that both of them would continue to remain under the Bihar State. Had the Report recommended just the contrary of it, an identical hue and cry would have been raised in Bihar also!

Look at this question of Bellary district also which, according to

the Report, would remain a part of the Andhra State. The Andhras are so enthused over it, as if a solid lump of gold is thrown in their lap! And the Kanarese over there are so unhappy about it and because of it! This but shows that the interests of one are sacrificed when and where those of the other are safeguarded.

IT is a faulty and defective formation and organisation, if the society is built on the basis of the clash of interests. We shall, therefore, have to rebuild and rejuvenate the Society so that the interests of one shall be, because they are, compatible with the interests of all. To-day, the larger provinces or States face and find between themselves mutual conflicts of their interests. This leads one to the logical conclusion that the prominent and leading men, who have been considered adept and responsible for the re-building of the society, have failed to submit the blue-print of a new society wherein the interests of none would be incompatible or in conflict with those of the rest.

Let us, at this juncture, realise that we are in the midst of grave dangers when we find that our hearts are sunk from their former excellence and are torn asunder. Consider again this case of Andhra.

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The Andhras aspire and urge for Vishalandhra, a greater Andhra. But we say that our country would not reach any heights of greatness simply because one or the other province becomes vaster in area. It is only when the hearts of the people become munificent that the country achieves the glory of greatness. Yes, we do wish that the Andhra be 'Vishal' or great through the greatness and magnanimity of her people.

HERE or there some people apprehend danger that they would be exploited and looted, if their part of the country would merge with the neighbouring states. The backward need not and should not be afraid of the advanced, nor should the ignorant feel shy of the learned. The weak and the feeble should not be frightened of the strong and the mighty, nor should the illiterate be likewise awed by and alarmed of the literate. On the contrary, they should be prepossessed with love and respect for them. Love and respect must be mutual. But what we see to-day is just a topsy-turvy picture. Why? Only because those who are blessed by the Almighty with greater talents, abundant wealth, larger land holdings, more physical prowess, etc., are more given to their misuse and abuse. The bent and disposition of the human mind is towards both

the attitudes of the divine and the devil. The dignity or degeneracy, therefore, of our strength and prowess and all other attributes lies in the use or the abuse which we make of them.

THEREFORE, we have to view this, as also any other, question of the reorganisation of the States on linguistic basis and the recommendations of the Commission contained in the Report form a true perspective and broader outlook of national interests. We should ponder over this aspect of our country deeply and with all the seriousness accompanied by self-introspection and soul-searching. We should thrash out our differences by mutual, quiet consultations and settle and resolve them by persuasion and concord. We should not succumb to petty disputes and differences. Serious differences of opinion and outlook should surely be expressed. There is no harm in it. Everyone has a right to do so. But it should be done for the sake of, and be restricted to, merely the exchange and examination of the views and the view-points of each other, and not for any mutual bickerings, recriminations or hurling of innuendoes. If mutual trust and goodwill are lacking, we can by all means keep

(Concluded on page 96)

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CALCULATED MANOEUVRE



THERE, at last, she was coming! Ramesh's heart gave a leap. With bated breath he waited, his gaze focussed on her slim, willowy figure, walking slowly towards him, her step lithe and graceful. The tail-end of her blue silk sari fluttered in the twilight breeze.

The evening was drawing to a close. Birds twittered in the trees overhead, heralding the approach of the night. The little brook rippled and flowed calmly by, like a wayward little toddler just gone to sleep. Ramesh cast quick, nervous glances around, fearful of prying eyes. But, as usual, this out-of-the-way rendezvous of theirs was secure from intruders.

"Tell me, Uma, tell me!" he cried, bounding forward and taking hold of her fair, shapely hands.

"Oh, Ramesh!" she cried. Her face, breathtakingly beautiful like an angel's, clouded suddenly. She looked up into Ramesh's handsome face and failed to find the courage to break the bad news.

"What is it, Uma? Tell me!" He drew her to himself and gazed

into her sparkling eyes. His heart went pit-a-pat.

"The horoscopes don't match at all, Ramesh!" she gasped out. "I learnt this from Mother."

HE staggered, as if she had dealt him a physical blow. He felt sick at the pit of

his stomach and there was a dull, ringing sensation in his head. Then, all at once, he became furious.

"Don't match!" he hissed, gritting his teeth. He boiled at the thought that the happiness of two young people should be made to depend on the whims of a capricious astrologer. Well, he might have known it the moment his horoscope had been sent to the astrologer by Uma's father. Yes, he (Ramesh) was a mere clerk in a firm in the town, a mere nonentity in the scheme of things, a down-and-out with hardly any prospects to look forward to. Uma's father, on the other hand, was affluent and did not want his daughter to go and throw herself away on an indigent bloke like him. That was why they were

By DAWOOD ADAM

2 — 1st December '55.

17

pulling this horoscope stuff on him.

"There is only one way out of it!" he said presently.

"Yes, Ramesh?" She gazed into his face hopefully, her hands playing with his shirt-buttons.

"Let us run away and get married before a registrar!"

UMA started back, as if he had suddenly changed himself into a serpent. This was something which would not have occurred to her in her wildest dreams. She knew she was not cut out for such a role. Her conception of love would not recognize such madcap ideas as desirable. Moreover, she had not yet learned to flout the inhibitions of custom and tradition. And, if to love was to err, she did not know it.

"Ramesh! We shouldn't!"

"Uma! Do you mean you are going to give in to these imbecilities of others?"

"But Ramesh, he...he is my father and I can't disobey him."

"And he has a perfect right to wreck your life?"

"No, I don't mean that. But... I don't know how to get him to change his mind. He has such faith in that astrologer. Nevertheless, he is so fond of me, too."

"All right," Ramesh muttered thickly. "This is the end then, this is the parting of the ways. I shall go and make an end of myself somewhere."

Uma looked at him with troubled eyes and tears coursed down her cheeks. He turned and hurried off. She called, but he did not

turn. He had loved her so, and she didn't show even a little consideration. All she cared for was her father, he muttered to himself.

RAMESH stood gazing out of the window in a sort of mental abstraction. He did not seem aware of the presence of his sister Sita who flitted about, doing the household chores. Nor had he any eyes for the clamorous capers of the children out in the street. His thoughts were solely occupied with his beloved.

"There's someone at the gate asking to see you, Ramesh," Sita broke in on his reflections.

Ramesh wheeled round, confronting her. The young girl blushed scarlet and ran out of the room, and Ramesh knew that the 'someone' who was at the gate was Kishore, Sita's husband-to-be and his own intimate pal. How happy Sita and Kishore were, reflected Ramesh. For them, there was no horoscope muddle. Kishore was a clerk in the town like himself. A frequent visitor to Ramesh's house, he had been charmed with Sita's manners and her beauty. He loved her and she reciprocated his emotion with the same intensity. And Ramesh's mother, taking a great fancy to the tall, debonair young man, had set her heart on this matter. And in a couple of months they would be married. Ramesh stepped up to the gate and asked his friend in.

"What's the bulletin from the astrological quarters?" chaffed Kishore good-humouredly, dropping into an easy-chair on the veranda.

Ramesh seated himself on a stool beside Kishore. He did not

say anything. Kishore seemed to be in his usual bluff, breezy mood but Ramesh did not feel equal to any light persiflage.

"WHAT'S up?" demanded

Kishore, leaning forward, for he saw that something was in the wind. They were devoted to each other, these two friends, and shared all their secrets. Every day, soon after his meeting with Uma, Ramesh would be closeted with his friend in his room, and they would go over the day's adventures, and gossip about many other things as well. Kishore, who was as clever as a bagful of monkeys, had often helped Ramesh out of holes by slick, ingenious manoeuvres, and Ramesh always looked up to his friend as a guide and counsellor. But now, at this critical moment in his life, he knew it was beyond Kishore's powers to help him. It was his intention that what he heard from Uma's lips should not be divulged to anyone, not even to his mother who, as the negotiator for the alliance, was, however, bound to know soon enough. Nevertheless, upon Kishore's insistence, all his reserve melted, and he told him about his last meeting with Uma.

"I am afraid you are rather up against it, Ramesh," said Kishore after an interval of pretty awkward silence. "There is not much that a chap can do in a case like this. If Uma's father is the strait-laced old man I know him to be, there couldn't be any talking him round. He is a stickler for custom, tradition, and all that stuff. If the astrologer guy has told him there is some blemish in your horoscope, you can count on it that it is all over."

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"Thanks, you are a lot of help!" Ramesh muttered bitterly.

Of course, he knew there was nothing Kishore could do about it, but still he could have refrained from treading on a pal's corns. One could have done with a word of kindness instead of a lot of irritating verbal effusion.

"I am so sorry, Ramesh," said Kishore suddenly.

Ramesh was a trifle mollified. After all, what was the good of being cross with well-meaning chaps like Kishore? There were certain situations which could only be saved by a miracle.

RAMESH tossed restlessly on his bed. Sleep would not come to his weary eyes. His jagged nerves would not be soothed by self-deception. He tried in vain to persuade himself that his love for Uma did not mean anything, that it was only a fleeting infatuation which would soon peter out. He was head over heels in love with her, and there was no disguising the fact. He did not know what to do. He wept and prayed to God to help him get over his frustration.

It was past nine o'clock in the morning when Ramesh awoke. His sister Sita tripped up to his bed and, bending down, whispered something in his ear. Ramesh sat up bolt upright and his eyes opened wide in surprise. Oh, God! Had the miracle happened? It sounded incredible. He sprang to his feet and darted to his mother's room. He paused at the door and listened.

"I am sorry if I have caused you any inconvenience," a deep male voice was saying. "And

my astrologer is no less sorry himself. You see, he was so busy yesterday that he failed to notice that error in his calculations. That was why the horoscope was found unsuitable. This morning he made a thorough examination again and found that the two horoscopes agree perfectly. He says it would be quite a splendid match undoubtedly....."

"Oh, it's all right."

Ramesh recognised his mother's voice.

"I will attend to all the formalities soon....."

Ramesh's head began to swim and there was a pleasant throbbing in his heart.

"Please do not let us delay. My astrologer says this day week at eleven in the morning"

The joy in Ramesh's heart knew no bounds. He felt on top of the world. In the evening he went to the rendezvous. Uma was already there, biding tryst near the side of the brook. They couldn't speak for sheer joy. They congratulated each other and parted abruptly.

ON the wedding day, after the last guest had departed, Ramesh withdrew into his own room with Kishore. During the days immediately preceding the wedding, Ramesh had frequently found himself wondering about the astrologer's sudden change of decision about his horoscope. After the initial excitement had passed over, the thing had begun to look somewhat odd, and then a plausible explanation suggested itself to him.

(Concluded on page 25)

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ARTS, NON-ARTS AND ANTI-ARTS

I KNOW that in this mechanised, industrialised, commercialised, vainglorious, egoistic and egotistical modern age art cannot thrive—much less religion. But I thought that at least literature will be safe and secure in the general rot. But it does not seem as if that is going to happen. I am not making any special reference to the political dictation to writers in Communist countries. Even elsewhere, the authors are beeding less and less Sir Philip Sydney's advice to them: "Look in thy heart and write."

For some centuries past, English literature excelled in terseness and directness and clarity and sincerity coupled with beauty and charm. But it looks as if we must now cry: "Ichabad! Ichabad! The glory is departed from us."

The pressure of the commercial age seems to sit like an incubus on the author's heart. Less and less is the writer inclined to put his heart upon the page. Quite recently, I read a book entitled *The Writer and the Absolute* by Wyndham Lewis. It makes melancholy reading. He says: "As far as I am personally concerned, I am paralysed the moment I try to write something I do not regard as true... For an understanding of the writer's dilemma, what has to be recognised is the paralysis induced by the real—our nature's rootedness in fact... Delicate,

minute, must be the inventory of truth. Is this imitation? Because of a pressure as irresistible as gravitation, the artist cleaves to the truth... Truth is as necessary to everybody as the air we breathe."

But all the same, the modern Press sets the standard and the pace and the ideal. Mr. Wyndham Lewis says: "Its values are those of children, its emphasis is upon what interests the childish adult."

CARLYLE fiercely demanded in his days Truth, Clearness and Beauty. But even in his days the Sage of Chelsea was not very much heeded. I wonder what he would write to day or if he would be heard at all!

Mr. Wyndham Lewis goes back many centuries and refers to Socrates and says: "Pluto, had he remained, might have had the same end as Socrates." He says further: "In these politics-ridden times, writers experience irresistible pressures this way or that. Yet, this pressure in a still free community can be almost as destructive as the writing to order in Communist Russia. Every writer should keep himself free from party, clear of any group-pull... With us the pressure to achieve uniformity is very great, whether in the matter of costume, or hair-cut or intellectual fashion."

He adds: "The political situation to-day, throughout the world, leads one to believe that the individual may not be allowed for very much longer to express himself in writing. He will have to express somebody else's self, if he wishes to write, somebody of great political consequence. This somebody else will probably be called Collectivity, the Community or the Time."

He writes further: "Four or five hundred years ago it was the Religious Absolute which was the writer's problem. To-day, it is the Political Absolute. In the last few decades, if a writer has been unable to count on either Right or Left for support if he violently has adhered to the Middle, always the Mean, his lot has been a precarious one. If a writer desires an easy life, he

should be an extremist..." "Politics may, at any moment, bring to an end all serious creative writing just as religion can... Great literature depends altogether upon un-obstructed access to the true."

I FELT sad as I read these words. Just then Dr. Nesan came in and said: "Ramu! Why are you so sad and meditative? Why do you pull such a long face?"

I told him about what I read.

He laughed his loud, jovial, care-free laugh and said: "Is that all? The times are out of joint. But the Almighty has not commissioned you to set them right! You are talking about literature and poetry and drama and fiction. But what about the roof over your head? I have been all over the West. What we have to-day is



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H.S. Rama Swami Sastri

the 'Match-box' school of architecture and the mass production craze. That has come here also. Have you not seen the latest architectural designs in Madras City's suburban areas like T'Nagar and Gandhinagar and Kasturbaganagar? All this is happening in a country of beautiful and sublime temples, stately palaces and lovely private houses where every pillar was carved and ornamented in an exquisite manner, where curves and arches abounded, and where loveliness met you at every point and from every angle."

I TOLD Dr. Nesan: "It is true that our architecture also has gone to the dogs. But one good sign is that there is an architectural rebellion in Britain. Professor A. E. Richardson, who was elected as President of the Royal Academy last year, is leading the rebellion. His slogan is: 'Less stream-lining, more ornamentation.' He says: 'I have students who think the same way I do, and are determined to rebel. I am inciting them to rebellion and in time they will pull everything down Nothing should be stream-lined except water closets.' He wants ornamentation even on commercial buildings and says that a building without sculpture is unthinkable. He wants the Royal Navy and the merchant fleets to go to sea again with beautifully carved figureheads at their prows."

Dr. Nesan said: "Ramul! Your heart must rejoice over this new movement as you have been very sore and very sour about the toppling down of our architecture and sculpture in India."

I replied: "Dr. Nesan! What else can you and I who belong to

the country to which Ellora and Ajanta belong feel about the matter? Even to-day, there are artists of genius and artisans with remarkable skill traditionally handed down through the ages. Sometime ago at Krishnarajasagara in Mysore, where a great dam in the Cauvery has been recently constructed and the collected waters are like an ocean, an artist has created in stone his dream vision of the goddess of the river and the water enters a stone pot around which her left arm lovingly curves and from which the water drips unceasingly, symbolical of the never-failing grace of the goddess. The face of the goddess is full of infinite mercy and compassion and love and grace."

DR. NESAN said: "Ramul! I am a lover of modern things but I feel that your views on art are quite sound. Fortunately, things have gone awry in the West not only in the realm of architecture and sculpture but also in the realms of painting and poetry and drama and music and dance. We have preserved most of our artistic heritage intact. Realism and surrealism and cubism have invaded in the art of painting in the West. Did you notice that not only the Americans but also the Russians have taken to Jazz which is just cacophony and nothing more?"

I replied: "Dr. Nesan! Let us save our art and religion, for if India loses them, who else will or can save the world? If salt loses its savour, wherewith can salt be salted? Let us take particular care about our poetry and music, for they are the two eyes of Goddess Saraswathi." ❖❖

CALCULATED MANOEUVRE

(Concluded from page 20)

So he asked his friend now, "Well, Kishore, would you tell me the truth if I asked something?"

"What is it about, Ramesh?" enquired Kishore with a surprised look.

"Would you mind telling me what made the astrologer change his mind about my horoscope?"

"How should I know?" Kishore retorted with a grin.

"Oh, come off it, Kishore! I knew all along that there was more to it than met the eye. How did you get him to do it? I know you dabble in that science yourself."

"Oh, dash it, what made you suspect that I had something to do with your affair?"

"Never mind, tell me all!"

"Well, I was arguing with the astrologer and when he went in to get some coffee I replaced your original horoscope with another which I suitably amended. And when I pointed out the error in the calculations, the astrologer hastened to correct it. The rest you know!"

A SUDDEN wave of friendliness, affection and admiration welled up in Ramesh. A tear of gratitude appeared in the corner of his eye. Impulsively he took Kishore's hands in his and squeezed them warmly. ❖❖



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CLOUDED VISION

SHE stood on the deck, leaning against the bars, looking far out into the sea. The sea seemed so calm and peaceful, yet within her a storm of emotional conflict was raging. "Will he see me now, if I tried to explain everything? Will he understand the position in which I was then? Or, will he give me the cold shoulder? Oh, God! give me the strength to see him and let my words carry weight! Without him, life holds nothing for me."

Thus mused Lakshmi, now on her way back to India. She had passed a course in Literature with First Class Honours, and the Government had provided her with a scholarship to further her studies in England. She was surprised at the offer. She was so modest and unassuming in nature. She could not believe her eyes when she saw the typed invitation and yet she wasn't sure she wanted to go. For, she was in love with Rajkumar.

Rajkumar was a Junior Professor of English in her College—it wasn't every man who got into that rank so easily, but upon Raj's young shoulders rested an old head. And he did not possess that absent-mindedness for which professors are so notorious. Instead, his lessons were so interesting and so entertaining that the students went to the extent of neglecting other subjects.

Lakshmi recalled her first meeting with him. She was late

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for her class and timidly knocked at the door. "Come in," greeted a voice. She opened the door and walked slowly in, waiting for the awkward interrogation to start. But he smiled at her and said, "Well, where's the peon?"

Lakshmi blinked, then stammered. "Peon? What where?"

The whole class laughed loudly.

One boy got up and ventured, "Sir, that was another student who went to call the peon!"

"I'm so sorry, Miss" hesitated Raj.

"Lakshmi," answered she, her cheeks getting redder and redder, angry with him for exposing her to ridicule.

THE whole of that period, she did not venture to discuss or argue about anything. When the class was over, Raj detained her and dismissed the class. He then came up to her desk, where she stood, and said, "Please excuse me. I'm new to this Class and College, and could not distinguish one girl from another. But if you would require it, I'm prepared to tender a public apology."

Lakshmi's heart was touched. How natural, she thought, for him to have mistaken me. And he is new to this place. So she said, "It's not at all necessary, sir, and, besides, what would your apology be for?"

BY

L.S. Sivaram



This time it was his turn to stammer, "Well, I'd say that....."



Then he looked at her confusedly and suddenly both of them broke out into laughter.

THUS began their friendship, which blossomed into love. Lakshmi was modest, so was Raj—in other girls' company. In the evenings, they used to meet at Lakshmi's house where her father, sometimes, used to join in their conversation. He was all for their friendship. "It isn't the first time I've seen a student falling in love with her teacher," he would tell himself and smile at them with approval.

So when Lakshmi had to go to England, her father and Raj

came to wish her 'bon voyage.' Her father administered to her three oaths—"Avoid men, avoid wine, and avoid late nights!"

"Just like father to tell me this," she had thought, "as if I would want to see any other man after I've known Raj!"

THOUGH she avoided wine and late nights, her girl companions would not let her alone. They insisted on her making friends with men, too, since lack of friends, they pointed out, would mean that she was a snob. And this she wanted to avoid. So she chose

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her friends with care, but firmly insisted that she had to be at her lodging by eight p.m., a shockingly early hour for the English. They who danced and sang till midnight could not understand Lakshmi's attitude. But they had to give way to her wishes.

RAJ got letters regularly from her and was pleased with her progress. Then one letter, from a friend in England, came to disturb his equanimity. This man wrote:

"Your Lakshmi here seems to have taken a keen interest in a man who is teaching her dancing. They lock themselves in her room and go on dancing for hours. And this is the girl who would not come out with us in the evenings!"

Lakshmi's letter, however, had a different note:

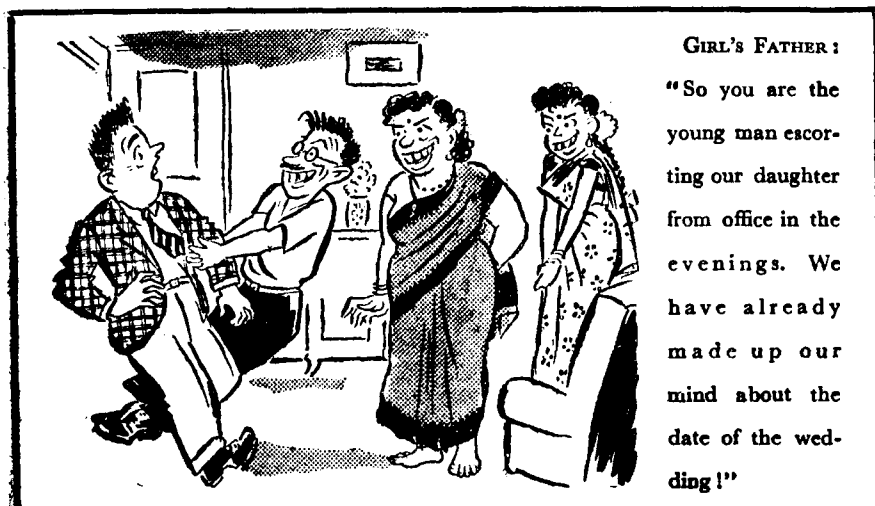
"I have learnt to dance, since it seems to be the most essential thing desired in a party, and you surely wouldn't want your Lakshmi to be a wallflower, would you? My tutor is one

of my class-mates, a very nice sort of a chap who puts up in the opposite building."

Raj interpreted the letter in an entirely different way. "A nice chap and puts up in the opposite building—that means he can meet her at all times. Who knows they might also not meet at night?" he wondered.

THUS the enormous distance between the lovers served to increase the jealousy in Raj. His letters became irregular, and they seemed forced. Later, he did not try to mask his feelings and wrote to her that he did not want to continue their friendship since she had found a better man, and he would do the same, since it would be good for both.

Lakshmi could not understand what he meant, for her friendship with John had always been on the plain level, nothing more than the relationship between tutor and taught. She wrote to him, asking him not to be hasty regarding her, and that she was sailing for home the next day, since her exams were over.



GIRL'S FATHER:

"So you are the young man escorting our daughter from office in the evenings. We have already made up our mind about the date of the wedding!"

Raj just crumpled her letter and swore he would not see her at the harbour. When Lakshmi saw only her father, her heart skipped a beat. She could only look silently at her father, and he, understanding her plight, said, "Forget that fellow. He is not worthy of you."

But she could only cry out, "But what's the matter with me?"

"Oh, leave him alone! The fool thinks you're going to marry an Englishman!" the old man sparled.

"Marry an Englishman? How preposterous!"

"That's what I said to him, but he would not hear me," explained her father and took her home.

THE first thing that Lakshmi did was to see Rajkumar. He was poring over some papers, but with unseeing eyes. Lakshmi could only pity him. He was unshaven and his clothes hung loosely on him. "Seems to be dead worried," thought Lakshmi.

"Raj!" she called softly.

He started, then saw her. "You!" he shouted, lowering his eyes, as though he did not want to see her again.

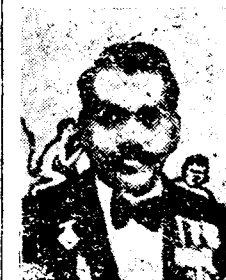
"Raj, won't you give me a chance to explain?" cried Lakshmi, almost on the verge of tears.

"Explain what? Your conduct with John? I know everything about him!"

"John?" queried Lakshmi. "What has he done?"

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"What more do you want him to do? I release you from our engagement. Your next step is to marry him."

"Marry John? How rash you've been, Raj! He's already married and has a child!"

"Is John really married? Then, why did he try to be too friendly with you?" Raj retorted.

He could not hide the tremor in his voice, as he took a step towards Lakshmi. Even at this moment, she could not help noticing his eyes were dull and confused. And they had always been so clear and sparkling!

"Oh, Raj! He had to earn his way through College, so I offered to learn dancing under his guidance, if he would accept payment for it. I did not mention this part of our bargain, because it was nothing important. Both of us loved the lessons, that's all. And, because of my carelessness, I nearly lost you" Here she suddenly burst into tears.

RAJ immediately caught her shoulders, and said, "Don't cry, Lakshmi, please. I'm so sorry I was such a mufn not to know that such friendships are normal in England. Forgive me, dear. I've been such a donkey."

Lakshmi smiled through her tears. Through Raj's eyes, once more bright and clear, she could see herself smiling at him. Both of them quoted their favourite lines:

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world." ☼

SWARA YOGA

By H.H. Bhu-Mandaleswar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

Chapter VIII—Cont.

The three days of *Surya Nadi* are Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday. The days of *Chandra Nadi* are Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. On the days corresponding to these *Nadis*, if questions are asked they are fruitful. A question asked when *Sushumna* flows will not be fruitful.

The length of air generally coming out is 12 fingers; it is 20 fingers at the time of eating, 24 fingers while walking, 30 fingers in sleep, 36 fingers at the time of copulation and still more while doing exercise.

Each of the *Nadis* changes in a healthy person at an interval of $2\frac{1}{2}$ *ghatikas* or one hour. When *Sushumna* flows, meditate on God.

In the bright half of any month for the first three days, the functioning of *Chandra Nadi* is beneficial. *Surya Nadi* is auspicious on the 4th, 5th and 6th days. *Chandra Nadi* is fruitful on 7th, 8th and 9th. On the 10th and 11th, *Chandra Nadi* is beneficial. In the dark half of the month for the first three days, *Surya Nadi* is beneficial and so on.

Do holy actions when *Ida* flows. Eating and conceptions should correspond with *Surya Nadi*. *Ida Nadi* showers nectar in all limbs.

When *Chandra Nadi* flows, start on a long pilgrimage, do religious

ceremony, dig wells and tanks, inaugurate temples and images, take medicines, perform marriage, enter a new house, start agriculture, see a master or friend, worship your preceptor and study.

Take exercise when the *Surya Nadi* is flowing. When you enter or leave a house or a city, place the leg corresponding to the *Nadi*.

Practice *Shanmuki* or *Yoni Mudra* by closing the two ears with two thumbs, the two nostrils with the middle fingers, the mouth by the last two fingers and the two corners of the eyes with the index fingers. Do a mild *Kumbhak* or retention of the breath and concentrate on the space between the two eye-brows.

If the circle seen is yellowish, it is *Prithvi Tattwa*; if it is red, it is *Agni Tattwa*; if it is black, it is *Akasa Tattwa*.

The numbers for *Surya Nadi* are 3, 5, 7, 9, i.e., odd numbers, while those for *Chandra Nadi* are even, 2, 4, 6, 8, etc. If at the time of *Surya Nadi*, a question is asked and if the letters of the question are odd, then the question will bear good fruits.

Before you start the practice of *Swarodaya*, salute Lord Siva who is the giver of this wonderful science. Repeat "*Om Nama Sivaya*." Salute Sri Ganesha, the remover of all obstacles.

Chapter IX

The breath should be examined after seating oneself on either deer-skin, or tiger-skin or *Darbha* grass, or white cloth or a rather soft carpet. On any one of the above-mentioned seats, one should assume the pose of *Padmasan*, drive away all dissipating thoughts, do the *Pranayama* which goes by the name of *Uddyanabandha* and concentrate one's attention upon the movement of three *Nadis* which are the most important of the seventy-two thousand which function in the human body. The breath runs through the nostrils 21,600 times every day. It passes through the plexuses called *Mooladhara*, *Svadhistan*, *Manipuraka*, *Anahata*, *Vishuddha* and *Ajna*.

THE THREE IMPORTANT NADIS

The *Nadi* known as *Ida* is the breath running through the left nostril. That which runs through the right nostril is called *Pingala*. The former is also known as

Chandra Nadi, the latter is likewise known as the *Surya Nadi*. When the breath passes through neither nostril, it is in what is known as *Sushumna Nadi*. That is also called *Agni Nadi*. When the breath runs equally in both the *Nadis*, it is known as *Purna*. The *Chandra Nadi* is regarded as feminine. It is associated with blackness and with the fixed signs of the zodiac. The *Surya Nadi* is regarded as masculine. It is associated with whiteness and with the movable signs of the zodiac. The *Agni Nadi* (*Sushumna*) is regarded as neuter. It is associated with the common signs of the zodiac.

If one goes on a journey, one must start when the *Chandra Nadi* is running and reach the destination when the *Surya Nadi* runs. Just when the *Chandra Nadi* functions, i.e., when the breath runs in the left nostril, the time is auspicious for doing the following things:

(To be Continued)

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CHILD OF DESTINY

By
ET. FERNANDEZ

Chapter '9—Cont.

MR. JENKINS had all along been under the impression that the Convent to which Mother Berchman would take Hilda was one of the many Convents in Bombay itself, but this was not so. After a day's sojourn in a Convent in Bombay, Mother Berchman and Hilda left by train for the Convent of the Sacred Heart situated in the Nilgiris, which they reached two days later. Here, the other Sisters received their Mother Superior with great rejoicing and to them Mother Berchman introduced Hilda saying, "This is Miss Hilda Jenkins. She is come to stay with us for sometime. She

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has been very ill in the Hospital with me, so she will need all the care and attention which I am sure you will give her."

Turning to one of the Sisters she said, "Sister Helen, I will hand over Hilda to you. Do please see that she is comfortable and lacks nothing, will you?"

"I will, Mother," Sister Helen replied and conducted Hilda to a room which had been kept in readiness for her.

Sister Helen looked the youngest of the Nuns in the Convent. She was also very pretty and pleasant of speech. Mother Berchman had, in fact, purposely singled her out as

being the most suitable companion for Hilda.

Later in the day, Mother Berchman sent for Sister Helen and gave her detailed instructions.

"Hilda has had a shock, Sister Helen," she explained, "a love affair which has not turned out as she expected." She'll probably tell you about it herself, but I want you to be very discreet and to use the utmost tact in discussing anything with her. I want you to report to me anything which you feel I should know to help me study her case and bring her round. I have an especial interest in the girl. I must tell you first of all that she comes of a good

family. Her parents are respectable and well placed in life. Also, she has done nothing foolish—nothing really wrong, mind you! Please remember that. She has been very much in love and she has been gravely disillusioned. There is nothing more to her story. All that is required now is gentle tact and exceptional kindness, and I look to you to use such tact and to show such kindness, which I am sure you could do. If she should make friends with any of the girls here—and she surely will—don't ever restrain her. But keep a watchful eye on her at the same time, because I don't want her to learn of the sordid side of life of which she seems to be thoroughly ignorant at present. She needs instruction, but see that you give her that instruction with the utmost care. And remember always what I have said to you at first—that I have an especial interest in her. Now, is that all clear?"

"Yes, Mother," the young Sister answered respectfully, "I will do my very best for her." And she prepared to leave.

"One moment!" the old Nun commanded. "Before you go to Hilda, please tell Mother Benedict that I wish to speak with her."

"Yes, Mother," said Sister Helen and departed.

MOTHER BENEDICT was virtually an assistant to Mother Berchman, rather, her second in command. She had even been acting for the Mother Superior in her absence. She was just as old, perhaps, if not older than her Superior. Her Irish eyes were soft and kindly, especially when she smiled. She inspired one with confidence and trust.

She tapped gently at the door of Mother Berchman's room and waited to be called in. Once inside, she seated herself in a chair opposite her Superior and said, "I'm so glad you've come back completely cured, Mother Berchman. You look very much better, indeed. I hope you feel just as well."

"I do feel all right, thank you, dear. How are things progressing? Have there been any changes?"

"Not many since you left, Mother. But Gladys Cooper has left us, you know. She was missing on Saturday night and

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY is very unpopular among the Anglo-Indian community for his nationalist views.

Brian meets and falls in love with Hilda Jenkins (Angel).

Mr. Jenkins, who finds out Brian and Hilda's love affair, warns Hilda to stop seeing Brian; when he spies on their meeting again, he thrashes Hilda severely when she returns home.

When Brian, with his mother, calls to ask for Hilda's hand, the Jenkins couple spurn his offer and insult him, too.

Determined to put an end to the affair, the Jenkinses send Hilda to Bombay to stay with Vincent, brother of Mrs. Jenkins.

A fake advertisement in a newspaper announcing Brian's forthcoming marriage to some other girl which Hilda reads makes her fall seriously ill and she is admitted in a hospital.

Thanks to Mother Berchman, a Convent Nun, who attends on her carefully, Hilda makes rapid progress.

The Jenkins couple try their best to persuade Hilda to come away with them but fail. After her discharge from the Hospital, Hilda leaves with Mother Berchman for the Convent. NOW READ ON;

yesterday I received a letter from her informing me that she was going to be married to a British soldier. Her wedding is fixed for the twentieth and she says he is taking her away to Bangalore immediately after the wedding."

"She might have told us about it, couldn't she? We don't forbid our girls from marrying if they get decent offers! But how did she come to meet this soldier, I wonder?"

"OF late she's been leaving the Convent pretty often, Mother—on permission, of course—saying that she was going to see an aunt of hers. We never suspected that she was really meeting this soldier instead and going about with him. Lucy Baker and Kathleen Johnson told me everything—after she had run away, of course! She took them into her confidence, evidently."

"Well, I hope she hasn't made a mistake, poor girl. I hope she'll be happy. And how is Claire?"

"Claire's baby died last month. I wrote and told you about it, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did—but how is she? Does she still pine for her child and fret over her...er...the boy whom she was friendly with, I mean?"

"Well, she still thinks of the baby, Mother. But just after you went away, she heard from somebody or other that this boy has been married to a girl she knew. After that, she wouldn't eat for about three or four days, but she got over it somehow and was her normal self again until her baby died. I wanted to write to

you about it, but somehow it escaped my mind."

"Yes, it's most unfortunate for her, poor soul. Are the other girls all right?"

"Yes, Mother. Barbara's just had an offer of marriage, you know—a boy who's serving in the A.F. (I). He seems a decent fellow and he has been recommended by Father Lawson, in whose parish he resides."

"That's good news, indeed. Has she accepted?"

"Well, she certainly wouldn't refuse him, but I haven't given a definite answer to the boy yet, Mother. This happened only last week and as I received your letter just then informing me that you were coming back, I thought you'd like to see him and settle things yourself."

"That's very kind of you. Tell me when he calls here, will you?"

"He will be here this evening, I'm sure. I'll let you know as soon as he comes."

"Yes, please do. Now, there is something I want to"

"OH! there's one more thing which I forgot to tell you, Mother," said Mother Benedict interrupting her Superior. "It's about Phyllis Norris."

"What about her?"

"She's to have a baby."

"What! Lord have mercy on me! How on earth did such a thing happen, Mother Benedict?"

"I just don't know, Mother. I've tried to get her to tell me

(Continued on page 74)

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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 Sahab turned quite accurate so far. He predicted on 29th September, 1950, that I will get a son about January, 1951. I really got a son on 21st January, 1951.

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

State birth details or Letter writing time.

PANDIT N. AMIRTANANDA

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

Ten Years Ago...

ARUNA VINOD reached out her hand to the adjacent book-shelf that stood by her bed and took a neatly-bound volume of Marie Corelli's *Temporal Power*. Books were her companions for the past ten years. Her eyes got tired of reading and still she could not keep away from books for the simple reason that she had no other companion. Poor Aruna was a bedridden invalid. She could not walk or stand up, for she had lost the use of her legs ten years back. Yes, everything happened ten years back—that fateful day. Ten years! Aruna could only sit up with legs stretched, supporting her head with cushions. Even that needed a lot of adjustments.

She looked the very picture of patience sitting on a monument. Her hair was wavy and almost snow-white. Her eyes were soft and tender and the serene look on her suffering but handsome face imparted to her a halo of purity and compelled respect from all. Aruna heaved a gentle sigh and changed her position with some difficulty. Then the door was pushed open noisily and three pairs of strong young feet struggled to get into the room first.

"Mother, I've brought the magazine you mentioned yester-

day," cried the youngest son Premsingh, running first to his mother and giving her the magazine.

The first two boys, one about seventeen and the other fifteen, sat on the bed very gently and switched on the fan.

"Have you had your tea, children?" Aruna enquired.

"Only plain tea, Mother. Father will bring the usual sweets by and by," replied Gopinath the second son.

ARUNA's eyes slowly filled with tears and she closed them for a while. Oh, how she longed to make sweets and tiffin for her dear boys! What all plans she had in mind about her home, a comfortable and ideal one in all ways! Alas! her grand dreams were shattered that day ten years back. Poor darling kids, denied all the mother's care and and protection! How helpless she felt.

"Mother, I've brought you nice love stories from our library. Oh, how the librarian made fun of me when I asked him to give me a couple of love novels! He laughed so heartily that my Professor who happened to be there asked me doubtfully whether

I spent more time on love stories or lessons. All present had a good laugh at my expense. I replied that they were for my mother and then everybody ceased laughing but looked at one another knowingly and simply smiled. Why, Mother?" asked Kasthurnath, the eldest, in all innocence.

ARUNA smiled, too. "They perhaps seem to think and wonder whether a mother of nearly forty years has still the taste for love

"**ONLY** we have come to consult you about the presents to Prem. Look here, Prem, you have no business to be here. We'll give you the presents tomorrow morning, waking you up with our 'Happy Birthday' song at five sharp. For the present, be a good boy and run up to the road and watch for father," ordered Kasthurnath, the eldest.

Prem whined and hid his face in the lap of his mother unwilling to quit.



stories. But, Kasthur, I've read these books a dozen times. Still, there is no harm in revelling in them a thirteenth time. Now, then, boys, what's up? What's the meaning of this pleasant siege, my dear boys?" demanded Aruna with a smile.

"Oh, Second of May! My baby's birthday! You will be twelve tomorrow," remarked Aruna. "I had you in my arms as a chubby baby of two, ten years back. Yes, the accident took place exactly ten years ago and since then am I confined to bed."

By Mrs. SAGUNA BAI MONSINGH

And the poor woman sighed deeply.

"Why is your hair so white, Mother? Aunt Kausalya is your eldest sister but her hair is jet black still," commented Gopinath.

"Oh, I've suffered, children, and the worries have changed me into an old woman before time," replied Aruna sadly.

THESE ten years she was quietly lying on her bed, always attended by a servant, and Vinod, her husband, considered it a real joy spending hours by her bedside talking and reading to her. There never was a pair so closely attached to one another nor found pleasure in each other's company as Aruna and Vinod.

Aruna, however, managed to watch over her children and guide them. She spent hours listening to their many talks and checking their behaviour. Her room was next to the children's study and she had ample opportunities to do her detective work without their knowledge. When she found them erring or doing something objectionable, she told them lovingly to leave off that bad habit, never chiding nor rebuking them. The children obeyed the gentle and helpless mother whole-heartedly and there the matter ended. The life of the parents was a living example to them and they grew to be healthy, studious and loving youngsters.

Prem was about to go out of the room at the persuasions of his elder brothers, when Vinod entered with a big parcel of novels followed by the peon, who brought a huge basket of eatables. The boys opened the basket a little and danced with joy at the prospect of a jolly good feed out of it the next day.

"Cakes, apples and chocolates!" they whispered to one another delightedly.

Vinod sat on the bed and looked lovingly at the wasted hands of Aruna.

"Aruna," he said suddenly. "You've gone very thin. You should let the doctor prescribe a good tonic for you."

Aruna smiled her sweetest. "I'm quite all right. Please do not poison me with any more drugs and tonics. I'm as healthy as anybody else," she replied gently.

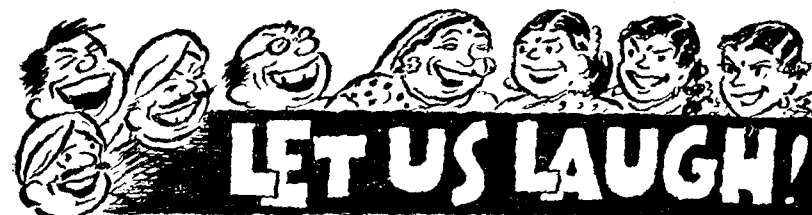
"Father, next month we are going to present you with a tin of the best cigarettes on your birthday. We have never seen you smoke. It will not harm you if you smoke one or two cigarettes a day, father. We were told you smoked a lot in those days!" said Gopi jovially.

VINOD's face became clouded. He heaved a deep and long sigh that unmistakably showed the great emotion he was experiencing.

"I had smoked more than a packet a day. That was ten years back," he said last.

Again the fateful ten years back! Vinod looked at his wife and she closed her eyes to hide her emotion and internal struggle. Her mouth twitched pitifully. In spite of her attempts to control the emotion, the floodgates had opened without warning and hot tears traced their way from the corners of her closed eyes down to the pale sunken cheeks.

(Continued on Page 79)



A POOR Western prospector and his wife finally struck uranium after years of hand-to-mouth existence and found themselves with so much money they couldn't spend it fast enough.

So they took a holiday in Florida — with the best suite in the finest hotel, the most expensive meals in the most exclusive restaurants, and all the trimmings. One day, while the husband was swimming, his wife went shopping in town. When she returned to the beach she found a crowd surrounding her husband, who was unconscious on the sand.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "What's happened?"

Someone explained that her husband had been saved from drowning and they were now giving him artificial respiration.

"Artificial respiration?" she shouted indignantly. "Are you crazy? We're rich! Give him the real thing!"

Relief!

The astronomy professor was lecturing. "I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

"How many?" cried a frightened voice from the audience.

"Fifty million years."

"Oh," said the voice with a sigh of relief, "I thought you said fifteen million."

STANDING on a soapbox, an agitator was holding forth: "Take what you want in this life," he shouted. "If your family is hungry, raid a shop and take food for them. If your wife hasn't a warm coat, pick out the best fur coat you can see and ignore the consequences."

At the end of his speech he climbed down from his soapbox. The next words the crowd heard from him were: "Where's the so-and-so who's taken my bicycle?"

Farmer And Musician

Enrico Caruso, the immortal tenor, used to delight in telling this story on himself. He was driving through the country one summer day when his car broke down. Trekking over to a near-by farmhouse, he approached a man sitting on the porch.

"My name is Caruso," he said. "Have you a 'phone?"

The farmer leapt to his feet and started shaking him by the hand. "Well, I never thought I'd have anybody so famous in this little farmhouse," he said, then called into the house. "Hey, Ethel, come here quickly!" His wife appeared in the doorway. "Ethel," said the beaming farmer, "I want to introduce you to the world-famous traveller, Robinson Caruso!"

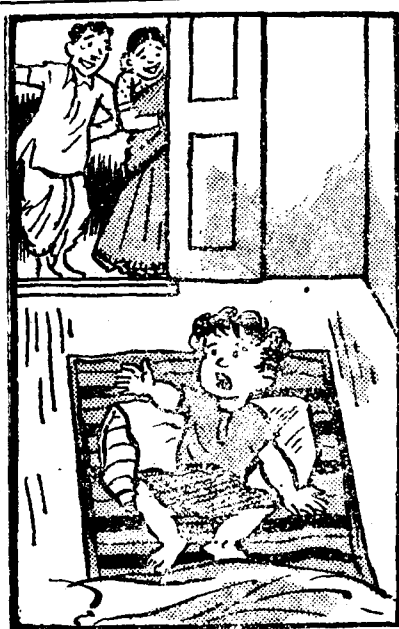
ON his first trip to a town of any size, the countryman was fascinated by the asphalt streets. Scraping his feet on the hard surface, he remarked to his son, "Well, I can't say as I blame 'em for building a city here. Ground's too durned hard to plough!"

Promotion

Macpherson was the book-keeper in a Scottish business firm. "Macpherson," his boss said one day, "the accountant is leaving and I'm going to give you his job."

The young man's face lit up. "Thank you, sir," he said happily. "And what will my salary be now?"

The boss shook his head sadly. "The same as you're getting," he replied. Then his face brightened. "But you'll have a hat-peg to yourself!"



CHILD: "Where is Papa? Where is Mamma? Why is nobody here to wake me up?"

AN actress, known for her good looks and many marriages, was recently summoned to the royal palace in Copenhagen to receive a decoration.

After informing her that he was a strong admirer of her dramatic talent one of the members of the Court plucked up courage to say: "But there is one thing I don't understand. How does it happen that you divorced so many husbands?"

"Sir," the actress replied, "I love to be a bride."

Tasted His Own Medicine

The head of an advertising agency was emphasizing to an employee the necessity of high-pressure advertising. "Repetition, repetition is the keynote," he said, pounding the desk. "Harp on your product in every way possible, cram it down people's throats, make yourself sickening if you have to, but don't ever forget to repeat and repeat! It's the only way to get results. Now, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

"Well, sir," answered his employee, "I'd like a rise in pay. A rise! A rise! A RISE!"

Finished By "Weasel"!

Pablo was a little Mexican schoolboy who was asked by his teacher: "Pablo, what does your father do?"

"I have no father. He was killed by the weasel."

"Killed by a weasel?" the teacher echoed. "How could that be?"

"He was seating on the railway line," Pablo explained patiently, "and he deed not hear the weasel (whistle)!"

IT is said that Mark Twain, when registering in a San Francisco hotel, saw a mosquito buzzing around the page.

"Well," cried the humorist, "this is too much! I've been bitten in hotels all over America — but this is the first time a mosquito actually looked over the register to get my room number!"

The Tailor's Luck

In the basement of a squalid New York tenement, a little tailor slaved 16 hours a day for barely enough money to buy food. Nevertheless, every week he somehow managed to put aside a shilling and at the end of the year, he invested the total in Irish Sweepstakes tickets.

One night, after 17 years of this, there was a knock at his door and reporters crowded in to congratulate him on having won the grand prize of £50,000. The tailor locked up his shop, bought a fancy wardrobe, rented a suite at the Waldorf, and began throwing his money away on the proverbial wine, women, and song. At the end of a year his fortune was gone.

Disillusioned and sick, the little tailor re-opened his shop and resumed his old ways, still saving 1s. a week for Sweepstakes tickets from force of habit. Three years later, there came another knock at the door and reporters crowded into the room. "This is absolutely astounding!" they cried. "You've won the Sweepstake once more."

The little tailor staggered to his feet with a look of anguish. "Oh, no!" he moaned. "Must I go through all that again?"

A MAN was seated next to a young woman at the start of a plane trip recently and soon realized from her behaviour it was her initial trip by air.

Excitedly the girl tried out the buttons and ventilators and poked into the various pockets on the seats. Finally, her curiosity abated, she sat back and looked out of the window.

"Goodness," she said turning to the man next to her. "Look at all those people down there. They look just like ants!"

"They *are* ants," came the laconic answer. "We're still on the ground!"

From Plants!

The wife was trying to get her husband to purchase a new car, but he didn't seem to like the idea.

"What!" he roared. "Me buy a new car? Do you think they grow on trees?"

"Of course not, silly," replied the wife calmly. "Everyone knows they come from plants."



HUSBAND (to wife): "For the first time, dear, I am able to smell your food! And what a smell!"

THE BIRTHDAY

By A. YELAGINA

SLAVA woke up early. The sun had just risen. That was why its rays were entering the room at a slant. The birds in the leafy lindens raised such a stir and warbled so loudly that it was a wonder the other boys could keep on sleeping. But it was not the early rays of the sun nor the voices of the birds that woke Slava.

So much had happened in the last week that he seemed to walk about in a haze, staggered and lost. Only one thought kept ringing in his mind: "Granny is no more and never shall be!"

Slava tried his best not to cry. Everything that happened afterwards, he remembered in bits. Granny's room, full of friends and strangers: the cemetery where he had stood and stared at the taut ropes sliding slowly into the grave: how he had lain on the couch in the evening and heard the neighbours whisper outside the door: "All by his lonely self." He had never heard the expression before, but he knew at once what it meant: Father was killed at war, Mother had died, and now Granny was gone. And the neighbours also said that it should be reported somewhere that Slava was now an orphan, but where he could not catch.

Next day he went to school. The children crowded round him and asked how he was going to live now. And he, to show his independence and courage, had

answered: "All by my lonely self." But at home he felt so sad and lonely that he clambered into Granny's armchair and began to cry.

SUDDENLY there was a knock at the door, and a very tall man—enormous he seemed to Slava—came into the room and asked, "Are you Slava Notyagov? Well, let's shake hands."

His great hand gave Slava's a hearty shake. The man's eyes were so light and merry, that Slava smiled. The man glanced round the room, saw the chess board, and said, "Do you play?"

"Draughts," answered Slava.

"Then draughts it shall be."

He unfolded the board and laid out the pieces. They played four games of which Slava won two. Slava soon told the man that he was the champion of his fourth form. The man wanted to know what else Slava was fond of. It turned out to be football, books of adventure, and ice-cream.

"You know what?" said the man. "How about coming to live at our Bersenyevka Children's Home? We've a lot of children there, and draughts, and books, and a football team, and we often have ice-cream for dessert. I'm the Principal of the Children's Home. My name is Alexander Alexandrovich Svyatov."

A Principal! That was the most unexpected for Slava. He

imagined Principals to be strict and look important, and this one talked so simply and gently.

"And what about school?" asked Slava.

"We have a school in the neighbouring village. That's where our children study. We have an orchard, a vegetable garden, horses, cows, and hens. We also have a dog, Greta."

This was all very interesting, but Slava hesitated. "Suppose I don't go for good? Just try it out?" he asked.

"That's perfectly all right. If you won't like it, you just tell me. But I'm sure you'll like it."

THEY went together to the Public Education Department, and Svyatov told them that he was taking Slava to Bersenyevka. They went there in a motor bus, and all the way Slava kept looking out of the window at the fields and forests that flew past. Then the bus stopped, and they walked through a birch grove. Beyond the grove, a pond, surrounded by willows, sparkled in the sun, and farther, amid the green trees of an orchard, stood a white house with a tower and glazed-in verandahs.

"That's our home," said Alexander Alexandrovich.

Boys and girls were already running to meet them. They surrounded Alexander Alexandrovich and began telling all at once of Gerta's new puppies.

"Hush, children, hush!" Alexander Alexandrovich stopped them. "Meet Slava, here, and show him how we live."

The children took Slava by the hands, and they all ran up a

pathway to the house. They led him through large, well-lit bedrooms, where their neatly made beds stood, took him to their class room which had desks, maps, and book-cases, and showed him the Young Pioneer room, where Alexei Maximovich Gorky had once stayed. This room had many table games, and various musical instruments. The children were especially proud of their piano. When the children's home had been re-habilitated in 1945, it turned out that the Fascists, who had occupied Bersenyevka, had plundered the home and had taken away the piano. Then the children wrote a letter to Marshal Zhukov: "Dear Comrade Zhukov: We do not have a piano any more. The fascists took it away. Please, find our piano and send it back to us ..." A month later, the piano arrived ... Slava touched its shiny keys with a feeling of respect.

THEN the children took Slava to the garden. It appeared that each one had his own bed that he tended. A boy of about fifteen, whom all the children called the Chairman of the Home Council, showed Slava his bed and promised to teach him how to tend plants. In the orchard an apple tree was allotted to Slava, and he was very glad that he now had an apple tree of his own. Then the children ran to the river to see if any fish had been caught in the creels that they had set early in the morning. Just then a bell sounded. Slava was told that it was now time to wash hands and go to the dining room.

After dinner, the older children, who had not yet finished their examinations at school, went to the class-rooms, while the younger ones gathered on a verandah and began a secret conference about

something. Among them was Slava. Soon they were joined by Alexander Alexandrovich and the teachers. Not wishing to eavesdrop, Slava walked off to one side. But Alexander Alexandrovich called him back.

"You see, Slava, we're having a birthday tomorrow, and we're thinking out presents and surprises," he said.

"Really? And who's having a birthday to-morrow?"

"Not just one person but five: three boys and two girls. Now, what would you advise to give a small boy for a birthday present?"

"A building set!" Slava rapped out immediately. He had been dreaming of a building set for a long time. Granny had promised him one for his next birthday. But she would never give him anything again and would never invite his friends to his birthday party. Here, at the children's home, they have their own birthday parties..... Who cares that his birthday is also to-morrow.....?

AGAIN Slava felt sad and lonely. He sat at a window till supper, looking askance at the boys and girls who were drawing pictures, embroidering handkerchiefs, and making masks for the lucky ones whose birthdays would be celebrated to-morrow.

And then that to-morrow came.

Slava lay awake, recalling everything that had happened to him in the last days. Gradually the birds grew stiller, and the rising sun threw its rays on a bright poster over Slava's bed. He read

the following words written in red, yellow, and green letters: "We wish you many happy returns of the day."

"How did they know?" thought Slava joyfully, but then he decided that it must be a mistake: the poster must have been meant for another boy who used to sleep in this bed. What is more, there were similar posters over two other beds, and the Principal had said that three boys were having birthdays. That meant that he would have been the fourth..... Slava turned to the wall and pulled the blanket over his head.

JUST then the bell rang. Behind his back, Slava heard a lively whispering, then someone—probably that big boy, the Chairman of the Home Council—shouted, "Three cheers for our birthdayers!"

The whole bedroom thundered: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Someone touched Slava's shoulder and said, "Well, why don't you get up? See what the children have made for you!"

Slava sprang up. The Chairman of the Home Council held a brightly coloured tiger's mask before him. Now there could be no mistake: the poster was for him, the mask was for him, and the embroidered handkerchief and the drawing of a rider on horseback and the football player on a green field, were all for him.

"How did you know? How did you know?" repeated Slava absent-mindedly, while the boys pulled him in all directions and laughed. Then the bell went for the morning exercises.

During breakfast Alexander Alexandrovich also congratulated those whose birthday it was, and after dinner suggested that they all go to meet the guests. The guests came by motor bus and were the friends of the heroes of the day and former pupils of the Children's Home now pupils of vocational schools, students, and even grown-up people.

The Chairman of the Home Council, who was standing beside Slava, told him, "Alexander Alexandrovich has been the Principal of our Home for a long time. Do you know how many pupils he's had? More than a thousand! And he never forgets anyone."

And Slava actually heard Alexander Alexandrovich asking attentively his former pupils about their affairs, health, families.....

SUDDENLY Slava saw two boys who lived in the same yard with him at grand-mother's, getting out of the motor bus. They were two friends of his. How did they get here? Who had invited them? Who could it have been but Alexander Alexandrovich?

Slava ran up to them, took them by the hands, and proudly led them to see the Children's Home: the orchard and the hot-house, the bed-rooms and the class-rooms, the Young Pioneer room. At dinner he seated them beside him and kept adding cranberry water to their glasses, which they drank during toasts.

Then those whose birthday it was were served pies with their initials made in icing on them, while everyone else received pies without any initials. After the

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pies and the stewed fruit were eaten, the most solemn moment of the occasion arrived. Alexander Alexandrovich removed the cloth that had covered the table with presents.

AMONG the books and dolls Slava immediately noticed the large box of a building set. His heart pounded in joyous anticipation and even when the box was already in his hands, he could still hardly believe that it was his. He called his friends, and together they began to sort and assemble the metal parts of the set. Even during the amateur concert, when children sang, danced, and recited in honour of the birthday, even during the half-time break in the foot-ball game, in which Slava was playing centre-forward, he could not refrain from at least touching his building set for just a moment.

After supper, when the guests had departed, and the bell had rung for bed, Slava placed the building set beside his pillow.

The teacher on duty bade the children good-night and put out the lights. Long rectangles of moonlight fell on the floor and the blankets. The boys slept, but Slava could not sleep, thinking of the day's excitement.

AN hour later, soft foot-steps were heard coming down the corridor. Alexander Alexandrovich was making his rounds of the bed-rooms.

He entered, approached Slava's bed, arranged the tumbled blanket, and said softly to the sleeping new-comer, "Sleep well, little fellow, you'll never be lonely." ♦♦



Why Do They Murder?

IN the psychological study of murderers, there are two pitfalls which we have to guard against, writes Frederic Wertham in the course of an interesting article in *The New York Times Magazine*.

One is to regard murder as a dark mystery. We hear and read a lot about elementary, irrational forces, about mysterious interstices of the human mind, and deeply hidden aggressive drives which in obscure ways make a man a murderer.

It sounds fine after dinner to speak of these unfathomable depths from which violence comes, unexpected and unpredictable. According to such speculations, murder is not murder but is always something else.

Nothing Glamorous

Not only does such mystification cover up the real issues, it provides a kind of justification for not assuming responsibility, and it even lends a touch of glamour and romance to murder. There is nothing glamorous or romantic about murder; it is a catastrophic event in the life of man.

The second fallacy is to assume that every murderer must be abnormal. That is supposed to be an enlightened and humanitarian point of view. It is just the opposite. It means that the act of murder is torn away from all its complex social and psychological connections.

That is not the way to protect society nor to safeguard the individual. Not to distinguish between those who are ill and those who are not is as crude as the error primitive societies made in not distinguishing between accident and intent.

Too Rosy A View

To regard all murderers as mentally sick means to take too rosy a view of society and not to recognize the terrible aspects of normality.

As Sir Norwood East, the famous British criminologist, reported in his study of the personality of male murderers, a person may be maladjusted and not be "a pathological case."

Moreover, the mentally diseased are not so totally different from

the rest of us. Their sense of right and wrong may be distorted, but it hasn't evaporated.

Some time ago, a medical student killed her best friend's infant son. At her trial she was declared legally insane.

Before sentence was pronounced she stated in court: "Every human being has the right to be punished. You think you do the right thing in acquitting me on the grounds of insanity, but there are human beings who are mentally ill and responsible nevertheless."

The reason why she killed and why she repented were similar to those of normal murderers.

Negative Emotions

The fact is that the reasons why men kill are not so different from the reasons they do other wrong things. They spring from all kinds of negative emotions: greed, jealousy, fear, distortion and frustration of sexual development, hunger for revenge, petty angers and irritations, wild ambition, sadistic fixations, unforgiven humiliations, rivalries in almost any sphere.

Nobody is immune from these negative emotions. But when they become isolated and exaggerated, and when the individual becomes separated from common bonds, active death-wishes against others may appear.

Ask yourself whether you have never had pleased feelings when you read an obituary. Why did you wish that person dead?

Violence And False Idea

But why such death-wishes are translated into action is more difficult to answer, and this is, I

believe, the crux of the whole matter.

As in any chemical reaction, there are always several operative factors and often there is a catalyst. Alcohol is such a catalyst. So is poverty, sometimes, and general irritability and excitability, and easy accessibility of methods and weapons.

Very important is a general atmosphere of violence, for violence is as contagious as the measles. The more we inculcate in young people the false idea that there is something courageous about killing, the more do we foster it in susceptible individuals.

One can say that just as suicide is that cowardly act for which one has to have the most courage, so murder is that courageous act in which there is most cowardice.

Given the negative emotions and the death-wish and a catalyst, there must still be one more important factor: the whole personality and the whole life situation of the individual.

The Contrast

The difference between one who murders and one who does not is never in a single impulse nor in a single mental attitude, however destructive.

Pushkin, I think, expressed this best when he described the contrast between the two personalities in his play *Mozart and Salieri*, both composers.

Salieri craved virtuosity and narrowed his whole life down to achieving his ambition. Envy, therefore, could fill his heart to such an extent that he committed murder.

For Mozart, on the other hand, music and the rest of life were inseparable. He was passionately devoted to both. It is quite possible that at one time or another he—like the rest of mankind—had passing feelings of envy; but he could never have become their slave. He could never have committed murder.

Greatest Conflict

For murder is never a superficial event. It always requires an enormously strong impulse, an overcoming of resistances and inhibitions, and a building up of rationalizations.

There are always counterforces against the emotions, death-wishes, catalysts, and personality patterns which culminate in the drive to kill.

That is why murder is the greatest conflict a man can have with himself and with society.

In most mature adults these counterforces, of course, win out. But the increase in juvenile and child murderers indicates that many youths, when confronted with an overwhelming psychological and social reality, are too immature to digest it and work it out.

Typical Sequence

James D.C. Murry, the eminent American attorney who has defended and understood many youthful murderers, has described a typical sequence of events: an adolescent likes to have a girl; in order to have a proper standing with her he has to have a car; he steals one; to entertain her he needs money; he sees all around him false examples of what a real

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girl wants; he learns about guns; he shoots.

Much is made of the so-called "irresistible impulse" which is supposed to make people—young or old—overcome the resistances and inhibitions to kill. But in the strictest sense, the irresistible impulse exists only on a reflex level or as a compulsion in obsessive-compulsive neurosis.

Strangely enough, patients suffering from this neurosis do not commit murder; I have never seen a single case that did, nor have I read of one.

The severely compulsive neurotic patient is satisfied with the symbol; the criminal wants the real act.

Scientifically, it is misleading to emphasize the isolated phenomenon of an impulse. What we see instead is a human being in whom such an impulse works.

Future Of Murder

The connotation that an impulse to murder may arise momentarily in and by itself is not tenable. Nothing has a longer preparation than an impulsive act. There are always several factors, and the seemingly most insignificant may, in the presence of others, become the most potent and decisive one.

Without this factor, the murder would not have been committed.

What is the future of murder? Will the question of why men kill be an eternal one with only the answers varying according to the degree of our scientific knowledge? One thing at least is certain: we now know enough about why men kill to further the prevention of murder.

In a well-ordered society, the insane murderers and sex murderers would present the smallest problem, because nearly all these murders could be prevented.

Matter Of Education

Most of these people come to the attention of the authorities long before they murder. Instead of quibbling about legal insanity after the event, we should provide treatment or guidance before it.

But the improvement of specific legal, psychiatric, social, and penological methods is not enough. Most important is the task of reducing those conditions under which destructive tendencies arise and grow. That is primarily a matter of education, and from this point of view the law has been the best instrument in educating humanity.

For example, in prehistoric times, incest was a major problem. The law made it a major crime. And now, except for sporadic cases, it no longer plays any significant social role.

What Freud Said

In the same way, a time will come when the long-range effects of legal prohibition and social organization will lead to an established habit, and men will not want to kill men any more.

We get a glimpse of the growing pains of this progress of civilization in the moral conflicts of atomic scientists.

Buried in the works of Freud is this sentence: "Conflicts of interests among human beings are principally decided by the application of violence."

A Non-Violent World

Undoubtedly that *was* true. But I don't believe it always will be. Even though we live in a violent period, I am certain that the ways of violence will eventually be replaced by reason. Then the question of why men kill will not come up. But we still have a long way to go.

Some time ago I got a catalogue of gifts for children. One was a toothbrush container in the form of a gun. "At gunpoint, a toothbrush!" says the catalogue proudly, promising that this gadget will make your boy "positively trigger-happy!"

I do not think that this "toothbrush gun" will make any child a murderer, but it is one of those insignificant things which do their part in retarding our education towards a non-violent world.

Six Baths In His Lifetime!

It was lack of soap which made the glamour girls of history scorn plain water for a bath. Cleopatra and Madame de Maintenon favoured milk; Mary, Queen of Scots, used wine, and the Empress Josephine bathed in the juice of crushed strawberries, writes Mary Wallace in *The Home Owner*.

Soap, the pivot of modern cleanliness, was, until a century ago, a costly and highly perfumed cosmetic. Then a German chemist patented a method of soap boiling, and it became a mass-produced commodity.

Fat, the basis of soap, had been used in its various forms as a cleansing agent for centuries. Empress Anne of Russia washed



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in lard and butter. Olive oil was commonly used in Mediterranean countries.

First Queen Elizabeth

Only when piped water became available was dirt really routed. Until the middle of the nineteenth century washing, both of clothes and bodies, was a casual business.

The first Queen Elizabeth had a very utilitarian tubbing once a month, and Victoria favoured a hip-bath.

George III preferred sea-bathing. An account is given of one bath he had at his favourite resort, Weymouth. Around the waists of the women's voluminous bathing costumes were girdles on which was inscribed "God Save the King." When the royal bathing machine was towed out to sea a group of musicians followed in another machine and as the King's head emerged from the waves they struck up the National Anthem.

Floating Trays

Though a king might have his royal whim, sea-bathing was disdained by elegant society. They flocked to Bath to dip in the fashionable mode.

Bathing started before breakfast. Both sexes changed into shift-like garments and lowered themselves into a large bath. There, in three feet of water, they walked about exchanging pleasantries.

The men wore their wigs and the women had their hair dressed in the latest fashion. Some even carried floating trays attached to their waists containing fans and snuff boxes.

It was not until piped water became available that the house-

hold bath made its appearance. Some of the earlier baths were shaped like a shoe and a stove underneath heated the water.

Upper Class Toilet

An early Victorian advertisement illustrated one in the form of a canoe on wheels with a coal fire attached.

To-day, America owns 95 per cent of the world's bath tubs, but the English first designed the modern bathroom at the beginning of this century.

Louis XIV wiped his face and hands with a damp towel every morning, and dipped his fingers in a bowl after meals. That was a typical upper class toilet for the day. Dr. Johnson only had six baths in his lifetime.

Beaten With Stones!

In Simon de Montfort's family the total cost of washing linen from Christmas to the following June was 1 s. 3 d. No one wore underclothes or nightclothes, and most of the outer garments were unwashable and could only be dyed.

Washable clothes such as ruffs, cuffs, handkerchiefs, table cloths and towels were carried to the nearest river and beaten with stones.

In Elizabethan times, Dutch laundresses were brought over to give lessons in starching to the court servants. The puritans thought starch synonymous with sin and called it devil's liquor.

Why Lose Heart!

The heart is an organ associated in the lay mind with the existence of life itself. This feeling that

one's very existence is dependent upon it is probably responsible for the fear which is always aroused by the question of heart disease, writes Dr. Geoffrey Bourne in a British periodical.

Many disorders, such as indigestion, anaemia, thyroid disease, and abnormalities of the nervous system may cause an individual to become conscious of his heart beating, and when the attention has been roused in this way such symptoms as palpitation and local discomfort become noticed, and are magnified into a suspicion that disease must be present when the heart is in fact healthy. Even when it is diseased the heart, like other organs, is capable of sustaining quite severe injury, and of recovering satisfactorily from it.

No Serious Handicap

This means that even the presence of organic heart disease is by no means as serious a handicap as is so often thought. Patients with angina pectoris can survive for twenty years; patients who have had coronary thrombosis may occasionally live as long or longer, dying of something quite different.

These are of course exceptions, and do not conform to statistical studies that are periodically made on the expectation of life in various forms of heart disease; but it must be remembered that statistics include the non-co-operative, the careless, the unintelligent, and the unlucky. The aim of every patient should be to try to become an exception to the statistical rule.

Wrong Attitude

The general mental outlook of healthy people rests very largely on the pleasant future, and the

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subjects of illness and death are comfortably ignored. The mental outlook of a patient who has, or is thought to have, heart disease so often becomes the reverse of this.

This attitude is wrong. The heart-sufferer should remember, above all, that this is an age of great and continuing medical advances, and there are few subjects in which such advances have been greater than that of the treatment of heart disease. A fight which so often seems hopeless can be won unexpectedly at any moment by the appearance of some unforeseeable development!

New Pain-Killer

A new and different type of pain-relieving drug has been developed by the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, in the U.S., and is now being introduced into general medical use. Known so far only as MRD-125, the drug's special value lies in its analgesic action, or ability to banish pain without making the patient completely unconscious, reads a London report.

As an example of how MRD-125 works, a report to the American Medical Association told how a three-year-old girl with severe burns extending over a quarter of her body was unable to feel the pain of having dressings changed when given an injection of the drug.

Previously, her doctor had had to give her a full anaesthetic before the dressings could be changed.

With MRD-125 the little girl remained awake, felt no pain, and could lift her arm or leg when the doctor asked her to do so.

roduced In A Minute

This year's per minute average production of oil in the USSR amounts to 100 tons, and output of coal in a minute's time is sufficient to move 30 trainloads of 1,000 kilometers.

The electric power stations produce in a minute electricity sufficient to drive an average-sized engineering works for six weeks.

Enough metal is produced in the USSR every minute to put out 5 powerful tractors, 10 lorries, several motor cycles and a great number of various metal consumer articles. It takes a minute to manufacture 30 tons of cement, or 12,000 metres of cotton

fabrics and quantities of woollen stuff sufficient to tailor 120 men's and women's coats and 100 coats for children.

Spotted Dogs In The Dark

The manager of an electrical engineering firm in Birmingham is worried because 60,000 dogs are killed or injured on the roads in Britain every year, so a corner of the factory has been switched to making dog-collars with after-dark reflector studs, according to British Press report.

The studs, two inches apart, will reflect headlights even through the fur of a long-haired animal's coat.



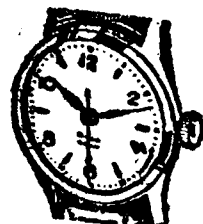
Patrols of specially trained police, riding lightweight motorcycles, are becoming a familiar sight to people living on the outskirts of London. The mobile policemen are patrolling several beats normally covered by police on foot. Driving slowly the mobile police can easily be contacted by passers-by. In this picture Constable [R. J. White of Croydon points out directions to Mrs. P. Waite of West Wycombe, while on mobile patrol in the Croydon area. The mobile policemen wear the uniform of the foot patrolman, but have specially strengthened helmets. At present some sixty mobile policemen have been trained for the "Bantam Bobbies" patrol work on 250 c. c. motorcycles.

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FACTS FOR FARMERS

Good World Market Ensures Bright Future For Cocoa

Cocoa-growing has a great future in India, horticultural experts observe. The world's foremost cocoa-producer, West Africa, is no longer able to keep up her production due to a serious disease which has badly affected her cocoa-plantations. Other countries are, therefore, rapidly increasing their cocoa-production and building up an international trade.

Cocoa is being grown successfully since over thirty years in some restricted areas of South India. Experience shows that there are great potentialities of extending the crop to the lower hill regions of Madras, Andhra, Travancore-Cochin and Mysore States. The ideal climate for cocoa is one where the temperature ranges from 50°F. to 100°F., with a mean rainfall of about 60" to 80", distributed well throughout the year.

Soils where bananas, coffee and rubber grow are found suitable for cocoa.

Marketing Potatoes

Better prices are obtained if proper care is taken in storing and marketing potatoes. Always pick the undamaged and clean tubers and pack them after sorting them out. Suberize the skin in a cool place, and pack only dry and firm-skinned tubers. Never stock potatoes in high piles.

It is risky to use gunny bags for transporting seed potatoes. If the bags are carelessly handled, the young growing sprouts will get crushed. Better use baskets for packing seed potatoes. The seed stock should be laid out in a thin layer in a cool, open and well-lighted place. Keeping the seed in containers for a long time will result in excessive sprouting and shrivelling of the tubers.

Sturdier Rice Plants

Where a transplanted crop of rice is grown, farmers generally tend to use a high seed-rate for the nursery. Experiments have shown that this practice is wasteful. A seedrate of 10 to 15 lb. per acre has been found to be sufficient. This quantity should be sown in a seed-bed area of five to seven cents. Thin sowing encourages seedlings to grow sturdy and healthy. The practice not only increases yield, but also affects a good saving in seed.



"WHAT a colourful festival I've been all over the world, but I have not seen a grander spectacle in all my life." So declared an enthusiastic foreign tourist seeing the dazzling illuminations and decorations on Bombay's public and private buildings on Diwali Day last year.

The foreign friend was probably being just polite; but then, the decorations and lights in our cities during Diwali have provided time and again a spectacle worth witnessing, and it can indeed be an unforgettable experience to drift out among the surging crowds of light-hearted sightseers that throng the thoroughfares of our cities! The jostling and milling crowds which paralyse the vehicular traffic of our cities, the universal jollity and merry-making, the blare of music down every street and alley, the fireworks that go off throughout the day well, there can be no doubt at all that Diwali is the greatest festival in India.

While the Pongal festival is observed in Tamilnad with great enthusiasm, while Onam, Holi and Kali Pooja are celebrated with great gusto in certain parts of India, it has nevertheless to be conceded that the observance of Diwali and Diwali alone is universal throughout India.

The word 'Diwali' is derived from the Sanskrit compound *Dipa*—meaning lights—and *avali*—a row, thus implying a row of lights. In Tamilnad the festival is still known only as *Deepavali*.

ANCIENT *Puranas* say that Diwali is to commemorate the death anniversary of Narakasura, the powerful Demon King, who terrorised the people. The legend has it that Lord Vishnu killed this demon king and put an end to the sufferings of the people. Diwali Day is, therefore, a day of universal rejoicing.

There are, of course, many small variations in the observance of Diwali in the different parts of India, but there are certain customs that have always been closely associated with the festival in every part of the country. There seems to be general agreement that the most auspicious manner with which to begin the Diwali Day is to bathe and dress before sunrise.

People of Madras seem to attach much importance to this bath. It is customary for them to get up even as early as 3 a.m. and be done with the oil bath by four or four-thirty. Every member of the family is expected to bathe before sunrise, so the mother begins yanking the children

out of the bed one by one and compulsorily gives them the holy anointment. This traditional oil bath on Diwali Day is believed to cleanse all sins as effectively as a dip in the Holy Ganges. The conventional greeting among certain sections of the people, especially among adults, who visit each other during Diwali Day is: "Have you finished Ganga Snanam (bath)?"

By sunrise every member of the family, from grandpa to the tiny tot, is dressed in new clothes specially made each year for Diwali. Even the poorer classes manage to save something and purchase new garments for the occasion. Children get sweetmeats in plenty and they set off crackers throughout the day. The home simply resounds with the music of children's laughter. Gay childish pranks, which at other times might be frowned upon, are tolerated this one day of days. Mischievous kids take impish delight in setting off crackers unawares behind grandpa's chair.

There are, of course, special and frequent visits to the temple on Diwali Day. Then there is feasting and merry-making. Even the older generation which usually sulks in a corner takes part in an occasional joke or repartee.

Women figure very prominently in the customs observed during Diwali. Even days or weeks before Diwali the family jeweller or goldsmith is consulted about jewels for the household. Of course, it is customary to invite the married daughter and the son-in-law for the Diwali. Special jewels are expected to be presented to the daughter, and the son-in-law needs necessarily to be

placated with suitable presents and garments. Indeed, the son-in-law becomes the most important personage during Diwali celebrations, and the most careful attention is paid by the harassed father-in-law in regard to the selection of jewels and other presents so as not to incur the displeasure of this highly touchy demi-god!

In Bombay and some other parts of India, Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth, is worshipped on this occasion. In Bengal and also parts of Bihar, Diwali is associated with Kali worship. A legend has it that Lakshmi, the consort of Lord Vishnu, roams about the world on Her Peacock, and that She is more favourably inclined to enter houses that are brightly illuminated. The dazzling illuminations that mark the festivities in connection with Diwali in Bombay and other parts owe their origin to the above legend.

MANY of the older customs are dying out. For instance, the timed honoured custom of drinking toddy and other country liquor on Diwali Day in certain parts of India is dying out. It was also the fashion to gamble on Diwali Day. A traditional legend has it that a person who fails to gamble on Diwali Day becomes a mole in his next birth. There is a humorous story about this old custom of gambling on Diwali Day. An elder of the village, an in-offensive old septuagenarian, the story goes, went out on his usual rounds on Diwali morning and was painfully surprised to find an unusually large crowd before the only gambling house of the village.

This was a quiet village and the villagers did not go for

gambling in a big way. The elder decided to enter the house and admonish the offenders. Poor man, he did not know that the local people had decided only to revive the ancient but forgotten custom connected with Diwali. The old man, who entered to lecture was himself lectured at on the necessity of gambling on Diwali Day in order to escape becoming a loathsome mole in the next birth, was very soon converted and was presently initiated into the intricacies of gambling!

WHILE old customs are given the go-by, new ones are slowly creeping in. The sending out of presents and sweetmeats to friends and relatives in the neighbourhood has been a practice that has always been in vogue, but now, the sending out of greetings by means of cards has become the fashion of the day. This new practice, of course, can be traced to the Western custom of sending Christmas cards. With the increased telegraph facilities, more and more people take to sending greetings by telegraph. Indeed, the Post and Telegraph Department has provided special stock phrases and artistic forms (or at least so say the posters and

placards exhibited in Post Offices) for this purpose and for the merest trifle of a few annas one can send off a greetings telegram to a distant friend or a superior officer.

So, here we are once again at Diwali. The crackers are raising a din. The decoration and illuminations, the eye-filling pageantry and pomp of this, the greatest festival of lights, are here with us again to impart joy and merriment.

What Christmas is to the Westerner, Budha Purnima is to the Burmese, Id-ul-fitr is to the Moslem, Diwali is to us Indians a day of feasting and rejoicing when new friendships are sought, old ones strengthened, a day of universal goodwill and friendliness. Hail though we may from the rocky regions of the Himalayas or the undulating plains of Hindustan or the enchanting beach heads of the South, Diwali remains for us the greatest and, indeed, the most colourful national festival ever.

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CALL of the HEART

By Phyllis Lodge

FROM their first meeting, Valerie Marsland was aware of Alec Forester's love for her. Later she blamed herself for not telling him about Simon, for not making an opportunity to do so, but it was difficult to say to a comparative stranger, "You're wasting your time. I'm practically engaged to the dearest of men, whom I've known all my life."

It was all so unexpected

She stood in Trafalgar Square, waiting for her twin brother, Clive, to return from the gunsmith's and glad after all, that Simon had not allowed them to postpone the trip till he was free to accompany them. How stimulating London life was after their quiet country home, she reflected, revelling in the colour and movement around her. And to-night there was to be a theatre party in celebration of Clive's return from Korea.

Valerie hurried to the foot of Nelson's Column, there watching the pigeons—some ruffling their shining necks beneath the water cascading from the fountains, others swooping down for tit-bits thrown by passers-by. Then, about to move on, she slipped; a strong arm supported her, and a deep voice, with lilting accent, admonished her: "Steady there, little lady!"

62

Valerie was assisted to a nearby seat. Her rescuer was in uniform, she saw. Silver wings adorned his left breast, and keen blue eyes regarded her questioningly from under the peaked cap. His features were thin and his frame was slight, but he held her strongly enough. Valerie felt somewhat embarrassed—the more so when she perceived an expression of patent admiration and solicitude on the stranger's face.

"Okay now?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you."

SHE pulled her beret firmly on to her auburn head and bent to rub her aching foot. "Silly, wasn't it? I was just gazing about!"

The pilot smiled, revealing strong teeth. "I was watching you," he said. "'Tisn't sprained, is it? If so, guess I'll have to carry you to a doctor."

"That won't be necessary, thanks," Valerie smiled, mentally picturing her brother's face if he returned to see her borne away in the arms of this resolute-looking stranger. "Clive will be back with the car soon."

"Your boy friend?"

Valerie could have replied, "No, Simon is at home—in

Hampshire. He couldn't come with us to-day." Instead, she merely explained that Clive was her twin brother, that he had just finished his National Service, and they were celebrating his return from Korea that evening.

"We're having a family party at home," she concluded, "on our birthday." And then, steering the conversation away from herself, she said: "You're from Australia?"

"How d'you guess? Australia it is!"

HIS actual home was in Hobart, Tasmania, the airman explained, but working for a Charter Company, he had also lived in Melbourne, Perth, Sydney and Brisbane for months at a time. He and his navigator, Terry Orme, whom he was waiting for, had brought over a privately chartered plane for some oil men from Perth, and the two men hoped to stay a couple of months and see something of Britain and the Continent before returning.

"My name's Alec Forester, by the way," he said, looking at Valerie enquiringly.

"Valerie Marsland."

"Valerie," Alec repeated softly—then jumped as a stocky young airman pounded him on the back.

"Say, pal, you're supposed to be enquiring about digs, not shooting a line to a beautiful lady," he grinned, and to Valerie, "my name's Terry Orme, in case my cobbler won't tell you. From Queensland."

Valerie held out her hand, then rose as Clive appeared, frowning a little, and hastened to introduce the Australians, explaining that

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Alec had saved her from a fall in the mud. Clive relaxed under the influence of their innate friendliness.

"How about coffee with us?" Alec said, addressing Valerie as they made their way across the road, but Clive returned that he couldn't leave the car any longer.

"Father will be furious if I get in the red with the cops again, and besides," he added, indicating the baskets of fruits, vegetables, eggs and poultry in the back of the 'Utility,' "the chef at our relatives' hotel is waiting on some of these for lunch."

"Your relatives keep an hotel?" Alec asked. "Just what we need, if not too expensive."

"Or posh!" put in Terry.

It was both homely and good, Clive assured them.

"WE can certainly recommend it as it's very popular with Dominion visitors," Valerie laughed, suddenly conscious of a new enthusiasm, and of a desire to prolong this chance meeting. It was disconcerting, when Alec sat beside her in the car at Clive's invitation, to feel her cheeks glowing as his eyes met hers. Alec drew her hand determinedly into his own strong clasp and it seemed stupid to protest!

Valerie's commonsense warned her that this could be no more than a passing infatuation on Alec's part. In any case, no persuasive young stranger could have any real part in the busy life for which she, Clive and Simon had planned so long.

In the meantime, it was good to hear Clive's care-free laughter and

join in the banter which passed between the three men. As they drove towards Kensington Alec told her about his family in Hobart, his parents and grandparents, his younger brothers and sisters. "I haven't seen them for six months now," he concluded. "That's the snag of being on charter work."

"You must be lonely," she replied sympathetically as he assisted her to alight outside the hotel in the quiet Georgian square, while Terry and Clive unloaded the baskets from the back of the car.

"I was," he corrected her seriously. "But we're going to see a lot of each other, aren't we?"

He was so obviously in earnest; their meeting clearly meant something more than a casual encounter to him, and Valerie could not make her reply as matter-of-fact as she intended: "It isn't really very likely, I'm afraid....."

She turned, ran quickly up the steps and met Aunt Nell and Uncle George in the hall.

"I've got a box for *Spring Harmony* to-night," Uncle George said, with a beaming smile of welcome, and Valerie was restored at once to normality, the comfortable feeling of well-being her family never failed to give her.

It was much later in the day, as they sat in the lounge after dinner, that Uncle George asked the two Australians to accompany their family party, to take the two spare seats. "They're as good as a tonic for young Clive after his rotten experiences," he had remarked to his wife after they had all returned from a sight-seeing tour.

"And for Val," put in Aunt Nell, her jovial face beaming, "it's been fun for her."

"You won't get such good seats at short notice on a Saturday evening," explained Uncle George a little later.

"Yes, do come," Valerie called pausing in the doorway on her way to dress for the theatre, then blushed as Alec rose to his feet with a delighted smile.

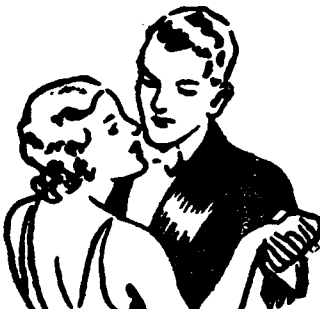
"It's real good for you," he said, with evident sincerity. "Guess we'd better spruce up."

He was about to follow Valerie, when Clive drew him into a discussion with Terry on the relative merits of irrigation systems in Queensland.

VALERIE, escaping to her room, wished that Simon was with them, feeling disloyal that she was so strangely happy in the company of Alec. She forced herself to think of Simon, of his goodness to her family, to her, tried to forget this strange rapture that she refused to recognise as she pirouetted before the mirror in her new white-and-silver gown, the birthday gift of her Aunt and Uncle, her bright hair shining. "Simon will love this dress: I'll save it for our engagement party," she told her smiling reflection, and pictured the tall broad-shouldered figure which she had left that morning. With his handsome, rather florid features, his smiling self-possession, his air of good breeding, Simon was a fiancee of whom any girl could be proud, and, yet, for some inexplicable reason, she had postponed the engagement till Christmas.

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"Do hurry, Val," Clive urged from the hall, breaking into her thoughts, and, gathering up her cloak and bag, Valerie went after him.

But Clive descended by the stairs instead of pressing the bell for the lift. Valerie watched idly

as it came down from the upper floors, then started a little as Alec pulled back the door. Before she could speak, he had drawn her quickly within its close confines, his thin face pale and earnest.

"You're the loveliest girl I've ever met," he said fervently,

after a pause. "I'll never let you go."

Then, abruptly, he pulled her closely into his arms and kissed her passionately. For a moment Valerie relaxed, closed her eyes, delighted in the ecstasy of a warm tide of feeling that was entirely different from her reaction to Simon's love-making.

"No, Alec," she gasped. "Please don't ..."

Now she must tell him about Simon. But Alec smiled, and pressed the button of the lift. Her Aunt and Uncle, Clive and Terry Orme, were waiting for them in the main hall, all too much in party mood to notice Valerie's bemused expression and over-excited laughter, or Alec's proprietary air.

LATER, in the light-hearted atmosphere of the theatre, enjoying the gaiety of the musical, Valerie smiled at her sudden panic. Like a nervous adolescent being kissed by her first admirer, she thought. It was unlikely that they would meet again after to-night. By the time she came to town again the airmen would have returned to Australia, at least 12,000 miles away. In the meantime, for Clive's sake at least, she was glad that they had met, for her brother was no longer tense and cynical as he had been earlier. The time for mentioning her forthcoming engagement was past. It was better to treat the Australian's attentions as a light-hearted flirtation

Valerie found it easy to slip away unnoticed after the supper party: the hotel was crowded with returning guests as the men went into the lounge, expecting her to



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re-join them later. With a regretful glance at Alec's retreating figure, smiling faintly at his easy, rather arrogant walk, she went up the wide stairway to her room, pausing only to say good-night to her Aunt.

"Explain that we have to get away very early, will you, Auntie? And say good-night for me," Valerie added, omitting to mention that it would also be good-bye to the overseas visitors. Aunt Nell, with one shrewd look, made no comment.

DESPITE her intense fatigue and the excitement of the long day, Valerie did not sleep. That strange, tumultuous feeling — why did it persist? But she knew, in her heart, why — that his own deeply passionate sincerity was a reflection of her own love for him — that, if he had persisted, no thought of Simon would have stopped her from responding with equal ardour.

It was unlikely that they would meet again. To-morrow morning, soon after dawn, long before the hotel guests were awake, she would be on her way home, re-united with her beloved twin, after long months of agonising uncertainty and with Simon.

Valerie sighed as she nestled down among the pillows. "It's over and done with — just one of those experiences which are best forgotten."

During the following week, helping to organise their party, catching up on clerical work for her father, Valerie found that Alec came often into her thoughts. In some way she had changed since their meeting, not only towards Simon, but towards her parents

and Clive. She loved them as dearly, of course, but somehow they could not hold her interest as of old. Memories were shown in the pallor of several sleepless nights: the girl found that she no longer cared about the forthcoming party, and yet flung herself into arrangements with feverish energy, praying that her parents and Clive — especially Clive, who was so close to her in spirit — would be unaware of the change in her.....

During the long months of Clive's absence, she had shared her parents' longing for his return, discussing with them, and Simon, their close neighbour, plans for the future. When her father retired, Mr. and Mrs. Marsland wanted to move to a residential district and enjoy their prosperous middle years away from the continual activity of the farmhouse, leaving Valerie and Clive to carry on in their stead, with Simon acting as adviser.

THIS had seemed a splendid idea: Valerie herself had helped it to mature with her specialised agricultural training, and only Clive's military service had postponed its fruition. Now, therefore, continual discussions held them — discussions over which Valerie tried desperately to enthuse. But her attention wandered to that day in London, the gay evening, Alec's thin, serious face and keen blue eyes which softened only when they looked into her own, the pressure of his arms around her, the warmth of his kisses on her lips Where was he now? Did he think of her at all? She knew from her mother's telephone conversation with Aunt Nell that he and Terry had gone to Berlin with their employers. Would he be making merry with another girl?

ON the day of the birthday party, ten days after their London trip, Valerie faced her difficulties resolutely. She had come to her room after an encounter with Simon, who was pressing for an early announcement of their engagement.

"It will be so much easier when we are at least engaged, darling," he had said quietly. "I don't understand why we shouldn't announce it to-day."

"Wait till Christmas, please, Simon. I would so much rather. There's so much to think of and do, what with Clive's return....."

She broke off, lamely. Characteristically, Simon had agreed, too gentle to insist. Now, Valerie stared from the window. It had been arrant foolishness to fall in love with a pilot from thousands of miles overseas, about whom she could have no possible future. Simon? She had never felt for him this wild, possessive emotion, this uplifting of the spirit that even the remembrance of Alec gave her.

Valerie looked over the rolling farmlands which sloped from their own farmhouse to Simon's manor house and adjoining lands — her future home. It was madness to

think of jeopardising his happiness, and that of her parents and brother for the sake of an attractive stranger! Suffocated, confused, Valerie turned quickly to the door, as Mr. Marsland called up the stairs that it was time for the milking. She could never see Alec again; gradually his memory would fade. She must forget him!

AN hour or so later, her freshly washed hair tied up gypsy fashion in a silk scarf, Valerie was in the office of the dairy, checking the milk recordings. She thought it was Simon when she heard the door open, and did not look up from her writing. Then strong arms grasped her shoulders, turned her to face him, and he kissed her passionately, painfully, on the lips. Alec released her abruptly; for some moments there was an unsmiling tension between them.

"Clive tells me you're engaged," he drawled. "I guess you'd better tell that Simon you've changed your mind."

Valerie smiled then, and nodded. In the joy of seeing him, of feeling his arms about her again, the solution was as simple as that.

The office clock struck the hour and recalled her: "But I must wait till after our twenty-fifth

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birthday party. It's to-night, and Simon has planned it as much as we have. I couldn't spoil it for him."

Seeing Alec's frown, she put out her hand pleadingly. "I didn't expect you to come...to see you again....."

"I meant to keep away, but it was in the lap of the gods. Your Uncle's laid up with lumbago and Terry and I brought Aunt Nell down." Together they went out into the yard as he continued, "Terry's taking your Aunt home to-morrow, but I have to return to-night to report at the office in the morning. You *must* make up your mind, one way or the other."

VALERIE'S parents greeted Alec courteously but stiffly, and then, having welcomed her Aunt, she excused herself to complete her dressing.

Valerie was fuming as she ran upstairs. Clive was evidently at least partly aware of her infatuation for Alec. Otherwise he would not have mentioned her engagement, which, in any case, had not yet been announced. She could sense her parents' disapproval, too. That was the worst of having a twin; one could keep nothing from him, the girl thought wryly. But she could not disappoint him. She decided to drive Alec to the station. Other guests would be returning to London, or intervening stations on the late train.

Her toilette completed, Valerie ran downstairs, the long folds of her amber-coloured dress swirling behind her, an excited colour in her cheeks. Simon, waiting, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I haven't given you your gift yet, darling," he said softly, withdrawing a case from his breast-pocket and opening it.

A GLITTERING diamond pendant! "It's quite lovely, Simon," Valerie exclaimed delightedly. "Thank you so much."

"You shall have a ring to match later, my dear."

Simon took the pendant, fixed it round Valerie's throat and, at that moment, she saw Alec in the doorway, watching them broodingly. He was about to turn away when Valerie called him over. The two men shook hands, Alec looking searchingly into the other's bland, kindly face.

"I'm feeling rather an intruder at your party," he said. "We shouldn't have stayed."

"Good Lord, no! The more the merrier, eh, Val? Let's go and help Clive and Terry with the drinks"

The gay tone belied the scrutiny with which Simon glanced appraisingly at her own flushed cheeks, then quickly at Alec's sombre expression. Throughout the long evening she was unable to speak to Alec again, but heard his voice, with his unmistakable drawl, and saw his morose unsmiling face. Later, he listened intently when, the informal speeches over, her father gave to Clive the deeds of the family property, and thanked Simon for his help while Clive was away.

Simon made a deprecating gesture.

"Val's told me how we'd have lost thousands if the foot-and-mouth disease had got a hold on

the herd," Clive put in. "And Val couldn't have managed without you"

THE dancing re-commenced, but Alec was no longer present. It was too early for him to have left for the station, unless he intended walking the five miles there. With a sudden surge of fear that he had gone without seeing her, Valerie slipped out of the room to look for him.

Bare-headed as he had come, but wearing his overcoat, with the collar turned up against the cold night air, Alec was studying a road map at the open doorway of the back entrance where Valerie found him. His mouth tightened momentarily as she touched his arm.

"What else can we say to each other, Val? I made a mistake. Sorry I came."

".....and that you love me?" she whispered. "Are you *sorry* that I love you?"

"You don't, Valerie — It's just infatuation. Go back to your Simon, he's a decent chap."

"Yes. And so he will understand."

Alec looked into her eyes with dark misery in his own before turning abruptly and going out into the night.

Valerie stared at the lounge door. The sound of music and happy laughter seemed to mock her own despair.

Slipping on a coat from the hall cupboard she followed Alec along the moonlit pathway across the meadows, and caught him up at the copse by the lane to the station.

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She slipped her hand into his and he paused.

"I love you, Alec — there'll never be anybody else. Don't go — please."

Responding to her urgency, he pulled her into his arms, kissing her lips, eyes and hair.

"Go back to your family, Val."

"Will you come with me, then, and be nice to them just for this evening?" she said. "To-day has meant so much to them all, and I don't want to spoil it. To-morrow I'll tell them about us."

Alec held her close again for a moment and then, glancing around him at the wide expanse of acres, at the beauty of the old house, the gracious manor on the adjoining property remarked, "You're crazy! What makes you think you'd stand the racket of being a pilot's wife? Alone for weeks at a time in a strange city, furnished digs, perhaps small children later on." His voice roughened. "Go back to your Simon!"

Alec strode away along the lane; the tears ran down Valerie's cheeks. She had offered him all that she had to give — her love, and with it her willingness to go with him to the other side of the world, to leave her family and friends and the only life she had ever known. And he had repulsed her.

Voices recalled Valerie to her senses. Quickly drying her eyes, she hurried indoors through a side entrance to repair her make-up. When she returned to the party, only Terry Orme glared at her reproachfully, realising that his friend had gone without a word.

"I told Alec he was a fool to fall for a girl like you!" the Australian said bluntly, when they were alone the next morning.

Valerie was helping him, dispiritedly, to polish the car in readiness for the journey to London, Clive having gone with Simon to a sale of bloodstock. The party, ending in the early hours of the morning, had been voted a huge success, but Simon had left early on some pretext, his good-night kiss cool in the extreme. They knew that it was over between them.

Valerie polished the windscreen methodically as she listened to Terry's angry words:

"He was happy till he met you! He's never taken a girl seriously before!"

"I love him, Terry," Valerie said quietly. "But Alec doesn't want me with him."

Terry laughed. "That's rich! Girl, he's crazy about you! But I guess he's more sense than to take you away from all this."

He waved the polisher vaguely at the family home, and Valerie's heart lifted. Alec doubted the strength of her own love! And she knew that she had to see him again, away from this environment — just the two of them, deeply in love, caring little about where they lived so long as they were together.

"Terry, will you 'phone Alec in London and ask him to meet you in Trafalgar Square—where we all first met?" Then, as Terry hesitated, "Please, Terry, it means everything to me."

He grinned. "Okay, Val. You're coming with us, eh?"

Valerie left a note for her parents and Clive, saying that she

6 — 1st December '35.

would return early the next morning. In the car Aunt Nell was sympathetic. Forty years before she had been forced by circumstances to elope with her own man, regarded then as almost a foreigner from the wilds of the Hampshire countryside.

"Why, Australia's no way at all these days," she declared as they approached the suburbs. "Maybe we'll all take a trip to visit you next year."

"I don't know yet whether Alec will have me," Valerie said humbly, "but you're a dear, Aunt Nell."

It was raining when she walked across Trafalgar Square again, wearing the same simple tweed-suit and tan beret. But now the Square was empty, and her heart sank.

Then she saw Alec, standing at the top of the steps leading to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. He saw her at once, put his hand out as he went to meet her, but did not touch her.

"Why have you come?" he asked, huskily, but Valerie, smiling, slipped her hand into his.

"Do you remember that first evening — in the lift? 'I'll never let you go,' you said. That goes for me, too, darling."

Alec's answering smile relieved the haggard lines about his eyes. "Sure," he said, fervently, "if you say so"

As though they were quite alone, he drew her into his arms and kissed her, in the shadow of the great City church. And the Te Deum from the organ within was like a dedication to Valerie of her own triumphant love.

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you'll know for yourself.' And she kept on staring at that photograph in a way that was so pitiful to see. Poor thing! She looks so broken-hearted, Mother. She is still sitting like that, looking as if she has gone completely out of her mind."

For answer, Mother Berchman rose and said, "Will you excuse me for a few minutes, Mother Benedict? I'll be back in a little while."

SHE made straight for Hilda's room where she found the girl holding a letter in her hand while the rest of those belonging to the carefully wrapped packet lay strewn on the cot, beside her.

"May I come in, dear?" she asked, before entering.

Hilda looked up at once and answered, "Yes, certainly, Mother," and put the letter down.

"Is that the boy you told me about?" Mother Berchman asked, studying the photograph on the table intently.

"Yes, Mother, that's him—Brian. Do you mind if I keep it there?"

"Provided it will not upset you, my child. You are under my care, you know, and I am responsible to your parents, remember. Your mind must be free from distraction, dear, if you are to get over your recent illness. And are those his letters?"

"Yes, Mother, they are his—every one of them. Read this one, Mother." And she held out one to the Mother Superior.

"Oh, no!" Mother Berchman said, shaking her head. "They

are meant for you alone, my child. Nobody else has any right to read them."

"Just read one of them, Mother, any one of them. I want you to read them and convince yourself," Hilda pleaded.

"Convince myself? About what, my dear?"

"I mean, convince yourself that he is not as bad as they painted him to be to you, Mother."

"Your word is good enough for me, my child. I need nothing more."

"All the same, Mother, I would like you to see them—at least one of them, please."

"All right. Since you insist, I'll do so."

"HERE, read this one," said the girl eagerly, handing over a letter to the Nun which she picked out at random.

Mother Berchman read silently the letter which read:

My darling Angel,

Just in case I have no opportunity of speaking to you to-day this letter will convey to you what I would have said in person. Somehow, I feel so relieved when I sit down like this to write and tell you how much you mean to me. Though the whole world may be against us, my love for you will ever burn brighter and brighter, because we have, between ourselves, shunned all sham and hypocrisy, all infatuation, all lustful pleasure which so many mistake for love. I had always longed for the love of a woman whose heart was pure and whose soul was beautiful. It was only an ideal which I had built up in my own mind. I little dreamt that I would soon see my greatest wish fulfilled. Since meeting you, I have experienced a sublime sense of joy which I never thought possible, and I often sit alone and wonder whether I am really

worthy of your love and your trust. If I am not, I shall never stop trying to be, dear. God forbid that I should ever sin against your love, either by unfaithfulness, by indifference, or even by any unclean thoughts which offend against your trust in me. Night after night I dedicate myself anew to stand by the pledge we have made to each other—to be true to each other always! Remember, too, that you can never be disillusioned in,

Your faithful lover,
BRIAN.

As she read this letter, Mother Berchman experienced a curious sense of frustration which was new to her since she had begun to take an interest in Hilda's case. Though she was now convinced more than ever before that Brian Lacey must have entered into marriage with another girl because he, too, had been gravely disillusioned, she wondered how he could have taken such a step without making every conceivable effort to trace Hilda and find out what had actually happened. However, there was the immediate present to be considered. How was she to deal with this girl? Would it be safe to allow her to keep those letters with her and to have that photograph on the table there to remind her of the boy whom she should better learn to forget now? It was a delicate situation, but it had to be tackled.

"In matters like this, Hilda," the Nun said, carefully choosing her words, "it is always best to accept facts as they are. It helps one to live one's life more rationally, more securely. If one cannot face facts, one's perspective of life is definitely put out of focus; one's purpose in living is set at naught—is wasted. It's difficult, I know—it's hard to face facts, but it helps in the long run. It helps one to carry on and to make

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one's life worth living. We acquire new courage to march forward and not flounder by the way. We are able to hold our heads high and brace our shoulders to meet the difficulties that lie ahead of us. We live! Now, doesn't this simple piece of philosophy appeal to you—even in your hour of suffering?"

THE girl bent her head down and remained quiet for sometime, as if she were pondering over the Nun's words. When she spoke, it was in a suppressed and strained tone of voice.

"It's funny to hear you say all this, Mother," she said. "He used to say the same things himself, even in some of his letters to me which I have here. Now, it looks as if I must use his own advice against him! I wonder what he'd think of it, if he only knew!"

The Nun kept silent, waiting for the girl's next words which she knew would come.

Still looking down, Hilda continued, "He'd love me all the more for it, I'm sure, though that would be funny, indeed! It's just like him."

When the Nun was sure that the girl had nothing more to say, she asked, "So what, Hilda dear?" She waited uneasily. It was a crucial moment.

Rising with slow deliberation, Hilda collected the letters which lay scattered on her bed, packed them, tied them up carefully, opened her small leather box and put them away. Looking at Mother Berchman, she said, "I'll never look at them again, Mother. But I hope you will not be offend-

ed if I keep his photograph where it is now. Do you mind?"

As she carefully studied the girl for just one brief moment, Mother Berchman was reassured that there would be no harm in acceding to her request. As a student of character, the old Nun saw that the crisis in Hilda's life had now passed, leaving her strengthened, cool and collected. In point of fact, she could not help marvelling at the sudden change which had come over the girl—a transformation which was as heartening to the Nun as it was incredibly surprising to her.

"My good child," she said to Hilda, "nothing that you have ever done so far has displeased me. I place implicit confidence in your goodness and I pray God that He will help you to persevere in your resolutions."

"Thank you, Mother," the girl said simply, but in a voice which was light-hearted and almost gay. And thus did the crucial interview end.

GOING out of Hilda's room, Mother Berchman met Sister Helen on the way, crossed her and then stopped and turned back to say, "Oh, Sister Helen! That instruction I gave you about Hilda becoming friendly with other girls and so on. Don't worry yourself about it any more. Forget about it. The girl can be left to take care of herself."

Her words left Sister Helen looking stupid, surprised and perplexed, but Mother Berchman did not stop to see the reaction. She walked steadily on to join Mother Benedict, humming gaily to herself.

(To Be Continued)

TEN YEARS AGO . . . —(Continued from page 40)

Vinod, with a hoarse cry, caught hold of Aruna's hands and with bowed head gave vent to his pent-up sorrow. Five minutes of this outburst seemed like ages to the agitated and bewildered children. Slowly his head straightened.

"Oh! don't weep dear. It was all my fault. Please stop crying," Aruna was telling her husband and pleading sadly.

"THE time has come to tell the real story of our lives, dear children. Come on, sit down boys. Someone lock the door, please," commanded Vinod. Gopinath instantly obeyed his father.

"Well, I was a terrible smoker ten years back," the father began. "I spent a considerable sum of money on cigarettes out of my modest pay. Your mother used to advise me day and night to stop smoking but I could not. One evening, just ten years back, and it was the night before Prem's birth day, your mother and myself stood on the open terrace talking about buying a tricycle for Prem as his birthday present. Gopi and Kasthur were asleep with the servant. I had just finished a cigarette and lighted another when Aruna tossed off the cigarette from my hand thus bruising my wrist a little with the butt end.

"I was wild with anger and forgetting that we were upstairs, I pushed her off. I found my tragic mistake just a second too late. My poor Aruna fell headlong. The great stone on the ground hit her head and she lay still with no sign of life at all.

I rushed madly to rescue her, but could not reach her in time. I ran out for the doctor, who had her removed to the hospital. I had to tell the doctors there that it was just an accident. After a week, your mother showed signs of consciousness and then I feared that she might tell the truth to the doctors. But my angel knew that I did it in a huff and that she had been the cause of my great anger. She confirmed my story and saved me from being stamped as a villainous husband. Then, after I had brought her to the house, I spent money like water to set right her broken limbs that were destined to be inert and lifeless from that fatal day ten years ago.

"I WAS the cause of all your mother's sufferings and I cannot sleep or laugh with this great sin on my conscience. How could I smoke after this, my dear children? It is like poison to me, as it was the originator of all our sorrows. If Aruna had accused me or scolded me later, when she was confined to bed, I could have been different and forgotten the incident with the years as a bad dream. But it is her meek nature and silent suffering that goad me to the extremity of compunction and regret for wrecking a beautiful woman's life."

He stopped for a while as he was overcome again.

"Oh, please don't take all the blame on your shoulders, dear! Both of us were wrong that day ten years ago. I'm very happy, though. Please don't take it to heart so keenly. When I have a

kind and loving husband and dutiful and affectionate children around me to share my lot, I do not care whether I always lie on a bed or walk about like any of you. Don't you know that love lightens sorrow and sweetens them?" Aruna sobbed between sobs.

THE boys stood aghast, hearing the pathetic story about their mother. Their mother, a victim, nay, a martyr! Premnath's little hands twined round Aruna's neck. No wonder the children shared her sufferings.

Vinod got up and paced the room like a caged beast. He suddenly stopped. "I've tried all doctors but no one could make her walk. But Aruna's happiness is mine and I ought to be satisfied if she is really happy."

"Quite true, dear. Now forget me for a while, please! What are we to buy for our darling Prem?" Aruna changed the subject.

"Are we not to send him out first?" enquired Kasturnath as if he had just remembered a vital thing.

Gopinath was picturing the horrible scene ten years ago. His poor mother hurrying down from

above and lying senseless on the ground. But after all they had their mother, though bedridden. Next door Narayan had no mother and the stepmother was so horrid and cruel.

"Oh, no! There's no need for him to go! I've already brought his present and placed it in my drawer. The poor child need not go out," replied the father affectionately.

Prem sat close by his mother's slender shoulders.

"WE will make the favourite dish of Prem's to-morrow. Isn't it a rule of our mother's? Now then, Prem, choose yours," commanded Kasthur.

"Well, I'd like to have *rasagoolla*," Prem slowly began, but the brothers intervened.

"You fool! Fruit salad will be more inviting in this heat," whispered Gopinath.

"Or, at least, choose something like *banana halva*," put in Kasturnath.

"Kastur, Gopi, we shall hear what each of you would prefer on your respective birthdays, but not for to-morrow! You should not make Prem choose what you

both like best. Isn't it unfair, dear?" Aruna slowly chastised the elder boys. She could see that the two wanted the younger boy to choose one of their favourite dishes. When she pointed out their unfair demands, they felt ashamed and agreed with Prem that *rasagoolla* was "next day's item of evening tiffin. Prem thought he should console his brothers and he whispered, "Kastur, next year I'll choose *banana halva* and the year next, it'll be fruit salad. See if I don't!"

"I'm going to give you all the surprise of your lives," announced Vinod and everybody was alert.

"To-day is a day of mysteries," the boys whispered among themselves.

Then the driver brought a big package and placed it outside the room. The thing seemed too big to get into the door. While the wondering boys and their mother watched, Vinod unpacked it with a mysterious air. It was a nicely

cushioned and bright shining wheelchair. Vinod wheeled it inside the room.

"Your mother will eat with us in the dining-room on Prem's birthday and, remember, she will come in to everybody's room whenever she likes. She can't lie down all the time moping here. Our doctor suggested this purchase last month and I ordered one. How foolish we were these ten years not to have thought of this grand idea!" Vinod remarked in regret.

"Oh, Mother! Mother! You should come to our room first," clamoured the boys in unison.

"No, no! She will go to father's the first thing I know!" cried Prem mischievously.

ARUNA'S eyes again filled, this time, with tears of joy. She was so happy and contented. After all, she had the rich possession of family affection and unutterable love, and she considered herself the wealthiest woman on the earth and the happiest.

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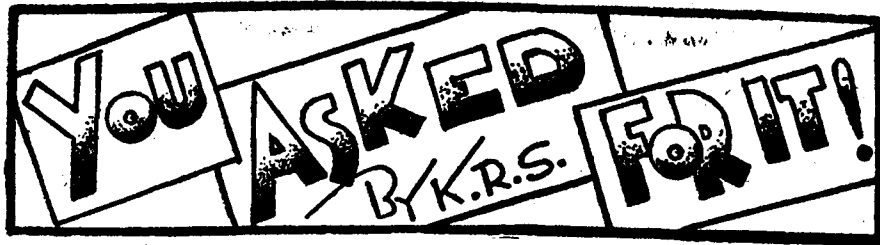
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Bishwanath Pd. Srivastava, Chapra

Q.—With reference to your answer to a question in the 15th Sept. '55 Issue, may I ask what you mean by the "3—D type" so far as the appreciation of a charming girl is concerned?

A.—The two dimensions that are easily perceptible to the average human eye are stature and features, including beauty or charm. The third dimension that really gives the full shape to the girl or woman is that which shows her innate qualities—of heart and head. It is only when these essential qualities are not known that the foolish men who fall head over heels in love either soon take to their heels or regret too late for having lost their head.

Kausaria Adinarayana Rao, Madras-12

Q.—*My Magazine of India* attracts my heart every time I read it. Why?

A.—The undeniable pull of its irresistible reading matter.

Jeevan M. Majumdar, Kohinoor Hills

Q.—If Sardar Patel were alive to-day, what would have happened to Goa's case?

A.—He would have grabbed it first before allowing Pt. J. Nehru to propound his Panch Sheela as a political panacea.

T. E. Sodagar, Cochin-2

Q.—Why do boys run after girls?

A.—Because they do not know that every rose has a thorn.

K. Q. M. Ayoob, Kozhikode

Q.—What is the difference between the "Star" in the Marina Beach, the "Star" of Hollywood and the Star in the sky?

A.—The first is a cosmetic comet that flashes past in the twinkling of an eye, the second is stream-lined glamour and the last an infallible guide.

V. S. Jayaraman, Bombay

Q.—Why the Earth revolves around the Sun?

A.—So that one half of it may be in dark ignorance of what happens in the other in broad daylight!

V. S. Patil, Hukeri

Q.—What happens when an uneducated woman is driven out by her cruel husband?

A.—She gets educated sufficiently well about the hard facts of life in the school of the selfish world around her.

"Syama Preya", Narayangar

Q.—Suppose you met after a long time and all of a sudden a lady whom you have loved and with whom you had been moving for a time and who is now married, what would you do?

A.—I would first ascertain through discreet questioning whether her husband is a lucky man to have wed her or I have been the lucky man to have got rid of her!

M. R. Prasada Rao, Sambalpur

Q.—What is the difference between love before marriage and love after marriage?

A.—That between the pangs of hunger and the leisurely mastication of food when it is fully served.

Shailendra Manohar Dwivedi, Agra

Q.—Is it a fact that our real life is not so romantic and so we demand romance in our films, magazines and books?

A.—You have said it! It is this weakness that is being so cruelly and successfully exploited by the film producers and publishers of the kind of journals and books referred to!

A. R. K. B. Ananda Rao, Nellore

Q.—Do you believe that we are the shadow of God?

A.—Most of us seem to be the very substance of the Devil.

T. P. Mani, Tirunelveli

Q.—What is the relation between Love and Marriage?

A.—That between the noose and the hangman!

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



Agriculture in Yugoslavia (Published by Yugoslav Embassy 13, Sunder Nagar, New Delhi.)

This booklet provides a short but comprehensive view of Yugoslav Agriculture. In order to understand the present condition, the booklet starts with the position of agriculture before the Second World War, when three-quarters of the population lived directly on agriculture and there were as many as 44 land workers engaged per acre of agricultural land. The peasantry at that time lacked proper tools and equipment and was weighed down by high taxation and debts and the peasant holdings were capable of a very low productivity, yielding practically the lowest standard of living in Europe.

During the war, agriculture suffered most serious damage losing 50% of farm equipment, 24% of fruit trees, 38% of vineyards and a very great part of all livestock. Pre-war backwardness plus dislocation during the war provided a tremendous problem for the People's Government.

This booklet provides in a broad outline what has been done since 1946.

The development of Yugoslav agriculture as laid down in the Ten-Year Programme prepared by the Yugoslav Government is to meet the increasing demand for foodstuffs of a growing population which is now about 17 millions and is increasing annually by about 300,000 persons. The other purpose is to secure the agricultural raw materials for home industry and to create export surpluses to meet the growing demand for agricultural products, especially food, on the international market.

The booklet deals with all the important aspects of agriculture, including social and political factors, and thus provides an over-all picture of what has already been achieved and what is yet to be achieved in Yugoslav agriculture.

As the booklet has not been priced, it is presumed that it will be sent free to all those who write to the Yugoslav Embassy for a copy.

Model Letter-Writer And Business Correspondence
(Edited by A. Neelakandan. Published by Revathi & Co.)

Prattiyar Koll St., Madras 1. Price Rs. 1/4.)

This handy book will be very useful to students and businessmen. Many specimen letters cover almost all types of letters that may have to be written regarding social events, personal matters, etc., and letters typical of business correspondence. The addition of a Glossary of Legal and Mercantile Terms at the end of the book is bound to be useful. It is hoped that in the next edition there will not be the kind of proof-reading mistakes that are seen in the book under notice.

Tamil Nad Directory And Who's Who? (Published by Keesay Publishers, 4/572, Pycrofts Road, Triplicane, Madras 5. Price Rs. 3/8-).

This Directory and Who's Who in Tamil, compiled by three competent men, is the third edition. The Publishers have the credit for being the pioneers in bringing out such a valuable book in Tamil for the use of Tamilians.

The Directory contains full details of the First Five-Year Plan and its progress, plan-frame of the Second Five-Year Plan, Community Projects, Irrigation, Electricity, Budget, etc., besides the new features giving details of the United Nations, Bandung Conference, Indian States, etc.

The usual features give exhaustive details on the Constitution of India, the Govt. of India and its Ministries, Lok Sabha, Rajya Sabha, its members, the various State Govts., and very exhaustive details about Tamil Nad in particular. Thus the Tamilian will not only find this fine and handy book

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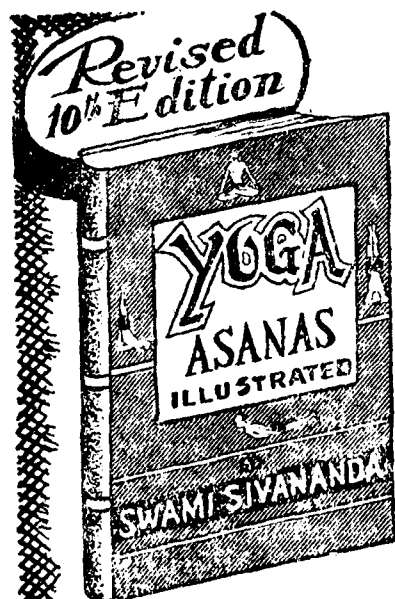
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The sole distributors of this book in India are: M/s. India Book House Ltd., 249, Hornby Road, Bombay-1.

'Gundoosi' Deepavali Malar 1955 (Edited & Published by P. R. S. Gopal. Price, 1/4/-).

To the Tamil film fans, *Gundoosi* needs no introduction. This premier Tamil film monthly has brought out a Deepavali Special Number.

This Number is different from its previous ones in a very important respect—it is now priced at a rupee and a quarter only whereas the previous Numbers were priced at three rupees. This, in itself,

is a Deepavali "bonus" to the *Gundoosi* readers!

The lessening in the price has, however, not had any corresponding lessening in either the reading matter offered nor in the various other usual features always associated with the Deepavali Number. It is a secret worth revealing that the publishers preferred to offer a lower priced Number to the reader by going in for glazed newsprint only instead of preferring real or imitation art paper, the prohibitive price of which will have to be met by putting the burden on the readers' shoulders by way of a very stiff price for the Number. A laudable decision, undoubtedly.

Noteworthy are the contributed articles by well-known actors and actresses like K. A. Thangavelu, V. Nagiah, M. N. Rajam, Javar Seetharaman, S. R. Lakshmi, T. S. Durairaj, T. N. Sivathanu, M. S. S. Bhagyam, Manohar and others. Each one of these articles is quite thought provoking.

Others connected with the film industry, like K. Ramnoth, A. L. Narayanan and Dandayudhapani Pillai, to mention a few, have also contributed fine articles to this Number.

In addition to these are the usual features of the Journal, including colour plates of six leading film actors and actresses.

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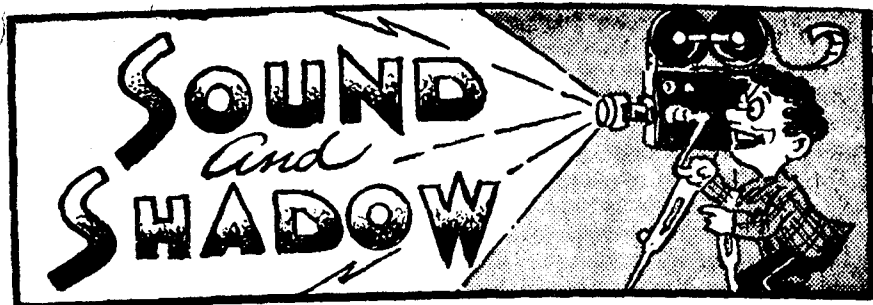
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A UNIQUE CARTOON FILM

THE cartoon film version of George Orwell's celebrated fable *Animal Farm*, which has been produced in London by John Halas and Joy Batchelor, is something of a unique event in both international and British film history. It is the first full-length dramatic film in animated form to have a wholly serious intention. And it is also the first feature-length cartoon film ever to be made in Britain.

Animal Farm is a story of our times; the only difference it has from the events of real life is that it is acted by animals instead of by human beings. They live on a farm ruled by a brutal and drunken farmer, whom they drive out after a revolution led by the pigs, the most astute of the animals. Unfortunately, the democratic community led by the humane pigs is soon overthrown by a dictatorship set up by Napoleon, the most ruthless and cunning pig of all.

George Orwell's book leaves the animals subject to a dictatorship which worsens with the years and with the evergrowing depravity of the pigs themselves; the trusting innocence characteristic of the other animals during the initial period of comradeship in revolution

By ROGER MANVELL

is turned to a hopeless, helpless disillusionment. The film, on the other hand, contrives to offer its audience a measure of hope, without in any way altering the significance of the book. In the film, we leave the pigs surrounded by animals in a state of resentment sufficient to breed a second revolution.

Halas-Batchelor Production

One could not have a stronger theme for any film, let alone one in the form of the cartoon, which only rarely in the past (in the case of one or two experimental short films) has ever been developed as a branch of serious dramatic filmmaking. This was, however, the difficult task which John Halas and Joy Batchelor set themselves when they first started to prepare *Animal Farm* as a film. Not only was this extremely difficult artistically speaking; it was difficult also from the point of view of studio organisation.

John Halas began his career as a film-maker in Hungary. He came to England before the War, and he and Joy Batchelor (who in private life is Mrs. Halas) have worked

up the Revolutionary Hymn sung by the animals. Music performs together in London producing animated films for some sixteen years. During the War, the Halas-Batchelor Unit produced innumerable films for public service exhibition; many were deft and witty explanations of wartime needs and regulations intended for screening at the cinemas, or the presentation in cartoon form of such seemingly impossible subjects for half-humorous exposition as the new Education Act. Other films the Unit has made include highly technical subjects required for specialised use by the armed Services or by industry.

Large & Involved Task

Animal Farm, in fact, is the 120th Halas-Batchelor production, and was the result of an invitation made by the famous American producer, Louis de Rochemont, who acted as financial sponsor for the film. Louis de Rochemont, who first made his name as the producer of *The March of Time* series in the United States before the War, recognised the imaginative draughtsmanship and wide variety of animation techniques that Halas and Batchelor have brought to their work increasingly with the years. The result of his invitation was that the Unit had to become for a period the largest of its kind in Europe.

Cartoon film-making on a feature-length basis requires a quite different form of studio organisation from that for short film production in this specialised field. John Halas assembled and, in many cases trained, a team of 70 artists, who worked for well over a year on the production of *Animal Farm*. This sustained effort of drawing, tracing and painting involved the completion of over a quarter of a

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million finished action drawings and over four thousand finished background drawings. For the basis of cartoon film-making is that every movement on the screen has to be broken down to single drawings, each representing a link of 1/24 of a second in the chain of movement.

It has been calculated that it would take an individual artist a whole lifetime to make a feature-length cartoon of this kind in colour. Production on this scale must therefore be the result of team-work, and the *tour-de-force* of artistry required must go hand in hand with the ability to organise the work of many skilled draughtsmen, so that the final result has the unity of a single style and a single dramatic impulse. Few film-makers have had the skill, patience and pertinacity to complete so large and so involved a task. In fact, only 26 feature-length animated films have ever been produced.

Accent On Dramatic Action

The screen version of *Animal Farm* concentrates, as it must, upon the dramatic action of the revolution and its aftermath, and upon those animals and humans like the brutal Farmer Jones and the sharp lawyer Whymper, the contactman for the pigs with the corrupt world of mankind) who are the protagonists in the drama. There are, in addition to the dictator Napoleon, characters like Boxer, the massive faithful horse who works himself to death for his fellows and Benjamin the donkey, who is his close friend and comrade in work and leisure.

Although the drawings simplify the animals to some extent into the coloured outlines familiar in cartoons, every movement they are given must be based on the observation of real animals.

The key artists working on this film spent much time studying the actual behaviour and movement of animals at real farms. Similarly, the details of the backgrounds of farm buildings and implements came from this study of actual farm life.

Sequences

Sketch-work of the characters and the preparation of the script develop side by side in the case of a cartoon film. The story is made into a dramatic progression of film sequences. Backgrounds are prepared; movements fitting the character of each animal are planned; and, with frequent intermediate testing of line drawings on the screen itself, the film gradually emerges with the help of the team of draughtsmen and tracers. Sound and music are all-important; the joint rhythm of movement and music must interlock strongly to achieve dramatic discipline and emphasis. Design, colour, movement, sounds (including dialogue and narration) and music make up together the complex total of the cartoon film, which has become an art in its own right, a highly creative form of expression combining the potentialities of film technique with the graphic freedom of the painter.

Skillful Vocalisation

The vocalisation of *Animal Farm* is most skilfully performed by Maurice Denham, the well-known British radio and film actor. I understand from John Halas that certain foreign-language versions of *Animal Farm* may be prepared soon with the help of similarly versatile actors abroad. Denham impersonates every animal with a speaking part, and even achieves choral effects, sound track of his different voices being

clubbed or added together to make an emotional, interpretative function through most of the film, and the score composed by Martyas Seiber is a fine one, strong, colourful and dramatic.

I believe *Animal Farm* to be a considerable achievement in British film-making. It is certainly remarkable for a first film of this scale and stature to be produced by a Unit which has only previously made short films. Since *Animal Farm*, the Unit has carried experiments further by producing in America the first animated sequences for the multi-projection wide screen system of film exhibition called Cinerama. This work, like that for *Animal Farm*, was undertaken for Louis de Rochemont, who has now invited John Halas and Joy Batchelor to make a feature-length production of the English religious classic, John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

MGM To Distribute Wyler's "The Friendly Persuasion"

Arthur M. Loew, President of Loew's International Corp., and Steve Broidy, President of Allied Artists Pictures Corp., jointly announced last week conclusion of negotiations for the overseas distribution of Allied Artists' first William Wyler production, *The Friendly Persuasion*. Under terms of the agreement, MGM, which has a substantial financial interest in the picture, will distribute it in most parts of the overseas market. Allied Artists will distribute the picture in the United States, Canada, Brazil, Mexico, Panama, Argentina and the Caribbean area. *The Friendly Persuasion* stars Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire, and is Wyler's first production in colour.

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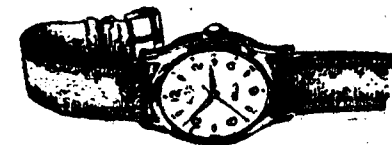
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"Our Town" On Television

Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town*, which won the 1938 Pulitzer Prize, was recently presented on television as a musical drama in U.S.A. Eva Marie Saint, best known for her performance in the film *On the Waterfront*, played the role of Emily Webb. The key role of the stage manager who narrates the story and occasionally moves into it was played by Frank Sinatra. Delbert Mann directed the play which had been adapted for television by David Shaw. James Van Housen wrote the music and Sammy Chan the lyrics. The *New York Times* said: "Just about everything connected with the adaptation was impressive. *Our Town*, seen through a new medium, continued to be a fascinating community."

Tribhuvan Productions' "Cleopatra"

Tribhuvan Productions' fourth picture *Cleopatra* promises to be one of the greatest pictures of 1956, looking at the way the picture is shaping at Shree Sound Studios. Director Raja Nawathe is doing his best to do justice to this glorious page from history, a page that tells of the life and loves of the famous Queen of Egypt. He had 12 days' shooting on a magnificent set erected at the Shree Sound Studio and those who have seen the rushes are enthusiastic about the quality of the picture. The creation of such a picture demands very adequate background to recreate the glorious architecture of those good old golden times. Art Director Sant Singh has re-created the old architecture in all its grandeur to provide a suitable background on

which to re-enact the tumultuous drama that took place centuries ago. Dronacharya has caught the architectural beauty and flights and heights of emotions very effectively through the lens.

Quite a formidable cast, hand-picked from the best, has been assembled to represent the great personalities of those days. Bina Rai plays Cleopatra, while Ajit is the famed Antony. Asha Mathur, Murad, Bipin Gupta and Om Prakash have also important assignments. That master of melodies S. D. Burman, famous for giving tunes that catch the fancy of audiences, goes one better in giving very haunting tunes to the songs. Shooting is fast progressing and three reels are already completed.

Bombay Releases

During the month of November, the following films were released in Bombay City.

Pyase Nain, Tekchand Talkies' 'social' picture, was released at Kamal and other theatres. In the cast are Nimmi, Shyama, Rehman, Gope, Bikram Kapur, Bhudo Advani, Anwari, Shamim and others. Produced by K.P. Shahani and directed by S. Ram, the picture narrates a powerful drama of grim present day social realities.

Tatarka Chor, M.P. Pictures' romance-cum-thrill story, was released at the Capitol and other theatres. In the cast are Shyama, Mahipal, Vijayalakshmi, Chandrashekhar, Gope, Maruti, Yashodhara Katju and others. Story is by Ram Dayal and direction by Majun.

Unique Pictures' *Faraar*, depicting a violent aspect of India's struggle for freedom, was premiered

at several theatres. In the cast are Dev Anand, Geeta Bali, Manmohan Krishna and others. Phani Mazumdar has directed the film.

At the Imperial and other theatres was released Ismail Films' *Jawab*. Dedicated to the memory of the late P.C. Barua, the picture narrates the story of the life of a hand-cart puller who is inspired to give his only son high education and make him a lawyer. That education is the only panacea for poverty, no matter what sacrifice it calls for from the poor, is the moral of this fine story. In the cast are Balraj Sahni, Geeta Bali, Nasir Khan, Achala Sachdev, Johnny Walker, Mukri and others. Ismail Memon has written, directed and produced the picture.

An imposing cast ever assembled for one film in India was the

unique record of Gemini's *Insaniyat*, premiered at Roxy theatre. Produced and directed by S.S. Vasan, the picture tells a moving story of the fight of the common people against a powerful tyrant and their final success. Dilip Kumar, Dev Anand, Bina Rai, Vijayalakshmi, Jayant, Jairaj, Shobhana Samarth, Badri Parshad, Agha, Mohana and Zippy of Hollywood fame are in the cast.

Released at the Central Cinema is Producer Homi Wadia's *Shri Krishna Bhakti* under the banner of Combine Film Traders Production. Directed by Babubhai Mistry, the picture tells the story of a devotee of Lord Sri Krishna, packed with miracles, songs and dances, ending in the triumph of true devotion over an evil-minded man who seeks to establish a monopoly even in the worship of God.

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LINGUISTIC STATES AND SOUL-SEARCHING— (Concluded from page 16)

ourselves aloof and remain aloof, but even this should be done out of love and in an affectionate manner.

WITH regard to the instances of such magnitude and importance, we wish to state here categorically that there is no need at all for any excitement or dilemma and hesitation. Well, my countrymen, our intrinsic strength as Indians—a nation—would not be enhanced a bit, if, we would allow ourselves to be swayed by narrow-mindedness and promiscuity.

We admit that when and where the functions of the Government are carried on in the language which the people of the province understand, the latter find it easy, smooth and convenient for them. As long as the administration does not run in the language which the *Kisan*, the tiller of the soil, understands and comprehends, he would not and cannot feel or experience the advent of *Swaraj*. Therefore, we consider this re-organisation of the States on linguistic basis essential and recognise its utility and importance, but we wish to stress at the same time that

there is more of vanity and arrogance behind it also. But, then, why is one so vainglorious about it? The principle reason behind it is that, in the re-organisation of the States, our country has copied the Western pattern.

We should, however, understand that this re-organisation is contemplated and is to be implemented only from the practical point of view of efficient administration and smooth management of the affairs of the provinces. We should feel and realise once for all that we are the Citizens of the World, and it is simply as such that we are what more or less and howsoever great or small we happen to be.

CONTRARY to what we had aimed and aspired for, the results and repercussions of the Commission's Report have unfortunately so materialised and have been so shaped and taken such a turn that we, who had emerged as *Bharatiya* during our unique struggle for Independence, have wound up with, and ended in becoming so stunted and, worst of all, so *Prantiya*—'provincial' ultimately.

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