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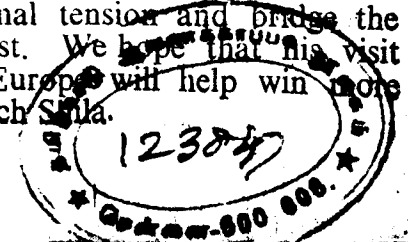
THE PRIME MINISTER'S MISSION

MUCH hope was built on the Prime Minister's visit to Washington and heart-to-heart talks with Mr. Eisenhower. In view of the slow convalescence of the President and the strain likely to be imposed on him by the discussion, Pandit Nehru has put off his trip, and the former has reluctantly agreed to the postponement.

News of this cancellation has caused widespread regret in several parts of the world. Apparently, only Mr. Dulles and those of his way of thinking feel jubilant at this sudden turn, for "having been on the brink of war" several times they do not mind an actual trial of strength with the Communists. Pandit Nehru wanted to place the Asian point of view before Mr. Eisenhower and convince him of the need for a change of policy towards Russia and China. When it became known that Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President, and Mr. Dulles, the Foreign Secretary, would deputise for the President and dominate the scene, the cancellation of the Prime Minister's programme became inevitable.

Even granting that the President has an open mind, it is doubtful whether in this election year he will have a free hand or break with the immediate past. He has repeatedly made it clear that the Baghdad and the SEATO Pacts are peace insurance policies to which India is opposed. And the latest poser is whether Mr. Eisenhower in his present state of health will seek re-election.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Pandit Nehru's mission has been a total failure. Whenever he goes abroad he strives to reduce international tension and bridge the differences between East and West. We hope that his visit to Germany and other parts of Europe will help win more converts to world peace and Panch Sheela.



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The Editor invites short stories, skits, articles and cartoons for consideration. All matter must be written legibly on one side of the paper or preferably typed. Sufficient postage must be enclosed for return of the Mss., if desired.

The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental.

INDIA MAGAZINE comes out on the 1st of every month.

Current Comments

SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY

The way the language issue was handled by the new Government of Ceylon makes us wonder whether we were wrong in misjudging its predecessor. True, the Kotelawala Ministry often changed its front but riots were unknown, and any citizen could pursue his avocation in peace. At least Mr. Bandaranaike could have taken a lesson or two from the incidents in India, arising as a result of linguistic division.

English could very well have remained as the official language and held the balance. Does the Government expect to maintain efficiency with Sinhalese as the sole national medium? What will happen to those regions where Tamil alone is spoken? Will Tamil be outlawed from schools also?

That the Tamil-speaking Ceylonese are not sitting with folded hands is not surprising. If you sow the wind, you reap the whirlwind. The Federal Party is already planning for the creation of an "independent State of Tamil Nad," comprising Tamil-speaking areas. It appears to us that there is every need for an immediate change of language policy and the new Government would do well to restore confidence and unity by according parity of status to Tamil also.

NEHRU'S URGE

In the course of an interesting

letter to U Nu, Pandit Nehru has spoken of his innermost urge to lay down the office of Prime Minister. The nation recalls that when, three years ago, Pandit Nehru wanted to relinquish the Prime Ministership and sit back, the Congress would not let him go.

But the general fear is that there is no second line and that none among us is competent enough to shoulder the Prime Minister's burden when Pandit Nehru chooses to retire. His work may have to be divided among ten people and even then they may not shine or impress so much.

So it seems that in the interests of the nation and the future of the country, Pandit Nehru should temporarily retire and continue to guide the Congress and the Government. He should name his successor and groom him up. His mantle may not wear very well on anybody's shoulders but Pandit Nehru must correct him whenever he falters or wavers. It was the nation's good fortune that Mahatma Gandhi singled out Pandit Nehru and designated him as his political heir. We dare say that democratic tradition and practice will not be upset if Pandit Nehru follows the Mahatma's example.

Such a procedure will also enable Pandit Nehru to have a spell of freedom and leisure for which his heart yearns.

INDIA MAGAZINE

THE MIDNIGHT INTRUDER

THE landlord was stubborn when the question of rent was broached. "I know you are very rich and respectable and may not like this small, old-fashioned house," he said to me. "But you can't get even a small portion anywhere in the city in this first post-war year, not to speak of a house like this. You will have to pay seventy-five rupees per month and three months' rent in advance. And I am not in the habit of giving any receipt. My word is as good as my bond."

"At least you could provide electric lights for the house. The rooms and the interior seem dark even in daytime," I pleaded.

"I promise you electric lights and ceiling fans when the three months are over, and your ailing mother still needs treatment in the hospital opposite," said Mr. Davey, smiling. "In that case I will spare you one of my own radio sets. A friend of mine, a hardware dealer, wants this house for a godown, and he is prepared to pay a fancy price for it. Anyhow, I shall hand over the keys to you if you pay now."

My young wife and my mother stood on the other side of the road, watching the tall white buildings of the hospital and the quiet but quick movement of the nurses and the doctors within. I stepped up to them and told them about Mr. Davey's terms. They

didn't like the idea of residing in a house without electricity but mother wanted to remain near the hospital to which she should have to go everyday for treatment of ulcers in the stomach. Both my mother and my wife signified their assent to the deal, though not wholeheartedly.

THAT very evening we had moved into Mr. Davey's house with a vanload of utensils and provisions. I had two hurricane lamps and three wall lamps which did their best to dispel the gloom. The rooms opened into one another; from the bathroom you had to go through the bedroom and the store room to reach the kitchen. We tidied up the store room and converted it into a bedroom for Mother. There were large racks in the kitchen to accommodate most of our utensils. And we kept our trunks in the two bedrooms; their contents comprising clothes, cash and jewels, we preferred to have the boxes nearer to us.

Since kerosene was strictly rationed and was sometimes unobtainable even in the black market, I blew out the lamps and hopped up to my bed. It had been a day of house-hunting, shifting of furniture, tidying and arranging, higgling. I felt thoroughly exhausted. The moment my head touched the pillow I sank into a profound sleep. I confess to a nasty habit; I snore like mighty Kumbakarna of old, whistling, moaning and roaring.

That night I must have snored at my loudest. My wife had shaken me by the shoulders and I was still impervious. I woke up with a start only when she pinched me hard on my left arm.

"WAKE UP," she almost screamed.

"Jamuna dear! What is the matter?" I asked in alarm.

"Somebody pulled at my sari," she said. "And I have been trying to wake you up these five minutes. You were only snoring the louder. For God's sake, light up one of the lamps."

I fumbled for the match-box and took it from the window sill. Soon the baby hurricane lamp

began to glow and I looked about for the intruder. I felt the bolts of the doors and found the locks had not been tampered with. I looked up at the ceiling. Made of brick and mortar, it had a neat coat of plaster and strong wooden beams to support it.

"Perhaps you were dreaming and got frightened," I remarked, laughing at my wife.

HER face turned crimson with anger. "I am positive someone touched me on the shoulder and tugged at my sari. Find out who it is before resuming your pastime," she snarled almost.

I bent low and swung the lamp below the cot. There was no one.



The wife woke up in alarm....

A Short Story By J. K. M.

"I should think it must have been Mother. Let us see whether she is awake," I ventured.

"Do I not know Ma's method and manner of touching me?" she retorted. "Well, let us find it from Ma."

By this time, Mother herself had opened the door and she slowly walked into our room. "I suddenly woke up when you two were talking. But I was hesitating to come in before you called me. Well, now you know it. There was no need to disturb you or your wife. I was myself sound asleep."

I was myself a bit rattled but disguised my feelings. "I guess it must have been some rat. There is no evidence at all that someone has intruded. It is not humanly possible. So go to sleep, both of you," I reassured them.

THE next two days passed off without any incident. My wife began to complain again that someone—probably the same person—had tugged at her sari, this time more violently. She was shuddering from head to toe and it took all my persuasive powers to calm her down. In addition to the kerosene lamps, I had equipped myself with a powerful torchlight whose rays probed every nook and corner. Jamuna was now convinced that it all was just a figment of her imagination and composed herself to sleep. Luckily, Mother did not wake up. She had had an acute attack of pain in the stomach and was administered a sleeping draught.

I lay in my bed; sleep had deserted my eyes. I was already

very uneasy and worried about Jamuna's experience. This house is certainly queer, I told myself. Suddenly, something happened to freeze my blood. From the bathroom on my right-hand side there issued strange noises. I listened carefully. The tap, which I had turned off before retiring to bed, was flowing. Someone was bathing evidently.

ARMING myself with the torchlight in one hand and a stout stick in the other, I tiptoed toward the bath-room door, flashed the rays of the torch against a gaping crevice and glued my left eye to the chink. It was an astonishing sight that I witnessed. The tap had ceased flowing but the tub had been moved under it and was half filled. The bath-room floor was wet and I saw water running through the small drain near the tap.

For the first time, the truth dawned on me that some spirit was haunting the house. I looked at my watch. It was 4 a. m. I didn't dare open the bath-room door and sprang back to my bed. I leaned against the pillows and listened. Sure enough, I heard someone walk close by me. My heart skipped a beat. It must be the gentle tread of a woman, I thought. Despite the light of the wall lamp, which I kept burning, I couldn't spot anyone or see even a shadow.

The footsteps had receded now. But, on a sudden, there were noises in the kitchen. There was a buzzing sound as of rice boiling in the pot. The next minute I could hear fried

gram being ground to paste and the vessels clanging against one another as they were being rearranged; then I heard a slight groan, a sob choking a throat, but dead silence prevailed thereafter. As the milkman on bike rang his bell, I got down to open the doors and peeped into the kitchen. There was no sign or trace of the dishes cooked by the ghostly woman. I took a vessel out and got the milk. My wife was already there to receive it from me. Mother, too, was wide awake now. The sun was stirring a new world to life, and I breathed a sigh of relief....

THE chief surgeon of the hospital informed me that morning that mother should have to remain under observation in the special ward for two or three days to enable him to decide whether an operation was necessary. And he permitted both my wife and myself to stay with the patient. But Ma wouldn't like the idea and said that Jamuna, being an expectant mother, the sight of patients, dying and struggling, would make her sick. So I took my wife back to our residence.

It was almost seven in the evening. My wife was busy cooking the meal while I was humming a tune to myself. Somebody knocked rather loudly on the front door. For a moment I was startled. Was the ghost at play again? "Is there nobody inside?" shouted a male voice. I opened the door to confront a very old, wizened gentleman with snowy wisps of hair on an otherwise bald head. Straightaway without ceremony he asked, "So you are the new

tenant? How long is it since you came here?"

"Yes, sir, I am the new tenant. Please do come in and take a chair. And what can I do for you?"

HE came in and sat down. "I happened to pass this way, young man. I was a tenant in this house for nearly two years before you came. Well, when did you arrive here? Last week?"

I nodded my head in reply. "To be exact, this is the sixth evening that I am spending under this roof," I informed him.

"I see," said the old man thoughtfully. "I suppose you have brought your womenfolk here, too. Anyone of them in the family way?"

"Your question is as abrupt as it is annoying," I retorted with sudden vehemence. "But I can well surmise there is some motive behind it. Truth to tell, I have brought my old widowed mother for treatment in the hospital opposite. She has been admitted today as an in-patient. My wife is here to keep the house and attend on Ma. She expects to have her baby in another four months."

"In that case, my dear young man, I will tell you a secret. Come out. Let us be out of earshot of your wife," he suggested in a low tone.

He moved out on to the road-side and I followed him. "I guess you are going to tell me about the ghost," I remarked, smiling. "I think it is the spirit of a young woman haunting this dwelling. I heard her footsteps early this morning in my bedroom and her move-

ments in the bathroom and the kitchen."

"Did she pull at your wife's sari?" asked the old man.

I was aghast at his question. "So your womenfolk, too, have had that experience?" I enquired in astonishment.

"TAKE my advice, young man, and listen to me. You had better vacate this cursed house tomorrow itself and spend the night in some friend's house or a hotel. This house is haunted by the ghost or spirit (whatever you may choose to call it) of a beautiful young woman who resided here three years ago. She had married a rake who did not care two pins for her and who was crazy over a society butterfly. She was hungering for his love and was eager to lead the normal life of a woman, have her own children and hear their prattle and laughter.

"One night—and there was a full moon shining—she was decked in all her finery and was awaiting the arrival of her husband. She had a big bunch of jasmine flowers adorning her plait of hair. She was like a fairy from the woods—so charming and graceful she was. Do you know what happened then? An old woman, known for her wagging tongue and tactless ways, came up and told her that her husband had run away with that worthless hussy and that her parents had set the police on their trail because she had taken a lot of their cash and jewels.

"The poor forlorn wife quietly went into the house and bolted the outer door. The next day neighbours were shocked to find her hanging from the bathroom

beam. Don't you see, she had committed suicide?"

"SHE is a most gentle and lovable ghost, I tell you," went on the old man. "But she has a fatal shortcoming. She will pull at the sari of any young married woman, and is very jealous when she sees her talking to her husband, laughing with him or sleeping. The result invariably is that no woman will be permitted to have her baby. My own daughter had four grave miscarriages, and the doctors were puzzled how a normal, healthy woman could have such trouble. Then it occurred to me that the ghost had something to do with this. She often pulled at my daughter's sari as if to ask how she could be so happy when she (the ghost) was suffering. We moved to another house in a week.

"Young man, I thank you for lending me a patient ear. When I saw lights through the window I knew that the house must be occupied, and I thought I owed it to myself to inform the new tenant of the mysterious movements here. Now, now, don't you thank me or insist on my staying for tea. Quit the house before it is too late. By the way, go near the bath-room and stand there for a few minutes at 8 p.m. Don't you see, it is a full moon shining?"

He suddenly left me gaping and breathless. My wife was still busy in the kitchen. I stealthily crept up towards the bathroom and stood close to the door, which was ajar. A most

—(Please See page 16)

INDIA MAGAZINE

A Detective Story

SIGN ON THE WALL

TO have ten rupees is one thing but to be able to spare ten rupees is quite another. The end of the month had presented that rare opportunity in my life. My position was enviable especially among the majority of my countrymen who can hardly make the two ends meet as they say. To say that I was surprised at finding this big amount to spare is to put it mildly. I was simply bewildered.

If ecstasy is the name of that state of the mind in which it is completely blank, I was experiencing it, when I made this discovery. Gradually ideas began to come. What should be done with such a big amount. Hoard it! The bed of the hearth is no safe place for a considerable sum like this. My countrymen know this place as an open secret. The robber community is very well acquainted with it. If a house does not contain a safe then they know where to look next for luck. Besides hoarding is not in fashion today. I discarded the idea.

*Open an account in the post office savings bank! No, the post office does not attract real savings. After a long period of twelve months you find a couple of annas added on to such savings. This is no way to treat our savings—the result

of hard labour and pinching sacrifices.

In the end the desire to have a burst-up got the upper hand of all others. For a long time I have been wanting to visit places, taste things and enjoy a nice picture-in short let myself go and do as fancy dictated and the purse allowed. My mind was made-up I would spend the day out and return after midnight. It would be a real pleasure hunt.

I looked at the watch; it was 8 o'clock. Sunder will be here by nine. He is perfect company. Both of us will have a grand time. My mind was already enjoying the pleasures in advance. Moments of happiness do not crawl, they simply fly. Half an hour passed as if in the twinkling of the eye and I did not know it.

TODAY even the loud noise of the 'dholak' and the loud noise of the acrobatic team from across the road did not attract me although they had been at the game for nearly half an hour. These open air performances of physical feats have always drawn my willing attention. But today they failed in their appeal. The general invitation was not enough, my mind was elsewhere.

I began to dress up. Before putting the purse in the pocket

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I wanted to enjoy the feel of this tenrupee note—this fount of happiness—I expectantly opened it. Lo and behold! the note was missing. Try as I may the purse yielded no clue to the missing note.

I was certain I had kept it in the purse with my own hands this morning. It was in it when I laid it on the table. No one had visited the room since then. In spite of this positive knowledge I looked for the note everywhere in the room. I searched for it in the pockets of my coat and trousers, in the drawers of the table, under the pillow and in all the imaginable places. The note was definitely missing. This was the only logical conclusion I could draw.

EVERY dark cloud has a silver lining, is an old saying. Like many an old saying it contains but half the truth. In order to express the truth it should read thus: 'Every dark cloud has a silver lining and the silver lining is backed by a still darker cloud.' For me this darker cloud had made its appearance with more than desirable speed. The silver lining was too short lived. I did not know what to do.

Make another search! But why waste time when it was certain that the note was not in the house? Report the matter to the police! But why bother to go to that distance if it is futile? Did I not know what such a report meant? The theft of a tenrupee note is not a serious enough theft to move their investigating machinery. Besides the first part of the investigation generally consists in having to answer one thousand and one questions of the police

official. Of course he did not say so but you leave the police station with the firm conviction that he suspects you to be knowing all about the theft and that you have only lodged the report to create some unpleasant work for him. In the end you regret the moment when you decided to go there. So what use reporting?

FOR how long did I contemplate in this way, I do not know. But when I took notice of my surroundings I found Sunder smiling in his inimitable way and observing me with his half closed eyes.

"Meditating, eh!" he chuckled.

"Stunned," I said, "by the loss of a tenrupee note. Actually I have been robbed within half an hour.

Treating it as a joke, he continued, "If the theft of a tenrupee note can create a state of mind in which one can become oblivious of the acrobatic feats, the loud thumping of the dholak and the equally loud incantations just across the road, then the problem of meditation is solved. All one has to do is to be robbed of a tenrupee note at intervals to achieve proficiency in this art."

"Jokes aside," I said, "our programme for today is gone to the winds. Come in and see for yourself if you disbelieve me. Lifting up the purse from the table I continued, this is the purse which contained a tenrupee note half an hour ago and which is missing now. Do not say that some one might have come in the room or that I might have forgotten it elsewhere. Because with the exception of

myself no one has entered the room within this period, nor is there a possibility of forgetting."

PERHAPS the earnestness of my expression made him serious. He asked, "How can you be so positive about the thing?"

"I am positive," I said, "because at eight o'clock this morning I put the note in the purse and laid it on the table. At eight-thirty I found the purse empty. And you are the only person to visit me this morning. This is the story in brief."

"Although I am tempted to see the acrobats at work, specially a tiny boy is superb at rope walking and rope climbing but then the loss of ten rupees is a serious matter. Allow me to observe the room minutely, maybe I may be of some help to you. Before you go out please tell me if you find anything disturbed, anything unusual in this room."

"Nothing appears to be disturbed. I have a place for every thing," I continued, "and the least change." With these words I left the room. He placed the chair in the middle of the room and made himself comfortable in it.

While Sunder was thus engaged in his observation I remembered that he enjoyed the reputation of being a detective among his friends. We often called him the Sherlock Holmes of India. He had not made detection his profession but in an amateur way he had helped many poor people whenever such an opportunity presented itself. Whenever a rich man's case was brought to his notice he had

declined on one plea or another. Among friends he made no secret of it. He said, the rich can afford the services of professional detectives and the police. No one is interested in the small cases of the poor. He never made a claim beyond the fact that he was keenly interested in observation. Although these thoughts came unconsciously to the mind but I became conscious of a feeling of assurance that the note was already in my possession. I might have persisted in these reflections but he broke the silence.

Pointing in the direction of the electric switch over the table he asked, "Did you ever notice that sign on the wall before?"

FOR the first time in my life I had seen that mark next to the switch. It appeared to be the mark of a small toe. It was new. It was fresh. And I told him so.

Sunder looked from the table to the switch and from the switch to the open ventilator above as if trying to judge whether these points were in a straight line. Without saying a word he rose from his seat in which he had taken a full round and was now facing the table once again, and left the room. I followed. He went directly to the acrobats. Firmly but gently he caught hold of the hand of a tiny boy who had just climbed down a rope hanging from a bamboo and led him away from the crowd. He whispered something into the boy's ear. The boy turned pale, took out something from his pocket and gave him.

(Please See page 16)

KAMALA'S

MARRIAGE

THE arrangements for Kamala's marriage were proceeding apace and all were jubilant but the bride-to-be. Two old women, Alamu and Bhavani, who were grinding corn to flour, were joking at the expense of Kamala, who was sitting nearby, sad and forlorn.

"Don't you talk to Kamala in the usual flippant vein from tomorrow," Alamu warned Bhavani. "The moment she marries Nana Rao, the rich fruit merchant of the city, she becomes a grandmother."

Bhavani laughed, "Who is flippant, I say, yourself or myself? That is carrying a cruel joke too far. Anyway, what is the point in it?" she asked, innocently enough.

"Ask Kamala herself, if you want to know," retorted Alamu. "Remember, Nana Rao is worth ten lakhs though he is on the wrong side of fifty. He owns two houses and a big car and supplies the best fruits to all the shops. His first son, Vitoba, is married and has two daughters. His other son, Shankar, is a widower like his father. How stupid of me to be digressing. Nana Rao's second wife

automatically becomes grandmother of Vitoba's children, don't you see?"

Kamala herself couldn't help giggling at the old hag's good-humoured chaff.

"I wish you wouldn't say anything to upset our dear little Kamala here. I should think she is lucky to marry this money-bag. What if he is nearing sixty? Take Viswam, the retired engineer, who has settled down in our village. He took a second wife at sixty and has three sons now. They say he still has strong teeth," said Bhavani with an all-knowing air.

"WELL, Nana Rao has gold teeth, one, two, three," remarked Alamu, pausing in the midst of her grinding and holding up three fingers. "I saw them gleaming in the morning sunshine when he was chatting with Kamala's foster father. One thing, however, I would say to Kamala. She may not have fully realised the truth. When she was just a baby of two years, both her parents died, and Shyama Rao has brought her up all these years. If he had had money and jewels to offer as dowry, he

would have chosen a fine young man as the bridegroom. But you know the story behind the present negotiations?"

"Come on, out with the facts, Alamu! Being in charge of the kitchen, I shall serve you any number of sweets tomorrow, during the feast," promised Bhavani with a titter.

"WE all know that in the whole village of Ramapuram there is no girl as witty or as beautiful as Kamala. She is also somewhat educated; she has studied up to the last class in the village elementary school. You are aware that Nana Rao is a distant relative of Shyama Rao. When he heard of our

Kamala's accomplishments, through some friend, he was eager to marry her. We all were surprised when the fruit merchant came last week and straightaway asked for Kamala's hand. The foster parents naturally hesitated, considering the fact that he was very old. Moreover, they had no money for celebrating the marriage, even supposing that no dowry need be paid. But these objections were overcome when Nana Rao promised to defray all the expenses of the marriage and claimed no dowry. Having spent all the money that he had brought, he sent an urgent message yesterday to his sons for more money."



Kamala and the old groom-to-be....

KAMALA, who was carefully listening to this account, suddenly interrupted: "But what prompted my parents to refuse the offer of the local teacher, Devaji, to marry me, at his own cost, in a simple ceremony?"

The two women were simply flabbergasted at this sudden question. "So your heart is not in this arrangement, you poor girl?" they exclaimed aloud.

The young woman began to sob and hot tears coursed down her cheeks. "Grandma Alamu and Grandma Bhavani, please stop joking. The fruit merchant may be very rich but he must be much older than even you think. Father was whispering to that effect to Mother, thinking that I was asleep. But they seem to be hypnotised by his wealth and status."

Alamu and Bhavani exchanged significant glances. The former put her left arm round Kamala's shoulders and consoled her as best as she could. "Kamala dear, there is no use moaning on the eve of your marriage. God has decreed your fate and that is that. I know that young hearts will beat better together. Anyhow, your parents did not think much of Devaji's offer but were unaware of the wound that was being caused to you. You must give them credit for their honest intention and selfless devotion to you. Don't forget that you are growing fast. You are well past twenty and girls in our village must be married off in their early teens, you know. Shyama Rao was almost panic-

ky, I would say, before he met Nana Rau."

The young woman relapsed into grim silence, unable to refute the points raised. She wiped her face with the tail-end of her sari but her eyes still shone with unshed tears.

Bhavani suddenly turned to her work-mate with a question.

"You haven't told us, Alamu, when Nana Rau's first wife died and what her ailment was."

Alamu scratched her head and stared. "Your query floors me, Bhavani," she admitted. "I think she died of a prolonged illness. I don't know exactly."

"But I do know what she died of," said Kamala quietly, to the utter astonishment of her elderly companions.

"Won't you tell us, dear?" begged the old woman.

"That is a secret that Devaji told me last night in the temple but I won't take you into my confidence," flared the young woman, getting up. "Go on, mind your business. I am going to my room for a nap now. By this time tomorrow, you will have plenty to talk about, I suppose."

AND off she went and shut herself in her room.

"The cheek of this wretched lass!" Alamu shouted almost, grinding her teeth in anger. "She has been betrothed to this old man since Monday last, and tomorrow they will be married. But last night she was seen talk-

ing to Devaji, according to her own confession. She thinks nobody knows about her secret meetings. Why, Bhavani, I saw them two talking behind the huge peepul tree in the moonlight, though I couldn't hear them properly. I was dying to tell you about it since this morning. Devaji was in the city for a year or two and I think he knows the fruit merchant."

"What would Nana Rau think about it all if he came to hear about this meeting?" asked Bhavani.

"And suppose they run away tonight?" hazarded Alamu. "We will be baulked of a good feast, don't you think?"

"THERE is another possibility that makes me shiver. Why does this girl shut herself up in her room? The whole village will be shocked and rocked if she does something desperate," feared Alamu.

"If everything goes off well and we are enabled to partake of the feast, I will offer a coconut to Lord Ganesh, to be sure," added Bhavani.

But the apprehensions of the two women proved baseless. The next morning the entire village woke up to the beat of the drum and the melody of the pipe and all paths led to the bride's house. Many of the elderly inhabitants in Ramapuram were fond of Kamala, as if she was their own daughter. She was so lively, pretty, well-behaved and helpful to one and all. They were curious also to see the old magnate who had volunteered to foot the bill for all the expenses incurred in connection with the marriage.

In the crowded *pandal*, as the purohitis lit the sacred fire and began to chant *mantras*, preliminary to the tying of the marital knot, Nana Rao got up to the surprise of all and called for Shyama Rao. "I am not marrying. Cancel the arrangements, please. Your girl is not sound of mind."

THE latter looked very agitated and flurried. "How dare you back out like this, sir, and humiliate me?" asked the girl's father. "It is impossible to call off the wedding. There is only half an hour to go, and then you become man and wife. But you are making a monstrous accusation. Do you want me to believe it?"

Nana Rao pointed to the bride. "Well, my friend, don't think I am trying to fool you or throw dust in your eyes. I have been observing Kamala since this morning. She has been behaving in a very queer and disconcerting manner, I tell you. She laughs to herself. And what is worse, she tears at her hair and the silk sari we have bought for her."

"What if she appears to be a bit playful? Shall I take the girl in and warn her to behave herself?" asked Shyama Rao.

"It is no use. She betrays unmistakeable signs of lunacy. Don't you know, Shyama, I had a hell of a time controlling my wife who went stark mad and robbed me of all my mental peace for twenty years. This morning only, I noticed that your daughter has streaks of that madness which I have known so well. I beg of you to release me from my obligations and run back home. I shall compensate

you to any extent for the loss of prestige that you may suffer if the wedding is cancelled. You are welcome even to beat me, sir, but under no circumstances will I marry a girl who has a kink in her brain. I don't mind having spent some money and I shall gladly give you any amount you want. That's final. Please lead me out."

THE news spread like wild fire among the invitees that the wedding was off. The elders of the village looked stupefied for a few minutes but then sprang into action. They first called on the purohita to stay on until further orders and held hurried consultations with Shyama Rao. It was at this moment that Devaji appeared on the scene as if from nowhere, and all eyes were turned on him. "Devaji," commanded the oldest man of the village, "we have all been looking for you. Nana Rau has decided not to marry Kamala, our sweet little belle, and his loss will be your gain. We all know how eager you were to marry her. No more fuss, please. I request all the guests to remain and bless the couple. Long live Devaji and Kamala."

Meanwhile, Nana Rau had slipped out unobserved and walked alone towards the station three miles off. Among the womenfolk of the village Bhavani and Alamu were most appalled at this turn of events. They felt sure that Kamala, having learnt from Devaji about the ailment of Nana Rau's wife, must have put on a little acting to convince the old man that she was mad. "She is a veritable witch, I tell you," asserted

Bhavani. "She has carried out the threat she uttered yesterday. But we will be having the feast, all the same. I will pinch a cocoanut from the store-room and offer it to Lord Ganesh!"

—Continued from page 11

As he laid a crumpled bit of paper in my hand it unfolded itself and assumed the shape of a ten-rupee note.

Anticipating the question on my lips he said, "Of course it was that tiny rascal who took away your note. While coming here I had noticed his dexterity in climbing and I wondered at the various possibilities to which this skill could be put to use. His very small size, the open ventilator and that sign on the wall—the tiny toe mark confirmed my suspicion. And we will not hand him over to the police because we do not want him to be a confirmed thief. This timely warning is quite enough for him. He is at an impressionable age, I bet he will never do it again." * *

—Continued from page 8

welcome smell of jasmine flowers assailed my nostrils and almost overwhelmed me. I knew full well that my wife was not wearing any flowers that evening. Nor was there any jasmine within smelling distance.

In another ten minutes, I led my wife out of the haunted house and spent the night in the special ward in the hospital. The very next day, I met Mr. Davey and gave him notice that I was quitting the house before evening. * *

Short Story

WOMEN WHO HATED MEN!

By

H. GORDON GREEN

THERE were four of them, school teachers all. We shall forget their real names for the moment and call them Mary, Marielle, Mary Belle and Miss Mary Ann. And reading from left to right, their ages at the time under review would be approximately 25, 30, 35 and 40.

The lives of all these admirable women were so closely bound together that no story could be written about any one of them without making full mention of the others. In the first place, they lived together in a little white cottage Miss Mary Ann had purchased two years ago when the new consolidated school had been built. They planted many flowers, had the best lawn in town, shopped in the city for classical records,

had the grocer stock such unheard of things as anchovies and maple butter, and had a parlour graced by a grand piano, a canary, and a sure enough oriental rug.

But what the villagers remarked most about the place was not how lovely it was but how loveless. Because its occupants made no apology for their quiet conviction that for ladies who appreciated the finer things of life, men were not only uninteresting, but terrible nuisances. And they had neither the time nor the inclination for nuisances.

MARY was the youngest and best looking of those who had refuge in the ark of safety—not that her good looks caused her much trouble, however, because

The cottage in which the four women teachers were living together was lovely but alas! it was loveless because they hated the very sight of men. Among them Mary was undoubtedly the prettiest and she rightly resented the colossal cheek and nerve of the psychology professor when he claimed to cure neurotic women. Mary went out with him just to snub him and show him the place where he belonged. But strange were the developments that followed...

she was so terribly intellectual that to most of the village swains she was positively frightening.

ONE of the village sons who had been away for some years drove up in his car one afternoon in the late May to take his first look at the school which had been built in his absence, and while he was roaming around he suddenly saw Mary alone in the laboratory.

"Oh, hello there," he said. "My father has been telling me about you. You're the new science teacher here, I believe. McKendrick's my name. Rod McKendrick."

The ease and sureness of the man as he stood there in his tractor-tread tweeds, smiling down at her, made Mary detest him. Being a teacher, she had to be at least slightly polite, especially when her visitor happened to be the son of the board chairman, so she said, warily, "Yes, I teach science here."

"I'm a bit of a teacher myself," he said glancing at the papers she was marking.

"Oh?"

"At the university."

Now wasn't that just like a man? He would have to let her know that he was just a bit higher and mightier than she was, wouldn't he? "Interesting," she said.

"Science teacher at that," he went on. "Psychology."

She drew a heavy line across the page in front of her. "Psy-

chology," she repeated as if she could just barely remember ever hearing the word. "Is that really a science? Funny, I had the vague idea it was a sort of post-graduate course in astrology."

He pulled a pipe from his pocket and lit it. "Psychology, young lady," he said, "is the science which, among lesser matters, is concerned with the cause and cure of neurotic women."

What a perfectly insane sense of humour the man had!

He flicked his match neatly into her waste-paper basket. "And women are all more or less neurotic, you know."

After they had been arguing for half an hour and the debate was getting spirited enough to make Mary's face unusually pretty, he said: "By the way, tomorrow night the Pavilion opens over at the lake. Suppose we go? If you don't like the music, we'll at least have a more congenial place to finish this argument."

It took her a second to make sure that she had heard right. The preposterous nerve of the man! One moment he was cockily doing his utmost to make her feel ridiculous, and the next he had the incredible brass to ask her for a dance date!

SHE was going to say no, of course. Shout it. But then she got to thinking that here was a man who was such a perfect example of everything she detested in men, that perhaps the mere cold shoulder of his first

casual proposal would be letting him off too easily. Why not lead the man on a bit? Let him blow himself up a little more with his smug, quiet conceit and then spin her heel on him! Psychologist, was he? Specialist in neurotic women! Knew just how to handle her, no doubt! O. K., she'd see about that!

So she said, "Why, yes, Mr. McKendrick. I wouldn't mind."

AT dinner that night, the others did mind. Miss Mary Ann spoke first, and in the reserved manner of a woman who had at long last acclimated herself to the high, cool calm of reason. "Seems slightly frivolous though, doesn't it?"

Mary Belle said, "Why, Mary, I thought you had a perfect contempt for men!"

Marielle had thought Mary positively hated them.

Mary said: "You know very well that I have no more liking for men than any of you, and that goes double for any man as conceited as Rod McKendrick. No indeed, girls, I have no intention whatsoever of laying down my sword and shield, but you must agree that there are two ways of doing battle. One can simply wall oneself away from the foe, as we seem to do most of the time here, or one can sally forth and do battle beyond the gates."

The Lakeside Pavilion was beautiful that night. A three-quarter moon was climbing slowly out of the pines on the other side of the water, and the breeze that floated over with it was full of frog-song and spring blossom.

The music of the orchestra, too, blended with the beauty of the night.

And he led along beautifully. True, she had very little experience to guide her, but she was instinctively certain that the signals were glowing more brightly all the time. She recognized them in the closeness with which he swung her though the dances, in the way he persisted in finding her cheek and in the little flatteries he kept murmuring in her ear. Strangely enough, he didn't argue at all.

And all at once Mary found herself wondering just how far she ought to go with this. She had been out with men before, but she had never gone out with one who was quite this mature. And certainly not with a specialist in neurotic women.

So she began to tremble a bit, and it was right in the middle of one of her trembly moments that he suddenly squeezed her very tight and tried to kiss her. He very nearly succeeded.

The attempt was so unexpected that it completely disorganized her. She did, however, manage to drag him off the floor and to say, acidly, "Will you have the decency to take me home now?"

HIS eyes wrinkled as if he didn't know whether to be amused or perplexed. "O. K.," he said. "Let's go."

All the way home she kept thinking of the lecture she would throw at him when she could trust her voice not to shake, but it seemed ridiculously hard to get started! If only she had

slapped his face back there on the dance floor! But she was sure that he would try again, and then she would let into him. Just as soon as he tried to park!

BUT the car kept on going and the road kept steadily coming up to them from the tunnel, their lights carved out of the dark. "You're such a hard one to figure out," he said. "Whatever made you afraid of men?"

"Afraid of them? They just don't interest me, that's all."

"Disappointed in love once?"

She wouldn't answer.

"Aha," he smiled. "So I was right."

Something between anger and triumph flashed in her eyes. "I was never in love, professor. Never, do you understand?"

"Well," he said, "there's a reason somewhere."

"There are hundreds of them, professor."

"Think of one."

"I could think of my mother," she told him, "and her shackful of children and a grocery bill that was never paid and a husband who came home drunk every Saturday night."

She paused, somewhat startled by her own vehemence. "That was bad," he sympathized.

She went on, with more restraint: "Then I can think of the life we're all living up at the cottage now, with no men to clutter up our minds. Do I begin to make sense, professor?"

He sobered. "But is it logical, Mary, to condemn the whole male half of the world because of one man you knew to be a bad one? And are you really sure that these female colleagues of yours are any happier than the women who marry and keep them supplied with pupils?"

"Take my word for it, we're all disappointingly happy."

"Because you stay free from love, Mary? Or in spite of it?"

She gave up the duel and watched his face brighten and fade as the street lights went by. Not a bad-looking fellow actually, but fearfully conceited.

"You don't argue any more, professor. That's because I'm neurotic. I suppose? Or perhaps I'm incurable."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he said. "I don't think your trouble is incurable. At least our venerable ancestors, the cavemen, didn't think so." And then he laughed.

SHE was furious. The colossal nerve of this man! Well, just let him try any caveman stuff on her and he'd soon see how good a cure it was!

The car began to slow down. She tensed like a cat, didn't take her eyes off him for a second. Oh, that knowing half-smile of his!

The car swung to the side and pulled to a stop. But they sat there while the clock in the dashboard ticked on and on. Odd, but she couldn't escape the feeling that he was waiting for her to make the first move.

"Would you like to hear some music before we call it a day?" he asked, poising his finger over a radio button.

"I want to go home. Right now!" she snapped.

"But you are home, Mary."

And so they were. She had been too busy watching him to notice. And as she got out of the car, she thought that never, in all her life, had she felt so foolish. Come to think of it, though, the whole evening had been foolish.

BUT she didn't admit that to the girls, and they were all waiting up for her.

"Well," said Miss Mary Ann, looking up from her book. "How fared our happy warrior who sallied beyond the gates tonight?"

Mary Belle was knitting furiously. "This McKendrick is quite the lady's man, so I've been hearing."

Marielle wasn't so clever at professing only a casual interest.

"Oh, Mary, we just couldn't go to sleep until you got back tonight. Tell us about it, won't you? Was he—did he—did you have an interesting time?"

"I'm quite sure Mr. McKendrick found me most unromantic," Mary declared.

But the girls had waited up half the night and they wanted more news than that. "But did you find the man at all—well, interesting?" Marielle stammered.

"I'm not sure just how you would classify a man who tries to kiss you the first night," she said. And when she said that she couldn't help but wonder whether her strange feeling of pride came from her ability to withstand attack, or from her success at provoking it.

"But, Mary!" Marielle gasped. "You didn't—"

"No, I didn't let him," Mary said. "And I never will and I'm sure Mr. McKendrick is now aware of the fact! Now, girls, shouldn't we all turn in?"

When Rod called with his car on Friday and suggested that the countryside was a gorgeous place for a drive right then, she said no so quickly that he blinked. She said no to the next week, too. "In a car," she explained, "the potential of a potential caveman is just too potential. And besides, I wouldn't be interested anyhow."

"Still stubborn and still afraid to be honest," he said, but he didn't coax.

And so that's the way it was with them until the day Rod came back from the city one afternoon in a little red two-seater plane which he landed in a field just outside the village. "Rented it for a week to limber up my wings a bit," he explained to the schoolboys who rushed out after 4 to see him.

NEXT day he was at the lab door, his eyes wrinkling with fun again. "How about a little excursion into the wild blue yonder this evening?" he asked.

"Certainly not," Mary said.

He sat down on the edge of her desk and closed the book she was studying. "Ever been up?"

"Never."

"Imagine that!" he said. "You've been teaching these kids the theory of flight for years, and you've never known anything about it except what you've read in books. Now I'm asking you, teacher, is that logical?"

She tried to open her book again, but his hand held it shut. "You'd like to go," he said. "Don't tell me you wouldn't."

SO at last she gave in, and Rod took her up above the clouds. And when Mary looked out into the new country of dazzling cloud peaks; when she saw the pink and yellow valleys running through a fairyland of down, with the cool blue sea of the sky beyond, she changed somehow. Something like poetry swelled up inside her.

She remembered that she wasn't alone in this new country; she looked across at the man beside her, saw the strong, clean lines of his face, the confident look in his eyes, the easy way he held the controls. Cocksure, yes. But that part of him seemed more acceptable now. Even comforting.

He started to talk above the roar of the engine. "Ever heard of a pilot's licence?"

She didn't understand.

"A pilot's licence, my darling, always gives him the right to kiss a beautiful passenger."

He put his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close. "Let's be sensible for once, shall we?"

But enough of the old belligerence came back to her to make her wrench away. "No!" she cried. "No!"

"You're in a poor position to argue," he smiled, and he gave the stick a flick and the plane abruptly poked its nose downward with a rude little jerk that made her grab him for support. "Give in?"

Her anger brought courage with it. I can take anything he can, she decided. I'll show him I can. So she yelled, "No, Mr. Caveman! A thousand times, no!"

He pulled the plane up steeply, throttled the motor down, and when it began to shiver with indecision, he kicked the rudder over hard and down they went. Down, down, spinning till the bottom of the clouds was high on their tail and the figures of earth came whirling out of a haze at them like pieces of a nightmare. Mary closed her eyes while Rod slowly pulled the plane level again.

"Well?"

SHE hesitated. "It wasn't so terrible. No worse than a mid-way."

"Oh, well, I wanted to start in easy. Let's try something better now."

She grabbed his arm. "Don't!" she begged. "Please don't!"

He put his arm about her again.

"YOU'RE a brute," she cried, and she tried to make it sound bitter, but when he took her in both his arms and pressed her head close and found her reluctant lips, all the bitterness suddenly drained out of her and so did her reluctance.

When he finally gave her up to straighten out the plane, she was more confused than she had ever been in her life. She tried her conscientious best to be furious, but half of her anger seemed to be mixed in with a strange, wild singing that wouldn't quite be smothered. What had happened to her logic! And what would the girls say now!

He shouldn't have done that to me, she thought. I'll never be the same any more.

But when they bumped back on the field again, all she could say was: "I resent your victory very much, Mr. McKendrick. I should think you would be ashamed of yourself."

They got out and began walking towards town. "I would be ashamed if I thought you really did resent it," he said.

"But I did resent it!"

He stopped. "O. K. then," he said seriously. "You win. No more coaxing. No more compelling. But you don't want it that way. I know you don't."

He looked at her so steadily, she found her eyes avoiding his. He said: "Tomorrow night, I'll be waiting here with the plane again. For you. Understand?"

"I'll not be here," she said, starting away.

He caught up with her, took her chin in his hand and made her

look at him. "Just in case you do some honest thinking about it between now and then, I'll be waiting anyhow," he said.

Next day Mary kept telling herself over and over that she wasn't going. Absolutely not. But she just couldn't keep her eyes from looking up through the windows of her classroom to the beckoning blue of the sky, and she couldn't help but live again that shining moment when he had held her in his arms up there in that little plane and the whole earth had drifted from them like last year's dream.

It had been the one bright moment of her life, and finally, after that afternoon, when she was alone in the lab again, she began to admit it. O. K., then, she told herself, so it was wonderful. I did like it. I do want him. But how much? How much am I willing to give up?

Then she thought of the girls, and the orderly, independent, predictable lives which were theirs. But were they really happy?

As she went home to help prepare the dinner, she thought she'd like to ask them about that.

MARIELLE dragged her into the pantry the minute she got into the house. "Oh, Mary!" she whispered, "I've been trying all day to get you alone, and we were all away to the play last night when you got in. Tell me. About last night."

Mary remembered that she was honest now. "He kissed me," she said.

Marielle slid limply on to a stool. "Oh, I'm so glad for

you, Mary! I mean, if you really want it that way. I mean, he does seem different from other men, doesn't he? Only you'll not tell the others what I've just said, will you?"

Strangely enough, Mary wasn't as surprised at Marielle's admission as she might have been.

Mary Belle was alone in the living-room when Mary went in to tell her that supper was ready. "Well, well," she said, looking roguishly over her knitting. "So the hateful man lured you into the clouds last night, did he?"

"It was wonderful," Mary said. "I'm thinking of going again tonight."

THE needles froze together. Mary Belle got up and discreetly closed the door, and an expression came into her face that Mary had never seen there before. "So you're in love," she murmured. "You're in love. You, too!" She put a hand over her eyes. "Well," she went on in a moment, "at least it's with a man who has the right to love. I wasn't so fortunate."

Mary couldn't believe it. "You?... Was he a— a married man?"

Mary Belle tried to laugh. "You would have found out sooner or later. And if you're surprised at me, what must you think of Miss Mary Ann? She left her husband!"

Mary sat down to get her breath. "Her too!" she gasped.

But when she was capable of being logical again, Mary thought that Miss Mary Ann

was precisely the person she must speak to now.

Miss Mary Ann was alone in her room, reading, and she was so absorbed in her book that she didn't at first notice Mary. "Oh! What a fright you gave me!" she said, quickly shoving her book under her cushion.

But she didn't get the book out of sight quite soon enough, and Mary recognized it at once.

IT was the kind of love novel that lady teachers always confiscate whenever they get the chance!

"Did you want something?" Miss Mary Ann asked.

"I just wanted to say that dinner was ready," Mary said. But Mary didn't wait for her dinner that night.—(Copyright)



TEACHER (to Advocate, his old pupil): "I see, you have not changed much Gopal, since you left school. Is it not the same coat you are wearing?"

Short Story

Day of Celebration

By

DONNA ASHWORTH

A SOFT June wind stirred the white ruffled curtains, touched gently the pink roses in the green bowl on the coffee table and danced lightly on over to where Janet McGill sat at a walnut desk. She looked up with a sigh. It was 4 o'clock. Janet sealed the last of the envelopes containing bills, with which she had enclosed cheques.

There were still too many bills for which she had no

her purse. She would mail them on the way to dinner.

It was her 24th birthday and she and Roger were going dining and dancing at Lakeside. They shouldn't, she knew, but it was Roger's extravagant, happy idea. They had agreed he wouldn't buy her a present this birthday—the budget was in such a sadly lagging state; so the dinner was to be a very special occasion.

The path of love after marriage is even less smooth than before! When the husband allows money to flow like water, spends more than he earns, the wife is apt to resent any birthday gift to her. This is Janet's bitter experience when Roger presents to his wife a costly necklace. And things go awry when he goes in for a new car and she insists on buying a house...

money, and she looked worriedly at the meagre balance in the cheque book. It seemed as if she and Roger were never going to get ahead, and have the little white house she had dreamed about. A place with laughing children playing about the doorstep. She dropped the cheque book with the unpaid bills into a desk drawer on top of her dwindling savings certificates, and put the stamped envelopes in

SHE began to dress. It was 60 miles to the lakeside resort where they were going and she would be ready and out of the way for Roger. Her bath left her refreshed and bright with anticipation. She manicured her nails and tinted them a soft rose shade, put on her sheerest hose, her new white sandals, the cocoa-brown non-crushable linen dress which made her amber eyes just a little darker; and

brushed her black hair until it gleamed, swirling it up in front so that she could pin a cluster of artificial cherries at the side for a dash of colour.

Roger would be hot when he came in from work, she thought, and if she hurried she could have something cold for him to drink. The apartment kitchen was shining and clean.

"Hi, darling," Roger came breezing in before she finished and stood in the doorway looking at her. "All ready for your birthday party?"

"YES." She flashed him a smile and felt warm and glowing at the love which shone in his brown eyes. "It's quite a drive out to Lakeside and I thought I'd not keep us waiting."

"Swell." His happy voice filled the tiny kitchen. "And a drink to my taste! What a wonderful wife! Here, lovely." He tossed her a small package.

"Roger, you promised," she caught the package.

"I know." He sat down at the breakfast table, picked up the glass, and began to drink. "But I couldn't let my darling's birthday go by without a birthday present."

She knew the small box meant jewellery and her knees went wobbly as she opened it. Startled, she viewed the beauty of the necklace inside.

"Oh, darling, you shouldn't!"

"Like it? I thought it looked like you. See. He turned the pendant over. It's got a name on the back of it."

"Yes, I know."

Her voice sounded thin; not bubbling and happy like it should. She knew that name only too well, a high-priced name. It was such an extravagantly beautiful gift that she wanted to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him and tell him how much she loved him for it, but he had promised not to get her anything, and her suppressed anger at his recklessness checked her loving impulse.

"I had to write a cheque for it," he said. "I bought it at Gleasons, and you know we have no account there. I didn't have enough money with me to take care of it."

"It's beautiful." She moved over to the mirror beside the door and fastened it about her throat. "I'll look like Mrs. Millionaire."

"You always look like Mrs. Millionaire to me."

THAT was the trouble with them, she thought wearily. Roger always acted as if they were millionaires. Even now that he was successful in selling real estate, the commission on each new sale was ready to be spent before he got it. He never seemed to remember the long days and weeks between sales when they had to go on living, and that the small steady salary he received would not stretch. Now she thought of the meagre bank balance. She knew there was not enough left to cover the cheque for the necklace if she mailed the cheque she had in her purse.

"I'm making the Carson deal," Roger went on cheerfully. "And I told Hartley today that I thought I wanted the new car when I got my commission."

He talked on in his always cheerful, enthusiastic voice apparently unaware of her lack of enthusiasm.

"Surprise number two, darling. We're taking guests with us to celebrate your birthday."

"GUESTS?" A cold little chill ran down her spine. They couldn't afford to take guests to a place like Lakeside.

"Yes, Herb and Brenda. I met Herb downtown and he was complaining as usual. I told him to come along with us and get in a good humour. You don't mind, honey?"

"No." She swallowed something that seemed to come into her throat. "Maybe we'll have a better time with them along."

"I thought you'd feel that way. I'll get ready."

While he was dressing, she started to read the evening paper, but her mind kept going back to the cheque Roger had written for the necklace. She'd have to do something about it.

Roger couldn't get out of the habit of running bills, while she paid cash for everything. He had a bill at the drug store, at several men's furnishings stores, sports stores, bills for gasoline and tyres for the car. She tried to keep things paid up, but this month there had been his insurance, hers, the car insurance extra and a dental bill, a payment on a new watch he'd

bought when his old one had stopped keeping exact time. He'd bought a new suit, too, but the cheque for that was in her purse. She could hold the cheques a little longer, or she could cash her savings certificates—all that was left of her inheritance. Every few months she had cashed some to cover the deficit in their living. They had been a reserve for emergency, for illness. There was 500 left, and she had determined to keep that.

"Ready, chicken?" He came out of the bedroom, looking like a fashion advertisement of what the correctly dressed young man should wear.

"Soon as I put on my lipstick."

She added the lipstick and a bit more rouge. The necklace shone richly against her dress. There was one more thing. Happiness was something you put on and buttoned up about you like a cloak—when you weren't very happy. When you were, it shone from the inside. But tonight there wasn't any smile in her eyes and she buttoned on her happiness cloak as she started towards the door.

Roger talked as he drove reciting the events of the day with eagerness. Life was wonderful to Roger, Janet thought. He never worried.

THEY picked up Herb and Brenda. Herb was a salesman at a men's ready-to-wear store and Brenda was secretary at the Wilson implement plant. When they got into the car, neither seemed to be in good humour.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," Brenda volunteered after they had started down the avenue, "but it's a busy time at the office, and I was late getting away."

"Brenda thinks the place can't run without her," Herb said. "She stays till the last dog dies."

"After all, a job is a job," Brenda snapped back.

"Well, at the store, when I get through."

"People who are through at the tick of the clock never get anywhere."

Janet laughed a little. "See my necklace that Roger gave me for my birthday."

Brenda looked at it enviously.

"Roger has good taste. I do well if I can get Herb to remember my birthday. He is always about a month behind with it, until I remind—"

"SEE that little house over yonder," Roger interrupted. "It's the best little buy in the country. They want \$1,000 down and the people will move out in 30 days. I just got it on my list today."

Janet looked at it in the midst of the smooth green lawn. It was a doll of a house, not too big, not too little, white with green shutters, a stoop in front with a red rose climbing over it, and a screened-in porch at the end. It was on a wide shady street, and children were seen here and there. It was what she had dreamed about.

But they didn't have any thousand dollars. She began to figure mentally. If she went back to work and saved all her salary, in six or eight months she would have enough to make the down payment on a house. This one would be gone, but there would be others.

The tables at Lakeside were on a terrace overlooking the lake. From the dining-room the music of the orchestra drifted out. The fried-chicken dinner was delicious. Even Brenda and Herb were in a more mellow mood. Everything seemed right until Roger said: "Herb, I'm getting a new car. I've made that Carson deal, and with the commission I'm going to trade in the old car. They won't give me much for the old one but that commission will make a pretty big payment."

Brenda stared at him. "I thought Janet said you were going to make a down payment on a house with your next big commission."

Roger laughed. "That's Janet's idea, not mine. We're as comfortable as two bugs in a rug where we are. Some day when prices come down and we can get something we really want—but now the kind we want is just out of the question."

"I liked that little white one, Roger." Janet's eyes pleaded across the table. "The one you said you just got on your list today. With your commission..."

"NO, darling. That's a swell house for somebody else. But not us. Besides, the old car is falling down. Some day, sweet."

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heart," he said, and patted her hand on the table, "when we get some real cash ahead."

SHE took her hand from the table and as she put it in her lap, touched her purse. Then she knew.

"Excuse me a minute," she said, and standing, threaded her way through the crowded tables into the dining-room, to the cashier."

"Is there a mail box around here?" she asked, as her fingers fumbled for the envelopes inside her purse. Following the direction given her, she dropped the envelopes with the cheques enclosed through the slot. Roger would hate her when he found out. But maybe it would make him see that they couldn't go on forever spending more than he was making. The cheque for the necklace would have time to clear, but the cheques for the rent, telephone, his new suit, his new hat and so on would all come back because there would be no money to pay them.

She was not going to take the money from her savings account to help pay the bills; this time she was not going to back up Roger's extravagance. She had done that for the last time. Roger would have to grow up and face the consequences of his impulsiveness.

She went back to Herb and Brenda and Roger—all laughing as they talked.

"I forgot to mail some cheques," she said as she sat down.

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The cheques would reach the right people, then in a few days they would be returned to them, and the people to whom they had been sent would call Roger or write him letters.

It happened, just as she had known it would, and Roger came dashing home one day at lunch time, white-lipped and angry.

"What's the matter with our bank account?" he asked. "Martin's called me at the office this morning. The cheque for the rent was turned down. The clothing store called. The cheque for my new suit came back! I told them there was a mistake, I'd straighten it out."

"I guess there wasn't enough money," Janet said, and went on putting lunch on the table. "I was afraid this would happen."

"You knew," he accused her with sudden understanding. "The other night at Lakeside you mailed the cheques, knowing that after I'd written the Gleason cheque there wasn't enough money to cover them."

"YES." She set the coffee pot down and faced him. "The cheques were written and in the envelopes when you came home. You promised not to buy me a gift, and then you not only got one, but a terribly extravagant one—one you knew we couldn't afford. I guess instead of a car you'll have to take your commission on the Carson deal and get your bills paid."

"You don't want me to get that new car," he shouted at her, and he had never done that in his life. "It's your way of

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keeping me from it. You want a house."

Her voice broke with the sudden rush of emotion that filled her.

"We don't need a new car. You just want it so you can show off. And I do want a house. When I saw that little white house the other night, I could have cried. If we'd saved money like I wanted to, we'd have had almost enough to buy it."

"Janet, listen—"

SHE did not stop, her words only came faster. "If we had \$1,000 we could have that little house. I hate this hit-and-miss way we live, and when you talked of buying a new car with your commission from the Carson deal I thought I couldn't bear it."

"I'm not going to be stuck with payments on a house I don't want, paying taxes and repairs—and drive an old rattle-trap car, and—"

"You'll be stuck with payments on a car you do want and I'll be stuck in an apartment without the children I have a right to have," she said.

She couldn't bear the sight of the stunned, stricken look on Roger's face, and her stomach was a piece of quivering jelly as she started to walk towards the door. But by the time she reached it, she was running, brushing past him, though the living-room, into the corridor, down the stairs, and out to the street.

"Janet," she heard him call after her, but she didn't stop, only went faster and faster.

Later, when she knew he had gone, she went back to the apartment. She washed her tears-wollen eyes and hurriedly brushed out the tangle in her dark hair. As she dressed she kept looking at the necklace lying on her dressing table. She hunted out a pair of dark glasses and added lipstick to her dry lips. Then she picked up the necklace and pressed it lovingly against her cheek until the stones left little shadows in her skin. Fighting back the sudden wetness in her eyes, she hurried to the desk and took out the savings certificates. If she hurried she could get them cashed and the money in the bank before it closed, and finish up the other things she had in her mind to do.

By 4 o'clock she was back home again. She telephoned Roger.

"He's gone home," the girl said, and he walked in the door just as Janet put the telephone back in the cradle.

ALL the happiness was gone out of him. His eyes were dull, his face was haggard. She couldn't get to him fast enough and she couldn't see for her tears as she went across the living-room to meet him. His arms caught her, and she buried her face against his new suit. Back in the little recesses of his mind was the thought that the suit was paid for—it was all Roger's now—because that was one of the things she'd done that afternoon.

She lifted her face to his, and the tears in her heart flooded her eyes.

"Oh, Roger, darling, will you ever forgive me?"

He bent down to her lips quickly, and held her lips closer.

"Don't cry, baby," he soothed softly, and lifting her up in his arms, carried her over to the big chair. There, he tilted her face to his, as he tried to brush away the tears that kept overflowing.

"Oh, Roger, I love you so...."

HE smoothed back her hair, crooning sounds that weren't words, but somehow had meaning.

"And I hurt you."

"You made me realize what a bull-headed fool I've been."

She stroked his cheek with her hand as she swallowed her sobs. "The savings certificates, Roger—I cashed them all, and I've paid all the bills we owe this afternoon. Everything. And I put the money in the bank to cover the cheques and told the people to put them back in."

"Hush, darling."

"I can't." She sniffled. "I've got to tell you—the house isn't important—not as long as I have you. I can live here and be happy, if you love me. I could live anywhere with you. I just thought the house was the important thing. When I saw your face at noon, I knew nothing made any difference to me except

you. And you gave me the beautiful necklace because you loved me so much; then I turned around and acted so awful." She clung to him wildly. "Oh Roger, why don't you hate me?"

"You made me see a lot of things, honey girl." The little lights began to spring to life in his eyes and he smiled down at her. "And I couldn't bear the look on your face, either—when I wanted you to be happy, and knew that the house and baby were so important to you, I did some fast work myself. I closed the Carson deal and signed a contract for that house you want. I told Hartley I'd wait about the car, that I was buying a house instead."

"Oh, Roger—"

HE smiled down into her eyes and she was happy with the love she saw was shining in his. "I'll probably always get us into financial jams, honey. I won't mean to, but I will, but if you'll keep on loving me—"

She melted into his arms, and knew in that moment that she would never have to button on her happiness as if it were an outer garment for the world to see. She knew now that it was growing from within, blossoming forth so that she could not conceal it if she would. Roger had showed her how much he loved her. And she knew now that not her birthday but today was a day for celebration, because only now had they both begun to live.—(Copyright)

KEYS FOR PALACES

By
SAMUEL KREECE

—"That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity."

—MILTON.

FROM the pictured key on a 21st birthday card to the ruins of Pompeii seems a long stretch of the imagination, yet the key has held a high place in the mind of man through many centuries.

Always people have sought security for their treasures, and safety and privacy for their person.

Prior to metal fastenings, tent dwellers used cords; the Gordian

knot is a complicated example, it could not be untied.

Sealing was another form of security.

Amongst Royalty a notable key-lover was King Louis XVI of France, who used to be greeted as "Vulcan."

King Henry VIII of England had a lock to the room where he slept fastened to its door, and this lock always travelled with him.

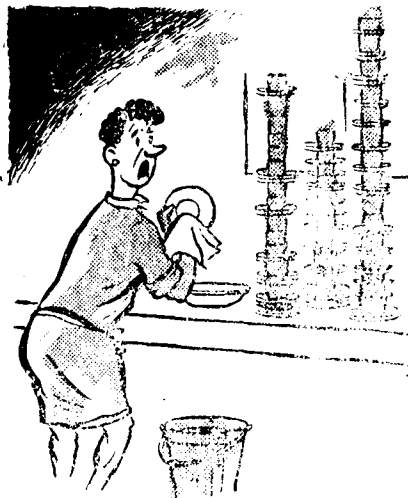
In Archaeological discoveries it has been noticed that there are more keys found than locks, which would indicate that the locks were of wood which had perished, and the keys of metal which remained.

Homer says, in his *Odyssey*, that Penelope took a very crooked brass key hafted with ivory, to open a wardrobe.

They were known before the siege of Troy.

The earliest locks were not fixed, like our present-day padlocks, linked with chains and staples, and fixed to a door post.

Some ancient keys which have been found in ruins were of bronze, others of iron.



HOTEL CLEANER: "Hey, somebody hold the cups here. I want to sneeze!"

The Pompeii example shows traces of a lock which remained on the door of a marble tomb.

During the 17th century, in France, security was found in elaborate devices of the locksmith's art, the spring bolts did not make it necessary for the key to turn right round in the lock. Often the keyhole would be hidden in a secret movable knob, known only to the owner.

A key has, for centuries, been a symbol! A Jewish Rabbi is presented with a key to represent that in future it will be his duty to unlock the sacred truth to his people.

The crossed keys of St. Peter are another symbol. Also, a favourite Catholic prayer book is called "The Key of Heaven."

Omar Khayyam sings out plaintively:

"There was a door to which I found no key."

A scriptural reference runs: "Woe unto you lawyers for ye took away the key of knowledge."

In folklore keys were used as a talisman to prevent the entry of witches into houses, and gypsy women used to hold a key when telling fortune.

The letter-lock is a type which has lettered rings that may be independently rotated by the fingers to a set combination selected by the owner.

In a play of 1615 called "The Noble Gentleman," these words occur:

"With a strange lock that opens with Amen."

It explains the fact that such locks were used at that period.

The first Time-lock was patented in 1851 by a bank agent named William Rutherford of Jedborough in Scotland. This lock needs a key to open it after a given period of time; modern time-locks are now, however, far more elaborately devised.

In America it was a James Sargent of Rochester, New York, who made the first modern time-lock in 1865. The great need arose when burglars tried to force bank officials to disclose the safe lock combination, or to give up their keys.

America is indebted to Linus Yale who was born in 1797, for much progress in lock making; both he and his son made very ingenious bank locks.

The Yale Key, with which they unlock modern doors, embodies the principle of the ancient Egyptian pin lock.

Had he lived in ancient days, there might have been a hieroglyphic sign "Linus Yale, locksmith to the great Pharaoh."

Thus it goes on, Man always seeking security, until the Time-Lock opens and Eternity lies wide before our wondering gaze, as we become cognizant of Life's ultimate combination!

HOW SELFISH

ARE WOMEN?

DID you ever find yourself stumbling over the puppy and swearing under your breath before you bothered to see whether he was hurt? Did you ever have a friend visiting you on a wet, muddy day and find that you were looking at your freshly waxed floors before you thought of her comfort?

If you did, you are normal. Your unconscious mind made you feel that way. For it is a primitive selfish instinct which looks out for your welfare. It is deeply concerned with having you well-fed, well-rested and happy. Actually, it is your best friend.

But in a civilized society this instinct for self-preservation cannot reign freely. For there must be other considerations. There must be concern for husband, children, friends and their welfare. That is why the "selfish" instincts are relegated to the background, to the unconscious, while the conscious mind acts in a socially acceptable and likeable manner.

There are times, however, when your defence is down and when you are showing your true self. This may happen while you are sleeping or while you are awake. Psychiatrists tell us that the thoughts which come into our mind at these times are most revealing. They show the tune, naked self and

give valuable clues to your personality. That is why dreams are important for they often reveal unconscious wishes frankly and unmistakably.

That is also why first reactions are so helpful to anybody who wants to understand personality. These first reactions are "YOU," with your guards down, you in the most primitive, honest, direct way imaginable. Often these glimpses at the real "you" may not be pleasant and leave you with a vague feeling of guilt, desire to deny that you felt as you did. Then you may begin to worry: Should you have felt as selfish as you did? Should you have been more concerned with your own safety rather than that of your husband and children?

Below are listed 10 typical situations all of us have met or may meet at any time. This test aims to chart some of your spontaneous, unrehearsed, honest-to-goodness FIRST reactions. It is not at all concerned with how you *should* react, it merely wants to know how, in all likelihood, you *would* react. Your spontaneous reactions will reveal a great deal about your personality and thus serve as a valuable guide to self-understanding. Try to be honest as you check your first reaction—for if you are not you are only

cheating yourself. Then score yourself and see how you compare to others:

1. You and your husband have planned a long-needed holiday. Just as you are about to leave, word comes that your husband's partner has had a stroke and you cannot go. Is your first reaction:

(a) Annoyance at the delay?

(b) Concern about the partner? (Be honest, now).

2. You have been warning your youngster to keep away from the hot stove. He disobeys your orders, however, and promptly burns himself. Your first reaction!

(a) There, that ought to teach him?

(b) I hope he didn't get hurt too badly?

3. You are driving in the country with your husband. Suddenly you discover that he has lost the way. Your first reaction:

(a) To get annoyed with your husband? or (b) To laugh it off as a gay adventure.

4. Your favourite necklace has disappeared. Your first reaction is to

(a) Blame the cleaning woman for taking it? or

(b) Try and figure out where you could have left it?

5. You have made a date with a friend. She keeps you waiting. When she finally turns up your reaction is:

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(a) Anger because she is late?

(b) Relief that she is all right?

6. The children are playing in the living-room. Suddenly you hear a crash. Your first reaction:

(a) There goes the new vase?

(b) Hope nobody got hurt?

7. Your husband brings you flowers unexpectedly. Your first reaction:

(a) He must have a bad conscience?

(b) How nice of him?

8. You have been planning an evening out with your husband. Early in the afternoon he calls to tell you that the date is off and that he will have to work late that night. Your first reaction:

(a) We never have any fun?

(b) Poor soul, I bet he is disappointed, too?

9. Your child's teacher stops you on the street to tell you that your child is giving her a lot of trouble. Your first reaction:

(a) Wait till I get home and tell Junior? or

(b) What can I do to help my child?

10. You see an old acquaintance on the street and call a greeting. She acts as if she did not hear you. Your first reaction:

(a) Isn't she nasty?

(b) Maybe she didn't hear me?

Now score yourself. Remember, only spontaneous, first reactions count, not what you think you *should* be saying and feeling.

If you scored 10 a's, you have a strong selfish streak in you. Your first reactions are always concerned with what is good for you. Emotionally you are still rather infantile, wrapped up in your own needs. If you are to lead a happy well-rounded life you will have to make an extra strong effort to overcome these tendencies. And you'll have to think twice before you act on them. Since you have these strong self-protective drives, you will have to think carefully before you follow your impulses. There is nothing basically wrong with feeling as you do, but watch your step before you act on these feelings. They might lead to all kinds of unpleasant arguments and scenes.

If you scored five a's and five b's you are well-balanced and probably have little trouble stifling a happy medium between your interests and those of others. You should have

little trouble being a good wife and mother.

If you scored 10 b's chances are you were not completely honest in writing down first reactions. But if that's how you felt, really and truly, you will have to watch yourself. You don't seem to like yourself enough. Every one of your first reactions deals with the needs of others, not your own, as if you didn't matter. This self-denial is not healthy, in the long run. Try giving more thought and consideration to your own needs and your own comfort and you'll be happier and more relaxed. * *

—By E. THROPE

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PARTED

He :—" What a daring bicyclist that Miss Dashley must be ! I hear that when out riding the other day she went right over a cow lying on the road."

She :—" Yes, Miss Dashley went over, but the bicycle remained on the other side."

WARM RIVER IN WINTRY OCEAN!

THERE is a river in the Atlantic Ocean. Unlike the rivers of the land, its banks and its invisible mile-deep bottom are of cold water, but the river itself is warm—80 degrees Fahrenheit for its first 400 miles. In all the earth there is no other flow of water so majestic. None is so long or so strong as this, the Gulf Stream.

Picture a warm-water river, 40 and more miles wide, with its source in the Gulf of Mexico and its mouth in the Arctic. Think of it pouring into the ocean the discharge of ten thousand Rivers Thames.

Think of it flowing—more rapidly than the majestic Amazon—over 6,000 miles of cold ocean and bringing warmth and life to lands in the Arctic Circle that otherwise would have been as bleak as Greenland.

Imagination Staggers

A steam-heating plant of similar proportions would stagger the imagination. Yet this one is a working reality.

Far up in northern Norway—well within the Arctic Circle—

the port of Hammerfest feels it. All winter-long the harbour remains open. Fishermen come and go. But Riga, 800 miles south, is icebound the whole winter through, writes E. Griffiths in a Glasgow journal.

The amount of heat stored in the Gulf Stream is inconceivable. Britain has, it is estimated, enough coal for some 2500 years. Pile it all together for one massive conflagration.

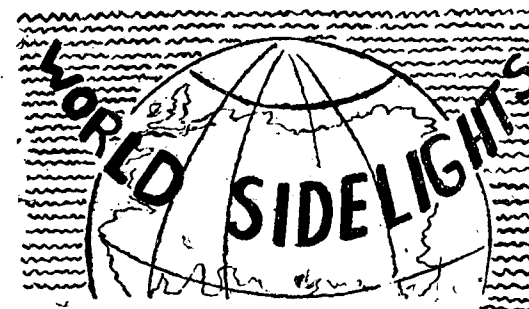
Throw in the entire reserves of oil and natural gas in America. Together they would not produce the amount of heat energy carried

by the Gulf Stream in a single year!

Blue and Transparent

Yet this ocean heating plant has been in operation for millions of years. Ever since the ridge of Panama rose from the sea, shutting the Gulf Stream out of the Pacific and diverting it to the Atlantic, the current has blessed the lands of north-western Europe.

People living within sight of the north-eastern reaches of the great warm current didn't sus-



pect the role it played in their lives until long after Ponce de Leon made it part of the known New World. In 1513, the aged Spaniard went looking for the Fountain of Youth. He discovered Florida instead and sailed away a disappointed man.

It was then he ran into the current. Indigo blue, transparent, the Stream was of such force that he found his ships wouldn't stem it, despite a strong northerly wind.

Slowly, in the two and a half centuries that followed, American sea captains got acquainted with the Stream. New England traders found by hard experience why it sometimes took them three or four weeks to sail from Boston to Charleston, whereas they could often make it back within a week.

Professional Secret !

But mostly, seamen and their captains kept the knowledge to themselves. The Gulf Stream was a professional secret.

About 1770, the Lords of the Treasury in London received from America a puzzling communication. It stated that for reasons unknown, English packets sailing from Falmouth to New York were regularly two weeks longer crossing the ocean than the common Rhode Island merchant ships sailing from London to Providence.

Benjamin Franklin, called in to consult, was as puzzled as the rest. Just to check, he went to see a Nantucket whaling captain he knew.

To Franklin's amazement, the captain stoutly held the story to be true. The Gulf Stream, he said, was the reason for the delay. He himself had often seen the packets labouring in the current and had advised them to get out of it. But the English, he said, were "too wise to be counselled by simple American fishermen." With the result that the misguided mariners often lost 80 miles a day.

"What a pity," Franklin said, "that no notice is taken of the current on the charts!" And he got the captain to mark the Gulf Stream for him and had it printed on map.

Discovery

Great was the boon to sailing vessels when they came to understand the current. Not only did they learn to stay out of it when sailing from Europe to America, but here was a river of summer heat in a midwinter sea! A captain whose bows were ice covered need only to steer for the Stream and in a little while the crippling ice would disappear.

Clearly, the head of this marvellous warm river was where the Gulf of Mexico narrowed to form the channel between the Florida Keys and Cuba. For here the current was all of 95 miles wide, and, from surface to river bed, a mile deep.

In the true sense, the Gulf Stream is not a river at all. Instead of widening its channel from head to mouth, as rivers do, the Stream narrows seaward. Instead of deepening as it goes on, it grows shallower.

Mad Rush

Actually, it is but one section of a vast circulatory system that goes clockwise round and round the North Atlantic Ocean. The Gulf Stream only seems to have a starting place. It seems so because, at that point, two combined currents piled high by strong winds between the narrow Yucatan Channel and the Gulf of Mexico respond to the force of gravity.

Actually, the sea level in the Gulf is higher than in the Atlantic. The united currents rush madly downhill and, streaming out at the rate of 60 to 100 miles a day, pour into the open Atlantic.

So clearly does its colour set it off—especially on the western side—that the path of the Stream can easily be traced for long distances.

Through the Straits of Florida, it speeds at about four knots.

On the eastern side it is hard to define the Stream's limits. Now the waters of the Antilles current have come to join the Stream and the two are proceeding as one.

Clashing Currents

The direction is changing, too. The rotation of the earth is exerting its force. Also, the easterly trend of the coastline draws the current more to the east.

The speed is down, too, as it rolls on northward to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the great shock of the

cold southerly flowing Labrador current awaits it. Here the warm blue stream stands clearly out against the cold green of the Labrador current.

Even the air cannot remain indifferent to this clash of warmth with Arctic cold. A dense fog bank—one of the densest in the world—forms over the region of the Labrador current. It lies above the sea—thick, white, and impenetrable.

At the Banks, the Stream turns sharply east. Its mad rush has turned to a slow drift flowing along with the westerly winds. Straight across the Atlantic it flows. It fans out north into the Norwegian sea, where, forming eddies and vortices, it seems finally to lose itself in the reaches of the Arctic.

From time to time it is suggested that the Gulf Stream be made to work for all U.S.A.'s Eastern States as it does for Florida, to which it gives a marvellous summer climate in the depths of winter.

"Leave It Alone"

Some think that by building a jetty eastwards across the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to keep the cold water of the Labrador current away, the Stream could be made to swing in closer to the continent.

In 1912 the American Congress was actually asked to appropriate money for such a project. But it is just as well they refused, for bringing the Gulf Stream closer to the American continent wouldn't appreciably affect the climate, for in winter the pre-

falling winds blowing from land to the sea would deprive the land of the warm air circulating above the Stream.

Scientists the world over say: "Leave the Gulf Stream alone—it does quite enough as it is."

PRAYER IS UNIVERSAL

One day almost 2,000 years ago a weary and hungry multitude, stranded in the hills east of the Galilean lake, gazed intently upon a luminous figure Who had healed many of their number during a long, exciting day. They saw Him take five loaves and two fishes, lift His eyes to heaven, and bless the food before it was distributed to them.

Ever since that day devout Christians, following the example of Jesus, have said grace before meals—although in recent years the custom has lapsed somewhat because so many meals are eaten in restaurants away from home.

The origin of such table prayers—of all prayers, in fact—goes back to antiquity; on a crude level they are not unknown among primitive peoples today, who pray to animals, to the dead, and to natural objects.

Thus Bering Straits Eskimos pray to the skulls of racoons for rain.

Sometimes the prayer is joined with a threat. Thus the Zulu lays down an ultimatum to his ancestral ghost: "Help, or I'll feed you on nettles."

On a still lower level the Australian bushman, addressing

himself to a dead human hand, threatens to throw it to the dogs unless help is forthcoming.

A south European peasant may scold the saint who remains deaf to his entreaties, and any number of more enlightened people are likely to attach a condition to their prayers: If God grants their request, they promise to do so and so, writes Christopher Matthew in the *Milwaukee Journal*.

The direct opposite of this bargain type of prayer is the one commended by Plato: "Father Zeus, grant us good, whether we pray for it or not: and avert us from evil, though we pray for it."

With Heads Covered

While the works of the great thinkers of Greece and Rome contain noble supplications that often approach the Old Testament in dignity, the spiritual meaning and even the physical attitudes and postures of prayer were developed among the Hebrews.

The Jew might stand, sit, kneel, or prostrate himself upon the earth while praying. He usually prayed with his head covered. So did the Romans later on. But the Greeks of the classical age bared their heads to the deity.

In this respect Christians usually follow the rule laid down by St. Paul, that every man uncover his head, but every woman remain covered. The commonest praying gesture among Christians is to fold the hands.

The Jewish custom of praying at the third, sixth, and ninth

hours was taken over by early Christians, who in time added another period, roughly corresponding to midnight. In the monasteries these four periods were eventually extended to the seven canonical hours of prayer and worship.

The Jewish prayer hours were also taken over by Mohammedans and extended to five. Every faithful follower of the Prophet hearkens to the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of the Arab world and prostrates himself in the direction of Mecca five times daily to praise Allah.

The Hindu Lead

To this day Jews employ certain mechanical prayer-aids like phylacteries and shawls according to directions given in the books of Moses.

Mohammedans have beautifully woven rugs on which they kneel while praying.

The custom of keeping track of the number of prayers by little balls or stones was first observed among the Hindus.

The rosary first appeared in the Western Church at the time of the Crusades. It is a string of beads with five decades, each consisting of a large bead and ten small ones, with a crucifix at the end.

Most Unusual

The most unusual of all prayer-aids is the wheel or revolving cylinder of the Buddhists of Tibet. It comes in all sizes and is inscribed with any number of prayers, each of which is just the single

sentence. "Om Mani padme hum." (The jewel in the lotus. Amen).

The Buddhist faithful keep on turning their prayer-wheels as they walk, in the belief that each turn is the equivalent of a spoken prayer. Prayers are considered just as efficacious if the wheel, usually a large one, is turned by windmills or water-wheels.

Prayer And Efficacy

Concerning the efficacy of prayers, there are views, none of them mutually exclusive. Some hold that God miraculously intervenes to change the course of events in answering prayer. Others believe that events follow their normal course, but that they have been eternally preordained in view of prayer. Still others believe that the chief benefit of prayer is to learn the will of God and so to school oneself that one gladly accepts it.

Prayers range all the way from the first lisps of young children or the wordless cries of anguished souls to the stately music of the collects in the Book of the Common Prayer.

Of all religious rites or practices, the most universal is prayer.

GAVE HER TEETH

FOR LOVE!

The handsome, middle-aged dentist arrived at his surgery in Farnkfurt, Germany, to find beautiful, blonde and buxom Anna Coteliese waiting for him—just as she'd been waiting

every morning for the past five weeks.

During that time the girl, a twenty-year-old art student, had called on the dental surgeon twice daily, complaining of toothache, nerve pains and aching gums.

The dentist had told her that he could find nothing wrong with her teeth—but she had insisted upon treatment. She had received about thirty fillings to her teeth—fourteen of which had been afterwards extracted.

When he firmly refused to treat her further, she broke down and, through a torrent of tears, confessed that she was so much in love with him that she had pretended to have toothache in order to be near him. Taking pity on the girl who had given her teeth in the cause of love, the dentist made her his receptionist.

Trainee's Zeal

This story was told recently at a Vienna conference of Continental dental surgeons, who were even more amazed by the story told them by a delegate from Oslo. The Norwegian had a young trainee, Carl Iverstsen, who was extraordinarily keen to succeed as a dentist.

One day, while his master was taking time off for a meal, the young apprentice lured the dentist's ten-year-old son into the surgery chair. By the time the boss returned from his lunch the tooth-happy trainee had removed eight of the boy's teeth—all of which were sound.

The delegate from Rotterdam, Holland, told a story against himself. At the end of a very busy day he was about to "shut shop" when he found a nervous little man seated in the waiting-room.

Invited to enter the surgery, the man timidly held back, pointing to his mouth and trying to explain something. But he stuttered so much that the dentist could not understand him. Overcoming the man's reluctance, the surgeon urged him into the chair and after examining the man's mouth, took out two of his front teeth.

Instead of appearing grateful, however, the patient shook his fist and grew very red in the face with anger.

Eventually, he calmed down and, with pencil and paper, explained that he was a workman there to do the *plumbing*!

SPINSTERS' REVOLT

It was recently reported that the 20 lonely bachelors in the isolated mountain village of Vera, in Norway, had corresponded with Dutch girls, and that a number of the young ladies had actually visited Vera to meet their prospective husbands.

Now the few remaining unattached girls in the village threaten to leave the district if the bachelors continue to look for wives from afar. As there are more bachelors than girls the men say there is nothing else they can do.

Even before the Dutch girls' visit, many of the young girls decided to leave Vera, where there are no cinemas, no dance halls, no electric lights, and no roads. The nearest general store is 20 miles distant, the nearest doctor 40.

In an endeavour to provide some recreational facilities, the chairman of Vera's Young People's Association, Mr. Magne Haldorsen, trying to raise money for the construction of a community centre. He says he hopes to get some of it from the Netherlands.

Yet even if the plan materialises, who will partner the bachelors of Vera at the first dance to be held there?

Perhaps the female partners, will come from Holland. Dutch girls are still writing to Vera in response to the bachelors' S.O.S. and packing their bags!

GHOSTLY DRAMA

Strange, unaccountable manifestations have been occurring at night in the empty Theatre Royal, Margate, Kent, where the famous Victorian actress, Sarah Thorne, used to run an academy.

Some years ago a grey-clad phantom, believed to be the spirit of the great actress, was seen by several people. Now Mr. Bob Harwell, the caretaker, has been twice called from his home to put out the lights in the theatre. The first call was just before one a.m.

Mr. Harwell switched out the lights, locked up, and went

home. Three-quarters of an hour later the police knocked at his door saying that they had again found the theatre doors unlocked and the lights blazing. Once more Mr. Harwell did the necessary, but half an hour later the policeman on the beat found, for the third time, the theatre doors open and the lights switched on.

Mysterious

All the exit doors of the theatre, with one exception, lock from the inside. The caretaker's practice is to secure all these other doors, then lock the remaining door from the outside and put the solitary key to it in his pocket. That is where it was on the night he was called out.

There have been other unexplained phenomena at the theatre recently. Mr. Anthony Davis, a member of a visiting company which was playing at the theatre, twice saw a door open and close automatically to allow him free passage. On each occasion there was no one but himself near the doorway.

A gas heater in the foyer has also played inexplicable tricks. Mr. Howard Lee, assistant manager of the theatre, who always turns the heater off at night, has four times found it burning next morning.

CRAZE FOR

MOUSTACHES!

Moustaches are becoming so popular among young Americans that some barbers are equipping themselves with fake

moustaches to show customers which kind would suit them best.

It was found that many young men had begun cultivating moustaches only to find they had chosen the wrong type. One aspirant to a French-style moustache paid the barber £2 for the use of a false moustache for a couple of evenings.

He tried it out at his club and it was heartily approved. Then he went to meet his fiancée, still wearing it. She was horrified.

"You'll never persuade me to kiss you while you're wearing one of those face-funguses!" she cried. So he's decided to remain cleanshaven—for the present.

Some barbers say that the handlebar moustache is losing popularity in Britain and that we may see a return to the once-popular waxed and curled varieties in 1956.

Cause Of Divorce

But—let's face it, men!—women, generally, are less fond of men's moustaches than they were in the days of good Queen Bess when pretty maidens feel for a good-looking man with a well-kept moustache and a trim beard.

One annoyed American wife got a divorce some time ago because her husband grew a moustache that neither suited him nor her. "It's like a prickly, stiff hard-brush," she said. "We're always quarrell-

ing about it," according to "Tit-Bits."

Another young married woman living in London says: "A man with a moustache has no charm and no sex appeal. If it's very luxurious you can hardly hear what he's saying and it makes him very vain. And, from a girl's point of view, a moustache often makes kissing impossible."

Here's what a hairdresser says about moustaches: "A small, smooth one marks a mild and unimaginative nature. A closely clipped one is often a sign of conceit. A waxed and pointed moustache betrays a quick and impulsive temperament, and the heavy, shaggy one a dull indifference."

Barristers were for years prohibited from wearing moustaches. In 1890 a famous Queen's Counsel was ordered by a judge to shave off his moustache, which was a very fine specimen.

TALL STOR(E)Y!

UNIQUE in houses must be the home of Mrs. M. Lilly, of California (U.S.), for it stands 250 feet high, but consists of only one room.

Her home is the interior of a giant redwood tree in which, some 300 years ago, a forest fire burnt out a cavity measuring 21 ft. x 27 ft. and 50 ft. high. And it is this cavity that Mrs. Lilly has turned to her advantage. Design and decoration have converted the "hollow" into an exceedingly snug and comfortable room. (See page 48)



OUTSIDE, the snow was pelting at his broad window-panes and scurrying so thickly over the lawn and among the shrubbery that he could scarcely see down the broad driveway to the avenue. Somehow the chill of it all seemed to strike in upon the reverie of Bill Dawes, and to cool the fervid dream that he had been unconsciously indulging. Impatiently he closed the double blinds, shutting out the wintry prospect which had cast its gloom upon those bright fancies. Then he drew a huge leather chair up near the blazing gas logs, and there, in the great, dim library, the man who had risen to his position of enormous command through the sheer doggedness of his will, deliberately summoned the mental pictures which had given him so much anxiety and doubt.

He had shut himself in for an evening with some important papers, but now they lay strewn upon his table, neglected for this other interest which had come upon his virile middle age with a force that had swept him off his feet.

The second Mrs. Dawes! He recoiled at the phrase, as if he

had startled himself by speaking it aloud. Why there should be something almost unsavoury in the expression, something that smote him guiltily, he could not tell, but he strove to cast from his mind that form of words. As Beatrice Lane the world knew her. For three years her beauty and grace, and that indefinable charm which makes for the successful principals in musical plays a lasting place, had been the sensation of Broadway. She was clever of speech, and witty, too, as Dawes had found when he was introduced to her; and then, after that chance meeting, had begun the round of gay suppers and other more or less affairs which had bewildered and captivated the stern man of business.

FROM what he had heard of the theatre, he had been surprised to find that Beatrice, and many of her like, kept themselves within certain rigid bounds. There were never fewer than four in her parties. She lived with her mother. No indiscretion could be charged against her.

It was a new world to Bill Dawes, and he brightened under it, even as he thrilled under the

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fascination of Beatrice Lane. The intoxication that would have fitted better with his youth came upon him now, and of nights he became a notable figure among that idle class known as "men about town," admiring their wit, their gaiety, even their very flippancy and pessimism. Had he but known it, he was a lion among them—not in the sense of fame, but in the sense of ability and strength—and they were jackals; but he never awoke to this.

AS he sat in the dim library, with no light but the blue flame of the gas logs, he went back over the enchanted days when first her beauty and vivacity had cast a thrall upon him. But no man may wholly control his fancy; and presently, by that wonderful necromancy with which the imagination thrusts back the walls of our environment, he found himself wandering into other scenes.

He seemed to be in a huge dining hall, where great, ugly imitation marble columns broke up the vista into a bewildering mass of flower-decked tables, and brilliantly dressed women, and polished men in creaseless black and white. He recognized the place, by its ceiling of stucco and garish fresco, by its walls of gaudy gilt. It was the dining hall of one of the expensive hotels at which he had stopped, and across the table from him she sat—the second Mrs. Dawes.

The somberness that had of late sat upon his face deepened. He had been trying to keep himself from mental criticism

of her, but it would not be stayed. There was no impriety that could be urged against her; she had been as circumspect as could be desired; but somehow he felt it to be her fault that she attracted so much attention. He had grown uncomfortable under the constant craning of necks that attended them. It seemed to him that it had been better for her to dress and act in a manner to tone down her striking beauty, so that it should be less startlingly apparent. Instead, she still used every artifice to enhance her lure. She was just a shade too gaudy, and the very thing that had so attracted him in the beginning, and that now attracted so many other men, called forth his present disapproval.

HER cleverness and her sparkle wore on him, too. Suddenly it had come to seem frothy, except that in her wit there appeared always to be a sting, nowadays. Her flippancy, too, jarred upon him a trifle, including, as it did, a disregard, if not an undervaluation, of nearly everything he held of serious worth. The riches he had been able to shower upon her she took as her right, with no regard for the blood that it had cost him, for the energy he had put into the building up of his fortune, for the ability and the prowess that its possession bespoke. There came a sudden clutch at his heart as the faint suggestion crept into his mind, only to be thrust back again with all his panic-stricken will, that possibly he might have made a mistake!

As he sat, at last overtaken by the dawn of a distressing knowledge that he had fought off for so long, his wandering glance rested for a moment upon a woman who was dining alone at a table, on the other side of one of the big columns. Her back was turned partly towards him, so that he could see her profile. Jean! He was startled almost out of his control, but he was not a man whose nerves could be shaken for long.

SEEING that Beatrice, to whose chatter he had been unresponsive, was now looking out through the window into the street, he watched by stealth the woman who had toiled and saved and helped him in every way possible when they were struggling from the obscurity in which they had wedded. She was dressed neatly, even richly—for he had settled an ample income upon her when he had forced her to put him away—but she was dressed most modestly, too, so that she would scarcely attract passing attention. The striking things about her, as he observed her narrowly now, were the quiet repression and the gentle dignity that were in every line of her poise, and in every movement that she made.

Suddenly the scales fell from his sight. He had always—and especially in these later years, after he had begun to meet the women who cultivate their lure—thought of her as plain; but now he looked at her with new eyes. There was the beauty in her regular features that

men in their inmost hearts reverently worship—the beauty of honour and purity and goodness. He remembered now, with a clearer understanding, that she had always, whenever he had introduced her, been treated with a respect and deference which had been very gratifying to him, but which, in his conceit and arrogance, he had taken as a tribute to himself, assuming that she received homage because she was his wife. Oh, he had been blind, blind!

He did not stop to wonder what she was doing here—that was her affair; but whatever business it was that had brought her to this hotel, he knew it was entirely commendable. For a moment a pang of jealousy shot over him as he wondered who now were her friends, but he dismissed the thought at once, with the knowledge that to think it were base. He knew, with a sense of unworthiness, that no other could supplant him in her loyal heart.

ANOTHER possibility suddenly made him uneasy, and as they neared the end of their dinner he became more distraught. He had become a coward. He did not wish Jean to see him with—Beatrice. He wished to time matters so that they should leave before she had finished, and he had thought that he was about to succeed; but destiny, which does so many strange things, willed otherwise, and as they went towards the door he met her face to face.

She did not see him until she drew quite close. Then, in the

surprised instant that followed, their gaze met, and from her eyes there leaped, thrilling him through and through, the light that can never burn in any woman's eyes but once; and that light he answered with a message of his own which sprang from his heart unbidden, which he could not check. She loved him—loved him still, in spite of all that had passed! She would always love him, and to his shame and misery he found that she loved her, too—that she was still the wife to whom God had joined him, no matter how the laws of man had permitted him to profane that sacred bond.

An almost uncontrollable impulse bade him hold out his arms to her with a cry of anguish; but the repression that needs must be came upon them both, and, with a cold nod, they passed on as strangers, hers to be the pain of bitter memory, but his to be the anguish of shame.

The chill of the wintry storm without seemed to strike closer upon him, even through the closed blinds of his library windows,

"WHY, Bill, I did not know that you were here!" exclaimed a voice behind him—a voice with a trace of wistfulness in it. "I hope I am not disturbing you."

"Jean!" he cried, and springing to his feet, he clasped her tightly in his arms.

She clung to him instantly. He remembered, even in this ecstatic moment, that she had always done so, responding

gladly to his lightest touch; but now her face beamed up at him happily, all its wistfulness vanished.

"Indeed I'm here!" he went on, with an exultant note in his voice. "It's too stormy to go out, Jean, and we'll have a long home evening together—just you and I, here by ourselves in the library."

THANK God it was she! Thank God he had not taken the rash step which tonight, for the first time in his life, he had acknowledged to himself as a possibility. Thank God it was all but a reverie, a warning to him of the hideous thing that might have been!

—(Copyright)

—(Continued from page 44)

LURING THE COWS

Foot-weary cattlemen in Canada and elsewhere can take heart in a new car horn designed to take the walking out of rounding up cows. It sounds like a lovesick Aberdeen-Angus.

The horn was developed by live-stock men who had noted the success hunters have in luring moose by imitating the animals' mating call.

Dr. E. Carlson, federal district veterinary surgeon, says the new mechanical call "works like a charm." "I don't know whether it has sex appeal or what," he adds, "but the cows seem to fall for it every time."

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DURING a Paris dinner-party a French actor was introduced to an English lady. He bent over her hand and kissed it. "Don't you think," said the lady, "that this business of kissing hands is a trifle outmoded?"

"Not at all," replied Guitry; "after all, one must start somewhere."

* * *

SHOCKED

A gentleman strolling through a village one evening, saw two quaint-looking old ladies hovering near a public house. "Poor old things," he remarked to himself, "they're doubtless trying to work up courage to go in and drink."

He sneaked up close to the pair and listened. "Come on, Nellie," one pleaded. "Let's go in."

"No," the other replied, "let's skip this one!"

* * *

PLENTY OF TIME

"Oh, we've got plenty of time, dear—I told my husband I'd only be a minute!"

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THE husband told the judge "I came home and there was my wife in the arms of a strange man."

"What did she say when you surprised her?" asked the judge.

"Well, judge, that was what hurt me the most," said the husband. "She turned around and saw me and then said, 'Well, look who's here. Old blabbermouth! Now the whole neighbourhood will know!'"

* * *

NOT INTERESTED

A young man was taking the examination for a rural mail carrier. When he came to a question, "How far is it from the earth to the moon?" he answered: "I am not interested in that route."

* * *

SAME DIFFERENCE

He: "You girls always say you've been shopping when you haven't bought a thing."

She: "And you fellows always say you've been fishing when you haven't caught a thing."

4—July '56

A FATHER who set very high standards for his son sent the boy to Dartmouth. At the end of his first year the son came home with the proud report that he stood second in his class.

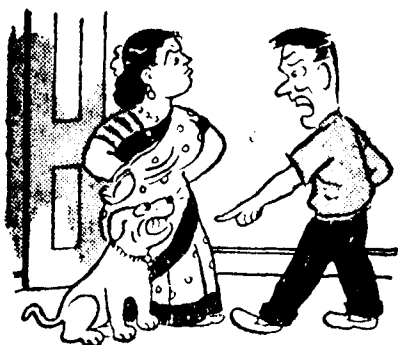
"Second!" sneered his father. "Why only second? Why not first? What do you think I'm sending you to Dartmouth for?" The second year, the young man returned to college determined to please his father. At the end of the year the boy returned home and proudly announced that he stood first in his class.

His father studied him in silence, shook his head, and finally spoke, "At the head of your class, hey? Well, Dartmouth can't be much of a school!"

DISILLUSIONED

Landa: "He's so romantic! When he speaks to me he always calls me 'Fair lady.'"

Lou: "Force of habit, my dear. He's a bus driver."



Husband (in the course of a quarrel with his wife): "I wish you would keep the dog out of this!"

A HOUSEWIFE was having difficulty installing a very new type of tin-opener. She gave up momentarily to go in search of her glasses to read the instructions more closely. When she returned she was surprised to find her maid had properly installed the device.

"How did you do it?" she asked. "You told me you couldn't read."

"That's right," said the maid, placidly. "But when you can't read you just got to think."

GOOD IDEA

Billy: "When the company comes will I have to eat my cake with a fork?"

Mother: "Certainly."

Billy: "Well, could I have a couple of pieces to practise on now?"

USED TO THEM

The worried mother waited until after her child's violin lesson and approached the boy's teacher. "Professor, how is Willie making out with his lessons?"

"Fine, fine!" boomed the teacher. "His progress on the violin is very good. He's playing some very nice tunes now."

"Oh," beamed the mother, "do you really think so? His father and I were afraid we were merely getting used to it!"

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IN the heat of a courtroom battle one lawyer yelled at the opposing counsel to go to Hell. Opposing counsel was naturally incensed and turned to the judge with his grievance.

The judge rapped his gavel and announced he would retire to his chambers to deliberate on the course to be taken. About 10 minutes later the judge reappeared on the bench, his face wreathed in smiles. Beckoning to the offended lawyer he leaned down and stage-whispered, "Counsellor, I've just looked up the law and you don't have to go there!"

DOG'S TRICK

A farmer's dog, fond of sausages, had been taught to go after them for himself—carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, until at last the butcher became careless about reading it. One month, when the bill was sent to the farmer, he complained that he was being charged for more sausages than he had ordered.

The butcher was surprised, and the next time the dog came in with a slip of paper between his teeth the butcher took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausages he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the butcher's with it!

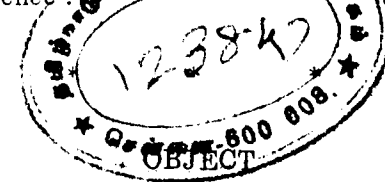
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IN a small country town young Eddy had the reputation of being not quite bright. The loafers around the village square had a favourite joke they worked on the boy several times a day.

"Hold out your hand," they would tell him. Then placing a sixpence and a penny on his open palm, one of them would say, "Okay, take your pick, Eddy." And every time, without fail, Eddy would pick the penny as the crowd guffawed loudly and the boy stood there grinning foolishly.

At last one day a kindly lady took the boy aside. "Don't you know, my boy," she asked him, "that even though sixpence is smaller it's worth six times as much?"

"Course I know that," Eddy grinned. "But, gosh ma'am, they wouldn't try me out on it any more 'til I took the sixpence!"



An elderly lady, visiting the aquarium, asked an attendant where she could get a live shark. "Couldn't tell you, lady," he replied. "May I ask you why you want one?"

"Well," she explained, "a neighbour's cat has been eating my gold-fish, and I want to teach him a lesson!"

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The Road To Success

By "Algy"

The man who indulges in self-criticism and belittles his achievements is an introvert. Half the battle is won if he develops a little interest in things external and some courage. . . .

YOU can't always judge a man's ability and intellect by the impression he makes on his fellows.

In fact it can be a source of complete amazement at times to see the man you always thought a pleasant but rather insignificant person getting into action in his own particular.

Some people are like that. There are conditions in which they can forget themselves in the interest or importance of the job.

Their quickness, their ability to handle any situation and get things done, is breath-taking.

They are not unduly impressed by the position or business associations, and that being so, they carry weight and may be credited with strong purposeful personalities.

But see the same man without his uniform of office, as it were. Often he is at a loss, diffident, easily embarrassed.

These other ordinary beings are too clever for him, too

well-drilled in manners and amusing small talk.

He tries to do as they do, talk as they talk. But it falls flat.

He carries no weight. He lays himself open to amused ridicule. Or no one takes the smallest notice of him.

He subsides easily into effortlessness and insignificance.

And, of course he is unhappy, as all men are unhappy when they lose confidence and easy assurance.

Even a fool of a noisy swaggerer may win his envy. He knows the man is a conceited ass. Yet he envies him. Why?

Because, by some extraordinary means, the man has what he hasn't got—a position of significance among his fellows.

Psychology explains this by classing us in two main groups—introverts and extroverts.

The extrovert expands towards his fellows.

It is natural and easy to him to be on terms of pleasant familiarity with everyone, whether he is a talented man or a mere fool.

But not so the introvert. His interests and his thoughts turn inwards.

While he may be intensely interested in external things and people and their thoughts, it is in order to absorb them inwardly and use them on himself as one would use a measure.

It is not that he is selfish or a lover of self. On the contrary, he is more often doubtful of himself, aware of his faults and weaknesses, and his constant measuring is to try and reassure himself. Encouragement and praise do him a world of good.

For a time he is reassured. Without repeated doses, he falls back into the old way of thinking.

You know what constant fault-finding and criticism does to children. They become stupid or obstinate, or shy and easily influenced. They lose rather than gain confidence.

The introvert suffers the same fate. But the eternal fault-finding and criticism comes from within.

He seldom says or does a thing without immediately telling himself he is a fool, an object of derision, or insincere philanderer.

Conversely as trifles of outside disapproval distress him unduly, so do trifles of success

slate him quite out of proportion to the cause.

He is either a brilliant success in his own view or a dismal and incorrigible failure.

The pity of it is that many introverts have unusual gifts of both charm and talent.

Except on rare occasions these remain painfully dammed up, and the knowledge that they are there but not used adds a further drop of bitterness to the cup.

Ah well, there is hope, and plenty of it. Many introverts have trained themselves out of it. Like any other training it begins in small ways and a little determination and interest is all that one requires.

Half the battle is won as soon as one checks the after-thoughts and the beginnings of self-criticism or self-approval. It may not be easy at first. But if you do a thing or say a thing spontaneously, make a deliberate effort, let down the safety shutter between that and the next event.

Don't post-mortem everything and don't scheme ahead about your social contacts and behaviour.

The extrovert seldom does. He has many less admirable trails, it's true. But the introvert who can learn the expert's secrets is indeed a gifted and happy man.

* *



THE MALADY

Champions of violence are unlikely to be many in this country and few will disagree with the Congress Working Committee's view that "howsoever the policies of different organisations or groups might differ, it should be common ground among all that for the working of a democratic system peace and order are essential." The need for stable peace had never before been more urgent in India than it is today when experiments for reorganising her economy are being undertaken. There is little doubt that no advance on a significant scale in any direction is possible, if peace is disturbed and instability prevails. Hence, the recent outbursts of violence in different parts of the country, occasioned by one cause or another, are disconcerting. Their frequency is ominous and points to their potential for mischief. As the Working Committee resolution says, these tendencies towards violence and indiscipline and adventurism, if not ended, may well imperil democracy, and

progress. That is to say, chaos will overtake India if the cult of violence replaces the ideals of peace so far cherished by her. Not that the multitude have already been converted to the creed of violence. But undeniably there have lately been too many deviations from the paths of peace. The situation surely needs careful watching.

—*Hindusthan Standard*

INDIA'S SECOND PLAN

The Indian officials and economists who have been drawing up a second plan of five-year development were faced with a special problem. A plan well within the country's capabilities would have been too limited to solve, or to pretend to solve India's immense difficulties. A programme scaled fully to the difficulties would have been far too ambitious. The problem of the drafters was thus to map out a programme that promised enough but not too much and that might work.

As now published in detail, the second Five-Year plan is

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such a programme. That is, it has a gap in it. Expenditures of \$16,120 million are projected—\$10,080 millions from Government sources, the rest from private enterprise—but the planners admit that they do not know where all the money will come from.

The government tries to close the gap through wider taxation and greater aid from abroad, and is counting especially on increased investment in government bonds.

Essentially, the plan is a gamble, but it is a gamble India must take. And India has gambled before this. The first Five-Year Plan, with principal emphasis on agriculture and hydro-electric development was a gamble too. It worked better than its critics had expected that it would. The new plan which concentrates on industry, takes larger chances. The possible rewards, in higher standards of living and a steadier economy, are also larger.

—*The Baltimore Sun*

KHARAGPUR TRAGEDY

The ghastly incident of May 26, in which sixty people, mostly railway workers, sustained injuries owing to a mob of strikers pulling out the engine driver and fireman from a running train, has caused widespread indignation to which the Prime Minister gave forceful expression in the Lok Sabha. The union concerned has called off the strike and one would fain hope that this is the result of the organisation having been shocked into a realisation that there was no answering Mr.

Nehru's homethrust. He pointed out that a trade union which could look on idly when the rank and file ran amok in this fashion could only be regarded as either irresponsible or incompetent and that in either case it had proved its unfitness. The Communist speakers in the Lok Sabha were not really helping the cause of the strikers when, in the face of the madly violent act of the mob, they raised the too familiar cry of "agent provocateur" and gravely asked for an enquiry. We daresay that an enquiry will be held if necessary in order to bring the offenders to justice. But there is no gainsaying the fact that the Kharagpur tragedy is but an example of what happens when inept leadership, charged with the duty of working democratic institutions but having no real insight into democratic principles, finds that it is easier to rouse the passions of an ignorant mass than to control them. Mr. Nehru was careful to point out that he was not against trade unionism or even against the exercise of the right to strike as a last resort. But lightning strikes on little or no provocation or out of misplaced sympathy with other strikers more often than not recoil on the workers themselves and definitely alienate the sympathies of the public.

—*The Hindu*

LIVING AT EASE

We do not know whether it is a matter of pure coincidence or whether their belonging to the former dominions of H.E.H. the Nizam has anything to do with it, but it is a fact that the

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beggars of Hyderabad and Secunderabad have recently shone to much advantage in comparison with a good many of their fellow-citizens who draw their income from the other professions. A Press Trust of India message carries the result of a socio-economic survey conducted recently among the fraternity in the two cities by a body called the Indian Institute of Economics. The 600 mendicants who were 'surveyed' are revealed to have a regular though varying income; quite a few among them own premises or live in rented house and more than half possess a fairly good health. What is even more significant is that some of the beggars appear to devote considerable thought to the conduct of their profession, for they are reported to employ suitable devices to reinforce the effect of the appeal made to their patrons. While we are glad at the choice of this particular group for the purpose of the survey as an index of the country's move towards a socialist pattern of society, we cannot help noticing that the inquiry has been more economic than social and that some promising avenues of investigation have been left unexplored. For instance, it has been stated that while some members of the brotherhood are in the habit of taking a denial quietly, a few others use abusive language when patrons refuse to oblige them. Here's an interesting field for inquiry—the language and style of abuse employed by the fraternity!

Again, while the survey attributes the use of plain appeal to a majority and that of aids to some, it does not indicate which of the two has been found to be more paying. The information will have value for a prospective candidate for entry into the brotherhood. Some beggars are reported to have admitted that insufficiency of income from their regular profession made them resort to mendicancy. But the report does not tell whether beggary has remained only a part-time work with them or whether they have crossed over to it, lock, stock and barrel. While it is a happy sign that only 8 out of the 600 failed to respond to the questions put to them, the reasons for their non-compliance could have been noted. Has the profession soured them or they had a hunch that they would get little out of the inquiry? We would have also welcomed some information about the expectations of those who are reported to have declined to accept an anna (or a quarter-seer of 'jowar') in compensation for the survey. Since heavy taxation and a steep cost of living are taking many in the direction of the one inevitable profession, information about its ins and outs and the various ropes it carries is sure to prove generally useful at the time when one is confronted with the final choice.—*Tribune*.

CALCUTTA HOSPITALS

Calcutta's hospitals stand accused of "gross irregularities and mismanagement," not only by the public and the Press,

but by an I. M. A. Sub-committee which for the last 18 months has been inquiring into the workings of city hospitals. Many of these institutions have brilliant past records of service and medical pioneering. And today, severely criticized as they are, they are resorted to increasingly by the city's sick and needy—and not only the city's statistics recently compiled show that some 60% of patients occupying beds in city hospitals are from outside Calcutta, contributing largely towards the very low percentage (0.67) of beds per 1,000 of population for Calcutta itself. (The Bhore Commission recommendation for West Bengal was 5.67 per 1,000, though 2 per 1,000 was considered not inadequate).

Causes of complaint are too widely known to be repeated. The I. M. A. Sub-committee has emphasized them again, adding that "The hospital staffs will be glad to see them removed so that they may be saved from unnecessary accusations and guilt." We presume that members of the medical profession who themselves stand justifiably accused of callousness, inefficiency and neglect—and there are such, as doctors and the Health authorities will themselves admit—will not be overlooked in whatever action is taken. A grossly inadequate staff-patient ratio, meagre salaries, overwork, long hours in surroundings incalculably damaging to temper and nerves are considerations all can and must appreciate when tempted to inculpate hospital staffs. But it would be dangerous to attri-

bute all blame to these causes. Only recently a Coroner's Court cited the case of a patient who died in hospital after neglect, and there is on record the observation of a Presidency Magistrate when summing up a street accident case. "Callousness in hospitals", he said, "has become almost proverbial, and how I wish that this gave way to the true spirit of service."

Obviously, however, the root cause of trouble is beyond the failings of a few individuals. The State Government has failed in its duty to meet ever-increasing demands with constructive thought and action. Pleading paucity of funds the Government was, for instance, discovered to have underspent the budget for medical services and public health by as much as Rs 41 lakhs in one financial year. But when the Government was asked in a public questionnaire whether the funds available for improvement and expansion of city hospitals were sufficient, the answer was an unqualified yes. True since then (August 1955) certain improvements have been made and some ambitious schemes, including the construction of an eight-storey outpatients' department and casualty block in the Medical College hospitals, have been drawn up. But generally, conditions in hospitals are little better than a year ago, and the Government, allowing that it is up against tremendous difficulties, must frankly recognize its inadequacies and be prepared to take advice from the medical profession, represented by the I. M. A., and

the public in a sincere effort to raise standards.—*The Statesman*.

"ISOLATED EAST BENGAL"

The partition of India is now a historical fact. Whatever the causes—and they are pretty well-known—India and Pakistan stand to-day as much politically independent of each other as the United Kingdom and the United States. Like brothers separated by mutual consent, they are now completely free to follow whatever policy they like in domestic and foreign affairs. And that is what they are doing with full consciousness of their sovereign status. But there is one remarkable point of difference between the relations of India and Pakistan and those between brothers parting by agreement. While the latter usually consider each other to be the sincerest well-wisher, circumstances have so developed—and the party responsible for it need not be mentioned—that India and Pakistan have drifted mentally very far from each other in the course of only about a decade. These are hard realities but their background is too emotional to permit a dispassionate analysis. In this sub-continent at least, it is yet somewhat risky to make an attempt at estimating the effects of the division of India in the political, economic, social and other spheres of both the countries. The *Baltimore Sun* has, therefore, spoken out something about these which is plain truth but is too touchy a matter to be told plainly in India or Pakistan.

Referring to what it calls the imminent famine in East Bengal the newspaper says that the fundamental cause of this dis-

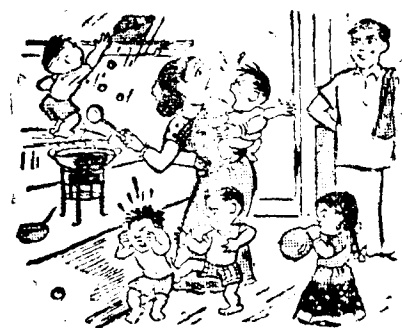
treassing picture was the 1947 partition of the Indian sub-continent. "With every sympathy for the Muslim longing for a nation of their own," the paper continues, "it must be said that Pakistan's chances have never looked good." This is the assessment of an important organ of public opinion of a country that has been persistently trying to strengthen Pakistan militarily and economically. However unpalatable, it is undeniable that, economically, the Indian sub-continent is an integrated whole and the result of the disruption of such an integrated unit is too manifest to-day to escape even the eye of so far-off observers as the *Baltimore Sun*, the *New York Times* and some other newspapers in the U.S.A. The views of these U.S. journals on the political situation in Pakistan may or may not be correct. But what the *Baltimore Sun* says about the rapidly developing food crisis in East Bengal does not appear to be very unrealistic. West Pakistan, it points out, is simply too far away to help East Bengal much. Even with aid from the United States and the Soviet Union, it remarks, the famine threat is creeping nearer. Coal for the railways is the immediate shortage and the Provincial Government, it observes, is unable to cope with the situation. "Only the resources of the sub-continent as a whole," the paper concludes, "could cope with a real famine and partition has shut East Bengal off from most of the sub-continent. So, when hunger comes, East Bengal's 45 million people are almost isolated in their misery."—*A. B. Patrika*.

S. S. L. C. FAILURES

The appalling waste and stagnation in schools are revealed again by the recently published results of the Madras Secondary School Leaving Certificate examination. Out of 66,211 candidates who appeared for the examination, 35,309 or 52 per cent failed, in the sense that they obtained less than the marks which qualify for admission to university courses, namely 35 per cent. The number would be still higher, but for what is called moderation, a process by which failures are converted into successes. By this device where a student has obtained marks above a certain level in certain subjects, but less than the prescribed minimum in other subjects, the excess in the former is credited to the latter, and deficiencies are thus made up. The failures represent a loss of approximately Rs. 21 lakhs, out of the Government's grants for secondary education, apart from the expenditure incurred by parents.

It is true that in many schools the percentage of passes in the public examination is above the present 48 per cent for Madras State, but in many others it is much less. An obvious cause of this high casualty rate is that schools lack teachers and equipment such as libraries and laboratories, and they exercise insufficient control over absences of pupils. Those so inefficiently run ought not to be recognised. Their pupils would benefit if transferred to other schools. More and more secondary schools are being opened, especially by local bodies, at the instance of

influential individuals. They are left to grow somehow, but, as was noticed within the last two years in Andhra, a large number remains undeveloped for want of funds. Improvement of the quality of instruction is a greater need today than quantitative expansion. But even in the best institutions, to minimise waste and reduce the number of failures, it is necessary to select pupils for admission more carefully. This should be done on the basis of school records and the results of a public examination at the end of the lower secondary school course. A useful model is the system followed in the United Kingdom, where the kind of secondary education a boy or girl is given usually depends on the results of a test taken at the age of 11, that is, at the end of the junior school course, corresponding to the elementary school in South India. The British system of secondary education comprises three main types of school—the grammar school, which provides for those pupils who hope



HUSBAND (to wife): "Can I help, dear? Shall I switch on the light or ask the children to sit for the meal?"

to reach a university; the secondary modern school, which imparts a general education with a practical bias closely related to the interests and environments of the pupils; and the secondary technical school, which offers an education largely related to industry, including commerce, or agriculture. As pupils are chosen for these according to their aptitudes, and each receives the right kind of education for him or her, there is no serious problem of failures.

Such is the object of the new diversified or multi-purpose system of secondary education that is now being introduced in India. And the multi-purpose school, and also the ordinary secondary school, need to regulate admission through tests of aptitude and ability as in the British system. The Chief Minister of Andhra, Mr. B. Gopala Reddi, said recently at Kurnool that the two universities in that State propose to abolish their Moderation Boards, and to prescribe permanent Moderation Rules to determine eligibility for admission to university courses. But it will be best to do away with the moderation system, and to fix higher minimum of marks in all subjects for entrance to the university. Mr. Gopala Reddi also disclosed that it is proposed to raise the pass marks in English and Telugu from 35 to 40 per cent. In our opinion, the same standard should be fixed for other subjects in the syllabus such as science, mathematics, history and geography. Properly taught, students can have no great

difficulty in acquiring such proficiency.—*The Mail*.

CALL TO SANITY

It is a tragic irony that the countrywide celebrations of the 2,500th Jayanti of the Buddha should have been followed by the eruption of violence in various places. The happenings in Kharagpur, Kalka and Bombay have proved how superficial our homage to the Buddha was.

Gandhiji had made non-violence the sheet-anchor of our freedom movement. It was non-violence which made our people brave and enabled them to bring a mighty empire to its knees. The age-old message of the Buddha thus served us as a matchless means in our political struggle.

No sooner did we become free, however, than we indulged in an orgy of violence. The insensate massacres following partition revealed the depths of degradation to which we could descend. And although they seemed to have temporarily shocked the national conscience, violence has apparently become endemic in free India.

Various are the masquerades that violence wears. It justifies itself as a struggle for rights, as a redress of grievances, as a fight against injustice. It even poses as Satyagraha and claims to be inspired by pure patriotism. Marxists, of course, consider it a legitimate weapon in class struggle.

Violence, however, is a denial of democratic processes. It is a return to the law of the jungle.

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It is a challenge not only to the government established by law but to society itself. If unchecked, it will imperil our hard-won freedom.

There is nothing edifying or brave about the sneak stone-throwers. They are a menace to society and must be ruthlessly extirpated. The situation becomes complicated, however, when under the stress of passion large masses of normally peaceful citizens turn law-breakers and indulge in violence.

—*Sunday Standard*.

TOURISM

It is encouraging to see that the Government has been sufficiently encouraged by the recent rise in tourist traffic to take some steps to encourage it further. A number of additional offices are to be opened in foreign countries to propagate the tourist attractions of this lovely land, and perhaps to offer what assistance may be practicable to facilitate travel to our shores. This is a field which has for long received a quite unmerited measure of neglect from the authorities. A ready-made industry, which could with a little imaginative planning be made to yield rich results, has been largely and quite inexcusably ignored. The outside world has always acknowledged India to be the tourist's paradise; and indeed we have matchless assets for the development of tourism.

Other countries, in Europe and elsewhere, have exploited lesser advantages to greater profit. But we have done regrettably

little to advertise the beauty spots and historical sites and monuments of our country to the foreign tourist. Our publicity has been of the poorest and most inadequate quality. Though it is gratifying to note the Government's new-found interest in tourism, it is still a little discouraging to see that the programme it has immediately before it is too half-hearted and cautious to be of real value. Much more will have to be done than the mere opening of a few additional tourist offices in foreign lands. Above all, considerable amount of work will have to be undertaken locally in India to fulfil the promise that our improved publicity would hold out to intending comers. Some of our most picturesque and interesting places, in which the greatest amount of tourist enthusiasm can be built, are not even accessible at the moment. There must be countless other attractions of which we ourselves are not aware, and which only an extended and systematic survey can put on the tourist map. Mr. Alagesan, the Deputy Minister for Transport, has himself confessed to the tremendous amount of ignorance that prevails among our own people about the great tourist attractions in the South. This ignorance must be dispelled at home and abroad, and internal as well as foreign tourism stimulated, if we are to expect truly gratifying results.

—*Times of India*.

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SELECTION OF ENVOYS

We are told that in the reshuffle of India's diplomatic personnel, Mr. A. F. B. Tyabji, now Indian Ambassador in Indonesia, will be posted to Iran whilst Mr. Ali Zaheer, a Minister in the U.P. Cabinet, might be stationed in Djakarta as Ambassador Extraordinary. Many of these appointments to Muslim countries seem to proceed on the presumption that a Muslim would prima facie fill the role with superior success because he is a co-religionist. Recently, a Goodwill Mission was sent to Arab countries from India, care being taken to vest leadership in Dr. Syed Mahmud and a couple of Muslim aides. Pakistan is of course particular about deputing Muslims as her foreign envoys, because psychologically the very idea of a Hindu plenipotentiary is foreign to them. Such a restrictive attitude should not be taken by the Government of India in their policy-making.

On the other hand, it strikes us that India should rise above the notion that she could derive a premium in value, if her diplomats in Islamic countries were chosen with some bias towards Muslim preferences. Advantages on the contrary could be discussed in the despatch of non-

Muslims who have outgrown their orthodoxy to represent their country in places described as Islamic on the token of a majority of the population being of that faith. In a country like Turkey our Ambassadors in respect of their religion have got on very well from the beginning. We should boldly assume that the presence of non-Muslim Ambassadors and envoys in the Middle East countries would be welcome; certainly, such a departure would have greater cultural value than the sparing of a Muslim representative from India side by side with a co-religionist from Pakistan. The tour of Vice-President Radhakrishnan in foreign countries carries a glamour through the fact that he is a Hindu philosopher of standing. We at home have made much of the Buddha Jayanti in India and the homecoming of Gautama after 2500 years, but we are afraid that an adequate measure of publicity regarding the epoch was not wrought in Middle East countries and generally in the Muslim world. It is time we broke away from the notion that the followers of a particular religion have special aptitude in representing their country before communities abroad who might share their private religious creed.

—Deccan Herald.

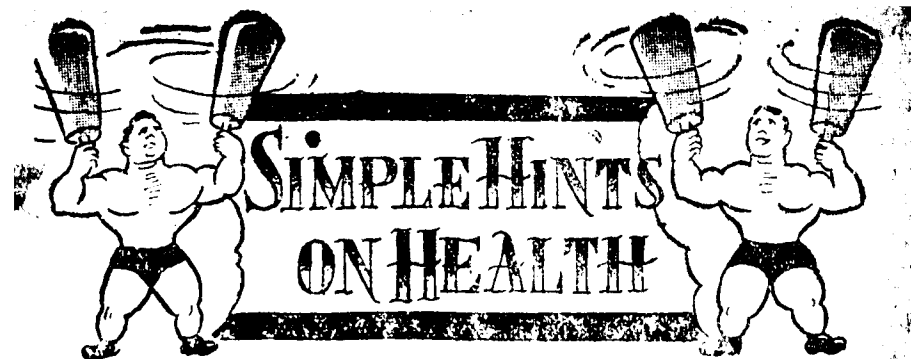
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The lady who had just started to drive was arrested by a policeman for exceeding the limit.

"You were doing 65 m.p.h.," he told her.

"Oh," she said, "isn't that wonderful for my third day at the wheel!"

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WHEN SLEEP DESERTS YOU

RECENTLY, when radio-TV star Kathi Norris complained to her audience that she was having trouble getting to sleep, she was deluged with more than 5,000 letters from fellow insomniacs. Each recommended some home-grown cure.

Two hundred and fifteen advised lying with head down and feet up to let the blood rush to the brain; 264 told her lie with feet down and head up to let the blood rush away from the brain. In the past half-century sleeplessness has become a major problem. In pursuit of a good night's rest, we buy tons of sleeping pills a year. We also resort hopefully to such mechanical sleep producers as mattress-pulsating machines, muscle massagers, ear stoppers, blinders and anti-snore balls.

New Help

The complaint, "I can't sleep," is heard in the course of diagnosing and treating nearly every medical problem from simple colds and pregnancy to serious illnesses and nervous breakdowns. Fortunately, science

and industry can now offer new kinds of help. If most of the population is using 'cures' like those found in Miss Norris' fan mail, help hasn't come a bit too soon. One letter advised Miss Norris to sleep with head under the pillow instead of on top of it. One fan, a stenographer, not only guaranteed sleep but pleasant dreams. She wrote, "Just before bed-time put a picture of your boss on the wall and stick pins in it." Psychologists might think there was some value in this last bit of advice but, unfortunately, no one knows exactly what

sleep is or how we get there. Investigators agree that the cerebral cortex, the vital mid-brain somehow bosses the process. The Swiss physiologist and Nobel Prize Winner, W. R. Hess, says the brain contains a true sleep centre that functions solely for the purpose of putting you to sleep when you need it. Another group of scientists have a simpler explanation. They believe that sleep is merely something that happens to you when you're not busy being awake.

BY
J. J. ROBBINS

Pills And Caution

For the millions of insomniacs the argument is academic. All they want to know is how to end miserable hours of mattress tossing. Sleep researchers at the University of Chicago have discovered that some people who have trouble falling asleep are simply going to bed too early. While eight hours is the sleep requirement for most adults, many need only six. The kiddies have their own solutions for insomnia—the wanna-drink-of-water-routine, the favourite doll, toy or blanket that must be taken to bed, and the inevitable bedtime story. Serious, recurrent difficulty in falling asleep, of course, should send you to your doctor immediately; insomnia, like headaches, can indicate the presence of serious organic diseases of the heart, kidneys or lungs. Physicians often treat sleeplessness with a sleep-producing drug. There are two types: long-acting drugs, such as phenobarbital, which is an average dose will knock you out for the full eight hours; and short-acting drugs, such as nembutal, seconal and amytal, which help you drowse until natural sleep takes over. Doctors, however, have a few words of caution here; the non-sleeper should never attempt to dose himself.

Simple Remedies

Where drugs are inadvisable, hypnotic suggestion is sometimes used. At Kennedy Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., Dr. Ernest Schimidhofer has put entire wards to sleep by playing

a tape recorder which repeats monotonous phrases. When continued sleeplessness is traced to anxiety neuroses, psychoanalysis is often recommended. Discouragingly, however, analytic treatment may remove the neurosis, but the insomnia often lingers on. If you are only an occasional insomniac, you probably won't have to seek medical treatment. Next time you're having trouble falling asleep try the following simple remedies. Doctors say these are the ones that are more likely to work:

1. Lie down and relax on the living-room sofa half an hour before bed time. Take a warm, leisurely bath. In other words, rest up so you can sleep.
2. Relax your stomach, too. A glass of milk, cup of soup or cocoa is suggested before you try to go to sleep.
3. Check your sleeping environment. Hang up your clothes. Your bedroom should be neat, uncluttered and serene-looking. You need a moderately firm mattress, a smoothly made bed, several light covers rather than a heavy one.
4. If nerves or restless thoughts are keeping you awake, try the old standbys of reading light fiction, or listening to soft music on the radio.
5. Open the window but not too wide. If the temperature drops during the night a blast of cold air may wake you like a dash of ice water.

HAVE YOU THE LEAN LOOK?

One often hears people say that obesity is "only a gland upset" and that the doctor can prescribe pills or injections that will quickly restore that balance.

This is hardly ever true. In nearly all these conditions the only treatment which really works is a thorough reduction in the amount of carbohydrate (starch, sugar, etc.) and fat in the diet, writes E. Clayton Jones in "Parents Magazine."

A proper diet, adequately supervised if necessary, will nearly always do the trick. There is nothing magical about this diet. The essential points are that fat and carbohydrate should be reduced to a minimum and that enough protein and vitamins be supplied to ensure health.

General Rules

The following general rules will serve:—

Rule 1:—All forms of sugar, jams, cakes, puddings, cereals, biscuits, chocolate, pastries, etc., must be completely banned.

Rule 2:—Avoid butter. Restrict all other fats and oils as far as possible. Fried foods are undesirable.

Rule 3:—Not more than half a pint of milk should be taken for all purposes and it should not be creamy or condensed.

Rule 4:—Avoid root vegetables such as turnips, peas and broad beans.

And what, you may say, am I to live on?

The answer is that if you were to have nothing whatever except orange juice for a week or two you would lose your hunger after a few days.

Use saccharin instead of sugar. If you are accustomed to a lot of salt it would be advisable to cut it down (except in very hot weather).

Several Small Meals

Drinks of all kinds are better taken between meals. Drink only enough to satisfy your thirst. It is better to have several small meals than one or two large ones.

Weigh yourself each week (it is a mistake to do so more often), aiming to lose 2-3 pounds weekly. Wear the same clothes each time and use the same scales at the same time of day.

At the start you must expect to be bothered by a feeling of hunger, but do not give way to it and it will normally pass quite quickly. You will probably feel less hungry if you can arrange to start dieting in warm weather.

After a suitable reduction has been achieved (don't overdo it; commonsense must be your guide) the question arises how a return to the old weight can be prevented. This is often not so difficult as it sounds. Quite a number of people find that they can return to a normal diet without regaining weight, so long as they are careful.

Those who have always been on the stout side (especially if

(fatness runs in the family) will find things more difficult than the previously slim victim of middle-age spread.

Regular Exercise

In many cases the establishment of new eating habits is the only hope.

A certain amount of regular exercise is useful, but its value in reducing weight is greatly overrated. It has been estimated that a 2½-mile walk gets rid of only as much weight as is achieved by forgoing an average slice of bread. Moreover, for the middle-aged, the sudden adoption of physical exertion may be unwise.

Finally, excessive fat can be removed (literally by the plastic surgeon's knife). But there are very few cases where such drastic action is necessary or desirable.

One last word of warning. Don't forget that if there is the least doubt about your general health, you should make sure your doctor approves before you start to slim.

DANGER THERE!

People who think that they have "poor blood" should avoid medicating themselves, says Dr. Walter Dameshek, director of the blood research laboratory, New England Centre Hospital.

"The patient may resort to self-medication because he thinks he is anaemic," Dr. Dameshek explained. "Actually, anaemia is only a symptom, not a disease. The trouble may lie

deeper than the patient realises."

He warned that blind treatment with liver extract, vitamin B-12 and "shotgun mixtures" is "lazy and expensive medicine," and may be dangerous. The number of cases of cancer, treated for mistaken anaemia, is on the rise.

WILL TO SURVIVE

Commander John E. Mardini, U.S. Navy Medical Corps, made a firsthand study of 30,000 U.S. soldiers, sailors and marines captured and held prisoner by the Japanese for more than three years. About 40 per cent survived the emotional and physical shocks of their hard life in captivity.

Dr. Mardini told the American Psychiatric Association that survival seemed to depend "to a great extent on the individual will to live in the face of any physical or moral suffering. This will was composed of conscious and sub-conscious factors, and was supported by effective psychologic defences in maintaining adequate feelings of self-esteem.

"Other factors favouring survival were good general intelligence, good constitution, emotional insensitivity or well controlled and balanced sensitivity, a preserved sense of humour, a strong sense of obligation to others, controlled fantasy life and courage."

BLOWING INTO A

PAPER BAG!

Blowing into a paper bag and then re-breathing the expired air

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is an effective treatment for dizziness and weakness that sometimes come from lack of enough oxygen in the brain, according to an article in the "New England Journal of Medicine."

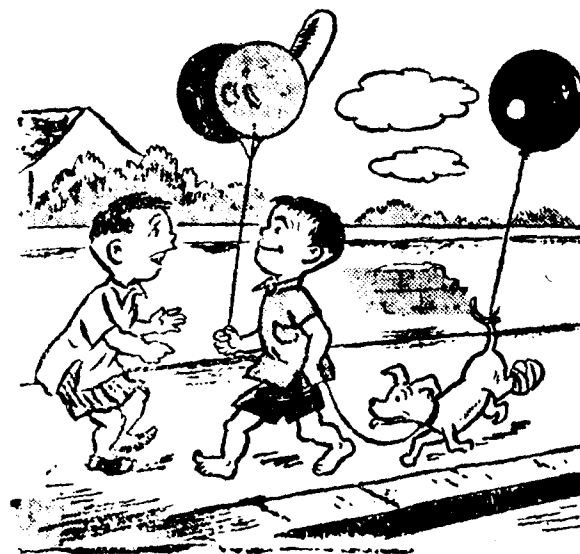
The air a patient breathes out contains a high concentration of carbon dioxide, doctors point out. Re-breathing that air has the same effect in overcoming oxygen deficiency as inhaling five per cent carbon dioxide, a treatment long used to dilate brain arteries.

Patients with arteriosclerosis and high blood pressure have been instructed to carry paper bags with them at all times and to begin breathing their expired air at the first suggestion of dizziness. Five to ten forced breaths in the bag, requiring 15 to 30 seconds, are sufficient to

relieve symptoms which otherwise would persist for minutes or hours.

WHERE YOU HURT MOST

The biggest "Ouch!" a pinch can evoke is in your lower back, according to a pain map worked out by Dr. James D. Hardy, Dr. Harold G. Wolff, and Dr. Helen Goodell (Cornell). Next in order of sensitiveness to pain are the buttocks, thighs, and kneecap, top of the foot and the toes, the groin, calf, upper back, and upper arm, lips and nipples, cheeks, nose, and chin. Your fingertip-pads are much less sensitive than your fingers, nails, backs of your hands, or palms. And though the heel may have been the most vulnerable spot for Achilles, it's by far the least sensitive part of the body.



BOY (with balloons): "When I tied a balloon to Doggie's tail, he was better able to walk!"

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REPORTING LATE ARRIVALS!

A Skit By G. Kameswara Rao

THE thing that provokes me to write this is that, of late, the newspapers have set apart a regular place and space to announce the late arrival of trains. When and why do trains run late?

The time-tables of all railways are changed twice a year—in April and October—to suit the seasonal variations. Every time this happens, the trains take some months to get accustomed to the new schedule. Thus twice a year the trains get an opportunity to run late.

When the monsoon sets in, the trains have another excuse to be behind schedule, owing to the breaches caused to the tracks and the consequent cautious running. This happens also when there are heavy rains out of season, caused probably, as some people believe, by the experimental explosions of the "A" and "H" bombs over the great oceans!

The trains run late when there is an accident on the track due to sabotage, or high speed or heavy load of the train. Then there is the obstruction by squatters and satyagrahis on the track, who believe in achieving their goal by inconveniencing their brethren, the passengers. They even go to such extremes as to be blind to the danger of their getting killed in

the bargain. A recent news item tells how seven people were killed when they jumped on to the track when the Toofan Express was speeding through a small station because the demand of the local passengers' association that this train should halt at their station was not acceded to. So they determined to stop that train and succeeded at least for that day, at the cost of seven lives. Such is the wisdom of mob mentality!

And then, when there is a big important meeting or conference or holy festival, the trains run late because of the over-over-crowding (the double "over" is because even normally the trains are one "over" crowded). You must have read the news item about students pulling the alarm chain and stopping the train whenever it started, while they were returning from Nagarjunasager, for which the Prime Minister laid the foundation stone.

The trains run late in the "Mango" season because of heavy loading and unloading of this fruit and the consequent delay in the departure at the scheduled time. If the Mango season is over, it is some other season, and so on and so forth and thus the late running, goes on.

In war-time there was over-crowding and cautious running due to "black-out", leading to enormous delay and late running of trains. Finally, trains run behind schedule if the running staff go on strike—as was the case at Kazipet and elsewhere. The trains are diverted by circuitous routes and they arrive more than half-a-day behind schedule.

If all these factors are put together, it seems that the trains cannot but be late all through the year. When this is the case, why should the newspapers announce the late running of trains at all? That space can best be used for some other news, I am sure. However, if at all any train comes in time any day, the miracle can be published to enlighten the public that such a wonder can happen to our trains once in a way!

Talking of late running of trains, here is a joke :—

There was an out-of-the-way station where the only train was always arriving many hours behind schedule for a very long time. One day, to the utter astonishment of the public, the train steamed in at the correct time, exact to the very second. The people around at once decided to reward the driver and collected a handsome amount to hand it over to him for his amazing punctuality.

The driver hesitated, and then said, "Friends—I would very much like to accept your gift. But I am embarrassed to tell you that this is yesterday's train!"

And then there was the passenger who was not allowed to get into a train because the train that arrived was the previous day's, and his ticket entitled him to go only by that day's train which would be arriving the next day!! * *

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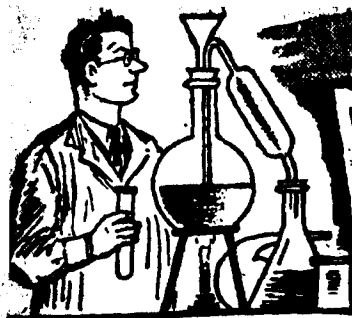
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POPULAR SCIENCE

TALL OR SHORT AT WILL!

How often we hear: "If only I were taller...." "If only I weren't so tall...." "I'm so afraid my daughter is going to be a six-footer." "Oh dear—my son's so short—he will never have any presence."

Until now we have looked upon this question of height as one of the things which life fixes for us, and which we must accept as gracefully as possible. The only modification we are beginning to know to this law is that children tend to be taller than their parents, because more balanced feeding, athletics and more suitable clothing all contribute to their chances of being perhaps an inch taller than they would have been in other circumstances.

But now the whole theory appears to be breaking down. It seems, according to the scientists, that we can, within reason, be as tall or as short as we want, and that we can take some steps to regulate the body growth of children.

Chocolate Does It!

Many scientists have been ap-

proaching this problem from different angles (including the growth of birds and animals as well as humans). The most sensational result of their researches was made a short time ago, when a London University professor announced discovery of a new kind of chocolate which boosts the child's growth rate.

This chocolate is 9) per cent. chocolate and 10 per cent. a powder made from beef liver (its taste disguised by orange flavour). Children who have eaten a bar of this chocolate every day for thirteen weeks have gained a quarter of an inch more than normal. Compared with other children, who have been given a bar of ordinary chocolate every day, they have gained 20 per cent. more weight and 40 per cent. more height.

Happiness Counts

Now the chocolate is being made available to doctors, who will be able to prescribe it for slow-growing or under-sized children; but it will not be put on the market for the benefit of the general public.

Meanwhile, doctors—chiefly in America—have been experimenting with other methods of controlling height. Vitamin prescriptions have been devised to stimulate growth; hormone treatments have been given to boys to increase their height, and to put a brake on girls who promise to be over-sized. But these are no more than experiments which, because they can be dangerous, must be carefully supervised by competent people.

Those who are experimenting are probably more interested in the psychological than the physical side of their experiments. From the point of view of health, they say, it does not matter within reason, whether a person is tall or short; from the point of view of happiness, it does matter a lot if, for instance, a boy is prevented from adopting the career of his choice because he is too short; or if a girl's chances of marriage are reduced because few men feel they can look up to a goddess of 6 feet 4.

They suggest that if parents suspect that their children are going to be abnormally tall or short, they should either prepare them psychologically for their future, or else find out if scientists can change that future.

Normal Growth

But how are the parents of, say, a child of four to know how tall it will be at eighteen or nineteen? There are indications, on the whole more reliable than is often supposed, which have been reached after

considerable research into the relation of height and age. It is even claimed that growth can be, not a matter of chance, but an exact medical science.

The height of a new-born baby, boy or girl, is about 30 per cent. of the full height which it will reach at nineteen, if a boy, or at eighteen if a girl. During the first year of life, boys and girls grow at more or less the same rate—but both grow slightly more quickly if fed naturally. Between one and nine, girls grow more quickly than boys; after that, the boys shoot ahead of the girls. So that starting on the basis that all babies, regardless of sex, measure 30 per cent. of their final height at birth, other percentages for intervening ages have been calculated. At two and a half a girl normally reaches 50 per cent. of her height; 75 per cent. by the time she is eight; at fourteen she has covered 90 per cent., at fifteen, 95 per cent., and at eighteen she usually has stopped growing. A boy does not grow to half his height until he is three; at eight he has done 60 per cent. of his growing, 75 per cent. at ten, 90 per cent. at fourteen, 95 per cent. at sixteen, and 100 per cent. at nineteen.

Parents whose children's heights vary to a large extent from these calculations ought to consult a doctor. For instance, a boy of three who is only 2 ft. 6 ins. may never grow above five feet, and there may be some reason for concern. On the other hand, these figures are based on *averages*, and everyone knows that there is no such

thing as the completely average human being. A child may shoot up one year and remain fairly static the next. So no one need take these figures as hard and fast rules, or fear the worst if their children deviate slightly from them.

Bigger Animals

Experiments to increase the size of animals involve fewer problems. Of course, everybody wants bigger breasted chickens. Nobody is going to worry about the psychological effect of obesity on these creatures. And the easy way to fatten up chickens, and turkeys is to give them a dose of the wonder drug, aureomycin, with their food.

In America, where this treatment is being practised on a large scale, animals and poultry are growing at an embarrassing rate, and manufacturers of cookers are seriously considering the need for making bigger ovens to house these inflated occupants. This revolution in such breeding has been brought about by a discovery made by a laboratory producing aureomycin.

When aureomycin and penicillin are manufactured, a spent mould remains after the drugs have been extracted. This waste cannot be easily disposed of, because it will not burn, and, if dumped into rivers, has a chemical reaction which results in the fish being asphyxiated. The American laboratory, naturally enough, began to cast around for the best means of getting rid of its waste.

Amazing Growth

After a chain of experiments, its researchers discovered that chickens fed on aureomycin mould gained weight at an extraordinary rate. The result is that the laboratory now earns far more from selling pure aureomycin, and that all over the States, poultry and animals are growing faster than ever before.

This new laboratory-made diet does not increase the final size and weight of the chicken—it merely increases the rate at which they reach their final weight. It normally takes twelve weeks to "grow" a 3 lb. fowl; if its food is supplemented with aureomycin mould, it will weigh 3 lb. when nine weeks old. Thus every three-pounder costs less, in food and time, to produce, and on a large poultry farm this saving is considerable.

No one knows exactly why aureomycin, and, to a far lesser extent, penicillin, should have this extraordinary growth-producing influence. It seems to sharpen the appetite of poultry and, by its effect on the bacteria in the stomach, allows them to make better use of their food—(E. D.)

ROBOT CAN "TALK" FASTER THAN MAN

The efficiency of the telephone, radio and other modern communication systems far exceeds that of the human operator.

Figures showing how the operator acts as a bottleneck to hold up the flow of information were

presented to the Eastern Psychological Association by Dr. J. C. R. Licklider of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Even a poor telephone circuit can transmit about 20,000 bits per second, a "bit" being the mathematical unit of information. The human mind cannot begin to take in and relay all this information, Dr. Licklider told the meeting.

He tested college students and graduates on the speed with which they could relay information of various kinds—digits, letters, nonsense, syllables, patterns of dots and spoken and written messages. They passed the information on verbally or by pointing.

The highest rate was less than 40 bits per second for all the different kinds of material received.

"It appears safe to conclude," Dr. Licklider said, "that the human channel capacity is less than 100 bits per second."

The capacity of a television channel is higher than 10,000,000 bits per second.

"As an information relay, the human operator is indeed a bottleneck," Dr. Licklider concluded.

A person can memorise three to four times as fast when hypnotised than when not, and there are indications that this learning speed-up can be greatly increased even beyond that, according to a report in Science by Dr. Linn F. Cooper and David W. Rodgin.

INDIA MAGAZINE

Hypnotism-learning is admittedly only in its infancy, but it opens up such fascinating possibilities as students cramming for examinations in "borrowed time," and hurry-harassed speakers reading speeches in minutes. Beyond that, there is the exciting though most speculative possibility that other mental activities besides rote-learning could be accelerated, a priceless boon to scientists, artists, in fact thinkers everywhere. Several mental lifetimes might be crammed into one, with a corresponding increase in man's power of thought and mental stature.

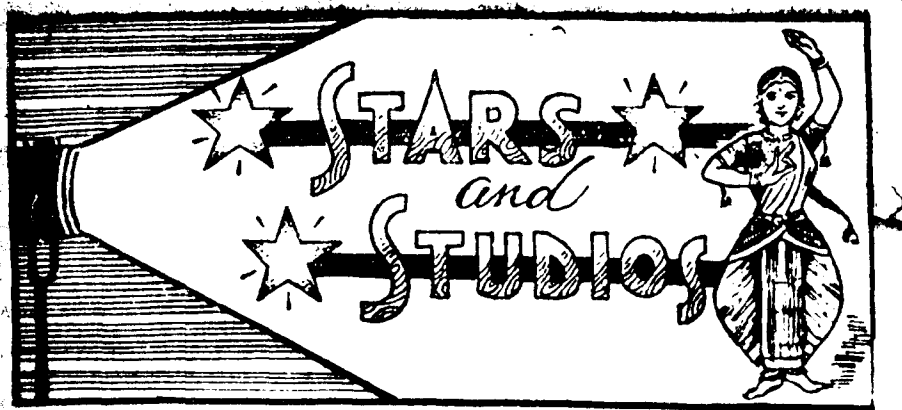
TEMPERATURES IN THE SUN

Australian scientists using radar equipment have calculated "apparent" temperatures in the sun ranging from 1,000,000 to 13,000,000 degrees Centigrade, an Australian radiophysicist asserted recently.

Dr. E. G. Bowen, deputy chief of radiophysics of the Australian Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, said previous calculations by optical methods of the sun's surface temperature—about 6,000 degrees Centigrade—were not disputed by the results of the new research.

"We believe we were reaching through holes in the surface of the sun to the interior to measure these apparent temperatures or else there might have been some phenomenon such as atomic disintegration," Dr. Bowen said.

(Temperatures at the centre of the sun have been estimated at from 30,000,000 to 60,000,000 degrees.)



HOW SCREEN THRILLS ARE MADE

IT is a small back room on the ground floor of a building off London's Baker Street. The walls are covered with stills from films. It could be a casting agency, except for the litter of boxing gloves and equipment on the floor... and a grey-haired man with shoulders like a barn door, sitting relaxed in a chair, thoughtfully bending an iron bar.

Meet ex-wrestling champ and judo expert Micky Wood, head man of Tough Guys, Ltd., Consultants in Violence to the Film Studios.

A race-gang fight? A car smash at eighty miles an hour? A sixty-foot drop from the battlements of a castle? A dive through plate glass?

Just ring up Tough Guys, Ltd., and leave it to Micky Wood and his 250-strong army of stunt men.

In "Robin Hood" there was a scene in which Richard Todd

had to swim across a moat. Half-way across—thwock!—an arrow hit him in the back. Audiences up and down the country gasped with horror.

What they didn't know, however, was that, let into Todd's clothing on his back, was a square block of beechwood and that the arrow came from the bow of crack archery expert and Tough Guy George Brown, write Peter Wright in "Picture-goer."

Nerve and Precision

The making of screen thrills is no slap-happy affair. It needs the calculation of a mathematician, the nerve of a tightrope walker and the discipline of a commando.

Do you recall the climax to the thrilling car chase in "The Blue Lamp"? The racegang fight in "Brighton Rock"? The Mau Mau massacre of the British planter and his wife in "Simba"? The old-time boxing

contest in "The House in The Square"? The man climbing up the face of a cliff in "The Clouded Yellow"? Tough Guy jobs, every one.

Despite all the planning, though, accidents happen.

Narrow Miss

During one of the jousting sequences in "Ivanhoe" a runaway horse with a Tough Guy in the saddle galloped headlong up the road—to run slap into Robert Taylor, arriving on the set in his Rolls-Royce.

There was a squealing of brakes as horse and rider crashed into the car. Luckily no one was hurt.

Michael Rennie became a particularly apt pupil of Micky's for his strong-arm scenes in "Uneasy Money." He threw one Tough Guy so hard he knocked him out.

In "Captain Horatio Hornblower," R. N., Gregory Peck—"one of the quickest blokes to learn I've ever met anywhere"—had to fight it out with swords with a Spanish naval captain, played by Tough Guys' fencing director, ex-Royal Marine Rupert Evans.

Frighteningly Real

Peck welcomed any chance for using his sword and, in this scene, he was in his element. Unfortunately, however, he brought down his blade with such force on his opponent's hand that it went through the safety guard. Evans had to have five stitches in his hand.

INDIA MAGAZINE

That frighteningly real fight in "Frieda" between the ex-prisoner of war and the Gestapo agent cost one Tough Guy a badly split lip and half a dozen stitches in his head.

"Just one of those things," comments Micky Wood philosophically, tapping out his pipe on the heel of his shoe. "Every profession has its occupational hazards. Ours are broken bones and heads."

Expert Tutor

But not all Wood's work is in arranging fight scenes and stunts for the films. Many a young star owes his imposing physique to a course of body-building at the Tough Guys' gym, under the expert tuition of the master himself.

He knew Laurence Harvey in the early days after the war when the latter was a thin young man in his early twenties, struggling to get a footing on the ladder. "He asked me if I would give him a course in body-building. I did, for six months."

He remembers Anthony Steel from quite a way back. "The finest boy in the whole business," he says.

Name a star and it's an odds-on chance that Micky has worked with him on some film or other. At one time Leo Genn, Bryan Forbes, Bill Travers and Anthony Steel used to come down to his gym every day for limbering-up exercises for their roles in "The Wooden Horse."

Micky has a theory about screen fights. They not only make a good living for him and his Tough Guys, but big dividends for the stars as well.

The record seems to bear him out. Michael Rennie in "Uneasy Money," Richard Attenborough in "Brighton Rock," David Farrar in "Frieda," John Mills and Stewart Granger in "Waterloo Road," Dirk Bogarde in "The Blue Lamp"... every one a star and all of them having dealt out or received violence under Micky Wood's supervision at some time or other.

In fact, almost the only person who isn't a star is Tough Guy Number One himself. Is he sore? "What would I know about acting?" he says. "Fighting's my job," I'll say it is!

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

About a dozen film versions of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" have been written. Not one has reached the production stage. Each time it has, apparently, been found too hot to handle. You've heard of Lady Chatterley and her Lover, of course. They're the creations of D. H. Lawrence, in his famous—and much censored—novel. The unabridged version of the story was banned in Britain as soon as it was published, reports Henry Khan.

Maybe that is why no British studio has ever filmed this British story. And why it has been left to France, where the studios are more courageous—or perhaps more foolhardy.

In the book the affair between Lady Chatterley and her disabled husband's gamekeeper is detailed in full. In the film the emphasis is modified.

Will Britain see the picture, which stars Daniell Darrieux and Leo Genn as the Chatterleys, Erno Crisa as the game-keeper-lover? Yes, it seems so. With an "X."

Personality Postscript: Erno Crisa, Sicilian-born, began his career as sort of "Mr. Beefcake" in a Bal Tabarin night club tableau. Later he won the "Best European Athlete" contest, was runner-up in the World's Best Athlete contest.

CHANGES IN RUSSIAN FILMS

For years, almost every Russian film had a message. It urged picturegoers to help bring in bigger harvests, increase industrial output says Frank Hazeel.

Love stories were frowned on by the powers-that-were. But now things are gradually changing.

Russian producers are seeking good-looking young people to play up romance—although glamour in the Hollywood manner isn't yet the target. Romance, from now on, is the aim and object.

It's a sound move. Everywhere I went in the Soviet Union I realized that cinema audiences respond to romance in the same way as the rest of the world.

For instance, "Waterloo Bridge," "Lady Hamilton" and the old "Rose Marie" were packing the cinemas.

Younger Russian picturegoers asked me if I knew Robert Taylor. Could I get his autograph? Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh set their hearts pitter-patter, too.

'QAIDI' LAUNCHED

"Qaidi," an adaptation of "The Prisoner of Zenda," was launched by Eagle Films.

Padmini, South Indian star, has been assigned the feminine lead while Suresh is cast opposite her, says a Bombay report.

Director Mohammed Hussain revealed that to give full scope for the dancing talent of Padmini, many changes had to be made in the script.

The picture will have a number of dances by Padmini and Helen.

The supporting cast will include Shyam Kumar, Protima Devi, Randhir, Agha and Kamal Mehra.

The lyrics will be written by Jan Nissar Akhtar and the music will be composed by O. P. Nayyar.

NEW COMEDY

A.V.M.'s laugh-loaded venture "Chori Chori" is now receiving its finishing touches and is expected to be released early in August through M. B. Billimoria's.

Nargis and Rai Kapoor are the co-stars.

Based on a screenplay by Agha Jani Kashmiri, "Chori Chori" tells of the misadventures which place right people

in wrong places; actually making square pegs fit in round holes.

Nargis is cast as a rich heiress who runs away from home, while Raj is an impecunious writer never afraid of gambling with luck.

Exquisite dances are contributed by Kamla Laxman, Sai and Subbulaxmi.

The highlight of entertainment is a puppet dance performed by Raj and Nargis.

Four top comedians Gope, Bhagwan, Johnny Walker and Muqri are seen in the supporting cast, while Pran is in his usual villain's role.

Directed by Anant Kumar, the film has a musical score by Shanker-Jaikishen and lyrics by Shailendra-Hasrat team.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH

India's Cannes Film Festival prize winner, "Pather Panchali," is entered for the Czechoslovak Festival to be held in July.

The Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia are said to be negotiating for its screening rights.

East Berlin officials say they are in touch with several Indian producers with a view for making a co-production.

An Indian film festival is planned by the East German Government this summer.

At the Berlin Film Festival, India will be represented by two feature films, "Raj Kamal" and "Bandish" together with four government documentaries.

This year, for the first time India is represented in the jury which will award prizes for the best documentaries.

Other Asian participants in the festival include Egypt, Indonesia, Pakistan, Japan and Ceylon.

FILM AND FREEDOM

Under the auspices of the Spring Lectures Series, producer-director J. B. H. Wadia delivered a lecture on the subject of the Indian Film and Cultural Freedom at Tilak Mandir, Poona, Mr. K. Narayan Kale, famous art critic and formerly of Prabhat Studios was in the chair.

As is his wont, Mr. Wadia spoke more as a dispassionate critic and an intellectual rather than as a partisan advocate for his brotherhood. He made it clear that he was not speaking as an accredited representative of the industry but in his own personal capacity as a film producer of 28 years' standing. Whereas he had found weaknesses in the policy of the Government which was responsible for the application of the provisions of the Film Censor Code, he acknowledged unhesitatingly the honesty of thought of Government officials and members of the Board and their anxiety to be helpful to the producers. The need of the hour, he said, was a change in the actual practice and in the

interpretations given to various clauses of the Code at various times.

He argued his points more on a philosophical plane and deprecated all tendencies to indulge in personal attacks.

He suggested the setting up of a Ministry of Films under a Deputy Minister who had the requisite knowledge, if not the experience, of the film industry and who would be in a position to devote all his time to his office.

While appreciating the inheritance of liberalism in the recent announcement of the Hon'ble Minister for Information and Broadcasting apropos of his idea of a Governmental pre-censorship of film scripts Film Censor Code which he had the opportunity, to draft for the I.M.P.P. A. as far back as in 1946 and read out some passages from it with a view to show that while he was a confirmed believer in the pricelessness of the box-office value of entertainment, he was not blind to the vital role it can play in the field of enlightenment for the benefit of society.

CRITICS' AWARDS

The Film Journalists' Association gave "Critics' Awards" on the 7th June 1956 to the best contributions of 1955 at a colourful function at Taj. It was attended by leading stars, producers, technicians and high dignitaries of the Society. Though the 'male' stars were in full attendance the female stars were represented only by Nargis, Nutan, Nalini Jaywant and Nirupa; the conspicuous

absentees were Meena Kumari, Vyjayantimala, Madhubala, Suraiya, Bina Rai, and Nimmi. Indeed the entire unit of "Jhanak Jhanak" which left for Madras on that very day did not attend the function; and Prabhat Kumar had to receive the awards on behalf of Shantaram and Vasant Desai.

The award for the best picture and direction went to Shantaram for 'Jhanak Jhanak'; the other four producer-directors to get certificates for merit were Raj Kapoor for 'Shree 420', Amiya Chakraborty for 'Seema', Sohrab Modi for 'Kundan' and Filmistan's Satyen Bose for 'Jagriti'. The award for best acting went to Dev Anand for his performance in 'Munimji' and Nutan for 'Seema'. Amiya Chakraborty got the award for

best story of 'Seema,' Pradeep got the award for best lyrics in 'Jagriti,' Abbas won the award for best dialogue in 'Shree 420' and Vasant Desai won the award for best music in 'Jhanak Jhanak.'

The certificates of merits for outstanding performances were given to Raj Kapoor, Dilip Kumar, Ashok Kumar, Sohrab Modi, Nargis, Sandhya, Nirupa, Roy and Geeta Bali. The music directors Naushad, C. Ramchandra, Shanker Jaikishan, Hemant Kumar, lyricists Shailendra, Hasrat, Sahir, Kumar, authors Mukham Sharma, Rajinder Singh Bedi, Manoranjan Ghosh, dialogue writers D. N. Madhok, Bukhari, Amant Hilal, Sarshar Sailani were also awarded certificates of merits.



A romantic scene from 'Kudumba Vilaku'

The function began with variety entertainment—with songs by Hemant Kumar, Manmohan Krishna, Mukesh, Manna Day, Suman Hemadi and dances by Little Ballet Troupe and Baby Saroja. The President of the Film Journalists' Association gave a brief resume of the activities of the association which was formed at the instance of Shri Morarji Desai who had convened the conference of film journalists and appealed to them to weed out unhealthy and yellow film journalism over a year ago, report Cine Advance.

Shri Morarji Desai who gave away the awards declared that he was a friend of critics and that he fully supported the idea of giving awards. He said that criticism was necessary and welcome as long as it did not transgress the boundaries of decency and gentlemanliness.

HERE AND THERE

In "Mangalavasam," a new venture by Tamilnadu Talkies, you will be enthralled to hear one of Poet Bharati's immortal songs. It is to be a splendid musical with fifteen songs sung by Leela, Suseela and Soundararajan.

Produced at Vauhini Studios "Amara Deepam" is now currently running throughout Tamil Nad, starring a new trio—Padmini, Savithri and Sivaji Ganesan. T. Prakasa Rao has directed the picture.

The love affairs of Vikramaditya are to be translated to the screen at last. Plans for the film have already been carried beyond the paper stage by Bharat Pictures.

"Mappillai Thevai" (Wanted Bridegroom) is a bilingual (Tamil-Telugu) comedy registering good progress in Bharani Studios. Bhanumathi portrays the feminine lead.

Vijaya's "Maya Bazaar" is making rapid strides under K. V. Reddi's direction. Savithri takes up the role of Vathsala while N. T. Rama Rao acts as Krishna. Thangavelu as Lakshmana Kumar is said to have given an excellent performance.



TYPIST GIRL (To newcomer): "Now, you know, dear, a circular letter need not necessarily be circular!"

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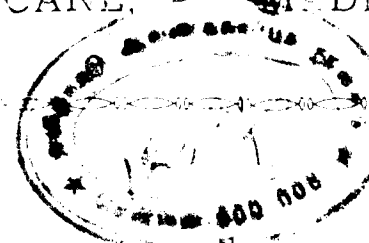
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To Our Readers:—

With each issue INDIA MAGAZINE is gaining in popularity and growing from strength to strength. It has been acknowledged as a leading monthly, covering all aspects of national life. We have received a number of gratifyingly warm-hearted congratulatory letters from readers all over India and flattering notices in the English and language press. Below we print a few of them.

Editor, India Magazine



OPINIONS

Lighter Vein

A variety of contributions, mostly in a light vein, are contained in the first number of "India Magazine". A contribution dealing with the Amritsar session of the Congress, another describing the attractions of Mount Abu for the tourist and some short stories form the highlights of the present issue.

The Hindu

Several Stories

The second issue of "India Magazine" comprises several short stories, interesting tit-bits and jokes. A travel feature, tips on health and hygiene, and notes on popular science form the other highlights.

—Naradar

Rich Fare

This new monthly journal has made a promising start, offering rich fare. Comments on current affairs are straight and crisp and "Sense and Nonsense" is fine entertainment. The Magazine includes a number of short stories and readable articles.

—Sunday Standard

High Value

Many of its articles are of high value and are worth reading twice. In a nutshell 'INDIA MAGAZINE' is worth its weight in gold. May it help the Indian public in upholding the torch of Freedom, Liberty and Truth, for which many thousands have fought and sacrificed their all.

—P. V. S. Vasan, B. A.