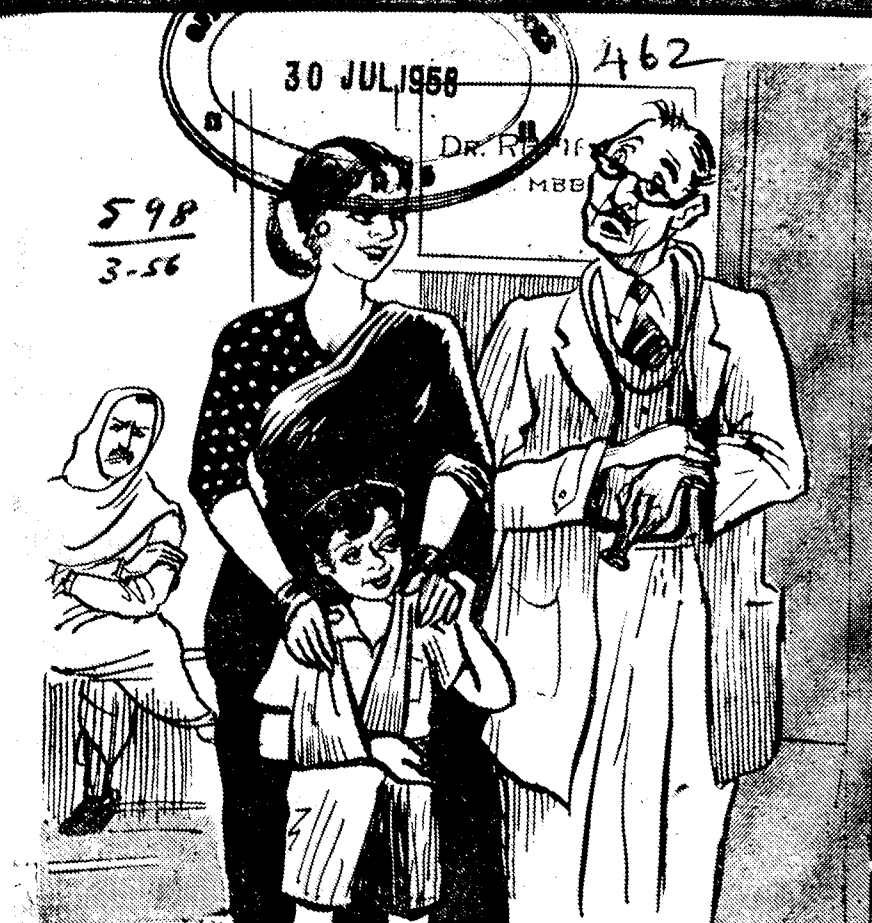


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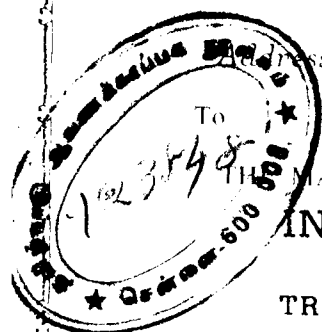
598 MAGAZINE



MOTHER (to Surgeon):—"Be careful, Doctor, while examining my boy; he bites every stranger who comes near him!"

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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.

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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.

INDIA MAGAZINE

VOL. I No. 6

AUGUST 1956

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NINE YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

NINE years ago, when India attained independence, many feared that the road to political and economic stability was long and tortuous. The tragedy of partition brought sorrow and tears to many a family and thousands were uprooted from their homes. Several Princely States were defiant and constituted a sore thorn in our side.

Soon, however, the difficulties facing the nation were got over. It was given to the genius of Sardar Patel to begin the task of integration, consolidation and reconstruction. Princely India was liquidated in no time and a new map of the country was drawn. The dispute over Kashmir gave us many anxious moments until the people of the State themselves voted for accession to India.

The assassination of Mahatma Gandhi was the severest of blows dealt to us but the nation somehow survived the ordeal and resumed its onward march under Nehru's leadership. An important landmark in our history was the conversion of India from a Dominion into a sovereign full-fledged Republic on the 26th of January, 1950. It is significant that India's example was subsequently followed by Pakistan, and now by Ceylon.

For the first time, with the Prime Minister's ceaseless endeavours in the cause of world peace, our prestige abroad began to soar high. For limiting the area of conflict over Korea and achieving the Indo-China armistice the credit largely goes to India. Even America, which once scoffed at the very idea of co-existence, is now slowly and reluctantly veering round to the acceptance of Panch Shila.

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80 Pages Packed With

STORIES ARTICLES CARTOONS FILM-FUN

Current Comments

HOMAGE TO TILAK

The nation paid its humble homage to Bal Gangadhar Tilak on the occasion of his birth centenary that came off last week. At the turn of the century, the Congress was no more than a debating society of educated Liberals. It was the Lokamanya who realised the need for cultivating contact with the masses who formed the real backbone of the nation.

His articles in *Kesari* brought him into the limelight of publicity and provoked the British Government into hauling him upon a charge of sedition. He was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment. As time went on his agitation against British domination became more stiff and intense, and the alien rulers stood in such mortal terror of him that they sent him to Mandalay jail for six years.

On returning to India, he started the Home Rule movement. Few will forget his motto: "Swaraj is my birth-right and I will have it." Gandhiji had sharp differences with him on matters of policy but he was second to none in his recognition of the Lokamanya's signal services. And he called him the Maker of Modern India.

In those days, however, people forgot provincial barriers and prejudices and rose to one man at the call of a leader no matter where he hailed from. Whether it was C. R. Das or Lala Lajpat Rai, Lokamanya or Malaviya, they conjured up for us a picture of one country and one nation. Today, unfortunately, chauvinism is asserting itself and the old magic is losing its hold. Why is it so? Each new State is putting up huge fences round itself and "my own home, my own language" is the cry heard everywhere. And the Language Commission has not improved matters by deciding to oust English. If we are to remain true to Tilak's ideals of national unity, we have to retrace our steps, and quickly.

GROWING CITY

Madras, as *The Hindu* rightly says, is the third most important city in the country. But its development is being retarded for want of funds. Union Ministers have been told that money is urgently required to the tune of one crore of rupees every year in addition to its usual income. There are several schemes to be pushed beyond the paper stage. That the city is growing goes without saying but there are parts of it, like Saidapet and West Mambalam, which do not have even the elementary amenities. Be-

mosquito nuisance is on the increase everywhere.

With the springing up of unauthorised huts in several places, slums are expanding. It is difficult as it is to clear them, not to speak of eradicating them. The Corporation is yet to look for a permanent and perennial source of water supply. Woe unto the citizens should the monsoon fail at any time. And never have roads and streets in the city been so scarred, furrowed and uneven!

NEW LOOK!

With this issue INDIA MAGAZINE comes out with an attractive new look. The comic

cartoons and the story illustrations are really a treat, as readers will note. All the stories in this issue are racy and readable; each deals with some aspect of life or problem that baffles most of us. It is as human as it is touching.

We invite our readers to give us their frank opinions on the usefulness or otherwise of each feature. And any feasible suggestion will be readily adopted. The Magazine is, after all, yours. From the next issue a page will be set apart for letters from readers on any interesting subject; our only condition is that they must be brief and to the point.

TWINS OF TWO KINDS

Twins are of two kinds, like and unlike. Unlike twins occur when two separate ova are fertilized. Though often very similar, they need show no greater similarity than any brothers or sisters. They are frequently different in sex. Like twins result from the splitting and dual development of a single fertilized ovum. They are always the same sex and so extraordinarily similar that they are hardly distinguishable.

Quads are always the result of the fertilization of two separate ova, each of which splits as in the case of like twins. Triplets may come from three separate ova, or from a double fertilization followed by the splitting of one embryo. By watching the arrangement of the membranes (thin wrapp-

ings) broken at birth, doctors can usually tell what happened.

Like twins are often inseparable, and they live astonishingly similar lives even when parted at birth. Tales of telepathic contact between them are many. When an axe injured the eye of five-year-old Thomas Stocker, of Manchester, his twin brother William's eye began to swell, writes a British weekly.

The famous Gutteridge twins were both fine boxers in their day, and later seconds. Both were wounded on the Somme in 1916 on the same day. Only the three-inch-high initial badges they were enabled you to tell which one you were speaking to. Not long ago they were both seconds in the same fight. French welter-weight, Koudri, kept going to the wrong corner.

INDIA MAGAZINE

LOKAMANYA TILAK

Thou art Lion of Hind and prop for grieved hearts
Admired by all and loved by countrywide parts
Devotee of truth and aspirant for country's liberation,
Thy lead is recalled this day, by whole nation.

Great reformer with high aims,
To thee oppression and tyranny were sweet games,
Firm were thou, on principles like Mount Everest,
Struggling for Swaraj, with all thy best.

Thou blasted masses, with refreshed rapture,
For country's liberation, with faith in nature.
Roared like lion "Swaraj is my birth right,"
And awakened Bharati, with all thy might.

Apostle of patriotism, free from bias emotions,
Thy heroic deeds are sacred foils for future generations,
National guide art thou, with divine ability,
Devotee of truth, give rebellions, light of duty.

Nobly thou kept up pledge, in life-time, not to yield
Amidst dismal clouds with truth as surest shield,
Hilarious Hero of Hind, give us light of love and purity
Idol of millions of hearts, lead us to the path of Unity.

Champion of Swaraj movement, with untiring zeal,
Like Shivaji Great, thou struggled for fair deal,
Deeds of mighty knights, are to do or die,
In the service of nation, not to reason or why.

—By Tirth R. Hingorani in "Mahratta"

INDIA MAGAZINE

A PLEA FOR ENGLISH

T. K. Sethu Ram, M. A. & S. Ramanathan, B. Sc.

THE President once said ".....A foreign language, however well established and however prevalent, cannot expect to reach the people at large." Let us analyse the implications.

India is a big country, more or less a continent by itself. There is a multiplicity of languages. Unity in the political sense of the term is of recent origin. A study of Indian History brings into relief clearly the triumph of parochialism and clannishness at more than one crucial period (e. g. during the Mogul invasion).

The administrative unity, which we now have, is the result of British Administration. This is, in spite of many defects, the real cohesive force in India. The British left us, not all in wilderness, but with a strong centripetal administrative set-up, a veritable boon indeed.

As a result of two hundred years of British rule, the English language has struck deep roots into the soil of India. When the British ruled, regional languages played a major part in panchayats. Important papers, documents, etc., were translated into English. There were many good translators too. High officials learnt one language in addition to their mother tongue during their term of office.

Fanatics want to replace English by Hindi. On what grounds? Because English is a foreign language. It is not suitable to our cultural atmosphere and Hindi, an indigenous product, is more fitted for the purpose. How far is this true?

Language is one of man's unique achievements. It is a vehicle through which knowledge is passed on to posterity, which is a *sine qua non* for progress. It follows, therefore, that the purpose of language is to communicate ideas from one person to another. Language has no specific land boundary. It transcends all artificial divisions of the world provided it is well developed and universal.

When we talk of English as an alien language we are apt to forget the large, ever growing Anglo-Indian community whose mother tongue is English. The Anglo-Indian community is part and parcel of the Indian people. This has been accepted by the Constitution. If so, how can a language which is the mother tongue of one part of the Indian community, become an alien language without the other becoming such? How is it that this obvious point was overlooked by the Constitution makers, when they listed fourteen languages as the principal ones of India?

If the above points are valid then the claim that English is an alien language falls to the ground.

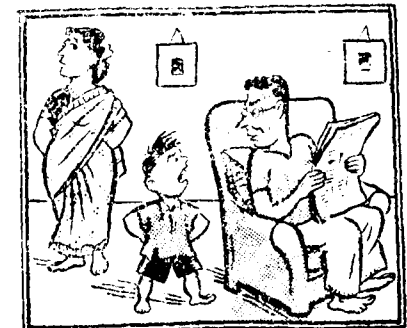
In multi-lingual states, in the world, more or less, all languages spoken are made official languages. In Switzerland 72% speak German, 21% French and the rest Italian. There the official languages are German, French and Italian. In Belgium people speak a kind of French dialect and a Dutch dialect. Both languages are official media. In Canada, they have French and English as official languages. In those countries the criterion for official language was not the percentage calculation. They knew that that would lead to trouble. But here one does not advocate that all the fourteen languages should be made all-India media. Let us accept the difficulty and boldly face it.

Here is a misconception. Often it is said that Hindi is a national language. This is absurd. It is a source of constant irritation to non-Hindi-speaking persons. A national language is that which is spoken by all the people of the country right from their childhood. The Constitution has recognised this fact but not the Hindi fanatics.

A language has to serve, we believe, four purposes in India:

(1) for regional use; (2) for inter-provincial communication; (3) for international relationship, and (4) for keeping abreast of all development and progress in scientific knowledge.

For the first purpose we have separate regional languages. They have developed a good deal recently. But they have not developed enough to serve the other three above-mentioned purposes. The last is well served by English and not by Hindi. This is not the fault of Hindi. This is due to historical circumstances. English has become a universal language. It is more flexible and has a greater and larger vocabulary than any other language at this stage. The historical fact is there. Better we accept it and act accordingly.



LITTLE BOY: " 'Ask your father!' 'Ask your mother!' Can't you two make up your minds and tell me who is to answer my questions? "

SHE SMILED AFTER ALL

Short Story:

By K. BHUPALAN

WITHIN four months after her marriage Vasantha was a disillusioned young woman. Life in her father-in-law's home was clearly no bed of roses. Of course, her husband, Satagopan, was devoted to her. He brought her on the sly whatever she wanted. But into a rented four-room portion of a house a family of fifteen members had to be squeezed. It had taken some weeks for the bride to reconcile herself to the absence of privacy in her home. From the bungalow of her father who was an Assistant Engineer in Madras, to the dark, ill-ventilated tiled-roofed building in Kanchipuram, it was, indeed, a far cry.

Vasantha's father-in-law, Narayanan, was a retired railway official, who pinned all his hopes of a bright and prosperous future on his six sons. Only two of them were employed after graduation and the other four were still studying in school. Narayanan had three daughters besides but only the eldest of these was married. The old man had seen better days; his forefathers had been rich landlords. On his father's death, Narayanan inherited two big brick-built houses in his village and paddy fields that filled his huge granaries with golden grain. But he was an absentee landlord. His job as an overseer in a section of the railway, two hundred miles from his village, led to gradual neg-

lect and apathy, and when there was a sharp fall in the yield he regretfully decided to sell up all his land. And the family was moved to Kanchi where the children could go to school. All his money evaporated when he married off his four sisters and he had run into deep debt and difficulty even before he retired.

Gopal, his first son, was a senior clerk in the railway office in Madras City. Quiet and obedient, he did not relish the idea of setting up house separately and travelled every day by train—fifty odd miles up and fifty odd miles down. He had married his aunt's daughter. How could Narayanan ask his own poor sister for dowry when she demanded that Gopal should marry her daughter?

SATAGOPAN'S marriage brought new hope and sunshine into the family. The bride brought a dowry of five thousand rupees and a number of silver vessels. It was two years since Satagopan had passed his B. A. examination in the first class and was lucky to have got a teacher's job in the local High School. When Seshadri, Vasantha's father, saw the young bachelor through the good offices of a marriage-broker, he was much impressed by his handsome figure and winsome smile. There certainly was a bright future before such young men. And

when his photo was shown to Vasantha she gave her ready, though silent, consent. Within a week the negotiations between the parents were carried through and in the week, following, the marriage was celebrated.

IN the first flush of happiness, the bride did not quite well realise the series of adjustments that she had been forced into, in her new home. No cook brought her bed coffee. What she drank at eight o'clock was an apology for that beverage. She didn't like the food, either. She couldn't stomach the coarse rice and the brinjal curry nor the smelly buttermilk and the too hot pickles. But she was much amused when her sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law wrangled over them and kept on asking for more, to the embarrassment of their mother. Vasantha remembered the biscuit tins in her home, the split-bamboo basket that was bursting with mango, apple, orange and banana, the dish of sweet-meat that her mother would urge her in vain to take, and, above all, the excellent meal of polished rice and fresh vegetable, and the hot cow's milk, served to her, on retiring to bed. Here, in her new home, there was hardly enough food or liquid to go its round. Often she had to tighten her belt—rather her belt of gold.

Every Sunday day evening her father would come to Kanchi in his car and chat with his daughter and her father-in-law. He realised his haste in having married his darling pet into a poor home. But he put on a brave face as did his daughter, though she never once talked

about this change in her life. And during every visit of his he would bring her fruits and sweet-meats, which she would dutifully pass on to her mother-in-law, to be shared out among all members of the household including herself.

It was eight o'clock on a Saturday night. A splitting headache had sent Vasantha to her bed in the front room. Her husband had not returned from school as yet. He had been delayed unusually. There was no light in her room but the young woman was wide awake, listening to the voices on the door-step. Her mother-in-law was talking to some friend of hers, whom she had not seen for some months.

"How do you do, Alamelu? I returned from Banaras only this morning. I am told that your second son Satagopan has married a rich girl. Is she an M.A. or a B.A.?"

"No, auntie, she was reading in the first-year class in college when the proposal came but I told her father firmly that on no account must she continue her studies."

"My daughter tells me she looks very pretty and fashionable. Does she not assist you in the household chores?"

ALAMELU laughed. "Oh, auntie, you must have been here the first day my daughter-in-law came, and watched the fun. I asked her to wash the dishes of the children and rinse their clothes in soap suds. She did it all so clumsily and with her wrist watch on, that my

daughters and little sons laughed and laughed. And she wept the whole day."

"It is curious, really. But you must be more considerate, I should say. And what have you done with her dowry of fifteen thousand rupees? Why not marry off your second daughter, Rukmani, with part of that sum?"

Alamelu snorted in indignation. "Who told you that lie, auntie?" They gave us only five thousand rupees though we had demanded ten. And, auntie, come nearer and I will tell you this secret. My daughter-in-law is asleep next door. Twice or thrice a week she suffers from a terrible headache. You know, auntie, we have been incurring heavy debts all these fifteen years and we have had to pay twenty rupees every month by way of interest on the loan. So my husband took my advice and paid off two creditors. All her money is gone. But what is the good anyway? Our liabilities have only been reduced, not cleared."

"I am sorry to learn that your daughter-in-law is out of sorts. I wanted very much to have a good look at her and offer her some advice. How are your daughters disposed towards her? They are friendly with her, I suppose?"

Alamelu chuckled. "My daughters are perfect angels. The whole world knows this truth, auntie. But my daughter-in-law is too cold and reserved with them. She talks only when she is talked to. And she grudges them her things when

my daughters want to borrow them. Last Sunday evening, my eldest daughter Padma took one of Vasantha's gold necklaces and put it round her little girl's neck. She went to the temple that evening with the darling, and took part in the procession that followed the deity. She returned home wailing that someone had stolen that gold necklace. My daughter-in-law was so angry with all of us that she wouldn't touch her food the next day. I have never seen such a perverse creature. Oh, auntie, we shall talk more about it all tomorrow evening. My daughter-in-law is going back to the city with her father tomorrow to have her eyes tested. She needs glasses evidently. Fashion and blindness go together, don't you know? Come this time tomorrow, won't you, auntie? And, see, here comes Satagopan from school.....Ah, my dear boy, here is our family friend, good old Auntie Kupppammal, enquiring after you and bursting with eagerness to see your wife. But she has gone to bed with the usual headache. My, you are looking so flurried. There is nothing wrong with you, I suppose?"

SATAGOPAN coughed and cleared his throat. "Mother, I fear I have got some bad news. Where is father? I must consult him at once. The Headmaster wanted me to see him before leaving school today. He showed me the Inspector's directive that the school should have trained teachers only. You know, I am an untrained graduate. My services have

(Continued on page 16)

THE UNEXPECTED

Story By: P. CHIU

AT the time when Yu Chung was the emperor of the Ming dynasty, there was a governor of the Hupeh province named Ma Lum. He was famous for his bravery. Although he was old still he was very strong. Ma Shi Foon was the name of his only son and his daughter was called Ma Fong Ting. He was not a bad officer but yet the people of that province disliked him very much. It was because he devoted all his energy to the duties of his position and neglected to look after his family affairs. His son Shi Foon then became a lawless man. Moreover, Ma Lum did not punish his son even when he had done something wrong to others as he was too busy attending to other matters. His daughter Ma Fong Ting was, however, very good. She always advised her brother not to do evil deeds though he refused to listen to her.

One day Ma Shi Foon felt too lonely at home and he went to have a walk in the country accompanied by a group of his friends. When they arrived at a place famous for its scenery, called the Tortoise Mountain, which was a very lonely place, they dined in a restaurant situated by the river. As they were enjoying themselves drinking there came an old fisherman shouting in a loud voice that he had a strange fish for sale. He carried a small

wooden barrel and in this there was a fish.

Hearing that, Ma Shi Foon told the fisherman to come to him and show him the fish. The fish was indeed very wonderful. It had two heads and a double tail and was of a golden colour, and looked very remarkable when it was swimming in the water. Ma Shi Foon liked it very much so he asked about the price.

"What is the price of this funny little thing?" he said.

"Five taels of silver," the fisherman answered, "and that is the definite price."

"You must be crazy," said Ma Shi Foon. "Why do you ask such a high price for a small fish?"

"A strange fish must have a strange price," was the answer. "You see, this is not a common thing. Though I am so old I have never before seen a strange fish like that. Pay me now if you want to buy the fish or return it to me."

BUT Ma Shi Foon would neither pay him nor return him the fish. He only ordered the old man to go away. The fisherman was in a great rage. He rushed towards him and wished to take back the fish. But instead of succeeding he was knocked down to the ground by his customer. Besides that all his friends were told to

strike him until the poor old man was badly injured and cried aloud for help.

YET, there was one youth who came at last to stop the inhuman action of the governor's son. He was the son of the magistrate of that place, and his name was Tin Yuk Tsuen. He had learnt a great deal of boxing, but, as his manner was gentle nobody knew that he was a strong boxer. On that day he was also taking a walk on the Tortoise Mountain and saw the trouble between the fisherman and the cruel Ma Shi Foon. Seeing the poor old man in such distress he stopped the cruel treatment that they were giving to him. This made them turn their rage against him. Instead of beating the fisherman, they all raised their hands against the young man. Then, for self-defence, he gave them very severe punishment, as he was able to do through his skill in boxing. At last, all of them suffered serious injuries, especially the son of the governor. They then run away hurriedly from him.

Among them, one of the friends of Ma Shi Foon told him that he recognised the young man as the son of the magistrate. It happened also they met a high officer of that district on their way. So they told him about the matter and asked him to give an order to the people and soldiers of that place not to let the young man escape.

After they were all gone, Tin Yuk Tsuen tended the old fisherman and brought him to

his own boat. He told Wu Kin, the son of the fisherman, who was twelve years of age, all about the matter, and bade him take great care of the old man as he was very weak. But the old fisherman was so badly hurt that he died not long after Tin left his boat.

Knowing that he had done a serious thing by giving the son of the governor a bad beating Tin tried to go away from the place, but in vain, because by that time all the people knew about the matter and there were also many soldiers watching every path. He wanted to go away by boat but no one of the boat people dared to take him. Having thought over it for a long while, he saw that there was nothing to do but to return to the fisherman's boat and ask the boy to take him away. To this the small boy Wu Kin agreed. They escaped from that place safely at last. As they were going to part, the small boy said to him:

"My father is dead now. I hope you will find a plan for me to avenge him, and as I am an orphan now, I hope also that you will point out to me some way of living."

"DO not trouble about that," replied Tin Yuk Tsuen. "You may go to the magistrate's yamen and tell the magistrate everything, as he is my father. I think he can certainly do something for you. For my part, I shall not return home for the time being as I am sure that the son of the governor will be unable to stay in the world as I have injured him so

seriously. Please tell my father to be careful in dealing with the governor and not to be anxious about me, as I shall see him again one day."

So saying, he went away.

THE son of the governor, Ma Shi Foon, did in reality die as soon as he arrived home. Before he died he told his father that the man who killed him was the son of the magistrate, and asked him to take revenge for him. Seeing that his only son was dead, the governor was very angry and sad. He at once took a great troop of soldiers to the magistrate's yamen to arrest the son of the magistrate, but they did not find him even though they searched all over the yamen and the magistrate's private house.

"Where is your son, Tin Yuk Tsuen?" he asked, angrily. "He killed my son to-day on the Tortoise Mountain. Tell him to come to see me immediately otherwise I shall arrest you instead of him."

Tin Po Kwok, the magistrate, was very much afraid on hearing this. He did not know what to do. He told the governor that his son was really not at home and promised that he would arrest him and bring him to the governor's yamen as soon as he came home.

"That is only an excuse," Ma Lum replied. "What will you do if your son will not return home again? I give you three days only. Within these three days you must either bring your son to me or you will be arrested instead of him."

Having said this he went away in a great rage.

Not long after the governor had gone, the son of the fisherman came to the yamen to see the magistrate, saying that he wanted to report the son of the governor Ma Shi Foon for the killing of his father. As the statement was so strange the magistrate asked the boy about the facts, and then he got an idea.

"Your case is a very sad one," he said to the boy. "But I am sorry that I may be able to do nothing for you in this case, as the man who killed your father has died also. The only thing for you to do is to go to the governor's yamen to make your accusation and cry aloud your grievance for three days. Then maybe I may be able to do something for you."

Then he gave the boy some money for the funeral, and the young Wu Kin agreed to do what he told him.

THE three days were soon over and on the fourth morning the magistrate Tin Po Kwok was arrested and taken to be tried in the court of the governor in the presence of all the officers of that place.

"Since you could not deliver your guilty son to us," the governor said, "we had to arrest you for the murder. You are his father, you should have taught him to be good. Why did you allow him to do such an unlawful thing? Now is the last chance for you to say something in your defence, as we are going to sentence you to death for this affair."

"I deny the charge," the arrested magistrate replied. "You say that my son killed yours, but who is the witness of it?"

"That is easy," Ma Lum said. "I will show you the witness."

THEN the witness, Man Hung, a friend of Ma Shi Foon who accompanied him to the Tortoise Mountain that day, was sent to the court. From his words all the officers learned that it was the governor's son who caused the trouble.

At the same time, the fisherman's son came to the court also to hand his petition, saying that the son of the governor had killed his father. This made all the officers express great astonishment.

"That is a lie," said Ma Lum. "Who will believe that my son had killed your father as you have not anyone to prove it? Moreover, your father died in your own boat, you cannot say that it was my son's fault. Maybe he was injured by some other person."

"Your son also died in your own house, not at the place where the trouble happened," replied the magistrate on behalf of the boy. "What has been told by Man Hung was also evidence to prove that what the boy had said was true."

The governor had nothing to say to that. He was becoming very angry and was going to judge the case on his own authority when, suddenly, there was the arrival of an imperial order, and all of them had to go and listen to it at once.

In the order it was announced that there was an invasion from

abroad and it commanded the governor to undertake the defence immediately with his troops. Because of this, the case had to be dropped temporarily, and the magistrate went back to his post. The governor, having prepared everything for the war, sent one of his generals, Tang Hong, together with a troop to be the vanguard of the big army.

In the meantime Tin Yuk Tsuen, having escaped from the Tortoise Mountain, wandered about everywhere. He did not dare to go back to his home, and not long afterwards he had become a beggar. One day when he was in Lung Shan, which was very far away from the Hupeh province, the troops of the governor passed by on their way to the battlefield. When the troops came near him he stood by the roadside. As the general Tang Hong came close to him, his horse was suddenly frightened and reared up on its hind legs. The general was nearly thrown down to the ground. Rushing towards the horse, Tin Yuk Tsuen held fast the bridle with one hand and the saddle girth with the other. Then the horse could not move the least bit even if it wanted to run.

THE general was much surprised at the young beggar's strength.

"Thank you very much for helping me out of this danger," he said to Tin Yuk Tsuen. "What is your name? Why are you a beggar if you have such good strength?"

Tin did not dare to tell him his real name and the truth.

"My name is Tsuen Yuk Tin," he replied, making a false name of his own by inventing it.

"Do you know anything about boxing?"

"Of course I do," he answered, "I know a great deal."

THE general was glad to hear that and asked him to display his ability. Then he showed the general his skill with all kinds of weapons. His boxing was so good that the general knew that his own skill was not so great as the beggar's. After the exhibition, the general asked him to become a lieutenant in his army and to stay in his own camp. Tin agreed to it gladly.

Not long afterwards, the great army arrived at the border district of the country. The troops of the governor fought fiercely with the invaders. For a long time the battle went on. Although they had some victories they were also defeated many times.

One night, all of the troops were tired and fell asleep as they had fought for the whole day. Then their enemies came to attack them and reached their camp by a secret path. Rushing on them with a thunder-like clamour, they killed many of the governor's soldiers. When they woke up from their sound sleep it was too late to defend themselves.

Unexpectedly, a young man, fighting like a hero, pressed into the crowd. It was the young lieutenant. He was so brave that all of the enemy who fought with him were badly wounded or killed as soon as their weapons met. He rescued

the governor from the dangerous position and finally he drove all the enemy away.

On the next day, Ma Lum promoted him to be one of his generals in order to reward him for saving his life. He also sent him to fight with the invaders. Within a month, he had defeated the enemy. The chief of the invaders was then compelled to sign the agreement of surrender and the governor's army returned to the capital with complete victory.

Not knowing that the young general Tsuen Yuk Tin was the man who killed his son, the governor showed him great favour. As soon as he returned to the governor's yamen, he let his daughter Ma Fong Ting marry him.

ON the third day after the wedding had taken place the newly-married couple were talking in their room. Tin said to his wife:

"I have heard that your elder brother was killed by the son of the magistrate. How is the case going on?"

"It is still held up," replied his wife, "as my father has no time to judge it in these few days. But I think that the court will be opened again soon."

"Supposing," he said, "that you met with the man who killed your brother, what would you do to him?"

"I should certainly kill him or arrest him and bring him to my father," she answered.

"Yes, you would do what is right," he said, "and I guaran-

tee that you will meet him soon."

SO saying, he took down a sword which was hanging up on the wall and gave it to her.

"Here is a sword," he continued, "and the man before you is the man who killed your brother. I must confess to you, I am not Tsuen Yuk Tin but Tin Yuk Tsuen, the son of the magistrate and your husband; the man you are looking for in order to have revenge and the man who saved your father in the battlefield. With this sword, you may kill me as you like."

She was astonished. For a long while she did not know what to do, as her mind was in an extremely confused state.

"Why don't you kill me?" he urged. "I see, perhaps you do not like to do such a dreadful thing by your own hand. But I shall go to see your father personally and tell him everything. I think he will put me to death for you."

He was then going to leave the room.

"Stop!" she cried aloud at last, weeping. "pleass do not go, I do not want revenge any more. I shall be a widow if you really do what you say."

"But I must go now," Tin said. "I must go home to see my father, as I have not seen him for a long time. If you really do not wish your father to kill me, you may try your best to help me afterwards."

Saying this he left her and went back home to see his father. Tin Po Kwok was very angry at first, but when he was

told everything he was glad. Immediately he tied him up and brought him to the governor's yamen.

Ma Lum was also astonished at this, as he only knew the young man as his son-in-law. Then Tin Po Kwok told him the facts and asked him to do whatever he liked to his son.

Seeing this, the governor had to cancel the charge and set free both the magistrate and his son.

(Continued from page 10)

been dispensed with from today. And I must go to the city to study for B.T. But I wonder whether Father has any money left out of that dowry."

Kuppammal shook her head gravely. "This girl has not brought good luck, that is evident. Now the family is robbed of one good source of income," she whimpered.

"So my son is expecting his father to finance his education—till the end of time! It is a fine proposition, indeed. I think, auntie, this wretched son will run away with his wife to her father's home and leave us in the lurch. It will come to that, I tell you. How can I feed the wife of an unemployed fool?" shouted Alamelu in mounting fury.

Only one woman smiled in triumph. It was Vasantha. She could return now to the city and live happily and freely with her husband until he completed his training course in Madras. "My silent prayers have not gone in vain," she murmured to herself.

Short Story

A DREAM HOUSE

OE, you won't like this. But you've got to be told. Ellen couldn't. She doesn't now. She doesn't know the half of it, Joe.

I tried to tell her, and she thought I was making love to her.

Sit down, you mug. Don't try to start something here, because you could, easily. It'd be a pleasure for me to beat the curl out of that red cowlick of yours. Lately I've had the loveliest dreams of sinking my fist into your freckled face.

Relax, Joe. I'll tell you a funny thing. You know, at first I was on your side in this deal. Not Ellen's. Why, I thought she was selling the bill of goods. You remember the party where we three met? "Harry's an architect," somebody told her, and she steered me into a corner with you to talk house plans.

"We want a Cape Cod cottage with a picket fence in front," you said. "A big brick chimney, white washed. Bookcases on both sides of that, up to the ceiling. Big windows, picture windows." You drew floor plans on the serviettes, but I was looking at Ellen. You sketched the dream kitchen on a coaster, and I tried to visualize

Ellen with an egg beater in her hand.

This guy Joe's a chump, I thought.

Afterwards, I asked people. "Ellen's a model-high style," they said. I began recognizing her regularly, in the plain and club-car illustrations the imperious blonde in the imperial limousine, the fabulous siren in the pseudo-surrealist page ads. You were in advertising yourself, Joe, according to the card you gave me.

But I had trouble imagining your red cowlick and freckles behind a business executive's desk. You looked too boyish, too idealistically boyish. I saved the card because you told me to ring you up for lunch some day soon, and I didn't know you'd quit the agency and switched to the vice-presidency of a photo-illustration studio.

REMEMBER, it was a whole month later when the two of you walked into my office, you with pockets stuffed full of plans, and Ellen looking wonderful.

"Where's the lot?" I asked. "Lot?" said Ellen.

"It would be a little easier to insert the picture windows correctly," I told her, "knowing which side of this house will

BY
DALE CLARK

2—Aug. '56

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have the view. I thought she was taking you for a ride, Joe, there wouldn't be any Cape Cod cottage at the end of the line. I figured it'd be a quick marriage and a small apartment temporarily; then a bigger apartment; finally you'd have to give her either a pent-house or alimony.

I thought she was playing us both for chumps. You see, Joe, I'm peculiar. My work isn't just drawing lines on paper. With me, it's concrete and glass and wood. The blue prints are empty things. Who'd want to write a symphony score, knowing it would stay a flock of notes on paper because it hadn't a chance of being played—ever? Well, I didn't want to plan your house. I felt sure Ellen would see to it that this house was never built. She's stringing poor Joe along. I thought, and she's using me.

BUT you went ahead, picked out the lot. You must have wondered why I wasn't more enthusiastic the day the three of us rode to Knolldale. The lot was perfect, the whole top of the hill with those 70-year-old oaks framing the outlook across the valley. The only thing wrong in the setting was Ellen.

"I love it," she said. Then while you and I stood under the trees talking, Ellen wandered down the slope. She wore a garden party creation, pink and frilly. I noticed the way she took small, timid steps, clutching her skirt as if she expected rattle-snakes and tarantulas under every bush... The house may be built, I thought, but nobody'll ever get that fine girl to live in it.

Well, Joe, as you know, I was strong. The house couldn't be built. The plans couldn't even be finished. There was always the enclosed patio turning into a rock garden, the bathrooms moving upstairs or down, the fireplace circling the four walls, the Dutch doors that became sliding panels. Ellen was always enthusiastic, and figured she was thinking up all those changes, and it took the driveway argument to teach me different. I drove out to look at your hilltop again, and hardly recognised Ellen. I found her there, Joe. I found her wearing slacks and a long sleeved smoke and leather gloves reaching halfway to her elbows. She was busy spading out those shrubs down the slope.

"Poison oak," she told me. She'd spotted that first day, but hadn't mentioned it to us. "It's such a lovely lot," she told me, "and I didn't want to say anything to discourage Joe. He's terrifically a perfectionist, bad features like poison oak could spoil it for him."

She'd come out on the bus, and after burning the poison oak she rode back to town with me. I found out Ellen dresses the way she does because that's her professional model's wardrobe, and her whole clothing budget goes into it. I learned she loved you, in spite of your terrifically perfectionist nature.

THAT was quite a while ago, Joe. That was before you quit the photo-illustration studio and started the commercial artists' co-operative sales group. I know some of these boys, and

they don't consider you a perfectionist at all. I bundled up all these plans you and Ellen and I had been working on, and I went over to see at the co-operative office. It happened to be the morning you dropped that scheme cold.

My artist friends wanted me to hang my blueprint in a collection of things you'd got them to do. "Auspices of the We Didn't Get It in Writing Association," they said. Come to think of it. I didn't have your written contract myself.

No, I'm not going to tell this to your lawyer. I don't want a lawsuit.

LET me tell you the latest. Ellen drove out to Knolldale to-day. She took my car, and I didn't know why but she hauled out some shrubs to plant in place of the poison oak. She thought you'd be surprised.

Ellen got the surprise. There was a bulldozer grading under the oaks today. And the contractor on the job had never heard of you. Ellen picked up a real estate agent's sign the bulldozer had scrapped up in the grass. The agent's a Knolldale man, and he told Ellen he vaguely remembered a red-cowlicked, freckled guy pricing the property. You never bought the lot, optioned it, though. Now there's this new buyer actually building on the spot.

Well, Joe, Ellen naturally had quite a bit to say when she returned my car. I think it's all simply how you are. It's just

you'd rather dream about a thing, than do it. You're a Mr. Make-Believe because you love living this way. They'll never nail you down. Ellen isn't the first girl you've made floor plans with.

I DIDN'T tell her. She thinks you are perfectionist, impossible perfectionist, of course. I let it go at that, not wanting to catch her on the bounce...

Because, if you want to know who bought the lot—I did. If you're interested in who's building the house—I am. I couldn't let it be just lines on paper, Joe. It had to be good solid concrete and brick with me.

And if you care who's going to live there—we are. As I say, I started to explain the whole thing to Ellen, and she thought I was making love to her. It turned out we both liked that idea fine. * *



THIEF: "It is only a dream, man. But tell me where you have hidden your money!"

ing rather soon and fall to about half its present level in a generation." According to them the latter could be expected if the birth rate fails to decline. Something between the two, perhaps 70 per cent increase, might be expected, they suggest, if the birth rate fails to decline in the first 15 years and then falls to half its present level in the second 15 years. It may be argued that to aim at these modest results over an agonisingly long period amounts to a counsel of despair. But hasty and haphazard efforts can conceivably be worse than useless.

If it is accepted as the experts suggest, that there is no reasonable possibility of stopping the growth of the Indian population, even if it were desirable to do so, then prudence dictates the need to make the best of a bad situation. This implies efficient and long-range planning. But it does not mean that the ambitious projects related to family planning in the next five years should be discarded or diluted.

—*Bombay Chronicle*.

KASHMIR TALKS

There never was any possibility of serious talks between Pandit Nehru and Mr. Mohammed Ali in London on the Kashmir question. It had been known that Mr. Mohammed Ali was anxious to have the question discussed with Pandit Nehru in the presence of Sir Anthony Eden or some other third party. Pandit Nehru, on his part, had been firm from the beginning that while he was

prepared to talk directly with Mr. Mohammed Ali he was not willing to acquiesce in the presence of a third party either as observer or as mediator. Mr. Mohammed Ali's insistence on a third party being present was motivated probably by its propaganda value. However, it is good that he refrained from raising the Kashmir question at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting. If he had chosen to do so, there was nothing to stop him. The meeting with Pandit Nehru which eventually took place was at the instance of Mr. Mohammed Ali, but Pandit Nehru has said that neither he nor Mr. Ali was stiff-necked about the affair. He did admit that Kashmir was also discussed but he declined to reveal the nature of the talks. So far as India is concerned, it is believed that the Prime Minister's offer of stabilisation of the cease-fire line holds the field and that unless Pakistan has any alternative offer to make there is no point in direct negotiations. Pakistan has taken its stand on a plebiscite but Mr. Krishna Menon has done well to point out that Part B of the August 1948 resolution dealing with the plebiscite is bound up with Part A dealing with the truce. Correctly interpreted, Part A of the resolution condemns Pakistan as an aggressor, but Pakistan's propaganda has conveniently skipped over this part and concentrated only on the plebiscite. It was reported from London that Mr. Mohammed Ali might offer to defer the question of plebiscite for a period of five or six years.

Indian sources were quick to point out that such an offer, if made, would be unacceptable because it would mean keeping the whole question in the melting pot. Its acceptance would also revive doubts in the mind of the people of Kashmir about the future of their State at a time when it has embarked on ambitious development programmes. Kashmir is said to have taken the best part of the 2-hour talks between the two Prime Ministers, but it is obvious from Pandit Nehru's reply to questions by pressmen that they have only agreed to disagree.—*Pioneer*.

VICTORY FOR NONE

On reflection, the sponsors of Saturday's hartal in West Bengal may think that they would have done well to accept the State Government's advice and call it off. In Calcutta it was half-hearted. Though from sympathy, fear, laziness or lack of normal transport, many stayed at home and the majority of shops were shut, the general mood was apathetic. That description may be said to apply equally to the public response to the Government's efforts to keep the transport services going, and nobody should complain if "incidents" were few. But eagerness to do half a day's work or enthusiasm for the Bill could scarcely be expected to be great enough to make multitudes pile into State buses waving Congress flags. The sad truth is that most people realize that, for all the campaigning against the reorganization proposals, against the merger and,

finally, against the Bill, West Bengal is not a bit better off. It is not, however, like Maharashtra worse off, and that presumably explains why, on Friday in the State Assembly, nobody voted against Dr. B. C. Roy's resolution on the Bill. Whether there is justification for the hopes he raised, that a "mistake" in the Bill will be corrected by Parliament or that subsequent more extensive adjustments may be made, is hard to say. But evidently members felt that half of even a badly baked loaf was better than no bread.

Ranchi's mood was naturally very different. There, like a Cato inveighing against Carthage, one legislator demanded that the State of West Bengal be broken up. The President is to be asked to withhold his recommendation for introduction of the Bill in Parliament and, presumably because the President is thought unlikely to do so, there is talk of resignations. Yet probably, after a sufficient interval for consideration, Bihar will recognize, like West Bengal, that things might easily have been worse. Further, we think, people in both States, with Dr. Roy an optimistic exception, will now see that merger would have been an error. For stopping that, the voters of West Bengal have to be thanked. If the Left wish to plume themselves on their achievements, it is the results of the by-elections they should be proud of, not their interference with the normal life of Calcutta, least of all the stupid stopping of trains.—*The Statesman*.

BOOKS FOR ALL

It is ironical that in a world in which there is so much talk about the need for a free flow of ideas everything should be done to impede that flow. To find out what these impediments are one has only to read the painstaking survey of the world's book trade published by UNESCO ten days ago. Ideas travel these days not by word of mouth but the printed word and the "maze of obstacles" at national frontiers in the way of free circulation of books effectively restricts the free circulation of ideas. But tariff and currency restrictions are by no means the only barriers. There are other hurdles on the way, the biggest being language itself. Underdeveloped countries have poor printing and publishing facilities and still poorer services. What is more distressing, a poor literacy rate in these countries keeps woefully low the number of those who can receive new ideas through the written word. In India the language barriers often prevent effective communication even between next-door neighbours and the widespread illiteracy makes millions completely impervious to new ideas.

It will be facile to assume that a free circulation of books by itself will achieve a free flow of ideas. There can be, of course, no justification for irksome currency and tariff restrictions in the way of international book trade and UNESCO should take the lead in mobilising opinion for the removal of these restrictions. But the wider problem of

creating more adequate printing facilities and translation services will remain—and this cannot be solved by UNESCO for it is bound up with the economic and social reconstruction policies of the governments concerned. There are moreover certain risks implicit in the way of freer circulation of magazines and books. UNESCO or other organisations striving to achieve a free flow of ideas cannot be blind to these. The main danger lies in the fact that the books these days are produced not for the dissemination of new ideas but as a commodity for sale at profit. An alarmingly large proportion of the printed material turned out today is not only bereft of any idea but solely intended to satisfy idle curiosity. It is this danger to which Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy points out when he explains that an illiterate villager whose only education is the epic stories he has learnt by word of mouth is more cultured than the person who has learnt the three R's only to read detective stories and the daily newspaper. The new problem for those interested in the free circulation of ideas is not to secure that the books that are put into their hands are such as do not exploit their cupidity, greed or idle curiosity. This does not mean any kind of censorship but it does involve a more positive attitude towards the problem of democratic education. "Books for all" must be an education policy and not a publishers' programme.

—Times of India.

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RADIATION

There is now at last a really authoritative estimate of the dangers threatening the future of mankind from various kinds of radiation. The world has reason to be grateful to the group of American scientists who, through the Genetics Committee of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, have spoken so honestly about a problem which many of their colleagues in other countries still somehow seem to shirk. Their main conclusions are very clear though very simple ones, which governments and their delegates in the United States must firmly keep in mind. All man-made radiation to which human beings are exposed is harmful to future generations, the authors of the report emphasize. There is no such thing, from the geneticists' point of view, as a safe maximum level that can be tolerated without apprehension, no matter how low it might be set. Further, there is a potentially dangerous imbalance between the achievements of nuclear science and technology on the one hand and our knowledge of the biological processes that determine the genetic future of the race, on the other. Science badly needs to know much more about those processes and about the ways in which radiations affect them before we can feel assured that we are able to prevent irreparable harm to coming generations.

—Hindustan Times.

DECREASE IN CRIME

Cases of house-breaking, theft and similar offences are so

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frequently reported from all parts of South India that impressionable folk are apt to imagine that law and order is weakening. This, happily, is not true. Crime has appreciably decreased, though further measures to insure peace and protection of people and property are obviously needed. Speaking at Guntur, the Inspector-General of Police in Andhra, Mr. P. K. Monappa, pointed out that crime has gone down to a large extent and that the Andhra police have proved as efficient as those in other States. Official statistics are impressive. From October 1, 1953, when the State was established to June 30, 1954, there were reported in Andhra 18,515 "true cases of cognisable crime", representing a decrease of 1,046 or by 5 per cent from the preceding eight months; and 41.1 per cent of such cases were detected, compared with 40.3 in the previous period. Even greater improvement was observable in Madras. The total number of cognisable offences in the State fell from 72,886 in 1953 to 54,223 in 1954—a decrease of 25.6 per cent. Both in Andhra and Madras, however, more lawlessness in the form of rag or unlawful assembly was more frequent; cases of loot were also increasing from 345 to 431 in Andhra, and from 1,564 to 1,569 in Madras.

The decrease in the total volume of crime was a result, in part, of improved economic conditions, including an increased supply of food as the seasons were more favourable and slightly greater employment, in the year under review. Yet the

progress in crime detection needs to be publicised to convert sceptics or to stimulate those who hesitate to report offences under a false notion that only serious crimes, and not comparatively minor ones, will be earnestly investigated. The ability of the police to maintain order has been abundantly demonstrated. The Force had to deal with extremely difficult situations created by numerous agrarian and industrial disputes, and the activities of anti-social elements. A serious problem has arisen consequent on the repeal of the Criminal Tribes Act, which provided for strict watching of the movements of tribes traditionally engaged in the commission of crimes, and the introduction in its place of the Restriction of Habitual Offenders Act. The former Act, which labelled sections of the community as criminal was rightly considered undemocratic and inappropriate in a State where adult franchise obtains:

but its substitute has proved less effective. The Andhra Administration Report for 1953-54 says: "The limited scope of the application of the Restriction of Habitual Offenders Act resulted in a vast body of offenders being excluded from its operation." It is in the light of such facts that the administration report speaks of the "great vigilance exercised by the police."

Mr. Monappa pleaded for more sympathetic understanding of the work of the police by the public. That will be achieved if, as we have remarked above, people are told more fully, and more often, what has been accomplished. It will be useful to give particulars, not only of reported cases, but also of complaints received, but not investigated, they being incomplete or too vague, or for other reasons. Such information will serve to counter allegations of indifference.—*The Mail*.



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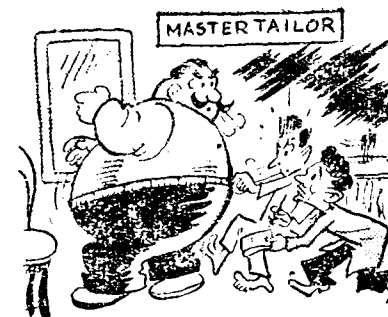
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KASHMIR

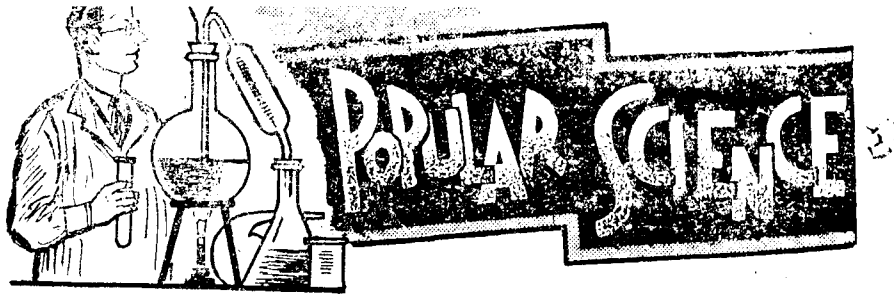
Pakistan's Prime Minister Mr. Mohammed Ali has recognised that it is a "good working rule" to confine the discussions at the Commonwealth Premiers' Conference to subjects mutually agreed upon by the participants. But this does not mean that he has given up hopes of raising the acutely controversial Kashmir issue at every turn during informal talks among the Prime Ministers. Much less does he feel inhibited about presenting Pakistan's familiar propagandist version of the dispute, calculated to show India as being unreasonable and worse and Pakistan as being just, patient and long-suffering. At the same time he has repeatedly urged the other Prime Ministers to get "interested" in this Indo-Pakistan dispute, which means he wants their active support for Pakistan against India. For form's sake, of course, Mr. Ali said on arrival in London that he would discuss Kashmir informally with Mr. Nehru. But it is clear that Mr. Ali sets greater store by anti-Indian propaganda in public than by direct talks with our Prime Minister. His first public utterance in London, addressed to the Foreign Press Association, bears this out. Most of his speech followed the familiar Pakistan line of argument and distortion of facts to suit it. After all, he must have known that his audience was too polite to question his facts even if a few of them had sufficient knowledge of the background to the Kashmir problem.



TAILOR (to his assistant): "Measurement—one tape full circle!"

But Mr. Ali was at the same time trying to make out a case for the intervention of the Commonwealth Governments in general and the British Government in particular. His thesis was that Kashmir was a "partition problem" and so Britain must share the moral responsibility for its solution. As for the lines along which that solution should be sought, Mr. Ali had no difficulty in claiming that Pakistan had an indisputable right to Kashmir, "in accordance with the very basis of partition, in accordance with every other criterion—geographical, strategic and economic". Lest Pakistan's attitude should be misunderstood as one of grabbing, Mr. Ali hastened to add that Pakistan had conceded to the people of Kashmir the right to decide their future by a free vote. But Mr. Ali naturally did not mention that in between the time of partition and Pakistan's generous and democratic gesture to the people of the State there happened the little matter of the fullscale invasion and pillaging of the State by the

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IS YOUR MIND YOUR OWN?

(By PETER DELANEY)

THE question of thought reading is important, and is one which provokes discussion, even heated argument, whenever the subject is raised by the appearance in town of "thought readers."

We can be sure that most stage shows of this sort are well-planned pieces of deception, their success depending upon the use of codes and similar devices well known to conjurers. It would, however, be rash to assert that none of the performers possessed telepathic powers, though the stage of a theatre would be the last place to choose for a genuine demonstration. Moreover, it is almost impossible to rule out deception behind the footlights.

Despite all your pre-formed ideas and possible convictions to the contrary, you must reconcile yourself to the fact that thought-transference is real.

It was demonstrated scientifically in the early days of the British Society of Psychical

Research, though at that time power to transfer thought was regarded as being limited to a few very exceptional persons.

The name "telepathy" was conferred upon this remarkable discovery, and it was left almost unnoticed as a dubious scientific oddity, except for the attentions of energetic showmen.

There telepathy remained until Professor Rhine, of the Duke University, in America, undertook a large-scale investigation of the subject. His reports, published during the last three years, fully confirm and extend the results found earlier in London.

Rhine used the students of Duke University as experimental "guinea pigs" by submitting them to a wide series of scientifically controlled tests.

The early tests illustrate the methods used. Student and observer sat at a wide table, separated by a large, opaque screen. The observer held a pack of 25

pecially prepared cards, all different, and arranged in any order. As the observer turned each card, the student, who could not see the cards, was required to name each one. The tests were planned and controlled to prevent knowledge passing from observer to student.

Rhine's results were astounding.

Though most of the students guessed correctly, only as many cards as would be accounted for by chance, many consistently named more than this number. *A few students repeatedly called very card correctly.*

Rhine demonstrated conclusively that, by some agency at present unknown, thoughts could be transmitted from one mind to another. Because none of the five known senses was concerned, the power of obtaining knowledge in this way was called extra-sensory perception.

But the findings did not end there. Rhine discovered that some people could obtain knowledge unknown to any other person and in a quite inexplicable manner. Such persons could name the card before the observer turned it over! Even telepathy could not describe such wizardry.

Startling as they are, these statements are not figments from the imagination of an over-worked popular science writer, but cold scientific facts from a famous university.

Telepathy, whether we like it or not, is an entity given to a

few. Rhine found, too, that most people so endowed had no idea that they could read thoughts.

You may well ask what all this has to do with Medicine. The studies are of very great practical importance to the doctor, who appreciates more every day the profound influence exerted by the mind on the body, and its role in initiating or aggravating the diseases to which the body is heir.

Many diseases are now known to be mental in origin, many more are influenced for good or bad by the mental attitude of the patient—by his mind. It would be no exaggeration to say that the course of every malady is determined to some extent by mental factors. (A.P.)

HOW LONG DO

DREAMS LAST?

That "bad dream" you may have had probably didn't last longer than ten seconds, even though it appeared to you to last years.

Ten people who regularly have dreams were allowed to remain unconscious for ten seconds only in recent experiments. On being awakened, all were under the impression that they had been asleep for at least an hour.

Six had had dreams, which they related to the investigators. One dreamer took half an hour to describe all the events that had happened in his dream.

Says French psychologist, Dr. Alfred Maury: "An elaborate

dream may last only a few seconds, though this depends on the dreamer. If yours is a rapid, vivid imagination, the dream will occupy a relatively short time. If you are a slow, methodical thinker, time will be longer."

Recently a study was made of the dreams of four hundred young men and women in Cleveland, U.S.A.

Dr. Calvin S. Hall, in charge of this study, reported that in both sexes hostile feelings are expressed more often than friendly feelings.

Not So Pleasant !

But for male dreamers other males are the enemies; for females, both sexes are the enemies. For the men, women are friends; for the women, both sexes are friends.

"In other words," Dr. Hall explained, "men live in a world of clearcut enemies and friends, whereas women live in a world of ambiguity. They cannot be sure who their adversaries and allies really are."

Male dreamers have more aggressive encounters with friends and with strangers than do the women; but the women have a larger number of aggressive encounters with members of their families.

—Continued from page 27

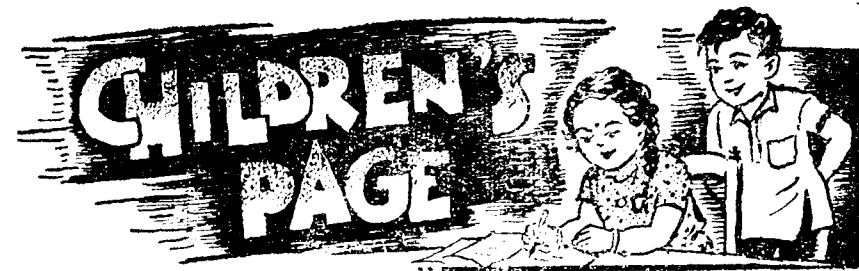
Pakistan army. Nor could he have been expected to recognise the fact that it was precisely this international outrage that first brought India and later the United Nations, into the picture to stop a branded aggressor in his course and make him agree

to withdraw as condition precedent to a free plebiscite. Even Mr. Ali's foreign audience must have been struck by this whale of an omission in the recent history of Kashmir as rewritten by him.—*The Hindu*.

"SWARAJYA'S" MISSION

India has immense resources in materials, man-power and talent. If they are properly integrated, not only will the present appalling poverty vanish, our contribution to the sum of human happiness will overflow national boundaries and spread all over the world. But what is standing in the way? It is the dominance of individual selfishness to the neglect of social advancement, even in those elected to rule and set an example, and the acceptance, untested, of the fashion of the day with its half-baked slogans by our leaders of opinion in a desperate endeavour to look progressive and be popular and amass votes. We believe that independent reflection on outstanding regional, national and world issues, combined with unrestricted freedom of discussion subject only to the disciplines of decency, in a journal conducted in a disinterested spirit, solely in the public interest, can turn out to be a source of invigorating influence for correcting some at least of the fallacies into which our affairs have sunk and instal in their place worthy habits of thought that will raise the good of all above the privileged rapacities of powerful or overpampered individuals and groups.

—Swarajya



GIFTS FOR THEM

DIWAKAR was the most generous man in the village. To any beggar that called at his door he gave alms with a cheerful smile. Once he had plenty of money. But he gave it all away in charity. He was almost a pauper now. His wife, Kanti, was laid up with a serious fever but the village *vaid* would not care to visit her because he knew that Diwakar had no money.

Since his wife was lying ill, Diwakar himself attended to the work in the kitchen. He lighted the oven, prepared a decoction of herbal roots for his wife and then set about cooking some rice for himself. From the pot in the corner he was able to scrape two handfuls of rice. He took out the small stones and was about to soak the rice in a vessel of water, when he heard somebody groan outside his dwelling.

"Who is it, please?" he queried, opening the door.

It was a very old man who was leaning on a stick with a copper vessel which apparently served as a begging bowl. "I have been starving for days

without food. Please give me something," he said in a very low tone. His body shook like a leaf in the wind.

Diwakar's heart melted with pity. "I am sorry I have only a very small quantity of rice," he replied. "It is lucky for me that you have come in time. It is a pleasure and privilege to offer you all that I have. Here is the rice, swami. Please accept it and bless me and my wife, who is ailing."

"I shall take the rice and may God bless you and give your wife health and strength. By the way, I am very thirsty. Will you kindly bring some water?"

"With pleasure, swami. Just you wait a minute, please," said Diwakar as he raced into the kitchen.

BUT he had to clean the tumbler with tamarind paste and ashes and then fill it with pure water. It took nearly five minutes for him to come out. He was astonished to find that the old man had disappeared, leaving the copper vessel and the stick behind. He looked about but could find no trace of

the beggar on the village road. He wondered how he could have walked without the aid of his stick. He picked up the vessel and the stick in the hope of returning them to the owner when he called again.

TAKING them inside, he uttered a loud exclamation. His wife almost raised her head to enquire what was the matter. "Rukmini," he shouted in excitement, "Look! The mendicant has vanished leaving a vessel of gold full of gold grains and the stick also is solid gold. I never dreamt that Lord Vishwanath of Kasi would deign to come to our humble dwelling and bless us so. He has given us His own 'Akshayapathra'. Let us worship the stick every day."

The villagers heard about Diwakar's fortune and crowded about him. The *raid* rushed to his wife's side and showed all his solicitude for her recovery.

Only one man was not pleased with Diwakar's luck. It was Ravinder, his neighbour, who was a born miser, and who used to drive all beggars and mendicants to the next door. He had been watching how the old man had left a vessel that would yield gold at all times and was

bursting with envy. From that day he, too, began to give large quantities of rice to whoever called for alms.

Then one day, when Diwakar and his wife had gone to a neighbouring village to attend a marriage, an old man called at Ravinder's house for alms. One look at him, and he was convinced it was the same old man who brought fortune to the neighbour. Ravinder welcomed him with a smile and gave him double the quantity of rice which he doled out to others.

THE old man asked for water and, sure enough, when he came out with a tumbler of water, the mendicant had disappeared. Of course, he had left his begging bowl and his stick behind, and Ravinder grabbed at them with eagerness. He went in and took with him the vessel and the stick. The vessel was made of rusty tin and Ravinder put his hand in it to find out whether it was turning into gold. A small scorpion that had taken refuge in the vessel stung the forefinger of Ravinder's right hand—once, twice and thrice! The miser howled until neighbours brought the *raidi* to give him relief!

—By Somas

In my view, which I would like you to consider, it is not true that a sound healthy body is enough to produce a sound mind; while on the contrary the sound mind has power in itself to make the bodily conditions as healthy as it can be.

—PLATO

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A Short Story

DOLL FOR THE SON

By P. V. SIVARAM

THE passenger train was dashing at great speed as though she was conscious of her responsibility in carrying the hundreds of passengers to their destinations in time. It was almost midnight and the moon had not appeared yet to dispel the darkness.

All the compartments were fully packed and except a few passengers who were peeping out of the windows, all were dozing. The compartment in which Kuppuswamy was travelling was so old and rickety that every now and then it gave a jolt, enough to raise the heavy eyelids of the dozing passengers for a while. But no one seemed to be bothered about this disturbance and all returned to their dreams immediately after every jolt.

But sleep had deserted Kuppuswamy's eyes, and he appeared to be serious about the cigar he kept between his lips. Watching the curls of smoke he puffed out every now and then, and staring at every passenger, he was sitting in a corner of the compartment like a watch-dog.

Kuppuswamy was returning to his village after a long absence of eight years, and all this

time he had spent in the congested city of Calcutta. He was not aware as to what must have happened to his wife Mathamma, and his only son, who was only two years old when he left Poovalur. All his attempts to get information about them were futile and he lost touch with them soon after reaching Calcutta.

It was about eight years ago that circumstances forced Kuppuswamy to leave Poovalur in search of a job somewhere in the North. The meagre income he had been earning by way of doing manual work in his village was hardly sufficient to make both ends meet. One morning he came to the sudden decision to leave Poovalur, as he could no longer bear to see his beloved wife and child suffering.

AFTER facing many trials and tribulations on the way, he reached Calcutta. But the city, with its hundreds of educated and uneducated unemployed on its streets, could not provide Kuppuswamy with a job. He lost all hopes of making a decent living, and almost thought of committing suicide. But, luckily for him, Dame Fortune smiled on him and with the help of a few friends, he opened a

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small cigarette stall at a street corner. By sheer hard work and perseverance he developed his business and all those eight years of toil and travail had made of him the owner of a big aerated water factory and a cool drinks bar. But, in spite of his prosperity in business, he was seldom happy and the recurring thoughts of his beloved wife and child saddened him.

NOW, he was returning home with bright hopes of seeing his wife and child hale and hearty and he had many plans ready on hand. He would take them to Calcutta, have a happy home, and send his child to the best school in the city. At least, his son should not suffer like himself, for want of proper education and financial backing, so he told himself.

The train slowed down with a clanging sound and at last stopped with a creak. Hundreds of heads peeped out of the windows and Kuppuswamy was no exception. To his excitement he found the black board bearing the name of the station in white letters. It was Poovalur. In great hurry he collected his trunks and basket and alighted from the train.

The station had undergone a thorough change since he had seen it last, but it was still very small. The few faces on the platform, including that of the station master, were quite new to him and nobody was there to recognise him. There were no posters on the platform. He checked his things. All were intact—two small steel trunks, one holdall, one basket

and the smiling Japanese doll. How eager he was to press it into the hands of his loving son! He would be ten now, well grown up with fleshy cheeks and laughing face. He would not recognise his father, but Muthamma would surely spot her husband though he wore a silk shirt and Punjabi sandals now. What would she think when she saw the silk saris and blouse pieces in the trunk?

Immersed in the happy prospect of being with his family, Kuppuswamy did not realise that the train had steamed out of the station. The grand old clock in the booking office struck one and the station master slammed the door of his office room with a bang in a hurry, obviously to snatch an hour's sleep before the next train passed by that station. Kuppuswamy, losing all hope of finding a porter in that station at that hour of the night, removed his things one by one out of the platform beyond the entrance. He searched for some mode of transport. There was not even a single bullock-cart. There were no coolies, either, except a few street boys sleeping here and there in the station premises.

NOT being able to carry the things himself all the way to his house, he sought the assistance of a small boy. A smart-looking youngster rose up immediately with hope burning in his eyes to get a bumper price for his services. The only dress he wore was a pair of shorts which were all rags and patches. He looked as though he had not eaten food for days.

"Can you carry one trunk and the holdall?" Kuppuswamy enquired with an air of diffidence in the boy's physical strength.

"Yes, sir, I can carry even more," the boy assured him with self-confidence.

THEY started towards the village, with a trunk and the holdall on the boy's head, and the other trunk, the basket and the smiling doll in Kuppuswamy's hands.

The moon appeared bright in the sky, cheering up the home-returning traveller. The road was muddy, but the experienced tiny feet of the boy cared nothing for the strain. He was closely following the man with slow but steady steps.

"Where did you buy that doll from, sir? It's nice. I have not seen such a thing in my life. Shall I hold it in my hands, sir? My right hand is free," the boy pleaded, watching the man's face for reaction.

Kuppuswamy was moved. How eager his son also would be to hold it. He would also fire a volley of questions at him to know where he bought it from and all that.

Kuppuswamy turned back and stretched his hand towards the boy and asked him to take the doll. The boy strode forward, eager to grab the doll. But the weight on his head deprived him of his balance and the heavy steel trunk and the holdall fell on to the ground, smashing the smiling doll into smithereens.

Kuppuswamy was stunned. Both the man and the boy were

shivering, the former with anger and the latter with fear. Both of them did not know what to do. But Kuppuswamy had a go at the boy. He was blind with fury and gave a slap on the boy's face and kicked him with his booted leg.

The boy screamed, with tears rolling down his cheeks, ran off and disappeared into the shadows.

Suddenly, heavy clouds veiled the bright moon, throwing a pitch-black shadow over the fields. Kuppuswamy's heart was also 'darkened.' The incident had upset him. The pieces of the smiling doll were scattered before him in the mud and its separated head was still smiling at him. The precious toy he had brought all the way from Calcutta with such care was lost now. The picture of his son approaching him and asking for some present came to his mental screen. With a heavy heart, and a heavy load on his head he resumed walking, like a lame duck, towards the village.

AT a distance, under the shadow of a big banian tree, he saw his house, which still remained lowly and humble. There was a small wick lamp glimmering through a side window. Kuppuswamy felt a new spirit rising in himself and started walking faster in spite of the weight on his head. He reached his home, tired and exhausted. Putting down the load, he looked through window.

The sight sent a shock through his veins. The boy whom he had

kicked was there lying on the lap of his mother, weeping. Who was that woman? None but Muthamma, his beloved wife!

THE very thought that the boy whom he had hit so hard was his own son, grieved Kuppuswamy beyond expression, and when he was on the verge of shouting his apologies through the window, he heard his son murmuring to his mother amidst sobs:

"Yes, mother, the doll was so beautiful that I yearned to hold it at least for a few moments, but before I could grab it the load on my head gave way. And before I could apologise, the man kicked me."

"May God punish that ruffian. If your father had been here, he would have taught that heartless brute a lesson."

"Ma! When will father come? Will he bring a doll for me?"

"Yes, darling, he will come here very soon. You go to sleep now."

Kuppuswamy could no longer stand it. He shouted, "Muthu, my darling, I have come. I was that ruffian who hit your son! Won't you forgive me?"

The door opened. Before Muthamma could speak anything, he rushed into the house, picked up the boy and kissed him. With tears in his eyes, he whispered to the boy, "Yes, your father will buy a new doll for you."

AFTER a week, the passenger train steamed out of the station, picking the proud passengers from the platform—Kuppuswamy, his wife and his son. A group of tiny 'porters' were standing outside the station yard waving hands at their erstwhile colleague. The smiling doll was still smiling, at a distance from the Poovalur railway station.



Five minutes to closing time at office!

WHERE A KISS

IS A CRIME!

By R. E. Gillman

WHEN passing through six or seven different countries in the course of a week's work one needs a stomach that is fairly adaptable and a constitution that can cope with a wide range of weather. Another not so obvious difficulty is the strange and differing laws of foreign lands.

For instance, an experienced traveller when walking out in Lisbon will take care not to use his cigarette lighter in public or within sight of a policeman unless he has the licence which the law demands. And in Rome, to cross the road against a traffic light is just asking for a shrill blast on a whistle and a fine on the spot.

Whether the Italian authorities consider that the pedestrian should be disciplined as well as the motorist or whether, with their knowledge of continental driving, they think he should be protected from himself, I haven't discovered.

Don't Open Windows!

In Copenhagen the newcomer, finding his hotel room somewhat over-heated, might be stupid enough to open a window. A few minutes of the storm that followed would reveal that in most of these countries where

the winter is sharp the central heating of many buildings is thermostatically controlled from "sensing" devices fitted in the various rooms. The thoughtless Englishman, by opening a window and dropping the temperature in his room, has unwittingly started a chain of events which will cause the boilers to stoke up more energetically and cook the rest of the occupants to a rosy pink.

But some of the strangest bye-laws seem to be prompted by a sense of morality.

In Istanbul any taxi-driver found carrying more than one fare in the back of his car without the interior lighting is soon on his way to the law court.

Courting Couples

Courting couples in Rome found by an official in the act of kissing are fined on the spot. If it can be said that the girl in the case responded, then the fine is doubled. As the Italian policeman is paid a commission on all fines thus imposed he might claim the title of a professional Peeping Tom.

The morality code in Spain and Portugal is extremely severe. While bathing at Estoril,

we saw a colleague being marched off by a jack-booted policeman with a pistol, his dripping trunks leaving a trail that marked the route to the station; in true British style, he carried his head high as he strode bare-foot along the main street. He had broken a rule forbidding a male to expose his chest while swimming.

In Gayer France

In gayer France the rules of the road cause more concern than anything else, and the old one which gives the right of way to any vehicle coming from the right-hand side can bring down the unwary.

The writer had an amusing adventure in Paris during the war while driving a fifteen hundredweight truck along one of the major boulevards. The frozen snow was treacherous, so when a dust cart was seen emerging from a side-street a firm course was held in the pathetic belief that it would give way. However, at a steady ten knots it drove straight across our bows. Sudden braking caused our truck to get into a skid and we closed with the dust cart, our horn blowing and the wheels locked. Fortunately we passed astern, missing the other vehicle by an inch as we slid gracefully sideways. A dustman, perched on the back of his cart, looked up from his lunch just long enough to regard us with raised eyebrows, then returned to his task of tearing apart, with ravenous intensity, an enormous sandwich.—(B.E.A.)



DAUGHTER: "Will you carry Baby, Father, for a while? I find him too heavy. I shall take your liquor bottle instead."

FATHER: "No. Better you carry Baby. You will drop the bottle!"

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MOMENTOUS DAY

ALL unsuspecting, she said into the telephone in her clear, high voice, "Yes?"

Clegg's tone was as natural as when she had heard it last, almost a year ago. "That you, Renee?"

The picture on the wall just above the level of her eyes began slowly to sway, and she sat down quickly. The hand that caught at the telephone stand was trembling. Be quiet, you silly old thing, she breathed at it. You haven't trembled at the sound of Clegg's voice for 10 years or more. But the hand went right on quivering.

"Yes, it's I." Questions knocked against her closed lips. Why did you come back? For Laurie's 18th birthday? Or because of our divorce agreement, post-dated tomorrow, remember? Of course he remembered.

"How about dinner tonight?"

A raw, hurting anger flamed in her, and died. He was so casual. Well, she could be casual, too, with the man who had been her husband for 19 years. Because the last 10 had been nothing more than an arrangement for Laurie.

And yet, his very voice set off a string of miniature fire-crackers just under the surface of her skin. It's the way she had felt the night she first met him at the college co-eds' rush party.

He had come with Mavis Pinehurst, that reedy, sophisticated senior. An athletic model, with built-in confidence, that was Clegg. With tailored correctness, a spontaneous smile, and gray-green eyes under black brows, scintillating with sensory impressions. And there was just a fleck of indecision around his mouth. He danced as if music were made for him, and visited the "spiked" punch bowl that way, too.

They went out on the upstairs balcony, and in his whimsical way he pointed out the major constellations. With her face tilted to the autumn sky, he kissed her playfully, then seriously, and she felt her world was bounded by his arms.

From the phone in her hand his voice came again, not so casual this time, tinged with the warmth Clegg knew so well how to put there.

"DON'T turn me down, Renee. I've come a thousand miles for this!"

A Short Story
By LEOLA SEELY

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She squeezed her eyelids down hard to shut out the image of his face. Why should it stir her so—at this late date? She hadn't even seen him for a year. He'd gone off to Mexico without so much as a good-bye. For 10 years before that, they had met for dinner just once a week, always with Laurie between them. Pretending for their child that they were orthodox parents, except that daddy's job kept him out of town six days out of seven.

"HE'S a very important man, a district manager or king salesman," she had heard Laurie explain proudly to her friends.

After dinner, maybe a show, and when Laurie had gone to bed, Clegg would sit for an hour in the living-room of what had once been his home, and they would exchange the impersonal pleasantries of two who meet for an evening and part. Or he said: "You're good fun, Renee. We should have discovered years ago that we were meant to be friends, not lovers."

There had been only that first year when love had been sweet between them. They had married just six weeks after they met, and the year had been one whirl of gaiety and laughter, of college parties and irresponsibility.

Clegg graduated in the spring, and Renee said good-bye to college with her first year just completed. They bought a house in Clegg's home town, and he went to work as a salesman for Monk's Hardware. Clegg's friends were replicas of those at

school, a little too fast, a little too unstable. Then Laurie came, and Renee had an excuse for putting away her foolishness, and beginning to live with her head.

Clegg hadn't lost his buoyancy all at once. He lost some of it during Laurie's first months, when Renee couldn't find a reliable baby tender while she went out for an evening with her husband, and so refused to go. He lost more of it when she became critical of his going out alone, and the alcohol on his breath when he came home. He lost the last of it the first time he came home drunk.

It was a long time before Clegg got that drunk again, but their marriage had already lasted a lifetime. There was nothing of the instinctive withdrawal of a fastidious woman, as Renee diagnosed it, and the resentful fury of a man who doesn't quite understand why it all happened.

Clegg's voice on the telephone was insistent, "Didn't mean to surprise you so. Are you already dated for tonight?"

Yes, she wanted to say. Yes, I'm dated tonight and every night. With a man who is predictable, and easy to manage—but there wasn't any other man.

SHE said: "Laurie will be home from the university for the week-end tonight—I hope in time for dinner. It's her birthday tomorrow...."

Laurie's 18th birthday. And the date on their post-dated

divorce agreement. Post-dated from 10 years ago. From Laurie's eighth birthday.

SEVEN little guests had been making their special brand of hilarity when Clegg came in. Laurie ran to meet him as always, took the package he brought, and flung her arms around his neck. Clegg was so unsteady on his feet that the weight of the little girl knocked him over. He tried to get up, floundering foolishly, and the children shrieked with laughter, until Laurie turned on them in anguished fury.

"Can't you see he's sick?" she cried.

She put out two sturdy little hands, and Clegg dragged himself up on them. Laurie's chin

was quivering, and her little face was stricken. Renee heard the whisper, "Are you sick, daddy?" and Clegg's bitter laugh: "Sick to death, baby. How's the party? Better sh...see what's in those boxes."

He started up the stairs, could not make it, turned around and went out, and Renee had to leave the party and hurry into the kitchen where she could let her tears go if they must. He had never come home drunk in the daytime before.

SHE was ready when he came in very late that night.

"Clegg, it's no use going on like this. You can see what it will do to Laurie. We'd be better off apart, much better off."



She turned from the phone and adjusted the white roses on the table.

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cloud hung about Laurie's head an instant and cascaded in pastel mist to her feet. "There's the bell! Daddy's early!" There was no pretence about the delight that radiated in her face. She ran to the door. "Hurry, mother!"

RENEE sat there unable to move. Ragged flashes of thought chased around in her head like lightning in a summer storm. No more drinking... He went away—alone—to save his life, and I didn't know... I lost my husband years ago... Never until now have I differentiated in my mind between condemning a man and condemning a sin. I wonder if it is too late?

She slipped into the sleek black gown that made her waist as slender as a girl's. The brown hair, blonde too soon at the temples, was soft and shining. She marvelled at the woman in the mirror, Blue eyes pleading, such colour in her cheeks that she left off the rouge. An urgency to the step that hurried her down the stairs—to pause in the doorway while her courage caught up with her.

The men got to their feet, and Clegg came slowly forward. She denied the cry that would have come. His curly black hair was smooth and white, and his cheeks had a hollow look that made his high cheek bones stand out boldly. There was no pouchiness under his eyes, no fleck of indecision around his mouth now.

She put out a hand almost defensively, and he took it in

both of his. They were warm, but there was no special quick little pressure to send the slow blood rushing up her arm. She said: "How are you, Clegg?" breathlessly, like a school girl.

They went to a restaurant for dinner, and the music touched their feet with rhythm. Renee and Clegg danced, and after dinner, they lingered over coffee while Kip and Laurie danced.

He was never handsomer, she thought, studying him while he watched Laurie. He caught her scrutiny and reached over to pat her hand.

"She's lovely, Renee. You've done a beautiful job."

She'd still give up six days with me for one with you—any old place, she smiled back.

"You have changed little in the last 10 years, Renee," he said.

A breath of whimsy touched her lips. "Thanks for skipping so lightly over the gray hair and wrinkles, Clegg!"

HE shook his head. "Your face is as serene as an angel's. That comes from the calm knowledge that you've always been right."

Now was the time to confess she had not been infallible, but he went on: "It was cruel of me to hold you by that silly agreement. At any rate, it's void now. You'll be filing for divorce right away?"

She drew a swift breath. "I don't want a divorce, Clegg."

There was a curiosity in his face that chilled her. She couldn't tell him now that she loved him with a kind of love she had never known before.

BUT she could say: We've lived our lives this far for Laurie. What would our divorce do to her now? Unless you want it—"

"I didn't find anything in Mexico that requires a divorce," he said.

Another chance, she told herself. If I try very hard this time . . .

She held out her hand. "Let's dance, Clegg!"

The spontaneous grin held homecoming in his eyes. Against her hair, he murmured: "We

were fortunate to learn so early that we were not meant to be lovers, just good friends, Renee."

Her question winced a little: "Will you be going back to Mexico?"

"I haven't decided. The company has given me two weeks to make up my mind.

"Laurie and Kip have to go back in the middle of the week to finish up classes. Will you dine at home—on Friday, Clegg?"

DIP his hand on her back really contract in a quick little pressure, or did her wish invent it? He was smiling down at her.

"It's a date," he said.

—(Copyright)

HAPPINESS

ARISTOTLE says somewhere that the good life consists in the exercise of our highest faculties screwed up to concert pitch, devoted to a subject matter which is appropriate to them, and worthy of them, the point of this latter phrase being that what we do must be worthy of the effort that we spend upon it, and not wholly below our powers. It is not good enough for a skilled farmer to spend all his time carting dung, for Schnabel to teach school-girls to play the piano, or Einstein to give lessons in elementary physics! When we are engaged at full stretch on something which seems to us worth doing, whether it is leading a forlorn hope, getting in the harvest, writing a book, or feeding and bathing the baby, then, when we look back, we shall realise that we have been happy.

Happiness, then, is a by-product of activity, some thing which, as Aristotle says, is like the bloom on the cheek of the young man in perfect health. The bloom is not a factor in the health; it is a sign of it.

C. E. M. JOAD

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Hollywood and on location, new talent is being discovered almost every day.

When a 12-year-old was needed to portray Charles Lindbergh as a boy in "The Spirit of St. Louis," the Warner Brothers casting department went over the cinema city's supply of juvenile talent with a fine-tooth comb, but failed to find a lad who looked like James Stewart, who played Lindbergh as a man. Peter Scaroni, who finally got the part, was picked from a group of sightseers visiting one of the location sites of the picture.

Gambles Pay Off

Gary Spence, a barber on the 20th Century-Fox lot several years, landed roles in five of the studio's most recent films, the latest being the screen version of Montreal writer Lionel Shapiro's best seller, "The Sixth of June." This film also features Canadian Alex Finlayson of Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, a nephew of silent-screen comedian James Finlayson. Alex was working for a Los Angeles mortuary when signed for the part, but he will soon be too busy acting to have either the time or inclination for any other professional activity.

While there is yet no convincing proof that the public will accept any but familiar faces in top starring roles, efforts to find new ones have been extended much farther than ever before.

Because bank financing of big-budget productions is limi-

ted to those starring established players, using new talent is something of a gamble for the studios and independent producers. There are already indications that it will pay off, but in any case they have no other choice.

Producer's Fear

"Unless many faces are found in the near future, the movie studios will be out of business," declares Paramount executive producer Don Hartman. "We don't do business with the top stars any more. Their agents tell us what we can and cannot do, and this year the competition for players and stories is tougher than ever. We've learned we can no longer copy one another, or ourselves, so there's bound to be more development of fresh ideas and new personalities. Unfortunately, movie-making is an 'industry' that turns out a 'product', and it is the drive of industry to make everything as alike as possible—as in automobile manufacture. Yet this is what got Hollywood into trouble. We must mass-produce pictures, but must also avoid making any two alike. New talent must solve the problem."

Actor-producer Kirk Douglas gambled on Elsa Martinelli, an Italian model with no previous movie experience, and her sparkling performance in his production of "The Indian Fighter" made her a bright new star overnight. Paramount took a chance on unknown Carol Ohmart and Tom Tryon, teaming them as the stars of "The Scarlet Hour," and also launched Maltese-born singer

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LIFE *and* LAUGHTER!



A HOLLYWOOD mogul who had never learned to read or write, had managed for years by signing his cheques with two X's. His banker called him and asked him: "How about this latest cheque? It has three X's?"

"My wife has social ambitions," he was told. "She thinks I should have a middle name."

* * *

REMORSE AT WORK

A few days after losing his wallet, a washerman received this letter in broken English: "sir, i foun your money, remorz is nawing me, so ahm sendin sum of it bak. When it naws me agin, i will sen sum more."

* * *

FUNNY PEOPLE!

A Chinese visitor to America wrote: "Funny people, you Americans. You take a glass—you put in sugar to make it sweet and lemon to make it sour: you put in gin to warm you up and ice to keep you cool—you say, 'Here's to you!' and then you drink it yourself!"

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"SONNY" said to his mother, helping him with his homework, "how much are 7 and 4?"

"Twelve," answered Sonny.

"Not bad for a little shaver," his father volunteered, "he only missed it by 2."

* * *

JIM'S PICTURE

"Is Jim a confirmed bachelor?"

"He is now. He sent his picture to a Lonely Hearts Club, and they sent it back with a note saying: 'We're not that lonely.'"

* * *

MUCH ADO

"May I have another cake?"

"Another cake what?"

"Another cake, please."

"Please what?"

"Please, mother what?"

"Please, mother dear."

"No you can't: you've had two already."

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A HILLBILLY was nauded into court for fighting.

"Tell your story," said the judge.

"Well," said the hillbilly, "I was in a phone booth talking to my gal, and this guy wants to use the phone, so he opens the door, grabs me by the neck, and tosses me out of the booth."

"Then you got angry?" asked the judge.

"Well, a little," said the hillbilly. "But I didn't get real mad till he grabbed my girl and threw her out, too."

* * *

KEEPING HOUSE

Let this little story be a warning not to take too literally the glowing real estate advertisements you read nowadays:

"Did you sell your old house yet?"

"No, we decided to keep it. After reading the real estate agency's description of it in the paper, we realized that that was just the kind of house we've wanted all along!"

* * *

QUICK COME-BACK

Mistress: "I forgot to ask you if you had any religious views?"

New Maid: "No, I haven't, ma'am, but I have some dandy snapshots of Niagara Falls!"

* * *

SMART DOCTOR

"I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory."

"What did he do?"

"Made me pay in advance."

INDIA MAGAZINE

AN Irishman and a Scotsman were passing a Catholic cathedral in Montreal. The Irishman removed his hat; the Scot did the same.

After they had passed, the Irishman said: "I thought you were a Presbyterian. I was glad to see you take off your hat when he passed the cathedral."

"Cathedral!" said the Scotsman. "Mon, I thought it was the Bank of Montreal!"

* * *

PAT'S PLAN

The parish priest was having a heart-to-heart talk with happy-go-lucky old Pat, whose propensity for over-indulgence had got him into another scrape.

"Pat, Pat," he remonstrated sadly, "how do you expect to get into Heaven?"

"Sure, Father, and that'll be aisy!" chuckled Pat. "When I get to the gates of Heaven, I'll go up and open the door, and shut the door, and open the door and shut the door, an' keep on doing that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness sake, Pat, either come in or stay out!'"

* * *

HEAVENWARDS!

A tourist, visiting New York for the first time with his small son, took the boy to the Empire State Building. As they shot towards the tower in an express lift, the lad was wide-eyed. "Daddy!" he cried, "does heaven know we're coming?"

THE teacher in a little country school was at the blackboard explaining arithmetic problems, and was delighted to see that the tall gangling lad, her dullest pupil, was watching intently. Her happy thought was that, at last, he was beginning to understand. So when she had finished she said to him, "You were so interested, Cedric, that I'm certain you want to ask more questions."

"Yas'm," drawled Cedric, "I got one to ask—where do them numbers go when you rub'em off the board?"

* * *

WARNED

"Doctor, what is wrong with me?"

"Madame, you are too fat. You use too much rouge and lipstick: you get your hair bleached, you smoke too much, and one other thing—you are in the wrong office. The doctor is next door—I'm a newspaper man!"

* * *

THEIR VERY NAME!

After the flood waters had receded, Noah spoke sternly to all the members of the Ark. "Obey the Lord's word," he intoned. "Go forth and multiply." All the animals left the Ark to carry out their instructions except two little snakes Noah found curled up in a corner.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Didn't you hear me tell you all to go forth and multiply?"

"We can't," was the piteous reply; "we're adders!"

UPON reading his morning paper Mr. Gordon was appalled to see his own name erroneously listed in the death notices. He charged down to the newspaper office and vigorously upbraided the editor for falsely reporting his death.

"I'm awfully sorry," the editor told him, "but it's too late to do much about it. As you see, the paper is already out."

"Is that all you can do?" shouted the man; "just sit there and tell me the paper's already out?"

"Well," replied the editor calmly, "there is one thing I can do for you. I can put you in the Birth Notices column tomorrow morning and give you a fresh start!"

* * *

HIS ADDRESS!

A prominent statesman was the guest of honour at a banquet where the speeches introducing him were many and long. When at last it was time for him to give his own speech, the hour was late.

Rising to his feet, he put aside his prepared notes and looked out at his audience with a tired smile. "I have been asked to give an address," he said, "and I shall beg the privilege of giving my own. It is number 513, Robinson Street, and with your kind permission I shall repair there at once."

LOADED down with bundles, an old lady was having difficulty in boarding the bus. The driver started to get up from his seat and help.

"No, thanks," she smiled, "I'll manage alone because if I get help today I'll want it tomorrow."

* * *

PUZZLE

"Mummy," called little Lisa, "will you please button up my dress for me?"

"You'll have to do it yourself," shouted her mother from the kitchen. "I'm much too busy!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lisa, struggling with the buttons; "I don't know what I'd do without myself!"

* * *

AFTER OPERATION!

A woman filling out an application form puzzled over the line, "Are you a natural-born citizen of the United States?"

Finally she wrote, "No.... Caesarean!"

* * *

WISDOM!

Alfrida Robida, French journalist in 1860, wrote a book titled "The Twentieth Century." In it he described and drew pictures of a table-radio, germ-warfare, television, helicopters, battle-ships, and skyscrapers.

Robida was considered mad because of his prophecies. Today we accept as a matter of course the items he predicted.

AFTER months of effort the old merchant at the general store finally collected from a stubborn debtor.

"Say on my receipt," said the customer, "that I don't owe you a thing."

With painstaking care, the old storeman wrote, "Bearer don't owe the undersigned nothing—and ain't going to."

* * *

NO USE

The other afternoon, on the bus, two small boys were engaged in a boasting contest.

"I was born at seven o'clock in the morning," one of the youngsters declared.

"Huh, you think that's early?" rejoined the other. "I was born at two o'clock in the morning!"

"Heck!" shot back the first. "What's the use of being born before it's time to get up!"

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ROMANCE OF TEA

THE price of tea through the centuries has fluctuated very much. For instance, in 1657 it was six guineas per pound. It was considered "an excellent China drink," and was called "TCHAI," "tay," and "tee." In 1660 an impost of 8d. per gallon was levied on it when it was thus brewed for sale. How easy it was, in the circumstances, to add any kind of shrub leaves or colour it with molasses! and this was so often done that heavy fines were imposed for the offence.

When tea was first imported, the people bought the strange new leaf, but they did not know how to prepare it. They steeped the leaves in cold water and added salt, ginger or nutmeg. One lady, it is said, receiving a gift of a pound of tea, boiled it all at once, adding pepper, salt and butter, and served it as a vegetable!

Pepys (the diarist) drank his first cup in 1660, and Mrs. Pepys did not drink hers until seven years later!

Tea drinking in the 17th century was called "a base unworthy Indian practice."

A benevolent lady, who built an Alms House in the 18th century, made a rule that no inmate should be allowed to drink tea.

Many great historical people have loved it. Dr. Johnson, Wordsworth, and Cowper, to mention only a few, were great tea drinkers.

The poet, Byron, was a tea-addict and called it "the fragrant produce of Cathay."

The first pickings of the leaves begin in March and last until September. There are usually fifteen "pickings."

Tea was cultivated in China in 2700 B. C. It is a native of India and Burma, as well as of China.

Every kind of tea, green, black, golden tip, Pekoe, Oolong and Souchong, comes from the same bush. The trees begin to bear at the age of three years, and the normal harvest averages a crop of 50 pounds to the acre. In a state of nature the trees have been known to grow to a height of 40 feet. In cultivation they are dwarfed by pruning to about 3 feet.

The ritual of tea drinking originated with Buddhist monks.

Tea-rooms at which, in ancient times, ceremonial drinking was practised, meant much more than the actual tea drinking. It was an invitation to serene thought; the tea-room was in semi-darkness, to induce repose.

A Chinese poet has said, "When I drink tea, I am conscious of peace and the cool breath of heaven in my sleeves, blowing my cares away!"

—Terence Ullock

Story Of A Story-Writer!

[A scene in Hell. Yama, Dealer of Death and Terror of Mortals, is holding court. His incorruptible Minister, Chitra Gupta, is reading out a charge-sheet against Gangaram, a lean, bespectacled, middle-aged man.]

YAMA (staring hard at the man): "So, Mr. Chitra Gupta, this is the new arrival. He seems innocent. Well, well, what have you to say against him?"

C. Gupta: "My lord, he was an author on the earth. I mean, he was a story writer by profession."

Yama: "Is there such a profession on the earth? It sounds curious. I suppose this man was idling away most of his time, writing on until his ink was exhausted. But what could you possibly have against him? He must be a fool, and fools are not indicted."

C. Gupta: "Let me explain, my lord. This man, I must say, is no fool. He wrote a number of stories and novels which appeared in newspapers and periodicals, and in book form and thousands of people read them."

Yama (interrupting): "So Gangaram was not so idle after all?"

C. Gupta: "You miss the point altogether, my lord. This average reader is more influential than the lord himself. But the truth is that the average reader is more influential than the lord himself."

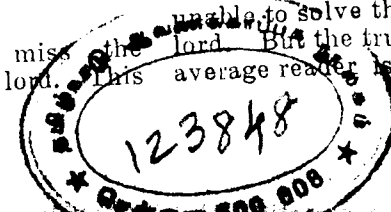
Gangaram was a mischievous man. What he wrote was nothing but a tissue of lies."

Yama: "I am afraid I don't follow you, Mr. Chitra Gupta. Please elucidate your point."

C. Gupta: "This Gangaram, my lord, is...er, was...a very popular writer. He had innumerable admirers who read every word of what he wrote. His stories fired their imagination, but the one fatal flaw was that his characters and the situations that he built up were far from true to life. These gave wrong ideas to his readers, especially young men and women, and sometimes misled them."

Yama: "Why not you give some concrete instance? This case is certainly as curious as it is unique. First I would like to know why journals should publish stories when people witness and read about many thrilling incidents and crimes in real life?"

C. Gupta: "I confess I am unable to solve that puzzle, my lord. But the truth is that the average reader is more influential than the lord himself."



ed by fiction than by reports of accidents and accidents in real life."

Yama: "Well, then, how do you explain the difference between a mere newspaper report and a story?"

C. Gupta: "It is a difficult point to answer but I would venture the opinion that plain facts and realities being unpleasant, people prefer fiction and escapist literature."

Yama: "In other words, people try to forget themselves and turn to fiction for that purpose. Am I right in drawing that inference? If so, Mr. Chitra Gupta, can you tell me what is the distinguishing feature of a story?"

C. Gupta: "I would say that the author tells some pleasing lies that flatter the readers but the snag is that they often persuade themselves that the world created by the author is more real and matter-of-fact than the one they live in. What an absurdity!"

Yama: "It would seem then that the fiction writer is a sort of wizard and casts a spell on his readers. Have you found out where the secret of his power lies?"

C. Gupta; (scratching his head): "I should think his words have a hypnotising effect on the reader, my lord. It is describable as black magic and must be treated and denounced as such."

Yama: "It appears to me, Mr. Chitra Gupta, that a very important fact has escaped your

attention. The fiction writer wields such a skilful pen that he is able to transport his readers to a totally different world."

C. Gupta: "I am all admiration for the cogency of your reasoning and the correctness of your finding. But it must be remembered that the mischief starts when the author peoples the world of his imagination with characters who break all conventions. In that world, my lord, the thin line between right and wrong often becomes indistinct and even vanishes at times."

Yama: "What happens as a result?"

C. Gupta: "I am coming to that point, my lord. Among the millions of fiction readers we find invariably all young men and women and occasionally old folk also, who imagine that there is nothing wrong in imitating the ways of a particular hero or heroine, as depicted by their favourite writer. The result is that the standard of morals. . ."

Yama: "Stop there, won't you? I should think you are jumping to conclusions. I would like to remind you of your own earlier admission that the writer creates a world that is only ephemeral and that people who read his stuff knowingly delude themselves. Why then blame the author?"

C. Gupta: "But, but. . . he is largely responsible for the moral mess he creates among the mortals, my lord."

Yama: "I don't agree with that view. If any mortal was

foolish enough to read such stuff and became obsessed with hallucinations, we can't hold the fiction-monger responsible. Most of his readers are adults, you have yourself stated earlier."

C. Gupta: "I bow to your opinion, my lord. But we have brought him here on that specific charge and on no other. Otherwise, he was honest, modest and sincere. Of material goods he had very little. For the stories and novels that he wrote, he was seldom fully remunerated, though, unlike many other writers, he was not starving."

Yama: "Will you describe to me the circumstances under which he was snatched away from the earth by our messengers?"

C. Gupta: "He was reading one of his own books, my lord;

the publishers had just sent him the first copy. It appears that he was chuckling over one of the passages on the first page when our messenger stopped his heart."

Yama: "How curious! This fellow Gangaram has brought his own book into Hell. Look at the title of the book, 'Love Laughs At Others'. Don't you know, Mr. Chitra Gupta, such things must not be taken here."

C. Gupta: "Some mistake has been made, my Lord. I shall throw it into the flames, at once."

Yama: "No, don't do it. You ask that man to hand it over. I would like to read it myself and satisfy my curiosity."

C. Gupta: (shocked): "A book of love stories, my lord. It certainly is not worthy of your hands."



Scene On The Earth....

Yama (smiling): "I mean to read it, Mr. Chitra Gupta. Don't be so prudish." Turning to the accused, "Now, Mr. Gangaram, we would like to see that book in your hand."

C. Gupta: "It is funny, my lord, he stands there sleeping. Shall I prod him into wakefulness?"

Yama: "No, you'd better let him alone. Only, take that book off his hand without his knowledge."

(Chitra Gupta stealthily removes the book and hands it to his master. Yama opens it with eagerness and begins to read it with avidity.)

C. Gupta (embarrassed) "My lord, I am awaiting your verdict. We have to dispose of this case as quickly as possible."

Yama: (snapping the book shut in annoyance): "Mr. Chitra Gupta, you did wrong in bringing Gangaram here. Those who let their imagination run riot are madmen. Even on the

earth lunatics are not punished for any crime they may commit. They are detained in asylums. Since I take the view that fiction writers belong to this class I would ask you to set this man at liberty. He doesn't belong here."

C. Gupta: "Nor does he belong to the earth, I should say."

Yama (frowning): "How long is it since he was flown from the earth?"

C. Gupta: "Twenty-seven minutes thirty-two seconds, my lord."

Yama: "Well, give Gangaram a cup of our liquid fire for a longer spell of life and take him back to earth before his relations cremate his body. Quick!"

C. Gupta: Yes, my lord."

(Yama goes on reading the book. The scene changes over to the earth. Weeping relations gasp in astonishment as Gangaram slowly opens his eyes and sits up on the bed.)

Gangaram (calling his wife): "I felt something like liquid fire coursing through my veins, dear. What I was doing?"

G's Wife (smiling through her tears): "You were reading your book, dear, when you became unconscious. And I poured a cup of very hot coffee down your throat."

Gagaram: "Where is my book?"

Wife (looking round): "I wonder who has taken it. It is not to be found here." * *

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Long Complete Story

THE FAIR ASSISTANT

AT precisely 9 o'clock on the first Monday morning of the autumn term Dr. Peregrine Hyslop

BY
ELSIE LEE

Denby opened the door to his office in the Natural Science museum and wrinkled his nose menacingly at the stuffy atmosphere. He exclaimed: "Faugh!" as he strode over to open the window.

After pottering about for a few minutes Dr. Denby laid aside the shapeless felt hat which was the envy of every student in Bolliver college. He

at the young woman. Her eyes were violet. She stood up and Dr. Denby shied back to his office.

Violet eyes, he thought. No one has violet eyes except in books and Ichthyopsida. I'd better take another look. He thereupon stuffed the waxed paper package into his pocket, and re-entered the reading-room.

"And who are you?" he inquired.

"I'm Katherine Suydam,"

Now he had an assistant, the only problem left was what should he do with her. The easiest solution was to marry her off fast!

drew a small waxed paper package from his side pocket and sauntered across to his private door into the students' reading-room. He pulled it open and stopped dead in his tracks.

Sitting in the middle of the sacrosanct students' room was a young woman. A nymph, Dr. Denby amended involuntarily. Her red-gold hair was drawn smoothly back from her face. Her wide eyes looked at Dr. Denby with an expression of childlike trust. Dr. Denby advanced two steps and peered

she said politely. "Are you Dr. Denby?"

"THAT I am," he replied. "And what are you doing here, Miss Suydam?"

"Why, I'm your new assistant," she said in surprise.

"Assistant?" Dr. Denby roared. The girl retreated a step and looked frightened.

"Weren't you expecting me today?" she asked.

"Not today nor any other day," he stated flatly. "Would

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you mind explaining why you are supposed to be my assistant?"

"The trustees have appointed me to be your assistant," she said. "You were away on your vacation. It's a three-year appointment. It will be a great privilege to work under you."

"**W**HY wasn't I told about this? Why did they wait until my back was turned? Why did they hire a woman? I don't know what to do with an assistant and I don't want an assistant. Is that clear?"

"Ye—es, Dr. Denby," she murmured, making no effort to move.

"Well," he said, "what are you waiting for? Go away."

"But I've been appointed to be your assistant for three years," she replied. "They chose me because I could do shorthand and type."

"Oh?" he said ferociously. "Stubborn!"

"Very!" she agreed with a sudden grin. "Anyone in zoology would give his eyeteeth to work with you, Dr. Denby, and it's much too good a chance to give up easily. I know I'm inexperienced, but I'll learn."

He studied her earnest face from under the thicket of his eyebrows. "Well," he announced, "you can begin at once." Casually he hauled out the waxed paper parcel looking much the worse for wear. "Here," he said, "put this in the icebox."

She took it gingerly and pulled aside the paper to reveal

two generous slices of calves' liver. He chuckled wickedly at her bland expression.

"Lunch," he said, retreating to his office.

The more he thought of his new assistant, the more upset he became. "Nice little girl," he reflected. "Why did those busybodies thrust her at me? Think I'm too old to do my own work, eh? Hr! Assistants and secretaries—why don't they hire a nurse?"

Eventually he clapped his old hat rakishly on his head and stamped across the campus.

Dr. Denby had a habit of saying he was any age which suited the purpose in hand. Thus he was a young sprig of 60 when talking to a pretty woman; an elderly savant of 75 when crushing scholastic disagreements.

BY the time he reached the office of the dean he was in a towering rage. He stamped down the hall and entered the outer office with an effect of breathing fire from his nostrils. Miss Potter, the dean's flustered secretary, wisely got out of his way, preserving her integrity by saying: "You can go right in, Dr. Denby," as he strode resolutely past her.

The dean eyed his visitor warily as he closed the door. "Good-morning, Denby," he said. "Well, well—another term, eh? New faces all about us and plenty of work ahead. Hope you had a good vacation. Fishing as usual, I suppose?"

"Let us omit the amenities, Walton," said Dr. Denby grimly. "I do not wish to add unduly to the burdens which an opening may bring to you, but perhaps you will set my mind at rest on one or two small points. First, do I understand that women will now be included in the teaching staff?"

"**N**OW, Denby," said Dean Walton soothingly, "if you are talking about the addition of Dr. Suydam to your staff, she is a most competent young woman with excellent standing and should prove of great value to you."

"Why don't you come right out and say you want me to retire?"

"Nonsense," said the dean uncomfortably. "Don't know

where we'd ever find one to replace you, Denby, although I suppose the board would grant your retirement if you chose to ask for it. The point is that they feel you should be relieved of all minor details. At your age—well, they feel it's too great a strain on you."

"My age?" Dr. Denby roared. "I'm as fit as a fiddle and entirely capable of managing the museum without any interference. If it comes to my age, I'm little older than yourself."

"I'm only 53," said the dean.

"Ten years," Dr. Denby replied blandly. "And you're too young for your job."

THE dean sighed. If Denby meant to be 63 during this interview there was no point in arguing. "I'm sorry, Denby,"



"I want no assistant," said Dr. Denby.

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he told him sincerely, "but you can hardly blame the board for being concerned over your health."

Dr. Denby said: "Will you thank the trustees for their solicitude on my behalf, but I don't want an assistant and that ends the matter."

"But I'm afraid it doesn't," said Dean Walton. "Of course," he added, "her appointment might be cancelled at any time if you found her incompetent."

Dr. Denby regarded the dean in sultry silence. "By George," he exploded finally, "I don't want an assistant and I won't have an assistant. I'll send her packing in a week."

But he was a defeated man when he left the dean's office and he knew it.

HE went back to his office and locked his doors until lunch time. There was no sign of his assistant as he then reconnoitered cautiously through the reading and lecture rooms; so Dr. Denby disinterred the calves' liver from the icebox (well separated from the specimens in their jars) and set about preparing his lunch.

First he organized a complicated arrangement of Bunsen burners and tripods set up with much squinting and peering to achieve a mathematical accuracy. He fished in the rear of a cupboard for a small skillet and a saucepan. From a spot near the freezing unit of the icebox he dragged a covered jar

containing a small lump of butter.

He flung the butter into the pan, hovered while it melted and gently added the liver. Sniffing happily as the warm odour of frying liver rose about him, he filled the saucepan with water and set it on his improvised stove. Just so, for uncounted years, had Dr. Denby prepared his lunch in the small laboratory.

WHEN the water sizzled suddenly he assembled his lunch and carried his plate and teapot into his office. After consuming his lunch and two cups of strong tea, Dr. Denby lighted his first cigar of the day. The air of his office was redolent of liver and the peculiarly vile smell of his cigar when Katherine tapped on his door. Beyond an involuntary cough and a slight wrinkle of her nose she gave no sign of discomfort.

"I just wondered what you'd like me to do first," she said.

"Do?" he repeated. "How should I know? You are supposed to assist me and all I can tell you is to go ahead and assist."

"Well, I went through the museum this morning, trying to familiarize myself with things," she said pleasantly, "and I noticed a great many things to be done. Some of the exhibits need to be dusted and one or two could be repaired. Or I could start working on new acquisitions. I thought I'd better ask you first, but if you haven't any preference, I think I'd better begin classifying the new material."

Dr. Denby groaned involuntarily. There it was already! Bit by bit his work would be taken from him.

"OF course," the girl observed, "it might really be more satisfactory, if you skimmed through the new specimens first. Then you could set aside the unusual items for your own study and leave the run-of-the-mill stuff to me. That would save time, yet you would be familiar with everything."

Dr. Denby looked at his assistant with gratitude and wondered why he hadn't been able to think of that. "Yes, yes," he agreed, "admirable suggestion."

"In the meanwhile," she continued, "I'll get busy and find a typewriter and a desk." She looked speculatively about his untidy office while he squirmed with apprehension, but in the end she decided against it. "It's not large enough to partition me off," she explained, "and you might be annoyed by the typewriter or want to entertain a visitor in privacy."

Dr. Denby heaved a sigh of relief. "Quite so," he said. "There are some rooms down the hall."

By the end of the month Dr. Denby had developed a fine grade-A inferiority complex. As he had gloomily feared, Katherine knew her job. She was loyal, capable and entirely too willing to assist. Gone were the peaceful days of pottering about from one task

to another or a leisurely enjoyment of a special job. Dr. Denby discovered that if he wanted to do something he had to do it at once or Katherine would do it for him. Nor could he enjoy his museum out of hours, for if he came at 8.30 Katherine changed her hours to arrive a half hour early and she never left until he did. She made every effort to please—and every gesture only made him more conscious of his own shortcomings.

SHE had ensconced herself in a room down the hall, but the department electrician had run wires from an indicator on her desk to Dr. Denby's office ending in a neat little case with a button on it. This contraption sat on the edge of his desk and at least six times a day he hit the button accidentally. He tried removing it and letting it lie on the floor, but either Katherine gently but firmly replaced it or he stepped on it.

It was a raw, rainy day when she breached his last stronghold. He hadn't realized the time and was absorbed in some papers when she timidly opened the door and carried in a tray. The teapot was warmly fragrant; two small rolls and a delicious piece of cake had materialised from somewhere; the tomatoes graced a tempting salad instead of wilting sadly on a plate and the main course—liver—was flanked by a succulent mess of fried onions.

"What's this?" he demanded gruffly.

"Your lunch," she said. "I thought it's such a showery

day—well, I was going to fix something for myself instead of going out and I might as well do yours at the same time."

"I didn't bring any cake," he said.

"I RAN across to the bakery," she admitted. She hovered over the desk and rearranged the plate of rolls and butter while Dr. Denby struggled with himself.

"You've brought only one plate," he observed finally and was stunned by the sudden brightening of her face. "I won't be a minute," she said breathlessly, dashing away to the kitchen.

In the interval before her return he berated himself for a selfish old man who scared nice little girls into fits. He was stricken to think that she should feel so uncertain of a welcome. Have to be nicer to her, he thought. He was in a Pollyanna mood by the time she returned with her cup of soup and a sandwich.

"Is that all you're going to eat?" he inquired.

"I'll have a good dinner to-night," she said, taking her place opposite him.

Dr. Denby attacked his liver and onions in silence, feeling as ill at ease as a schoolboy.

"Are the onions cooked enough?" asked Katherine.

"Oh—fine, fine." There was a pause while he savoured the last bite. "It was very good of you to go to so much trouble.

Don't do it again. You need to get out for a breath of fresh air."

"But if I promise to take a walk after lunch, may I cook here?" she wheedled. "I get so tired of restaurant meals."

It occurred to him suddenly that he had no idea where or how his young assistant lived. He was shocked to discover upon inquiry that she had only a room with kitchen privileges.

"Then may I get my lunch here?" she asked wistfully.

"Oh, I suppose so," he agreed reluctantly. There was a slight pause. "Er—do you know how to make corned beef and cabbage?"

"Tomorrow," she promised. "And how do you feel on the subject of clam chowder?"

Dr. Denby looked at her bright, twinkling eyes and something inside him went as weak as water. "For that," he promised solemnly, "I will even take a walk with you!"

When she had gone he said to himself: "Pretty young thing—ought to be thinking about parties and beaux and they're locking her up in a mausoleum with a rude old man. No home but a furnished room. Got to get rid of her for her own sake."

IT was Katherine herself who provided the idea for Dr. Denby's private gunpowder plot. On the day he got his idea she had carried away the luncheon dishes as usual, but he had followed shortly in

search of a book from the students' reading room. Sounds of revelry reached him dimly from the kitchen beyond. Opening the door, he beheld Katherine clearing away dishes, closely assisted by one of the graduate students—Bartholomew Evans.

MR. Evans, his hands deep in soapy water, was ineffectually making dabs at dishes and cutlery while his pallid visage was turned adoringly towards Katherine. Not only was Dr. Denby infuriated by this confirmation of his original opinion that a men's college was no place for a violet-eyed nymph, but he had the gravest fears concerning the cleanliness of his cutlery.

"Hrmph," he said fiercely from the door.

Mr. Evans turned startled eyes on the director of the museum.

Dr. Denby smiled a crocodile smile. "Assisting the assistant," he remarked.

Mr. Evans recoiled slightly and hurriedly wiped his hand on a towel. "Er—yes, sir. Well, er—got to get back," he muttered, making a break for the door.

Dr. Denby looked at Katherine. "How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, ever since the first day," she assured him blithely. "I didn't think—but perhaps you would prefer that the students be kept out of this lab entirely," she added with a worried look.

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The more Dr. Denby thought about it, the more intolerable the situation seemed. He blamed the trustees vigorously for placing a pretty girl in the midst of several young wolves. He blamed himself even more severely for not recognizing his own responsibility. Katherine had no immediate family, he knew, no father or brothers to protect her.

She had said that Bart had been hanging around "since the first day." To Dr. Denby it seemed probable that if she had not discouraged him in three months it was because she did not wish to discourage him. In another five minutes he had married Katherine to Bart and was wallowing in the imaginary delights of a museum once more in his own hands.

Dr. Denby was a conscientious scientist, however. Before he would work whole-heartedly for an end he had to be sure of his facts. First, he investigated the financial affairs and social position of Bartholomew Evans. Unquestionably Bart was eligible.

UPON crafty inquiry it developed that one of Katherine's qualifications for the appointment was the fact that she was neither married nor engaged, so the weekly letters from California which always seemed so engrossing were probably from a school friend or a distant relative. Dr. Denby considered the way was clear for his project.

Later, when Katherine suggested a project which would consume several years of spare

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time, he said cunningly: "I have in mind a paper on the classification of certain of the gastropoda. I thought you might begin checking references and sorting material."

HER face was at once so bright with interest that Dr. Denby felt slightly ashamed of himself. "It might make a good project for one of the graduate students," he added. "I'll see if anyone cares to undertake it with you."

As soon as she had gone, he summoned Bart Evans. Dr. Denby looked at Bart's uninteresting face and thought poorly of him, but if that was what Katherine wanted, Dr. Denby meant to see that she got it. He wasted no time on suggestions to Mr. Evans, however, but told him authoritatively that he was to assist Dr. Suydam in gathering material for a paper.

He kept an eye on things until Katherine informed him that she and Bart had arranged to use one of the private study rooms at the library two evenings a week. He beamed, mentally rubbing his hands together. "Don't work too intensively. If we can get it together by May it will be time enough. Mustn't let it interfere with your social life, you know."

But on the day after Easter when he opened his newspapers he got the shock of his life. There was the announcement of the engagement of Mr. Bartholomew de Kuyper Evans III to Miss Marianna

Cabot Higgins. Dr. Denby could not believe his eyes. He read the paragraphs through carefully, but there was no mistake. Definitely it was the same Bart Evans and, equally definite, he was going to marry someone named Higgins.

Dr. Denby was still glaring at the photograph of Miss Marianna Higgins when Katherine appeared.

"Dr. Denby," she said nervously, "I'd—like to resign."

He was fearfully upset. "Nonsense," he said gruffly. "I won't let you resign. He's not worthy of you, my dear. You mustn't take it like that."

SHE stared at him blankly. "What on earth are you talking about?" she asked.

"The engagement is in the paper this morning," he said gently. "I can only say I would not have believed Bart could be such a rotter."

"Oh, him!" she remarked disinterestedly.

Dr. Denby looked at his assistant. "What are you talking about?" he inquired.

"I'm talking about Harold Jones," she wailed. "He's going to Africa and he wants me to marry him and leave right away. Oh, Dr. Denby, I know it's awful of me and I really do want to finish out my appointment, but, you see, I love him and I can't let him go without me."

"Who is Harold Jones?" he inquired.

"I went to school with him in California," she said.

ON the last day of the term, students and faculty were gladdened by the sight of Dr. Peregrine Denby charging across the campus, muttering to himself. He went straight to Dean Walton's office.

"Er—good-morning, Denby," said Dean Walton. "Another year over, eh? Off for your usual fishing trip this summer?"

"Fishing?" Dr. Denby snorted. "Too busy to go fishing. I should like to know what the trustees are doing about appointing a new assistant for the museum? You know, I suppose, that Dr. Suydam resigned her appointment? That was a good six weeks ago, and I am still waiting for a replacement."

"Now, look here, Denby," said Dean Walton, "did you or did you not tell me last September that you did not want an assistant?"

"I may have," Dr. Denby conceded, "but the fact remains that I have had an assistant for some months who has now left and I wish to know what steps have been taken to replace her."

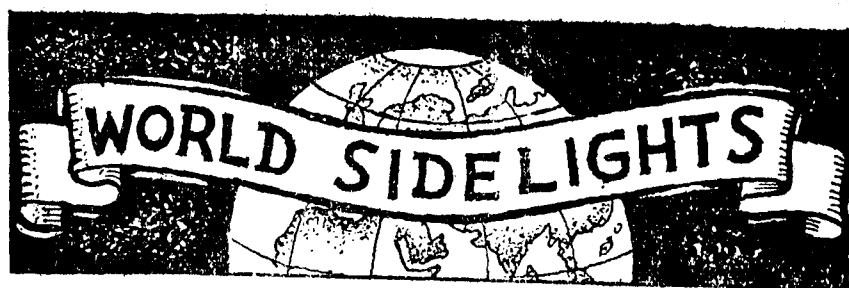
"I don't suppose any steps have been taken," the dean replied. "What sort of assistant do you want? A man, I suppose?"

"NOT at all," said Dr. Denby. "I'd prefer a nice little girl. Someone with a pretty voice and a pleasant face. Oh, and Walton—tell them to make sure she can cook." —(Copyright)

DUST is the chief enemy of gramophone records; it fills the tracks and destroys the tone. Run a soft brush over your discs before and after use—and don't forget to dust the turntable. Also avoid handling the surfaces of records. Natural oil is harmful.

Use needles suitable to the machine and record. For instance, fibre needles for "precious" records, jewel points for lightweight pickups. Before putting on the needle let the turntable reach full speed; otherwise the first tracks in the disc will roughen.

Records should be stored upright in their jackets in dustproof cases, if possible in a place free from sudden changes in temperature. —J. B.



THREE WEEKS IN CHINA

THE hills and mountains behind the Great Wall of China rose higher, remoter, away behind us, cutting through the distant clouds with their sharp edges. We were dropping. The mountains receded. Suddenly we saw Peking. A great square piece of dark grey in the green land, its vast walls bounding a city of 3,000,000 and the capital of 600,000,000.

We flew over a flashing lake, saw an arched decorative bridge, a willow-pattern picture, saw the shining roof of a pagoda, and landed into the brilliant heat.

It was a Saturday afternoon. Waiting outside the plane was a little man and several bunches of flowers. The flowers were for some women delegates to an international conference. The little man was there for us.

He called himself a representative of the China Travel Service. His English was barely discernible, but he conducted us down an avenue of trees loud with the love-making of cicadas to a large, gaunt waiting-room with benches down the middle and a huge portrait of Mao at

one end and empty space at the other, writes George Stafford Gale in "Encounter."

There were six of us. We had all got our visas the same way, by sending our passports to the Chinese Consulate in Berne, which was the nearest Chinese diplomatic post to London. We received our passports back, duly stamped with visas in Chinese characters which looked genuine enough.

Late Discovery

We discovered at Peking that only two of us had the right visas. The other four of us should have entered China from the South, by way of Hong Kong instead of from the North by way of Ulan Bator.

The little man—his name was Cang—got into touch with the Foreign Ministry. We were to be allowed in illegally, our passports unstamped, on the understanding that we would get a new and correct visa from the Foreign Ministry and returned to the airport to get it stamped.

We were still trying to get money. We were taken to a desk, and another official asked us to sign all our travellers'

cheques and hand them in. We signed a hundred pounds' worth each and handed them in.

Slowly, through the fog, we gathered that it was "a rule of China" to hand in every travellers' cheque. We sighed, we handed them in. We were to get our £100 each at the bank.

Labourer's Pastime

In return for our money (about £500 each) we were presented with a delicate little piece of rice paper with a red seal on it. All this had taken an hour and a half, in the hottest part of the day in the hottest month of the year, after a flight that had begun at Irkutsk at ten to five in the morning.

We went outside, into the burning sun. There were two cars. One for our luggage, the other for us. Six of us, the driver, and the little man from the Travel Service into one small car does not and did not go. There was more arguing. Our luggage was piled in a heap at the door.

We amused ourselves by watching a young labourer resting in the shade from digging a hole in the road. Suddenly he smacked his arm and plucked from it a stunned fly. I like to think that this was the last fly in China and that I watched its burial.

Infinite Patience

Carefully, exquisitely almost, with little fingers held aloft like genteel snobs with cups of tea do, he plucked its wings off and then its legs. Presently he saw us looking at him and smiled

proudly. We smiled back. He burst out laughing. He took the fly's carcass and carefully stuck it on the spike of a cactus-like plant. Still giggling, we started off, in two cars, leaving our luggage behind.

It is said of Peking that having been there an afternoon you never want to leave it. It is also said that no one is ever bored there. There must have been true once. There is a wonder and a delight in China, and perhaps especially in Peking.

Even the squat carts made of old bleached wood and drawn by donkeys or ponies or oxen, do not become incongruous when equipped—as many of them are—with rubber tyres. It is these carts which carry China. They are the lorries of new China as well as the carts of the old.

New Buildings

Beside the stumbling cart, the coolie walks, or sits perched on the rubble piles, flicking his whip or else not even blinking. In the sun's heat they will draw into the shade of the trees at the side of the road, and sleep, or as if they slept, pass the time of the hottest part of the day. In all their actions and in their faces, too, there is the calm and infinite patience of those who have no ambitions because their knowledge of needs and wants is limited to a bellyful of rice, shelter, a cotton quilt for the winter, and a wife.

The lime-carts and the stone-carts move towards the town, the great capital draws them in, these carts, for everywhere

new buildings are going up, offices, barracks, hotels, flats. Peking is an old town, and an old capital, and very quickly has to become a modern capital.

We went to a party at the British Embassy. Some indefatigable members of the Embassy have started their own club. It was to a party given by this club that we were invited, a "barbecue" they called it.

I suppose there is an air of unreality about life among diplomats everywhere: but in Peking the unreality had the elements of fantasy.

Interviews with officials were rituals; there was something not far off desperation in parties; banquets were interminable and formless, for speeches were made continually and toasts were drunk continually and you never knew at what stage in the meal you were with lotus roots in mimosa sauce and sharks' fin soup and birds' nest soup and fish and fruit salad in melons and duck skin and chicken and tough little pieces of meat.

"Bland Smile"!

And never at all was there a successful conversation with a Chinese but always the bland smile and blank wall.

We travelled through Manchuria from Mukden to Anshan. Anshan is the great glory of China. The Chinese now rejoice in smoke, see beauty in chimneys, prefer the air filled with soot than mimosa dust.

They took us round the iron plant showing us the latest automatic blast furnace that had

been put into operation and then we were swept on to the rolling mill, whose output of rails is sufficient for the first Five-Year Plan for railway extension.

Tsai Bo was the manager of the iron plant. He was thirty-one, and looked less. He was slightly built, shy, deferential almost, with nothing in his dress to distinguish him from his workmen, although his face was more delicately built and his hands were not coarsened.

Banquets At Night

He told us that he had studied in the Soviet Union, had done technological post-graduate course there. "We have too few such men trained in the Soviet Union," he said.

Most nights of the three weeks we spent in China were spent in banqueting of one sort or another, and normally at the tables where we would be put there would also be half a dozen Chinese newspapermen—editors, reporters, doctors and so on—together usually with a sprinkling of officials.

We tried to fraternise, we drank to peaceful co-existence. We did our best. I remember once John Ridley, of the *Daily Telegraph*, at the next table, could bear it no longer and got to his feet and announced that he was sitting with the four most insufferable bores he had ever met in his life.

Up and down from our seats we bobbed, toasting peaceful co-existence, Sino-British friendship and "Our friends in journalism".

I met at least a hundred Chinese journalists. About them, apart from their joviality, I remember that not one of them ever asked any questions, that not one of them ever started a conversation, and that not one of them was capable of discussing the matter of free speech.

We trailed our fingers into the thick warm water of the West Lake in Hangchow. We were paddled slowly along in wide flat boats, with a white canvas awning with scalloped edges. A table between the pair of seats had bottles of mineral water on it. The worst heat of the afternoon had gone and soon the light would go too.

The Legends

Lee Chang talked of the legends of Hangchow, pointed out to us each particular beauty spot, spoke of the poets who had discovered these spots and improved them and who had built the causeway, lined with trees and every fifty yards or so curving over a hump-backed bridge.

North for 1,500 miles, north-west for 2,500 miles, south-west for 2,000 miles stretched the lands which at various times had been part of the Chinese Empire.

It had had its dynasties, its revolutions of power, its mild conflicts of ideas, yet it had remained almost inviolated from without even as much as its internal palace revolutions had left intact the fabric of its society.

Then in a few years, a hundred or so, China was conquered from without and then

FROM WITHIN BY THE PEOPLE what had been and is incomparably the world's greatest revolution was being accomplished.

A Paradox

And here I was, trailing my fingers in the water of the West Lake, listening to Chang's singing voice telling the fairy tales of the past and seeing the landscape gardening of men from the Sung dynasty disclose each beauty spot around me.

Lulled by the water and the loveliness of that grey sky, it seemed that it might after all be true that everything changes and everything is the same and that the more things change the more they are the same: because the trees did not suddenly turn red or the water as solid as stone, or because Chang had not forgotten the fairy stories he had learned as a child.

Polite Refusal

Yet he had changed. He it was who had insisted that we leave Shanghai. He it was who, when we went looking at the shops in Hangchow, and Rene MacColl of the *Daily Express* had wanted to take a picture of him with Ridley and me, had refused.

It was Lee, when we got to Canton, who especially came round and collected all undeveloped rolls of film so that they might be developed before we left.

It is a trivial matter, no doubt, but it is not pleasant to listen to a soft and cultured voice sweetly tell stories of the past, and make small jokes about them,

and share toasts with us, force them on us, indeed; and refuse to be photographed with us.

He, too, had been convulsed when China was and because he had changed or had become different from what he otherwise would have been, born at a different time, then China had changed.

So it seemed to me, although I did not know what China had been like or what Chang might have been.

BETWEEN LIONS AND TIGERS

Ranee was the "friendly" tigress of Whipsnade Zoo. She was always so friendly that the keepers left her in the pit whenever they had to go in for cleaning and feeding.

Then one day Ranee blotted her copybook. Something must have annoyed her, for, as Keeper Frank Meakins entered the pit, she sprang at him.

Luckily he had noticed her crouch for the spring and just had time to jump aside as she hurtled past.

But it was not over yet for Frank. Turning to face him, the enraged tigress snarled and sprang again—and again he managed to jump clear, writes Philip Street in "Tit-Bits."

Agonizing Minutes

Keeping a cool head, Frank decided that attack was the best form of defence. With his pitchfork, which he always carries in case of attack, he advanced on Ranee, fervently hoping that she would not call

his bluff. The two of them stood facing each other for long agonizing minutes, then Ranee walked away into her den and he quickly slid the iron door shut behind her.

That happened just before the war, and it was the only time that Frank Meakins was attacked in the lion and tiger pits of which he has charge at Whipsnade.

How do people become zoo keepers? Often their fathers were zoo keepers before them, but with Frank Meakins it was quite accidental.

It chanced that when the Zoological Society bought Hall Farm, Whipsnade, in 1928, to start a zoo there, Frank, who lived near-by, was looking for a job. So he became one of the zoo's first employees.

Attacked By Zebra

For the next two years he helped with all kinds of preparatory work, such as erecting the four-mile boundary fence, making the paddocks, planting trees, and so on. Then, when the zoo was ready and the animals began to arrive, he was offered a job as keeper. For Frank Meakins that was the beginning of a life full of interest and with its fair share of excitement.

For two or three years he looked after all kinds of animals to gain experience. He learned a lot about the dangers of wild animals and the need for constant vigilance. Once he was attacked by a zebra, another time four porcupines set about

him, jabbing their long, sharp quills into his legs.

Iate-Conscious

A keeper only forgets to shut a gate once in his lifetime. Certainly Frank's first experience was enough to make him gate-conscious for the rest of his life. With another keeper he had taken some food into the bison paddock, and they forgot to shut the gate behind them.

This was soon noticed by the bison, and it was a nasty moment for the two keepers as they saw the small herd trooping out into the park. Luck, however, seemed to be with them, as all but one of the bison were quickly rounded up and allowed themselves to be driven back into the paddock.

But the huge bull bison refused to go back, so reinforcements had to be sent for. As they approached, mad with rage now at being thwarted, he lowered his head and charged. The keepers ran for cover, but one of them slipped and fell. Thinking quickly, Meakins, armed only with a pitchfork, stood in the bison's path. Incredibly the animal stopped, turned and walked back to the paddock and through the gate.

With Giant Cats

After a few years Frank became a fully-fledged keeper, and achieved his ambition when he was transferred to the lions and tigers. He has now been with them for over twenty years, and knows more than most people about the problems of keeping these giant cats in captivity.

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The fact that the keeper is not completely unarmed seems to deter most would-be attackers.

Frank Meakins carries a pitchfork, and I have watched him in the middle of the lion pit, quietly guiding a lioness towards a cage in which he wants to shut her away. Neither she nor any of the other lionesses look in the least likely to attack, but you never know if something may have upset them.

Tiger V. Lion

Frank Meakins prefers tigers. In temperament they are very different from lions. Lions are more docile and sociable. In their natural state they go about in family groups or prides, and in captivity you can keep a lion with several lionesses, and even some of their cubs. But the tiger is essentially a solitary animal, never associating in family groups and only pairing up for a week or two at breeding time.

Most things that a lion can do a tiger can do better. It is a more active animal, and it needs more food than the lion. Three to four pounds of meat a day during the summer is plenty for a full-grown lion, but a tiger needs six. During the winter these rations are increased by about two pounds a day.

A lion can clear a height of about ten feet, given a long enough run up, which is astonishing for an animal weighing up to a quarter of a ton. But a tiger can clear sixteen feet.

Another difference between the two animals is their breeding

records in captivity. Lions in zoos and circuses have always bred well, and many thousands of cubs have been successfully reared. Twenty years ago, however, very few tiger cubs had ever been reared in captivity, though adult tigers do as well in zoos as adult lions.

Their Courtship

Such a situation was a great challenge to a keeper responsible for both lions and tigers, and Frank has had astonishing success with tiger breeding. Ranees over the years produced litter after litter, first with Tom as her mate and then, when he died, with Rajah, a formidable man-eater who had killed four

men before being captured as a full-grown tiger and sent to Whipsnade.

Altogether, Ranees produced twenty-eight cubs over a period of ten years, and all but three of these were reared to maturity, a record that no other zoo in the world has approached.

Frank Meakins thinks that the peaceful surroundings, and, above all the silence at night, have played an important part in these big-cat courtships; coupled with the fact that Ranees was always left alone in her den whenever she had cubs, no keeper or anyone else being allowed to go near her for the first week or two.



Find out the 'Heartless Husband'!



DRUG THAT FRIGHTENS FEAR!

(By LESLIE KENT)

*Two sea-blue capsules can make a pleasure out of pain
a triumph out of an ordeal—and a lion out of a rabbit!*

PETRIFIED with fear, the girl hesitated, then tightened her lips and pressed the bell beneath the brass plate marked: "Dental Surgeon." The dentist recognised the symptoms at once. "Try these," he said, handing her two small sea-blue capsules. The girl swallowed them nervously.

Ten minutes later she walked into the room without a trace of nervousness and settled into the dental chair as though it was the best seat at her favourite cinema. Before she realised it the throbbing tooth was out.

The secret was in the anti-fear capsules she had been given. They contained Methylpentynol: an alcohol drug which has hit the world's headlines because of its unique ability to remove nervous apprehension and give confidence to anyone under ordeal.

Courage For Students!

Manufactured under the name of Oblivon by British medical

research house, it has been found by stage performers to conquer "mike fright" and first night jitters; sportsmen and public speakers find it invaluable in quelling "butterflies", and even students taking examinations face their examiners with confidence after taking two capsules.

It is of most value, however, in the dental and medical fields. For many years dental surgeons have been looking for a safe preparation which will overcome the traditional terror of the dentist's chair. First some of the short-acting barbiturates were used but they were not satisfactory. Patients given them had to wait at least thirty minutes before they took effect. And they had to be chaperoned to remain in the surgery until they wore off.

Oblivon, on the other hand, works rapidly—in from ten to fifteen minutes—and leaves no after-effects.

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Boon For Doctors

Doctors have also found it a boon: particularly in combating insomnia. Sleeplessness is more often due to nervous tension, anxiety or overexcitement than actual physical illness. And Oblivon acts quite differently from any other sedative or hypnotic. It does not produce drowsiness when taken during the day or when the patient is active. But when taken on retiring it removes tension, settles the emotions and allows natural sleep to take over.

Oblivon is comparatively harmless and non-habit-forming. It has enabled doctors to do away with many of the bedside bottles of barbiturates thus materially reducing the danger of such lethal drugs in the hands of overwrought patients. It is also used to combat the anxiety of mothers in childbirth and is an anti-fear anaesthetic in minor and even some major surgical operations.

In the psychiatric field it has been put to work in treating anxiety neuroses.

The doctors of the National Coal Board were among the first to find an important use for Oblivon. It was during an underground fire at a large colliery in Nottinghamshire. Five hundred fire-fitters and rescue workers battled with it for several days.

The doctors faced the problem of seeing that these men got sufficient sleep during their brief spells on the surface. They came up overtired and tense; as soon as they closed their eyes their minds took them back underground. Barbiturates could not be given because, if a sudden

emergency arose, the men would have to be aroused and sent back underground. This would be impossible under the effect of a barbiturate.

No Ill Effects

The senior M.O. had heard of Oblivon. He decided to give it a trial. As each team came to the surface they were given two capsules per man.

Without exception they slept soundly and naturally. Each reported that his tensed-up feeling had vanished shortly after taking the capsules.

Tests have also established its safety in children and babies. Made up in a specially flavoured elixir it has proved effective in allaying teething time fretfulness and over-excitement.

Methylpentynol is actually an alcohol, with a chemical structure containing carbon, hydrogen and oxygen only. The first report upon it was published in America in 1950. It was then described as a non-toxic, short-acting hypnotic. It was thought to have no other use. Later laboratory and clinical tests showed that it was rapidly absorbed and eliminated from the body and had no influence on blood-pressure, heart rate or respiration.

Following investigations by British scientists, Dr. Guy Marshall produced a method of making it in bulk for the British Schering Company.

Tension Slips Away

It became apparent that Oblivon was acting mainly on the nervous, harassed type of patient. A senior official of the technical department of British

Schering began trying it at bedtime. He found that his feeling of tension slipped away and a carefree attitude took over.

Following discussions with Dr. Marshall, a series of meticulous laboratory tests were begun.

Members of the staff were given the drug in varying circumstances. Then it was given to a number of highly nervous dental patients shortly before operation. The Senior Lecturer in Dental Surgery at King's College Hospital was so impressed that he undertook a series of trials involving several hundred patients.

Startling Results

Results were startling. Patients who were formerly terror-stricken laughed and joked unconcernedly in the dental chair. The Senior Lecturer and his assistants found that they got through their work with far less strain.

The tests showed conclusively that Oblivon had a unique, specific action on fear. A paper by the Senior Lecturer, Mr. P. A. Trotter, on the remarkable results obtained was read at the annual dental conference and published in *The Dental Practitioner*.
(—E. D.)

EIGHT DIFFERENT TYPES OF ASTHMA!

Asthma according to one leading authority on the condition, is actually eight different diseases. These eight asthmas vary considerably in the way they should be treated

in the prospects of eventual cure or relief.

Although the shortness of breath, feelings of suffocation, wheezing and coughing which characterise an attack of asthma are brought on by constriction and congestion of the air passages to the lungs, the basic cause may vary from cat-fur to germs. Research into the causes of the disease has led Dr. Ethan A. Brown, a specialist in allergy, to propose in the "Annals of Allergy," that the different asthmas be classified as follows:

Atopic (allergic); obstructive (something blocking respiratory passages) cardiac (caused by heart conditions); psychogenic (emotional disturbances); physical (triggered by heat or cold); infectious (bacterial); nasogenic (local reactions of the nose), and asthma due to industrial fumes, vapours and drug reactions.

Breathing Exercises

The multiplicity of the causes of this disease is matched by the many methods of treatment used by physicians.

In a recent review of asthma therapy published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, Drs. Clarence Bernstein and S. D. Klotz discuss the uses of no less than 23 different drugs plus breathing exercises, psychotherapy, desensitisation, and surgery. Drugs include muscle relaxants, sedatives, hormones, enzymes and antibiotics.

The majority of asthma attacks are due to allergy, an abnormal reaction to one or more substances to which a person may be sensitive, doctors have found.



THREAT TO HOLLYWOOD

YOU'D probably scoff if someone suggested your name would soon be seen on the screen. Still, there has recently been a remarkable increase in the possibility that many of the film capital's "new faces" of the future will come from Canada.

The greatest talent hunt in Hollywood's history is under way, and the movie makers will strive to leave no stone unturned in their search for the stars of tomorrow, as well as for fresh writers, directors, producers and other

production personnel. More new names will be projected among the credits of this year's U. S. films than in any previous 12-month period, and stardom will be attained by quite a number of players whose faces aren't yet familiar to film fans.

Scouts

Scouring

The search is not being limited to people with show-business experience, nor confined to established entertain-

ment centres. Studio scouts are scouring both the highways and byways of six continents and, in



BEGUM PARA, in an attractive pose

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Hollywood and on location, new talent is being discovered almost every day.

When a 12-year-old was needed to portray Charles Lindbergh as a boy in "The Spirit of St. Louis," the Warner Brothers casting department went over the cinema city's supply of juvenile talent with a fine-tooth comb, but failed to find a lad who looked like James Stewart, who played Lindbergh as a man. Peter Scaroni, who finally got the part, was picked from a group of sightseers visiting one of the location sites of the picture.

Gambles Pay Off

Gary Spence, a barber on the 20th Century-Fox lot several years, landed roles in five of the studio's most recent films, the latest being the screen version of Montreal writer Lionel Shapiro's best seller, "The Sixth of June." This film also features Canadian Alex Finlayson of Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, a nephew of silent-screen comedian James Finlayson. Alex was working for a Los Angeles mortuary when signed for the part, but he will soon be too busy acting to have either the time or inclination for any other professional activity.

While there is yet no convincing proof that the public will accept any but familiar faces in top starring roles, efforts to find new ones have been extended much farther than ever before.

Because bank financing of big-budget productions is limi-

ted to those starring established players, using new talent is something of a gamble for the studios and independent producers. There are already indications that it will pay off, but in any case they have no other choice.

Producer's Fear

"Unless many faces are found in the near future, the movie studios will be out of business," declares Paramount executive producer Don Hartman. "We don't do business with the top stars any more. Their agents tell us what we can and cannot do, and this year the competition for players and stories is tougher than ever. We've learned we can no longer copy one another, or ourselves, so there's bound to be more development of fresh ideas and new personalities. Unfortunately, movie-making is an 'industry' that turns out a 'product', and it is the drive of industry to make everything as alike as possible—as in automobile manufacture. Yet this is what got Hollywood into trouble. We must mass-produce pictures, but must also avoid making any two alike. New talent must solve the problem."

Actor-producer Kirk Douglas gambled on Elsa Martinelli, an Italian model with no previous movie experience, and her sparkling performance in his production of "The Indian Fighter" made her a bright new star overnight. Paramount took a chance on unknown Carol Ohmart and Tom Tryon, teaming them as the stars of "The Scarlet Hour," and also launched Maltese-born singer

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reste Kirkop at the top of the ladder, co-starring with Kathryn Grayson in "The Magabond King." Rod Taylor, former Australian swimming champion, boxer and actor, was pushed into a key role in "Giant", then signed to an M-G-M contract and assigned plum part opposite Debbie Reynolds in "The Catered Affair."

Another Australian, model Victoria Shaw, appeared with Bob Hope during his tour last year, followed his advice about invading the film capital and, soon after her arrival, landed the second feminine lead in "The Eddy Duchin Story" with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak, which made her a star. And Dean Jones, discovered singing in the early day music hall of Knott's Berry farm, a California tourist attraction dedicated to the preservation of both berries and the traditions of the old west, went into his fifth film in as many months when he recently reported for work with James Cagney and Barbara Stanwyck in "Somewhere I'll Find Him." These rapid rises are typical of the recognition now being given new recruits in the battle of the box office.

Talent Workshop

"We have 23 new players at the present time," reports M-G-M production head Dore Schary, "and all are currently being given outstanding opportunities. Leslie Nielsen, a young man from Regina, Saskatchewan, appears to be one of our best bets."

Universal-International can be credited with starting the "new talent" trend. For the past five years this company has spent \$1,000,000 annually on the operation of a talent workshop, which numbers Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler, Julie Adams, Audie Murphy, Mamie van Doren, George Nader and other money-makers among its graduates. Studio "students" who are expected to attain stardom after graduation include Leigh Snowden, Mara Corday, Hillevi Rombin (Miss Universe, 1955), Carlene Johnson (Miss USA), Ray Danton, April Kent, Rex Reason and Vancouver's Karen Kadler.

Monroe's Rise

"Newcomers are put to work in our pictures soon after being signed, and are encouraged to make TV appearance and to go on tour," says U-I workshop director Jess Kimmel. "Of course, the more successful we are in training a new actor, the sooner we lose him. When he gets to be big office, he's no longer content to be under contract solely to us."

This applies to all studios, a case in point being Marilyn Monroe. It was the promotional power of the 20th Century-Fox publicity department that made her a box-office draw long before she demonstrated much acting ability, she kicked over the traces and demanded a new, non-exclusive deal four years before her contract was due to end. Nevertheless, the same studio stuck its neck out again by casting young stage actor

Jon Murray in the cowboy role opposite Miss Monroe in "Bus Stop," a part that will certainly make him a top star.

Contest Revival

Television has taken the place of the "B" movies all studios used to make as a proving ground for new players. This more modern medium has introduced such stars as Grace Kelly and Charlton Heston to Hollywood and was recently responsible for the introductory appearance of Dennis Hopper with Shelley Winters in "I Died a Thousand Times," as well as Jayne Mansfield's movie debut in "Illegal," starring Edward G. Robinson. Indirectly, TV led to Ralph Vitti's switch from baseball to acting, as bandleader Tommy Dorsey saw the young second baseman in a televised game, later introduced him to Canadian producer Jack Cummings, who arranged a screen test that resulted in a long-term M-G-M contract.

Another significant sign of the new trend is the 1955 revival of the Wampas Baby Stars annual contest, sponsored by motion picture salesmen. Giving a big boost to new talent during the '20's and early '30's, it started Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and other film favourites on the road to fame, but the idea was thought to have outgrown its usefulness and it was abandoned. Then, last year, it was revived, and new Wampas baby stars, including Jolene Brand, Roxanne Arlen and Lita Milan, will become familiar faces in the near future.

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The demand for new talent has brought about a juvenile-player boom, and Hollywood has hit a new high in the production of pictures with youngsters in leading roles. Pretty Patty McCormack, who recreated her sensational stage role in the screen production of "The Bad Seed", will return to Hollywood for another movie this year. Fifteen-year-old Sal Mineo, an Oscar nominee for his performance in "Rebel Without a Cause," will be co-starred with Spencer Tracy in "The Old Man and the Sea." Johnny Washbrook, the talented Toronto 10-year-old, is slated for feature film stardom upon completion of his "My Friend Flicka" TV series, and Doreen Tracey, 13-year-old member of the Disney "Mouseketeers" on television, shares top billing with Fess Parker in Walt's first western feature, "Westward Ho, the Wagons!"

Great Dissenter Speaks

The sons and daughters of several established players have also been signed. John Wayne's son, Pat, joins him in "The Searchers," and James MacArthur, son of stage star Helen Hayes, stars in the movie based on "Deal a Blow," the play in which he made his TV debut. Bob Hope's boy, nine-year-old Kelly, appears with the comedian in "That Certain Feeling", and Alan Ladd's son, Laddie, makes his first film appearance in "Santiago", starring his father. Robert Montgomery's daughter, Elizabeth, has been offered several important parts since her initial film performance with Gary

Cooper and Ralph Bellamy in "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell."

Although all major studios have recently hired new writers the demand for good scripts still exceeds the supply. To correct this condition, the industry plans to establish a central clearing house, which will allow manuscripts to be received through the mails and, at the same time, provide legal protection.

Another new talent development programme involves the staging of regular talent contests at leading theatres throughout the U.S. and Canada. Contracts awarded to finalists will be of sufficient duration to test their abilities, rather than for mere token picture parts, as has been the custom with such contests in the past.

Best Single Answer

It will take some time to show whether the studios are on the right track in their race to sign new people in both creative and performing branches of the film business. Humphrey Bogart, Hollywood's great dissenter, believes they're headed for derailment.

"Producers are always trying to throw a scare into us old-timers with that 'new faces' pitch, but the public won't buy it," he says. "All these newcomers look, talk and act alike. Producers get some pretty boy, give him a fancy name, like 'Rock Pile' or 'Nob Hill,' and rub their hands when the bobbysoxers scream. But, when they have to lay money

on the line, they holler for the stars they know the public will pay money to see."

Perhaps the best single answer to Bogie's blast is Shirley Jones, who was just two years out of high school when she got a small part in the stage production of "South Pacific". After joining the chorus line of "Me and Juliet", in less than a year she was selected by Rodgers and Hammerstein to headline the screen version of "Oklahoma!" opposite Gordon MacRae. Introducing the new Todd-AO projection process, this production zoomed her into international prominence, and her subsequent reunion with MacRae in "Carousel" has clinched her claim to top stardom.

But, like others who've climbed the ladder of success, Shirley Jones has some doubts.

"I sometimes wonder if it's worth it," she told me. "I'm puzzled at the change in others. As I went up, the young people I'd known before my lucky break become remote and stand-offish. I feel exactly the same way about them now as I did when I was in the chorus, but I'm afraid they'll never give me a chance to prove it."

—CARSON KERR

FOR PUBLICITY AT FESTIVALS

The Indian film producers are becoming more and more conscious of the international market. And the only way to develop this market is to actively participate in the International Film Festivals held in different countries.

At Cannes, two Indian pictures were shown and one of them, "Pather Panchali" won tremendous appreciation from foreign critics. But as Shri Sadashiv Rao complained the Indian film industry did not bother to publicize the event by sending a big delegation to the festival and distributing literature about Indian films to the other delegates. According to him, the industry lost a big opportunity and he has suggested how in future at least the film industry can exploit such festivals to publicize Indian films.

At Berlin, fortunately, quite a number of delegates are going to attend the festival. And it is hoped that the delegates would take full advantage of the occasion. Similarly to Korlovy Vari in Czechoslovakia a strong delegation is has gone and one can expect the delegates like Abbas, Bimal Roy, Dilip Kumar, Dev Anand, Chetan Anand, J. K. Kapur, Shammi Kapoor to lend colour and spice to the festival.

Two Pictures

At Venice, two Indian pictures are being shown viz. "Toofan

Aur Deeya" and "Ek Hi Rasta". Prabhat Kumar the director of "Toofan Aur Deeya" had attended Cannes Festival some years ago and he is fully aware of the fact that the Indian pictures suffer a great deal due to lack of publicity. So this time he is determined to attend the festival at Venice and give widest publicity to his picture.

And one can depend upon his sense of showmanship.

It is, however, a pity that no Indian film was entered in South East Asia Film Festival in this festival. India would have also won laurels and such participation would have helped to consolidate the South East Asia market for Indian films, writes

the Bombay correspondent of "Cine Advance."

It is, however, gratifying to note that gradually our producers are realizing the importance of these festivals which ultimately pave the way for the international market.

DILIP DRIVES A TONGA!

Since he became a film star, Dilip Kumar has been missing many of the innocent pastimes.



CHARMING Vyjayanthimala
in "Kismet ka Khel"

of his early youth which are a thing of the past.

Though a confirmed non-believer in the past, Dilip has a natural tendency to take enthusiastically to some of his favourite objects of interest which once used to delight and thrill him the most.

His work in B. R. Chopra's latest ambitious undertaking "Naya Daur"

would seem to have provided him with a rare opportunity of plying a tonga which once used to be a much-sought-after pastime for him in his pre-stardom days in Deolali.

In "Naya Daur", being produced and directed by Chopra from an original and thought-provoking story by Akhtar Mirza, Dilip plays the off-beat role of a typically North-Indian tonga-driver.

Chopra had ordered a fine village tonga and a healthy, strong horse from a near-by village to lend authenticity to one initial sequence showing Dilip as the rustic, handsome tongawalla with a tasseled whip in his right hand and trying

to pat the horse as though he had known the noble animal for ages.

The cast of "Naya Daur" includes Ajit, Madhubala, Leela Chitnis, Manmohan Krishna, Jeevan, Nazir Hussein, Prati-madevi, Radhakrishnan, Daisey Irani and Chand Usmani.

"BASANT PANCHAMI"



MADHUBALA AND AJIT
in "Teej Andaz"

Jayant Desai has completed the shooting of Hemlata Pictures' latest mythological, "Basant Panchami." Recently he shot a lavish song and dance number at Central Studios. The song is written by the Critics' Award winner Pradeep and Chitrak Gupta has composed the music.

"Basant Panchami" brings to the screen one of the inspiring and popular episodes from mythology

narrating the greatness of a woman's devotion to her God and her husband which made the latter almost invincible.

"Basant Panchami" will be released through Desai Film Distributors.

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