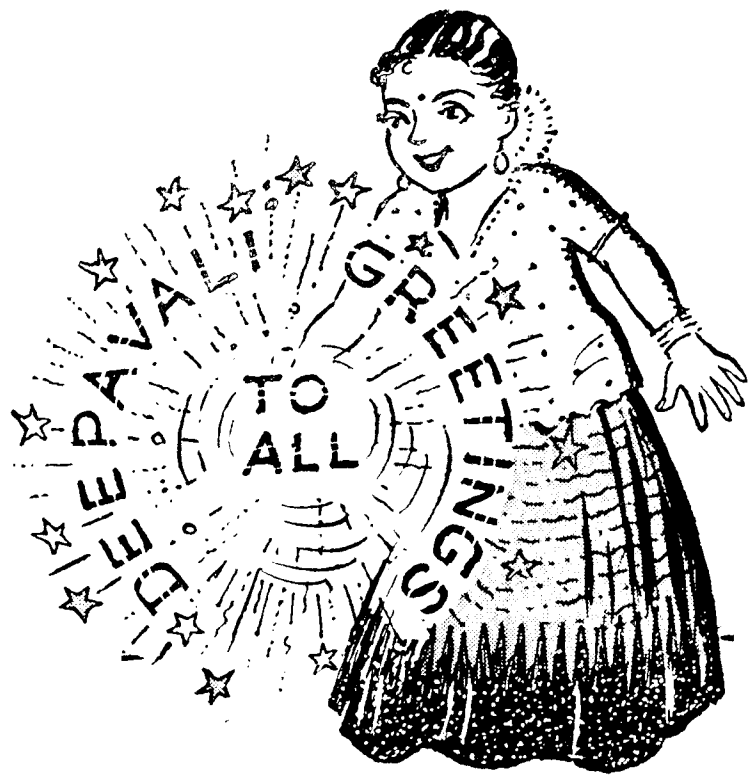




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INDIA MAGAZINE

Leading National Monthly

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER 1956

No. 9

AFTER REORGANIZATION

ON 1st November the new reorganized States have come into being. In the name of linguism and administrative convenience some have shrunk very noticeably. Legislature parties have chosen new leaders, and they need to win more support than mere congratulations, for reorganization has already brought in a crop of problems.

In bilingual Bombay the Chief Minister Shri Y. B. Chavan is a very young man. He may not have the experience and wisdom of Shri Morarji Desai, but he is reputedly energetic and keeps his eyes and ears open. What is more, he commands the confidence of both the language groups. The exit of Shri Morarji Desai is really regrettable but report has it that an important portfolio in the Centre is earmarked for him.

In Mysore Sri Nijelingappa has replaced Sri Kadilal Manjappa who, it may be recalled, ousted Sri Hanumanthaiya only a few months ago. After considerable hectic activity, squabble and wrangle behind the scenes, Sri Sanjiva Reddi has been chosen leader and is now Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh in the place of Sri Gopala Reddi. After Telengana participates in the general elections a new leader may perhaps be voted into power again. In both these States, there is much evidence of group politics which the Congress High Command has been denouncing off and on.

In Orissa Dr. Harekrishna Mahatab has assumed the reins of administration while Pandit Ravi Shankar Shukla continues firm on his saddle. There is little change in Madras though the Tamilarasu Kazhagam is whipping up emotion over the Tamil areas in Andhra. Malabar has been annexed to Kerala which continues to slumber under Presidential rule as before.

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Current Comments

NEW GOVERNORS

Under reorganization some States are to have new Governors. The institution of Rajpramukhs has been abolished and with it the last relic of Princely India has been buried. The Nizam of Hyderabad has gone into retirement. The Rajpramukh of Travancore-Cochin is young and energetic and the Centre may appoint him to some post befitting his status.

His Highness Maharaja Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, Rajpramukh of Mysore, has become Governor of the State. The Centre has made a fine gesture quite in accordance with the wishes of the State's people.

Time was when some of our top leaders opposed any division of Hyderabad but now it has been broken up. So its Chief Minister, Sri B. Ramakrishna Rao, goes to Kerala as Governor. It is a new job for him but we have no doubt that he will rise to the occasion and win new laurels.

As Governor of Madras Sri Sri Prakasa endeared himself to almost all sections of the people. The relations between him and his Ministers were most cordial. He readily accepted

invitations from associations, clubs and organizations to preside over functions, anniversaries and inaugural ceremonies. And his speeches were polished, full of wit and wisdom, and appropriate to the occasion. He could speak on any subject under the sun with ease and felicity of expression. Madras is sad to bid him farewell though its loss is Bombay's gain. Our Ministers could have sought the Centre's permission to retain him for another five years but they have missed a fine opportunity.

For the Punjab there is Dr. C. P. N. Singh, and for Rajasthan Shri Gurumukh Nihal Singh. Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya continues in Madhya Pradesh, and Shri C. M. Trivedi has become so popular in Andhra Pradesh that he is not likely to leave that State in the near future.

In appointing Shrimati Padmaja Naidu as Governor of West Bengal, some colour and glamour have been lent to the gubernatorial gadi. Her mother, Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, was Governor of Uttar Pradesh and died in harness. We wish more women had been honoured like this.

ANNOUNCEMENT

"INDIA MAGAZINE" Office has been shifted to more spacious premises at 460-465, Pycrofts Road, Triplicane, Madras-5. Will readers kindly note this change of address.

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A Short Story

By R. SHANKAR RAU

Dangerous Slip

THE landlord was a grim-looking middle-aged man, rather stout of build. While his protuberant paunch reflected his prosperity, his handle-bar moustache told of his ferocity and merciless nature. To the young woman who timidly opened the door, he almost barked, "Where is the rent that you promised to pay yesterday?"

Jaya almost trembled before him. "Yes see, sir," she stammered, "my sister who is working in the studio is expected any moment now. She has been absent for a fortnight, and my husband is very ill. I shall pay you the rent in two days. I beg of you to bear with me till then."

"No!" exploded the landlord. "Young lady, I don't want your cock-and-bull stories. Either you shell out seven rupees tomorrow morning or I will ask my men to throw your things out into the street. What do I care if your husband is confined to bed or your sister has gone out with some man? Better you quit, I say. There are five people already offering me fifteen rupees a month for this portion. I shall bring my man tomorrow to throw you out if you will not pay the rent."

The ultimatum sent Jaya staggering inside. "Oh, my

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God! What can I do?" she cried aloud, beating her head with her hands. She looked at her husband. Stretched on a mattress, he was sound asleep, a bedsheet covering him up to the chin. He might be about thirty years of age and might have been strong and handsome in his youth. Paralysis of the legs had crippled him six months back. He had been an in-patient in the General Hospital where the doctors tried all sorts of remedies, and when they all proved in vain he was sent back home. Needless to say, he had lost his clerical job in a hardware firm, and it meant starvation for the family of three, which included their two-year-old son. During the months following his admission to the hospital, Jaya sold out all the jewels in her possession. He had lost both his parents before his marriage. Jaya's only surviving relative was her younger sister, Saraswathi. Ever cheerful and attractive, Saraswathi was working as an "extra" in a studio and was often found in the company of her men friends. Her brother-in-law, Sridharan, had forbidden her to enter his residence or see her sister. Her conduct had humiliated him.

BUT the illness brought about a change. Saraswathi vacated her room in Mylapore, and moved into her sister's two-room



...she stood under the lamps...

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flat in George Town. She gave Jaya a good slice of her meagre salary and managed, all the same, to keep herself in comfort. Her admirers gave her what money she required but neither Jaya nor her husband made any comment now. What upset them most was her return home in the small hours of the morning but they dared not question her. Luckily for them, their portion of the house stood on the roadside and the young woman could go out and sip back almost unnoticed. In course of time, however, the other tenants got scent of her irregular habits and movements, and one or two of them protested to the landlord against allowing such people to associate with them.

JAYA was touched to the quick at the landlord's insulting reference to her sister. Her husband seemed totally unaware of the scene that had just been enacted. She thanked God that no tenant had witnessed it. A free music performance in the neighbouring temple had lured them all out of the house. Jaya was too dazed to do anything. Her sister had left the city a fortnight back with a man from Madurai who had been working with her in the studio and who succeeded in enticing her to his home town. Moreover, production in her studio had been held up owing to the illness of the hero. It all meant starvation for the sick man, his wife and child. "How thoughtless of the girl to leave us in the lurch like this!" Jaya said to herself.

She leaned against the wall and thought furiously. She

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would move heaven and earth to obtain the seven rupees before the morning. Otherwise, she knew that the landlord would carry out his threat. Her husband, her child and herself would be stranded in the street with all her belongings to tell their own tale to a mocking world. She would rather die than face such a situation. And then the thought struck her with the force of a sudden gale. Why should she not hang herself and end all her troubles? She looked at her two-year-old darling son sleeping so quietly on the floor: she rejected that idea with scorn. She had brought him into the world and she must give him her protection as long as she could.

She got up and went into the front room, set apart for her sister. She opened her trunk and rummaged among its contents. There were various powder tins, plastic soap boxes, one or two scent bottles, combs and sewing material. Near the box was a bundle of Saraswathi's clothes which the laundry-man had delivered a week ago. And then another idea occurred to her. The very diabolical nature of it appeared to overwhelm her, and she trembled like a leaf in the wind.

IN no time did she untie the bundle of laundered clothes and took them out one by one—her sister's georgette sari, silk jacket, muslin bodice, kerchief, petticoat and underwear. She struggled into the bodice and jacket, and when she looked at herself in the mirror she was amazed at the extraordinary youthful appearance that she

had gained. She cast off her rag of a sari and draped her sister's round her body and dabbed some scent behind her ears and on her neck.

HER husband and child were still asleep. She stole out, shutting the door behind her, emerged into an ill-lit side-lane that led into Broadway. It was nearing midnight. The road and the lane were deserted and the few stragglers were hurrying home. Heavy clouds had blotted out the stars. She stood there waiting, wondering at her own audacity in coming out of her house and the calmness with which she stood up to this unknown challenge. She had not long to wait, though. A young soldier walking on the main road espied her standing near the lamp and walked straight towards her. He was handsome to look at, tall and erect in his bearing. He gripped her left arm and grinned. "Won't you come to my hotel room? We shall have tea and a chat. Come on," he invited.

She was too confused to reply but walked on with him. "How much do you want?" he asked, bluntly enough.

"Oh, anything, give me ten rupees now," she found herself demanding.

The young man appeared to hesitate for a minute. "Ten rupees, did you say, woman? All right. That is too much, I think. But I am charmed with you. Here is a tenner. Take it and come on."

She eagerly clutched the currency note in her right hand and

almost ran with him. The soldier walked very fast. "I say, you are halting and stumbling. You don't seem to have taken food for a week. Pardon my joking. Now, what is the matter with you? You are falling again."

He lifted her up with both his arms and was amazed at the tears on her face. She sobbed and put her scented kerchief to her mouth. "What is the matter with you, woman? Have I hurt you?"

"No, sir," she said, weeping. "My husband is seriously ill and probably dying, and myself and my little son are starving."

The soldier stared at her pinched-up face for a while. "So this is your first night out. Am I right?" he asked in a gentle tone.

"Yes, you are right," she sobbed.

"LOOK here, lady, I am really ashamed that I approached you. You please forget that I invited you to my hotel room. Here is another tenner. Take it also and go back home. But remember, any other man in my place would not have spared you. Your face reminds me of my sister who adopted this profession years ago and brought misery to herself and disgrace to my people. Take a rickshaw if your house is very far and give up all thoughts about this business. Good-bye, sister," he said, waving his hand.

In another minute, he was off on the road and disappeared into the inky blackness of the night.

—Please See Page 10

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In lighter vein

Sprout Below The Snout!

By PRABHAT VAIDYA

I HAVE started growing a moustache. It is immaterial whether it is a little Hitler "butterfly" or a Raj Kapoor "filmactor"! The bald fact remains that I no longer shave my upper lip—nobody can call me a bare-faced liar any more.

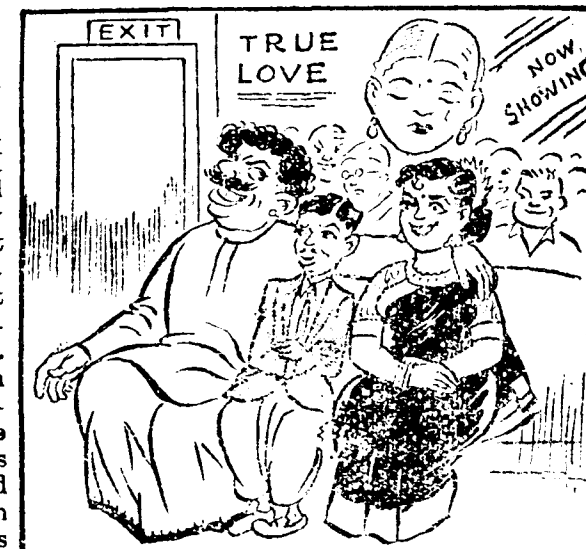
Now don't run to conclusions as to the why and wherefore of my decision. It is not a repercussion from my decision. It is not a repercussion from my conjugal affairs, nor does it denote an expression of the ego, neither have I become a fugitive from any chain gang. But let me begin at the beginning.

It happened in short in this wise: as I was putting a comb through my hair, I discovered to my consternation—not that I had the traditional dandruff on my shoulder—but that my pose was acquiring a crinkle that God had never intended it to have. The olfactory organ was losing that masculine aquiline shape that makes me (and it) stand out, as it were, in a hundred, and was turning upwards as if it had smelt a rat

or had been to a plastic surgeon.

NOW an up-tilted perky saucy noseling may be an asset for a Bob Hope or a bobby-soxer, but in, or rather on, a staid office-going *pere de famille* it would be just preposterous. And so I spent valuable time cogitating on the causes behind the phenomenon, the turn, so to say, events were taking right below my eyes.

I had met with no accident recently which would belittle my schnozzle: I had not walked into any lamp-post since prohibition came to Bombay; my



Theatre Poses!

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spite of the use-no-horns, use no-headlights (I nearly said use-no-hooks) regulations; the pavement had not come up and hit me in the snout as a result of an ambush by banana skin or open man-hole.

Nor did I remember having been hit on the proboscis by any irate fist: If, or when, the boss gets angry, he confines himself to remarks in my service record; the foot-pad did not deem it advisable to strong-arm me as discretion is the better part of valour and—er—well—ahem—I handed over my watch before the missus is concerned, flying saucers are for her newspaper items, not anti-husband missiles, as she is content with curtain lectures.

THE possibility of one of my vices catching up with me (or my *champak-bud*) also had my full consideration: I don't sleep on my *naak*, in bed or at the office or on the steering wheel—rather do I make it a point to sleep on one of my *kua's* ever since these organs were compared by some colleagues to Dopey's flappers, it is not my practice to lean against the bus wall with my beak when there is standing room only; and as for queueing up for rations or tickets, Bombay is not yet so overcrowded that one's *nasika* is pressed into the pigtail—or pony-tail—of the person in front.

What then caused my nasal appendage to raise its tip heavenwards, a contratemps which would have made Cyrano de

shame?

THE answer came in a flash while shaving this morning. To get at the stubble between cupid's-bow and the snout (the beauty and the beast, you said?)—that tricky portion that has been the despair of great persons from Bernard Shaw to Bertie Wooster—I pursed the former and elevated the latter with my thumb. And with this massage administered to it every a. m. during the ordeal which makes strong men quail, no wonder the nose was losing its pristine glory and assuming a concave form.

—Continued from page 8

Jaya did not know how she reached home. She went in and threw herself on the floor with an endless stream of tears racing down her cheeks. She still held the two ten-rupee notes in her hand. Saraswathi, who had returned meanwhile, emerged from her room and stood speechless as she looked down at Jaya. She wanted to ask her where she had been and why she should be wearing her clothes, but the question froze on her lips when she saw the tell-tale notes in her hand. She suddenly bent down on her knees and embraced her sister. "Jaya, dear, I have come back with two hundred rupees, and the studio re-opens tomorrow. There is no need to worry about the immediate future. I am sorry I was away from you all."

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ADLAI STEVENSON

By HAROLD GREER

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IN the International amphitheatre, the largest roofed exhibition hall in the world, the hour was growing late; the delegates to the Democratic national convention stirred restlessly. Almost two hours before they had nominated Adlai Ewing Stevenson of Libertyville and Chicago, Ill., as their presidential candidate in the 1956 elections.

Hidden from convention view by the backdrop, Stevenson nervously fingered his tie. He looked exhausted, upset and somewhat angry. Not until he had almost completed the 30-yard walk to the speaker's rostrum did his soberness give way to a grin in response to the wild cheers from the floor.

"I have taken this unusual step of asking to be heard briefly tonight," he said, "because I have decided that the selection of the vice-presidential nominee should be made through the free processes of this convention."

The delegates roared their welcome. Stevenson, in a master stroke of political boldness, had brought a lethargic and dull convention to life by a single act. He identified the target as Vice-President Richard Nixon. He challenged the Republican camp assembling in San

Francisco to follow his example. Above all he gave his own followers, still dispirited from their 1952 defeat and anxious for the future, a chance to act like Democrats again.

It turned out to be the highlight of the convention, but there were those who questioned its wisdom beforehand. Indeed, Stevenson's unhappy countenance and the long wait before his appearance was due to the opposition which old-line party leaders voiced to his proposal. By breaking with tradition Stevenson announced that he had arrived and would run things his way.

"Tired Of Losing"

This is the measure of Adlai Stevenson in 1956. His leadership has come of age and his no longer the adopted child of the "professional" politicians. The reluctant candidate who prayed he would not be nominated in 1952 now wants to be president of the United States and leader of the Democratic party. The two are synonymous if he is elected, but leadership in the event of defeat depends entirely on the forcefulness and effectiveness of his campaign and the extent to which he exploits his authority, while he is the Democratic nominee.

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The Stevenson of 1952 was at best a poor shadow of himself and it could not have been otherwise. While his nomination then was a draft promoted by the big city Democratic bosses—chiefly Col. Jake Arvey of Chicago's Cook county—in the belief that he would poll more votes than anyone else against Eisenhower. Stevensen himself had no real quarrel with Eisenhower and he was inclined to feel privately that it would be a good thing for the two-party system if the Republicans were elected after 20 years in the political wilderness. Proceeding from this lack of conviction he tried to divorce himself from the party machinery and its leaders. The result was a personal triumph but a party debacle: he failed to carry a single state outside of six in the deepest Democratic South.

His World Tour

No doubt it was a shock to him. He had paid the voters the compliment of talking sense while the Republican campaign had been a mixture of TV soap opera and Madison Ave. demagoguery and he was so sure of victory that he sealed his prediction of the electoral votes he would receive in an envelope. It read, "AES-373;" he got 89. He quoted Abraham Lincoln's story of the boy who stubbed his toe in the dark ("too old to cry but it hurt too much to laugh") and went back to his law practice—he had to resign as governor of Illinois to run for the presidency—in the Chicago Loop.

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Some time in 1954 Stevenson decided to run again. President Eisenhower had proved a great disappointment to him and his world tour had opened his eyes to the deteriorating leadership of the U.S. He spent 18 months on speaking engagements, most of them fund-raising dinners, to wipe out the party's \$800,000 campaign deficit in the 1954 congressional and state elections. He made over 80 speeches on behalf of Democratic candidates with the party's capture of congress as a result.

By the time he announced his candidacy in November, 1955, it was generally agreed he was a shoo-in for the nomination. While his unexpected defeat by Sen. Estes Kefauver in the Minnesota Democratic primary last March seemed disastrous at the time, it proved a blessing in disguise; "I'm tired of losing elections."

Dedicated To Reform

Socially, Stevenson is of the Ivy League—fairly well-born, Princeton-educated, an intellectual liberal. He can quote from the Bible, Shakespeare or Lincoln as the occasion demands or his fertile mind suggests, but there are fewer erudite references in his speeches which he writes himself in long hand than formerly. This is a concession to criticism that he is an "egghead" who talks over the heads of the voters, yet he refuses to change completely. He quipped back, "Eggheads of

the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your yolks," and his acceptance speech to the convention, as if for old time's sake, contained a quotation from Carlyle.

His grandfather and namesake was vice-president in the second Grover Cleveland administration, and his father was an executive in the Hearst newspaper chain. His mother's family owned the Bloomington Pantagraph in Illinois and Stevenson served for a period as an editor of the Daily Princeton. His marriage in 1938 to Ellen Borden of Chicago ended in divorce in 1949 on grounds of mutual incompatibility; he has three sons.

Stevenson went to Washington in 1923 as special counsel to the Agricultural Adjustment administration, a New Deal agency, but stayed only two years. He returned in 1941 as special assistant to the secretary of the navy and later to two secretaries of state he played an important role in European reconstruction and was in charge of press relations at the founding of the United Nations in San Francisco. A member of the U.S. delegation to several early General Assemblies of the U.N., he is well-known personally to the diplomats of other countries.

In 1948 he was elected governor of Illinois by the largest

plurality ever recorded in this traditionally Republican state on a reform platform dedicated to cleaning up widespread corruption and maladministration in the state government. It was his performance in Illinois which brought him to the attention of President Truman as presidential material even though he was unknown in most of the country when nominated in 1952.

Stevenson's relations with the former president, who has said Stevenson has a defeatist attitude and can't win, are strained and embarrassing to him. He is anxious to respect and acknowledges the old Missouri war horse as a great Democratic president, but he feels Mr. Truman should understand that new problems demand new solutions and new approaches. Stevenson is 56 and Truman is 72. There is a generation of politics between them. At the recent convention, his first task, therefore, was to defeat Mr. Truman's efforts to dominate the Democratic party and to establish firmly his own leadership.

His next task is to beat President Eisenhower and few people think it will be as easy. But in the Stevenson dictionary there is no defeat; there is only doing as best as one can and letting the voters decide—even though it may hurt too much to laugh.

The Editor invites short stories, 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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MARVELS OF HUMAN MEMORY

By GEORGE MANN

TO some psychologists, memory is a muscle you can strengthen by doing routine exercises. To some laymen memory is, at best, a sieve with large holes. But to many scientific explorers of the human mind, memory is a mystery; strange in its behaviour, unpredictable in its operation.

Perhaps its oddest aspect is that it works while you sleep. This was shown in experiments in "sleep learning" carried out at the University of North Carolina (U.S.) by psychologist Charles R. Elliot. Hypnotism also has been used, both to spur memory and to uncover psychically buried memories in individuals. Under hypnosis, individuals have been able to memorize material, and recall it to mind after being brought out of the hypnosis has been used as a tool to uncover memories otherwise hidden. Dr. Nathaniel E. Selby of New York City hypnotized 28-year-old Mrs. John N. Norton of New Rochelle, who had suffered from amnesia since 1942. Through hypnosis, he cleared up much of her otherwise forgotten past, identified her as a girl who had disappeared in 1940.

Startling

More startling from the psychoanalytic point of view are the results obtained by Dr. Rober M. True of the University of Vermont college of medicine. He hypnotized 50 people and found that 40 of them were able to tell on what day of the week

both Christmas and their birth days fell when they were four, seven and ten years old. Before hypnotism, they hadn't been able to recall the day. Dr. True wasn't interested in improving recall; rather he wanted to find out whether the memories of patients undergoing psychoanalysis were reliable checks on the past. His results show that we have memory reserves far greater than those ordinarily suspected.

Few other human abilities vary so much as memory. Memory experts are so skilled they seem supermen from other planets. Take the ability to remember figures, for example. A German student named Ruckle once astounded an international congress for experimental psychology by memorizing 204 separate numbers in 13 minutes.

Beaten!

Or consider the Polish mathematician, Dr. Salo Finkelstein. He could memorize the number 624706845986193261841 in exactly 4.43 seconds. An Ohio State University student, known only by his initials in a scholarly paper, beat Finkelstein's record by memorizing a 21-place figure in 4.37 seconds.

Some musicians have equally tenacious memories. Arturo Toscanini knows by heart all the parts in hundreds of symphonic and operatic scores. Mozart once heard a long composition by another composer, promptly

sat down and wrote it all out from memory.

Top-flight military memory is equally astounding. At a press conference General George Marshall once asked each of the 60 correspondents present to ask him a question. At the end of the questions, Marshall spoke for 40 minutes, and in the course of his speech answered every question that had been asked.

Does possession of this kind of memory mean a superior intellect? A few years ago, a study of some 300 geniuses showed that less than 20 were blessed with remarkable memory. Among these 20, however, were Abraham Lincoln, James Watt, Edmund Burke, Francis Bacon and William Makepeace Thackeray.

Boy's Feat

In fact, the record shows that on the whole there is little real correlation between memory and intelligence. Take "Memory" Thompson, the noted 18th century British doctor. In his accomplishments, save for his memory, Thompson was merely a slightly above average citizen. But among his other feats, he could draw from memory an accurate map of an entire London parish down to every single railing, shed and pump.

Some of the most remarkable memories in history have belonged to individuals little above the level of morons. As Professor Roger J. Williams of the University of Texas wrote recently: "One of the most common mental abilities to be found among those classified as feeble-minded is the possession of an outstanding memory." He

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cites the case of an adn feable-minded boy in an Ohio town, who spent his time memorizing the telephone numbers and automobile license numbers of his fellow townsmen. What's more, he could repeat them at will.

And even the memory experts themselves may not be perfect. Take the legendary Princeton student who astounded everyone with his fantastic memory. As an undergraduate, his memory won him the highest grades, finally earned him a Rhodes scholarship. Elated, he prepared for his two years' stay in England and sailed amid the congratulations of his friends. But when he arrived at Southampton he found he had forgotten his passport and couldn't land.

With Girls

To show how complex the problem has become, some psychologists aren't sure there is such an entity as memory. Dr. Ernest M. Ligon, who heads the Psychology department at Union College, said: "The term 'memory' has about dropped out of our psychological terminology. We speak more functionally of the capacity for memorizing." Then he adds a few facts about this "capacity" that are extremely useful to keep in mind: "Memorizing long lists of facts is of little or no value. What is valuable is memorizing materials in the area in which the person needs to memorize."

The only person who would profit by memorizing telephone numbers is a person who has to remember telephone numbers. If he needs to remember rese-

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arch data, that is what he could practise with.

Ligon's statements are demonstrated by recent findings. According to the researches of W.W. Pyle, memory differs according to sex because the sexes are interested in different things. For example, girls have a far more acute memory about aspects of furs; boys remember more about topics connected with electricity.

Distinct Types

In practice, psychologists have been able to point out that interests and abilities make some people more able to remember telephone numbers, some faces, others dates in history. Half a century ago, William James pointed out that, by and large, people remember what they want to remember.

To introduce another complicating idea, the University of Chicago's famed measurer of intellectual abilities L. L. Thurstone, has written that the ability to memorize is a primary mental ability that may or may not be related to other mental abilities. What's more, there are indications of several distinct types of the ability to memorize. Specifically, he cites the obvious difference between the ability to memorize and the ability to recall past experiences which the individual at the time, was making no particular effort to fix in his memory.

Thurstone's ideas fit in with other theories that have been developed showing that, for the purpose of memory, some of us are primarily eye-minded, some ear-minded, some perhaps even muscle-minded. The eye-minded

remember a name. The skilful combine as many senses as possible to spur their memories. Actors, for example, learn their roles not only through the meaning of the words, and the pattern, the learned speeches make in their larynxes, but also through the eye. The handsome juvenile making love on the stage probably is turning over his part page by page, knowing exactly on what part of the page the words he is speaking can be found.

Muscle memory also exists. Take the average citizen who skates until his college days, later gets married, raises a family, and stays off the ice for a decade or two. The children grow up, taunt papa for not skating. So one day he dons skates, glides out on the ice. Much to everyone's amazement—including his own—after the first few hesitant strokes, he finds himself skating as well as ever. His muscles have remembered through the intervening years.

Muscle memory also involved to a degree in learning things by repeating them out loud—which experts report is an efficient method of memorizing. The throat muscles develop a pattern of learning to help you remember. But though the method has been checked and approved by modern psychologists, it has been used in practice in Chinese and Hebrew schools for 1,000 years or more. Outsiders may be startled by the unison chanting of students as they learn but actually they are following the best scientific advice.



IDLY did the young man walk on the sandy beach, munching the peanuts which he dug up from a paper bag in his hand every now and then. It was a very hot summer evening and there were very few strollers as the sands threatened to blister the bare skin. There was a bank of dark, menacing clouds in the southern sky. Even the usual breeze from the sea was conspicuous by its absence.

The young man took out a kerchief from his pant pocket and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead. He turned slowly towards the edge of the shore and gazed at the endless stretch of the blue waters before him. Here it was cool enough, and he stood like one transported with joy. It took him quite a few minutes to discover that he was not alone. A young woman was standing in knee-deep water, her silk sari being partly drenched.

Her back was turned upon him, and she was contemplating a small catamarian, bobbing up and down over the water two furlongs off. The young man surveyed her slim lovely figure, her long glossy pigtail reaching far below her waist, and his eyes lingered on the soft hair on the nape of her neck.

SUDDENLY realising how improper it was to stare at a woman on this lonely spot, he turned in the direction of the road and took a few strides when he heard his name called.

"Arun! Arun!"

In great trepidation he turned round to find the woman accosting him. And he laughed at once.

"Is it you, Manohari?" he shouted, coming back towards her. "I am sorry I didn't recognize you when I stood close behind you two minutes ago. I thought it must be some young lady I didn't know, and I crept back."



She smiled, wagging her right forefinger at him in rebuke. "How are you, Arun? Tomorrow you are due to attend office after three months' leave. We were all so sorry that you had been laid up with typhoid. But you decidedly look better though leaner."

"Yes, Manohari, it seems like ages since I saw you. And no wonder that I couldn't recognize you," he said, with a grin.

"I agree it is ages, Arun. I must have grown so old, indeed, that you failed to know me after four years' acquaintance in the office. Tell me, really, Arun, have I changed for the worse?"

The young man bent down his head to cover his confusion. He had cast aside his *chappals* and was making a circle with his right big toe. With his left hand he planted his folded umbrella and made it stand by itself. "Manohari, we all know you to be very beautiful, and you make a pretty picture standing there. I wish I had brought my camera to take a snap of you."

"I see, you are a flatterer," replied the young woman. "But this is the first time in all these four years that you are talking so unreservedly to me."

SHE came out of the water, and seated herself on the sands. She beckoned to him to sit down near her. He hesitated for a second, then consulted his gold wrist-watch and dumped himself down by her side. She snapped her hand-bag open, took out her tiny wrist-watch and strapped it on.

For a few minutes both of them did not speak and stared before them. He was resentful that he had to meet this girl of all people at such an hour of the evening when he wanted peace. In the All-Hue Paints Firm in which both of them were employed, he was a junior officer, who occasionally deputised for the manager whenever he was absent. For the latter he looked through all the correspondence and signed the letters before despatch. In the office there were four girl typists of whom Manohari was the youngest and prettiest. Each had to do overtime in the evening for an hour by turns and finish the letters for the last post.

SITTING on the sands, Arun recollected a particular evening just before he fell ill, when Manohari caused a near crisis by refusing to type the two letters which he had drafted. It was ten minutes past the overtime hour, and she had taken her hand-bag, ready to leave the office, when Arun asked her to type two short letters. They were very urgent, he said. Manohari's face turned blood-red in anger like a ripe tomato, and her eyes blazed. She tossed her hand-bag at the typewriter and sat down. "You are a pitiless, heartless man, Mr. Arun. My grandma is bedridden and there is nobody but myself to attend on her. And I have to catch the electric train to Chromepet." She then began to sob while Arun and a junior clerk and two servants looked on in alarm and dismay. The young man apologised to Manohari and requested her to go

home, offering to type the letters himself.

THAT very night he took ill and stayed away from the office for three full months. It was six weeks since he had fully recovered but the doctor warned him against the risk of a relapse and wouldn't permit him to cut his period of leave. His widowed mother urged her son to take leave for another month. He never cared for office pay because his late father had left him money enough to last for three generations. But he was bored with the dull life at home and loved to sit and work in the office.

Manohari broke the silence. "Arun, if you don't mind, I would like to refer to your last evening in the office before you fell ill. I behaved like a beast towards you and I apologise for calling you a pitiless, heartless man. And every day after that I would scold myself for having lost my head so.

"I was so ashamed, you know, that I thought of resigning my job and hiding myself but Grandma dissuaded me from taking that step. Moreover, I decided to wait and offer you a personal explanation and I told myself that I would stay on if you forgave and forgot. And now chance has brought us together. You know, that day I didn't take my food and was worrying myself sick because Grandma was on the brink."

Arun turned round to face her. "Manohari," he said, "I had forgotten all about that incident that very night. And

now that you have explained it all, let us regard the matter as closed. Had you told me about your grandma's illness, I would have relieved you earlier. I am glad you weren't hasty and didn't send in your resignation. We all make mistakes, you know, some time or other. And I forbid you to make another reference to the incident. But one thing only I wish to correct, Manohari," he added smiling. "it may be true that all these years I have not moved with you or any of the other girls closely. But I have a heart and it beats in sympathy with all of you. To let you into a secret, I persuaded the manager to give you two increments in the course of this year."

MANOHARI didn't reply at once and when she applied her kerchief to her eyes, Arun detected traces of tears. "There, there, young lady, stop making a scene," he rebuked in a gentle tone. "or I shall go back to the bus stand. And, by the way, how is your grandma?"

Manohari brightened up again. "She is all right now. Mother, Sister Uma, and her husband all rushed back from our home town and took charge of Grandma. She is strong and vigorous now though she is seventy. She often asked me about you after I told her about my silly outburst in office and your kind words. She even urged me to go to your bungalow and visit you in the sickbed but I was too ashamed to face you. I was even afraid you would get angry at my sight. But Grandma is so solicitous about you. She even asked about you today."

"I am so grateful to that kind lady for her kindness; I am all the more touched because she has not seen me so far. I think, your mother and your husband are all living together in Chromepet like a happy family," he remarked.

At this, Manohari burst into laughter, showing her pearly white teeth.

"I don't understand the reason for your sudden laughter, Manohari. I didn't say anything funny," he said.

"No, no, Arun. There is a myth about me in office. When I joined duty about four years ago, some young men so pestered me with their attentions that I told everybody that I was married to a man who was as ferocious as he was jealous. And they all began to avoid me studiously. You, too, seem to believe that lie but how could you know otherwise?" And she laughed again.

Arun began to grin and admired the audacity and resourcefulness of the girl. "But aren't you afraid of talking to me so freely, Manohari?" he asked slyly.

"No fears. I feel as if you are my protector and guide, Arun. I know you are married and very respectable. At office, you keep the girls at arm's length and don't talk to them except when absolutely necessary. And there is another reason also."

She gave an inscrutable smile and subsided into silence.

Arun was intrigued and curious. "And, pray, what is that

mysterious reason for not being a wolf like some of the devils in the office?" he demanded, ironically.

She laughed outright again. "We girls in the office know that you are the happiest and luckiest of men, Arun. You have married a most charming girl. Mythili, my senior, pointed her out to me before a temple last year. So we know we are safer and more secure in your company."

"You seem to be an information bureau, Manohari." And they both laughed heartily over the joke.

"Is your wife doing well?" she asked, casually.

"Last fortnight she left for her parents' home in Tanjore to have her second baby," he replied, but suddenly changed the topic. "So your grandma, mother, sister and her husband, and yourself are living together, I suppose?"

"NO, Uma and her husband are residing in a small portion of a house very near the station. We have rented a newly built four-roomed house half a mile away from the station. Grandma is keeping house, and mother is dividing her attention between us."

"And when are you marrying?" He flung the question at her like a marksman shooting his arrow at a bird.

She winced and blushed to the roots of her hair. "None of us has given thought to that problem, Arun. I am the breadwinner, you know, and perhaps

it may take some years," she said in a halting tone.

The evening sun had set and the clouds above were more threatening than before. There were vivid flashes of lightning tearing at the sky and lighting up the earth. The huge crowd, now gathered on the beach, began to melt away. Arun and Manohari rose and turned towards the road.

"I fear, Manohari, there is going to be a terrible thunder shower. It is time you caught the bus. Better you go to Mount Road and board a mofussil vehicle. I shall accompany you up to Mount Road."

She smiled gratefully at him and together they hurried to the bus stop. Seeing endless queues at the Triplicane terminus, they walked silently towards Mount Road. There was a high wind blowing dust into their faces and added to the lightning flashes were loud peals of thunder at which Manohari paled in fright.

"I made a mistake in choosing this awful evening to visit the beach, Arun, but I am glad, at the same time, I had the privilege of meeting you and clearing the misunderstanding," she said eagerly, looking up at his face.

But he made no reply and his silence seemed to urge her on to keep step with him. At the stop, they had not long to wait for the mofussil bus. When the vehicle was sighted she began to murmur her

thanks but he cut her short with his proposal that he would go with her and see her home in safety as the storm might break on the way.

"I am so glad, Arun, you are coming to our house. Grandma and Mother would be delighted to receive you. But I won't detain for you more than a few minutes, and there is the electric train to take you back."

She almost rubbed her hands in child-like glee, and Arun felt content at the thought that he had at one time felt bitter and annoyed with this girl. In the bus they had to sit away from each other. As he had feared, it began to rain on the way. Large drops pelted on the tin roof of the vehicle and the canvas blinds were no proof against the wind and let in little streams of water.

It was pitch-dark when they got down at Chromepet and both were wet to the skin. He put up his umbrella and she had to struggle close to him to protect herself from the fury of the driving rain. They waded through



"And how is your little boy? I hope he is not mischievous."

sheets of water over an uneven road and heaps of gravel and rubble until they reached a small house which stood in a field, a hundred yards away from the beaten path.

What was worse, there was no light in the house as she knocked.

"Haven't you noticed, Manohari, that the house is locked?" he pointed out.

"Then Ma and Grandma have gone to Sister's house. At least, Grandma is bound to come here when the rain stops. But I always carry a duplicate key, Arun."

SHE took out the key from the hand-bag, opened the door and switched on the lights. Arun gasped as he saw the tidiness of the rooms. She showed him into her own room where there was a cot, a table, a chair, and an attractive book-shelf.

"Arun, please stay here till the rain stops." She was genuinely sorry and apologetic. "I shall get you some biscuits and ovaltine."

He badly needed a warm drink and nodded his head in approval. But as she went towards the kitchen he called her back. "Manohari, won't your Ma or Grandma think ill of me when they come in and see me talking to you alone? I don't think it is proper. Why not you let me go to the station now? I have got the umbrella and it is better that I leave now."

For the first time Manohari took both his hands in hers and requested him to sit down again. "Ma and Grandma are well

aware that I am not a child. They know me to be a sensible girl and will never dream of curbing my freedom. Let us wait for some more time and if Grandma doesn't turn up I shall come up with you to the station and go to my sister's house and spend the night there.

"That is all right with me then," he said. "You may go into the kitchen."

In ten minutes she came back. She had changed her dress, and carried in her hands a tray containing a plantain fruit, an apple, half a dozen biscuits and a cup of ovaltine. Without a word he helped himself and emptied the tray of its contents.

They talked on for another hour but the rains did not cease. On the contrary, the velocity of the wind had increased and the skies seemed to have opened up a deluge.

"Well, Manohari, let me escort you to your sister's house. You can't spend the night alone here," he said.

SHE hurriedly switched off the lights and locked the outer door. He led the way down the stone steps and she followed him with her own umbrella. But he suddenly stumbled and fell down in knee-deep water. He was soaked and was shivering. She went after him, throwing her umbrella back, clutched him by the shoulder with her arms and pulled him out.

"I slipped, Manohari, and hit my right big toe against a loose stone. Open the door and switch on the lights, will you?"

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The lights were on again in a minute and she led him in with her right arm round his waist lest he should fall.

She seated him on a chair and closely examined the bleeding toe. She went in and came back with a first-aid box. Luckily, it was only an abrasion. She washed the wound with a disinfectant, applied some iodine and bandaged it carefully.

Then she hurried in and brought some wet towels and a new mull dhoti. "Arun, you please wipe your body with these towels and wear this mull dhoti. It is brand-new and was intended for my brother-in-law. How sorry I am to bring all these troubles just when you are out of convalescence. It is only eight now, and the last train leaves at 11.30 p.m. You look exhausted already, and better you relax on that cot for some time."

In fact, he was tired and shocked at the nasty fall. "I can't thank you enough, Manohari. Let us hope the rain stops soon."

It was 3 a.m. when he suddenly woke up from a long, ecstatic dream. Then he gasped. Manohari was sleeping in his arms...

AT the office that day he went through the routine like one dazed. A sense of shame and guilt was weighing down his mind. At 4 p.m. he made bold to call in Manohari, and she sailed towards him with a provocative smile.

"Manohari," he whispered, "have I left that gold wrist-watch in your room?"

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"You didn't expect me to present it to you here, Arun, did you? The girls are also watchful. Why don't you come to my house this evening and claim it yourself? I shall wait for you at 7 p.m."

He weakly nodded his head.

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MADRAS THROUGH FOREIGN EYES

By GORDON SINCLAIR

TO clean up bars, brothels and beggars in one swoop is a proud achievement for any city. But Madras, the most improved city in Asia, has done more. It's created the finest bathing beach in the world; the best film studios in India, and the most varied fruit markets you'll ever lay eyes on.

Normally those exotic tropical wonder fruits you hear about are exhibited on the wrong end of a dirty basket slung over somebody's unwashed shoulder. Thus a golden pineapple or a coppery mango has two strikes on it before offered.

Here some alert merchant figured a spotless chrome, glass, and fluorescent lighted fruit market might hit best-seller figures, so he took a chance. Today there are five such markets to make the mouth water.

Personally I'm unreceptive to treopical fruits because they're like something for nothing. There's a catch in 'em, either you get stomach disorders next day or cramps that night. They taste flat or they act sharp. But

now, under the influence of ballyhoo, silken-clad salesgirls, and neon signs, I'm beginning to wonder if a 'mongosteen' or a 'durwen' mightn't be worth another try. As to the mango—the answer is still phooey in spades.

Another thing they've done here is spread enough paint and whitewash to float a navy. Everything seems to be all sharpened up in blue, pink, red, or cream, with an overlying predominance of white. Roads have been widened, carlines torn up and replaced by buses, and suburban railways electrified. With no steam trains and with most factories using electric power, which is cheap and abundant, there is little or no soot to foul the freshly painted buildings.

For lunch today I was offered corn soup, beef stew, lamb curry, or a cold plate specialising on hump. Down here that's the hump... like a camel's hump... which you see on a bull; up north it really is camel hump. Both taste like bacon. So that was lunch.

You took the soup, plus one of the others, plus a watery pudding and coffee. That may not sound much, but with it went a thick slice of bread and all the butter you could use, plus a salad that couldn't be equalled even in Leamington at the height of the vegetable season.

First-timers to India are warned against so many things they develop ulcerated neuroses just thinking about themselves. I know, because I went through it. The two things they are warned most furiously against are salads and ice cream.

I've eaten ice cream at least 300 times in India, and enjoyed it all. Some salads probably did give me a bad morning. But in a good place... and Madras has them... you're as safe as at a good Toronto hotel.

This salad today had hand-sized slices of tomato, celery more tender than an ambassador's feelings, head lettuce like cabbage, and spring onions to make you cry (You think I'm kidding?)



"Oh! I forgot to bring the film!"

The beach is strictly the thing.

You go through a strip of 90 million flowers, 50 feet wide and 16 miles long, with a staff of 4,200 gardeners. Then the beach begins. Its 388 yards of coppery sand from the flowers to the surf, with an active patrol to see that no picnic party breaks bottles, tosses banana peels, builds fires, or otherwise soils the sand.

When you reach the surf you step into warm blue tropical water.

If you crave fresh water for an after-swim rinse, there is a fresh water stream running into the Bay of Bengal just where you like it to be.

Pardon me for going overboard on Madras, but I've been here before. I've suffered its earlier stink and sweat. Today, if you take the mill-run three-point India of Calcutta to Delhi to Bombay... as through passengers do... you miss the most improved city in India.

If you can tolerate two-word descriptions of the big four here, they are in order of population: Calcutta, filthy and cunning; Bombay, rich and cynical; Madras, determined and improved; Delhi, crowded and confident.

—Australasian Post



DANCING WITH WILD BEAST!

THE beautiful ballet girls engaged for the most spectacular of Italy's films, "Attila the Hun," were by no means enthusiastic when they found that one of their dances was to take place with a leopard in their midst.

The stealthily moving animal seemed to be tame enough, however, and his trainer was keeping an eagle eye on him.

Wearing only the flimsiest of costumes, the girls went into their elaborate ballet performed in the Roman emperor's gilded courtroom. The leopard prowled slowly towards them, behaving itself perfectly.

But the lights were hot. The film sound stage was crowded. The atmosphere was exciting, and the dancing figures caused a whirl of activity.

A low growl was the first intimation that all was not well. The leopard's movements became menacing. Then it leapt.

Dancers and technicians scattered as it ran amok, and shrill

screams of terrified girls drowned the music of the orchestra.

For a time, there was panic. But the trainer kept his head. He dashed forward, circling the animal cautiously, then closing in. The danger was averted. The leopard was safely secured, and no damage was done.

But it was quite a time before the girls recovered their composure sufficiently to do the scene again!

This dance is just one of the ultra-elaborate spectacles which have made "Attila the Hun" one of the most sensational films ever to come out of Italy.

It was in production for well over three months, besides going back on to the studio floor for numerous extra scenes. It was photographed in colour. And it cost nearly half a million pounds, says a writer in "Tit Bits."

The dazzling jewels—real ones—worn by the glamorous Sophia Loren and the exotic Irene Papas were valued at £250,000,

The sets were fantastic. No expense was spared in the production.

It's got everything: sword-fighting, wrestling, women gladiators, lavish court scenes, slave-dancing and the most torrid ballet of all time.

But over it all lies one of the major film mysteries in recent times. "Attila the Hun" was completed well over two years ago, and we haven't seen it yet. A London showing is promised soon.

Why the hold-up?

"There have been all sorts of difficulties," the Italian film officials say, guardedly.

One of the difficulties—the major one, I imagine—was getting it past the British film censor. He must be tempted to don an asbestos suit when a Sophia Loren picture turns up for his approval. She is becoming Italy's most censored star. The sizzling "Woman of the River" was passed only after the more daring scenes had been cut. The same fate has befallen "Attila the Hun," which was Sophia's first starring film.

It was touch-and-go whether "Attila the Hun" would get by even with an "X" certificate. Judicious cuts have now passed it for general adult consumption. But even with these cuts, it is still an eyepopping spectacle and certainly one of the most lavish of Italy's pictures.

Perhaps the most macabre ballet of all is when the Emperor reclines on his settee with his feminine favourites, enjoy-

ing degenerate amusements, and gives thumbs down sign to indicate that the head of a gladiator shall be cut off and rolled on to the floor before being brought to him on a platter.

Even though steeped in the school of realism, the Italian film-makers drew the line at actually decapitating an actor. It was an artificial head that was presented to the Emperor—but it was so realistic that one girl looked at it and fainted clean away.

Sophia Loren plays the part of Honoria, the Emperor's beautiful, ambitious sister who wants the throne for herself. In an effort to overthrow her weakling brother, she offers herself to Attila as his bride.

Anthony Quinn, portraying Attila, had many grim fights. Some of them were so realistic that he emerged from the picture scarred and bruised all over. He had a narrow escape when a flaming torch hit him and very nearly set fire to his costume. He was nearly trampled on by horses in a big battle scene. And he was slashed by a sword.

It was a tough picture, too, for the huge crowds of extras who took part, including women gladiators. Weeks of rehearsals preceded actual shooting, and everything was carefully timed. Injuries were nevertheless numerous and sometimes serious.

The picture brought big-scale stardom to Sophia Loren. It also brought success to sloe-eyed, Greek-born actress Irene Papas, who plays the part of Attila's favourite slave—the sultry

Brune, who hates the Roman princess. It was because of her performance in this role that Irene was taken to Hollywood and given a longterm contract by M-G-M.

A battle of beauty is fought between the two women, both determined to win the same man.

And when you get two excitingly glamorous stars like Sophia Loren and Irene Papas fighting for a man—well, that's a lesson in the lure of allure that takes a lot of beating

Who is the winner? It would spoil the film to tell you!

PIONEER HONOURED

THE man who made the first Indian talkie "Alam Ara," a pioneer who dared to empower the silent Indian picture with voice and speech and thus paved the way for the glory that our talkies have achieved, was the chief guest of honour at the



Kishore Kumar in "New Delhi"

showing of the re-made "Alam Ara" by Nanubhai Vakil films. The occasion was highlighted by the presentation of a purse containing Rs. 9,000 to the great pioneer, the Father of the Indian talkie, Ardeshir M. Irani, writes, the Bombay correspondent of the "Hindustan Standard."

Still at the age of 70 though his eyes are giving him some trouble, this old man is in other respects quite healthy and spends most of his time in a particular studio where he often engages with a game of golf. Ardeshir who is being honoured in celebration for the silver jubilee of the Indian talkie himself got inspiration to produce films by seeing some of the early silent pictures of Dadasaheb Phalke, Father of the Indian industry.

Born in 1886 Ardeshir was a man of ambitions and wanted to achieve something which will be recorded in the national history. Starting his career by joining his father in selling musical instruments, he slowly turned to photography by taking picture in a box camera taking pictures at random and also having an eye on the show business.

Getting deeper and deeper into film industry he launched a circuit of distributing foreign films which gave him good dividends with the partnership of Abdullah Esoofally, though the business had its own ups and downs. Taking the first opportunity he joined hands with a foreign-retained film expert and made some mytho-

logical silent films. He floated in 1926 a film company known as Imperial Film Co.

The inspiration for making a talkie came to Ardeshir when he first saw a foreign talkie film called "Show Boat" in 1929. Ardeshir was restless. Within five months he brought out his first Indian talkie "Alam Ara." The film starred Zubeida and Master Vithal. In March 1931 the first talkie of India was released—a red letter day in the annals of the Indian motion picture industry.

Encouraged by its success and with enthusiasm and zeal Ardeshir made a few more 'talkie' films which brought him laurel from every corner. According to Ardeshir there was not the censor trouble at that time and the censors being paid officers were very considerate and knew their job well. Comparing the present day star system and during his time, he says that stars had to stick to one place and every star had to be punctual and also had to sit late in the night as required. No producer would snatch an artiste from another producer as is being done now.

According to him now the film in-

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dustry has started functioning well and has become a big business in the history of films.

Producer-director Nanubhai Vakil's re-make of 'Alam Ara' presents a fantasy often repeated in the costume films. In fact, it is only an ordinary fantasy. It has the story of a young prince born to a queen and is exchanged to a wazir's son. Though ordered to be killed the girl does not die. The wazir's son leads a life of a stupid and spendthrift prince in the royal palace. At one time the real heir is found out by a fakir and



G. Varalakshmi in "Pasavali."

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is brought up. The girl grows up to a real fighting queen and saves the country from ruins.

Chitra in the role of 'Alam Ara' has given a good account of herself and is the soul saviour of the film by displaying her acting talents. Daljet has a part in which he has nothing robust to do.

Nanubhai Vakil who is known for his making of ordinary Arabian nights fantasies has adopted the same method in this film and the film doesn't reflect much to boast about. The technical qualities of the film are good and the musical score by A. R. Qureshi is pleasing. Altogether the the remake of 'Alam Ara' is itself a great honour for the talkie pioneer for he has also lived to see it.

NEW CRAZE!

Since children's films are the order of the day, everyone seems to have got the idea that he can make one. You run into directors, story writers, scenarists, cameramen and even extras who have been carrying a "wonderful" story or idea for a children's film for the last so many years. They will give you enough dates and data to prove that they were the first to think of making a children's film.

Under the circumstances, I will not be surprised if there is a glut of such films in the market. Like mythologicals or Arabians or glomorous social, the children's films too will last quite some time till the writers, directors and technicians are tired, the distributors finished

and the audiences bored to death. Everyone knows that and yet the wave is rolling in. No one has the time or capacity to stop it. Some of the production now on the anvil, however, still have a kind of novelty about them. They are likely to ride on the crest of the wave and perhaps make money.

I was at the shooting of one such film, very touchingly named "Adhi Roti," the other day at Central Studios. Vallabh Choksi and Amirtlal Gandhi are the joint producers of the film while Chandrakant directs it. All these are comparative newcomers into the industry, having made another film "Delhi Durbar" recently. The film obviously did not do well at the box-office, hence the switchover to a children's theme.

The story is by Prem Manik, a very intense and excited young man. He is not known to Hindi film-makers or audiences, but has quite some standing among Marathi screen men. He has another couple of stories ready for Hindi producers. He told me it has always been his ambition to write a purposeful story like the one he has written for "Adhi Roti." But he had to exist in the industry and so far has been turning out pulpy stuff on demand from the producers. This is his big chance, however, and the success of "Adhi Roti" will open all doors to this young man.

In the cast are Bhagwan, Sulochana, Rajan Haksar, Manorama and youngsters Daboo and Daisy Irani. The latter are truly the heroes of the film. Daisy, true to a fashion started

by the makers of "Bandish" and "Ekhi Rasta," is playing a boy in this film too. According to the outline of the story, Daboo and Daisy are two brothers, sons of Bhagwan and Sulochana. Bhagwan is a poor, hard-working man, while Sulochana is the ideal Hindu wife and mother. More than anything else she teaches her children self-reliance and the hard but true path of honesty. These attributes are needed by the kids all too soon when first Sulochana and then Bhagwan die. Daboo, the elder child, goes to work and brings up his younger brother. This struggle continues till the children are taken in by a welfare society. The picture ends up with a strong plea to support such societies wherever they are. This, according to the writer, is the only possible solution to the problem of deserving orphans, writes the Bombay Film Correspondent of "Hindustan Times Weekly."

GOVERNOR'S PLEA

The Madras Governor has pleaded for close co-operation between film producers and those who patronised films which would leave no room for any complaints and avoid the necessity for censorship or ban.

The Governor was presenting the Madras Film Fans' Association awards for 1955 at a function held at the Museum Theatre.

Gemini Ganesan, S. V. Ranga Rao, Anjali Devi and Jamuna were among the recipients of awards for best acting.

The Governor then distributed the awards to the winners and

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Smt. Kamini Devi presented bouquets to each one of them.

The film industry was an important industry, the Governor said. The picture had to-day become the most popular form of amusement and recreation and, therefore, the most potent force for popular education. Government had their own regulations on the subject of films. But no laws and regulations could enforce morality and education was the only means by which it could be effectively accomplished.

Since the cinema was such a potent force for popular education, the Governor felt it would be right and proper that their own languages were encouraged through the medium of the cinema. Hindi films, he said, were becoming very popular and were greatly appreciated even in non-Hindi-speaking areas in the country. He also felt happy that, in the South, efforts were being made to produce films in their own languages which would certainly enrich those languages.

"GOURI POOJA"

"Gouri Pooja," the latest mythological offering of Vinod Film, the makers of "Naag Panchami" has now been passed by the censors and will be released at Calcutta and Delhi during Divali holidays.

But for its mythological background "Gouri Pooja" is essentially a simple and sincere social story, treated in an equally sincere way.

Directed by Vinod Desai "Gouri Pooja" has a formidable

star cast comprised of Nirupa Roy, Abhi Bhattacharya, Bipin Gupta, Sulochana, Sunder, Yasodhara Katju and Lalita Pawar.

Music by Manna Day is the highlight of this film.

HERE & THERE

Wahida Rehman, the South Indian beauty who scored a sensation in her first Hindi film appearance in Guru Dutt's "C. I. D.", has been named the leading lady of Sangit Chitra's first production, to be directed by A. R. Kardar.

Wahida's partner in the leading role will be Dilip Kumar.

The famous love-legend of Rajasthan, "Dhola Maru" has been recreated on the screen by Cine Workers Society, in the picture of the same name

Usha Kiron, Pradeep Kumar, Rehana, Sapru, Achala Sachdev, S. Nazir, Kum Kum and others have interpreted various roles.

Lyrics are by Bharat Vyas, music by S. K. Pal.

Though the shooting of the film has already begun the full cast has not yet been decided. Kum Kum and Kumar are the only important members selected so far.

The film will be a musical extravaganza, and the main story interest will centre around the romance of a court dancer and a musician.

Naushad has already recorded some songs.

With the resumption of work by Ashok Kumar on the sets of Sippy Films, super suspense-

thriller "Mr. X" at Shrikant Studios, the shooting of the film is now nearly three-fourths complete.

Fully recovered from his brief illness, Ashok expressed pleasure at playing a role which is unique on the Indian screen, that of an invisible man who sets out to right the wrong done him by society.

K. B. Pathak's story and screen play offer Ashok a fine scope to display his great talents. Cast opposite him is Nalini Jayawant, while others in the cast are Pran, Nishi and Johnny Walker.

Manmohan Sabir, who has just completed his Geeta Bali-Jaswant starred film "Grand Hotel", will soon go on the sets with 'Shaitan aur Bhagwan'.

Sabir has written the story himself and plans to go into production in the middle of November.

The cast will be announced soon.

Director M. V. Raman will tour Germany and other European countries in January 1957 to shoot some scenes for his Hindi and Tamil pictures, entitled 'Asha' and 'Atiya Penn' respectively. He will be accompanied by Vyjayanthimala and the popular Tamil writer of Madras, Mr. S. S. Sarma, who edits Vyjayanthimala's Tamil journal 'Mala'.

Mr. Sarma said Vyjayanthimala has provided the dances, taken in Gevacolour, as Radha in Radha-Krishna sequence of the two pictures.

SWEETHEART NO MORE

By BERTA RUCK

WHEN Eve snatched up the long-awaited envelope in Captain Geoffrey Bristow's handwriting and saw that it had an English instead of an Indian postmark, her spine went soft from joyous relief.

So that was why her fiance hadn't written for ages.

What agonies girls go through because the best men are the worst correspondents!

Even if Geoffrey's mere photograph in uniform on her mantelpiece did make girl visitors gasp, "Eve, is that the boy friend? How did you do it, woman?" she should have trusted him. She need not have let herself be tortured by doubts about his long silence. So he had been on his way back to England and only waiting to spring this heavenly surprise and to let her know how soon they were to meet...

Joyfully Eve tore open the envelope.

Yes: Geoffrey wrote from the depot of his regiment; he was home!

Eve read....stared.

This letter—"the hardest he'd ever had to write"—told Eve he was terribly sorry, that he felt a brute, but that he could not go

on with their engagement. It was not that he had fallen for anybody else; but that two years away change a man. He wasn't the same person Eve had known, and he must ask her to release him.

The bottom fell out of Eve's world.

YES, sub-consciously, hadn't she known this all along?

Known, from the very start of their engagement that this was too wonderful to last. The much-run-after, magnificent Geoffrey, a Regular Army officer with a brilliant service record, high-up relations, prospects, looks, brains, had proposed to mild, unexciting little Eve Denholme, his uncle's confidential clerk in a government office in London, a couple of weeks before he sailed for India. He had asked if she would wait for him. Dazzling destiny! Eve had lived in a dream ever since—but with waking flashes of

conviction that she, with nothing glamorous or provocative about her, could never expect to hold Geoffrey. It was her destiny to have fallen for the unattainable. These distinguished decorative male dragonflies can be domesticated into husbands, but...

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"Not by girls like me," she thought. That was why he wrote so seldom. But now.... How am I to go on living? What shall I do? What?"

ALONE in her tiny apartment Eve spent a bad night. Geoffrey's letter crackled under her wet pillow as she tossed.

Consequently her morning mirror showed her—instead of a prettyish, cream-skinned brunette with large wistful pansy-blue eyes—a circus clown. Chalk-white face with three red patches for nose and eyes.

So, after having telephoned the office that she feared she was ill and must take the day off, Eve rang up the only soul in London she could bear just then—Dr. Vera Stanton, Eve's fairy godmother.

No one could look that part less.

Neither petite nor pretty, she dressed in the severest of tailored suits, wore her powder-gray hair in a crop, and was frank as a gale. Behind this facade she hid a heart.

"Come and have dinner with me tonight," the doctor told her.

After the meal Vera put her guest into an easy-chair and dimmed her sitting-room lights before she asked, "What's the trouble?"

Eve handed over that letter.

"M'm," said Dr. Vera, having read. "Thought better (or worse) of getting married, has he? Sorry for this. I'd thought

it was a good click. Geoffrey is such a tiger for worship, and you so worshipping. Went on too long, I suppose, with the lad too far away? There are too many of those cases in these years of the aftermath."

"Some do; some don't. What's this postscript? In a few months I'm putting in some of my leave with my aunt in London. If you felt like it, Eve, we might meet then, as friends?" M'm. 'As friends' in a man's voice or handwriting generally means the End."

Eve clenched her hands. Tremulously she asked: "You don't think there's any chance of—of his coming back?"

"No," said Dr. Vera. Though, as a matter of fact, she thought there might be. If Geoffrey were telling the truth and if he were not in the toils of the invincible other girl, there might yet be a chance.

EVE'S godmother didn't mean Eve to build on that or to make the position worse by showing she expected it to improve.

"You've sent back his ring?"

"Yes." Sadly Eve regarded the small finger bereft of Geoffrey's emerald, which for two years had been her reminding comfort, joy and pride. "It went off, registered post, last night."

"Wise child. Well, there are two ways for a young woman to face a love crash and go on with her life."

"Yes?" said Eve forlornly.

"The first is easy. Throw in your hand. Since you are a blighted being with a broken heart, behave like one. Stay home and mope. Drop your friends. Let your looks go. Have you been tempted to take that line? I have," admitted Dr. Vera. "Wasted a year on it once when I was young and decent-looking."

"THE second is the hard way. You want my advice, Eve?"

Take the second way. Put on a darned good act. Go out and seem to enjoy yourself like mad. As if you were—not the mere ex-fiancee of a glamour man—but a person you own right. With a life, interests of your own. Or don't you want to let Geoffrey think you've salvaged anything from the rubble he's left?"

The ghost of a proud, self-respecting sparkle showed in Eve's



She spent a bad night, and shed copious tears....

hazel eyes.

"Fairy godmother, where do I begin?"

"**B**UILD up your morale." Dr. Vera glanced at the girl's wan face and scrambled hair. "Don't let your appearance slip another inch before you recondition it! If you can't afford a course of face treatments and a new perm I'll lend you—No? Too independent? Then sell something. Not out of the hope chest. Her trousseau is all the fun many a woman gets out of marriage. So you may as well have that. Sell what you're wearing, wear any new pretties you've been hoarding, play about with new make-up and start going out with a new man."

"I don't seem to know any men nowadays."

"Careless of you. No engaged girl should leave herself without a spare. Is there nobody to take you places? Not even a brother's school friend?"

"There was a school friend's brother," Eve remembered. "A quiet, short-sighted type. Almost as unexciting as I am. But I'm afraid I'm one of these moth girls, destined to fall for the star men right out of reach. Grey wears port-hole glasses and he's worked in another department of our office for ten years."

"Point is, can he dance?"

"Yes. We danced quite a bit before I was engaged to Geoffrey."

"Dance a bit more now you're free," said Dr. Vera, "and try

out my prescription."

A few months later, Captain Geoffrey Bristow said to the smart, social aunt at whose London house he was spending his leave, "If you're having a crowd round for sherry next Saturday, why not ask little Eve Denholme?"

"Why not?" agreed the aunt. She was past being surprised at men, even when, having successfully disengaged themselves from the unwanted fiancée, they start agitating for the girl's new address.

THE magnificent Geoffrey had, in fact, regretted his engagement (due to last-minute impulse and the attraction of opposites), as soon as he had got out of India. That is, when he remembered that he was engaged, India had been full of other interests, though he had escaped other entanglements. He had thought his engagement would peter out on its own. But Eve's correspondence hadn't been the petering-out kind. Back in England, he had realized he must deal a knockout blow to that tender heart.

Poor little Eve!

Then he'd had a bit of shock. Startling, the letter with which poor little Eve had followed up her return of his ring. So eminently sensible? So coolly ready to "meet as friends" at some indefinite date? So utterly changed from the shy little type whose eyes had followed his every movement with that you-are-my-destiny adoration?

It would be intriguing—well, reassuring to make certain—

hence the invitation of Eve Denholme to his aunt's sherry party. Perhaps Eve wouldn't be able to take it, would refuse...

Eve accepted.

Eve arrived to face a big, L-shaped drawing-room solid with chattering laughing people. All strangers—but one.

Eve saw him at once.

HIS back was to a shaded light, he wore a super town suit instead of the uniform in which she had been used to see him, but his height and the set of his head on his grand shoulders made him stand out above any of the men there.

The tall fellow caught sight of Eve as she came in, and he began making his way through the crush towards her.

Eve waited, sure of herself as she had not been in the old days.

Eve was looking amazingly well in the new green frock that brought out notes of its own colour in a dashing off-the-face straw hat. She had heard all about this from Grey; the old schoolfellow's quiet brother with whom Eve had been lunching in Soho. At lunch, for the second time since Grey and she had taken to go out dancing again, Grey had proposed.

She had said: "Oh, Grey dear, you're grand and we do get on; but I don't think I want to get married."

"Please think again," Grey had begged, devotion shining behind the port hole glasses. "Anyhow I'm going to ask you again."

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What tonic has anything so stimulating to a girl's morale as a persistent proposal of marriage, even if it's not from the right man? Eve glowed and sparkled, in addition, with this moment's drama. She had now to meet, after two years, the man who had once made her feel she was the luckiest girl in the world, the man over whom she had later shed pints of scalding tears. The man who was the reason for her putting up such a fight these last weeks. A victorious fight! She had ceased to be devastated by the loss of Geoffrey, she was a person who could cope with her own destiny—though she could still care how he would react to this.

With a social smile Eve held out her hand, seeing (without seeming to look!) that he was altered. He was thinner, browner, not quite so pin-up, perhaps; less of an all-conquering air. His eyes were as handsome as Eve remembered them under the brows that made a wide V, like dark outspread wings.

"How are you?"

"How are you?" he said.

SHE had forgotten how charming his voice was. Before she knew, he had steered her out of the crush and she was sitting comfortably with sandwiches and a deftly-attentive man in a dim, cushiony corner of the room.

"This is better," said the deep charming voice, "I hate mobs, don't you? Do you know most of the people here?"

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Eve said: "I don't believe I know who anybody is; except you."

"I must give you the low-down then," he said. Obviously he meant to ignore the past. Good. He pointed out a couple of stage celebrities, then began to describe the show in which they were appearing.

EVE had forgotten he was such good entertainment-value. Or was it because he was now less alarming than he used to be? she thought. Nicer. More companionable.

But the dim corner where they sat began to simmer with an atmosphere. Grey didn't have it. But this other man, beside her, had always had more than his fair share of masculine magnetism.

Eve suddenly thought, I mustn't let myself be attracted again. I know where that leads—and she suggested dampingly: "Oughtn't you perhaps to go and talk to your aunt's other guests?"

Quite undamped, he said: "I'm talking, if I may say so, to the pick of them. What are you doing to-night?"

"I am going out dancing," Eve said, "with an old friend." (Grey, of course, Nice, devoted, undisturbing Grey. Perhaps she would feel like marrying him some day.)

"Would you come out dancing with me, then, tomorrow night?" said the disturber beside her.

"That would be fun," Eve said.

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"First," he said, "there is something I've got to tell you."

Eve thought with a searing flash, "Yes. He's engaged to some girl. Serve me right for coming here to show off that I was safely cured. As if you could be cured of a devastator like Geoffrey. My fatal type; I fall for the Unattainable Man. Now he's going to talk to me about her."

She set her teeth under an expectant smile.

He said: "You knew who I was: but the fact is I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name."

"What?" Eve lifted her head to gaze at him through the cigarette smoke and rosy haze. "Didn't you know?"

His handsome eyes were full of apology. "I've been too long out of London. I wanted to know you, the moment you came in."

Eve, gasping realized what had happened.

FAIRY godmother's shrewd advice, the exciting green frock, the new hair-do, successful makeup, poise, time, had worked a miracle.

Her ex-fiance didn't recognize her!

She broke into a small amazed laugh. "I'm Eve!"

There was a split second of silence. His head tilted bewilderedly. Did he expect her to say more? Before she could open her lips again, another voice, a well-remembered voice, spoke behind them.

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"Oh, so here you are, Eve? I didn't see you come in—"

Eve turned abruptly and stared at the other tall man who had come up.

"Geoffrey—?"

"How are you?" Captain Geoffrey Bristow, concealing shock, greeted his ex-fiance.

HE had prepared to be charmingly friendly to a poor brave little girl with a broken heart. He found a girl crisply turned-out, well-amused and genuinely enjoying herself—with somebody else.

Geoffrey, not too enthusiastically, said: "I see you two have met?"

One evening a little later:

"Fairy godmother!" exclaimed Eve, bursting radiantly in upon a hard-working doctor. "You must be the first to hear my news!"

Vera beamed and kissed her goddaughter on both cheeks.

"Needn't tell me, child. Sticks out a mile."

"I'm the happiest, luckiest girl in the world. He's wonderful. Such a pal, such fun, so unselfish, so attractive but so unconceited, so everything, just right," babbled the luckiest girl. "I can't tell you—"

"M'm. But who showed you how to pull yourself together and attract the precious Geoffrey?"

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Eve opened her eyes. "Geoffrey? You don't imagine Geoffrey Bristow approves of the way I've changed? Geoffrey considers I've ruined my appearance by 'trying to glamorize it,' but I couldn't care less. Harry likes it."

"Who," asked Dr. Vera, "is Harry? The schoolfellow's brother?"

"Oh, no. Harry is Geoffrey's younger brother in the navy. Not a bit like Geoffrey, even if I did think he was Geoffrey for a minute with his back to the light in a dim drawing-room! We met at his aunt's party three weeks ago and we've been seeing lots of each other ever since, and this afternoon we got engaged and we're to be married next month. As for disapproving Geoffrey who always wants to be Everybody and the only oil painting in sight—Fairy Godmother, you actually thought that could ever be on?"

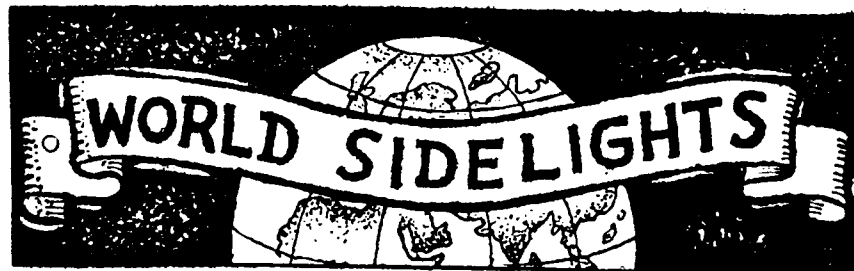
"I was wrong," Dr. Vera owned up like a sportswoman. "You couldn't put that chicken back into the shell. Good egg."

THEN Eve's fiance came in, proud and smiling, to be introduced.

Dr. Vera, returning his hearty handshake, thought, "What a likeable version of the elder brother!" but she was too tactful to say more than, "So this is your Destiny man?"

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HIPPO CAUSED CRISIS IN ZOO!

IN spite of all precautions escapes sometimes occur in zoos, although, fortunately, there have been no serious accidents. One such major crisis in the London Zoo arose when a former Superintendent, Abraham Dee Bartlett, looked out of his office window one morning and saw a four-ton male hippopotamus of notoriously uncertain temper walking along the path outside!

Superintendent Bartlett proved equal to the sudden problem. His first thought was to protect the public, and he quickly sent keepers to stop visitors wandering into that part of the garden. Then he turned his attention to the fugitive, writes Philip Street in "Everybody's Weekly."

Violent Dislike

A hippo is not an easy animal to secure, and any attempt to capture this particular specimen, perhaps the most fearsome beast in the whole menagerie at that time, would have been an exceedingly dangerous undertaking. Might it perhaps be possible to entice it back to its cage?

Suddenly Mr. Bartlett had an idea. Zoo animals sometimes take a violent dislike to certain

people, and this hippo hated the sight of Scott, the elephant keeper. Accordingly, Scott, was sent for and the scheme explained to him. Although fully realising the risk, he sportingly agreed to act as living bait.

Cautiously taking up a position midway between the hippo and its cage—the doors of which had been opened wide—Scott called to it. In a flash the great beast, recognising its arch enemy, swung round and gave chase at an astonishing pace. Although it had twice as far to run, it all but caught Scott as he raced through the open door and leapt on to the safety platform above the pool. Instantly other assistants slammed and secured the door, and Scott emerged through the escape gate visibly shaken but unhurt and not a little pleased with himself.

Their Habits

Because an animal is potentially dangerous it doesn't always follow that it will prove a menace if it escapes. People are not really looked upon as desirable food by any self-respecting wild animal, so unless it is particularly bad-tempered, humans will probably not be

attacked if they do not come too close or try to interfere. But you never can tell!

Why do animals escape? It is not to get away from their present surroundings, because the majority of zoo animals are perfectly happy and contented with the accommodation provided for them. No, in most cases it is just curiosity—they want to have a closer look at the world beyond their present view.

Bear Confronts Workman

Sometimes they find that unknown world far from pleasant and are only too glad to get back to the security of their own smaller confines. One misty morning a workman at the London Zoo was carrying some planks along a path when out of the mist loomed Sam, a huge male polar bear, trudging purposefully towards him. A careless keeper had left the door of Sam's immense cage insecurely fastened.

Horried, the workman dropped his planks and took to his heels. The planks fell with such a resounding clap that Sam, equally scared, turned and ran as fast as he could until he had reached the safety of his cage.

But not all animals want to escape. One winter night, a year or two ago, a tree was blown over in the Whipsnade Wolf Wood, breaking down a considerable length of fencing. It was late the next morning before the gap was discovered but the wolves, though passing by it, showed no interest in venturing beyond their home territory.

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Chimp Jumps On Bus

Bears figure prominently in zoo escapes. Not only are they very strong and exceptionally good climbers, they are also extremely intelligent and persevering. If once a bear suspects a door fastening is loose it will worry it day after day until at last it yields. For similar reasons monkeys and apes often manage to escape. Since they are comparatively harmless, however, their escapeades generally pass unnoticed unless particularly unusual or amusing.

Cholmondley, a chimpanzee at the London Zoo, decided to brighten up life in the Regent's Park area a few years ago. After he had been at the Zoo a few months his teeth needed attention so he was transferred to the sanatorium. Although shown every kindness, poor Cholmondley missed the companionship of his fellows and the public. In an effort to remedy this he broke out and managed to cross the Park undetected. Just as he reached the road a bus pulled up at a nearby stop. Aboard were companions in plenty, so Cholmondley jumped on.

Unfortunately, as so often happens, good intentions were misunderstood, and Cholmondley was not given the friendly welcome he expected. Instead there was much screaming and uproar, and Cholmondley, thoroughly frightened, bit one of the passengers. Luckily, a member of the sanatorium staff arrived to escort him back to the Zoo.

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Mention the word "escape" at Whipsnade and they will almost certainly tell you the amazing story of Teresa, a female brown bear who lived there before the war. Most animals that have achieved lasting fame through escaping have done so with one escapade. Teresa was unique. Next to eating, escaping was her principal occupation.

Milk Tin For Enticing!

Every morning the keeper in charge of the bear pit would hurry round to satisfy himself that Teresa was still there. Often she wasn't, and then the search would begin. Fortunately there were two great points in her favour. She was quite good-tempered, and she had an overwhelming passion for condensed milk.

The tactics for her recapture were simple. A tin of condensed milk was opened and the search party set out. Usually Teresa could be found ambling around in the park, and as the keepers approached, the leader produced the tin of milk which Teresa grabbed with delight. While she drained the contents, ropes were attached and she meekly allowed herself to be led back to the pit.

All bears are excellent climbers, and sometimes Teresa would be discovered sitting in a tree. To entice her down meant a hazardous climb with a tin of milk and then a backward retreat, keeping just out of her reach as she descended after the milk, and hoping she would not miss her step and fall.

Once she climbed a tree just

outside the bear pit and sat well out on a branch overlooking the pit, perhaps pitying her less enterprising colleagues below. This time no enticement would move her, so rather than leave her there all night the bough was sawn off and Teresa made a most hurried and undignified return to her companions.

WHEN INDIAN BEES CHASED A MAN!

Of the many vicious pests of north-eastern India, the tree bee, half cousin of the Indian hornet, tops the list. These bees go about in immense swarms, making their hives in the highest trees, writes Tursa in "Blackwood's Magazine."

Unlike the hornet, which will sting only when thoroughly annoyed, the tree bee has the habit of swooping down in attacking in thousands, for no apparent reason, and chasing one for his life.

One sunny morning, riding along a dusty cart track, I found myself, without the least warning, the centre of an assault. The sky above me suddenly became thick with bees. With an icy shiver down my spine, I put my pony, Souvenir, to a gallop.

Flight seemed the only hope of safety, but Souvenir's speed availed us nothing; the bees were after us in earnest. Souvenir jumped, then reared and lashed out in all directions to rid himself of the bees, while I, attempting to protect my face and limbs, had the greatest difficulty in retaining my saddle.

Crawled In Thousands

In a few moments, the angry pony while turning a corner at full gallop threw me into the dust.

With less than a mile to safety, I began to leg it with far greater determination than I had ever done in my life. But I was covered from head to foot with bees; they crawled in thousands all over me, stinging with excruciating pain. The under-rim of my topee became an angry hive, bees clustered inches deep.

My forehead, ears, and neck were blanketed in a buzzing, stinging swab of agony. Bees crawled inside my open-necked shirt and up my unprotected shorts; they were everywhere. I tore them away in handfuls, but only to make room for others about me in clouds.

As I staggered on I yelled frantically to distant workers; but seeing the swarms about me, they bolted in every direction but mine. Gasping for breath, each time I opened my swollen mouth more bees entered, until my tongue was stung to twice its normal size, and I was crunching them with my teeth.

My nostrils had swollen into uselessness; my eyes, stung and running with water, were rapidly closing.

Workmen's Flight

Stumbling weakly into the factory compound, I groped my way toward a building that was being erected. As soon as the men working there saw the droning battle array accompanying me, they made for cover at

top speed. With the certainty of being half killed themselves, there was no alternative for them.

Pitiful Specimen

I was now a pitiful specimen, blind and deaf, and only able to breathe with extreme difficulty. Scrambling about with unseeing eyes ended by my falling unexpectedly into a huge heap of something soft and powdery, which I sensed must be a mound of red brick dust, used for building purposes. Into this I burrowed madly until my head and shoulders were covered.

I quickly found myself in a worse quandary, brick dust choking out what little life I had remaining, and the angry swarm concentrating a renewed attack on my lower regions.

Withdrawing from the brick dust, I used my remaining strength in a search for the water tank I knew was near. Staggering about in circles, I tore bees from my face and crushed them in handfuls, until I went down in a state of coma, powerless to defend myself. The bees had won.

After what seemed a lifetime, an unpleasant sensation of great heat crept over me. Presently I faintly felt the touch of human hands as rescuers hurried me away to safety. The reaction proved too strong, and I passed out.

Beaten off

My timely rescue was effected by two quick-witted Gurkhas, who had raced to a thatch shack and bringing bundles of dry

grass, had quickly surrounded me with a dense wall of fire and smoke, until the bees were eventually beaten off.

Later, as I lay unconscious, while the district was being secured for a doctor, these two staunch men insisted upon remaining and extracting stings from my inflated carcass. It took two days to free my body of the discarded stings. When, eventually, I recovered consciousness I was beamingly informed that I had had at least two thousand punctures.

Lay In Torment

I lay in torment for several days, unable to move. My body, blown up like an oversized sausage, was black, blue and purple, and as hard as frozen meat. For several days I could see and speak only with the greatest difficulty, and it took many applications of anti-swelling lotions before what had once been my nose and ears again emerged from the general mess.

My convalescence was a lengthy business of some six months in the hospital and several weeks in the cool hills of Darjeeling. When I returned to my old haunts I could never refrain from ducking and looking for the nearest cover whenever a droning swarm passed overhead.

WHEN WOMEN WREAK VENGEANCE!

Girls in Tunisian cabarets still chant of lovely young Bianca. She married an Italian camel corps officer and for a time they lived happily, if tempestuously, at a coastal station.

Then she became bored with

him. But he was still in love with her, and passionately jealous.

After a quarrel one day, she left him. Desperately he searched for Bianca, and at last he found her—at the house of her lover. Stealing through the doorway of an upper room, he caught them together. Mad with rage, he whipped out his service revolver and fired six shots at point-blank range. The bullets streamed into Bianca's body. She should have died instantly, for one bullet entered her neck and split her tongue.

Husband's End

Yet, three months later, Bianca stood up in court and gave evidence against her husband! In a voice betraying not the slightest vestige of the injury she expressed feelings of hurt that he had tried to kill her for what she termed was a "rather light-hearted escapade."

He must have known all the time it was him she really loved, she murmured. Not long afterwards Bianca's husband died, but from all accounts she did not seem unduly heartbroken, says A.J. Forrest in "Tit-Bits."

Many people, in trying to get even with others, have fallen into their own traps. A young Austrian girl, twenty-four-year-old Karin Sudbrack, was jilted by a handsome Viennese dancing master. She swore to level accounts with the blonde named Erika who had enticed him away.

Clawing Scene

"I'll arrange a most beautiful accident for her," whispered Karin. "It will be so lovely,

just a little fall, a little splash and good-bye, Erika! No one will ever know. And then Karl, my beloved Karl, will love me again."

So, on a pretext of telling the girl a secret or two about the dancing master, she persuaded Erika to go for a walk. She led her to an old trestled wooden bridge, a creaky structure, with a torrent roaring over rocks beneath it.

"Now we'll talk," said Karin.

A few moments later, with the blonde off her guard, Karin stooped low, seized Erika's legs, and tried to heave her over the flimsy rails. But, reacting instinctively, Erika hurled herself backwards. Then squirming around, she waded into her adversary and a bitter, hair-tugging, clawing scene ensued.

Finally Karin was overpowered. Then, kneeling on her chest, half choking her, Erika wrung from her the reason for the assault.

"Before I hand you over to the police," said Erika, "let me help you to your senses." She dragged the abject Karin down a steep wooded path to the stream's edge, and gleefully dipped her head, again and again, into the icy waters trying, she claimed, to cleanse it of all wickedness.

After Twenty Years

While living with a Berber tribe beautiful Carmen Kalsinki, a white Russian of noble birth, revenged herself on an Arab boy. "He's insulted me!" she cried. "I'll have him whipped!"

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The boy had only whistled a trifle shrilly under her window. But for this she ordered her black servants to strip and bind him. Then, using camel-hide whip, she lashed him mercilessly.

Twenty years later Carmen, still beautiful but not quite so proud, called for shelter one night at a palatial house in Tunis. The servant told her to wait, while he took her name and her request for aid to his master.

Then he escorted Carmen to his master. "Madame," said the powerfully-built, handsome Arab, rising from a chequered silk dais, "I have been expecting you for twenty years. Now Allah has delivered you to me—no longer young, but not incapable, I trust, of feeling pain." He smiled cruelly. Seeing her bewildered look, he explained, "You see, I am the boy you once whipped. Now it is your turn!"

His Threat

"Strip!" he hissed, "and prepare for the lash."

"Surely you wouldn't whip a defenceless woman?" Carmen cried. "The Gods will curse and revile you for such an outrage!"

"Had you any such noble thoughts of pity for me when I was a boy?" sneered the Arab.

"That was different," replied Carmen. "You were insolent, and deserved a lesson. I have only knocked at your door and asked for charity."

"Daughter of a dog, it is charity, sharper than serpents' fangs, that now shall bite you."

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Strip! Again, the Arab rapped out his command. But Carmen was not beaten yet. "Since you insist on humiliating me, I must offer you my respects first," she said calmly. Then with a sudden dart into the folds of her dress, she pulled out a tiny silver-handled revolver. It spat flame—and the man who had waited twenty years for vengeance crumpled to the floor without a sound.

Mother's Grievance

From the desert to South Kensington, but still with the same theme—revenge.... A mother and daughter thrived as professional shoplifters, but one day they quarrelled violently over the daughter's new boy friend. Shortly afterwards the mother was caught shoplifting. She suspected, though quite wrongly, that her daughter had informed on her to the police.

While in prison she brooded night and day over this grievance until, when she was released one overweening thought possessed her—to punish her daughter. "I'll 'frame' her!" she vowed.



"I wish somebody will capture him alive for the zoo!"

To do this she slipped an article into the girl's shopping bag while they were in a South Kensington store.

But, apparently, the mother's shoplifting talent had gone rusty during her spell in jail. The store detective spotted her. "Step this way, please, madam," he said with cold politeness. At that, she collapsed, moaning with fear and self-pity.

The Rev. John Alington, patron of a living at Letchworth, Herts, insisted on taking all services himself, allowing his rector to conduct only funerals. He could not be denied this right; he was an ordained priest, graduate of a famous university, inheritor of a vast fortune, but—a thorough crackpot. The rector, so displaced, reported Alington's conduct to the bishop and as a result of this Alington was unfrocked.

Foaming with rage, the Rev. John started gin-drinking services at Letchworth Hall, the stately residence he owned. He invited all the local riff-raff, tramps, pickpockets and good-time girls. Then, well plied with gin, he harangued them from his pulpit, wearing only Moroccan shoes, a red wig and a leopard skin.

He continued this infamous conduct, until the rector, Samuel Knapp, resigned. But the vengeful patron, if satisfied on one score, was never satisfied with his bottles. He drank on and on ever more deeply, till he downed just one last bottle of brandy too many and died.

AFTER THE BETROTHAL

THE gentle breeze littered the tiny white flowers of the margosa tree on the laps of the friends, who sat on the terrace wrapped in the gloom of unutterable sorrow and desolation. Old Mohan was engaged in tidying the two cots for Kishore and Ashok. They saw him in the dim light, quite worn out and shrivelled with age, carrying a tray of some eatables and a flask with shaky fingers; yet, he was brisk and alert for his age. Finally he shuffled awkwardly downstairs with a final and tender look at the friends whom he had seen grow from mischievous

A hot tear stung the wrist of Kishore and he winced at the mere thought of his well-beloved friend pining away for the love of Meena. "Oh these women! Never trust a woman, my dearest Ashok. They are the ruin of a man's life. To think of your own Uncle's daughter doing such a thing!" Kishore exclaimed furiously.

Ashok closed his friend's mouth with his hand trembling like a leaf. Kishore was for a moment taken aback. "Silence, Kishore. Not a word against that angel; yes, she is now an

A Short Story

By Mrs. SAGUNA BAI MONSINGH

boys into handsome young men. Kishore waited until the faint echo of Mohan's footsteps ceased.

Ashok cleared his throat, "Kishore!" he murmured holding his friend's hand. "God, that I've lived to tell you this sad story! I'm sure I can never be happy again. Why should God show us a thing and just snatch it off? Well, I cannot put it in any other way. I wish I hadn't loved Meena so much, Kishore. Ah, you remember how my letters expressed my feelings of joy, but that's gone, gone for ever, my dear Kishore!"

angel, if what our professor at college talked about the dead souls changing into angels after their death is true. She is dead, Kishore," uttered Ashok reproachfully in a whisper and there was a world of agony in that word 'Dead'. Kishore, gasped. Involuntarily his other hand touched his wildly beating heart to steady himself.

"YES, she is dead. She simply vanished on our engagement day and we found her body only last week," he whispered and stopped for a while at the recollection of the unhappy incident. Kishore bowed his head

and waited.

"YOU see, we fixed a day for our betrothal three months back at our uncle's palatial mansion in the village. Do you remember that rambling old palace that once belonged to a raja? Well, the betrothal was conducted on a grand scale as Meena was their only daughter. About dusk, Meena and her girl friends started playing their favourite 'hide-and-seek' game since the men except a few old ones had gone out by the riverside to get a little breeze as the day was unusually hot. Imagine our surprise when we returned home to

find everybody in a frenzy, searching for Meena in the nook and corner of the entire house.

"IT seems Meena was missed for sometime and my aunt who wanted to deck her afresh with new sari and all that, and had told the girls to find her out. When nobody could find her, my aunt got wild, for Meena was wearing more than fifty thousand rupees' worth of diamond ornaments. A search party of relatives proceeded all around the village in search of Meena. One girl said that she had seen her climb up the narrow staircase leading to the shed upstairs, and there we could not find any



Meena was playing hide-and-seek....

trace of her. The wall of the terrace was a little low and we all suspected foul play. They feared somebody had carried her off for her jewels. But there was not the least sign of it anywhere. She simply vanished like the fairy that she was. The police were informed but nothing came out of that. It's a wonder that I'm alive and sane today. Once I thought I could never live without her, but here I am alive to tell you the sad story, my Kishore." And here he stopped to take some coffee before resuming the painful part of it.

Kishore sighed and rubbed his eyes; for his big heart was full of pity for his suffering friend.

"WELL, some evil tongues wagged and whispered that Meena had run away with some unknown lover. Knowing her worth, I, too, was a prey to such suspicion. May God forgive me for that. After a week of fruitless search, we left our poor uncle and aunt to bemoan the loss of their only child. Then all of a sudden my uncle's faithful servant Modak arrived here one fine morning to take us to their village immediately. That was last Monday. Even then a wild hope remained in the corner of my heart and my parents and myself started at once. The face of the servant was a mask and he never opened his mouth. Anyway I was not prepared for so much anguish. A crowd had gathered before the house of my uncle and there was weeping and lamentation inside. That meant one thing. As in a nightmare, I alighted from the cart and followed my weeping

mother to the house. There around a huge wooden box sat a number of women weeping, while my aunt was almost inside the box like a mad woman shouting and crying out in her agony. My God! I wish I could forget the bitterness of that day. The memory of it haunts me by night. I also looked inside and it took some time to recognise the dead body of Meena."

"DEAR Ashok, tell me plainly what happened to her. My friend, what will I not give only to get you a moment's peace and comfort!" Kishore said sadly, patting his friend's back like a father.

Ashok started and stared vacantly. At last, he slowly controlled himself. "Thank you, Kishore. Do I not know you? My sorrow will be yours no doubt and yours mine. Well, you will know the details presently. It happened that Meena went up to hide and never returned. Had we opened all those cursed wooden boxes in the shed, we might have perhaps saved her. You see, they had a shed on the terrace with huge boxes full of tools, old vessels and what not. In one such big box, Meena had crept in to hide and unfortunately the latch had fallen in its place, and she was trapped inside. Nobody had a right to cast suspicion about a safely closed, innocent-looking box and the mystery escaped us until the box was opened after some weeks."

Ashok's voice shook.

"My uncle wanted to stock grains and brought the boxes

own. They were five feet by three with a depth of two feet. In one of them they discovered Meena at last. It tells its own story of suffocation and death. I say this is unjust and cruel of God to pick me up of all men to be His plaything," Ashok spoke vehemently and with bitterness.

KISHORE found that the two years of his military training had come to his rescue just to comfort his friend. Like a man of the world, he tried and succeeded in infusing courage and hope to strengthen Ashok in the years to come.

Both were silent and had their own thoughts. Kishore thought about it that very evening. How expectantly he stood on the foot-board and peered at the deserted platform of the god-forsaken station. It was his first home-coming after two years, to his dearest, friend from childhood. It was a village no doubt but it had the magic of love



"He said his first pretty word today!"

in many forms. His noble friend Ashok had shouldered the expenses of his college studies and, the subsequent years of training for a high military post. Kishore, being an orphan from his fifteenth year knew no other love and kindness than Ashok's generous and ready comradeship and the sincere affection of Ashok's parents. Those kind people welcomed him home during the holidays and showered upon him equal love and kindness that was the lot of their own son. Years had not changed their attachment. The sad farewell of the friends and the parents at the lonely station and the desperately desolate feeling in their minds could not be defined. Ashok's mother actually embraced him and wept.

When at last the train moved, Kishore seemed to miss so much beauty in that lonely station and even in that old cart and horse of Ashok's father and a feeling as though of leaving behind him a fabulous fortune obsessed him. His tear-dimmed eyes cleared as the train jogged so unconcernedly like the iron-hearted devil that it was.

ASHOK, who had finished his law, practised in the town and he had earned some name not as the friend of rich criminals and law-breakers, but as the friend of the poor, using only his sense and talents, thus defending the helpless and supporting those who could never dream of getting aid anywhere else. Kishore had interesting news about his new friends and life at the camp. Then Kishore

had noticed recently that he was the only person keeping up the bargain of writing weekly letters and that his friend somehow had forgotten his very existence. His surprise was great when he received the short note of Ashok's father imploring him to come soon to their village. Then again he missed his friend's affectionate letters.

KISHORE remembered that his friend had made mention of an early betrothal to his uncle's daughter, Meena, and vaguely his simple mind summed up that he was revelling in the sunshine of that wonderful period of courtship. Many of his letters contained nothing but praise about his Meena. Kishore connected the silence with his courtship and a nameless fear and sorrow descended upon him at the mere thought of his friend neglecting him for the lucky girl who was to become his wife very soon. Again and again he thought about his friend's wedding and the recent silence was soon forgotten until he received his father's note. In a hurry he obtained leave for a month and loaded his suitcases with presents for the couple. He thought that it was the time to show his gratitude for the years of untiring help and friendship of Ashok and he was in his happiest mood selecting everything best.

Oh, how he welcomed the sight of the old familiar station that evening! As soon as the train slowed down, he jumped recklessly on to the platform. The station master opened his mouth to rebuke him, but at the sight of the handsome military officer in his splendid kit and the

dozen fine leather suitcases that were dragged so deftly, to the platform, he changed his mind and even smiled as though in recognition. His idea of finding the old cart at the station gate proved to be a failure. With something like disappointment, Kishore walked to the house, followed by a couple of coolies carrying his luggage. It was a good mile's walk and it did his cramped legs a world of good.

The fresh breeze from the clean fields and hedges where from thousands of nameless blooms in all imaginable colours stared at him sent their peculiar scent in a gesture of welcome. It was so good to be home at last! In that joyous frame of mind, he sighted the old bungalow. The two graceful arecanut palms were there and the evergreen that they had planted together by the gate was in full foliage and beauty. With wonder he found everything exactly the same as far as he could remember and he was convinced of the truth that nothing changed in those quiet villages.

WITH that same familiar click, the old gate opened at his touch, but he was puzzled beyond words to see the house enveloped in gloom with not the slightest vestige of the usual gay air. No decoration or the buzz of wedding preparation was visible.

Even the old watch-dog, Ram refused to bark but simply wagged its pitiful tail that had only half a dozen hairs now and then. That old animal was so mournful and lazy that he shuddered

hadn't turned up to do any noticing.

"Do you think that Mackey friend of yours got the name of the place wrong?" Josie asked now.

"**M**AYBE it was a bum steer," Brad said, thoughtfully. "But we might as well try a few more times. Are you game?"

"I'll be there," said Josie.

The square slipped past, the corner by the big elm, Josie's own corner. Brad was slowing the car now.

Brad braked and left the motor running, softly. His arm was on the back of the seat, and then around her shoulders, drawing her to him. When he kissed her, she closed her eyes and let the bright excitement run through her, free now, free to storm in her pulses and race to her fingertips, so she closed her hands around his head and tightened to him.

Then the warning bell sounded in her precise as a bell—don't let him know, don't let him know how much you feel. And she made herself pull away.

Brad's hand touched her face, his fingers leaving her reluctantly. He kissed her once again.

"You're sweet—Josie—" he said softly.

The close little words that added up to nothing sure. Telling her he liked her, committing himself to nothing.

"Good-night, Brad," she said, hiding her disappointment. "Sorry we didn't catch your boss."

"How about trying again Thursday night?" he asked her.

"Fine," said Josie.

HE was there for a moment, standing beside the car with her, tall and dark and dear, his fingers warm on her wrist. Then he was getting into the car, driving away with a last wave. He was gone, and he belonged only to himself, and between now and Thursday night anything could happen. He could fall in love with someone else before Thursday night.

Lying in bed a little later, looking out of the window at the head of her bed at dark trees blowing against a dark sky, Josie decided bleakly that social customs were organized poorly. Women knew so much better than men and the kind of person to marry. A woman knew which man would be the right husband, the right father, which man she would work her heart out for.

Dates with Brad were fun, but not enough for Josie to build dreams on. A girl shouldn't ever throw herself at a man, but how long can she hope to keep her feelings bottled up?

because he was the right one. Men went along marrying a girl for her figure, or a bedazzlement of emotion, and were awfully surprised later at what they'd married. But who did all the deciding? Men, of course.

IT wasn't fair. A girl could be just as wildly in love as a man. But things were carefully arranged so if she showed her emotion too much, the man lost interest, and went after something he could chase. The way Jerry had done. A girl ought to be able to sell herself frankly and honourably: Bargain, attractive girl, fine cook, likes sports, knows how to keep still, madly in love.

She went on wilyly making up advertisements to interest Brad, till she floated off in a dream where he was always turning towards her. Then sunlight came in the window on her face.

Everybody moved along, step by step, in Westville; high school crowd, college crowd, engaged girls swapping showers, young married crowd. She was out of step. She could have married twice, but neither man was the right one. Now she was in love with Brad, and he didn't know she was the right girl.

BACK in the days when they all started dating, all the girls in her crowd had been worried and uncertain and hope-



...tucked a small bunch of daisies in her hair....

for a moment. What was all that mystery for, he questioned himself desperately and spotted Mohan in the garden. The equally ancient gardener was still at his task of watering the plants. His alert ears heard the click and the opening of the gate and he turned his head. After a minute's peering and shading of the old eyes, he smiled in welcome. Like a happy school-boy, old Mohan ran up to Kishore with outstretched hands. "Master Kishore, back home! Why didn't you wire, master? I would have come to the station in our old cart and horse. Thank God, you have come in time," he said in sad lifeless tones, though he was genuinely glad to see him.

"Oh yes, I wired, but then your village post office is too slow and irregular, Mohan. How are you and how is everybody else at home?" he spoke cheerfully and reached the doorstep.

THE door opened instantly and a ghost-like woman who was no other than Ashok's mother ran towards him and caught hold of his hands, sobbing miserably.

Kishore stood stock-still. It was a day of mysteries for him. A strange welcome indeed for all his high hopes and joy! A sudden idea struck him.

"Come and see my boy," the mother sobbed and led the way to Ashok's room.

"Thank God," murmured Kishore, relieved to know that he was at least alive.

Then Ashok himself appeared, so thin and pale like his mother

but with a strange hunted look in his dull eyes. He took his friend's hand and crushed it with a sudden strength to control his feelings. He welcomed his dearest friend with a tear; so hot it was that it seemed to scorch Kishore's hand. He blinked at Ashok. He saw that a devastating sorrow beyond endurance had crushed his friend and changed him completely from the jovial and sunny fellow to the shadow and ruin of a man. Old Mohan came to the rescue and he took the luggage upstairs, asking them to follow him to their room.

"NOW, masters, come to your room and change. I shall bring your tiffin and coffee up," he said simply and the sad silence that had veiled around them broke naturally.

They obeyed the old man and followed him through the wide steps.

That same night Kishore had listened to Ashok's poignant love story in the growing darkness, sitting side by side with hands entwined and their tears mingled together just as their lives were joined together in love and understanding. They did not notice the passing of hours or the silence around them. At last Ashok heaved a sigh, and in the pale moonlight Kishore saw that Ashok's face had cleared considerably. It was true that sorrow concealed burned the heart to cinders. The grandfather clock struck twice in the silent night. Old Ram barked at something and suddenly leapt after, most probably, a bandicoot.

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A Simple Matter of Love

By WARE TORREY BUDLONG

BRAD'S hand brushed Josie's arms as he fell in step. Even that quick touch set her heart pounding thickly, and she turned her head so her face wouldn't give her away.

He said nice things, too, personal things sometimes. But none of them in the least like a proposal. Anyway, he kept on dating her. But she didn't know how to build the dates into a bridge, across to marriage. She wasn't even sure how he felt about her.

"If I didn't have to fight so hard, keeping my feelings bottled up," she thought rebelliously, walking across the grass beside him. They could walk like this in an aware, companionable silence, and it was good, but it wasn't enough.

Doggedly, she reminded herself of what had happened with Jerry, two years ago. She had fallen in love with Jerry—a pale shadow of love compared to what she felt now for Brad—but devastating enough at the time. She had shown Jerry how she cared for him, honestly; and she had seen his own interest grow cool.

"You can't throw yourself at a man like that," her mother had told her ruefully. "Men like to feel there's something to conquer. You've got to learn to hide your own feelings."

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Well, she wasn't throwing herself at Brad. He wasn't trying to conquer her, either, so far. In the car, driving back toward Westville, Josie talked about the Holton Arms project, because it was safe. She could show her interest about that.

Brad worked at the Westover plant, along with a number of other bright young men, all of whom probably looked just alike to Mr. Westover as he walked rapidly from an important inspection. Mr. Westover's secretary, Mackey, was a fraternity brother of Brad's, and willing to be helpful.

"You've got to make a dent on the old man outside the plant," Mackey had told Brad. "So you stand out from the mob. The old man thinks all the young brains around here are a gin-drinking bunch of toughs. He's conservative, see, and his missus is worse. Now what you got to do is to hang around some joint that the old man goes for, and show him what a sober, responsible citizen you are. There's a place called the Holton Arms out on the pike—"

SO Brad and Josie had eaten at the Holton Arms till they couldn't look a breaded veal cutlet in the face. The idea had been for Mr. Westover to notice them there frequently. Unfortunately, Mr. Westover

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ful together, and they talked it over together. Now she had got to another new place, a worse new place. And there were only Carol and Margaret left to talk to. Margaret was hopeless; she was the kind of girl who would end up reading to aunts. But Carol didn't seem to be troubled.

That afternoon Josie took her new silver nail polish for an excuse, and went over to Carol's house. Carol silvered her nails with pleasure. She sat with one long leg tucked under her on the window seat in her bedroom, and Josie lay on the bed watching, her chin in her hands.

It wasn't hard to get Carol talking about men. It was her favourite topic. She wasn't sure how the man with the shoulders was going to turn out, she said.

"Does he like you?" Josie wanted to know.

CAROL gave her a quick wise look. "As much as I want him to."

"You can't always tell how much a man will like you," Josie objected.

"Of course you can tell," Carol said flatly, waving her little brush for emphasis, and looking hastily to see, if the polish had spilled. "It's just as easy as dancing—only the woman does the leading."

"Really?" Josie said respectfully. This worked, too. Carol liked being an authority.

"The same old thing, every time," Carol said, shaking back

her fair hair decisively. "Make 'em want you, and then hold back. Go forward towards them to surprise them, and then run away fast. Even the birds know that."

"Never mind the birds," Josie said. "All that technique isn't any good if you really like a man. That's when you're stuck."

"Don't be silly," said Carol. "When you like a man, you do the same thing, only more. You give more when you're giving, and you run away faster." Carol smiled reminiscently. "I'll tell you how it worked for me once—"

Josie went on nodding and saying "Oh?" at intervals, but she didn't hear a word of Carol's past triumphs. She was trying to get used to the idea of being so calculating, when you loved somebody. Carol ought to know, oughtn't she? When Carol wanted a man to like her, he did.

By the time Josie went home again she had decided to try some of Carol's ideas, on Thursday evening. You don't throw yourself at a man—but you do something, she told herself. If she tried this advance and retreat gadget of Carol's, at least she'd be doing something.

THURSDAY night began with a full moon for encouragement. She dressed eagerly for this date and determined to make an impression on Brad somehow. She even tucked a small bunch of daisies in her hair. Maybe this would be the evening when he'd propose. Brad liked her new

dress, and also admired the daisies in her hair. Brad settled her in the car carefully, touched one of her curls with definite approval—and drove to the Holton Arms.

When they arrived, Brad led the way across the lawn towards the tables, and stopped short. Josie bumped into him, bewildered.

"They're here—and they're leaving," Brad said in a dismayed whisper.

Josie saw what must be the Westovers, walking towards them. Mr. Westover was a short gray-haired man in a blue suit and a conservative manner. Mrs. Westover was a tall-gray-haired woman in a taupe suit, a taupe hat with pansies, and a conservative manner.

"How do you do, Mr. Westover," said Brad with dignified enthusiasm.

"Oh—ah—Bradford, isn't it?" said Mr. Westover. "Evening, Bradford."

He looked at Brad as if wondering which junior executive he was, and passed on. Mrs. Westover smiled vaguely and conservatively, and passed on.

"If that isn't my luck," said Brad, when it was safe to talk. "Half an hour earlier, we could have sat at the next table and really made dent."

"ANYWAY, he saw you, and you weren't drinking gin," Josie said consolingly. "Now what do we do?"

"Now we relax and forget I have a job," Brad said with a grin.

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"Read the paper quick, sir, for I am getting down at the next stop!"

"We could make believe we changed our minds, and go away fast and eat somewhere else," Josie exclaimed.

"We never even stopped here," Brad said, and he hustled her back to the car at once.

THEY ate at the Wharf House, with the river running by just outside the windows, in a leisurely candle-lit atmosphere that would mellow almost any mood. And afterwards they sat on the end of the old wharf, with the water sliding by softly in the darkness under their feet. There were stars almost within touching distance over their heads, and stars gleaming and shifting in the water.

Now was the time. Josie's breath caught sharply in her throat.

Still watching the floating stars, she moved a little so her shoulder was barely touching his arm. Lean towards him—look at him, Carol had said. She turned, so when she looked at him her face was close below his.

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"Josie—" he said, and kissed her like a reflex action, but not automatically at all. He drew her down so she lay across him in his arms.

SHE let go of pride and caution, drifting there. Her hands reached out without being told, touching his hair, gripping his shoulders. Emotion caught them together now, tighter and closer, as if the star-filled dark water whirled them and swept them on. It was time to move away, she thought dimly, and she couldn't bear to do it. Somehow she did it.

Somehow she was away and standing on the wharf, and he was moving swiftly to follow her. Surely he would say something—now—that would tell her how he felt about her. He would say something that belonged to her.

Brad caught her arm, looking down at her in the dull light. There was a curious stillness in his face.

"Sorry—" he said unevenly. "Didn't mean to run away downhill."

She didn't say any more, not anything at all. He took her on back to the car.

Maybe, when they said good-night, he would tell her that the evening had mattered specially. Maybe he would go on and say he loved her. She sat there tautly, with a stubborn and desperate hope.

The car drew up at her house. Brad got out and held the door for her. As she stepped out, he took hold of her arms just above

the elbows, so she stood, facing him. For a dizzy instant she waited, and the small wind in the trees seemed to blow stronger, till it thundered past her ears.

He was looking at her searchingly. There was that same still intentness in his face. She couldn't read it or understand it, but it wasn't what she needed.

"Good-night, Josie," he said then, slowly. And let her go. "Good-night," she said, walking away from him. And now the wind was quiet, and her heart beat slowly, dully.

She lay awake that night, in a misery that held her fast. She had shown Brad something of what she felt for him, and stopped abruptly. But it hadn't done any good, she thought desolately. Oh yes, he liked her, he was attracted to her, but it didn't add up to loving her. Or he would have told her so.

IT was bad enough, the way she felt that night. But the next day she found out how much worse she could feel.

She had done the marketing for her mother and was walking home along the main street when she saw Brad half a block ahead of her. And—Carol was with him. Numbly, she watched as they went into the coffee shop of the hotel, obviously together, obviously going to stay together for a while. She saw Carol's hand possessively on his arm, and the lift of Carol's head, turning towards him.

"They're just going to have lunch together," she told her-

self desperately. "It's nothing at all, just eating lunch together."

But she knew perfectly well it was more than that. It was the fact that Brad was dating someone else, even for lunch—heart-free and far away from her. It was the fact that Carol had always succeeded in interesting any man she chose, through school and college, and there was no reason why she should stop now.

BRAD telephoned her that evening. She answered with relief, and an undertone of fear. She would have settled gladly for dinner at the Holton Arms this time. But she didn't get a chance.

"How about a bunch of us getting together and eating at the Tavern tomorrow night?" he said. "Say half a dozen of us—you and I and Carol and Tom and Steve Enderly with some dame of his. Suit you?"

Naturally she said yes. It had all been decided, obviously, before he telephoned her. He and Carol had planned it. She said she'd be ready at 7, she said good-bye. Then she sat there in the hall staring at the receiver, putting it down with fingers that felt thick and clumsy.

So this was the way a man handled it, a nice man, who wanted to be kind. Nothing so crude as suddenly not telephoning her, suddenly not asking her for dates. He planned an evening with other people present, instead of the two of them alone. An evening when he could quietly drift away from her, drift

towards Carol; when there would be other men along so she would be taken care of, when the evening would start with Josie and Brad, and somehow casually end with Brad and Carol.

Maybe it wouldn't be like that, she tried to tell herself. But a man who was seriously interested in a girl would be eager to be alone with her. He wouldn't plan an evening for six at the Tavern. It was going to take all the poise she could collect to sail through that evening with a serene surface. Then it would be over.

When Brad called for her, the other two cars were following him, so there was no time to feel alone with him. There was a lot of calling back and forth, and Carol waved gaily, Carol in a dress like a foam of smoky rose.

Inside the Tavern the noise and smoky light seemed to billow around them. They took a round table big enough for the six of them, and Josie found herself sitting beside Brad. Carol, of course, was on his other side, Carol brushed aside the menu with determination.

"I want to dance," she said to Brad, her glance lingering on him intimately.

BRAD started to rise, and sat down again abruptly. He turned to Josie with a face of pure horror.

"This can't happen to me," he said in a strangled voice. "Look—"

Josie followed his glance. The Westovers were not eating at

some or at the Holton Arms, where they belonged. They sat stonily at a table, with a round, bouncy man between them. Even at the Tavern, the Westovers managed to look so conservative it hurt.

"What are they doing here?" Josie gasped. "We stalk for weeks at a proper place, and then they're here."

"VISITING fireman, I guess," Brad said. "That guy with them has a big contract in his pocket, and the boss wants it. Wants it enough to try a jolly evening at the Tavern. But I've got no excuse for being here. I'm sunk."

"There's nothing wicked about being here—we're only drinking pop—" Josie began.

It wasn't fair, she thought indignantly, when Brad was so good at his job, and only needed to make a favourable impression on Mr. Westover. It wasn't fair to have Brad disapproved of, because of Trudy's noisy singing, and Steve's boisterous manner, and the general rollicking flavour of their table. Tom was arguing with Carol, trying to get her to dance, and Carol was trying to make Brad pay attention to her. Steve was snapping two serving spoons together, making an accompaniment for Trudy. The total was not sedate.

"They're talking about us now," Brad said bitterly. "The Westovers and that guy."

Josie saw the look in Brad's eyes, and an urgent wave of sympathy washed over her, so

she forgot everything else. Brad was in a spot, and that was all that mattered.

"Can't we do anything?" she exclaimed, seizing his arm.

Brad looked at her, directly then, and a kind of desperate determination sparked between them. So they rose at the same time, as if to a signal.

"We can try," Brad said grimly. "We can go over and say hello, and act dignified, and see if that does any good."

Josie walked across to the Westover table beside Brad, and she wasn't nervous at all; she was too full of furious determination. But she remembered about being dignified, she told herself this had to be good, for Brad.

She smiled at Mrs. Westover composedly, she smiled at Mr. Westover admiringly, when she was introduced. She met the visiting fireman, whose name was Connally.

"Quite a party you're having over there," Mr. Westover said without approval.

JOSIE said gently, "It's so dreadfully noisy. But they're some old college friends of ours whom we happened to get together with. Brad and I haven't been here before."

"Oh—" said Mr. Westover, neutrally.

"We certainly haven't been here before," Mrs. Westover said with emphasis.

There was a flat silence, in which Trudy's voice carried

strongly. Mr. Connally turned to look at Trudy. Mr. Westover shuddered.

"That dark girl has really got something," said Mr. Connally enthusiastically. "The one singing the funny songs."

"Um—ah—yes indeed," said Mr. Westover hollowly.

JOSIE hesitated, and saw the wistful way Mr. Connally was watching Trudy. She swallowed hard, and plunged.

"Would you like to meet our friends, Mr. Connally?"

"Swell," said Mr. Connally, with enthusiasm.

She took him over and settled him next to Trudy, and Mr. Connally seized a pair of spoons and joined Trudy's personal orchestra.

Josie paused by Carol's chair. "Mr. Connally is an important out-of-town business man," she murmured, and was rewarded by seeing Carol lean forward and smile effectively at Mr. Connally. He looked happy.

Going back to the Westover table, Josie saw an extra chair being placed for her. She sat down by Mrs. Westover, and this time was greeted warmly.

"That was very clever of you, my dear," said Mrs. Westover, nodding her matronly hat at Josie. "Mr. Connally has no conversation. He prefers noise, I gather."

"It was Brad's idea," Josie said brazenly. "Brad is awfully smooth about handling situations."

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Brad looked at her, blinked, and caught the ball on the fly. "Suppose we take over Connally for you tonight?" he suggested to Mr. Westover. "He seems to want to make an evening of it—"

"Fine," said Mr. Westover, with marked approval.

"Glad to help out," said Brad calmly. "It's lucky we happened in here. We thought you and Mrs. Westover didn't look as if you were enjoying yourselves."

"Good of you to come over," Mr. Westover was saying with feeling. "I won't forget it, Bradford."

"It was sweet of you," said Mrs. Westover with sincerity. "And you'll understand if we run along now? Perhaps you both will stop in some Sunday evening."

"We'd love to," Josie told her with equal sincerity.

Mr. Westover went over and explained matters to Mr. Connally, who showed no pain. The Westovers left, escorted to the door by Brad and Josie, on a tide of cordiality.

"When—" said Brad, leaning against a convenient wall.

"Now you're a white-haired boy," said Josie, laughing. "You'll probably get a raise for this."

Brad straightened. "Me? You did everything. Were you good—"

"Let's dance," she said, taking his hand as naturally as breathing.

As they danced, the closeness held and deepened, and she could tell he felt it, too. She wouldn't look back at her fears and uncertainties. She danced on with him, her face against his shoulder, his arm tight around her.

WHEN the music stopped, Brad kept hold of her hand, and walked her towards the front door. He took her away from the lights, away from the parked cars, on down the quiet side road. They came to a rail fence, and found a seat on the flat top rail.

"You're different—tonight," Brad said. "It's always been fun with you. But this is different."

"Why?" said Josie, holding her breath.

"You've always been away from me across a little fence," Brad said. "Even on the wharf last time, everything was fine, and then you were away from me again, with no reason for it. But tonight—it's the two of us."

It was true, Josie thought slowly. She had been so concerned with Brad and his trouble that she had forgotten herself and her own trouble. She remembered the way she had smiled at him confidently, telling the Westovers how smooth he was at handling situations. She remembered the way she had gone over with him to help, as if that were where she belonged. As soon as she had thought of him instead of herself, she had been sure. It was as simple as that—loving him.

He took both her hands, holding them together in his. He held them tightly as if he wouldn't let them go.

"How about staying this way all the time?" Brad asked. "For a life-time, Josie?"

She couldn't answer. She had to wait a moment and know it was happening, before they moved on. On to being together always, to a safe white house, and Brad coming home to her at night.

"I guess I've been in love with you all along," Brad was saying urgently. "I found out tonight the way we belonged together. Everything seemed to explode inside me at once. It couldn't be just me, feeling this way, Josie? It's both of us, isn't it, darling?"

"Both of us," Josie said.

THIS time when he reached for her, she went to him swiftly with no uncertainty between them. This time when she kissed him, he was her own. (Copyright.)

—Continued from page 5—

"It's really a blessing to have a friend like you, Kishore. At least now we have each other to love and confide in. You must be dead tired and weary after the long journey, Kishore. Come, let's go to sleep," whispered Ashok bravely.

They got up unsteadily but with a new hope of love and sorrow shared by both. Yet Kishore recalled his misery at the thought of once envying poor Meena for coveting all the love of his friend and his heart smote him for such a mean thought.

* *

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

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

ONE WHO HAS

At a popular port all the crew applied for leave except one.

"What's the matter," asked an officer. "Are you the only one who hasn't a wife in this port?"

"No," was the reply. "I'm the only one who has."

WHO IS IT?

"My dear, I have told you time and time again there is only one woman in the world for me," exclaimed the exasperated husband.

"I know," came the reply. "but you haven't told me who she is."

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THEY were unpacking their goods for a weekend's camping.

"George!" thundered the wife, as she came upon an unopened bottle of whisky. "what's the meaning of this?"

"That's all right, my dear. I brought it along to stick a candle in when it's empty."

EXPLAINED

"Why run away?" said the bully. "I thought you said you could lick me with one hand tied behind your back."

"I'm just going home for some string."

JUST GOT IT!

"If you're the lady who lifted Mother's face," said the small boy at the beauty parlour. "you'd better come round and lift Father's. He's just got the bill."

FOR RESCUE

"She and I were getting c like a house on fire until h father came along."

"What happened then?"

"Oh! He's a fireman."

A THIRD-RATE actor read the part, then threw the script back on the film producer's desk.

"And you're asking me to play that part?" he exclaimed. "Why, that role would immediately kill the reputation I have as an actor."

The producer leaned back in his chair. "Exactly," he nodded. "It's your one chance."

NEW STYLES

"I wonder what the new hat styles will be like," said the wife.

"Two styles," replied the husband. "The styles you don't like and the styles I can't afford."

READS TOO MUCH

"I must find another tailor. This one reads too much."

"Reads too much?"

"Yes. Every letter he writes to me begins, 'On going through my books....'!"

EXPERIENCE!

"How is it that you kiss so divinely?" murmured the girl.

"Oh, I used to blow the bugle in the Boy Scouts," he replied.

RESULT

"Some busybody has told my wife that I took you to a dance the other night," said the manager to his secretary.

"Well, what about it?"

"That makes you my former secretary."

A MICROPHONE was thrust before the winning jockey, and the very embarrassed hero was asked to address the nation. Breathlessly, he said: "May I take this opportunity to pay a tribute to the other jockey without whose co-operation my victory would have been impossible!"

RIGHT AFTER ALL

His wife was laughing at him. "You silly," she said. "Fancy being superstitious after all these years. Why, do you remember the first time we met? We walked under a ladder, and you said you were sure some thing horrible would happen to you."

"Well?" said he. "Now you know why I'm still superstitious."

HE DUCKED

"Who broke your window, Mrs. Biggs?"

"My husband. He ducked!"

MATTER OF HABIT

A sentimental woman was married to an unromantic man. One evening she said to him with a sigh: "Would you mourn for me if I were to die?"

"Oh, yes," he mumbled, "of course I would."

"And would you visit the cemetery often?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I pass it on my way to the club anyway."

RICH GIRL: POOR BOY!

IT was a nice cool evening and Mr. Prem Mathen and I were having a quiet smoke in his porch. He was a business man, and had come into the country to live a quiet life. His sons looked after his business now. We had become fast friends, and I went over every night to have a nice chat with him.

Today the talk had died down and we were smoking silently and ruminating. Then I remembered something. "Won't you tell me about that matter now?" I asked him.

"About what matter?" he queried.

I explained. One day, while looking through his album, I had come across the wedding photo of a young, beautiful couple. When I asked him who they were, he had become very grave. He said it was a friend of his who had come to a sad end and said he would tell me his story some day.

He kept smoking silently for a while as if he hadn't heard me. I could not notice his face in the darkness. At last when he spoke his voice was grave.

"That is a very sad story. Had you heard some ten or

twelve years back of a killing in Delhi and it got plenty of publicity with glaring headlines like 'Man killed rich wife for not bringing him money' or 'Innocent wife murdered by bestial husband for not bringing him riches.'"

"Yes, yes, I remember. It caused quite a furor. I think he was hanged for it, if I remember right."

"He was the same person," my friend said sadly, "and he would have been alive and happy today but for that girl. After all, he was not to be blamed". Then rather sensing than seeing my bewilderment he said "I had better tell the whole story, so that you can judge for yourself".

"DILIP—that was the boy's name," started Mathen, "first met Premila in college and immediately fell in love with her. He was from a poor family; but he was very bright at studies, so his widowed mother had sent him to college though she could ill afford it. With Premila it was quite the opposite. They were rolling in wealth, and she had joined more to have a good time than to study.

"Well, as I told you, Dilip had fallen desperately in love with

A Short Story

By JOSEPH NOCOUHA

her. But he knew his limitations. A poor, uncultured lout cannot aspire for a choice flower of select, rich society. He only adored her secretly from a distance, having no thought in his honest mind of trying to grasp at the unattainable, and if left to himself, he would have finished college, taken a job and eventually married a simple girl of his own position and lived a contented life. Premila would only have been a precious dream, buried in his heart, and to be remembered wistfully sometimes, when he was in a nostalgic mood.

"And it would have turned out like that only," went on my host, "but see what malicious tricks fate plays. Premila led a very happy life, basking in the adoration of all the boys and being envied by not a few of her own sex. Even in college she moved about with friends from her own social circle. She barely glanced at Dilip or the others, and they would have gone their separate ways, but here is where fate stepped in.

"DILIP was a very good athlete. He had bagged most of the trophies in school and was the local champion. He wanted to do his best here; so he set to practicing assiduously. Nor was he disappointed.

"He excelled in the sports meet held at their college. Premila who was there with her friends was thrilled at his prowess and his lithe lissom grace. He would now automatically become a celebrity in their college, so she decided to make friends with him. Conse-

quently, the next day in class she went out of her way to meet him.

" 'Congratulations,' she wished him; 'I knew there was a champion hidden in our class'.

" 'Thanks' he stammered blushing.

" 'Yesterday we all decided to celebrate your success' she said pointing to her friends, 'so you must come with us to a picture show tonight.'

"DILIP was amazed. He was just going to accept, when he remembered something. He was very shy and sensitive and he knew he would cut a sorry figure with his cheap clothes among their finery. So instead he said 'I am sorry, I am unable to come'.

"Premila stared at him incredulously for a full minute. Any other boy she invited would have jumped at the chance, she felt. She couldn't go back and show her face to her friends. So she tried all her arts, but to no avail.

"She was piqued. When anybody would jump to serve her slightest wish, this boy was proof against her charms. She had taken for granted that every boy was in love with her and this flagrant exception hurt her vanity.

"She started to go over and talk to him at college. Dilip felt more shy at this and avoided her more.

"This really roused Premila. She had to bend him or her vanity would be hurt. She would

imagine the other girls whispering about her, and the boys laughing. After much trying, she hit upon a plan.

" 'DADDY wants to see you today' she told him one day. 'He has got some urgent matter to discuss with you. He has asked me to bring you with me after class today.'

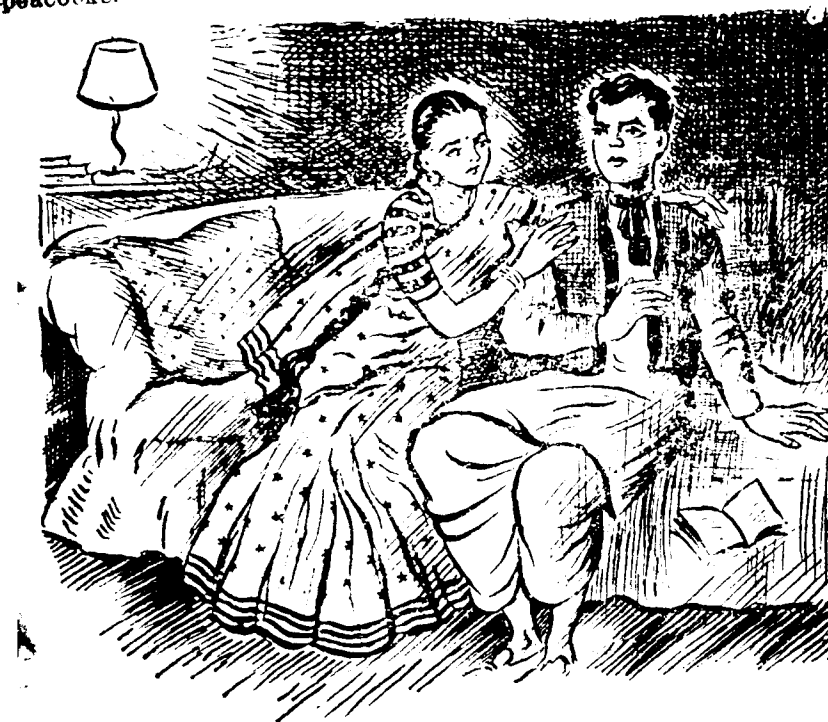
"Dilip could not find a reason to refuse and so in the evening her car came to fetch them home.

"They drove up to a big house. Dilip forgot even to breathe when he saw the luxurious furnishings and the style. He felt like a crow imposing on peacocks.

"Premila introduced him to her father. Mr. Dhar was a short fat man carrying a huge paunch before him, which proclaimed his financial solidity. He looked at Dilip coldly, his looks almost saying 'I wonder how my daughter came to know and tolerate him'. He did not waste much time in talking, but soon came to the point.

" 'I heard from my daughter that you are a brilliant student. Now, as you know, she has done badly in her exam., I want you to give her tuition. Of course I will pay you for that'.

"DILIP was angered at his insolent tone and would have refused at once. But he saw he



.... she lured him

could earn money. Money was the one thing his family was sorely in need of, and also he would be near his loved one daily, away from the ragging boys. He would treasure every moment of his in his heart for ever afterwards. So, he consented.

"DAILY after playing for some time after college—he was the backbone of the college teams in most games—he would go to Premila's house and coach her for an hour. After some days Premila also started to stay and then take him in her car herself. As the days passed by Dilip's love grew and grew, but he always remembered himself and was ever reserved and distant with her. He noticed her attentions, but he thought Premila was just playing with him.

"When her plan had succeeded, Premila had thought he would come to heel quickly, and if it had been so, she would have been soon tired of him. But the girl was astounded when some of her artifices could not break down the barrier he had set up. She had never thought such a thing was possible and she came to look with wonder and respect on Dilip, and daily little by little she came to know his true character and to admire him.

"He was so big, strong, silent and sure of himself and not at all shallow or silly like the other toppish boys she knew, she was infatuated by his rugged handsome frame and his prowess in athletics, and fell in love with him. But he was always like an iceberg towards her advances and this made her want him

more and she set her wilful heart on getting him. She was just waiting for a chance.

"And one day the chance came. They were all invited for dinner outside and Premila's family decided to go. But Premila feigned headache and stayed at home. Immediately the others had gone she dressed in a bewitching sari and made herself up to look very alluring.

"Dilip came as usual. He seemed not to notice her change and went on teaching her. But Premila's mind was not on the books. Presently she pushed them aside.

"Today we'll take leave, Dilip. We'll just relax' she said, looking at him archly.

"Dilip leant back in his chair. The solitary table light shed a soft glow upon Premila accentuating her delicate beauty. He realized with a pang how lovely she was and how much he loved her. His whole body ached from wanting to hold her in his arms.

"Dilip, have you ever been in love?" she asked softly.

"I could hardly restrain a bitter laugh. 'Why do you want to know and why should I tell you?'

"Premila clapped her hands delightedly. 'Then, you have given yourself away. Come on, Dilip, let me into the secret.'

"Dilip's throat moved convulsively for a moment, but he remained silent. Premila sensed he was near breaking point. 'Is it Leela?' she taunted, mentioning the ugliest girl in their class.

"He looked thoughtfully at her for a moment. Suddenly he went forward. 'So you are bent on finding out' he said fiercely. 'Then know that it is you I love. You have bewitched me from the first moment I saw you and you have never let me forget. There I have told you my secret. Are you satisfied now?' He got up and began to gather up his books.

"SHE too got up and came to his side. 'Are you going?' she asked.

"Poor beggars are not supposed to fall in love with princesses, at least outside of fairy tales', he said bitterly. 'In the twentieth century they are liable to be kicked out'. He turned to go.

"Dilip....."

"The tone rather than the word halted him. She came and putting her hands on his shoulders just looked at him. But that look was enough. He gave a low cry and gathered her in his arms, his caution thrown to the winds.

"Victory had come to Premila. She had started it purely to salve her wounded pride and ended by falling in love with him.

"Dilip lived in the clouds for a few days. At first he had thought Premila was making fun of him, but now his joy knew no bounds. He had never imagined there could be so much happiness on earth. But he was brought back to his senses one day.

"They were talking about

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their future, when Premila said, 'Let us elope, darling. My parents would never consent to our marriage'.

"That brought him down to the earth, shattering his dreams. He was an intelligent and far-sighted boy and he knew he could never hope to keep her in the luxury and comfort she was used to at home. At least not till quite a few years. He could get only a small job without his degree and she would have to live in a modest neighbourhood and do household work, and she would soon be wishing herself back in her father's house.

"He explained all this to Premila, but all to no avail. Who had ever succeeded in turning Premila's mind once she had set it on something? Moreover, they were in love.

"AND the outcome was Dilip came to my office one day asking for a job. I was a good friend of his father and I had made only a modest beginning in business. I had promised him a job when he graduated. He told me he had married Mr. Dhar's daughter



"It is not 'raise'. It is grammatically wrong. Say you want a rise in your salary. And my answer is No!"

secretly. Her father raised a great hullabaloo, but as Premila had come of age, he could do nothing. He had disowned her, it seems. I gave him a job and I knew they were living happily.

"BUT what Dilip had suspected came true. The first six months were bliss. Then gradually as she began to get used to the new life, Premila started to get restless. I was paying him Rs. 150 a month and you only know how much you can do with that amount. Moreover her father's influence had made all her old friends desert her. She began to miss her old luxurious life, her friends, the clothes and parties and excitement. She began to realize her folly now. She tried to contact her parents, but they ignored her. She gradually grew cold and bitter towards him and they had quite a few quarrels.

"Dilip understood her restlessness. He realized the cause and did his best to make amends. He tried to give her more comforts but his pay was pitifully inadequate. He could not give her costly clothes or jewellery or take her about much.

"He was sorry too that her family had disclaimed her. He had foreseen all such troubles, but Premila had overruled him; but he was glad too she had given as much for love.

"Thank God, her brother Gopal was not like them all. Premila said he came to see her often since two months or so. His neighbours too had mentioned that a young man came to visit Premila often. But he never came when he was there. May-

be he was angry with him still, but he was thankful to Gopal. He even gave presents to Premila, costly ones which he himself could not afford and which made Premila happy.

"And joy of joys, last month Premila had shyly confided to him she was going to present him with a treasure—a child. Dilip's joy knew no bounds. He had wanted a son ever so much and he hoped too that Premila would grow content after the child came and would love him again. How fervently he thanked Gopal. And the news of a grandchild may soften the grandparents' mind too. He had been promised a rise. The firm was expanding and Mr. Mathen was very kind to him.

"Today he was specially happy. In his excitement he could hardly pay attention to his work. Tomorrow was Premila's birthday and he had taken the afternoon off. It was to be a surprise for her. With the money he had saved, he would buy a lovely saree and a jewel for her. Tomorrow he'd take her out to the picture and then out to dinner. He would make her very happy tomorrow.

"AT last he finished his work and started home. Usually he did not go home for lunch. Today Premila would be surprised to see him, but he would not tell his secret till it was time to dress up.

"He saw a car waiting outside. Oh! Gopal must have come to see her. He mounted the steps eagerly and opened

the front door. He would hear the sound of laughter inside the bedroom. He opened the room and stopped dead in his tracks at the sight which confronted him. He raised a shaking hand to clear his eyes. Oh God! no, what he saw could not be true. Premila was leaning back on the sofa and a man was kissing her ardently. They seemed oblivious of him.

"RAGE replaced the pain on Dilip's face. He uttered a strange cry and ran forward, and picking up the man, he dashed him against the wall with his mighty strength. The man lay stunned and turned to Premila.

"Premila was staring at him with goggling eyes. She tried to scream, but her throat would not work. Next moment Dilip was shaking her by the shoulders. His face was working convulsively as he tried to say something to her. Then groaning he buried his head in her lap, sobbing like a child.

"Seeing herself not hurt Premila regained her composure with a mighty effort. 'Let me go, you are spoiling my saree' she said contemptuously, shaking him off and adjusting her saree. 'Come, Raj' she said to the fallen man, who was getting up shakily.

"Dilip rose hesitatingly to his feet. For the first time he noticed that Premila was wearing a lovely saree he had never seen before and she had on the jewellery Gopal gave her. He went and caught her by the hand. 'Where are you going?' he said.

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"Leave me, I am going away with Raj. Do you think I will stay another moment with you? What have you given me for it?' she said her voice rising hysterically, 'you have made me drudge like a common housewife. Have you given me nice clothes, nice jewellery and nice food? Have you provided me with enough servants? My God, I regret the moment's foolishness that made me marry you.'

"Dilip kept silent; blaming her would not do now. 'But what about our child?' he said weakly.

"YOUR child, as if I would have had your child? It is my child, I tell you' she said glancing at Raj.

L. G.

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"Then in a flash Dilip understood. So it was her school, friend Raj who had been visiting her and not Gopal. But he could not believe—he dared not believe about his child. No, it was his own, his own precious son, for whom he was waiting so long.

"You are lying, you wretch. It is my own," he shouted, gripping her. "Tell me."

"It is not yours," she cried struggling with him, but Dilip was holding her vice-like. "Raj, help me," she cried.

"RAJ raised a stool and came up behind Dilip. He saw his reflection in the mirror and turning around, and wrenching it from Raj's hands, he brought it down on his head.

"Premila screamed and tried to run away. 'Ha, you would run away with my son, will you, my own flesh and blood!' He had gone completely mad at the moment.



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"Premila saw the look in his eyes and screamed, struggling futilely to get free from his hold. But it was no use. Slowly, inexorably Dilip's fingers choked out her life, mumbling about his child all the while."

Mr. Mathen bowed his head and was silent for a long while.

"And it was the end," he resumed sadly. "Dilip had got off his mind. The terrible shocks one after another were enough for any person. But when they came it was too late." He sighed.

"Her parents came to life then. They wanted to hang Dilip for it. If they had given their consent and helped them in the beginning, maybe they would have been happy and alive now. Now they were all out for revenge.

"OF course I tried my best. Money was no matter to save the poor boy. But it was no use. They said that he murdered her, because she refused to milk money from the old man and enable Dilip to live a wastrel's life. And he, too, poor boy, did not give testimony to her perfidy. He loved her to the end. He used to tell me he welcomed death as it would take him where she was."

We sat quietly for a long time before I wished him good-night and came home, but could not sleep for a long time that night. The faces in that wedding photo haunted me.

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WORLD BANK REGRETS

Sir Percival Griffiths who knows his India as well as the next foreigner recently wrote, "Planning as now practised in India is the apotheosis of the modern belief that the gentlemen in Delhi know best and nobody in India can dissent from the doctrine without being dubbed a reactionary." Undoubtedly this fear has muted the voice of criticism in India and the chief interest of the comments made by outside observers is that they are made without fear or favour. The letter written by Mr. Eugene Black, Chairman of the World Bank, to the Finance Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, contains nothing that is entirely new, but when an authority of his standing endorses the apprehensions entertained by lesser lights in this country Government cannot but make a concession that gentlemen other than in Delhi also know a thing or two. Mr. Black has categorically stated that he shares the view of the IMF Mission which had earlier made a study of the Plan that "in so far as the public sector is concerned the pro-

gramme is too large to be completed in five years."

As a matter of fact, even members of the Planning Commission like Mr. K. C. Neogy have been realistic enough to admit as much. But somehow thinking at the two levels is dominated by the magical properties of the number five and there has been determined opposition to extending the life of the Plan or alternatively reducing the targets to more practicable limits. The execution of projects—assuming we have all the necessary money—is likely to be delayed by administrative difficulties and by lack of trained managerial and technical personnel with experience of large-scale construction and industrial operations. India cannot produce the required personnel at such short notice and Mr. Black has therefore advocated increasing association of foreign skills with Indian enterprise.

—Pioneer.

CURBS ON PRESS

Freedom of the Press has always been more of an ideal than

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a reality. In no age or country has the Press known absolute freedom. Not only has it been subject to the general laws of the land, but it has also been frequently governed by special legislation.

Even so, all those who value national liberty have always cherished the freedom of the Press. The conditions under which the Press of a country operates generally serve as an index of the liberties enjoyed by its average citizen.

Democracy can flourish only in an atmosphere where there is free exchange of information and opinion. Not for nothing has the Press been called the Fourth Estate. It informs and instructs, vindicates and ventilates. Unlike the legislature, it is always in session.

Because the Press everywhere has had to struggle for its freedom, it has taken its responsibilities seriously. Although it considers self-control to be the best of controls, it has reconciled itself to reasonable restrictions.

The Indian Press was in the vanguard of the struggle for national freedom. Numerous rigorous curbs and restrictions were imposed on it from its very inception, making it one of the most precarious of professions. Until a few years ago, journalism in India was considered a mission rather than a vocation.

It is exactly because the Indian Press is conscious of the proud role it has played in the history of national independence

that it is critical of the curbs that are now sought to be placed on it on the specious ground of safeguarding communal peace and public order.

—Sunday Standard

RIDICULOUS

Judging from the latest statements of Malik Feroze Khan Noon and Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy Pakistani foreign policy is still in the tubthumping stage. Harassed by the internal discontent and trouble-making opposition the new leaders, like their Muslim League predecessors, have begun to dangle the carrot of Kashmir to divert the attention of the disgruntled Pakistanis. It was unexpected that a realistic politician like Mr. Suhrawardy, who as the Awami leader, had thundered against military pacts and meek submission to the Western bloc, would toe the line of his pro-West predecessors. What is more, he with his Foreign Minister is stooping to fan the fanatic feelings of Pakistanis over the Kashmir issue. Nothing better was expected from Malik Feroze Khan Noon, who had gone gray in the service of the British regime and the Muslim League than a continuation of the policy of hatred towards India. But it is unlikely that he will either fool the world or the Muslim nations of the Middle East about the ignoble role which Pakistan is playing in international affairs. Cut to the quick by Pandit Pant's charge that Pakistan had sided with the British, the French and the Americans in the Suez dispute Malik Noon has accused India of double-dealing and making a secret pact with France over

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Algeria. The world, including the Muslims abroad, knows what India's foreign policy is. We have pursued throughout an open diplomacy, condemning colonialism and repression wherever it is in the world. India has been among the first to rally round those people who are struggling for their freedom. At the risk of alienating the sympathies of the Big Powers of the West we have told them fearlessly where they were wrong. But for her idealistic stand in international affairs India would have gained materially by making pacts for a price with all-too-leager nations of the West. But India refuses to compromise either her conscience or the downtrodden which she champions. Malik Feroze Khan Noon should hear firsthand what is said of India and of Pakistan in the capitals of the Muslim nations of the world.

—Bombay Chronicle.

INHUMAN BEINGS

In a message published in the booklet brought out last week to mark the wild life week in the country, the Prime Minister confesses to wondering, on occasion, as to what the animals and birds think of us humans, and how they would describe us, if they could. "I rather doubt", Mr. Nehru declares, "if their description would be complimentary to man." The remarks echo the sentiment of Victor Hugo, who was fond of saying that the more he saw of human beings the more he loved dogs. The Prime Minister says also that, in spite of their civilization and culture, men are in many ways wilder and more

dangerous than any of the so-called "wild animals." Shaw thought similarly. The alleged courage of the liontamer, he once said, had never impressed him; for when he was with the lion in its cage, he was at least "safe from other men."

If there is levity in these remarks of Hugo and Shaw, there is also an essential core of the truth; and, indeed, human beings are less than consistent when, in moments of anger or bitterness, they liken one another to animals in a manner which is intended to reflect credit neither on themselves nor on animals. For, singly, we are accustomed to attribute some of the highest virtues to our feathered or four-footed friends. What man could be better than the one who combined in himself the courage of the lion, the wisdom of the owl, the strength of the bull, the loyalty of the dog, the diligence of the ant and the memory of the elephant?

—Times of India.



"Doggie is so devoted to me. Just you raise your hand as if to strike me and see how he tears at you!"

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ELECTIONS

Throughout this sub-continent the problem of elections now appears to be the dominant political issue. In India official announcements indicate the possibility of the next general elections being held in February-March, 1957. All political parties are preparing themselves for the coming struggle. The Congress has already laid down certain general principles for selection of candidates; women as well as minorities will receive preference, and service to the people will be the decisive test for all applicants for the Congress ticket. Arrangements will be made for the introduction of new blood—in other words, a fairly large number of sitting members will be excluded from the Congress list. Apparently these general principles have not satisfied all potential aspirants for the Congress ticket. For example, the Akalis, who are expected to join the Congress en masse before the elections, are reported to have made enquiries from top-ranking Congress leaders as to the procedure of selection of Congress candidates for the Punjab. Presumably they want some sort of assurance that they will get a fair quota of Congress tickets for themselves. Whether the Congress High Command will give them any such assurance we do not know; but so far as other parties—communal parties like Hindu Mahasabha and non-communal parties like the P.S.P.—are concerned, any alliance, or even understanding, with the Congress is impossible. The non-communal parties may or may not be able to combine

themselves in an anti-Congress front; but they will have nothing to do with the communal parties. The Communists have confessed openly that it is impossible to oust the Congress from power at this stage. The actors are ready for the play; everything now depends on the Chief Election Commissioner. The territorial changes brought about by the States Reorganisation Bill must be fitted into the overall electoral machinery before the elections can be held. Mr. Sukumar Sen has been trying his best to make the stage ready and there is no reason to apprehend a last-minute breakdown.

The shadow of elections hangs over Kashmir as well. The Constituent Assembly of the State unanimously adopted a resolution very recently urging preparation of electoral rolls with a view to holding the elections "as early as possible in 1957". In view of the fact that "unforeseen and untoward developments" might take place at any time the Premier, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, said that he could not accept any deadline for the elections; but he assured the House that the Government would try to hold the elections simultaneously with the rest of India. Meanwhile the Constitution will be finalised. The hitherto unfamiliar democratic machinery has worked so far in Kashmir without a crack under the leadership of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, and the Sadar-i-Riyasat has played the role of a constitutional ruler with conspicuous success. The people of Kashmir will undoubtedly remain united at this crisis and

ignore the continuing provocation from Pakistan. The Union Home Minister, Pandit Pant, told them on his arrival at Srinagar recently that Pakistan had no right whatsoever to talk about Kashmir. He said: "Pakistan has reduced the people of Azad Kashmir to starvation. The condition of the people living in East Pakistan is known to all." The secret of Kashmir's progress and prosperity lies in its indissoluble link with the rest of India. That link will be further strengthened by the consolidation of democracy. From this point of view the coming elections in Kashmir are of special significance. There is no doubt the people of the State will once again demonstrate their loyalty to the ideal of secular democracy and their contempt of Pakistani propaganda.—A. B. Parika.

HUNGER-STRIKE

We have been grieved to find from a press message that two members of the Punjab Legislative Council have embarked on "a hunger-strike for an indefinite period" with the object of getting some demands accepted by the Punjab Government. To our thinking, membership of the legislature puts on a person greater responsibility than if he did not hold such a representative position, and a legislator's participation in such activities as those relating to a coercive demonstration is to say the least hardly worthy of his office. We have disapproved of hunger-strikes in the past and we disapprove of the one which is reported to have been started in Chandigarh on September 29, specially for the reason that

legislators are expected to provide an altogether different type of leadership to the people from the one on exhibition in the State capital. Surely, there are other methods open to the leaders of the teachers' movement than the most cheap one of arranging for and participation in a mass hunger-strike.

This does not mean that we do not approve of or sympathise with the cause which the two M.L.C.s are upholding in this undemocratic fashion. We have written several times in support of it and have urged the Government to use not only its good offices but also the authority it holds to persuade local bodies to raise the pay-scales of the teachers they employ. The State Government is a party to the agreement which was arrived at in this regard some years ago and it owes it to the people who gave up their agitation at that time in response to its appeal to see that the commitments then made are honoured. If there are serious difficulties in the way of the implementation of the agreement these can and ought to be explained to the teachers' representatives so that Government's action or want of it is not misunderstood. What is essential is that the Government should convince teachers of its bona fides and make them realise that it is doing the most it can to improve their lot. This implies that Government has earnestness standing to its credit and that it has worked for the teachers' welfare.

We hope that such a step will be taken even at this late stage and a way found to bring the

—Please See Page 80



WHAT IS MENINGITIS?

Meningitis, or cerebro-spinal fever, as it is sometimes called, is still a serious illness, despite our modern means of attacking the germs responsible for it. It no longer kills most of its victims; but they are often ill for a long time and require careful nursing during their long convalescence.

"Meningitis" means inflammation of the meninges, which are a delicate membrane wrapped round the brain and spinal cord to protect the nervous tissue. It is not, however, only the membranes which are affected in meningitis; the illness is really a form of infection in the blood stream, with the germs circulating round, and so it is not surprising that other parts of the body are also affected, for example, there may be a skin rash (which gave the illness its name of "spotted fever"), or the joints in the limbs may be involved. Indeed, sometimes the general systems are the only ones where there is much to show, and if treatment is begun early enough in those cases, the meninges get off very lightly

indeed. Those were the cases which always died, tragically early on, before the days of our chemotherapy drugs such as streptomycin, chloromycetin and the rest: now they recover, though as I have said, they have to get better slowly after such an attacking illness.

The Symptoms

Most people know about the symptoms of meningitis, or at least some of them—the severe headache, unwillingness to let light fall on the eyes, so that they insist on lying in a darkened room; the drawing backwards of the head, and so on. These are all ways of protecting the membranes while they are inflamed and painful, so that they are not stretched or exposed to sunlight, via the retina inside the eyes, which would make them work as if they were normal and would impose a strain on them in their damaged state.

Recovery from this sort of meningitis is, of course, so much better nowadays that it is no longer the same disease it once

was. If convalescence is slow and careful, the patient returns to a full and normal life with no curtailing of activities at all.

There is another form of meningitis, in which there do not seem to be any germs present and we are at a loss to know why the meninges become inflamed at all. All the symptoms are just the same as if it was a "real" meningitis, and yet it always subsides quite quickly, with no after-effects. It is just one of those interesting freaks of nature which we find it impossible to explain away. We call it benign meningitis.

Deafness Results

Sometimes meningitis is due to the tubercle bacillus. T. B. meningitis used to be 100 per cent fatal, with no exceptions. Again, it is no longer the same disease, and patients are recovering from it in growing numbers. But there are often after-effects, which we hope one day to be able to prevent, but which in the present state of our knowledge are, alas, unavoidable, they include things like deafness, which is serious in anyone, but is very sad indeed when it occurs in the young children who are so often the victims of this condition. We are not yet sure how the deafness is caused, and it may even be that the drugs which work the miraculous cure are themselves partly responsible; further research into the drugs may then provide the remedy for this.

It is often very distressing for the parents of children suffering from meningitis, and visiting the patient in hospital, to see some of the effects of the illness

such as paralysis of the eye muscles so that the child has a squint, or paralysis of the face, so that he cannot smile, and his whole appearance is quite one-sided and altered. These are almost always passing effects, and when the inflammation of the membranes dies down, the nerves affected settle down too. It is one of the astonishing things, how very damaged nervous tissue can be and yet make a good recovery. In the same way the wasted muscles of legs usually recover too slowly and gradually, once the convalescent stage has been reached.

There is no foundation in fact for the "old wives' tale" that "spinal meningitis" leaves the back weak. "Spinal meningitis" is just ordinary meningitis which has luckily been limited to the membrane wrapping the spinal cord, and has not involved that which covers the brain itself. The back and leg muscles are weak because the nerves supplying them are affected by the inflamed membrane, and they return to normal when the inflammation has died down.

ABOUT GOITRE

There are two main kinds of goitre, simple and toxic; or, in other words, the sort that does lead to symptoms and the sort that doesn't.

Simple goitre is a swelling of the thyroid gland, which is in the front of the neck, in the midline. The swelling may be in the middle of the neck or mainly to one side. We call it "colloid" goitre because it is caused by the thyroid gland becoming swollen up with a kind of colloid (or gelatinous) material. The

thyroid gland normally produces this material as a secretion, but in this case it is producing too much, and so the extra amount lies stored up in the thyroid and makes the swelling you can see on the surface.

The colloid is, as I have suggested, a jelly-like substance, which in itself has no particular action in the body. That is why the accumulation of excessive quantities of it does not cause any after-effects except for the local pressure that such a swollen gland may exert on nearby structures such as the windpipe or the gullet or the big blood-vessels in the neck.

Nuisance At Times

You may wonder, what use in the colloid at all, why does the thyroid manufacture it? It is used as a basic material, which the thyroid later combines with iodine in a special way, to make a substance which has very considerable effects on the body, as we shall see. It is like the oil which is used as the basis for an emulsion, into which small quantities of active substances can then be added.

Simple goitres may be well left alone if they are not pressing on any of the structures in the neck; if they are felt to be somewhat obnoxious, they can often be camouflaged by a silk scarf or something of the sort. Occasionally, however, they do make a nuisance of themselves, these simple swellings, and the part of the gland may have to be removed by an operation. This is generally a perfectly straightforward matter without complications.

Toxic goitre, as you have probably guessed, is a similar swelling of the gland, but with the difference that there is too much of the substance once it has got to the active stage, with all the ingredients already in it. There is the same swelling in the front of the neck—often not so large as in the case of simple goitre; but there are other symptoms as well. They include a warm, moist skin, general uncomfortable feeling of being too hot, rapid heart-rate; loss of weight, and protrusion of the eyes, which seem to be starting out of the head.

(Continued from page 7)

parties together. The present situation is not a happy one either for the Government or for those representatives of the teachers who have embarked upon the hunger-strike. The demonstration cannot but be embarrassing for the administration, since it has been organised at its doorstep. And it cannot but be so for the legislators who, if they recognise their responsibilities properly, are expected to wear the public from the kind of strikes which are so subversive of discipline. Therefore, the sooner it is given up the better. But this can be feasible if an alternative is available and both sides resolve to put their faith in it. Why should not the Punjab Legislative Council interest itself in the matter and help pass a non-official resolution which tells the Government how this question of local body teachers' pay scales is to be tackled?

—Tribune.

READERS'

The Editor
"India Magazine"
Madras-5

VIEWS

MOST SUPERB

Sir,

"India Magazine" is becoming brighter with each issue. You are giving us well selected Indian and foreign stories. They cover all aspects of love, life and laughter. The serious type, like tragedy or crime, is also not neglected.

Next to fiction, I consider the cartoons most superb. The artist who draws them and who, I presume, illustrates the stories and skits, must be very talented and experienced. He has an eye for detail and a stroke here and a dot there impart a world of meaning.

As regards the usual features like 'World Sidelights', the reader is transported to the various foreign countries and he gathers an idea of what a strange world he lives in. Your health tips are indeed excellent and valuable. Your idea appears to be to give the average reader full information about diseases I put him on guard. You also rehearse the truth that prevention is better than cure. Your drama feature is sumptuous. I hope you will be able to give us a page picture of a star in each issue soon.

Though I am not a science student, I am able to follow your articles on science thoroughly. They are so easy to understand. I hope you will make this more regular. 'What They Say' is an unusual feature because while other papers and periodicals will not quote one another, you have no such inhibition. You give us the benefit of

other papers' opinions on the burning problems of the day.

And then your editorial is direct and hits the main points as a hammer would strike a nail. Your current comments are brief but they are like flashes of lightning.

Madras,

S. Rajagopalan.

BRIGHT READING

Sir,

I had occasion to go through your Magazine of September, 1956. I am very pleased with the language and characteristic short stories contained in it.

The speciality in the edition is that it gives opportunity to every individual from II form students and upward to understand the language.

I trust that it will be one of the very popular publications in no time.

I wish it every good fortune.

Madras, 2.12.56 D. Roberts.

REVISED OPINION

Sir,

I came across your Magazine quite recently until which time I was of the opinion that the cost of a magazine was related to the value. I paid five annas and had a copy from a local agent. I opened it with some hesitation and I had to dismiss my previous thought (viz.: the value of a magazine depends on its cost) from my head.

Let me take this opportunity of congratulating you on the most unexpected entertainment.

Bhongir.

C. J. Krupavaram.