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INDIA MAGAZINE

Leading National Monthly

VOLUME I }

JANUARY 1957

{ No. 11

LET US LOOK FORWARD

THE Nation eagerly shares in the Prime Minister's earnest hope that the area of peace and freedom will soon be enlarged. The recent Nehru-Eisenhower talks in Washington have given rise to great expectations that international tensions will be considerably reduced. Will Russia heed India's wise counsel and at least liberalise her policy in Hungary and other East European countries? Will Peking and Washington try to understand each other better and move closer together?

The year that is just past was full of grave perils. The Anglo-French aggression in the Middle East brought the world to the very brink of a third World War. In the face of adversely critical world opinion and threat from the Soviet Union to use rocket weapons, the Anglo-French forces stopped further hostilities. Their withdrawal has just been completed though the ravages of their stupid action will take long to repair.

It will be some years before Egypt recovers from the blow. Like Pord Said, her economy has to be rebuilt. Thousands have lost their homes and thousands have laid down their lives. The United Nations must give more concrete help to the Egyptian nation and mitigate its hardships. Good cometh out of evil, as they say. The United States threw its weight on the side of justice and peace and acted through the agency of the United Nations. The almighty dollar no more connotes imperialism; it stands for freedom today. In the words of the "Manchester Guardian," America has within an extra-



ENGLISH MUST CONTINUE
Sir,

When all is said and done, I believe English must stay. Suppose or a moment that this language ceases to be the national medium. What will happen? There will be no understanding or effective communication between one State and another.

Worse than linguistic division here will be linguistic chaos. Our readers must guard against this danger. As Rajaji points out, if Hindi is taught in the schools and colleges of non-Hindi-speaking States, this language can be installed as the national medium after 60 or 70 years. English can then take a second place but not before.

Bombay.

Kishore.

FINE STORIES

Sir,

On my way to Ajmer I saw your "India Magazine". I at once picked it up because it was new for me. I bought the December issue and found that it is a good Magazine. I preferred your story "Romance and its Sequel" very much. No doubt your Magazine is a good story Magazine; if possible please give more pages for political views.

Ras Fort.

Captain Yogendra
Nath Mahrish.

A SUGGESTION

Sir,

I am very much pleased to see, for the first time, your "India Magazine" of December issue and

much more interested to go through its contents.

Further I shall be glad to see your Magazine with a separate page for Questions & Answers which I hope you will appreciate and my belief is that other readers would like the same.

Cuttack.3.

P. Kumar.

PRIDE OF PLACE

Sir,

I have been a regular reader of your newly-started Magazine and I congratulate you on the informative, instructive and illuminating articles contained therein. I pray for your Magazine pre-eminence to occupy ere long the pride of place among the magazines of India, which it so richly deserves.

Madras.17.

A. N. Rajamani.

SOLD OUT

Sir,

I am a short-story writer and am very much interested in fiction magazines. The other day I was walking along the streets of Colombo, when suddenly my eyes fell on "India Magazine" kept for sale in a bookshop. I bought the December issue of the Magazine and wanted to get the back numbers too. The bookseller told me that all old issues were sold out. No doubt "India Magazine" has such a nice get up that it has a ready sale everywhere. Reading "India Magazine" is actually a great pleasure.

Pilimalalawa, Ceylon. A. Gangoda.

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



ordinarily short time "passed from an epitome of imperialism back to its former—and almost forgotten—role of the champion of peoples struggling to be free."

The picture at home encourages mild optimism. It has its lights and shades. Most momentous event was the re-organization of India on a linguistic basis. Has it been an unmixed blessing? Will it disrupt the unity of the Nation that leaders like the Lokamanya and the Mahatma so carefully fostered? Will there be a Tower of Babel when English, the great unifying force, is knocked off its pedestal? Time alone will show. Each State is trying to put up huge fences round itself. To the problem of minorities is now added another: that of linguistic groups left to fend for themselves in the new States. Leaders like Sri Rajagopalachari have raised a lone voice in the midst of this confusion and warned the Nation against such dangerous trends. But what is done is done and, apparently, what cannot be cured must be endured.

India is on the eve of the second General Elections. Millions will go to the polls to decide the fortunes of the major parties. That the Congress will sweep them in most of the States goes without saying. Kerala, West Bengal, and probably the Punjab are apt to upset calculations.

What will be the new pattern of administration like? Will the unity of the Nation and the inter-State links be forged closer? Or will provincialism in a more aggressive form assert itself? How will the minorities fare? In the name of casteism merit is apt to be ignored and inefficiency enthroned. Has the Centre power to check these evils? Will the Second Plan help solve the unemployment problem among the middle and educated classes? Recent heavy taxes have hit both the poor and the rich, and more may still be sprung upon us. There seems to be little incentive for the private sector to expand. We hope that nationalisation will stop, at least temporarily, with insurance, and not affect banking. More U. S. aid is very likely to lessen the pressure at home.

Current Comments

ACCIDENTS ON CITY ROADS

Lately there has been a sharp increase in the number of accidents on the roads of Madras City. Lorries must be held to account for most of them. Their road-worthiness needs to be checked more frequently. Recently it was suggested that many lorry drivers work under terrible strain. They spend several nights at the wheel at a stretch and go at reckless speed to reach their destinations.

The Traffic Police in the City are devising various measures to ensure safety on the roads but, as a correspondent points out in a local daily, a stricter watch on auto-rickshaws and cycle-rickshaws seems to be called for. These two are the worst among vehicular offenders, if we may use such an expression. They seldom observe the rules of the road. The auto-rickshaws are so light that any speed beyond fifteen miles an hour may easily expose them to the risk of serious accident. Cycle-rickshaws are often driven by young boys who apparently hold no licence. Both these vehicles suddenly change directions on the centre of busy

roads, and when they veer round pedestrians, going across, get confused and have to exercise all their ingenuity in avoiding them.

The same correspondent draws attention to the menace of cyclists riding abreast and obstructing other users of the road. They persist in this anti-social habit despite regular and repeated warnings by the Police. And they seldom keep to the left. It is time the Police thought of drastic action against all these offenders.

PARAMOUNT NEED

Consequent on the Ariyalur tragedy the Railway Minister, Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri, has resigned. The portfolio is now in charge of Shri Jagjivan Ram. Re-grouping of the zones and re-classification of the compartments are not of such vital importance to the travelling public. Safety is the paramount need.



New Year Resolutions!

POLITICIAN: "If I am elected to Parliament I shall move for legislation to ban too long and too many speeches by politicians and ministers. Of course, I shall make an exception in my case until the General Elections are over."

Professor: "I shall remember not to forget or mislay my things hereafter. By the way, where are my glasses? Am I to teach B.A. class or Inter now?"

Student: "I shall not sleep in the history class or mimic the Hindi pundit or stick pins in his chair. I shall see only six films a week and smoke one cigarette less per day."

Hotel Owner: "I shall use one per cent more ghee in the preparation of sweets and one per cent less of water in diluting coffee and tea."

Film Star: "My Director and fans are wondering how I have managed to grow so bulky. But not for me are fasts and fruit juices. I shall ration the rice in my diet by one-eighth and make good the loss by taking more potatoes on the sly."

Black Marketeer: "My days are numbered. I thought a

third World War was inevitable after the Middle East crisis. After the Nehru-Ik talks my goods have got to come to the surface. Well, shall look for minor, artificial crises to tide over the crisis in my own life! Never say die!"

Family Man (with five daughters): "It is five years since I have been trying to get my daughters married. I shall move other fathers in a similar plight to convene a conference of bachelors and trap some young unwed fellows. There seems to be no other way."

Father (with three sons): "For each son I will demand Rs. 10,000 as dowry, and all the expenses are to be borne by the bride's party. Not a pie less, to be sure."

Trade Union Leader: "Strikes, and more strikes! Life in city and town must be paralysed! And everyone must bow to me."

Calendar Hunter: "I shall be content if I gather a hundred New Year Calendars, shall pester every important printing press and firm until they throw a calendar at my face in sheer disgust."

—SUBHA

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BEHIND THOSE NAMES!

"WHAT is in a name?" asked Shakespeare. I wonder if I have quoted the questioner's name correctly, but supposing I am wrong, it doesn't matter much to him, because it is evident from his query that he isn't particular about it.

But there are others who are emphatic about their names, especially if they can be pronounced or spelt in more than one manner. And, it is very difficult to give utterance to some of them—the Germans have very hard ones, the French, light ones.

By DAY MWAO

The Russians are next to the Germans.

I do not know how to give tongue to Herr Richtzentrain or Monsieur Yzalkalmanidze, the former being a Prussian and the latter a Russian name. M. Maupaussant is the great French short-story writer called as Mo Pa Sa. In the East, the nomenclature is not so difficult to pronounce, though even among them the Far-Eastern ones are tough enough. How do you pronounce Hsien Hsin?

Can you imagine that the Belgian calling himself He-

morax writes it as Hemmers-jickx? The well-known Governor of French colonies in India, Do-Play's name should be spelt "Dupleix!" The Britisher Mr. Hyu Wilson is Mr. Hugh Wilson if put on paper.

Mr. Joseph of Britain is M. Joseph in Russia, and Signor Guiseppe in Italy. M. Jacques of France is Mr. Jack in Britain. Joan is feminine for John. Thus, the same name has varied forms in different countries in the West.

Coming to India, there are many types of nomenclature as there are languages, here. The manner in which one's full name is given also differs from one part to another.

In the South, the Malayalees and the Tamilians give the name of their village first, succeeded by the father's name if a male, or husband's name, if a female, and then the person's name, as in Palghat Ramnathan Narayanan. The Kannadigas and Andhras prefix their names with their surnames, but no father's or husband's name is used at all. Sri Madugula Sivayya is thus a Telugu.

In the North, the order is reversed compared to the Tamilians—the person's name is succeeded by father's or

INDIA MAGAZINE

husband's name, followed by the surname. Sri Narayan Madhav Patil is an example of it. Christians, too, have their Christian names first, followed by the surname. And these people, unless one is very closely associated or related to them, should not be called by their first names but only by their surnames.

From one's name we can make out which part of India one hails from. Ramakrishnan, Subbarayan, etc. ending with "an" are usually Tamilians or Malayalees. Sarma, Reddi, Rao are from Andhra; Patro, Panda, Panigrahi belong to Orissa; all "Jee's" like Bennerjee, Chatterjee, come from Bengal. A name ending with "kar" is inevitably a Maharashtrian, like Hardikar. Again, Sri Sivaramwar or Kamamwar or the like with the suffix "war" is a Maharashtrian whose forefathers actually were Telugus but migrated to Maharashtra.

Mehta and Desai are from Gujarat, Medhi from Assam, and Shukla from M.P.

Of course, Sheikh Ibrahim is a Muslim, Mary a Christian, and Sita a Hindu. Usually Sastry or Sarma is a Brahmin, Iyengar a Vaishnavite, Gupta or Chetty or Baisya a Vysya, and Raju a Kshatriya. Daulat Lohar is a blacksmith, Pandurang Sutar a carpenter and Shrawan Chambar a cobbler.

But Goldsmith, the author, knew not the art of jewel-making.

Nor Mr. Shepherd ever had anything to do with sheep. Kumari Meenakshi might be having the smallest possible eyes only, while Sunder Rao is probably an ugly-looking chap.

What about pen-names? How a writer arrives at one, for his stuff is difficult to imagine sometimes. Some are very very simple where the author uses the initials of his name. But there are others that are tough to be deciphered. A friend of mine writes under the nom-de-plume "Tara". I wondered how he got at it, when, he explained that he made it out of his own name Sitaram.

There are writers of one sex using names of the other sex for pen-names. A fine Telugu serial appeared in a magazine under the authorship of "Sarada". Later it was made known that the "authoress" was a male.

* *



LIBRARIAN (to Doctor): "From the book you have just returned, Doc, the appendix has been removed!"

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THE TWO DAUGHTERS

SEVENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD

Shambunath Shastri lay dying. But not a single relation of his came to see him simply because the news of his fatal illness had been carefully withheld. His wife had died when he was at the height of his fame as a leading lawyer, leaving behind two daughters to look after their father. Before Shastri gave up his practice and retired, he had married off his two daughters with dowry and jewels for each.

But Alamu and Sarasu were far from pleased with what their father had done for them. They had expected him to set apart for each a good slice of his fortune. Their husbands were mere clerks, struggling to make both ends meet. But the old skinflint would not lift his little finger to help his daughters and decided to keep aloof. He would not go and live with either of them, for that would mean additional expenditure and loss of creature comforts for himself. Nor did he regret the fact that his daughters were estranged from him. They almost turn-

ed hostile when he engaged a middle-aged widow as his cook and house-keeper. And he did not mind feeding her daughter as well.

Twice previously there had been false alarm. Parvathi, the cook, had been kind enough to send telegrams to the daughters residing in Calcutta, and urging them to start immediately if they wanted to see their father alive. On both the occasions the old man let them down and recovered from his rheumatism. But this time, four hours before the daughters arrived, Death had laid his icy hand on Shambunath Shastri. When they saw the dead body, the two sisters set up a loud wail and beat their breasts. A few neighbouring women joined in the chorus and the two sons-in-law of the dead man wiped their eyes with their kerchiefs.

SOON, however, the weeping women subsided into silence and there started a heated argument among the relations. Who was to defray the funeral expenses and who was to perform the obsequies? The

STORY STORY

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hours flew by and enquiries elicited the reply from Parvathi that the old man had left little money and that three months' pay to her was overdue. Ultimately, Alamu's husband agreed to bear the first day's expenses, and Sarasu's agreed to light the funeral pyre.

THE sisters finished their bath soon after their father's body had been carried away. They directed the cook and her daughter to fetch food for all from a distant hotel. Alamu posted her son Rajan at the entrance and warned him to keep off visitors. He was to admit the cook and her daughter only after getting his mother's permission.

The two sisters were well aware of their father's ways. Even when their mother was alive Shambunath was secretive with his money and hid it in his book-shelf or some bundle of papers or under the carpet. Though he had retired, Shastri used to read a lot and loved to keep his old law books and journals about him. The old man's study had obviously fallen into disuse; the floor was caked with dust and littered with all sorts of papers. The sisters took out each book and turned over page after page. Even old postal envelopes, with one side slit open, were not spared. They pulled out the drawers from the tables and poured out their contents. With sharp pen-knives they tore out the

cushioned seats of sofas and chairs. All that they found after an intensive three-hour search was a defaced copper coin. And a scorpion would have stung Alamu had not Sarasu spotted it emerging from the dry-as-dust ink-stand and alerted her sister.

Panting, exhausted, and bitterly disappointed, the two women glared at the cook and her daughter who had come upon them unawares.

"Didn't my son tell you not to intrude like this?" shouted Alamu in a tone of vexation.

"Rajan is sound asleep at the entrance," said the cook submissively. "Kindly excuse me if I have disturbed you, ladies. My intrusion was unintentional, really. And, now, it is high time you thought of taking a little food in spite of your sorrow. Won't you come downstairs? Your men have returned already."

THE two women were mollified at this explanation but behind the cook's back they were spiteful. "She is as wicked as she is sly, they say. I was told that she served two old men before she came to our father. And she killed all of them. Such witches must be drowned, don't you agree?"

"See how big her daughter has grown. She must be twenty-five, I daresay," mocked Sarasu. "Sister, is the allegation true that the girl

was born two years after her husband's death?"

"I am not disinclined to believe the story, seeing how frivolously Parvathi behaves towards other men. My guess is that Father must have left his will with his friend Lakshmana Rao, who is returning to town in a hurry to meet us. The moment we learn what our share of Father's property is to be, I shall kick the cook and her daughter out, you are going to see!"

"DON'T talk so loud, Sister," cautioned Sarasu. "The woman seems to be all ears."

"Don't you bother, Sarasu, if she gets an inkling of what will happen to her tonight."

In the evening, Lakshmana Rao who had served under Shambunath Shastri as a junior at the bar and had possessed the old man's confidence to his last day, paid a visit and offered his condolences to one and all gathered in his late friend's house. Without opening his suit-case, he said simply: "Shambunath Shastri wrote his will last week. I don't want to read it though it is very brief. I am afraid you would hate me for reading it. He had Rs. 60,000 in the bank in addition to this house. The will allots Rs. 10,000 to the man who performs his obsequies."

He stopped abruptly and looked round to study the

effect of his statement.

Sarasu beamed delightedly at her father's friend and said: "My husband lit the funeral pyre, sir, and I presume he gets that sum?"

"Of course, I shall give your husband a cheque for Rs. 10,000 first thing tomorrow morning. You know, your father has nominated me as the sole executive trustee."

Alamu flared up on hearing these words. "I question the justice of your allotment, sir. My husband has defrayed today's expenses and my sister's husband has performed the obsequies with my husband's money. Since the two have entered into an agreement my husband is entitled to half that amount."

"If there has been such an understanding it is only proper that I should divide the amount into two and give each of you Rs. 5,000," conceded Lakshmana Rao.

"THAT is a lie," shouted Sarasu. "You must stick to the terms of the will, Mr. Advocate."

Lakshmana Rao blinked and stared at the two women, and then at their husbands.

"Better tell us how the rest of the property is to be divided, Sir," suggested Alamu, after an awkward pause.

"What I am going to tell you will be more surprising but I can't help making that announcement. Shambunath Shastri has left this house and the balance of Rs. 50,000 to Parvathi who nursed him through all his years of retirement."

The two sisters were shocked and speechless at this revelation and stood staring at each other in utter helplessness and misery. Alamu's husband, Raghupathi, broke the silence at last. "Mr. Lakshmana Rao," he said, "I should think my father-in-law was not in his senses when he made this will. Suppose we prove this point in a court of law?"

"YOUR father-in-law was himself a great lawyer, Mr. Raghupathi," retorted Lakshmana Rao. "He forestalled this possibility and when he drew up the will I brought in a registrar to his bedside to attest to it. So we have to recognise it and resign ourselves to the inevitable. Personally I wish he had been generous to his daughters. I have done my duty, and permit me to leave you. If Sarasu's husband, Mr. Vishwanath, calls at my residence tomorrow I shall readily hand him a cheque for Rs. 10,000."

Alamu wept bitterly on hearing these words and would not be comforted by her husband. She wouldn't

12 speak with her sister, either, but turned to the cook. "Parvathi, I never thought that Father would humiliate me like this even after his death. But I will not stay under your roof for another minute. We are leaving for Calcutta in another hour. I hope you will be happy."

"ALAMU, I am afraid you have wrongly judged me all these years. You must relent towards me a little," pleaded Parvathi with tears in her eyes. "When I came to serve your father I was starving. I did not know how to feed my girl, Radha, who was just five years then. He was more than kind to us but you don't know how many times I had begged of him to send for you two and make you happy. But he froze into silence whenever I made mention of you."

"Drop that patronising tone, won't you?" snarled Alamu. "And say what you have to say, quickly."

"We two never asked of your father any special favour at any time," went on the cook, ignoring the interruption.

"So what do you want us to do now?" Alamu snapped.

"I have a proposal to make and if you and your husband are agreeable, you won't be losers, I assure you."

"Well, go on," remarked Alamu haughtily.

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"Don't take me amiss. I am prepared to give you Rs. 25,000 as dowry if you agree to my proposal that your son Rajan and my daughter Radha are married," said Parvathi. "We need not wait for long. In our community an old man's death is generally an occasion for rejoicing, not for mourning. We shall celebrate the marriage after a fortnight. But I will give you the promised amount earlier—on getting the cheque from the advocate."

SARASU was bursting with envy on hearing the cook's proposal. "Alamu, my dear sister, how can you entertain such a disgraceful proposal? Only this afternoon you were telling me about the obscurity of this woman's origin and the scandal about her daughter's birth. Just think of our high traditions and our respectability...."

But Alamu ignored her sister's remarks, went up to Parvathi and embraced her. "Parvathi dear, I have found in you a true friend and an elder sister. My son Rajan and your daughter Radha shall be married after a fortnight. Your daughter is charming to look at and she is as sweet-natured as yourself. You may take it that my husband and myself have given our seal of approval to your proposal."

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Alamu's husband nodded his approval from behind. "I am simply delighted, madam, to witness such a happy turn," he said.

"How atrocious!" exclaimed Sarasu in annoyance. "The boy is only 22 and the girl is 25, and they are to be married. My God! That is why they say this is 'Kali Yuga.'"

But Alamu and Parvathi were already busy planning for the wedding on a lavish scale.

—KRISHNAMANI



"Our new library assistant is the son of a mason. See how he has arranged the books!"

13

AT THE BUS STOP

A LONG queue of ladies and gentlemen on the roadside surprised me. There was no cinema, theatre, or exhibition to which they were enthusiastically going and waiting hours in, and hours out, in a queue to get a ticket. It was simply a bus stop where people were standing in a long queue, longer than that of any cinema. I wondered how I was going to reach my destination. It was five and I had to reach there at six sharp. I was in a hurry to go there in time, but now I was facing the queue problem.

There was no alternative. I must catch the bus. A taxi would be very costly and no tonga was available. So I lined up in the row. Before me was standing a lady wearing a sky-blue sari. Her make-up was glaring and gave out a very sweet fragrance. Everyone was looking, curiously towards her. She looked so glamorous.

Ten minutes passed and yet there was no bus. My anxiety increased. After another twelve minutes a bus arrived but did not stop, while the queue went on swelling steadily. People started talking bus politics and lively com-

ments. Everybody was taking a deep interest and was trying to express his views in a vociferous manner. I was also keenly interested and forgot my anxiety.

Someone was saying, "The bus service in Delhi is not so perfect."

"Yes! you are right. There is good service in Bombay and Calcutta." (It was clear he had never visited Bombay or Calcutta before.)

K. S. MEHTA

Another retorted, "Yes, there is five minutes' service."

THE man, who was standing fourth, remarked, "Not only is the service more frequent, but the rates are also very low."

The man next to me spoke, "Right you are, you can travel two miles in an anna."

Someone interrupted, "Sir, you should know that the population of Bombay and Calcutta is very large and the bus companies earn lots..."

The other cut him short, "What is the connection between the population of a city and the bus company?"

"I know better. You know nothing and you are only bragging."

THE man stepped forward and snarled, "You are bragging, not I. Hold your tongue, otherwise..."

The other said, "What! Let me know, you fool, whether you are arguing or quarrelling."

"You are quarrelling, not I!" said the other.

A bus was seen arriving at the stop and it attracted the attention of the people standing there. The queue moved a bit forward but only two persons could enter the bus, as the conductor did not allow the others to get in.

Again bus politics commenced on my left and I smiled to myself. At last another bus arrived and braked to a violent stop.

"Only one!" said the conductor and in order that his meaning might be clearer, he held up his index finger.

The girl stepped on the foot-board and questioned the conductor, "What about my husband? How is he to go?"

I gasped. At first I thought her "spouse," was somewhere in the queue behind me or he might be standing under the shade of a big tree and so I gazed sheepishly around.

RESIGNEDLY the conductor said, "O.K.!" The girl flicking me with her elbow beckoned to me to come in!

I realised with a start that she actually meant me.



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So I instantly hopped up on the foot-board and gently whispered, "Thank you!" and in reply I got a dazzling friendly smile.

I STOOD in the gangway near her seat. The conductor came there demanding the fares. He approached me for the tickets, naturally enough, because he thought I was her husband. I did not mind buying two tickets for, after all, she had rescued me from the tiresome wait in the 'queue' by her kind and most considerate act.

"Where to?" I asked bending quite low to her so as not to give the conductor the impression of our different destinations.

"Oh! Karolbagh, please! Thanks a lot."



One crow (to another) "We have mistaken this man for a statue. Let us fly off quick, I say!"

So I asked for one ticket for Karolbagh and the other for Pusa Road—I mean, the next bus stop.

The conductor looked up—but then suddenly looked down, and smiled, and handed me the two respective tickets.

"Will you not come to our house on Monday?" she asked with a smile, handing me her card.

I took it and smiled.

THE conductor almost laughed loud as he saw her giving me the card. "Her usual procedure!" he said to himself.

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MOHANA stood near the street tap, waiting for her brasspot to fill up. It was almost noon when the pressure on the water main was considerably reduced. Watching the thin trickle of precious drops, she fell into a reverie. She wiped her eyes dry with the tail-end of her sari. But the tears came faster than the water from the tap. She hastily looked around. Luckily no one was watching.

Her recollections came thick and fast. It had seemed only yesterday but in reality her mother, Ammani, had died twelve years ago. She underwent an operation in the hospital for a boil. She was a strong and healthy woman but the doctors had bungled. Mohana was only ten years old then but she had heard her father say that an overdose of chloroform had sent her into a

swoon from which she never recovered. Those were the days when most of the hospitals were death-traps. The poor and the ailing refused to go there for fear that they would be subjected to dangerous experiments. The nurses and the surgeons regarded them as just so many torn shirts to be discarded as expeditiously as possible. They had very little sympathy—

hardly a kind word came out of their lips. They behaved like demi-gods and treated the patients with contempt and derision.

HER mother had strongly protested against her removal to the hospital. She begged Naganath, her husband, to have the operation performed by the family doctor at home. But Dr. Sahadev had been to his village and, strange to say, had been stricken with malaria there. He was expect-



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ed to return in a week or ten days. But the doctor who was attending on Ammani insisted on immediate hospital attention. It was a running abscess, he warned. The high fever was an indication. Being chief surgeon in the hospital, he promised a "painless" operation and quick healing.

BUT Ammani had her misgivings. She called Mohana to her side and shed copious tears over her precious head. She took off all her jewels and put them round her darling's neck. She told her that she might not return. "All the lands and this house which I inherited from my mother are yours, darling. Even your father can't touch them," she said, sobbing. "You can be assured of food and comfort all your life, dear, and there is no fear of starvation for you. But, mark my words, Mohana, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. You may even lose this property. Have faith in God. He will watch over you and protect you at all times. 'Ram Nam' is your magic mantra. Chant it at all times, won't you, my dearest?"

The little girl could not understand the full import of these words but she comprehended enough the need to build up her faith in the Unseen Hand. Her father in his impatience almost chided Ammani. "Don't you frighten the child with all those words. No harm will come to you, you may be sure. The doctor

says this will only be a minor operation—nothing more than a flea bite. In another two days you are going to return home and attend to your daily chores. Now, shall we take you to the carriage?"

Mohana went on weeping until her aunt, who rushed in from the neighbouring village, took charge of her and comforted her into silence. That afternoon her father returned from the hospital, crying aloud. He beat his head with his hands and tore at his hair. Trailing behind him were four hospital servants carrying the dead body of Ammani. Her misgivings were confirmed. Oh, how the women wailed. Mohana shrieked her little head off. Only with great difficulty could she be restrained as the men carried the bier.

IN another six months Naganath had re-married, much to the surprise of his associates and neighbours. He had been scoffing at the idea of another woman taking Ammani's place. There was no place in his heart for a second wife, he had asserted. Lalita was a poor girl from the neighbouring village. She was twenty-four, they said. Her widowed mother was running an eating-house and scraping a livelihood. She had an elder brother, Somas. He was a loafer who robbed his mother of all her savings and frequented houses of ill-fame.

Naganath's second marriage was a simple ceremony, performed in the village temple. He was careful not to invite his relations but later on arranged a feast for them in his house. They were sullen and disgruntled. They hated to see another woman succeed Ammani and gushed with pity for Mohana. But they could say nothing helpful and so dropped out without a word.

SOON, all the three—Lalita, Somas, and their mother—were entrenched in the new house. Their word was law. The step-mother took away Mohana's jewels, which Ammani had left, and adorned herself with them. They made the girl do most of the household work and begrudged food and clothes to her. One thing they could not, however, prevent—her education. Naganath said that he had given Ammani a solemn promise to have Lalita's school course completed, and music taught to her by an expert. This promise, he insisted, must be fulfilled under any circumstances.

In course of time, Lalita became the mother of four little girls but the woman began to develop a mean outlook and a vicious temper. She nagged her husband and cowed him into silence. She lashed Mohana with her sharp tongue and even beat her with a cane. The young girl found an asylum in school and spent nearly two hours in her

music teacher's house. On her way back she regularly visited the home of Dr. Sahadev, the family physician. The doctor and his wife were very fond of her and she could help herself to any dish that she liked in their kitchen.

But it was Madhav, the doctor's son, who attracted Mohana. They were secretly in love with each other. In a few months the young man would be finishing his graduate course. He was their only child and his fond parents were unwilling to let him go out of their sight. If it was to be a question of higher studies, they were prepared to wind up their affairs and move with him to the city. But they were too confused to make up their minds.

Dr. Sahadev and his wife were quite aware that their son was very much in love with Mohana and that she, too, was very fond of him. They agreed that it would be a privilege to have such a sweet-looking, intelligent girl like Mohana, for their daughter-in-law. Her gentle laughter, lively conversation, and entrancing music brightened up their home. They knew that Naganath would be most willing to give his daughter's hand in marriage to Madhav.

BUT storm clouds were gathering in the domestic skies. The doctor and his wife realised that the step-mother would oppose this match. And there was a plan behind it all. She



was eager to grab hold of Ammani's property and this purpose could be achieved by marrying off Mohana to her own brother, Somas. There were thirty acres and a big mansion which would go into the possession of the lucky man who became Mohana's husband.

SOMAS was nearly thirty-nine years old. Rumour had it that his first wife was living. He had married a girl twenty years ago and abandoned her after a few months. He was a born idler, dressed like a dandy, and took his mother's hard-earned money to throw after prostitutes. Now that his sister was in a flush after her marriage he had no difficulties now. He got what money he wanted though he seldom stayed in his brother-in-law's home.

Somas now took to drinking as well. Occasionally he created scenes, and once he even kicked his sister and slapped his brother-in-law, who had dared to protest against his disgraceful habit. But Lalita gave him more money and sent him out of the house.

At first, Naganath was stunned and rendered speechless when his wife snuggled close to him one night in the bed and proposed that Somas and Mohana should be married. She went on enumerating the advantages of such a union. The two families could be more closely knit. The

property would not go out of their hands. Mohana would remain with them for ever and look after her sisters. Was that not an attractive prospect?

For the first time the husband showed his courage. He tore himself from the arms of this wily woman and glared at her. "I am a God-fearing man, Lalita. I am positive Ammani's spirit is watching over me and she will curse me and haunt me if I sacrifice that innocent girl to a rakish drunkard. I love you, dear, but I can't bring myself to like that blackguard whom you have the misfortune to call your brother."

LALITA got up from the bed, her sari partly trailing on the ground. She snarled at her husband like a tigress. "So you are talking about character and virtue? Better teach them to that slut of your daughter who revels every day in the arms of Madhav. I am told that they even sleep together while the stupid doctor and his wife deliberately connive at them. The doctor may even give her preventive medicines in case of trouble."

"What do you know about your own household and your own position unless I have to din and drum the facts into your dull brains? If Mohana marries some stranger, we are lost. You have not a pie which you can call your own. And you have ceased to earn."

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Remember, you are past fifty and have already saddled me with four daughters.

"SUPPOSE something happens to you tomorrow and I become a widow? I have to drag all these little ones to some crowded corner and beg for alms. I will be reduced to a worse position than the one before my marriage. What if my brother is a bit wayward in his ways? Of course, you can take my word for it, he will reform himself and become more steady when he is married. All young men run wild. Only the other day, some old woman was saying that before you married Ammani you had been interested in a concubine. You have ruined me and my children!"

This outburst was followed by a flood of tears. She slapped the sleeping children, pinched them and woke them up. They all sat up and howled until Naganath gave, and agreed, though reluctantly, to abide by her decision. But she went on moaning and snivelling until he put his arms about her waist and promised to give her a free hand in regard to all matters of the household.

But no detail of this episode escaped Mohana's attention. She was listening outside their room to their arguments and stole back to her bed in the adjacent room only after she was satisfied that her parents were sleeping. The next night she posted her-

self outside their bedroom and listened to further discussions of the proposal. The plan was carried a stage further when Lalita asked her husband to keep this matter confidential. The marriage was to be celebrated next Sunday in the same village temple where herself and Naganath had been married. They must be careful not to invite any of the relatives. They might raise all sorts of objections and even prevent the marriage. They could certainly hold a grand feast on a suitable occasion later.

SHE said she had obtained her brother's consent to this proposal. On Saturday they would hire a cart and leave for Neelagam, her own village. Somas would be joining them there. Mohana was to be told about her marriage only after reaching the village. Otherwise she might make a scene or run to the doctor's house....

But Mohana knew. She had overheard all the details. As she was standing near the tap she wept quietly about the fate that was about to overwhelm her. Today was Friday. The next day they were scheduled to leave for the village. That her father was a party to this conspiracy surprised her. She still loved him but she understood that he was caught helplessly in her step-mother's clutches.

But she was brave though she could not remain calm.

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She had already worked out her own plan. She would end her life that very night. Her father was welcome to take her property and utilise it as well as he thought fit. She did not want her mother's money. She would willingly have given it away if he had asked for it.

SHE felt about her waist and smiled. In the folds of her sari was hidden a packet of white powder which was deadly poison. She had stolen it from the doctor's dispensary. That night after she had retired to her room, she would take that powder and end her troubles.

She assisted her step-mother in the preparations for the journey and after taking her supper went into her room and bolted the door. With trembling hands she dug up the small paper packet and gleefully examined the powder. She was about to put it into a tumbler of water and mix it, when she remembered her mother's injunction to utter the Lord's name before doing anything important. She knelt down before a portrait of Rama and closed her eyes in prayer.

Just then she heard her step-mother shrieking aloud and beating her breast. "Oh, my dear brother! Should this happen to you? What shall I say to mother?"

Mohana tore open the door and flew into the hall. The sight that met her eyes froze her blood. On a bench was

stretched the dead body of Somas. His face was hideous and distorted into a leer. There was a small crowd gathered round the corpse. It appeared that he had passed away in drunken stupor in his village. His friends had brought him to his sister's house.

Dr. Sahadev was urgently summoned. But he shook his head and pronounced life extinct. It was a case of death from heart failure, he said. Before leaving, he spoke a few words of consolation to the bereaved sister and mother, threw a meaningful smile at Mohana, and instructed Naganath to make speedy arrangements for the funeral.

MOHANA went back to her room, threw away the powder, and prayed to the Lord again.

A month later, Dr. Sahadev sent for Naganath and broached the topic of Mohana's marriage. "I knew you had plans to have her married to your late brother-in-law. Don't look so startled, my dear man. Now, I would like to place a proposition before you. Are you agreeable to the marriage of my son with your daughter? They are fond of each other. I want your answer right now."

Naganath scratched his head. "Why, of course, doctor," he said, "I shall consider it a privilege to have such a high-priced alliance. Why, sure, sure!"

"Only on one condition," stipulated the doctor.

Naganath stared in surprise.

"That you take possession of Mohana's property left by her mother. My son is rich enough without it. And if you agree, the marriage must be celebrated next week."

The wedding of Mohana and Madhav, celebrated on a grand scale, was the talk of the town for days.—(Copyright)

SUSPICION

—Continued from page 28

acting. Also, that was the last time she ever appeared in films. She got consumption, and died last year. By a tacit understanding we don't talk about her at all. Even her photo is not hung up in our house because mother faints away with grief at the very sight. If you doubt what I say, darling, come with me to father's house and you will learn all the details. And I will produce from my box a photo of both of us to show you. Something told me to bring it."

Sharma's eyes dilated in wonder. "Is that so? Forgive me, honey. But still I have a doubt. I read your name in the list of the supporting cast. How was that?"

Tha young woman smiled. "Because we were twins they named us both Lakshmi. But her name was Annadhana Lakshmi and my name is Pradhana Lakshmi. Is the picture still running?" she asked.

"I shall take you there this evening if you don't mind," he said.

But before she could reply he had gathered her in his arms and his mouth had found hers in an ardent kiss. * *

L. G.

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SHARMA wistfully gazed at the photo of his wife hanging on the wall and sighed. The lovely, doe-eyed girl seemed to smile at him in her own inimitable way. The young man felt a wrench in his heart as he tore himself out of the room. It was hardly a month since they had been married and set up this cozy home. They were devoted to each other and happy beyond expression.

Then one night her uncle came in with a message that her grandmother was dying. He also handed over to Shar-

Nor was he in a position to accept his father-in-law's invitation to visit Coimbatore. He had already borrowed money from friends for purchasing vessels and new furniture and a trip would make too heavy demands on his lean purse. He might have to foot more bills and buy presents for his younger brothers-in-law. He took his wife aside and extracted a promise from her to return home at any cost within a week. Her departure with her uncle was hurried as they had to catch the train within half an hour.

SUSPICION

ma a letter from Viswanath, his father-in-law, requesting permission for Lakshmi to stay by the sickbed of his mother who was very fond of this girl. Sharma also would be welcome to accompany her to Coimbatore and all comforts were promised.

How could the young man refuse permission to his wife under such melancholy circumstances? He was unwilling to let her go but she, too, had her obligations and duties to fulfil. It would be unfair of him to detain her.

To Sharma, his little homelooked bleak and dull without his beautiful wife. All the same, it made him laugh to think that an advertisement that had appeared in a daily some six weeks back had led to his marriage into a family whom he had not known before. Photos had been exchanged by return of post, and were liked on both sides. Horoscopes had been checked up and the over-anxious father of the girl had over-ruled the objections of the astrologer when Sharma waived all

claims to dowry. Nor were there any relations on the young man's side to raise inconvenient questions.

Within another week the marriage had been celebrated. Viswanath was a struggling advocate and had more relations than money. Sharma knew very little about them but he did not regret the choice he had made. He found Lakshmi more beautiful and accomplished than the advertisement described her to be. More, she was always cheerful and smiling and took a great delight in attending to his little wants...

matinee show had begun lest some friend should spot him and flay him alive before others. He enjoyed the songs and dance sequences though he wished the hero and the heroine were less self-conscious and more natural. But there was a story within a story wherein a flower-decked fairy danced on the river-bank.

SHARMA sat upright, his hair standing on end. The fairy was in scanty clothing but wore flower garlands that enhanced her charms. She danced superbly to the accompaniment of the mellifluous

Short Story by N. Ranga Ramanujam

NOW he missed his angle and there was a great void in his heart. And time was hanging heavy on his hands. He was in no mood to see his friends or colleagues. He had been known to them as a great chatter-box, but they were all surprised to find him shy and reserved now. Sharma had always hated to go to the cinema and mocked at his friends' craze for films. But that day he suddenly took it into his head to see an old song-and-dance comedy running in a small theatre in the back street.

Sharma almost slunk into his seat five minutes after the

notes of a flute from somewhere in the forest. The girl looked as bewitching as a fairy was supposed to be. But Sharma's heart was pounding so fast that it threatened to burst his body. "Lord!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "it is Lakshmi who is dancing!"

A sense of irrepressible rage and shame overwhelmed him. He cursed himself for marrying a girl whose past was a closed book to him. Was his Lakshmi as good as she pretended to be? He was amazed to realise that she had not breathed a word about her life in studios. She must be



a shameless, heartless hussy and was out to ruin him beyond redemption, he told himself. And what an unscrupulous father this Viswanath must be! It was evident that he was not a success in the profession and fattened himself on his daughter's earnings. But he had failed in his duty by keeping his son-in-law in the dark about her career in films. And suppose some friends of his saw

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this picture and recognized his wife? He shuddered at the very thought.

BEING a cautious man by nature, Sharma came back in the evening to see the same picture again and had a good look at the dancing fairy. Yes, there was not even the shadow of doubt about the identity of the girl. She was his wife. He came out of the hall and studied the

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huge poster near the booking counter for more details. Among the names of the supporting cast he found the name "Lakshmi."

WHAT more proof was wanted? The picture had been produced two years back and though he was liberalminded enough to look upon career girls with an indulgent eye, he could not forgive this mean attempt at hiding an important truth. There certainly was nothing harmful if Viswanath had told him about his daughter's work in the studios. And all these days when they had been alone and she had talked to him about a thousand and one things, about her parents, grandmother, her younger brothers, her neighbours, and school mates. But, he remembered, she had not mentioned one word about her career. What day-acting! Also, he recalled one occasion when she had deliberately lied to him that he was not a habitual picture-goer and did not know how pictures were shot.

As he lay tossing restlessly in the bed that night, he felt

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that all his love for her was dead and nothing remained but hatred, bitterness and disillusionment. His body ached when he got up on Monday morning. It was already nine and he had to rush to the bus terminus if he was to be in



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office on time. The postman slipped in a letter and as he looked at the envelope he recognized his wife's handwriting. "The false-hearted wench!" he muttered angrily to himself as he tore it open and took out her letter. It was a brief note. "Darling, I can't keep away from you, and I am dying to see you, to be in your arms. Grand-mother has recovered miraculously enough and I am leaving for Madras by tomorrow night. I know you get up late. So don't bother to come to the Central. Lots of love—Lakshmi."

He tore up her letter into shreds in a blaze of fury and walked out of his house. At the post office on the way he took a telegraph form and wrote: "Not Expecting you. Warn You Not To Come—Sharma." He booked the telegram, crumpled the receipt, threw it on the floor, and went to his office.

IN the evening he did not return home. He spent hours in a friend's room, talking and smoking to forget the dull ache that persisted in his heart. He was back in his home by one o'clock in the night and threw himself into his bed. Tired and worn out, he sank into a deep sleep until he was startled by a continuous knock on the door. He got up hastily to open the door to find his wife greeting him with a heart-warming smile. She was standing

alone with a small suit-case in her hand. He pretended to be absorbed in the morning paper for a few minutes. She was scared by the frown on his face and silently went in, chilled by the lack of welcome. He slammed the door behind him and barked at her in a surly tone, "Didn't you get my telegram? Why did you come?"

"Yes, I got your telegram. We all thought you were angry at the separation. What has gone wrong, dear? You haven't greeted me as usual. And why shouldn't I come? Is this not my home?" she asked with a smile.

HE gave her a slap in the face that sent her staggering to the wall. "Tell me in how many pictures you have acted. Did you go to see your grandmother or to any studio on the sly to make money?" he snarled.

In a flash she understood his grievance and clung to him weeping. "You are wrong, dear, and I, too, am to blame to some extent for not telling you everything about my family. I am one of the twin sisters and the other is no more. She used to dance wonderfully and she was crazy about a part in films. A friend of my father's who owned a studio gave her the part of a fairy in a song-and-dance picture and there was all-round appreciation of her

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A CAREER MOTHER'S PROBLEM

(By E. T.)

"I DON'T know what to do about Padma," a young mother recently was telling her doctor. "She has lately become rather sulky and she does not seem to be eating well. My mother-in-law thinks it is all connected with the fact that I am working. What do you think?"

The doctor smiled. "Relax," he said, "there is nothing wrong with your Padma that a few months of growth won't cure. I've checked her health and she is in top form. If she doesn't seem to be eating as much as before, it may be that she isn't as active in the summer. As for her sulking, I have noticed that you have been paying too much attention to her moods. You seem to be almost expecting her to sulk and she senses it. Children usually do what is expected of them and if you expect her to be sad and angry because you are working, she will soon respond.

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"Then, too, you may be making a mountain out of a molehill because you feel guilty about your working. Your mother-in-law's attitude does not help. But to blame mood on that fact is like saying that every illness is caused by the same germ. Padma has a right to feel sulky at times, whether it's about your working or about them, things get complicated. For then she will start using them for all they are worth."

Two Strikes

THERE is a tendency, unfortunately, among many working mothers, especially those who do not actually have to work, to blame everything on their "working away from home." The mother who must work, or the mother who must help supplement the family income, generally does not have this concern about the children's resentment. She knows that she has no choice in the matter.

The woman who works be-

cause she "enjoys her work" is in a different position. To do something because "you enjoy it" bears already a slight taint of selfishness. Add to that the tradition that woman's place is in the home and we know why the working mother has two strikes against her even before she gets herself a job. The woman who does not feel fulfilled by household tasks and child-raising is still frowned upon by a great part of our population—despite the fact that some of the healthiest and happiest children were raised in homes where both parents worked.

ASIDE from the notion that mothers belong behind stoves instead of typewriters, there is another misconception which is hard to overcome. That is the old adage that a child needs security and he can get it only if mother is at home all the time. True, children need to feel that their home is not threatened, and that their parents love them, but there is no reason why they must get this reassurance 24 hours a day.

Nalini & Ramesh

Four-year-old Nalini, for example, smiles and waves cheerful good-bye to her mother every morning, confident that her mother will

return, confident that during their separation her mother won't forget her.

LITTLE Ramesh, on the other hand, is worried. He, too, is four-year-old, but when his mother starts to put her chappals on in the morning he makes a terrible scene. It takes every ounce of his mother's willing power to get herself out of the house and to office. The same situation prevails when mother and father attempt to go out in the evening. He finally cries himself to sleep. Even when his mother is home on week-ends Ramesh is unable to play with his friends. Every 10 minutes he runs into the house to reassure himself that she is still there. His mother finally gives up working since she sees how Ramesh suffers. She and her husband reduce going out till Ramesh "is older." They fail to realise that it is not Ramesh's age but the relationship between him and his mother which has created his anxieties.

Let's assume that things are well between you and your child, that you enjoy his company and are interested in him. Let's assume that you have other interests besides your children, art, teaching or office work. Or



"We had an argument, and he forgot himself!"

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you would like more income to improve your family's standards of living. Whatever your reasons for working, be honest about them. There is nothing wrong with the desire to work.

Practical Plan

All right, then, you have decided you want to work for any number of reasons. Now discuss this with your husband. Try to determine with him how it would affect your life as husband and wife. Work out a practical plan for the whole family as to meals, work at home, etc. See to it that you and he reach a point where you consider Junior's welfare your joint responsibility. This may be a good time to help a father realize that every child and not only the particular child whose mother works, needs a father as well as a mother.

BEFORE you accept that job away from home, you must lay more ground-work. If he has been accustomed to playing with you all day, it will be difficult to make the break. This is when you should encourage him to seek out playmates of his own age. The emphasis should be on his increasing maturity. "You are getting old enough now, Virendra, to go down to the playground alone," rather than on your inability to look after him because you will be going to work soon.

In this time before you go

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to your new job you will have chosen the nursery school for your child or, if he is to remain at home, have picked out the person who is to take care of him. Here, again, the important things are warmth and affection. If your child has a good relationship with his aunt or grandma and if she is willing to take on the job, grab her! If you are hiring a maid to take over, you have to make sure of certain things. Is she somebody who will think first of your child? Is she outgoing and understanding? Does she look just plain like children?

If your child is to go to a nursery school, select one where you feel he will be happy. Once you have selected a nursery school or kindergarten if it is possible, give the child time to settle down before you go to work.

Junior's Questions

Your next step will be to prepare him for the day when you go to work. Depending on his age and emotional maturity, you may tell him something to this effect: "Pretty soon, I will be going to work during the day, the way Daddy is, and grandma, (or Aunt Leela) will be with you and take care of you." Tell the child why you are going to work. It is amazing how even very young children can accept the truth, even if it's unpleasant.

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It may take a while for Junior to get used to the idea of your working. Again try to be a bit more patient. Answer his questions—the fact that he repeats himself shows that he still has not absorbed the idea.

THE child will want to know where you are going to be working, what time you will be leaving, what time you will be coming home. The more concrete a picture he can form, the better he will be able to cope with it. If you can actually take him to the office where you will be working, introduce him to your co-workers or at least point out the building to him from the outside; he will feel better.

Still Tearful

All possible plans have been made and you are off to work. Still, when you return in the evening, a tearful youngster greets you at the door and clings to you. What to do then? Your child is experiencing the new, strange situation. Depending on the sensitivity and the maturity of the child, this may last anywhere from a few days to several months. He needs you now. Watch out that you don't get goaded into confusing the issue. If you have made up your mind that work is what you want, your child's tears must not force you to change your mind now.

Rather you must help him pass through this phase.

If you do decide that you'd better stay home and be a "good mother", chances are that in a few months same pressures will again start working on you and tempting you to seek employment. And this time your dilemma will be so much more intense because you refused to face your needs honestly the first time and considered only those of your child, or what you thought were those of your child.

Best Way

Again if you settle down to motherhood on a full-time basis, gradually you may be feeling a certain resentment at your child for interfering with your own drives.

SINCE you have chosen to work, or since you are forced to work, help your child to accept this reality. When you are at home with him give him all the time possible. Try to play and read with him as much as possible. Even entertaining and social life away from home may have to wait till the weekend so that the child can at least have his parents with him on week-day nights. Be objective about your child's troubles, and try to understand them in terms of the child's development rather than in terms of your working.

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WOMAN AND A GAME

SHE didn't look up when the door opened and closed. She knew he was standing there looking at her. Out of the corners of her eyes she saw him cross to the window. He was wearing his leather jacket and corduroys. His crash helmet dangled by its strap from his left hand.

He leaned against the window-sill and watched her as she folded a dress and put it in the suitcase. His thick black hair was matted to his head and there was an oil smear across his cheek.

"What I can't figure out," he said angrily, "is why you even bothered to come down."

"I told you why." She swung around sharply and sat down on the bed. "I thought, if I tried, I could fall back into the old pattern. I thought everything would be just the same as it used to be. But I can't—it isn't—"

"So now you're running out on me."

Her stomach ached suddenly. "My train doesn't leave you in Allandale. To the

until after the race."

"You used to like the racing game." His eyes narrowed at her accusingly. "Why don't you now?"

The sound of a motor starting up in the street made answering him impossible. A second, a third and a fourth rattled the window at his back. It had been this way all morning and most of last night and all of the day before as 500 motorcycles roared into town for the meet.

When she could be heard she said: "We're older than we were three years ago, Rick. It makes a difference."

AT 19 it had been glamorous and thrilling to go tearing all over the country on a motorcycle. At 19 she had raced all around the circuit with him, living from track to track, in cheap hotels.

"It's time we settled down."

"To what?" he

asked.

"To that house I showed you in Allandale. To the

A Short Story

By

EDWARD S. FOX

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3—Jan. '57

3:

garage."

"Skip the garage talk," he said quickly.

"BUT it's what you always used to want." She smoothed her dress over her knees carefully. "It's what we used to save up for when you were racing. Now we can have it. We've got enough saved up. We can buy it."

He said through his teeth:

"Will you please skip the garage talk?"

She pressed her hands hard on the bed.

"If I win this meet the Eagle Company has promised me a job racing for them." He shifted his crash helmet to his other hand and his voice wasn't so fierce now. "I'll pay real money."

"Until you're killed."

"That sort of thing doesn't frighten me."

"No, because you're selfish." Her temper flared. "You're not willing to give up being a hero, that's what's the trouble with you. You've been Lieutenant, Rick Mason, the man who shot down six planes in one day. You don't want to settle down to a humdrum life in a garage. You've got to have something with more glory to it. People have cheered you so much, you've got to keep on hearing their cheers."

He looked hard at her.

"You've got it all figured out, haven't you?"

"Well, I'm right, aren't I?"

He got off the window-sill. "No you're not." He crossed the room and stopped by the foot of the bed. "I'm afraid to go into the garage business, if you must know. Yes—afraid. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But it's not. Not when you stop to think about it—about the way the navy is, I mean. It pays you a good salary, feeds you, takes care of you if you're sick. It pays your travelling expenses, and your living expenses. You can't lose your job, or the shirt off your back."

HIS glance dared her to laugh. "When you've been in the service for three and have got used to the security of it—well, it takes courage to be a civilian again."

He stopped. He turned abruptly to the door. "It's an hour to staring time," he said savagely. "We'd better step on it."

He went out and the door slammed behind him. She just sat there and stared at the closed door in astonishment. If Rick had told her he was afraid of planes or of motorcycles she couldn't have been more taken aback. Rick afraid of anything, especially of the chance to strike out with his own garage business, was unbelievable. And yet—

She stood up slowly and

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drew off her sweater and let her skirt fall to the floor. She packed them in the suitcase, which was much too empty with only her things in it.



She was ready to pack up....

drew on a pair of brown coveralls. She left the room, then walked downstairs and through the lobby of the hotel, and stood on the sidewalk, looking up and down until a rider in a bright yellow shirt and sky-blue pants came up and said: "Rick's gone. He said for me to bring you down."

SHE felt relieved. Rick had flung his confession at her and bolted. A little time would lessen his embarrassment. Rick was proud and he never would have revealed this fear at all if her packing up to leave him hadn't forced his hand. That he had been carrying it around with him for a long time—probably

even before he'd come out of the service—was clear. She felt fresh amazement at his success in keeping it hidden from her. It explained many things, though his irritability, his sharpness with her, the wall that had been built between them, brick by brick, each time she had mentioned either the house or the garage.

They rode down the approach to the beach and turned south under the pier. People stared at them out of car windows as they weaved through the traffic, the big motorcycle under them wheeling effortlessly along at 60 miles an hour, but Donna was blind to everything. She was unaware of the bright Florida sun

overhead, the dunes and the ocean, and the beach, 600 feet wide and hard as concrete under their tyres. She was riding in a vacuum until her driver said over his shoulder,

"Rick'll be sitting pretty if he wins today, won't he?"

She didn't answer.

"Be too bad if he loses, though."

"If he loses," she said to herself, "he might feel differently about this whole thing. He might give up racing."

Supposing he was made to lose—in such a way that he would never know—and never could blame her?

The idea was born then. It stirred and leaped to life, and by the time they reached the course was full-grown in her mind.

They rode past rows of parked cars and 5,000 people packed into the stands on the north turn. Police let them through the rope barrier and they rode swiftly towards the south turn where the pits were.

Rick was kneeling beside his motorcycle, giving it a last-minute check. Spread out on a tarpaulin were wrenches and spare parts and several tins of gasoline and oil.

She stood beside him and he seemed unaware of her presence. She stared down at the top of his head and year-

ned suddenly to reach out and touch him.

"Rick," she said, "don't you think you should at least try the garage? I know how you feel, but—"

He stood up. Without looking at her he said: "What time does your train leave?"

She clasped her hands behind her back. "Six-thirty."

He swung on to his racer and zipped up his jacket. He pulled on his crash helmet, leaving the goggles up.

"Remember what to do?"

She nodded.

"Bring me in for gas at the end of 100 miles," he said.

She stared after him as he rode off towards the starting-line. He had been angry and resentful. Angry because she had mentioned the garage again. Resentful because she wouldn't go along with him in his racing.

ALL around her, motors were being warmed up. She was in the centre of a long line of pits with men in overalls working on motorcycles and girls dressed in brightly coloured uniforms standing around.

It was the old familiar pattern she had known three years ago and everything inside of her rebelled. They were the same men and the same girls who could be seen

in Atlanta and New Jersey and all around the circuit, year after year. It meant being on the road constantly, living by the bay, or the week, or the month, building nothing lasting for either of them, getting no place.

IT reminded her of Rick's first race at a country fair and her first time at working in the pits for him. He had won and the fever had hit them both and they had gone to race after race and he had won and lost, but mostly won until his name had become something in the motorcycle world. She remembered her mother's dismay and her father's anger and all the talk they had caused in Allandale which was like any small town when a girl chose to do the unconventional.

The war had ended racing temporarily. It had ended it for good as far as she was concerned. You couldn't have a husband in the very thick of it for 28 months without changing perspective a little. It was funny, though, that she had been the one to change, to want something of an enduring quality, to want to settle down.

They were lining up for the start now, stretching from the dunes to the water's edge. She saw the flag dip down and instantly 85 motorcycles leaped forward with a roar. It was from standstill to 70 and then 100 miles an hour in a few hundred yards. Donna

saw Rick go by, flattened over his handlebars, the number two a big white letter on his back.

The sound of the motors swept away from her, growing fainter, and she saw the leaders begin to slide into the north turn. In a minute she would hear them on the back stretch behind the dunes. Rick would be in the lead. That was the way he raced. He got out in front and stayed there.

QUICKLY she turned to the gasoline tin he had set out for her to use at the halfway mark. It was a hopped-up mixture with ether added. She poured plain gasoline into it until it overflowed on to the sand. She poured in just enough to dilute it, to deliberately make him lose the race.

He would wonder way his motor had lost that last,



DOCTOR (to patient): "Suppose you were a house and I was a municipal engineer, I would condemn you straightaway!"

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all-important ounce of power. He would wonder, but with each revolution, each time the spark plugs fired, the evidence of what she had done would be destroyed and he would never be able to put the blame on her.

THE first of the racers were coming out of the south turn now. There were three of them, Rick a length or two in the lead. She watched them go by and checked them off on her sheet.

There was a pattern even to this, she thought. Four years ago she had stood on practically this same spot and watched him win. She had hugged him and kissed him and danced around him then, cheering him with all the others. This time she would cheer silently, to herself, when he lost.

"We're going places from here, sweetheart," he had said after that last race. "If one of the motorcycle companies would only back us—"

Well, that was the way it was turning out—now—four years later.

At the end of the 10th lap she wrote the numbers of the riders in the first three positions on a blackboard and held it up for him to see. When he dropped into second place she signalled him and he put on a burst of speed and pulled back into first place. At the end of the 15th lap he was leading by half a mile.

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But then something went wrong. He began to drop back slowly. At the 20th lap the rider in second place passed him. Two laps later he was in third position. When he roared by the pits the 25th lap he was bending over, listening to his motor. He passed within a few yards of where she was standing and she plainly saw the anxiety in his face.

She brought him into the pits at the 100-mile mark. He came in fast, braking to a stop in front of her.

"Plug gone bad," he said briefly.

They went to work silently, swiftly. His face was wind-burned around his goggles and grimy with sweat and oil. He knelt on the sand and changed plugs while she filled his tank. His shoulder brushed against her knee and she felt the tenseness in him.

"I've got to make up what I lost," he said. "Keep me posted when one and two come into the pits."

THEY finished at the same moment and he swung back on his motorcycle. He ground his gears a little in his eagerness to get away. His rear wheel flung sand in her face.

She stared after him, the empty tin slipping slowly from her fingers. He had hardly looked at her. His entire attention had been concentrated on getting back

into the race. It had startled her to see him so intense about it, to know exactly how much winning meant to him.

SHE gathered up the tools he had left lying on the beach and dropped them on the tarpaulin. She stood looking down at the second tin of gasoline and with her foot tipped it over on its side. Nothing of a lasting nature could be built by trickery; put to a test, the truth of that had become clear to her, and she had filled his tank with the good, the hopped-up fuel. She watched the diluted gasoline soak into the beach. Quickly, she covered the spot with sand.

There wasn't much doubt about the outcome of the race now. Rick was riding like a comet. He recaptured his lead and held it. Ten miles from the finish he was half a lap ahead.

She didn't wait in the pits for the end. She walked up the beach to the north turn and stood there until the loud-speaker called out Rick's name over the cheers of the spectators.

She saw the same yellow-shirted rider who had brought her down to the race and he took her back to the hotel. The room felt hot and stuffy. When she looked at Rick's clothes hanging in the closet a numbness gripped her. It grew worse as she went about changing, pulling on stockings and slipping into a dress.

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She was about to close her half-full suitcase when running feet sounded in the corridor outside. The door opened and Rick stood on the threshold. His glance went to the suitcase on the bed.

"I won."

She winced at the triumph in his voice.

"I won," he repeated and came slowly into the room.

"Congratulations."

"You don't sound as though you really meant that," he said. His mouth twisted in a grin. "You sound almost as the Eagle man when I told him I didn't want his job."

She stared at him.

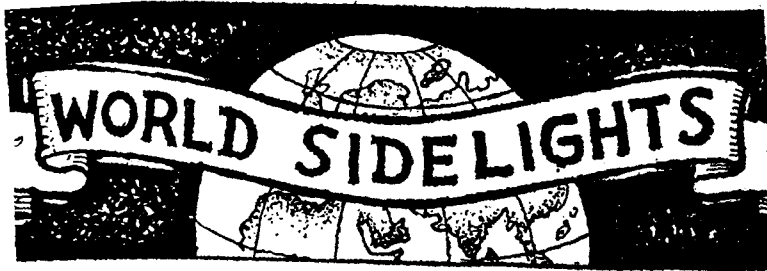
"Don't look so startled, darling. It's true."

SHE sank slowly into a chair. "Rick, what on earth are you talking about?" For answer, he strode over to the chiffrobe and with more or less accuracy began pelting the open suitcases with shirts, ties, socks. "Just that the race today was my first civilian job," he said softly, "and I won it. Just that if I won once, I can again. Just that I feel now that I can take that garage and make a success of it."

He was terribly in earnest, terribly eager, and she cried: "Of course you can. Oh, of course you can. Of course."

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SECRET HOARDS OF MONEY!

PEOPLE who distrust banks and fear burglars choose astonishing hiding-places for their money. Sometimes they are so ingenious in finding a "safe place" for it that they forget where it is or that it ever existed.

It's hard to believe that a man could wrap £400 in bank-notes round a cistern pipe—and then move away from the house, leaving it behind. A Liverpool man did this. He forgot all about the money until the next tenant discovered it while checking the lagging on the pipes.

A strange story of an old man's forgotten hoard was told in Dumbarton police court in 1927 when a petition was presented to have the sum of £98 10s. paid over to him.

Court's Decision

The son had been digging in the garden at the rear of his house when he unearthed a tin can containing this sum in notes. He reported his find to the police, little guessing

that the owner was his own father who had lived in the house for thirty years and was now living elsewhere.

The old man's memory had failed and he had forgotten the buried money until reminded by the wide publicity given at the time of the find.

The court decided that the money should be paid over to the old man, less ten per cent. (the cost of the petition) and a reward of ten per cent. to the son who found it.

Stuffed Pillow

Another thrifty old man, living in Eire, got the shock of his life when his wife told him she had sold "that grubby old pillow" in the attic to a feather merchant for 1s. 9d.

It contained £400, his life savings. Secretly and systematically, he had stuffed the pillow with paper money, never telling his wife. When he recovered from the shock, he hurried in a neighbour's

van to the feather merchant's premises, where he bought back the pillow for 5s., saying he wanted it for "sentimental reasons." The merchant only learned months afterwards what a fortune he had so narrowly missed, says a writer in "Tit-Bits."

Police in Frankfurt, Germany, are still looking for a thief who stole £50 last year from the refrigerator of a man who thought he had hit upon an ideal method of safeguarding his cash. What prompted the thief to open the fridge remains a mystery.

It always puzzled a South London housewife that her shopkeeper husband kept an old dustbin wedged in the corner of a shed beneath a pile of rags and other rubbish.

Precious Contents

She always used another dustbin for household refuse and could never understand why her husband would never have the shed bin emptied with it.

One morning she decided to have her own way. When the dustman called she asked him to empty the second dustbin as well.

How could she have known that her eccentric husband kept his savings in it and that as the pile of rags went hurtling into the dustcart more than £150 went with them?

He didn't discover his loss

until next day. Frantic with anxiety, he dashed off to the local council's office and found that the refuse was already at the dump. When the officials realized the situation, they ordered a search for the score or more little canvas bags in which the money was stowed.

Hours passed, the owner feverishly helping in the search. Just as the men were due to "knock off" for the day, his money was found intact. He's kept it in a bank ever since.

Special Pockets

Bank officials say that even to-day there are still some people who firmly believe that once their money goes into a bank they are not likely to see it again. They prefer to have it in hard cash rather than as a figure in a ledger.

As a result, these odd folk hoard it in the strangest hiding-places, although some women seem to prefer to carry their savings with them wherever they go.

When an elderly woman was knocked down in a Blackpool street and rushed to hospital, some £4,000 was found hidden in dozens of special pockets she had added to her garments. Each pocket was either tightly stitched or secured with strong pins.

A Bristol woman used to put all her spare £1 notes into

a seldom-used electric washer. One day she suddenly decided to use the washer, forgetting it was also her home "bank." By the time she remembered, her £100 worth of notes were churned to fragments.

She sent them to the Bank of England, but the expert could piece together only fifty-four of the notes. That woman's absent-mindedness had cost her £26.

Hidden In Gun

It is well known that country people living far from banks sometimes hoard money. One French peasant concealed his notes by stuffing them down the barrel of a sporting gun which hung on the wall of his kitchen.

Early next morning he saw a hare run across his cottage garden, forgot all about his savings and fired the gun at it, blowing his money into shreds.

Notes worth £616.10s. were found in a rusty sweet tin which tumbled down the chimney of a Yorkshire house in 1946. They were later restored to a widow who had lived in the house for twenty-five years.

The notes were hidden during the first world war and then apparently forgotten.

Woman's Discovery

Even more unusual was the way in which a fortune of £3,000 was discovered. A

woman who had inherited a Surrey house from her father swatted a fly one day with extra vigour and made a hole in the thin wooden panelling of a wall. Inside lay the money her father had hidden twenty years before. It had been searched for in vain ever since his death, for he had left no clue as to its whereabouts.

In Victorian times, old and disused tea-pots were favourite hiding-places for money. Many a spinster who lived and died alone was found to have used a tea-pot as a secret hoarding place of slowly accumulated wealth.

Pailfuls Of Notes!

A thrifty housekeeper who left her old West of England home for Montreal in 1925 visited a bank there in a taxi soon after her arrival and asked them to count the contents of four old pails she had brought with her.

They were found to contain £3,000 in bonds and £1,600 in cash. She was told that she could rent a safe deposit at the bank quite cheaply but her reply was a firm "No, thank you." Off she went to her new home with her pails of wealth.

HE SHOT NINETY ELEPHANTS!

Not long ago a lean, brown-faced man, sparsely built, with a quiet voice and eyes that have a North Sea look in

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them, came out of the English hospital in Mombasa.

The doctors had sewed up a gash in his groin, mended a broken leg, put stitches in his cheek, put his thumb in splints and generally kneaded him back into semblance of a human being.

The main pre-occupation of this quiet man hobbling about on a stick is how soon he will be able to take the big-game trails into the bush again.

Commander David Blunt, R.N., Elephant Blunt to half East Africa, had had the narrowest squeak of his life.

Buffalo Attacked

Early in the year a wounded bush buffalo—the most dangerous animal in the world, lion and tiger not excepted—charged him, gored him, tossed him in the air and then tried to batter him with its horns. Blunt seized the buffalo by the horns and hung on. It tossed him again, gored him in the groin and then stood back and watched him. Blunt "played dead."

His wife grabbed a shotgun from a fleeing native and, with this weapon, loaded only with a Number 6 shot cartridge—the sort you use for rabbits—blazed off into the buffalo's face.

Normally, such a charge of shot would merely tickle a buffalo and rouse him to such fury that he would have

charged and rubbed out that gallant woman. But Providence walked in the parched and sunstricken bush that day. The buffalo bolted.

David Enderby Blunt was invalided out of the Royal Navy in 1919. After clearing and planting a cotton plantation in Tanganyika, he became, in 1925, elephant control officer for the territory. His job was to shoot elephants, herds of which were doing immense damage to plantations and native farms.

African Elephant

In his first seven months' hunting he shot ninety elephants.

Shooting an elephant is not easy. There are only five vital spots, none of them much bigger than a saucer. There is the frontal brain shot, which means that you must put your bullet in the middle of the animal's forehead in a spot no wider than a teacup. There are the heart shot, the brain shot behind the ear, the shoulder shot and the seldom-taken tail shot, writes J. Wentworth Day in "Country Life."

An African elephant stands up to twelve feet high and his brain weighs ten pounds, while that of a man averages three pounds. His bones are solid and have no marrow in them. He can store ten gallons of water in a special tank in his stomach. His eyes are no bigger than those of a horse.

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Smelling A Man

His sense of smell is phenomenal. He smells for his food, drink and enemies. He can probably smell a man a mile away.

The elephant's trunk is not merely his nose, but part of his mouth, for the corrugations on the underside are the ridges of his palate. He does his courting with his trunk, for he caresses his wife with it, kisses her and even puts it into her mouth. The mother elephant fondles her baby with it and, occasionally, gives it a thundering wallop to teach it manners.

Astonishingly Blind

To show how astonishingly blind an elephant can be, Blunt once stood and let three raiding elephants walk towards him.

"I stood perfectly still," he said, "watching them as they came along, the cow in front, followed by a half-grown calf about five feet high, with the bull bringing up the rear. The cow never looked up once; apparently feeling her way with her trunk, and seeming to use it as a feeler for her footsteps. Now and again she would stop, flop her great ears forward a couple of times, and then move on. She kept her eyes on the ground and they might have been closed for all I could see of them."

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"When the family were within eight yards of me my tracker suddenly fired, bringing the bull down. The cow and the calf cleared off, while I snatched my gun from the boy and rushed up and finished off the bull before he had time to get up."

"I asked my tracker why he had fired, and he said that if we had allowed the cow to get any closer she would have seen us, and it might have been difficult to dodge her at such close range."

Enormous Ears

The ears of an African elephant are over ten feet from tip to tip. No wonder Blunt says: "It is awe-inspiring to stand in the path of a monster bull with 'all sails set'; it is like being at sea in the path of a full-rigged ship."

In spite of its enormous ears, the elephant does not hear well. He eats an amazing variety of food—grass, leaves, bark, coconuts, mangoes, bananas, maize, millet, groundnuts, sugar cane and salt.

Blunt has seen them uproot trees fifteen inches in diameter. As for the old stories about elephant cemeteries this, he says, merely arise from the fact that very old elephants seek out a swamp where they can find water and herbage close at hand in their last infirmities. Then they usually sink and die.

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It was all Donna needed. Lifting her finger, she solemnly made a promise. "No more travelling, living out of a suitcase," she said.

"Having you behind me is as good as any navy," he said.

"Better," she added.

He laughed and then he put his arms about her and kissed her. She returned his kiss with closed eyes. She passed swiftly from a state of bewilderment to one of ecstasy. This was her Rick, smiling, good-natured, loving. The other Rick, the stranger with the bitter tongue and the strained, anxious eyes, was gone. Gone forever, she was sure.

"I love you," he said softly.

"And I love you." Her happiness bubbled to the surface all at once. "Oh, I love you, darling—" (Copyright.)



One servant-maid to another: "My son always brings to his mother whatever he pinches!"

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1900

1956

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WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

I GENERALLY find myself writing about colds at this time of year, because most of the people I meet seem to have acquired one, and in spite of advances in many spheres of knowledge, we are still, alas, very little advanced in either the avoiding or treating of the common cold, and we still have to cope with this problem.

The weather is particularly changeable this year, and that seems to be an important factor in colds. Keeping to an even temperature is essential once the germs have attacked you; and of course the best way to do that is to stay in bed. For children, this is irksome but at least possible; many grown-ups, however, are unable to take time off when they feel they should carry on. Sometimes this is very commendable attitude. As often as not, it is a bad thing; they would get rid of the cold much more quickly with a couple of days in bed right at the start, and would spread their germs very much

less freely around. This is a matter that each of you must decide for yourselves, I am afraid. But if you feel you can retire to bed without losing face, or your job, then there is no doubt that this is the best thing to do.

Best Time

The best time to do it is at the very beginning, before you get to the sneezy or "runny" stage. A hot bath, then straight into a warm bed where your hot-water-bottle has been snuggling for the last hour, and a hot drink of milk to be taken once you are already in bed. By this time your pores are very wide open indeed, and a nice draught of cold air is the last thing you should encounter. If you can, after consulting your doctor, take a couple of aspirins with the hot drink, this is likely to help set the germs back a bit. In a couple of days you should be feeling quite fit again.

If it is your child who has taken to bed with the cold,

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please remember about keeping the room temperature even. The ideal is a room with a fire in it, and an open window, away from the bed. Hopping in and out of bed after favourite toys which have dropped to the floor is, on the whole, to be discouraged.

Pocket Inhalers

If you didn't catch the cold in time, and it has now got to the stage where you can only breathe through your mouth, inhalations are about the best line of treatment. You know how to set about this; you have a big jug half-full of water that is just off the boil; put in a teaspoonful of Friar's balsam, adding a few drops of eucalyptus oil for good measure, and make a funnel over your head with a towel. I think I should say that children need supervision with this until they are past the age at which they are likely to upset the lot by getting the towel mixed up, and scalding themselves. Inhalations really help the cold, as well as making you feel more comfortable at the time. They also open the pores and clear the nasal membranes, and you should certainly not go out afterwards. Pocket inhalers are useful; don't use them more often than is stated on the instructions.

Light Diet

Take plenty of fluids most fevers require this, and the cold is no exception. Fresh fruit especially orange juice

will be very beneficial. A light diet is best for the first few days, and you can continue taking two aspirins three times a day for a couple of days, of course after consulting your doctor, with some hope of good effect.

High temperature and aching limbs in addition to the usual symptoms of a cold, mean flu, and you *must* go to bed. Luckily no-one will expect you to do anything else, as most people are aware nowadays that flu is not to be trifled with. Call your doctor if you think you have anything more serious; and with

By A FAMILY DOCTOR

children you will recall what I said about some of the fevers, that they can start in very much the same way as a common cold. Again, don't hesitate to consult your family doctor if you are in doubt.

Quickest Way

A sore throat that is just part of the cold can be greatly eased by gargling with salt and water, which leaves a very "clean" feeling, or with aspirin dissolved in water. Aspirin is difficult to dissolve, and it helps to crush the tablet first. If the throat dose not quickly respond, this is another reason to see your doctor.

If you have had a bad cold and especially if you had flu, do please take a week off be-

more getting back to work; it is worth it in the long run, because it is the quickest way to build up your lowered resistance to its normal level again.

DRUG ADDICTS

I am writing this article about the problem of the adolescent boy or girl who has begun to take drugs. I have just seen an excellent article in the *Lancet* which gives an account of the problem in the United States, and it would be worth having a look at the situation there. Over there they are having a lot more trouble than we have. There is little drug taking here, there are only a few cases of people smoking "reefers," which are cigarettes containing a drug called marihuana. In America, however, there has been a sudden appalling increase in the number of people becoming drug addicts, and particularly youngsters of fourteen to twenty. There are thought to be 100,000 addicts in the United States, and most of those are in New York city. In one hospital alone, in the first seven months of last year 260 "Teen-agers" were admitted for treatment, whereas in the whole of the previous year only eleven cases under twenty-one had been admitted, and in 1949 only one case.

By Injection

These young people usually start taking drugs after being given some by a friend or a

pedlar. They usually start on "reefers" and later they go on to an even more dangerous drug, heroin, known nowadays as "horse". They begin by sniffing it, in the way that snuff is taken. After a time this fails to have enough effect and they change over from "snorts" to "skin popping." This is, as you can guess, to take it by injection, and they use home-made hypodermic syringes. Finally, they may take it straight into a vein, called "main-lining." At first the drug gives a feeling of anxiety, then one of complete happiness and well-being, together with complete self-confidence. It is like getting drunk, only more so.

Boys Lose Interest

After a while the addict's personality begins to change. Boys lose their normal toughness and cling to their mothers. They lose interest in girls. Later, as they develop a craving which has to be satisfied at all costs, they take to playing truant from school and stealing. By now pedlars who sell the stuff can name their own price, and naturally it is a high one. If the drug passes through several hands it is often mixed with flour to make it go further, so if each "middleman" dilutes it a bit more, the addict doesn't even get what he is paying so much for, but a mixture. But they are in no position to argue, they have lost interest in the real world and live in

one of dreams.

As you would expect, it is those people who feel inferior and despised who take to drugs in the first place, so they are the last people to be strong-minded about facing reality again. The increase in adolescence may have something to do with the fact that this age is a difficult one in any case, and one in which most people do often feel embarrassed and useless and take refuge in day-dreams.

Form Of Insanity

By now our addict has taken to stealing, but he soon realises that an excellent way of making money is selling drugs—he should know. So he begins to peddle drugs himself. He gives away a few free "reefers" to somebody who "just wants to try them." That somebody finds the temporary pleasure and wants to repeat it. So another addict is made. It has been suggested that a life sentence be given to anybody on his third conviction for dope-peddling, but the snag about this is that the addict will be isolated even more, and be prepared to dive deeper into crime to keep himself out of prison.

The victim is to be pitied. He needs treatment. It is a form of insanity. Some experts advise that the drug be completely stopped at once—this is called the "cold turkey" method. Others think it

kinder to cut it down slowly. In either case the effects are pretty horrible, and he needs a considerable amount of skilled treatment to keep him going. Sometimes electric shocks are used.

So there you are. All the signs are that the very prompt measures taken to stop the smuggling of drugs into this country have prevented this awful habit developing. And enough has been written about it to warn those who might think of "trying" one that it is the first that does the damage.

—Continued from page 44

Strange Scene

He reckons that a professional hunter walks a hundred miles for every elephant he kills. "Once an elephant has scented a white man and been worried by him, I do not believe he ever forgets the man's smell." If an elephant kills a man, he nearly always buries him under a heap of branches and grass.

Once Blunt had to clean up a herd which was raiding native crops. There were four of them. He fired at the bull and it went down, wounded. The three others closed in on the wounded bull one on either side and one behind, and boosted him on to his feet. In that formation, supporting him on either side, they set off, wheeling gradually round to the left and back to the forest.



TOO LATE TO MEND

Story by Ed. Stevenson

THE commuters' 5:39 train was always crowded on Friday, and long before it pulled out of Grand Central all the seats in the smoker were taken. I had dropped my hat on the other half of my seat to indicate that it was reserved, and the poor thing was beginning to wilt under the angry glances of frustrated passengers.

Howie came into the coach just as the cry "Bo-o-o-ard!" echoed down the platform. "Just made it," he panted, throwing his bag up on the luggage rack. He sat down heavily. "I wouldn't last a month in this sort of racket."

"It's not so bad," I said, "if you don't stop at too many bars on the way to the station."

"You don't expect me to make this trip without something to fortify me, do you? Besides, I had a very rough night I needed something, ad."

"It seems you have a lot of rough nights."

"I've got to do something make up for these week-

ends in the town." He picked up the paper in my lap. "Mind if I glance at this? I've got a few dollars riding the track at Havre de Grace." He thumbed through the paper until he reached the sports section. "How's mom?"

"Just fine."

I watched him as his eyes ran down the racing results. A grayish pallor was beginning to show under his summer tan, giving him a mottled, unhealthy looking complexion. Until recently he'd looked younger than his age. Now he seemed a good 10 years older than 24. Yet the youthfulness was still there.

"FINE bunch of broken-down nags I had today," the boy grumbled presently.

The train emerged from its burrow and rattled tenement windows as it sped above Park Ave. Howie continued to read the sport pages and, looking at him out of the corner of my eye, I felt that old indescribable pang I'd first known when I saw his wrinkled, elderly little face behind the glass of the hospital nursery. We'd become strangers in the past year—

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something had come between us; but I still loved him with that panicky intensity which no one but the father—or mother—of an only child can know. I felt dull and futile,

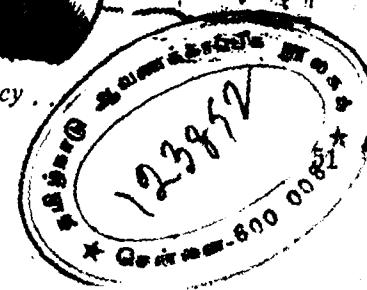
because I sensed he needed help and I didn't know how to give it.

IT was the startling change the war had made in him that baffled me. Before he enlisted in the fall of 1941, he'd been a shy, quiet boy. (That had worried me, too, but not the way this new personality of his did). It had surprised and frightened Clare and me when



Howie with Nancy

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he told us of his intention to try for the air force. Somehow we couldn't imagine our little Howie as a swash-buckling ace. We'd even consoled ourselves with the conviction he'd never make it.

"If they take him at all," I told Clare, "they'll keep him on the ground. With his two years of engineering, they'll undoubtedly find some nice safe technical job for him." He told me afterwards that they had tried to relegate him to some such unspectacular role, but he'd fought against it, and at last they'd relented. Our unsuspected eagle was not to be denied.

When he came home on terminal leave, the change was at once apparent. He was a major, he had piloted a Fortress over Germany on 50-odd missions, and he had a generous collection of medals and oak-leaf clusters. Some change was to be expected, of course, but Clare and I were hardly prepared for the poised, sardonic young man who downed cocktails like water and treated our fluttering affections with a cynical tolerance. He himself was aware of the change and appeared to glory in it. "You may as well get used to the New Whitman," he grinned. "That pre-war character who was me got jettisoned a long time ago."

The "New Whitman" was not going to be an engineer.

He made that abundantly clear when I broached the subject of his return to school. "I've decided not to be a slap-stick artist," he said. "Perry Drake—he was in my squadron, a great guy, too—is going to get me into his old man's outfit, Drake & Bascomb, public-relations. From all Perry tells me, it's fast, funny and feverish. That's for me."

"What do you know about public relations?"

"It's just hoopla. You don't have to know anything."

I didn't try to dissuade him. I was determined not to get his back up by offering parental advice and criticism, and I'd won Clare over to my point of view. Clare was agreeable to almost anything. Her joy at having Howie safely home was haunted by the fear that she would somehow lose him again. She treated him as if he were made of something precious and highly volatile.

So when the veteran of 50-odd missions over Germany decided that commuting 50-odd miles to and from work each day was too much of a strain, we offered no opposition to his plan to share bachelor quarters with an associate from Drake & Bascomb's. The blow was softened somewhat by the knowledge that he would come ou

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ach week-end to be with us and Nancy—especially Nancy....

The 5.39 had overtaken a local just beyond Bronxville, and was now dawdling along behind it as we went through Scarsdale. Howie had finished with the sports pages and was skimming through the rest of the paper; but I had a feeling he was only pretending to read. A deep frown made crooked ridges on his brow, and such a frown, I knew from long experience, was evidence of mental turmoil. A vague uneasiness began to stir in me....

My mind went back to Nancy Holden, and I wondered if Clare and I weren't overestimating her hold on Howie. He had changed in so many ways; wasn't it possible his feelings about Nancy had changed, too?

Of course, his reasons for, deferring the wedding were eminently logical. He wanted to get well established in his new job; wanted to lay aside enough money to furnish a new home and provide a cushion against unforeseen developments. And then there was the housing shortage. Oh, sure, he knew about coup-

les who lived with their in-laws; but what kind of a way was that to start married life? Plenty of marriages were ruined by being just logical—painfully so—but whoever heard of anyone really in love being logical?

And then there was the item in one of the gossip columns which Tom Irwin, a friend of mine at the office, had shown me. "Madcap Katie Drake has a new distraction," it said. "He is handsome young Howard Whitman, late of the

A. A. F., who works for Papa Drake, the public relations tycoon. Katie and her ex-major make one of the more incandescent twosomes on the Dawn Patrol."

"That doesn't mean a thing," I said—and I knew I was speaking for my own benefit, trying to still my own misgiv-

ings. "Howie is just giving the boss's daughter a whirl."

"As a profound student of the life and times of Katie Drake," Tom said, "I'd say that if any whirling is being done, Miss Katie is doing it."

I said nothing to Clare about this talk and I hoped Nancy hadn't had the item in the



Squeezing the last of the tooth paste!

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gossip column called to her attention.

I WAS worried about Nancy. Lately, her face had seemed strained, and her hazel eyes, usually so direct and honest, had a way of avoiding mine whenever our gazes met. I was afraid Nancy was beginning to have some doubts of her own about Howie.

I remembered that evening 10 years ago when Howie first told us about Nancy.

"The Holdens," he blurted with the awkwardness which characterized everything he did in those days. "The new family up on the Ridge—they have a girl—Nancy, her name is—she's in my class—a nice girl."

While he rambled on, Clare and I listened in agonized suspense, and prayed he wouldn't be overcome with confusion before he got to the point. Even to our uncritical eyes, Howie was something less than a well-adjusted normal boy. He had an almost morbid shyness; he was moody and anti-social. Teachers, from kindergarten on, had sent us the same despairing report; "Howard simply refuses to take part in group activities."

The child psychologists we took him to spoke about his "underdeveloped ego" or his "ingrown personality," and advised us to try to build up self-confidence. Clare and I

tried, but it was a disheartening struggle. Our attempts to ventilate his personality only seemed to drive him farther into his shell.

And now he was telling us, after an endless preamble, that he wanted to bring a girl named Nancy Holden to the house to hear his records. Was that all right?

All right! It was a wonder Clare and I didn't dispatch him then and there to fetch the female who had taken his fancy. We could scarcely credit our ears. In the past, girls had left Howie blushing, tongue-tied and writhing. "But, of course, it's all right!" Clare managed to say.

I EXPECTED Nancy Holden to be the feminine counterpart of Howie—shy and full of complexes—and my surprise was overpowering when I saw the fresh-faced, clear-eyed, self-assured young lady she actually was. She wasn't quite 14 when I first met her, but if she'd ever known the ungainliness of adolescence, it was by then only a memory.

For my part, despite a predisposition to give my son all the best of it, I could not for the life of me see what the poised and lovely child saw in Howie.

But she worked wonders with our hermit. I don't mean to imply that she transformed him into an extrovert overnight—he was still incli-

ned to be a little too shy and self-conscious right up to the time he enlisted—but she did lure him off the desert island of himself. They were together whenever possible, and when outrageous fortune kept them apart, they communicated at great length by phone.

WHEN, a couple of months after he and Nancy started going together, he said to Clare, "Hey, mom, how's about teaching me how to shove a gal around a dance floor?" we realized with a kind of awe the full extent of his transformation.

Clare and I were pathetically grateful. Once, at Christmas, I said, "Nancy, you don't know how much Clare and I appreciate what you've done for Howie."

I still recall the gravity of her hazel eyes, the tender intimacy of her whispered confidence. "I love him, Mr. Whitman," she said.

Silly? Puppy love stuff? Perhaps. But you'd have had difficulty convincing Clare or me on that score. We had seen it turn a misfit into a human being.

Of course, we didn't expect it to last. Such things didn't, we told ourselves. Child sweethearts only went to the altar in the pages of romantic fiction.

But it did last. It went on through high school and con-

tinued after Howie went on to R. P. I. and Nancy went to work in the bank of Brewster. That autumn of 1941, when he decided to enlist instead of going back to school for his junior year, Nancy was wearing his fraternity pin. They considered themselves engaged.

Howie wanted to get married before he went away. Naturally that brought the affair to a crisis. Clare and I conferred earnestly with Elsie and Bill Holden. We weren't taken about a marriage at that time—Howie was just 19, Nancy six months younger—but like the bewildered parents we were, we hesitated to force the issue. So we hemmed and hawed, discussed the emotional and economic problems involved, and were getting nowhere when Nancy settled the whole thing herself. They'd wait until Howie returned, she decided.

"I WANTED to get married," she told Clare and me afterwards. "I wanted to more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. But it wouldn't have been fair to Howie. After all, I'm the only girl he's ever gone with. He really should have a chance to find out if there's anyone else."

"And you?" I said. "How many other boys have you gone with, my wordly young woman?"

She looked at me with such an air of surprise that I felt as if I'd asked some stupid and obvious question. "It's different with me," she said. "I know."

And so she waited it out with Clare and me. She spent a great deal of her time with us during those long months, and having her to stand the vigil with us seemed to help enormously. She was so young, so confident, so courageous. Her strength and faith were always there to fall back on when ours failed. She appeared to feel obliged to help and comfort us. "It's three of us who love him," she said in that grave, serene voice of hers. "It's only right that we should be together.... waiting." I often thought, Howie's a lucky boy to have a girl like her....

WE were leaving White Plains. Howie suddenly folded the newspaper and dropped it in his lap. The muscles in his face were working nervously as he faced me.

"Dad," he said. "There's something I've got to get off my chest."

Here it comes, I thought, and felt myself stiffen.

He fumbled for a cigarette, lighted it. "This is going to be my last week-end with you for a while," he said.

"Going away somewhere?"

"It's not that. It's just that I can't keep up this act."

"What act?"

"Nancy and me."

"Is that an act?" I said.

"Of course it is.... Now don't sit there and look shocked. I've known for months."

"Known what?"

"That I didn't love her."

Anger and guilt swept over his face. "I didn't know you read the gossip columns."

"I like to know what's going on in the family."

"KATIE had nothing to do with this. It's just that I can't keep pretending to love a girl out of loyalty or gratitude."

"I'm glad you're at least grateful."

"You think I'm a heel, don't you? Well, maybe I am. But I'd be a worse heel to marry a girl I'd stopped loving, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose so."

"I've tried to play it square, dad. All during the war I steered clear of the wild parties most of the boys went on when in London on leave. I missed a lot of high old times. Not that I minded. In fact, I kind of enjoyed my constancy."

"No Katie Drakes in London." I asked.

"THAT'S beside the point. It was kid stuff, and I'm not kid any more; I want to be ree."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to tell Nancy the truth. I'd rather lose my right arm than hurt her. But it just can't be helped."

The train was pulling into Pleasantville. We passed a grade crossing.

"Can't you say something?" he demanded.

"I could say I think you made a mistake going with Drake & Bascomb. I could say you've got in with a crowd whose way of life has given you a wrong slant on things. I could say I don't think you've adjusted to civilian life yet, that the tempo of the war years still has you pinning. I could say a lot of things. But what good would it do?"

"No good."

The train was pulling out of Pleasantville. We still had more than a half hour to go. Couldn't I argue with him, talk him out of this? I looked at him. His jaw was set and his eyes were bleak. I'd need a great deal longer than half an hour.

"When are you going to break the news to Nancy?"

"To-night, We'll go to the movies, I suppose, I'll tell her afterwards."

"I'm sorry about this, Howie."

"So am I," he murmured gloomily.

I knew Howie expected me to break the news to Clare as soon as he went out, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. She was so happy when he came home week-ends, even though his appearance and his behaviour troubled her. He didn't even have to be in the house; it was enough just to have him somewhere in the vicinity.

AND now she wouldn't even have that. This was to be his last week-end. From now on she would only see him when his sense of filial duty—never too strong in young men who are having a good time—prompted him to visit us.

As we did the dishes together, Clare said, "I wish Howie wouldn't drink so much. He had four martinis before dinner."

"Four martinis are nothing at all for a public relations man."

"And he looks so tired."

"I'm pretty tired myself." I kissed the back of her neck.

"Let's finish these dishes and hit the hay."

I knew I wasn't going to be able to sleep, but at least the darkness kept Clare from seeing my face and trying to guess what was bothering me. She lay wakefully beside me for a half hour or more, and I wondered what she was thinking, what worries were darting about her mind. Finally she whispered, "Are you asleep, dear?" When I didn't answer, she turned over on her side. After a while her breathing told me she'd gone to sleep.

I LOOKED at the luminous dial of the clock on the bedside table. Eleven-ten. Howie and Nancy had gone to the late movie. They wouldn't be out of the theatre before 11 at the earliest; no matter how directly he broke the news, it would be at least 12 before he got home.

As I lay there and thought about it, I knew Howie was right. He couldn't marry Nancy if he didn't love her. Gratitude and loyalty weren't enough of a foundation for a marriage. Even with the best will in the world, Howie wouldn't be able to keep up the pretence for long; then the whole thing would deteriorate into a nasty mess, and there would be nothing left but Reno and recriminations.

Poor Nancy! She had done so much for him, loved him so devotedly. And now she was to be told that the whole thing was just an adolescent's fancy.

It seemed ages later that I heard the car pull into the driveway, but when I looked at the clock I saw it was only 12-30.

I got out of bed, groped for my bathrobe and stole downstairs. Howie was just coming in the door.

"You still up?" he muttered thickly. His eyes looked sick.

"I couldn't go to sleep?" I said.

I followed him into the living-room. He switched on the light and threw himself into an easy chair. He didn't bother to remove his hat, and its brim was crushed out of shape as he leaned back in the chair. I waited for him to speak, but he said nothing. Finally I said, "Well?"

"It's all over," he said. "If that's what you want to know."

"You told her?"

"SHE did the telling. She's known right along—how I felt, I mean; I guess I'm a rotten actor—but she'd hoped —" He was stammering like a schoolboy; like the complex-ridden schoolboy he'd been 10 years before. "Anyhow—well, what could I say? She knew."

So Nancy had provided the necessary surgery herself. I wondered if it was any less painful for being self-perfor-

—Please See page 6.

INDIA MAGAZINE

FROM the beginning I was against the idea of starting a club. But, then, Gopi had always

been the incarnation of optimism and had bright hopes of his own powers of persuasion and cent per cent success.

It all started this way. No sooner did Gopi join our Kothamangalam Lodge than he started toying with the idea of a circulating library of periodicals. He was busy running from room to room to put forth his idea and start one in our place. Now, the idea of a circulating library should be as old as, if not older than, the Aryan race; their Upanishads and Vedas could not have gained the wide popularity they did but for this sort of making them available to all members of the clan. But Gopi felt that he was the first since Adam to think of such a brilliant plan. And I couldn't let him down since I had known Gopi and his mulish obstinacy to get things done that come to his muddle-headed brain, for a pretty long time.

Accordingly, a circular letter was drafted and sent to all inmates, to sound them. The result was, to be quite mild about it, far from encouraging. From our sugges-

THE NEW CLUB

tions for magazines to be included in the library it was apparent that the Kotha-

mangalam Lodge harboured, under its very old and rickety roof, representatives from four different linguistic provinces. So much so, each had advocated the usual quota of English periodicals, plus those of his own mother-tongue. The total of the indented magazines came to a staggering sixty-eight. Already I could envisage Gopi leaving off the job as quite hopeless.

By R. PATTABIRAMAN

NO. I was wrong. Gopi was not to be put off by such trifling matter as this. He called for a meeting, got himself elected Secretary and Treasurer (both posts honorary, of course, with not even any honorarium attached to either) of the newly-born Kothamangalam Lodge Magazine Club. A rough draft of its constitution was hastily written and still more hastily adopted. It was the middle of the month and hence, Gopi realised that he could not realise much cash



Members. He himself magnanimously advanced a round sum of Rs. 100 and started the whole blessed thing.

THEREAFTER, things started moving rather pretty fast. Saturdays and Sundays were abnormally busy days for Gopi. The spate of incoming magazines from various dealers was only equalled by the quickness with which Members of the Club waited to grab the latest of their choice magazines. The room was literally littered with periodicals of all sorts of languages and constantly crowded with too many people. And often when I went in to see Gopi I could see all others except Gopi. Poor fellow, he would be on his rounds to collect the old magazines from the various rooms. Not that the process of getting them back was so easy as it sounds on paper and dry black and white. The magazines, after perusal, could be found anywhere from under the pillow to the overcoat pockets. Circulars followed circulars, requesting, asking, instructing, and finally directing the members to return the periodicals after finishing with them. A movement register was opened to keep track of the outgoing magazines, but like all movement registers, the pages were never filled up.

out of the Members by way of subscription, which incidentally was fixed at Rs. 3/- per head per month. And as the Treasurer, he could not allow any minor detail like the non-collection of subscriptions to interfere with the regularity of supply of periodicals to its

Gopi had been a voracious reader of all sorts of periodicals before. Even now, I believe that his intention in starting this club was his desire to read the maximum number of magazines at the minimum expense possible. But it took a full month for him to get disillusioned. He could not lay hands on a single magazine of the current week, for, as a chivalrous Secretary, it was expected of him to allow other members to have the first choice. And Gopi did not complain. He smiled and said that it was because of the novelty of the thing, and once things were settled, some regularity could be enforced.

the Secretary found to his dismay that out of the thirty odd members twenty (including me) had not paid in their subscriptions. And Gopi's hands were so full of the problem of regulating the magazine traffic that he simply couldn't find any time for the collection of three rupees from each member. Five members suddenly left the Lodge and in their hurry obviously forgot to intimate the change of address to the Secretary of the Magazine Club. It must have been the same forgetfulness that made them carry with them the Diwali bumper issues of certain leading periodicals.

What was more, complaint NEARLY a month after the inauguration of the club started coming in heapfuls stating that certain magazine



could not be had by certain members even after they were a month old. There was an ugly rumour that all the subscriptions received (1) were not spent on the club; that the Secretary was not so industrious as he ought to be; that he had been guilty of neglect in allowing certain members to get away with non-payment of membership fees. An uglier question was also asked as to what happened to the old magazines after the members had done with them...

If you chance to come to Kothamangalam Lodge any time, you cannot miss the third room on the first floor

after landing. There still lives Gopi. In that room, on the centre-table is arranged a neat stack of old periodicals which have become the legal property of Gopi in return for what he had advanced to the erstwhile K.L.M.C. I have, time and again, asked Gopi to sell the old papers away to the old-paper-wallah for what they would fetch, but Gopi is adamant. He says that he will preserve it so long as he stays in the Lodge. If nothing else, the bundle, he says, will serve as a sort of warning to anybody who embarks on any such collective co-operative scheme!

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TOO LATE TO MEND—Continued from page 58

med. I wondered, too, if she had realized that Howie was trying to get up his courage to make the break, and had made it herself to spare him the unpleasant necessity. That would be Nancy's way. I was suddenly angry. Howie didn't deserve a girl like her.

"WELL?" My voice was chilly. "How does it feel to be free?"

"Free!" he laughed bitterly. "I'm not free—I'm adrift. I felt it the minute I left Nancy. Not free—just cut loose."

He turned his stricken eyes on me, and all at once the years seemed to drop away and he was a small boy, hurt and bewildered and wanting to be comforted. "Trying to be something I wasn't. Kidding my heart, too."

"Howie—"

"I can see it all now. Everything was Nancy. When I enlisted, it was something Nancy gave me that made me a pilot, helped me conquer my fears and doubts. And when I came back, it was still Nancy. Drake and Bascomb? Nancy said, 'If that's what you want, Howie, you can do it.' I could do anything. Nancy said so. Even Katie Drake was her doing. It was knowing that Nancy thought I was such a great guy that made me think I could have—could want—Katie Drake. It was even

Nancy who gave me the crazy courage to think I could get along without—Nancy. I've been flying so high lately that I forgot I was doing it with borrowed wings."

"Howie!"

"If I didn't think she'd be asleep, I'd go back there now and tell her what an awful fool I've been."

I crossed the room and put my hand on his shoulder. "Do you think Nancy will be asleep tonight?"

I WAITED until the car had pulled out of the driveway and snorted off down the road. Then I crept upstairs and crawled back into bed. Clare, still asleep, uttered a contented little sigh. Perhaps she sensed that Howie had returned to his base.

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LIFE *and* LAUGHTER!



A SAILOR in Portsmouth met a pretty blonde at a bar. In the course of a few drinks she confided that she would like nothing better than a trip to the West Indies, but couldn't afford the passage.

"Leave it to me, honey," said the sailor, "I'll take care of everything." That night he stowed the blonde away in a lifeboat and covered her with a tarpaulin. He brought her food and drink, and for several days spent as much time as possible in the lifeboat with her.

Finally, the girl wearied of the sailor's attentions and, in desperation, she made her presence known to the captain. Dishevelled and distraught, she said,

"Please, sir, how soon will we arrive in Jamaica?"

"Jamaica!" exclaimed the captain. "Young lady, you're a stowaway on the short-distance local ferry!"

JIMMY Durante, the long-nosed comedian, bet on a horse at the track and the nag lost by inches.

"What that horse needed," bragged an ex-jockey, "was my riding."

"What he needed," corrected Durante, "was my nose!"



"If you don't return my loan, I will tell all your creditors that you have paid me!"

ON one occasion Mr. Churchill began: "I hesitate to cast pearls before—" and paused. Anticipating the end of the quotation, the Labour Members started a terrific uproar. Mr. Churchill waited patiently until it had subsided, and then continued: "As I was saying, I hesitate to cast pearls before (pause) those who cannot appreciate them."

It was a Cabinet Member who was told by a heckler that he was nothing but an idiot. Quickly the Minister replied: "Then I'm just the man to represent you."

Then there was that historic occasion when the late Lord Baldwin started a speech by saying: "I am partly conscious—" and a delighted roar from the opposition drowned the rest of the sentence.

NOT SHE

"You look a nice, sensible sort of girl—let's get married!"

"Not me. I'm as sensible as I look."

PARTED

A fool and his money are soon parted."

"Who got yours?"

PREFERENCE

"If you had to choose between marrying for love or money, Jane, which would you choose?"

"Love, I expect.... I always seem to do the wrong thing."

"WHAT'S your son doing now—the one who swallowed half a sovereign when he was a youngster?"

"You mean Charles? He's in a bank."

"Really—do you get any interest on him?"

"CHICKEN!"

A newlywed salesman, accompanied by his wife, entered a cafe which he used to frequent. His order included roast chicken, but there was some delay.

"Where's my chicken?" he asked.

"Sorry sir, but if you mean the little girl with blue eyes and fluffy hair, she doesn't work here now!"

TRICKY

"You don't mean to say you went to that expensive place in the High Street to have your photograph taken?"

"But, my dear, they take marvellous photographs. Molly went there and you couldn't recognize her!"

SEVEN TIMES

"I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this flat?" asked a woman of her hostess.

"Yes, they do," was the reply, "they asked Harold seven times last month."

"LOOK here, sir," said Robinson. "I've come to see you about that dog of yours. It's bitten my mother-in-law three times."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the dog owner, "but I'm not prepared to do anything—"

"Oh, I don't want damages," said Robinson. "I've come to see how much you want for the dog."

TOO LONG

"You plead guilty to steal the overcoat," said the magistrate. "Have you anything else to say?"

"Yes, your worship. I had to have the sleeves shortened."

AFTER THE SCENE:

"Oh, yes. My mother used to worry a lot about my father. If he stayed out after midnight, she'd check all the hospitals."

"To see if he was there?"

"No. To make an appointment for him."

NO PICNIC

A woman got into a bus with five small children clinging to her skirt.

"Are these all yours?" asked the conductor. "Or is it a picnic?"

"They are all mine," replied the woman, "and believe me, it's no picnic."

A BUSINESSMAN just back from a trip to Yorkshire went into a 'phone booth and called his girl friend. In a few moments he came out, looking very bewildered.

"She's going to get married," he said to a friend.

"Don't worry," consoled the friend. "There are lots of girls."

"That's the snag," replied the businessman. "She's going to marry me."

MONEY TALKS!

"They say money talks."

"All it has ever said to me was 'Good-bye.'"

WRONG MOMENT

"Now, can anyone tell me what happens when the human body is immersed in hot water?"

"Yes, sir—the 'phone bell rings."

HE WON

"I hope you enjoyed your game with the major," said the hostess to one of her guests. "He's very clever at cards, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," replied the guest. "He started by telling my fortune, and now he's counting it."

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"WHERE have you been the past three years, James?"

"At the university, taking medicine."

"And are you feeling quite well now?"

NO NEED

The boss returned from lunch in a happy mood and called in the whole staff to listen to a couple of jokes he had picked up. With the exception of one girl, everybody curled up laughing.

"What's the matter?" grumbled the boss. "Haven't you got a sense of humour?"

"I don't have to laugh," replied the girl. "I'm leaving on Friday."

IN HER WAY

"My dear," said the fond mother. "I can't think why you don't get on with your husband. He's all right in his way."

"Yes, I know, Mother," replied the daughter. "But he's always in mine."

MISTAKE

"Don't you think the mud pack I had on my face last night improved my appearance?"

"Yes, dear—why did you take it off?"

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"MY flat is on the third floor—No. 17. Put your elbow against the bell button and press hard."

"Why my elbow? Can't I use my hand?"

"Yes—but surely you're not coming empty-handed?"

DEFINED

"What is a hug?"

"Just energy gone to waist."

TALL STORY

Boulter was once the world's most unusual sword swallower. He used to swallow a six-foot sword."

"What's so unusual about that? Lots of sword swallowers can do it."

"Boulter was only five feet tall!"

LATE IN LIFE

"The fortune-teller said romance will come to me rather late in life, Jane," said a young thing, after having her future foretold.

"How nice for you, dear. That means it may happen any day now," replied her friend.



MONKEY BUSINESS!

GUHA, the little monkey, performed many tricky feats before admiring crowds and earned 'hatfuls' of coins for Bhupal, his master. In his shorts and coat he looked very comic and the villagers were never tired of watching his performances. At the bidding of his master, he would climb up a coconut tree, pluck the largest coconuts and drop them down. And he would wait with solicitude until Bhupal cut them open and drank the milk to quench his thirst. If someone offered him a plantain fruit, he would peel it off, offer it to his trainer for the first bite and then eat the rest himself.

The most mirthful part of Guha's performance was his ride on 'Doggie.' He would stand on the Dog's back, one 'hand' clutching the rein and one leg poised in the air. Once when Doggie refused to move, Guha scratched his head and then holding his tail like a whip lashed at him as a tonga-wallah would use his whip. With a howl 'Doggie'

leaped in the air and raced towards the goal.

Even during the off-show hours Guha was very mischievous. He would enter houses through the roof or the window and help himself to the tasty foodstuffs from the kitchen. But mirrors almost proved a fatal fascination for him. He would stand before them for minutes on end, frowning and mocking at his own reflection. Often he would work himself into such a fury that he would throw the mirrors on the ground and smash them into pieces. The women of the village made complaints about Guha's pranks but the trainer only smiled in reply to their protests. In fact, he secretly encouraged Guha in his thieving habits and helped himself to some of the nicest delicacies from the neighbouring kitchens. However, the villagers were tolerant and regarded the impish animal as one of their own. They had become very fond of Guha.

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As time went on, Bhupal grew more ambitious. He took his monkey far beyond his district to places where fairs and festivals were held. The new tricks that he had taught Guha brought him more coins than before. After a year of wanderings he returned to his village a very rich man. He had turned the coins into currency notes which he kept in a wallet.

But as ill-luck would have it, Guha had become lame of one leg in the last lap of the return journey. Some urchins at a fair threw stones and broke one of Guha's hind legs. The monkey screeched in pain and woke up its master but the urchins had vanished. The pet had sustained a serious bleeding injury and Bhupal immediately called in the village doctor, who put up a bandage of leaves and herbal roots. After a week of anxiety the bandage was removed and Bhupal was relieved to find that Guha's wound had completely healed.

The trainer was however dismayed at the discovery that the monkey was limping. There was no agility in Guha's movement now and he would be of very little use in any future performance. Already 'Doggie' had run off one night and Bhupal ate his heart out in a vain search for him.

As he went to bed that night in his village home,

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Bhupal thought of a devilish plan. He would get a new monkey from a monkey-catcher in the village beyond the river and train it soon. If taken to far-off towns and cities, he thought, the new monkey would surely earn for him more money. He had decided to wade through the river early in the morning when nobody would be awake. There was waist-deep water in the river and crossing the river presented no serious problem for him. He would take a lidless tin, stuff it with some clothes and, of course, put his wallet in it and walk off. But what of Guha? Of one thing the animal was mortally afraid. It was water, and flowing water, at that. So he would carry him on his shoulder and when they were half way across the river...the monkey could be thrown into the water and drowned.

And early next morning, long before the streaks of daylight were visible, Bhupal walked towards the neighbouring village, with the monkey perched on his right shoulder and the lidless tin on his head. When he was wading half way through the river the trainer paused and tugged the monkey down by the tail and tried to shake off the live burden, taking care to hold on to his tin with his left hand.

Guha seemed to have guessed—Please See Page 80

CONTEMPORARY OPINION

CONTROL OF BANKING

It is perhaps a pity that the Union Finance Minister did not again depart from normal practice and make a statement, as he did on the two Finance Bills, when introducing the Banking Companies (Amendment) Bill. Bankers may regard the measure with an equanimity not vouchsafed, at least on Friday, to markets already suffering from unsteady nerves. According to the statement, the Banking Companies Act 1949 cannot prevent certain undesirable tendencies. The Reserve Bank's latest report, for 1955, also speaks of undesirable features in the operation of some banks: defective advances and investments as well as deficiencies of management and control, stemming in many cases (it is stated) from directors' indifference to their responsibilities. This criticism appears to be directed chiefly against some non-scheduled banks, principally small, which moreover are said not always to maintain a satisfactory level of reserves, invest enough in Government securities or provide sufficiently for investment depreciation.

This is a time when resources of all sorts must be put to best use for national development and when bankers' resources, already strained, should be carefully husbanded to meet the essential needs of commerce and industry. The Government and Reserve Bank between them however already have statutory powers under the Banking and Companies Acts as also wide powers of supervision; the Reserve Bank reports that defects are being gradually rectified by means, *inter alia*, of inspections and advice, to which banks are in general receptive. For further preventive action the Bank places hope in instruction imparted at the Bankers' Training College. The general position of the banking system, it emphasizes, continues to be sound.

That was in 1955. But now the country is launched on the exacting tasks of the Second Plan, in which banking plays a key role, more may need to be done. Circumstances (or official thinking) may change, as is suggested by the system of deposits for "proper control over the depreciation and other reserves of companies" in one of the Finance Bills. In

the general Budget discussion in 1955 the then Finance Minister answered the criticism that "Government have done nothing to see that the large reserves that certain units in organized industry are accumulating are properly diverted to socially desirable channels." His first point was that reserves are never idle, being put into the business itself or invested in securities. He agreed that this was a potential problem, of which the Government was cognizant, especially as sometimes these reserves could form "the nucleus of the concentration of economic power." But to talk of this at present as if it had already become a problem of serious dimensions was, he said, somewhat unrealistic. Since March 1955 however the Government has evidently become convinced of the need actively to ensure that reserves are always used for purposes conducive to industrial development and not "frittered away".

Again in 1955, when speaking on the State Bank Bill, the Revenue Minister, Mr. A.C. Guba, gave an assurance that at present the Government had no intention of encroaching on the private commercial banks. That Mr. Krishnamachari's Bill does not represent "encroachment" might have been the subject of another assurance. Some powers now proposed indeed seem only to supplement existing ones (e.g. over "excessive remunera-

tion") or to give statutory authority to existing practice.

That appointments of whole-time directors or chief executive officers shall be subject to the Reserve Bank's approval may be no more than extension of the controls on managers and managing agencies contained in the Companies Act. If all these "wide and stringent" powers amount to "interference", the answer presumably is that this is the age of the socialist pattern. The vast majority of banking directors and executives, with their high professional standards and sense of public duty, should not find much difficulty in Mr. Krishnamachari's Bill as judged from a preliminary reading. Their opinion, whatever it is, is however important and should be given full weight in assessing this further expansion of official authority.—*The Statesman*.

"MR." "ESQ." "SHRI".....

The nice distinction between "Mister" and "Esquire" is, from all accounts, no longer prescribed by rigid rule in the West but left to individual resource and sense of distinction. The only exception is in "Mr. Speaker" and in "Mr. Justice". There is the American "Mr. Ambassador" as a reaction from the British "His Excellency" which is no longer strictly followed partly because of the requirements of diplomacy and partly because the flattering prefix has been shorn

of much of its glitter and awe. A British library is reported to have drawn its own line of distinction between Mr. and Esq., assigning the first to patrons who favour books of light fiction and the other for those whose interest runs to serious books. Generally, however, "Esquire" is rapidly passing out of use.

The preference for "Mister" is supported as indicating personal merit in common with its variations of "master" "maestro", and "meister". In India, "esquire" vanished with independence and without ceremony. "Mister" has lingered on, despite the official instruction that "Shri" should take the place of "Mr." in all forms of official address. Non-official usage has been slow in conforming largely because of "Shri" being associated with Hindus as distinct from Muslims and Sikhs. Official fiat has cut through these susceptibilities but on the personal plane one does think twice before leading off with a form of address which may prejudice the purpose of the communication. Newspapers too, are infected by this reluctance needlessly to rub persons up the wrong way. Now and again, after a spate of communal acrimony a revulsion sets in, in which there is a frenzied desire to root out the least vestige of such distinction.

The reaction finds an outlet in an angry letter to the

Press taking it to task for perpetuating a distinction which the Government has removed by order. The complaint is not without basis and one is moved to make the change. Immediately, one comes up against names, persons and the positions occupied by them which bring into play involuntary reflexes against the universal application of "Shri". The solution without equal is to drop all prefixes and leave the name to speak for itself. It would be consistent with the constitutional injunction against discrimination on grounds of "religion, race, caste, sex or place of birth."

—The Tribune.

INEVITABLE

The only element of surprise in the Union Finance Minister's taxation proposals, announced on Friday, is their timing. Many have been expecting a further enhancement of the tax burden in this country in view of the financial requirements of the Second Five Year Plan; but few could anticipate that Sri Krishnamachari would strike so soon, especially after the barrage of criticism which had greeted his announcement of increased imposts on cloth three months earlier. Apparently, the Government's need for increased funds has become so pressing that even with a General Election round the corner they have not de-

sisted from making new imposts. Fiscal considerations, by and large, therefore, underlie the current imposts the incidence of which will have to be borne by the well-to-do rather than persons in the lower and middle income brackets. The new taxes as a matter of fact almost counterbalance the imposts made previously which adversely affected the poorer people. The lesson of the two sets of taxation proposals seems to be that no sector of the community can hope to escape the additional tax-burden which will come during the Second Plan-period.

The taxation proposals announced on November 30 include both direct and indirect levies. The Capital Gains Tax, which had been in operation for a short period before, is proposed to be revived, with a lower limit for taxable gains and an additional concession for persons in the lower income groups. This is doubtless the most important of all the tax proposals. Other direct taxes include increase in super tax payable by companies declaring dividends in excess of 6% of paid-up Capital and by the non-investment companies covered by Section 23A of the Companies Act. Along with these fiscal measures the Finance Minister also announced his proposal to make the current depreciation allowances and development rebates dependent on compul-

sory deposits to be made with the Government or with the Reserve Bank of India. These concessions will be withheld from companies not depositing a portion of their current profits with the Government of India or with the Reserve Bank. Such deposits will carry interest and will be refundable wholly or in part.

—Hindustan Standard.

HORROR COMICS

There can be no two opinions on the need for a measure to prohibit the production and circulation of harmful literature intended for the young. The Central Government's Bill which was introduced in the Lok Sabha over fourteen months ago has now been adopted. It is curious to recall that the case against "horror comics" was trenchantly summarised by Dr. Johnson when he declared of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" that it exerted much harmful influence "by making the character of a rogue familiar and in some degrees pleasing." Boswell, who records the formidable sage's *obiter dictum*, is even more strongly impressed by the harmful propensities of that play. "Not only are the gaiety and heroism of a highwayman very captivating to youthful imagination," he writes, "but the arguments for adventurous depredation are so plausible, the allusions so lively, and the contrasts with the ordinary and more painful modes of acquiring property

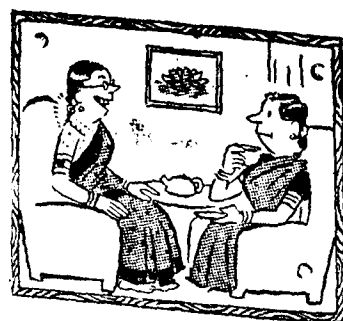
so artfully displayed that it requires a cool and strong judgment to resist so imposing an aggregate." The more modern publications against which the Central Government's measure is aimed by no means possess the literary graces of Gay, but their effects are identical; they make crime pleasing and the criminal a hero.

It may, however, be doubted whether the Bill by itself will have the desired effect of rescuing the adolescent mind from the harmful influences of "horror comics." Some of the members correctly enough suggested that the age limit of "young persons" should be reduced from twenty to eighteen. When a man is twenty years of age he may reasonably be expected to know what is good, and what is not good for him. If he does not, it is little that a parental legislative measure can do to bring him to a sense of his responsibilities. Most students in this country obtain their degrees when they are twenty years of age, and it is only commonsense that they should not be exposed to the slight of having their reading matter chosen for them. But there is an even more serious objection. It is that, while it is proper that harmful reading material should be prohibited, there is very little to take its place.—*The Mail*.

PREVENT IT

Despite the additional po-

wers conferred on the Government by the Prevention of Food Adulteration Act, no appreciable result yet appears to have been achieved in the matter of preventing food adulteration. It would also appear from the reply of the Union Health Minister in the Lok Sabha that the Act has not yet been brought into force in some of the States. This delay on the part of these States is difficult to understand when such vital issues are involved. Even in those States where the Act has been in force not much progress appears to have been made in respect of checking the adulteration of food-stuffs. If the common man's daily experience is to be taken into consideration, much of the purpose for which this legislative measure had been enacted would be defeated if the Act is not properly enforced.—*A. B. Patrika*.



"Between that film star and myself there is not much difference. I was born two hours after her!"



THE WORLD'S SWEETHEART

WHEN Mary Pickford—the "World's Sweetheart" of the silent film days—joined David Belasco's stage company at thirteen, they began rehearsing a play about old Virginia. In the dining-room set was an antique crystal-and-silver molasses jar.

Suddenly he boomed, "Hold everything!"—then took a spoon, tasted the jar's contents, flung the spoon down, roared for the property man, and said: "Taste that! What is it?"

"Maple syrup, sir."

"And what does the manuscript call for?"

"Molasses, sir."

"And you dare waste my time and my company's with maple syrup?"

With that he dashed the jar to smithereens on the floor, stamped the sticky mess into

the oriental rug, and shouted: "Never, never presume to take such liberties with me again!"

Great Secret!

He then made a bee-line for the box where the shocked Mary sat and asked, twinkling: "What did you think of my performance?"

All she could mutter was: "I—I—I don't think I understand, s-s-sir."

"This is a great secret between you and me," he explained. "I find it absolutely necessary to break something at least once before opening night in order to keep the cast on their toes."

The first time she played a leading role—at fifteen—he asked her, "Do you know anything about love-making?" and told her to make love to a papier-mache pillar a carpen-

ter had just carried on to the set.

When she pleaded that she couldn't make love to a cold pillar he called a young actor in the company, Owen Moore, and ordered her to make love to him, writes "Tit-Bits."

It proved a fateful invitation, for soon they were genuinely in love, and eventually married secretly without a word to her mother, who disliked him and had forbidden any meetings outside the Biograph studio where they both filmed for D. W. Griffith.

Her wedding—in a long dress with a train borrowed from the wardrobe mistress "for a party"—was in the Jersey City court house on a cold, drizzly night. And never, she says, was there a sadder one.

Very Frank

As they waited for the magistrate in a dingy, dimly-lit room she thought: Why, I scarcely know him. I don't love him at all. What am I doing here? I'm disobeying Mother. I don't want to leave my family. If I get up and run very fast I may get to the subway before he catches me. But how could she, with her long train and wobbly high heels and no fare money?

The hasty marriage, doomed by his ill-temper and drinking, dragged on for five years.

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"Owen," she said finally, "the liquor or I will have to go."

"I'm sorry, Mary," he replied, "it will have to be you."

She is courageously frank about it and about her second marriage to Douglas Fairbanks Senr., in "Sunshine and Shadow," a candid, deeply moving autobiography. Owen introduced Doug to her when they were bound for a party at Elsie Janis's home in Hollywood.

Second Marriage

She quickly responded to Doug's warm, appreciative friendship, so welcome after Owen's neglect. As the friendship ripened into something deeper, Owen went about with a gun, threatening to shoot "that climbing monkey." Finally, he agreed to grant her a divorce—at a price, a fat bundle of bonds—and she married Doug.

In London on their European honeymoon they were so mobbed at the Ritz that Lord Northcliffe, who called on them there, insisted that they go to his country place on the Isle of Wight.

"There," he said, "you may enjoy complete seclusion. The rest and peace will do you both good. I promise absolute isolation."

At 6.30 the first morning there she went to the window

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in her nightgown, opened the shutters—and gasped. The ten-foot brick wall surrounding the cottage was black with people who'd been waiting patiently since dawn for the shutters to open!

Now they all applauded loudly, and when Doug ran to the window to see what was going on they began calling out: "Oh, Mary, darling! Come out!" "How are you, Duggie?" "Won't you come out and give us your autographs?" They refused to go away until Doug and Mary, hurriedly donning dressing-gowns, made them short speeches.

Insane Jealousy

This marriage lasted sixteen years, but long before the divorce in 1936 it had been ruined by Doug's insane jealousy, restlessness and neglect. She says of the jealousy: "Knowing how hopeless this malady of his was, I did my utmost to keep him from suffering. For more than ten years we rarely went to a restaurant or night club. I had no companionship of people of my own age. They were generally older men who came to spend week-ends with us at Pickfair." Once when Rudolph Valentino called, Doug was painfully rude in showing him that he wasn't welcome.

His restlessness took him often to Europe without her, for Mary couldn't keep up the

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pace. His secretary told her that Doug reached the point where he couldn't stay more than a night in any one place.

When they arrived in a town the secretary bought reservations on trains and planes in all four directions, never sure which one Doug would decide on after dinner. He only unpacked what was needed for the night: toothbrush, pyjamas, slippers.

Back at filming, Doug wouldn't know his lines which had to be chalked on enormous blackboards, and this meant taking a scene over and over again.

Strange Coincidence

Eventually she learned in England that he was infatuated with another woman—whom he married after the inevitable divorce. But for a time he was confused, undecided even about that.

She records one strange coincidence. On June 12th, 1939, Owen was found dead from a cerebral hæmorrhage on the kitchen floor of his Beverly Hills house. Doug died exactly six months later on December 12th, Owen's birthday. Married now to Buddy Rogers, with adopted children, she can say: "I am to-day a happy wife and mother."

Her vivid memories of the early days of the movies have a nostalgic appeal to all film-

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goers, who will admire the sincerity of her personal confidences in this vividly illustrated book.

A CRIME SOCIAL !

Among the labels with which producers define their films under production I came across a really descriptive one the other day. This was coined by producer Jay Bee to describe his current venture. He said: it is a social with a crime background. This is really something. A social in film parlance means anything which is not an Arabian and generally a story of our own times. A crime picture as everyone knows is one dealing in the cop and rubber episodes made so popular by Hollywood. In so far as that goes every crime picture is a social because crime was never so perfected as in our own times. Even so, no one had the audacity to call a crime film a crime social so far.

The film that has won this unique distinction was, till recently, called DIAL 33333. This used to be the special telephone number for emergency calls to the Bombay Police. In the recent reshuffle of telephone numbers, the police has now acquired number 00. The name of the film has therefore, been changed to DIAL 00. So that for all practical purposes the story of the film is tied down to the locale of Bombay City. The

stars of the film are Balraj Sahni, Sulochana, Yaqub and Nazir. The latter two were on the set at Central Studios, when I had occasion to go there. It was a large, rambling set running the whole gamut of robbers' den to some underground hide-out. It was constructed in various zig-zags and on various levels. Much of the shooting of the film has to take place on this set and therefore producer-director Jay-Bee hasn't lost much by spending so much on this one set.

The Story

The story concerns the exploits of a C.I.D. man who is on the heels of a vile criminal. But this is no ordinary criminal. In desperation the cop leaves his job and for all practical purposes becomes a criminal himself. Set a thief to catch a thief is a famous saying, and this is just what the situation of the picture becomes. Only the highest brass of the police know that one of their own men is masking as a criminal. The underlings think him to be the real criminal and are after him with all their might. To make this confusion worse confounded, the real criminal never appears in the film in person. All that the audience and the members of his vast empire see is a shadow of him across a frosted glass screen. This shadow directs the crimes, punishes these who double-cross and rewards those who

do its bidding to the last letter. The man playing this role is Yaqub. He is the leader of the crime gang in his shadow and a very respectable member of society in his real person, reports the Bombay correspondent of H. T. Weekly.

AUDIENCE REACTION

For the first time in the annals of Indian films an attempt is being made to study the audience reaction in a scientific manner. At the instance of the Central Censor Board, the Tata Institute of Social Sciences is carrying out a survey to study the effect of films on Indian audiences. The study group is expected to meet several thousand people representing a wide cross section of social groups, ages, habitations, religion and regions. The investigators will go from house to house and interview people; they will also visit schools, colleges, social institutions, factories and interview even the poor people staying on footpaths, reports the Bombay correspondent of "Cine Advance."

This study is unfortunately confined to Bombay. If the study was extended to other big cities of India they would provide clear and comprehensive data on this vital issue which would guide both the film industry as well as the Censor Board. The Censor Board would know

through such a survey conducted on all-India basis as to what types of picture are harmful and should be banned; the producer would know on the other hand what kind of pictures different sections of the society like and why do they like them. Today, nobody knows in advance which picture would click at the box office.

Expectations

Time and again, the producers who mostly rely on the judgment of the distributors have found expert opinion wrong. If they had a detailed survey of the audience reaction to guide them they would be able to make not only more successful films but better films by deleting such features from these films which have a baneful influence on society.

So, the film industry is naturally grateful to Tata Institute and the Censor Board for carrying out the survey. And it is hoped that the Federation would impress upon the Censor Board the necessity of carrying out similar survey not only in Bombay but in all other big cities of India. Not only that, the Federation should render every possible help to the study group of Tata Institute in making this survey as graphic and effective as possible. The study group must be able to interview picturegoers even in theatres, if necessary.



WITH WILD ANIMALS

"Swapanpuri," the first full-length Gevacolor juvenile film to be produced in India, is nearing completion under the direction of Kumar Sarker.

Based on Indian folk-lore, the film has a cast of more than 200 boys and girls, many of whom are non-professionals.

A noteworthy feature of the film is the employment of a large number of animals, including tigers, elephants, lions, bears, monkeys and a 50-foot python.

A large variety of birds will also be seen in the picture.

"Swapanpuri" is being made both in Bengali and Hindi.

"TAXI DRIVER"

Standard films have changed the title of their next film from "Har Fun Mowla" to "Taxi Driver."

The story is a mixture of crime, comedy, music and romance. Standard Films are now busy choosing the cast.

Ajit, Shakila, Kum Kum and Johnny Walker will appear in the film, which will be directed by M. A. Ansari.

NUTAN & BALRAJ

Nutan and Balraj Sahani, one of the most popular star teams in Indian films, are again paired in Shahid Latif's

"Sone Ki Chidiya". Along with them in a pivotal characterisation is singing star Talat Mahmood.

The music of "Sone Ki Chidiya" is being composed by O. P. Nayyar. Ismat Chughtai is producing the film for Filmindia Corporation.

—Continued from page 68

sed his master's thoughts and shrieked loud in protest. He dug his nails into Bhupal's shoulder and firmly clutched a shock of hair on his head. Bhupal howled in pain and ordered the monkey to desist from hurting him. But Guha would not heed him. He clung to his master like a leech. But as soon as the opposite bank was reached the monkey caught hold of the huge branch of a mango tree, which hung low and almost touched the water. With one desperate jump the monkey was well clear of the water and out of danger. Bhupal shouted to him to come back but Guha had disappeared.

His plan foiled, Bhupal set his load down on the opposite bank and sat down to collect his thoughts. Suddenly he looked into his tin to make sure of the wallet that contained his fortune and held promise of a more prosperous career. His heart skipped a beat. The wallet was missing. That thieving monkey must have pinched it!

—BISWAS