

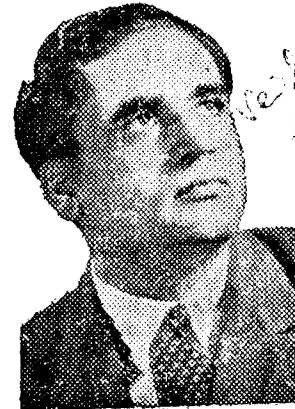
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My Magazine of
India:

vol. 27. - 1.2.1956 - no. 2



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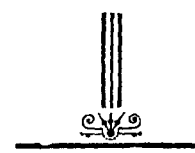


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1st Feb., 1956

No. 2



All the names and characters appearing in the stories and skits in this Issue are entirely imaginary and any reference to living persons is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. — Ed.



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Short Story Competition

It is with extreme regret that we announce that the Short Story Competition sponsored by us during the last quarter of last year stands **Cancelled**. This has been necessitated by unforeseen circumstances. We request all those who submitted Entries to forgive us for the inconvenience caused to them. The Manuscripts submitted will be returned during the course of this week.

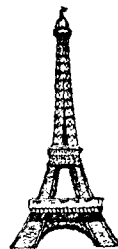
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MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

27th Year of Publication

THE BOTTLED GENIE

THE States Reorganisation Committee's Report has proved to be a veritable bottled genie. The fisherman in the *Arabian Nights' Tales* who released the genie imprisoned in the sealed bottle, trusting its promise to help him, found that it was determined to kill him. In the same manner, the genie of linguistic states which was kept bottled, figuratively speaking, all along has been released by the hasty action of the Government. The S.R.C.'s Report, like the genie, has resulted in an orgy of violence, loot, arson and even killing, as was witnessed in Bombay City and on a lesser scale at other places. If these purblind parochial and linguistic passions are allowed to have full sway, then the linguistic genie is certain to devour the Nation itself.

It was because he fully realised the likely horrors and calamities of partition of the country into two that Mahatma Gandhi opposed it. But when circumstances made it necessary for our leaders to accept partition of the country into Pakistan and India, there followed a massacre of helpless people at the hands of religious bigots. Though the wounds which were deep are healed only now and their scars are still showing vividly in the body politic of our country, our leaders seem to have forgotten what it is to divide people into language groups for language, like religion, can excite passions of a dangerous and unnational kind.

For a second time again, the Government witnessed disobedience to law, looting of goods trains and damaging of property to some extent in Andhra during the days of the discussions going on between the Andhra and Madras leaders regarding separation of the two regions from the composite Madras State.

In spite of this also, the Government at the Centre failed to appreciate the possibilities for evil if the linguistic states principle is to be carried to its logical conclusion.

To let the various States, therefore, be formed on a linguistic basis, albeit for purposes of administrative convenience, is to deliberately undermine the great and difficult work of integration of states so admirably done by the late Sardar Patel who was quick to realise that the newly won freedom and essential unity of the country would otherwise be in jeopardy. We say this because when people are allowed to have states on a language basis, they would tend to have a narrowed vision and think only in terms of their region and openly dislike people of other languages. In course of time, this tendency would become an incurable cancer in the body politic of the country.

Prime Minister Nehru realised the dangerous possibilities of what linguistic states in practice would mean and suggested Zonal Councils to ensure a constant reminder that the linguistic states are after all administrative units of a greater whole.

The reactions to the orgy of violence in Bombay City has made the Chief Ministers of West Bengal and Bihar issue a joint statement that their States would merge into one. This has been hailed, rightly, as a magnificent gesture and a fit one to be imitated by leaders in other regions of the country. Suggestions are being made that Tamilnad, Kerala and Karnataka should form a Dakshina Pradesh, and Bombay, Maharashtra, Gujarat and Rajasthan should form a Paschima Pradesh, etc. Andhra's Chief Minister wants Andhra to merge with Maharashtra. How far these can be done or with what results is open to grave misgivings. Such mergers, forced by the necessity of circumstances, may later on cause much bitterness among people of the different language groups.

The wisest thing to do is not to let prestige or the purblind passions of people stand in the way and allow the status quo to continue for another 20 years at least. This is the finest and most sage suggestion ever made by Shri C. Rajagopalachari, the eminent elder statesman of our country. The S.R.C.'s Report should be shelved, undoubtedly, in the interests of the unity of our country. Later on in the future, when people in the country are more politically educated, when they feel they are Indians first and Indians last, the linguistic states idea can be experimented with. But right now, as the fisherman in the story did to save himself, the linguistic states genie should again be bottled to save the Nation from disruption. It is not too late to do so.

NEWS and NOTES

Dulles Does It Again!

After the unnecessary, uncalled for and unwise joint-statement on Goa made by U.S. Secretary of State Dulles, another storm of international political controversy has been raised by him in what has been referred to in the Press as the "Brink of War Thesis". In a statement said to have been made by him and which was published in the American journal *Life*, and subsequently confirmed and even elaborated by him, Dulles has stated that on three distinct occasions the U.S. was on the point of declaring war on Communist China and had decided to use atomic weapons in such an eventuality. This statement is in revealing contradiction to the keen desire expressed by Gen. Eisenhower at the Summit Conference at Geneva to explore means to avoid the catastrophe of atomic warfare and to pursue methods to perpetuate peace by frank discussions and settlement of disputes. The statement also shows that Dulles and people of his thinking have little regard either for U.S.'s allies and friends or for the growing world opinion against nuclear warfare. We in India are not at all surprised at this attitude for we have come to understand the American way of life that Dulles and people of his persuasion wish to live. Now, more than ever, the American people should decide one way or the other how far they should allow the destiny of their nation, as also the future of humanity itself, to be decided by Messrs. Dulles & Co. It is gratifying to

note that already there are sharp criticisms of Dulles's statements and actions by American papers and statesmen and it is hoped that the Americans would finally see how very vital peaceful co-existence of countries is if humanity is to survive. This would be possible only if they view the problem through the *Panch Shila* perspective.

Long Live The Republic

The Seventh Republic Day of our Nation was fittingly celebrated all over the country in a magnificent manner on 26th Jan. This Republic Day is particularly significant in that our Sovereign Democratic Republic has set as its goal the development of the country on a socialistic pattern of society. The esteem in which our country is held in the world is greater now than ever before. This Republic Day also saw the successful end of the 1st 5-Year Plan and the ushering in of a 2nd 5-Year Plan, tremendous progress all round in the country as also in the contribution made by our Government to ease the international tension. Firmly pinning our faith in the *Panch Shila* principle, we should each do our best to enhance the prestige of our country and add to its solidarity. We are fortunate in having Dr. Rajendra Prasad, our President, and Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, our Prime Minister, to steer the ship of our State. Bowing our heads in humble reverence to the hallowed memory of Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of our Nation and the Architect of our Freedom, let us proudly say: "Long Live the Republic, Jai Hind."

Britain's Prime Ministership

According to the London *Observer*, there is a formidable body of Conservative M.P.s determined to try to remove Sir Anthony Eden, Britain's Prime Minister, from his office. The mass circulated newspaper *The People* of London also splashed the news forecasting Sir Anthony Eden's exit as the Government's leader. The various news items stress the disquieting fact that the "Eden must go" campaign is gaining momentum. That this was false and entirely without foundation was the gist of a swift denial made by an official spokesman of the Prime Minister.

Whether Sir Anthony Eden will be forced to resign or not subsequent developments alone can indicate, but the fact remains that there is a lot of resentment in Britain against the domestic and foreign policies followed by Sir Anthony Eden's Government. The Labour Party had ushered in a Welfare State with the inevitable nationalisation policies, some executed and others pending, but the Conservative Party is openly pledged to the active and sustained support of private enterprise. That this has caused confusion, clashes and bitterness is understandable. Many of the Conservative M.P.s find it rather tough going to explain to their constituents the very alarming rise in the prices of consumer goods, the Government's inability to prevent it and the absolute silence maintained by the authorities over the matter.

Sir Anthony Eden's handling of the Arab-Israel tangle, which seems to be that of playing up

one against the other, the rising anti-British demonstrations in Jordan, his evident lack of personal magnetism to talk to the U.S. as an equal partner have all added to the resentment, as also the recent muddle of the sale of arms as scrap which later found its way to the Middle East via Belgium reconditioned as fighting vehicles. Close on this comes the revealing statement made by Miss Jennie Lee who was in our country last month that there is a marked swing among the people to vote for Labour in the next General Elections. Sir Anthony Eden has a tough time ahead. And his continuance in office would very much depend on how far he succeeds in his talks with Gen. Eisenhower whom he has gone to the U.S. to meet.

Pakistan's Draft Constitution

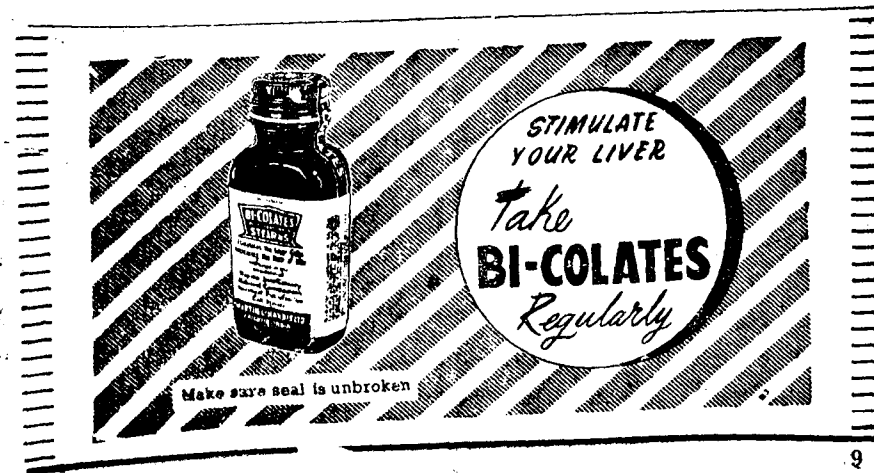
A democratic republic — that is what Pakistan calls itself in the latest Draft Constitution presented to its Constituent Assembly recently. A democracy should necessarily be secular, but Pakistan has preferred to call itself an "Islamic" State. A democracy should give equal rights to its citizens but Pakistan has denied such a right to the non-Muslim minorities for it is stated in the Draft Constitution that the two highest offices of State, viz., the Presidentship and the Vice-Presidentship, shall be filled up by Muslims only. The Draft Constitution has a chapter of Fundamental Rights while in effect it deprives the minority of the fundamental right to equality of opportunity. Pakistan is a signatory to the United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights but

has found it expedient not to concede such rights to its minority communities. The Draft Constitution also stipulates that the question of joint or separate electorates should be left for Parliament to decide later — an unheard of procedure, if ever. It is like putting the cart before the horse. Even in Muslim countries like Jordan, Indonesia, Egypt, etc., there are only joint electorates. Three earlier attempts to produce an acceptable Draft during the course of the last eight years were woeful failures. And the latest Draft Constitution is really daft, to say the least.

A Misguided Strike

Bank employees all over India struck work on January 6 and 7, in spite of Prime Minister Nehru's and Home Minister Pant's appeals and warnings. And in view of their obstinacy, they lost the sympathy of the public as well. It was the very sympathy shown by the public and the legislators of the country that made Government appoint Justice Gajendragadkar to inquire into the whole complicated and vexing affair and

he gave his Award. Rarely do the two parties to any Award feel pleased about it and this Award was no exception. Considering that nearly six years had gone by without the situation improving and having appointed Justice Gajendragadkar and finding the Award mostly, though not fully, favourable to the employees, Parliament accepted the Award in its entirety. But evidently misguided by selfish elements, the bank employees wanted to press for their pound of flesh and struck work. They have besides losing the public's sympathy also hurt and even flouted the leader of the Nation who said: "It is very unwise of some bank employees to participate in any action which challenges the authority of Parliament and imperils the whole approach to these problems by adjudication.... I have every sympathy for the bank employees.... and I would strongly advise them not to participate in it." These precious words were not heeded. But the immediate future is there for the bank employees to show that they are not less patriotic than their countrymen in other walks of life.



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Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Nation, in whose hallowed memory a Mandapam, built at a cost of Rs. 4 lakhs in a ten-acre plot in Guindy, Madras, was declared open on Jan. 27 by Shri C. Rajagopalachari. The Mandapam would be open to members of all religions for devotional congregation.

English—The Bird In Hand

To deny that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, will be a self-confession of utter stupidity. But that is exactly what is being done by the fanatical Hindi enthusiasts who wish to completely eliminate English and give its place to Hindi. How absurd, confusing and vexatious such a procedure would be was extremely well-explained by Shri C. Rajagopalachari when he tendered evidence before the Official Language Commission which held its sittings in the City last month under Shri B.G. Kher, its Chairman. Said Rajaji in his inimitable and masterly manner: "We should

not begin a revolution at the wrong end and cause or suffer hardship and inefficiency all round merely for bringing about a notional improvement in national consistency..... a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, that is to say, whatever may be the advantages of Hindi, we should not discard English which all educated people now understand and speak and write, before an equal standard of widespread attainment of Hindi, is actually brought about in all parts of the country." He also wanted the date-line fixed in the Constitution for making Hindi the Union official language to be changed by an amendment to the Constitution and also pleaded that English should continue to be the Union official language as it was in the Commonwealth countries and U.S.A. Several eminent men who tendered evidence before the Commission also urged retention of English.

Especially in view of the reactions witnessed as a result of the S. R. C.'s Report with its stress on linguism, we would urge Authority to heed Shri C. R.'s suggestion and have English as the Union official language and thereby avoid rousing the jealousies and wranglings of people over the language issue.

New Higher-Powered Transmitter For Madras

Dr. B.V. Keskar, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, inaugurated on January 11th the new 20 Kilowatt medium-wave transmitter of the Madras Station of All India Radio at Avadi, a place about 12 miles from Madras City. Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor

of Madras, presided over the inauguration. The new transmitter went on air from that evening onwards and operates on a frequency of 940 kilocycles corresponding to the wavelength of 319.1 metres, replacing one of the 1 Kilowatt transmitters in existence. This new transmitter broadcasts programmes in what is known to the listeners as "Madras A", the broadcasting of other programmes in "Madras B" continuing to be in the same wavelength as hitherto.

The Minister explained that the new transmitter at Avadi is the third in the series of seven 20 Kilowatt transmitters to be installed under the programme of broadcasting in India under the First Five Year Plan. Two have already been inaugurated at Ajmer and Indore and the remaining four will be located at Delhi, Vijayawada, Trichur and Patna. He said that the new transmitter will help listeners all over South India to receive Madras's programmes clearly, atmospheric conditions remaining favourable. He also stated that a 100 Kilowatt transmitter would also be installed before the end of this year when Tamilians in Malaya, Singapore, etc., can also hear Madras's programmes clearly. Shri Kamaraj Nadar, Chief Minister of Madras, stated that the radio was a powerful medium for popularising useful activities like Community Projects, etc., undertaken by the Central and State Governments.

We hope that the increased coverage and the ever-increasing availability of new talent in this region would make the authorities of the Madras Station of A.I.R. give to the listening and discerning public the very best in broadcasting.

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A Welcome City Budget

The Budget of the Corporation of Madras for the next financial year prepared by the Commissioner is unique in two respects — not only is there no proposal made in it for any new taxation, but it also shows a surplus in revenue. For the last ten years or more, three successive Commissioners of the Corporation of Madras had tried their best to present at least a balanced budget if not a surplus one, but they could only present a deficit budget every year. Messrs. J. P. L. Shenoy, O. Pulla Reddi and C. Narasimham had, as Commissioners, done a great deal to tone up civic administration but could not ensure a greater revenue without a correspondingly increasing expenditure. To Shri V. N. Subbarayan, the present Commissioner, goes the unique credit for not only having done a great deal on the administrative side of the Corporation but also for having presented a surplus budget.

True, indeed, that the likely surplus shown is not a very big one, but the present Commissioner has pointed out that the income of the Corporation from its present revenue sources has shown steady improvement over the past few years and that any downward trend has ceased for good. With the active co-operation of the citizens, helpful guidance of the Councillors, zealous discharge of their duties by the Corporation's Officers and the subordinate staff and a more sympathetic attitude and liberal help on the part of the State Government, which has hitherto been in an unfortunately almost chronic habit of rejecting many requests for loans and recurring and non-recurring grants, the

Corporation's revenue is bound to increase greatly and that in turn would, we trust, mean increased civic amenities.

The one proposal made in the budget which will have a great psychological effect on the lower-middle and poor classes of citizens is the one to reduce the tax on cycles from four rupees to one rupee a year. Instead of this concession, the Corporation ought to boldly remove the tax in its entirety. The difference between the proposed reduction to complete abolition, we learn, will be only Rs. 25,000. Surely, this amount is worth losing, for thereby much inconvenience to the public and the concerned staff of the Corporation would cease to be.

The Councillors should boldly recommend the giving up of the running of High Schools by the Corporation. The maintaining of Corporation Dispensaries ought also to be given up for it is common knowledge that these are more a farce than of any real use. The continued maintenance of the Infectious Diseases Hospital by the Corporation is not at all justifiable on any ground except that of the purblind plea of privilege being involved. It should be handed over to the Government who can and will maintain it better. Commenting on this, a leading City daily states: "Prestige seems to outweigh the more important considerations of economics and propriety."

The Corporation should concern itself more and more with the City's roads, sanitation, drainage and water supply. We hope that in the years to come, the greater revenue income of the Corporation would ensure Madras being the City Beautiful in every sense.

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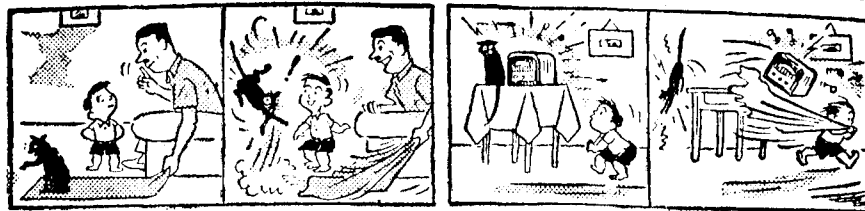
BETWEEN THE LINES!

"The great love I hitherto expressed for you is false, and I find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I think of you the more you appear in my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to offer you my hand. Our last talk in the Park has left a tedious insipidity which has by no means given me a more exalted idea of your character; your temper would make me extremely unhappy and were we united I would experience nothing but the hatred of my parents added to the ever-lasting displeasure in living with you. I have, indeed, a heart to bestow but I do not desire you to imagine it to be at your service. I could not give it to any one more inconstant and capricious than yourself and less capable to do honour to my choice and family. Yes, I hope you would be persuaded that I speak sincerely and you will do me a favour to avoid me. I'll not mind if you don't trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence and you have not even a shadow of wit and good sense. Adieu! Adieu! Believe me so averse to you that it is impossible for me ever to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

SOUNDRA VALLI,

NOTE: Please read the above letter again as follows: After the first line, don't read the second line but only the third; then, the fifth, seventh and so on. Thus read, the letter will be found to be not a hymn of hate but a moving declaration of lasting love! Mr. D.J. Stephen, Prop. & Manager of St. Joseph's Typ. & Tel. Institute, Arkonam, who sent us this piece states in his covering letter: "I am not the author of the enclosed matter. It was first published in a College Magazine some 20 or 23 years ago and preserved as a novelty by me. I am passing it on to you." And we add, "Thank you, Mr. Stephen."

— EDITOR.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD!

SWARA YOGA

BY

H.H. BHU-MANDALESHWAR SRI SWAMI SIVANANDA SARASWATI

Chapter IX—Cont.

When the ether element predominates, the colour will be transparency, i.e., nil, the taste will be bitterness, the form will be round and the length will be one inch.

The above-mentioned statements and a few among the following are intended to be of guidance only to the advanced yogi who can perceive the subtler forms and sensations. They cannot be understood by others.

If one who is going to enter into the battle-field comes to the yogi's side on which the breath is running and asks what will be his fate, it is to be said that he will return with a wound on his body. If the Prithivi influence prevails at that time, the wound will be on the back; if water, on the leg; if fire, on the chest; if Vayu, on the arm; if ether, on the head. This cannot be escaped even if the great Maha Vishnu Himself comes to protect the warrior.

After drawing a line connecting the Vayu quarter with the Agni quarter and after regarding the west and south as the region of the moon and the north and east as the region of the sun, if the warrior, in whom at that moment the Surya Nadi runs, places himself in the sun's region and places his enemy in the moon's region and fights, he will certainly win. If the Prithivi's influence predominates, his weapons should be the knife; if

the water's, the sword; if fire's, the bow; if Vayu's, the stick and if it is the ether's, the stone.

FOR AILMENTS

If the patient is a male and if the message is sent through a male the disease will be easily cured, if the question is asked from the right side of the yogi who practises the science of breath. If the male patient sends a female messenger and the question is asked from the left side of the yogi, the disease will appear again. Similar is the rule for the female patient. As for the time when the disease will disappear, that depends upon the element that predominates at the moment. If it is Prithivi, the cure will be delayed; if water, quick; if Agni, within three days; if ether, on the same day. If at the time of question the Sushumna Nadi is functioning, the patient will die within five days.

Through the blessings of the Guru alone can one know how even in Prithivi-influenced breath the preponderance of water or of fire or of Vayu or of ether, can be detected. The influences of Prithivi and water are good.

HOW THE NADIS SHOULD RUN

The Nadi must be examined two hours before sunrise. Then the Chandra Nadi should run on Prathama, Dwitiya and Tritiya

the waxing period of the moon. It should run, without changing, continuously for two hours. On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the *Surya Nadi* should run; on the remaining three days, the *Chandra Nadi*. When the *Nakshatra* is *Poorva, Uttara, Hasta, Chitra, Swati, Visakha, Anusha, Jyeshtha, Mula, Rohini, Satabhishak* or *Uttara Bhadra*, there must be *Surya Nadi*. During the other fifteen *Nakshatras*, there must be *Chandra Nadi*. There will be many troubles if the breath goes in contrary nostrils, but no trouble will assail anyone who praises *Siva* and puts his trust entirely in Him.

If *Chandra Nadi* runs on a Thursday in the waxing moon period and the *Surya Nadi* runs on a Thursday in the waning moon period, there will be good results. If this always happens to a man, he will be a *Jivanmukta*. On a Saturday, in the night and in the day, there ought to be no change from *Surya Nadi* to the *Chandra Nadi* or vice versa. If so, the person will become very famous.

If one enquires about the whereabouts of any person, then the answer should be that he is at home if the breath is under the influence of *Prithivi*; that he is in the courtyard, if the breath is under the influence of *Apas*

(water); that he is within the limits of the village, if *Agni* is prominent in the breath; that he is within the limits of the village, if *Vayu* predominates; that he has mounted the hillside and that he is sleeping, if ether predominates. If the question is about a departed person, the answer should be: (1) that he is already in the town, (2) that he is returning, (3) that he is not stopping anywhere but continuously walking, (4) that he has already come back to his native town, and (5) that he will be in his own home in twenty-four minutes, if (1) *Prithivi*, (2) *Apas* (water), (3) *Agni*, (4) *Ether* are prominent, respectively.

If the breath gets absorbed in the body and does not move from nostril to nostril, then there is no death for such a person. Then, the mind, etc., have no function and will remain motionless. Then fear of even *Yama* vanishes. The influence of the *Prithivi* element will be for $1\frac{1}{2}$ *Nalikas* (36 minutes), of water $1\frac{1}{2}$ *Nalikas* (30 minutes), of *Agni* 1 *Nalika*, of *Vayu* $\frac{1}{2}$ *Nalika*, and of ether $\frac{3}{4}$ *Nalika*. The total duration for breath in one nostril is 5 *Nalikas* or 2 hours. If there is either decrease or increase of this period, it is harmful.

(To be Continued)

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IN the heyday of Oudh Kingdom, almost every big mansion or palace, among other things, had a decorated *zenankhana* and a *paen bagh*. In Lucknow, the city of gardens and the seat of the Nawabs, the beautiful Qairserbagh was a flourishing collection of imposing structures bedecked by veritable rich-green gardens of exquisite beauty and grace.

It seemed as if the nimble-footed queen of grace herself walked past the soft and trim terraces of the *paen bagh* from inside the Nawab's harem, when, to one's wonder

and joy, Princess Ifat Ara, in a richly brocaded *gharara* suit and corn-coloured chiffon *dupatta* embroidered with *salma*, went about every evening with graceful abandon upto the Silver Fountain.

One such evening, it appeared as if the air itself whispered a strange song, soft and sad. In whose ears...? The Princess, with a silver crest on her black shingled hair and dressed in her finest *chikan* suit, wandered listlessly, her face wearing a sad, dreamy expression. The crimson clouds were melting away into the yawning night; the pale-faced moon gathered a cheerful countenance. Her magic beams filled the *paen* garden with a strange atmosphere, at once mysterious and gloomy.

Princess Ifat, step by step, took the whole round of the moon and then, her *dupatta* trailing carelessly in her shoulders, she stepped sweetly in the region of the rose-bud.

of a mouth twirled a little, her delicate lips quavered letting out an exquisite set of verses clothed in the melody of rhythmic cadence. She was improvising a *ghazal* to express the purple riot of emotions surging up in her tender heart.

Or, maybe, she had in mind the ensuing poets' symposium; so at least, she gave others to understand when questioned about her nocturnal recitations in the garden.

Every sweet little word that came out of her mouth seemed to be an echo of the whisper of the gentle breeze that

THE

ENCHANTED FOUNTAIN

played mischievously aloft the green grass blades, puffing against the cheeks of the roses and

jasmines. Every gentle puff brought forth a refreshing verse; there were jewels of phrases, diction and imagery embellishing the string of pearls of poetry which she prepared with the artist's skill and precision to welcome the charming prince of her enchanting dreams.

PRINCESS Ifat whooped with delight as she saw the Silver Fountain emitting its gleaming shower encircling a forlorn marble Cupid. She sat on the parapet wall, wistfully looking beyond it, her impetuous dainty feet paddling in the knee-deep water of a thousand shimmering moons. The cluster of the moonbeams, sparkling on the water, kissed her feet, tickled her soles to a sense of ease and ecstasy; the music of the trickling ripples lulled her into an unusual deep-breathing coma. The crest she wore had loosened

—BY—

MEHWASH BANO ANJUM

2 — 1st February '56

itself and was lying down floating about on the tiny ripples; her hair, now free, lashed against the parapet wall with every gust of sweet breeze.

The Princess' vocal rendering of verses had already filled the air with an enchantment unique and could have raised a rainbow of desires in a hundred hearts, if only one had listened to it. Was nobody listening to the outpourings of a hungry heart?

KHURRAM, himself a poet of repute, a lover of wilderness as well as of gardens, had at last come, riding on his white horse in search of peace and inspiration. He could scarcely catch a glimpse of the golden-voiced Princess, but he could easily fancy a heaven of delights inside the garden; his heart ached and he felt his wits melting away. A thousand desires woke up in his heart and brought about a delightful confusion within. He tied the horse to a near-by tree and hazarded an entry into the *zenana*; he knew well he was playing with his very life — possibly, his entry might bring about disgrace upon the very object of his love and adoration. With the will of a conqueror, he dismissed all such thoughts from his mind and contrived to break through a torn hedge-bush.

To his amazement, he beheld the Princess sitting on the parapet wall, her hair scattered about all over her thinly veiled milk-white shoulders while the full moon watched her beautiful silver-white legs, half-bare, dipped in the moon-filled water; a dreamy softness touched the heaving pinnacles of the castle of her youthful glory, the two awe-inspiring domes wherein slept cosily the



hungry desires of her youthful heart. Lo! here sat beauty unadorned, dreaming in the lap of Nature, waiting to be picked up. Khurram grew restless and a trifle shaky.

Trembling with an unknown fear, he fitfully took his hand on to her cheeks and gently touched them, shoving her tresses away and whispered words of love in a melodious undertone: "Wake up, my love, my very sweet love. The air is thin and whispering love as it passes away: the moon is full and floating out of the clusters of the clouds; the *champa's* fragrance is spreading all over. Why not you wake up, my darling? We are floating, as it were, in a tiny shallop into the clouds on the wings of Time, away from the misery and gloom. Wake up and behold the charming spectacle and sing a song of merriment and love."

THE Princess opened her eyes and gazed at him for a while; her tears trickled silently down her cheeks. She smiled sweetly and felt at once wistful and happy. She took out her tiny hand and combed his hair with her slender fingers, almost in a sort of trance. "Khurram, my Prince of poems, look into my eyes and see how you have been all along in my dreams," she said excitedly and,

taking a scroll out of her sleeves, went on, "See this yourself. These verses shall betray my ardour for you. My only prayer was to be near you. The pale walls of this mansion will bear witness to the aeons of nights I have passed here in waiting. The Spring came and went away; the flowers blossomed forth and faded away. This fountain knows how many sighs I have heaved under its shadow, longing and waiting hopelessly. At last I have found you — you, my dearest."

SHE sobbed and tears started rolling down her blushing cheeks and the dishevelled locks strayed and touched them mischievously. She presented such a pathetically lovely figure that Khurram could not resist any longer. He drew his strong arms round her frail, delicate body and locked it so tightly that she gave way and languished in the warmth exuding from his body. Only a swash of the rippling water could be faintly heard murmuring, "Come near, nearer, still nearer, till we become one."

They lay thus locked up in each other's arms for a long while; the moon shone ever so brightly; the music of the rippling water played

like the haunting melody of an enchanting opera.

SOON heavy footsteps were heard alighting the staircase which led down to the *paen bagh*. The poet sat up, still holding the Princess in a half-embrace, his face sensing the impending crisis. In the misty light, behind the palm tree, the Nawab's figure was dimly visible. His night revelry over, he was returning to the harem for the night's rest.

The two lovers were by now alert. Before even the shadow of the Nawab could near them, they managed to cross the hedge through. The Nawab sensed what it was all about and, true to his blue blood, reached for his gun. Two clear shots banged and tore asunder the tranquillity of the night. The heavy footsteps faded away behind their echoes.

At day break, the *durwans* rushed to the scene of their master's fury dreading the worst tragedy imaginable. They saw, instead, with relief, the dead body of a horse lying in a pool of blood. The two lovers had but left the trail of their footsteps leading to the impregnable castle of their triumph. ☺☺

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HENRY SMART, Esq., M.A., I.C.S., was the Sub-Collector and Joint-Magistrate of Royarpuri. He was a senior Sub-Collector with a service of about 12 years. He was a tall man of about 33 years, with a grave face, an intellectual forehead and deep blue eyes. He was a linguist and he could talk very fluently in the local language and also read and write it like the local people. He was an

exceptionally sympathetic officer whose sole desire was to serve the needs of the ryots in his division. He was easily accessible to the poor ryots but he was a terror to the dishonest, to the evil-doers, and to the rich who oppressed the ignorant and the poor. He used to live a simple life and he was moving freely with the

villagers. On market days, one could see him mixing with the crowd and ascertaining the prices of various commodities and sometimes exchanging a few words with familiar faces. He was very popular among the villagers. Every day he used to spend some time in the evening with the villagers, gathering information and notes, and giving them their domestic problems and agricultural co-operation.

ROUGH AND READY JUSTICE

20

A you-must-read-it-to-believe-it story of a senior Sub-Collector who was also the Joint-Magistrate and possessed of an amazing ability to unerringly sift the grain from the chaff, the true from the false.

discussing the weather and the prospects of the next harvest. The ryots used to treat him with respect and take him into their confidence.

Mr. Smart was not only a sympathetic and efficient revenue officer but was also a capable magistrate whose judgement was sound and whose decisions were remarkable for a clear grasp of facts of each case, breadth of vision, independence of views, and for his capacity to find out the truth from the mass of confusing details of evidence. He was enjoying a just reputation as a magistrate dispensing justice without fear or favour.

When he sat as a Magistrate and heard cases, he took considerable pains to find out the truth. False complainants and false witnesses had a wholesome fear for the court presided over by Mr. Smart. Not that he was a browbeating magistrate. Far from it. Mr. Smart was taciturn by nature. In court he used to speak very few words. But he would be all attention. The slightest expression on the face could not escape his attention while he was sifting the evidence of witnesses.



On a summer morning, Mr. Smart went to his office at the usual time. It was his usual routine to go through the revenue chamber from 10 A.M. to 11 A.M. On that day at 11 A.M. he entered the Court hall. After

greeting the lawyers and the Prosecuting Inspector, he took his seat. His peon called petitioners and complainants. There were none.

That day the Joint-Magistrate had only one criminal case for



enquiry. It was a case against a Forest Guard and the charge against him was that he received illegal gratification from a ryot.

It was, no doubt, a false charge. The ryots of the village knew it. They also knew that the Forest Guard was an honest man and a friend of the people. But

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By J.A.K.

It so happened that this Forest Guard displeased the Forester who was his immediate superior and who had the ears of the Forest Range Officer. The result was that the Forester contrived to get a complaint from a petition-writer (not a ryot) and sent a report against the Forest Guard. The Range Officer held a formal enquiry in the matter. Unfortunately, he made the enquiry at his headquarters and so he was not in a position to find out the fact from the local ryots. He did not believe the explanation offered by the Guard and accordingly sent a strong report against the Forest Guard. The District Forest Officer (a raw young European) relied upon the findings of the Range Officer and ordered the prosecution of the Forest Guard. He also addressed the District Magistrate and asked him to depute the Prosecuting Inspector of Police to conduct the prosecution. Under the instructions of the District Magistrate, the Prosecuting Inspector of Police was in charge of the case. The accused was defended by a local lawyer. The Prosecuting Inspector was assisted by the Forester. Many ryots of the village were gathered outside the Court hall. They knew that the accused was innocent and they were also sure that Mr. Smart would be able to find out the truth. They were waiting outside to know the result of the hearing.

It was a peculiar habit of Mr. Smart's to examine first the most important eye-witness in a criminal case. And he used to size up the witness before he was put in the witness-stand. Sometimes the fate of a case would hang upon its first witness. It was not as if Mr. Smart made a hasty and

rash decision on the basis of a single witness. He would weigh very carefully all the probabilities of the case and arrive at a just and proper decision.

As suggested by the Joint-Magistrate, the first important witness, Pachayappan, was called by the Prosecution. He was the person from whom the accused was alleged to have received the illegal gratification. When Pachayappan stepped into the Court hall, Mr. Smart scrutinised him so intently that the witness felt a little uncomfortable under the penetrating gaze. Pachayappan had this uncomfortable feeling only for a moment and shook off his nervousness the very next moment. He thought that he was able to impress the Magistrate. But Mr. Smart was not. He was struck by the shifty eyes of Pachayappan and thought that the witness was a wily man whose evidence must be carefully sifted. He did not, however, give expression to the idea of what was passing through his mind. He kept his own counsel and assumed an air of non-chalance and asked the witness to get into the witness stand. Pachayappan was duly sworn and deposed to facts within his knowledge.

In the course of the examination, the Prosecuting Inspector produced a petition sent by witness (Pachayappan) to District Forest Officer. The petition it was alleged, the accused demanded Rs. 2000 and witness saying that since he would send a report on the reserved forest. The petition further stated that at first the witness refused but later on,

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thinking that the accused would cause him trouble by dragging him to Court, he reluctantly gave the amount demanded by the accused. The witness deposed that he wrote that petition and that the statements made in the petition were true. He said that the accused demanded and obtained Rs 10 from him and that a witness, Rakhi, was present at that time.

THE Prosecuting Inspector of Police finished his examination of the witness and Counsel for the accused began to cross-examine the witness.

"In the petition you say that you are a ryot of the village. Is that true? Is it not true that you are a petition-writer?" asked Counsel for the accused.

Pachayappan replied, "I am a ryot. I am not a petition-writer."

"Do you own lands?" asked the lawyer.

"No. I do not own lands," came the reply.

"Are you a lessee?" the Defence Counsel asked.

"I am not a lessee," replied Pachayappan.

"Are you a cultivating tenant?" the lawyer asked.

"No. I am not," came the reply.

"Then how do you say that you are a ryot? What do you do for your living?" the lawyer asked, pursuing the matter further.

"I am a ryot doing no work," Pachayappan explained.

"I say that you are not a ryot. I say that you are a professional

petition-writer. Can you deny it? Remember you are on oath. If you utter falsehood, you will be liable for perjury. I may also warn you that if you do not speak the truth I shall get all the petitions written in your own hand of which there are quite a number in the Sub-Collector's office and you will have to admit the fact later on. Now, speak truth," demanded Counsel for the accused.

The witness became thoughtful for a moment. He knew that there were many petitions in his own handwriting in the Sub-Collector's office. He had already denied that he was a petition-writer. He should not retract now. On the other hand, if the petitions were produced he must admit the fact and he would be exposed. He was assailed by a sudden fear that he would be discovered. But this fear was only momentary. He regained his composure the next moment and smiled and was about to give his reply.

BEFORE he could open his mouth, the Prosecuting Inspector was on his feet and addressed the Court.

"With your Honour's permission, I would submit that it does not in the least matter to the Prosecution whether this witness is a ryot or petition-writer or mirasdar. That does not affect the probability of our case. My learned friend seems to attach undue importance to the profession of the witness."

Counsel for the accused promptly replied, "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether this witness is rich or poor. What I am anxious to show to the Court is that this witness has no regard for truth and that the accused had

no need to ask the witness for illegal gratification and that the witness is an undesirable man who stirs up trouble among the villagers and that he is a knave."

Mr. Smart quietly remarked with a smile, "Now, we shall hear what the witness has to say. Let him answer the question put by the Counsel for the accused."

PACHAYAPPAN read the anxiety on the face of the Prosecutor, the mischievous glee on the face of the cross-examiner and the mystery in the smiling face of the Magistrate and realised that a trap was being laid for him. So he wanted to explain away the number of petitions in the Sub-Collector's office.

Assuming an air of calm self-confidence he said, "I admit I have written some petitions for the ryots. But I am not a professional petition-writer."

Counsel for the accused asked immediately, "Then how do you earn your living?"

Pachayappan replied, "My children are employed as agricultural labourers and they feed me. I do no work."

"If that is so, how do you call yourself a ryot?" the lawyer asked.

"I am a villager depending on the earnings of my children."

"Now, without beating about the bush, please answer me. Are you or not a ryot?"

"I am not a ryot," Pachayappan affirmed.

"So, you are a villager, doing no work. Is it because you are not capable of doing any work or

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is it because there is no work for you?" questioned the lawyer.

"I am quite capable of doing work but chose not to do any work because I have no need to work. My children feed me," Pachayappan declared.

"Well, I put it to you that you do no work except to create trouble among the villagers and incite them to send petitions against one another and to write petitions on their behalf," the lawyer stated.

"I deny it!" Pachayappan replied.

"Very well. Do you get any remuneration for writing petitions?"

"I accept whatever is given to me for the work done by me."

COUNSEL for the accused continued, "You say that Rakki was present when the accused asked for and obtained illegal gratification. Was anybody else present?"

"No body else was present."

"Is Rakki a friend of yours?"

"No, he is not my friend."

"Is he related to you?"

"No."

"Be careful about what you say. I suggest that he is related to you," the lawyer stated.

"No. He is not at all related to me," Pachayappan declared.

"Are not Rakki's mother-in-law and your mother sisters?"

"Yes, they are sisters."

"If Rakki's wife is your cousin, is not Rakki related to you?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes, he is related to me distantly," Pachayappan reluctantly admitted.

"In your petition, did you mention that Rakki was present?"

"Yes, I have said so."

"I see that there is no mention of Rakki's name in the petition. Please read the petition and tell the Court whether Rakki's name is found in the petition," the lawyer told Pachayappan.

THE petition was put into the hands of the witness and he read through the whole petition and blinked.

Counsel for the accused said, "Now, please tell the Court whether you have mentioned Rakki in your petition."

"Now only do I see that his name is omitted in the petition."

"Why did you omit it?" the lawyer demanded.

The witness looked about him suspiciously as if he was expecting help from somebody else.

But Counsel for the accused insisted in a loud voice, "Did you hear my question? Why did you omit Rakki's name in your petition?"

The witness scratched his head as if he was perplexed and said, "It was an accidental omission."

Defending Counsel said to the witness, "I put it to you, that your story is a concoction. There was no such occurrence. You have simply asked Rakki to come as a witness and say what you have tutored him to say."

"I deny it!" was the emphatic reply.

"In which place did the accused ask for this illegal gratification?"

"It was in my village."

"Was it near your house?"

"No. It was near the village *chavadi*."

"What was the time then?"

"It was about 5 p.m."

"Was there anybody with him?"

"Yes, he was accompanied by Vellayan of Valasaiyur."

"Now, tell me honestly whether it is not a fact that the accused scolded you for creating trouble among the poor villagers and for inducing the illiterate and misguided villagers to send petitions against one another?"

"No. That is a lie!" Pachayappan said boldly and gazed all around him.

"Is it not true that you threatened to send petitions against the accused and that you said that you will get him into trouble?"

"No! That is not true!"

But the expression on the face of the witness showed very plainly that he was not telling the truth. He looked very miserable and had the air of a man who is caught in the act of committing a felony.

Mr. Smart noticed the expression on the

face of the witness and shot a withering glance at Pachayappan. But he did not speak a word. Counsel for the accused studied the face of the magistrate and felt quite happy that he was able to see through the wiles of the witness.

COUNSEL for the accused asked for the petition and scrutinised it and turned to the witness and said, "I see that a Court fee label has been affixed to the petition. It bears the name of Pachayappan. I take it that you purchased the stamp yourself?"

The cross-examiner had no particular purpose in questioning



FILM STAR (to husband): "Now that I've been promoted to stardom by the producer, you need not accompany me to the studios hereafter!"

the witness on this subject. He knew that anybody can purchase stamps in another's name and that it is what is usually done. It was of no importance whether the label was purchased in his name or in the name of another. Still Counsel for the accused put the question in order to draw the witness out. He had no other purpose as he had almost finished cross-examination of this witness. The lawyer said to the witness, "From whom did you purchase the stamp?"

The answer was, "From the stamp vendor in the Bazaar Street."

DEFENCE Counsel knew that in point of fact there was only one stamp vendor in Royarpuri and that man was living in Teppakulam Street and not in Bazaar Street.

When the witness asserted that the stamp vendor was in Bazaar Street, Counsel for the accused felt very much surprised. He asked the witness, "Do you know the name of the stamp vendor who sold the label to you?"

The reply was, "I do not know his name. But he is a Chettiar. I can identify him."

THE lawyer felt amused by this reply, because the stamp vendor in Royarpuri was a Muslim and not a Chettiar.

The real fact was that Pachayappan never came to Royarpuri to purchase the stamp. He sent one of his sons to buy the stamp. He could have plainly said that he did not go to the stamp vendor himself and that he sent one of

his sons to purchase the stamp. But the blundering fool thought that nobody would challenge his statement. He asserted that the stamp vendor was a Chettiar because once he saw a man coming from a particular shop and that man had a stamp-paper with him and he thought that the man had purchased the same from that shop. Later on, he ascertained from another that the shop was owned by a Chettiar. It was all on account of his wrong imagination and inference.

EVEN Mr. Smart knew that the local stamp vendor was a Muslim and not a Chettiar! So when Pachayappan said that he purchased the stamp from a Chettiar in Bazaar Street, the Magistrate was taken aback. He could hardly believe his ears. He turned to the cross-examiner and said, "Please wait."

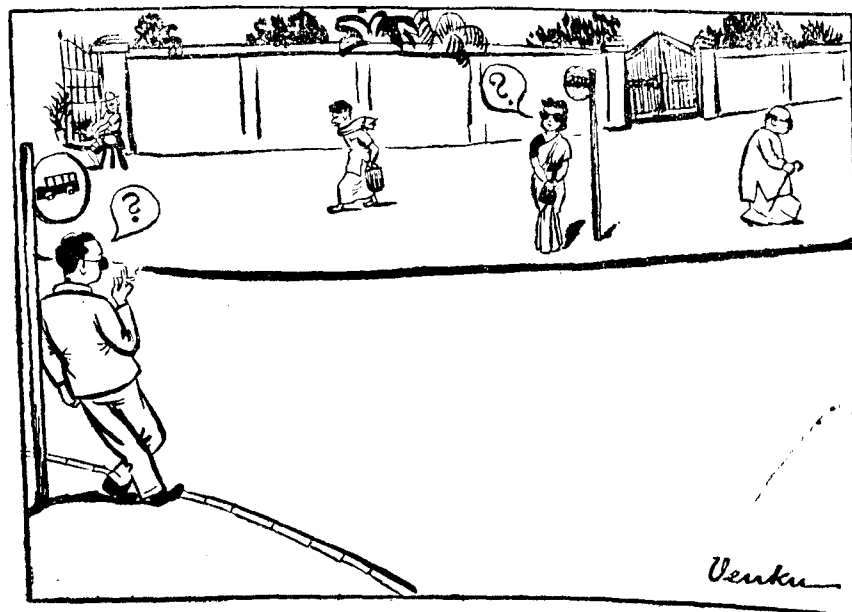
This made Pachayappan feel rather nervous. He imagined that the Magistrate was going to say something.

But the Magistrate sat still and after a while said, "Did I hear the witness say that he purchased the stamp from a Chettiar's shop in Bazaar Street and that he can identify that Chettiar?"

Counsel for the accused said that the witness said so. And he turned to the witness and repeated his answer and asked him to confirm.

The witness thought that it was too late to go back on his statement and he was prepared to face the music and be done with it. He repeated his previous answer. Outwardly he was calm but inwardly he was agitated.

(Continued on page 76)



MAN WITH DARK GLASSES: "I suppose she is wearing dark glasses just to look at men without the men knowing she is doing so!"

GIRL WITH DARK GLASSES: "Oh, these men! They are deliberately wearing dark glasses to stare at us girls and not for protecting their eyes from the sun's glare!"

ATTENTION

Ladies Please!

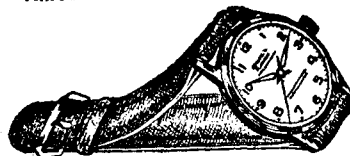


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RAIN-MAKING

MAN was a nomad and a hunter and then passed on to the pastoral stage. He tended his flocks and ate them. He found that he ate so fast that he soon had no flocks to tend! His wonderful inventive genius led him on to the agricultural stage. But he soon found that he had to wait upon the rains. He disliked this and passed on to the industrial stage. But no industrialisation is possible without raw materials and these depended upon rains. He is now oscillating between agriculture and industry and does not want to pray for rain. The early solution is to make it rain at his sweet will and pleasure.

I was discussing the matter one day with Dr. Nesan with a view to find out whether we can get rain when we want it and get as much of it as we want and no more. Then the daily newspaper arrived. Dr. Nesan drew my attention at once to a new solution of the old problem. The newspaper stated that recently at Dibrugarh frogs were married to propitiate the Rain-God in certain villages where rain had failed for over two weeks. The villagers believed that the rain would come as a blessing from the Rain-God to his beloved children, the frogs, on their wedding day. It was stated in the newspaper that on the day of the first marriage a storm blew but rain did not fall. The villagers are convinced that when more marriages of the Rain-God's dear children take place rain would surely fall as Papa's wedding gift to them.

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Dr. Nesan said: "I am prepared for a certain length and width and height and depth of superstition. But this beats all that I have seen, heard or imagined. One would imagine that fish and tortoises are equally beloved children of the Rain-God. Perhaps there will be fish-marriages and tortoise-weddings also. Why not get an Indian poet to write an epithalamium on such marriages? Frog-marriage is a Burmese superstition. But there two men, one dressed as a man and the other as a woman, get married and croak like frogs and splash water on each other. The Burmese have other devices also. They beat drums and hold a tug of war. The tremendous noise then made is supposed to bring down rain."

I ALSO felt that the Dibrugarh incident went a little too far and must be criticised. But still, out of sheer contrariness of spirit and out of a desire to contradict and criticise Dr. Nesan, the arch-critic of all old-fashioned things, I said: "Are there not superstitions in service? You see that a storm followed the first frog-marriage."

Dr. Nesan laughed outright and said: "Ramul! You seem to be off your head. Why do you not get some frogs from Chirapunji and get a couple married in Madras and another couple married in Rayalaseema? If frogs are the beloved children of the Rain-God, the frogs of Chirapunji * must be the most beloved of them for there the rainfall is the highest in the

*The Rain-God seems to have recently become more fond of the frogs in Mawsynram, a Khasi village 31 miles from Shillong, for that place recorded a rainfall of 555.76 inches of rain in 1955 whereas Chirapunji had recorded a rainfall of 446.41 inches only for the same period! —Ed.

world. If you do so, we can solve satisfactorily once and for ever the baffling and apparently insoluble problem of the water supply for the City of Madras and banish for ever the gaunt spectre of famine from the Rayalaseema."

I TOOK up the gauntlet thus thrown by Dr. Nesan and said: "There is undoubtedly much truth in what you say. But is it not superstition to sprinkle icicles on clouds or scatter silver iodide on them?"

Dr. Nesan replied: "They are all experiments. Some of them may succeed. Or all of them may fail. You must have seen a *kodumpavi* (effigy of Sin) being dragged in the streets to bring about rain by treating with open contempt the figure of sin? Surely you do not mean to equate scientific experiments with the dragging of *kodumpavis*?"

I replied: "I do not mean to equate them. But sometimes the cocksureness of scientists makes me compare them with the African Voodoo or sorcerer or rain-maker. If science were more humble and less self-conscious than it is, I will have no grievance at all against it."

This remark of mine set Dr. Nesan going on the war path again.

He said: "Ramul! You speak glibly about Voodoo. But are you sure that your *Kariri Ishti*, *Varuna Japam*, study of the *Valmiki Ramayana*, reading of the *Virata*

Parva of the *Mahabharata* etc., are not akin to Voodoo?"

I felt nettled by this remark and said: "Do you mean to say that sincere prayers to God do not bring His response in the form of rain? You know well that when recently the ex-Chief Minister of the Madras State, Rajaji, asked people to pray to God for rain and they did so, the prayers were followed by plentiful rain."

ON hearing this, Dr. Nesan became unusually thoughtful and said: "Ramul! you speak sensibly. There is something in what you say."

I immediately pressed home the advantage gained by me. I said: "Do you not recollect that Tiruvalluvar says in his world-famous *Tirukural* that if there is one good man on earth, rain will fall for the benefit of all on account of him and that if a good and chaste woman asks rain to fall, rain will fall?"

Dr. Nesan agreed with those great ideas.

I therefore continued: "Do you not recollect the lesson taught for all time by the story of Rishya Sringa?"

Dr. Nesan asked: "Where did it happen and what is it?"

I said: "It is in the *Valmiki Ramayana* about which you spoke disrespectfully and disparagingly a few minutes ago! In the country of Anga no rain fell and there was consequently a terrible famine.

H. S. Ramaswami Sastri

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The King was advised to bring into the country the young boy-sage Rishya Sringa who was the purest of men and was a model of devotion to his father and to God, and was told that if such a person set foot in the soil of the state there will be plentiful showers. But how was such a guileless sweet-natured devoted boy-sage to be lured and allured? The King eventually sent a bevy of lovely damsels who excelled in music and dance. The boy was so pure in heart and so innocent that he regarded them as lovely companions of his own age and sex. He admired their beautiful garments of silk and lace and their marvelous music and dance. He gave them plenty of fruits to eat, as he had only fruits to give. They invited him to their hermitage and he went thither with them. They gave him very fine sugared preparations and told him that they were fruits grown in their gardens. He enjoyed the sugared preparations immensely. They asked him to come to their garden. He finally agreed. They gently lured him on with sweet words and sweeter promises. He was so happy in their company that he did not realise that they were taking him far away. They, in their turn, were happy to be in the company of a person of such immaculate purity of soul—a veritable Sir Galahad. As soon as he stepped into the Kingdom, there was a continuous down-pour of rain. Why should we arrange for the marriage of frogs or sprinkle icicles on clouds? One good, pure man or woman is enough.

Dr. Nesan agreed that the best rain-makers are goodness and godliness.

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3 — 1st February '56



SO far as my memory goes it was in the year 1934, to be precise it was on August 21, that the news that Dr. Mehta was exiled and deported to Africa flashed throughout the country. Dr. Mehta had taken a very active part in the Non-Co-operation movement launched by Mahatma Gandhi. For a time, this not widely known leader of Gujarat

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had set at naught the whole might of the British regime. The Government acted swiftly by exiling him from the country.

LAST year, I had an opportunity to visit Uganda. I was heading an Indian Goodwill Mission. There I heard of an Indian doctor practising for the last two decades. The natives of the country

worshipped him like a god. He was a bachelor. And about his bachelorship a number of stories ran, some so fantastic that it made the listener burst into laughter. He was more commonly known as "the doctor that hates women but treats them." The doctor had caught the attention of all the members and our Mission decided to meet him at his own hospital in the village of Tetusaki.

THE next day we drove to Tetusaki. The village is situated at the foot of a hill, on the banks of a lake. The green forest begins just on the other side of the lake. The village had some eight hundred thatched huts. Walking through the narrow lanes of the village and passing before

parlour of the hospital when all of a sudden the curtain moved and there entered in the room a pleasing personality, some six feet in height and clad in immaculate white trousers and a half-sleeved shirt and bespectacled. The hair on his head was as white as his clothes but he had a dark black Rajenbabu brand moustache. And behind it was an enamouring smile, rarely seen even in famous faces.

We rose in a body to greet Dr. Mehta. For a split second there was a silence. And what followed took us by great surprise. The doctor's eyes flashed. Hardly had I recovered from this suspenseful attack than he delivered a second blow.

By Prem Diwan

"Namaste, Sharmaji. Please take your seat," said the doctor, unfolding his folded hands.

THE whole company was flabbergasted. A man in this remote country of Uganda recognising me was a surprise. He seemed to be an old pal but I was unable to recognise him. I strained my memory but in vain. I exercised my prudence. Instead of cracking the nut, I began introducing each of the members of the Mission to the doctor. There were warm shaking of hands and hearty exchanges of *namastes*.

(Continued on page 32)

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the awe stricken eyes and gaping mouths of the villagers, we came to the gate of the hospital premises. Before us was standing a very modern building of a hospital in the midst of wide stretching lawns and beautiful gardens. I felt that its immaculate appearance was sending into the atmosphere a message of love, peace and service.

Crossing the lawns, we came to the building proper. We were courteously received by an assistant who informed us that the doctor met his visitors at 10 A.M. It was half past nine, as my watch showed.

We were just gossiping with the assistant in the visitor's

CHAPTER TEN—(Cont.)

MEANWHILE, THE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF Mr. Jenkins, which had begun to take a serious turn for the worse since he had become deprived of Hilda's allowance, were now moving towards a crisis. Uncle Vincy and Auntie Blanche, though they had at first welcomed their visiting relatives with open arms, had by now begun to feel the pinch of having to provide food and strong drink, once the little money with which Mr. Jenkins had landed in Bombay had completely run out. At first, Uncle Vincy broke his old habit of drinking his grog at home. Instead, he consumed this outside and brought with him a small bottle of it to be gulped down in secret by his wife and himself, just before meals. Then Auntie Blanche began to complain about the rise in the cost of foodstuffs and the inadequacy of their rationed supplies.

Finding that this made no impression at all, Uncle Vincy suggested to Mr. Jenkins one day that he would do well to enlist in the A. F. (I) where they were recruiting men on a large scale.



Mr. Jenkins, of course, pleaded old age, upon which Uncle Vincy quoted innumerable cases of men older than his brother-in-law having been accepted for service in the Corps. Mr. Jenkins then pleaded that his health was none too good and that his heart was affected. To this Uncle Vincy rejoined that there were many men in the Corps who were in a worse state than Mr. Jenkins and whose hearts (and kidneys, too) were much weaker than that of his brother-in-law! As a last attempt at escaping, Mr. Jenkins said, "Oh! damn the A.F. (I)! Who the hell wants to go in and get knocked about by a lot of bounders who think no end of themselves? I hate the very idea!" And to this Uncle Vincy said nothing.

However, with the ruthless determination characteristic of her sex in such matters, Auntie Blanche doggedly persisted in her determination to oust her two relatives out within the shortest possible time. At one time she suggested that Mrs. Jenkins should undertake her own cooking so that Mr. Jenkins could enjoy the dishes which she (Auntie Blanche) could hardly be expected to prepare for him, not knowing the quality

and delicacy of his palate. This, too, made no impression at all. On yet another occasion, she pleaded hardship, and approached none other than Mrs. Jenkins herself for a loan so that she could buy the week's rations! She met with a refusal which had been so well calculated to cause pity in the heart of the most hardened human being that Mrs. Jenkins was surprised to find that, so far as her

sister-in-law was concerned, no such thing had actually happened. Goaded at last to sheer desperation, Auntie Blanche pleaded hardship every day of the week and, on a number of occasions, she even starved the household, though she herself went out and had a good meal in one of the hotels close by! But this, too, didn't work.

ON the contrary, Mr. Jenkins got bolder in imposing on his brother-in-law's hospitality by making it a regular practice to ask for small loans, which he invariably got, so that he could buy himself a drink now and then. Uncle Vincy, however, suddenly began to run short of funds himself and, in course of time, it became a regular practice with him to refuse to lend money on grounds of hardship, which fact Mr. Jenkins kept in his mind and groaned over in anger and rage and vowed terrible vengeance.

•══════ By E.T. FERNANDEZ ══════•

STORY SO FAR: Brian Lacey, who is very unpopular among the Anglo-Indian community for his pro-Congress views, falls in love with Hilda Jenkins (Angel). Her father, who comes to know this, forbids her meeting him any more. When Brian and his mother call at the Jenkins' house to formally ask Mr. Jenkins' permission for Brian's marriage with Hilda, the offer is spurned and the visitors insulted. Later, Hilda's father sends her away to Bombay to stay with her mother's brother, Vincent. There a fake advertisement announcing Brian's forthcoming marriage with someone else is caused to be published by Vincent, reading which Hilda falls seriously ill. She is admitted in a hospital where, thanks to Mother Berchman's careful nursing, she completely recovers. The Jenkinses try their best to persuade Hilda to come away with them but she refuses. She leaves the hospital with Mother Berchman and accompanies her to the latter's Convent in the Nilgiris and feels thoroughly at home there. By sheer accident Mothers Benedict and Berchman find out that a fake advertisement of Hilda's engagement had been published. They feel that Brian Lacey's marriage also would not have taken place. They, however, decide to keep their discovery a secret from Hilda.

Thus many months passed, while Mr. Jenkins sought the help of new friends and acquaintances in Bombay to quench his thirst for drink. Goaded on by the sheer necessity for a stimulant to soothe his over-wrought nerves, he pledged the few jewels his wife had, except her wedding ring which was all that was left at last, sold all his furniture, clothes and belongings, including those of Hilda's, and beat his wife unmercifully in the bargain for refusing to part with her own. Auntie Blanche, whose determination to be rid of her two dependents had never weakened one bit, now hit upon a new plan which she hoped would have the desired effect.

SHE announced her decision one morning to go to Bangalore for some three or four months in order to give herself a change of air. Mrs. Jenkins received this news with no comment whatsoever, but she saw quite plainly what her sister-in-law was hinting at. She, therefore, considered it advisable to consult her husband on this very important matter and to see what he had to say about it. Mr. Jenkins, however, flew into a rage, apparently for no reason at all, and beat her for the third time that day. Uncle Vinny happened to be at home at the time.

Addressing him, his wife said, "You *must* speak to Willie sternly, Vinny, and tell him that he had better stop beating Lizzy like this—in our house, too. It's getting to be a regular thing nowadays. Everyday they keep fighting and quarrelling and acting as if the whole house belongs to them. Even when you are at home this happens and you can't even have a decent rest when you come after a hard day's work."

"Yes, I think I will," said her spouse, rising from his easy-chair.

"I say, Willie!" he began, looking at his brother-in-law rather uncertainly. "Why do you beat Lizzy like that, eh? What will all the neighbours think of this, I ask you? They'd be wondering if a real murder was taking place, I'm sure."

Quite unexpectedly, Mrs. Jenkins herself sprang up to her husband's defence.

"What's that got to do with you if Willie beats me?" she challenged. "That's none of your business, is it?"

"It is my business!" stormed Vinny who was wroth with anger. "You happen to be staying under my roof, Lizzy, and I don't like this beating at all. If you want to fight like this and disgrace us, then you'd better find some other place for it!"

"You mean you want us to leave?" Mrs. Jenkins asked.

"Yes, you've been here long enough! I can't go on like this any longer. I've been depriving poor Blanche of her own little comforts and depriving myself of mine, but even that doesn't help much now. I'm running into debt. There's got to be an end to all this!"

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Mrs. Jenkins' temper had, during the short interval she had controlled her tongue to assimilate and digest Uncle Vincy's few words, become so pregnant with meaning, been rising in a steady manner, accompanied by the rolling of her eye-balls and the heaving of her ample bosom.

"What! My God! Oh! How dare they! Ah! Willie! They want to drive us out! By God G...o...d...!" she burst out in full fury.

Neither of these exclamatory expressions of horror and disgust appeared to convey any meaning at all to the individual whose name Mrs. Jenkins had just mentioned. He was, in fact, staring before him with a look devoid of any emotion whatsoever.

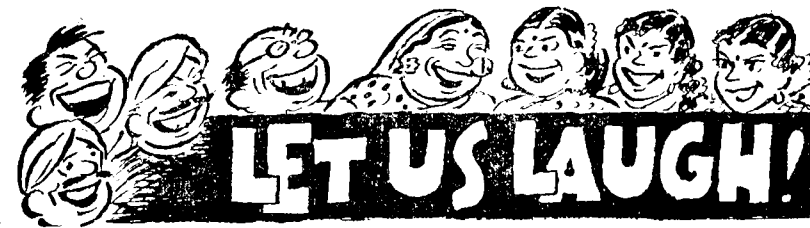
No sooner had the terrible tongue-lashing of Mrs. Jenkins subsided, than she rolled her eyes with such dexterity and ferociousness than it was Uncle Vincy's turn now to become suddenly dumb and motionless. Thus, there were two people now staring with vacant looks — to wit, the two men of the household.

"So that's the game, is it?" Mrs. Jenkins screeched. "So that is why you and Blanche have been treating us like dirt, like filth, like" she left the word unmentioned, "..... asking us to have our own cooking, talking about being hard up, and talking about going to Bangalore! Now I understand! By God! Oh, yes, I understand!" She shook her head from side to side wildly and continued, "We are not green in our horns." She pointed at a spot near her temple where her 'horns' were supposed to be. "My word! We never expected that we would be treated like this just because we are come down in the world a little. Never! Never!! Never!!!" As she repeated this word three times, she shook her head vigorously from side to side, accompanying the action to the tempo of her speech.

Again she continued, "And by my own people, too!" Here her eyes popped dangerously out of their sockets, but remained where they were without falling out. "My own flesh and blood!" She said this with a scream which was defening to hear. "My word! I'll never forget this — never!"

She stopped speaking for just a few seconds to collect her breath and then went on, from a low tone of voice to a veritable crescendo, mouthful! Willie always had his own home and been independent. Some day you will come to my doors! Yes, this army money won't last you long, I tell you." She shook her hands and her head to emphasise this. "And then, we'll know how to treat you!" And, with a last effort, as a finale calculated to create a lasting impression, she concluded, with a perfect flourish, "My God! I'll never look upon your face again. Never! Never!! Never!!!" I don't want to own you as my brother any more. This is the end! The end! The very end! My curse be on your head — no, not my curse, but God's curse!"

(Continued on Page 87)



A GREAT deal of muttering came from the corner of the room in which a school-boy was doing his homework.

"You bad boy!" scolded Mother. "Where did you get those naughtily words from?"

"Shakespeare," said her son quietly.

"Well, don't play with him any more," she instructed him severely.

"I shall expect my wife to be the same in twenty years' time as she is now," said the young husband.

"But that's unreasonable!" retorted his friend.

"Yes, that's what she is now."

"Why aren't you coming to the club dance to-night, old man?" asked Tom's best friend.

"Because there's a law against it," replied Tom, with a downcast look.

"What law?"

"My mother-in-law."

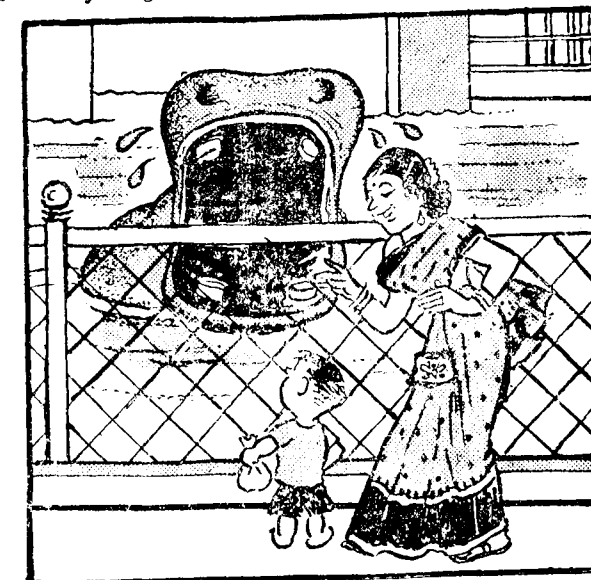
4 — 1st February '56

"SOMEBODY has stolen my steering wheel, brake pedal, accelerator, clutch pedal and dashboard from my car," complained a man telephoning the police. The sergeant promised to investigate.

Soon the telephone rang again. "Don't bother," said the same voice, with a hiccup. "I got into the back seat by mistake."

"Why is our language called the mother tongue?" asked young John of his dad.

"Because father never gets a chance to use it," was the reply.



MOTHER (to her little boy): "The hippopotamus is too hungry, dear. Throw just one of your peanuts into its mouth!"

A BIZARRE gentleman wearing a beret, smock, and great flowing beard was consulting a leading psychiatrist.

"You say you're *not* an artist?" queried the doctor. "Then why the beret, smock, and beard?"

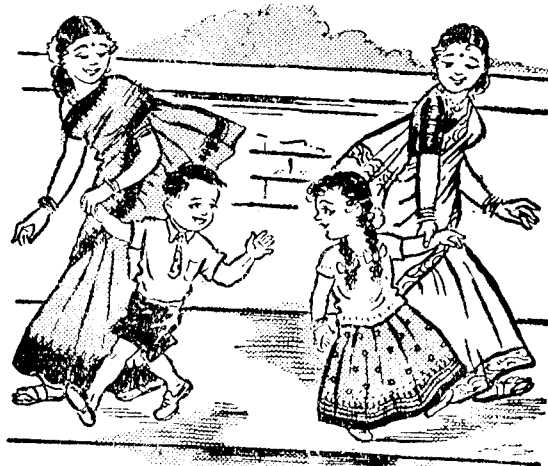
"For heaven's sake," cried the man, "that's what I'm here to find out!"

"So you've accepted Tom?" said Hazel, acidly. "I suppose he didn't happen to mention that he had previously proposed to me?"

"Well, not exactly," replied her friend, blandly, "but he did confess that he'd done a lot of silly things in the past."

Reporter: "What shall I say about the peroxide blondes who had a fight at the baseball game last night?"

Friend: "Just say the bleachers went wild."



LITTLE BOY: "Sita, dear, don't forget. If ever you feel dull, ring me up."

WHEN a party of tourists climbed to the top of a famous echoing mountain, they saw an old man sitting on a rock, an enormous telescope in his hands. Every few moments he let out a series of shouts.

The puzzled tourists watched him for some time. Then one of them went up to the old man and asked him: "Why do you keep on looking through that thing and then calling out as if you were in pain?"

The old man answered impatiently: "Don't talk to me. You'll distract my attention and I'll lose my job. I'm the echo for this bill."

An old Irishman collapsed in the street and a crowd soon gathered, all trying to help and each making suggestions. One, Maggie Riley, kept shouting, "Give the poor man whisky," but little attention was paid to her.

Then the agonized voice of the man rose above the din: "Will the lot of ye hold your tongues and let Maggie Riley speak!"

A gang of bridge-builders were playing cards on an upturned barrow instead of working.

Foreman: "What are you men playing at?"

Workman (with injured innocence): "Bridge!"

DR. BLUNT was advising his nervous patient: "You worry too much about money. Don't. A few weeks ago I had a patient who couldn't sleep because he was so worried about his tailor bills, I advised him just to forget about them, and now he feels fine."

"Yes, doctor," said the patient sadly. "I know. I'm his tailor!"

The boss's faithful secretary was an hour late. When she did arrive, she was covered with blood and her clothes were in rags.

"Where have you been?" roared the great man.

"I—I fell out of a six-floor window," she sobbed.

"That took you an hour?" he roared louder than before.

Girl in the lowest-cut gown at the ball: "When I wear this dress, it seems no man will look me in the face."

"I've already given you my order, waitress."

"I know, sir, but you can't expect me to remember what you said all that time ago."



VASU (to Gopu who is going to his father-in-law's): "Say, Gopu! Why are you collecting so many one-anna and two-anna coins?"

GOPU: "Oh, I'll need them all to please the kid brothers and sisters of my wife. Otherwise they will never allow me to have even one minute of privacy with her!"

Romantic Wife (looking up from novel she is reading): "My, how thrilling! Tell me, George, what would you do if you suddenly saw another man running away with me?"

Husband (thoughtlessly): "I'd simply ask him why he was running!"

Convict Sam: "What are you in for?"

Pete: "Rockin' my wife to sleep."

Sam: "They can't jug you for that!"

Pete: "It was a big rock."



We Are Lucky To Be Alive!

WHOEVER first called man the "Lord of Creation" was either being sarcastic or did not know what he was taking about. Man has certainly progressed through the ages but, by any comparison from brute strength to intelligence, he certainly comes off second best.

He holds his position only because insects and animals have failed to achieve size. In cases where size does not matter man does not even give lower creation a run for its money, writes the special correspondent of the *Weekly Telegraph*.

In Brazil there is a tiny fly, called the deerfly, which can reach a top flying speed of 818 miles an hour. Compare the size of man and fly, and work out for yourself just what speed a man could attain if he were as good as the fly.

Add man's inventions and man still comes off second best, for the deerfly can outstrip a Spitfire, and can do what no flying machine yet invented can accomplish—pull up in its own length and hover!

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No man alive can walk 1,000 miles non-stop, yet there is at least one tropical humming bird which can fly at 60 miles an hour for 1,000 miles without stopping.

Aeroplanes have been known to power-drive at far greater speeds than 296 miles an hour, which is the speed attained by the peregrine falcon when attacking its prey, but no plane could power-drive at that speed and flatten out safely only a few yards from the earth.

Outclassed!

If the average weight of man is 10 stone, is there any one who could lift 800 times his own weight? The idea of a man boasting that he could raise a weight of 8,000 stone is ridiculous, yet the tropical beetle can raise 800 times its own weight and still walk.

Man invented the wheel to transfer weights from one place to another, so let us add his invention and see if he can reach superiority.

Well, the ordinary bee can pull three hundred times its own weight if the weight is on tiny wheels.

That is comparative to a man pulling, single-handed, a weight of 42,000 lb.

The earwig has been known to pull a tiny carriage of 530 times its own weight. The common limpet can resist a pulling force of 2,000 times its own weight.

In this field, then, man is completely outclassed, and if insects had been given lungs instead of breathing tubes man would have been wiped out long ago!

Weeds which man can nip out of the earth with no effort at all are strong enough to crack a concrete paving, to do which "superior" man would need the help of a sledgehammer.

Man Is Still Only Second!

Of course, you will say that man owes his superiority over the rest of creation, not to brute strength but to his brain and intelligence.

It is just as well, too, for if the prehistoric dinosaur and brontosaurus had had a dog's intelligence, man's evolution would have stopped almost before it began, and by now man would be unknown.

In any case, I am afraid you are quite wrong, for in the matter of brain, emotions and intelligence, man is still second.

Many men during the last two wars showed fearlessness in the face of danger, but how many, having missed death by a fraction of an inch, would return nonchalantly to the same spot a few minutes later, conscious of their own power to escape a second time just as easily?

Yet a fly does. How often have you swatted at a fly and missed,

and watched it come back, quite unconcerned, to the same spot!

There has been a great deal of interest in a recent telepathy act. Most people believed it was genuine, and admitted that it was something they could not do. Yet dogs have been interpreting thoughts and moods, ever since history began, and if you do not believe this you have never owned a dog it means.

Boswell In Italy

At the bid of the wise men of Yale who are deciphering and publishing him 200 years late, Mr. Boswell, the greatest snob and bounder of 18th century England, has lately reached Italy ("Boswell on the Great Tour") where he has acted as one would expect him to.

The book, following on Boswell's diaries in London and Holland, takes one through Italy as far south as Naples, then on to Corsica for a quick visit with Pasquale Paoli, and finally back to France, all in the year 1765-66, states a report in the *Italian Cultural Digest*.

Boswell seems to have crossed the Alps with a mixture of awe and lechery in his mind. The whole is naturally spiked by the right amount of hypocrisy ("But the ladies in Turin were very beautiful... I thought I might allow myself one intrigue... to give me a contempt for shameless women...").

These shameless ones appear to have extended a varied treatment to him in different towns, and the towns are judged accordingly.

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"From Parma I went to Florence where I remained to see the curiosities and a little of the society, which I did not find agreeable. The Florentines (especially the Florentine women) are very proud and mercenary... From Florence I went to Siena where I passed a portion of my existence in perfect felicity. The nobility there form a society of the most amiable sort. They have a simplicity, an openness, a gaiety, which you cannot imagine without having been there..." (As you may have guessed, Boswell found a lady in Siena—Moma Piccolomini—who genuinely fell in love with him... In his candid fashion, our friend proceeds to recount in detail how sweet she was and how shabbily he treated her.)

There is, alas, much more in the book about the noble Englishmen on whom Boswell fawned and about the Italians he ran into than about 18th-century Italy itself.

Still, glimpses of that land in the languorous century of periwigs shine through. One also picks up some fascinating news on travel de luxe at the time. "... It was the day to cross Mount Cenis... At six I mounted the Alps machine which consisted of two trees between which were twisted some cords on which I sat. There was also a kind of back and arms and a board hung between on which I put my feet. In this machine did four fellows (six, I should say), changing two and two, carry me over the saevas Alpes."

That "saevas Alpes" is of course from Vergil. One thing can be said for 18th-century travellers (and Boswell proves it again on every page): they knew their classics.

What Makes People Late?

The chronic Johnny-come-lately is apt to achieve less in life, to be emotionally more unstable and to have less intelligence than the early bird. This is the surprising conclusion reached by psychologists, personnel experts and others who have scrutinised the habits of thousands of inveterate late-comers, writes Leonard W. Robinson in *This Week Magazine*.

One survey, which analysed 15,360 observations on earliness and lateness, was made by Dr. George J. Dudycha at Ripon College in Wisconsin. Dr. Dudycha not only found a wide difference in scholastic ability between late-comers and those who were prompt but also found a startling difference in general intelligence, qualities of leadership and self-reliance.

Women Are Less Graceful!

The age-old, all-male contention that women are later than men has also been under attack by the surveyors.

Keeping records for five months on appointments made by psychiatric patients of both sexes, Dr. Marie Nyswander found women to be 10 per cent prompter on the average than men.

Men must not despair, however, for Dr. Nyswander stated that women, when they were late, were less graceful than men in accepting the responsibility for their defection. "They are more prone to blame the doctor for their lateness than the men are," she said.

The latter observation agrees with that of Walter J. Godfrey, assistant stationmaster in Grand Central Station, New York City. "When a man is late for a train he just slaps himself on the leg

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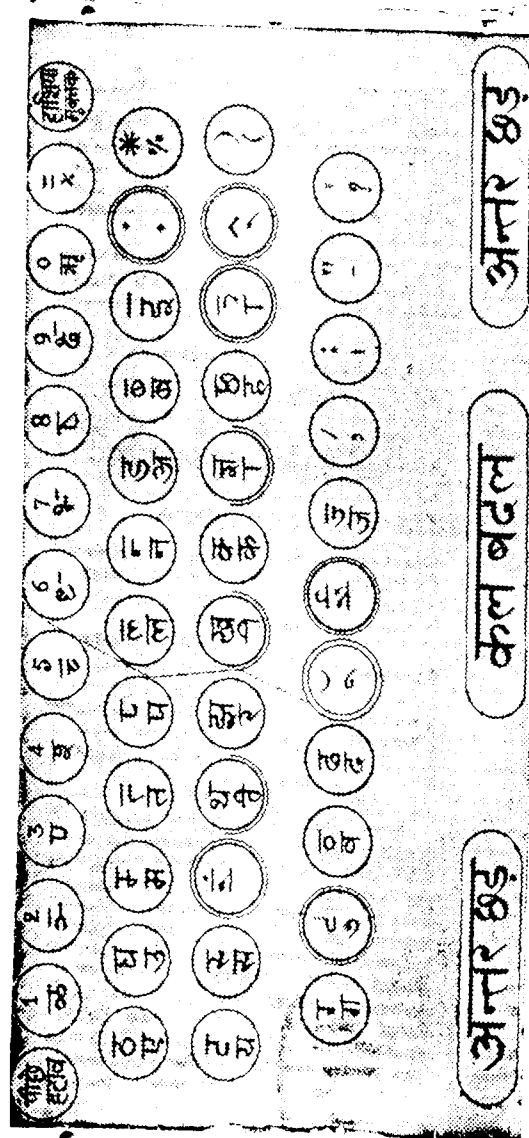
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The standard Hindi typewriter Keyboard will have 46 keys and 92 characters according to the recommendations of the special committee appointed by the Union Ministry of Education. Photo gives the sketch of the Keyboard. Keys with double circles are dead keys and those with a half double circle are half movement keys. The portable typewriter keyboard will be adapted from this by dropping 4 end keys, one in each row. It will thus have 42 keys with 84 characters.

with his newspaper to express his feelings," he says, "but many a woman gets so emotional that she's just as apt to slap the gateman on the head with her pocketbook."

Dr. Dudycha and other surveyors found that most late-comers are at a complete loss to explain their bad habit correctly; they usually claim they can't do anything about it and generally tend to minimize its importance.

But some students of the mind believe that persistent lateness, far from being trifling, is the surface symptom of an often severe underlying problem.

Calculated Lateness

Another kind of late-comer is not "helpless", claims James Cooney, manufacturer of Northampton, Mass. His business calls for hundreds of appointments throughout the country yearly, and he says that the behaviour of some late-comers is entirely conscious and calculated. "They use lateness to assert their superiority over people they consider to be their inferiors," says Mr. Cooney. He points out further that they are never late to dates with people they consider their superiors financially or socially.

And a New York psychoanalyst reports on the other side of the picture.

Extreme earliness is just as indicative of underlying

problems as lateness! A large proportion of those who habitually came to the therapist long before the time of their regular interviews were found to have exceptionally severe problems in their love lives and with their jobs.

Not Smart Or Fashionable

The grave psychiatric view seems to have been taken over by our younger generation which gives signs of permanently abandoning the idea that lateness is smart or fashionable. One Smith College student put it this way: "If you come late to parties now they say your exhibitionism is showing." And a Vassar undergraduate said: "There's always a good excuse for not going, but excuses for lateness always sound phoney."

Lateness is profoundly affected by the weather, according to a

recent report by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Extreme cold increases lateness up to 100 per cent but extreme heat seems to stimulate promptness more than any other kind of weather.

Prescription For Lateness

However deep a problem some may think lateness is, others feel that it is never too late to learn to be prompt. One industry found that pay deductions and adverse publicity to late-comers in their plant reduced tardiness by 40 per cent. Another plant reversed the procedure; it appealed to departmental pride and gave rewards for punctuality and got similar results. But psychiatrists offer their own cure for your chronic tardiness. It consists of a two-word prescription: GROW UP.

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World's No. 1 Film Fan!

Who is the world's champion cinemagoer? It appears to be Mr. Bill Marsh, of Deal, Kent, who well deserves the title of World Film Fan No. 1.

Fifty-seven-year-old Bill goes to the pictures every day. From 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. he sits through reel after reel. He enjoys every kind of film, comedies, thrillers, Westerns. He says he is never bored and he has never been seen to fall asleep during a show, states a British Weekly.

Bill Marsh is a bachelor. He's also a scrap merchant. How does he do business when he spends so much time watching films? Well, anybody who wants him always knows where to find him—in his favourite cinema seat watching Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth or some of his other favourite stars. Not that Bill really has any favourites—he likes all film stars. His local cinema recently gave him a free pass for life.

Somebody ought to tell Bill Marsh about Miss Emily Weston who, before the war, was Britain's champion cinema fan. At seventy-four, she used to spend about sixty-six hours a week in cinemas in East London. She often had her lunch and tea watching films.

Watch Of The Future Will Have Only 10 Hours!

Watchmakers believe that children in a remote age will learn to tell the time on a watch with ten hours, each containing 100 minutes. Because the earth is slowing down progressively but roughly at the rate of fifty minutes every 1,000 years, the solar year will in another 1,480,000 years

have lengthened to 10,000 hours. It will then be more convenient to tell the time by the metric system—ten hours a day instead of twenty-four.

The French Revolution was originally responsible, for in 1792 the French National Convention decreed that the day be divided and sub-divided into tens and that all clocks and watches be changed to this system. Concentric circles were added to the dials of existing clocks and watches so that they

indicated the time in both the new and the old way.

However, the new system proved cumbersome and impractical, so Napoleon abolished it. Then a Swiss watchmaker, Rene Bloch, accepted the challenge to make metric time-keeping workable.

When completed, his watch earned for Bloch the Gold Medal in a watchmakers' contest. Perhaps it will eventually re-emerge from its museum as the practical watch of the future.

Miss Yvonne Sugden, 17-year-old British skating champion (LEFT), Miss Nita Solomon from Australia (CENTRE) and Dario Villalba, the 16-year-old senior champion skater of Spain, are seen talking together at the Richmond Sportsdrome during a break in the Richmond Trophy Ladies International Skating competition. Miss Sugden won the trophy for the third time from competitors from Holland, Sweden, Australia and other countries. Her winning total was 797.2 points—more than 50 points ahead of her nearest rival, Miss Joan Haanappel of Holland. Later this year Miss Sugden will be defending her British skating championship for the third successive year.



"Hello" Palace!

So that he can keep in touch with his royal wife, Elizabeth II, and his two children, the gadget-minded Duke of Edinburgh has ordered a long-range telephone for his sports car. With the phone, he will be able to call Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle from any spot in Great Britain and from some Continental areas. The Duke already has installed a dishwasher and a telephonic recording device in the royal suites, writes the American *Newsweek*.

Warned—Against In-Laws!

Here's a mother-in-law story which is different. It's true and it comes from Lisbon, Portugal.

On the second floor of a block of flats there live a young electrician and his charming wife. But they are not completely happy, because his mother-in-law, father-in-law (or both) visit them too often for his liking. And their visits have led to small quarrels between the young couple. The situation became desperate for the husband a fortnight ago. He was constantly arriving home to find one of his in-laws there, so he evolved an ingenious warning system.

While his wife was out for two hours, he secretly fixed above the outside of their flat window a set of light signals and then bribed the porter of the block of flats to switch them on if unwelcome visitors came. So when the home coming husband sees the red light shining, he knows that his mother-in-law is there. When a light shows amber, the father-in-law has arrived. But if a green light shows, it means that

a welcome friend is paying a visit. Whenever he sees the red or/and amber lights showing, the husband disappears into a cinema or a pub for a few hours, going home only when he gets the "all clear" from the lights.

Vagaries Of The Wind

A gust of wind lifted from her feet a woman caddy for a friend during a Yorkshire golf tournament. The woman, blown from the twelfth green, landed unhurt—in a bunker.

The wind plays queer tricks. When a Worcestershire shop was vacated by a pawnbroker a large number of cancelled pawntickets found there were swept into a heap outside the premises. During the night a gale swept the district. In the morning villagers were amazed to find the street littered with the tickets. These bore the names of those who had done business with the pawnbroker and also mentioned the articles pledged!

A farmer named Chester Bevans, of Kesla, Colorado, received by post from the town of Sidney, forty miles away, his hat which had been blown from his head in an 80-mile-an-hour gale.

When a hurricane struck the U.S. city of Buffalo, wrecking the paymaster's quarters at the military state camp, 25,000 dollars' worth of paper money was blown away. Less than a quarter of the money was recovered by the authorities.

Caustic Comments

Minds are like parachutes — they only function when open.

Now-a-days, the rising generation retires when the retiring generation rises.

The fly that buzzes loudest usually gets swatted first.

No two persons in the world are just alike — and both of them are glad of it.

A farm is a hunk of land on which, if you get up early enough mornings and work late enough nights, you'll make a fortune — if you strike oil.

Both travel and sitting still have a similar effect — they're broadening.

Advice to the Thin: "Don't eat fast." Advice to the Fat: "Don't eat, fast."

A dime is a dollar with all the taxes taken out.

Humanity is divided into two classes: those in the swim and those in the soup.

Air travel has made the world seem smaller, and the headaches bigger.

We are in favour of the government balancing its budget, but we don't exactly approve of it being done while unbalancing ours.

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REGENT PARK, CALCUTTA-40

Telegram:—LUXMIKOTEE, CALCUTTA.

Or CONTACT:—(1) INDO MEDICAL SUPPLIES, 29, Vaidyanatha Mudali St., G.T., Madras; (2) NATHAN & Co., Cochin-2; (3) RAJAN MEDICAL STORES, Trivandrum-1; (4) P. KUTAN BROTHERS, Hurur Rd., Kozhikode (Malabar); (5) RAJA MEDICAL HALL, 31, Dharmaraja St., Bangalore; (6) L.M. MOORE & SONS LTD., 167, Dharamtolla St., Calcutta-13; (7) OVERSEAS GENERAL AGENCY, Post Box 171, Kuala Lumpur (Malaya).

Almost daily, lots of unsolicited appreciations pouring in our files from different parts of the world.

Facts For Farmers

'Damping Off' In Tomatoes

Tomato seedlings raised during the hot and humid season are liable to be affected by 'damping off' disease. This is caused by a fungus in the soil. The disease causes a dark, water-soaked constriction of the stem at or near the base. In case the disease is very serious, the entire nursery is wiped out.

One way to control the disease is to disinfect the soil. Dilute about 10 c.c. of commercial formalin with 50 c.c. of water. Spray this over the bed. This quantity of solution will be sufficient for a bed of 20 inches x 14 inches. Rake the soil and allow it to stand for 24 hours before preparing the bed. Satisfactory results have also been obtained by burning a layer of dried grass or twigs or dried cowdung spread evenly on the bed. The ashes are then worked into the bed. Treating the seed with red oxide of copper at 1½ ounces per pound of seed or soaking the seed in a 10 per cent copper sulphate solution for one hour will also give good results.

Selected Cashewnut Seed

The first consideration in raising a cashewnut plantation should be the selection of the right type of seed for planting. Seed should be selected from healthy trees which bear regularly, produce a high

yield, and bear medium to large-sized and heavy nuts. Individual nuts picked out from a heap, though of good quality, should never be used as seed material. The parentage of such seed not being known, the plants raised from them may turn out to be poor and disappointing.

Plant Foods In Soil

Farmers can sometimes find out whether the soil is lacking in any plant food by the symptoms plants show. If the leaves make poor growth and show yellowish colour, it is an indication that there is not enough nitrogen in the soil. If the leaves show a greyish colour, it may mean that there is not enough of potash or phosphates in the soil. Premature shedding of leaves is an indication that nitrogen or phosphates or potash is lacking in the soil. If the leaves appear scorched, it means there is an excess of lime in the soil. On the other hand, if the leaves are dark-coloured and show curling, lime is lacking in the soil. If leaves are not uniformly green, it is an indication that there is not enough potash. Lack of potash gives fruits like tomatoes an irregular form. A scorched appearance in fruits is due to lack of nitrogen. Lack of phosphates or excess of nitrogen makes grains, pods and roots slow in ripening. If there is not enough potash in the soil, fruits fail to ripen. Stunted roots are generally due to a lack of either lime or phosphates or both.

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UNSOLICITED APPRECIATIONS OF THE FOLLOWING KIND POUR IN EVERY DAY:

The Hon'ble Justice SRI CH. RAGHAVA RAO, High Court, Madras, writes on 22-3-52 — Mr. R.T. Thevar is a devout worshipper of Swamy Subramanyeswara. The making of Kavacha for success in life seems to be a hereditary art with him and he seems to be highly assisted in the art by his own personal, peculiar worship of the Lord.

MR. P. HERBERT SUNDARAM, B.A., B.L., Additional District and Sessions Judge, Coimbatore — I am wearing your Kavacha from the very day you sent me and I am having benefits through it.

MR. C. N. RAJARAM, B.A., B.Sc., Divisional Electrical Engineer, Mettur Dam — Thank you very much for the Kavacha sent to me some time back. I am extremely pleased about the wonderful effects of your Kavacha. I will be seeing you in person within a couple of months when I shall explain the marvels of your Kavacha in person.

MR. C. G. KRISHNA IYER, B.A., Deputy Collector, Tanjore — My Nephew for whom I got your Special Prasad and Talisman is quite alright. I must really thank you for your invaluable help.

PROF. R. T. THEVAR, TANTRIC, PALNI, S. INDIA.

NEW EXPERIMENT IN SOCIAL WELFARE WORK

IN the Govardhan Extension Block (in Mathura District, U.P.), the land of Radha and Krishna, the first batch of twenty-four "Gram Lakshmis" is being trained for social welfare work among women in the villages. In a region where purdah is strict, these brave young women, some of whom are widows, have come forward to be trained in public health, basic hygiene, child welfare and utility crafts such as niwar-weaving, sharkha-plying, carpet-weaving and toy making.

During the period of training, every morning these women go out in small batches to neighbouring villages, clean the streets and homes of the villages, wash the little children, sit down with the women-folk, teach them simple crafts and tell them how to carry on the good work themselves when the batch has moved on.

The first reaction, in this group of orthodox villages, is generally one of opposition, sometimes even abuse. However, when the village women see the results of the earnest efforts of the "Gram Lakshmis" they come round to their point of view. After a 3-week training they will go back to their villages and work among their

own neighbours and village people. The basis of selection has been one for each village and they are given a stipend of Rs. 20 a month.

If the experiment proves successful, more training camps will be held so that there is at least one such "Gram Lakshmi" for each of the 100 odd villages in the Govardhan Extension Block. Photo shows a "Gram Lakshmi" from Gokul learning niwar-weaving.



Black Angel:

Fish With A Future

Aquarists all over the World are now introduced by the author to the perfected Black Angel. *The Aquarium*, the American journal from which we are reproducing this article, contains on its front cover page and in some of the inside pages two excellent photographs of some specimens of the Black Angel. We regret that technical reasons prevent our reproducing them here.

IT is only occasionally in a lifetime that we aquarists have the opportunity of welcoming an outstanding fish introduction that we feel sure will not only be popular, but also permanent, such as in the past the instances of the Guppy, the Scalare, the Black Mollie and the Neon.

We are again at one of those high points which we are sure will prove to be historic in the introduction of the perfected Black Angel or Scalare.

About two years ago, rumours were heard of partially black Scalares having spontaneously appeared in Europe. They were formerly mentioned in "The Tropical Fish Hobbyist." Apparently the large professional breeders, Woolf and Son, of Florida, procured some of that stock, for in 1954, they themselves bred a number of specimens in varying degrees of blackness, a few of them fairly good.

Instead of retaining the stock for themselves and trying, by selective breeding, to produce a truly black strain, they seem to

have preferred to make a "quick dollar", and sold them to a number of dealers and breeders throughout the country.

TO date, we have learned of three or four of them who have apparently succeeded quite well. The first we saw were a third generation bred by Mr. Joe Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, proprietor of

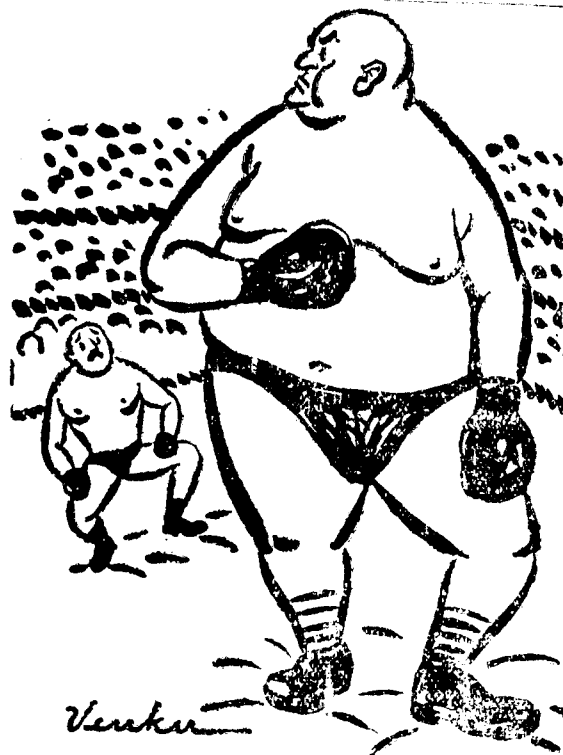
By Wm. T. Innes

The Tropical Aquarium. At the time he had about 15 youngsters, varying from ordinary Scalare to black. Perhaps ten of them were reasonably dark. He kindly presented me with one.

About the time, Mr. Berkowitz withdrew the stock from view in his salesroom so as to concentrate on breeding them privately and to be safe from accepting the fabulous offers made for them by customers.

Several weeks ago we had a telephone call from Mr. Mahlon Griffin, of Corning, N.Y., wanting

to know whether we would like to see some jet black Angels. Of course we would, so he offered to bring the proof in person. Next day, accompanied by Mrs. Griffin, he brought a pailful of them! A dozen perfect specimens, to be exact. We photographed one of them, and after a delightful visit we all called it a day. Incidentally, there was to me a very pleasant sequel. After my guests were seated in their car, Mrs. Griffin insisted on presenting me with a pair, and as Mr. Griffin is supposed to be infallible at picking pairs, there may presently be more



BIG BOXER: "Why, where is the referee? He is not to be seen till now!"

SMALL BOXER: "He has pleaded sudden sickness and left saying he'll persuade some one or other and send him to referee this fight."

58

"black babies" crowding my home, for I have promised myself that none will be distributed before the donor has let down the bars. It might be added that as a special pet Mrs. Griffin has one of the blacks which she describes as being pink on one side!

THE next chapter in Black Magic appeared in the columns of *Tropical Fish Hobbyist*, for the month of June, 1955, in which Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ludwig (apparently of nowhere) fully describe the successful breeding of their black Angels. Judging as well as we can from poorly printed illustrations, they might be good.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of this article we received from our friend Gene Wolfsheimer a beautiful photograph of a pair of blacks bred in California.

Since both fish have pronounced thread-like extensions on the fins, they seem to be more mature than the others we have seen. This is a good point, for it indicates that they hold the colour well. Their bodies are also proportionately larger, another indication of age.

We have also received indirect word that our friend O.C. Beldt of Robertson, Mo., has produced some blacks. We are trying to confirm this,

Oddly enough, it seems that the four strains we have either seen in life or in pictures are each somewhat different in style. As before mentioned, this may be due to differences in feeding and environment. As far as we are able to tell they all seem to be hardy, calm and disease-free.

CONSIDERING the great popularity of any previous black aquarium fishes, such as Black Mollies or Black Gold fish, it seems to us that this one should make a tremendous sensation, for even without blackness the Angel fish, taken all-in-all, is the most classy and popular. Give it a coat of black and we should have a world-beater! Black fish are valued not only for their own intrinsic rich beauty, but because by contrast they set off all other fishes.

When the black tendency first began to appear, the fish were given the appropriate name of "Black Lace Angels." Frankly, this can be regarded now as a separate breed, although if the pure black had not developed, it would have been regarded as something very choice. Speaking commercially, it would still be a good selling name for the imperfects! However, the blacks seem to be well on the way to uniformity and great popularity.

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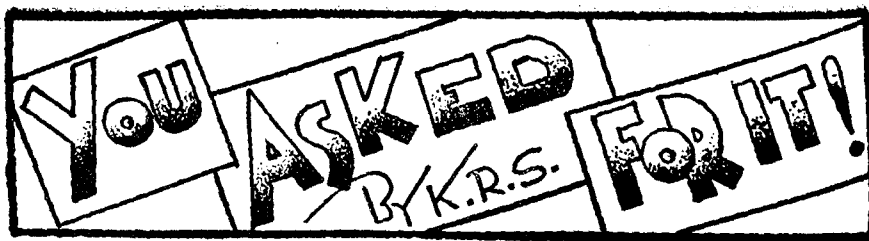
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M. N. Singh, Ludhiana

Q.—What is democracy?

A.—A political device which waves the magic wand of the right to vote to enable the vast majority to allow itself to be exploited by a handful of men.

V. T. Shanmugam, Madras-12

Q.—Which sort of love will continue for ever — through heaps of money or deep affection?

A.—Mercenary love will last till money is not lost. This is an elementary truth that needs no proof at all.

Shailendra Manohar Dwivedi, Agra

Q.—What is poetic justice?

A.—The biter getting bitten.

Kausaria Adinarayana Rao, Madras-12

Q.—Which will be the most important thing for a man before passing to Paradise?

A.—A fleeting bird's-eye view of the immense pleasure he had derived by doing all the things forbidden and then regretting that he can know no more the secret relish of tasting the forbidden fruit.

V. R. Sivalingam, Madras-23

Q.—What will happen if there is no sun?

A.—There will be no life on earth. Except Mars which is stated to have some sort of plant life, there is no living matter at all in the other planets as they lack the warmth of the sun.

"Syama Preya", Allipuram

Q.—Does love need secrecy?

A.—Yes, if we don't want to behave like the dogs and the bitches.

Chatti Narasimha Rao, Narasapatnam

Q.—If you were a political sufferer.....?

A.—At least a Chief Ministership would have been mine as a compensation or a well-paying membership of some planning body or other.

Jagdish Chander Saxena, Rath

Q.—Do you think that college education for girls enables them to dominate over their husbands?

A.—It surely helps them to pull more easily the wool of their sophistication over the eyes of the blighters.

Karri Rajeswara Rao, Berhampur

Q.—Can I get a job in the Second Five Year Plan?

A.—It depends on how well you are connected with the strings thereof.

Bondi Ramayya Sastri, Ongole

Q.—What do you think of the recent mob violence in Bombay City as a sequel to the Prime Minister's announcement that it would be centrally administered?

A.—It shows how terribly parochial some of us are and how untrue to our claims of being citizens of India which preaches Panch Shila to the peoples of other countries.

Ravinder Verma, Cochin

Q.—What would you call all those misguided persons who destroyed valuable property in Bombay City?

A.—Each one of them is a Judas prepared to accept the thirteen pieces of silver of parochial patriotism for the betrayal of the modern political Christ of Panch Shila.

Preetam Kumar Jain, Delhi

Q.—Can you tell me which is the busiest Studio in Madras?

A.—Vauhini Studio in Vadapalani, near Madras City.

M. R. Prasada Rao, Sambalpur

Q.—What is life full of?

A.—Unpleasant surprises!

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

SERVICE IN THE SECRETARIAT

WE may have a classless society but certainly not a classless Secretariat. For, the service in the Secretariat, like the age-old Hindu caste system, is divided into four well-defined separate classes. Strangely enough, all the officials are classified as officers even though a Class IV officer is none other but a peon, *farash*, *chowkidar* or a *duftry*. The other three classes mostly comprise of 'officers' ranging from clerks to secretaries — the intermediary Class II consisting mostly of Superintendents now called Section Officers — who are officers within the Section but for all practical purposes are considered as clerks by other senior officers. This does not, however, at present apply to the Defence Services, who have distinctive corps and cadres of their own.

Life in the Secretariat is a world of its own. Imagine a hundred thousand heads bowed over the none-too-well maintained desks with bulky bundles of files in front of them, their minds engrossed with the problems in hand and their eyes eloquently indicative of the seriousness of the "Paper under consideration." Each file has a different story to tell and is flagged with labels of different colours according to its security classification and the degree of its priority. Like the four classes that constitute the Secretariat set-up, all documents dealt with by the officers have their distinctive security classifications, viz., Top

BY
Kailash Kapoor

Secret, Secret, Confidential and Restricted. The urgency with which these papers are required to be put up is also of four types, viz., Most Immediate, Immediate, Urgent and Priority. While the assistants and clerks draft replies, the superintendents edit and correct them and the officers finally approve and sign those papers, bells ring, typewriters click and peons attired in white and khaki uniforms flit in and out with urgent assignments.

MANY years of pen-pushing and sedentary habits often result in most of the people having paunches and showing signs of cumulative strain which, nevertheless, indicate their relative seniority within their respective "classes." Class I officers with their own way of working and doing things, their patronising smiles and contemptuous frowns, are easily distinguishable from the rest who can be spotted by their white but badly pressed collars, baggy creaseless trousers and half-English half-vernacular style of conversation and, of course, too much stress on doing things correctly. There is, however, one thing common in all "classes" in the Secretariat. As people attain sufficient seniority, their faces turn almost expressionless. Whatever they talk is invariably about the postings, appointments, promotions, leave arrangements, transfers, retrenchment and retirement, etc., etc.,

In a language which is typically official.

BESIDES the above, a number of other categories have been added to the Secretariat staff, particularly after the advent of freedom. There are some who publicize the achievements of the Secretariat while others enforce strict secrecy over its confidential work. There are the scientists pursuing their knowledge with the object of bettering the lot of the common man and the economic and industrial investigators working in their own particular field. There are the financial pundits who keep control over fiscal allotments and the statisticians who sift statistics as a thresher does the grain from the chaff. There are also the psychologists and psychiatrists, meteorologists and malaria control officers, research and recruiting officers, designers and draughtsmen, electricians, and engineers, legal advisers and local auditors and other specialists and technical experts, besides the personal assistants and private secretaries serving in their specific sphere. But these new categories are included in the above four classes. The designations as such may be different but each one belongs to one of the four classes.

There are still others who play a no insignificant role in running the Secretariat. For example, there is the stern looking ever-alert sentry, dressed in khaki or olive-green uniforms who beckons every one to produce his or her identity card. In case one has none, he is taken to the nearest reception office where he is questioned by a smartly dressed

(Continued on page 89)

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UNIQUE CRICKET RELIC

A unique cricket relic has found its way to Lord's, the Commonwealth's cricket headquarters, where, in the famous Long Room and the Imperial Cricket Memorial gallery, are to be found not only the best collection of cricket pictures and relics in the world, but also the largest cricket library, comprising some 6,000 books on the game.

The latest relic will, however, not take its place in a showcase there but is for sale, the proceeds to go to the County Cricketers' Benevolent Fund. It is a silver cigarette-case with signatures engraved on the inside by the England and Australian teams of the 1926 Test series. Pasty Hendren and Maurice Tate have signed twice, and on the back have also "certified that the enclosed autographs were engraved over the original signatures."

Among other signatures are those of famous Australians Bardsley, Gregory, Grimmett, Macartney, Mailey, Oldfield, Ponsford, and Woodful, and equally renowned England players Hobbs, Larwood, Rhodes, Sutcliffe and Woolley and selector Sir Pelham Warner.

The MCC has not yet decided on the best way of selling the case. Miss Diana Rait Kerr, the curator at Lord's, said in an interview that the MCC is inviting offers and will then review the position.

The peremptory summons was as startling as the voice behind it was forbidding. And Rana entered the sanctum sanctorum to find the reality of the voice in flesh and blood even more menacing. He was prepared to give up his ghost on the spot rather than try to offer an explanation—only to find he had been given an increment long due! No wonder he couldn't but pat himself on his own back and say

THIS IS LUCK!

"DID you ring, sir?"

"Then who the ... do you think, did?"

This was, I had to admit, a trifle frosty for an opening and established beyond all doubt that the boss was not in a very genial mood that day. His face, dark and sallow, was contorted in an ominous expression instead of the mask of impassivity he usually wore. That gargoyles-like mouth was on the verge of exploding some more bombshells.

So, this was one of the yellow-days again? My boss was a martyr to occasional fits of acute indigestion when he let himself go once in a while at the dinner table and these I called his yellow days! Peevish and violent tempered always, he was like an erupting volcano during such black-outs.

"Rana!"

"Sir?"

"You are a dirty liar!" he vented the venom seething in his heart.

"Sir?" I was trying to focus my dazed senses as the impact

was too much of a bang for my gay mind which had been lotus-eating some two and a half minutes before, remembering a pleasant week-end in Sangeeta's heavenly company.

"Don't stand there like a blinking blockhead, repeating 'Sir!' Can't you understand plain English?" he continued the onslaught.

I SHIFTED my weight on the other leg and tried not to blink and to appear as intelligent-looking as I could simultaneously. Under the circumstances it was absolutely necessary to win over this fire-breather if he were to continue being the man who hands out the daily spot of bread and butter.

"Don't wriggle your legs!" he exploded.

This was several shades stiffer than the previous command and I could gauge the tremendous rise of his belligerency. He was literally breathing fire now.

BY
Kr. Jai Singh S. Rathore

My trousers sagged and the knees knocking together made me realise that I had feet of clay. I winced and groped mentally for something proper to say but my sang-froid being what it was, my mind was not at its best. Words kept eluding me.

He swallowed two digestive packets and uttered a couple of "Ughs!" like a harpooned whale. Operation 'tablet swallowing' completed, he adjusted his chair, re-arranged the stationery and writing material on his table and faced me once again, fixing me with his palish yellow, cold, incisive eyes as if he were X-raying me.

"You were at the match yesterday, Rana?"

This was something most unexpected and equally disconcerting. I felt a lump rise to my throat and a dull sickness manifested itself in the pit of my stomach. A couple of hairy objects started a staccato dance on my back and I felt a prickly sensation all over my body.

"I had been given to understand, if I am not mistaken, that an aunt of yours had expired, isn't it?" The boss rolled the words around his tongue.

There was no use at all denying the fact. I did get the day off on that pretext and this was rather rummy luck that the boss should discover the ruse. He was notoriously hard upon people who pulled his leg.

"How many obliging aunts have you, Rana? I mean, including the one who is no more officially?"

The sarcasm was very incisive and the iron entered my soul.

I tried to protest weakly but my voice failed me. The hairy brutes were making a fast job of the waltz they were executing on my chilled spine.

"Take it from me, young man, that at this rate you would not have a single relative left by the time we have another team touring this State. These Cricket matches do tempt one, eh?" he sneered.

The sarcastic tone was like a knife-thrust. I felt cut up and was already contemplating the final showdown. The boss was very strict about these things and my predecessor was handed his hat for some equally trifling but unforgivable offence.

I was bracing myself for the worst when the telephone rang.

FORGETTING me for the moment, he devoted his undivided disfavour to the phone, and, unhooking the receiver, barked a bitter "Ullol!" that must have made the other fellow jump. He scowled and put one of his fat fingers inside his tight collar to ease the strain.

He glared at me, while waiting for someone on the phone, and when, unfortunately, our eyes met there was a sort of short-circuiting and I was treated to another savage, "Don't stare like an owl!" which proved that the hostilities were still on.

I tried to remember my Eighth Form Biology and wondered what an owl actually looked like, as I had never had the acquaintance of one.

My mind was addressing itself to this owl motif with gusto when a muffled cough informed me that

my task-master was through with the call.

WHAT surprised, or rather amazed and baffled me, to be more precise, was the sudden change of his demeanour. He was relaxing now and something resembling a faint smile flitted across his slab-like face. He chewed his moustache contentedly. The grin he switched on now put an entirely different light on the scenario.

I thanked my stars and that timely saviour who had saved me by that ring in the nick of time. This rescue was, indeed, a heartening coincidence that buoyed up my sinking heart. Had this not been the turn of events, I was fearing the worst.

In his yellow moods, the boss was known to knock the stuffing out of people who were made of more durable stuff than I was made of. He would chew the bark off them inside of fifty seconds.

"Rana!"

"Sir?" My heart missed a couple of beats. The frostiness in his voice had been replaced by a distinct chumminess. The change that had crept in in so short an interval was quite unbelievable.

"To resume the topic of these Cricket matches, or rather these distractions that tempt young men away from duties. You were there, Rana, third seat, fourth row, near the mike on the left gate, weren't you?"

This did not sound like an accusation now.

"How could you have seen me, sir?" I ventured cautiously but

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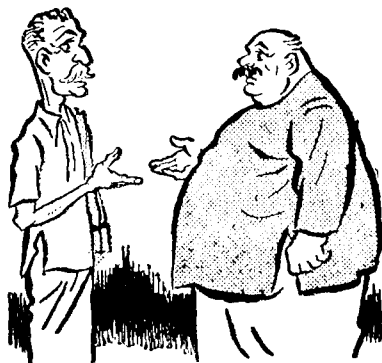
Name and address should be written in Bold Types for Prompt Attention.

meekly, because a false step now and the boss might resume his hostility.

"I HAVE my ways, Rana, I have my means!" He smiled indulgently. "What would you say to keeping one's eyes open?" He was apparently relishing the words, which were well-chosen, nevertheless.

This was a welcome sign and my fears were calmed. A feeling of relief surged through my tense body.

"By going to the match," continued the boss, "you were guilty of a most serious offence, my man, which might mean your dismissal even, but I am not so unappreciative after all. That was a splendid game, indeed it was. Fine leg-work and all that. And I was, you would perhaps be interested to learn, in the seat just behind yours. I was particularly impressed by your enthusiasm and lung-power, Rana.



MR. STOUT (to Friend): "I gave a hundred rupees in all for four consultations to the Doctor, yet he says I have no disease and that I should not eat much."

I could never think you capable of such sound judgment. You did back the right team! I too was for the same gang. Yes, that was quite commendable. The shouting and cheering you put up was a tremendous show, laddie. It was decidedly a heart-warming experience. By watching you, one could be sure that our young men are of the right spirit." He concluded with a magnanimous theatrical gesture, like an accomplished orator possessing considerable histrionic background. Shifting his bulk slightly, he started toying with the envelope-opener.

"DOES that mean that I continue here, sir?" I found tongue for the first time in the proceedings. "Am I forgiven, sir?" I faltered.

He eyed me benevolently and I could almost discern a gleam of paternal affection in his kind eyes.

"You may congratulate yourself upon that," he said.

I felt very light and capable of moving mountains now. This was, indeed, a heavy burden off my chest.

"And not only that, Rana," he interrupted my flight into fantasy, "I am also giving you that increment you had been bothering me about since long."

This was something akin to ecstasy. Who says that miracles do not happen now-a-days? My imagination simply raced through the possibilities that would become realities henceforth with the extra amount in the monthly envelope,

To say that my heart executed several prize-leaps of joy is to put the thing very mildly. Sangeeta's birthday was just around the corner and this was decidedly in the way of a special favour from Providence. No young man was happier than me that day. Dame Fortune was all smiles upon me.

"Could I kiss you, sir?" I enquired politely, brimming with

gratitude and goodwill for this old buster, who, I decided, had his lovable points too.

"Rana!" rang a clear, formal voice, full of propriety and aloofness.

"Sir?" I sang back.

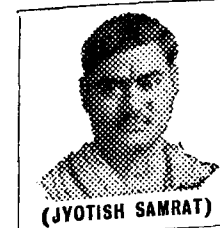
"Bring me my mail."

"Very well, sir!"

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The Astrological Magazine Annual Number 1956 (Edited by B. V. Raman. Published by Raman Publications, "Sri Rajeswari," Bangalore 3. Price, Rs. 3/12/-.)

The Annual Numbers of *The Astrological Magazine* have come to be looked forward to eagerly by all those who have a genuine and scientific interest in astrology. And the Annual Number for the year 1956 has such matter in plenty for repeated reading. Dr. R. Naga Raja Sarma in his article, *Delights And Dangers of Dhruvanadi*, has made very many pertinent and pithy remarks about *Nadi* astrology in general. And his discussion of *Dhruva Nadi* itself is a minor classic in comparative astrology. How far mental aberrations are clearly indicated in the horoscopes of homo sapiens is explained by P.S. Sastri of Saugor University, who gives for the readers several interesting charts for a practical study. Smt. M. A. Rukmini has made a thought provoking discussion in her article titled "*Searchlight on the Eleventh House*." Rightly has she pointed out that in our land of religion and philosophy, the 11th house should be considered incidentally only for indications of material prosperity and mainly for the limitless profit

of self-realisation for which the 12th house gives a very good clue.

There are 25 other articles by eminent writers, besides the usual features like: "World Predictions for 1956"; "How is 1956 for you?"; "Your Scientific Difficulties solved"; etc., etc.

This Annual Number is another milestone in the remarkable progress made in recent years by Indian astrology, thanks to the spirit of research and discussion encouraged by Shri B.V. Raman through the medium of his unique journal.

1956 Starlight Predictions (By Prof. Sn. Pakala. Published by Guiding Star Publications, Madras 14. Price, Rs. 2/-.)

Predictions for the year '56 based on *Janmarasi* (that is, the *rasi* in which the moon happens to be at the time of one's birth, are given. Lucky Number for all Birth Dates, predictions according to the English date of birth, discussion on other astrological subjects, etc., are also included in this booklet.

RECEIVED: Desk Diary Refill for 1955 from M/S Vummidi Ramiah Chetty Guruswamy Chetty & Co., N.S.C. Bose Rd., Madras, and a sheet calendar with a picture and three months to a sheet from the Tea Board of India.

Stories Of Famous Operas (By Harold Vincent Milligan. Price, 50 Cents.)

In the Publishers' own words, this book is "a season ticket to musical enjoyment." To the Westerners, an opera is a grand experience. An opera is neither a concert nor an oratorio but a play in the form of music, dating roughly from the 17th century. In this book the author gives detailed synopses of fifty-eight operas. We are thus provided the opportunity to know the plots, casts of characters and dramatic highlights of operas of great fame. Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Offenbach—operas by these and many more famous composers are presented to us in this volume. The author has done a signal service, indeed, for there are many who, it is reported, have actually been present at operas but have not been able to follow the story or catch the subtlety of the plot!

All The Way Home (By Walter Freeman. Price, 25 Cents.)

Frank is the son of divorced parents. He is very sensitive and is forced to explore the difficult and confusing world that lies between adolescence and maturity. He is jealous of his mother's lover—and has also to fight his attraction for his father's mistress the while he is severely tempted by a passionate girl. And his emotional instability becomes worse by the physical explorations he manages to have with girls. The writer presents a vivid and convincing picture of the confusing world between adolescence and maturity in the American way of life.

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David St. Leger. Price, 35 Cents.)

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Room Clerk (By Herbert Gold. Price, 25 Cents.)

Harry Bowers had used every known device to shoot up in his profession till he was a hotel owner and the most powerful and respected man on Prospect Avenue, a street as full of bustle as trouble. He was the king and meant to remain so — till Claire Farren, a sleek and dark-skinned beauty, registered at his hotel. His regular customers and friends expressed their resentment at his allowing a coloured girl to stay in his hotel

but he paid no attention to their indirect expressions of resentment. And when they openly showed their resentment by refusing him credit in the business field, etc., he fought back savagely — trick for trick, blow for blow — to show them he was not going to throw her out, then or ever. This admirable story of a man who risked his self-made empire to fight for justice and for love is not only well-told but also gives us a highly revealing peep into the working of the average American's mind about the problem of the "coloured" people.

The Black City (By M.F. Caulfield. Price, 25 Cents.)

The terror of loving, but not daring to marry; the terror of fighting, but not being sure of one's right; the final terror of being caught in violence of one's own creation — such is the tormenting life of Hugh Kelly who sees his father shot down in cold blood by the Black and Tans party and joins the Irish Republican Army to avenge his murder. Maura Nolan wants Hugh to marry her and has the horrible experience of witnessing the wild extremes of the I.R.A. which she feels convinced are bound to land her Hugh in disaster. Willie Nolan, a wastrel and the brother of Maura, thinks only of the little money he could earn by informing on his sister's lover and does so — to learn how swift and fierce is the vengeance of the I.R.A. This novel of Ireland is compellingly told by the author who is himself an Irishman and also a journalist.

**The Nature Of Living
Things** (By C. Brooke Worth

Robert K. Enders. Price, 35 Cents.)

Dr. C. Brooke Worth, who was previously associated with the Division of Medicine and Public Health of the Rockefeller Foundation, is now on the staff of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine working on a special public health project. Dr. Robert K. Enders heads the Department of Biology at Swarthmore College. They give us in this book an enchanting peep into the ways of each living creature — the mosses and ferns, the lobsters and butter-flies, the frogs and birds, and other plants and animals. They are presented for a nearer view not as seen in the laboratory but in the fields, the woods and the sea. The miracle of birth and growth from the embryo, competition within species for food and a mate, Darwin's theory of evolution and "survival of the fittest" and Mendell's idea on heredity are explained in a brilliantly simple manner.

**The Dynamics Of Soviet
Society** (By W.W. Rostow. Price, 50 Cents.)

The Center for International Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology commis-

sioned Mr. Rostow to write this volume, in collaboration with others, in order to bring to the general public an intelligent synthesis of the facts now known about Russia. This lucid and illuminating book covers the evolution of Soviet rule, the higher politics, the bureaucratisation, ideology, foreign relations, and the development of satellite states. It also describes the pattern of Soviet society in general, the instability of its executive organization, the causes of group dissatisfactions, etc. What has hitherto been an enigma of a totalitarian state is now laid bare for public scrutiny.

The Sayings Of Confucius
(By James R. Ware. Price, 35 Cents.)

Confucius, the most famous of all the wise men of ancient China, profoundly influenced the moral and ethical codes of the Far East. The book under notice is a brilliant translation by J.R. Ware, who is Associate Professor of Chinese at Harvard University. Confucius' sayings teach the ageless virtues of all civilized men. As a lively guide to right living, they are as significant in to-day's world as they were many centuries ago.

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The Malabar Herald Annual Number

(Editor, Ittoop Mampilli. Price, Re. 1/-.)

This is the 51st Year Annual Number of *The Malabar Herald*, the well-known west coast Journal. Quite a number of extremely interesting articles add to the rich readers' fare. The staff of the Journal surely have every reason to feel proud that this is the 51st Annual Number. Those who wish to get a copy may write to: Manager, The Malabar Herald, Bastion St., Fort, Cochin.

The Call Divine

(Editors, Dr. Swami Rajeswarananda and Swami Chinmayananda. Price As. 4).

The January, '56 issue of *The Call Divine* is published as Bhagwan Ramana Maharshi's Jayanti Souvenir. With an extremely captivating photo of the Sage of Arunachala on the front cover page and another inside the pages showing the Sage smiling in a soul-moving manner, this Souvenir contains articles of profound interest contributed by nearly 50 well-known personalities like Swami Sivananda, Shri Shuddhananda Bharati, Dr. M. Hafiz Syed, Shri T.M.P. Mahadevan, Dr. K.C.

Varadachari, etc. Printed on art paper this issue, containing over 300 pages, is worth ten times the price. Those desirous of getting copies may please write to Sri P.N. Swamy, 1/8, Bhuta Nivas, Vincent Road, Matunga, Bombay-19.

The Madras Corporation Diary 1956

(Edited & Published by Sri V.N. Subbarayan, Commissioner, Corporation of Madras.)

For the first time in the civic history of the City of Madras, the Corporation authorities have brought out a highly useful and informative Diary for this year. Full details are furnished in it about: 1) the Members of the Council of Ministers, Madras Govt.; 2) List of Presidents of the Corporation of Madras from 1886 to 1933; 3) Elected Mayors of the Corporation of Madras from 1933; 4) List of Deputy Mayors from 1936; 5) Parties in the City Council; 6) Members of the Corporation Standing Committees; 7) List of Councillors with their Addresses; 8) Principal Officers of the Corporation; 9) Constitution of the Council and Corporation Authorities; 10) Corporation Depts. and their functions; 11) Stadium, People's Park, Zoo; 12) Postal Information; 13) Routes of the City Bus Transport; 14) List of Govt. Holidays and Hindu Festivals; 15) Eclipses; 16) Brief Summary of the Tamil New Year Dhunmuki's astronomical and astrological data.

A page for each day of the year is allotted and each page carries: 1) the English and Tamil dates; 2) the day's star, *yogam*, *rahu kalam*, *yamaganda kalam* and birthday of a saint or temple

festival, etc., which fall on that day in Tamil; 3) a golden maxim in Tamil.

This is a commendable effort and it is hoped that this highly useful diary to the Madras citizens will continue to be published every year hereafter. The Commissioner of the Corporation of Madras and Sri S. Satyamurthi, the Chief Accounts Officer of the Corporation of Madras who assisted the Commissioner in the bringing out of this diary, surely deserve to be congratulated for this highly useful publication. Probably, the Madras Corporation is the only civic body in the country to have brought out such a diary.

Acknowledgment

We acknowledge receipt of diaries, calendars, etc., from the

following institutions, firms and persons:

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Rough And Ready Justice—(Continued from page 29)

The Magistrate felt puzzled and said, "Well, this is interesting, really!"

Counsel for the accused knew by that time that the situation was explosive and that something was going to happen and that the circumstances were favourable to his client.

The Magistrate asked the lawyer, "Will you please proceed with your cross-examination?"

Counsel replied, "I have finished, Your Honour."

The Magistrate said, "Have you? Very well. Has the Prosecution anything to ask the witness?"

The Prosecutor said that he had no questions to ask.

It was then that Mr. Smart did an unexpected thing. He turned to the Defence Counsel and the Prosecutor and said, "Gentlemen, this case has taken a strange turn and so we are forced to adopt an unusual course. The Court now moves to the Bazaar Street. Both of you and the witness will accompany me. We are going to the Chettiar's shop in Bazaar Street so as to enable the witness to identify that person and the shop."

As soon as he uttered these words, Mr. Smart rose from his seat and walked down the dais and moved out. He called the witness and asked him to move first. Counsel for the accused and the Prosecuting Inspector accompanied. The Magistrate's clerk also followed them. A sort of procession was formed, with the witness going in front, followed by the

Joint-Magistrate, the lawyer and the Prosecutor. A crowd of spectators followed behind them. The Sub-Inspector of Police who was in the Police Station near-by saw the crowd and ascertained that the Joint-Magistrate was taking a witness to the Bazaar Street. As he realised that this may attract a bigger crowd on the way, he deputed six constables to regulate the crowd. The distance between the Court and the Bazaar Street was about three furlongs.

THE news of this strange procession spread like wild fire and a very large number of people joined the procession. A number of children and women gathered and stood on both sides of the road and watched gleefully the slow progress of the procession. The figure of Pachayappan at the head of the procession attracted most attention and was the subject of frequent comments by the onlookers. He looked like a naughty boy going home to be whipped.

The Magistrate was walking with a bare head and with a flushed face. He did not speak to anybody. The lawyer and the Prosecuting Inspector were also looking serious. The procession wended its way to Bazaar Street, to the amazement of the villagers. When they reached the Bazaar Street, the Joint-Magistrate asked Pachayappan to go to the Chettiar's shop and point out the gentleman who sold the stamp.

Pachayappan did so without difficulty. He went to the nearest shop and said, "This is the shop in which I purchased the stamp. This Chettiar sold it."

The young man in the shop looked indignant and said, "What do you mean by calling me a Chettiar? I am not a Chettiar! I am a Naidu. I think there is something wrong with this man, Your Honour!"

The Magistrate intervened and said, "Look here, sir. This man wants us to believe that he purchased a Court fee label from your shop. Did you sell it? Are you a stamp vendor?"

The shop-keeper replied, "I am not a stamp vendor. The stamp vendor of this place is a Muslim gentleman and he lives in Teppakulam Street as everybody knows. This man who says that I sold him a stamp and that I am a Chettiar is a liar. I have never set eyes on this madcap till now!"

The Magistrate told him gently, "Please don't take offence. We came to verify the fact. We know you are not a stamp vendor."

This pacified the enraged shop-keeper and he muttered his thanks.

Turning to the witness the Magistrate said, "Did you hear what he said?"

"Yes, sir, I heard it. It is my bad luck," replied Pachayappan.

"Now," said the Magistrate, "we shall go back to the Court."

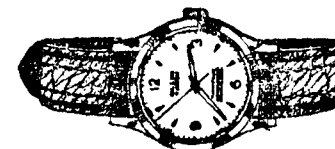
ACCORDINGLY, the procession went back to the Court. The crowd had by this time become very large. When they reached the premises of the Court, the whole compound was a sea of faces. All sorts of people had gathered there to know the result. In the meantime, the people in the crowd were talking without restraint and the gossips among them gave it

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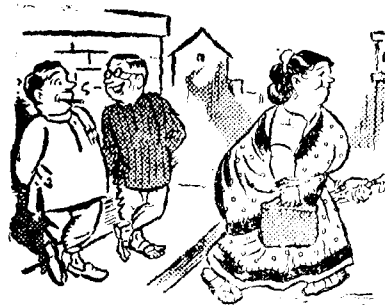
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out that a false case had been brought against an innocent man and that the first witness for the Prosecution had been discovered to be a liar and that the Magistrate was going to send him to jail for giving false evidence.

THIS news reached the ears of Rakki who was supposed to be the next witness to corroborate Pachayappan. Rakki was a quiet and honest fellow and was closely related to Pachayappan. He was under many obligations to Pachayappan. When the latter asked Rakki to give evidence in support of his testimony, Rakki flatly refused to be a party to a false case. But Pachayappan threatened to do him harm. So the poor fellow, out of fear, agreed to oblige Pachayappan. But when he heard that Pachayappan had broken down in the cross-examination and was wavering, when many in the crowd freely said that this was a false case and that Pachayappan was likely to go to jail for giving a false statement, Rakki made up his mind to speak the truth and avoid disgrace.



FRIEND (to Another): "There goes the mother of fifteen whom I almost married twenty years ago! She was the slenderest girl in town in those days!"

WHEN Mr. Smart reached the Court hall, he directed Pachayappan to remain in Court and not to leave it without his personal permission. He was asked to sit near the prisoner's dock. The shop-keeper was sent for and he was examined to show that he was pointed out by the previous witness as the man who sold a Court fee label to him and that he never sold any stamp to him and that he was a Naidu and not a Chettiar and that the stamp vendor of the place was a Muslim and he lived in Teppakulam Street and not in Bazaar Street.

After that the next witness, Rakki, was called. The Prosecution wanted to know whether this witness would support their case and therefore the Prosecuting Inspector looked for the Forester who was assisting him in the case. But the Forester was not to be found. In fact, the Forester slipped away when he heard the people say freely that the case was false. So the Prosecution had to examine Rakki who went to the witness stand with a frightened look.

He deposed that he knew nothing about this case but he added that he came there at the instance of Pachayappan. The Prosecuting Inspector was visibly surprised when he heard these statements and he sat down much disappointed.

The Magistrate asked Counsel for the accused whether he was going to cross-examine that witness.

The Counsel said, "Yes, Your Honour, I have some questions to ask."

He asked Rakki, "Is Pachayappan related to you?"

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"Yes. He is related to me. My wife is Pachayappan's cousin."

"Is not Pachayappan a professional petition-writer?"

"Yes, he is a professional petition-writer as every one in the village knows."

"Is it not a fact that that the accused scolded the witness Pachayappan one day for creating trouble in the village and that Pachayappan threatened to send petitions against the accused?"

"Yes, it is true. I was present when Pachayappan was scolded by the accused. Pachayappan said that he would send petitions against the accused and get him into trouble."



LADY (to Bookshop assistant): "Please take back this book 'How to Make Friends With Animals' which I bought last year and give me instead any book which will teach me how I can become the enemy of animals!"

With this, the examination of Rakki was over.

The Magistrate asked the Prosecutor whether he had any more important witnesses in the case and he replied that there were only two important witnesses and that they had been already examined and that the other witnesses were more or less formal.

THE Magistrate said, "In this case, the only evidence against the accused is that of Pachayappan's and it is established beyond doubt that he is a liar. The other witness has said nothing against the accused. I do not consider it necessary to call upon the accused to explain anything. The charge is groundless. The accused is discharged. I am sure that action will be taken by the District Forest Officer against his subordinates who were responsible for making this false charge against an innocent man."

He asked the accused to go away in peace. After doing so, he turned to Pachayappan and asked him to show cause why action should not be taken against him for giving false evidence.

Pachayappan became very nervous and prostrated himself before the Magistrate and pleaded for mercy. He cried out, "Honoured sir, I repent for my folly. Have mercy on me. I shall turn over a new leaf, I swear."

The Magistrate said, "Now, will you promise that you will not create trouble in the village?"

"I promise, Your Honour," Pachayappan repeated.

"Look here, Pachayappan. I drop further proceedings against you. Always remember that there is a God who punishes evil-doers. That must restrain you in your wicked activities. You are, however, bound over for good behaviour for one year."

Pachayappan replied, "I have been thoughtless till now, sir. I realise it now. You will find me a different man next time you see me in the village."

"I hope so," said the Magistrate.

After this, the witness was allowed to leave the Court.

THE villagers who were outside were glad to hear the result of the case but they remarked that Pachayappan should have been sent to jail. Some among them said that the Magistrate did the right thing and that sending him to jail would only make him a more hardened rogue.

Of course, Mr. Smart wrote a confidential letter to the District Forest Officer and asked him to punish his subordinates who had brought an honest Forest Guard to trouble. And the District Forest Officer took action against those people who made the report against the accused. By way of making ample amends, he promoted the innocent Forest Guard as a Forester.

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The Uganda Bachelor—(Continued from page 35)

"Then, you have forgotten me, Sharmaji? It is all just and meet for the big people!" said the Doctor, planting himself on a sofa.

"No, no, Doctor *sahab*, how can I forget you? I am only surprised," I said and looked at my colleagues, hoping they would come to my rescue. To my great embarrassment and discomfiture, they all looked quite blank.

FINDING no way out, I submitted myself to the 'enemy.' "Doctors have a good memory because they know the secret of having it! Mine is weak no doubt. Where did we meet last, Doctor *sahab*?" I finally dared to ask.

"In a place where one does not like to meet any one else!" answered the Doctor.

Out from the frying pan, I fell into the fire! I felt greatly intrigued.

Soon the Doctor broke the ice saying, "It was in Yerawada Jail, as early as in 1934, that we met first. Such was the beginning of our meeting that day."

Three hundred and sixty five days unrolled before my eyes twenty times and I could see myself and Mehta locked in the same room in Yerawada Jail.

Then there was a friendly parley between us. All sorts of thoughts, ideas and information were exchanged.

At one moment I said, "Well, Doctor, there is a mysterious puzzle shrouding you, they say. It concerns every Indian in Uganda as much as it concerns you."

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"What is that mystery? Please let me know. I never flew flying saucers," the Doctor replied jocularly.

"No flying saucers, Doctor, nor any abominable snow-man! Here in Uganda people regard you as a saint. They are all praise for you. You serve the rich and the poor all alike. They also say that you pay more attention to women than men." Here I looked into the face of the Doctor and found it had changed colour. I added, "But they take it that you do not like women. You do not take them as a counterpart of men. And they cite your bachelorship as the proof thereof!"

"All nonsense!" said the Doctor, heaving a sigh of relief. "The boot is on the other leg, to tell you frankly, Sharmaji. People here do not regard me as their friend even. Or else, they would have asked me about it rather than be complaining to you. Now that you have asked me, you should know the truth. It is all about my private life."

"THE incident happened," began Dr. Mehta, "some six years before I came to this country. I had just then graduated from the Medical College in Madras. For my training, I was posted in Stanley Hospital in the same city. Young and energetic as I was, I worked hard to please my superiors. It was their pleasure to give a new hand admission in the operation theatre. Surgery was in its childhood at that time and it always remained an ambition of a medical graduate to practise surgery. Dr. Hunnington, the Chief Surgeon of the

Hospital, was kind enough to take me as his assistant.

"I remember now see that it was the night of December 29. Throughout the day we had been engaged in a delicate and serious operation for appendicitis on an old man. The cold breeze was lashing against the window panes. Outside, it was a moonless, pitch dark night. I had just come out of my stiff and tight trousers and resorted to my cosy and comfortable dhoti. As I was very tired owing to the day's strenuous work, I was looking patiently at my electric-kettle to see when the water would be boiling. Hardly had my kettle begun to whistle when someone knocked at my door. A bearer brought a message from Dr. Hunnington. It said that I was to present myself immediately at the operation theatre.

"GULPING down my tea hurriedly, I rushed to my boss. As I entered the theatre, I found him and some other doctors surrounding the table. A girl of some eighteen years of age was lying unconscious on the table. Her face had turned white.

"Dr. Hunnington told me that it was a case of stabbing. The wound was near the heart. The patient had become very weak owing to profuse bleeding.

"It was a very delicate and complicated operation but a successful one. By four in the morning, we returned home. We were greatly gratified that the patient's life was saved. She was now out of danger.

"The next morning, my friends and I came to know that the girl was the daughter of one Rao Bahadur Pattuswamy and that she was

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studying in the fourth year in a college in Madras. We were also told that she was very intelligent and sociable. That she was beautiful was not mentioned by any one who had seen her. So, there was a band of college Romeos moving and dancing around her! Out of provocation from his friends, one silent and serious boy proposed to her. The boy was badly insulted and reprimanded by her in public. The fun-seekers enjoyed the joke at the poor fellow's cost. A few days later, when the girl was returning from a college function, the boy made an attempt on her life. He did not succeed in killing her but injured her badly.

"THE next morning, returning from his morning rounds, Dr. Hunnington told me that because of quite a big loss of blood, the girl's pulmonary system was not working properly. She was feeling breathing rather difficult. He pointed out that the girl needed blood, and immediately too.



LEAN FRIEND (to another): "Ah! Vimala, dear, that costume worn by the dancer sure gives me an idea. My husband will rave over my stunning appearance if I were to dress in the same costume."

"A frantic search was made for blood. A number of people came forward to donate their blood. College students did not lag behind the others. But the blood test reports were most disheartening. No blood specimen was found to agree with the girl's blood group.

"RAO BAHADUR PUTTUSWAMY saw nothing but despair before his eyes. He passed anxious moments from dawn to dusk and from dusk to dawn. After examining the last of the freshly submitted samples of blood, an idea struck me. I took a needle, pricked my finger and prepared a slide. As I looked through the eye-piece of the microscope, I shouted with joy. My blood resembled hers in composition. It can save her, I murmured.

"The same afternoon, blood was taken from my body and transfused into her body. For the next two days I was confined to bed as I had become a bit weak. All the time during the short confinement, I was informed that the girl was steadily improving. I felt very happy. But everybody, including Rao Bahadur Puttuswamy, was anxious about me.

"The girl soon recouped under my care. All the time that I stayed in her room during my daily visits to her, the girl looked steadily into my face, more particularly into my eyes. It embarrassed me greatly. Her whole family showed that they were under a

life-long obligation to me. I did not like it. Mrs. Puttuswamy said one day, 'The girl always looks forward eagerly to your next visit, Doctor.' And the Rao Bahadur completed his wife's statement by the remark, 'Because he owes her life to you.'

"For a moment, my eyes flashed into hers to know if it was a fact. In a second, my heart knew it and my eyes looked down. But hers were still looking into mine.

"A few days later, Rao Bahadur Puttuswamy took his daughter home.

"Six months later, one June evening, I was resting on an armchair in the verandah with a copy of the current *Madras Medical Journal*. I was making a brown study of an article in it on 'Hepatic'.

"Suddenly I felt that someone was standing before me and I was dumb-founded to see it was the daughter of Rao Bahadur Puttuswamy.

"'Hallo! How are you? Take your seat, please,' I said. Her eyes were even at that time fixed on my face.

"'Because you did not come, I came,' she slowly said. 'I told them that I had given my heart to you, Dr. Mehta. Moreover, your blood is in my body. I am by all means yours. They wondered and asked how there can be a matrimonial alliance between a Tamalian and a Mehta. They tried to marry me to one of my relatives whom I dislike.'

"As I lifted my face up, I found her eyes still piercing through my

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face. Then there was a break which froze all my energy and thinking power. There is always a great calm before a great storm.

"'Look into my face,' she said. Mechanically my head lifted itself and my eyes looked into hers. 'Say you are mine,' the girl said, pleadingly.

"Involuntarily my tongue uttered, 'I am yours and forever!'

"'Well, then, remember that you never looked at me with love in life. Hence, never look in the eyes of any other woman while you live. It would pain me. Now it is my time to go.'

"I stood up and trembled. I could not make out the meaning of her words. I dashed out to catch her, but failed. She disappeared into the thin air saying, 'Not here, not here. You will come to me when the time comes. Till then I will wait.'

"Her name was Kusum. I forgot to mention that to you. And hence this is Kusum Hospital, Tetusaki. I learnt subsequently that only an hour previous to my seeing her in my place, she had jumped into a well and drowned herself to avoid marrying a relative of hers whom her parents were forcing on her. They never believed her when she told them that she loved me only. That was why they did not tell me about it at all—till it was too late."

Everybody was hearing the story with bated breath. They all now gasped with relief and admiration. Inviting us to dinner, Dr. Mehta rose and went towards his office.

CHILD OF DESTINY — (Continued from page 40)

Having delivered herself of her feelings through this oration, Mrs. Jenkins rested on her laurels, panting for breath.

AUNTY Blanche had all this time been trying to give combat in defence of her husband, but Mrs. Jenkins would not yield any ground so long as she had enough breath in her to go on speaking. Now that she had reduced herself to a state of utter exhaustion, Aunty Blanche launched her counter-attack with equal force and violence. Hilda had, indeed, summed her up correctly when she had compared her to her own mother in character and in temperament. Aunty Blanche now let loose a string of invectives which completely stunned her opponent at first.

"The damn cheek of you!" she stormed. "The impertinence! You ungrateful wretch! You snake in the grass! You liar! How dare you speak to Vincy like that? How dare you! After all the good we've done for you, this is what we get in return!"

Turning to her beloved husband, she wrung her hands and screamed, "I told you, Vincy, that these dogs will show their breed! I told you! But you wouldn't listen to me. No, you wouldn't listen!"

Uncle Vincy looked at the two "dogs" just then, apparently uncertain as to whether they were bull-dogs or cocker-spaniels or sheer cross-breeds.

Aunty Blanche, convinced in her own mind that they were really 'kitchen-pointers', turned to the unhappy pair and proceeded, "Oh! I don't want you both in my house a single minute. We were happy before you came. Happy! Yes, so happy! You two brought misery to us." Dramatically, she turned to her husband again and said, "I'm not going to stay here for a minute even, Vincy, if these ungrateful wretches remain in my house another day." She turned again to the "wretches" and said, "Go, both of you! Get out, I say! Leave my house! Oh! I never expected"

"You are nobody to tell us to get out!" Mrs. Jenkins bawled out, renewing her attack with redoubled force and advancing threateningly, now that she had recovered her breath. "It's Vincy who must tell us to leave, you slut! You can't!"

"It's my house!" the other screamed at the top of her voice. "I'm the mistress here!"

Mrs. Jenkins laughed defiantly. "Mistress my foot!" she retorted. "This is the first time you are seeing comforts, damn you!"

FROM then onwards the row between the two women became a confused jumble of voices which produced a discordant and deafening sound, but made no sense to the two spectators. Both men quietly left the theatre of war and returned to their respective places in rooms far apart from the scene of battle, to sit and smoke and blink

uncomfortably while the two women railed at each other and swore and cursed and very nearly came to blows.

Uncle Vincy eventually left the house in search of the nearest grog-shop, but Mr. Jenkins, whose purse was completely empty and whose throat felt dry and parched, became oblivious of the din of battle around him and thought of ways and means by which he could quench the thirst which had now become so maddening that he went to his wife's trunk, opened it surreptitiously, wrapped up one of her best dresses and stole out of the house unnoticed. Within an hour he was back again, strengthened and fortified by the life-giving beverage he had just drunk. Finding that the battle was still undecided, he commanded his wife to stop "howling" and bade her pack her things and get ready.

"Why, Willie," she asked, looking puzzled, "what are you going to do?"

"You pack your things and don't ask questions," he commanded her. "I'm not going to stay here another minute and lose my self-respect. Come on! Pack!"

MRS. JENKINS obediently set to work and packed, which process did not take her more than fifteen minutes as there were only three trunks which were now left to husband and wife, the rest of their belongings having been sold since their arrival in Bombay.

With renewed curses and imprecations on the heads of Uncle Vincy and his wife, which were thrown back as quickly and tellingly by the latter individual, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins left the house. On their way, Mr. Jenkins pledged his wife's wedding ring, forcing her to consent to part with it at last, had another stiff peg, gave his spouse a small tippler and then walked on, abusing his two relatives and calling down upon them the curse of God and all the saints in heaven.

Within the next hour, they found lodgings in one of the narrow lanes of the city in which scores of tenants lived. Their lean days had begun at last.

(To be Continued)

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SERVICE IN THE SECRETARIAT

(Continued from page 63)

official who, after he is satisfied about the credentials, issues a chit which is an authority to enter the office premises. Equipped with this authority and escorted by a conspicuously dressed Class IV officer, one is led to the room of the officer concerned. Going through the labyrinthine verandas one comes across a quiet and contented looking liftman who manipulates the lift and is always ready to take one up or down as desired.

THERE is also the caretaker who, as the designation implies, takes care of the Secretariat building. Under him are section officers, mistries, coolies, electricians, etc., who are responsible for the maintenance of the buildings. Their duties include arranging annual white-washing to cooling or heating the building during summer and winter seasons respectively. The signalmen belonging to the Posts and Telegraphs department or Army Signals who look after miles and miles of telephone

cables and connected services, the operators and monitors manning the telephone exchanges—all these also play a very vital role in the efficient running of the Secretariat.

THE drivers who operate the Secretariat's fleet of staff cars, the 'despatch riders' who handle 'by hand' deliveries, the watch-markers who regularly wind the rumbling office clocks to ensure punctual attendance of the clerks, the painters who paint name-boards for Ministers and ministerial staff alike, the carpenters who repair the office furniture, the mistries who keep a vigilant watch over cycles (the most favourite mode of conveyance of a very great majority of the staff), and finally the omnipresent contractors who meet all sorts of the requirements of the Secretariat from supplying *surahis* and tumblers in hot weather to the running of refreshment room—they also serve the Secretariat, of course, each in his own way. ♦♦

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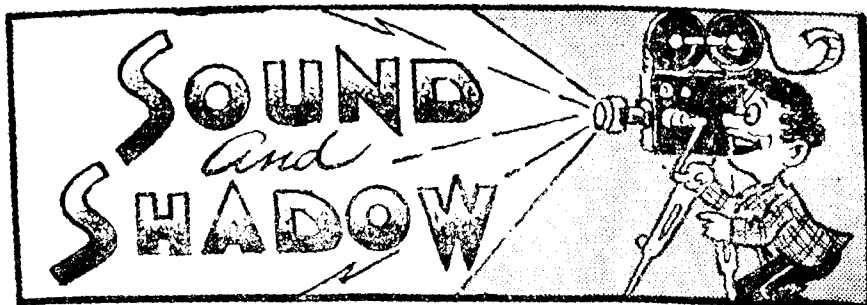
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M-G-M Week All Over The World

February 5-11, 1956 has been designated "M-G-M Week" with the goal — "An M-G-M Picture on Every Screen of the World" during those seven days. The event, unique in size and scope, will give exhibitors all over the world, including the United States and Canada, the opportunity to salute M-G-M on the occasion of the M-G-M World-Wide Hollywood Conference, with which it coincides.

The Conference, jointly hosted by Arthur M. Loew, president of Loew's International Corporation, and Dore Schary, M-G-M Studios production head, is the first global meeting of its kind ever held in Hollywood. It will bring to the M-G-M Studios 80 of the international company's top executives from every country of the free world. Charles M. Reagan, vice-president in charge of sales in the United States and Canada, will represent the American Sales Department at the meeting. The week's agenda will include sales meetings and screenings of new products. In addition there will be sessions at which the assembled M-G-M film-sellers will meet with M-G-M film makers for mutual exchange of ideas, viewpoints and

problems. Producers, directors, stars and technicians will participate in these latter meetings. The "M-G-M Week," commemorating the global meeting, aims for a world concentration of playdates, greater than any yet achieved in the industry. Plans are to announce the results on the opening day of the Conference.

To achieve this goal, all exhibitors, including also those who are not regular M-G-M customers, are being asked to participate. Basis is that this is a once-in-a-lifetime request to honour one of the industry's great Studios, in recognition of its years of leadership and showmanship. While primary efforts in the drive will be for feature bookings, playdates will also be accepted for short subjects and newsreels. No theatre will be too big and none too small to take part in the tribute.

M-G-M's New President

At a meeting held recently at M-G-M Studios in Culver City, Hollywood, the Board of Directors of Loews Inc. elected as their New President Mr. Arthur M. Loew. Mr. Loew succeeds Mr. Nicholas

M. Schenck, the outgoing President, who tendered his own resignation and then strongly urged the selection of Mr. Loew as his successor.

Mr. Arthur M. Loew, considered the most successful of the industry's world merchandising organizations, is the son of the late Marcus Loew, who founded Loew's Theatres, Metro Pictures and M-G-M, is presently President of Loew's International Corp., international distributors of M-G-M films and operators of its theatres abroad, which position he will continue to hold.

During the past one year, Mr. Loew, assigned by Mr. Schenck to make a comprehensive study of M-G-M studio operations and the planning of production for world-wide consumption, alternated his activities as liaison between New York and Culver City. His reactions and reports submitted on company matters led Mr. Schenck to this decision that in Mr. Arthur M. Loew he had found a logical choice for the New President.

Mr. Schenck, since he became President of Loews, and M-G-M in 1927, after the death of Mr. Marcus Loew, who in 1924, effected the merger of the three companies, Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer, the company has enjoyed unprecedented success in film production and distribution, weathered such crises of depression and war and establishing the trade mark of Leo, the Lion, as the most widely known industrial symbol throughout the world.

Cannes International Film Festival

The 1956 Cannes International Film Festival will be held at the French Riviera resort from April

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"Hindi-Russi Bhai Bhai"

A true to life incident during the visit of the Russian leaders, Bulganin and Khrushchev, to our country has inspired producer-director G.P. Sippy to produce a picture with the title *Hindi-Russi Bhai Bhai*. The picture will have only one star—the heroine. Sippy proposes to have the rest of the cast from people in real life. He has announced his intention of producing the picture in two languages—Hindi and English.

"Shrimati 420"

Nearing completion is G. P. Sippy's *Shrimati 420*, a sparkling satire on the equal rights demanded by women. It is expected to be a rollicking comedy. In the cast are such funsters as Johnny Walker, Om Prakash and Meena Shorey. The lyrics for this film written by Majrooh Sultanpuri and Akhtar have been set to tune by O. P. Nayyar.

Children's Film Festival

During the second week of this month, a Children's Film Festival will be celebrated in Madras City.

"Jagriti" To Be Shown in Danish Schools

The Danish Government have purchased Filmstan's *Jagriti*, which was awarded the regional Merit Certificate at the State Awards in December last, for non-commercial exhibition in Denmark. After being dubbed in the Danish language, the film will be shown in all the schools of the country.

Shri Tolaram Jalan, Filmstan's chief, received several offers for the purchase of the film from foreign distributors when he was in London recently.

Paramount's "The Crusades" In Hindustani

Hollywood's Paramount Pictures has an impressive list of many releases for this year in our country. One among them will be the release of *The Crusades*, directed by Cecil B. De Mile. This picture was released nearly two decades ago. Now dubbed in Hindustani, it is very likely to make quite a profit in collections. This film classic tells the story of the religious war in Jerusalem between the Christians led by Richard the Lion-hearted and the Mohammedans led by Saladin.

Swedish Beauty To Play Indian Dancing Girl Role

Anita Ekberg, the Swedish beauty, will play the role of an Indian dancing girl in *Zarak Khan*, a Columbia's Warwick production. For this role, she will dye her blonde hair black and wear brown contact lenses over her Scandinavian blue eyes! This is her first starring role and co-stars with Victor Mature and Michael Wilding. *Zarak Khan* narrates a gripping chapter in British military history of a rebel who was constantly and violently harrying the British colonial rule but who gave up his life for one of the very Britons he so passionately hated. *Zarak Khan* is based on a novel by A. J. Bevan. Screenplay is by Richard Maibaum and direction by Terence Young.

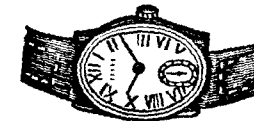
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FILM REVIEW

Ali Baba & 40 Thieves - Action Packed Mass Entertainer

Modern Theatres' *Ali Baba and 40 Thieves* in Tamil, produced in Geva Colour, is an undoubted box-office hit for it conforms fully to the classic box-office formula of spectacular sets, fast moving story, dances, thrilling sword fights, triumph of good over evil, slick direction and production in gorgeous colour.

The standard story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves is too well-known. It has been the theme of a few English pictures produced in Hollywood, Hindi films produced in Bombay and of one film produced in Tamil over nearly a decade ago. But the story department of Modern Theatres has cleverly changed the story into an intelligent pattern so that it could be a successful filmic venture.

Margiana (P. Bhanumathi), a wandering gypsy, and her friend Dowlat (K. Sarangapani) are entertaining the citizens of a part of Bagdad when Sher Khan (Nandaram), attracted by Margiana's beautiful face, supple figure and provocative air tries to force her to accompany him to his master Amir Kasim Khan's (M.G. Chakrapani) mansion. Finding her stubbornly refusing to obey, he lashes her with his riding whip and would have even killed her but for the timely intervention of Ali Baba (M.G. Ramachandran) who not only succeeds in teaching a humiliating lesson to Sher Khan but also to his henchmen. Margiana falls overwhelmingly in love with Ali Baba and finally manages to enter his household with Dowlat. There she finds

herself warmly welcomed by Ayesha (P. Sushila) and Dowlat finds very congenial company in the person of Bul-Bul (M.N. Rajam), the maid servant of the household.

One day, Ali Baba, who had gone to the mountains near his city, along with Dowlat, for cutting trees and gathering firewood for selling in the market, accidentally discovers the cave in the hill which is the secret hideout of Abu Hussain (P.S. Veerappa) and his 39 dacoit associates. He manages to over-hear the secret words, the uttering of which would automatically make the cave's door open and close.

Ali Baba enters the cave after the dacoits had left and finds a veritable treasure inside. Helping himself liberally to the gold coins and precious stones and costly jewels, Ali Baba returns to his house. He becomes a rich man thus and leads not only a life of luxury but of charitable acts too. Kasim Khan's cupidity is cleverly exploited by his wife Salima (Vidyavathi) and Sher Khan and he is finally persuaded to give a grand dinner at which he is instructed by his wife to ferret out from Ali Baba the secret of his becoming rich overnight. Kasim agrees and after the grand dinner, he cleverly makes Ali Baba reveal the secret of the cave in the mountain and the enormous wealth in it. Having learnt the secret formula by uttering which alone the cave's door can be opened and closed, Kasim Khan immediately orders Sher Khan to

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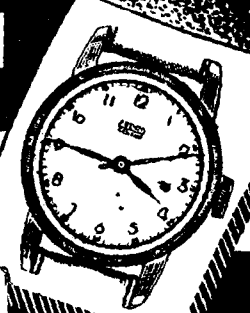
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seize Ali Baba and kill him, the excuse being that Ali Baba made an attempt on his life. Margiana puts on the act of a woman who seeks refuge from Ali Baba's lecherous ideas and thus fools Kasim, Sher Khan and Salima. While dancing before them, she cleverly cuts the cords with which Ali Baba's hands are tied. Ali Baba is free and after a stiff fight he, his sister and Margiana escape.

Meanwhile, Kasim Khan hurries to the bandits' hideout. There he gathers up as much as he can. He is unable to get out for he has forgotten the code words to make the door open. When the bandit chief and his henchmen enter the cave, they are stunned to find many of their looted goods thrown pell-mell all over the place. A search results in Kasim Khan's discovery and his final death.

Ali Baba, to help his brother if caught by the bandits, rushes to the cave, only to discover his brother's dead body hung by his feet. He brings back the body and the severed head to his own house, leaving behind accidentally one of the shoes of his dead brother.

Margiana secures the help of one Gulam (K.A. Thangavelu), a cobbler, whom she leads blindfolded to Ali Baba's house and makes him sew up the severed head to the body.

The bandits who return to the cave are startled to find that the headless corpse and the severed head have been removed from the cave by an unknown person during their absence. Coming to the city in disguise, they locate Ali Baba's house through the forced help of Gulam.

Margiana who sees the bandits cleverly marks every door of all

the houses with a chalk cross and hence the bandits who come back are unable to locate the right house. Absolutely baffled, they kidnap Gulam whom they torture and finally learn that Ali Baba is the man who had become suddenly rich and that he is their man.

The bandit chief enters the city disguised as an oil merchant from Persia and asks Ali Baba to let him stay as his guest together with his 39 casks. Margiana is clever enough to find out his identity as also the fact that the 39 casks contain the rest of the thieves.

As instructed by her, Dowlat and Bul-Bul roll down the hill into the cascading waterfall the 39 casks. Margiana's attempt to kill the bandit chief is thwarted by Ali Baba's unthinking intervention. She is kidnapped by the former to the cave in the mountain. Ali Baba pursues and after a severe fight throws him into boiling water. Ali Baba rescues Margiana and they return to the city. Ali Baba and Margiana and Dowlat and Bul-Bul are happy thereafter.

From the opening dance sequence of Margiana's to the finale, the story narration is quick and interest sustaining. Production values in the matter of gorgeous costumes, spectacular sets and lavish spectacles are of a high order. And Modern Theatres Ltd. also have the added credit of producing the first full length Geva Colour Tamil film.

T.R. Sundaram who had produced the picture also directed it. Throughout, the direction is slick and the director has brought out the best from the principal players. It would have been a deft directorial touch if he had shown Ali

Baba as setting free the men who had been enslaved by the bandit chief and fettered to the huge wheel which they have to rotate; time the secret formula to open or close the door is uttered. M. G. Ramachandran as Ali Baba lives his role superbly.

M. G. Chakrapani as Kasim Khan puts through a convincing portrayal, especially in the scene where he finds himself unable to get out of the cave.

P. Bhanumathi as Margiana has given a rare piece of portrayal as the girl of many-sided abilities.

Vidya Vathi in her brief appearances is quite convincing.

P. Sushila as Ayesha has done her job well in the limited scope given her.

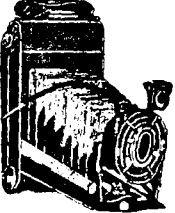
M. N. Rajam as Bul-Bul is not bad.

K. Sarangapani has kept up his humorous portraiture of the role given to him in a befitting manner.

K. Thangavelu has fortunately not been given a free hand as has been the case in several other films released recently and thereby manages to acquit himself fairly well.

Veerappa as the bandit chief has put through an impressive piece of acting.

Ali Baba and 40 Thieves is no high-brow stuff. The producer-director has made it what the story essentially is — an action packed romance of the Bagdad of medieval times. The picture is undoubtedly first-rate entertainment. A Hindi version of this film must be produced.



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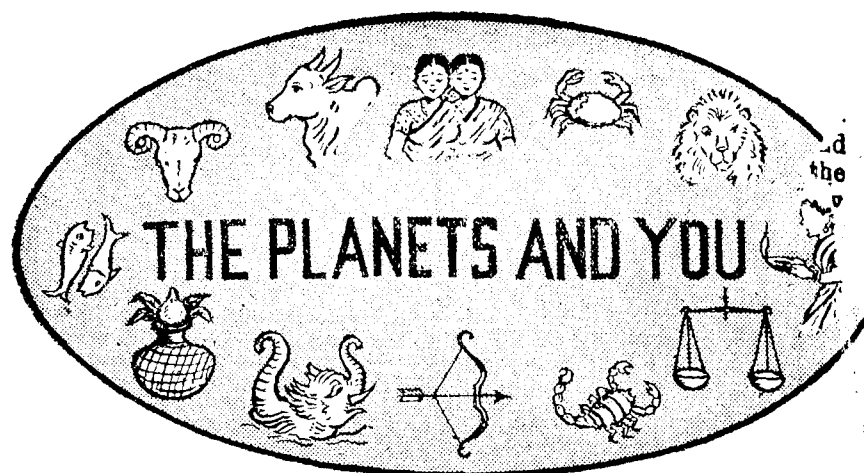


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By J.K. GOVIND (Tibet Trained)

CAPRICORN (Dec 23-Jan. 20): Older people are likely to get on your nerves and hinder your progress. Steer on your own this month and try to use your own brains. Do not be afraid of new ventures. After mid-month you run into a luckier period.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19): Do not worry unnecessarily over trivial details. Most of your small personal worries sort themselves out quite satisfactorily and you should find yourself in a happy carefree mood this month.

PISCES (Feb. 20-March 20): Have more confidence in your capabilities and do not be put off by pessimists. A pleasant turn in events gives you much to think about. Plans are discussed this month for future changes. Please do not be in too much of a hurry for results.

ARIES (March. 21-Apr. 20): This month seems heavy going and you would find it rather hard to make any appreciable headway. Please do not try to force things. Let nature take its own way and soon you will be delighted over the changes for your better. Try to go carefully with your finances this month as you have to meet with heavy expenses next month. Good news in a letter would please you this month.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May. 21): A woman friend may annoy you by some petty gossip. Some alteration on the domestic side may not please you. A frank talk with a trusted friend will help to solve an outstanding problem. Please do not believe all you hear and do not interfere. Prospects are very bright on the social side.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21): Make the most of your chances to relax; you may suddenly run into an active period this month and may have to cope up with unexpected extra work. Please have plenty of patience concerning a personal wish.

CANCER (June 22-July 23): A slight mishap through your own carelessness may interfere and upset your plans in the early days of this month but do not worry too much about it for things will return to normal.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23): Do not worry about a few minor setbacks on the domestic side. Surprising news from an old friend will make you forget small personal worries. This should be an interesting month for you.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sep. 22): You run into a lucky opportunity for advancement, but you may be up against jealousy from members of your own family. Think twice before making any changes and talk things confidently with a trusted friend. A surprise turn in events later in the month would give you a new idea.

LIBRA (Sep. 23-Oct. 22): Have plenty of tact and patience with older people if you are thinking of asking for a favour. Many interesting changes are on the way and it seems as if you are entering a very lucky period this month.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22): You have to make a decision fairly quickly and your own judgment will prove best. This should be your happy month for all home interests.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22): Do not worry about having too much to cope up with at once. You will make good progress this month and will be pleased with the results.

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Day To Day Forecast

From 1st to 29th February, 1956

- 1st. WEDNESDAY:— Good progress for those in business. New contracts may prove to be difficult, but you will gain much satisfaction and confidence by the end of the day.
- 2nd THURSDAY:— The younger generation springs surprises and most people will be in a happy, carefree mood. Good for entertainment and short journeys.
- 3rd FRIDAY:— Don't rely on others far too much. Go all out for good results on your own. You should be lucky. A pleasant atmosphere on the domestic side.
- 4th SATURDAY:— There will be a few arguments amongst members of the family concerning entertainment. Later, most things run smoothly and the day's results are better than you expected.
- 5th SUNDAY:— You are not likely to find older people very helpful or sympathetic concerning new plans. Avoid money discussions and have plenty of tact and patience.
- 6th MONDAY:— Although the day starts off with a disappointment, you manage to cope up with most of your difficulties quite satisfactorily.
- 7th TUESDAY:— Sudden news calls for more activity in the home circle. You should enjoy to-day, provided you take things calmly and don't make mountains out of mole hills.
- 8th WEDNESDAY:— The day may start off with a disappointment and plans have to be switched in the opposite direction. Later most things gradually sort themselves out to your advantage.
- 9th THURSDAY:— A happy day for young people. Loved ones spring surprises and fresh plans can be successfully discussed with the elders.
- 10th FRIDAY:— If you are not afraid of extra work and plenty of competition, you should find a lucky opportunity for advancement to-day.
- 11th SATURDAY:— You will have to be prepared to give and take with older people to-day. Don't try to force the pace and be tactful concerning entertainment plans.
- 12th SUNDAY:— You should be feeling full of new ideas and anxious as well to put forward new schemes. Don't confide too much in

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