



# MAIN

## Contents

917  
2-57

[JUNE 1957]

[Price 36 nP.]

|                              | Page |
|------------------------------|------|
| <b>STORIES</b>               |      |
| MYSTERY SOLVED               | 5    |
| CHEEK.....WHAT !             | 9    |
| A PEEP INTO THE CITY         | 18   |
| A NIGHT OF TERROR            | 23   |
| TIME FOR MARRIAGE !          | 26   |
| THE LAST LAUGH               | 33   |
| THE RIGHT TO LIVE            | 38   |
| AFTER THE DREAM              | 44   |
| IMPATIENT LADY               | 52   |
| WITH HEARTS TOGETHER         | 59   |
| <b>ARTICLES</b>              |      |
| FAD OR FANCY ?               | 17   |
| THE ELECTRIC PEOPLE          | 31   |
| HISTORY'S STRANGEST<br>CRIME | 49   |
| <b>FEATURES</b>              |      |
| EDITORIAL                    | 3    |
| CURRENT COMMENTS             | 4    |
| WORLD SIDELIGHTS             | 66   |
| CONTEMPORARY OPINION         | 71   |
| LIFE & LAUGHTER              | 74   |
| STARS & STUDIOS              | 76   |

## NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR DARK COMPLEXION



Revolutionary new miracle beauty bleach makes you fairer in four weeks. 'Florozone' is not just a face cream, it is a wonder combination of Ozone and Ammonoxin for eradicating pimples, freckles, black-heads and other defects, while it whitens your skin by several shades. Start on this proven beauty treatment today. Florozone Lotion Rs. 4-4-0 a bottle, Florozone Concentrated Cream (for acute cases) Rs. 5-8-0 a jar, from your chemist or direct from Hygienic Research Institute, P.O. Box 1192, Bombay 1.

### FLOROZONE



THE MIRACLE  
BEAUTY BLEACH

DISTRIBUTORS:  
R. L. GOWDER & CO.  
59, Bunder St. MADRAS-1.

STOCKISTS:  
APPAH & CO. MADRAS-1.  
Willfred Pereira Ltd., Madras.  
Jas. M. Med. Supplies, Kottayam

**CONCESSIONAL RATE  
AT HALF PRICE  
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY  
GUARANTEED 3 YEARS**

**GERMAN ALARM. 20/- 13/-  
SUPERIOR. 25/- 15/-  
POCKET WATCH 20/- 12/-**

**NO. 101. SIZE: 9 1/2.**

**WATER PROOF**

|           |      |      |
|-----------|------|------|
| 15 JEWELS | 10/- | 36/- |
| 17 ..     | 20/- | 40/- |
| 21 ..     | 30/- | 56/- |

**NO. 102. SIZE: 9 1/2.**

**ROLLED GOLD.**

|          |      |      |
|----------|------|------|
| 5 JEWELS | 35/- | 21/- |
| 15 ..    | 50/- | 30/- |
| 17 ..    | 65/- | 35/- |

**NO. 103. SIZE: 7 1/2.**

**ROLLED GOLD**

|          |            |           |
|----------|------------|-----------|
| 5 JEWELS | 60/-       | 28/-      |
| 15 ..    | 20/-       | 35/-      |
| 15 ..    | 10 MICRONS | CASE 40/- |

**SISTA WATCH CO**  
POST BOX 3054, BOMBAY 3.

# INDIA MAGAZINE

Leading National Monthly

VOLUME II {

JUNE 1957

{ No. 4

## DANGER OF EXTINCTION

IN Ceylon where Pandit Nehru attended the Buddha Jayanthi celebrations, the occasion was availed of to condemn the British test explosion of the Hydrogen bomb near Christmas island in the Pacific. The resultant radioactive fallout must have poisoned both the sea and the air. The pathetic protests of Japan have been ignored. More tests are to follow. The United States, too, is continuing her series of explosions.

All these are intended to impress and intimidate Soviet Russia. The latter has proposed to join hands with Japan and issue an appeal for an immediate ban on nuclear weapon tests. It is doubtful whether the United States and the United Kingdom will pay heed. But already the tests have done infinite harm. Said our Prime Minister pointedly at Colombo: "For the first time in history the world is confronted with the possibility of human extinction, confronted not by natural disaster, not by some great calamity which is beyond the power of man but by what man himself is making and thinking out."

Pandit Nehru went on to emphasise that "if you use the Hydrogen bomb to injure others you injure yourself and, maybe, the whole world." But the Western Powers are adopting an ostrich-like attitude. They believe that Europe and the New World will be immune if the test explosions take place in the Pacific. If only the nations of Asia speak with one voice and insist on the Western Powers shifting the venue of their test explosions to the Atlantic, realisation of the harm they are doing would come sooner.

218 972

## Current Comments

### THE MIDDLE EAST

The Tory Government has allowed British shipping to use the Suez Canal. The decision is a bitter pill for the Conservatives to swallow. If the U. K. had refrained from aggressive action, President Nasser would have given more concessions. With the United States stepping into the Middle East British humiliation is complete.

There can be no denying the fact that dollar diplomacy is corrupting the Middle East countries. Jordaa has been roped in; Saudi Arabia speaks with the zeal of a convert. Will Syria fall in? The U. S. plan appears to be that Egypt should be isolated from the rest of the Arab world and ~~time~~ should be allowed for a pro-Western leader to replace Nasser. Clever, indeed!

### INCREASING BURDEN

The introduction of the Naya Paisa inflated the price of several commodities by five per cent. The Finance Minister's new levies have come upon the public like the evils of Pandora's box. And the common man is groaning under new burdens. The excise duties on tea, coffee, matches and sugar have already been passed on to the consumer. A half-anna match-box now costs nine pies. The post-card will cost more, and there will be a tax on railway travel. We have to tighten our belts in the hope that benefits may accrue at some distant date in the future. Why not extend the Second Plan period or cut down its size in keeping with our resources? This is the last straw to break the commonman's back.

INDIA MAGAZINE



"SOME people are lucky," mused Bhatt, "whoever imagined Usha would choose Prabhakar?"

Yes, Usha the most beautiful and fascinating girl in the College! That she chose a classmate of hers was not a matter for surprise. But that she would have chosen bespectacled, studious and I am afraid, totally colourless Prabhakar, one of those bookworms who never manifest an interest in extra-curricular activities! Yet, here we were, with the wedding invitation mocking at us. Certainly it could be one of those affairs arranged by old-fashioned parents. It just didn't add up.

At the opening of the College, a big black Buick driven by an uniformed chauffeur rolled in and Usha got down, and set a thousand hearts aflutter. When we learnt that she was in our class, we puffed up our chests a couple of inches. Here was a girl beautiful as a dream and with a father who could send her to the College in a Buick. But alas! she was reserved.

Even a week after she joined our class none heard her speak. And that in a woman was just not normal. We thought her haughty. Ladies said she was dumb and one or two hinted she might be suffering from some impediment of speech. No one was sure. But one thing was certain. There was something about her which discouraged a fellow from starting a conversation with her. "Sound barrier", was the name we gave it.

But Umesh was a bold fellow. 'Watch me break the Sound Barrier', he called gaily just after an organic Chemistry lecture. He danced up to Usha as we watched with bated breath. "Miss Usha", he called, turning on his charmingest smile, "would you lend me your notes?" Believe me, he did break the 'Sound barrier'.

"I CAN'T, Mr. Umesh", said Usha. "A born mimic like you ought to know that Soprano notes do not go well with Stalin moustaches. Anyhow I do not aspire to be a ghost singer", shot back

INDIA MAGAZINE

Usha without giving him a chance even to complete the sentence. Thus we saw Umesh break the 'Sound barrier' and get his ego punctured in the process.

NOW we knew for sure that her reticence was due to no impediment of speech. Very soon I learnt that what thorns are to a rose and six-foot brother to a fairy princess, repartee was to Usha. After seeing the deadly effect with which she wielded that weapon I gave her plenty of elbow-room. But I was more or less an exception. The flame attracts the moths and fairy princesses draw the Knight errants into the strongholds of wicked giants. Fellows were forever trying to get better of Usha, and getting terribly deflated in the process.

At the beginning of the final year we persuaded my friend Bhatt to stand for the chairmanship of the Union. The contest we knew, was going to be stiff, but expected Bhatt with his fiery eloquence and newly acquired beard to come out victorious. And when it was learnt that Miss Usha was for him, we were sure the Chairmanship was in the bag. On the eve of the election Bhatt addressed our class. His powerful delivery was most impressive and he concluded on a note of challenge and dedication:

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" he thundered, "until all

our objectives are achieved, I am not going to shave this beard. And now Miss Usha will tell you whether I am honest or not." The applause that folloed was most heartening.

Now it was Usha's turn to address the meeting.

"I overheard my father say that a beard is handy in concealing a masculine ailment known as barber's-itch".

That was just the single sentence she spoke and the volume of noise that followed was something terrible.

I was not surprised that evening when I learnt that Bhatt lost the election. Next morning he lost his beard as well. He couldn't risk people thinking that he was camouflaging barber's-itch.

BY now you must be thinking that if there were to be a poll to determine the most unpopular girl in the class, Usha would top it. Then you are wrong. None bore her a grudge. As a matter of fact, fellows like Umesh and Bhatt continued to be among her most enthusiastic admirers.

As for myself, though I avoided her, I admired her greatly. She was so beautiful and so intelligent. Such a rare phenomenon among ladies. And the two years were over before you could say Tieman-Reimann reaction. And I

very well remember the last time I met her before the year closed. It was at the finals of Inter-collegiate Cricket Tournament. We were playing at home against our old rivals, the Engineers. Confronted with a mammoth total and just one wicket standing, our only hope was to play for a draw and win the trophy by virtue of our slender first innings lead. As I walked to the wicket the situation was tense. I am a

bowler and never had much batting to do, and our opponents had their tails up. It was with a will to do or die that I took guard and defied their attack. When leg-breaks and off-breaks failed, they called on their pacemen, possibly with the hope that they might break my head if not my wicket.

But I hung on grimly till the close. I was cheered all the way to the pavilion and



RAHMAN

INDIA MAGAZINE

INDIA MAGAZINE

as I entered the whole crowd rose, clapping and among them Usha. She approached me. "Well done, Mr. Kumar!" she said. How sweet her voice! How beautiful her smile! It was my finest moment.

"Thanks Miss Usha! They couldn't break through my defence", I said with pardonable pride. Her eyes twinkled like million stars and I was in seventh heaven. "Of course", she smiled, "neither could you break your duck", she said with disastrous effect. The cheers turned to guffaws. And everyone was saying that after battling for an hour I couldn't even break my duck.

If there was ever an example of unprovoked aggression it was this. Before I could think of a repartee the exams were on us and she left for the hills immediately after.

That was Usha. As for Prabhakar, colourless and bespectacled, the best I say is that he was a pretty good scholar who never bothered anyone. I never saw him speak to a lady student.

"I am sorry for the chap, I say", Bhatt broke the silence. "He must be half-dead with fright. As far as I remember the fellow never once dared to look in her direction".

I agreed. It must have been one of those affairs arranged by folks at home.

I COULD not imagine a fellow like Prabhakar charming Usha's heart. "Well, well! It is better that it should be Prabhakar than anyone else. Now I need not lose sleep wondering if Usha chose the other guy because he is a better man than me. With Prabhakar there is no ground for such thoughts". Bhatt gave forth one of his extra loud snorts.

I met Usha and Prabhakar at the convocation. Marriage appeared to have transformed Prabhakar into a very self-possessed young man. He must have guessed my unasked question. "You know, I was interested in Usha from the beginning. But I never showed it. You know how women are. Convince them that you are not in the least interested in them and they are tremendously interested in you. Of course, it is all a simple matter of psychology", he said as he climbed into the big black Buick.

"Psychology be damned", some one hissed and turning round I saw the beardless mug of Bhatt.

I WAS on one of those inspection rounds; at least, when I had agreed to my parents' wishes to 'see' the girl. I had hoped it would be just one more leaf added to the history of the girls I had seen and refused to marry. Try as I did, I couldn't convince my greying father that I had my own views on marriage.

As I said before, my parents and I had gone to Triplicane to see a girl. We had arrived at the bride-to-be's house in state, and had been received in a manner befitting the future *Sambandins*

of the house. The atmosphere in that lowbuilt house in the congested Car Street was just as it must have been when Subramania Iyer (girl's father) had gone some twentyfive years ago to see his future wife. A thick carpet had been spread on the floor for accommodating the visiting party and in the centre of the carpet had been placed two silverplates full of betel leaves and nuts, and sugar-candy. The picture was complete, at least to my mind, when I saw an old man, with a loose angavasthram thrown over his bare chest sitting with folded hands to receive us. Without anybody telling me, I could know that he was

Subramania Iyer's father. Apart from the age, the resemblance was so great that you cannot miss it.

I sighed within myself. Alas, I thought, another family added to our list of unsuccessful suitors. I didn't like the low-ceilinged house, nor Subramania Iyer, the girl's father, nor the old man, his father. Not that I should bother about these people if I am to marry a girl from their house; still, there it was, the first impression.

THE proceedings that followed were strictly true to any record of 'girl-seeing' ceremony you have heard of. If you haven't heard of any, well, here goes. After a word or two of

greetings, Subramania Iyer's father, (Ramaswamy Iyer, I heard later,) enquired politely whether we had got the bus in time and whether our journey had been comfortable. To which my father replied, "Yes, thank you, but we came by taxi." My father allowed a full minute for the word taxi to sink upon the minds of his audience, and then proceeded, "Buses are so unreliable, you know," as if reliability and not mere show was his intention in going in for this



costlier mode of conveyance, which he, otherwise, rarely indulged in. Among his ideas of impressing his future relatives-in-law, the first was this.

Preliminaries over, we came to the business on hand. As if in a drama, Subramania Iyer gave a signal and the girl, dressed in a rustling silk saree, was ushered in. Her feet alone struck my eyes first, for, with all my courage and brazenness, my shyness had got the better of me, and I couldn't lift my eyes till she was very near us.

"Pay your respects, Hema," said Subramania Iyer, and I knew what was to follow. The girl bowed down on the floor and made obeisance. I could see the plaited black hair contrasting with the rows of jasmine flowers neatly arranged and emanating a very pleasant smell...

And then it happened.

THE girl had risen from her bowing posture and lifted her hands in traditional pattern. It was then that I saw her face. Her eyes, when they met mine, showed the surprise they ought to. After all, I was not a total stranger to the girl, you see. I didn't even notice that the girl had finished her rounds of bowing and had retired to her room. And the inevitable music performance to an audience of five followed. To this day, I

don't know what song she chose for that day. For, my mind had wandered to a crowded third class railway compartment three years ago.

WHEN my friends of the Law College and I had boarded the Grand Trunk Express on our excursion to Hyderabad, we found that we had a very welcome crowd of pretty girls as our travelling companions. From what transpired between the girls, it did not take a long time for us to find out that they were also going to Hyderabad. Probably we might have made friends with all, and could have had some fun on the way, but from the beginning our party and theirs started fighting—a silent battle at that. A friend of mine drew a pair of scales over the inviting wall of the railway compartment with the legend 'Fiat Justitia'—the motto of our Madras Law College. The girls were quick on the uptake and the tallest of the lot followed our scribbling with chalking three letters above our emblem—Q. M. C. The hostility was on the upgrade what with our smoking, our insisting on our rights to smoke, though not one girl chose to object to our exercising our right. Instead they opened a pack of cards and to our consternation started a hot three cards game. We were stung to the quick and even the docilest of our lot, who had never imagined that

we had gambling in our veins, did not object when we opened our pack of cards and started playing higher stakes. If girls can, why not we boys?

THE fairest of the crowd was Hemalatha. I gleaned her name from the word 'Hema' by which she was addressed by her friends and expanding the word with the help of the suitcase on which she had her full name written. I whistled a then current song from a Hindi film and asked a friend of mine whether he knew who sang it. "Latha, you fool," he answered at once, and did not know on whom the joke was. "If only all Lathas have lovely voices," I said and then only the fellow followed my gaze and saw the suitcase with her name. It dawned upon him that I had cracked some stupendous joke and then he laughed till the roof of the compartment threatened to give way.

This was, of course, too much for a sprightly girl. She was quickwitted as I could see. If I couldn't then I should have learnt it when she asked a friend of hers, "Tell me, Lalitha, who is that famous scientist in Bangalore?" The addressee, Lalitha, snapped back "Do you mean C. V. Raman?" Hema continued. "Yes, I do. Only, I wish that all C. V. Ramans are at least half as quiet as the great man."

I accepted defeat. My name is C. V. Raman, if you have not gathered that already. As for the girl, she must also have got my name the same way I did hers.

Such a third-party introduction was bound to bring in its wake unpleasant results. So, it was only in the fitness of things that when at Bitragunta, mustering all the courage I thought I possessed, I approached the girl and enquired whether she would like me to bring anything from the restaurant. "Nothing, thank you," came the snappy reply, and the tone suggested that further conversation was not welcome at least as far as she was concerned. 'Rome was not built in a day' I hopefully told myself as I kept on walking towards the tiffin room, trying to look unruffled at the boisterous laughter that broke out from the girls and ..... my friends.

OUR crowd ran into the other party twice in Hyderabad. Once under the great Char-Minar, and on another occasion in the Salar Jung museum. My friend, Rengarajan, had brought out a coup in photography by securing an excellent snap of the girls under the tall minar. But the other encounter was to my discredit as could be seen later.

For a single-men collection, Salar Jung museum is a master-piece. We had strayed into a wonderland and for once

we shut our mouths and were intent on seeing the exhibits. I lingered in the room with paintings from all over the world, a little more than my friends and when I looked for them, they had gone. I was not in a hurry, for we had decided to take our time and meet at the hotel in the evening. Now that I had shaken off the boisterous crowd, I felt like seeing the paintings at greater leisure. One painting, particularly held me enthralled. I don't know who painted it, and believe me, I do not judge paintings by knowing the names of the guys who wielded the brush. The product alone was enough for me, and I was lost in contemplation before the life-like girl stepping out from a rose garden . . . . . and I involuntarily let out a chuckle in appreciation of the work of art.

I TURNED round to see whether my chuckle had been overheard by anybody. And there was one—and that was Hemalatha. I looked at her and again stared at the painting on the wall. Her face flushed a deep crimson (God! how pretty she was!) and she turned her gaze away from me and the picture. I don't know what madness took me, but I went near her and said, "Don't you agree, Miss Hemalatha, that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever? And

talking of beauties, don't you think that picture over there is of the prettiest girl barring, of course, you?"

The girl stared at me as if I had stung her quick. She drew up to her full height and with clenched teeth exclaimed, "You and your Keats!" and slapped me full in the face. I instinctively turned round to see who else had witnessed this outrage. Luckily there was none and the watchman also had not seen this. I mumbled a hasty apology and rushed out of the room. It was when I neared the door that the idea came to me. I caressed the cheek that had a very rude treatment at the dainty hand and kissed my own hand. Hemalatha laid hands on a little paper-weight lying over one of the placards there. I knew of woman's fury when I came across one, and taking my cue, blew a kiss to her and made myself scarce.

WELL, to receive a slap from a girl who seems to strike you as the only girl in the world is one thing. But to search for her throughout Madras and feel disappointed in not being able to trace her out is another. Apart from the fact that she had been refused selection to sit for her Intermediate examination and

following this, she had discontinued her studies, I could gather nothing much, in spite of my concerted efforts personally, and through guarded enquiry through my sister. The ideal was there in my mind, and that is partly the reason why after seeing so many girls, I had not come to a decision in regard to my matrimony.

THE veena recital was over.

Subramania Iyer's face was beaming with that sheepish smile which he must have put on on more than one occasion before. I knew he was on tenterhooks to know what my all-important answer would be. Poor man, he did not know that this would be the one unique occasion when the girl would be having the say and be refusing to be tied up with a man of my sort!

We retired into a sort of ante-room and before my father could ask me anything, I started talking. "I would like to talk to the girl before I give my opinion, father," I said.

I might have dropped a time bomb within two yards of him. "Talk to the girl!"

he exclaimed, wonderstruck. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Just what I told you, father," I said, mustering all the courage I had. "There is more in this than meets your eye. I would like to have a private interview with the girl."

My father raved again. "Whoever has heard of talking to a bride-to-be before marriage! Private interview forsooth!"

And muttering incoherently, he left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, I heard the sound of soft foot-fall behind me. Yes, it was the same Hemalatha, who had mercilessly slapped my cheek, three years ago. My hand instinctively caressed my right cheek.

Hemalatha blushed.

I COUGHED twice, adjusted my ring on my little finger and coughed again. Then I looked up. She was still looking at the criss-cross pattern on the rough cement floor, only a big globule had gather-



ed in the corner of her long eyes.

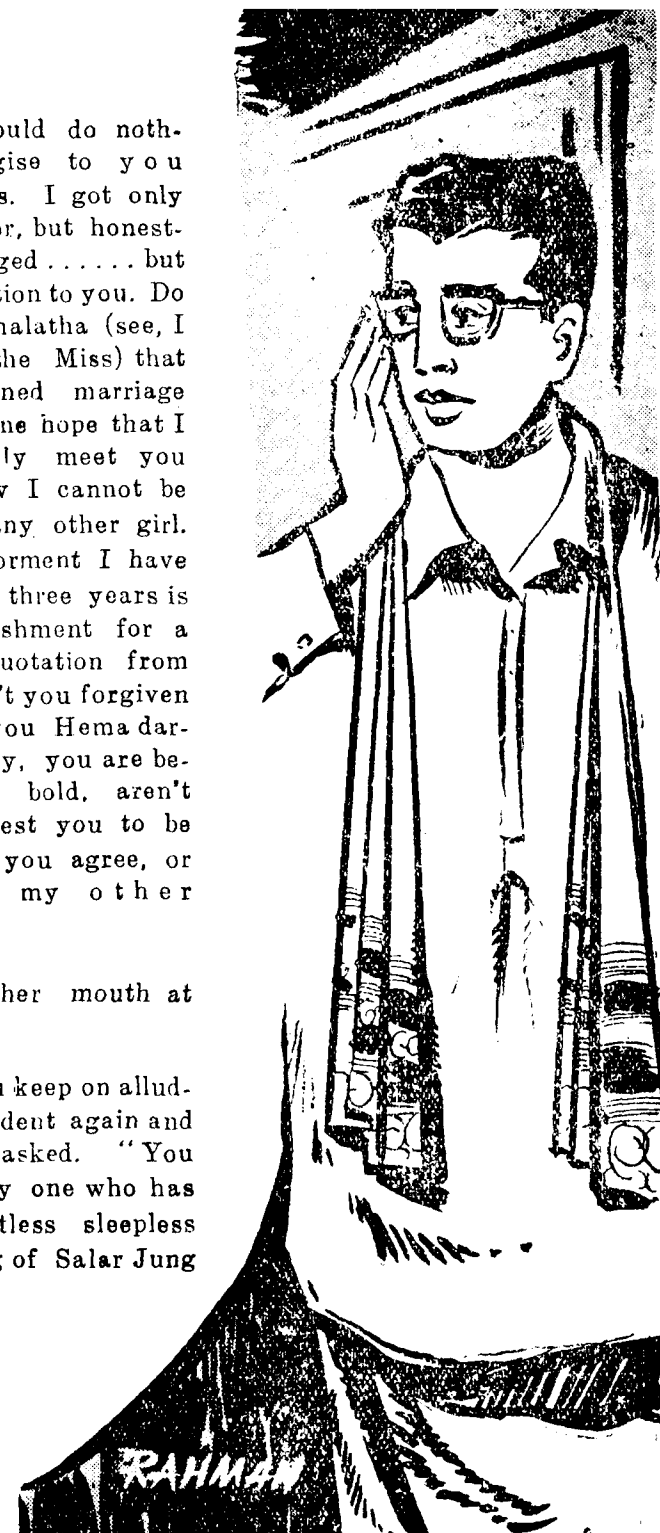
"I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Hemalatha, but I knew I was not the party to give consent to this proposed marriage. Have you forgiven me and are you now willing to marry me?"

SHE did not talk, but her silence could have meant anything. Adjusting my spectacles, I continued. "Look here, Miss Hemalatha, let bygones be bygones. I acted in a way I ought not to have, I agree, but I suppose it was your pretty face and my swagger that goaded me into that little scene on that day. I have since passed many a sleepless night caressing the cheek that had been blessed with your touch, and believe me, it was *not* due to the pain I felt

at first. I could do nothing to apologise to you all these years. I got only what I asked for, but honestly, I have changed . . . . . but not in my affection to you. Do you know Hemalatha (see, I have dropped the Miss) that I have postponed marriage only with the one hope that I would definitely meet you again? I know I cannot be happy with any other girl. The mental torment I have had for the last three years is sufficient punishment for a thoughtless quotation from Keats. Haven't you forgiven me? I love you Hema darling, (stop it boy, you are becoming very bold, aren't you?) I request you to be my wife, Do you agree, or shall I turn my other cheek?"

She opened her mouth at last.

"Why do you keep on alluding to that incident again and again?" she asked. "You are not the only one who has spent countless sleepless nights thinking of Salar Jung



Museum and the painters' gallery there .....

"Is it true, dear?" I cried hoarsely with excitement, 'is it true that you agree to marry me? You are no more angry with me?"

"Angry" she replied. "Why should I be angry with you? I was never so ....."

"Not even then?" I cried. "Then why the hell (excuse me) did you hand out such rough stuff?"

"Remember, you went out blowing a kiss to me;" she said calmly, "if only you had waited a second more, you could have seen me kissing my own which had ....."

MY father who had allowed this unorthodox pre-marital interview between the boy and the girl only under protest, would have definitely not approved of a boy kissing his bride-to-be before his marriage. But I did not care. I just grabbed Hema in my arms..... and the rest was silence.



## FAD OR FANCY?

THERE is Sushila for example, whose one idea in life is trying to evade anything that might carry infection. She simply refuses to allow any member of her family to join the local library, in case the books have been read by anyone suffering from an infectious disease.

Judging by Sushila's behaviour you would imagine that everything she touched was polluted with the most deadly germ.

To take precautions is, of course, only common sense, but fussing like this, is beyond a joke.

Then some of us may have come in contact with the food-faddist. He is the bane of any housewife's peace of mind.

Recently an adoring mamma whispered to me, that her son Prakash simply refused to eat a boiled egg unless the shell was brown.

"But so many of the eggs have white shells, whatever do you do?" I asked.

"Well, my dear, I like Prakash to enjoy his breakfast, so I just pop some coffee grounds into the pan while the egg is cooking: all the eggs which come to my table have brown shells," she added with a smile.

It seems impossible to escape the fads and fancies of people for long. At the theatre I came across another example.

A smartly dressed woman

came into the seat next to me carrying a brown-paper parcel.

After a minute or so, there was a crinkling of paper, and she unearthed a pair of black velvet slippers.

Her foot-wear was quickly changed, and giving a contented sigh, she turned and said in a low voice: "Its a little fad of mine, I always carry my slippers with me, no matter where I go."

But, I think perhaps the queerest of all fads I have heard of was told to me by my friend Norma.

She was helping her newly arrived guest to unpack, when, halfway down the suitcase, she noticed an immaculate paper parcel tied with white ribbon, and neatly labelled.

Norma was going to lift the parcel out when her friend dashed forward saying, "I'll put that somewhere safe where it will not get crushed —its my shroud, I never go away from home without taking it with me!"

I do not know how it appears to you, but I think it certainly seems a very odd idea, and as Jill remarked, it gave her a fit of the creeps whenever she thought about it afterwards.

I suppose no human being is entirely free from some kind of fad or fancy, but let us hope they may be governed by a good bit of common sense.—G.M.



**R**AMA was hungry and he had only a few annas in the side pocket of his *kurta*. He knew he could buy nothing for that money, except parched grams and ground-nuts, which, at least, would temporarily satisfy his gnawing hunger.

Across the road, was a *halwai* shop, beside which an itinerant tea-vendor was squatting. Many workers sat around the tea-seller, sipping steaming tea from chipped saucers, and a few were buying sweetmeat from the *halwai*, who was busy serving his daily customers.

Rama was tempted to cross the road and wanted to buy some *barfi* from the shop, but his good sense checked him. If he could hold out the afternoon, he thought, he could perhaps afford something more filling that would take the edge off his appetite for a longer time.

He tried to move away and go farther, but the sight of the *halwai*'s decorated shop—the sight of various sweet-

meats: *barfi*, *rasgullas*, *gulab-jamans*, *jalebis*, *peras* fascinated him. He felt the weakness of hunger, when he looked at the crowd gathered around the shop.

He was a tall boy, with a big head; his face was round, nose flat and complexion dark. His eyes were deep like pigeon-holes, lips thick; his legs were black, thin like hockey-sticks. He was ugly, dirty in appearance. The *kurta* and *dhoti* he wore were so filthy that as if he had not washed them for a number of years! He walked barefooted, his right hand in his *kurta* pocket.

**H**E was a villager, living in a nearby village. His father was a farmer. From morning to evening Rama would remain busy on the farm, helping his father to earn his living.

Only that morning Rama had fought with his parents on some trifling matter, and thus had run away from home. His mother tried to

convince and bring him home, but it was all in vain; her efforts were destined towards failure. The boy who had not eaten his breakfast, went away, not listening to his dear mother. He was too obstinate. He was under the impression that he would never return home, even if he was compelled. He knew he had some money on him and that was quite sufficient for one meal.

**F**ROM the village to the town, he came all the way on foot, covering a long, tedious distance of three miles.

Rama walked down the road that was leading to the main bazaar. On his way, he passed many *halwai* shops and tea-stalls; people were having breakfast. Rama stared at them with nasty looks, perhaps he wanted to grab all that they were munching. None cared even to look at this hungry boy. Why should they?

Someone gave him a rough push and he almost fell, on the cemented road, but managed to control himself. He looked back and saw a boy smiling at him. His face was familiar to Rama. He was a beggar boy who used sometimes to beg in the village where Rama lived. He at once recognised the boy and smiled at him in the same way.

"Where are you going, Babu?" asked the boy.

INDIA MAGAZINE

"Nowhere," Rama replied.

"Then, why have you come to town?" questioned the boy.

"Sh-sh-sh—I've run away from home. Don't tell anybody," whispered Rama.

"Your parents will be anxious, Babu, you better go home," advised the boy.

"No, I'll not go, never," said Rama, "Now I'll stay in the town and find some job."

He said nothing. He was surprised to hear Rama's plan.

For a long time Rama eyed the boy, who wore dirty, shabby, tattered clothes; his body was weak and thin. He held a small, rusty tin, in which he had collected some coins. He seemed happy and satisfied with his possession.

Unable to bear his hunger any longer, Rama said softly:

"I'm hungry."

**T**HE boy instantly vanished and within a few minutes returned with a cup of hot tea and some sweetmeat wrapped in a dry banana leaf.

"Take this," said the boy. "And eat it."

Rama sat down on the roadside and began to drink tea with tasty *barfi*. The boy even sat near Rama, who felt very thankful for this unexpected hospitality. The expression of gratitude was prominent on his face. But he had no words to express it.

AFTER Rama had satisfied his hunger, they both gossiped for a long time.

"I must go," said the boy, standing up. "I'm late."

"Where will you go?" enquired Rama.

"Here and there, to beg. May go to your village even," replied the boy.

"Hey, don't tell my people that I'm here," requested Ram.

"Oh, no, I won't," the boy answered, walking away.

He returned the cup to the tea-seller and paid him from the petty collection that he had in the small tin, and walked away at a rapid pace. Rama kept on looking constantly at the boy till he disappeared in the maddening crowd.

Rama now walked slowly towards the bazaar, thinking that he would enjoy the sight of the new place where he was going for the first time in his life. He was happy and excited.

To his utter dismay, when Rams stepped into the main bazaar, he saw everything new, strange, peculiar. The bazaar was noisy, crowded, suffocating and confusing. The shops were over-crowded with people; the road was full of traffic. Each car that passed him at a terrific speed, tooted its startling horn, and its loud sound echoed in the whole atmosphere. The paper-sellers, who stood on the pavement, shouted and dangled their papers in the face of the heavy crowd. The cinema-advertisers yelled from loudspeakers, banging into the traffic. Rama was confused. He was puzzled and did not know where to go. He took slow and cautious steps in the heavy crowd that blocked his path. He screamed, when someone stamped his feet, but none heard him.

Confused, terrified, Rama, came to a shop and sat on its front platform. But the shop-keeper, a fat man, with long, black moustaches, objected to his sitting and told him to go away from the platform.

RAMA went away. Suddenly he was startled, when a truck tyre burst into a loud, deafening explosion; he looked all around the road, but due to the heavy rush was unable to see anything. For him, a bomb had exploded....

All day he roamed aimlessly in the town. He saw every nook and corner of it, but found no quiet, calm, peaceful place where he could rest awhile. Every place that he went was noisy, dusty and confusing. He now began to dislike the town, the new place of which he had heard so much from many of his close friends and neighbours. For a number of years Rama had been hearing of this charming place, but never had any chance to visit it. Since then he had been planning to see this new place; his desire was great.....And eventually it was fulfilled. He had now seen enough of the town and was bored with it.

RAMA sat on a bench that lay before a small restaurant. He now felt tired, run-down and totally exhausted after the day's bitter and unpleasant experience. He was now again hungry and wanted to buy some eatables but the money was missing. His "treasure" was stolen by some pick-pocket. He was sad and did not know what to do; he cursed his luck silently.

It was now evening. Rama was wrapped in deep thought. He was seriously thinking of the night that he had to spend in the rush, confusion, noise of the town. Should he spend

the night in the town, or return home, arose the question in his mind. For a long time he was unable to decide anything. Then, suddenly he made up his mind to return home.

HE at once stood up and started homewards. He did not hesitate for a moment to see where he was going. Subconsciously his feet were taking him where he wanted to go. He was quite sure that he had taken the right path for his destination.

On his way, Rama passed the same *halwai* shop which had fascinated him in the morning, but this time he ignored their fascination; he did not care to pay any attention to them, though he felt the nausea of weakness stir in his belly. "Babu, babu," shouted the beggar boy, who was returning home. But Rama did not answer, he waved him only. He quickened his step, knowing that he had yet to cover a long distance.

Soon he was out of the town, leaving the rush, noise, confusion behind. He heaved a deep sigh of relief. Now the road was desolated and he walked in solemn silence.

The sun had just slipped like a golden coin into the slot of tomorrow, and it was getting darker and darker as the time was passing on. The cool breeze blew slowly and

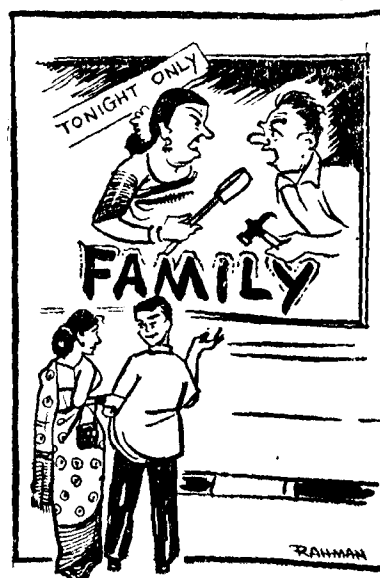
**WE INVITE**  
*Your Enquiries and*  
*Orders for*

**COPPER SULPHATE**  
**D. D. T.**  
**INSECTICIDES**  
**EPSOM SALTS**  
**GLUCOSE**  
**HYPO**  
**LIQUID PARAFFIN**  
**SOFT SOAP Etc.**

**SREEVATSA**  
**CHEMICALS & DRUGS**  
**(PRIVATE) LTD.**  
**MADRAS - 30.**

gently, shuffling the tree leaves. Birds were returning to their nests after the day's strenuous quest of food, and many had already reached their destinations.

It was all dark, when Rama reached home. As he entered the house, his father shouted at him, "Where have you been the whole day? Roaming about, eh? Go and have your grub, go." Rama went in and his mother served him a hot, delicious and satisfying meal. He began to eat it and forgot all about the morning quarrel. +



WIFE: "It is a film worth seeing. I can learn a tip or two."

INDIA MAGAZINE



PRABHAKAR developed a weak heart as a result of a very severe attack of influenza,

He had always been an extraordinarily healthy man, and when he was attacked by influenza, it was first time during the fifteen years of his married life that he ever fell ill.

And Prabhakar was ill with a vengeance, as if to atone for those fifteen healthy years. For nearly three weeks he was confined to his bed with a high temperature all the time. Twice during his illness his temperature had risen as high as 104 degrees.

Finally, to the great relief of his anxious wife, he recovered.

However, a few days after he had gone back to work, Prabhakar began to complain of not feeling well. Although his work at the office was quite easy, it seemed to leave him completely exhausted.

At first Sarala ascribed his condition to the fact that he had just recovered from his illness. But, as the days went by and Prabhakar still complained, they finally went to a doctor.

There they discovered that Prabhakar was suffering from a weak heart, which, according to the doctor, had evidently been caused by his illness.

SINCE the trouble was of such recent origin, the doctor prescribed complete rest for Prabhakar for at least three months, within which he hoped that the heart might become stronger.

Above all, he warned Sarala not to let her husband become unusually excited about anything.

"I can't stress that point enough," the doctor said in all seriousness. "A fresh attack is a very serious affair. For months it is absolutely

By D. MANUEL REDDY

INDIA MAGAZINE

vital that he should have a life of peace and quiet. Any excitement might cause a relapse; and the more the excitement, the worse the relapse."

SARALA, of course, followed the doctor's instructions. Prabhakar got three months' leave of absence from his office and proceeded to take his rest cure. He lay in bed and only got up for meals.

Exactly a fortnight after their visit to the doctor, it happened.

Sarala stayed up late that evening, reading a mystery story, but Prabhakar was sound asleep. Finally, about twelve O'clock Sarala put the book aside and crawled into bed next to Prabhakar, and within a few minutes she was dead to the world.

It must have been about two hours later that Sarala awoke with a start. She was normally a light sleeper, and her ears had caught the sound of something moving—a soft, shuffling noise.

Sarala turned her head slightly, and when she saw what it was, her heart almost leaped into her mouth.

There was a man in the room—a burglar! He was standing by the chest-of-drawers, pulling out one drawer after another, and ransacking them.

Sarala could see the intruder quite clearly, for they lived on the ground floor and the light came in through the window from the street lamp outside.

Her first impulse was to scream. She tried to do so, but no sound came from her throat, for the sight of the burglar had so terrified her that she had been rendered speechless.

Dumb with terror, Sarala stretched out her hand to shake her husband, but she stopped midway, for she had remembered his weak heart.

With sheer horror, she realized what a shock of this sort might do to him. It might not merely prove dangerous—it might possibly prove fatal.

"Please, God!" Sarala prayed. "Don't let my husband awaken! Don't let him! Please, God!"

THROUGH half-closed eyes, she watched the burglar. He had moved away from the chest of drawers and was now by the clothes-bureau.

Suddenly it flashed over that if this man was looking for money, he was not going to find it. She had forgotten to draw money from the bank that day and as a result there was none in the house. And what all jewels she possessed, she had them on her person.

The burglar kept on shuffling from one part of room to another, looking and looking and looking.

SARALA felt herself snapping under the terrific strain. Again and again she felt an overpowering desire to scream and each time she fought it down.

Finally, the burglar ceased his futile search and was at the door, opening it. Then the door closed noiselessly and he was gone.

For a minute Sarala stared at the door dumbly. Then she scrambled out of bed and latched and chained-up the door. Obviously the burglar had lifted the latch from outside by passing a thin bladed, knife-like instrument through the crevice between the shutters. Though the door was equipped inside with a staple and hasp, Sarala had not realized their utility till that moment.

Everything in the room was in disorder; sarees, blouses, shirts, pants and handkerchiefs were strewn all over the floor, for the burglar had made a very thorough search.

As Sarala surveyed the room, she decided that it would be best to keep the whole thing from her husband. What he did not know would not hurt him. So she got to work and cleaned up the room.

At breakfast that morning Prabhakar noticed her shaky condition.

"Here," he said. "What's wrong with you? You look terrible."

Sarala thought quickly and decided to put the blame on the mystery story she had been reading.

"It was such an awful book," she said. "It gave me the creeps."

Prabhakar grinned and seemed satisfied by her explanation.

THAT morning when Sarala drew some money from the bank, the first thing she did was to buy a special lock for the door.

That night Prabhakar noticed the new lock fixed to the door staple inside.

"Where did that come from?" he asked. "I have not seen it before."

"No," Sarala replied. "I—I just bought it today."

"Bought it? What for?"

"That story," Sarala said. "It upset me so. Just about frightened the life out of me."

Prabhakar snorted contemptuously.

"Bah," he said. "You women and your nerves!"

# TIME FOR Marriage!

BY SRIDHAR

PRASAD RAO hurried into the house. He was almost panting and breathless. He looked flurried. He drained a tumbler of ice-cold water which his wife, Ganga, had brought in.

"It will do your blood pressure no good if you excite yourself so. Remember you are sixty-five and don't allow even trifles to upset you," said Ganga with a smile.

The old man threw himself upon an easy chair and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Sit down, Ganga, and I wish to speak to you. You, too, seem to be prophetic." He grinned, motioning her to a sofa opposite.

"You are talking in riddles today. Did anything of importance happen at the club?" she asked.

"Yes, Dr. Vittal felt my pulses and gave me the warning that you just now uttered. He used the very words you did. Well, it is no use denying the fact that we are very old."

At this, she began to wipe her moist eyes with the tail-end of her sari.

"I THOUGHT you were a sensible woman," rebuked Rao. "You are no better than the others. You are silly. I am sorry to say. God in His mercy has been specially considerate towards us. He has gifted us with two lovely daughters. By the way, did Shyamala and Sundara bring their pay today? It is the first of the month."

"Yes, they gave me two hundred rupees all told and shared the balance for their pocket expenses."



INDIA MAGAZINE

The old man sat up and shot an angry glance at his woman. "I say, don't you think the girls are going too far? They take forty-five rupees each. Twenty-five would do for each and they can give me the balance. What do they think they are? Now, I suppose, they have gone to the beach as usual with Mohan. But they must curb this extravagance."

GANGA suddenly raised her voice. "It is time you stopped thinking of your daughters' future in terms of their salaries. Aren't we selfish? You must do your duty by them. The poor girls go on imagining that beauty and youth will last for ever. My friends are mocking at me. Only this morning Yasodha was detailing her plans for the marriage of her granddaughter Lakshmi. You know she is only fifteen. She actually derided me for keeping our daughters unmarried. Oh, how long!"

The woman began to weep, her body was convulsed and the tears coursed down her cheeks. Prasad Rao beamed and patted her on the knee.

"After all, dear, our girls are young enough. There is still time to think of their marriage. Why are you so sensitive to what others might say?" he asked in a low tone.

"Still time! And young!" she mocked. "Do you forget

that Shyamala is twenty-seven and Sundara is twenty-five? We have been selfish in making career girls of them, don't you agree? In helping us to run the household they have forgotten all about themselves. They have a duty to perform; to marry and raise children."

"What about us then?" queried the husband. "We have no son to support us in our old age—How are we to get on?"

"That is no reason why we should keep them unmarried. We have a little money in the bank to enable us to keep the pot boiling. Suppose we are lucky enough to get two rich son-in-law we can live with either of our daughters. But even as it is...." she paused.

"You are an intelligent woman, Ganga, and I always value your opinion in such intricate matters. Come on, don't hesitate to speak out."

"I have a plan already chalked out. At least we must have the elder girl, Shyamala, married. As for Sundara, we can afford to wait a little," she ventured.

"That will give us a breathing space, certainly," agreed Prasad Rao. "But where is the dowry and how are we to meet the marriage expenses?"

She did not reply but looked thoughtful. The clatter of a vessel in the kitchen falling from the shelf reminded her that the cat was busy and she ran in to drive it out. Prasad Rao heaved a deep sigh. The prospect of his daughters slipping away from his hands and depriving him of a main source of income in his old age was far from pleasing. He had sent them both to school and college. He believed in giving them their unrestricted freedom and trusted to their good sense.

**BOTH** the sisters were pretty.

They were slender, slight of build and well proportioned. While Syhamala had black eyes like her father Sundara had the eyes of a cat, like her mother. They were not strangers to love. Indeed very few careers girls are. Shyamala fell in love with Prahlad, a junior clerk in her office. He was new to his job and she helped him a lot to learn his work. The young man had a smiling, cheerful face and looked smart and handsome. Shyamala admired his curly head and liked to hear him talking. Slowly they fell in love and often they went to the beach, too. Sundara would accompany them at times but would talk very little. Whenever Shyamala and Prahlad sat close together on the sands, their hands locked, whispering sweet nothings, the younger sister would turn her back on

them or discreetly walk away to watch the restless waves. She was such a loyal sister that she would never open her mouth on this subject to anyone.

**ONCE** Prahlad took Shyamala to the cinema for an evening show. It was ten o'clock when they came out of the picture house. After some refreshments in a hotel they hired a taxi. The young man took her to his own room in a dark deserted flat. There the young lovers let themselves go in a wild abandon.

It was 2-a.m. when Shyamala came back to her house in a rickshaw. Of course, the guilty looking young man accompanied her. But she had no need to knock at the door. The light in her room was still burning and Sundara was watching for her. She stole down the staircase, slipped off the bolt and let her sister in. She was that faithful. She had not gone to sleep and seemed to be aware of all that had happened. Shyamala dismissed her lover and the rickshaw and went up like a stealthy cat to her room. She then threw herself into her sister's arms and resting her head on her shoulder began to sob. But Sundara understood, patted her cheek and wiped her eyes. She did not even invite her confidence. There was, however, a pact between them to respect each other's secrets.

Sundara, of course, had her own male escort and admirer in Mohan. How she came to fall for him was a mystery. You couldn't call him handsome. He was short and stocky with a slight squint in one eye. He was an educated unemployed and was not very keen on securing a job. Every evening he would present himself before Sundara's office with clock-work regularity. He would go with her to some hotel where the young woman would pay the bill. But he was dog-like in his devotion and worshipped the very ground she walked on. Her maternal instincts were aroused; she took pity on him and silently helped him with money and other favours. Shyamala knew that her sister worked overtime to help the fellow. She often took him to her own room upstairs and spend hours with him chatting and laughing.

**SOON**, however, an incident happened to make Shyamala sad and forlorn. The new manager took a violent dislike to Prahlad. He knew that Shyamala was in love with Prahlad and helping him in his work. He thought he was not very efficient and told Prahlad so. When his period of probation was over he issued a notice dispensing with his services. Prahlad felt insulted and was smarting with a sense of humiliation. Though he knew of his own shortcomings, he

resented the very idea of being humbled before his sweetheart. But Shyamala was all tenderness and concern. She asked him to forget the setback and come with her to her residence so that they could discuss his future and find a way out. There were tears in her eyes as she begged of him to meet her that night.

**BUT** the young man had lately developed a false sense of pride and was behaving queerly towards Shyamala. He left the office without a word. The young woman almost broke down in grief when Prahlad did not turn up as promised. She spent a sleepless night, groaning and moaning.

The next evening, as soon as she left office, she hired a rickshaw and went direct to his room. It was locked. The old landlady informed her that Prahlad had vacated his room the previous night and had gone away with his hold-all and trunks. Shyamala reeled as if she had received a mortal blow and clung to the door to prevent herself from falling. She went home and threw herself on the bed.

She had lost her infectious gaiety. She even neglected her appearance and food. She was fast losing her appetite. Her parents were alarmed at this turn. They knew of the agony she was suffering but thought that time would heal

the wound. They even hoped that another young man would soon cross her path and distract her attention.

SUNDARA insisted on her sister accompanying herself and Mohan to the pictures. Shyamala now had another admirer, Ranjan, who had taken Prahlad's place. He came regularly with her and spent the evenings. She did not like him very much but she did not hate him. And she found his talk interesting and his manners charming. But her heart had been stolen and she constantly sighed for her lover.

That evening the two sisters and Mohan were sitting round a table, sipping tea. Ranjan had taken leave of them at the end of the street and gone back to his own lodgings. Prasad Rao and Ganga entered the room, much to the surprise of the girls, and sat on the cot.

The old man cleared his throat. "Mohan, my wife and I have decided to discuss an important matter and we want your opinion on it. You are one of us, aren't you?"

Mohan smiled sheepishly. The girls giggled. "It is time my daughters thought of getting married. They have their responsibilities to society apart from their duties to their parents. We are prepared to forgo their earnings and we intend to see that they

are made happy. Shyamala darling, what do you say?"

The young woman was overwhelmed with sudden shyness and hid her face in the crook of her folded arm on the table. But Sundara was bold and spoke up very much to the surprise of her parents. "Father! Mother! Shyamala may take time to decide her future. As for my own, I may tell you, Mohan and I like each other and we are ready to marry. But Mohan has one important condition to fulfil. He must get a job soon."

"Well, suppose there is some delay?" asked Prasad Rao. "And suppose he does not get a job for another year or two? In that case..."

MOHAN stared at Sundara first and then at Prasad Rao in amazement.

"In that case, Mohan must come and settle here and allow me after marriage to continue my job."

"That is a promise," said Mohan.

"But what about Shyamala?" asked Sundara. "Custom would require that the elder sister should marry first. If the younger marries earlier people would begin to suspect that the elder daughter is physically handicapped. So sister should marry first."

—Please see page 32

INDIA MAGAZINE

## THE ELECTRIC PEOPLE

WHILE we all generate small amounts of electricity in our bodies, some people claim to be more 'electrified' than the average. But are there any really electric people?

The wrist watch mystery has been cited as evidence. Many persons find watches work erratically, or even stop altogether, when worn by them, and they usually claim that excess electricity in their bodies is the cause. Yet this explanation has been vigorously opposed.

Some watchmakers and repairers declare this is an excuse invented by inefficient firms to cover up bad workmanship. Another ingenious explanation is that the perspiration of certain people acts on the metal of a watch-case, setting up a small electric charge, so affecting the timepiece.

Despite all the cross arguments, however, the real truth seems to be that nobody knows definitely what is the actual answer. Yet one fact about this mystery is intriguing. Fixing a small rubber patch to the back of the watch, often overcomes the trouble. Does it act as an insulation, or does it prove the perspiration theory?

That some people do affect watches in some way must be admitted. The American girl, Elsa Carruthers, was an outstanding example. When she entered a room all clocks stopped, and her presence could upset other intricate machines as well. But was the reason electricity? And if not, then what was?

A British medical paper reported the case of a man who, after being hit in the face by a football, developed crackles in his head so loud others could hear them. Experts reported the noise resembled the soft crackle of an electric spark repeated at slightly irregular intervals.

Note the use of the word 'resembles.' Was the man really generating surplus electricity in his head, or was there another explanation?

The case of an eighteen-year-old Italian girl is interesting. Her parents believed her to be a miracle girl when they noticed 'blue lights' hovering round her as she said her prayers at night. A doctor, however, declared there was nothing supernatural about the effects.

The girl's body, he decided, was over-charged with electricity, and the flashes were electric discharges given off when her rayon nightdress touched her. Was this girl really an electric person?

INDIA MAGAZINE

31

Whatever doubt there may be about the existence of electric people, one man could definitely claim to be 'electrified.' An American, he had both legs broken in a car accident. In the hospital where he was treated, the broken bones were rivetted together for quicker mending. Unfortunately, the rivets were of different metals, with a result that an electric potential was set up between his legs.

Unaware he was building up a dangerous electrical charge in his body, he almost electrocuted his wife, and certainly shocked many of the people he shook hands with before he grew wise to his peculiar condition. Then he became scared, for by this time he was so highly charged, sparks kept flying off his fingers. He realised he was highly dangerous to both others and himself.

His dentist saved him by not only diagnosing his trouble, but telling him how to overcome it. By fitting metal plates into his shoes like insoles, and connecting them to plates on the heels, he would be 'earthed', and safe. The idea worked, and the electric man was able to breathe easily once more.

—by EDWARD PARSONS

## TIME FOR MARRIAGE!

—Continued from page 30

With tears in her eyes Shyamala rose from her seat and was about to leave the room without replying. There was a knock at the front door below. "It must be Ranjan," guessed Sundara and asked Mohan to go down and open the door. What was their surprise when Prahlad came up with Mohan? With a loud sob Shyamala fell into her lover's arms and did not mind her parents watching the scene.

THEN after a few minutes, Prahlad said, "I read your advertisement in the daily urging me to see you alive before Thursday and came hurrying up. Forgive me, darling, for leaving you in a huff. I promise I won't desert you hereafter."

"Where are you working now?" asked Prasad Rao.

"Unemployed still," replied Prahlad.

"Then you marry Shyamala first and the only condition is that till you get a job you allow Shyamala to work and live with us. Is that O.K.?"

"O.K." cried both the men. They were married on the following Sunday.

—(Copyright.)

INDIA MAGAZINE

# The LAST LAUGH

IF there was one topic on which Smith hadn't got decided opinions, the other members of the Greenclose Fraternal Club had never struck it. Whether it was a trade union question, a financial question, dealing with rats, or how to stop the fly menace, Smith was ready to tell you the answer. The man with no opinions may be a bore, but the man who is all opinions beats him in a canter.

The talk that evening had got on the subject of "mind control," and, as usual, Smith had taken the floor. He had squashed, quite to his own satisfaction, all the views which differed from his own on the subject, and was now smiling serenely on his victims.

"It's all a matter of making up your mind," he declared dogmatically. "To the man who has determination all things are possible, the world is his oyster."

A low groan came from a corner, where Jones was sitting.

"Go on," he said sadly. "Rake up all the platitudes. Every man meets his Waterloo, and when you meet yours your name is going to be Wellington."

Smith glowered at him. Those were the very next words he was going to utter. Just like that boulder Jones to take them out of his mouth.

But before he could say anything another man broke in.

"I'm ready to take you on," said the quiet man, who usually sat in the corner, content with his pipe.

"Right," shouted Smith triumphantly. "How'll you do it?"

"SHALL we have a bet on the matter?" suggested the quiet man casually. "Suppose I lay you five shillings that you won't kneel on that table for fifteen minutes with your arms folded in silence while we say exactly what we like?"

"Easy, my boy!" jeered Smith. "Why don't you make it something really hard?"

"Well, we will try that first," said the quiet man, as he laid two half-crowns on the table. "Here's my stake."

SMITH at once matched them with two florins and a shilling, and then in a breathless silence climbed on to the sturdy table and composed himself in the centre.

The other members of the club gathered round him in delight, taunting and scoffing and trying with words polite and otherwise to open those close-pressed lips.

But Smith was adamant. He sat there, his eyes triumphantly travelling from the clock to the faces about him. The minutes were passing; he would prove the truth of his words that it was "mind that did it," and incidentally collect an extra five shillings.

"First bit of peace we've had in this place since you joined," said one frankly-spoken critic. "You usually talk so much that no-one else can get a word in edgeways."

But Smith smiled serenely and glanced at the clock. Five minutes nearly gone! He relaxed the tensing of his arms. There was nothing in the bond about wriggling.

"Never realised how plain you were till now," scoffed

another member. "Expect it because I've never really seen your face in repose; it's usually working overtime—at least, the chin is!"

More and more frank and outspoken grew the comments. But Smith only smiled. He meant to win. And no-one happened to notice that there was an empty corner. The quiet man had gone. If they had noticed they would have made no comment. His money was there, on the table, in front of them. And he had provided them with one of the best hobbies they had struck so far.

Ten minutes nearly gone! Smith eased his legs a bit; they were getting cramped.

THE quiet man had slipped out of the room as soon as he had seen his victim settle down. He knew that Smith lived only three doors from the club; moreover, he had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Smith.

He knocked urgently on the door of the house, and the lady herself came to answer.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Smith," he began, as soon as they had exchanged greetings. "But—don't be alarmed, now. It's nothing serious."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Smith, staring at him in surprise.

"Your husband down at the club," he went on.

"He is—he always is!" snapped the lady curtly.

"WELL, he's going on rather strangely," stammered the man awkwardly. He wanted to stir Mrs. Smith to action without causing her any real worry.

"Has he been drinking?" asked Mrs. Smith coldly.

"Please don't be alarmed!" pleaded the man, a twinkle beginning to shine in his eyes.

"I'm not, but he will be!" snapped Mrs. Smith. "What is he doing?"

"He's sitting on a table and smiling so funnily."

"He would smile funnily," agreed the good lady, "but that's no credit to him. He can't help his face; he didn't make it."

"Then you think it is all right?"

"I'm sure it is," was the quick reply. "But I'll just come along and see to him, if you'll wait till I get my hat on."

"It's a fine night," suggested the man, urgently, as he stole a glance at his watch.

"It is, thank you!" said Mrs. Smith firmly. "But I have never yet gone out after dark without a hat, and I don't mean to begin now.

even for the sake of an idle, dissolute husband."

While she sped, with angular grace, upstairs, he looked more closely at his watch. There were only ten minutes left!

"I'll just go back," he called up the stairs. "You'll come along soon?"

"I'll come now!" was the firm reply.

And the quiet man sped away. Things would presently be happening in the Green-close Fraternal Club which he meant to be there to see. He rejoined the others before his absence had been remarked, and found them still jibing at Smith, using every artifice they could devise to make him speak.

"He's winning!" groaned a fellow member in the quiet man's ear. "And if he does there will be no living with him."

Smith still smiled, although the corners of his mouth were beginning to hurt, and his arms and legs were going stiff.

THE quiet man glanced at the clock. Five minutes to go! Confound the woman! Why had she stopped to put on a hat? It looked like spoiling the whole thing.

Then a sudden inspiration came to him.

"You've won, old man!" he said casually. "Better get down now."

SMITH'S lips parted, and he was on the point of speaking when he glanced again at the clock. Then he pointed to it with an accusing finger. And his smile was once more happy and gay. There was still three minutes of the time left.

From the street door of the club came the sounds of altercation, but only the quiet man paid them any attention. The others were too busy watching Smith and the clock.

Then the door of the smoking-room was flung open and they all turned in surprise as a tall and gaunt female figure strode into their midst. Smith was sitting with his back to the door; he was therefore the only one ignorant of the strange event.

A woman had entered the Club-room which, so far, had been dedicated to the sterner sex! And such a woman! Mrs. Smith looked stern and formidable as she stood beside the table, eyeing the drooping back of her spouse grimly.

"There's your wife!" uttered one of the members in a sibilant whisper, intended only to reach the ears of that patient figure.

But Smith only pointed to the clock. Two minutes to go!

The quiet man wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then Mrs. Smith strode round the table and met her husband's startled gaze sternly.

"Come down, Tom!" she ordered.

Smith laid his fingers on his lips and only pointed to the clock in reply.

"Come, this minute!" she said more firmly.

Still he was silent.

"If you don't come down this minute," she repeated, "I shall tell these gentlemen," - there was a world of scorn in the word - "what I think of them, and you. Nice sort of Club this is I must say," she went on, her voice gathering venom, "You come here and drink, and waste your time, and play foolish pranks like this! I suppose you think you are funny," she addressed her husband, with a fine air of caustic humour, "sitting there like that. More like a figure in the Chamber of Horrors! Come down, Tom Smith!"

Then Tom answered her. The time was up.

"ALL right, my dear," he said, meekly, unfolding his arms and sliding swiftly to the ground. "It was a bet, and I've won."

"You have, have you?" said Mrs. Smith her quick glancing eyes lighting on the

little heap of silver on the table. "Then, as we two are one, I shall take the stakes."

She slipped the money into her pocket and took her husband firmly by the arm. "And now, Tom," she ordered, "tell the leader of this prize band of idiots that you will not be here again. You will resign!"

"But, my dear -"

"You will resign!" came the stern edict. "I do not intend to let my husband, feeble-witted though he may have proved himself to be, waste his leisure time in performing antics better fitted to the zoo than to any respectable human being."

SMITH stammered his resignation, and then she led him away, like a captive at her chariot wheel.

When the door closed behind him a babble of talk broke out.

"He won all right!" said the quiet man sadly.

"Yes, but that doesn't matter," said the secretary quickly, "we've got rid of him!"

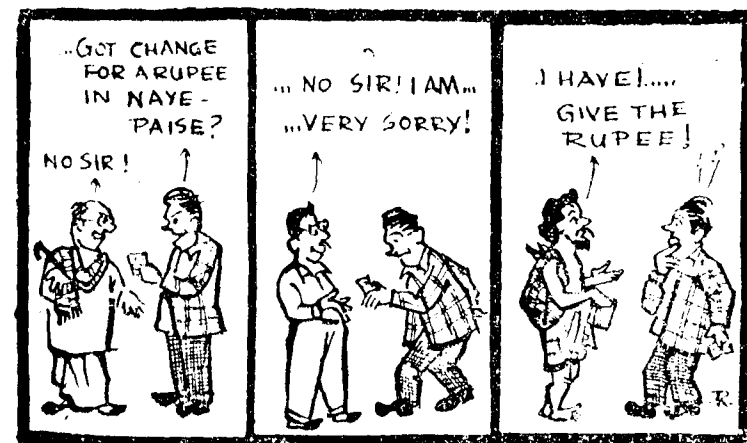
BUT they had all forgotten one small point. Mrs. Smith was the sister of the editor of the local paper. So, at the end of the week, there appeared in the *Greenclouse Observer* a highly coloured description of the whole episode, omitting not the smallest detail, and hinting that it was time the ladies of the place gave their opinions on the matter.

The ladies spoke.

The Club closed.

Who won?—(Copyright)

—LAWRENCE KERR.



# The Right **LIVE**

I HAD just finished my lunch and was leaning relaxingly on an easy chair when the darwan came up to say that somebody was in the parlour to see me. In the parlour I met a gentleman who introduced himself as Inspector Mohan Lal. "I was requested to approach you to get a few details about a certain gentleman who apparently met with an accident yesterday", he apologised for his visit.

"Of course, Inspector", I said coldly. "Why, I should be only too glad to help you. Please sit down, do you smoke?" I offered a cigarette.

"No, thanks," he said in a cultured tone. "So sir, where were you yesterday evening?" he commenced, sitting on a sofa.

"Well, Inspector, I was actually in town. I wasn't doing anything in particular. Just loafing, if I may so," I replied with a smile.

"No, did you meet anybody in particular, I mean, with previous appointment."

"Yes, I met Mr. Anand. We had tea together in 'Hill View'. Why?" I could not understand the gist of his talk.

"Mr. Anand was run over by a lorry last evening and he is dead," the Inspector narrated with professional indifference.

"Ha!" I was astounded.

"WELL, it is evidently a clear case of death due to accident. But Mrs. Anand thinks otherwise. We examined his personal diary and found that you figure very prominently in it. So Mrs. Anand expressed her keenness to meet you; perhaps you might be able to console her. If you could find time she would expect you this evening, she said." Inspector Mohanlal explained his further interest in the affair.

"What does she think, Inspector? Culpable homicide?"

INDIA MAGAZINE

I just said with no less than an intention to impress him with my knowledge of legal terminologies.

"That you will find out when you meet her." The Inspector was not willing to give further details.

"How about accompanying me to see her? You would be able to examine the case thoroughly." I pleaded. To meet a bereaved woman was not a happy prospect. The presence of a police officer would make it easier, I thought.

"I have nothing to do with that case. However, since you insist I would try to come. Then we will meet in Mr. Anand's house," he said preparing to go.

"Very good, Inspector." He took leave without further delay.

When he had left I sat back on the sofa. It was very hard to believe it; "Anand is dead." His figure, now perhaps cremated, came vividly to my vision. He was a middle-aged man with broad shoulders and a good-natured face. There was a sweet pleasantness in his voice and a gentleness in his ways which were the natural outcome of his noble birth and breeding.

I and Anand were quite good friends. He was one of those lucky types who had inherited a comfortable fortune,

big enough for a happy living but not so huge as to make its management a headache. I knew very little of his family and friends except for the fact that he was married and was living with his wife and children in a small cottage just above the railway station. I forgot when I met him first, but for a long time we were acquainted. He was a man of varied tastes, very fond of talking about art and philosophy though he knew little of either. Yet I liked him for his love of the first and the second.

Whenever I met him in town he invariably invited me to the 'Hill View' restaurant for a chat over a cup of tea. I should think that Mr. Anand used to enjoy my company; perhaps because of my profession—I am a professor in a local college, or perhaps I was a good listener. When I met him a few days ago I was busy and so declined his invitation to tea. But he insisted, "I have something important," he told me. From the way he said I got the idea that he was in some trouble. So I agreed to meet him very soon.

EXACTLY at four last evening I met him in the restaurant. From the outset it was clear to me that he was very much agitated and disturbed. I could not guess on what it was. He started asking very irrelevant questions, and from the way he put them forth I

got the impression that they were all of an intimately personal nature.

"Does God punish the guilty?" he switched over to the philosophy of guilt.

"If there is a God, I suppose He should!" I said casually to cheer him up a little.

"What do you mean? If there is no God how can you believe in justice and injustice, in virtue and evil." He started very seriously. I was sorry I joked on God.

"MR. Anand," I said gently but forcibly, "I feel from what I see in this world that God worries very little about us. At any rate I could see nothing to prove that God punishes the guilty or rewards the virtuous. I know a few who got off after many a crime. Why, history records many such cases."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"In history we read of kings and generals who killed and plundered, at times in the name of justice and more often in sheer whim or hatred. Many of them, history records, lived to a ripe old age in happiness and plenty! What can you say about that?" I cut short with animation.

"God's rewards and punishments are not of this world," he said in the voice of a preacher.

"Ha! Leave it, I wish God finished this business here itself instead prolonging it to a different world!" I said evasively. This evidently irritated him. He gulped a good draught from his tea cup and took a strong puff at his cigarette.

"You know," he commented after a few seconds, "I was thinking of it lately. Whatever you say about God's punishment, I feel that the one who is guilty gets rest only after he has received the penalty for his crime. The one who stole has no right to enjoy the property of others; the one who injured has no right to be healthy and strong; and the one who killed has no right to live!" He stopped short as if he had touched the very essence of his philosophy. But then like a philosopher he was not unaffected. He was almost at the point of crying. His face changed red with unexpected emotion. He was dumb like a man condemned to the gallows.

I LOOKED at my watch. It was getting six. "It is time I got along," I said to break the silence that was taking an embarrassing turn.

"Acha," he replied and rose to go.

That evening Anand's behaviour was strange, I thought. Only, while I was returning home I remembered that he said that he would tell me

something the other day. "It is too late now" I murmured.

ANYWAY I punctually kept my appointment with his wife. She was a charming woman, tall and healthy with a stern look and noble bearing which could hide all her sorrow. I had no difficulty to introduce myself for she was expecting me. She led me to a chair in her moderately furnished house.

"I am very sorry to hear the news," I said to start the business of my visit.

"Hi!" She sighted deeply and was silent for one full minute.

"Did you know my husband?" she stammered in a pathetic tone of voice.

"Quite well, He was a good friend of mine," I said in a murmur.

"We are married now for twelve years", she commenced, looking out through the window. The vivid recollection of her happy married life in this context made her sad and the thought of the future was uppermost in her mind.

"I see," I said mildly not to interrupt her conversation.

She didn't even look at me but continued in a strained voice, "He was a good husband, always considerate, simple and happy. Deepak was born two years after our

marriage. We lived in this house all the time." She stopped for a time to recollect the situation.

"His parents had left a considerable fortune and I had my dowry. But he never touched my dowry. He used to say that it was not his. I think his idea was to give it away to Ragini, our daughter, when she would of come age."

"She has started talking about domestic squabbles," I said to myself, "very much like all women."

"Then an incident took place which changed our whole life." At last she was coming to the point in question. "One day a man came to visit us. My husband said that he was one of his college friends. After this I noticed that he was a changed man." A sigh of deep distress escaped her.

"THEN one day he just disappeared. I could not trace him out anywhere. Children started asking for daddy. I wrote to my brother and he came and made a fruitless search. After a month I got report that some of his friends had seen him in Simla. So I went to Simla all alone, for my brother had left for home. Incidentally my husband was in a college at Simla."

"I had no difficulty to find him out. I saw him in his old college alone in the compound sitting desperately in one corner, trying hard to get something explained, it look-

ed. It was evening time, the sun was slowly changing to red and the sky turned purple and dark. I went very near him. Even then he did not move. He was so immersed in his thought. She was getting more and more excited.

"I could not understand what was troubling him," he went on, "I implored him to come back home. I asked him what was going wrong with him and even wept to change his heart. In that fateful evening I heard him say, 'I have no right to live.' I did not understand what he meant. I managed to bring him back home. And now this accident. I am suspicious".

She looked out, overpowered by her emotion. "Somebody is coming," she said, "perhaps one of my late husband's friends." "Yes, here he is! This is the man whom I told you about, the one from whom all these troubles started." "She appeared very displeased.

"If there is any man who could help to get into this mystrey here is the man!" I thought to myself. Soon there was a knock at the door and a middle-aged man was ushered in. Mrs. Anand very kindly received him with folded hands and invited him to be seated.

"I heard something. So I thought I had better peep in," he was feeling a little uneasy.

"Yes, that is right. ~~Ma~~ Anand is no more," I told him very politely.

"Very sorry," he mumbled as if to nobody. "He was a good pal of mine in the college," he said raising his voice so as to be heard.

"Anand must have been quite an energetic student in the college," I said in a casual tone.

"Sure, there is no limit to the amount of mischief we did," he showed great enthusiasm to speak of his college days.

"**L**ATELY I was closely acquainted with him. But I know very little of his college life. I always thought he must have been a bit unruly as a student." My remark did not please Mrs. Anand. However she kept quiet.

"Not so unruly. But we used to have good fun". The man was apologetic.

"You mean, you too," I cleverly searched the root.

"I mean there was a group of us. We did every imaginable thing. Once we were even dragged to the court."

"For what?" I could not resist, "He killed somebody?"

"Ha! no, It was only an accident. Anand was an expert driver. But unfortunately one day his car ran over Janak, another student from

the college. As ill-luck would have it Janak died on the way to the hospital."

"It was an accident, I suppose." I repeated with no particular stress.

"Of course, it was". The visitor was sure of it. "But then our enemies made up a case. They contended that Janak and Anand were both in love with Kamala, a girl student of the college. They argued that Anand had killed Janak purposely. We had quite a job to prove his innocence. You know he was not of that type."

MRS. Anand was getting very impatient. The visitor himself was sorry to have gone so far. He stopped abruptly. There was silence which nobody dared to break. Fortunately at this crucial situation Inspector Mohan Lal came in. "I am sorry, professor. I could not make it in time."

Then when he saw Mrs. Anand he turned to her gently. "That rogue of a driver has now admitted his guilt. He was drunk and was driving wild."

"So it was an accident." I confirmed.

But as I walked back home I could not decide. Was it an accident? Or was it that Anand at last realized that he had no right to live? \*\*\*

—G. KOTTURAN

INDIA MAGAZINE

1900

1957

57 YEARS OF SERVICE

LAXMI BRAND  
ZAMA OIL

Best for Colds, Headache,  
Cough etc.,

★

ZAMA RUB

Best for Colds, Headache,  
Cough etc.,

★

ZAMA INHALER

Is best for Colds.

★

AMARCOSE  
(GLUCOSE POWDER PURE)

Is the Best and the Cheapest  
for Energy and Fitness.

★

ISMECITINE (C.A.F)

Is the most Reliable and  
Economical brand of  
Chloramphenicol.

★

AMARCHAND SOBACHAND

PIONEER AND LEADING DRUGS AND  
ANTIBIOTICS IMPORTERS OF  
SOUTH INDIA.

95, NYNIAPPA NAICK ST.,  
Post Box No. 518.

MADRAS - 3.

Telephone :

2182

Telegrams :

"ZAMA" Madras.

# AFTER THE DREAM

IT was 12 o'clock in the mid-night when Sugandh awoke suddenly. He was sweating profusely. He sat upright. At that time everything was calm but the ticking of the wall-clock. Sugandh was horrified. He had experienced a terrific dream which hurt his heart.

He wiped his perspiration and again recalled the dream. In his dream he saw that he and his beloved Pratima were going for a stroll towards the nearby lake on a full-noon day. The earth was bathed in abundant moonlight. Pratima, too, had put on a snow-white sari which had enhanced her natural beauty. She looked resplendent. Sugandh was praising her beauty and she was blushing deeply. Suddenly a giant-like figure came in their way and in the twinkling of an eye it lifted Pratima by its rough hands and began to run towards the jungle. Sugandh was flabbergasted. He stood still for a moment. Pratima was shouting his name for help. He at once ran after the giant laughed raucously and began

to run more quickly. Sugandh could not overtake the giant, and in no time the giant disappeared from his eyes. He was panting in sheer exhaustion and at this time only he had awakened from the dream...

Now he was feeling uneasy. Again he lay on the cot and began to brood over the dream. Pratima was his life. He could not just live without her. Their marriage was fixed after a month. Theirs was a genuine love. Their parents, too, had approved of their marriage. Both were neighbours. And from their childhood Sugandh and Pratima had played together. Gradually their friendship had ripened into genuine love. They always went for a walk. They were loving each other from the bottom of their hearts. They had rarely talked about love. On one occasion they had gone to the nearby lake. There they sat on two big stones. Seeing the pleasant atmosphere Sugandh said to Pratima. "Dear Pratima, we are friends from our childhood. We have

always talked on all subjects but love. I don't want to embarrass you but today I wish to express my love for you. I love you from the bottom of my heart. I know you, too, love me. Only the other day I heard my father and your father discuss the subject of our marriage. Ours will be the pleasant and happy union". On this Pratima had blushed pleasantly which was but natural. But this was enough for Sugandh to know that she, too, was loving him. He did not pursue the subject further but only sighed in sheer ecstasy. That time he had thought himself to be the happiest man in the world.

AND this dream had now caused a great pain to his heart. He was tossing here and there on his cot. He was feeling an uneasy sensation that somebody would snatch his Pratima away from him. But he could not guess who that somebody could be.

Again he thought that it was foolish to brood over a petty, meaningless dream. But still he was unable to console himself. At last his mind got tired of pondering and he slept unknowingly.

The next day he got up rather late. To his astonishment he heard some din outside the house. He nearly

ran towards the door. No sooner did he open the door than he saw Kiran, younger brother of Pratima, his face pale with agony.

"OH, Sugandh!" Kiran wailed, his eyes filled with tears. "Our Pratima has been seriously injured as her sari caught fire accidentally when she was preparing tea on the stove."

For a moment Sugandh could not believe what he was hearing. But the next moment he ran wildly towards the ambulance in which Pratima was lying in an unconscious state. At once the ambulance started and speeded towards the Civil Hospital. Sugandh then went to the



"We're in a spot—the company's given us a pay increase, bonuses, holidays, shorter hours, guaranteed wages—I can't think of anything more to ask for."

nearest bus-stop and caught the bus to go to the Civil Hospital. It seemed to be a long journey. He could reach the Hospital but could not see Pratima as doctors and nurses were busy dressing her wounds to bring her back to life. Sugandh stood outside resting his head against a wooden post. His head was reeling and his heart was aching. He felt he had gone mad. His love had been crushed by the cruel hands of Fate. He felt his throat parched but could not utter even a single word. Vaguely he could see Pratima's woe-begone father approaching him. He just could not see anything more. He fainted instantly—straight into the arms of Pratima's father.

Doctors succeeded in their efforts to bring Pratima back to life. After nearly two months the wounds on her body healed and she was nearly cured. But the former attractive and charming Pratima had disappeared from this world. This was a new Pratima. Perhaps one might have remarked that it would have been better had she died in the accident! For the scars of burns had marred her fine body—especially her face beyond recognition.

AND now Sugandh had become the most serious man in the world. He would never laugh. He did not dare to see Pratima. He was just

afraid of it. His conscience scolded him to see Pratima and console her. But he shuddered at the mere idea of seeing her.

Sugandh was sitting in the verandah brooding over something when he heard footsteps before him. It was Pratima! Was she laughing? Yes! It was the ugliest laughter! Sugandh looked at her face for a moment and at once diverted his eyes to the ground in sheer disgust. Pratima came nearer and said in a wailing tone, "Oh, Sugandh! You, too, hate me!" She paused for a while and at once asked, "Dear Sugandh, would you marry me?"

SUGANDH started. He saw her face. "Oh, Pratima!" he faltered. "How can I tell you? I—I just don't understand anything! I am afraid of you! I have gone mad, Pratima!"

He was trembling.

Pratima's eyes filled with tears. She did not say anything more but turned and went straight to her room. She threw her body on the cot, thrust her face in the pillow and began to cry bitterly. She was weeping helplessly. She was angry with this selfish, cruel world. She cursed Sugandh, the world and then herself. She began to think furiously. Why should Sugandh behave so indifferently with me, now,

she thought? Before the accident I was his very life! How much he was adoring me, then! And now! Oh, he is afraid of me! How a man changes with the changing circumstances! She pondered for a long time. Then slowly her anger subsided and she became a bit calm. Now she began to think liberally. She thought that the shock of the accident must have made Sugandh so indifferent and serious. How he looks pallid! He looks as if he is sick for months! I have ruined myself as well as Sugandh! How can I make him happy again?

Suddenly she sprang up from the cot and took paper and pencil and began to scribble—

Dear Sugandh,

I AM very sorry for the accident which caused you so much pain. I can understand your plight. You have become too serious, You have felt a terrific shock of the accident. I don't know how to console you. Dearest Sugandh, please listen to what I tell you. Now my life is nothing short of hell. If I shall live any more, my life will be hopeless, useless and helpless. In this cruel, cunning world of passion and

fashion, there is value only for face and figure which I have ruined entirely. And I don't want to make a hell of your life. You will find many better girls than me. It is my humble wish that you should live happily! As my life is no more useful, I am making an exit from this world by taking poison. Please don't mourn, dear. My soul shall love you for ever. Adieu, Adieu! Sugandh!

Your loving,  
Pratima.

She carefully perused the letter and then kept it on the table easily visible. Then she took one packet from the upper shelf and taking some powder from it dropped it in a cup of water and poured it down her throat uttering the name of God Shiva. It was deadly poison! In no time her soul bade her goodbye and her body lay there—lifeless and useless...

At the same time Sugandh, too, was writing a letter.

Dear Pratima,

PLEASE forgive me for my behaviour. I suspect I have become mad. I have lost my control on myself. I am

INDIA MAGAZINE

47

unable to understand what I am doing and what is happening. It seems to be a nightmare. I am not cruel, Pratima! But the vicissitude has changed me a bit. I still adore you, Pratima. But the callous and cruel fate has wreaked vengeance on me and has deprived you of your beauty. I am not prepared to live any more burning and mourning in agony. I have made up my mind to take leave of this world by swallowing poison. Whatever may be your opinion, but I do not find any other way. It is impossible for me to love any other girl than you-hereafter. This act will cause you much pain but, dearest

Pratime, please forgive me. My soul shall continue to adore you for ever.

Good-bye, darling Pratima.

Yours for ever,

Sugandh.

KEENLY keeping the letter on the table easily conspicuous, he took out one bottle from the drawer of his table and uttering the name of God Shiva poured one dose of that dreadful poison down his throat. After a short time of struggle his features were blackened. But his lips were slightly parted in smile. \*\*

—D. V. K.

Copies of INDIA MAGAZINE are available at leading Railway Bookstalls of Messrs. A. H. Wheeler & Co., Higginbothams, Swadesamitran, and Gulab Singh & Sons. Also at all important News Agents throughout India.

\* Wanted News Agents to sell India Magazine in all unrepresented places. Please ask for terms.

INDIA MAGAZINE

Stranger Than Fiction:

## HISTORY'S STRANGEST CRIME

“WHAT makes us Japanese tick?” a Tokyo lawyer asked me. Tucked under his arm was a fat dossier on one of history's strangest crimes. After I read it, that same question which has teased the world puzzled me more than ever. Even the Japanese cannot give the answer.

The lawyer's documents revealed a man had killed 12 persons in a single stroke. Four others survived to tell part of the tale. The crime yielded \$600 in cash.

But there's nothing strange about that, you say? Sure, he killed a lot of people, but his motive was simple robbery.

Well, apart from the fact that he cut down 12 persons in the prime of life, consider these other facts. He walked into a Tokyo bank and poured out a glass of water of each of the staff members, including the manager. He explained that he was a medical inspector. On his arm was a band reading “Sanitation.” He lined up his victims and announced they must all drink his medicine in accordance with new regulations for the prevention of dysentery. Then he began politely with the manager, clicking his heels,

smiling and hissing, bowing and finally emptying a packet of poison in the glass held by the equally polite manager. So he passed along the line.

“Now,” he said, “drink together and all in one gulp.”

They did. The killer waited feeling the tips of his starched wing collar, fumbling with the button on his cut-away jacket and then when his victims were writhing on the floor he stepped over the bodies to collect the cash. He

BY

WILLIAM STEVENSON

raised his top hat politely as he sidestepped the choking staff again and let himself out by the front door.

THIS sort of crime could have happened only in Japan; and the entire story could have taken place only after the post-war occupation. For the suspect, later apprehended by the police, needed perfect discipline from his victims. And the police had to employ Western methods of detection to catch him.

INDIA MAGAZINE

4 June—'57

49

These are the facts in what must be the most fantastic of mass murders. The suspect lived modestly for a Japanese; that is, one who enjoyed a reputation as an artist, since in Tokyo this means money. He had a wife and a happy family. He was 57 years old.

ONE day he met a doctor on the ill-starred Hokkaido ferry which later sank with enormous loss of life. In the best Japanese tradition, they exchanged visiting cards. This eventually proved fatal to the artist's plans but, at the time, he tucked the card away without thinking much more about it.

Late in November, 1947, a man who introduced himself as this same doctor called on a Mokyo bank. He said certain anti-dysentery measures had been ordered by the occupation authorities. All staff members must be assembled at once. The manager regretted that some members were out for tea. The strange visitor left. Nobody in that bank realised what a narrow escape they had just had.

Then one morning in the Teikoku bank of a Tokyo suburb, the same man appeared and left his doctor's calling card with the manager. The

visitor said he would be back later to carry out anti-dysentery measures. Once again he invoked the magic name of "occupation authorities."

The "honourable inspector from sanitation department" was back right on time with a suitcase full of glasses and strange instruments. The janitor closed the doors. Everyone lined up obediently. Honourable inspector filled the glasses with water followed by potassium cyanide which he explained would protect them against dysentery. All the victims bowed and hissed their gratitude as he warned them to drink it at one gulp "or it may remove the enamel from your teeth."

It removed much more than enamel. Honourable inspector pocketed 164,000 yen and a cheque for 17,000 yen more. His victims were relieved of their small cash. Ten died on the bank floor. Two died later in agony at the hospital. A girl dragged herself into the street and summoned help and the first three to follow her were saved.

Only in Japan would intelligent, adult men and women unquestioningly follow the instructions of an officious little man in uniform. Their anxiety to please the occupation authorities led them to

their deaths: and their inherited sense of discipline prevented them from showing the slightest hesitation to obey orders.

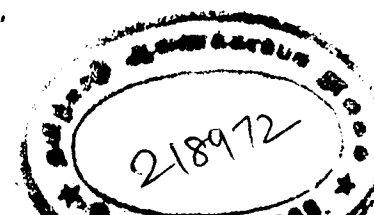
JAPANESE police interrogated 8,796 suspects. They worked on a composite photograph, in accordance with U.S. methods of criminology. The artist was among those questioned over innumerable cups of tea, between countless apologies. But beneath the veil of courtesy one young police sergeant with a stronger sense of Western methods than the rest was beginning to form his own impressions of this little man who squatted so amiably on the tatami-mats behind the rice-paper screens. The policeman went to work on the crumpled visiting card left by the mysterious stranger on that fateful morning in the Teikoku bank.

The doctor had received calling cards in return that day on the ferry. So the sergeant called on every one of the men and women whose names appeared on calling cards in the doctor's office. Among them was the artist.

It is seven years since he went on trial, and confused his own defence by pleading that he had been subject to blackouts for 20 years. He was convicted, but his appeal is still pending.

For the Westerner, as for many Japanese themselves,

the puzzle remains. What were the motives for the crime and why would educated men and women obey such commands? What, in fact, does make these Japanese tick? \*\*\*



A Short Story.

## IMPATIENT LADY

SUE CAREY fidgeted. The silence was almost tangible and the lethargy which enveloped the gargantuan frame of Jim Hanvey vaguely disconcerting.

Hanvey was slumped in an easy chair near the single window of his tiny living-room. Pudgy fingers were locked across a paunch of large dimensions, his triple chins overflowed a narrow collar, and his eyes appeared to be closed in slumber. He displayed no symptom of interest—or of life—except that his belt buckle was agitated occasionally by what Sue diagnosed as evidence of respiration.

This was Miss Carey's first meeting with Jim Hanvey, and she was frankly unimpressed. For several years she had heard Johnny Frane and his friends discuss Hanvey's prowess. They appeared to entertain for the large detective a profound respect, but it occurred to the blonde young lady that their judgement was unsound.

"Listen, Mr. Hanvey," she said—"I've got something big for you."

Jim's eyes—fishlike in colour and lustre—uncurtained with interminable slowness. He looked at her without appearing to see her.

"If I was to tell you something important, Mr. Hanvey—something that would help you a lot—would you promise to take care of me?"

"That all depends, Miss Carey. I don't shield folks who have done something wrong."

"I haven't, though. If I promise you that—and help you—would you protect me from personal danger?"

Hanvey weighed the problem. "I reckon I would, Miss Carey. I sure reckon I would."

SHE remembered what Johnny Frane had said. And not only Johnny, but Eddie Warner also. They had told her that Jim Hanvey could be trusted.

"Remember when the Gregory jewels disappeared, Mr. Hanvey? About three months ago?"

"Yeh, I remember. Smooth job. 'Bout \$100,000 worth."

The girl nodded. "The loss was paid by the insurance company, wasn't it, Mr. Hanvey?"

"Uh-huh. They paid it."

"Then they put you on the case, didn't they?"

"Yeh, Miss Carey, they sure did. I work for them."

"You haven't had a bit of luck, have you, Mr. Hanvey?"

His big head moved slowly from side to side. "Not a bit."

"All, right." She drew a deep breath, in the manner of a timid diver about to take the initial plunge. "Suppose I could tell you who stole the Gregory jewels, and just where they're hidden. Would that interest you?"

MR. Hanvey's abdomen expanded alarmingly. It's a deal," he said quietly. "You play square with me, and I'll look after you." He settled into a temporary stupor, from which he emerged with a question. "Who was it?"

"Johnny Frane!"

Now even Jim Hanvey's stupendous indifference betrayed evidence of

having been punctured.

"Johnny Frane?" he repeated. "Ain't he your boy friend?"

"He was," said Miss Carey. "Or, anyway, he claimed to be. But I'm all washed up with him."

HANVEY sighed. "I'm disappointed in Johnny. I thought he was running straight."

She said sharply: "Johnny had everybody fooled with his pious talk. It ain't in him to go straight. He pulled that job and he pulled lots of others."

"And you want him to do time, eh?"

"Yes," she snapped. "I certainly do!"

"Why?"



"I'll tell you why. I'm in love with Eddie Warner. And Eddie wants to marry me".

HANVEY'S eyes closed for a moment. "Nice feller, Eddie—and handsome." Silence. "If he wants to marry you—why doesn't he?"

Sue Carey shook her head. "You needn't ask such a crazy question, Mr. Hanvey—not if you know Johnny Frane. You see Johnny is real gone about me. He's jealous. And dangerous. If I was to marry Eddie Warner, Johnny would kill both of us."

"And I'm to send him up so it'll be safe for you to marry Eddie Warner?"

"Yeh. Sure. That's why I came to you."

"The guy who stole those Gregory jewels has got plenty coming to him. And it seems as though Johnny's in line to get it. Now suppose you tell me where he's got 'em locked."

"They're inside the steam radiator in the sitting-room of his apartment. He doesn't need heat in this weather and he was a kid, so he knew how to work it."

"Steam radiator, eh? I always knew Johnny was clever."

"You've got to find'em so he'll never suspect I told you, Mr. Hanvey. I want to be at

his apartment when you pick him up. You gotta say you know he did the job, and you've got to hunt everywhere before you sound the radiator. If he ever suspected me—well, you know what he'd do."

"Yeh," agreed Jim. "Johnny's real bad medicine."

Miss Carey remained only a few minutes longer. Then she thanked Jim Hanvey and departed, a demure little thing in new and stylish spring clothes. Walking down the street she speculated once again on the colossal stupidity of men. How in the world had two such acute gentlemen as Johnny Frane and Eddie Warner been hypnotized into the belief that Jim Hanvey was clever? Why, the man was hopeless; heavy, dull, sleepy and not even observant.

THE following evening when Johnny returned from work, Sue Carey was at the apartment. Since Sue had a key he was not surprised.

Into this scene Jim Hanvey intruded, accompanied by a large, square-shouldered individual who neglected to remove his hat. Jim accepted an introduction to Sue Carey with grand impassivity, and gave no hint he had even seen her previously. Then, in answer to Johnny's query, Jim announced he was exceedingly sorry, but he had come to escort Mr. Frane to jail.

Johnny assured Hanvey there was some mistake. He reminded the mammoth gentleman that he had been running straight for three years, working honestly and steadily—and otherwise conducting himself with unassailable probity. In response to this, the hatted gentleman accompanying Jim Hanvey uttered a sceptical "Oh yeah?" and inquired of Mr. Frane where the Gregory jewels were hidden.

Johnny said: "What's the idea, Jim? You know I didn't have anything to do with that job."

Mr. Hanvey shook his head sleepily. "Sorry, Johnny, I've got you dead to rights."

The detective with the hat glanced at Jim. "Shall we frisk the joint, chief?"

"Reckon we better," agreed Hanvey.

SUE admired Jim's methods. First, he searched all the obvious places with painstaking thoroughness. Then he and his companion probed into less obvious nooks and crannies. There was just the faintest suggestion of a triumphant smile on Johnny's lips when his associate commenced tapping the radiator pipes.

"Sounds funny, Jim."

"What does?" asked Hanvey innocently.

INDIA MAGAZINE

"This here radiator. And look, chief—I'd swear it had been tampered with right recent."

The detective with the hat visited the janitor and returned with a kit of tools. For 10 minutes he laboured at the job of disconnecting the radiator feed pipe. Then he uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Hey, Jim! Look!"

Jim Hanvey looked. He looked at a diamond collar, a huge emerald ring and several lesser pieces of jewelry. He looked at Johnny.

MR. FRANE appeared to be stunned. Sue Carey flung her arms about him. "Oh, Johnny," she moaned, "why did you do it?"

Hanvey seemed to be unimpressed, and Mr. Frane made a gesture of resignation.

"Somebody," he commented, "has thrown a harpoon into me. Some day I'll find out who it was. And when I do—"

He did not finish the sentence. Nor did he need to. Sue Carey shuddered.

Hanvey addressed a quiet comment to Johnny.

"This ain't but half the Gregory haul, Johnny. Where's the other half?"

"I don't know anything about any of it," maintained Johnny. "I've been framed."

Things looked quite rosy for Sue. Johnny—who had become rather a nuisance with his devotion—was safely stored away for many years; Eddie Warner, who had stolen the Gregory jewels, was free from suspicion, and still possessed half the magnificent haul. Sooner or later, Eddie would have been suspected, but now that Mr. Frane had been cast in the role of fall guy, Mr. Warner was safe. He could leave town without exciting suspicion, dispose of his booty in leisurely fashion, and settle down—temporarily at least—to a life of domestic bliss.

THE fact that she had committed the cardinal sin of crookdom did not disturb Sue's conscience. She had followed the dictates of her heart and, in one of the fellest swoops, had disposed of a jealous gentleman and freed her boy friend from danger of arrest. So for five days Sue Carey was exquisitely happy.

But on the afternoon of the sixth day, while Jim Hanvey was loiling in his easy chair, gazing sleepily through the window at the jagged skyline of the city, there came an impatient and insistent rapping on his apartment door and Miss Carey burst into the room. Her cheeks were pallid. Her eyes were large and round. She ignored Hanvey's more or less hospitable grunt and flashed straight to the point.

"Where's Eddie Warner?" she inquired.

Hanvey's big head moved from side to side. "Haven't seen him, sister. Why?"

Sue asked, "Johnny Frane... Is he still in jail?"

"No, Johnny ain't in jail."

"He's free?"

"We-e-ell: I wouldn't be saying that exactly. He's out on bond." The fishlike eyes dwelt upon the young lady with a slight show of interest. "You look kind of scared, Sue. What's the matter?"

"Everything. Eddie has disappeared!"

"Aw, say."

"Can't you see? Johnny's out! He's smart, Johnny is. He must have discovered right away about me and Eddie—and that's where Eddie has gone."

"Where, sister, where?"

"He's dead!" she whispered. "Johnny must have killed him. And he'll kill me next!"

"How about waiting at Eddie's? Johnny either has found him, or else knows he's hiding out, so the chances are he won't be bothering that place any more."

Miss Carey agreed that this plan, although not without risk, was the best yet sugges-

ted, but she was an exceedingly nervous young lady when, a half hour later, she let herself into the lavishly furnished abode which she had hoped to move into that day as a legally wedded wife. Years of association with Mr. Frane had implanted in her a profound respect for Mr. Frane's idea of retribution.

OF course, Johnny wouldn't suspect that she and Eddie had framed him on the Gregory thing, but he would have discovered that a romance had been flourishing, and she was even more fearful of his jealousy than of his anger.

She seated herself and smoked innumerable cigarettes. She paced the floor. She thought many things—none of them pleasant.

And then she heard a key grate in the lock. The apartment door opened.

Eddie Warner! It must be Eddie! She moved eagerly across the room to greet him.

Johnny Frane stared at her from the doorway. He gazed levelly, and his expression was not one to inspire her with any vast sense of reassurance. His voice was flat.

"I thought I'd find you here," said Johnny Frane.

Her question was uttered before she had time to consider. "Where's Eddie? What have you done with him?"

His eyes flicked her contemptuously. "Same thing I'm going to do with you."

"You—you killed him?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! Johnny!" She wept frankly and copiously. "You wouldn't kill me, Johnny! You couldn't!"

"No?" The thought appeared to amuse him. "We'll see about that."

He didn't talk much. He never had, for that matter. But he did things, and she didn't like the message she read in his eyes. She heard his voice, cold and brittle.

"I'm hep, Sue. Even that Gregory thing was a frame-up. But what I want to know now is: where's the rest of the stuff?"

Miss Carey sagged. "It—it won't do no good for me to tell you, Johnny."

"Why not?"

"Because Eddie's got it hid in a safe deposit box. Nobody but Eddie can get in."

"Are you lying?"

"WOULD I be? I'm scared, Johnny. Honest, it ain't going to get you nowhere to kill me. I'm sorry for what I done."

"Where did Eddie put the stuff?"

INDIA MAGAZINE

INDIA MAGAZINE

She mentioned a big bank. "It's box 1706, Johnny. He's had it for years."

"Under what name?"

"ALTON Rogers. But don't you see, Johnny—you could not get in there, even if you had the key."

"I have the key, all right. I got it the same place I got the one to this apartment."

"But that doesn't help. You got to sign a card—and everything. Oh! Johnny, please! I've done the best I could, but you'll only mess things up worse by trying to get into that box."

He gave a short, bitter laugh. "You're worried about me, ain't you?" He turned abruptly and walked to the door of the apartment. When he returned a huge figure bulked behind him.

"I've got the lowdown, Hanvey," said Johnny. "Warner has been renting a box for years under the name of Alton Rogers. Sue spilled the bank and box number. We've got the keys—and still she says I can't get in."

Hanvey's voice was mild. "You're right. Johnny couldn't get in. But I can, sister—I can."

She pointed at Johnny Frane. "You better watch out for him, Jim Hanvey. He murdered Eddie."

The portly detective smiled. "No, he didn't. Not but what he would of been justified. Bu he didn't just the same."

"You don't know! He told me—"

"Listen, Sue." Jim talked gently, as he would to a child. "Eddie ain't been murdered and ain't going to be. He's nice and comfy in jail, where I put him. He's facing a long stretch for the Gregory job."

SUE Carey sank into a chair. She felt discouraged. "You said you'd play straight with me, I would with you. And you didn't. You were helping Eddie get away with the other jewels. And you were doing a dirty trick to a good guy who has been trying to go straight."

"Your mistake," commented Johnny Frane. "If you had believed me from the first, you wouldn't be in this jam. Don't forget I always told you Jim Hanvey was smart."

—(Copyright.)

—OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

INDIA MAGAZINE



I COULD not make up my mind. How could I? My position was intolerable. I simply did not know what to do—sacrifice my personal pleasures for the sake of my parents, or, oh horrible thought, forego my parents? Ah! but should I? Why cannot they let go their old-fashioned idiosyncrasies, for my sake? It is not as if I am doing something demeaning their social status or any such thing. But still what they say should also be considered deliberately.

I leaned on the table wearily. Why will not they let me choose a girl for myself? Why should they offer a selected number and why should I be compelled to choose only from among them? Just then I heard a noise of brakes, grounded gently. I shook off my lethargy a little and peeped out through the blinds. Yes, it was Mr. and Mrs. Rama Iyer getting down from their big black Buick. They were as usual preceded by their family priest, bearing a tray loaded with pan, supari and flowers. Next came Mrs. Rama Iyer's brother with his laced dhoti, silk jibba and silk angoocha. They were followed by the driver carry-

ing a rattan basket full of fruits. They have entered the house.

I CAME back to the table. I knew mother would welcome them. After the usual preliminaries, they would ask for my horoscope and my mother would hand it over. And in due time, the astrologers would say that mine and Maya's horoscopes agreed. Then the official "looking" at the girl would have to be gone through. After that the

BY

Suda Ranganathan

consent would be formally given and preparations for the marriage would start off in full swing. But why should I marry Maya? Just because my mother is crazy over her? That is not fair at all! Somehow, even from my school days, I had got the idea that marriage should be preformed only on the basis of mutual love. Of course, I had gone through a succession of imagined 'loves'. Why, in England, I nearly married

Marjorie Westingham (of the Westinghams of Twyford). I thought I was crazy about her, till I found out that she was more attracted by the idea of being married to an Indian, than for any love for me.

AND now I am being practically forced into a marriage with Maya. The present advent of Rama Iyer is all a farce. My parents know them very well and they had been keen on this alliance for a long time. Before I can meet my real love, they are forcing my hand. Why should I agree? My mother says that they have already given their word. Besides, what is wrong with the girl, she asked. Maya's father is in a very good position, earning nearly two thousand rupees a month. He will be able to "assist" in pushing me up the

official ladder, as he has got "pull" with all the big shots. Maya herself, when I last met her about three years back, before I left for U.K. for higher studies, was quite pretty and tall for her age. She was quite fair too. But still, how can I forego a principle?

Then I got the gem of an idea. I would marry her and through her assert my principle to my parents that marriage without love, will collapse. If I do not look at her, or talk to her and in other ways make her miserable, my parents would realise their folly. Of course, I will not be behaving justly to that girl. She must bear her fate. She should not have submitted to this marriage. But I must remember not to talk to her at all, as I did not want my obstinacy to be weakened by reasoning.

I HAD decided, My parents were too happy that I had agreed that they did not care to probe further into the subject, Shankari, my sister, was almost mad with joy. She was already planning as to how she would spend her time with Maya, her best friend, exchanging opinions on their husbands, Shankari was also to be married, in the same pandal, in the same muhurt to a police officer, Rajan. I kept quiet over all her teasing and wild



"Being a typist is easy. All you have to do is look like a girl, think like a man—and work like a dog!"

flights of fancy.

The wedding was over. We were all sitting in the hall, having a pleasant chat. Rajan was telling my father that he had been transferred suddenly to Madurai, and would like to take Shankari also along with him. Shan-

kari blushed and smiled happily. I knew Maya was looking at me to exchange some pleasantries (of course only through the eyes, how could she joke in the presence of her father-in-law!) But I sedulously avoided her eyes. Nobody noticed my rudeness, as they were busy admiring the son-in-law of the house.

AFTER Shankari left, I started the wasfare in regular earnestness. But



Maya would not "play." From the first night I did not talk to her. That day I sat reading a book. She tried to open a conversation but I went on as if she was not there. She must have sensed my antagonistic attitude. But well, would you believe it, she quietly went off to sleep. From that minute, she never let out that I was being a cold hearted boor to her. She went about her duties humming and singing. My mother seemed to be getting crazier over her everyday. "Why don't you youngsters ever go to pictures or to the beach?" she asked me one day. I was fairly caught. I wanted the confession to come from Maya. So I said that Maya does not like them. My hope was that my mother would ask Maya and that she would burst out denouncing me. There was no outburst at all. Maya said that because she had overworked for her degree examination in March, the doctor had ordered complete rest. He had especially advised her not to strain her eyes. She had won the first round and outwitted me.

FROM that day I came home late from the office and looked sullen all the time. Maya was not in the least perturbed. She was kinder than before and waited on me hand and foot. Coffee would be ready on the table, the minute my motor-cycle thundered in. Why, she would

even put paste on my toothbrush, the moment I woke up! But silence reigned there all the time. Do you know what my mother ascribed it to?—Respect! I heard her boasting to one of her friends. "You know my daughter-in-law! Though she is a graduate she is quite orthodox and humble. Why, she and my son do not exchange even a single word before me! If he wants anything, why, even a glass of water, he calls for me, and not for her. But I always make her take it, though she hesitates to do so. As if I do not know, what is really going on between them?" and gave a happy contented laugh. How do you like it? All my efforts to make her miserable seem futile. The only outward sign can be seen during the nights alone. Her pillow is wetted by her tears, before she drops off to sleep. Those long black curving eye lashes stick to her cheeks, and her fair face is masked by tear stains. The soft lips tremble long after she falls asleep and her body quivers with suppressed emotion. I feel a strong urge to take her in my arms and comfort her, but what of my resolution, my principle, my aim in life? I prevent myself in time.

ONE day, when I came back from the office the familiar figure was not there. Somehow I felt disappointed. How could it be? I do not love her, and do not feel any bond of attachment between us. I

comforted myself with the thought that I missed the usual sight I had been accustomed to and hence felt frustrated. So she has thought out another way to outwit me, is it? I strode into the hall angrily.

My mother greeted me with a smile on her face. "Now, would you like to have your coffee or would you like to have a wash and then come?" she inquired. Maya would have the coffee ready first and then take my file to the room. She would have placed the soap and towel near the washstand. A fresh change of clothes would be hanging on a towel rack. Am I actually feeling her absence! Lord forbid." "Well, mummy, I will change first." I replied and went up to my room.

EVERYTHING was spick and span. There was a note on the table to say that the dhoobi would be coming tomorrow and that the account was in the third drawer, left side, of my wardrobe. Beneath it, a post script was added, that the drycleaning chits were also kept in the same drawer and that the clothes were due to be collected on twelfth. This note was neither addressed nor signed, I felt another surge of frustration enveloping me. No, no, it cannot be. I am just getting adjusted to a new life. This absence of a familiar feature, especially

as it meant a lack of personal comfort, was what upset me.

WHEN I went down my mother was just mixing the coffee. Along with it, she gave me the information that I was itching to ask, but dared not. "Bhaskar," she said. "Maya's mother came and took her away today. Next month, which starts from tomorrow, is Adi you see, and so she cannot stay here" and gave a snigger. (If one's mother can ever snigger). My blank look must have told her that I did not follow. "You see it is not an auspicious month," she explained, "If she conceives now, the boy will be born in Chitrai. They say that 'Chitrai's boy' will destroy the family. But Shankari is not coming now. You see, it is still very early stages for her. You or your father would have to take me to her next month and then we can bring her here for rest. That will be five months for her, You know she has not breathed a word of it to me, but only to Maya as she written. Maya told me that she is looking forward to meeting all of us. Shankari says she will not feel the separation from her husband as she will be watching you two together. She does not know that you two behave as if you have been married for sixty years," she added with a laugh.

My head was splitting. So Maya had gone home without a word to me. But how can

I expect her to tell me anything when I do not even recognise her existence! I had to get out of the house to cool my thoughts.

I WAS sitting on the beach, watching a myriad stars, twinkling merrily at the dark sea, thundering restlessly. The lighthouse beacon was turning round and round steadily, dim, and bright, dim and bright. The harbour lights shone brightly dotted, in the distance. Why, there was even a ship, ablaze with lights, moving steadily towards the horizon, a bright jewel on the dark curly waves of the sea. That is how our family heirloom ornament looked, when Maya had it pinned on her plait, in compliance with my mother's wishes. There, opposite the sea, loomed the big building of Maya's College. The hostel gleamed with lights shining from every room. I could see dark figures floating near the window and vanishing again. Each dark figure would be the heart-throb of some man, lightening his sorrow, enlivening his stay on this earth. Only I was not blessed. No, it was I who had thrust away the angel who came to me voluntarily. I gazed at the sky, seeking comfort. The stars mocked me, winking at me. My Maya had borne

patiently all her troubles, like Mother Earth. In spite of the repeated buffetings of the everchanging sea, the earth keeps quiet and does not hit back. I longed for Maya, wishing to atone for my neglect.

Just then I heard some giggling. A group of girls were sitting ahead of me and the wind carried their voices perfectly well to me.

"Oh, why is Maya so silent nowadays, Parvati?"

Could it be my Maya, I wondered. "She must be thinking of her husband and how long she has to be away from him." More giggles followed this joke.

"HEY Maya, come, tell us what your husband calls you in private. Promise, we will not tell anybody."

"Well, there is no time for words between us, you see," began a soft voice, hooray, it was Maya's, my Maya's, but another chatterbox pounced in saying. "It is all action, you are lucky to have such a husband, Maya." "Of course, answered Maya, "I am grateful that God has granted me such a kind husband. We did not have a single tiff, you know." here her voice choked with emotion.

I could not contain myself any longer. I walked towards them and asked them if I could give them a lift. Maya answered, "Well, no thanks, they have come from the hostel, for a walk only," and started to walk away with them. "But Maya, surely, you are not going to the hostel, are you?" I said and attempted an unfamiliar laugh.

"ALRIGHT, Mr. Bhasker, we acknowledge your rights. She had come to the hostel to look us all up, after so many days. Thank you for sparing her to us for a few hours," the naughty girls said and walked away, crossing the road to reach their hostel.

"Maya." I said, and my voice sounded strange in my

own ears. "That is alright, she said and we both sat down again.

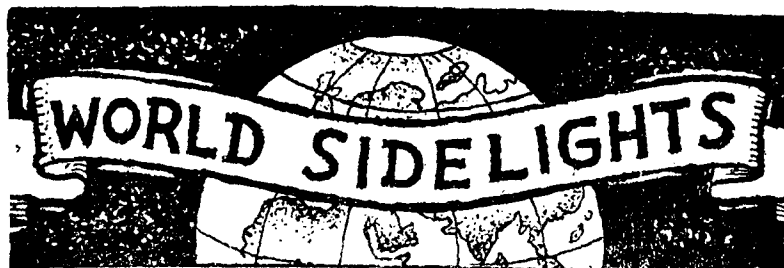
I AM glad, I realised soon enough that love is not born, in a minute, as it were. It is dependence, affection, thoughtful consideration that foster it and enliven it, though I seem to have confused my principle and the execution of it. I am happy now.

Anyway, you know, I have revenged myself on my parents, sufficiently. I have saddled them with a grandson who demands and occupies all their attention. They do not have time at all to see whether I am hanging around Maya all the time or not. For your information, respected reader, I am doing that and enjoying myself immensely.

## INDIA MAGAZINE

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

|                |   |   | Rs. | nP. |
|----------------|---|---|-----|-----|
| For One Year   | — | — | 4   | 0 0 |
| For Six Months | — | — | 2   | 0 0 |
| Single Copy    | — | — | 0   | 3 6 |



## MANNED EXPEDITION TO MOON!

THERE may still be some people who think of interplanetary flight only as a brain-child of the science fiction writers and an excuse for the more fantastic efforts of Hollywood and the television producers. They plainly do not realize how far we have got in strictly scientific terms.

Behind the wilder flights of space fantasy there has existed for the past half-century a growing body of entirely serious effort.

Until recently, workers in the field have met with much the same scepticism as their forerunners in aviation. The parallel between the gradual development of aeronautics and of astronautics is indeed very close.

The rocket, with its ability to provide propulsive thrust even in a vacuum, is the only vehicle known to us which could satisfy the requirements of space flight, writes A. V. Cleaver in London's "Daily Telegraph."

Early theoretical studies of the principles involved led to small-scale experimental work by amateurs before the last War, and then to more advanced practical achievements—mainly in Germany, with the V2 and other weapons—during the War itself.

### New Age

Since 1945, rocket missiles have ascended several hundred miles through the atmosphere, and piloted rocket aircraft have been flown at nearly 2,000 m.p.h.

Today three imminent developments should suffice to convince any surviving sceptics that the age of interplanetary flight is about to dawn.

First, it is already accepted that, within the next decade or so, strategic bomber is likely to yield its place as the dominant weapon to the intercontinental ballistic missile.

These giant rockets, able to carry thermonuclear warheads across the oceans and continents, will represent something approaching the ultimate in deterrent power. The men who are charged with their development, such as Dr. Wernher von Braun (responsible for V2, and now working in America), are almost unanimous in regarding them as roughly the equivalent of prototype model spaceships.

### The Ultimate

Secondly, within only a year or two, instrument-carrying satellite rockets will be orbiting the earth, actually out in space. The United States, and perhaps Russia, will launch them during the International Geophysical Year, 1957-58.

Thirdly, in America at least, project studies are well advanced for piloted rocket vehicles which are obviously the missing links in the evolution of aircraft into spaceships.

The North American X-15 research project, for example, for which contracts have been placed, has been quoted as likely to have a performance (that is, a speed between five and 10 times that of sound) at altitudes between 50 and 100 miles. Its only conceivable use would be to investigate the problems of controlled re-entry into the earth's atmosphere.

sphere, without excessive heating by air friction.

Of these three lines of development, perhaps the earth satellite will most readily capture the world's imagination as a step towards the conquest of space.

In effect an artificial moon, the earth satellite will rely on the same balance of forces to maintain its station as does our real moon.

With an approximately circular or tangential velocity of 18,000 m.p.h., just beyond the atmosphere, an outward centrifugal force will be generated sufficient to counteract the inward pull of gravity. Once the rocket has attained this orbital velocity, no further propulsion will be needed in the absence of air resistance.

### First Satellites

In fact, the earliest satellite rockets are unlikely to follow exactly circular orbits. It would be very difficult to ensure that they did, and there is much to be said for allowing them to rise and descend, on an elliptical path, so that data are gathered at varying distances from the earth.

The mean height of about 200 miles at which it will be possible to establish these first satellites will also be within the fringe of the extremely tenuous upper atmosphere, so that they will ex-

perience some very small air resistance.

This, in due course, will bring them down into the dense lower atmosphere, by gradually reducing their velocity below the required orbital value.

Nature will provide an automatic safety feature, so that no damage will result on the earth surface. In their hypersonic plunge back into the air they will be burnt up and destroyed like meteorites.

By accurate radar tracking of their successive orbits it will be possible to determine whether their life-time will be measured in days or weeks.

#### Valuable Data

Accurate information on the true density of the earth's residual "atmosphere" at great heights is lacking. (At 200 miles, the spacing between the air molecules will certainly be many hundreds of feet, so the term "atmosphere" should be interpreted with some caution.)

The intercontinental ballistic missiles will need to be so designed that their warheads do not vaporize or burn out when they re-enter the atmosphere. So, of course, would any future pilot vehicle. Valuable data on this question will be gained from the first artificial satellites.

Their scientific usefulness will not be limited to this.

Through instruments capable of transmitting readings by radio, measurements are likely to be made of cosmic and solar radiation beyond the atmosphere. Gravitation and other phenomena can also be studied.

All this information is of the kind which forms the raw material of general scientific progress; it is basic knowledge, with potential application in many fields, not merely to space travel.

Later satellite rockets will, of course, be larger, capable of orbiting at greater heights, and of carrying a larger weight of instruments than the 20 lb. or so which is likely to be the limit of the first American project.

In the fullness of time, piloted vehicles of similar type will be evolved, which could be landed back on earth. Finally, a manned expedition to the moon should become practicable towards the close of this century.

#### Manned Expedition

It is perhaps not generally realized that even the first satellite rockets should just barely be visible to the naked eye, if it knows where to look, and while they are illuminated by sunlight. With binoculars, their detection should be quite easy soon after sunset.

The parts of the world in which they will be visible depends on the orbit into which they are fired. Some of the first will follow paths within only 40 deg. of the Equator, but later ones, may use polar orbits and be seen in the Northern hemisphere.

The visibility of objects depends on their size, distance, and surface brightness. According to the laws of optics, a reflecting sphere only 20 in. in diameter would at 200 miles be as bright as a star of the sixth magnitude. A typical star would, of course, transmit much more light from each square foot of its surface area and have a diameter more than 1,000 million times that of the satellite; but it would also be much more than 100,000 million times as far away.

#### Search For Knowledge

Here, then, is a striking way of showing the American flag, and the Russians could not afford to be left far behind in any such demonstration of technical virtuosity.

National prestige may be a stronger spur than usual when a large part of the world can see what is being done. But fundamentally, the motives behind the striving for space flight are really no different from those which prompted earlier voyages of discovery, and indeed every kind of search for knowledge.

INDIA MAGAZINE

#### BANNING LOVE!

Falling in love is wonderful, but for a large group of girls, some of them blondes, some brunettes, and some redheads, but all of them beautiful and built, falling in love is going to cost them a pile of dough if they don't watch out. Just as long as they don't get married, though, they'll be all right.

It isn't that anyone is really against love, and certainly no one is really opposed to marriage. It's just that business is business. And when love and marriage mess up a busi-



"Have you forgotten that you owe me five rupees?"

"How can I forget when you are reminding me about it every time we meet?"

ness, well, just watch out, that's all, writes Hyman Goldberg in "Digest of Digests."

It's only this very special group of girls who will be affected if they get married. All of them are singers, dancers, comedienues, or else they have some very special talent like being especially girlish and especially good to look at, and they are all under contract to the theatrical organisation called Lou Walters Enterprises, Lou Walters being the gent who operates the Latin Quarter.

#### What A Waste !

"Through the years," says Cass Franklin, who has the intense pleasure of managing all these luscious females, "we have lost thousands of dollars because these girls fall in love and get married and have kids. Now, love is fine, and marriage is fine, kids are wonderfui, and we don't like to deprive our girls of these wonderful things. But when we invest a couple of thousand dollars on a girl for publicity and promotion, and giving them voice lessons and coaching, and buying them orchestrations and gowns, we don't like to see all that money and time and effort wasted, which is what happens when one of these girls decides to get married and have a baby.

"It keeps happening all the time, and we have decided to

do something about it. First, we thought we could get insurance, but no company would insure us against love, because these girls are very beautiful and they attract a lot of men who can afford beautiful girls like them, and it is too easy for them to fall in love. So we decided to put a clause in our contracts with these girls saying that if they fell in love and got married and had a child and had to quit working, they would have to reimburse us for all the money we spent on them. Maybe that will make them more cautious."

Cass Franklin is not unsympathetic to the gentle sentiment, for he is married to a former actress and model named Helene Kaye, and they have three sons.

The last one to quit Cass Franklin's harem of beauties was a little girl, short, that is, named Mary Sullivan, a very cute singer who was called, not unnaturally, "The Irish Thrush." And not long ago, another ainger named Marion Manning left to get married, and then in quick order, a girl named Jessica Haist left the organisation, and right after her a girl named June Reimer got married to a press agent named Joen Springer and had a baby, but not before she left Cass Franklin.

—Please see page 73

INDIA MAGAZINE

## CONTEMPORARY OPINION

### LIVING CONTACT WITH MASSES

Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru has always insisted on Congress Ministers having a living contact with the masses. He is, however, pained to see them drifting away from the people "both from the practical and psychological point of view." In a candid note addressed to his colleagues in the Government, he has expressed deep concern at certain developments during the last few years, creating an artificial gulf between the Ministers and the general public. He has called upon the Ministers to avoid "the pomp and ceremony of office" which, he says, is, "an irritating relic of British times" and to function as "normal citizens both in their work and during their travels." He suggests that unnecessary paraphernalia should be done away with.

Ministers, whether at the Centre or in the States, are the representatives of the

INDIA MAGAZINE

public; and in a democratic set-up their constant contact with the people is very essential to enable them to understand their problems and to convince them that they are doing whatever is possible to find a solution of those problems. But, as Mr. Nehru has aptly put it, they, generally speaking, do not function in the normal way. It may not be entirely their fault. It may be the result of certain practices and traditions, the hang-over of alien regime. But the net result is that they have come to be regarded as a class separate and distinct from the masses. It is their duty as representatives of the people to rise above their official environments and demonstrate that they are in office to serve the people and to redress their legitimate grievances. In other words, they should try to be the men of the masses from whom they derive their strength and status. Right or wrong, at present feeling is that ministers belong to a privileged class and that so

long as they are in office it is not their concern to mix with the public. This feeling can be removed by the Ministers only by establishing a direct and continuous contact with the people in general.

—Tribune.

### A TIMELY MEASURE

The domicile tests which are in force in certain States for determining eligibility for State service are patently anomalous. The Constitution recognizes only one citizenship which is common to the entire Indian people. It guarantees equal rights and opportunities to all citizens without discrimination. Domicile tests and similar devices aimed at reserving certain sectors of public employment for one section of citizens and denying them to others would thus be not only against the Constitution but against the basis of Indian nationality. The Bill which is expected to be brought before the coming session of Parliament for abolishing such tests is therefore timely. The States Reorganization Commission drew attention to these and similar restrictive practices and pointed out

their adverse effects, not only on the strength and unity of the nation but even on administrative efficiency within the State concerned. Such tests obstruct the free flow of talent and very often result in making the public services an exclusive preserve for the majority language group. More than anything else, they create a vested interest in separatism which would be a permanent drag on the process of emotional integration of the people which is gradually taking place. Any restrictions which impair the unity of the country or create tensions and disharmony among the people must ultimately affect the welfare of all sections and cannot therefore be countenanced merely on the ground that they are necessary for the protection of any one of them.

—Hindustan Times.

### EDUCATIONAL JOURNALS

After the initial setback when the date for its first meeting had to be postponed, the All-India Educational Editors' Conference can be glad of its two-day session last month. Its business-like

INDIA MAGAZINE

deliberations on the publication of educational journals are of countrywide relevance. For, if educational journals are to become, as the conference suggested, "effective instruments" of liaison and education, it is important that they should take note of the experiments and experience in the varied fields of education in all parts of the country. The primary task of the journals will be to keep the people in one area informed of progress elsewhere and indicate how best the rest of the country can profit from this local charting of new educational courses. If the educational field today presents a picture of chaos, it is not a little due to the fact that policies are not being properly coordinated. Indeed, a foreign visitor who examined educational policies in force in different parts of the country would be hard put to believe either that the country was being ruled for the past ten years' by a single political party or that there ever existed certain co-ordinating agencies like the Central Advisory Board of Education. If journals in the country can, therefore, merely keep autho-

INDIA MAGAZINE

rity and the people informed of what is being attempted and achieved in the sphere of education, that itself will mark a step towards the evolution of sound educational policies.—Times of India.

### BANNING LOVE !

—Continued from page 70

Among the girls who are going to have to watch their step from now on are Betty George, who is called "The Greek Goddess of song," for good and sufficient reasons; Nejla Ates, the well-known hip tosser; Princess Yasmina, ditto; Chiquita, ditto once more; Lynn Christie a singer who is working in Atlantic City; Fay de Witt, the comedienne; Siri, the long-legged, beautiful showgirl who turned comedienne; Charlotte Winson, a dancer; Molly Brady, a singer; Lee Sharon, an exotic, which is what the profession calls a stripper; Connie Warren, dancer, and Tamar Benamy, who is a beautiful dark-haired young dancer.

"Hmmm," said Miss Benamy, when apprised by Cass Franklin of the new clause. "You can outlaw pizza pies, and you can outlaw knishes. But love? No one can outlaw love. It is too delicious."

# LIFE and LAUGHTER!



THE gatekeeper was testifying in the case of the train demolishing the car at the crossing he guarded. He swore to the court that he had waved his lantern vigorously. The jury believed him, and awarded the verdict to the railway.

Later, the railway attorney said to him: "See, O'Brien, you weren't nervous on the stand after all, were you?"

"Sure and only once," confessed O'Brien. "If that fellow had asked me if the lantern was lit, we would not have had a chance!"

## NOT OLD ENOUGH

Thomas Edison was a tireless worker. On his eightieth birthday, a friend suggested that the time had come for him to slacken his pace.

"You should have a hobby of some kind," said the friend. "Why don't you take up golf?"

"I'm not old enough yet," replied the inventor.

A MAN came home wearing a new hat. His wife said: "Where did you get that hat?"

He said: "At a clearance sale."

She said: "No wonder they wanted to clear it out—it makes you look like an idiot."

He said: "I know."

"Well, then," she said, "why on earth did you buy it?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "When I put it on and looked at myself in the mirror, I looked too stupid to argue with the assistant... so I bought it."

## MISTAKEN

A tourist on a boat lost 2s. 6d., and accused Pat, who was near where he thought he had laid it down. The tourist afterwards found it, and apologized to Pat.

"No need," said Pat. "A mistake on both sides. You mistook me for a thief and I mistook you for a gentleman."

INDIA MAGAZINE

CONVINCED she was dying, a wife felt only concern that her husband would be unable to manage without her.

"Promise me, dear," she said, "that when I'm gone you'll take another wife. And I've been thinking that you couldn't choose a better one than Helen Henry."

"Well, I don't know," hesitated her husband. "She isn't exactly the one I've been thinking about myself."

## STRANGER

General Sherman was once a guest of honour at a banquet which was followed by a reception. Among the people who shook hands with him was a man whose face was familiar but whom he could not place.

"Who are you?" the General asked in a whisper, as he heartily welcomed the guest.

The man's face flushed as he answered, "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the General, and turning to the receiving commission, he said, "General, allow me to present Major Shurtz!"

INDIA MAGAZINE

A GIRL student had a familiar problem. She was having trouble getting up in the morning. She approached it objectively, however, and confided in the professor whose class she'd been missing. He suggested a doctor. This she did, and the doctor prescribed some pills.

She took the pills, slept well, and was awake at dawn after a restful sleep. She ate a leisurely breakfast, dressed slowly, and walked casually to college. She strolled into class five minutes early and beamed at her professor: "I didn't have a bit of trouble getting up this morning."

"That's fine, fine!" answered the professor. "But where were you yesterday?"

## CORRECT!

A youth secured a post in the tax office of a provincial town, and, with the enthusiasm of the beginner, proceeded to make things move. A farmer, very angry and indignant, turned up at the office one day and pointed out that he had been wrongly charged ten shillings for keeping a goat. The clerk insisted that no mistake had been made.

"Look here!" he said. "It's in the rules. Read them for yourself."

The farmer did so, and found the following clause:

"For all property bounding and abutting on the highway, 2s. 6d. per foot."



## SEARCH FOR A STAR

**PRODUCER-Director-Actor**

Guru Dutt has set in motion the search for a star in Iran. This has been a direct result of his recent visit there. Guru Dutt is looking for a young man, not necessarily with experience of acting, who will be able to play the lead in his forthcoming colour colossal "Omar Khayyam." According to present information available from Guru Dutt's advisers, the film will be made in Hindi and Persian for simultaneous release in India and Iran. The male lead will be played by an Iranian youth while the female lead will be an Indian actress, presumably Waheeda Rehman. Guru Dutt, it will be remembered, is successful producer of "C.I.D." which has done excellent business all over India. His "Pyaasa" is currently running in many centres, and although not

such a big success commercially as "C.I.D.," it bids fair to bring in quite a pot to its maker, writes the Bombay film correspondent of "H. T. Weekly."

### Much In Common

Guru Dutt is the first producer who has seriously considered exploiting the Middle East market. Apart from the original in Persian, "Omar Khayyam" will be dubbed in Arabic, which is a major language in the Middle East.

According to Guru Dutt it is much easier for Indian producers to enter the Middle East market than for the Western market. The stories, sentiments, dresses, and locales in India and in the Middle East countries are very much akin. Much of the ancient literature of these

countries is common and in the new political alignment of world force, India has a special place, very near the hearts of Middle East peoples. This is true of the Middle East in general, and specially true of Iran. Lakhs of Iranis had India their home for centuries now. In fact, it is possible that Guru Dutt might find some Irani in or around Bombay who can speak both Hindi and Persian and act the role of "Omar Khayyam" with credit.

Guru Dutt is presently in Europe trying to secure some technicians for his film. If he manages to get a team of expert technicians he will shoot the film in 35 mm. If, however, there is any difficulty about this, he will shoot in 16 mm. and later make blown-up prints in 35 mm.

### Dilip Declined?

Behind Guru Dutt's search for a star outside India lies a story. It is reported that when Guru Dutt conceived the picture "Pyaasa" he approached Dilip Kumar to play the lead in the film. He was of the opinion that this role of a poet submerged in the woes of humanity would suit the great Dilip Kumar to the proverbial 'T.' But Dilip had many commitments and could not spare the time and effort for Guru Dutt. He is said to have told the producer-director so and excused

himself from playing this role. Ultimately Guru Dutt played the role himself and according to general reports he seems to have done a good job of it. Guru Dutt had also a hazy plan to give the role in "Omar Khayyam" to Dilip. Since Dilip, however, was not able to play the "Pyaasa" role, Guru Dutt has started the search for a new star. Whether this story is true or not, the efforts to find out a new star are very laudable. An Iranian hero can learn Hindi very easily and it could be that out of this search will emerge a new star on the horizon of the Indian film.

### GOOD RECORD

The number of films approved for general public exhibition during 1956 was 294. The largest number was of Hindi films—21, followed by 53 films in Bengali, 50 in Tamil, 27 in Telugu, 14 in Kannada, 13 in Marathi, 5 in Malayalam, 3 in Gujarati, 2 each in Oriya and Urdu, and 4 in Assamese. There were no films in Punjabi and Kashmiri languages.

In 1956, the Central Board of Film Censors examined 3,244 films, of which 3,101 were given 'U' and 96 'A' certificates. This number included 2,330 foreign and 867 Indian films (including shorts). The number of films which were refused certificates was 47, of which 46

were foreign films. The total length excised from films was 73,923 feet.

Bombay continued to be the major centre of production, Madras and Calcutta taking the second and third places respectively. About 47 per cent in Madras and 20 per cent in Calcutta. Bombay was the principal centre of production of Hindi films, Madras of Tamil and Telugu films and Calcutta of Bengali films.

Fantasies, social problems, mythological stories, lives of saints and romantic love provided material for feature films.

The year witnessed further progress in the scope and influence of documentaries, the bulk of which continued to be produced by the Central and State Governments. During the year, the Films Division produced 35 documentaries through its own units. Nine documentaries were produced on behalf of the Films Division by private producers. Three films were taken over for distribution from a State Government.

## HIRE & THERE

Bombay's reputed director-actor Sohrab Modi will play a feature role in the Bengali film "Tomosha," which Bansi Ans is directing for Basu Mitra.

Incidentally, this will be Sohrab Modi's first assignment in a Bengali film.

The romantic interest in the film will be provided by Praadeep Kumar and Sabita Terjee.

Another star from Bond  
Kamala Mukherji, of "Santu  
tik" fame, also has been possi  
ed for acting in two Bond  
films — "Manmoyee Som  
School," a re-make of the  
popular Bengali hit of the  
early thirties, and "Kam  
Komal." The former is  
directed by Hem Chandra Gu  
the latter by Moni Ghose, Jure

Bhowali, near Nainital, has been selected by director Bimal Roy as the spot for shooting important outdoor scenes for his "Madhumati".

Roy and his unit left 1  
bay for the location, while  
six songs tuned by m. Be  
director Salil Chowdhary, or a  
be picturised..

Leading players Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala, Johnny Walker will be the major artistes to participate in the shooting which will last for a month.

The production of C. Madan's maiden film, "The Conductor," in which he acts in the title role, will begin in Bombay.

[illegible]