

Kahanaya

December - 1957



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KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1957
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KAHANIYA

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Vol. IV |

DECEMBER, 1957

| No. 8

THE BANGLES

Vijaya had saved one hundred rupees to purchase a pair of bangles and she had gone to the jewellers when in sailed a beautiful lady.....

H. M. PETERS

It was lunch time. Only the cashier and the salesman were in the jeweller's shop to attend to customers who might by chance drop in. Vijaya wanted to buy a pair of gold bangles and the salesman had placed a few pairs before her to help her make her selection.

Vijaya was a poor girl. Except for a pair of ear rings there was no other jewellery on her person. She had saved every paisa to purchase a pair of bangles but then she had no idea that gold was selling at Rs. 70 a sovereign. All she had was Rs. 100/- and the thinnest pair of bangles cost more than that.

"Do you have anything cheaper than these?" she asked the salesman.

"I am afraid we don't," he said. He somehow felt that this girl was not going to make any purchase and that she was only wasting his time.

Just then he noticed a shiny black car pull up at the shop-

front. A young woman was at the wheel. Daintily she stepped out swinging a small handbag. She was tall, fair and very beautiful. The choli, the saree, the way she walked, suggested she might be a movie star.

"I hope she comes here," the salesman wished. He had an eye for attractive women, especially when they are rich. He was poor, getting a small salary; nevertheless he always dreamed of marrying a rich and attractive heiress but the closest he could get to any of them was across the counter in the shop.

The cashier, a widower, who had also noted the car, was now all eyes for the new comer. He too wished that the rich woman would visit their shop.

Soon enough their wishes were granted. The lady sailed into the shop with a smile for everyone.

"I am looking for a necklace," she said rather sweetly to the salesman.

"Yes madam," he said his

heart pounding like a drum. He was all thumbs trying to find the kind of necklace that would best suit the lovely neck of the lovely lady. Even the cashier began to feel a warm feeling towards her. He left his seat and tried to give a helping hand to the salesman. His intention in doing this was to get a closer view of this enchanting lady! This was an opportunity that seldom came his way. Women like her were one in a million.

Vijaya too was captivated by the magic charm of the new arrival. Not once had her dreams reached as high as wanting to be like that lady. Now she watched her with obvious admiration in her eyes.

"Madam, would you care to see these necklaces?" The salesman said in a low, respectful tone.

The lady smiled and bent over the counter. She did not care to take any of the necklaces in her hands and inspect them. "How much does that one cost?" she asked making a sign with her eyes.

The salesman looked at the tag. "Two hundred and sixty rupees madam," he said, "but for you we will make a reduction in the making charges. We hope you will patronise our shop in future."

"That is very nice of you. I think I will take it," she smilingly said.

The salesman and the cashier beamed.

Vijaya who had been an interested spectator showed signs of wanting to leave. "I'll try another shop," she said and

walked towards the door.

The salesman looked at the bangles he had spread on the counter. "Miss, Miss," he shouted. "Just a moment please."

Vijaya turned back, a shocked look on her face.

The cashier was a bit surprised at what was going on. "What has happened?" he asked the salesman.

"A pair of bangles is missing," he said. "I know which one too. It was the first pair I showed her."

All the pleasantness that had hung in the air was now gone.

The cashier walked up to Vijaya. "I am sorry I have to detain you. I am going to phone the police."

Vijaya who had been fighting back her tears now felt utterly lost and frightened. She began to cry like a little child.

"I swear, I haven't taken a thing," she said amidst sobs. "I swear. God is my witness."

The lady came quickly to her side. She placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Please don't cry," she said.

"I am sure there must be some mistake. The bangles probably have been mislaid by the salesman." Then turning to the cashier she said, "It is not good to accuse people like this. Quite possibly the bangles are here itself in some show case. The salesman might have mislaid them. Anyway I will pay for the bangles now. I will come back in the evening. If they are found you can return the money to me and I will also take the necklace. If the bangles are not found we

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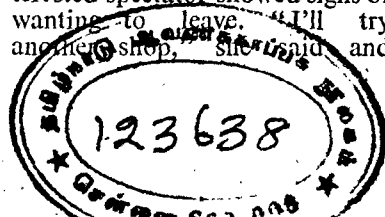
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will try to settle in some way. Now how much does that pair of bangles cost?"

"One hundred and fortyfive rupees madam," the salesman said eagerly. Losses like this would cost him his job. And that was the last thing he wanted to happen. There was a desperate look in his eyes.

The lady opened her handbag. It was stuffed with crumpled currency. She picked out a hundred rupee note and then taking out a handful of the smaller denomination notes counted out Rs. 45/- and placed them on the counter.

"Now please make sure to search well for those bangles," she said. There was a smile on her face. The salesman and the cashier smiled back at her in a relieved sort of way.

The lady then led the crying Vijaya out of the shop and took her towards her car.

"Please don't cry," she said. "I am sure the salesman must have made a mistake. Now I would like to drive you home."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Vijaya sobbing. "I swear I did not take the bangles. Even if the police had come they would not have found it on me."

"We are first going to have a drink," said the lady opening the door of the car.

Even while sipping the cool drinks at the bar of a hotel, Vijaya was still sobbing and crying.

"I wouldn't worry so much, if I were you," said the lady in a comforting sort of way. "Please forget all about it."

"It isn't easy," sobbed Vijaya.

"I have been hurt. I feel like dying. To be accused of stealing is the most disgraceful thing that can happen to anybody. It is like losing your honour, respect, virtue. It is as if there was nothing good left in you. I will never forget it as long as I live."

She began to cry once more like a child. The lady didn't try to stop her. She wanted her to get over the hurt and the disgrace by giving vent to her tears. But as she watched Vijaya cry, her own heart began to weep inside her. She had never known anyone cry like this. She had never known remorse, pain, disgrace, deep hurt that burned in your heart till you wanted to die. Did it hurt so much to be accused of a small theft? She had paid for those bangles, yet Vijaya felt so much hurt as if the accusation had been branded on her heart for all time.

Tenderly she took Vijaya's hands in hers.

"I am sorry. I never knew till now how awful it must be to be accused falsely for something you never did. You thought I was doing you a good turn by paying for those bangles. I just did not want the cashier to phone the police. You see I have stolen the bangles. Nobody suspected. It is a little trick I play. Of course I am rich and I don't need to do it for a living. I have never been caught at the game yet. You are the first person to show me how wrong and wicked I have been."

She picked her handbag, opened it and from inside took out a small scented handkerchief. In it were the bangles. She

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placed them in Vijaya's hands. "Will you forgive me?" she asked.

Vijaya's eyes were blinded with tears. She could only nod her head.

"The bangles are paid for, you know," said the lady. "I want you to wear them. Then only will I feel that you have truly forgiven me."

Vijaya did not know what to say or do. She wiped her tears

with the corner of her saree.

"I do forgive you, but..."

She abruptly stopped, for the lady had left the table and after paying the bill at the counter was stepping out of the hotel. Vijaya quickly followed her but by the time she was out the shiny black car had started moving. The lady at the wheel waved at Vijaya who stood gazing alternately at the fast disappearing car and the pair of bangles in her hands.

MODERN FASHION

"I sat behind a man in the pictures last night who was wearing a CinemaScope suit," a young thing announced to her friends.

"Really, how was that?" they asked.

"His shoulders were as wide as the screen."

"Stevens has dedicated his latest book to his wife, I see," remarked one to another.

"Really?"

"Yes, he said he could never have written it without her absence."

It was a teenager's first visit to a perfume counter. Her eyes roved uneasily over the lurid trade names: Night of Passion, Mad Embrace, Irresistible.

Finally, she mustered enough courage to approach an assistant. "Excuse me," she mumbled, "but have you anything suitable for a beginner?"

"A little overweight, dear?" queried a timid husband of his forbidding wife, as she weighed herself.

"No," she replied, "but according to my chart I should be six inches taller."

"Of course I know it's our anniversary," said a husband surrounded by beer bottles to his wife, "what do you think I'm trying to forget?"

At a Christmas ball a girl had "gate-crashed."

The hostess gave her time to remove her coat, then moved quickly to the scene, and extending her hand, said in dulcet tones, "I hear you've been looking for me, my dear—to say good night."

Wise men learn by other men's mistakes; fools by their own.

Raghavan was young and romantic but he was too shy to speak to the angel sitting opposite him in the park.

The Girl in the Blue Sari

GOPAL

It was about five in the evening. A cool breeze was blowing and Raghavan who had just finished taking coffee in the hotel entered the park with light steps.

"Would she be there to-day too?" he asked within himself. He had not much hopes but as he entered the park he glanced expectantly at the cement bench in the far corner where she had sat the day before. And sure enough she was there. Dressed in a blue sari she looked like an angel who had come down to earth to dazzle mankind. Raghavan walked briskly and sat on the bench opposite to her.

Raghavan was a handsome young man just passed twenty-five and was always well dressed. Only a week ago he had secured a good job in a firm in Madras. And he had visited the park for the first time the previous day to pass away the evening hours. It was there he had seen the vision of this beautiful girl with a face like the moon, eyes that were dark like the bottomless sea, and skin which was golden in colour.

Raghavan was reserved by nature and where girls were concerned he was terribly shy. And it was natural that he should feel uncomfortable in the presence of the girl who was

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extraordinarily beautiful. Not that she had taken the least interest in him. Perhaps she was even unaware of his presence there. To her he was something impersonal like the cement bench on which he was seated. But Raghavan was fidgetting about. Try as he would he could not keep away his eyes from her for more than a minute. He had pretended to be dozing but now and then had cautiously opened his eyes and had glimpses of the glorious vision before him. But in the reclining position he soon found that his back was aching. It was uncomfortable and he sat up straight. At that moment the girl turned and looked at him. He blinked and his guilty heart pounded against his ribs. Quickly he looked at the other side and pretended to be interested in a pair of squirrels which were playing about on the ground.

Did she know he had been staring at her? Raghavan felt miserable at the thought and he soon beat a retreat.

Again he came the next day half hoping and half fearing whether she would be there. And he was overjoyed to see her there. He sat there pretending to read a book he was carrying, at the same time trying to steal glances at her. She did not seem to notice him at all. After an hour or so she got up and went away.

Raghavan continued to visit the park and almost every day she was there. Once he thought that she smiled at him, but he had not courage enough to look straight and make sure.

He wanted to speak to her somehow. But he knew that unless something extraordinary happened he would not dare to do it. He idled away his time in wishful thinking. He wished some villain would attack her! He would then overpower her assailant and she would thank him. Many such fanciful thoughts entered his brain but nothing happened.

A month passed. And his desire to speak to her and make her acquaintance became oppressive. If she had encouraged him just a little he would have spoken to her long back but she had not looked at him again. In fact she did not appear to notice him at all.

One day he finally resolved to speak to her. He told himself that if he failed he would deny himself the pleasure of going to the park.

But that day his plan was upset. A dashing young man was occupying the bench on which he usually sat. He was a "lady killer" type, the sort who had always an easy way with girls. He began to stare and make himself conspicuous before the girl. She was annoyed and she got up and left much earlier than she used to do. Raghavan could hardly conceal his irritation but what could he do?

The offender turned round and said, "Nice piece of stuff, isn't she?"

"I didn't notice her."

"What! you didn't notice her! Then you have no eye for women. I noticed her from the very moment she stepped into the park," he said.

Raghavan didn't say anything. "And she is all by herself. I am going to speak to her tomorrow. Want to have a bit of fun."

Raghavan stood up.

"Please don't do anything of the sort," he stammered.

"What! How are you interested? You just now said you had not even noticed her," said the stranger sarcastically.

"She's not that type of girl," replied Raghavan in a haughty manner.

"Oh!" he said with a laugh and walked away.

Raghavan thought he ought to be ashamed of himself. He had sat there for so many days fearing to speak to her and there was this Romeo calmly announcing his intention of introducing himself to the girl. He cursed himself for being a coward.

The next day Romeo approached the girl:

"Hello, young lady. My name is Prakash. I believe in being friendly with people."

The girl looked up casually. Her face did not betray any emotion. Simply she said, "Mai angrezi nahi samajthi. Mai Hindi bolthi hun."

Then he tried speaking in Tamil. But she coolly replied, "Mai sirf Hindi janthi hun."

Romeo was utterly confused. He did not know what to say or do. He just sauntered away with a sheepish look on his face.

Raghavan was happy. But then he began to worry. The girl did not know English or Tamil. And he could not speak a word of Hindi. How on earth could he ever hope to talk to her?



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GANGA WORKS
MADRAS

He had never imagined such a situation. All his fond dreams were shattered. He felt utterly helpless. With a heavy heart he walked back to his room.

For a couple of days he was listless. He appeared to lose interest in life.

Then the idea struck him. Why not study Hindi?

He bought a "Teach Yourself Hindi" book. A few days later he even engaged a private tutor. He worked with great zeal. And in a couple of months he could speak Hindi fairly well. He was sure soon he would be able to speak to her in Hindi.

He went to the park almost daily and she too was a regular visitor. Gradually she had become aware of him, she some-

CHITTAGONG MURDER CASE

RAJAGOPALAN

times greeted him with a fleeting smile, although neither of them spoke a word.

One day they were sitting as usual on opposite benches. He was thinking of the day when he would be able to speak to her. Suddenly he heard a rustling movement and was horrified to find a green snake slithering towards her and within striking distance. He darted forward impulsively and pulled her out of harm's way.

She thanked him profusely and—lo! She spoke in perfect English. Raghavan was really astounded!

"You know English?" he asked in surprise.

"What do you mean? Of course, I know English."

He reminded her of the incident when she had spoken in Hindi to that Romeo. She laughed and told him that it was her method to keep unwelcome

men away. Then he blurted out everything about himself and how he had laboured painfully to learn Hindi in order to be able to speak to her and how she had come to occupy all his thoughts.

She said that she had been brought up in Delhi where her father was employed. She could speak Hindi fluently. She also confessed that from the very first day she had set her eyes on him she had been attracted by him.

They spent sometime thus chatting pleasantly and as darkness began to descend on the earth they left the park together. At the gate they parted company. As he retraced his steps to his room in the hotel Raghavan felt supremely happy. He knew from that day he needn't occupy the opposite bench. He could sit with her and spend the evenings pleasantly. And he visualised the day when he would propose to her and make her his own.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Jones and McTavish had had a terrific row. Jones walked away, obviously disconsolate. "I shouldn't let it worry you," soothed a friend. "Mac always picks a quarrel with his friends at this time of the year--saves him the expense of sending them a Christmas card."

The headmaster was addressing the school on the importance of the forthcoming exams. "I want you all to do your best, if only for the sake of the dear old school. You have not long to wait now, as the examination papers are in the hands of the printer. Now, are there any questions?"

"Who's the printer, sir?"

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend.—Charles Lamb.

Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear.—Shakespeare

Mr. G. H. W. Davis, I.C.S. was the Collector and District Magistrate at Chittagong. On 20-4-1948, at about 7 a.m., a number of people were waiting to see him at his bungalow. Earliest to arrive was one Kazi Baslur Rahman. The local Government Pleader was another visitor. Then a deputation of 50 persons headed by the Collectorate Nazir came there to

seek his permission for shifting a night soil depot. About five or six of them came inside the office verandah and the others distributed themselves in the compound and on the steps leading to the gate.

Mr. Davis came to his table in a few minutes and his orderly took in the cards. Rahman's card was taken first. On it were inscribed his name with the f

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lowing very unusual phrases: "I have got title Lord Byron. Student, Oxford University, England." Mr. Davis was frankly amused if not puzzled by the card and sent for him immediately. The two were closeted together for fifteen minutes, and suddenly people outside heard a thud as if someone had fallen down and then the loud cries of the Collector shouting "Pakro", "Pakro". Immediately both his orderly and the Nazir rushed into the room. A ghastly spectacle was before them. Mr. Davis had fallen backwards with his head slanting. He was on his back, kicking and struggling. Rahman was drawing a huge knife from the chest of the Collector and stabbing him again on the leg. They tried to catch hold of the accused but were foiled by him and kept at bay. Ultimately, he was caught hold of by the Nazir coming up from behind. The gardener and the others in the bungalow who had come in by then snatched away the knife, which, as stated, was a long one very recently purchased, with the price tag still on its handle. Rahman did not say anything but struggled to set himself free. Mr. Davis was bleeding from the chest. His bearer and others took him away but he died within four or five minutes thereafter.

The police arrived on the scene and took Rahman into custody and produced him before a Magistrate, before whom however he chose not to say anything.

At the trial, it was sought to be proved that he was insane; and as many as 29 defence witnesses were examined to prove it as well as a good deal of documentary evidence as well. Evidence was let in to show that since 1921, he had been having spasms of insanity. Major Hodge, the civil surgeon who had examined him then, was of opinion that at or about the time of the murder his cognitive faculties were weak and that his nervous system too was unbalanced.

For some years before the murder, Rahman was suffering under a grave delusion. He thought at one time that he was a saint, claiming supernatural powers; at other times he fancied himself as a great poet, of a piece with Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth, waiting to be sent to England for further education. He had also addressed Mr. Nelson, predecessor in office of Mr. Davis, to send him to England. It was probable that he had sought Mr. Davis' help to that end but was exasperated at his refusal. Five notebooks full of unintelligent poems were found on the table of the Collector evidently presented to him by Rahman at the interview. He had come all the way from Tipperah to Chittagong. He had asked for an interview with Mr. Davis beforehand and he had gone there correctly attired and even taken the precaution of going there early in order to forestall the other interviewers. And when finally he was caught, he struggled to escapes. All these facts pointed out that he was capable of a

correct judgment. Nevertheless he seemed morbidly affected in mind just before the occurrence and even for a long time before.

Since 1925, he used to talk incoherently and to himself. Some ten days previous to the murder, he wanted to see the District Magistrate of Comilla and had expressed a desire in his letter that he should be allowed to go to England to enable him to show off his poetic gifts and had also applied for a passport. On the previous day, he had wired to his uncle for Rs. 3,000 and was agitated because no reply had come. He had also behaved violently on occasions. He had kicked in the chest a man who wanted to give him some medicine.

All these did not however show that he was insane to a degree that he was unaware of what he was doing. On the other hand, he had planned, deliberated and premeditated the dastardly act. He had provided himself clandestinely with an unusually large and heavy clasp knife. The accuracy with which the blow penetrated into the heart showed that he had deliberately intended to kill.

The Sessions Judge of Chittagong sentenced him to death, but curiously enough the High Court found itself unable to differ from the testimony of Major Hodge about his mental condition being abnormal at the time of the commission of this atrocious crime and sentenced him to transportation for life.

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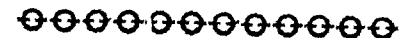


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United We Stand, Divided We Fall

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Banaras, the Bodhisatva came to life as a tree spirit.

At that time there were some carpenters who had settled in the suburb of the city. One day one of them went to the forest to get some wood and there found a young boar fallen in a pit. Taking pity on it he took it home and brought it up as a pet. The boar when it grew up accompanied the carpenter wherever he went and it came to be known as the carpenter's boar. The carpenter loved it much but he feared that somebody might take it and kill it for food. So one day he took the boar deep into the forest and left it there.

The boar which was accustomed to human company felt practically at sea in the huge forest but being intelligent it went about looking for a safe place where it could live. Soon it espied a cave up in the mountain, where there were plenty of roots and fruits. So it ran towards the cave when it found that the place was inhabited by hundreds of other boars as well.

Said he to the boars, "You are just what I have been looking for. I have been brought up by a man. Happy though I was with him I pined for the company of boars and I have come seeking you. This seems to be a pleasant enough place and I mean to live here."

"I nice place it certainly is," they replied, "but dangerous." "Ah!" said he. "As soon as I saw you I wondered how it was that those who dwell in so plentiful a place could be so meagre in flesh and blood. What is it you are afraid of?"

"There is a tiger yonder who comes everyday and eats every one that ventures to come out."

"You who number hundreds are afraid of one tiger?"

"You have not seen him. He is so fierce and strong. When you see him you too may run away to save your skin."

"I will kill the tiger if you only will follow my advice implicitly."

The other boars were only too glad to follow his advice. The carpenter's boar drilled them and prepared them for war next day. He chose a vantage ground and placed the mother boars and their young there. Round them he put the sows that had no young; around these were the other boars whose tusks had grown and surrounding them all the sturdier boars capable of fight.

A little distance in front he prepared his own position. He had a round hole dug in front and behind him a pit gradually getting deeper and deeper.

By the time the preparations were complete dawn broke. The tiger was awake and came to the hillside for its kill. It saw the boars all assembled in a group. That was a strange experience for

the tiger for in the past his very appearance would have been enough to make the boars go running helter skelter. It therefore paused and looked at the group.

"Stare back at the tiger," commanded the carpenter's boar. The boars all glared at the tiger.

"What is all this?" the tiger wondered. "They used to take to their heels at the sight of me but to-day there are defying me. There is something wrong and it is not good to risk my life." So thinking it retraced its steps and repaired to its lair.

There, near the lair was living a hermit who was getting a good share of the tiger's prey. And noticing that the tiger was coming without any prey he asked:

The best, the best you always brought before,

When you went hunting after the wild boar,

Now empty-handed you consume with grief,

To-day where is the strength you had of yore?

The tiger replied:

Once they would hurry-scurry all about,

To find their holes, a panic stricken rout,

But now they grunt in serried ranks compact,

Invincible they stand and face me out.

"Oh don't be afraid of them," urged the hermit. "One roar and a leap will be enough to scatter them all and you can get your kill."

The tiger got a little courageous and returned to the mountain.

"There the scoundrel is again. Now don't lose your courage. We will have him," said the carpenter's boar.

The tiger approached and with a roar made a leap at the carpenter's boar. But the boar cleverly dodged and jumped into the pit in front. The tiger fell into the pit behind and tumbled over into the deeper part of the pit. Up jumped the carpenter's boar and with lightning speed charged at the tiger which had rolled into the extreme end of the pit, and with its tusks tore him to pieces.

The other boars were wild with joy at the death of the tiger and grunted and danced with delight all over the mountain side.

A fairy of the forest that dwelt on a tree nearby was a witness to the whole scene and it sang with great joy:

Honour to all the tribes assembled be!

A wondrous union I myself did see.

How tuskers once a tiger overcame.

"Good heavens," said a man, as he glanced round the dance floor, "just look at that man over there. He's the ugliest fellow I've ever seen."

"Hush," said his fair partner, "you forget yourself."

O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But is tyrannous to use it like a giant.--Shakespeare.

What the Other World is Like

Albert who had passed into the Beyond explores his surroundings and describes here some of the wonders of the other world.

I am feeling quite "at peace with the world," as the saying goes. I have been taking in the sights and find them very pleasant, especially the tranquillity of my surroundings. Everything seems to blend in, one with other—nothing clashes. All is in perfect harmony. The colour scheme is beyond the power of mere man to attempt to describe. There are many varieties of colours I do not remember seeing before, yet nothing offends. There are trees that grow straight and tall and rivers that are crystal clear. One can bathe in them if one so desires, or sail on them if one so wishes. You may wonder what boats are built of or who builds them. They look very much like boats on the earth and as to the building of them—they are built by thoughts. I tried to build one but did not succeed; however a friend came along who had had more experience than I and he created a beauty in a twinkling of an eye and we went for a sail. There are plenty of boats that new-comers may use at will for all are not able to create by thought—that often takes a long time to learn.

There are schools of learning that all share for here there is no colour bar. There are places for entertainment to suit every taste. There are museums for those who care to delve into things of the

past. There are great halls filled with inventions for the future from which men of science here daily penetrate to the supple minds of scientists on the earth—inventions for better living for humanity. The future holds unlimited possibilities for future generations if man will use what is given him for the good of all instead of the few.

I was amazed when I looked at some of the new inventions which I was told will become as common and indispensable as the telephone is now. There will be revolutionary changes in the treatment of the sick. God will be looked to for healing, not only by the sick themselves but by the medical men as well; then many will learn to apply the law of healing by the so-called unknown forces to combine with the medical skill that also will be far advanced. Now many may laugh at this but I have been assured this will definitely take place, perhaps sooner than one would expect. After all, life on the earth is going at great speed now compared with my young days.

There are houses here for the new-comers or for those who desire them but as they advance they create their own sanctuary, a place to which they may withdraw if they desire to be alone to rest and plan their work. There are none here to inflict their

company on you if it is not desired, as they sense when you want to be alone, just as they sense when you are in need of help and come forward and bring help to you. As you progress, I am told, you create whatever you desire by your own thoughts. You may think this fantastic, yet are not all things created and built in man's mind on the earth first before they actually take on form and come into being? What people on the earth accept now as a matter of fact and a "must" in their daily lives would have been considered a fantastic way of living two or more thousand years ago. Even when I look back to my own childhood, many changes in the way of living have taken place and many items we would have considered unnecessary have become "musts" in the way of living in this generation.

I am told there are a good many unhappy conditions over here which have to be undone and wiped away before there can be progression and travelling onward. Some people are in a pitiful state for one reason or another, mostly because of their lack of understanding about life on the earth and its purpose when they were on the earth. I see, for there are many that never gave a thought to God or to the reason for their being. They never gave a thought to what came after death, and therefore lived, as they called it, to enjoy life to its fullest, to get out of life what they believed was their due, regardless of the cost to themselves or others. Then, when the time came for them to

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FOR

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Pains

step across death's threshold, they awakened to a new understanding and began to realize that there was a purpose and a meaning to life after all, behind all life is a great Power, a God, whose law must be obeyed, a power of good whose will, though not always what they desired, was best for them, had they but understood.

Now they realize that they must follow the law of the great Power for their eyes are opened and they see, and they understand what a stone-strewn path they must travel on until by their own effort that path has been

cleared and their soul purified by their desire to serve others. As they look back on their 'lives and see how they lived, they also see a picture of what could have been had they listened to their inner self, their own conscience, but that voice they smothered within until it became a mere sound to which they closed their ears with ease.

I was speaking to an old gentleman today who had just awakened to the realization that death had taken place, and with it his whole life passed before him in black and white. There was nothing for him with which to cover his misdeeds; he had to face them all. Not one item could he leave out. He was shocked to see himself for what he was and what his life could have been had he taken the other road. His belief had been that money makes all things right, and now he has found out that money is of no value; that money does not pave the way to the Maker of all men as he had been taught.

He had spent much money for prayers and felt assured all would be easy for him when he made this change called death for he believed in life after death, in a God, but he had followed the teachings of his church and the ritual therein. The paganism of this had never been brought home to him until now. He is very unhappy and I have told him that as soon as his thoughts turn to service to others, the service of love, peace and happiness will come to him, for he will find many hands willing to help him.

His desire is to return to the

earth and prevent his loved ones from living in the style he did, and to seek to bring humility and love into their hearts. He has prayed long and sincerely for strength to accomplish this. He tells me his home on earth was one of great beauty and style, the best that money could buy. Love, had been neglected, the family had separated, each had gone his or her chosen way. There had been love at the beginning but as time went by he was too busy with big business to attend to and share the everyday problems of his family. So he paid others to care for them, to give them companionship, and now he sees his mistake. The guilt is his.

He is now held responsible for many of their wrong doings and wrong living which were directly caused through his neglect of them in that he did not give them his personal guidance and care. They lacked his love and companionship and now that his eyes are opened he is greatly distressed. It was easy to make mistakes, especially when one was brought up to believe "might is right" and that power and money made all things right. His brother is with him now. He will help him to reach his loved ones and show him the way to regression.

So it goes on day after day. All awaken in time. All progress in time, but the agonizing suffering many must go through. All, in time, find peace. He is now on his way back to the earth to learn his first lesson in undoing his past, although really our first lesson is to know ourselves, to fully accept the responsibility of

our good and bad deeds—then comes our first lesson in undoing the past—and with the great love and care of the higher forces we are helped. I am told many mistakes are made by the beginners but, in time, as strength and understanding comes to them, fewer and fewer mistakes are made ; and, in time, all conditions of the earth that are unpleasant are completely wiped from their memories and only the good memories remain.

If only I had the power to convey to you part of that love and peace that embraces and

surrounds us! One has a great feeling of wellbeing and the knowledge that all is well. It is like the trust that a young child has in loving parents, the child feels safe and secure in their care. It is wonderful to have faith and trust. It is a pity that later in life much of the trust in others disappears, the world takes on a different aspect and we lose this feeling of childhood security. We become alert to the weaknesses of the people about us and look for their faults instead of the good in them. That is often the cause of trouble.

(To be continued.)

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because you ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
—*Jonathen Swift.*

Industry is fortune's right hand and frugality her feet.

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THE POPULATION EXPLOSION

The increase of mankind has been so rapid, so overwhelming and utterly unprecedented in recent years that it is commonly referred to by scientists as a population explosion. We now number 2,750,000,000, about twice as many as seventy years ago; and there is every sign that that number will double within another forty years, writes Kingsley Davis in *New York Times* and adds: Moreover, the rate of increase is growing faster all the time. The world's population rose by 6 per cent per decade between 1850 and 1900; by 7 per cent between 1900 and 1930; by 10 per cent between 1930 and 1950, and by 17 per cent, on a decade basis, in the seven years since then. At present the number added to our globe each year is 47,000,000 (greater than the population of France) and before long it may be 75,000,000 annually.

This explosive human multiplication, unanticipated and unexampled in history, clearly cannot continue indefinitely. It would give us nearly 6,000,000,000 by the end of this century and nearly 13,000,000,000 by the year 2050. How this growth is eventually stopped, and when, will play a tremendous role in human destiny.

Although a climax in population growth is approaching, nothing indicates that the peak has yet been reached. The total may climb faster in the next twenty years than it did in the last twenty. Even if the rate of

increase begins to decline, centuries may pass before it falls to simple replacement level; and new billions will have been added to the human horde in the meantime. Unless a catastrophe intervenes we and our children will share the earth with a lot more people than we do today.

A strange fact is that in general it is the poorer and less developed regions, the regions least able to support additional millions, that are exhibiting the biggest demographic inflation. Briefly, according to the United Nations, the explosion is greatest in Latin America; next in Oceania, Africa, and most of Asia; less in the United States and Canada, and least in Europe, especially Western and Central Europe. The Latin Americans, for example, are multiplying more than four times faster than the people of Northwestern Europe; the people of East Asia more than three times faster.

In the past the greatest numerical increase occurred in the more successful nations—those that were expanding economically and raising their level of living. Now, however, it is primarily the peasant-agrarian countries, where poverty is most intense, that are ahead in the population marathon. Ceylon, Taiwan and Malaya; Paraguay, Costa Rica, Colombia and Mexico; Turkey and Syria—these are among the countries that have attained or are approaching a rate of increase that will double their numbers every twenty-three years. Mexi-

co, which now has 31,500,000 inhabitants, will have about 63,000,000 in 1980. The only industrial countries that have better than half of this rate are the new ones—such as Canada, the United States, New Zealand and the Soviet Union. The oldest industrial countries are far behind, despite their post-war baby boom.

The recent acceleration in world population growth is not due, as is often assumed, to rising birth rates. In advanced nations birth rates did rise after the depression, but for the most part they have slipped back to comparatively low levels.

The main factor is the revolutionary reduction in death rates in the under-developed countries, where most of the world's people live. And this spectacular drop has been gathering speed since 1935. Most notable is the case of Ceylon, where the death rate fell 34 per cent in a single year and 70 per cent in ten years.

Other cases are similar: Since the Nineteen Forties the average death rate in Puerto Rico dropped by 82 per cent in a single decade; in Cyprus by 64 per cent; in Trinidad by 45 per cent; in Mexico by 43 per cent, and in Jamaica by 30 per cent.

As the United Nations shows in its latest *Demographic Yearbook*, the countries with the highest mortality have generally shown the most remarkable declines. This new achievement in death control is revolutionary not only because its speed has never before been matched but also because it is occurring at a more primitive economic stage than did the fastest death control in the now advanced nations.

The miraculous conquest of death in the less developed areas springs mainly from the application of new scientific and medical discoveries to the control of infectious diseases. These discoveries—new knowledge of diseases, new means of treat-

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ment (from insecticides to antibiotics), new modes of public health organization—do not originate in the under developed regions. They come chiefly from the advanced countries, which furnish much of the money and personnel for their application.

If birth rates were dropping as fast as death rates, no acceleration of world population growth would be occurring. But birth rates in most countries have not declined. The recent baby boom has given the industrial nations—particularly the new ones—a greater increase than the experts anticipated. In the agrarian countries birth rates have remained high, largely because the amazing reduction of mortality

has been accomplished with minimum disturbance to local customs and often without any rise in the level of living.

The old attitudes that encouraged prolific childbearing—necessary when death took must of the children before adulthood—thus persist even when high fertility no longer makes sense. The same industrial nations that have helped the poorer nations to get rid of diseases have done little to help them get rid of excessive reproduction. Actually, a sharp decline in mortality tends to raise the birth rate, because women are healthier, have fewer miscarriages and are less frequently widowed.

THE REASON

"I can't understand why a handsome man like Donald should marry a woman twenty years his senior," remarked a blonde to her friend.

"When you collect bank notes you don't look at the dates!" explained the friend.

Know what it is to be a child? It is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul.—*Shelley.*

"What are you going to do with your son?" asked a neighbour of Mrs. Stevens.

"Well, when he leaves Oxford he's going to take orders."

"How nice. My son started as a commercial traveller, too."

Let him that would be happy for a day go to the barber; for a week marry a wife; for a month buy him a new horse; for a year build him a new house; for all his lifetime, be an honest man.—*An Italian proverb.*

If you would make an enemy, lend a man money and ask it of him again.—*A Portuguese proverb.*

BREAKING INTO COSMOS

SERGEI GUSHCHEV

In view of the successful launching of a live dog into space by Soviet scientists the following article on how they set about doing it will be read with interest.

The attack upon the cosmos raises scores of questions which scientists must answer in order to be able to conquer world space.

For instance, why does a deep-sea fish swell and burst when it is brought to the surface of the ocean? Because its organism is adapted to life under a layer of water weighing scores of tons. Does that mean that the same thing will happen to man who lives at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean if he rises high above the Earth?

Soviet scientists decided to try it out on animals. They placed dogs in a pressure chamber and reduced the air pressure to 30 millimeters of the mercury column for two-three hundredths of a second. This is equivalent to taking the animals to a height of 22 thousand meters. Thirty seconds later subcutaneous swell-

ings appeared on the bodies of all the dogs. What happened to them?

It was found that on rising to a height of more than 8000 meters the nitrogen which the tissues of a living body contain in a dissolved state is transformed into gas. Bubbles appear in the vessels. At a height of 19,000 meters the tissue liquids begin to evaporate. In all parts of the body, even in the heart cavity, water, nitrogen and carbon dioxide appear. The higher the living organism rises the more rapidly and intensively does this destructive process take place. Can it be prevented?

Flights to high altitudes must be made in airtight cabins. The idea of utilizing such cabins with normal pressure inside was expressed as far back as 1903 by the Russian scientist, K. E. Tsiolkovsky. But how will a living

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organism feel in such a cabin? Besides that, could a human organism stand the tremendous acceleration which arises when a rocket is sent up?

Man can easily stand any speed. Speed, but not acceleration. Soviet scientists were afraid that the overcharge arising in cases of great accelerations would disturb the activity of the organism and even destroy it.

Does that mean that is impossible for man to fly in a rocket? Only an experiment could supply an answer to this question.

Soviet scientists decided to undertake experiments with dogs and began to prepare them for the voyage to great heights. Several tiny metal apparatuses were inserted directly into the bodies of the animals. With the help of these devices it would be possible to register every inhalation, every beat of the heart, the temperature of the skin and the activity of the organism as a whole.

Strapped to special stands in the head part of the rocket the dogs were shot up. A film shot during the flight showed how the heads of the dogs were pressed to the floor. The fivefold overcharge due to the acceleration made itself felt. The dogs began to weigh five times more than on Earth. However, no morbid phenomena were observed in the dogs. That means that such acceleration is not dangerous. The human organism can also stand it.

There was still another important problem that had to be solved.

Interplanetary space is filled

with deadly cosmic rays. The atmosphere surrounding the Earth holds back the greater part of these rays. Only one fifth of cosmic radiation penetrates to a height of 40 kilometers through the thick layer of atmosphere. The only way of finding out how dangerous these rays are in the upper strata is to send up animals to the high altitudes.

Such experiments were performed. Stratosphere balloons filled with hydrogen were sent for 24 hours at a height of about 27 kilometers carrying grey mice in their light gondolas. Biologists attentively observed the rodents after their flight. The scientists were attracted by the fact that in many young mice two-three months after the flight the fur began to grow markedly grey in the sacrum-lumbar region. This is a typical symptom of radiation sickness. However, no other morbid symptoms were observed.

Some worms, too, were sent to the stratosphere. The journey did them no harm. But then again the scientists got an alarming signal. On returning from such a flight worms continued to reproduce every day as before, but their offspring degenerated rapidly. The seventh generation of the irradiated worms perished without maturing.

It was found that at a height of 22.9 kilometers the power of cosmic irradiation amounts to 15 milliroentgens a day, which is 150 times more than at sea level. Fifteen milliroentgens a day is an insignificant dose, but the radiation may consist of different particles. It becomes dangerous if it mainly consists of heavy nuclei

with an exceptionally great penetrating capacity. Not only the amount of radiation but its composition changes with altitude. The increment of heavy nuclei is particularly noticeable beginning with the height of 35-40 kilometers.

15th ANNIVERSARY OF ATOMIC AGE

One Dec. 2 the Atomic Age will be fifteen years old. It was on Dec. 2, 1942, that a group of forty-one men and one woman, working under the strictest of wartime secrecy in a gloomy squash court beneath the west stands of Stagg Field on the University of Chicago campus, lighted the first atomic fire on earth.

The fire represented the first controlled release of part of the vast energy that had been securely locked up in the nuclei of its atoms ever since our planet was born some 3,000,000,000 years ago. It was the first fire lighted on earth that did not have its origin in the sun and it marked the beginning of a new era in the turbulent career of man, an era that, all those present knew, opened the promise of a practically inexhaustible source of energy.

With that energy man could build an industrial civilization with a standard of living that would satisfy all his material wants to an extent never dreamed of. But first that energy was expended in the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by the atomic bombs that ended World War II. In the years since, man's efforts have been bent to the development of



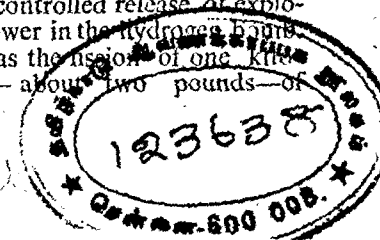
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still more deadly weapons until nuclear war has become a prospect too terrifying for most human beings to contemplate.

Now at last man is increasingly directing his attention toward peaceful uses of the atom, writes William L. Laurance in *New York Times*.

Great progress may be expected within the next five to ten years not only in the more efficient utilization of the fission process—harnessed in the burning of the heavy elements, uranium and plutonium—but also in the search for means to bring under control the much more powerful hydrogen fusion process now employed in the uncontrolled release of explosive power in the hydrogen bomb. Whereas the isotope of one kilogram—about two pounds—of



uranium or plutonium yields a total of 25,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electrical energy, the fusion of one kilogram of deuterium, the heavy variety of hydrogen, found in great abundance in the world's oceans, would yield the enormous total of 100,000,000 kilowatt-hours, enough to meet the needs of 40,000 average homes for a year.

The difficulties that stand in the way of achieving controlled fusion are vast. The fusion process can take place only at enormous temperatures, above 100,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit. To convert the inexhaustible supply of energy of the oceans' deuterium into useful power, such temperatures must be achieved in a gas confined within walls that remain relatively cool. This done, we must then control the fusion reaction; extract the energy released and use it to generate electricity. Yet in spite of these formidable difficulties, British and American physicists meeting at Princeton University last month announced that recent experiments "suggest" the practicality of controlled fusion. A noted British scientist assured the writer that, given sufficient funds, it could be achieved in five years.

REPRODUCTION OF SOUND

What is meant by "high fidelity" in the reproduction of sound? What is the actual role of an aerial on a radio receiver? What is meant by kilocycles in connection with receiving sets, and "tuning in" to a broadcasting station?

The Editor of *Unesco Features*, in answer to these questions says: Sound is produced by the striking of waves in the air on the

human ear. The sensation of pitch results from the number of waves per second. A low vibration rate produces a low sound, and 16 per second is as low as can be heard. "Middle C" on a musical instrument has 261 vibrations per second. High notes need thousands per second.

High fidelity is the ability of any sound reproduction device to reproduce accurately the exact number of vibrations that it receives, both low and high. This was for many years almost impossible to achieve because the material used in the "horn" or "loud-speaker" were incapable of responding equally well to all rates of vibration. Consequently some tones were feebler than others and good music could not be reproduced with high fidelity. Many devices are used to achieve fidelity but it is not easy.

Radio and television are transmitted by electromagnetic waves that pass through the air and through most walls. The antennae of a radio receiver detect these waves because the electrons in their wires are alternately attracted up into the antennae and down into the instrument, making one such alternation or "cycle" with each wave that passes. Thus the wave vibration is transformed into a rapidly alternating current in the radio receiver which is amplified by the tubes so that it becomes powerful enough to operate the sound-producing membrane of the "speaker". Thereby variations in the electric current become variations in the sound. A kilocycles is a thousand cycles. Each cycle corresponds to a wave. Thus the figure of 500 kilocycles means

that 500,000 individual electromagnetic waves are emitted per second by the broadcasting station and are received by the radio receiver. The electrical system of the broadcasting transmitter is adjusted so that it emits exactly the number of kilocycles that is required. Each station has its own. Similarly "tuning in" a radio receiver is the adjustment to receive different vibration rates and thus to choose between the programmes sent out by different stations.

THE INSECTICIDES

"I believe that DDT is considered superior to other insecticides for malaria control. But I have also read that certain insects, including the malarial mosquito, have become "resistant" to DDT. Is this true and, if so, how can we hope to control malaria?"

What differentiates DDT from the early insecticides is its persistency. Man has been trying to kill insects for many, many years, using smoke and other methods. Then, at the beginning of this century, it was found that pyrethrum, which is obtained from flowers, was a very satisfactory insecticide. Scientists began to synthesize certain organic materials in the laboratory and later these were produced industrially. But DDT, because of its special qualities, superseded nearly all of these for malaria control.

The history of DDT is an interesting one. It was first synthesized by a German chemist in 1874. He didn't have any thought at the time of making an

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insecticide. His thesis was put away and was found by Dr. Muller in 1939, who noted the most special qualities of the material, which were not only insecticidal but of very long duration. This made possible an entirely new approach to the control of insects. For DDT is effective for a period up to six months.

It is true that certain insects, including the malarial mosquito, are "resistant" to DDT and other insecticides. But according to Dr. A.W.A. Brown of the World Health Organization they have not acquired resistance in the sense that a person can

acquire tolerance to certain beverages and drugs as he grows up. The paradox is, that the resistance is already there to begin with. A very few individuals in a population of insects are normally much less susceptible than the great majority of their fellows. It is these individuals which are left as survivors from an insecticide application. And their resistance is inheritable. It is determined genetically, just like blue eyes or blood types, and is caused by definite hereditary factors which are called genes. After several generations of selection by the insecticide, these genes for resistance will accumulate and the whole population becomes resistant.

These genes are not caused by the insecticide itself producing sudden genetic changes called mutations, but were already present in very low frequency in the population before the insecticide was applied. It is now known that populations of certain special of insects contain of few individual genes for resistance to certain insecticides which normally kill their fellows. Application of insecticides thus is a process of artificial selection which, over the generations, results in the evolution of a resistant population. The whole process fits in perfectly with Darwin's concept of evolution through natural selection and the survival of the fittest.

The striking thing about this is that the process takes place so fast—as it were, before our eyes. What is evolving is a mosquito which, as it multiplies, will ignore

the insecticides and become a "Master Race" of mosquitoes. But it will take a number of years for the resistant insects to become a really dangerous threat. That is why the World Health Organization decided on a Malaria Eradication Campaign. With the cooperation of governments of countries afflicted by malaria and with a special malaria eradication fund, the WHO is mobilizing experts and providing supplies of insecticides and malarial drugs. It is a race against time, to get rid of malaria before the resistance becomes really dangerous. For the mosquito does not produce malaria itself. It has to draw blood from someone sick with malaria. It harbours the parasite of the disease it acquires in this way and then deposits it by its bite in the blood of a healthy person. But if we have got rid of malaria—if there is no diseased blood for the mosquito to drink—the insect, whether it is resistant to DDT or not, cannot pass on the disease. So we have a few years in which, by the combined efforts of the nations of the world, we could wipe malaria from the face of the earth and the World Health Organization believes it can be done.

x x x

AIR TAXIS

The helicopter industry in U.S. is concentrating today on the development of low-cost, one-man machines. A number of different types already have been produced and are currently being tested.

These helicopters may be the forerunners of the flying machines

of which people have long dreamed — small, light-weight vehicles that will lift a single person and carry him through the air as though, in effect, he were a bird.

One of the most recent small helicopters of this type is the so-called "Pinwheel."

It consists of a small upright framework with a single helicopter blade mounted at the top. Its total weight is 170 pounds. The pilot sits on a bicycle-type seat and straps the machine to his back. It is the lightest, smallest helicopter produced to date.

A newspaper reporter who watched a recent demonstration flight of the Pinwheel, said:

"With a jump the pilot whisked away about 150 feet in the air, zipped backward, sideways, hovered over tables and then soared around the airport."

Carrying a gross weight of 500 pounds, the Pinwheel can climb 2,000 feet a minute to a maximum altitude of 12,000 feet, and can cruise at a speed of 60 to 70 miles per hour.

Small enough to be packed into a telephone booth, the Pinwheel is relatively noiseless. Instead of roaring like an airplane, it hisses like a lawn sprinkler, and it has no pistons, no electrical systems, no lubrication or cooling system, no clutch, transmission or starter. These are all eliminated by the use of



tiny rocket engines installed in the tips of the rotor blades which circles above the pilot's head. The engines, which weigh only one pound each, are powered by hydrogen peroxide.

The Rotor-Craft Corporation, the manufacturers, hope it will be used by many people for travelling short distances, taking the place of an automobile. The price is expected to be less than \$1,000.

A number of other types of small helicopters are currently being manufactured and tested by other manufactures.

THE DUMB PART

"Dad, I've got my first part in a play," announced a prospective actor. "I act the part of a man who's been married for twenty years."

"That's not bad, son," replied the father. "If you're any good they might give you a speaking part in the next production."

THE FACTS OF LIFE

JAMES L. HYMES, JR.

How can you make a success of your child? It is by understanding him, says Professor of Education, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, U.S., in the following article. The Professor is the author of a book titled *Understanding Your Child*.

To do a good job of teaching, you have to know facts of life. Not only the usual facts. But the laws, if you will—that is a strict firm word—that governs what youngster must do because they are human, because they are alive, grandng. These are the facts of life that have the greatest significance for those of us who live with children, parents and teachers.

There are many such facts. Research uncovers them. But they stick out and show in youngsters' behaviour; teachers and parents uncover them too. We become aware of them from listening, watching, seeing what goes on child after child, year after year. The more you read, the more you see, the more you come to know: This is what they are like ... this is how they have to behave ... this is what they can do and this is what they cannot.

These are controlling facts. No youngster decides: I will be this way. His bones decide for him. His nervous system does. His whole human heredity makes the behaviour imperative. There are areas of freedom and of free will. There are points where will power and determination can make the decision. There are many instances where choice enters in — a

youngster simply wants or prefers a certain path of action. And instances where education is the answer — a child has been taught to act a certain way.

But a whole deep powerful part of life is blocked off from persuasion, fenced off from arguments, untouchable by lures, even unaffected by punishment. These ways of acting are bred into the person, an unchangeable part of of his being. These are the facts of life we have to know about, and face, and make our peace with.

We ignore such facts at our peril. Disregarded, our teaching cannot get over, our efforts cannot take, we work in vain. We ignore such facts at youngsters' peril. The laws disregarded, the children pay a price which can be painful, a price ranging from steady discomfort to a damaging sense of unworthiness.

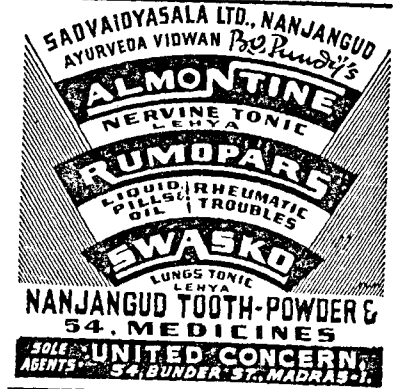
One such fact is that *each child preserves himself*. He seek, first and foremost, as a matter of survival, the nourishment he has to have because he is a human. Food? Yes. And sleep and air. But humans need other kinds of sustenance as well: love, respect, attention, acceptance, a sense of growing and achieving, the feeling of being needed.....

Call this their psychological food. It comes in many different packages. But you can sum it up like this: A child has to feel good about himself. He has to have reason to be glad he is who he is. He must feel good, and then he can be good.

Fortunately most of us get enough of what we need to feed on — physical stuff, the more intangible psychological vitamins. But this may be unfortunate because it stops us from seeing that humans do not die easily. We fight for life, when need be. Most of us get along sufficiently well so that life is not a battle. But the fact is always there: We will preserve ourselves, if we have to. Good ways or bad, nice ways or not, approved, disapproved, we will strive to get what we have to have.

This effort always comes first. We cannot give ourselves to other jobs at hand, until it has first been reasonably well settled. This rounded self-preservation — not food alone, not just water and air — is a built-in instinctive first "choice."

Another key factor is that *each child acts his age*. A youngster cannot move far beyond the time he has had in which to mature. The human is not unlike our seasons. Six months into the year and the days will be warm; six months further and the snow falls. Temperature and precipitation follow their appointed rounds, not free to meet individual desire. Just so the human moves and changes, and in all of his capacities. Six months into life and certain behaviours have to take place. Six years and the old ways are sloughed off. New behaviours occur, compelled by the fixed



orbits of growth and deemed in turn to be replaced.

We might well wish for a different child before us, just as we often wish for a sunnier day or for rain gently falling. It might be better to have a child less active, more self-controlled, better able to remember, more capable of enthusing about symbols and generalities or, in a hundred other ways, better able to take what we want to teach him. But, just as

everyone "complains about the weather but no one does anything about it," so too, no one can change the child's basic underlying physiological structure. This is a determinant of how he will think, what he can respond to, what will excite him and what will leave him cold.

There is one consolation, and in it the challenge: That every year, like every season, has its uses. Always there are things youngsters *can do*. Always, even in infancy. Never is there a useless period in growing, a stage just for marking time. Nor is there ever a mortgaged period, a time promised for tomorrow, no good now except as it gets the child ready for something yet to come.

At every moment there are experiences, rich and educationally significant and worthwhile in themselves, which children have grown enough to utilise. But we have to be nimble enough to provide them. We must do the adjusting—the child cannot. Not because he does not try. And not because of willfulness and stubbornness. Because he is human, and this is a fact of life.

The consolation and companion challenge exist too with the human search for satisfaction. These needed nutrients cannot come to children out of vacuum. There is no separate isolated place to which children "go" to come back filled. There need not be—there cannot be—a wasted waiting time while youngsters off somewhere, get what they have to have. The food for self-preservation—the normal diet and the make-up foods—comes to children through the daily experiences of living with people, working together, sharing life.

But again, we must be the nimble ones. The living can be good living, the kind a school can be proud of. But we must shape that living and guide it so there is a steady flow to certain youngsters of the special kinds of vitamins that they need. The flow cannot be left to chance. A mature adult, glad to see youngsters get what they need, plans carefully with individuals.

This is to say a third fact of life: *Each child is an individual*—different from all others, unique and very special. He is an unusual mixture of his heredity, of his past and present living. Nothing identical has ever existed; nothing identical ever will. He may be almost like many others; he will share many things in common. But—this is the wonder and the glory of life—he is himself, *different*.

The whole setting of the teaching job lures us into seeing people in their commonness. We teach children in groups. Our classes are large. We are teachers, not tutors; group workers, not individual counsellors. But the whole set of the human insists: See *me* in my uniqueness.

Fortunately there is an important consolation here too. Youngsters do not ask for perfection from us. They would need perfection, the finely exact adjustment, were they inanimate. But these are facts of *life*. The child is working too: to get the satisfaction he needs, to act the age, to be himself. He asks from us, not super-human skills, but very human effort. With a decent try on our part, he will grow well. When we do all that we can he is in there trying too, and he will make out.

The Seer of Kamakoti Speaks (6)

THE ABIDING GRACE OF GOD

Below we give some of the pearls of wisdom from the utterances of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam, during his discourses in Madras.

VELANDAI

When troubles and tribulations come upon us we blame God and complain that He is blind to our misfortunes. But while so complaining we forget that when we are such criminals at heart and utterly unworthy of grace it is the unbounded mercy, of God that He still gives us food, shelter and clothing and necessities. God does good to us in keeping with His nature as goodness is a concomitant of God. He puts us to trouble out of His Grace to save us. We cannot see before and after; but we complain over the present when we suffer. A proper perspective will help us to understand our present plight in its proper setting.



ON VIRTUE

Man tries to hide his faults before others and show off his merits. That must not be. Knowing as we do all our faults and vices as we alone can know, we must feel sad over them and we must pray that we may be helped to get rid of them. The good sense that God has endowed us with is not to slip from the right path. Even if one in a hundred keeps from falling and rises to the heights of virtue he is an ornament to the commu-

nity and a beaconlight to it. God and our conscience are the only two witnesses to our evil propensities, thoughts and actions. We must chasten ourselves in a contrite spirit and prayerful attitude.

DESTINY OF MAN

The fact that man alone, among the creatures of the world grew vertically, while the other creatures grew horizontally indicates that he should also grow taller in his spiritual stature.

Such an eminence comes from *jnana* which alone gives abiding peace or *santi*. Man undergoes trouble and pains in a greater measure than other animals ; but that is compensated for by his capacity for *jnana* which makes for the realisation of Truth and the experience of the *ananda* or supreme *santi*. *Jnana* itself begets *ananda* and *jnanananda* is *parama mangalam*. *Isvara* is of the nature of this *jnanananda*. He is the *Paramatman* in Whom all auspicious qualities are fully affirmed in a superlative measure. Even as the ocean is the repository of all waters, *Isvara* is fullness, the All. There is no other to Him. He is the All without a second. That is *advaita*. *Idam sarvam purusha eva*—all this is the *Paramatman*, says the *Sruti*. Sri Sankara expounds this truth with *yukti* and *anubhava*.

OUR TEMPLES

We have in our land innumerable temples the like of which the world has not seen. If we take a census of the places of worship in this world, we will find that India contains more temples than the places of worship of the rest of the world put together. Nearer home Dravida land contains more temples than the rest of India. Similarly in respect of devotional, philosophic, ethical and religious works, India has produced more works than the rest of the world. In this respect too Dravida country leads the rest of India and tradition has it that *Vedic* religion, philosophy and *dharma* and *bhakti* are preserved much more on the banks of the Kaveri and

the Tambraparni than anywhere else in India. Great men in the abundance of their devotion built temples and also endowed them with properties with the result that there are temples even now where one can get sumptuous food for an anna. The Annapurneswari Temple in Cherukunnam (Kerala) will be closed every day only after ascertaining that no one has gone without food. The tradition there is that a bundle of cooked rice is tied to the branch of a tree so that even a thief in the night may not go hungry.

VEDA VYASA

Vyasa is called Veda Vyasa as he classified and compiled the vast body of Vedas then existing from beginningless time. Dividing them into four sections, Rik, Yajur, Sama and Atharvana, he taught them respectively to Sumanthu, Vysampayana, Jaimini and Paila, who were great Maharishis. Vedas are constituted of sounds which are ever present without beginning or end. The Rishis of old by their yogic sakthi were able to receive significant eternal sounds, as we now tune our radio receiver, and mastering them, they passed them down the ages by oral communication to successive disciples. They have thus been preserved in unbroken tradition without having been put into writing. The Vedas contain mantras and the rishis are called seers of the mantras, *mantra-shtas*, which they did though their spiritual eyes.

THE VEDAS

Vyasa also wrote a com-

pendium of the truths of the Vedas in aphoristic form and these are known as Brahma Sutras, which deal with the ultimate reality or Paramatma Vastu. The Sutras are also called Badarayana Sutras and Parasarya Sutras after other names of Vyasa. These Brahma Sutras are interpreted in different ways by the Acharyas who came later. They include Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhwa, Bhaskara, Nimbarka, Vallabha and others. But the commentaries most widely read are those of Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhwa. But the ultimate authority for them all is the Brahma Sutra of Vyasa. Whatever doctrinal differences may have arisen in later times, we should not forget, that the source is the same for all and we must adore the sage who has made the Vedas available to us in the different branches and from whom it has been preserved till today by oral tradition, evoking the admiration and respect of foreigners for this remarkable achievement of Hindu spiritual culture.

Direct relation between man and God can be established only when one is nearest to God. Such persons are Brahma gnanis and sanyasis.

Love is like measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.
—Douglas William Jerrold.

No mischief but a woman or a priest is at the bottom of it.
—A Latin saying.

Take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer.—An English proverb.

DEEPAVALI

About Deepavali he said :

In the early hours of the dawn of the day preceding the new moon day (Chaturdasi) when the sun is in the Thula Rasi (Libra) of the Zodiac, water anywhere in the world is Ganga and all oil becomes saturated with the auspicious presence of Sri Mahalakshmi. Everyone from the simplest gipsy to the proudest magnate, from the innocent child to the serene saint should take a bath with oil and water and be merry illuminating every nook and corner with strings of light, literally *deepa-avali*. This was the boon prayed for by a mother when her son who was in 'hell', *naraka*, to the the world at large was being killed by Sri Krishna. "Let the happiness of every creature in the world be the compensation for the grief caused to me by the death of my son" was the prayer of a bereaved mother. Nay, the dying son also prayed to the same effect.

LEARNING & SKILL

All virtues and skills that we possess are only derived from the Supreme Mother by Her grace. They are but tiny sprays from the waves of that ocean, and we should tender them at Her feet, in humility and without giving way to pride and arrogance.

The Executive & the Judiciary

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A., B.L.

"Lord Lytton as Viceroy once, through Lord William Berdsford, hung a gold medal round the neck of a pretty girl circus rider in Calcutta. No Viceroy has done honour to a counsel who has secured the public confidence by approaches disinfected against official patronage. The Indian Bar remembers this as it remembers other things. One result is bitterness, and no just man can say that the bitterness is unmerited."

Thus wrote Eardley Norton commenting on the non-recognition of the members of the Bar in public life in terms of their intrinsic worth. Government favours were showered on persons who often least merited them. The crumbs that fell to the legal profession were often dismal. "An occasional invitation to Government House, a stroll upon the lawn in touching proximity to Members of Council, a few cups of weak tea, a few cigarettes—is not this expenditure worth the result? It would not extinguish legitimate claims, but it would soften the acerbity of the critics who declare, not without cause, that theirs is the one profession in the country which is neglected and condemned, the one, which for forty years, with the exception of Garth (Bar-at-Law) has not received recognition in the list of Indian honours. Bolvin was knighted because he gave up his

practice for a seat in the Police Commission; Rattigan, because he owned a share in a powerful Press; Paul, because he was Advocate General; Pugh, because of his services to the Government in the Imperial Legislative Council where he spoke against and voted for the Ilbert Bill. Garth was the first non-official barrister whose success in his profession secured official acknowledgement. Here Government only favours those who favour them. In England men are honoured because of recognised eminence in their own little worlds. Painters, authors, singers, artists, architects, lawyers et hoc genus, pass into the long gallery of decorated worth, because each in his own little world has risen to the top, not because the Government of the day is enamoured of his political sympathy. If you hammer a Government in India you are damned. Sometimes the damnation extinguishes you at once and for ever. Sometimes it leaves you maimed like a winged partridge to flutter about the place and pick up a precarious livelihood in odd corners."

How true Norton was. During our national thralldom such eminent lawyers as Pandit Motilal Nehru, C. R. Das, S. Srinivasa Iyengar and a host of others never had any public recognition. If personages as Sir Tej Bahadur

Sapru and Sir C. P. Ramasamy Iyer received high honours it was more due to the pro-governmental views than a clean recognition of their intellectual and legal acumen which they had in abundance. In Independent India too the legal giants at State or Union level are not marked out at all for honours, particularly if their political leanings are against the party in power!

Values have gone down so much nowadays in every walk of life that almost any one can speak on any subject as an authority except the man who is fitted for it. Our politics is so sublime that even lawyers who have entered politics bow down to these executive whippers and

sack all notions of jurisprudence which has stood the test of time. It is acclaimed today by the powers that be that administrative tribunals are a dire necessity and should replace the ordinary courts in matters of controversy between the citizen and the State or between the official and his master, the Government. This is said to lead to some kind of speedy and real justice! Good lord! What a misnomer! Sri Nehru hails this as a needed reform and he is best answered by Professor Sylvester Petro who in a recent study of working of the Administrative Tribunals in America (in 1957) said: "The Administrative Tribunals have only added substantially to the law's delays and instead of

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liberal expertise they have given us a wooden pettifogging kind of mechanical jurisprudence. More often than not, the personnel of the quasi-judicial Administrative Tribunals, with their short political terms of office have acted like the narrow doctrinaire bureaucrats which after all is said and done, they really are."

There have been scathing criticism of these Administrative Tribunals. Lord Hewart's scathing criticism of this in his classical work "The New Despotism" throws a flood of light on delegated legislation and Administrative Tribunals. He called it in one trenchant phrase 'Administrative Lawlessness'. Commenting on Indian conditions after she became a Republic, that eminent lawyer and statesman Dr. C. P. Ramasamy Aiyar put it poignantly: "Whereas in India of today the Legislature is really dominated by a single party and where the Press is not functioning fully as the fourth estate of the realm, the executive must be kept in bounds until the opposition grows into a conscience of its own. Authority has tended to give the executive a taste for blanket powers which it is almost impossible to contest in a court of law. The last of our defences, the judiciary, is being rendered less effective by reason of the drafting of our laws which makes it almost impossible for the actions of the executive to be questioned." The jurisdiction of courts is sought to be taken out by administrative finality or by constitution of Special Tribunals.

Lord Green M. R. in his Haldane Memorial lecture on 'Law and Progress' posited that in all cases before a special Tribunal, there should be a right of appeal to the court on questions of law. In no circumstances should the power of court to restrain a Special Tribunal from exceeding its jurisdiction be taken away." Harold J. Laski says: "Where executive itself exercise quasi-judicial functions, the judiciary should have such power of scrutiny as will enable it to see that the rules adopted by the executive are such as are likely to result in justice. Executive discretion is an impossible rule unless it is conceived in terms of judicial standard." The courts are the only defence of liberty of the subject against departmental aggression. It is petite to quote the "Swarajya" (of 3-8-57) editorial which posited: "In India the high probity normally characteristic of Ministers and Administrators in England is rare to find. There has been a general disposition on the part of the ruling party here in the past ten years to get round the law (even the Constitution itself) by amending it when its interpretation by the courts proved distasteful to it or interfered with its ways. The Ministers have not learned to separate their duty to the State and the public from their personal inclinations, likes and dislikes. The courts happen to be the only hope of redress for aggrieved citizens baulked of their legitimate rights by powerful agencies under executive control or influence

purporting to perform judicial duties. Any further extension of the process of curtailing the power, integrity and authority of the courts or the area of their jurisdiction deserves to be resisted by every public spirited citizen who wishes to check the strides of absolutism in Government and remain undisturbed in enjoyment of the rights and liberties vouchsafed by the Constitution."

But we may in a way agree with the great jurist Mr. C. F. Strong who suggested: "The first is that Administrative

Tribunals where they must exist must completely be judicialised, and made entirely independent of the executive, that is to say, there should be established for such purposes special courts whose judges would be experts in the matter concerned. The second is that in certain cases, there should be an appeal from the Administrative Tribunal or the decision of a Minister to a judicial court. In this way we should diminish the danger to individual liberty which lurks large in these modern qualification of the rule of law."

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody reads.—Mark Twain.

You never know what you can do till you try.

Gold goes in at any gate except heaven's.

Friendships multiply joys and divide griefs.

Content lodges often in cottages than in palaces.

Love is like measles. We all have to go through it.—Jerome K. Jerome.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.—Irving Washington.

Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

It is a good horse that never stumbles,
And a good wife that never grumbles!

If a man deceives you once, shame on him; if he deceives you twice, shame on you.

Make yourself all honey and the flies will devour you.—An Italian proverb.

THE UNLUCKY SISTERS

GEORGE GOODCHILD

There was nothing subtle or original about the murder of Peter Prandom.

There he lay, on the old-fashioned four-poster bed, with a piece of blind cord round his fat neck and his eyes staring. Half the bedclothes were on the floor, and a rug beside the bed had been disturbed.

The casement window which overlooked the garden was wide open, but the curtain was only about half drawn.

Inspector McLean and Brook had both missed their breakfast, and had reached the house in South London a bare half hour after the crime had been discovered.

The doctor who was present was the dead man's regular medical attendant.

"I was called on the telephone at seven-thirty this morning," he said. "I found Mr. Prandom exactly as you see him now. After ascertaining that he had been dead some time, I left things exactly as I found them, and communicated with the police."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Seven to eight hours."

"Who made the discovery?"

"Mrs. Prandom. She occupied the neighbouring bedroom."

McLean did not detain the doctor any longer. He made a cursory examination of the bedroom, found a screen, which he placed round the bed, and then

sent Brook for Mrs. Prandom.

She was a well-preserved woman of about forty-five years of age, and, considering the terrible circumstances, she was well controlled.

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Prandom?" asked McLean.

"Twenty-two years."

"Children?"

"A son and a daughter. The boy is twenty, and the girl eighteen."

"What persons were sleeping in the house last night?"

"Myself, my daughter, and Florence, the maid. My son is now in the Army doing his National Service."

"Were you in the habit of going to his room at seven-thirty?"

"Yes. He was bad at getting up in the morning, and he was very keen to get to his office by nine o'clock."

"Can you throw any light at all on this affair?"

"No. To me it is absolutely incredible. I can't find any trace of attempted burglary."

"Has your son been sent for?"

"Yes. He should be here soon, as he is stationed at Hounslow."

"Did your husband make a will?"

"Yes. I think it is with Mr. Carling, his solicitor."

The daughter—Marian—was the living image of her mother.

She said she had gone to bed at the same time as her mother—just before eleven o'clock, and had slept soundly until her mother awakened her with the awful news.

"Did your father go to bed before you?" asked McLean.

"Yes, but only a few minutes before. Mother and I locked up the house. We always do."

"Florence Rice, the maid-servant, gave similar evidence. She had retired at half-past ten, leaving the family in the lounge."

She confirmed that both the front and back doors had been found locked, and also all the downstairs windows, which were of the steel-frame type.

When she had gone, McLean started a thorough examination of the bedroom. The casement window gave access to a narrow veranda and this feature was common to the three front lower bedrooms.

Immediately below this particular room was the roofing of the very large bow window in the lounge below, and on either side of this was a heavy creeping plant fixed to latticework attached to the wall.

"Means of entry simple," he said.

"You're right," agreed Brook. "Easy as walking up a ladder."

McLean examined the balustrade all round the veranda.

On the right hand side of the window a short piece of the lattice had broken away at about seven feet from the ground. The tendrils of the climbing plant had prevented it from falling.

Close examination of this showed that the break was new. McLean removed the short

section with great care, and it was the back of it which promised result. Dust had accumulated on it, and this had been disturbed.

"Should be finger-prints," said McLean. "But it's a question whether they can be brought to light. Take care of that. We'll get it to the laboratory as soon as possible."

Finally McLean went into the bedroom and removed the cord from the dead man's throat, without untying the slipknot which had been fashioned in it.

"Looks like common blind cord," he said. "None of the windows here has any similar cord, so it looks as if he came fully prepared to do what he did."

A minute later McLean was informed that the son had just reached home.

Harry Prandom was a well set-up, young soldier, with a healthy, tanned skin and clear, bright eyes. He saw the body at his own request, and then said he was ready to answer any questions.

"When were you last home?" asked McLean.

"A month ago."

"Have you any reason to suspect any person in this affair?"

"No. I know of no one who even disliked my father."

"How did you spend last night?"

"I went in to London on a late pass—got back just on midnight."

"What did you do in London?"

"I went to the West End and had a prowling round," he replied.

"Did you meet any person you know?"

"No." The boy seemed a little embarrassed. "The fact is, I met a girl, and we went to a few places and had some drinks."

"Did you know the girl's name?"

"She said it was Dora, and that she was employed in a dress shop. That's all I know about her."

It was all very unsatisfactory in the circumstances, but it was a natural sort of relaxation for a young soldier.

Shortly afterwards McLean received by special messenger some prints from headquarters. They came from the finger-print department, and they were the impressions left on the piece of lattice work.

"Not too bad," said McLean as he scanned them. "They should, at any rate, settle the question of the son's innocence. Ask him to come in again."

Harry Prandom winced when McLean told him that, with a view to eliminating him from the case, he desired to take his fingerprints.

"That's all right," he said.

The impressions were taken by Brook, and immediately McLean was able to see there was no resemblance whatsoever.

"Thank you," he said. "I don't think you need worry."

"That settles him," said Brook, when the boy had left the room. "Now, where do we go for dividends?"

"We shall have to look more closely into the dead man's private affairs," he said.

This involved an enormous amount of work, for Prandom had stored up masses of letters, both at home and at the office.

In addition, there were many documents of a financial character.

For two days McLean waded through these things, hoping to find some incident, some business deal where friction had taken place and enemies made. But he found nothing of the kind.

At the end of the second day he finished the task, and out of it came only one point of interest.

"These payments to his wife," said McLean. "For two years he paid her twenty pounds a month, presumably for pin money. Then suddenly—six months ago—the payments ceased."

"He may have continued to give her an allowance in cash, but I don't think so, because he drew very little cash from the bank. I think I'll ask her to explain the sudden stoppage."

Mrs. Prandom, when subsequently questioned on this point, appeared to suffer some embarrassment.

"It was a month or two back," she said. "My husband began to be economic. He got rid of the second car and the chauffeur. In all directions he cut down expenditure."

"I had previously had a personal allowance of twenty pounds a month. He thought that wasn't necessary, as I could always pledge his credit."

"And you were left with no pocket-money at all?"

"I had some capital."

McLean wondered if she were telling the whole truth, and he took steps to find out. When her banking account was investigated, her story about having some capital was found to

be very nearly an untruth.

At the time when the monthly cheque had stopped, she had a credit balance of only twelve pounds. Since then every penny had gone.

Two days later Brook was driving McLean to a small village in Kent, named Ringley. He had not yet been told what was afoot, but McLean enlightened him when they finally reached their destination.

"A Mrs. Drude, a widow, lives at Elm Cottage, near the church," he said. "She is the widowed sister of Mrs. Prandom. I have a few questions to ask her."

The cottage was located, and Mrs. Drude was at home.

In reply to McLean's first question, she said she had read about the murder of her brother-in-law.

"Did you see much of your sister and her husband?" asked McLean.

"Very little. You see, my circumstances are very humble. I was left a widow very soon after my marriage, and my means are small."

"Mrs. Drude, did you receive financial help from your sister?"

The grey-haired woman obviously resented the question, but she admitted that was the case.

"Until quite recently?"

"No, not for some years now."

McLean's glance had been roving all over the room. There were a number of photographs in various places, and among them a boy figured prominently.

"Your son?" asked McLean. She nodded.

"Is he still living with you?" "No," she answered. "He's—dead."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all right."

McLean wasn't very satisfied with her replies, so, after leaving the cottage, he parked the car outside the inn and he and Brook went inside.

McLean had a genius for directing conversation into desired channels, and very soon the landlord was talking about Mrs. Drude.

"She was one of two sisters," he said. "Lovely girls they were. But ill-fortune seemed to dog them. Both their parents died. Then Elsie married a young man who lived here. Lord bless you, the poor girl was a widow in no time. I'm speaking of Mrs. Drude."

"About the same time Alice—her sister—became engaged to another local boy. He was killed in an accident. Well, Elsie stayed on, but Alice went away. I heard she married a wealthy man."

"Didn't Mr. Drude have a son?"

The innkeeper scratched his jaw and shook his head mysteriously.

"Between you and me and the gatepost," he said, "there are people who saw she didn't—that it was an adopted child."

"And then he died?"

The innkeeper gave a short laugh.

"Died as far as she was concerned, may be," he said. "He ran away from home some years ago, and got mixed up with a bad set."

"Perhaps he died since?"

"Not unless he did in the last week. He blew in here a week ago, and tried to get me interested in a company that was formed to produce plastic furniture or something.

"All I had to do was to buy five ten-bob shares, and my fortune was as good as made. Must have thought I was a mug. I reckon he wrote the darn prospectus himself. It was just his style of language."

"Have you got the prospectus?"

The innkeeper began to display suspicion, so McLean decided to save time, and produced his warrant. After that the prospectus appeared as if by magic. It gave the address of the company in London, and the name of the managing director. It was Robert E. Drude.

Two hours later McLean came face to face with Mr. Drude in a small, dingy office at the top of a tall building in the City.

He was quite young, but had a face like a ferret. McLean took him straight to Scotland Yard without telling him why. There his fingerprints were taken.

In a short time it was proved beyond doubt that the impressions on the piece of lattice work were his.

McLean sent Brook in the car to fetch Mrs. Prandom. "I want you to meet someone," he told her when she arrived.

Brook then fetched the detained man. McLean looked at Mrs. Prandom, and witnessed the tremendous effect upon her, which she was totally unable to conceal.

"Do you know this man, Mrs.

Prandom?" asked McLean.

"Y-yes," she almost whispered.

"Who is he?"

"He—he—"

"Well?"

"He's my son. He was illegitimate. His father was—killed in an accident. My sister took charge of him because—because I met the man I wanted to marry.

"I had to keep it secret. My whole future happiness was at stake. For years I contributed to his upkeep, and then, somehow, he got to know he was my son."

"And began to blackmail you?"

"I—I helped him financially."

"Did your husband discover the truth and stop your allowance?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see this man?"

"About a month ago, when I was in London. He wanted some money, and I told him I was unable to give him any."

"When I questioned you about the murder of your husband, didn't you realise this man might have been responsible? Your late husband's will makes you a rich woman, remember."

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried.

"He couldn't do that. I mean, I can't believe he was as bad as that."

She broke down and had to receive attention. All the time the murderer was scowling at her. Later, he denied everything.

"Poor fool," said McLean to Brook. "He doesn't even know why I took his finger-prints. But he will....."

PICTURES OF THE MOON

LUCIEN NERET

Not long ago, news agencies announced that the Soviet scientist Nicolai Kuprevich had obtained a televised picture of the moon. Stated in this way, the news appeared fantastic or, to say the least, very confusing. Could it mean that a TV camera had been landed on the moon, had taken pictures and transmitted them back to earth where they were picked up by Professor Kuprevich? The answer, of course, is no—at any rate, not yet! But Professor Kuprevich's experiment is well worth describing.

He told us about it in his laboratory at Pulkovo Observatory near Leningrad, where he was busy putting the finishing touches to a new TV receiver:

"It happened this way," he said. "One day in 1952, I was reading an American magazine when two photographs, printed side by side on the page, suddenly caught my eye. They both showed the same young woman. But whereas one was an ordinary photograph, the other had been taken by photographing the reproduction of the original shot transmitted by a camera onto a TV receiver screen. Yet, there could be no doubt about it, the picture taken by the television process was much more luminous, detailed and clear than the ordinary photograph.

"This gave me the idea of applying the process to astronomical photography. For some time past I had been grumbling bitterly about the difficulties we were having in getting decent photographs of the moon. The biggest photographs we had—obtained with an excellent telescope—were never more than 14 centimetres (about 5½ inches) in diameter. And even then, the enlargement had been obtained at the expense of luminosity, or precision in detail. You see, to accentuate the contrast between light and shade you have to increase exposure time; but this is often impossible due to atmospheric disturbances. The same thing would happen if you tried to photograph a tree on a very windy day: if the exposure time is long, the leaves of the tree will be invisible."

Nicolai Kuprevich was certain that television could provide an answer to his problem. But between his discovery of the two pictures in the American magazine and ultimate success lay years of research and experimentation.

A special camera had to be fitted to the eye-piece of a telescope, an iconoscope had to be built, then an amplification chain and, finally, a special receiver. But in January 1956 everything was ready, and the first pictures were taken with a small lens.

Today, a large telescope originally built for solar obser-

ventions is being used in this work, and the Russian scientists have been able to obtain photographs measuring 1.50 metres (nearly 5 feet) in diameter of the illuminated hemisphere of the moon, in which such details as craters, etc., stand out very clearly.

Alongside these pictures in Professor Kuprevich's laboratory was another set which seemed out of focus: "An unsuccessful experiment," he commented wryly. "I tried to take a photograph of the moon enlarged to a diameter of 5 metres (16 feet)...with not very satisfactory results, as you can see. I shall have to change my illumination amplifier, and that's very difficult."

Is Professor Kuprevich's method likely to influence future astronomical observations? It is difficult to say yet. But applied to lunar observations it should certainly provide important data on the moon's physical characteristics.

At the present time, many astronomers confess sad gaps in their knowledge with regard to the moon's relief. A few years ago, sensational articles appearing in the press spoke of large constructions which were said to have been observed on the face of the moon.

The facts are as follows: In August 1954, two British astronomers H. P. Wilkins and Patrick Moore perceived what they took to be a gigantic bridge spanning the *Mare Crisium*. Speaking on the BBC, Wilkins reported that its total length was about 18 miles:

that it stood at least 500 feet above the moon's surface on which it cast a shadow; and that it narrowed towards the centre, its width varying from about 1 to 2 miles.

Other observers have reported seeing lights in different parts of the moon. This fact is mentioned in the report of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain which organized permanent observations of the *Mare Crisium* over a three-year period.

As far back as 1826, the astronomer Gruithiser reported alignments of lights on the moon. These were so regular that he thought they might even be the streets of a town illuminated at night. But modern astronomy refutes this as pure fantasy. Speaking of the alignments, the famous British astronomer Fred Hoyle said that the brilliant streaks were probably jets of vitreous matter that had fused, projected by the same explosions which produced the neighbouring craters.

But the real object of such observations is not the quest for "selenites" or alleged moon-dwellers. The moon is a dead planet, with no water, atmosphere or vegetation; and it is being constantly bombarded by meteorite and the sun's ultraviolet rays. What astronomers are interested in today is the moon's geological characteristics some of which are undoubtedly similar to those of the earth. So similar in fact that some astronomers have put forward the theory that the moon broke away from the earth. Osmond Fischer and

later George Gamow have both said that the earth still bears the scar of this separation under the waters of the Pacific Ocean. But most scientists nowadays reject this hypothesis for reasons that are easy to understand. For example, Alexandro Davillier, a professor at the College de France, commented: "The volume of the (Pacific) Basin is 34 times smaller than that of the Moon, and the separation occurring at a period when the Earth was completely molten could not have left a scar."

Fred Hoyle, for his part, believes that the Earth and the Moon were formed very close together; while Vladimir Krat, head of the astrophysics department of Pulkovo Observatory, shares a similar view. "The Moon," he says, "was formed separately from the Earth, but at approximately the

same distance from the Sun as our own planet."

Viewed in this light the Moon is perhaps not a satellite of the Earth, but a "twin-sister" planet. And when the era of interplanetary travel opens it is likely to become a kind of "suburb of the earth", for its relative closeness by interplanetary standards only, about 240,000 miles, will make it an ideal stepping-off place for spaceships bound for far distant destinations. The first men to land on the moon will probably find nothing there but silence, dust and desolation; but with their weight reduced to one-sixth of what it is on earth, they will be able to rush around at the speed of an express train. When that time comes, the television camera will surely reveal some very strange pictures of the moon.

Truth is impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

He who talks much of his happiness summons grief.

The man who lives for himself is unworthy to live.

If you want good advice consult an old man.—A Portuguese saying.

In the world, who knows not to swim goes to the bottom.

Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience.

Pleasure often has a sting in its tail.

Punctuality is the soul of business.

He who swells in prosperity, shrinks in adversity.

Marriage has many pains but celibacy has no pleasures.—Johnson.

THE LAW OF GOD

What is the role of the sastras in our lives? By way of an answer Jagadguru Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati Swamigal of Sringeri relates the following story*:

A person who had not much faith in God was once passing through a forest in the hot sun. He felt very much tired and laid himself down in the shade of a big banyan tree. He noticed its branches reaching far into the skies and noticed at the same time how small its fruits were. He thought: "Even the tiny creeper of the sweet gourd yields a fruit very big in size. While so, how much bigger the fruit of this expansive tree must reasonably be? If there were a God and if He had the slightest intelligence,

would He have given such a big fruit for so small a creeper as that of the sweet gourd and such a small fruit for so big a tree as the banyan tree?" With this soliloquy he sank into slumber till a few minutes later he was awakened by the falling of a few banyan fruits on his body. His thoughts immediately changed and he said to himself: "Aha! If God had given this tree fruits proportionate to its size, my head and other limbs would have been crushed and broken by the fall of the fruits and I must have immediately succumbed. Evidently God knew that people like myself may resort to the tree for rest and shade and has therefore ordained that it must bear only small fruits!"

Similarly there are many things which are beyond the comprehension of our intellects. It is not therefore possible with the aid of our intellects to find out or determine the nature of Dharma, the Law of God. Our intellects cannot by themselves decide what action is good and what action is bad. That is why the Sastras have taken upon themselves the function of telling us what is good and what is not.

* From *The Call of the Jagadguru* by Sri R. Krishnaswami Aiyar, M. A., B.L., published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. (Price Rs. 4). In the course of a foreward Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar says: "The late Jagadguru was a truly evolved being and an authentic seer who lived and taught always in sight of his Master. In my experience, there have been two persons, Jagadguru Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati Swamigal and Venkataramana Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai who, whilst in this world, most unmistakably dwelt in the Unseen."

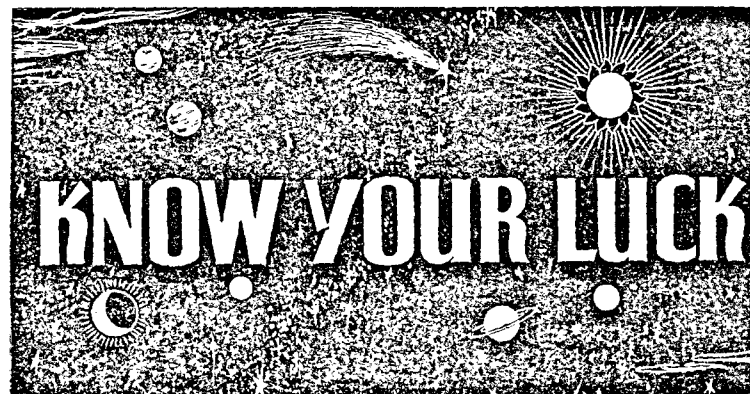
Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.

Religion is the best armour, but the worst cloak.

Time and thinking tame the strongest grief.

He that swims in sin shall sink in sorrow.

A buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.



P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

This month's planetary move

Aswani presages an admixture of both good and bad influences in the course of the month.

One main factor to your credit is that Guru is transiting through your Saptama house reducing your troubles to the minimum. In the first half Mangal and Rahu may offer opposition and delay in your undertakings, since Surya also is coursing through the 8th house forming a conjunction on the 9th December. Avoid any investment, financial dealings and rupture at home or outside near about the 9th. Second half onwards Mangal enters the 8th house. Being in his own house he may do something unusually good to you in your outside activities. Sudden gain through others in the business is envisaged. A distant journey may be undertaken during this month. Where conversation leads to friction and

quarrel you had better withdraw from further discussion. Your general health is satisfactory but your wife's health may be disturbed during this month. One of your sons will come up well. Financially the month indicates better, convenience than before. Sukra, the lord the second and 7th houses, should step up all pecuniary aids for implementation of your projected plans. A woman may be said to be at the helm of affairs in a few cases. Mangal & Sukra in kendra reveals some emotional flare-ups besides some romantic adventures. Officially this is a better month. Merchants will do well in their speculation. Though there may be apparent financial pressure they will soon overcome the same and gain huge profits.

3, 6, 8, 11, 16, 18, 24, 26, 31 are good days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary line-up augurs well

for your general success in spite of annoyances, inconveniences, and troubles through near and dear relations and outside agencies. Your lord Sukra is coursing through the 9th house but held under check by the malefic aspects of Sani and Mangal particularly in the first half. Therefore your aspiration will have some unexpected set backs. Second half is more favourable when Mangal enters the 7th house. The solar course through the 8th house in the 2nd half may cause you mental unrest, disturbed relationship temporarily with others around you and some unexpected accusation as well against you. A distant journey may ensue. The two malefics in the 7th house may make it easy for you to run a life of least resistance in spite of temporary set backs. Businessmen will do well either by taking a partner or by doing new business. Financially heavy fluctuation may result but may not inconvenience you to your detriment. Some important ceremony may occur during this month. Favour of a rich man or a high official is envisaged. Treatment to parents should be unusually kind and sympathetic lest you should suffer. A legal case which is already there from last month is expected to take a new turn during this month. Avoid house move in this month. Officially you may gain some departmental favour. Merchants will be unusually speculative and gain more through foreign business.

3, 8, 16, 18, 20, 24, 31 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI.

Planetary line up envisages greater predominance of benefic influence during this month. Guru in the 5th and your ruler in the 7th are favourable signifiers of your successful enterprises and moral courage. They indicate your professional ambition and attitude for greater security with probably radical changes. Guru is your star turn during this month as he occupies the stimulating and compelling sector from your rasi. The solar course may cause you some annoyances here and there in the first half but will push you to the forefront in the second half. Mangal also enters the 6th house in the second half of the month. His position in his own house aspecting the 12th house and your rasi may bring about something unexpected by way of troubles, financially and physically. But ere long you will find that he has given you ample encouragement and persuasion to go on with your undertakings to a satisfactory goal. Fear of health is indicated since he is the lord of the disturbed health. Urine patients and other chronic sufferers may be worried during this month. They may suffer acutely for a few days. Financially first half is better than the second. You may have to raise a temporary hand loan for your commitments. Any court case had better be postponed. Domestically this

month may prove better than the last. Marriage problem, if any, may be solved more successfully. Merchants will be lucky during this month. Partnership fares well. Foreign business is found encouraging, 5, 9, 11, 16, 18, 24, 25, 27, 30, 31 are good days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

The solar course through the 6th house coupled with benefics in angles as well as swakshetra conditions of Mangal reveals general improvement of your position as well as congenial relationship established with the surroundings. These positions make you popular in your surroundings and socially active. Problems like house-move, construction of buildings or better house amenities besides vehicular happiness in the case of a few will be overwhelming your mind as to the solutions. In these the planets may offer some setback in the beginning but bring about the desired accomplishment ere long. Financially this is a more favourable month with generous help from sympathetic quarters when need be. Planets in the 5th will cause you greater anxiety and some satisfaction as well by the end of the month as to the problem of one of your sons. It may be that in a few cases the birth of a son that is indicated. Officially this is a favourable month. You will enjoy the confidence of your master. You may have special favours conferred on you if your horoscope

indicates it. Planets in the 5th and 6th may not signify good health in the beginning. There may be stomach trouble owing to the disturbed condition of your system. Avoid all that leads to gastric trouble. Merchants will be successful in their speculative ventures. Mangal in the 5th may make them optimistic in their speculations leading to some unexpected loss. Partnership is favoured much by the planets.

6, 9, 11, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25, 30 and 31 are good days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary configuration does not presage a happy time of it for you particularly in the first half. Planets are ill disposed towards you including the major ones like Guru and Sani. Your ruler Surya coarsing through the 4th house is not happy when conjoint with him on the 9th of December. Some disappointment or misunderstanding is awaiting you. A house move may in some cases be the central point for consideration. Second half may be more favourable when Mangal enters the 4th house. The house problem then becomes all the more keen here and change of residence or investment on land or house may be envisaged. Health problem may not be happy. People who are already suffering will get worse in the month. Domestic quarrel may be minimised by avoiding unnecessary friction, irritation and excitement over trifles. Marriage

problem, if any, may be considered more favourably in the second half, though the actual marriage function may be postponed to the next month. Officially you may not be able to achieve your cherished object owing to disruptive planetary tendencies. Avoid misunderstanding with the higher-ups. Financially the month is rather inconveniently felt. Budha, the lord of the second house, is retrograding and some of your financial plans may therefore get some setback. You may also get unexpected money indirectly in the course of the month. Merchants will not do well during this month. There will be heavy loss as a result of speculation.

3, 8, 11, 18, 21, 25, 26, 30 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary positions radiate greater benefic results over your affairs during this month. The entry of Guru in the 2nd house raises the tempo of your financial affairs and brings about, cheerful surroundings in which you will have no grouse in financial operations. The planets in the 3rd house are favourably configured for the success of your undertakings. The aspect of Saturn to Sukra will help you to reach your cherished goal. The lord of wealth Sukra is in the 5th house making the financial matter easy and convenient. Mangal's aspect might cause sudden expenditure items beyond your control.

¼ Uttara-phalgun
Hashta and
¼ Chitra

your rasi already occupied by other malefics Mangal, Rahu and Neptune. This combination may not be calculated to improve your conditions around you already surcharged with disturbing elements effecting your mind and body. The two fiery planets, Guru and Mangal,

Rash financial dealings are indicated in the second half also when great care in its management is necessary. Domestically second half may be slightly better. Investment on land or house or even a house move may be proposed during this month. Officially there is encouragement. Change of job or improvement therein is indicated in the second half. The aspects of malefics to the 9th house lord Sukra will mean that your boss might get slightly prejudiced against you. Avoid therefore all discussions with your boss. One of your children will claim your special attention. Eye sight may be affected in the case of eye patients. Second half may be more favourable for them. Merchants will be speculatively inclined more than before. This is not a good month for partnership concerns. Financial differences and difficulties will arise in the course of the month. Foreign market is not encouraging.

3, 6, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 24, 25, 30, 31 are favourable days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

During this month another benefic planet viz., ¼ Chitra Swathi and ¼ Vishaka Guru, very impulsive, galvanic in habits and temper has joined your rasi already occupied by other malefics Mangal, Rahu and Neptune. This combination may not be calculated to improve your conditions around you already surcharged with disturbing elements effecting your mind and body. The two fiery planets, Guru and Mangal,

generate extra heat in the body making you excited over trifles and your near relations like brothers and sisters. First half is not favourable for your mental peace while the second half helps the abatement of destructive conditions in the family life. Mangal here enters his own rasi in the second half denoting your firmness in family circle. Mangal and Sani being enemies should warn you against your unreasonable attitude in all differences at home and outside circles. Money may come to you more easily and go away more quickly too. Here is a period where economy of conservative character counts much in your favour. Married couple may find it hard to adjust between themselves while the unmarried may crave for marriage. Financially second half is better. Expenditure is seen increasingly high. Money may come suddenly in the second half. The aspect of Sukra to the 10th house promises official favours. Your work will involve greater responsibility than before. Your colleagues are not true to you. Do not depend on them. Merchants will be luckier in the second half. More money will be gained in the course of their business leading to opening of branches etc., in a few cases. Place of business also may change.

2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 11, 16, 17, 18, 24, 25, 30 are better days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary configuration does

not sound favourable during this month. Planets portend a crucial period where your work plans and money affairs are concerned. Great care is to be exercised in weighing and judging the situations before you do anything. They indicate that you need the support and team work of co-workers during this month. Guru is transiting the 12th house along with malefics causing you not a little anxiety, annoyances, and inconvenient position. The lord of the 2nd, Guru, in the 12th indicates heavy expenditure or financially involved position in a few cases over affairs beyond your control. The coursing of Surya through your janma rasi brings about a new orientation of life's plan for the future in the first half itself. About the 9th of December you are cautioned to be very prudent, peaceful and patient lest there should be disruption in your surroundings under circumstances beyond your control. Second half may prove slightly better and you may succeed in facing the situation more courageously than before. Your ruler then enters his own house which happens to be your rasi and so in spite of incongruent surroundings you have an upper hand over them more than before. Still it is not advantageous for you to flare up against conditions of life overwhelming you at home and outside. Domestically you may not be happy. Wife's health may be disturbed or she may be quarrelsome. Your mother

¼ Vishaka,
Anuradha,
& Jeshta

also may not be helpful to you. Officially second half is better. Not much gain is envisaged. Businessmen may not hope to gain from their speculative ventures.

2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31 are better days.

● DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

Planetary positions radiate greater hopes of prosperity and financial conveniences than before.

Moola, Poorvashada, Uttarashada
Surya passing through the 12th house along with Saturn, the lord of the wealth, may not prove beneficial to you regarding your connection with higher ups, elders or parents, if any. There may be unpleasant relationship with your near relations regarding financial affairs. Second half may prove better in this regard. Guru in the 11th house along with others is something of a rebel and galvanic in his manner of life. Being in the 11th sector he will certainly cause an upsurge of optimism and desire for self assertion and patriotism and popularity in the sphere of your activity. More friends are seen rallying round you in spite of oppositions and difference of opinion against you prevailing during the month. Financially second half promises greater convenience. Domestically second half registers improvement. Social life is happier. One of your children will claim your satisfaction in the first half. Another child may cause you much anxiety about his affairs of health or education. Heavy

expenditure is in store for you during this month. Avoid excitement in financial matters and in your treatment of your relations in the second half. Officially second half promises your boss's favour. Lord of your 10th house Budha being retrograde till the 5th of January your expectation in official life will be postponed towards the last week of this month, when that planet becomes direct. Merchants will be lucky during this month. There may be differences in financial matters amongst partners. Foreign business will pay them well.

3, 6, 8, 11, 15, 16, 24, 25, 30 are good days.

● MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Planetary map envisages greater predominance of influences at work during this month, particularly in the first half. The solar course through the 11th house during the first half affirms happy social life, new friendships, patronage of higher-ups, profitable projects, new avenues of income, happy domestic life and a profitable journey. Guru in the 10th house marks an accent on your profession and brings you in touch with bigger men who will advance your interest in life. You will move in high circle and your position will make you feel impulsive to do something highly individualistic which is calculated to extend your professional or business career along a new or unexploited line. If you

have been waiting for a really appealing opportunity to come along your way here is the month for you. Careerwise this month may prove a boom period. Sukra and Mangal will enable you to profit by your contact with friends and admirers. Saturn or Sani is in a stimulating sector so as to enable you to profit by the old associations and friends. Financially this month will prove more lucky. Lending or borrowing will not be safe during this month as it may cost a rift between friends. Merchants will be lucky during this month. Their business will have an onward trend. Partnership may be undertaken anew.

5, 6, 8, 11, 15, 18, 20, 24, 31 are better days.

● KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

First half of this month may

not be so favourable to you. Great care should be exercised when dealing with elders.

With patience you can make it easy to move in high society and raise your stature. Planets in the 9th will set you thinking about your future welfare. Correspondence will prove advantageous. A near relation of yours may offer you a helping hand in your undertakings. You may also be impelled to help your relations. Saturn in the 10th is seeking a high position for you before February if he has not already helped you. The position of Guru advances your interest financially, socially and officially.

High expenditure is indicated in the first half, on account of malefic aspects of Sani and Mangal. But much of your money will be well spent on account of Sukra's position in the 12th house. Investment will not be good or propitious during this month. Domestically you may not be as happy as you wish to be. A journey is indicated. You may go on a pilgrimage. Avoid unpleasant discussions lest it should lead to unpleasantness in the second half. Mangal in the 10th with Saturn may cause excessive heat in the body causing rheumatic complaint. Merchants will be lucky in the 2nd half. New business will be attempted in the second half. Partnership will succeed well. Foreign business will be more lucrative.

3, 8, 9, 11, 16, 18, 30, 31 are better days.

● MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary alignment has a change in a major planet viz. Guru now in the astama rasi. There was already congestion of malefic planets in the 8th house causing you irritation, general ill health, disappointment in your outlook of life and fear complex. The entry of Guru now into his house should be reckoned with and he will give you relief from the past depressing tendency as stated before. The solar course in the 9th house in the first half may give you some anxiety with regard to your relationship with elders. His position in the 10th house and in relation to Guru in the

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8th house should help you to gain your cherished views which have received a setback because of your enemies. The two malefics, Neptune and Rahu, coupled with Mangal also in the 8th house till the first half may threaten a fear complex in you. Sukra's position is gainful in respect of your social life, finance and extra money gained through correspondence. Your general health may cause you some anxiety during this month. A distant journey is indicated. Financially this month offers greater conveniences. Undue anxiety and pressure in financial matters may be experienced in the first half.

Your parents' attitude will change more favourably towards you from the second half. Elders will take a special liking for you. Your ruler Guru in the 8th house along with malefics indicate that you are like a fish out of water, struggling hard in spite of all the luck's favour to you in your surroundings. Merchants will find foreign business more lucky than before. Financially they will bag more money in the second half. Partnership may work under strain and stress in the first half only.

3, 5, 8, 11, 16, 18, 25, 27, 30, 31 are good days.

HAIR COLOURS

"Will you love me when I'm old and grey, darling?" queried a glamorous wife as she reclined on the sofa.

"Yes," came the bored voice of her husband. "I've loved you through three other colours."

"It's a pity that Bert has the idea he's a wit," remarked a man to his friend.

"Yes," replied the friend, "he's only half right."

A NEW ONE

A Scotsman was about to propose. He held up a box containing a diamond ring. "Alice," he said, "I've got this on approval. D'ye think I ought to start the payments on it?"

"Your husband, madam," said a doctor, "is suffering from voluntary inertia."

"Poor, dear Robert," came a rather dazed reply. "And I accused him of being lazy."

"Surely it's unusual for the bride's mother to go on the honeymoon?" queried Myrtle of her friend at a wedding the two girls were attending.

"Yes, but she needs the rest after the struggle she's had to get her daughter, Jean, married."

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