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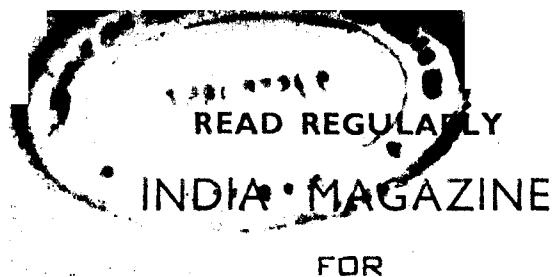
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INDIA MAGAZINE

Leading National Monthly

VOLUME II { OCTOBER 1957 { No. 8

CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

THE crisis in the Middle East—the battle royal for oil between the Western World and the Eastern—is deepening day by day and it looks more certain than otherwise that the war clouds may burst sooner than later, as both sides seem adamant and are determined to reach a conclusion through the arbitrament of arms and aggression which the U.N.O. is obviously designed to prevent. The U.N.O. is a nullity so far as the Big Powers are concerned and that this is the case was proved beyond a shadow of doubt, when Britain and France, with the connivance of Israel, invaded the Suez Zone in November 1956 or Russia's superimposition in Hungary. History may repeat itself and when it eminently suits the Big Powers, they will with no qualms of conscience follow the dictum that might is right. Any false step taken in the Middle East by one nation or another may precipitate war which may be more devastating and terrible than the first two global wars put together. But there is one saving grace in an otherwise hopeless situation and that is that the East, no less than the West, is in possession of deadly nuclear weapons and the knowledge of this war-potential might act as a deterrent to war. But as against this, it must be admitted that human selfishness generally outruns the narrow path of prudence and seeks to try conclusions even with superior force, irrespective of consequences, either to itself or to the world at large.

In Syria things are moving with lightning rapidity and there is no point in disguising the fact that the American movement of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean towards the Syrian coast and the massing of the Turkish armoured troops on the western side of Syria presage for war, while the air-lift of American arms to Jordan to the east of Syria can mean only one thing and that is that the situation is so explosive that normal channels of supply would not suit a grave emergency as the one that exists in Syria. America asserts that "the Russian *Block Arms* are found inside Syria and this is not necessary for its defence", and unless wiser counsels prevailed with the policy makers in the U.S.A., the devil will take its ugly course, disturbing the peace of the World.

As against this grim spectacle of war, there are three weighty pronouncements which America may be advised to respect and retrace its warlike activities in the face of growing opposition to its mistaken leadership in the Middle East. The first is from our Prime Minister. Nehru says, "Russia is a geographical factor on the border of Syria and any amount of American sentiment cannot wash away this factor." This is a direct challenge to the American doctrine that "Russia will not be allowed to penetrate into the Middle East." Secondly there is the Egyptian, Saudi Arabian and Russian warnings to America, "not to interfere in Syria." Col. Nasser, the President of Egypt, has gone to his utmost limit and uttered a grave warning that "Attack on Syria would be an attack on the entire Arab world." He has pledged to Syria his "unconditional help" with all his resources. It might be American calculation that Egypt's, and for the matter of that, the entire Arab world's resources could not stand before the mighty and inexhaustible resources of U.S.A. That way thought Hitler and America knows what penalty he had to pay for his dreamy miscalculations. Let us hope President Eisenhower, the winner of the Second World War, will be wiser and face the realities of the catastrophic situation.

Nor can America be sure that Britain and France will support it, if it enters the field against Syria and Russia in the Middle East. France is involved neck deep in Algeria and it is pure speculation whether French participation in any future war will be of any substantial help to its partners. British position is no more strong and assuring. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the leader of the British Labour Party, says that the "dollar gap between America and the rest of the world is probably more serious than events in Syria or elsewhere in the Middle

Current Comments

GANDHIJI'S BIRTHDAY :

On the 2nd of October every year the people of India and the enlightened world celebrate the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi and recount his great and varied services to the nation and the world. The best of all his contributions is of course the attainment of freedom from foreign bondage. He is rightly styled as the Father of the Nation. But no less great and superbly magnificent was his gospel of truth and non-violence which he insisted upon being observed both by the individual and the nation. In a world surcharged with Godless and bloody materialism and want of faith in things of the spirit, Gandhiji spiritualised politics and his evening prayer meetings bore witness to the fact that when politics is guided by truth and non-violence, the people are metamorphosed into something higher, nobler and more transcendental than before. It was no wonder that Mahatma Gandhi was able to create heroes out of common clay.

Men no less than women became embodiments of virtue and acquitted themselves as matchless warriors for liberty

and owing to the inspiration of Gandhiji they rose to the height of any occasion, risking their all and counting no sacrifice as too great for them. Position, power, and pelf had no fascination for them and they cultivated an abiding faith so ably preached by our leader that service to the "Daridra-Narayan"—(poor man) was the highest form of worship to God. No wonder, Gandhiji's leadership took the people from success to success till they made the mightiest Imperial Power quit our lands leaving us masters of our soil. After Gandhiji left us, we seem to be a fallen nation, unlearning all his beautiful gospels and becoming steeped in vices which no spiritual democracy can tolerate. In the ensuing Gandhi day celebrations, let all Indians rededicate itself to love and service of the nation, irrespective of caste, creed or religion, than which, according to the Mahatma, there can be no higher consummation to be devoutly wished for.

NO MILITARY ACTION

Our National Flag is flying aloft in all its

majestic grandeur and is certainly striking terror into the breasts of possible mischief-makers except Portugal. Goa border incidents are mounting and the Portuguese troops are firing into the Indian territory with perfect impunity. Quite a furore was caused in the Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha by the Communist members who put searching questions on the subject and elicited categorical answers from our Premier Shri Nehru and Mrs. Lakshmi Menon, the Deputy Minister for External Affairs. Shri Hiren Mukerji asked ;

"If in view of the repeated violation of international law and morality by Portuguese troops, the Government would seriously contemplate any action other than registering protests?"

Nehruji replied, "If the suggestion is that military action should be taken, the answer is in the negative."

Shri Hiren Mukherji would not allow the matter to stop there. He was for taking some positive action to put an end to the Portuguese shooting inside our border. He persued:

"The Prime Minister told the other day that the Government was surprised at other Powers supporting Portuguese colonisation in India. Will he take up the matter at least contacting countries of the British Commonwealth

at diplomatic level, especially when he said that the Indian nationals were involved and they were in Portuguese prisons?"

The Prime Minister said, "Yes, the matter would be taken up with Britain and other members of the Commonwealth who may be in a position to exercise some influence."

We wish Nehruji revises his Portuguese policy which is ineffective to safeguard national honour and to stop the warlike activities of a tiny foreign country on our border. Contacting the British Commonwealth countries on this matter, we need hardly say, is not going to be of any use to us, since Portugal is a member of the NATO organization and hence bound to get all the help it could from Britain. Nehruji knows that but for the secret inspiration it gets from the other Powers, Portugal will not at all wag its little tail against a mighty elephant like India. One can't say that our Goa policy is either strong or effective to vindicate our national honour.

* * *

NO RETALIATION!

In the Rajya Sabha a Communist M. P. Shri Bhupesh Gupta asked whether the Indian special Reserve Police had been given orders to return fire. On behalf of the Government Mrs. Lakshmi

Menon replied: "It is not Government's policy to return shot for shot. The fire was not returned as there were no casualties."

This reply was really exasperating and Shri Kishan-chand (P.S.P.) pertinently pointed out that when the Pakistanis had fired into the Indian territory in the past, the border police had been instructed to return the fire. He wanted to know why the same procedure was not adopted in respect of the Portuguese. The Deputy Minister for External Affairs confessed, "I am unable to answer the question."

Shri B.K.P. Sinha (Congress) asked whether foreigners were free to shoot into Indian territory and no action would be taken unless there were casualties.

The Chairman came to the Government's rescue and ruled out further questions. But it is as clear as day light that public opinion will not be satisfied with such halting and vacillating replies given by Mrs. Lakshmi Menon.

PAKISTAN'S DEBT:

It is good to hear that the Indian Finance Minister Shri T.T. Krishnamachari has accepted Pakistani Finance Minister's suggestion that the

two ministers should meet to discuss the outstanding Indo-Pakistan financial issues. According to a statement made by Shri T.T.K. in the Lok Sabha, not less than Rs. 300 crores is due from Pakistan to India as Partition debt. Pakistan agreed to pay this sum in 50 instalments. The first instalment fell due on 15-8-1952. The sum already overdue from Pakistan on these instalments is said to be over 50 crores. The overburdened tax-payer in India will be grateful to Shri T.T.K. and Nehruji if both put forth their best efforts and try to collect all foreign dues and dues from tax evaders in India, before devising new and strange ways of taxation to implement the Second Five Year Plan.

RE-PHASING OF PLAN:

Our leaders from the Prime Minister downwards asserted with one voice and accent that no revision of the Second Five Year Plan was possible and that it should be implemented as drafted. The public were further warned that the whole plan would topple down and that disaster would overtake us, if any attempt were made to reduce the cost of the Plan. Not all the sincere pleadings of our Prime Minister and surely not all the blandishments of the other Ministers and whips of the ruling party could silence the public demand that the

Second Five Year Plan should be re-phased so as to bring it within the capacity of the people. Now, the expected miracle has happened.

The cost of the Second Five Year Plan, according to a statement made by the Indian Finance Minister, would be reduced by 700 crores of rupees, that is from Rs. 5,500 crores to 4,800 crores which was, by the way, the original figure. Let us all thank our Central Government for the fine regard they displayed for public opinion. Let us hope also that further probing and re-phasing of the plan will result in appreciable economy.

T. T. K.'s MISSION TO U. S.

According to a reported statement of the correspondent of the "New York Times", our Prime Minister Nehru seeks a loan of 50 to 60 crores of dollars from the United States of America to help solve the present foreign exchange difficulties. Shri

T. T. K. our Finance Minister is going to America to negotiate the loan. It remains to be seen how far the U. S. is going to help India to tide over its exchange crisis. The U. S. will only be too willing to advance the loan, provided we agree to import all the capital goods we want for the Second Five Year Plan from America and have no truck with Russia. But, all the world knows that Nehruji is against accepting any loan or aid with "strings attached to it." Let us wait and see. But the irrepressible enthusiast that our Finance Minister is, he is quite confident that, as he is visiting countries which are friendly to India, he would succeed in his mission. He has a good Press in America. He is hailed as Sir Stafford Cripps (British Chancellor) of India. He is praised as the best Finance Minister. We wish him God speed. But it is better to be less confident and more overcautious, because often times we are disappointed and betrayed with a kiss.

—V. N. R.

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CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST—EDITORIAL *Continued.*

East." This is a portent which should influence America's ultimate decision to try conclusions in Syria. For if Britain does not join the war with America against Syria and Russia, there will be a big split in the Western front, which will surely isolate America and expose it to adverse criticism of the world. Will America look before it leaps?



Journey's END

ALONG the road walked a man—an emaciated man bowed in the shoulders faded in general aspect, holding by the hand a baby on whose face the sharp pinch of poverty was plainly discernible. Before them stretched the long laborious road, dry, empty and white. It was quite open to the grassy treeless plain on each side and bisected that vast emerald surface like a parting line on a head of dark hair, diminishing and bending away on the furthest horizon. "Father" said the little child plaintively. "Tell me, where are we going".

"Into the world of blessings my child", he replied putting on an air of mirthful gaiety which his starving hungry self was far from feeling.

"I am feeling hungry. Won't you give me bread to eat," asked the girl.

His countenance took on a hopeless expression as he hesitated what he should do or say for throughout the long weary and worried day he had begged and begged but had received no alms—not a single juice or a bit of bread even. From door to door, street by street he had begged food, food in deed, he had heard the sardonic remark from many a lip. His voice

was faint with the weariness of desperation so tired was he. And holding to his hand the tiny mite muttered the soft complaint "I am so hungry." At one house he broke down and while tears traced the hollows of his cheeks implored "Sir, we are fainting of hunger. If not for me give at least to my little child here." "But my good man" came the commiserating reply, "I would be the first to help your child if I could. But you see I get barely enough for my needs and everything is so costly."

The chill night wind howled round the weary pair who still wandered along the streets on their fruitless quest.

By

LALITA RAJAMONI

"PAPA, I can't walk any further. Will

this road never end."

"This is the road to Destiny my child—it will never end." The baby gave a jerk to his finger. "It must end."

"Don't be disheartened my child—end it must. We must find a way out".

"But I'm so hungry and cold" Her teeth chattered as she spoke and the wind increased its vigour in scornful response. Holding her frail form close to him he moved to a brightly lit house from which the sounds of mirth

and feasting proceeded. To the man at the gate he made his appeal in pathetic tones. "Good man, I am starving for two days. Won't you give me food or pice? Pice, what pice? Has your father or grand-father kept any of it here?" said the man red with anger.

HE moved on this time not to any door in particular but in whatever direction his legs carried him. He knew not where to go "God" he prayed in despair. Can human being be so heartless? Wouldn't they help a poor little mite? The salty tears flowed freely down his cheeks in rivulets.

"Why brother" queried another man like him "Why are you weeping." He also looked poor, dirty and famished. But from his eyes flowed kindness and sympathy which he missed in those he met in fashionable homes. "It is my little daughter", he replied nodding towards the bundle in his arms now quiescent and drowsy with the drugged sleep of hunger, "she is starving. I've not been able to get her even a morsel of food from yesterday."

"I have a little food with me" said the other. "I procured it at a marriage feast. Take it and feed your child." Tears sprang in both their eyes, over the feeling of a common kinship of suffering

and pain and the injustice of a profligate world. He took the food and tried to wake the child. "What a surprise", he rejoiced, "it would be for the little one to see and partake of a real feast." There were bits of tasty delicacies that only a rich marriage feast would serve and which she would not have tasted before. "Baby, Baby", he called shaking the still silent child. "See what we have got! A real feast!"

THE elf did not stir. He took her hand. It was cold. He looked at her face. Her eyes were closed but her mouth smiled. The tired spirit had already fled towards its Maker free of earthly cares and hunger. The dear familiar face with its lovely eyes closed, looked so sweetly serene in its last long sleep. "My child, my child", the father wailed. A strange echo as if a spirit replied from some lofty heights repeated his cries to the mocking wind.

The night was advancing. It was dark everywhere, the rain descended in torrents. Clutching the dead child close, he stumbled towards a temple nearby. A small oil lamp was burning dim, the whole aspect was dark and gloomy. As his eyes grew accustomed to the interior, he muttered to himself. His heart torn with anguish and mortification. "O God what a state I am in. God, where is God? If He is here, could he see

one of His own creation suffer thus? God. Is there a God? No, no, all is false. All is nirage. Is there anything like God?

Just then his eyes getting used to the semi-light of the interior caught sight of the idol before him. The smell of flowers and incense was most inviting.

"Yes, yes it is God. There is God". His whole frame vibrated with intense joy as he felt he was in the presence of his deity. The flickering wick of the oil lamp threw back the shadow of the God Shiva dancing on the wall. The huge stony idol covered with leaves and flowers with its big silver eyes and silver crown sparkled in the gloom. The offering of his devotees lay in *thalis* at his feet.

THE beggar laid his inert burden down and crouched at the foot of the image. It was complete—a wonderful work of art and its eyes glowed. They glowed. They could see. They were human. They held his own with magic benevolence forcing him to look.

O Mahesamurti, he wept, Thou who art the

Three in One and One in Three, the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer can't Thou not translate theyself into flesh and blood and transport us hence to a Paradise where there is no disappointment?



As he gazed, that impassioned query of his was answered. Life seemed to be breathed into that image. His arms moved. His chest rose and fell and His voice boomed in his ears. "My son, you wanted me—I'm here—you wish to be taken where there are no regrets. Come! I shall take you."

HE stepped forward with hands outstretched and the whole shrine was filled with the blinding light of Shiva's presence, dazzling him. He had called to Him and He had responded.

The beggarman's trembling legs gave way beneath him and he fell forward. The weary expression on his face disappeared and gave place to a smile. Consciousness deserted him.

NEXT day there was seething excitement among the rich and holy. The dead bodies of a harijan man and girl were found at the feet of their God. It was a sacrilege. Their Gods had been grossly insulted.

But how could they know that for once the Gods had accepted an offering? **

"I Became Sherlock Holmes"

SOME day if you come to our College, you will find a skin of 'otter' besides the skins of tiger and leopard on the walls of the Biology laboratory. You may wonder how the otter-skin has found a place among the other ornamental skins. Some very strange incidents however, are related with that skin. It is more for its possessor's association with the College than its decorative ornamental value that it adorns one of the walls of Biology laboratory. The 'otter' had caused such a stir in our institution that for two months after it was killed there was no talk except that of the cunning animal. Instead of keeping you in suspense any-longer let me relate the incident.

As soon as I entered the staff-room on that Monday, the laboratory-assistant came running to me. He was slightly out of breath, more puzzled than worried and in

a hurry to tell me what he knew. All that I could gather from his broken sentences was that the curtains in the laboratory had been pulled down, torn to pieces and scattered all around. I followed him to the laboratory as fast a pace as decency permitted, wondering what actually had happened, and while we walked, I was rack-

BY

M. G. PARANJAPE

ing my brain to recall the methods that would have been applied by Sherlock Holmes in such a case.

I WAS eagerness itself when we stepped into the Biology laboratory which is farthest in a separate building called Science Block. The black curtains which were reported to have been destroyed were used to cover the big glass-

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paned windows when slides were shown with the epidiascope. A quick survey of the laboratory revealed that the almirahs containing preserved plants and animals, models and skeletons, chemicals and apparatus were standing at their places bolted and locked allright. What a relief that nothing had been taken away or tampered with! I was now free to focus my attention on the trouble in question—the black curtains. Yes, there they were lying helplessly on the tables torn into innumerable pieces.

A COLLEAGUE had by this time reached there (alas! not Watson), and having ascertained that everything except the curtains was in order we proceeded to examine the laboratory. The examination of curtains showed that those could have been torn with anything sharp. We looked for the foot-marks on the table (for only after standing on the table could one reach the curtains) but there were none. There was nothing else in this laboratory or in the adjacent laboratory which provided us with any clues. Having seen everything that was to be seen, we summoned the lab. boy to ask him a few questions.

The servant had only this to tell that he had as usual opened the lock, come in and seen the curtains lying at the

same place. The windows were bolted and he opened them. The door was properly locked and ventilators were fastened. He had not the least notion from where anyone could have entered. This short interview with him left us no wiser and the incident seemed inexplicable. Were some door or window found broken it would have been simple but as it was somebody seemed to have been spirited into the laboratory and taken out in the same fashion.

IN the mean time the Principal was informed who came there and went through all over again. In a matter of few minutes the incident was known to the whole college. Everyone wanted to get a first-hand information of what had happened and inspect the place personally. To everyone I had to relate the tale, as it was in my domain that the incident had happened. If we had a tape-recorder at that time, as we have now, I would have surely got my story recorded for the benefit of others as well as myself. But as it was, there was no escape and while my listeners heard the tale, I was dying to be alone to think on the puzzle. All asked me how someone had entered and why he had entered but that was what I wondered too!

Left alone I started to think. One thing was obvious and it was that someone did enter, because the curtains could not have torn themselves up. Some one had entered only to tear off the curtains was ridiculous to think. Then, was theft the motive? And the trespasser was forced to run away due to the sound of the feet of the night watchman. But how this intruder should have entered, unless he possessed a key to the main door because no other door, window or ventilator could have been opened from outside, and no method is yet known to the world to make an entry in a room possible through closed doors. So I asked the laboratory assistant a few questions about the keys only to learn that the keys had not left his possession when he was out-door and were at their place while he was at his home. But well, anyone might have taken an impression and got the duplicate made. And if it was so the person might try to enter the laboratory again. So the best thing was to wait and see.

But I did not have to wait

long. On the next Monday the excited laboratory assistant came running to me and reported that the epidiascope had been thrown off its table and was lying on the floor with a few things broken. We rushed to the laboratory and found out that the circumstances were very similar to those of the first incident. The doors, windows and ventilators were closed and there seemed to be nowhere through which an intruder could have come in. Again the whole college was stirred up with excitement and all started buzzing round the scene of incident. All tried to think of a befitting answer and once the flights of imagination were set loose a number of theories came forth. Some enthusiasts first offered their help to see in what position the epidiascope had originally been and in what direction the force must have been applied to let go the instrument tumbling down. They went so far as to calculate the force necessary to move the epidiascope from its place and whether that force could be applied only by men or also by women, children and domestic animals. Unfortunately they did not agree on a

thing, hence no possibility could be ruled out. Some said that such incidents led one to believe in ghosts while others were vehement in criticising the idea. Some one else added that the intruder seemed to have something against black, for its first victim, the curtains, were black and so was the epidiascope. Then, another gentleman pronounced that as the intruder did not take anything away it was perhaps some fellow who took pleasure in playing practical jokes on others. Some one else suggested that it could be an anarchist and yet another person said that as both the incidents happened on Sunday some intellectual seemed to have made it his pastime, for relaxation.

As soon as I was alone I started thinking again. Something was wrong somewhere. It couldn't be so simple as that. No one would play a practical joke on an educational institution and no one had possibly done it due to sheer hatred towards black things. What then the answer was! The criminologists say that every criminal does commit a mistake by which you can detect him. Where then, was the mistake and how did I happen to overlook it? Gong, Gong, Gong,

rang the bell and I was reminded that I had to deliver a lecture on the 'nervous system'. What an irony of fate! When I should have concentrated over the puzzle and found out a logical answer I had a class to teach.

NEVERTHELESS, I kept on thinking and after two days re-examined the scene of the incidents. This brought fruits as it was revealed that in the laboratory there was an outlet for water which was without a wireguage and which had a diameter of about five inches. Three days later it was reported that an 'otter', an animal resembling the wild cat, had been in the habit of poking his nose about the college building, and so a day later when it showed up again it was chased and killed.

It caused a greater commotion than the first two incidents for there was no one in the college who didn't come to see it. A good look at its powerfully built body and muscular limbs was enough to prove that it had done these misdeeds. The outlet for water had been its chosen entrance. For choosing the Biology laboratory to show his power and skill, he was later dissected and his anatomy, especially brain was shown to the Biology students and the skin was later hung on the wall, **

Deepavali: Festival Of Lights

[CONTRIBUTED]

HUMAN joy and sorrow express themselves in a variety of ways and in various degrees of subdued or surging forms. Festivals constitute an expression of man's joy born of religious significance, permeated with a social atmosphere. The soul of religion wears a mantle of the society, with the result, that a festival comes to stay not merely on account of its religious importance but also by its social glamour and absolutism. One of the most important of such Hindu festivals, is Deepavali—the 'Festival of Lights'. Hinduism is a religion of the broadest catholicity and accommodates 'idol worship' for objective worship and 'Atma chintana' for subjective meditation. Both are deemed to be two sides of the same coin; the highly evolved souls practice the subjective meditation and the number is a minority. The majority of the masses, follow the 'objective worship' and to them festivals, are often reminders of a 'divine walk of life' with a spell and

fear of the religious and mythological elements, enveloping them. Feasting and gaiety are added to them, with a view to make it more appealing, for regular and devoted performance, for after all human nature is what it is, yearning for sumptuous and delicious food, combined with fun and frolic, on every happy occasion of religious or social importance. Indeed festivals are there in Hinduism, with an educative value, imparting principles of discipline, sanity, austerity and charity. A little deep thinking would reveal these factors, to any one, lying concealed in the performance of every festival, from same angle or other.

The Festival of Lights, known as 'Deepavali' in the south and 'Diwali' in the north, is indeed a festival, implying many intrinsic principles of religious conspicuousness and social significance. It has come to stay as a festival of great national importance, for it is observed from Kashmir to

Cape Comerin, from Karachi to Calcutta, in other words, throughout the breadth and length of the great Indian sub-continent, with great favour, eclat, almost on certain fundamental grounds of religion, with small variations in social conduct and significance from province to province.

Deepavali is truly a national festival and a festival 'Par Excellence' as it brings throughout the country, 'kith and kin' together separated by distance and various—pre-occupations, at old family houses. The newly-weds, particularly, the son-in-laws have a good time in the father-in-law's homes, with costly presents of clothing and jewellery thrust into their hands by entreaties 'for man and wife' concerned. Friends too meet to exchange gay and grave thoughts and presents and join in the merry making. In the month of October, when close upon harvest, peace and plenty permeate all over the land, the majestic and spectacular festival of lights, create scenes, where in faces mirror, the visible and moving expressions of consummate joy. The Deepavali season is one of sumptuous eating, and drinking too in the lower strata where prohibition does not hold its sway, of hilarious playing, often between the newly weds, of warm days and pleasant nights with the

colourful chorus of laughter of children in new clothes as they play with fire works, and elders as they rejoice, to the tune of their own fancy, shooting forth of a festive mood. The joy reaches its highest ebb. Not only is it confined to homes, but it stretches its palm, to patronize dramatic shows, music concerts, dance recitals, all conducted specially for the occasion, which are thrilling sights, in which the art, music, culture and literature of a great people combine, to form a lovely and unique form of enjoyment. This Festival of Lights, is indeed a most appealing picturesque, national festival where in "more is meant than that which meets the eye."

What then, is the religious significance governing this festival. What is meant, more by implication, than by manifestation.

Into a world of chaos and darkness, all emerging forth due to tyranny reigning supreme, on the dreadful and devastating rule of the monstrous and wicked, without moral scruples—the festival of lights is a symbol of triumph over the tyrant and a hall-mark of having established moral principles and hence peace and justice. And as the festival comes with great appeal and spectacle, both religious and social, it is an annual reminder of "good

conduct" to the participants, whose breach would imply disaster and misfortune. This indeed is the psychological-um-philosophical interpretation behind the festival. This truth has been effectively and most beautifully brought forth in the legend attached to religion regarding the 'Festival of Lights.' This psychological element works unconsciously into the observance of the festival by the people.

In mythological times, i.e. in very ancient times, long before history could claim, dates and data, there reigned a demon king by name Narakasura, over the world, whose ideal was to perpetuate, loot, arson, murder, horror and bloodshed. He directed his unbridled, raging, horror against the innocent and pious with more volcanic caprice. Even 'devatas' or angels in heaven were never spared. People at large were torn and trampled down in cold-blood and filth. "The cold blade" as against the warm human heart," ruled the land remorselessly. Horror rocked the skies. World seemed a 'bubble in his hands.'

The devatas unable to bear his continuous and overwhelming torture implored Lord Krishna's mercy in 'Vaikunta'. Then Satyabhama, his consort, was beside him. She too was much moved. Like a lioness she sprang

to her feet, with red hot vengeance, to put down Narakasura. Husband and wife i.e. Krishna and Satyabhama, faced Narakasura in the battle with perennial strength and valour. Satyabhama, assisted her Lord, with all her resources of valour, strength, tact and confidence. The day was won. Narakasura lost the battle. The world rang with a joy, unprecedented. Narakasura died, in the battle, just a day before new moon. Hence his death was recorded according to Hindu almanac on "Aswayuja Bahula Chathurdasi". And even to this day it is same i.e. coming on that day in the month of October. Next day after the death of Narakasura, the Victors, Krishna and Satyabhama, were gloriously led into the city by the people and great reverence was paid to them. Next to express their ecstatic joy at the demise of the demon king Narakasura, they lighted rows of lamps on the parapet walls of their houses and decorated their homes with designs of lights, in rows and sounds. All the streets of the city was illuminated with colourful lights. They exploded ammunition in safe places and indulged in

fire-works of a varying range—all to express their jubilation over the death of the Demon Narakasura. In short they devised a festival, to celebrate and rejoice the death of Narakasura.

The significant religious text behind this festival lies in the fact, of "triumph over evil and reclamation of righteousness, peace and justice". To this day these observances continue with varying minute difference. "The spirit of the festival is kept alive through ages." On the day of Deepavali which is also known as 'Narakachaturdasi day' in every Hindu home, all the members take good oil bath in the morning and then dress themselves in their best new clothes. Then they resort to a sumptuous breakfast of delicious varieties. The day is observed with great éclat and pomp by the rich and the poor alike, to their best resources and mood. Generally the poor are fed, sumptuously by the generous and rich. The day is aimed to spend happily without any shade of sorrow. In the evenings consecutively for three days, lights are lit and decorate the parapet walls of the houses and alter lamps shine with an exceptional brilliance in many a home. As is the custom from time immemorial fire-works are indulged in with the advent

of dusk, mostly by children, sometimes by grown-ups too. Children and elders join hands in these fire-works, and fun fare. Here is the finest flowering of co-operative enterprise, actuated and solely "inspired by a human joy, innocent and sportive."

In the North, it is a time of opening new accounts. Thus they have a commercial value too. To South Indians it is more a festival of pure rejoicing with thoughts of gifts and presents from relatives and friends. Of course, the newly weds have indeed a special time during Deepavali.

The lighting of lamps, the wearing of new clothes, the indulgence in fire-works both by children and adults, the oil-baths and feasts, during the festive time, the rejoicing tuned to one's own fancy arising out of a festive mood, the eagerness of love and honour with which presents are exchanged, the rejoicing of far off kith and kin engaged in pre-occupations, for this occasion specially at old family houses, the dramatic shows, the music concerts, the dance recitals, the sportive games, the folk arts exhibition, all that flourish on the eve of Deepavali, throughout the country, truly make it the most appealing and picturesque national festival, which many a foreign visitor envied and commented upon as he left India's shores. *

Amorous Skit:



LETTERS

to the
Editor

SUDHA RANGANATHAN

Dear Readers :

The other day, a curious thing happened at our office. We will let you have all the details and you can judge for yourself. Recently, we had published a "letter to the Editor." For those who missed it, here are the words.

Dear Sir,

As a responsible citizen, I am making this appeal to my fellow citizens, through the courtesy of your paper.

The crows of South India have long been known for their predatory instincts. The nuisance of their presence is further aggravated by the noise they make. If an organised hunt is carried out, at least inside the city, these feathered marauders can be exterminated. They are a menace to peaceful life and should be wiped out. Will my brothers and sisters join, if such a hunt is organised?

(Sd.) "A Crow Hater."

On the wake of publication of this letter, we received another letter on the same subject. Here we reproduce it :

Dear Sir,

I note with sorrow that a campaign of hate on innocent birds, has been launched through your columns. May I express my heart felt regret at finding such trash inside your pages ?

Coming to the subject of crows, the whole life of our people has been built round them. They are the free scavengers of the tenements as well as the bungalows far from being well-known for their predatory instincts. They are, on the contrary, a shining example of organised community life. If one of them gets hold of a bit of food, instead of immediately gobbling it up, that respected member of that community at once, vociferously calls on the others to join him. Can a single example of such co-operation, such devotion to community be found among human beings ?

These hapless birds should be encouraged on grounds of health as well as religion.

(Sd.) "A Crow-Lover."

Within two days of publishing it, we received two more letters on the same subject. Here we give them again below, for your benefit. The first one was :

Dear Sir,

I note that there is a controversy being carried on about the usefulness or otherwise of crows in general.

From my long years of experience with these birds (seventy-two, I mean my age and not the number of birds I have met with), may I take the liberty to point out that crows are somewhat useful. Of course there are certain birds among these, who are a stain, a flaw (though, of course, a stain on a crow cannot easily be perceived, unless it be of a light colour), as I said, a blemish on the whole race. But, this fact does not necessarily mean that we should condemn the whole species. I agree that this hoarse causing, in the early hours of morning, apart from announcing the arrival of the unexpected guests, welcome and otherwise, tends to disturb our peaceful slumber.

What I would suggest is that a new breed of crows be bred, which have the sweetness of voice of the

"Kokil", the beauty of the peacock and last, but not least, the habits of a crow.

Yours sincerely

(Sd.) "A Well-Wisher."

And here is the other letter.

Dear Sir,

I see that the subject of crows is being discussed in your paper.

I have a suggestion to make. Those who want to have the company of crows, can easily cultivate them, while those who do not want them, can shoot them away.

Thank you for allowing me to express my thoughts through your well respected columns.

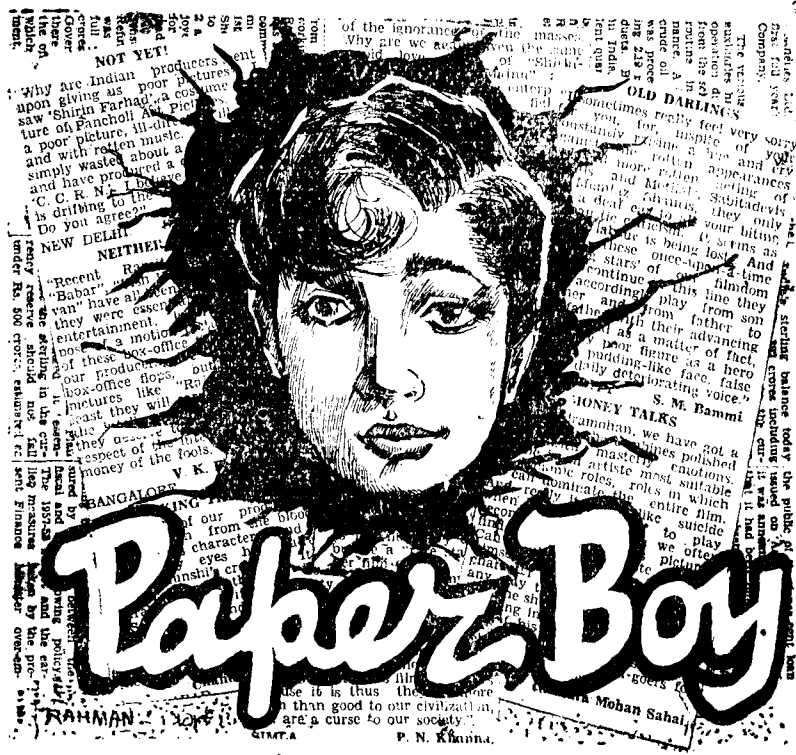
"A Class Thinker."

We thought it would be interesting to allow these four people, who held different views, to meet and listen to their talk. So we sent out invitations to all the four (fortunately they all resided in the city) to meet us in the office on Saturday afternoon. Of course, we always make it a point to get our contributor's real names and addresses, even though they used pseudonyms. So, our job was quickly done.

At the appointed hour, on Saturday, two young men

turned up at our office. One of them introduced himself as the "Crow-Hater". We, naturally asked them to sit down and wait till the others arrived. But the "Crow-Hater" started talking in a rush. "Well, you see Sir, it was I who wrote all the letters, giving different addresses. As you might have recognised from my real name, I have been an unsuccessful contributor to the fiction pages of your paper, for a long time now, the return of each and every article that I wrote has been a standing joke amongst my friends. My friend, here, bet me that I could not get even one article of fiction published. I bet him five rupees that I could get four articles published and that, too, consecutively. Now, my letters have been published and I have won the bet, isn't it?"—he turned to us hopefully.

Our reply was, "You are right in saying that you have got four articles published consecutively. A work of fiction may take any form—even that of a letter. But, in this case, we, the Editors have also been duped into thinking that the letters were written by four different persons. So the credit does not belong to you alone. So, in a sense, you have lost the bet." The young men left soon, still quarrelling amongst themselves. Now, dear readers, what is your opinion ?



by SARALA

KISHORE was pedalling at top speed. The panting breath matched the excited exuberance of his nerves that worked a task too heavy to stand of them. The road was metalled only in patches with pits and gravels squarely spread over at all places and spoke a tale of nascency and apathy. At the end of it stood the newly built extensions of

the ever-expanding town and the road that led to the locality desired the influence of bright lights to an extent which the shaded brilliance of municipal lamp posts could wield through the thick foliage of avenue trees. Kishore tottered in jerky mechanical motion but he did feel it as his mind was feeding somewhere in straying thoughts.

The train that carried the newspapers to the town from the provincial capital was late by an hour and a half. So much it was praiseworthy as it did not exceed that limit and in that sense punctuality was an obsolete term and found refuge only in outmoded lexicons. On the usual routine he would have returned home by that time; satisfying his recalcitrant belly, would have even commenced revising lessons on algebra on which stood an examination on the next day. And his mother might be waiting still without eating her morsel though her frame begged for it after a day's toil at home and outside.

HE pedalled till at last he was forced to come to his senses by the nearness of some human activity. By then he had gone away by a few score of yards from his only subscriber's house of that locality. He circled back mechanically taunting his own absent-mindedness. He was even alive at the same time to the reality of ageing night that was steadily swallowing all his spare time in its expansive advance.

He stopped and knocked very mildly at the door and expected the customer's brassy commanding voice. The pleasant note of his eight year old daughter would have been there if he had come in time. It was really a treat to

see her innocent face and childish mischievousness but sleep was a pretty thing that charmed away the life of even a charming child at the mere onset of night. The lateness had its own results.

The customer came out as expected.

"Why my boy, you are unusually very late today?" He commanded a reply by the thrustive authority of the question. The gentleman, a retired police official, still preserved all his authoritativeness in his voice and manners that were built up in a life time of restless career.

"Excuse me, Sir, the train had its usual clogging somewhere on its way and arrived nearly two hours behind schedule." Kishore quivered even to tell the truth.

"The train got clogged somewhere! What a lame excuse and a nasty bit of an explanation? I know these are all excuses for your road side delays and you expect me to keep my eyes open to go through news of the day even after it had struck late hours."

KISHORE remained silent, his head bent down. He was a shy boy usually but more so when he could not face anybody out of some reason or other. The customer asked him again:

"Where is the receipt for last month's subscription which you took out from me without even condoning a day's delay?"

Kishore quivered again but tightened his senses suddenly and said, "I pray your excuse sir, I could not go to my boss today as the train came late. I shall get that to you, Sir, tomorrow without fail".

The gentleman slammed the door on to his face. He never waited for any more explanation and perhaps had had enough of it.

KISHORE started on his return journey. His day's work was over except for the final return of accounts to the agent. The agent was a nice man but also strict to his business. He wanted the resume on the disposal of day's copies before he could discharge the boy finally for the day. The next contact could he had only next night and that was an arrangement he agreed to in the interest of the boy's studies. But that was not a rigid schedule and exigencies had their own say of things. It struck eleven when Kishore presented himself before him. The lateness of night with its shrinking interval was reminding him of the next day when the much dreaded algebra was to test his mastery over it, for which he was not fully pre-

pared. The agent seemed not aware of all these things when he eagerly balances his eyes over the pages of his copy.

"This is the only copy left, Sir,.....", Kishore commenced straightaway taking the initiative.

"All right Kishore, how do you account for the ten copies disbursed to Ram's Book Stall yesterday?"—with that the agent came into his business after resting his copy of the table.

"They have sold out all, Sir, except three. Today also I gave them ten, Sir."

"If they are unable to dispose of all, why can't you give them less today? You told me that another one was demanding for extra copies".

"They are regularly taking ten, Sir. Only rarely they could not push out all, Sir."

"Leave that my boy: what became of the uncollected subscriptions of last month? You have to account for four of them still".

KISHORE suddenly experienced a choke. The raised eyebrows formed wrinkles throughout the face that reflected seething reason inside. With much effort he preserved his demeanour and

said: "I shall get them all Sir, after my examination. Only two more days of them left. Then I shall be free, Sir."

WHEN he finished, he remained awhile seeing the reaction on the agent's face and continued in an interrupted vein, "and, Sir....."

"What do you want Kishore?"

Kishore never finished. "Nothing Sir, I want to go home as early as possible. Tomorrow I'm having an examination on algebra and I should make a thorough on the subject." The agent noticed in him an unusual falter and smiled restively.

The boy flew back home in his bicycle. The old machine made a rhythmic mewing carved out of its antiquity. The speed spoke through the volume of the noise that dinned any passer-by. But he was allergic to his own self.

His mother was waiting for him sitting at the door steps with a dimmed hurricane light burning kerosene with its smell and smoke. It was terrible late in the night and her anxiety was pitched to its pinnacle. She had even dismissed her neighbour Kamala from her nocturnal pastime of gossiping.

When she got sight of him even at a distance, she cried

out, "why my boy, you are so late?"

Really it was late; late to the time that the night birds had slept tired of chirping and drone note and the even coughing neighbour had slept lulled to a snory rhythm by the gloomy silence.

"The train was unusually late today, mother. I never expected it would affect my expectations so. Then I went about my usual distributary round. Now I think it is too late to commence the studies. My whole frame begs of me to rest it awhile. I can only pray God to give me easy questions tomorrow. I feel I've forgotten the fundamentals if I think of the mightiness of task before me. Mother, will you wake me up by four o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes. My dear, I shall, only if it is for your study. The rice had become cold and clotted. It is the lot of you nowadays to eat this sort of cold supper. I do not know when the train is going to grace you by its correct arrival."

SHE led him to the kitchen adjoining the only other room of the house, showering over him all her affections and anxieties. She had brought him up, a fatherless child of three to a beaming boy of fifteen at by her own efforts and toils, supplemental only lately by the boy's



earning as a newspaper boy. Her body bore the marks of strenuous oddities of the tasks she did, privations she did, privations she suffered, foodless days she passed only to see her son as a man of her dreams. Now she had come well nigh to the edge where visions neared reality. After the examinations, if he is successful he might count himself a man, possessing the virtue of an earning machine. He was capable of that even.

THE meals over, he went to bed. The municipal clock yonder struck twelve. Its reverberations with the wavy beats were heard distinctly following. The town was actually dead to an ant with sleep, except for the barkings of a street dog somewhere away.

Kishore closed his eyes and forced a yawn even. His nerves racked with pain due to over-brain. Yet he could not sleep. He was still mentally disturbed. His mind was not

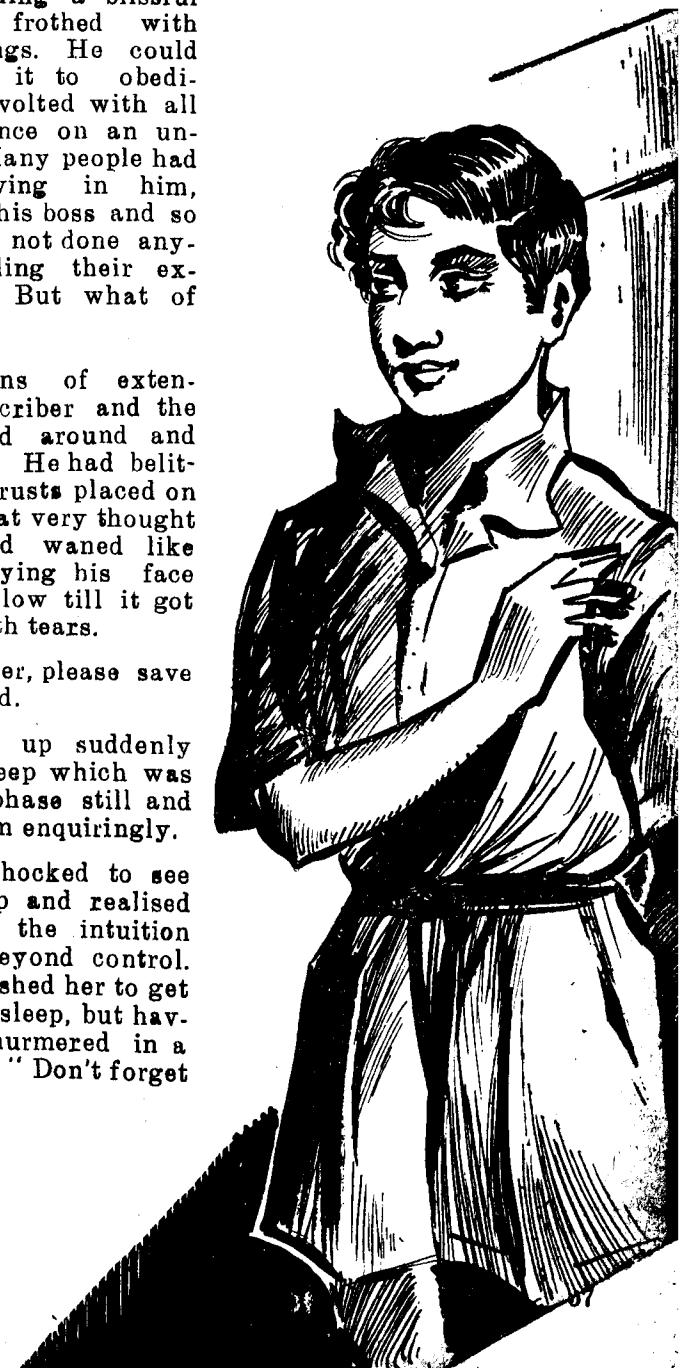
a peaceful plum, the condition preceding a blissful sleep, but frothed with tidal risings. He could not induce it to obedience. It revolted with all the vengeance on an unfaithful. Many people had been believing in him, most of all his boss and so far he had not done anything spoiling their expectations. But what of today?

THE visions of extensions subscriber and the boss hovered around and around him. He had belittled their trusts placed on him. At that very thought he wept and waned like a child burying his face into the pillow till it got drenched with tears.

"Oh mother, please save me" he cried.

She woke up suddenly from her sleep which was in its first phase still and answered him enquiringly.

He was shocked to see her wake up and realised the folly of the intuition that went beyond control. He never wished her to get up from her sleep, but having done it murmured in a slow pitch, "Don't forget



to wake me up by four o'clock mother?"

"Yes, dear, I shall do. Are you still awake? Is it not time to rest your eyes?"

And he slept, like a child lullabied looking for the next day.

The next day yawned with the piercing bright rays of the east litting up of horizon. A cock at the street's end was crowing loudly welcoming the silvery flashes. Yet the darkness held its sway in patches. Kishore got up at his mother's instance but did not take up his book as she expected of him. Instead he went outside taking his bicycle to her wonder and even dismay.

"What is that, my boy?" she exclaimed.

"I shall be back here in a few minutes, mother". He rode on scottering the words on the dewy atmosphere. She was left as much enlightened as she was before the question.

THE agent never took the opportunity to rise before sunrise and nobody hitherto dared to study the reason on him by waking him up at an importune hour. The irritation, that was not a solemn omen for the day to begin up with for one, of course, took his beneficent friendly hand and Kishore stood before him trembling.

"What made you, Kishore,

to disturb me at this hour?"

"Excuse me, Sir, I felt I could not do anything unless I spoke to you. It was a big thing. No it was a very big thing even. You asked me only yesterday about the subscriptions. I had no courage to confess. But I never intended to deceive you or anybody. The fees for the public examinations were so overdue, I felt I could not be helped by any other means. I crave your excuse, Sir. If not, I may falter and my spirit will desert helping me in any of my endeavour." His throat choked with emotion when he spoke out.

THE agent looked at him calmly with his half awakened eyes caught in an unexpected revelation, perhaps he was measuring out the depths of his feelings which jiggled out in seething emotion.

"Yes, my boy, I knew it. I waited till my Kishore rose up to his self and he did not fail me. God did save the honesty of poor and in turn he gets the esteem of all. I intended to announce the amount as my help to you and it stands."

Kishore looked at him staring with bewildered eyes. Perhaps the human mind is as endless in conception and navigation as that of humanity itself. When he rode back in his bicycle its noise seemed funny and exhilarating than usual.

THE TALISMAN

A PRINCE and a princess were still celebrating their honeymoon. They were extremely happy; only one thought disturbed them, and that was how to retain their present happiness. For that reason they wished to own a talisman with which to protect themselves against any unhappiness in their marriage.

Now, they had often been told about a man who lived out in the forest, acclaimed by everybody for his wisdom and known for his good advice in every need and difficulty. So the prince and princess called upon him and told him about their heart's desire.

After the wise man had listened to them, he said, "Travel through every country in the world, and wherever you meet a completely happily married couple ask them for a small piece of the linen they wear close to the body, and when you receive this you must always carry it on with you. That is a sure remedy."

The prince and princess rode forth, and on the way heard of a knight and his wife who were the most happily

married. The young prince asked them if their marriage was truly perfect.

"Yes, of course," was the answer, "with the one exception that we have no children."

Here, then, the talisman was not to be found, and the prince and princess continued their journey in search of the completely happily married people.

As they travelled on they came to a country where they met the son of an honest citizen who lived in perfect unity with his wife. So to him they went and asked if he really was as happily married as people said.

"Yes, I am," answered the man. "My wife and I live in perfect harmony; if only we didn't have so many children, for they give us a lot of worries and sorrows!"

So neither with him was the talisman to be found, and the prince and princess continued their journey through the country, always enquiring about happily married couples, but none presented themselves.

One day, as they rode along fields and meadows, they noticed a shepherd close by the road, cheerfully playing his flute. Just then a woman, carrying a child in her arm and holding a little boy by the hand, walked towards him. As soon as the shepherd saw her he greeted her and took the little child, whom he kissed and caressed. The shepherd's dog ran to the boy, licked his little hand, barked and jumped with joy.

In the meantime the woman arranged a meal she had brought along, and then said: "Dear, come and eat now!" The man sat down and took the food, but the first bite he gave to the little boy, and the second he divided between the boy and the dog.

ALL this was observed by the prince and the princess, who walked closer, and spoke to them, saying, "You must be a truly happily married couple."

"Yes, that we are," said the man. "God be praised, no prince or princess could be happier than we are."

"Now listen, then," said the prince. "Do us a favour, and you shall never regret it. Give us a small piece of the linen garment you wear close to your body!"

As he spoke the shepherd and his wife looked strangely at each other, and finally he said, "God knows we would

be only too happy to give you not only a small piece, but the whole shirt, or undergarment, if we only had them, but we own not as much as a rag!"

So the prince and princess journeyed on, their mission unaccomplished. Finally their unsuccessful roaming discouraged them and they decided to return home. When they came to the wise man's hut they stopped, related all their travel experiences, and reproached him for giving them such poor advice.

At that time the wise man smiled and said, "Has your trip really been all in vain? Are you not returning rich in knowledge?"

"Yes," answered the prince. "I have gained this knowledge, that contentment is a rare gift on this earth."

"And I have learned," said the princess, "that to be contented one needs nothing more than simply—to be contented!"

Whereupon the prince took the princess hand, they, looked at each other with an expression of deepest love. And the wise man blessed them and said, "In your own hearts you have found the true talisman! Guard it carefully, and the evil spirit of discontentment shall never in all eternity have any power over you!"—H.C.A.



By R. P. RAMAN

IT started raining heavily all on a sudden. Ramamurthi, who had imagined that the glorious cloudy weather would continue, had to run up and seek shelter in the already overcrowded pavilion. The sudden effort exhausted him and he searched in vain for a chair on which he could sit down and take rest. He wondered why the usually deserted pavilion was having so many people that day. And then he remembered. It was Sunday. Most probably, there would be a cricket match there. The cricketing costume of the people only confirmed his doubts.

"Hello Ramu!" shouted some voice from among the crowd. It took a full minute to the panting Ramamurthi

to scan the crowd to find out who could the person be who had greeted him so effusively. He had long since lost contact with Madras and his former friends there. The persons there, in their resplendent white dress and creaking cricket boots belonged to a different generation. They were all cheerful, happy, expectant and . . . young. He could no longer be termed that, he ruefully realised. Suddenly, he saw, seated on a bench in the middle, his old college chum Venkat.

"THE world is small" said Ramu, and shook his friend warmly by the hand. The warmth was real and he was truly glad to see a friend of what now appeared to be the distant past.

"What are you doing here in Madras, and when did you come here?" asked Venkat.

"I came here for a medical treatment last month," said Ramamurthi meekly. He felt ashamed to accept the cause of his presence before so many healthy cheerful people. "My doctor suggested a change and I came here last month. I am already getting better, you know."

VENKAT produced a golden cigarette case. "Hope he has not advised you against cigarettes—or, has he?" he asked, extending the open case.

"No thanks, I do not smoke now," said Ramu; again a sense of uneasiness crept over him.

"Don't smoke now!" ejaculated Venkat, "say, man, don't tell me that you left it off!"

"It is a long story, Venkat," said Ramu. "I don't smoke, I don't go to films, I don't do anything except perhaps office work from ten in the morning till eight in the evening. May be a novel or two, but nothing else by way of entertainment or exercise. I have changed, you see."

"The staid family man—eh?" asked Venkat. A moment's silence ensued and then he exclaimed as if he

suddenly remembered something. "You have left cricket too, then?"

A PAINFUL laughter prefaced Ramu's reply. "There is no question of my leaving cricket, my boy... when did I have the habit?"

"Modesty! thy name is Ramu!" said Venkat laughingly.

The two friends then started talking of good old days when days were really days. As the talk went on, every event of the past surged back with terrific speed and impressive definiteness before Ramu. His college life when he was the moving soul of a circle of friends; the glorious cricketing career of his when he shot up to state status within two years of learning the game; these and the other memories of the bygone days made Ramu wonder whether it was really he who had done all that in the past. Side by side with the picture of old came in his mind's eye his present manner of life. Barely six years had passed after he left Madras and these six years had changed him completely. He had not been far from the truth when he described his daily life as consisting of getting up, going to office, coming back and sleeping with memories of office work troubling him even in his dreams. Only, he had omitted an important detail which had started figuring so pro-

minently in his life for the past four years—his frequent visits to the doctor. It had all started from a nervous breakdown, and from the time it started, it had continued. The doctor, a nice old man, had advised him, "What you need is rest, Mr. Ramamurthi. No work of any sort. Take two months off and try some other place... why not Madras for a change?" He had also charged Kamala, Ramu's wife, with the duty of ensuring that Ramu did take the rest he needed. Kamala... the bold heroic kind of wife, an emperor would be proud of. He had developed this nervous disorder just two years after their marriage, and hers had been a life of devotion and absolute attendance on her all-but-invalid husband. To this day, he had not heard a word of complaint or not even seen a frown on her face. No peltings or pamperings either... only sufficient care as directed by the doctor.

THE rain had stopped and the players stepped out to warm themselves up. The place, Ramamurthi observed, was the same. Even the wall of the pavilion had the familiar lines marked by charcoal; these lines had stood for stumps in the olden days to enable the players who wanted quick practising off the field before the game. When a batsman was to enter next into the field, he would take his position before the wall and an obliging friend would

bowl a ball or two to accustom the batsman's eye to the sun. The people were different, but the custom had stood the test of times. Gay young people moved here and there with a gusto which evoked all the envy in Ramamurthi.

"COME to think of it, Ramu, why can't you play for us today?" said Venkat; his face did not belie the fact that the suggestion had been a sudden idea of his.

"Me! Play a match! In this rainy weather!" exclaimed Ramu, to whom the probability of his again entering a cricket field in his lifetime never seemed to strike as same. "No, thank you, Venkat, I have not touched the bat for six years. And on top of that, my doctor..."

"Blast your doctor! Anything I ask you, you come out with your doctor this and your doctor that. No harm in good clean exercise. Come on Ramu, be a sportsman. Shall I put down your name?"

This was too much of temptation for Ramu to resist. The game had once meant all to him in life. Days had been there when he would have sacrificed anything to have a good innings. And then the crash had come. Soon after his first Ranji Trophy match (which, eventually, proved to be his last) on coming out of the theatre one evening, he slipped on a banana peel and fell down. He sustained a

fracture which did not seem to be serious, but soon developed into enormous proportions. The effect of it all was that he had to retire from first class cricket (and any class, for that matter) at the very young age of twentyone. And this incident had done much to change his mental make-up. Abandoning all bright prospects available in the city, he obtained a cashier's job in a bank in his native town, and he resigned himself to a prosaic life. The urgent note in his friend's voice evoked pleasant thoughts of old in his mind.... No harm, in playing first this once, completely forgetting his blasted diet, medicine chest and tablets... But his doctor's final warning rang out clearly in his mind. "Mind you, Mr. Ramamurthi, no strain at all. From what I know of you, there is no need to tell you all this, of course. But your nervous system just won't stand any kind of strain. Please keep this in your mind."

WOULD anything serious happen if he stepped out into the open to have a knock? The weather was nice, just the sort of dream-weather a cricket lover would walk miles to have a match in... But if it rained, the already wet field would be soaked, and it would affect any normal man, much more an invalid like himself... He was confused.

Venkat seemed to understand the conflict within his friend's mind. "Come on, Ramu, don't spoil the day. Do you remember the Duncan Memorial Final we played on a day exactly like this?"

RAMAMURTHI remembered.

He had been down with an attack of fever and not even his worst enemy would have advised him to step out of the room. It was the same sort of season, raining at intervals and the sun peeping through a partially clouded sky. On that occasion, he scorned the doctor's threats and walked into the field with his bat, and ended the day on a very victorious note with an unbeaten century. He had been a courageous lion once, and by now six years had snapped out the last flicker of enthusiasm from him?

"I will play, Venkat. But remember I have been out of practice for years. Don't expect anything from me..."

"Ah boy! exclaimed Venkat in an approving tone. "That is like my Ramu now! We shall lick the other team through and through!"

Ramamurthi was silent. He did not share Venkat's optimism in his own prowers. He may at best stay for a few minutes at the batting crease and finish up with some fielding lapses. He may contract fever too in the bargain. But he had promised, and, come what may, he would play. He may even die the next day,



but he only knew what he was craving for at that particular moment. A day of good old browsing in the sun would do lots to nerve him up, he thought. And just when he was trying on his friend's cricket boots, there arose in his mind's eye the figure of a lovely girl, heroic in her suffering, trying to snuff out a tear that had collected in her long black eyes.

THAT night Ramamurthi was seriously ill with an attack of 'flu and severe pain.

Kamala's face was swollen with crying. She could not understand her husband's playfulness in thus going against the doctor's instructions and running very grave danger and resign himself to the fate which seemed to wave the sword over her husband's head with a mighty slender thread threatening to drop it at any moment.

But Ramamurthi had the soundest of sleep he had ever had in the past six years. *

In lighter vein :

THE EXECUTIVE

NEVER has there been the acutest need for the Executives than as at present. In Industry, Commerce, Banking and in almost every activity, economic or otherwise, the Executive is the most indispensable figure.

I am one of the fraternity of Executives. The word "executive" is perhaps derived from the root "execute" that is to perform. This is a wrong derivation, for I do not perform anything but always "get it" performed, of course, by others. Whatever it may be, my subordinates say, the word Executive must have been originated from the word "Executioner", after the fashion of medieval times when people were executed for one reason or the other. But let me defend myself by stating that I do not kill my subordinates once for all, as the executioners of old did!

My subordinates say that I am a white elephant, being heavily paid by the company for doing nothing—absolutely nothing. But anyone will be convinced if I say, that a very large portion of the yearly profits of the company,

would have remained idle, had I not been employed in the company.

When I am late to the office, as is my habit, all eyes of my subordinates stare at me. Poor chaps, they do not appreciate the point that I am honest enough to go home early to compensate for coming late to the office.

They grumble, that I am merely a signing machine.

By 'RAVI'

signing on the space pointed out to me by them. But being busy "otherwise" how at all can I search for the space to sign the letters and papers? If I stop signing the papers even for a day, the paper industry and ink industry will have to be closed for ever. Am I not instrumental in running these factories and feeding hundreds of workers of those factories thereby?

When, we executives meet for a daily conference twice a day over a grand tiffin served at the company's expense,

my subordinates gossip among themselves that the conference is nothing but an idle talk over tea. But they seem to be indifferent to the fact that during the conference we discuss how more work could be created, to 'get it done' by the subordinates.

They, of course, do not know, that an executive is busy for the 24 hours of the day, in consequence of which, my newspaper reading, sleeping and purchases etc. have to be made unavoidably, only during office time. But still I save time, by sending the office peon for doing all odd jobs for me such as taking vegetables to my house, taking my children to school, and also other petty workes.

But my sleep at the office is always disturbed. For I must any how get up to take my food three times a day at the office. But when my sleep is interrupted, by my subordinates taking papers to me for signing, I give them a bit of my mind by lecturing about the value of time, the need for efficiency and speed in their work.

I overheard the other day, one of my subordinates, accusing me that although I was absent for a continuous month, I was treated as present by my signing the attendance register well in advance for the period of my absence. Poor man, he does not care to know that due to my or-

ganisational capacity and ability, I can get the office work done with out any trouble, even if I absent myself not only for a month but for years at a stretch! But I do attend office, whenever I find it necessary, or otherwise, my lady secretaries will have to be idle!

When I was an executive in a Government Department, before I took over the present job, my subordinates there, and I were like a family. Yes, with the same hopes and fears. For, whoever approached me or any one of my subordinates, we received as much illegal tips and presents as possible, to be distributed among ourselves from the lowest peon upwards. I no doubt, got the lion's share every time. But one of my clerks there became the prodigal son, and demanded more of the "stuff" and when refused, informed the Anti corruption Department. Naturally, I resigned on grounds of health, which in fact means that I was kicked out. I then joined the present job.

When I find fault with my present subordinates, for no fault of theirs, and abuse them, they will not utter a word in defence. Because, I suspect, that they probably know, that the abusing has nothing to do with the office work at all, but it is only a manifestation of the effect of severe beating and neckout

—Please see page 43

Health:

EPILEPSY

EPILEPTIC fits are so dramatic that they were described many thousands of years ago. It was probably treated long before that by cutting a hole in the skull; several primitive skulls have been found in which there is a hole and signs of healed bone around the edge show that the patient lived afterwards. We cannot be sure, of course, that this was done for epilepsy, but until quite recently the operation was used in primitive tribes in the South Pacific as a cure for this illness. It used to be called the Sacred Disease, because people thought it was either a special form of punishment, or indicated a special degree of holiness. But Hippocrates, who was born 2,400 years ago, did not agree with this. He wrote, "It is not, in my opinion, any more diving or sacred than other diseases, but has a natural cause, and its supposed divine origin is due to man's inexperience." But, of course, people went on believing that

it had some special religious meaning. In the Middle Ages they believed that Saint Avertin had special ability to help in this disease—and in vertigo, or giddiness. Incidentally, it seems likely that people used to wear bits of the skull of patients who had had the operation I described, as amulets or charms against epilepsy. Six hundred years ago John of Gaddesden, who was a Professor at Oxford claimed to cure it with a special necklace, but about the same time there was a different technique advised. This was recommended by a travelling surgeon, called John of Arderne, who said that epileptics should write the names Melchoir, Jaspar and Balthazar in blood from the little finger, on a piece of paper which had to be worn for a month. To make sure they had to say three Pater nosters and three Ave Marias every day as well.

Four hundred years had to pass after that before the study of epilepsy began to be scientific. Then, in the eighteenth century, post-mortem examinations of

patients who had had this illness were carried out and it was suggested that there was a sort of explosion, like gunpowder, in the brain, and that the basic trouble was chemical. This is not far from what is believed nowadays. But the real advances have been made in the years between the two recent wars, and the study of "brain-waves" by the electroencephalograph has given a picture of the whole problem, bringing in several forms of it which were not clearly recognised cerebral dysrhythmia. That means that every now and again the rhythm of the brain waves is disturbed, and all the symptoms are a result of this. What symptoms occur—and later on I shall describe the sort of thing that can happen—depends on which parts of the brain are upset.

Epilepsy is surprisingly common. There is such a prejudice against people who have it that many of them conceal the fact, or try to. But it is known that about one person in every two hundred has epilepsy in some form or another. This means that there are about ten million in the whole world, although only about one-thirtieth of these have any treatment. The inheritance of the illness is rather difficult to work out. It is certainly passed on from parents to their children to some extent, but it is impossible to

predict in any individual case without a full study of both parents and their families. What does seem likely is that a "tendency" to the illness, or a general sensitivity of the nervous system, is passed on rather than the definite illness. Whether the person with this tendency does develop proper fits may be decided by something other than heredity. If he has a brain injury, for example, he is more likely to develop fits as a complication of it than is a person who has not inherited this tendency.

There are several forms of epilepsy, of which the well-known "fit" (in which the person falls to the ground with a cry, jerks his whole body violently and then recovers consciousness in a few minutes) is only one type.

As I already said, epilepsy can take several different forms. To understand how this may be brought about it is necessary to know what goes on in the normal brain. Waves of electricity are always passing over and through the brain. Some of these fall into definite rhythms, some are detailed messages from one part to another. If you want to move your finger, for instance, the work begins in a special part of the brain, which sends a message to other parts, setting up a series of messages which pass on down through the lower parts of the brain to the spinal cord, into the nerves

By A FAMILY DOCTOR

in the arm and finally reach the finger. Several parts of the brain are involved, because it must be arranged that only the right muscles contract, that others hold some joints in a fixed position while the desired movement is carried out. All the "orders" have to be tied up with the constant flow of information from the finger and wrist which states what position it is in to begin with, and what position it has reached at any given moment. All this incredibly complicated network of messages is in action all the time. In addition to this, our thoughts have a parallel series of electrical patterns.

You can see that if a sudden wave of electricity passes through the brain, the whole system is knocked out of action. If the wave passes over only part of the brain, then only part is knocked out and the rest carries on more or less normally. The part concerned may have the responsibility of dealing with, say, the movements of the right arm, or feeling in the left big toe, or with the storage of memories.

Let us suppose that there is a piece of bone pushed into the brain as a result of a broken skull. This bit of bone may irritate the brain around it, and set up electrical waves. This is one form of epilepsy. Let us suppose, too, that the piece of bone is stuck

in the part of the brain which deals with information from the right hand. If it sets up waves they will interfere with the electrical patterns which are supposed to be there and the information received will be false or confused: the patient will then "feel" tinglings or some other sensation in that hand. (Let me here make it clear for those readers who jump to the worst conclusions, that there are far more likely causes for tinglings in the fingers.) If these waves spread, they may get on to the part of the brain which collects information from the arm. The patient will then feel the tinglings spreading up his arm. The part which deals with this is not far from the part which sets up movements, so if the wave; spread to there, a movement will take place in the arm. The fit may spread slowly in this way, and if it does it may confine itself to part of the body or it may spread until both sides of the brain are involved. At this point the patient almost always loses consciousness. That sort of thing often happens if the fit starts from one spot. But the "ordinary" sort of fit that people think of when they talk about epilepsy, spreads over the whole brain very quickly, so that consciousness may be lost suddenly. Or it may be half and half, with the patient having a warning, called an "aura" which is caused by

the first waves. These may wander almost anywhere in the brain, so the patient may feel the tinglings I mentioned, or... have a pain, or see flashes of light, or even have a complicated vision or experience an emotion, such as fear or intense delight. No doubt it was emotional experiences of this sort, perhaps with a vision, or hallucination, which made people think that they were of religious significance. One epileptic had a certain "dream" frequently, and when they operated on him (he had the sort which began in one place) they applied an electric current to a nearby part of the brain and he had the same "dream" on the operating table.

One type of epilepsy then is the sort in which the patient has this sort of fit, with violent pointless movements of his body. Another type takes the form of a loss of consciousness for a moment or two, with no movements.

In these cases the patient may not even fall down, but just seems to let his attention wander. These are called "grand mal" and "petit mal" respectively. The third main type takes the form of a complicated collection of sensations and emotions. *

THE EXECUTIVE

—Continued from page 39

with out food, at home that I receive at "her" hands very often.

But alas! my executive authority is flung aside at my home. "She" thinks that she is the executive and does precisely what I do at the office. Besides waiting upon her to carry out her orders I have to wash the dishes, bathe the children and laundry the clothes. Dear reader, let this be a secret, in my heart of my hearts, I sometimes think that it is better to be a subordinate at office and a master at my house, rather than an executive at office and a servant at home. **

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Art:

MILLIONS FOR

PERHAPS the easiest way to get rich quick is to buy a couple of paintings from unknown, promising contemporaries for about Rs. 250 a piece while you are young, wait 20 or 30 years, and then sell them for two lakhs of rupees or more.

Art history is full of such deals which have netted the lucky investors profits of 100,000 per cent.

One lucky deal and you won't have to worry about an old age pension. There is only one catch in it. You have to pick the winners.

Take the sensational sales story of Millet's famous painting. The Angelus. It shows a boy and a girl standing on a field in the evening, their heads bowed in prayer.

The Angelus was purchased from Millet in 1861 by a Baron Papleu in Brussels for 1,000 francs, which was then about Rs. 1,000. Papleu sold it to a picture dealer named Stevens in 1864 for 3,000 francs.

From Stevens the painting went to the Belgian minister in Paris, who sold it to a M.

Tesse for 6,000 francs. Tesse sold The Angelus in 1869 to a M. Gavet for 8,800 francs, and he resold it a year later to Durand-Ruel for 30,000 francs.

From Durand-Ruel the painting went to W. J. Wilson for 50,000 francs (Rs. 50,000). In 1881, the Wilson collection was auctioned and the paintings went to M. Secretan.

This shrewd fellow sold it to the well-known picture dealer Petit, for 200,000 francs later changed his mind and bought it back for 300,000 francs.

A bad deal? Not at all. Eight years later M. Secretan's collection was auctioned and the painting went for 553,000 francs.

In 1910 the painting was sold to a M. Chauchard for 800,000 francs.

In 50 years Millet's painting had become worth 800 times the value of the original purchase price, an increase of 80,000 per cent!

This is by no means an isolated case. In the distinguished backrooms of the big art dealers on New York's

Joseph T. Warren

OLD PAINTINGS

57th Street such deals are common. Contrary to widespread opinions, paintings are not only bought by art lovers who like to look at their treasures but also by wealthy people who have come to consider canvases of well-known artists as the bluest of chips.

There are European capitalists who bought paintings by Cezanne, Renoir, Van Gogh and Gauguin 40 years ago and still have them. While those men lost most of their possessions in World War I, the post-war inflation, World War II and its present aftermath, the paintings have steadily gone up in value.

Even after the Wall Street crash of 1929, when almost everything was shot to pieces, the value of established painters remained unchanged and continued to rise.

Even the value of well-known modern painters has gone up continuously within a short time. Picasso's fabulous rise is well remembered.

A lucky aesthete bought a Picasso in 1923 for a sum of

Rs. 250. He resold it five years later for Rs. 15,000.

Unfortunately very few people seem to be able to pick the winners. Art history proves that even famous critics and painters were not always sure about the value of contemporary paintings.

Almost all the great painters from Millet to Matisse were misunderstood and ridiculed when their work first was shown.

There is a famous story of Van Gogh who showed some of his paintings to the great Cezanne and asked him for his opinion. Cezanne stared at the canvases and finally turned, towards the unhappy Van Gogh.

"To speak frankly, mon pauvre ami," he said, "your painting is that of a madman."

Yet in 30 years, Van Gogh paintings have gone up from Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 2,000,000 and that, say the dealers, is "just the beginning."

The rise in the market value of Cezanne's canvases itself is a remarkable story. It has proved the sad old saying that the best thing that can happen to a painter is to die.

As long as he lives he is not appreciated. But when he is dead and his works appear completed, its value goes up according to the old law of supply and demand.

'When a master has been dead 40 or 50 years,' Frank Growninshield, the art expert said 'we can see him with respect to the life and movements of his own time.'

The most spectacular rise in value has come to the paintings of the old masters. Prices between five to twenty lakhs of rupees for a painting are not unusual.

In most cases, where old masters change hands, it is not possible to quote prices, since they are kept secret for many reasons. Andrew Mellon, the U. S. millionaire paid 50 lakhs of rupees for Raphael's Alaba Madonna.

What is it in a painting that justifies a price of near or over 50 lakhs of rupees? Art experts refuse to answer the question.

Probably there are several reasons. First and foremost, it is the great beauty and timeless value of a great pain-

ting; secondly, the supply is limited, and there are always more people willing to pay record prices for good art than there is recognised art.

Most paintings of the old masters are now hanging in museums and thus are out of the reach of the private collector. There is simply no saying how much Da Vinci's Mona Lisa would be worth, if it were for sale.

Another portrait with a fabulous history is Reynold's Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Reynolds sold it in 1784 to the French Minister, Calonne for a pittance of 800 rupees. In 1823, at an auction sale, the price shot up to Rs. 50,000.

In 1919, the Duke of Westminster sold it for ten lakhs of rupees. It is now at the Huntington Library and if it were for sale today, the experts think that 20 lakhs of rupees might be a good price for it.

Prices are still rising. In 1929 Parks Benet, New York's biggest auction house, sold paintings for over a crore of rupees. In 1942, sales were double.

In 1945, when European art treasures reached the U.S. sales roared higher. More and more European collectors migrate toward U. S. where they can convert their treasures into U. S. dollars.

All along 57th Street, art dealers admit that sales volume is up 400 per cent. above the pre-war days. The only exception are old masters and only for the reason that there are not enough great paintings available.

Old masters of the Italian Renaissance are still the most popular paintings of all.

In 1940, New York's Museum of Modern Art had an exhibition of old masters lent by the Italian Government. The exhibition which included such masterpieces as Raphael's Madonna of the Chair, and Titian's Pope III, had a record attendance of over 280,000 people. That was almost twice as many as previous record attendance at an exhibition of Van Gogh,

The great U. S. collectors, Mellon, Widener and Frick are responsible for bringing important Flemish, Dutch, Italian and Spanish masters to the U.S. The great New York art dealers, Knoedler and Company bought 30 pictures from the Leningrad Hermitage museum for six crores of rupees.

Andrew Mellon bought all but two of them. The House of Knoedler acquired three Van Dyck portraits for the Widener collection. For the Frick collection, they acquired such important masterpieces as Greco's Cardinal Guioya, and Vermeer's Music Lesson.

Such paintings have proved the soundest financial investment. They also advance the prestige of the buyer as an art collector and keep up his name after his death when his collection becomes a private museum.

A few years ago, the Duke of Norfolk sold Holbein's famous Duchess of Milan to Knoedler's and an English picture dealer. They offered the painting to the Frick collection for ten lakhs of rupees.

The picture was then hanging in the London National Gallery and the directors asked for a month's option in order to raise the money by public subscription and 'save the painting for England.'

On both sides of the Atlantic the race for the Holbein, as the newspapers called it, was followed with great excitement by art lovers. On the last day, only half of the ten lakhs was raised; there were already shouts of joy in the U. S.

But one hour before the option time was up, a cheque for the amount arrived at the dealer's. The painting remained in England. **

PEACE OF MIND COMES ONLY FROM WITHIN

YOU'VE seen those rare individuals who have a quite air of contentment, satisfaction with life and of being at harmony with the world, haven't you? And perhaps you've said to yourself, "If I could just be like that! If I could only have peace of mind!"

Well, you can. There is no great mystery to it. Peace of mind comes not from being without worries, not from having everything one wants, not from being the most popular person in town.

Everyone has worries. They are as much a part of life as breathing and sleeping. And money is not the answer. Some of our wealthiest people are tragically unhappy. Popularity, honour, power—none of these automatically bring peace of mind.

That can only come from within. All of us have the power within us to give ourselves peace of mind, and yet, in our modern world, with its tensions, conflicting personal relationships, nervous strains and everlasting rush,

it is one of our scarcest commodities.

Peace of mind is a state of happiness in which a person has an inner sense of well-being and tranquility, with no nagging doubts, suspicions, hostilities or dreads to rise up and plague him. The only place to start developing peace of mind is with yourself. All your personal objections to the contrary, the reason you don't have peace of mind is lodged somewhere in yourself. The simple secret of finding peace of mind is to take a few emotional steps in exactly the opposite direction from which you have trained to go.

Take worry, for instance. Many people are chronic worriers, seldom with good cause. Face up to your worries. Sort them out in little piles. Decide which are yours, and discard the rest. You will be amazed to discover how many things you have been worrying about that didn't actually concern you.

Confront the worries which are left. If you are concerned about illness, seek treatment. If you have a personal or emotional problem, find guidance. Once you have met your problems and made a decision about them, don't let them keep eating at you.

Try to make the most of your job. Don't set your sights too high. Take one thing at a time. And remember that too much driving ambition, like a runaway horse, can drag you and bruise you. Set your goals within the bounds of your capabilities and, for your own sake, be honest.

This honesty with oneself carries over into a lot of fields. Many people make themselves their own whipping boy. Give yourself a break. Don't be your own goat. Constant dissatisfaction with oneself takes the joy out of living; be your own best friend—it's you that you have to live with most.

As stepping stones to peace of mind, try out the following simple rules.

1. Block that worry! Learn to meet your worries and

master them. Don't let them master you.

2. Take it easy. The body is a machine, a delicate and precise one; it can't be operated at top speed all day. Give yourself plenty of time—for the things you do as well as the places you have to go. Avoid that frantic feeling of always being five minutes behind schedule. And some time every day, take time to rest. Let your mind and body idle once in a while.

3. Don't put it off. Procrastination, besides being the thief of time, will rob you peace of mind. You can't be happy when you keep thinking about the little things you intended to do but haven't. Either get them done or forget about them.

4. Learn to live with yourself. Don't be the first to back your own eye. Be on your own side. This doesn't mean to continually pat yourself on the back; just treat yourself with the same respect you would accord a dear friend.

5. Be honest, with yourself, with others and in all things.

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6. Don't kick against the sharp edges of life. Try to ride with them, whether they are caused by people or by the light switch.

7. Eat wisely. A well-balanced diet is essential to the body machine.

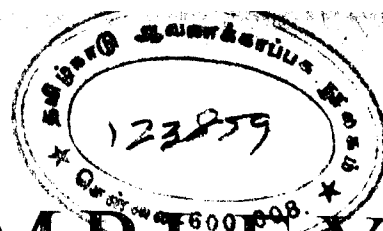
8. Find some kind of wholesome diversion. Adopt a hobby that you can lose yourself in; if your interest is in music, set aside a time to play or listen. In some people this type of expression runs to civic affairs.

9. Be generous in relations with others. This can involve money, time or little services, and it should be approached with no thought of return.

10. Have faith. There is no peace of mind without faith in something—oneself, one's work, a noble cause. And deep religious faith, with belief in its teachings and a genuine attempt to live by its precepts, is a welltrodden path to peace of mind.

You will not find some of these rules easy to follow at first. Still, if you follow them and substitute them for old habits, you will find that living is more fun. Strangely enough, you will find not just yourself improved. By some remarkable coincidence, everyone else will seem improved, too.

—R. V. SELIGER



WEMBLEY

Story of the Greatest Sports Stadium

SIR Arthur Elvin can claim to be the biggest operator in the world of sport. Boss of the greatest sport and entertainment centre in the world, he has put on more big events, delighted more paying patrons and probably seen more shows himself than any other sports impresario.

Elvin is chairman and managing director of the enterprise which runs the famous Wembley stadium and the adjacent indoor pool and sports arena in west London, where the 1948 Olympic Games were held. He first went to Wembley in 1924 as a \$25-a-week assistant at a cigarette kiosk inside the old Wembley exhibition grounds, of which the sports stadium formed a permanent feature. Two years later when the exhibition closed, he bought all the temporary buildings for demolition. That work completed, at the age of 26 he bought the stadium, with little capital of his own, and only a dream as to what he was going to do with it.

Since then he has built an empire.

Under his presiding genius for nearly 30 years Wembley has become a mecca for the sporting millions, a magnet attracting the masses to sporting events unknown when the great stadium was built.

Besides a regular programme of greyhound racing, motorcycle, speedway racing and ice hockey, Wembley stages a variety of special events from pageants and water carnivals to table tennis tournaments, from rodeos to religious rallies. With the Empire pool, the great indoor arena which Elvin built in 1934, Wembley can stage any kind of indoor or outdoor sport and spectacle involving large crowds. The first game ever played there was football. Since 1923 the stadium has been the scene of the greatest annual event in the British sporting calendar, the Football association cup final. In recent years the Empire pool has become the setting

for a new mass entertainment in the form of fabulous spectacles on ice—English pantomime at Christmas, and in the summer months musicals such as Ivor Novello's "The Dancing Years." Apart from these activities there are greyhound kennels and other projects, all part of the sporting enterprise run on Wembley's 70-acre estate.

Four to five million people come to Wembley every year, many from countries overseas for international events.

The man who caters to all these customers, the main-spring of the whole Wembley organisation, makes it his personal concern to see that everyone gets "value for money." There is no minor Wembley operation which isn't subject to his guiding hand.

Elvin is a blunt, hearty, dynamic personality with a boyish grin and humour in his eyes. His capacity for hard work matches the genius of his vision. Oddly modest as impresarios go, he never boasts about his own achievements. But Wembley is his life and soul and he's always ready to talk about it. He shares this life with Lady

Elvin, his devoted wife and partner, who has been his secret source of inspiration since they met in the old exhibition days, he in his tobacco kiosk and she serving jewellery in the trinket shop next door. They seldom take a holiday.

One of the reasons for Wembley's popularity is Elvin's belief that a first-class entertainment is worth watching in comfort, in cheerful surroundings. Every spectator in both arenas is guaranteed a clear view. The Empire pool, built entirely of ferroconcrete and glass, has no pillars or girders to block the view of the 12,000 people it can hold. Incidentally the building has largest single-span proscenium arch in the world. The pool can be floored or transformed into an ice rink in a few hours, and given a little more time a banked wooden track can be constructed for a six-day bicycle race.

So efficient is the organization for marshalling crowds that when necessary the indoor arena can be emptied and filled again within half an hour, the building having been cleaned throughout in the meantime. Cars entering and leaving the ample acres of parking space don't get into a jam. This acknowledged feat of organization is typical

of the minutely planned operations which make Wembley a unique institution.

Elvin's attention to detail amounts almost to a fetish. It is fine for the customer. Sometimes it is the despair of the staff. He has about 350 permanent employees, plus 500 temporary workers when required.

He sets a good example himself. He attends practically every performance of every show or event, taking an active part in the running of greyhounds or cars, and watching shows with a critical eye.

Elvin doesn't claim to have invented any of the sports which now have a national following. His genius has been in seeing how some entertainment, newly introduced, could be adapted on a Wembley scale. Although he never bets on dogs or horses, he has gambled heavily on his own hunches—and never lost.

Hockey came to Wembley in 1934.

When Elvin was selling cigarettes at Wembley, the giant stadium was considered very much of a white elephant. At that time it was used only for football. Built on the crest of a slight hill,

the top of which was excavated to form the stadium bowl, it cost nearly \$4,000,000 to construct.

Young Elvin, an unemployed ex-air force officer, took the cigarette counter job that other former officers had turned down.

By the time the Wembley exhibition opened for the second year he had taken over eight souvenir shops in the grounds, running them on a commission basis. When the exhibition finally closed he secured a contract for disposal of the unwanted buildings. Then, with consummate nerve, he offered the owner of the stadium \$500,000 for his costly white elephant, 10 per cent down and the rest in instalments. The offer was accepted, but the owner died bankrupt soon afterwards, and the official receiver demanded the whole of the purchase money forthwith. Elvin ventured among the hard-headed financiers in the City, and after three weeks obtained a loan and bought the stadium. Almost immediately he re-sold it to the present company, which was being formed in the meantime, at a profit of \$11,000 which he took in shares. At the age of 27 he became the stadium's managing director. **

—W. G. MATTERS.

Music In Indian Films

By K. PARTHASARATHY

CINEMA music, as it has come to be known affectionately by the cine fans and the younger generation and scornfully by the exponents of the classical music and the older generation, has come to stay in this country.

India has been called the 'Sangita Bhumi'—land of music by eminent musicologists. Her musical iconography is rich and strikes deep roots into time. Narada Parivrajaka Upanishad refers for the first time in the history of mankind, to a very highly developed system of music in India. It is no wonder that music has become an oriental and integral part of our films, unlike in the western pictures where they have two distinct classifications, musical and non-musical. The jungle, action and detective pictures of the West are classed in the latter category for, in them music is practically non-existent or is kept at a low ebb.

Usually every Indian film consists an average of nine songs—the duration of each of which is about three minutes, covering 300 feet of the celluloid. Generally, the number of songs is relative to the length of the film.

The solely instrumental background music always plays a vital part in Indian pictures. A delicate but dexterous blending of various instruments is worked out, to produce different emotional effects through the spinning of musical notes so as to synchronise with the different atmospheres of the sequences like pathos, romance, humour and chivalry. This process of music achieves the varying phases of suspense, crisis, climax and anti-climax to give the necessary life-spots to the film. Dialogues and music form the phonetic content or the sound aspect in films, the former depicting the characters in the story and the latter

spinning the moods in the story in rhythmic sound.

Appeal of Film Music

Film music appeals to the ear and captures the heart whereas the classical or scientific music captures the heart by appealing to the mind. Mere melody of tone or 'Kanta Madhurya' carries the stage in film music, but technique is more important than tone in classical music, which feeds the Navarasas or the 'nine aesthetic moods' of man. The latter has permanence as it is placed on disciplined principles of exposition or "Lakshanika Nibhandana". But film music is different. It belongs to the school of romanticism. It is flexible and serves the time spirit. It also weaves the time spirit. It also weaves the 'nine aesthetic moods' of man, without which any depiction of human character on the screen would be artificial. But film music works up the moods, not on classical resources but from the instinctive ability and personal inspiration of the music director or composer who brings forth the spirit of the mood concerned with fitting graces and modulations of a self evolved tune, suggestive of the context.

It is evident that methods differ in classical and modern music although both aim to offer parallel experiences to their respective audiences.

In short what varied range of emotions, pulsations and feelings the lay man experiences through film music, classical exponents realise through their science.

The evolution of music in motion pictures is a romance by itself. The vocal and the orchestra are like the two faces of the same coin. They are so inextricably woven into each other, that any attempt to split them tells upon the total effect of harmony and entertainment so essential for the success of a film today.

Various Types

Music in films is of various types. There are romantic, devotional, humorous, pathetic and martial songs, each type calling forth for a particular mode and pattern. In addition to these, music set to dance has been greatly popularised by the film. Dance music aims at and achieves graceful and measured, swift or slow movements of the various parts of the body in order and symmetry. No Indian picture can be said to be complete without even a single dance, and its peculiar mosaic of music, more so in pictures where classical dances form a necessary point of the story and also where tribal dances are featured. A special form of music known as 'Art Music' which has a great tradition in India is

played to kindle in us serene and sublime feelings and thoughts, as we see on the screen great monuments, immortal works of sculpture, soul stirring paintings and similar things of beauty that give 'a joy for ever'. Apart from these, art music is also played to match the screening of any brilliant piece borne out of the originality of the producer. It is a fine texture of melodies which invokes feelings of admiration, reverence and pathos in the human heart. Generally, however, our pictures fail to bring out eloquently the serene and sublime features of great works of art they depict, because the art music does not succeed in capturing their spirit. Documentary films on historic ruins in which free vent is given to art music in its widest range are typical of this type.

In the wake of film music has come orchestra, without which now-a-days not a single concert is complete. It has given a tremendous fillip to the use of hitherto neglected instruments like piano, clarinet, sitar, dholak and jaltarangam. A rich variety of musical instruments belonging to the stringed, wind and percussion groups are all wielding an overgrowing influence in the studios, at concerts and in homes thanks to the influence of cinema music.

A revivalist movement in music has come into vogue and presents new tunes of enchanting melody evolved through certain relaxable notations, meters and rhythms, akin to the technique prevailing in classical music, but of a different material and order. These melodies seem to be a fitting replica of Gandharva Ganam or the music of 'celestial spaces' claimed to have been sung by 'Gandharvas' and is classed as light music wherein melody and science rival each other. Similarly, folk songs which reveal the life of the common people, have gained a new momentum due to film music which, rendered in a more competing melody and refined form, preserve their original charm to their fullest measure. We hear them sung by the rustics at the road side, by the ploughman to his team, by the carter as he sits between his bullocks, by the boatman as he rows along the waters, by the village belles in romantic leisure at the well and by the peasant folk as they sow and reap in the fields, the orchestra rending them all the while a new grace and a better effect.

Play Back Singer

Play back singing occupies an important place in film music. The play back singer renders his voice to or sings

for the action artiste who can only act, but cannot sing well or where his voice is unsuitable for the mike. The actor gives the best lip synchronisation to the phonetic movements of the play back song, while his voice remains unrecorded, thereby assuring that the unity, motive and tempo of the sequence in context are not lost.

Opportunity is taken to create the necessary feelings of suspense, crisis and climax through the medium of play back songs. Cinema music along with other merits has also brought out 'the time element' in the lives of the musicians i.e. the importance of adaptability to time, which is so essential both for the progress of the field and artistes.

Music in films has some serious demerits too. Many pictures suffer from the weakness of having too many songs which spoil the tempo of the picture, and are tiring to the audience. There are brilliant exceptions but these are very few.

The introduction of songs at wrong places and against

an irrelevant back ground lacking atmosphere and motive is also prevalent in many pictures. Mournful silence and contemplative solitude are depicted by quiet and softened notes, but a pandemonium of revolting sounds released from the orchestra, commands the situation very often in our films. It is common experience that rotten tunes, bad singers and an aimless orchestra have battered many a picture.

Cheap Imitation

The orchestra with all its importance in the film music, unfortunately sometimes unduly overlaps the vocal performance. Often, the virgin voice of many an ace singer is lost in the wildness of the orchestra. It should be properly attuned to the vocal if it is to succeed in creating the necessary effect.

Another lamentable fact is the indiscriminate imitation which is widely prevalent. While it is true that good tunes need adaptation in different languages, as a mark of appreciation for and regard to the talents of the creative composer, it should

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not be allowed to degenerate into gross, indiscriminate and commercial imitation.

The introduction of western music or its nearest derivate styles in native tongues is yet another defect in our film music. Affectation and pretence are seen to be writ large on the faces of characters and thus the very purpose of the sequence is marred. What a sorry sight it would be to see a newly wedded Indian village couple in native costumes dance the rustic Californian, way singing an exotic tune in native tongue!

But even the bitterest critic of the musical content of our pictures must concede that its development has been romantic. Even in the remotest villages film fans hum the popular tunes of catchy songs. But a discriminative and persistent policy of promoting the merits and elimination of demerits would bring the musical aspect in the picture closer to perfection. This will mean less wastage of finance, time and labour in the production of films and more real entertainment and enlightenment to the public. *

How's Your Sixth Sense?

WHEN World War II was nearing its end, a woman in Florida awakened one night sobbing uncontrollably because she had seen her soldier son die in a burning aeroplane. Her husband tried to convince her that her dream was just a foolish nightmare, and he reminded her that the war was over and their boy was not even in the Air Force. When she refused to be comforted, he called in the family doctor who talked to her quietly and gave her a sedative. The next day a cheerful letter from their son arrived, and the woman regained control of herself.

Five nights later, however, she had the same dream again and this time a sedative would not calm her. Believing her hysteria completely irrational, the doctor had her admitted for examination to the psychiatric division of the hospital.

The day after her second nightmare, a telegram came. Her son, stationed in the Far East, had been sent home on

an airplane which had caught fire and gone down on the night of his mother's first experience.

This clairvoyant dream, and thousands of other case histories of psychic experiences have been collected by a noted husband-and-wife team of scientists, Drs. J. B. Rhine and Louis E. Rhine of Duke University, USA who, in their researches to establish a new world of the mind, have begun the first documentation of various types of supernatural phenomena.

In their compilation of cases the Rhines have discovered that 75 per cent of experiences are reported by women, and they concluded from this fact that women though probably, not born with more "intuition" than men, are less likely to reject its functioning.

"Women are less inhibited about describing these experiences", Dr. Joseph Rhine

explains, "and they appear to be less likely to obscure the picture with excuses and rationalisations". His wife, has made a special study of phenomena reported by women, finds them particularly receptive to "news" of a loved one in far-off places, and of events like pregnancy, birth, sickness and death.

But a clairvoyant dream such as the one described appears relatively simple when contrasted with the kind of experience that has been reported involving the future. An illustration of this latter type of psychic phenomena taken from Mrs. Rhine's files happened to an Ohio woman. She was commenting to a friend about the death notice of a friend from a heart attack when the other woman expressed shock and incredulity. This led to a search of the newspapers, but no announcement of the death could be found.

The next day, however, the person they had been discussing did have a heart attack and the paper the following day did contain the notice which the woman had fancied she had seen on the earlier day.

These two examples of psychic experiences, taken from more than 4,000 case histories assembled by the Rhines and authenticated by as much

fact as possible, have one characteristic in common: they are unexplainable if standard text book ideas about the world and man are correct. To prove whether or not extrasensory perception is a world beyond physics, the pioneering Rhines charted a field of laboratory research with controlled experiments to bring this mass of phenomena into perspective in their Himalayan fistness.

The Rhines claim almost everyone is familiar to some degree with psychic occurrences but few have a psychic experience. Those who do may have only one in a life time; others may have a great many. But all the experiences are spontaneous and not under the control of the person concerned. They are likely to slip up on the individual when off guard, as in a dream, or when relaxed during walking hours.

To see whether these abilities suggested by psychic experiences can be reliably demonstrated, the Rhines and other researchers designed a series of tests and conducted them under controlled conditions. The results at first challenged, are gradually becoming accepted by the scientific world. These card-guessing tests have produced some weird effects such as telepathic and clairvoyant precognition. ***

—ANGELA BURKE

POP'S MISTAKE

POP Kingsley's bottom lip stiffened. It quivered with emotion as he started to clean out the desk which had served him so well for the past thirty years. Only one week more to go before he was placed on the retired list. The notice had been posted on the bulletin board three weeks ago.

It seemed only a few months ago that he had joined the staff of the Lockwood Penitentiary. As his eyes strayed to the staff photo of thirty years back, his mind

passed a note from one prisoner to another. He knew it was a harmless message, but it was against the rules, the book said.

He also came in for some caustic criticism the night Old Joe Barrington nearly died, coughing violently through tubercular lungs. The Pen Physician, Doctor Harlow, called out of his bed to inspect the sick man, reprimanded Pop for wasting his time on down and out convicts. This offended Pop's sense of justice and

a Detective Story by Joe Holliday

flashed back in reminiscence of those first months when he tried to be a hardboiled pen guard. Right from the start he made mistakes. His first week saw him wearing a guard tunic and cap and his own civvy trousers. It was an odd uniform and the hard-bitten prisoners took him for quite a ride, at first. There was another time, later, when the Chief Turnkey bawled him out of him when he had innocently

equality. He blew up and told the Doc exactly what he thought of him, and demanding that he move the old man to the hospital ward.

MAY be it was the determined gleam in Pop's eyes or maybe it was because the Doc knew Pop was right...anyway the old man went upstairs. He died a week later. They said at the inquest that Old Joe should have been taken out of the cold, damp cell weeks

earlier. Pop, however, was called up on the carpet. The Jail Governor, cold, curt and decidedly official, told him that he made a mistake when he tried to tell the Doctor his business. Pop's job, he said was guarding, not playing nurse. Somehow or other everything Pop did seemed to go wrong.

[It finally came to a head when he went to investigate the screaming man in cell 16, Corridor A. The man was having a fit of delirium tremens that made "Lost Weekend" look like an overnight stop. Pop decided to shift the man to the Annex hospital. He was on the night shift and had to make a quick decision. He made his mistake when he took the prisoner over to the other side of the rotunda, by walking him around the circular balcony which ran around the cell tiers. He never thought the prisoner would be crazy enough to jump over the railing and dash his brains out on the flagstoned floor three floors below.

The resulting investigation was short. Pop was suspended for three months. Upon his reinstatement he found that his job as a guard was still there but under different circumstances. He was being permanently attached to the clinic on the main floor. His heart sank when he heard this. It was only a routine job. He was to act as

"assistant" to the Pen Doctor.

FOR twenty-eight of his thirty years in the Penitentiary service Pop carried out his prosaic duties. Three times a day he made the rounds with his "pill" kit, dispensing aspirins, gargle solution, tonics and other medicinal comforts. At first Pop was bitter about this new job. Then he began to take an interest in his "patients." He soon gained their confidence. It wasn't long before the convicts thought more of Pop than they did of the Pen Doctor. If Pop gave a diagnosis it was gospel truth to the men. He showed them kindness, a rare commodity in that institution. He worried over their slightest ills. When the new x-ray machine was installed, he quickly became a proficient operator. He x-rayed every inmate. He soon made himself indispensable.

Underneath it all, however, Pop, quietly waited. He wanted to redeem himself in the eyes of his fellow-guards. He was still feeling hurt way down deep inside.

Pop's reminiscent smile vanished and his eyes grew cold and he dropped his eyes from the old staff photo. Only one week to go for retirement and he had never made good that wish. His lips tightened. He felt annoyed and frustrated.

The next day Pop was too busy taking care of Red Harrington to worry much about anything else. Harrington, one of the toughest customers they'd had in a long time was a former steel mill hand. He had gone beserk and had killed his wife and a neighbour. It wouldn't take long, the knowing ones said, for the jury to find him guilty and pass sentence of death.

THAT morning, just as they were contemplating his possible removal to the death cell they found Harrington lying on the floor, choking. He had ripped a strip from his cot blanket, twisted it around his neck and through the bars in tourniquet fashion. Twisting round and round he had tightened the loop and was doing a first class job of hanging himself when they discovered him.

Pop unfastened the blanket cloth noose, massaged the bruised, torn throat flesh and brought the purplish face back to normal colour. He also helped hold down the man when he came to and decided he'd like to finish the job by bashing his head against the stone wall. In order to keep an eye on him Pop had him transferred to the Psychiatric Annex, with a special guard on watch. Harrington was "muffed" in his cot and this kept him from getting up and doing further damage.

Pop never realized it, but Red Harrington was his redeemer. The first inkling Pop had of Red Harrington's break came from the Annex guard.

Guard Watkins voice was shrill, and incoherent with hysteria.... "Pop...Harrington's got away!...He's got my gun...he knocked out Guard Hutchins...watch for him...I...I...."

The phone receiver at the other end clattered noisily as the guard quietly folded up.

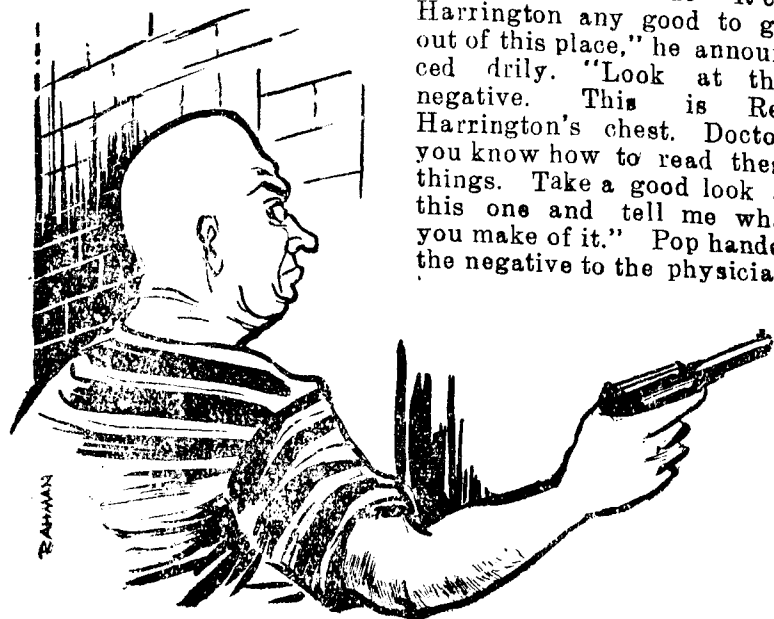
Pop was just about to dash out when he suddenly stopped in the doorway, paused for a few seconds, then came back to his filing cabinet. He slid the steel drawer open, extracted two large brown envelopes from it. He walked out of his office, across the hall and into the Governor's office.

POP ignored the fact that the Governor was having a private talk with Doctor Jeffreys, the new physician. He walked over to the huge walnut desk and laid his two large brown envelopes in front of Governor Cortney. "I'd like to discuss these two x-rays with you, right now." Pop was short and decisive.

The two officials exchanged glances. The Governor could scarcely credit such

effrontery. "If there is any discussion, Mr. Kingsley," he snapped, "it will hold till later. I needn't remind you that I'm occupied with Doctor Jeffrey at the moment."

Pop's eyes flashed fire. "This is one time you'll listen to me, Governor. I got word five minutes ago that Red



Harrington's broken out of the Annex." Both men jumped to their feet. The Governor reached for his phone.

POP lifted a restraining hand. "No use getting excited. I've got all the answers right here." He pointed to the x-ray negatives in the envelopes.

"I hope you've got a good explanation for all this, Kingsley," The Governor's eyes were cold and he was angry.

POP held the large 11" x 14" negative up to the window light and jabbed his finger at spotty dark areas in a chest x-ray. "Won't do Red Harrington any good to get out of this place," he announced drily. "Look at this negative. This is Red Harrington's chest. Doctor, you know how to read these things. Take a good look at this one and tell me what you make of it." Pop handed the negative to the physician.

The doctor studied it for a few seconds. His practised eyes roamed over the glossy surface, analysing every shaded area. His mouth dropped open as he realised that Pop was right. The negative revealed definite signs of an advanced case of tuberculosis; a hopeless case.

Doctor Jeffreys slowly put

the negative down on the desk. His grim attitude was confirmation enough for the Governor. He reached for the phone.

"DON'T touch that phone!"

Red Harrington, a gun levelled at them, stood in the entrance to a clothes cupboard in the small alcove leading into the office. He had evidently been hiding

"What's my chances, Doc?" Jeffreys looked him square in the eye. "Not so hot, Red. Three months at best according to your x-ray."

Harrington's hard gaze wavered momentarily. "Looks like I'm due to beat the rope rap after all, eh?" he cracked. His laugh was short, bitter. His eyes narrowed suspiciously.



there during their conversation. There was no doubt he had overheard them. Harrington held his left hand out.

"Hand me that x-ray, Pop." His voice was calm and unruffled. Pop gave him the negative. Harrington held it up to the light, alternating his glances from the men to it. He turned to Doctor Jeffreys, after a moment.

"I have been here two months," Harrington rasped. "Why didn't someone tell me this before?"

POP spoke up. "Maybe somebody figured it would be cheaper to hang you than to treat you."

The prisoner glared at the Doctor. "Could they string me up....in my condition, Doc?"

Jeffreys shook his head. "Not if my medical opinion means anything," he replied. "Now that I've seen your x-ray. I'm going to demand immediate treatment for you. It's your legal right."

HARRINGTON'S tense gun hand suddenly relaxed. His expression cleared and a light of hope appeared in his eyes. "You on the level, Doc?" His voice was eager.

"Certainly, Harrington. Your condition warrants immediate attention, if you want to try and lick this thing. Why don't you go back to your Annex and start fighting it right now."

There was an ominous silence while all four men let this suggestion run around their minds. Harrington stared hard at the others. He was making a big decision. If he made a break he might have a chance. But was it worthwhile? He remembered how his mind reeled when, hidden in the cupboard, he had overheard their conversation. Then a cunning gleam came to his eyes. Why not go back to the Annex? The news of his illness would surely postpone the trial. He could make a big play for public sympathy. Later, if things looked bad at the retrial he'd be in better health for a second break.

"Okay, Doc. I'll go back to the Annex." Harrington held out his gun to the three surprised, and relieved officials.

Ten minutes later Red Harrington was safely back in his ward cot, while the building buzzed with the news of his voluntary uneventful return.

Back downstairs Doctor Jeffreys mopped his wet brow and breathed a sigh of deep relief. Suddenly he stopped wiping his forehead.

He reached down and picked up the x-ray negative which Pop had shown him. He stared intensely at the right hand bottom corner. His eyes widened in surprise. He wheeled around and confronted Pop who was helping the Governor make out a special report.

"Mr. Kingsley!"

Doctor Jeffrey's voice was sharp with annoyance. "This x-ray is dated 1929, exactly seventeen years ago. Just what is the gag?"

POP looked at both men in his most wide-eyed innocent fashion.

His eyes twinkled.

"Ain't it awful," he said quietly. "I must have made another mistake. * * *

Genius With A Difference

LINDA FALCAO FOULIS

TAKE a foot-long, inch-wide strip of paper, one end in either hand. Twist it, then twist it again. Join the ends. Now take a pair of scissors and splice it down in the middle.

What have you got?

There's a pretty, 20-year-old ex-model, ex-carhop and "rock 'n' roll" music-lover at Tulane university here who can predict what your paper-and-scissor work will get you—just by thinking about it.

She's brown-haired, dark-skinned Linda Falcao Foulis. Her attractive five foot-six, 110 pound frame is the least of her remarkable attributes. Linda is a mathematical genius, her professors say.

But Linda is a genius with a difference.

For one thing, no one in her adopted hometown of

of Miami, Fla., knew this Paris-born lass had any brains—until she quit high school out of boredom.

"I thought high school was stupid. I didn't like it and didn't get along," she recalls.

For another, Linda is the type who likes to stroll the pleasant campus of this southern seat of learning barefoot hair unkempt. Eccentric and genius-like? True, you say.

In 24 months Linda mastered and surpassed every textbook on mathematics in print. Her awed tutors, eminent mathematicians themselves, praise her for solving in three weeks a fantastically involved numbers problem that stumped the experts for 17 years.

Yet Linda would prefer not to talk about it. She'll go to great lengths, in fact, to

avoid being photographed and questioned. Shortly after I arrived here by plane at 10 a.m. on a Friday morning—after telephoning my intentions a few hours before—Linda, it turned out, had planned a 10-day "vacation" to begin an hour before.

"She really wants to go away," her professor, Dr. R. D. Wallace, said. "She wants to be a one with her problems. She's bored by anything else. She's shy, modest. In a word, almost afraid of people."

It turned out later Linda was off on a honey-moon. She'd found a new love with her new fame, and David J. Foulis was it. Foulis a fellow student at Miami, and is a fellow graduate student at Tulane.

After quitting high school, Linda started at Miami university as an "average" student. More than once she came close to being expelled.

Dr. Jay F. W. Pearson, University of Miami president, said, "Some of our people would have got rid of her, but her professors recognized she had something

that doesn't come along very often. We realized that with exceptional people like that, certain allowances had to be made."

The allowances made in Linda's case proved fruitful indeed. For the past few weeks some 2,000 members of the American Mathematical society have been perusing her first published work in the society's written proceedings.

Linda entered Miami university as a general student later transferring to the university's school of engineering with the laconic statement—"When I see what I want to do, I do it. I never make plans ahead."

She was put to work, more or less as a test on a problem involving the properties of infinite space in algebraic topology. She came back in three weeks with a solution to the problem that had been attacked, piecemeal and in bits and parts, for 17 years. That's the solution which has now been published by the American Mathematical society.

Last summer, Dr. C. T. Yang, world-famous Chinese

mathematician, journeyed to Miami from the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, N. J., to tutor Linda for several weeks. On Aug. 31, she received her bachelor's degree in science. She made plans to accept Tulane university's offer of an honoured place among some 24 graduate school students in mathematics.

Here at Tulane, with a university population of little more than 4,000 full-time students, Linda's study technique is bound to raise eyebrows. Dr. Wallace says, "She doesn't use a book, pencil or paper. She uses her brain. Some of her subjects will be: Complex variables, the algebraic number theory, advanced algebraic topology, and operations on Hilbert Space.

"Under the tutelage of Dr. E. J. Pettis, our chairman of mathematics, Linda will attack the problems of 'rubber sheet geometry.' Imagine a big sheet of rubber you can hold up in your hands. Take a piece of chalk and draw a perfect square. Now stretch the rubber, in all directions. Twist it, pull it. What happens to that square?"

Linda could tell you, just by thinking about it. There are certain "invariant properties" or constants, about the stretched square. Like predicting what happens to the "Möbius Band," or strip of paper that's twisted, joined, then spliced—Linda can figure it out. Even if it takes her all night.

Tired of thinking about this one? The late Albert Einstein once stumped an interviewer with the problem, in an effort to illustrate one corner of the complexities of mathematics.

The first twist, when spliced, produces a sort of figure-eight. Two twists yield two interlocking circles. A third, half-twist gives a circle and figure eight, when spliced. "It takes a genius to predict that," says Dr. Wallace.

Has the world, then, a second Einstein? "Quite possible," Dr. Wallace says. Einstein showed mathematical propensities at 12, evolved his first relativity theory at 26, enlarged upon it at 36.

Linda Falcao Foulis is just 20. No textbook can teach her a thing. She is stubborn, persistent, "different." She is a "pure researcher" with a coffee-fed vengeance. **

At last someone was coming! Malati thought with exhilaration. At last! She could not describe how the words were to her. The mere thought of them filled her with joy.

Years of waiting had done her no good. She was twenty-five now, the carefree frivolity of her seventeens long since dead. It had been an unnerving seven years of waiting. Seven years! The thought brought rushing into her mind the days she had cried herself out of tears. The days she had received pro-

posals only to find out that the would be husband was either poor or old of age. Anything but that.

Those had been days of anguish. "Why have I studied till matriculation!" she had shouted at her mother. "To be married to a dirty, no good old man?" Her outbursts had usually resulted in tears, and more than once she had fled from the room and closeted herself in the bedroom giving vent to her luck.

During all this time, a small passage of days and feverish

posals only to find out that the would be husband was either poor or old of age. Anything but that.

What had her brother told her? Malati lived every word he had said. She felt the words ringing again and again, sweet music to her frustrated ears.

"His name is Madhusudan Krishnaswamy. Isn't it a nice name? He is very well to do; a supervisor in a factory, and getting over 300 rupees every month. His bearing and attitude looked pleasing to me. He is quite good looking. What do you say Malati?"

She had just listened. He

Meeting Malati

Short Story by SHAMA KILANJAR

was rich, that was all that mattered. And she had full faith in her brother Kalu. He just could not make a mistake in such an important affair.

"KALU," she had said, and a lump had risen in her throat, "when he be coming?"

Today was the day.

The block in which her mother, Kalu and she lived was made up of four large rooms. One was the reception room, the kitchen, the bedroom and the dressing room cum study. Malati peered into the wardrobe. She looked at the different sarees and blouses lying folded on the shelves. How she longed to wear that voil one today. All blue and red, with its beautiful golden linings! But her mother had said no.

"For your fair complexion and slim figure, Malati, wear the white one. And another thing, white stands for purity."

She did not agree with her mother. The white one looked so plain.

There was a knock on the dressing room door.

"Yes—s—s," she turned around. She felt inexplicably nervous.

The door flung open, and a young man of twenty burst in. His brownish face gleamed with perspiration. "Malati, he has come!" His face shone with unconcealed enthusiasm as he said the words. Then he looked at her and exclaimed. "And boy, will he kill you!"

He came forward and clutched his sister's hands. "Good luck, Malati." She knew he meant it sincerely. "And mama told me to remind you to hurry up with the refreshments."

MALATI'S rouged face turned into a frown. "Tell the servant that. Haven't I got enough worries to make me more nervous than I already am? My face; my hair; my dress. These are enough to drive me mad. What will he think? And tell Bibi to bring it here. I will take it to the reception room."

"Yes, Malati," Kalu said meekly, as he went out, but his face had lost a little of its previous enthusiasm.

Would her mother never know not to tell her to do the most trivial things? Did a man look at a prospective girl's looks, or did he want to see how she served refreshments? Mama could certainly be ridiculous at times!

Just as she was throwing the last of her saree over her

shoulder, the door opened again, and the servant, a young girl of fourteen, entered with a loaded brass tray.

Malati turned around abruptly. "Bibi, don't you know when to hurry up with your work?"

THE girl looked at her with big eyes. "But, *memsahib*, the stove leaks, as you know quite well, and master Kalu said that he was going to fix it up in the morning. But as usual he has forgotten. What do you expect me to do?"

"Enough! Enough! Go back to the kitchen! I'll take care of these things."

That Bibi was always bickering. About the stove leaking, or no coal in the *seegiri* or this or that!

Kalu entered again. "Malati, you better take the tea. By the looks of it mama is impatient."

"Yes! Yes! I am coming! Kalu," she softened her tone, "how do I look? Do I look all right?"

"You look smashing, Malati," Kalu replied instantly. Only did not she show her age behind all that powder? But he did not speak his thoughts out.

He led the way out of the room with Malati delicately carrying the tray.

As soon as she had passed the threshold of the reception room and cast her eyes on the man sitting directly opposite, she knew he was for her.

He looked at her as she entered, and his lips widened slightly in a faint smile.

"This is my daughter, Malati," said her mother from the left.

As Malati laid the tray on the table in front of him, he got up and his mustached upper lip folded upwards, revealing his white teeth. "Glad to meet you, Miss Malati. Your mother was just speaking about you before you came."

"She should, Mr. Krishnaswamy, as I am the only daughter she has." Malati put on her most captivating smile.

HER mother waved her to the sofa beside her. Malati quietly sat down, placing her white saree delicately on the cushy seat.

"Kalu, over there, is as much a son to me as she is a daughter, and I never make any distinction between them." Mrs. Chettiar broke the silence.

He looked nice with his creased gabardine pant and that lovely shirt. He looked expensive. She looked at him and she felt an unbearable

itch transcend all over her body, making her move uneasily in the enclosure of the sofa.

SHE looked at his eyes and for a few minutes his gaze met hers. A warm feeling went down her, and her legs felt hot within the saree. She did not speak. Her mother had told her to speak less and think more. She was certainly thinking!

"Is your work dangerous?" Mrs. Chettiar queried. That was a vital question to her. Ever since her husband, a fireman, had died fighting a blaze that had consumed a series of godowns, the mere suggestion of danger upset her. She did not want her daughter to suffer, as much as possible, the pangs of separation from one's husband—forever.

Krishnaswamy gave a high nervous laugh. "It's absolutely safe! As a supervisor I have to see that others do their work satisfactorily, which further minimizes any chances of danger." He glanced at Malati and there was a twinkle in his eyes.

Was he thinking that he was going to supervise her just as he did his workmen? Malati wondered, as she tried to explain that gleam in his eyes. If so, he had another thought coming.

"Mr. Krishnaswamy, the tea is getting cold," said Mrs. Chettiar. Malati, please tell the servant to bring some water. Perhaps Mr. Krishnaswamy is thirsty."

That was the clue for her to make her exit, thought Malati. She gave a last glance at him, then at her mother, and she went slowly out of the room, swaying her hips provocatively.

In the dressing room, she changed her saree for a light green one. Her chances of marrying Krishnaswamy looked promising. She would have to wait for her mother's verdict. And thinking of her mother, she could not see that she would ever differ from her way of thinking.

GOING over to the bookcase in the corner she picked up a paper-back novel. She opened the book and started at the beginning. She could not read. Krishnaswamy's smile loomed dreamily on every line, and again that warm feeling went down her body. What was her mother and he talking about?

She had just finished thirty pages, with a vague impression of what she had read, when her mother entered the room.

"Mama," said Malati, getting up and throwing the book on the table. "Is he gone?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Chettiar abruptly. Malati's mother could look fierce with those heavy lips drawn in a thin firm line. She was far from being happy about her daughter's attitude, and she showed it.

"Mama, why do you look at me like that?" Something terrible must have happened after he had left. A cold fear clutched her heart. Was it going to come in the way of her marriage?

"YOU ask me why I look at you like that. You should know," Mrs. Chettiar's hands shook threateningly as she turned around on her daughter. "When I told you specifically not to show off; you do. When I told you not to paint yourself like a harlot; you do. When I told you to sit silently; you go on playing a game of: 'Look I can stare better than you.' And you ask me why I am angry." She ended her words in a note of disgust.

"But mama, I am going to marry him in the near future, and is there any harm if I look at him?" Malati rationalized. Her heart was in her mouth as she spoke. Why had her mother, who had been so enthusiastic to bring Krishnaswamy here, apparently changed her mind? Had she been too brazen?

"And I think not!" Mrs. Chettiar snapped back.

"Malati, I tell you this. On no account are you to see this man again. And that means you are not going to marry him." Mrs. Chettiar paused, as she breathed in gasps of air, her ponderous breasts moving violently over her chest.

Malati half raised herself from the armchair, then sat back again. All the memories of those past five years came back rushing to her mind. Those days after the matriculation examination. One year, two, three, until she had lost count of time. Only deep memories of one lethargic day superimposing itself on another, until the tiredness of it all was etched on her face. The thoughts flowed into tears and slowly they trickled from her closed eyelids.

"MAMA," her lips trembled as she spoke, "after-after all these years, I-I thought, I-I was going to be happy today. But-ut. He-e has got so-o much money. All that I wished for. A-all that I thought of getting when I refused those-those worthless proposals-I-I don't get."

Mrs. Chettair came closer and put her two heavy hands on her daughter's face. Her voice softened into motherly

concern. "Malati, don't misunderstand me, when I looked at him, I felt that he was not for you. And the way he looked at you, as if evaluating a prospective bargain, reminded me of similar men I have known to live. Men with shady pasts behind them. Is money everything? What will you do with money if you do not take his love? It will be as good to you as the brown earth is to a cityman-worthless. Only if he turns out what I don't think he will be, that same earth would be useful: you being the farmer.

SHE drew one heavy hand over a smooth cheek, wiping away the tears as they flowed.

"I'll try to find out more about him. His family background about which he has been very evasive, saying only that they are living in Bengal."

"No, mama," Malati still looking down pushed her mother's tearstained hand away. "I will never see it that way. I want to marry him." She gritted her teeth as she said it.

Kalu closed the bedroom door behind him. His sister sat on the double-bed absorbed in a novel. "Malati," he whispered. "I have something to tell you."

Malati placed the book on the bed and looked at Kalu. "Yes, Kalu, anything about Krishnaswamy?"

Kalu nodded.

MALATI jumped out of the bed and caught his shoulders. "Tell me!"

Kalu looked behind at the closed door, then said, "After you left the room, five days ago, mama told him to come today."

"Today? When? Why didn't you tell me this before?"

Kalu looked into his sister's eyes and he could feel the excitement rising within her.

"Shh—h! Listen to what I have to say first. Mama told him to come today and she would let him have her decision. After he had gone she made me promise that I would not tell you what she had said. I promised. But since he has come, my promise is over and . . ."

"He has come! Is he here? Now?" Malati shook his shoulders once more, more violently. "My God! And I am not even dressed!" She looked concernedly at the long white skirt she wore, and then felt her ruffled hair.

"But Malati," Kalu added nervously, "don't go there. Mama doesn't want you to be

present" or she would have told you. And just now, as soon as he came in, she told me to go tell the servant to get him the refreshments!"

Malati pushed Kalu aside. "Perhaps I can find out what she is telling him without being present. Stay here till I am back." She was out of the door with her short skirt beating around her legs and her bare feet travelling swiftly over the glossy floor.

"Malati, be careful, if mama comes to know..."

"I UNDERSTAND your sincerity very well, Mr. Krishnaswamy, but you must remember that we receive so many proposals, similar to yours, that we cannot give into all." Mrs. Chettiar went on calmly. "And I have only one daughter whom I will be giving away. At least I think it is my duty that I see her married to someone she likes. No doubt, you find my daughter just what you were looking for, but, without any offence meant, Malati has different ideas of the sort of husband she would like."

What was she saying? Should she go in and shout out that her mother was telling all lies? Should she tell him that she had no objections to marrying him?

"My daughter seeks more than just marriage, Mr. Krishnaswamy. She expects love to go with it."

That's a damn, horrible, black lie!

"She does not mind if her prospective husband was not so monied. She thinks that money is not a panacea for a happy marriage. You know how these modern girls are!"

O Lord! May He strike me dead if I said that! Only with money could you buy all those things she ever wanted. The beautiful sarees. The... the... She could think of so many things that she could never get without money. And here was her mother saying that money wasn't everything.

MALATI found it difficult to catch his replies to her mother's soft tirades. She placed her ear closer to the door again.

"So you see how difficult it is? To be very frank, Mr. Krishnaswamy. I should think that you should drop any ideas you have harboured about marrying my daughter."

"According to your explanations I think I will," Mr. Krishnaswamy's voice replied suavely.

No you shall not!

Malati ran back into the bedroom and threw herself on the bed. Her full chest rose and fell heavily with every sob.

"Kalu, you may go."

[It was several minutes later when she got up, and going to a desk she removed a writing pad and began to scribble with haste.

Dear Madhu:

I am writing this letter to you to explain certain false ideas my mother has instilled in you and also to give you what I think about marrying you.

Firstly, please know that I have no objection to marrying you and my marriage to you is the greatest thing that I wish off. I have waited years for a man of your type to come, and when you do, my mother goes on telling lies about what I think of you. You may be wondering how I know what my mother said, but the fact is that I listened in today to your conversation and all that my mother told you were lies. Horrible black lies that even I was shocked to hear.

She said about my getting many proposals from others. It is no doubt true, but the

proposals were such that I would not even sniff at them. Contrary to what she said you are the only man I ever liked and would not mind marrying. You may think I am being very bold to write to you so frankly, having seen you only for five minutes, as I have done; but this frankness only stems from what my heart compels me to say.

And don't believe mother about what she said regarding money. I think money is necessary to a happy marriage. Don't you agree with me that this is so? After all what can you do in this world without money?

Please, believe me. Maybe my letter is extra long, but that alone should go to prove to you that I am sincere in what I write.

EVEN if mother does not approve of our marriage (which she clearly does not) cannot we go and marry secretly? I am 25 years old and have a right to choose my husband. Please, I like you so. If we marry secretly and then tell mother, she will be helpless and you and I will be happy.

Madhu, darling, give serious thought to what I write here. This is not the mere scribbling of a love sick girl, but of a girl who knows what she is doing.

Darling, if you love me reply soon, and I will fulfill your every desire.

Your prospective wife

Malati.

KRISHNASWAMY laid the letter aside. He placed his head in his palms and pondered. His elbow joints dug against the hard wooden top of the table in front of him. The creases on his brow lined themselves with sweat.

Finally, he pulled out the right-hand drawer of his table and removed a writing pad. Slowly he sharpened a pencil, slicing the soft wood with sure, swift strokes. With a deep sigh, he threw the knife into the open drawer. Then rolling up his sleeves, he began to write.

Malati stood leaning against the balcony, which overlooked the road. She was alone. A slow evening breeze rustled through the trees lining the concrete footpath. She looked at the road below. On her right it took a curve and disappeared out of sight, and on her left it went straight and vanished into the horizon.

The door opened silently behind her. "Malati, what are you thinking?" She heard her mother's soft voice over her shoulder.

"Nothing mama. I was just comparing the world to the road below. How some people are straight and some crooked."

"Yes, that reminds me of what I want to tell you. Sit down, Malati. It is a short episode, but I am sure it will prove beneficial to you."

Mrs. Chettiar placed her heavy bulk on a sofa, and looked at her daughter.

"ABOUT ten years back in Calcutta there lived a young man of 20 years. His parents thought it best that he should marry and soon began searching a wife for him. They finally found one and married him to her. This woman was a virago, if ever there was one. Her temper was terrible. There was no love between the couple, and each successive year found their relations getting more and more strained. To add to these troubles, they were not blessed with any issue. Finally, this man could stand it any longer. He resigned from the factory where he was working and took all his savings. Then

he suggested to his wife that they should go to his parents house for a holiday."

"But mama, why are you telling me all this?"

"Listen, and you shall learn why. The next day he left for Bombay leaving his wife and parents. This man came to Bombay and became a supervisor in a plastic factory."

"Mama!" Malati gave a shrill cry and buried her face in her saree.

"Yes, my daughter, this very man is Mr. Krishnaswamy. The only important point I want to impress upon you is that he is married!"

SHE got up and patted her daughter on the cheek, then closed the balcony door silently behind her.

The evening shadows passed into the darkness of night. The street lamps came on and still Malati sat there.

The door opened again, violently this time, and Kalu burst in.

"Malati, are you there? Mama told me that you were here. I got something for

you." He extended a letter to her. "Malati, I am sorry," that was all he could say when he saw her tearstained face.

MALATI silently took the envelope. Kalu went out leaving her alone. She wiped one wet eye with the back of her left hand, then opening the envelope removed the letter. Her name was there right at the start.

My dear Malati:

I went over your letter very carefully, and though I note that you wrote in all earnestness, I find that my mind does not travel in the same track as yours. Your suggestion of a quiet marriage just goes to show that you do not know what family life means and what it really is.

I have gauged this from your letter, and in the brief period in which I have known you: You are quite mature in body but very very young in mind. Though I would hate it, I think it is unnecessary to prove this to you and after giving a fair appraisal of yourself, you will find that what I say is true.

