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The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental. The Editor does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

Letters

LETTERS INVITED

The editor invites letters from readers who are welcome to express their views on any subject they like. They must, however, be brief and to the point.

AN APPEAL TO BRITAIN

Sir,

The appeal to Britain which Rajaji has made through the columns of the "Peace News" of London - a powerful weekly newspaper - deserves the earnest attention of all intelligent people. It ranks as one of the classics written in support of world peace and against arms race, and horrible experiments in nuclear weapons. He calls upon Britain "to lead the neutral nations against the menace of international ballistic missiles."

Rajaji, as is his wont, uses precise, pregnant and exquisite language and forcibly expresses his high and noble ideas. Though our friends in America are sure to view it as a queer attempt to wean Britain from its clutches, nevertheless it is a dispassionate criticism of the disastrous policy pursued by some of the big

nations of the west. Rajaji clinches the issue when he says :

"This planet has become too small for the ambitions of our times.

"Yet, let us remember, it is not lawful to make experiments across other people's land or over their heads; experiments which contaminate the air and waters that belong to others or which endanger their lives and health, just because we are inclined to run a nuclear or ballistic race. We must reconcile inclination with obligation.

"A discovery in science does not entitle us to demand a suspension of other people's rights or their lawful desire to live a quiet life.

"Extreme power must be met by extreme courage. Recklessness cannot be met by recklessness. Let us oppose the strength of the soul to the infuriated atom that threatens the world."

CALCUTTA.

Peace Lover

THE POET SPEAKS OUT

Sir,

The illustrious poet of Tamil Nad Sri Namakkal V. Ramalingam Pillai has done a great service to the people of Tamil Nad by raising his voice of protest against the 'Anti-Brahmin' and 'anti-North' movements led by some of the our misguided men in his able speech in the Madras Legislative Council when he initiated the discussion on the National Honour Bill. He pointed out that it is totally false and mischievous to say that the Brahmins came from the north and quoted "Tholkappiyam" to prove that the Brahmins lived in Tamil Nad from very ancient times. He advised the people to realise that in these days of internationalism and space travel, it is not possible for one unit of the nation to live in utter isolation of the other component areas of our country and that is unbecoming to cherish hatred towards Sanskrit which is our rich common cultural heritage. It was in the fitness of things that the Home Minister Sri M. Bakta-vatsalam congratulated the bard of Tamil Nad on his first class maiden speech. Will those who sing the hymn of hate reconsider their position and fall in line with the national aspirations and strive to promote the common good of all?

Coimbatore.

N. Gopal Ram.

CLARION CALL TO DUTY

Sir,

Will you kindly find some

space in your Letters Column to draw the attention of your numerous readers to the clarion call to duty and dharma by His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam a few days back. After explaining that it is no good to create "sputniks" and lose the peace of our souls and emphasizing the need for prayers and *anushtanas*, he advised the people to cultivate a spirit of fearlessness and faith in God in these soul-stirring words :

"Our religion has grown and spread through the spiritual influence of perfected souls. Even in the recent past, persons like Kabir Das and Masthan Saheb have been influenced by Vedic thought. Threats from disturbing elements need not detract us from doing what is right. Troubles may come if it is His will. Do not floods and epidemics take a heavy toll occasionally? The oppression of Aurangazeb produced a Sivaji and an Ahalya Bhai. God is both *bhayakrit* and *bhayanasanaha*. Therefore, we need not feel disturbed. Whatever happens will be for our good. We must act in the faith, "God's will be done."

"Therefore mutual respect and mutual love should prevail in society. The man doing devoutly the *anushtana* prescribed for him will be a true soldier of Vedic religion."

MADRAS.

M. V. S.

INDIA MAGAZINE

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THE KASHMIR PROBLEM

THE Kashmir problem has been hanging fire all these ten years without a positive and honest move for a peaceful settlement of the question on a just and equitable basis of international law and morality, not because the relevant issues are fundamentally irreconcilable or baffling the wit of men and the wisdom of the statesmen but it is so really because of the frankly expressed "partisan" attitude which the United States of America and Britain have adopted throughout this long period of controversy. India's gifted representative Mr. V. K. K. Menon was extremely and surprisingly bitter against these two dominating members of the Security Council of the U.N. and made a scathing and uncompromising attack against the machinations of the Anglo-American diplomatic jugglery, if also dishonesty. His biting sarcasm, particularly against Britain for the uniform patronage shown by it to Pakistan who was the aggressor in question, his timely and courageous exposure of the blustering tactics adopted by Iran and Iraq against India and in favour of Pakistan because the latter is a member of the Baghdad Pact and his cogent and logical arguments brilliantly rebutting those of the "SEATO" countries—Britain, America, Australia, Philippines and Cuba which are the sponsoring members of the resolution to send Dr.

Frank Graham as U. N.'s representative to India and Pakistan in search of a settlement of the Kashmir issue show beyond a shadow of doubt how one-sided has been the drama that was enacted in the last session of the Security Council.

But for the malicious and hitting below the belt tactics adopted by Britain and America to boost Pakistan and to insult India at the bar of public opinion, such an extraordinarily clever, suave and diplomatic genius and a friend of the two countries that Mr. Menon is, would not have let himself go in such a merciless fashion to attack them. India and Pakistan are both Common-wealth countries and yet Britain chose to pose as the advocate of the latter and enemy of the former. This *volte face* on the part of Britain must have egged him on to lose his patience. It was proper that Mr. Menon thought it was his duty as a patriot to pay Britain in its own coin and dug out from ancient Indian history evidence as to Britain's behaviour in "stealing a conquest of India" with the help of Lord Clive's forgery and fraud. However embarrassing it may be to us in other respects, we have to be brutally frank sometimes and call a spade a spade and this is what Mr. V.K.K. Menon has done.

"The Western Powers did not forget the great part India has played in the "Suez Canal Crisis" as Mr. Menon pertinently pointed out, and if this was the reason for the anti-Indian game now played by Britain and America, the time is not far off when they will begin to rue their fate as they did in the Suez debacle. If President Nasser could not be broken by the combined might of all the Suez nations and America, neither can the indomitable Nehru be made to play the second fiddle to the voice of the sirens of the West. India may need the aid of Britain and America to tide over her financial commitments consequent on the Second Five Year Plan but she refuses to sell her sovereign right and hard-won freedom for a mess of pottage.

The issues in the Kashmir problem have been made abundantly clear from time to time and in the last session of the Security Council Mr. V. K. K. Menon traversed the ground again and explained all the implications with a clearness and cogency which cannot but elicit the warmest of congratulations from all those whose vision is not blinded by passion, prejudice or greediness. Yet, Britain and America chose to behave as though Pakistan is innocent and that India is aggressive. Pakistan might have dreamt that Kashmir being a predominantly Muslim territory, it should go to it on the basis of the two-nations theory which resulted in the division of India. But, as it cannot make any such claim it attempted to take by force the whole of Kashmir territory by invading into it.

Its armies made a triumphant march as far as the capital city of Srinagar. It was then that the Maharaja of Kashmir made a request and acceded to India. This was in perfect legal form and in conformity with the law of accession which, as Mr. Menon put it, was invented by the genius of Britain. After Kashmir acceded to India, the Indian Government went to the help of the Maharaja and drove out the Pakistani troops up to the cease fire line which is now in operation. As Sardar Patel said then, "the road to Peshawar was open" but India pinning her faith in her own ideal of peace and ahimsa and putting too much confidence in the U.N.O. filed a complaint against Pakistan for aggression in the Security Council. The issue was simple and clear, namely that Pakistan was guilty of aggression.

But the Western Powers wanted to make Kashmir a military base for their own purpose, and so did not want to answer the question in a straight-forward way. They indulged in delay and subterfuge. Because India then voluntarily agreed to have a referendum, *after Pakistan vacated the occupied territory* in Kashmir, Pakistan without fulfilling that all important and basic condition and ignoring it altogether, went on asking for self-determination in Kashmir and was doing incessant propaganda that India was resiling from its obligation and refusing to let Kashmir decide its future by a general vote. The Western Powers not only supported and encouraged it in its perverse propaganda but actively gave military aid to it on the plea that Pakistan is a member of the SEATO and "Baghdad" Pacts. These regional alliances have nothing to do with the Kashmir issue but Pakistan with the military aid obtained from America has been threatening India that it would recapture Kashmir.

With Britain and America on one side and Iran and Iraq on the other side actively encouraging Pakistan, it would have been unnatural if Pakistan failed to exploit the situation for its own pur-

poses. Thus, the Kashmir problem has assumed greater proportions and it is no more a question of aggression originally committed by Pakistan. The Western Powers want to use Kashmir as a base for their military defence and to gain this object, they are using Pakistan as a tool in their "nefarious game" of expansion, as the Soviet delegate described it. Britain and America wish to send Dr. Graham again to India for achieving this ulterior aim.

India has said that it is "totally opposed" to the purpose of the Graham Mission. If the success of the mission depends on the agreement of India to his proposals then it is bound to fail because India has now publicly stated that it is "totally opposed" to the Five-Power move. In these circumstances Soviet Russia came on the scene and opposed the Graham mission. This meant that if the proposition was put to vote in the Security Council, Russia would *veto* it and thus kill it. The Western Powers are in a quandry and at the moment they beat a hasty strategic retreat under cover of adjourning the session. It is idle to speculate what further action Pakistan may be advised to take by its western masters. But it is apparent even to the meanest of intelligence that the Graham mission is killed, cabined and buried five fathoms deep. Expert legal opinion says that the issue cannot be raised in the General Assembly of the U. N. and that desperate course also is not open either to Pakistan or the Powers behind it.

So the only way to peace and international co-operation lies through direct and friendly negotiations between India and Pakistan. The Western Powers must stand aloof without exerting their influence and stop their mischievous interference which alone is mainly responsible for the present stalemate.

WHAT IS SWARAJ?

"Swaraj is not an intellectual but an emotional proposition. We must cherish it in our hearts with unquenchable faith. Neither genial humour nor mordant sarcasm, neither persuasion of friends nor the wrath of foes, neither appreciation nor calumny, should make our patriotism tepid or the singleness of our purpose qualified."

S. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

(Presidential Address at the Gauhati Congress.)

Current Comments

TENSION ON THE INCREASE

The international situation continues to be tense, in spite of the U. N. O. sessions and unusual diplomatic activity behind the scenes in the capitals of Arabia, Syria, Washington and London. The battle royal between the oil interests and the nationalism of the Arabs goes on with unabated vigour and it gets more and more involved in complexities consequent on troop movements on the Syrian border by Turkey and firing into Syria by Israel. The crisis in the Middle East is not a whit better, though there is subdued animation in the U.N.O. circles that a way can yet be found to reconcile the warring interests and to avoid war. Unless it be that the domination of the Western Powers is withdrawn from countries which produce or transmit oil and the militant nationalism of the Arab countries is respected it passes one's comprehension as to how things can be expected to improve in this part of the world.

PENDULUM SWINGS

The pendulum has swung to the other extreme and there is a rift in the lute of the NATO front of the Allied Powers. The French delegates have staged a walkout from the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Parliamentary Conference meeting held in Paris. The age-old Anglo-French *entente* seems to be snapping and in its place a new Anglo-U.S. partnership is slowly emerging on the canvas, after the Suez Canal debacle. Britain and America are supplying arms to Tunisia and France objects to this saying that it is "an unfriendly act against France." It goes further and asserts that "it is a breach of the Atlantic solidarity." If the NATO front weakens and possibly splits up, there will be unbounded jubilation in Moscow and Mr. Nikita Krushchev might extend his inviting arms to France with a view to drag it into the Communist web, otherwise called "socialism."

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

Britain and America might

say that France is taking up an untenable position and that it is really getting intransigent when it says that it alone has the right to supply arms to Tunisia and not the other two nations. But France fears that the Anglo-American arms supplied to Tunisia will surely find their way to Algeria and strengthen the hands of the rebels there against France. America might reject France's appeal for funds and that may cause the fall of the new government. America and Britain say "If we don't supply arms to Tunisia, Russia will do so. Egypt has already despatched its first consignment. Why should we forego our national right? We cannot placate France on this basis." We need not enter into the merits of the question. It may be regarded as a domestic quarrel among the NATO Powers. But anybody who has eyes to see can have little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the fate of France hangs in the balance. One of two things might happen. The first is, if America rides the high horse and refuses to accommodate France, the latter in a fit of desperation might walk into Moscow's parlour. The second is, if America wants this tragedy not to happen it has to surrender to France "to prevent the Soviet penetration in the west" The Western front is gravely deteriorating and puts the western nations on the horns of a dilemma.

WAY TO PEACE

Addressing the "World Conference of Religions" in New Delhi our Prime Minister Nehru said that "cold war could only poison the minds of men with malice and violence and no question could be solved by following that path. The world has no alternative. It has to leave the path of violence and take to the path of peace and friendship in which there is no enmity for each other. It is something inevitable." It remains to be seen what response the Big Powers are going to give to this appeal. They may well regard it as another *utopia*. President Rajendra Prasad in inaugurating this conference asserted in voice crystal clear that "man could neither benefit fully from the advance of science nor escape his sure doom unless he gave religious or spiritual values their due place in life." He pleaded for the structure of a new human society on the foundation of religious or spiritual values." Dr. Radhakrishnan, the vice-President, who presided over the conference said that "the future of humanity could be saved only through a change in the minds and hearts of the people from intellectuality to spirituality." Never were nobler and truer words spoken by the venerable heads of a secular government. But the point is. Whether this true and sublime exhortation will be listened to by the nations which pin their faith in nuclear weapons?

HINDI MUST BIDE ITS TIME

Bihar—President Rajendra Prasad's Hindi State—has voted for the continuance of English as the official language and asked for extension of the time—limit fixed in the Constitution for making Hindi the *lingua franca* of India. When Bihar can't vote for Hindi, Rajaji's stout opposition to the super-imposition of Hindi on non-Hindi states by statute may be said to have borne fruit. Both Nehruji and Pantji have also declared themselves against forcing Hindi on non-Hindi areas. To a question in the Lok Sabha by Mr. C. R. Narasimhan, the Minister of State of the Central Government, Dr. K.L. Srimali admitted that some of State governments had not shown sufficient interest in implimenting the scheme to propagate Hindi and that the funds allotted for this purpose had consequently lapsed. It proves beyond a shadow of doubt that there is no proper climate for making Hindi as the National language. It would be the path of statesmanship to allow Hindi to grow and spread voluntarily and gain an acknowledged status and not force it on the nation and in areas where it is not welcome now.

STABILISATION OF FOOD

PRICES

A suggestion for the setting up of a high-powered price stabilisation board has been made by the Food Grains Enquiry Committee and its comprehensive report has been placed before the two Houses of the Union Parliament. This is a step in the right direction. During the past three years food

prices have shown a great inflationary trend and the present year has registered a price increase of 23.4 per cent. This is intolerable in a poor country. The increase in price index is greater than the increase in the national income consequent on the success of the First Five Year Plan. If the prices are not brought down to a reasonable economic level, the poor and the middle classes will be hard hit. The Central Government owes a convincing explanation to the public as to how the self-sufficiency in food which was gained in 1955 was allowed to slip away and considerable disequilibrium in food production and consumption was brought about with the result that we in 1957 need 2 to 3 million tons of wheat and rice to keep up the present level of eating.

TRUTH

"I am but a seeker after Truth. I claim to be making a ceaseless effort to find it. But I admit that I have not yet found it. To find Truth completely is to realize oneself and one's destiny. I am painfully conscious of my imperfections, and therein lies all the strength I possess : because it is a rare thing for a man to know his own limitation".

—MAHATMA GANDHI

PROFILE :

Rajaji-the Champion of the poor

BHARAT Ratna
Dr. Chakravarti
Rajagopala-
chariar is, by com-
mon consent, a

By
V. N. R.

versatile genius of a very high order. He is a genius not only in the Disralian sense of possessing an infinite capacity to take pains but also in the larger context of serving the people as their trusted friend, practical philosopher and a valiant guide. Hinduism preaches that *Paropakaram* (service to public) is the foremost *Dharma* of all the votaries of its faith. Rajaji is a visible embodiment of this ideal and he lives his life as an ascetic, content with frugal food and spending the evening of his rich and glorious life in solemn literary pursuits.

ly cut away from the current of national life and endeavour. On the contrary, he is as good a live wire as he was forty years ago, as can be seen from his crusade against Hindi being compulsorily forced on non-Hindi areas of South India and his holy fight against the nuclear weapons of the mightiest nations of the world. He has a good press in India and abroad, which means that though he is not in the saddle of the popular government as a minister he has lost none of his representative character and that he is as popular as he was when he was honoured, admired and feared as the most trusted and loyal lieutenant of Mahatma Gandhi in the Non-cooperation days.

A Live Wire

It does not mean that he has retired from active politics. If politics means service to the country and elevating the people, then no man or woman can real-

Tilak's definition

Lokamanya Balgangadar Tilak described that a great man is he who has as many implacable and uncompromising enemies as friends who could be depended

upon in political weather, fair foul or stormy. Judged by this standard, Rajaji is truly great as he is surrounded by as many if not more deadly enemies as bosom friends. His "razor-edge intellect", as Sri Jawaharlal Nehru pointed out, and his inflexible and unsurpassed integrity and pucca puritanical views produced a group of detractors even among the "old guards" of Mahatma's chosen battalion who went on decrying and intriguing against him and successfully ousted him from positions of power and responsibility.

But his political adversaries could not rise to his level of administrative ability nor prevent with their little umbrella the penetrating and refulgent rays of this solar star from reaching the people. Qualitatively and quantitatively Rajaji's immense influence for good is perhaps unique and greater today than when he was on the gadi as a representative of the government, and millions of people really adore him as a sage and as a trustworthy elder statesman. His unerring judgement on men and things, sound political and reformist views and indefatigable and altruistic services to the nation even at this old age endear him to the masses as well as the classes.

Anticipated Gandhiji's advent

It may also be asserted without fear of contradiction that Rajaji anticipated the advent of

Mahatma Gandhi into the arena of Indian politics and long, long before the Mahatma came to India from South Africa where he was waging a relentless non-violent war against the "white policy" of the government and segregation of the Indians on grounds of colour prejudice, Rajaji declared war on untouchability in India at the Salem College hostel and dislodged the blind Hindu orthodoxy from one of its best entrenched citadels and created the climate for a secular, casteless, and socialistic order of society.

War on the Caste system

It must be said to his everlasting credit that he, as the president of the social reform conference held at Trichy in 1914, preached the gospel of casteless and secular nationalism and insisted that the "caste-system should go" if India was to take her place on a footing of equality among the nations of the world. That he is a prince among reformers is proved by the fact that he advocated inter-caste dinners and mixed marriages and practised them, when narrow-minded religious bigotry and brutal casticism exercised uncontrolled sway over men's minds to such an extent that even the western educated people who had drunk deep at the pierian springs of freedom—loving bards such as Shakespeare, Milton and Shelly took ostentatious pride in defending the caste-system and posed themselves as self-styled champions of the out-moded customs

and evil practices of the Hindu society.

Tower of strength to Mahatmaji

It is really difficult to do full justice to Rajaji within the short space at our disposal. He was a very successful lawyer and enjoyed a lucrative practice at the Salem bar when at the call of Mahatmaji he gave up his profession for ever, took to poverty and devoted himself heart and soul to the service of the people and liberation of the country from the iron heels of a despotic foreign power. After he renounced his practice, his unrivalled legal acumen and forensic abilities proved to be a first class asset to the Working Committee of the Congress where he was a tower of strength to Mahatmaji and suggested solutions and compromises for preserving unity and resolving deadlocks in the congress and for presenting a united front to the government.

Yerrawada Pact

He was considered as India's intellect No. 1 and next to him came Sri Vithalboy Palel, elder brother of Sardar Patel, the hero of Gujarat and Gandhiji's generalissimo of the congress army of independence. In the shaping of the Poona or Yerrawada pact of 1932 which was concluded after the "Epic Fast unto death" of Mahatma Gandhi against the British sponsored separate electorates for the Harijans, Rajaji played a worthy part and to him went the credit of saving Gandhi-

ji's life, when a last minute hitch arose on the question of referendum, whether it should be at the end of ten years as Dr. Ambedkar wanted, or five years as Gandhiji insisted. Mahatmaji said irrevocably "Five years or my life".

Saved Gandhiji's Life

The galaxy of all-India leaders of eminence including Pandit M. M. Malaviya, Tej Bahadur Sapru, Dr. M. R. Jayakar, not to mention the congress stalwarts tried their level best to evolve a formula which would satisfy Ambedkar but they woefully failed and Gandhiji's life was in hourly danger. It was Rajaji who rose to the occasion, took Dr. Ambedkar aside and in a few minutes convinced him as to the unreasonableness and futility of his attitude. He suggested that the time-limit should be eliminated and that the question should be decided by "mutual agreement in the future." Rajaji's formula was approved as "excellent" by Mahatmaji and the leaders of both the communities ratified it unanimously.

Sedition Cases in Madras

In defending Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu against whom the Madras government launched a prosecution for sedition and Sri V. V. S. Iyer in the "Desa Bakhtan" (Tamil daily of Madras) case, Rajaji showed his "first class brains" and the government lost the two cases. In the former case, sanction to prosecute Dr. Naidu was given by a telegram

SELF—CONTROL

"The underlying essential of culture is self-control. Therein beauty, religion, and civilization meet. One may even dare to add politics to this list."

—RAJAJI

from the Fort St. George. "The sanction must be given by the government and not by the Fort and the so-called sanction given by the Fort is not sanction for prosecution in the eye of law. It must be given by the executive council of the governor and not by the secretary to the government," argued Rajaji and won his case in the High Court. The government had to amend the law of sedition afterwards to suit their purposes. In the latter case, he cross-examined a British presidency magistrate in such a bewildering way that that senior magistrate began to blabber and betrayed himself.

"You called for security from 'Desa Bakhtan' in your executive capacity," asked Rajaji with a sweet smile playing on his lips. The learned magistrate who was in the witness box, not knowing the serious implications of the question readily answered "yes." According to the press law, security could be demanded by a magistrate only in his judicial and not in his executive capacity. The poor British

magistrate was asked to retire as a punishment for bringing discredit to the government by his indiscreet answers. By the way, it must be pointed out here that against the thorough and terrible cross-examination of Rajaji, bigger men and leaders had miserably faltered and failed.

Defended a Harijan

One other sensational case may be cited here to show what a splendid and superb legal brain he possessed and with what unerring precision he spotted out the weakness in the government's case and smashed it. Rajaji was in Chittor to see a friend. On hearing that a Harijan was being prosecuted for entering the famous temple of Sri Venkatachalapathi on the hills of Tirupathi, he went to the court to watch the proceedings as one among the public. An eminent British magistrate was trying the case. Mr. B. Munisami Naidu, an ex-Chief Minister of Madras, who appeared on behalf of the Harijan accused, requested the magistrate to allow Rajaji to conduct the case, "as he is an acknowledged authority on the subject of untouchability and problems connected with the Harijans." The magistrate allowed the request, Rajaji in his pure khaddar dhoti and white shirt stood before the Br. magistrate and conducted the cross-examination of the best of the police witnesses.

Cross-Examination

We give the gist of the questions and answers below :

Rajaji : You say you saw the accused going to the temple. Can you describe the state of the accused then ?

Witness : The accused was saying "Govinda," "Elumalai-yanukku Govinda," "Venkatachalapathikku Govinda."

R : Had he any caste mark on his head ?

W : Yes, he had big namams on his forehead and all over the body.

R : Will it be correct to say that the Harijan looked like a pucca Hindu devotee ?

W : It will be quite correct to say so. He had strings of Thulasi beads round his neck.

R : Was he drunk ?

W : No.

R : Did you see any disorderly conduct about him ?

W : No.

R : Did you know that he was going to enter the temple ?

W : Yes.

R : According to the police complaint, a Harijan entering the temple will be defilement of the Presiding Deity ?

W : Yes.

R : When you knew that the accused was about to commit the offence, why did you not arrest him ? Is it not your duty to prevent crime ?

The witness blinked and could not answer the question.

Address to the Court 471

Rajaji addressing the court said that the essential ingredient of the offence was missing in the case, that the accused committed no defilement according to the dictionary meaning of that word, and that mere entry into the outer precincts of the temple cannot be construed as defilement of the Deity, that defilement meant polluting the image or making the temple dirty and that the only thing that the accused did was to stand at the entrance of the temple and offer

GREATEST WONDER

"What is the greatest wonder in the world?" asked the Yaksha.

"Everyday men see creatures depart to Yama's abode and yet those who remain seek to live for ever. This is verily the greatest wonder" answered Yudhistira.

—RAJAJI

(In his Mahabharata)

his worship to God by prostrating on the ground and that therefore the accused should be acquitted.

He also argued about the equality of all men before God and law, and asserted "if the Harijan was a Hindu—and undoubtedly he was—he could not be denied admission (non-Hindus and Europeans were welcomed) to a Hindu temple as there was no untouchability in the Vedas." The British magistrate who was highly impressed by Rajaji's arguments congratulated him on his able advocacy and thanked him for his co-operation. The Harijan was set at liberty. That decision became a landmark and thereafter defilement charges became a rarity.

Born Poor

Rajaji was born of poor parents in Hosur, a village in the Salem district, but his father on reading his horoscope said, "My son has a wonderful future, he is going to be a leader of men". C.R. is no believer in astrology. On the contrary the science of astrology is always a subject of pet aversion to him as it is to Nehruji. But we all know that his father's calculations came true.

He became the leader of the Salem bar at an early age, won his spurs and earned enormous money in his profession, took to politics, joined the band of earnest workers of the Tilak school of thought, was a co-ad-

jutor of Dr. Besant and when she swerved from the narrow nationalist path, he overthrew her at the Conjeevaram Conference in 1918, then became a Gandhite in 1919 and remained true to him through thick and thin till Mahatmaji started the "Quit India Movement." Rajaji disagreed with Mahatmaji and parted company.

Rejoined his Master

His separation from Mahatmaji and the Congress was only temporary and he again rejoined his master when the British Parliamentary delegation came to India to reach an agreement with the Congress to hand over the government to the people. Rajaji again took his place among the top-ranking leaders of the country and conducted subtle negotiations on behalf of the Congress. Though he became unpopular among the rank and file of the Congress by his statement that Pakistan was inevitable, and though he was hounded out of the Congress for a time, after the final reconciliation he became *persona grata* with the Congress, became a minister in the Interim Government of India in 1947 and then a governor of Bengal and the climax was reached when he was appointed as the first and the last Indian Governor-General to succeed Lord Mountbatten. There was also the anti-climax that after relinquishing the Governor-General's post, he became at Nehruji's request a

minister of the Central Government again, and then the Chief Minister of Madras for a second time.

Unrivalled debater

In controversy, Rajaji is an unrivalled debater and can overthrow his adversary by a few well chosen words or parables. Paradoxically enough, he can argue for a case and succeed, while at the same time he can demolish it with ease and felicity. At the Gaya Congress in 1922 he defeated Desabandu Das and his case for council entry and helped to reaffirm the country's faith in the Gandhian boycott of the councils.

When Sri C. R. Das made a triumphant tour in Tamil Nad apparently to make short work of "C. R."—as Rajaji was called then—and advocated the Swarajya party's programme of council entry, the duty of defending Gandhiji and his council-boycott programme fell on "C. R." and he acquitted himself not only very well but gave a knock-out blow to the prevalent superstition of North Indian leaders that the "benighted province" of Madras lacked leadership.

"Like Rama of old, our Desabandhu is hunting after a

false golden deer. We know what misfortune overtook Rama. We want to save our Rama—Desabandhu from such a catastrophe by warning him that council entry will prove to be a treacherous trap and a snare

RUINOUS DE-INDUSTRIALISATION

"May the God give us the gift of clear-thinking and help us to pierce the wall of illusion! Industrialisation that involves a ruinous de-industrialisation of thousands of villages is not what will help us. Let us think in terms of real men and women with eyes that weep and mouths that hunger and not be confused by lifeless figures of increasing production somewhere and not where we want."

—RAJAJI

for the nation," Rajaji said in one of his magnificent speeches.

"Leaky Boat"

On another occasion, at the Tiripura Congress, when Nethaji Bose challenged Gandhiji and the old guards of the Congress, Rajaji made a brilliant speech at a public meeting on the sands of

the Tiripura river and having worked up the frenzy of the people to a high pitch, asked, "Are you going to trust this leaky boat of Sri Subash Bose, in preference to the sea-worthy boat of our Mahatma who is a seasoned captain and who has been taking us from victory to victory?" The vast audience cried with one voice and accent "no, no" and stood by Gandhiji.

Sri Bose like Desabandu Das before him had to leave the Congress. When Mahatmaj stopped the civil disobedience movement and chalked out the Bardoli programme of constructive work, all the nationalist leaders bitterly opposed him. The British government took advantage of the situation and put Gandhiji in jail. How well Rajaji defended Gandhiji's decision and his constructive

MERE MONKEY GAME

"When the heart is not mellowed, study and exposition of the SHASTRAS are a mere monkey game. Without wisdom in the heart all learning is useless."

—RAJAJI

programme is told in a graphic way in the "History of the Congress" by Dr. Pattabi Sitaramayya.

Chief Minister of Madras

As Chief Minister in the first congress ministry he introduced the sales tax for the first time in Madras and made prohibition a grand success. He put on the Statute Book the "Agriculturist Debt Relief Act" and saved the tillers of the soil and the mirasdars from an oppressive debt burden to the tune of 200 crores of rupees. These two pieces of legislation made the people happier and improved their standard of living. He was responsible for the abolition of untouchability and the Temple Entry legislation in this province. When Rajaji was the chief minister for a second time after the debacle of the congress party in 1952 general elections, he defeated the machinations of the communists and rehabilitated the congress as the ruling party. It was Rajaji who successfully withstood the agitation of the Andhras for partition of the city of Madras and saved it for Tamil-Nad. His bold stand on behalf of the handloom weavers and against the

mill magnates is well known, though the government of India did not see its way to accept this sensible advice.

As an author and writer Rajaji's scrip is on the increase and his books are the best sellers which are translated in some of the important languages of India. He swears by the Gita and by his versatile writing, helps people to lead a good and virtuous life.

India's Asset No. 1

Rajaji is India's asset no.1. He is a gentleman of lofty character, vast culture, unflinching courage and robust patriotism and a consummate tactician. At one time he earned the nick name of "Kulluga Butta" (Chanakya of old) because of the splendid strategic moves and baffling counter-moves he went on making to repel the onslaughts of the British government in combination with some of our own men. It is a feast to listen to his speech bristling with wit and wisdom, humour and sarcasm.

WISDOM OF LOVE

"There is much war-like talk about peace and much belligerent demand for goodwill. But fire cannot be quenched by pouring oil on it. May we remember the wisdom of love which our departed leader has left us for an inheritance—his teaching and the memory of the life he lived."

—RAJAJI

It is university education to read his books and a rare privilege to be associated with and work under him.

May Rajaji who enters on his 79th birthday on the 8th of December, 1957 live long and make Nava Bharat an Empress of the East, both culturally and morally is the devout prayer of all well-wishers of India.

TUNNEL UNDER THE HIMALAYAS

"Construction of a 12 kilometre (about 7½ miles) long tunnel under the Himalayas, shortening the route between Russia and India by over 800 kilometres (about 500 miles) would soon be possible with the use of latest tunnelling methods."—says a MOSCOW message.

FUTURE OF BILINGUAL BOMBAY

V. S. BAPAT

ON November 1, 1957, the Bilingual state of Bombay celebrated its first anniversary. The only other bilingual experiment in the Punjab has not had an easy career. People would naturally like to know about Bombay. The solution of the Bigger Bilingual was evolved by the Lok Sabha and spokesmen of all parties in that august body were very enthusiastic about the proposal. It was hoped that all the bitterness in the then Bombay State would disappear after the creation of the Bilingual. Have these hopes been fulfilled? Have the cultures of Maharashtra, Maharashtra and Gujarat been welded together as the leaders hoped? Will the Bilingual State last?

No goodwill

Yeshwantrao Chavan, the young Chief Minister of the State, is of course proclaiming at public meetings that the idea of the Bilingual state has now been firmly entrenched and there need not be any anxiety on that ground. It must be admitted that the Chief Minister has done his

best to create proper atmosphere for the new experiment, but there has been no goodwill for the new state in the local population. The Bilingual was forced on an unwilling people and basically that situation continues. No attempts have been made by the Congress High Command or leaders like Deshmukh and Ashoka Mehta who had lauded the idea in the Lok Sabha to popularise the idea or to explain to the people why that particular solution was found out. In fact even Congressmen in Gujarat and Maharashtra on whom the responsibility of popularising the idea was placed did nothing to explain the experiment to the people. On the other hand the opposition parties with one voice opposed the new set up. They also launched a whirlwind campaign for the split up of the new state into Samyukta Maharashtra and Maha Gujarat.

New Force

The result is that Congress organisation in the State has been

demoralised and a new political force in the shape of two United Fronts has emerged in the two linguistic areas of Maharashtra and Gujarat. In the former area, the front is known as the Samyukta Maharashtra Samiti and has routed the Congress in practically all elections. The Congress lost a prestige bye-election in Bombay City. It was defeated in the elections of the Bombay Municipal Corporation, and it did not put up any candidates for Ahmedabad and Poona Corporations. It has retained control of the District Local Boards in Gujarat but lost the majority of the Municipalities in Maharashtra. Not only the Congress but even other political parties are completely eclipsed by the Samiti and parties which once joined the Samiti as a vote-getting device are now finding it difficult to go out of it. It has been their experience that they get no votes in the name of their own party. That is why the Working Committee of the Praja Socialist Party had to warn its state branch that it should be careful and not allow the Samiti to develop into a political party.

Government paralysed

With the demoralisation of the Congress and the emergence of a strong and able opposition both inside and outside the legislature, the work of the Congress party has been rendered difficult. Inclusion of vast new areas with different traditions and a wide variety of problems have resulted in a paralysis of the government. This is particularly evident in the

districts. Internal rivalries have further aggravated the situation. In the absence of any unifying force these difficulties are resulting in an increasing sentiment for the demand of further splitting up the State. While the non-Congress elements are demanding the formation of the Samyukta Maharashtra and Maha Gujarat, even Congressmen are supporting the separation of the Nagpur-Vidarbha area.

Break up inevitable

The Chief Minister has tried to hold the scales even between the various components and has also shown much consideration for the sentiments of the people. There has been no resort to firing. Monsoon has been favourable. There has been no financial headache. Yet with the practical elimination of the Congress, there is no force binding the people together and as the forces of the Samiti and the Parishad are going on gathering strength, it is becoming increasingly clear that the break-up of the Bilingual State is inevitable.

Whether the Congress High Command agrees to split it up just now, or whether it waits for a more clear electoral verdict is to be seen. But even Congressmen seem to be taking the present arrangement as a stop-gap one and so they are showing no eagerness to have a United Congress Committee for the New State. ††

SKIT:

THE OBNOXIOUS BRUTE

By J. E. DAVID

THOUGH I am a college student and a prominent girl in the college sports, I always catch shy whenever boys talk to me or whenever they sit by my side in the bus.

Instinctively my head will be bent, whenever a young man comes in front of me, to see if my breasts are properly covered by my sari, though it may not be a minute since I would have last adjusted my dress.

It was half-past four in the evening when I waited at the bus stop one day. The College Road was practically empty of human beings excepting myself. Five minutes later there was another human being at the bus stop. He was a young man and I did not notice him until he was near the stop. Since I was all alone with a young man I crossed my hands across my breast, pressing the note books close to me, thus concealing my breasts from the young man's view.

I DID not see him properly. My glance towards him was too perfunctory to reveal a dirty torn shirt which was too small for him, a soiled white pant with more than a dozen patches and a pair of worn-out slippers, the kind of which might be seen in the dust bins on the road-side before they are picked up by cobblers.

From the corner of my eyes I saw the man slowly moving towards my direction. He was not even three feet from me. Feeling uncomfortable to be in such close company with a young man I was about to move away, when he, in as gentle a tone as I had never heard before, asked me what time it was. I replied him without lifting my head. The feeling of shyness developed into a slight quiver in my body when the young man tried to come closer to me. He bent his head in my direction, slowly raised his right hand that had so long been locked with his left one at the posterior.

I wanted to run away from
—Please see page 32

Story:

by BHARANI

Roy—the Revolutionary

IN the pre-liberty days of India, the Indian Police Service was omnipotent. When in the magic name of the British Raj, even the meanest police official could do the most atrocious things without being called upon by the powers-that-be to answer for his grave misdeeds, there strutted on the stage an Inspector-General of Police, Mr. Green, who was a terror to the people over whom a cruel fate called him to rule with unbridled power and racial arrogance. He really thought that he was the monarch of all that he surveyed and that his right to commit even the vilest of crimes there was none to dispute. Below him stood an awe-struck cadre of sub-ordinates ready to carry out his commands implicitly and above him there was the Bureaucracy which patted him on his back, because forsooth he was a "strong man" of the ruling class—who could be depended upon to suppress

any agitation for national freedom in a most ruthless fashion.

In such a climate of irresponsible power wedded to unheard of naked despotism, it was easy for Mr. Green to make his mark and in an incredibly short time he became as it were a dictator within the sphere of his official jurisdiction, perpetrating all sorts of hideous deeds upon a voiceless, defenceless and innocent people. What with endless bribery and limitless corruption, he was perhaps more dreaded than all the devils of his Service put together.

"I AM so powerful that even a Hitler might envy me. The government lavishes its praise on me and the dumb driven people cannot but blindly obey me and do my biddings. Why not I turn my attention to "love" and enjoy myself?" said Mr. Green to himself. "It is not a day dream

and if I am only inclined to do so, I can outbeat Indra, the King of the Devas, and have any number of virgin beauties in my harem" asserted he.

When to despotic power, weakness of the flesh is added, one becomes a moral wreck and an intolerable social pest and Mr. Green was no exception to this rule. His adventures in the realm of "love" were many and strange, nay stranger than even the strangest things that one reads in the yellow journals of romance and love.



LET us recount a sensational story connected with his official life. In the course of his official duties Mr. Green had to interview the Governor of his province.

Without much preliminary display of conventional formality, this satrap spoke in accents which were crystal clear :

"Mr. Green, I want you to book that Barrister Roy who is a revolutionary. Who is he to talk of driving the heaven-born Britishers out of India? Can this dark fellow do it? It is sheer madness to indulge in such a talk. We can't allow such a propaganda to go on unchecked. He has married an English wife. That white lady is more beautiful than all the beauties that adorn-

ed any Maharaja's harem, ancient or modern. I give you full

authority to use or abuse any law, weapon or violence. Arrest him under the Defence of the Realm Act. Kidnap his wife and deliver her to me. I shall see that you are richly rewarded."

"I am at your Excellency's service. Before the week is out, I shall see that arch enemy of the British Raj is put behind the iron bars to bemoan his fate in the solitary cells of one of our notorious prisons and that his wife becomes your consort" assured Mr. Green.

The governor was overjoyed and he was expecting his new consort in a week's time. Mr. Green was no less elated. "If I succeed in this important mission, I can persuade the governor to go on a long honeymoon and appoint me as the acting governor in his place. Or I can have Mrs. Roy as my Eve." Thus did the power drunk police chief dream.

MR. Green set about his task in right earnest. The Anglo-Indian newspapers were forecasting events and one of them naturally was the imminent arrest and detention of Barrister Roy. But, even they were doubtful if Roy could be so easily arrested, because he was not a Gandhite to oblige the Bureaucracy to effect an easy arrest. He was rather a believer that to foil the unholy attempts of the foreigners whom he regarded as devils, even the most diabolical methods were

justified. "Tit for Tat" was his policy. He was a terror to the police, because all their concocted cases in the courts of law against the people, stood exposed in his severe and searching cross-examination and they generally ended in the acquittal of the accused. But Calcutta, where lay the scene of our story, was thick with rumours about Roy's impending arrest, to be followed by further sensational developments. Mr. Green was sure of "catching the bird."

HE chose a day. At midnight Barrister Roy's bungalow was surrounded by the police, all means of exit was closed and Mr. Green saw to it that no outside revolutionary came to the help of the inmates. Two closed motor vans stood at the entrance of the house, one to spirit away Roy and the other to kidnap his wife. Fortunately the Roys had no children then. Mr. Green fully armed to the hilt went in assisted by a number of inspectors of proved merit and valour, and searched room after room before he went upstairs to effect Roy's arrest. He wanted to be doubly sure that no 'Bengali Bombs' exploded in the house while he was grappling with his sworn enemy.

Barrister Roy quickly scented what was on. He had despatched his wife already to a place of safety and kept himself in readiness to meet the villain of the piece. He fired two shots at Mr. Green, and sent some of his men by a back entrance to attack

the police in front of the bungalow. There was a lot of commotion among the rank and file of the guarding police. Bombs from inside the house began to explode in quick succession causing consternation even among the dare-devils of the senior police. Mr. Green returned the fire and advanced. Roy's men hurled powerful bombs from above wounding Mr. Green and others. While they were gasping for breath, Barrister Roy made good his escape from the house by a specially improvised contrivance of which the police guards were unaware.

* * *

MORNING papers flashed the news that the Inspector General Mr. Green was badly wounded in the chest, hand and leg and that he was rushed to the hospital in an unconscious state. Anglo-Indian papers printed steamer headlines such as "Barrister Roy escapes after wounding the police chief," and carried subheadlines to this effect: "Several bombs exploded and the building itself is in complete ruins. About a dozen policemen received severe injuries while the condition of two sub-inspectors is serious." Nationalist newspapers did not disguise their glee that the police conspiracy failed dismally and paid an indirect tribute to Barrister Roy who "played a fine game" and thwarted the "illegal raid of the police."

The Governor of Bengal was naturally very much perturbed when he read the morning papers. "If the truth of the matter should leak out, I will cut a sorry figure. I must hasten to the hospital, visit Mr. Green and know firsthand about the happenings of last night," said he to himself and gave an order to make necessary arrangements to visit the hospital.

His wife who was standing by admonished him as follows:

"WHAT is all this pother about? Why this indecent haste? Why not your excellency wait for official reports to come?"

"Please leave it to me. I don't want you to interest yourself in things that don't concern you. If you want the latest garments of fashion or diamonds and emeralds, you can have them in plenty but I don't want you to poke your nose in high politics of the State. You know that I can't be a hen-pecked husband, much less a governor controlled by his wife," replied the irate governor.

"I have enough culture and training to know what my duty is. If you can't be a hen-pecked husband—I never wanted you to be that at any time—neither can I be a slave girl to a masterful if also whimsical husband. If the matter under discussion does not affect me, I wouldn't care to interest myself in this nasty business. But as my fortune—

may future itself is involved, I have a right to advise you to act as becomes a governor. Don't play with lust which is fire."

"What do you mean? How is your fortune or future involved? Don't waste my time and upset my mind. I can't begin the day's work with a quarrel with my wife. A quarrelsome wife is a dead-weight round the neck of a husband."

"I was overhearing the conversation in the interview which you gave to Mr. Green. You wanted him to kidnap Barrister Roy's wife so that you can make her your new consort. When you plot such a conspiracy against me, it becomes my bounden duty to stand up erect and do what is best for me," retorted his wife.

"THAT is all fantastic non-sense. We were talking figuratively. I am highly amazed that a woman of your culture and high status failed to appreciate the import of our interview," said the governor and tried to pacify her. He then thought that prudence was the better part of valour.

After the governor left for the hospital, his wife received a special letter from Barrister Roy in which was set out all the details of the hideous raid of the police at the connivance of the governor, "for kidnapping my wife and making her his new consort. Perhaps he wants you to

serve his new wife." It was a veritable shock to her.

"SHE retired to her bedroom and indulged in a lot of weeping and soliloquy alternatively. "Why are men so very lustful? If they are not loyal to their wedded wives, it is they who must be arrested and detained and not Barrister Roy who is quite happy with his English wife. The governor prides himself over the fact that he is a ruler and talks of Mr. Roy as a contemptible slave. But, how wise my civilised and 'heaven-born' husband would be, if he takes a lesson from his hated foe and treats me as befits the position of a governor's wife," she thought. Finally she made a resolve to teach her husband a good lesson.

Currents and cross-currents moved with lightning rapidity and Barrister Roy who went "underground" played his cards so well that the governor was confronted with a new situation. Mr. Roy and the governor's wife caused letters to be written to Mrs. Green, who really thought that they had come from the governor. She thought that it was her duty to obey him. Mrs. Green, wife of Mr. Green, the Inspector-General of Police, was asked to meet the governor at the Victoria Hotel, Calcutta on a certain evening. Similarly the governor got some love letters which he thought were really written by Mrs. Green and he agreed to meet her *incognito* at the Victoria Hotel on the same day. The governor came to the

hotel as an ordinary man in disguise, went straight to room 15, which was well guarded, and waited for Mrs. Green to come.

* * *

LET us go to Mr. Green. After he was discharged from the hospital, he had an audience with the governor and found to his surprise that he was a different man from what he was when he gave Mr. Green a "blank cheque". After reluctantly hearing what Mr. Green had to say, the governor dismissed him saying, "Until you fulfil your contract—namely arresting Barrister Roy and bringing his British wife to me—you have really no need to talk to me." Mr. Green felt that he was disgraced and swore, "This fellow at the top does not know me. I will hit him at the right time."

Mr. Green announced in the papers that a reward of Rs. 5000 would be given to any informer about the whereabouts of Barrister Roy who went underground. Mr. Roy saw the advertisement and made a plan to net the Inspector of Police. He asked one of his closest allies Mr. Bose to dress himself as a "Malayali" (man from Malabar) and open a tea shop near a cinema house, and then contact the police and act as an informer. Mr. Bose was quite fluent in Malayalam and that helped him in the drama he was about to play. He did so, gave free tea to the police and passed for an honest little tea-shop man.

When a police constable came to him for night tea, he whispered into his ears, "I would help you and tell you the whereabouts of Barrister Roy. You can earn the reward of Rs. 5000." The constable was interested. He spoke to the head constable who in turn whispered it to the sub-inspector. Finally it reached the ears of Mr. Green, who said, "This is excellent news, I will catch the bird today itself". Mr. Green himself led the attacking party, followed the instructions of Bose who escorted them to a nearby old dilapidated mansion.

Addressing Mr. Green he said, "Go in, master, you will find Barrister Roy hiding in one of the underground cells. He spends the night here and in the day he goes disguised as a beggar instigating people to rise against you."

It is needless to say that Mr. Green took all precautions, sent a forward party armed to the teeth to ransack the mansion, while he himself kept in the back ground, lest he should be wounded again or shot dead. A burnt cat is afraid to approach the boiling milk pot again!

* * *

THE governor was waiting in the hotel indefinitely for Mrs. Green and there was no trace of her coming. He was impatient and to keep up his spirits he emptied several cups of brandy.

Just then there was a tap on the door. The governor himself went and opened the door.

"Excuse me, your Excellency. There was some machine trouble and the motor refused to start for some time. Now I am in your hands. We will have a nice time of it this night," said the visitor in as sweet a voice as possible.

"All well that ends well. I am happy you have come after all." So saying he took her to the bed and put off the lights excepting the one by the side of the spring cot.

IMMEDIATELY, "Mrs. Green" who was none else than Barrister Roy who came with such a perfect make-up and so well-dressed as a lady with face so heavily veiled that for a moment he passed off as a woman, gagged the governor and said, "Your Excellency, I am Barrister Roy and not Mrs. Green on whom you wanted to commit rape. Now that you have shown by your vile conduct that you are a grave danger to all good men and women and that you are a venomous reptile, it becomes the sacred duty of a *Bakhta* like myself to punish you and thus help God in sustaining *Dharma*. And I do so."—so saying he plunged a dagger in the governor's chest and in a trice he jumped out of the room. Passing out of the hotel, he escaped in a waiting

car, leaving the governor in a pool of blood.

* * *

MR. Green's adventure in the old mansion brought forth instead of Barrister Roy only the imprisoned Mrs. Green who was kidnapped by one of Roy's men. Mr. Green and his party were imprisoned in the same mansion by Roy's "boys" and information to that effect was given to the police station.

The morning Anglo-Indian papers of Calcutta came out in all fury and carried sensational headings.

"It was a web of treachery.

"Roy, the revolutionary played a double game.

"Governor stabbed, the proprietor of the hotel absconding.

"The Inspector-General a captive.

"The tea-shop man played a great hoax."

But the enlightened people both in London and Calcutta sang poet Tennyson's lines thus:

"He that only rules by
terror,
Doth grievous wrong.
Deep as hell I count his
error,
Let him hear unto my
song." ‡

SKIT :

A BIG HOAX

REMA was about seventeen. She was dark but voluptuously built.

She loved the man staying in front of her house. His name was Simon. He was a fast moving fellow. He found happiness in the profound wells of sadness, joy in the lurid gutters of sorrow and courage in the funny trenches of disappointment.

"You didn't care to reply my letters" she said instinctively looking at his face.

"Love is a dirty lie and you are still a kid to understand it" he said scrutinising her with a mocking smile.

"You have a lot of excuses" she said, her face suffused with emotion.

"Yes, my excuses are always excusable."

"Damn it" she told him. "Every cell of my body is longing for you" she said.

"But you are still tender to face the buffers of love," he said.

"Oh, you raw-hearted empty head" she said.

Her eyes turned red; her bosom convulsed; wild tears streamed down her cheeks. She darted like an arrow to her room, fell into bed and, beating the pillow with her small fists, wept all night.

TIME passed and Rema had expanded like a calf. She was fond of doing the tango. And she was pretty good at it. At the time she had met a young man. He was a man of superb poise coupled with a very attractive directness of manner.

They liked each other. Their hearts mingled and lips twisted within lips.

One biting cold evening he kissed her hard. It was not a kiss that sprang from mingled passion and love. A parting kiss. He had finished his month's training at Bombay, and now he is going to Calcutta.

* * *

"How's life, Simon?" she said one day, when she met him in the Park.

"Fine" he said and smiled.

"Am I still too young to dance on the petals of love?" she asked. A smile tinted her red mouth.

"Love is like ice. It melts on exerted pressure" he said and his bucolic eyes scanned her full blown body, her hips were well rounded, the breasts magnificent, and shapely lips like raspberry jelly needing no artificial staining, the pupils of the eyes gleaming with a mysterious ice blue.

He had never thought that women changed so much in so little a time.

His heart leaped to her. Then came a realization so bitter and sudden that he almost shed tears in his anger and disgust. He clenched his nicotine-stained fingers; his strong heart repented and his face looked pathetic and submissive.

"Simon, what is the matter, ill or something?, shall I call some one?" she asked much concerned.

He gave no answer but he expressed pure, dumb suffering.

"I still love you, I can't forget you" she whispered.

"You still love me?" In his eyes appeared an expression not of pleasure but surprise. "Rema, it's impossible. You and the young man are head over ears in love."

"No, I don't love him," she said "I was compelled" she murmured and her pink tongue swept over her lips.

SIMON bit his lower lips and it was with difficulty he kept back the tears and it was strange to see his intelligent and manly face in such a childish plight. "I am very sorry" he managed to whisper.

She extended her delicate hand and he pressed it passionately. He was unashamedly in love with her.

She smiled and the flexibility of her figure, her freshness and the natural animation of her face appeared in her smile.

"Dear....." he whispered.

"Darling" she said seizing him by the waist and twining round him like a serpent.

"Dear..., I want to marry you soon" he said.

"Do you really love me?" she asked and smiled a nervous little smile.

"Without you, the light of my life will be unlit". He declared with an actor's intonation.

"Well" she smiled "I'll get my father's consent to-morrow".

It was seven o'clock in the evening. Rema straightened up.

"Darling" she said "Will go now".

"Where will you meet me again?" he asked.

She thought for a moment. "I'll meet you here again"

to-morrow evening at five o'clock" she said and waving a goodbye she went away. Thus they parted.

* * *

HE was home. He sank limply into a chair. Joy and hope kept swelling inside his heart. He thought of her as wife, he dreamed of her as the mother of his child. His dreams were full of hopes, revealing a happy future, and in him was that feeling, that sort of intoxicated feeling that only lovers know.

In the mean-time his servant came and gave him an envelope.

He opened the letter and unfolded it. A paralysing shock gripped his whole body. The blue piece of paper quivered rather violently with the quivering of his fingers. The printed paper slipped on to the floor. It was an invitation to her marriage with Doctor Kamal. He blew out his breath in a sort of agonizing soundless hiss and felt a great hollow inside his heart.

He picked up the printed paper. Pinned to it was another slip; it read:

"Dear Simon, I know how you will feel. Your heart will swell with anger. Six months ago I was labouring under the same current of human emotion when you scorned my love and threw away my letters - Rema".

He shook his head in a sort of pantomimic compunction. "Oh, you're a wonderful little creature" he said to himself. He

understood that he was too late, for her heart had been grabbed by the young Doctor Kamal.

The invitation card of the elusive Rema seemed to laugh at his discomfiture. He took out a matchstick and fired it, the light of the fire soothed his aching heart.

THE OBNOXIOUS BRUTE

—Continued from page 22

there. I wanted to cry aloud, shout at the pitch of my voice to bring some one to the spot to punish this obnoxious brute who was trying to hold me, perhaps in an embrace and then to kiss!

* * *

IN spite of the heavy shivering of my body I brought courage to my face and turned and looked at him in stern defiance, as if ready to smack him on the cheek with one of the thick note-books I had in my hand.

The man did not seem to have understood my feelings. He looked at me vacantly, a little pathetically and said, "Will you give me 2 annas please? I have to.....".

Before I could recover from the monstrous surprise and come back to the situation, a bus came and I jumped in. From the bus I looked at the sorrowful figure of the young man who stood, perhaps cursing the bus that had hindered my giving him the money. I felt awfully sorry that I could not help a man who was in real need of money.

SHORT STORY :

"Like a Blood hound

He hunted Me"

THE flat opposite mine in Marine Drive was occupied by a wonderful sort of family. It consisted of a father, mother and a little child. The father was about 45 years old. The wife was very young, hardly twenty three. I had no occasion to meet them or make friends with them. In a big city like Bombay it is difficult to make friends. Everybody minds his own business. Many a time I had met the lady and the young kid near the bus stop. I did not try to make any gesture of friendliness, not even neighbourliness.

The lady was a beauty. She was fairly tall and slim. She had a beautiful olive coloured complexion. Her eyes were magnetic, dark and very sensuous. Whenever she smiled at her husband or when she kissed the child I saw that she had gleaming

white teeth. I spent many an exciting hour looking at her. There was a sort of suggestive concealment in her look. Her eyes seemed to say "I like your appreciating my beauty. But you cannot have anything more than a look. You must know that I am married and a faithful wife".

BY

BALAKRISHNA

ON the 1st of January I decided to make an onslaught. I dressed myself in fine clothes and got down from my flat. My heart was pounding as I climbed the stairs of my neighbour's flat. My legs were shaking when I rang the front door bell. She opened it. She gave me a smile. I did not know what to say.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. I boldly smiled and said "Hello, I have come to wish you a happy New Year." Showing her beautiful pearl-like teeth she smiled and said "How nice of you. Happy New Year to you". She requested me to come in and asked me to take my seat. I sat on one of the nicely upholstered sofas. She said, "Please excuse me, I shall come in a minute."

I lighted a cigarette and mused over my good luck. Fortunately Prema the little kid was not at home. I had come at the right time when I could have a nice chat with my lovely neighbour.

WHILE I was thus thinking she came back with a delicious cup of hot tea. She handed it over to me and to my great surprise sat down by my side.

While I was sipping the tea I could make out that she was looking at me from the corner of her eyes. When I finished my tea she looked at me with a mischievous look and said "You are a shy young man".

"So are you" I said.

"Your name?" she said.

"Kumar and yours?" I asked.

"Mohini" she said.

"Beautiful name" I said.

"So is yours" she said.

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"He may come any time" she said and broke into a merry laughter.

"Why are you laughing?", I asked.

"It is nothing" she said and gave me a look so inviting that I could not restrain. I caught her in my arms and kissed her. Just then the door opened and her husband came in. I did not give the burly husband the least chance. I dashed down the steps to the road. I saw a taxi passing. I shouted for it like a mad man, jumped into it and asked him to proceed straight to the railway station. Luckily I had plenty of money on me and my cheque book. I purchased a ticket for Calcutta. I was able to secure a first class berth and I was alone. I dared not look out of the window since I was afraid that he might have followed me.

THE train started and I heaved a sign of relief. I reached Calcutta safe and sound. After a week or so I felt more or less normal again. But still the face of the burly man with the fierce moustaches and fiery eyes danced before my eyes. My conscience was also giving me trouble. I felt that I behaved like a cad in going after a respectable married woman.

ONE day I was walking along Chouranghee I met him face to face. I jumped into a running tram and escaped. I decided that to stay in Calcutta would be too much of a risk.

I immediately took the next train to Madras. I cursed myself for having got into this sort of trouble. I wished I had never come across that woman in my life.

I stayed in Madras for a month or so. Since I had plenty of money I could afford to lead this sort of life. That is loafing about and doing nothing. Still I was not happy. A certain kind of fear always gnawed my heart. I had a premonition that Mohini's husband might follow me to the ends of the earth.

One evening while I was in the Globe Theatre, I felt that the man sitting next to me might be the man I feared. It was dark and I could not see his face. I was anxiously waiting, waiting for the interval.

When they switched on the light, with a palpitating heart I looked sideways at the figure sitting next to me. He was a burly man with a moustache. I dared not look at him openly nor had I the guts to sit there. So I casually got up as if I was going to the gent's toilet. When I reached the exit I looked back and saw him clearly. To my

great delight it was some stranger. I thanked God for my good luck and sat in the theatre and enjoyed the film till the end.

When I came out of the theatre I started walking towards my hotel with a light heart. I had no sooner entered the hotel than I found him standing near the reception clerk's counter asking for a room.

THERE was no time to think.

Before he could see me I had bolted away. There was no other explanation now. I was certain that he was after me, and he was following me like a blood hound. But I wondered how he could know about my movements. I had not left traces anywhere. It was rather phenomenal the way he found me. It may be the sixth sense of an injured husband that must be doing the trick. I made up my mind. I decided to leave this country. Money did not matter. I was tremendously rich.

So I booked a ticket for London. I felt that I would be happy once I was out of India. I stayed in London for a couple of months. Then I had a sight seeing tour in Europe. My two years stay in Venice was the happiest. It is a picturesque city with its beautiful canals.

One moonlight night while I was sitting in a gondola and enjoying the lovely moonlight, I saw a familiar face on the bank nearby. There he was standing, Mohini's husband. My first impulse was to run as usual. On second thoughts I decided to stay. I considered the entire problem. Here I was in Venice for the last two years. I had least imagined that he would follow me anywhere and everywhere in the world. I finally made up mind. Running away had not helped me. I decided to meet him face to face. The worst that could happen would be death and I was prepared for it.

* * *

So I asked the boatman to row near the bank. I got down from the boat and in easy self-confident manner approached my mortal enemy. "Hello, don't you know me?"

"Yes I think I have met you somewhere" he said.

"Can't you recollect where?" I asked.

"Is it London, Paris, Berlin or New York?" he said.

I FELT that he was pulling my leg. The rascal had followed me all the way to Venice to throttle me to death and yet he was talking in the most casual way to put me off my guard. However I decided to continue the bold front I had taken.

"I say let us be straight," I said.

"I don't follow you", he said.

"Do you really know me or not", I asked.

"Your face seems familiar. But honestly I can't place you", said he.

"Let us go to my hotel. We will lunch and have nice time over a whisky and soda."

"Certainly, why not? I have no friends here, not to speak of the beautiful Venetian girls. They are really marvellous", he said.

My hotel was situated about two miles away from the place we met. On the way in the taxi I got a brain wave. I thought over the idea again and again and it looked perfect to me. There was absolutely no hitch in it. If I was successful, I could lead a happy life for ever without any fear and might even marry Mohini if she was willing.

As soon as we reached the hotel, I called Giovinni my waiter. I had known him for the last two years. He was absolutely reliable. During my stay I had picked up Italian and could speak the language fluently. I told him that I had a guest for lunch and that he should lay the table for two on the balcony. Then I asked him to get a couple of whiskies and soda. In the same breath I told him to put a little arsenic in my guest's whisky. He smiled, nodded and went away.

My mortal enemy and now my guest complimented me the way I talked Italian. I shrugged my shoulders and said "It is nothing. If you stay here for two or three years you will also be able to pick it up."

"Yes. I have been here for nearly two years. But I can't make head or tail of the language" he said.

It was a bit of a shock to me. I did not know whether to believe him or not. Anyhow I had taken the risk. All that remained was to wait and see.

Giovinni brought the whisky and soda. My guest drank it in a gulp and with a wry face said "I am feeling a bit funny. Get me some more whisky." He had a couple of whiskies more. Next moment he had slumped into the

chair with closed eyes. I called Giovinni and we lifted him up and took him to my room.

* * *

LATE in the evening I called Giovinni and asked him to accompany me to the dead man's room. There was a quizzical smile on Giovinni's face. I admired him for his grit. He must be a wonderful chap. He took even a cold blooded murder in a light vein.

We softly opened the bedroom. My guest was still in bed. There was a benign smile on his lips. I thanked God for his kindness.

I went and stood near the bed. Giovinni was by my side.

"Shall we inform the police?" I asked Giovinni.

Giovinni laughed. I could not understand him. So I said, "Are you so heartless?" I asked.

"Signor" he replied and laughed aloud again. The roar of laughter almost shook the building. To my utter surprise and dismay I found my guest getting up and saying "Where am I?"

My heart sank. But I thanked my good fortune that my guest did not know of it. I told him that he had taken too much of whisky and had dozed off and that we brought him and put him in bed. He thanked me profusely for my kindness.

Later on I came to know from Giovinni that he had put only soda ash in the whisky. He had taken my hint to put arsenic as a joke because he never expected a nice and kind-hearted man like me would try to murder anyone.

I could not stand any further suspense. I shot the last shot at him. I swallowed some more whisky and said, "Do you or do you not remember me? I am the chap that kissed your wife in your very presence".

Hearing my words he burst out into a loud guffaw of laughter. He tried to say something but his laughter choked him. I caught him by the throat and shouted "You scoundrel. You rascal. Why don't you admit the truth? Why don't you say that you are after me to the ends of the earth to kill me and make merry meat of me? Why this make-believe? Why this insane laughter?".

* * *

HE subsided and slowly said "My friend, you are a fool. You are the biggest fool on earth. Hear my story and then believe me or not". So saying he narrated "I was born poor. I had some education. I could talk a smattering of English. I was healthy and strong. But I had one ambition. I wanted to be rich. I hankered after the good things of life. But a travelling salesman like me could

only dream of these things. One day I was walking along Chowpathy sands when an elderly man confronted me. He told me that he was a palmist and would read my future for four annas. I consented. He predicted wonderful things which I did not believe.

"FIRST thing that he told me was that a particular woman will bring me luck. With the women's luck I shall win a fortune.

"While he was reading my palm a young woman of twenty was standing near by. She was in tattered clothes. In spite of her dirty clothes and poverty I could see she was beautiful. She had a wonderful pair of eyes. I gave her a casual glance. When I was about to move away the palmist who had seen the palm of that woman gave me a hint to follow her. I did follow her. I asked her to come with me and have some tea at a nearby restaurant. She gladly consented. A few minutes talk confirmed my doubts. - She was a common prostitute. Since the palmist had told me she would bring luck, I decided to try my chance. I asked her to come with me to my room in lower Parel. I purchased a saree for her and some cheap clothes.

"We lived together in the same room like husband and wife. Her daughter Prema lived with us. She became devoted to me and gave up her old days. I treated her quite well. But I

was not happy, until I found that she brought me luck.

"ONE saturday after-noon I went to Mahalaxmi. I wanted to test whether the woman was lucky. So I backed a horse called Mohini. Believe it or not, that horse Mohini came first. For an investment Rs. 100. I earned Rs. 5000. I ran home the happiest man.

"Next saturday I went to Mahalaxmi again and I backed the horse Mohini. Wonder of wonders, I made a clean sweep of Rs. 20,000. for an investment of Rs. 5000.

"My next step was to move to a big flat. So we occupied a flat in Marine Drive, your next door neighbour.

"But I was still not happy. I wanted to have lakhs. One day I purchased a ticket in the Irish Sweepstake.

"One day I got a telegram. I had not only drawn a horse but it had come first. That meant I was a millionaire.

"Next day I thought of Mohini and came home. I had decided to be generous towards her. I would give her Rs. 10,000 and she would be happy. As for myself the world would be my home".

I was shocked at his story. Slowly I asked,

POWER OF LOVE

"Money does not pay, nor name, fame nor learning. It is love that pays, it is character that clears its way through adamant walls of difficulties. The power of love is infinitely greater than the power of hatred."

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

"What happened to Mohini?"

"She is O. K. she is happy" he said.

"You don't love her anymore" I asked.

"WHAT rot are you talking? She is a common prostitute whom I picked up from the street and gave her all the luxury she is now enjoying" he said.

"But you forget she brought you all this luck" I said.

"All that is nonsense. Once upon a time I believed it was her luck. The palmist is a

bloody rogue and rascal. I tell you, it's my luck. I am the luckiest man alive."

So saying he violently struck himself on his chest with his palm. Lo and behold, the man slowly sunk into the chair. There was a deathly pallor on his face. I shouted for Giovinni. He came running. He looked at the slouched figure in the chair and in a serious tone said "Signor, this is real. This is the end".

* * *

I IMMEDIATELY informed the police. They took the body to the morgue. The medical report was, "A sudden death due to heart failure caused by undue excitement."

I did not stay in Venice or Italy any longer. I caught the next plane to Bombay. From the airdrome I drove straight to Marine Drive.

There she was at the window, the lovely lonely Mohini. I ran up the stairs and dashed into the drawing room.

"Waiting for some one?" I asked.

"Yes, my husband" she said.

"The cad who calls you a prostitute?" I said. Hearing my words she fell down in a

swoon. I picked her up and splashed some cold water on her face. She slowly opened her eyes and burst out into bitter heart rending tears. With great difficulty I soothed her. She looked at me and said "Please leave me alone. Go. Please go."

"I have some news for you" I said.

"Do not hurt me any more. I can't bear it" she said.

I sat in the sofa and calm and silent. Suddenly she burst out in a fury.

"So he calls me a prostitute? Me, his legally wedded wife? I wish he were dead."

I got up from my seat, took her in my arms. "Your husband is dead yesterday in Venice due to heart failure. I have come to convey the news to you."

SHE was silent. My words had not much effect on her. She stared at me and said, "Let his soul rest in peace."

After a few days I went to see her again. She looked better. I tried to make her happy but she was mostly gloomy and depressed. One day I said "Will you marry me."

She said "No".

"Why" I asked.

"I do not trust any man," she said.

"You know me pretty well now" I said.

"May be. But one can't be certain after what I have endured" she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You know I come from a respectable family. I gave everything I had to my husband. I loved him even when. I came to know that he robbed the Bank and bolted away. I was prepared to wait for him till eternity. But what do I get back for my love and affection? He calls me a 'prostitute'. So saying she flooded herself with tears.

I took her in my arms and wiped the tears rolling down her cheeks. She lay limp in my arms. I kissed her and said "Be brave. Believe me. I shall always be true and faithful to you".

Just then little Prema came in and said "Mummy. Don't you think that uncle Kumar is a nice man? I wish he stays with us."

That was the final verdict. Mohini smiled at me and soon we were happily married. *.*

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FATE'S STUPID JOKE

By SARADA PRASAD

AN accident was reported to me at 8 a.m. on Tuesday. I took my jeep and went to the scene of occurrence. I saw before me a misshapen motor cycle for it resembled not a motor cycle but a scrap heap. Before me a sedan car stood with its right mudguard and bonnet smashed. I even suspected that the car's engine was also out of condition. In between the scrap and the car, I could see the still form of an airforce officer, most probably dead.

I got down from the jeep and approached the figure on the road. He was alive. His breathing was laboured and I suspected fractures all over his body. His fingers pointed to a small note-book lying by his side. That was all. He was dead.

The note-book contained one entry, as crisp and dry as dust message apart from his address. F/Lt. Ramesh, Pilot, 35th Tash Forces, Hq, Delhi. I read his request in the note-book. "If anything out of the way happens, please phone 8888 Delhi". A fire assignment. Fate's stupid joke. To inform a young new married woman that her husband met with an accident !

His note-book (a personal diary) spoke of his achievements. If what he had recorded in that note-book be fact, the Airforce has lost an efficient and conscientious officer who took his duties seriously and one who did not spare himself or his men. And I have to inform this news to his office and to his young widow. A sad job for me.

I THEN jotted down the relevant points relating to this accident.

At this point of intersection, there was no traffic control. A mistake undoubtedly. As the Station House Officer, I experienced the difficulties of shortage of men. There are some vulnerable places where accidents can happen and do happen. It is a sad state of affairs but there is no help. Perhaps this accident might have been averted if a traffic constable was there.

The place is an intersection of the main road and a side road which met at an angle of 30°. The drivers of both the vehicles were careless. Only then, this accident could have happened. The driver of the sedan looked like a novice and he had absolutely no idea of traffic signals. He had no driving licence and he had taken the car without the permission of his father, an engineer with whom I was acquainted. All these came out later in investigation.

Some of those who were present at the time of the accident told me that the motor cycle came at a normal speed of less than fifteen miles and the Air Force Officer was careful and was signalling by blowing the electric horn constantly. The sedan was driven at a reckless speed. It was plain that the driver was unable to hold control of the steering. He

was extremely nervous and frightened. Both the vehicles met exactly at the centre of the intersection. The motor cycle turned thrice in circles and though the officer did his best to control the vehicle he did not succeed and was catapulted from his seat. It was a miracle that he lived, at least, those few minutes.

* * *
THE driver of the sedan looked a young irresponsible idiot and babbled his excuse.

"I was coming straight, keeping to the left of the road, under perfect control. That, that man, that officer did not slow down. And, and I am not at fault" That is what that fool was telling me. That fellow was trying to cover up his folly. From the front wheel skid marks the motor cycle, a "Herby-Davids" had passed the centre of the junction and then only this fool had lost control when the car from a distance of 20 yards ran and dashed against the motor cycle on to its left.

What he said at the station as a statement was this—His name is Shankar. His father Viswanatham is Superintending Engineer in one of those Barrage Constructions. He started this Rolls Royce Sedan and his father drove to the works. His father had instructed him to wait till the driver came but he (Shankar) without his father's

knowledge took the car and wanted to drive independently. He only knew the rudiments of driving. His father had objected to his driving but he, without his father's knowledge drove this costly car with the driver by his side always and gained sufficient confidence. He was on road driving at a speed of over 50 miles. He saw the motor cycle but unable to control the car, he just became nervous and killed the officer.

The boy (I mean the driver) was a nervous wreck. What seemed to frighten him most was his father's anger. He did not think of the dead officer at all. Sheer brazenness. He thought of himself alone.

I typed out my crime diary and phoned Shankar's father. He came immediately. A tall powerful man with character painted all over him.

"I don't mind about the car but I want you to punish him, I mean my son, for his recklessness. I won't interfere" said Mr. Viswanatham and to his son "you deserve the punishment. Law will do what you deserve". I released Shankar on his father's undertaking. I pitied the father more than I did the son. A strong man's suffering for his son's folly.

* * *

It was three in the after-noon. I booked a call to Delhi 8888 and also to Air Head Quarters.

The call was on. I picked up the receiver and listened.

"Speaking 8888 Delhi" said a very pleasant young voice. "I am Padma. F/Lt. Ramesh's wife".

"I AM the Station House Officer, XZ Police Station, Frazer town. You must be prepared for a shock."

"What is all this, Mr. Sub-Inspector, shock and all? I don't understand you."

"Please, Madam, it is about your husband F/Lt. Ramesh".

"What happened to him?"

"Your husband lost his life in an accident to-day morning."

"How did it happen?"

"Time up, please" came the interfering voice of the trunk operator.

"Extend, please" I said "I cannot give you the details by phone. If you are strong enough, you may fly to this town."

"Please do one thing for me. Don't cut his body. Keep it as it is" said this young woman, "I shall charter a special plane and come over by 8-00 to night."

The line went dead.

* * *

I PHONED up to the hospital and requested the Doctor not to conduct autopsy and to keep the body preserved.

At last it was 8-00 in the night. A taxi stopped out at the police station and the unfortunate

beautiful young woman stepped out, came in and faced me.

"You phoned me about my husband's death this after-noon," she said without preamble, not in the form of a question but as a statement. She looked calm enough but I could feel the suppressed emotion and the intense suffering in that frail body.

"Sit down, please" I said, in a soothing tone.

"THANK you. My plane is ready at the airport. I have requested the local provost marshal to lend me a station wagon. It will be in the hospital by now. Will you please come with me to the hospital," she said "and may I have a look at the hero who killed my husband".

"You may, Madam" I said and phoned up to Mr. Viswanatham.

He arrived with his son. I introduced Padma to Mr. Viswanatham.

"Madam, I am sorry. It all happened due to indecision, stupidity and lack of common traffic courtesy."

"I don't blame you, Sir, I know what it is and how it is. In a crisis, we all lose our proportion of perception and become stupid. Your son lost his nerve and the result is death of an officer."

"And, Sir" she said "your town is a sorry sight. Your citizens do not know on which side to walk and your Policemen do not know when to stop vehicular traffic and when to allow pedestrians to cross the road. Sorry I am critical a bit. It is not my husband, it may be you or me or this engineer who may be killed in an accident. You have no side walks, no foot paths. When I tried to drive, my husband used to instruct me to be calm, and to have one idea-to keep a steady hand. With all that, he never allowed me to drive a car. To-day, for the first time, I had to break my husband's instructions and pilot his jet to this town for carrying his dead body."

I felt sorry, terribly sorry for this young woman who kept her wits about her at a time when an ordinary woman would have collapsed. I told her how sorry I was but she had courage and said "when I married him I knew I was also hugging death".

The private jet of late F/Lt. Ramesh took off with Padma at the controls. She had smiled. It was sad but courageous.

It was 10 p. m. I was tired. I had closed the crime diary for the day:—"Just because a driver failed to observe a common road rule, a good efficient officer has lost his life."

"Time's stupid joke" I thought as I left the station.

SKIT :

WONDERFUL DRAMA

THERE at last she was coming! Suresh's heart gave a leap. With bated breath he waited, his gaze focussed on her slim, willowy figure, walking gracefully towards him, her steps lithe and beautiful. The fine rose silk sari she wore fluttered in the evening breeze.

"Tell me Leela, tell me, why is it you didn't turn up yesterday?", he cried with impatience, bounding a step forward and taking hold of her fair, shapely hands.

"Oh, Suresh!" she cried. Her face breath-takingly beautiful like an angel's became clouded all of a sudden. She looked up into Suresh's handsome, innocent face and failed to find the courage to break the news.

"What is it, Leela, tell me! What is it that hurts you? Don't you know I can't wait longer?" He drew her close to himself and gazed into her sparkling eyes. His heart was beating fast.

"I.....I.....don't love you at all! Please.....leave me alone," she completed stammering.

He staggered, as if she dealt a blow on his head. He became furious.

"Don't you love me! You say you don't love me. You dirty bitch! Get out from this place before I blow your head. Run fast for your life.....quick," he shrieked with fury, his face turning red.

Leela looked at him with troubled eyes and tears coursing down her rosy cheeks. She turned round and hurried off without turning back.

SURESH looked at her with red hot eyes. He turned slowly with his head bent, his mind full of bitter disappointment and hatred towards the whole women-folk.

He stood gazing out of the window in a sort of mental abstraction. He did not seem aware of his faithful servant, Munuswamy, who stood before him, holding a hot cup of coffee in his hand. Nor had he any

By

A. R. S. MANI

eyes for the clamour capers of the children who were playing out in the streets. His heart was solely occupied with Leela's conduct towards him.

"There is someone at the gate asking to see you, sir," said Munuswamy.

"Suresh wheeled around confronting him for a moment and cast a blank look upon him.

The embarrassed servant placed the coffee on the nearby table and stood with his hands folded.

"Ask him to come in," Suresh blurted out.

* * *

"HELLO, Suresh! So how's life with you? How's your sweet romantic life?" chaffed Jagdesh half humorously dropping into the chair near Suresh.

Jagdesh, a tall, young man was his intimate pal. They were devoted to each other, and shared all their secrets. Everyday soon after meeting Leela, Suresh would be closetted with his friend in his room and they would go over the day's adventures and gossips. Jagdesh, who was as clever as a fox, was a well-wisher of Suresh. Many a time he advised Suresh who had studied upto B. A. to work, earn his livelihood and stand on his own legs. But, Suresh, never heeded his advice.

"What's up Suresh?" demanded Jagdesh for he saw something was in the wind.

Suresh did not say anything. With a blank expressionless look at Jagdesh, he stood up and slowly walked towards the window. It was his intention that what he heard from Leela's lips should not be divulged to anyone, not even to his intimate pal, Jagdesh. Nevertheless, upon Jagdesh's insistence, all his reserve melted, and he told him about his last meeting with Leela.

"I am afraid our whole ambition is foiled, Suresh" said Jagdesh after an interval of an awkward silence. "There is not much a chap can do in a case like this. If you heed my advice, you would better leave for Bombay and join the job which was offered to you a few days back. It is a decent job with much prospects. By doing so, you will be doing your duty as an honest citizen. More-over it will help you a lot in forgetting your ungrateful Leela also."

"Thanks.....thanks, you are a lot of help!" Suresh muttered bitterly.

"I am sorry, Suresh," said Jagdesh, and he left him without another word.

* * *

SURESH paced up and down in his little room like a caged lion, his mind fully engrossed on the day's happenings. The night

advanced, and it was nearly 11-30 when he went to bed.

He tossed relentlessly on his bed. Sleep would not come to his weary eyes. His jagged nerves would not be soothed by trying to forget the whole incident. He tried in vain to persuade himself that his love for Leela was only a fleeting infatuation, which would soon peter out. He was head over heels in love with her, and there was no disguising that fact. He did not know what to do.

Did he ever dream his dear Leela would turn like this? How much confidence he had in her and how ungrateful she now was. She turned like a tigress. What could be the root cause for this, he racked his brain but failed to get a satisfactory answer.

"No, she should not live to make me so miserable and unhappy. I would not allow her to live to be the sweet-heart of somebody else." Suresh's heart glowed with hatred and vengeance.

* * *

HE rose up from his bed all of a sudden. He searched for something in his room and in the next moment a sharp, pointed and long knife glittered in the moonlight in his hand. He walked towards Leela's house with determination on his face.

He was much relieved to find the light still burning in Leela's room. He tip-toed to the door and peeped through the key hole for a moment. He could not believe his own eyes when he saw his dear friend Jagdesh seated on a chair near Leela. Many suspicions flashed through his brain and he remained at the doorstep like a statue.

"No,.....No.....Mr. Jagdesh! I can't continue like this. I am becoming mad. Please excuse me and I am so sorry to disappoint you."

"LEELA, won't you give me a chance to explain?" cried Jagdesh.

"Explain what? I know everything. Yet, I could not help it."

"Leela, wait for another day or two if you have any real interest in him. I feel it is our bounden duty to make him an honest citizen. Now, he is so irresponsible and I am sure it is all because of so much love towards you. He is so attached to you that he never gets time to think about his duty. Have patience and do not spoil him," Jagdesh requested pathetically.

"No, I will tell Suresh to accept that job and I will make an end of myself if he doesn't heed to my request. I can't bear this separation any longer." Leela was on the verge of tears.

SURESH felt dizzy and could not believe his ears. He could witness this no longer. Away he threw the knife, opened the door wide and rushed towards Leela. He caught hold of her shoulder and cried: "Oh, Leela and Jagdesh! Both of you should excuse me. How much I misunderstood you both! I will accept that job and Jagdesh, yourself and myself will be in Bombay in another week's time."

"Marvellous, Leela, marvellous!" cried Jagdesh with joy. "The act was wonderful and we have won the battle."

"What is it about, Jagdesh?" enquired Suresh with a surprised look.

"Well, I knew quite well that you would come here tonight to see your sweet Leela. I was closely watching you and your movements for the past three hours. When I saw you getting up from your bed to finish up Leela, my opportunity had come. I immediately rushed here before you, told your bewildered Leela

the part to be played by her. We kept waiting for you and when I saw you at the gate, we began our drama. We knew you were overhearing our conversation and that was what we actually wanted you to do. The only thing which I did not know was the outcome of the result. But the result is splendid. Now, my work over, I take leave of you both, leaving you to have your own sweet time."

"GOODNIGHT," Jagdesh bowed and was out in the streets the next moment.

A sudden wave of friendliness and affection filled up Suresh's heart. A tear of gratitude appeared in his eyes.

Suresh fixed up his penetrating eyes on Leela. In return, she flashed a sparkling smile and bent down her head. "Excuse me dear, I had to play my part to make you an honest citizen" she muttered with shyness radiant on her lovely face.

"It is a wonderful drama," said Suresh. *

ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE

"I see God in every person—working through all hands, walking through all feet, and eating through every mouth. In every being He lives, through all minds He thinks. He is self-existent, never unto us than ourselves. To know this is religion, is faith and may it please the Lord to give us this faith! When we shall feel that oneness we shall be immortal.

"We are physically immortal, even one with the universe. So long as there is one that breathes throughout the universe, I live in that one. I am not this limited little being, I am the universal—I am the life of all the sons of the past. I am the soul of Buddha, of Jesus, of Mohammed, I am the soul of all the teachers, all the robbers that robbed, and all the murderers that were hanged. I am the universal—stand up then: this the highest worship. You are one with the universe."

—VIVEKANANDA.

PILGRIMAGE :

HARDWAR

BY

T. S. NAGARAJAN

HARDWAR occupies an honoured place in Indian literature both secular and religious. Situated at a distance of about 150 miles from Delhi, the holy city of Hardwar is 950 feet above sea level, on the right bank of the Ganges, at the foot of the Siwalik Hills.

A place of great religious importance for Hindus, Hardwar, with its ancient temples, depicting the history of religion and culture, is visited by thousands of pilgrims from all over India throughout the year.

At Hardwar the Ganga descends into the plains. The legend goes that King Sagar, one of the famous kings of the *Ikshwaku* dynasty, performed here *Ashwamedha Yagha* and, according to tradition, set free the sacred horse. The horse entered the cottage of *Kapila Munivar* where it was detained. The king considered

this an act of disgrace and challenge to him and sent his 60,000 sons to bring the horse back.

Their attempts to win the horse back proved fruitless and the Muni cursed them to ashes. After some time Raja Bhagirath, who hailed from the same dynasty, having come to know about the death of his forefathers in their unsuccessful attempt to get back the sacred horse, started meditating on Lord Shiva. With his blessings he managed to bring the Ganges to the earth and this gave peace to the spirits of his forefathers. The sacred day when the Ganges descended to the earth is annually inaugurated in Hardwar and is called *Ganga Dashehra*.

The Ganga here cuts the Siwaliks into two parts. The pass made by the cut was named

"Ganga-dwar" in the seventh century.

Brahma Kund is a worth-seeing site in Hardwar and a place where celestial waters are said to flow into it. Hindus from all parts of India gather here to take a dip in it in the belief that they would become free from the bondage of the world. On Kumbha-Parva festival several lakhs of devotees turn up at Brahma Kund for the sacred bath. Every day in the evenings people from all walks of life congregate here to worship Ganga. Separate bathing places are provided for *purda* ladies. A small and beautiful temple dedicated to the goddess Ganga is situated in the Kund. The ashes of the dead are thrown at a special Ghat reserved for the purpose.

Dattatraya, the anchorite, is believed to have made his penance on one foot for thousand years at Kusha Vant Ghat in the Ganges. A platform has also been erected there by the Holker State.

The main tank at Hardwar, *Bhim Goda Tank*, is said to have been dug by Bhimasena, the second of the Pandavas by thumping his knee there.

Sapta Sarovar is a place of outstanding beauty, where the Ganges distributes itself into seven tributaries. A few yards away is situated *Supta Rishi* ashram. The ashram is dedicated to the seven Rishis of Hindu

mythology, with a Shiva temple in the centre.

A NUMBER of temples, big and small, old and new adds to the sacredness and grandeur of Hardwar. Some four miles away from Hardwar on the other side of the Ganges is a fine temple, whose presiding deity is Goddess Chandi.

Another important temple is dedicated to Goddess Mansa, the daughter of Lord Shiva, who is said to fulfil the prayers of persons going there. It is situated at the top of the Siwalik Hills, the "tower of Hardwar city."

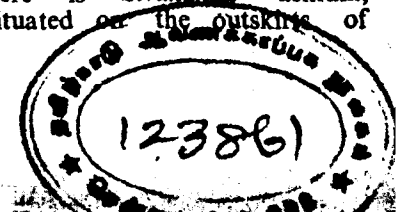
Hardwar is known also as "The gate of Heaven", From here people go to Northern Himalayas, specially to *Badri Nath*, *Kedar Nath*, *Kailash* and Tibet.

RISHIKESH

Fourteen miles from Hardwar, well-served by a motorable road is *Rishikesh*, with its famous temples and ashrams. It is a place of outstanding sanctity and pilgrimage.

Enclosed in a ring of steep hills, this tiny pilgrimage centre attracts the tourist, the pilgrim and the lover of nature alike. The ashrams situated on both the banks of the Ganges are accessible by boat, plying free as a sort of spiritual service.

One of the prominent ashrams here is *Sivananda* ashram, situated on the outskirts of



Rishikesh. The ashram is being run under the direct guidance of Swami Sivanandaji. Many miracles are attributed to this great saint.

Swami Sivananda, the author of more than 200 books of great value in the field of spiritualism, in one of his writings commended the inquiry into ourselves: "Who am I?". Swamiji says:—

"This is to be no lifeless introspection but a dynamic quest.

"The most illiterate person, even a child, could engage in enquiry or *Vichara* which takes us into the heart of things. It needed only infinite patience and persistence."

The songs composed by him capture the imagination of all and people cling to them as a sure and easy way to salvation.

* * *

ON the other side of the bank of the Ganga in Rishikesh, just opposite to Sivananda ashram,

stands *Swarga ashram* and *Parmarth Niketan*. Everything in these ashrams radiates beauty and rouses spiritual thoughts. In the halls in Geeta Bhawan verses from the Bhagvad Gita are seen inscribed on the walls. There are also pictures portraying tales from Hindu mythology.

There is a famous bridge across the Ganga in Lachman Jhula. On way to Lachman Jhula one can see a good number of small temples; each having a story behind it. The bridge affords a majestic view, keeping the visitors spell-bound. At Lachman Jhula the temple dedicated to Shri Raghunatji attracts streams of devotees all day.

And when one leaves this sacred place, the words go on haunting: "Why don't you think that where you are, 'Rishikesh?'".

SHAW ON CENSORSHIP

Censorship ends in logical completeness when nobody is allowed to read any books except the books nobody can read.—BERNARD SHAW

DON'T GET PANICKY

A MASSACHUSETTS man, his face white with terror, bought a ticket for "just any place" and travelled 60 miles on a fast train without knowing his destination.

Another frantic fellow, eyes rolling in hysteria, drove 80 miles to be shrived by a priest. His car turned over twice on a sharp curve, but he lived to grin sheepishly at his terror.

A New Jersey truck farmer and his wife, after murmuring their prayers, loaded their rickety auto with five children and drove madly into the night until their gasoline gave out.

Who were these frightened, stampeded people? Just citizens who gave way to man's oldest emotion—sheer animal panic—upon hearing the famous Orson Welles, "Man From Mars" broadcast.

* * *

A prankster in a Paris radio station excitedly warned: "A wave of disintegration set in motion by an atomic bomb is

rolling over the ocean toward Europe. The end of everything is in sight!"

Once again, sheer funk mastered common sense and turned a great city topsy-turvy. Men raced on bicycles toward the open countryside. Not a few war-weary Frenchmen went insane. One man shot his wife and turned the gun on himself. Several people drowned trying to swim the Seine in their haste to flee the presumably doomed city. Panic had won again.

Though most psychologists know the reasons for panic, few have studied the problem as closely as Dr. Edwin R. Guthrie of the University of Washington.

"When people are excited," he says, "they want to do something in a hurry! If they don't know what they should do in the presence of real or fancied danger, and if they haven't formed such good habits as are developed by fire drills, they are likely to follow the crowd blindly."

Tim Reilly, a hard-bitten Chicago policeman, has had more than 15 years' experience in handling crowds of all kinds. "A policeman must never let the crowd excite him," Tim observes. "If he does, both the crowd and the cop may be lost. We try to laugh at a jittery throng—and brother, we have to make that laugh sound convincing."

Tim recalls one evening when a roll of film caught fire in the projection booth of a theatre. The room was fireproofed and the operator quickly extinguished the blaze. But a fool in the audience, scenting smoke, screamed "Fire!" and the patrons became hysterical!

A quick-witted showgirl walked leisurely to the stage and called out: "Keep your seats, folks. The show isn't over. Why not get your money's worth? Don't be gypped." Leaning toward the organist, she whispered: "Play a waltz. And make it good!" The organist did, and the crowd was at ease within a minute.

In New York, a subway train was derailed in the Hudson tubes. The only ones seriously injured were those who were trampled by fellow passengers all trying to leave the cars at the same time. The derailment itself was inconsequential.

On Broadway, firemen pleaded with terrified factory girls in a lofty building not to jump, as

they were in no danger from fire. It was useless. Many lost their lives in panicky leaps.

Disasters such as the famed Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago, which took 575 lives in a panic by the audience, can usually be averted if theatres are prepared for emergencies. But at the Iroquois a dozen exits were open and unimpeded. The crowd used only three.

Today in major cities, police establish a telephone or radio communications centre midway along the parade route to receive and handle any flash messages that panic has broken out along line of march. As many as 100 policemen are stationed in each division during a parade.

"We always keep our eyes on the people and not on the parade," explains a Los Angeles police official. "Folks won't push if a policeman has his eye cocked on them."

If this scrutiny fails and panicky shoving begins, police departments have a trick in reserve. This is the mounted policeman. Because, in a pinch, 10 mounties are more effective than 100 struggling foot officers, people have a strange fear of being trampled on by the police horses. Yet, these animals are trained never to step on human toes.

The value of the mounted officer was demonstrated when

Lindberg returned from Europe to face a throng of 50,000 roaring New Yorkers in Central Park. The crowd broke through police lines and women and children went down in the crush. Elderly people fainted; husky men had the breath pressed from lungs by hundreds of elbows and shoulders. Suddenly, 50 mounted cops dashed up and within three minutes the dangerous mass was docile again.

Here are some tips culled from the men and women who have pulled the dead and injured from halls where panic was the killer.

1. Never seat yourself in a hall or theatre without fixing in your mind the location of the nearest exit. Remember, people usually head for the same door they came through.

2. If a panic breaks out, sit tight and analyse the situation. Above all, try to calm the jittery ones nearest you.

3. Don't run around looking for your hat and coat. Forget them! Once out of the place, don't come back. You'll only add to the confusion by pushing against the stream of panicky people still coming out.

—S. S. JACOB

HIGHEST GLORY

Question : "Which knowledge is the highest of all?"

Answer : There is no knowledge but devotion to Krishna.

Q : What is the highest glory in all types of glory?

A : Being reputed to be Krishna's devotee.

Q : What is counted wealth among human possessions?

A : He is immensely wealthy who has love for Radha Krishna."

—SRI CHAITANYA

The Tide Turns

THE gay red and green garlands and imitation holly brought a welcome air of warmth and festivity to the rather shabby attic bedroom-cum-living-room with its clutter of artist's paraphernalia.

It was a room right at the top of the big, old-fashioned house that had seen better days, but was now decayed and dingy, its rooms let out to enthusiastic art students, struggling writers and young composers.

The attic was bitterly cold, but Linda, who was wearing her outdoor coat, was undeterred. She regarded the decorations pleasedly.

"Dick," she begged, "do stop work just a second and admire. It looks Christmassy, anyway!"

The big, sandy-haired, broad-shouldered man busy at the easel, turned and grinned.

"You're a flipping marvel," he remarked. "It isn't as if you'd been brought up to this hand-to-mouth, hit-or-miss set-up

like most of our crowd. You had to take it on when you married me. Yet here we are with the coal finished and we've about five bob to see us over the holidays, and you're acting as if you expected Father Christmas to bring you a diamond necklace at the very least!" There was both amusement and admiration in his tone.

"You can keep your old necklace," she mocked. "I've got everything I want!" The look in her dark brown eyes made him jam down palette and brushes and make a rush at her. He caught her in his arms but, laughingly, she held him off.

"Someone as knocking. Oh, let me go." Freed, she ran to the door and flung it open. "Oh, Moira, it's you, my dear. What is it? Has something happened?"

THE girl who stood there revealed so vividly against the shadows of the dusty, cobwebby landing, possessed a wild-flower loveliness that was most arrest-

ing. Primrose-gold curls framed a small, delicate face which was perhaps rather too pale. Big blue eyes looked out trustfully on the world. She stepped into the studio placing both hands in Linda's warm clasp while Dick came to stand behind his wife, doubt and inquiry in his face. Moira began:

"I DON'T know whether to sing for joy or to cry. You see, Laurence is back in London."

"What?" Linda gasped, all feminine curiosity. "Poor Peter," she added quietly. Moira's cheeks flamed.

"Peter always knew I only cared for him like a sister, but oh, isn't it wonderful? When Laurence went north he never dreamed that it would be a two years job. That was before I had the awful row with Dad and Mum and came here. And now—"

"Yes," Linda prompted. Moira twisted her fingers together.

"I love living here. Everyone's been so sweet and my music means the world to me. I've dreamed of bringing Laurence here some day so that he could see the life I've made for myself. But how can I? I couldn't even ask him for the simplest meal because the cheque from the music publishers hasn't come and I'm broke to the wide."

There was a moment's silence and then Dick said: "We are

down to five bob, but you're welcome to that!"

"Oh, darlings," Moira's tone was horrified. "I couldn't." She turned desperately to Linda. "I was to ring him at three and settle dates and things. What shall I do?"

Linda's eyes gleamed with the coming light of battle. "You'll be giving a Christmas party," she said decidedly. "You'll ask him to come. We'll manage. Dick, bring our two chairs and go borrow any others you can lay your hands on. Moira, dear, help me yank down these decor-

By

GERALD NEWSON

ations. We'll need them. Oh and we shall have to borrow china and glass from somewhere. Don't look so scared, my dear, it will be a wonderful part."

* * *

LIKE some message tapped out on jungle drums, the news spread through the block that the Moira girl was throwing a Christmas party.

"Say pet," one girl stooped her on the stairs, "hear you've got a party on. I've a couple of flagons of cider if they're any use? Right, I'll bring them along."

That was the beginning. Offers of help and supplies of all kinds started to pour in. Somebody loaned half a dozen tumblers, somebody else brought up a bucket of coal. A neighbour who had received a parcel from Canada staggered in with a huge iced cake. The young art students on the floor below provided a chicken that an aunt had sent from the country. Moira stood among all this sudden bounty, tears shining in her eyes.

"It's like a fairy tale," she stammered. Willing hands had set to work and the first, wild notion of a party had become real. Moira's room, and it was lucky it was so big, Linda said, had been swept and tidied. A table had been carried in. Someone had loaned an exquisite Spanish shawl as a table-cloth. Linda's decorations had been hung up. China and glass were laid out, rugs had been borrowed, and the fire had been built up and was roaring away joyously. An air of comfort, even of luxury had come to grace the rather bare room. The magic of open hands and generous hearts had been at work, the very magic of Christmas.

* * *

ONE by one the guests had begun to drop in. There was Dagmar who was studying voice culture, tall with long lank black hair, who wore a pair of modern, upslanted glasses which gave her a positively Chinese expression. There was Joel the surrealist

painter whom everybody declared would be a second Picasso someday and there was old MacFarlane, a grey-haired, wistful-eyed old fellow who long ago had been in the orchestra of one of the great London cinemas in the old 'silent' days. But he had fallen on lean times now. He wore fuzzy carpet slippers on his feet, and the front of his brown, velveteen jacket was filmed with snuff. And there were many more.

"Oh, Linda, he's coming. I've just phoned him and he'll be here about seven."

LINDA took the girl's trembling hands in hers and glanced across the room to the man who was helping Dick with some last minute arrangements. His thick block hair was of the unruly type that defies the brush. His face was more remarkable for red strength than handsomeness; lines about the dogged mouth told of a character not easily dismayed. Linda felt her heart ache.

"Oh, Peter," she thought. "How can she hurt you so?" And for a moment she felt almost angry with the radiant girl. Moira had never looked lovelier. The long, black tulle dress she wore was not new nor very fashionable, but it seemed to heighten by contrast the satiny whiteness of bare arms and shoulders and the gleaming splendour of golden hair. The light in the blue eyes was not of this world.

Someone had begun banging out the latest song hit on the piano. Dagmar called shrilly from the far end of the room that the coffee was ready. Cocktails, mysteriously concocted from cider and orange juice were handed round. The party was 'on'. Moira flitted from group to group, and Linda, watching, noticed how Peter's glance followed her wherever she went. Some of the guests were dancing, others had formed little discussion groups and were arguing as if life depended on it, about art, music and the theatre.

* * *

BUT even these discussions, fierce though they might be, were completely good-natured, any witty comment raising a gale of laughter. Out-of-doors, the snow was drifting down to turn to slush in the streets. Lights were going up extravagantly in great houses, famous restaurants were crowded, but nowhere did the spirit of Christmas burn more brightly than at Moira's party.

There was a sudden bustle at the door, and Linda turned to see who was the latest arrival. Then she saw Moira hurrying forward, flushed and breathless to meet the newcomer.

"So, this the boy we've heard so much about," Linda thought, and made a lightning summing-up of first impressions. "Handsome? Oh, yes, very! In a big, blond, overpowering sort of way. Well groomed too, turned

out frightfully expensively. That Saville Row suit must have cost the earth. He is the only decently dressed man here. Dick's jacket that I thought looked so nice is quite awful by contrast. I'd have never realised what a shabby lot we were, all bits and pieces, but for him."

SHE glanced round at those about her. A new scarf or a bright row of beads, a gay blouse or a bunch of artificial flowers, these were all the brave attempts at finery, yet the party had been so happy. She felt a sudden drop in spirits. All at once, everything seemed silly and futile and she felt tired.

Moira was making a round of introductions, and Linda caught some of Laurence's rather patronising remarks. He was speaking to Dick.

"Oh, so you're a painting chap? Delightful hobby, I'm sure. Never have time for that sort of thing myself!" Then he moved on to assure a coming poet that he never could understand that wishy-washy stuff, after which he proceeded to tell a serious young dramatist that what the country needed was more comedy.

"I suppose he is doing his best," Linda groaned inwardly. "But great guns, need the man condescend to us like this? We might be mental defectives from the way he acts."

She saw that Moira had lost her gay sparkly; the blue eyes had grown troubled. The freshness and spontaneity had gone out of things. Happy spirits that had bubbled like champagne had fallen flat, feet shuffled awkwardly, conversation trailed off and died. In desperation, Dick suggested that Dagmar should recite something, and was told in no uncertain tones to shut up.

Moira brushed past Linda and paused to whisper miserably: "What's gone wrong? Has he changed, or have I? And I was so happy."

* * *

THE minutes dragged on uncomfortably, but at last Laurence glanced at his watch and turned to Moira.

"Well, poppet," he boomed, "it's been grand dropping in like this and meeting all these quaint people, but now I must rush. The firm's giving a big dinner to-night, and I must look in. Be seeing you again. Have to have you to myself next time, though!"

He grinned knowingly at that, and then, including the room in a brief nod of farewell, he took his departure. An audible sigh of relief went up. Abruptly, the party came alive. Faces that had been glum, brightened. Dagmar said solemnly, but with a twinkle in her eye:

"The depression has moved westward!" She set everyone

giggling helplessly. Joey sat down at the piano and began to jig out a dance tune.

"Come on," Dick cried, and whirled Linda on to the floor. She saw Moira dancing with Peter. The girl's eyes were closed, and there was gleam of tears on her long lashes. Linda sighed.

"I wonder," she whispered under her breath.

It was past midnight when the last of the guests began to leave.

"Lovely party, Moira, pet," Dagmar murmured as she drifted off down the stairs.

"Good-night, darling!" Linda kissed the flushed face, and then she and Dick began to climb the stairs to their attic. "Oh, Dick, we are lucky having each other." She glanced back.

Peter had lingered, and now, last of all, was saying good-night. Suddenly, Moira's head was down on his shoulders and his arms were round her.

Linda pinched her husband.

"Come on, time for bed," she hissed. She laughed at his startled expression.

"I think it will be a happy Christmas and a bright New Year for those two anyway!" ‡

INFLUENZA

"HE has got 'flu, but he has gone to his work at the factory." When you hear a statement like this, it is much more likely that 'he' has not real influenza, but if he has, he should not be at his work. A large number of people, when there is influenza about and even when there is not, give the name "flu" to many ailments, such as common colds, nasal catarrh, and sinusitis.

Genuine influenza, however, is a very different thing from any of these, and much more important. It is an acute, highly infectious disease, caused by a virus, and appears in the form of epidemics every few years. It is often called "Spanish 'flu," because a largescale epidemic began in Spain in 1918, spreading widely, and causing millions of deaths throughout the world. There are frequently a few cases during the winter and spring, even when there are no epidemics, but it is nevertheless a distinct disease.

It usually begins rather suddenly, with fever, headache, dryness in the throat and nose, and aching pains in the limbs. In children, the onset may be mistaken for an ordinary cold, or the early stages of measles, but there may be vomiting and diarrhoea or even convulsions. After a short interval, a cough develops, with a feeling of tightness in the chest due to inflammation of the air passages. It can readily be seen, therefore, that the disease is much more than a cold in the head.

* * *

THE great importance of influenza lies in its complications, a fact which is not always realised by those people who get it mildly. These complications mainly affect the lungs, causing such conditions as bronchitis, pneumonia, and lung abscess. There may also be inflammation of the middle ear or the mastoid, and sinusitis, and occasionally meningitis or jaundice.

By A FAMILY DOCTOR

So, not only is real influenza different from the other catarrhal ailments—you must also be more careful if you get it, or even if you think you have got it. An ordinary cold usually clears away entirely, leaving the person in a fairly normal condition, but the acute stage of influenza, even if it is short and there are no complications, is often followed by marked weakness, prostration, and depression.

There is no drug which is a "cure" for influenza. There are, however, several precautions which you should take immediately you have the symptoms of the illness, particularly if there are cases of influenza in your vicinity. These are necessary not only for your own health but also for the benefit of your family and other people. The disease might be especially dangerous to very young or very old people, or to anyone who was already in a poor state of health.

You should not try to "work it off" or even "walk it off" but go straight to bed in a warm room. A dose of ten grains (two tablets) of aspirin, with a hot drink made of lemon juice or barley water, with whiskey or rum, should be taken immediately, and the aspirin may be taken again in about four hours. It is also as well to take a dose of opening medicine, even if the bowels ordinarily move regularly.

A PROFUSE sweat will be beneficial and not harmful, but the body should be sponged down afterwards with warm water, and the pyjamas or nightdress changed. The influenza may then subside naturally, and the headache and pains in the limbs disappear gradually. You should, however, have only fluids such as fruit drinks or weak tea for twenty-four hours, and a very light diet for two or three days. A cough may be relieved by a linctus or chest mixture from the chemist.

* * *

You should send for a doctor if you think there are any signs of complications, such as continuous severe headache, a bad cough with phlegm, pain in the chest or difficulty in breathing, vomiting, or diarrhoea. It is always advisable to get medical attention early if the patient is a child or an old person, or a person who is suffering from some chronic disease of the chest or kidneys.

In an epidemic of influenza the people who are most likely to avoid serious results if they get the infection are those who "give in to it," so do not be influenced by anyone who tells you that you are "coddling" yourself unnecessarily. After you are up and about, ask the opinion of your doctor as to your fitness before you think of starting work again.

Hope Can be an Excellent Inspiration

HOPE might aptly be described as faith's weaker brother. It lacks the strength of conviction and certainty. Indeed, it is only the reverse side of despair.

By itself, it is of little value, and may even be detrimental to the person who clings to it. For mere hoping can achieve nothing. Yet it can be an excellent inspiration to action.

And that is really the important point about it. If hope leads to action, then it may be invaluable. If, however, it remains but a feeble emotion or merely an opiate which makes action seem needless, then it is worse than useless.

Hope must become faith if it is to lead to the result desired. And the change can only be wrought by action and effort designed to achieve a wished-for end. Hope suggests that there is a possibility of realizing some particular good. There is some

reason to believe that a much desired end can be realized.

The hope must be put to the test. A ready illustration is supplied by the sick person. His hope is a full restoration to health, but that is not enough. There must be effort and enterprise. The discipline needed must be accepted. The routine laid down must be adhered to, and all conceivable measures must be put into operation. In this way, if the means begin to show an improvement in the sick person's condition, the hope is strengthened. It becomes conviction. That is, the mere act of putting hope to the test has had the result needed. Hope is transmuted into faith, and faith again helps in a speedier restoration to full health.

* * *

THIS can be applied to every department of human life. Success in business, is a further

example. To hope for success, without taking every appropriate step to achieve it, is utterly useless. The hope must be tested, and as the efforts bring the goal more clearly in sight, hope changes to certainty. That certainty inspires even greater efforts and the end is achieved.

Whatever the hope, action will prove its real value. To hope for mastery in the arts or any of the sciences must lend to study, practice and research. As skill is acquired, hope replaces faith, and the goal becomes attainable.

There is, of course, another aspect of hope. Hope remains when everything else has fled. This applies to those circumstances in which something might happen over which the human being has no control. For example, the hope that the weather will be fine on a particular day cannot lead to action. Nothing can be done to ensure clear skies at a specific time. Here it is quite futile to attempt to cultivate faith. Nevertheless, the hope is good, because it has led to action. Certain preparations have been undertaken for a certain date. The weather might well make ruin of the scheme. But the hope itself has not been a mere opiate. It has inspired

action, and has, therefore, been good in itself.

Naturally, an experiment with hope might prove that no effort on earth can bring it to pass. Striving may only serve to prove that hope was false. Rigid adherence to study may only serve to prove that a particular science is beyond the student's mental qualities. Constant practice on the piano and violin may do nothing more than convince the learner that he can never surpass a mediocre level.

NEVERTHELESS, the action has served a valuable purpose. A false hope is as useless as anything else that is false. To entertain a wish that cannot be gratified as a sheer waste. Thus, action which disproves a hope because it cannot be realized clears the way for efforts in a new direction. In other words, the false hope dies, and leaves room for a new one, which can be tested once more in action.

Clearly, hope which does not lead to action does not lead anywhere. The two are inseparable. Therefore, hope on, but work also, and if you work with all your strength, it is more than likely that your hope will be realized, and that you find yourself possessed of that shining certainty which men call Faith.

—HAROLD INGHAM

SHORT STORY :

MY GUEST OF HONOUR

I WAS reading an exciting novel. When my curiosity was at its height, I was greatly disturbed by a loud, splitting sound of thunderclap which immediately followed after a bright flash of lightning. I looked out of the window. There was a dark, thick blanket of clouds in the sky, and the rain poured down furiously in a gush. Suddenly a violent storm broke out.

I hastily closed the book and kept it on the table. I stood up and, one by one shut all the windows. It was pitch dark in the room. I switched on the table-lamp, but there was no light; due to the violent wind the electric line had been disconnected. Unable to do anything in the darkness, I flung myself on my bed and made up my mind to relax

for some time, till the storm was over.

Just then some one tapped lightly at the door. In that heavy rain, I wondered, who could come to me and on what mission. I went and opened the door.

My eyes caught sight of a young man, who stood still in the pouring rain. His tattered clothes were simply drenched; his body shivered with cold. His teeth chattered and hence it was difficult for him even to speak. Before he could utter a word to me I asked him to come in and take shelter.

THE man entered the room and sat down beside the door

which lay wide open. Water trickled down slowly from his clothes and he felt slightly better. He heaved a sigh of relief.

FOR some time I eyed the stranger who sat silent, motionless, apparently lost in his deep thoughts. He was neither too tall nor too short; he was of middle height. He was a handsome youth of thirty, but had he worn better clothes, his appearance would have been smarter.

I could no longer see him in that wretched condition. I

wanted to help the man, as much as I could, to warm him up. Instantly, I gave him a cup of steaming tea from a thermos flask; he willingly accepted it and expressed his gratitude for the unexpected hospitality.

"The rain has drenched the entire town," the man said, sipping hot tea, "Don't know when it will end. The streets are overflowed."

He looked about the room. There was not much to look at except a few books in the shelf. He shyly cast a glance at me, but did not say a word.

I was eager to begin a talk with him. I wanted to know who he was, where he had come from, what were his name and profession. Before I could think of an appropriate topic to start with, the man himself commenced speaking to me in a friendly way. I listened to him with keen interest and in the middle of the talk I told him to be seated in a chair that lay near me. But he hesitated and with folded hands said,

"Sahib, please do not tell me

to sit in the chair; I'm a poor man, I don't deserve it and it is a disrespect to you. I'll sit down on the floor." He sat near me on the floor.

nearby village. He had a small family of three members. His old and infirm parents had recently died. He had his own little house in the village and was



THE conversation between us continued for a number of hours. The man explained that he was a fisher-man, living in a quite satisfied with it. His responsibilities were nil; he was content with what he earned.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Gopal Ram," he replied.

"How much do you earn a day, Gopal?" I enquired.

"Well, Sahib," he answered, "It all depends upon the sale. Some day I earn ten rupees and some day not even a single pie. It also depends upon the season; now, for example, in this rainy season, the fish aren't caught due to the rushing current of water. I do something else in this season, till the rains are over, to earn my living. I sell vegetables and fruits in the bazaar."

I opened my cigarette-case and lit a cigarette for myself, and gave one to my guest. There was dead silence for a while. Then, suddenly, he stood up, glanced out and said:

"It's late. I must go home before it gets dark and starts raining again. I have to walk a long distance. Thank you very much for your kindness."

He wished me good-bye and went away. I stood in the doorway and watched him go. I could not help feeling sorry that he was leaving; not so much for him as for myself. Soon he disappeared from my sight.

I went back to my solitary room and reclined on bed. For a long time I lay still, my eyes fixed on the ceiling, thinking of

my new friend who had left me alone after pleasing me with his charming company. Could he not remain here, with me forever? I missed him. I felt the pangs of solitude.

AGAIN, after a week, Gopal called on me. This time he seemed cheerful and gay. From a distance he wished me and, on entering the room, he handed me a small bag, the contents of which were unknown to me.

"What's this?" I questioned him in astonishment.

"Some fruits for you, Sahib. They're very sweet...and fresh oranges; they come from Nagpur" he replied.

I kept the bag on the table and offered him some money; but he refused the offer and said that the oranges were a "tofa" (present) for me, and he would never take a pie for it.

I said nothing. I was reluctant to accept the present, as I thought that that was undue formality. However, not to displease my friend, I accepted it and politely told him not to bring such things in future.

He squatted on the floor and I drew my chair near him. We began to gossip. For a long time we conversed on various

subjects which were of common interest to us. Gopal described how his village life was and I took down some very important points, which, I thought, would help me in my story-writing work. Then he took leave of me and went away.

He visited me off and on, whenever he could spare some time. I liked his company, for it dispelled my loneliness; I enjoyed listening to his personal life experiences that enabled me to write my compositions. For this very reason I was mostly attached to him. And, so, his attachment to me was not unnatural; because I expressed my fondness for him, he must reciprocate his. It is human nature. Besides all this, Gopal was a humorous, amusing and entertaining person.

One day he asked me in a happy mood, jokingly:

"Sahib, what kind of work do you do? I always see you sitting at home. Why? What's your profession? I hope it isn't robbery!"

"I'm a story-writer," I replied.

He glanced sharply at me to see if I was joking, but this time I was not. I was serious, very serious.

"If you are a story-writer, please write a story about me," he requested me with folded hands.

"Yes," I said, in answer to his request, "I'll try to write one."

SOMETHING strange happened. Gopal did not come to me for many days. It was beyond me to understand the reason for his not coming to me for such a long period.

Months passed. I almost forgot him.

It was one summer hot night and, I was in the midst of my literary work, when there was a sharp knock at the door. At once I opened it.

To my utter surprise, I saw Gopal standing before me. He gave me a friendly smile and I smiled back at him.

As he entered the room, I poured numerous questions on him about his long absence. He was mute for some minutes; he said nothing. Then he disclosed that he had gone to Muzaffarnagar where his cousin brother was seriously sick.

"The train has just reached here and I've thought of spending the night with you, for it isn't safe for me to walk all the distance, especially in this dark, to the village. I'm sure you don't mind my staying here. I'll go home tomorrow before sunrise."

"It's a pleasure to have you here. So you are my guest, eh?" I said in a cheerful tone.

I served my guest with some canned food that I had and he ate it to his fill. After a while, I gave him a cup of hot tea from my thermos flask. Now he seemed happy.

WE talked till late that night. Suddenly Gopal asked me, "Have you written a story on me? It is long since I told you."

"Yes, I'll begin it very soon," I assured him, "Don't you worry. I remember it."

I was past midnight when we decided to sleep. I gave my guest a sheet and he curled up on the floor, and slept fitfully, whilst I lay awake, worrying if he was comfortable enough.

WHEN I woke next morning, the sun was high in the sky and my guest was not in the room. I sat up in bed to look for him. I was astounded when I saw that the front cupboard was unlocked. I rushed towards it and found all the contents missing. There was no trace of my precious watch and a purse containing nearly sixty rupees.

My guest of honour seemed to have ransacked every nook and corner of the room and had stolen all my valuable possessions.

MODERN SOCIETY

Christianity teaches us to love our neighbour. Modern society acknowledges no neighbour.

—DISRAELI



IT IS FUN

PERTINENT

Husband : Look at the second Baby Moon of the Russians. It carries a little dog also in it. What a great achievement !

Wife : All little things appear great to you ! If things can float in the air or space, they float. That the Russian *Sputnik* floats in space means only a simple scientific phenomenon, that is, that it is a thing that can float. It would be an achievement, if they can make even a small pebble float in the air. Can they bring the dead back to life ? Can they resurrect Lenin or Stalin or the lesser leaders whom they had shot dead ?

Husband : I apologise to you. Will you please stop your grand eloquence ?

THE LONG NOSE

Admirer : Nehruji is an ideal man and a successful statesman.

Cynic : Has he a long nose, considered to be the *sine qua non* of a statesman ?

Admirer : Long nose and statesmanship don't co-exist. Mr. Eden's failure proves it to the hilt. The Chinese are noted for their short noses, yet they outbeat the long nosed Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary, in the Far East. The Chinese diplomacy is something unique.

Cynic : Ah ! They borrow the long nose from Moscow. By the way, does Nehru borrow his long nose from his co-minister Mr. V.K.K. Menon ?

CHANGE IT

Teacher : "Crying for the moon" is a phrase which is used to denote something that is un-practical or impossible of achievement.

Boy : We are having Baby Moons now, sir and they hope to reach the moon. So, the old meaning seems to need a change.

An Imp : My father, who was a Congresswala, used to say that "crying for the moon" was John Morley's famous phrase. When India asked for responsible government, Morley replied, "Don't cry for the moon." We have now not only responsible government but full freedom and complete independence. Hence also, sir, the phrase "crying for the moon" is a bit out of place.

* *

GOOD INVESTMENT

Angry father : Look at my daughter who has married a fellow whose income does not exceed Rs. 500 a year. I have spent Rs. 5,000 on her education, music etc.

Family friend : You are really lucky. You are able to get a ten per cent dividend. The ceiling rate allowed by the government is only 6½% on invested capital. Yours is certainly a good investment.

* *

LEND AND LEASE

Jack : Let us marry soon.

Jane : I can't marry you, I can only be a sister to you.

Jack : If that be the case, please lend me Rs. 5 so that I can lease another girl and take her to the pictures.

DIVORCE BEFORE MARRIAGE

Seker : Does your girl like the engagement ring you presented her with ?

Ram : She has returned the engagement ring with thanks yesterday.

Seker : Why so ?

Ram : She says that she is giving me perfect freedom.

Seker : Oh, it is a case of divorce before marriage, without mutual consent !

* *

BOON GRANTED

Burglar : What else can I do, your worship ? I was foodless, friendless and homeless ?

Magistrate : (In sentencing the accused to 18 months rigorous imprisonment) Don't worry, my man. You will have free food, friends and home from today.

* *

YOUR OWN FAULT

Hotel Manager : How did you find the room, sir ?

Guest : Terrible, I did not close my eyes all night.

Hotel Manager : That is your own fault, sir. If you want to sleep, you must close your eyes !

THE FUTURE IS SEEN IN DREAMS

CAN we in our dreams see the future as clearly as we can see the past when we are awake ? It seems almost certain that we can.

The well-known mathematician, Dunne, was quite certain that he could see the future in his dreams. Most dreams are forgotten a few minutes after the dreamer wakes. Yet the psychologist knows that if the dreamer begins to write down his dream experiences a surprising number are remembered. Dunne knew this, and for years he slept with a pencil and a pad beside his bed, recording all the dreams he could remember the moment he woke. From his records it is plain that Dunne saw the future in his dreams on many occasions. Many times he dreamed events which actually occurred some time later.

Abraham Lincoln, pre-eminently a man of action and unsurpassed commonsense, believed that dreams contained warnings and predictions of what was to happen in the future. He was so convinced of this that when he dreamed that he was to be assassinated, he placed the dream on record. A few days later the President was murdered. The

dream, as Abraham Lincoln suspected, had been no idle warning.

Other great men who believed that a dream was sometimes an excursion into the future, giving a pre-view of what was to happen, were John Wesley and Archbishop Laud. They, too, made records of their dreams, keeping them for future reference.

The well-known author, William Archer, wrote his famous thriller, "The Green Goddess," after he had dreamt it. In 1940, David Parkinson, of the Bell Telephone Laboratory, U. S. A., dreamed that he was firing an A.A. gun electrically controlled. Upon waking he sketched the design, and the authorities were quick to see its possibilities. The gun was produced and used extensively by the American Army.

It seems that little doubt remains. There are times when the future is seen in dreams. Countless thousands of people could testify to the fact that they have been startled to find themselves in situations and circumstances which they had foreseen in their dreams.

Yet not all dreams of the future come true. During sleep,
—Please see page 76

Questions & Answers

The Editor invites questions from the readers of this Journal. Accepted questions will be answered in the order of their importance.

NATIONALISATION OF EDUCATION *Rama Prasad, Madras*

Q.—Do you approve of the government's educational policy which seeks to "nationalise" education in all stages—primary, secondary and university? Do you think it will be conducive to efficiency of instruction if govt. prepared text-books are prescribed for all schools to the complete exclusion of private enterprise and talent?

A.—We are definitely against education being made the plaything of the party government or the crowd. We are rather believers in the theory that "that government is best which governs least." People must be trained to observe the rule of law and identify themselves with the nation more by convention and tradition and less by ordinance and prohibition. A certain amount of elasticity, spontaneity, originality and independence of thought and action is really called for in the fields of education, scientific research and medicine. Regimentation of education is a barbarous relic of the foreign domination which by controlling the mind of the present generation was actually dwarfing and killing the nation in embryo. We are a democratic government, not a totalitarian one whose policy is to rule by force. Democratic party governments might change and new parties by sweeping the polls might wrest power. Suppose the opposition parties which oppose the government's White Paper on education and the policy of regimentation underlying it, come to power after the next

general elections. They are sure to uproot what the Congress government does now. None can say that such changes won't take place. For an illustration, take the Kerala State where the Communist Party has seized the reins of office and is trying to uproot some of the late Congress government's legislative acts. It is therefore safer and really more prudent for the government to practise its principles—mild or wild, reformist or revolutionary—in all government institutions and allow private institutions to grow unimpeded and without the dead-weight of governmental intolerance and interference in the matter of selection of and prescribing text-books. There must be healthy rivalry and enlightened competition between the two. If complete nationalisation of industry, trade or agriculture is not possible, verily education cannot be the hunting ground of narrow, inexperienced and irrational politicians and party governments.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

.K. Vijaya Kumar, Mangalore

Q.—Is it not necessary to impart some sort of religious education in our schools so that the pupils of today may be good, loyal and religious minded citizens of tomorrow? Is it a good move on the part government to try to prohibit religious instruction completely in all schools, governmental, aided or private?

A.—The question can be approached from two angles. If the point is that because we have a secular constitution therefore no religious instruction of any sort should be given to pupils in schools, we don't fully support the proposition. We hold that some basic religious education and instruction in rudimentary principles of morality and right conduct must form part of any comprehensive system of education. For the harmonious development of the mind, body and soul which is the aim of all educationists, a fair degree of basic religious instruction is essential. The second point is this. If in the name of religious instruction, a pupil is forced to read and learn much against his will a religion other than his own, then a clear case is made out for exempting pupils belonging to other religions from attending the religious classes conducted in denominational schools. Even when the British ruled our country, there was an agitation for enforcing the "Conscience clause" which sought to protect the religious faith of pupils belonging to different religions. We are of opinion that a secular government need not put a ban on religious education in all schools whether run by it or not. We are afraid the government's attempt to drive out religious teaching in schools

is bound to fail in denominational schools. The public opinion of today is not what it was a decade ago and there is a persistent demand from the public for religious knowledge being imparted in schools and colleges, so that the future generation might be brought up on right lines. It is necessary to remember that Mahatma Gandhi spiritualised politics and he wouldn't have advised his followers to ban religious instruction in schools and effect a divorce between education and religion.

CINEMA INDUSTRY

A. Raghu Reddy, Hyderabad

Q.—Should cinema industry be nationalised now or in the immediate future? Will nationalisation help in the production of pure pictures reflecting national culture at its best?

A.—Our infant government can't afford to have so many irons in the fire all at once. It is enough if the government acquits itself with glory in the management of items which are already nationalised. It is wrong to allow the government to think that it can do no wrong. Such a 'divine right of kings' has gone out of existence along with the abolition of monarchies and jaghirs. Cinemas are better left in private hands, though such vulgarities and obscenities as one comes across in some of the films both Indian and foreign, should be sternly cut out by censors.

THE FUTURE IS SEEN IN DREAMS—Continued from page 73

the mind is not controlled by the will. It moves without direction and without guidance. Consequently, the imagination runs riot, for in the limitless world of dreams nothing is improbable or impossible.

So far this world has been but little explored. One thing, however has been proved, and that is the fact that the sleeper dreams through every sleeping moment. American research workers used cine-cameras to record the facial expressions of a sleeping person. The muscles of the face were unceasingly in action, changing constantly, and

suggesting speech, pleasure, fear etc., proof that the man dreamed continuously.

Clearly we are creatures of two worlds, and in our dream world we sometimes wander into the future of our waking world. But only sometimes. Often what our dreams have prompted us to hope or fear might happen, never occurs. Nevertheless, there are times when our dreams are authentic, predicting the events of tomorrow. Maybe one day we shall be able to distinguish the false from the true, and act accordingly.—D.S.

Film Story :

THE GREATEST OF ALL SCREEN HEROES

"Mickey Mouse cartoons are produced on a two-week schedule, each one taking 10 weeks to complete. The estimated cost of each film is about 20,000 dollars, and a total of 125 people may co-operate in making one cartoon. To make one Mickey Mouse feature, something like 7,000 drawings are required. The picture that takes ten weeks to make, provides for you just seven minutes of screen entertainment."

By Chandrasekhar

I AM sure there are many who have either heard of, or heard and seen, the greatest of all screen heroes—Micky Mouse. It is interesting to know how he has been endowed with the vocal powers which so delight and amuse all those who hear him.

Some years ago, in America, a little boy of sixteen started to earn his living by selling pea-nuts and magazines on trains running out of Kansas city. He was fond of all kinds of animals, but the only pet he could afford to

keep was a little white mouse, whom he named Mickey. When he lost his job as a pea-nut seller, he lost also his white mouse. After the first world war he returned to Kansas City and became a lay-out man for a commercial studio, and it was while here that he decided to try his luck with animated cartoons.

In 1923 he went to California and in 1926 he hit upon Mickey Mouse as a star. And this was the beginning of one of the greatest "partnerships" the world has ever known.

Today that little boy, Walt Disney, is one of the most successful men in the whole of the motion picture business, and his wealth dates back to the day when he made of a mouse a motion picture star.

WHEN that amusing mite, Mickey, cavorts through his antics, whistling, talking and sometimes singing, he does it to the rhythm of a predetermined mechanical beat. Strictly speaking, Mickey's "dad", Walt Disney, furnishes the voice. He substitutes his own for the vocal chords of the movie character, and the vocal chords of Marcelita Garner are in action when Mickey's fair lady, Minnie, utters mouse-like, yet human sounds.

For the achievement of perfect synchronism of sound and picture in the production of these cartoons, a mechanical "beater" is employed to carry a definite rhythm throughout the work. It consists of a motor that drives a series of contacts which interrupt a buzzer circuit. The beats so produced are delivered to headphones where they are audibly reproduced to guide the makers of the cartoons in many of the necessary steps.

Since sound pictures run at a standard rate of 90 feet per minute, the tempo for sound cartoon production is developed

in terms of film frames per second. The shortest beat used by Disney is 4 per second.

THE voices given to the tiny animals of the cartoon cannot be separated in production from the music and other sound effects. For instance, Pluto the pup may sniff in response to Mickey's command, but the sniff comes on, say, the 24th note of the mechanical beater. Some member of the orchestra, at the time playing background music, counts the buzzes as they reach him through the earphones, and on the 24th inhales through one nostril. The inhalation, performed within a few inches of microphone, corresponds with the exact frame on the picture where the hound begins to sniff. Later the sound track and completed picture are double printed, and sniff and picture match perfectly.

Voices, music, and sound effects are recorded simultaneously. In the case of a dialogue sequence, where the action requires both sound and lip action, this is "pre-scored." Then the sequence is studied to determine where each vowel and consonant occurs. From this an exposure-sheet is prepared for the animators, who prepare thousands of drawings for each picture. The exposure-sheet shows the animator where the mouth is to open, where it is to close, and where the initial and final sounds occur.

From the "human side," Disney endeavours to translate all his characters into personalities, except Pluto the pup. That worthy individual spends most of his time barking and sniffing.

FROM the beginning, each step in the making of a movie sound-cartoon is taken with scientific accuracy. At the outset there is a "gag" meeting attended by the studio staff. At this meeting a general idea of the picture to be produced is formulated and discussed. Suggestions as to story, plot, development, comedy-gags, music and sound effects are talked over and either elaborated upon or discarded according to their merits. The musical director sits on all "gag" meetings and various types of action are suggested and played. In this way a skeleton of a story is finally built, as in an idea of the appropriate music and sound effects to accompany it.

After the idea, plot, "gags" (including conservation) music and sound effects have been decided upon, a complete scenario is written in continuity form, covering the story. This scenario is eventually broken down into individual scenes for the various artists or animators. These individual scenes are then distributed to each artist, and each and every separate scene so distributed carries a particular continuity of action which the animator or

artist is to portray or draw. The sheet upon which the action or scene is described is termed an "instrument sheet."

When the artist or animator receives from the scenario or story department the particular scene he is to animate, or draw, complete information regarding the action of the scene to be depicted in that particular portion is described in detail on instruction sheet. At the same time he is given an exposure sheet. It is on this that the music to fit the action described in the sheet is indicated.

After the artists have completed their animation of the action, their drawings are traced or inked into transparent celluloid sheets and subsequently painted. These celluloid sheets are then photographed, a frame at a time in numerical sequence, against an appropriate background which gives the picture its depth and character.

Further more, when the exposure sheets are first made up, the musician writes the music and sound effects to conform to the tempo or beats as shown thereon.

To ensure accuracy of tempo and unison of time for the entire orchestra, the mechanical beat is transmitted to each individual, or, in some instances, to the director alone.

MEANTIME, Mr. Disney and his "vocal assistants" stand near the several microphones, their instruction sheets in hand. On the indicated "beat" one may cluck like a hen, another may bark like a dog. Mr. Disney may speak as Mickey would speak, or Miss Garner (Minnie) may shriek as in fright.

The sound-recording may either precede or follow the cartoon of the drawings to accompany it. After the sound track and the picture film have been made and developed, the two strips, matched frame for frame, and of exactly the same length, are transposed through "double printing" to a positive print. This is the final cartoon with both action and sound in synchronism.

Mickey Mouse cartoons are produced on a two-week schedule each one taking 10 weeks to complete. The estimated cost of each film is about 20,000 dollars, and a total of 125 people may co-operate in making one cartoon. To make one Mickey Mouse feature, something like 7,000 drawings are required. The picture that takes ten weeks to make, provides for you just seven minutes of screen entertainment.

"Mickey," says Mr. Disney, "is of course, my favourite. He is like one of the family."



**BABY LALITHA
DANCE RECITAL**



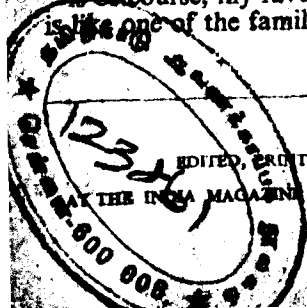
Baby Lalitha's Bharata Natyam Inaugural Dance Recital was celebrated at the Basusree Cinema Calcutta on Sunday the 13th October 1957 under the Presidentship of Dr. Kalidas Nag, M.A., D. Litt (Paris). She is the daughter of T. S. N. Iyer of Bonnaire & Co. Private Ltd. Calcutta and the disciple of Bharat Vidwan Sri T. P. Kupiah Pillai of Tanjore and T. K. Maruthappa Pillai. Aged 10 years, she delighted the house packed with audience with her brilliant performance for over 2½ hours.

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